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London, Ont., Wednesday, July 26.

The Coal Situation.

UNLESS REPORTS are wrong, Canada will have a hard enough time in the coming winter to keep her coal bins full. There is not a large stock of coal in the yards of the dealers—many of them are at a fairly low point right now, and even those with the best standing find that they cannot replenish under existing circumstances.

The citizen who has money at his disposal, and who is always looking ahead, has had his coaling attended to, and does not need to worry about his own affairs. Dealers should see to it that in future deliveries they do not pile to the roof cellars that already have a fair share of coal for the coming months.

The unfortunate part of a coal shortage is that it hits the houses where it is not possible, on account of financial reasons, to lay in coal in advance. There are always many places where coal has to be bought just about ton by ton as it is needed for actual use in the cold weather. This trade is not as profitable for the dealers as where they put fifteen or twenty tons in at one time and get their pay when the last load goes in, but to the credit of many of the dealers it must be said they have always tried to play fair with the small customer.

There is talk of a fuel commissioner for Canada this winter. His chief purpose would be to see that distribution was made evenly, and that there was as little suffering as possible. It is no use carrying on a propaganda that will unduly alarm the people, but it is a fact that the coal situation has already reached the stage in Canada where it can be called serious by even a conservative dealer. Several municipalities are already taking action to see what they can do in a collective way to protect their people.

Unfortunately, the coal strike in United States is a coal strike in Canada.

"Dog Days."

CHILDREN SHOULD be warned against the danger of patting or playing with strange dogs at this season of the year. Just where the phrase "dog days" got its origin we do not know, but probably from the reason that there are frequent mad dog scares in the summer months. Dogs are affected by the heat the same as humans. Even the family dog may snap at persons. Irritable dogs are not necessarily rabid, nor does every dog bite at this time result in hydrophobia. Dogs may be affected with rabies at any time of the year or in any climate. Regardless of whether an animal is "mad" or not, all injuries inflicted by dogs or cats should be considered as potentially dangerous until they are proved to be otherwise.

The disease known as hydrophobia in man and rabies in the lower animals is caused by a poisonous virus which is introduced into the system by the bite of a rabid animal. Children and dogs are almost inseparable, and for this reason children are the most often bitten, although there are cases where infection has come from a dog licking a wound or scratch on the face or hands of a child, and this infection has come from apparently harmless dogs.

When a child is bitten by a dog do not use home remedies, as they are for the most part useless. Such things as the use of iodine are no good for the bite of a dog. Get to a doctor and have the wound cauterized. Bites around the head or neck are the most dangerous, as the poison, if there is poison, will be carried more quickly to the brain by the large nerve trunks.

It is not wise to destroy a dog that bites a person, unless there are unmistakable evidences that the animal is mad. Catch it and keep it under observation. If the animal is well in ten days then there is no cause for worry.

If there is good reason to believe, though, that the animal is mad, there is only one thing to be done, and that is to get Pasteur treatment, which consists of a series of injections of a serum that has been specially prepared to combat the disease. Once the disease develops in a human being there is no known cure.

It is well to see that your dog has plenty of fresh water to drink in the summer months, and that he is not unduly aggravated or teased. Children should also let the strange dog alone at this time of the year.

Old Fashioned.

STRANGE WHAT staid old views we hold on questions of marriage in this land.

A musician appeared in Detroit court on a charge of living with a girl without the formality of marriage. He announced that "in his Bohemian set the ceremony of marriage was considered drab and ultra-conventional."

Another little matter he had to attend to was the securing of a divorce from his present wife in the state of Massachusetts.

After he gets a divorce he will go ahead and marry the woman with whom he has been living.

Rotten, that's all.

Old Age and Poverty.

WHAT IS to become of a poor man who grows old? The Toronto Star Weekly instanced the case of a man of 70 who is going to prison for a two-year term for an offence which he committed. "A poor finish for a long life," remarks the Star, but softens the thought with the suggestion that the aged prisoner's clothing and meals will be provided for the next two years, and suggests that he might even fare worse out of jail than in it.

Poverty and old age are a hard combination to meet. Of course, there are many whose poverty in old age is the result of their own nonsense. It is very easy to take a pencil and paper and figure out that a man had worked hard and saved a little each year, he could look after himself in old age, and perhaps have a little left over for his relatives to squabble about.

But in the majority of cases things don't work out as we put them down on paper. We have old men who have sacrificed their best years in long hours and days of hard work in order that the children might have a better chance than they ever had. The extent to which some children appreciate this sacrifice is shown by the fact that it was necessary to put a law on our statute books to force children to provide for the upkeep of dependent parents.

Then, again, industry does not look with favor upon old age. Competition is too keen in our present dollar-chasing age to hold back for the man who feels the touch of old age. In non-professional lines, especially where manual labor is concerned, the call is for the young and the active, for men who "can go the distance" and produce enough in a day to show a profit for the employer. Don't blame the employer in all cases. Many times he has no choice—competition drives him to demand results, and if the man, on account of his age cannot produce the necessary results, he must pass out and make way for a younger man who can.

Some of our larger industrial concerns recognize that they owe something to the men who have given to the company all they have in years of faithful service. Pension funds also help, some contribution being made by the workers in years of their earning power. Government annuities are also a blessing to many a man when he reaches the stage where the market for his depleted labor power is small and unremunerative.

Even so, with all these things, excellent as they are, in operation, we have scores of old men in every community, who, through no fault of their own, are approaching the sunset days of their lives with the prospect of hardship staring them in the face. Coupled with this is the positive knowledge that they are powerless to combat the situation, because their capacity to earn money is departed forever.

We have not devoted the thought or study to this problem that it deserves. Some of our legislation has been directed in this channel, but probably because we are a young nation we have not gone deep enough. The action we have taken has only provided a partial solution.

New Inspiration.

REV. W. W. CULP had a church in Spring Valley, Ohio. He also had a wife and nine children.

Culp also had a girl in the choir, 19 years old. He discovered one day that she was his affinity, or some such thing, and away they went. He claimed his wife failed to give him any inspiration for his work. He is drawing a new brand of inspiration in the workhouse at Dayton by personal contact with the stone pile.

LITTLE 'TISERS

A Port Stanley sage remarks that skinny girls are good swimmers because they stay in the water.

Canada may be an awful country, but there are many people over 80 in it who have never missed a meal.

The St. Thomas Times-Journal very wisely remarks: "They laugh at scars who never felt a wage cut."

Ever since fashion experts said nightgowns were back we have been looking for a hotel fire to see if it is true.

If it is true, as the Dominion astronomer asserts, that a hot summer means a cold winter, we wish they would settle the mine strike.

An Ottawa beekeeper says bees will not sting a man who does not swear. But how are the bees to know whether he swears or not until they do sting him?

When the summer gets so hot people don't want to be bothered cooking at home, they reckon it's about time to go off and camp on the neck of some of their relatives.

It is not until we face a coal famine that Canadians realize how slow we have been in following up research work in connection with our great natural resources. Sad, but true, that most nations must be kicked on the shins before they wake up.

There must be one grand mix-up some place, for after a long story appearing about the British Commons lifting the embargo on Canadian cattle, word comes that the necessary legislation is not liable to be passed, and that the vote was

merely an expression of opinion invited by the government.

The annual squabble is on between some of the Toronto financial papers and the West as to whether or not there is going to be a good crop. When the threshing machine ticks off the bushels we'll know all about it, and all the crop summaries, surveys or estimates in the world won't affect the total to the extent of one good feed of oats.

The cook of an Australian ship had eight cases of Australian eggs on board. When the weather got very hot—some 102 in the shade—the laws of nature and the age of the eggs came into action, and live chickens began to take the place of the cook's eggs. That speaks well for Australian eggs—instead of going bad they come to life.

Complaint is made of the manner in which motor laws are enforced. No law is popular with a man who breaks it. There are times when it is perfectly safe to exceed speed limits, and there are times when it is exceedingly dangerous to approach them. A good dose of common sense for drivers and constables would be a mighty fine thing for all concerned.

PROF. STEPHEN LEACOCK of McGill has come in for some sharp criticism because he wrote an article in *Colliers*, in which he said: "The way to promote prosperity is to start going against the machinery of bold productive effort." The trouble is that when a man makes such a statement too many people want to know how the machinery is going to get started when there are so few people who want to buy the output. Grinding out high-sounding phrases at so much per column seldom opens the doors of many employment offices.

Lord Northcliffe, the most outstanding figure in British journalism, is a very sick man, undoubtedly, paying the price of a too strenuous existence. Men of the Northcliffe type find their chief satisfaction in accomplishment. He has earned his prominence by his own effort. During the war Northcliffe fought for efficiency, and turned his guns on government conduct in a most unsparring way. Men of the type of the owner of the London Times are needed today, and it will be a good day when word comes of his recovery.

JEST

The Truth.

"James have you whispered today without permission?"

"Only wunst."

"Leroy, should James have said wunst?"

"No; he should have said twice."

Relieved His Mind.

A traveler who believed himself to be the sole survivor of a shipwreck on a cannibal island hid for days in terror of his life. Dodging from pillar to post he ran into a clump of bushes from which a thin wisp of smoke was rising. His knees knocked together and he lost his breath. Just as he was gathering his remaining strength to flee a voice from the clump remarked: "Why the devil did you play that card?"

"The 'sole' survivor dropped to his knees and devoutly cried, 'Thank God, they are Christians!'"

Nothing Prepared.

The Maiden—in the name of Saint George of England, hasten, Sir Knight! Save me!

Sir Knight—Not so fast, lady fair! The reporters have not yet arrived. Besides, there are the serial rights and the motion picture royalties to be considered.

25 YEARS AGO TODAY

HERE WE HAVE ITEMS OF LOCAL AND DISTRICT INTEREST AS RECORDED IN THE ADVERTISER OF 1897.

JULY 26, 1897.

Two rinks of Chatham will take part in the Western Ontario Bowling Association tournament, which opens here on Tuesday. The party includes: Rink No. 1—Thos. Lalley, George Slater, Capt. Swain, Dr. J. L. Bray (skip). Rink No. 2—Wilson Taylor, W. A. Thrasher, R. G. Fleming, John Sowerby (skip).

W. Henderson of Bright and Wm. Farrell of Woodstock pitched a game of quoits in the latter town Saturday afternoon for a medal and the championship of Oxford County. Henderson won by a score of 61 to 35.

The latest fish story around town is that Ald. Carrothers and Mr. Clinton, hotel proprietor at Putnam, went

Bill Blank Wins

A NEW rhymester appears in Ridgeway. No doubt impressed by the amount of bootlegging that is done in this section, he sees a chance for some candidate to make a big run by having it whispered round that he is engaged in this business. And so the rhymester rhymes:

He was the biggest bum in town, and all the good folks they looked down on Bill, and thought it a disgrace to have him mentioned to their face. But Bill he didn't seem to mind, he only sauntered round, and kind of whistled to himself and law! he'd shout at everyone he saw. His hat, it had a little tilt as if his head were clunkerbult. He was a reckless, cheerful, merry bum, with only one good faithful chum; with ears close-cropped around the rim, his bulldog trailed along with him.

Now, when the nomination day came round, and all the names were on the list, 'twas found that Mister William Blank was candidate for office on the municipal slate. Then all the people laughed and shook their head, you'd be astonished at the things they said; Bill Blank for councillor, he'll never win, the very thought of him is just a sin. He'd no more show, according to their talk, than just a little hummingbird, but he'd a hawk. But Bill he didn't seem to mind, he only sauntered round and kind of whistled to himself and law! he'd come right up and shake your paw.

But while the other people laughed he made his plan. He said his platform was the workingman. He'd stand on that and never turn aside. Upon the workingman to victory he'd ride. He knew the game, he'd practiced it for years and more, the workingman for William Blank, he'd said. He'd had in leisure time all his life, together with the help of his dear wife. He talked in whispers to his wife and son, while all the low and calm and sober and the good folk of the town and county and called Bill Blank a parasite and fool, and said he was the plain, unvarnished sort of interests bad and worse and worst, that should be banished from the town and cursed. But he didn't seem to mind, he only sauntered round and kind of whistled to himself and law! he'd come right up and shake your paw.

Bill said the taxes there were far too high, and if elected he would more than try to run the business in a careful way, and save the people money every day. Oh, say the most folks laughed, much more and more to hear of Bill Blank calculating the cost of anything connected with that town, for nothing in the world was better known than "this fact so plainly undisguised" (an extract from a speech well advertised) that William Blank had never paid a cent, not one red copper cent, to ornament the balance sheet of that progressive place. Now, how he ever had the brass-bound face to mention taxes to the men who'd made that pretty town, "on firm foundation laid," was more than anyone could understand.

The weighty folks could see but one demand for William Blank upon the council board, and with this argument they thought they'd scored; of all the many candidates who'd face the starting post in that eventful race, these folks would give you this respectful hunch: "Bill Blank's the one to beat." The votes are in, instead of all the rush, splash, and the town there is a solemn hush. For when the list appeared for folks to see, they found old Bill elected second man.

But Bill he didn't seem to mind, he only sauntered round and kind of whistled to himself and law! the folks began to shake his paw.

Warned Off.

"Why have I never married?" the old bachelor said in reply to a leading question. "Well, once upon a time in a crowd, I trod on a lady's gown. She turned furiously, beginning, 'You clumsy brute!'" Then she smiled and said, "Oh, I beg pardon! I thought you were my husband! No, it really doesn't matter in the least. And when I came to think it over, I decided that maybe I'd just as well let marriage alone."

angling on Saturday and caught 37 pike during the afternoon.

A friendly game of ball was played Saturday afternoon between nine from The Advertiser and the London Printing and Lithographing Company. The latter won by 23 to 11. Batteries: Merritt and Short; Ferguson, Chambers and Wootton. Umpire—J. Prescott.

Mr. Thomas Beattie, M.P., has received a cablegram from Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., who is now in England, congratulating him on the result of the late election trial.

The London Wheelmen will hold their final run of the season to Windermere, Mr. D. S. Perrin's country residence, on Friday evening next.

DR. BISHOP'S ADVICE

LET YOURSELF SWEAT

BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.

ON'T be afraid to sweat during hot weather. Nature intended you to, in order to regulate the temperature of your body and eliminate certain waste materials. A man of average stature has about 16 square feet of skin with 2,301,248 sweat glands, each sweat gland coil when unraveled being 1-16 inch long, so that a man's sweat tubes placed end to end would measure two and one-third miles.

The chief purpose of sweating is to regulate the temperature of the body, though it also serves as a sub-sewerage system for the disposal of poisonous waste matter within the body which is not taken care of by the kidneys. When the sweat glands

are not functioning properly, there is a greater strain on the kidneys, a rise in body temperature to a fever heat and less resistance to disease. Likewise, when the bowels are not working properly, the sweat glands are called upon to do overtime work, and sickness may result.

To keep the sweat glands working well take plenty of baths. Warm baths are especially good to keep the pores open and the sweat glands working. One must be careful, however, after warm baths, to avoid catching cold.

Light, loose clothing should be worn in hot weather so as to give the sweat glands full play in throwing off waste matter.

Drink a lot of water. In warm weather it is almost impossible to drink too much water. Ten or 12 glasses a day are not too many. The water should be cool but not iced, and some of it should be taken with the meals, though not to wash down half-chewed food.

READ YOUR CHARACTER

By Digby Phillips.

NO. 276—SOMBERE COAT VS. FLASHY NECKTIE.

Today you will please assume, for the sake of an illustration of the value of characterology, that you are selling a certain make of high-priced automobile of superlative performance.

You have two "live" prospects. One of them, you have noticed, is a man who, though he dresses well and in good taste, wears rather sombre and conservative clothing. The other one patronizes a tailor with an eye for style, leans a bit to the extreme in the cut of his suits, and has a decided weakness for gorgeous silk shirts and flashy neckties.

Does this mean anything to you? Does it tell you the particular selling appeal you should make to each man? It ought to. The way these men select their raiment is simply the natural working out of their respective temperaments and inclinations.

What can the sombre clothing of the one indicate, except that he is one of those careful, prudent, modest souls? You won't get much response from appealing to his pride and vanity in the ownership of this very fine car. You'll touch him, however, when you give him to him what he needs—a good investment in the car, how economical it is in the matter of repairs and upkeep, and also its ever ready dependability in emergencies.

It is he of the gorgeous attire whom you had better try to win. The scope of pride in the ownership of the kind of car you have to sell, and in its sporting performances. Isn't this common sense? All characterology, as a matter of fact, is common sense.

(Monday—Picking a Cook.)

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LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY

TODAY'S WORD IS ECCENTRIC. It's pronounced ek-sen-trik, with the accent on the second syllable. The vowels are all short.

It means—singular, odd, not conforming to the popularly accepted standards of action.

It comes from the French eccentric, taken from the Latin word *eccentricus*, which came from two Greek words meaning "out of, and center."

It's used like this: "He was known to be eccentric."

Our Own Country

AVAILABLE LAND IN THE WEST.

Q.—How much land is available for agriculture in the Canadian West? A.—Of the land area in the Prairie Provinces, 178 million acres are said to be fit for agriculture, and of this area only 35 millions were under cultivation in 1921.

CANADA'S MINERAL PRODUCTION.

Q.—What was Canada's mineral production in 1921? A.—Canada's mineral production in 1921 reached a grand total of \$172,327,580, namely, metals, \$82,580,002; non-metallic, \$89,495,256; structural materials and clay products, \$39,342,322.

ISSUES REPORT ON ROADS IN STRATFORD DISTRICT

Considerable Grading Being Carried Out On Various Highways.

Special to London Advertiser. STRATFORD, July 25.—Road conditions in this district are as follows: London to Stratford—Road in very good condition.

Kitchener to Goderich—Kitchener to Stratford, heavy grading in progress; through traffic advised to use Beam's road (1 1/2 miles south of highway) from Kitchener to New Hamburg; then swing north to township road, 1 1/2 miles north of highway, between New Hamburg and Stratford; highway open to local traffic, but impassable to motors, after rain. Stratford to Holmesville—Good condition. Holmesville to Taylor's Corner. Heavy grading, detour west at Holmesville two miles, then north to highway; through traffic advised to turn west at Seaford to Bayfield, thence north to Goderich.

Guelph to Kitchener—Road in fair condition throughout Waterloo County, from county line to Guelph; Grading construction, traffic recommended to use the first road south of highway.

Stratford to Sarnia—Road very good, except through Bosanquet and west of Elgin, north of London Township, where contractors are grading; detour to 6th concession, London Township, from Proof Line road to Denfield; detour good.

IMPROVE SEVERAL INGERSOLL ROADS

Special to London Advertiser. INGERSOLL, July 25.—A somewhat extensive program of street work is being carried out here, but, while it is being thoroughly done, economy is the watchword.

Streets have been thoroughly drained, carefully graded and rolled, and the result has been very satisfactory. Work on Charles street, east of the highway, has been temporarily halted until such time as new water mains are laid.

STRATFORD KNIGHTS TO ATTEND RALLY IN LONDON

Special to London Advertiser. STRATFORD, July 25.—Members of the local preceptory, Royal Black Knights of the British Commonwealth, No. 832, will celebrate Derry Day, Aug. 12, in London.

The band of L. O. L. No. 159, has been secured for the occasion, and it is likely that the order will be represented by 60 or 70 members from this city.

7% BOOKSHELF

By H. Tomlinson. London: Cassell, 7s 6d. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.

WAITING FOR DAYLIGHT: By H. Tomlinson. London: Cassell, 7s 6d. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, \$2.

Ever since "The Sea and the Jungle" came out, and at once vanished into obscurity, Mr. Tomlinson has been writing essays that take second-hand place to none in these barren days.

There came that gorgeous splash of raw color, "Old Junk," and suddenly the public discovered Mr. Tomlinson. Presently "The Sea and the Jungle" made its reappearance, and all the critics who had been so backward as to ignore it in the first place had unexamined and excellent chance to retrieve their errors.

For Mr. Tomlinson is not an easy person to better. Set him with John Dos Passos on a corner of your library shelf, and you may go wander in the far corners of the earth, and see, through these kindly eyes, many matters you might have missed had you been left to your own inclination and imagination.

This time Mr. Tomlinson writes about the war, and he was actually in it, what he really thinks and believes may conceivably be of more importance than the meditations of greater statesmen and greater authors who did their meditating at a safe distance from gas shells and air raids.

There is a deep undercurrent of doubt in this book, a manifest discontent with the ways of war and its aftermath—but it hardly affects the excellence of the essayist's style.

Each sketch, or essay, or whatever you please, is dated; the whole collection, taken together, forms a sort of diary of wartime. Some of the old timers got into the game and enjoyed it thoroughly. Blenheim won from Tilbury by a score of 5 to 4.

Chatham regiment baseball team was here in a county league fixture with the Blenheim team, Blenheim winning 7-6. The crowd kept on tip toe of excitement as the game had all the features of a good game, splendid pitching, good batting and snappy fielding with a few errors. The scoring was done in two innings by both teams when the pitchers seemed to weaken slightly and support failed to make up for the deficiency, while the batters got in their work with good results. Not until the last inning was over was the victory assured for Blenheim. Dutch Gray for Blenheim, held the visitors to six hits and struck out five, while Crosby for regiment, was hit for 13, but struck out eleven.

Dancing was held on the street at night.

GENERAL MAISTRE DIES.

PARIS, July 25.—General P. A. M. Maistre, who at the close of the war commanded a group of French armies, died today after an operation for appendicitis.

Its best example is in the first essay, "Ypres," where the battle is described by a bus driver in a manner which neither Mr. Kipling nor Mr. Beaman could duplicate. If you desire war here it is straight from the mouth of an unimaginative London cockney with no palliatives and no platitudes. Having read it, you will still further appreciate Mr. Tomlinson's acidity on Armistice Day, and his caustic comment on "Joy." But you will probably enjoy better his description of the soldier lazing away his summer up a Devon estuary, and his remarks upon "Literary Critics."

And there is a delicious chapter on "Figuresheads" that will make the impetuous tear off straightaway to the most accessible fishing village to see ships, spars and lean old salts again. The essay is Tomlinson all over; it is the original Tomlinson, one we feel we have been cheated out of half the book through. Another is on "Sailor Language," and there again Mr. Tomlinson is on good ground.

Give him blue water, decks that tilt and shudder, and a neckwork of stacks, spars and cordage somewhere above, and you have an essayist for whom you may hurl the majority of modern competitors into the dustbin. We feel as he does about bookworms, and would be glad to go with Mr. Tomlinson at any time to "watch the dim sea break into lilac around the Shutter Rock." Also, he maps merrily at Mr. Conrad Aiken, cheers on Carlyle, takes a pot shot at Ruskin. He prefers Mr. Garvice, whom most Canadians do not know, to Mr. Locke, who is in danger of becoming a household word due to his constant exposure on magazine stalls, and keeps his preferences so sensitive and so amusing that they remain perfectly good reading, done into perfectly good style.

In fact, there are, once and again, examples of prose as delightful and as melodious as that of "Old Junk," to sea still further into antiquity. "The Sea and the Jungle" itself. Mr. Tomlinson herein visits, no exotic lands; his travels are on English coastlands and in Flanders, the colors he mixes are drabber and grayer, his very style holds tint and gray of wartime. Yet for all that, "Waiting for Daylight" is not a book to be missed, nor yet to be lightly passed over.

ADOPT PLANS FOR NEW KITCHENER CITY HALL

Committee Will Call for Tenders for Building About August 15.

Special to London Advertiser. KITCHENER, July 25.—At a special meeting of the city hall building committee today the plans for the new city hall were adopted as submitted by the architects, and it was decided tentatively that the building would be called about Aug. 15.

It is expected that it will be possible to award the contracts about Sept. 1.

It was announced following the meeting that actual building operation will start this fall, and that the foundations completed before winter sets in. The superstructure will be started as soon as weather permits building operations in the spring.

THOUSANDS ATTEND BLENHEIM REUNION

Second Day Featured by Parade, Lacrosse and Baseball Games.

Special to London Advertiser.