

## London Advertiser

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1923.

## The Method of 1923.

Lloyd George is using every apparatus to which he can lay his hand in order to carry on his campaign. Wireless, the amplifier and the microphone, everything that can serve to sell Lloyd George to the most people in the shortest possible time, are all pressed into service in a campaign that even surpasses the last effort of Gladstone.

During his last fight for the Midlothian seat he carried on what was considered to be at that time a whirlwind campaign, putting to rest the claim of Disraeli that he (Gladstone) was an "extinct volcano."

This memorable Gladstonian effort passes into history compared to the effort of Lloyd George, who before election day will have reached in one way or another 5,000,000 people.

## Keep On Erecting.

St. Louis has inscribed on a monument erected to thirty-two little victims killed by automobiles the following: "In memory of child life, sacrificed on the altar of recklessness."

The next thing erected should be some bars around the men who did the killing.

## Too Many Revolvers.

London has had another shooting affair, in which the life of an innocent young girl has been snuffed out.

Apart entirely from the events preceding or following the case, it brings up the question of the comparative ease with which any person with a desire to shoot can secure a weapon with which to carry out the plan.

It is recognized that it is a hard matter to confiscate firearms. People do not go around with them tied to a belt. They have them secluded. This difficulty only increases the need for more vigilance. A man ought to be made to give a reason about a yard long for having a revolver.

## Their Record Speaks.

Voters should take no chances regarding the re-election of Messrs. Philip Pocock and Jared Vining to the public utilities commission.

It is essential that a business this size shall have on its directors who are heart and soul in sympathy with public ownership.

The record of the commissioners seeking re-election is before the voters. It is a good, clean document.

Citizens should show their appreciation of work well done by giving these men a good substantial majority.

## Turning On The Light.

Turning on lights with a button has come to be such a common occurrence that the idea might gain ground that this method was almost universal.

United States claims that it is the shiniest place in the world with 36 per cent of its homes lit by electric bulbs.

Japan is 30 per cent and Great Britain 17 per cent, while Europe generally is not over 10 per cent. It looks as though there were a great big field yet for the electrician.

## Men, Oh Men!

Louis Goodman, a Brooklyn landlord, had to pay \$5,000 for a kiss which he stole from one of his tenants in 1921. That was two long years ago, and no doubt Louis has lost all the thrill that he received at that time.

The same court gave Orlando Salisbury \$1 damages because a girl jilted him and "broke his heart."

Has United States law gone crazy? A woman gets \$5,000 because the landlord placed a benevolent smack on her excellent face, while a man with a broken heart collects a paltry dollar!

## Getting Figures.

A commission is probing what it costs to grow wheat in Canada and United States.

A farmer on R. R. No. 4, Komoka, showed an Advertiser man who called at his place this week a field from which he had taken a good crop of fall wheat in 1923.

He had sold it at 95 cents a bushel, that being the market value at the time of the sale.

Like many other farmers, he kept a record of all things entering into the production of that wheat, fer-

tilizer, labor, seed, threshing, interest, etc., and it cost him \$1.17 to produce it.

This figure is a little under the figures secured from a number of Oxford County farms in 1921.

Perhaps the Washington commission now in session could tell this Komoka farmer how much he made selling grain at 95 cents that cost him \$1.17 to grow.

## Just a Suggestion.

Member of the British parliament makes a speech saying there are too many people in England, and further that the population was increasing 1,000 a day.

There were 618 people to a square mile, while in some of the "colonies" there were two to a mile.

There were 2,000,000 out of work there now, and if a man got married he should pick up at once and get out.

Might it be impertinent to suggest to this birth controller that he should take the British Islands and turn them up on edge for half a day.

That would certainly allow a goodly number to slide off into the sea, and the whole problem would be solved at once.

As soon as enough had slid off to suit him he could let the islands go down with a bang to their proper place.

## What Figures Say.

In an election appeal, Mr. Adam Palmer made reference to enrollment figures of public schools, tending to show that there were fewer pupils in school now than in 1918.

Mr. Palmer used the average for the year in 1918 against the September figures for 1923, and the September figures in any year are less than the average for that year.

The complete figures for the years 1918 to 1922 bear this out:

	Average.	September.
1918	9,694	7,950
1919	9,898	8,029
1920	9,663	8,065
1921	10,132	8,200
1922	10,359	8,607

It is not a fair comparison to take the low figure of September, 1923, and put it against the average for 1918. The proper comparison would have been, on a September basis, 7,950 instead of the 9,694 used by Mr. Palmer.

## A Good Idea.

Watford had a good idea when it held a community Thanksgiving service in a theatre, under the auspices of the village council and the resident ministers.

They combined Thanksgiving and a remembrance of their own boys who went overseas.

Such a service, being placed under the auspices of the council, gives it an official recognition that is fitting and right.

The collection taken was handed over to the Horticultural Society to maintain a memorial flower bed. It is just such community thought and action that makes a place worth living in.

## Note and Comment.

Heaven help the kids. Read this one: "If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled."

If the 1923 high-thinking agitators are able to do away with hell and hell-fire, they will ease a whole lot of consciences that nothing else seems able to bother.

The crown prince dropping into Germany was nothing short of a providential windfall for France. Now she has another excuse for staying in the Ruhr.

New York has issued orders to all crooks to leave the city. And no doubt all the people there will be looking around to see who's going to make the first move.

Robert Burns wrote a letter and it has been sold for \$2,460. And yet there were times when the famous Rab would have been glad to get a few bawbees out of it.

History will have to be scanned carefully to find a parallel case to that of Germany. Seven years ago, riding high in the saddle, an unbroken army, victory with her, and all set for a great triumph. Today she practically asks for her next meal.

St. Thomas was fined \$25 for having a set of cardboard markers on his car. Wrong, of course, to do such a thing, but chances are that the cardboard markers were as distinct as some of the mud-splattered, broken and bent affairs that are legally hitched to many other cars.

The first public school in Ontario to be equipped with a swimming pool was opened at Sandwich by Lord Byng. The departure is novel, but the principle has much to commend it.—Brantford, Expositor.

Wrong, brother. London has one school where the youngsters have splashed in the pool for many a month.

## To the Editor

## How Many Acres?

Figured It Out by Old Rule and the Answer is 58-10 Acres.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—Would you kindly answer in The Advertiser this question: How many acres are there in a piece of land 264 feet wide and 960 feet long? Yours truly,

MRS. MARGARET LEE.  
R. R. 8, London.

Answer: 5 8-10 acres.

## Parking Regulations.

Motorist Has Suggestion in regard to Making the Streets Safer in London.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—When they are parking off spaces for angle parking on the streets of London, I think a great mistake was made in not making them stop before they came to the corners.

As things are now a person driving along behind a row of cars has no chance at all to see the corner, or to know whether another car is coming from the cross street. If there were a row of cars parked at each corner it would make things a great deal safer than they are at present.

MOTORIST.  
London, Nov. 28.

## Marriage Is Sacred.

Reader Points Out Divine Means Provided for Guarding Against Attacks on It.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—I see that Dorothy Dix writes a lot about marriage. It is well to see what a sacred institution this is, as shown in the Bible.

After creating man what did God say? And the Lord God said, "It is not good that the man should be alone. I will make him a helpmeet for him." (Gen. ii, 18). What, therefore, did God say He would make? I will make him an helpmeet for him. (Same verse.) What, therefore, did God say?

And the Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and he slept; and he took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof; and the rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made He a woman, and brought her unto the man.

(Gen. ii, 22). What did Adam say as he received his wife from God? And Adam said, "This is now bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. She shall be called woman, because she was taken out of man." (Verse 23).

What great truth was then stated? That if a man leave his father and his mother and shall cleave unto his wife; and they shall be one flesh. (Verse 24).

By what commands has God guarded the marriage relation? Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife. (Ex. xx, 14, 17). Let marriage be had in honor among all, for fornicators and adulterers God will judge. (Malachi ii, 16).

And this have ye done again, covering the altar of the Lord with tears, with weeping, and with crying out. Yet ye say, Wherefore, because the Lord hath been witness between thee and the wife of thy youth, against whom thou hast dealt treacherously, yet is she thy companion and the wife of thy covenant. (Verse 14). And did He not make one, yet had He the residue of the spirit. And wherefore one? That He might seek a sodly seed. Therefore take heed to your spirit, and let none deal treacherously against the wife of his youth. For the Lord, the God of Israel, saith that he hateth putting away; therefore take heed to your spirits that ye deal not treacherously. (From Bible texts).

The Bible says, My word shall not return to me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it. M. GRAHAM.

## Germany's War Debt.

Correspondent forecasts effect of permitting Germany access to Empire markets.

Editor of The Advertiser, Sir:—Two subjects seem to be uppermost in the public mind at the present time—viz. Christmas shopping and Germany's payment of her war debt. Credulous people, no doubt, believe that Germany is defaulting in her payments. If one is sufficiently interested to spend an hour or so looking around through the stores they can find piles of goods of German or Austrian origin, although they may not have been purchased by Canadian firms with this knowledge. These goods bring an approximate value in Canadian currency but their value translated into terms of international exchange must be problematical. If the British government were to take down all tariff barriers and allow German goods free access to the British Empire we should soon have a flood of commodities which would be sold at less than the cost of production of the raw materials. If the debt was paid, and the only way it can be paid is through the export and sale of German manufactured goods we could purchase a German-made automobile for less than the cost of the tires of a Canadian or American machine. The outcome would be that the cost of living would be reduced by at least 75 per cent. Germany would be in the position of a slave nation and the allied nations would be in possession of all German products. Allied workers would be reduced to a state of starvation through their inability to compete with German slave labor and the cheap goods of our erstwhile enemies would be farther beyond our reach than they are at present.

## RINK NEARLY FINISHED.

Special to The Advertiser.

Aylmer, Nov. 28.—Aylmer's open air municipal skating rink is being rapidly put in shape for the coming season. The ground has been plowed and shaped and a building has been erected for the accommodation of skaters. Electric lights are being installed in the evenings. Aylmer has been without an ice ring for years and the open-air rink should be appreciated by skaters, young and old.

The Guide Post  
By Henry van Dyke

## THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

How much then is a man better than a sheep!—Matthew xii, 12. Christ reveals to us the dignity of man by speaking to us as beings who are capable of holding communion with God, and reflecting the divine holiness in our hearts and lives. And here his doctrine gains clearness and force when we bring it into close connection with his conduct.

I suppose that there are few of us who would not be ready to admit at once that there are some men and women who have high spiritual capacities. For them, we say, religion is a possible thing.

They can attain to the knowledge of God and fellowship with him. They are born good.

They are saints by nature. But for the great mass of the human race, this is out of the question. They must dwell in ignorance, in wickedness, in impenitence.

But to all this Christ says, No! He takes his way straight to the outcasts of the world, the publicans and the harlots and the sinners; and to them he speaks of the mercy and the love of God and the beauty of the heavenly life.

And he does this, not to cast them into black despair; not because it was impossible for him to be good and find God, but because it was divinely possible—because God was waiting for them, and because something in them was waiting for God.

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## DENNY BROOKS

## A STORY OF COURAGE

By ELENORE MEHERIN

## CHAPTER XXX.

## Violet's Return.

Denny got off the car at Octavia, pausing before the windows of the drygoods store on Hayes street. This was a part of Lizzie's quest for daintiness and was as harmonious as a goose cawing like a hummingbird.

"Now," she said, archly: "I should think it about time you came to see your new cousin, Denny."

"Husky little fellow, isn't he, Lizzie? Well, how's Martha, Aunt Josie?" Denny gave the infant a hasty glance, let the shawl drop over his face, Lizzie's small eyes flashed.

"Why, you didn't even look at him!" And he was all ready to smile. Oh, I don't see how you can be so mean, Denny. I'm sure it was Miss Violet's baby you'd make a fuss of.

A few years ago Denny would have said: "Aw go to grass! Who cares about your kid, anyway?" But he was a man now—no he laughed, though the allusion to Violet affronted him.

"What's the young giant, Lizzie, he offered good humoredly. 'What's his name?'"

"Well, Emmet, of course! I'd like to know how I could name him for more than his own father."

"Sure enough. He looks like him too—got a head just like him." Denny thought of Emmet Goss' pointed skull and laughed at the malice of his compliment. Lizzie was pleased.

"Did you know Emmet is head clerk now, Denny? We're thinking of buying an interest in the grocery. Of course we have to save. We've got to watch the nickels." She threw a challenging glance at Aunt Josie.

"But mamma thinks Emmet picks up money on the street. She thinks he ought to be glad to throw it away on anybody!"

"Who do you mean, Lizzie?" Denny asked. Aunt Josie got up quickly, stirred a pot of stew, frowning at him as he looked on.

"It's all very well who I mean but it doesn't seem to matter if my feelings are hurt." She raised the baby in her arms, reached for her hat. "Mamma doesn't care about me or little Emmet."

Aunt Josie ad remained silent, the spoon poised over the stew. She went quietly and took the baby while Lizzie put on her hat. "I'll come over with the baby when I'm stronger, Denny. I'm glad you think little Emmet's pretty."

He didn't answer. Aunt Josie turned to him, the coarse, reddened face opening in a quivering grief. "Violet's come home, Denny."

"Where is she?"

"Lizzie turned her out!" The heavy chin trembled until the lips were doubled together. "Turned her out!" Denny's heart smote him. "When? Where is she now? Aw, don't cry, Aunt Josie."

"Poor girl—if she'd come to her mother—She rubbed the blue check apron over her face, yet her eyes, rough cheeks, her lips remained moist with anguish. There was something that lit the heart like a rage in Aunt Josie's bowed emotion."

Three days ago, on Friday night when Emmet Goss was at the grocery store, Lizzie's bell rang. Violet stood before her, smiling:

"No, expecting to see me, Lizzie, were you? Smiling again."

Lizzie, too astounded to speak, gaped, and standing in the door, began to talk.

Violet had come from the south because she was out of work. She heard of a job in a candy factory and was going to apply for it. She just thought she'd call on Lizzie and see the baby and find out how "Ma and all of them were."

Finally, because Violet was shivering, Lizzie asked her into the kitchen, gave her tea and the cold biscuits left from supper.

She was thin, white as paper, her face all eyes. "I wish Denny could see her now; wonder if he'd think her so pretty now!" Lizzie had said that to her mother. Furthermore, Lizzie didn't believe she'd had such a fine time in Los Angeles, for she had no silver purse and no feather in her hat and no gloves!

And she half hinted about staying for the night with Lizzie!

But Lizzie had no room. And because Emmet would soon be home and because Emmet wouldn't like the extravagance of the tea and biscuits, Lizzie had been in a hurry to send Violet away. Violet had gone.

"She had no money, Denny. I know it. Violet was proud. She would never have gone to Lizzie if she could have helped it. Lizzie has a couch in the kitchen, but she wouldn't offer it. Oh, my Gawd—my poor girl—Gawd pity her!"

"Where did she go, Aunt Josie? Where is she now?" her head: "What can we do, Denny? Tell me what to do. Do something. What will become of her? Gawd—how I'm punished!"

"Aw, don't cry, Aunt Josie. Listen. I'll go to the candy factory and find out about her."

He put his hand on his aunt's shoulder.

"Don't cry, Aunt Josie. It ought to be easy to find her."

As Denny went out, an image of Lizzie with her complacent hips swinging, in her arms the young hope of the race, walked before him. And another image, shadowy, fleeting—

Violet running in a dark street, keeping close to the wall—tormented him. At the candy factory he went to the office. Perhaps Violet had fled an application, leaving her address.

She had— a rooming house on O'Farrell street.

"She's left," the woman in a dirty wrapper, sitting at a desk, informed him. "Left without paying for her room!" She turned to another patron, belittlingly eyeing Denny.

"She left her address?" he insisted coolly. The woman laughed: "Guess she ain't got one!"

"When did she leave?"

"This morning!"

Denny could have leaped over the desk and strangled the sloppy, irate lump of flesh frowning at him.

Somewhere, without a room, without food, Violet was wandering. He swept down the steps after her.

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## A Congressman's Mother

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

My boy has gone to Washington. In Congress he will be!

The fact that they elected him was no surprise to me.

I knew that he would win the race. He always was that way!

My boy has gone to Washington. He said good-bye today!

He's always been the finest lad. No better ever grew.

When he was just a little boy he'd turn out with me.

So it was no surprise to me. But oh, I'd like him back again.

A baby needn't me!

"Why, you didn't even look at him!"

When he came home that night And said he'd won the fight!

My boy has gone to Washington. A mighty man he's grown.

I shouldn't mind it if I feel So very much alone.

He'll see me often, I am sure. It's not real far, they say.

My boy has gone to Washington. He said good-bye today!

My boy has gone! Last night I dreamed

That he was well once more. I saw him as he came from school.

A-rushin' through the door! My boy has gone to Washington.

I'm proud as I can be!

## FIND MAN ON THE FARM SECURES SOME ADVANTAGE

Special to The Advertiser.

Paris, Nov. 28.—For the Young People's League of the Methodist Church, the program was prepared by the citizenship vice-president, Miss Margaret Jenkins. The Rev. Dr. Martin gave a brief Bible study, which was followed by a debate on the topic, "Resolved that a man in town with a salary of \$2,000 with his house paid for is better off than a man in the country with a 100-acre farm equipped and paid for."

The affirmative was upheld by Sydney Gould, Miss Jean Watson and Augustin Stuckland, and the negative by Clusie Lane, Miss Estelle Pond and Fred Jackson. The judges, Miss Margaret Jenkins, Miss Eunice Sudden and C. A. Veigel, gave the decision to the negative by a very close margin.

Miss Beatrice Inkster gave a birthday dinner in honor of Miss Elva D. Skippin.

Mrs. Baker of Oakville spent the week-end as the guest of Mrs. S. Culp, Spruce street.

The Rev. Dr. Martin has returned from Brownsville, where he conducted special services on Sunday.

## SLAYING MYSTERY IN METROPOLIS FINALLY CLEARED

See Evidence of N. Y. Police Is Strong Enough To Try Five For Murder.

## IS CABAL OF CRIME

Associated Press Despatch.

New York, Nov. 28.—The police tonight announced they had untangled the plot which led to the slaying of the two west-end bank messengers and theft of \$43,697 in a Brooklyn elevated station on November 14, and through leads developed in their investigations of this crime, had uncovered clues pointing to a cabal of crime responsible for many other murders, holdups and automobile thefts within the last few months.

This note of victory was sounded after a day of lightning-swift developments, during which:

1. Anthony Patano, a Brooklyn salesman, who confessed having under pressure informed the bandits of the bank messengers' movements, was arrested, and then six members of the gang were rounded up in a Bronx apartment.

2. Patano, along with Morris Diamond and his brother Joseph, arrested several days ago, were thoroughly quizzed, and Patano was held as a material witness, while charges of murder and robbery remained against the Diamond brothers.

3. Three of the Bronx suspects—Eduardo Capabianco, Angelo Farina and Nicolo Luciana—were detained as material witnesses, after it was alleged they were present when the plot was hatched in a house in the Bronx.

Boxer Is Held.

4. Michael Mezzano, a boxer, and another suspect rounded up in the Bronx, were virtually cleared of complicity in the Brooklyn robbery, but were detained on a charge of homicide after he had been identified as the slayer of Jacob Bankoff, a Manhattan druggist, during the holdup of his store on Nov. 13, the day before the Brooklyn murders. Mezzano was identified by Clement De Vries, Bankoff's clerk, accidentally, when he went