

London Advertiser

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FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1923.

After It's All Over.

The manner in which the Hicks charges fell down in the Ontario Legislature was as much a vindication for Liberals as it was for Premier Drury. If it had been true, as Mr. Hicks charged, that there had been secret plotting and planning going on by Mr. Drury, he would have to have plotted with some one, and that some one would necessarily have been Mr. Wellington Hay, the leader of the Liberals in the province. Mr. Hicks has told his story. He has made neither a great nor a favorable impression with his performance. The day after finds the people wondering what it was all about, and whether it "went over" according to the ideas of the men who apparently manipulated the move.

Mr. Hicks did not play fair with his chief. His opinion of Mr. Drury or of the premier's adherence to U. F. O. principles was not a matter to be dealt with on the floor of the House. He gave no intimation that he was going to make such a vehement attack or that he would challenge the honor of the prime minister in a way such as he did.

Mr. Drury's reply was remarkably moderate, considering the circumstances. It is no small achievement for a man to sit still in his place in the legislature and hear charge after charge read out to him, couched in the most biting terms, especially by a man who has occupied a position of responsibility in the government. The premier was not moved to an excess of language although he knew the hollowness of the statements, and had good reason to believe they had been prepared by others than the man who read them.

In opening the House the day following, and announcing an appeal to the country, Premier Drury very wisely minimized the proceedings of the night before. He simply referred to them as creating a situation that would be dealt with effectively only by the voters themselves.

The incident leaves the Liberals and the Drury party closer together than ever. They were both under fire; they were both charged with plotting; and they both await one bit of evidence to show that the Hicks statement contains anything more substantial than the skeleton of a poor plot.

Mr. Wellington Hay is making plans now to have candidates put in every riding. He has every reason to believe that the turn of events places the Liberals in a stronger position than ever.

The Conservatives will have a hard time trying to justify the use they made of private correspondence which fell into their hands. Senator Hardy was not duped by any Liberal to try his hand on the Ontario situation. He wrote as a private citizen to J. Walter Curry, a Liberal member in the Ontario Legislature, and the letter, marked "private and confidential," went to Col. J. A. Currie, a Conservative, who had neither the discretion nor the decency to see that it went at once to the man for whom it was intended. The Conservative leader knew of the existence of this letter, and yet he sat there and by his silence sanctioned the use of this letter-snatching in a poor effort to bring embarrassment on the Liberals and U. F. O.

Mr. Brackin, the Liberal member of Kent, called it "stealing," but after considerable pressure took back the word. If that act of Col. J. A. Currie did not constitute stealing a letter, then there must be some tall searching to get a more suitable word. Perhaps it might be expressed by "miserable detention of the property of another man."

The Conservative leader in the House kept silent on that score, whereas any leader with regard for common decency in politics would have there and then uttered his protest against any such miserable tactics being allowed under the auspices of the Conservative party in Ontario.

Take No Chances.

Repairing the Ridout street bridge and running a truck and street over it a few times is not the sort of test Londoners want before hanging up the word "Safe" on the entrance to that bridge.

Neither is there much assurance in the words of the engineer that the traffic bridge alongside the street railway bridge is safe up to four tons.

In this day of trucks and motor cars going both ways, a four-ton limit means nothing at all.

It would require the presence of an officer at each end of the bridge to maintain an observance of that supposed margin of safety.

It is much more important to investigate the safety of bridges than it is to probe the conduct of police or fire departments.

That bridge should be made safe without any four-ton qualifying clauses.

What Weather Means.

The continued cold weather and the effect that it has throughout the province is felt, not only in a continued consumption of coal for domestic heating, but is working changes in the farming conditions of the province which will be very marked before the harvest season arrives.

There is too little appreciation of the man who toils at our basic industry, farming, by his city brother, and the present unfavorable weather, which is tending at present to reduce his possible earnings for this season, should be considered by all who have the interests of our national welfare at heart.

Few people, and especially those living in cities, are in a position to grasp just how important a factor weather is in the production of the crops that not only supply our daily bread, but also keep our factories and mills in operation. It is common knowledge that unless the farming community is enjoying a measure of prosperity, in a country where 40 per cent of the population either directly or indirectly obtain their living from agriculture, it is hopeless to expect the balance of the people in other industries to prosper. At present the farmer is faced with the prospect of harvesting a very poor crop of fall wheat. Last fall the newly-planted crop came along better than was expected in the face of a shortage of fall rains, and when winter made its appearance with a blanket of warm, protecting snow the farmer was entitled to hope that he had every chance of obtaining a good yield.

As nearly as can be estimated at the present time, this prospect has been shattered. All parts of the province have not been heard from, but it is evident that the fall wheat in the London district at least has suffered from winter killing, and is still being injured. When the first real thaws came the snow melted rapidly, only to freeze again into fields of ice, and now that the ice has gone in its turn we find the farmer's wheat field in sad shape. Scarcely a field has escaped considerable winter killing, and the present intermittent freezing and thawing with sharp frosts at night bids fair to complete the damage.

Things are seldom as bad as they appear, and it is to be hoped that exceptionally suitable weather conditions during the summer will work a miracle in undoing some of the damage that is so apparent at present, but it is just as likely that the handicap will be increased.

If there was ever a time in the history of farming in this province that the farmer needed bountiful crops that time is the present. Bankers throughout the province say that never before have they carried so much of the farmer's financial burden, and that unless something outstanding in the way of bumper crops comes to the farmer's assistance many of the hardest workers in the farm industry will go under before the end of the year.

There are too many of us ready to belittle the farmer. It is the delight of too many householders to crow over the fact that they have succeeded in bargaining the farmer down a cent or two in the buying of their butter and eggs, and if these same people had a full understanding of the host of factors absolutely beyond the farmer's control that he has to grapple with in the production of his crops, there is no doubt that they would have a greater sympathy.

Farming today has become a complicated, heavily-capitalized industry, based on individual effort, and suffers more from factors of weather and climatic condition than any other industry, and a measure of friendship and better understanding of the farmer and his work will go a long way toward improving our national prosperity. The damage to this year's wheat crop is not the only setback that the farmer will get before harvest, but is mentioned simply because it is one that is apparent at the present time.

Racing With Children.

Women in England raced 50 miles shoving a baby in a carriage. Society for prevention of cruelty to children tried to have the race stopped.

But there's many a man who will swear that he's gone 50 miles in a single night with a baby, and on foot, too.

It may have been cruelty to the child, but the man was doing it with the best possible intent.

He would have welcomed the intervention of any society or any individual. But none was forthcoming, and the race continued until the child was exhausted from the sheer force of awkward handling.

Note and Comment.

At Toronto Fair this fall a house is to be built in 35 minutes. Yes, and after it's built they raise the rent in shorter time than that.

Musical training fits people for other kinds of work, says an expert. Surely. Beating the base drum develops a great muscle in the right arm.

Elgin county jailer adds up totals and says he can provide bed and pasture for 11 cents a day. For a family of five that means \$3.85 per week, so if you are spending more than this there's room to cut and still keep body and soul together.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



TO THE EDITOR

VIMY RIDGE.

Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir—It's six years since the battle of Vimy was fought. And well we all know who took part in it. All honor, I say, to the Canadians.
How about the Old Contemptibles from Le Chateau, August, 1914, to the Aisne in September, 1914, and also the first battle of Ypres? We don't hear much of these glorious men, and, in fact, never will.
But I will say, had it not been for the old British army in 1914 the Canadians would not have had trenches to go into around February and April, 1915. But, any way, good luck to the Canadians, the imperials are forgotten. But why?

THE 50-CENT HAT.

Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir—At the risk of being considered a little old-fashioned, I would like to say a few words in regard to your editorial in yesterday morning's Advertiser, entitled "The 50-Cent Hat," in which you soundly scolded the above article and its wearer. Now, Mr. Editor, we are all aware of present-day conditions, and while there is nothing to be pessimistic about, unless it is the bartender proclivities of the press, who keep on shouting "Another drink, boys," and we all know the present-day tendency is to spend money on frivolities, without being urged by such an influential factor as the press. What a change from thirty years ago! In those days young people began housekeeping with necessary articles. Today they begin with a piano, gramophone and a dog, all bought on the instalment plan, and the latest fad is a radio set, all purchased in preference to a home.
I am acquainted with a man earning only \$12 a week. They support a delicate wife and two children. I know others with the same number of a healthy family who receive \$25 a week. They are both broke two days after. Necessities for the one, \$15 lids, swell cafes, and expensive shows for the other. So my respect and admiration goes to the lady with the 50-cent hat. Yours respectfully,
SUBSCRIBER.

ABOUT THOSE BRIDGES.

Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir—I see by the press the city engineer has been ordered to make a thorough inspection of the city bridges, which to me is an entire waste of valuable time, as our bridges have during the past winter unnecessarily undergone a most severe test caused by the accumulation of many tons of ice, added to that the rough surface caused by the ruts and holes in the ice.

Now I see policemen are sent out to still further test the strength of the bridge by not allowing the automobiles to proceed at a faster rate of speed than five miles an hour, thereby causing an accumulation of cars on the bridges, which will be much more trying to the bridges than it would be to allow them to pass on at their regular rate of speed. If our council will in future put some of the unemployed that we have with us every winter to remove the unnecessary burden above mentioned on the bridges, we need have no fear of our bridges for many years to come. I think our engineer could be much better employed looking after some of our disgraceful streets. Take, for instance, Wellington street, south of the C. N. R. tracks to the bridge, one of the leading arteries to the city from the south. It certainly needs attention. If it cannot be paved it should be scraped and some broken stone and gravel put on. As the engineer is a stranger here, if he goes to inspect Wellington street I would advise him to take a street car or walk, for if he undertakes to go in his automobile he may have a doctor's bill or a garage bill, possibly both, to pay. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for incouraging on your valuable space. Yours very truly,
R. H. CULLIS.

AN ANTELOVIAN IDEA.

"So no use has ever been discovered by the doctors for the appendix in the human system."
"Don't you believe the doctors have never discovered its use. It helps to buy their automobiles."
"I have a mind to give you a whipping!" exclaimed the impatient father.
"Well," replied the athletic youth, "maybe you can. But if you succeed in giving me some item for the sport page."

Your Health

ARE THERE NATIONAL SECRETS OF WELL-BEING AND BEAUTY?

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D., United States Senator from New York; Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

If you read the newspaper you find a lot of interesting things discussed. Most of the articles are true, but some of them are not. I fear. A few may be classified as propaganda. The other day I saw a London despatch, lauding the beauty of British women, and the laudable effects of the much complained of English climate. You will be much interested in the message which reads as follows:
"It is not generally recognized that the chief factor of the beauty of British women is our often abused climate. The humidity of our atmosphere is the best possible preservative of complexion, as the 'brilliant' complexion of the southern races of the north-east, which, as Charles Kingsley sang, makes 'hard Englishmen,' has, no doubt, an effect upon the health and vigour of the British race to a considerable extent a sign of health."
The women of Great Britain and Ireland excel in physical charm, because the standard of health is fairly high. The influence of the rainfall upon skin texture and coloring is plainly shown by the complexions of women living in the wettest quarters of the United Kingdom. The 'Scotch Mist' is a skin emollient, and the same may be said for the 'Devonshire drizzle' and the 'drizzly' zephyrs of Cornwall.

In Ireland also, where the rainfall is high, the women are famed for the delicate coloring of the cheeks and the brightness of the eyes.
"Our moist air prevents that early wrinkling of the skin of the face, seen among women of the southern races of Europe. The bloom of the Italian and Spanish belles wanes all too soon in the arid and constant sunshine."

There you have it! Are you going abroad at once, dear sister? While the moisture of the air has something to do with the results commented upon, that is but one of several factors involved.

But before I go any further I want to make a few comments on female beauty. Europe has no monopoly on good looks. If I am any judge, there is a larger proportion of handsome women in the United States and Canada than in any country of Europe.

It must be admitted that the physical condition of the so-called "upper classes" in England is somewhat superior to ours, because of the more common practice over there of getting into the open air.
Their sports, their gardening and, particularly, their fondness for walking, take the women into the open in all weathers. It rains so often and so much that the British disregard wet weather. It is well they do, otherwise they would venture little.
If you would be well and strong, like Kingsley's "hard Englishmen," you must have daily walks in the sunshine, in the mist, in the rain, in the snow. Going out once a week will help a little, but going out daily will be a thousand times better.

Let us brag a little about our women. They may not have cheeks as red, but they have better teeth. England should be ashamed of its dental negligence. Many a rosy, dew-dipped, red-tipped British woman is spoiled in looks because her teeth are decayed and broken.

Answers To Health Questions.
F. T. Q.—I am a young man, and my voice is very high pitched and thin. Will you please tell me how I can strengthen my voice?
A.—You should go to the Y.M.C.A. and take voice culture. This will help you.

N. J. Q.—Recently while being examined in a hospital the doctor marked on my chart that I was the adrenal type, and that my heart was syssopic at the apex. Will you please tell me what these terms mean?

A.—You should write the doctor who examined you and get the meaning of his notations. That is the surest way to find your real condition.

E. D. Q.—Will you please tell me what causes my face to burn at certain times during the day?

A.—This is most likely due to nervousness. Have your family physi-

Up In the Attic.

By ANNE CAMPBELL.
Up in an attic I found a dress,
Packed in a chest for years,
And, shaking its folds, my happiness
Left in a mist of tears!

Up in the attic the sun of spring
Shone through the window-pane,
But, try as I would, my thoughts would
Wing
Back to the past again.

Up in the attic I found a dream,
Bygone I thought had fled,
Because of a gown whose every seam
Frayed like a dream that's dead.

Up in the attic a bird song gay
Echoed in tones of mirth,
I came, as I packed the gown away,
Back to this good old earth.
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"The Ten Books I Have Most Enjoyed"

By HENDRIK VAN LOON.
Author of "The Story of Mankind," "The Fall of the Dutch Republic," etc.; formerly professor of the social sciences in Antioch College; press correspondent in Russia during the revolution of 1906, and in Belgium, from which he was expelled by the Germans at the outbreak of the war in 1914.
"Henry Esmond," by William Makepeace Thackeray.
"A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens.
"The Three Musketeers," by Alexandre Dumas.
The original "Sherlock Holmes," stories by Conan Doyle.
"The Growth of the Soil," by Knut Hamsun.
"Het Land van Rembrandt," an untranslated book by Busken Huet.
"Tyl Uylenspiegel," by T. H. Coster.
"Tono Bungay," by H. G. Wells.
"Historie Contemporaine," by Anatole France.
Montaigne's "Essays." A weird collection, but I am not trying to be learned and dignified, but true. The great moral classics of the five-foot book shelf drive me to



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MADE IN CANADA

drink, and being an ardent W. C. T. U., that means something in my case. Tomorrow: Gilda Gray.
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A Spark of Jealousy.
"So Katherine has thrown over that young fireman. What was the trouble?"
"Jealousy, I guess. She says she couldn't keep him away from other flames."

Imported Joke.

Professor (with newspaper)—Isn't it wonderful, my dear? They've actually found in the tomb couches and chairs thirty centuries old and in good condition.

His Wife—I have always said, John, that it pays in the long run to get the best.
Neat Retort.
Prospective Guest—Why, this room reminds me of a prison.
Assistant Manager—Well, sir, it's all a matter of what one is used to.

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SPECIAL NO. 5. Silk Shirts. Quality raw silk shirts. Come early for these, they will go in a hurry at \$3.95.	SPECIAL NO. 6. Silk Shirts. Don't miss these. Regular \$8.50, priced for quick clearance at \$5.95.

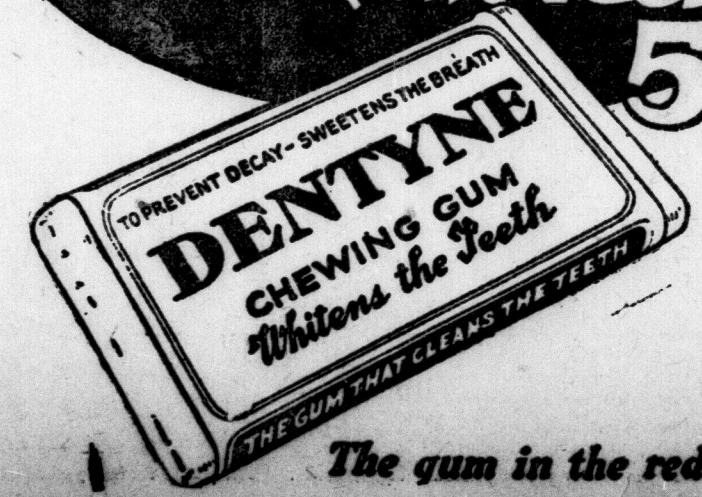
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