

Farewell Programme of the Popular Artistes at the NICKEL

LOUISE LORING MARION ARMSTRONG
Mezzo-Soprano. Soprano.

In Farewell Songs

Miss Loring Sings: (A) GOODBYE—Tosti. (B) WHEN YOU COME HOME.
Miss Armstrong Sings: (A) OLD FASHIONED HOUSE. (B) MY LADDIE.
Duets: OH DRY THOSE TEARS & MELLOW MOON.

COMING:—RICH MEN'S WIVES and THE SIN FLOOD, both big super-special attractions.

Behind the Scenes

(By THE TATTLER.)

Apparently Buckingham Palace is in no danger of destruction by fire, according to the Office of Works. This body pool-pools the suggestions of the Royal Commission on Fire Brigades. But when it says that there has never been a fire at the Palace it surely forgets the outbreak in the servants' quarters at the time of Queen Victoria's Jubilee in 1897. Anyhow, it is reassuring to know that the long corridors are patrolled by a special staff of night watchmen, most of whom are trained firemen. The late Queen Victoria defied fire and its dangers for she had been assured that she would never be in any peril from what the old-fashioned writers called "the devouring element." The person who spoke these comfortable words was the late Duchess of Argyll who, as she became the wife of a

Highland chieftain, was supposed to have the "second sight"—a rather eerie gift.

Waiting His Turn

It was one of the theatre ticket offices in Bond Street. There were many people in the little shop, all busily buying seats, and consulting the hard-working assistants as to shows to see. Taking his turn in one of the queues was a young man, dark and foreign-looking, who smoked a cigarette as he quietly waited for one of the assistants to be disengaged. It was ex-King Manoel.

East is East.

The Marquis Curzon is joining the ranks of the reminiscence-writers. But his book will in no sense be a war book; it will not discuss the genesis of the war or the incompetence of foreign politicians. No; it will deal with Lord Curzon's wanderings in little-trodden ways of the Far East in his more youthful days. Between

leaving Oxford and entering politics, George Nathaniel Curzon spent a considerable time wandering, and now in his middle age he is making a book of them. It is not generally known that the Marquis in his time has been a bit of a journalist, and at school edited "The Eton College Chronicle," at times writing the whole issue himself, from poetry to sport. I am told that some of the revelations as to Lord Curzon's adventures in the unknown East will be particularly piquant.

Fighting Parsons

Two sons of Levi, down from the provinces for an ecclesiastical gathering, recently decided to take some night views of the Great Babylon against which they often fulminated in their discourses. Getting into a night club they stumbled across some sleek ruffians who thought them fair game. But unhappily for the crooks both the clerics had learned to use their "dabblers" at College—and the

"boys" went off in an ambulance to hospital. Neither wished to "press the case." A case of muscular Christianity triumph!

Staying at His Post.

The Marquis of Crewe has just announced that he intends to remain as our Ambassador in Paris till his term is up. This is taken by his friends as some sort of intimation that his health has not suffered through the strain of this high and onerous office, and they are accordingly relieved. It is an open secret that great anxiety was felt and expressed when Lord Crewe first accepted the Embassy, as he had been far from well, and had suffered from fainting fits. Of course the Paris Embassy is regarded as the highest post in diplomacy, and the beautiful and stately building in the Rue, Faubourg St. Honoré has been occupied by some distinguished Britons, including Lord Bertie, who was Sir Francis Bertie.

and who had the difficult task of representing his country during the Fashoda crisis, when this country and France were on the verge of war. Lord Crewe is lucky in having a very charming wife to act as hostess, for the Parisians expect the British Ambassador to entertain lavishly and well. Lady Crewe is, of course, the younger daughter of Lord Rosebery, and learnt to entertain early for her widower-father.

Green Wigs.

Ladies who are worried by the appearance of grey in their tresses are intrigued and not a little heartened by the novel sight of a great leader of fashion who was recently seen dining out wearing an unmistakably green wig. Then in conjunction with her amber eyes and dead white skin the effect was declared to be distinctly bizarre. The fashion for green and even azure wigs has now definitely established itself, and brilliantly-colored locks are considered quite chic.

What Will Father Say?

I cannot quite recall a parallel to the recent activities of Mr. Oliver Baldwin, the Premier's precocious son, who has been "talking Labour" in the drawing-room of the sacred house in Downing Street while papa has been away smoking his pipe and presumably trying to think out some replies to Polignac. Seriously, it hardly seems becoming that No. 10 Downing Street should be used as a rostrum for Mr. Baldwin, Jr., to air his views, however much he may be entitled to them. There is, to say the least, a lack of good taste, because No. 10 must ever be associated with the head of the Government, and anything said therein acquires a significance of its own. No doubt, when father and son have met, the "old 'un" will have had a few words with the young 'un, on the lines of "Joe" Chamberlain's rebuke in his fiery days when he disagreed with a speech made by his son Austen—"You must remember, Austen, that, after all, I am the person of importance."

When the Cat's Away.

A high-born dame was recently growing lyrical over the wonderful qualities of her servants. Recently, she and her husband went away, leaving them in charge as they were all such paragons. Unexpectedly the husband returned one evening. As he drew near to his mansion he heard strains of revelry, the windows were ablaze, and strangely-garbed people were arriving in odd conveyances. It seems that the "paragons" had "invited a few friends"—and all went merry as a marriage bell until the master appeared. Then the guests "melted silently and imperceptibly away."

Artist's Charmed Life.

Captain Alfred Pearce, the special artist, who claims that he can remember existing two thousand years ago, is certainly avid of adventures. He told this writer once that he had had more narrow escapes from death than anybody in the world. It is a very curious thing that, while Captain Pearce has been a great traveller—he went as special artist on the Royal Colonial tour, for one thing—most of his mishaps have happened in peaceful England. He has at different times probably broken every bone in his body. In a restaurant at Woolwich an attempt was made to poison him by evil-disposed persons who were after his money and valuables. He has been nearly drowned more than once. Yet, though he served in France during the Great War he came through all the fighting without a scratch. It was the New Zealanders who commissioned Captain Pearce, for the British Army rejected him on the score of age.

"Big Wigs."

Law is getting cheaper in the sense that commercial K.C.'s and the smaller fry can no longer get the thumping fees they did. Times being bad and cases fewer, they are ready to accept much smaller fees, while "refresher" per diem are now disappearing. But Sir Edward Marshall Hall still commands remarkable fees, and his figure for the Fahmy brief was easily a record. It is interesting to note that Monique Williams, Ballantyne, Parry and Koller, who compare with him in a bygone generation, thought themselves doing very well if they got a hundred guineas for a "murder" brief. Williams defended the infamous Letroy, the Brighton train murderer, for fifty guineas, while Wainwright was "looked after" for thirty-five. To-day Sir Edward and his only possible rival—Sir Henry Curtis Bennett—are "available," as the lawyers' clerks put it, for figures often running into well over the thousand. As poor Crippen wistfully said, "It takes a lot of money to fight the Crown in a murder trial."

Awkward.

High-class pawnbrokers who "do business" with the aristocracy could relate many queer tales of the little interviews with distracted ladies in their "canstium sanctorum," when the pretty-pretties are left with an urbane "Uncle" in return for a roll of the rustlers. Recently, a society lady arrived with the family pearls, but was horrified to be told they were but imitation! Alas! the impeccable hubby, who had had a disastrous time on the Turf, had been there before with the real ones, after substituting

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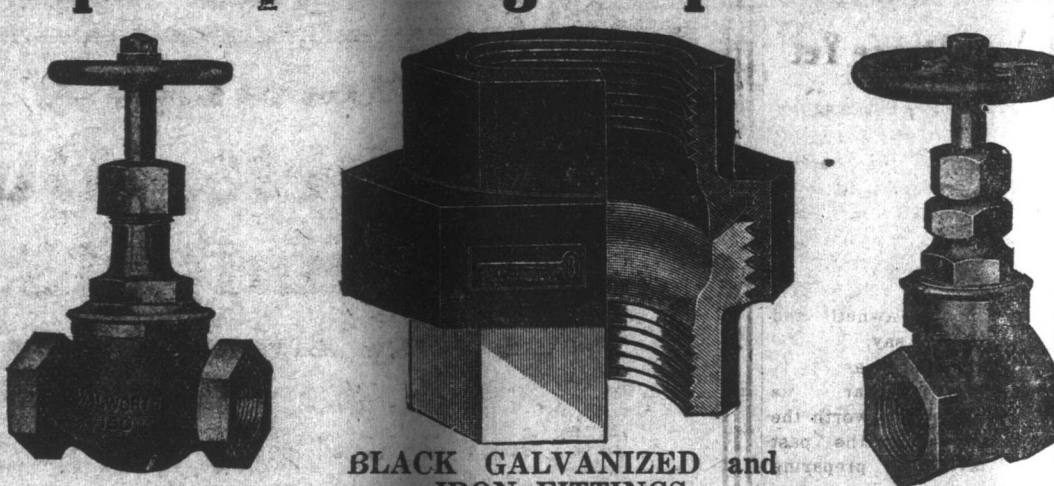
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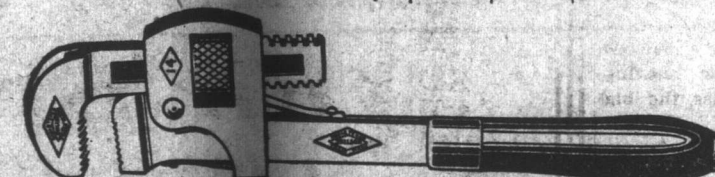
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the false. Men were deceivers ever!

Cares and Keys.

To the general public Mark Hambourg, who ushered in the musical autumn season with a Chopin recital at Queen's Hall, is a magician of the keyboard, with a technical skill that is only equalled by his almost uncanny intelligence. But, like many of us, he has another side to his character. At the Savage Club he is never so happy as when playing poker or solo whilst, at both of which he has great good fortune. He is fond of a good mind a joke against himself. So he

will forgive me if I tell the never-before-printed story of the man who went to hear Mary play. The great pianist was in his stormiest mood, and treated the piano as if he had a grudge against it. When the crashing chords had ceased to thunder for a while, the enthusiast above-mentioned was heard to murmur—"Well, I never knew before that the piano was an instrument of percussion."

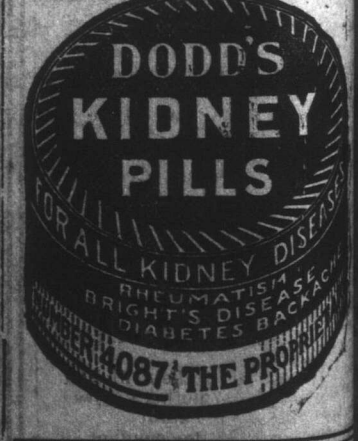
Unconscious in Sea

CAME BACK TO LIFE AFTER DRIFTING FOR HOURS.

For hours an unconscious man drifted about in the Channel before his perilous plight was noticed. This amazing experience befell a visitor to Seaford, Neville Hargreaves, of Bethel Road, Blackburn. His rescuer, Coastguard Alfred Norcott, saw him being dashed against the cliffs at Birling Gap, near Eastbourne, in the evening. Thinking Hargreaves was dead he ran down and pulled the man ashore. After half an hour's artificial respiration at the Coastguard Station Hargreaves recovered, and explained he came down to Seaford from London to bathe. Placing his clothing under a stone, he went into the sea at Splash Point at 1.30 p.m. and swam out a considerable distance from the shore. Suddenly an attack of giddiness seized him and he attempted to make for the shore, but found his legs

were useless. "I got over on my back," Hargreaves added, "and tried to get ashore, but in a little while everything became blank and I must have lost consciousness." It was seven miles between Seaford and Birling Gap, and for at least two hours Hargreaves must have swept along eastwards by Chisleveston, many of which end at Birling Gap. The shore all along the coast is studded with jagged rocks and wrecks of many vessels.

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