

## London Advertiser

Published by  
THE LONDON ADVERTISER  
COMPANY, LIMITED,  
London, Ontario.

MORNING. EVENING.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS.  
3670 PRIVATE BRANCH 3670  
From 9 p.m. to 8:30 a.m. and holidays  
call 76. Business Department; 73. Editors  
and Reporters; 174. Composing Room;  
76. Circulation Department.

London, Ont., Wednesday, June 21.

## Our Obligation.

REFERENCE has been made in these columns previously to the fact that every consideration should be given the case of returned men who have not been able to get started, or attain as good positions as they had before they enlisted and went overseas.

A letter comes from a reader in a town near London, calling attention to a case that has come to the attention of some of the good people there. A young man who had been overseas for some years came back in fair health, at times indifferent, from the exposure and hardship to which he had been subjected. He seemed to improve for a short time, and was married a year or so ago, and the young couple started in to keep house. Inside of six months his troubles began to come to the surface. His condition became worse, until finally he was not able to work steadily, and had to give up the position he had. At only odd times was he able to get out and work.

His wife decided to take her share of the load, and for the first time in her life started out to work in order to make ends meet at the house. A note by the husband to an old friend shows the misery of his heart in this new turn: "To think it has come to this, me home here in the house and going out to work. Oh, how I hate myself for having brought this upon her." The rest of the letter runs along in a similar way, and depicts a misery that is too deep for words, and a hurt that does not like to be paraded before the community as an object for charity.

The trouble with all these cases is that as we move farther away from the date of the war, our sympathy becomes somewhat of a warped thing. It is not as great as it was, either personally or nationally. This young man to whom reference is made in the letter is one of many. Before he went overseas he had prospects of a fair position, and the same chance for promotion that stands before any other man. He had his health and his ability to get out and work and do things.

What has his country taken from him? The price has been practically everything except his life. He went the limit in the matter of service when men were needed, and when we used to sit up nights wondering how long it would be before some power would arise to stop the advance of the Germans.

Now, we are not making any appeal for assistance for this case. The point is far bigger than any one case. Simply this: There is so much said now about the tremendous debt in dollars this country owes because it participated in the world war that one would almost draw the inference that our part in the war should have been over the day the armistice was signed. As a matter of fact it will be some generations before the war is paid for in dollars and cents. The men to whom we owe the greatest debt are right here now, and the country and the individuals in the country have a chance to discharge that debt to some degree. The fact that a man rendered service overseas does not receive the consideration now that it should, nor the consideration that was shown to the claim a year or two ago. The people themselves, apart entirely from what a government may or may not do, have a duty undischarged, and the only way in which it can ever be discharged is by consideration and fair treatment of returned men who need help. It is a sacred obligation that this generation cannot pass on to the next.

**The Art of Writing.**  
A MEETING was held in South Renfrew a few days ago under the auspices of the trustees and ratepayers, at which an address was given by Mr. Sessworth. Questions were asked during the session, one of them being as to whether writing was as well taught in the schools today as in years gone past. The field secretary of the association, Mr. Sessworth, answered that more people could write now than could 25 years ago. "But I must say," he added, "that few write so well." By way of explanation, he added that the success of a teacher is usually judged by the number of pupils who pass their examinations, and for that reason subjects such as reading and writing are not stressed, as they do not count so high in the test.

Observation would lead one to believe that there is some point to what this speaker said. Some will go so far as to tell you that writing is a lost art in the schools of the present time, and it is a fact that there was more character exhibited in the handwriting of a generation ago than there is today. Letters come to this office from men who are around seventy years of age. The writing in many cases has a strength that stands out as indicative of the mind of the person writing. The formation of many of the letters shows strength of character and the ability to think well.

The average pupil leaving school today is not a good writer. Newspapers get many of their junior reporters from the high schools and colleges, and it is the exception to

find one of these boys writing a good hand. This holds good in many parts of the province. It may be the fault of the pupil or it may be the fault of the system that has been changed many times, but in the end the result is there, and very plainly so. The fact that business is carried on almost exclusively by typewriters now may have some bearing on the case. Nearly every newspaper office uses the typewriter exclusively, and this habit is being followed among editorial writers as well, who, as a rule, are the last word in poor exponents of penmanship. Preachers, professional men in many lines, clerical workers, and many other lines have long since turned to the typewriter.

So it may be that pupils do not write well because it is figured out that they will not have to do much at it when they leave school. At the same time the ability to write a good, legible hand is a very valuable asset, and something not to be lightly considered.



## LITTLE TISERS

Money talks. When it doesn't say "Good-bye," it says "No."

Love isn't stone blind if the stone happens to be a diamond.

People who say nothing is impossible have never tried having a good time broke.

One fool bigger than a big fool is a fool who laughs at his wife's last year dresses.

Some people in London let a telephone ring toward the end of the month, as if they didn't know anybody.

Whenever we see two or three papers running the same editorials, we always wonder which of them saw it first.

People go on picnics to Springbank and Port Stanley to forget everything. This usually includes pepper and salt for the eggs.

The City Gas Company's bills at the \$1.25 rate arrived in due course, but the real question is, "How many miles can I get out of a pair of shoes?"

Now here's a Vancouver paper coming to the assistance of health by claiming that folks shouldn't kiss babies. Down this way, folks don't, especially if there's anything more attractive on the horizon.

Well, it's not going to help matters much to spend your spare time shouting that Germany's getting the business. The business doesn't get down on all fours and crawl to Germany—the Germans are after it.

Manitoba is going to have an election some time soon, but if they don't hustle the thing along the politicians will find that the batting averages of the wheat farmers will have them crowded off the front page.

Ever notice that when one man on a street started to paint and fix up his premises, others are almost sure to do the same thing? And it is also a fact that after all the others have caught the idea, the whole street looks a heap better.

By way of encouragement to the lad who is not likely to pass entrance, we quote a remark from one of the most successful businessmen in this district, who admits that he was seventh from the top of the list that failed at entrance.

So far, the following claims have been made for the wheat board: Farmers will get more for their grain; consumers will not pay more for their bread; millers and bakers will be as well off as ever. Well, say, who's getting the surplus coin now?

The effort to make it appear that the Progressive members who voted for the budget have placed themselves in a very awkward position is one of the chief editorial topics in the Conservative press. By their process of reasoning it is made to appear they have revolted against CARRER and split the party. As a matter of fact, there must be a good many men right on the Conservative side who would have voted for the FELDING tariff on its merits had they possessed the moral courage to do so.

The Canada Gazette continues to publish notices of new companies being formed, and for the most part the incorporators are clerks, stenographers and barristers-at-law. And under these financial wizards, companies having power to hold stock in the hundreds, thousands and mil-

lions are incorporated and pushed out into the financial world. As far as giving real information to the public as to who is backing these new companies, the names of incorporators might as well be left blank in many cases.

## READ YOUR CHARACTER

By Digby Phillips.

NO. 246—SELLING THE DOWN-STROKE "B."

Again you have an inquiry from a prospective customer. This time the handwriting is characterized by that type of "B" and "d" in which the stem of the letter is made, not in the conventional fashion with a loop, but with a single down-stroke.

Now, aside from any information which may be gleaned from the wording of the letter, can you tell your salesman anything that will help him when he calls upon this prospect to explain your proposition?

You can, merely from the way in which the "B" and the "d" are formed. This prospect is one who has what we speak of loosely as a general way as "character." Whether a man or a woman, the salesman will not find this prospect the kind who is easily influenced by the will power or forcefulness of another. This prospect will not sign the order merely because the salesman urges it.

It is a case in which the salesman will have to present his story clearly and logically, in a practical way, explaining its constructive advantages, and then allow the prospect to make his or her decision on the strength of it. The right time may be taken to suggest the decision, but it will do more harm than good to try actually to force that decision, particularly to force it prematurely.

Monday—Buying From the Open "A." (Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company.)

## 25 YEARS AGO TODAY

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

JUNE 21, 1897.

The patriotic service yesterday, under the direction of the Sons of England, was entered into with great heartiness in London. Divine service was held in the largest available building, and over 1,000 men marched in the society parade.

All the city aldermen marched, excepting Ald. Bennett, who is in Scotland, and Ald. Taylor, who has been confined to his room for the past few days. Capt. John Brown, acting as marshal, ably handled the big parade, and about 3 o'clock the start was made in the following order:

Seventh Band.  
Independent Order of Foresters—Marshal, Sergt. Jas. Crawford.  
Ancient Order of Foresters—Marshal, Bro. John Cambridge.  
Canadian Order of Oddfellows—Marshal, Bro. William Bayless.  
Canadian Order of Foresters—Marshal, Bro. George Harper.  
Loyal Orange Lodges—Marshal, Bro. James Tuffield.  
St. George's Society—Marshal, Bro. John Pannell.  
Sons of England Lodges—Marshal, Bro. A. Wasp.

DR. BISHOP'S ADVICE

## WEATHER—APPETITE

BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.

ARM weather usually brings with it a loss of appetite, especially in the case of the office man or other sedentary worker. Most of us over-eat in summer, or else we cram our bodies with foods containing in themselves too much heat.

Foods contain varying amounts of heat units, or calories. Therefore, at this season, unless you select your food with some care, you are liable to supply your old furnace with enough heat for midwinter instead of summer.

Too often we measure our food by the square inch—eat through our eyes,

## The BOOKSHELF

THE VANISHING OF BETTY VARIAN. By Carolyn Wells. George H. Doran Company, Publishers, New York.

NO ONE had the faintest premonition of coming tragedy on that lovely summer afternoon when the picnic started out from Highland House, the picturesque old pile high up on a point of rock jutting out into the sea and connected with the mainland only by a narrow strip, which the Varians had taken for the season.

It was a very small party, given for the Varians' only daughter, Betty. The Varians, being newcomers, knew only a few of the habitués of Headland Harbor. But Rodney Grannis had met Betty Varian, and they had fallen in love with each other, to the great displeasure of Frederick Varian, Betty's father.

That very morning the father and daughter had quarreled about Grannis, and he had been forbidden to come to the house. So, of course, he was not among the picnicers, who had all gone some distance down the steep and difficult path which was the one way of getting to or from Headland House, when Betty suddenly declared she had forgotten her camera, and ran back to fetch it.

The others waited for her until their patience was exhausted, and at last her father went after her. He, too, failed to reappear, and presently one of the young men in the party, Ted Landon, and Claire Blackwood, a pretty widow, went in search of the delinquents.

They found Frederick Varian—found him on the floor of the hall, dead, with a bullet through his heart. And Betty had vanished.

Both father and daughter had entered the house in full sight of the rest of the party, watching from the path below. All the servants had gone to a circus in a nearby town, and the house was deserted. There was no sign of an intruder; the cliff overlooking the sea, and was absolutely unscalable; the only path was clearly to be seen by the watching party. For any one to enter or leave the house unnoticed seemed impossible.

This is but the beginning of an involving and perplexing mystery, which baffles all investigators until it is solved at last by the indefatigable Pennington Wise and his less indefatigable assistant, Zizi.

It cannot be said that the solution is entirely plausible, and the tale belongs to the jig-saw puzzle type of plot story. But it is entertaining and succeeds in its two principal objects—those of holding and puzzling the reader.

## LEARN 'A WORD EVERY DAY

TODAY'S word is MORIBUND.

It's pronounced—mor-i-bund, with accent on the first syllable.

It means—in a dying state; near death.

It comes from—Latin "moriri," to die.

It's used like this—"Many people believe a new political alignment in England to be near and that both old party organizations are moribund."

## Our Own Country

CANADA'S FIRST ROAD.

Q.—Where was Canada's first road?  
A.—The first road built in Canada was in Nova Scotia, or Acadia, as it was then known, from Digby Gap to the fort at Annapolis, as a military road, a score of miles in length, under Champlain's directions.

ALBERTA IRRIGATION.

Q.—What is the extent of irrigation in Alberta?

A.—Irrigation in Alberta includes nearly a million acres in the southern part of the province, and many other projects are planned under the government aid scheme.

## Had Your Iron Today?



## Delicious Hot-Day Lunch

Best lunch is two packages of Little Sun-Maid Raisins and a glass of milk.

Tastes good when you're hungry.

Nourishes yet keeps you cool.

Raisin's 75 per cent fruit sugar is in practically predigested form, furnishing 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Doesn't tax digestion so doesn't heat the blood, yet energizes almost immediately.

Big men eat little lunches to conserve their thinking power. Don't overeat and lag behind the leaders. Get two packages of Little Sun-Maids now.

## Little Sun-Maids

Between-Meal Raisins

5c Everywhere

—in Little Red Packages



## CAMPERS

ONTARIO'S forest wealth is dwindling. Every year forest fires take disastrous toll. Careless campers cause eleven per cent. of Ontario's forest fires. Last summer 112 cases of neglected camp fires were reported. This summer be careful.

## Save Ontario's Forests They're Yours

When you build your fire to make tea, fry bacon or add cheer to pipe and story-telling time, use a woodsman's precautions.

The real woodsman builds his fire on an old fireplace, if there be one handy. Failing that he scrapes away all litter, moss and fibrous rotted wood down to the mineral soil, or the bare rock, and preferably some place close to the water. He knows that if fire gets into the moss or the upper woody layer of forest soil, or in a half-rotted log or stump, it "holds over," burns away unnoticed underneath, and unless followed up and carefully put out, is liable to break into a flame later. He knows how hard it is to put such deep-smouldering fire out. So he makes his cooking fire surprisingly small and compact, and chooses a spot that is absolutely safe.

It is a mark of his finished woodsmanship how thoroughly he drowns his fire out with plenty of water when he is through with it. Save the forests. You may want to camp again.

## DON'T

DON'T take chances with fire in Ontario's forests.

DON'T throw away cigarette or cigar butts, pipe "heels" or burnt matches until you are dead sure they are out.

DON'T neglect to drown out your fire with lots of water.

DON'T build your camp fire against a rotten log or stump—nor on windy points: nor near moss patches: nor at the base of a tree.

Build it in a former fireplace, or on a flat rock, or on a spot cleared down to the true soil below, or by the edge of the water.

DON'T forget that the upper layer of ground in the forest consists of partially rotted wood which will burn.

Ontario Forestry Branch  
Parliament Buildings,  
Toronto