

London Advertiser

The Advertiser was established in 1863 and is published four times daily by The London Advertiser Company, Limited. The subscription rates are: London, 15 cents weekly. By mail: In Canada, \$5.00 yearly; in the United States, \$6.00 yearly.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1923.

The Last Six Days.

Today London says good-bye.

Her Old Boys who came home for a while are scattering again to the one hundred and fifty or so cities in which they have formed new interests.

By tomorrow night the reunion will be a memory—mingled recollections of laughter, confetti, blaring horns, clowns, dust, noise, old friends, souvenirs, flirtations, crowds, side-shows, hot dogs, parades, baby shows, races, dancing and traffic cops.

These are the outward and visible evidences of the past six days. Beneath them are hidden other things more durable and of greater value. Sincere and deep emotions are both concealed and expressed in all this outward jollity.

These men and women did not come back to London because they wanted to blow horns and throw confetti. They could have done that in Chicago or Scranton. They came back because of that mysterious instinct which makes every man want to go home, again, because every man clutches at his youth, because every man recoils with a reverent happiness the days when he was a child, when all the world was good, when life was kind, when he believed in many things he now is afraid to believe. These are forces which lie very close to the heart of every man. They represent the real sum of the last six days.

It has been a good week for London. Its good results will continue long after the last souvenir is lost. The men and women who came home found a bigger London, whose new assets and advantages can be only partially realized by the people who day after day are building them. To us who live here the Old Boys offer a new perspective and a new encouragement. And to the world outside they go now as messengers of good-will.

London says good-bye—and good luck to them all.

The Public Safety Commission.

Ald. Gordon Drake drew the "big horse laugh" from his associates in the city council early in the spring when he advocated the inauguration of a sort of "public safety commission"—in short, an amalgamation of the police and fire departments.

Now Ald. Drake's ideas may be all right, or they may prove just the reverse. In any event, Mayor Wenig, after several months' consideration, has evidently seen fit to place his stamp of approval upon this proposal. His worship goes farther and states just how many should sit on this commission and whom they shall be—the mayor and two members each from the finance committee and the board of works.

So far, so good. The mayor insists that the new body, with sole authority vested within the city council, shall not conflict with the duties and rights of the police commissioners, appointed by legislation which W. E. Roney and members of the late Drury administration refused absolutely to upset.

How far afield then will the members of the new commission be permitted to carry their jurisdiction? The mayor has made a very significant statement, to the effect that a "safety commission" will serve the purpose until a provincial parliament grants the people of Ontario the right to elect their police commissioners.

"What does this mean?" is the natural query from the city councillors. Is it to be presumed that the addition of another commission would simplify matters, if any irregularities now exist? At the present time the judicial administration of the police department rests with the members of the police commission, who, as long as they are competent and honest, will remain in office, with governmental approval. The mayor is always one of this number.

The situation in this respect, whether right or wrong, must remain unchanged until such time as the legislature at Toronto sees fit to authorize something different.

This leaves the fire department to be considered, which branch of municipal endeavor is, at this moment, without further enactments or commissions, under the direct and absolute control of the mayor and twelve aldermen—and none others, except the people themselves, who may remove their representatives from time to time as they see fit.

It will be for the council to decide whether they still feel themselves capable of handling the situation as a whole or whether they should act as suggested by Ald. Drake and seconded by the mayor, and sub-let the work to a special committee of themselves.

"When Labor Rules."

Recent by-elections in Great Britain have shown a significant return of Labor members to parliament. The victory of Robert Smilie by a plurality of 7,000 votes may be taken as a striking indication of the changing political opinion since 1918, when Lloyd George candidates were returned by overwhelming majorities. Observers who have returned from England after a study of political conditions there have stated that a Labor ministry may be the next in power there and that this will mean handing the country over to the "radicals," but this is not borne out by the proceedings in the recent Labor conference, a report of which is at hand.

At that gathering of Labor men from all sections of the United Kingdom a resolution asking for the reduction of the king's allowance was introduced and rejected, and a second, condemning military expenditures, was roundly condemned by no less a Labor leader than the Rt. Hon. Arthur Henderson. From this it would appear that the Labor party in England, as elsewhere, is careful to safeguard the old traditions.

It cannot be forgotten that prominent members of the British Labor party served with acceptance on the privy council while the nation was at war, or that such men as C. L. Clynes and H. Thomas are regarded by Liberals and Conservatives alike as sane and sensible leaders, whose judgment can be safely relied upon in periods of political or industrial crisis. Taken in all, it is probably safe to say that much of the alleged fear of chaos "when Labor rules" arises from an imperfect knowledge of the facts or is the product of nervous indigestion.

Ruskin Was Right.

Service, ever more service, is the catchword of the modern corporation. Not long ago it was efficiency; before that it was faith in the old saying "Where there's a will there's a way," the Germanic "will to win," on which the Teuton based his faith in the Great War. Of all the slogans that appear from time to time, used partly as advertising, the service idea is nearest to an ideal of real business and incidentally the most abused.

Ruskin long ago in his essays on social justice

pointed out that service was the basis of all human life and endeavor. "In the last analysis," he said, "it is the social duty of every member of the community to give his life for the good of the people as a whole." The soldier must offer his life rather than see an invader enter his country; the doctor rather than a wrong treatment be given to a patient; the lawyer rather than see a breach of justice; the policeman rather than see the law defied, and last and most important of all, the businessman and merchant rather than sell impure or harmful products to his fellowman.

At the time Ruskin was laughed to scorn. Though he admitted himself that he was in advance of the times and that he could never hope to see his ideas of social justice put into effect, the passing years are seeing a surprising change in the ideas of the average man as to commerce and the returns due the man in the street.

Community service is even now expected from the owners of large businesses, not as far as Ruskin suggested, but nevertheless some measure of community co-operation. Service, that is the slogan of modern advertising, may yet become the nucleus of a duty that the public will some day demand from the captains of industry.

More Work and Less Talk.

If certain members of the city council would devote at least one-quarter of the time to an honest consideration of the city's affairs that is now given to public denunciations of the efforts of their colleagues the community as a whole would be that much farther ahead at the end of the year.

Evidently ill-content to withhold his remarks until regular committee or council sessions, there is at least one member of the 1923 council who must give vent to his feelings whenever he feels that the occasion demands.

Only yesterday he is credited with the point-blank declaration that the members of the present board of works are positively the "worst who have ever sat in the city council." From his survey of the situation, no work of any consequence has been accomplished or even attempted since he was the chairman of that group a couple of years ago.

This is not the proper spirit to be adopted by an elected representative of the city. If this or any other alderman feels that the work is not proceeding as smoothly and as satisfactorily as in former years, he should approach his colleagues with a friendly and co-operative attitude, and there is no doubt in the world but that his views would be given just consideration and, if worthy, would be acted upon, if such were humanly possible.

Sweeping public denunciation of one's opponents or associates may be, and no doubt is, good political fodder during election campaigns, but it certainly is not in the interest of good citizenship and good government at any time, notwithstanding.

Constructive criticism is always welcome and, indeed, sought. Destructive criticism is to be avoided as the plague.

Giants in These Days.

"And there were giants in those days." And there are giants in these days as well.

Last week Henry Sullivan swam the English Channel and Carls Walker swam across Lake Erie.

"We'll stick it out till the tide turns, and then I'll get in," said Sullivan when told by his trainer that the ebb tide off the French coast would prevent him making the shore inside four hours, and later, when his feet touched the soil of France, he staggered in his effort to walk and one of his helpers jumped in to steady him, Sullivan waived him away with "Nothing doing; I'm going to finish this alone."

This is the very spirit of the heroic which shines through all history in the lives of those adventurers who have broken records and set up new standards of attainment for the rest of the world to follow. That the standard has been worthily adhered to and that men of today are not less manly or less daring and enduring than their forefathers is evident by such feats as these.

Samson carrying the gates of Gaza on his broad shoulders, David advancing on the gigantic Philistine with his sling and a handful of pebbles Nelson at Copenhagen holding the glass to his blind eye and ordering Hardy to continue the engagement, Drake and Frohisher, Vikings of the north sea and seamen of the Spanish main, sailing in ships tinier than our modern fishing schooners. So it goes down to the times we live in, and Sullivan and Walker carry on the tradition of the giants of old. That such men as Sullivan and Walker live with us and that their bodies and wills are of fine enough courage to give them the victory in such tests as these two swimmers is a matter of congratulation to all of us.

There are Sullivans and Walkers all around us. Thirty miles in the green waters of the channel, as many in the cold ripples of Lake Erie—forty years of patient, dreary work in some little house for the sake of the loved children or spent in caring for some invalid—the test of quality is the same. There are heroes among common men and women, without any motive to disguise their daily lives, without the physical strength of these two athletes, but of as fine quality of will and courage, who are able to echo the words of Sullivan, "We'll stick it out till the tide turns and then I'll get in."

Note and Comment.

They call 'em Old Girls, but their smooth faces deny the charge.

The Old Boys' Reunion is the only union that believes in operating 24 hours a day.

There was no "all" or "whine" Thursday when the Old Boys' activities were transferred to "Fort."

If the key to the city of London was given to the youngest old boy, we presume it would be a minor key.

The proposal of the president of the London Street Railway to sell without arbitration will Currie favor locally.

You can't make the truth last any longer by stretching it.

The anthracite miners should realize that with the public a strike would not be a hit.

The reason we don't all achieve fame is that most of us try to climb the ladder of success with our hands in our pockets.

In fact, when a horse is born a plug he has to stay a plug, but when a man is born a plug he can make a thoroughbred out of himself if he tries.

Exploring is a popular pastime, it seems. Two men are seeking fame exploring the Arctic and a Detroit woman yesterday secured fame in police court for exploring her husband's pockets.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

A LOVE LYRIC.

I could chant of your charms and the lure of your arms
And the light that shines out from your eyes
I could sing of your clothes and shape of your nose,
And a million or two other lies.

I could tell of the length of the chains and their strength
That bind me, Oh Sweetest of Girls;
I could tell of each glance and the thrill when you dance
And the way that my giddy head whirles.

I could tell of all this and you'd chortle with bliss;
But you'd swear I was telling a lie.
You would swear I was telling a love would pale
Were it not for your cellar of Rye.

Raisuli, the bandit, got married and his tribesmen sent him wedding presents.
This will save Raisuli the trouble of going after them in person.

The June bridegroom now begins to understand why the bride's father looked so happy on the wedding day.
The situation in which Germany now finds itself is not to be listed in the "wanted" column.

There will be no one under 19 in England now that the liquor bill restricting minors has been passed.

Young fellows attaining a new birthday in England can paraphrase Browning, "Oh to be in England, now that it's here."

A fly lays a million eggs a day. Evidently it does not belong to a union.

A man should not despair and mope when he is in Life's tussle;
But some men have far too much hope.
And far too little Hustle.

During the short hair vogue the barber was known as a "bobber." Now that abbreviated feminine locks are passe, he is just plain "barber" again.

When she is 17 she is always telling what a man will have to do to get her to marry him. And when she is 27 a man has to do it to quit running.

Speaking of marriage, once upon a time a man married a woman who was ten years older than he was. And before they had been married a year she was ten years younger than he was.

Did you ever hear of a man who was so superstitious that he would rather work for \$12 a week than \$13 a week?

A nagging dame is Mrs. Carp; She's thin and she's not young; But while her elbow may look sharp, You ought to hear her tongue.

Some doctors spend their money like water, but they don't get it from the well.

We never could understand what a rooster finds to crow about at 3 o'clock on a cold, dreary morning.

Among recent school boy examinations "answers" we choose the following:
A grass widow is the wife of a dead vegetarian.

Parallel lines are the same distance all the way and do not meet unless you bend them.
Louis XVI. was gassed during the French revolution.

Letters in sloping print are hysterics.
The Thames has three branches and that's why it's plural.

The first person to discover mustard was Mayor George Weiner.
A dream is moving pictures while you're asleep.

RURAL PLACE OF ANTIOCHUS.
The burial place of Herod's first cousin, Antiochus, has been found by explorers of the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania at Beth-Shean, in Palestine. Antiochus is said to have been the officer to whom Herod gave the task of murdering the first-born children of Judea at the time of Christ's birth. Dr. Fisher, the director of excavations, also reported the first discovery of coffins of the Philistines. They were made of clay; each one bore the likeness of a human face modeled into the clay.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE GUIDE POST—AUGUST 11, 1923. PERILOUS CITIES.

Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain.—Ps. 127:1.

The striking feature of modern history is the rapid growth of great cities.

Every city needs to be watched, for it is just as truly a focus of danger as it is a center of civilization.

In old times the city watchmen kept their faces turned outward, looking for a foreign enemy.

In these times they need to keep their faces turned inward, watching the signs of municipal corruption.

The city gets the best and the worst of mankind. Extremes touch. Vices knot and generate in clusters like snakes. Large opportunities make big thieves.

In the confusion of the city selfish greed finds shelter for its cruelties, and envious ill-will prepares the social dynamite with which it would willingly blow up the world for the sake of looting among the ruins.

There are forces of evil beneath us strong enough to shatter our civilization into fragments.

But, at the same time, there are other forces which prevent the calamity.

And I think the strongest of these is the grace of God and the power of religion.

Most of the men you meet in the crowd would like to be good, if only for their children's sake.

(Copyright, 1923, by The Republic Syndicate.)

Your Health: Why the Simple Life May Banish "Biliousness"

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

I think I have told you before that my old friend, the late Mayor Gaynor, once said:

"Some people think they are pious when they are only bilious. A word in common use a generation ago, and it continues to hold a place in the common speech, if not in the professional vocabulary. It describes a combination of symptoms, including headache, dizziness, indigestion, furred tongue, bad taste in the mouth, tired feeling and general misery. The popular idea is that it is due to a torpid or sluggish liver.

The liver never fails to function as best it can. Sometimes, however, too much is asked of it. When you treat your body as if it were a playhouse, the liver suffers with all the other organs.

If you habitually eat too much candy or pastry, or an excess of fat, you may be putting too much strain on your liver. Likewise, long standing constipation will disturb the normal action of the liver.

In constipation there is an accumulation of waste material in the lower portions of the colon. The veins supplying this part of the intestine communicate with the liver. Poisons formed in the colon or absorbed by this portion of the intestinal wall, will eventually reach the liver.

This is exactly the way nature intended to dispose of the body poisons, but if an excessive amount of material of this sort is passed on to the liver there may be too much for it to handle. Then the whole system suffers and we have the symptoms popularly called "biliousness."

Not only are there physical signs of trouble, but the mind rebels. There are down-heartedness, sadness and gloom of spirits. There may be mudiness of the complexion, pimples, redness of the nose, and general roughness and unhealthy appearance of the skin.

The conditions which result in chronic biliousness may cause hardening of the arteries, sleeplessness, black rings around the eyes and inclination to work. Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and other symptoms have been mentioned.

All these indications of ill-health are not to be misinterpreted. They do not call for cathartics, "liver pills" or powerful drugs.

They call for simple food, better habits of living, daily exercise, lot of sleep, plenty of drinking water and fruit, and common sense in eating and drinking.

If our lives were but more simple we should suffer less from dietary ills and the ailment commonly called "biliousness" would not come to plague us.

(Copyright, 1923, Newspaper Features Service, Inc.)

Canada's Century IMMIGRATION

By ARTHUR HUNT CHUTE.

Recently I watched a group disembarking from a transatlantic liner. The saloon list, of course, were in the limelight. But I myself was far more interested in observing the rough-necks coming up from the steerage. Why? Because the lads from the steerage, with heavy boots, and calloused hands, are above all others the ones who will help pay off our war debts.

When the crofters were kicked out of the Highlands, to make room for landlords' cattle, city folk at ports of entry like Halifax, and Quebec, were in high dudgeon.

"What a shocking thing!" they exclaimed. "Paupers dumped into our fair Dominion with nothing but their husky appetites."

Yet nothing better ever happened to Canada than the coming of these Highland crofters. They may have been poor when they landed, but then, by their toiling lives, these self-same Highlanders have contributed a mighty share toward the enrichment of this country.

Someone says: "The scum of Central Europe." To really know these things, in discussion of immigration, but just who are the scum of Central Europe? They are the shiftless, lazy specimens that go to swell the taxes of their bankrupt and benighted nations. If they leave their old land, they become the dross of the melting-pot in the new land.

After the experiences of our neighbor to the south, we don't want to set up in Canada the melting-pot that will not melt. To say this, however, does not allow for sweeping condemnations. There are some very noble workmen that have come out of Central Europe. To really know these things, in discussion of immigration, but just who are the scum of Central Europe? They are the shiftless, lazy specimens that go to swell the taxes of their bankrupt and benighted nations.

Someone says: "They've got two millions of unemployed in England now. Wouldn't it be a great thing if we could only get that two million here in Canada?" But I am not so sure. When we go to the Old Country for immigrants the quest is for the busy bees—not for the hiving drones.

The "Born-Tireds." England has got a lot of the "born-tired" on her hands at present. When we are making up the list of persons we don't want to invite to our party, we can put these specimens at the top of the list. Idle Englishmen should be about as popular with our immigration authorities as a skunk at a summer party.

Go to Liverpool, to Hamburg, to Trieste, to any other great port overseas. There are plenty of wasters, culms and misfits willing to accept a meal ticket from Jack Canuck.

Go back from the great ports, back to those that have a homeland and love to see it green, there men are working from dawn to dark, who never heard of unemployment. These Sons of the Soil, on whom the Sons

of Rest subsist—these Sons of the Soil, acquainted with work, are the immigrants for whom we seek.

We have a chance to make this Dominion into a Promised Land, a Canaan, an El Dorado. The trouble with these glowing titles is that almost invariably they ignore the tolling pathway thither.

Listen to the talk of the Canadian boomers, flowing with milk and honey—even the remembrance of sweat blotted out of the picture. Russia is full of such milk and honey boomers. They came to Genoa, talking of millions, ready to sell oil rights, coal rights, timber rights. But all the oil, and coal, and timber of Russia was locked up tight by nature, to be unlocked only by the sweaty key of toil.

It is the same with Canada. Our potential wealth of farm, of forest, and of mine is worthless to us, as to the Redskin, unless we bring into the country increasingly armies of willing workers.

The immigration policy is as important to Canada in peace, as was the recruiting policy in war. Yet this most important policy has been relegated to second consideration.

Cutting the Taxes. It costs us half a million dollars a day just to pay the interest on our debts. To help lessen that staggering load is one of the first tasks of sound statesmanship. Our present debt of \$270 per capita in Canada, twice the number would only be \$135 per capita. In the light of such figures, the need of added population is axiomatic.

For the past eight years our immigration policy has been quiescent. Someone says, we've been marking time. No. Worse than that. We've been slipping backward, while as usual our mutual admiration societies have been getting themselves on the back and prating of "progress."

No one has any business applying the word progress to contemporary Canada until her immigration policy, her master policy, instead of gradually slipping backward, has once more initiated a resistless forward movement.

The first move on the part of the government should be to appoint a minister of immigration to devote his principal of this new ministry should be that Canada is going after workers wherever they may be found—whether in the United States, the United Kingdom, or the continent of Europe.

As a pure academic discussion it's all right for esoteric groups to debate on such subjects as: "Resolved, that Englishmen are the only desirable citizens," or "Resolved, that Scotsmen are the best of all." But the realm of idealism to the realm of practicality, the only realm in which a ministry of immigration should function, we have got to take our new settlers where we can find them.

The Dominion of Canada, a country larger than the continent of Europe, is not to be locked up by the racial selfishness of petty groups.

The Caddy

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

The grass is greenest that his footsteps tread;
His dog is rich in sun and spreading sky.

Across the links he follows where we lead,
Upon the ball his ever-watchful eye.

Retrieving it from bunker and from brook,
From grass and weeds where warily he broods.

Unconsciously he's reading nature's book;
It is to boys her secrets he confides.

He knows a place where frogs hop on the grass;
The gopher runs before him on the green;

The bees won't sting if quietly you pass;
And oh, the many birds' nests he has seen!

As pausing in the shade the clubs he plucks;
He feels the birches are his dearest friends.

THE POND BEHIND THE BARN.

Bygone days I now remember,
And I see my childish play—
How we used to revel in it,
When our hearts were young and gay.

But the sport above all others
That we had upon the farm—
Was the time when we went sliding,
On the pond behind the barn.

There the boys and girls would gather,
When the moon shown bright and clear;
And their shouts and merry laughter
Every now and then I hear.

Echoed still, in memory's sweetness
With a fascinating charm,
As their blended voices reach me
From the pond behind the barn.

But the years have brought up
Changes—
And we're scattered to and fro—
Where we've sipped, our cup of pleasure.

But I drink its overflow:
In that early reminiscence—
Free from guile, and worldly harm
When us boys and girls would gather.

On the pond behind the barn.
W. LEONHARDT.
Sombra, Ont.

THE brilliant colours of the Orient are to be found in the gauzes, silks, laces and Chinese figured chintz, now so much in vogue for window hangings.

You need not feel that window grime and dust must damage your most precious draperies.

Wash them in the rich Lux suds. The creamy lather gently dissolves the dirt, and gives you back your hangings with colour undimmed and texture unharmed.

Sold only in sealed packets—dust-proof!

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
Toronto

LUX

LUX
For all fine laundering