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Overdoing the Calamity Talk.

The Mail and Empire believes Premier King is responsible for everything that is wrong in Canada. Railway deficits, taxation that comes from unpaid war charges, unemployment that is common all over the world—all these things it bundles up and places to the charge of the prime minister and asks what he is going to do about it.

The Toronto paper is gloomy indeed, and in this way talks to the premier:

"Unemployment is rife in Canada, and it is feared will grow steadily worse. How does the prime minister intend to solve this problem? The lumber mills have most of this year's cut in their yards, and the work in the woods this winter will be below normal. Our railways are discharging men, not hiring them."

Not one word does the Mail and Empire offer by way of solution. It simply groans the groan of helplessness. It seems to think it has accomplished its task by going through all the gestures of despair with which it is so thoroughly familiar from long practice.

It is pursuing the same tactics as Hon. Arthur Meighen, who in his addresses points to all the unfavorable conditions he can catalogue, and leaves a picture that is as gloomy as his deft pessimism can make it.

The Mail and Empire complains that there is unemployment; Mr. Meighen wails that Canadians have left for United States.

The government is blamed for both conditions. Mr. Meighen says that "since the advent of the new administration at Ottawa, with its threats against the tariff, 300,000 Canadians have gone to the United States."

The figure 300,000 looks larger than it really is, because up to a few months ago we had no system of counting the Canadians who came back. United States counted them as they went across, but we did not check them up as they came back. We are doing this now, and in the last four months 18,870 Canadians have returned from United States.

To what extent can the Mail and Empire or Mr. Meighen blame the government for this condition? In 1920 the number leaving Canada for United States was 90,025, and in 1921, 72,317. That accounts for 162,342 of those who have gone in the last four years, and Mr. Meighen cannot blame tariff changes for their departure, for his own party was in charge of tariff adjustments then. It was in 1922 that the King government took charge, and 46,810 left in that year, a very low record. It was in 1923 that a record was established, when 117,011 Canadians left for United States.

Surely that could not be blamed to the Liberal tariff, for the 1923 budget, brought down early in the year, was of the type that left things almost as they were; there were no radical changes, and yet there was a large emigration. United States was enjoying a period of prosperity, a condition that does not prevail there today. The people who left went because they could secure work at high wages, particularly in the building trades. There is no evidence to show that they left because of tariff changes, because there had been none to speak of.

The truth is that both Mr. Meighen and the Mail and Empire are overdoing the calamity talk. They are determined that this country is headed for the economic bow-wows, and to suit their political convenience it must be made to move in that direction. There must be something about which to wail and at the same time point at Mr. King and his government as the cause of it all. So together they go about gathering up all the unfavorable conditions they can find, and each and every one is dangled before the eye of the premier, and has tied to it the question, "Now, what are you going to do about it?"

They paint a picture much like that of the children of Israel when they found the sea ahead of them, the mountains and the desert on either side and the pursuing hosts of Pharaoh in the rear. Had they stopped and done nothing but wail and groan they would probably have been overtaken by their former taskmasters. But they had good leadership, and the solution was "Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward."

In a national way we want to hear some such message from our leaders of thought and opinion today. This continual wailing of voices and wringing of hands is not going to furnish the right kind of road signs for the people of Canada.

Herriot Greater Than Poincare.

Premier Herriot has proved himself greater than Poincare. It was Herriot who had to take back to Paris the findings of the London conference; it was he who had to fight for a policy that would take the French troops out of the Ruhr, and it was Herriot who had to stand all the slashing eloquence of Poincare, all the bitterness of a defeated leader to whom the sway of power and the trappings of office are still dear.

Herriot won the vote of the French parliament that commits France to the terms of the London conference. He won because he was the stronger man with the stronger case. It was the intolerance of Poincare pitted against the reasonableness of Herriot, and when two such forces meet there can be but one answer.

Poincare's desire for political advantage led him to a passage of political stupidity which Premier Herriot was quick to seize. The former premier charged that Herriot had gone with Premier MacDonald of Britain to witness a review of the British fleet at Spithead, and that

if France had such a fleet there would be no need of fear of the Germans.

Herriot's answer was quick and effective. "For my part," he said, "I saw in that fleet ships which, during the war, contributed to the allied victory. The sight of that fleet recalled to my mind the allied co-operation, and I believe that in the future it will contribute to our defence if need be."

Poincare was ready to sneer at the service rendered to France by the British fleet—Herriot was ready to pay to that fleet the tribute which every man in France knows was due it.

Without that British fleet in the days of the war there would be no conferences now concerning the future of Germany. All such matters would have been settled by Berlin.

Spoiling Kettle Point.

The low water in the lakes this year has laid bare new rock formations at Kettle Point.

If this place is to be preserved as a national outdoor museum it should not be possible for people to keep on dragging away the kettle stones. In all there must be hundreds of these decorating hotel steps and private grounds in the district.

Now it remains for a few old sturdy kettles of giant tonnage to remain on the ground to tell visitors why the place was called Kettle Point. Past practice leads to the suspicion that some day will witness a block and tackle erected over these obstinate stones in an effort to cart them from their moorings.

It is a picturesque spot, a garden where scientists offer explanations on the altar of theory, and where as many learned opinions have been advanced as there are holes in the road leading to the place.

The time to stop the dragging away of the kettles arrived a long time ago, and because nothing was done the natural beauty and the uniqueness of the place have suffered.

A Crop That Would Not Be Wrecked.

The Chicago wreckers have decided to leave the wheat crop of the Canadian West alone.

They did what they could with pencil and pad to smite the grain fields of the west. They reckoned without taking into consideration two factors, rain and sunshine.

Reliable reports from the west are now speaking of 300,000,000 bushels or over. That is not up to 1923 or 1922, but the price is 50 per cent better.

The five-year average from 1917 to 1921 inclusive was 236,025,000 bushels, placing Canada as the fourth wheat producing country of the world. On the basis of the 1923 crop of 469,761,000 bushels Canada stood second, being exceeded only by United States with 781,737,000 bushels.

Ontario's wheat is pouring from the spout of the threshers. Despite threatening weather, the wheat was well cured and taken in in good shape. It is selling at a price that is much closer to a fair value than for some time.

When our basic industry, agriculture, has a fair year at fair prices, a big step is taken in the solution of many of our other problems.

The Experience of Manitoba.

Manitoba is finding that government control of the liquor business is not as easy as a good many people would have us imagine.

A week or so ago it was necessary to make radical changes in the size and manner of imposing fines for breaking the law.

Now the liquor commission has decided to curtail entirely the sale of beer by the glass and allow only a stated number of bottles to be purchased per week or month. This move is made because the situation was getting out of hand; existing regulations were found to be insufficient to exercise the necessary control.

There are people in Ontario, among them many advocates of temperance, who advance the view that the O. T. A. is not a feasible measure. They see the defects in its administration, and have heard so much urged against it that they have come to the belief that some form of government control would be more desirable.

People who have reached this stage of thought should observe carefully the defects of government control. They should see that it has opened the way to abuses in Manitoba in a short time that call for new and more stringent regulations. Government control is not all that the name implies. It means that the government undertakes to control a traffic that Ontario has been seeking to abolish. It is not a step in advance.

Note and Comment.

The poorer a man is the more there remains for him to grab.

Toronto police have been chasing blind pigs, closely related, no doubt, to road hogs.

You can have some patience with the man who can't think, but mighty little with the fellow who won't.

Harmonica contest was featured at Toronto Fair. Explanatory note: Better known as the mouthorgan.

Jack Dempsey, the prize fighter, has a remodelled nose. Those who have seen it say it is a smell affair.

London's circus has come and gone without a man running ahead to shout, "Hold your horses; here comes the steam piano."

Of course United States is not at all interested in royalty, but the approach of the Prince of Wales to that land has sent the national temperature up to about 107.

A man paid the treasurer of St. Catharines \$1 that he owed the city for 35 years. He said his conscience bothered him. A conscience that takes 35 years to turn out one dollar is a dull old tool.

A London garage man remarked the other day that he had parked in his place cars from nine different states in U. S. When the Conservatives run another annexation election they should not overlook this alarming incident.

Rarebits By Rex

THESE TERRIBLE TIMES.

The world grows old and older, yet The older it grows the worse things get; The workers won't work, nor even try, The sellers won't sell, the buyers won't buy.

The rulers won't rule, the shoppers won't shop, The fighters won't fight, the Irish won't stop, The wicked won't worry, the pious won't pray, The crops won't grow, the hens won't lay.

The thugs escape, the good are robbed, My wife has got her noodle bobbed; And so will some kind person please Put arsenic in my Rockfort cheese?

A CONFESSION.

We are a solitary and lonely soul. Our friends have all gone and now we have no one to play with except the two goldfish. Our best friend used to be Bill. He was our alter ego, or our fidus Achates, depending on how far you went in Latin at school. But now he is gone. It happened this way:

"I've just bought a radio," Bill said one day. "It's the most wonderful—"

"Yes," I said, "I've heard it's a great invention."

"Last night I heard Chicago as clear as I can hear you."

The next day when we met Bill he looked radiant.

"You'll never guess?" he exclaimed.

"Your uncle in Montreal died," he said.

"Better than that," he chuckled, "Last night I got Fort Worth, Texas. As clear as—"

We remembered that we had an important engagement at the bank and left hurriedly.

The following night we went to Bill's house. He signalled us to sit down and handed us some ear things.

"It's Detroit," he whispered reverently.

"—in 1917 the annual report was 435687," said a penetrating nasal voice from the ear muffs. "This is, of course, per capita and not per stirpes. In 1918 it fell off to 435662. Contrast these figures with—"

We removed the ear-dinguses and clasped Bill's hand.

"Good-bye, old pal," we said in a voice choked with emotion. "We have come to the parting of the ways. Our friendship has been beautiful. Now it is over for aye."

Bill turned a little dial.

"Wait a minute," he said. "I'm trying to get Newark."

Our next best friend to Bill was Frank. We went to his house immediately. He, at least, would give us consolation.

There was another couple at the place when we arrived. They were seated at a bridge table on which were lying a number of ivory pieces.

"You can cut in," said Frank. "You play mah jong?"

"We'll teach it to you," said his wife, "just as soon as we add the score."

We sat down and listened.

"You're all wrong," said one of the players.

"Listen, I get one double for having only one suit. Then I have my own wind, and a dragon which counts—"

"Babcock says you get only ten points extra," protested Frank's wife.

"I don't care what Babcock says," said one of the players. "All I know is—"

"There's one double for prevailing wind," said Frank.

"Frank, dear," said his wife, "you forget that I went out from the wall."

We slipped out of the room quietly. They did not even know we had left. We felt desolate and alone. There was just one place left, so we turned sadly toward Bob Green's house.

Bob was a professor of philosophy and just a bit too highbrow for us. As we expected, Bob was surrounded by his usual group of intellectuals. There was Brown, the poet; Black, the author, and Orange, the astronomer.

"Now listen to me," said Brown as I sat down. "You may think it's the real stuff, but it isn't. There hasn't been any real gin brought in here since 1916."

"Well, I know a guy who says he can get you all the Scotch you want," said Black.

"It's all synthetic stuff," said Brown.

"Made here in town. They print their own labels."

"Well, I know a bootlegger who can get you all the gin you want," said Bob. "And it's only seven dollars per."

We staggered out of the room in a daze.

How we ever found our way home we don't know. Our faithful goldfish greeted us with outstretched fins. We threw our arms around their tails and wept.

We stay at home nights now. We have started to read the "Encyclopedia Britannica." We are up to CAB to DIK.

Powderin' the Nose

In walkin' up and down the streets, or ridin' on a street car fare, there's always every hour of day a smell of powder in the air. It doesn't seem to make much odds which way a person turns and goes, there's always some sweet dame about a stickin' powder on her nose.

They have a mop they cart about, a spy-glass cuddled in a case, they're always workin' at the job of shootin' powder on their face.

And some there be who use it white to make 'em ghostly like and pale, while others tote a different sort like windclouds in an autumn gale. Some have red, and some use blue, and some have orange, pink and brown, while some has seven kinds at once like how they deck a circus clown.

Ah, woman, how I see you come, a-hustlin' down the street today, a-headin' for the street car line like as you was a-goin' away; you're all decked up in this and that, you're wearin' all the latest clothes, but in your rush you pause a spell to park some powder on your nose.

The nose what's flat, the nose what's long, the one that's made of whalebone stuff, they've got to take their turn the same in scrapin' on the powder puff.

Good land, but it's a funny world, no matter what the duds they wear, nor if they've got the latest bob what's cut into a person's hair, nor if they have a ten-bone hat, nor if they have on silken hose, they ain't fixed up until they go and shoot the powder on their nose.

How did the girls ten years ago go out and travel all about, when in that age they never had the tools for powderin' up their snout?

The noses, how they must rebel, there be some times they'll grunt and groan, a-longin' for the time to come when girls will let their snouts alone.—ARK.

Dr. Frank Crane

DOGS.

I was sitting the other day at an outdoor restaurant and noticed a man near me who was showing his little dog to some children. Presently the dog darted out into the street, where it was straightway run over by an automobile and killed. The man was in great distress. He picked up the remains of the animal, wrapped it in paper and carried it away. What had become of the dog? Its life had been suddenly extinguished. Is there a dog heaven, or other-world of any kind?

John Wesley used to think that the animals had a future life, and it is certain that some savage tribes were convinced that their favorite dog would follow them to the Happy Hunting Grounds; but however we may settle this theological question, the fact remains that the dog, of all the animals upon earth, comes nearest to man.

That is to say, the dog, as Maeterlinck says, is the only animal that really loves a man. It is the only point of animal creation that seems to regard the human being affectionately.

There is a faithfulness, a loyalty and love, on the part of the dog that we do not find in any other animal. With this is combined an animality that is just as open and frank. Dogs will fight each other, and they do not like cats, but the dog is the friend and companion of man.

However much we may reason out the harm that is done by dogs, the diseases they give us and the danger of being bitten by them, all this logic is swept away when our canine looks up at us with his large and expressive eyes and we behold his tail wagging in good fellowship.

As far as that is concerned, the dog is the only animal that wags his tail as an expression of joy. The horse may wag his tail to keep off the flies, and the members of the cat family wag their tails when they are hungry or contemplate attack, but with a dog, tail-wagging is an expression of geniality of spirit.

The dog's affection for man is pure and undefiled. It makes no difference to him whether his man friend be a millionaire or pauper. He cares nothing for what we possess so that we possess enough to give him food once in a while.

The man is to him what their gods are to the heathen. He looks up to the man as a superior being and is happy only in his presence.

There are some who regard the dog as a coward, who loves man only because he cringes before him, but those who are familiar with dogs feel that this is not true but rather that their affection is sincere and their courage undoubted.

To the Editor

Up to the Parents.

Mr. Sharman Believes That There Should Be No Departure From Old Standards.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—I see a letter from Mr. R. T. Rayercraft of this date in your paper. To my mind he gives the right idea.

The parents should be responsible for their young hopefuls, and they should inquire where they have been and also where they got things that do not belong to them, and make them take them back where they got them.

Only tonight I left my wheel in the shed at the top of the steps leading to Thames Park. I locked it to the chain and spoke. I was in the park an hour.

When I came back the tool bag, pump and everything was stripped off and the spoke broken off where it was locked.

I know who took these things, and I will wait and see if the boy's parents are honest enough to send these things back.

L. G. SHARMAN.
125 Briscoe street, city, Aug. 28.

\$2,500 IN PRIZES FREE IF IT RAINS IN PT. STANLEY MONDAY

OKLAND SIX IS CHOICE OF OFFICIALS IN LONDON

When it came to the selection of an automobile for the use of the Sparks Circus officials during their stay in London, the unanimous choice was the Oakland six touring, supplied by J. C. Beemer & Co., the local agents. One of the members of the show remarked during a trip to the exhibition grounds, "I have the same car as this only in the sport roadster model. I have given it some very hard usage and can say that I never had a car that performed and stayed away from the repair shop as this car has."

Solid comfort is the keynote of this Oakland touring car. The Fisher body is exceptionally strong and well built. Its roominess is in excess of the actual needs of five persons and it is this extra spaciousness that insures comfort during long drives.

The special Oakland steering wheel carries the ignition and lighting switches, the choker and throttle controls, the special Oakland headlight dimming device and the horn button. This places all driving controls at your very fingertips and confines the dash instruments to an enclosed illuminated panel on the instrument board. There is no spark lever, because the Oakland spark control is entirely automatic.

The top is permanent, very light in weight, and cannot sag. In outward appearance the touring car is very attractive. It is finished in Holland blue with red striping.

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J. H. Saunders, President. W. D. Jackson, Secretary.



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A little higher in price, but—what a wonderful difference a few cents make.

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