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FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1924.

There Is One Law in Canada.

A peculiar situation has developed in the Grande Prairie district, some distance from Edmonton, where a group of foreign residents have set themselves up as a law-making body, regardless of the fact that this business is fairly well attended to already.

The Edmonton despatch, telling of the condition, says the secretary of the organization, known as the Lakeview Community League, admits having made threats to Anglo-Saxons living in the community, and will come up for trial in September.

Why September? If the conditions are as serious as the report indicates, the matter should be attended to at once.

Canada gives an opportunity to all who come to make good, but only on the understanding that there is one source of law, and one court for the administration of that law in this country.

And if there are those who think otherwise, there is no need waiting until September to make the point very clear to them.

We Have Freedom and Safety.

An Armenian came in to inquire about being naturalized in this country. He was not sure how it was done.

Was it for himself that he required the information?

No, for a brother who had not yet come to Canada, but whom he was anxious to have in this country.

His broken language told the following: I want him here in Canada if I can get him in. He has had to flee with the rest of his countrymen three times to escape the Turk; if the Turk again gets control of the place where he now is he will be killed with thousands of others. I want him here in Canada where he can work and go home at night with no person to bother him.

The average Canadian never takes that into consideration when thumbing over his personal or national assets. It never occurs to him that he cannot go where he likes with no fear of a people organized for butchery assaulting him.

The Canadian accepts these things in a matter-of-fact way, and he may imagine that conditions are the same all over the world.

If our British citizenship means anything to us, it spells freedom and safety, two qualities that the Armenian has never known.

What An Electric Storm Costs.

Scientists have a way of talking about things that gives the impression of calm indifference to all that scares and concerns the ordinary man.

A great big streak of lightning that hurtles through space, opens the sky up for a strip that looks like a yard and a half wide, and seems to be satisfied only by taking the steeple off a church or knocking the chimney from the back kitchen—the scientist looks on quietly, takes a pencil and starts to figure on the back of an envelope.

He announces that it is forceful and impressive because of its high voltage. In a few more minutes he has it figured out that it was not worth 78 cents as far as electrical energy is concerned.

The late Dr. Steinmetz before his death claimed that the average bolt of lightning was no greater in power than the energy stored up in a pint of gasoline. At the rate paid for electric lights in cities with which he was familiar the average streak of lightning was not worth \$1; on the basis of prices paid for power, not over 20 cents.

The same authority had it figured out that a person with a very small gas engine could make as much electricity for 80 cents worth of gas as was developed in an average thunder storm.

It's very interesting to have it all worked out on that basis; it might even make a timid person resolve not to be afraid of any 60-cent electrical storm, yet there would be the mental reservation that it would be much nicer to make one's own supply of electricity rather than have it shot at him from the heavens.

A Gift Wisely Bestowed.

The late Dr. F. R. Eccles, through the provisions of his bequests, will continue to make his helpful influence felt in connection with the medical school of the University of Western Ontario for many years to come.

His intimate knowledge of the beginning and present attainments and requirements of the school made it possible for him to extend his assistance in a way best suited to count to the greatest advantage.

The late Dr. Eccles' gift to the medical school is not only munificent, but wisely stated.

Still Safe at Thirty.

The Prince of Wales has passed the thirty mark as calendars go, and all the old gossips can hardly sit still because he has not been married.

If the prince had scampered off with all the brides that have been picked out for him and often tossed at his head he'd be the world's most-married man.

Long before the world war started, the match-makers had it planned that he should marry a daughter of the royal house of Russia; then a daughter of the German kaiser. He did neither.

Every time a royal visitor arrives in England with an eligible daughter, the rumpus starts again. Of late it has been a princess from

Rumania; a little while before a princess from Italy.

In between times it is Princess This and Lady That, and all the wagging tongues get a fresh start in a desire to shove the prince from the path of single carelessness to the place where he will have to pay the taxes and lock the back door at night.

No doubt he will get married some time, but why not leave him alone? He has demonstrated that he can't be coaxed or driven, but he'll go plunging in some day, because men over thirty fall hard when they do tumble.

Wasting a Day.

The discussion of the report of the committee investigating the charges laid by Guss Porter against Hon. James Murdock shows how easy it is for parliament to waste a whole day.

There was nothing brought out in the discussion that had not been reviewed in the committee.

The vote might just as well have been taken the first half-hour of the afternoon sitting as at 2:15 o'clock the following morning.

And yet the whole day went in a discussion that was purely partisan from every angle.

It was not a day of accomplishment. It was a waste of time.

Where Noise Counts Most.

When the name of McAdoo was brought before the Democrats' convention in New York there was a demonstration that lasted for an hour. When the name of Governor Al. Smith came the following day, the demonstration lasted another hour and was louder and more awful than the McAdoo affair.

Bands marched through the place, paid rosters in the galleries broke loose, all manner of noise-making contraptions were let loose. Noise, more noise, and still more noise was the one thing required.

The old gentleman who taps his cane gently on the floor and says "Hear, hear," now and then—well, there's not even a seat in the aisle for him.

No Turns on Saturdays.

The traffic committee of London has decided that there shall be neither right or left hand turns at the corner of Dundas and Richmond streets on Saturdays, and the motorists will agree that the move is necessary to make the handling of traffic there a simpler and a safer matter.

The left hand turn has been eliminated at times when the traffic was very heavy in the late afternoon or evening, but the right hand turn, a more dangerous thing from the standpoint of the pedestrian, has been so far left alone.

The safety of the pedestrian is the chief consideration in making this move, and the right hand turn, whereby a motorist goes through the stream of traffic rather than with it, is a source of danger on a crowded corner. Drivers should give the traffic committee every assistance in making this rule effective. It is in the interests of street safety, and a reasonable regulation.

Only Twenty Per Cent Voted.

A money bylaw was placed before the people of Stratford, and of a possible 4,500 votes only 813 were polled.

The Beacon-Herald of Stratford says that the vote would have been smaller had not many of the voters been taken to the polls and others urged to get out and vote.

The result may signify apathy and indifference, but that is not the danger point.

In such an atmosphere, would it not be possible for a doubtful proposition with an aggressive backing to get out enough voters to carry the thing?

Indifference about voting is not simply an annoying feature, but there are cases where it can be a dangerous one. The history of municipalities readily proves this.

Note and Comment.

The St. Catharines Standard man is sure that confidence is all a lot of people have in the bank.

Turnip growers had an organization meeting at Galt. Now then let's watch for an "Eat More Turnips Week."

Wild woman has been discovered near Port Arthur. Yes, and there are more of them not so far away as Port Arthur.

On a sultry evening the radio says: "The next number—gzzzzrh—will be by—gzzzzrh—who has seen—gzzzzrh—the famous gwwk."

They're playing ball now on the site where the new city hall was supposed to stand. Still the cry "You're out!" is one that's heard after every civic election.

When the young men tie a rag around their heads when playing tennis, it's hard to decide whether it's to keep the brain from wiggling or the shiek cut from getting ruffled.

Two London men were arrested for creating a disturbance by starting a fight. One man had money, the other had none, so the one who had put up two bail fees for appearance the following day. Rather a bright spot on the police court blotter.

Divorce was discussed by a speaker from Iowa at a gathering of social workers in Toronto. That he had a prolific subject to talk about is proved by the fact that in 1897 U. S. had one divorce in 17 marriages, while in 1919 the figure was one to seven.

It is to be regretted that the resignation of Principal M. W. Althouse of Rectory Street School means his departure from London to Toronto. During his teaching period of 35 years Mr. Althouse has made a large contribution to the aims and ideals of the boys and girls who have attended his school. He is the type of citizen who should remain in London.

Dr. Frank Crane

The Blessing of Graciousness.

Graciousness is the kindness and gentleness that clothes power. It is the opposite of flattery and severity.

Any common person may be polite and considerate when he is afraid or when he has something to gain by it.

It is the pure adornment of a superior nature. The literal meaning of the word "grace" is that it is a "shining." That is to say, it is the natural good-will of a person shining through his speech and manner.

It is one of the best tests of good breeding. It is the sign of earth's true aristocracy, just as brusqueness, domineering and tyranny are signs of innate vulgarity.

Graciousness is a subtle charm that renders its possessor attractive.

Most of us want the affection and esteem of those with whom we have to do—not only our neighbors and social acquaintances, but the butcher, the baker, the iceman, the janitor and the housemaid. And the price we pay in order to get ourselves surrounded by the good-will of these people is graciousness.

Graciousness is not benevolence, for it contains no element of superiority.

It is not condescension nor patronage. It is simply kindly and genuine good-will and it shines from our heart through our actions and speech upon those around us.

Graciousness is much more common in the Orient than it is in the West. It seems to be a late product in the life of a people.

The person who thinks that graciousness is not worth while and that he has no time to bother about it causes himself a great deal of trouble. He will find that his life moves with a good deal of friction, as an automobile would go without oil.

Those who are inherently selfish and vulgar accept graciousness as a sign of weakness and do not hesitate to take advantage of it. Very often if you are gracious to an employee he will proceed to reward you by neglecting his work and if you are gracious to a merchant he will overcharge you, and if you are gracious to a man with whom you do business he will either think that you have designs upon him or set you down as a fool.

Woman, especially, whose power lies in her charm, needs graciousness, and many a beautiful or gifted woman finds herself generally disliked simply because she neglects this.

Graciousness is not something that you can put on or off at will. The secret of it lies in your inner thought and in your real disposition. If it is there you need have no fear that in some way or other it will shine out.

Those Fickle Men

Men's styles, of course, do not change much, and are much more conservative than those followed by the ladies.—Note from fashion paper.

The man who wrote such stuff as that ain't keen enough to walk and live, he has a brain much like a squash, a memory like the family sieve.

Why, can't he mind not long ago, when men was wearin' pants so tight, they had to get the boot-jack in to get the things off for the night—they made 'em tight clean to the ground, a-jammin' in at every point, and skinnin' men they used to look as though they'd snap off at the joint.

And then they carved them big on top and later big around the feet, a-flappin' out about the boots each time they venture on the street.

Then can't you mind when men had boots with toes a-racin' to a point, they squeezed the toes into a knot and threw the bunions out of joint.

Why, men wore paper collars once, then rubber ones around the neck, and then they had such monstrous ties that two would overflow a peck.

And fancy vests they had their fling, you'd see the things for most a block, and some was red and green and blue, they'd stop the staid old kitchen clock.

Then more wore whiskers on their face, a goodly growth of lilac trees, to decorate their frontispiece and waft upon the summer breeze.

There was a time some years gone by when my young memory takes its roots, when men they plastered lard and oil upon their pair of Sunday boots.

Yet some galoot he starts to write how men ain't bothered 'bout the style, and how they let the world go by, sweet bliss encirclin' them the while—why, men has gone the circle round, a-flin' up from head to feet, and makin' changes just as fast as any flapper on the street.—ARK

What a Trial Proved

(From the Christian Science Monitor.)

A moral which can be drawn from the exhaustive test made by a large American taxicab company to prove that speeding through crowded city streets, while highly dangerous, only rarely saves time, is the fact which almost all observant motorists must have half convinced themselves of many times, namely, that the general rate of motor traffic in such conditions is an extraordinarily efficient speed regulator, which refuses to be disregarded. In this particular instance it was shown that of 1,000 test trips, the 500 which were conducted at an attempted reckless speed, with the drivers taking advantage of every trick known to the craft, effected only an insignificant saving of time over the 500 made at a rate of less than 20 miles an hour, in which every traffic regulation and driving courtesy were carefully observed. Surely such a demonstration ought to convince the average driver once and for all that it is useless to attempt to "beat the traffic" along crowded city thoroughfares.

Press Comment

The Age of the People.
Ramsay MacDonald, prime minister of Britain—son of a peasant.
President Coolidge, head of the United States—son of a farmer.

Premier Herriot, of France—son of a poor officer, nephew of a cook.
Premier Mussolini, of Italy—son of a small shopkeeper.

Chancellor Marx, of Germany—son of a poor professor.—Ottawa Journal.

South Africa's New Song.
One can almost hear political enemies of Premier Jan Smuts, whose government was defeated in South Africa, singing: "It isn't what you used to be, it's what you are today."—Hamilton Spectator.

A Very Lucky Pedestrian.
Ten million Ford cars have been manufactured and many a pedestrian feels that he has dodged most of them.—Boston Transcript.

The Fun Shop

GIVE AND TAKE.

"Give till it hurts"—the motto's words. Rang through my tired brain that night. I asked him not for a reason. Or for a title of his right. But only saw the urgency. Of heading at once his plea. And gave with dim and misty eyes From my roll of currency.

"Give till it hurts"—I did just that. For me alone was the pain—I've desire to see that face. But that ugly gun again.

An Epidemic.

Ryan: "Say, did you know that the well-known Eureka Biscuit Factory has closed down?"
Jeffrey: "No, what for?"
Ryan: "Because of the foot and mouth disease that's got into the cattle." "What had that to do with it?"
Ryan: "The foot and mouth disease got among the Animal Crackers."

THIS NEEDS AN INVESTIGATION

A suave and boeing candidate for office won feminine votes recently by inquiring, whenever his knock at a door was answered by elderly maidens who had just had their hair bobbed, "Are there any ladies of voting age in?"

It went over—but already it is being rumored that it was a political scheme!

If Popular Songs were Illustrated.



Mama Goes Where Papa Goes or Papa Don't Go Out Tonight.

THE JINGLE-JANGLE COUNTER.

Trees are leaving awfully slow, So is sister's fellow, though.

The flapper pursues all the Arts—And Bills, and Jims, and Jacks, and Marts.

Speaking of Operations.
Junior had to take ether when they removed his adenoids at the hospital. Called on him a week later and inquired if the operation had been a painful one.

"Na-aw," he said jauntily, "it didn't hurt none, but it smelt somen awful."

Write Your Own Head.
Sing a song of praise.
A "shingle" cut like brother.
Clip it here and snip it there—
Now baby's hats fit mother!

ITEMS FROM THE BOGTOWN ENTERPRISE.

As Reported By Griff Crawford.

The grading of this year consists of Teagle Tiffenbaugh and Axel Twig, Jun., and the exercises would have been in the hall but will not be held as neither one of them passed.

Some boys were shooting arrows last Sunday and one hit Mrs. Kate Summerville in the park.

Tillie Tootle may make considerable money writing this summer. She has three poems called "Love Sonnets"; a short story called "Love Lingers"; and a scenario "Loves Loses" already to send somewhere. It's a hard game, Tillie. It's scribbled has been at it several years and even now can hardly say that he has reached the top.

IN SUMMERTIME.
He wooed the muse beneath the tree, (He thought himself a bard divine).
But how can man write poetry
When bugs go creeping down his spine?

Be your own florist and ureathe your face in smiles.

Imaginary Conversation.
As She Imagined It.
He: "How charming it is to be alone with the freights and the shadows, and you. How beautiful you are tonight—how more than beautiful! Oh, Marian, cannot you guess what I have to say?"
Herself: "Yes."
He: "Marian, I love you!"

As It Actually Was.

He: "How charming it is to be here in the freights with your father and your mother and your sister and yourself. I do not know, Mr. Jones, when I have spent a more enjoyable or more instructive evening. What, is it really so late? I must be going. Good night all!"

Oh, Lady! Lady!
Lady: "Doctor, do you think the anesthetic will make me sick?"
Doctor: "No, madam, I think not."

Lady: "How long will it be before I know anything?"
Doctor: "Madam, don't you think you are expecting a good deal of an anesthetic?"

And now, they tell us, handshaking must go because it is insanitary.

The kiss has been taboo for a long time.

How would it do, when meeting a friend, to make a face at him and then kick him on the shins?

Lions roar and pigeons moan; So does the horn and saxophone.

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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.

To the Editor

To Returned Soldier.

There is Only One Way To Proceed, And That is First To Secure a Divorce.

An inquiry from a returned soldier about his wife stated that he had left her in 1919 because she went to live with another man, and since then has neither seen nor heard of her. The inquirer wants to know if he could bring his 16-year-old daughter to the city and have her act as housekeeper for him.

The father has a perfect right to have his daughter act as housekeeper for him, providing he is able to find and keep suitable premises.

He further asks if he can marry again. There is only one course open to him, regardless of where his wife is, and that is to secure a divorce, and if the facts are as stated in his letter, he has grounds for such procedure.

When writing to The Advertiser for information he inclosed \$2, which will be returned to him if he calls at this office.

THE LAST DAY AT SCHOOL.

It is my last day at school. And, alas, the last year. I now must say good-bye. To my schoolmates so dear.

Some do jump for joy: Others are so glad. But deep down in my heart I am feeling rather sad.

I feel as though I'm going away To enter a distant land. Where I will be so lonesome For the touch of friendship's hand.

And many of those dear friends I now will seldom see, But never will I forget How good they were to me.

It seems as if life's a book. And I am ending a chapter. Now I'll have to begin again And find, elsewhere, new rapture.

It seems quite sad to leave the games. But sadder for the girls and boys That stood together, one by one, Hand in hand, in griefs or joys.

Each one of us grows older. And sets out on life's highway; But not one of us will forget The happy hours spent at play.

—G. HOOPER.

Truly the Cheapest Tea

A 14-lb. package of RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE TEA at 45c will go as far as a pound of the tea you used to buy for 30c, but now costs 60c or more. Take your grocer's word for it, you'll like this fine tea, and you'll find it the cheapest tea you can use.—Advt.

WHERE NATURE REIGNS SUPREME.

To get away from the smoke and stifling heat of the city, to put on old clothes and live a vagabond's life in the great out of doors, there is no place quite so suitable as Timagami. Almost four million acres in extent, plentifully scattered with wonderfully cool, deep lakes, the whole area traced with a network of rock-churned rivers or quiet shadowy brooks, Timagami is just the place to get back to the primitive.

Canoelists can paddle hundreds of miles through ever-changing scenery without a single portage. The waters of Timagami are alive with speckled trout, black bass, while for the nature lover the number of moose, bear and mink to be seen allows ample opportunity to study wild life at close range.

There are many permanent camps throughout the district for those who insist on comparative luxury, or if you wish to establish camp wherever you happen to be, you will find not a single "trespassing forbidden" sign in the whole region.

Any agent of the Canadian National Railways will gladly give you full information and literature.—Advt.

The TIME You LOSE when Constipated

makes every Beecham's Pill worth at least a Dollar in the Time it has Saved you.

The Constipation Habit costs more than time, for it sets you back in many ways. It lowers vitality, cuts down your ability, wastes even the food you eat. Beecham's Pills make your bowels free and regular. They are famous also as an aid to digestion and a stimulant to the liver. Beecham's Pills, by helping the entire digestive tract, benefit the whole system.

Sold Everywhere in Canada

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Stomach In Terrible Condition

Toronto Newspaperman Finds Wonderful Relief in Dreco, the Famous Herbal Remedy and Health Builder.

Mr. George Chadwick, who is on the staff of the Toronto Daily Star, and resides at Stop 34, Lake Shore, Toronto, Ontario, is highly delighted with the results he has obtained from Dreco.

"My stomach has been in a terrible condition for a long time," says Mr. Chadwick, "and I could hardly eat a thing. The most simple food would cause pain and everything seemed to sour. Gas would form after each meal that felt like a lump of lead. I was troubled also with constipation, had pains across my back over my kidneys and spots would float before my eyes from liver trouble. I tried many medicines without result, until I started taking Dreco.

"My case was of long standing, but that made no difference to Dreco. It has effected a wonderful improvement in my general condition. I am no longer troubled with spots before my eyes or dizzy spells, digestive pains and gastric attacks are now almost unknown, and my bowels are regular. I can also eat much better and feel stronger and healthier in every way."

Dreco is a splendid corrective for digestive complaints. It acts on all the organs of digestion, strengthening each one and regulating its action. Dreco is made from herbs, roots, bark and leaves, and contains no mercury, potash or habit-forming drugs. Get this reliable tonic and regulator today and note the immediate change for the better that follows.

Dreco is being specially introduced in London by Standard Drug, Limited, and is sold at all their stores in London, St. Thomas, Woodstock and Stratford. It is also sold as follows: Chatham, Liggett's Drug Store, Clark's Drug Store; Sarnia, Liggett's Drug Store; Galt, Cant & Cant, J. H. Prudham; Ridgetown, D. H. Stewart; Bothwell, Bothwell Drug Store; Lucan, H. S. Stanley; Goderich, H. C. Dunlop; Strathroy, F. L. Grieve; Tillsonburg, C. V