

London Advertiser

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1923.

The Riddle of the Stars.

A famous English astronomer who for the last fifteen years has been watching the varying changes in the planet Mars from the island of Teneriffe has just announced the presence of new marks, the disappearance of old landmarks, and the changing of the colors of gases surrounding the planet. He states that his belief in the possible inhabitation of Mars is stronger than ever.

No question has such engaging interest as the possibility of finding that another branch of humanity lives on one of the stars at which we often gaze in admiration at night. All our philosophy and religion has been based on a negation of any such possibility. It is almost beyond our imagination to visualize such a state of affairs.

Henri Fabre, greatest of all entomologists and the most interesting writer on the life of the insect world, tells the following story as expressing the limit of imagination and the impossibility of understanding something that is entirely foreign to all our teaching and standards of thought.

"One day when I was walking through the garden, I passed through the strawberry plants and by accident stepped on one of the berries. Immediately there issued forth a colony of minute larvae, squirming and wriggling in the unwelcome glare of the bright sun. I realized that these little worms were feeling just as strange as I would feel if I were suddenly transplanted to some sphere of which I had no previous knowledge. Nothing in all the world could have convinced them, before I trod on their home, that there was any other world outside their red berry. They were impossible of realizing that any other place of life or form of living could exist, and when they were confronted with the seemingly impossible they were helpless and afraid."

Fabre, who was as much philosopher and investigator, and who found so much in the life history of his insects to strengthen his belief in God, did no injustice to humanity in using the simile of the larvae in illustrating the narrow confines of the thought of the world. Just because it is impossible for most of us to see in the mind's eye another world and another people, human and with, perhaps, attributes unknown to us and apparently without the scope of comprehension, that is no final argument.

Whether there are inhabitants in Mars or not, and we may never solve the riddle of the skies, it is plain that there are a host of questions to which we can find no logical answer. It is well that we should think once in a while of the story told by Fabre and remember that our world may look no larger to the great Architect than the little red-checked berry to the old French schoolmaster.

The State of Germany.

The red element seems to be increasing in Germany, and British newspapers fear that it may in time acquire the upper hand. Apparently the present policy of the German government does not appeal to the masses. This is in striking contrast to the policies of France and Belgium, which seem to have the people of these countries almost solidly behind them. It is now beginning to dawn upon Germany that she is losing out in the Ruhr struggle, and that she will have a big enough task in keeping peace within her own borders without incurring the active hostility of any foreign nation.

What France and Belgium suffered in the late war the great mass of the people on this continent have scarcely realized. Individuals as a rule know their neighbors better than those who live at a distance, and so it is with France. She gazes at Germany across her frontier, but trusts her not. The scars of the Franco-Prussian war had not had time to heal when the recent conflict burst upon Europe. France refuses to take any further chances. Her attitude on the Ruhr question may seem implacable and militaristic, but she knows with whom she is dealing and resents outside interference. This is the attitude of the French republic. It does not suit some other nations, but there it is. And the dangerous elements which it contains lend a grim humor to recollection of the phrase of 1914—"a war to end war."

Part of the Day's News.

The little car was in a heap at the side of the village garage. Across the way, in the sitting room of the hotel, a doctor finished putting a bandage on the arm of a girl of 13 who was on a trip in payment of having passed entrance examinations. A bandage had been previously adjusted to a gash in the head of her father. Mother had not fared so badly. She had a few bruises. Upstairs they had taken the little lad of nine. He had been sitting in the front seat with his father, and the full force of the crash seemed to have spent itself on the boy. The doctor was waiting to have him taken on in the morning to a hospital. "Internal injuries" was all he had to say, but the way he said it was neither cheering nor reassuring.

Outside the garage a little group held a voluntary post-mortem or autopsy over the wreck. Two wheels gone entirely, the running-board cut off clear, the body bent and twisted, windshield smashed, and the top torn to shreds. How four people could come out of that alive was the subject under discussion.

Then another added, "He only laid off work on Saturday for a week's trip with the family, and the car was new painted and all fixed up, but it's not worth strapping now."

And as though to follow up the details came more testimony. "I don't think he ever drove his car over 20 miles an hour, but that don't make much difference when another man thinks he has a right to go 40 or 50."

This all happened just a few miles from London. A large touring car, hurtling along between 40 and 50 miles an hour, had struck some loose gravel and pitched across the road into the small family car that had crowded itself almost into the ditch to let the fool driver pass.

The little family car had just as much right on the road as the big one, every bit as much. If a line were drawn down the center of the highway, one-half belonged to the small car that cared to travel safely and observe the law. The other half was for the time being the property of the man who drove the big car at a speed away above that allowed by the law, but on account of his selfish speed he was not able to stay where he belonged.

In order to save himself he had to make a buffer of the little law-abiding car, smash it, hurt the occupants,

and make a riot out of what should have been a happy holiday.

The big car pulled in at the nearest garage down the road; the fenders were hammered out straight, the tank filled with gas, the bill was paid, and a card left for the man with the smashed bus and the smashed family.

There was no magistrate to sit in judgment on the case. There was no judge who had seen this thing times without number until he had come to the stage where he would announce "one month in jail, costs for all damages and license lifted for the rest of the season."

No, none of these things—the car smasher and the traffic rules smasher simply stepped on the gas and was soon lost in a cloud of dust. We don't know whether he has run across his next victim yet.

Wingham and Its Gold Braid.

The editor of the Wingham Times is mildly alarmed over the appearance of gold braid in his town. Only a week or so ago the chief of police and his assistant were rigged out in civic millinery, the chief trimming of which was gold braid. The thing spread like scandal or measles. The Times says:

No sooner were these two decked out "than along comes Billy Fraser sashaying down Main street past the Times office with a richly gold-trimmed hat bearing the legend 'Canadian Customs' and shining with such refulgent glitter as to quite put the Orange Young Britons to shame."

The Times senses danger in this uniform business and sees the day not far off when there will be a uniform for the postmaster and a drum major's outfit for the town clerk. Then, what becomes of the common people? Surely Wingham will be split into two sections, them what has gold braid and them what hasn't.

Yet, a little gold braid on the cap is a mighty good thing for the community. We mind quite well one official in the old home town. He had a large number of jobs, but just one salary. When he nailed big boards on the broken sidewalks and spread the tan-bark on the back streets he wore an old felt hat that was notoriously out of style. Yes, sir, it was an awfully old piece of millinery, and there wasn't one speck of dignity about it. But when this same official went to put the stray cow in pound, when he went to ring the town bell, or ask a medicine show for a dollar license he put on his blue peaked cap on which the words "Chief Constable" had once been worked in gold letters. Right then and right there he became a man of worth and prominence. The boys didn't refer to him as "Paddy" any more—not a bit of it—he was called "Chief." "Paddy" in the morning and "Chief" in the afternoon. The same person, same brain, same salary, but that old sweat-stained blue hat with the gold braid made all the difference.

So let not the Wingham editor treat this matter too lightly. Whether we care to admit it or not, we are powerfully wedded to gold braid, for it builds a huge fence between those who rule and those who obey. And, what's more, we'd get in an awful tangle were it not for these emblems of authority. The Wingham paper should have had an item like this:

"Chief Allen and Deputy Chief Lewis appeared in our midst last week with new hats, symbolic of their high office. May their shadows never grow less, and may crime be banished from our midst."

Price and Value.

Value and price. What two words have given the writer on social and economic topics so much thought and diversion?

Pablo Casals with his cello, sitting on the steps of his little house overlooking the Mediterranean, plays to the adoring crowd of peasants who come each night to share the artist's paradise. They pay nothing but homage, yet who is to measure the value of these quiet hours in the soft evening light? Pablo Casals comes to London, and Paris, and New York, and his art brings fabulous prices. Millionaires pay with careless grace as much as all the peasants in the little village of his home can earn in a week to listen to him for two hours. Is the value any different? Is it, in fact, not greater in the first case?

The cost of real friendship may be great in usefulness, and insignificant in money. The value may well be the happiness of all one's life. It is beyond calculation. The price is simply what one gives for a thing. The value is what one gets from it. Eight thousand dollars for a car, one hundred thousand for a house, the same for a yacht. Or a few hundred dollars for a Ford, a few thousand for a house, one hundred for a canoe. It may even be that the value is always in inverse ratio to the price, and the man with the Ford and the frame house and the canoe gets more value out of his investment than the other.

If the gifts of nature were retailed by some typical middleman, only the wealthy could live. Let us be thankful that all the really worthwhile things are within the price of each of us, and equally beyond the purchase of every new Croesus.

Note and Comment.

Perhaps Sherman wasn't altogether right. A price war in Sapulpa, Okla., has put gas down to 5c a gallon.

A magistrate refuses to divulge the names of two speeders, saying they were "prominent citizens." Or did he mean to say "prominent law-breakers"?

A rum-runner was raided off Long Island by a rum pirate, who made off with 200 cases of whiskey. The former is indignant at this exhibition of lawlessness.

Ontario leads. More persons were killed in this province in 1922 than in any other section of the Dominion. Along with this leadership should go stiffer fines, more jail sentences and also a new supply of common sense for pedestrians.

Bucket shop operations in New York have been so extensive that when shown up they will "shake the city to its foundations." That village has been shaken up so often that a bucket shop exposure won't make any more noise than dad dropping the hoe out in the potato patch.

The grasshoppers have been licked in Southern Alberta this season, and the artillery and light weapons used are being spiked for the season. This assortment of weapons might be used a little later on the chap who comes around to suggest that you should have bought your coal in April.

Conservatives will protest South Waterloo, where Karl Homuth won by 15, because he is "holding the seat without a majority of the votes of the people." Homuth won the seat fairly, the Conservatives do not need it; in fact a capable man in opposition is an asset to the Ferguson government. The protest is poorly advised and not worthy of serious consideration.

DIBS AND DABS

—BY HARRY MOYER



Rarebits by Rex

A NEWSPAPERMAN'S CHANT.
If I were an emperor or a king,
A merchant prince or such,
A knight of the squared or bloody ring,
I'd give you more than much.

I'd pluck out the stars from the heavens,
I'd buy a world or two,
And these I would place at your feet, my dear,
To win a smile from you.

My giving would only be but begun,
I'd make a thousand hits—
But I've only a dollar, a lonely one—
I'll match you doubles or quits.

Every time we listen to a reformer we come away convinced that reforms are necessary—commencing with reformers.

A Pittsburg man recently said to a judge: "My honor, I hold as much regard for you as does your wife." So the judge fined him \$10 for contempt of court.

We went into a store to get one of those old-fashioned cowboy handkerchiefs, but the clerk said: "Yes, we have no handkerchiefs."

Hank says that after you rubber around for a while you notice the pretty girls get all the compliments and the homely ones get all the husbands. But tell this to Mrs. Hank.

Another sure way to be popular is never to allow your nose project more than an inch or two from your face.

The quickest way to reduce is—have you ever seen a fat postman?

We are always afraid a barber will make our hair look like his.

Thousands of eggs are in cold storage these days and none of them appreciate it.

A man up north was taken for a fish while swimming, and spared by his friend. Lots of local chaps also get taken for fish and they're spared by Cupid.

Isn't it about time for Lenin's condition to grow worse again?

What the world needs most at the moment is fewer people telling it what it needs.

Some friendly person sends along a clipping from an unidentified newspaper which defines the difference between a Jesuit and a journalist in this fashion: A Jesuit is compelled to take a vow of poverty; a journalist achieves poverty without the vow.

As a matter of fact, however, newspapermen are not so woefully impetuous. We know three in this office who own cars—even though they did buy their second-hand from bricklayers who found that they needed something better.

We saw a man give his seat to a woman on a street car yesterday. That's the second time he's been caught in an intoxicated condition.

The only straight thing about some men is the whiskey they drink.

Girls who change their mind very often find it hard to change their name.

A book agent tells us that a man came in to buy a book on husbandry because he was going to get married.

It must be great to have a deaf and dumb wife. All you'd have to do to keep her from talking is to get her to knitting something.

HARVESTERS' SPECIAL TRAIN, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
For the convenience of the Harvest Excursionists to the West, Canadian Pacific will have a Through Special Train from London at 6:30 a.m. August 15. This will be the first through train from London, and the first into Winnipeg. Through cars will be operated on all regular trains from London, permitting passengers to go through without change. Lunch cars will be attached to all trains, and food and refreshments may be obtained at reasonable prices. Special cars will be provided for ladies, children and their escorts. Full information may be secured from any Canadian Pacific Ticket Office.—Adv. A10, A11, 13, 14

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of feasting and strife.—Proverbs xvii, 1.

This bit of advice fits in with what the doctors tell us of the value of good humor as an aid to digestion.

We should think less about what we eat, and more about our company at the table.

Good fellowship and friendly conversation makes a fine dressing for the simplest salad of herbs.

I knew a lady—the mistress of Yaddo—who used to prepare some topics for a dinner party as carefully as she arranged the food and drink.

We always had lively talk, but no scandal and no strife.

Even a solitary meal in the wilderness may be enjoyable if you take it beside a little friendship fire, with good memories for company.

This is one reason for restoring the old custom of "grace before meat," which Charles Lamb commended.

If it be short enough, it tends to peace and a quiet mind.

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Something To Go On

By ANNE CAMPBELL.
Something to go on,
That's what we need:
Call it religion,
Call it creed.
Some hopeful message
Some word of cheer,
Something to go on,
While we are here.

Something to go on,
Something to say,
Something to brighten
The darkest day.
Maybe it's foolish,
Trifles of song,
Something to go on,
Flooding along!

Something to go on
Up hill and dale,
Some thought courageous
That will not fail,
Some word of comfort
Right from the start,
Something to go on,
A singing heart!

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AT RABBIT'S FEET.
In my wee den, a' by maseel,
I sit this bonnie August day;
Tae write a bit o' braid Scotch verse
A' deep desire o' hert I hae.
I'd no' hae verses w' a rasp
Amang them like noo an' then;
Let ilka o' a true Scottish bard
Flow freely frae my doric pen!

For lessons in this art o' verse
My Scottish soul intensely yearns
Tae ha'e, by the bonnie fellowship,
"A hert tae hert" w' Rabbie Burns.
Immortal, lo'ed, lamented Rab'!
Kens as I write braid Scotch noo,
That bonnie Scotia far awa'!
As ye hae lo'ed I fondly lo'e.

I've wish that whyles I'm here on earth,
An' ye're in glory far aboon,
Tae sing, as sweetly as thyself,
"Boot banks an' braes o' bonnie Doon."

Tae me there's magic in yon streams
Which ne'er ava' can drumble be;
Whyles heathered hills an' Scottish glens
Wi' beauty captivate my e'e.

I'd paint an honest Scotsman's name,
Wi' beirnies cuddled on his knee
When frae his toil, ahint his plough,
Deep shades o' nicht had set him free.

I'd hae a wife an' mither there,
Tae bless them w' her lovin' filled een;
Oh Rabbie! teach a lesser bard
Tae fitly verse ae braw a scene.

I'm fond o' ilka noble Scot
Wha's true tae Scotia's honored name,
Be he on foreign, distant shores,
Or 'mang oor hills an' glens at hame.

Tae sing o' Scotia an' her bairns
I clearly hear a clarion ca';
That I a true Scotch bard may be
Let noo thy plaidie on me fa'!

—BLACK.

London, August 11, 1923

The virtue of reading the advertisements every day is that you get into the habit of trading with men whose word must be equal to their bond. Advertisers lowers the cost of selling.

Your Health: How You Can Give Your Hands Proper Care

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

The other day I read that a famous actress said that any woman can have beautiful hands. This actress achieves great effort in her art by the use of her hands, and she says she has worked out a simple method whereby she keeps them pliant and supple.

It is her contention that washing the hands in cold water with good castle soap during the day and using hot water only just before retiring at night, with no soap at all, will bring the best results. The hands may grow red at first, but this should not cause worry.

After using the hot water the hands should be thoroughly dried on a Turkish towel and then rubbed with white vaseline, after which a pair of rubber gloves should be put on. A more velvety and whiter skin will result after just one week of this treatment, she says.

This strikes me as good advice. For a woman who wishes perfect hands there could be no simpler treatment.

Even though we men folks may not go so far as to wear rubber gloves at night, we needn't be ashamed of giving our hands a reasonable amount of attention. Dirty, grimy hands lead to infected hangnails and infections of little cuts and lacerations.

Experts tell us that hand infections are among the most common and most serious of all in the experience of surgery. Of course, this is not surprising because it is to be expected that the hands, used as they are in every human operation,

are more liable to be damaged than other parts of the body.

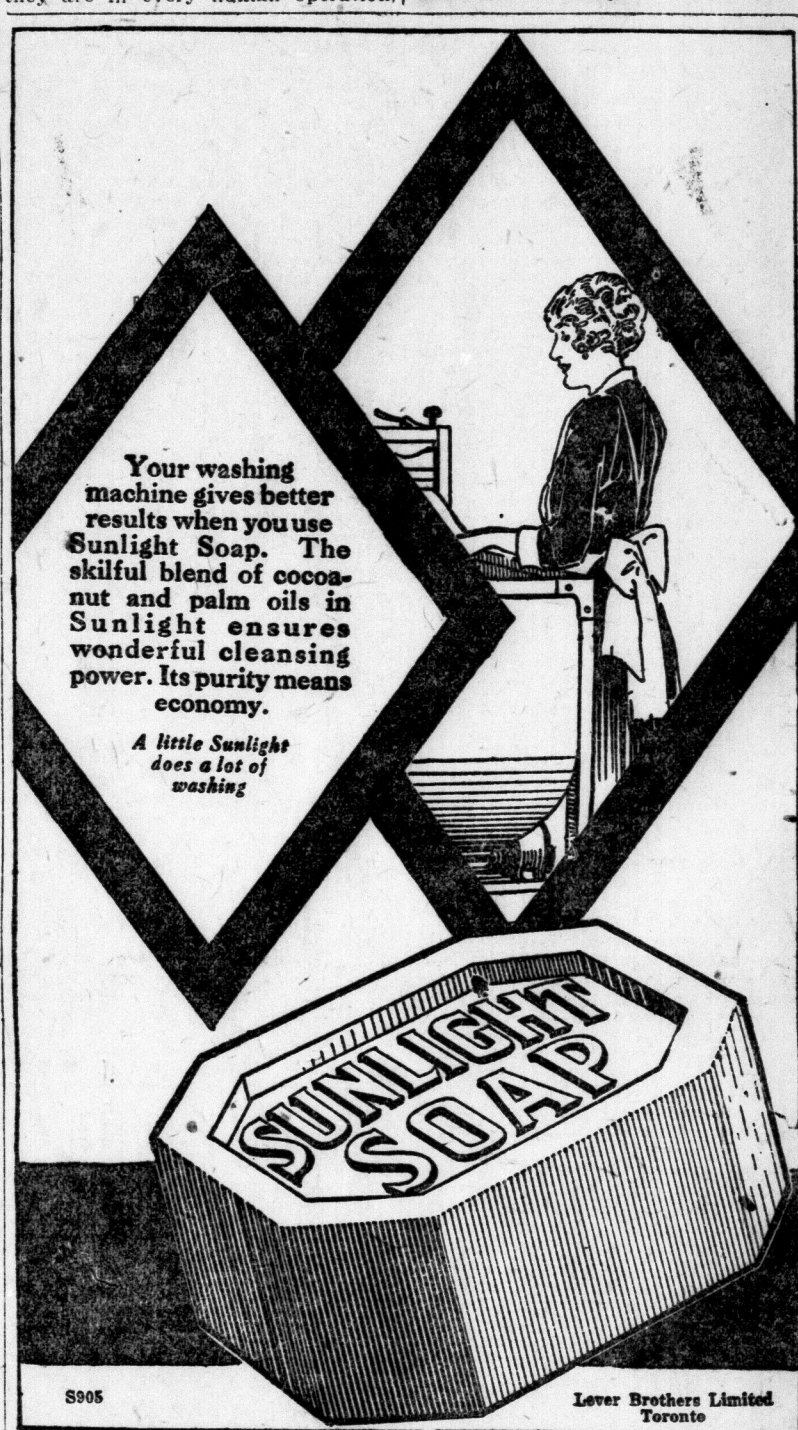
Not only are the hands frequently injured, but since they are in constant use they are apt to be soiled much of the time. On this account germs and dirt are carried into the wounded tissues.

We are prone to disregard hand injuries. They are so common and seem so trifling that little attention is paid them. This is a mistake.

Every injury where the skin is broken should be treated with care. It should be flooded with iodine and every household should have the proper solution where it can be quickly found.

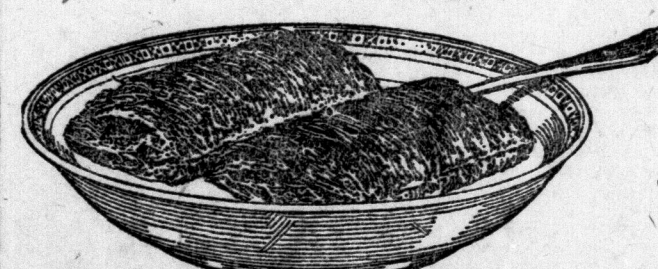
After applying the iodine a simple bandage will keep the wound clean and protect it against further infection.

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Keep cool and fit

for the warm days by eating nourishing, easily digested foods that do not heat the blood or tax the digestion. The ideal Summer diet is Shredded Wheat Biscuit with fresh fruits and vegetables. Shredded Wheat is the whole wheat ready-cooked and ready-to-eat—no kitchen worry or work. A delicious, nourishing meal can be prepared with it in a few moments. Children love the crisp baked shreds of whole wheat in Summer after the heavy foods in Winter. It supplies all the bran you need to stimulate bowel exercise.



TRISCUIT
is the Shredded Wheat cracker—a real whole wheat toast—eaten with butter, soft cheese or marmalades.

The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Ltd.
Niagara Falls, Ontario

Shredded Wheat

Food for the hot days