

Wembley's New Thrill

PEARS' GOLDEN GLIDE.
In Pears' Golden Glide Merra. A. & F. Pears, Ltd., provide a new thrill for visitors to the Amusement Park at Wembley this year.

In "Tubs for Two," shaped like the famous transparent soap tablets of the House of Pears, visitors are taken for a ride of nearly a quarter of a mile—to be exact 1,050 feet—through lights and scenes both beautiful and weird.

There is no rattle or roar. Here the gliders are in absolute darkness; there they plunge into brilliant sunshine. In one part of their journey they are assailed by gnomes, and in another section all is light and beauty. Lovely perfumes from rose gardens give place to the fragrance of lavender fields.

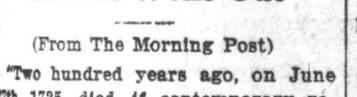
More than once it appears that nothing can save the gliders from destruction. As the "tube for two" passes slowly and swiftly on their way, the tub dashes on, and the "walls" open as by magic to a new scene.

The pace varies from a slow glide to a swift upward rush. In one place the gradient is actually a one-foot rise in two-and-a-half; but the tub surmounts all difficulties with the greatest ease and safety.

By night the Golden Glide shines with the brilliance of 100,000 candle-power lamps. The face of the building changes colour six times in one minute. The domes revolve. The interior, with its waterfall and lovely ruby ground of transparent soap, is brilliantly lighted at all times and can be seen by every passer-by.

After visitors have enjoyed the beauties and thrills of the Golden Glide, they are permitted access to the hot garden, where attendants, skilled in knowledge of the wonderful processes through which Pears' Soap passes, without pressing them to buy, engage them in conversation about the beauty and utility of Pears' products. Here too are served and many a visitor seeks this quiet belle vista from which to observe the moving throng in the roadway beneath.

Just a little rub and it's ready for your pipe



Then it Went Out

(From The Morning Post)
Two hundred years ago, on June 17th, 1725, died, if contemporary records are to be believed, a four-year-old child who surely holds the record for infant precocity. A few hours after his death Heinrich (he was a little German) came into the world, he was, and in ten months could converse on most subjects. By the time he was 13 months old the Bible was as open book to him. At the end of two and a half years he could answer any question dealing with history and geography, and then turned his attention to languages. He learned to speak Latin and French fluently, but his feeble constitution broke down under the strain, and little Heinrich's "towered hour" was at an end.

Women's White Canvas-Laced Shoes, job; only 98c. pair at F. SMALLWOOD'S—July 10, 11

English Police-woman Honoured
LONDON, England, July 18.—(Canadian Press)—The Graphic says: Commandant Mary Allen, our police-woman-in-chief, is off on a flying visit to Germany. She flies first to Switzerland, where a special aeroplane sent by the German authorities will pick her up and carry her to Karlsruhe for the International Police Exhibition there. This must be the first time any woman, let alone such a rare creature as a policewoman, has had an aeroplane placed entirely at her disposal. It was Commandant Allen who organized the German women police in the Cologne area, and she did it so well that the Germans have placed her on the committee of honor of the exhibition.

Men's Sporting Thigh Rubbers, at F. SMALLWOOD'S.
July 11, 12

The Boy's Debt to Women
LONDON, England, July 18.—(Canadian Press)—"No boy is so young as not to realize that he owes a great debt to women. All men do. Some pay the debt earlier, some later, and some not at all." Lord Birkenhead made the above remark at a variety entertainment to aid the funds for the extension of Queen's College, Harley Street, the first women's college established in England. "In the co-operation of the sexes lays the greatest hope for a sane and united England."

The Cost "per cup" is what counts!

There are 300 cups in a pound of

Red Label "SALADA" TEA

and every one will be richly flavoured because the leaf is FRESH and free from all dust and stems.

Look for the RED LABEL

Your grocer has it



SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

CAN YOU WAIT?

"God doth not need either man's work or his own gifts. Who best bear his mild yoke they serve him best. His state is kingly; thousands at his bidding. Speed and post o'er land and ocean without rest. They also serve who only stand and wait."

Do you know how to wait?

In my newspaper the other day I read that a singer who had made quite a little success and seemed to have planted her feet on the first rung of the ladder to success, had had some trouble with her throat and temporarily lost her voice. "She will have to rest for six months," said the item, "and at the end of that time her voice MAY come back. Meantime all she can do is wait and wait."

Think of it! Six months of waiting before she can know whether she has lost the thing that is the very core of her existence!

I wonder how she will handle that job? I don't believe she ever has been or ever will be stacked up against a harder assignment than that.

Activity is an outlet that helps relieve the torturing pressure of anxiety. And when that outlet is denied, the pressure becomes so cruel that it takes the very highest kind of courage to bear it.

The Only Thing And The Hardest
Sometimes I have had letters from wives who were desperately unhappy

because their husbands seemed to be infatuated with other women. "What shall I do?" they have asked and I have given the only answer I know. "Don't do anything. Wait and keep calm. The chances are that the thing doesn't amount to anything, and whether it does or not the only thing you can do is wait." And as I wrote it I have thought, "I could easily teach 20 what were good to be done than be one of the 20 to follow mine own teaching." For though I felt it was the only thing to advise, I suspected that it was, also, the hardest.

And yet there is a compensation.

She Forged Herself a Character

I have a friend who when she was a young girl fell and hurt her back. She had to lie flat in bed for six months before she could know whether she would ever walk again. The doctor told her that she mustn't let go and cry because that would be bad for her nerves and would injure her chances of recovery. She was an outdoor girl who loved all kinds of sports. Nothing more terrible could have happened to her. But somehow she found the courage and strength to wait patiently for those six months. At the end of them she was able to walk again, and that courage and strength had become a part of her character. She has never lost them, and all through her life they have been a blessing to her and all with whom she comes in contact.

And that is the compensation. If you teach yourself to wait cheerfully and courageously you will gain the strength of the difficulty you have overcome.

Summer Fashions

100 YEARS AGO.

A hundred years ago there must have been real summer weather, if ladies wore the fragile garments depicted in the fashion papers of that time.

Clear Indian muslin, jaconet muslin, Peterines of embroidered muslin, and white muslin pelisse robes are seldom possible for us even on the hottest July day. Yet a writer in "The Ladies' Pocket Magazine," of 1825, quotes all these as being the latest fashion, and suggests that a silk pelisse may prove too warm, although it be fashioned in the latest summer tints, such as celestial blue, or "mignonnet-leaf" green.

The fair chronicler says she was

present at a promenade in Kensington Gardens, whither a throng of beauty, rank, and fashion had been drawn by the allurements of a military band. Then she proceeds to give her account of what she has seen, proclaiming it to be an "authentic statement." Hats are of white chip or Gros de Naples, ornamented with a white satin ribbon and roses; while white silk capote bonnets trimmed with a ruche of tulle are very prevalent.

Puffs of Sarcenet.

It appears to have been an impossi-



RICHARD HUDNUT
THREE FLOWERS
HARROGATE
The Rose Ideal
before applying
this powder
delicately scented
with a
THREE FLOWERS
PERFUME

bility to be seen without a head covering of some kind, either in the house or out of doors. During the morning "cornettes" of fine thread lace and bows of shaded ribbons were worn. Matrons' dress hats were of white crape, with jonquil satin ornaments or ears of corn. For evening wear a "beret" of tulle is recommended as, being light, it will not keep the head too warm; these are to be worn very much on one side. The newest bonnets have puckered crowns, with five puffs of sarcenet round the crown. White hats or watered Gros de Naples are ornamented with a few white daisies. It is curious to note how much white must have been worn, especially for headgear; colours such as coral red, ponceau, and monster green, are mentioned, but their use seems to have been almost confined to dresses.

Buying a new dress must have been a lengthy and satisfying business. The day was a hundred years of when three yards of material without ornamentation, and a shingled head without a pin or a flower was considered to be the height of the fashion.



Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

THE SPORTSMAN'S SON

Life has not been in vain. With all its care and pain, And hopes which rise and pass, This prayer of thanks I give: I have been glad to live. To live and fish for bass.

I have not come to fame. Nor hear the world's acclaim, But I have loved the grass, And I have loved the grass, And I have loved the grass, And I have loved the grass.

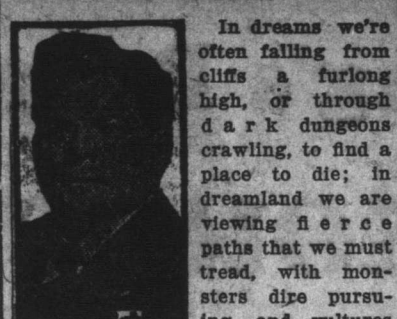
Doubt and despair I've known At times I've stood alone, And seemed to question God, But June has come once more, Along some sunlit shore I've seen the rushes nod.

I've had my days of care, Burdens I've had to bear, For life has much to give, But I have treasured dreams, Loved trees, and hills and streams, And I've been glad to live.

Women's White Canvas and Buckskin Boots, only \$1.25 pair at F. SMALLWOOD'S—July 10, 11

Say, where did you get that pair of Sport Rubbers— at SMALLWOOD'S—July 11, 12

BAD DREAMS.



In dreams we're often falling from cliffs a furlong high, or through dark dungeons crawling, to find a place to die; in dreamland we are viewing fierce paths that we must tread, with monsters dire pursuing, and vultures overhead. Oh, fearful nightmare terrors! And when the morning breaks, we find that they were errors, the dullest of fakes. The classiest sun is shining, the world is fair and bright, we say, while yet reclining, that everything's all right. But soon the prospect cheerful is shadowed by some clouds; we think up bogies fearful, and phantom griefs in crowds. Our treasured cook may leave us, just when we need her most; promoters may deceive us, who sell us stock by post; the car may break a fender, the village bank may fall, the goose may not be tender, for which we paid our kale. Our aunts may come to see us and stay three months or eight, prosperity may flee us, and want be at the gate. Disasters thick may follow, and spoil our cherished schemes; and all these fears are hollow, as empty as the dreams. We cannot help the visions that come to us by night, the battles and collisions, the terrors that fright; but in the golden morning they all seem vague and vain; such horrors we are scornful, for we're awake and sane. And in the morning girded we clout; we think up bogies fearful, and phantom griefs in crowds. Our treasured cook may leave us, just when we need her most; promoters may deceive us, who sell us stock by post; the car may break a fender, the village bank may fall, the goose may not be tender, for which we paid our kale. Our aunts may come to see us and stay three months or eight, prosperity may flee us, and want be at the gate. Disasters thick may follow, and spoil our cherished schemes; and all these fears are hollow, as empty as the dreams. We cannot help the visions that come to us by night, the battles and collisions, the terrors that fright; but in the golden morning they all seem vague and vain; such horrors we are scornful, for we're awake and sane. And in the morning girded we clout; we think up bogies fearful, and phantom griefs in crowds.

Ladies' Water-waved BATHING SHOES, shades of Dark Red, snug fitting around the ankle. Special Price, \$1.20. PARKER & MONROE, LTD., East End Branch.—July 21, 22, 25

Denmark's Trade

MONTREAL, Que., July 16.—(Canadian Press)—The month of May recorded a further improvement of the value of the Danish Krone, the average quotation during this month being \$18.76 per 100 kroner as compared with \$18.38 in April, reports to the Danish consul-general show. Thus all recent months show a marked and steady improvement in the value of the Danish currency. In connection with this improvement and with the declining prices on the world market the wholesale price index in Denmark has declined from 243 in January to 227 in May.

The trade balance of Denmark is also improving, the import surplus being in April hardly \$2,000,000 compared with about four million at the beginning of the year. In April of last year the import surplus was more than five millions.

The export of agricultural products from Denmark was in some degree influenced by the recently ended transport strike, but the average weekly export in May with the exception of eggs reached nearly the same heights as in April. The figures are:

Butter, May, 2,267 tons; April, 2,314 tons.
Eggs, May, 1,275,667 doz.; April, 1,720,500 doz.
Bacon and live hogs, May, 3,526 tons; April, 3,643 tons.
Meat and live cattle, May, 1,182 tons; April, 1,862 tons.

LADIES' CREPE BATHING SHOES, two tone, lace style. Get a pair while they last, at \$1.00. PARKER & MONROE, LTD., East End Branch. July 21, 22, 25

with French dressing, and serve on lettuce.

Say, where did you get that pair of Sport Rubbers— at SMALLWOOD'S—July 11, 12

Look Who is at The Popular STAR To-Day!

Colleen Moore and Frank Mayo in

"The Perfect Flapper"

It's a First National Attraction.

You remember Colleen in "Flaming Youth." See her again to-night.

"Her Dangerous Path"

The picture story with a moral.

The Keppie Kid in a Change of Song & Dance

TROUTERS!

CAMPERS!

PIC-NICKERS!

TAKE CRISCO WITH YOU

For frying out of doors Crisco is ideal. So convenient; it does not get soft in hot weather and retains its sweet, wholesome taste under all conditions.

For Frying Trout

there is nothing like Crisco. In the one pound cans Crisco is very convenient for campers and trouters.

If You Haven't Eaten Freshly Caught Trout Fried With Crisco.

you've missed half the joys of a day in the woods.

Ask your Grocer for CRISCO and be sure to take it with you.

At all Grocers, in bulk and one pound cans.

GERALD S. DOYLE

Distributor.

A GOOD GUIDE

Mr. Michael Murphy, a well known guide of Holyrood, who was one of the guides with the Earl Haig Party last year, says: "Nearly all sportsmen carry CRISCO both fishing and shooting. It certainly is the clear thing in the woods."

MUTT AND JEFF—THEY VISIT GOVERNOR PIERCE'S STOCK FARM IN OREGON AND GAZE AT SOME WHITE FACED CALVES.

—By Bud Fisher

