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London, Ont., Thursday, June 15.

That Ottawa Vote.

THE FATE of the DRAYTON amendment shows that the house at no time took seriously the flippant proposals that were made in that weird document.

It was a reflection on the intelligence of Parliament to suppose that members could be hoodwinked into voting on something that was simply a vote of censure.

The Conservatives who voted for it have in their vote the reason and explanation of why they are the smallest group in the House of Commons today. They wondered why people had lost faith in them, as shown by the vote of December 6, and now they have the answer in no uncertain way.

When it comes to the vote on the budget itself there is a different aspect, and one that will stand some reflection and explaining. The Progressives voted against the DRAYTON amendment, and voted for the most part against the FIELING tariff proposals. Here we have the spectacle of a high tariff group and a low tariff, or free trade group, voting against the same budget. If some one is going to raise the charge that the Progressives voted with the high tariff group, how is there going to be a denial? It may be claimed that they did so from a different motive, but that does not alter the fact that their votes are on record, side by side, with men who are diametrically opposed to them when it comes to matters of tariff and taxation.

The one outstanding feature of the whole debate is that no party showed the King government a better way out than was provided in the FIELING budget. Every member in the house knew the amount of money that had to be raised in order that the bills of the Dominion might be paid. The Progressives from the West who stood pat on the ground of free trade did not show where the money was to come from if imports were to be discarded as a source of raising money.

The support which the government received from the Progressives in the final vote shows that there are men of strong Liberal leanings in their ranks. They realized that in voting for the FIELING budget they were voting for a measure that had started to give freer trade, and they were willing to take the word of the finance minister that their interests were going to receive every consideration in future enactments.

The session should get through now quickly. A good start has been made under rather trying circumstances. The premier has shown tact and judgment in handling a situation that to other men might be impossible.

Civic Expenditure.

CHATHAM HAS a plan placed before it by CITY MANAGER FULLER for the creation of a board of estimates in that city. The idea is that all bodies in the municipal sphere that have the spending of public money should come together with their estimates for the year, and thereafter once a month go over the amounts that are being spent for the purpose of checking over-spending in any particular direction.

The Chatham News, speaking of the proposal, remarks that "Mr. FULLER's letter also makes perfectly clear that the board of estimates can act only in an advisory capacity in relation to the municipal bodies represented upon it. Each of these bodies retains the full measure of autonomy conferred on it by statute, and is perfectly free to accept or reject any recommendations of the board of estimates, as it may see fit. It would seem, from the suggested personnel of the proposed board, that the city manager's idea is to avoid an unwieldy organization. His proposal is that the board of education appoint one member; the Public Library board one member, and that the city council be represented by the chairman of the finance and industrial committee, as the member of that body best posted on financial matters. The water board, public utilities commission, police commission and board of health will be represented by the mayor, who, besides being the head of the municipal corporation, is ex-officio a member of all four bodies. This would give a board of four members who would make a special study of municipal finance and expenditure, and, presumably, of the relation of the expenditures of each organization to the city finances as a whole. Such a board, meeting monthly and examining from month to month the expenditures of all the municipal bodies, might well be able to check any tendency toward overexpenditure in any branch."

Chatham is trying to put into actual practice an idea, the need for which is felt in practically every community where no such control exists. To get right back to the foundation of the trouble, all these bodies are spending the money of the same ratepayers, and for that reason alone it is necessary and advisable that there should be some central place where all these "spenders" can get together, and make it possible for

the ratepayers to get the best possible run for their money.

There is no idea of compulsion in the matter, and the Chatham city manager makes this perfectly plain. Some of the smaller cities of Ontario are doing excellent work in going ahead and trying out various plans for the improvement of the present form of civic government, which is by no means a perfect one. It is only by experimenting that anything worth while is going to be brought to pass.

A Serious Charge.

MR. MARTELL, M.P., charged on the floor of the house that one eastern lawyer working for the government got \$150 a day and \$20 expenses, while another, equally capable, was paid at the rate of \$30 per day.

The member from Nova Scotia was equally insistent that when the ministers had time they should make a point to go thoroughly through accounts in all branches to see where savings could be made. In part he stated:

"As things are at present you have department overlapping department. One department pays a solicitor a certain amount of money for work done, and another department pays another solicitor, in no better standing in his profession, twice as much. The same thing exists in the engineering department, and it is time the people of this country got a fair accounting and had things run in a business way. . . . I think that if people could only come to the city of Ottawa and go through the various public departments, where they would find men falling over one another, and three men filling one man's job, there could not only be a state of Bolshevism, but there would be a rebellion that I think would be almost condoned by any parliament. I would urge upon the minister, therefore, that in future we have these bills of costs taxed. This bill of Mr. HENRI MACINNIS has never been taxed by the department of justice. . . . This is an important matter, and I shall ask the government some other time to submit to the house a full itemized statement of the costs paid to every solicitor in connection with the Canadian Northern deal and the Grand Trunk arbitration. The people will then no longer wonder why it is that government ownership does not pay."

Now that warning does not come from an opponent of the government, but from a Nova Scotia Liberal. His words mean that there has been extravagance in a large way in connection with the railway negotiations; that there is overlapping between departments and overmanning right now.

When such a charge is made in good faith the right course is to go ahead and find out if the statements made are correct. If they are some sharp action is necessary, and the people who are paying the bills are entitled to it.

LITTLE TISERS

A London bachelor is a man who had no auto when he was young.

In spite of the fact that Canada's financial experts are saying business is better, it is.

The stone-age man had his wife at his feet. The modern man has his wife at his heels.

A happy bridegroom is suing because an old shoe was thrown at him. In that shoe was an old man's foot.

By the time the house got through with that DRAYTON amendment it looked about as flat as a well-made pancake.

Out of twenty-one Americans presented at court to His Majesty KING GEORGE last week not one forgot and said, "Mornin', Judge."

The recent rains must have been worth hundreds of thousands of dollars to Western Ontario. Yet, the day after the storm it was not uncommon to hear some chap bemoaning the fact that his pet flower garden had been mused up by the wind.

If any person living in Mars wants to make a change of residence and try things in this old world, they should be prepared to jump off on the 18th of June, for we'll be closer to Mars then than at any other time. Our immigration department should bear this in mind, for the people over there might have plenty of money and be great farmers.

The new notices in regard to street car fares state that the charge is 5 cents straight or five tickets for 25 cents. No allowance is made for rush hour tickets that used to sell at nine tickets for a quarter. There should be some allowance made here, as the increase is pretty stiff for a man who has been getting 36 rides for a dollar to find out that he is now getting 20.

LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY

TODAY'S word is CREPUSCULAR. It's pronounced — kre-pus-ku-lar, with accent on the second syllable.

It means—pertaining to or like twilight, glimmering, imperceptibly clear and luminous. It comes from Latin "crepusculum" dusky, dark, twilight. It's used like this—"This is the season par excellence for the sweet girl graduate and her beau to sit spooning on the porch swing by the crepuscular light of the eventide."

A Paper For the People

From the Wingham Times, Thursday, June 8, 1922.

ONE of the cleanest looking and most readable of daily newspapers that come to our table is The London Advertiser. Through its broad and human outlook, it preserves, warm and vital, its close, friendly contact with its readers—rural as well as urban. In fact, it rather places the emphasis on small town life, knowing full well that London, no less—perhaps even more—than other cities, is made up largely of plain, homespun folk from the country—the salt of the earth that loses not its savour.

Witness the delightfully humorous "Old Home Town" cartoons, the clippings from the weekly press with the "Little Tiser's" shrewd and pungent comment thereon, and what fun there is "At Our Boarding-House" with the redoubtable and hilarious Master Hoople and the star boarders. Small town stuff? Even so. It evokes many a quiet laugh and wistful memory of days that were. "Good psychology," remarks our high-brow friend, "Good business," affirms the practical man. And both are right. However, the Advertiser has its serious comments as well as gay. Its religious editorials on the great men of the Bible are many, informative and illuminating, free from any suspicion of cant or sniveling sanctimoniousness. Its head may be among the stars, but its feet are planted on the good, red earth. In a very particular sense, it's a newspaper that won't soil the mind or the tablecloth.

DR. BISHOP'S ADVICE

DRINKING WATER

BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.



EVERY summer finds more people going camping or auto-mobiling for their vacations.

Careful preparation usually is made in advance for these excursions. The right clothing, cooking utensils and food are provided, but very often no thought is given to the water supply. It generally is felt that water can be secured anywhere.

With the ever-increasing number of campers, fishermen and hunters, there is a corresponding risk of the pollution of streams and ponds. Even springs may be polluted by careless and thoughtless campers.

Water may look and taste good and yet contain typhoid germs. One of the worst cases caused more than 60

cases, some in widely different localities. The water tasted good, but a big rain washed pollution from some shacks into it. Automobileists and their campers drank it and fell ill.

So try to get water from springs quite distant from dwellings and camps. When in the least doubt, boil the water for five minutes, place it in a jug, well stoppered, in a cold stream to cool, carry it with you and use no other.

When you find a really safe spring, take good care to keep it clean, not only on your own account, but for the sake of others. Instead of dipping a bucket or other vessel into it, collect the water at the outflow even if a pipe or trough has to be constructed.

Waste water should not be thrown into the spring or dumped on the ground nearby, and all other waste should be buried about twelve inches below the surface of the ground and at a place lower than the level of the spring.

25 YEARS AGO TODAY

HERE WE HAVE ITEMS OF LOCAL AND DISTRICT INTEREST AS RECORDED IN THE ADVERTISER OF 1897.

THURSDAY, JUNE 15, 1897.

The Oxford County Council appointed the following commission to inquire into the value and report upon the road of the county, with a view to their purchase: James Gilmour, M.P. for East Middlesex; Robt. Henderson, ex-rev. of Blandford; and James Sutherland, M.P. for Woodstock.

Mr. Drummond of London and Mr. Pigeon of Sebringville were in Stratford the other day getting information from Aid. Hogarth preparatory to submitting tenders for the construction of some of the sewers in that city.

The Y. M. C. A. Building presented a gay appearance last evening it being the occasion of the first reception which hereafter will be given each Tuesday evening for members and their friends. Strangers also will be welcomed. The program was a choice one, and met with the hearty approval of the boys. The program was: Instrumental; Mr. Lawrance; solo, John Usher; reading, Mr. Froeggett; solo, Mr. Stockwell; selection, autograph, Messrs. Mould and Etnier; solo, John Gilmour; quartet, Messrs. Stockwell, Usher, Kippin and Winnett; solo, Mr. Kippin. A. Lawrance and Bert Sceraton were accompanists. The following members of the Mandolin Club rendered selections: George Miller, C. Bridgeman, Frank Ware, Fred Clarke and Andy Williams. The boys then joined heartily in the singing of college songs. The Tuesday evening receptions in future will no doubt be largely attended, and will be an event looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation.

The London Field Battery will go under canvas on June 21, a week earlier than was originally intended. This will enable the London and Guelph batteries to go into camp at the same time. Dr. Fairbank of Petrolia, formerly Lieutenant in the London Field Battery, has rejoined the corps, and will be a decided acquisition. Surgeon-Major Dr. George H. Wilson, Dr. Stuart, Dr. Fairbank, George Johnston and C. S. Tamblyn will be the officers in charge during the camp.

Commissioner Eva Booth and her Salvation Army bicycle corps will be in the city on July 3, 4 and 5, and conduct

READ YOUR CHARACTER

By Digby Phillips.

No. 241—SELLING THE FLABBY HAND.

Your purpose is to sell him something. You have never seen him before, but you have just shaken hands with him and said "good morning." As you did this you noticed that his hand was flabby. The flesh was soft. You got the impression that it would take that flesh an appreciable moment or two to react from the very modest pressure you gave it. You also noted that the skin is soft, not harsh or coarse-grained, that the man's forehead is high and slightly bulging, and that his head is wider above the temples than below. These are all things that can be taken in at a glance or sensed in shaking hands. He has said nothing more than "good morning." But you already know a lot about the tactics you should follow in selling him.

Here is a man with whom you can "force" the sale if you so desire. His hand has indicated weak resistance. It remains only for you to avoid repelling him by using finesse. You also know how to speak as good English as you know how. Give him something to theorize on, but don't expect him to jump quickly at conclusions. Appeal to his theorizing abilities rather than to his emotions, and at the moment when you have established a parallel between your own argument and his theory, firmly suggest, in an affirmative, confident manner, his "yes."

Tomorrow—Buying from an Angular Hand.
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a number of special meetings. She will be accompanied by the following from the Toronto headquarters: Col. Jacobs, chief secretary for the Dominion; Major Gaskin, general secretary; and Mrs. Gaskin; Adjutant Morris; Ensign Turpin; Ensign Hole; Staff-Capt. Horne, trade manager; Ensign Shea, Capt. A. Morris, Bandmaster; Kennedy and Capt. R. Griffith, editor of the Young Soldier.

Seeing that ARCHIE HODGINS of East Middlesex voted with the government on the budget, we suppose we'll have the premier up this way during the summer helping out with the harvest. Turn about's fair play.

THE BOOKSHELF
WHERE YOUR TREASURE IS. By John Hastings Turner, Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York.

A NOVEL of two generations partly realistic, partly phantastical and generally somewhat indefinite. John Hastings Turner's book is to a very great extent a discussion of marriage.

The scene is laid for the most part in the little seaside town of Whytcombe on the Devonshire coast. For some 26 years it had been the custom of a little group of friends to come to the hotel at Whytcombe for their August holidays. There were Charles Cuman, the barrister, and his plump, incoherently garrulous wife Emily, with their son Harold; Peter Margrett, editor of a Sunday newspaper, his very intelligent wife Joan and their daughter Alison; red-faced, jovial Dr. Owen Wear, with his silent wife Loveday; and lastly, Gabriel Luxbury, the elderly bachelor, who had known them all for years.

Peter and Charles, men of fifty-odd, had both lost the romance, the exaltation, from their married lives. And when a mysterious lady, who gave her name simply as Mary, came to the hotel, they both fell in love with her—a circumstance of which their wives were perfectly aware.

But presently the mysterious lady explained to them that she "was nothing," and did not exist at all, but that she represented "all the bits" of their respective wives that they had fallen in love with and forgotten in the routine of everyday living, as well as "all the bits of Mary that make a divine foil of John, and all the bits of Kate, and Alice, and Elsie and Phyllis, right away from the Queen of Sheba to Jane, the under-housemaid."

Meanwhile the two young people, Harold and Alison, had become engaged. But Alison did not believe in romance, regarding it merely as an invitation to disillusionment and consequent disaster. She was highly efficient, and prided herself on being strong and having an abundance of common sense.

Supported by her theories, she had no hesitation whatever in being pitilessly brutal to her mother, and the time came when Joan, looking into Alison's eyes, felt that it was better, after all, that Alison's little son had lived only for seven minutes. Not until after twenty years of marriage did Alison finally learn her lesson, that "strength, alone, is a killer." Mr. Turner's thought is rather involved, and not always easy to follow; perhaps because his book does not always hold one's interest or attention, though there are good things in it.

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