

## London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1923.

### An Election That Failed.

Just why Premier Baldwin wished to force an election in Britain was never very clearly understood in this country. The nearest approach to a sufficient explanation was that he desired to have the approval of the people on his move to change the fiscal policy of the country to one of indefinite to positive protection. If that were his motive, he has had his answer.

The election did nothing toward giving Britain a more stable and definite government; it has confused and muddled the whole system of government, as there now exists three parties in the Commons, and no one of them is great enough to carry on were the other two to come together in opposition to any move on the part of the largest group.

The Labor party used the election to better its position to a greater extent than did the Liberals, but both made their gains by taking seats away from the Conservatives. At the close of the last session the Conservatives had 346 members, Labor 144, Liberal 117. That gave the Conservative government a clear majority of 85 over the other two most powerful groups in the house. Today the Conservatives have 259, Labor 184, Liberal 148. That leaves the Conservatives with a minority of 73 under the combined Labor and Liberal vote. It is a distinct and positive reversal of the former position, and one that is almost hopeless from the standpoint of practical politics as applied to the business of government.

The British electors have given no definite answer to show what they do want. They have said that they do not want the protective policy of Baldwin. They have not said that they desire the unrestricted free trade advocated by the Liberals. They have not said that they are ready to take the advanced platform put forward by the Labor party. There may be an attempt at a coalition, but its chances of success are meagre. It is not possible to bring together any two of the three great parties and have any degree of assurance that when they are yoked together they will walk in the same furrow. The announcement of another election in a short time would cause no surprise.

### Well Done, Kiwanis.

The Kiwanis Club of London has been putting on a very creditable performance in the way of a minstrel show at the Grand Opera House. On Friday there was an entertainment in the afternoon for the benefit of all the shut-ins in the city who could be taken to the place of entertainment. The Kiwanians used their cars to take most of their audience there and to carry them back again. It was a kindly thought that prompted such action, and one that is only a finger point to an attitude of mind that should be even more present and manifest in this or any other community.

Unfortunately as the fact may be, there are and always will be those who through sickness or other misfortunes are more or less hedged about by limitations that they are powerless to overcome.

It is a wise man who sees in these people an opportunity for service that reaches out over the bounds of his own selfish interests. Happy is the man who advances to the stage where he sees in the need and surroundings of some other person an opportunity to inject a ray of sunshine in a surrounding that may have more than its share of dark skies and lonely hours.

### Out of Work Now.

Toronto has a number of British harvesters who are now stranded in that city. There are also some of them in London. They went direct to the west when they came to Canada, many of them having been given to understand before leaving home that it would be easy enough to secure work in Canada for the winter.

The majority of them are not experienced farm hands, but they worked as best they could at harvesting, have been paid off, and since then have spent their money providing meals and bedding.

It is all very well for politicians and orators to criticize the immigration policy of the Dominion government which has not called for a crust of newcomers. Here is a concrete case for those who are calling for more and more immigrants. Here are men who came to Canada

## Thank You, Sir!

(From the Milverton Sun.)

The London Advertiser has just celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of its publication and has been read by the writer for over thirty-five years, and never in any period of its history has it been a better exponent of public opinion than it is today. It serves its field—Western Ontario—most satisfactorily, and is bound to grow in influence. It has made great strides during the last ten years, and now occupies a foremost place in the province. Its great success is no doubt due to the fact that it is moderate in the expressions of its opinions on all public and political questions.

to work in the harvests, and can find nothing to do now. Were their numbers multiplied the problem of dealing with their case would be proportionately magnified.

Instead of allowing booking agents to make money by persuading people to come here, it would be a good thing to tell the actual facts, then those people who felt that they could succeed here would come in the full assurance that conditions would not be deceptive when put to the test.

It is not fair to ask the cities of Ontario to deal with a problem brought about by the necessity of cutting the wheat crop of the west.

### \$750,000 Per Day.

Britain is paying United States \$750,000 a day, every day in the week, and will keep it up for 60 years.

Britain is paying her debt on the basis of wheat at \$3 a bushel, and at the rate of what it cost to produce material in the peak of prices in war years.

Were she making her payments on 1923 values the amount would be cut in two.

Britain has never asked for any consideration on this score and United States has never offered to grant any.

### Farm Tragedies.

With all the accidents on the streets of cities, it is doubtful if they can present such heart-rending catastrophes as the burning of a farm home near Wallaceburg, where seven women and children were burned to death. This spring there was a similar case just outside of Exeter, where a family almost equally large was burned to death. The heart of Western Ontario goes out to the father and husband in that tragedy near Wallaceburg, who arrived home, after being away for the day on business, only to find his family wiped out and his home reduced to ashes and charred timbers.

It is unspeakably hard for a man to be denied the supreme privilege of being on hand to fight for his family in the hour of their greatest need.

### The Premier Is Right

Premier King lost no time, on his appearance in Montreal, to tell Liberals of Halifax that it was time they dropped the jealousies that threaten to wreck their camp.

It was the Liberals themselves who lost the seat held by A. K. McLean.

A Liberal party where the members are out of touch with each other is a splendid place to hatch a Conservative victory.

### Leave It Over.

"It's not a fit and proper place to put prisoners in," said Alderman Hacker in a protest against the conditions at No. 6 police station.

"Leave it to next year's council," Controller Singer and other members of council said.

That is from a report of a city council meeting in Toronto.

It shows that London has no monopoly on that municipal disease known as "leave it to next year's council."

It has developed into a loophole so big that with careful guidance a good politician could drive through with a lumber wagon.

### Note and Comment.

Goderich Signal: "The London Advertiser says she is sixty years old. You wouldn't think it to look at her. She is neat and sprightly."

The London Times called Lloyd George "a roadside comedian." But the comedian went back to the people and got their O.K. on his performance.

A bacon hog that has won prizes at the winter fairs must feel a bit taken back when he has to go back to the pen and take his chances at the trough along with the lard pigs.

The Christmas number of the London Central Collegiate Institute Review, just out is a creditable piece of work. It is a bright publication from cover to cover. Well illustrated, enough common sense and nonsense to make a good wholesome mixture it shoots its arrows at "teachers" and "pupils" alike. Good piece of work.

## The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

### THE PRUDENCE OF COURAGE.

Be of good courage and let us play the man.—II, Samuel, x, 12.

There is a sharp distinction between courage and recklessness. The reckless man is ignorant; he rushes into danger without hesitation, simply because he does not know what danger means. The brave man is intelligent; he faces danger because he understands it and is prepared to meet it on its own terms.

The drunkard who runs, in the delirium of intoxication, into a burning house is not brave; he is only stupid. But the clear-eyed hero who makes his way, with every sense alert and every nerve strung, into the hell of flames to rescue some little child, proves his courage.

The more keenly we are awake to the perils of life, the higher and grander is the possibility of being truly brave.

To drift along as some people do, through this world of sin, as if there were nothing in it to fear; to slide easily downward, as some people do, to the gate of death, as if there were nothing beyond it to fear; to sport and dance, and eat and drink and sleep, as some people do under the arch of heaven, as if there were no One above it, to fear—that is this but the part of the fool who hath said in his heart, "There is no God, there is no sin, there is no judgment."

But to face the temptations and perplexities and dangers of the world without yielding to fear; to pass, without trembling, by the dark portals of the grave in a faith that is stronger than fear; to dare to live in the presence of the holy, mighty God in the confidence of a love that casteth out fear—that is courage.

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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.

### The Spirit of War.

Society of Friends Are Opposed To Military Training In Our Public Schools.

Editor of The Advertiser:—Sir,—At the half yearly meeting of the Society of Friends, held at Coldstream recently, it was proposed and carried that we make an earnest protest against "military training" in our schools.

A committee was appointed to present our viewpoint to the general public. We do not believe that war and militarism are in harmony with the teachings of Christ. Christians profess to be followers of the Prince of Peace, and yet the greatest wars of modern times have been between so-called Christian nations. Any man who has not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

We ask especially all Christian people to help check the spirit of war by condemning all military training in our schools.

S. P. ZAVITZ, Chairman.

Speeding Up Children. Old Teacher Thinks the Plan of Hurling Pupils Along Is Not Likely To Produce Results.

Editor of The Advertiser:—Sir,—It does seem to me that there is too much stress being put on the children in some of the grades of the public schools in order to try and speed them up in the doing of their problems. This is especially true in regard to mechanical arithmetic, and it is the policy of the local board, then it ought to be checked up.

There are some children who cannot work these questions in a given time. It is impossible to expect that there should be the same degree of ability in all the children in the class, and yet that is what they seem to expect or try to create.

I know for a fact that when you mention to some of the children that they are going to have ten or fifteen minutes and no more in which to do a certain number of addition and division and multiplication questions, they are some in that class who will get rattled and nervous, and not do anything approaching the best work of which they are capable. The result is a low standing in the class, and they are made to feel their position.

There is a uniform system of trying to get a uniform result in all subjects from all children is so wrong that there can be nothing said to justify it. All children have not the same talents, and all are not capable of the same uniform development.

There is too great a tendency to rush things along in our public schools, and this plan will only produce the best results. Before coming to London, I taught in several other places in years past, and we never tried this plan at all. I am not teaching here, and have children of my own going to school, and I do not like the idea of trying to hurry and speed them up.

OLD TEACHER.

Use Local Peat. Kincairdine Resident Points Out That There Are Large Peat Bogs Waiting To Be Used.

Editor of The Advertiser:—Sir,—I notice in yesterday's Advertiser that Dr. Hugh Stevenson is urging the city council to try and get the freight rates lowered on Alberta coal. This is commendable, at least, if the railway can afford it.

For years I have been advocating the use of peat, of which there is a great extent convenient to towns and country. Fifteen years ago, I drew attention to the use of peat as a check on coal combines and also of the possibility or probability of the United States placing an embargo on coal entering Canada.

There was a large fuel industry started near Stratford, and samples of the product I have had the pleasure of inspecting. It was clean and nice to handle, and it is a first-class fuel, but the cost of manufacture was too great, and the scheme was abandoned.

At that time anthracite could be laid down in Kincairdine in the neighborhood of \$8 per ton. Now it is from \$17 to \$18 a ton, and a dearth may loom up at any time.

In my boyhood in Scotland, much peat was burned, and in later days used to kindle coal. Peat, when dry, will produce an intense heat with a good draft, and I see no reason for large and expensive machinery to press it into briquettes. In earlier days in Scotland and Ireland, the natives were content to go to some convenient bog and cut the required peat with a spade, made specially for peat cutting. The peat when cut in blocks were put two and two together in rows to dry, and then in larger piles

or stacks to still further prepare them for home use.

Here we have peat deposits that might be worked at reasonable distances, where farmers could cut peat from their own deposits and bring the dried peat to the towns and villages in the same way as wood was employed a few years ago. There are more available peat deposits than the general public are aware of, and an industry develop equaling that of the cordwood of earlier days.

Many of these deposits have an extra quality, and in one, not over ten miles from here, there is a depth of three to six feet, where the lower part is quite compact and when dried resembles brown coal.

One seam of about eighteen inches could be easily cut and with proper handling become quite firm. I send you a small sample taken from the lower part of four feet in depth of peat.

I am of the opinion that the government should investigate and encourage the opening up of local peat deposits. In this deposit only ten miles from Kincairdine there are hundreds of acres of available peat, and from tests I have made, it will be found quite satisfactory for a domestic fuel. WM. WELSH, Kincairdine, Ont.

### He Should Not Resign.

Voter Claims It Impertinent for Local Paper To Suggest That Mayor Thought of Quitting.

Editor of The Advertiser:—Sir,—Will you please permit me using a little space in your valuable paper. I see in the Free Press, in large type, "Mayor Will Not Resign Office." First place will the Free Press answer one or two fair questions?

No. 1.—Has the mayor been requested to resign?

No. 2.—Who requested or demanded his resignation; on what grounds, and what is the nature of the charges made against him?

I took the trouble to read the matter following the above head line and was more than surprised to find the spirit of spite, hatred and malicious intention to set hell fire in the minds and hearts of the citizens of London against the mayor. What are we to expect of this spirit and paper this coming year? I should like to know this vote that was taken as to a lack of confidence in the mayor. I voted, as was my privilege, on the money bill, but I was not given any paper pertaining to the mayor, referring to this vote of confidence. It would be very ungentlemanly and extremely weak of the mayor to resign, for the simple reason that the bylaw was turned down.

What I see is: The mayor is prepared to take a defeat in the proper and gentlemanly spirit, allowing others to have their opinions as well as his, and respecting the same. The mayor is quite justified in not accepting the vote as a lack of confidence. The proper representative of the voters and other organizations were at liberty to elect another mayor, but having confidence in the mayor, decided to have him again for 1924. There was every opportunity for another gentleman to be put forward as mayor, but each one that was approached was too wise to attempt such a mere chance of securing enough votes to outrun the present mayor.

The Free Press would have been prepared to give all length and space to it, if it could have persuaded some other gentleman to have made the run for mayor, but being defeated in its effort, it turned its attention to throwing mud.

Does the Free Press forget that the ratepayers were asked to cast their vote some twelve months ago, and then they wished the new city hall to be built, and a reply was given. And upon those grounds alone the mayor was justified in requesting that the hall be built. And now that the hall is built, and the city is against building the hall for this year, it should be adhered to as per the vote. The vote against the bylaw has nothing to do with it, and the city of London property

owners are not so foolish and narrow-minded as to let their prejudice run away with them to the extent of casting their vote against or in favor of the city hall, as the case may be, because of the mayor.

If the voters thought it advisable at this present time to build a city hall, they would have said so, whether they favored the mayor or otherwise. I have followed up a great number of paper editorials, etc., but have yet to read one where it got down to the heart of the matter. They are not prepared to insert news, letters to the editor, etc., as given to them, although they promise to do so, but they favor the mayor and their prejudice and ideas. I cannot understand a paper writing such articles as the Free Press on religious matters in its Saturday issue, some very useful matter for thought—and at the same time be capable of showing such a spirit of hatred, which is hypocritical and cowardly to say the least.

A VOTER.

## Rarebits By Rex

### EDDIE AND ME.

(By Eddie's Girl.)

Side by side in my Eddie's car, In the cold winter season, When the moon's frost-white and the breezes bite

"And my fingers start to freeze!" But Eddie makes marvelous love to me.

He's always and always contriving To hold my hand, Oh, it's certainly grand

And I'm never too cold for revivin'!

We used to go spoonin' in picture shows, But other folks wouldn't ignore us. And whenever we'd look in the park for a nook

A couple had taken before us. Now, we always take rides in Ed's open-air bus.

Oh, so nice and secluded and private! No other folks dare to ride out in the air—

But we sure are in love to survive it!

A married man who plays poker should never worry when he loses his last chip. His wife will usually have one on her shoulder when he gets home.

Nobody can ever accuse a Liberal of being the Meiselman man in town.

If you would have a warm wood fire on the 25th, do your Christmas shopping early.

### DIETETIC.

By dieting and walking And rolling on the floor, Runners lose from two-sixteen Down to one-nine-four.

File found the selfsame process So intricate it appears, Just eleven days She was reduced to tears.

Does Dr. Hill realize that when he says there is no cure for a cold he is robbing us anti-prohibitionists of one of our most treasured excuses?

War veterans are not sure which is the most cherished memory—the battle of Ypres or the bottle of Ypres.

When you flatter a woman she will believe everything except that you are flattering her.

The crime wave in the United States looks as if it were going to develop into the permanent variety.

Most concert singers exhaust their audiences long before they do their repertoires.

### TABLOID DRAMA.

"Gee, Fred is a swell guy to go out with. When he takes me to eat you should see the way he orders around them waiters."

"English Unemployed Patronize Saloons."—Headline. Well, if you that unemployment—

The discovery of a mastodon's bones hereabouts proves the existence, once upon a time, of a craps-shooting age.

Taxi drivers complain they have to fight customers to get paid. Illustrating again that only the brave deserve the fare.

### That Old Maple Tree.

At the foot of the garden, Not planted by hands, Way long slender branches An old maple stands.

Much the same in appearance As others you see. But to me it hangs over Like that old maple tree.

Other trees in the garden, More graceful and trim, In long slender branches Like plumes in the air.

There are fruit trees and flowers, But none have for me The charm that hangs over That old maple tree.

In winter it weathers The wild stormy blast; Its roots have been tested, But always held fast.

In mid-summer's drouth, Like a breeze from the sea You will find in the shade Of that old maple tree.

High up in its branches The first robin sing. There the oriole calls To his mate in the spring.

And nothing so grand As the music that floats From that old maple tree.

In autumn, none fairer In nature is seen Than this tree in its mantle Of crimson and green.

No flowers or trees Have such grandeur for me. That's why I'm in love With that old apple tree.

T. A. CALHOUN.

Nov. 19, 1923. London.

### OIL SPRINGS

Oil Springs, Dec. 7.—Mr. and Mrs. Eboy and family spent Sunday at Emily City, Mich., visiting Mrs. Eboy's parents.

Miss Keffer of Toronto and Miss McCutcheon of Petrolia, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. F. McCutcheon, have returned to Petrolia.

Rev. Mr. Pettit, the Baptist minister, announced to his congregation on Sunday that he was resigning, and would leave at the end of December.

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## DENNY BROOKS

### A STORY OF COURAGE

By ELENORE MEHERIN

### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Starting Out.

"Here, Kate, put the buttons in this shirt, will you?" Stephen rumpled it into her hands, set the buttons on the table.

"Is it the black beauty tonight, Stephen?"

"Ah, Katy! A titian-haired Venus. You should see her."

"I might not like her!" Katy laughed. Color flashed in the clear skin. She added wistfully: "You're too tickle Stephen."

"That's the way to play the game, Kate. Say—got to wear the Lord Arthur tonight. Wonder if there's a tie around anywhere."

In the top drawer. Right in the corner.

"Great. You've got 'em all skinned, Kate! He went whisking around with 'whats' there? Where's that—black clothes brush, handkerchiefs—darn it—a needle and thread—clean socks. So that Katy was quite exasperated when he left her in the morning."

Denny was sitting at the table, going over sets of notes. She saw that he wasn't studying so she offered him conversation.

"Must be interesting to be always falling in love."

He allowed the remark to pass, so Katy pricked him with a sweet, careless: "But of course you don't know anything about it, Denny."

"Well, do you?"

Denny squinted with a knowing, man about town air, nodding scornfully at one who would say: "I don't care? Well, what this lad knows, he keeps!"

Katy laughed. "But you never take them out, Denny?"

Yet he had often hungered for social pleasures, often wished in a fleeting and secret impulse to be a great beau with the ladies to be run after; bored with popularity.

He would saunter down Telegram avenue with Stephen, doffing his hat to Stephen's bright eyed, smiling acquaintance. Then he would think: "Gee, I'm going to step out a bit. It's all in breaking in. No sense digging all the time. Follow ought to have friends. Next month I'll begin."

But the time never came when Denny wasn't rushed with coaching, assisting in the laboratory, studying.

Sometimes he would pass a pretty girl; her eyes would toss him a quick, glittering smile. He would be tempted to them, but none since Joan had picked his interest.

Joan's place was taken by a stocky girl with floppy yellow hair, a short, thick neck and blue sweater. Her hands were large, and she had a heavy-lidded, Denny resented her presence at that place.

Joan had been so eager, so swift-like a winging swallow. Thin, intense, efficient—working with a drab intensity; then, suddenly glancing up, the water-green eyes lighting a beauty in her face. Denny missed her.

She saw tears in his eyes. "Aw, Denny, don't be angry with me. Honest and true I didn't mean to hurt you."

"I see things, Denny, and you know what I want to say. Well, it's this: You want to go, Denny, you'll have to go far away and life will be empty all kinds of bright, happy things before you, and I want you to take them, go after them, don't stay behind on account of me. Why should there be two people staying back when there need only be one?"

"Say, Katy—Denny frowned, talked at her through shut teeth. "Say, now—" but his lips trembled. She saw tears in his eyes.

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