

"Swat the fly" with GILLETT'S LYE

A teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye sprinkled in the Garbage Can prevents flies breeding

Use Gillett's Lye for all Cleaning and Disinfecting



Costs little but always effective

LONDON EAGERLY AWAITING CIRCUS

Camels, Elephants, Hot Dogs and Circus Lemonade To Be Abundant Wednesday.

AT QUEEN'S PARK

A few days now and there will roll out of the dawn the great trucking wagons of the Sparks Circus, in London, for a one-day's stay, Wednesday, August 27. From nowhere it will appear to come, the great tents will go magically into the air—it will seem that the great mushroom growth "just happened," but it didn't. For months the men have been working that the Sparks Circus might come to London. And when it arrives it will mean that the efforts of more than a hundred men who have gone before it have been successful.

The first man to start in the advance of a circus is the first contracting agent. His task is to prepare the way for the coming of others. Then there starts, three weeks before the circus, the No. 1 advertising car, carrying 25 bill posters, lithographers, banner tackers and others. A few days and there comes the first press agent. Then comes the second contracting agent, then the No. 2 car with 25 more men. Another wait and still another press agent. Then a week before the show comes the third car with more men. And should this be not enough, there is a brigade of eight men who are supposed to work as hand and do as much as the 60 or 70 men on the three cars.

But the list isn't complete yet. There arrive the promoters who pass out small billings, and the heralds. And then, just to see that everything has been done right, there arrive the "checkers up" who go over the work done by everyone and see that it is done correctly. And even then the work is not ended.

For there yet remain the 24-hour men, who notify every person seen by the contracting agents just when the circus is to arrive and when the supplies must be on the lot. And so, when the Sparks Circus comes here, there will be nothing of the "happen so" about its arrival. For a hundred men have gone before it—and never a detail is neglected—even to the routing of the parade and the bumps in the road that lead from the railway tracks to the lot. But the work of a circus doesn't show on the surface. And it shouldn't. For if there's anything that should show it's the romantic side, it is the place of glaring chandeliers and sprinkled wood shavings—the circus.

Seats can be secured circus day at Strong's Drug Store, 184 Dundas street, same price as at the show grounds. Circus prices—children under 9 years of age, 30 cents, adults, 75 cents. Exhibition grounds, S. W. section, Fair Grounds.



Dress All Your CUTS & SORES WITH ANTISEPTIC Zam-Buk

Sample Soap, Ointment, Tablets free. Address: Canadian Depot, "Cuticura," P. O. Box 2614, Montreal.

Robert's Syrup
of the Extract of Cod Liver & Tar
for COUGHS, COLDS and BRONCHITIS

GUMP, GOOGLE & CO., Experts In Laughter

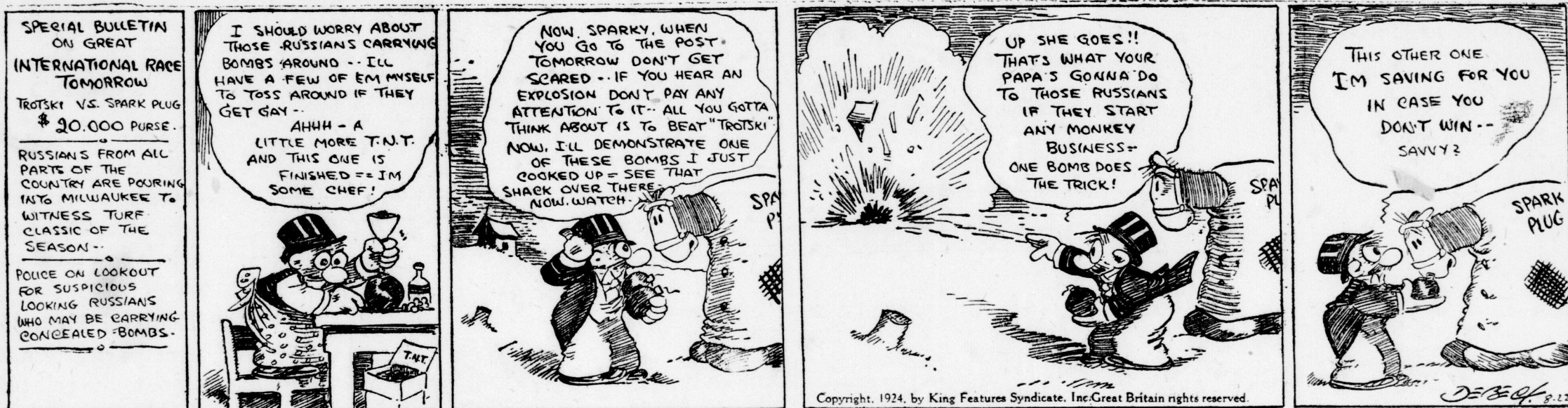
THE GUMPS—HOT DOG!



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARKY PLUG

If Sparky Doesn't Go Ahead, He's Going Up.

By BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

Toots Knew Why Buttercup Cried.

By JIMMY MURPHY



MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Drills for Water in the State of Oklahoma.

By BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

A Left-Handed Honor.

By GENE BYRN'S



The Fun Shop

VERSES AND REVERSES.
By SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN.
Jingle-Jangle Reverie.

The sun arises in the east.
And bread arises out of yeast.
They both rise to their goal.
The bears are frolic at the pole.
I do not know the reason why
The sun should choose the eastern sky.

When it might just as well arise
In any quarter of the skies.
I only know that every day
It starts upon its golden way.
The flowers unfold, the birds awake
And sing, the while the bakers bake.
And while I know not why it's so,
The sun is bright and ought to know.

The ostrich lives in foreign lands
And trots along the burning sands.
And when from foes it would escape,
It hides its head—the silly ape!

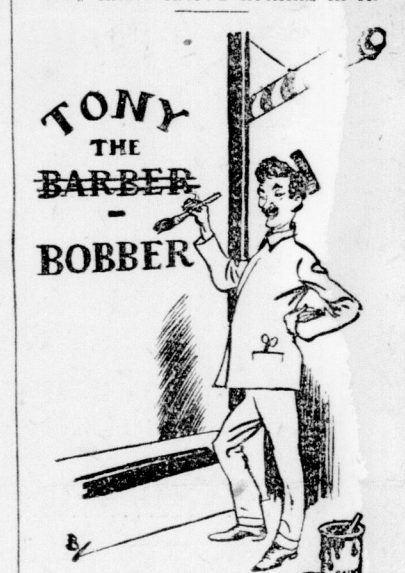
The bee he works and works and works
The summer through, and never shirks.
He doesn't mind the blazing heat
Because his labor is so sweet.

No Savings.
Hoyle—"My wife saved five dollars
at a bargain sale today—"
Shaw—"That's the kind of a wife
to have."
Hoyle—"but I had to give her
fifteen dollars for a new hat. Her
old one was trampled on in the
rush."

Settin' Pretty.
Young Poet (rushing in to busy
editor)—"What happened to the
poem I sent you entitled, 'The
Hen'?"
Editor (brutally)—"Ah, yes! You'll
find it 'laying' in the waste basket
over there."

Room and Rumor.
Ed Brown had heard the neighbors
talk—
They said his mind was failing!
And so he hid to Doctor Hawk.
To learn if he was ailing.

"Forget this yarn," the doctor said.
"The tongues of gossip spin it."
"Forget this rumor 'bout your head—
Why man! there's nothing in it."



Sign of the Times.

Another Version.
Mamma—"My goodness, Jean went
out without a hat and now it is be-
ginning to rain."
Papa—"Well, why worry about it.
Hasn't she got her hair shingled?"

Kiddie-Kapers!
Little Ethel was having her hair
combed.
"Mother," she asked, "why does
my hair crackle like that?"
"It's the electricity in your hair,
dear," replied her mother.
"Why, mother, isn't that queer—
I have electricity in my hair and
grandma has gas in her stomach."

Spoiled the Day.
It was one of those warm after-
noons with just enough of a breeze
stirring to make motoring delightful.
The old bus never hummed along
better as I stepped on the "gas." A
tingling sensation of enjoyment crept
over me as I realized that, with the
exception of a solitary motorcyclist
directly ahead, I had the whole road
to myself. Well, I would soon elimi-
nate that fellow!

I gave my car more gas. But the
distance between us widened. He
evidently accepted my challenge for
a race. Nothing suited me better.
My speedometer registered 40 miles
and was rapidly creeping up to 50.
Gad, but that chaps must have a
dandy motor in his wheel! I was
doing 60 now. Suddenly the motor-
ist slowed down and waited for me.
He knew when he was beaten!
I slowed down, too. I'd exchange a
few kidding remarks with the fellow.
He stopped. With a screeching of
brakes I brought my car to a stand-
still.
"Sixty miles an hour, eh?" he
rasped. "I guess we'll take your
pedigree. Let's see your license."
He was the highway policeman!

Confidentially Speaking—
Payne—"I tell you my love for
you is making me mad... mad!"
Barbara—"Well, keep quiet about
it—it's had the same effect on
father."

The Irony of It.
Friend—"Well, Jones is your baby
making a hit with the neighbors?"
Jones—"I should say so. She's a
scream."

Oh I Say!
American—"They say that you
Englishmen can't see a joke!"
Englishman—"Er—haw—I—er—
can't see you very decent well, I'll
—haw—admit, I've left my blooming
eyeglass at home."

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