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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1925.

Political Ingratitude.

Political ingratitude is as bad as any other kind. It is running its course now in the columns of some Conservative papers because the Patenaude-Conservative plan of securing seats in Quebec failed to function.

When Mr. Patenaude's name was first mentioned it was received with loud applause; there was even stamping of the feet on the floor, and in another corner someone whistled. The Free Press declared he would be a tower of strength to the Conservative cause, and that he "was ready to throw himself into the fight as a lieutenant of Hon. Arthur Meighen." What he was going to fight or who or how made no difference—he was against Mr. King, and that was sufficient.

Mr. Patenaude failed, and the Conservative papers are critical to the point of political cruelty. The Toronto Telegram analyzes the Quebec situation and blames everyone, from Sir Robert Borden to Mr. Patenaude, for the present state of the Conservative party in Quebec. The management of the party, according to the Telegram, is centered in St. James street, the financial stronghold, and from there it takes its direction, and from the same source were charted the movements of the Patenaude-Conservative campaign.

Since the scheme fell flat in Quebec the Telegram is moved to say:

"St. James street entered the recent campaign with high hopes. It expected to put Patenaude at Ottawa with a group of goodly size."

This is interesting evidence from a Conservative newspaper. It bears out to a letter the charge made during the election that the one and only idea of handing the Conservative campaign in Quebec over to the Patenaude group was to secure an anti-imperialist, anti-O. N. R. following from that province. It was reported with pleasure that Mr. Patenaude was going to get twenty Quebec seats. Had he been successful his following would have been received as simon-pures by the Conservative party.

Why is the Conservative press so anxious to bludgeon Mr. Patenaude now? If, as the Telegram says, his sword was found to be only a slapstick, why was there such a gleeful expectation that by it he could win twenty seats in Quebec? The crime they are urging against Mr. Patenaude today is that he failed to perform according to his advance notices. Had he succeeded, with the aid of Montreal's financial district, there would be no criticism today of the methods he used, and we would never have had the admission from a Conservative paper that "St. James street entered the campaign with high hopes, expecting to put Patenaude at Ottawa with a group of goodly size."

Mr. Patenaude failed to carry out his part of the agreement with the Conservative party, and that is why he is being attacked so bitterly now.

Tillsburg's Thanksgiving.

To Tillsburg goes the distinction of having given tangible interpretation to the new meaning of Thanksgiving Day in Canada—combining a sincere tribute to the Canadians who fought or fell in the great war with the idea of public rejoicing to mark the declaration of peace.

The plan first took form in the mind of Mr. Arthur Trusler, principal of the public school; from him it went to the children; they carried it home. The result was a day that will be memorable in local history as one where, with very little organization, the town and countryside demonstrated its approval of the idea. It is probably the first celebration of its kind in Canada.

The method employed showed how clearly Mr. Trusler had sensed what was in the minds of the people. The morning program was a public service to impress particularly upon the young the sacredness of the occasion; the afternoon full of life and innocent amusement, to depict the joy with which the news was received that hostilities had ceased. Leadership of this calibre, coupled with a community spirit to give it voice and form, such as Tillsburg contributed, has given a valuable suggestion as to how best to employ a day that might otherwise have been less worthily observed.

The Passing of T. H. Preston.

Mr. T. H. Preston of the Brantford Expositor is dead. Making final preparations for a trip to Atlantic City following a few days' illness, Mr. Preston went back to his desk at the Expositor office, and that effort is blamed for the final attack to which he succumbed. That was typical of Mr. Preston. His newspaper was the center of his existence, and few men have succeeded in so impressing the stamp of their own clear-cut personality on the columns of a paper and on its general conduct as T. H. Preston and the Brantford Expositor.

Mr. Preston gave largely of his time and means to public service. In the provincial legislature labor problems, particularly child labor, attracted his attention, and the Liberal leadership could have been his had he been free to accept. In his own city, it was the general hospital, the board of education and other public enterprises that made the strongest appeal to him, while his work on the parole board gave

scope for a mind that was not only just, but sympathetic and human.

Mr. Preston died in the harness, and that is exactly as he would have had it. On more than one occasion he had given expression to the desire to maintain to the end an active part in journalism. He has had his desire. The citizens of Brantford will be the poorer for his passing; men who knew him, and those who have been associated with him in past years, feel that in his death they have suffered a personal bereavement.

Potatoes and Labor.

A city purchaser writes saying that when on the market on Saturday he could not get potatoes from the man he generally dealt with because he was keeping them on his farm in the expectation of getting better prices later on. The buyer considered this was the equivalent to a hold-up.

It is easy to imagine how that conclusion might be arrived at, because the purchaser in this case sees the idea in operation, and stands in danger of having his pocket touched.

The farmer in this case was merely trying to get the highest possible price for what he had to sell. Last year, if he were in the potato business to any extent he would have found, had he kept books on his production yields and costs, that he did not make any money. If he has a chance to make that up this year he is simply following the rules of business.

We find this in many other lines. A farmer near London told The Advertiser a few weeks ago about his experience with his hired man. A road was being built past his place, and the hired man quit when the harvest was on because he could get more money working on the road. The hired man had only one thing to sell, his power to work, and he was doing exactly the same thing as the farmer who seeks a high price for potatoes.

It is a situation in which the potato grower would do well to profit by past experience, not only in potatoes, but in everything else. There is always a degree of danger in attempting to extract the last cent from anything. The wiser course is to determine a selling price representing a fair profit on the operation, and then sell at that price. When the seller of any produce or manufactured article goes beyond that he is on dangerous ground. There is always the chance that the buyer, feeling that the price is being placed at too high a figure, may find some substitute. Such things have happened before, and there is no guarantee that they will not happen again.

Not So Unanimous.

There is not a Conservative paper that has not been excited over the claim that Mr. King has a mixed following in the house, including protectionists from Ontario and Quebec and low tariff representatives from the west.

By the same token they infer that Mr. Meighen has a following of all one mind on matters of policy, a compact group all tuned to the same belief. Mr. Meighen has twenty-three members from the maritime provinces, where high tariff was not the issue in the election. These people want wider markets for their produce and better transportation facilities. He also has eleven western Canada members, where there is no sentiment for high tariff. From Ontario he has followers from districts where the British preference has been working a direct benefit to producers of natural produce, and they will not be interested in Mr. Meighen's attempt to do away with the preference. He also has supporters from districts where lower rates for cattle to the Old Country markets is a pressing need, and they cannot satisfy their constituents with Mr. Meighen's negative attitude on the ocean shipping combine. And, finally, Mr. Meighen's own frame of mind is not clear. In 1920 he declared that Canada could never have a high tariff.

Both Liberal and Conservative sides of the house are a mixture of opinions. It is probably well that it is so.

Seasonable Facts.

Christmas trees shipped from Canada to United States will pay a duty of 10 per cent, being classed as "non-enumerated unmanufactured articles."

Santa Claus whiskers carry the same insurance rates as last year.

Those having Santa Claus outfits will be called upon as frequently as ever to loan them without any charge.

Otherwise Christmas arrangements will proceed as usual.

Note and Comment.

Heading on the market page says "Potatoes Soar." So are the buyers.

Bandits in Detroit say the profession is getting crowded. Applying the logic of some Canadian politicians, it needs protection.

Detroit fireman who has answered 3,000 calls is to be given a banquet, which leads the Border Cities Star to advise that it take the form of a smoker.

The Kitchener Record says too many householders keep milk bottles. But now that the season is on for eating mustard pickles and catsup the blockade will soon be eased.

Canadian mint is going to make \$10 gold pieces. This coin will be welcomed by the man who dislikes the gazes that accompany the placing of bills on the collection plate.

Sunday paper had a picture of the fastest motor boat built. But it's a small compared to the motor boats that used to leave for Cuba with a cargo of rum and be back for more in 24 hours.

Five hundred gallons of alcohol were thrown into a sewer at St. Catharines that has an outlet in the Welland canal. The largest steamer in the world can now go through there like a cork floating in a tub.

Uncle "Happy"

By ARK.

Uncle Happy lives back home, he's been there eighty years or more, and always earned his board and keep by drivin' for the village store. He knows most everyone about, and likewise most of folks know him, they wonder how he keeps about and always wears a tidy grin.

I met with Happy yesterday when I was home to spend the day, and asked him how he kept so spry and always seemed so glad and gay.

Well Uncle Happy says to me, "I'm goin' on now to eighty-four, I made my mind up years ago I wouldn't worry any more. I used to stew and fuss a lot because I wasn't goin' ahead, I fussed when I riz in the morn and stewed when I was goin' to bed."

"I'll tell you how I work it now when come Thanksgiving round this year, and folks all plannin' for a day to generate some thanks and cheer."

"Well I'd have liked to took to home a turkey for a feed that day, but when I priced the birds I found they cost four times what I could pay. So then I looked at geese a spell and reckoned what I'd pay for that, and found investin' in a goose would leave my purse too thin and flat."

"And chickens they was high likewise, so there was nothin' else to do, but have a bit of bacon then with liver aliced and put in too."

"I ain't complainin' on that dish, nor do I want to stand and preach, but it don't pay to hang your hat up higher than where you can reach."

(Copyright.)

Isn't It the Truth?

Epitaph: Here lies the propagandist, as usual. A village is a place where the hard-boiled are roasted.

"Marrying well" means marrying a degree of luxury one hasn't the wit to earn.

A man is definitely through if he feels cheery about the big thing he did last year.

The pleasantest way to spend the hours between 6 and 7 a.m. is to take another nap.

There's always something. The more prosperous the times, the less parking space.

How delightful these snappy mornings when you have a lot of pep and the fly hasn't.

There's one good thing about rheumatism and triplets. One no longer dreads the worst.

It may be that domesticated creatures would return to the wild state. Look at flappers.

Fame is just a matter of inventing a better mouse trap and spending a million to advertise it.

Too many people think opportunity means a chance to get money without earning it.

One way to have a good digestion is to remember that you can't get a quart in a pint measure.

At this rate, ten more years will leave us nothing to classify as immodest.

Where's the sense in hard-surfacing a road and then spreading a thin coat of pedestrian on top?

If all of the feeble-minded were locked up, where would some of these magazines get their circulation?

Correct this sentence: "Some one else was talking on the line," said she, "and I hung up instantly." R. Q.

Editorial Opinion

BYNG IS RIGHT.

THOSE people who seem to think that Mr. Mackenzie King should not have been permitted to carry on are quite wrong in their views, and those newspapers that seem disposed to instruct the governor in his duties are not only wrong, but imprudent and impertinent.

Lord Byng is a constitutional governor. He is prudent and courteous, and may be depended upon to do the right thing in any crisis, none the less in the grave issue of the present hour.

Fault may be found with Mr. Mackenzie King in the course he is pursuing. It does not seem the manly, straightforward course, and his conduct is a legitimate subject of criticism, but it will not effect any purpose, and may work mischief, to bully the governor or to attempt to teach him his duty, with which he is quite familiar, and which he may be relied upon to perform with wisdom, courage and resolution.

WE TOLD YOU SO.

From the Montreal Herald.

WHEN in August last, Mr. Arthur Meighen and his associates were clamoring for a general election, the Herald appealed to Premier King not to accede to this demand. We said:

"It is a golden rule on the field of battle, in the law courts, and above all the political arena, never to do what your opponents are trying to make you do. And that rule might be applied by Premier King to the strategy of Mr. Meighen. Mr. Meighen wants an election now because he fears one later. He cannot afford to wait. Premier King can."

However, the clamorous challenge of Mr. Meighen was accepted and the result is seen in today's returns. That the government exercised mistaken judgment in appealing to the country at this time is apparent. It could have remained in office for another year.

MODERATE TARIFF THE SOLUTION.

(From the Winnipeg Free Press)

FROM self-interest, Ontario went in favor of tariff stability of the upward variety. And the west, if it followed pure self-interest, would demand a slashing reduction in the customs duties. Perhaps it will some day sink home to Canadians east and west that the only practical and fair thing to do is to compromise on a moderate tariff, and that this must be the ultimate settlement of the tariff issue.

Lighter Vein

ALL THERE ON BUSINESS.

A man slipped on a banana-peel and executed a funny fall, not being hurt, as it turned out, but having his dignity somewhat ruffled. When he recovered a moment later a friend was holding his hat and a number of people had formed a circle.

"What do these idlers want?" he enquired.

"They are not idlers," explained his friend soothingly. "Here's a doctor who wants to look you over, a lawyer ready to bring suit for you and a producer of comic films who would like to sign you up."

The Gentle Art of Advice

BY "SOBBUSTER."

Henry is nearly all better again. He has not been very well for nearly a month; not very bad, but just all in; nothing very serious, only he seemed to be fearfully hungry for gasoline.

On Sunday, he took a decided turn for the worse, and on Monday, when we started to town, he stopped short and decided not to go again until we performed an operation on the differential joint.

During his recent illness I have received a lot of advice, mostly free, and several times expert advice which was not free, but the best advice was to run him into the barn, and a neighbor who has had experience with crippled cars came in and we went at it.

If there is a rest in a change of work, we'll just get a rest, but I've had holidays that I could keep my clothes cleaner at, but although it was not a clean job to work at, it had one redeeming feature, it was interesting. Then when everything was assembled and in working order, I got some expert advice, and found the seat of the trouble, and had it put right, and now Henry is well again, and happy.

Free Advice For Sodbusters.

Did it ever occur to you that the Sodbusters receive a tremendous flood of advice, not only from people who know nothing about the business of the agriculturist (to give him his full name) but from what must be almost like an army of men who are supposed to know something? We get books and circulars and great gobs of advice all free, with the exception of the taxes we pay to keep these advisers in their jobs.

Of course there is a catch in it; there mostly is in free advice. These fellows find so many jobs the farmer can do, and tell him the easiest way to do them, that it keeps the whole family on the hunt from early morning till late at night. That is our weakness. We all have such unsatisfied appetites for advice, and we all have a weakness that we like to give advice, so I would imagine the men who are in the government employ, handing out advice to farmers must have a very happy time, especially if they think we take it all in, but it unfortunately they must know we don't, for no man could possibly live

long enough to read it all, even if it were all interesting.

We All Love Advice.

We seek advice in everything. We have problems of social life, business, financial, home, religious, intellectual, friendship, health, entertainment and no end of things, and there are always new problems cropping up, and there is most always somebody kind enough to give us advice.

The unfortunate thing seems to be that the advice is not always good. A man consulted a quick doctor about removing wart, the doctor gave him the cure, and advised him how to use it. A few weeks later he sent in his testimonial which stated that "after using two bottles of your most valuable medicine the wart is gone, also my nose." I'm sure most of us have accepted advice that turned out about as well.

Most every man, if he only would admit it, has a nicely engraved bunch of stock certificates, which he bought at an ill-advised time, when he had visions of wealth rolling in on him, and of the time when he'd only work for fun, and it often takes two and sometimes three to make us realize that our nose is gone.

It's a Deeply-Rooted Habit.

But the habit of taking advice is deeply rooted in us all. In our earliest childhood it is ingrained in us—our politics, religion, and moral standards are largely acquired, and if you don't believe it, try voting for the party that has the opposite policies to the one in which you were brought up to believe was right.

We may call ourselves progressive or independent, but deep down in us the advice of former years crops up. We all pass through a time when we feel we won't take advice from anybody, not even dad and mother. We wonder how they ever got along at all, and as we grow older it gradually dawns on us that they do know some things, and by the time we are really facing life we wonder how we could ever get along without their advice. Most everybody gives advice which he has no notion of taking himself. Like a bald-headed barber advising a man to use hair restorer, or the man who says, do as I say but not as I do. And did you ever notice how hurt some people are when we don't take their advice? It sometimes causes fights at election time, but I guess your advice to me will be "whoa."

To the Editor

Liberalism Needed.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir.—The recent vote shows Ontario still Conservative, i.e., Conservative, but not still.

The tariff question, featured as it was in only a general way, certainly is credited with such vote-getting charms, particularly when it has been a political football for years, and also when it was a subject which was so carefully avoided when he was in power.

The U.F.O. and the prohibition question split the Liberal Reform party in two, and with which the federal Liberal machine could not cope.

Throughout their existence Liberals have had to take the affirmative side of their cause and prove their case conclusively ever since they questioned the divine right of kings.

Liberalism may at times be a Jonah which the Conservative whole completely swallows, but there is ample justification for Liberalism. No one ever heard of a Jonah that stayed down. Jonah has another advantage, he gets all the sympathy for it is not written down anywhere anyone sheds pity on a whale.

All Canada, Ontario particularly, needs a strong Liberal organization in each riding, capable of handling the advertising Liberalism and its history. Then, if at election time, results are as we find them today, this question: If it be true, vox populi, vox dei, then what are they up there, Grit or Tory?

November 7. LA SALETTE.

Buying Potatoes.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir.—I was at the market on Saturday, and among other things, wanted to get potatoes. I inquired of a farmer there if he had any, and he told me he was not selling any this week. Upon further questioning he told me the reason was that the price was on the way up, and he expected that in a short time he would be able to get more for what he had. This struck me as funny, because it is the one thing the farmer always complains about himself, that people in the cities are banding together to hold up prices, and yet this man was doing exactly the very thing.

EAST ENDER.

London, November 7.

A SILVER LINING.

Mrs. Knowall took a great interest in the doings of all the neighbors. It was a great day for her when a new arrival came to the house on the opposite side of the street, and she watched with interest as the furniture was removed from the van and carried into the house.

"Well," said her husband, when he returned from business in the evening, "have you found out anything about the social standing of the new folks across the street?"

"Not yet," was the reply. "They have no car."

"No?"

"Yes, and they have no pom, no phonograph, no radio, and not even a grand piano. I can't imagine what they have got."

"Humph," remarked friend husband, sardonically. "Perhaps they have a bank account."

"YES" IN FOUR WORDS.

A young man in Barrington, Mass., couldn't get up courage enough to pop the question to his girl, so he sent his offer by mail. He got a postal card reply, but by saying: "Fetch on your preacher."

ONE BIG RAIL-ALLIANCE MOVE HALTED BY NATIONAL UNION

Opposition of English Railwaymen Is Big Stumbling Block in Path of Proponents of Latest Scheme For Expanding Scope of Labor.

Special to The Advertiser.

London, Nov. 9.—Plans for forming all the leading trade unions into one big industrial alliance, with the power of calling a general strike, have been checked by the opposition of the National Union of Railwaymen.

It is clearly recognized that the railwaymen occupy the strongest strategic position for striking purposes. Other industries may stop work for wages without exercising any pressure upon the government, but a railway stoppage causes an immediate and national standard. The majority of the engine drivers, however, are not in the National Union of Railwaymen, but in

another union which is strongly attached to the industrial alliance, and it may be considered that this union is sufficiently strong to make a railway strike effective.

A great many union leaders think that the alliance would, in any case, be too large to function.

It is absurd to suppose that millions of workers would bring upon themselves and their country the catastrophe of a general strike simply at the call of a committee of leaders. If any issue arise which could justify the calling of a general strike, such a strike would take place spontaneously under the leadership of the general council of trade unions, and there would be no need for the laborite machinery of the industrial alliance.

RIVER TRAFFIC SURVEY IS NEAR COMPLETION

C. N. R. Engineer Studies Detroit-Windsor Bridge Possibilities.

Special to The Advertiser by Staff Correspondent.

Windsor, Nov. 9.—The independent survey of the cross-river transportation situation is rapidly nearing completion, under the direction of Col. C. N. Monserrat of Montreal, and a report will be forthcoming tomorrow or Wednesday, according to an announcement by Wallace R. Campbell, vice-president and treasurer of the Ford Motor Company of Canada, chairman of the special bridge committee.

Col. Monserrat, who is consulting engineer of the Canadian National Railways, was retained by the committee to conduct a special survey and consider plans for the contemplated Detroit-Windsor bridge as presented by Joseph Bower of New York. He is expected to arrive here within the next day or two.

The special bridge committee, which represents all the border municipalities, proposed a vote on the bridge question at the coming municipal elections, and the mayors of St. Rich, Riverside, and Ford already have predicted sweeping majorities for the proposition.

DUTCH ANDERSON, CRIMINAL, DIED ALMOST A PAUPER

Special to The Advertiser.

Detroit, Nov. 9.—Dutch Anderson had \$120 when Detective Hammond killed him at Muskegon last week. That was all he saved through 15 years of law defiance and violence so spectacular as to place him in the forefront of his terrible trade.

The story ran that he had amassed a fortune. Like other tales that tend to glorify the outlaw, it proved to be a legend. "Crime doesn't pay" is a trite saying, and the career of Rev. Mr. Holmes gave the address of it is not mistaken.

"Not a criminal in the last half century has made a dollar out of his stealings," said a federal operator. "They all die poor, some of them on the gallows, many in the poorhouse, most of them in jail. It doesn't pay."

Those Who Use

"SALADA" GREEN TEA

Know how much more delicious it is than any Japan or Gunpowder. Sold everywhere. Insist upon SALADA.

MORE HONEST ADVERTISING.
Genuine Leather Footballs, \$1.00 each. They won't last long. W. H. Boll—Marietta (O.) Register.



A little higher in price, but—
what a wonderful difference
just a few cents make.