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London, Ont., Thursday, September 21.

Paying the Price.

THE Los Angeles Times indulges in rather bitter comment over the sale of United States wooden ships to a bidder for \$375,000. The Times says:

"When we went into the war, on the urgent recommendation of our allies our government spent \$300,000,000 in building wooden ships to save Europe from starving. This fleet, all but ten vessels, has just been sold for \$375,000. Yet the same allies who urged us to build wooden ships in their emergency are now plausibly protesting against the way in which Uncle Sam made money out of the world war."

There may have been, in the need of Europe at the time of the war, urgency for these ships, but they never carried food to Europe, and the suspicion always remained that interest in the United States saw in this feverish war activity the opening of an opportunity in days following the war to go out and compete for the carrying supremacy of the world, a position then and still held by the British flag.

Apart from that, is it well for a nation that has the wealth of United States to complain of the loss of some millions of dollars on the sale of wooden ships? Was United States scourged with whips that were withheld from the backs of other nations? Month after month, until the months ran into what seemed to be endless years, Canada paid the price of war. Day after day the dreaded little yellow message was dropped at homes here, there and everywhere in this Dominion. At first only a few, then more and more and today we see monuments, tablets, memorial parks and buildings all bearing silent but eloquent testimony to a sacrifice that could not be computed in terms of millions. And yet, through all that period of suffering, while the horrors of war sprawled themselves over the world, there was no complaint.

And what of Britain and Europe? What of France, whose land was torn, its fruitfulness destroyed, and of Belgium, the cockpit of wars, in the making of which she had no choice? Or even in enemy countries, such as Austria, bled white by her association with the central powers, today dumb, miserable, stripped, with hardly a shred of former greatness left, and with nothing on which to build or inspire hope for the future.

Russia? What a spectacle of unselfish mystery and helpless dejection. What a price the war has wrung from this great land of the north! Honeycombed by treachery, her brave sons left in the ditches with nothing at times but empty hands and stout hearts to face the onrush of the enemy troops—her government seized by fanatics, some weak, some strong, the last and most powerful strong and heartless, and bent on carrying out execution a mad idea that would wipe her from the land all trace of power or resistance that was not to his liking.

Paying a price? Dear Los Angeles Times, let us say to you that the whole world paid a price—paid it with life, limb and heart-breaks, paid it in blasted hopes and shattered ambitions, paid it in hatred and paid it in love, paid it in broken family circles and orphaned and widows, paid it in broken men who were shot and cut and made to inhale a gas that was worse than the vapors of hell.

Ah, yes, the price was paid. In fact your little fleet of wooden ships isn't worthy of a place in the ledger of memory or achievement.

Cheating the Tariff.

DOES the tariff make you rich? That used to be an old political catch question, but in this case it is being asked in a new way. The questioner is the National Magazine of Boston, and the heading of the story is "Import Tricks That Bleed Your Pocketbook." The rest of the heading material goes on to say: "They say it's the tariff that makes imported goods high, but who gets the trim little profit after the duty's paid?"

The article is interesting because it comes to the support of the Fournier-McCormack tariff bill. Dealing with German-made goods, against which an export tax has been placed by the allies, the article goes on to show how the German does not sell direct to the American importer "if he is established and knows the game. He sends his agent to the United States corporation, or utilizes his relatives or partners here. The American merchant who cannot afford to have his own establishment abroad places his order at some agreed upon rate. Let us say that it is at the rate of \$1.00 per dozen. The German manufacturer says: 'We will ship these goods to America and our agent there will bill them to you.' He then ships the goods to his agent in America and bills them at first cost, say 30 cents, thereby avoiding two-thirds of the export tax from Germany and two-thirds of the import tax into America. Our government is defrauded, but the German has no means of ascertaining the whole sale value in Germany, and the item goes by on the invoice price. The German agent of the manufacturer then bills the goods to the American

purchaser at \$1. as per agreement. He keeps the seventy cents which belongs to the German manufacturer, and sends thirty cents back to Germany. This seventy cents multiplied by tens of millions remains in the United States of America, so that the German manufacturer with his money invested in our country and in every other country where he ships goods can snap his fingers at the reparations commission and escape taxation both as to exports and imports, and while wringing his hands in grief as to his poverty is really becoming rich at the expense of our allies, who are already bled white by his invasions."

AN excellent little game, no doubt. But of more interest to U. S. buyers is what becomes of the cheap imported material after it is unloaded? The National Magazine gives a few instances. The first is a set of dishes which sold for \$21.50 in the first place—duty about 50 per cent—price to consumer in one of the largest New York stores, \$134. Next a pearl necklace, the import price of which was \$12.25, duty about 50 per cent—sold in the same store at \$150.

Next comes cutlery, bought at another store on 42nd street, New York, for \$3.60 per dozen, for which 33 cents per dozen was the wholesale foreign price. Then a clock bought in Germany at \$1.70, duty 30 per cent. A purchase slip from a Fifth avenue store shows it went to the buyer for \$30.

From the standpoint of the consumer the Fournier method of dealing with such imports is much more adequate. Under it there is no chance of German goods being put past Canadian customs at any figure the German shipper may care to name. For instance, if a shipment of knives were to come to a Canadian revenue port, and the price was 33 cents a dozen, the authorities would simply take the value of a similar shipment from England, and that would automatically take the place of the German figure for revenue purposes. The idea does away with all the complicated figuring of trying to find out what real worth there is for foreign countries, whose cheap labor could smother ours. United States might well consider the adoption of the Fournier plan to deal with the situation complained of and so thoroughly exposed by the National Magazine.

London Can Make Money.

COME, folks, gather around and see if we can't do something to reduce the tax rate in London. It's high, you know, and the assessment is also fairly stiff.

At the first of the season the mayor and several members of the city council were out for economy. They were going to secure it by hacking pieces off the salaries of all and sundry who happened to draw pay from the city. However, those who were about to be hacked drew themselves together in large bodies, and when the chief hacker saw what a multitude of votes were going to be hurt when he runs for parliament, he ceased to hack.

So no money was saved there.

Now, here's our idea. This paper received a letter from Jose Garcia, who writes on the stationery of the Biltmore Hotel, New York, an inn of no mean proportions, and of no small per diem charges. Garcia represents SENOR GALLARDO, champion matador of Spain. We pause here a moment to explain that matador means bull-fighter. Senor is anxious to come to London to stage a bull fight here. That is the proposition, and Garcia wastes no words in so saying.

Now for the finances. Garcia claims that bull fights draw bigger crowds than box socials or political picnics, or anything else. In fact, people will go to see a bull fight when they won't go to see anything else. The gate receipts he estimates at \$500,000, these to be cut 50-50, so London can have \$250,000, with an equal amount for the Senor, Garcia and the dead bulls.

So, citizens, there's your way out. If one bull fight could make us a quarter of a million a year, our red school house education leads us to believe that four bull fights a year would net the city a million, and if we got the thing going strong enough, we could have one a month, making \$3,000,000 per annum, out of which we could pay a dividend to all the property-holders in London, as well as establish the reputation of being the greatest bull-fighting place on the North American continent.

SENOR and GARCIA, we thank you. At once will we look for a vacant lot whereon we can travel to prosperity by the bull fight route.

LITTLE 'TISERS

We don't like his language, but we sometimes admire a man who calls a bigger man a liar.

And in years to come nursery books will read: "Once upon a time when people got married for keeps

Will the shimmy come back? is a question asked by the reformer squad. Well, if the winter is cold, it may.

A man selling swamp whiskey is after a man who paid him in bogus money. Once more the pot calls the kettle black.

A woman in Boston threw her soup at the waiter. This is highly improper—she should have inhaled it through a straw.

Folks are like watermelons. They look quite the same on the outside,



H.G. WELLS' FAMOUS OUTLINE OF HISTORY

The Romance of Mother Earth

In the Days of the Dinosaurs.

TODAY'S INSTALLMENT—10.

THE earliest known reptiles were well over a hundred feet! These greater monsters had legs, and they are usually figured as standing up on them; but it is very doubtful if they could have supported their weight in this way, out of water. Buoyed up by water or mud, they may have got along.

Another noteworthy type we have figured is the triceratops. There were also a number of great flesh-eaters who preyed upon these herbivores. Of these, tyrannosaurus seems almost the last word in "frightfulness" among living things. Some species of this genus measured forty feet from snout to tail. Apparently it carried this vast body kangaroo-fashion on its tail and hindlegs. Probably it reared itself up. Some authorities even suppose that it leaped through the air. If so, it possessed muscles of a quite miraculous quality. A leaping elephant would be a far less astounding idea. Much more probably it waded half submerged in pursuit of the herbivorous river saurians.

A Bat With a Finger. One special development of the dinosaurian type of reptile was a

in the sea. Plesiosaurs, one of the

largest plesiosaurs, measured thirty

feet from snout to tail tip—of which

half was neck. The mosasaurs were

a third group of great porpoise-like

marine lizards.

Long Beasts; Long Names. But the largest and most diversified group of these mesozoic reptiles was the group we have spoken of as kangaroo-like the dinosaurs, many of which attained enormous proportions. In bigness these greater dinosaurs have never been exceeded, although the sea can still show in the white creatures as great.

Some of these, and the largest among them were herbivorous animals; they browsed on the ferns and bushes, or they stood up and grasped trees with their fore-legs while they devoured the foliage.

Among the browsers, for example, were the diplodocus carnegii, which measured 84 feet in length, and the atlasaurus. The gigantesaurus, disintegrated by a German expedition in 1912 from rocks in East Africa, was still more colossal. It measured

but under the skin there's a heap of difference in them.

A policeman shot a robber in Cleveland. This is explained by the fact that there were no spectators around to soak up the bullets.

When you're real busy the day seems to slip past like a man in his sock feet. When you're killing time it thumps along like a set of hob-nailed boots.

The newspaper fraternity join in extending sympathy to JOHN W. Eddy of the St. Marys Journal in the loss of his wife, and also to LOUIE Eddy of the Walkerton Telescope in the passing of his mother. Father and son, both publishers, are bereaved.

LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY

TODAY'S word is—PUSILLANIMITY.

It's pronounced—pu-sil-la-nim-i-ty, with accent slightly on the first and more strongly upon the fourth syllable.

It means—weakness of spirit, cowardice, destitution of manly strength and firmness.

It comes from—a combination of the Latin words "pusillus," meaning "very little," and "animus," "the mind."

It's used like this—"Editorial writers generally agree that the present serious situation at Constantinople is due mainly to the pusillanimity of the European governments' policy there."

READ YOUR CHARACTER

NO. 334—EXERCISE FOR THE SHORT-HEADED.

Have you one of those heads which is short from the ears backward? If so, do you know those mental functions which you should cultivate to achieve the best balance and the greatest good in your character and mentality?

You may or may not, as you see fit, seek employment calculated to bring out the following characteristics. It would be better not to if you have others dependent upon you, perhaps, for your natural abilities do not lie in the directions indicated. But at all events make a point in some way to cultivate the following functions:

Seek the society of others as much as possible. Attend as many social functions as you can. If you see someone on the street whom you know only casually, make it a rule to stop and chat with him, or at least to speak to him, rather than to "fail to see him." Do everything you can to develop your domestic faculties. This is particularly important if you are a woman. Make it a point to try to say and do things that please other people, that flatter them even. Also cultivate habits of generosity. Try to gauge all your actions and ventures by what they will bring you in the long run, not by their immediate effects upon your well being. And give yourself exercise occasionally in mental concentration.

Tomorrow—Exercise for the Wide-headed.

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divers and water birds. To this day some of the most primitive bird forms are found among the sea birds of the Arctic and Antarctic seas, and it is among these sea birds that zoologists still find lingering traces of teeth, which have otherwise vanished completely from the beak of the bird.

The earliest known bird (the archæopteryx) had no beak; it had a row of teeth in a jaw like a reptile's. It had three claws at the forward corner of its wing. Its tail, too, was peculiar. All modern birds have their tail feathers set in a short compact bony rump; the archæopteryx had a long body with a row of feathers along each side.

Tomorrow—"The Mysterious Fate of the Reptiles."

from its hind edge. And these pterodactyls had no feathers.

The Beginning of Feathers.

Far less prevalent at this time were certain other truly bird-like creatures, of which the earlier sorts also hopped and clambered and the latter sorts skimmed and flew. These were at first—by all the standards of classification—reptiles. They developed wings and as their reptilian scales became long and complicated, fronds rather than scales, and so at last, by much spreading and splitting, feathers.

Feathers are the distinctive covering of birds, and they give a power of resisting heat and cold far greater than that of any other integumentary covering except perhaps the thickest fur. At a very early stage this novel covering of feathers, this new heat-proof contrivance that life had chanced upon, enabled many species of birds to invade a province for which the pterodactyl was ill equipped.

They took to sea fishing—if indeed they did not begin with it—and spread to the north and south poleward beyond the temperature limits set to the true reptiles. The earliest birds seem to have been carnivorous

25 YEARS AGO TODAY

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

SEPTEMBER 21, 1897.

Weather—Fair and warmer.

Ald. Bennett is acting mayor in London today.

W. Kipp has taken out a permit to build a frame cottage on Thornton avenue, to cost \$600.

Willie Kershaw, the star pitcher of the defunct London team, was given a farewell by the Balmoral Club. A sumptuous spread was provided, and speeches were made by

Mr. Dan Donaldson and others. Pipers Beaton and Johnston supplied good music. Mr. Kershaw left today for South Boston with the best wishes of London baseball enthusiasts.

G. T. R. advertises excursion to Niagara Falls from London for the opening of the new bridge, \$1.75 return.

No. 6 Ward Liberal Club intend opening their handsome clubrooms on Monday, Oct. 1, with a social reunion. A committee is hustling the matter.

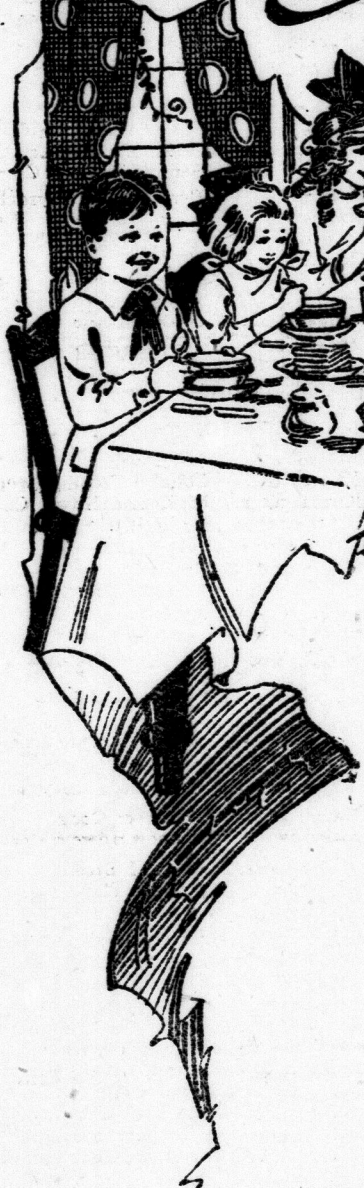
The first drill of the season of the Seventh Fusiliers was held last night, and the turnout was large, about 150 men attending. Quite a number were added to the strength of the battalion.

Brain Testers

A HENPECKED husband with a sense of humor was asked by a census taker how many there were in his family. "Ten," said he. When asked for their names, however, he said that his wife and himself made the ten in the family. "How's that?" asked the census man. Solution tomorrow.

Yesterday's Solution: The gardener has laid the trees out in a circle, so it was only 10 yards from the first tree to the last.

Back to School—back to the Oatmeal Breakfast



OUR children are back at school—healthy of body and alert in mind. The holidays have done them good, the change has fitted them for the strenuous days ahead,—but it rests with you to see that they KEEP FIT, that their little bodies are kept built up to withstand the rigours of fall and winter weather.

Fortify your children by giving them the right breakfast. Satisfy the appetites gained through the summer holidays with food which will nourish the brain and body and ensure vigorous health. In other words get the children back to that basic, simple food—Oatmeal.

Of all cereals the oat is the most invigorating, the most nutritious, and the easiest to digest. In fact to insure proper feeding for child and grown-up alike, one meal a day should be of oats—the supreme food. Your physician will tell you that oats do not produce fat—they produce bone and brawn.

But just rolled oats will not do. To be sure of getting oats at their best, buy the packaged kind, not the bulk.

Quaker Oats is the finest and most wholesome oat dish in the world.

Quaker Oats consist of rich, plump, queen grains only—the puny or imperfect grains are discarded. These large Quaker flakes absorb more moisture than small flours or broken flakes. That is why Quaker Oats makes the most, as well as the best, porridge. The most economical breakfast food too,—it costs less than one cent per dish.

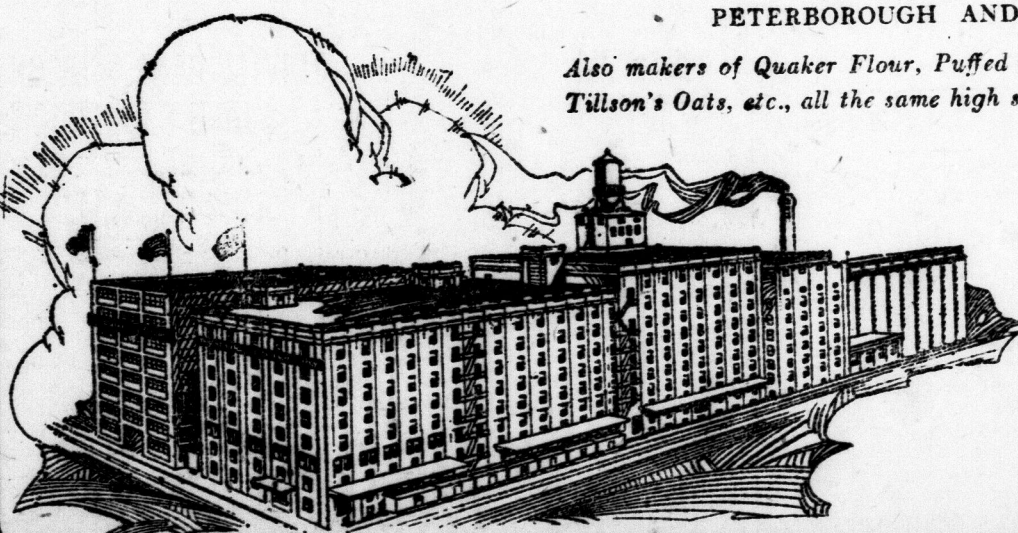
You will be ordering groceries to-day. Remember to include Quaker Oats on your list.

Quaker Oats

In Sealed Cartons Only

QUAKER MILLS
PETERBOROUGH AND SASKATOON

Also makers of Quaker Flour, Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat, Tillsen's Oats, etc., all the same high standard as Quaker Oats.



The Quaker mills at Peterborough are the largest cereal mills in the British Empire and the most modern mills in the world—striking evidence of the popularity of Quaker Products. Visitors to the mills are always welcome.