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London, Ont., Saturday, Nov. 19.

The Ravages of Time.

Did you ever go back to the old home after being away for a number of years? Ever since you left the old place you have looked forward to the day when you would go back, perhaps after making a success in the world. You remember how some of the old boys used to come back, and how you longed to do the same?

We met a man this week who had been back home.

In the intervening years he had married, and on his trip home one of his sons went with him. But let the man tell it himself.

"I have for years told the boys and girls about the things that we used to do. I have told them of the swimming hole, of the bush, of the hill, and what not? So when we arrived my boy was anxious to see all these things. The day following our arrival I undertook to show him the swimming hole, so we went out across the cow pasture and over the hill to where there was a sudden turn in the creek. Old willows grew there and the water was deep and muddy. All around was bush. So we went on the search, but there was a factory where the old pasture had been. There was not a sign left of the willow trees or of the bush around. In fact, there wasn't any creek, so there could be no swimming hole. No. 1 was blasted.

"Next day we were going to see the bush where I used to play, and I was going to show the lad the beech trees with my initials and the hollow tree, where we had robbed the bees' nest. We went the other way in the town, and after going across a short cut behind the hotel and past the bake shop, we headed for the woods. When we turned the corner that ran to the bush the first thing I saw was a binder cutting grain where the bush used to be. No. 2 was blasted. Not to be outdone, we came back by the hill where we used to coast as youngsters, and where we used to run out on the thin ice at the bottom when the creek froze over. But, oh, what a flat hill to show the boy! Road-makers had been busy there, and a lot of the embankment had been cut away. No. 3 was as flat as the others, and I had fallen down in showing the boy any of the sights.

"Somehow the whole place seemed different and changed. Next day was Sunday, so we went to the old church in the morning. The preacher was an old man, who was filling probably his last pulpit before retiring. He shook hands cordially at the door, and inquired if I were a stranger in the town, and I was forced to admit that I was. As a last resort we went to the Sunday school in the afternoon. There was the old corner, with the wooden benches where my class used to sit. In a last effort to find something that was real I went over and sat with a new generation of boys who had grown up and were now using the same corner. Together we picked up the Bible for the lesson of the day, and do you know there was something right then and there for the first time said to me: 'You're back home again.' The 53rd of Isaiah was just the same, John 3 and 16 was just the same. Some of the good old hymns that they sang from the much-thumbed old books were just the same. Yes, at last, through the eternal promises, as given to us at that Grand Old Book, I was back home once more.

"I never realized before what the hymn-writer meant when he penned those wonderful words: 'Change and decay in all around I see. Oh, Thou, who changest not, abide with me.'"

Several Issues.

Hon. W. E. Raney fails to see where the tariff is the only issue before the voters. For instance, he sees where Canadians ought to be seriously considering such matters as:

The national debt, which has grown from \$336,000,000 in 1914 to more than \$2,500,000,000—more than seven times what it was in 1914, charged to eight and a half million people—about \$1,500 for every family in Canada, and an annual interest charge of more than ten times what it was in 1914.

Surely, quite an item, and enough in itself to cause every voter, especially those with a stake in the country, to stop and think seriously.

There is the railway problem, which, owing to its complex nature, and the manner in which it was taken over by the government, has not received the attention it should. Very few men understand it in detail.

But the voter can easily understand this—there has been a deficit averaging \$1,000,000 a week for the past two years.

The disabled soldier proposition needs handling from two angles. First and foremost, that all money spent goes as directly as possible,

and with the minimum of waste, to the people who need it most.

Had this problem been handled properly and rightly, we would not today have thousands of returned men stating openly that they have not had a fair chance.

When there is so much complaint there must be some trouble.

We are committed to an expenditure today of \$35,000,000 per year for our disabled men. Surely that is a large enough item to cause the voter to think it over.

In the last 40 years almost half a million people in Ontario have left the farms for the cities. That is actual depopulation of rural centres. In the same time city population in Ontario has increased nearly a million.

Closely coupled with this condition is the question of unemployment in Canada. In the cities of Canada there are 210,000 persons out of work. At the same time there is always a scarcity of men on the farms of Ontario.

The reasoning of the attorney-general is sound on this matter. It is the height of nonsense for any politician, even in his zeal to have a Tory government presiding over the distribution of patronage at Ottawa, to go about the country at the present time on the poor pretence that the tariff is the only issue before the voters.

Tired of Getting Soaked



prospect of this rapid and continuous depopulation is appalling. With this steady decrease in population there has been, of course, a steady decrease in taxation, both general and municipal. It is to check the decrease in population and the increase in taxation that the people are demanding a change of government.

A Poor System.

The Financial Post, Conservative and protectionist, takes a survey of the Riddon affair, and shows where the system followed at Ottawa is wrong. The Post says:

"One year and nine months ago—February 7, 1920—the Financial Post warned the government that what has happened since in the Riddon case was happening then, and would happen in a number of cases, and that numerous concerns and individuals would escape paying any taxation. We put it up to the minister of finance, and suggested that immediate action be taken. The two main factors at fault were loosely-drawn legislation, that is typical of the department of finance, and the lack of a business administration of the taxation department. There is no question of the integrity of Sir Thomas White, Sir Henry Drayton, or of Mr. Breadner. The last is a most capable public servant, but his weakness in the department has been that the indefinite character of the regulation as framed threw upon him a mass of detail work that overwhelmed him and could have been handled only by a man who had always been a detail man, and not an executive of broad business experience. The government should at once place the department under a proper business administration that, instead of making it necessary for corporations to get down on their knees to force a final adjustment and a chance to pay their taxes and clean the matter up would put a stop to the endless round of procrastination, and by hastening the settlement of accounts save the country from the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars in interest charges or in an ultimate escape from payment."

No matter from which angle the matter is approached, it is found that there was mismanagement and favoritism shown.

The more the Meighen apologists have to say about the matter the worse it gets.

A Boston dentist says rats have the best teeth, and most folks are willing to take his word for it.

What Happened.

The Forest Free Press has this to say regarding what protection has done for its corner of the Dominion:

"At the 'National Liberal and Conservative' meeting held in Forest last Friday evening many dire predictions were made as to what will happen to East Lambton if the present government is defeated. General disaster was predicted. In view of this threatened disaster it may be interesting to note what progress the riding has (not) made under high tariff. During the past thirty years East Lambton, exclusive of the recent Kent addition, has suffered a decrease of 10,000 in population, 4,000 of that loss being the last ten years. Every municipality shared in the loss, even Petrolia, with its protected industries, having lost 1,500 people. In the thirty years the five townships lost 7,000 population, of which over 4,000 was during the last ten years. These figures show that the loss, especially in the townships, has been growing greater in recent years. There is nothing to promise any better conditions under our unjust tariff laws, and the

Things ETERNAL

BY REV. G. A. LEICHLITER.

It is strange how folks misjudge matters. They become so over absorbed in the doing of a few things that they fail to realize how much is out and beyond them.

The things that are about us here on the common human way, the things that we can see and handle and buy and sell are, after all, not the things of most value for "the things which are seen are temporal, but the things not seen are eternal."

That is a wise distinction. It offers opportunity for no mistakes or misjudgments.

I see the magnificent house built to the exacting tastes of some fastidious individual. It is a master expression of architectural skill and precision, but it is simply a house and not necessarily a home.

The house you can see. It is temporary. The home you cannot see. It is an eternal expression.

A book you can see. It is a temporal expression. But the consciousness of which it was born, and the personality of which it is a reflection you never see. They are the holier facts too sacred for the corrupting gaze of the passing throng.

You can see a mother, who in the tenderness of her devotion gives, and gives again and again, for that which is more to her than life. A mother is a temporal thing.

But mother love, the underlying fact which cannot be seen, is eternal. It never changes.

One wise old Hebrew said, "He endured as seeing the invisible." That was a wonderful thing. He had found the proper viewpoint.

A lot of folks think they're clever because they can drive a shrewd bargain and get along with it. But they may have mistaken stupidity for cleverness. To drive a bargain and make a good margin of profit is a temporal matter. To lay up treasures in Heaven is eternal.

For there they had the brothers all, and sisters of my lid, piled into the window space awaitin' for a bid. A sign upon the heap it made my good red blood run chill: "Your Choice of all these Remnant Hats For Just a Dollar Bill."

—NOAH.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

BY EXTORRIS.

word for father's brother, Patruus and another for mother's brother, Avunculus, English has kept only the latter, in the form of uncle.

I think it may be well to point out

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LITTLE 'TISERS

Death afforded but short relief to the man whose wife had engraven on his tombstone: "Rest in peace until we meet again."

With bread down to 9 cents a loaf, and pork selling on the market at 8½ cents, we'll soon be able to afford a ham sandwich.

In a year 365 school teachers in New York were married. Fine piece of regulation to keep the casualty list down to one a day.

The long-haired genius who wants to wreck society is worth watching, but the thinker who wants to make it function properly is worth listening to.

Some of these new-fangled little houses people are building now remind us of the morning when we tried to put on our boiled shirt in a sleeping berth.

They do tell that man may be wearing knickerbockers next year. Well, we're just waiting for a couple of our long-drawn-out, lean friends to make the break.

Figures are great. Now they've got it reckoned up that there are as many rats in New York as there are human beings. So, if every New Yorker killed one rat there would be no rats. Quite simple.

The Scotchman who writes notes for the Toronto Globe wonders if Meighen took promissory notes for contributions to the campaign fund. Probably not, but the chances are that some very promising notes were given in return for the campaign fund.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat propounds this little lesson in economics:

"If we as a nation make more goods than we can sell abroad, we have got to consume them ourselves; and to consume them ourselves they must be cheaper."

The Walkerton Telescope has had its telescope trained on Washington, and pens thus: "It is not unthinkable that another world congress might be held at Washington in the not distant future to 'disarm' the high tariff walls and to introduce free trade, or, at least, what the economists call 'fair trade' among the nations."

NOAH'S POETRY

This Is Tough.

I went and bought myself a hat to place upon my head, and on the band around the thing were hunk of green and red.

Ah, yes, it was a cheerful little lid, it gladdened my sad soul, but payin' for this gay young thing peeled ten from off my roll.

But folks looked up as I went by, I gave them quite a treat, I felt like puttin' in my time paradin' on the street.

I had a sympathetic soul for folks of lesser taste, whose bonnets had a color like a bucketful of paste. But when I wandered down the road I paused before the place, where they had said this biddy hat was suited to my face—and since that time there's been no joy, no fun at all for me—the words was printed two feet high for them what ran to see.

For there they had the brothers all, and sisters of my lid, piled into the window space awaitin' for a bid. A sign upon the heap it made my good red blood run chill: "Your Choice of all these Remnant Hats For Just a Dollar Bill."

—NOAH.

25 YEARS AGO TODAY

Here We Have Items of Local and District Interest, As Recorded in The Advertiser of 1896.

NOVEMBER 19TH, 1896.

Rev. Mr. Hutchinson of Brantford will conduct revival services in the Baptist Church, Aylmer, during the first two weeks in December.

Mr. J. F. Williams of Ingersoll has been appointed assistant collector of customs at Ingersoll, to assist Mr. Wm. Hook.

Dr. A. M. Clark of Woodstock, who for the past four years has been treasurer of the dental board and college, has received notice of his re-election by acclamation on the board for district No. 5 of Ontario.

A social was given by the King's Daughters and Sons of Hill Street Methodist Church last night. After spending a social hour, during which refreshments were served, a program of speeches, songs, and recitations was carried out. The chairman was W. H. Wortman and the other speakers were Mrs. H. J. Uren, Brooks and Walton. Solos were given by Mr. H. Lewis and Mr. Stephenson, and a duet by Messrs. Stephenson and Walton. Misses Laura and Ruby Sandborn and Mr. Holly gave recitations.

A farewell supper was tendered to Mr. George Bennet, brother of Ald.

COMMON SENSE WAYS TO KEEP WELL.

Seldom Hungry? Variety of Diet May Change That!

BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.

THE most expert of dietitians can formulate but few rules as to the wise choice of foods. The wisest of us are inclined to depend altogether on his knowledge of food values while to the layman the problem is so complicated as to elude him to rely mainly on his own instincts.

Animals, except when domesticated, depend altogether on instinct. Civilization has so blunted man's instinct as regards the selecting of foods that it is often faulty, yet dietitians say that man's food instincts are far keener if he obeys the rule of eating slowly.

In choosing foods it is difficult to distinguish absolutely between what are "good" and "bad" foods, because there is no line of division. About all that is possible to say is that some foods are better than others. A number of foods are usually more important to be satisfied, even if the foods are not "ideal," than to be unsatisfied with what in the abstract seems "ideal" foods.

Among the best foods for most people are fruits, potatoes, nuts (if well cooked), milk, both sweet and sour, and vegetables. Among the worst foods are purractive cheeses, sweetbreads, liver, kidneys, "high" game or poultry. A close study, of course, will show

some faults as well as some virtues in almost any food, and vice versa. The best way for the ordinary man and woman to do in choosing foods is to eat as much as possible of the better, and as little as possible of the worse, without attempting to draw a hard and fast line.

Salt, pepper, spices—in fact, all hot condiments—should be used in sparing quantities, as they serve to dull the sense of taste and the instinct for selecting good foods.

A great cause of ill-health is found in the over-use of sugar, especially in concentrated forms, such as candy, people of sedentary habits—that is, those who live a life of practical inactivity—should be especially cautious about consuming too much of sweet foods. Sugar has a high food value, and is readily utilized for combustion in the body. If eaten between meals it is likely to increase the calories or heat units above the amount necessary and lead to over-nourishment.

In foods the axiom "What is one man's meat is another's poison" is often peculiarly applicable. As for infod, some people find that bananas do not agree with them. The reason usually is that they do not eat ripe bananas. The bananas that are an even yellow. The best bananas are mottled with black.

Investigators have called attention to the importance of variety of diet, since a monotonous diet ceases to awaken the appetite and leads to lowered nutrition.

THE ROMANCE OF WORDS

BY EXTORRIS.

KINSHIP OF LANGUAGE.

Although the original plan of these articles was to present to the readers of The Advertiser, family names, and from whence they were derived, I thought it necessary, to a full understanding of the subject, to write a short introduction in the form given in the first two articles. It now seems equally necessary to go just a little further and touch on the differences in the tongues of the Aryan and non-Aryan races of Europe, for from all these peoples many family names are derived.

The name Aryan came to us from the Sanskrit, the oldest written language of the race. In the Vedas (the sacred books) the Brahmins speak of their ancestors as Arya, and of the older homeland as Arya-avarta. In the Zend (the Iranian branch) the word is Ayrva. Yet the root goes back to an older speech than the Vedas or the Zend. Avesta, the sacred book of Iran. It is found in root form in other Aryan tongues. In Latin it is "arare"; in Greek, "aroun"; Slavonic, "orati"; Gothic, "arjan"; Welsh, "arar"; Old English, "erian". In all the meaning is "to plow, to till." Yet back of the word can be found the substantial meaning "earth." German, "erde"; Latin "arvum"; Greek "era". In all these words the root AR enters into these words the root AR enters into these words, but back of it all there is the older idea of the "earth." It all points to one common speech which was mother alike to Sanskrit, Zend, Greek, Latin, Slavonic, Keltic and Teutonic tongues.

The fact that the Sanskrit and the Zend make use of the same name (Arya) as designative of the people and their ancestry, and that among so many others of the Aryan peoples the same root is widespread, is striking when we consider that nowhere among other primitive peoples do we find even other branches of one family agreeing upon a common name.

The one word "father" will serve to show the kinship of the Aryans. In Sanskrit it is "pitr"; Zend, "paitar"; Persian, "pader"; Latin, "pater"; Greek "pater" (long e); Erse, "athair"; Gothic, "vatar"; German, "vater"; Saxon, "faeder"; Dutch, "vader"; Swedish, "fader"; Italian and Spanish, "padre"; French, "pere". But in Bohemian it is "otec," and we have to look to other words such as "bratr," brother, and "sestra," sister, to show the Aryan relationship.

The most persistent of these connecting links may be found in the numerals; for instance, the German "sechs" and the Latin "sex" are manifestly identical. Keltic "da", Persian, Sanskrit, Slavic, "dva", Gothic and Saxon, "twa", are clearly the English "two". Dutch, "zeven"; Gothic, "sebon"; Keltic, "secht"; Latin, "septem"; Greek, "hepta"; Persian, "hepta"; Sanskrit, "sapta", are recognizable as "seven." "Three" is represented by words so clearly the same (such as "tri, tres, trois") as to leave no doubt of their common origin.

Now, examine the same numerals (2, 3, 7) in:

Arabic—ithn, thalath, sab'. Turkish—iki, uch, jedi. Hungarian—ket, harom, het. It will be at once perceived that they are entirely unlike the Aryan numerals. But it has happened that languages sprung from the same source very often develop different names from the original idea, and thus obscure the historic identity. Thus, while Greek, German and English agree in keeping nearly the same word for a girl, Thugater, Tochter and Daughter, Latin lost the word and used Filla, the feminine of Filius, the word for son. On the other hand, while Latin kept a

the races of Europe, who are not Aryan. Many of the ancient races have disappeared as a separate people or have been amalgamated, such as the Hittites, Etruscans and Pelasgians. The Basques of the Pyrenees are likely allied to the Etruscans, probably of the same stock as the Euskarians, whom the Kelts found in Ireland. The Finns are true Mongols and are subdivided into Finn, Estonian, Perminian, Bulgar (of the Volga), Ugric, and the Ugric, the Turk, of whom the European branch belong principally to the Omani division. All these peoples belong to the yellow race, except the Turk and Pelasgian, the latter being of the dark-white. The Bulgars Hamites (dark-white). The Bulgars of the Volga must not be confounded with the Danubian Bulgars, who are of Slav blood.

I would like to conclude this article with the description given in the Vedas of the Aryan homeland. It was a land of "winter snows" and "stabled cattle," a land of "sleep and clothing of wool," but it was a land also of "pasture and meadow grasses," of "butter and milk," of the "red apple," and of "autumn harvests" and the "grass piles" of the hay. Surely, such a picture can be summed up vividly to the minds of all peoples of British blood, and bring a feeling of pride that the home instincts of an ancient people are still alive in us.

READ YOUR CHARACTER

[By Digby Phillips.]

NO. 39—HIGH HEADS.

The ear is the pivotal point from which most of the comparative head measurements are made. Sometimes the ears themselves are out of normal position, and in such cases, usually discernible at a glance, you should measure with your eye from the positions where the ears ought to be.

The head which is scientifically classed as "high" is measured by the distance from the ears up. It is really a question of the head shape, rather than the face, and it is the sign of certain pronounced mental characteristics. You'll never find a high-headed man or woman who is lacking either in ambition or aspiration. Such people also are quite conscious of ideas, you'll find, and are inclined to guide their lives as much in accordance with ideals as with motives or expediency alone.

If you want to know just where a high-headed man or woman is going to stand, just make it a point to turn their heads. With these as your guide you can pretty nearly always tell in advance what course they are likely to take under given circumstances, courses very often at wide variance with what appear on the surface to be their best interests.

Take a concrete example. Suppose two men have ideals of truth. One is high-headed. The other isn't. The time comes when it is to the advantage of both to lie. It wouldn't be true, of course, to say that high-headed people

don't sometimes lie under temptation. But you could be pretty sure that the high-headed man would have more of temptation than the low-headed man. Tomorrow—The Imitative Head. (Copyright, 1921, by Public Ledger Co.)

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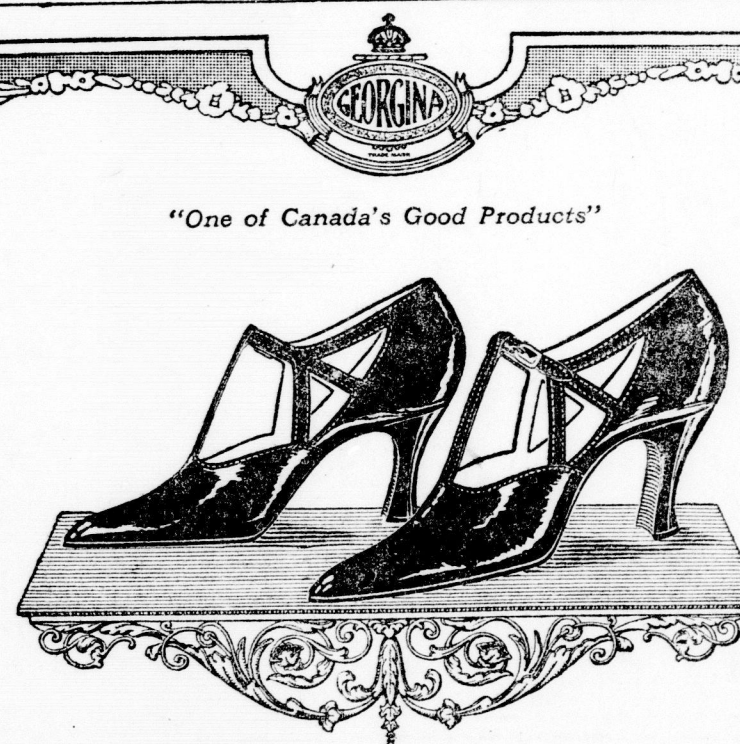
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