POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2035

NEWS TOPICS OF EMPIRE CAPITAL

The Recent Bit of Brush With France.

World of Fashion Drifting Farther from London—Old Pictures Recalled to the Screen—Boom in Music.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

London, Sept. 8.—There is not much I can tell you about the cabinet council at Inverness which you will not already have received over the cables. Ministers foregathered in strength, those who were not already in Scotland shooting or fishing arriving off the London train, looking for the most part as if they badly needed a shave. In deciding to invite the Sinn Fein leaders to a round table conference providing the question of the establishment of a republic was ruled out, Lloyd George and his colleagues were, I am told, practically unanimous. Ministers who have come back to London after attending the cabinet assume the usual air of exaggerated secrecy about all that transpired. Nevertheless the proceedings seem to have been marked by an atmosphere of holiday gaiety not generally associated with the drab meetings in Downing street.

When the serious work was disposed of everyone was exchanging holiday experiences. Lloyd George was full of his fishing exploits. He is a new recruit to the gentle art of Izaac Walton and bought himself a beautiful fishing outfit when he passed through Inverness on his way north. We all know the fate of the fisherman who sets about the business in this style. But Lloyd George seems to have had real sport. His "basket" embraced a miscellaneous collection of "catches" in the form of eels, rowan trees and the like. He even claims to have landed a three-pound trout, and out of a Scottish burn! The photographs of this specimen will be incredulously demanded. Oh those fishermen!

The Spoils of War.

At the club in St. James', where diplomatists do most foregather, everyone is talking of another impending wrangle with France. The Silesian business had no sooner been referred to the League of Nations than this fresh cloud showed itself on the horizon. Unfortunately, the dispute threatens to be even more delicate than the Silesian business, since it is one in which all the allied powers are more or less directly interested. The quarrel is concerned with the disposal of the fifty millions sterling which Germany will soon be paying over as an instalment of the reparation money. France, I understand, is claiming the bulk of this amount, and refuses to listen to objections that she has already received very substantial reparations in kind in the form of coal received from Germany. M. Briand's case seems to be that the coal ought not to be counted in at all, or at least that it should not be counted in at its market value. Unhappily, the dispute is complicated by the fact that this question of reparation was dealt with in the unbusinesslike fashion which seems to have characterized so much of the work done in Paris in connection with the peace settlement.

The matter was referred to delegates of the allied nations. It was generally assumed that each delegate was armed with plenipotentiary powers. On this assumption the whole subject was threshed out and only when signatures had to be affixed to the agreement did it transpire, to the amazement of everyone, that the French delegate was not armed with full powers. He calmly intimated that before he could put his signature to the poper he would have to consult with his government and obtain their formal assent. The misunderstanding was unfortunate, to say the least, since, on the presumption that they were dealing with a plenipotentiary, the other allied delegates had made numerous and substantial concessions to their French confrere. How mistakes of this kind could ever have been made is something that the plain business man finds it difficult to understand. Anyhow, in this case we are likely to reap where we have sown, and Germany will no doubt gloat in due time over the unedifying spectacle of the allied nations wrangling over the spoils of war.

Jazz Sheets.

A certain well-known society beauty who, when she tired of wearing black crepe de cline nightdresses, introduced the innovation of black silk sheets, is now intriguing her friends by ordering jazz sheets of a similar material. Of course they are specially made for her, and equally they are designed to set off her hair and complexion. Whether the idea will catch on remains to be seen. If so, we may even have our rooms adorned with jazz wallpapers. And why not? Did not Mrs. Asquith introduce pre-Rpahaelite or some other form of decoration into her bed-chamber at 10 Downing street, and did not Mrs. Lloyd George have the wall stripped as soon as she went into residence, substituting therefor a pattern beloved of Criccleth in which forget-me-nots vied with rambler roses in clambering up that dear familiar trellis-work?

River Changes

Everybody knows how slowly but steadily the world of fashion is drifting always westward. The Strand in Dr. Johnson's day was a fashionable promenade. It ceased to be so long ago. And within middle-aged recollection Piccadilly, once the high tide of smart life and shopping activity, has gradually fallen from patrician grace into plebeian vulgarity. The cancer works from east to west. New Bond street still retains something of its pristine glories, but all the evidences point to Sloane Square presently ousting Piccadilly Circus as the hub of London's west end life.

Precisely the same tendency is to be observed in the life and affairs of the Thames, only far more rapid and marked. The polite world is drifting ever farther out from London towards the west and the upper reaches. At one time Richmond, once as popular as Margate, was the centre of powdered fashion. Then Hampton Court had its day. Then it was the turn of Taplow, full forty miles up stream from Teddington. Now Taplow is almost as Richmond and Hampton Court are, and nothing of real fashion consorts below Pangbourne or Goring. And the old Oxford boatmen tell me somewhat sadly that nowadays the tendency is no longer down stream from Oxford, though Oxford is nearly 100 miles from Teddington Lock, but up stream towards Cricklade. It is there one must search for the sumptuous Thames gondolas, the satin-lined electric-lit punts, and the exclusive river people. Below Iffley Lock the advance of a genial but vulgar democracy is heralded by the voice of the motor horn by day and the staccato laugh of the musical comedy understudy by night. The day is not far off when London's boating elite may forsake the Thames altogether and explore the Severn instead.

Shadows

Sometimes I wonder how far our topical cinema films, which appear to me to be quite the most valuable as well as the most interesting, are being carefully docketed and preserved. Do they store them at the British Museum along with the daily newspapers of our day and generation? Because surely posterity will want to see living shadows of past days, and will set a high value on them. Last week at one of our legions of London cinemas the Topical Budget people celebrated an anniversary of some sort by throwing on the screen pictures taken ten years ago. It was a most fascinating and weird experience.

The stalwart and minatory shade of the great Lord Kitchener stalked across the screen, alive and alert as we knew him before the Hampshire's fate was sealed in that wild northern sea, and when Lord Northcliffe believed he was the greatest soldier of all time, next to Napoleon the Great. And another shadow that evoked strange memories and very poignant thoughts was that of the Kaiser Wilhelm, as London greeted him on his last visit before the war, when he was still an imperial figure, with unbleached hair and unhaggard face, his dark moustache twirled upwards in Junker style, and his restless eyes burning with the fires of absolute monarchy; before he was "demobbed" in fact. Fifty or a hundred years hence will the ager generations, in their supercinemas, be able to see the Guards marching down the Embankment in 1914 for the cemetery at Givenchy, and the queerly garbed Londoners of 1919 standing in bareheaded silence while the "unknown warrior" passed to his Abbey sepulchre?

Thorough.

The time to see some of the bizarre characters of London's underworld is just about the hour when the west end theatres devour queues like sword-swallowers. It is then the motley company of street entertainers assembles, with a very weird assortment of instruments and make-ups, to count the evening's takings and discuss the drought.

Recently at this half-light hour of London's sunset, when the slums give up their dead-beats and policemen yawn, a strange figure perambulated. Down the Haymarket he came, carrying a huge paper bag in one hand and a rusty toasting fork in the other, and wearing, among his odd collection of old clothes an ancient sportsman's jacket with big rabbit pockets. These and the paper-bag were stuffed with cigarette-ends, which this collector, the fisher of London's gutters, was spearing on the fork as he deliberately searched the ground. He must surely have been the king of rag-pickers. Lord Haldane might approve his exemplary thoroughness. But what happens to the tobacco in all those discarded cigarette-ends and cigar stumps? It is a problem to make the smoker's flesh creep and his favorite pipe become a mere crematorium.

Mosquito Shooting.

In the nearer suburbs and the home counties a new pastime is becoming suddenly popular, especially in places where mosquitoes, usually not really troublesome, have this year multiplied exceedingly, and bite with unaccustomed venom. Late at night householders, who normally retire to bed soon after ten o'clock, may be seen sneaking into their neighbors' gardens, grasping a small syringe in one hand. They are mosquito shooting. The syringe is the gun, and the projectile a tumbler full of common paraffin. This midnight stratagem is made necessary only when the neighbors do not know each other, and the whole road is convinced that the mosquitoes are coming from a particular rain-water tank which has not been treated by its owner. Then some bold fellow makes a secret attack, and fires his charge of paraffin over the surface. Doctors are inclined to declare, even after this summer's drought, that in towns the rain-water tank should be made illegal, or at least placed under some sort of control. At present many householders never use the water, but allow it to become stagnant—an ideal breeding-place for mosquitoes, and for the carrying of disease. A squirt of paraffin, however, is sufficient to keep the tank immune.

The Boom in Music.

There is great depression in the community of commerce, but all the signs and portents point clearly to exceptional activity in the world of music during the coming autumn and winter. Not since 1913 have so many famous artistes been under contract to visit England, and as the public can always find money for its amusements, concert-givers are in a hopeful, if not optimistic, state of mind. Firstly, and foremostly, the news is authentic that Chaliapin is on his way to England. He has been given leave of absence by the Bolsheviks, the conditions being that he will sing for the Russian Relief Fund, and that his wife and family remain in Russia as hostages. Chaliapin will sing in five concerts, as at present arranged, two or three in London and two or three in the provinces, and I understand that Liverpool is one of the favored towns. His fee is to be 250 guineas, and, reckoned by the Tetrazzini standard of 500 guineas, it is modest enough. In the memorable season of Russian opera given by the late Sir Joseph Beecham in 1912, Chaliapin received 400 guineas for each performance. His "Boris" was something to wonder at and talk about.

[illegible] and Kubelik will be here, and the latter has not been in England for eight years. Casals will come in November, and Josef Hoffman, once a prodigy, now in the opinion of some enthusiasts the finest pianist of the day, is also due from America. The more the merrier.

Rev. J. H. Jenner, formerly pastor of the Charlotte street Baptist church, yesterday assumed his new duties of pastor of the Lexington (Mass.) Baptist church. He was given a cordial welcome.

Smoke
T&B
Use it for pipe satisfaction

Correct Corsetry
is the foundation of a woman's appearance

YOUR corset is the most important part of your wardrobe, for it may make or mar the most beautiful gown.

When you wear one of the beautifully fitting P.C. models you feel that whatever the outer garments may be, the foundation of your dress is correct.

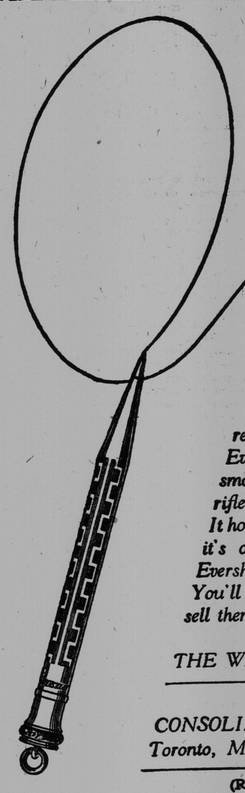
Corsetieres in leading stores everywhere will gladly fit you with a P.C.

Front Lace Back Lace
White and Flesh

PARISIAN CORSET MFG. CO. LIMITED
Montreal QUEBEC Toronto

Write for our new booklet showing 6 P.C. styles fitted on living models

"P.C." Corsets
RUST PROOF
GUARANTEED



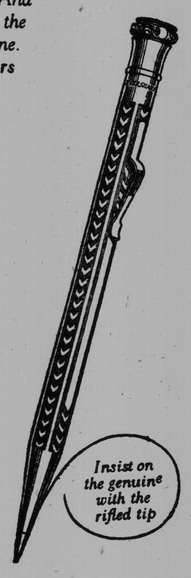
An Exclusive Eversharp Feature

YOU have only to write with an Eversharp once to learn its smooth-writing, trouble-free qualities. There's a good reason for this. The patented features of the Eversharp are skillfully combined to make it smooth-writing and trouble-free. Take the rifled steel tip, for instance. It grips the lead. It holds it tightly in place while you write. And it's an exclusive feature only found in the Eversharp. Be sure you get the genuine. You'll find the name on the pencil. Dealers sell them everywhere as low as 75c.

THE WAHL COMPANY, - Chicago

Canadian Distributors
CONSOLIDATED OPTICAL COMPANY
Toronto, Montreal, St. John, Ottawa, London

(Registered Trademark.)
EVERSHARP
75c. and up



Insist on the genuine with the rifled tip

RENEWED PROSPERITY
SALE
DRAWS HUGE CROWDS

All are pleased with the wonderful bargains offered in all departments. It will pay you to do your shopping here and to do it now.

COATS
Selected from our regular stock, featuring many smart styles. Reduced to clear
$15.00 to $38.00

SUITS
These are wonderful bargains, shown in many styles and colors. Reduced to clear at once
$19.00 to $35.00

DRESSES
A big variety of Serge and Silk Dresses from our regular stock, reduced to sell at once—
$10.00 to $35.00

SKIRTS
A great many separate skirts will be sold below cost to clear at once
$4.00 to $15.00

UNDERWEAR, Etc.
Ladies' Velva Combinations with high neck, long sleeves and ankle length. Regular, $1.90 .....Sale, $1.19
Ladies' and Children's Vests and Drawers—A style for everyone at lowest prices .....39c. to 75c. garment
Children's Wool Sweaters—The kind the children need now .....$2.79 to $2.95

BATH TOWELS
English Bath Towels, Reduced to 75c. Pr.
Heavy Bath Towels—22 x 40, Now, 90c. Pr.
Heavy Bath Towels—24 x 42, Now, 75c. Ea.
Heavy Bath Towels—25 x 50, Now, $1.00 Ea.
Hemmed Bath Towels—White, Now, $1.00 Pr.
Bath Towels—Pink, Blue, Mauve, Now, $1.75 Pr.

BLANKETS
All Wool Blankets in single bed size. Regular, $15.00 ...Now, $10.00 pair
English All Wool Blankets in medium bed size. Regular, $20.00, Now, $13.50 pair
All Wool Blankets—Large double bed size. Regular, $26, Now, $17.00 pair
All Wool Blankets—Large double bed size. Regular, $25, Now, $16.00 pair

GLOVES
French Chamois Gloves—2 dome, washable .....Now, $1.00 Pr.
English Chamois Gloves—2 dome, washable .....Now, $1.75 Pr.
French Kid Gloves—In colors, Now, $1.50 Pr.
Chamoisette Gloves—2 button, Now, 50c. Pr.

MEN'S HEAVY UNDERWEAR
Eureka Green Label—Heavy rib, all wool shirts and drawers; all sizes, Now 98c. Garment
Eureka N. S. Label—Heavy rid, all wool shirts and drawers; all sizes, Now $1.39 Garment
Eureka Red Label—Heavy rib, all wool shirts and drawers; all sizes, Now $1.49 Garment
Eureka Blue Label—Heavy rib, all wool shirts and drawers; all sizes, Now $1.69 Garment
Stanfield's Red Label—Heavy rib, all wool shirts and drawers; all sizes, Now $1.59 Garment
Stanfield's Blue Label—Heavy rib, all wool shirts and drawers; all sizes, Now $1.89 Garment
Penman's Fleece Lined shirts and drawers.....Now 78c. Garment

NECKWEAR, Etc.
Ties in Poplin, Crepe de Chene, etc., To Clear, 15c. Each
Lace Collars—Many styles, all good values .....To Clear, 49c. Each
Uniform Cuffs .....To Clear, 15c. Pair
Remnants of Ribbons.

CRETONNES
Cretonne in many pretty designs. Regular, $1.00 .....Now 65c. Yard
English Cretonne—Good designs and quality. Regular, $1.20, Now 75c. Yard
Cretonne—Very special value. Regular, 75c. .....Now 28c. Yard

BLOUSES
Voile Blouses in white or colors shown in many pretty styles Now $1.49 to $3.39
Jap Silk Blouses in white and flesh, sailor collar and pin tucks .....Now $2.69
Flannelette Blouses with colored stripes, showing convertible or Peter Pan collar .....Now $2.98

WHITEWEAR
Cotton Gowns of fine quality in many pretty styles, trimmed with lace and Hamburg .....Now $1.19 to $2.69
Envelope Chemise in pink or white with lace and Hamburg trimming, Now $1.69 to $3.49
Middies for women and children, Now 49c. to $1.98

MILLINERY
Tailored Hats—A few only of these models .....Now $3.75
Velour Hats — Best quality in many shades, short sailor or wider brims. Regular, $10.00 .....Now $5.00
Colored Felt Hats for school girls, Now 98c. Each
Wings, Feathers, Flowers ....10c. Each

TABLE CLOTHS, Etc.
Heavy Damask Table Cloths—Very pretty designs, 72 x 72, Now $6.00 and $6.50 Each
Heavy Damask Table Cloths in handsome designs, 72 x 90, Now $7.75 and $8.00 Each
Napkins to match table cloths, 22 x 22 or 24 x 24 ....Now $6.50 to $8.00 Doz.

Of course there are hundreds of bargains not mentioned here, and all are wonderful values. Crowds took advantage of these low prices on Saturday, and probably will until the end of the sale, so we advise you to shop NOW.

Macaulay Bros & Co
LIMITED