

London Advertiser

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1923.

How to Hurt Business.

First, overhear a remark on the street about some concern; be sure not to get it all, but don't drop the words that sound alarming. Then grab the next man you meet, pass the time of day, and just as he is going to leave get him again, close to the walk or in a doorway; tell him: "I don't want you to repeat this, but I just heard on good authority that So-and-So is in a pretty tight corner. I've been looking for that for some time. Of course, don't take my word for it, but it didn't surprise me."

Then the next man you meet, ask him to drop into your office. Close the door, and look around to make sure no one is hidden under the desk. Ask him to pull a chair over close to you, point at him with the first finger and say: "I think you should know the truth about So-and-So. You may have some dealings there, and I have been advised from a confidential source that I am pledged not to name that there is a crash coming. If I were you I'd press for payment of anything you have against them." Look very wise, sigh a couple of times, and let your visitor out with the assurance that you are always ready to do him a favor like that.

It is an excellent and certain way to kill the community, and make the butter thinner and poorer on your own bread.

Gentlemen, It Cannot Be Done.

The Guelph Mercury says that city has been covered with circulars calling attention to the great profits to be made in buying Austrian bonds of the type issued by cities.

They are not guaranteed by the Austrian government. If indeed that would make them any better.

This Austrian "chance" goes on to show how for \$39 in Canadian money one can get a million Austrian kronen. Of course the Canadian investor is to put this bit of paper away until the Austrian kronen returns to normal. At that time he will go out and collect \$200,000 from the original planting of \$39.

Thus will a good Canadian have done his full duty in restoring the world to a fair and workable basis. The sad part is that there must be a number of people guilable enough to buy these alleged securities, otherwise there would not be this intermittent deluge of circulars soliciting the business.

The Mercury suggests that the people ask their bankers about the proposal. It is hardly necessary. If a man would sit on his own doorstep for a few minutes some evening and think for himself, he would lift the lid of the garbage can and put the circular in the company to which it belongs.

They Want a Home.

Two young people were married in Detroit a month or so ago, the husband being a former London boy. He is an employee of a motor company, makes a fair salary, and has no expensive habits.

His wife was a stenographer; she knows the value of money; she has modest tastes and a desire to get along and see her husband succeed.

Now comes the problem of living. These people are boarding with relatives, but they do not want to continue in this way. They want a home of their own. The bride has spent her spare time for a month looking—looking at apartments beyond the reach of the family purse—looking at small houses built at big costs, the carrying charges on which are heavy. The result is that they are beginning to wonder which is the best way out.

The case would hardly be worth mention were it confined to the problem that now faces these two young people, but it is typical of many others not only in Detroit, but elsewhere, although conditions in large cities are more acute than in the smaller centers.

The larger a city becomes the more abnormal are the conditions under which people live. It is harder to go in and build up a little holding and glorify it by the name of home without drawing on the imagination. The fact that city conditions are so baffling presents a good case for the smaller centers, even the towns. Wages are not as great, neither is the outlay; the pace is not as fast and the lights may not burn quite as white, but the green lawn and the big back yard give a chance for nature's own color scheme to work out. The smaller centers have a strong case to present, and it is good enough to demand attention.

Hamilton's Mayor Gets Busy.

Mayor Jutten of Hamilton has wondered for some time why gasoline is selling for almost half in United States the price charged in Canada. Others have wondered the same thing, but it has remained for Hamilton's mayor to study it out.

His findings lead him to state that he has a letter

with an offer of gasoline laid down in Hamilton at 17.23 cents per gallon, and it is of the quality usually sold to motorists.

Mayor Jutten has no intention of putting Hamilton in the gasoline business, but he has seized a fairly heavy club with which to talk business to the big refiners who control the output from the wells to the tanks of the consumers.

Buyers of gasoline—and they are many—will unite in sending a message to Mayor Jutten that would run something like this: "Go to it, Mr. Mayor."

St. Joseph on Lake Huron.

How many motor cars have pounded down the Lake Shore road between Bayfield and Grand Bend without being aware of the fact that they had passed through St. Joseph? Yet a person might do it and not be classed as non-observant.

Twenty-five years ago the traveler would have stopped. The chances are that he would have pulled well to the side of the road and tied the horse to the nearest post, for St. Joseph was on the map then.

Today a few slabs of pavements decorate the corner where the hotel once stood. Broken beams, dividing walls in the cellar, the dust and dirt of years—that's all.

And in his reminiscent periods the old-timer recalls the days of Narcisse Contin, the father of St. Joseph, the man who aimed to build a great city with the money secured from other people. He did secure the money, but he did not build a great city.

He built, instead, a great hotel. It had an office and rotunda and bar that were imposing. Also the bar was planned and stocked to do those things bars were supposed to do in those days. Down the road was one of the industries, a plant for making aluminum ware from the clay banks of the district, but the market was never glutted by the output of this plant.

And all great cities on the lake need a harbor, and harbors are built by kindly governments—otherwise why have governments? So it is recorded that a minister of the crown was coaxed away from Ottawa to St. Joseph, and work on the harbor was undertaken. Old Lake Huron gets very angry on this bare, unbroken beach, and the wharf and harbor works and the Canadian winters that happened to be in vogue at that time were of about the same duration. When spring came the winter and the dock at St. Joseph departed.

Then the man from Hensall adds his chapter of the time when Narcisse Contin, well dressed and well groomed, would have three special private cars with Montreal people, likewise well dressed and well groomed, left off at that town, and how all this company would be driven over to St. Joseph. Maps of the place were on hand following the dinner at the big hotel, and lots were always available to the speculator.

Then comes the testimony of the villager who used to work for Contin, who tells of being paid off sometimes dollar for dollar out of a dishpan full of money, while the next time he would be looking for a man who would take his pay ticket at 30 cents on the dollar for real money.

The conversation never proceeds far until some one brings in the sad case of the sturdy old Scotch farmer with seven or eight hundred acres of land, and with many thousands of dollars to his credit. It was around him that the financial web of Narcisse Contin was finely and securely spun. At first there was the small loan quickly repaid with handsome interest; the promoter used big bait and made big hauls; the last chapter tells of the money all gone and the fine, well-kept acres all mortgaged and sold.

Twenty-five years ago St. Joseph was—today it is not. People pass it by, many of them knowing nothing of the chapters of wild financing and insane daring that sought to rear a phantom city at that uninviting spot.

Note and Comment.

Perhaps in some of our sane moments we may yet put up a prize for a man driving 25 miles an hour—no more, no less.

War ships rushing to aid the people of Japan in their distress is an excellent mission on which to send those iron monsters.

And now some one has dubbed the Montreal Star's effort "The Whiskers of Death." Once the spasm reaches the joke column the tension is over.

Owners of restaurants in Chatham have been ordered to eliminate flies from their establishments. The spectacle of a fly trying to swim to shore in a bowl of soup, or make a safe landing in a cup of tea must be bothering the far too particular diners in Chatham.

Scholarships presented by the University of Western Ontario for junior and honor matriculation did not get a chance to get far away from home this year. The honor matriculation scholarships, three in number, went two to London and one to Woodstock, while the two junior matriculation awards went to Delaware continuation school, constituting a remarkable showing for that institution. The two girls who were successful in this province-wide contest made unusually high marks, a tribute to themselves, their teachers, and the trustees who have kept that school up to such a high standard.

Your Health: How to Give First Aid When a Bone's Dislocated.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

All our bones are jointed in such a way that movement is possible wherever two bones come together. Very free movement is found in some joints.

Nature has shown great ingenuity in giving freedom of motion, with security from displacement of one or both bones. To guard against trouble in joints, ligaments—made of tough, but flexible material—are used in such a way as to act as perfect hinges.

A displacement of the bone and its partial or complete escape from the enclosure at the joint is called a "dislocation." There can be no original dislocation without tearing of one or more of the ligaments. On this account an accident of this sort is always a painful thing. Pain is the first sign of trouble.

There are certain other symptoms which show that dislocation has taken place. For instance, the normal movement is impaired. Either the usual freedom of movement is reduced, or the joint is always a painful thing. Pain is the first sign of trouble. The next sign is deformity. The ordinary appearance of the joint is changed. When you compare it with the corresponding joint on the other side of the body, it will be seen that something has gone wrong.

The sooner a dislocated joint is seen by a doctor, the easier will it be for him to restore the bone to its place. When fluid has escaped into the tissues and swelling has begun, replacement is difficult. On general principles it is unwise

for amateurs to attempt to replace a dislocated joint. Usually it is better to apply cold water and wait for the surgeon. The parts should be placed in the most comfortable position which can be found and the cold applications continued till the doctor arrives.

The way a dislocated shoulder may be reduced—to use the medical term—is something like this:

The victim lies on his back on the floor, or on the ground. You take off your shoe, sit down beside him and place your heel in the armpit of the dislocated side. When you pull the arm and press it across the body, using your heel as a fulcrum.

You see, this joint is a socket and the head of the bone has slipped out of the cavity. You are trying to pull the bone away from the edge of the crater, permitting it to slip back into place. If you succeed, it will fly back with a snap.

You must not be rough or exert undue effort. If you overdo you may break the bone and thus seriously aggravate the trouble.

Dislocation of one of the fingers is more readily reduced because you can pull with one hand and manipulate the joint with the other.

When any dislocation has been overcome, the part must be put in a sling, or strapped in such a way as to prevent movement. This is done to permit the torn ligament to heal. When a joint has once become dislocated the bone is liable to slip out again on slight provocation. Care must be exercised to prevent recur-

Autumn

By ANNE CAMPBELL.

The summer's going! The summer's going! The chill of winter lies in wait

The golden byways, the fragrant highways Will wither in the clutch of fate.

The noon that warms us, the night that charms us Will pass, and bitter days we'll see.

The snow will blind us, the wind will find us When joy is but a memory.

The winter's coming! The winter's coming. Hold fast to summer while it lasts.

The blue of heaven, the days all seven, Unrolled before our happy gaze, Hug close each minute for all that's in it.

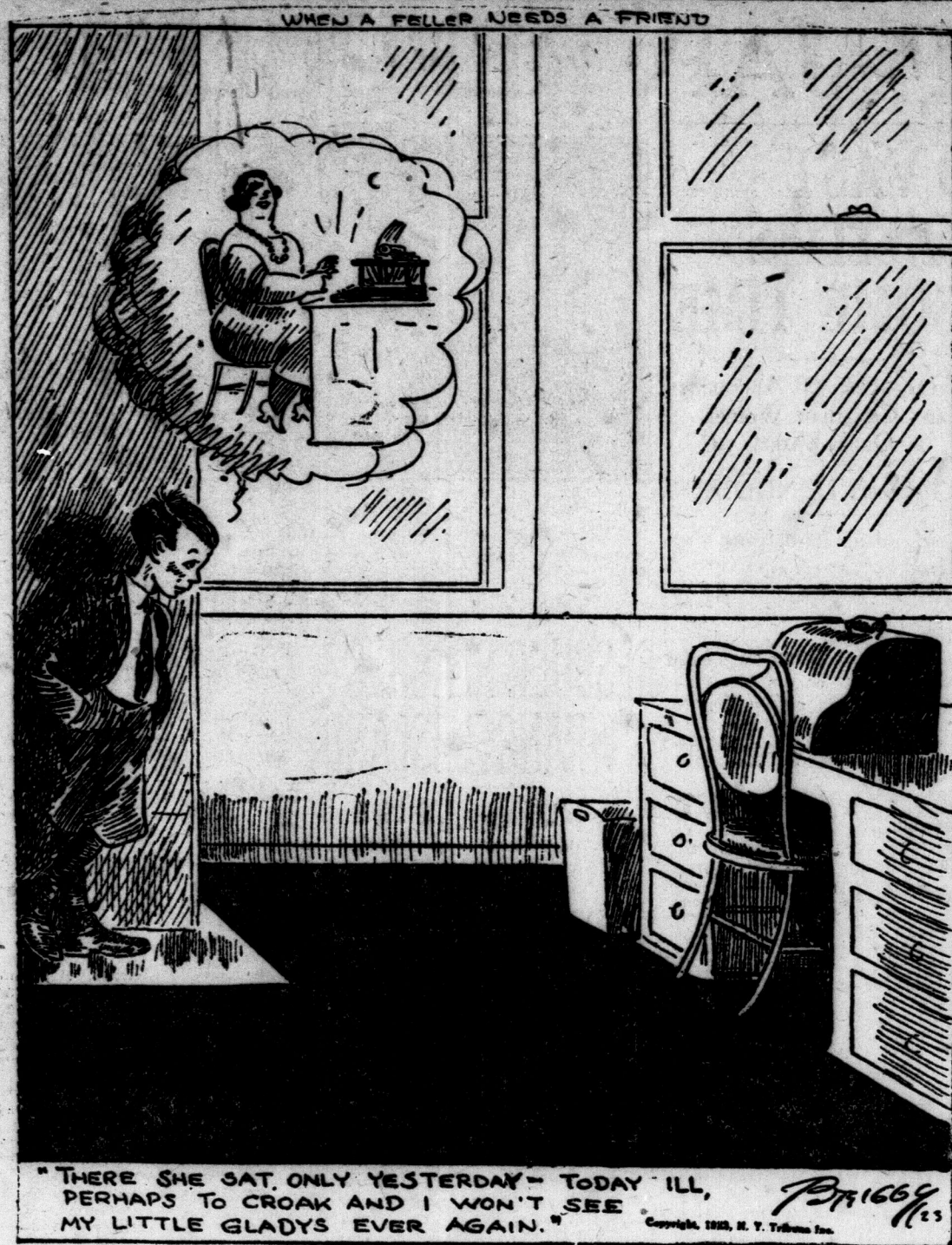
For youth's bright season wanes too soon. Old age is creeping! Too soon we're sleeping!

Alone beneath a winter moon! (Copyright, North American News-Paper Alliance, 1923.)

Portugal contains only two cities, Lisbon and Oporto, with populations in excess of 50,000.

It is computed that nearly 70,000,000 wild animals are killed yearly for the sake of their furs.

Macadam, a Scotch engineer, invented the system of road making known as "macadamizing."



Rarebits by Rex

IMPRESSIONS AT A DANCE.

Half a slouch, half a hug, half a step forward,
Over the slippery floor dance the six hundred;
Six hundred gliding heels,
Six hundred writhing eels,
How nice a shimmy feels—
All the town wondered.

Girls dressed in dresses light, smiling,
Inspiring;
Sleek youths in trousers white, mumbling,
Perspiring;

Each one a maiden caught,
Danced every reel and trot,
Danced as they shouldn't ought,
Hours untiring.

Oh, that wild stuff they played! Saxophones thundered,
As every man and maid danced steps unnumbered;
Here blows and trombone creaks:
Just then a maiden shrieks:
"Jim, your hip pocket leaks!"
Some one had blundered.

Bobbed hair and eyes of green,
Heads greased in vaseline;
All kinds of sights are seen
Among the six hundred.

A man in New Jersey spent 12 hours trying to eliminate peculiar noises from his radio set before discovering he had been receiving bagpipe selections.

"The Butcher Shop" is the latest New York play. The cast will doubtless be made up of ham actors.

Bared arms at least prevent girls from wearing their hearts on their sleeves.

Women are funny. Tell one her cheeks are as red as a rose and she'll love you. Tell her her cheeks are as red as a beet and she'll bite off your ear.

We would not give a fiver to have the voice of some tenors.

Sign in beauty shop window: "Brewer's rouge is the best. Avoid imitations."

With so many word alcohol fatalities it might be wise for would-be imbiber to practice a "Safety Thrift" motto.

UNCENSORED EARS.

"Tis said women's ears will soon be visible. Can it be? Is the last limb to be uncovered in surrender to fashion?"

So long has the world gone without a glimpse of woman's ears that it will await with skepticism the emergence of the mythical-tinted shells. While all along it has been suspected that girls were equipped with auditory apparatus, because of the quickness with which they could hear an invitation to the movies, it will require the actual appearance of feminine ears to reassure man as to their existence. Then the shocking nudity of ears will call for the creation of a league of nations to deal with the problem.

Representatives of Canadian law will meet in Montreal this fall. Well, Montreal seems to be a good city for a gathering of the bar.

A bachelor is a man who believes troubles never come singly.

The missing link in evolution is never so profusely condemned as the missing link in a man's shirt.

Murrell wouldn't take a bath so the papers smear the news all over the front page. Such is fame.

A red toad with purple teeth was discovered in Greenland. Now we know the Greenland temperance laws are rotten.

Most wives don't mind being beaten so long as their husbands call them "dearie" in public to show the neighbors how strong their love is.

"Man saves Coney Island dog at risk of life"—headline. Perhaps there wasn't enough mustard on the hound.

Wireless waves move in waves like the ripples on water.

Dancing is the oldest art in the world.

The islands of Scotland number about 300 altogether.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE GOSPEL OF ANOTHER CHANCE.

And he said unto her, thy sins are forgiven, . . . thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace!—St. Luke vii, 48-50.

This unfortunate woman thought her life was ruined, and so did everybody else but One in the Pharisee's house, where she had crept in to weep at Jesus' feet.

But Jesus said, Not so; your great love shows your many sins are forgiven; you have a new hope; go in peace!

Christianity is the gospel of another chance. Though you have tried trusting in yourself, and failed and fallen often, all is not lost.

Try again, trusting in the Divine mercy and power, and God will bring you through. If you can still be sorry, you are not hopeless; and if you know your own weakness, you can obtain strength from heaven.

Do not give up, but look up. If men are bidden to forgive even unto seventy times seven, shall not God do more?

Forgiveness means the opening of a closed door. This good news lies at the very heart of the Christian religion; and when the Church proclaims it as simply as Jesus told it to the fallen woman, then her pristine power will be regained.

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TO THE EDITOR.

THE CASE OF ITALY.

Sir,—In your paper of Sept. 1 I read that several complaints were made by some Greeks regarding Italy's attitude against Greece. They may be right to say all they like, having also the right to defend their country as I have as much right to defend mine.

First it was said that Italy would never have taken such impulsive steps if more powerful countries such as Great Britain and United States had been involved. In this I might mention that Great Britain and United States are civilized countries and such criminal murder would never have happened. (Greece was a civilized country hundreds of years ago, but she gradually lost it.)

That the murder has been committed by Greeks I am pretty sure of. I have followed the Italian mission in their work, was absent at the time of the murder because he knew what was going to happen. They stated that Italy has produced more murderers than any other country in the world. But it is not always the Greek colonel, Bettarini, who was always following the Italian mission in their work, was absent at the time of the murder because he knew what was going to happen.

But it is not up to me to judge whether Italy has done right or wrong. I am a Greek and I am a merchant on Richmond street to decide, because it takes a more educated man than he might be to criticize the Italian government. This merchant might well say that he is glad to be out of Italy because he would never read an Italian paper and go through again what we went through a few years ago.

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keep on oppressing the people until they rise up like the people in Russia are doing, and shoot about a hundred or two of the heads of these churches. Two years ago the general conference raised their salaries to sixteen and eighteen hundred dollars. Last year they raised their superannuation fund from ten to twenty dollars; now they are trying to put on a special fund to boost more money for the preachers' special benefit. But people have their eyes open now, and they won't bite quite so easy. They will have to change their bait somewhat. These campaigns are like the man who drank champagne; he said he had the sham today and the pain tomorrow. What do they care about souls? It's dollars they are far more interested in.

Yours truly,

CONSTANT READER.

Watford, Sept. 3.

THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PEOPLE

Editor of The Advertiser.

Sir—We have been reading a great deal during the last few days regarding our banking institution being perfectly safe for depositors; as one man puts it "as safe as the bills themselves." What a comfort it would be to the public if they could have every confidence that this is the case.

In the closing of the doors of the Home Bank of Canada its customers were placed in very trying circumstances, as well as the means of some business places being closed, as all of their deposits were in that institution. It came like a bolt from the blue and especially after the statement made regarding their financial standing in June, 1923.

When the bolt came, and the depositors who were depending on them were perfectly safe were told that it was very doubtful if they would receive 100 cents on the dollar, the people lost their confidence. Is it any wonder?

It may be true that the banks of Canada have a common interest in helping the business free and open. But to many people that remains to be seen. If this is the case, why did they not come to the rescue of the Home Bank of Canada before the doors were closed and keep the confidence of the people?

It would appear that our banking business is being tested out, and it will only be when the depositors receive full returns for the money they placed in the Home Bank of Canada, that the confidence of the people will be secured.

A CANADIAN.

Melbourne, Sept. 3, 1923.

ANNOUNCE STAFF CHANGES IN SCHOOLS AT LISTOWEL

Special to The Advertiser.

Listowel, Sept. 4.—The high and public schools opened today with a large attendance at each. There is but one change in the staff of the public school. In the primary room, Miss Sanderson succeeds Miss Foster, and in the high school staff, Miss Boyd and Miss Thompson are new members, filling the vacancies caused by the resignations of Misses Simmie and Tatham. Miss Brown is supplying for two months for Miss Hazel Hay, B.A., who was granted leave of absence.

FIRST WHEAT CAR ARRIVES.

Calgary, Sept. 4.—The first car of Alberta new crop wheat reached here today from Kipp, east of Lethbridge. The wheat averaged sixty-three lbs. to the bushel and graded No. 1 north-ern.

The principal products of Man-

churia are beans, bean cake, and bean oil.

effort tired and weak, and it was an

left to look after my house.

"It was astonishing how Tanlac

helped me. My indigestion has dis-

appeared entirely, my appetite is

wonderful, and I now eat my regular

meal without any bad after effects.

My nerves are in perfect condition.

I can thank my need at dusk, and

I never wake up during the night,

and I feel so strong and well my

housework is more like play. Tanlac

has done away with my troubles,

and I simply can't praise it enough.

My husband has also taken Tanlac

with excellent results."

Tanlac is for sale by all good drug-

gists. Accept no substitute. Over

\$7,000,000 bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills are Na-

ture's own remedy for constipation.

For sale everywhere.—Adv't.

For sale everywhere.—Adv't.

For sale everywhere.—Adv't.