

London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1923.

No Cause For War In This.

Italy and Greece are talking war—some reports even go so far as to say warlike measures have been taken. Greek assassins ambushed a party of Italians, on government business in connection with boundaries.

The Greek government promises that it will accord full military honors to those killed; present official apologies; institute a search under the supervision of the Italian military representative for the assassins, and inflict capital punishment on those guilty of the offense.

On the surface it appears that Greece has made a very clean breast of the whole affair, but halts at one thing, viz., the payment of \$2,150,000 indemnity. Just how the payment of such a sum is going to help matters is hard to see. It certainly cannot bring back to life the five dead men.

The whole case is not reason for war. If war were declared and commenced there would soon be a thousand times five dead men on both sides.

The League of Nations is built for just such an hour as this. It can operate and prevent war if Italy and Greece will give it the opportunity.

The danger of the situation is in hot-headed action on the spur of the moment.

If both countries thought the matter over for 30 days there would be no war.

When the Parents Grow Old.

Mr. Justice Fisher voiced his disapproval of the quite common method of having aged parents sent off to some home or institution because the children had neither the time nor the inclination to care for them.

There are cases, of course, where it is in the interests of all parties concerned that some such move should be made, but there is much in the objection raised by Justice Fisher to the practice becoming a common and a convenient one.

Remarks of the judge bring to mind a case in a district court of London, where the mother of a large family died of a stroke about three years ago. Recovering from that with remarkable vigor, it was found that her mind was more or less a blank, and since that time that delicate piece of machinery, known as the brain, has functioned very little.

It would have been quite convenient to have had the mother placed in some institution where such cases are dealt with, but not so with this family. The children are all married; they have good homes and have been successful in life. They have never for one moment forgotten the mother, and in turn she is taken from one good home to another good home, and lovingly cared for. No sacrifice seems to be too great for that family to bestow on the mother in the years of her helplessness. There is never a complaint that she is a burden, or that her presence in the home means almost constant care and watching on the part of members of the family.

The case is a beautiful illustration of family devotion to the mother who gave them birth, and who spent her whole life in giving them a good start and a wholesome conception of the things worth while.

Is it too much to surmise that the success of this family is closely linked up with its absolute obedience to the command to honor thy father and thy mother?

Mr. J. J. Morrison Talks Sense.

If Mr. J. J. Morrison is correctly reported, he made about as sensible a statement as has yet been credited to him at a picnic near Lindsay.

The necessity of farmers organizing for business rather than for politics was the text used by Mr. Morrison.

When he urged that farmers should have as their objective a selling price for their produce that would include costs plus a fair profit, the U. F. O. secretary was on sure ground.

Again he stated a great truth when he said "We drifted into politics when we should have remained out. We began to play politics against the experienced politicians and we lost."

Most of what Mr. Morrison said was so good that we hope he will not come along and say he was misquoted by the reporters.

Need the Police Worry?

A cigar-store serves as a blind for a big gambling house in Detroit. From the outside it looks as though the place were run to sell tobacco, whereas the real business goes on upstairs in a gambling parlor.

Just as one of the men engaged in this very excellent business came down with the night's house earnings from shaking dice five armed men stepped in.

Your Health: What To Do in Colic or a Similar Serious Case.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

There are certain human afflictions which are ever the subject of infinite jest. One of these is "black-eye."

"How did you get it? Running into a door, I suppose? Ha! Ha!"

These are among the familiar greetings of Main street. I know because I was brought up there and had many a blackened eye.

The tissues of the eyelids and cheek are very soft and tender. They overlie a ridge of hard bone, the edge of the orbit which holds the eyeball. The skin and soft tissues of this region are richly supplied with blood-vessels.

You can see that all the conditions are favorable for trouble. A blow with the fist, running against a door or other hard object, or knocking over and striking the corner of a chair—any one of these accidents will pinch the skin and the bloodvessels therein.

The tissues are caught between an external object and the sharp edge of bone. The bloodvessel is crushed as it would be with pincers. It is no wonder the delicate wall is broken, permitting the blood to ooze into the soft tissues surrounding it.

This accident produces the same condition we find in the skin anywhere else following a bruise. There is "black and blue" spot. When

and became possessors of the proceeds of the gambling. Now the police have been called in to catch the men and recover the money.

It's just a bit doubtful whether the police need to get excited over the matter. The police are paid out of the public purse to protect life and property and preserve law and order.

It is probably not written in the laws that the police force is to be called out to protect wads of bills that are taken in over a gambling table.

If this were so then the bootleggers would be able to ring up police station and ask for an officer to protect a load of liquor that had just been landed.

The only difference in the ownership of that money is that a different set of thieves got possession of it.

The men with the guns took it away from the loafer who was sneaking down the stairs from the gambling room. One had about as much right to it as the other.

When the Log Schoolhouse Flourished.

Mr. J. B. McLachlan, of Toronto, came into The Advertiser office on Friday afternoon, having been in St. Thomas for a short time. Before that he had been over in Michigan for three weeks or so.

He always feels at home when he gets in Middlesex county. Adelaide village is what he recalls as his "home town" when he was a boy—but that was a long time ago, some 84 years.

The Advertiser from time to time has had fine reminiscences articles from the pen of Mr. McLachlan, who has a memory that is remarkable for its retentive qualities, and a sketchy way method of narration that is peculiarly entertaining.

Although he spent 49 years in the provincial secretary's department at Toronto, releasing his duties only a year ago, he regards this section as "home." He delights above all else to come in contact with old friends who can recall pioneer days, before the rushing, honking automobile had obliterated the blazed trail, and before the yoke of oxen and the log school had ceased to be mere memories told of in story books.

Mr. McLachlan carries his years well. He has, although strongly leaning to old things and old ways, kept well up to the times. He is excellent company, a good conversationalist, a keen observer of men and events. The pioneers of this country, with their simple life and rugged outdoor existence, seem to have absorbed an unusual amount of energy and vitality. There are many men of 60 who are to all intents and purposes older than Mr. J. B. McLachlan.

Getting a New Start.

A girl described as 21 and pretty, is washing policemen's shirts in a Chicago jail.

Previous to this she was driving her car at 40 miles an hour. A man sat beside her and a bottle of liquor occupied the back seat.

The Chicago judge who sent her to jail and the jail officials who directed her steps to the laundry department did a fairly good day's work.

Washing shirts is a much better occupation for a pretty girl of 21 than driving 40 miles an hour with a drunken loafer beside her and the makings of another drunk in the back seat.

A Very Old Cry Used Again.

United States officials seem quite confident they have no power to take over the coal mines.

The chances are that those holding this view will be able to quote chapter and verse to prove their point.

If there had been no action by officials appointed by the government of Canada a few years ago, many newspapers in the Dominion would have shut up shop because the white paper was being rushed across the border.

A government can do many things when it is in the interests of the public so to do. It has been demonstrated up to the hilt that the present system of coal mine control and operation has ceased to operate on the system of getting out coal and supplying the people.

The people can shiver and freeze for all the contending parties at the mines care.

When public interest and public necessity is placed on a lower plane than the squabbles of miners and operators, a government has a case made out right there and then.

The plea that the government has no right to place its hand on vested rights—no matter how miserable the service rendered by these vested rights—will not hold water in this age. A government has very wide powers if it chooses to exercise them.

Note and Comment.

It is to be hoped that official recognition will be taken of the action of Dr. John Schram of London, who, at the risk of his own life, saved a man from drowning at Grand Bend a couple of weeks ago. It is too fine a case of bravery and cool generalship to pass unnoticed.

The call of the Dominion Entomologist to fight the corn-borer at the time he is easiest to kill should receive attention. The sure way is to burn corn stubble, and that gets the borer in winter quarters. The stubble should be below the ground by June, and good stit plowing will attend to that. The whole community should fight the corn-borer, for the corn-borer is sure to fight the whole community.

Johnnycake

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

When Grandma comes to visit, My daddy's always glad. He says my grandma's gifted In ways to please a lad. And soon as she is settled, He's always sure to make A bid for her to fix him Some good old Johnnycake!

There's nothing so delicious! It rises up so fine! My daddy says it's cooking She certainly does shine! And when my grandma's left us, He says, "For pity's sake, I wish you'd learned from 'mother That good old Johnnycake!"

He spreads it high with butter, And pours the syrup thick, And grandma smiles and tells him, "I'm afraid you might get sick!" And oh, the squares he tackles, Such heaps she has to make! My daddy is so fond of That good old Johnnycake!

No pastry rich and splendid Is fit to take its place. He says compared with corn pone, Such sweets are a disgrace! Ma says he's sentimental, A habit hard to break! It takes him back to childhood, That good old Johnnycake! (Copyright, 1923, Newspaper Features Service, Inc.)

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

By the shores of Canticus, By the sparkling Pluto Water, Lived the Prophylactic Chieftain, Dandere, fair Mango, Cure's daughter.

She was loved by Instant Postum, Son of Sunkist and Vicirola; Her parent of the Arrow Of the tribe of Coca Cola.

Thru the Tangle strolled the lovers, Thru the Shredded Wheat they wandered; "Lovely little Spearmint Chieftain," Were the words of Instant Postum, "No grape juice can quench the fire Nor can Aspirin still the fever Of my Preseltite desire!"

Seven people tried to save a man From drowning in Detroit. He had gone down for the third time—with a bottle of whiskey.

The country's minor troubles are not minor.

Financial embarrassment never makes a man flush.

"The Giants trimmed the Cubs in the first game of their double-header here today before a crowd of 3,000 rotters,"—New York Evening Mail.

Etiquette decrees that informal suppers without invitations are out of style. But the mosquito continues to be informal.

If the coal strike comes off it will be the third in two years. We hope President Coolidge decides it's three strikes and out.

You can't play two instruments at once. A man in Cleveland got \$1,000 a week playing the saxophone and lost it all playing the stock market.

To be a champion in tennis, net stars must not make gross blunders.

Some wives would be in no danger of losing their husbands if they would not be quite so fearsome of losing their voices.

An inveterate poker player in St. John thrashed his son for playing the game. He doesn't want son to be a chip off the old block.

Feminine ears, so long in seclusion, are to appear next winter in the nude. We hope the girls will be forced to eat the buns that cover them.

A woman fainted when she stepped on a toad in Port Stanley yesterday. It is not reported whether the toad fainted.

It will be fashionable next year to wear the face.

Stenmetts says men will work only four hours a day a hundred years from now. The man who works only will only be able to serve one customer.

Our idea of originality is for a newspaper to run a picture of girls in bathing suits and refer to them as "bathing beauties."

Sarcasm is one charm that's sure to separate the best of friends.

Many a bird who goes out on a lark should not be surprised to end up in the coop.

Brevity is the soul of wit. Perhaps that's why the girls' arms nowadays appear so funny.

A man with a sore toe was arrested for drunkenness in Jersey City. The police thought he had a bun yon.

MANY HOMES CHANGE HANDS. Special to The Advertiser.

Hyde Park, Aug. 31.—Real estate is beginning to move briskly within the last two weeks. Mr. James Tuckey recently sold the old Tuckey homestead, consisting of 100 acres in Melrose, to George Armit, Mrs. M. Skippon also sold her 100-acre farm on the fifth concession to Mr. Griffith of Poplar Hill. It is Mr. Griffith's intention to remodel the dwelling-house as soon as possible. R. M. Morris has started work on a large red brick service-station on the southeast corner of the village. Mrs. E. Smith has rented her 50-acre farm to Mr. Carpenter, who will take possession this fall.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.—Psalms xvi, 6.

Keats was undoubtedly right in his suggestion that the poet must always see truth in the form of beauty.

Otherwise he may be a philosopher, or a critic or a moralist, but he is not a true poet.

But we must go on from this standpoint to the platonic doctrine that the highest form of beauty is spiritual and ethical.

It is the harmony of the soul with the eternal music of the good.

And the highest poets are those who are most ardently enamored of righteousness.

This fills their songs with sweetness and fire incomparable and immortal.

"The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold; Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb."

That which is ugly is not wholly holy.

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BEGIN TO LIVE TODAY

By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE.

Last winter an old gentleman died in Bermuda, on his first holiday. All his life he had been promising himself a "good time." When at last he sought for that good time the clock struck for his funeral, and a ripe old age, because, as he put it, "I learned how to live."

The late Mr. Benedict was one of the Wall Street kings, who had his share of nerve-racking strain. Constitutionally he was not strong, yet he lived in a part of life, and it is not all. Many have not really lived, because they have forgotten how to play.

The world is full of Ebenezer Scroogers, exulting in the fact that they never spend a cent more than they have to. Their philosophy is: "If there is something you want, and you can't afford it, why do without it, and beat about your skiffintail instead." Chape like that are a disgrace to a country like Canada. This is not a poor man's, but a rich man's country; it behooves us, as the heirs of such a country, when times are hard, not to say: "I'll eat less."

It behooves us, rather to say: "I'll produce more."

Without extolling waste or prodigality, the way for all Canadians to country is that classic of seeking the unfulfilled desire, is to increase the output.

Shakespeare speaks of money as "that pale drudge twist man and man."

Literally, money is no more worthy of reverential looking up than some old hay wagon. Its only use is as a vehicle for what it can carry back and forth, toward the ministrations of our needs.

The profoundest truth uttered regarding "that pale drudge twist man and man" is that axiom, "What I spent I have, what I lost I lost."

Take Time To Live.

I was traveling once through England with an American newspaperman. What impressed him most was the tremendous amount of enjoyment that some Englishmen could have on a pound a week.

In his own country he might have remarked on the tremendous amount

The New Liberal Leader

"A human adding machine—that's what that man is."

The comment was heard in Queen's Park last session, as W. E. N. Sinclair, just plain Liberal member for South Ontario, resumed his seat after contributing to a budget debate.

Now "The Human Adding Machine" has become leader of the Liberal group in the Opposition of the Ontario legislature.

More than one observer has thought of Mr. Sinclair as a human adding machine, but in reality, the former financial critic of the Liberal group is far more than any mechanical adding machine. He not only adds, subtracts, multiplies and divides, but deals in square and cube root and calculates at a speed which leaves the average listener dizzy, protesting the while, in his calm deliberate drawl: "Of course, Mr. Speaker, I don't know anything about figuring. I'm a lawyer, not a bookkeeper."

Mr. Sinclair is a lawyer in Oshawa. He is a good, level-headed lawyer. When he gives advice it is usually the last word in the subject. People trust him, and count on his long-headed acumen.

The hound, in scent of his quarry, as a matter of fact, is not more assiduous than Mr. Sinclair on the trail of a case of law or a suspected deficit in a budget statement in the Ontario Legislature.

Mr. Sinclair was often worried last year when he heard the human adding machine begin to click.

No Padding—No Piffle.

In fact, his voice added to the adding machine comparison. To tell the truth, it is a tiresome, droning voice. It impresses people, though, as a sound—accurate and inevitable as the adding machine running up the day's business or the election returns.

Mr. Sinclair, like his voice, isn't impressive, but he's logically inevitable. There's no padding or piffle.

In appearance he is of medium height. He is solidly built. He has heavy black hair, just turning grey.

There is nothing spectacular about him, but he is solid in the upper story, as in the appearance of his frame. He plows through columns of figures, backwards and forward. And if his scrutiny reveals any discrepancy, Mr. Sinclair is going to know why, and is going to see that the house knows why, even if it doesn't quite understand all the fine points about it. As a matter of fact, the average member of the house will probably confess in his moments of expansion "That Sinclair goes deep into the figuring business that the average member can't altogether follow him."

Watch for the Bolt.

Some people have said that his voice is monotonous. Many, lulled into a false sense of security by that same monotonous rhythm, have found to their cost that there was a sharp bolt of humor ready to be launched at the unexpected moment when it could be most effective.

A lot of people at first might say that he was a "cold, dry stick." But this is all wrong. The impression is dispelled in a few minutes of contact with the man. Almost immediately he commands respect and trust.

The new Liberal leader is only

of enjoyment that certain of his compatriots could miss on a million a year.

In the Bank of England, every day, they pause for their afternoon tea. But the Bank of England, taking time to live, all serene, Wall Street, frittering no hours away on the amenities, boasts, "I am strictly business."

But ever and anon the boostiness street is swept with panic. I hope that Canada may be more and more inclined to reprehend the skiffintail notion, may be imbued rather with that classic ideal of seeking life in its beauty and in its fullness. What chances are ours in the land, if we will only take them.

In this series I have often discussed the wealth of Canada. But in the last analysis, is not the wealthiest country that country which makes the greatest use of what it has?

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W. E. N. SINCLAIR.

fifty years old. Like Sir Hamar Greenwood, he was born in Whitley Township. Both his parents were good Canadians. So is his wife.

He knows the Farm, Too.

After his education at Whitley Collegiate Institute, Toronto University and Osgoode Hall, he took up the practice of law. In turn, he has been president of the South Ontario Agricultural Society, member of the Thirty Club at Oshawa, and several other societies. He was elected first of the Ontario legislature in 1911.

Then he was defeated in 1914, but came back in 1919.

He is a farmer himself. He owns a little farm and takes a great interest in it.

His election to the leadership of the Liberal party, says Mr. G. D. Conant of Oshawa, former president of the Liberal Club Federation, will be especially pleasing to the farmers. "He will inspire their confidence, as well as the confidence of the general public," he told The Advertiser.

"He's a man of absolute integrity. He's most industrious and a hard worker," Mr. Conant said. "He certainly is a thorough Liberal all the way through. He is a good type of fellow."