

How To Get About In Dear Old London; Helpful Suggestions By London (Ont.) Man

(Written Specially for The Advertiser.)

When I say London, I mean ordinary, everyday, impetuous London, and what I write is for the benefit of the tourist, or rather, for him who some day hopes to be one.

It seems to me that some enterprising person might do a tidy business by opening a short course school to teach strangers just how and when to get to the most essential places. True, guide books aim at this, but even the simplest one, Long's Penny Guide—not a bad guide either—needs a little preliminary knowledge to be quite available.

First, I should say: Get four maps at least, also a penny street directory and Bacon's penny vest-pocket map of London.

The four maps I speak of are: (a) Motor bus map (gratis), (b) underground electric or tube map (gratis), (c) electric tram map (gratis), and (d) river boat map (gratis), or, by spending two-pence, you may get a useful combination of tube map with street maps and directory.

These four maps should be studied—mastered. You will see that the way in

which the Londoner gets about from his home in the suburb, if one can call continuous rows of houses suburbs, to his working place is either above ground or underground, and the local worker soon learns his best route.

But the tourist has a greater problem. He wants to go to many places, and first to know exactly where those places are, and secondly, the best method of reaching them. And at first probably the very facilities will confuse him by their number.

Perhaps the shortest cut to a knowledge of the main regions of London would be to take the river as a guide, and the bridges as pointers to the sections of interest, which lie north of the river from east to west; he notices that the Tower Bridge, Southwark, and London Bridges are the avenues to the city proper, the place of the banks and business, and further back of Bunhill fields, John Wesley's house and chapel, etc., and he will observe that the Bank is a mighty terminal, or rather, centre, for nearly all means of transit. Of course, the Bank

is the Bank of England. The next bridge, Blackfriars, will take him near St. Paul's Cathedral, and here the retail houses are largely business supply shops, with breathing places in "cosy little" Paternoster Row, Amen Corner, and the like, where a bibliophile (and squire) may pass an agreeable half-hour. Waterloo Bridge will place him nearly at the foot of Kingsway, between Waterloo and Blackfriars, the Courts and Inns of Law and Chancery and Chancery Lane abide, with many mighty memories. The next bridge is an ugly railway exit, but foot passengers find it a short-cut to Charing Cross, the Strand and Trafalgar Square, and between it and Westminster Bridge is the region of the Army and Navy Offices and Whitehall, with its matchless Rubens ceiling and the approaches to the Processional Way and St. James' Park, Green Park and Hyde Park.

As to Westminster Bridge, everyone has heard of the Abbey, and the Hall, and the Houses of Parliament. Lambeth Bridge points to the Victoria station, and so down to Vauxhall, Chelsea, Battersea, and many more bridges leading to less known places.

On the north side of the river then the tourist finds the slum section, the church section, the law section, the Government section, the Parliament section, and beside these, the parks, the palaces, the clubs, the theatres, and other regions for exploration.

He will soon recognize that the two grand avenues east and west are the southern one, and nearest one to the river, called the Strand, Fleet street and Ludgate, as it approaches to St. Paul's, and the longer and more northerly one called Newgate, Holborn, and Oxford street, running west from St. Paul's, and the latter may be called distinctively the avenue of London. Two avenues run easterly from St. Paul's; they are Connor street and Cheapside street.

Long's Penny Guide will tell you more about these places than you can remember or see, but my present desire is, very sketchily, I fear, to indicate how one gets there or anywhere else in London.

Now by means of the tube map (the twopenny one is best for obscure places), you will easily see that by entering the nearest tube station (ignoring the bookstalls and slot machines), going straight to the wicket (Anglican booking office), and paying two-pence, or whatever the fare may be, you will be sent down by a lift, take a short walk through bright, well-lit passages to a platform, board a cheerful cane-seated car, and pass several stations to your destination, if you read the conspicuous directions you can hardly miss your way. If you need to transfer to a second line, you will find the station for changing, get out, follow the signs, and take car needed. In this way you go miles quickly, and can even escape from a British shower.

But you want to go above ground. Then if you have studied your map, you know the number of your motor bus; if doubtful, ask a policeman where the bus stops, and if any other number will do. Get on the bus—if you are young and it is not raining—on top. You will notice the driver or chauffeur is not so speechless as a swell taxi driver, but is able and keen witted, and if you can solve the conductor's curd Cockneyisms you will observe that he wears a hairy-used suit of blue—talks somewhat in imitation of a motor honk—passes an active, not to say gymnastic, life up and down stairs. You

notice he has a punch and a tray of tickets, and these tickets are trodden under foot of men unless an inspector boards the car. When entering or leaving, hold the hand-rail at the top; one pull on the bell rope is "stop," and if the bus begins to slacken speed to let you down, let it stop at the curb or you may jump into the track of a taxi or a butcher's boy (which would be worse I don't know). But you are going further some miles south, say to Dulwich. The tram map will tell you the number of your car and fare, and will implore you to take a return fare. There are certain places the cars stop, notably the "Embankment" between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges. You will not be thrown about so much as in the bus, and if it is not the hour when passengers are seeking the suburbs you will have plenty of room. You will find in accordance with the laws of human nature, that though all men are not civil, and that though press of business makes men "short," yet civility is instinctively the rule, and the tram is a much more pleasant institution—English people are pretty shrewd, and do not often speak well of this method of service as seen through the medium of "rates," and the impression seems to be that the buses are better managed and taking away business from the trams—probably the tourist will not observe it. The London County Council have given up the river service, and your correspondent averreth that said service is not as good as it was six years ago—even if it now pays. But I believe it is certain that the council did not make it pay.

If you are, as is most likely, a human being, you will sympathize with those keen-witted and kindly men who do all in their power to get you about the vast metropolis. You will remember that many of them are hard put to it to make ends meet, at home, and that Sir Thomas Lipton sells large quantities of margarine as well as his famous tea.

Those who know what's what as to methods of London transportation will kindly overlook this rather feeble effort to describe them. RECULVER.

An Old London Street Arab

Scene: Victoria Embankment, July, 1913.

Well! I have seen them. What? The very worst pair of trousers that this world contains.

They were worn by a small person some seven years a sojourner on earth. One leg had given way completely and flung out a ragged yard of unwholesome tweed to an astonished universe. The other leg retained some remnant of coherence. The wearer possessed neither shoe nor hat, but his close-cropped head was inconsiderately happy, and despite of all the slings and arrows of outrageous sanitation, he was objectionably healthy.

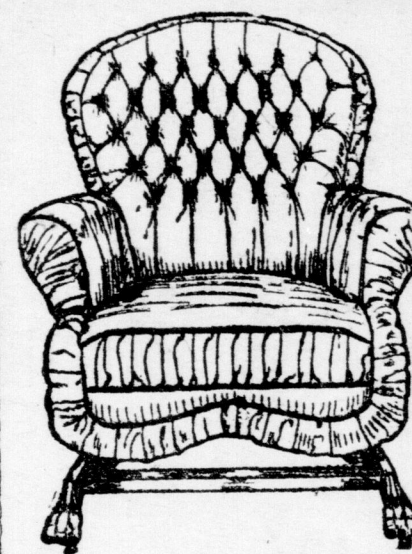
He was certainly taking exercise. Dodging about in a bewildering ruck of motor busses, trams and taxis, with a riotous sense of the joy of living. Pretty nearly naked and wholly unashamed.

I almost felt like bursting into verse, but I know how carefully The Advertiser guards its confiding public from this affliction.

It is evident that the fussy and noisy socialists and the much committed minor and major benevolences have

August Sale

Do Not Overlook Our Big August
Sale of Housefurnishings
and Furniture.



ROCKERS, Like Cut

Heavy Oak Frame, upholstered in Best Bradley Leather. Regular \$18.00. Cut to \$11.90
50 other Rockers. All reduced.

PARLOR SUITES

We have a fine selection of these to pick from. Come and get first choice at August prices.

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All Cut in Price
for August Sale

\$3.50 Mattresses, cut to \$.250
\$4.50 Mattresses, cut to \$.325
\$6.50 Mattresses, cut to \$.450
\$9.00 Mattresses, cut to \$.750
\$12 Mattresses, cut to \$.950

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Quarter-Cut Oak Buffet, regular \$28.00, cut to \$21.00
Quarter-Cut Oak Buffet, regular \$40.00, cut to \$30.00
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50 BEDROOM BOXES and SHIRTWAIST BOXES
to be cleared at half-price. Do not let this chance slip by
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Ontario Furniture Co.

Complete Housefurnishers.

228-230 Dundas Street.

Young's Special Sale of Oddments \$9.65

Men's and Young Men's Smart Colored Suits. Odd sizes from regular stock sold from \$15 to \$20.

\$2.65

Men's Panama Hats, odd sizes in lines that sell regularly up to \$5.

\$3.65

Men's and Young Men's Fine Panamas that sold up to \$7.50.

\$8.75

Men's Fine Glengarry Tweed Raincoats. Odd sizes in lines worth \$12.

12 1/2c

Wash Neckwear, in fine mercerized lines. Worth 25c.

48c

Boys' Fine Outing Shirts in plain colors and stripes. Worth to \$1.00.

95c

New Soft Lounge-Collar Shirts, in smartest colors. Worth to \$1.75.

\$14.65

Society Brand and other well-known Suits in season's newest effects. Genuine values up to \$25.00.

Half Price

Balance of Straw Hats, in sailor and snap brim shapes.

25c

Clean-up of 50c Neckwear, in four-in-hand and bat-wing shapes.

99c

Summer Pyjamas, in odd lines, of qualities that sold up to \$2.00.

19c

Men's Summer Hats, in crush shapes, in gray check tweed. Worth 50c.

35c

Silk Socks, in plain and fancy colors and patterns. All our regular 50c lines.

15c

Odd garments in Summer Underwear, medium and small sizes. Worth to 30c.

Saturday Morning Extra Specials

55c

Men's and Young Men's Shirts, in outing and reversible collar, lounge, with detachable soft collar and regular soft front negligee styles. A round-up of odd sizes in lines that sold up to \$1.25.

50c

Combination Balbriggan Underwear, double thread, all sizes, short sleeves and long drawers. Regular 75c.

3 for 25c

Cotton and Lisle Socks, for men, in plain and fancy colors, all sizes, and regular 18c to 25c.

\$1.19

Silkette Lounge-Collar Shirts, in creams, tans, white, and stripes, odd sizes. Worth up to \$2.50.

55c

Pure Silk Hosiery, for men, in beautiful patterns and all the good colors. Odd lots of lines up to \$1.00.

R. J. Young & Co.

Greatest Living Actor Leaves "Hamlet" as Heritage on Eve of Retirement From Stage

FORBES ROBERTSON APPEARS IN FAMOUS SHAKESPEAREAN ROLE BEFORE CAMERA MACHINE.

FORBES ROBERTSON, OFF THE STAGE AND AS HE APPEARED IN PHOTOPLAY OF "HAMLET," JUST COMPLETED IN ENGLAND.

Sir Johnstone Forbes Robertson, the foremost living actor, recently knighted by the King of England, has just completed his famous interpretation of "Hamlet" before a CAMERA MACHINE!

This achievement of the Gaumont Company is the most interesting event in the cinematograph industry to date!

It means that millions of people, otherwise debarred of the privilege, will have the opportunity to see a Shakespearean masterpiece presented by a master.

It means that, upon the eve of his retirement from the stage, Forbes Robertson has taken the moving picture

medium as a method of preserving to posterity a memento of his day and his work in the world!

Preparations for the production of "Hamlet" as a photoplay took months! A special castle was erected on the cliffs of Lulworth cove, on the Dorsetshire coast of England. And all the traditional touches necessary to a faithful rendering of the production were remembered.

The completed work is the largest British film ever made and is said to be—

THREE MILES LONG!

It may be interesting to know, in connection with the coming exhibition of the "Hamlet" moving picture, that the eminent English actor first played the role of "Hamlet" when he was a boy of ten.

For his initial production, given with his sisters and brothers and a few friends in his father's drawing-room,



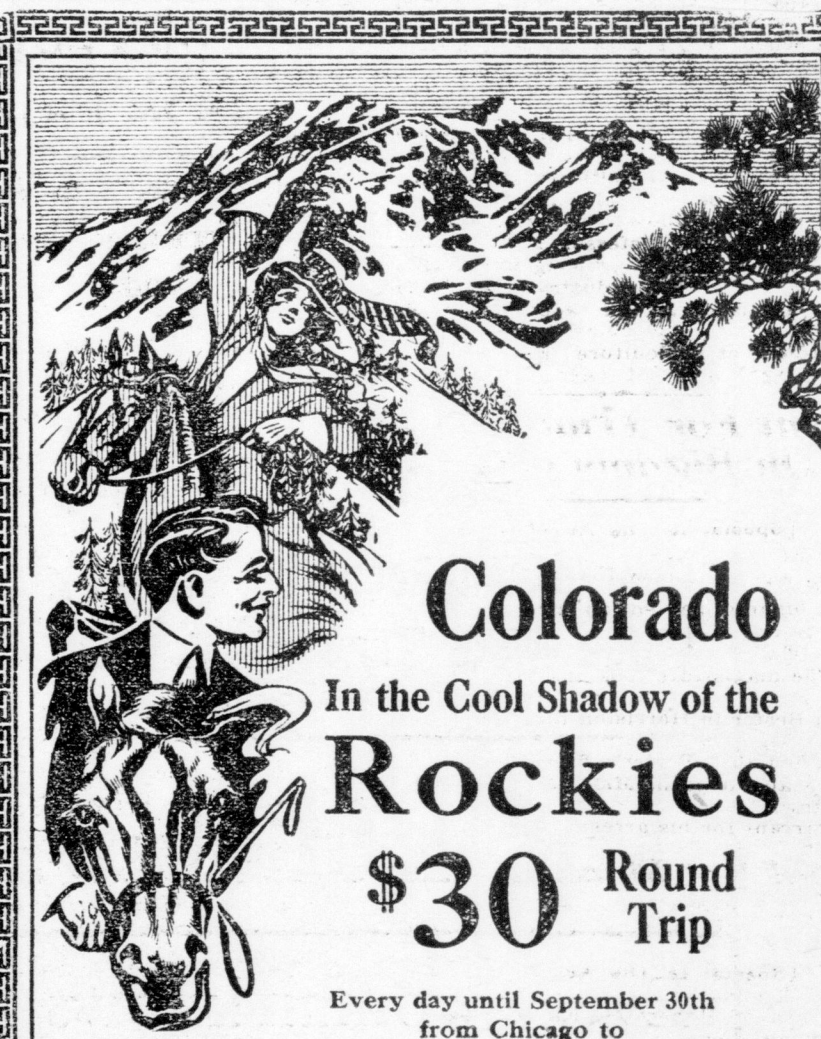
he made the footlights himself. He cut them out of tin and stuck candles in them!

After this amateur performance of the great Shakespearean play and part, Forbes Robertson studied it for years before he attempted it as a profes-

sional. Finally Sir Henry Irving induced him to play the role, and since then his "Hamlet" has been called by many critics the greatest ever given!

You will remember when you see the photoplay with Forbes Robertson in the leading part, that you are watching a man who has been one of the world's leading actors for a good deal more than thirty years.

The presentation of "Hamlet" on the screen will be a "last night" performance to the great public that has known and loved him as a star of the speaking stage, and a "first night" for the much greater public that has never yet had a chance to see him.



Colorado In the Cool Shadow of the Rockies

\$30 Round Trip

Every day until September 30th from Chicago to

Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo

Enjoy the bracing Colorado air, the balmy days and cool delightful nights—the many one-day mountain excursions by rail and auto, where you can see the snow in summer without the attendant cold of winter—Mountain Peaks, where the clouds float below instead of above you—trips in the Canyons by carriage, burro or afoot—choice of side trips for every day of your vacation.

Take the only route that is double tracked all the way to Colorado; that is protected by automatic electric block safety signals the entire distance.

Chicago, Union Pacific and North Western Line

The Denver Special—Leaves Chicago 6:05 p. m. daily, arrives Denver 9:35 p. m. Only one night en route.

The Colorado Express—Leaves Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, arrives Denver 7:30 a. m., the second morning.

From the new Passenger Terminal, Chicago and North Western Railway.

For tickets and full particulars apply

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