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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1924.

"Nobody Knows"

Hume Elliott, K.C., of London, speaking for the moderation forces at the joint debate on Sunday evening, said: "Nobody knows what the law is going to be in Ontario." That statement by Mr. Elliott is one that will be accepted as a fact; it is a point the accuracy of which The Advertiser has contended from the very outset. *Nobody knows what the law is going to be in Ontario.*

That is the reason why it has been necessary to send a qualified and a reliable newspaper correspondent into other provinces where government selling is going on, because in each one of these provinces the government made an attempt to place on its books what it considered would be the best possible method of dealing with the selling of liquor. Manitoba went at it differently to Ontario—the full provisions of the bill were placed on the table of the legislature before it was passed on to the people. They knew, as far as the phrasing of the bill, what they were voting for. *"Nobody knows what the law in Ontario is going to be."*

Would it be possible to carry on business in such a way? A man comes to London to work; he has some money and wants a house, so gets in touch with a real estate agent. The newcomer asks, "How many rooms are there in the house?" The answer is, "I don't know." What are the floors, maple, pine, oak, basswood or hickory? "I don't know." How many bedrooms are there —I have a family of seven, so we need four or five bedrooms. "I don't know" is once more the answer. Well, is there a garden plot, I am fond of flowers and like to grow vegetables, so I would like to know the size of the lot. Again the same answer, "I don't know." No sane man would sit down to discuss a business deal on that basis. The realtor would know he was wasting his time, and the prospective buyer would think he was being made the subject of a practical joke. The whole basis of legitimate trading is on laying all the cards on the table so that both parties can see all the details.

In this case, instead of a house, government selling is being offered to the people of Ontario. They look around at other provinces to see what is going on there. They see many things that are not pleasing, and they wonder if these features will be included or eliminated from the law for Ontario. Mr. Hume Elliott's frank statement, *"Nobody knows what the law is going to be in Ontario,"* furnishes the answer. There is not a precedent for it in business, legal or political dealings. Ontario is being asked to go it blindfolded.

Must Kill the Corn Borer.

The corn borer is one of the most miserable pests Ontario farmers have to face. It does not come out in the open and fight squarely like a potato bug or a grape slug. It is mean in its habits, and hard to distinguish until it has done its work.

It is well that Ontario has men who can give leadership in fighting the corn borer; they have issued instructions and are working on still better methods. It is estimated that the corn borer drilled the pockets of Western Ontario farmers for a million and a quarter dollars in 1924. Given a chance, the worm will repeat the operation on a larger scale in 1925.

There is a degree of urgency here that dare not be passed over lightly. It is of small assistance that one farmer take up the battle while his neighbor does not. The corn growers can win if they go it together, but the thing can be done on no other basis.

Now In 84 Countries.

An illustrious father, Bramwell Booth, has an illustrious son bearing his name. The father has passed to his reward, and the son grows gray in the service. It was never the intention when the founder, Bramwell Booth, started his mission in the slums of London that the work should spread; he had not thought of that. His immediate desire was to reach men and women around him that he had not been able to reach through his work as a minister of a Noncomformist church.

There was nothing particularly profound about the beginning—simply taking the gospel to men and women who would not go to places where it was being preached. The great outdoors became a pulpit, and the drumhead the penitent rail.

Today the Salvation Army is in 84 countries, and its officers alone number 55,000. The Army is more than a human organization; it has the sanction of divine approval, for on no other grounds could it have reached its present proportions.

The Day After.

Mr. J. M. Donahue was a speaker at a joint debate with W. D. Bayley, Labor member in the Manitoba legislature, at a London theatre. Mr. Donahue was given 15 minutes, and did not use all his time, nor did he remain to hear the remarks that Mr. Bayley made in answer to his charges and inferences.

Instead, Mr. Donahue prefers to get the ear of the Free Press the following day to continue his discussion with Mr. Bayley. The western Labor man poured some alcohol on the white of an egg to show its effect, and Mr. Donahue wants to know why he should not be fined $200 and costs for having the liquor.

He goes farther in the use of the columns of the Free Press, and asks: "I have heard that Mr. Bayley was one of the leaders in the red riots in the west in 1919. Is this the kind of people that the prohibitionists have for their agitators?"

Mr. Donahue's day-after bravery is not the variety that wins battles. He sat on the platform, not ten feet away from where the alcohol was poured on the egg. He is a lawyer, and he knew that a serious crime was being enacted. He could have taken a chair and whacked the offending Bayley, or he could have called the several policemen in the theatre to come and make an arrest right there. Had he desired, he could have questioned Mr. Bayley about the part he played in the Winnipeg strike; he could have asked him all manner of questions right to his face. Why didn't he turn the spotlight on him then, and denounce him as a traitor and an undesirable? If he had all this ammunition tucked away up his sleeve, why didn't he let it fly? He had time to do it, for he did not consume even the full 15 minutes allotted to him.

This business of coming out the day after, through the columns of the Free Press, after Mr. Bayley had left the city, is, to say the least, poor sportsmanship. Mr. Donahue should have swung the axe when he had the chance to smite Mr. Bayley right between the eyes.

The Great Elmira Potato.

It was bound to happen sooner or later in the season when people are gouging into the ground to see just what has taken place in the potato patch. Deceptive business at best—fields may have a showing of tops like a second growth of alfalfa and blossoms like the pet circle in a public park, yet it takes three hills to make a meal for four, with not a scrap left for fried potatoes for supper.

A couple of Londoners have come in and laid samples of spuds on the sanctum desk that were large enough to qualify as missiles in case war breaks out in Ireland, but up Elmira way potato records are being smashed to atoms.

The editor of the Elmira Signet had one tuber delivered to his office that measured 23 inches one way and 17½ inches around the chest. When it was laid on the corner of the desk that piece of furniture tipped up.

It was boiled in a tub and made a meal for eleven people, and they were full of potato right up to the lower jaw. The pealings made an evening meal for the cow. Them's what we call real potatoes.

The Recompense For Honesty.

C. D. Robitaille is a French-Canadian living at Windsor. When in Detroit prior to coming to Windsor he got into trouble with the police and was deported, although he stoutly denied the charges brought against him.

While in Detroit he had incurred some debts, so he crossed over from Windsor and paid these. On the way back to get the ferry to Windsor he was arrested as a person who had not observed the law of deportation. A judge sent him to the house of correction for a month.

Is it a serious offence for a man to go over from Windsor to pay debts he owes in Detroit? It was Mr. Bumble who said "The law is an ass."

Note and Comment.

The successful man brings home the bacon—the other fellow spills the beans.

Many a man is afraid to swing an axe now for fear of spoiling his mid-iron swing.

Strange that stores have not seized the idea of advertising the parking qualities of the trousers they sell.

U. S. reports a shortage of 100,000,000 pounds in the prune crop, so the phrase "full of prunes" may take on new class.

Even now, four or five days after it's all over, an occasional wise man bobs up who knew Washington was going to win the world series.

Baltimore man took a couple of chorus girls on a week-end trip, and now his wife is after him. He certainly should have taken her along.

New York says fashionable skirts are 11 inches from the ground, still an even foot wouldn't exactly cause a scandal right at the end of the bathing season.

John and Sam

Most every time I start to read I come across a phrase or so what tells about the Yankee folks a-havin' all the push and go. And then the man what goes to speak he wrings his hooks and tears his hair, and chants about the folks from here a-scamperin' off to over there.

I sometimes think folks talkin' so has made a big and useless fuss, and caused the Yankees for to think they're smarter than the rest of us.

Let's take a look as all folks should, let's turn the problem up on edge, let's get a block of wood up here and peep beyond the nation's hedge.

Now in United States this year they have elections runnin' through, to see if Coolidge keeps his job or if they tell him, Cal, you're through. They've been a-rantin' six months now, more gleeful than a three-ring show, and still before the final act they've got three weeks in which to go.

For Coolidge lights on La Follette and Davis hits them both a bump, while in between we read the speech from old hard hitter Andy Gump.

They've spilled oil scandals on the map, they've slew the Ku Klux Klan anew, and then they start all fresh again, put mustard in the campaign stew.

Right now in Britain, old and slow, they're linin' up for pollin' day, but they don't do things over there in patterns from the Yankee way. They bust up house and right straight off they drink their 'lectioneerin' broth, because the pollin' of the votes is on a day just three weeks off.

How come, John Bull, that you can go and make your house all over new, and do in twenty days the trick what Uncle Sam takes months to do?

The Yankees say you're slow and old, that you have spavin in the knee, that you can't hop about so spry as them what's in the land that's free. How come, then John, in things like this, that you can be so young and smart, and 'lect a house to run the place before the Yankees get a start?

Perhaps it's so, perhaps it's not, but 'taint a-stretchin' truth too far, to guess perhaps the Yanks they ain't no smarter than they think they are.—ARK.

Rarebits By Rex

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN.

"Messrs. Dawes and Coolidge are
A pair of prunes."—Chicago Star.

"The Coolidge platform is impressive
For blah and bunk."—New York Progressive.

"Attempts of La Follette to scare
American are all hot air.
His words are blather—rot infernal.
He is a crank."—Milwaukee Journal.

"From Democrats and Johnny Davis,
Almighty Providence please save us.
His promises are nothing less
Than empty words."—The Dallas Press.

Thus U. S. sheets in wrathful moments
Denounce political opponents;
Each calls the other side a "blight,"
And each, I am convinced, is right.

HEEZA DUMB ON "SUCCESS."

Heeza Dumb, famous manufacturer of Special Splints for Bow-legged Ostriches, believes success comes only to him who achieves it. An inquiring reporter found Mr. Dumb at his palatial boarding house this morning, reclining peacefully in his platinum-lined bath tub. Jumping into the tub beside the famous manufacturer, the reporter got set for an interview.

"I want an interview, Mr. Dumb," said the reporter. "Are you on?"

Dumb—No. You're on.

Reporter—On what?

Dumb—On my soap.

Reporter—How can I get to the top of the ladder?

Dumb—Join a fire brigade.

Reporter—What's the easiest way of earning money?

Dumb—Betting on the right horse.

Reporter—What's the hardest way of earning money?

Dumb—Marrying a girl with it.

Reporter—How can a man be sure of following a straight and narrow path?

Dumb—By getting a job as a tight-rope walker.

Reporter—But if he had money in a bank, wouldn't he lose?

Dumb—Lose what?

Reporter—Lose his balance.

Reporter—Do you believe that success comes to him who waits?

Dumb—That depends on the size of the tips.

Reporter—Did you burn the midnight oil as a young man?

Dumb—No. Motor cars weren't invented then.

Reporter—Does Fate help those who help themselves?

Dumb—Yes.

Reporter—Then you won't mind if I help myself to a cigar. Thank you.

Reporter—What kind of suspenders do you wear?

Dumb—The Never-Slip.

Reporter—Why not the Non-Skid?

Dumb—Because they can't support me in the manner to which I have been accustomed.

Dr. Frank Crane

MEN THE BEST COOKS.

There seems to be little doubt that men are better cooks than women, and the question arises why this is so.

Many answers have been given. One is that man cooks because he likes it and woman only likes it as a means to an end.

Another is that he sacrifices nothing on the altar of economy, whereas economy is the stumbling block of a woman.

Again, man is said by nature to be an epicure. This gives him an instinct for subtly blending flavors to tempt the palate.

It is said that women accept cooking as an everyday duty, but men look upon it as a profession.

Man is more exact; whereas woman dislikes accuracy and works by rule of thumb.

It is said that man is more original and inventive, while woman merely imitates.

Again it is said that cooking needs good health, and men can stand and walk about and endure heat for long hours better than women.

One writer says that men have tradition behind them and a recognized status; their remuneration is good; they are allowed to concentrate; they have an unstinted larder and their extravagances are overlooked.

One woman says that women are expected to produce a rich menu on a limited allowance, also to mind the baby, clean the house and answer the door bell while they are cooking.

The best explanation is that men, when they cook, give their entire attention to the matter, while women are busy also with something else.

Getting Along

The Kitchener Record tells of a banquet at Boston, at which a young man in dinner clothes walked up to the toastmaster and asked: "Don't you remember me? The last time I saw you, I was shining your shoes. I was your bootblack." The ex-bootblack introduced himself as P. Nicholas Petrocelli, assistant corporation counsel for the city of Boston, officially representing the city at the banquet in the absence of the mayor.

The Record goes on to point out that this case is not without parallel. A bicycle repair man became Henry Ford, the greatest automobile manufacturer in the world, and a poorly paid office clerk in Cleveland became John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the world.

There are other instances of where men in the humble walks of life have become great in their time. A study of their careers will show that they rarely owe their rise to powerful friends. They look for opportunities—and create them if they cannot find them.

Press Comment

No wonder Cain turned out badly. There wasn't a single book on child psychology.—Vancouver Sun.

Every man is a hero to his son except the one who tries to help work algebra problems.—Bridgeport Star.

If a husband has the last word, it is something like this: "All right; buy the darned thing."—Vallejo (Cal.) Chronicle.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL!

Government control? Oh, no!
A drunkard drives his car, and lo!
While speeding wildly on his way
He kills a little child at play:
Then what control is in the sale
Of wine and whiskey, beer and ale?
—Contributed.

Strathroy As It Was in '49

By J. B. McLACHLAN.

MY FIRST visit to Strathroy was with my grandfather in the year 1849. At that time Strathroy was a very small place, consisting of a small waterpower gristing mill, erected on Bear creek, by a gentleman by the name of Buchanan, who named it after a parish or some place of that name in Ireland, his native country. He did not remain there long, for Mr. Timothy Cook was the owner of the mill at the above date. The word "strath" means the land bordering on a river or through which a river runs, and "roy," red—the red Strath. Besides the mill there were about a half-dozen houses, one store, a blacksmith and a shop painted red, owned and used by William Hazelton as a chair factory. There was also an Episcopal church, used afterwards as a schoolroom. Rev. Mr. Mortimer from Adelaide held services there occasionally. There was also a Methodist church about a mile west, a log structure, in which I heard the first lecture on temperance by a Rev. Mr. McLean, and where I signed a pleadge of total abstinence.

The First Settlers.

THE only road from the north was over the flats, crossing the creek near the red shop, and going up the hill at a point known locally as Sandy Hook, and led into the township, where lived the Blanks, the Dells and the Franks. From the west came the fourth line, where the Coopers, the Sauls, the Rapleys, Munns, Kerrs, Stills and others lived. From the south came a meandering road over the plains of Caradoc. The town line between Adelaide and Caradoc ran east and west, and was merely a trail over sand dunes many years after this period. To the east lived the Campbells, Thompsons and the Butterys—but there were woods on every side, cedars, tamaracs and pines and every variety of trees in the immediate neighborhood. A Mr. Clark, who made cedar shingles west of the village and built his own house entirely of shingles. A Mr. Jarrett lived near what is now styled "Quality Hill"; he was so thoroughly English that it was with some difficulty that he could be understood. A Mr. Pain, who lived on the second line south, another Englishman from the same part as Mr. J., used to drive a fine team of horses so well fed that it was with difficulty that they could go beyond a walk.

Same All the Way.

THE main road between London and Sarnia existed in those days. There was but one mudhole from one end to the other, and that was all the way. There was a tannery, shortly after this, erected on the low lands opposite Caradoc street, and as civilization advanced a distillery was built by a Mr. Thomas Thoddy near where Mr. Pincomb's feed store is now. Two or three years after my first visit, I attended school in the building referred to above, Mr. William Hylyard being the teacher, and I can remember the scholars skating or sliding, according to their equipment, on the ice south of the school and west along the township line to where the present railway station stands.

The land all along there was very swampy in those days. The Sarnia branch of the G. W. R. was surveyed that winter and spring, and with the engineering staff was Dr. McTaggart, then a teacher, who later became a prominent figure in Strathroy. Another on the staff was a Mr. Askin, son of Col. Askin of London. He used to visit the school grounds at recess and scatter coppers to see the scholars scramble for them in the sand. Construction on this branch of the railway was retarded owing to the death of Zimmerman, the contractor, who with other railway magnates, were killed in the Desjardins canal disaster near Hamilton.

WHEN MASTER CANNOT SEE.

If we've a job we ought to feel
That faithful we should be,
Both when the master's looking on
And when he cannot see.
It is his right to feel assured
That each and every day
To him we'll honest service give,
As he gives honest pay.

We shall not gladly greet each day,
When peeps the morning sun,
If at the close of every day
We're glad that day is done.
A day for work, which is God's gift,
Will long and weary be,
If often at the clock we look
When master cannot see.

They who find pleasure in their work
Till though they toil they smile,
Are they whose hearts are firmly set
To do a work worth while.
They do not yield to dark despair
Nor fail to honest be,
Though all the value of their work
Their master cannot see.

The toiler, who with all his skill
Works faithfully each day,
Is worthy of a living wage,
Which honest masters pay,
Yet he's a slave, though black or white,
Who works just for the fee;
He is a king who loves to work
When master cannot see.
—MACK.

Robert's Syrup
of the Extract of Cod Liver & Tar
for COUGHS, COLDS and BRONCHITIS

For Quality & Value SMOKE
WHITE OWL CIGARS
3 for 25¢
Manufactured by General Cigar Co. Limited
IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. OF CANADA LIMITED
Sole Distributors

Why Endure PILES MISERY

The weakening agony of piles robs life of its pleasure, turns days of brightness into days of misery, and brings periods of acute suffering. Overwhelming evidence proves Zam-Buk incomparable for banishing the pain, bleeding, swelling and inflammation.

Mr. Alf Brown, of Merritton, writes:—"I hope that my testimony will reach thousands suffering from that dreadful ailment, piles. For six years I was never free from pain. No one ever spent more money in search of a remedy. A sympathetic friend gave me a part of a box of Zam-Buk to try. Its soothing power was marvellous, and I soon had a further supply of this grand herbal healer. I used Zam-Buk until the old painful trouble was gone completely."

Equally successful for eczema, psoriasis, salt rheum, pimples, boils, bad legs, ulcers, scalp disease, poisoned wounds, cuts, burns, scalds, etc. Dealers everywhere sell Zam-Buk at 50c. box, 3 for $1.25

GET Zam-Buk TO-DAY!

Let Cuticura Help You Keep Your Good Looks

Nothing better to care for your skin, hair and hands. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to perfume. Then why not make these delicate, fragrant emollients your every-day toilet preparations?

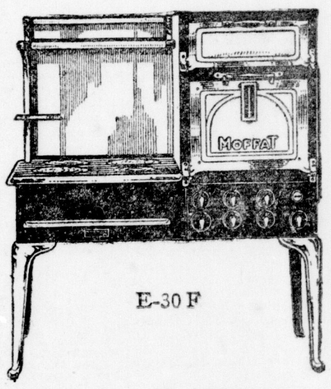
Samp'e Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Dep.t: "Cuticura, P. O. Box 2616, Montreal." Price, Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

Thanks to her Moffat!

NOW she has plenty of time for quiet reading, exercise, shopping or whatever she feels like doing. What's the secret? Well, her husband bought her a Moffats Electric Range!

For instance, she puts the whole dinner in the Moffat oven in the afternoon. She returns at six o'clock, and the meat and other dishes are ready to serve.

She finds her Moffats Electric a great help when she is in a hurry. The elements heat up so fast—far faster than other elements. It's only a jiffy after she has started that the kettle is singing merrily, with the vegetables boiling and meat broiling.



This electric range is a money-saver. It does its work so quickly and thoroughly that it makes quite a big saving in the electric bills. And it is always ready for work—never gives a moment's trouble. Ask your electrical dealer or write us for our little free book on electric ranges. Moffats, Limited, Weston, Ontario.

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MOFFATS Electric Ranges

For Sale by The Hydro Shop