

London Advertiser

PUBLISHED BY THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED, LONDON, ONTARIO.
TELEPHONE NUMBERS: 3670
PRIVATE BRANCH EXCHANGE 3670

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
City, delivered—15 cents per week; \$3.00 for six months, or 50 cents per month for one year.
By Mail, Outside City—\$5 per year; \$2.75 for six months, or 45 cents per month for short term subscriptions.
To the United States—\$6 per year; \$3.50 for six months, or 55 cents a month. The Audit Bureau of Circulation audits the circulation books of The Advertiser.

Mr. Ferguson Is Wrong.

Hon. Howard Ferguson visited London on Friday night. Gathered to the bosom of local Conservatives, he threw off his travel-stained garments and exclaimed:

"The timber commission operated for two and a half years, and the prime minister has been forced to say on the public platform that so far as my conduct in public life is concerned there is nothing that could in the slightest degree cast any shadow upon me whatever."

Mr. Ferguson was minister of lands in the Hearst administration, and as the responsible head of that department, on August 30, 1919, a few days before the dissolution of the House, without notice to the public and without competition, issued a license to the Shelvin-Clarke Company for 21 square miles of the timber land. The whole procedure was in plain, open defiance of the statutes of Ontario.

The first move of the Drury government was to bring suit to set aside the sale. Reduced to terms of dollars and cents, when the case was finished the government was \$1,250,000 ahead.

Mr. Justice Logie, in hearing the evidence, had a chance to bring to the light of day some of the methods used by Mr. Ferguson, the then Conservative minister. In 1917 another transaction took place between his department and the Shelvin-Clarke Company. Mr. Mathieu, Conservative member for Rainy River, was general manager of the company. In the testimony given before the judge, Mr. Mathieu admitted that he held the government patronage for his district. In case there should be any dispute, here is the exact wording at the inquiry:

Question—Who had the patronage for this district in the last government?

Answer (by Mr. Mathieu)—So far as government matters were concerned, I had it.

Mr. Mathieu also admitted he named the crown timber agent. Likewise, he got a youngster named Macdonald appointed assistant crown timber agent at Port Francis. All this Mr. Ferguson assented to and knew about.

In August of 1917 the department asked for information about land sold to the Shelvin-Clarke Company, and asked its agent for a report. This was furnished by Macdonald, a useful little Conservative of some 20 years. He reported:

"Acting on your instructions, I went to limit No. 51 and estimated the timber thereon, and beg to report as follows: 24,500,000 feet of pine, 40 per cent of which is white, balance red. . . . There is some spruce, balsam, poplar and birch scattered throughout the limit, but not in sufficient quantities to be of commercial value."
(Signed) Allan Macdonald.

Macdonald had never had his foot on that timber limit!

He was one of the star performers when the commission, under Mr. Justice Logie, was trying to find out how Mr. Ferguson's department had been administered. The report is quoted from again in order that there may be no mistake in the matter.

Q.—Was any cruise of the limit made during that period?
A.—Not to my knowledge.

Q.—Where did you get the figures that you put on each particular section of the limit, Mr. Macdonald?
A.—From Mr. Watts.

Q.—Have you any knowledge of them yourself?
A.—No.

Q.—None whatever?
A.—None.

This is a fair sample of the calibre of the men approved of by Hon. Howard Ferguson as minister of lands.

This Macdonald was also named enumerator for the government at the same time he was drawing his pay from the lands department. Mr. Mathieu, the Conservative member for Rainy River, does not believe that his political friends should lack for any good thing, so he wired Hon. I. B. Lucas on July 5, 1919, and forthwith Macdonald became an enumerator.

After Mr. Justice Logie made his report Mr. Ferguson couldn't sit still. He felt he had to do something or say something to save his political face. So he got the Mail and Empire and gave out a statement. He whitewashed himself like this:

"Timber berths 45 and 49 were cruised and valued by officers of the department in the same manner as all other timber has been cruised and valued since confederation."

Let's have Allan Macdonald once more to tell how he went over this land:

Q.—Had you ever cruised a timber limit before you made that report?
A.—No.

Q.—Have you ever cruised a timber limit since you made that report?
A.—No.

Q.—Had you any knowledge yourself of the amount of pine on the limit?
A.—No.

This man wrote in figures suggested by his superiors, all of them tied up with the lumber interests. And in the face of all this incompetence and waste, Mr. Ferguson has the hardihood to lift up his voice and

acclaim himself a man on whom no shadow of suspicion rests.

Ontario has passed on from the stage in her experience where men of the Ferguson type can any longer be permitted to try their hand at piloting our natural resources at political favorites.

Probing the Disaster.

Trying to find out the exact cause of an explosion in a coal mine is a hard matter. It may be established at Cumberland that the practice followed was wrong, or the equipment at fault. Western Canada has many mines that are gaseous to the point of danger, and against these the miners themselves are always on guard.

Mining in western Canada has had its full share of explosions from a touch of live fire and from "bumps," which come without fire, simply from the increasing pressure of the top of the mine on pockets of gas owing to the removal of the coal.

The layman who has never been inside of a coal mine or followed the workings a mile from the entrance, through the maze of cuttings and tunnelling, can have no conception of what it means to be trapped in such a place. When live fire gets a start it runs through the mine, fed by gas, and sometimes coal dust, and in almost no time at all burns out the life-giving properties of the air, leaving the miners in darkness and poisoned air, referred to as "after-damp" or "choke-damp."

The foothills of the mining countries have their little cemeteries that speak in sombre tones of mining disasters. In many places nothing but little black crosses mark the place where bread-winners have been laid to rest.

The miners of the west are working under better conditions than they were some years ago, and although the unions have called many useless strikes in their day, they have also had much to do with the betterment of conditions under which their members work.

The finding of the exact cause of a mine explosion is difficult, because too often those who could explain are dead, and the solution is buried with them. The probing should go on, though, for it is in that way that the positive necessity for better methods can be stamped on the minds of those who own and those who work in these underground places.

Father and Son.

Father and Son week. The name has rather an attractive sound. The reason for that is because it calls to mind the most natural and beautiful relationship in the world.

London is emphasizing it in the week between February 12 and 19. Undoubtedly the man on the farm has a better chance to know his boys than his brother in the city. In farm life their work brings them together; they are interested in the same things, and there is a chance for companionship. The city man does not see his boys very often; many times it may be a day or so at a time before he has a chance to have a word with them. Then, too, we've got a habit in town of joining quite a number of societies and organizations, and all these things nibble away at the time that should belong to the folks at home.

So they have a Father and Son week to see if these two important people cannot be hooked up just a little more intimately. Before it's over dad may have a kink in his back trying to turn hand-springs, and he may have a feeling of fullness from trying to keep step at a bean supper.

It's a wholesome idea, even if it lasts only for a week.

Note and Comment

Don't know much about your furnace, but ours generally calls for three square meals a day and a bit at bedtime.

The ice man can't say next summer there was no ice to cut. Perhaps he will put up the excuse that it cost a lot of money to pry it loose from the bottom of the pond.

The fuel distributor of New York state asks for an embargo against shipping hard coal to Canada. We were under the impression that the embargo had been on for some time.

Lots of snow and frost no doubt a couple of feet in the ground. But the back-yard gardener knows where he's going to put the early onions and the head lettuce. That's faith.

The Empire Review, published in London, England, has a way all its own of expressing our terms of dollars and cents. It refers to Canada's crops in 1922 being worth \$984 millions.

London Conservatives cheered Hon. Howard Ferguson as the "next premier of Ontario." It beats all what the boys will do when they get a good bowl of soup and a cup of coffee in them.

The turn of events in connection with the transportation system in London certainly gives the street car company a chance to show what it can do in the way of service. If the company is big enough it will get up on its toes and put on a real performance.

Ontario, Manitoba, Alberta and the Dominion parliaments are all in session. Just think of the amount of stinging invective, convincing arguments, unanswerable statistics, ringing denunciations and thunderous applause that is being brought to the surface.



TO THE EDITOR

WANTS BUS SERVICE.

Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir—Let me express my disappointment at the decision handed to the bus owners. I live in the city; I am paying taxes, but still I have to walk nearly eight blocks for a street car to get to my work. Only today I was riding the disgrace, called a car, No. 76, and a poor old lady was within 80 feet, but they didn't have time to wait for her. But Wednesday or Thursday they would have waited.
Someone on the "disgrace," asked, "Where are the buses?" and the pilot of the car said, "Oh, they have made their fortune."
Good sport, wasn't he? It's too bad some of these auto owners don't realize the working man, or I feel sure the buses would be a blessing to a man who has to support a poor system in a good town.
Bringing back the buses and give us the good service they were giving, in spite of snow or rain, or poor trolleys, yours,
BUS SUPPORTER.

LEGAL QUERIES.

Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir—As a subscriber to your paper please answer the following:
If a man who is married in Canada goes to the States and gets a divorce here, can he marry legally in Canada?
C. J.

Answer—No.

Editor Advertiser:
Sir—When a lease expires is it necessary to give notice that you will not renew, or may a tenant just move out before the end of the term?

Answer—No. He can move out at the end of the term.

Has the landlord any right to enter a rented apartment during the absence of tenant without permission, and any more than he would have to enter any other private home?

Answer—No, unless the lease provides that he can.

M. A. B.

JEST

This Great World.
"Education is a great thing," said Kingston. "There's Ballington, graduated in social welfare at Yale, and now he's head of the biggest prison in the country."

"Right," said Kingsley, "and one of ten-year tenants is a classmate who won all the medals for handwriting and took up forgery."

Had To Keep the Date.
Hon. John Sharp Williams once had an engagement to speak in a small southern town. The train on which he traveled was a slow one and he expressed his opinion of the road very forcibly to the conductor.

"Well," said the conductor, "why in thunder don't you get out and walk?" "I would," said Williams, "only the committee doesn't expect me until the train gets in."

On Human Terms.
The bank where Pat kept his money was in difficulties and was using cashiers' checks instead of cash. When Pat went to draw out his money they tried for a long time to explain the situation and finally believed that they had made it clear.

"It's like this," said Pat. "When the baby wakes up in the night and cries for milk, I give him a milk tickle."

Taking No Chances.
A green brakeman on the Colorado Mudline was making his first trip to Ute Pass. They were going up a very steep grade, and with unusual difficulty the engineer succeeded in reaching the top. At the Cascade station, looking out of his cab, the engineer saw the new brakeman and said with a sigh of relief:

"A job to get up there, didn't we?" "We certainly did," said the brakeman, "and if I hadn't put on the brakes we'd have slipped back."

Tried Too Hard.
"What's become of that little chameleon, Mandy?" inquired Rufus. "Oh, de fool chile done lost him," replied Mandy. "She was playing with him one day, putting him on red to see him turn blue and on blue to see him turn red and on green to see him turn green, and so on; den de fool gal went and put him on plaid and de poor little thing jest bust himself trying to make good."

Making a Start.
A country farmer walked into the general store in the village. "I want," said he, "that tub of margarine and that bacon and all the other food-stuffs."

"Good gracious," said the recently bereaved widow who kept the store. "Whatever do you want with all them things, Mr. Giles?"

"I dunno," replied the worthy farmer, "but you know, I'm the executor of your husband's will, and Lawyer Stiles said I was to be sure and carry out all the provisions."

Los Angeles Times.

The Daily Story

By MARTHA MCGULLOCH-WILLIAMS

"Ann-Maria—Jump-in—the Fire, mother wants you! Bad!" Buddy, Esel boy-twin, chanted lustily from the stairfoot, craning his neck to see his cousin, who leant over the balustrade of the stairwell, the pattern of frowning discontent.

"What for?" she demanded sullenly. Buddy giggled, then sniffed, "I reckon same old thing—ter find out which you hate worse—ole Sam Todd, or the porrhouse."

"Then I needn't come—she knows already," Ann-Maria flung back; "besides, I'm busy. Tell her unless she wants to do without her new black dress for the funeral, she'll have to let me stay by it while it's daylight."

"That'll fetch her! Good and hard," Buddy commented. "She's hell-bent on bein' blacker'n anybody else there—and no wonder. Ole Mrs. Sam ain't been dead but three months—and we'll be sorter kin ter her, when you bring him in the family."

Ann-Maria fled—wringing her eyes stormy, her mood murderous. Ever since Ole Sam had buried his wife he had paid court to the girl, who loathed him. He was rich—rich as a king in courtly elegance, rising sixty, with never a child, nor child nor nearer kin than third cousins to inherit his fortune. A wise young wife would count on twisting him round her fingers. Wise young-wife timber abounded—which made it all the more aggravating that he would look at nobody but Ann-Maria.

Her people abetted him outrageously—all but Lem, her aunt's stepson, a reckless fellow, who had wasted his small inheritance from his dead mother upon a college course instead of putting it into something worth while—land or stock, or business of any sort. Lem had said outright it was shameful—the family eagerness to sell Ann-Maria to a fat old fool. This was strange considering that theretofore he had hardly noticed the girl in all the years since her mother had died and left her upon Aunt Margaret's hands. He had even grumbled at her occupancy of the small room he wanted for his specimens.

Further she had made no appeal to him. In need, she had appealed to nobody. Shy, silent, proud, she went her own gait, half despairing yet somehow hoping dumbly for rescue from this so dreary life.

sew, cook, scrub or mind children, but how and where outside a husband's house would she find it possible thus to earn a living?

"Maybe I'll kill myself when this is finished!" she thought, bitterly bending to set fine stitchery in Aunt Margaret's black cashmere. It would be the newest black frock at the funeral. Poor Mrs. Sam Todd had almost no friends and few kinfolk thus to honor her. But her world had been something scandalized by the delay of a proper funeral sermon—all the more that her relatives were so obviously bent on consoling himself before his crasse husband grew rusty. He had explained that he was waiting for Brother Bellamy, the minister, who had united him in holy matrimony thirty-odd years back.

Then, said the cautious, he'd no doubt economize by giving Brother Bellamy the chance, and pay for a second ceremony, besides a round fee for the funeral. Ann-Maria knew all about that—it made her teeth set to recall it, even more than the winks and giggles and coarse insinuations she had to suffer whenever company came—and found Ole Sam already established at the fireside.

Heaven! How she hated him—fat, bald, paunchy, pig-eyed—she not think of him without a violent shudder. He had not proposed outright—was waiting, she knew, until after the great day. Once the funeral service was off his hands, he would ask her to marry him; if she refused, what? "Maybe I'll have to kill him—hangin' wouldn't be much worse than drownin'," she ruminated. "And then Aunt Margaret even wouldn't have the face to wear black for me—she'd say she's better put on red and black—that's proper mournin' for the devil!"

The world wore a veil of mild November mist, through which yellow leaves drifted lazily down. Ann-Maria looked outside, then drew a long breath. She could not see far—short stretch of open road showed to the left of the gate. A car was stalled there with two men tinkering it and a dog, a lovely red setter, keeping sedate watch over them from the running board. Presently they both stood up, spoke together aparently, then went off in opposite direction, with Buddy tagging after the taller of them, whistling as he went.

The maddest impulse stirred in Ann-Maria. The big car gave excellent room for hiding. She had no fear of the guardian setter. Every

manner of dog fawned on her at sight. Swiftly, with shaking fingers and burning cheeks she huddled on an old tweed cape, her brown woolen hood, flung a suit of underwear into a rusty grip, snatched her slim purse from the drawer, and slipped noiselessly down outside, skirted the shrubbery, and never drew breath until she was safely hidden in the depths of the car with the friendly setter lying snug above her.

Amazingly she slept. Her awakening came midafternoon, when the car stopped at a hunting lodge thirty miles away. She might have slept on, in payment for many sleepless nights, if the dog had not refused to leave her and so led to her discovery. The struggling sunshine showed her a piteous, frowny figure, trembling like a leaf, but facing clearly-eyed the huddle of sportsmen fronting her. To them she spoke absolute truth—few and brief sentences—but somehow they brought a choice to more than one throat among her hearers. One among them, tall, ruddy, merry-eyed, said, suppressing a bad word:

"I know about you—Lem Exell's little Ann. Why don't he knock this botherin' Todd into the middle of next week, even though he's old enough for a granddaddy?"

"Because he—he owes him—for that last year at college," Ann-Maria said. The ruddy one whistled. Then another spoke up: "I call this young woman a special providence. That scoundrel, Nym Cooney, we depended on to cook for us, has gone into bootleggin' and quite scorns the name of work. And Ma Peebles, our second string, has got rheumatism so bad she can't do a thing. But if she'll stay here at the lodge, why shouldn't Ann-Maria make all of us happy?"

"No reason at all. Carried unannouncedly!" the ruddy fellow cried out, thinking in the back of his mind: "I'll send for Lem after a bit and we'll set him free of Todd—and give them a gallop send-off in the way of a wedding." The ruddy one had money in both pockets, you see, in addition to one of the best hearts in the world.

He lost it, of course, before the month ended—first to Ann-Maria's hot bluet, fried chicken and sweet potato custards; next, to her trim self. For magically she had been furnished with span-new garments, suitable yet dainty, and more becoming than she had ever dreamed clothes could be. Sight of her thus equipped put everything neat as wax. Jimmy was not the only victim. Ann-Maria had three scalps at her belt before he

spoke out. So he knew she didn't take him for lack of other chances—which is a fine omen of their living happy ever after.

(Copyright, 1923, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Rideau Hall Coffee

Finely Ground—Kept Fresh in Air-Tight Tins
Gorman, Eckert & Co., Limited London and Winnipeg 60

Beautiful Silverplate

Given Away
To Users of

MINTO TEA

The Quality Tea With Quality Premiums

The following are examples. For complete list of premiums see packets.

Wm. Rogers "Clinton" Pattern Flatware

Premium	No. of one-pound coupons required
6 Teaspoons	12
6 Dessert Forks	24
6 Tablespoons	30
6 Medium Forks	30
6 Solid Handle Knives	36
1 Sugar Shell	7
1 Butter Knife	7
1 Cold Meat Fork (Large)	12
1 Berry Spoon	15
1 Pickle Fork	10
1 Baby Set—Spoon and Food Pusher	12

"Daisy" Pattern

(Nickel Silver)

6 Teaspoons	6
6 Forks	12
6 Knives	18

If half-pound coupons are being saved, send twice the number.

MINTO TEA

Ask your grocer for the coupon package.

Our Grandparents Ate Whole Wheat Bread and They were Healthier for It

NEAL'S 100% Whole Wheat Bread

Is the modern Loaf that contains all the health-giving properties of the wheat

It's a Delicious Bread

Phones 1313-2173

NEAL BAKING COMPANY, Ltd.

Windsor—London—St. Thom—Sarnia