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THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1924.

The Result In Northumberland.

The government retains the seat of Northumberland, N.B., making three by-elections that have gone in its favor. Northumberland has had fourteen elections and three by-elections since Confederation, and in these the following have been the results:

Liberals	6
Conservatives	5
Independents	2
Unionist	1

The constituency has been Liberal since 1904, and was thrown open by the death of Hon. J. Morrissey, who won the seat in the general election of 1921. Both parties brought their best speakers into the riding, the premier was there, and so was Mr. Meighen. There was a difference in tactics, as there has been in other by-elections in the east. W. B. Snowball, Liberal, appealed for election on the record of the King government and its policy of aiming to bring about an all-Canada development. Following the lead of A. J. Doucet, the Conservative who won the by-election in Kent, N.B., the party used the sectional appeal of "maritime rights."

It was a dangerous thing to do, but the Conservatives did it; it was the most forceful argument that could be advanced to arouse one section of the community to a sense of its neglect at the hands of the rest of the country. But it was not successful, and its failure can quite properly be regarded as evidence that the people there have confidence that their interests will be safely handled by the government at Ottawa.

"A Distinct Step Backward"

The Canadian Churchman of Toronto, the national Church of England weekly, discusses the plebiscite to be taken in Ontario on October 23. Its point of view is frankly stated, and with the knowledge that "within our own church there is a distinct division of opinion. Bishops, clergy and laity will be voting, some one way, some the other." Knowing that to be the case, the Churchman contends that "it is wise and just, therefore, that any expression of preference should be made charitably, and in good temper. But it is also wise and just that some opinion should be expressed. No one should be neutral."

The Churchman refers to the pronouncement of the Bishop of Toronto in his last diocesan charge, of which the following is typical:

"Domestic, social, economical, moral and spiritual conditions brought about a determination to try out prohibition in Ontario. Virtually every department of human activity found the liquor traffic and habit harmful and inimical to society, and many with new faith and hope in the new order essayed to make a fresh start in life under the new enactment." The bishop referred to a publication setting forth what had been accomplished from September 17, 1916, to the corresponding date in 1922, and continued: "In the revival of the question I would advise those who are agitating for a change in the law, before pressing for such a change, to seriously study the facts contained in this pamphlet, bearing in mind some of the altered conditions of bettered and happier home life, better and quieter hotel accommodation, greater orderliness and less grounds for pity and disgust on the public highways and the streets of our great and congested city, less poverty and pauperism, with an increase of thrift, and above all more hopeful conditions under which workers can carry on social and moral reform work. I plead with my clerical and lay brethren to consider carefully the responsibility involved in connection with this revived question of the O. T. A., and only after deep study of the question in all its bearing, to let conscience, with the vision of its accountability before it, determine the course that each for himself shall pursue."

The Churchman in the same article refers to the views of Rev. T. F. Summerhayes, which it reproduces. Mr. Summerhayes is chaplain of charitable and penal institutions in Toronto, and an advocate of the O. T. A. from conviction based on actual observation. He was opposed to prohibition even as a war measure in 1917 when the matter was discussed at the synod of Toronto. Mr. Summerhayes admits frankly that he "has come to his present position from the other side, and only after a long experience among people and study of the question."

Mr. Summerhayes, from the very nature of his work, is in a position to give reliable evidence. He is not at all taken with the term government control. He states bluntly there is no such thing, because "the moment liquor is legally sold the government cannot control it any further." He is out plainly, with no apologies, for a further trial of the O. T. A. under stricter enforcement.

Concluding his summary of the views of the Bishop of Toronto and Rev. Mr. Summerhayes, the Churchman says:

"It will be seen at once that our influence is cast into the balance on the side of a continued trial of the O. T. A. If it has weaknesses let them be remedied in such manner as those having the administration of affairs deem best; if it has been loosely enforced, let us have confidence in the premier's expressed desire to enforce this law if the people say they really want it. But to abandon the law now because it is in some quarters having a rough time of it would be, in our opinion, a distinct step backward."

N. W. Rowell Was Right.

It is scarcely more than ten years since Newton W. Rowell, then leader of the Liberal party in Ontario, startled the province with his slogan, "Abolish the Bar."

He was a fanatic, of course. He could not sell the idea to a great many men in his own

party, and there were those sitting with him on the opposition benches at Toronto who said he'd wreck the party. The Conservatives could see just one thing in it—Rowell was out to beat them and this was nothing but a political dodge. Yet today, when Ontario from end to end is discussing temperance legislation, there is not a Conservative or a Liberal who rises to suggest that we bring back the old public bar. N. W. Rowell was right.

Labor Picks Its Company.

The Labor party in Britain has burned the bridge that was set up to provide a path to it from the ranks of the communists. It was no half-hearted step.

Voting was as follows: Affiliation with the communist party—3,185,000 against, 193,000 for. Majority against, 2,992,000.

On endorsing communists as Labor candidates for parliament—2,456,000 against, 654,000 for. Majority against, 1,802,000.

It means that British Labor has served notice on the communists to get out. British Labor has had an excellent opportunity to judge by the experiments in Europe, particularly in Russia, of the workings of communism. It has been considered, judged and found wanting. There was just one course open, and the Labor party wisely selected it.

The Bills In Peter's Hat.

Peter van der Meer wandered on the streets of Pittsburgh last night, blind. He stopped at the entrance to the Fort Pitt hotel, took his old violin from its case, and started to play. Nor was it the rasping of the street fiddler, it was the work of an artist; no cheap, tawdry airs of the day, but the finest of the old masters.

Peter is blind. A few years ago he played to the elite of the country, heralded as an artist of first rank. Sickness, blindness, have passed over him, and all that remained was his violin and his passion for giving to the world the best.

So when Peter took to the street he brought with him all that he had, genius, a mind mellowed by suffering. He had passed through the furnace of anguish and could measure its story to those who stopped to listen.

And they did stop. They recognized they were in the presence of a masterful musician. The crowds forgot the blazing frontony of the jazz orchestras and the slobbering sobs of the saxophone. They were listening to Schumann; they were standing on the street hearing selections from Tannhauser, and the crowd grew and kept growing.

Peter's old hat was the box office, and bills were paid for standing room at his performance, for he had nothing else to offer them. This old world will pause in its rush when it meets the master of the situation, and it has still sense enough with all its folly to pay a suitable reward for merit.

Let George Do It!

It is necessary for some one to stay home at Ottawa and keep the place in order. With the premier and several of his ministers in the west, and with others scampering off to foreign parts or banking up the kitchen at home against the coming winter, it means that some person around the parliament buildings must have a number of chores to attend to.

It has become a case of "Let George do it," and the "George" in this case is "Hon. George" P. Graham.

When the premier went west he handed over the keys to George, probably with the remark, "Hey, George, look after this place while I'm away." So now he's acting prime minister, acting minister of railways, acting minister of health and soldiers' re-establishment, and acting minister of defence.

Between times he looks over his paper from Brockville, writes notes to the foreman to keep medicine ads. off the editorial page, and gives interviews on by-election results and the state of health of the Liberal party in general.

"Let George do it" is an old phrase, but the point here is that George can do it.

Note and Comment.

Another sign that winter's on the way came when Mayor Wenige announced he was going to run again.

In Toronto some of the teachers are in favor of an intelligence test in colleges. Now that's a trifle drastic, is it not?

Hamilton's civic probe may extend to the coal yard, and if it's found bad enough may even reach to the scrap heap.

When the Prince of Wales gets to Ottawa he should have a little chat with Premier King on the question of getting married.

Moderation league poster says "It's time for a change." But not a change that calls for jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

The Liberals won another by-election in Northumberland, so the Montreal Gazette will again draw its claymore and await the appearance of Mr. Meighen.

Fire prevention week causes the Peterboro Examiner to change the old war-time song "Keep the Home Fires Burning" into "Keep the Home From Burning."

New invention in Paris shifts gears on a car automatically. As the speed increases the gears go up. That's much the way the thing goes now, from low to second, up to high and then into the ditch.

Some despatches from Ottawa are rather confusing, but when it is announced that during September the net debt of the dominion was decreased by two million dollars, we can all understand the language.

Woman who is to vote for first time asks how to do it. Very easy. Enter, give name, get ballot, walk behind screen, open ballot, put X in upper right-hand corner, fold ballot, give to officer, walk out, and get busy seeing that others do the same.

Rarebits By Rex

FATHER'S NIGHT IN.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Mother's gone off to a movie show;
Don't you cry, close that eye,
Daddy'll sing you a lullaby;
Sandman's coming—maybe; be a little lady,
Hush, my pretty baby,
Sleep.

Rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye,
Can't you put a muffler on that cry?
Angel sweet, still those feet,
Here's the bad policeman on his beat;
Here's your bottle, Lambiet. Take it dear and cram it.
Down your mouth, and * * *
SLEEP!

Premier Ferguson, recently returned from a fishing trip, looked the picture of wealth when your correspondent interviewed him here today. "Sure I'll give an interview," he said genially, offering the reporter an autographed minnow as a keepsake. Following is the interview:
Question—As a fisherman of long experience which place do you think is the best for pickerel?
Answer—Muskoka.
Question—Which for suckers?
Answer—Toronto.

Q—When you were in Muskoka did you see any blue-fish?
A—No. Arthur Meighen wired us he couldn't come.
Q—What were biting the best?
A—Mosquitoes.

Premier—You should have seen the beautiful dog-fish we caught.
Reporter—Was their bark as bad as their bite? Were there any sharks?
Premier—Yes, sharks were plentiful. I played cards with 'em every night. The only trouble we had was with the swordfish, spearfish, sawfish and gunfish. There are too many of them for safety. If this keeps up I'll have to call a disarmament conference.

Reporter—Did you see any crabs?
Premier—I told you before that Mr. Meighen couldn't come.

Q—What did you catch besides bass?
A—Hay fever and rheumatism.

TIT FOR TAT.

"You said you were crazy about me
And made me believe you somehow,
You claimed you could not live without me—
Why do you say otherwise now?"

"Last week," she confessed, "I was dotty,
And thought that my love wouldn't wane,
But since then I've learned just what salary you
earned
And I've grown quite normal and sane."

Said he: "But your Dad's worth a million,
You cannot deny this is true,
For my very first act was confirming the fact
Before I proposed, dear, to you."

Speaking of amateur theatricals, we remember the time we took a leading part in one years ago. We led a horse across stage in the third act.

Although the sign "Post no bills" is on several fences, our creditors persist in ignoring it.

The only certain method of making money on the world's series is to find out what team the experts say will win and then bet on the other one.

An Anthem

I listened to the church choir sing an anthem 'bout the settin' sun, they had one awful time, I'll say, before they got the settin' done. The organist he started first, a-playin' somethin' soft and low, a little tune a-runnin' through with no place marked for it to go.

Well, then he nods his head a spell and 57 singers rose, to sing in 57 ways just how the sun she comes and goes.

Right at the first one lady sang, the rest just standin' there a spell, just like as they would let her go and have her fill of sacred yell. She went up high about two feet, a-tellin' of the settin' sun, and how it meant to all the birds that one more day was through and done.

Then all the rest they butted in and sang about their Sunday best, the aim a-seem'n' unto me to tell the sun went over west.

Of course, that's somethin' we all know, we see the thing most every night, but then the singers seemed to want to clear up doubts and set things right.

Well, then some basso he chirped in and sang notes low down in his shoes, describin' this here settin' sun in all its reds and pinks and blues, and he kept sinkin' like the sun, a-strikin' at his notes kerplunk, assurin' us for sure the sun had gone and sink and sank and sunk.

About this time the other folks got tired of havin' nought to do, decidin' that they'd chin in then and do a little singin' too. And so they started in to tell, as though the thing was still quite new, about the closin' of the day and where the sun was headin' to.

A tenor then took up the job, a-liftin' up his voice on high, to break the news unto the folks the sun was sinkin' 'neath the sky.

They wouldn't let that old sun sink just like she ought to go and do, they fished the sun up once again and made her sink beneath the blue.

We was a-thinkin' by this time the sun was sunk behind the sod, and that by now the moon and stars would be appearin' on the job. But I'll be blest if that could be, for Mr. Bass he hollers loud, as how the sun's a-sinkin' now and slidin' down behind a cloud.

When they got through I didn't know, I tried to give the thing a thought, I ain't quite sure though even yet if they had sunk that sun or not.—ARK.

Press Comment

A Cheep From The West.

If Montreal cannot elect a Conservative running as a protectionist, how can it have the nerve to say who shall be the leader of the Conservative party?—Calgary Herald.

Yes, When They Collect The Fees.

The Lindsay murder case brings out a disagreement of alienists. Was there ever a time when the alienists did agree?—St. Catharines Standard.

Dr. Frank Crane

THE PASSING OF SILVER.

Although silver will always have uses as a precious metal its day of adorning the table seems to be over.

And for the very best of reasons: there is no one to keep it clean. Hired girls are too costly to be employed by any but the most fortunate, in polishing without end, and daughters who are willing to spend the greater part of their lives burnishing silver are mostly things of the past.

All of us can remember when the silver water pitcher and soup tureen were objects of ornament for grandmother's table.

With the decay of Victorian prosperity, says the London Times, silver may have grown thinner, but its tradition was bravely maintained for a while. Daughters of the Trafalgar ladies liked their hairbrushes to glitter with the heads of Sir Joshua's angels; their prayer books and hymn books were bound in perilous filigree; they put up brackets between a couple of Japanese fans on which the heroes of South Africa were immortalized in silver statuettes. The progress of democracy carried silver into the humblest homes, where attenuated vases, conspicuously hallmarked, gave gentility to the wallflower.

All are gone or are going. The kingly tureen, which by reason of its extreme weight King James had so much difficulty in carrying, has gone with James. The vase, the statuette, and the filigree prayer book have been sent to the dealers. Even the rose bowl, which in its rich flutings used to reflect the surrounding flush of mahogany and distort the features of our hungry ancestors, has given way to staid steel.

We are all turning to substitutes and the uniformity of silver being gone, we reveal ourselves in our choice of them. Cut glass, majolica and other under-studies are doing its work.

By and by we shall only see silver articles of use and adornment in the museums.

To the Editor

Prices Too High.

Sombra Reader Says People Understood At O. T. A. Vote That Liquor Would Become Cheaper.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—Rev. W. W. Peck of Vancouver, B. C., in his sermon on temperance at Wallaceburg, and Rev. J. B. Westman of Vancouver, who spoke in London, contend that bootlegging has increased ten times as much under government control as under prohibition, and that there is no limit to the amount of liquor which can be purchased under government sale. I would say that these statements need clarifying.

If we can purchase under government sale all we require, why should we deal with any bootleggers and run a grave chance of being electrocuted? So long as we can purchase from government agencies, the bootlegger can pass on—unless the government prices are too high. In this connection, when we voted last on the O. T. A., we understood that the government would establish dispensaries at various points, where we could purchase good liquor at reasonable prices; the prices are prohibitive.

READER.
P. S.—If the government would take hold of the tobacco trade, to improve the quality and reduce the price, it would be conferring an inestimable favor on humanity.

From Theatre Man.

One-Eyed Spectator Should Pay More, But He Never Has to Throw a Drunk Out Nowadays.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—On Oct. 6, The Advertiser said:

If the moving pictures really want to give the public a square deal they should let men with only one eye in for half price.

I beg to ask you for reconsideration of this far-reaching matter. You have so far considered only one side of the question. Please enter my vote with a capital X against any such procedure. In fact, at my theatre I have issued this order: Always charge the man with one eye twice the price of admission. It will take him twice as long to see the show.

I sincerely trust that you will not persist in forcing upon us this extra burden. (You know we are the only theaters in the world that are forced to pay war tax on admissions under 50 cents, and that is burden enough).

Yours for continued good will and the O. T. A., I don't have to throw any drunks out nowadays. You never thought of that one. Did you?

MISSION THEATRE,
Kingsville, Ontario.
Theo. V. Maxwell.
Kingsville, Ont., Oct. 6, 1924.

WHEN YOUR POOR OLD STOMACH GROANS WITH GAS

When Sourness, Pain and Bloating Follow Every Meal.

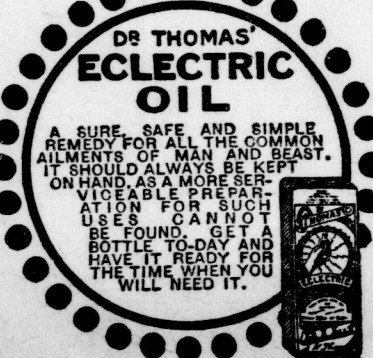
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST

No matter about diets, special food programs, or the dozen or more medicines you have tried without success. If you really want stomach comfort—quick, certain and lasting relief from the usual after-eating distress—just make this simple NEVER FAILING test today!

For only a few cents get from any good druggist a little pure Bismarck Magnesia—then, immediately after your next heavy meal, take two teaspoonfuls of the powder or four of the tablets and drink a glass of warm or noticed water.

This is a simple, pleasant and inexpensive test that may be absolutely depended upon to prove its value in less than five minutes and in most instances, relief comes almost instantly.

Bismarck Magnesia is a pleasant, harmless, non-laxative form of old-fashioned Magnesia that, when taken after meals, cleanses, sweetens and neutralizes the dangerous stomach acids that cause 95 per cent of stomach ailments. Be sure and get BISMARCK Magnesia at your druggist's today!—Adv.



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Rideau Hall Coffee



Mirrors the Soul of the Player

SOFTLY her fingers trail over the keys—subtly the piano takes up the thread of her thoughts, voicing a soft, soulful harmony perfectly attuned to her mood.

No longer a thing of cold ivory, polished wood and metal strings, the instrument seems endowed with life, athrob with sentiment, a living entity that mirrors the soul of the player.

Such is a Mason & Risch piano—the highest development of musical art. You will take a life-time pride in its possession.

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