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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1923.

That Devil-Fish Going to Pay.

Good for Sir Henry Thornton! When in Montreal, the home of that National Railways hater, the Montreal Star, Sir Henry had the courage to state that he hoped to get the National Railways off the pockets of the Canadian people in three years.

Only a few days ago the Montreal Star was prattling away about it being a regular devil-fish of a railroad, eating its head off, while the public rushed about bringing in fodder for the meal.

Now the man who is up to his neck in the system goes right into that same Montreal, where the Star says great men whisper awful things about the National Railways behind their hands. And when he gets there he says plainly that this devil-fish of a railway will turn out to be a good paying truck horse inside of three years.

Good for Sir Henry Thornton!

Now, then, let the Montreal Star get in line let Sir Arthur Meighen cease his nonsense about Sir Henry making too many speeches. The road is going to be a success, and the obstructionists should mend their ways so that when success comes they will be able to smile and say, "We told you so."

Sir Henry has made a big promise, but he's the type of worker that likes to tackle and subdue a big task.

The Illness of President Harding.

The condition of President Harding is causing serious concern to the people of United States, and their concern is also shared by Canadians. Mr. Harding had just completed the first visit any United States president had paid to Canada.

He took occasion to speak frankly of the common ideals of the two great countries on this continent, and Canadians liked him for his candor and common sense.

Canada hopes that the president of the neighboring republic will soon regain his accustomed good health. They will watch with peculiar interest the bulletins from the presidential sick room.

The Ability to Grow Old.

No man likes to think that he has arrived at the stage where he is through, and his services are of no more use to the firm or company he has been serving.

One such, who went on pension a few months ago, stated his feelings to The Advertiser. He had more or less worked on happy in the thought that when he arrived at a certain age he would have a pension to look forward to. It was from a scheme to which he had contributed something himself, so there was nothing in the nature of charity about it.

"The fact that I have my pension and some few things besides makes it certain that I shall not be in want, and from that I draw some satisfaction. But that is not all. I feel just as fit to go to work today as I ever did, although I am 66. They tell me I should have quit three years ago, and if I had my way I would not quit now. I would rather go on until I cannot work any more."

It is not hard to understand the feelings of that man. He has given years of good service; it may be he committed the error so many others have made, of thinking the place could hardly get along without him. But he is through, and the pension check takes the place of the pay envelope. The law of youth must be served, and age must give way to new vigor in the mad rush of today's business.

It's an old story, and has been enacted in so many ways that there is scarcely the rarity of a new setting for it. Still it is very real and very human.

Here was one man at 68 who went on strike with the rest of the employees in an agricultural machine shop recently. The manager of the place was himself not far from 70, and he and the man of 68 had worked on the bench together for years.

"I had seen to it," stated the manager, "that no matter what took place in the shop my old bench-mate was never out of work, and for some years we had gradually reduced his labor, but never touched his pay. When I saw him walking out on strike I knew he considered that his absence was going to make quite a bit of difference around the works. I was sorry to see him going out in a way, and yet I envied him that feeling which still enabled him to think he was a real cog in the wheel."

Old age comes with a certainty that will not be denied. Hand in hand with it travel decreasing strength and lowered powers to compete with the dollar-chasing crowd. Scientists may flourish their monkey glands, but the march at best is only delayed, it is not stopped.

How happy that man who has taken time as he went along to equip himself for a goodly old age; who has a wealth of experience and of information; who has stored up in his mind plans and ideas he has never had time to work out in his busy years. We see them all around us, not fighting off their years, but rather welcoming them with matured mind and mellowed reasonableness; not complaining of waning strength, but rather enjoying a measure of vigor equal to their task. The man who walks cheerfully into maturing age, qualifying at length for the distinction of the community's "grand old man," has indeed mastered the situation and placed himself in harmony with the unchanging and unchangeable laws of the universe.

Western University, U.S.A.

The Birmingham Weekly Post has an item about the bones of a mastodon found near London. It says: "Bones believed by Prof. A. D. Robertson, of Western University, U. S. A., to be those of a mastodon have been discovered by Mr. William Jones on his farm at Delaware."

Many of these English papers do not like to read or hear of U. S. sentiment growing in Canada, yet here they are ready to pitchfork the University of Western Ontario into United States.

Not only so, but this mastodon is not going to be stolen away from us. It was not a Yankee mastodon at all—by his bones and teeth he was a sturdy northerner.

Even if this Birmingham paper is in the mood to shove Western University into United States, it's not going to steal our Middlesex mastodon.

Organizing Farmers for Business Only.

A combination of Alberta newspapers has invited Aaron Sapiro to visit that province in order to talk co-operative methods of selling. Mr. Sapiro is no stranger to this district, and he has behind him a record of accomplishment in California that is more impressive than much of the talk from co-operators who have never passed the stage of theories.

Mr. Sapiro is at strict variance with much of the rural organizing that has been done in Ontario. He

fails to see the wisdom of farmers organizing for anything except business reasons. His ideas would rule out political action at once, and in this he would have the support of Hon. Manning Doherty, who has studied co-operative marketing very closely in Ontario.

Mr. Sapiro's idea of what should be done is perhaps best stated by his recital of what has been done in California:

"The California farmers have found a way of salvation for themselves even in a bad year. Go elsewhere in United States and you will find the league or some similar body thriving because it feeds on discontent. It offers a farmer a political remedy. It has been proved in California that the farmers can solve their own problems by purely economic means. They need not depend on politics or radicals; they must retain a solid businesslike arrangement."

"Furthermore the association must be organized for business purposes only. That is fundamental. There must be no politics in it—nothing but the straight business from the ground up. We don't permit discussions on subjects that have nothing to do with our commercial problem. That is sometimes a very hard thing for the so-called professional farm leaders to swallow. The only kind of association they are used to is a farmers' debating society. The co-operative associations are composed wholly of business interests and are organized like a bank."

Right now it is claimed that the political faction in control of the Alberta farmers do not want to hear Mr. Sapiro, and are doing what they can to discount his appearance and take the edge off anything he may say.

The best answer to all that is that Mr. Sapiro represents a plan that has put dollars and cents in the pockets of California farmers, whereas those who can see nothing but political action in a farmer movement cannot produce anything like a similar performance.

Twelve Hours Too Long.

One writer attempts to defend the 12-hour day in the U. S. steel mills on the ground that many of the foreigners who work there want to stay in the mills long hours in order to make enough money to take them back home, where they can retire.

Meaning, then, that the foreigner, who has no particular interest in the country, is to set the conditions for the men who live in the country and have their families there.

On the same basis of appeal, why not raise the hours of labor to 16, and, if it is found that the men can stand it, make it 20?

No doubt there are men who would work long hours, and employers who would let them do it. Despite all the apologists can say, the 12-hour day in the steel plant is doomed, and it would be in good taste to step lively with the closing ceremonies.

The Story of the Meanest Thief.

A Toronto paper claims to have found the meanest thief. Of course all thieves are mean, but as in Latin they used to spell out honor, melior, optimus, so in thieves they have mean, meaner, meanest.

This chap broke into a bakeshop. His intention was to get into the till. But he found there only a few cents, and he was mad. Yes, sir, he was good and mad. He was so mad that he went around and took a bite out of every pie and cake in the place.

And of course people would not buy the pies and cakes which a bold robber had bitten, so the stock was ruined.

The moral, of course, is that this shop should have advertised its wares, and turned them into cash, which would have been put away in the corner bank long before had men light bulleseyes or put a jimmy under the back window.

The One Thing Now Lacking.

Toronto papers have been busy taking pictures of all things in connection with the hold-up there.

There were photos of the men held up, photos of the bullet holes in posts, photos of the barn where the bandits' car was found, and photos of the boys who made the find.

Said photos are excellent and interesting, as well as the diagrams showing all these things with explanatory arrows and captions.

It now remains for some enterprising paper there to publish a map with these words, "Cross mark indicates present location of the bandits."

Note and Comment.

When a man with a peak cap drives a sedan it is referred to as a limousine.

Our idea of thrift to the point of cruelty is cutting a cherry pie in eight sections.

Henry Ford is 60 years old, and it seems quite correct to say that he goes like sixty!

The Peterboro Examiner says it's a good thing Mr. Raney is out of office, otherwise the Toronto Telegram would have blamed him for the Toronto bank robbery.

A prisoner at Milton jail went on hunger strike, but sat up to the table with the rest of them at the end of a week. And they don't serve cherry pie in jail either.

And we'll soon be at the season of the year when we will pile the empty corn cobs at the side of the plate and wipe our butter fingers on the end of the tablecloth.

United States spends almost a million a week on chewing gum, twice as much as it did before the war.

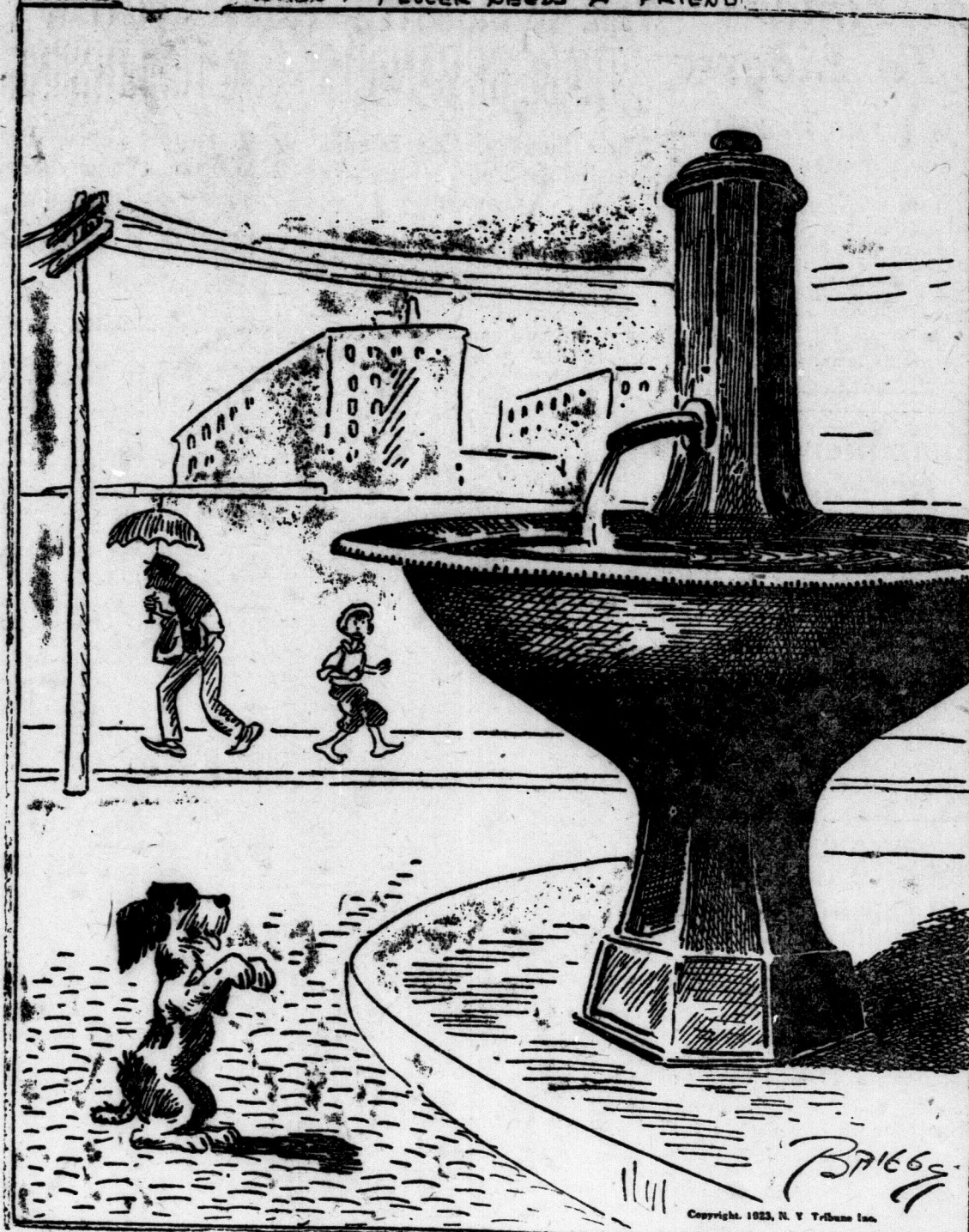
This would tend to show recklessness, and the grand old habit of putting gum behind the ear during meal-times must be passing away.

AN "INQUEST" ON OUR PEOPLE.

(From the Woodstock Sentinel-Review)
If as a race we are lacking in initiative what is the explanation? Except for Quebec, we are of British stock—including Irish, of course. Do the British as a race lack initiative? The original stock in the United States was the same as our own stock. Do the Americans lack initiative, or have they acquired it from the foreign elements which constitute so large a proportion of the population today? Why is it that there is such a demand in the United States for young Canadians of character and intelligence?

On the other hand, of course, the question might be asked: "Why is it that so many young Canadians of character and intelligence are compelled to go to the United States or elsewhere to secure the employment for which their ability fits them?" But indeed there are many questions that might be asked. And perhaps it is well that some questions are asked. Perhaps we have been talking too much about our vast extent of territory and our wonderful natural resources and the great future ahead of us, and have not thought enough about why we have so far made such a poor use of our resources, why our growth has been slow in comparison with that of our neighbors, so that with all our advantage of soil and climate we are unable, not only to attract desirable people in any considerable numbers, but to hold those we have already.

WHEN A FELLOW USES A FRIEND



The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

TONGUE-FIRE.
The tongue is a fire—James 3:6. We are all warned against the danger of fire in the forest. But the most devastating fires are kindled in life by a reckless, evil tongue.
There are two good rules which ought to be written upon every heart.
Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know that it is true.
Never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.
If you will follow these rules you may lie down in peace, and God will take care of you if you keep your lips from evil and your heart from guile.
If every careless and half-malicious gossip could see the harm that has been wrought by his idle words, repeating unproved rumors, he would be horrified at the account which he must render for setting and spreading tongue-fire.
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Rarebits by Rex

THOUGHTS FROM A LADY.

Men are but brutes, and nothing more.
Unkempt, untruthful and untidy.
They tell you Thursday they adore you, but they change their tale on Friday.

Men are but animals, and they will growl unless you feed and pet them.
Trouble enough to keep, but say, think of the job it is to get them.

It is bad enough to swelter in July, but think of the poor soul who has to write advertising booklets describing next winter's fur coats.

Woman will never be wholly emancipated until she can leave a hairnet on the dressing table and return to find it free of entangling alliances.

Dead politicians become statesmen, because usually there are no creaks to be dredged in their new constituencies.

The man who is always asking to borrow a fiver doesn't show much sense of taste, but he is always well equipped with a sense of touch.

Art may be long, but artists notoriously are short.

Perhaps America would be better satisfied if England would pay her what she owes in Scotch.

It rained at Springbank the other day and all the picnicers had a tiresome time except the professor. He found two rare bugs in the lemonade.

One swallow doesn't make a summer. But three or four often cause a fall.

The silent vote is what determines an election, say experts. Then why did they give the franchise to women?

Girls who win breach of promise suits may not be literary, but they make a lot of money in letters.

It is to be hoped that Germany has seen its worst days.

The modern reformer seems bent on sticking his "nose" in everybody's business.

It seems to be Germany's stability vs. France's stability.

There's some consolation in living next to a boiler factory. You can give a jazz dance without having to furnish the music.

The meek-faced man who boasts he runs things at his house probably

Flowers That Possess Perfume.

Of 6,600 species of flowers cultivated in Europe, only 420 possess an agreeable odor, 3,880 varieties are offensive in odor and 2,300 have no perceptible smell. Of the sweet-smelling flowers, the majority have white or cream-colored petals. Then follow, in order named, yellow, red, blue and violet. Only 13 out of 308 varieties of violet-colored flowers have a pleasing perfume.

Your Health: How To Aid a Person Unconscious From a Fall.

By ROYAL S. COPELAND, M.D.

A few days ago I was driving along in the country when I saw a man lying by the side of the road. His face was grimy with the dirt of the pavement and, until I felt for his pulse, I feared he was dead.

In this day when every street and highway is crowded with automobiles head injuries due to accident are all too common. Struck a body blow by a powerful automobile, the injured man is thrown to the ground, his head striking the pavement with terrific force. This is what had happened in the case I have mentioned.

What are the causes of loss of consciousness from injury? Among these are fracture of the skull, concussion of the brain, compression of the brain and bleeding into the brain substance.

Any one of these conditions, even the most serious, may exist without any mark upon the body or head. The brain may be seriously damaged without fracture. It is unusual for fracture of the skull to occur without more or less injury to the brain.

The simplest of the brain injuries is concussion. And yet concussion ranges in severity from a brief loss of voluntary movement, lasting but a few minutes, to profound unconsciousness, continuing for hours and ending in death.

When we say that someone was stunned by a fall and was able to go about his affairs in half an hour or so, we describe a very mild concussion of the brain.

In concussion the brain has been shaken and disturbed. There is no damage that the eye can see, even in the fatal cases which have been examined after death. The breathing and heart action are weak, irregular and rapid. The skin is cold and feels clammy to the touch. When consciousness returns there may be vomiting and some fever.

If you are called upon to do something for a person who is stunned or unconscious from any sort of brain injury, you should first find out if there are any marks on the body or head. Make sure that the injured person hasn't fainted from loss of blood.

Then keep the patient perfectly still. Put him to bed in a cool, quiet room, or let him lie on the grass in

a quiet place. Don't permit talking or confusion about him.

Elevate his head and shoulders and unless his temperature is below normal, an ice-cap or cold compresses to the head will be useful. Do not attempt to pour water or to force food down, as the throat of an unconscious person. You may do serious harm.

Leave the matter of feeding and further treatment to the doctor, who should be sent for as soon as an accident of this sort is discovered.

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