

Homing Pigeons as Life Savers.

The life saving value of homing pigeons was demonstrated in the late war when Great Britain alone used 80,000 of the birds. They were used in rescues of wrecked aviators and for the relief of troops.

MRS. MANNING IS ELECTED CAPTAIN

Miss Marion Beck Resigns From Office of Ladies' Golf Team.

The resignation of Miss Marion Beck as captain of the ladies' golf team of the London Hunt Club, has been accepted by the executive and Mrs. B. Manning, who has been acting as vice-captain during the summer, has been appointed captain. Owing to the fact that she is out of the city the greater part of the time, Miss Beck found it impossible to hold the office.

The Canadian Ladies' Golf Union has just announced the programs for the nineteenth open and third closed Canadian championships. The former will be decided on the Hamilton Golf and Country Club at Ancaster, commencing Monday, Sept. 15, when qualifying round of 18 holes medal play will be held.

The championship is open to all players who are members of a club affiliated with the C. L. G. U., and British, American and other players in good standing with their respective associations, who have a handicap of eighteen or better. The thirty-two players returning the best gross scores in the qualifying round will form the championship flight and will play through for the title by match play of 18 holes on the succeeding days, the final of 24 holes being decided on Saturday. Any ties in match play will be decided by the first additional hole won.

The sixteen players defeated in the first round of the championship flight will form the championship consolation final of which will be played on Saturday morning. The remaining players in the qualifying round will be grouped in flights of sixteen each, according to their gross scores and will play through for the consolation championships by match play, with the finals on Friday morning. It is expected a number of London women will enter the championship.

WEDDINGS

JAMES-MARSHALL.

The Church of St. John the Evangelist was the scene of a quiet wedding yesterday afternoon at 5 o'clock when Mary Stewart Marshall, daughter of the late Finlay Marshall, and Mrs. Elin Marshall, John street, was married to Dr. Arthur A. James of Sarnia, son of Dr. John F. James and Mrs. James, also of Sarnia. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. L. G. Clarke.

The wedding march was played by Capt. Woodward as the bride entered the church wearing a smart dress of French blue canton crepe with hat to match, gunmetal gray shoes, hose and gloves and carrying a bouquet of lily of the valley and sunset roses.

Following the ceremony, Dr. and Mrs. James left on a motor trip to Montreal and New York, and through the Adirondacks. The bride, dressed for travelling in a black cape lined with gray, and a blue hat. Upon their return they will reside in London.

HESSEL-BEEDLE.

A pretty wedding took place this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, in York street, when Hazel Marguerite Beedle, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Beedle and the late Edw. Alfred Beedle, was married to Lewis Smith Hessel, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Hessel, also of London. Rev. T. W. Charlesworth officiated.

The rooms were decorated with pink and white gladioli and the ceremony was performed underneath an arch formed of the same flowers. The wedding march was played by Miss Gladys Udy, and during the signing of the register, Mrs. R. L. Menzies sang "The Promise." The bride wore a graceful gown of white georgette caught at the girde with a brilliant ornament. Her veil of net was arranged with orange blossoms and she carried a shower bouquet of sweet peas and pink roses.

Miss Velma Beedle was her sister's bridesmaid, and her gown in royal blue georgette with a black velvet hat and she carried Richmond roses. Mr. Lorne Hessel, brother of the groom, acted as best man.

Following the ceremony an informal reception was held and the bride's mother wore a gown of gray broadcloth and Mrs. Hessel, mother of the groom, was crowned in black georgette. Miss Hessel, who left later on a honeymoon which will be spent in Columbus, Ohio. The bride travelled in a navy tailored suit with sand colored gloves and shoes and a black velvet hat.

The groom's gift to the bride was a pearl necklace, to the bridesmaid a bar pin set with brilliants, to the pianist and soloist, bracelets, and to the best man, a cuff link. Among the guests, numbering 50, was the bride's aunt, Mrs. George Leach of Columbus, Ohio.

RED ROSE
For particular people—
Roasted and packed same day in airtight cans

KATHLEEN H. HARPER

has gone to London and Paris on a purchasing trip. Miss Farrell, her assistant, can be seen by appointment.

TELEPHONE 4279-W, or 1164-W.

WATCH FOR FALL ANNOUNCEMENT

WOMEN and THE HOME

Women—
and
Women

Dorothy Dix

Disproves Old
Theory
Feminine
Friendships
Impossible

The Idea That Women Cannot Have the Same Sort of Friendship for Each Other That Men Have Is Absurd—Women Need Each Other More Than Men Do and Their Friendships Are More Unselfish.

"Is a great friendship possible between two women? Are there any feminine Davids and Jonathan?" asks a correspondent. To both questions I answer unhesitatingly "Yes." A great friendship is not only possible between women, but it is so common that we do not even notice its existence.



Still less do we regard it as a phenomenon. Why, virtually every woman possesses one. There is always some woman friend to whom she turns in all the crises of life, to whom she can sob out her troubles, who will close the eyes of her dead and take her new-born babe into her arms, and who has proved her loyalty and devotion all the way from taking care of her children to lending her her best hat.

And there are millions of women whose hearts cleave unto some other woman as David's did to Jonathan's, and who love each other with a love passing that of sisters. For there is a spiritual kinship that is stronger than any blood tie, and very often woman friends are knit together by bonds of congeniality that are stronger than any ties that bind them to their own families.

It is generally held that men alone have the gift for friendship, but my observation has been that women are much more tenacious of friendships than men are. Women keep up with their old friends far better than men do. Women's friends mean more to them than men's do, and Sally Damon and Susan Pythias elect to live together far oftener than do Damon and Pythias.

No time-frazzled superstition has less of a leg to stand on than has the one that pictures women as a bunch of cats, eternally clawing and spitting at each other, and filled with a venomous hatred of every member of their sex.

So far from this being the case, women have almost too much sex solidarity. They are too apt to espouse the woman's side of a case without regard to its worth, and the society of their own sex is absolutely essential to them. They cannot live without other women.

It is often said that a man is a better friend to a woman than another woman is. This is another moss-grown fallacy. A man's friendship for a woman is seldom disinterested. A woman's friendship for another woman is virtually always unselfish.

More than that, men are fair weather friends to women. A man may have a very honest platonic affection for a woman, and as long as she is well and gay and bright and entertaining and interested in him and his affairs, he will camp of an evening in her living-room, and be glad to do her any little kindly service he can.

But let the woman meet with misfortune. Let her become sickly and poor and bedraggled, a fountain of tears and a hard-luck record, and the man will flee from her as he would from a pest, and threaten to fire any office boy who lets her get past his door. He is willing to send her a check in the name of friendship, but he will not give her the friendship that means personal sacrifice.

It is the woman friend, not the man friend, who goes to a woman when she is down and out, who lets her weep out her misery on her breast, and listens with the patience of Job while the self-centered afflicted one recites for the millionth time her litany of woes.

Another ancient myth is that women are hard on other women. Not so. Women are far more ready to forgive a fallen sister than men are. Men may be willing to associate with the Magdalene themselves, but they will not have her touch their womankind. It is women who run all of the philanthropic associations for the help of their sex; women who have gotten the laws passed protecting working women and young girls; women who get up the money for summer camps and summer vacation places for poor girls, and who maintain women's hospitals and clinics where they may go for treatment when they are ill.

In a large experience of business-women I have known very few who did not gladly do what they could to help in training a young girl who was just starting out to make her living. I have known very few who were not always on the watch to help some other girl get a better place, and I have hardly known a case of a girl falling sick or losing her job where the women among whom she worked did not dig down into their thin purses and help her out.

Of course, women talk about each other. They gossip. They repeat scandals. They are envious and jealous and selfish, and they fight for the thing they want, particularly when that thing is a man.

But that is just being human. Women do not criticize each other any more than men do. Just as many men call each other liars and windbags as women call attention to some sister woman's complexion having come out of the drug store, and her age being a twiddle. Men grab the prizes they covet from each other if they can, and when it comes to the woman they desire it is each man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.

The old idea that women cannot have the same sort of friendship for each other that men have is absurd, and it is a pity that so many people believe it. It makes women suspicious of each other and keeps them from enjoying one of the greatest happinesses in life. DOROTHY DIX.

delightful motor trip. En route they were guests with Mr. and Mrs. T. McDonald in Kingsville, and Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Chalmers in Windsor. They also visited in Leamington, Port Huron and Sarnia.

CLUB NEWS

BYRON W. I. HOLDS PICNIC.

The members of the Delaware and Hyde Park Women's Institute were guests of honor yesterday at a jolly picnic given by the Byron Institute at Springbank Park. Owing to the rainy weather only thirty members were present. A splendid program of races and sports were enjoyed, and the results of the races were as follows: peanut race, Mrs. Sharpe; relay race, Miss Helen Comfort and Miss Helen Griffith; needle and thread race, Miss Cornell and Mrs. Purdon Love; married women's race, Mrs. G. Noyes; young ladies, Miss Helen Comfort, fat women's, Mrs. Sharpe; and time race, Miss Amy Turnbull.

EMPRESS AVENUE Y. P. L.

Plans were made at the regular meeting of Empress Avenue Young People's League last evening to entertain the successful baseball team Monday evening next. An enjoyable solo was given by Miss Marjorie Rossater of Detroit, a former member of the Sunday school. Miss Margaret Bowie was in charge of the league service and the Bible lesson was read by Miss Irene Brodettick. The missionary lesson was given by Miss Jones, who gave an interesting talk on China.

ASKIN JUNIOR MISSION CIRCLE. Meeting of Askin Street Junior Mission Circle was held at Mrs.



MRS. KATHLEEN H. HARPER, who is sailing tomorrow from Quebec on S. S. Carmania for France. She will also spend some time in London, England, before returning to town in September.

Portrait by Sanders Studio.

Fashions by Wire

RESEMBLES INVERTED PAIR.

Paris, Aug. 20.—One little black hat of hatters plush shown here today is shaped, except for the tiny upturned brim, like an inverted pair. Its trimming is three narrow rows of gold kidskin and a gold ostrich feather.

WEDDING GOWNS SHORTER.

Paris, Aug. 20.—While satin crepe, in this season of crepes, is smart for wedding gowns, the wedding gown now is a bit less than ankle length, but the train and veil are long.

DYING THE MOLE.

New York, Aug. 20.—Painting the lily is nothing compared with dying the mole. Some of the autumn coats have molekin collars and other trimmings dyed in three shades of sand and brown.

SCARFS INSIDE COATS.

New York, Aug. 20.—If you want to be truly chic, you will wear your scarf inside your autumn coat. It will be crossed in front and just allowed to peep forth enough to show its colors.

ENGAGEMENTS

A charge of 75 cents for one insertion, or \$1 for two insertions is made for notices under this heading. Orders for insertion of engagements must bear the name and address of sender, and will not be taken over the telephone.

Buster Bear Suddenly Comes Face To Face With Farmer Brown's Boy

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

There was someone else in the Old Pasture so busy picking berries that he paid little attention to anything aside from his busy fingers. It was Farmer Brown's Boy. He had filled one big ball with those delicious berries, and was picking as fast as he could make his fingers go to fill another big ball. There were no leaves and no sticks and no green berries in those two balls. Farmer Brown's Boy does not believe in doing work twice. Those berries would not have to be picked over when he reached home.

Now Farmer Brown's Boy wasn't trying not to make any noise, but he made very little. He has learned to move quietly, and he does it without thinking. So it was that those sounds as he did make were very small sounds. The Merry Little Breezes of Old Mother West Wind had picked them up and carried them over to Buster Bear. With them they had carried the scent of Farmer Brown's Boy. But Buster was too busy filling his stomach with berries to use ears or nose, and so he had no idea that Farmer Brown's Boy was even in the Old Pasture.

Buster had stripped most of the berries from one big bush. He stood up and looked about with eager, greedy eyes. Not far off he saw another big bush loaded with big, ripe blueberries. Buster dropped down on to all four feet and began to break his way through the lower bushes and vines between him and the big bush.

Now, as I have said before, Buster's eyesight is not of the best. Perhaps if he had been less greedy he might have discovered something moving back of that big bush. It was Farmer Brown's Boy. He had just begun picking the berries on the farther side of that big bush. Of course he heard Buster Bear coming. He peeped around the bush. There was Buster crashing through the smaller bushes straight for that bush.

Do you think Farmer Brown's Boy ran? He didn't. He had seen Buster and the members of his family often enough to pretty thoroughly understand them. Farmer Brown's Boy simply stood perfectly still. He wasn't afraid. He was filled with lively curiosity to see what Buster would do. He suspected that Buster would take to his heels as soon as he discovered that someone else was in that berry bush.

Buster came straight on with funny little eager whines. When he reached the bush he sat up and greedily reached for the nearest berries. It was then that he saw Farmer Brown's Boy looking straight into his eyes from the other side of that bush. For a few seconds Buster was too surprised to move. He sat there and stared at Farmer Brown's Boy with such a funny, startled look on his face that it was all Farmer Brown's Boy could do to keep from laughing right out.

Farmer Brown's Boy expected to see



For a few seconds Buster was too surprised to move.

Buster turn and take to his heels as fast as he could go. That is what he had done when they had unexpectedly met in the Old Pasture once before, long ago. But Buster did nothing of the kind. Slowly he turned and began to walk away. He didn't hurry at all. He pretended that he didn't know that anyone was about. He stopped and looked

off in another direction. Then he started on again as if he was simply out walking for his health. Finally he disappeared among the bushes. He had preserved his self-respect.

(Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "The Wisdom of Age."

My Best Recipe

By Mrs. W. H. Line,
419 Dufferin Avenue.

ORANGE CAKE.

Beat whites of three eggs until stiff and add yolks unbeaten. Beat well together and add one cup sugar and beat for three minutes; add one third cup cold water and part of grated rind of orange; three table spoons of juice of orange and beat well. Then add one cup flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, sifted four times. Beat quickly and bake in a moderate oven. Icing—One quarter cup butter, one teaspoon orange juice mixed with icing sugar.

ORIENTAL BRACELETS FOR DEBUTANTES.

New York, Aug. 20.—The sort of bracelets that Zenobia might have been glad to wear are the sort which the debutante wears now. Sumptuous Oriental things of heavy setting, they are glittering with big, carved stones and dangling charms.

For the hot days
of Summer

WHEN the atmosphere becomes unbearable and one's throat feels parched and dry—a glass of water sparkling with a small "dash" of ENO'S "Fruit Salt" is an effervescent delight to the palate—immediately cooling, refreshing and invigorating. ENO'S—a real "godsend" in hot weather—should always be in every household every day of the year, ready for instant use. Your druggist sells it!

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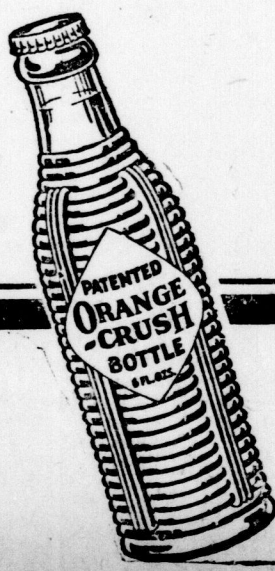
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By a secret process, all the deliciousness of juicy-ripe oranges, limes and lemons is imparted to the three CRUSH pals—Orange-CRUSH, Lime-CRUSH and Lemon-CRUSH. Their inimitable quality and sparkling goodness has won the hearty approval of millions. As thirst quenchers they are absolutely unbeatable!

And they're pure and wholesome. The CRUSHES are bottled in a spotless plant so scientifically equipped that at no time are they exposed even to the atmosphere.

You can get your favorite CRUSH anywhere in the Krinkly bottle. They're all over town. You can have it at home to serve at meal time or in the evenings. Buy Orange-CRUSH by the case from your dealer. Then, for any occasion you can have it right off the ice.

The Krinkly Bottle with the name Orange-CRUSH blown right into the glass is your guide to genuine CRUSH goodness. It can be found in no other bottle.



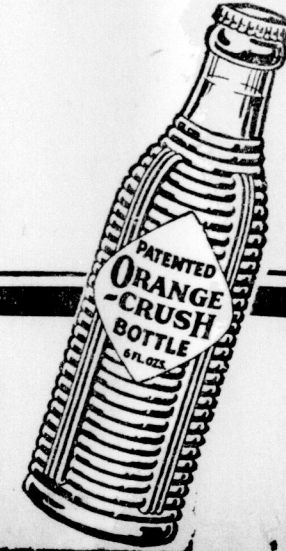
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Kill them all, and the germs too. 10c a packet at Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.