

The London Advertiser

Founded 1852.
London Advertiser Company, Limited
Publisher and Proprietor, London, Ont.
JOSEPH E. ATKINSON, President.
H. B. MUIR, Managing Director.
C. A. M. VINEY, Managing Editor.
Morning and Evening Editions.
Subscription rates: Delivered, 15 cents weekly; 65 cents monthly. By mail, in Canada, \$5.00 yearly; in the United States, \$6.00 yearly.
Special Representatives:
J. B. RATHBONE, Toronto, 95 King Street East.
Montreal, 1012 Transportation Building.
C. H. EDDY COMPANY, New York, Park Lexington Building.
Chicago, Wexley Building.
Boston, Old South Building.
The Advertiser is a Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1924.

The Settall Charges.

The inquiry into charges made by Clarence Settall against his chief, Sir Adam Beck, of the hydro power commission of Ontario, is receiving the publicity that usually attaches to such an inquiry.

In several ways the inquiry is irregular in the manner of its conduct. In the first place Settall is a prisoner before the case starts on a charge that is not the subject matter of this inquiry. He does not know what may be his fate when he faces the charge of stealing \$29,000 from the hydro commission. He has been referred to as a thief before being tried on that issue at all.

Settall wrote a long letter to Sir Adam Beck, marking it "personal." It was intercepted by the government; from this letter certain charges are taken daily and placed before Settall, who in the meantime has been in jail and without recourse to a solicitor. Nor is the method of the inquiry much fairer to Sir Adam Beck.

The Advertiser is not inclined to take the Settall charges too seriously; some of them are so openly futile and meaningless as to be classed as idle gossip; they were framed by a man who was preparing to flee the country and who intended to be well on the way to South America before the charges became public property. It would have been much better and more satisfactory to all concerned had Settall been tried first on the charge for which he is being held in jail, and his innocence or guilt established in the usual course.

About the G.W.V.A. Band.

The G. W. V. A. band gave a number of excellent programs at Queen's park on Sunday evenings during the summer, and their work was well done. This same band visited Toronto over the week-end to help the committee there give publicity to Poppy Day, November 11, and the manner in which their efforts were received must have been a matter of satisfaction to the leader, Lieut. C. C. Irwin, and to every member of the organization.

The critics in Toronto have placed their seal of approval on the band, and Toronto has heard enough band music to know what is good and what is not. This London organization can well carry the name it does—Great War Veterans band—for 87 per cent of the players saw service overseas and 10 per cent were rejected as physically unfit.

Their efforts to keep together and to study the best in band music are worthy of far more recognition and support than has been accorded by Londoners. Their achievements are a tribute to the men who have had persistence and musical vision sufficient to cope with public indifference.

Using Starvation as a Cloak.

The American Nordic Aryan Federation is a long-sounding name. It is an organization in Portland, Oregon, dumping printed matter in Canada with the idea of stating that "Germany, the cradle of the Anglo-Saxon people, is starving." The plea is made that "the great war was the first between the Anglo-Saxon and German people. It must be the last or the colored races of the world will get control of both our people and the world at large." On that basis a plea is made for the shipment at once of food and clothing to Germany.

That makes a very presentable opening chapter, but on the page following is the clearest kind of propaganda showing that the idea of Germany having started the world war is "pure fiction." The next column denounces the Dawes plan as "a devilish design to make just one big sweatshop of Germany."

Farther on is an appeal to voters in United States to use their ballots for candidates of German sympathy or origin, claiming that "true American principles can only be re-established by leaders of the stock of the pioneers fathers who came from northern Europe."

What can the promoters of such a campaign hope to gain? It is apparent from any angle that it is simply making a cloak of the starvation plea in order to work the pulmotor on the corpse of kaiserism in Germany.

The mails of United States and Canada should refuse to carry such rubbish. If the busy-bodies and the plotters in Portland would employ the same energy in building a new road that they are wasting in stirring up an old mud puddle they might have some cause to justify their existence. At present they have not.

Helping a Worthy Cause.

London is to have not one Poppy Day, but two, Friday and Saturday, November 7 and 8. It is one of the straightest appeals made to the public, the funds being used to help disabled ex-service men and their families who have found the load too great for their war-scarred strength to meet.

This appeal provides citizens with an opportunity to demonstrate that they are not indifferent to the situation of ex-service men. It is perhaps no credit to national generosity that such appeals are necessary, but in this instance conditions must be dealt with as we find them, and not as we might wish them to be.

Those who volunteer to go out on the streets and sell poppies are assured courteous treatment, the merits of the case make that certain.

Voting In Detroit.

Voting in Detroit has possibilities for the shyster that are not possible in elections here. From many booths in the Michigan city come reports of men applying for ballots in the afternoon, only to be told they had voted earlier in the day. The peculiar thing about it is that apparently nothing was done to prevent such work.

Even in the wildest of ancient election days around London there was nothing to equal this, probably because the scrutineers in each booth knew every voter on the list. The masterpiece in bygone elections around here consisted of gathering together a load of doubtful voters, taking them to some point in the country and 'entertaining' them there until voting was over. Perhaps the Detroit manipulators never heard of that method.

The Value of a Report.

Considering the seriousness of the charges made against city hall officials in Hamilton, the report of Judge Gault on the situation is a flat and meaningless document. He made no attempt to fix responsibility, but apparently contented himself with a few minor observations about the way in which appointments to the staff were made by political influence. He drew attention to the fact that one employee in the treasurer's department received a salary of only \$1,750 per year, and two others \$1,500 per year. With all these details Hamilton has long been aware, and they cannot be advanced as reasons for a public official betraying the confidence placed in him. The independent auditors, working on the books, have gone farther than the judge. They deal directly with officials, and place responsibility where it belongs.

In a case like this the real value, and the only value, of a report is in its corrective attitude. It may be some matter of satisfaction to review in detail the wrong things that have been done, but the public press has attended to this before. What is needed is a definite plan showing the way out, and that is why Hamilton is going to get more for its money from the report of the auditors than from the tame remarks of the judge.

Note and Comment.

There's not likely to be much trouble with the type of foreigners who attend night classes to learn the English language.

In Huntington, W. Va., an election dispute was followed by a shooting. When they couldn't settle it with ballots they used bullets.

There was some discussion as to whether it was pronounced La Follette or La Folli, but really it doesn't make much difference now.

We'd like to get our hands on the reporter who penned from North Bay: "King Winter laid his white mantle over northern Ontario today."

Kitchener people cannot be blamed if they are somewhat proud over their new city hall. An excellent type of building, and at a very reasonable outlay.

Hull, Que., boasts that it has a population of 36,000 people. Perhaps the census was taken on a day when a large Ottawa deputation was inspecting the Quebec liquor law.

And now the critics say the Conservative majority in Britain is too great. A few months ago it was too small. A just-right majority is as hard to determine as that old police court classic, when is a man drunk.

Census reports show there are 4,300,000 voters in United States who can neither read nor write, and of this number 3,000,000 are native-born, not immigrants. While U. S. is choking the air with skyscrapers, something has gone wrong with the little red schoolhouse.

There is not a home in the city from which sympathy will not go to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Woodhams of Askin street, who lost their 19-month-old son in a street car tragedy. The circumstances were distressing beyond description, and London parents grieve with them in the trouble that has settled upon their home.

Makin' Repairs

I'm learnin' new things every day as I go roamin' down my path, sometimes they make me frown a spell, at others I bust out and laugh.

I driv my bus the other day into a garage down the lane, for I was worried how it spit and how it shivered in the frame. The chap I got a-talkin' to he says as how he'd take a look and note the things he saw was wrong and got 'em in a little book.

So I goes back, he says to me the differential's sprung a bit, and that bein' so the dingbat here ain't able to just make a fit. Your carburetor's got a crack, it's suckin' air as well as juice, in fact the thing has shot its bolt, it's seen its days of greatest use.

The generator's greasy too, the brush it ain't a-brushin' right, it's apt to quit most any time and leave you stranded late at night. You ought to have a new one there, that's what I'd do if she was mine, upon that jaded thing in there I wouldn't spend another dime.

And then says he your piston rings is worn and chipped all out of shape, you ought to get a set what's new and bring your engine up to date. The gear shifts on the bum as well, I don't see how you make her go, to the action's far too hard, the shiftin' process far too slow.

Six other things he said was wrong, and should be tossed aside as scrap, before I'd have a decent bus to go and wheel across the map. He reckoned that for sixty bones he'd put my cart in shape again, but sixty bones I didn't have, belongin' to the workin' men.

So I drive to another shop, a chap came out and says hello, I tellin' him to take a wrench and find out why she run so slow.

That's what he did, he had a wrench, a chisel and a hammer too, he whistled as he jumped about, he seemed to know just what to do. And then he says step on her now, me plantin' down my goodly hoof, the engine roared and snorted then as though she'd ride upon the roof.

And she's been hummin' ever since, the differential's on the job, and from that carburetor crack I haven't heard a single sob.

So when I get in trouble now I go unto that whistlin' wren, he hits her with a monkey wrench and makes her start to work again.—ARK.

Rarebits By Rex

THE GREAT DISCOVERER.

The face behind the silver beard
No longer showed depression;
No longer did it wear that weird,
Fanatical expression.

"For twenty years," the ancient bum
Cried out in accents jaded,
"I've tried to wrest the secret from
This parchment old and faded.

"For twenty years I've labored vain
In poverty most sordid,
And now my work and faith and pain
At last have been rewarded."

His eyes lit up; his breath came fast,
"Come boys," he roared, "let's guzzle,
Let's celebrate, for lads, at last,
I've solved my cross-word puzzle."

"Well, I see that only six men have been
killed in the northern woods so far," Heeza
Dumb, famous sportsman, observed. "If this
low average keeps up the shooting season will
be a flat failure."

Last year I went hunting with five friends
and you can appreciate what rotten luck we
had when I tell you that every one of us came
back alive.

One of the fellows shot me in the ear. I don't
mind that so much, but I nearly lost my temper
when he said he had mistaken me for a moose.

If I ever get a chance to shoot him I'll apolo-
gize and say I mistook him for a jackass.

Moose hunting is great sport when you go
out with a friend. The only trouble is that a
guy is liable to feel embarrassed when he comes
back and meets his friend's widow.

Ten years ago if a man got tired of life he
would take carbolic. Nowadays he takes a friend
with him on his hunting trip.

There are some men, of course, who would
rather shoot at moose than a man. But I've
always claimed that any guy who would take the
life of a poor, dumb animal is no sportsman.

The only time I ever hit a moose was when I
aimed at a man. And the only time I ever hit a
man was when I aimed at a moose.

It doesn't worry me to read about a man being
mistaken for a moose, but it must be awfully
annoying to the moose.

As a matter of fact, if a moose looked like
some of the huntsmen I've seen I, for one,
wouldn't waste a bullet on him.

ADVICE.

Take this advice,
Each guy and girlie,
And do your Christ-
Mas hinting early.

PAINFUL PATHOS.

"I don't know whether to spend one dollar or
two dollars on Jack's Christmas present, Maizie,
because I ain't sure yet whether the fur coat
he's goin' to buy me is goin' to be sable or fox."

Dr. Frank Crane

A Face Everyone Knows.

W. L. Douglas is dead.
He is a man with the most familiar face in
the world.

He made the W. L. Douglas three-dollar shoe
which is advertised very extensively. He
recently died at the Peter Bent Brigham hospital
of Boston and thus brought to a close one of the
most extraordinary romances of American indus-
try. He was a shoemaker, but probably the
greatest shoemaker on earth, for while other
corporations may have surpassed his produc-
tion in figures, he was virtually his own cor-
poration and his Brockton factory was the largest
ever built.

He turned out, every year, five million pairs
of shoes, every one of which bore his likeness
branded on the sole. He amassed many millions
of dollars, served as mayor of Brockton, gov-
ernor of Massachusetts and champion of labor
arbitration.

At seven years of age he was a fatherless
starving pecking shoes for an uncle, working
twelve hours a day and standing on a box to
reach the bench.

Working eight years on this salary, which was
less than ten dollars a month, he supported his
mother. He broke his leg, but went on working,
hobbling on a crutch to the bench.

He walked four miles a day to school for three
months every year.

Then he worked in a cotton mill for thirty-
three cents a day, went out West and opened a
little store in Golden City, Colorado, with Alfred
Sindley, and prospered very largely because he
instituted the proper advertising campaign.

He returned to Massachusetts in 1870, worked
as a shoe shop foreman and opened his own fac-
tory and branded his shoes with his own fea-
tures. Rivals laughed at him, but he opened
retail store after store and continued offering
himself and his shoes to the public throughout
the country until the tide of fortune turned and
vindicated him as the pioneer of direct salesman-
ship.

Press Comment

Turning Day Into Night.

They liberated a jail prisoner who was serving
90 days when word was received that triplets
had arrived in his family. He is in for more than 90
nights.—Detroit News.

Yes, He Had No Pyjamas.

A Brighton, England, man, sound asleep,
walked five miles. And all that time, we suppose,
dressed like the driver of a Roman chariot.—
Ottawa Journal.

Shaking the Apple Tree.

The British public has let it be known very
plainly that it prefers Baldwin to Spies, but
wants no more political apple sauce.—Hamilton
Spectator.

The Signs of Civilization.

As the world grows more and more civilized
we keep on improving safes and padlocks.—
Kitchener Record.

Now the Line's Busy.

Speaking of wrong numbers, a former tele-
phone operator in California recently became the
mother of triplets.—Detroit News.

Say It With Music.

At the Sunday service in an eastern prison the
convicts were asked to name their favorite hymn.
"Gates Ajar" was the unanimous choice. The
warden suggested that the service close with

To the Editor

Those Detroit Purchases.

Reader Points Out That Merchants
Are Forced To Pay Duty and Con-
sumers Tax on Their Stock.

Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir,—On the editorial page of your
evening issue of the 4th inst., there
appears an article entitled "Buying
Away From Home," in which you
comment on the experiences of a lady
who made a purchasing trip to De-
troit.

The merchants of London and
other cities and towns in this dis-
trict are indebted to you for this
plain statement of facts appearing in
your article, which most prudent
ladies will recognize also as being
true.

You, however, state that this lady
had a perfect right to go to this
American city to make her purchases.
This must also be admitted, but only
on the condition that when entering
Canada on her return she should
show true bills to the customs of
the prices paid for the merchandises,
and pay duty and revenue taxes
thereon, just the same as reputable
merchants have to do.

If this is done and should be done,
otherwise it is an act of disloyalty
and immoral, defrauding our country
of this just revenue.

If merchandise is purchased at re-
tail in Detroit with customs duty
and revenue added, the retail mer-
chants in Canada can more than
compete on the basis of the price
with American merchandise.

The reports that appear in the
press from time to time show a grave
moral obliquity on this matter of
smuggling merchandise into Canada
on the part of those who make peri-
odical purchasing trips to American
cities.

Every person knows that the vio-
lation of our customs laws is wrong
and a grave offence which, if in-
dulged in by merchants, is subject
to severe penalties, yet it is consid-
ered but a very trifling matter by
the ordinary out-of-country shopper.

Why should this be so?

Persons intimate with the diffi-
culties the government has to con-
tend with through smuggling mer-
chandise into Canada by people who
ordinarily pass in society as truth-
ful and honest citizens, knows it is
humiliating to decent Canadians.

A CANADIAN CITIZEN.

Took No Offence.

Englishman Says Reference of Dr.
Green Did Not Include Him or
Many Others.

Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir,—I have read with much amuse-
ment the indignant and vituperative
protest that has been uttered
against the Rev. Bowley Green.

He spoke of the "beer-soaked Eng-
lishman." Well, sir, I am an Eng-
lishman, over 60 years of age, but not
a beer-soaked one. I have always man-
aged to escape being in that state; could
never afford it for one thing, had too
much self-respect for another, and
had too much disgust for those who
were in that state.

Therefore, I took no offence at Mr.
Green's remarks; the cap did not fit
me, so I was not foolish enough to go
up in the air over a possibly hasty
remark by the rev. gentleman.

I lived in England for 40 years, and
was glad to come to Canada. The
English are not all beer-soaked or
gin-soaked by any means, but those
who have lived in the large cities in
England must have felt the disgust
I did with the drinking habits of the
people.

I hold no brief for the Rev. Bow-
ley Green.

Holeproof
Hosiery

Winter demands
warmth. Fashion
demands style.
You get both—in
Holeproof silk-
and-wool.

MADE IN CANADA



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Send Affidavits Against Banned

Canadian Press Despatch.
Niagara Falls, Nov. 5.—In spite
of the fact that Frank Banned,
held in New Orleans on a charge
of having murdered Smylie Muir-
head, is reported to have ex-
pressed willingness to return here
without extradition, a special
court was held here today, pre-
sided over by Magistrate Fraser.
The affidavits of witnesses were
made, and will be sent to the
attorney-general, and from there
to the British consul at Wash-
ington.

ley Green, do not know him person-
ally, but I think he must have had
some grounds for his remarks.
I would repeat that as the cap does
not fit me, I took no offence.
WALTER H. BIGGS.
London, Nov. 5, 1924.

CROSSEN TO SERVE TERM OF 6 YEARS

Gamekeeper Found Guilty of Manslaughter at Cobourg Trial.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Cobourg, Nov. 5.—John Crossen,
gamekeeper at a fishing preserve at
Baltimore, was tonight found guilty
of manslaughter in connection with
the death of Byron A. McCroden of
Toronto last May, and sentenced by
Mr. Justice Wright to imprisonment
in the Portsmouth penitentiary for a
term of six years. The prisoner
broke down and wept as his lordship
announced sentence.

Criticizing the present-day attitude
that values human life at a low
price, his lordship said that zeal for
an employer, admirable though it
may be, does not authorize a man to
shoot others.

The second charge against Crossen
of shooting Edwin H. Rowe of
Cobourg, with intent to do grievous
bodily harm, was traversed to the
next assizes in January, and the
attorney-general will be asked to
drop the action.

In dismissing the jury, Mr. Justice
Wright remarked that upon the evi-
dence a more serious verdict might

WHY BE OFFENSIVE WITH BAD BREATH?

Mr. J. Perry of 792 DeKalb Ave-
nue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"I awakened each morning with an
unpleasant taste and was often re-
minded by my wife that my breath
was disagreeable.

"I tried perfumed tablets, mouth
washes and other camouflages which
gave only temporary relief.

"After consulting my dentist and
finding my teeth in good condition, I
confided in a friend, who suggested
that possibly my trouble was consti-
pation—faulty intestinal elimination.
After taking a few doses of Carter's
Little Liver Pills, my stomach and
bowels were relieved, foul and impure
gases eliminated.

"I now enjoy a wholesome breath
as well as improved health. Carter's



Little Liver Pills are small, easy to
take, move the bowels in a gentle
manner—without discomfort and dis-
tress."

have been returned. The jury de-
liberated three hours.
McCroden was fatally shot by
Crossen as he was walking across a
field after having been ordered by
Crossen to vacate the preserve.

LABOR MEETS TONIGHT TO NOMINATE CANDIDATES

Without a quorum the trades and
labor council meeting last night failed
to materialize. In a minority meet-

ing some routine business was dis-
cussed. The special committee ap-
pointed a week ago to look into the
workings of the juvenile court not
having completed its task, was un-
able to bring in a report.

At the conclusion of the meeting
members referred to the probability
of nominating labor candidates in
the municipal elections, which will
be settled at tonight's labor mass
meeting in the Labor Temple at 8
o'clock. Representatives from every
body of organized labor will be
present.

If You Drink

Young Hyson, Gunpowder
or Japan Green Tea, try

"SALADA"
GREEN TEA H553

It is the finest green tea procurable.
FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO



Thankful! —
for that Daily Cup of
Rideau Hall Coffee

MANY women say they
never tasted really good
coffee until they selected
Rideau Hall Coffee in the Vacuum
Sealed Tin. And the gratitude of
their families has been reflected in a
keener appreciation of good meals—
because fresh-roasted coffee seems to
add a savor and zest to the appetite.

Rideau Hall is sealed in the tin by
our Vacuum Process as it comes from
the Roasters. The fresh-roasted
flavor goes right into the cup. And
Rideau Hall is chaffless because it is
steel cut, not ground.