

WORLD RECORD ESTABLISHED BY LOOP-THE-LOOP CHAMPION

French Aviator Fronzal Wins Further Laurels by Ascending to Height of 1,000 Metres, and Comes Down Within Nine Feet of Spot Indicated.

Buc, France, Oct. 10.—The French aviator, Fronzal, established a world's record this afternoon for landing at a given spot when he ascended to the height of 1,000 metres and came down within nine feet of the spot indicated. Fronzal holds the record for looping-the-loop.

James Gordon Bennett Cup race, took the air and succeeded in beating the speed record of Captain De Romanet for a kilometre. De Romanet, on Saturday, flew a kilometre in 12.3 seconds, or at the rate of 292.82 kilometres, or about 181.95 miles an hour. To-day Leconte covered the kilometre in 12.1 seconds, or at the rate of 296.694 kilometres per hour.

DISORDERS OCCUR IN IRISH CITIES

Troops Are Called to the Londonderry Prison.

Belfast, Oct. 10.—The people residing in the vicinity of the prison at Londonderry passed a sleepless night owing to the din made by Sinn Féin prisoners who wrecked the cells, smashed windows and shouted republican songs. Eventually troops were summoned and surrounded the prison. They first fired in the air, then suppressed the disorders.

An attempt was made at Derry today to hold a huge demonstration at the funeral of the seventeen-year-old boy, John Clifford, who was shot by a sentry Wednesday night. As the enormous assembly started, however, soldiers with fixed bayonets stepped in behind the hearse. Others marched further in the rear and prevented anything like an organized procession, the crowds being pushed to the side paths and side streets.

Three military officers and twenty men riding in two lorries on patrol duty were ambushed last night a quarter of a mile from the village of Newcastown. The men sprang out of the lorries and engaged the attacking party in the darkness, the fight lasting more than an hour.

Captain Richardson, commanding the naval detachment at the Bandon Military barracks, was shot in the head and died a few minutes afterward. Lieutenant Robertson was shot through the stomach and probably fatally wounded. Two soldiers of the party were badly injured.



Heading for the Cross-Benches. Mayor McBride, of Brantford, who has decided to forsake the Government benches in the Ontario Legislature. He alleges that the Attorney-General tried to curb his reference to Hydro Radicals and that there is considerable dissatisfaction among organized labor.

Serum Successful for Appendicitis

Paris, Oct. 10.—The removal of the appendix has now become the most simple operation, and has not been attended with the slightest danger, according to a report of Professor Paul Delbet to the Academy of Sciences. He said that thirteen otherwise fatal cases had been completely cured by the injection of from 50 to 100 cubic centimeters of anti-gangrene serum which hitherto had been used most successfully in the treatment of the war wounded. While this has always been considered by the medical profession as a minor operation, the number of cases that proved fatal led the patient heretofore to anticipate with some degree of alarm the application of the surgeon's knife in his case.

October.

Come out, boys, come out; Get all the troop together. The day is great and the sun is bright— Say, it's October weather.

Buddy Jones—go get him quick, And Bill—there he's a-calling. The burrs have burst, the wind is high, And the ripest ones are falling. Hurry them up; get all the bunch And bring them out—where's Joe? Nuts on the ground are easy to get— The sweetest the highest grow.

Scout or squirrel, which one will win? It's the first one there that lands. But a squirrel's feet should never beat A scout with his head and hands.

There's fun in the woods on a day like this; Miss it? Who ever dreamed miss? Nature's in love with the whole wide world. For Winter gave her a kiss.

Come out, boys, come out, It's a dandy sight to see The colors that Nature has wrought And splashed on every tree.

The Biggest Blessing.

I think I'm thankful of all For this old house of ours: The maple by the garden wall, The borders full of flowers; The front doorkill that's hollowed out By many passing feet; The different pictures hung about, With faces kind and sweet.

The firewood's flame is red and gold And makes a spicy smell; There's nothing half so clear and cold As water from our well; And through the window, sleepy nights, Just at the stairway's head, A white star like a candle lights Me safely up to bed.

So brightly all my blessings shine That many thanks I give— But mostly for this home of mine Where I was put to live.

Autumn Song.

Turn now to sleep—the air is filled with dreams; Over the meadow grass the small winds creep. With scarce a sound, the yellow sunshine clings 'Mong trees where still birds rest with folded wings, And on a withering branch a robin sings.

Of sleep. Turn now to sleep—for darkness will be soon, And mists like thoughts that slumber. Mortals keep With lighted lamps a watch on wintry hours; But you shall turn, with all your trees and flowers And garnered sunshine, to the quiet bowers.

The Passing of the Queen.

Fair and sinuous, with sated eye She moves beneath the gleaming sky, Her hair is bound with crimson leaves, Her arms are full of golden sheaves, Her lips are red with vintage blood, Her breath is of the burning wood. When she walks through the yellow grass The bare trees sway to let her pass, The sun swings low his lamp of fire, The wind sighs through her Aeolian lyre. The waters deep their vigil keep, The flowers kiss and go to sleep, When Queen October passes by.



FROM RED TRAIL OF WAR TO PROSPERITY IN WESTERN CANADA

Thousands of Canada's soldier sons, returned to the paths of peace, have availed themselves of the opportunity provided by the Soldiers' Settlement Board of establishing themselves on farms throughout the Dominion. The above pictures give a good idea of some of the homes and farms owned by these soldiers. (1) is the home of Edward Livesey, a lieutenant in the 49th Battalion in North Saanich, Vancouver Island. He has 20 acres and is prospering. (2) shows W. W. Latter on his farm at Moore Park, Man. (3) is Mrs. Gallagher, who is taking the place of her hero husband, killed at the front while serving with the 29th Battalion. She has a 40-acre farm at Matsqui Station, B.C., where she is taking up dairying. She is the tenant of the Matsqui farm adjoining and is seen among part of a crop of carrots. (4) The neat home of A. J. McCarthy, Regina District, Sask.

British Ultimatum Handed to Russia

A despatch from London says:—A British ultimatum to Russia, threatening to sink Russian warships and submarines on sight if they appear in the vicinity of Nikolief on the Black Sea, has been handed to Leonid Krassin, the Bolshevik emissary in London. The note, according to Krassin, was from Earl Curzon, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs. The message is regarded in some quarters as a declaration of war. "The note," said Krassin, "declared that it has been reported to the British Government that a Russian submarine has been sighted off Nikolief, and further states that if this is so it will be sunk, as will all Russian warships, on sight." Krassin has forwarded the note to Moscow.

Former Kaiser Seeks to Justify His Acts

Berlin, Oct. 10.—The former Kaiser in his Holland retreat is writing a "political testament," the central idea of which is a justification of his course as ruler of Germany in the eyes of the world. The "testament" is not to be published until after his death. Professor Theodore Schiedeman, the aged historian and personal friend of the former Kaiser, is assisting him in the assembling of data and is also aiding in the editing. The testament seeks to justify all of Wilhelm's personal and political acts.

Russo-Polish Armistice Conditions Arranged

Riga, Oct. 10.—The Russo-Polish armistice, according to the plan tentatively agreed upon, is for 25 days. It will begin within four days after signature. The armistice may be broken on 48 hours' notice during the first 25 days, after which it will continue indefinitely, upon the condition that either party may break it on a 10-day notice.

Inland Revenue of Month of August

A despatch from Ottawa says:—The grand total of inland revenue accruing during the month of August was \$11,292,476, according to a statement issued from the Federal Department of Customs and Inland Revenue. Last August the grand total was \$5,240,418. The total excise revenue during the month of August was \$3,307,132. Of this amount \$2,497,147 accrued from the excise tax on tobacco, and \$409,650 from spirits.

For rain that has fallen on quiet fields of home, For the light that has quickened the warm dark loam, For the strength that has labored in the heat of the day, For the harvest that will not be taken away, The harvest of beauty, the harvest of peace, Our thanksgiving never shall cease!

U.S. Corn Crop Largest in History

Washington, D.C., Oct. 8.—The 1920 corn crop promises to be the largest in the history of the United States by more than ninety million bushels. A yield of 3,216,192,000 bushels, compared with the previous record production of 3,124,746,000 bushels in 1912 was forecasted to-day by the Department of Agriculture from a condition of 89.1 on October 1. The yield will exceed that of last year by practically 300,000,000 bushels. Kansas, Nebraska and Missouri will contribute practically all of the increase.

Warm and dry September weather, free from widespread killing frosts and the maturing of the late crops and during the month the prospects for this year were increased by 85,000,000 bushels. The frosts near the end of the month did little damage, and the great bulk of the crop is now safe on that score, Government experts said.

\$10,000,000 Bridge Across St. Lawrence

A despatch from Montreal says:—Definite steps towards the construction of a new bridge across the St. Lawrence from the foot of McGill Street to the property of the Harbor Board on the south side, with a middle way on St. Helen's Island, were taken at a meeting of the committee representing the various bodies interested with the Harbor Commission. The estimated cost is put at \$10,000,000, and aid is to be asked from the city and Provincial Government; while it was declared that the Dominion Government should shoulder the major part of the burden.

Medical Aid in Mid-Ocean Sent by Wireless

A despatch from Southampton says:—While the steamship St. Paul, which has arrived here, was in mid-Atlantic, she received wireless appeal for medical aid from the tramp steamer Schroom. A member of the crew of the tramp was seriously ill. Dr. Stump, of the St. Paul, obtaining a description of the symptoms of the man's ailment by wireless while the vessels were 50 miles apart. He diagnosed the case as appendicitis. Then he treated the man by wireless instruction for four days, when it was reported he was on the way to recovery. Communication between the two vessels was then broken off.

Seaplane Crashes Into St. John River

A despatch from Fredericton, N.B., says:—The Fairey float-type seaplane, in which Col. Leckie, D.S.O., director of flying operations of the Canada Air Board and Major Basil Hobbs, D.S.O., started the transcontinental air flight from Halifax, crashed into the St. John River at Whelpley's Point, 20 miles southeast of St. John. Col. Leckie and Major Hobbs escaped without injury.

EGYPTIANS ACCEPT BRITISH PLAN

Negotiations Have Been in Progress in Paris.

A despatch from Paris says:—Leaders of the Egyptian Nationalist party meeting in Paris have decided to accept with one important reservation the British plan for Egyptian independence, which was announced in England last July.

This was learned from a member of the Egyptian Committee of Four which carried the British plan to the Egyptian people and arrived in Paris on its way to London. As a result of their two-day conference, the leaders have framed a number of suggestions and counter-proposals which will probably be submitted to a high official of the British Government.

Maher Bey, one of the committee of four, declared that he and his colleagues brought back the unanimous approval of 14,000,000 Egyptian people "who are united to gain complete independence."

The chief reservation made by the Egyptians consists of a demand that all references to the British protectorate over Egypt be completely eliminated from the chief treaty of Versailles and all other existing treaties, including those growing out of the war.

The Egyptians have agreed to permit a certain number of British troops to remain in Egypt, said the committee member, and have also agreed to pay indemnities to all British and other foreign subjects in Egypt who may suffer through reorganization and the advent of independence.

Afghan Garrisons Reported in Mutiny

A despatch from London says:—A wireless despatch received from Moscow reports that a military mutiny has broken out among the garrisons in Northern Afghanistan. The despatch says the soldiers are demanding a soldiers' Soviet, the same as that in Russia.

Italian King Orders Son To Learn Useful Trade

A despatch from Paris says:—King Victor Emanuel of Italy has cancelled the college education of his son and has ordered him to learn a useful trade.

Weekly Market Report

Wholesale Grain. Toronto, Oct. 12.—Manitoba oats—No. 2 CW, 72½¢; No. 3 CW, 68½¢; extra No. 1 feed, 67½¢; No. 1 feed, 66½¢; No. 2 feed, 63½¢, in store Fort William.

Manitoba barley—No. 3 CW, \$1.08; No. 4 CW, \$1.02½; rejected, 93½¢; feed, 91½¢, in store Fort William. Manitoba wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$2.21½; No. 2 Northern, \$2.19½; No. 3 Northern, \$2.11½; No. 4 wheat, \$2.04½, in store Fort William. American corn—No. 3 yellow, \$1.30, nominal, track, Toronto, prompt shipment.

Ontario oats—No. 2 white, 64 to 68¢. Ontario wheat—No. 2 Winter, \$2.05 to \$2.15; No. 2 Spring, \$2 to \$2.10; shipping points, according to freight.

Poss—No. 2, nominal. Barley—\$1.10 to \$1.15, according to freight outside. Buckwheat—No. 2, nominal. Rye—No. 3, \$1.65, nominal, according to freight outside. Manitoba flour—\$12.50 to 20 patents, \$12 Government standard.

Ontario flour—\$9 bulk, seaboard. Millfeed—Car lots, delivered Montreal freights, bags included: Bran, per ton, \$54; shorts, per ton, \$54; good feed flour, \$3.50. Provisions—Wholesale. Smoked meats—Hams, med, 47 to 50¢; heavy, 40 to 42¢; cooked, 64 to 68¢; rolls, 34 to 36¢; cottage rolls, 41 to 43¢; breakfast bacon, 50 to 52¢; fancy breakfast bacon, 56 to 62¢; backs, plain, 62 to 64¢; boneless, 64 to 68¢.

Cured meats—Long clear bacon, 27 to 28¢; clear bellies, 26 to 27¢. Lard—Pure tierces, 30½ to 31¢; tubs, 31 to 31½¢; pails, 31¼ to 31½¢; prints, 30 to 30½¢; Compound tierces, 31¼ to 31½¢; tubs, 24½ to 24½¢; pails, 24½ to 24½¢; prints, 27 to 28¢. Country Produce—Wholesale. Butter—Creamery, fresh made solids, 55 to 57¢; prints, 57 to 58¢; No. 1 dairy, 47¢.

POLLY'S THANKS- GIVING

The last trunk had gone, the last giggling girl had climbed into the bus and the school settled into a dreary, discouraged silence. Polly Evans sat disconsolately in a chair. Everything was as dismal as possible, and if she were sure Ann Elizabeth, the mail-off-all-work above stairs, would not pop into the room she would have a good cry.

Polly had only been at Hill Crest Girls' School a week and, of course, it was silly to go all the way from Toronto to Parry Sound for Thanksgiving. But, nevertheless, a tear trickled down her nose and splashed on the French grammar open in her lap. "Fat lot I have to be thankful for!" she thought, bitterly.

Only two teachers were staying over the holidays, and every girl except Polly had gone, dropping delicious hints of the celebration in store for them. If Polly had been at school from the beginning of the term surely some of the girls would have carried her off for Thanksgiving, but she scarcely knew them. Another tear chased the first one, when a sharp rap at the door made her swallow hard and fly for her handkerchief.

"Come in!" she called, and in came Ann Elizabeth with a big parcel. There was a box of candy from dad, a little fruit cake from mother, a gay little book from Bob, a feather from the turkey and a jar of ginger cookies. Polly blew her nose vigorously and decided to cheer up. Taking the book and a handful of cookies, she went down into the study and curled up before the fire. It was too bad the teachers she cared for least were staying—everything was too bad, but she was fourteen and a young lady of the world, and must make the best of it. The book was very exciting and she soon forgot that to-morrow was Thanksgiving. Suddenly mixed in a hazy way with the characters of the story, she became aware of a deep, pleasant voice talking in the entry.

"Didn't Jane get my telegram? Gone to Betty's for Thanksgiving? Pshaw! Here I am stranded in Toronto without a soul to cheer me up! Well, guess I'll be going."

"Better go in there by the fire and rest a bit," Miss Warren suggested apologetically. She felt that something should be done in the principal's absence, but she was a vague little person and could think of nothing else to suggest. It was 6 o'clock and all at once she had a brilliant idea. "Perhaps you'd stay for tea," she added anxiously.

Polly peeped around the edge of her chair. The jolliest sort of a person was coming into the room. "Hullo!" he cried, catching sight of her.

"You stranded too? I'm Jane's Uncle Bob. Say, how'd you like to adopt me for a day?" The idea of adopting such a tall, grown-up gentleman sent Polly into a gale of merriment, and by the time Miss Warren returned to announce supper they were chatting away like old friends.

Dinner was very exciting and Mr. Kenyon kept every one laughing, but, best of all, before saying good-night, Uncle Bob had obtained permission to borrow Polly for Thanksgiving. What a day it was!

Dinner at the largest hotel Polly had ever seen, then out to the football game, supper and then to the theatre. Such adventures!

"I never was so thrilled in my life," wrote the little girl next day in her letter home, and Uncle Bob, let me tell you, enjoyed himself as much as Polly.

Thanksgiving. Thanks for the life Thy love has guarded still; Thanks for the loves that all the glad days fill; Thanks for the joys which brighten all the way. Thanks for the homes, the friends of every day.

We thank Thee, Lord, For every daily gift for daily need; For hopes renewed by many a kindly deed. We thank Thee, Lord, For pain that teaches us to sympathize. For every tear that dims our aching eyes, For hopes deferred, for disappointments keen, That lead our faith to One we have not seen; For faith to walk the darkest, hardest road, For needed strength to bear life's daily load.

We thank Thee, Lord, For clouds and sunshine, calm, or wind and rain, For wildest storm that leads to calm again; For silent, silver moon—for stars that glow; For summer's verdure, and for winter's snow; For all of nature, life and living things, For death, and that new life that dawning brings.

At the Niagara Falls postoffice 50,000 souvenir postcards are mailed every Sunday, and from 20,000 to 30,000 a day on week days.

