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Allenbury's
MALTED MILK
(PREDIGESTED)
is manufactured from rich creamy milk and wheat by a special process which makes it very easily digestible. It is quickly prepared by the addition of boiling water only.
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Special Representatives for the B.W.I.
H. S. HALLS, P.O. Box 57, BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS.

Red Riot in Rum Row

HOW THE VERONICA WAS PLUNDERED—GUNMEN CAPTURE OFFICERS AND COW THE CREW.

Rum Row, as already indicated, is today the scene of great adventures, piracy and murder come under the heading of adventures. At any rate, it is a place where large sums of money can be made and large sums of money can be lost. It is difficult to indicate the position of Rum Row. According to the law of the United States, a ship carrying liquor must ply her trade at a distance which represents an hour's steaming from the shore. Obviously this distance is very elastic. Rum Row on the chart stretches from the Nantucket lightship to the Ambrose Channel, but the distance the rum-runners have to lie off shore varies with circumstances. Thus the people in England who are accumulating fortunes in the rum-running business are engaged in a difficult, delicate, and dangerous trade. You must not think that all you have to do is to buy a quantity of whiskey here and land it on the beach of the United States. It is much more intricate than that. To start with, the rum-runner sends an agent across to New York to arrange for the sale and transshipment of the contraband cargo. This is not as easy as it looks, for prohibition—the world's greatest farce—has, among other things, revived piracy. The agent has to seek out the "bootleggers" and arrange with them for the purchase of the cargo. Having done this, he has to insure against the pirates. One has to be slick and cunning to circumvent the pirates. The "bootleggers" have established a great and growing industry, and employ a fleet of fast motor-boats to smuggle the whiskey ashore. The speed of these boats ranges from 25 to 50 knots per hour, so that the position of the speed of the ship from the shore depends upon the speed of the motor-boats. If she has to discharge her cargo into 25-knot motor boats, she is safe from seizure by the U.S. revenue cutters if she is more than that distance from land. If the speed

drew up at the Veronica's gangway, and a tall, burly-looking gent came up the ladder. "Dirty weather, skipper," he said as he stepped on deck. "I'm wet to the skin, and a cup of coffee would taste good." The skipper, thrown off his guard, replied, "Sure. Come down to my cabin," and "Steward, get some coffee." The speed boat man expressed his thanks and remarked that his crew would appreciate some coffee, adding, "Will you send it down to them, or shall they come aboard." Still unsuspecting, as the speed boat was flying the pre-arranged signal, the captain said, "Bring 'em aboard," and in a second or two half a dozen or more of the toughest gunmen in New York can boast of were on the deck of the Veronica. The captain, his chief officer, and the supercargo, who, curiously enough, was a son of Captain Whitburn, of the General Serret, went below with three of the crew of the speed boat. In the cabin, coffee, which looked surprisingly like whiskey was served out. "Here's how," "Cheerio," "Good health," and glasses were raised and emptied. Then, when the sky looked all serene, came a bolt from the blue. Suddenly the hands of the men from the speed boat flashed from their coat pockets, and the officers of the whiskey ship found themselves faced by six revolvers. Discreetly is the better part of valour, and the three surrendered to force majeure. Shepherded by the gunmen, the Veronica's trio were driven to the chain lockers forward, were pushed inside, furnished with a couple of bottles of whiskey and a box of biscuits, and locked in. On deck the third officer and the crew remained to be dealt with, and it was only because the third officer was necessary to the successful carrying out of the pirates' plans that he survived to tell the tale. Told to put up his hands, he showed fight, and made a gallant resistance to the pirates; but he was overpowered by numbers, and, beaten up badly, he had last had to submit. Bruised and bleeding, the third mate was told to set the crew to work on the cargo. It took the gunmen eight days to unload the Veronica, and when the last case of whiskey had been removed, they smashed the Veronica's compass and chronometer, disabled her engines, cut holes in her water tanks, and generally played "Merry Hell," so that when they left the ship she was unfit and unable to proceed to sea. Other rum-runners in the Row came to know of the Veronica's plight, and the three officers who had been confined in the chain locker for eight days managed by heroic endeavour to get their vessel to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where she lies to this day. Rum Row is the most amazing place on earth. Rum-running ships anchor there whenever they please. U.S. warships and revenue cutters patrol the Row, but the rum-runners, for the most part, are unmolested. Often they get a request for a case, but all the time they are immune from trouble, for the rum-runners hand over a considerable share of their profits to the people who should stop their trade; but don't. A rum-runner said to the writer this week: "Put a couple of hundred cases aboard my ship. They'll cost you \$250. I'll give you \$2,000 at the end of three months, and make a nice bit for myself." This from a man who has run several cargoes speaks well for prohibition as it is known in the United States—News of the World.

REMITTANCES.

When I was young my Uncle Heck was very good to me, and every month he sent a check for dollars forty-three. The things were cheap and such a sum would go a good long way, and work to me looked pretty bum, as I was fond of play. "Why should I toil and sprain my neck, or dislocate a stat, when I have got an Uncle Heck?" I reasoned, as I sat. As golden years went sliding past I played the looter's game, while others scored their triumph vast, and garnered wreaths of fame. "Brace up," my pastor used to say, "and earn your bread and pie; this world affords the right of way to those whose aim is high." I shunned the labor and the strife, I did not sow or reap; I had no purpose in my life except to eat and sleep. At last my uncle up and died, a credit to his sex, and being dead could not provide the customary checks. The postman went his weary rounds as in the days of yore, but brought the shillings and the pounds from Uncle Heck no more. The mail trains roared across the sea, and by the besting crabs, but had no healthy checks for me in all their canvas bags. I had no roasted bird to carve, no ribs of beef to boil; I either had to work or starve, and I selected toil. And when I once had buckled down, with busy boys in line, I gathered rubles and renown, and found the sledding fine. The man is seldom making good who counts on gift or dote; get out and save your share of wood, and earn an honest roll.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR BURNS.



MAVIS
de Vivaudou
FACE POWDER
If you would possess the charm of youth, use Mavis Face Powder for a perfect complexion.
Mavis Range is nature's own colouring.
V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
Paris - New York

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.
THE BANK IS WRONG.

When at our dinner hour I say,
"The bank, my dear, called up to-day."
"You've thirty dollars overdrawn!"
She gives her lovely head a shake
And answers with assurance strong,
"There certainly is some mistake,
I'm positive the bank is wrong."

When on the month's first business day
I carry home her balance sheet,
Which shows the sum she's checked
And what is left in figures neat,
"I know my check book's right," she cries,
"This time I've watched it all along!"
And as that tell-tale chart she eyes
She fairly shouts: "The bank is wrong!"

Time was I ran her check book through.
Time was I wasted many a night
As all good husbands ought to do.
Thinking that maybe she was right;
But now I chuckle soft and low
And sit me down to write this song,
Penned to the quaintest phrase I know:
"The bank is wrong! The bank is wrong!"

Into her sweet and lovely mind
Never the dreadful thought occurs,
As we the error seek to find,
The fault may possibly be hers.
"You've overdrawn again," I say,
But why the argument prolong?
She shakes her head the same old way
Insisting that "The bank is wrong."

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Shipped from Boston every steamer.
This Breakfast Bacon is perfectly delicious.
Try North Star with Jersey Corn Flakes and Arbuckle's Coffee for Breakfast. A great meal.
J. B. ORR, CO. LTD.,
Importers.

Harpooned Whale Towed

SMALL WHALER TWENTY AND A HALF HOURS BEFORE TIRING OUT.

CORDOVA, Alaska, Oct. 7.—Being towed 70 miles through rock-strewn waters by night by a harpooned whale was the experience related by Capt. Louis Lan, of the whaler Gunnar, who arrived yesterday on his way South. The mammal was harpooned in Prince William Sound, north of here, and towed the Gunnar, which is operated by three men and is said to be the smallest independent unit whaler in the world, 20 1-2 hours before tiring out.

New Use for Wireless

One of the strangest uses to which radio has been put is surely that devised by a man in Los Angeles, Kimball by name. Although he is 79 years of age, he is sufficiently juvenile in mind to imagine that, with a wireless set attached to his coffin, he may, by psychic hearing, be able to keep in touch with what is going on in the world after he is removed from it. In order to ensure the best results, he has had a coffin made of steel, at a cost of nearly 200 pounds. The coffin has been delivered to him, and periodically he tests his wireless set in conjunction with it. His principal anxiety, however, is to ensure that the broadcast of Gabriel's trumpet will be heard by him.

SNEEZING?

The sign that you are catching cold. Heat and inhale Minard's and stop the cold.



Keep the Rates Down

POISON THAT CAN SAFELY BE USED.

The following letter on rats is taken from the columns of the Daily Mail: Sir—Commander Kenworthy's article on the cost of the damage done by rats is a timely warning in view of the approach of this year's national rat week, which is arranged for the week commencing November 2. As in former years, local authorities and the general public throughout the country will be urged to take concerted action against these destructive and dangerous pests.

While statements of the total damage done by rats are of necessity only approximations, there is no doubt that it amounts to a very large sum in the aggregate, and the figure mentioned, £70,000,000, is by no means an exaggeration.

It must be remembered that civilization, while greatly increasing the comfort of man, also provides rats with similar increased food and shelter, and therefore, only the most vigorous efforts will keep them in check. On the question of the use of poison Commander Kenworthy is perhaps not aware of all the facts. It is correct that, for most situations, poison offers the best solution of what, after all, is a most difficult problem, but it is not correct that the only efficient poisons are dangerous to stock. There are several well-known preparations of red squill available, and this drug can be used safely on farms with excellent effect, for it is deadly to rats while being for all practical purposes harmless to domestic animals and poultry.

The point on which the public generally fail is the question of quantity and thoroughness; it is most difficult to make a farmer, or anyone else for that matter, realise that to get good results the campaign of baiting must be thorough. Rats cannot be exterminated or even kept down except by very thorough and persistent treatment.

C. L. CLAREMONT, B.Sc., F.I.C.,
Late chemist in charge, Rat Research Laboratory, Ministry of Agriculture,
Kennington Park-road, S.E.

TO EXHIBITORS AT THE INDUSTRIAL FAIR—We have a splendid selection of papers for decorative purposes, including: Imitation Marbles, Variegated Tiles, Black and White Blocks, Scenery effects, and patterns that will give good appearance if used to cover the floors of your booths. TEMPLETON'S for Wall Papers.—oct9,31,eod

Ox Modern Herods as Tax Gatherers

If there is one thing more than another the matter with this country at the moment it is excessive taxation. The average every-day-run-of-mine citizen begins on January first of each year to save his tax money. For three hundred and sixty-five days he saves, and the following first of January he begins all over again the heart-breaking task of saving for another year that the spendthrifts may spend.

In between times he is plucked in the form of fees, fines, and the thousand and one other methods that Governments, Dominions, Provincial and Municipal, have of holding up the citizens. The thing is heart breaking. It is disastrous to the individual and the country alike.

This country is paying annually over six hundred million dollars in taxation, aside entirely from the various forms of petty larceny known and practised by governments. Think of it, well over \$60 per individual, or over \$300 for the average family of five people, taken from the family purse annually to keep these governments in funds. Out in Manitoba in 1923 it took 17.2 per cent. of the total production of that Province to pay the local taxes, to say nothing of the Federal levies, such as three cents every time you issue a check for any sum between five dollars and fifty; a fifty per cent. advance in postage. But what is the use? One could fill columns and not half tell the tale.

Then there are the taxes on your life insurance. Insurance companies are easy to plunder, so all Provinces take a hand. In the year 1924 the life insurance companies doing business in Canada paid the various Municipal, Provincial and Ottawa hold-up men to the tune of \$3,149,000, and this in the last analysis was the money of the assured. The sum of \$3,149,000 plucked annually out of the pockets of the windows and orphans. And then when you die along come the various Provincial Governments and take another whack at it in the form of inheritance taxes. The idea to divide the loot among the Provinces. If there is anything left the widow and orphans get it, provided of course some seller of snide stock or "bum" bonds does not see it first.

Herod was in his day looked upon as a quite efficient tax gatherer. Herod was a tyro, a novice, an amateur, as compared with our experts. Here it is in plain figures: Canada's net revenue from all sources is in the neighborhood of three billion dollars per annum. From this sum, six hundred million dollars goes into taxes. That

MAJESTIC THEATRE



The UNKNOWN PURPLE
THRILLING
DIFFERENT
She fell in love with her husband after she had once betrayed him and sent him to prison — and unrecognized, the husband forced her to betray her lover as she had betrayed him — a wiled, justifiable vengeance.

MONDAY and TUESDAY

With a Distinguished Cast, including Henry B. Walthall, Alice Lake, Stuart Holmes, Helen Ferguson, Ethel Grey Terry, Johnny Arthur, Brinsley Shaw, Richard Wayne, Frankie Lee, James Morrison and Mike Donlin.

From the sensational stage success that gripped New York for a solid year.

One of the greatest casts ever assembled in a motion picture. The weird, uncanny vengeance of a betrayed husband.

THE MOST THRILLING STORY EVER SCREENED.

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is, to say, out of every dollar earned we pay to governments, big and little, the sum of twenty cents, or one-fifth, which is just one hundred per cent. more than it was previous to the war. Now I ask you, did Herod or any other of the old boys ever do a better bit of extracting?—Saturday Night.

FOR SALE — 1 Overland Model 85, Touring; 1 Essex Coach, both cars in good running order and fully equipped; at low prices; 1 Elco 600 board Motor Engine, practically new. MARSHALL'S GARAGE, Phone 1554, Water St. West. sept5,eod