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Ottawa Is Afraid.

Disappointment is expressed by those who have been looking for some tangible move on the part of the Dominion Government toward a reduction in the cost of administering certain of the departments at Ottawa.

Some months ago a group of experts were put to work on the proposition. The idea was to put modern business methods in some of the departments that had more or less gone to seed.

The Printing Bureau was one of the first places invaded, and a big shake-up resulted. There is chance for more work in this department, as the country is even yet bombarded with material that can serve no real use in keeping with the amount of money spent for its publication.

The Financial Post, in its last issue, expresses its disappointment in the move of the Ottawa Government to side-step the whole business and let the expenses ride just as they are.

The Post is friendly to the Conservative interests, yet does not hesitate to touch this matter. It says:

"To those who have been looking to Ottawa to do something effective to reduce the high cost of government, the decision to dispense with the services of Griffenhagen and associates, and pigeon-hole their recommendations for the reorganization of over-manned public services, comes as a shock; to the businessmen of the country and all who bear a material share in the burden of national taxation it is a matter for keen disappointment." After referring to the saving of \$500,000 made in the printing department, the Post continues: "And then just when it seemed that the cost of government might be cut down by millions annually, and the tax burdens of the people thus relieved, the whole plan is suspended."

At the conclusion of its article the Post goes to the root of the matter: "Whether this step has been taken as a matter of pre-election political expediency, or whether it is just another instance of the lack of governmental spine when it comes to the introduction of efficient, business-like methods in the administration of public affairs, is not of great importance. The disappointing fact is that an opportunity such as seldom presents itself to reduce the cost of government has been neglected."

The Government is afraid to make a move because votes are at stake, and votes are needed to win elections.

The experts who have been working on the question are able to show where departments are over-manned and notoriously inefficient. All this means that the taxpayer of the country is paying through the nose in order that jobs at Ottawa may be abundant.

The Government knows what should be done, but it dare not make a move, because votes must be considered. Never mind if the taxpayer has more than he can stand—never mind if the service is woefully inefficient—don't disturb the arrangement, because in so doing votes won't be sacrificed, and in the eyes of the hangers-on at Ottawa nothing today looks as big as a vote.

Not United Now.

Conservatives are not finding it an easy matter to put the old candidates back in their old places.

In East York Thomas Foster was slated for the carrying of the convention again, but when it came to a vote he was put down and out in a very decisive way.

In West York, which takes in a large part of the western end of Toronto and a portion of the county, A. Anderson has the Conservative nomination. He will be opposed by a Liberal and likely by an Independent Conservative. Len. Wallace, brother of the late Capt. Tom Wallace, the last member to hold the seat.

West Toronto, another riding, has the same problem, and there will be a number of heads to crack before a seat can be found for the present member, H. C. Hocken.

The seatless Mr. Drayton has to be provided for, and at present there seems to be no great rush of Conservative sacrifices with the greeting: "Here is my seat—take it."

The truth of the matter is that while Premier Meighen is going the length and breadth of the land, trying to make it appear that his opponents are hopelessly at sixes and sevens, his own house is far from being in order, and each day is bringing this fact more and more to the surface.

Sources of Waste.

Archib. B. McCoig has again received the nomination of the Liberals of West County, and deservedly so. Mr. McCoig is an able man, and a fearless and independent exponent of Liberal principles.

In the course of his address at

Hit 'im Again.



—Do nahey in the Cleveland Plaindealer.

Chatham there were two points upon which Mr. McCoig touched, which have more than a passing interest for the elector. Both references were in regard to transportation, and although one dealt with the railways and the other with marine matters, the factor of mismanagement to which the speaker drew attention entered into each.

The first of the sources of incompetency and waste to which Mr. McCoig drew attention was the Canadian National Railways. He contended that one-half of the people traveling on the Government roads were "dead-heads." This charge, he said, was recorded in Hansard, and had never been disputed.

If the friends and the cousins and the uncles and the aunts of members of Parliament and of ex-members, who have landed jobs on the Government roads are receiving free transportation, it is no wonder that these roads do not pay. The elimination of the "dead-heads" would have to be the preliminary to a readjustment of the finances. No enterprise could thrive under such a serious leakage.

The people are the real owners of these roads, and it is a betrayal of their interests for the revenue to be frittered away in this manner. In regard to the Mercantile Marine Service, Mr. McCoig took up a point to which reference has previously been made in these columns. He thinks that those boats, which cost the country some seventy millions, should be utilized for the conveyance of Canadian chilled meats to the markets of Europe.

There is no doubt that the conditioning of cattle in this country, their slaughter at the port of embarkation, and the rapid transit of the meat to Liverpool and other ports would afford Canada a very satisfactory solution of the embargo question. In addition to receiving top prices for the meat in the Old Country, Canadian manufacturers would have the benefit of the by-products in the shape of hide and hoof and horn, besides valuable fertilizing material.

Canada's greatest need at the present day, as Mr. McCoig says, is honest men of clear vision to take hold of questions such as these, and deal with them in a business-like and straightforward manner.

The Old Town Constable.

Amherstburg Town Council has notified the chief of police that he is going to be dismissed from office.

This is not the first case of the kind that has been reported in recent months, and the frequency of these happenings might lead one to suspect that some of the aldermen in these places have become students of efficiency in their spare hours.

Or it may be that the present system of specialization makes it comparatively easy to let one of these civic officers go without making a general disturbance in the whole scheme of town government.

A few years ago 'twas not thus. As witnesses to this we call upon any person whose younger days were spent in any of the smaller centres in this or any other district. At that time there was one official in the town, and the chances were that his entire badge of office consisted of a peak cap with gold braid, from which the lustre had long since fled, or some sort of a tag of generous proportions, which set forth the fact that to him had been intrusted the administering of various and sundry laws, around which the social and commercial life of the community was built and fashioned.

In those days this office constituted a monopoly of all the spare jobs there were to be had in the town. To be specific and go into detail it would look something like this: Town constable when there was any constabulary work to be done; sidewalk repairer, which meant that he had to own a saw, hammer and have a thorough knowledge of how to put in a new plank after some influential citizen had plumped into a hole; pound-keeper, meaning that he was supposed to know who owned every stray brindle cow and tagless dog in the neighborhood; noxious weed cutter, involving possession of a scythe and whetstone, and an intimate knowledge of the habits and

whereabouts of all streets where the soil was good enough to grow weeds; town bell ringer, meaning that he had to own a watch or alarm clock, or have a constant speaking acquaintance with some one who did, and it also called for an unusual degree of punctuality; then there was the janitorship of the town hall and the operation of the weigh scales on the town square.

It is easy to see that this man's activities gave him a great hold on the whole life of the community—in fact, everything sort of radiated from him, and without him did nothing radiate that should have radiated.

It wasn't easy to fire him, for in so doing the council was practically firing a dozen men. But now it's quite different, and with the increasing of the staff around the town this one or that one can be snuffed out, and things go on pretty much the same.

It all goes to show that it was a whole heap safer to be town constable and town everything else 35 years ago than it is to hold down the one job of town policeman today.

Political Newspapers.

The Orangeville Banner believes the weekly papers have solved the matter of politics—by leaving it entirely alone. Here is the Banner's view of the subject:

"About the only 'party' papers left in Ontario are the city dailies. The rural papers are not saying a word—a great contrast with their attitude of half a decade ago. In five years the country newspaper has graduated from a Grit or Tory back into a real business. Campaign stuff that used to fill editorial columns is now published at the regular rates."

There is something very true in what the Banner has to say, and yet the case is stated in the extreme. One can pick up many of the rural papers today and look in vain for any editorial expression on politics or anything else for that matter.

On the other hand, there are papers which carry editorial topics to extreme in their pages.

The dropping of political discussion by any paper in order that material of this nature may be put on the basis of dollars and cents may yield more revenue to the paper, but it is very poor business for that paper.

If there is any one thing this country needs at present it is men and papers that actually believe something or other—have convictions along certain lines, and not afraid to give expression to them.

The business of running newspapers to make money is urgent, but it should never be done to the obscuring of the fact that a paper has a mission in the community, and in the nation.

The study of politics is not certain to make a paper a "Grit or Tory hack." The study of politics is the study of our national development—it is the study of Canadian history, and if simply ignored, or replaced with nothing better, the paper and its readers are the losers.

There is a happy medium in between the two extremes, and the weekly paper that has found it is on the way to success and pleasurable occupation.

LITTLE 'TISERS

A person never realizes what a fine place London is until after they spend a couple of days in Toronto.

Detroit bootleggers have been making something out of nothing by adding ciphers to the denominations of dollar bills.

If a man wants an appreciative audience any place in this country about all he has to do is make a speech in favor of lower taxation.

There is no use trying to engineer a revolution in England. The average Englishman is an evolutionist all the way through, but he seldom sees red.

The British high commissioner re-

ports that tobacco-growing will become one of the most flourishing industries in the Holy Land. Holy smoke!

It is said that in New Brunswick the Tory party is as dead as Julius Caesar—with none so poor as to do it reverence. It may now be assumed that the electors will soon come to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

Flgs may not grow on thistles, but one would imagine that whiskey bottles grew on lilac bushes and other shrubbery, judging from the number of empties one sees while going to church on Sunday morning.

Stands Nova Scotia where she did (politically)? If so, Liberals need have no fear of sweeping the country at the forthcoming general election, for experience has shown that Nova Scotia's verdict is that of the whole country.

If it had not been for the prompt action of the Ottawa fire department the election papers for December 6 might have been destroyed. Thus friend Meighen loses about the last chance that was open to him.

Some one has made a fine blunder in Toronto, where no lists are ready for the federal election. It may be that an army of enumerators may yet be turned loose to count noses. But, of course, Toronto can always find enough little Tories to run around on these little jobs that in the end make the electors pay a little more for their democratic form of government.

A London businessman, who recently returned from Alberta, says that considerable progress has been made in developing the coal areas there, with the idea of supplying the west with Alberta coal. A dispatch in the papers of the same day says there will be no reduction in the price of western coal until the present wage scale runs out. This is taken to mean that a lower wage is contemplated, and that in turn means a miners' strike. A miners' strike means that Alberta loses the gains made in holding the Western Canada market.

Read Your Character

[By Digby Phillips.]

NO. 11—NARROW HEADS.

They say that no man ever thoroughly understands women. Even a woman cannot always tell what a woman will do. This is due, in part at least, to the fact that women unconsciously conceal many indications of their mind by the way in which they wear their hair.

Except when certain styles are followed it is difficult to see the shape of a woman's head. And the shapes of heads play a large part in the reading of character, whether you read them instinctively or scientifically. Undoubtedly you know somebody, possibly a number of people, with narrow heads. Reference here is not made to the face, but to the head itself. It's a question of thickness through from ear to ear, from temple to temple and through the head in the same direction above and behind the ears. Check up what you know of these people against the following characteristics, and you'll be surprised at the number of them that fit. All of them will not, of course, and later, when you read of the other character indications these people have which counter-balance the tendencies of the narrow head, you will understand why.

Narrow-headed people are not "scrappy." This does not mean that they are lacking in courage. But they do not like to fight. They'll do it when they have to out of a sense of duty or necessity, but they are, by nature, mild, diplomatic, easy-going and lacking in the desire to be despotic or dominating. They rely on tact rather than "bulldozing" to gain their ends. But, on the other hand, they are lacking in complete thoroughness. They're more inclined to be satisfied with approximate results than to devote themselves to painstaking accuracy.

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Tomorrow—Brown Eyes.

TO THE EDITOR

ASSESSMENTS AND TAXES—LAST CALL.

Editor Advertiser: Sir—There has always been one criticism of the plan that I suggested recently to our fellow-citizens which was forceful and rational, and for which until today I had no solution that seemed satisfactory; but now I think the question is solved so simply that I feel somewhat foolish not to have realized it before.

The criticism was, is it just to force an owner that has a home to put an excessive value on that home to avoid selling it at the valuation of a fair market value? My best answer has been that it was really worth more than that owner than a fair market value. The solution is this way: A decent home is very desirable to any community, and should be made as easy for the owner as is possible; therefore, when an owner files the claim to possession and makes the valuation called for under my plan, the right must also be given to file a claim that the property is used as a home by the owner, and if it still is so used when the taxes are payable, a discount should be allowed to the owner as a home-maker. The amount might well be 10 per cent of the regular taxation; this will allow the owner to place a price that is 11 per cent more than the fair market value on the property, and still come out exactly even with owners of property not used as a home, and if 10 per cent proves too little, it can be raised higher still, but probably that will be sufficient for the purpose.

Churches and other property used for non-profit-making, but desirable purposes, might well be exempted up to a reasonable amount; but those that have cash to make a display with should also pay some taxes. The case of a tenant home-maker might also be met by permission to file a claim for the home discount on the taxes, and if still a home-maker when taxes are paid in, be entitled to the allowance, inasmuch as the tenant has paid the taxes as a part of the rental, and a tenant's home is just as desirable as an owner's home. But probably in this case the matter

would be too complicated to work out easily and satisfactorily. Finis. Yours respectfully, JAMES W. EASTON, 36 Evergreen avenue.

PRESS VIEWS ON POLITICS

WOMAN AGAINST MEIGHEN.

At a farmers' convention to be held today in Portage la Prairie, the name of Miss Mary McCallum, assistant secretary of the Canadian Council of Agriculture, is to be submitted for nomination for four years, and previous to that was on the staff of the Regina Leader, a Liberal paper. Portage is the premier's constituency, where he has announced he will run again, and a determined effort will be made to defeat him. It looks as if they rely on Miss McCallum as the instrument.

TO THE BOW-WOWS.

[Halifax Chronicle.] In Toronto the prospective Tory candidates are pinning to their battle flags the slogan that "patronage must be restored or the nation will go to the dogs." Mr. Meighen is telling the electors that ruin and desolation will ensue unless his policy of high protection is maintained. So whatever program is set forward, apparently the Government and its supporters are resolved to send the country to the bow-wow.

MR. MCCURDY'S BLUNDER.

[Charlottetown Patriot.] Hon. F. B. McCurdy, minister of public works, during his address, stated that in 1911 the issue was between reciprocity in natural products and the national policy of Sir John Macdonald. When Mr. McCurdy comes to Charlottetown to address our people he must be made to realize that he has an intelligent audience before him, who know the history of politics and political parties, and if he does not know it himself we beg to inform Mr. McCurdy that the national policy of Sir John Macdonald embodied in the statute creating same provision for reciprocity in natural products between Canada and the United States. Sir John was in favor of such reciprocity and actually provided for it by statute. In 1891 Sir John went to the country on reciprocity and won out. What have you to say to this, Mr. McCurdy?

POETRY AND JEST

EVENING.

There was an evening when the sky was clear,
Ineffably translucent in its blue;
The tide was falling and the sea withdrew—

In hushed and happy music from the sheer
Shadowy granite of the cliffs, and fear
Of what life may be, and what death
can do.
Fell upon us like steel armor, and we knew
The beauty of the law that holds us here.

It was as though we saw the Secret
Whil,
It was as though we floated and were free;
In the southwest a planet shone serenely.

And the high moon, most reticent
and quietly,
Seeing the earth had darkened and grown still,
Misted with the light the meadows of the sea.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

[Edinburgh Scotsman.] The housekeeper walked into the shop and rapped smartly on the counter.

"I want a chicken," she said.
"Do you want a pullet?" asked the shopkeeper.
"No," replied the housekeeper, "I want to carry it."

BATH NIGHT.

Pat was helping the gardener on a gentleman's place, and, observing a shallow stone basin containing water, he inquired what it was for.

"That," said the gardener, "is a bird bath."
"Don't ye be foolin' me," grinned Pat.
"What is it?"
"A bird bath, I tell you. Why do you doubt it?"
"Because I don't believe there's a

bird alive that can tell Saturday night from any other."—Boston Transcript.

RED LEAVES.

[Ida M. Thomas.] I saw the maples flaring into life
At call of Spring;
I heard the mountain streamlets when they first
Made murmuring.

All through the Summer, Nature smiled on me—
Gave from her store
Of fairest flowers and sweet-voiced
Singing birds.
As heretofore.

But all too soon the little play is past,
That comes each year;
The curtain falls upon the picture when
It seems most dear.

And once again the trees, unpyting,
Flaunt leaves of red,
While chilly night winds chant a mourn-
ful dirge
To summer dead.

AT SEA.

A girl, crossing to England, got friendly with one of the ship's officers, a young man of 25 or so. The two were leaning side by side on the rail one day when the officer said:
"There goes four bells. I must ask you to excuse me. It's my watch below."

"Oh, stop your kiddin'!" said the girl.

"Whoever heard of a watch striking as loud as that?"—Washington Star.

OLD SAYING VERIFIED.

[Boston Transcript.] "You nearly ran over those people," said the traffic cop, stopping the motorist.
"Sorry, officer! You see I just got this car and —"
"What's your name?"
"Little."
Ah! A little learning is a dangerous

thing," chuckled the cultured cop, and he was so tickled with his joke that he let the transgressor go free.

IMPOSSIBLE.

[Boston Transcript.] Hubby—You could make me very happy if you would only exert yourself a little.
Wife—But you told me when I accepted you that I'd make you the happiest man on earth. How can I improve on that?

Everybody Enjoys a fine cup of Tea.

"SALADA" TEA

IF YOU DRINK JAPANS TRY
"SALADA" GREEN TEA
Infinitely Superior to
the best of Japans.

is truly delicious at all times. 30 years' reputation for fine teas.

As a Man Thinketh

THE old adage which said a man's thinking controlled his subsequent activities and condition, is equally true of a community for the very simple reason that achievement is always preceded by thought, so, whatever is accomplished in the life of a man or community is the result of thought.

What are you thinking about current topics pertaining to your community—London? You might say—"What good is my opinion?"

Suppose Edison had said that; suppose Marconi took that attitude; suppose Alexander Graham Bell felt as you do; can you imagine how it would have retarded our civilization?

It is true, we cannot all be Edisons, Marconis or Bells, but we are all endowed with the faculty for thinking intelligently.

So that you might give expression to your thoughts on any subject of public interest, the "Letters to the Editor" section was started and is maintained in

The London Advertiser

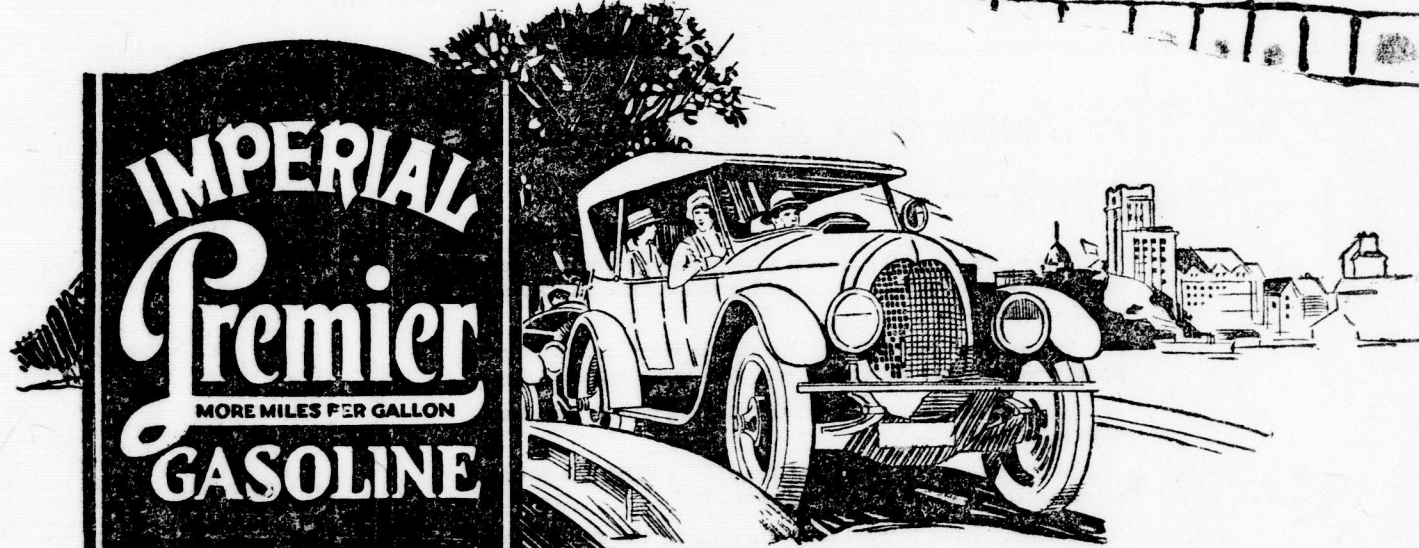
This is your section. Use it. Use it often. Read what others have to say.

It is better to sign your name. Always give full name and address, even if you use a pen name for your letter to be published.

Your communications will be welcome. Your ideas or thoughts do count.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER

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All the rich aroma of
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