

London Advertiser

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1923.

Yes, Groups Here Now.

The Farmers' Sun takes exception to a statement in The Advertiser that there has been group government at Toronto. The Sun says: "Will The Advertiser kindly tell us where the people have seen group government in operation? We have had party government with group representation, and if administration under these circumstances has been open to criticism the fault lies with an attempt to harness two conflicting ideas. Group government has never been tried either at Toronto or Ottawa."

What good purpose is to be served by quibbling between the word group and the word party? There are four groups, or parties, or whatever may be used to designate their separate identity. There are Liberal, Conservative, U. F. O. and Labor groups or parties in the house. None of them has a sufficient majority to carry on.

The Farmers' Sun idea of a group government would be that there would be a group or bloc of farmers there, not large enough to form a government, but large enough to control legislation by throwing its voting strength one way or the other. That is precisely what Mr. J. J. Morrison wants, and it is what Premier Drury objects to, because it is taking the benefits of legislation without becoming responsible for the obligations of office.

Any government that attempts to carry on by the grace of a group that looks upon its voting power as a crutch to be traded for a loaf of bread cannot set itself seriously to administering the business of its constituents. Today it may be in power; tomorrow it may be thrown down and defeated. The real power of government can, in this way, be placed in the hands of a minority group.

The Ridout Street Bridge.

Passengers on the London street car that went over the Ridout street bridge at noon on Tuesday had a thrill or sensation that they are not anxious to have repeated. An "I" beam, used to support the track, broke from its holdings, and the track sagged. Fortunately the sag was toward the traffic bridge.

This bridge has been the center of discussion several times in recent months. The main portion of the bridge has been declared unsafe for traffic several times, but the street car trestle at the side was supposed to be safe.

It would certainly be the part of wisdom to have it settled right now if that bridge is safe, or if it is not safe.

If it is not safe, or if there is doubt in the matter, apply the remedy right now.

That 50-Cent Hat.

Mrs. W. H. Felton, the only woman admitted to the United States Senate, has made a statement that she wears a spring hat that cost her only 50 cents. She goes on to say that more happy homes would result if women did more of their own sewing and played less bridge.

This piece of news got front page space all over the country. An ordinary man might go home and say the same thing, but the only visible result would be a good-sized quarrel that would spoil the day for all concerned around the house.

All this talk about fixing up a spring hat for 50 cents is trash. As a matter of fact, there are not ten men in Western Ontario who would want to see their wives wearing a 50-cent hat.

The man always falls back on the old yarn about being able to drop into a store and buy a hat for about \$3 that will last him for months. But he's talking through this same hat when he suggests that his wife can stick on the first thing she sees and get away with it.

When the thing is sifted right through, any man who's worth darning seeks for ways to see his wife have a regular stunner when she goes into the spring hat field. The folks along the street watch for it. If the hat's a regular bang-up contraption, why it publishes to the world that the man in the house is still in the days of his courtship. Yes, sir, it's a barometer of domestic relations, and the neighbors read the varying degrees just like they do when it's 99 in the shade or 40 below zero.

Fifty cents for your wife's spring hat!

Yes, We're Learning.

There must have been something at fault with the school books of a few days ago, for the idea was firmly planted in the mind that the Arctic circle was a place of ice and snow. Polar bears lived up there, and a few people called Eskimos dwelt in houses of ice.

Now comes Stefansson telling of fine fields of green grass and of flowers that grow up there, and how it would be possible to raise enough deer there to provide meat for a small continent.

He even refers to it as the friendly Arctic.

We often wonder if exploration is worth while, and around election times we are fond of singling out amounts spent for equipping some of these expeditions. It gives a great chance to say much on how the money of the people is being wasted.

Yet, it's by the persistent effort and daring of the men at the head of these seemingly futile expeditions that we are shoving back the icebergs and the polar bears and getting a glimpse of the green grass, flowers and the herds of deer.

How To Eat—Lesson 1.

A current magazine has a whole page announcement from a firm that prints books telling people what to do and how to do it. Readers are asked to check themselves by a number of tests. For instance, here is one, No. 2, for "the man who does not know that he should open only one fold of his napkin, and that he should always send his knife and fork with his plate for a second helping. The man who takes a woman by the arm when crossing a street, instead of offering her his arm."

Now it is serious that we still have men who do not know that they should open only one fold of the napkin. The idea, of course, is that when one fold is opened and tucked in at the chain the others will just naturally unfold themselves. No mention is made of the fine old custom of tucking the tablecloth in at the buttonhole halfway up the vest. This answers the purpose very well indeed and keeps stray pieces of bread, potatoes and meat from falling to the floor. It makes a very handy receptacle for prune stones or the green ends of new onions.

Then there is the matter of clearing off the knife and fork when passing back for a second helping. For years it was considered quite a good table trick to stick the knife through the prongs of the fork, forming a sort of decorative right angle at the top of the plate. This arrangement left the floor space all clear and open on the plate, and there was little chance of getting the table implements mixed in the deal.

Well, well, how things do change. No doubt these same people would object to pouring tea in a saucer, and they would reach for the smelling salts and the first aid kit if some person ate pie with a knife.

About the only place where we can all perform with impunity is at the hot dog stand at the fall fair or with one of those bubbling drinking taps that stick up in the parks and streets. In these places the cultured and the great unwashed simply have to obey the instincts of nature and get out with as little damage as possible.

Note and Comment.

Aggravation—Having a spring hat in weather that makes it advisable to leave it in the band-box.

Now—the C. N. R. has decided to shut down on telling people what time it is. Still, we can ring up and ask how long before the 3 o'clock train comes in.

Income returns in London allow exemption for a ratepayer who supports his mother or father, but not for a mother-in-law or father-in-law. The distinction has no good reason to be kept in force.

A girl in New York danced 50 hours without a stop, and is now called a world's champion. Beside the chap who used to fiddle, call off and collect tickets all at once, she's a bungling amateur.

Some Scottish bagpipers were destroyed in Toronto, and the court can't decide what they're worth and how much it costs to fix them. When it is remembered that a Scotchman will pay a good deal to have them repaired, bagpipers are placed in the big-money class.

There seems to be a hitch in that Stratford mechanic's chances of inheriting a million. Too bad. He was able to sit still so admirably under the first flush of the big chance that people would like to have seen him come out with the fortune tucked under his arm.

Some of these honorary Boy Scouts who have had their pictures taken in Toronto make us laugh. They remind one forcibly that between the ages of 40 and 50 a man's chest is liable to slide down into his stomach, and under such circumstances his best bet for a picture is head and shoulders.

The new combines act is a move in the right direction, and of course depends on its enforcement for its strength. Back of it, though, are conditions where special privileges make combines possible. Special privileges, arising from protection in any form, should be accompanied by special precautions. To use a police court phrase, these special rights should be granted on the basis of suspended sentences.

There are some people in the older sections of Ontario who think health officers are too persistent and health regulations too strict. The unfortunate conditions in Cochrane, where there is a case of typhoid in almost every home, shows the positive need for municipalities exerting eternal vigilance in this work. And at the same time the sympathy of the province goes out in large measure to the residents of Cochrane in their time of trouble.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



TO THE EDITOR

WHAT'S BEHIND UNION?

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir—Can any person tell the reason for church union?

It certainly is not a spiritual reason. It must be something belonging, or in connection, with mammon.

The men at the head, if there is one, or you can call it one, are the propaganda agitators.

A key or hint was thrown out a short time ago by a minister writing in the paper, something to this effect: "The church is of such practical value to the community that if a man will not voluntarily support it, I believe his property should be taxed for the support of the church."

In face of this a world union of the church will hold the government. It is not union that is needed; a reconstruction of church law or blue book and a Christian spirit would do more good. Unions are able to say of the world: do nothing but stir up strife. Here is one of the troubles to be reconstructed.

In The Advertiser, March 21, an elder writes (at least, signs "Elder"), although, by the way, he rails at women, one would think he was a heathen, with about as refined language: "The spiritual seems to be left out. These are the men who should be elected for two years instead of for life. It is a splendid cloak for many of them. This is one of the needed changes of church law. The authority is too great for any church member to be able to say if women do not vote right, put them out of office, and put others in their place."

Gen. v. 2, would seem to put man and woman on equal footing.

A PRESBYTERIAN READER.

WHAT PREACHERS PREACH.

Editor The Advertiser: Sir—In a paper, "The Christian," which I received from a friend in the old country, there was an ably written editorial entitled "Half a Sermon," wherein the writer stated that many sermons preached today lacked the great essential, viz.: the gospel of the grace of God. Is not this true of many sermons preached in the churches of our cities today? Are men and women told by their ministers what we all are by nature, as stated in God's Holy Word? We are by nature "children of wrath" (Eph. ii. 3), and so needing without exception the new birth. We are told in the words of the Lord Jesus, when speaking to Nicodemus, a religious ruler of the Jews, "Ye must be born again" (John, iii. 5) without which we cannot see nor enter the kingdom of God.

It is also written in God's word, "The fear of man bringeth a snare." Are the preachers afraid to speak plainly for fear of wounding the susceptibilities of their congregation? Men and women today are wanting. They know not what to do, and are lovers of pleasures rather than lovers of God, one of the signs of the last days (II Timothy, iii. 4). Others are spending their energies in so-called good works, hoping thereby to obtain favor with God, when it is written "not of works lest any man should boast" (Eph. ii. 9) and again, "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." (Rom. iv. 5).

A careful reader of the Acts of the Apostles will find these expressions. They preached the gospel. They preached the word. They preached Christ, "and Philip opened his mouth and began at the same scripture and preached unto him Jesus," the scripture referred to being Isaiah vi. 1. The apostle Paul said: "Woe unto me if I preach not the gospel," which is plainly stated in I Corinthians, xiii. 2, and the first few verses, to be the death, burial and resurrection of our blessed Lord and Savior, and it to be according to the scriptures.

The people are needing the bread of life and many preachers are giving them stones. How the gospel is often darkened by men's eloquence, when it is God's word which giveth light. Men and women need rest. Jesus says, "Come unto me and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28). They need peace; He gives it, having made peace by the blood of his cross" (Col. i. 20). The work of salvation is finished by the Lord Jesus, who died for sinners, for the ungodly and for his enemies (Rom. v), and the invitation is to all mankind from God, who says, "Repent and believe the gospel."

Ministers, remember to preach the three R's—Repent, Believe, and Regeneration by the Holy Spirit.

Yours, etc.

PERCY D. LAMONT.

Forest, Ont.

"The Ten Books I Have Most Enjoyed"

By CASS GILBERT.

Architect of the Woolworth Building, New York.

"The Three Musketeers" by Dumas. "Hereward the Wake," by Kingsley. "Westward Ho," by Kingsley. "Vanity Fair," by Thackeray. "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," by F. Hopkinson Smith.

The poems of Sir Walter Scott. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The plays of Shakespeare. The essays of Emerson.

Plutarch's "Lives." It is not easy to make comparisons of the ten books one likes the most, because at different ages one's taste changes and any such list is only tentative and subject to change, but as I think of it at the moment the above list has probably given me as much pleasure, if not more, than others. At least, these come first to mind.

Tomorrow: William S. Hart. Copyright, 1923, U. S. and Great Britain, by North American Newspaper Alliance. All rights reserved.

FRAE ERIN'S ISLE.

Oor meenister, at Wortley Road, Is nae frae heathered hills at hame; He is frae Erin's troubled isle, Wi' R. J. Murphy for his name.

Ye'll think that I am saultry great, That it's nae Scottish man we ha'e. Yet, at oor cosy Baptist kirk, I worship Ilka Sabbath day.

When I'm no' frae oor city far I'm at his kirk baith morn an' e'en. Save when I've been tae hear Mackay, Leitchner gane, or Bowley Green. There's ither men I'd like tae hear— Some o' them wi' a Scottish name; But my first duty, I believe, Is tae oor cosy kirk at hame.

Sae in oor Wortley Baptist kirk, I likka Sabbath find my seat. Tho' frae th' shepherd o' oor flock, I dinna hear oor braid Scotch sweet. Tho' I'm an ardent Scot maseel, I'll no' disdain guid Irish men; I'm sort o' fond o' Erin's sons— They're nobble Celtic folk, ye ken.

I gladly worship at oor kirk, Baith morn an' e'en on Sabbath day. Wi' Scots an' ither folk as weel, Tho' it's an Irishman we ha'e. Then there we ha'e a choir as guid As ony that I've heard as yet; We've soloists twa, three, or mair, Forbye oor gifted male quartet.

Sae aft ye'll find me, gin I'm spared, At oor wee kirk on Sabbath day. For tho' oor preacher's no' a Scot, It's guid, strang sermons that we ha'e.

Then there's oor bonnie, bonnie choir. Oor deepest sorrows tae beguile, As weel as a' these sermons braw Preached by a son o' Erin's isle, April 9, 1923. —MACK.

Your Health

ABOUT TREATMENT OF MUMPS.

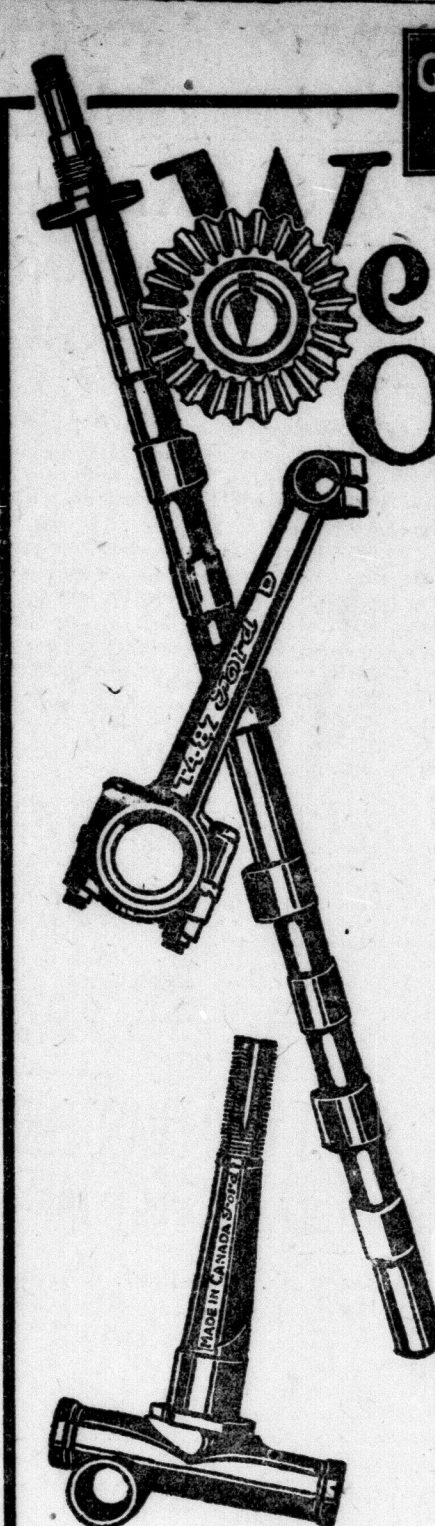
By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D., United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

Everyone lugs when you say a friend has the mumps. I suppose it is because the mumps patient looks so funny. His face is all out of shape, and his natural expression is lost in the swelling.

But mumps is not an ailment to be laughed at or despised. It is a very real disease.

The organs which supply the moisture for the mouth are called the salivary glands. In mumps these glands become inflamed and swollen. This makes the neck and the tissues under the edge of the lower jaw bulge out, causing the face to lose its symmetry.

The nature of the germ or virus carrying the infection is not understood as yet, but the disease is classified with the acute infectious or contagious diseases. It comes on two or three weeks after exposure. When the disease gains a foothold



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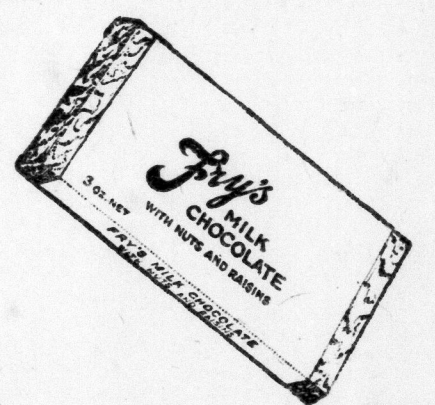
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