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London Advertiser

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Here is a Common Problem.

The present election campaign is giving an opportunity for bringing out the fact that there is a very great deal that the people in the city and the people in the country have in common. The election contest did not create the oneness of their problems, but it put people in the mood to talk them over.

The primary occupation of any married man is to look after his family. That is a starting point to which there can be no serious objection. Some men may get so engrossed in their affairs that they may think their primary occupation is to look after their business, but the presence of the family is the motive power that sends him along, and which makes it necessary for him to keep going along.

Take the case of two families, one on a farm in London Township and another in London City. There are children in each family. The main interest of the man in the country is the same. The main interest of the man in the city is the same.

If the man in the country, through wrong conditions has to pay too much for the things he buys for his own use, the man in the city has to pay too much.

If the man in the country has to pay too much for the things his children need in order to be clothed and educated and cared for generally, the man in the city has to put his hand down in his pocket accordingly to provide the same things.

If the wife of the man in the country has to pay far too great a price for sugar, the wife of the man in the city has to pay the same price.

If the government of the country is such that it takes too much money from the pockets of the people, the man in the country and the man in the city have to put it up.

They meet on common ground every day. They face the common problems of existence every day; they have far more to unite on than they have to quarrel about.

How, then, are these people who have a common problem going to have the most strength to deal with it? Is it going to be accomplished by the man in the country drawing away from the man in the city, by having his own political organization with which the man in the city can have nothing to do because he is told that he is not wanted in it? Or is it going to be accomplished by those people who have a common problem, which faces them all the time, coming together and pooling their resources?

The farming community has every right to take whatever action it sees fit in the way of political organization, and it should take the course that is going to bring it the most certain and the most abiding results. But is it certain that it is taking that course when it refuses to recognize men in the cities and towns and villages who have a problem very closely akin to the problem of the man in the country?

The Community Idea at Lobo.

The annual school picnic at Lobo village is more than a school picnic. It is a picnic for the whole community. You will find old residents who left school 60 or 70 years ago at that school picnic. The people of that district have done a great deal to bring about ideal rural conditions, and to break down the claim that life in the country is an isolated affair.

Lobo Memorial Park, with its memorial gates, and its tablets bearing the names of the community's heroes, is indeed an ideal spot. Part of its eleven acres was at one time a sturdy old orchard, part was fine old trees of various kinds, and those who planned the park had the good sense to realize that nature had already done much to make it attractive, and they left these things alone.

And the people there have had church union, and they will be at it again in a few days. The churches of the township use the grandstand for their pews, and a platform facing this is an ideal place for outdoor ministry, and there, in the great outdoors, they meet together as one people in the worship of the same God. Any rural section that finds its community life out of joint could with great profit spend a day at Lobo looking over the situation. It had a problem and it solved it, and the solution is a great big factor in the life of that whole district. Well done, Lobo.

Mr. Harris Not Coming to London.

The Toronto Globe is in another cold sweat because it has heard that Mr. Lloyd Harris was coming to London and that both Liberal and Labor candidates were to make way for him.

The name of Mr. Lloyd Harris of Brantford has never been mentioned as a candidate in London. He has not announced any desire to come here for political honors, and he has not been asked to come here for any such purpose.

The Globe says: "He has never lived in London, and why he should seek a seat in that city is incomprehensible."

Equally "incomprehensible" is the question of why the Globe wants to single Mr. Harris out for an attack by pointing out why he could not qualify as a Liberal candidate, when there is no idea of paving him here as a candidate.

The biggest danger facing hydro right now is not in the candidature of this man or that man as much as in the fact that it is being used as a convenient band wagon for the followers of Hon. Howard Ferguson.

Our Wonderful Location.

When the holiday season is so close at hand it is fortunate that Western Ontario can take to the rivers and lakes almost at its very doors.

Lakes Huron, St. Clair and Erie are dotted with summer resorts, and there are few finer spots.

The man or woman who wants seclusion from the crowd can find it; those who like the few odd cottages near at hand can have their way, while those who look for the summer crowd do not have to look in vain.

The young set look for a trunk of new clothes—the "west" things in summer wear; the old-timer who has gone past that stage has already gone through the trunk in the attic, where he parked his old khaki trousers and flannel shirt. He has reduced the summer resort business to a science.

Ontario has a great and a wonderful outdoors. Make the most of it.

Following a Dangerous Path.

The Toronto Telegram draws no lines past which it will not go in seeking to win an election. It sees an opportunity of setting Roman Catholic against Protestant, and it rushes in and takes it.

The Liberals of Southwest Toronto used a Knights of Columbus hall as a convenient place for a nomination meeting, and the Telegram says:

"A Toronto Liberal convention is only a council of the Knights of Columbus under another name. Except for the presence of a few woman delegates, the Southwest-Toronto Liberal convention was a meeting of the Knights of Columbus."

Dragging religious sentiment into politics is a dangerous expedient. It is resorted to only by those to whom prejudice is a god, and the sweets of victory greater than the future of the whole community.

All Roads Will Lead to Fergus.

Hon. Howard Ferguson has taken up Hon. W. E. Raney's challenge to meet him on June 21 at Fergus, in East Wellington.

All roads should lead to Fergus on that date, only three days removed from polling time.

This is getting back to the old joint meeting idea, where men used to say to the face what they now say behind the back.

It gives an opportunity for an audience to hear both sides of a question, and the man or woman who does not consider both sides of a public issue can do only one thing, viz., register a vote that speaks for only one angle.

Has Fergus a hall big enough for the crowd?

A Sermon for the Driver.

A writer in the Kodak Magazine has a story that every car driver in the country should read. In part he relates his experience as follows:

"The other evening, while going home from work, I was driving easy (of course they all say that, but I really was), when, without even a toot of the horn, a car whizzed by. The next moment I heard the grind of brakes, sounds of breaking glass and a loud scream. I saw the car skid as it attempted to stop instantaneously. (Right there I proved the assertion I made of driving 'easy,' for if I hadn't my car would be lying in the ditch—and I, in all probability, would have completed a double funeral.)

"Upon alighting, I found a small boy—one of those chubby, freckled-faced youngsters—lying in the road—just about conscious and that's all—with blood streaming from an ugly gash on his head, and with a broken arm, to say nothing of a twisted ankle and various bruises. A bent mass of framework and spokes told mutely of the remains of a good 'bike.' The little fellow, who had just as much right on the highway as any motor car, had evidently been riding absolutely within the law on his right side of the road. But the 'speed-hound' who dashed past my bus didn't reckon with that, and the consequence was a head-on collision.

"Oh, the pity of it! The folly of always trying to pass the car ahead! Had the driver sounded his horn he might have avoided maiming someone's precious boy, a buckled car, a big bill—somebody has to pay for damages—and, most important of all, severe pain and a mother's sorrow."

Let Them Put It In Writing.

Instead of so much discussion at various centers as to where various candidates stand on the O. T. A., it would simplify matters very much were some organization as the W. C. T. U. to write to each candidate and get his answer and publish it.

The various women's organizations are deeply interested in this matter. It represents an idea for which they have contended for years.

The women of London might start the movement. Get the views of each candidate and present them to the public.

Note and Comment.

The friend who lent you money ceases to be a friend when he starts out to collect it.

Out in Oregon an army of caterpillars an inch deep held up a train for 85 minutes. The train couldn't even crawl along like the worms.

The man who finds an occasional cylinder missing when he drives has nothing to kick about. A lot of people have come along to find the whole car missing.

Women working in election campaign rooms has sounded the death knell of the old election cigar. And it is no great loss, because he was a tough, green, draftless old thing was the old election cigar.

The Advertiser counted at least four political candidates at the Lobo picnic on Wednesday. Even Dr. Stevenson and John Freeborn were there, outside of their ridings. An election produces more handshaking than a viceregal reception.

Enterprise is the middle name of the people of Maitland Street Baptist Church, who seek to have the political candidates of London as speakers at their garden party. The proceeds are for the organ fund, and the big question is will that organ produce harmony or discord after being aided by these political sharpshooters.

A PRESS AGENT'S BLUNDER.

(From the Montreal Star.)

The original press agent for oleomargarine would make a good Jonah. To recommend an article as a poor man's substitute for bad butter, was to damn it beyond hope. Nor did it get any help from an advertising point of view when it was reluctantly admitted to the country as a "war measure." It naturally took rank in the public mind with various contributory elements which go to make up what Sherman said was war.

Yet there are those who insist that oleomargarine is a wholesome and tasty article of food on its merits. If no one had mentioned butter at all, it might have got by as a cheap lubricant for dry bread. Millions of people in the world do not eat butter. They eat something else. It might have been possible that oleomargarine could have made its way as an independent addition to the menu, just as marmalade and honey are.

But it seems pretty well discredited now in this country. Our people will never forget that it was to come on as an understudy for butter when the latter article had become too temperamental and up-stage; and that it was only shot into this noble Dominion in the form of war munitions when we were all doing our bit and trying to feel as bad as the boys in the trenches.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

Guys who are always handing in wonderful golf scores when they play by themselves, missed their vocation when they did not go in for inventing.

Thieving is becoming so popular that we discovered our flivver's cylinder missing last night.

A controversy is raging in Texas as to what was Methusalem's favorite sport. Some think it was doddering.

"This said noiseless typewriters have been invented. We presume the method was merely to prohibit the use of gum during office hours."

MOVIE MORONS.

Miss Jessie loves the matinee. And giggles every other minute. She says she just "ad-yes" a play with kiddies in it!

Miss Snookey is not hard to please. She thinks the critics "awful mean." And says "she" don't care what she sees.

Stong's it's clean!"

J. Stanley Snoot confided, sotto voce (Stanley's always happy): "Give him his choice, he'll always go to Sump'n snappy!"

While Mrs. Jymptyn Ayselworth-Lee is not didactic as to style. She "is" insistent plays should be "worth while."

After all, almost any kind of a show will younger generation, a subscriber says he told a young fellow he had just bought a Rembrandt, and the latter replied, "How many cylinders?"

Wyckse, the Kenora murderer, must hang. To judge by his name he cannot make an a-vowel of his innocence.

Little boys who object to washing their necks should thank providence they were not born giraffes.

Guys who excuse their boozing habits on the grounds that they have an iron constitution, are, no doubt, afraid water would rust it.

Girls think it right to marry an economical man, but it's a terrible thing to be engaged to one.

The barefaced boy may become a good stock salesman, but the barefoot boy usually makes the best citizen.

Give Noah the credit due him. He floated his stock when the whole world was in liquidation.

A wife's yearning capacity is some times much greater than her husband's earning capacity.

That man in Montreal, who swallowed a five-dollar bill because he was hungry, was evidently trying to live on his money.

If the honeymoon is too long it is liable to become a blue moon.

TO THE EDITOR.

HIS TEN FAVORITE BOOKS.

Editor of The Advertiser:

"Sir—I have been watching with interest your 'Ten Books I Have Most Enjoyed.' Perhaps you might like the opinion of one of your local readers."

My ten are: Macaulay's Essays; McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times"; Strachey's "Queen Victoria"; "Pomp of Power" (an anonymous author); Herbert Spencer's "Education"; Thoreau's "Walden"; Van Dyke's "Fisherman's Luck"; Hugo's "Les Misérables"; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"; Byron's Poems.

Yours truly,

WM. PRENDERGAST.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

FAMILY GREETINGS.

And into whatever house ye shall enter, first say, Peace be to this house! Luke 10:5.

Christ here commends to His disciples the use of the most familiar everyday greeting of the East—a commonplace of politeness, such as the new generation displaces.

But familiarity has its charm, and I count it good that life is impregnated with it.

The regular ways, the rules of the game, the customs of courtesy, and the common phrases of colloquial speech—these are pleasant things in their season (which is daily), and without them our existence would be wayward, rude, exhausting and far less tolerable than it is.

So with the salutations we exchange as we meet and part on the highway or the footpath of life; I find that a certain regularity in them is not so much a defect, as a necessity, a wise and friendly concession to the limits of our inventive power.

Meetings and partings are so common that their proper ritual must be determined, and far less tolerable than it is.

To make it otherwise would be to weave the plain family umbrella of cloth of gold.

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Your Health

WHAT YOU SHOULD CONSIDER WHEN SOME MUSCLE IS SORE.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D., United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

Everybody has a theory about rheumatism—what causes it, what makes it worse or exactly what it is. The general term "rheumatism" is used to describe several separate and distinct conditions. Perhaps the ailment most commonly known by this name is the one attacking the muscles and called by the doctors "muscular rheumatism."

Lame ness, or soreness or stiffness of some one or more parts of the body is an all-too-frequent experience of civilized life.

The pain and stiffness may be in the muscles of the back, when it is called "lumbago."

The neck may be affected, producing a stiff neck. Sometimes the muscles between the ribs or the muscles of the scalp may be the brunt of the attack. In the beginning of an attack of muscular rheumatism there may be fever, and sometimes the temperature may be slightly raised. Very soon, however, the pain or tenderness will be noticed.

Another form of rheumatism involves the joints. This is called "articular rheumatism." In the acute form it may be a severe, excruciatingly painful and sometimes dangerous disease. This is called "rheumatic fever."

It ushered in chilliness, fever, redness and swelling of the knees, ankles, wrists or other joints. The symptoms may last for several weeks. Unfortunately, the heart is frequently involved and damage to this organ may be one of the permanent effects. There is a chronic form of articular rheumatism, in which the joints become stiff and incapable of use.

Sufferers from repeated attacks of rheumatism should not fail to consult the dentist. If he determines it necessary, have an X-ray of the teeth, to see whether there is trouble at the roots. Bad dentistry and neglect of the teeth are important factors in the production of other diseases as well as rheumatism.

Sometimes, what is called "rheumatism of the scalp" may be simply the reflected pain of an eyestrain. Pain in the back of the neck, too, may be due to this cause. In persons about 45 years of age, when the consciousness of the need of glasses has not been aroused, there may be such symptoms. These will disappear speedily after a visit to the oculist.

Bad posture, leaning over a desk too much, or on one wrist or arm in driving an automobile, are other causes of muscular pain. Badly

fitting shoes with heels too high or too low may cause leg and back strain and pain. Such aches are not rheumatic, but they may be mistaken for rheumatism.

When a sore muscle or joint is discovered, ask yourself how it might have been produced by an unusual effort of some sort. If such a cause cannot be determined, watch the symptoms, and should it persist, consult your physician. He will determine whether or not it is rheumatism and advise regarding treatment.

Answers to Health Questions.

A SUBSCRIBER. Q.—Would strained ligaments cause one limb to be much shorter than the other? Would you advise an examination by an orthopedist?

A.—Strained ligaments would very likely cause this condition. Consult an orthopedist immediately.

H. G. Q.—Last summer I had an abscess over each eyebrow which left two scars. The surrounding tissues are very thick. What can I do to reduce them?

A.—I would suggest that you try massaging the parts with olive oil. This may help to improve the condition.

M. M. Q.—I have freckles and would like to know of a remedy that will make them disappear.

A.—Nothing can be done to remove freckles. Applying peroxide help clean, hygienic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. Where the subject of a letter is such that it cannot be published in this column, Dr. Copeland will, when the question is a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. Address ALL INQUIRIES to Dr. R. S. Copeland, in care of this office.

A. B. C. Q.—Will you kindly suggest something to cause eyelashes to grow other than yellow oxide of mercury ointment?

A.—Try applying vasoline to your eyelashes at night before retiring; this may help to increase their growth.

Engaged

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

As arm in arm we walked Upon a summer's night, And intimately talked Of love and its delight.

The happy lights burned high In every home we passed; They seemed somehow to cry That married joys would last.

Now other couples roam The quiet streets at night, And passing by our home They see our steady light.

The cheerful, homelike view Their dreaming glances allures. They know we've found it true That married life endures!

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Looking Abroad

What sort of man is the new prime minister of Great Britain is a question that interests millions of people in all parts of the globe. For British policy, British trade and British empire will be greatly influenced by Mr. Stanley Baldwin's character so long as he occupies the highest post in the government at Westminster. In the words of a man who has known the new prime minister for many years the impression which Mr. Baldwin makes on those who have come into close contact with him is of a vigorous businessman with a briar pipe in his mouth; a downright, straightforward, approachable man with no airs and graces; a man with a clean-shaven face and a firm mouth; a strong purposeful man with a genial and kindly side to him.

Now that Mr. Baldwin has taken the reins of government many anecdotes have appeared which illustrated aspects of his character and career that will be new to almost everyone. During the war Mr. Baldwin was impressed by the consciousness that he could not make the sacrifices for his country which the youth of the nation was so cheerfully rendering by offering their lives. He felt that his part was to do all that he could at home as a producer and legislator; but he had his whole private fortune valued and contributed one-fourth of the valuation to the British treasury as a free will offering. He has spent the best years of his life among his fellow workmen, and he has kept out the highest traditions of the best private firms in his regard for their interests. The comment of one workman when he heard that Mr. Baldwin had been made prime minister was: "There is one thing to be said. We have now got a workman's prime minister."

Mr. Baldwin has always taken a sympathetic and understanding attitude regarding the problems of workmen and wages. When president of the board of trade he showed the knowledge of conditions which he had attained by reason of his practical experience before entering politics, by asking manufacturers to devote more attention to the human side of the work, and he employed hundreds of the workers, and he stored the wisdom in his employing class had, during the last half century, drifted away from those whom they employed.

The responsibility for dehumanizing industry upon the large employers.

As a businessman, the new prime minister has always exhibited a strong sense of social responsibility. He tried to adapt to the trend of the Disraeli that the landed gentry of England owe it to themselves to im-

prove the lot of their laborers. On several occasions when he was confronted by the rare, to him, crisis of a lock-out, he continued to pay the wages of his employees. And on a number of occasions he showed his sincerity in his belief that a new spirit of fellowship between employer and employee can be built up by means of kindness and consideration. T. P. O'Connor, the "father" of the House of Commons, who is recognized as the newspaper Boswell of the prominent men of England, says: "Stanley Baldwin has not a particle of the love of the limelight or of the command of picturesque language that makes for dramatic scenes and presents one as the center of enthusiastic plaudits from an enraptured crowd. Everything about him is studiously—almost to be said, coquettishly—simple. His clothes are simple almost to shabbiness. He is an inveterate smoker, but you never see him with a cigar. He probably despises—but with a briarwood pipe that one associates with the trade union leader of democratic habits in smoking as in other things. He is a man of middle height, and has an expression at once shrewd, humorous and tranquil. You cannot imagine him in a passion, either of temper or of words."

Of Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, an intimate friend has said: "She is a very average, sensible, capable English woman, one to whom you instinctively turn when you want sound, honest advice. But you have to ask for it. It is never volunteered, but when it is given you feel that you are getting the very best counsel possible."

As mistress of 10 Downing street, the official residence of the prime minister, Mrs. Baldwin will find that her early training has admirably fitted her for the many social duties which will devolve upon her. She was brought up with a number of brothers, and has an understanding of her father, the late E. L. J. Ride-dale, at Nottingham, near Brighton.

The result of this early companionship was an understanding of her father's interests. She took much pleasure in manly sports, was a capable cricketer, and captained an eleven. She gave a very good account of herself in matches with eleven of the other sex. She is a grandmother, her two married daughters, Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Huntingdon Whiteley, each having sons. Her sons, Oliver Baldwin and Wyndham Baldwin, are unmarried. The former served during the war and was for a while in Armenia. The latter is still at Cambridge; and her youngest son, John, is a member of the national advisory council of the National Women's Party.

Shakespeare. The Diary of Samuel Pepys. "Peter Ibbotson" (Du Maurier). "Tribby" (Du Maurier). "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" (Thomas Hardy). "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (Victor Hugo). "The Old Wives' Tale" (Arnold Bennett). "The Sign of the Cross" (Joseph Conrad). "Diaries and Letters of Wilfrid Scawen Blunt."

Tomorrow—Alfred Noyes. (Copyright, 1923, U. S. and Canada Copyright, Great Britain and South America, by North American Newspaper Alliance. All rights reserved.)

COURT DISMISSES CHARGE AGAINST TORONTO MAN

Associated Press Despatch.

Guelph, June 13.—A charge laid against J. J. Maloney of Toronto, has been dismissed in the police court here. Maloney was charged with giving a check to John Reinhart, payment for a motor car, the check being drawn on the Royal Bank of Toronto, and which was not honored. There appears to have been some mixup in connection with meeting the check, for Mr. Maloney came to Guelph and paid the amount due to Reinhart to Chief Ray.

The Sun Never Sets on

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