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The Late Dr. Charles S. Moore.

A great soul, lent to earth the while
To lift the fallen, teach the sad to smile,
A true physician, blessed with healing power
To meet the need of every trying hour.
A tower of strength, a friend indeed,
With quick response to every human need,
A radiant life in selfless service spent—
Through endless time its inspiration sent.

SUCH was the life of the late Dr. CHARLES S. MOORE. He was the only son of the late Dr. CHARLES G. MOORE, one of London's earliest and best physicians in his day. The son from early years was in his father's office, learning all he could. After he obtained his degree he entered into partnership with his brother. After his father's death he entered into partnership with his brother-in-law, Dr. STEVENSON, and after his death with Dr. DRAKE. For many years past he had practiced alone, every day in the week, day and night. How he bore up under the strain puzzled many of his friends, but he was happiest at his work. Indeed, when suffering during his last illness he was thinking most of others and directing kind acts towards some he knew were ill.

There are very many who will miss Dr. MOORE and be lost without him. It is believed he treated more patients several times over than any doctor now living in London. London has for many years been a medical center, becoming more important as the years pass. This is largely due to the Medical School of the Western University. London has recently lost by death several prominent doctors. The name of Dr. MOORE adds one more to the long list.

Dr. MOORE spent his whole life in London, and received his education at the old Union School under the late NICHOLAS WILSON and J. B. BOYLE. Later he went to the Heliopolis Boys' College. He inherited the spirit of the true physician, and all his life did all the good he could. His life will be an inspiration to many doctors and has been a blessing to many thousands.

His constant attention to his patients did not prevent him from reading a great deal, and few men were more interesting in conversation. His wife and family will have the sincere sympathy of very many friends.

A Difficult Matter.

IT may have been imagined that the term "readjustment" referred only to business and places where goods were bought and sold or manufactured.

It has a far wider meaning, and there are some very important phases of it being worked out today, with accompanying hardship, for readjustment meant always that some person was going to get hurt.

As long as people were able to dodge the getting hurt business there was only a limited amount of readjustment.

Right now some of the farmers of Ontario are going through a period of readjustment, and not a few of them are finding it hard to get through and still keep on going.

For instance, around Chatham there are some farms where tobacco raising is a very popular industry. The soil and climate seem to be well adapted to this form of farming, and with proper care a very good crop of the much-sought weed can be taken off the land.

A few years ago the market prices for this produce went to a goodly figure, as high as 45 cents a pound being paid. The result was what could naturally be expected. Those who were "in" that year made good money, probably more than they had ever made in a single year before.

When it becomes known that any industry is a money maker it is not necessary to hire a hall to tell the people about the good thing. They see the good thing and are anxious to enter in.

Result: Many sales of land were made up as high as \$275 per acre, which is a fairly stiff figure. Next result was that a great many more people went into the business, and when it came time to market the crop it was found that the price was way down and altogether out of line with \$275 per acre for the land alone.

Growers claim it is necessary to get at least 20 cents a pound in order to make money, while right now they think they are fairly lucky if they can sell out at 20 cents.

The result of it all is that a number of these growers find that the ground has been cut right out from under their feet, and not a few of them are making assignments, being unable to carry on. They hope to get something out of the wreck in this way, and then face the problem of starting all over again.

You may not hold that the growing of tobacco is an essential industry, but that does not alter the fact that these men are facing a hard proposition. It is not easy to

HE CAN NOW RESUME HIS JOURNEY.



start over again in middle life, after the greater part of one's funds has been swept away in what appeared to be a good opportunity to enter a profitable undertaking.

The Pioneers.

SOCIAL service workers held a meeting in Toronto a day or so ago, and there were some things that came up that are worth repeating. It is a very easy matter for this phrase, "social service worker," to become something of a hackneyed clause, meaning little or nothing more than the desire of some people for an interesting bit of recreation.

Now and then something comes to the surface to grip the attention of the public and let it be seen just what work can be done, and also why it is hard to do it.

One worker, and a woman at that, told of trips made 20 or 30 miles from a railroad track, north of Port Arthur, where it is impossible to get the services of a doctor. She told of a family of eight children on one homestead, none of whom had any more than one garment to wear, all of them under-nourished, and yet all making the best of what they had got.

The getting of medical attention to these people is a problem. The means of communication are not plentiful. There are no telephones and no mails. There are poor roads, and by the time word could be brought out that medical care was needed and a physician found who would go back to attend the case whole days of precious time are lost.

A year ago, when the Baptist Association of Ontario and Quebec met at St. Thomas a similar message came from the northlands of Ontario, brought there by a missionary who was investing his days going up and down that land seeking what he could do to carry the message of good cheer to the scattered families that could be reached in no other way.

There was no attempt at oratory in his simple narrative—indeed, such would have spoiled it, and marred the power it had to grip the heart-strings of the audience. He pictured riding his horse mile after mile, and coming upon a little shanty, reared back in a fresh-cut clearing. As he drew near the husband and father was busy making a little grave among the stumps. And there, beside him, with the lifeless form of the little one she loved more dearly than life itself, stood the wife and mother. Two brave hearts, all alone under the canopy of heaven, away from friends, away from those who might help him in such an hour, who were preparing for the last sad act of laying away in the bosom of mother earth, in sight of their little home, the only bit of life and cheer that had been sent to them. And, in the words of the man who told the story, "There are men, women and children, living, struggling, gripped with illness and dying without as much as a voice to repeat the words, 'Let not your hearts be troubled.'"

Ah, yes, it is an easy matter for those who live in the older sections of the land to hold lightly the privileges we have. It is easy for us to advise that people should go forth far into these new lands and there new wealth from the forests and produce new dollars from the soil.

It is well that some of these brave hearts who have thrown their all into the mission of abandonment and self-sacrifice should turn back now and then and tell us in plain, unparaphrased words of the life these people live who have gone forth to seek new homes in a new land, the pioneers who pave the way for what will undoubtedly some day be a great and a prosperous country.

LITTLE 'TISERS

Speaking of the revival of bicycle riding, dealers who have made a very careful study of the situation claim there are 17,000 bicycles in London. That means that every

fourth person in this city rides a wheel. Boys and girls make up a very large percentage, for despite the coming of cars, the possession of a bicycle is still a big item to the juvenile. Then, a look at the factories will show that this form of to-and-fro daily work has lost nothing of its popularity with the man in the shop.

The average man when he comes to be 40 years of age is through with sports. True, he may play a bit of golf or a few tennis at a slow tennis game now and then, but for the most part he turns to his car, to fishing tackle or his backyard for recreation. But here's Mr. TOM MAYOR of Forest playing a good fast game of cricket at 67, and bowling a ball that can still make the best of the batters wonder what it is going to do. Blessed is that man who grows old and does it youthfully.

The *Christian Guardian* thinks that PREMIER DUFFY has the best of the discussion with SECRETARY J. J. MORRISON of the United Farmers of Ontario over the question of "broadening out." It says: "So far as we can see, the difference between Mr. DUFFY and Mr. MORRISON is largely this: that Mr. DUFFY has had to bear the responsibility of being premier of Canada's largest and wealthiest province, and Mr. MORRISON has had no such responsibility. PREMIER DUFFY has made good, so much so that even his political enemies are willing to admit it. And he knows, and every member of his cabinet knows, that he has made good simply because he has been an honest, painstaking, efficient and intensely practical man. If he had attempted to follow the advice of the *Farmers' Sun*, which appears to voice Mr. MORRISON's views, there seems to be no doubt that he would soon have wrecked his administration, but he preferred to follow what seemed to him more practical and sane politics, and we think he was wise. And more than that, we venture to think that if Mr. MORRISON had been premier instead of Mr. DUFFY, Mr. MORRISON would not have followed the path which the *Sun* marked out as the only right one."

TO THE EDITOR

THIS WAR TALK.

Editor Advertiser:
Sir,—Hon. Mr. Meighen is exceedingly valiant when the crisis has passed. When it is assured that there will be no real call for Canadian help in Turkey he denounces the King's government for the caution which it exercised and which, we believe, is approved today by nine-tenths of the people of Canada, and these including the thinking people.

Mr. Meighen need not fear for the loyalty of the Canadian people when there is need for that loyalty being shown by this country has not subscribed to the idea that it must send troops to the far corners of the earth every time that England gets into a dispute.

In this case the latest word indicates that Lloyd George and his friends put their bet on the wrong horse, just as the majority of British newspapers have been pointing out for a week. The Turks are coming back to Europe and England is agreeable. The Greeks have received their drubbing and deserved it. Between the two it is a toss-up. The Turks were open enemies during the late war, and every soldier who met them respected them. The Greeks were treacherous neutrals, half the time in almost open league with the Kaiser through marriage connections of the royal family. As for the Armenians, upon whom so much sympathy has been spent, ask any Canadian soldier who encountered them what he thinks of them, and you will find a proper Turk right away.

Canadians somehow have the idea that loyalty to Great Britain means loyalty to whatever British politicians occupy office. Does it ever strike the average Canadian that there is no such unanimity in Great Britain for Lloyd George, where they

are nearer and know him better, as is to be found in Canada? Here we have him held up from pulpits and elsewhere as a demi-god, who can do no wrong. Britishers, perhaps a majority of them today, are sadly disillusioned about their former idol. The man who can talk so glibly to a church gathering about peace one day can rattle the sword in the scabbard the next, and by an appeal, which nearly every important British newspaper condemns, try to draw the Dominions in to settle for his mistakes. Let there be no doubt of it, British policy in the Near East has not been a success in the last three months, and the homeland knows it quite well. Lloyd George's "new war," as it is deviously called in London, England, is as unpopular as any move well could be, but in London, Canada, we have a Ministerial Association, the ambassadors of the "Principle of Peace," demanding that the King government shall forthwith launch this country into a military enterprise that may lead anywhere. What information have these gentlemen upon which to act in this way? Is their action not simply a case of hysteria? It is a pitiable spectacle after four years of war to end war. Canada belongs to the League of Nations and these gentlemen have talked about it in their pulpits, but they forget it very quickly when they smell powder, and all they can do is to raise a war-cry.

The best example for Canada in this recent crisis was Great Britain herself, where a sane public opinion forced the hand of the government, and today's news dispatches show the Lloyd George government, despite all its bombastic talk last week, quite ready to line up with France and Italy, which long ago repudiated the Treaty of Sevres, and deal with the Turk on common-sense grounds. Yours truly,

BRITISH-CANADIAN
R. No. 3, London

The H. C. of L.

(D. R.)

The price is where the shoe pinches.

Nearly all the prices are tee-total—there won't take a drop.

No profit is with honor unless it is reasonably small.

The outrageous tax really worries us a lot more than the income tax.

Bakers seem to have no difficulty in getting their bread to rise.

The coal man says as he passes through life, he must live by the weight.

Not all landlords raise the rent, but those who don't could hold a convention in a telephone booth.

The price on some boots in the shop windows suggest the desirability of a reduction in overhead charges.

We complain of high prices, but the fellow who puts a forty-cent muzzle on a ten-cent dog mustn't growl.

The H. C. L. could be considerably reduced if housewives who are doing the buying would teach their dollars to have more sense.

A fellow can't tell what to eat. So costly is the daily meat; Beef may be cheaper, but I fear That venison will still be dear.

THE TONGUE—AN INDEX



THE tongue rightly has been called the index to a disordered stomach.

There are few physicians, indeed, who would fail to recognize at a glance the heavily coated, gray or yellowish tongue, with tip and margin of red, accompanied by other characteristic symptoms, as denoting that commingest of all ills, indigestion.

The tongue serves also as an index to many other diseases.

On the tongue of a smallpox pa-

Sabbath Program.

I HAVE a program for mase!
This bonnie Sabbath Day;
I'll lay aside my brow new kilt,
I'll wear my suit o' gray,
I'll pit a capple on my head,
I'll don a buster, too;
I'll hae great goggles on my een,
O' yellow, or o' blue.
I'll hasten doon tae oor garage
Tae back my auto out;
I'll hae attend oor kirk ava,
Unbivalent about,
I've coft a guid supply o' gas
Tae speed me miles awa';
I'll race as Gallo wild himsel'
Wi' tourists great an' sma'.

I'LL hit yon path blazed out by Biggs
Untae his heft's content;
Then, frae a sporan nae his ain
He paved it wi' cement.
Roads biggit thus hae been condemned
By Currey o' Strathroy;
He said it sair extravagance—
That mair my Sabbath joy;
But yon wis pre-election clash
Tae boost oor U. F. O.
Tae bring defeat tae Ika Grit.
Tae lay oor Tories low;
Sae I'll forgie his brave onslaughts,
His protests ane an' a',
Then wi' a buoyant, cheerie heart
I'll speed me far awa'.

THO' it's oor Holy Sabbath Day
Tae nicht frae early morn
At ilk pedestrian I'll pass
I'll toot my auto horn;
Intae a ditch, on richt or left
I'll signal him aside
That in my cozie limousine
Unbindered I may ride.
I'll gie a' cops a bonnie chase
Wha follow in my train,
For speed lik' mine, on Biggs' roads,
Their cycles shall be vain.
Oh, let me back my auto out!
Oh, let me be awa'!
Whyleither Sabbath Days
shall come
They mayna be sae braw.
—Mack.

READ YOUR CHARACTER

NO. 339 — MENTAL DISCIPLINE
FOR THE FINE-HAIRED.

Inner tendencies toward refinement are not to be sniffed at, notwithstanding the sneering attitude of many people (those with coarse hair, you mostly find).

A certain amount of refinement is good—too much is not. The same is true of its opposite. The super-refined have difficulty in attuning themselves to the everyday world, for the workaday world is not made up entirely of roses. There is much dirt and roughness about it in addition to its beauties. But, by the same token, those who cannot rise above the appreciation of the merit in grimy things miss a great deal out of life. Enjoyment is a thing of happiness if you have a very fine hair you may take it for granted that you have a more sensitive nature than the average, a great natural ability to appreciate refinements. This is good. It is nothing to worry about. It will afford you a great deal of happiness if you cultivate the habit of doing a bit of grimy, hard physical work whenever you can. If you are a man it is a sure preventive of becoming what the world calls a mollycoddle. If you are a woman it will prevent you from growing into one of those super-sensitive, hot-house plants who ultimately become tiresome and annoying even to those who were most attracted toward them. Your willingness upon occasion to mix up with a bit of grimy will only make you more appreciated by those whose opinions you value most.

Tomorrow—The Sign of the Dyspeptic.
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LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY
TODAY'S word is—PERTURB.
It's pronounced—per-turb, with accent on the second syllable.
It means—to disturb, to vex, to trouble, to disquiet, to agitate.
It comes from—Latin "per," through, by or for, and "turbare," to disturb.
Although the Near East is a long way from this country, yet the commotion in that part of the world has not failed to perturb the Canadian government.

WORK HAND IN HAND.
"Yes," said the pilgrim in the elderly overcoat with the bulging pockets, "him an' me is in partnership, but we don't do business together."
"How's that?"
"Why, he goes around sellin' a stove blackin' that leaves a stain on the fingers. I go around next day to the same houses with the only soap that'll take it off."

DR. BISHOP'S ADVICE.
THE TONGUE—AN INDEX
The tongue rightly has been called the index to a disordered stomach.

There are few physicians, indeed, who would fail to recognize at a glance the heavily coated, gray or yellowish tongue, with tip and margin of red, accompanied by other characteristic symptoms, as denoting that commingest of all ills, indigestion.

The tongue serves also as an index to many other diseases.

On the tongue of a smallpox pa-

tient are distinctive vesicles (blisters), while the sufferer from measles has small red spots, tipped with white. In case of pernicious anemia, the tongue is exceedingly pale and bloodless and generally becomes very sore. The tongue in the case of a hemorrhage resembles that of anema.

Tuberculosis of the tongue commences on the tip or edge and breaks down into an ulcer. It secretes pus and is most painful.

If you notice an unnatural appearance of your tongue, it is well to consult a physician. He can determine at once if there is any danger and advise a preventive for the special disease indicated.

Usually the first symptoms of a disease are to be seen on the tongue.



AMONG the earliest evidences of some creature, more manlike than any living ape upon earth, are a number of flints and stones very roughly chipped and shaped so as to be held in the hand. These were probably used as hand-axes. These early implements ("Eoliths") are often so crude and simple that there was for a long time a controversy whether they were to be regarded as natural or artificial productions.

The date of the earliest of them is put by geologists as Pliocene—that is to say before the First Glacial Age. They occur also throughout the First Interglacial period. We know of no bones or other remains in Europe or America of the quasi-human beings of half a million years ago, who made and used these implements. They used them to hammer with, perhaps they used them to fight with and perhaps they used bits of wood for similar purposes.

A Walking Ape.
But at Trinil, in Java, in strata which are said to correspond either to the later Pliocene or to the American and European First-Glacial Age, there have been found some scattered bones of a creature such as the makers of these early implements may have been. The top of a skull, some teeth, and a thigh-bone have been found. The skull shows a brain-case about half-way in size between that of the chimpanzee and man, but the thigh-bone is that of a creature as well adapted to standing and running as a man and as free, therefore, to use its hands. The creature was not a man, nor was it an arboreal ape like the chimpanzee. It was a walking ape. It has been named by naturalists Pithecanthropus erectus (the walking ape-man).

Of the makers of European Eoliths we have got no bones at all. We can only guess at their appearance.
While these early men, or "sub-men" or "pseudo-men" of the Eoliths were running about Europe four or five hundred thousand years ago, there were mammoths, rhinoceroses, a huge hippopotamus, a giant beaver and a bison and wild cattle in their world. There were also wild horses, and the saber-toothed tiger still abundant. There are no traces of lions or true tigers at that time in Europe, but there were bears, otters, wolves and a wild boar. It may be that the early sub-man sometimes played jackal to the saber-toothed tiger and finished up the bodies on which the latter had gorged itself.

After Pithecanthropus, that first glimpse of something at least sub-human in the record of geology, there is not another fragment of human or man-like bone yet known from that record for an interval of hundreds of thousands of years. There is nothing human or sub-human to be found except an increasing abundance of stone implements. But these improve in quality.
It is not until we reach deposits which are stated to be of the Second Interglacial period, 200,000 years later, 200,000 or 250,000 years ago, that another scrap of bones comes to hand. Then we find a jawbone.

Man or Beast?
This jawbone was found in a sand pit near Heidelberg, at a depth of eighty feet from the surface, and it is not the jawbone of a man as we understand man, but it is man-like in every respect, except that it has absolutely no trace of a chin; it is more massive than a man's, and its narrowness behind could not, it is thought, have given the tongue sufficient play for articulate speech. It is not an ape's jawbone; the teeth are human.

The owner of this jawbone has been variously named Homo Heidelbergensis and Palaeoanthropus Heidelbergensis according to the estimate formed of his humanity or sub-humanity by various authorities. He lived in a world not remotely unlike the world of the still earlier sub-man of the first implements; the deposits in which it is found show that there were elephants, horses, rhinoceroses, bison, a moose, and so forth, with it in the world, but the saber-toothed tiger was declining and the lion was spreading over Europe.

The implements of this period (known as the Chellean period), are a very considerable advance upon those of the Pliocene Age. They are well made but very much bigger than any truly human implements. The Heidelberg man may have had a very big body and large fore limbs. He may have been a woolly, strange-looking inhuman creature.

We must turn over the record for it may be, another 100,000 years for the next remains of anything human or sub-human. Then in the deposit ascribed to the Third Interglacial period, which may have been 100,000 years ago, and lasted 50,000 years, the smashed pieces of a whole skull turn up. The deposit is a gravel which may have been derived from the washing out of still earlier gravel strata, and this skull fragment may be in reality as old as the First Glacial Period. The bony remains discovered at Piltdown in Sussex display a creature still ascending only very gradually from the sub-human.

The first scraps of this skull were found in an excavation for road gravel in Sussex. Bit by bit other fragments of this skull were hunted out from the quarry heaps until most of it could be pieced together. It is a thick skull, thicker than that of any living race of men, and it has a brain capacity intermediate between that of Pithecanthropus and man.

The Dawn of Man.
This creature has been named Eoanthropus, the dawn man. In the same gravel pits were found teeth

H. G. WELLS' FAMOUS OUTLINE OF HISTORY The Romance of Mother Earth

Relics of the "Sub-Men."

TODAY'S INSTALLMENT—15.

Neanderthal Man



of rhinoceros, hippopotamus and the leg bone of a deer with marks upon it that may be cuts. A curious bat-shaped instrument of elephant bone has also been found.

There was moreover a jaw-bone among these scattered remains, which was at first assumed naturally enough to belong to Eoanthropus, but which it was afterwards suggested was probably that of a chimpanzee. It is extraordinarily like that of a chimpanzee, but Dr. Keith, one of the greatest authorities, in these questions, assigns it, after an exhaustive analysis in his "Antiquity of Man" (1915), to the skull with which it is found. It is, as a jaw-bone, far less human in character than the jaw of the much more ancient Homo Heidelbergensis, but the teeth are in some respects more like those of living men.

Dr. Keith, swayed by the jawbone, does not think that Eoanthropus, in spite of its name, is a creature in the direct ancestry of man. Much less is it an intermediate form between the Heidelberg man and the Neanderthal man we shall presently describe. It was only related, he thinks, to the true ancestor of man as the orang is related to the chimpanzee. It was one of a number of sub-human running apes of more than ape-like intelligence, and if it was not on the line royal, it was, at any rate, a very close collateral.

After this glimpse of a skull, the record for very many centuries gives nothing but flint implements, which improve steadily in quality. A very characteristic form is shaped like a sole, with one flat side striated off at one blow and the other side worked. The archaeologists, as the record continues, are presently able to distinguish scrapers, borers, knives, darts, throwing stones and the like. Progress is now made rapidly; in a few centuries the shape of the hand-

axe, shows distinct and recognizable improvements. And then comes quite a number of remains. The Fourth Glacial age is rising toward its maximum. Man is taking to caves and leaving vestiges there; at Krapina in Croatia, at Neanderthal near Dusseldorf, at Spy, human remains have been found, skulls and bones of a creature that is certainly a man.

"Homo" a Portrait.
Somewhere about 50,000 years ago, if not earlier, appeared Homo Neanderthalensis (also called Homo anticus and Homo primigenius), a quite possible human being.

His thumb was not quite equal in flexibility and usefulness to a human thumb, he stooped forward and could not hold his head erect, as all living men do, he was chinless and perhaps incapable of speech, there were curious differences about the enamel and the roots of his teeth from those of all living men, he was very thick-set, he was, indeed, not quite of the human species, but there is no dispute about his attribution to the genus Homo. He was certainly not descended from Eoanthropus, but his jawbone is so like the Heidelberg jawbones as to make it possible that the chummiest and heaviest Homo Heidelbergensis, a thousand centuries before him, was of his blood and race.

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Tomorrow—"The Cave-Man: An Extinct Race."

TRUE GRATITUDE.
A little girl on hearing her mother who had been out walking complain that her feet were tired, observed: "My legs gets tired, too, when I go out walking, but I think what a nice ride my body has had."



Blossom Time

Sunny days mean blossom time for little folks as well as for posies.

They both grow bright and beautiful in the sunshine, but the nourishment the flowers draw from the good brown earth the children must find in the food they eat.

Neal's Bread is the pure, nourishing food that makes little boys and girls grow rosy and strong; just as the pure air and sunshine rear the flowers upward.

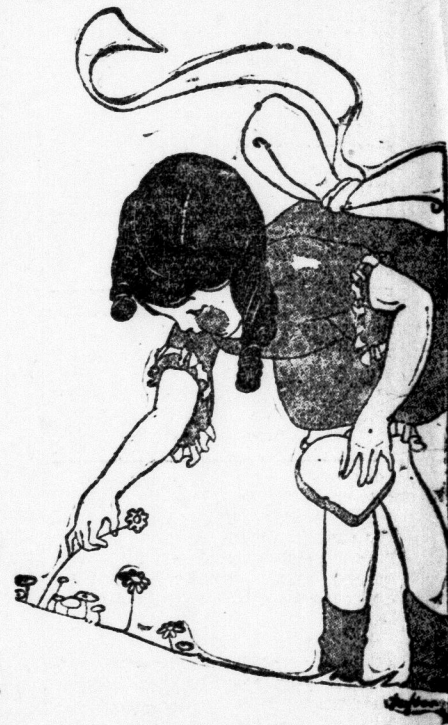
NEAL'S GOOD WHITE BREAD

—Is the big beautiful loaf that the children love for its sweet, homemade flavor, the result of pure, carefully chosen ingredients, correctly combined, scientifically baked. Slices and slices, all they want, will make the kiddies blossom into strong, rosy girls and boys.

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