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TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1925.

Mr. Nickle is Right.

Attorney-General Nickle has sent word to Windsor putting a stop to any move for the giving of a so-called "truth serum" to a prisoner held there in connection with the death of Clayton McMullen, and sane public thought will say the attorney-general is right.

The serum is supposed to have the effect of making a person tell the truth whether it is the desire to do so or not. It is purely an experiment of the most fantastic variety, and a Canadian court of justice is certainly not the place for such an experiment to be carried on.

The laws of the land demand that a person tell the truth in court. A witness is bound by a solemn oath to do so, and if it is found that he falsifies his statements, there are severe penalties for perjury. That gives very good protection, and also the means for dealing adequately with offenders.

The idea of squirting some sort of a serum in a man's veins before he gives evidence smacks of procedure that might be followed in some U. S. courts, where all manner of slobbering sentiment is allowed, and where the stern business of bringing out the facts is largely obscured by the inroads that modern nonsense have made.

Regards It As Dangerous.

The Hamilton Herald takes occasion to warn Mr. Meighen about the statements made by J. L. Gauthier when he appeared with Mr. Meighen at Conservative picnic in London. The Herald says:

"Among the few Quebec recruits who have enlisted under the banner of Mr. Meighen is Joseph Louis Gauthier, a former Liberal. He was one of the speakers at the recent Conservative picnic in London. At that gathering Mr. Gauthier said that in the face of danger threatening from the west, it is the duty of the people of Ontario and Quebec to join hands, for their economic interests are identical. Present-day Liberals, he declared, have forsaken the banner of Laurier for the red flag of the Progressives, and he denounced the Progressives of the prairie provinces as 'reds,' communists and dangerous radicals."

"Mr. Meighen would do well to check the exuberant rhetoric of his too ardent lieutenant. If Mr. Gauthier talks in the coming election campaign as he talked in London he is likely to do more harm than good to the Conservative cause. The western Progressives are almost all farmers, Canadian farmers, even those in the prairie provinces, are not 'reds,' and to denounce them as such is not unlikely to cause resentment among farmers generally."

When it becomes necessary for the independent press to warn Mr. Meighen of the company he is keeping, it may yet dawn on either himself or his backers that he is starting out prepared to pay too great a price for the return of the Conservatives at Ottawa.

The idea of Mr. Meighen bringing Mr. Gauthier from Quebec to London to try and drive a wedge of suspicion and distrust between east and west shows the length to which he is prepared to go in order to become premier of Canada. There are many Conservatives who were quick to see the danger in the policy of Mr. Meighen.

Could Develop a Great Industry.

The way in which the flow of Canadian wheat and flour to the United States market has been choked off by an increasing tariff is shown in comparative figures just issued at Ottawa. Prior to May 27, 1921, wheat and flour entered United States free of duty. Then came the demand of the farm bloc that it be stopped, and wheat was taxed 35c per bushel and flour 20c per cent; that rate existed from May, 1921, to September, 1922, when the Fordney tariff gave the U. S. growers protection of 42c per bushel on wheat and \$1.04 per hundred on flour. A ten-month period in the years 1921-22-23-25 shows the effect on exports of wheat and flour.

WHEAT.

1921	\$98,151,146
1922	16,650,661
1923	12,464,543
1925	4,253,801

WHEAT FLOUR.

1921	\$12,126,915
1922	3,983,017
1923	2,175,096
1925	47,919

There can be only one inference from all this—United States does not want Canadian wheat or Canadian flour. The reason is that if Canadian wheat could enter the U. S. market free of duty, it would monopolize it; there would be a restricted demand for the western U. S. crop, because it is of inferior quality.

That ought to point very definitely to the lesson that Canada should regard her wheat crop as a peculiar natural resource that has enough quality to dominate the world market. It should be milled here to as great an extent as possible, its quality zealously guarded to keep it from being mixed with softer foreign grains, and sold under the guarantee that it is a Canadian product throughout, grown here, milled here, packed here.

Instead of that we find a movement which seeks to give to United States centers all the advantage of having produced this quality of wheat, for, because of freight and boat rate inequalities, wheat can be laid down cheaper

in Buffalo than at Canadian points of equal shipping distance.

United States does not want anything to do with our wheat or flour, except to use some of it as a matter of convenience to bolster up its softer flour in milling. We need a firm, definite policy that will meet and handle the situation, and Canada is the only country we need to consider in drafting that policy.

A Critical Time on Farms.

The manner in which the Canadian west takes in its crop and calls on the rest of Canada to help in the work is more spectacular than the same operation in Ontario, but saving the crop is just as urgent a business here, although we are apt to lose sight of the fact that it is often done only by excessively long hours by the men who are carrying on on Ontario farms.

There are many farms in Ontario today where an extra harvest hand would be welcomed, but he is not forthcoming. The only thing left to do is for the farmer and his hired man, in many cases with some help from the women in the house, to go ahead and complete the task. He doesn't appear on the front pages like the thousands of harvesters who crowded the station in Toronto on the way west, in fact, we hear very little of him, but he is putting in every possible hour of daylight in a big effort to gather in his crop, an operation that is the winding up of his whole year's work in that line.

If some of the men around town are convinced that their hours are too long, we suggest that they follow a farmer who is carrying the burden of a farm alone or with a hired man during the cutting, drawing-in and threshing season.

Port Talbot Development.

The famous Talbot property at the port bearing that name on Lake Erie has been sold to a group of Detroit men, who will proceed with its development as a summer resort on an approved and somewhat exclusive scale. They have picked an ideal and a historic spot, and can see the possibilities of its future.

The use to which it will be put is somewhat widely removed from the idea in the mind of Colonel Thomas Talbot, the forceful founder of the place, who in 1803 started to give point and direction to its settlement and destiny. To him, Talbot settlement was a place where British people, weary of United States, should come and work the land, build roads and live. He never had any idea of getting people from the republic to come to Talbot settlement for anything that looked like a vacation. That's one of the differences between 1803 and 1925.

In a way it's another chapter in the American development of Canada—this time of old Ontario. It suggests, perhaps, that we have become satisfied with the phrases that tell about Canada's glorious future, and have failed to realize that the glorious future is right here, all about us, waiting for initiative and confidence to make that future start its existence right now.

Better Make Certain.

Reader sends in a query about a toadstool he picked. It doesn't peel easily and has a ring around the bottom. He wants to know if it is good to eat, or how to find out.

This is one point on which a paper would hesitate, to the point of becoming obstinate, before giving advice. It was Dr. John Dearnness, one of the best know authorities on fungi, who stated only a few days ago that there were no set rules, no printed matter that could be used, so that the amateur could go out safely, gather up the growth and eat it in perfect safety.

It is a knowledge that comes from practice. A person goes out with one who knows certain varieties that are all right; he becomes acquainted with them and touches no other. Later on he may learn of others that are edible, and these he adds to his list, but he can't tell by looking at a strange variety if it is good or not, so he leaves it alone.

The greenhorn who wants to gather mushrooms or toadstools had better hitch his fortunes up with some friend who has been out before, one who knows from experience that a certain growth is all right, good, and perfectly safe. It is well to build quite a little hedge of safety around the first operations, otherwise, there is a chance that they may be the last.

Note and Comment.

Being shrewd means getting credit for the work done by others.

The leading national problem is: "Can I make the old tires last out the season?"

A party of veterans from Toronto visited London on Saturday. They enjoyed the change immensely.

Since the short skirt came back two defunct optical concerns have been revived to the point of paying dividends.

A man in Pembroke has one tomato plant that has 120 tomatoes on it. Some canning factory will probably establish a branch there.

The mayor of Stratford says 40 names are being considered in connection with two Senate vacancies in Ontario. Many are calling, but few are chosen.

Dr. Crane says if we keep on riding we shall eventually be a generation minus arms and legs. Not quite right, because the fellows who walk are getting that done to them, too.

If Mr. King wants a cheerful note for some of his political addresses, we suggest this one from the South Bend Tribune: "It is not often that the money of any other country goes above the American dollar. It evidences the soundness of business conditions in Canada and the increase in export trade."

The Day After

John Henry came to have a fight,
to swat his fist upon my chin, be-
cause I'd dared to grab my pen and
write a chapter unto him.

Just yesterday I wrote a yarn about John Henry and his wife, and tellin' of the things I knew that happened in their summer life. How he had been a lively jay and carried on in ways not nice, how he had kicked his heels aloft and pushed them through the dashboard twice.

And how when she had been away she had a retinue around, nor had she pined away at all a-listenin' to the sad waves' sound.

The story struck me fairly good as tellin' how these folks performed, and likewise lettin' of them know the public was quite well informed.

John Henry come in here today, he had a scintille in his fist, and threatened how he'd wipe me out and scroll me on the has-been list. What right had I to speak aloud about the things what he had did, insinuat' how his guests they sometimes walked, more often slid.

I was just makin' trouble then and blazin' up his peaceful life, and flixin' things he'd have to face and make them square unto his wife. If I would mind my own affairs why he'd be mindin' of his own, it was no other person's right to cast reflections on his home.

Well, after he had gone I worked, quite glad I'd seen the last of him, when after thumpin' on the door John Henry's wife come struttin' in.

And did you ever hear the like, the way she jumped about the place, she said she'd like to have an axe and hew a section from my face. John Henry's wife she's fair to see, she's got the atmosphere of spring, but I was thinkin' in the storm I'd rather see some other thing.

John Henry's words was fierce, I know, but they were flat and out of date, when stuck against the way she worked when chantin' on her hymn of hate.

It was most strange, at least she said, if she could not go off to rest, without me blazin' in the sky that she was flirin' like the rest. I don't mind all the things she said, but most of them was powerful bad, and she could make the clinkers fly when she be boilin' up and mad.

So after this I'm goin' to quit reformin' lives of married folks, who want to kick their heels a spell and have their little summer jokes. I'm not for risin' an attack from out John Henry's summer shoes, and they can henceforth hit the sky and be as giddy as they choose—ARK.

25 Years Ago Today

A despatch from Salt Lake City tells of the death of Joseph P. Noble. The service was attended by 30 of his children, 84 of his grandchildren, and a number of his great-grandchildren. Mr. Noble has had six wives, 47 children, of whom 33 are living. He was a Massachusetts shoemaker when Brigham Young went to his native town in 1832 and converted him.

Oom Paul Kruger has issued an appeal to the Boers not to surrender or lay down arms, concluding: "Every step homeward means a step nearer St. Helena."

A cabinet meeting, at which there will be a pretty full representation of the ministers, will be held probably on Saturday. Mr. Paterson has arrived from the west, and Sir Wilfrid, Sir Richard Cartwright and Hon. William Mulock will be in Ottawa shortly.

The C. P. R. is giving a special rate of \$7.70 to Chicago and return during the G. A. R. annual encampment there.

Hon. George W. Ross laid the cornerstone of St. Andrew's church at Parry Sound. Mr. John I. A. Hunt of London has again been appointed one of the grain standard board, for the purpose of choosing samples of grain grown east of Port Arthur, to be standards by which inspectors will work.

Rev. William Gould and family arrived from Hamilton for a visit prior to their departure from Formosa.

Sergt. Dixon, writing to his relatives here, tells of a ball game played by the troops in South Africa, where the handle of a pick-axe was all that could be secured for a bat.

To the Editor

Museum and Art Gallery.

Suggestion About Future of Headley Goes Into Some Details in Connection with the Plan.

Editor of The Advertiser:
Sir,—Subject, of course, to what testamentary disposition may have been made, the suggestion that "Headley," home of the late Sir Adam Beck, be preserved as a public memorial, is one deserving most favorable consideration.

Beautiful for situation in this steadily-growing city, its setting for an institution is admirable, and the advantages of its preservation will be more and more appreciated as time passes. In addition to use in keeping documents, drawings, etc., relating to the inception and development of the great hydro enterprise, it would afford ample space for the establishment of what London and Western Ontario has long hoped, viz., a museum and art gallery. For years, splendid collections of geological and historic interest, like those of Dr. Woolverton and others, have been growing. Suitably assembled and displayed, their extent and educational value would prove a veritable surprise and delight. Again and again the desire has been expressed for the beginning of a public, permanent collection of paintings and other objects of art, with some of the now world-famous pictures of Paul Peel as a nucleus.

A son of London who has brought distinction to his native city, a fitting recognition on our part has been long overdue. In the production of works of art, London has had a lengthy and creditable history; and examples would doubtless be available from the brushes of Griffith, Davidson, Judson, Chapman, McEvoy, Bell-Smith, Hunt, Glen, Miss Bradshaw, Miss Carlyle, Miss Healey, and others, and also by St. Thomas Smith, and other distinguished Western Ontario painters.

Once begun under suitable auspices and direction in a worthy center like Headley, the collection would speedily grow by contribution and acquisition, and become a rendezvous for lovers of things beautiful, as well as curious, ministering to the civic pride and aspirations of the people. London, Aug. 22, 1925. W. T.

Reunion of the Zavitz Family

The accompanying poem was read at the Zavitz picnic, held at Springbank park, on Wednesday the 19th, where 557 of the Zavitz descendants or name registered at their second reunion. Other relatives and visitors swelled the company to near 700. The Zavitzes have been quite a prolific race and they migrated into Canada back in 1784.

THE ZAVITZ REUNION.

Most everybody wonders
What makes this Western land
This South and West Ontario,
So glorious and grand.

I've lately learned the secret,
And let the news be hurled
From this day, and from this place,
To all the wondering world.

What wrought this transformation?
Let all the nation know:
'Twas the influence of the Zavitzes,
Who came here long ago.

Some others may have helped a bit,
We'll give them all their due;
But we, we took the grandest old
And made a grander new.

The best from all of Europe came
To Pennsylvania;
And there they sorted out the best
To come to Canada.

They brought the best from Holland's
Dunes,
From Alsace and Lorraine,
The best from Germany and France,
The best of Dutch and Dane.

The best that dwelt by Rhine and
Rhône,
'Twixt Zuider Zee and Po,
They brought it here and planted it
From Bertie to the Eau.

One Zavitz came to Bertie,
To Wainfleet one did go,
One brother braved the Western
winds,
And settled near Rondeau.

They came here to the wilderness;
They knew no fear or foe,
They spread their light and culture
From Bertie to the Eau.

They hewed homes in the wilderness
Wherever they did go,
The smoke curled over their humble
huts
From Bertie to the Eau.

They swung their babes in birchen
boughs,
They swung them to and fro;
In fancy I can see them swing
From Bertie to the Eau.

They tilled the ground among the
stumps
With wide-horned oxen teams;
And with their oxen drove to church,
And dreamed their heavenly
dreams.

They carried wheat for twenty miles
Or more upon their backs;
And carried home the precious flour
Through winding Indian tracks.

But, thus they grew a thrifty race,
Extracting bliss from woe,
And left a famed posterity
From Bertie to the Eau.

If anybody doubts my word
Just let him view this host.

And then must needs agree with me
That 'tis no idle boast.

The poet, could he see this sight,
Would change his warlike lay:
'Twere worth ten years of martial
strife
One glance at this array.

We're not a horde of soldier men
Equipped for murderous deed;
But peace men, brave and sober men,
The Lord's own chosen seed.

This is our watchword, O! my friends,
As year by year goes by:
Inscribed with, "Love for God and
men."

We'll lift our banner high,
—Edgar M. Zavitz, Coldstream, Ont.
Aug. 18, 1925.

DEWAR RITES HELD AT WINDSOR HOME

Former London Telephone Man Honored by Masonic Lodge Funeral.

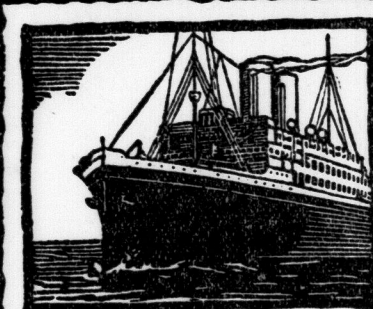
Canadian Press Despatch.
Windsor, Aug. 24.—Many high executives of the Bell Telephone Company attended funeral services which were held in Windsor today for Fred W. Dewar, late manager of the company's Windsor district, who died Friday following a long illness.

The rites were solemnized at the house, 496 Pelissier street, and later at Windsor Grove cemetery, where interment took place. Both civil and Masonic obsequies were conducted, amid the presence of scores of friends, business associates and fraternal brethren. The Masonic portion of the funeral was under the auspices of Ontario lodge, A. F. and

A. M., of which Mr. Dewar was a past master.
Mr. Dewar, who was editor of the Free Press at London for 40 years, prior to his death 20 years ago. He was manager of the Windsor district since 1911, and was largely responsible for the rapid development of the local territory to one of 14,000 subscribers and three exchanges. A widow and several brothers and sisters survive.
One of those attending the rites from out of town was P. A. McFarlane of Montreal, general manager of the Bell Telephone Company.

HEROIC CAPTAIN IS GIVEN SILVER CUP FOR RESCUE

Canadian Press Despatch.
St. John, N. B., Aug. 24.—Lieutenant-Governor W. F. Todd this afternoon, on behalf of the British board of trade, presented a solid sterling silver cup to Captain A. L. Greenlaw, of the tug Ocean Eagle, in commemoration of his heroism in saving the lives of six of the crew of the steam trawler Mikado, wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia in May, 1924.



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September 4th—Toronto, Inglewood Junction and all Stations south and west thereof in Ontario.



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A-22, 25



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