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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1925.

What Mosul Means.

Turkey has announced in plain language her intention of flouting the decision of the council of the League of Nations. Once again the word "Mosul" comes into print. At the Lausanne conference provision was made for the marking of boundaries of the new republic of Turkey. Britain and Turkey then agreed that outside of these boundaries Turkey renounced all sovereignty previously exercised by the old Turkish empire. Turkey was also to renounce all rights and title over the various states controlled under the mandates held from the council of the League of Nations. Under these mandates Iraq was entrusted to Britain; in the most northern part of Iraq is the vilayet (or province) of Mosul as well as the town bearing the same name.

The exact boundary was not fixed at that time, and an independent commission was appointed to make these adjustments. Britain having agreed to accept the award, while with no warning or reason Turkey refused, claiming that no outside commission had the right to fix boundary lines. In the fortnightly Review Hugh F. Spender, a well-informed British journalist, describes what took place at the meeting of the council:

"Rushdi Bey, the chief of the Turkish delegation, had thrown off the mask and declared that the Turkish government had never had any intention of accepting the decision of the council of the League of Nations. He declared that Turkey would accept neither the decision of the council, nor the verdict of the international court of the Hague on the question of the competence of the council to give an arbitral award, in spite of the pledge which he had given in her name. Nothing but the whole vilayet of Mosul with the exception of the small district of Diabla would content her—that was what Tewfik Rushdi Bey's defiant attitude meant."

Speaking for Britain at Geneva, Sir Austen Chamberlain, secretary for foreign affairs, stated Britain had no desire to take a rigid or uncompromising attitude, and would gladly enter further negotiations with Turkey. The attitude of Turkey can best be gathered by her refusal to attend the meeting, and her subsequent announcement that there is nothing to arbitrate.

That has been the reason for Turkey talking of war. Turkey is not defying Britain, but all the powers in the League, because Britain is merely doing what the council of the League has declared should be done. If Britain were to decline to assume responsibility for carrying out the decision of the League she would be failing in her plain duty and weakening the whole organization to that extent.

Turkey finds the situation different than in the old days. Neither Britain, France, Germany, Italy, or any other world power is prepared to listen to her overtures. There are no secret negotiations for the purpose of lining up nations on separate sides. They have met and listened to all the facts and made their decisions accordingly. The situation subjects the League to the most severe test yet placed upon it, and it also gives Turkey the option of saving her face by tardy obedience or attempting to openly defy a group of powerful nations. She is not likely to risk the latter course.

Investing Money.

A winding-up order is going through the courts in Toronto that will mark the disappearance of a so-called securities company. One collector appearing for a client remarked, "I represent a lady who was left a substantial sum by her late husband and was induced to invest \$6,000 in this company."

In this case the husband, while living, was able to gather together a fair amount of wealth, referred to as a "substantial sum." He no doubt must have possessed an intimate knowledge of financing and investing, and was able to make good investments as well as avoid poor ones.

His widow apparently does not possess the knowledge her husband had, and yet when he left her that "substantial sum" he placed on her the onus of making her own selection as to how she would invest it.

Few men are very wise investors themselves at the outset. Not many can claim that they never made what turned out to be a poor one. The rule is that a man learns by experience, and if he gets stung the chances are he never says anything about it, and on that account his wife does not get the benefit of the experience for which the husband has paid. It may be from personal pride or from a desire to keep his wife from worrying that makes him hold his peace, yet the result is the same—the husband's loss has been a valuable experience in the misuse of money and a thorough explanation of such incidents to his wife would give her a great deal of valuable information.

If a woman has not had this training or the benefit of her husband's experience, her husband should hesitate to leave to her the responsibility of handling a "substantial sum" as was evidently done in the case at Toronto. He could have given directions in his will concerning what investments could be made, or have named a trust company to carry on for him, and these companies are so restricted by law in the selec-

tion of investments that they can hardly go wrong.

What is of even greater importance, though, is that there should be a more widespread knowledge concerning what constitutes a good investment. We spend a great deal of money and energy training people in various lines how to make money, but give very little attention to the equally important study of how to use and invest it wisely.

Must Bid Higher.

The St. Catharines Standard can't see that it really makes very much difference what a political leader says so long as he gets there. Of the Conservative leader's Hamilton-Bagot speech the Standard says: "On the whole the Conservative press in Ontario has not been greatly aroused or attached too much importance to the Hamilton declaration."

That is quite so, and the reason is that the Conservative press in Ontario did not know how to take it. The Mail and Empire performed a very kindly service when it explained that Mr. Meighen was speaking more for himself than the party. Apart from that there has been an ominous silence.

The Standard apparently believes, then, that because the Conservative papers in Ontario did not attach too much importance to Mr. Meighen's complete reversal of policy that it didn't amount to much after all. It develops the same idea further when it claims that "it can hardly be conceived that the rank and file of the Conservative party will be stampeded to swap horses in crossing the stream when the promised land is almost within reach." It's only a few more steps to power; the clay banks at the other side of the creek look fairly easy of access, so why should any person reverse the procession simply because the leader reversed his policy.

From the Standard we learn that there was a "great moral lesson" in the Bagot election. It was this: "That Mr. Meighen put a dent in the Liberal majority when his candidate got 45 per cent of the votes, against 43 per cent at the general election."

So that gain of two per cent of the votes is sufficient to explain everything—sufficient to explain why Mr. Meighen swallowed everything he had said in criticism of Premier King's policy of consulting parliament about war efforts in 1922; sufficient to explain why he had one policy in Toronto in 1922 that said, "Ready, aye ready," and another in Bagot in 1925 that said, "We'll hold a general election and see."

But it will be necessary, as the Standard can readily understand, to go farther. The advance from 43 to 45 per cent on such a bid as Mr. Meighen made is not sufficient. He has got to raise that 45 to 51 before he gets into the promised land of which the Standard speaks. It must be admitted that Mr. Meighen went almost to the extreme limit in his efforts to placate Quebec, but he must go farther.

Is the Standard really serving notice on Mr. Meighen that itself and the other Conservative papers in Ontario will stand aside and let Mr. Meighen go the limit in promises if by doing so he can win?

An Outside View.

The Luzerne county members of the Pennsylvania house of representatives have tried to settle the coal strike. The county members suggested that the miners go to work while negotiations were still being carried on for a new agreement. This plan has been turned back.

The miners are losing money every day the strike lasts. Living on strike pay is a poor substitute for regular wages. It is depleting the miners' money reserves, and so will call for more assessments to build up the strike fund when the men do return to work.

The operators are losing money through the non-operation of their mines. The consumers are losing through higher costs for fuel substitutes.

The county members from Luzerne may not be strike experts, but in their suggestion that negotiations can be carried on just as effectively with the mines operating as when they are idle they have stated the opinion of many others.

Note and Comment.

Speaking of war songs, the Brandon Sun remarks, "What about 'Here Comes the Bride'?"

Four Toronto boxers won their bouts in Buffalo, which looks very much like Canada taking a hand in U. S. affairs.

The optimist puts his hand in his pocket, glad to find that the five is not a one; the pessimist is sore because it's not a ten.

Some of our finest old sayings are being discredited in this age of rapidity. Thus we read of a speaker who is reported as saying: "The early bird has the worms."

The Peace River seat for Ottawa is now claimed by three candidates, putting it very much in the same position as it was on the day before elections.

Ottawa woman married one man, left for Cleveland and married another, and is now suing the first for non-support. In a first and second mortgage collection is always easier on the first.

Toronto M. O. H. says milk sold in that city in 1912 was watered 20 per cent, and the citizens paid \$275,000 for the water. They also built the union station about that time.

Massage parlors in Winnipeg have been making discoveries, and among them is one that green lights have a soothing effect on some excitable people. Greenbacks also have a similar tendency.

Manufacturers of shaving soap are using pictures to show the folly of men wearing whiskers in this age. They show a man with whiskers having them pulled by a speed cop. They figure that bare-faced men get out of trouble easier.

A Wicked Scheme

By ARK.

I got a parcel yesterday tied with red ribbons and a seal, it tickled me for quite a spell and well nigh bumped me off my keel.

And so I got my jack-knife out and cut the strings to get inside, as fidgety about that gift as any blushing little bride. And when I got the papers off I felt like heavin' fifteen rocks, for there was forwardin' to me a pair of fancy wooden socks.

The chap that sent them meant all right, I've known him for ten years or more, so now I'll have to do my stuff and sort of even up the score.

I'd planned to send a card to him, on which I penned a friendly rhyme, just words to cheer him on a spell about the gorgeous Christmas time. But now I'll have to travel out and spread the rubles on for him, because he sent me fancy socks to cover up my crippled shin.

Which sets an evil thought in me as how I'll start in June next year, and start and send out little gifts and mark them as my Christmas cheer.

And them what get the gifts will say as how they must remember me, so where I part with one good buck I'm likely to recover three. And folks will come around to call and view my parcels piled up high, and they'll conclude, by gum they will, that I'm a real important guy.

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The Once-Over

By Handy Andy.

Nobody loves a fat man.
He's always an object of hate,
Which makes me glad that I can
Say that I'm losin' weight.
I can go and spoon with my sweetie now
Without saggin' the garden gate.

Wait! Wait!
If you send in another like this, Andy,
You'll meet with a terrible fate.

The concluding lines are appended by the columnist in self-defence.

Some folks have all the fun. There's a chap in this office whose wife's birthday comes on Dec. 24, whose sister's birthday is Dec. 25, and whose father-in-law has contracted his annual pre-Christmas cough.

According to an English paper, the string of a violin worn next to the skin prevents lumbago and keeps the wearer warm in the coldest weather.

Not to mention the jazz produced when worn by a bow-legged person.

In common with all other conductors, the conductor of this column is glad the street cars are still running.

The greatest Christmas tragedy—a lost appetite.

Chief Cook of this office says: "Some fellows save for a rainy day—others for a dry night."

Four and half million bunches of bananas were unloaded at Bristol this year. In kindness, please refrain from chanting, "Yes, we have no bananas."

Our demon statisticians figures that if the skins of all those bananas were removed and laid end to end, they would bring about the downfall of half the civilized world.

A gent named J. L. Garvin got off the following profound remark in old London recently: "If it is in truth supposed that Britain is not so great as she used to be, the answer is that she never was."

White River is back again in the headlines. It was 24 below there yesterday.

An English composer wrote a song in 15 minutes which netted him sufficient to buy a new Rolls-Royce with special trimmings. Excuse us for a few minutes. We want to write a couple of songs.

E. J. P.

Isn't It the Truth?

The paths of glory lead but to a study of jurisprudence.

The chairman of the committee is the easy mark the others pick to do the work.

Note to composing room: Leave standing the headline, "French Ministry Resigns."

Saving daylight in summer isn't half so hard as saving moonshine for Christmas.

There's one difference. Nobody now lasts long enough to be called an "old soak."

There's a difference between lightning and miners. When lightning strikes, it seldom makes anything go up.

If you contrive each day to outclass the fellow you were yesterday, reaching the top is just a matter of time.

A low-brow is one who gets the story; a high-brow one who concentrates on the author's style.

About all the average man has thus far provided for Christmas is the headache.

If Mussolini is a branch of some noble family, as his kind friends assert, it isn't an olive branch.

Pistols long since would have gone the way of booze if pistols enabled anybody to have a good time.

If they had rather fight over a dogma than chase jobs, they doubtless are Democrats.

The commonest objection to a tax bill is that it doesn't hit the other fellow hard enough.

Still, you can't tell upper class from lower class by the love letters read in court.

Correct this sentence: "I want the living-room warm," said she, "but I like a cold bedroom."

R. Q.

Editorial Opinion

ONE ORATION LESS.

From the Montreal Gazette.

HAD it not been for the action of the chairman at the meeting of the United Farmers of Ontario in ruling out of order the question put to Hon. Manning Doherty as to why he had left the Farmers' party to support Hon. Arthur Meighen, the delegates might have heard something greatly to their advantage.

FROM HEAD TO FEET.

From the Ottawa Journal.

STILL another university football star will enter the arena at a salary of \$50,000 per annum. Has anyone ever considered what a pathetic moving picture could be filmed of the life of Professor Higbrow of the same university who has taught higher mathematics in that institution for 40 years at a salary of \$2,500 a year? Unfortunately the professor never learned to kick.

Becoming Peeved With "Santy"



Young Jock Currie—O, yes, he's makin' up like Santy Claws agin—but whot's he ever brought us kids but 44?

After the Day's Hard Work

By SODBUSTER.

WILTON GROVE, Dec. 17.—I notice a news item in The Advertiser states that London is past the stage of being a Saturday-night town. Well, I came to town on Saturday night, and although there didn't seem to be such a very big crowd, when I tried to park my car it seemed as if everybody must be home. I saw a lot of people, but I didn't see a single one of them.

Living in the vicinity of a growing city like London has its advantages and disadvantages. For the country has been influenced and moulded to a far greater extent than we care to think. For what London does today, Wilson is trying to do tomorrow, and if London has ceased to be a Saturday-night town, so has the surrounding country to a marked degree. The meetings at the corner store has disappeared, because the corner store has become a thing of the past. Years ago we used to get the mail, but now it's carted right to the farm gate, so lots of times there's no excuse for going to the store.

The gatherings at the store were not all staged for Saturday night, and were amusing and instructive. There was generally somebody there who could tell of the hair-breadth escapes of the lead-on collision, of the time when he himself figured in a smash-up, of the time when he found himself, stripped of everything but the wristbands of his shirt.

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His anecdotes were about himself and were not mean things about the neighbors, and it was considered bad form to express doubt when the story was told, whatever your private opinion might be.

He was telling a story one night of a great tree he cut down, and in this tree he found just 99 coons. Somebody said: "Say, Bob, why don't you make it a hundred?" He looked at him with a hurt expression and said: "Do you think I'd tell a lie for one coon?"

And then there was the fellow who could play the mouthorgan, a regular artist in his way. He could lay his hands together, with the mouthorgan between them, and produce music that would make the modern Victrola look like a child's play. The fellow who could play the mouthorgan, a regular artist in his way. He could lay his hands together, with the mouthorgan between them, and produce music that would make the modern Victrola look like a child's play.

That also was the time when everybody kept a good driving horse, with a good set of harness and a top buggy, and although they were not race horses, they were used for everything to be done. It was not an unknown thing to have a trial of speed if it was thought necessary.

But customs change. The heavy oak-carriage gave place to the top buggy, the motor car, and no doubt the motor car will have to give place to the machine that flies in the air and does not need the paved highway. And would be a welcome relief when the roads are rough, but there are things that don't change the manner of living does change.

Boys are still boys and girls are still girls and plain folk are still the plain folk with their social instincts and their love of company and amusements.

Meanest Man

From the Toronto Star.

THE simple faith of an 18-year-old country lad in strangers that one meets in a big city was unfolded this afternoon to the police at headquarters when Robert Roy Arnott of Maxwell, Ont., walked in and asked the police to locate a stranger who took \$55 from him at the Union station on the pretext that the money was to be insured on Nov. 24.

"I was crossing Yonge street at King street on my way to the Union station when a man walked up to me and asked me what I was looking for," Arnott told the Star. "I did not know him. I told him I was on my way to the Union station. At the station he asked me if I had any money. I said I had a little. He said, you will have to insure it—and I handed him over the money. He came back with a check made out for fifty-five dollars and told me when I got to Dundalk, where I was going, to go to the bank and the money would be waiting for me. I called at the bank in Dundalk, they held the check and returned it to me later telling me it was worthless."

The money was the youth's hard saved earnings of summer labor on a farm. He was making \$15 a month and his board. "It is all the money I had," he broke down crying in telling his story to Sergeant of Detectives Murray and Detective Sergeants McMahon and Archibald.

SUMMING UP.

Captain—What are you scratching your head for, Rufus?

Colored Private—W, sah, I got arithmetic bugs in my hair, sah, Captain—What are arithmetic bugs?

C. P.—Dat's cooties.

Captain—Why do you call them arithmetic bugs?

C. P.—Cause dey add to my misery, dey subtract from my pleasure, dey divide my attention, and dey multiply like de dickens.

To the Editor

London's Black Eye.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir,—Being a resident of this city for some twelve years, it appears to me that all one can hear and read of in the daily paper and many plans of the city is the London street railway controversy. Have not the citizens tired of this nuisance? Is it not high time London was rid of this stumbling block and adopted a rapid transportation system, equal to that of other cities, where one finds pleasure in their efficient service in preference to walking?

I have heard or seen many exaggerated statements, Sir, through the press, in comparing the L. S. R. with transportation elsewhere, even in Great Britain, by actually stating, including Great Britain, by actually stating it was second to none. I fear this can be readily contradicted, as from experience in both U. S. A. and Great Britain I have yet in my travels to see where I suffered the same inconvenience as in London, Ont. As to whether the company, railway crossings or the operating crews are to blame, I am at a loss to know.

Without sarcasm or fictitious remarks against street car, I say it truthfully, that on several occasions I have preferred taking other means of getting to the railway depot, having more assurance of getting the train.

The very conditions of transportation here are strangling the city's progress. When friends visit us from other cities, both in Canada and U. S. A., the street cars seem to become the center of jest, and they ask us if they ever travel any faster. You can read of the feeling of disgust and embarrassment one has to camouflage.

The same applies when going to other cities. We cannot conscientiously say what we would in boasting London, owing to the fact that our main issue, the transportation system, is becoming obsolete, and when an effort is put forth to amend or improve the situation by some enterprising company, instantly some dominating influence begins to work against them and give

25 Years Ago

From The Advertiser, Dec. 18, 1900.

At a meeting of the dairy committee at the Fraser House last night, it was decided to hold the dairy convention here January 15 to 18. Special train rates are being arranged.

The annual election of officers took place at the meeting of the Electric lodge, No. 402, A. O. U. W., East London, last night. The following officers were elected: G. Thomas, W. E. Armstrong, D. Potter, E. B. Hargreaves, A. Belcher, Mr. Livingstone, W. Puch, J. Armour, L. H. Davidson, Mr. Ely, Dr. English, E. Graham and C. Cooke.

The Dundas Centre Methodist church held a very enjoyable missionary entertainment last night.

Alderman Douglas announced that he will oppose Mayor Russell in the coming municipal elections.

Rev. W. J. Clarke spoke last night at a meeting of the Sons of Scotland, dresses were also given by R. K. Cowan and J. W. McCallum.

Turkeys sell for 8 and 8½ cents a pound on the local market today. Chickens are 10 to 12 cents a pair.

G. A. McKee, B.A., classical master at the London collegiate institute, retired from active duty yesterday. Fitting ceremonies were arranged by the students.

DRESSED FOR THE PART.

A stage manager was rehearsing a crowd scene for a new play. After he had directed the men who had been selected for the scene he told them to report at the theatre that evening, adding:

"This scene we've rehearsed takes place in Russia, and I want all you fellows in fur overcoats."

"But I haven't fur overcoat," protested one of the actors.

"That's none of my business," replied the stage manager. "If you're not dressed for Russia I won't let you go on."

The extra arrived at the theatre that night—but without a fur coat.

"Didn't I tell you I wouldn't let you go on unless you were dressed for Russia," said the stage manager.

"But I've got on two cuts of underwear," protested the actor.

IN EVERY SMALL TOWN.

The snow is gently falling, an elderly man in a big coat is striding up and down the Canadian National station platform, an expectant smile on his kindly face. Behind the station awaits the horse and carriage to convey a loved one from the city to the warm embrace of a sweet-faced mother. There's holly and mistletoe and great big turkey and plum pudding—these haven't forgotten a thing to celebrate this joyful homecoming at Christmas.

Don't you disappoint the home folks this Christmas? Write them today. Tell them you'll be on the Canadian National train. Bring them joy. Enjoy yourself. Any Canadian National agent will help you arrange the trip—Advt.

CUNARD ANCHOR

ANCHOR-DONALDSON

Passenger Sailings