London Advertiser

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MORNING. EVENING.

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London, Ont., Wednesday, October 11.

They Didn't Know.

A TRAIN stopped right by the station the other day, and in the string of cars were several containing hogs.

Three or four of them seemed to be anxious to stand in the one spot, and there was no end of rooting, shoving and squealing.

A look at the label on the car would show they were going to the stockyards at Toronto.

Once they arrived there they would be unloaded and come out at the other end of the mill as ham and bacon.

The pigs didn't know anything about this—so they were busy squealing and shoving.

If humans only knew what was ahead of them they might employ their time better than shoving and squealing and trying to squeeze into the place that belongs to some person else.

At best we've only got a short trip ahead of us, and we ought to know a mile more than the pigs.

In Proper Order.

IN Trenton a man named CHARLES SHIM shot a married woman and her father-in-law because the woman refused to elope with him.

After he had done this much shooting he turned the gun on himself.

Fortunately his aim was splendid and the first shot killed him, so it will not be necessary to hold a trial to see if he were insane or if he were merely holding target practice on this woman and her father-in-law.

The sad part about these shooting cases because of love or passion that is not reciprocated is that the shooting starts at the wrong place.

The man who feels that things have come to such a pass that lead bullets alone can decide the case should put himself first in the line before the artillery.

A lot of worry and sorrow would be saved were these love-sick and passion-crazed shooters to attend to themselves first.

In which case the intended victims would be satisfied to stand in line and wait.

On the Way Up.

LAST YEAR, although sales fell off sharply, Sears-Roebuck Company of Chicago pulled through with a turnover of $178,000,000. Practically all of this was mail-order business.

It's sometimes interesting to note where these big things start, and this time it is necessary to go back to the year 1884 and look up a 17-year-old railroad agent at North Redwood, Minn. On the company's payroll his name appeared as RICHARD W. SEARS.

While he did the odd jobs around the station, SEARS looked out for the big chance. One day it started to come because a consignment of watches had been refused by a local dealer, and so were left at the station. SEARS didn't ship them back—that would have been the easy way out, but he wrote to the firm making them, and suggested that he could sell these watches.

For customers he wrote railroad friends up and down the line. In his letters he did not offer something for nothing, painting golden promises. Instead, he said he had good watches which he would sell at a very small margin of profit. In describing them he went into elaborate details, which was the next best thing to putting the watches before the eyes of the prospective buyer.

The watch deal proved so successful that young SEARS quit his railroad job and went into the mail-order business.

Here was a young fellow, marooned in a small village, so dull that only two trains a day went through. It was about the last place on earth that most of us would look for a big opportunity. And, after thinking it over, it will be realized that SEARS did not find his opportunity, he created it.

Opportunity is in the individual. Geographical location has very little to do with it.

And what SEARS did, starting in his dusty telegraph office, can be duplicated today by other young men, provided they have vision and "the real stuff" in them.

Jungle Stuff.

DOWN in the tropics takes place one of the most interesting peculiarities of the great mystery, life. This one deals with a partnership between plants and insects for mutual protection.

Come into the jungle. See the leaf-cutting ants, one of the most destructive insects of the tropics. They frequently strip a tree of its entire foliage in a night.

The ants lug away the leaves over roads which they have built. These roads are six inches wide, sometimes a mile long, and are kept in repair and free of vegetation by squads of "white-wing" ants.

At the far end of the road the ants turn the leaves into a compost, or fertilizer, from which springs up a fungus growth, a kind of mushroom for which the ants are gluttons.

"These minute insects have become expert mushroom growers," says DR. F. J. SEAVER, who tells the story in a lecture at the New York Botanical Garden.

The leaf-cutting ants turn from the trees and attack certain jungle plants. Maybe these plants have intelligence, maybe not.

At any rate, they seek a means of protection. Presto! An "idea" comes to them. They change their shape, alter their structure until they become small hotels.

Colonies of fighting ants observe that the plants have provided ideal housing and feeding quarters. They move in.

And they protect their homes. Let a leaf-cutting ant come marauding in—and it never gets out alive. The army ants kill it. They also protect the plants against all other insects.

As a military alliance, what do you think of this combination between plants and ants?

The arrangement between the jungle plants and the army ants, you'll observe, is a 50-50 proposition. The plants give free rent and get protection. The ants get the free rent and give the protection.

There is no sentiment about it. It's give-and-take, dollar for dollar. No one gets any more than he pays for. Nor does he pay for any more than he gets. It's a natural law. "A fair exchange is no robbery." If we humans lived up to this natural law, getting a good living would be easier for all of us—and the average standard of living would be higher than it is in this day of trying to get something for nothing.

That Famous Dispatch.

THE highly sensational dispatch of Sept. 16 was of sufficient importance to live for some weeks. It is still a matter for discussion, and it has been roundly scored at home and abroad. The *Toronto Star* of Oct. 9 says:

"When so reputable a journal as the *London Spectator* intimates that the 'call' to the overseas Dominions was a case of Winston Churchill 'beating the war-drum for the Dominions to hear' the extraordinary sensationalism of Saturday, Sept. 16, is no doubt correctly explained. The special correspondent of the *Mail and Empire* and *Montreal Gazette* tells this morning of the criticism going on in the English press of "the colonial secretary's premature appeal to the Dominions for war aid.' It but remains now for the *Mail and Empire* and other journals to admit that the Ottawa government having been prematurely appealed to took the proper course in asking for more information. It will do no harm, but much good, for the Dominions to show that they cannot be Churchilled, wantonly and winstonly."

There seems to be little doubt that the dispatch was of such a nature that it will be heard of again, as these matters do not readily pass away out of the memory of a nation. It is quite conceivable that were nothing else to happen in the Near East, the whole question would be again brought up in the House of Commons, for it is on just such points that debaters like to turn their arguments and twist their sentences.

The dispatch, as it came over the wire, was the same in every office having the Canadian Press wire in its premises. Here is the wording of the message that came to THE ADVERTISER office on the afternoon of Sept. 16:

"London, Sept. 16.—Great Britain has invited Canada and the other British dominions to be represented by contingents in the British force taking part in an effective defense of the neutral zone in the Near East, it was authoritatively reported today.

"The British government has also addressed a note to Rumania, Jugo-Slavia and Greece, asking their participation in the defence. The semi-official announcement of the invitation to the dominions said they had been invited to participate 'in the defense of those interests for which we have already made enormous sacrifices.'

"This announcement followed the semi-official statement that the British government has adopted the attitude that the effective and permanent freedom of the Dardanelles is a vital necessity."

There can be no mistaking the meaning of that message. Translated into words even more plain and forceful it could read: "Canada has been asked to get ready for war."

Then followed the toning-down process, when the explaining diplomats got to work early on Monday morning. We were informed that there had been no request for troops, but a suggestion that the dominions should consider the matter and see what they would do in case a request were made for troops.

The more the question is looked into, the more apparent it becomes that some person who is in a position of authority in London spoke out of his turn in a most decided way, and found it necessary to run for cover soon after. The cabinet at Ottawa took a sane and reasonable view of the matter. It was not stampeded, neither was it frightened. The cabinet knew what a grave matter was before it, and realized the responsibility of sending troops, or of committing the Dominion to such a course. There was only one thing to do, and that was to get in touch with London, and keep in touch with London, and that is what the cabinet council did.

The cabinet was not chased into hurried action by the resolutions of those, many of whom would never be one inch nearer the front lines than they are today. There has been nothing since to show that the Ottawa cabinet made any mistake in doing exactly what it did.

AN IMPORTANT PASSENGER WAITING AT THAT ISOLATED STATION.

—Chicago News.

LITTLE 'TISERS

The proof of the pudding is how you feel the day after.

The honeymoon ends the first time the husband has indigestion.

Truth is stranger than fiction because we don't see so much of it.

Mud baths are being used in beauty treatments now, but it's different with politicians.

Divorced woman produced a diary of her married life in court—the family scrap book, as it were.

Hallowe'en is coming, so you had better bring in the cabbages or else get on good terms with the neighbor's children.

Might be well for those who are backing Turkey to bear in mind what happens: (1) roast, (2) cold, (3) soup, (4) giblet pie.

Isn't it funny how so many men straighten their ties and cough a bit consciously when reference is made to the town's leading citizens.

It may be that we shall yet see ads. like this: "Wanted, cook in family of two, no washing, evenings off, use of parlor; coal supply is in for the winter."

The five-cent cigar is back, and spends part time straining its neck to see its old friends, the five-cent loaf of bread, the five-cent shoe shine and the five-cent movies.

An Atlantic City woman wants divorce because her husband hit her with an axe. That's the trouble with the present wave of divorce. People apply for it on the least pretext.

No boy is as good as his folks think he is, neither is he as bad as the neighbors say. The school teacher is apt to come in between these two points and hit the thing off about right.

Several price increases are noted in articles people in United States have to buy. The new tariff that protects home industry to the sky is in operation, and the U. S. purchasers are having a real good chance to see the thing in operation.

Louis Flores, that Coney Island child born with 12 teeth, attracts attention merely because he's an exception. Just as much attention would go to a child born with no teeth if 12 teeth at birth were the rule. Human existence is rather monotonous, decidedly mechanical. And oh how the people delight in an exception, like Louie Flores, that bursts the chains that bind us.

Our Own Country.

MONTREAL BOARD OF TRADE.

Q.—How long has the Montreal Board of Trade been organized?

A.—The Montreal Board of Trade celebrated, in 1922, the 100th anniversary of its organization. It is, therefore, one of the oldest bodies of its kind in Canada.

Brain Testers.

What is this? It is found in Shakespeare. K I N I.

Robinson Crusoe.

The BOOKSHELF

THE SHACKLOCKER: *By Frederick William Wallace. Hodder & Stoughton, publishers, Toronto. Price, $1.75.*

Fresh with sea breezes, Frederick William Wallace presents a volume of yarns entitled "The Shacklocker," which pictures the Canadian deep sea fishers as only one who has served behind the mast can. This gifted author is familiar to book lovers, and he has kept up his high standard of entertaining fiction in his new book.

To those unfamiliar with deep sea fishing the shacklocker is the receptacle on board wherein is stored the food left after meals, and is a popular port of call for all members of the crew during odd moments off duty. The shacklocker provides a variety of entertaining titbits for the bank fisherman, and in his collection of sea yarns Wallace certainly provides a variety of reading delicacies for those fortunate enough to obtain his book.

In "Loot and Laundry," the author provides a tale which carries the reader over deep waters, to a deserted vessel, and shows the Canadian mariners as they are, good, but not too good. The vein of humor which runs through this yarn adds much to the entertainment.

"In the Bank Fog," is another story wherein the reader with the slightest trace of imagination accompanies the fishermen through hazardous difficulties, and is compelled to admire their simple heroism, as described by a master pen.

Many sea tales have been told, and many volumes on this subject have been offered to the public, but unfortunately too many have been handled by amateurs. Wallace knows his subject, and has often shipped with the men whom he writes about, thereby obtaining first-hand knowledge of these virile types of Canadian manhood.

"Some Fishing," shows Wallace at his best, and the love of a fight fostered by every member of the schooner's crew. Behind it all is seen the loyalty of Empire, which helped make Canada's name shine in letters of gold during the great war.

To everyone who can enjoy a rollicking sea yarn, and there are few book lovers who cannot, "The Shacklocker" is recommended. It will provide an evening's entertainment before the open hearth, because anyone reading the opening chapter is loath to leave the book until it has been read from cover to cover.

HER WAY OUT OF IT.

Jones (dismally)—Helen, I simply can't meet my creditors.

Mrs. Jones—Why should you? What in the world do you employ a secretary for?

Old Time Waltz Night—Winter Gardens—Thursday night. b

H. G. WELLS' FAMOUS OUTLINE OF HISTORY

The Romance of Mother Earth

The Shepherds and the Stars.

TODAY'S INSTALLMENT—27.

OUT of such ideas and a jumble of kindred ones grew the first quasi-religious elements in human life. With every development of speech it became possible to intensify and develop the tradition of tabus and restraints and ceremonies. There is not a savage or barbaric race today that is not held in a net of such tradition.

And with the coming of the primitive herdsman there would be a considerable broadening out of this sort of practice. Things hitherto unheeded would be found of importance in human affairs. Neolithic man was nomadic in a different spirit from the mere daylight drift after food of the primordial hunter. He was a herdsman upon whose mind a sense of direction and the lie of the land had been forced. He watched his flock by night as well as by day.

The sun by day and presently the stars by night helped to guide his migrations; he began to find after many ages that the stars are steadier guides than the sun. He would begin to note particular stars and star groups, and to distinguish any individual thing was, for primitive man, to believe it individualized and personal.

Friendly Guides.

He would begin to think of the chief stars as persons, very shining and dignified and trustworthy persons looking at him like bright eyes in the night. His primitive tillage strengthened his sense of the seasons. Particular stars ruled his heavens when seedtime was due. Up to a certain point, a mountain peak or what not, a bright star moved, night after night. It stopped there, and then night after night receded. Surely this was a sign, a silent, marvelous warning to the wise.

The beginnings of agriculture, we must remember, were in the subtropical zone, or even nearer the equator, where stars of the first magnitude shine with a splendor unknown in more temperate latitudes.

And Neolithic man was counting, and falling under the spell of numbers. There are savage languages that have no word for any number above five. Some peoples cannot go above two. But Neolithic man in the lands of his origin in Asia and Africa even more than in Europe was already counting his accumulating possessions.

The Hoodoo of Thirteen.

He was beginning to use tallies, and wondering at the triangularity of three and the squareness of four, and why some quantities like twelve were easy to divide in all sorts of ways, and others, like thirteen, impossible. Twelve became a noble, generous and familiar number to him, and thirteen rather an outcast and disreputable one.

Probably man began reckoning time by the clock of the full and new moons.

Moonlight is an important thing to herdsmen who no longer merely hunt their herds, but watch and guard them. Moonlight, too, was, perhaps, his time for lovemaking, as indeed it may have been for primordial man and the ground ape ancestor before him. But from the phases of the moon, as his tillage increased, man's attitude would go on to the greater cycle of the seasons.

Primordial man probably only drifted before the winter as the days grew cold. Neolithic man knew surely that the winter would come, and stored his fodder and presently his grain. He had to fix a seedtime, a propitious seedtime, or his sowing was a failure. The earliest recorded reckoning is by moons and by generations of men. The former seems to be the case in the Book of Genesis, where, if one reads the great ages of the patriarchs who lived before the flood as lunar months instead of years, Methusaleh and the others are reduced to a credible length of life. But with agriculture began the difficult task of squaring the lunar month with the solar year; a task which has left its scars on our calendar today. Easter shifts uneasily from year to year, to the great discomfort of holiday-makers; it is now inconveniently early and now late in the season because of this ancient reference of time to the moon.

A CARVED STATUTE ("MENHIR") OF THE NEOLITHIC PERIOD—A CONTRAST TO THE FREEDOM AND VIGOR OF PALAEOLITHIC ART.

And when men began to move with set intention from place to place with their animals and other possessions, then they would begin to develop the idea of other places in which they were not, and to think of what might be in those other places. And in any valley where they lingered for a time, they would, remembering how they got there, ask: "How did this or that other thing get here?" They would begin to wonder what was beyond the mountains, and where the sun went when it set, and what was above the clouds.

The capacity for telling things increased with their vocabulary. The simple individual fancies, the unsystematic fetish tricks and fundamental tabus of Palaeolithic man began to be handed on and made into a more consistent system. Men began to tell stories about themselves, about the tribe, about its tabus and why they had to be, about the world and the why for the world.

A tribal mind came into existence, a tradition. Palaeolithic man was certainly more of a free individualist, more of an artist, as well as more of a savage than Neolithic man. Neolithic man was coming under prescription; he could be trained from his youth and told to do things and not to do things; he was not so free to form independent ideas of his own about things. He had thoughts given to him; he was under a new power of suggestion. And to have more words and to attend more to words is not simply to increase mental power; words themselves are powerful things and dangerous things. Palaeolithic man's words, perhaps, chiefly just names. He used them for what they were. But Neolithic man was thinging about these words, he was thinking about a number of things with a great deal of verbal confusion, and getting to some odd conclusions. In speech he had woven a net to bind his race together, but also it was a net about his feet. Man was binding himself into new and larger and more efficient combinations, indeed, but at a price.

One of the most notable things about the Neolithic Age is the total absence of that free, direct artistic impulse which was the supreme quality of later Palaeolithic man. We find much industry, much skill, polished implements, pottery with conventional designs, co-operation upon all sorts of things, but no evidence of personal creativeness. Self suppression is beginning for men. Man has entered upon the long and tortuous and difficult path toward a life for the common good, with all its sacrifice of personal impulse, which he is still treading today.

Certain things appear in the mythology of mankind again and again. Neolithic man was enormously impressed by serpents—and he no longer took the sun for granted. Nearly everywhere that Neolithic culture went, there went a disposition to associate the sun and the serpent in decoration and worship. This primitive serpent worship spread ultimately far beyond the regions where the snake is of serious practical importance in human life.

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Tomorrow—The Growing Power of Religion."

OPEN SEASONS FOR HUNTING.

In Ontario the season for big game hunting is now on, and up to November 15, Moose, Deer or Caribou can be taken north of the main line of the Canadian National Railways, (formerly the Grand Trunk Pacific), from Quebec to the Manitoba boundary, in that part of Ontario south of the French and Mattawa Rivers from November 5 to November 20, and that part of Ontario lying north and west of the French and Mattawa Rivers, October 25 to November 30. There is an open season for partridge November 5 to November 20. Woodcock may be killed from September 15 to October 15. Wild Geese from September 1 to December 15. Wild Duck from September 1 to December 15. Some of the best hunting districts in Ontario are reached by the Canadian National-Grand Trunk Railways, and for further information application should be made to agents of these lines, or write C. E. Horning, district passenger agent, Grand Trunk, New Union Station, Toronto. O7,11

JEST

TOO BAD.

James found Julia more or less in tears on his return one evening from the office, and at last got it out of her that it was all through his mother.

"Yes," said Julia, "she insulted me dreadfully."

"Insulted you, Julia? Absurd! She couldn't have done so; she's miles away."

"Yes, but a letter came for you this morning from her, so, of course, I—I opened it."

"Of course," repeated James.

"And there was a p-p-postscript," cried the wife, bursting into fresh floods of tears, "which said: 'P-P-P. S.—D-dear Julia, d-don't forget to give this l-letter to James. I w-want him to have it p-p-particularly.'" "

HER EXCUSE.

Dora—"I'm surprised that you'd let a man kiss you on such short acquaintance."

Doris—"Well, he said it was my own fault that I hadn't met him sooner."

SLICK SCHEME.

"Our mamma is very kind to us. Every time we drink our cod liver oil without crying we get a dime each."

"And what do you do with the money?"

"Mamma buys more oil with it."

CUNARD
ANCHOR
ANCHOR-DONALDSON

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL.
Oct. 21 ..... Albania
Nov. 23 ..... Ausonia

MONTREAL, PLYMOUTH, CHERBOURG, LONDON.
Oct. 14, Nov. 18 ..... Antonia
Nov. 4, *Dec. 11, *Jan. 8 ..... Andania
*Halifax to Queenstown and Liverpool.

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW.
Nov. 3 ..... Cassandra
Nov. 10 ..... Saturnia

CHRISTMAS SAILINGS

HALIFAX TO QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.
Dec. 11 ..... Andania

PORTLAND, HALIFAX TO GLASGOW.
From Portland. From Halifax.
Dec. 9 .... Cassandra .... Dec. 11

NEW YORK TO QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.
Oct. 12 ..... Carmania
Oct. 26 ..... Scythia

NEW YORK TO CHERBOURG AND SOUTHAMPTON
Oct. 13 ..... Berengaria
Oct. 24 ..... Aquitania
Nov. 7 ..... Mauretania

NEW YORK TO PLYMOUTH, CHERBOURG AND HAMBURG.
Oct. 18 ..... Saxonia

BOSTON—LIVERPOOL—QUEENSTOWN.
Oct. 19 ..... Samaria

NEW YORK TO GLASGOW (VIA MOVILLE).
Oct. 14, Nov. 11 ..... Columbia

MEDITERRANEAN AND AROUND THE WORLD CRUISES.

For particulars apply to local agents.
THE ROBERT REFORD CO., LIMITED, General Agents.
50 King St. East - Toronto, Ont.

Postponing the purchase of Life Insurance is like waiting for a fire before insuring the house. Do it now! See the agent of

The London Life
Insurance Company
"Policies Good as Gold"
HEAD OFFICES - - LONDON, CANADA
Agencies in all principal cities

25 YEARS AGO TODAY

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

October 11, 1897.

Weather—Unsettled and showery.

The first game for the junior rugby championship of Western Ontario was played at Tecumseh Park Saturday afternoon between the Petrolea Hard Oils and London, which resulted in a tie. Spirit and pluck was shown throughout by the visitors, who succeeded in snatching victory from the Londoners only two minutes before time was called.

Judge William Elliot made an order this morning appointing Judge Edward Elliott, Mr. Frank Love and Mr. E. Meredith as a board of arbitration to fix the amount to be paid to the Ward estate for lands expropriated by the city water commissioners. Mr. B. C. McCann as representing the Ward estate, and T. Heredith the water commissioners.

Rev. Dr. Sanderson, accompanied by Miss Sanderson, has returned to the city from a visit in Iowa, much improved in health.

Messrs. E. De la Hooke, T. R. Parker, John Paul and C. C. Young have returned from the ticket agents' convention at Windsor.

Mr. Wm. Todd of Sarnia has accepted a position in the Grand Trunk carshops here, and will remove to this city at once with his family.

Mr. Wm. Gammage has been selected by the American Society of Florists as their vice-president for the Province of Ontario. The appointment is honorary, and is a flattering recognition of Mr. Gammage's standing and ability as one of Canada's leading flower growers.

DR. BISHOP'S ADVICE

REMOVE THE CAUSE

WHEN one's blood contains less than the normal number of red corpuscles or lacks the normal amount of coloring matter in the red cells, we say he is anemic—has weak blood.

The common symptoms of anemia are general weakness, shortness of breath on exertion, tendency to dizzy or faint spells, dull and more or less constant headaches, fluttering or palpitation or darting pains about the heart, nervous irritation, unsatisfying sleep, finicky appetite, perhaps loss of normal color, paleness of the lips, together with "that tired feeling."

The causes are well nigh innumerable, but foremost is bad air. Indoor life, air contaminated by gas stoves unattached to flues, lack of sunshine, digestive disturbances, improper food or small unnoticed hemorrhages are a few of the causes.

The treatment of anemia is, naturally, the removal of the cause.

Fresh fruits and green vegetables offer the best or most assimilable iron for the building of new blood.

We all know the necessity of sunlight for plant life. If you have ever picked up a board that has lain on the grass for some time you have undoubtedly noticed that the grass beneath the board is yellow or a very sickly green. So it is with human life. Sunlight is a powerful stimulant to the manufacture of blood corpuscles.

Don't depend too much on blood tonics. Iron in the blood must come from natural foods, not from medicine. True, medicinal iron stimulates digestion, perhaps, and thus stimulates blood-making organs to activity, but it can hardly be counted on as an aid in the actual making of the corpuscles themselves.

Let me tell you what I know about

BAKER'S COCOA

"My mother and my mother's mother used it, and I have used it all my life. There never has been anything better, never anything quite so good. Indeed, it seems to me that Baker's Cocoa is better and better as time goes by. No other cocoa seems to have such a delicious flavor or such an attractive color."

Walter Baker & Co., by processes peculiar to their method of manufacture and by the use of the most improved machinery have produced a cocoa which can be and is used as a standard for purity in chemical analyses.

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WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED
Established 1780 Dorchester, Mass.
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