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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1924.

### Ramsay MacDonald Invites Germany.

Britain fought Germany from August, 1914, to November, 1918. During that time the whole force of British effort was directed against Germany and all the powers allied with her. There was no attitude of compromise, no let-up in the pursuit of victory. The nation realized it was facing a great crisis, and by the outcome the question would be answered as to Britain's future power or dismemberment.

Today, the premier of Britain is at the headquarters of the League of Nations in Geneva. He points to an empty chair in the conference room, the chair set apart for Germany, and, with full knowledge of what he says, invites Germany to take her place in the world court. There is no reference to the past, nothing to indicate that the victor is beckoning to the vanquished—simply a cordial, sincere invitation from Britain to Germany to enter a league that places arbitration and good-will above war.

The invitation extended to Germany is not the impulse of the moment; rather the culmination of months of ceaseless effort on the part of Ramsay MacDonald. It could not have been extended before the London conference, nor could it have been given had the London conference failed. It was Ramsay MacDonald more than any other individual who made the London conference possible; it was he who, while a sick man himself, went personally to France, who talked all night with Herriot, who faced the hostile element in the French chamber. It was MacDonald who brought the nations together to deal with Germany—MacDonald the negotiator, quiet, determined, the man of the hour, willing to spend all the vitality he could muster that nations might know each other, and in that knowledge find common ground on which to settle problems common to them all.

So it was fitting that it should be Premier Ramsay MacDonald who should rise, amidst the tumultuous applause of all the nations represented, and say of Germany:

"We cannot sit here endlessly with a vacant chair in our midst. The London conference created a new relationship between the rest of Europe and Germany. She should have her seat here."

The training and outlook of Premier MacDonald have fitted him to do a peculiar work for Britain, and what he is doing for Britain he is doing for the world.

It must be a difficult matter for United States, with all these events taking place, to furnish an answer that will explain her continued absence from Geneva. Right now she is preparing to stage a display of militarism under the guise of "Defence Day." In that she is doing nothing new, simply a gesture of proud might that is the counterpart of the goose-steep as Germany used to know it.

United States is content to allow other powers to work for peace and for an understanding between nations, and yet she does not move on past the attitude of indifferent approval and a meaningless assent to it all.

Premier MacDonald pointed to a vacant chair and asked that Germany should fill it. He might very well at the same time have pointed to another vacant chair that belongs to United States, nor is there a man in the republic who could give a satisfactory answer as to why it has been or should continue to be vacant.

### Theories Will Not Provide Work.

The conference on unemployment at Ottawa is fast developing into a debating school, where theories are crowding in so fast that they are destroying the chances of the gathering arriving at conclusions that will be real factors in meeting the situation.

Representatives of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association advanced the idea that the tariff is the key to the whole situation, and if that were substantially increased the problem would be solved. If these representations were made in the way of sincere convictions, backed up by positive facts as proof, it might be possible to conceive that they had a proper place in the discussions at Ottawa.

But where do they fit in now? The gathering at Ottawa is for the purpose of dealing with an immediate situation. It is for the purpose of planning what work can be opened up for this fall and winter. It is not a debating society at all, but a place where practical men shall make practical contributions that can be put into effect at once.

The tariff for 1924 has been arranged; those who talk about a higher tariff being the one thing necessary know that there is no possibility of making changes there now; they knew it before they ever set out for Ottawa.

Moreover, the introduction of the tariff debate, a threadbare academic argument, into a conference where the chief aim is the providing of work right now, will have the effect of creating divisions in the conference along political lines, and a divided camp is something to be avoided above all else.

There is also too much time taken up with the fixing of responsibility for such unemployment as may exist in Canada. Municipalities and provinces seek to show that it is the federal government which should act, while Hon. James Murdock, speaking for the federal government, shoulders the responsibility on the provinces. This attitude is wrong in every sense of the word, and it is a waste of time to pursue such tactics, or to allow them to be pursued. They can have no part in making the conference a success.

There are representatives there from many

industries and from many governments. It must be that these men are at Ottawa with the idea of seeing what they can put into the plan to open up necessary work in various parts of the Dominion. If that were not their idea in going to Ottawa to attend the conference, then it were better that they should not have gone at all.

The plan followed right here in London has done more to help the unemployed than all the discussion that could possibly take place on the subject. London's idea has been to carry on as much work as possible, with the result that the city engineer has a staff of 500 today, whereas the highest payroll last year was 375. If London City Council had taken the attitude that Ottawa or Toronto or some other agency should deal with the problem, there would have been nothing done to deal with the situation. There might have been a great deal of correspondence and a fine display of learned oratory, but all that would not have provided a day's work for anyone outside of a couple of stenographers.

The Ottawa conference must get down to something practical. It must deal with a given problem, and in so doing must meet responsibility fairly rather than dissipate its energies in a futile attempt to attach blame on some person else.

To use an old phrase, the business of "passing the buck" must cease. Let them all, provincial, municipal and federal governments, go seriously to work with the idea of each taking its fair share of the common load. There is no other possible way in which the conference can justify its existence or write the word accomplishment over its deliberations.

### Be Careful of Mushrooms.

Comment on a case in Toronto where death followed eating what was supposed to be edible mushrooms has led to the use of the word "roadstool" to designate the poisonous variety, and "mushroom" the edible kind. Scientific men who have identified and catalogued over 400 various kinds of fungi make no such distinction. They say they are the same thing.

They even go so far as to call a mushroom fruit. It comes from a network of fine fibres underground, the stem and cap of the growth being likened to the stem and pulp of an apple, and the spores, which are secreted in the gills under the cap, are similar to the seeds of the apple—they are the medium of reproduction.

A letter appeared in a Hamilton paper a few days ago stating that the writer had a sure way of telling the edible mushroom from the poisonous variety. His claim was that if the skin could be peeled from the top of the cap, and if there were a ring on the stem below the cap, it was safe to eat. John Dearness, of London, a foremost authority on fungi, says that the same thing can be done with some of the most deadly specimens, so this Hamilton man's sure method has in it a great element of risk.

Some who gather mushrooms have rules of their own. They will tell you that if the growth has white gills, a ring on the stem and a volva (something like the white of an egg) at the base, it is not fit to eat. They seem to build up their own system of detection, and confine their gathering to a few specimens which they have learned to recognize and have found safe and tasty.

Those who know most about such matters state frankly that there are no rules they would care to lay down so that a person who has not studied fungi could go out and distinguish with certain safety between the edible and poisonous plant. There are many varieties growing in this district, one London party of three a short time ago securing as many as 71 distinct types in a day's hunt covering a number of miles.

Picking mushrooms is not a safe occupation for the uninitiated. Unless a person has been observant enough to know for sure what he is gathering, it is much better to leave the thing alone.

### Note and Comment.

Now some one rises to remark that had Babe Ruth lived in ancient times he would have been king of the Hittites.

Two men jumped from a motor car in Windsor, robbed a 12-year-old paper boy of 13 cents, and escaped. Courageous, wasn't it?

Belgian troops are on the way out of the Ruhr. This is a retreat on the part of a former ally that will cause no misgivings.

October 23 is not very far away, and Premier Ferguson should shortly keep his promise to tell the electors exactly what they are going to vote on.

If the Western Fair in London can pull such weather as that handed out to the Toronto exhibition, there will be no chance of the turnstiles growing rusty on their hinges.

Now the story comes of Premier King and Hon. George P. Graham attending a barn dance up in Bruce a few days ago. They can wiggle their feet as well as their tongues.

The Renfrew Mercury is very doubtful about the worth of a "human fly" who wants to climb buildings in that part of the country. If the "human fly" wants to do something worth while just now he can climb up on the straw stack.

Goderich Signal: The London Free Press tries to make a point against the King government by pointing out that the revenue is declining. Not long since the F. P. was berating the government because the revenue had increased, and so much more money had been taken out of the pockets of the people. The London organ is hard to please.

"Geers Day" at West Virginia State Fair was, by a sad coincidence, the last day for "Pop" Geers, the best known horseman of United States. To mark 50 years as a keen and fair reinsman, the day was set aside as "Geers Day," he having announced his intention of retiring. When he made that announcement, "Pop" Geers spoke with greater truth than he imagined.

## Rarebits By Rex

### NEEDS.

What this world needs (all say the same)  
Is peace among the nations,  
And while I don't dispute that claim  
I'd add these observations:  
It needs a brand of castor oil  
That children cannot get ill,  
It needs more men to till the soil  
And less to soil the till.

It needs a pipe that will not clog,  
A bed that can't grow saggy,  
It needs to breed a fearless dog  
And pants that won't get baggy;  
It needs young men who understand  
More about hoes than brassies,  
It needs more men to plow the land  
With plows instead of mashies.

It needs more womenfolk who think  
It's best to squelch their wishes  
For moving pictures when the sink  
Is piled up high with dishes.  
It needs more banter, joy and jest,  
And yet I'll bet two seeds  
That what it needs most is a rest  
From hearing what it needs.

Some people travel through Europe to satisfy their thirst for knowledge. Others to satisfy their thirst.

Mr. Crabb says the popular songs his daughter sings are not popular songs in his house.

If you are accumulating unimportant facts, the information that Mars is 24,000,000 miles from the earth should fit niftily into your collection.

### THE PROFESSIONAL HUMORIST.

"What's the matter?" asked the Professional Humorist, with a gleam in his eye. "Tell me about it."

"It's this way," Mr. Snivel said sadly. "There's a young man in the family paying attention to my wife. He dresses in the very height of fashion, but at heart he's a mean, cruel chap."

"A wolf in sheep's clothing, as it were," interposed the Professional Humorist.

"At first I paid no attention to it," Mr. Snivel went on, ignoring the interruption, "but lately I have fallen for my stenographer and am thinking of a divorce. Yet I shun the publicity. It is very perplexing."

"I see," mused the Professional Humorist, writing furiously on his memorandum pad. "You can't decide whether the dame is worth the scandal."

"Oh, I can't talk here," said Mr. Snivel, miserably. "I've taken a suite at the Tecumseh. Come up there and we'll talk."

The P. H. went on writing. "Go on," he said, dreamily. "I'll meet you in the suite by-and-by."

"Look here," exclaimed the unhappy Snivel. "Are you a sympathetic friend of mine or are you working up a vaudeville act?"

"I am a friend," said the Professional Humorist. "In fact, I am a friend in need; a friend in need of wise cracks. Need—let me see. Needle and pin, needle and pin, when a man marries he starts making gin. That isn't very good, is it? But there ought to be a wise crack in it somewhere. How about k-n-e-a-d? That ought to go somehow or other. I've got it. Kneading dough! Ha-ha-ha! Do you get it, Snivel? A friend in need. A friend kneading dough. Why is a friend in need like a baker? Because he kneas—"

At this point Mr. Snivel drew a revolver and shot the Professional Humorist, went home and killed his wife, set fire to an orphan asylum in the vicinity, and, on his way downtown to the police station, pushed a blind man under a passing street car.

Upon explaining to the jury what had prompted these acts, he was acquitted and given a gold medal.

### We'd Like To Know

Chiefs of the Grand Indian Council of Ontario decide that women can have no vote in the election of a chief.—News Note.

These sons of brave red men they meet, and sit in council now and then, decidin' that the women folks be not the equal of their men.

What lumps of courage it must take when livin' here in '24, to quietly man the votin' booth and on the women close the door. While Indian women cook the meals, and pick the corn and weed the oats, the white man stands upon a stump a-pleadin' for the women's votes.

It must be great to be a chief where laws like that are made to stick, and have no fear of gettin' whacked with rollin' pin or half a brick. To say unto the women folks, here, scamper off onto your job, you hoe the weeds from off the patch and drive the turkeys on the sod, and send the kids along to school and 'tend to things while I'm away, because we men are masters here, we're goin' to choose a chief today.

And if the women came around with humble gait and tremblin' pace, why all they'd get would be a chance to squint in through the keyhole place.

Come gather 'round, you pale-faced men, let's learn from these here Indian men the secret of their brave decree that we regain our ground again.

We'd like to talk a spell with you, an ancient and a noble tribe, come tell us many things to-day, how do you keep your ancient pride?

And do you use your wives real rough and take 'em by the hair and say, "Here woman, get to work on this, and feed the horses corn and hay, and don't you dare talk back or whine, the man who's runnin' you is me, and if you don't do what I say I'll spank you soundly 'cross my knee."

Come Mr. Indian, tell us now, we'll sit around you in a ring, we whites is dyin' for to know just how it is you work the thing.—ARK.

### Press Comment

#### It's Father Who Gets Trimmed.

The most badly fooled person is not the woman who thought her hair wouldn't be any more trouble after it was bobbed. The real joke is on the husband who thought there wouldn't be any more expense.—Kansas City Star.

#### Service In Gallons.

Rockefeller says he is grateful for the opportunity of being of service to his fellow men. You've noticed the stations, of course.—St. Paul Dispatch.

#### Would Be Mutton By Now.

Mary had a little lamb, it would have meant financial disaster to Mary had she ordered more at present market quotations.—Ottawa Journal.

#### What Fun the Farmer Has.

A farmer gets up at 4 a.m. and hurries through the day's work so he will have time after 9 o'clock in the evening to read a paper about how he could make money if he farmed more intensively.—Detroit News.

## Dr. Frank Crane

### THE DOG.

Some time ago I published an article which was almost entirely another's opinion and in direct quotation, but which has aroused antagonism against myself.

The article was published because the opinions were so unusual and bizarre, but I must have reckoned without the limitations of the public for they seem to have leaped to the conclusion that the opinions were my own and not those of another.

As a matter of fact it was on the subject of "Dogs," and those who deal with that subject are up against a solid wall of sentiment which they will be unable to move.

I am not so far removed from my fellowmen that I am indifferent to what concerns them, and I know that that which lies nearest their hearts is not made of logic but of sentiment. All the reason in the world falls when it comes to a mother and her child, a lad and his lass and a man and his dog.

Dogs interest us mostly because they are a natural and simple expression of love and loyalty. Masterlinck says that the dog is the only animal in the world that loves a man. All the arguments which we bring forward fall to the ground before one honest look of his eyes.

And then a dog is the only animal that wags his tail as an expression of pleasure. Others may wag it for other reasons, but the dog does so only because he is happy.

Furthermore, a dog likes you for yourself alone. It makes no difference whether you are the president of the United States or a hobo, his affection is just as genuine and unstained.

A love of this kind is not to be despised. To think that the most amazing for a little of the common currency of attention, is amazing kindness. And no money, nor fame, nor position, would draw to itself that attachment which is shown by a dog to the meaneast of men.

Speaking of the meaneast of men, it has been said that no man is so low but that he can find a woman to love him, and it is certainly true that no man is so low that he cannot find a dog to follow him.

I do not blame my correspondents for bridling up, although they might have exercised a little more discrimination. Any attack upon the dog, who is the best friend of man, notwithstanding that his companionship is associated with certain dangers, will be resented. What are dangers compared with the privilege of such unmatched affection?



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