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London Advertiser

FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1923.

How Can the Farmer Compete?

Men who are taking a leading part in agriculture in its various branches, live stock, mixed or dairy farming are right when they state that the solution of some of the most pressing problems they face today rests with the farmers themselves. The solution is not going to come by individual, but by united effort. Or, to use the word that has been somewhat abused, by co-operative methods.

Mr. Edward H. Stonehouse, president of the National Dairy Council of Canada, giving evidence at Ottawa before the special committee on agricultural conditions, stated the case very well when he said:

"Getting right down to cases, I wish to say that to my mind the solution lies in two directions. First, in economy in production, which covers a very wide range of subjects, then economy in marketing and the elimination of the purely speculative interests that come between the producer on the one hand and the consumer on the other hand."

It may be argued that Mr. Stonehouse has stated nothing new. We have heard all this before, especially of the move to bring the consumer and the producer closer together, and nothing much has ever come of it. The consumer knows that he is not buying to his better advantage, and the farmer is certain that he is not getting the money that the consumer pays. This is because there have been enough elements at work to step in and gum up the system so that things have stayed very much where they were.

But all that is no good reason for not making more and better efforts. We have not yet got our business prices and our general conception of values lined up from the shock of war figures. Then everything was thrown to the wind, and our old scale of prices that had a very good relative bearing were forgotten or entirely ignored. Today, in the settling-down process, the farmer finds that he is distanced. Mr. Stonehouse puts the situation very tersely when he says: "If today we had an equalization of conditions, whereby a dollar's worth of the dairyman's money or the agriculturist's money would buy a dollar's worth of the other fellow's goods, our conditions and our problems would be largely solved. But until we can approximate that condition I do not see any possible way of preventing an exodus of our people from this country."

Mr. Stonehouse comes from York County, but conditions there are not seriously different from conditions elsewhere. In labor markets the farmer cannot compete. A single man does not want to work long hours on a farm for \$30 per month and board when he can get from \$4 to \$6 per day for eight hours or so in many of the larger centers. If he cannot get this in Canadian cities he can in United States. That is the reason why there is a demand for farm labor in Middlesex County today that cannot be filled.

The farmers cannot very well make the city employer pay any less. The most logical course is for them to work together to make their receipts greater, and seek to retain control of the things they produce until they reach the consumer. This is a big undertaking, and a hard undertaking, but it is the only method the farmers can employ to meet the conditions of organized industry as they stand today.

Fighting a Long, Losing Battle.

It is now a matter of almost 54 months since the war ceased. That is quite a long time, and it might be imagined that the scars and hurts of the conflict would be fairly well removed by this time.

Yet here was the case of Cecil Snow, a fine young man who went west at Byron Sanatorium just a few days ago. He was only 27 years of age, and at the time of enlistment just in the prime of his youth. He came from a farm near Blenheim, and during the war became infected from exposure and cold. On his return he tried to take his place once more in the world of work, and for a time was employed in a Chatham factory. But the old disease, the price of war service, would not be denied, and he was forced to lay aside his occupation and retire to Byron, which to him was the last trench in his brave fight against an enemy that has taken many a brave man after he came through all the horrors of the front.

So his comrades at Blenheim gathered on Thursday afternoon of this week, and followed the remains of Cecil Snow to the grave.

Yes, they sounded the call to "cease firing" on the 11th day of November, 1918, but here and there, scattered all over the world, are these little processions of comrades and friends, telling to the world that many of the brave young hearts have been all these weary months in between fighting away at an unseen enemy that attacked them first when they were in the service of their country.

Put On the "Worth-While" Test.

In a recent test a United States lieutenant flew in an aeroplane at the rate of 281 miles an hour. This tremendous speed, and would mean that while the ordinary train leaving London was going to Woodstock, the aeroplane officer would be landing in Toronto.

The Minneapolis Journal stops a moment, though, even after this burst of speed, to inquire if the lieutenant did anything worth while after he arrived.

This is an age of accomplishment and super-accomplishment, and it is well that now and then some person should come along and ask that the "worth-while" test be applied.

Organizations are being piled on top of other organizations; new societies for this, that and the other thing are being rushed in on an already over-crowded world. Attention is focused here for a month or so and then along comes something else, the chief function of which seems to be to provide a living for a couple of organizers and a paid secretary.

That "worth-while" idea is a mighty fine measuring rule. Let's stand our new fads, frills and ideas up against it now and then.

Make a Place for Lacrosse.

While the athletic programs for the year are being decided on in Western Ontario, it is to be hoped that the one game that is distinctly Canadian, viz., lacrosse, shall have its rightful place.

It is not so many years ago that there were good teams all over this part of the country. Petrolia, Stratford, Parkhill, Forest, Exeter, St. Marys, Stratford—these places are mentioned because they are pretty much in the same district—all had good lacrosse teams, and they played well.

The game, to be played in any of these places, seems to depend on the leadership of some few en-

thusiasts. Take the town of Parkhill as an example. Lacrosse was first started there when the McGinnis boys came from Montreal to establish a cheese box factory. There were three of them, Charles, Philip and Peter, and all lacrosse players. They were not long in town before they started to play lacrosse, and the young men in the place were quick to learn. The result was a good team, big crowds out to see the games with neighboring towns, and a general impression that "we have a good team right here." When the box factory closed, the game lagged, but was revived again when an athletic printer, Bill Fairgrieve, arrived in town from Perth, in the eastern part of Ontario, where they grow lacrosse players. It was revived again, and the town was represented in the old C. L. A. with Exeter, St. Marys and Forest. Result—The town band out for the games, good crowds and clean amateur sport.

St. Marys has probably been the most consistent performer in this way of any town in the district. They always played good lacrosse down on the grounds by the river. They played a hard game, and could give and take, but they were always fair. The team was able to annex a championship last year, and should be able to do the same thing again this season. Lacrosse is one of the best games for a town, and it is more readily kept in the amateur class than many of our more highly developed and commercialized sports.

Here's One Unique Playground.

All over the continent more attention is being given than ever to playgrounds for children. London did a fine piece of work in this connection last year. The trouble is to get suitable grounds centrally located.

Playgrounds were not thought of when we were building cities in the first place. It used to be taken for granted that a good many of the children could play on the streets. The automobile traffic has changed all this, and street playing is a dangerous occupation today.

One London resident, Mr. John Petherbrough, of Regent street, was able to look a little farther ahead than most people when he started in to so fashion and build a block that there would be a permanent playground in the centre of it. In the block bounded by Huron, Waterloo, Regent and Wellington streets there is a block of land 200 x 300 feet, and that is set apart for playgrounds for the children of the block. It is big enough for a soft ball game, bowling and quoits all at once, so the adults have the use of it too.

It is a good enough idea for any city to consider, especially if new land is being opened up. Make the lots deep enough so that a piece can be taken off the end and pooled for the common good. It is an excellent community playground plan, and Mr. Petherbrough holds no hard and fast patents on the idea.

Note and Comment.

The ex-kaiser and old King Tut both had troubles with their wives.

Yesterday we complained of the cold; today we pause in the furrow to mop the noble brow.

The ice is moving out of the lakes, but it's a trifle early yet to try the beach at Grand Bend or Bayfield.

A young girl in Stratford rummaged around an old trunk and found \$4,000. What an impetus this will give to the spring cleaning idea.

Heading was "Ferguson to Fight Redistribution to the Last Ditch." And of course that will be the one he will stumble into on June 25.

A pike was caught near Ingersoll that weighed 14 pounds. There certainly would be talk talk in Pikeville when this old boy failed to turn up home at night.

The principal of the schools at Hatfield, Pa., refused to accept a \$200 increase, taking only \$100. School boards all over the country will be after this man to address mass meetings of teachers.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seems to be able to make a good living by talking of and photographing spirits. Hard work seems to be getting shoved into the background as a means of making money.

The Ontario government is delivering 40 tons of Alberta coal in Toronto at \$4 for a half-ton. When a person sends in a report on how it behaved he gets \$2 back. Report twice and you get free coal.

The St. Catharines Standard asks: "Is there anything crazier in the world than a marathon dancing contest?" Yes, sir. The men who promote it and the ivory-headed officials who permit it to continue.

A French astronomer, after working a month, has found out that the moon is 74 miles nearer the earth than was formerly thought. Things ought to go on smoother now with this horrible blunder smoothed out.

SOME WILLS ARE VERY SHORT.

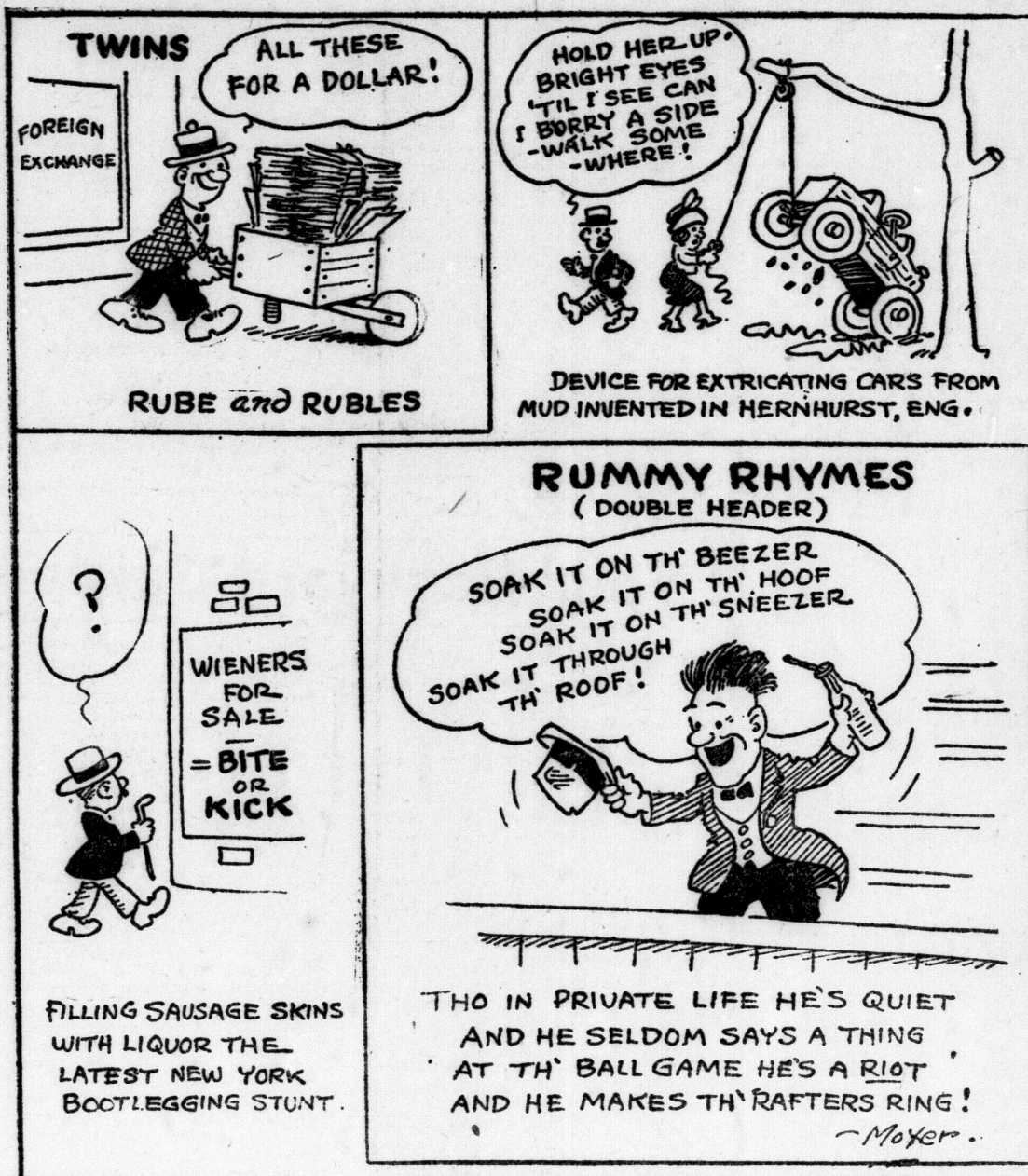
(From The Quebec Telegraph.) Many of the distressing struggles over a dead man's estate that mean perhaps years of misery to his heirs and the waste of accumulated savings might be easily avoided by the simple expedient of making a plain and easily understood will. The making of a will brings death no nearer as some appear to fear, judging by their deferring of the duty, often till it is too late to attend to the matter at all.

Wills do not need to be complicated documents, and the shorter they are the clearer they are likely to be. One of the shortest wills on record reads: "I leave all my property to my wife." The estate left by the man who made this will was a large one, but as there was no question of his sanity, his wife got it all. There was nothing ambiguous about the will, nothing which could give the cleverest lawyer on earth the slightest chance of having it interpreted so that any person but the widow could benefit by it. So it is with the wills of many great men. The will of the late Chief Justice White of the United States, was not much longer. This is what it said: "This is my last will. I give, bequeath, and devise to my wife, Letta M. White, in complete and perfect ownership all my rights and property of every kind and nature, whether real, personal or mixed, whatever situated, appointing her executrix of my estate without bond and giving her seisin thereof." A remarkably sensible document, and one over which it would be difficult enough to bring any action designed to alter its provisions.

It is not unlike the will of the late E. H. Harriman, filed in 1909, which was so brief, yet so indisputable, that it was regarded as a model. In addition to the attestations, it said: "I, Edward H. Harriman, of Arden, in the State of New York, do make, publish and declare this as and for my last will and testament, that is to say: I give, devise and bequeath all my property, real and personal, of every kind and nature to my wife, Mary W. Harriman, to be hers absolutely and forever, and I do hereby nominate and appoint the said Mary W. Harriman to be executrix of this will."

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



TO THE EDITOR

CHARGE NOT OVER \$43.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir: I was impressed on reading your editorial in last evening's paper about the man who had paid about \$55 to secure possession of a house worth some \$2,100 in London. Unless there were some very extraordinary circumstances in connection with this deal, it seems that there must have been a mistake or else an overcharge. There is a tariff that is quite strictly observed by the lawyers of London in connection with this work, and at the very outside the bill should not have been over \$43, while in many cases I know it would have been done for less. On the deal, as I gather the circumstances from your paper, the charges would run about like this: Searching the title and drawing the mortgage, \$28.50; for registering the deed, \$2; for the registering the mortgage, \$1.50; for adjusting taxes, etc., \$2; government land tax, based on one-fifth of one per cent, which is turned over to the government. Many offices would not have charged over \$31. The securing of the mortgage money is charged for in some places at one per cent, while others, including our own, no charge is made for that. Even if the charge were made for that the bill would be \$43, which is only a trifle over the amount named in your article. I think as a general thing that the firms in London work very closely to the tariff, and every effort is made to make the costs as light as possible for a man trying to buy a piece of property. Yours truly,

LONDON LAWYER.

LAND TRANSFERS.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir—Your editorial in yesterday Morning Advertiser entitled "The Process Should Be Cheaper," whereby it appears that a purchaser of a \$2,100 house was compelled to pay \$55 to have the same transferred to him. As a builder and an owner of a few houses I heartily agree with you that these charges are out of all proportion, as if the purchaser found it necessary to sell this property again in a year or even a few months the same process would have to be gone through, and the buyer forced to pay another \$55. Nice conditions for a "pretended" progressive country like Canada. I should say they were a disgrace. As a supporter of the Dry Government I must admit that I have been disappointed that they did not remedy this injustice, as I believe every revenue should be given to the worker to own his own home, instead of putting obstacles in his way.

Yours respectfully,

SUBSCRIBER.

London, April 19, 1923.

PORTRAITS

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

I put them in the drawer today, The selves you used to be; Those charming little photographs That mean so much to me. Those little selves that once you were, So different, each one; I wonder where they disappeared. When all their days were done?

You'll never be that baby boy Whose portrait's laid away. You'll never be that little lad Who kissed me yesterday. You'll never be that five-year-old With school days just begun. I wonder where they disappeared. When all their days were done?

I put them in the drawer today, My pictures of you dear. You came and lingered by my side; I saw you standing near. I hugged the great big boy you are, So cheerful, so full of fun. Of having all the selves you were Before their days were done! (Copyright, 1923, American Newspaper Alliance, 1923.)

A Great Hit Missed. Stage Manager—All ready, run up the curtain. Stagehand—Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?

Your Health

WHY "ANGINA PECTORIS" MEANS YOUR DOCTOR AT ONCE.

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

There are some things in life which are fundamental. If they are shaken or any way disturbed the bottom seems to have fallen out of existence.

Did you ever experience an earthquake? We look upon Mother Earth as fixed and unshaking. An earthquake gives you the strangest feeling of wonder, doubt and loss of grip of the "eternal verities."

The unshaking action of the heart is essential not only to comfort, but to life itself. We expect the heart to do its vital work without murmurs or calls for help. Ordinarily we are as unconscious of the action of the heart as we are of the dynamo which furnishes electricity for our homes, or of the great reservoirs which supply us with drinking water.

When there is a "catch" in the heart, the missing of a beat, or any other sign of trouble, it gives us a pang of fear. When there is actual pain it is as if another of the eternal verities had been destroyed.

There is a disease called "angina pectoris" which is as well-named as it could possibly be. Angina is an agonizing, choking, gripping, viselike pain in the chest. It is as if there were a terrible cramp in the heart. The pain in angina is almost enough to kill and the mental agony adds the finishing blow in many cases. There is always the fear of immediate death.

I think I have told the story before, but it is such a vivid picture in my mind that I cannot resist telling again of the first case of angina pectoris I ever attended. I was a young doctor, in practice but a few weeks, when I was called to see another doctor who lived alone in his office on the top floor of a big building. It was in the middle of a dark night.

I felt my way up the stairs and along the shadowy halls to find my patient on the floor writhing in agony. The doctor thought he was dying.

I did too. To tell the truth, I was as scared as the suffering man. There went through my head visions of a good doctor who will provide remedies to carry and to be used when the spasms occur. The investigation will include an examination of the blood to see if by any chance there is an underlying condition of importance as a possible cause.

By proper cause the dangerous attacks may be warded off, or so controlled as not to be too serious. Like other forms of spasmodic and occasional pain, there must be discovered the exciting factors. When these are removed there is hope of recovery.

Answers to Health Questions. J. M. C. Q.—My daughter, 14 years old, has diseased tonsils. As I am nervous about operations, I would like to know if anything serious would develop if the tonsils were not removed. A.—If the tonsils are diseased and you do not have them removed or treated the child is liable to have rheumatism, anemia, heart trouble or general illhealth. Take her to a throat specialist or to a throat clinic for an examination and treatment. (Copyright, 1923, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc.)

"The Ten Books I Have Most Enjoyed"

By H. L. MENCKEN.

Critic and editor; leader of the younger movement in modern letters. Author of "Fables," "In Defense of Women," "The American Language," "The Philosophy of Friedrich Nietzsche," Co-editor with George Jean Nathan of Smart Set.

"The Chatterbox," 1887. "A Boy's Useful Pastimes" (R. Griffith).

"Huckleberry Finn" (Mark Twain). "Barry Lyndon" (Thackeray).

"Science and Christian Tradition" (T. H. Huxley).

"Lord Jim" (Joseph Conrad). "Sister Carrie" (Theodore Dreiser).

"Der Antichrist" (Nietzsche). "Life of Johnson" (Boswell).

"Frederick" (Carlyle). These are the books I have enjoyed most. I have learned more, perhaps, from others, but not so agreeably. I have read "Huckleberry Finn" twenty-two times. To me "Barry Lyndon" is by far the best of Thackeray.

Tomorrow: Sophie Kerr Underwood.

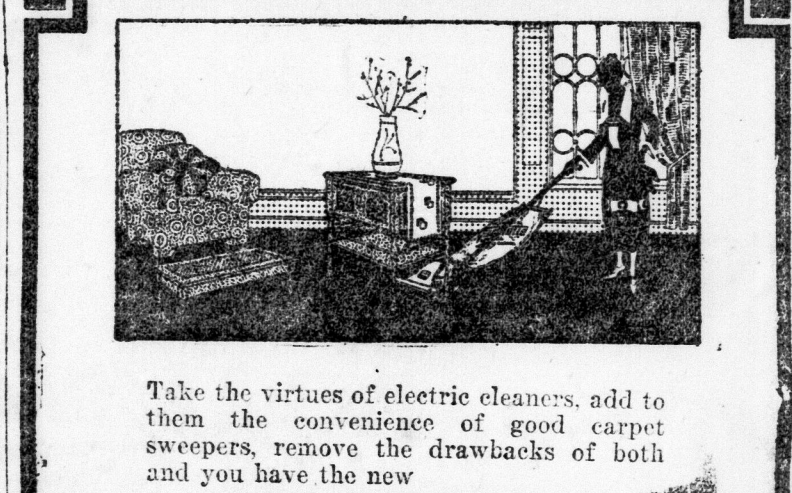
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FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

Two ardent disciples of Isaac Walton went fishing. After a while one said to the other: "Had any luck?" "No," was the reply. "I can't get the cork out."

HE DID! "Ma, if the baby was to eat tadpoles, would it give him a bass voice like a frog?" "Good gracious, no! They'd kill him." "Well, they didn't."

PROOF POSITIVE. Judge—Why, the policeman who patrols the district in which you lived for years, says he does not know you. Prisoner—Then that proves to your honor that I'm telling the truth. I've lived there all my life.



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