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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1923.

What Britain Has Done.

Cartoonists and writers are seeking to find good reasons to hand to their American readers for United States holding its position of splendid isolation.

The favorite argument is that Europe is in debt because she clings to large armies and navies, grasps for new territory and refuses to scale down her expenditure for the upkeep of these things. The reason is even advanced that these nations refuse to tax their people.

The country with which United States has the deal is Britain, and Britain is the nation that financed the allies in the war against Germany, and it was of just as much concern to United States as it was to Britain that this war should have been won.

Britain is not hedging in her dealings with United States. Although her burden largely represents purchases of small nations in America during the war, she sent a commission to Washington, not to squel or complain, but to talk in terms of actual money and actual terms of payment. The total is \$4,704,654,465, of which a round \$100,000,000 was paid on November 15, 1922.

The statement is made by persons in authority, and apparently expressing a fairly large section of American opinion, that Europe cannot pay her debt because she insists on large armies and navies.

Right now England is spending 37.8 per cent. of her money on interest on debt; 10.2 per cent. on social services such as education, public health, old age pensions, etc., and for fighting forces, including army, navy and air, 18.7 per cent. Despite all the trouble in Europe, this scale is being maintained.

And in order to pay off these debts Britain is taxing her people to the hilt. The income tax shows it:

Income.	1918.	1922.
\$ 1,250	\$ 56	
2,500	253	
5,000	815	
10,000	1,940	
And is there another nation that has carried out the idea of disarmament to the same extent as Britain? If so, let us have the figures against the British record in men power:		
Army	3,996,000	196,000
Navy	436,000	121,000
Air Force	293,000	27,200
Total	4,725,000	344,200

That, in brief, is what Britain is doing to set her house in shape and discharge her war obligations. Meanwhile, what has United States to show by way of effort toward the restoration of world conditions? She expresses her willingness to receive payments from Britain; she has given nobly to many sufferers from famine and national disaster, but she has done little to remedy the conditions from which this distress springs.

Britain is playing the world game fairly; she has a record that will bear scrutiny. United States spends much time in the interval trying to persuade its national conscience that the cry from Macedonia, "Come over and help us," has no special bearing on her corner of the North American continent.

These Railways of Ours.

The railways play so large a part in modern life, they are so essential to everything in the daily doings of the world as they occur around us, that one is disposed to feel the railways must always have been here.

But of course they have not. There are people still living who are older than the steam railway. People still living were railroad when the first engine hauled the first coach with passengers along a railway track.

The century of the steam railway has not properly come yet, although it is nearly here. No doubt there will be some dispute as to the date of it. Last year, 1922, marked the centenary of the opening of the first railway, eight miles long, by George Stephenson. But it was the engine produced by this inventor seven years later, in 1829, which made the modern railway possible. There had been rails laid before that, and engines used of a sort, but results were poor. It was decided to try for something better on the new railway which was being laid in that year between Manchester and Liverpool, and a reward was offered "for a locomotive engine, not to cost more than £500, which should be able to take three times its own weight on a level road at a speed of ten miles per hour." Today this seems a very modest demand, but no such speed and pulling power were known at the time. The Stephensons, father and son, came along with their engine, the "Rocket," which created a profound sensation. It weighed 7½ tons and hauled 44 tons at a speed of 14 miles per hour. In the following year, 1830, the road opened as a

steam railway with eight of these engines at work and the era of rail-roading had begun.

In a book recently published dealing with the days of stage-coaching, it is said: "The sixteenth century saw the establishment of private coaches, the seventeenth of stage coaches, the eighteenth of mail coaches, the nineteenth of railways and the twentieth of flying machines." The failure to include the automobile in this list is to be noted. Does it not rank as one of the greatest inventions in locomotion, more especially as its engine may put the steam engine out of business even on the railways?

Some speculation has been done as to the future, and guesses have been made as to whether flying will eventually supersede steam railways, trolleys, radials and motors. We do not think so.

Flying is likely to be supplementary rather than a substitutionary means to travel and transport. The steam railway did not do away with the horse. It made so much new traffic possible, it enabled mankind to become so much busier, that more horses than ever were needed. Nor has the automobile done away with the horse, as was expected. The motor car is called upon for a thousand services for which the horse was not used. Each new invention means that mankind is being better served. The flying machine, like the auto, will widen the range of man and enlarge the speed and convenience of his movements. But it will not likely displace the auto which scoots along crowded streets nor the freight car which shunts on narrow sidings to receive or discharge its load. Anything which is ever to fly must have space in which to move. It will simply serve us in the fast special travel it can do.

Apply the Rules.

Apparently the controversy about the juvenile court in London is to be aired in Toronto as well as in London. We seem to lack the ability to go ahead and set up this new institution in a quiet, dignified way.

There has been too much publicity attached to it now. One citizen, Rev. Quintin Warner, has even been mentioned, by a lamentable blunder, as an "applicant" for the position of judge in the new tribunal. He has been asked by many if he would consider the proposal, but he certainly never posed as an applicant.

It should not be a difficult matter for the council to settle all the matters in connection with this court. There must be a certain recognized procedure to follow. Why not follow it?

London needs a new city engineer, and already that is made a more center. One committee claims the council has the right to appoint the man; the works board considers it is within its powers.

There's no need of any excitement or fuss. Any business house has to deal with bigger matters than these every week in the year. They are approached and settled with the one idea of doing the best possible thing for the firm.

Note and Comment

Too often thrift consists in saying "Well, we'll have to cut down this month."

In recent reports the claim is made by Turkey that she is not getting justice, for which said Turkey should be deeply grateful.

Some parts of South America, they say, are backward and may never be civilized. Probably because there are no natural resources there worth fighting for.

The report that Mr. Howard Ferguson arose early in the morning on Valentine Day and slipped a regular jim-dandy under the premier's door has since been denied.

France threatens to take possession of the German dye industry. This leads the Vancouver Province to suggest that this is the same as calling the troops to the colors.

Hon. Ernest Lapointe, minister of marine and fisheries, is mentioned as the next premier of Quebec. He'd make a good premier, but he represents the type of wholesome Liberalism that is needed at Ottawa.

Senator David wants single women to be 30 years old before they can vote. It seems hard to make a woman admit she's 30 before she can get the ballot, but then in the eyes of the senate a mere 30 is like sweet 16 to the rest of the world.

A Montreal Judge now declares that money loaned in a poker game can be collected. It has also been decided that it is legal for a wife to go through her husband's pockets at night. The only way to get ahead is to swear off poker and start borrowing from your wife.

Business in the Kansas Legislature was tied up for an hour while members ate a barrel of apples sent in by a representative from the fruit belt. Some day we may be witnessing those Grits from the east rolling in a barrel of herring on the Commons floor, with Robert Forke presenting a fatted calf.

Thornton Burgess, in his Bedtime Stories, now running in The Advertiser, has told how Paddy the Beaver, Jimmy Muskrat and Peter Rabbit, build homes for the winter. For the sake of these little citizens of the woods, we hope their building of last fall was as thorough as Burgess led us to believe.

**Your Health**

WHAT SCIENCE REALLY KNOWS AND NOW DOES ABOUT EPILEPSY.

BY ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.,
Commissioner of Health, New York City
U. S. Senator-Elect from New York State.

There are many mysteries in disease. The obvious conditions we describe as "organic" because there are discoverable causes. Opposed to these are the obscure and puzzling troubles which are described as "functional" because there are no causes which can be seen or measured.

Some day, I suppose, all these mysteries will have been wiped out, and the medical wise men of the future will supply the knowledge which is unrevealed at present.

Until that time we must do the best we can with these trying and unhappy conditions.

One of the so-called functional disorders is epilepsy. Between attacks the victim of this disease is just as normal in appearance, in actions and in intellectual performances as any of his fellows.

Here is a disease which is fatal to the happiness and advancement of the afflicted one, and yet the brain has no mark upon it. One who has had a "stroke" and is helpless in arm and leg action has a defect in the brain which can be seen and measured. In spite of this the latter may be unimpaired in his mental activities.

You see how these things go by contrast. The functional disease ruins the career, but it leaves no physical scar.

Epilepsy has been described as a "sudden disease." It comes like a stroke of lightning. The victim falls as if shot. He utters a loud cry and drops unconscious.

There is great paleness of the face, and the eyes are turned upward. The head is pulled to one side or backward. The hands are clenched. The entire body stiffens.

After the first rigidity passes away, there are convulsive movements of the body, face and limbs. There are muscular twitchings, rolling of the eyes and frothing at the mouth. It is not uncommon to have the tongue bitten.

Gradually the convulsive movements pass off and the patient falls asleep.

The frequency of these attacks varies. They may come almost daily, once or twice a month, or only once a year. They may be very regular in their appearance, or come on at irregular intervals, without warning of their onset.

There is no association of epilepsy, or "fits," as these attacks are called, and lack of mentality. The smartest boy in school when I was a lad was an epileptic, who was drowned in one of his spells. Many victims of this disease whom I have examined were exceptionally bright.

There are many factors, like uncorrected eyestrain, nasal trouble and other forms of irritation which seem to have a bearing on the attacks. Undoubtedly disease of the colon is a productive agent of trouble. Epilepsy and other functional brain disturbances, as well as organic disease of the brain, may be traced to infection of the colon.

No attempt at cure of epilepsy is complete until teeth, nasal sinuses, tonsils, kidneys, digestive organs and intestinal tract have been surveyed.

The victim of epilepsy need not despair—medical science is advancing, and there is always hope for the most desperate of cases.

Answers to Health Questions.
C. R. Q.—Will you please tell me how poor circulation can be improved?

A.—To improve the circulation, tonics, rest and glandular extracts are used. Have an examination and the doctor will advise you which treatment he thinks most advisable.

J. N. Q.—Will you please tell me what to do for small scars left by pimples?

A.—Hot and cold compresses, alternately, each for 10 minutes daily, will help to make these scars less noticeable.

L. B. Q.—I am in excellent health, but when the cool weather arrives my hands and feet are constantly cold. Will you please tell me what to do for this trouble?

A.—Poor circulation due to intestinal indigestion and lack of fresh air and of outdoor exercise cause this condition. Correct the indigestion, take more outdoor exercise and get plenty of fresh air day and night.

M. R. Q.—I am a boy of 13 and am very pale and thin. Will you please tell me how I can gain in weight and have rosy cheeks?

A.—Take plenty of rest and be out-

The Daily Story

HIS VEHEMENT LOVE AFFAIR.

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

When Owen Montgomery first fell in love with pretty Bertha Hahn he hadn't much hope of winning her. He knew that Bertha was the most popular girl on the south side, and that she had more suitors than she knew what to do with, and also that among her suitors were several who were well off and able to give her much more than he could.

But it was like Owen to stake all on a live-or-die proposition, so he swung into line with the rest of the gallants, and did his best to win Bertha's favor. Failing more deeply in love with her all the time.

Of course Bertha was sweet to him; she was sweet to all the boys—and of course she was riding with him occasionally in his rather ancient roadster, and accepted his flowers and candy, and laughed pleasantly, but without conviction, when he told her that the sun rose and set in her eyes, and that without her life for him would be a dreary waste, indeed.

So Owen's hopes did not increase, though he doggedly continued his courtship. One day, however, now, while there was the slightest chance. He was too deeply in love. There was altogether too much truth in his declarations that without Bertha there was nothing left for him in life.

Week after week his offerings of flowers came to Bertha regularly. And week after week he saw her for brief, ineffectual moments. It was a nerve-racking, courage-shaking business, and under the strain Owen slowly lost weight and acquired dark circles under his eyes, and a generally haggard expression.

"What's the matter, Owen?" Bertha asked him one day. "You aren't looking at all well. Are you ill?"

"You know what's the matter with me," said Owen, rather sulkily. "Like a poor fish, I've allowed myself to get crazy about you, when I haven't a Chinaman's chance."

"You aren't really pining away for me?" demanded Bertha.

"I sure am," Owen answered. "I'm off my feed, see spots in front of my eyes, think about plunging into the muddy water and all that sort of thing. You're sure of making a bum out of me!"

"How thrilling!" exclaimed Bertha, her voice unconsciously a trifle more. "You don't believe me?" asked Owen.

"You're the best kiddier in this town," said Owen, and then, with a sudden change of tone, he said, "I've got a good reason to believe my excuse-for-brains, or something. Then you'd realize I was in earnest."

"What you need," said Bertha, in a calm, dispassionate voice, "is a nice, sensible girl, and calm domestic affection. You're too high-strung, Owen. You—you take things too seriously. Be more normal—naturally. You scare me at times. Pick out some nice, sensible girl, who can cook and who doesn't ask too much of life, and who'd enjoy living with you in a nice, cozy little home and—marry her! That's what you need!"

Owen was silent for a moment or two.

"I guess you're right," he said, and relapsed into a silence which was unbroken until he let her out of his car at her home.

That night Owen looked things squarely in the face.

"I'll simply be making a fool of myself to keep on," he told himself. "I'd best cut it out now before I really do something crazy that I'll be sorry for. She sure gave me some good advice. I think I'll do as she suggested—pick out a nice girl and marry her."

Practically deep breathing and get fresh air day and night. Eat good plain food and avoid pastry and sweets.

M. L. M. S. Q.—Is it harmful to use a paste made of fuller's earth and witch hazel on the face for blemishes?

A.—No, this is not harmful, but helps to clear the skin of all blemishes.

J. R. M. Q.—Please tell me the cause of rough, scaly spots on the hands and faces of elderly persons. Can this condition be cured?

A.—The cause of this condition is a skin disease known as "psoriasis." If you would care to have instructions on its treatment, kindly send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and restate your question.

A. W. H. Q.—I am 22 years of age, 5 feet 1 inch in height and I weigh 150 pounds. Am I overweight?

A.—You should weigh about 115 pounds. If you would care to have instructions on weight reduction, kindly send a self-addressed, stamped envelope and restate your question.

court her calmly. I don't suppose that a wild man love affair like mine would turn out good, anyhow.

It was hard for Owen at first to stay away from Bertha. All the day and night he found himself longing to see her again. But he resolutely set himself the task of finding a nice, sensible girl whom he could calmly court, and then marry.

He found a nice, pretty, sensible girl at last. She was Laura Fobler, a stenographer in the office where Owen was employed. And slowly and carefully he began to make friends with her.

Laura welcomed Owen's advances gratefully. She was as bereft of suitors as Bertha was overburdened with them. Together they went to the movies, to dances and for rides in Owen's ancient roadster.

Always in his intercourse with Laura, Owen was practical, calm—almost cool.

"This is the best plan," he told himself. "I'll not be as happy with Laura as I would with Bertha, but I'll have a more peaceful, calm life, and that's the best sort. I'll watch my step carefully, and not say or do anything to frighten Laura."

Things continued this way for some time. Owen to a certain extent enjoyed being with Laura. She was jolly and good fun. But all the time he was with her there was still a dull ache in his heart. Try as he would, he couldn't put Bertha entirely out of his mind.

And then one evening, things came to a climax.

Owen was taking Laura into a movie picture theatre when he saw Bertha just ahead of him with one of her numerous suitors. Bertha saw him, and nodded brightly, and Owen nodded back, his heart in his eyes. How beautiful Bertha looked; more ethereal, more spiritual, than before. What was the cause of this change in her looks? Was she out of health?

After nodding at Owen, Bertha turned away to her escort, as though she hadn't a care in the world.

Laura, his proposal was studied, calm, practical, matter-of-fact. "You and I get along very well together, Laura," said Owen. "We would make a very good, sensible couple. We both of us take things calmly, sensibly, in a practical way."

"I'm having a chill, Fred—"

"So am I, Nell."

"I can't light the gas stove—it must be frozen up. We'll have to have a cold lunch."

"Anything else?"

"The cook left too. I could have for her and she's in delicate health, she said."

"What now?"

"Oh, Fred! The furnace is out and there's not a speck of coal."

"Is this the coal company? Well, why in—"

"Don't holler so loud. The neighbors might hear."

"We're freezing to death and you promise to take care of me!"

"I'm having a chill, Fred—"

"So am I, Nell."

"I can't light the gas stove—it must be frozen up. We'll have to have a cold lunch."

"Anything else?"

"The cook left too. I could have for her and she's in delicate health, she said."

"What now?"

"Oh, Fred! The furnace is out and there's not a speck of coal."

It seems to me it would be a good business arrangement for us to get married."

Owen was wholly unprepared for the torrent of rage which this evoked from Laura.

"Calm, practical!" she cried. "A fine business arrangement! Do you think I'd ever marry a man who was as cold and practical about it as you are? I should say not, see, when I say 'yes,' there's got to be some pep and fireworks about it!"

On the whole Owen was relieved, but puzzled. He was relieved because he now realized that he really didn't want to marry Laura—that if he couldn't marry Bertha he didn't want to marry anyone. He was puzzled because from his experience with Bertha he'd judged that the calm, practical, sensible courteship would be the best way to win a calm, practical, sensible girl.

But Owen didn't spend much time thinking about Laura's refusal. The sight of Bertha again had brought all his feelings for her back full force. He was wild to see her again—hear her speak, look deep in her eyes.

Restlessly he strode through the midnight streets. Finally his footsteps took him to Bertha's home.

There was a light in the window of the room he knew to be hers. Standing close to the house, which was separated from the sidewalk by only a short bit of grass, he gazed up at this light.

Then a thrilling thing happened. Bertha came to the window and gazed down at him, and recognized him.

"Oh, Bertha," whispered Owen. "I'm crazier about you than ever. I know it's a wild thing to ask you, but can't you come down and talk to me for a moment?"

For a moment Bertha hesitated. Then she nodded.

It seemed an interminable length of time to Owen before the front door opened softly and Bertha stepped out upon the veranda.

Owen rushed up to her. Only by a supreme effort did he keep himself from tightly clasping her in his arms.

"Bertha," he said. "I—I don't want a sensible, practical girl. I want love—not a business arrangement."

"I thought I was a calm, sensible girl," murmured Bertha. At her words, at the tone of her voice, at the flush in her cheeks, Owen's heart leaped. He caught her by the arms.

"What do you mean?" he cried, hoarsely.

"Oh," she cried, "if you don't tell me all those wonderful, crazy things all over again right away I—I'll just die—that's all!"

And she suddenly threw her arms around his neck.

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