

London Advertiser

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MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1923.

Going Both Ways.

It is easy to understand how it is that there are so many guns in the pockets of United States people.

In the December 1 issue of the Chicago Saturday Blade are a good assortment of shooting irons placed before the readers.

One New York house has "a real he-man gun, finest 1924 model." It is \$12.75, but the ad says "Send no money. Pay postman bargain price plus a few cents postage. Money refunded if not satisfied."

The next advertiser is on Broadway, New York. He has automatics, 20-shot magazine, or a German Luger, 9-shot, 30 cal. The government is very obliging as the postman stops at the house to collect the amount of postage.

No. 3 also sells automatics, "a man's gun, smart and powerful. Vest pocket automatic." Just the thing for a thug to carry around without fear of detection.

Just one more "imported from Spain, 5-inch barrel, deadly aim." The postman will also assist in getting this gun to the consumer by collecting the price and postage on delivery.

So there they go. These glaring appeals, easy payment, cut prices, and all the rest of it in order to cram the pockets of the people with revolvers.

While all this is going on the people are putting up their good money to hire policemen, detectives and special officers to run down men who shoot to kill with revolvers.

On one hand, allowing the government mail to be used to advertise and deliver all kinds of revolvers to all kinds of people—on the other maintaining a great, costly force to punish those who use them.

It is a positive case of running with the hares and hunting with the hounds.

Good Muddling.

On October 6 the London Free Press, in an editorial article, said: "The present Ottawa government seems to have a penchant for muddling every question it touches. Take for instance the western grain problem."

On October 9 it returned to the muddling charge, as follows: "There may be a grain blockade, but the farmers are paying for the muddling of the King government to the tune of \$75,000 a day. From first to last the present government has muddled the grain question."

Such was the opinion of the London Free Press.

The answer to it all comes in a Canadian Press despatch of December 7. It says:

"Fort William, Dec. 7.—Every record of the grain trade at the head of the lakes has been broken by the three months of the crop season, from September 1 to November 30 of this year, as shown by the figures prepared by the statistical bureau of the board of grain commissioners. For the whole three months in 1923 there were shipped 175,396,781 bushels, as compared with 165,356,089 bushels in 1922."

The muddling has apparently been of a very excellent variety.

Tariff vs. Quality.

Canadian wheat took 15 out of 25 prizes at Chicago Fair.

And this is the wheat that American farmers are asking be kept out of their country by a tariff wall as high as a bank barn.

The reason is plain. The U. S. growers cannot produce wheat to compete with Canadian.

When tariffs are used as a weapon to batter down quality—it is the beginning of a losing battle. Quality will win.

No Coalition Likely.

Suggestions of coalition to solve the British parliamentary tangle are easy to make, but they are not feasible.

Neither is it plausible that any one party can carry on successfully.

Were Premier Baldwin to decide on placing his resignation in the hands of the King, the logical thing would be to call on the Labor party, the next largest group, to form a cabinet. This would place Labor against Conservatives and Liberals, a situation that could not last over a single important division.

If Premier Baldwin decides to go ahead, he would be opposed by groups that have 77 more votes than the Conservatives. Both Labor and Liberal parties feel that they have battered their position in the election, and both have done so at the expense of the Conservatives. So it is very unlikely that they would take

Thank You, Sir!

(From Kincaid Reporter.)

The London Advertiser last week celebrated the 60th anniversary of its inauguration. It is one of the papers that is still going strong. It is very staunch in its Liberal principles, but does not follow the party when it departs from its principles. It is essentially a home paper for Western Ontario and is growing in favor all the time. Its editorial columns are safe and sane. We wish it continued prosperity.

a position that would take away from them any of this advantage. One way out would be for Premier Baldwin to go ahead and bring in his fiscal program, put it up to the House, and let it be sustained or defeated. If it were defeated there would be a clear issue on which to go back to the electors.

Silence Would Be Golden.

Senator Moses of New Hampshire is not helping settle European affairs when he refers to the world court as "the rag doll of European diplomacy."

It is the cheap sneer of a small-visioned politician who lives thousands of miles away from where whole nations and millions of people are on the verge of poverty and commercial destruction.

It is the clap-trap of a man to whom the serious efforts of serious men to stop hastily declared wars means nothing at all.

In the peculiar days through which we are passing, public men who can add nothing kind, nothing helpful, utterances should pray for wisdom enough to keep their mischievous tongues clamped tight between their teeth.

Womanly Instinct.

The heart and instincts of a woman come into play in a way that meets many a situation that baffles a man.

A little lad was drowned in a cistern in London on Sunday, and of course a crowd gathered at once. And in that crowd was the mother of the child a mere slip of a girl, broken, half-hysterical and on the point of collapse.

Then came a woman, motherly sort of a person. She simply put her arms around the girl mother and led her off to a house, away from the crowd, to where no doubt she could sob out her broken heart in caring sympathetic arms.

Not much to do, perhaps, but it seemed just the right thing at the right time. True womanly instinct opens many a door barred to men.

Present-Day Tendencies.

Within a few days, according to notices now on the premises, there will be two more eating places opened on Richmond street. Both of these are in the downtown business section, where rents and expenses in general are high.

The question naturally comes, where is the business coming from to keep these places going? Are we coming to the stage where we are all going to get our meals away from home, or are there a number of our people who want four or five meals a day, or what?

London is not a big city; distances are not very great; we have not yet reached that wild state of development where we can spare only ten minutes for coffee and sinkers, or for beans with or without paint on them. And yet every few weeks another eating house opens and manages to stay in business.

The fact that they stay in business means that they have customers; that they have customers means that there are less meals cooked at home. It must be that more of our people are out for the thrill of eating downtown and getting their shoes shined downtown. The frying pan and the old shoe brush, two of the cornerstones of a happy home, are being shaken almost past the point of their ability to stand shaking.

Note and Comment.

A man never has a good time until he reaches the stage where he doesn't give a hoot whether that little tuft that separates him from baldness stays or goes.

Mary Pickford advises the legions of movie star aspirants to "take mother along" when they start for Hollywood. Better still, why not advise them both to stay home?

A certain number of snakes continue to wiggle in and out under the woodpile. Indians say there will be no winter as long as this keeps up. Well why, then, doesn't some person chase the snakes into a hole and let's have some decent Canadian winter?

Mr. F. H. Winston Churchill seems to be able to get anything except a seat in the British Commons. He was put down in 1922 and in 1923 his name decorates the casualty list. Perhaps he may come to the conclusion that the people don't want him

The Guide Post By Henry van Dyke

EVERY-DAY COURAGE

Be ye of good courage, and bring of the fruit of the land.—Num. 33: 20.

Daring is only a rare and exceptional kind of courage. It is for great occasions; the battle, the shipwreck, the conflagration. It is an inspiration; Emerson calls it "a flash of moral genius."

But courage in the broader sense is an everyday virtue. It includes the possibility of daring, if it be called for; but from hour to hour, in the long, steady run of life, courage manifests itself in quieter, humbler forms—in patience under little trials, in perseverance in distasteful labors, in endurance of suffering, in resistance of continual and familiar temptations, in hope and cheerfulness and activity and fidelity and truthfulness and kindness, and such sweet, homely virtues as may find a place in the narrowest and most uneventful life.

There is no duty so small, no trial so slight, that it does not afford room for courage.

It has a meaning and value for every phase of existence; for the workshop and for the battlefield, for the thronged city and for the lonely desert, for the sick room and for the market place, for the study and for the counting house, for the church and for the drawing-room.

There is courage physical, and social, and moral, and intellectual—a soldier's courage, a doctor's courage, a lawyer's courage, a preacher's courage, a nurse's courage, a merchant's courage, a man's courage, a woman's courage—each courage is just courage, and each the strong heart makes itself felt everywhere, and lifts up the whole of life, and ennobles it, and makes it move directly to its chosen aim.

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FROM THE GOOD OLD DAYS

AN OLD member of The Advertiser staff, Wm. Thompson, recalls several interesting events and names from the early days of this paper, and he has put them in shape for a reminiscence article, entertaining and truly indicative of one who has never lost his first love—journalism.

Upon returning after a short absence from home, Mr. Thompson writes, I looked through with very great interest the pages of the anniversary issue of The London Advertiser.

To read those annals was like a breath of old times, when so many institutions and enterprises of the Forest City in their heyday three score years ago, have passed absolutely into a mere memory. It is an assurance of inherent vitality that the periodical established by John Cameron survives the wear and tear of time and circumstance. Like the "Old Subscriber," it renews its youth.

In the long roster of names and events crowded into sixty years some deserve early mention. The first name that comes to mind is that of William Cameron, who, with Mr. W. J. McIntosh, presided in the business management of the paper, looking after detail with scrupulous foresight and care. He kept close tab on how men were discharging their duties, and a little note thrust in hand as he signed his office would intimate a raise in pay. He possessed a streak of dry humor and astuteness in turning corners. Upon the death of Laurence Lawson, city police magistrate, one of the west end of Dundas street "Bureau Justice" dispensers, aspired to the job, and with typical candor called upon Mr. Cameron for a recommendation to Hon. Oliver Mowat. A graduate of the west end "justice shops" was not slow to accept the position, but not wishing to offend the caller he scribbled off a non-committal testimonial with which Mr. Cameron strutted out on Richmond street. With another dip of ink, William Cameron wrote a personal note to the premier, telling him that he had no objection to the other, but just drop it in the waste basket. A dignified member of the legal profession was presently appointed magistrate.

Full of Suggestions.

JOHN CAMERON had no doubts, gifts, enriched by varied reading, as an awakening writer and he developed a remarkable insight in discovering younger men—with a "nose for news" and promoting their newspaper capabilities in various spheres of usefulness or distinction. Nor could the paper ever be dull with so resourceful a genius at its editorial head. In half an hour ruts were upset and he would scatter more fresh suggestions than the staff could execute in a week. He was ever alert to any surprises and surprises that what was in the public mind. No half-way politician, he once evolved the breezy motto, "whenever I Tory head is seen sticking out hit it." That was about the time the Toronto Mail was supposed to "stab somebody under the fifth rib every morning." Reference was made to the gift of Archie Bremner as a brilliant editorial paragrapher in which he stood unrivalled and also as a humorous writer not unworthy of Luke Sharp's "Line Kila Club" in the Detroit Free Press. He possessed also rare gifts as a long-hand reporter, eliminating news items and presenting accurately the real substance of a speech. He once cornered a lengthy and powerful C. P. R. campaigner in the city hall by "flicking" Chas. Tupper, having the "flick" about ready for the printer when the speech was ended. Next day the stenographer complimented the excellence of the report of the paper so strongly opposed to him in politics.

Some Old Assignments.

HON. DAVID MILLS, nicknamed by some small-potato critics, as the "Bothwell Philosopher," or the "Sage of Palmyra," added prestige to The Advertiser by his eminence as a political leader, his scholarship and ability as a vigorous and informing writer, but he did not become a journalist according to modern standards. He contributed editorials before coming to London on the staff, and often wired timely articles from Ottawa during parliament. He was a great stickler for legal procedure and decorum. I was once detailed on the election trial at Strathroy of the notorious "Jumbo" Johnston and the first sitting of the court disclosed a most barefaced story of corruption voters being purchased up and down the concession lines at about \$5 to \$10 a head. At noon I wrote a wire column to the high spots in the evidence indicating that the respondent would likely be unsated and perhaps disqualified. Mr. Bremner at these news desks used double leads and scare head lines for an evening paper sensation. When ready for the form he thought to cheer Hon. Mills in the next room by a "hook at the revise" but he at once protested that it would never do. It was contempt of court and would get the paper into trouble. Bremner interposed a leisurely argument, but the chief was obdurate and fin-

ally Archie started for the newsroom to learn that the forms were on the press and by the time he reached Mr. Mills' room he found the report that it was "too late"—the paper was running. Justice Rose and Cameron unseated Mr. Johnston the next day and then he escaped disqualification "by the skin of his teeth." The Advertiser was not \$3 a week.

After preliminary writing for the Atwater Watchman, John Williams—first called "The News First" started in The Advertiser at \$3 per week, so there was little to squander after the board bill was settled; but there is always room and a road to the top. Tom Moore, once night editor, merits a reference. In accuracy and condensation, he was an artist and adapted "The News First" long before the railroad. Subsequently he held an important position on the Globe as did Chas. A. Matthews, another Advertiser graduate, who afterwards joined the Hansard staff at Ottawa. As a junior reporter, Matthews scored by the energetic and persistent personality which he brought to the work of the Royal Commission on the Baffin Bay fisheries, and at all times he was in the office of County Crown Attorney Hutchinson, before one of the long services of abortive trials in that dreadful crime.

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Rarebits By Rex

ROMANCE.

(How a Reporter Should Pop the Question.)

Bessie Jones, age twenty, of this city. "I'm all right, I love you—you're a dear; Always charming, say reports, and very pretty, According to the best advice here.

In social circles it is estimated That you are looking for some chap to wed. So why not me—I am intoxicated, You laughing eyes have gone straight to my head.

So if you view my tentative proposal With the favor experts allege it shall meet, Every evening that I have at my disposal I shall add you, Bessie darling, to my beat.

Plenty of powder and rouge is the latest fashion in complexion. Demonstrating that girls nowadays are not as white as they are painted.

As prohibitionists see it, most of England's ailments come from its ales.

This is about the time that most married men do their Christmas shopping early.

"When will France pay England?" asks a journal. It's certain France will never settle up until she settles down.

TALK.

"Her diction is quite wonderful!" heard some wise folks say, Speaking of my lovely wife Just the other day.

Her diction is quite wonderful; With them I will agree; But its her contradiction That ever maddens me.

Economy waves are never permanent.

Bernard Shaw favors abolition of both clothing and marriage. Such is the gist of his latest announcement. And now, Mr. Shaw, when will your new play be produced?

It's a shame to fire a policeman because of stupidity when it's so easy to transfer him to the detective squad.

TABLOID DRAMA.

"I ain't never going to marry, Maisie, until I find a man that can support me in the style to which I am accustomed."

The O. T. A. may have depressed industry, but most sections of the country report business as usual.

In these make-up days almost every Miss is a hit.

Some young people like to be paid for being good and there are others who are good for nothing.

Scientists have found a petrified skull. The strange part is that they found it in Central America instead of a dance pavilion.

If she can listen without yawning while he discusses himself for two hours, it is a case of true love.

He is the gentleman who stood in the House of Commons, when he was premier in 1914, and stoutly denied the existence of any treaty with France, while knowing that he and Grey had signed it in Paris two years previously and were the only men in parliament with knowledge of it.

It was the existence of this treaty that delayed the entry of England into the war for over a week. To conclude, it is noteworthy that Liberal employers belong to the same federations as the Conservative employers and fight their employees with equal gusto, and as their bank books are their politics it is obvious that their interests are in common. The reason that Labor will be approached by either of the other parties is because they believe in the old maxim, "It is cheaper to buy the generals than to fight their armies."

LABOR.

They're not heard a word about Violet and neither has Sadie Foley, and you know what a gossip she is, but Martha says that in the night when Uncle Matt is out, she often hears Aunt Josie crying. Isn't that awful sad?

I didn't mean to write direful things to you, Denny, but that old Lady Traynor took me to the park after you left and we had a fine time and tonight I played Junonia and everything and the next day she clapped and wanted to invite in all the neighbors because such a fine concert should be shared with posterity.

Did you know I had a bottle of perfume and forgot to put it in your grip and Lady Eglantine (I'm not sure if the name is going to stick) nearly

stung all her whiskers off on the gas stove and Mr. Traynor brought me a box of peppermints. And ho, summer is lovely, but I like the autumn and barns to live in and if a spirit comes to visit you tonight, say "Hello" to it and don't be frightened because it's only going to be Mr. Scuse me, I mean I.

Don't laugh now, Denny, but I had the funniest thought when I saw you walking straight out and into the world. It was this. I thought you were a great knight of chivalry like Launcelot or Galahad going out to find the holy grail. Only you'll be the one to find it, won't you? I want to have a big long slip right off the top when you do.

Denny had walked off to read the letter. Between the lines he could see Katy's beautiful eyes, misty, tenacious, dwelling on his. Warmth filled him. Katy was worth all the mountains from here to Egypt. Why, her laugh was higher music than the empty silence of ten thousand wildernesses.

Didn't Katy count? Was she only a gnat, a speck of dust, before the majesty of these ridges?

Tenderness swept him. She fancied he was going out after the holy grail.

Was he? Denny had never troubled himself overmuch with theories. He had a gift for engineering. He wanted to make a success of his life—to shower Katy with happiness—to step joyously along himself.

But in the last week he had been amazed and thrilled by the vastness of the work engineers were doing; bringing down the water-filling the world with light and power!

"Man, they feel big to have a part in it, doesn't it, Steve?" he said one day as they tramped through the meadows. "I'm going in for this. Why, the fellow rushes along all the best gifts of civilization, doesn't he?"

"Farmers in the foothills don't seem to think so much of these developments, do they?" Steve answered. "Lord, they've all got chips. Whole country's been stolen from them."

"Well, I suppose it's the greatest good to the greatest number."

"Maybe."

"Sure!" Denny swung along, humming a tune, his mind fired with ambition. Here was a man's work—here was a gigantic contest—mind against these vast, silent forces. He had already identified himself with the master engineers who were harnessing all the waters of California.

"Well, it's my life," he told Steve. They had crossed back through the Oakdale territory, and were on the borders of a small farm. There was a little cabin, the door open. "Let's ask a drink."

Before they reached the steps a woman ran across the path and into a small truck garden. Two girls worked at irrigation ditches with spades.

Suddenly there came an angry babel of voices. The woman stooped down, opened the headgate of the ditch, and a man coming from behind, shouted:

"Close that!"

The woman didn't turn.

"Close it, I tell you."

"The gate is open!" The woman turned, her hand in the pocket of her apron.

"You close it! Your time is noon."

"Your time is when the water comes."

"Your time is noon!" The man's face was ready to burst. "Close that gate!"

DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE

By ELENORE MEHERIN

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Contest.

Half way up the ridge in a silence pulsing from mountain to mountain like some vast, eternal song, Denny halted. Solitude, immense, mysterious as some hushed, ghostly presence sat upon the cliffs, drew a trembling awe into his heart.

The girded mightiness of peaks, rugged, endless, marching under far-stretched canopies of sun, circling, crossing, made a gigantic bowl—he, a fly, clinging to its side.

"Whew!" he took out his hat, repeated "Whew!" to break the spell. Twenty feet from him was a tree—a single towering sugar pine. Its branches away, sending a human, friendly note into the wilderness. Denny dropped on the springy tuft of pine needles, lay on his back. The silence closed about him like a well, shutting out the world below.

For a while he lay motionless, watching a hawk swooping, listening to the infinite, palpitant stillness. A sense of remoteness, of unreality, of complete and endless isolation thrilling and terrifying him. He was alone—alone forever. He might lie here; never think, never stir until he became a part of this world below.

Below, near the creek bed, was the camp. A shout sent a puny echo upward—a reminder of men; of himself and all the fellows down there, coming up here some day to harness in the grandeur; to make a servant of the wilderness. Yesterday, passing sites where huge dams were under construction and power houses sending electricity through the world, he had been exalted. Before long he would be a part of this stupendous work.

Now it seemed far away—trifling. Let others do it. He would lie under a tree in the full sun and dream. For the first time in his life Denny was free, alone, irresponsible. He had no ties—no cares. If he liked he could become a great engineer or if he chose he could pitch a tent, fry bacon by the creek and loiter all his life away.

He laughed; shouts from below grew. And suddenly the sun drew all its banners down there, coming with a long ripple of flame over the peaks, dropped them from sight, leaving a wistful chill after them.

He got up—rubbed his eyes—started back. At the camp four or five fires were started, coffee boiled over, ham sizzled. "Well," Stephen, in brown shirt, sleeves rolled back, broke an egg on the hot smoking pan. "Where did you go?"

"Up the ridge. Great, up there. Don't wonder Rip Van Winkle didn't come back."

"Say—doesn't it get you—though?" "Makes everything seem useless doesn't it? Makes us all seem like a lot of gnats. Humbug, I've ever written wonder that a God might turn a deaf ear to our cries when he can sit and listen to that silence."

Stephen laughed—pulled a letter from his pocket. "That'll sober you, Den. Came in while you were gone."

From Katy—the first word since he had left her. A letter like a white gentle hand drawing him back to the littleness and the beauty of poor, quivering real things like human hearts.

Dear, dear Denny! Just think how long and how long I've known you—pretty near a fifth of a century and this is the first letter I've ever written to you. It's a much longer age than this morning since you left, but I'm not homesick yet, not a bit, and now there's all the fun of telling you the hundreds and hundreds of things that happened all in a day. But first, Denny—I miss you and Stephen, but we had chocolate cream cake for dinner and that made us up.

Martha came over to see me today, Denny, and she's just as square as she can be. I'll draw you a picture of the perfect parallelogram—square feet, square head, and honest to goodness if she hasn't a square heart and a square soul. She brought Lizzie's baby with her, and what do you think? Poor Aunt Josie has taken care of it nearly all the time because Lizzie is delicate! According to her own diagnosis!

To's help! That's what Martha said, and she didn't seem to mind at all. She's very skippy with words in two hours she only used about twenty, so I made up for it. Poor Martha, I feel sorry for her; she's just like Aunt Josie, and that means she'll always be shoved into a corner and beaten.

They're not heard a word about Violet and neither has Sadie Foley, and you know what a gossip she is, but Martha says that in the night when Uncle Matt is out, she often hears Aunt Josie crying. Isn't that awful sad?

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