

The Evening Times and Star

ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 23, 1923.

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SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL

"There is not anything of human trial That ever loved or sorrow knew, No glad fulfillment and no sad denial Beyond the pictured truth that Shakespeare drew."

At dawn this morning the bells of the parish church at Stratford-upon-Avon pealed forth in honor of the natal day of him who was described on a former natal day by a great American as "the universal poet who is the chief glory of the literature of this Kingdom, of the New World, and of all civilization."

This morning, in the Town-hall of Stratford-upon-Avon, the annual meeting of the Shakespeare Club was held. The flags of all nations were unfurled in Bridge Street at twelve o'clock, and at 12.30 the annual pilgrimage of respect passed from the birthplace of the poet to his grave in the church of the Holy Trinity. Of this procession we are told:

"Each year, on April 23rd, a long procession winds its way from the birthplace in Henley street, bearing tributes of flowers. Representatives of empires, states and societies, as well as of the people, are present, as well as ordinary folk. There is no order of precedence. Rich and poor, mighty and humble, are to be found there side by side. Some bear magnificent floral tokens, others sent from the far ends of the earth; others just a handful of wild weeds, each in its way just as beautiful. As they file past the grave in solemn silence the offerings are handed to the clergy of the church."

After the procession has passed, the chosen speaker stands at the reading of the poem, and pays tribute to the memory of Shakespeare. The speaker at the celebration in 1920 was the American Ambassador, Mr. John W. Davis, and what he said stirred the blood of every listener of our English speech. He said:

"This is holy ground. The sacred dust here mingled with the soil has sanctified for ever this enclosure. The blaze of undying genius lights up this spot, and all around it, with all of its immortality things mortal can attain. To this shrine today, as on yesterday and tomorrow, the feet of countless pilgrims pass with reverent zeal. Three centuries have spent themselves in praise of Shakespeare; three times generations of men have turned to him for inspiration. The words set down for Elizabethan England have long since become the common treasure of mankind. One who speaks here, then, should be content when he has ennobled himself with all humility among the throng of worshippers. But for America I ask the right to say that comes not as a stranger to pay tribute to the poet of a foreign land, or of an alien tongue. His pride in Shakespeare is no less than England's, nor held by any lesser right. It is not merely because she speaks his language, and needs no interpreter to make her feel the thrill of his majestic music; that neither time, nor chance, nor change can rob her of her share in his legacy to men of English speech. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the islands of the sea may under their common flag claim their share of the inheritance; but America, who bears a standard of her own, does not forget that in the days when Shakespeare lived and sang she herself lay hidden in the womb of the same great and fertile motherland that gave him birth. She stands here as a daughter in the house to claim her right of patrimony. Surely, then, the ceremony today has this deep significance: it marks the essential unity of the English-speaking peoples, of which the name and fame of Shakespeare is both a sign and a unity which but yesterday in the blood-stained drama of a frightful war, played a part greater than any that Shakespeare ever dreamed of, and which, in the providence of God, will supply in the coming years an epic of peaceful glory which no genius less lofty than his own will be worthy to portray."

Following the procession comes a luncheon at which a wealth of homage is paid to "The Immortal Memory," but that of today was marked by the unfolding of a plan and appeal for the adequate endowment of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon, in which the whole English-speaking world is to be asked to join. The original aim of the Shakespeare Memorial Association, which was organized by the citizens of the town in 1875, and which was able to open in 1879 the Memorial Theatre, in which Shakespeare's plays are produced at Spring and Summer Festivals every year, are thus set forth:

1.—To do honor to Shakespeare by the fitting celebration of his birthday.

2.—To keep alive the love and study of Shakespeare's plays by their regular

presentation at as high a standard of dramatic art as can be obtained.

3.—To ensure a supply of competent Shakespearean actors by the establishment of a school of acting.

4.—To make some provision for actors and actresses who, from bodily or mental infirmity, are unable to follow their profession.

5.—To advance the dramatic art by all possible means.

Thus far, since 1879, there has been an annual Birthday Festival, and since 1910 a Summer Festival. One of the finest Shakespearean Libraries (of 15,000 volumes) has been collected, together with Shakespearean relics, sculpture and pictures. People from all parts of the world have been attracted to Stratford-upon-Avon. Of the £120,000 spent in building, equipping and maintaining the Memorial the people of Stratford-upon-Avon, which is a town of less than 10,000 people, have contributed £100,000, and the rest of the world only £20,000. There is no endowment fund. Festival committees have to be disbanded after the Festival, the first of which lasts from April 28 till May 19 and the second from July 28 till Sept. 1. No provision is made for training actors, or encouraging the study of dramatic art. The library is without librarian or catalogue. Nothing can be done for incapacitated actors or actresses. What is now sought is an endowment fund of £100,000 to realize these latter aims of the founders. No governor or member of the Memorial Association may receive personal profit. There is purely a labor of love and of duty. They now appeal to the English-speaking world for an adequate endowment fund. This afternoon the plan was unfolded, and at a reception following the luncheon members of the Shakespeare Club and the English Speaking Union fraternized with overseas and other guests. To-night the birthday play in the Memorial Theatre will be Measure for Measure, produced by the New Shakespeare Company, under direction of Mr. Bridges-Adams. Last year this company went direct from the Birthday Festival to Norway to produce Shakespearean plays before the King and Queen, and the cream of Norwegian society. During the Festival which begins today the company will produce Measure for Measure, Macbeth, King Richard III, Merry Wives of Windsor, A Midsummer Night's Dream and Goldsmith's comedy, She Stoops to Conquer. For four weeks visitors may see the whole six plays in any one week. The most important feature of the festival, however, is the launching of the endowment scheme and the appeal that goes forth to all who speak the language of the Bard of Avon.

The Times is enabled to give its readers this very full account of what is transpiring today under the shadow of the tower of the Shakespeare Memorial and the spirit of Holy Trinity, on the banks of the lovely Avon, through the courtesy of the publisher of the Stratford-upon-Avon Herald, who has given us a contribution to a beautifully illustrated Shakespeare edition of his plays, that must delight the soul of every lover of the great dramatist, and especially everyone who has trod the streets of Shakespeare's town. There are pictures of the Memorial Theatre, its gallery, lecture room, reading room and library; Holy Trinity and its chancel, with flowers on Shakespeare's grave; the Street of All Nations, with its flags; Anne Hathaway's Cottage; Tudor houses restored; Shakespeare's birthplace, the font in which he was baptized, and the monument in Memorial Gardens. This issue contains messages of approval of the endowment plan from Bonar Law, Lloyd George, Asquith, Ramsay MacDonald, Sir Martin Harvey, G. Bernard Shaw, the American Ambassador, and English, Canadian and American newspapers. Last year the Rotary Clubs of the United States presented to Stratford-upon-Avon, to be hung in the Shakespeare Memorial, a portrait of Edwin Booth, the greatest American actor of his day, of whom, as a Shakespearean interpreter Madame De Navarre (Miss Mary Anderson) on that occasion said: "Edwin Booth was Hamlet, His Shylock, Macbeth, Richard, Lear and Walter were also great performances. He was the greatest American tragic actor." We cannot better close this review than in the words of the Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon to the distinguished company present on that occasion when he said to Rotarians and others:

"Could they pay a better tribute to him who had enriched human thought beyond all expression than by making it possible for his works to be produced in the best manner by the finest artists in the world, in the place where he was born, where his ashes rested, and which was to him an unbounded source of inspiration?" Canadians will desire to have some share in this tribute of English speaking people to the greatest master of English speech. To all sons and daughters of England it is a fitting subject of consideration on St. George's Day.

The Marriage Game

The Snappiest of Pastimes As Played to a Decision Every Day

By Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Hutton

WHEN HUSBY DICTATES.

Her Play—Really, my dear, a woman doesn't mind her husband fancying that he is moulding her every thought, shaping her very destiny! It doesn't irk a wife at all for her husband to select the color of her frock and sometimes of her hair. It seems rather nice to have one's husband so thoughtful. It is pleasant to know that a husband cares so much that he insists on interfering in such things as the length of his wife's skirt or the height of the heels of her satin slippers. And, then of course, there is the comforting thought that maybe by what they are calling domestic discipline, we poor little things may influence our husbands to—

His Counter-Play—That will do, madame! It is not necessary to rub it in. We husbands are entirely aware that we are kidding nobody but ourselves when we think we are laying down the law to the wifely clan. When we make a stab at domestic discipline we are well aware that it isn't going to come out as we have figured; it is going to turn out as it is being figured for us. I never start in to put over a reform in this house but what you prevent my attention to something you pretend is a darned sight more important—only it is something you don't care about. And then when I am with triumph, you smile! No wonder you smile. You terrible wives!

The Referee—He wins by masculine cunning. (Copyright by John F. Dille Co.)

THE BANNER OF ST. GEORGE

(Shapcott Weekly).

It comes from the misty ages, The Banner of England's might, The blood red cross of the brave St. George.

That burns on a field of white; It speaks of the dearest heroes, On fane's bright page encircled, And bids great England never forget The glorious deeds of old.

O'er many a cloud of battle, That banner has floated wide, It shone like a star o'er the valiant hearts, Thad dashed the Armada's pride; The sailor could do or die, While tongues of flame fared forth below, And the flag of St. George was high.

O'er many a flag beloved Unfurled in a strife unblest, But ever give strength to the righteous arm, And hope to the hearts oppressed; It says through the ages, "Be brave if your cause is right," Like the soldier saint whose cross red still burns on your banner white.

Great race whose empire of splendor Festal to Norway to produce Shakespearean plays before the King and Queen, and the cream of Norwegian society. During the Festival which begins today the company will produce Measure for Measure, Macbeth, King Richard III, Merry Wives of Windsor, A Midsummer Night's Dream and Goldsmith's comedy, She Stoops to Conquer. For four weeks visitors may see the whole six plays in any one week. The most important feature of the festival, however, is the launching of the endowment scheme and the appeal that goes forth to all who speak the language of the Bard of Avon.

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CELEBRATING ST. GEORGE'S DAY

Englishmen the World Over Observe It Today

Also is the Anniversary of Famous Canadian Day at Ypres—St. John Society to Have Festival Dinner This Evening.

Today all over the Empire Englishmen are celebrating the occasion of St. George's Day, the day set apart in commemoration of England's patron saint. Besides being England's day, it is also Shakespeare's day, the name day of our king and the anniversary of the day in 1518 when the "old contempler" of the Canadian army, faced to face with the flower of the Prussian army, brought undying fame to the land of the maple and consecrated the ground surrounding the historic city of Ypres with their blood. St. George's Day is a great day for England; how much greater is it for Canadians in the honor which it carries in marking the date on which the khaki army of the Dominion, although practically unseasoned in active warfare and subjected to dense clouds of poison gas against which they had no protection, stoutly upheld the traditions of their forefathers and established themselves as a power with which to be reckoned. All day and all night and again through another day and another night they withstood the assault, filling gap after gap in the line, blocking the road of the German hordes towards Calais and the English Channel, and writing the name of Canada in indelible letters upon the pages of British history. The flag bearing the red cross of St. George is flung to the breeze and as it has been for more than 800 years, it will be for many more to come. Throughout these eight centuries there has never a year gone by when the significance of the day has never been recalled. Today Englishmen the world over will mark back to that day when the sturdy soldier-saint scored his triumph over the dragon, since then the blood red cross has been the symbol of liberty and fair play among the nations, giving and asking a freedom to live in equality and peace. And now following the Victorian years of the Great War, this spirit has become more firmly imbedded in the English heart and the English soul. Gold indeed would be the heart that could not respond in full measure to the tradition and the writing of the cross of St. George. Under the great grey fiefs that guard our shores have ploughed the green ocean in majesty and confidence, striking fear into the hearts of those who would dare dispute with them the right of dominion. The stirring deeds of the incomparable

TIGERS OF THE SEA

(London Daily Mail).

At an inquest at Hull on Saturday, it was stated that a bather had apparently lost his life through having been wounded by a fish. Very few of the creatures of the wild will attack human beings without provocation. The barracuda, the fish that recently killed Miss Dorothy McClellan off the Florida coast, is one of the few exceptions. Every man's hand is against it, and parties go out spearing it with the grapple, a three-pronged spear of which the handle is detached when once the bars are driven home. Tropical seas are full of terrors for the bather. There are not only sharks, but also sting rays, electric rays, and swordfish, as well as the octopus. Sharks, of course, are by far the worst of all sea pests and all warm seas are full of them. Oddly enough, on the east, the Atlantic coast of Florida, bathing is safe enough, but on the Gulf coast it is madness to enter deep water.

The Gulf is haunted by the so-called tiger shark, as savage and voracious a brute as exists, though not by any means one of the largest of its kind. Of the really large sharks—and some grow to a tremendous size—the majority are perfectly harmless. One of the largest is the basking shark. One of these sharks killed off the life of Wright, a twenty-eight-foot-long and weighed about six tons.

The only dangerous individual among the giant sharks is the Carchodon, a monster forty feet in length, which is provided with the most terrible teeth and can swallow a man at a gulp. Luckily it is very rare.

The hammerhead shark, the head of which is shaped like a hammer, with the eyes on the striking surfaces, is a nightmare of hideousness and its great jaws are provided with no fewer than four separate rows of triangular teeth. Some years ago a ten-foot specimen was killed in Carmarthen Bay, but happily the brute seldom comes so far north as the British Isles. The hammerhead is real man-eater. The "thresher" is the shark which is said to attack whales. It is a big shark, and fourteen feet long was taken off Plymouth and another of the same size off Dawlish. The "thresher" lives, however, principally on herrings. The swordfish grows to ten feet in length, with a sword more than a yard long, and there are many cases on record of its attacking boats. Said to be the swiftest thing that swims, its great weight and ferocity make it a dangerous foe.

As for the whip, or sting ray, this unpleasant creature has a great barbed spine in its whip-like tail and a blow from this produces a terrible and generally poisonous wound.

ON CATCHING COLD.

(Manchester Guardian).

Not very long ago a distinguished medical man was reported as saying that colds were not caused by draughts. The observer said that great stir among the sufferers; for long enough they had been prepared for the assertion by the gradual discovery of a new understanding that all our ailments, large and small, were due to those nasty little germs.

The logic behind the observation seemed unassailable; it was not, as one might say, to be sneezed at. All colds are caused by germs; a draught is not a germ; therefore colds are not caused by draughts. Nevertheless, some sufferers, trusting merely to old memories and personal experience, may have decided that it was just as well to keep out of them. In the story used to bow at the mention of the name of "Stetan" during a church service, on the ground that "a little politeness costs nothing, and you never know."

The pleasant fact is that the British Medical Journal now justifies their precaution in a little editorial note on the subject of catching colds. The editor of the British Medical Journal is that if the germs are there to begin with, the draught—or other physical chill—may, as it were, give them a push, and so on. A draught is not a germ; therefore it will pay to keep out of draughts. As an easy in formal logic it is to be feared that this structure embodies the makings of one or two handsome fallacies; as a matter of common sense, however, the conclusion to which it has been forced is sufficiently fool-proof. Unfortunately, so far as colds are concerned, it leaves us just about where we were a hundred years ago.

The account given by Mr. White is correct. But in the spring of 1861 Mrs. John Wood was playing "Pocahontas" in a New Orleans theatre. A Zouave march was introduced, for the conductor of the orchestra, finally decided on "Dixie." The Zouaves marched on led by Susan Denin singing Emmet's song. The audience went off with enthusiasm; the song went on a quickstep; it was played before Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. "The anomaly was presented of a song written and composed by a man who was born in the North, and, as a matter of fact, sympathized with the North, becoming the war song of the South." Gen. Thos. Pickens wrote to the tune. They began: "Southrons, hear your country call you." They were published in the Natchez Courier April 30, 1861.—ED.

PUTTING UP THE WORK. A Dutch financier, now in New York, says his fellow countrymen in America have lost heavily through the decline of the mark.

The says that one day a broker announced through the newspapers he would at a certain hour show the people how to put the mark up. A great crowd collected. The broker took a lot of paper marks, attached them to toy balloons and the marks went skyward. The financier says traffic cops are not needed to regulate automobiles in Amsterdam.

"Der petrol is so bad," he says, "der machine do not run smooth; so you hear der automobile haf mile away." Richard Spillane, in Forbes Magazine (N. Y.).

THE ST. GEORGE SOCIETY

The local society was founded in 1902 and has ever been active in keeping up its activities, of promoting national feelings and patriotic work, though not forgetting charity, one of the chief objects of the society. Last year the Charity Committee distributed aid to deserving Englishmen to the utmost of its resources. The society was very active during the war, raising thousands for patriotic and necessary purposes. There is a membership of about 200. They will celebrate St. George's Day—England's Day—this evening by a festival dinner at the St. John Society.

The day will be given by the Rev. C. Gordon Lawrence. The officers of the Society this year are:

President—James Manning, D.D.S. 1st Vice President—H. G. Schofield. 2nd Vice President—H. W. Rising. Chaplain—Rev. J. V. Young, L.S.P. Treasurer—E. E. Hamilton (Past President).

Secretary—J. U. Thomas. Asst. Secretary—G. L. Short. Historian—Colonel E. T. Sturges (Past President).

THE ORIGIN OF "DIXIE"

To the Editor of The Boston Herald:

In your editorial of this date, "People's Song" you rate "Dixie" as a Southern song—why?

This song was not written for the South. It was written by a southerner, or a southern sympathizer.

The song was written by Dan Emmet, in New York in 1849. In the old days it was the custom of the people to go to arrange things that they moved down into the South as winter quarters, and to work in it. Of course, all the circus folks could get down into the South, and the more fortunate ones, and the phrase, "I wish I was in Dixie" was an every-day expression among these people.

Emmet covered the southern territory at one time, as a drummer with a circus. Later he became associated with the Fugitive Slave, and, as a result, he was on a Saturday night, at the close of the performance that one of the Fugitives asked Emmet if he could compose a new walk around, in time for Monday's rehearsal.

So Emmet went home, and tried that night to write something, but he could not even get started. So his wife told him to sleep on it, and wait until morning. Then he could have his room all to himself and work on it; when he finished it, he would play and sing it to her, and "If I like it," she told him, "I will sing it to you every one will." Wonderful woman, Mrs. Emmet!

So the next morning, Emmet got up and took out the window, to see that it was a cold, dismal, wet day, and the old crowd thought him to him, "I wish I was in Dixie."

Like a lightning flash the idea came and he went to work, and in a few minutes "Dixie"—music and words—the next morning, Monday, Sept. 19, 1859, it was made its debut at Bryant's Minstrels, 47 Broadway, New York City.

Then came the civil war, and "Dixie" was seized upon by the South as appropriate for the occasion. It was a minstrel song, written by a minstrel, for a minstrel show, and it so happened that the song was written by a man who was born in the North, and, as a matter of fact, sympathized with the North, becoming the war song of the South.

Gen. Thos. Pickens wrote to the tune. They began: "Southrons, hear your country call you." They were published in the Natchez Courier April 30, 1861.—ED.

PRACTICAL POINTS CONCERNING WIRELESS IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Some type of loud speakers merely work on the principle of the megaphone, while others really build up the signal.

Concerning Dry Cells. Dry cells are connected in series to increase the voltage and in parallel to increase the amperage.

To Improve the Crystal. To increase the sensitivity of a crystal, it should be scraped with a knife and bathed in alcohol for ether. The action of the air often oxidizes the crystal and weakens the signals.

Don't Be an "Air Hog." "Air hogs" are amateurs who send a conglomeration of dots and dashes between 6 and 10 o'clock in the evening, making it impossible to receive any of the programmes sent out by a high-class broadcasting station.

Little Things to Remember. To guard the receiving set from dielectric losses, all connections should be soldered and wires run at right angles instead of parallel. Battery leads also should be as short as possible.

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Preliminary Agenda, Economic Conference

London, April 23.—(Canadian Press)—While the agenda of the imperial conference which will open in October in London has not yet been announced, the colonial office has issued a preliminary agenda of the economic conference, which will be held at the same time. Matters to be considered are:

1.—Ways and means for fuller development of the natural resources of the Dominions and Colonies.

2.—Inter-imperial commerce, shipping and communications.

3.—Co-ordinated action for the improvement of technical research.

4.—Organization of economic intelligence.

5.—Unification of the law and practice in matters affecting trade.

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TAX EVADED IN ENGLAND ON HOME-MADE WIRELESS

License Fee Charged to Enable Broadcaster to Furnish Programmes.

London, March 24.—(By Mail)—The ever-growing number of home-made wireless outfits, on which no tax is paid is seriously hampering the work of the British Broadcasting Company, says The London Daily Mail.

When broadcasting began the Postmaster General issued regulations requiring every listener-in to pay ten shillings per annum for a broadcasting license, half this sum being allocated to the broadcasting company to enable it to provide the programmes. In addition, it was required that only instruments bearing the seal of the B. B. C. should be used by listeners-in, the company being empowered to charge a fee for this seal.

Although it is estimated that there are about 200,000 listening-in sets in the country, less than half of these are licensed. If these figures are correct, the first year's loss to the broadcasting company is more than £50,000 and to the government £28,000. The case in the United States for home-made sets is such that manufacturers are now concentrating on selling parts rather than complete instruments.

At the Sunday School service in St. George's church yesterday afternoon, the rector, Rev. W. H. Sampson, presented to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Meurling a handsome parlor chair as a token of respect and gratitude for their work. They will soon leave the West Side.