

London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1923.

A National Opportunity.

Thanksgiving is at the door. We have made our arrangements for going some place over the week-end. On Sunday we shall listen to some good music in our churches, and a special sermon perhaps for the occasion, all of which is fit and proper, but what then?

Never mind the larger sphere of national thanksgiving, but for the present moment narrow it down to your own case. How much real wholesome gratitude to the Almighty wells up in your own soul?

Or is it a fact that as a people we get the idea that we are running the show here, and that we have made a pretty good fist of it? Of course, in a sort of way in our serious moments we admit that there has been a very benign providence guiding our destiny as a people, yet is there not a fairly fixed idea in a good many of us that our efforts are pretty much responsible for all that is done?

It is a fact that our giving of thanks is a rather perfunctory sort of thing; many neglect it entirely. Even the fine old custom of returning thanks before meals has dropped into disuse in a great many homes. The family sit down and take what is provided, all unmindful of the fact that without the great forces of nature working on our behalf the human race would vanish from the face of the earth.

When we air our complaints we ascend up into the high places so that all and sundry may hear them, but when we give thanks to the Most High, with what feebleness and irregularity we do it.

As Canada looks over the world today she sees Europe bent and broken; she sees nations hating other nations with a bitterness that is real and a depth that is awful; she can see countries with poorly-fed people; she can see great cities clad in rags; she can see mighty centers from which the pomp and pride and glory have been squeezed by dire distress and profound grief.

As she turns to her own land she can see few people who have not enough to eat and enough with which to be clothed. We have had our setbacks, our different sections have their problems, but when we lay our lot alongside that of other nations we are forced to the admission that we have been blessed out of all proportion to our merits.

Don't let Thanksgiving come and go as a mere day in the year. Don't let some other person have the unspeakable joy of raising a heart in fervent thanks for what has come to your lot. Attend to it yourself, and in so doing you will find a humility of soul and a peace of mind that you will treasure as among the greatest things you possess.

More Power to Him.

Hon. W. S. Fielding has informed the ministers in the King government that they must not put anything in their estimates for next year that can possibly be eliminated.

A deputation from the city of Ottawa asked for a retaining wall to be built along Rideau Canal in that city as government work. The request was turned down by the government.

Mr. Fielding has one point in view, and that is making expenses and income balance. He deserves the support and encouragement of every section of the country in that effort. There is only one way to reduce expenditure, and that is to reduce it.

Not Canada's Wish.

The free trade press in Britain has been quick to see in Premier Baldwin's offer of a preference to the dominions in the British Empire a tax on the food of the people.

A tin of salmon is the first exhibit to be marched into the political arena. The argument is that if Canada gets free access to the British market and competitors have a duty to pay, the price will go up.

If the thing were to work out that way then the British people would have a perfect right to protest, for the people of Canada have no right to expect to be participants in a tariff arrangement that will add to the price of the food of the British people.

The preference proposed can hardly be compared to the British preference granted by the Canadian government, for that tends to bring more British goods into competition with those imported here, and force prices down to the level maintained in Britain.

face the new situation with the determination that they were not going to exploit the British market, but that the preference given would enable them to secure a larger outlet for their goods, and that they would in this way be able to grow or produce with more certainty and on even a closer margin.

There is certainly no sentiment in Canada that wants to go in and take possession of the British market in a way that is going to add to the food bill of the people of that country.

Those Northern Bards.

The editors of Grey and Bruce had a meeting in Walkerton the other day, nineteen of them, all prosperous, all wealthy, one or two of them handsome and the rest able to get past in a crowd.

The Walkerton Telescope takes up quite a few sticks of its good space to an interpretation of the genius of the gathering, a sort of "Who's Who" of the company.

The only thing wrong is that the Walkerton man puts the nicely turned phrases on too thick. He puts medals on both sides of the coat and sticks a feather in the hat as well. No editor who ever penned a caustic column or shook out a case of twelve point could be as good as the Telescope makes these northern bards to appear.

Why, one of them is pictured as running a town as well as his paper; sings in the choir on Sunday, sells insurance, draws wills, etc. Several of them are presidents of boards of trade, members of the town council, while for a time another worshipped at the feet of Mr. J. J. Morrison.

It must be great to be an editor up in that bracing atmosphere. Does no person ever break through up there in a mad desire to "lick the man who wrote that"? And isn't an editor ever called a pinhead in that charmed circle? Does the old-timer never come in and suggest that he should get his paper for 50 cents a year?

The Walkerton Telescope man makes it look like beef and plum pudding.

Words Fail.

Several young men entered a cemetery near Cornwall on Halloween and caused a large amount of damage by turning over headstones and monuments.

It is a waste of time trying to find adjectives or nouns or pronouns to give expression to the calibre of these human skunks.

When the city of the dead fails to create a feeling of respect in the mind of a boy or a man, it is a sad outlook for their place in the society of the future.

Very, Very Sad.

The New York Herald has been wondering what happened to the U. S. dollar. It does not seem as powerful as it once was. The editor harks back to ten years ago and remembers how the missus used to get a pair of kid shoes for \$2.50, while now it is necessary to become divorced from \$6 for the same amount of shoeing.

Then at that time a ton—yes, a whole ton—of anthracite was worth \$3.49 in New York. Of course by the time it was escorted to the bin next the furnace it was more, but the starting point was \$3.49 in 1890, while last December it was \$10.34.

In the happy old days of 1890 a yard of Wilton went for \$1.92, and at that time there were few hardwood floors and they used to Wiltonise large areas. Today it is \$4.85.

Sad, brother, of course it is. But we're pleased to know you can come down from matters of politics and foreign relations once in a while to speak in terms of boots and carpet.

Note and Comment.

Hunters take no great risks. They may get nicked with a stray bullet, but they are in no danger of getting

Retrenchment—After getting a quotation on a turkey, we ordered a slice of meat cut off close to the horns.

A little sickness is not a bad thing. It keeps some men off the street corners where they would otherwise stand and tell how the city should be run.

An addition to the provincial police staff at Windsor was made without consulting the Tories there. There is certainly cause enough in that to cause some official to be shot at sunrise.

Guelph shows an increase of 455 in population, and is now 19,000. It is a snug little city, largely of stone structure and blessed with hills and slopes. It is just such substantial centers that go to make Western Ontario the finest spot in Canada.

The Springfield Republican says: "Dr. F. G. Banting, the Canadian physician who divides the Nobel prize for medicine with his co-laborer, Dr. J. J. R. MacLeod, for his discovery of insulin, only 30 years old, was trained in a farm." In the loss is the Canadian producer.

DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE

By ELENORE MEHERIN

CHAPTER XIV.

Fire Days.

"What are we going to do, Denny?" The glory of the dawn was over, the brilliant colors sombered. Far to the east, the bay, a sheet of gray steel, meeting a cold, leaden sky. For hours they had sat almost silent, Katy huddled in the blankets. Denny dozed at her feet.

"Does it seem like the end of the world to you?" "No, it doesn't. More like the beginning."

"Are we going back to Aunt Josie?" "You bet we're not! They put us out, didn't they?" "Oh, they didn't mean it. You know she didn't, Denny. The poor thing—the letter slipped. Katy laughed. 'Isn't it just terrible—I can't even talk, Denny. Do you think I'm orful stupid? Do you think you'll be sorry you let me come?'"

"Maybe you'll be sorry I took you. Will you, Katy-kid?" "I wish I was never! But I wish we could go and see Aunt Josie and say goodbye to Lizzie and little Martha. They'll be sorry. Where'll we go, Denny?" "Down to the definite, Denny. Look refuge in a wealthy."

"You'll see, Katy. I know!" "I wish I was brave, Denny!" "You are! You wait—don't you be afraid!"

The 7 o'clock bells were ringing. From the tents women with their hair down their backs, water pitchers in their hands, began a procession to the faucets. They laughed, yawned—their slippers shuffled. Babies were crying, dogs barking, mothers scolding—the park was going through the rasping ordeal of arising.

Suddenly the flap of the tent whence the nocturnal duet had proceeded was pushed open. A round little woman with very round eyes, her hair frizzed in heavy bangs, and wearing a tight black sateen waist, stepped out, knelt briskly on the ground, and laid sticks for a fire. When she had fanned and blown it to a good blaze she set a coffee pot on the side and a frying pan on top. Into this she dropped half a dozen small meat balls.

Katy, tickled by the prim, abrupt movements, nudged Denny and began shooting her eyes east and west like the roly-poly woman in black sateen did. She stopped quickly; the woman had fixed her brisk glance on the two of them, announcing in a tight, decisive tone:

"New neighbors! Do tell! Come in on us in the night! New neighbors! Sue spoke in a sharp, exclamatory tone.

Immediately from the interior of the tent came a raucous cackle—the voice that had ordered: "Stop that, stop!" Now it said very indignantly: "New neighbors! Do tell!" The little woman poked her head behind the flap saying soothingly: "Hush, Louisa!" "Hush yourself, Della! New neighbors—do tell!"

To the Editor

SHOULD GET TOGETHER.

Henry Dubb Has Some Advice For The Laborers in the City and the Farmers—Get the Value of Their Work.

Editor of The Advertiser. Sir,—I have read the letters appearing in your valuable paper on the respective advantages of farm and city life, and as one who has had considerable experience with both I have been interested in the arguments advanced.

In my opinion the farmer who writes from Watford gives a very concise report of farm conditions, and his figure of \$98 profits is not in the slightest over-estimated. It is regrettable, however, that he should waste valuable time in answering "A Contented Laborer." This gentleman should be preserved by the city as a curiosity; such an exhibit would rank with any of the recent biological and anthropological discoveries. How a laborer earning from \$12 to \$20 a week can be contented with his mode of living is one of the marvels of the age. On all sides he must see flaunted before his eyes evidences of wealth which he and his fellow-workers have produced, and to the producer should go the product. If "Contented Laborer" can manage to support a family on the pittance paid him for his labor he must be going without some of the necessities of life, as such wages do not suffice to maintain a good house, support care or allow vacations.

It is obvious, too, that if he manages to save much savings must be made in food or clothing—at its best not a possible method of acquiring sufficient wealth to bring contentment with one's prospects.

Instead of the city worker and the farm worker endeavoring to demonstrate which has the more difficult time under a harsh system it would be better if they devoted their energies to securing the full product of their labor, instead of allowing three-quarters of it to go to those "who toil not, neither do they spin."

HENRY DUBB.

ONE TREASURER.

Londoner Thinks It Would Be a Mistake To Sift Any More Treasury Branches.

Editor of The Advertiser. Sir,—I have been following with some interest the discussion about municipal matters in The Advertiser, and note that your paper believes it would be a mistake to make any departure from the one treasurer idea. In that I am convinced the people will agree with you.

If a person goes into a bank or a loan company in London he does so on a number of errands. He may be going to pay money on a loan, or to make a deposit, or to meet a draft, or half a dozen other things. He goes to the receiving teller in each case and pays the money. It is distributed to the various departments afterwards by way of credits for the various amounts. There is not a separate receiver for all these various branches. This is simply good business practice that is followed all over, and there is no reason why a city should not conduct its business in exactly the same way. The bills and receipts for the various departments could be distinguished by different color paper if necessary. London would make a mistake if it ever started to get away from that idea of doing business.

W. T. F.

EDGING INTO SOCIETY.

In a quarrel over a wife trade one chieftain in the Purple Mountain reservation shot and killed another. One redskin demanded a shotgun to boot and got the contents of it. The aborigines behave as if they are trying to break into the smart Los Angeles Times.

"So you're going to camp here, are you?" Denny seized the suggestion: "Just for a while, Mrs. Terkle—until we can find rooms." "Indeed! Rooms, indeed! Do tell you'll have to search. As though Della Terkle would be living in the park if rooms were to be had!" The saucer-like eyes wagged this way and that, and Mrs. Terkle chewed vigorously. Katy was a little alarmed. "Course, Denny doesn't know, Mrs. Della," she offered in a soothing, confidential tone. "We don't know a bit whatever in the world to do—"

"If we could get a tent here for a while—"

"Well, you can't!" Mrs. Terkle interrupted with an air of triumph. "Didn't the Conatys sleep on the grass for a week till strangers took them in? There's not a tent to be had in the city!"

She waited for this announcement to sink in. Denny had the little boy's impulse to wrinkle up his nose and say: "Pooh! Guess I'll scare up something! Guess I will, all right!" But she had abruptly set down her coffee cup to pat Katy's hand: "Don't worry, Bluebell! I've arranged things before; I'll arrange them now!"

Like a soldier, exuberant with authority, she went bustling into the tent. Denny whispered hurriedly to Katy. There was much making of faces, crowning and giggling between them, but they decided to accept the odd Mrs. Terkle's hospitality for a day or two. When she came forth Katy announced with sweet formality:

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"We're much obliged," Denny added, manfully, but Della breezed away his grown-up airs with an abrupt: "Tut, lad, bring over the blankets. To the women who were passing she called familiarly: 'New neighbors, folks. Think of it—slept on the grass all night. Burned out? Well, I should say!'"

Mrs. Della moved Katy into the sun, gave her a strip of linen with holly berries stamped on it to embroider and told a vivid tale of Katy's misfortune, Denny's heroism, to all who would listen. The purely imaginative yarn soon carried from tent to tent. Katy found herself a person of delightful importance.

"Think it's all right to stay here for a while, Katy?" Denny asked the second morning.

"O-o-o, it's like being a princess, Denny—living in the park. And ain't she just the funniest sing! I'm gonna last right in her face. I can feel it coming on. But where you going, Denny?"

He wore his overalls and cap. "To work, if you're not afraid. Think you're all right here?"

"With Della?" Katy giggled, "with those orful round eyes? Course I am!"

The sun made the bright chestnut hair glint with red and gold; the pure joyous eyes like soft jewels. Yet Katy, for her fourteen years, seemed so little, childlike as the day Denny won the doll and put it in her arms. He looked at the sweet, winsome face and the tender faces crowning and giggling between them, but they decided to accept the odd Mrs. Terkle's hospitality for a day or two. When she came forth Katy announced with sweet formality:

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