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WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1924.

South Waterloo Likes a Fair Deal

If the Ontario government had been angling to turn South Waterloo into a seat for a government supporter, the voters of that riding gave their answer when they returned Karl Homuth over the Conservative candidate by the very substantial majority of 2,625.

It is not urged that the result is a pronouncement on the policy of the government since it came into power, but it is a pronouncement against a form of persecution that the government saw fit to carry on and allow against Homuth and his riding.

A recount failed to unseat him after the last election, so charges of irregularities were lodged, and found to be sustained, because Homuth, instead of hiring halls at several places to address the electors, held a monster picnic and paid a brass band to be present as an attraction.

Even after it was declared that he was unseated on these very flimsy grounds, the Ferguson government refused to bring on a by-election. There was plenty of time to do so before the legislature opened; rather did the government choose the poorer policy of leaving South Waterloo unrepresented, in the vain hope that during the first session it might possibly ingratiate itself into the heart of the people by legislative action.

The government threw all its force into the by-election to try and keep Homuth from the seat; it sent its most effective speakers in during the campaign. Attorney-General Nickle now explains that it was not a political result, but the deciding factor was "the sympathy felt in many quarters for Mr. Homuth."

Why the sympathy for Mr. Homuth? Because of the way the government had tried to switch the seat over to the Conservative side of the legislature, and because they had decided that for the first session the riding should have no voice in what was taking place?

The result cannot be taken as an indication of feeling toward the government at Toronto, because local issues were predominant, but the return of Karl Homuth is a tribute to the love of fair play which the electors of South Waterloo apparently hold in high regard.

Should Not Use Public Money.

There was stiff opposition to the move launched by the government at Ottawa to send a deputation of parliamentarians and newspapermen to the Wembley Exhibition. The vote of \$20,000 for the purpose carried, 86 to 48.

The idea, as enunciated by the acting minister of finance, was that the whips of the three political parties in the House should go along, together with others, in order that Canada might have an official representation at the great exhibition. It was urged that there was precedent, as Canada had sent representatives to coronations, world's fairs in other countries, and that on such an occasion as this the Dominion should have its representation there.

All the arguments put up for an expenditure of public money for such a purpose fail to carry conviction that there is justification for the item passing the Commons.

If the newspapers of Canada want to send representatives to Wembley, they can do so. They certainly do not desire that the people of the country at large should pay for such services.

The same thing holds true of members of parliament. It is not as if there were no Canadians going to Wembley; the boats are full of them from all corners of the Dominion, going over and paying their own expenses; our manufacturers are there; our artists; the government has a magnificent building and a magnificent display—nothing better at the whole exhibition. Canada is well represented.

There is no call for an added deputation there from this country, sent over at the expense of the public. It has been the aim of the government to curtail expenses in every way possible, and there should be no letting up of this purpose. The idea of a deputation of members of parliament and representatives of the press, paid for by the Canadian people, the great majority of whom could not think of taking such a trip themselves, is wrong. It should not have been entertained in the first place, and it should be reconsidered now.

Including All the People

The general public had a chance to invade Casa Loma, the castle home of Sir Henry Pellatt at Toronto. They were asked to go by the auctioneer who held up for public bidding treasures that were gathered from the ends of the earth. The rarest of old china, sun dials, garden seats of marble, and paintings by the best artists, together with rugs from the world's greatest makers—they all passed under the hammer.

All these things had been gathered together to make a wonderful home for a few people. It may be called by some a form of selfishness, yet most people are inclined in the same direction more or less according to their means. It is instinct, and people like to make their homes as attractive as possible.

Like many other things, this desire can be carried to extremes, in a way that makes a man or his family become rather self-centered. It is easy in such a frame of mind to lose sight of the other people in the community to whom any thing except the necessities of life have been denied.

The late W. B. Burgoyne, of St. Catharines,

city, serves as an example of a man who had caught the idea of doing things for the people at large.

Although Mr. Burgoyne has passed on, his explanation of why he wanted to build a rose garden in a public place is interesting. If he were alive today he would probably say, as he said before: "I have seen a number of beautiful gardens, but the fault I had to find with many of them was that you had to stand on your toes to see over a hedge, or peer through the pickets of a fence, and the result was that only a few people could enjoy them. So why not plant a real rose garden out in a public park where mothers and their children could see it and enjoy it? I could see no good reason why it should not be done, and I could at once see scores of reasons why it should be done. So I did it, and I have taken more enjoyment out of the fact that others enjoy it than anything I ever attempted."

Mr. Burgoyne has gone, but his rose garden remains. It gives enjoyment to the people of that city today as it did when he was alive. It was the expression of a fine spirit that could not be self-centered or selfish.

Six Lives For One

The theory of collective responsibility for crime has been further strengthened in the Montreal case where six men have been sentenced to be hanged for the death of a bank messenger who was killed during a robbery.

Recent verdicts in Ontario have brought out the same fact, viz., that where two or more people conspire together to do an unlawful act, all are equally responsible for any crime that may happen, even if it be the work of only one person.

In this case there were six who set out to rob the bank messenger's car. One of the six fired the fatal shot, but all are held to be guilty of murder. The law holds that all were armed and prepared to shoot and shoot to kill, so that the fact that only one of the bandits did the fatal shooting is merely an incident. All were prepared to do it, and all were assisting the man who did it.

It is not an easy thing for twelve men to answer "Guilty of murder" to a charge where the lives of six prisoners are in the balance, yet as long as men band themselves together so that they can use their collective force to carry out a crime, they must be prepared to accept collective guilt and collective sentences.

Why Not Throw a Few Fence Rails?

A string of cars just passed. The horns were blowing so hard that everybody looked. Apparently that was the idea. Heading the procession was a car with white ribbon streaming; in the back seat sat a young man and a sweet young thing in wedding gown. Plastered across the back was a sign, "Just Married—Watch London Grow." (Very funny and very original.) Tied to the car was an old wash boiler, likewise a frying pan and an old pair of boots.

They turned over toward the station. There was the confetti and the rice, while one very humorous person found great joy in making chalk marks on the groom's coat.

A group of very dear girl friends poked confetti down the bride's neck. They had put up for a pickle dish and a table lamp and were going to reap the reward right away. The bride was all dressed for the most eventful trip of her life, so why not send her off feeling as though she had been shot out through a cider press.

Truly we are a highly civilized lot of Indians.

Note and Comment.

Parliament may prorogue next week. Which will be quite all right, as the country has had about all the oratory a sparsely-settled land can inhale.

Latin exams are being written in London schools now, and most of the students know more about it today than they will ten years from now.

Potato bugs may be stupid, and look stupid. Yet they teach us quite a lesson in that they know enough to go where the potatoes are growing.

Chicago scientists are leaving on an expedition to look for fish that come up out of the water and sit on the bank. Either they are all set for an old-time fishing party, or else they believed the story about the mermaids.

Running items of news that happened 25 or 50 years ago is a feature in many Canadian papers. The Forest Free Press wins the sweepstakes this week when it reproduces the minutes of Warwick Township Council of 89 years ago.

The president of the International Association of Policewomen, now in session in Toronto, is authority for the statement that in 1922-23, of the half-million prisoners in United States, 80 per cent were under 21 years of age. The stream is being polluted not far from its source.

Judge McLaughlin of Brooklyn will not allow a defendant to appear in his court wearing a fraternal button. The idea is that the sympathy for such men of fellow goat riders on a jury will defeat the ends of justice. Of course there's nothing to stop a man standing on his head in court to make it known that he belongs to the order.

A lot of talk about this being a day of foolish and meaningless names for girls is not borne out by a recent investigation of names of girls at English and American colleges. The ten leaders in England were: Phyllis, Grace, Elsie, Barbara, Patience, Prudence, Jane, Susan, Priscilla and Matilda. In United States: Mary, Elizabeth, Dorothy, Helen, Margaret, Marion, Katherine, Ruth, Anne, Eleanor. There's not a freak name in the whole list, and not one that a husband couldn't easily call from the top of the

Dr. Frank Crane

TREMORS

There was a tremor upon the surface of the sea.

There is always a tremor. Typical of life, the waters are always moving, now slightly, and now violently.

A light makes its way upon the sea by tremors. There is the moon path at night. It is never straight, but wavers with the moving of the waters.

Heat, the scientists tell us, is a mode of motion. It, too, is a tremor. All heat is life, and cold is death.

The little boy nestling in his father's arms says: "What made you shudder, papa?" "Oh, I just thought of something," he says. "So a thought is a tremor, and finds its way to the body."

What is the soul but the source of tremors? It thrills with joy or with pain, and in either instance it extends its circles of waves to the outer world.

Love is a tremor. Only those souls vibrate which find souls of a kindred motion. Life is a tremor. All living things move. While what we call life is in them they are motion, when death occurs they are still.

Life is the only source of motion, for somehow it takes either the lack or the superabundance of life to control motion.

An engine is useless without its engineer. The history of mankind is a history of tremors with variations as the flux of life ascends and descends. There is no history for those peoples that have no vibrations. When the vibration is sharp and violent, we have the epochs of history.

The appearance of a great man now and then sets the whole world trembling. Homer, Dante and Shakespeare, who shall count the innumerable waves that they have set in motion? Have their lines not gone out to all the earth?

A man's worth is decided by his ability to set in motion those who are around him. No matter how great your thought, it is of no value unless it can set others into motion and perpetuate its vibrations.

Changin' Tires

I drove my ancient bus around, I smiled upon the traffic cop, I mused 'twas goodly for to ride while humbler folks they had to walk.

It was an easy pace I went, my brain was restin' in the breeze, I made remark about the birds a-buillin' tents up in the trees.

But when I was in placid mood, as harmless as an old gray cat, I hears a thump what says to me that back ridge, what I start to work the wrench and take a slice from off my thumb.

The perspiration he comes fast, it trickles like the village hose, great pools they settle on my brow and make new rivers down my nose.

I'd often read about the way in which the folks they changed their tires, and worked with just a pleasant smile, a ball of tape, a pair of pliers.

I get my jack from 'neath the seat, and stick it up in workin' shape, I crawl beneath that grimy wheel much like a monkey or an ape, I take ten strokes both up and down, I count 'em all from ten to one, 'tis then I start to work the wrench and take a slice from off my thumb.

The perspiration he comes fast, it trickles like the village hose, great pools they settle on my brow and make new rivers down my nose.

'Tis then the chap walks down the street, he stops to see me fix the thing, inside a minute more or less ten folks is standin' in a ring.

And one pipes up and says do this, another is a funny coon, who claims my car's done pretty fair for lastin' sixteen years this June.

I smile upon that gossip ring, I hide the oil spots on my clothes, a-swearin' quietly how I'd like to run the bus upon their noses, and hope some day that I'll meet that crowd where streets ain't very wide, and make them scoot before my cart and jump like sin to save their hide.

Meantime the job's been done by me, there's oil and dust upon my clothes; my collar's wilted on the edge, a dab of grease rests on my nose.

Whenever my tires go flat again I want the tire to choke and cough in some forlorn spot where folks is dwellin' more than ten miles off; for out in some such spot as that where folks ain't passin' on their way, I'll work in comfort at the thing and speak the words I long to say—ARK.

Failure At Everest

The Manchester Guardian, some days before the failure of the Mount Everest expedition was announced, carried the following opinion, which has turned out to be a very faithful forecast of what happened:

The climbing of Mount Everest depends on three things: reasonable weather conditions, time, and the physical fitness of the climbers when they are brought to the last stage. Had the expedition renewed its attack last year it would have had this advantage, that the monsoon was delayed and there would have been more time available. It was hoped that in any event this year's party would have had one advantage over the expedition of 1922, for the arrangements were such that if all had gone well there would have been a week more time for climbing before the monsoon came in its normal course. Unfortunately the week has already been lost, and it is to be feared that the cause which have led to its loss will not leave the climbing party at the highest pitch of health and efficiency.

Temperatures as low as 54 degrees of frost were experienced, together with fierce headwinds and a blizzard for 48 hours. The description resembles closely the experiences of Antarctic explorers, and if they had sometimes 100 degrees of frost to contend with, the Everest party have to meet their troubles at a height of 21,000 feet.

For the present, they have had to beat a retreat to the base camp, and the best part of a week is lost. One of their number, after the attempt of 1922, estimated the chance of climbing Everest as one in a hundred. It seemed a little extravagant at the time, but it does not do so now in the light of this morning's news.

Press Comment

How Progress Is Made.
About all the world has accomplished so far is to bring disorder out of chaos—Columbia Record.

Now the War Will Start.
A Kingston woman celebrated her 100th birthday the other day. A century is a long time to live—especially in Kingston.—Peterboro Examiner.

A Doubting Thomas in Ottawa.
"Cost of living is on the down grade."—Government report. Go on with you; that's an older song than bananas.—Ottawa Journal.

He'd Sleep Beside His Victims.
A Denver undertaker was fined for driving his hearse at 50 miles an hour. It must have been the funeral of one of those speed fiends. No doubt a speed fiend would not rest in his grave unless his last ride was like that.—Toronto Star.

The Fun Shop

THE JINGLE-JANGLE COUNTER.

Winter's cold and summer's hot, Some can peaches, some cannot.

Girls love dances, pretty clothes, A fat man never sees his toes.

Grandpa's whiskers reach his knees And ripple gently with each sneeze.

My shiny shoes are dull—Oh Gee! The "patent" has expired, you see.

Our Own Horoscope Department.
Mr. Barney Foster, if you were born on June 25, Barney, you are living under the influence of Groucho, the sign of the Crab. That is to say, you will never get astigmatism looking for the silver lining.

What you don't know about the cussedness of human nature could be printed on the back of a postage stamp and sealed in a quinine capsule.

You would find success in love, dry work, succumbing in wet blankets. Your favorite pastime is writing letters to this newspaper, signed Pro Bono Publico, promising the downfall of civilization, the present administration, and the younger generation.

You will live to be a hundred years old, probably, since all Groucho's people are famed for their longevity.

In a Modern Flat.
Wife (looking at a shiny page): "Do you think the hoop skirts will ever come in again, dearie?"

Hubby: "Not in this apartment, my love."

He tried to be an actor.
But the buskin he must doff; His friends had egged him onward, But the public egged him off.

Popular Songs Illustrated.

Look for the Silver Lining.

Pretty But Practical.

Farmer Simmons had gone to town for a few days. Before he started he had promised to bring his daughter a present, so he went into a jewelry store and said to the clerk: "I want a pair of earrings, cheap but pretty."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk. "You want something a trifle loud, I suppose?"

"Well, I don't mind if one of them is loud," replied the farmer. "My gal is deaf in one ear."

Dr. Traprock's Treatment for Sleeping Sickness.

We had been talking steadily in the doctor's study for three hours when sickhead yawned. "The great explorer leaned from his chair, threw up his arm as if to ward off a blow and cried shrilly, "Doc!"

"Don't you?" I asked. He appeared embarrassed.

"Pardon me," he said. "It was your yawn that upset me. Ever since I yawned that sleeping sickness in Uganda you know that dread disease is spread through yawning."

"I caught the disease from an audience to whom I was lecturing. Having contracted it, it was up to me to find the cure. Prior to that time the method had been to treat sleeping sickness with alarm clocks, but this was annoying to the well members of the community. I immediately set about an intensive study of the symptoms and quickly decided that the germ was isolated in the yawn. Moreover, I found that the malady was not confined to human beings, but extended to the animal kingdom, and that the lion, the king of beasts, was the greatest sufferer. In fact, most of the roars we heard about the village were merely the lions yawning."

"So I took an anti-toxin from the tonsils of a lion in the act of yawning. The results were marvellous: in three days I was practically well."

"Pardon me," I interrupted. "Do you mean to tell me you actually yawned this serum from the diseased body of a live lion? How in the world did you do it?"

Dr. Traprock leaned back and yawned. "Forgive me," he said. "I have a touch of it, you see. I will explain the exact method at another time."

From the Book of Etiquette!
A small boy was walking down the street.

Meeting Mrs. Griswold, whom he knew, he was delighted when she gave him some candy.

"Now, Frank, what do you say?" "Got any more?" was the immediate response.

The Spoiled Thing.
Bella—"I'm supposed to play the part of an old lady in an amateur theatrical, and I'm just wondering how I'm to make up."

Donna—"Why not just leave some of your makeup off, dearie?"

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Readers are requested to contribute. All humor: Epigrams (or humorous mottoes), jokes, anecdotes, poetry, burlesques, satires and bright sayings of children, must be original and unpublished. Accepted material will be paid for. All manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to the Fun Shop, The London Advertiser. No manuscripts can be returned. The rates are \$1 to \$10 for accepted material, and 25 cents to \$1 a line for poetry.

PREMIER KING'S POSITION

London Express Charges That The Times Used Its Efforts To Stir Up Trouble For the Canadian Prime Minister—Says His Position Is Right In Regarding Canadian Parliament As His Highest Authority.

(From the London (Eng.) Express.)

BY the publication of the White Paper of May 26, and the recent speeches of Mr. Mackenzie King in the Canadian parliament, and of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the true facts about Canada's attitude towards the Lausanne treaty have been established. Public opinion here will now do justice to the position of the Dominion. That it has not done so heretofore, has been chiefly due to the mischievous activities of the Times, which with a perfectly reckless disregard either for proved evidence or for the cause of imperial unity, spiced a violent campaign last April against the bona fides of the Canadian premier.

On April 9 the Times said (1) that Canada had had the chance of sending representatives to Lausanne, and had deliberately ignored the opportunity; (2) that at the imperial conference Canada had made no protest against being bound unrepresented by the decisions taken at Lausanne; (3) it went on to draw the conclusion that Mr. Mackenzie King's subsequent refusal to put the treaty before the Dominion parliament for ratification was an after-thought due to electioneering necessities in the Middle West.

The first charge was disproved by the White Paper, and the Times had to withdraw it in a very reluctant and ingenuitous fashion. As to the second charge, it now appears, although the actual documents are not yet published, in spite of Canadian protests, that Mr. Mackenzie King did object at the imperial conference, and made his whole position in the matter perfectly clear to the representatives of the Empire. The Times has not yet honestly pointed drawn its remarks on this point, though it will clearly have to do so.

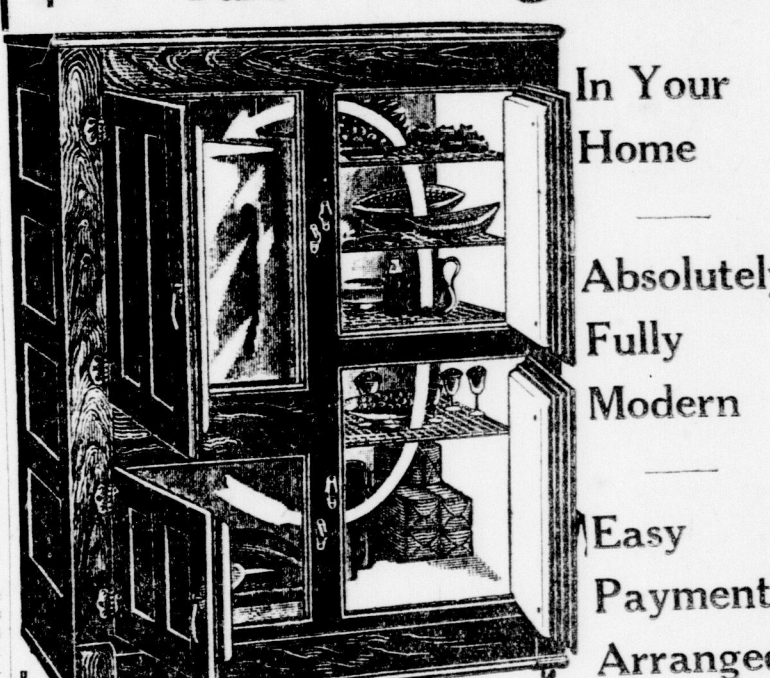
The third charge of "electioneering" clearly falls to the ground with the failure of the first two. The Times now asks plaintively how it could be expected to know in April or in May what it knows now. The answer is a very simple one. It should not have made a series of offensive charges against a great British dominion and its distinguished premier, without knowing what it was talking about. Such irresponsible journalism, in matters of grave imperial importance, is to be deprecated. As a consequence, Canada was never given a fair show at the bar of British public opinion, and a good deal of mischief has been done on both sides of the Atlantic before true judgment could be delivered.

The Times, however, is not yet

France, Canada contracted out of all military obligation except as the result of a vote given by the Ottawa parliament. Again, her military obligations under the League of Nations covenant were strictly defined and were submitted to the Dominion parliament. The claim of a Dominion to be an international party to a treaty made by Great Britain, while retaining the right to fight in defence of that treaty only by special and local parliamentary approval, is admitted by the practice of the whole empire since 1914. This is all Mr. Mackenzie King's challenge to put the entire Lausanne treaty to the vote it must be assumed that he speaks for Canada. British public opinion will approve that claim—nor would there have been any misunderstanding if the Times could have refrained from playing with fire.

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1st Great-West	\$48,272,860	\$325,817,156
2nd Company	46,008,532	307,338,324
3rd "	38,650,069	286,595,944
4th "	33,555,572	258,981,997
5th "	28,295,463	222,321,338

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