

London Advertiser

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FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1923.

A Great Man Passes.

Today in Toronto a great man goes to his earthly grave, and Western Ontario loses another member of one of her most distinguished families.

Sir William Meredith, eldest son of the late John C. Meredith, belonged to a race of men and women noted both for ability and for personal attractiveness. The late chief justice possessed all the attributes of his family to a generous degree.

After receiving his education at the London grammar school, William, or Bill Meredith, as he was known in his earlier days, studied law with Thomas Scatcherd, and on his call to the bar entered into the partnership of Scatcherd & Meredith. The firm took its place as leaders of the bar, a position left vacant by appointment to the bench of the late Hon. John Wilson.

Like his partner, William Meredith soon engaged in politics. Apparently neither man was awed by the venture. Thomas Scatcherd, when asked how he liked it after his first term in parliament, replied: "They're not so big when you get close to them." William Meredith to a similar question replied: "Slow, slow!"

As a young man, just gaining his spurs, perhaps his most important case was Mossop vs. Mason, the City Hotel being involved. Mr. Justice James Magee was his opponent. It was a hard-fought fight, and had a good deal to do in making the reputation of W. R. Meredith and James Magee, both destined to occupy afterwards seats on the bench of the court of appeal.

William Meredith soon became known as a first-class all-round lawyer, a big man in every way. On the death of Thomas Scatcherd in 1876 he became city solicitor; on the death of H. C. R. Becher he became solicitor for the Bank of Montreal. He, with Thomas Hodgins and E. J. Parke, drew up the deed of partition and release disposing of probably the largest amount of property ever involved in one deed in London—the settlement of the Matthews estate.

William Meredith grew old gracefully, and death has come to him only at the end of 83 years of rich experience and distinguished public service. The quotation has been used before, but it seems particularly appropriate here:

"Why call it death's dark night?
Death is the entrance into light.
Behind its cloudy, purple gates
The everlasting morning waits.
Thou fear not death, its pains, its strife,
Its weakness—these belong to life.
Death is the moment when they cease.
When Christ says 'Come,' and all is peace."

A good judge is perhaps the best man in the world. He must know human nature well to reach the bench. His life has been rounded out by a knowledge of right and wrong as laid down in the law books and the book of experience. Its principles and theories are above the morality of the world. In that higher light it is his duty and privilege conscientiously to do justice.

William Meredith has been a good judge. His life has been an honest, able one that has done credit and honor to Canada. He was one of Canada's great men.

The Case of Three Swimmers.

Two remarkable swimming performances have been made this year, when one man went across Lake Erie and another swam the English Channel.

One man got some money, and both of them have a reputation of being able to swim well.

A few days ago a London swimmer, Dr. John Schram, plunged into a stormy lake at Grand Bend and for half an hour fought for the life of a drowning man.

Of the three swimmers, the London man would probably claim to be the least, but the use to which he put his knowledge ranked higher than the others.

It is so in many cases. The possession of power, knowledge or training is not nearly so important as its application.

Community Halls.

The idea of having community halls at various rural centers is one which has been carried out with success for some years and has received the encouragement of the government. Through the department of agriculture grants are given towards the erection of such buildings to supplement the amounts raised locally, and plans and advice are furnished free. The main idea is to make the rural community happy and contented by providing a place where entertainments may be given and meetings held and the community to some extent rendered independent of the attractions of the city.

But if community halls are good in the country they are also good in the city; at least this seems to be the opinion of certain leading citizens of London who are interesting themselves in the question of utilizing the new Manufacturers' Building at the Western Fair during the winter months. At the present time the city does not possess any large hall or auditorium devoted exclusively to the use of the citizens for the

holding of meetings or the giving of entertainments. Almost every town and village in Great Britain possesses its "town hall," which the citizens look upon as their own particular rallying place when anything of importance is on foot, and this "town hall" should not be confused with what we generally refer to in this country as the "city hall," because the "town hall," so called, has nothing to do with the meetings or the administration of the municipal body, separate buildings being employed for this purpose. The most formidable obstacle in the way of making use of the Manufacturers' Building in the manner which has been indicated is its remoteness from the center of the city. True, there is a comparatively good street car service, but there is always a reluctance on the part of the average citizen to go very far out of his way even for something good. A theatre or a picture show would be committing suicide if it attempted to go so far east or west, and it is a pity London could not have its own community hall right in the heart of the city.

Making His Own Policies.

President Coolidge has several times made the announcement that he will continue the policies of the late President Harding.

It will be remembered that President Roosevelt made a similar promise when he was called upon to succeed President McKinley. But Roosevelt did not keep his promise. It would have been impossible for him to do so, as by preference and desire the two men were very much unlike.

It seems to be an emotional tribute of necessity that is paid to a departed leader of a nation, that his policies shall prevail.

In a general sense they may, but in the larger sense the thing is impossible. Policies must change; they must meet conditions rather than be subject to them.

President Coolidge had been associated with the late Mr. Harding, knowing his ideas and plans. This may give him an opportunity to follow the Harding policy, but it will be found that inside of a few weeks he will find that he will have to follow a Coolidge policy.

A man who is big enough to be president of the United States must be big enough to formulate his own policies.

The Deadly Female.

If Kipling's choice phrase "The female of the species is more deadly than the male," were true two decades ago, how much more true it is today. Woman, whom poets have been wont to picture as the sweet, the tender, the angelic, has been behaving herself in a rather "deadly" manner of late, to judge by the numerous accounts of fatal brawls in which she assumes the star role.

Perhaps it is due to her new freedom which all the intellectuals are so fond of discussing that every morning newspaper recounts in glaring detail the latest escapades of daring female criminals. In olden days conubial infidelity and matrimonial difficulties were the prime sources of female crime. Since then woman has launched into a broader sphere which takes in robbery, violence, murder and arson, if stories from Detroit and other American metropolises are to be accepted as true.

What subtle changes in woman's nerve and hand and eye have taken place that she should have developed such alarming adeptness with the pistol when practicing on offending males? Time was when the average woman would run at the sight of a gun and would as quickly twist a mouse's tail as she would touch one. But recently many of the gentler sex have shown no hesitation in taking at least some of their new freedom with automatics, to the demise of a number of men who had become the objects of their wrath. Rarely too they fail to hit some vital spot. They shoot to kill. Gone is the time when a woman with a gun was more likely to hit objects at which she didn't aim than the marks at which she sighted. She now gets her man with the certainty of a movie cowboy.

Note and Comment.

London's August cold snap has broken all local records for eight years. In the words of Mayor Wenige, "This is 1923."

A young man writes asking what can be done for bow-legs. Nothing at all except to abstain from wearing striped trousers on them.

De Valera plans to ignore Britain if he wins the Irish election. The real difficulty of the plan, however, is—will Britain ignore De Valera?

The Polish mark, the German mark and the Russian ruble should engage the attention of the uplifters. They are about the most low-down trio in the world.

Turkey won back at the peace conference about all she lost in the war. All of which will make a good argument as to whether peace is much better than war.

Winnipeg and London both figured in the news yesterday. The Manitoba capital had its Scotch harvesters and the London police court its harvest of Scotch. "A Tale of Two Cities."

Lloyd George's prediction of two weeks ago that the Rhine provinces might break away to form a separate republic seems to approach confirmation. Germany is fast replacing Austria as "the ramshackle empire."

Your Health: Why Baby Should Have Water as Well as Milk.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

A few nights ago I found myself on the front porch of the hospitable home of a kind host. In the little group were two mothers, both of whom left early to care for little babies. I had talked with them about their feeding practices and asked each mother how much water she gave her baby.

One mother seemed horrified at the idea of giving water to a baby, saying that the milk and orange juice contain all the water required. Frankly, I do not agree with this dear mother. I share the view of the other mother, who said she gives her baby water several times a day.

It is too common a belief that milk is a beverage. In a sense it is, but I wish to impress upon everybody that milk is a food and one of the most valuable of all foods. Its great place in the human dietary is due to the vital food elements it contains.

In certain age-groups milk is just as essential as air. In all age-groups milk is an important food. It is conspicuous for its digestibility. It contains the building and repair materials. It has the necessary salts and vitamins.

But while milk contains a large percentage of water its use does not go away with the necessity of giving water in addition. Neither does the giving of orange, prune or tomato juice, supply the necessary quantity of water.

In my opinion every baby should have water between feedings. It must be pure water, made so by boiling and cooling.

Without water the intestines and kidneys are not flushed properly. As a result the baby is not sweet. There is a sour smell. The urine is highly-colored and irritating, causing scalding of the buttocks and surrounding parts.

The lack of water results in constipation. There must be an abundance of fluid to dissolve the waste products and to carry them away from the body.

The omission of water from the dietary places unfair labor upon the kidneys. Their work is sadly interfered with if the urine is scanty and concentrated. Continual neglect of this sort may cause kidney trouble and other serious conditions.

Nobody need be afraid of pure water. It is necessary to infant health. It is vital to adult health.

Try the magic of frequent drinks of water. Many a crying baby will become quiet and happy if he is given a drink. Even colic may disappear if a little warm water is given.

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Somewhere

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

Somewhere, away from town. A cloudless sky looks down On roads that hug the trees, On drooping bumblebees, On fields where wheat is shorn, On rows of standing corn, On birds whose song is clear! No other sounds are near!

Somewhere, away from stress, And noise and weariness, The harvest moon swings low On paths I used to know, On orchards, laden now With fruit on every bough, On gardens, where the dew The dawn will find anew.

Somewhere a highway climbs From these fatiguing times, To heights where troubles cease, And there is only peace. Somewhere a cottage home, A road for feet that roam, And, happy place to be, The arms that cradled me! (Copyright, North American Newspaper Alliance, 1923.)

Read the advertisements to-day. They tell you when, where and at what price you can best buy the things you need to-day. Tariff consists as much in thinking carefully about the things you have to buy as in bargaining closely.

DIBS AND DABS

BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

THE LAST MOSQUITO.
I am the last mosquito,
The last of my clan to hum.
There isn't a place for my vanished race—
No bog with a soothing scum.
No tin can left in the corner,
As in glad days of yore,
Not anywhere is a puddle fair
For me and my pals to soar.

The maid of the silken stockings
Strolls free beneath the trees;
Free as the spring from a skeeter's sting.
In the sweet midsummer breeze,
The fisherman sits calmly
With never a naughty word,
And many more—aye, folks galore
On the porch sit quite unmindful.

But two I know who will miss us,
At dawn and at eventfall,
And times between, and these, I ween
Will be comforted not at all.
These were our only rooters,
These were our only "folks"—
The loyal old fan, the skeeter net
And the man who writes summer jokes.

The chief of the Chinese bandits
Has been caught. Now we will have
to get another man to do our laundry.

King Canute tried to stop the tide.
If he were alive today he would try
to argue with a traffic policeman.

A Louisiana scientist reports the
finding of a frog who can sing. We'd
love heard lots of human vocalists
who never attained the harmony of
a frog's croak.

If the public were umpiring the
present controversy between opera-
tors and miners they would call the
latter's strike a foul.

Why is it, asks a critic, that
pugilists get more money than
jumpers and sprinters. But
surely pugilism isn't any more
profitable than run-running.

Russia is full of soap-box orators,
says a despatch. But how can any-
thing be called a soap-box when
there has never been any soap in it?

The death of the only freak
"blue man" was reported yester-
day. This must be a mistake.
Since Home Bank shareholders
have been informed of the bank's
failure London has had any
quantity of blue men.

Weather forecast in the United
States: Fair and Coolidge.

Gasoline is getting so cheap that
pretty soon the better class of boot-
legger won't handle it.

According to a certain tough char-
acter, Ford has the nation by the throat.



The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS.
Man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy him forever.—The Shorter Catechism, Quest. 1.
Some professing Christians are among the most depressing and worrful people in the world—the most difficult to live with.
And some, indeed, have adopted a theory of ethics which puts a special value upon unhappiness.
The morbid spirit which mistrusts every joyful feeling, and depreciates every cheerful virtue, and looks askance upon every happy life as if there must be something wrong about it, is a departure from Christ's teaching to follow the dark-browed philosophy of the Orient.
Jesus tells us that cheerful religion is the best.
It is fine to do right against inclination.
But there is something finer, and that is to have an inclination to do right.
There is something nobler than reluctant obedience; and that is joyful obedience.
The rank of virtue is not measured by its disagreeableness, but by its sweetness to the heart that loves it.
The real test of character is joy.
For what you rejoice in, that you love.
And what you love, that you grow like.
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MAYOR MOREAU IS FINED FOR VIOLATING LIQUOR ACT

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, Aug. 23.—Mayor Ralph Moreau of Gatineau Point, this morning in trial police court, pleaded guilty to a charge of having been illegally in possession of liquor, and was fined \$1,000 and costs by Magistrate E. Marin. Mayor Moreau has already been condemned to one month jail on a charge of having sold liquor, but is on bail pending the result of the appeal he has entered. He is to face a further charge of an infraction of the liquor laws on Wednesday next.
The conviction in police court this morning automatically removes the mayor from his seat as chief magistrate of the village of Gatineau Point as is provided by the Quebec province municipal law.

POSTPONED HEARING ON RECKLESS DRIVING

Special to The Advertiser.
Goderich, Aug. 23.—William Grails of Clinton appeared before Magistrate C. Reid charged with driving a motor car recklessly and doing bodily harm to Hubert Dore of Wingham. The accident occurred at Grand Bend. Grails pleaded not guilty. The case was adjourned until August 30 to give the crown an opportunity to serve witnesses in the case. Grails was allowed out on \$500 bail, his bondsmen being J. Jenkins of Clinton.

LATE AUTUMN MEDITATIONS.

Time's onward march we cannot draw!
Spring's balmy days have fled away; pretty soon the better class of boot-legger won't handle it.
We'll see our harvests treasured ben Till countless garnerers shall be tu.
We'll lift our heads w' gratitude, From early morn till dowy e'en, That we, wha've needs sae manifold, Ha'e nae ava' forgotten been: Oor ilka need has been supplied By tender care, which aften we In blindness, born o' thoughtlessness, Ha'e failed in former years ta see. We'll mark yon scenes which Nature paints As when adorned w' gowden hues Which richly robe yon ilka fa'. Yet, sadness aften fills oor herts That a' this beauty canna stay. For Autumn frosts, w' ruthless breath, Shall breathe on ilka flow'r we ha'e. Oor lifts shall lose their gowden glow, Whyles ilka leaf op-likes a' troe. Shall hear a sad, tho' silent cae, Which bids them yin an' a' ta' dee. Tho' brief's th' span o' Autumn days They canna a' ha'e gowden rare, For aften in oor months o' fa' A breath o' Winter's in th' air. But aft we think in Autumn days, When hills, an' glens, an' lifts are draw, There's beauty in yon realms aboon Which ne'er shall fade, nor flee awa'.
—Mack.
London, Aug. 22, 1923.

Oh! Harold!

"OH! HAROLD" bubbling with life and rhythm is the very newest dance favorite—and as played by Zee Confrey and his orchestra—it's really ap irresistible fox-trot. Its companion selection (on the reverse side) "ROSETIME AND YOU" is an added reason for the great popularity of this record. Ask for—

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Just for Tonight—Waltz
The Benson Orchestra of Chicago.
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Biff Bangs From the Dumbell Revues—Fox Trot
Biff Bangs From the Dumbell Revues—One Step
Harry Thomas Trio.
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Ask to hear them played on the

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HIS MASTER'S VOICE LIMITED.

CELEBRATE ARRIVAL OF HYDRO AT CORUNNA

Monster Garden Party Realizes \$400 To Purchase New Street Lights.

Special to The Advertiser.
Corunna, Aug. 23.—Over four hundred dollars was realized from the celebration and garden party held here last evening under the auspices of the Board of Trade and the Women's Institute. The event was held to celebrate the installation of hydro in Corunna, and the proceeds will go towards installing street lights.
The largest crowd that is thought to have attended a celebration in the village gathered on the school grounds and a fine program was rendered by outside talent. A band concert was given by the Imperial Employees' Band of Sarnia. All kinds of attractions, booths and games were in operation on the grounds and everybody had a wonderful time. A dainty supper was served by the ladies in the evening.

AUTO TURNS TURTLE, FOUR SERIOUSLY HURT

Four Occupants of Car Are Injured On Road Near Mooretown.

Special to The Advertiser.
Mooretown, Aug. 23.—Striking a mudhole in front of John Baxter's, Tuesday night, the wheel of a large auto came off, the car turning completely over twice, seriously injuring the occupants. The driver of the car, Mr. Dell of Detroit, had three ribs broken, while the other three occupants were more severely injured.
John Forbes of the sixth line, Mooretown, suffered four broken ribs and injuries to his wrist. Kenneth Forbes had his back and chest hurt and it is feared he is hurt internally, while Stanley Watson had his shoulder broken.
The car was traveling at a good rate at the time of the accident.

"Freedom From Bad Debts"

Here are three reasons why you may pin your faith to The Old Huron & Erie

First
This sound institution which in March next celebrates its Diamond Jubilee, is subject to annual inspection by Government Officials.

Its securities, books and accounts underwent such inspection in 1921, in 1922 and again during recent months.

For 15 consecutive years the corporation has closed its books without a dollar's worth of real estate on hand (either directly or indirectly) other than its own office premises.

The absence of real estate is regarded by financial authorities as the "acid test" of a mortgage loaning corporation's financial stability and is an indication of freedom from bad debts.

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First Mortgage Security which has stood the test of centuries forms an unmatched bulwark of protection about the savings of Huron & Erie Depositors and Debenture-owners. Today—the Corporation owns over Nineteen Million Dollars' Worth of First Mortgages upon choice productive Canadian Real Estate.

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Our Officers are easily accessible to assist with your every financial need.

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"Older than The Dominion of Canada."

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