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London, Ont., Saturday, Sept. 9.

Come On, Folks.

DID we hear any person have anything to say about the visitors to the Fair that they are expecting in their home next week? Now, don't go ahead and try to look gloomy because some person is going to stay a bit with you next week. And for our part we're not going to crack any of the old jokes about the city man sleeping out on the road to the garage because the house is full to the gables of exhibition visitors.

Be fair about the thing. Haven't we sent our youngsters off to the farm for the holidays? Of course, we assured the folks out there that the dear little things wouldn't be any trouble at all, and that the oldest of them would be able to help around a little with the chores. Yes, we promised all these things, knowing all the time full well that none of the young crew ever turned a hand at work, nor would they when turned out on a 10-acre farm.

And then a couple of times during the season you dropped in when driving out that way, and you stayed for a meal or two when the season was the busiest, and the last time you were out you filled the back of the car with harvest apples.

So now don't you dare try and make a martyr of yourself because some folks from the district are going to make headquarters at your home while they take in the sights at the greatest fair in Western Ontario.

So come on, folks, visit your friends and relatives in London. You're welcome.

After We're Gone.

THE young king of Siam, Maha Vajiravudh, marries his cousin, Princess Lakshi Lavan. One wife is enough, says he, abolishing the custom of maintaining a royal harem.

This is a big sensation in the orient. For the old king, Maha's father, had 300 wives.

Human nature being about the same all over the world, the Siamese taxpayers probably are glad to see the harem expire.

"This new king," you reflect, "must be a progressive chap with modern ideas. He is enlightened."

King Maha's abolishment of the royal harem illustrates vividly the great changes that come as one generation goes to the graveyard and a new generation takes its place.

What with the world war and all, the present generation has made a frightful botch of its job.

Men have walled themselves into a bad situation. They run about, like caged animals, seeking an exit. Every day some quack steps forth in the field of economics and sociology with a new "cure-all." He claims he has the magic medicine that will bring rest and peace out of unrest and war.

All this attempt to stabilize conditions is commendable. But the probability is that the big problems will be solved by the rising generation. The man who falls into a well is not usually pulled out by himself.

The world's hope is in the youngsters who are marching through school days to take up where we leave off. They are going to inherit big problems. And they are going to solve them, for they will get on the job with fresh energy and a new viewpoint.

Naturally, it would be foolish for us to lie down and quit cold, letting problems grow worse until youngsters grow up. But the hope of civilization is unquestionably in the boys and girls returning to school. The best way to solve our problems is to make those boys and girls as efficient, sensible and straight-thinking as lies within our power.

The Prison Preacher.

THERE were plenty of applicants when it became known that the position of chaplain of Kingston Penitentiary was likely to become vacant.

The *Brookville Recorder* believes that there would be a certain amount of comfort in preaching to a congregation that is regular in attendance, never goes to sleep, comes in and goes out quietly, and no collection or list of announcements to make after the sermon.

Apart from these features, why should a preacher not like to tackle such a proposition?

Here are some hundreds of men, some of them fair, others better, others worse, some positively bad. They have all of them blundered along until they got into the hands of the law. Going their own stride they have mused things up.

Locked up, they can do one of two things: (1) resolve to make a try for something better, or (2) spend their time planning how they can perfect past blunders, so they can break the law without getting caught.

He probably has in church some who are not on speaking terms with other members of the same church. Don't look shocked, because this very thing happens time and again. In a prison most of the men would at least be friends. The same key locks them all in, so there is the fellowship of bondage.

Then in prison when the men sing, they do so because they want to. You may say they don't realize the beauty of the gospel songs, but we reply that it's as good as a person singing in a church because there's five or ten dollars a Sunday in it.

Then the prison congregation is not composed of sermon tasters and theological hair-splitters. They would probably prefer their preacher to talk straight from the shoulder, and go easy on time killing.

Nor would the prison preacher be in danger of driving the rich people from his congregation if he happened to boil over some day in speaking of the inequalities that attend the distribution of wealth.

Chances are when the jail congregation heard such words, they would break the silence of the room by a hearty "Amen," for, no doubt, many of them are there by reason of their ill-advised attempts to equalize the possession of this world's goods.

Also the matter of taking up the collection has been mentioned. The prison parson would not be called upon to explain that contributions were needed, nor would he have to sit and look wise while the plates were being passed. It must be a bit embarrassing at times for him to know what to do while this is going on.

So all said and done, why shouldn't preachers want a chance to take on a jail position? The man who is burning up with a real message in his heart might look a long time and find a poorer place to work.

Uncertainty.

RESCUE parties have been working for almost two weeks at the Argonaut mine at Jackson, Cal., in relentless and desperate efforts to force a way through to the place where 47 miners are entombed.

For that length of time families and friends of the miners have lived on suspense. There has been nothing to indicate that the men are still alive.

At times some of the workers have reported distant tappings, and urged on by these faint beckonings, efforts have been doubled. But these tappings may be only the trick of an expectant imagination, as the most delicate little instrument known, the geophone, capable of registering the slightest sound at 2,000 feet, remains silent, and its continued silence only piles more evidence against the long-held hopes of loved ones that rescuers may still break through before gas, starvation or physical injury has completed the victory of death, so surely started on the day of the explosion.

Those who live well removed from mining districts can sympathize with these people, but we cannot fathom the darkness that enshrouds their souls, nor can we pierce the unspoken fear that grips the heart.

Men working at these callings know they face hazards. The wife and mother knows that the husband and son are in danger of some sort every day. Careful management and good engineering have minimized the danger, and it comes to be all taken as part of the day's work.

But when word comes from the pit mouth that something is wrong below—when gas-masked men can make descent only with great difficulty—when rescuers can stand it for just a quarter or a half hour at a time—then it is that those who crowd around the spot where the men are accustomed to come from the bowels of the earth at quitting time start to suffer the anguish of uncertainty and live through the horrors of hope pitted against fear.

A mine disaster is, perhaps, the worst of all mishaps. Passages known to the men become clogged, or the breaking down of ventilation systems makes them deadly to travel. In cases of fire, fed by dust, the life-giving qualities are burned out of the air, leaving only the rank poison to creep on through the passages and pick up its victims one by one.

It is quite easy to recall a scene at the entrance to a shaft in Western Canada, where a blow-out had occurred a day or so previously.

Some of the women of the community had been at the pit mouth ever since, refusing to leave. They were not hysterical—simply determined to stay to get the first word. Time and time again would the phrase be used, "Oh, if we only knew." And that is the same experience and the same desire that the women and children at the mine in California have been living through for the last two weeks. To them it has been well-nigh an eternity of time.

They may take those 47 miners out of the ground alive, but weak and limp—and again, they may take 47 dead men from the pit.

God pity and comfort the folks who watch at the pit mouth for the outcome of the battle against time and adverse circumstances.

Business.

SOMEONE has likened running a business to riding a bicycle—must keep going in both cases.

Some few tricksters can stand still on a wheel, but then they have these chaps dressed in pink tights and charge money to see them.

And after a while folks get tired looking at them, and they have to turn to something else.

Same way with business. Some stores have good stocks and right prices, but they have no wind in their tires.

Another has a good assortment, but he forgets to put his feet on the

SATURDAY NIGHT

BY BERTON BRALEY.

(COPYRIGHT.)

SATURDAY Night! Saturday Night!

All over the country the lights twinkle bright, And down in the village or up in the city The girls look uncommonly charming and pretty; Their escorts are manicured, shaved and arrayed In quite the best clothes they can buy ready-made, They're living each moment with fervor intense, They're out for a frolic—and darn the expense, On Monday their pockets will surely be light, But then they can plan for next Saturday Night!

SATURDAY Night! Saturday Night!

Throughout all our week-days we keep it in sight, The night we can play with no thought of the morning (On Sunday no strident alarm rings a warning); The night that the family piles in the parlour; And goes to the place where the frivolous are; And the night after payday—the night when we dance, And blow in our surplus—and next week's perchance; Oh, night of all nights to the hardworking wight, Saturday Night! Saturday Night!

pedals to make the thing move.

Advertising, Mr. Merchant, is the wind in your tires and the feet on the pedals.

It helps get the thing under way, gets the motion and momentum you need to make the business move.

It's safer to run your business that way than try to be a trick rider standing still.

LITTLE 'TISERS

The seven-year itch has broken out in a Russian town. 1929 is a long way off.

Travel does seem to broaden some people, while others come home as skinny as ever.

Skirts may grow long, but as long as there's mice in the country they may often get shorter.

Now that school is on again, London small boys' necks imagine every day is Saturday night.

A man fell six stories in Chicago and lives. Which reminds us that the rugby season will soon be here.

Alfred Sze, Chinese minister to the U. S., has returned from Europe. If we knew him well we'd rather call him Alf.

Some places seem to get all the lucky breaks. Here was a landlord in Detroit who owns 36 houses missing at the end of the month.

Love makes the world go round. But the office boy holds that the same effect can be produced by hitting a man on the head with a hammer.

Chap dropped in today and gave us the name and address of a place where a bit of liquor can be had. We're not mentioning the address, because it would spoil Saturday trade for the stores in town.

A new habit in France causes girls to wear green ribbons when they want to marry. Likewise in this land a young man with such a notion gets his pants creased and puts perfume on his handkerchief.

JAMES N. Dobb, governor of the county jail at Sarnia, is 64 years old, yet he was able, single handed, to handle a man in his prime who was about to escape from jail. That's the kind of stuff governors and officials of jails should be made of.

Doctors say a good breakfast is good for you. Quite right. In the

well-regulated house the man comes down early and puts on the water for the mush, pulls in the milk bottles from the back steps, then dresses, thus getting his mind on his stomach before he is thoroughly awake.

A financial statement presented at the meeting of Stratford Council the other night showed an overdraft of \$13,884. It is a good idea to have such a statement presented at intervals, so that the public in general, whose money is being handled, may know where the finances really stand. If there is an overdraft, and the people know it, they may be a little more lenient in the demands they make calling for an expenditure of public money.

A good many Western Ontario people who visited Toronto exhibition felt a glow of pride when they came across the well-arranged "Made in Stratford" exhibit. Stratford certainly did itself proud in carrying its "Made in Stratford" idea into the larger area of national exhibitions. No doubt the idea will be followed up by other places, but it must be handed to Stratford that it was the pioneer in an enterprising and successful innovation.

The businessmen of Grimsby have united in sending out a suggestion to other towns of the province that a combined effort be made by the chambers of commerce and boards of trade to petition the government to have some modification made in the act which prevents municipalities from granting money bonuses to industries locating within their borders. Some towns may possibly fall in with the suggestion, says the *St. Marys Journal*, but most Ontario towns, owing to very unfortunate experiences in the granting of money bonuses, will be inclined to thank the Dnry government for the passing of the act referred to.

JEST

CORRECTLY. PUT.

His Wife—"The doctor says I must have a change of climate. Mr. Nickelplinch—"Well, where can you find a more changeable climate than this?"

ADVERTISEMENT.

"How fast were you going?" "Forty miles an hour, your honor." "Ah! You admit you were speeding?" "Yes, your honor. I propose to sell my car on the evidence brought out in this court."

25 YEARS AGO TODAY

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

September 9, 1897.

Weather—Fine and very warm.

The police commissioners met in Magistrate Parke's room at the police station this morning. Those present were E. Jones Parke, Q.C., Judge William Elliot and Mayor Little. The mayor brought up the patrol wagons and ambulances, and advanced the opinion that the hospital ambulance might be kept with advantage at the police station. Chief Williams, when asked his opinion, said the scheme was impracticable for obvious reasons. Nothing was done in the matter.

W. H. Downs, formerly of Parkhill; Frank McPherson and Arthur Suddler, three "of the finest" who have been on the probationary list for some time, were ordered to be placed on the permanent force.

Stratford baseball enthusiasts intend to have a good ball team in 1898 on a semi-professional basis.

DR. BISHOP'S ADVICE

DUST AND DISEASE

BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.

If you have ever looked at dust through a microscope you undoubtedly realize its danger as a disease carrier. In addition to germs, it may contain tiny solids that stretch and tear the lungs and respiratory tract, as well as other substances that may poison and produce disease in the system.

The analysis of dust discloses such things as bits of hair, parts of dead flies, grains of sand, fragments of wood and paper, pieces of string and of finger nails, shreds of leather and rags, horsehair, straw and tufts of fur.

Imagine breathing all this into your lungs! Dust is held responsible for many

cases of tuberculosis. Drying kills many germs, but not those of tuberculosis.

Sunlight is a cure for some germs but it cannot be depended upon always.

The shaking of carpets is a great menace to health. The rug is gradually replacing the tacked-down carpet but some people still stick to the latter. In such cases the carpet is taken up and shaken once or twice a year at housecleaning time. Nevertheless, they retain quantities of dirt and, incidentally, many germs. Even in homes where the most cleanly habits prevail, sneezing and coughing may infect the carpets, or dirt from the street or back yard may be tracked into the house on shoes.

Bacteria in the air are not necessarily harmful, yet great accumulations of them on fruit or foods are liable to prove a serious menace to health, and it is here the danger lies. Care should be taken to guard foods from dust and street filth.

Told the Truth.

IT is not pleasant and profitable to always speak the plain truth in the columns of the newspaper. Men who have tried this heretofore have always come to grief. Only a few days ago the editor of a paper in Indiana grew tired of being called a liar, and announced that he would tell the truth in the future, and the next issue contained the following news notes:

"John Banin, the laziest merchant in town, made a trip to Belleville yesterday."

"John Coyle, our grocery man, is doing a poor business. His store is dirty and dusty; how can he do much?"

"Rev. Styx preached last Sunday night on 'Charity.' The sermon was puny."

"Dave Sonkey died at his home in this place. The doctor gave it out as heart failure. Whiskey killed him."

"Married—Miss Sylvan Rhodes and James Conlin, last Saturday at the Baptist parsonage. The bride is a very ordinary girl, who doesn't know any more about cooking than a jack-rabbit does, and never helped her mother three days in her life. She is not a beauty by any means, and has a gait like a duck. The groom is an up-to-date loafer. He's been living off the old folks all his life and is not worth shucks. It will be a hard life."

"The governor of our state, a very ordinary man, and who was elected by accident, was here yesterday. He has very few friends here now. He promised some of the voters of this precinct 'a piece of the pie' in event of his election, but had forgotten all about it when the time to hand over the little office rolled around."

The paper had no sooner reached the public than a committee was sent to the editor bearing a petition asking him to continue in the good old way, and stating that they believed him to be a truthful, honest man.

READ YOUR CHARACTER

By Digby Phillips.

NO. 318—WHEN TO TALK MECHANICS.

It is the motive type of man or woman (mostly man) who is most interested in mechanical subjects.

You readily recognize him as of the active, muscular type, not only by his build and movements, but by the shape of his face, which is the sort that most people would describe as "square."

As was mentioned in a previous article, characterology won't tell you whether he is more interested in football or golf, carpentry or structural steel problems, but you only need to glance at such a man to know that he will not listen very sympathetically to any discussion of literature, art, lectures, sociology, language and the like. He may not be materialistic in his ideals, but he certainly is in his ordinary habits of thought.

That one glance tells you that he is inevitably the type of man who likes to see the wheels go around, who has action, who has the mechanical turn of mind, and the best way to interest him is to give him practical demonstrations. Show him models, pictures, diagrams. If you can't do anything better take out your pencil and draw a diagram for him.

Or talk golf, boxing, baseball or any popular sport. You'll find him more than normally interested in manufacturing problems—the mechanical side of them.

Tomorrow—When to be Brutally Frank. (Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Co.)

LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY

TODAY'S word is—INCOMMUNICADO.

It's pronounced—een-co-moon-i-kah-do, with accent on the fifth syllable.

It means—cut off from communication, and, as adopted recently into newspaper English, invariably applies to police detention of a prisoner who is denied the privilege of communication with friends, counsel or others except those interested in the case against him.

It was "lifted" bodily from the Spanish "incomunicado," meaning "isolated," or "without communication."

It's used like this—"The holding by the police of unconvicted prisoners incommunicado (often incorrectly spelled 'incommunicado') while long practiced in Latin countries, is in gross violation of the captive's rights in all lands where Anglo-Saxon law prevails."

TRY EGG-O Baking Powder

You will like it. If not return it and get your money back.

ORDER FROM YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD GROCER

COWAN'S REMOVAL SALE

ALL ARTICLES REDUCED

CARLING STREET.

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Poverty..

Look about you. Count the number of old men you know who are dependent upon others for their living. Will you be in their shoes if you live to be old? Are you one of countless thousands who live from week to week on your pay envelope, without any thought of to-morrow?

Wishing, alone, will not create a competence. The setting aside of a part of your income year by year while you have health and earning power will provide for the uncertain future.

Start to-day to ward off poverty with a Manufacturers Life Double Maturity Endowment Policy.

Branch Office, 201 Royal Bank Building, London.

W. H. Hutchinson, B.A., Branch Manager.



THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, CANADA.

Without obligation please send me full details of your Double Maturity Endowment Policy. I am years of age and am able to set aside each year to provide for old age. Name Address

To Holders of Five Year 5 1/2 per cent Canada's Victory Bonds

Issued in 1917 and Maturing 1st December, 1922.

CONVERSION PROPOSALS

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE offers to holders of these bonds who desire to continue their investment in Dominion of Canada securities the privilege of exchanging the maturing bonds for new bonds bearing 5 1/2 per cent interest, payable half yearly, of either of the following classes:—

- Five year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1927.
- Ten year bonds, dated 1st November, 1922, to mature 1st November, 1932.

While the maturing bonds will carry interest to 1st December, 1922, the new bonds will commence to earn interest from 1st November, 1922, GIVING A BONUS OF A FULL MONTH'S INTEREST TO THOSE AVAILING THEMSELVES OF THE CONVERSION PRIVILEGE.

This offer is made to holders of the maturing bonds and is not open to other investors. The bonds to be issued under this proposal will be substantially of the same character as those which are maturing, except that the exemption from taxation does not apply to the new issue.

Dated at Ottawa, 8th August, 1922.

Holders of the maturing bonds who wish to avail themselves of this conversion privilege should take their bonds AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE, BUT NOT LATER THAN SEPTEMBER 30th, to a Branch of any Chartered Bank in Canada and receive in exchange an official receipt for the bonds surrendered, containing an undertaking to deliver the corresponding bonds of the new issue.

Holders of maturing fully registered bonds, interest payable by cheque from Ottawa, will receive their December 1 interest cheque as usual. Holders of coupon bonds will detach and retain the last unexpired coupon before surrendering the bond itself for conversion purposes.

The surrendered bonds will be forwarded by banks to the Minister of Finance at Ottawa, where they will be exchanged for bonds of the new issue, in fully registered, or coupon registered or coupon bearer form carrying interest payable 1st May and 1st November of each year of the duration of the loan, the first interest payment accruing and payable 1st May, 1923. Bonds of the new issue will be sent to the banks for delivery immediately after the receipt of the surrendered bonds.

The bonds of the maturing issue which are not converted under this proposal will be paid off in cash on the 1st December, 1922.

W. S. FIELDING,
Minister of Finance.