

The London Advertiser

Founded 1863.
London Advertiser Company, Limited.
Publisher and Proprietor, London, Ont.
JOSEPH E. ATKINSON, President.
H. B. MCIR, Managing Director.
C. A. M. VINING, Managing Editor.
Morning and Evening Editions.
Subscription rates: Delivered 15 cents weekly; 65 cents monthly. By mail: In Canada, \$5.00 yearly; in the United States, \$6.00 yearly.
Special Representatives:
J. B. RATHBONE, Toronto, 35 King Street East.
Montreal, 1013 Transportation Building.
C. H. EDDY COMPANY, New York, Park Lexington Building.
Chicago, Wrigley Building.
Boston, Old South Building.
The Advertiser is a Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1924.

No Cheers For The Increases.

So far there has not been an enthusiastic reception accorded Premier Ferguson's intimation of a 50 per cent increase in the salaries paid to cabinet ministers in Ontario. The premier probably made his announcement with the idea of putting it out as a feeler, and if he frames his policy according to the reception his contemplated raid on the treasury has received, he will drop the matter right now.

Cabinet ministers in Ontario receive \$6,000 per year, and a seasonal indemnity of \$1,400 as well, making \$7,400 in all; in addition travelling and certain other expenses are allowed.

It was on this basis that office was accepted, and it was on the understanding that cabinet ministers would receive this salary that the electors voted. A 50 per cent increase, such as Premier Ferguson favors, would make the salary of a minister \$9,000, and added to that the seasonal indemnity \$1,400, a total of \$10,400 per year. For such a move he has no mandate from the people. It would be on a par with the round robin raid conducted on the treasury by the members themselves two years ago.

A Phrase That Deceives.

The advent of a municipal election brings with it more claims about reduction in taxation. Those making use of the phrase should be prepared to tell how the reduction is to be made, what expenditure is to be cut.

Taxation has its basis on assessment. Thus the council of 1924 had \$24,923,611 greater assessment to work on than the council of 1920. Between 1921 and 1922 there was an increase of almost ten per cent in assessment. Taking the period from 1914 to 1924, the total taxes collected, including general rates, school levy and all special levies, have been as follows:

1914\$ 962,993.80	1920\$1,929,647.40
19151,257,019.27	19212,336,675.56
19161,418,312.39	19222,537,013.52
19171,595,257.17	19232,696,738.62
19181,426,241.82	19242,778,649.44
19191,538,104.68		

In 1914 a population of 55,026 put up \$962,993.80, while in 1924 63,000 people pay \$2,778,649.44.

Leaving out local improvements, which are included in the figures given above, each individual in London was paying in 1914 \$14.77, against \$35.16 for 1923, or placing 1914 at 100 per cent, 1923 was 231 per cent.

What this has meant to individual properties can be determined by figures on the same house in different years. Here is one in West London assessed in 1921 at \$1,600, in 1922 at \$2,100, and in 1923 and 1924 at \$2,850. The taxes paid were:

1921\$62.10	1923\$127.04
192273.31	1924126.91

This is a fair case, showing a comparison between 1923 and 1924, a reduction of 13 cents.

Here are two properties in the north end, no change in the residences or in local improvements:

1923, No. 1.....	\$243.16	1923, No. 2.....	\$194.43
1924, No. 1.....	243.16	1924, No. 2.....	194.60

In the case of No. 1, a Richmond street house, the taxes were the same, and in No. 2, in the next block on the same street, there was an increase of 17 cents. Naturally people who have seen an increase in the tax levy from \$962,993.80 in 1914 to \$2,778,649.44 in 1924 are very keen to find out what they can about the "reductions" which the mayor is featuring in his 1924 campaign. One man was asked to pay 12 cents less, another 17 cents more, and a third the same amount on three properties picked at random from the tax roll.

Then there are two or three items that the 1924 council did not include in its tax levy. No provision was made for \$15,000 which was placed on the roll in 1923 and again in 1924, \$30,000 in all, which the courts said the city could not collect from east end factories; the amount has been spent but not collected. The city's bill of \$164,000 for its share of provincial highway in the suburban area has not been paid; two years' interest and sinking fund on that will amount to about \$26,000. That is \$56,000, or almost one mill of taxation. Of course there may be surplus revenues from other departments, but they are not on record yet.

Those making use of the phrase "tax reduction" in this campaign should be very explicit in stating just what they mean. It is a phrase that has been used for years past, and right in the period of ten years when per capita taxation has increased from \$14.77 to \$35.16.

A Long Term of Public Service.

The return of Col. W. M. Gartshore to the hospital trust was not in the nature of a complimentary move because no one else wanted the office. It was recognition of the fact that Col. Gartshore has given full measure in the way of service in the past, completing this December fourteen years' service.

The hospital trust as it exists is composed of James Gray (chairman), Col. Gartshore, the mayor, John Laidlaw, representing the county, and James Granger, appointed by the government. The members have not only made certain that hospital methods were correct, but have put the work on a systematic basis which has resulted in increased efficiency in management and the purchasing of supplies.

Col. Gartshore can take it for granted that his return by acclamation means that citizens approve of his work and appreciate the public-spirited attitude he has displayed in giving so freely of his time to hospital work in London.

Two Worth-While Commissioners.

There appears to be little likelihood of a contest for the two vacant places on the public utilities commission in London. It is unlikely that Dr. Hugh Stevenson will run, his professional work making large demands on his time. T. W. McFarland and R. J. Webster, two of the present commissioners, have qualified for office, not merely by filing the necessary papers, but by the attention they have given to the work of the commission in the past.

Mr. McFarland has been on the commission for eight years, and has been elected by acclamation on two occasions; his service has been that of an experienced businessman giving the city the benefit of his training.

R. J. Webster has been on the commission for his first two-year term, and in that time has demonstrated that he possesses the qualities that make for efficient public service. Citizens will be well served by the retention of the services of T. W. McFarland and R. J. Webster.

Great Supply of Ex-Premiers.

Premier Stanley Baldwin of Britain may have set a new record for that country when he attended the lord mayor's banquet in 1923 as premier, lapsed into opposition, but recovered in time to attend the function in 1924 again as premier.

But that is a very conservative record when compared to Australia. Premier Lawson four months ago was defeated on a want of confidence motion; Premier Peacock held office only a short time and went the way of his predecessor on a similar motion. The next was Premier Pendergast of the Labor party, who was retired last year, to be succeeded by Premier Allan of the Farmers' party.

Just to add a little cream to this business of four premiers in four months, Premier Allan has taken the second last premier, Sir Alexander Peacock, into his cabinet as treasurer. The British performance of quick changes has been eclipsed.

Note and Comment.

History is being repeated now that Conservatives and Liberals are once more fighting the battle of Hastings.

Drug stores in London have been running special sales, but not one of them used that fine old slogan, "Clean Up and Paint Up."

London Rotarians have a new set of buttons for members to wear at weekly lunches. Their size permits of one side being used for soup and the other as a bread and butter plate.

T. L. Church denies the rumor that he will run for mayor of Toronto. It's one way these great men have of making sure that someone will come and suggest that he should run.

Congressman Albert Johnson of Washington state was in a hurry to get to Vancouver to catch a train. He took a taxi and was held up at the border, whereat he paid the driver \$2,000 for the car and went on. Money talks.

London dentist says his car was run into and damaged the other evening. The driver of the other car got out, handed over his card and number with the remark, "It was my fault, send the bill to me." That goes down as one of the greatest speeches of 1924.

Ex-Premier Clemenceau of France says he did not have a fight with Lloyd George, as written in Stead's book, "Through Thirty Years." It was simply a heated argument that took place. But Stead has a book to sell, and a challenge to swing a sword or bang pistols at sunrise has greater commercial possibilities than any "heated argument."

Simcoe Reformer has been watching various parts of the province claim records for cabbage heads. An Elmira man started with one at 14 pounds, but this did not last long, as a grower in Campbellford produced one over 19 pounds. The Reformer warns all comers not to claim turnip greatness because Edgar Schott of Lynn Valley has the thing all sewed up with a turnip that weighs 15 pounds. A land that grows 19-pound cabbages and 15-pound turnips is surely worth living in.

Givin' Presents

When Santa Claus he used to come I had a long list drawn then, of things that tickled fancy's eye, toy camels and gay fighting men; a drum, a horn, a Noah's ark, a fairy tale, a red clown too, a hobby horse of dapple gray, a rubber ball in red and blue.

Ah yes, I was ambitious then, I dwelt beneath the Christmas tree, quite sure that Santa Claus spent months just cobblin' fifty things for me.

As time grew on my notions grew, and when the giving season came, I got a pack of things each year 'twould make a reindeer limpin' lame. No more I wanted Noah's ark, the horse was busted by the spring, no more I prayed for monkey apes a-climbin' up and down a string.

Such things was scratched from off my list, some younger thing could have my socks, and giggle Christmas all day through with candy canes and colored blocks.

I reached the age when young men dress and rub soft butter in their hair, when days look rosy as can be, when youth first sniffs the mid-night air; 'twas then I yearned for colored vests, for neckties in the latest hue, I longed for ointment on my chin, a skin that smacked of morning dew.

'Twas then I spread my seeds about and put the ladies on my list, I sent them candy by the pound and things that sprayed perfume like mist, and then they'd work a tie for me, in pattern strange, it was by heck, and quilted mufflers came along to wind around my bony neck.

I smile sometimes as I look back and scan them seasons as they went, while I was passin' from a child unto a slick and dapper gent.

I've reached that happy stage at last where I just know how things will break upon that happy day each year when we surround the Christmas cake. I know that sixty-seven friends will mail a card unto my tent, conveyin' greetin's unto me and mailed with every good intent. These things is pleasin' to the soul, I read all six times, I do but that ain't where my soul's a-fired before the givin' season's through—the hour supreme she comes at last, the one that at my heart door knocks, when lovin' friends present to me a nightshirt and a pair of socks.—ARK.

Rarebits By Rex

THE UNFORTUNATE COLLECTOR.
As a youngster I collected bugs and worms, Not to mention sundry kinds of pachyderms, I collected gnats and millers, Bees and crawly caterpillars And infected all my family with the germs.

Later on, when I arrived at man's estate, I collected jobs at an alarming rate, But the salary I collected Was so small that I objected, And instead of getting raised I got the gate.

Then one day while out collecting ancient prints I fell badly for a little lady's hints, For the little lady said her, Dad had money, so I wed her, And I've been collecting trouble ever since.

One advantage to being a klanisman is that you don't have to undress to go to bed.

The failure of the Barack Dice Company in Chicago was probably the result of carrying too much rolling stock.

A chap called Leone Saturday was knighted by King Christian of Denmark last week. With a name like that the gent should make a first-class knight of the bath.

SECOND-HAND GOODS.
"A Cleveland clergyman sends in bills to every couple wed in his church. We personally prefer the cash and marry system."—Rarebits, Nov. 1.
"A Cleveland clergyman sends in bills to every couple wed in his church. Most people prefer the cash and marry system."—Brockville Record, Nov. 4.

"An antique is anything that hasn't got a leg to stand on."—Rarebits, Oct. 28.

"An antique is anything that hasn't got a leg to stand on."—Detroit Free Press, Oct. 30.

Clothes may not make the man, but they make the man's tailor.

"Damage suffered by Tate's department store in recent fire is estimated at \$2."—New York Sun. But it's enough for them to put on one of those "Mammoth fire sales."

"Bobbed hair is not only more attractive, it is more economical."—Fashion note. It certainly manages to keep the overhead down.

We always feel sorry for George, the pullman porter. He makes 14 beds every day and isn't allowed to sleep in one of them.

The meanest man we know is a chap who always says George for his services by giving him a tip on a horse.

The first time George took that kind of a tip he lost his whole year's tips.

If the hunters got as many deer as they said they did, it's certain there won't be any left for Santa this year.

Once there was a rich and influential man who said he got to the top of the ladder through bull-headed luck. But he died. He was too honest for this world.

An onion a day keeps a lover away.

When you consider all the exercise some people get jumping to conclusions it's a wonder they ever get fat.

Dr. Frank Crane

The Thankful Attitude.

After all, thankfulness is not a matter of fact; it is a matter of discipline. It is an attitude toward life.

There is no good going over a list of things to count those that we should be thankful for; it is easy enough for those who are not thankful to make a list of those things they are disappointed in.

When you tell a man he should be thankful and then enumerate the reasons why, you are competing with his imagination and you are sure to be beaten.

If one goes through life with a feeling that he deserves nothing, whatever he gets will be a beautiful surprise to him. That is why so many people are continually happy. They do not think they should have anything and consequently whatever they get is that much extra.

When you find, on the contrary, a selfish egotist who thinks that he should have everything, whatever he gets is a disappointment.

If you think you should be hung by a halter, says Carlyle, to be hung in hemp is a privilege.

After all, what we call happiness is not a thing in itself. It is a relation between two things. It is what we have, divided by what we think we ought to have.

Those who have a thankful disposition, that is, those who think they continually get more than they deserve, are apt to be cheerful. They are pleasant people to know and to do business with. Those, on the contrary, who think they never get their deserts, and who always find the actual falling below the ideal, are disgruntled and unhappy.

It all depends, therefore, upon ourselves, and our opinion of our deserts. They are those to whom the world is a continual delight and surprise. Every day is a new discovery of new blessings. They are in a continual state of happiness.

This is not because they are any better off than other people, but because the value of the common fraction is greater. That is, the denominator of what they think they ought to have, is continually greater than what they do have.

Blessed says the proverb, are they who want nothing, for they shall be satisfied.

Press Comment

Tell This To Father.

Painting the kitchen yourself is cheaper, if the paint is the color of your pants.—British Whig.

The Keen Edge Is Off.

If he goes to bed before midnight, he has had his radio set for some time.—Kingston Whig.

Signs of the Times.

Some of the Canadian politicians are beginning to call each other names again, giving the impression that a general election may not be very far distant.—Guelph Mercury.

And They Say It Often.

Usually the man with that hunted look has six daughters who know how to say "Charge it."—San Francisco Chronicle.

That Would Spoil It All.

All women are fond of bargains, but it is rare that we find a woman who will admit that she is wearing one.—Columbia Record.

In This Age of Speed.

An auto made the run from Egypt to Palestine in four hours, beating the record held by Moses by over 33 years.—Brandon Sun.

To the Editor

Liability of Owner.

Is Man Who Offers a Ride Liable for All the Damages That May Happen to Occupants?

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—Do you remember the Red Heart campaign, which began here just after the war? Began, I say, for it did no more. The newspapers took it up for a week, but the motor owners gave the idea such a frosty unwelcome that the little bud of a campaign never passed into flower. The idea was born in the States of the welcome which all started to give to the returning soldiers. We were to show our weary and foot-sore heroes, who did not have time to earn motor cars after 1914, that we were willing to even up at least so far as to give them a ride in ours, may to even hang out a constant invitation, in the shape of a warm red heart placed on our windshield, to hop in and come along. But what happened? Nothing! The glass went as bare as Mother Hubbard's pantry shelf till the diving beauties appeared recently to utilize that fine advertising space. The movement was stillborn. A few, without venturing to expose their hearts on their sleeves or on their glassware, did then, and still do, regularly invite the tolling walk of "have a ride." But there were, and are, certain discouragements. For example, during the last street car strike a motoring man invited a lady whom he did not know to ride. She replied with I suppose "withering scorn," "I'm not that kind of a girl."

Anyhow, the motoring duly withered and has since that kept his invitations strictly to the less weary but less cautious sex.

Now comes another terror for the car owner who would share up a bit with a brother or sister of the sidewalk. It is found in 26 O. W. N. (which C. W. N. means Ontario Weekly Notes of reported law cases) at page 338. The case is *Welsh vs. St. Lawrence Oil company and McArthur*. The company owned a truck, and their servant McArthur was driving it. He picked up his friend Welsh for a free ride; but the conversation grew so interesting that McArthur forgot that he was driving and ran the truck into a telephone pole or something, quite negligently on the face of it. Friend Welsh was hurt and he sued the owners of the truck and friend McArthur for damages. It was tried before Mr. Justice Lennox at Toronto, and judgment was given on May 21, 1924, against both defendants for \$1,350.

This was not new law, but a fresh reminder of what had been decided in earlier cases. For example, *Parlov vs. Lozina and Roalovich* (47 O. L. R. 376), tried at Sault Ste. Marie in 1920. Lozina and Roalovich together owned a car. While Roalovich stayed at home one day Lozina took the car out, collected some of his friends and took them for a joy ride. They had a time, for a time,

till the car met a street car and went at it. One passenger was killed and another, Parlov, was badly hurt. As soon as he was able to talk he sued Lozina and Roalovich for Lozina's carefree mode of driving and won \$1,500.

All this raises a further alarming question. What if the injured free passenger were the driver's wife. Here is a free passenger, whom, of course, he cannot refuse or neglect to take. When fairly going he looks around to make a witty remark or to admire her in her new motoring costume and crash. Clear negligence again. Friend wife is hurt. When the smoke (of the law suit) clears away who will own the house and the motor car, subject, let us hope, to a mortgage for the costs? As Lady Macbeth says: "T'd shame me to wear a heart so white," that I daren't give a lift to a friend for fear that his beauty or his wit might charm me into inattention, but isn't there something wrong with that state of the law?

Yours,
G. N. WEEKES.



MR. J. PERRY

Why Be Offensive With Bad Breath?

Mr. J. Perry of 792 DeKalb Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I awakened each morning with an unpleasant taste and was often reminded by my wife that my breath was disagreeable."

"I tried perfumed tablets, mouth washes and other camouflages which gave only temporary relief."

"After consulting my dentist and finding my teeth in good condition, I confided in a friend, who suggested that possibly my trouble was constitutional—faulty intestinal elimination. After taking a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, my stomach and bowels were relieved, foul and impure gases eliminated."

"I now enjoy a wholesome breath as well as improved health. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small, easy to take, move the bowels in a gentle manner—without discomfort and distress."



It takes healthy gums to keep healthy teeth

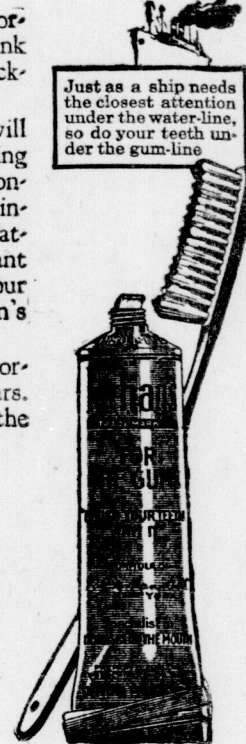
Bleeding gums are Nature's first warning of Pyorrhea. Then they begin to recede, lose that rich, pink color. Disease-breeding poisons collect in pus pockets and often drain through the entire system.

If used in time and used consistently, Forhan's will prevent Pyorrhea, or check its progress—something ordinary tooth pastes are powerless to do. It contains just the right proportion of Forhan's Astrigent (as used by the dental profession in the treatment of Pyorrhea). It is safe, efficient and pleasant tasting. Even if you don't care to discontinue your favorite dentifrice, at least start using Forhan's once a day.

Forhan's is more than a tooth paste; it checks Pyorrhea. Thousands have found it beneficial for years. For your own sake ask for and get Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS
More than a tooth paste—
it checks Pyorrhea



FORHAN'S, SOLD AT ALL
STANDARD DRUG STORES

NUMBER ONE.

Suppose There Were No Stores—

Just suppose you were suddenly transplanted to an era of years ago—the time of your grandparents—the pioneer days of a new country.

No shops, no great departmental stores, no busy business sections.

Think how inconvenient and unpleasant, to say nothing of how expensive it would be to have to rely on peddlers for the necessities of life.

Transient peddlers carry in stock that which suits their own convenience best, and sell it at their own price, often exacting exorbitant profits.

You buy today, selecting your needs as best you can from a limited and inferior stock, tomorrow the peddler is gone, taking your money with him out of the community.

You have no right of exchange or refund, no protection, no assurance of full value for your money, none of the pleasures of "shopping" amid delightful surroundings, waited on by courteous folks anxious to serve and help you with every need.

Aren't you glad you live in 1924 when you can enjoy the efforts of merchants who for generations have worked and striven consistently to build up the modern business establishments which today are a credit to London.

Not only are the establishments of these merchants a great boon to you, but the prosperity of London, to a great extent, depends on their success.

The ranks of peddlers, however, have grown until they are today swarming over this territory by the hundreds, doing inestimable harm to the business interests of the city, and contributing only a trifling sum to city revenues.

Don't you think the stores of London, which offer you service, variety, quality, economy and a guarantee of satisfaction, should receive your support, rather than the transient peddler, who has none of these to offer, and who uses your money for his own development or that of some other community?

Patronize London's Permanent Merchants and help make London prosperous.

London Chamber of Commerce