

## The London Advertiser

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THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1924.

### Starting and Stopping a Debate.

An interesting point in parliamentary procedure came up at Ottawa, when it was demonstrated that 20 members, a minority of the House, could change the subject under debate, bring in a matter to which the majority objected, and do it all with the sanction of Mr. Speaker and in accordance with recognized rules of parliament.

The Commons was prepared in its afternoon session to go ahead with the discussion on church union, a matter that had been waiting long enough. Sir Henry Drayton was anxious to have a chance to bring the question of the postal strike up for debate.

A ruling that is not often used was brought to bear on the subject. Sir Henry claimed the postal strike in Toronto was of serious national importance, and as evidence stated that letters he had written to Toronto had not been delivered. In such a case the Speaker reads to the House the statement of the matter to be discussed, and asks if the member has the leave of the House. If objection is taken, the Speaker requests those supporting the bringing up of the matter (in this case the postal strike) to rise in their places, and if more than 20 members rise the Speaker calls upon the member who has asked leave to speak.

There were several protests from members of the House, some of whom could not grasp the idea of any 20 men in a chamber of almost 12 times that number foisting their wish on the majority. The remarks of some in the way of request for information leads to the belief that they did not know of the existence of the rule.

Yet it was done. When 20 Conservatives stood in support of Sir Henry Drayton's desire to speak on the postal strike, while the majority of the members would have voted to go on with the church union debate, Sir Henry was given the floor of the House. The debate he started was fairly relevant at first, but tapered off into a sort of Alice in Wonderland affair, when Mr. Martell introduced a motion, as little used as the one by which the debate was started, his wording being: "That the House do now proceed to the Orders of the Day." That really meant that the debate must stop and the regular business be proceeded with. More questioning drew from Mr. Speaker the ruling that the motion was quite in order, and was carried by a majority of 120 to 45.

Thus a debate that was started on the vote of 20 against the rest of the House was stopped by a majority of 120 to 45. All of which goes to show that parliamentary procedure is a fairly complex thing, and not nearly as simple as some might imagine.

### A Pig Wrecks a Car.

A peculiar accident occurred near Wallaceburg when a touring car with five occupants was thrown into the ditch from striking a pig that walked in front of the car. Motorists know that it is no use attempting to try conclusions with a cow, for the effect is about the same as running into a stone wall, but the idea of the lowly pig putting a car in a ditch with such force as to smash it badly and send several of the passengers to the hospital is a development that many motorists have probably never considered.

One of the oldest auto dealers in London, who has had a long experience with cars, states that he has known cars that were ditched with bad results from running into a good-sized dog. His viewpoint is interesting. "I would rather," he states, "run into a cow than a pig, going at the same speed in both cases. Running into a cow would certainly stop you and perhaps wreck the front of your car, but the machine would stay on the road. Running into a smaller animal such as a pig is worse because it is much the same as striking a big stone, which will throw the car to one side and probably into the ditch. In the case of the cow the machine stops right there; in the case of the pig it is hard to say where it will stop. My experience is to let either the cow or the pig have all the right-of-way it desires, for one can never tell when they will come from the side and walk directly across the road."

### In the Name of Religion.

How is it that a person with peculiar ideas in regard to religious matters can always find a following?

Just now London, England, has placards calling for the mysterious box left by Joanna Southcott, over a hundred years ago. This box is said to contain certain writings that will save London from an impending disaster, and a petition bearing the names of 12,000 London women has been sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury urging him to use his office for the discovery of the mysterious box which must be opened in the presence of twenty-four bishops in keeping with the will of Joanna the prophetess.

Joanna Southcott has been dead 110 years. Working in her earlier years as a domestic servant, she became convinced that she was a prophetess and began the circulation of her writings, many of them in rhyme. Before she died she had a following of over 100,000 calling themselves the Southcottians or the Joannas. Following her death the sect faded and dwindled, and nothing more might have been heard of her but for an explosion in 1874 that shattered the tombstone that was erected over her grave, she having died from brain disease.

Yet there are thousands today, some of them probably sincere, others nudged on by curiosity,

calling for the opening of some old box that this rattle-brained individual was supposed to have left telling how London might be saved from impending disaster.

Just what the disaster is no one seems to know, but they want to be saved from it just the same.

The story of the Joannas can be duplicated in any country. It is only a few months ago that the leader of the House of David was chased from his cozy quarters in Michigan. He was a miserable fakir from first to last, but he was able to prey upon the religious instinct, or its substitute, and drag a number of people into his net. Their property became his property, and in the end he was proven to be a moral leper and a despicable thief. Yet he was enabled to carry on right under the eye of the law, whereas he should have been taken by the scuff of the neck or by his long hair and shoved into common jail.

People who are otherwise normal seem to possess a weak spot that is open for the approach of some new leader who claims to have been struck with a new ray of light, or hit with a vision that the rest of the world has been denied. There is a big corner in the world's graveyard for the tombstones of faddists and freaks and sometimes plain swindlers who have waxed fat on the frailties of human nature to scamper off when some new leader crooks his finger.

### The Houses People Live In.

Assessment Commissioner Bennett believes that people should live in houses that have some bearing on the size of their income. Probably it's an old-fashioned idea the commissioner has picked up, but its revival is not a mistake.

An assessment commissioner has a better chance of looking over the field than most people. It is his business to poke into people's affairs to a certain extent, and if there is to be free warning and advice now and then, it should come from an authority.

Mr. Bennett takes the case of a house assessed at \$7,000, while the owner's income is \$1,400 per year. The regular taxes and special charges against such a property would not be far removed from \$300, which is \$25 per month. Then he has his investment to look after, and a house assessed at \$7,000 would probably be held for at least \$9,000. At six per cent there is another \$540, or \$45 in all at a very conservative estimate, which is \$70 per month. According to the old rules of housekeeping if a man were to pay \$70 a month for a house he should be making a salary of \$3,640 a year, or as much per week as his rent per month.

The trouble is that the huddled-up way in which too many are living, and the high prices asked for many small houses, has forced people to get away from a safe basis, where they can carry a load that balances their carrying power. Keeping up too big a house is forced on some people, and with it the problem of building a fence in the premises and renting part of the place.

Apart from that the advice of the assessment commissioner is sound. Debt and financial worry take most of the glamor off a too big house. The less pretentious place that can be easily handled stands a better chance of romping off with the sweepstakes in the race for joy, happiness and sweet content.

### As the Prince of Wales Sees Canada.

The Prince of Wales will visit his ranch in Western Canada this fall. His reason for so doing makes rather a human statement. He finds the great open spaces of the west a real tonic, and he sees Canada as "a great, clean country, full of hope and confidence in the future."

That is as fine a compliment as could be paid to the Dominion, "a great, clean country, full of hope and confidence in the future."

### Note and Comment.

A \$5,000 wife in a \$3,000 car is quite a strain on a \$2,000 income.

Many people never know they want a thing until they see some person else with it.

This business of "running water in every room" at summer resorts may simply mean that the roof leaks.

A doctor who wrote an article on the food value of prunes has been described by a boarder as being full of his subject.

Democrats have about as serious a time choosing a candidate as people have deciding where they'll go for the summer.

With mother at the barber shop and father finishing a close end at bowling, well, the domestic schedule is away out of kilter.

When the maid has been in the house long enough to begin to feel sorry for the husband it's high time she looked for another job.

A new device enables police to send thumbprints by telephone. The average thief prefers to leave footprints a couple of laps ahead of the officer.

Scientists have been digging up old bones in France, and now state that cannibals used to live there. The Germans are of the opinion that the scientists are correct.

Virginia and Carolina grew \$25,000,000 worth of peanuts last season, the growers no doubt knowing that an election was pending. Peanuts and politics—and throw the shells on the floor.

Public utilities commission in London says that people have used 30,000,000 gallons of water less in June than previously. Or would it be more correct to say that they are using as much as ever, but wasting less?

The U. S. Progressives are to gather in Cleveland to name a candidate for president. The party has a past, principally because Roosevelt came to power through it. La Follette can hardly repeat the performance.

## Dr. Frank Crane

### THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

A symbolic event took place the other day when the Queen of Belgium walked up to the ballot box and dropped in her vote.

It was noticed by most newspaper readers with a curious smile, and possibly mentioned over the coffee cups as a picturesque item, but really it was significant and worth turning over in the mind.

It marks the utter passage of the old order. Kings and queens and all the Lord's anointed are certainly not what they used to be.

Imagine Abdul the Damned or Louis the Magnificent waiting in line at the polls, or picture the Prussian Kaiser or the Russian czar standing up to be counted!

Sometimes we grow peevish and inclined to think the old world is getting sour, that it's the twilight of the gods, the rich own the earth, and little son Tommy is entering upon a world game with the cards stacked against him.

Where are our liberties? We ask, and its' Oh for the good old merry days so light and gay!

Then a little thing like a Queen voting brings us up with a jerk.

And there comes to mind what we have read: Of Grand seigneurs of Bourbon days deflowering a mother's child, flanking the horror-stricken parent a purse of gold and riding away singing raptatlap, raptatlap.

Of noble lords of Charles Stuart's day ordering his bullocks to flog the impertinent tradesman for daring to send in his bill.

Of Richard's summary command, "Off with his head!" and then chorline, "So much for Buckingham!"

Of Le Roi Soleil, the magnificent old lecher, who lounged through the barbaric splendors of Versailles, played with wantons at Trianon, and said, "The State? I am the State," neither did anybody deny him.

Of the imperious Hapsburgs riding down peasant children in the street and insulting ladies in the cafe while their escorts stood respectfully at attention.

Of Russian grand dukes flogging moujiks for daring to complain of sickness, and Cossacks shooting down the assembled people who had the temerity to present a petition.

Of slave drivers tying black men to whipping posts and selling their little ones into bondage. Of all the cruel, dirty, cowardly and unjust antics of privileged scoundrels and crowned perverts.

Of all the unhuman tascals upon thrones that, halloed by superstition, exalted by tradition and protected by soldiers, have trampled their gluttonous way through honest human wheat, defiling what they could not destroy.

And of how children were taught to honor them, how bishops consecrated them, how decent men accepted them as a matter of course and struggled for their favors.

How Goethe lived upon a noble's bounty like any lackey, Mozart cooled his heels like a milliner's maid in the antechamber of simpering duchesses that his divine genius might get a hearing.

Of how for long centuries, from generation to generation, mankind has been lulled, bunned and browbeaten by the ancient delusion of hereditary nobility.

And then when we see her royal highness voting, alongside the millman's wife and the grocer's clerk,

We are forced to conclude that the world does move, and that in spite of the fact that the banker lives in a fine house and we live in a walkup flat,

That Mary Pickford makes a thousand dollars or so a day while our Rachel works harder and only gets fifteen a week,

That Wall street gentlemen control millions while we have difficulty in holding our jobs,

In fine, that some are still rich and dress in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day, while others must hustle mightily to pay the rent.

In spite of it all, and for a' that and a' that, it's a better world than it was.

Children have a better chance and shed fewer tears. Young men and maidens have cleaner dreams and a finer romance.

It's no such disgrace and stigma as it used to be to be a workman.

That the winds of liberty blow free, from the Statue of Liberty to the Golden Gate.

And that altogether out of the blood and grime and dust and disease of the past there is pushing up the white flower of Hope.

Anyhow, it's not so bad as it was. The queen votes.

## Mary and John

Yes, Mary went into the sea, while John he stayed close to his home, he couldn't see no fun at all in listenin' to the waters moan.

His wife was young, a sprightly thing, the seashore dudes spread out their dough, they tumbled o'er themselves to rise each way that Mary chose to go. Yes she had caught them by the nose, a merry widow said they all, and planned each one to marry her between the summer and the fall.

While Mary in these giddy times, she stabbed her pen into the ink, and as she penned some words to John into her eye there came a wink.

'Twas thus she wrote to John at home, "My dear, I'm feeling blue today, life seems a dull and dreary thing when John from Mary gets away. But I am resting at this place, my nervous system's been made new, I'm longing for the day to come when I'll be turning back to you."

While Mary's campin' by the sea John is no more an also-ran, for John is kickin' up the deuce, he is a wild and giddy man.

He doesn't sit upon the porch and mourn because his wife's away, he's provin' when the cat's gone off the mice will start in for to play. For John he's wearin' the sea John is no more an also-ran, for John is kickin' up the deuce, he is a wild and giddy man.

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## The Fun Shop

### The Connoisseur.

We heard a man at the theatre the other day raving thus: "What beautiful creature! How graceful in their motion! How pleasing to the eye! Isn't that one a 'pippin'! And will you please look at that one with the pink back? And that one with the—"

Right here we better explain. The man was in the lobby, and he was admiring the goldfish.

### Noble of Her.

Mabel—"So he kissed you against your will? Did you slap him, like he deserved?"

Ethel—"No, I remembered what the Bible teaches, and turned the other cheek."

### ALL SET.

I lowered my eyes to hers, and which was a glinty shine, and when they met—

Her lips were set, and also, my friends, were mine.

### Well Fed.

Jones—"How was your garden this year?"

Hawkins—"Great. My neighbor's chickens took first prize at the poultry show."

A Little Boy's Essay on the Radio. The radio is a wonderful invention. It is the one thing in the house at which father can talk freely.

It is the thing which baby brother does not carry all over the house and lose.

The radio is the only one in the house who can howl as much as he wants and not be taken to the woodshed. It is a thing father likes because shoes do not eternally have to be bought for it.

### The Finishing Touch.

Jane (applying the lipstick and studying the effects)—"Are my lips the right shade?"

Bob—"Yes, if you will let me touch them up a little."

### LONELY.

By Grief Crawford. Daddy's at the golf club, Sis at matinee. Mother has her face all plastered up with clay.

Grandpa's at the drug store. Uncle's on a tear. Grandma's at the barber shop to bob her hair.

Gee a kid is lonely. Living now-a-days. With his folks a-chasing. Every foolish creature. House is big and quiet. My, but ain't it still!

Guess I'll duck my school. And smoke another pill.



College Bread Is Often a Four Years' Loaf.

Our Inquisitive Reporter spoke to every Chinaman in our town asking if they played mah jong, but they told him they don't play any foreign games.

FAMOUS LAST LINES. Agent: "Is your father in?" Son (whose father just returned from golf course): "He's all in."

Crafty, Eh, What? "Will you," said the sailor, "marry me?" Once again, I ask you, my tot." She replied: "For the tenth time this hour I want to tell you: I will not."

Undaunted by her final answer, He replied, though feeling blue, "Ten knots in an hour is not so bad. For a trim little craft like you!"

Reverse English. A stout man hurried out from his home, ran to the corner, but reached it a second late to catch a passing street car. As he stood there panting and glaring at the fast disappearing car, a kind-hearted policeman inquired: "Were you trying to catch that car, sir?"

"No," replied the fat man angrily, "I was just chasing it away from the corner."

AMPHIBIAN ROMANCE. By Robert W. Seicer. A tree toad loved a she toad. That lived up in a tree; She was a three-toed tree toad. But a two-toed toad was he.

The two-toed tried to win. The she toad's friendly nod. For the two-toed tree toad loved the ground. That the three-toed tree toad trod.

But vainly the two-toed tree toad tried— He couldn't please her whim; In her tree toad bower with her veto power. The she toad vetoed him.

It Made Him Cuss and Swear. Clergyman—"I brought back this second-hand car I bought from you last week. It's too shaky and noisy."

Dealer—"What's the trouble? Can't you run it?" Clergyman—"Not and stay in the misery."

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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

### Recalls Former Days.

Resident of Cincinnati Tells of Times Spent in London Many Years Ago.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir—"Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who newer to himself hath said, this is my own, my native land?"

Having lived in Cincinnati for nearly twenty years, it occurred to me, after the incident related in my letter of last week, that many an interesting thing might be told that would amuse the younger generation as well as the older in London of things that belong to forty years ago, as well as happenings since that day in November, '84, when I went to Chatham, never knowing that it would be the last time I should know London as my home.

Several years ago I called on an old gentleman I had some acquaintance with, and incidentally asked him how he had enjoyed his summer vacation with his son in Canada, and mentioned that I was born in Canada, in London. He said in reply that he had crossed the ocean in 1864, with a man from London named Adams, who was a wagonmaker, and I had then to say, "Why, my grandfather was a wagonmaker in London." In my early days I used to go often to the wagon factory located on the corner of Ridout and Fullerton, occupying, as I recollect, about a quarter of the entire block. Grandfather John Plummer died in 1877, and Uncle John Plummer carried on the business until about the time I left London. He was president of the Western Fair Board and the Baseball Club, and I believe was well liked.

Ephraim Plummer, after whom I was named, is now living in New York, retired. I was talking to another man here one day, and after knowing him for ten or twelve years, found out that he was also from London, about 62 years, having come to Cincinnati when about 20 years old. He is now 82 years old and retired, after having been quite successful in the planing mill business. I enjoy making an occasional visit with him, and he seems to enjoy them too.

His name is Andrew Morrison. Still another is Robert Atkinson, who has been here longer than Mr. Morrison.

I asked Mr. Atkinson if he knew Andrew Morrison one day, because I knew Atkinson had belonged to the Canadian Association when we had one about eighteen years ago, and it turned out that Atkinson was also a near-Londoner, having come from Biddulph, Yours sincerely, E. P. ANDREW.

Cincinnati, O., June 28.

### ARVA

Special to The Advertiser. Arva, July 2.—At the close of the public school at No. 15, London Township, on Monday, the pupils presented their teacher, Miss Winters, who has resigned with a beautiful set of silver knives.

Rev. H. J. Creasey, Methodist minister here, leaves for his new circuit at Comber this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lou McClary have returned after a week's auto trip through the United States.

Domestics are in demand through Advertiser "Want" ads, and if you desire a position of this nature it would be advisable to consult them.

**DENTYNE GUM**  
Benefits just as much as it pleases.  
Whitens the Teeth

**DENTYNE GUM**  
The Gum in the Red Wrapper

**BUY ADVERTISED GOODS**  
They Must Always Give Full Value

**Back to Stonewall Jackson Cigar**

**It is rumored McLaughlin-Buick is making a "new" six**

**you'll know FRIDAY**