

London Advertiser

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Are We Making Progress?

Do Londoners make themselves agreeable enough to the thousands who come here to attend the Western Fair or at other times during the year? Of course, when a distinguished personage arrives we seem to know just what to do, and we have the people here who can attend to the thing and do it right. But when the crowds come here for Fair Week we have enough men on hand trying to create a "glad to see you" atmosphere?

There are always those who are glad of a chance to help in the work of making the people from this district feel at home in London; call a meeting and the attendance is all right, and anything mentioned in the nature of "get-together" ideas is approved.

But are we getting any real progress out of all these good ideas and intentions? With all our organizations and clubs ready to work and to serve, have we done anything outside of the formal luncheons to make the people from our own district feel that this is their logical meeting-place, and that they are doubly welcome here?

Not a sermon, nor yet a scold. Just a request for a little serious thought as to whether we are measuring up to an opportunity that lies right at our door.

Suppression a Good Tonic.

Those who argue that Premier Ferguson is right in refusing to recognize the U. F. O. in the Legislature on the ground that it will do away with group government, have not grasped the full meaning of the situation.

The 20 members comprising the U. F. O. group in the Legislature were not elected as Liberals or Conservatives.

They were nominated by U. F. O. conventions, and they made their appeal as U. F. O. candidates, and were elected as such.

There was no doubt play about it, and it was the wish of those who elected them that they should sit as U. F. O. members.

The idea of staving now that the Speaker of the Legislature will receive instructions not to recognize these men is nothing short of political impudence.

Clean Tongue and a Clean Mind.

He dropped into a London wholesale house this week and proceeded to make a good fellow of himself. He never stopped to inquire if the man he had come to see wanted to hear the very latest thing in "a good story." Nor did he think it worth while to ask if he cared to have the conversation couched in terms that are usually expressed in print by the significant.

But he did not make a hit, and his prospective customer did not sign on the dotted line in the order book.

Many a man tolerates without any outward protest things that he inwardly dislikes. His silence may be taken for approval, and on that ground many a miserable story and many a foul saying gains a further and unwelcome saying.

After all has been said and sifted, lasting confidence is not built on a man's ability to tell a questionable story, nor on his capacity to store his mind with them and trot them out in order whenever he gets a chance.

Nor is the worth of a man's merchandise improved by the introduction that creeps along on the basis of easy slang and an occasional oath.

The great majority of commercial men have moved on from this method, but now and then there comes the upstart who has to learn his lesson at his firm's expense.

Lobo Fall Fair, Oct. 12, 1866.

"The Township of Lobo Agricultural Society will hold its annual show and fair in Lobo village on Friday, October 12, 1866." So reads a bill that is still in a remarkable state of preservation.

Prize money varied sharply 57 years ago from \$2 for a fine horse down to 10 cents for the second best pumpkin.

Cattle alone were mentioned by classes, prize money being provided for Durhams, Devons, Galloways and fat and working cattle, the first in this class being "best fat ox," and another "best yoke working oxen." Sheep were simply spelled out as ram, ewes and shearing ewes, while swine were just swine, and the long list of special breeds now so common were not recognized on the prize list at that time.

Fifty cents was the prize hung up for the woman who could demonstrate to the satisfaction of the judges that she could make the best 10 pounds of butter in Lobo Township; the next best had to be content with 40 cents, while the third in line could lay claim to the very modest little recompense of 30 cents.

But the person who spun the best five yards of "full cloth, farmer's make," was tempted by only 40 cents to show the product of her skill. 30 cents for second, and for third the prize list offered only 20 cents.

Your Health: What You Should Know About Causes of Pneumonia

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

Everybody is afraid of pneumonia. Everybody shudders on hearing that President Harding had pneumonia. Because it is so frequently fatal, no wonder it is considered such a dreaded disease. In every city and in every community pneumonia is one of the chief causes of death.

Not only is pneumonia a terrible disease because of what it does directly, but it is an ailment which has sneaky and uncertain habits. It searches out weak places in the body and makes its attacks there, as well as in the lungs where it originates. It prepares the way for the growth of the germs of dreaded consumption. It goes to the ear, the mastoid and the brain. One type is called "creeping pneumonia" because it attacks one part of the lungs after another, until every portion has been invaded.

There are two chief types of pneumonia. The one most dreaded and which is numbered among the acute infectious diseases is lobar pneumonia, sometimes called "lung fever." In this type there is inflammation of the substance of the lung, the vital air cell portion. At first it is inflamed and engorged, but air continues to enter the cells. There is fever, hurried breathing, pain in the chest and cough.

In the second stage, the lung becomes solid. The tissues have consolidated and no air enters the involved part. At this period the lung is like a piece of red liver.

In the third and last stage, the

lung tissues become gray in color. The air cells are filled with exudate and the lung is useless. The patient suffers exactly as he would if a part of the lungs were flooded with water. There is struggling for air and great suffering.

This description gives you an idea of what happens in lobar pneumonia. It usually begins with a chill. Fever follows and continues for a week or ten days. Then the crisis appears, with abrupt drop in the temperature and gradual recovery.

Broncho-pneumonia is quite a different thing. It is not a primary disease like the lobar type. In the great majority of cases it is secondary to some other trouble. Any disease which has catarrhal symptoms of the nose and throat may extend to the bronchial tubes and ultimately reach the smaller bronchi. But, broncho-pneumonia stops here, not involving the air cells and lung tissue proper, as lobar pneumonia does.

Measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria, and particularly influenza, are among the conditions which may lead to broncho-pneumonia. More usually intestinal disturbances, like the ptomaine poisoning Mr. Harding had, may have broncho-pneumonia as a complication.

No matter what its form may be, pneumonia is a serious ailment. It demands immediate medical attention and watchful care throughout the attack.

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in recognition of genius at the spinning wheel. Now, let's see what else there is in this list. We pass down over home-made carpet, patch quilt, and such commonplace things as men's socks and fancy needlework; yes, on past those evidences of—but, hold a minute, what's this—"Best pair ladies' woolen stockings." Yes, sir, that's exactly how it reads. In this day of silk and still more silk, and of sheer silk and black, white, gray, blue, green, red and pink silk, ah, yes, let's pause and go over to have a look at the woolen stockings of 57 years ago. And only 15 cents reward for the best and 10 cents for second best, so it's no wonder they quit wool and took to silk.

But it was all home-made or home-grown 57 years ago. People could turn a hand to many things then that rest with the lost arts today. It was a meeting place for the people of Lobo, and a review and survey of what was being done in various parts of the township. Mr