

London Advertiser

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1923.

Just an Old-Fashioned Letter.

On the eve of the departure of Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King for London to attend the conference of premiers, Mr. W. G. Raymond, M.P., of Brantford, took occasion to write a letter to the prime minister, wishing him a safe and pleasant voyage, and expressing the conviction that Canada's case would be safe in the hands of the premier while at this important gathering.

Mr. Raymond stated in his letter that he was writing in an old-fashioned way, to bid the traveler God-speed and a safe return. There is something wholesome about that way of doing business. Perhaps it is a little old-fashioned, but then Mr. Raymond would probably lean a little more toward an old-fashioned idea than toward an ultra-modern conception of things.

There have been many criticisms written as to what the premier should do or say, or what he should not do or say. There have been plenty to tell him when and how to speak, and also when to keep his tongue between his teeth. A man in the highest spot in our public life gets much advice, much criticism, some of it good, much of it undesired and not helpful. As Mr. King goes away he leaves Mr. Meighen tramping the country east to west trying to paint a picture of ruin and trouble; he has the Conservative press, well fed by an Ottawa bureau, hammering away at every loose end with the one idea of shaking the confidence of the people in the government they elected at Ottawa.

Under such circumstances, it is to be wondered at that the prime minister should be moved to say, in acknowledging Mr. Raymond's kindly, old-fashioned letter, that "your message brings with it so much of needed encouragement and strength that I am taking it with me to England, where it will not fail to be a constant support."

There's something intensely human in that phrase, and it shows between lines the keen appreciation men in high public places have for a kind word and an appreciative thought.

The New Bond Issue.

Bond dealers in Canada have not the trouble in disposing of government securities that they had ten or fifteen years ago. The public have been educated, and they know that a Victory bond is as good as gold. They have seen other stocks flutter and jump, while all the time the Victories stood pat or advanced their position.

That is why there will be a ready audience when the new issue to repay the five-year bonds issued in 1918 is offered.

A short time ago the finance minister issued \$22,000,000 bonds for National Railways equipment. It may have been with some trepidation that the issue was put out, as it was the first test of the money market in some months. It went quickly and well, and the government got the money at 6.30 per cent.

The loan now offered is for \$50,000,000 primarily, but ultimately for \$172,000,000, the amount of war loan falling due this year. This should be good business for the government because the loan now being offered is taxable, paying off a non-taxable issue. Then, too, the 1923 loan was on a 5½ per cent basis; the new loan is for a lesser yield, and the government will profit by the lesser interest charge.

Financiers say they can place the whole thing in Canada. Those holding 1923 bonds are ready to tie their money up for a longer period in a safe holding. It is a significant tribute, too, to the strength of the country that such an issue should be so successfully received just at a time when there have been upheavals in some corners of the financial world.

They Can't Print the Paper.

Pressmen in New York are on strike, and for that reason there have been no papers published there for several days. That is one of the prices an industry pays when it becomes highly organized and minutely specialized.

Were the pressman of a weekly newspaper in Ontario, or in New York State for that matter, to go out on strike, the proprietor or his foreman would probably announce at the supper table, "I'll have to go back tonight and run the press." And he would and could. An all-around man in a smaller office can do a multitude of things. He can hunt the news, set it up in type and print the sale bills, dash off a bit of editorial or write a good obituary, operate the linotype machine or lock up a job for the small press, collect enough money for the week's wages, or stand up on the platform and feed a cylinder press. He is an all-around man, and it's pretty hard to tie up any corner of the works as long as he's around.

But the big offices are full of specialists—experts in various lines. If a man were to go to a New York or any other large office, and get a story on the street, then proceed to put it in type and print it himself—well, he might get out of the place alive, but that would be about all. He would find the large newspaper office a huge machine, into one section of which his training might fit. He would find one staff of men writing the news, another the editorials; others providing suitable headings, etc. Then in the composing room he would discover operators, bank-men, compositors, make-ups,

then the stereotypers, and finally the pressmen, each of these specialists in their own class, and with perhaps no working knowledge of any other section.

So it is when the web pressmen strike in New York the boss can't go down in the evening, and run off the papers. As he wandered around through the maze of decks and plates and cylinders and rollers he would be helpless. His general knowledge could not take it in. The day of the specialist is in force in newspaper offices, and the larger the office the more acute and definite the forms these classifications take.

Lowering the Lake Levels.

A deputation from Chicago, representing the drainage canal scheme that has been taking water from the great lakes at the rate of 10,000 cubic feet per second, visited Toronto to discuss the matter with the harbor commissioners there.

The suggestion is that in compensation for the water taken there would be an all-water route between Toronto and the coal fields of Illinois, Virginia and Pennsylvania. Such a scheme would take even more water from the great lakes, and Canada is not interested in a waterway to that district.

The Chicago deputation should address themselves to Ottawa, and Ottawa should refer them back to Washington.

Let's All Get Up on the Scales.

A speaker at a meeting in a schoolroom not far from here referred to the "lack of respect on the part of children today for their elders." On the same day Dr. Henry Neumann was speaking at the annual conference of state normal schools at Bridgewater, Mass., and he referred to "the manners of the school children," placing a fairly low estimate on them.

So at two quite well-removed points the rising generation was put on the scales while mature and quite critical hands adjusted the weights and found the young people wanting.

We wonder if some of these people who act as prosecuting counsel, judge and jury ever stop to look back at their own youth. It might do them a world of good to climb up on the scales and hark back to the days when first impulses had precedence over the mature judgment they now profess to possess.

Let the critical father and mother stop a bit some time. Were they always kind, courteous, considerate, obedient, tidy, punctual, always keen to make the very most of every opportunity, always on the lookout to consider the feelings of others, and so forth? Those are the counts on which speakers are always ready to indict the 'teen age generation of today.

No generation of youngsters has ever been right up to the 100 per cent mark, and the chances are that those coming along today have about the same batting average as those who criticize them were showing at a similar age.

Joint Action Is Possible.

If two farmers found a third unknown and unlawful party using their premises for an object to which they mutually objected, common sense would cause these two farmers to come together to see what could be done about it.

Canadian-made liquor is finding its way into United States, although the government of that country has stamped such a traffic as illegal.

The highest court to which an appeal can be made is not one of law, for law bends and shapes itself according to the fears and wishes of those who are always ready to hide behind such queer words as ultra vires.

National and international honor and common sense can do what law has not done. Canada has a high sense of honor and so has United States. Two honorable neighbors should not have much trouble in leaning over the line fence and determining how best to put the hobbles on international bootleggers.

Note and Comment.

Old Man Winter presented his card, but at present our friend Warm Weather has him shoved off the end of the waiting list.

We may be a little dense, but we fail to see the idea of having a car that can make 60 to 70 miles an hour in a land where 25 is the legal rate.

Although there's a revolution in Spain, it's still possible to get Spanish onions at three pounds for a quarter. There's something wrong with the manipulators of the revolution or the onions. A revolution that would not make those onions worth 50 cents a pound is not a revolution at all.

The Renfrew Mercury turned out a 36-page Old Boys' paper that is good from 1 right on to 36. Mr. Rupert Davies, who formerly published the Thamesville Herald, has given Renfrew a real paper, and the amount of business carried leads to the belief that Renfrew has fully appreciated the fact.

The Moderation League of Ontario is out after some more money. Inside a large envelope it sends a smaller one, along with a card. They are out for a system of government control, and they plead for a donation from a dollar up in order that they may carry on their plans for having more-liquor sold in Ontario than is consumed at present.

Sir Henry Thornton says he has found a town in Canada which doesn't want a new station. Dollars to doughnuts it is not either Hamilton or London.—St. Catharines Standard.

The town referred to is Toronto, sure enough. It wants some noisy, smoky trains to run into and through its new station. The place is like a man who's had a new car for six months, but no gas to put in the tank.

Your Health: What To Do To Be Sure Your Baby's Food Is Clean.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

Many young mothers have spent days and nights pacing the floor because the baby had the colic.

Such a seemingly simple thing as a soiled nipple, or an empty feeding bottle left in the crib, will cause these nights of suffering for the baby and anxiety on the part of the mother. Perhaps some suggestions about the care of the baby's food and the utensils used in preparing it will be helpful. It does not matter about the age of the child or the kind of food, cleanliness is of the greatest importance.

Suppose you are going to prepare the formula for the day's feedings. Begin by having all the utensils and bottles together on a clean table. The bottles containing the milk should be washed as soon as they are received in the morning and before they are put in the ice-box. It is a wise plan to rinse all dishes carefully before mixing the formula. The feeding bottles should be thoroughly washed, rinsed and boiled for twenty minutes before using. When they are filled with the formula, they should be corked with clean absorbent cotton. Then place

the filled bottles in the ice-box where they will be safe from contamination until feeding time.

Never make use of a nipple that has been dropped on the floor. Put it in a jar filled with clean water until you have a chance to boil all the used nipples.

After the feeding has been taken, the bottle should be removed from the crib. Otherwise baby must suck into his stomach from the empty bottle. Also there will be taken into the mouth the germs that may have collected on the nipple.

In preparing food for older children just as much care should be observed. Never leave the food uncovered or where it will take the taste of other foods. Milk and butter are easily contaminated by other foods. If possible, use a separate compartment of the ice-box where no other foods are kept.

Always give children fresh food, freshly prepared. Some little article of diet not strictly fresh will upset the digestion for days and perhaps for weeks.

Cleanliness is the first law in good health. You must not forget this. The health and the life of your baby depend on the strict observance of this rule.

Jackie Coogan

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

The world that hangs upon your childish grace

Loves dearly all the things you do so well.

The smile that lights your most ex-

pressive face,

Your eyes, where mirth and candor

dwell;

Those fascinating gestures all your

own.

Your boyish hands that eloquently

talk—

You bring us back to joyous days

when we were known

When on the pictured stage you

briefly walk.

Eternal childhood you exemplify,

Beloved of all who see your genius

rare.

You have no enemies beneath the

sky.

Except one foe who lingers every-

where—

One enemy who scorns our futile

tears—

The ceaseless passing of the happy

years.

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DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

THE COMIC BALL.

The orchestra was playing

At the annual comic ball.

Young Toots was there with all her

hair,

And jiggs, in manner debonnaire

Was ogling all the passing fair

With Maggie in the hall.

Long Andy Gump, the chinless

chump,

Was flirting on the sly

With little Babe, while Min walked

round

With fire in her eye.

Old Spark Plug did a mad fox-trot

While Stinson, dressed in his

And big Jack Keefe, the baseball

chief,

Had come to unexpected grief:

The maids said they would just as

lie!

Dance with a grizzly bear.

Old Fisher's Mutt was trying to cut

A figure with all the girls;

And half the crowd blamed Dinty

Moore

When Maggie lost her pearls.

Poor Google rolled his goo goo eyes;

Jeff danced the Spanish reel.

And while the bunch ate midnight

lunch

The Major got a sudden hunch

And went to find a flask of punch

With Sueter at his heel.

I stood apart and wondered

Who these funny folk might be;

And far away, I heard a voice

Reply "They're you and me!"

Those American chemists who are

after a substitute for coffee would do

well to consult the chefs of some

hotels.

As long as girls continue to use

cosmetics young men can't very well

help wearing their love on their

sleeves.

Popular song enthusiasts could

probably sing more effectively "Yes,

we have no intelligence."

Since hot-dogs have become so

popular the mongrels on our street

can't even have a slight temperature

without running the danger of being

eaten alive.

We wish those tin-voiced vaude-

ville "artists" who sing "Good Bye

Forever" would put their words into

action.

If Ford really wants publicity why

doesn't he teach his horns how to

say "Hank! Hank!"

Most motorists are confirmed be-

lievers in the Divine Right of Way.

Some years ago our wives spent

their afternoons bidding at an auc-

tion sale. Now they spend their af-

ternoons bidding at an auction bridge.

Dempsey draws the color line. But

he insists that his next playmate

must be covered with long green.

SEASONABLE STATISTICS.

Five hundred girls break off en-

gagements last August when they

saw fiancés at a bathing beach.

Five hundred London men break

off engagements after hearing fiancés

talk at ball game.

Sixteen million would-be flappers

were on the point of bobbing their

hair, but they didn't have the cour-

age.

Seventeen million businessmen said

"Good to meet you" to ambitious in-

surance salesmen, and St. Peter reg-

istered seven million lies in his

ledger.

It is false economy to use cheap

teas, for they are invariably inferior,

and yield poorly in the teapot. Use

only the genuine "SALADA" to

secure the maximum cups to the

pound, and the real satisfaction that

fine flavor gives.—Adv't.

THE HOME OF THE VICTROLA, where

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floor demonstrating rooms permit in-

dividual attention in selecting your

new phonograph records. Whether

they are jazz, classical or sacred, give

us a call. Mason & Rich Limited,

248 Dundas street.—Adv't.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

WHICH WAY ARE WE MOVING?

Strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—Hebrews xii, 13.

Wherever you are, and whoever you may be, there is one thing in which you and I are just alike, at this moment, and in all the moments of our existence.

We are not at rest; we are on a journey.

Our life is not a mere fact; it is a movement, a tendency, a steady, ceaseless progress towards an unseen goal.

We are gaining more effectively, every day.

Even when our position and our character seem to remain precisely the same, they are changing.

For the mere advance of time is a change.

It is not the same thing to have a bare field in January and in July.

The season makes the difference.

The limitations that are childlike in the child are childish in the man.

Everything that we do is a step in one direction or another.

Even the failure to do something is in itself a deed.

It sets us forward or backward.

The action of the negative pole of a magnet is just as real as the action of the positive.

To decline is to accept—the other alternative.

Are you richer today than you were yesterday?

Then you are a little poorer.

Are you better today than you were yesterday?

Then you are a little worse.

Are you nearer to your port today than you were yesterday?

Yes—you must be a little nearer to some port or other; for since your ship was first launched upon the sea of life, you have never been still for a single moment; the sea is too deep, you could not find an anchorage if you would; there can be no pause until you come into port.

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