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Thursday, November 1, 1923.

Dr. Banting's Announcement

The announcement of Dr. Banting at the meeting of the Canadian Club and Chamber of Commerce in London on Wednesday that a fund of a million dollars is being donated by generous Toronto men for the benefit of medical scientific research in Canada is of the utmost importance to the Dominion. As Dr. Banting pointed out, absolutely no facilities are furnished to-day in Canada to doctors and students for original research work, except to those who are teachers or professors at some university. Dr. Banting himself was forced to leave London, where the idea of insulin first came to him, owing to lack of facilities for research.

This failure of Canada to provide for means of scientific medical and industrial research has been the cause of driving thousands of the finest brains in the Dominion to the United States. This research fund will furnish the money whereby students, unhampered, will be able to devote their attention to medical research. Wisely there will be no central institute or building, but the accommodation now provided by various Canadian universities will be used and students will be assisted with equipment and given ample funds to continue their laboratory work.

Dr. Banting made a plea, which should not go unheeded, to the citizens of London to give generous support to the medical and scientific faculties of Western Ontario University. Dr. Banting is an example of the honor which was lost to London and our own university as a result of the lack of accommodation for research work.

Incidentally, the King Government has apparently pigeon-holed the proposal so ably advocated by Major Hume Cronyn, when he was London's federal member, for the establishment of a bureau of scientific research for the Dominion. The Meighen Government passed a bill for this object and had as appropriation in the estimates, but it was unfortunately killed in the Senate. The King Government has never looked with favor on the scheme. More and more is the value of research work becoming recognized, whether in the medical field to aid suffering humanity, or in the industrial world to assist in the development of science and commerce. In this age of keen world competition for business, the country with the greatest scientific industrial development is the nation which will ultimately win out in the struggle for commercial supremacy. Medical science in Canada will be given a great impetus by the establishment of the fund Banting announced; it is to be hoped the time will not be long before when either private or Government generosity will provide similar facilities for industrial research.

Sir John Willison's Suggestions

The Free Press publishes to-day in another column a letter from Sir John Willison on the question of the Home Bank failure. Sir John points out that the Home Bank was literally kept alive for a number of years by Government deposits, and that without these deposits it is questionable whether the bank could have presented statements which would have passed survey by the Finance Department. The Government deposits were used as an argument as to the soundness of the bank's position. Sir John asks then, in view of the situation, why the Government should not share fairly and equally with other depositors. Under the law as it stands Government deposits have priority claim over those of ordinary depositors. The Free Press has not been inclined to support the viewpoint of depositors as to deposits of the Government, but if Sir John is correct in his facts then the depositors have a strong case.

Sir John also advocates some form of Government inspection, and suggests the appointment of an auditor of banking, with the powers and privileges of the auditor-general, who can only be removed by Parliament. No inspection can provide against foolhardy business methods, but it can prevent the loaning of millions of dollars in wild speculations in which directors are interested. It is in the interests of the banks themselves in Canada to take steps to prevent any further disasters of the character of the Merchants' Home Bank failures. Confidence on part of the public in Canadian banks has been severely shaken, and it can

only be restored by action such as Sir John Willison suggests.

The Alberta Liquor Referendum

Next Monday the electors of Alberta will vote on another referendum on the law in regard to intoxicating liquors. Four questions are to be submitted. The people may vote for:

1. Prohibition under a continuance of the existing law of the province, which forbids the sale for other than medicinal, sacramental, manufacturing and scientific purposes.
2. Licensed sale of beer in hotels and other premises.
3. Government sale of beer for consumption in private residences.
4. Government sale of all liquors.

The Moderation League, which is being led in its platform campaign by Dr. Michael Clark, ex-M. P. for Red Deer, urges the electors to vote for the fourth, third and second questions in the order named. The "drys," of course, recommend voting yes on the first. Both sides are putting up a most vigorous fight.

The newspapers of the province generally are adopting a neutral attitude, although with some notable exceptions. For instance, The Edmonton Journal, the most influential paper in Northern Alberta, is urging the voters to cast their ballot for clause No. 1. The Journal takes the ground that the trial of the present law has not been long enough carried on under normal conditions to justify its condemnation, and concludes:

"Under these circumstances, the only safe thing to do is to give the matter the preference. Even those who are thoroughly dissatisfied with the present act, and who believe it should be repealed, should not advocate the taking of a leap in the dark as the registering of a majority clause, which would mean. It is better to allow things to remain as they are, for the time being, and then to authorize the upset of the existing system without knowing what is to take its place. It is not by such a reckless procedure that an improvement in the liquor law of the province will be brought about."

Bird Migrations

The hunter, at this time of the year is particularly favored with interesting views of the annual bird migrations, which stir the imagination and raise the questions "Where do they all go?" and "Where did they learn how and when to take their flight?"

The following explanation seems to come close to a logical deduction from the knowledge at present about the earth's habits and the control it exercises, in the ages, over the creatures placed here. In this instance the "instinct" implanted in the birds:

"Scientists think they have solved the mystery of a logical deduction from the knowledge at present about the earth's habits and the control it exercises, in the ages, over the creatures placed here. In this instance the "instinct" implanted in the birds: "Their theory is that the great ice sheet, which once covered the continent, advanced in the winter and retreated in the summer until migration became a fixed habit with the birds. But the ice cap always gained and at its climax the birds we know were confined to the middle South America—the equator belt. When the glaciers melted away for good the birds north again, and they have been migrating back and forth, the birds of the north and south, comfortably in this climate all winter."

This coming and going of the birds has become so definitely a part of the seasons that we look for the migrations with pleasure and great interest and would be loathe to think of the day when they could be content with one home.

Good Civic Government

The Citizens' Research Bureau, in a recent bulletin, points out three things which are essential to economic and efficient municipal operation. They are:

1. Continuity of civic policy.
2. Centralization of executive responsibility and control.
3. Active and practical interest of all the citizens.

With the third guaranteed, the first and second, the bulletin observes, will follow naturally. There is no doubt that the indifference of the ordinary voter is one of the causes of poor municipal administration. The number of voters, who, every election, fail to go to the polls, unless dragged there by interested candidates, is appalling.

There is a proposal before the City Council of London for a drastic reform in our method of civic government. It is to be hoped that this will be voted upon this coming election and put into effect. However, this system, as it is, and the system will fall to bring about an improvement in legislation unless backed and supported by the citizens generally. Poor civic administration is too often the fault of the citizens themselves.

NOTE AND COMMENT

November is here!
The very latest, paging by radio!
When you turn a game into business it is no longer sport.

The super-blaze: The man who yawns at the Grand Canyon!

Thank goodness! "Make a Believe-land" is not the possession of children only.

"The Power of the Purse" sounds smooth enough, but it is a rasping reality.

"Can a poor man get ahead?" asks the latest questionnaire. He is poor probably because he hasn't a head.

To exile a prince and then squabble about who should "educate" him; the "revolutionists" of Europe.

Is a buffalo steak more "holly" than a beefsteak, that our reformers should defile the one and devour the other?

Don't reckon too much with human nature. It often becomes inhuman when it is brought up before a case of "reckoning."

Do you agree that the difference between "lunch" and "luncheon" is that "lunch" may be food while "luncheon" may be a salad?

Thirty-eight years before Mayor Wengert sat in the State of the Might, Harry Merritt was a faithful servant of the City of London: Let us forget!

The best plea for the League of Nations is that what the world wants in order to bring about peace is less war machinery and more peace machinery.

The Third Column

DOUBLE-STRENGTH.
He who has a friend has this:
Comradeship for sunny days;
Something kings and princes miss.
One to speak his name with praise.

He who has a friend may be
Poor of purse and worn by care.
But he's rich in this, that he
May his comrade's fortune share.
But he will not mourn alone.

He who has a friend may weep
For some gentle spirit flown
Which he loved but could not keep.
But he will not mourn alone.

He who has a friend may fall
Bruised and broken in the fight.
But his friend shall hear him call
And shall seek him through the night.

He who has a friend may know
For the work he has to do,
Wherever he may go
That he owns the strength of two.

To his own, through good or bad,
From beginning to the end,
When he needs it he may add
All the treasures of his friend.

—Edgar A. Guest.

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EASIER TO WIN THAN TO FAIL.

Ed Howie, the Kansas writer and thinker, once wrote a little book in which he argued that success was a much easier proposition than failure.

I read this book with great interest, agreeing with the author to the letter. I wish that every young man and woman might read that book. The great thing about success is that it keeps getting bigger the more you work at it. Like the snowball the small boy starts, which increases with the effort behind his push.

In the same way is a clean mind happier than one that is just the opposite. Success is constructive in all the way. Not that it is not dotted with failures; that is inevitable—but that it has soul, or, in better wording, real purpose. There is no purpose in failure; just a toppling over of every worth while aim.

I read of a remarkable incident in the daily press a few days ago of a young man who had become so crippled with rheumatism that he had to take permanently to his bed. But he had eyes, and a willing and ready mind. He rigged up some clothespins and attached them to his hand and thus learned to operate the typewriter. Then he started a scheme for getting subscriptions to magazines and to-day he is earning his living and helping others about him, and smiling through it all.

It is easier to win than to fail. Just ask the one who has tried success out. One thing is sure about the one who succeeds is that he pays attention to little things. He doesn't push them aside, but multiplies their worth—until, before he knows it, he is in the midst of big things.

If it is your desire, not a single day can pass without your life becoming richer and fuller. It is a matter of keeping your mind and eyes wide open and your heart impressionable.

Remember that it is easier to win than to fail.

—George Matthew Adams.

BOBBED HAIR.

The blooming damsels everywhere have shown their blond or raven hair, and even damsel divas in years submit their ringlets to the shears. And some have multiplied their charms, while others look like false alarms. The latter are more often seen, it takes a barely blooming queen to cut away the flowing locks, and not resemble Guy H. Fawkes. I am a relic of the past, and sometimes stand aghast at modern wrinkles, modern curves, said curves and wrinkles jar my nerves. The women stride and strive again, to look like and mannish suits, they are not in their hand-me-downs, like old dames in flowing gowns. And, being gray and full of tea, the old lady looks the best to me. The girls are smoking, soon they'll chew, they've mastered slang, the old and new, they go to prize fights with the lads, and on some bruiser lay their heads. Until quite lately I could tell the he-man from the lovely belle; my guesses were not often wrong while female hair was growing long. I'd note the topknot and the curl and say, "That critter is a girl." But now I need a telescope if I would have the proper dose. And when the girls begin to grow their whiskers who their sex can know? —Wald Mason.

Little Benny's Note Book

by Lee Pope

Me and Puds Simkins was setting on Mary Watkins front steps talking to her about how grate we was and different things, and Mary Watkins sed, "O, heer comes Persey, he certenly is a smart boy, he knows an awful lot."

Meaning Puds sed cuzzin Persey Wever, and I sed, "Aw wats he know, I dont see anything extra smart about him, and Puds sed, I should say not, that guys so dum he wouldnt know he was alive if somebody didnt keep on telling him. Aint I his cuzzin, I awt to know, he sed."

Well I think Persey is a very smart boy, so there, and I jest bet you cant ask him any questions he cant answer, cither, Mary Watkins sed, Wich jest then Persey came up and I sed, Hey Persey wats are the principle exorts of China?

Rice, tea and silks, Persey sed. There, see? Mary sed, and I sed, His didn't mention bamboo, and Puds sed, Well hay, Persey, who came over to discover the Fountain of Youth and discovered other things instad?

Ponds de Leon, Persey sed, and Mary Watkins sed, There, wat did I tell you. Now you ask them something, Persey, sed.

Wats the plural of ox? Persey sed, Oxen, Puds sed.

Oxes, I sed, and Persey sed, No, you're both wrong, his oxen, and Mary Watkins sed, Now wat have you got to say, he answered yours and you couldnt answer his.

Wich jest then her mother called her and she had to go in to see wat she wanted, and me and Puds started to punch Persey fast as anything pretend we was giving him a imitation of people punching a punching bag, and he went home crying and wnen Mary Watkins came out agen me and Puds was all that was out there.

Persey branes may be better than force but it's a good thing to have both.

How wide is the throne room of God, and what court of justice or seat of mercy is so easy of access? You sailer high above the swirling tempest in the crows-nest of the ship must cry aloud of dangers he sees or that "all is well," but he may whisper his dying prayer to the Lord of Storms, and is heard. That solitary man walking the cruel streets of a great city, where every door is shut, and the light of heaven always open to the cry of the solitary. The infant's lisped appeal to Omnipotence reaches the people, reaching the people, and a soul burdened with every evil may even from a cross declare his penitence to Him who searcheth the heart.

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RAMBLING
AROUND
WITH OLD
DOC PEP



KNOW
Thy-
SELF

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON

OCTOBER 31. — Here beginneth melancholy days for such poor souls as have their lives disrupted by the coming of the month of November. November would have her case tried by an impartial jury as to her reign being called melancholy by a Bostonian, which is a severe insult to the continent—since 1776 highly distempered by this said Boston—to imitate him and his slanders. For this is the month, God willing, that our chimneys glow with coal fires and our stoves with forest flames of cured wood being offered up in sacrifice to the gods of the hearth. Mayhap such mechanical contrivances as steam radiators do require the services of a plumber, but even they thump and pound companionably, a rough signal of warmth and cheer, imprisoned that would be free for its kindly offices. And how joyfully the November sleeper—snuggled against blankets and comfortable—do greet each quiet night with his nostrils sniffing the brown deliciousness of wheat cakes, the crisp of bacon and the steaming fragrance of this new tea drink from the land of the Great Cham! Let who will be choosier in this matter, the hearty man knows that November is but May stripped for a cold bath taken betimes.

My wife's he-cousen in rom school with a great to-do over some ally professor voting that after 24 no man learns anything anymore, not even that he is a fool. When I challenge him to a special study of Frenchmen's language for speaking and writing, not for confusing the coachmen of Paris who stand amazed before our high school and college French in which prim, young women call them "pigs," than which insult a Frenchman knows none higher. And so we to it, meaning first to learn a great vocabulary, and a strange thing is how we find that "large" in French means "wide," a thing I never knew in my life before; and how to count up to 100 in which we now stand prepared to challenge college professors.

The portal of our Synagogue is strewn with cypress for Jewish Death has invaded us and wrung the life of heart of one who is very dear to all our little company. We stand, as seemingly to one side of the door on which lies the broken casket which held his life's jewel, valued beyond rubies. We know that our sympathy cannot shield things, and how to count up to 100 in which we now stand prepared to challenge college professors.

London owes a debt of gratitude to Master S. F. Lawanson for his bold action with regard to our new city hall. Good citizens think that London needs it a building to cost \$600,000; other good citizens favor the more economical plan which Master Lawanson do advocate. And for his volunteering in champion one issue, London is in his debt. Our own opinion is all in favor of the modest plan, which may easily give place to a future prosperous years—to the erection of a true civic palace. But all men have a right to an opinion; now let us decide the matter at the polls and with ballots worded for action, not evasion!

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LE SOLEIL AGREEES WITH COL. GREGORY

From Le Soleil, Quebec.

We were glad to find in The London Free Press, from the pen of an Ontarian, Col. William T. Gregory, one of the most brilliant defenses that has been made in our country in favor of France.

We publish, opposite, the article translated from his clear and convincing statements. We read them with much more interest because his arguments succeed each other with striking logic, and because the conviction which animates them is like the cry of truth itself.

We do not know Col. Gregory, but we wish to compliment him for having so clearly defined the attitude of France toward Germany, and for having proven from the evidence that Poincaré, without sanctioning a grave injustice, was unable to permit the vanquished to rebuild its country of the immense reparations which were due it.

At the outset of his admirable article the payment of Germany, has accomplished without outside aid, during the troublesome days which have followed the armistice. Population evacuated, 4,500,000; returned 4,335,000; municipalities evacuated 2,271; reconstructed 6,848; area devastated, 4,000,000 acres, returned to state of culture 3,000,000; destroyed 3,000 miles, repaired 1,800 miles; factories demolished 4,700, restored 2,645.

We see, then, that France, which has experienced all with Belgium, the most cruel treatment from the avenger of the invader of 1914 has been able, without awaiting the payment of the German debt, to recover itself, to rebuild, and to accept all the ruins, in order to conserve its greatness and its ancient glory.

But France has not ceased to suffer from the cataclysm. Those whose homes were blown up by explosives have returned to their villages, where they are re-established, besides their fields, where they grow as of old their vines and their wheat. A great number were without money, and it was necessary for them to live in sod huts or in caves, where awaited better times. There are still 320,000 houses to rebuild, 1,000,000 in Flanders, and along the whole front where the shell worked havoc for four long years. About 2,500,000 French are without suitable shelter, and the state alone is not able for the task. It is necessary that Germany pay those reparations. Sixty billions of francs will only suffice to rebuild the homes. Further, the French taxpayer is asked to pay the taxes. Col. Gregory, after having cited some figures, illustrates thus the extent of taxation there. If you live in France, you pay taxes. If you live in Germany, of 1,000,000 it would be necessary for you to pay into the public treasury the sum of 730,000. That is a rate of 73 per cent. A little further on he notes that Britain has two debts, her war expenses and her debt to the United States of America; these have only one debt, that of the war, whilst France has three, war expenses, debt to the United States and to Britain and the expense of reconstruction.

As for Germany, she has only one, should she submit, in eliminating that of reparations, for she is able to elude her interior debt by the simple process of the stabilization of the mark. After these preliminaries, Col. Gregory ap-

proaches frankly the question of the Ruhr. He establishes undeniably that the United States and Britain have practically repudiated the Versailles treaty and in consequence thereof France, left to herself, has only one way to obtain by her own resources, whilst she is unable to hope for outside help. I dare say, he declares, that France is simply justified from all points of view in having taken possession of the Ruhr, which is the heart of the region producing iron, coal and steel.

Abandoned, so to speak, by England and the United States when she strove to obtain her just reparations, and forced, with the co-operation of brave little Belgium, to occupy a portion of the German territory. Otherwise it would be necessary to abandon the recovery of her rightful indemnity. A crowd of other viewpoints are stressed in the appeal of Col. Gregory. We will cite only another one of them, that where he reduces the accusation of militarism charged against France.

In 1914, said he, the duration of military service in the French army was three years, while now it is only 18 months. The annual expense of the French army, which includes her colonies, totals \$380,000,000. Great Britain, her dominions not included, spends \$320,000,000, and the United States of America spends probably more. We can see that the just rights of France have found a good champion in the person of Col. Gregory. No doubt that his views have had a sympathetic echo in the hearts of all Canadians who love justice and truth.

BALLAD OF A POSTAL BEGINNER.
I am full of tribulation, I'm a new clerk on probation,
I'm the victim of a distribution plan,
I've a book of regulations, postal laws of all the nations,
That would puzzle Edison or any man.

I must learn to keep my hat on, when I'm cursed, reviled and abused,
By a public that I'm always out to please;
Smiling, evenly at each libel, guided
Striving every hostile patron to appease.

I must readily explain the nonarrival of a train,
And when the mail's expected in from Timbuctoo, I must be ready;
All the rules of C. O. D. and the street directory,
And what's the postage on a paper for Peru.

I must know a thousand rates, have a memory for dates
And guess the length of parcels to an inch;
Every little regulation that applies to registration,
Some say the postal service is a cinch.

I have no smart uniform, I am but a postal worm,
Peddling postage stamps and post cards for my pay;
Taking nickels in for quarters, helping out the forward sorters,
Getting back out forty thousand times a day.

But no end of worrying can accomplish anything,
Guess I'll get there if I only have a try;
I am learning as I go, and it's kind of nice to know,
That devotion means promotion bye-and-bye.

—FRANK WILLARD, Senior Postal Clerk, Medicine Hat, Alberta.

WATCHFUL WAITING.

There is no longer any doubt as to whether or not a war is being waged. All you have to do is to wait a few minutes and watch her put on a fresh coat.

Out TO-DAY.