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## The Old Time Writers.

EDITORIAL AND special writers  
can do their best, but every  
now and then along comes some  
person not in the business, and  
he recounts some of the things that  
used to take place when he was a  
boy. Right there and then he leaves  
the specialists behind, because the  
chances are that many of them are  
dealing with what they consider are  
big things, and passing over the ma-  
terial that gets right close up to a  
good many of the men.

For instance, in a recent issue of  
the *Wingham Times*, a correspond-  
ent signing himself "Old Timer"  
tells of some of the things that used  
to happen there a good many years  
ago. Here is his picture of the life  
the town constable used to lead:

"At the time there was an eccen-  
tric old individual by the name of  
William Birch, town constable, who  
was the terror of the small boy. The  
sidewalks were built of four-foot  
plank laid crosswise, and raised to a  
considerable elevation above the  
street level, which naturally left a  
good deal of space between the side-  
walk and the ground underneath.  
Occasionally the boys would take a  
delight in teasing Birch, when he  
would give chase. Two or three boys  
would crawl under the sidewalk at a  
certain spot, while their companions,  
according to a carefully prearranged  
plan, would engage the constable in  
conversation; then at the right in-  
stant they would put something to  
ment they would put something to  
tease him in pursuit along the street  
where the boys were secreted. As  
soon as the decoys had got safely  
over the spot up would go some  
shingles through the cracks in the  
plank and down could come the con-  
stable, a cropper putting a severe  
dent in his majesty and dignity of  
the law, if not in its shins.

"Besides acting as constable, Mr.  
Birch also performed in the extra  
official capacity of poundkeeper. In  
this work I remember he was most  
zealous and painstaking, stimulated,  
it would not be putting it too high,  
by the thought of the lucrative  
fees pertaining to the duties of that  
exalted office. Naturally, his keen-  
ness to keep stray animals off the  
streets did not enhance his popular-  
ity with those persons who were un-  
acquainted with the town bylaw cov-  
ering this offence, and the boys be-  
ing nothing if not strong partisans,  
looked the side of the townspeople.  
When Birch, therefore, would collect  
a miscellaneous assortment of ani-  
mals and head them for the pound,  
the boys would rush out in a body  
among the animals shouting and boo-  
ing and shooting them in all direc-  
tions. Finally the constable thought  
it wise to discourage this sort of  
amusement, and it forthwith offered  
a premium of 5 cents for every stray  
animal brought to the pound. This  
soon had the result, however, of  
sending the boys beyond the limits  
of the town into the highways and  
byways looking for animals along  
the roadside, which, when found,  
were driven into town and then to  
the pound. Well, the farmers, of  
course, didn't take very kindly to  
this procedure, and soon the council  
was forced to recall its premium of-  
fer, and the boys and Birch resumed  
their warfare."

A fairly correct picture of the mis-  
chievous boy in a town. Every town  
had its constable, a sort of combina-  
tion affair, taking in besides the  
duties of poundkeeper, bell ringer,  
town weigh scale keeper, janitor for  
the town hall, mender of sidewalks  
and judge of the quality of gravel  
that was used to fill up the holes in  
the roads. It is well that "Old  
Timer" should rise up occasionally  
and sing of the old town constable.  
It is unthinkable that his memory  
should be allowed to pass out en-  
tirely.

## Looking After Trees.

WHY NOT have some civic  
standards in regard to tree  
trimming? London has big trees  
and little trees, trees that run away  
up high, and trees that are bushy  
right from where they leave the  
ground.  
The storm we had here a few  
months ago showed that we are on  
the wrong track in the business of  
growing trees. Some of the very  
tall trees had the whole centres torn  
out of them, and today they stand  
as sorry-looking remnants of what  
they used to be. When the ice set-  
tled on some of their long, straggly  
branches they simply broke off and  
splintered half way down the tree.  
It is worth noticing that in other  
cases trees seem to have come  
through the storm much better. They  
had been trimmed before, and there  
were none of these long, ungainly-  
looking shoots from the tree. The  
trimming had brought the whole  
thing down to something that pos-  
sessed strength and symmetry.

In this same connection it is worth  
asking if the new sections of the city  
are planting trees that will keep up  
the reputation of London as being  
the prettiest city in the Dominion.  
Strip some of the fine old streets of  
this city of their trees, and they  
would drop right straight off into  
very ordinary places. London is  
stretching out several ways, but  
there is no evidence that the plant-  
ing of trees is being carried on.  
Holders of vacant land make the big  
mistake of leaving the planting of  
trees to the people who may in after  
years come along with the idea of  
building a house, it being taken for  
granted that then is the right time



to set out the trees. If they ever  
stopped to think of the attractive-  
ness added to a lot by the presence  
of shade trees they would see at once  
the wisdom of tree-planting right  
now.

## Too Many Shaves.

JUST WHEN it seems that there's  
nothing more to write about,  
something is always sure to turn up.  
So now comes the *Glencoe Trans-*  
*cript*, and lays before the world this  
idea:

Who wouldn't live in a country  
village, where a shave lasts for  
three days?

Now, that's a good hot weather  
idea, and worthy of much thought.  
Is it a fact that shaves wear longer  
in the villages?

And so we lather and scrape, cut  
holes in our countenance and keep  
breakfast waiting every morning.  
Meanwhile along comes our *Glencoe*  
bribe with the idea of one shave  
equals three days, and we're almost  
minded to sign up with him.

## LITTLE 'TISERS

People who long for the good old  
days would hate to drive a horse.

Cable dispatches today report the  
Japs are leaving Siberia, but not  
leaving her much.

There is a bright side. If you  
don't enjoy your vacation you will  
enjoy coming back.

It is easy to be boss in your own  
home. All you have to do is send  
the rest of the family away.

## NOAH'S POETRY

SICK AND WELL.  
When some folks get a pain or  
ache, or have a lightness in the  
head, they get a lot of home-made  
pills and straightway lie them off  
to bed.

But when an illness chases me and  
puts a chill into my spine—I call  
upon the sawbones then to hasten  
to this bit of mine.

And when he comes he whacks my  
side, and likewise pokes around by  
lung, he chucks a halter on my neck  
and turns his lamps upon my tongue.

He says, "Young man, you eat too  
much, you're bilious-like clean  
through and through—you're cram-  
min' fodder in your face, not taking  
proper time to chew."

You cut out spuds and meat and  
cream, and pie and cake and pudding,  
too. I'll write a little menu card,  
'twill take the high life out of you.

And so he feeds me on dry hay,  
a little oats and bran as well, and  
from me takes away all things of  
wicked or of savory smell.

So after while my kick comes  
back, I feel like lickin' sixteen men.  
'till then I eat all things in sight un-  
till my works get sick again.  
—NOAH.

## LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY

TODAY'S word is INSIPID.

It's pronounced in-sip-id, ac-  
cent on the second syllable and all  
it's short.

It means flat, uninteresting, dull.  
It comes from the Latin words  
"in" meaning not, and "sapidus"  
meaning savory (from sapere, to  
taste).

It's used like this: "We listened  
to an insipid lecture on economic  
problems."

## Cannon Fodder

(St. Thomas Times-Journal.)

IN a recent sermon the Bishop of  
Exeter pleaded for a higher birth  
rate, so that Great Britain may be better  
able to hold her own successfully in  
the "next war." "Who could say there  
would not be another war?" The bishop  
apparently thought his question an-  
swered itself, for certainly he would be  
a bold man who ventured to affirm cathe-  
gorically that the world has seen the  
last of its many conflicts. The Liverpool  
Echo, however, editorially replied that  
there would assuredly be many more  
wars if mankind regarded it as one of  
his particular duties to breed for war.

It went on to remind the bishop that  
we are taught that the Creator made  
man in his own image and likeness, and  
to the majority of Christians it is a de-  
plorable suggestion that more children  
should be brought into the world so that  
at some future date there may be no  
shortage of cannon fodder. "Is there a  
woman," it asks, "who would gladly  
bring a son into the world if she thought  
that in early manhood he would be  
fired out by poison gas or some other  
devilish device of modern war? It is  
too much to expect that we should be  
edified by the suggestion that a higher  
birth rate is desirable so that our man-  
power will be assured for the next war."

Brantford Examiner: One hears a good  
deal about birth control, and about the  
passage of laws forbidding unfit persons  
from marriage. It has remained, how-  
ever, for City Clerk Baker of London,  
Ont., to take matters into his own  
hands by refusing to issue licenses to  
marry. Mr. Baker declares that he will  
continue to refuse licenses in such cases  
thereby supporting the tireless agitation  
of social service and public health or-  
ganizations, which have for years urged  
that the law make medical examination  
compulsory before marriage is per-  
mitted.

Milverton Sun: Little thought of gold  
and treasure had those old Jesuit  
Fathers who, away back in the middle  
of the seventeenth century, sought to  
Christianize the Indians of North  
America, and to their posterity is in-  
debted for their faithful and vivid pic-  
tures of forest life and Indian customs

as depicted in the Relations, which are  
regarded by such an authority as Park-  
man as authentic and trustworthy his-  
torical documents. To them, in the heart  
of an unbroken wilderness, living in  
huts with savage tribes, gold and val-  
ues would be utterly useless, and those  
men at Penstangushene, who for  
weeks have been dredging the waters  
of the Wye in the hopes of securing a  
lost chest of Jesuit gold, can hardly be  
regarded as students of history.

## That Embargo

(London Daily Mail.)

FOR the second time in little more  
than a year, a conference of local  
authorities meets at the Guildhall to-  
day, on the invitation of the city cor-  
poration, to consider the embargo on  
Canadian cattle and call upon the  
government to abolish it.

The facts are quite clear. In 1917,  
the British government gave an ex-  
press pledge to Canada that the em-  
bargo should be removed. No agita-  
tion should have been necessary after  
that promise, but, most unfortunately,  
the pledge has not been kept. There  
is not only good faith to Canada, that  
loyal dominion of whose services to  
the Empire in the war we all were so  
proud, to be kept in mind. There are  
also the interests of the British  
people, which equally demand the re-  
moval of the embargo.

It is not only good faith in London  
today represent expert opinion from  
the industrial centers, and they may  
be trusted to make their voices heard.  
Last year a similar conference de-  
manded the end of the embargo, and  
its demand was calmly ignored by  
the government. We shall see whether  
ministers will venture for two years  
to repudiate their public opinion and  
at the same time to maintain a  
prohibition which wounds every  
Canadian and is felt in the Dominion  
as a public slight. There is no cattle  
disease in Canada. She has abun-  
dantly of cattle to export. Her natural  
market is in this country, to whose  
good she gives a preference. Yet  
she repulse her wares and force her  
to sell her cattle to the United States for  
shipment in tins. It is a deplorable  
mistake, whether from the standpoint  
of economics or of sentiment.

## 25 YEARS AGO TODAY

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

JULY 10, 1897.

The great and only Buffalo Bill  
with his train of anthropological  
wonders arrived in the city this  
morning at 5 o'clock.

It took 49 special cars to convey  
this mammoth aggregation to Lon-  
don. With clock-like precision and  
discipline the cars were un-  
loaded of their effects, and soon a  
trained army was at work on the  
north-end grounds erecting acres of  
canvas, which is the temporary  
house of hundreds of all nations to-  
day.

The picnic at Port Stanley yester-  
day of St. Paul's Sunday School  
was attended by over 400 people, and  
proved very enjoyable. The cool  
breezes off the lake were highly ap-  
preciated after the stifling heat of the  
city. Rev. Canon Dann and the Dean  
of Huron and Messrs. John S. Pearce,  
John Hunt and George F. Jewell as-

sisted in carrying out an excellent  
program of games and races for the  
young folks. Good prizes were of-  
fered. A moonlight excursion on the  
steamer Flora took place last night.

Rev. T. D. McCullough, Dresden,  
will be groomsmen at Rev. Neil Mc-  
Pherson's wedding, which takes place  
on July 20. Mr. McPherson was for-  
merly pastor of the Petrolia Presby-  
terian Church, but is now station-  
ed at Hamilton.

A number of influential men of  
West Zorra and Embro recently met  
and arranged to tender a reception to  
Col. Munroe from England. The  
event will take place in Mr. McKay's  
grove at Embro on the evening of  
July 22.

Mr. Ed. McEllistrum and bride have  
returned from a two weeks' honey-  
moon, and have taken up their resi-  
dence on Wellington street.

## DR. BISHOP'S ADVICE

## LIVING A LONG LIFE

BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.

VERY few days we  
read in magazine or  
paper of someone  
who has passed the  
century mark in a  
 hale and hearty  
condition of health.  
Most of them have  
adhered to a very  
strict hygienic life,  
though the habit  
has become so com-  
mon a one that  
they are prone to  
look about for some other more spec-  
tacular reason when they try to ex-  
plain their success in keeping well.

Public health work itself is doing  
a lot to make our chances of a long  
and useful life better.

There has been an increase of two  
and three-quarter years in the life

span in the last decade. This is  
shown in a life table for the year  
1920 which has just been constructed.  
At birth the complete expectation of  
life is now 54.3, as compared with  
51.5 years in 1920 and 49.2 in 1901.  
The total addition to the expectation  
of life is five years in the last two  
decades. The duration of life has  
been stretched a fifth in less than  
one generation.

The tables also show an improve-  
ment in the death-rate in middle life  
and in old age, and a corresponding  
improvement in the expectation. The  
1910 figures show that after age 45,  
the death rate showed hardly any  
improvement, and at some ages, such  
as at 60 and over, showed actual in-  
creases. This no longer holds. On  
the contrary, there is a slight but  
wholesome tendency toward improve-  
ment in the figures for the older  
ages.

## JEST

### SEEDS IN DOUBT.

Having helped his mother plant the  
seeds and placed at the end of each  
row the pictured envelopes showing  
here a radish, there a beet and so  
on, little Edwin was quite distressed  
when he went out next day and  
found that the rainstorm had washed  
the envelopes off into the mud.  
"Never mind, dear," comforted his  
mother. "It doesn't really matter."  
"But, mamma, said the child, great-  
ly worried, "how will the little seeds  
know what to be when they come  
up?"

### MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

Two soldiers in a negro regiment,  
says Cecil, were boasting about their  
company buglers.  
"Glorious wit you, boy," said one. "You  
ain't got no buglers. We is got the  
bugger, and when that boy wraps his  
lips around that horn and blows pay  
call, it sounds just like a symphony  
band playing!"  
"Well, if you like music, that's all  
right, but if you is yearnin' for food,  
you wants a bugger!" for food,  
note like we is got. Boy, when ah  
hears old Custard-Mouth Joe discharge  
his blast ah looks at ma beans and ah  
says:  
"Strawberries, behave yo'selves. You  
is crowdin' all the whip cream out of  
ma dish."

### THE WRONG PARTY.

The story is told of one of our well-  
known young men who on one occasion  
visited the city with his lady friend.  
Wishing to reach a point some distance  
away he engaged a taxi. They were  
gliding merrily on their way when  
suddenly a full stop in the middle  
of a block.  
"What's the matter?" asked the  
young man.  
"Why," said the driver, "I heard the  
young lady say stop."

### NATURAL HISTORY.

"I am told you went in for specula-  
tion on the stock exchange lately," said  
one tradesman to another. "Were you  
a bull or a bear?"  
"Neither. I was an ass," replied the  
other.

### FOOLS BUTT IN.

"Tell me before it is too late," she  
pleaded, "whether you have ever done  
anything that you regret."  
"Well, if I must," he replied, "I will  
confess that I once butted in when  
another fellow was having an argu-  
ment with a motor car."

### THE WANDERING SHEEP.

The pastor (driving to church, to  
passer-by)—Where are you going, John?  
John—To church in the next parish.  
Pastor—I don't like that. What would  
you say if your sheep strayed to some-  
one else's property?  
John—Well, s'f as that goes, I  
wouldn't say nothing if the pasture  
was better.

### BALFOUR AND HIS WAITER.

Sir Arthur Balfour, at a dinner in  
Washington, praised the American  
colored people.  
"I often judge Americans by this  
criterion," he said: "If they like col-  
ored people, then I know they are like-  
able themselves—and vice versa."

"Once I visited Washington, a good  
many years ago. All the hotel waiters  
were colored men, and I confess I pre-  
ferred the quiet, dignified service to the  
present sophisticated and elaborate  
service of the whites."

"The day of my arrival, when my  
waiter, a old colored man with snowy  
hair, brought me the menu, I put a  
coin in his hand and said: 'Just bring  
me a good dinner, uncle.'

"He brought me an exquisite dinner,  
and during my fortnight's stay we fol-  
lowed out this program daily. By  
pushing aside the menu and handing  
him the coin, he selected a much better  
dinner for me than I could have chosen  
myself."

### FOREHANDS.

Mistress—"Don't you know about  
finger bowls, Norma?" Didn't they  
have them at the last place you  
worked?"  
Maid—"No, ma'am, they mostly  
washed themselves before they came  
to the table."

WHY ENRICO STOPPED TOOTING.  
In his early years Caruso used to  
play the flute. One day a salesman  
tried to induce him to buy a phono-  
graph, and he suggested to Caruso  
that he play his flute to test the ma-  
chine. After he had finished the record,  
the flautist asked: "Is that what I did?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Exactly as I played it?"  
"Exactly, sir. Isn't it wonderful?  
You'll buy the phonograph?"  
"No," said Caruso, shuddering, "but  
I'll sell the flute."

### A RELIC.

She—"What is this dark hair doing  
on your coat?"  
He—"That is the suit I wore last  
year. I expect the hair has been on  
it ever since you were a brunette,  
dearest."

### A PAIR OF SUSPENDERS.

He—"Why not give me your reply  
now? Is it not fair to keep me in  
suspense?"  
She—"But think of the time you  
have kept me in suspense."

### POVERTY.

Two tramps gathered at the local  
tavern at the end of a long and un-  
successful day's begging.  
They were both tired and hungry  
and gazed with longing eyes at their  
empty glasses.  
"Didn't you make anything, Bill?"  
inquired one. "What about that house  
I saw you looking at—the big one  
with the pretty window?"  
"Didn't trouble to ask," was the re-  
ply. "I looked in the window and saw  
two girls playing on one piano, so I  
guessed they were too poor for me to  
worry!"

### LEGAL QUERIES

1.—Do executors have to swear  
that they will do everything right  
and honest when they are left to ful-  
fill that position?  
Yes.

2.—Have they any right to take  
things that are left in the will to an-  
other person?  
No.

3.—What can be done to them for  
so doing, and how shall I go about it.  
Consult a lawyer.

## Our Own Country

### HELENA COLEMAN.

Q.—Who is Helena Coleman?  
A.—Helena Coleman is a resident  
of Toronto who has written some  
volumes of verse of high quality. A  
sample is called "Marching Men":  
Country of mine, that gave me birth,  
Land of the maple and the pine:  
What richer gift has this round earth  
Than these fair fruitful fields of  
thine?  
Like sheets of gold thy harvests run,  
Glowing beneath the August sun;  
Thy white peaks soar,  
Thy cataraacts roar,  
Thy forests stretch from shore to  
shore,  
Untamed thy northern prairies lie,  
Under an open, boundless sky:  
Yet one thing more our hearts im-  
plore,  
That greatness may not pass thee  
by!

### FOREIGN PAPERS IN CANADA.

Q.—The foreign population in Can-  
ada is revealed in the papers pub-  
lished in non-English languages. How  
many are there?  
A.—Thirty-two papers are pub-  
lished in foreign languages, namely,  
Eight Ukrainian, two Swedish, two  
Polish, three Icelandic, three Yid-  
dish, two Norwegian, five Italian,  
two German, and one each of Rus-  
sian, Hungarian, Rumanian, Danish  
and Finnish; 96 are published in  
French.

### THE GREAT LAKES.

Q.—What is the area and length of  
the Great Lakes?  
A.—The area and length of the  
Great Lakes are as follows: Super-  
ior, area 31,800 sq. m., length 254  
miles; Michigan, area 22,400 sq. m.,  
length 161 miles; Huron, area 22,200  
sq. m., length 207 miles; Erie, area  
10,000 sq. m., length 233 miles; On-  
tario, area 7,260 sq. m., length 193  
miles. All except Michigan form a  
dividing line between Canada and the  
United States.

### OPTIMISM—PESSIMISM.

(D. R.)  
When a pessimist expects to be dis-  
appointed, he is disappointed if he  
isn't.  
The optimistic young man said,  
"Courtship is bliss," and the pessimist  
bachelor replied, "Yes, and marriage is  
blister."

The optimist is thankful for roses  
among thorns, the pessimist complains  
that there are thorns among roses.  
A pessimist is the man who inquires  
if there is any milk in the pitcher, and  
the optimist says, "Please pass the  
cream."

"Before I was married," said the con-  
firmed pessimist yesterday, "I spent my  
money on candy, and as the result I  
now have to spend it on my wife's den-  
tist bills."

The pessimist was suffering from  
rheumatism and complained: "Every  
bone in my body aches," to which the  
optimist replied: "You ought to be glad  
you are not a herding."

"Two optimists. The man who takes  
a market basket when he goes shop-  
ping with a \$5 bill in his pocket, and  
the man who thinks he can plant a  
handful of seed in a snowdrift and  
gather a carload of strawberries the  
day after the first thaw."

"Twixt optimism and pessimism,  
The difference is small,  
The optimist the doughnut sees,  
The pessimist the hole."

—William Henry Harrison.

# Beatty Would Not Load Naval Guns With Shot

WOULD Admiral Beatty per-  
mit the six-inch projectile  
for a naval gun to be replaced by  
its equivalent weight in bird shot?  
Nothing could result but waste.  
The effect is the same when an  
advertising appropriation is di-  
vided into nickles and blown  
against the map of Canada  
through media of general cir-  
culation.

When you attack a cer-  
tain market in Canada you  
must hit the bullseye. The  
daily newspapers in that  
market are your high power  
guns. Your own advertising  
is the projectile. Your sales-  
men, samplers, distributors,  
advance under the barrage.  
Successful merchandising  
manufacturers know how to  
make their products a house-  
hold word.

Mr. W. M. MacKay of  
Lever Bros., Ltd., has writ-  
ten: "When we inform  
you that the greater part  
of our advertising ex-  
penditure, year by year,  
has been in the news-  
paper, that is the best  
answer as to the suitabil-  
ity of the press in  
Canada as one of the  
best means of advertis-  
ing any household or  
other commodity."

The circulation of the daily newspaper in our ter-  
ritory links your product with our merchants and re-  
tailers of sound reputation in the eyes of our readers.  
You can train all your guns on this target and use no  
powder elsewhere until you need to advance your line  
in other directions.