

London Advertiser

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THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1923.

Interests Are the Same.

The idea of group government is not growing in favor, even in the country, where the most pointed appeals are being made for its continuance and extension.

A resident of Lambton County, writing to The Advertiser, points out that there are many small centers, and some larger ones, in that riding, "and it is impossible, in point of legislative interest, to tell where the villages stop and the country begins. I will defy any man," states our informant, "to point out what interests there are that the farmers here have that are not important to the people in Alvington, Inwood, Watford, Arkona, Forest, Shetland, Florence, or any of the other places in the county. It is for that reason that the men and women in the small centers of population fail to see any good reason why there should be a distinctly farmer organization to control affairs at Toronto. A great many of the farmers feel the same way about it, and they know quite well that when they are getting along well the people in the villages are in the same state, and when times are hard with them they are also hard for the people in the villages. There is a similarity in their problems that cannot be denied. Many of the men now living in these places named above came from the farms, and their sons or other relatives in many cases are still working the same land they did. There is no difference at all between these people, and Mr. Morrison is going to find it harder to try and keep up his fences."

The situation is well put in that letter, and it is one that can be duplicated in many sections of Ontario. The people on the farms have no particular desire to be bound up to an arrangement that will prevent them from having anything to do politically with the men in the small centers of population right at their elbows and with whom they have met in a business and social way for years.

The whole movement along this line is aimed at Premier Drury. It is rather an uneven contest between him and Mr. Morrison, because the premier, by reason of the many demands made on his time, is tied up tight and cannot get out and address the people or be known by them. Mr. Morrison, on the other hand, seems to have a roving commission to spring up here, there and all over the province, addressing meetings of farmers, and at all these gatherings he keeps on driving away at his opposition to Premier Drury and his "broadening-out" policy.

The big thing Mr. Morrison has to contend with, and it is getting more formidable all the time, is that so many people in the villages and towns and so many people on the farms refuse to become a party to driving a wedge in between rural and urban Ontario.

Fine Old Customs.

With the advent of spring should come the mixing of sulphur and molasses. It used to be so, therefore it should be so yet. If any of our advanced critics should dare to rise up today and say that sulphur and molasses belongs to the age and chapter of myths, then a large section of our civilization and tradition would immediately collapse.

Or if not sulphur and molasses, then the heart of an iron wood stick boiled and poured into the rising generation. At other times it is a concoction of slippery elm bark or hop bitters.

The sulphur used to stick on the back of the tongue, but somehow when a fond parent took you by the nose and put a good-sized spoonful right in when there was no chance of spitting it out, the process seemed simple. Iron wood was bitter, hop bitters were more so, but with the coming of spring these ministrations had to be.

Then shortly after the sulphur, slippery elm and bitters some person was sure to discover that sap was running, and spring walked in.

Labor In Britain.

Several American cartoonists have been having a fling at picturing the King of England dining with some representatives of the Labor party in the Commons. The dinner was arranged by Lady Astor, the initiative being taken by the king.

One U. S. cartoonist pictures the king with a row of bottles around him, a tremendous crown on his head, and "Labor" sitting next to him in shirt sleeves. He wears no collar, but a handkerchief is tied about his neck. In one hand is a knife, on the end of which is poised a large piece of meat, while in the other hand he has a glass.

These cartoonists fail miserably to grasp the meaning or extent of the "Labor" movement in Britain. They say no heed to the class of men who are in the movement. To them the word "Labor" means shirt sleeves and eating meat and pie with a knife.

Were a great political genius to arise in England today, one who had an unquestioned penchant for or-

ganization, he might prefer to take the material offered by the Labor group than that available from any other source. The average Labor man in Britain has moral and religious fervor; he may talk in large, loose terms of internationalism, but at heart he loves his own country more than he hates his enemies.

But the Labor men of Britain are not eating peas with a knife; they are not rough, uncouth personages who feel very much out of place in the presence of royalty.

Arthur Henderson, we imagine, could get along very well in any environment. It might be urged against him that he contradicts himself more than any other man in the British parliament. It was Arthur Henderson who reasoned that "the biggest incomes and fortunes are to be the main source of revenue, but Labor will work to make them as impossible as they are inequitable." Apart from that failure, Henderson is a big man. He was formerly a molder, and he knows the problem of the people.

J. R. Clynes is able to cross swords with the best of them in debate; he thinks clearly and he thinks well. Not many years ago he was in a cotton factory, and he has brought to public life with him an intimate knowledge of the life of those engaged in the great textile trades.

Then there is Thomas, J. H., whose ability as an organizer and negotiator might well be the envy of most of the titled men in England. He started life as an errand boy, then worked as an engine-cleaner. Today he is a man of wide experience. He could surely eat a meal without drinking tea from a saucer or buttering bread with his thumb.

James Ramsay MacDonald, the man who would lead his country in time of war with Germany, suffered what few men have by reason of his war views, because in principle he is a pacifist. There is no doubt that had he gone with the majority he would have been the Labor representative in the cabinet. No person has ever questioned his bravery and honesty, and none has more fearlessly spoken against secret diplomacy. He is a man of commanding appearance, and there is no more staunch champion of the peace of Europe than James Ramsay MacDonald.

The conception the U. S. cartoonist has of British "Labor" is away below par. It fails to recognize that it is a great, powerful organization, voicing the views of a great mass of people who are striving for something better and fairer than they have had heretofore.

It is not too much to surmise that the King of England sees in the growing Labor group the people he may have to call in some day to form a government. In the incident one finds the main reason why Britain retains its monarchical form of government—the king is wise enough to keep close to his people.

We Should Be Careful.

Prof. Stephen Leacock may have been making a serious attempt at humor in New York when he suggested giving away the Canadian National Railways. It is the plain duty of every Canadian citizen to speak well of the enterprise at home and away from home.

The road has enough handicaps to overcome without Canadian speakers running about picturing it as a white elephant that we would gladly wish on any person unsuspecting enough to take it off our hands.

Canada is committed to a thorough trial of public ownership of the National Railways. When that has been done, and we have demonstrated that national ownership and operation is not feasible, it will be time enough then for the wreckers to get in their work.

Note and Comment

The feeling is growing, brethren, that the Ontario Legislature has done its full share of loose talk for the season of 1923.

On Thursday of last week there was no crisis arising either in Europe or the Near East. It surely was a dull, listless sort of a day.

Better business is just around the corner. In London there's a bank on nearly every corner, so we're going to ask the bankers what's holding things up.

One chap in London has just come back from the south, and is willing to bet money that the descendants of Jesse James all went into the hotel business there.

A farmer writes The Advertiser wanting to know how to make money with hogs down and feed up in price. The financial and market editors are working on the question, but up to the time of going to press had not advanced one-quarter of an inch toward a solution.

W. F. Nickle, M. P. P., says Ontario has a deficit of \$1,392,000, while Hon. Peter Smith says the province has a surplus of a million. In such a tangle the general public can only fall back on the fact that, while figures can't lie, it's a caution how liars can figure.

An ardent young lover in Windsor, a lineman, whose first name is Nick, has been so insistent that for the next six months he will be in jail. Five times he has been in court for a style of courtship that might have won applause in the stone age. Nick finds it hard to get his ardent stepped down to the regulation 1923 voltage.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



QUITE VIGOROUS

(From the Calgary Albertan.)

THE days of vigorous election campaigns are not over in this province even yet. The vigor with which some of the new electors are entering into the contests is shown in somewhat lurid light by a report of one of the municipal election campaigns held in the province last month.

Here is the report: Bellis, Alta., March 5.—Considerable excitement was caused by the municipal election in town which was held here on Feb. 27, six candidates trying their luck. George W. Nykolaychuk was the successful candidate, winning by a majority of six votes.

Feeling ran very high between the opposing sides, and chairs, tables, ballot box started flying around when Frank Prusak, deputy returning officer, refused to count a spoiled ballot. Mr. Prusak escaped with three or four kicks on the head, but left his little hand on Alex. Nykolaychuk, who is alleged to have started the fracas. Geo. Parker gallantly tried to defend the poll door, but was outnumbered, and the crowd rushed in and things waxed hot and heavy. No serious damages resulted, with the exception of an occasional black eye.

Const. Buchanan, A.P., is serving the evil-doers summonses to appear next Wednesday.

The scene of the vigorous encounter is in a Russian settlement in the far north of the province.

LIGHTER VEIN

Young hopeful—Father, what is a traitor in politics? Veteran politician—A traitor is a man who leaves his party and goes over to the other one. Young hopeful—Well, then, what is a man who leaves his party and comes over to yours? Veteran politician—A convert, my son.

An Unjust Accusation. Mrs. Miller had just engaged a new maid. She was Irish, and not particularly well trained. She always did the wrong thing at the wrong time, and if by any chance she ever did the right thing she did it in such a way as to make it appear wrong. Gladys Miller was just 19 years old, and she often had her fiancé round for the evening.

On one of these occasions Gladys and her beau were whispering sweet nothings to each other in the drawing-room when Bridget walked into the room without giving the least warning of her approach.

"Bridget," said Gladys severely, the next day, "your manner is very bad. You should not come into the room so suddenly when Mr. Parkin is passing the evening with me."

"Sudden!" exclaimed Bridget, with disgust, "and is it sudden you call it, an' me wid me ear to the blessed keyhole a full three-quarters of an hour before?"

Shingled Fish.

Little Polly had been in the kitchen. Somebody asked her what she had been doing. "Oh," she replied seriously, "I was out in the kitchen watching cogs take the shingles off the fish."

ICE-BREAKER "MAKULA" AGROUND, SPRINGS LEAK

Canadian Press Despatch.

Quebec, March 14.—The ice breaker Makula, better known as the John D. Hazen, ran aground yesterday at Cap a la Roche, St. Jean Des Chateaux, and sprang a leak. With the assistance of the Lady Grey she was refloated, and is now awaiting the arrival of the ice breaker Montcalm, which left Quebec this morning with a number of powerful pumps on board. It is believed the damage sustained by the Makula is serious. The ice breaker ran ashore in the blind snowstorm, when she was on her way to Three Rivers.

HON. W. E. RANEY HAS "FLU"

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, March 14.—Hon. W. E. Raney, attorney-general, is stricken with influenza, and will not be back in his department this week. His condition is not serious, however.

Your Health

HOW YOU MAY AVOID DANGERS OF "SPRING BOILS."

By Royal S. Copeland, M.D., United States Senator from New York, Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

Diseases play tricks and have their habits just as human beings perform. If you study them you will solve many of their mysteries, and learn how to outwit them. To defeat disease is to increase in a joyful thing.

With the advent of certain seasons there is sure to be an increase in certain diseases. For instance, about this time of year boils are apt to be common. This is particularly true of boils in the ear canals.

Winter plays havoc with health. The city folks go to banquets, they eat rich food, and stay up late nights. During the cold weather they walk little in the open air. Street cars, subways, automobiles and taxis are too convenient.

Country people eat rich food—delicious pancakes and sausage—eat greasy and all the fixings. Outdoor chores are not so regularly performed. Stormy weather results in unaccustomed inactivity.

Winter means too much rich food and too little exercise. It means neglect of the skin. Lack of perspiration and less frequent bathing cause the skin to clog, and leave it the ready victim of infection.

All these conditions lower the vitality, and lessen the powers of resistance to germ action. Likewise, they increase the demands upon the kidneys, and any weakness here is apt to show itself in skin defects.

When boils appear, whether in the ear canals or elsewhere, make a survey of the body to see what is wrong. Lots of times bad teeth or bad tonsils may be producing pus which travels to the skin surface, to inoculate it and cause trouble there.

The urine should be tested in every such case. Make sure it is free from sugar and evidence of inflammation of the kidneys. This is very important advice.

Some day, as I have said on many occasions, we will be ashamed to admit our illnesses. Almost always they are due to real faults of our own. Don't credit the devil with your ailments unless you are willing to admit yourself to be his agent. The fact is, too many of our bodies are victims to sinful neglect of our bodies. This temple is defiled by our own acts.

I need to follow this advice as much as you do, but at least I am telling you frankly where the fault lies. If any one of us treated railroad property as we treat our bodies we would be accused of sabotage and sent to prison.

Sometimes a little boil can be soaked by applying iodine or other strong antiseptic. But when the miserable thing once develops there is need of medical attention.

The worst feature is the likelihood of repeated boils—"crops" of boils. When once the system gets out of condition from this infection you are fortunate if the trouble ends with the first boil.

Drink lots of lemonade and eat half a yeast-cake with each meal for a while. Correct your family habits. Take plenty of hot baths, and see your family doctor.

Answers to Health Questions.

H. C. F. Q.—Will the use of heuna cause a person to go insane?

A.—No, it will not cause insanity.

A READER. Q.—Will you please tell me whether milk or buttermilk is better for a tubercular patient?

A.—Milk has the greater food value, and is better for a tubercular patient than buttermilk.

C. N. F. Q.—Will you kindly tell me how to cure bunions?

A.—Try wearing broad-toed shoes and placing a pad of cotton between the great toe and the second toe to keep the great toe straight and relieve the pressure.

J. G. Q.—Will you kindly tell me how to overcome the tobacco habit? I have been smoking for several years.

A.—Paint your throat with 3 percent silver nitrate and smoke immediately after. You must also use your will power.

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The Daily Story

BUT IT DOESN'T SHOW.

By CORONA REMINGTON.

Pick apples. Pick beans. Sweep house. Clean house. Clean stove. Get corn. Make soup. Fix hash.

Josephine Maclean took two soapy hands out of the dish water, dabbed them against her fresh gingham apron, picked up a stubby pencil and scratched off the last item on the list that hung just above the sink.

"Almost washed away," she said as she plunged back into the water and scanned the memorandum once more. "Then I guess I'd better gather the vegetables. It'll soon be so hot. Oh, dear, I wish—"

Josephine stopped short. She never permitted herself to express her wishes out loud. But once in a while, way down inside, she indulged in an orgy of rebellion. She couldn't see why fate should have made her mother so frail and unable to carry her share of the load. Nor why, if her mother had not told her those lovely little nothings that girls adore.

She was too practical—that was it—and men didn't like practical girls. They liked little cheery, fluffy-duffy girls who could flirt and spend their lives in one endless round of parties and dances—girls who wore their hair like a cloud and their dresses like a wagon load of hay.

At this point in her musing Josephine glanced at her reflection in the distorted little cheery mirror also over the sink, and saw a rather serious oval face with big brown eyes that seemed to hold a perpetual question.

The face was almost Madonna-like in its sweet simplicity—even she could see that. But heavenly men don't like that sort of thing. They want ruffles and fluff and jazz. Josephine laughed almost harshly as she pondered over these things. Her dresses, too like her coiffure, were simple and practical.

Her glance strayed over to the nickel alarm clock hanging on a nail by the door. It was getting late and so much yet to do. Soon it would be dinner time, and she must be punctual today, for Mr. Waring, their one boarder, taken on to help with the grocer's bill, might revolt. He had been so patient and never a murmur of complaint. He was an angel, that's what he was. He had been with the Macleans for over three months recovering from an almost fatal attack of pneumonia, and never once had he made a single complaint. At the thought of him Josephine's face clouded. There it was again, he was simply the nicest man she'd ever known, but his manner toward her was as impersonal as if she'd been the coal hod or the clog stove or any other bit of kitchen furniture. Often he'd even come out in the kitchen and help her serve the meals and laugh and joke with her, but never a single little thing like:

"Oh, you look so tired. Let me do it while you sit down," or "Come on, let's take a walk after supper. Won't you?"

Why shouldn't he like her a little bit? She wasn't doiled up enough. That was it—bitterly.

Then if that's what all men want, why not give it to them? At first the idea seemed so preposterous that Josephine felt as if it were some one else daring her to try it, but as she thought it over it seemed more and more reasonable and less and less preposterous. Why shouldn't she look as pretty as possible, just like other girls? She should, and she would!

In this feverish eagerness she hurried through dinner and the dishes afterward, then rushed upstairs to experiment. For an hour she worked over her hair and her dress, and the result was a masterpiece. She was prettier, softer looking and more girlish—more feminine, she decided at last. The hair was like water, and exactly covered it. Then she put on her one little frilly organdie dress that a cousin had sent her and that she had been keeping for great occasions. The effect was amazing. As she pruned in front of the mirror she smiled at her own reflection.

"If you weren't Josephine Maclean,"

"I'd think you were awfully pretty," he said. At supper that evening Bill Waring stared at Josephine as if he'd never seen her before.

"You—you're lovely," he said, quite naturally. "But why so dressed up?" he laughed.

"Oh, not so awfully dressed up," he answered. "Lately I haven't had time to take care of myself," glibly, "and this morning I just decided to turn over a new leaf if the dust got knee deep in the house."

It was a fib, but there were some things that the other sex simply must not know.

"Good for you! Just to celebrate the new leaf, let's take a walk after supper. I'll help wash the dishes."

It was the day of days for Josephine. The evening was cool and fragrant, with the moon casting a light of mystery over all. The man by her side was quiet, but it was a pleasant quiet—the quiet of congeniality.

"Do you know Josephine," he said after a while, "you're the girl of my dreams. You're sweet and feminine and womanly, yet you're not light and lippant and empty-headed. You're efficient, but it doesn't show."

Josephine laughed a happy laugh. "What a funny idea—efficient but it doesn't show."

"I mean it. So many capable women are bossy and dictatorial and overbearing. You know the type, but you're—you're—" he swept her into his arms. "You're adorable."

On the way home while he was talking to her as men should talk to girls, she was singing a little song inside her. "Efficient but it doesn't show—efficient but it doesn't show."

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SURPLUS PREDICTED FOR BRITISH BUDGET

Already Statement From Exchequer Shows £102,000,000 to the Good.

Associated Press Despatch. London, March 14.—This morning's newspapers predict a record budget surplus at the end of the financial year on March 31.

The statement of the exchequer to March 10 shows a surplus of £102,000,000, made possible by a large reduction in expenditures and a considerable increase of revenue. The income tax has come in so well that, notwithstanding the fact that it is one shilling a pound less than in the previous year, it exceeds the estimate by £7,500,000. Several other revenue items show large increases.

It is recalled that last year's budget afforded a surplus of £750,000, and the surplus over the financial position of the government has been proportional to the difference.

Conservative financial editors, however, warn the public that things are not always what they seem and that therefore the people need not flatter themselves that the accumulation of funds will be entirely applicable to relieve the situation. For one thing, the surplus is being automatically applied to the debt redemption, especially the treasury bills, £64,000,000 of which have been redeemed since January 1.

Moreover, it is emphasized that the realized surplus for the current year affords only a slight clue to future budget prospects. Nevertheless, the overburdened taxpayer is asked to have hope.

GOVERNMENT TO ACT IN STEEL SETTLEMENT

Department Asks Crown Attorneys to Attend to Local Complaints.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, March 14.—Deputy Attorney-General Bayly stated this morning that the department was standing by, ready to take a hand in any court proceedings arising out of the L. R. Steel Company's crash. Just what the status the government has in the bankruptcy courts is not yet decided.

The department had wired all the crown attorneys to give attention to all local complaints and report details to the department.

Mr. Bayly points out that individual cases of fraud in the sale of steel is a declared that the government will take an active part in any court proceedings which may result. The department is gathering more information and watching every move of the parties concerned.

WILL IMPROVE TRACKS. Special to The Advertiser.

Port Lambton, March 12.—The first contingent of the extra gang of laborers, who are being employed by the P.M. Railway on the extension work on their tracks here, arrived Saturday night, and the men began work yesterday. Work will begin at once. Assistant Superintendent Lyman was in town Monday looking over the situation.

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