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MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1924.

No Hindrance In the Way.

It did not take the Washington authorities long to decide what to do with Andrew J. Peppall, wanted as a witness in the Peter Smith case at Toronto.

They decided that his place was in Canada, where the authorities wanted him for a very legitimate reason.

The ease with which Peppall was taken in California and ordered returned to Canadian authorities, shows what was, and should yet be, possible in the case of Charles Matthews, for whose arrest a notoriously tardy summons has been issued.

The public is looking—and it has a perfect right to do so—for just as efficient action in the case of Matthews as has been displayed regarding Peppall.

Washington will put nothing in the way of his return. The provincial authorities, after giving him a long head-start, should go ahead and show what they can do with Matthews.

Some Real Plain Honesty Needed.

Members of Guelph City Council faced a peculiar situation when they came to place contracts for concrete pipe for sewer work.

They went about it in the usual way, calling for tenders, and receiving two replies. One outside firm tendered \$1.82 for 30-inch pipe and \$1.62 for 24-inch, against a Guelph firm's figure of \$2.21 for 30-inch pipe and \$1.85 for the smaller size. On the face of it the outside tender should have been accepted, and would have been but for the fact that this same firm had been previously selling to Guelph at \$3.75 for the pipe they have just offered at \$1.82.

Guelph City Council was prepared for a bargain, but they desired to look the gift horse in the mouth.

The look showed that an attempt had been made to keep the Guelph firm from putting in a tender; the plan was to split the profits. This having failed, the next step was to freeze out the Guelph contractor by naming so low a price that he could not meet it and keep two leaps ahead of the ball.

This motive having been established by evidence that appeared fairly conclusive, the Guelph council was justified in departing from the rule of giving work to the lowest tenderer. The entry of the local firm with a competitive bid had brought a price of \$3.75 charged eight weeks ago to an offer of \$2.21 for work done with home labor.

If this \$2.21 figure represents a fair price, with a reasonable profit, and undoubtedly it does, the \$3.75 formerly charged represents a mild form of holdup.

The very plain suggestion that there was enough in the work to allow splitting of profits leaves a bad taste in the municipal mouth. Guelph can be congratulated that it snubbed its toe on the plank before falling into the hole that was being dug for it.

Stop the "Petting Parties."

A case that came up in court in London this week brings to the front a development of the automobile age in the form of "petting parties" on the country roads.

The phrase is an Americanism that has made its way over to this country. The farmers around London are not concerned about the phrase itself or where it came from, but they are mightily concerned that their roads and very often their premises shall not be the place where they shall be staged.

And in that position they are right. When we find reputable farmers coming forward and offering their services to patrol the roads at night in order that their district shall be kept free from the evil influences of these night parties, many of which are carried on in the presence of a bottle of liquor, it can be taken for granted that these rural residents feel the situation keenly, as well they might.

Those who are responsible for them should not be immune to an appeal made to them to correct their habits. They are doing a serious injustice to the reputation of citizens of London, who are just as much concerned in having the practice stamped out as the residents of the country in whose locality it is followed.

"Hearing" the Movies.

Heretofore people have gone to see the movies, but it will not be long before they will exercise a combination of the senses of seeing and hearing. The demonstration carried on in London during last week, due to the courtesy of J. R. Minihinnick, has demonstrated that at last it can be done.

An artist appears with a 'cello; near him is a lady seated at the piano. They commence to play. In the movies, as we have known them, the audience would have to take it for granted that real music was coming. It might be that the lady knew no more about playing a piano than she did about making a loaf of bread; she was pretty and attractive, and that was sufficient. In the phonofilm all that is changed. The audience sees the musicians playing and hears what they play.

How is it done? A look at a strip of the film shows the usual pictures that are run through a machine. Right at the side is a very narrow strip, no wider than a match. On this the music has been recorded in a manner somewhat similar to the phonograph record. Sound waves and light waves are given out at the same time and in that way synchronize exactly. A man on the

screen speaks, and the words come just as his lips move.

The development is as yet in its early days. It is bound to have its effect on those engaged in the moving picture business. An actress will need to be equipped with more than a pretty face and a pathetic look. She can no longer go through the emotions; a gesture of despair will not suffice, for she will have to accompany it with well-spoken words that back up that disposition. The villain will have to do more than shake his fist and hurl the kitchen chair—he will have to pour forth a torrent of verbal abuse that is just as thrilling as his actions. It will undoubtedly raise the standard of ability required of those who enter the movies.

It has been a long and stubborn scientific battle to produce sound and action simultaneously and correctly. The exhibition given in London has demonstrated that it can be done, and, like all other inventions, it will be done with greater efficiency in the future. It will not be long, perhaps, before we can sit in a moving picture performance and see and hear the premier of Britain or the president of United States deliver an address. The world moves and we are moving with it.

To J. R. Minihinnick must go the credit for giving London its first opportunity to enjoy the novel experience.

Ready To Stand Alone.

John E. Archer, secretary of the Canadian Federation of Postal Employees, has handed in his resignation as a protest against calling a strike, claiming that negotiations with the government should have been continued when they were under way.

Mr. Archer is the type of official who should continue in office, because he has the courage of his convictions, and was prepared to stand alone if necessary.

One of the sources of support the strike centers may have counted on, but which did not materialize, was that of the Conservative press, whose aim was to cause as much discomfort as possible to the government. They were willing to do what they could to make it easy for a strike to take place, but when it did take place they dared not go any farther, because they knew a postal strike, if general and sustained, would be a national calamity.

Great Training For "Nimble Dick."

"Nimble Dick" is a horse that won the broad jump at the Toronto horse show. Perhaps you never knew that horses did the broad jump. Well they do, and Nimble Dick won the event.

A few weeks ago Nimble Dick was working on a milk wagon. He had to jump every time the cows were milked; every time some one in the city yelled "milk," every time a well-modulated voice called out "cream." He had to jump to make up for the time the milkman spent talking to the lady of the house; he had to jump every time a traffic copy blew the whistle for the right-of-way.

Jump, jump, jump. Nimble Dick had the finest training in the world for a jumper, so why shouldn't he be able to jump when they took the milk cart off from trailing him?

Fear In a Child's Mind.

An Ottawa boy of nine was playing with a chum of eight, when the younger lad fell into the river and was drowned.

The nine-year-old went home and said nothing. His explanation was that he was afraid to tell of the drowning because "he would get a whipping."

Of course that may or may not be so, but it indicates a mental attitude on the part of the child that was painfully wrong.

Unfortunately there are homes where the prospects of "getting a whipping" are so substantially confirmed by actual fulfillment that that thing becomes an obsession in the mind of the child. It prevents the development of the child's mind and puts a barrier across the path of frankness and full confidence between the child and his parents.

There is something pitiful in the statement of a child that he was afraid to tell at home of the drowning of his chum because "he was afraid of a whipping."

The home where such a feeling is possible is missing the finest thing in the world.

Note and Comment.

Peonies last about as long as a man's New Year resolutions.

The season's young, but the race to be the first over a narrow culvert has already commenced.

Canadian bowlers are making themselves popular by losing so many games in the Old Country.

Picnic parties have a love for the ideas of Mark Antony: "If you have papers, prepare strew them now."

Burglars tried to rob a burglar alarm factory. When they finish their sentence they may have acquired the faculty of better selection.

The Guelph Mercury produced a paper in connection with the 50th anniversary of the O. A. C. that was a credit to the event and to the office.

On one trip to India a Canadian Merchant Marine vessel lost \$73,400. John D. Rockefeller says he finds it hard to give away a million dollars. Here's his chance.

Blenheim has had a gasoline war and the price in one place went as low as 15 cents. All of which would make the auto owner wish that his car had a tank as big as a street sprinkler.

A doctor from Tonawanda found a man with a broken leg near Jordan. He set the leg and made splints out of a fence rail. That's the kind of a doctor to have around. No doubt he would have whittled a wooden leg out of a gate post.

Dr. Frank Crane

DOGS

In a conversation with a naturalist who is of considerable standing, but for obvious reasons desires to remain nameless, he expressed the following sentiments:

"The dog is no more than a degenerate wolf. When men found a litter of wolf whelps they killed off those that were independent enough to stand and fight, and preserved those that fawned and cringed."

"These they took home and bred. The result was the dog, who is essentially a coward."

"These they took home and bred. The result was the dog, who is essentially a coward."

"He is not only a coward, but he is a killer. More human lives are taken every year by the dogs than have been taken by wild beasts since the beginning of the country."

"At night every dog feels the impulse to kill. He becomes a killer."

"He will not kill an opponent who will stand up and fight him, but he kills everything that runs away, including chickens, ducks, geese and sheep."

"Some of the wild beasts will kill sheep and horses, but most of these animals that are killed are killed by dogs."

"The list of diseases that are communicated from dogs to man are numerous, including the tape worm."

"Every woman who lets a dog lick the face of her child, or hands, is inviting some of these diseases."

"Most of the itch that human beings have comes from dogs."

"I know I am up against a sentiment, and therefore cannot speak freely and authoritatively, for a sentiment is hard to combat."

"The reason most men like dogs is because dogs are loyal to them and afraid of them. Other wild animals, however, would be just as loyal and not so dangerous."

"In almost every instance of a wild animal destroying human life, the wild animal had the rabies, that is, he had been bitten by a dog."

"We have waged war for many years against the cat as a destroyer of wild life, and somebody ought to arise who is of sufficient consequence to cultivate a public sentiment against the dog, for he is equally as dangerous as the cat, if not more dangerous."

"At least, the movement to muzzle dogs during the summer time should meet the hearty approval of everyone."

"Burglar alarms are a guarantee of protection almost as good as dogs; and they have this advantage, that they do not bite."

Writin' On Exams.

We're sympathizin' with you, girl and boy, in makin' up your summer plans, when first of all you've got to go and write upon your school exams.

The folks what make these papers up, to sift the wheat and leave the cull, they want to know just how much stuff is crammed beneath your little skull.

Of course, they'll tell you of a man who bought ten hundred little calves, and how he fed 'em sixteen days, worked out in quarters and in halves, and how he traded forty off, and sold the rest for rent and shoes, they'll ask you for to trace it out and tell if he would make or lose.

They're sure to ask of Chris Colum, who got a boat and grub for two, and had to keep a-sailin' on because there wasn't else to do.

And of King John at Runnymede, and of Napoleon and his wars, and perhaps about the motor cars, and why the sixes beat the fours.

And then you'll stop some time and think who fought the fight at Waterloo, and what it really has to do with little troubled folks like you.

No doubt they'll make you read a spell, some verses or two yards of prose, and when you do this thing, my child, get right up straight upon your toes, and sing it out, then soft and low, and show 'em that your little soul it knows how readin' ought to go.

You'll face a paper, too, what asks for all you know of English speech, and tellin' for to name ten nouns, and how to make good use of each—remember that there's lots of folks what's members of this human race, who wouldn't know a noun at all if it came lookin' in their face.

Ah, yes, it's tryin' times for you a-jumpin' over hurdles now, a-figurin' out just how 'tis best to buy or sell a brindle cow.

We're sympathizin' with you, child, in drawin' charts and diagrams, we're heavin' up a little prayer while you are passin' them exams.—ARK.

A Common Problem

(From The Hamilton Herald.)

The campaign against joy-riders, whose darkened cars may be seen any night on the highways and crossroads outside of the city, cannot be pressed with too much vigor. The announcement that parking without lights will be taken as prima facie evidence of wrong-doing and incur a fine of \$50 should be a deterrent itself, but wholesale prosecutions are undoubtedly needed to stop the practice. It should not be hard for the township police to secure convictions. The police in warning on the one-handed drivers, who make a practice of mixing chaffing and courtship, to the danger of the traffic, seem to have driven the spooners to the seclusion of the side roads, where their darkened vehicles are even a greater menace. Sounds of ribald revelry and high-pitched shrieks, which emanate from the be-curtained and darkened cars at the side of the road, constitute an acute embarrassment to the decent motoring public, which happily is in the majority.

Press Comment

"... Neither Do They Spin."

Farmers sell for low prices and consumers buy for high prices chiefly because a lot of people have to live without working.—Kitchener Record.

Dry Enough To Burn.

The abnormal demand for government publications by the Russian peasants was explained when it was discovered that they use the leaves for making cigarette papers.—Brockville Recorder.

A Quiet Evening At Home.

"You're married, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what do you do when your wife says she has nothing more to say?"

"I place myself in a comfortable position in the easiest chair in the house, and prepare to spend an hour listening to her say it."—Edinburgh Weekly Scotsman.

Yes, Call For An Anchor.

After the economists finish rescuing the franc and stabilizing the mark they might try to devise some workable scheme for retaining the fleeting dollar.—Detroit News.

The Fun Shop

HATS.

By George S. Chappell.
We talk of the many varieties Of birds, and of bees and of flowers.

And numerous learned societies Discourse on the subject for hours, But though I have worked long upon it,

I've never discovered a fume That properly dealt with the bonnet, That crown of the feminine dome.

They stick on some fur or a feather, They drape 'em in color or black, And often it's hard to know whether

The front is the front or the back, They make 'em demure and girls'-school-ish, Recalling the old-fashioned poke, And often they're simply plumb fool-ish.

Just a silly, old milliner's joke.

And sometimes they're nothing, dog-gone 'em, You'd think they'd be cheap, but they're not.

For the prices those bimbos put on 'em, Would knock you clean out of the lot.

But the thing that I marvel at mostly When I gaze around on the street, Is, though the hats are crazy and costly,

The wearers, God bless 'em, look sweet!

If Popular Songs Were Illustrated.



Last Night On the Back Porch.

THE JINGLE-JANGLE COUNTER.
Ants love sugar, cows love hay, I never was sad 'till my sweetie went away.

Do you love me, or do you not? You told me once, but I forgot.
Summer here and summer there, But where is last year's underwear?

I love brunettes, and hate blonde hair, I don't even like the taxi-fare!

A Shingled Bob.
Aunt to Bobby (2½ years old)—Bobby, do you ever have any fights with anyone?

Bobby—Oh, sure! I fight Sister Betty all the time.

Aunt—Is that so? And who whips? Bobby—Mamma does.
—Mrs. Ray E. Baskett.

OUR OWN HOROSCOPE DEPARTMENT.
Mrs. Etta Gray—If you were born on June 23, Etta, your planet is Gutta Percha, meaning Rubber Tree, the symbol of family life.

Accordingly, you are a Home Body, and yet very ambitious. You will some day be president of the Housewives' League, as you now know 34 crochet stitches and 17 ways of disguising prunes.

All signs indicate that you have travelled extensively, making some days a dozen trips or more from the ice box to the linen closet.

Your lucky day is wash day, and your married life will be very happy, providing you pick a man who doesn't drop cigar ashes on the carpet or forget to wipe his feet on the door mat.

Drowning is not nearly so popular as it used to be. The Life Guards pour coffee down your throat instead of brandy.

Prepared.
Minister—Mrs. Dugan, do you think your husband is prepared for the next world?

Mrs. Dugan—Shure, an' he's been shovelin' coal for twenty years.

The Eternal Triangle.
I sigh.

It's true. When you Pass me by With that guy, Who's proud'n loud, Puffed up like a cloud,

And he thinks he's swell, Though he's just a dumbbell! And a flatterin' liar— A perfect flat tire— Give him the air, O one so fair, Try to care A little For me, Who's Blue For U.

Perfectly Legal!
Hanna—Is yo' legally seprated from your husban'?

Mandy—I sho' is. De jedge done give him five years in jail fo' stealin' chickens'.

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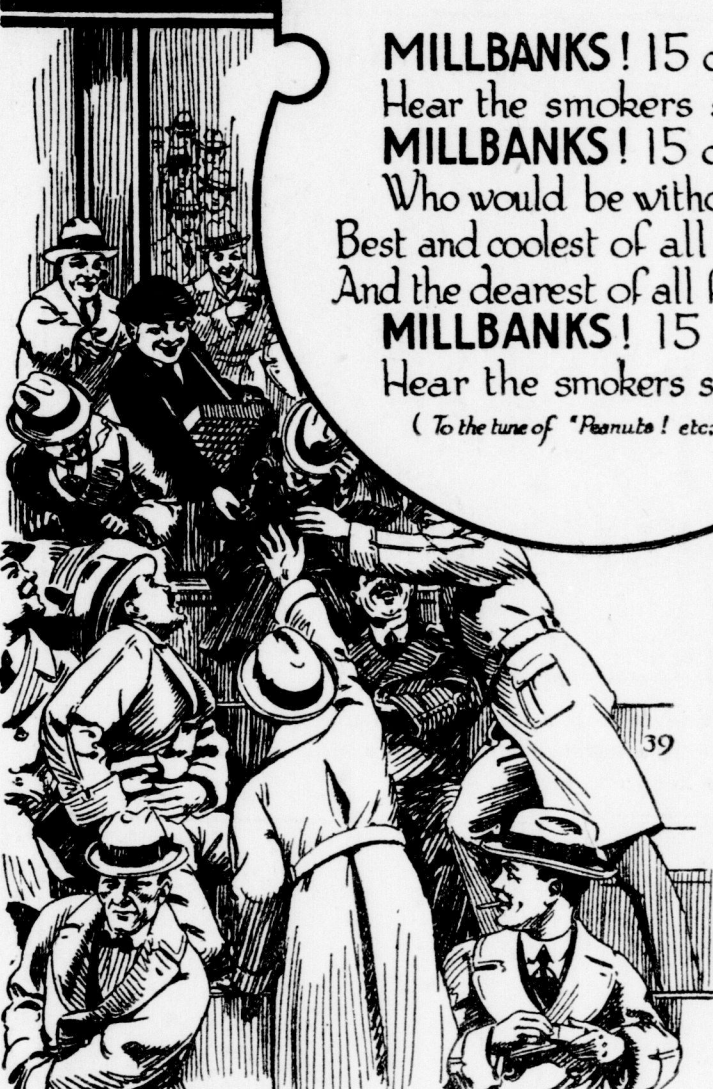
Soft Pickin'.
Farmer—Want a job pickin' apples?

Trump—Yah, if it's pickin' 'em outa apple pies.

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, typed, 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.

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MILLBANKS! 15 cents, Hear the smokers shout. MILLBANKS! 15 cents, Who would be without? Best and coolest of all blends, And the dearest of all friends—MILLBANKS! 15 cents, Hear the smokers shout. (To the tune of "Ranula" etc.)

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—you would have a city relieved of the financial burden of roofing repairs.

—you would have a city protected from damage to property by rain and storm.

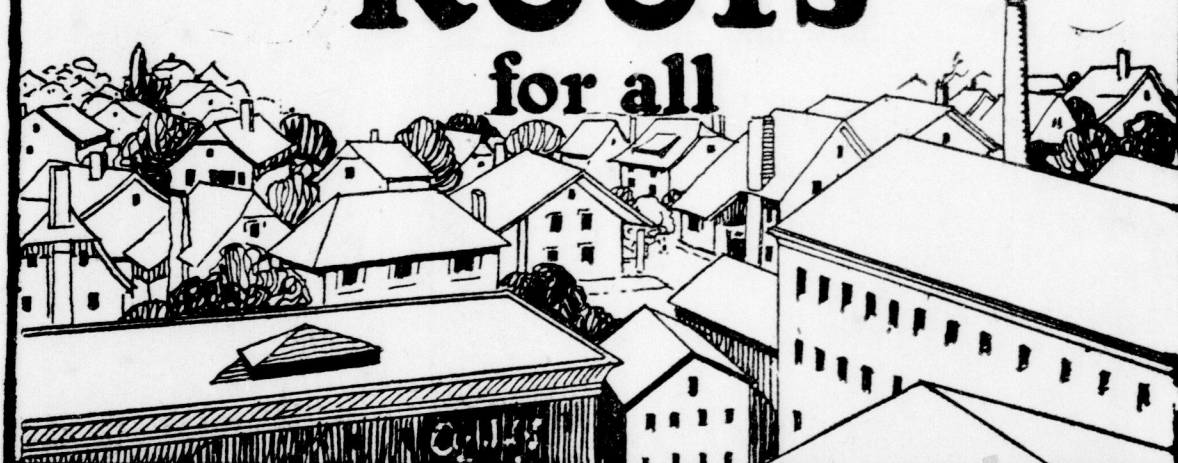
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