

FOUR

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London, Ont., Wednesday, August 30.

How Many More?

HOW do accidents happen? Auto drivers are generally certain that the other driver is to blame. It is not very often, especially on country roads, that one witnesses an accident in which two cars pitch into each other or the ditch.

At the first of this week, on a road up in Huron County, the writer was not more than twenty feet from two cars that were muzzed up. They were coming in opposite directions, both determined to beat the other to a small bridge over a creek. The first car, headed for Windsor, made the bridge, while the other was forced to take well to the side of the road in order to make way. Striking loose gravel to one side, the car was thrown almost directly across the road, in the path of the car that had just crossed the bridge, and almost turned completely around. The oncoming car took off one front tire as clean as a knife could cut. The injured car by this time was on the edge of the ditch, and the driver applied the brakes, but they would not hold, and so the car turned turtle and flopped over into the ditch at the side of the road. When the driver of the other car came back, he took a look at the situation and examined the emergency, and noticed that it was not on, nor had it been applied. He inquired of the other driver, who had jumped out before the car went over, why he had not used the emergency brake, and he received the astounding answer: "The service brake is not very strong, and the emergency brake is out of commission altogether."

Yet, here was that driver pelting along the country road at about 30 to 35 miles an hour, meeting all traffic that might care to come along, racing with approaching cars for the right of entrance to a bridge, going over cross roads along which cars might be coming that, according to the rules of the road would have the right-of-way, approaching level crossings, where there are no alarm systems, and where trains have the right-of-way—all these risks he was taking, and knowing full well that he could not stop his car in order to avoid plunging into another car or crashing right into a railway train.

Another driver has his brakes set properly. He has them tested now and then, and he knows that they are working right, and that, if necessary, he can stop up short and save trouble for himself and possible injury to others. In other words, he is prepared for anything that may happen, and yet he is positively at the mercy of the other driver, who knows that his service brake is poor and that his emergency is out of commission, but does nothing at all to set the thing right.

There is only one thing that can be done to the driver who dares to travel brakeless, and that is to take his car away from him, and make certain that he does not get it back until he has had enough sense pounded into his head to grasp the idea that he is not the sole owner of the road, and that there are certain things he must do, and certain regulations with which he must conform before he is considered a fit and proper person to have the rights of the public highway placed at his disposal.

There is too much loose work allowed after people secure their cars. How many cars are running around the country with the "service brake" not very strong, and the emergency out of commission. They should not be tolerated on the highways for a minute.

Back to the Woods.

THIS editorial is written in a shanty away out in the woods, on the shores of one of our Great Lakes. There are no other houses very close to it. The most constant company is the sun by day, and at night the stars and now the moon. When we turn in for the night the stars shine down through great tall pines that rear their haughty heads away up fifty, sixty feet, or even more, from the earth. And in between stand the sturdy oaks. The pounding of the waves on the shore, and the gentle murmur of the pines are the symphonies that lull us to sleep.

When the storm breaks in all its fury, and the lightning sends its forks and its chains from the troubled sky, the shanty is simply all closed up until the fury of the tempest passes. Afterward we find that the earth, the trees and the air have all been washed clean, and they are sweet and good, pure and vigorous.

The folks around here live simple lives. The fishermen ply their trade, taking from the great lake the fish they need, tossing what they don't want back into the water. "Tis thus that one learns the homely lesson that sometimes it pays not to be a top-notch. In the land around beyond the bush the farmers go about their business. They work in harmony with the laws of nature, and right now they are gathering in the grain, not from the field, but from the spout of the threshing machine.

When we want wood, we go into the bush where some giant pine frame has fallen victim to the storm, or to the axe of the hushman. There

THE BUSY MAN'S NEWSPAPER.

POLITICS - EDITORIAL - FINANCE



we gather up the hard pine knots, and toss them on the open fire at night. They burn so long that they take the place of coal, and the smoke is as pleasing as incense. When we want water we go to a small well close by, in a clump of little cedars, where the water trickles through great tons and tons of clean sand, and waits for us to come. It is cool, sweet and clear. No one ever gets sick from drinking it, hence we take it that it is good.

If the storm comes on at night, we light the humble little oil lamp, with its clean chimney and well-trimmed wick, and it does its best. If the electricity is very violent, the little lamp does not go out. It is not particularly efficient, but it takes us back to the day when it came along into our civilization and gently, but very surely and very firmly, shoved the little old tallow candle off the table, back to the shelf, and from the shelf out into the cold world of forgotten things.

And now and then the little lamp sputters and spits, but it does its best. It looks a bit meek to our electricity eyes, but it is just enough light to let folks sit around and talk, and ponder a spell now and then. It is a quieting influence in this mad world, and it seems to fit in with the little shanty out in the woods. Somehow the blaze of electricity would be as the blast of a false note thrown into the middle of a great and a soulful orchestra.

And is it not better to walk down the quiet forest path on the way to the lake than dodge across the street corner on a hot pavement in fear of being assassinated by an auto or a street car? And how much better to look away off through those tall, tossing pines into the very depths of the heavens at night than to have your horizon bounded and fixed by the limits of the houses across the street? And the water we take from that little well in the heart of that little clump of stunted cedars is better than the certified and chlorinated water that we draw from the tap in the city. Likewise our fire of pine knots at nights is so much more excellent than anything that can be accomplished with coal that the product of the mines suffers sorrow by way of comparison.

Civilization is a great thing, but when you want to have a real good time, close to old mother earth and nature, you've simply got to pack up and get away from it.

LITTLE 'TISERS

It's a smart woman who can grow old and appear to enjoy it.

The trouble with bobbed hair is that its got to keep on being bobbed.

Just listen—saw a livery stable the other day where you could hire a horse and buggy.

Now we're almost done passing through the season where we spread the butter with a spoon.

Any method of tax reform is excellent so long as it shows how the other fellow will have to dig deeper.

The *Action Free Press* has an editorial on "Wagging Tongues." Strange, but said article is fairly short.

It's hard to tell whether the miners and railroad unions or the United States government is running the country to the south.

The average farmer finds it hard to figure out why wheat has slumped in price. The thing that bothers him most is that he cannot bring about a slump in the price of things he has to buy with his wheat money.

A correspondent wants to know what becomes of the worms when apples are made into cider. We don't know for sure, and the last worm we saw going through got

caught in the squash before it could answer our query.

The *Toronto Star* believes that one of the first effects of the end of the coal strike will be the release of large quantities of coal that are being held for "famine prices." May the worst of luck camp on the trail of all who seek to cash in on the country's troubles.

HON. JAMES MURDOCK, minister of labor in the King cabinet, should have some new photographs taken. Many of those that appear in the papers make him look rather sheepish and sleepy, whereas in actual life he is the very reverse, and has a voice that is the envy of about 99 of every 100 public speakers in the country.

Some United States politicians seem to think the best way to collect world debts is to put up such a high tariff that the outside world can't trade there, make it compulsory to use U. S. ships, so no other nation can get a share of that business. In short, sell everything and buy nothing. The only thing wrong with the idea is that it can't be done.

It is well that everyone should know a little about the radio business. Hence this explanation: "Take heterodyne action. Suppose that the frequency of oscillations in the receiving antennae is 100,000 cycles per second when that circuit is in resonance with passing electromagnetic waves it would require a generator of undamped waves to be heard." Plain as mud, isn't it?

Under the caption "Nasty as Usual," the *Kitchener Record* reproduces the following from the *Toronto Telegram*: "HON. ERNEST LAPORTE, M.P., has gone to attend the League of Nations, and may be depended on to see that no more wars occur to compel Quebec slackers to take to the woods."

The *Record's* word "nasty" states the case exactly.

READ YOUR CHARACTER

By Digby Phillips.

NO. 309—MENTAL WRITING.

As explained in the previous article a strictly accurate classification would make the mental type a division in either the energetic or the passive type rather than a distinct type in itself.

Would it not naturally follow, then, that the mental type of person ought to write either a rounded or an angular hand? As a matter of fact, an analysis of handwriting specimens from a very large number of persons classed as "mentals" shows no decided average tendency toward either angular or rounded writing.

There are, however, certain other indications which quite clearly point out the mental development.

One of these is the fact that the writing of the person who is essentially a thinker is nearly always small. Small writing is the writing of the student. The mental person is, of course, essentially a student.

It is also as a rule either fine writing or writing but slightly shaded. Virtually never is the writing of a person who physically and mentally shows himself to belong to this type of the coarse, heavy variety, for the only thing mental indicated by heavy writing is determination, and even here the kind of determination indicated is rather the emotional, dominating kind, than the sort which is the result of calm, patient thought and decision. The latter is indicated rather in the firmness of the writing generally, and in the crossing of the "t's."

Tomorrow—How Innocent-Eyes Write. Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company.

JEST

ALL IN THE POINT OF VIEW.

"Don't you want to buy a bicycle to ride around your farm?" asked the hardware clerk as he wrapped up the nails. "They're cheap now. I can sell you a first-class one for \$35."

"I'd rather put \$35 in a cow," replied the farmer.

"But," persisted the clerk, "how foolish you'd look riding around on a cow."

"Oh, I don't know," said the farmer, stroking his chin, "no more foolish, I guess, than I would riding a bicycle."—*Chicago Tribune.*

COMING TO HIM.

A candidate in a rural district of England was getting a firm hold on his electors and was volubly painting in vivid colors the happy life they would lead if he were their member in parliament.

"You have not yet got two acres of land each and a cow, but that will come," he cried.

"You have not yet free homes for old people, but that will come."

"I have had no experience of those institutions," he remarked, "but"

A voice: But that will come, Guv'nor. London Express.

FLATTERY DID IT.

"You seem able-bodied and healthy," she remarked coldly, "you ought to be strong enough to work."

"True enough, lady," he replied. "And you seem beautiful enough to be in the movies, but evidently you prefer the simple life."

Her cold look vanished, and she gave him a good meal.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE THRIFTY RACE.

A Scot and an Englishman were included in an exploring party, and in a very remote spot they discovered some empty whiskey bottles.

"Ah," said Donald, "a Scotchman has been here."

"No," said the Englishman, "if that were so he'd have taken the bottles back."—*Boston Transcript.*

Our Own Country

CANADA'S FIELD CROP VALUE, 1921.

Q.—What were Canada's field crops worth in 1921?

A.—Canada's field crops of over a billion bushels of grain were valued for 1921 at \$931,000,000.

WHAT CANADIAN CHURCHES GIVE.

Q.—How much have contributed annually by the churches of Canada for their maintenance and toward their missionary and other enterprises?

A.—The churches of Canada, of all denominations, numbering 15,000, are estimated to raise thirty million dollars every year for their own congregational maintenance and for the support of their missionary work.

St. John's, Nfld., Sept. 2, 1922. (Labor Day), Sept. 4, Tuesday, Sept. 5, and Wednesday, Sept. 6, special trains will leave London at 4:50 a.m., arriving Toronto Union Station 8:30 a.m.

Returning trains leave Toronto Union at 6:15 p.m. and 10:15 p.m. from Pakdale, 6:25 p.m. and 10:25 p.m., for London.

Special return fares to Exhibition. Full information and tickets at city ticket office, 161 Dundas street, London.

LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY

TODAY'S word is—PHILANDER.

It's pronounced—fil-lan-der, with accent on the second syllable.

It means—to make love, especially triflingly; to play the male flirt.

It comes from—a combination of Greek words meaning "loving" and "man."

It's used like this—"With the coming of autumn, the season for front porch philandering among the youth of the land draws toward its close."

25 YEARS AGO TODAY

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

AUGUST 30, 1897.

Weather—Fair and Cool.

Dr. Chas. Fairbank of Petrolia is at Wolsley Barracks drilling No. 6 Company of the Field Battery. The company will go to Deseronto next week.

Rev. Ira A. Smith is expected to occupy his own pulpit at the Talbot Street Baptist Church next Sunday after an absence of five Sundays. Yesterday Rev. James T. Dowling of Woodstock preached at both services.

Mr. James L. Barron, instructor of music in the public schools here, who has been visiting friends in Moose Mountains, Springfield and Winnipeg, has arrived home.

A fishing party, consisting of Messrs. W. H. Skinner, Capt. John

Callard, Chaplain W. Treble, John Graham, Walter Simpson, Fred Mountjoy, Duncan Stewart, Harry Walsh, H. K. McCormick, T. Knott and Alex. Ferguson, have returned from a two weeks' stay at Main Station Island. They caught few fish, but had a good time.

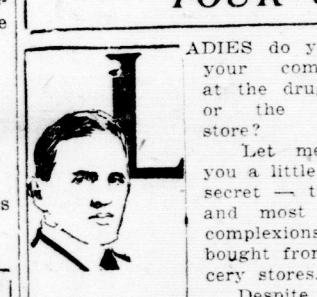
Miss Roblin returned to her place in Dundas Center Methodist Church choir yesterday. In the morning she and Mrs. Harvey sang a solo with much feeling.

W. B. Pope, C. B. Niles and T. Stuart decided to celebrate on Saturday and spent Sunday with Mr. John Lee, inspector for the Huron & Erie Loan and Savings Company.

The Bishop of Huron, who has been attending the Lambeth Conference in England, arrived home on Saturday afternoon.

DR. BISHOP'S ADVICE

YOUR COMPLEXION



LADIES do you buy your complexion at the drug store or the grocery store?

Let me tell you a little beauty secret—the best and most lasting complexion is the one that comes from the grocery store.

Despite the oft-repeated ax-i-om that beauty is only skin deep, you always find the most beautiful complexions walking hand in hand with good health and unless you eat right, you can't be healthy.

To maintain a clear, healthy complexion it is necessary to eliminate all body wastes promptly.

Wastes are not eliminated promptly because the right food is not eaten. Elimination cannot go on thoroughly unless the intestines are kept filled up by eating the food that leaves a residue in the intestinal tube after digestion has done its part.

Concentrated food leaves little or no residue.

Every farmer knows that his live

stock, in winter, needs to be fed what he calls roughage, that is, straw. It fills up the stomach and the intestinal tube. This filling-up is necessary for animals; it is equally necessary for human beings.

The reason for sluggish elimination is the eating of food that is too highly concentrated and leaves little or no residue.

The concentrated forms in which foods are now produced are largely to blame.

Such concentrated foods as sugars, starches, fats, fruit juices, and all fluid foods leave little or no residue. They are almost wholly absorbed—sent to the tissues and organs of the body.

Other foods, with a content, like the skins and seeds of fruit, the outer covering of grain, such as bran of wheat and the skin of corn; the stringy portions of vegetables, as found in the outer layers of celery and substantially all raw vegetables, especially raw cabbage; the body of asparagus, spinach, string beans, oranges, nuts, raisins, prunes and the fiber of meats, all leave a residue, because they are not soluble or digestible and consequently are not absorbed.

CUNARD ANCHOR-DONALDSON

ANCHOR LINES

Canadian Services

CUNARD LINE.

MONTREAL TO LIVERPOOL. Sept. 15, Oct. 14, Nov. 11, Dec. 10, 1897.

Sept. 25, Oct. 21, Nov. 18, Dec. 15, 1897.

Oct. 25, Nov. 18, Dec. 15, 1897.

MONTREAL TO PLYMOUTH.

CHER, JURG AND LONDON. Sept. 30, Nov. 4, Dec. 12, 1897.

Sept. 30, Oct. 14, Nov. 18, Dec. 15, 1897.

ANCHOR-DONALDSON LINE.

MONTREAL TO GLASGOW. Aug. 31, Sept. 29, Oct. 27, Nov. 24, 1897.

Sept. 8, Oct. 6, Nov. 3, Dec. 1, 1897.

Winter Cruises

MEDITERRANEAN AND AROUND THE WORLD CRUISE. Oct. 26, Nov. 2, Dec. 6, 1897.

Nov. 25, Dec. 1, Jan. 5, Feb. 2, 1898.

Jan. 24, Feb. 10, Mar. 10, Apr. 10, 1898.

For rates of passage, freight and further particulars, apply to local agents. THE ROBERT REFORM CO., Limited, General Agents, 80 King St. East, Toronto.

support of their missionary, philanthropic and other enterprises.

NELLIE McCLUNG.

Q.—What woman Canadian writer is also a member of a Legislature?

A.—Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Edmonton, the author of "Sewing Seeds in Bunnys," "Purple Springs," etc., is also a member of the Alberta Legislature.

VITAL STATISTICS.

Q.—What is the birth, marriage and death rate per 1,000 in Canada?

A.—Canada's birth rate, 1,000 of population, 1920, was 27.47; marriages, 8.94; deaths, 8.17.

CANADIAN PACIFIC, CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION, AUG.

26—SEPT. 9, 1922, TRAIN SERVICE.

During period of Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, Canadian Pacific trains will leave London for Toronto daily at 5 a.m., 1:25 p.m., 7:15 p.m., and daily, except Sunday, at 7:30 a.m. and 4:30 p.m.

Returning trains leave Toronto Union for London daily at 8 a.m., 3:20 p.m. and 7 p.m., and daily, except Sunday, at 7 a.m. and 11:40 p.m.

Saturday, Sept. 2, Monday (Labor Day), Sept. 4, Tuesday, Sept. 5, and Wednesday, Sept. 6, special trains will leave London at 4:50 a.m., arriving Toronto Union Station 8:30 a.m.

Returning trains leave Toronto Union at 6:15 p.m. and 10:15 p.m. from Pakdale, 6:25 p.m. and 10:25 p.m., for London.

Special return fares to Exhibition. Full information and tickets at city ticket office, 161 Dundas street, London.

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MAKE LONDON LOOK ATTRACTIVE TO

WESTERN FAIR VISITORS

All the buildings at Queen's Park will be filled with exhibits of interest to all. The Pure Food Building will be of particular interest this year. The Transportation Building will be filled with the latest makes and models of Automobiles. Overflow exhibits in this department will be found in the Machinery Building and on the grounds.

The Art Building will be filled with beautiful pictures. Six large war paintings from the National Art Gallery, Ottawa, will be on exhibition.

The Machinery and Stove Building filled with exhibits of interest to all. Dog Show from Tuesday noon till Friday noon. Poultry Building filled with fine birds.

SOMETHING DOING ALL THE TIME

A full week of education and enjoyment. Live Stock entries close on Saturday of this week. All information at General Offices. Phone 752.

J. H. SAUNDERS, President. A. M. HUNT, Secretary.

25444



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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."

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