

London Advertiser

The Advertiser was established in 1862, and is published four times daily by London Advertiser Company, Limited. The subscription rates are: London, 15 cents weekly. By mail: in Canada, \$3.00 yearly; in the United States, \$6.00 yearly.

The Advertiser is represented in Toronto at 35 King street east, and in Montreal at 117 Boulevard de la Presse, by J. B. Rathbone; in New York at 247 Park avenue, in Chicago at 122 South Michigan avenue, and in Boston at 294 Washington street, by C. H. Eddy Co.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1924.

The Plan Might Fail.

Henry Ford has a peace plan that he thinks should work. Stripped of details it is that the world learn the English language and in this way get acquainted.

The trouble is that the English language contains such words as "ultimatum," "declaration of war," "hostilities," etc.

It might even rush trouble on a little faster, because when we are dealing with foreign nations now we have to wait a day or so to cipher out what they're talking about.

The Old Family Altar.

A reader near Clinton writes of a stay he had in a farm house recently. What impressed him most was the continuance of the old custom of reading the Bible and offering prayer after the evening meal.

There is truth in the comment he makes that the custom has largely gone into the discard in recent years. There are homes, many of them, where a word of thanks is offered before a meal, but it is apt to be a perfunctory sort of thanks, very little varied from time to time, and often repeated in a way that gives the impression that it is something that has to be done before the more serious business of eating can be proceeded with.

If the old family altar could be restored in all seriousness and earnestness, there would be put into effect a force, the strength of which could hardly be estimated.

City life, especially, crowds the old family altar idea into the corner. It can be attended to in the day schools or the Sunday schools, but there is not time for it at home. And so the children get a large portion of their religious instruction away from home, and the phone is just that much poorer for not having given it to them.

The plea that there is not time will not hold water; it is not a fact, because there is time for everything else. Ministers could not do a greater service for the families of their congregation than by urging and pleading for the restoration of the old family altar in their homes.

A Government Trait.

The Egyptian government has ordered Carter, the explorer, to keep out of King Tut's tomb.

That government is just like other governments. Howard Carter excavated and dug for a year and found a treasure, even to a man's figure with gold whiskers. The government that can see gold and sit still has never been appointed or elected.

About a Drifter.

He came into the city again on Monday, and is ready to leave today for the country.

Some people do make problems of themselves, and this particular "he" is one of them. Last spring he got a "job" on a farm, and stayed there from the first of March until some time in May. He explained that long stay of almost three months by stating that it was easy on a farm at that time of year; the harvest hadn't started or anything like that, and besides he couldn't get a "job" in the city.

The middle of May saw him in London, well fed, in good shape for work. He had fattened up during his stay on the farm, and the farmer had kept him through the lean months with the idea of having a man when the busy season came. Of course that didn't bother this chap much, for moving to him simply meant packing his grip and collecting his pay.

He stayed in the city a few weeks, but he couldn't get a "job" to suit him. He bothered a number of people for stray loans, for the price of a meal or a supposed railway ticket. In August when harvesters were needed he palmed himself off on a camping party as a cook, but there is no record of him working at the second meal. Back in town he was porter at a hotel, and in two weeks missed baggage for three trains—highly insulted when the proprietor handed him his pay and told him to move out quickly.

Harvest over, he went back to a farm near Thorndale; then to one near Komoka, and finally over in Williams. Never in a place long enough to get interested in anything.

Now he's out to get another farm place; thinks it will be a good thing to do because he finds there is no "job" in the city.

Just a drifter; always broke; always wondering what it will be

like at the next place he works; still looking for the price of a meal or some change to buy a railway ticket.

Well, he's starting out to the country again today. If the farmer who gets him is wise he'll give him enough cash at a time to buy shaving soap and attend an occasional chicken supper. He'll put the rest away in a tin can and bury it under the barn and keep it there until the harvest is well over.

He may make good yet. We hope so. Hard work, good food and a fair amount of discipline may turn the trick. Other methods have failed.

And So He Shot.

A Hamilton man, this time an Italian, bought a car, took it home, but afterward claimed it would not work.

He called at the place where the car salesman worked and made his complaint.

Not long afterward the salesman went out to the purchaser's garage and found what was wrong with the car.

While there the purchaser, who seemed to think he had been ill-used, took out a revolver and shot the salesman three times.

If he had been cheated he could have gone to court and secured redress.

But no—there had to be quick action and a gun was used. A man was to be murdered over a defect in a used car.

When we are going to learn the need of combing each and every community for revolvers and kindred weapons? The law and the police and most of our judiciary have been speaking and acting in whispers on this point, whereas there is need for some thunder and lightning.

There is law in Canada, and it has got to assert itself even to the running down of every skulking coward who travels around with a gun nestling in the corner of his pocket.

Another Strike On.

Dock workers in England are now on hand to occupy the place in the trouble wave vacated by the railroad men who went back to work.

They have a faculty of making new phrases, and "declassification" is now the bone of contention. It means that there shall be no off-and-on periods, but steady employment for the men on the docks. The claim is a healthy one in so far as it shows that men are clamoring for a chance to work regularly rather than insisting on doles.

But it comes at a bad time for the MacDonald government, and the Labor party in the British Commons needs all the assistance it can get to bridge the period of uncertainty as to whether it can carry on.

It would be the part of good judgment on the part of the dockmen to eliminate all but the essentials in their complaints; the employers should take a similar attitude. Give the government a chance to develop foreign trade so that there may be work not only at the docks but all over the country.

A Better Chance.

Statistics show that 8 per cent of the population of Scotland are living in one-roomed dwellings. Nearly 2,000,000 are living in dwellings with two rooms. Glasgow gets the reputation for being the worst housed borough, 12 per cent of its people living in one-room tenements and 49 per cent in two rooms.

In view of these conditions it is hard to see the wisdom of Old Country papers carrying on propaganda against emigration to Canada. Certainly this country has nothing of this character, except in isolated cases, and there are many hard-working, honest Scots who have come to this country and made good, but they have not gone and huddled in the overcrowded cities.

Note and Comment.

In a court case heard at Hephworth it was brought out that sawdust was being used to make roads. The method is no doubt a first cousin to the fine old plan of using tanbark to make sidewalks.

Wall street stocks crashed when the rumor of an investigation by the government was circulated. But the man who has a few good old Canadian Victory bonds locked away in a box never lost a copper by all the Wall street tomfoolery.

It is not too late to enter The Advertiser circulation contest. The districts are evenly divided, the prizes are well worth the best possible effort, and there is a reward for all who work diligently. Determination and hard work will win.

President Coolidge thinks a duty of 30 cents a bushel against Canadian wheat is not sufficient. If Canadians had a spine resembling the Rocky Mountains they would finish their own high grade wheat in this country, and let U. S. interests puddle away exclusively with their own soft wheat.

Rarebits By Rex

ROLLING HER OWN.

Maisie rolls her eyes with charming understanding of the part; Rolls dice too with an alarming knowledge of the subtle art. Rolls her "R's" with accents lazy. When she's at the telephone, And if offered "baccy," Maisie Sniffs and says "I'll roll my own."

Maisie rolls from bed and lingers. Round the house all morning long; Rolls her socks with adept fingers. Then rolls out to play Mah Jong. Since "we've" married I've got thinner.

She's no time to cook or sew, So when we have pie for dinner I'm the guy that rolls the dough.

One of these days reformers will ask for a law compelling citizens to put covers over their goldfish bowls.

When a man becomes so modest that he no longer thinks he can run a newspaper, better than the owners he should see a specialist.

"Predicts World Dry in 100 Years."—here's this will be bad news for the meek who expect to inherit the earth.

Egyptologists claim that Queen Tut absconded. She must resent Tut getting all this publicity.

If he bangs the door to show his indignation it's a sign he wears a 13 collar.

An incurable optimist is a man who marries for money and does not expect to have to button up his wife's back.

Most men refrain from calling their brothers fools because they are afraid of giving away a family secret.

The theory of monkey descent doesn't seem so ridiculous when you find a gang of straphangers in a street-car.

The Soviet government has put four poets into jail. Already Bolshevism is becoming more popular in this country.

THE LUCKY TOKEN.

John Brown bought a rabbit's foot; "This will give me luck," he cried. So the lucky piece he put On his vest securely tied.

Everywhere he went he brought it; Had it mounted, trimmed with gold, And the tale of how he got it Everlasting he told.

Yesterday his jaw was broken; Broken, too, was every limb, While examining his token A fire truck ran over him.

The cold spell may be the weatherman's way of indicating an early spring, but we would prefer that he say it with flowers.

When a girl breaks off her engagement she should always give back his love letters. He might want to use them again.

A New York writer says less than one per cent of the public have read Shakespeare. But 99 per cent will tell you he was a great dramatist.

The Steam Roller

From the Hamilton Herald.

WITH a big subservient majority ready at his beck and call, Premier Ferguson does not have to be particularly scrupulous in his treatment of his political opponents in the legislature. The premier, Speaker Thompson and the big Conservative majority, form a combination which is quite too powerful for Manning Doherty and his score of U. F. O. followers in their efforts to secure recognition as the official opposition.

The series of clashes in the legislature on Tuesday and the cynical maxim that might is right, Mr. Doherty had the better of the argument. It was clear that justice was on his side. Moreover, he was willing to accept any suggestion from the premier or speaker as to the manner in which he should bring his grievances before the house. But the premier and speaker had the big majority at command, and the fight put up by the U. F. O. leader was unavailing.

It was not a pleasant spectacle—the first of the chieftain's attempts to get his grievances before the house, and then the use of the steam roller to crush opposition. A few days ago the Herald said that on Feb. 12 the question whether Speaker Thompson regarded himself as the servant of the premier or of the legislature would be decided. Well, it was decided on Tuesday all right.

Press Notes

AN EFFICIENCY RECORD.

A British physician says that women caused half of the world's wars. And they win all the arguments.—Louisville Courier Journal.

SIGNS OF OLD AGE.

Some men when they get old are subject to rheumatism, others to reminiscences.—Boston Transcript.

NOT UP-TO-DATE.

The ass that spoke in Bible times didn't open the conversation by asking for a match.—The Baltimore Morning Sun.

A QUEER OLD IDEA.

The first rule for a happy marriage, in the opinion of Dorothy Dix, is to be willing to live with the person you marry. The suggestion is a novel one, but it has its advantages.—Milwaukee Sun.

ASHES BYLAW.

Special to The Advertiser. Exeter, Feb. 15.—A village bylaw restricting residents from throwing ashes on the streets is to be more rigidly enforced by the council.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

OF ONE BLOOD.

And he made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell together on the face of the earth.—Acts xviii, 26.

Surely the proof of the fatherhood of God ought to deepen in our hearts the sense of the brotherhood of man.

When we see him providing with equal hands for all men, causing the grass to spring and the flowers to bloom and the stars to shine for the whole world, surely we ought to feel more profoundly and more tenderly the ties which bind together all those whom God hath made of one blood to dwell together on the face of the earth.

Our artificial life, the life which seems inseparable from the advance of civilization and the growth of large cities, tends to deepen and exaggerate what we call "class distinctions."

It keeps men far apart from each other, creates misunderstanding and distrust. Too often it awakens evil passions of pride and contempt among the rich, to be met by the equally evil passions of envy and hatred among the poor.

When we feel these influences stealing over us, then it is well for us to

Go forth into the light of things.

Let nature be our teacher.

See how God's great sun laughs at our pride, shining with equal radiance upon the cottage and upon the palace, and painting for the eyes of all richer pictures than the wealth of Croesus can buy.

See how all things that God has made tell us of an important Father's love, which ought to awaken in our hearts a brother's kindness for our fellow men.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Advertiser welcomes letters discussing matters of public interest. It is necessary, that the name of the writer be sent as an evidence of good faith, but not necessarily for publication.

Canadians Well Read.

U. S. Visitor Surprised at the Way in Which Canadians Keep Informed on U. S. Affairs.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—I noticed in your paper of Thursday an article claiming that President Coolidge might come out of the present trouble a stronger man than he is today.

That view, if expressed in United States, would meet with some response, but not much. It is regarded there that the old scandals have come at a bad time for the Republicans, and the Democrats are not losing any time in making the best of the situation.

One thing that surprises me is the way in which Canadians generally follow and understand American political matters. I am spending a few days here, and find that when I discuss U. S. events I am talking to people who know them better than I do. I do not know as much as I should about events of a political or business nature in Canada.

I think we in U. S. have something to learn from the Canadian people when it comes to a matter of wide reading and general observation.

VISITOR FROM U. S.

London, Feb. 15.

Family Worship.

First Time in Several Years That Correspondent Had Found It Being Observed.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—I was attending a sale a few miles from town last week. It was of some surplus stock and a few implements. The business of the day was completed about 5 o'clock, and as the roads were very bad I was asked to stay at the farm over night. I was glad of the chance, so I telephoned home not to expect me.

We had our supper, a plan, good meal, and when the time came for the farmer nodded at one of the boys and he went and brought out an old family Bible. Then the father of the house selected a portion and read, after which he offered a prayer, not very long, but very real. It was the first time in years that I had met with such an experience. It used to take place in our home when I was a boy, but it does not take place now in my place, nor in many other places. I sent a letter to that farmer the next day, thanking him for his kindness, and also for the lesson he had taught me.

It was one of the most impressive quarter-hours I have experienced in years.

Clinton, Feb. 15.

Helping the U. F. O.

Correspondent Thinks Premier's Attitude is as Good as a Spring Tonic For U. F. O. Organization.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—We want to tell you that we appreciate the fair way in which your paper, both in its editorial page and its news, is stating the position of the U. F. O. group in the legislature at Toronto.

Your editorials on the matter have put the case fairly, and just as it exists. The premier has not shown a bit of fairness in the way he has dealt with the matter. He has a big majority in the house and seems to think he can do just about what he likes about it.

He is doing more to drive the U. F. O. to action than anything that has happened in recent months.

U. F. O. FARMER.

Denfield, Feb. 15.

The World's Great Need.

Russia Today Needs the Gospel of Christ More Than Evolution of the Mind.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—Would you kindly accord a space in your paper, of which I have been an appreciative and interested reader for nearly forty years? It occurred to me, when reading an article in yesterday's paper, that what Russia needs is not the evolution of the mind, but the gospel of the Risen Saviour. The former may please men's intellects, but cannot touch their hearts. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness" (Romans x, 10), and "Righteousness exalteth a nation" (Proverbs xiv, 34).

I find it easier to believe God's word than man's imagination. "God created man in his own image" (Genesis i, 27). "And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul" (Genesis ii, 7). For, after all, it is only hypothesis; no animal ever has evolved into a man in

Tavish Mactavish

To His People At Home

Dear Jean:

Down in Los Angeles, that wonderful dream city where everything we think of as fiction becomes a reality, there is supposed to be a chap named Leo Koretz, living in a dance hall, rigged up as a woman. This is nothing unusual apparently, but he is wanted by the Chicago police on a charge of obtaining \$10,000,000 in a fraudulent promotion scheme, and detectives believe that Koretz, though a bad financial actor, is good enough to get away with this female impersonation idea.

It sounds funny, because I always understood the men of this southern city were particularly well qualified to judge of women's attractions. Surely in such a place there can't be any one so perverted as to hide the good Koretz, together with some of his swelling bankroll?

"An active day is forecast by the astral seers from the dominant lunar mutations." Could you believe it? This is an item from the social page of one of the largest American papers. It is called a "Daily Horoscope." After a long list of terms, much less clear than this, the canny christian says: "This will be a successful year for all those born on this day, provided they will safeguard their property and money against loss."

What fools some people are, Jean. I wonder what they do when the seer fails to see with any degree of accuracy—try another prophecy.

A steady refusal to die on the part of aged Britons is going to cost the country half a million dollars this year. The low mortality rate means that old age pensions will claim this sum. In view of the existing employment conditions over there this should appeal to the I. W. W. as the best of propaganda.

Brig.-Gen. Amos A. Fries, chief of the chemical warfare service of the U. S. army, says: "Nothing new was used in the last war. We used gases which we already knew all about." This isn't going to help matters much, because in between wars we concentrate on something new to make the next war shorter. One long continued war for "unlabeled" years would be simpler. There would be no time to invent anything fresh.

Up in Tarbutt, near the Soo, the town council have installed a pack of wolf hounds at different parts of the town to afford protection against the wolves. Probably the wolves regard the newcomers as an American radical views a Pinkerton gunman, and look on the hounds as renegades from the pack.



Human Sympathy on a Scientific Basis

SENSATIONAL cases of tragedy and distress receive publicity in the newspapers, and from their outstanding appeal are made the beneficiaries of charitable funds and public subscription lists. But how little does charity avail! How pitifully inadequate unorganized public sympathy almost invariably proves. A few hundred dollars, perhaps, and then—forgotten!

Mutual Life Insurance is organized human sympathy. Each Mutualist protects his own loved ones by combining to protect the loved ones of others. Mutualists are not exploited for the profit of outsiders, nor do they attempt to make profit out of one another.

Let our nearest agent explain the Mutual principles of life insurance. Write to our Head Office for a copy of "Life Insurance at Cost."

The MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA Waterloo, Ontario

Branch Office:
204-5 ROYAL BANK BUILDING
LONDON, ONTARIO.



POLICE ASKED TO WATCH FOR MT. CLEMENS BANDITS

Special to The Advertiser. Wallaceburg, Feb. 15.—Wallaceburg police have been notified of the big bank robbery in Mount Clemens, Michigan. The three men implicated

are thought to have crossed the ice at Aigonac, heading for Wallaceburg driving a closed car with a Michigan license number, 179083 or 179079. The descriptions are: One man, five feet tall, dark, brown serge suit, hat, aged 30; second man, tall, six foot two inches, dark; third man, slim, fair, smooth face, dark overcoat, dark cap, 30 years.

"There must be something that will help me!"

IT was the cry of a man suffering the tortures of the rack from one of the most agonizing of all human ailments—Bladder Trouble. For months he had been trying various remedies, but none seemed to give him relief—the gnawing pain was always there. He had almost given up hope, and was confronted with the prospect of a serious operation.

Then he chanced upon a Gin Pills advertisement in a newspaper, and decided to give them a trial as a last resort. As a result he is to-day enjoying the soundest health and good spirits.

His Sufferings Were Due to Deranged Kidneys

By correcting this, the origin of his complaint, Gin Pills granted him a happy release from his misery.

Gin Pills can relieve YOU, just as they did this man. There is practically no symptom arising from deranged or weakened kidneys that Gin Pills will not relieve if taken in time. If you are troubled with pain in the back, painful, scanty or too frequent urination, brick dust deposits—do not delay. Get a box of Gin Pills (50 cents) from your Drugist to-day, and save yourself future suffering.

THE NATIONAL DRUG & CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO • ONTARIO

Gin Pills in U.S.A. are the same as Gin Pills in Canada.

50c a Box

