

Antitoxin Investigations.

A systematic investigation into the administration of antitoxin as a preventive in those exposed to diphtheria was recently carried out.

Dorothy Dix

Second Marriages Are Desirable.

Resents Vow Made to Prevent Remarriage.

It Is Not Love, But Selfishness, That Seeks to Bind a Perpetual Grief About the Neck of Another—Second Marriages a Compliment, Not an Insult, to the Memory of the Deceased.

Do you wish your husband or wife to marry again if you should die? Foolish question No. 999,999 that all newly-weds ask each other continually during the honeymoon is: "Darling, if I should die, would you ever marry again?" The invariable answer to this query is: "No, never. If a cruel fate should snatch you from me, I would pine away and die, too, of a broken heart." Whether the lovers who thus forswear themselves speak with all sincerity, or with a mental reservation, none but they and the Recording Angel know.

Of course, it is a natural and a human thing for us to cherish the fond belief that we are absolutely necessary to those we love, and that under no circumstances could they ever forget us. It is also a natural and a human thing for us to shrink from the thought that another could ever take our places in the hearts of our beloved ones; that another could come to fill the niche in their lives that we fill; that another could be called the same old endearing names we are called; that another should sit in our chairs, and use our old familiar things that are hallowed with a thousand tender memories.

So it is not surprising that men and women resent the thought of some stranger stepping into their shoes when they are gone, and that they try to wring a vow from their wives and husbands that they will never marry again.

Men are particularly prone to this post-mortem jealousy, and it is no uncommon thing for a husband to attempt to keep his wife faithful to his memory by making her forfeit her share in his estate if she marries again.

Occasionally a woman with property likewise ties a tombstone to her husband. But generally wives content themselves with a mere verbal promise from their husbands that they will not be matrimonial repeaters. And, after a while, they cease demanding even that pledge, and reconcile themselves to the inevitable, for they perceive that widowers of long standing are also as scarce as hen's teeth.

Sometimes they even rise to the height of a woman I know who says that when she was first married she used to make her husband swear that he would never marry again.

After a few years, when she realized how domestic he was, and how miserable he would be drifting around hotels and clubs, she told him that she would be willing for him to marry again if he would wait four or five years.

But as time went on, and he reached a state of helpless dependence in which he could not find a handkerchief for himself, or remember what he liked to eat, or think to send a suit of clothes to the presser, she begged him not to wait until the grass grew green on her grave before he took unto himself a wife to look after him.

Fortunately, the promise that husbands and wives make not to marry again is one that is more honored to the breach than the observance, because it is not right that the dead should bar the doors of happiness to the living. It is not love but selfishness that seeks to bind a perpetual grief about the neck of another, and make a home forever a house of mourning.

Nor can anything but a morbid spirit make anyone see a second marriage as an insult to the memory of a first husband or wife. Rather is it a compliment, because the more congenial a couple has been, the happier their marriage has been, the more bereaved and desolate the one who is left alone.

The man who has had a good wife, who made him a comfortable home and who has been accustomed to spending his evenings by his own fireside, is as bewildered and helpless as a lost child when he loses his wife. He has forgotten his bachelor ways, and they no longer apply to him. He gets enough of the society of men in his day's work and is bored to death by the gossip of the clubs. He loathes the effort of ordering his own meals, and has no appetite for the handiwork of even the finest chef. He shudders when he thinks of being sick with none but hirelings to wait upon him.

Every woman knows some such forlorn old man as this, some old widower who needs to have his coat collar brushed and somebody to buy him the right neckties, and see that he puts on his heavy flannels, and gets nourishing food, and be tussled over and made happy instead of wandering around like a stray cat. Seeing this, how can a wife be cruel enough to wish this fate on her husband?

And if the widower is pitiful, the widow is hardly less so. A woman can make herself a home, but a home without some man to make things bright and cheerful for, some man to get up good dinners for, some man coming in from the outside with the breath of the fighting world about him, is as savourless as an egg without salt. The woman who has never been married can be content with her Adamless Eden, but not the woman who has had a strong arm to lean on, and a husband on whose tenderness she could throw herself as on the tenderness of God.

And how any man can begrudge the woman he loves finding another sturdy oak to cling to when he has been laid low is a revelation of the egotism of affection.

More than this, as people grow old, they need companionship more and more, and they must find this companionship at home. They do not attract strangers as the young do. They do not make good friends, nor are they interested in new subjects. They must have someone about them who has memories in common with them, and to whom they can say: "Do you remember?"

For these, and a thousand other reasons, second marriages are desirable, and selfish, indeed, is the man or woman who tries to prevent wife or husband from taking another mate when she or he has gone to that realm in which, we are told, we are neither married nor given in marriage.

DOROTHY DIX.

ST. ANDREW'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

The young people of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church paid their regular monthly visit to the Victoria Home yesterday and gave a very fine service for the patients. The Rev.

D. C. MacGregor was the speaker, while Frank Webster contributed a vocal solo. Mrs. Frank Webster acting as accompanist. Miss Manson officiated at the piano during the service.

KIWANIS BOOST PLAYGROUND FUND

Stage Bowling Burlesque To Raise Cash For Kiddies.

SPEED "COP" SCORED

Special to The Advertiser. St. Thomas, Sept. 7.—To bolster up the playground fund the Kiwanis Club will stage a bowling burlesque on the greens of the St. Thomas Bowling Club Monday evening. An entrance fee of one dollar is being charged competitors for the valuable prizes. Spectators will pay a silver collection. All competitors are to appear in their most ridiculous clothes for the occasion. A competent committee has been formed to direct the ceremony. Frank Holcombe and Arnold Elliott are the Knights of Noise. Fred Palmer is furnishing the "canned music" while Fred Bond is to be the caterer.

Speaks at Unveiling. Dr. J. H. Coyne is to be a speaker at the unveiling of the cairn erected at Port Dover on the site of the winter encampment of the explorers René de Galinée and François Dollé de Casson and their party in the winter of 1669 to 1670. The unveiling is to take place Tuesday, September 16, at 11 a.m. The anniversary services of Knox Presbyterian Church will be held on Sunday, November 30, with Rev. R. Bruce Taylor, M.A., D.D., LL.D., principal and vice-chancellor of Queen's University, Kingston, as special preacher.

Rev. C. H. Geer, pastor of the Broderick Memorial Church, commences the fifth year of his pastorate today. Under Rev. Mr. Geer the church has grown from the mission stage to a membership of 125, with 200 registered in the Sunday School.

Safety First. The locomotive department of the M. C. R. has won the cup for making the best showing along safety first lines during the month of July. The trophy was competed for in various departments on this division. The division is now making concerted efforts to win the division trophy for September. The award is a coveted possession.

Ald. John T. Webster, auto dealer, referring to the action by a special officer in halting offenders into police court for speeding on the Gravel road, says: "The present situation is unsatisfactory. Let the special officer get the reckless drivers, but let him exercise reasonable judgment in halting moderate-speed drivers to court."

The wedding of Miss Ethel Gilbert, daughter of P. N. Gilbert, city to Alexander Houston, St. Catharines, took place Tuesday, Rev. George Barker officiated. Louie Campbell of Niagara Falls, Ont., and William Gilbert, brother of Mrs. and Mr. House will reside in St. Catharines.

Londoner Arrested. W. B. Shain of London was arrested Saturday evening, charged with securing a license to sell groceries. Shain is alleged to have visited the confectionery store of Howard Vair in the absence of the proprietor, and to have represented himself as an engineer. He presented a bill for cartage, which was paid. It is alleged that the bill was false.

Four more speeders were fined in court Saturday morning on information laid by Special Constable Baker, who is patrolling the London and Port Stanley Gravel road. Wesley Scott was arrested in a local restaurant Saturday on a D. D. charge. He will appear before Magistrate Maxwell in the morning.

The death of Mrs. Solomon Ryan, aged mother of Mrs. Neil Marple, 70 Forest avenue, took place in Detroit Friday evening. Mrs. Ryan was the widow of the late Nelson Ryan, and had lived in this city for many years. She was 82 years of age. Besides Mrs. Marple she leaves one son, Charles. The remains were brought to this city Saturday evening and taken to the residence of her daughter. The funeral will take place Monday at 2:30 and will be private.

Rev. J. M. Macgillivray will officiate. The death took place at the Thomas Williams Home this morning of Mrs. Eliza Draydon, widow of the late William Draydon, after many years of failing health. Mrs. Draydon had been a highly-respected resident of this city for a great many years. She was born in Cornwall, England, 80 years ago, coming to this country as an indentured servant. She was a member of the Trinity Anglican Church which will conduct the funeral service.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil H. Schram, 16 Jonas street, is bereaved today through the death of their infant son, Cecil Murray, aged sixteen months. Besides his parents, one sister, Ellen Maud, survives. The funeral will be held Monday at 4:30. The Rev. C. H. Geer of Broderick Memorial Church will officiate.

The death of Mrs. Mildred Francis took place this morning at her home, 106 Gladstone street. Mrs. Francis was the wife of Wellington Francis, and they made their home for some time in the River road, Southwold, moving to this city recently. She was born in the township of Southwold 53 years ago. Besides her husband, she leaves her father, John Parker, a sister, Mrs. John McIntyre, Pearl street, city, and two daughters, also of this city. She was a member of Knox Presbyterian Church, and the pastor, Rev. J. M. Macgillivray, will conduct the services Tuesday afternoon at 2:30.

Flesh Tinted Gloves. New York, Sept. 6.—No matter what color or kind the glove is today, it has an elaborate gauntlet if it is a short glove, and no gauntlet whatever if it is long. Nothing is smarter than gloves of flesh tinted kidskin.

WOMEN and THE HOME

THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

SYNOPSIS.

Sir Oliver Treasillan, renowned for his exploits on the Spanish Main, is betrothed to Rosamund Godolphin, but the marriage is opposed by both Rosamund's brother, Peter, and her guardian, Sir John Killigrew. By repeated insults Peter finally provokes Oliver to threaten murder, and when Oliver's younger brother, Lionel, kills Peter in an unwitnessed quarrel suspicion falls on Oliver. Even Rosamund believes him guilty, and asks him to explain the trail of blood found leading from the body to his doorway. Desiring to protect Lionel, Oliver can do nothing but protest his innocence. But he goes to the justices and asks them to draw up a document attesting to the fact that he bears on his body no mark of recent wound; that, therefore, the trail of blood, obviously that of the wounded murderer, was not his. This document he takes away to hold in readiness until needed.

A few weeks later Lionel learns from Jasper Leigh, a pirate sea captain whose ship is lying in the harbor, that the outlaw has been petitioned to command the justices to bring Oliver to trial. Half-crazed with fear that should Oliver clear his name his implication with low, Lionel formulates a scheme to get his brother out of the way. He hires Leigh to abduct Oliver and sell him as a galley-slave to the Barbary corsairs.

CHAPTER VII (Continued)

The clock over the stables chimed the hour of eight. Master Lionel shrank back in his chair at the sound. The thing would be doing even now. In his mind he saw all—saw his brother come running in his eagerness to the gates of Godolphin Court, and then dark forms resolve themselves from the surrounding darkness and fall silently upon him.

Another half hour sat he there. The thing was done by now, and the assurance seemed to quiet him a little.

Then came Nicholas again to babble of some possible mischance having overtaken his master. "What mischance should have overtaken him?" growled Lionel, as if in scorn of the idea.

"I pray you, indeed," replied the servant. "But Sir Oliver lacks not for enemies nowadays, and 'tis scarce safe for him to be abroad after dark."

Master Lionel dismissed the notion contemptuously. For pretence's sake he announced that he would wait no longer, whereupon Nicholas brought him a glass of brandy, and again to go and linger about the door, looking out into the night and listening for his master's return. He had paid a visit to the stables and knew that Sir Oliver had gone forth afoot.

Meanwhile Master Lionel must make pretence of eating, though actual eating must have choked him. He smeared his platter, broke food and avidly drank a bumper of claret. Then, when he felt a growing anxiety and went to join Nicholas. Thus they spent the weary night, watching for the return of one whom Master Lionel knew would return no more.

At dawn they roused the servants and sent them to scour the country-side and put the news of Sir Oliver's disappearance before the justices. Lionel himself rode out to Arvenack to ask Sir John Killigrew bluntly if he knew aught of this matter.

Sir John showed a startled face. But swore readily enough that he had not so much as seen Sir Oliver for days. He was gentle with Lionel, whom he liked, as everybody liked him. The lad was so mild and kindly in his ways; so very different from his arrogant overbearing brother, that his virtue shone the more brightly by that contrast.

"I confess it is natural you should come to me," said Sir John. "But, word on me, I have no knowledge of him. It is not my way to beset my enemies in the dark."

"Indeed," said Sir John. "I had not supposed it in my heart," replied the afflicted Lionel. "Forgive me that I should have come to ask a question so unworthy. Set it down to my distraction, but I have not seen the same man these months. I think since that happening in Godolphin Park. The thing has preyed upon my mind. It is a fearful burden to know your own brother—though I think he is no more than my half-brother—guilty of so foul a deed."

"How?" cried Killigrew, amazed. "You say that? You believed it yourself?"

Master Lionel looked confused, a look which Sir John entirely misunderstood and interpreted entirely in the wrong man's favor. And it was thus and in that moment that he sown the generous seed of the friendship that was to spring up between these two men. Its roots fertilized by Sir John's pity that one so gentle-natured, so honest, and so upright should be cursed with so villainous a brother.

There was reproach amounting to horror in the servant's voice. "God help me, what else can I believe now that he is fled?"

Nicholas sidled up to him with tightened lips. He set two gnarled fingers on the young man's arm.

"He's not fled, Master Lionel," he announced with grim impressiveness. "He's never a turntail. Sir Oliver he don't fear neither man nor devil, and if so be him had killed Master Godolphin, he'd never ha' denied it. Don't ee believe Sir John Killigrew. Sir John ee's a hater."

But in all that countryside the servant was the only one to hold this view. If a doubt had lingered anywhere of Sir Oliver's guilt that doubt was now dispelled by this flight of his before the approach of the expected orders from the Queen.

Later that day came Captain Leigh to Penarow inquiring for Sir Oliver.

Nicholas brought word of his presence, but when he saw him going, he told him that he had been admitted.

The thick-set little seaman rolled in on his bowed legs, and leered at his employer when they were alone.

"He's snug and safe aboard," he announced. "The thing were done as clean as peeling an apple, and as quick."

"Why did you ask for him?" quoth Master Lionel.

"Why?" Jasper leered again. "My business was with him. There was some talk between us of him going a voyage with me. I've heard the gossip over at Smithick. This will fit in with it." He laid that finger on his nose. "Trust me to help a sound tale along. There's a clumsy business to come here asking for you, sir. Ye'll know now how to account."

Lionel paid him the price agreed and dismissed him upon receiving the assurance that the swallow would put to sea upon the next tide. When it became known that Sir Oliver had been in treaty with Master Leigh for a passage overseas, that Master Leigh had tarried in that haven, even Nicholas began to doubt.

(To be continued.)

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ST. ANDREW'S LADIES BRING WELSH CHOIR

Finest Body of Male Voices

To Sing in London on

September 25.

The Ladies' Aid of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church is undertaking a big thing in the bringing to the city on Sept. 25 of the Rhondda Welsh Choir. The choir, which is one of the finest male voice bodies known, will sing in St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. This assembly of singers, each of whom is a soloist of perfect voice, has been heard in London before and received with intense enthusiasm. Each tour of the choir throughout Canada brings fresh praise for the beauty of its concerts. There are sixteen members of the choir with a large repertoire of songs.

Mrs. George MacDonald, president of the Ladies' Aid, is working enthusiastically to make the concert a success, the proceeds from which will be devoted to the redecoration of the church.

Fashions by Wire

Special to The Advertiser.

(Copyright, 1924, Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Paris, Sept. 6.—Falls is so much in fashion just now that few other fabrics are seen. The only real rival is satin-back crepe.

Phosphorescent Hair.

London, Sept. 6.—The boyish shingle bob remains very much in style right now, but with a difference. The difference is seen at night, for a surprisingly large number of women are having their hair treated so that in the dark it gives off a phosphorescent glow.

FROME

Special to The Advertiser.

Frome, Sept. 7.—Rev. W. and Mrs. Cox of Frome were guests of friends here on Sunday.

Mrs. Laura Sharon and Mrs. Clara Jackson of St. Thomas were guests of Mrs. Lillian MacLean on Monday.

School reopened on Tuesday with a good attendance. Miss Chambers has been engaged for the coming year.

Miss Dora McLean has returned, after spending the past week with Miss Florence McEachen at Glencoe. Miss Moore, Mrs. Moore, and Miss Maggie Moore, returned on Tuesday, having spent a few days with the former's daughter, Mrs. Elgin Hatch, at Groves' Estate.

Miss Purcell of St. Thomas is the guest of Miss Rosa Nickoll, Rosdale Farm.

Mrs. Leslie Horton and son Allison have returned to Vegreville, Alberta, after spending the past six weeks with friends and relatives at Windsor, St. Thomas and Frome.

Mrs. Cascarden and Miss Edythe Cascarden have returned to St. Thomas, after spending the past month in Frome.

HEMORRHOIDS Do not suffer another day with itching, bleeding, or protruding Piles or Hemorrhoids. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 60c a box. Dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free.

Arabs First Made Paper From Rags.

For about the first eight centuries A.D. China had a monopoly of papermaking, using the leaves of the mulberry tree. The secret process was discovered by the Arabs.

WYOMING

Special to The Advertiser.

Wyoming, Sept. 7.—Miss Reta Oslvie returned Sunday from a week's visit with friends in Toronto.

Mrs. E. J. Jones returned Sunday evening from Montreal after a somewhat perilous trip across the Atlantic, having been caught in the latter part of the heavy storm which swept the Atlantic with such force last week. The wireless on the steamer became disabled and the passengers were much alarmed, but no harm resulted.

Louis King and J. B. Row and daughter Ethel visited at Court-right and Sombra last Sunday.

Mrs. John Wilson of the Town Line is seriously ill at the C. E. Hospital, Petrolia. Mrs. Wilson was formerly Miss Addie Steadman. Her sisters, Mrs. A. McKenney and Mrs. Adam Clark, are staying at the old homestead.

Paul Borrowman, who has been seriously ill, is convalescing slowly at the C. E. Hospital, Petrolia.

her home on Monday by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Middleton, who have been spending some time with their mother.

Mrs. Thomas McKenna is spending a few days in Milton. Daniel Grass and son Edward of Belleville motored from that city to visit J. B. Row and family over the week-end.

Archie Fisher of Sarnia renewed acquaintances in the village Tuesday.

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Watch your Skin!

It's up to you to look your best

Young girls, old girls, plain girls, pretty girls—don't we all know those days before the mirror when, with a sigh, we turn away and say,

"Gosh—I do look plain!"

On those days when our skin looks bad and won't get right—our noses won't powder—our eyes are dull! We all know them. But wise women watch their skin and at the first sign of something take the best remedy—a dose of

Beecham's Pills

They purify the blood, clear the skin, make you happy, bright and attractive. Sold Everywhere in Canada.

Children Cry for



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CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is a pleasant, harmless Substitute for

Castor Oil, Purgative, Teething Drops and Soothing Syrups, prepared for Infants and Children all ages.

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Buy An Exhibition Piano At the Western Fair

THE SHERLOCK-MANNING Exhibit at the Western Fair this year will be the most comprehensive showing of pianos, players, electric reproducers, and the small-size Doherty Boudoir Piano we have ever had on display.

Our two stands will be in the places we have occupied for years—one in the Main Building, to the right of the front entrance; the other in the northeast corner of the Manufacturers' Building, and will embrace the Sherlock-Manning, Haines Bros., Marshall & Wendell, Gourlay and Doherty lines.

Our entire exhibit of specially-made instruments is always disposed of at the Fair, as we sell them at no advance over regular prices.

Make your visit this year a profitable one by letting us ship home for you an Exhibition piano.

Visitors Welcome to Our Factory During Fair Week.

Sherlock-Manning Piano Co.

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