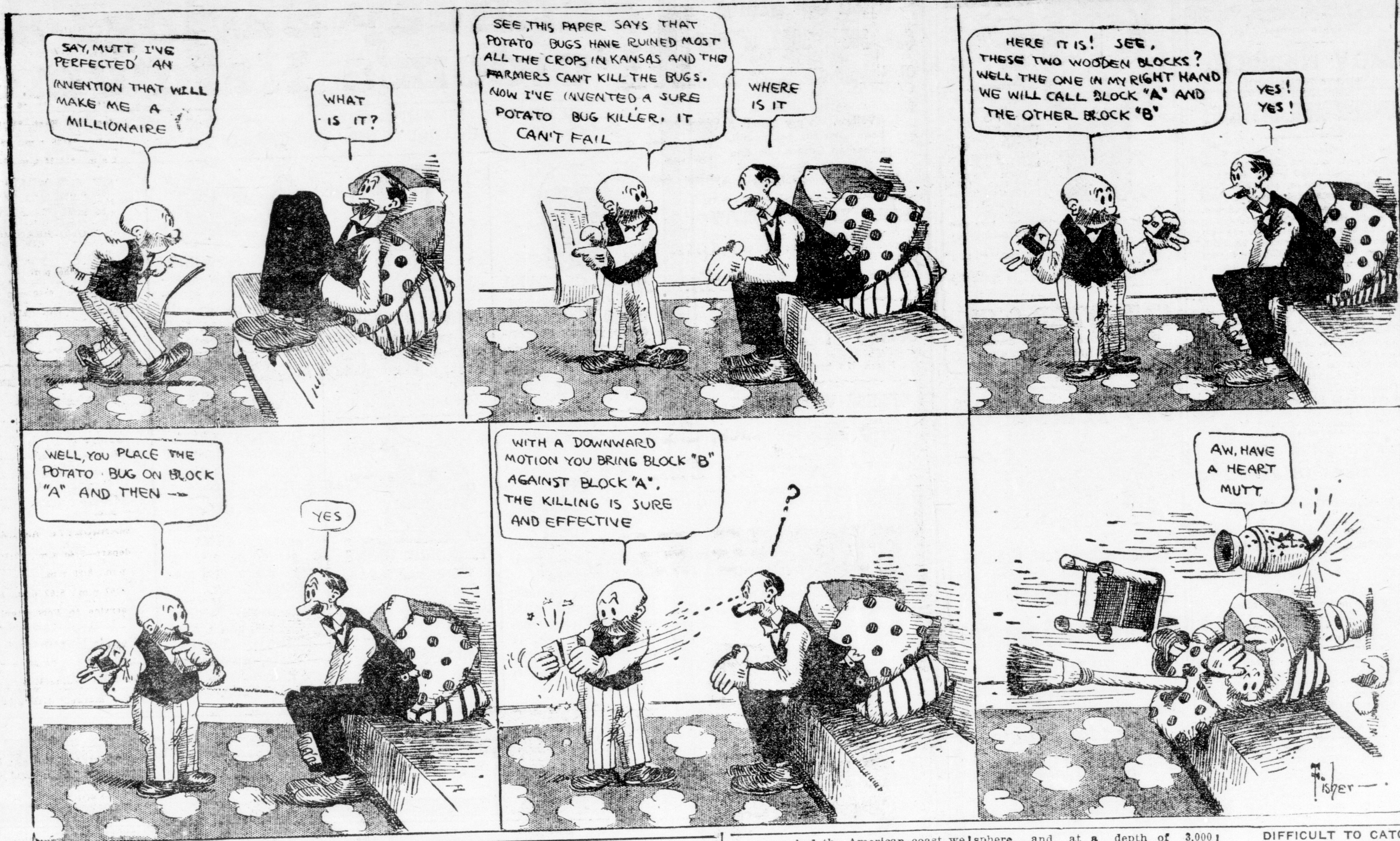


It Takes a Bug to Catch a Bug

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By "Bud" Fisher



IF WE COULD WALK THE BED OF THE ATLANTIC

What We Should See If We Could See. According to Sir John Murray—No Light, No Seasons There—Cold, Noiseless, Motionless—Deepest Part of Atlantic is 31,614 Feet.

Dr. A. E. Shipley gives a vivid account of what we should see if we could walk beneath the Atlantic instead of travelling on its surface. Writing in the Edinburgh Review he bases his article mainly on Sir John Murray's notable book on "The Depths of the Ocean" (Macmillan), which records the recent researches of the Norwegian steamer, Michael Sars.

Walking Over the Atlantic Bed.

"The passengers and the crew of a liner racing over the surface of the Atlantic are apt to imagine that under them is a vast layer of water of varying depth sparsely inhabited by a few fish," says Dr. Shipley. "As a matter of fact the whole of this great ocean is teeming with life. If instead of taking ship we could take to the water and walk across the bed of the Atlantic to America, starting from the shores of Western Europe, we should in effect be travelling through a succession of new countries. Not only would the surrounding physical conditions vary as we advanced, but the animal and plant life would vary in correlation with the altering physical conditions."

On the Sea Floor.

"Walking further and further towards the depths of the Atlantic we should soon lose all sight of the algae; and the shallow water fish, the plaice and sole, whiting, skates, dogfish, and others, and could, would give way to the megrim and the hake. The sea-floor would gradually change from rock or gravel or stones to sands, and ultimately to mud or ooze of various tints, their original colors often modified by the action of the decomposition of organic particles in them and on them. All these finer deposits are derived from the neighboring land and are blown seaward by off-shore winds or washed down to the sea by rivers."

Matter in Suspension.

"The distance to which fine matter in suspension may be carried is very great. The Congo is said to carry its characteristic mud as far out to sea as 600 miles, and the Ganges and the Indus as far as 1,000 miles. Except in the neighborhood of such great rivers a subaqueous traveller would soon pass beyond what Sir John Murray has called the mud-line, a line that limits the terrigenous deposits everywhere surrounding dry land. Having reached this limit we must proceed warily, for at the mud-line, at an average depth of 100 fathoms we shall find ourselves at the edge of the continental shelf, that rim which extends seaward to a varying distance from all land areas, the rim on which Great Britain rests. Beyond lies the continental slope, a precipice more or less abrupt, and more or less high, descending by steep declines or terraced cliffs until depths of 2,000 fathoms are reached."

The Deepest Ocean Pit.

"The deepest ocean pit as yet sounded lies in the Pacific. It is 31,614 feet deep, thus surpassing by 2,612 feet the height to which Mount Everest rises above the mean ocean level. Roughly speaking, the heights to which the higher mountains rise above sea level is paralleled by the depths to which the deepest 'deeps' sink below that level. Yet these inequalities are negligible as compared with the diameter of the earth, and could we shrivel up our globe to the size of an orange, mountain ranges and abyssal depths would be no more prominent than the rugosities of the orange skin. It may be added that if all the elevations of the earth were removed and filled into all the hollows we should have a world smooth as a billiard ball and completely surrounded by an ocean 1,450 fathoms deep. This is called the 'mean sphere level.'"

"The Atlantic has an average depth differing but little from the 'mean sphere level.' Compared with the other great oceans it has an unusually large area of comparatively shallow water. Of its total area 27.5 per cent is covered by water less than 1,000 fathoms deep; 18 per cent lies between 1,000 and 2,000 fathoms; and 47 per cent between 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms; the remaining 7.5 per cent is still deeper."

An Illimitable Plain.

"At the foot of the continental slope lies an illimitable plain, of a uniform dull, grayish-buff color, flat and featureless as the desert, and only diversified by an occasional 'eye' uncovered rock or the straight line of a recently laid cable. This plain continues with hardly a change in scenery or in level until we approach the great mid Atlantic ridge. As Bruce has shown, this ridge, which roughly bisects the Atlantic, extends from Iceland as far south as 52° of south latitude, with a slight and quite inappreciable break just under the equator. The ridge runs almost parallel with the eastern contour of North and South America, which, in turn, as the ordinary map will show, roughly corresponds with the western contour of Europe and Africa. From time to time the ridge rises above the surface of the water, as in the Azores group, St. Paul's Rocks, Ascension, Tristan da Cunha, and Gough Island."

"Having ascended the eastern and descended the western slope of this mid-Atlantic ridge, we should again traverse plains of grayish ooze far more extensive than any level land tract known to geographers, and as we approached the American coast we should gradually pass through, in reverse order, the zones of life traversed when leaving Europe. On the eastern coast of America the slope is much more gradual than on the western coast of Southern Europe and Africa."

No Light and No Sound.

"In describing this imaginary journey across the ocean bed we have spoken of the things we should 'see'; but in reality we should see nothing at all unless we were gifted with the power of seeing in the uttermost darkness. At the bottom of the Atlantic a darkness prevails with which the blackest night on land would seem comparatively twilight. No ray of sun or moon can pierce through anything like 2,000 fathoms of water, and the only light ever seen at these great depths is due to the phosphorescence of certain of the deep-sea organisms."

"Not only is there no light, but there is no sound at the bottom of the sea except for the rare explosion of a submarine volcano, and even when that occurred the noise must be somewhat muffled."

"There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the depths of the 'deep.' Down there all is dark, and all is silent. It is also persistently cold."

No Seasons Beneath the Sea.

"The waves that churn the surface overhead are unfelt at the depth of a few fathoms; even the great surface currents which stream along the upper waters of the ocean are hardly perceptible below some 200 fathoms. There are of course—as the wear and tear of cables teach us—places where deep sea currents are strong; but on the whole the abysses of the sea are cold, noiseless, and motionless. The monotony of the surroundings is increased by the fact that no diurnal or seasonal change reaches those great depths."

"Summer and water, spring and autumn, are to them unknown, for there is no such thing as night and day, seed time or harvest. Deep sea animals live at a tremendous pressure. Every five fathoms we descend in the sea the pressure increases by one atmosphere, and at a depth of 3,000 fathoms the pressure on each square inch of the body of an animal amounts to three tons, where as at the surface of the waters it is about fifteen pounds. So great is this pressure that unless special precautions are taken the glass of the thermometer, which measure the bottom temperatures is crushed to powder."

DIFFICULT TO CATCH.

An Englishman who was appointed to an important post in China got married soon after. Amongst the recipients of the usual little cardboard boxes containing a piece of wedding cake was a Chinese merchant with whom the bridegroom had an outstanding account for goods supplied.

After the honeymoon one of the first persons the newly-wedded husband met was his Celestial creditor. "And how did you like the cake?" said the Englishman, laughing, after the usual congratulations. "Ah, ha!" returned the Chinaman, with a cunning leer, "no such big fool to eat him, sah. Me put cake in fire. Burn him up. He! he!" "Oh, that's too bad!" said the Englishman, very much hurt. "You might have tasted it at least, out of compliment to my wife and myself. Why didn't you?" "Me too clute, sah," said the Celestial, with the same cunning smile. "You owe me money, sah! sendee poison cake; I eat him; I die; you no payee up. Hou-p-la. He! he! he! I know you Ingles!"

SMILE AND PASS ON.

"How long are we going to put off the entire rebuilding of London?" asked Mr. G. Goodwin, in a letter to the Spectator. "I know the smile the suggestion will evoke, but I ask in what other way are you going to prevent London being choked with its own growth? I maintain that the suggestion is not only feasible, but that it will have to be adopted, and that very shortly. We simply cannot go on much longer. All our devices and dodges cannot hide the fact that the town has grown anyhow, and that incredible waste takes place every day—waste of time, temper, money, effort—the saving of which will pay a handsome interest on the vast sum undoubtedly necessary to put matters right."

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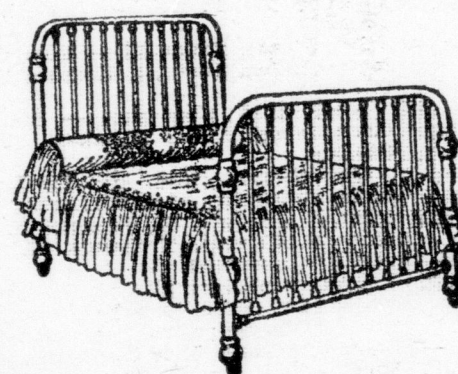
But—here's the point—No matter how soiled and grimy they get, you can clean them in a minute with soap and water—and look neat and tidy all day. Sold at all Men's Furnishing and Dry Goods Stores—or send 25c. for sample collar.

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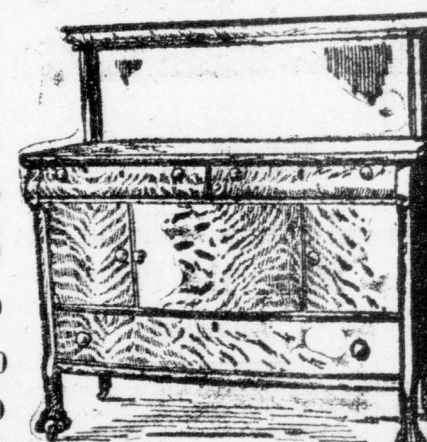


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7 Brass Beds, to clear at \$10.95. Regular \$18.00.
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Dining-Room Furniture, Fumed Oak, Mahogany, Golden Oak, Satin Walnut and Circassian Walnut, the Largest Assortment Ever Shown in London—25 per cent Off All Dining-Room Suites for Next Six Days.

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Buffet, regular \$32, for. \$24.75
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Sideboard, reg. \$14, for. \$10.00
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Sideboard, reg. \$50, for. \$35.00
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Ex. Table, reg. \$50, for. \$37.00
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Ex. Table, reg. \$15, for. \$9.50
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Dining Chair Sets, regular \$20, for. \$14.50
Dining Chair Sets, regular \$30, for. \$22.00
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Forty carts and Folders to clear regardless of cost.
21 Sulkies to clear, from. \$1.50 to \$5.00
Dolls' Carriages and Carts—Great bargains for the balance of the month.

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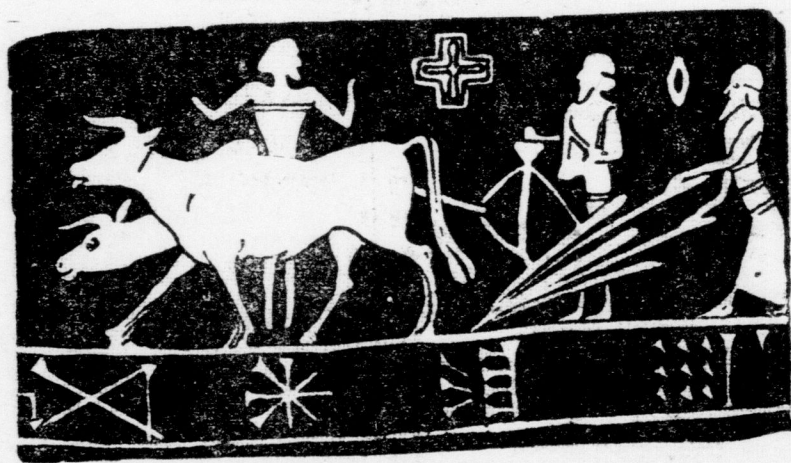
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Abraham Invented the Plow Over 5,000 Years Ago.

And Babylonians Are Using the Same Sort of a Plow Yet—To Keep the Birds From Eating Grain, Abraham Rigged Up This Combination Planter-Plow.



Special Correspondence.

Philadelphia, July 25.—The University of Pennsylvania owns what is believed to be the first picture of the plow invented by Abraham fifty centuries ago. Abraham's plow is a combination seeder and planter, and three men were necessary to operate it.

The picture was engraved on brick which has been unearthed recently, and plows of the same kind are used in Babylonia today just as they were 5,000 years ago.

The Book of Jubilees, which was published in the second century, B.C., tells how the Babylonians were punished when they yielded to Satan. Birds were sent to eat the grain which they had sowed in their fields, and, according to the authority cited, when they repented, Abraham devised this implement so that the people need no longer fear the ravens.

The apparatus had an attachment which reached through the ground as a tube, and into which the seeds were poured.