

## The Free Press

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Monday, March 31, 1924.

## Once—Enough

Christmas comes but once a year. We make the most of it when it does come. The canvass for the London United Welfare Fund is made but once a year. This is the week.

Christmas giving has too often degenerated into a sort of barter; we meticulously gauge the amount we spend for the presents to Uncle William and Cousin Melitabel by our estimate of what they will likely spend for their presents to us. It is not so with the giving of this week to the United Welfare Fund. This is pure giving. There is no cheap barter about it. It is giving for those from whom we shall not receive again in kind and exact amount.

Yet the giving of this week is not reckless throwing away of money. On the contrary it is the wisest investment. It is bread cast upon the waters which is bound to return before many days in the purer, cleaner heart-glad London which will be a better place for all to live in. It is in the nature of insurance against the worst evils which modern civilization knows: poverty, vice, spreading disease, physical and mental distress, and the eking anxieties always attendant. A community in which these horrors prevail is not a fit place for any to live. A community from which these have been banished is one to travel to the ends of the earth to find.

This should be a week of hilarious cheer in London. A canvasser for the Welfare Fund is not a beggar or a bore to be avoided, but a boon to be sought and met before that halfway. He renders a personal service to all whom he approaches. He does you the greatest favor of the year, affords you the chance to give your soul a cleansing bath in the sheer, untainted joy of giving.

After the week, the objective of the campaign attained, the whole force of earnest men and women who are administering our 14 agencies of common welfare will face a full year of undaunted, untrammelled service for us all, heads high, hearts thrilled and unafraid, minds cleared of petty worries, ready to give their best and all to the relief of distress and for the perfection of that better London for which we all live and strive.

New Year's off on the gladdest, holiest experience of our common life. Give this week, and give your share.

## Master of a Big Job

Hon. James Lyons addressed the Legislature for more than three hours on Thursday and Friday in relation to the work of the lands and forests department and particularly the Government's plans for Northern development. In his criticism of administration under Hon. Beniah Bowman, review of legislation the new Government has already brought down, and announcement of policies for the future, the speech contained ample material for a dozen.

At the very time that the minister was rising to address the House, Friday a Toronto evening paper came out with editorial criticism of members of the Ferguson Cabinet for "subversive" to the prime minister, and describing them as "assistant clerks." It has probably realized now that Hon. James Lyons, though quiet in the House, has been neither idle nor unobservant. His address demonstrated in striking manner that he has not only mastered every important detail of the machinery in his department, but has noted every suggestion or criticism thrown out by Opposition members throughout the session and has now replied to them.

Mr. Lyons is a business man. The fact stood out in every sentence of his address. He has found reason to believe that the province may cut expenditure in certain places, that it is entitled to greater revenue in others, and he is losing no time in getting on the job. The provincial treasurer mentioned casually in his budget speech recently that the Minister of Lands and Forests planned changes in forest ranging and other services which would mean a saving to the province of more than a million dollars.

The minister told the House his plans respecting roads, colonization and the timber industry. His argument that development of our natural resources is one of the best ways to halt the departure of Ontario's young men to foreign fields will meet with general approval and support. His exposure of his predecessor's remarkable reduction of a Government timber claim from \$2,831,522 to \$28,580 and failure to collect even that shows that he is not con-

tent to ignore events which took place before he came into office. Hon. James Lyons is no Beniah Bowman. He is a big man in a strong Government.

## Western's Future Now Assured

The City of London, as well as the University of Western Ontario, owes a debt of gratitude to the Ferguson Government for its generous treatment of our institution of higher learning in deciding to vote this year \$300,000 for maintenance. It is a recognition on the part of the new Government of the value of the university to this part of Ontario and of the needs of the institution. The official approval of the university so early in the regime of the new Government, and at a time when there is pressing need of economy, speaks well for the assistance that can be expected throughout the term of office of the Ferguson administration.

The generous attitude of the Government emphasizes the necessity of the City of London adopting an equally liberal position. If the City Council had not reversed the action of No. 1 Committee at first proposed, it might have had a serious effect upon the policy of the Government.

With these two grants now assured Western Ontario University can now face the future with confidence and optimism. The establishment of this institution of higher learning has been a story of a long, hard fight against what looked like insuperable obstacles. Today Western Ontario University is stepping into an era of great expansion and development. Housed in magnificent buildings on a beautiful campus, with a staff of efficient and enthusiastic professors and lecturers, the institution promises in a few years' time to be one of the leading universities of Canada. It has wonderful possibilities of usefulness ahead for London and this peninsula, and fortunately the faculty are seized with the modern conception of a university, that it should be a center for public service and usefulness rather than a mere training school for a few scholars.

## The Lincoln Cathedral Fund

A little over a year ago an appeal was sent out from Lincoln asking all those in the United States, Canada and the other dominions who loved and gloried in the cathedrals of Great Britain to give their aid to the restoration of certain parts of the celebrated cathedral of that city. Those who answered the appeal will be pleased to learn that over half the necessary sum already has been gathered in.

The necessary repairs for the saving and safety of Lincoln Cathedral are largely confined to the great central tower, which shows cracks and rents and foundation weakness that all too plainly show need of immediate repair.

The present weakness of the tower had its beginnings in far-off days. In fact, to an earthquake which ruined the old Norman cathedral, save the two towers, in 1155. Contributory cause lies in the fact that when building the Norman custom was to fill the "ashlar" outsidings with rubble and the use of very inferior mortar, so now, after the lapse of nine hundred years, these "weak-houses" have to be made good.

Lincoln, by some, is regarded as one of England's most unique cathedrals, not alone on account of its beauty, but for its varied architecture so marvelously harmonized.

The west front and the western towers are large Norman massive and powerful; the choir, nave and transepts of "Early English" with its graceful lancets, lovely arcades, its clustered shafts; the retro-choir, with its curious vaulting, the first of its kind, and chancel decorated, the three chantry chapels in the slender, aspiring perpendicular.

Such is the cathedral that has aroused the admiration and enthusiasm of all those who have seen it in reality, as well as those who have seen it but with the "mind's eye."

Speaking of the generosity of both Americans and Canadians, who have given up to the present time over \$20,000 toward the restoration fund, Dean Prie, who undertook the mission of raising the needed amount, said that the money donated would do more than help restore one of the most beautiful Gothic towers in England—it would be a memorial to the brotherhood and kinship feeling across the Atlantic.

If the Dean's words are prophetic, then more than twice the sum would be small in comparison to the "indefinite good" gained for all.

## NOTE AND COMMENT

Who said: "A widower with money to burn soon attracts an old flame?"

Canadian authors are asking the Government to make the Copyright Act "all right" for all as soon as possible.

The Reparations first, says Premier MacDonald, then other things will follow in short order. Praise be!

In London everyone is saying: "I walk! I walk! The transportation strike is on the increase."

What a paradox! A "fist-cut" encounter between two lawyers in a Montreal court session!

One of the newest airplanes has "pulsating wings." It may cause "heart throbs" to steer it.

You may talk with your tongue in your cheek for many a day, but someone, eventually, will get on to that "curve."

With a thousand settlers coming from the British Isles to settle in Canada—and many others preparing to come—we ought soon to settle down to hard work and all that!

More good work and good words for insulin. The State of New York report shows that the decrease of diabetes is quite remarkable, most of it due to insulin treatment.

The Maritime Provinces are determined not to yield to a request from the British Government to extend the coastal three-mile fishery limit. There is, then, no "elastic" in that law.

The schoolboy who said all genders are two—the masculine is divided into temperate and intemperate, and the feminine into frigid and torrid—had a true feeling for "atmosphere."

## The Third Column

## THE OLD GRAYON PORTRAIT.

The old grayon portrait of father, at last we have put it away. We have stored it high up in the attic, and stored it, I fancy, to stay. 'Tis not that we think less of father, or have ceased to remember his name. 'Tis because we have tired of that picture, and tired of that horrible frame.

I remember the day that we bought it. I remember the man who appeared and earnestly pleaded with mother—I remember the out of his beard. I remember the day that he told me to-day I can still hear him tell. He could make one of father just like them—seven dollars and a half, and size full!

She loaned him the group we'd had taken, with Dad in the center, and he had. Even there lacked the smile of good-nature which I'd grown accustomed to see. But the man said he'd give him a twinkle; his forehead he'd slightly enlarge. And trim up his whiskers a little, and make no additional charge.

Well, he burnished and polished up father, his head he threw up in the air.

He gave him a large Adam's apple, and a marvelous necktie to wear. But now, on the children would have known him if the man hadn't told us his name—

But when mother had paid for the picture, she went into debt for the frame. That old grayon portrait of father, at last we have stored it away. It recalled not the father who loved us, but rather the fad of his day. And I think it's as father would wish it—he'd choose to be stored away flat.

Than that strangers should gaze on his picture and think that he once looked like that.

—Edgar A. Guest.

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## YOUR WORLD.

In a very personal sense, you do not live in my world, and do not live in yours. Our worlds touch, however, and communicate.

For each of you creates his own world—the one in which he chooses to live. Landor says: "The poet must himself create the beings who are to enjoy his paradise." And so each of us must create the things of beauty, the love and interest that make up our individual worlds.

You go into another friend's home. It isn't the home that you would have thought you may love it, and admire it. No two homes are alike. No two gardens are alike. Each is an expression of its owner's heart and soul. We are all the time crossing each other, living while in them, laughing, crying, and working in them—but there are only atmospheres that tell us what to do with the world that is ours alone.

But unless a world is developed it does not amount to much. Take the great territory of Alaska. When it was bought by President Johnson, I believe it was, people said that it was a wild and foolish buy. There are dozens of such in New York City alone who could have bought it for the price that the United States paid and hardly feel it. But over the years we have dug out the treasures that were hidden there, millions upon millions of precious minerals have been brought to light and to use in that great territory.

There are human beings who think that their world is not worth owning. They want somebody else's world—one that is developed and rich. But, some day, no one seems able to interpret another world aright. The one who owns his own must make it great!

I have a world, my friend. It is yours as much as the air you breathe. Look it over. Explore it. Dig deep into its secret chambers. Make yourself big and free and honest in it. Just remember that God gives worlds away—men do not!

—George Matthew Adams.

## IN MARCH.

"In sooth, it is a lovely day, to equal it you'd travel far," I heard Kerjone, my neighbor, say; he paused to kindle a cigar; "it seemeth like a morn in May," he chorused, with his face ajar. "Ods panikins," I made reply, "and by St. Bridget, the day is fair; there are no cloudings in the sky, and soft as velvet is the air; in but-bul notes the zephyrs sigh, but this is March, and so beware. You've draped yourself as though 'twere June, which is a parlor trick to pull; your doublet and your trowsers are cotton, when they should be wool, and if a sale should come to-morrow, with fluff and grip you will be full." Kerjone, he is a goodly wight, but he believes he knows it all; no friend of his can set him right or show him where he'll likely fall; he will not list, he saith "Good night," and travels off, upon his gait. The minister clock hath stricken nine, and lo, a mighty tempest comes; the early spring in its sign, the sea against the shieling hums; the wind is keen as ocean brine, and roareth like a million drums. And Kerjone, in his picnic duds, is out in all the storm and wreck, and does not heed him mule and euds and put large plasters on his back, and carry off his flour and spuds, and get a mortgage on his shack.

—Walt Mason.

## Little Benny's Note Book

by Lee Pope

To-day was pop's birthday, and after supper my dad gave him the ash receiver she bawled for him, saying, Happy birthday, Willyum, many happy returns of the day, Im sure.

Well, well, a bewittful ash receiver for my tired ashes, pop sed. Heers I lit me my 30 cent cigar, and fittingly celebrate the occasion, he sed. And he litt a long cigar with a red band on it and leened back in his morrice chair with a satisfied expression, saying, If every man woman and child on ert had a cigar like this in their face, there would be no more diskord in the world.

And he puffed some more puffs and then started to nock the ashes off, ma saying, Willyum!

Wat, wats a matter? pop sed, and ma sed, Do you realize you nocked those ashes in the card tray insted of into your new ash receiver?

O, is that all, yee gods, I thawt you had appendicitis or something, pop sed. And he kepp on smoking and petty soon he nocked ash some more ashers off, ma saying, Willyum, youre simply terrible.

Why, now wat? pop sed. I nocked those off into the confounded thing, didnt I? he sed.

You nocked them in the genrel directiow of the ash receiver, I admit, but just look at the table, ma sed.

Meaning the ashes were all over it, pop saying, If anybody asks you if Im enjoying this cigar, tell them no, Im going to smoke the rest of it on the

## JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

John Anderson, my jo, John.  
 When we were first acquent,  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonnie brow was bent;  
 But now your brow is beld, John,  
 Your locks are like the snow;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,  
 John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither,  
 And mony a cannie day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither.  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 And hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo!

—Robert Burns.

Window sill with my legs hanging out  
 And strew the ashes to the winds like  
 the ancients used to do, he sed.  
 Wich he got up to do, ma saying,  
 Now Willyum, youre going to do nothing  
 of the kind, the maybel will think  
 youre crazy. Now you sit rite down  
 agen and you can put the ashes on the

## SIDELIGHTS ON THE LEGISLATURE

BY W. E. ELLIOTT.  
 Free Press Staff Correspondent.

TORONTO, March 29.—This Legislature can take an hour and a half off to attend a funeral, open the House at 4 in the afternoon and get through more business by 6 than the last assembly did in the full time. That's what happened on Friday. The ministers and most of the members, at the suggestion of Premier Ferguson, paid honor to the memory of Sir Edmund Walker by attending the funeral service at Convocation Hall, across the university campus. In the brief time remaining the premier and attorney-general introduced four important bills, put a crisis through third reading, some more through committee, and left an hour for Hon. James Lyons to proceed with his address on Northern development and other matters connected with his department.

There are still a few Government bills to come down and there is no longer expectation of concluding the session next week. For one thing, there are 42 bills yet to pass the private bills committee, which has been busy for three days with church union discussion, and the public accounts committee is by no means through with investigation into transactions of the treasury department under the late administration. It is expected that Hon. Peter Smith will be called to testify next week. The deputy treasurer, C. A. Matthews, named by witnesses last Tuesday as having participated in the profits of a bond sale to the province, will not likely be asked to appear again, pending disposition of his case by the attorney-general's department.

On the subject of the treasury department it is interesting to note that the present minister, Hon. W. H. Price, this week obtained such favorable tenders for a \$3,000,000 issue of short-term bills that he placed double the amount originally intended and will thus be able to take care of certain refundings in New York in the near future. A Toronto evening paper which supported the late Government and has not been unduly shocked by the Ridout bond transactions, in which a broker made \$100,000 profit in a couple of days, criticizes the acceptance of the Bank of Montreal tender in the present case because it is \$121 lower than the high bid (Northumberland and East), points out that there is an actual saving in that the province will not have to print the bills, and there will be no expense in transmission of the funds to New York.

For several hours on Wednesday and Thursday the private bills committee listened to arguments for and against the church union bill by leaders of the three churches concerned and their counsel, and on Friday discussed it at length among themselves. The outcome was defeat, on the close vote of 26 to 25, of a motion by Dr. H. A. Clarke (Brookville) that the bill should not become effective until a new vote among Presbyterians should be taken showing a clear majority for union. The action of the committee approved the principle of the bill, which has yet to be considered clause by clause, however, and reported to the House, when C. R. McKenna (Dufferin), mover of the

The annual debate on the Dairy Standards Act took place on Tuesday. Several Eastern Ontario members, including A. Sweet (Dundas), Collier (Prince Edward) and Major A. W. Gray (Leeds), reported strong opposition to the operation of the measure in their constituencies and urged that its provisions be suspended for a time until further educational work is done. The outcome was adoption of a motion by A. Rankin (Montezuma), seconded by Major J. F. B. Belford (Northumberland and East), to leave the matter for the present in the hands of the minister, Hon. J. S. Martin.

This committee on Wednesday will hear representations from the Eastern Canada Live Stock Union with respect to the question of a 25 per cent. freight reduction on feeder cattle shipped to country points and the question of minimum reductions on mixed carloads of live stock.

STIRRED UP.  
 Editor Free Press: Reading the report in your London Free Press, of the 5th inst., of the discussion on the O. T. A. in the Legislature hall, and noting the remarks made by Mr. Sam Clarke (Liberal, W. Northumberland), re thanking God that he was not born in Waterloo County, I was so aroused and stirred I fairly leaped out of my bed, to which I am confined through illness. I know many fine men born and reared in Waterloo County, among others my doctor, who visits me professionally weekly, and sometimes daily, a mighty fine type of man, devoted to his profession, and whose life is full of untiring service. Hosts of other fine men, whose aim is to make life a little bigger and to leave this world just a

LITTLE JOE  
 ANOTHER ADVANTAGE OF LIVING WAY OUT IN THE SUBURBS IS THAT A MAN ALWAYS CAN FIND A GOOD EXCUSE FOR GETTING HOME LATE.



little better for them, having lived in it, who can lay claim to Waterloo County as their birthplace without having to blush with shame. If this very grateful human, Mr. Clarke, who, I presume, was born very young, would look up the statistics to find how many Waterloo County criminals inhabit the Kingston penitentiary, or how many scaffolds have been built for sons of

Waterloo County, it might change his ridiculous conception of that county. Do that! I was not born in Waterloo County, but no one need hesitate to confess to having broadcasted his first squawk in any other county in the Province of Ontario, or who "piped the shawl" in any other province in this Dominion of Canada. No siree! For shame to nurse and express such venomous spite and prejudice and hasten

to apologize to the good folks of Waterloo County. I am only a little fellow, and might hesitate to tackle a much huskier chap, but, judging Mr. Clarke proportionately with his ideas, which will never kink in the middle owing to their size, I would be tempted to well, I just would. And that's that. GR-R-R-R.  
 Wellesley, Waterloo County, March 28, 1924.



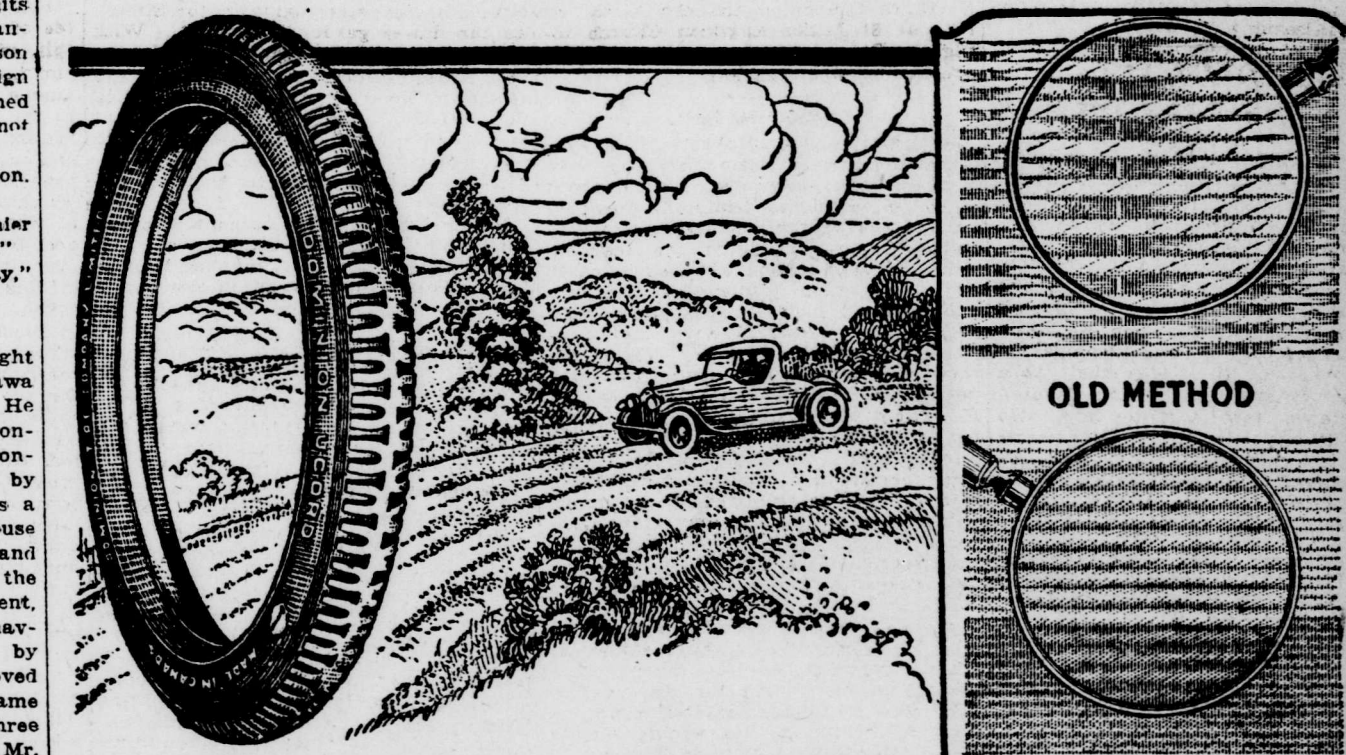
"I'll take the chance of my early death," you say.

But you don't take the chance—you compel your wife and little ones to take it. Do you think that's fair to them?

Don't risk their future welfare! Invest a few dollars each year in an Imperial Life policy. It will provide for your family if you should die—it will care for yourself if you live to old age.

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