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TUESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1924.

Vote or Be Punished.

Should Canadian citizens be compelled to vote? The Union of Canadian Municipalities thinks so, and in assembly at Windsor has passed a resolution to that effect.

An increasing apathy on the part of the public toward all elections can scarcely be denied, but the wisdom of the compulsory vote is less easily accepted.

At the present time the citizen who votes does so from sense of duty combined with interest in the result. His or her choice is made with some degree of thought and with some responsibility. The very fact that the vote is voluntary means that the voters themselves are selected: the interested and thoughtful from the indifferent and careless.

To herd all persons to the polling booth and to make them vote on questions in which they have no sincere interest would be quite as likely to arouse perversity as to develop sense of duty. It seems possible, in fact, that even the voluntary interest which had previously existed among the few might be destroyed by the irksomeness of compulsion, and the result of the election would be far from expressing the thoughtful choice of electors who knew what they were doing.

A small poll is a misfortune of our quality of citizenship. But the will of a voluntary and intelligent minority seems both safer and wiser than the grab-bag choice of an indifferent and irritated majority voting under compulsion.

The proposed cure appears to be more dangerous than the disease.

Hon. Frank Carvell.

In the passing of Hon. Frank B. Carvell death has snatched a fine figure from Canadian public life. For fifteen years the late Mr. Carvell's name has been associated with big events in the politics of this country, and his unexpected death removes another virile link in the chain that connected modern political thought with the achievements and traditions of Laurier Liberalism.

The loss of Hon. Mr. Carvell to New Brunswick, in whose interests he fought and for whose well-being he labored through years of representation at Ottawa, will be substantial. A friend and intimate of Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the closing and most productive years of the late leader's life, Mr. Carvell reflected much that was lovable and worthy in the great chiefdom whom he followed, until a difference in political conviction caused a parting of the ways.

It was only after carefully weighing the issues at stake that Mr. Carvell, in 1917, decided to accept the invitation of Sir Robert Borden to join the Union government as minister of public works. Previous to this he had attained national distinction through his instigation of an inquiry into Premier Fleming's governmental record in New Brunswick. The investigation unearthed a scandal which necessitated Premier Fleming's resignation and paved the way for a cleaning up of corrupt practices in the public life of provincial politicians.

It was freely acknowledged that Mr. Carvell could have become prime minister of his home province, but he preferred the wider field of federal politics. In 1904 he was elected to the Dominion Parliament by Carleton County, a seat which he was to hold without interruption for fifteen years.

Mr. Carvell had personality plus and a facility of expression that made him a powerful opponent in public debate. Training in law developed in him the keen, incisive qualities of speech which make orators. He was never seen to better advantage as when he was tearing the arguments of his adversaries to shreds, an art which, when supported by strong conviction, came naturally to him.

"Fighting Frank" is what Mr. Carvell's admirers called him. The name was descriptive of a forceful, rugged character that combined rare political acumen with executive ability. As chairman of the board of railway commissioners for Canada he fulfilled his duties intelligently and well, and a successor of his calibre will be hard to find.

That Printing Tender.

The finance committee of the city council has rejected Mayor Wenige's effort to conduct an investigation into the letting of the tender for printing the voters' lists. The attitude of Aldermen McKay, Anderson and Douglas, who opposed the mayor, was that the council has already made its decision and that the matter is therefore beyond the committee's jurisdiction. While this point of view is technically correct, it is unfortunate that the affair must remain in its present unsatisfactory condition. The letting of tenders is a delicate business. It is the spending of public money, and any flavor of patronage or of mismanagement breeds increasing distrust.

In this case there appears to have been only a misunderstanding, but it has given rise to a charge of irregularity from Aldermen Greer and Towe which should be cleared by a complete explanation.

The tender for printing the lists was let by the council last week to a local firm. The city clerk, not being a printer and knowing nothing of the technical phraseology of the trade, asked one of the city printers to draw up a schedule on which tenders could be submitted. This was

done, and two tenders were received, one of them being from the man who had drawn up the schedule. When the tenders were opened it was found that they were calculated on different interpretation of this schedule as to the size of the printed page.

In spite of this, however, the city council let the tender to the firm which made the lowest tender (being told by the chairman of the finance committee that this tender was actually the lowest in practice), which happened to be that of the man drawing up the schedule.

Now the second firm expresses dissatisfaction, claiming that it tendered a price in reality lower than its competitor, and that it complied with every other regulation asked by the council.

There appears to be justice in the complaint, and it is to be hoped that it may result in more businesslike handling of future tenders.

Elixirs and Wars.

Last Saturday British scientists listened to an address from Prof. E. Smith of Birmingham, in which he predicted the disintegration of Canada into separate countries. At the same time, Rear-Admiral W. L. Rogers, of the United States, told an audience of Americans that his country would launch a war of aggression against Canada before the end of this century for the purpose of securing territory to accommodate the anticipated increase in United States population.

And while these two speakers outlined their startling theories, another celebrity, Prof. Julian Huxley of Oxford, was telling members of the Ontario College of Education that the time was coming when the perpetuation of life would be an established fact. Already, he said, science has given the flat worm eternal life. So why not human beings?

All three statements created a profound impression in scientific circles. Canada, Prof. Smith claims, is split up into communities, whose interests are so foreign to the interests of neighboring communities that the time will arrive when each community, or province, will segregate itself and establish separate boundaries, separate habits, and a separate government. Canada will then be sub-divided into distinct nationalities, just as Europe is today.

About the time this transformation takes place, "American hordes" will invade these different countries, exterminate some of them, and purloin their territories "to take care of overpopulation in America." This, according to Rear-Admiral Rogers.

Both Prof. Smith and the rear-admiral believe these horrible exigencies will come to pass within 75 years. But Prof. Huxley thinks the elixir of life, which has already proven successful in the case of the flat worm, will be equally effective with human beings "within a short period." If this be true, America's population will double long before the end of the 20th century, and, assuming the Rogers hypothesis correct, within the lifetime of people now on earth.

The whole thing is a bit intricate, but it suggests some extraordinary possibilities. If American armies invade Ontario, will Quebec, a separate country, come to Ontario's assistance? What will the republic of British Columbia do if the kingdom of Alberta is invaded? Will the Bluesoes of the Maritimes ally themselves with the American hordes?

Unless Prof. Huxley's elixir can be used on members of the human race, it is not likely that the other two theories will ever graduate out of the good joke class. The average citizen is not worried over what is likely to happen to his progeny 100 years from now.

It is interesting to speculate, however, on the effect, perpetuation of human life would have. With ten times the present population on earth, life would be very miserable. According to H. G. Wells, savagery and animalism would supplant civilization. In the eternal quest for food, cannibalism would be introduced, and men would keep on extirpating each other, until the products of the soil would be sufficient for all to live.

These conclusions seem as logical as any. They at least justify Wells' belief that an elixir of life, if discovered, would, in reality, produce more misery than happiness.

Note and Comment

La Follette is the leader of a bloc in the Republican party. Does this mean that the gentleman is a block-head?

The Hessian Landtag has indorsed a law providing for the sterilization of the criminally insane. This is an extreme to which the most radical of Britain's Labor members have not yet aspired.

The "stop" sign at the corner of Wharncliffe road and the Pipe Line road is an excellent idea, but motorists are not regarding it. It is time that the order was enforced and penalties imposed for negligence.

Mayor Wenige wants to keep flappers under 18 out of dance halls unless parents are with them. Perhaps it is unkind, but one is compelled to wonder whether Mr. Wenige is looking for an excuse to attend.

An analysis of the German death rate during the war shows that men between 20 and 25 years of age suffered most heavily. Between 1913 and 1915 the mortality between those ages jumped from 4.4 per thousand to 66.9. During the two following years it decreased, but rose in 1918 to 88.8. For women between 20 and 25 years of age the death rate increase did not start until 1917, when the scarcity of food, coal and other supplies was reaching a climax.

It now develops that Loeb is "childish and not subject to restraint." The murder of young Franks was merely a boyish prank which should not be judged too sternly. What a travesty or intelligence! The dignity of British justice was never built upon so flimsy a foundation. The burlesque in Chicago is a demonstration of cheap faking which should make Americans do some thinking about the dishonesty of their attitude toward law and justice. Cleverness is an unsafe substitute for integrity.

Rarebits By Rex

WHO WON THE WAR?

Half a dozen patriotic sailors argued me and more on the age-old, idiotic question of who won the war. Said the Englishman, "It's certain that our grand old navy made Germany ring down the curtain. Through Great Britain's great blockade."

Jean, the Frenchman, cried, "Assistance of much worth you British gave, but without our French resistance you would all be in your grave." Said the Yank, "I'm slow on boasting, but the experts all agree. That the Yank supplied the roasting That brought final victory."

At these words Italian Tony Smashed the Yankee on the nose, Smothered him in macaroni. While the Frenchman bit his toes. In two seconds all were lying. Prene and wounded on the floor, And the question's still a question, Who (please tell us) won the war?

"Hades is here!"—church sign. To those who have suffered from the current heat this is obvious.

"The thing I miss most in English newspapers," writes a citizen in old London, "is Mayor Wenige's picture."

"To save your hair," advises an American physician, "wear nightcaps." He probably means "drink them."

We know a woman who buys her husband strong cigars because, she says, strong ones don't break in his pocket.

HYPER-MODERN POETRY.

Quite matchless are her dark brown i i i i, She talks with perfect e e e e, And when I tell her she is y y y y, She says I am a t t t t.

Whether the weather be cold, Whether the weather be hot, We must weather the weather, Whatever the weather, Whether we like it or not.

He arranged yesterday for a d8, So they dined all alone at 8, Then, he asked, as they 8, If he'd tell him his f8, When they 8 t8-a-t8 at 8.

The most unlucky people, in our opinion, are the happy-go-lucky ones.

A young lady writes to ask what steps should be taken to have a poem published in a magazine. In reply we would suggest that the surest way is first to purchase a controlling interest in the magazine. Then have yourself selected editor. After this, if you bribe the printer and watch the press while the epic is being run off, you are fairly sure of getting the poem published.

WEEK-END PLEASURES.

Driving a motor all day to get somewhere you don't want to be in order to breathe a sigh of relief when you get home.

Dr. Frank Crane

The Disconnection of Sleep

The art of going to sleep is the art of disconnection.

Being awake is being alive to our surroundings and susceptible to them. Whenever these surroundings are of such a nature as to require our attention we cannot sleep. When we can leave our environment and become lost in vagaries, then only can we acquire sleepfulness.

Sleep is a bath of the soul which it needs every so often and without which the nerves become frayed. Probably there is no other question that interests so many people as the question of going to sleep. Those who can drop to sleep at any moment, as was said of Napoleon, are rare indeed. Most of us need conducive surroundings.

Surroundings which are conducive are those which enable us to leave them and wander off into the field of dreams.

It will be found by most people that surroundings become negligible only when they are customary, when we have become so habituated to them that they no longer require our attention.

There are some who can sleep amid the noise of the city because those noises are usual and everything takes place as expected. They cannot go to sleep apart from these noises because they have become insensible and part of their subconsciousness, and are necessary to forgetfulness.

There are others who cannot sleep except under conditions of quiet such as are found in the country or far away from bustling tram cars or buses.

As many people will be found in the one class as in the other. The ability to go to sleep depends upon one's ability to disconnect himself from what is actually taking place around him.

Many have been awakened by the sudden stopping of the clock. The cause is that they have accustomed themselves to the ticking of the timepiece and its silence, being unusual, calls their attention to it. Thus it will be found that they can sleep with the clock ticking by them but cannot sleep without it.

Thus it will be seen that the sudden cessation of noise acts as quickly to call us awake as the sudden beginning of noise and it all depends on that to which we have accustomed ourselves.

Whatever else sleep is it seems to be the vanishing of the mind into the distance, and one cannot merge into dreamland unless the present has retreated and he is enabled thus to let it go.

The question of going to sleep is an important one. Those in the full tide of health will probably require no assistance, while those afflicted with nervousness need every hint that they can get.

A sound sleep leaves us refreshed and equipped for the day, but a sleepless night is wearing to the nerves.

Press Comment

The Christian nations are those that have churches to stay away from on Sunday.—Detroit Free Press.

A soft answer turneth away wrath, but it encourages bores to call you up on the telephone.—Detroit Free Press.

A scientist has traced the origin of the domestic cat back to Egypt. The wild cat, however, is believed to have descended from the blue sky.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Belleville has opened its new Corby baths. They may do more for the health of the community than the old internal bath of the "Corby" variety.—Toronto Telegram.

The Fun Shop

MRS. NOAH.

Oh, Mrs. Noah, let us think a while. If any woman ever had a trial in marriage her husband, it was she.

For on the land or on the rolling sea, Old Captain Noah was a peppy salt. Who wanted folks to halt when he said halt.

But Mrs. Noah was no hand to cry When hubby issued orders, "Aye, sir, aye!"

When he brought home the blue prints of the ark, The war began: each day from dawn till dark

And far into the night the battle raged. She didn't like the way the snakes were caged.

Why couldn't he put up a stairway where He had it planned to stow the polar bear?

Why park beside her bedroom Mr. Skunk? The whole arrangement of the ark was bunk.

And as for buzz and creeping things no sir, She wouldn't have them on the ark with her.

But Noah went ahead with saw and axe And fixed the boat as he wanted it; Then when he had his cargo beaded down,

He told her she could come aboard—or grown.

The Wrong Method.

Ethel—Mabel can't understand why the fellows at the beaches never flirt with her.

Clara—Why should they? She's an expert swimmer and likes to show off.

DARK AND BRIGHT.

He signalled till there was no doubt He had abused the cheering cup; He drove home with his car lights out,

Though he himself was all lit up.

TOUGH LUCK.

He called her sweet and turtle dove And other nice things, you may guess, But all his letters full of love,

Alas, went to a wrong address!

Putting It To The Test.

Judge—Do you mean to say that you beat this woman because she refused to marry you?

Jake—Ah certainly does, yo' honor.

Ah's ob de opinion dat faint heart never won fair lady.

How I Lost Gertrude, My Pet Giraffe. By Dr. Walter E. Traprock.

The newspaper notice that a baby giraffe was expected at the zoo of our neighboring city cannot fail to remind me of my Gertrude.

She was the loveliest creature I have ever seen. I brought her with me in 1902 from a South African trip made for the museum. By kindness I had trained her so that she would allow me to slip up her neck when we were in the bush. From this elevation I could get a splendid view of the surrounding country.

It was after I had gotten her back to my private collection that my troubles began. Some of my neighbors complained that Gertrude used to look in their second-story windows. Therefore I had to lock her in a compound which housed, also, an old porcupine named Gelett.

Between the two sprang up a bitter feud. Doubtless Gelett resented the way Gertrude looked down on him. One day Gelett took up a strategy position in a cherry tree in which Gertrude was fond of browsing.

I was just in time to see him drop down her neck as she reached her spiny mouth towards a branch. He instantly crawled past her larynx and wedged himself just south of the glottis. Gertrude's coughing spasms were tremendous, but, try as she would, she could not dislodge Gelett.

Once she had him almost up to the exit, but he suddenly shot out his quills and dug in. Nothing could save Gertrude. She turned blue in the face and expired.

Gelett was executed the next day. I had to decapitate Gertrude to get him.

Who says that animals are not possessed of human emotions?

Big Difference.

Mrs. Click—Then she doesn't know Miss Swift to speak to?

Mrs. Click—Not quite. Only well enough to talk about.

It is safer to lie about people than to tell the truth about them.

Dry Rag Fluttersings.

A guest at the hotel approached the desk yesterday and asked of the day clerk, "What is the best time of day to go fishing?"

"Well, sir," the clerk replied, "if I were you I'd go down by the railroad bridge about the time when the evening train runs."

"Why then?" the guest asked. "Because," was the clerk's reply, "the fish hear the train whistle and come up to get the scraps the chef dumps off the dining car."

Rules For Poetry.

Editor of Fun Shop to contributor:

"You will have to cut that line out about 'bare branches bathed in moonlight.'"

"Array them in silent majesty." "You may also suggest, for the sake of propriety, that there are verdure-clad hills in the distance."

Transferable.

Father—Helen, what is your young man blushing about in the parlor? Helen—He's not blushing, Daddy. That's some of my rouge.

Jazz Wanted.

"I cannot sing the old songs." The ancient actor sobbed. "I cannot sing the old songs— I surely would get mobbed."

The chap who is always boasting about his "string" of girl friends is apt to get tied in a "knot" when he is least expecting it.

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Readers are requested to contribute. All humor: Epigrams (or humorous notices), 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.

ONE DEATH RESULT OF MOOSE JAW FIRE

Conflagration in Business Section Injures Fifteen and Causes Big Loss.

Canadian Press Despatch. Moose Jaw, Aug. 11.—Loss estimated at from \$150,000 to \$200,000 occurred in the fire which involved a large block of business property on Main and River street west on Sunday afternoon, and one death has resulted.

Margaret Renzie, a little girl of nine, was badly burned about the face, arms and legs when flames burst from the burning building. She was at once rushed to a city hospital, where death resulted shortly before midnight.

In all some fifteen persons were injured in the blaze, the majority receiving by slight injuries. All the injured are reported to be progressing favorably.

AUTOS COLLIDE.

Port Lambton, Aug. 11.—A collision between a touring car and a red runabout, the latter driven by Mr. Lumsden of Forest, occurred at the intersection of the eighth concession and Egremont roads on Sunday evening. Slight damage was done to the cars and the occupants escaped injury.

Destroy Flies at their source

Put a teaspoonful of GILLETT'S PURE FLAKE LYE in the Garbage can every few days. It prevents flies breeding.

GILLETT'S LYE keeps everything clean and sanitary.

"5 o'clock in the Afternoon"

In all parts of the world where people have learned best how to live, there are special little pauses for recreation and rest.

Thirst is a signal for it. To meet our needs with quick, good service are cool, inviting soda fountains; refreshment stands, convenient when we are out in crowds and within easy reach of office or factory; and restaurants, hotels and clubs—

Hundreds of places inviting you to pause and enjoy Coca-Cola, an inimitable blend of pure products from nature, ice-cold, delicious to taste and wholesomely refreshing.

And bottled Coca-Cola is supplied by grocery stores everywhere to enable you to bring the same enjoyment into your home.



Pause—in office or workshop, at home or when shopping, or when it's your good luck to be out at play—and Refresh Yourself.

Drink

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Delicious and Refreshing

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