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Conviction Greater Than Discipline.

The writer of a column of comment in the Ottawa Journal paints a fine picture of the future of Liberalism in Canada. The details are like this:

The official Liberalism has determined to let the West go hang; that its plan of campaign is to make the Liberal party a "big business" party; to steal the Conservative cry of protection; to have the government considered safe by the banks, the railways, the trust companies, and the manufacturers. Liberal tactics, indeed, are quite transparent. The party leaders know that Quebec, the one essentially Conservative province, is against Mr. Meighen. They know that the Maritime Provinces will as soon throw in their lot with the Liberals as with the Conservatives, and, in any case, will never go Progressive. And they reason that all that is necessary to keep the Liberals in office is to champion protection in Ontario. By these tactics, by having free traders into a western sectional party, and by having Conservatives into an ultra-Tory Toronto party, they believe that they can weaken both factions to such an extent that the country will have confidence in neither. The Liberal party would become the refuge of all the "safe and sane" elements; the extremists would be outside, and divided against themselves.

Granted, for the sake of argument, that all the above were true, what would happen? Only one thing could happen in such an atmosphere, viz., the Liberal party would perish; at least it would cease to be a Liberal party.

Such a state of affairs as the Journal outlines would not be possible, because the bringing of it to pass would entail the job of fooling and hoodwinking a lot of Liberals in every province, and the Journal pays small tribute to their sense of values when it suggests such a thing could be done.

In the very nature of things the Liberal party of Canada will have to battle for the West. If it were to lay back and say to Western Canada, "Go ahead and do your worst; we are through with you," right then and right there would it cease to function as an advocate of Canada as a whole.

The history of the Liberal party in recent years in Canada gives evidence of the fact that it contains men who are ready to place principle before party, and that the party itself is capable of taking great national issues and on them staking its entire future.

In the year 1911 the Liberals made a sincere effort to bring about a wider-markets policy. It took entire responsibility for the reciprocity proposal, went to the country and to the polls with the Conservatives discussing everything under the sun but the real provisions of that pact, and it went down to defeat. Its defeat at that time was a finer thing than the victory of the Conservatives. It represented belief in a principle rather than a bombastic triumph based on a belauding of the real issues.

In 1917 the Liberal party split on the question of compulsory military service. That split was not an evidence of weakness, but of strength, of individual conviction that is a greater and a safer thing than party discipline.

It would be impossible, even though the managers desired it, for a real Liberal party to play safe simply for the sake of jockeying into a position of comparatively safe numerical strength, based on a sectional appeal that pleased one faction and left out another that was in need of wise governmental assistance.

The Advertiser would want to have nothing to do with any such poor, office-grasping Liberalism, and there are thousands who would rebel against any such policy.

The Ottawa Journal may find it convenient to paint poor, drab pictures of Liberalism. It shows that the Journal is sadly out of touch with the idea of Liberalism as it is found up and down the country and throughout Canada. The policy of the Progressives may not be such as to give support to the King government in its tariff policy, but the government will continue to put forth effort to help Western Canada take the place it should have. Were it to cease in these efforts it would cease to be a Liberal government.

Well Done, Boys and Rotarians.

The Boys' Hobby Fair committee of the London Rotary Club have chalked up a big win to their credit. The exhibit now staged in the Armories is not only a success, but a revelation.

It shows just what boys can do, what they like to do and how well they can do it.

Of course, the boy with the radio set is in evidence. There is everything, from the little affair that finds its humble home in a cigar box to the much more expensive apparatus of the boy who has tinkered with it for a year or more. There are collections of paintings, postcards, stamps, badges, relics, old firearms, coins and what not.

Another boy has found his scope and his love in the great outdoors, and as a result he brings forth collections of leaves, flowers, birds' eggs, insects and many other things that the outdoors alone can furnish. They all speak of an intimate knowledge of the wonders around us.

The talents of another lad beckon him to try the pencil, the ruler and the tracing board or to try his hand with the brush, water-colors and even oils.

The whole exhibition is a splendid fingerpost to the solution of much of what is referred to as the "boy problem." "My boy does not seem to know what to do in his spare time. We find it hard to get him interested in anything." Is that so? Then a look through the Hobby Fair will put a dozen very good answers to that parental complaint.

It is no mere fad or freak that the Rotary Club has staged in the Armories; it is a real thing, an evidence of thought and accomplishment. Mr. Roy Cunningham, who has charge of the fair, and the Rotarians associated with him, have no apologies to make for what awaited the people on the day the doors were open.

How About the Germs?

Stratford City Council discussed the advisability of having bread wrapped before being delivered. No doubt there is much to be said in favor of this, but are there any figures or responsible records to show that disease is carried by unwrapped bread? There are homes where bread unwrapped has been coming in for years, and the health of the family has been excellent.

Bread goes through a good many hands before it is ready to be handed over to the consumer. The wheat is handled in many ways, and it may be that not a few rats come along and take their share now and then. Milling is done as cleanly and as carefully as possible, but there might be a bit of dust get in now and then. The bakers do their best to keep conditions clean, but the human element and the ever-present germ must be

around, and even ready to pop in after the baking has been done and before a wrapper could be put on.

Then the loaf of bread comes into the house; the wrapper is taken off and the bread stands around until used. Even if put in a box, is there any proof that another of those germs is not in there just aching for a chance to hop around and operate on the loaf?

The children, and perhaps the older members of the family as well, eat bread with hands that may not be germ-proof. If we are to believe all the germ theories there must be a couple of thousand of these little beggars sitting around on the edge of the bread plate, all waiting for some person to eat them.

Of course, we like to see bread wrapped and every other precaution taken, but it would be handy to have some proof that the wrapping of the bread for the few hours the baker has it turns the whole trick and thoroughly convinces all the germs that they might as well get a road map and look for a more favorable location.

The Money of the People.

Wellington Hay, in his nomination speech at Millerton, made a sensible remark when he claimed that municipal councils, whether they were county, township, town or city, must wake up to the fact that when they pass resolutions and ask for monetary assistance from the province they are asking for something that means more taxation on the people.

In the long run a provincial government has only one source of revenue, and that is the people.

Getting government money is not finding cash—it is taking it from the people.

Premier King took the same position not long ago when he turned down a deputation that asked him to assist in financing a road scheme.

A proper appreciation of the source of revenue, and of the ability or inability of that source to be tapped for more, is one of the necessary attributes of good government.

We may yet get far enough away from that poor old idea, "let the people pay," to make it read, "the people won't pay."

Just a Chance Meeting.

Major Tolmie of Windsor was in London on Tuesday evening. Looking around town he met Mr. Andrew Hicks, the man who drew such a long bow on Premier Drury.

Along with Mr. Hicks was no less a person than Mr. J. J. Morrison.

Major Tolmie was, and is, puzzled. If Mr. Morrison and Mr. Drury had welded up the space that kept them apart, what was Mr. Morrison doing up in this town with Mr. Hicks, the man who denounced Mr. Drury, and who, if elected again, says he will have nothing to do with him?

It may have simply been a chance meeting. Mr. Hicks may have been in town getting his pruning hook sharpened, and Mr. Morrison may have been looking around here for some fencing material to prevent any broadening out business. It is bad and dangerous to have political horses looking into other people's pasture just at this season of the year.

Note and Comment.

It taketh not half the courage to wear a straw hat now that it did two weeks ago.

The weeds in our backyard must have heard of that firm that shouts about its 57 varieties.

The deadly triangle is with us again. No, not a man and his wife and another woman, but in these three-cornered election contests.

A correspondent asks where the highest point of land in Ontario is to be found. The claim is made that it is a few miles north of Stratford.

Englishmen arriving too late to get into United States are coming to Canada, and will stay here until the time comes to cross the line. Is Canada a sort of a waiting-room for United States?

Wellington Hay is going up into Northern Ontario, where Howard Ferguson has been speaking. Mr. Hay should be sure when he faces the people up there to whack his hand on that red carnation he always wears, and exclaim, "My heart is in this north country."

So far, no candidate has grasped the edge of the table, coughed and said, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking . . ." That was a grand old starter, and never failed to draw forth a few ounces of sympathy. It is not on record that a listener ever heaved a brick after that preamble.

The Simcoe Reformer, reporting a U. F. O. nomination meeting, refers to Hon. Peter Smith as "the target for verbal attacks of Liberal and Conservative speakers." Well, you know, Peter is such a big, robust chap, some 6 feet, about 225 in his socks, that even a poor political shooter could hardly miss him. He makes an ideal target.

The editor of the Listowel Banner must have been at a church social, or has been keeping house for himself. Hence he produces the following health talk:

"Did Adam smoke? Did Eve wear a corset? Did Solomon chew tobacco? Did Ruth chew gum? Did the children of Israel make for a cafeteria and a mess of pastry after crossing the Red Sea? Did Rebecca eat chocolate bonbons and ice cream and call for soda water?"

Oatmeal, brown bread, ham and eggs and a cup of milk. That, young man, shall be your diet henceforth.

MORE CAREFUL IN FUTURE.

(From the Kingston British Whig.)

The Canadian justice department has now found out that the judge who sentenced Leo Rogers, the young North Bay desperado, made no mistake in sending this young fellow to the provincial penitentiary. The mistake made was in releasing such a dangerous criminal after full knowledge of his very bad record. In escaping from the penitentiary, after serving a short time, Rogers grievously wounded a guard, and it was only a miracle that he did not then have to face a charge of murder. Later he made a vicious attack upon a detective. Great surprise was expressed when Rogers was released on parole, as those who knew the culprit well knew that he was too dangerous to be at large, despite the "sob" stuff written about his tender years and his not having a chance to "make good." Rogers was free only a short time when he got into trouble again, and three days ago made a sensational escape from the courtroom in North Bay as his trial was about to open. In his flight he has added murder to his other crimes.

In future, the department of justice will no doubt exercise greater care in paroling a prisoner of dangerous tendencies. There are other convicts in the provincial prison at Portmouth who might have been chosen for parole instead of one whose record showed the instincts of the criminal.



Rarebits by Rex

Lots of fellows still think honesty is not the best policy. Most of 'em are in jail.

One advantage of prohibition in Scotland is, that much bloodshed will be eliminated over the question as to who shall pay for the drinks.

BRIGHT EYES. Her eyes were full of mystery! In dreamy rapture lost! But still I do not love her, for Her lovely eyes are crossed.

KING AND BALDWIN COME TOGETHER—Headline. We presume the result was applesauce.

About the only place a guy is allowed to chase a highball nowadays is on the baseball diamond.

Two thousand people died last year of sleeping sickness. We didn't know there were so many telephone girls in America.

At present meat prices, cooks who burn steaks should be burned to the stake.

In Nebraska fishing was voted the most enjoyable sport in the world. The fish were not allowed to have a voice in the verdict.

Financial item: United Tonics advanced. Dandruff fell off.

One way to have the last word with your wife is to send her a telegram and then catch a fast train.

CLASSICAL CONVERSATIONS. "It's raining cats and dogs." "Yes! Beastly weather, ain't it?"

Who ever said "Tut! Tut!" to a mummy?

A TIMELY EPITAPH. Under the sod Lies Red-haired Tull; He took his hat off To a bull.

To find most people's definition of the word "labor" all you have to do is drop the first syllable.

A local grocer sold an egg two months old and his customer refused to pay for it. Yet the one found in Tut's tomb is priceless.

Our favorite goldfish died yesterday. A member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals fleeced his cigarette ashes in the bowl, and Oswald succumbed to Lady Nicotine.

A man in Chicago beat his wife, and in reprisal she put wood-alcohol in his tea. The man is now a dead beat.

Public debates are wonderful things. They give a man a chance to argue with somebody else besides his wife.

For Gussie Gimp Let's say a prayer; She shook hands with A grizzly bear.

"The Ten Books I Have Most Enjoyed"

By HARRY KEMP.

Poet; author of "Tramping on Life," "Cry of Youth" (poems); "Judas" (play); made a trip around the world, starting with 25 cents; tramped all over America. Member of the Poetry Society of America and the London Poetry Society.

"Savage Races of the World." "Adventures in Africa" (Stanley). Keats' poems. Shelley's poems. "Ardath" (Corelli).

Blake's poems. "The Story of Mary MacLane" (MacLane). Marie Baskiriff's "Diary." Chapman's Homer.

Tomorrow: Charles P. Steinmetz.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke.

THE GRIND OF LIFE.

Patient in tribulation.—Romans xii, 12.

You must not suspect me of having an ulterior design of springing a new theory of the universe upon you, nor of subtly advertising a panacea for all.

"The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to."

No, I am as much in the dark as you are, and with you I suffer.

"The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune."

'Tis a rough, confused, turbulent age in which we have to live.

But it is the only age that is given to us. Let us make the best of it. And above all let us not lose either our loyalty to truth or our sense of humor.

Tribulation means "grinding," and I suppose we must go through it if we want the good flour to come out of the wheat.

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Your Health

HOW "MIGRAINE" COMES AND HOW YOU CAN BANISH IT.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

United States Senator from New York. Former Commissioner of Health, New York City.

There are diseases and conditions which attack the indoor worker and which rarely trouble those who labor out-of-doors. One of these is migraine.

Migraine is the condition commonly called "sick headache." The popular name is not entirely happy, because there are many attacks of migraine in which headache is a very minor symptom and, indeed, may be entirely absent.

There used to be a phrase in common use—"biliousness." Doctors don't use this term now, but all of us are familiar with the symptoms which are attributed usually to the liver. As a matter of fact, if there is interference with the circulation of the blood through the liver, there is trouble, and the chief sign may be an attack of migraine. Those who have studied the circulation of the blood say that one-quarter of the entire blood supply is the constant quota of the liver. A quarter of the blood then is moving slowly through this great organ all the time. The more lazy we are and the more inactive, the slower is this liver circulation. Somehow or other the speed of the blood movement here determines the physical condition of the individual.

How you are going to be through the day is indicated to some degree at least by the way you feel on awakening in the morning. If you get up with a "dark brown" taste in your mouth, with no appetite for breakfast, and with a general feeling of depression, you are likely to have an



attack of migraine if you are subject to it.

The most pronounced and disagreeable sign of migraine is the peculiar eye symptom which usher in the attack. This begins with slight blurring of sight.

At first you cannot decide exactly what is wrong. Then a blank spot is found in the vision. As you look at the wall, a certain part of it is lost. Looking at the face of a friend, you cannot see all of it—one ear may be gone or an eye. Looking at the middle of the face of your watch, you cannot see certain numbers on the dial. Perhaps all the figures from one to six are gone, or from seven to twelve.

The lost field gradually widens until the symptom is at its height. Then the blindness gradually fades away, to be replaced by a peculiar dazzling. There are alternate zig-zag lines of black and white. It may be an hour or two before the dazzling is gone and the vision is normal.

By this time there is a one-sided headache, or a general aching, with nausea and, in extreme cases, vomiting.

Worry, late hours, lack of sleep, over-smoking, poor ventilation, over-eating, constipation and lack of exercise are the chief exciting causes. Indigestion, indigestion, menstrual disturbance in women and over-use of the eyes, are other factors of importance.

There is a certain periodicity in the recurrence of the attacks. It is as if storms gathered and broke. You must correct your manner of living by a long and rigid observance of all the rules of hygiene.

Migraine is the evidence of your self-neglect and it is only by attention to your slightest body that you can hope to escape these unhappy spells.

Answers to Health Questions. C. S. M. Q.—Will you kindly give me the exact proportions of baby food consisting of gelatine, arrowroot and cow's milk?

A.—I regret that I am not acquainted with the formula.

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