London Advertiser

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London, Ont., Saturday, Oct. 2.

Bank Burglary.

Some years ago burglary was very common on Fifth avenue in New York. In order to stop it burglary was made a capital offence. The theory was that a burglar would, if he thought it necessary, shoot to kill. He was also always prepared to shoot.

The experience at Melbourne and several other places, including the last burglary at Wyoming, form a parallel state of affairs to that formerly existing in New York.

The legislation at that time was sufficient to stop the crime becoming so frequent. It would, no doubt, if enacted in Canada, stop bank burglary.

So May It Be.

The following letter, written to the New York Times, has a good, wholesome flavor:

To the Editor of The New York Times:

It is of interest to read of Color-Sergeant Gilbert H. Bates of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts (U. S. Artillery) Regiment, who took a novel way of promoting good feeling for America in England. He carried a Star-Spangled Banner from Gretna Green to London, and to many other places, amid most enthusiastic scenes.

This lover of concord even made a wager of $100 against $1,000 that the people of England would not insult the flag of America. This was some years after the rebellion, when the craft of certain politicians and a corrupt section of the press had taken up the unworthy task of fostering suspicion and dislike between England and America.

If Lloyd George should visit our country may he be the banner of Great Britain, and may we treat him as a noble and great people should, for he comes for peace between the two English-speaking countries of the world.

K. G. TURLE.

Fairfield, Conn., Oct. 17, 1921.

To all of which the people of Canada will respond with a hearty and sincere "Amen."

Two Extremes.

Here is a situation that gives food for thought. Briefly, it is this:

Farmers in United States have so much corn that they threaten to burn it as fuel this winter because they can't sell it.

The same nation has loads of foodstuffs dry-rotting in some of its ports because Europe can't buy it—at least that is the statement.

At the same moment the people of Central Europe are starving, while the road from Moscow to Constantinople is marked with the bodies of those who died because they starved.

Burning food in America, and dying for the want of it in Europe and Asia.

Seed and Harvest.

More attention is being paid now than ever before to juvenile courts, and to societies that have for their aim the reclaiming of material for future citizenship that has not been started under the most favorable auspices.

Very good, and more power to the good people behind the work.

But at best it does not strike right at the root of the trouble. It does not cut off the source of supply.

A little investigation will show that the children who come into the juvenile courts in the larger centres are not all from the poorer families. A fair percentage of them are from homes where training should have been given them. Had they received this training, restraint, affectionate discipline and guidance which should be the birthright of every child, they would not come in later years to the juvenile court.

The root of the trouble, then, is in the home.

Were the fathers and the mothers of the country performing their God-imposed duties toward the children intrusted to their care many of these cases would never come to juvenile courts, or later on to the other courts of justice.

It is no use trying to dodge the matter. As a nation we are neglecting certain great essentials that make for clean and decent manhood or womanhood.

The old family altar is a thing that lives only in the memory of many of our families. The reading of the Word by the head of the family, the teaching of its great truths, are things that in home after home belong to a generation that is past and gone.

We are in a hurry; we are living in a fast age; we haven't the time to attend to the finer things of life, and if we were quite honest we would add that neither have we the inclination.

We have, as a nation, been sowing our seed, and court records show that we are likewise reaping the harvest.

John McNab Diet.

Governor John McNab of the Guelph jail is a model for extravagant housekeepers. For has not John just finished figuring up his expenses for the year and handed out his per head statement.

We don't know whether John keeps his books on the back of an envelope, or whether he slid over to Charlie Nelles' bookstore and got a regular outfit, but anyhow he produces results.

But hold. We almost forgot to state that John McNab runs the county jail in Guelph, where they coop all the folks in Wellington County who don't know how to behave.

John McNab, as his name conveys, is a brawny Scot, and pins his faith to oatmeal. Hence we imagine that each morning the wayward sons—and perhaps daughters—of Wellington, after they have their hands and faces washed for the day, are greeted with the option: "Are ye ready for your porridge?"

Now, for the noon meal we imagine John might give his guests a mixture of Paisley Block cabbages and Puslinch applesauce, while for the evening meal no doubt Erin Co. potatoes and more Fergus rolled oats would put them to sleep.

And so it is, at the end of the year John McNab reckons it all up, totals his sum in housekeeping, and tells the world that for 18 cents a day he has kept body and soul together, and added not a few pounds of flesh to the ribs of his star boarders.

Some of the big magazines have the people sitting up nights reading how to set a table on $20 a week.

Bah! Here comes honest John McNab showing how a collection of five, three meals a day, seven days a week, can be fed and watered for $6.30 per week.

Theft---Murder---Debauchery

WINSTON CHURCHILL, speaking at Dundee, drew the following picture of the wreck, havoc and devastation that has sprawled itself over the face of Russia since the Soviet seized power there:

"We have seen how completely they have destroyed that once mighty, wealthy empire of Russia. One of the world's greatest granaries has been reduced through four years of Socialism and Bolshevism to absolute starvation. More people may well die this winter in Russia than perished in the whole four years of the world war. This awful catastrophe has been brought about by a comparatively small gang of professional revolutionaries, very few of whom are Russians, who have seized the wretched Russian nation in its weakness and in its ignorance, and have applied to it with ferocious logic all those doctrines of Communism which we hear spouted so freely in this country.

"In Russia they have put them into practice. They have, in truth, turned words into deeds; and they have killed without mercy everyone who opposed them. They have had their way, they have made their experiment. And what is the result? The result is that the processes of production have ceased entirely in Russia. All enterprise has been frozen. The means of trade and co-operation between man and man and between town and country have been destroyed. Lenine and Trotzky have simply lived on what was left over from the czar's regime; they have lived on the gold they seized in the Russian treasury or from the Rumanians; they have lived on the jewels they stole from women they murdered; and they have consumed the reserves of corn which the peasants had accumulated to guard themselves against just such a famine as has now occurred.

Then and Now.

A correspondent, whose letter is not published, complains that returned men seem to consider that they should be given consideration simply because they are returned men, and claim that work should be found for them, no matter whether there is anything needful to be done.

It is unfortunate that this view should be taken by any right-thinking person. If one will take the trouble to look back over events as they were when many of these men enlisted it will be seen that they have a pretty good case when they go around asking that something shall be done for them.

The dear general public is quick to forget. It is not so many years ago that we were having the dark days of the last of 1914. The German army was sweeping on through Belgium and over the frontier of France, and was rapidly on the way to establish itself on the coast of the latter country, from which it could have imperiled the British coast and the very life of the nation.

At that time, and in the following years, when men, and still more men, was the cry that went up day and night, there was urgency on the part of the nation; there was moral pressure put on the men to go; there was a call for sacrifice, even to the life and limb of those who enlisted.

Do not forget that the matter was urgent then, and the urgency was all directed toward the men who are now looking around for some way in which they can earn an honest living.

Speakers did not hesitate to get up and call for sacrifice on the part of the manhood of the country. Recruiting officers were not lenient when they got a young man in the corner and put the matter straight to him. The Government itself, when the Conscription Act was passed, was urgent in its presentation of the fact that reinforcements were wanted at the front.

Is it reasonable to suppose that a returned man is going to forget all these circumstances?

Remember, dire things might have happened had the manhood of the nation refused to see or consider the urgency of the situation at that time.

We are not surprised that these same men, when they try to find a place where they can earn an honest living, should appear somewhat urgent at times. The tables are turned now, and the urgency is by these men instead of on them.

Just Excitement.

Just a few days ago reference was made in The Advertiser to a crowd that gathered at the Strathroy Town Council one evening, when they expected there would be some fireworks. When the fireworks were not let off the crowd simply disappeared, and there the whole matter ended.

Here it is again—this time over in the good, substantial city of Galt, where they should know better.

The Galt Reporter tells the whole yarn in two big lines at the top of the story:

"Come To Hear Something—Went Away Disappointed." The report, in part, states: "Expecting some excitement at last night's council meeting, the spectators' gallery was crowded by the time the meeting opened, and Market Clerk Newt. Culham had to bring in extra benches and chairs to accommodate the overflow. * * * * It was quite evident the audience was surprised by the complete absence of comment on the judgment, in view of the street talk that has been going on, and after remaining a couple of hours in vain, they departed."

With tax bills higher in most municipalities than they have ever been before, and with assessment of property being increased, it would be natural to suppose that ratepayers would be inquiring what it was all about. The council meeting is the same as the gathering of the board of directors of any company—it is where the controllable expenditure is made and the general run of civic business comes to the surface here sooner or later.

The only apparent interest the average ratepayer takes in civic affairs is to kick about the tax rate and the levy made against his property. He may sit in a back seat at nomination meeting, and say a lusty "Hear, hear" to some remark that we must do away with extravagance and mismanagement, but when he shuffles out the door his interest is over, and he thinks his duty is done for another year.

LITTLE 'TISERS

We read of a man who opened a store in this district. He didn't succeed because the town constable happened to see him.

With election day not far off from Christmas there's a big danger of election cigars being held over for Christmas offerings.

One of the uplifters comes along with the piece of joyful news that women are spending less money for paint. Probably because it costs less now.

The Boston Traveler presents this puzzle to its readers: "Was Germany the real enemy of civilization, or must we stay armed to the teeth until another is discovered?"

A contemporary carries a heading to the effect that "Arthur Hawkes, author of the appeal to the British-Born, opposes Meighen," which causes us to rise and ask "Who is Arthur Hawkes?"

An exchange has this one, which is passed on as a life-saver to reporters in general: "In writing a sketch of a woman candidate for office the wise reporter will simply say: "She was born not so very long ago'."

"To discontinue advertising," says John Wanamaker, "is like taking down your sign. If you want to do business you must let people know it. I would as soon think of doing business without clerks as without advertising."

The Welsh people of Galt want Lloyd George to visit that place when he comes to Canada. As a matter of fact, the British prime minister will find himself bombarded with invitations, as there is not a man across the ocean that the Canadian people would sooner have a look at and a cheer for than the same Lloyd George.

Up in Bruce County John Hunter of the Kincardine Reporter keeps the folks informed on what transpires in the political world. Viewing developments in Quebec, he pens this: "Armand Lavergne is out with three planks to his platform now. They are Nationalist, Agrarian and Sinn Fein. Armand has tried about everything on the calendar but a dose of poison."

A carton of matches were sold to a Londoner, and the bill ran like this: Matches, $6.05; war excise tax, $5; sales tax, 3 per cent, making a total of $11.38. Then when the profit of the retailer is added it brings the price up still more. The average man, when he buys a box of matches may be inclined to think the makers of the matches are making a great old price when compared to what they used to get, but here is a tax of $5.33 on a bill of goods worth $6.05.

H. B. Morphy of North Perth believes in putting it on with a trowel when he comes to speak of his chief. In a recent political address HE SAID: "Mr. Meighen is a Sir John A. Macdonald and a Sir Wilfrid Laurier combined. He has all the characteristics of both these men and a good many extra features that set him in a place by himself." Heretofore Shakespeare was about the only writer who had made use of the double superlative, but Mr. Morphy has surely outshakespeared Shakespeare.

The St. Thomas Times-Journal sat still as long as it could and watched the various centres, Woodstock, Hamilton and Toronto, angling for the location of McMaster University. Then it comes forward with this: "Should the Baptist brethren find it difficult to decide between Hamilton and Woodstock we may be pardoned for suggesting that St. Thomas would be a perfectly ideal location for McMaster." But listen, there's another claimant. While the convention was in progress Brantford folks were considering offering the Brantford golf links as a site!

Up in Chesley the editor of the Enterprise has quite correctly figured out what is meant by "shivering to think of election results." Here's the explanation: "At the convention in Tara, at which he was nominated, Lieut.-Col. Hugh Clark said he shuddered to think of what would happen this country if the Liberals, Progressives, or a combination of both came into power. As the parade warrior of North Bruce has drawn $58,800 in salary since he first became a legislator it certainly will give him the cold shivers if a large source of his revenue is cut off."

Halifax Chronicle: If the present tariff policy were such a fine thing for the country, the proof it it would be seen in a rapidly-growing population. But the census returns show that, taking immigration and the natural increase through the excess of births over deaths into account, the country has actually lost over one million people during the last ten years. "How," asks the Moncton Transcript, "does Premier Meighen explain this? He can't explain it. The strongest possible condemnation of the policy represented by the party that has been in power during the last ten years is the census returns."

The Glencoe Transcript punishes this: "We read that a donation of three bushels of grain, preferably wheat, will be asked from each farmer of Canada by the Armenian Relief Association of Canada to help avert the death by starvation of hundreds of thousands of people in the famine-stricken Russian Caucasus and Armenian lands. Always the farmer! Not a word as to a donation from the profiteer, the middleman or the manufacturer." The Advertiser does not believe there is a farmer in the country who would not rise to this appeal, despite all the Glencoe paper has to say. Nor does this paper believe there is a man in the towns and cities who would not respond in cash to a similar extent. When a nation is starving to death jibes about profiteers and middlemen are very much out of line.

A Window in St. George's

Patient he waits outside a humble door,
The Christ, in royal robe and kingly crown,
Seeking admission, and with eager ear
Listening for answer as he knocks once more.
The door is set with age, and overgrown
With straggling vine from many years' disuse.
And even the lantern's fitful radiance shows
The garden plot neglected and forlorn.
The Lord but sees the needy soul within,
Prisoned by sloth, and sore diseased with sin,
So long neglectful that he scarcely hears
The kindly knocking and the tender voice;
"For that the Lord is merciful," he waits
By that closed door, and listens, knocking still.

London, Oct. 16, 1921. —SIMON SMITH.

A World Church Council.

—By Watchman.

"They who think to find a remedy for the social ills of this troubled age in culture, or education, or law, or some scheme of government, or combinations of labor or capital, have erred by the whole diameter of human nature. The supreme call of our day is evangelism. Only from regenerated individuals can we build a transformed state."—The United Presbyterian.

More concisely than stirring addresses and formal resolutions, the foregoing sentences reect the dominant tone of the recent eleventh Pan-Presbyterian Counheld at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. This consultative body convenes every five years, but owing to the war eight years elapsed since the last. Representing an estimated constituency of about forty million adherents, some 270 delegates were present, 65 of whom were from many lands overseas. The communicant membership was given as 7,850,173, America having the largest number, Europe ranking next, and Great Britain third. The delegate coming the greatest distance was Hon. Martin Yeas, a member of the Russian Duma. Canada was represented, Rev. Dr. R. P. MacKay of Toronto presiding at one of the sessions. The retiring president was Rev. Dr. William Park of Belfast, Ireland, and his successor is Rev. Dr. John McNaugher, head of the United Presbyterian Theological Seminary, Pittsburg. Cordial greetings were presented by representatives of the Baptist, Episcopalian, Methodist Episcopal, Congregational and other communions. Cardiff, Wales, is the next place of meeting.

The retiring chairman emphasized the international importance of disarmament, and the council extended loyal assurances to President Harding, whose letter of welcome declared the faith and practice of Christianity to be the true basis for the permanent rehabilitation of the world. The task of the church, as expressed in the inaugural sermon by Rev. Norman Maclean of St. Cuthbert's Church, Edinburgh, Scotland, was to make Christian ideals operative throughout the earth. The church cannot remain blind and dumb to great international and industrial iniquities, as in the past. She is humanity's conscience.

Reports from mission fields stirred the conference to earnest enthusiasm. Nine representatives of continental churches in Europe were heard on behalf of two million communicants, many of whose causes are in dire need, especially in Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia. In the latter a new reformed church has been formed, with 850,000 members. With the prayer of faith, men and means, Bohemia expects an ingathering of millions of converts. Thousands are appealing for preachers and meeting-places. The needs of the Balkans are tragic, and the Moslem field calls for Christian education. Rev. W. H. Sedgwick gave an encouraging report of home mission work in Canada, and Rev. Murdock Mackenzie won the hearts of all on behalf of the mission in Chino.

Rev. Oliver Russell of Paisley, Scotland, led off on "The Evangelical Program." The evils of the world have their roots in the heart of man, and with that the Christian gospel deals. As Gipsy Smith, who has been conducting a wonderful mission in Pittsburg, puts it, the time is long past for the church to operate as an ecclesiastical refrigerator. It must warm up. The world has been trying to do without Christ, and its future lies in the hands of young men to carry out the evangelical campaign.

There was no mistaking the mind of the council on the great cause of prohibition in the United States and Canada. William Jennings Bryan gave a fervid two-hour oration on the winning of the fight against the saloon, and Dr. Norman Maclean of Edinburgh described the old world movement against alcohol, the twin evil of war. The British delegates went home in great heart for the fight, convinced that a boozing Europe could never compete with a sober America. Rev. Dr. William C. Covert of Chicago carried the assemblage in his powerful appeal for the preservation of the Christian Sabbath.

Rev. Dr. C. E. Macartney of Philadelphia would admit women to the diaconate, but not to the ministry or eldership. No one rose to champion his restrictive views. On the other hand, it was urged that their proven gifts would greatly benefit the church in the eldership. The council, free from the critical spirit, rang true on gospel fundamentals. Admirable addresses were given by Rev. Dr. J. A. Hutton of Glasgow on "The Living Word," and by Rev. Professor J. H. Snowden on "The Written Word." The paper by Professor E. Naville of Switzerland showed that all recent explorations in Bible lands confirmed and did not contradict Biblical statements.

Addresses by Dr. D. J. Burrell, New York, and Rev. Carnegie Simpson of Cambridge, England, paved the way to the Lambeth reunion proposals and church unity. The Anglican call to closer church fellowship was warmly welcomed, and conferences were commended to learn together the mind of Christ concerning the unity of his church on earth. The council was, however, clear in its opinion that sub-church standing by acts of unity in the when the conferring bodies are ready frankly to recognize one another's cruch standing by acts of unity in the fellowship of the Lord's Table, by co-operation in the Lord's work, and by discouraging derisive speech and action In whatever way the larger reunion movement may be guided, the spirit of Christian fraternity steadily grows, as foreshadowed long ago by the Scottish bard:

"It's coming yet for a' that,
When man and man o'er a' the earth
Shall brithers be for a' that."

Read Your Character

[By Digby Phillips.]

NO. 15—BULGING BROWS.

First of all, what is a bulging brow?

It's not merely a high or a large forehead. It's not, in fact, a bulging "brow" at all, for this type of head, viewed in profile, is quite flat at the eyebrows, with the bulgt in the forehead above them.

If you want to go into fine distinctions of character analysis you will look to see just where the greatest prominence of that forehead is located, whether it is just above the brows or further up toward the scalp. But the present discussion will be confined to the general significance of the bulging brow.

Under certain circumstances the bulging brow is a sign of executive ability and leadership. Under others it is the mark of the skilled detail worker.

Prominent-browed people do not belong to the class of pioneers in practicality, though they may, depending upon other signs of mental make-up, be placed in the category of pioneers in theory.

Their skulls, so to speak, form more of a barrier between their brains and the outside world and they are less keen of observation than the average person. They are, in short, inclined to be dreamers, persons of constructive imagination.

Their judgment is apt to be peculiarly sound when they take plenty of time to it, but when they attempt hasty decisions they run unusually heavy risks of getting themselves into hot water. If you've got this kind of a forehead you'll get much further on in the world if you take plenty of time and thought for your important decisions.

Records show, however, that in matters of detail and routine, people with bulging brows, as a rule, acquire greater skill and speed.

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Tomorrow—Narrow Shoulders.

TO THE EDITOR

THE FARMER'S POINT.

Editor Advertiser:

Sir,—After reading Crerar's political program I ask:

How is free trade going to benefit us if we, as farmers, have got to compete with other nations who have cheaper land and labor?

Are we going to keep on buying from the U. S. and not be able to sell our farm products to them on an equal basis of customs duty?

Are we to produce more and then sell it half price on glutted markets?

Shall we keep on buying from the U. S., duty-free, early fruit and vegetables, whose value runs into millions, and not be able to sell them apples or potatoes without paying a tariff on every bushel?

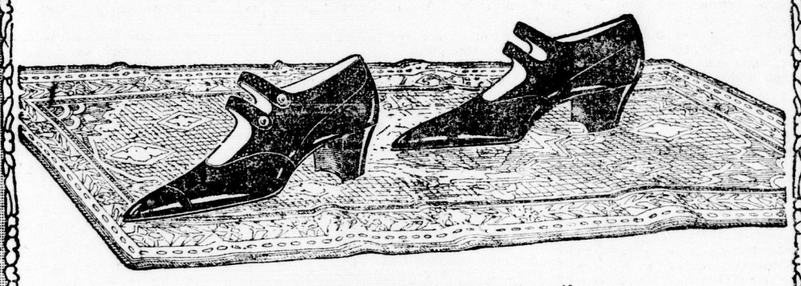
Can Canada afford to start on the philanthropy business at this stage by opening wide her doors for the products of all the world?

Farmers should seriously consider these questions.

FROM A FRUIT FARMER.

Value Supreme is in every packet of "SALADA" TEA B830

Every little leaf will yield its full quota of generous 'goodness'. Sold in sealed packets only.



"One of Canada's Good Products"

Georgina Shoe Service

Beautiful in design—
Durable in its beauty—
Comfort in its footfitting lines

Are the three qualities which make the cycle of shoe service in

GEORGINA SHOES

Obtained through Canada's Leading Boot Shops

HUBERT ASHPLANT & SONS
LONDON.

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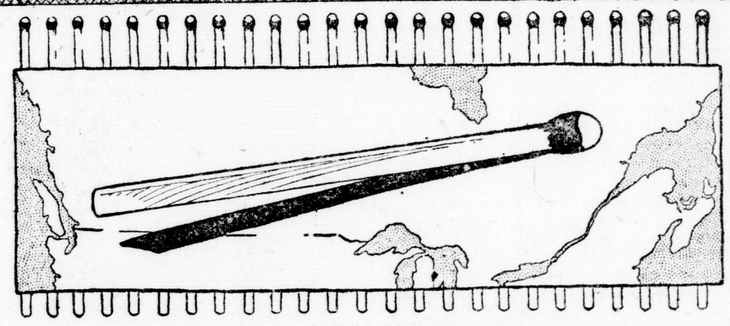

Three Thousand Miles of Matches Per Day

Every working day of the year, the huge factory of Eddy's turns out over 70,000,000 matches. If placed end to end, these matches would reach right across Canada.

This gives you a rough idea of the tremendous popularity of Eddy's matches.

It shows that Eddy's know how to make matches—it shows the public appreciation of Eddy matches—which in turn shows that Eddy's are reliable matches.

We make between 30 and 40 different brands—a kind for every purpose—and each is the best of its kind our 68 years' experience can devise.

When you buy matches, look for the name Eddy on the box—it is your assurance of good value and match satisfaction.

The most perfect match in the world is Eddy's "Silent Five"—Ask for it.

THE E. B. EDDY CO., Limited, HULL, CANADA
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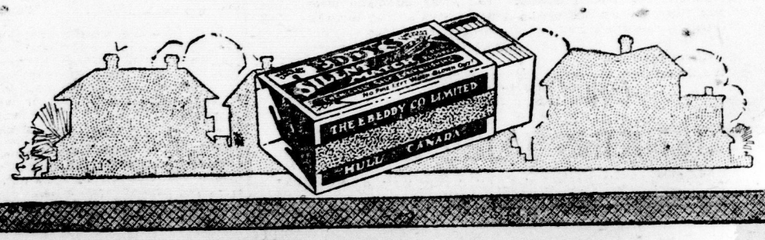
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