

London Advertiser

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MONDAY, MARCH 19, 1923.

Starving Rural Carriers.

Contracts are still being called for the delivery of rural mail, although there has been a determined effort on the part of the rural carriers themselves to have this system abolished. The one thing to commend it is that it is cheap, and its cheapness seems to be possible by taking it out of the men engaged in the work.

Taking the routes as they exist at present, the average yearly salary is \$750, and the average route is 20 miles per day. For this amount of money it is necessary for a carrier to keep in nearly all cases two horses, a rig and to pay for the feed and shoeing of the horses, repairs to the rig, harness, etc. It is shown that in many cases it costs as much to keep up this outfit as the man himself draws in salary. This means that he carries on the work at a dead loss.

The most natural question is: Why, then, will men put in such long hours? The Advertiser is informed that it is the policy of the inspectors, when they receive tenders, to go to the district, or to write to those tendering, and set one up against the other in order to beat down the prices. Then the contract is made for four years, and no man living can tell four years ahead what the prices of feed or horses or any other supplies are going to be. The carrier is also tied tight by having to put up a bond that he will continue the contract for the full length of time. There is an instance on record where the widow of a carrier had to go ahead and finish out the term.

The real grievance these men have is that they are not getting enough money. In fact, many of them lose money. They get no holidays, they have no allowance made for sickness, they must get out six days a week in all kinds of weather, they have to carry and sell stamps and register letters, and carry on nearly all the functions of a traveling postoffice. When a man has finished his four years as a carrier, if he wishes to continue he must put in another bid. If he is \$25 above another tenderer, he is out of it, and his outfit is left on his hands. This seems to be too loose a method to be continued.

The wonder is that the postoffice department at Ottawa has allowed this thing to continue for such a length of time. There is no desire on the part of the people that any department of government service shall be carried on in a way that does not give a man who performs good service a decent wage for it.

The United States places its rural carriers on a mileage basis, and that seems to be a reasonable way to do it. Thus, when a rural carrier goes to work he knows he is going to get a fair return and that his position is assured as long as he does his work well. The idea of making these men quit and tender over again every four years is all wrong and unfair to them.

There have been all sorts of representations made to Ottawa on behalf of the carriers, and the only public answer was a long pamphlet from the contract department in which it was sought to throw discredit on the men behind the organization known as the Canadian Rural Mail Carriers. The big points were not answered or dealt with. The people in general are not interested in what some official in the postoffice department thinks of the mail carriers or their organization. The facts are there, plain and open to inspection, and they all show that here is a large body of men, doing a hard day's work every day, in all kinds of weather, keeping up their own horses and rigs, and drawing on an average \$750 per year. There should be some action that would give plain justice to these men, and give it to them quickly.

Working For a City.

The policemen in Toronto were promised certain increases in salary recommended by the chief. The mayor is also stated to have promised his support to the increases. But when the matter comes before the financiers in secret session the mayor is charged with voting in exactly the opposite way. This is just one more case showing the disadvantage a person has who holds a position in the gift of a municipality, where the whole business of salary and conditions becomes subject to the ideas of a fresh body of men each year who may know, or may not know, anything of the services and worth of the men in various positions in civic employment.

In a private company the management know the worth-while men; they can tell exactly what they are doing, and on account of this are in a position to see that more money for these men is not only a worthy encouragement but a good investment as well.

In recent years men who have risen to positions of trust in police and fire departments in Ontario cities have in many cases been held up for investigation.

They are subject to the whims of local politicians, who are often out

to make capital for the next election. As a general rule Ontario cities get good service from their employees, and they get this good service in spite of all sorts of criticism and baseless small talk.

Very seldom do we hear of a council speaking in terms of praise of its civic officials. A little of this would do a lot of good, and we know of no place where a start could better be made than right here in our own city of London.

Another Smash.

The Dominion Ticket and Financial Corporation of Winnipeg has closed its doors, and scores of small depositors are vaguely wondering what they can do to reach in and recover anything from the wreck.

The crown attorney of the province says he is sorry for those who have lost, but says they deserve credit for keeping their tempers at the mass meetings held to hear reports.

The total loss will be about \$657,000, and hundreds of depositors have lost the savings of a lifetime. Undoubtedly, for legal purposes, there is a fine distinction that must be observed between failures of this kind and the kind of thieving that sandbags a man on a dark night.

Of course, those now in charge of the wreck are urging that there be no violence shown.

Quite right, although there is always the suspicion that a certain amount of well regulated violence might be a very excellent thing in some of these cases.

Starting Too Late.

Citizens of North Sydney, N. S., waited on the mayor and advised him to leave the place, as a committee of said citizens would attend to the business.

They claimed the mayor was the leading bootlegger of the place, and not fit to represent North Sydney.

All this may sound very brave and very courageous, but the same adjective can be used to say that it is very bad and very dangerous.

The time for these citizens to show their "extreme care and precaution in matters of municipal government is on election day.

A majority of the people must have voted for this undesirable mayor.

More of a Squeeze.

Here comes one financial writer clapping his hands because "commodity prices are stronger, indicating confidence in the future."

A rise in the price of commodities indicates no such thing in Canada today.

It indicates that thousands of people who are not well off will have to pinch and squeeze a little harder to make profits for those who are not entitled to them.

Wrong All Through.

The Advertiser has presented in recent issues the story of the Ku Klux Klan, as told by one of its officers.

This man says the Klan has no intention of opening branches in Canada.

There is no good reason for it operating in the United States. It is a power that divides a nation; that takes into its own hands the most sacred duties of a government in the administration of justice.

From the standpoint of British justice, its secrecy is its weakness, and the fact that the members hide their faces when in public is a condemnation that calls for no other comment.

The secret societies in Canada now, no matter if they are K. C. or of the Orange order, do not find it necessary to conceal their identity. They wear emblematic pins and appear in public parades, willing that all should know their identity.

After having an opportunity to read much of the Ku Klux history, from facts given by one of its own members, the impression is more firm than ever in the Canadian mind that we want none of it.

Note and Comment.

Hon. W. E. Ramey is sick, so Dr. Forbes Godfrey, M. P. P., ought to send him a script.

There's a once-a-season slogan the wise husband should observe: "Say it with a dandy new hat."

One way to beat high cost of living—buy the family thermometer now, because they'll be higher in the summer.

"Never again," murmurs the general public as it looks at the L. R. Steel affair. Never again—no, not until the next time.

Latest reports from Germany make it plain that the Germans don't know whether to stay in the frying pan or jump into the fire.

As we sow so shall we reap. True in many ways, but we simply can't reap things that look like the covers on seed catalogues, no matter what we sow.

Premier Dunning of Saskatchewan is authority for the statement that farmers of that province received 85 cents for wheat in 1922 and 75 cents in 1921. Still, there's quite a long gap between that 85 cents and \$1.13 that is being paid now in Winnipeg.

When nothing else comes through, there is almost sure to be a despatch telling that Lenin and Trotsky are about dead. This pair have been killed by printers' ink more times than there has been a new crisis in the Near East.

DIBS AND DABS

BY HARRY MOYER



Says J. J. Is a Poor Farmer.

(T. H. Race in Mitchell Advocate.)
I RATHER hesitate to accept The London Advertiser's report of J. J. Morrison's sayings at a meeting held in Mr. Drury's constituency last week. What he went in Mr. Drury's riding for we don't know. But he is reported to have told the farmers down there that they must not be ashamed of themselves, because they were ashamed of the industry that gave them their bread. Mr. Morrison is not a fool by any means, but if he had to stand up on his record as a farmer he would be the first man to be ashamed of himself. I have passed his farm more than once, and I would certainly be ashamed of it if it were mine. Mr. Drury is an able man mentally as well as a good and successful farmer. Mr. Morrison is an able man mentally, but a mighty poor farmer. So there you have your choice. I have known them both

since childhood, and knew their fathers before them. Mr. Drury has not yet made a failure of anything, not even the job he is now at. Mr. Morrison has made a success of organizing the U. F. O., but has made a failure of farming. And he is going to fail in his tilt with Drury. Mr. Morrison must not think that he is the creator of the term "class consciousness," which he charges the farmers are being afraid of. He may have taken it from Eugene Debs. Great company! But for the farmers of Canada "broadening out" is a more fitting watchword than "class consciousness." The one is Tennysonian; the other Karl Marxian. The one is British; the other is German. The one of Christian origin; the other infidel. Drury has not only the best of it in origin, but also in ideal and purpose.

TO THE EDITOR

Re Doctors vs. Cooks.

Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir—Every day, in every way, we find our medical friends trying to make the sick well again. Every day, in every way, we find some of our cook friends trying to make us ill again. I would call the attention of the public to the gross mess cooking in the city and to the tainted meat sometimes used. In public places where they cook could they not be examined periodically seeing that the kitchen is decorated once a year, the pots and pans kept scrupulously clean, and all grease properly prepared for cooking?

Let it be broadcast far and wide no grease is fit for cooking unless it has been well boiled or rendered previously. By doing so we may expect palatable meals and less sickness. Remember cooking is an art.

VERITAS.

Dr. Chown vs. Dr. Chown.

Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir—In an official letter to the Methodist Church in Canada published in June last Dr. Chown, the general superintendent of that church, wrote as follows:

"It was never so apparent in Canada as it is today that if Protestantism cannot unite to speak with one voice the future is not only dark—it is dismal, distracting, distressing. One does not like to stir up religious controversy, and I will not trade with religious bigotry, but if I may venture to prophesy I would say with all conviction that if the major churches of Protestantism cannot unite the battle which is going on now so definitely for the religious control of our country will be lost within the next few years. I do not refer to the school question alone, but to the whole movement within Canada in the religio-political realm."

In a recent statement at Pembroke, Ont., March 7, 1923, Dr. Chown is reported in the public press as follows:

"While I cannot say that I fully understand the real significance of regulation No. 17, I do not think that the school question is difficult of solution or that it is a bar to that full understanding which alone can bring about the cementing of Canadian citizenship."

"I am of the opinion that the teaching of French should be compulsory in the English school and English in the French school. Canada can never build a truly united citizenship till we can each understand the language of the other. How better can we become mutual friends than by the study of each other's language?"

Which of these statements is the real Dr. Chown? If the latter is his high note of Canadian patriotism, then what becomes of the former, with its "baffle," for the religious control of our country? "Not the school question alone, but the whole movement within Canada in the religio-political realm?" Is it a baffle for the support of our French fellow-citizens in their effort to drive through parliament the church union bill, and by forming a great corporation with civil powers win the battle which is going on so definitely for the religious control of our country?—not the school question alone, but the whole movement within Canada in the religio-political realm? Which is the real Dr. Chown?
E. SCOTT.
Montreal, March 15, 1923.

Your Health

WHAT WE ALL CAN DO TO BETTER THE PUBLIC HEALTH.
By Royal S. Copeland, M.D.,
United States Senator from New York, former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

One of the great statesmen of the last generation was so impressed with the value of good health that he frequently wrote and spoke on this vital subject. On one occasion he said:

"The foundation on which repose the happiness and the future of a country, the care of public health is the first duty of a statesman."

There never was a truer saying. Last summer I visited Torcello, an island in the Adriatic Sea, which, in the tenth century was a powerful principality. It had boulevards, marble palaces, temples, monuments of splendor, sparkling canals and causeways of stone. Today nothing is left. Population and material wealth have disappeared. There remains nothing but the memory of the past.

What happened to destroy all this grandeur? Because of neglect of the foundations, Torcello perished. It had no future because its statesmen, ignorant of the causes of disease, neglected to care for the public health.

Torcello was the victim of mosquitoes and malaria. Its thousands of people died because infection was carried from house to house and from person to person until all disappeared.

We are living in a different period of history, but we have our dangers just as the ancients had theirs. There are diseases knocking at the gates of our nation. Some of these are carried by vermin or other animal pests. Bubonic plague is conveyed by the flea of the rat.

Typhus is carried by the body louse. Relapsing fever is disseminated by lice.

During the last four years there have been forty or fifty million cases of typhus in Russia, and deaths approximating nine millions have occurred in that suffering country. America must be on guard against this particular disease.

Statesmen have a duty to perform. To protect the public health against threats from abroad, there must be a display of statesmanship in providing against the evil day when those terrible diseases may enter our gates. The United States public health service and the Canadian officials should without delay be given abundant funds to guard the American ports against European diseases.

The individual must do his part to maintain the public health by leading such a life that society is not endangered through his carelessness. We must never forget our responsibility to our fellowmen. Disease must not be hidden away to fester and to propagate the seeds of disaster. It must be reported to the authorities and dealt with for the public good. When the individual does his full duty, then we may expect the statesman to do his. No matter what happens in other fields, statesmanship rarely rises above the common level. A vast amount of education is demanded to make governments do all

they can and should do to protect society against disease.

ANSWERS TO HEALTH QUESTIONS.

A. M. R. Q.—My eyes are inflamed owing to eyestrain. If I have glasses fitted to my eyes, how long do you think it will be before my eyes are normal again?

I cannot say just how long it will be before your eyes will be normal. My advice to you is to get the glasses and wait for results.

H. L. L. Q.—I am a boy 16 years old and would like to know what my correct height and weight should be. The average height of a boy 16 years old is 5 feet 5 inches, and the average weight 121 pounds. However, height and weight are entirely a matter of individuality.

P. W. Q.—Will you please tell me in what way lettuce, green peas, eggs, potatoes, ham, fruit, prunes and oranges are good for the body?

Kindly tell me about—
A.—All the foods you mention are very beneficial in building up the body, as they contain elements necessary for the maintenance of good health.

Kindly send a self-addressed stamped envelope for full particulars and restate your question.
D. A. Y. Q.—Will you kindly tell me what will make my eyelashes grow?

A.—Yellow oxide of mercury, 1 per cent applied to the eyelashes at night before retiring, will improve their growth.

The Daily Story

WHEN HARRY PROPOSED.
By H. IRVING KING.

"Allie, I am in love," Harry Drayton popped this out at the end of a short silence which had supervened in the conversation between himself and Allison Gower. He accompanied the remark with a sigh. They were on a hotel piazza; the moon was on the mountains and moonlight on the river. "You must have seen, Allie," went on the young man, "the—state of my heart. I—I—must know my fate tomorrow. I am sure you are trying to—"

"Oh, Harry," cried Allison, "please don't say any more tonight—please don't. I will give you an answer tomorrow morning." She had risen from her chair and stood ready for flight. Harry with a gasp sat up straight in his chair. "But, Allie," he cried, "you don't understand what I am trying to—"

"Oh, yes, I understand," broke in the agitated Allie. "Good night, dear!"—and she was gone.

Drayton fairly collapsed into the depths of his chair. "Well, of all the words failed him for further remark. He sat staring out blankly into the moonlight night. He and Allison Gower had been friends from childhood. From the time he could remember, he had always confided in Allie. And now when he had attempted to tell her that he was in love with Allie Blair, Allison had gone and taken his attempt as a proposal of marriage made to herself.

"By George," he thought, "what's to be done? From the way she took it, her answer to my supposed proposal will be yes. Then I shall be in a pretty pickle! What's to be done? What's the way out? Danged if I know!" The more he thought the more bewildered he became.

He spent most of the dark hours that night revolving over and over again the situation in which he found himself and seeing no way out. As he lay in bed, he thought of Allison, she who had been his friend from childhood, and he thought of the room after leaving Harry and turning on the light, sat down to think. Harry was in a daze so was Allie. She had always looked upon marriage as a most respectable and almost universal custom to which some day she might possibly be called upon to conform. But now it jumped from the realm of the abstract into the realm of the concrete with a suddenness which was rather startling. There was Harry Drayton suddenly changed from a life-long friend and confidant to a lover and would-be husband. If she really had to take a husband she could not just then think of anybody she preferred in that capacity to Harry. But how much better he was as a friend. She wondered how other girls felt when they had been proposed to.

There came a tap at her door. It was Allie Blair, who always stopped for a chat with her dear friend, Allie on her way to bed. Allie sometimes wished that Allie, who was a great talker, would occasionally omit this nightly visit, but tonight she halted

her as a visitant angel. For Allie regarded Allie as so wordily wise and experienced—which she was not—that counsel from her could not be of value. Therefore when Allie paused for breath after her first budget of hotel gossip, Allie said: "Allie, what do you think of marriage?"

"What a question," cried Allie. "I think it's something greatly to be desired of course—provided you get the right man. And since you have broached this most interesting subject, I will confide in you that I expect to be married myself before long—in fact, I know I'm going to be. But you must not tell a living soul until I tell you to."

"Oh, Allie," cried Allison, "how did you feel when he proposed?"

"Oh, he hasn't proposed yet," returned Allie calmly, "but he's going to tomorrow."

"How—how do you know?" gasped Allie.

"How do I know?" retorted Allie; "how do those figures in the barometer know when to come in and go out in advance of the weather? I am as sure Harry Drayton is going to propose to me tomorrow as I am that I am going to accept him. Haven't he told you he was in love with me? You and he are such chums and confidants that I supposed he had told you before this. But dear me, how late it's getting! Good night, dear!" And she was gone.

Now Allison Gower was a simple soul, but not without sense and resource when driven into a corner. Next morning Harry Drayton received the following note signed "Allie":

"Dear Harry—I ought not to have been so perturbed last night when you confided in me your intention of proposing to Allie Blair; for, of course, I have long seen how you felt toward her. You may have thought it strange in me to run away as I did, but the fact is marriage is such a serious matter that no advice should be given without due consideration concerning it—no hasty approval or disapproval. I wanted time to think, and I have thought. And after due consideration I have come to the conclusion that Allie is a dear, good girl and just the one to make you a good wife. So I give you both my blessing in the capacity of an old maid sister and hope both of you will continue to make me your confidant."

Harry Drayton swallowed this letter, "hook, line and sinker," as the saying is. True, he could not remember having mentioned Allie Blair's name in his attempted confidence—but then, of course, Allie must have seen. His attentions to Allie had been rather pronounced. He told Allie about it after he had proposed, and Allie said: "Oh, indeed, you of course," with a rather queer look on her face. But neither by word or sign did she ever intimate to Allie that she suspected the truth. Perhaps she didn't. Of course, you want to know if Allison Gower was ever married. She was, and she knew that the young man she eventually married was going to propose to her two months before he did—just as Allie had told her she would.

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