

London Advertiser

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1923.

Another Political Party Coming.

Following a gathering of six U. F. O. elected members and a similar number from the U. F. O. organization, Hon. Manning Doherty gave a statement in which he intimated that a new "broadening-out" party would be formed. It is the intention, he says, to have a convention later on to formulate a policy and select a name.

If this idea prevails, the move will have the antagonism of Mr. J. J. Morrison, the secretary of the U. F. O., and the leader of quite a strong following in its membership. That will bring about much the same conditions that prevailed prior to and during Hon. Mr. Drury's appeal to the electorate in June of this year.

To follow it a little farther, it means that if the new party comes into existence it is going to make a bid for members outside the ranks of the U. F. O. It will have to take them from either Liberal or Conservative party, and such an attempt will certainly be regarded by both these parties as a raid on their membership, and it will be opposed.

Mr. Sinclair, the new leader of the Liberals, is less inclined to co-operate with the U. F. O. members than was Mr. Hay. During the life of the last session Mr. Hay and Mr. Drury were on very good terms, and each understood the views of the other. Could a fusion of parties have been arranged then there would not have been much opposition from either of these leaders.

The creation of a new party, part U. F. O. and part Liberal and Conservative, is not likely to meet with much success now. The political lines are quite different to what they were a few months ago.

Mr. Sinclair is able to represent, in his leadership the best and sanest things the U. F. O. can hope for. There are business problems that are of greater importance to the farmers of Ontario than the investment of their energies in political action.

Western Ontario's Big Fair.

Western Fair is open and ready, and it is the biggest 25-cent investment offered here for years. This exhibition has always been a good one; it has always been a solid, substantial and compact index of the things that make Western Ontario supreme in agriculture and commerce.

There is nothing to apologize for at the Western Fair. The buildings are better this year; additions made have given the directors an opportunity to do things they have had in mind for a long time.

Londoners should make it a point, as well as residents of the district, to patronize the Western Fair. It is interesting to notice, and a source of pride as well, that many of the finest animals and herds come from points right around here. All classes of livestock are well represented, and show the remarkable care that is being exercised on many of our best farms in breeding true to type in accordance with the best traditions of the herd.

Industry has a real chance now to come into its own at the Western Fair, and the commercial interests have been quick to see the advantage of making their best displays for the inspection of the people of this district.

The Western Fair is all in readiness. It is well worth careful inspection. The directors have staged a display that is a credit to all concerned.

The One Thing That Will Help.

One report in a financial paper says that the earthquake in Japan has caused an unsettled condition in the cotton market, with a tendency toward higher prices. It might be well for some of these markets to cure their unsettled conditions, and along with them their tendencies toward higher prices.

"Higher prices" or "firmer tendencies" will not help the cotton trade when it is traced all the way through until it comes to the consumer.

The cotton market, or any other market, can best serve its own interests by conquering its nerves and getting close to the size and ability of the dollars in the family purse.

A Great Musician on the Way?

Rinaldi, an Italian boy of 11, has written and personally conducted an oratorio in the presence of a school of critics. They point to him as following in the steps of the world's greatest masters.

It is to be hoped that Rinaldi grows and develops and carries his art with him to the very pinnacles of great music and pure interpretation.

The world is due for some more great and real musicians, who draw from the storehouse of the soul and from the great world about them themes, inspirations, joy, sadness, mad ecstasies of delight and wild, torrential outbursts of passion, and then weave the garb of music about them for a listening world to hear.

We have had such a deluge of musical surgery that

the ear of the people is sick of it. Ticked, perhaps, but never satisfied.

We want music once more that grips, that makes men sit tense and still, that makes them hear and understand.

We have been tin-panned and sobbed by stuff that lives a month because it takes that length of time for the noise to die down.

May Rinaldi, the lad of 11, go on with his young dreams. May they turn to matthe excellence and full-orbed loveliness. The world needs another great, creative musician.

Doing Business for Cash.

Hardware merchants in Stratford advertise the fact that they intend changing their method of doing business, and henceforth will sell their goods for cash. They make the very reasonable claim that they cannot afford to have so much money on their books, and that if they are to keep their own accounts straight and take advantage of trade discounts they must have the money that rightly belongs to them to do it.

Business is slowly but surely moving in this direction. Many have gone over to it, and their evidence is that they did not lose trade, but gradually worked into a place where they could buy closer because they had the cash to do it.

There is nothing revolutionary in the announcement of the Stratford hardware dealers. They are simply going ahead to do what others should have the good sense to imitate. Once an article is purchased and paid for the deal is closed and wiped off. It's by far the better way for the customer as well as the merchant.

Where Does the Dirt Come From?

The miners' committee at Wilkesbarre have lodged a complaint against a producing company, alleging that this company takes refuse and puts it in with the coal, selling the adulterated mixture to the general public.

The miners point out that they are docked or even suspended if they have rock or shale in the coal they turn in from their daily work.

There is no doubt that coal consumers in Canada get a goodly share of such coal at times. There are clinkers and large pieces that will not burn.

If the miners are docked for putting this kind of stuff in, how then do the coal buyers get it?

There have been samples of anthracite analyzed in London that show as high as 30 per cent of non-combustible material.

It is quite certain that this material does not run out and jump in the cars of its own free will.

It will be interesting to see what the mine owners have to say to the charge now leveled at them by their own employees.

The Old Story Over Again.

The way Premier Mussolini of Italy is handling the situation with Greece shows the danger of shoving the average untrained man into a big position.

Or, as in the case of Mussolini, it is just as dangerous to allow the man to do the shoving himself.

Mussolini is not fitted to handle a situation that demands firmness as well as tact, and consideration as well as determination.

He might make an excellent officer to cheer on the troops in the midst of battle with his fire and vigor, but he has not those qualities that can win the battle without having the fight.

Nor can Mussolini change his ways. He is employing now the same tactics that acted as the spearhead of the movement that made him premier of Italy.

The whirligig of political intrigue made a queer toss when it landed Mussolini high up in Italian affairs. It is hard for a man to arbitrate who prefers to talk with a clenched fist.

Note and Comment.

We can't help but admire the man who goes down and helps his wife pick out a new fall hat.

The wife's summer furs and the man's straw hat both got carted to the attic on the same trip.

It beats all that with the mass of patents coming out every month that people still take pickles out of a bottle with a hatpin.

These bare arms the girls are showing to the general public now give an idea of how scared their owners were of smallpox.

The miners are going back to work in about ten days. How sincerely we hope they haven't forgotten where they put the pickaxe and the shovel.

Street cars were tied up at the corner of York and Richmond streets because the front part of an Oxford car wanted to go straight and the rear trucks decided to branch off to Springbank. These cars better get all these bad tricks out of their system before we take 'em over.

The Ottawa Journal does not think much of the suggestion that motorists should have a code of horn signals to tell what they intend to do. Still it would be nice for a motorist to blow once when he intends to land hard on a pedestrian, and twice when he intends to bump him easy.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

YOU NEVER CAN TELL. Where's the weak-eyed prodigy Who played the violin; Who dabbled in the gutter and stirred The neighbors all to praising word; Whenever the loud squeak was heard Above the street's mad din? No longer is the infant class As Kreisler's only peer; He's given up his fiddle And he's laying bricks this year.

Where's the high-browed Geraldine Who boasted a degree; Who wrote sweet plays and spent her days Apart from vulgar joys and ways, Whose breadth of knowledge did amaze The low-brow sister; No more she junks to Paris To continue her career; Last spring she wed a barber And she's washing shirts this year.

Motor motto: So drive today that your name will not appear in the obituary column tomorrow.

It is only fair to young men that when a girl bursts into tears nowadays she should hang out a sign: "Beware, Wet Paint."

What we want to know about houses advertised as being near the carline is whether the binoculars go with them.

It remains to be seen whether the Ferguson government will develop as its most striking feature "wet" eyes or "dry" nose.

Miners and operators may sit down to another little game of freeze-out. Baseballically speaking, they are getting ready for a squeeze play, in

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THREE ASPECTS OF ONE LIFE. Thou wilt show me the path of life.—Psalms xvi, 11. There are three ways in which we may look at our life, depending upon the point of view from which we regard human existence. When we think of it as a work, the question is: "What do we desire to accomplish?" When we think of it as a growth, a development, a personal unfolding, the question is: "What do we desire to become?" When we think of it as an experience, a destiny, the question is: "What do we desire to become of us?" Do not imagine for an instant that these questions can be really separated. They are interwoven. They cross each other from end to end of the web of life. The answer to one question determines the answer to the others. We cannot divide our work from ourselves nor isolate our future from our qualities. A ship might as well try to sail north with her jib, and east with her foresail, and south with her mainsail, as a man to go one way in conduct, and another way in character, and another way in destiny. What we do belongs to what we are; and what we are is what becomes of us. (Copyright, 1923, by The Republic Syndicate.)

which the general public will be the lemon.

Europe is full of United States senators prepared to study the league. Having voted against joining it they want to find out what the heck it is.

Washington police have decided to be reasonable in their measures against children who draw their wagons on the sidewalks. These desperate criminals may now enjoy some of the security felt by bootleggers and highwaymen.

A colored scientist has won a medal for making rubber from sweet potatoes. This prize, in justice, should have gone to our cook.

WINS EXHIBITION PRIZE. Special to The Advertiser.

Paris, Sept. 9.—Rev. Wm. Paley obtained first prize in eggs in one-dozen lots, shown at Toronto Exhibition. Mr. Paley has established a large chicken farm near Paris and is having remarkable success. He is regarded as one of the foremost poultrymen in Ontario.

Special Music Fair Week

6:15 to 7:15 p.m.

REGULAR DINNER

11:30 to 2 p.m.

A la Carte at All Hours

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A Fitting Finish to a Well-Ordered Lunch

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Manufacturers of High-Grade Biscuits and Candy

extend a special invitation to merchants and housewives to visit their handsome exhibit, where they will learn all about these delicious Canadian-made products.

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By Arranging an Appointment For Us To Examine Your Eyes.

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OUR SERVICE COVERS YOUR EVERY NEED AND YOUR UTMOST DESIRE.

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BUY ADVERTISED GOODS The Sure Way To A Square Deal.

Your Health: Here's a Fine Formula For Health and Long Life.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D. "Live right and you will live long." These are the words of an old friend of mine on his ninety-fourth birthday. When pressed for an expression of what he means by living right, he said: "First, I would say, follow the precepts contained in the Ten Commandments if you want to live long and be happy. "Second, treat your neighbor as you would like to have him treat you. "Third, labor six days out of seven as the Bible tells you to do, and don't loaf away any of your time. "There is no doubt that work—real physical work—is a neglected panacea on the part of many city men. I have a friend who is growing fat. Every afternoon he plays handball. To get to the gymnasium, six blocks away, he calls a taxi. "Handball he considers a sport and 'fine for reducing,' but he thinks walking stupid work. Somebody the other day talked about automobiles. 'They make folks lazy,' he said. "This is a just criticism of the improper use of the automobiles, but there is no question of the health value of the motor car in that every day it takes into the open air thousands of persons who would not go out without its aid. But to call a taxi or to jump on a bus or a street car, if your errand is within easy walking distance, is a mistake. To loiter on the seat of a limousine,

Why Women Are Seldom Great Artists

By ANNE CAMPBELL. I think I'll write a poem today. A lilting, lyrical refrain About a cloudless summer's day— There goes the telephone again! I think I'll write a verse to sell To some artistic magazine! Perhaps a simple tale I'll tell— 'Where's someone knocking on the door—' screen! I'd like to polish it a lot, And do the very best I can. I'll camp right here on this one spot— Hello, here comes the laundry man! I know that I could write a rime Of dignity and pleasing grace. Of course it takes a little time— There's someone stopping at our place! The iceman knocks, the doorbell rings. The grocer stops, the butcher comes. The children cry, dear little things— And then the muse turns down her thumbs! Tomorrow I will write a lay— A thing of beauty fine and true. I don't believe I'll try today— There's really such a lot to do! Copyright, North American Newspaper Alliance, 1923.