

London Advertiser

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FRIDAY, MARCH 14, 1924.

Speeches Are Long.

Senator Dandurand struck out at the members of the Commons because their speeches are too long, but it is doubtful if his protest and his censure will have much effect. The reason is that any man, when he makes a speech, considers that it is a good speech, and a very important utterance. It is hard to persuade him otherwise.

The Ottawa Journal draws a pointed parallel between the Canadian and British methods. In spite of the importance of the issues at stake in the British elections, and of the return of the Labor party, which had never held office before, the debate on the address in reply to the speech from the throne occupied only three days. Stanley Baldwin, on the eve of defeat, yet wishing to justify the course he had followed, even if it did put a great political party from a strong position to defeat, took less than an hour. Ramsay MacDonald, with the premiership right ahead of him, used scarcely an hour in outlining his policy; Mr. Asquith, for the Liberals, was through in three-quarters of an hour.

In the Canadian Commons this session there have been frequent cases where three or four speakers occupied the whole session from 3 to 6, and from 6 to between 10 and 11 at night. On the opening day there were only two principal speakers, outside of the mover and seconder of the address from the throne, and they were very brief. Mr. Meighen took about two hours and a half and the premier an hour and forty minutes. March 4 saw five speakers; March 6, four occupied the entire day, and on March 7 only three speakers got in between 3 in the afternoon and 10:15 at night.

The citizens of the country will never complain about members of parliament giving information and presenting the views of their constituents; that is what they are there for, but they have a right to object to the great Canadian governmental machine being taken up with the re-fighting of past political battles and the placing on the pages of Hansard views and statements which the members are anxious to have go back to their constituents.

Leading the World.

The report of the Gregory commission shows two things, (1) that the hydro-electric system of Ontario has been well constructed, well managed, and retains the position honorably of being the greatest public ownership development of its kind in the world, (2) that the commissioners have dealt fairly and exhaustively with the whole matter; that they were in no sense prejudiced in their findings and that they have done thoroughly the work entrusted to them. A clean bill of health from men known to be public ownership advocates would have meant not nearly as much as a similar document from men, some of whom are regarded as having strong leanings toward private enterprise in such undertakings.

The report comes as a vindication of the work of Sir Adam Beck, the directing genius of the whole undertaking, and it must be a matter of considerable satisfaction to him that such a document has been produced after a thorough combing of an enterprise to which he has devoted years of untiring effort.

The recommendations include greater co-operation with the municipalities concerned, and with the government. That is a reasonable suggestion, because the municipalities pledged their credit and the bonds were sold on the guarantee of the government. It should not be difficult to work out such a plan, and by so doing strengthen an already strong organization.

With the greatest power development in the world owned by the people of Ontario, and the greatest railroad, 23,000 miles of it, owned and operated by the people of the Dominion, Canada is leading the way in the ownership of great public services.

Mr. Raymond's Position.

W. G. Raymond, of Brantford, made a good speech in the House of Commons on the duty on agricultural implements. The member for Brantford is not noted for his much speaking, but day after day he can be seen sitting fairly well down in the back row at the right of the Speaker.

He is a prodigious listener; has never been known to interrupt another speaker, and is willing to recognize a good idea and a fair

thought, regardless of its origin.

The result is that when he rises to speak he has before him a definite course, a certain something to say, and, with an intimate knowledge of world history and British politics in particular, he clothes his ideas in the wholesome garb of good English, fearless statements of what he believes to be right—and he is through.

Mr. Raymond's plea is, as it has been, for an all-around development of this land of ours, of whose worth and resources he has for years been an untiring exponent. He believes that we all prosper together, or all feel depression together. When the industries are hit the people have not the money to buy from the farmer, and that when the farmer is down he has not the buying power to deal with the manufacturers.

The member for Brantford is especially concerned over his own constituency, which is the home of agricultural implements. He knows the stand he took when he was elected, and he knows that the prime minister visited his constituency on the eve of the election, and dealt with matters of free trade and protection, adhering at that time to the plan of a tariff for revenue, and using the words "no legitimate industry, earning legitimate profits, need have any fear of injury from a liberal tariff." In view of all these facts, Mr. Raymond was well within his rights when he spoke in the House of Commons, declaring his independence on tariff matters.

Robbing the Nation.

The Grand Old Party is now referred to as the Grand Oil Party; the jokers rhyme off new words to the old song, "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." At every turn it is oil, oil and more oil in the United States. There has been a well-directed effort to spatter crude oil all over the White House at Washington.

It is necessary to go back a long time to find anything that has approached the oil scandal talk in United States, and it is doubtful if research would produce a parallel. The attempt to throw the noose around the neck of President Coolidge has not been a success; there has been nothing to show that he was in any way a party to any of the dealings.

Back of it all, though, is a point that sooner or later must forge its way to the front and claim the recognition it deserves—here were great oil reserves, the property of the people, gambled in and exploited to make millions for a few men to whom dollar chasing and become an obsession and loyalty to the state a hollow mockery.

It has taken the nations a long time to grasp the idea that these great natural resources are by right, and by the law of the universe, the property of the people, and not the exclusive scalping ground of the privileged few.

The crime of the exploiters who bought their way into the circles where official seals could place the stamp of approval on their miserable designs is greater than a political plot; it is a sin against the American people. It should be dealt with on that basis first, and afterward the politicians can have their fling.

The Real MacDonald.

Premier Ramsay MacDonald is talking seriously to the people of Britain. At times he is the philosopher, but of such a rugged calibre that what he says goes home.

In one of his recent utterances he gave his views on Sabbath observance. No, it was not a sermon, nor was it adorned or preceded by a text. To his mind Sabbath observance promotes "a state of society in which you have fine, solid, external foundations of character and self-command."

Ramsay MacDonald is a growing force. He has entered into a great field of service backed by a mind, an experience and an inclination that leads him "to thank God that this is also an age when the still small voice of spirituality is challenging us all."

Sweet Optimism.

The Laura Secord Candy Works use advertising space at present not to tell about their own business, but to tell others that trade conditions are improving.

Bank clearings show a substantial increase, and a greater business is being done by the railways. These signs are the effects of more business, not the cause of it. They mean that the turn has already been made toward busy times.

Note and Comment.

Hamilton man is held in Ingersoll for owing a \$300 bar bill. He'd never get that far behind in Mrs. Hoople's boarding house.

Russian war office says women working there must wear high collars, high shoes and wool stockings. Silk stockings and low necks have no place in the stern affairs of war.

Tavish Mactavish

THE GLAND OLD MAN.

HON. Bertrand Russell, an English writer, makes the following interesting comment on the work of the "gland" scientists in the last few years. He says: "It will be possible to make people choleric or timid, strongly or weakly sexed, and so on as may be desired. The only difficulty will be to combine submissiveness with the necessary ferocity against external enemies."

I suppose the idea in the future will be to inoculate a nation according to the enemy it is to fight. For instance, if we had to fight a very choleric headstrong race our medico-gland scientists would use a preparation that would give us the calm unhurried thought and circumspection necessary to outwit them.

If on the other hand we were up against the calm, quiet chaps we would get a shot of fiery dash and fury that would sweep them off their feet.

PARK LANE.

HOW the Americans for all their glory in the correctness of all things American, do ape the English. They do it in clothes at least men's clothes; in houses, in sports in the way of hunting, golf, tennis, riding, fishing, and a few other minor things such as badminton, fives, rackets and so on. In the matter of servants they have shown themselves such selfish slaves to this Anglo-American cult that they have robbed many a decent family of its butler, its maids and its stable boys.

Now I see an advertisement in a New York paper for rooms and flats in a most pretentious looking place in that city of tall buildings and ideas, called Park Lane. The picture show a form of super gorgeous hotel, and the joke of the thing is that the original Park Lane in Old London, after which this gilded hutch must have been christened, is looked on as a shabby by the best people.

It is now the home of the newly rich, the Oriental countenanced mining and banking magnates, and a place to be avoided as far as living is concerned.

In other words, it is just the place that Americans in London admire most, because it reeks most opulently of money. It is a commentary on this copying of the English that Americans should imitate a trait in Old London which is the most un-English.

The Village Choir

WHEN I go home on Friday night and park my feet before the fire, my mental almanac turns back to when I tuned the village choir. Of course, that's quite a spell of time since I quit singin' back to home, the years have scalped the fur from me and left me shiny on the dome.

Them was the days when me and Joe was mainstays on the Sabbath morn', 'twas sweeter than the birds about and louder than a big brass horn. You see Joe tackled all the notes that rumbled in the lower score, and his old voice came pumpin' up from off the planks upon the floor. While I, being pitched in higher key, and slightly smaller on the hoof, was sent to tackle all the notes that went a-squarin' toward the roof.

When me and Joe got goin' right strong, I reckon it was rare and choice, the way we tore the harmony, our souls a-florin' through the voice. And I've heard choirs since then, I have, with leaders all starched up for fair, and they have chanted onto me in notes of triumph and despair. I've heard 'em singin' high and low and thunderin' out big notes of praise, and tremblin' in their upper notes in all their high falutin' ways.

'P'raps I'm wrong as I look back to when I sat there next to Joe, me pumpin' out the tenor strain, and Joe a-rumblin' way down low, but all the same it seems to me when I am sittin' by the fire, that me and Joe was hard to beat when singin' in the village choir.—ARK.

So He Plods

IT IS said that the line in Grey's Elegy, "The plowman homeward plods his weary way," cost the poet endless thought. And it well might, because it is capable of many variations without injury to rhyme or sense. A correspondent of Notes and Queries contributed to that journal seventy years ago eleven different readings of the line which, whatever the ultimate poetical effect of each may be, do not violate these conditions. Here they are:

1. The weary plowman plods his homeward way.
2. The weary plowman homeward plods his way.
3. The plowman, weary, plods his homeward way.
4. The plowman, weary, homeward plods his way.
5. Weary the plowman plods his homeward way.
6. Weary the plowman homeward plods his way.
7. Homeward the plowman plods his weary way.
8. Homeward the plowman, weary, plods his way.
9. Homeward the weary plowman plods his way.
10. The homeward plowman, weary, plods his way.
11. The homeward plowman plods his weary way.

The Notes and Queries correspondent was probably justified in doubting whether another line can be found the words of which admit of so many transpositions without altering the original meaning.

Lighter Vein

WELL INFORMED. First student—"Are you sure your folks know I'm coming home with you?"

Second student—"They ought to, I argued with them for a whole hour about it."

UNSETTLED.

Anxious old lady (on river steamer)—"I say, my good man, is this boat going up or down?"

Surly deckhand—"Well, she's a leaky old tub, ma'am, so I shouldn't wonder if she was going down. Then, again, her bilers ain't none too

Dr. Frank Crane

The Pretty Girl

THE other day on the street car I saw two girls, each about twenty years old, both very beautiful.

They were clothed in modish robes, becoming hats and pretty shoes. Their faces were of a delicate pink and white. They were well fed, their eyes were happy, and their mouths were curved in smiles.

They were coming from the fashionable residence part of the city, and going to a matinee.

After the theatre they would probably go to the confectioner's and buy sweets and harmless drinks, and chatter and laugh and meet other soft creatures of their kind, and go home to full meals and white beds.

The other women on the crowded car were ordinary. They all had hard and somewhat unpleasant faces, lined with care and sagged with worry. Their garments were coarse. Those of them who were not too lean were too fat. They were not good to look on. THESE two girls shone like two wild roses growing among crowded weeds by the roadside. They seemed hardly to belong to the same race as the others.

Whereupon I fell to musing.

What is the meaning of the Pretty Girl?

If you are normal and human, she affects you delightfully. Unless you are soured you cannot feel angry toward her.

If your mind is not hopelessly warped you cannot consider her as merely a sin or a temptation of the devil.

Nature made her. And made her apparently for the same reason that peach blossoms, birds of Paradise and sunsets are made.

FOR some reason there is something in old Mother Nature that delights in creating things for sheer beauty. She not only makes gigantic forces which operate in storms, and earthquakes, and chemical affinities, and the properties of numbers, and toads, and elephants—she makes hyacinths and Pretty Girls. Somewhere in the great purpose that is behind all things there is a certain value put upon beauty. What beauty is we do not know any more than we know what electricity is, but we know that it thrills us, and that the very fact that we can appreciate it increases our self-respect.

And notwithstanding all the fools in the world that have had beautiful faces and ugly souls, I still believe that beauty and goodness are somehow akin.

I still believe that every artist who strives to make beautiful things is helping the world along.

And I believe that nature, after practicing a good many million years, has come about as near perfection as she can ever arrive when she makes a Pretty Girl.

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To the Editor

Sarnia School Figures.

Resident of That City Writes to Say That Totals for That City Should Be Higher.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir,—I do not know where you got your information on schools for Sarnia, but certainly not from the city treasurer. You quote for 1923 a total of \$231,861. The correct figures are as follows:

Public school \$112,308.00
Separate School 10,743.32
Collegiate and technical 78,111.98
Debtentures Col. and Tech. 42,104.28
Debtentures public school .. 18,202.49

Total \$260,029.99

So you see the figures are completely out of classing St. Catharines, and we may as well be hanged as a thief as play second. Yours,

SARNIA CITIZEN.
Sarnia, March 13.

And So He Came.

Resident Tells of How Favorable Impression Was Created in His Mind by a Booster.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—Before I came to live in London I knew very little about the place. I was here one day a few years ago attending a little business gathering, and next to me at the meal that was served that day sat one of the London men. He is still here, and I was almost tempted to mention his name.

We talked about several things, and he talked to me about London, what a good place it was to live in, about how he liked it himself, and what a splendid city it was for schools, churches and all other things that appeal to a family man.

The result was that I was interested in London. In the words of business, he had sold the proposition to me, so when the phone came to come to this city, I did not hesitate to come along and bring my family.

It is one of the best things people can do for their home town, that is to speak well of it. S. A.
London, March 13.

More Defence.

The Pigeon Question Will Not Down Yet, Although They Are Not To Be Molested.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir,—Quite recently in the editorial section of your paper I saw a letter from a man who called himself "Citizen."

What sort of men have we in our city to even suggest such a thing as exterminating the birds and squirrels; and what sort of men have we in the city hall who dare to bring in or consider a motion against the pigeons being on the market.



Always Fresh-Sealed Under Vacuum

Rideau Hall Coffee

The Right Date.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—I was reading in one of last week's Advertisers where someone in St. Thomas or Southwold had written a piece about the smallpox epidemic in Southwold some years ago. He said it was in the year 1892. I wish you to correct that, as it was in the year 1889, in the months of February and March. W. J.
Iona, March 12.

TWELVE VILLAGES IN RUINS AS RESULT OF QUAKES

Associated Press Despatch.

San Salvador, March 14.—Twelve villages in Costa Rica are in ruins and the inhabitants are living in tents owing to numerous earth shocks during the present week. Altogether 420 shocks were felt. The village of Concepcion has been abandoned by the populace.

HONDURAN TRUCE ENDS. REBELS OCCUPY CAPITAL.

Associated Press Despatch.

San Salvador, March 14.—The 72-hour armistice arranged by the diplomatic corps in Tegucigalpa having ended it is reported here that the revolutionists have occupied the Honduran capital.

Tip Top Tailors

An Amazing Growth In Fourteen Years

From one small store in Toronto to the largest one-price tailoring organization in the world—that's Tip Top Tailors' growth since September, 1910.

This marvelous growth is a convincing proof of the dependable worth of Tip Top Clothes—the greatest value in Canada. Year after year an ever-increasing number of Canadians find genuine satisfaction in having their clothes tailored to measure by this great one-price organization.

Tip Top Clothes are made in our great wholesale tailoring plant, sold through our coast-to-coast chain of one-price stores at one standard price. There's no middleman's profit to pay at any time. You can go into any Tip Top store, choose any material you like and have it made in any style you fancy at this one price, with a guarantee of satisfaction or money back.

Test Tip Top Clothes value this season. See the new spring materials we're showing now.

205 DUNDAS STREET