Mondon Advertiser

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The Passing of Mr. Purdom.

Although the community knew for some days of the serious illness of Mr. T. H. Purdom, the news of his death comes no less as a shock to the city and to Western Ontario.

Mr. Purdom and the city of London grew up together. Few men took a greater interest in the men of the community, and few men knew so intimately and correctly the lives of he men of London. The history of the Bar of Middlesex was to him an open book, and he frequently made valuable contributions to the press oncerning the activities and worth of the men of brilliance whom London has contributed to the legal world.

Few men knew the political hisory of Canada as did Mr. Purdom. He had a rich fund of knowledge, ripened by a personal acquaintance with a host of the politicians of Canada, especially of the Liberal school. As a writer on political topics, or as a speaker on the platform he was forceful, polished, always keeping in mind great issues rather than small personalities. If he believed a policy was right, he was prepared at all times, without counting costs, to give it the full measure of support of which he was

A student and a reader, Mr. Purdom was well abreast of the times. tario above all other countries.

That the Lloyd George

Asquith wings of the Liberal party in Britain have come together, at party could think of facing an election with a gulf fixed and immov able between its two branches.

There were 59 Asquith Liberals and 59 Lloyd George Liberals returned in the last election, a total of 118. This made the third party in the Commons. The 615 seats were held as follows:

Conservative __ Labor 142 National Liberals Nationalists Sinn Fein

The government has five less seats now than a year ago, and the Labor group has two more.

The last election, only two years ago, was famous for the lack of anyabout. It kept the contestants busy searching for something that with much crate feeding, grooming and inflation might be paraded as an

The only issue was the fact that the Conservatives gathered together at the Carlton Club and decided to pull the props out from under the Lloyd George coalition government. Having done this, the government fell. The Conservatives went together and the Liberals split.

Today there is an issue, a fine old talking point, but there is no special reason for an election. The government has a clear working majority over all the other factions in the House; it has not been challenged or defeated in any of its policies, and as governments go the Baldwin ministry looks secure for the full allotment of its days. It is a puzzle why there should be an election in 1923 following one in 1922.

It must be for purely political reasons that Premier Baldwin wishes to go to the country, and on the basis of protection vs. free trade he seeks a chance to smite Lloyd George before he has time to widen the circle of his political holding.

The plea that the election will "settle the unrest" of the people is not worth considering. The last election slogan of the Conservatives in Britain was "tranquility," and there has been neither more nor less of it since the election.

Call in the Judge.

Hamilton city council reports are filled with the words "investigation." "ugly reports," rumors," etc.

One controller claims to have a bagful of disclosures, but he wants to make them before a judge rather

In that he is quite right. Making charges to council, or investigations by council, seldom arrive at any destination. They are loose gatherings, not subject to the law of evidence. and vested with little authority.

Let the controller have his judge; get the machinery all set and if he has fireworks let the city get him a tower and a box of matches. After it is all over, the electors

can pronounce on the performance. for voting day comes soon.

Cutting Out Motions.

has been decided that there shall be no vote this year on changing the form of civic government in London. That much is quite definite. The next best move is to look at the present form, and see if we are getting the best possible results out of it. One of the things most frequently urged for commission-manager government is that it simplifies the carrying on of business, and helps to place responsibility more definitely in the place where it should

It should be possible to make several steps in this same direction by using the machinery we have at present. It is a fact that the council meetings are often loaded with a lot of small stuff from committee reports, so much of a routine nature that much of it should never even have to take up the time of a committee or a council, except as it might be necessary to report that these things had been attended to by the heads of the various departments. Most of them would come under the supervision of the en-

Why should routine business come before council? It is strictly administrative, while the council should take up its efforts more with working out the larger issues.

A man wants to put up an electric sign in front of his premises. There erection of the sign must conform. There need be no guess work about it. There need be no guess work about it.

The applicant goes to the city clerk,

Ottawa, preaching the gospel of pub-A lover of good poetry, he quoted freely from the best of authors, always being able to bring to his be quite right from the standpoint be distributed by the advisability of having a number of newspaper men sent to the British Empire Exhibition and the A lover of good poetry, he quoted and from there to the chief of the assistance a selection suitable and to of the fire-fighter; his next step is continent next year, with a view to the point. He loved London above all other cities, and Western Onclerk, where he signs a bond to insure the city from damages from the engineer by the clerk, and the matter, if approved by the engineer. goes to the works committee, who least for the time of the election, is in turn report back to the council. what could have been expected. No All these motions are called for be fore the sign can be erected. There is no need for the council to consider it because the whole thing is covered by bylaws. If the sign complies with them, it can be erected, and if it does not comply with them it cannot be erected.

A man wants the sidewalk in front of his property made so that he can get access to his place. The engineer should be able to tell whether committee, to the engineer, to the committee and back to the council. thing for the people to vote on or if it is not possible to simplify the machinery we have. Place the responsibility where it belongs, on the heads of the various departments. and then let the council busy itself motto.

Notes and Comments.

or constructive character.

A London schoolboy asked what was U. S. national anthem, and another furnished the answer, "Yes, We Have," etc.

British people spring elections faster even than the piano salesman hears of your intention to get mar-

Lloyd George and Asquith have buried the axe, but both have a pretty se good idea as to where they can find the handle sticking up.

In olden days, remarks an exchange, tax papers were written on stone. And a man feels even today as though he were smitten by a rock when he gets his.

Wilhelm of Doorn, say the reports. spent a quiet hour dictating to his secretary. No doubt he is after that Editor of The Advertiser: \$100,000 prize put up by the Edward Bok peace committee.

The Guide Post-By Henry van Dyke

SAFELY THROUGH THE FIRE.

This story seems to me a picture of those lives which by some miracl pass safely and unwithered through the fierce furnace of the world. For there the fires of avarice and greed, of anger and lust are eve

in a fervent heat.

There the strong draughts of passion lift the flames like red vol There the gentle dews of mercy fall not, and the ence and joy are consumed and los

Who can traverse this inferno in safety? Who can come out Yet some there are who do it—some who krep the heart of youth ir the body of age—some who emerge from the world with not even the smell of fire upon their garments.

It lies open in the story. The three men who were cast into the flery furnace walked with fourth man, who was the Son of God-Immortal Love.

"For love is life, and they who do not love Are not alive. But every soul that loves Lives in the heart of God and hears him speak." (Copyright, 1923, by The Republic Syndicate.)

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.

IN TERMS OF QUALITY.

Head of Canadian Packing Company Says Canada Has Big Chance to Capture World Trade. Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,-My five months' trip in Great Britain and continental countries has onvinced me that the crying need of Canada at present is publicity re garding the high standard of he

agricultural products.

It is true there is yet a great deal to be done to improve the quality of our products, but at the British Farmers' Dairy Show, recently held in are certain bylaws with which the pared favorably with the best world's ondon, it was shown that Canadi

Since my return to Canada a fer

Great Britain's greatest asset and the sign. This is then reported to Prince of Wales, at a dinner given in London, November 6, to the Domintraveler, His Royal Highness the ion premiers, urged this point very strongly. I am also pleased to see that the Honorable J. S. Martin, minister of agriculture for Ontario, emphasized the question of publicity very strongly at Hamilton, Friday

> I feel no stone should be left unarned to bring this about.
> Yours for a better known Canada,
> J. A. GUNN.

THE TIME AND PLACE.

Women and Girls Apparently Little Heed to Wearing Right Clothing at the Proper Time. Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,-Why do our Canadian g is right or not, and decide show such poor taste and judgment in on the action to be taken. As it is, the matter goes to the clerk, to the engineer and the committee. That idea of dress is to look attractive. A hibition in Alberta, and the committee of the clerk, to the engineer and the committee. That idea of dress is to look attractive. A in itself is an improvement over the carnival is indeed the word to dedays when it would have to go to days when it would have to go to the clerk, then to council, to No. 2 mired, they are pitied and laughed at. In the mornings I see picture bats, long flowing veils, earrings, silk and ommittee and back to the council. satin dresses, French pumps and it would be good business to see opera cloaks. In the afternoons I see sleeveless dresses — yes, ballroom dresses—rouge and lipstick. In the evenings I see, "horrors," what a sight. Morning, noon and night all in one—anything, any place, any time, is the Canadian ladies' dress

I might write a little further and with bigger matters of a legislative give some advice on good taste in dress. For the business girl, there is nothing more becoming than the tailored suit for mornings, worn with laundered blouse, the hair dressed in a complex trails are invested to the suit of the state of t a simple style; no jewelry, rouge or lipstick to spoil this complete and sensible toilet. For afternoons, a one-piece dress

material to suit the season, or a separate skirt with plain blouse of soft material, is also very appropriate. Spring hats with fur coats and fall hats with summer frocks are indeed a Silk hosiery with homespun frocks

and woolen hosiery with silk frocks, is a depressing feminine solecism. is a depressing feminine solecism.

And as to evening apparel for street wear, I can describe it as being nothing less than lack of common sense and good breeding.

Edward Guest says: "A girl must do all that the other girls do." Who is going to set a good example for London? Must we bring Irene Castle to do it?

"You old-fashioned mother," says

RHONDDA RUTHERFORD.

"TEMPERANCE" GIVES WARNING

Way for Getting the People to Drink More Liquor.

Sir,-It is regrettable that while many of our newspapers publish Scientists do not know whether the bones of a dinosaur are 67,000 or 300,000,000 years old. So there's a good big field for some of the wise men to browse in.

One man says we're cutting too many small timbers down for Christmas trees. And before long some other expert will tell us the cotton market has been ruined by buying too many whiskers for Santa

many of our newspapers publish "quotations" from other periodicals, very few indeed find space for any-thing touching the situation of the temperance cause in those places where "government control" (?) is the law. British Columbia was the first to be deceived by it as a vaunted temperance measure. After quoting the immense sales of drink in that province the Westminster Presbytery declares that the effect of two years of government sale of liquor has been a serious cause of depression in all lines of legitimate business. Not only has drunkenness increased but bootlegging (which was so much deplored (?) by the moderations" from other periodicals, very few indeed find space for any-thing touching the situation of the temperance cause in those places where "government control" (?) is the law. British Columbia was the first to be deceived by it as a vaunted temperance measure. After quoting the immense sales of drink in that province the Westminster Presbytery declares that the effect of two years of government sale of liquor has been a serious cause of depression in all lines of legitimate business. Not only has drunkenness increased but bootlegging (which was so much deplored (?) by the moderation of the temperance cause in those places where "government control" (?) is the law. British Columbia was the first to be deceived by it as a vaunted temperance cause in those places where "government control" (?) is the law. British Columbia prover the westminster Presbytery declares that the effect of two years of government sale of liquor has been a serious cause of depression in all lines of legitimate business. Not only has drunkenness increased but bootlegging (whic than put them in writing before buying too mapy whiskers for Santa Lionist), is everywhere more preval-council.

ent than ever before, while gambling They further declare that the claims made by its friends in 1920 as to decrease in taxation, respect for law and order, etc., have been proven to be utterly false—and alarmed by the spread of lawlessness and immorality, The Presbytery urgently requests the government of British Columbia to appoint a non-partisan commission to investigate the work ing of the liquor act in British Co-lumbia and its effect, not only or orals, but also on the legitimate

constructive business enteprises of this province. And this Presbytery requests the government and legislature of the province in the inter ests of morality and good govern-ment, to take adequate steps forth with to rectify the present deplorable and dangerous situation. ing a vigorous campaign to teach the people what to drink and when to

people what to drink and when to drink it. A few days ago a store was opened in Quebec where custom-ers could sample the wines and also get all needed, information and diections as to the right kind of wine o use at all kinds of functions, and how they should be served. A leading Montreal paper says: "It is important that people outside of the province should be warned of the campaign of misrepresentation by which those interested in the peretuation of the liquor traffic seek petuation of the inquor traffic seek to hold up the Quebec scheme as a bright and shining example of tem-perance achieved by 'modification.' The moderationists declared again

and again during the recent cam-paign in Alberta that Quebec showed the most marked decrease in drunkenness of all the provinces of Can-ada, and dangled before the electors the immense profits which would come to them by adopting the Que-

oec plan of raising it. You wrote wisely, Mr. Editor, when you advised Ontario to "watch out." for links are being forged to hold Canada in the thrall of the liquor traffic. The moderationists are urg-Saskatchewan government to the people, and the Ontario liquorites, heartened by the defeat of prohibition in Alberta, are very busy and outspoken to secure, if possible,

a repeal of our good Ontario law.

Let every lover of his home and province rise up in his might to defeat any such effort. One who has studied the temperance question and worked for its promotion, does not need to be advised as to the evil effects of the free sale of liquor, whether by the government or the individual. Common sense will teach anyone that if you increase the facilities for getting drink more of it will be used, and the more used the more disastrous the consequences and while a government may pretend to control its sale they cannot contro the consequences.

The writer passed a public school at recess time, a few days ago. About 200 children were playing in the yard, ranging from 6 to 12 years, most of whom had never seen a barroom or the sale of intoxicating beverages. Are we to vote for the cause, so selfishly advocated by the moderation ists, and have turned up on us and our children the tide of dissipation, drunkenness and crime which inevitably follow the legalized traffic? Is another generation to be trained to drink under public patronage and ncitement, and struggle against the emptations of the demon be worsted by it, and be enslaved and condemned to ignominy and de-gradation? We have learned but little from the recent war if we ever allow a licensed traffic to appeal to sllow a licensed traffic to appear to us—under any pretense or disguise. As has been well observed:
"Selfishness is at the bottom of the traffic in drink and its use. What

the traffic in drink and its use. What matter to the brewer if thousands of young men and of maidens a year are added to the ranks of the besotted, or to the distiller, if, going from bad to worse, they are crazed with strong drink? What matter to the wastrel or to the drunkard how he burdens society or curses those who should be dear to him? * * * The rule of sclfishness, whether Hohenzollern or alcoholic, must be stopped at whatever cost, and no honorable man of woman may be neutral in the great war without losing self-respect on one hand, and on the other, working for the enemy." Yours truly, TEMPERANCE, Nov. 13, 1923.

CLAIM OVERWORK IS CAUSE SIR J. M. BARRIE'S ILLNESS

Associated Press Despatch. London, Nov. 14 .- Sir James Matthew Barrie is in a London nursing home suffering from what is char-acterized as a slight indisposition. Widely circulated reports this norning said he was suffering from a serious breakdown brought on b

Rarebits by Rex

THE RHYMESTER. Simple and foolish, and somet

sweet,
These be the verses we write today;
Some have a twist and a turning

enough,
Fair, though the rhyme and correct
the feet— What do we care? For we sell our

"Poor," the pecunious poets say;
"Cheap," cry the critics, "a doggered bleat," Frowning they look and they go away, Over and over the words repeat.

Funny old poets and obsolete,
Chucking a high-browish, haughty
bluff; They with all beauty may be replete— What do we care? For we sell our stuff.

Nay, we are not of the class elite, Poets of passion and frothy fluff, They wouldn't bow to us on the street— What do we care? For we sell our "Van Seeckt May Rule Germany as

Dictator"—headline. An instance, no doubt, where the office Seeckts the A few Conservatives with an eye

on the civic elections are waiting to see if a little Childs shall lead them. Famous sayings of famous aldermen: "No, I am not out of order!"—Ald. William Wilson.

Our idea of a renowned retreat is the former German crown prince's

Women have made big literary strides lately. This may be the reason that some idiotic men call them the author of all their troubles. NATURE'S GRANDEUR.

I parked beneath a giant tree, Whose leaves, all golden brown Were frolicking in leafish glee And drifting idly down.

Beyond the fields and far away A mountain pricked the sky, While close at hand, all bright A bubbling brook ran by.

Man's works had never come I saw no human face. No racing, roaring motor car Passed by that lovely place.

And yet—I sought no mossy bank, Nor sunny fields—alas! Naught could I see except a tank And not one drop of gas-A pool room is not so invigorating as a pretty valley, but then one always enjoy the obscenery.

Tongue Coated Bad Taste in Mouth **Eves Tinged With** Yellow Liver Trouble the Cause.

Mrs. A. C. Brown, Oromocto, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled my liver for a few years back, and was so bad I did not feel able to d my work.

so bad I could hardly stand them at times; coated tongue; bad taste in

"I had read a great deal about cided I would try a vial, and after taking two or three I found I was greatly improved, and can truthfully say that I felt more like living, and can now do my own work without any trouble."

Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 250 a vial, at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Company Lim-ited, Toronto, Ont.—Advt.



ALWAYS READY FOR Baker's Breakfast Cocoa

Growing children want and frequently need more nourishment than adults, owing to the activity their restless little bodies.

Baker's Cocoe fills all the require-ments of the dieti-tian and physician as a delicious, pure

as a delicious, pure and healthful

It is the cocoa of high quality ·Made In Canada By Walter Baker & Co. Limited Established 1780
Mills et Dorchester, Mass.
and Montreal, Canada

BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FR

A STORY OF COURAGE By ELENORE MEHERIN

DENNY BROOKS

CHAPTER XVII.

"Wonder what it can be?" thought as he fent to the postoffice.
"Maybe something from Violet—"
She had written him a letter, much like the one to Aunt Josie, but had given no address. Months passed with no word at all. Yet she was often in his thoughts—

The registered mail was not from Violet. Denny signed his name; the clerk handed him a heavy, small square package. It was marked "Alaska."

"Alaska."
Alaska? But it couldn't be from Sid
—after all these years? Oh, Sid had
forgotten him long ago—that day he
gave him the black curl tied with the herry-colored ribbon. Denny's blood

ingled with excitement.

He rode home on the outside of the car, whistling to keep from trembling with suspense. Without even calling to Katy or to Old Lady Traynor he hurried to his own room, closed the door softly.

door softly.

There was a massive old desk with a bookcase set on top of it in the narrow bay window. Denny lighted a lamp, tore the beavy wrappings. Inside was a letter and a tin box.

The letter was signed "Tim Purdy, partner of Sid Lawrence." As Denny read, years dropped from him. Sid was again before him, the hero, the beloved friend. He was 9 years old again with the affections and associations of 9; a little fellow waiting ciations of 9; a little fellow waiting for Sid to come home, wondering what he'd have in his big pockets

narbles or peanut candy.
This was the letter:
"Denman Brooks—Dear Sir: Guess you know by this time what's become of Sid. Poor devil—the whitest pal a man ever had, but too soft for this

and many a night we sat up together and he told me what a lad you were and about the dog, Jerry, and ne said there was no one like this kid's mother. And he was all cut up about

"Of course, both of us thought we'd hind. come back. We reached the pass-most like you've heard of White Horse Pass?

"The wind was hollering and shricking like ten thousand doomed souls runnin' down the mountains. When it stopped the frightfulest hush again, and the ghastly white snow drivin' and beatin' and pretty blindin' the two of us, blowin' words right out of our mouths.

"You all right, Sid,' I shouted in

answered, stumbling along. Some-times we never bothered to speak just flung ourselves under the rocks at night, tearing at the bacon, rubbin' and stampin' to keep from freezin' to

"Wasn't much for me. I'd been through it all a heap of times before. But it went tough with Sid. "He didn't kick much, but the black moods had him. When I saw him wantin' to fight with me and callin' me names I knew it was comin' near the end for Sid. One night he grabbed

me by the throat:

"Tim Purdy, speak up like the man you ain't! Are you gonna rob me? Are you goin' back on the word you've given." you've given?'
"I tried to jolly him along: 'Don't

me as made this ice cream cone. You ain't got enough for me to rob. Now, have you?"

"The old softy—pretty near cried then, for he didn't mean a word of it.

"Give us your hand Tim," he begged. I know you're straight. But you know I haven't seen that kid since he was no higher than your hip and I get to thinking that it wasn't right to leave him like I did, seeing that his mother was gone, and

it eats at me.'
"That's the way Sid was, quick as a flash but kind. He never woulda fought with me, but the ice was a cuttin' at his nerves and a-jaggin' at his heart, and he wanted to be back in Frisco with the lights and the streets and a fire blazin' like hell—
"'Aw God, Tim, I'd die happy if I
could step on a hot coal—just for a
minute.' That's what he said that

you're after, Sid,' I tried to put a heart in him, but you could as well ring a laugh from that shriekin' devii of a wind; from that frozen, bloodless snow. Blindin' white; blindin'

"God, can we ever see? Gimm your hand, Tim!" "Come on,' I yanked him, but the next I knew he was flat on his face. "'Aw, get up, you piker; you quit-ter!' That's what I said to him. "I wish to God I hadn't called him that. Poor Sid looked up with the

damndest grin, his face chatterin' blue with misery. But it got him to his feet. We went rockin' and peltin' from side to side like a pair of so I had to drag him.
"The snow piled, swirled like as though all the starvin' freezin' ghosts rushed out from eternity to close about us. You could feel their

"Most like you've never heard of Tim Purdy, but me and Sid was partners, and we had a compact be tween us. I was to do for him and he was to do for me in case either of us didn't come hack I leave it."

about us. You could feel their breaths freezin' round your heart, and their icy hands slicin' through your bones. God, how that snow came thicker, colder. We hid under a rock. Sid turned over in the drift.

"Lemme alone Tim I'm don't. Tim Purdy, but me and Sid was partners, and we had a compact between us. I was to do for him and he was to do for me in case either of us didn't come back. I leave it to you if I ain't follerin' my part.

"Tim, there's a kid in Frisco I think a heap of. If I cash in, you'll do the square think by me and send him what I've got left."

"That's what old Sid used to say, and many a night we sat up together and he told me what a lad you were and about the dog, Jerry, and ne said.

"And I don't mind slicin' through your bones. God, how that snow your bones.

Denny Brooks, that I didn't look at him there in the ice. No more did I like plowin' on and leavin' him become to know the man like I knew Sid. and he was white clean through

leave it to you if he wasn't.
"I've stowed all he owned into this to the compact. I've done as I know Sid would have done had. bear witness to that, and by that swear this is an honest reckoning. "TIM BURDY. "Partner of Sid Lawrence.

Denny was so deep in the past; home the steak and said to him when to the big fellow who had bought him a boat and taken him to the old Grove street theatre the night he ran away from Matt Borley's, that he does and kept saying:

only that Sid was dead-frozen to death in the terrible north, And Sid had always been good to him. The light-hearted fairy life in the Mc-Allister street flat was recreated.
Sid had gone up to find the gold
mine and he was coming back to share it with Denny. . . . Denny had often recalled that

off promptly. To loosen the cough relieve the lungs and heal the in

COUGH REMEDY before him was all that Sid had made. His life was its price. Denny opened the box. Sid's gold

CHAMBERLAIN'S

top. Underneath was a roll of bills— then another box. He pulled the cover—a little hall of nuggets rolled to the desk, piled in a small, glitter-ing mound. Denny's heart bounded -gold nuggets-pure gold-He swept them back, picked up the tin, dashed into Katy's room. Katy stood at the bureau, turning he sprightly head now to the right, now to the left, coquetting with her own radiant image. She blushed crimson that Denny should catch her at this vanity, but he was too excited to notice. His hands trembled.

watch, bits of ore, his cuff links and

other trinkets were scattered on the

Got a Cold?

"Guess, Katy—Say, guess."
"Denny!—you're not going to bust, are you? Oh my! Denny, you're crying?"
"Put out your hands, Katy—quick

He poured into them the of nuggets. Katy stared: "What in

Denny turned his back, opened the tin box, began to talk quietly: "Gee, he was a prince, lots of ways, Katy. You don't remember Sid?"

"I do—I remember him a little.
Denny—" Mystified, Katy fingered

Denny-' Mystified, Katy fingered the nuggets. "Is this ours? All this?" "Yes-say can you believe it? Say-"
"What in the world will we do

Denny?"

He was poking through the box. came upon something wrapped in tis-sue paper, unfolded it and would have hastily tucked it back, a pang stab bing through his job. But Katy saw. "What's that?"

Denny twined it softly about a finger—a black curl tied with cherry ribbon just like the one Sid had giv "Queenie's—that was her hair."

"Oh!" Katy touched it with a gentle adness. "Was she so awful pretty, sadness. Denny?" "Was she! Gee- it seems like yesterday. I bet she'd be glad now—"
"Maybe she knows, Denny. Maybe
she's looking right down at us and wants you to go to school and be something fine. You will, won't

There was no doubt in Denny's The future widened out in an avenue of glory down which Denny was to march, blithe as a young conqueror. He couldn't fail. Not he!







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