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## An Able Leader Quits.

HON. T. A. CREEK, who has made a definite announcement regarding his future in the political world. He is out of it as far as being the leader of the Progressives is concerned. His letter of resignation is indicative of the man. There is nothing of a sting attached to it, simply a direct statement of plain facts.

Mr. CREEK cannot agree with the policy of J. J. MORRISON in Ontario, nor can he assent to the belief of H. W. WOOD in Alberta. There were apparently too many people dictating to Mr. CREEK. The Progressive leader differs from Mr. MORRISON because he thinks that the movement should be for farmers only, purely a class idea. Mr. CREEK holds that the Progressives are building up in that way the obstacle that is going to prevent them from further successes at the polls, and admits that in the last campaign it was one of the hardest facts he had to meet. Many people outside of the farmers themselves were heartily in sympathy with the policies they enunciated, but they were told that they could have no part in the organization because they were not engaged in agriculture.

In the west he differs with the idea of H. W. WOOD, who is of the school that holds to electing people by vocations, and in this way working out the panacea for our parliamentary ailments. Mr. CREEK cannot accept this view, and there is only one thing left to do, viz., to disagree. Thus he found himself at sharp variance with the two most active and powerful organizing forces in Ontario and Western Canada, and his continued occupancy of the office of leader of the Progressives would have been accompanied by friction and unpleasantness.

It can hardly be urged that Mr. CREEK sought the leadership of the Progressives, or even a position of House leadership. He was urged to take the position in the Farmers' organization, and he has apparently continued in it to the sacrifice of his own private business. When the House began its sittings Mr. CREEK had justification for claiming recognition as leader of the opposition, for he had behind him a following much larger than the Conservatives. He took occasion quite early, in fact within the first hour the House sat, to set at rest any idea that he wanted that position.

His letter of resignation also says that he cannot afford to retain the leadership, as his own private business is suffering by reason of his absence.

It is well that Mr. CREEK took up the matter of fusion between the Liberal and Progressive parties. There has been a great deal of talk on that point, most of it based on lack of information, or emanating from those to whom facts are a nuisance when they desire to make a statement. A working agreement between Liberals and Progressives was met with opposition from men in both parties. Mr. CREEK charges that the opponents in the Liberal party to any understanding with the Progressives were "a small but powerful reactionary element in the Liberal party that today appears to be the special custodian for the time being of the welfare of privileged interests." That is, on the face of it, a hard remark, but it should serve the purpose of making Liberals see to it that there is reason for the charge, the reason is dealt with quickly and effectively.

In the retirement of Mr. CREEK the loss to the Dominion is greater than the loss to the Progressive movement. T. A. CREEK is the type of man needed in the parliament of Canada. He won for himself in the last session a big place in the esteem of the people of the Dominion. It is exceedingly unfortunate that differences of opinion regarding the lines on which the Progressives shall work in the future should drive such a man out of the public service of the country.

## Four Years Ago and Now.

Four years ago today Canadians were a hilariously happy people. The signal to "cease firing" had gone forth, and the signatures of the warring parties had been placed on a document that stopped war until a permanent treaty was arranged. It was a day of celebration. It was a day of emotions tumbling over other emotions in order to find some avenue of expression. Homes where there were boys at the front felt a sacred touch that day, and the chairs in the family circle seemed to edge up a little closer in anticipation of the time when the father, husband or brother would join in that circle again.

Yes, it was one grand day of celebration. But it had its breaks. Here was a home where only a week or a month ago the little yellow envelope had come from the war department announcing that the boy had fallen in action. It was not hard to reconcile that in a few weeks more it would have all been over and the boy able to come back.

But the boy didn't come back. He was laid away by his comrades in Flanders.

And at that time we were making

many national and individual resolutions. We were emerging from the old, and were preparing to put in the new. Had not the speakers all through the war effort been stressing the point that this war was a war to end all wars; that hereafter the nations should sit down together and negotiate rather than slaughter. And our industrial relations were going to be on a different basis. We had learned the lesson of a common sacrifice for a common attainment, and in that spirit we were going to go on to greater things in a newer and a better way. It was a season of visionary perfection, where hopes ran riot with facts, and where ambitions refused to bow to actual conditions.

Our chief thought then was that the men who had gone to the front were never going to be in need. If a man had made the statement on that day that men wearing decorations won on the field of battle would, inside of a short year or two, be selling needles and silver polish from door to door, he would have had a hard time getting home uninjured.

Yet today these very things are taking place. Returned men say that their little button hinders them many times, rather than helps them, in securing places of employment. They fought at the front, yes, but that was four or five years ago, and we are not afraid of German domination now as we were then.

As the nation thinks on Armistice Day, it should think deeply and seriously. There is an individual responsibility as well as a national one, and we should discharge it to the hilt.

## Quebec and Ontario.

There may be some reasons why Quebec and Ontario should not get along well side by side, but there are many more reasons why they should be very excellent neighbors.

It is a good thing that now and then we find an apostle carrying this doctrine along with him in his journeys from one province to the other. Just this week we have had S. POULIN, K.C., of St. Johns, Que., in Western Ontario. He has addressed a number of gatherings, principally Kiwanians, and the burden of his appeal has been that there should be, now and right away, a determined effort on the part of the people of both provinces to put an end to prejudices that have been born of misunderstanding, and that have been fanned into flame to suit the selfish desires of individuals and factions.

Mr. POULIN does not try to hide facts or ignore mistakes that have been made. He is willing to admit that there are people in Quebec who object to buying goods from an Ontario firm if the representative soliciting the business is not able to speak to them in the French language. He also claims that there are sections of Ontario where certain factions urge that the people have no right to have a knowledge of the French language. These two classes he terms as the extremists of Ontario and Quebec.

A person does not need to possess a great deal of foresight to see how foolish it is for these two provinces to be pitted one against the other. By location they are neighbors, and there is no power that can place them in any other position.

Mr. POULIN and others who carry the word of friendship from one province to the other are doing a good work. They may feel they are reaching only a very few people on these trips when the total population is considered, but the few that are reached can go on and spread the same idea.

Quebec has its problems, it has its language, and so has Ontario. There are points on which Ontario and Quebec will differ now, and on which they will continue to differ, but these should not create a barrier that should be built high enough to allow prejudice and ignorance to do their deadly work without a very serious attempt being made by the fair-minded people of each province to stop it.

## The Voters in Chatham.

Chatham had a bit of an election during the week, when it became necessary to elect a member of the board of water commissioners.

In all there were some 2,500 people entitled to go to the polls and mark their ballots on such an occasion. When the counters had finished their work on the night of the election it was found that in all 498 had voted.

Of course, it would be quite easy to make a municipal sermon out of this text, and establish the point that people are not very much interested in what takes place.

In this case there was no big issue. It was one man against another, and either would make a very capable official.

Still it is not advisable to make these Chatham people think they are all right when out of every five only one goes to the polls and indicates any desire about the management of his last available supply of drinking material. In the face of such indifference it might be an easy matter for some chap to edge his way in who would feed the people chlorine in great quantities, or put in soothing syrup or even something stronger.

The Quebec Legislature is doing a fair thing appointing a royal commission to go into every charge that ROBERTS, the Montreal editor, has made in connection with members of the Legislature knowing much about a murder in that province. If these charges can be proven a new aspect would be given to the case. If they are not, then the jail sentence given to the editor will be justified beyond question. A fair statement of fact never bedevils any issue.

## LITTLE TISERS

Tax dodgers are not numerous locally, but taxi dodgers are.

The poor are always with us, but the rich are generally against us.

When a man's bigger than you are don't call him a liar. You might intimate that he's mistaken.

In a few weeks we'll be looking for that old blanket we used to put over the soft water pump.

Things get out of order now and then. Here we have VILIA in Mexico reported dead, when it was LENINE's turn to be dead man.

Soviet government and governed in Russia is five years old, and like all youngsters of that age, never seem to get enough to eat.

Chinese alphabet has been pulled down from 5,000 to 39 characters. No doubt you've noticed how simple it is now to read the laundry tickets.

Ald. May says it is going to cost a lot of money to have a temporary city hall while the old one is being torn down. This could be done in the summer, and the aldermen could make use of the benches in the park.

Galt is determined to keep in the limelight, and just now comes to the front with the announcement that a professional rat catcher is in the city, to work in co-operation with the folks there to make Galt ratless. Some of the folks there have been bothered with the pests biting their toes when they were trying to sleep at night. So if the rats know anything they will get out of Galt and go over to Preston or Hespeler until the campaign is over.

THE ADVERTISER has carried the announcement, stating that it has secured the exclusive rights in this district for the LLOYD GEORGE memoirs, the greatest piece of modern history that has ever been written.

It is the aim to give readers the best, believing that they welcome it. LLOYD GEORGE lived on the inside of British diplomatic life during all the dark days of the war, and few moves were made that were not known to him. He is forceful in his address, and not given to covering up facts, or sparing the feelings of those who were not playing the game. His publishers are paying him at the rate of \$4.50 per word for this material, and the price that some of the leading Canadian papers are paying for publication rights represents a decidedly large figure.

## Your Child's Teeth.

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE, Author of "The Riddle of Personality," "Self-Development," Etc. (Copyright, 1922, by The Associated Newspapers.)

WITH the progress of medical research, steadily increasing emphasis is being put upon the importance of preventing and repairing dental decay in the early years of life as a protective measure against general ill-health and a great variety of diseases. School statistics show, however, that even today many parents seem to consider the presence of decayed teeth in their children's mouths a matter of small account.

Actually, as cannot be too forcibly impressed upon the attention of these parents, it is a matter of such account that lifelong harm may be done if children are not trained to take proper care of their teeth and if needed dental work in their behalf is neglected.

The occurrence of chronic indigestion is but one of many evils that may befall children burdened with decayed teeth. Their inability to ingest food properly, especially in those cases in which children are peculiarly susceptible is greatly increased.

So true is this, that, as shown by statistics from sundry large cities, the completion of extensive dental repair campaigns among school children has been followed by a gratifying decrease in the occurrence rate of children's diseases. Which indeed is what one would naturally expect. For always the malignancy of disease germs is conditioned by the resistance of the body to their attack. Dental decay means some degree of lowering of the vitality. Improve the teeth and automatically more resistance to disease is secured.

There is secured greater resistance to fatigue, and a freeing of the system from toxins which, getting into the brain's blood supply, materially seriously weakens mental processes. Dental decay—especially when it involves dental abscesses—has at times been known to occasion actual mental disturbance. Again and again it is responsible for some degree of mental enfeeblement.

As has been proved by experimental testing of the mental abilities of school children before, during, and after the doing of sorely needed dental repair work, no doubt remains that dental trouble, when extensive, may cause so serious a mental dulling as to lead to a false suspicion of inborn defect of mind.

But it is in the realm of the physical that its greatest damage usually is wrought. Besides chronic indigestion, it frequently has as a sequel malnutrition, anaemia, or rheumatism. Also, directly or indirectly, it is a source of the glandular troubles so often found in children. And, according to Dr. Joseph Marcus:

"As a result of the local irritation various nervous symptoms may arise, and it has been demonstrated that caries of the teeth is sometimes responsible for nervous manifestations such as habit spasm, facial chorea, headaches, and perhaps epilepsy."

It is to safeguard the public health and to more earnestly striving to persuade parents to better care of their children's teeth as well as of their own.



## The Right Word

COMMENTS ON MAXWELL'S SCHOOL GRAMMAR.

"As If."

"... meaning. As if someone should say." (Page 103.) The author of "The Right Word" did not find as though used anywhere in the book.

"Whose" Possessive of "Which." "Whose" is used for persons, for lower animals, and even for things without life, and always to modify the meaning of a noun. It is more common, however, especially in prose, to substitute of which for whose when the antecedent denotes something without life." (Page 105.)

"The tendency of modern English is to drop the use of the subjunctive mood, and to substitute the indicative. The Subjunctive Mode, which indeed is what one would naturally expect. For always the malignancy of disease germs is conditioned by the resistance of the body to their attack. Dental decay means some degree of lowering of the vitality. Improve the teeth and automatically more resistance to disease is secured."

"If it is true, and 'If he fails' instead of 'If it be true' and 'If he fail'."

Split Infinitive. "Common errors in speech classified: 3. Placing of adverb between to and the infinitive; He tried to thoroughly understand. (Page 255.)"

"Caution 5. It is common to insert an adverb between to and the infinitive, as, to bravely die. This construction is contrary to the best usage, and is objectionable because of the identity in sound between to bravely and too bravely." (Page 252.)

"To the Right Word" readers: Follow the varied opinions on the "split infinitive."

"On page 259 read, used as an adverb, is condemned as a common error. The wrong word: He is now real well; He runs real fast. The right word: He is now really well; He runs very fast."

Certified. "The minister who had few dealings in banking had been tendered his first check in payment of a marriage ceremony. In a bewildered way he went up to the teller's cage and very shyly presented the check."

"The teller, upon turning it over, saw it did not bear his indorsement, and passed it back to the minister, saying: 'Indorse the check, please.'"

"The minister said, 'Pardon me, I don't understand.'"

"Indorse it on the back," replied the teller.

"The minister said, 'Oh! Yes, Yes!'"

He wrote on the back of the check and presented it again.

"The teller turned it over and found the words, 'I heartily indorse this check!'"

## No Coal—No Ashes.

Waltham Telescope: The Paisley Advocate says that the citizens of that burg feel like rebelling at the high price of coal when they hear of \$15.50 coal at Waltham. Unfortunately \$15.50 coal at Waltham is about as much a reality as the cheap coal we hear about in neighboring towns. The fact is that not a pound of anthracite has reached this town yet outside of the high-priced article the coal dealers are offering.

## This New, Fast Age.

Kincaid Reporter: In Boston two girls left college because they couldn't smoke cigarettes. When warned by the house mother that if they persisted in smoking they would have to leave, they at once stated: "We're resigning as a protest against the antiquated notion that ladies do not smoke." Ladies, did they say?

## Hard On the Doctors.

Tara Leader: The oldest doctor in the world recently celebrated his hundredth birthday, and an English paper regards his case as a triumph for nature over medical knowledge.

## May Explain Much.

Simcoe Reporter: With potatoes selling at 15 cents per peck, wheat at less than a dollar a bushel, and other agricultural products at correspondingly inflated prices, manufacturers and wholesalers need experience little difficulty in discovering the cause for a decrease in their demand for their comparatively high-priced commodities.

## A Great Big Bouquet.

Thessalon Advance: We have a premier. Ontario's premier is the sort of man who will jump out of bed at night, ring the town bell, have the whistles blow, gather up food, clothes, blankets and boots to fill a train. Shout to the roadmen: "See that we have the right of way," and to the engineer, "Throw the throttle wide open, Bill," and then to the helpers, "Come along, boys—by God, they are suffering up north." And this premier of ours looks like a coal heaver after he's been working in the fire zone among the half-naked, the dead and dying, for a couple of hours. We have a premier.

## Truly A Great Hero.

Warton Echo: There is one hero we have not heard anything about—he is

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the hero of the Dentist's Chair. The man or woman who can go in there, sit down, look pleasantly while the boring machine is at work, or while the dentist is pulling at an old stump that is deeply imbedded and rooted, like a giant oak that has been there upwards of fifty years. That man has the hero of the battle field outclassed.

## Press Can Help Them.

St. Mary's Journal: A self-respecting church will not expect free advertisements. The church, like every other enterprise, can make much greater use of the press than it has ever done, with great advantage to itself and greater advantage to the world. It should be easier to let all who read know what it is doing and what it is planning to do, as well as what it has done, and there is no better way than through the local paper.

## Get Out and Stay There.

Waltham Telescope: The calling of agents of one kind and another at schools and taking up the teachers' time in the hallway while classes remain idle has been developing into an intolerable nuisance. One day last week teachers of this town were twice called to the door by magazine subscription agents. Teachers do not enjoy this sort of thing, but are more or less helpless against it. The high school board did what we consider a wise act at its last meeting, when the board put its foot down and said: "No more traveling agents at the high school." A placard to that effect was placed on the door of the teachers' room to warn all intruders of the agent class.

## Our Own Country.

LORD DURHAM'S REPORT. Q.—What was Lord Durham's report?

A.—Lord Durham's report, made to the imperial parliament in 1839, was based upon the rebellions or uprisings of Lower and Upper Canada in 1837-8 as a protest against existing political conditions and resulted in many reforms and the establishment of the united parliaments of the two provinces under a union act.

## THOMAS SCOTT.

Q.—Who was Thomas Scott?

A.—Thomas Scott was shot by order of Riel in Winnipeg on March 4, 1870, while the latter held temporary possession of Fort Garry, with the "provisional government."

## The Evening Story

THE RUNAWAY.  
(Copyright, 1922, by W. W. Werner.)  
Lucy Thurber sat up in bed. The long-continued habit of arising promptly at 5:30 each morning had awakened her. She glanced at her watch. It was 5:30 and her niece, Bernice, would not arise until near noon! "I can't stand it another day," Lucy thought.

The house was perfectly still. It was far from the car lines and other traffic rackets. The people who lived in the flat below were away. There was nobody in the house but Lucy and Bernice. The latter had been up until 12. She had come to a dance with her husband. At 3, after barely two hours and a half sleep, Merwin had gone out on his route—he was a street-car conductor—and he would not be back until noon.

"It wasn't the way I was brought up," Lucy said to herself. "I'm not used to this turning night into day. I hate it. I simply can't stay in bed until noon today. I've already had my necessary eight hours' sleep and I feel as fresh as a daisy. I don't then I didn't go to a dance last night. I sat at home and knit. Oh, hum!" Lucy yawned. In the mirror on the bureau opposite she saw a small, gray, bright-eyed little person of sixty in a flannel nightgown. The great circassian walnut bed made her look like a baby on a raft she was lost in it and a head such old corners. She yearned for her four-poster at home, with its pieced quilts and old-fashioned wool sheets.

In fact, she yearned for everything that meant home to her. It was very fine at Bernice's. The flat was charming, but Lucy preferred the old little white house with its rag rug and stove. She wanted to go back to it, but neither Merwin nor Bernice would hear of such a thing. "You are here and we're going to keep you here all winter, Aunt Lucy. There's no sense in your going back to Nineveh to live alone," they said. "All winter!" And it was only just November! Lucy shuddered. "I can't stand it another day," she thought to herself, and her lips tightened. "I hate lying abed for 18 hours more!" She sighed again and suddenly she crept from her bed. She stole to the window and looked out. In the seat space between that house and the next she saw snow. Snow had fallen in the night. "Good land!" she gasped. "Who will feed my birds? They'll be coming round the back door hungry and there won't be any crumbs or suet for them! I must go home and see about it!"

Hasily and quickly she began to dress. The bathroom was between her room and Bernice's, so she could make a few small sounds without being heard. She packed her suitcase and put on her coat and hat. Then with a pencil she scrawled this hurried note:

"Dear Bernice: I am going home. Don't fuss about me. I just happened to think of something I must see to. You've been as good as gold to me, and so has Merwin. With love."

She placed the paper on the bureau. Then with her suitcase in her hand, she stole softly from the room. It was not until she was out in the street that she realized what she had done. This was a great city and she did not know how to find her way about. At that hour the street was empty. She was half tempted to go back, but she remembered that the door fastened with a night lock and she was shut out with no hope of getting back unless she aroused Bernice.

There was a telephone pay station at the small notion shop on the corner. Lucy called and she went there now. The young Frenchman who kept the shop was cleaning his counters. Lucy ordered a taxi and over her and found out about her train.

"So your going home?" he said. "Well, home is a good place to be in on a morning like this. I'm glad to hear of it. Lucy loved the way he said madame. He was a really very nice young Frenchman with clustering, curly hair.

The taxi came in a few minutes and Lucy departed. She did not have to wait for her train. Once she was on the way she settled back with a chuckle of content.

It was not long, however, before she began to get faint from hunger. There was no diner on the train and she was not allowed to get off to go to a cafe. It would be noon before she reached the station where she was to change cars and there would be no time between trains to get a bite to eat.

"I'd give anything for a tiny piece of bread and butter," she thought. "Well, I'll just have to starve. This is what one gets for running away!" She got out her tiny bottle of smelling salts and was taking a whiff when some one spoke to her. It was the old lady who lived next door, a lively, bright-eyed old lady with the trimmest little bonnet on her white hair!

"Come over and breakfast with me," said this old lady. "I need company."

Lucy went over. The old lady had a lunch basket of fruit, hot coffee in a thermos bottle, and chicken sandwiches. "I never can eat a bite of breakfast when I am going anywhere," said the old lady. "So my daughter fixed this up for me. I am making a long journey—clear to Silverton. Do you know anybody there?"

Lucy knew a Mrs. Colburn at Silverton, who she had known since a mutual acquaintance. All the rest of the way she had a nice time with the old lady. She reached home at the edge of evening.

Lotty Pratt ran right in. "Oh, Lucy!" she cried. "I'm so glad to see you! I thought you were going to stay away for good, and I've been so lonesome without my best neighbor."

Lucy's eyes filled with happy tears. Home did seem so good. "I ran away," she confessed.

"Run away from the city with its wonderful sights!" cried Lotty. "Why, I've been envying you and the good time you were having!"

Lucy shook her head. She knew what she knew. "I had to come home and look after my birds," she said. "They need feeding when it snows."

Lotty Pratt laughed. "A poor excuse is better than none," she said merrily. "I know why you came home, Lucy. It was because you were homesick!"