

London Advertiser

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1923.

Defeating a Government.

It is not easy to understand what the Progressives stood to gain by forcing a division of the House on the resolution that the defeat of a government measure need not call for a general election.

The members had a free-for-all talking over it; opposition came from all quarters and support was limited to the Progressives.

As things stand today at Ottawa, and we follow British precedent closely, the defeat of a government project is interpreted as meaning that the party in power has not the right to carry on any longer. Unless there were some very unusual circumstance in the way, the only thing left would be to go to the country in a general election.

The premier's position, briefly, is this: "A government which cannot bring together a group of men sufficiently strong to command confidence has no right to exist." Mr. King also added that a government like his own, with a very slender majority, might be looked upon as being ready to welcome such an innovation as the resolution proposed, but he assured the House such was not the case, and they preferred to stand or fall by the measures they sponsored in the House.

The present method, reduced to terms of actual practice, means that all legislation must emanate from the government side of the House. This has no special reference to the present composition of the House, but applies to our party system of government in general. If either the Conservatives or Progressives have a measure that would be helpful it must be put up to a vote, and if it were to carry in face of the opposition of the government, it would mean a general election.

This does not give us as flexible a form of government as we have in municipal circles. A measure can be brought in here by any member of council, and if thought worthy and approved, it becomes law. If the mayor were elected on a certain platform, and he failed to get support enough to carry it through, he would not be called upon to resign, nor would the municipality have to hold another election.

Against these features is the plea that the present system gives more stability in government. A party has a platform; it stands for certain things; it believes in free trade or in protection; it advocates government ownership, or any other idea. It promises, in its appeal to the electors, redress of certain grievances, and it is anticipated that its policy will be shaped along certain well-defined lines.

When a party is returned to power on this understanding, the country has a right to expect that it will legislate according to its platform. To what extent this is done is too problematical to state, but it is the basis on which our system of party government is formed. No doubt the Progressives feel that they have ideas they should bring before the House in the interests of western Canada, but cannot readily do so under the present system.

The rules of the House, and the general practices on which it operates, were planned for two-party government. It may be that it is not worth while changing them because two of the three parties at Ottawa, viz., the Liberals and Progressives, are finding out that the farther they go the more they have in common, and it is not outside the range of possibility that out of these two shall come one new party, incorporating the best points of each of them, and discarding those things which experience has shown to have been not worth while.

Feeling Toronto's Pulse.

The Toronto Star has a feeling that its city is not as popular in the Dominion as it should be, and seeks the cause. After looking over the civic tongue, feeling the pulse and noting the fevered temperature that comes to Toronto now and then, the Star concludes that the mayors of recent years have not been truly representative of Toronto people. They have spoken out of their turn, and fought where they should have been conciliatory.

That may be so to some extent, and to quite a degree of the last two occupants of the office. They have not been big enough to speak and act for the largest city of the province.

It is a fact that there are obligations in being the "largest" city in the province. Toronto is large because the rest of the province helps it along. People from towns, cities, villages and side-lines are bombarded with circulars and catalogues of Toronto's mail-order houses, and they draw a lot of business there. Toronto is the home of colleges, of musical institutions, of many great systems of distribution. From the rest of the province thousands of young people flock to Toronto's

schools, and there are homes all over the province contributing to their upkeep. Toronto is not a great manufacturing place; as a center for steel and iron it does not measure up to its neighboring city, Hamilton. But it is a big city, becoming bigger, because it is drawing on the whole community for its increases. Large cities owe their position to the district in which they are situated; the trouble is that it is so easy to lose sight of that fact. Because a city is big and prosperous, because it contains many men who have made money, constitutes a fairly good reason why that city should realize that it has a responsibility. It cannot live to itself. It must in a measure give back to the people of the district from which it draws its wealth some of its strength and prestige. It must learn to think in terms wider than its own civic limits.

Toronto showed leadership in sending men overseas; its record was admirable. In the northern Ontario fire relief it poured in its goods in a way that showed that it had a big heart and a good head. These things are excellent, but against them there is the feeling that Toronto looks out for itself fairly well when anything is being handed around. For instance, it was able to get the veterinary college situated on University avenue, where it should never have been. It belonged to the O. A. C. idea at Guelph, and in the last year has been taken out of Toronto and placed at Guelph.

As cities go, Toronto is a pretty fair sample. In London, for instance, we feel at times that Toronto is seeking to dominate the situation, but it may be that some of the smaller places around here think the same about London. People from this district like to go to Toronto; there is much to see and much to learn, but the saving element lies in the fact that most of them are always glad to get back home again.

Breaking the Laws.

Is there not a chance of the word "bootlegger" becoming so common that finally we shall pass it with a nod, and almost recognize it as having a place in our language?

It doesn't sound very bad to hear So-and-So referred to as "just doing a little bootlegging" on the side. Bootlegging means breaking the laws of the country, just as certainly as it applies to putting a jimmy under a man's window and robbing his house.

Note and Comment

These first signs of spring are not nearly so convincing as the last signs of winter.

The latest in the Turkish bath situation is that the Turk himself has broken out in a cold sweat.

Of course a man and his wife are one, but now and then in a police court rumput they sound like a dozen.

Some things simply cannot be divorced, such as salt and pepper, bread and butter, corned beef and cabbage.

The difference between a street costume and an evening dress seems to be about two and a half yards in favor of the street costume.

The west is having a great cold weather contest. Here's Edmonton with 34 below, and Saskatoon dragging along with a mere 23 down.

Much of the coal sold now has a finely ground substance in it that could pass for a top dressing on a cement road or the outside finish on a stucco house.

If those folks keep on digging in Egypt they may yet come across Hon. Howard Ferguson's temperance policy that was going to tickle the temperance people all to pieces and make the wets burst out in cheers.

Some of the ministers in Zion City are all tangled up in a lawsuit because one referred to another as a "blatherskite and a billy-goat." The beauty of it is that people can get into these same scrapes without going near Zion City.

A man in Windsor court on a charge of beating his wife asked, apparently in all seriousness, if he had not the right to punish his wife. The court's answer was eloquent and pointed. The beater was locked up for a week, after which he will be tried.

Well, here's Dr. Cook back in the newspapers again. Last time he figured in a fake trip to the North Pole, and this time in a breach of U. S. liquor laws. Some of these notables simply cannot go away and stay away. They're always bobbing up for a fresh dose of printer's ink.

Toronto was told by arbitrators that \$11,188,000 was the price the city would have to pay for the street railway system. Now Toronto's appealing and will probably spend another million in trying to establish that eleven was too much.

Radio broadcasting is a bigger thing away out in Western Canada than it is in Ontario. Imagine, for instance, a family miles from a station, and a couple of miles from a neighbor, sitting in the evening and listening to good music, and on Sundays to a sermon and church service. That's where radio means something.



U. S. Paper Appreciates Britain's Effort.

(From Los Angeles Times.)

While the last thousand of the American expeditionary forces have returned from Europe, the first billion dollars have yet to find their way back.

Perhaps it would have been wiser if we had kept our dollars, like our troops, under American commanders. Great Britain alone of our foreign debtors is so adjusting its budget that it will be able to meet payments on the loan as they fall due. We are not inclined to be effusive over this, because it is only what we expected.

The money which was loaned to the British Government did not come from the Federal treasury. The funds were those of the American people loaned to their government for a specific purpose.

Anglo-Saxons have always been mindful of their business obligations. They regard it only a shade less dishonorable to watch than to steal. They distinguish between a gift and a loan. They regard one who dishonors his signature as lacking in character. And, in their eyes, honor is like virtue; once tarnished it can never be cleansed.

England is hard-pressed financially. Her economic system was badly shattered by the World War. Her people are heavier taxed than those of any other country. The proportion of taxation to earnings is about three times that of France.

But English credit, like that of America, has sustained the shock of the war. The English pound is again approaching par. The world has confidence in England—because the new

generation sees that "honesty is the best policy."

Some concessions have been made by our government in relation to extension of time and rates of interest. It is generous and just. A humane creditor has some regard for the financial condition of the debtor.

No good purpose would be served by blinding ourselves to the fact that, while the pound is going up, the franc is going down. The confidence felt in British credit does not extend across the channel. The shrinkage in exchange value of French currency since the French troops entered the Ruhr is something like \$1,000,000,000.

But a little more than a year ago ten francs would buy an American dollar. That same dollar would now purchase about seventeen francs. France is spending more money on her army and navy than she is getting from the sale of her exports to Europe. They are much more concerned about keeping it supreme than about meeting their foreign obligations; and France is our second-largest debtor.

There is a considerable group in the French Chamber of Deputies that openly counsels repudiation of national debts. Somehow that policy does not seem to square with the French attitude in regard to German reparations.

No French commission has arrived in Washington to discuss ways and means for the repayment of the American loan. There has not even been a discussion in the French Chamber of a budget provision for meeting foreign collections. France is a dilatory, imperious creditor, but a dilatory debtor.

Your Health

HERE'S A REAL RECIPE FOR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

In my mail the other day I found an interesting calendar. On the front cover were the signs of the zodiac, an hour glass, an hour glass, and a prescription for 1923.

This formula is too good to be missed. I want you to share my pleasure in it. Here is the prescription: Take two ounces of plain, old-fashioned water.

Add one ounce of confidence. Flavor well all through with common sense.

Color with a tincture of dreams of greater and better things. Eliminate all waste and worry.

Speak according to knowledge, act according to conscience.

Mix well and take morning, noon and night the year round. Sipped from the silver-lined spoon of optimism, held firmly in a steady hand, this concoction is guaranteed to cure.

This calendar is part of the information campaign of a great drug concern. If the prescription I have quoted were filed and used by everybody there would be little need for doctors or drugs.

Once more I quote from the calendar: "Have you a bottle of it on your shelf?"

Let's get this medicine at once. It is a panacea for all ills. As I write, I have in mind a few friends of mine who are in particular need of this prescription. But before they speak, let me say I am going to get a bottle for myself. I need it, too.

Nobody can be well without having work to do and doing it. Many a good fee to the doctor would be saved by the rich if they would work a little—at least two ounces daily.

The questions most frequently presented to doctors are: "Am I doing for?" "Must I die?" "Are my days numbered?"

It is right to know something of the prospect of life, but let me whisper to you that confidence is ninety-tenths of the battle. Get up your fighting blood! Shut your teeth and say: "I am going to win!"

Common sense is eating, in sleep, in care of your body. In your hours of labor and recreation—only you must favor all your acts with common sense.

Ambition to be strong, to be vigorous and to be successful will act as a gentle stimulant to your heart and will promote your health and make you a better citizen. You must not be dyed deeply with it, but in the prescription of life there should be just enough to give attractive coloring to your career.

Waste of energy, waste of opportunity and foolish worry must be eliminated or your worth-while efforts will be for nothing. Idle gossip and the repetition of unfounded statements lead to controversy and anger, and these result in damaged health. A life founded on conviction is likely to be a good life and one conducive to longevity.

Good health and optimism are twin brothers. Good nature, kindness of spirit and cheerfulness will help to give you health, a steady hand, many friends, physical and material prosperity and long life.

Surely, this prescription for this year of which we are now well started calls for a concoction which guarantees the cure of almost every ill of the flesh.

Let us get a bottle today and take it morning, noon and night the year round.

Answers to Health Questions. A. G. Q.—I am a girl 18 years of age. I have deep circles under my eyes. Will you kindly tell me how to cure this condition?

A.—You should have your eyes examined by a specialist to determine whether it is necessary for you to wear rest glasses. However, bathing your eyes with warm water, followed by cold, will help to make these circles less noticeable.

W. B. N. Q.—Three years ago, I had an attack of chills and fever and was advised I was suffering from malaria. Since that time, I have had several attacks. Will you tell me how to avoid a recurrence of this condition?

A.—Have your blood and urine examined for the presence of malarial parasite. Home treatment is rarely curative. Therefore, I would suggest that if you follow a doctor's instructions, results will be better in the end.

THE ADVENTURERS. Over the downs in sunlight clear, Forth we went in the spring of the year. Plunder of April's gold we sought, Little of April's anger thought.

Caught in a cove without defense, Low we crouched to the rain squall dense; Sure, if misery man can vex, There it beat on our bened necks.

Yet when again we wander on Suddenly all that gloom is gone; Under and over through the wood, Life is astir, and life is good.

Violets purple, violets white, Delicate wind flowers dancing light, Primrose, mercury, mosaic, Shimmers in diamonds round the dell.

Squirrel is climbing swift and lithe, Chiff-chaff whetting his airy scythe, Woodpecker whirrs his rattling rap, Ringdove flies with a sudden clap.

Robin is howling in coat-tails brown, Tom-tit chattering upside down. Well it is seen that everyone Laughs at the rain and loves the sun; We, too, laughed with the wildwood crew, Laughed till the sky once more was blue.

Homeward over the downs we went, Soaked to the heart with sweet content, April's anger is swift to fall, Idle gossip and the repetition of unfounded statements lead to controversy and anger, and these result in damaged health. A life founded on conviction is likely to be a good life and one conducive to longevity.

The Daily Story

A CHICKEN DINNER.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

Missy burst in upon her elders, her eyes saucer-wide, crying: "Tonder comes a whole passel of folks—two car-loaders—'n' a dog outside! What'll you do about feedin' 'em, Tempe? Stove won't cook a thing till we get the new pipe. An' the ham ain't nothin' much but scraps."

"We've got the fireplace," Tempe, the eldest girl, answered, half rising. "Still, I do suppose those people, like all the rest so far, want directions, not dinner."

"I'll run and see," Missy flung over her shoulder, darting away, to return in three minutes, saying breathlessly: "No such luck, Tempe. Eats! Lots of 'em, they say. An' 'leven of 'em, not countin' the dog. Don't you hate to send 'em on empty?"

"No, but only 'leven do it," Tempe said valiantly. "Go ask 'em to sit on the porch while they're waitin'. Cars must be awful this hot day."

"But not only that," Missy discouraged, "I told that gang I didn't know about takin' 'em in—we were particular, if we did put a bit of a 'scold' over a red-hot fire," Missy discouraged, "I told that gang I didn't know about takin' 'em in—we were particular, if we did put a bit of a 'scold' over a red-hot fire,"

"They must be hungry—to wait after that," Tempe sighed, but with no faltering in eye or voice. This was her affair. She had determined on a last desperate effort to prop the faltering Walton fortunes. If only they could get through till the crop came in this year, it promised so much. But, what with boll weevil and futures, cotton was poor security for cold cash. And cold cash alone could not buy meat and molasses for the croppers, grain for the work stock, most of all dusty poison for the 'avaging plague.

Need for money had given up the fight at New Year, saying: "You girls shan't quite starve. I know there I can make wages of sorts." But they were low wages—hardly more than enough for her own imperative needs. Therefore Tempe had planted a garden, set many eggs and had now a lot of broilers just coming to hand. So in fear and trembling she had marked upon a bit of board, "Roadside Inn," and nailed it to the big oak at the turn before the gate.

But so far it had not drawn a paying caller. Tempe set her teeth, stirred the fire and promptly piled kindling and logs over it and soon a blinding blaze in the big-throated chimney. She had not stayed to watch it. Instead she was plucking chickens. It had made her almost faint to behold the pretty table creatures, but she did it—as her soldier grandfather had gone into battle.

Missy was meantime setting the table—the housewife's task she loved. Elinor, the next oldest, got out the preserves, jellies and relishes, not even sparing the citron cut in grape leaves. And black Susan, still faithful in spite of her own poverty, seeing the cars at halt, bustled up from her cabin and got busy making such biscuit and spoon bread as only she could turn out.

"Tempe, you lemme hab dat shovel," she said when there were coals for baking. "Lordy! Hot as 'tis I loves de feel ob dese yere 'on handle. Puts me in mine ob de good times 'fore dere was stoves and starchy cookin'." Ole Marse, and Ole Miss, dee sho' did set er fine table fer hongry folk.

"No! I must do the cooking—it's my job—and your poor lame back shan't get worse because I'm a shirker," Tempe protested, but Susan flung her aside. There were luckily some beaten biscuit left over from yesterday—the scrap-heap, minced and mixed with fine-cut sour pickle, washed for you last week, and set head er de table, same like dis was company. Dat limb o' Satter, Missy, kin set on de po'ch and take dar money. She's got impudence 'nough for anything under de sky."

"Well, be white trash—in a little I'm afraid," Tempe sighed. Susan was the only sharer of her anxieties. And Susan turned upon her a face of wrath, saying: "Yer can't neber be dat, 'case po' white trash is borned, des de same as quality—folks. Now you run put on dat blue lawn I washed fer you last week, and set head er de table, same like dis was company. Dat limb o' Satter, Missy, kin set on de po'ch and take dar money. She's got impudence 'nough for anything under de sky."

Susan had her way, albeit Elinor insisted upon helping to pass things, and seeing that water, milk and cider flowed at need into all glasses. The visitors, farmfolk out on vacation, were almost embarrassingly dull. Besides, their praise of what was set before them matched their appetites in violence. Only bones remained for the dog from the mountain of fried chicken—but they answered, supplemented by spoon, bread and chicken

gravy. The dog's master, a tall, sun-burned, rather good-looking young fellow, tried hard to count in his dinner when he came to the reckoning.

Missy wouldn't have it. "The idea! Pay for dog-scraps!" she said loftily, patting the silky head laid confidently on her knee. "We had one just like him," she said. "We will—soon as we can afford, Tempe is crazy for a thoroughbred."

"My! How I wish we all could stay on for supper and ride in the early dark instid o' this hot sun," said a stout lady, the tall fellow's mother. "We'd love to have you—if we had our new stovepipe." Missy said diplomatically, "But Susan and Tempe couldn't last out, to cook another big meal in skillet and pots and ovens."

Followed explanations—that somehow told most in what they left unsaid. The tall fellow whisked back in his car alone, fetched the local tin-smith and his helper, and between them they quickly righted things. And the travelers stayed to supper, ate to breakfast. Space for them was



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The Bell Telephone Company of Canada

