

# The London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1924.

## Not a Colony—A Nation.

Canada is to have a representative at the conference in London of inter-allied nations dealing with the Dawes report and the manner in which it shall be applied.

This has been made possible because the premier of Canada kept to the front all the way through the fact—not the theory—that Canada is a nation within the British Empire, and as such is entitled to have a voice in conferences that determine policies by which Canada's future course may be affected.

It is not a new point that Premier King has stressed; it was the policy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and of Sir Robert Borden, and it marks the difference between Canada a colony and Canada a nation.

Senator Belcourt will represent the Dominion at the conference; he will attend with full powers from the crown to represent Canada, and be recognized as one of the British Empire delegation.

This news is not pleasing to the London Free Press. The day on which the recognition of Senator Belcourt as a British Empire delegate was announced it stated:

"Incidentally, Canada is cutting a poor figure. Senator Belcourt, a member of the much-abused Upper House and a belligerent autonomist, has been given authority to represent the Dominion, but so far has only reached the gate, clamoring in vain for entrance. It is a foolish and somewhat humiliating spectacle. It would be fine to have Canada represented and strong and sound arguments could be advanced why Canada should have a delegate present."

"Clamoring in vain for entrance. It is a foolish and somewhat humiliating spectacle." Apparently the spectacle exists largely in the mind of the Free Press.

Canada asked for a status that had already been recognized. It was recognized at Versailles, Washington, again at Genoa and at The Hague. It was not recognized at Lausanne, and Canada might readily have been committed to consequences in the making of which she had no voice and no representation. The cornerstone of the British Empire is that each nation in the empire looks upon its own parliament as the source of national direction and authority. The Lausanne incident was the exception, and the matter was brought up several times in the British Commons. Sir Edward Grey during the course of the debate referring to Canada's position: "The most important thing was that they (the Canadian people) were given no choice, no alternative in the matter."

The people of Britain do not feel that Canada is "in a foolish and somewhat humiliating position" in maintaining that she has a right to sit in the conference at London, or at the Lausanne gathering. A writer in the London Spectator of June 21, 1924, states: "The British government in power in October, 1922, no doubt with the best intentions in the world, made a gross blunder in deciding upon the British Empire representation at Lausanne without previous consultation with the dominions." The only reason yet advanced for the move then was that France objected on the ground that if British dominions had a voice, the same would have to be granted to sections of the French Empire such as Morocco and Algeria. That is a matter for France to settle, and when those sections of the French Empire reach the status of self-governing nations they should be given their seat at the conferences. And when that time comes there will, we hope, be no newspapers in those places that are reaching out for nationhood to stand back and describe the development as "a foolish and somewhat humiliating spectacle."

## Keep Down the Pension List.

Hon. A. B. Copp, secretary of state, was given the task of explaining to the Commons at Ottawa a bill providing that members of the civil service commission might be retired after fifteen years' service on a pension equal to two-thirds of their salary.

He had a rough passage, for many of the Progressives failed to see why members of the civil service commission, who draw good salaries, should be provided with a pension list at all.

The members of the commission made the appeal themselves, claiming that they should receive the same consideration as judges. The cases are not parallel at all. It is desirable in the case of a judge that his future be assured in such a way that he will be removed from any temptation or pressure in interpreting the laws of the land.

There is no need for granting similar standing to members of the civil service commission, who are simply employment agents for the government at a good salary.

## Oct. 23 Has Been Named.

Premier Ferguson has at last reached the stage of finality in regard to the taking of a plebiscite on temperance legislation in Ontario. He has named Thursday, October 23, as the date. In that regard he has been fair, as it gives sufficient warning to all parties, and after the vote is taken it will not be possible to say it was rushed on without due notice.

Mr. Ferguson's reasons for having a vote at all are summed up in his own words: "It is undeniable that there is a demand from a large number of people who hold divergent views that they be given opportunity to pronounce upon the subject."

The premier might with equal fervor have made the statement: "It is undeniable that there

is a demand from a large number of people to leave the present legislation as it is."

His bald statement about a "large number of people" making a demand for a vote is apologetic. It is not convincing, nor does it carry proof that the premier has made any serious effort to justify the statement he makes.

Mr. Ferguson's claim that "the government refrained from making any statement regarding the plebiscite while the by-elections were pending so that the subject might not be the subject of party political controversy" may be true in the letter of the law, but not in the spirit in which it has been observed. A member of the premier's cabinet, Dr. Forbes Godfrey, made abundant use of the issue in the by-election in Toronto, and there was no word of protest from Mr. Ferguson.

All that has been given to the people is the announcement that the vote will be on October 23. The exact nature of it is not known, but the promise is made that it will be given out in ample time. The temperance forces in the province will be well advised to place that date firmly and conspicuously before them. The lesson of Saskatchewan means that they must vote. They can prepare, work, campaign and speak, but above all they must vote.

## Mars Pays Us a Visit.

Tonight about 10:30 or 11 o'clock take a look at Mars. It comes up out of the southeast at about that hour, and there can be no mistake about it. Mars is an orange-red color, bright and sparkling. Later on as it rides higher in the heavens and gets in line with the moon its brilliance is dimmed, because the moon is putting on a pretty fine performance of its own just now.

Mars is moving closer to this earth, but don't be alarmed. Astronomers told us some years ago that on the 23rd of August it would be closer to this earth of ours than it has been in 100 years. After that it will move off again.

Mars follows a path like our world does, around the sun; it is the next planet to us, our nearest neighbor. But even when it comes fairly close, as it is now, it is 35,000,000 miles away.

Astronomers are getting their glasses shined up for a good look at Mars. They have been looking at it for years, trying to make out what sort of a place it is. Even in the sixteenth century there were sketches and maps of Mars. As far as we know there are few mountains there; if it has habitation it will be in a country colder than ours.

The story came out some years ago that Mars was covered with a system of canals, long, straight lines, so regular that they must have come more by design than natural cause. So the idea of canals in Mars grew, but no one knows whether they have canals or not. It caught popular fancy, so we have forced a series of these great ditches on the Martians whether they have them or want them or not.

Whether we know a great deal about Mars or not, it provides a glorious and an impressive sight, as it comes up late in the evening, glorious in its soft brilliance, swinging along in the path marked out for it by the Creator of the universe.

## The Home Bank Depositors.

The House of Commons, with no dissenting voice, placed itself on record as recognizing "that the depositors of the Home Bank have a moral claim in equity for compensation by the country of any loss they may suffer by reason of the failure of the Home Bank."

That means that the Commons recognized the fact that finance ministers in the past had been aware of conditions of the Home Bank, but had failed to act in accordance with that knowledge. There may be some regret on the part of depositors, especially those who have been hard pressed by reason of their losses, that no definite announcement of government policy will be made, but they cannot fail to find encouragement in the action of the members in unanimously recognizing their claim.

## Note and Comment.

Come to think of it, it's just as easy to make friends as acquaintances.

In the long run it's better to have people respecting you than envying.

Doctors say men need a lot of sleep. But make sure that you get yours in bed.

Some of the young men who get their hands massaged might bear in mind that a hoe or a hay fork can do the trick even better.

One expert says that business has turned the corner toward better times. Very well, then. Stand back and don't block the path.

The fact that U. S. athletes at Olympic games have been able to run so fast is due to there being 14,000,000 motor cars in that country.

Kitchener Kiwanis Club at their last session had a strawberry shortcake three feet across and two feet high, and of course the jolly K's jumped on it with both feet.

All the pictures used in selling cars show them sliding along gaily over country roads. Never once have we seen an ad. that ran like this: "Dotted line indicates the direction taken by dad in crawling under the car."

A man in Brantford had such a protruding stomach that the police arrested him, and found he had half a dozen bottles of liquor inside his shirt. The protruding is generally noticed there, although some of it may be grafted on the end of the nose.

James Cummings of St. Louis has received from a Detroit firm a check for \$1,500,000 for the process of hardening and tempering copper. It is a pleasing thing to see such recognition going to the man who actually deserves it. Too often men who have made great and notable inventions or discoveries have not shared in the profits.

# Dr. Frank Crane

## HANDSHAKING

Came some days ago Dr. Francisco X. Suachelli, health expert in New York, and declared war against handshaking.

We wish to line up under Dr. Suachelli's colors and take our place among the enemies of handshaking.

We confess to a certain dislike to being pawed in any way, but we always disliked old gentlemen who, in our youth, used to pinch our ears and pat our heads.

That the amiable friend who shows his good-will by pounding us on the back means well does not keep us from wanting to murder him.

And then there are those who are always catching hold of your arm and putting their hand upon your knee and otherwise massaging you.

We may be flincky, but when we need treatment we prefer to go to a Turkish bath and pay our dollar and a half and have it done by a husky who knows how.

Handshaking is merely a custom.

Still more, it is merely a symbol.

Now, a symbol or a custom is of value only because everybody has agreed to it. They could just as well agree to another one.

Therefore, we hereby move that handshaking ought to be abolished. The motion is put and carried.

Instead of a handshake we would suggest the salute. Some such gesture, for example, as is used in the army. It would be just as easy for two people to raise the hand to the forehead, or, if they prefer, to the nose, as it would be to shake each other's hand.

When we think of all the various palms we have been in contact with—hard and horny palms, sweaty palms, goosy, listless and reluctant palms, over-eager and suggestive palms—we are inclined not to feel very well.

Then there is the energetic person who thinks he must show his cordiality by grasping all of your phalanges and breaking them in his tremendous clasp. He is the man whose notion of pleasantness is pounding you on the back with a blow that loosens your back teeth.

Not, of course, that we would be persnickety. There are times. We do not pretend to deny that there are times. And when, along with the time there comes the place and the girl, we can do our little task of handshaking and palm massaging along with the next man; but these things are not matters to be discussed in public.

## Holdin' Yer Tongue

I went into my neighbor's hut, he said some friends was comin' in, and that he'd like to show the folks the tribe a-livin' close to him.

We sat around and talked a spell, me meetin' folks that seemed quite new, and sayin' several times to them, "I'm well and here is things with you?"

But after that they got some girl, a sweet and winsome little thing, they said as how she played right well and how she could likewise sing, and bein' a lover of such things, thinks I'll have a treat all right, and I was glad down in my soul I came into his hut that night.

Well, say, she sat down at the baby grand, and pawed the thing a bar or two, ma wonderin' all the blessed while what next she was a-goin' to do.

There didn't seem to be no toon, she raised her fist with all her might, and brought her digits bangin' down just where they happened for to light.

Well, after she got limbered up, she started in to sing a spell, her trap it opened like a cave, she took her breath and then she'd yell; the first was 'bout some dude of hers who swung upon the garden gate, and hung around until the folks yelled out 'twas getting fearful late.

She sang and sang and sang some more, the more she sang the worse she got, the folks what writ all them there songs should be collected up and shot.

My friend he says, "She's great on that, the poplar music is her meat," he thinkin' that this screamin' dame was givin' all the folks a treat.

I stole out softly from the door, to go and sniff the evening air, a-hopin' that the row would cease afore I had to go back there. Another chap was on the steps, a kindred soul he seemed to be, who'd beat it out to calm his mind, a-feelin' all riled up like me.

Says I to him, quite friendly like, "Ain't that the durnest noise in there, I'm hopin' she runs out of breath and has to holler out for air. That sort of singin' gets my goat, it makes my temper boilin' mad," and all he says to me was this, that he was that there daughter's dad.

It took me time to learn some things, each blinkin' day I'm gettin' stung, but still I'm findin' every day just how it pays to hold my tongue.—ARK.

## The Canadian Hen

(From the Hamilton Herald.)

At the great international poultry show held at Barcelona, Spain, 26 countries were represented. The poultry aristocracy of the world was there. And it is pleasant to learn that many of the very choicest birds were those that came from Canada. The merits of the great Canadian hen were recognized and made the subject of much comment. After travelling 7,000 miles and subjected to many vicissitudes of weather and diet, the great Canadian hen was able to hold her own against rivals from every part of the world. Not a single case of sickness developed in any of the Canadian coops. A healthy and robust bird is the Canadian hen—a native product to be proud of.

## Press Comment

### Are There Pretty Men?

When Nature wishes to make an ass of a man she just makes him pretty and lets the scheme work out by itself.—Montreal Herald.

### The Invasion Keeps Up.

Police cells Tuesday night contained six women and not a man. One by one man's prerogatives disappear. Soon he'll not have a roof over his head.—Ottawa Journal.

### But Would He Dare Do That?

Premier Ferguson, who was expected to make known the date of the prohibition plebiscite tomorrow, suggests further delay. He might do worse than postpone action indefinitely.—Brantford Expositor.

### The Struggle Keeps Up.

The common belief that it is difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven prevents few men from trying to get rich.—Chicago News.

### It Thrives On the Front Porch.

The artistic temperament is something that persuades daughter to let mother do the sweeping and wash the dishes.—Illinois State Journal.

# The Fun Shop

## COURTSHIP.

By Glenn W. Spencer.

### As It Used To Be.

He sat on the sofa, she sat on the chair. He fumbled with his watch chain, she replaced a lock of hair. His gaze was sad and wistful, her glance was sweet and shy. He spoke, his voice was husky, his throat was parched and dry. "Fair maiden, I adore you, and on my bended knee Beseech you most sincerely into my arms to flee."

### As It Is.

The sofa now is vacant, they both sit on the chair. She fumbles with his watch chain, he rumples up her hair. His hair is slicked with tonic fine, her face with talcum's white. He speaks, his voice is strident, and he thinks it sounds like might. "Lil' cuckoo, you're some chicken, you've got me roped and tied. Just let this fitter through your door, and be my blushing bride."

### A Thorough Mother.

Phil—"Myrtle Jones got a good spanking today." Dad—"It can't be, son. Why, she's a junior in college."

Phil—"I don't care, dad. I heard the girls talking today and they said Myrtle kept beggin' to get her hair bobbed until her mother finally took her into the bedroom and shingled her well."

### Sleep, Gentle Sleep—

Six-year-old Bertie was being examined for adenoids. "Bertie," inquired the nurse, "do you sleep with your mouth open?" "No, ma'am," piped up Bertie, "I sleep with my grandmother."

### SOLOMON'S WIVES.

When King Solomon governed the land With his beautiful wives at command, Many times have I wondered How he managed three hundred When one I can't quite understand.

### The Language of Love.

On the low-lying sand dunes the young couple sat, gazing into each other's eyes. Above, a pearl-colored moon danced lazily through the fleecy clouds and, at regular intervals, there was the sound of breaking waves, followed by the splash of foam spreading along the beach. Truly a night of golden thoughts. A night of silvery speech. Even the stars seemed to sing their joy and gladness.

Yet the couple, strange to relate, had not spoken for hours. For hours not a word had escaped them. Then, suddenly, the young man turned to the girl. "Duz oo love oo ownest honey?" And she answered, "Uh, huh."

### Two Chances.

Contributor—"I want to write a department of interest to women." Editor—"About clothes or men?"

### In, Out, Up and Down.

A notorious burglar was Michael O'Flynn.

He "looked over" a house and at length he broke in.

They interned him in jail behind bars that were stout. But Mike got the measles and quickly broke out.

Into business he went, like a frivolous pun. But business was bad, and poor Michael broke up.

Then he started to worry to fret, and to frown. Which shattered his nerves, and so Michael broke down.

### The Test of Friendship.

Blackstone—"What kind of people are your new neighbors?" Webster—"Can't say yet. I'm going to ask them for a loan of their lawn mower this afternoon."

### Money Talks.

Gayboy—"Do you believe in the old saying that money talks?" Alton—"Sure I do, and that's not all. I noticed that when it talks it usually creates more or less interest."

### YOU BET.

One's jests can never get a mile From very old maids with pimples; But jokes that miss the point a mile Will tempt a lass with dimples.

### No Suspicion.

"Your husband looks like a brilliant man," I suppose he knows everything. "Don't fool yourself. He doesn't even suspect anything."

How can you expect the girls to go scrambling for a young fellow when he's a bad egg?

### Batter Up!

In the public park two colored baseball teams, the Hotel Porters and Concrete Workers, were playing for

## To the Editor

### Askin Street Outing.

Writer Says the Way They Skipped Along in Cars Was a Surprise to Him.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir—A party of men from Askin Street Church thought they needed a holiday. They chose to take a trip by auto, ten of them. They had new, colorful cars, and sometimes made speed that did not seem like what staid elderly Methodists would tolerate going over (deleted by the censor) miles an hour in some spurts. Most people, even the old fellows, do get rather jubilant when they get off on such a fire holiday trip, and then it must have been on only short spells, for their blizest day's run was only 203 miles.

Of course, they had a grand time. They went by Lake Huron ports to Kincardine and Southampton, then east to Owen Sound and Collingwood to Barrie, and thence to the north shore, shown through the ship-building plant, where a steel steamer 550 feet in length has been in building for seven months. Donegal Bridge to Toronto by way of Newmarket. Then by the highway to Hamilton, seeing the magnificent strawberry fields by the way. Mr. Milton, an informant, was struck with the luxuriant growth of the plants and the cleanliness of the fields. Hundreds of women were at work picking the berries. From Hamilton, by way of Brantford, Woodstock, Dorchester and so home. Mr. Milton remarks upon the excellence of the crops on the whole. Fall wheat is the best. Many fields, he estimated, would yield 35 bushels per acre, and some 40. Oats were rather backward until they got near home, where they saw a field headed out, but the color was good, and they would not doubt, come along well. Some splendid fields of barley were seen.

But what especially struck him were the extra heavy crops of alfalfa and sweet clover. In Huron County some very fine crops of beans were noticed. Mr. Milton, as an old bean grower from Kent County, knows good beans when he sees them. On the whole he says that he never saw crops so generally fine. He thinks that farmers have good prospects this year if prices are fair. T. B. R. R. 4, London.

Don't Fall. Ethel—"Men are such obstinate creatures." Clara—"What happened, dear? Can't you get him to propose?"

The bottle danced tantalizing before his eyes. Should he once more give in to this soul filling temptation? Or should he cast the tempter aside?

But still, there was the chance that this might be a different brand from the other—here was something that looked like the real stuff.

And then the bald-headed man submitted his shining pate as the barber applied the bottle of hair restorer.

Come Seven. Mistress (to maid)—"Liza, what is the noise I hear?" Liza (who has just fed meat scraps to the dog)—"Oh, don't be alarmed, mum, it's only Laddie Boy rattlin' his bones."

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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.

# Which Road Will Your Son Take? It Depends on You.

If anything happened to you, would he have to leave school and take the first job which offered in order to help his mother keep the home together?

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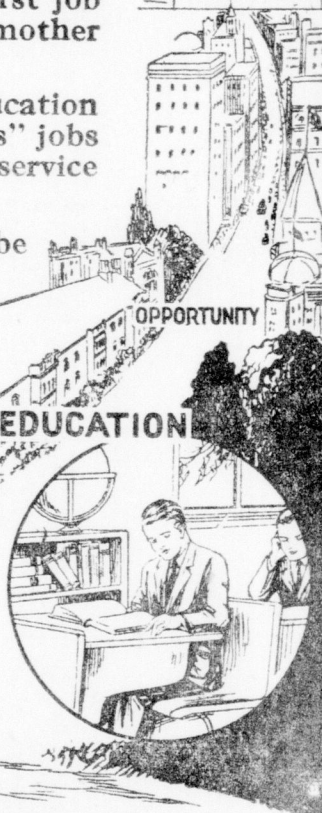


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