

## London Advertiser

Member Audit Board of Circulation.

MORNING. NOON. EVENING.

CITY—Delivered, 15 cents per week.

OUTSIDE CITY BY MAIL—Per year, \$5.00; six months, \$2.75; one month, 50 cents.

3670 TELEPHONE NUMBERS 3670

Private Branch Exchange.  
From 10:00 p.m. to 9:00 a.m. and holidays call 3670.  
Business Department, 3671, Editors; 3672, Reporters; 3673, News Room.

Toronto Representative—F. W. Thompson, 402 Lumsden Building.

U. S. Representatives—New York: Charles E. Eddy Company, Fifth Avenue Building, Chicago; Charles H. Eddy Company, People's Gas Building, Boston; Charles H. Eddy Company, Old South Building.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER COMPANY, LIMITED.

London, Ont., Saturday, October 2.

## STOP AND THINK.

The New York Sun and Herald published the following the other day:

On September 26, 1900, or just 117 years ago yesterday, a dignified and solemn group of officials of the sleepy little city of New York gathered "out in the country" for the purpose of laying the cornerstone of an important public building. The public building still stands, but nobody passed yesterday to mark the anniversary of its start, except perhaps one of the sharp-eyed policemen who are guarding it against bomb plotters. The building is city hall.

The region north of what is now Chambers street in those days was almost a wilderness, and the choosers of the site were widely condemned by some of their townsmen, it is said. Mayors could only spend the ends in old Bushwick, so inaccessible were the towns to their wives.

It is hard to believe that the fathers of some men now living would not be old men when New York was so small. Millions have been added to its population and many more millions have come and gone. What happened to New York has to a less extent happened to the whole world. London itself had only about a million inhabitants at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

And what changes in life. The United States itself was young. The world knew little of the change to come with steam, electricity and all the great inventions of the nineteenth century. The twentieth century brought us the greatest war of all time, made more terrible than any of these great inventions. Who can tell what changes another hundred years will bring? The man eloquent, the Hon. Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, some years ago, speaking of the relationships between the United States and England, said:

"It is true that in eighty-five years we have had two wars—but what then? Since the last war we have had fifty years of peace, and there have been more people killed in a single campaign in the late Civil War than there were in all the wars between this country and Britain. The people of the United States have drawn together the two continents and made them one people. I wish them God-speed! and in the future I feel that we ought to rule out the irreconcilable in the recollection of our fathers and unite together as one people to come. I see around the door of the two countries. United as they would have them draped together, and let the varying tints unite in the arch of peace."

## WONDERFUL TEACHER.

Dr. Thomas Arnold by his biographer, Lytton Strachey, that introducing morals and religion into his education at Rugby, he altered the atmosphere of English public school life. In a state of "Anarchy, tempered by despotism." This he achieved, not by changing the machinery of education, but by giving it a new propulsion. Having passed through some early spiritual perturbation, from which happily the wise counsel of the eminent divine, John Keble, delivered him, he soon discerned with alarm the lack of Christian principle in prevailing conditions, manifested especially in the literature of the day. His distinguished life achievement as a teacher reflected his intelligence, conviction and earnestness.

In the midst of a period when educational conceptions and processes are being reshaped, it becomes us betimes to consider well that Greater Master Teacher of Gallilee, from whom Dr. Arnold drew his inspiration, and to whose transcendence all the ages bear tribute. Ridiculed by the scholastics of His time for lack of knowledge, despised, hated, mobbed and finally killed, what was the secret of His teaching genius, which even the unbelieving skeptic concedes will never be surpassed, nor ever what may be the surprises of the future?

Among the adventures of modernism and its numerous accessories of desk and rod, and crowds always hung upon His lips for words of healing and conviction. Although over nineteen centuries ago, His teachings wherever they penetrate, turn the lives of men into new channels, upset social correct abuses, ameliorate living, and by the heart-penetrating spirit, transmute men's lives and communities. No other teacher has ever appeared in the school of humanity. From the hour when He "began and teach," the pedagogy of His gospel has been progressive and life-giving. To a group of disciples, trained in His own personally-conducted normal school, He committed a legacy of teaching, outlined in what has been described as their ordination sermon on the mount. It possessed the unanswerable merit of being a translation into words of His own life. Its simplicity and directness, profundity and far-reaching sweep continue to this hour to be the despair of exegeses and imitators. Like a vast stream of Divine wisdom, interpreters and social reformers discover themselves to be mere children, dabbling upon its shores.

Whether addressing himself to an individual or to thronging thousands, he teaches with Divine authority and not in the stereotyped and hair-splitting terminology of the scribes. He strikes a positive and constructive note. He does not side-track his students into doubts and futile speculation in dealing with the fundamental facts of life and eternal destiny. He plainly tells the scholarly theologian who came for his lesson under cover of night that to see the Kingdom of God he must be born

again, dropping the pungent reminder—that a "master in Israel" ought to "know these things." The self-righteous who expected salvation by personal merit he directed to humble confession of sins like the publican. He took as much care in teaching one sinful woman by a wayside well as he would a group of D.D.'s in the Temple. His penetrating message went to her heart with converting power. As He unrolled the film of her career she knew that the Messiah had crossed her path. When He overtook two troubled souls in the Emmaus Road He takes infinite pains to make clear to them from all the Scriptures, beginning with Moses and the Prophets, the things concerning Himself. The specific direction given to "search the Scriptures," they are they which testify of me" is as sound and needful today as when the words were first uttered. His method discloses the incomparable value of individual contact in teaching and a knowledge of the scholar's peculiar needs.

He relied upon illustrative instruction—without a parable spake He not unto them. That is said to have been in deference to the imagery-loving Eastern mind, but experience demonstrates its universal adaptability. He was speaking to humanity everywhere and always. His vocabulary was vivid and beautiful. An accurate and loving observer of nature and the current ways of life. He understood what was in man, and therefore did not blunder by random teaching. He knew and relied upon the sacred Scriptures, that was fundamental; but He comprehended his constituency just as well so that the crafty could never entangle his lucid candor. His teaching and preaching were full of local color and images drawn from business and domestic life, but above all from farming fields, luscious vineyards, sheepfolds and gardens. The sunset and sunrise and a hundred other pictures were stored for reproduction in the splendid negatives of His mind. From the record, He wrote one sermon only and that with his finger on the ground. Nature study and object lessons were familiar every day tools to this wonderful Galilean teacher, who took a little child to illustrate the trustful and receptive attitude toward truth that must characterize those who would enter the Kingdom of Heaven. By precept and example He educated the few to reach the many. In the crowded days of His brief term He never seemed too busy to welcome a sincere searcher for light, and He inspired respect, confidence and life devotion. He taught his followers a universal prayer that still voices the world's deepest needs and highest aspiration. "His name shall be called Wonderful," runs the prophecy of His coming, and no other word so fittingly expresses the manner, the substance and the world-wide results of His teaching.

## EDITORIAL NOTES.

Few men are ever too busy to listen to flattery, a new recipe for home-brew, or a good story.

The number of half-grown girls one sees wearing rouge those days makes one wonder just how many mothers ought to get a good spanking.

"Nearly all the young men have left town, and the old ones are wearing rubber collars," is the rather unique excuse given by a Chinese laundryman for closing his shop.

Huns who have to sweat these times to keep up payments of the indemnity are probably glad that Germany did not get that place in the sun the kaiser was so anxious to secure.

Judging from conversations overheard on the street and in the street cars these days two important questions of the hour are: "Has your rent been raised?" and "Have you got your coal in yet?"

## GETTING BACK TO NORMAL.

[Vancouver Sun.]

Within the past few weeks there has been a quite noticeable subsidence of the spirit of social unrest throughout Canada. There are still strikes and rumors of strikes, but the sense of uneasiness as to what the future might bring forth seems to be disappearing. The amount of discontent with things in general is now hardly more than may always be found in any community where men are doing pretty well but desire to do better.

The effects of the war are passing off. The returned men as a body have resumed their place as ordinary citizens engaged in peaceful occupations. The industries which were devoting their energies to destructive purposes are now once more busied with the production of goods for the consumption of the nation. The harvest for the year has been large, and promises to sell at a satisfactory price. Even the cost of living is showing symptoms of weakness. If it is not exactly plunging downwards, it is at any rate no longer rising.

There remains, however, plenty of room for improvement before the ideal can be said to be attained. The amount of good will prevailing among the different classes of the community could still be substantially increased without doing any harm. Co-operation still has more to be said as a subject of conversation than in actual practice. Nevertheless, there is reason to be thankful for the progress made to date. The country is getting back to normal, and a lengthened era of steady prosperity would seem to be at hand.

## BEACHCOMBING.

A familiar figure at all English seaside resorts just now is the beachcomber. Every day, just after high tide, he may be seen walking along the shore, eyes glued to the sands which have been swept clear by the receding tide. Many people have speculated as to the object of his search. Like the rest of humanity, he is out for money. Children and adults have a habit of losing coins on the sands, a loss which to them seems irretrievable. But the beachcomber knows that the money is not hopelessly lost. The high tide sweeps the sands and rocky crevices, washing away the lighter soil and leaving the heavier articles high and dry. It is not difficult to find coins, because they have usually been rubbed quite bright. But they must be picked up at once or they are covered by the next wave and hidden, it may be, for several tides. The occupation is more profitable than the uninitiated think, and it is not unusual for a beachcomber to pick up 10 shillings or £1 by following a single tide. Sometimes, when luck is especially favorable, more valuable contributions come to hand: a necklace or jewelry dropped from some ocean liner and washed perhaps half around the world before being cast upon the shore where they are found.

## COST OF LIVING PROBLEMS.

[Morning Oregonian.]

Living costs are certain to decline slowly, but with marked effect. There is a point, of course, at which they must reflect in a wage reduction. What this point is the various industries must determine with their own consciences, in all fairness. Unless they do so, with commodities subject only to the usual slight fluctuations, the economic stability of the nation will be overthrown and an era of hard times will ensue—in which both wages and prices will fall to the bottom. The purchasing public does not ask that wages be disturbed, with respect to the purchasing power. It is willing to share its proportion of the increase, in which it profits, but it does insist that the selling price shall be based upon actually increased cost, and nothing more.

## From Here and There

## COUNTING A BILLION.

According to Popular Science Monthly, it would be hard work to count a fortune of a billion dollars. Counting out \$1 bills at the rate of 150 a minute for eight hours a day, it would take a billionaire 46 years of 300 days to finish the job.

## THE TELAUTOGRAPH.

The teltauto-graph, an instrument which can give "electrically" at a distance, an exact facsimile of writing or drawing done at the transmitting station, is doing away with messenger service in many large commercial and industrial plants.

## APOSTLES OF GLOOM.

[Washington Post.]

Between Bolshevism, the income tax and the rise in the price of coal because of the "vacations" of the miners, everybody nowadays is inclined to be pessimistic. Time was when men and women were accustomed to look on the bright side of things, to laugh occasionally and to enjoy the fleeting moments as they passed, but now a Chimerian gloom seems to have settled on the human race, and the world so rarely smiles that the gaiety of nations may be supposed to have gone into the discard and been lost in the shuffle.

## TOO EXPENSIVE.

[Boston Herald.]

Have you noticed that no one is warning the public as in other years against eating too much meat in hot weather?

## A FOOLISH SUICIDE.

[Columbia Sentinel.]

Too bad someone hasn't been able to make the starving mayor of Cork realize that a live agitator is worth a great deal more to a cause than a dead martyr.

## TREAT HIM COURTEOUSLY.

[Kingston Whig.]

Some people ought to remember that when a reporter asks questions he is fulfilling his duty to the newspaper and the public, not satisfying his own curiosity, and should therefore treat him courteously.

## WHERE?

[Kingston Whig.]

Where are all those substitutes for coal talked of for this winter?

## THE BOY PROBLEM.

[Hamilton Times.]

Sunday last was rally day in the Sunday schools of the country, and quite a few of the Hamilton churches observed the day. Those of us whose memory are willing to admit that in some respects the good old days were not so highly organized for this kind of work as they are today. There was less machinery connected with these schools, but perhaps the Bible and the Shorter Catechism were more in evidence, although the leaflets and prepared scholars were much scarcer. There were few men or women in this city who had the advantage of a Sunday school training in their youth who will not gladly testify to the influence it had upon their lives and conduct. One old schoolboy remembers with gratitude the labor of the old gentleman who spent many a year in drumming into his mind and heart the lessons which he extracted from the Word of God and from the catechism, yet he also remembers how distasteful these were to him at the time, and how at times he almost hated him.

## KEEP FAITH IN YOURSELF.

[Office Appliance Notes.]

You may have lost out on the original plan. You may have found some friend at fault. But, after all, the vital question for you to answer is this: Have you lost faith in yourself?

What if you are now in hard luck. Many a great achievement has been left undone because a man was too rich to keep at it. Poverty is more prolific than prosperity.

Great ideas and great achievements, like the photo negative, must have time in the dark room to develop.

Every step upward in the splendid march to success is based on belief in self. Don't begrudge your years of poverty and struggle; they are the richest of your life. They are years in which you give no energy and thought to making a show, and in which the best of you is in you, growing stronger than the obstacles in your path, stronger than the limitations that shut you in.

When your heart is heavy and your head bowed in sorrow, when defeat and despair seem to encompass you, when friends disappoint, then is the time when your soul is being molded into symmetry.

When you are fully aware, thoroughly aroused, perfectly sensible to your surroundings, there is always less real cause for alarm. Do you know that it is the unexpected that happens?

## WHERE DO THESE MEN STAND?

Is Harding pro-German, and is Cox pro-whiskey? These are the questions the American people are asking, and which they have a right to have answered. Mr. Harding owes it to the people of America to declare himself definitely whether if he is elected he will make a separate peace with Germany and do the other things which the successors of the notorious German-American alliance are expecting of him. They are supporting him with the hope that he will use the spotlight when making a final settlement with Germany.

Mr. Harding, remaining mum, permits this doubt to stay in the American mind, so that it is considerably disturbed. The Average American has a right to know where Mr. Harding stands. If he is against the peace, he is against the United States, no man for president of the United States.

Mr. Cox is credited by some and charged by others with being the whiskey candidate. The bootleggers of the nation are passing the word around to vote for Cox, as he is all right on the whiskey question. Now, where does Cox stand on whiskey? He says that the wet question is as dead as slavery, but no such comparison can be honestly drawn—not when thousands of men in the United States are using their money and wits to bring whiskey back to the saloon and the drunkard back to the home.

The American people must know where Cox stands on the booze question before election day in November.

## THE COLOR OF BLUE.

[Minneapolis Journal.]

A blue dome spans a green earth, and always has since the day that man first learned to look upward. Blue and green are not harmonious colors—not as spread by the hand of man. So spread, they jangle. They distress the eye. They glare at each other. But the blue sky never glared at the green earth, and the green earth has smiled back at the blue sky since the day the Creator finished them both and called them good.

Dust particles, we are told, catch and reflect and modify the white of pure sunlight, and so produce the blue we call sky blue—clean blue. The Almighty alone can make things clean and beautiful by adding dirt. All the inhabitants of the earth agree that a blue sky is "fair." Fair weather is blue sky weather. The beauty of it led some primitive peoples to worship the sky.

The deep blue sea takes its color from the blue sky. Three-fourths of the earth's surface is a mirror, so placed that it can duplicate the color of blue sky. Though the sea at times is green, its prevailing color is blue; and so it comes about, in this multi-colored world, that blue greatly exceeds all other colors, including green.

The blue in distant landscapes is likewise due to dust in the air. This produces what artists call "atmosphere," or "distance," and what all clear-eyed persons instinctively admire, though not all have learned to name it. It is this that makes the far view so much sought for as a front-door outlook. It is this that can make a hundred variations in one set landscape.

Blue is a measure of distance to the eye. When the air is more nearly dirt-free, far objects seem nearer. They also look more commonplace. "Distance lends enchantment to the view," because hard lines are veiled in this thin blue drapery of dust.

Near hills are green, but distant hills are blue, the nearer distance a deeper, the farther distance a fainter blue. By the color we estimate that yonder range of hills is such a distance beyond this. The fading color of the far-away hills is not due to the fading of the blue. The nearer, deeper blue is but a mixture of the evanescent sky blue with the heavier green and the black of the substantial earth.

It is the green and the black that fade as the landscape recedes. It is the blue that abides. Blue is the prevailing color, the staying color, of earth, and the only color commonly called "heavenly."

## Poetry and Jest

## HOME WANTED.

[From "The Galveston News."]  
I'm just a little homeless dog; I guess I started wrong;  
My legs are much too short, they say;  
and then my tail's too long.  
I haven't any place to go, and people on the street  
Say "Howdy, Pup," and pat my head,  
but that ain't good to eat.

The other day I bit a boy, I didn't bite him bad,  
Because he hit me with a rock, and people called me mad.  
And such a case you never saw, until I dodged and hid—  
They every last one blamed me for that little thing I did.

I wish I was adopted, for the weather's getting cold;  
Don't anybody want a dog that's just as good as gold?

## AS IN YOUTH, SO IN AGE.

[Florence, Kas., Bulletin.]

In the dear old kid days we longed to be a man and carry money in our trousers pocket. We still do.

## THE OLD BOG ROAD.

[Katherine Edman, in "The Kansas City Star."]

Oh! I'd like to leave behind me all the endless weary striving,  
All the things the world teaches—the heavy aching load—  
And to wander where the breezes blow—again that jovial thrill to know—  
On the wild and lonely beauty of the old bog road.

Oh! I'd like to leave behind me all the cares, the weary burdens,  
All the foolish, senseless things that are—the weary aching load—  
And to wander for a summer day a hundred thousand miles away  
Across the lonely stretches of the old bog road.

## PULLING HIM DOWN.

[Lawrence.]

Conceded Young Man: "I wonder why that young lady over there looks at me so much?"

Conceded Young Lady: "She has weak eyes and the doctor told her to relieve them by looking at something green."

## IRONY.

[Louis L'Amour.]

Why are the things that have no death The ones with neither sight nor breath?

Eternity is thrust upon A bit of earth, a senseless stone. A grain of dust, a casual clod Recedes the greatest gift of God. A pebble in the roadway lies— It never dies.

The grass our fathers cut away Is growing on their graves today; The tiniest brook that scarcely flows Eternally will come and go. There is no kind of death to kill The sands that lie so meek and still. But man is great and strong and wise— And so he dies.

## IN ANY CITY.

[Frank L. Stanton.]

Through mists of rain, the old familiar place—  
The valley, hill and plain;  
And over all an unforgetting face  
Through mists of rain.

The sad sweet smile—the tender, pitying eyes  
I shall not see again;  
Tear-shadowed memories in ghostly guise  
Through mists of rain.

The voice that thrilled me with Love's sweet unrest—  
Its pleasure and its pain;  
A look of Love laid upon my breast  
In mists of rain.

O summer gardens, lost to all delight—  
Of war days and of foreign lands,  
It may be that she looks Love's way  
Through mists of rain.

## PITY THE POOR HUSBAND.

[Boston Transcript.]

Yes, I want a person who will do any kind of labor in or about the house—run errands, do the shopping, and so on—short, a man who will immediately and without objections do what I tell him to do.

"Ah, lady, it isn't a servant you need. Only by marrying again will you find what you want."

HER PLAIN DUTY.  
[Boston Transcript.]

The cheery caller tried to persuade old Aunt Martha not to dwell upon her troubles, telling her she would feel happier if she ignored them.

"Well, honey," said the old lady, "I dunno how to ignore 'em, 'cause when de Lord send me tribulation he done spee' me to tribulate."

## NOT SO BAD.

A returned soldier vacationist tells us that he was fishing in a pond one day, when a country boy who had been watching him for a distance, approached him and asked: "How many fish yer got, mister?"

"None yet," he was told.

"Well, yer ain't doin' so bad," said the youngster. "I know a feller what fished here for two weeks an' he didn't get any more than you got in half an hour."

## THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

[E. Pauline Johnson.]

Into the rose gold westland, its yellow prairie roll,  
World of the bison's freedom, home of the Indian's soul,  
Roll out O sea, in sunlight bathed,  
Your plains wind-tossed, and grass enswathed.

Farther than vision ranges, farther than eagles fly,  
Stretches the land of beauty, arches the perfect sky,  
Hemmed through the purple mists afar By peaks that gleam like star on star.

Fringing the prairie billows, fretting horizon's line,  
Darkly green are slumbering wildernesses of pine,  
Sleeping until the dawns bring  
To kiss their silence into song.

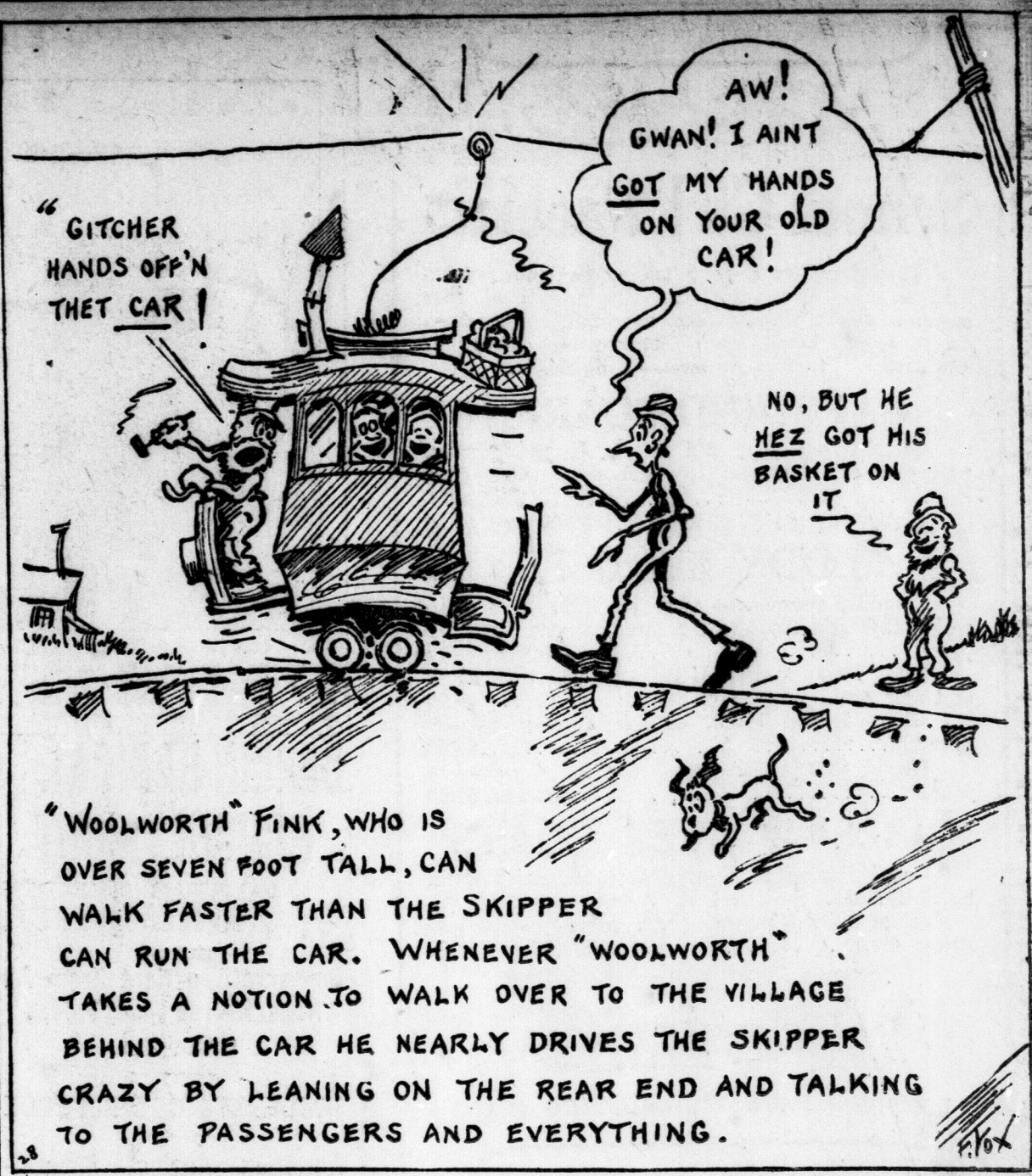
Whispers freighted with odor swinging into the air,  
Russet needles as censers swing to an altar, where  
The angels' songs are less divine Than duo sung 'twixt breeze and pine.

Laughing into the forest, dimples a mountain stream,  
Pure as the air above it, soft as a summer dream,  
O! Lethargic spring thou'rt only found In this ideal hunting ground.

Surely the great Hereafter cannot be Surely we'll see that country after Time's farewell kiss.

Who would his lovely faith concede? Who envies not the Redskin's soul, Sailing into the cloudland, sailing into the sun,  
Irto the crimson portals ajar when life is done?

O! dear dead race, my spirit, too, Would fain sail westward unto you.



The Townville Trolley that meets all the Trains—

## The Base of Many Troubles

## Inactive Kidneys and Suffering are Inseparable

THE kidneys are one of the prime causes of good or bad health. With active kidneys, the body keeps in good condition, but once these organs fail to perform their work properly you begin to be gradually sapped of your vitality.

Nothing will "drag you down" quicker than the backaches, the headaches, rheumatism, and other pains resulting from neglected and congested kidneys. Debility of the whole system is caused when the kidneys cease to perform their functions properly.

Yet, these many ills can be avoided or remedied by taking—

**GinPills**  
FOR THE KIDNEYS

Gin Pills have a wonderfully soothing effect on the kidneys. They quickly heal any inflammation, and enable the delicate organs to resume their work of filtering the waste and poisons from the blood. That is the reason the people of Canada bought 613,644 boxes of Gin Pills in 1919.

If you would have improved health and relief from your kidney troubles, try Gin Pills without delay.

Gin Pills are sold everywhere at 60c a box—with money-back guarantee, if they do not help you. You can obtain a sample by writing to:—

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited  
Toronto, Ont.

Gin Pills sold in the United States are the same as Gin Pills sold in Canada.  
United States Address: Na-Dru-Co., Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.



## Danderine is "Beauty-Tonic"

Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to fluff and thicken. Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong hair, glistening with beauty. A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty- tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All Drug Counters!