

DRUNKEN PARTY CLOSING IN COURT

Owner of House Is Fined \$50 and Costs by the Magistrate.

ACTION MUST STOP

Magistrate Graydon has determined to put a stop to all drunken parties participated in by police constables and to this end imposed a fine of \$50 and costs or a month in jail on Philip Fox, 405 Pall Mall street, and assisted William McDougall, Fred Maul and Charles Biggar \$10 each for being frequenters of the Fox home.

Apparently the quartet had been celebrating the advent of summer by imbibing too freely of some fluid that was a trifle more than invigorating. They raised such a racket that Mrs. Fox threatened to send for the police. The noise did not subside, and Mrs. Fox kept her word, the Sunday morning place at 2 o'clock Sunday morning.

Sergeant Oakley stated he heard "terrible language" a block away. He recognized Mrs. Fox's voice above all the rest and could also distinguish the tones of Fox, McDougall, the sergeant said, was drunk, and all the others had been drinking heavily.

The sergeant declared he had visited the place three times last week, and similar events had been taking place for the past two years. One night he found Fox sleeping in the backyard.

"McDougall came to me for the price of some more. He had been drinking and I looked him out," said Fox.

Constable Snell said he was walking down the P. R. tracks and he heard the noise. He met Sergeant Oakley and they went to Fox's home. He, too, described the language as vile, as did Constable Knight.

"This thing has been going on night after night," declared the court.

"No sir, I keep a boarding house," said Fox.

"A nice boarding house," commented the magistrate.

"I've got a pass on the railroad to go away," whined Fox.

"You'll go away—six months in the reformatory," darkly hinted Mr. Graydon.

"McDougall just came for the money for some meat," continued Fox.

"Why didn't you pay me then and let me go home?" demanded McDougall, who did not relish Fox placing all the blame on his shoulders.

"He promised to pay me for that meat time and again and has not," declared the court.

"If you come up here again Fox, it will be on charge of vagrancy and you will be given a term. You're a nuisance to this town. I'm fining you \$50 and costs and the others \$10 each."

PASTOR FROM U. S. SEES WORLD COURT SUCCESS

could be accomplished was an international court of justice.

Won't Be Long.

"I know you are wondering now and that an American can come before you and advocate a world court, when his own nation has advocated staying out of it."

"But I want to tell you here and now that it won't be long before the United States has entered that court."

"Four years ago, when I protested, the accepted party policy of isolation at a Republican county meeting, it wasn't a popular move."

"But in four years, a great deal of water has rolled underneath Thames bridge. The Republican party have learnt many lessons at the hands of the voters. The greatest political drubbing any man ever received has been given to Hiram Johnson, the isolationist. And the man who is pre-eminently in a position to put the United States into the world court has been given almost unanimous endorsement."

"That man is Calvin Coolidge, who has committed his party definitely to enter the court, in spite of Senator Lodge. As for Senator Lodge, I would like to see him put where Johnson is, even if I had to vote the Democratic ticket to do it."

Tied Together.

The League of Nations and prohibition, Mr. Daw explained, had been presented to the American people, securely tied together. It was one, or both.

"When it came to the choir of voting for a dry republic, who was not in favor of the league or a wet Democrat, who was, I felt in conscience bound to vote for the dry. There were given million other who did the same thing, actuated only by the motive of ridding the United States of the greatest curse it has ever known. We have kept America people and now we are ready to tackle the next problem, and that is the League of Nations."

Any point given to Mr. Daw's general theme that the United States and Great Britain were in a position to co-operate for world peace met hearty cheers from the Rotarians, who with out question extended their time limit for one of the most able and inspiring addresses on the international aspect of their organization that they have received in some time. The common people everywhere, Mr. Daw said, were ready for peace, and with the terrific cost of the last war so recent that it was still keen in men's minds, and the inevitable slackening of the moral code resultant to war, seen at its worst in the Chicago Leopold murder, the psychological moment had arrived for men to band themselves together and rid the world of war.

The club is once more at its usual membership, the delegates to the Toronto convention having returned home. Arrangements are under way for the annual picnic, which will be held in the early part of July at the country home of Rotarian Ray Lawson.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

DIED.

On Friday, June 20, 1924, in River Edge, N. J., John A. only beloved of Mrs. John R. Gurd, blackfriars St. West London, in his 54th year.

Funeral will be held from J. Ferguson's Sons Parlor, 174 King St. on Tuesday, June 24, 1924, at 3 p.m. Services at 2.30 p.m. Interment at Woodland Cemetery.

FAMOUS RUSSIAN DIAMOND SURVIVES PARIS PAWNSHOP

Sapphire Blue Gem Once Owned by Emperor Nicholas—Held For Big Security.

FORTY-THREE CARAT

Nice Jeweler Aids Mlle. Thuillier To Recover Stone With Mysterious Past.

Associated Press Despatch.

Nice, France, June 23.—The famous forty-three carat sapphire blue diamond, once belonging to Emperor Nicholas of Russia, has been taken out of the municipal pawnshop here, where it has been held for three years as security for a loan of 200,000 francs borrowed by Mlle. Suzanne Thuillier, to whom Nicholas is said to have given it.

Mlle. Thuillier came to France from Russia with nothing but the stone, and once she had pawned it she was unable to get it out because creditors with claims aggregating 2,000,000 francs thought the diamond was safer in the pawnshop than in the hands of the young woman.

Finally a Nice jeweler financed Mlle. Thuillier and she took out the stone, for which she is said to have just refused 10,000 francs. The stone is said by some to have come from a Buddha in a Hindu temple a thousand years ago.

Mlle. Thuillier looks with some alarm on the proposal to place the wires of the fire department's alarm system on the hydro poles, and to remove the poles on which the wires are now strung. The move is to do away with some of the number of poles in the city in an effort to increase the aesthetic beauty of London's streets.

The chief, however, says: "It's a very dangerous thing to do. In my opinion, there is always the danger of a hydro wire breaking and if that happened then it would fall on our alarm wire and burn it up, leaving us without an alarm system at all until the wires were repaired. The danger that exists in this way is actual and not merely theoretical. In Toronto they had an explosion a few weeks ago in an underground conduit and the danger from the overhead system is greater. Also if a hydro wire should break and fall on our wires it renders it dangerous for anyone to touch the fire alarm boxes. Men have been killed in that way."

"It seems to me that as the hydro people are putting their wires under as quickly as they can and that as they will soon get rid of all their old wires, it would be safer to allow our alarm wires to stay on our own poles for a few years longer until the time comes when we can get them in a conduit, too."

"Yes, it is," quavered the American youth.

"Don't you know, you shouldn't be parked here with lights out?" proceeded the high constable.

"I haven't been here long and I don't know the rules of the road," came back the young man in chattering accents.

"Well, you can't do it and I advise you to move along smartly," replied Mr. Wharton, noting down the number of the car.

"I'm going," said the driver, and shot down the road at a 25-mile clip.

"Some queen on his right," murmured one of the newspapermen who, like the constable, had a fine eye for feminine beauty.

The second and last catch of the evening was, as noted above, on the Lambeth-Springbank road.

"Good night," quoth Mr. Wharton. "What is the idea of being without lights?"

"Aren't my lights on?" asked the surprised driver.

"You know they aren't," said Mr. Wharton. "Why are you doing here on this lonely stretch of road?"

"We just stopped to look at the fire," came a muffled voice in angry tones. "Nothing wrong about that, is there?"

"Certainly not," replied the high constable, but you can explain to the magistrate why you didn't have your lights on."

All the quiet roads in Westminster were travelled up and down and then came the roads of London Township. They also were barren of parked cars, either with or without lights.

The constable stopped at a vacant lot, and isolated barns. Not even a tramp rewarded the visits.

"No crime tonight," sighed a sleepy scribble. "I don't believe that there are half the petting parties people say there are."

"You have expressed my sentiments exactly," declared the constable.

"I've known it all along, and I just wanted to prove it to you fellows. That's why I asked you to go with me tonight," said the high constable.

"Crime is nix in this old county," yawned "Johnny the Scoop" as he arrived at the family doorstep.

"Thanks for the ride, Mr. High Constable."

Suburban Sleuth Ere Dawn Ends Wandering of Tabby

Suburbanites, not famed for a greater degree of "zero-hour" civility, came near scoring through one of their representatives early today.

Awakened shortly before 4 o'clock this morning by a rattle in the grounds of a neighbor's home, a South Londoner paused only to equip himself with scanty clothing and a sackknife before he fared forth into the danger zone. First on the concrete walk and then around the back door of neighbor's house came the persistent rattle, too early for the milkman and too late for a Sunday evening reveler.

Scouting around the premises, Mr. Suburbanite was shocked at what the dim shadows of early morning af-

ferred to his vision. Here was a metal object, without visible means of propulsion, hopping and rolling all over the grounds in a sort of mad endeavor to get nowhere in particular but certainly somewhere in a hurry.

Drawing his trouser belt through its buckle, another two notches and the gadget party under the auspices of the amateur sleuth hurled himself on the metal object.

The interior came shrieks and discordant cries not unlike those of a house cat. And such it was—a pussy entirely enveloped by a salmon tin. Tabby was released in short order, and it made a beeline for cover. It is still travelling, according to its rescuer.

Chief Finds the Going Heavy When He Tries To Teach Keyboard Mysteries.

Fire Chief Aitken is experiencing some difficulty in training many of his "hearties" in the ways of a stenographer, so he says. The city council decided that the reports of the department should be typed and not made in long-hand, and accordingly ordered the chief to train in one of his men as a stenographer. The chief says the going is very hard, and that the path of the would-be stenographer of the fire is to be both typist and fireman is no sinecure.

"I've got firemen in my department, not girls," he says. "They don't take to using a typewriter naturally, and how am I to train them in a thing I never used myself? How did you learn anyway?"

The reporter admitted that he had taught himself, and that it also had been a hard road to hoe.

"I can only do the stunt with one finger of each hand," the scribe replied, "but I can get a lot of speed out of the old mill." He signed and the chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

May Stage Raid To Get Shilling

Proud Boast of City Hall Official May Be Punctured.

A certain city hall official who cannot claim Scottish descent is somewhat filled with vain pride in that while on a holiday some time ago to the land of the heather he picked up a shilling on a golf course, and that in the capital city—Edinburgh.

He even has the effrontery to keep that shilling in a little frame on his mantelpiece adorned with this motto: "Here the worthy Scot was caught napping by a Canadian, who thought a stranger was not taken in."

It is rumored that other officials of the city hall with the blood of the Scottish burrowing hot in their veins intend to raid the house of the vain glorious boaster some night and return the shilling to the land of its birth.

Chief Sees Danger In Fire Alarm Plan

Declares It Would Be Unwise To Transfer Wires To Hydro Poles.

Fire Chief Aitken looks with some alarm on the proposal to place the wires of the fire department's alarm system on the hydro poles, and to remove the poles on which the wires are now strung. The move is to do away with some of the number of poles in the city in an effort to increase the aesthetic beauty of London's streets.

The chief, however, says: "It's a very dangerous thing to do. In my opinion, there is always the danger of a hydro wire breaking and if that happened then it would fall on our alarm wire and burn it up, leaving us without an alarm system at all until the wires were repaired. The danger that exists in this way is actual and not merely theoretical. In Toronto they had an explosion a few weeks ago in an underground conduit and the danger from the overhead system is greater. Also if a hydro wire should break and fall on our wires it renders it dangerous for anyone to touch the fire alarm boxes. Men have been killed in that way."

"It seems to me that as the hydro people are putting their wires under as quickly as they can and that as they will soon get rid of all their old wires, it would be safer to allow our alarm wires to stay on our own poles for a few years longer until the time comes when we can get them in a conduit, too."

"Yes, it is," quavered the American youth.

"Don't you know, you shouldn't be parked here with lights out?" proceeded the high constable.

"I haven't been here long and I don't know the rules of the road," came back the young man in chattering accents.

"Well, you can't do it and I advise you to move along smartly," replied Mr. Wharton, noting down the number of the car.

"I'm going," said the driver, and shot down the road at a 25-mile clip.

"Some queen on his right," murmured one of the newspapermen who, like the constable, had a fine eye for feminine beauty.

The second and last catch of the evening was, as noted above, on the Lambeth-Springbank road.

"Good night," quoth Mr. Wharton. "What is the idea of being without lights?"

"Aren't my lights on?" asked the surprised driver.

"You know they aren't," said Mr. Wharton. "Why are you doing here on this lonely stretch of road?"

"We just stopped to look at the fire," came a muffled voice in angry tones. "Nothing wrong about that, is there?"

"Certainly not," replied the high constable, but you can explain to the magistrate why you didn't have your lights on."

All the quiet roads in Westminster were travelled up and down and then came the roads of London Township. They also were barren of parked cars, either with or without lights.

The constable stopped at a vacant lot, and isolated barns. Not even a tramp rewarded the visits.

"No crime tonight," sighed a sleepy scribble. "I don't believe that there are half the petting parties people say there are."

"You have expressed my sentiments exactly," declared the constable.

"I've known it all along, and I just wanted to prove it to you fellows. That's why I asked you to go with me tonight," said the high constable.

"Crime is nix in this old county," yawned "Johnny the Scoop" as he arrived at the family doorstep.

"Thanks for the ride, Mr. High Constable."

Suburban Sleuth Ere Dawn Ends Wandering of Tabby

Suburbanites, not famed for a greater degree of "zero-hour" civility, came near scoring through one of their representatives early today.

Awakened shortly before 4 o'clock this morning by a rattle in the grounds of a neighbor's home, a South Londoner paused only to equip himself with scanty clothing and a sackknife before he fared forth into the danger zone. First on the concrete walk and then around the back door of neighbor's house came the persistent rattle, too early for the milkman and too late for a Sunday evening reveler.

Scouting around the premises, Mr. Suburbanite was shocked at what the dim shadows of early morning af-

ferred to his vision. Here was a metal object, without visible means of propulsion, hopping and rolling all over the grounds in a sort of mad endeavor to get nowhere in particular but certainly somewhere in a hurry.

Drawing his trouser belt through its buckle, another two notches and the gadget party under the auspices of the amateur sleuth hurled himself on the metal object.

The interior came shrieks and discordant cries not unlike those of a house cat. And such it was—a pussy entirely enveloped by a salmon tin. Tabby was released in short order, and it made a beeline for cover. It is still travelling, according to its rescuer.

Chief Sees Danger In Fire Alarm Plan

Declares It Would Be Unwise To Transfer Wires To Hydro Poles.

Fire Chief Aitken looks with some alarm on the proposal to place the wires of the fire department's alarm system on the hydro poles, and to remove the poles on which the wires are now strung. The move is to do away with some of the number of poles in the city in an effort to increase the aesthetic beauty of London's streets.

The chief, however, says: "It's a very dangerous thing to do. In my opinion, there is always the danger of a hydro wire breaking and if that happened then it would fall on our alarm wire and burn it up, leaving us without an alarm system at all until the wires were repaired. The danger that exists in this way is actual and not merely theoretical. In Toronto they had an explosion a few weeks ago in an underground conduit and the danger from the overhead system is greater. Also if a hydro wire should break and fall on our wires it renders it dangerous for anyone to touch the fire alarm boxes. Men have been killed in that way."

"It seems to me that as the hydro people are putting their wires under as quickly as they can and that as they will soon get rid of all their old wires, it would be safer to allow our alarm wires to stay on our own poles for a few years longer until the time comes when we can get them in a conduit, too."

"Yes, it is," quavered the American youth.

"Don't you know, you shouldn't be parked here with lights out?" proceeded the high constable.

"I haven't been here long and I don't know the rules of the road," came back the young man in chattering accents.

"Well, you can't do it and I advise you to move along smartly," replied Mr. Wharton, noting down the number of the car.

"I'm going," said the driver, and shot down the road at a 25-mile clip.

LONDON FIREMEN ARE NO "STENOGRAPHS"

Chief Finds the Going Heavy When He Tries To Teach Keyboard Mysteries.

Fire Chief Aitken is experiencing some difficulty in training many of his "hearties" in the ways of a stenographer, so he says. The city council decided that the reports of the department should be typed and not made in long-hand, and accordingly ordered the chief to train in one of his men as a stenographer. The chief says the going is very hard, and that the path of the would-be stenographer of the fire is to be both typist and fireman is no sinecure.

"I've got firemen in my department, not girls," he says. "They don't take to using a typewriter naturally, and how am I to train them in a thing I never used myself? How did you learn anyway?"

The reporter admitted that he had taught himself, and that it also had been a hard road to hoe.

"I can only do the stunt with one finger of each hand," the scribe replied, "but I can get a lot of speed out of the old mill." He signed and the chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.

Nothing but a stenographer. Nothing but a stenographer. The chief regarded him with the contempt he deserved.



LOCATION OF WRANGEL ISLAND.

The map above indicates not only the relative position of Wrangel Island, but also its strategic importance when airplane and airship traffic "over the top" between Europe, America and Asia becomes a commercial reality. It has been brought into the limelight by Vilhelmur Stefansson's sale of his trading interests on the island to American buyers.

Telephone Co. Installs \$90,000 in Equipment

Will Be Able To Provide 1,500 More Phones on Party Line System.

Additional switchboard equipment installed at the local telephone office by the Bell Telephone Company at an approximate cost of \$90,000 will enable the company to extend its service to the extent of about 1,500 telephones on the basis of the two-party line system. The installation has been made by the company in accordance with its policy of keeping pace with the ever-increasing business demands of its patrons.