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Bonar Law's Clear Majority.

Judging from his pre-election utterances, PREMIER BONAR LAW believes in using diplomacy whenever possible rather than threats. He has made repeated reference to the fact that he is certain both Greece and Turkey will be parties to a fair settlement, and he has also intimated that he desires the friendship of the French people. The one difficulty between France and Britain at the moment is the matter of German reparations, France being of the opinion that Germany can and should pay faster than many of the British authorities think possible.

The premier believes that United States should have a seat at the League of Nations, and has said so openly, holding that such a move would allow the republic to better appreciate the problems of Britain and the nations of the world.

In his campaign BONAR LAW made reference to the relationship of the home government to the dominions, stating it to be his intention to have a conference looking toward the development of empire resources. Such a conference might mean much or it might mean nothing.

The British premier is not expected to bring in much new legislation. He is perhaps of the school that believes the best way to cure some ills is to leave them alone. Now that he has a working majority over all other parties he will be in a position to go ahead on that basis. He will not find it necessary to yield to any other group in order to secure support for his own policies. In this way he occupies a position that is extremely desirable from the viewpoint of unhampered action. It should give the party a chance to deliberately frame its policies and carry them through the House and into practical operation.

Labor made an unusual showing in Glasgow, where it took 10 of the 16 seats. Glasgow has suffered from unemployment to a very pinching degree, and there has followed as a result a feeling that the working-men must have greater representation. Then, too, the house-renting situation was a sore spot. During the war the landlords were given permission to increase rents, the majority of them going up as much as 50 per cent. Landlords did not in many cases serve notice on their tenants, but simply put the high rents into effect. It all added to the feeling that fell in with the platform and general outlook of the Labor party and its candidates. Labor's showing was a complete reversal of form from the setback suffered a few days ago at the municipal elections in England.

The Late William Magee.

The late WILLIAM MAGEE, whose death occurred in this city, was well known to Londoners of other days. He came to London from Ireland when about 12 years of age, and immediately commenced attendance at the old Union School under NICHOLAS WILSON and J. B. BOYLE. It was not long until he was recognized as one of the brightest boys in the school. Upon leaving school he joined the staff of THE LONDON ADVERTISER. He remained there for many years. His death recalls the names of ARCHIE BREMNER, WILLIAM CAMERON, HARRY GORMAN, W. J. MCINTOSH, JESS SYMONDS, ATWELL FLEMING, LUD K. CAMERON, M. W. ROSSIE and many others, including FRANK ADAMS and R. D. MILLAR, who were on THE ADVERTISER staff together with "BILLY MAGEE," as he was then called. He was chief accountant when he left THE ADVERTISER to take another situation.

He was a brother of Mr. JUSTICE JAMES MAGEE. As boy and man he was courteous, kind and possessed of ability much above the average. His death will be regretted by many old-time Londoners, and his family will have their deepest sympathy.

Winter Feeding of Cattle.

Feeding cattle through the winter months is an industry in Western Ontario that has developed during recent years. Conditions are very favorable for winter feeding, as the crops for this purpose were well up to the mark. There are seasons when some of the shipping points in Midwestern are sending out more cattle than any point in the Dominion.

One of the most important requisites in the successful finishing of beef cattle is the proper type of steer to start with. Some feeders raise and finish their own steers; others may raise a few head, supplementing these by purchasing from neighboring farmers who do not make a practice of finishing their own steers, while still others concentrate their efforts on finishing steers, purchasing their stockers locally or on the larger markets.

The farmer who raises his own feeders can safeguard type and quality in his animals. The man who buys his feeders must show even more care, in that he must secure evidence of beef breeding and a fair degree of beef type. Most important of all, he must "buy them right." A cent or a fraction thereof

per pound in the purchase price of the animals may mean the difference between profit and loss for the feeder.

The "cheap" or "common" feeder (in the sense of his being an inferior one in breeding and type) is nearly always a loser for his owner in the end. Such steers have not the ability to make economical use of the feed consumed. Such feeders must be bought on a much wider margin than the higher grades, in fact the economy of such buying is ever in doubt. Steers of good breeding and type and in good feeding condition should be bought in preference. A premium of one-half to one cent can be paid for these as compared with common stock. The same class of steers, if in extra good condition, yet not fat, can be bought on an even narrower margin for a shorter feeding period and subsequent quick turnover. Usually, however, there is a greater risk with this latter class of steers. Should the price drop just as they were finished and ready to market only a rapid recovery would permit of other than a loss.

One Middlesex cattle man states his preference for the animal compact and broad of back from shoulder points to hips, wide body, short and almost thick neck, wide, deep, full breast; broad, fleshy hind quarters—in short, a "blocky" sort of animal. He does not care much for "rangy" cattle, nor for those that run to legs. Either of these, to use a good barn phrase, "is apt to eat its head off."

The Dominion Department of Agriculture, through its annual husbandry branch, has recently sent out in print the results of feeding various kinds of steers, superior, good and poor, over a period of 116 days. A few figures are summarized in the following table, col. 1 being superior, col. 2 good, and col. 3 poor steers.

	1	2	3
Average gain	234	262	211
Buying price	50.53	38.89	31.13
Selling price	75.49	69.21	53.95
Cost of feed	17.92	17.60	18.18
Profit per steer	7.04	12.72	4.65

The best return was made from the good steers, not from the superior. This is easily understood, as no doubt the best quality did not require much feeding, and were at their best in advance of selling point. Keeping cattle after they cease to put on weight, even in the hope of a better market, is a business with considerable risk attached.

Hair Cuts and Castor Oil.

New styles in everything, even in dealing with revolutionists. The old way used to be shooting or hanging or exile.

In Italy younger members of the Fascist have a number of old cases to deal with where anarchists had grown long whiskers and dangerous ideas together.

Instead of any method looking toward assassination the Fascist now of these whiskers and administer huge doses of castor oil. Sometimes when a communist is particularly wild he finds the top of his head shaved clean and the national emblem painted there in colors that neither fade, nor wash out. So every time he takes off his hat—and he's apt to wear one under the impression of cheering for his country. The treatment has much to recommend it, and it is carried out with an entire absence of funeral processions and scenes of bloodshed. There's small chance of any of these new-mown gents posing as martyrs, and a man filled to the muzzle with castor oil cannot do much damage to his native land.

In truth, the new Italian mind is working along new and correct channels.

Keep the Tax Roll Clean.

Several of the municipalities of Western Canada have found it necessary to put on campaigns during the last year or so for the payment of taxes.

Meetings and conferences were held to discuss ways and means, and at these divergent views were brought out. It was charged by W. E. McCONNELL, president of the Saskatchewan Land Mortgage Corporation, that the rural municipalities of Saskatchewan were more drastic collectors than any other class of creditor in the province, and were making seizures right and left for repayment of relief and seed loans. Of course, the answer to such a charge was quickly furnished, and the statement made that the closer these collections were made the better standing the municipality and district had in the eyes of the banks and loan companies, and the more readily would these people advance money to such a district.

Defaulting debenture payments is a dangerous practice, because it gives an idea of bankruptcy away beyond the real facts of the case. Some months ago Swift Current received its share, and perhaps more, of notoriety owing to the fact that a bank had taken possession of the town's finances, or something to that effect.

That report was carried in every paper in the country, and comment was made on it very widely. The popular idea was that Swift Current had almost ceased to exist, and the future financing of the place would be a matter of serious jeopardy.

A resident of that western center was in THE ADVERTISER office a few days ago, and naturally conversation turned to the financial standing of the place. The comment was made that the east seemed to entertain the idea that Swift Current had passed into the hands of the receiver, and that the banks there owned every house and store in the community. Business is going on as

EVERYDAY MOVIES



"Yeah, an' the long skirts gives yer a chance to wear all the busted stockin's!"

usual; taxes are high, but no higher than in a number of other places, and our informant also made the claim that there were other places in Western Canada whose finances were in no better shape than those of Swift Current. The only difference being that a determined effort was being made to straighten things out in the latter place.

Back taxes have a habit of accumulating, and becoming a load instead of an asset. Men who loan money do not like to see a large arrearage against the place that is seeking a line of credit in the way of a new debenture issue. There is nothing that will keep municipal credit so sweet and wholesome in the eyes of the country in general as a clean tax roll.

COMMENT

The nights are getting so long now that a good fast robber can make a couple of calls.

It must make cheerful reading for the Canadian tribe to read "Conservatives win"—in England.

Two robbers boarded an Ohio train, but the porter, believing in monopoly, shooed them off.

It is not bad luck to have a black cat cross in front of your car; that is if it gets all the way across.

Some of the modern flats are so small that the children have to get out on the fire escapes to grow.

It must make a defeated candidate mad to see his picture on the billboards a week after he's been licked.

If farmers keep on adding modern touches to their homes they will soon have all the inconveniences of a city house.

One London woman writes in to say that her furnace is like her husband—if she doesn't watch him he goes out.

The bathing beauties have been taken off the magazine covers, and are probably getting ready to stand up for the 1933 calendars.

Out in the country a drunken pig gave away the whereabouts of a whiskey still. But there may be a good alibi, as the farmer may have been dealing in pickled pigs' feet.

The German army—if one goes back far enough—is responsible for the condition of the German market today. France is keeping a standing army at such an expense that the French franc may some day be cluttering up the waste paper baskets like the German mark.

Kitchener has an agitation for a bus service to augment the present street cars in certain districts. If application is made to the London Street Railway Company it will be a waste of time, as the company has a number of buses running here should go and start business in Kitchener.

It may have been thought that affairs were complicated in the House at Ottawa by having three political leaders. In Britain they have four: BONAR LAW leading the Conservatives, JOHN R. CLYNES heading Labor, HERBERT ASQUITH with the Liberals behind him, and LORD GEORGE with his following of Liberals. The two latter might very well have a meeting in the lobby some day soon and pull straws for the leadership. Three House leaders is a fine sufficiency.

As to Psychoanalysis

By H. Addington Bruce.

Author of "The Riddle of Personality," "Handicaps of Childhood," etc. (Copyright, 1922, by The Associated Newspapers.)

FROM the many inquiries that come to me, there evidently is a general belief that psychoanalysis as a method of treating functional nervous and mental disorders is equally applicable to all types of patients. Responsible for this gravely erroneous belief must be shared by "quick" psychoanalysts and poorly informed writers on the subject.

Actually, helpful as psychoanalysis is in many cases, there are victims of nervousness for whom it can do little or nothing. This has always been appreciated by the chief workers in this field of mental medicine. Thus some years ago Dr. I. H. Coriat of Boston, one of America's pioneer psychoanalysts, issued the warning: "Psychoanalysis should not be used in delirious states, in persons over fifty years of age, since their nervous systems lack a certain plasticity, in cases of acute hysteria, or in persons whose minds are unearched."

Not only are the nervous systems of persons over fifty usually lacking in sufficient "plasticity" to make them responsive to psychoanalysis, but because of the basic principles of psychoanalysis itself its applicability as a means of dealing with nervousness is necessarily increasingly difficult as the age of patients rises.

All functional nervous and mental maladies, psychoanalysis holds, have their roots in "forgotten memories," commonly memories relating to painful experiences of early childhood. As years pass and experiences accumulate other "forgotten memories" are overlaid on these earlier ones, which sink still more deeply into the subconscious. In order to get at them it is necessary first to unearth and recall the later memories.

And, just as obviously, the more memories there are unearthed the longer and more difficult will be the psychoanalyst's task. Also, because of the decreased "plasticity" of the mind with age, the necessary co-operation of the patient, indispensable to a successful analysis, will be less easy to obtain.

It is not a question of mere necessity for intelligent co-operation—would alone be sufficient to exclude from psychoanalysis the delirious, the acutely nervous and the feeble-minded and persons of a sadly limited education.

Fortunately this does not mean that the excluded must despair of ever being cured. Psychoanalysis, as I have frequently pointed out elsewhere, is only one among several methods of combating nervous and mental diseases. There are many patients whose "complexes" are so loosely rooted that a mere suggestion of health, given under favorable circumstances, believe me, is enough to restore them to health.

In fact, the one type of functionally nervous patient for whom nothing will avail—neither psychoanalysis nor anything else—is the patient who at heart does not wish to get well. Such patients, however much they lament their nervousness, oppose to the best efforts of medical science a resistance that is quite invincible unless and until by some means a sincere desire for health is created in them.

And, unbelievable though it may seem, there are not a few such patients. They are persons who, in the face of their nervousness, confers on them some real or fancied advantage—freedom from work, for instance—which they are reluctant to yield. So they run about from doctor to doctor, clinging to old symptoms or perpetually developing new ones.

In so doing they are honest enough. It is not a question of mere necessity. They no less than the curably nervous are influenced by a subconscious factor. Only in their case it is a factor making for a veritable incurability.

Our Own Country.

DESTRUCTION OF VANCOUVER. Q.—When was Vancouver destroyed by fire?

A.—Vancouver was destroyed by fire on June 13, 1886, when only four houses were left standing. Now it is a city of 116,000 per last census.

CANADA'S PIONEER RAILWAY. Q.—Which was Canada's pioneer railway?

A.—Canada's pioneer railway was the Grand Trunk, its original charter of incorporation being granted in 1825.

Your Health

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.

Commissioner of Health, New York City.

PERHAPS the surest evidence of health is to be utterly unconscious of your body and its functions. Of course, this statement is not absolutely dependable, because several serious and even fatal maladies may produce no symptoms whatever.

Most persons are more fearful about heart disease than they are of anything else. They turn pale if it is suggested.

If the heart is normal there is no consciousness of its action. But—please remember this—to become conscious of the heart need not mean disease, nor does it mean death. There are all sorts of symptoms, including palpitation and irregular heart action, which are purely functional and which bear no relation to life.

What we mean by "palpitation" is action of the heart so rapid and forcible as to attract the attention of the victim. He can feel and even hear the powerful contractions. There is another condition in which the victim has all the subjective symptoms or palpitation—that is, he hears and feels what he believes to be the rapid and strong heart beats—when, as a matter of fact, the heart action is perfectly normal.

The causes are the same for both conditions. They are purely nervous in origin, dependent usually on nervous exhaustion, hysteria, indigestion, or the excessive use of some stimulant or other drug.

Women have this symptom more frequently than men. At particular periods and during the change of life it is not an uncommon symptom.

Anything that lowers the vitality predisposes to this trouble. A long-continued or serious illness like typhoid fever or influenza may leave the patient weak and nervous. Palpitation of the heart is not uncommon in such cases.

Worry, continual mental excitement, over-work, over-study and chronic fatigue may be followed by "nervousness."

The excessive use of tea, coffee, tobacco, alcohol or other drugs may produce much lowered nervous vitality. Palpitation is one of the disagreeable symptoms.

Chronic indigestion, especially if associated with constipation and intestinal fermentation, is a causal factor in nervousness. All sorts of nervous symptoms are produced by indigestion of this type. Sleeplessness, restlessness, irritability of temper, and lowered vitality are all too common results. It is not surprising, therefore, that palpitation is found in such cases.

The white and pasty-faced victims of indoor life, of poor ventilation, of sleeping and living-rooms, of lack of exercise and wrongly-selected food, are apt to have palpitation of the heart as one of the many symptoms which may be expected.

If you have palpitation and wish to get rid of it, forget all about the symptom itself. Seek out the cause. Find the underlying physical or mental disability responsible for the difficulty. Correct the fault in the manner of life—because in the last analysis there is some fault which must be overcome. When your way of living is made what it should be, the palpitation will disappear with the rest of the annoying symptoms.

In the meantime, don't worry about yourself, and, above all else, don't think that you are going to die because your heart has made itself felt.

Q.—I am 4 feet 7 inches tall, and I weigh 135 pounds. How much should I weigh?

A.—You do not give your age, but your weight is a very good average for your height.

C. Z. Q.—I am a young man 22 years old, and am 5 feet 6 inches tall and weigh 135 pounds. What should my correct weight be?

A.—You are a very good average for your age and height.

Q.—Will you please tell me whether tomatoes are harmful to a person suffering from rheumatism?

A.—If you are suffering from rheumatism you should not include tomatoes in your diet.

The Evening Story

THE WRONG SUITCASE.

Emmy Worth reached the station just two minutes before the train pulled out. She was the last person to enter the coach. It was crowded with shoppers, all more or less laden with the day's spoils. Emmy found a place beside a very stout woman and squeezed in with a murmured "Thank you" and shoved her suitcase, which she had borrowed from Mrs. Stevens, under the seat.

Emmy was very tired. She had finished her work at Mrs. Stevens' at 7 the night before. It was the hardest place she had ever worked in, for there were three small children besides the new baby, and Mr. Stevens was a terribly hearty eater. Emmy sometimes wondered where he put the seventeen pancakes which he ate for breakfast every morning and the great bowl of potatoes he consumed at noon, to say nothing of bread and meat and pie and coffee. Then there were the great washings and ironings and dishes. Well, it was going to seem just like heaven to have no more than two of everything to wash after this.

The thought brought a smile to her face. Two of everything—two plates, two cups, two spoons, one for her and one for Andrew. Andrew had them all waiting in his little box in Pine Street, the house where he had considered her worthy of succeeding his mother. And tomorrow, after she was married, they would be there and begin housekeeping. What she wanted was a home. She never had had a home since she could remember. First it had been Aunt Mol's, where she was always considered an interloper, though they were fairly kind; then, just as soon as she got big enough, she had begun to "work out," and she had kept on working out until 6 o'clock last night, when she had stopped for good and all.

She had arisen at 6 o'clock this morning and made ready and stolen away up to the city to buy her wedding things. And she had them all there in the suitcase. She could count them off on her fingers, for she had planned and saved for them so long. Andrew had considered them unnecessary and would have married her just as readily without them, but she had a woman's pride to offer herself duly appareled to her bridegroom. It is true that all her life she had dreamed of a white satin wedding dress, but, of course, that was utterly impossible. So she had bought a white lawn with a little lace on it and a blue ribbon for a sash. There was the petticoat and other underthings to go with it, and a cheap little pair of white canvas shoes and near-stocking. There she had them all. Other things she had wanted very much, but she had already spent so much money on towels and things like that, which she had packed away in her trunk, ready to be taken to her new home, that she could not afford to buy any more. As it was, she was quite content and happy with the prospect of being a dainty white bride for Andrew after all.

At Ninth Junction some people left the car, and at Vega some more got off. But the stout woman stayed on till they came to Northbrook. There she removed herself and took her parcels from the rack. It was dark by this time and Emmy began to feel pretty sleepy. She had room now for her suitcase, so she reached under the seat and hauled it out into the space between her seat and the next one. The seat behind was empty, she noted, of the stylish, dark-haired girl who had sat there reading a book all the way out from the city. She, too, had had a suitcase.

Far down the valley the lights of Candor sparkled like fireflies. Emmy aroused herself and yawned. Andrew might have been at the station, waiting for her, but she had not let him know that she was going to the city. She wanted to surprise him with the new dress on the morrow. Dear Andrew!

The train reached the station. Emmy caught up the parcels and stepped into the dimness, scurried across the tracks and made for Aunt Mol's. She lived on a shabby street in a dark corner of a town in an old green house, with all the grass stamped out of the front-door yard. Emmy was glad that Andrew liked fresh growing grass as much as she did. At least they would keep their home neat and attractive. A smell of fried potatoes greeted Emmy as she entered.

"I kept some supper hot for you," said the woman, who rose up from the light of the gray-shaded kerosene lamp.

Meanwhile Aunt Mol was curiously eyeing the suitcase. "That don't look to me just like the satchel you borrowed of Mrs. Stevens," she said, at last. "Of course, hers wasn't marked, and this one isn't, but I thought hers was a lighter shade than this one."

"It must be the same one," Emmy said. She felt a curious sense of alarm. It felt as though she were opening it, she added. She knelt beside the suitcase and spread it open there upon Aunt Mol's dining-carpet. And from it came an odor of sachet, amazingly rare. The store smell was lacking. Emmy turned pale. Her small hands began to tingle and tingle among the things. What had she? A georgette blouse, a shimmering white satin skirt, long silk hose, clocked, high-heeled suede slippers, a petticoat and quantities of other things that were a mass of lace, embroidery and ribbon and silk, and a negligee of wonderfully flowered crepe, with a little cap to match.

"You've changed suitcases with somebody, that's certain," said Aunt Mol.

Emmy looked up at her, dazed. "No! No!" she cried. "I took the one that was left. Oh, Aunt Mol, who could these things belong to?"

"How are you going to find out? There isn't an initial or mark anywhere to tell," Aunt Mol fingered one of the suede shoes. "See if this'll fit you, child."

"Oh, I can't wear clothes that don't belong to me," Emmy shrunk.

"What you going to be married in, then? Your old blue serge?" Emmy's lips quivered. "No, I can't wear that. But maybe these won't fit me."

"Aunt Mol was swiftly measuring. 'They'll fit you to a T. Now you're all tired out and hysterical. A pretty bride you'll be tomorrow. Now you put these things away and pop into bed. And let me hear no more of you tonight.'"

For once Aunt Mol was kind, and Emmy obeyed willingly. She fell asleep wondering who that crowd had got her little white lawn dress. "It looks as if I was going to have my wish and be married after all," she thought, with a faint sense of amusement.

An hour before the dark-haired girl who had changed at the station stepped out of a limousine under the porte-cochere of her uncle's summer home. The chauffeur carried her suitcase to the door and there a maid received it and bore it aloft to a beautiful blue and white room such as little Emmy had never seen or dreamed of. Presently the girl came up to dress for the late dinner. She was going to stay only one night and had brought only a single change. When she opened the suitcase she gave a little cry. Then she began to laugh. Later she explained to her aunt why she had to appear at dinner in her traveling suit.

"I must have taken the suitcase that belonged to the little, fair, tired-looking girl in the seat ahead," she said. "Well, I hope she'll be able to wear those things of mine. As for her things, you can give them to your maid, auntie—that is, if she will wear them."

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