

London Advertiser

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TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1924.

Speeches at Ottawa.

Looking over the House of Commons debates as they come in day after day, one cannot fail to notice the similarity between them and the debates of a year ago or two or three years ago.

Here is one speaker who starts in shortly after three in the afternoon, discusses Canadian history from the time of Confederation, turned to that fine old soup bone, the tariff, went on from that to a long talk about the way in which the election in his riding was fought—and wound up about five.

The next speaker started in to show that the present government had inherited its debts largely from the previous one; he reviewed the way in which horses were bought during the war. After recess he went on about the position of the Maritimes, with references to England's attitude toward the north in the fight against the south over the abolition of slavery; then came the tariff until 9:15.

At that hour a westerner started to discuss conditions in his country, spoke on transportation and the folly of a tariff until 10:15, when the day was over.

There probably always will be speeches in the Commons, because there always have been speeches there, but to what extent have they a definite, formative effect on the business of the country? They do not change votes one way or the other. They represent a lot of action that is many times removed from being a positive force in the planning of policies and making more real and efficient the agencies of a government in grappling with the actual problems of the people.

Running through nearly every speech is an undercurrent of justification for the past history of the party to which the speaker owes allegiance. That is why debates in the House of Commons have not reached a higher level or become a more potent factor in the making of Canada.

A government would be better advised to employ considerable of its time in gathering first-hand information from a wide range of sources as to how present enactments were operating. A certain tariff is made to meet a particular condition. Does it work out as anticipated? Has it been fair to the consumer and beneficial to the manufacturer? Is a government, under existing plans, in possession of enough reliable, impartial information to enable it to intelligently alter the conditions or sanction its continuance.

The average speech in the Commons is not a constructive document; it is built along political lines; it has its thrust for the political opponent and its recital of past political grievances. All these things in too many cases preclude the possibility of it acting as a safe guidepost for intelligent, formative action on the part of those whose business it is to shape policies.

Constructive speaking, having in view the urgent need for the full development of this wonderful but very much undeveloped Dominion, should be encouraged, and even insisted upon, in the Commons.

The School Situation.

The announcement is made following a caucus of members of the board of education that it may be possible to cut the estimates for the two new colleges which the board desires to build.

For the present there are two municipal bodies in whose hands this matter rests—the board of education and the city council.

It is quite natural to appreciate the fact that it is the business of the board of education to stress the need of the educational institutions; they are close up to the situation; they see things from day to day that the general public do not know about, and they are quite within their rights when they seek to guard to the utmost the educational system that the citizens of London have entrusted to their care. That is why they ask for as much money as they can; it is well that there should be an aggressive spirit on the part of the board. The city council, on the other hand, is faced with the stern business of taking money from the citizens to meet the running expenses of the community including the amounts needed for the upkeep and building of the schools. The council, through its operations, from its knowledge of the finances of the city, its ability to pay taxes, are the custodians of the public purse. They know how much

added burden the people can carry from year to year; they can study the tax returns; through the court of revision they get another view of the ability of the people to pay taxes. They have access to information that the citizens in general and the board of education know little or nothing about. The two positions are quite logical; one seeking for money and the other determining the ability of the people to grant it.

Back of it all, as the connecting link, should be the idea, always kept in mind, that these two bodies are working together for the same purpose, drawing from the same purse—that of the ratepayers of London.

The council, in this instance, should ask the board of education to try again before granting \$700,000 in addition to the building program already under way this year. The board, we believe, will lend its best efforts to such a suggestion. It is not a question of barring any class of the community from an adequate education; there is no such sentiment in the city. It is more a matter of being positively certain that we are making the very best use of the space we have, and of settling once and for all the question of adequate facilities for secondary education in keeping with the needs of the case and the ability of the ratepayers to meet them.

The Right to Work.

A Kitchener man poisoned himself, and passed away before medical assistance could do anything for him.

Scanty information points to the fact that he was worried because he could not secure employment.

For that reason there was no wood in the house, there was no coal, clothing for his wife and children was scanty, and food was the same.

We are at the stage now where we speak about the problem of unemployment as though we were participating in some academic discussion.

It has ceased to cause us to shudder as though we were in the presence of a thing that should have no place in this young country.

We even speak of men as though they didn't want to work, and intimate that their troubles are the result of their own indifference.

Allow for all the exceptions, and the fact remains to face us that the average man does want to work—he does want to provide for those who are dependent on him—he does want to feel that he is paying his way.

These cases that come to the surface in the tragic light of an empty bottle of poison at the side of a man who has in him the possibilities of a bread-winner are not to be passed over lightly. They are horrible blots on our system of doing things; they are a reflection on our methods that pile wealth high here and spread poverty thick there.

Better Leave It Alone.

Windsor sends out a despatch to the effect that opponents of the Lord's Day Act are going to form a society to combat the measure, with the view of asking for its repeal.

There have been some petty prosecutions under the act, but there is no evidence that it is a failure. Nor is there any evidence to show that there is any particular need for keeping candy stores open on Sunday.

The biggest value of the Lord's Day Act is not from its spiritual power—for it has none. It is an economic safeguard around the day of rest, and there are plenty of forces at work to break it down.

Canada does not want a seven-day working basis, nor does it want anything approaching a wide-open Sunday.

The manner in which Sunday is observed in this country—at least as far as cessation from work is concerned—constitutes an asset that is well worth preserving.

Note and Comment.

If Winston Churchill would come out and announce himself as a straight Conservative, it would simplify matters.

Toronto man in court said his wife threw a chair at him. She used poor judgment, as chairs are such awkward things to throw straight.

Toronto Globe says "Lava of Oratory" flows at Ottawa. The words sound well, but the comparison is poor. A stream of cold soup would be nearer the mark.

The smallpox outbreak cost Windsor \$32,000. That city did well to bring under control a situation that at first threatened to assume alarming proportions.

The Los Angeles Times writes warning its readers to get all the weeds pulled out of their gardens following the recent rains. Up here we glory in the fact that when the snow and ice lie heavy on the garden it's the one time in the year when the weeds don't bother us.

Tavish Mactavish

MAN DOES NOT CHANGE.

"THE Cudshy Packing Company in Chicago is installing an electrical patent slaughtering appliance to replace the old system of killing by clubbing." Is the heading of an article in the paper.

So the two historical extremes of achieving death seem to meet in one sentence. The club was probably the first weapon used by man in the district his hands solely. Electrocuting is the last word in the same process.

For centuries he has been experimenting with various engines and inventions to bring death to man and beast, but through all the material changes the spirit of man has dawned of his history, after he ceased changed little. If as evolutionists say, the physical body of man, after countless centuries, has reached its final stage of development, how long will it take the race to achieve mental and intellectual maturity?

TO BUFFALO BILL.

THE granddaughter of Col. William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) will, on July 4, unveil a statue of the famous plainsman in the City of Cody, Wyoming. What more fitting place could there be than this little town in the cattle country named after him for a memorial of one of the last of our cowboy heroes?

Nothing shows the tremendous rush of modern development in this North American continent in the last fifty years like the tale of this man, who died but a few years ago, and try to imagine him living in any of the communities we know. Almost overnight the race has changed. The conditions under which he lived are dead as far as his own country is concerned. He could find no place in the commercial conditions of today unless he became a bank messenger or a Pinkerton operative. In place of the pony express through the hills he would be driving a horseback in front of a crowded city. Thank heavens the statue in Cody represents him as he really was, on horseback in frontier costume, burly, bearded and, above all, laughing.

SO THIS IS NEW YORK.

ONCE again an innocent bystander in the republic to our south has paid the price of carelessly walking between a wild and determined prey with a gun and his fleeing prey. Now comes the "great city on earth" was the scene of the latest reduction in the population by this steadily-growing practice.

Edgar McCormick of 36 Aberdeen street was going home from business along State street when one Raymond Fales, a passenger in a patrol wagon, momentarily evaded the iron grasp of the law and streaked for home. This story of American every-day life says quite calmly: "Hugh McCormick, the veteran van driver, fired. The bullet hit Edgar McCormick, a passer-by in the back. Fales was caught by Patrolman Waxberg and was later given 20 years in Sing Sing by County Judge Martin as a reward for his liberty drive."

You see there is scant attention paid to poor McCormick. Probably he had to pay his own doctor's bill. Policemen look very efficient armored, but a little more target practice in their curriculum and a little more leg pressed in case like this would have saved a perfectly good American a stiff back.

South Sea Folks

A CHAP brought in a magazine and marked a page or two for me, about some tribe what dwell and thrive in one small land called Kasa-sha.

Of course they're savage boys and girls, and not trained up like me and you, and it is awful for to read the things that these people do.

They haven't got a parliament to grind out brand new laws each year, and if a man picks up a fuss, why some big native grabs his ear, and leads him to a public spot, I know it's most almighty queer, and then the natives get a slab and spank him soundly in the rear.

They haven't got an army there, they haven't got a public debt, they never wrangle over the quest if they shall vote for dry or wet.

And when a young man wants a wife, he prances forth all fresh and brave, and with a club he nails his spouse and drags her captive to his cave. And there she serves him as she should, and forthwith leaves her kith and kin, he clothes her as he thinks best, most likely in a tiger's skin.

And thus they live their lives apart, while fruit and things grow all about, and when they want a dainty dish they go and hit a lion a clout. And the cunning ones, the clever ones, to bring along each hungry troop, nor do they worry like we do about the microbes in the soup.

It must be great to live like that without so much of show and fuss. I'm thinkin' too, that in their way they get along as well as us—ARK.

Good-by, Apache

A RECENT government bulletin mentions the fact that a saw-mill has been set up on one of the Apache reservations to provide lumber for the modern homes that are being built for the Indians.

The redskins are finally leaving the comforts of the nifty bungalow with its open plumbing. For 9,000 years or more the pious Apaches dwelt much in the open. They despised the sheltering roof of a soft and pampered civilization.

They lived in the wide spaces where men were men, and they scorned the safety razor, the silk suspender, and the can-opener of the effeminate whites.

But now they are indicating a disposition to participate in the luxuries of modern civilization. They have had some contact with their bronzed companions in Oklahoma, who have cleaned up some millions in oil lands and learned the use of the salad fork and the cocktail shaker.

It is the beginning of the end with the Apaches. The grim warriors of the desert and the plain have succumbed to the lure of modern housekeeping and are crying for more closet space in their new homes. They want a bath with every guest chamber and they want the new jazz treatment on the walls and ceilings of the music room.

The name of the Apache tribe used to be whispered with terror by the white pioneers of a former generation. Now it is played on the puny piccolo.

DR. FRANK CRANE'S DAILY EDITORIAL

The Servant Problem

By DR. FRANK CRANE.

SOME time ago I wrote an article in which I told about how to manage the hired girl. It was a good article because, not knowing anything about the subject, my creative imagination had a clear run.

After I had written it I saw a piece in E. W. Howe's Monthly, in which Brother Howe told some of his experience. As he probably knows as little of the subject as I do, his remarks are interesting.

He said that he recently had spent some time with a man who had begun life as a poor boy and worked his way up to affluence. He had married a good girl who had developed into a very capable wife.

"Being rich," writes Mr. Howe, "they have built a fine house, and are trying to live more comfortably than they did when poor. Lately they began talking in my presence about the servant problem. Their experiences would make a good magazine story and probably a book. Smart as both the husband and wife are, they cannot successfully manage their servants; they work harder at this than they ever did at making a fortune, and less successfully. They have tried Japanese, Chinese, Scandinavian, negro and most other races, but the results have always been the same: they pay servants big wages, and both are overworked, although they pay for having their work done."

"And how careful my friends must be with their servants! They must not, above all, 'patronize' them; this is the one thing servants will not put up with. And they must feed them well and furnish plenty to 'do' with. I have seen the room of the cook, the stepmother of five children; it was shown to me one day when she was out for the afternoon. She has a private bath, and is about as good a room as there is in the house. Two other servants are man and wife, and they have equally good quarters: a suite. I did not see this as both were around the house and we were liable to be caught if we looked at it."

"Generally, the story of this worthy couple and their servant problem was about the most interesting and amusing thing I have heard in years. And it isn't fiction; it is true."

"Here is a rich man who is having the 'good time' we hear so much about. He is one of the 'idle rich'."

"Idle! He works like a slave trying to get justice from his servants and, being an intelligent and just man, cannot sleep nights from thinking of the manner in which they impose on him."

"One of his slaves was much devoted to the Salvation Army. To avoid friction the chauffeur was frequently asked to take her to the meetings, and he made a fuss about it, as he was a club man, and wanted to get off nearly every night to attend a meeting. On one occasion the Salvation Army slave wanted to entertain her fellows, and permission was granted her to give a picnic in her employer's grounds. To avoid being accused of pettiness, the slave was permitted to feed her guests from the family kitchen. The members of the Army brought their drums, trombones, cymbals and tamborines, and held a service on the grounds. Passers-by thought my friends had been converted. The captain, a burly fellow in uniform, requested permission to hold a service in the parlor, to pray for the family. This my friend refused, and the entire party left in high dudgeon, taking the household with them. That night, on the street, the captain told of the wrongs of the poor, and said that if anyone present wanted the services of a kind, patient housemaid, driven to desperation by the brutal methods of an employer, he could supply one."

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.

Recalls Old Days.

There Were 5 to 1 Chances That Colored Candidate for Office Would Not Be Elected.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir—I was much interested in reading the flight from freedom of Peter and his wife from Kentucky to Canada, aided by Dr. Ross, as related in The Advertiser a few days ago. This was one of many episodes occurring during that period.

When residing in the Township of Camden there lived in Dresden a freed negro by the name of Joseph Hanson. He was the reputed Uncle Tom of Mrs. Stowe, and escaped from slavery stowed away in a barrel labeled "This end up with care," and got to Canada after many dire experiences. He was a clever negro, and on more than one occasion had been nominated for the council. This township was not divided into wards as townships generally were, but every elector had five votes; this was for the purpose of preventing a negro being elected in that part, containing the village of Dresden, but for amusement a colored man was often put in nomination, as on this occasion at which I was present.

His address to the electors was exceedingly clever and witty. After referring to his chances for election and his determination to remain in the field, he alluded to the invariable practice of raking up public men's characters. Addressing the returning officer, he said: "I have only been in this contest one short half hour, but as I walked up here to deliver this address a gentleman whispered in my ear, 'Mr. Hanson, do you know that your mover and seconder are two of the meanest men in Camden?'"

Will Continue Canvass.

Presbyterian Claims That Fresh Fuel Comes From Opposition to Their Plans.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir—In your paper of Friday, there appeared a letter, signed by certain of the leading Unitarian clergymen of the city, together with three union laymen, which, to say the least of it, was rather insulting and bold. In my humble judgment, it was the brandishing again of the big stick, threatening to subside into silence the people who do not think with them on all this important question of church union.

Why, before entering into print on this question, did not one of the said ministers or elders not have the question brought before their session, and have it condemned, as was done by the Unitarians in other cities. Then they would have been up to date with their bossing, but we would have gone along with our canvass just the same as they did in Galt and Toronto. One thing worthy of notice in connection with the list of names attached to the letter is that of one of the men who wishes to dictate to the Presbyterian people of London is a man who was admitted to membership from the Methodist Church. In my not too ancient memory, Mr. Gorwilly (the known as Squire Gorwilly) was one of the leading lights of Salem Methodist Church. The Presbyterian Church not only admitted him to membership, but bestowed upon him the greatest honor she can bestow upon any lay member. Now he is not only dissatisfied with her, and is willing to obliterate the home that took him in, but he is even endeavoring to do so in the grand old church (and I hardly hope to aspire to so high an office) then, sir, I would have respect for my solemn obligation and would ever strive to defend and maintain the same church, and its reverend and honored sirs, we will sign and continue to sign the cards for the continuance of our beloved church, and anything that you may try to do to either hinder or intimidate us will only act as fuel to the fire of our enthusiasm. Whatever sessions may regard as their duty, the members of the church have rights, and they are to maintain them. Presbyterians are slaves to gone save to their Lord.

Jesus Christ, and a mighty army of them are to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free.

"While at this hour leading Toronto Unitarians are asking their non-unionist friends how they can undo the harm they have already done, a few Unitarians here seem to be seeking how much more harm they can do. Autocracy in the church must pass, and democracy must enter."

TRUE PRESBYTERIAN.

Still Hopes For Oil.

Kincardine Man Thinks Oil and Gas Should Be Found Several Places in Ontario.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir—I am always pleased to read any articles in your valuable paper on the development of Canada's resources."

In today's issue I see that some are as sanguine of Ontario's resources as I have been, and I am in touch with the idea that we may yet get gas and even oil anywhere on a line across this peninsula south of the Manitoulin Island and Kingston. I have studied geology since a boy and I am not very young today—and my conviction remains that beneath us, wherever an anticline may be found, that gas and probably oil may be found.

It may seem strange that our kerosene resembles very closely the coal oil belonging to the coal measures, and which is being distilled from the shale overlying and underlying the used-up coal fields of Europe, and which I have seen worked in Scotland, and retelling the oil therefrom cheaper than we got it at that time in Ontario.

There is no coal in Ontario which is known to be found only in the Devonian system, whereas our oil is a product lying below the coal measures, and it is well known by geologists now that beneath the system named no coal exists. Coal is a well known product of vegetation. Kerosene often called rock oil, has been found in the lower strata of the Silurian system, and some noted geologists affirm that it has been found in some of the igneous rocks. If this is correct we may fairly assume that it is a chemical product and not of vegetable or animal origin.

Be that as it may, I am inclined to the belief that gas and oil may be found in many places in Ontario, but only in exceptional places is it likely to be got as near the surface as at Petrolia.

I am inclined to the belief that the source from whence the oil comes is hundreds of feet lower than the bottom of the salt deposits, and that some hitch in the rocks near Courtwright occurred before the glacial period, and that the glacier clay covered the crack which became impermeable to the oil from the lower strata.

This idea seems quite probable when we learn that gas and oil is now got at a depth of more than 2,000 feet. Not only in the oil belt but away from it altogether, and still new fields are being tapped at about 2,000 feet or more.

When we understand that our salt area extends over a larger extent than Lake Huron and that the salt beds are impermeable to water, gas or oil, it is quite reasonable to assume that anticlines may be tapped with vast stores of gas or oil.

I have called the attention of officials of the drilling department at Ottawa, but they would rather that private enterprise would take hold of it.

WILLIAM WELSH.

Is London Selfish?

Dorchester Resident Reviews Some of the Things That Have Taken Place Here Recently.

Editor of The Advertiser, Sir—Since last summer I have seen several things in the papers that makes me think London is lacking in kindness. Last year a law was passed prohibiting autos from driving in the park. No one believes more in keeping such places for the benefit of the

citizens, who have only this way to enjoy the fresh air and beautiful things in nature than I do. But why shut out those who can only get there in autos by the kindness of those who own cars? Invalids who have to be carried to and from them enjoy an outing in the lovely gardens among the trees.

I know of more than one poor invalid who enjoyed the park in this way, till a year ago, some driving in from the country and the car owner would drive in some quiet place and leave the car in the car, resting on pillows while the others would go and do their shopping, some business—man going to the wholesale while the others visited the retail stores, then come back to get the sick one who had enjoyed the outing so much.

But last summer the press notified the people, visitors too, that if they drove in or parked in the shade of the trees they would be fined. Result: Many who would trade in London have gone to Ingersoll or St. Thomas, places not so selfish.

One dear old lady who used to go in from the country and rest and enjoy the day several times during the summer (did not go last year for she said: "If I must stay on some back street I may as well stay in our own lane, but, oh, it was such a delight to see the lovely flowers." No all her large family go to St. Thomas to do their trading.

Then, when that poor old man whose only crime was he had lived too long and had no money or friends, was put in jail—30 years old, and yet no pity shown him. Surely among the wealthy men there, they could have raised the small amount necessary to put him in a hospital where he would be cared for during the few years left him.

Then in your paper one day this week is the account of the poor old woman who wandered from her home and was killed on the railway. Her friends could not give her the care needed, and a lady had tried to get her in a home, but the string of red tape was too long and before it was untangled she was killed. No blame could be attached to those who had looked after her as best they could, but the only wage-earner was a man of 77, and he only able to earn a few dollars. Only a few dollars per week would have saved her life. Selfish again!

Now comes along a man who wants all the birds and squirrels killed, especially the pigeons. What kind of a specimen is he? Would it not be better to send this man to some remote region where he could have his morning sleep? I am glad to see that others have taken up the matter in your columns and ask to have the pigeons saved.

"ONE WHO WOULD KNOW." S. Dorchester.

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