

# Mile After Mile Among British Warships Ready to Smash Kaiser's Craft

## Many Canadians in Motor-boat Patrol Service—Navy "on the Job"

### ONTARIO NICKEL TOUGHENS PLATES

### Douglas Roberston's Pen Picture of Mighty Fleet; Barrier to Huns

(By Douglas Robertson)

WITH THE FLEET, July 27—(by mail)—Ghastly grey forms loom out of the mist which enshrouds a summer sea. Then, even as we gaze, a fresh breeze sweeps down, and presto, the vapor curtain vanishes. Now the fleet of Britain, stretching majestic as far as the eye can reach. The Empire's walls of steel, her sure shield.

Silvery chimes of bells float across the water. Roll of drums, belike beating to quarters as of old, and clear notes of the bugle sound melodiously as our little motor submarine chaser ploughs the waves. Down the line we pass, that line of floating fortresses, from whose turrets the wicked snouts of grey stick out, from whose lofty, many tiered fighting-tops protrude lesser batteries.

**TYPES OF THE NAVY**  
Men crowd the decks, keen-faced officers, the very epitome of smartness and efficiency in their neat uniforms, marines whose red trimmings lend a touch of color, midshipmen reveling in the new glories of brass buttons and white tabs, grim petty officers and Jack Tars with bull necks and faces, burnished bronze with sun and salt breeze. Just the British navy on the job. Presently our little craft swings towards one of these man-o-war-men at whose rail stands a line of seamen in white dunnagees.

**A VISIT TO THE "LION"**  
The "Lion" once Beatty's flagship the good old "Lion" whose sharp claws and teeth rent the "Blucher's" plates and sent her to the bottom of the North Sea in that famous fight. Such is the vessel at whose side the motor boat booms. Up a ladder we swarm to shake hands with a cordial knot of officers at the top. In a few minutes your correspondent is exploring the ship's mysteries under the auspices of a young commander and navigating officer, a friend and contemporary of Commander Harold Denison, of Toronto, as I discovered presently in the ward room.

**DRIVEN BY TURBINES**  
Down the weirdest and crampet of elevators, into the depths of the engine room, descends the visitor. Here, oh! landsmen, no maze of old-time machinery, of bolts, levers and wheels, greets the eye. Only the sim-

licity of mighty turbines, which show never a motion, from whose titanic chests, even when forcing the ship at full speed, breathes never a gasp of the mighty flood steam surging through countless plates. In the fullest fury of the Jutland battle not a fragment of shell penetrated this heavily armored sanctum, the vitals of the ship, girt double-proof with plates toughened with Ontario nickel.

**THE HOSPITAL WARD**  
Up steel ladders, along narrow passages, stripped bare of every sliver of wood-work, past comfortable quarters and red-covered tables of the senior petty officers' mess, we pass to the Sick Bay, that haven of the ill and wounded. Many a lad lay there, sick sailor, comfortable in his room, swinging cot, is sole patient. The young doctor is busy putting men through a severe chest examination for sub-acute hives, but has no time to tell us how, shirt-sleeved and covered with gore, he jolled below while the shells crashed at Skager Rock. So up once more we go, past the ammunition lift, past machine shops, where deep in the shell artificers work at lathe and forge, up to the sea breezes.

**THE GREAT GUNS**  
Here are the guns which sank the "Blucher." A narrow slit in the heavy armor of the turret admits the visitor. Gun practice is on—gun practice without ammunition. Officers are directing the crews. Clank! A massive breech flies open. Clank! And some hissing, volcanic force in the depths below shoots up a lever which would in actuality bear an enormous shell. With the precision and accuracy of a repeating rifle's mechanism the machinery moves, slams shut the breech. Then with more rumbles from the depths each monster gun lifts its muzzle to the correct elevation.

Fire! With a deep dull thud, a muffled cannonade, the lever descends. Thus, with wonderful rapidity, the whole operation repeated again and again—demonstration of the terrible salvos which can be sent forth.

**NOT A SCRATCH SHOWING**  
Looking down from the eerie perch of the conning tower, the whole ship lies far beneath one, its fore and after parts seemingly flattened into semblance of some huge pointed raft. What a vast, intricate machine, what awful power of destruction, what terrible responsibility its charge! Not a scratch does the "Lion" now show of the wounds when he way-laid the Germans on their women-killing expedition, fought the "Blucher," and chased the rest of the cowardly Hun fleet back to Deutschland. And the lying German newspapers tried to impress the world that the "Lion's" wounds were fatal!

My guide, with never a word to say of his own exploits fought aboard the "Tiger." The two great cats of the fleet are crouching once more for

## DO YOU SUFFER FROM BACKACHE?

When your kidneys are weak and torpid they do not properly perform their functions; your back aches and you do not feel like doing much of anything. You are likely to be despondent and to borrow trouble, just as if you hadn't enough already. Don't be a victim any longer. The old reliable medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, gives strength and tone to the kidneys and builds up the whole system. Get it today.

a spring, a chance to fasten teeth and talons in the poisonous German rats which attack women and children, and whose holes lie across Wilhelmshaven way.

**MANY CANADIANS**  
"Cast off," calls the second lieutenant in charge of our little motor craft, and after handshakes with the officers once more we are slipping through the seas. Down in his tiny cabin, just aft of the quick-firer, the young commander with the single strand of wavy R.N.V.R. gold braid on his sleeve shows me a signature book with the name of a Toronto officer. He knows at least fifteen Canadian herabouts in the motor boat patrol Royal Canadian Yacht members, "And capable chaps, too," quoth he.

**THE KING'S NAVY**  
Ships, ships, ships. Never-ending they seem. Here lies a fast cruiser with three destroyers in a row fast to ways, for all the young ones. Sub-marines of newest design show their rounded backs. Farther on torpedo boats. Signal flags are fluttering on every side and from one mid-o-war-man's rigging flaps the washing of whole ship's company. Lights flicker and flash here and there—heliographing dots and dashes as ships converse across the waters.

**MILES OF BATTLESHIPS**  
Mile after mile we travel, in and out among battleships, cruisers and guards not only England's native sea, but the Seven Seas whose waters gird the globe. Silent is the fleet and the weather-bitten men who sail its ships. Hun theatricals of drinking to "The Day" have no place in British naval menses. But the eyes of the sailormen gleam when you mention that of their fleet which, still a menace to civilization, lurks back among the mine-sown shallows of the Hunnish coast in security a masked midnight assassin unwilling to meet his foe in the combat of broad day light. Ward room, gun room, fo'c's'le, they smile grimly when you mention shipman Fritz he of the Scarborough murders and the "Lusitania" butchery.

**THE EVER-PRESENT PROBLEM**  
When will the Huns come out? Will he ever, indeed, risk a fight to the finish? Greatest puzzle of the fleet, topic of perennial and unending interest and discussion is this, from stoke hold to Admirals' cabin. But when the Hun does venture—if ever—he will find Britain's sailors ready,

## KELVIN NEWS

(From our own correspondent)  
A number from this vicinity intend taking in the Exhibition in Toronto this week.

Mr. Robert Cranston of Middletown is visiting his sister here, Mrs. Hiram J. Andrews.

The corn crop is looking more promising since the recent rain. Mr. W. Buckley, of Vanessa, was calling on friends in this section on Friday afternoon.

Louise Horning has engaged Miss Messer to teach at Zion, to take charge of the Kelvin school after the holidays.

Mrs. Alex. Wright of Brantford, was the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. Messer, at Zion, last week.

Miss Vera Palmer has returned home after spending a few weeks in Hamilton and Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCombs and son, of the Cornetts, were visiting in latter's mother, a few days ago.

Miss Edna McDougall, has been spending a few days with Miss Helena Donohue.

Mr. Wood was a recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. David Phillips.

Mr. Hugh McDougall and family, motored and spent Sunday with Mrs. McDougall's brother, Charles of Rainham.

Miss Jean Smith is spending a short time with friends in Port Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McDougall and family were visiting relatives in Deseronto.

Mrs. William Smith has returned home after spending a couple of months with her son William Smith of Brantford.

Mrs. A. Cunningham spent one day last week with Mrs. McDougall.

**ST. GEORGE NEWS**  
(From our own correspondent)  
Princess's daughter, Gertrude, are visiting relatives in Toronto.

Miss Ina Drake and Mr. Bruce Drake, are spending a week with relatives in Hamilton.

Mrs. Jeanie of Port Dover, Mrs. David McNelly's daughter, Lottie of Marburg, have returned to their homes after visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. McNelly.

Miss Kay and Miss Eva Boughton spent a few days of last week with Mr. and Mrs. S. Barrett.

Mr. and Mrs. J. McNelly spent Sunday with relatives in Waterford.

Miss Blanche Little, Brantford, is spending her holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Little.

Mr. Chas. Herbert, Jr. spent the week end with relatives in Hamilton.

Miss Hazel Medcof, of Hamilton, was the week end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Medcof.

Mr. Harry Price of Paris, is holidaying with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Price.

Mr. W. W. Jackson and little son, Daniel, are holidaying with relatives in New Hamburg.

The school prizes of James Jackson, of London, spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Osborne Howell.

Mrs. Cecil Anderson and children, of Havelock are the guests of Mrs. John McCombs.

Miss Zoia Patterson of London, is holidaying with her sister, Mrs. Reg. Howell.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernie Drake, and little daughter of Hamilton, spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Austin Drake.

The Rosebush picnic was held on Saturday afternoon at Victoria Park, Galt, and despite the cold and rainy weather, every one enjoyed themselves, there being about one hundred and twenty present.

Mr. Edward Lawrason and Miss Lottie Lawrason leave on Saturday for an extended trip through the West.

School opens on Tuesday next, and Miss E. M. Atmore has been engaged to teach at McLeans school, Miss Cornell at German, Miss L. Morris at Bruce, and all the teachers have been re-engaged at this school for the coming year.

Miss Hazel Atmore leaves for Keewatin on Saturday next.

## SPECULATION IN THEATRE TICKETS

"Sometimes You Get a Good One, and Sometimes You Don't"

**MUST TAKE A CHANCE**  
Forced To Buy Good and Bad Alike, Says Louis Cohn

(New York Sun).  
"No one can pick 'em. The best one can do is take a chance. And it's a gamble with every show. Take it from me; I know."

This was Louis Cohn's "come back" to my intimation that he was the best "picker" on Broadway—other words, the most astute prognosticator of theatrical box-office "successes" in New York City. It came as a surprise, for Mr. Cohn is a ticket speculator, and consequently a dealer in party-colour. For years the reputation of being a wizard in gauging the "flume" returns of new plays. But in one instance he shattered that fond delusion.

**Picking a Winner.**  
"I've been a ticket speculator on Broadway for twenty-seven years, and I guess I'm as wise as anyone, but I haven't got a million, or even over the counter of his office. Now, if I could always pick a winner, I could make a million a year. So you see it's speculation—pure and simple."

As a matter of fact, he went on, ignoring two customers who were standing close by, "I'm not permitted to buy tickets in my own name. I personally think will be big successes. I have to buy tickets for the plays in twenty-five of the forty theatres on Broadway, no matter what I think of them."

**Forced to Buy.**  
"A firm of managers arranged to present a new musical play in one of their theatres, for instance. They force every speculator to buy so many tickets a night for eight weeks. If we refuse to buy we are cut off their list. If the show proves a fiasco, we are stuck. On the other hand, if the show is a success we make money."

**"Miss Springtime" Good Buy.**  
"I had to buy 100 seats a night for eight weeks for 'Miss Springtime,' and I'm cleanly up on them. But you see I really didn't have any say in the matter. The more powerful managers, when they want to boss their own shows in their own theatres, can make us buy the bulk of the orchestra seats. We have to pay cash for them, so you see it is absurd to talk about the 'ticket speculation' we are stuck in."

**Stuck on "The Century Girl."**  
"For instance, I had to buy fifty seats a night for 'The Century Girl.' And I had to pay \$2.75 apiece for them—25 cents more than the box office price. Naturally I've got to sell them for \$3.50 to make a profit, and I'm just as likely to get stuck with them as I am to make a little money. I'm telling you this so you'll understand that I can't go out and merely buy tickets for the five or six big successes and sell them at a half-dollar advance. That would be too easy. I have to take a chance with most of the shows that come to town, and stand or fall with them."

**Unsold Ticket Losses.**  
"Just let me show you what happens when I went on, producing a large wooden box from beneath the counter. 'In this box there are at least \$10,000 worth of unsold tickets from last season. I had to buy these tickets, and as you see, I didn't sell them. And you see a lot of business to offset such losses.'"

"What other hardships do you endure?" I asked, for Mr. Cohn looked so mournful that I was afraid he would burst into tears.

**Credit Sales.**  
"Well, there are bad accounts," he replied, brightening up a bit. "A large number of my clients order their seats by telephone and have them left at the theatre box office. I sent them statements the first of every month, but many of them pay only twice a year, and a few not at all. Last year I charged over \$1,500 in bad accounts. It's the same in every business, I suppose."

"But if you only bought tickets for the shows you thought would be popular, wouldn't that help matters?" I suggested.

**Some Sure Fires.**  
"Even then it would be about an even break," he replied. "Of course, there are a few 'sure fire' successes, so like the 'Follies,' Montgomery and Stone, and the Cohn revue. But with the other shows, no one can tell in advance what they are going to do. Take 'Turn to the Right' for instance. When I saw it out of town, before it opened in New York, I didn't think it would last a month on Broadway. Yet it is playing to capacity, and in its fifth month. Then there's 'The Follies' and 'Down.' I thought it would be a flivver. All the critics planned it. It is playing to capacity audiences, too. How did I know those plays would be big hits? I didn't."

"I guess wrong about as often as I guess right, and it's always a guess except for two or three big musical productions like such as I have mentioned," admitted the little speculator.

Some hundred work people were injured in an explosion at the Du Pont Powder Works, near Bayonne, N.J., on Saturday. The deaths may total five. Only the drying rooms were burned.

## Music and Drama

**A REAL DIPLOMAT**  
If President Wilson thinks he is having a tough job with his new army of ten million men, how about the diplomacy and forethought displayed by Adolph Zukor of Paramount, who handles the temporary whims of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, W. S. Hart, Julian Eltinge, Wally Reed, Sessue Hayakawa, Geraldine Farrar, not forgetting the Three Truanis who played hockey from the Triangle, Mack, Dave and Tommy.

**SENNETT INSURED**  
By a special arrangement between the Paramount and the Mack Sennett Film Corporation, the life of Mr. Sennett has been insured for \$250,000.

All the new Paramount-Mack Sennett comedies are made under Mr. Sennett's personal supervision from the minute the germ of the comedy idea is brought into being until the finished picture is turned out to the exhibitor.

Modern business policy is to guard against the loss that might result from the death of the leader whose personality dominates any institution.

**THREE GENERATIONS**  
Three generations of one family in a single wonderplay is believed to establish a record in the world of motion pictures. It is not unusual for two generations of a family to be represented in the same picture, but three generations is unusual. In "Life's Whirlpool," the forthcoming Metro wonderplay in which Ethel Barrymore is starred, Electa Drouant, Hazel Drouant and Richard Orr are cast. Hazel Drouant is the mother of three-year-old Richard Orr, whose artistic work in this Metro wonderplay caused Lionel Barrymore, the director and a man with unlimited stage and screen experience, to predict an exceptionally bright future for him.

**REISSUE HUNNY PILMS**  
To perpetuate the memory of the man who made millions laugh, and provide further happiness for those who never knew John Bunny, Vitaphone will reissue shortly a number of the most successful of the hundred odd comedies made during the famous actor's career.

The National Live Stock Shippers' Protective League has memorialized President Wilson to put skilled farm labor outside the scope of the draft in order to keep food production unimpaired.

## BRANT THEATRE

SPECIAL SHOWING  
**MARY PICKFORD**  
In her Greatest Photoplay  
"The Little American"  
A thrilling story dealing with the present war

**Bushman and Bayne**  
IN  
"The Great Secret"  
First Run Refined Comedies

VAUDEVILLE FEATURE  
**THE ARGO TROUPE**  
In a series of modern Surprises

Coming Thursday, Friday and Saturday  
**VIVIAN MARTIN AND SESSUE HAYAKAWA**  
IN  
"FORBIDDEN PATHS"

**REX Theatre**  
SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT  
**Byrne and Byrne Musical Comedy Company**  
A Classy Refined Tabloid with 6 big vaudeville features  
Cathy Songs, Clever Girls and Clean Comedy

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday  
**"THE KODAK GIRLS"**  
A Miniature Big Time Hit

Thursday, Friday and Saturday  
**"A Night in China Town"**  
An Oriental Fantasy with Elegant Costumes

ADDED ATTRACTION  
**LOUISE HUFF, JACK PICKFORD, THEODORE ROBERTS**  
IN  
"What Money Can't Buy"

A picture with one of the strongest casts ever assembled which includes James Cruze, Hobart Bosworth, James Neil, Raymond Hatton and other celebrities

**NO ADVANCE IN PRICES**

## GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday; Wednesday Matinee  
**Edward Keane Drama Players**  
PRESENTS  
**The Rich Little Poor Girl**  
PRICES 15c and 25c. Matinees all seats 10c

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Sir Thomas White, Minister of Finance.

IS it nothing to you that men from all round you have sacrificed home and salary, safety and life, to defend your home as well as their own?

Is it nothing to you that their wives and families tremblingly scan each casualty list, and pale at the step of the postman or telegraph messenger?

Can you see others giving their dearest, without feeling that you must do something yourself? Do you wonder what to do?

You can at least save—and lend your savings to the nation. Canada needs every dollar her loyal sons and daughters can spare, to meet the growing expenses of the struggle.

Every dollar you invest in Canadian War Savings Certificates helps the nation to deal generously with those who are defending you.

Certificates in denominations of \$25, \$50 and \$100, repayable in three years, may be purchased at any Bank or Money Order Post Office at \$21.50, \$43 and \$86 respectively. This means over 5% interest—making them a profitable as well as a patriotic investment.

**The National Service Board of Canada, OTTAWA.**

## An

(By L...)

(From Tuesday's Da...)  
Had she schemed delibe... strike him dumb in con... her success must have affo... intense satisfaction. Since... her personal consternatio... etarily so overpowering... her sense of appreciation... for the period of a long... neither of them moved... but remained each with... countenance reflecting a... mind, hypnotized by the... tion of the other.

Then perhaps a shade th... to recover. Sally fancied... victim's jaw had slackened... his color faded perceptibly... this encouragement she be... self again, collected, aggress... fronting him undismayed... cognition dawned upon B... and, with it, some amusem... tion of her effrontery. Ev... first essay at response wa... more formidable than a... "I beg your pardon?"

She explained with abso... posture: "I said, take bot... please, I'm going to Bos... "There is!" he replied st... She nodded with dete... and glanced significantly... a little loss of her head, t... middle of the lobby.

"There's a central offic... there," she observed obliq... resembling considerable un... to what a central office m... was, and why.

"If you go to Boston, I... persisted stolidly.

His countenance darkene... ently with distrust or temp... of a sudden the man was s... a spasm of some strange... corners of his mouth twit... eyes twinkled, he lifted... eyebrow, his lips parted.

But whatever report he... contemplated was checked... of Authority and the... of an imperative pencil on... dow-ledge.

"Say, I'm busy. Which... going to take now, the de...?"

"Both!" With the dexte... stage conjurer Blue Serge... bill from his pocket and... beneath the wicket, not for... fleecing his game from Sal... quick," said he, "I'm in... Grunting resentfully, S... proceeded to issue the res... thus affording Sally, const... return without a tremor... fast regard of her burglar... appreciate the lengths to w... ado had committed her. An... she stood her ground w... ing, her cheeks had taken... of bright crimson before B... without troubling to veri... seized the tickets and cha... turned squarely to her.

"Now that's settled," he... amiably, "what next?"

The better to cover h... ready answer, she made b... consult the meliorate orb... faced clock that rises abov... eau of information.

"The Owl train leaves... asked with a finely specul... "One o'clock."

"Then we've got over an... a half to wait!"

"How about a bite of sup... station restaurant is jus...-ledge.

Children

## CAS

The Kind You Have in use for over ov

Chas. H. White

All Counterfeits, Experiments that Infants and Child

What

Castoria is a harm Drops and Soothing neither Opium, Mo age is its guarant been in constant use Wind Colic and I therefrom, and by the assimilation of The Children's Pan

GENUINE CAS

Chat

In Use P

The Kind Y