

Sea Food Supply Threatened by Oil.

The problem of oil on the waters was practically unknown 75 years ago. Since then the use of oil to subdue the waves and as fuel has grown to such an extent that the millions of undersea creatures are threatened with suffocation.

JULIA HOYT FROM THE RACES WRITES OF GAY PARIS SCENES

Not Gowns But Horses the Chief Interest at Chantilly.

SMART DINING PLACES

Young Men To Replace the Companions Who Do Not Dance.

By JULIA HOYT.

I went to the first race meet at Chantilly, at which is run one of the big races of the season, called the Prix de Diane. In the old days, this meet was supposedly the most fashionable meeting of the season, until the Grand Prix. People used to go to the meet of the Prix de Diane to find out what the smart women were going to wear that summer.

Chantilly was an amusing sight, but, strange to say, not at all from the point of view of fashion. I did not see more than three smart costumes there. It is true that the day was rather cold and threatening, which may have been one reason for it. But the huge crowd of people (and there seemed to be hundreds of thousands of them) evidently were interested in gowns but in racing, which may have been one reason for it. But the huge crowd of people (and there seemed to be hundreds of thousands of them) evidently were interested in gowns but in racing, which may have been one reason for it.

More fascinating than the races, I think, are the dining places of Paris. Of these the Chateau Madrid is unique. It stands just outside the entrance to the Bois and it is the smartest place to dine in Paris.

You come in by the chateau, turn a corner, and on your right is a pavilion entirely on one side, and entirely mirrors on the other. This is only used if it rains. On your left, under the trees, are all the tables, and the most becoming lights imaginable. Almost without exception the women look beautiful under them. At the far end they have a sort of arrangement of green lights in the trees that produce the most extraordinary and fantastic effect; and an unbelievably lovely mirror when seen reflected in the mirrors of the pavilion.

People dine very late in Paris, almost never before 9 o'clock, and sometimes as late as ten. There are usually two orchestras, one that plays tangos and waltzes, and the other to play fox trots. During dinner and until about 10:30 one of the orchestras plays soft music, but no dance music. In my opinion this is a custom that should be followed. No one loves to dance more than I, but I don't particularly enjoy it between the fish and meat, nor do I enjoy trying to hear or make myself heard over saxophones, drums, etc. played as loudly as possible. I am still old-fashioned enough to think conversation and soft—very soft—music is the best dining accompaniment.

How I wish we could have such places—and of course in Paris the Madrid is only one of them. All the discomforts of a restaurant are gone in these places. Delicious fresh air, the clatter of dishes and noise of voices almost unnoticeable, no bugs, mosquitoes or flies; it is like eating in fairyland.

The most fashionable early supper place is the Jardine de la Source, where Maurice and Marguerite Hughes are dancing. I have been there only three or four times, and avoid it as much as possible. Packed to the doors, no room to dance, very little room to sit, and absolutely no air to breathe, to me it more means a most uncomfortable evening. But these are the conditions that seem to appeal to many people. If you want to discover who has just arrived from the other side, go to the Jardine de la Source, and you will see them. It is the only place in Paris run in an American way. For instance, there are no ladies sitting and dancing together; no dancing de la maison (dancer of the house). He is an institution in every other place. He is a man employed by the restaurant to dance with all the clients who may want to. Some places have as many as two or three. Quite often one sees an older man, or one who does not dance, sitting at the table while the lady is dancing with the house dancer. It is considered correct for everyone, lady or fashion or not.

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HARRY MACKENZIE DIES AFTER LENGTHY ILLNESS

Special to The Advertiser.

Ingersoll, July 17. The death of Harry J. MacKenzie, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. MacKenzie, occurred last night, following a somewhat extended illness. For the past four years he had been living at Brookville, and only two weeks ago was brought to the home of his parents. He was in his 35th year, and spent the greater part of his life here. He is survived by his widow and two small children, his parents and one sister, Archie, of Windsor. The funeral will be held Saturday afternoon at the Ingersoll Rural Cemetery.

RED ROSE

TEA "is good tea"

and the choicest of Red Rose Teas is the ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY

GARDEN PARTY HELD AT ST. DAVID'S CHURCH

Co-operation of Parish Organizations Results in \$116 Proceeds Opening Night.

Side shows, candy booths and flower stalls were among numerous other attractions at the annual garden party held on the grounds of St. David's Church last evening under the auspices of the Ladies' Guild in co-operation with other organizations of the parish. Each branch made its contribution by way of amusement or attractive wares to an entertaining affair, the whole set forth under a glittering canopy of many-colored lights, and carried out to the accompaniment of excellent music by the G. W. V. A. Band, who contributed their services gratis for the occasion. The sum of \$116 realized on the opening night was considered great encouragement for a repetition of the party, which takes place tonight.

The evening commenced with a prettily-executed Maypole dance for which the smaller children of the parish had been trained by Miss Edythe Wynne-Price and Mrs. Mess. Moving pictures were a first-rate attraction, operated by Mr. Bugler and Mr. Lowe. Side shows about the grounds, for which special admission tickets were charged, were conducted by various organizations contributing to the successful affair. The Ladies' Guild ran a tea room, very well patronized, and a committee, including Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Ashford, Mrs. Slade and Mrs. Clays. A booth for the sale of home-made cooking and fancywork was under the direction of Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Bishop and Mrs. Day. The Guild side show, called "The Hidden Treasure," was under the supervision of Mrs. Tandy.

The A. Y. P. A. ran a refreshment booth in charge of W. Green, Miss W. Hodgson and Miss V. Benson. Their side show, "The Bridal Room," was under the direction of Miss Gingsell. An orange tree also did a roaring business under the auspices of the young people.

One of the most popular features of the occasion was the hot-dog stand, which was well patronized, and the cool evening resulted in unprecendented business for this particular stall.

The G. F. S. made their contribution by way of a sale of fancy cooking, which was well patronized, and flowers and candy also found ready purchasers at their booth. Their side show, called "The Spanish Tragedy," was a clever playlet enacted by Molly Dunderidge, Kathleen Adams and Isabel Pugh.

PERSONALS

Mrs. (Dr.) Balfour, Queen's avenue, is summering at Maple Grove, Lake Huron.

Miss Farleigh Hungerford is a guest with Miss Audrey Griffith, at Port Maitland.

Miss Annie Shaw of Byron has returned to Winnipeg with her sister, Mrs. Harzgrave.

Miss Florence E. Scott has come to Ferndale, Muskoka, where she will spend two weeks.

Capt. E. H. Shuttleworth and Mrs. Shuttleworth and family are holidaying at Jordan Harbor.

Mrs. E. Klugebach of Chicago is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Pocock, Princess avenue.

Miss Virginia Harper, Colborne street, is at Grexory, Muskoka, the guest of Mrs. George Wainwright.

Mrs. Gordon Wright, who has spent the past few weeks in Saskatchewan, is returning to town the end of the week.

Mrs. Ernest Weld has returned home from Toronto, where she was the guest of her father, Mr. W. R. Hobbs.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Forristal and family, of Kingston street, are spending the summer at their cottage, Port Stanley.

Mrs. J. A. Agnew and daughter, Donna, are leaving next Tuesday for Clinton, where they will spend a week visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Boyce and family, Fullerton street, are leaving Monday night for Grand Bend, where they will spend a fortnight.

Mrs. Archie McMahon and small daughter were recent guests with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Jenkins at their summer home at Kilworth.

Mrs. E. B. Linaburg, formerly Miss Maude Fowler of Jackson, Mich., is at present the guest of Mrs. O'Meara, of the Blue Dragon Tearoom.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Jordan and Miss Margaret, who left this week for Maganetawan, where they will spend the remainder of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Pocock, Queen's avenue, are leaving next week for Toronto, from where they will take the boat to Montreal.

The Misses Callard are in Montreal visiting their brother, Mr. Harold C. Callard, of Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Eric Cochran of Toronto, are guests with Mrs. Cochran's parents, Major and Mrs. Hume Cronin at Beauharnois, Muskoka.

Major Philip Passy and Mrs. Passy, accompanied by their small sons, are leaving in October for Ottawa, where Major Passy has been transferred.

Miss Mary Fawkes of Brantford is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Campbell, entertained at bridge the week end.

Dr. and Mrs. Chester Abbott and Miss Lorraine Abbott, Queen's avenue, leave today by motor for Cobourg, where they will spend the week end.

Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Kingston will have as their guests next week Mrs. (Dr.) E. A. Kingston and her daughter, Marjorie, and her mother, Mrs. (Dr.) V. K. Burr, all of Lockport, Ill.

Mrs. Evelyn Norman of Winnipeg, Chief Justice R. G. Fisher and Mrs. Fisher, in Toronto, is in town, the guest of Mrs. George Brown, Talbot street.

Miss Helen Baker will be the hostess tomorrow of a small man jong party at her home in Talbot street in honor of Mrs. Evelyn Norman of Winnipeg, also complimenting Miss Isabel Ivey.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Robinson, Miss

The Test of True Love Dorothy Dix Defines Some of the Sure Signs—Masculine Gender

When a Man Begins to Roll Up His Sleeves and Work for a Girl; When a Fireside Looks Better Than a Cabaret; When He Doesn't Want Her to Do and Say a Million Things He Encourages Others Girls to Do—Then He's in Love for Keeps.

A young man who has had many heart attacks, each of which he believed at the time to be fatal, but which proved to be only a mild case of chills and thrills that was cured by the next pretty face he encountered, asked me last evening under the stars and moonlight, and tell me, when Cupid has dealt him a mortal blow.



Alas, son, I know not. No woman has ever yet been able to assay a man's love veins, and determine what was pure gold and what dross in them. Still less can she tell beforehand whether she is a passing fancy or a grand passion. Even matrimony does not solve the problem, for the majority of wives spend their lives wondering as to whether their husbands regard them as lady loves or useful kitchen utensils.

Even men themselves appear to be unable to determine whether they are in love for keeps, or just for a time, as is witnessed by the fact that thousands of men diagnose their sentimental symptoms wrongly, and even go to the extent of applying the drastic remedy of marriage to what they believe to be lovesickness, only to find out what they thought to be an undying affection was merely what our Christian Science friends call "an error of mortal mind," and that they did not have it after all.

Whether there is no acid test that a man can apply to his emotions to find out whether they are the real, genuine, blown-in-the-bottle kind of love that will keep unworked for years, or whether it is only the made-overnight stuff that will grow fat and stale, and become unpalatable in a day, I do not know. But, at any rate, a man is wise to try to get a line on his own heart before he takes the journey to the altar with any lady, for divorces are messy things and alimony is hard money to pay. And nothing gets more on your nerves than having to live with a life partner for whom you have lost your taste.

Speaking by and large, and not by the card, I should say that the first sign of real love that a man can detect in his system is the desire to work for some girl. If she speeds him up, he is in love. If she slows him down, he is not. If he is in love, he will roll up his sleeves and set his teeth and go at his job with more energy and pep than he ever did before; if, when he thinks of her at night, he gets up and sets his alarm clock for ten minutes earlier, then it is love.

For when a man really loves a woman, he doesn't take it out in moaning around and writing sonnets to her eyebrows. He gets out and bustles so as to bring that vine-wreathed cottage nearer, and working as hard as he can, he is the magic pathway that leads to her, and he is trying to find a short cut to it.

The next symptom of real love is when a man becomes obsessed by the desire to pay a woman's bills, when he actually looks forward with pleasure to doing without the things he wants in order to give her food and clothes.

As long as a man shudders at the thought of the high cost of living, and gets cold feet every time he passes a millinery store, he is safe. But when he begins to figure out that two can live as cheaply as one, and every time he sees a display of bungalow aprons he wants to go in and buy the whole lot, he had better watch his step, for he is on his way to the Marriage License Bureau.

Then there is the settling down test. True love rejuvenates the old, but it ages the young. The minute a man really falls in love he wants to quit playing and begin the serious business of life. He feels suddenly old and sober and responsible. A fireside looks better to him than a cabaret, and a quiet talk than jazzing.

Therefore, if a girl is just a playfellow, if he thinks of her only in terms of gay parties, and believes that they are predestined mates because they are such good dance partners, he does well to distrust his affection for her, no matter how much she may fascinate him. That sort of love doesn't last. You either have to settle down, or settle up, when you get married. And those who have to settle up pay a price that bankrupts them.

Another test of real love is a man's attitude toward a girl. Men have two standards of conduct for women—a very liberal one for the women they care nothing about, and a very rigid one for the women they love.

As long as you think it all right for a girl to go on wild parties, and drink out of men's flasks, and skylark with the boys, and say and do risky things, you don't love her, even if you do like her tremendously. Give her a good pal, and think that matrimony wouldn't be such a pill with a good sport wife like that.

When you find the One Girl you will want her to wear enough clothes to cover her decently, and you will want her to be gentle and ladylike and sweet and pure and innocent. You don't want her to do a million things that you encourage other girls to do.

For you will be thinking of her as your wife, with your name and honor in her hands, and you will want her to measure up to the standard that the late Mr. Caesar set up for good wives.

The final test of love is when you don't care a rap whether a girl is pretty or homely or stylish or modest or brilliant or stupid, or whether she comes up to your ideals or breaks them into smithereens, but you know she just looks good to you. She is not too ugly for you have picked her out, but you have. She's it. There is just something about her that has got you, and when you are with her you are peaceful and happy and satisfied, and you know beyond all peradventure that she is your woman.

And that's the love that lasts. DOROTHY DIX.

Eleanor Robinson and George Robinson, St. James street, have left for their summer home at Southampton, where they will spend the remainder of the summer.

Miss Edith Wynne-Price is leaving the end of the month for Chautauqua. After spending a week there she will return to Toronto, from where she will take the St. Lawrence and Saguenay boat trip.

Miss Annie Milne of Cromwell street, had as her guests Mr. and Mrs. Helen Milne of New York, who are also guests with Miss Milne.

Mrs. Castle Graham and small daughter Lillian, of the Kensington Apartments, have gone to Shady Acres, where they will visit the former's brother, Mr. George Fox, and Mrs. Fox. They will go on later to Haliburton, where Mr. Graham will join them for his vacation.

Miss Ruby Brown, Quebec street, left this week for Cleveland, taking the boat from Port Stanley. While in Cleveland she will visit her uncle, Mr. Merritt Dean, also her brother, Mr. Allan Brown. She will return via Detroit, where she will be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. William Berry.

A number of charming parties are being arranged in honor of the nurses at Victoria Hospital, including two garden fetes to be held in

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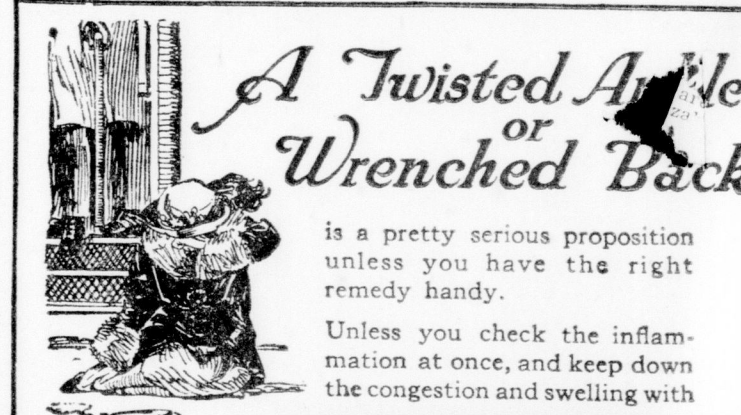
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