

Land Values Shrink in Tokio.

It is reported that land values have taken a considerable drop in Tokio since the earthquake. Land once quoted as 1,000 yen per tauho (about 26 square ft.) is now being appraised at around 200 yen.

HUNDRED WOMEN ATTEND
FIRST CITIZENSHIP TEA

Hear Woman Lawyer Give an Instructive Talk on Making Wills.

TEA FOLLOWS ADDRESS

A Second Meeting Will Be Addressed by Albert Chamberlain.

Nearly one hundred women were present at the first of a series of educational teas given yesterday afternoon at the Smallman & Ingram tea room by the Citizenship Committee of the Local Council of Women. These teas, which are being arranged by the committee with a view to giving the women of London a broader view of their citizenship, will have as their chief attraction a speaker qualified to talk on some subject which closely interests the women as enfranchised members of the community.

Yesterday's talk was on "The Laws of Succession as They Affect Women and Children," given by Miss Evelyn Harrison, who is herself a practicing lawyer in the city. On Friday afternoon of this week, Albert Chamberlain, of the Welfare League, will give an address on "Immigration from the British Isles" in the Smallman & Ingram tea room, to which the women of the city are invited.

Mrs. John Rose, convener of the Citizenship Committee and president of the Local Council of Women, was in the chair yesterday and introduced the speaker. Although Miss Harrison's subject was rather technical in its nature, seeking rather to give specific information than to entertain, it proved exceedingly interesting and was followed by a series of questions on the subject which came from the floor.

The speaker traced the history of the making of wills back to the time of Henry VIII, when the first wills were made. In the early days wills might be made verbally and in the maker's own handwriting. This provided plenty of opportunity for fraud, and innumerable quarrels, which finally led to the passing of the Statute of Frauds. A relic of the old verbal will was yet to be found in the fact that soldiers and sailors can today make verbal wills which are binding.

As the years went on all sorts of technicalities gathered about wills, until the present complicated form was evolved. Mrs. W. F. Hughes, president of the Women's Canadian Club, and Mrs. H. W. Paddell, president of the W. C. T. U., were called upon for brief speeches. It was discovered that several out-of-town guests were present at the gathering. After the address, tea was served.

ARRANGES RECITAL.

The Girls' Canadian Club has arranged a most attractive program to be presented this evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, Miss Gwendolen Anstie, reader, Mrs. Ed. Wyatt, soprano, and Miss Dorothy Davis, pianist, will be among the artists taking part.

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Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians 23 years for

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Genuine Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

WOMEN and THE HOME

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

What Can Be Done for the Wife Who Has Broken Down in Faithful Service? "Eighteen," Who Wants to Marry for More "Fun"—Which Shall She Marry: The Jealous Man, the Widower or the Sheik?

Dear Miss Dix—I am a married man almost fifty years of age. Have been married for almost twenty-five years. The girl I married was very well-to-do, while I was only a poor, struggling young man. Her parents were most kind about helping us, and my wife has been the best wife I have ever had. She has worked and saved, giving everything to the children and me, but would never spend anything on herself, and she still does this now that her parents are dead and she has inherited their fortune.



My wife has always been of a very nervous temperament, and last fall she had a breakdown. Since then she has been insanely jealous of me, cries all the time, and never wants me to leave her even to attend to my business. My mother and sisters think that she is crazy and that I should put her in an asylum, but I do not believe she would live a month if I did. The doctors say that her nerves are shattered and advise me to leave her away, but I don't know what to do. What would you do if you were in my position?

A GOOD HUSBAND

Answer:

Love and tenderness, and change, are the only remedies for cases like your wife's, and she is a fortunate woman in being able to have these.

Take her away from home to some place where she will have new sights and sounds; different food, something fresh and interesting happening around her; take her mind off her own self. Why not try Southern California, which is a paradise at this time of the year?

Personally, I believe that travel is a panacea for almost any ill that afflicts us, and that if we spent more money on railroad and steamship tickets and less on doctor's and druggist's bills we could live twice as long and get ten times as much pleasure out of life.

I know from personal experience that when I get that tired feeling, and there is no pop left in me; when food tastes like sawdust, and beds become places of torment of sleeplessness; when the mildest remark that anybody makes to me sounds like a premeditated insult, and I feel like scratching the face of the whole universe with my claws, there's no remedy for it equal to taking a little trip. It doesn't make any difference if the place I go to is far less comfortable than my own home. There is a tonic in the change that brings back my zest in life and puts me at peace with the world again.

And I also know from personal experience that there is no solace like travel for a great sorrow that eats at your heart like a worm on a rose. At home, where everything tortures you with remembrance, your mind goes round and round in a treadmill, and cannot get out of the beaten track of anguish. But in foreign lands there is nothing to remind you of the past. Strange scenes enchant your eyes. New things fill your mind. Fresh adventures rouse your interest in life that you thought dead. And so time has scope for its beneficent work and the pain dulls and the wound heals.

So, Good Husband, buy your wife some pretty clothes, even over her protests. They will interest her. Then take her as far away as you can. Take her into the sunshine, into strange places, and give her, most of all, your tenderness and sympathy. And in a year or two she will be herself again.

To give two years to a wife who has given you twenty-five years of faithfulness and devotion is no more than fair.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—For three years I have loved a girl of my own age, eighteen. We are both working. I hear so much now of partnership marriages, with everything fifty-fifty. Would there be anything wrong in our marrying on a fifty-fifty basis, with the understanding that there would be no children for several years, until both of us had had enough "fun" in our home life. I think that she should be the boss of the house, while I, of course, would be boss of the family. In other words I like to be bossed by her, but would like to have some say-so about her adventures.

What do you think of this?

EIGHTEEN.

Answer:

A partnership marriage in which the husband and wife go fifty-fifty doesn't mean an orgy of license, son. It means that a man and woman agree to share equally the responsibility and the labor of establishing a home, and to divide its pleasures and perquisites. It does not mean that a man and a woman get married so that they can have more "fun," and that they should be equally indulgent to each other's sidestepping.

It seems to me that you have got the wrong idea of marriage. Marriage isn't a frolic. It isn't keyed to a jazz tune. It isn't a two-step or a one-step. It isn't a flirtation. It isn't any fun.

Marriage is a settling down. It is the accepting of a great responsibility. It is the beginning of the serious business of life, and no man and woman have a right to get married until they have had their fling, until they have had enough of philandering, until they are ready to begin soberly and God-fearingly their life work.

When you are eighteen you are too young for this. You are still mad for pleasure. Your feet ache to dance. You want to run with the gang and have all the fun that is going. And that is why boy and girl marriages are almost invariably a failure. The young have taken burdens upon themselves that are too heavy for their strength. They want to have the fun that other boys and girls are having, and they are tied down with the responsibilities of matrimony. Inevitably they are disappointed and unhappy, and they fight until their romance is shattered and their home broken up.

So don't marry on a fifty-fifty basis, or any other basis, while you are eighteen, son. Wait until you are twenty-five. And don't marry even then seeking fun. There are lots of curious things about matrimony, but they are not amusing. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a very unhappy girl because I cannot decide between three men, each of whom love me and each of whom I love to a certain extent.

One of them is my ideal man, only he is insanely jealous, and I am afraid to marry him because I fear he will make my life miserably with his unfounded suspicions.

The second one is a good, honest, hard-working man, but he is a widower, and I am afraid to marry him lest he throw his first wife up to me and tell me how much better housekeeper she was than I am.

The third one is a sheik-looking young man who is a jazz buff, but it seems to me that he lacks pop, and I am afraid I would starve to death if I married him.

Which one would you take?

A FOOL.

Answer:

I'd take the widower. A good, honest, hard-working, housebroken widower is a preferred risk in matrimony. Never mind about the first wife. It's the No. 2 wife who has the spending of all the money that No. 1 worked herself to death saving.

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GIRLS WIN DEBATE.

The Central Collegiate girls' team won the semi-final debate, in the Western Ontario Secondary School Association series which was held yesterday at Woodstock. The winning of this debate puts them in line for the finals, to be held as soon as the results of the semi-finals in the other districts are announced. The subject of the debate was "Resolved That It Is in the Best Interests of the Country for the Government to Make Necessary Arrangements for the Use of Canadian Coal in Place of American Anthracite." The London debaters, who took the affirmative side, were Miss Eleanor Higgins and Miss Louise Wyatt.

DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE
By ELENORE MEHERIN.

CHAPTER CXXIV.

Fulfillment.

"That's a very long letter you're writing, Miss Brooks." Katy kept her eyes staring hard at the many sheets she had covered before she looked up laughing and took the egg from the nurse. "Yes, isn't it, Miss Ogden? But then this is a letter that has to last a long, long while—oh, mostly forever, and the nurse had read two or three times already and I keep thinking of more and more. It's just as if my heart were turning itself into these words. Did you ever feel like that? And just wanted to pour your whole self out like in a song or something mighty glad? Why, I guess I'll never reach to the postscript—"

The door opened. Perhaps Denny? He was not to see. She slipped the papers under the quilt. But it was only Joan. She caught the guilty look on Katy's face.

"I saw it. Hiding something—maybe a cream puff—under the spread."

Katy laughed. "No, Miss Dancer! A letter. And after a while, will you be kind enough to send it for me?"

"When is after a while, Katy?" "Oh, Joan, are you stupid like me. Now should I think you could put two and two together and decide for yourself when after a while?"

"Tain't now, is it? After a while means later on in the morning. An auspicious moment when the inspiration may strike you. Then you're to come sneaking right up here and, oh, Joan."

Katy's hands flew to her face. When she took them down she was laughing. "That's only half the reason why I asked Joan. Would you here, then, take her mind off her own self, and fetch forth the other half. That most delicious looking pink box—"

The treasure chest with all Katy's wonderful rubbish—pink, lavender, blue and white. She lifted them out on the bed. Then she fluttered them through her fingers. "As she sat thus, with all that piercing gaiety playing over the sweet mouth and in the flushed, excited eyes, Denny came in. Seeing her like this and with Joan and laughing so happily was like an uplifted song, a gladness of summer, a hum of bees. Getting better! Lord—like her old self again! This was the Katy-kid of all his years!"

Katy tossed her head. "Don't mind if we had a little festive decorated tree, do you, dear, beloved Denny—huh? And you see, Joan is to fix them up like new with the ribbons. See! And what's in the package, present? Something for beautiful Katy?"

He opened it slowly, watching her and making her guess, as he had long ago when the bright Lady Elinor had been a little fluffly ball then that he could ever her heart completely with his two hands.

The paper was off, but when the cardboard box opened, Denny broke a little sprang from Katy's

lips. "Oh, Denny! Oh—"

The little black shoes with buckles on them—little black shoes to wear when Joan taught her the dance. Denny set them on the bed. "Spiffy! Like them, Stupid?"

Joan laughed merrily, saying: "Well, suppose you try them on, Katy. And it's not all the steps or not—"

"Katy whispered to Denny: 'Yes, she will—lovely old witch! Didn't we have a good time today, Joan?'"

When Joan was gone, Katy made Denny put the slippers on the table near the bed.

"They're like an inspiration, Denny, and know what it says? 'Gt up, now, lay down, and hop to it. You been loafin' much too long!'"

He said nothing. She leaned toward him. "Don't care if I say, will you, Denny? Ah, but you love Joan, and you don't know it."

"Why do you want this, Katy? I love you—that's enough."

"Oh, I want to know it so much, Denny—know that I didn't spoil things for you."

"Katy-kid!" She could scarcely hear his voice. "I love Joan—and I know it!"

She pulled him down, her arms about him. "Denny, this is the rosiest news—greatest of all. Now I can be happy now—"

Her lips parted, smiled—looked all spirit, all flower, all beauty. He caught her to him, sobbing: "Katy—don't look like this!"

There came a ring at the bell. Katy's hands tightened. "Stephen—"

But it was a telegram and for Katy. From Clay Andrews. The great pal of that and now. Denny held it down for her to read.

"Katy, darling, leaving Chicago today. Three days more. I'll make CHAPTER CXXV.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon, Miss Ogden phoned. Denny stood there hanging to the receiver, saying: "What, what—good God!" All his senses, all his thoughts flying from him, leaving this hot, half-fainting madness drumming over him. Hem—

He dashed out of the building into the first taxi, yelling at the driver: "Quicker! Quicker!" Then, baring his fist into his knees and saying: "God—God—God—yelling at the driver again."

He reached the apartment limo, almost out of his mind, a frightful dizziness raging in his throat. The doctor was just coming from the hall. Denny leaned against the door, biting furiously at his lips. He was aware that he was saying half aloud: "I can't go in! Can't go in!"

He reached the chair at her bed, not knowing how he stumbled. He had her hands in his, his face buried in them and saying: "Oh, Katy-kid! Katy-kid!" Sobbing that with all his heart, breaking.

She loosened one hand and ran it over his head and tried to raise his face. "Ah, Denny—how you're crying! Don't cry for me. Now, doncher do it!"

Danny and Nanny Meet Their Old Friend Hummer the Hummingbird

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

As I have told you before, Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse, way down in the Sunny South, knew nothing of the cold weather and the hard times of their old friends back on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest up North. They had quite forgotten that there could be such things as winter. They continued to live in comfort in the great man-bird, as they called the aeroplane, which had taken them down to the Sunny South. Nanny seldom left the man-bird, she had her precious babies in that nest in the little cupboard. The aviator had discovered those babies and called them the man-bird's babies. And so there was plenty of food for Danny and Nanny and the babies.

The man-bird travelled from place to place and there were always new sights to be seen. At last one morning, when Danny had ventured to sit for a while on one of the wings, was a sudden humming sound, and there dived in a flash into an old friend, Hummer the Hummingbird. Not since first reaching the Sunny South had Danny seen Hummer.

"Well, well, well," squeaked Hummer. "If it isn't Danny Meadow Mouse! I have often wondered what had become of you. I was afraid that not knowing the Sunny South, you might have been caught by some enemy. Where is Nanny? I hope she is safe, too."

"Quite safe," replied Danny. "She is right here in the man-bird. Are you going to stay around here long?"

"I should say not," replied Hummer. "I have been down in the Sunny South as long as I can stand it. I'm just aching for a sight of the Old Orchard and of the Green Meadows up North, and I'm on my way. You know, Mistress Spring is on her way up there now, and I am going to keep along just behind her. I suppose you and Nanny will go back presently."

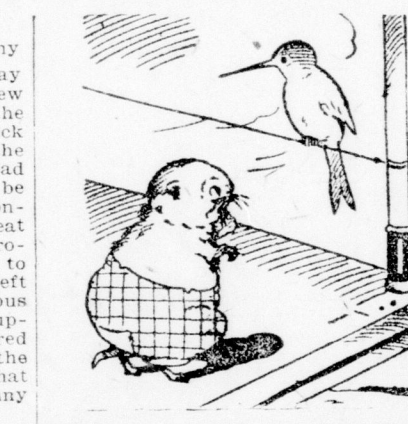
"I don't know," replied Danny rather sorrowfully. "Don't know?" squeaked Hummer sharply. "Why don't you know?"

"Because I have no idea what this great man-bird is going to do," replied Danny. "And we can't go back here unless the great man-bird does."

"That's so," squeaked Hummer. "I'd forgotten all about that. Well, here's hoping that you do get back these safely. I must be on my way."

"Wait a minute!" cried Danny. "Tell me about the other feathered folk. Are many of them leaving yet?"

"Goodness, yes," replied Hummer. "A lot of them have gone already. Honker the Goose and his friends and Mr. and Mrs. Quack and their friends started two weeks ago. Welcome Robin, Redwing the Blackbird, Winsome Bluebird and a lot of others are already on their way. They'll start there just as soon as I am sure the weather has settled and is warm enough. Of course, I can't



"Well, well, well!" squeaked Hummer. "If it isn't Danny Meadow Mouse!"

keep ahead of the flowers. A fellow must live, and I need flowers. Mrs. Hummer is anxious to get to nest building again. So long, Danny, and take good care of yourself. Remember me to Nanny."

With this Hummer darted away, leaving Danny staring after him rather wistfully.

The next story: "Danny and Nanny Become Homesick."

THEY LACE IN FRONT

Gossard Corsets

keep the body in the correct posture, enabling the organs, nerves and muscles of the body to function properly.

WEAR GOSSARD BRASSIERES

You'll Get Rid of Blackheads Sure

There is one simple, safe and sure way to get rid of blackheads, that is to dissolve them. To do this, get two ounces of peroxide powder from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the blackheads briskly—wash the parts and you will be surprised how the blackheads have disappeared. Big blackheads, little blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear. Blackheads are a mixture of dirt and dust and secretions that form in the pores of the skin. The peroxide powder and the water dissolve the blackheads so they wash right out, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition—Advt.

Dickens' Letters To Be Released.

Charles Dickens' letters were placed in the British museum on the great novelist's death, and they will, in accordance with instructions, become available in two years' time.

That tone—that unbearable tenderness, just the way the little Katy had said it an eternity ago when she knelt beside him with her soft lips against his cheek—knelt at Prince Jerry's grave and stuck the daisies all about the edge.

"Denny—oh, look up, Denny darling—see—I'm all right now—oh, don't be crying—poor Denny—why, a little thing—oh, I feel fine now—"

Then Denny was whispering to her and saying a thousand wild things. "Why—Katy—giving up like this. Oh, Katy—take my heart like this—you're all right—you feel better?"

And then she did lie back and rest, holding fast to his hands. And then she slept. Denny sat there, all the mad prayer that stormed the heaven. He saw a little flush creep in her cheeks. He said desperately to the nurse: "She's better!"

That was too much. He pressed his face against his arms and cried.

CHAPTER CXXVI.

Less than half an hour later he was lying on his back, his head against the pillows, white, gasping, all the scarlet, all the smile gone from the vivid lips. Miss Ogden fanned her, put drops of ice water on her forehead, but the dear, beautiful eyes all lighted with that tenderness that smiled and wept, his heart opened—

At that he covered his face, went stumbling to the kitchen where Denny's shoulders. But his lips worked so that he couldn't speak. "Katy—our Katy, our Katy! Why in the name of God didn't you send for me?"

It laid a chill, smothering terror over Denny. He leaped against the wall, fighting for the hope, gripping it and holding it mightily. "Steve—why don't you think—God no! Steve—yesterday noon—she was better than—ever—God no! Steve—why, Katy?"

But Stephen dropped into a chair, his hands dug into his face, his whole body shaking.

Denny felt his pulses freezing—going out faintly. Miss Ogden was at the door. "Come—she's sinking."

He went rushing over to the bed. When he saw Katy's nostrils straining like that, the vivid mouth pale, but the dear, beautiful eyes all lighted with that tenderness that smiled and wept, his heart opened—

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