

London Advertiser

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Ontario and the O. T. A.

The Homuth bill, of which notice has been given in the Legislature, provides for the taking of another plebiscite on the liquor question, not on the same date as a general election. The resolution provides that two questions be submitted to the people on separate ballot papers, asking if they favor (1) the sale of liquor under government control in government shops without doctors' prescriptions, or (2) the sale under government license of light wines and beers.

The Drury government, it is safe to say, will not accept the resolution. The Legislature, it is equally safe to say, will not pass it.

A general election is not far away, and, while the opponents of prohibition and the Ontario temperance act profess to believe that the people are just aching to get a chance to wipe out prohibition, the members of the Legislature who aspire to come back after the next elections think otherwise.

The speeches on the Homuth resolution will probably prove most unsatisfying to the "wets," except for the attacks that will be made on Mr. Raney. He, of course, will be assailed as usual for not enforcing the law, especially by those who never wanted the law enforced one-tenth as well as it has been.

There is, perhaps, no delusion more unaccountable than that of those who go about saying that the people of Ontario, if given a chance, would abolish prohibition tomorrow, and authorize the sale of liquor by the bottle in shops and the opening up of bar-rooms for the sale of wines and beers. A minority of people talking in this way to each other convince themselves that what they say is true. They hear this opinion expressed every time they speak to each other about it. They meet nobody who expresses any other opinion worth listening to. They know what they want, and they see no reason why everybody doesn't want what they do. They say prohibition is a failure and that anyone can get all the liquor he wants. They do not explain why, in that case, the "wets" are not content, and how it happens that the "drys" are not so full of lamenting over the so-called failure of the O. T. A.

There is not a public man in Ontario, familiar with opinion throughout the province, who would lead a party to the polls on the policy set forth in the Homuth resolution. Even public men personally opposed to the O. T. A. will not politically oppose it because they know the province favors it overwhelmingly, and will say so when given the chance and as often as the chance is provided. The belief that popular opinion has changed on this question is a delusion in the minds of a minority, and the scouts and the pathfinders of all the political parties know this very well. But this minority is regarded by some politicians as worth cultivating because it is so full of fight.

It is destined to have its fill of fighting, as, with its ever-diminishing numbers, it goes up in vain against the public opinion of the province. Premier Drury is doubtless right in declaring that there is no present need for a plebiscite. But the opponents of prohibition will in time insist on having another vote, and still another, being unable to believe that this thing has come to stay. They will have to be shown. And the people at the polls will keep on showing them.

What Figures Tell.

If figures mean anything, London has been well served by its engineering department, using the day labor rather than the contract system on public works.

In making comparisons with other cities it is easy to go wrong, because so many different kinds of sidewalks and sewers are constructed. For purposes of comparison we have selected the building of a road, which is standard practice in nearly all communities, viz., three inches top finish, six inches concrete, and including the necessary grading.

Taking figures covering a period of two years for this class of construction, the following results per square yard are secured:

—1921—	
London	\$3.23
Ottawa	3.62
Galt, Kitchener and Oshawa	3.90
Woodstock	3.96
Toronto	4.23
St. Thomas	4.84

—1922—	
London	\$2.94
Hamilton	3.35
Ottawa	3.52
Kitchener	3.52
St. Thomas	3.72
Galt	3.90
Toronto	4.23

Another comparison might be made in the case of concrete, walks and curbs and gutters. Ottawa's price for 1922 was 28 cents per square foot for a 5-inch concrete walk, against 22 cents in London; for curb and gutters Ottawa shows 90 cents per linear foot as against

a 69-cent price in this city under day labor.

These figures show that City Engineer Brazier, using the day labor plan, has been giving the city good service, and at a price not equaled by any other city where somewhat similar conditions might be looked for. These figures for London include all the overhead that could rightly be charged against any of the work, and no doubt the same practice is followed in other centers.

Unless some more conclusive evidence is brought forward, it is only fair to assume that the engineering department in London, which has been the storm center of municipal affairs for some weeks, has been efficiently administered, and that the system of day labor, as followed here, produces results that are highly satisfactory to the ratepayers.

London is going to get farther ahead when it starts to show appreciation of service well and faithfully rendered. Mr. Brazier leaves the position of city engineer of London at a time when his department was brought under fire by suggestions that will not stand up when inspected. His record here has been good, and the results he obtained were such that any body of ratepayers might be well pleased to have them duplicated.

Long Ago and Now.

What a rumpus the relatives of that old Egyptian king, Tut-Ankh-Amen, would have been kicking up had they been around when this expedition started to invade his tomb and cast out all the things they had gathered together in his last resting-place.

But time seems to make a great difference, so instead of being called grave robbers these men are referred to as explorers, etc., and all the world sits up and applauds the enterprise. No one even thinks of suggesting the sending of a policeman to hold up the business. Even the natives of the country, whose forefathers hopped around and served this king, are made co-partners in the grave-robbing business as they carefully lay hold of the handles of a shutter and bear the trophies away.

They found a chariot in the chamber, gold trimmed, and all that. But that old king wouldn't get very far in it today. The traffic cop would tell him to put on the whip or else keep to the side streets. No, sir, his gold chariot wouldn't give him as much pleasure as many a man gets from \$400 in a used car.

Then another searcher came forward with a gold candlestick. The king probably had a man to scout around and keep these candles lit at night. Certain it is he couldn't have put his hand in his vest pocket, pulled out a match and lit the thing right off, because he never wore a vest and there were no matches to carry. Had he only had the fun of living today he could have pressed a button and turned on enough electric lights to make all his hired men blink.

And when he was hot and the flies bothering him he had to have a set of men working in relays with feathered fans on long sticks. They stirred up the atmosphere in this way, and made the flies leave the throne room and look for a good time in the kitchen. What fun he would have had in that country turning on an electric fan that would make him so cool that he'd be calling for an extra gold blanket. One fan would have caused a lot of unemployment among the air-swishers' union of those early days.

That old king probably had a good living as he saw things in his day, but we can't help figuring out what a bang-up good time he would have had were he able to melt down some of his gold chariot wheels and come back in this 1923 age.

No Help This Year.

London has found it necessary to start considerable relief work this winter. Of course, it costs more to do this now than in summer, and the question of what to do with the excess cost is a puzzle.

The city asked the provincial government to pay one-third of the excess cost of this work, but this has been refused. There is nothing left for the city but to go ahead and pay the difference itself. It is much better for the city and for the men as well to pay the money out for work, even at a high rate, than to hand it out in the way of charity.

The action of the provincial government in refusing assistance is reasonable. This assistance is not being extended to any city this winter, and there is also the increasing tendency on the part of all governments to get away from allying themselves with plans for assisting those out of work.

London will simply have to go ahead and make the best of it.

The First Round Over.

The usual skirmish that seems to have grown into our parliamentary procedure is over, and the government of the day has been well sustained. As soon as the speech from the throne has been read the next move is to hang an amendment on it that will cause the government some anxiety. It is difficult to see where the business of the country has been very far advanced by all the cross-firing that has been done so far.

When it came to a final analysis it was found that the Progressives had not a very marked desire to seriously embarrass the ministry. There was one amendment calling for economy. There was nothing in that to which the government could not assent provided it had on its ear-mark of sincerity. But it is well known

that the Progressives, who supported this amendment to a very large degree, are not this year after the Hudson Bay Railway, which will cost millions to complete and millions to operate. So on the one hand they urge pledges of economy, and on the other stand at the elbow of the Dominion pointing out how millions can be spent.

The amendment asking for more tariff reduction was from the Progressive side of the House. It never had a chance to live, but its defeat will enable free traders to tell their constituents they did their best. The Conservatives would oppose it as a matter of policy, and the Liberals could not accept it because they would not know where to turn to make up the loss in revenue were many tariff reductions made.

The result of the vote on the first divisions shows the Progressive and Liberal parties closer together than before. All the talk about there being bitter resentment over the departure of two Progressives to the Liberal ranks existed in the minds of the agitators. There is every good reason why Mr. Forke and the premier should consult frequently on matters of policy. In this way they can give effect to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's greatest policy of pulling east and west together rather than letting them go it alone.

Note and Comment.

Dempsey says he will not fight for less than \$500,000. That's Mr. Dempsey, the ex-pugilist, we're referring to.

Kitchener wants a slogan to nail over the front door of the city hall. Here's one: "Bill Euler for Minister of Railways."

The Allies consider cancelling one-half the Turkish war indemnity. No doubt the Turks will be willing to go 50-50 on the deal.

Out west they have Chinook winds, while down here we now and then get a Sooner. That is, it would sooner go through you than around.

Chatham in 1921 had 86 drunks in police court; in 1922 the number went down to 40. With this sort of evidence before them people are not going to turn around and smash the O. T. A.

Hon. Howard Ferguson says Mr. Drury is the most inconsistent man in politics today. Fortunately Mr. Ferguson's censure is worth more than his praise.

Sarnia's health laws are the same as they were 25 years ago. And folks down there have the nerve to go on living just the same as those who have brand new regulations every few weeks.

Some enterprising monument people in London advertised that those visiting the motor show should come in and see their line of goods. No reflections of course, just business enterprise.

American warships are sailing around near the Turk trouble just to see what's going on. And if one of them happens to get hit with a stray shell shall we have some more watchful waiting?

Egypt is making it hot for the king hunters who are digging into the graves of the old monarchs. This is short-sighted. They should encourage the business. The sale of postcards and souvenirs should pay off the national debt.

At the Howard Ferguson banquet in London on Friday night it had been intended to have those famous hides, trophies of Mr. Ferguson's political gunning, tacked up on the walls. The reason given for their absence is that Mr. Ferguson has not yet delivered the hides.

The cost of feeding a Canadian family of five this week is \$10.52, as against \$7.73 in the same week of 1914. This is an increase over the month of December. There should be a good-sized explanation hitched to any increases made now in the price of things people must have in order to live.

The Forest Free Press has completed 40 years of publication under the unbroken guidance of H. J. Pettipiece. This is a long time, considering the high casualty list encountered by newspapers in Ontario, and the Free Press has lived because it has served its district well as a good local newspaper.

FROM OTHER PAPERS

Figures Tell It All.
 In 1919 Ontario voted 733,691 to 403,206 against beer and wine. This being so, it is rather early for Mr. Homuth to seek to challenge the vote then given.—*Brantford Examiner*.

A Hard Thing To Do.
 It will be a relief if the heresy case of Dr. Percy Stickney Grant of New York is really a closed issue. The best service he can confer on the public is to quickly efface himself.—*Hamilton Spectator*.

Success Without Bar.

The Newmarket Hotel Company declared a dividend of seven per cent for 1922. In addition to this there is a balance of \$2,500, of which a bonus of \$500 was voted to the manager and \$2,000 invested in bonds as a sinking fund. The report is accepted as evidence that a well-managed hotel can be made a financial success without the sale of liquor.—*Acton Free Press*.

One Cautious Editor.

One month more of winter and then the break comes in the long Canadian winter. But in the meantime we must not anticipate spring by doffing our woollen clothing too soon and catching a severe cold that



TO THE EDITOR

WHERE BANDITS ROAMED.

Excelsior Springs, Mo., Feb. 5.

Sir—Am still lingering at this national health resort, Excelsior Springs, Mo., U. S. A. The 30 springs, or wells, all within a radius of half a mile, carry so many different waters that tourists who travel extensively and who visit the noted health resorts marvel at this place and these effective waters. Here is the strongest manganese water which has been found in the world. These waters are especially adapted for the cure of rheumatism, diabetes and neuritis.

SPARE THE ROADS.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—In a few weeks from now the roads in the country will be breaking up and the frost will be on the way out. There should be a law passed making it an offense for a person to drive a car on a truck over these roads while they are in that stage. I have often seen those old tanks going through, and they would dig away down into the roadbed, and it takes a great deal of work afterward to get the road in shape. Every road, as a driver knows, has some places where there seems to be no bottom in the spring, and where planks and rails are needed to get cars out. One of the worst things that can happen to these places is to have cars and trucks plowing their way through before the road is ready to bear the traffic.

Husbands, Beware!

"We would advise those husbands who advertise their wives as having left their bed and board," and "that no one shall credit her on my account," to read the following notice in an American paper by an advertised wife: "I take this method of informing the public that he never had a bed; the board has always been furnished by myself; and as to anybody trusting me on his account, I know of no one that would trust himself. His credit has always been so much below par that he could not be trusted for his own shirting and now wears some of my underclothing on his back, slightly altered."—*Watford Guide-Advocate*.

Your Health

YOU SHOULD KNOW MUCH ABOUT DERMATOLYSIS

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D., Commissioner of Health, New York City.

U. S. Senator-Elect from New York State.

Beauty is sought by everyone. Consciously or unconsciously we are striving for attractive features and good looks.

This reaching out for beauty may express itself by one's conviction that he looks like Byron or Shelley or somebody else. It is a good thing to take pride in your looks, provided you do not swell up over your beauty and become a snob.

Once in a while you find a woman almost perfect in her features and coloring, and yet so sensible that she is simple and sweet in spite of her exquisite face.

There are conditions of health and bodily vigor which directly affect the skin. In this connection I do not refer to eruptions and unsightly blemishes but to the skin's texture and elasticity.

The normal skin is flexible, firm, readily adjusting itself to every movement of the muscles. It is thin and tense, and unflinching in its qualities.

If a person becomes excessively fat the skin is stretched and pulled beyond its normal limits. If this state continues for years and then the fat suddenly dissolves and disappears, either as a result of disease or of unwise treatment, there may be left looseness and flabbiness of the skin.

I remember how shocked I was as a boy when I saw a famous public man for the first time. His face seemed like a half-filled meal sack. I suppose he had been a fat man for years and had lost his flesh.

There is a real disease, however,

Answers to Health Questions.

E. H. Q.—Will you please tell me what causes tiny red veins to appear on the thighs and what to do for them?

A.—This condition is rather common to women, and is usually due to prolonged standing. Apply hot witch-hazel to the affected parts. This will help you.

Mrs. A. F. Q.—My little boy, 5½ years old, was operated on for adenoids about a year ago. He still has trouble in breathing, and often sleeps with his mouth open. What would you advise me to do? I am beginning to think the operation was not successful.

A.—Granting that the operation was successful, it may be some time before the boy begins to breathe properly. In the long continued practice of mouth breathing.

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DANCE HITS OF COMING SUMMER.

It is predicted by masters of the dance that "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" and "Gallagher and Sheen," two fox trots, played by Paul Whiteman and his orchestra on Victor record No. 19007, will be the outstanding dances for the coming summer's dancing. Don't be disappointed. Order yours today from Gerhard Heintzman, 222 Dundas St.—Adv.

There is a real disease, however,

which will do what excessive thinness after plumpness brings about or a dissolute life can accomplish. This is called by various names, all meaning the same thing. "Cutis laxa," "cutis pendula," "chalazodermia," "dermatolysis"—these are the terms applied to thickening, looseness and flabbiness of the skin.

Instead of snugly fitting the underlying tissues, the skin hangs in baggy folds. Perhaps the skin of the face may be the only part of the body attacked, although the thighs, shoulders and neck are involved sometimes.

There is gradual progress of the disease until it reaches certain proportions. Then the trouble is stationary.

Fortunately this disease, so fatal to beauty, is comparatively rare. When it does appear it has little effect on the health and comfort of the victim. It mars the good looks, but need not ruin the happiness of the patient.

As they left the train at the terminal Miller pushed as close to the woman he knew as he could without using conspicuous force. He turned to speak to him. "And Miss Canton—Mr. Miller, of course, you know her properly at all," laughed Mildred.

"How do you do, Mr. Miller?"

Miller would have given a good deal for her polite, her comfortable way of facing a situation.

"I am sure I should like to be able to speak to Miss Canton," he said, realizing that she would think him stupid and bromide. He flattered himself that he usually was not ordinary in his conversation.

They parted, immediately as commuters do—each to hurry in his own direction.

Ted Miller tried all day to get that picture in his mind of the woman with a head study and nothing else seemed to come before his vision but this lovely, bobbed-haired, pale-skinned girl, whom he had long called a blossom.

"What can be the matter with me, I wonder?"

He took every opportunity to give her seats to the theatre whenever he was doing settings. He learned to know her. She was his first personal acquaintance. He promised in the days when he did not know her—sweet, frank, jolly and yet thoroughly practical, as are the girls today.

At last he made up his mind that if he was going to be any good in his profession or in his home, where his mother and sister expected a certain amount of sane conduct, he would have to find out whether or not this lovely girl could look upon him in the light of a lover.

For he had decided that at last he had fallen a victim to her charms and he knew himself well enough to understand that he would not pass. He fought it because he thought the odds too young to be interested in him.

—ed, meantime was desperately in love with the big artist and was bemoaning the fate that had separated her to give her whole heart to a man so old and so different from her.

"I wonder if you like me well enough to let me come to see you?" Miller began one day when he met her going out of the train.

Mildred looked up at him wide-eyed. "I am surprised that you find me interesting enough—that's all," she said, prettily.

"Oh—," he said earnestly.

It was the beginning of the beautiful days of his life and the artist wondered that he had ever been able to create anything lovely before. Now that he was learning to know this girl and to feel that she responded to his love, the whole world was more nearly worth while.

"You are, indeed, my own Bay-side Blossom now, Mildred," he said, when she had finally admitted that she would try to understand all through life.

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The Daily Story

BAYSIDE BLOSSOMS.

By Ruby Douglas.

Ted Miller was an artist, and with his eye always on the beautiful he had been observing each morning as he made the trip in the commuters' train to his studio in the city three lovely young girls who always got on at Bayside.

They earned a living in the city and lived in the country. They traveled together each morning and evening. There was nothing gay in the fashion of the hour that these girls did not adopt. They looked as fresh and sweet as morning blossoms when they boarded the train at 8:22, and Ted Miller as he was wont to watch them from behind his morning paper had called them Bayside Blossoms. It was an appropriate name.

"Mildred," said one of the girls as she turned over the usual seat opposite the artist, "I wish I could save up enough out of this week's pay to go to see Ethel Barrymore Saturday afternoon."

"I'd have to starve for a week to do it," said Mildred, the bobbed-haired one with the lovely brown eyes. Her pale skin was of a rare coloring and the artist had admired it more than once when she had stepped into the train in the brilliant morning sunlight. It was pale without a touch of yellow, and her lips were naturally scarlet.

Ted Miller overheard this remark, and it happened that he was painting over a bit of scenery for the very play in which Ethel Barrymore was appearing, and as was always the case in such work he had plenty of seats at his disposal. At this moment he had four tickets in his pocket. He deplored the foolish conventionality that kept him from offering to these three young girls the seats that meant nothing to him, and for which they were planning to go without their midday meal.

All the way to town he tried to find a way in which he might offer the tickets without offending.

He saw a woman whom he knew in the car. He went over and took the seat beside her. He explained quickly what his problem was and handed her the seats. She had a broad understanding of life, of girls, and of conventions. She said that he need not worry.

"It's the black, bobbed-haired one that's Mildred—and that's the one I know," he said as he returned to his seat.

Just how his friend presented the tickets he did not know, but because it was nearly a week before he happened to ride on that train again, he did not know until he saw the three girls that they had been to the matinee.

They looked at him and smiled as they came in. He felt embarrassed. He hid behind his paper. For a man of the world and an artist accustomed to beauty in its every phase, he was unusually reticent with women.

It was Mildred who felt it incumbent upon herself to come across the aisle to thank him.

"It is nothing," he said, "nothing at all."

"Oh, but to us—it is," she smiled frankly at him.

He thought it was perhaps the extreme lack of embarrassment or silly pretence that he liked best about the girl after she had taken her own seat again among the other girls. Then he began to wonder if it could be her beauty. That night he fancied it was her girlish laughter and her merry, merry eyes. But—something in the little Bayside Blossom roused him unduly. And he did not even know her.

One morning when she came into the train she was alone and the only vacant seat was beside the woman whom Miller knew. He hoped they would speak of him. He even hoped the girl would ask who he was and perhaps say that she liked him. He realized that he had become childish on the subject. That the girl was fully ten years his junior he knew well and he had believed, for months, that he was admiring the trio equally for their youthful beauty and merry spirits.

As they left the train at the terminal Miller pushed as close to the woman he knew as he could without using conspicuous force. He turned to speak to him. "And Miss Canton—Mr. Miller, of course, you know her properly at all," laughed Mildred.

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