London Advertiser

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London, Ont., Saturday, Nov. 5.

Thanksgiving, 1921.

By proclamation of the Government, Monday next will be observed in our Dominion as a day of special thanksgiving for the many blessings and favors of the past year.

This is a custom that is liked by many of our people. The editor of a paper in Muskoka fell asleep and dreamed that the churches of Bracebridge were filled to the doors with devout worshippers on Thanksgiving day. He awoke, however, to find that the churches were all but empty, and nearly everybody had gone out to try and kill something. It is probable that some will not spend the day as gratefully as they should—think of it merely as a secular holiday, the chief point of interest centering in sport, or in the dinner, where the traditional turkey graces the board. But many will recognize it as a time for recounting personal and national favors, and none can do so thoughtfully without feelings of sincere gratitude.

Naturally it behooves all thoughtful citizens of this favored and prosperous country to pause and meditate upon the reasons we have for giving thanks.

First of all, perhaps, that which is uppermost in the minds and hearts of all is gratitude for a fairly good and bountiful harvest, and this is perhaps specially so in Ontario. The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and He hath surely scattered bountifully, for verily "our barns are filled with plenty."

In the matter of national wealth we can only think of the words of the psalmist, "God hath not dealt so with any nation." The natural resources of Canada are fabulous and, as yet, undeveloped. Our mines, forests, fisheries and agricultural wealth are beyond calculation. A country of such unbounded and undeveloped wealth is bound to become the home of many millions in the next generation.

Amid all the national blessings that are ours, and which are so apparent even in these days when so many nations are troubled and torn, let us not be guilty of the worst of all national crimes, that of forgetting God. This is not a sermon or a homily, yet it might be well to turn to the book Deuteronomy, 8th chapter, and read the proclamation of thanksgiving issued by Moses, some thirty-three hundred years ago, at a period in the national life when the people were as much inclined to forget God as are some in Canada today.

Home is the natural objective point for everyone at the Thanksgiving season. Many homes will be happier because of the happy reunions and visitations which are associated with the observance of this day. Widen the circle so that it may include at your dinner table, your boy's chum, who cannot go to his distant home to be with his own people on the happy day. Let your daughter invite one or two of her girl friends to share Thanksgiving with her. With gratitude in our hearts, let us all remember, at this Thanksgiving time, the Saviour's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

We are perhaps old-fashioned, but we believe the custom of former years was a good one, that in which the people gathered in their respective places of worship on the day appointed and spent an hour in song and speech, mingled with earnest thanksgiving for the personal and national blessings of the year.

"Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home;
All is safely gathered in
Ere the winter storms begin."

The Washington Parley.

The eyes of the civilized world are turned toward Washington, the meeting place of representatives of the nations of the world.

The session has in it the makings of the greatest and most memorable gathering of the century, or the most dismal failure that ever overtook any movement that had in it the betterment of people the world over.

There are two things that can happen at this conference:—

(1) It can succeed, and the nations of the world can come together to try and understand each other's problems. Measures can be taken to limit armament and barbarous methods of warfare, or (2) It can fail, and the failure will be the pistol shot to send a world already burdened and staggering under a weight of debt which this and succeeding generations cannot shake off, into a mad, ruinous race for armament and still more armament.

Those are the two possibilities. There are lesser sidelights such as the bringing together of a limited number of powers if failure overtakes the larger endeavor, the grouping of the Anglo-Saxon nations against the rest of the world, and other line-ups that have been suggested from various quarters.

In a big way, though, two words alone can describe the Washington conference, success or failure.

Failure can hardly be turned into success by subsequent smaller alliances and secret understandings, which have been the curse of international dealings.

Success will come when confidence is established between nations.

Success will come when as much effort is made by nations to understand each other as has been used in the past to foster misunderstanding.

Success will come when the people of these nations come to realize that they can have peace or they can have war, and that the control of their destinies lies in their own hands.

The disarmament conference is not going to be merely an academic discussion. The world is sick of such. It must not be a place where meaningless rhetoric and display of mealy-mouthed talk shall crowd in and force aside the more serious issues of the gathering.

The people of the civilized world should anticipate results. The motives prompting the gathering, the tremendous issues at stake, and the overpowering need for concerted action to draw the teeth of war are such as to drive the nations of the world to their knees before Almighty God in prayer and supplication that wisdom, toleration and humanity may come in and be accorded their rightful place at the sessions.

The issue is plain and distinct, war or preparation for war or world understanding and world peace.

If the conference ends in failure, then God help the world, for none else can.

Toronto's Show Off.

Toronto has failed to live up to its much-heralded plans for a winter fair and live stock show. Breeders and exhibitors do not appreciate the way the matter has been handled.

The trouble in the first place was that exhibitors with high-class stables and pens were not attracted by the prize list which was aimed at quantity, instead of making the show simply a case of the survival of the fittest.

People can see a collection of cows and sheep at any stock yard, but it is not so many years ago that people came from all sections of the province in order to see one prize animal at Guelph, that came from the McGregor herd in Manitoba.

Russian Trade.

The British Trade Commission to Russia is to be recalled, according to reliable information. The Manchester Guardian believes this is a mistake, basing its view on the amount of merchandise shipped from Britain to Russia. The Guardian says:—

"Whatever view one may take as to its volume, the important point is that the movement of our trade with Soviet Russia has thoroughly justified the policy expressed in the Trade Agreement. For we have exported in July alone more than in the whole of 1920, and we are heading the list of exporting countries, with nearly one-third of the total imports into Russia during the first six months of this year."

Quite so, but back of it all lingers the suspicion that countries trading with Soviet Russia are placing their feet on a bear trap that will be sprung in the future. The gold that Russia pays with is stolen property, and cannot form the basis for clean or decent business in the future.

There is no guarantee that Russia, while pretending to be anxious to re-open trade with Britain, is not planning and scheming how best to extend her treacherous teachings to stab British prestige in India.

The truth of the matter is that Russia, as established today, is not to be trusted, and any relations built up with her are as houses stuck on a sand bank.

You'll Be Surprised How Good It Makes You Feel!

LITTLE 'TISERS

Newspaper headlines announce that "Lloyd George will visit U. S." Now then, why can't we get busy and eliminate that period and make it read US instead of U.S.

One Maryland couple were troubled with high rent, so they turned the stable into a pretty house and moved there. Considerable horse sense in this move.

Some of the European papers claim that William Hohenzollern is dodging his tax bill. We don't admire this chap, but all the same we wouldn't mind knowing how he does it.

A woman in Vermont is bringing suit for the loss of her husband's love, and places the value at $1,000,000. It's to be hoped that Western Ontario husbands appreciate to the limit their true value.

Sir George Foster, according to the Toronto Star, thinks the women voters of Canada are uninformed. The Star contends that even so, they have the advantage over men who are misinformed.

Girls with paint on their faces, going to Berkeley (Cal.) high school, will have their faces washed by a committee at school. All of which is good for the paint business, as the young things will have to put more on after four.

Some Western Canadian papers claim they have articles by Lenine, the betrayer, assassin and plunderer of Russia. The strong arm of the law ought to be ready for quick action. Canada does not need Lenine, and Canada will not have Lenine.

A man and wife are walking from New York to Denver, and are pushing a cart with a 13-months-old baby in it. If the speed is the average made with a perambulator, it is likely that the child will be able to walk the last few hundred miles of the trip.

A missionary from the Congo, speaking of the characteristics of the cannibal women, said: "When a cannibal woman won't do a thing, she won't and no man can force her to change her mind." Women—bless 'em—are pretty much the same the world over.

New York Health Commissioner Copeland has a class of fat women to whom he is teaching fat-reduction through exercise and diet. The combined reductions of waist lines so far is eight feet. And of course an ultra-efficient world believes in the elimination—or rather the reduction—of waist.

Strange, isn't it, that on every wet day there is a rush for the store where they sell rubbers. And on the first showing of cold weather in the fall there is likewise a stampede for that handy gentleman who can put up stovepipes and repair furnace grates. The folks who look much past the end of their nose are few and far between.

The Burgoyne correspondent of the Port Elgin Times mixes new religious beliefs and politics into the following little sermon: "A young man was in this district last week seeking sale for a book, the author of which had figured out that there were millions of people living on the earth now who would never die, only a few more years before winding up time. In view of that great event, what's the sense of puny statesmen haggling about tariff or no tariff, high tariff or low tariff? Let's use what we have and be done, anything left over would be labor wasted. Somehow or other we have no faith in such stuff, and count such "students" silly impostors whose teaching is valueless."

ONLY those who despise the pleasures can afford to despise the opinion of the world.
—Francois Villon.

READ YOUR CHARACTER

[By Digby Phillips.]

SLANTING CHINS.

The indications of the chin which slants backward, in short, the "receding chin, have been discussed in a previous article.

Such chins, contrary to general opinion, denote aggressiveness and action. Your man or woman with a receding chin, have been discussed in a "scrappy" in attitude than the person with the so-called bulldog chin. It is of incidental interest in this connection that the bulldog is not a scrappy animal, though he may be cross in some instances as a result of inbred ancestry; on the contrary, he hasn't much ability to fight, and his reputation lies principally in the fact that he holds on once he is aroused to it.

However, to return to human characteristics. Slanting chins and slanting foreheads both characterize speed and decision. But what is their indication when both are found in the same person?

To a large extent each emphasizes the other. The person with the sloping forehead who also has a receding chin has the qualifications of the slanting forehead in more marked degree.

But the indications are not exactly the same. Those of the forehead are more indicative of mental action; those of the chin denote qualities more physical and nervous.

Thus the combination of the two in one person indicates that that person is not only quick and practical of thought, but also quick and decided in action, in the application of the thought. He both thinks and acts quickly. He's not only aggressive in his mental attitude toward life, but shows his aggressiveness in his actions.

Tomorrow—The Prominent Chin.

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CURRENT HYGIENE LESSON.

Teacher—"What could be worse than a giraffe with a sore throat?"

Quick Pupil—"A centipede with corns."

25 YEARS AGO TODAY

Here We Have Items of Local and District Interest, As Recorded in The Advertiser of 1896.

NOVEMBER 5, 1896.

For the week ending Oct. 31, the C. P. R. receipts increased $32,000.

Mr. John Law, in discussing improvements to Victoria Park, stated that the public could be of considerable assistance to the public works department in keeping the park in good condition. In a conversation with Superintendent Grant, he learned that it was not the old people who annoyed him, but the boys, who persisted in walking on the grass beside the walks, and making fresh paths when there was no necessity for it. Mr. Law appealed to the public to assist Mr. Grant in his efforts to retain the beauty of the park.

The board of management of the London Convalescent Home on York street, near Burwell, held their eighth annual meeting yesterday afternoon in the home parlors. After the devotional exercises, which were led by Dean Innes and Canon Richardson, Mrs. Harriet A. Boomer, the president, gave her report, stating how the home had been blessed with growth and prosperity. She stated that it had been possible to meet all expenses and pay $100 on the purchase of the home. The matron, Miss Elsie Stringer, then gave her report, stating that 22 inmates had been unable to pay anything, and the remainder had only been able to pay a small part. Thanks were extended to the medical faculty of the city for their kind services, especially to Drs. Niven, Meek and English.

In five years the number of water services in London has increased from 5,824 to 7,554. Extra springs have had to be captured.

Local market, reported by A. M. Hamilton & Son, Thursday, Nov. 5, 1896:

Wheat, per bu	76c	to	80c
Oats, per bu	19c	to	24c
Peas, per bu	38c	to	43¾c
Corn, per bu	32c	to	34c
Buckwheat, per bu	24c	to	26c
Rye, per bu	25c	to	30c
Barley, per bu	20c	to	29c
Beans, per bu	50c	to	65c
Cheese, per lb	9c	to	10c
Eggs, per dozen	17c	to	18c
Butter, single rolls, per lb	15c	to	16c

Bread selling at 5c a loaf.

The London West School Board met last evening to transact its monthly business. The following were present: Secretary McPherson, Trustees Glover, Crockett, Head Master Liddicoatt and Truant Officer Ward. Truant Officer Ward reported that in performing his duties he ran across two children who through lack of shoes could not attend school. After considerable discussion it was decided that the board procure shoes for these children. The number enrolled is 344. Average attendance, 301.

The Romance of Words.

—By Extorris.

The study of language is a science. Language itself is an art, and while it is the earliest of the arts, it is also the newest of the arts.

It necessarily antedates all history, for it is the instrument of thought, and without the communication of thought between man and man, the formation of even the simplest forms of society would be impossible.

It is the newest of the arts, because we see it daily in the process of development in the mouths of little children; because we see new words admitted into it continually, as well as changes in the construction and pronunciation of old words.

It is a rich, beautiful and exqui art, capable in the words of a master-spirit of assuming forms that influence the whole history of a race; capable, too, on the lips of eloquent speakers gifted actors, or sweet-voiced women, of infinite charm.

We have every right to regard it as spiritual, for we can think in it without uttering a sound, or in any way putting it into concrete shape.

Yet it can be materialized to accord with the needs of man, and one of results of civilization is that it has been taught to reach other senses than that of hearing—the written word. Thus language reaches us through the medium of both ear and eye, and, in the case of the blind, through the sense of touch.

The whole inflectional system of the older Aryan languages, from which sprang the tongues of Europe, was an almost unconscious development, devised slowly, and point by point, to meet immediate needs of comprehension between man and man; and so, through many forms has our language progressed, until the changes made have been so great that to the casual observer there appears no relation between the English tongue and the Sanskrit of India—and yet, the root forms are the same. The English of Chaucer is a sealed book to the average reader of today.

There may have been a time when an instinct for poetry was possessed by all nations, as it still is by many uncivilized races. Among European nations (and I include the polyglot races of the American continent) this instinct seems to be dead forever. We can neither name a mountain nor a flower. Mount Stephen, Mount Perry, and such-like names present but a sorry figure beside the peaks of the Bernese Oberland, the English Lakes or the Highlands of Scotland. Even in Ireland the Golden Spears (near Dublin) are now known as the Great and Little Sugarloaf! Occasionally a race which is brought into close contact with nature may have a happy inspiration, such as Drakensberg (Dragon Mountain), and Weenen (Weeping), the scene of the slaughter of Retief's Boers by the Zulus under Dingaan. But the Cliff of the Falling Flowers, the precipice over which Korean queens cast themselves to escape dishonor, is an imaginative realm closed to us.

The botanist who names a new flower gives the honor to the originators, like Dahl, Fuchs, Lobel, Magnol and Wister, while fresh varieties are named to immortalize a florist and his family.

Names of fruits are even duller than the names of flowers. The only English names are apple and berry. New fruits either retain their foreign names, cherry, peach, pear, quince, or are violently converted into apple and berry, usually the former, the apple being regarded as the typical fruit. Thus the orange in North Germany is called the Apfelsine, apple of China; in South Germany it is the Pomeranze, from Italian pomo (apple), arancia (orange). Melon is Greek for apple, whence comes marmalade, through Portuguese, marmalada, quince jam, a derivative of Greco-Latin melimelum, honey-apple. Pine-apple meant "fir-cone" up to the seventeenth century, as French pomme de pin still does. Pomegranate means "apple with seeds." We also find the lemon (pomcitron), quince and apricot described as apples.

In the next article I propose to explain how the philologist works, and how he takes a word to pieces in order to find the languages from which the parts came.

NOT ON THE CARD.

[Fort Worth Telegram.]

They were in a railway train and were discussing Dickens. "Well," said one, "John puts 'Bleak House' first and 'Martin Chuzzlewit' second. "Excuse me, gentlemen," said a husky voice from the seat behind. "I don't know your pal, John, but you're bein' steered. There ain't no such horses runnin'."

BEARDS AND MEN

THE early races of mankind were bearded.

It would be interesting to examine the portraits of different generations and nationalities and to discover to what extent portraits could be assigned to their proper places in history by the record of the work of the razor.

In Greece shaving the face came in with Alexander. He was a young king, and it became popular to appear young.

Greek sculpture commonly represented beardless men, for the reason that the sculptors largely chose athletes for their models, and these were young men. But when they chose ideal types, as Homer or Sophocles, they made them bearded—Homer with a long and flowing beard, Sophocles with a beard of moderate length.

In Arabia a man is honored in proportion to the length of his beard. "Tarry at Jericho till your beards are grown," is the word the hostages who had been sent back with the insult of clipped beards. The beard of Aaron has won renown for thousands of years; it came down to the skirts of his garments.

Then the mustache became our most popular adornment. And now we have fallen upon the day of the safety razor and the beard is in little regard. But it will come to its own. Styles change. The day will arrive when men will be as proud of a good beard as they now are of a smoothly-shaven face, and they will rejoice in their deliverance from the tyranny of the razor.

The day may come when even side whiskers are popular again. But let us hope that that will be after most of us are dead.

How would Michelangelo have gotten on with his statue of Moses if he had been compelled to represent him as beardless?

There is something to be said for the beard.

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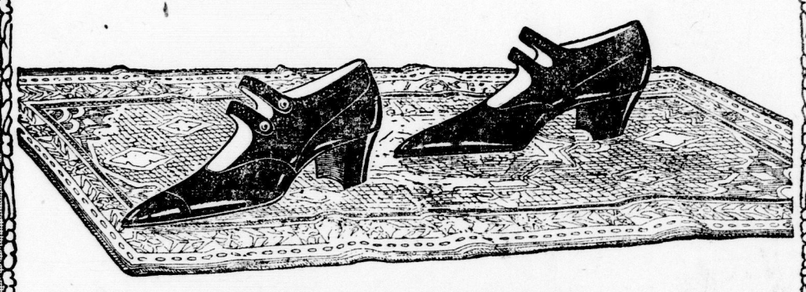

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