

AERO RUDDER CRUISE WILL NOT SKID AT CURVE

To prevent, as much as possible, the dangerous skidding of the rear wheel of a motorcycle while rounding curves at high speed, a Carolina race rider has fitted his mount with a light vertical rudder on the order of those used on aeroplanes. Light cables, says Popular Mechanics, connect the rudder to the

motorcycle steering fork in such a way that turning the front wheel to the left swings the rudder to the right and vice versa. Upon first consideration it would appear that increased wind resistance would have a retarding effect. However, the inventor claims that this is more than offset by the fact that the prevention of the skid improves the tractive force of the rear wheel.

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Out-of-Town Men (You will save many dollars by attending Our Uncalled-For Sale and Overcoat Sale.)

A DESERT SAVIOR AND FAITHFUL DOG

The following story appeared in recent Pasadena publication. Mrs. Lou Beck, widow of the hero of this story, is a sister of Mrs. C. W. Wainwright, 74 Byron avenue, this city. Mrs. Beck returned to her California home last week, after some weeks' visit in London.

[By Louise George.] Pasadena is planning to immortalize the achievements of the late Lou Westcott Beck and his dog Rufus.

A life-size statue in marble or in bronze of the one-time savior of men lost on the Great American desert, and his noble conductor, the dog Rufus, whose work paralleled that of the St. Bernard (with the burning sands of the Mohave Desert or Death Valley for his terrain, instead of the more merciful snow and cold of the Alps), will be erected in Brookside Park, when these plans come to fruition.

The statue will stand upon a pedestal surrounded by a miniature desert, with cactus and dunes, greasewood and desert flowers producing a faithful replica, and a pool of water to reflect the noble lines of man and dog, reminding one of the water holes found by them and marked by Beck with red sign posts which proved life savers to many a luckless traveler.

The park department of Pasadena will furnish the site and the desert setting for the statue and provide for its upkeep. The funds for the memorial will be furnished by popular subscription. Wherever a heart is touched by the story of one man's unique and self-appointed task for humanity and by an humble canine's herculean efforts to aid his master's work there will surely come a contribution to the fund.

Only \$5,000 is needed to erect this memorial. A campaign to raise the money has already been launched, and the committee in charge is composed of representative citizens of Pasadena with Gen. Charles McC. Reeve as chairman, Freeman Ford, Lawrence Newman, A. E. Call, Dr. T. H. Agnew, W. H. White, A. L. Hamilton and Dr. Russell Ball, who is treasurer of the fund.

Contributions to the fund should be addressed to Dr. Russell Ball, care of Blankenhorn-Hunter Company, Colorado street and Marquette avenue, Pasadena. The commission for the statue was awarded last December to Miss Maud Daggett of Pasadena, a talented sculptor whose work has received wide recognition and which adorns fountains and pedestals in twelve of the most beautiful gardens in the city. Her portrait is especially admirable, her first portrait bust to win public recognition being one of the late Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, executed during the lifetime of this remarkable man and especially cherished by his descendants.

Submitted Design. Miss Daggett worked for several months before submitting a single design for the statue of Lou Beck and Rufus, the final one approved by the committee and accepted by them is shown on the frontpiece of this magazine. Its appeal is instant and unmistakable.

The idea of the memorial emanated

from Mrs. J. C. Davis of Devore, California, whose house stands on the road along which Beck and his dog Rufus passed in their journeys to Death Valley and who saw in Beck one of the great and gentle spirits of the day. It is not given to everyone to recognize greatness. Having eyes to see they see not, and only since Beck's death several years ago has the public at large understood the magnitude of his undertaking. There were those, however, who did understand without the perspective.

"Beck is the greatest citizen who ever stepped on California soil," said Lawrence Newman of Pasadena during the lifetime of the desert man.

Not only Beck but his dog Rufus, his master about three years, living in peace and happiness in the care of Beck's devoted friend, Dr. T. H. Agnew, to whom he was left as a precious legacy. He died recently of old age (18 years old for a dog). The grave of Rufus is in the beautiful oak-shaded courtyard of Dr. Agnew's small animal sanatorium in Lamanda Park, and his headstone is a small barrel cactus.

Many saw them each year in Pasadena in the Tournament of Roses procession, and citizens spoke with pride of the wonderful dog with his little desert shoes on his feet, and his pack containing forty pounds, a water bottle and food, and at his throat, marked with the Red Cross, a packet of poison antidote, against the poison snakes of the waste lands.

The man, medium stature, slightly stooped, though still under middle age, spare and bronzed by the scorching desert winds, with a peculiar walk, slouching a bit, but gripping the ground which marks all men of the open, and which means endurance. His face boyish and appealing, his eyes a bright blue, mystic, poetic, obsessed with the one idea of service to mankind, in the way he had chosen.

I knew Lou Beck and talked with him about his work, but that was years ago. I learned much recently in a talk with his closest friend, Dr. Agnew of Lamanda Park.

Few Crossed Deserts. "Few men, I believe," said Dr. Agnew, "have ever crossed the great American desert. The majority cross it by rail, or by car at certain places and come out again, but I believe that Lou Westcott Beck was the only white man, who ever crossed and recrossed that desert, tying out there on the mountains and hills to tell the tale. He and Rufus, his dog, went to places where no man had ever been before to the best of my belief. He carried a small camera as part of his equipment and took many pictures. He had 1,500 of them in a book which Mrs. Beck now has in her possession. These pictures show plant life and insect and animal life of the desert that is absolutely different from any that I have ever seen in other places. He mentioned the wild camels of the desert long before these stories of recent date were written. He told me he had seen three camels at one time."

"He told me," said Dr. Agnew, "that if he were led blindfold to any part of this American desert and opened his eyes in the middle of the night, he could tell in what part of the desert he was. He had a lighted candle and could examine the face of the ground. It was the face of a friend to him. The different shaped rocks scattered about or the vegetation, or the very grain of the sand itself was what he needed to see."

With reverence and with awe, Dr. Agnew talked of the spiritual experiences of these desert trips. Beck was never lonely in those brilliant desert nights with the long and friendly stars amid those great wastes of sand, for he found God there, and the voice of God was as audible to him as to Moses in the Desert of Sinai.

"Just God and me and Rufus," he often said.

His work in the desert first began because of a promise he made to God. But to begin at the beginning—where in the Middle West, and on account of delicate health as a young lad, he came west and lived on a ranch and led the life of a cowboy for a few years, getting his first taste for the great open spaces and their illuminating silence.

When the Klondike discoveries caused a second Forty-nine rush to Alaska, Beck went with the horde of gold seekers to Nome. He found no gold there, but he did find Rufus and brought him to California and to Pasadena with him.

"Was he called Rufus because he was red?" I asked of Dr. Agnew. "Well, now, I do not know," said the doctor. "He was a dark reddish brown in color, a decided reddish tinge."

"What breed of dog? Well, some have called Rufus a Siberian bloodhound, but that's an awful mistake," said this experienced veterinarian. "To my mind he was a cross between a Newfoundland and an Alaskan sled dog. He was born in Nome you know."

While Lou Beck lived in California, always the desert spots were calling to him, and one winter he took a vacation from the work which brought him a livelihood and with a pack on his back and Rufus for company he started from one of the towns on the border of the Mohave Desert.

He was not desert wise at that time, and he soon managed to get lost. Food and water gave out, and for three days and nights he and Rufus wandered with no food and without a drop of water.

Made His Promise. Only those who have lived through a like hell can translate the agony of such an experience.

"Twas then that Beck made his promise to God. It was this—that if he ever escaped and was allowed to live, he would devote himself to saving others from such suffering."

And he did live. In their extremity, Rufus found a spring of water—but he did not drink of it. He was wiser than his master, for Beck drank and was poisoned. Indeed, he attributed his untimely death to the insidious effect through succeeding years to this first poisoning. But at the moment it stimulated him to renewed effort and he was successful in finding a trail which led him and his companion Rufus to safety.

Lou Beck never again lost himself on the desert. He seemed to have a subliminal faith in his God-appointed mission, and never feared the fate that overtakes so many overconfident ones.

Beck and Rufus made twelve trips, twelve consecutive years, into the desert lands, going always in the winter season. Beck would first haul his supplies to a convenient base of operations. Sometimes he took a pack mule part of the way, but oftener he went on foot accompanied by Rufus.

It was the heart of the desert, its mysterious beauty and wonder, its unimaginable lure—and its terror and horror. He knew Death Valley from one end to the other. He located water holes on the Nevada and learned it was possible for one man of limited resources but mighty spirit.

And during these dozen years Beck kept his promise to God and he and Rufus rescued scores of men from death on the desert.

Every year these two found prospec-

tors whose fate had led them to the desert and who had lost their way and were verging on madness and death.

They found thirst-crazed creatures, their fingers worn to the bare bones with futile digging for water, when, as often happened, there was a water hole within a stone's throw if they had only known how to find it.

The sights they saw were not pretty. Swollen and protruding tongues, blackened faces, buzzards scarcely waiting for the last breath to leave the tortured bodies before pecking out their eyes.

To Rufus belongs the credit of rescuing 30 of these victims of the desert. He was the scout who went from side to side of the trail, often ranging far afield, leaving his master's vicinity a half mile or more, always with his two-quart bottle of water, his packages of food and his poison antidote.

Beyond Human Aid. Many, many times the sought-for victims were beyond human aid, partially devoured by vultures, or often the bare bones left to attest their fate.

Twice in the twelve years, Beck came upon an automobile stalled, and its one-time occupants all dead within a short radius of the machine. One time there was a four-wheeled vehicle, and the party, none left alive to tell the tale, but which was all clear to Beck's desert sense.

Sign Posting the Desert. After a few years of the work carried on by Beck and Rufus the man conceived the plan of placing sign posts throughout the desert giving information about water holes and trails.

The magnitude of this undertaking did not stagger his courageous soul. He tried to interest individuals and organizations. His great hope was that the Government would take it up and do the thing on a big scale.

But he did not wait on anyone's efforts. He did what he could in a small way. He spent every cent he could spare on the project. He had the sign posts made and painted them at his home in Pasadena, and fashioned the signs themselves from bits of tin, painted so that they would withstand weather. He hauled these posts to his base of operations on the desert and himself set them up where he felt the need was greatest. He also spent money on supplies and buried these supplies, canned goods that would not spoil, and left information about these caches of food in hopes of saving some unwary traveler starving to death.

Three years ago last July, Beck died, and the lifesaving work on the desert stopped. Someone told me that two years ago \$100,000 had been appropriated by the Government for the realization of his dream of safeguarding the travelers in the desert lands of the great West. I cannot hear of any work, however, being started in this direction. I made inquiry of the Southern California, but they know of no project under way.

Many of Lou Beck's sign posts, they tell me, have succumbed to the desert. But the work of this man and his dog should not be allowed to perish from the land, and if the proposed statue rises in Brookside Park, it will perhaps fire other great souls to achievements which shall be lasting.

Beck died of the work of his successors.

At the forthcoming dog show there will be a dog named appropriately decorated in honor of Rufus, the desert dog, and dog lovers are expected to leave their offerings for the memorial.

ROAD TRANSPORT OF NEAR FUTURE

Special Motor Highways Will Be Built of Glass or Concrete.

In an address before the Institute of Transport at a recent meeting in London, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, a British authority on inland transportation, said that if road traffic continued to increase at the present rate the width of the most used main roads would have to be doubled to take at least four lines of travel and that other trunk roads reserved for this new transportation should be built between populous centres from which radiated continual fast and heavy traffic. He continued: "Speed limits, as we know them today, will, of course, be abolished before

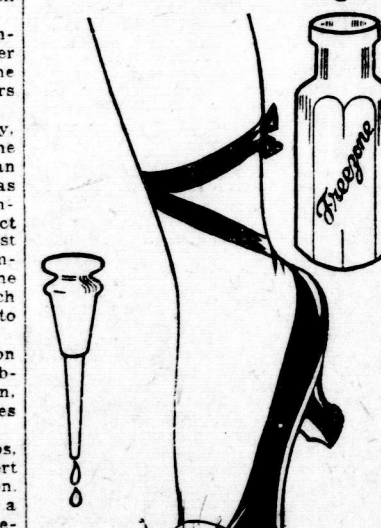
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logs, at any rate on the open road, and when special roads for motor traffic are made, a development which I think is certain to come, the average speeds of passenger-carrying motors will be equal to, if not in excess of, average railway passenger speeds today."

What Lord Montagu attempted in his address was to show the conditions which the rapidly increasing use of motor vehicles and the heavy demand for improved transportation facilities will bring in a by no means very remote future. For eighty years the railways have been the most important factor in inland traffic, but he does not see that this stage in the development of transportation is necessarily a permanent condition of affairs. Before the railways in land traffic was carried on entirely by means of roads, but he does not see that this stage in the development of transportation will be compelled once more for a very large proportion of its inland traffic to go back to the roads.

Glass of Concrete. These roads of the future must be adequate to the new traffic. They must be thoroughfares straight and wide and built of some permanent or semi-permanent material, such as glass or concrete, that will stand up under the continual heavy traffic, and so well built that the annual upkeep, the most important expense today, will be reduced to a negligible figure. He sees a considerable change in motor vehicles, and trailers with tires of a size far larger than now exist will be employed for carrying small parcels, mails and perishable produce. Motor vehicles will be constructed with more than four wheels, and trailers will come more and more into use, partly as a result of the very high taxes based on the power developed by the engine of the vehicle and partly to save expensive labor. He does not see a pessimistic view of the question of fuel supply, but believes that gas carried in metal cylinders or improved steam engines will furnish power even

in the supply of petroleum becomes greatly reduced. He believes, too, that many of the railways will find it to their advantage to convert some of their short roads into toll motor roads. The future of the fast trains, averaging over 50 miles an hour, heavy traffic in bulk, such as coal and iron, and in long night journeys by passenger trains.

The problems of transportation which Lord Montagu cites as existing in Great Britain are similar to those in the large cities and populous districts in America, and some of the solutions which he suggests might in a measure find application in this country. But the question of railroad traffic is naturally different in America from what it is in Great Britain. Distances in the latter country are much shorter than in the United

States, and the short hauls in which the motor car is employed to the greatest advantage can be made profitably and successfully. In fact, motor transport of goods between New York and nearby cities has recently increased to such an extent and is in such a state of development that it might in fact realize Lord Montagu's vision of the future.

The idea which Lord Montagu puts foremost is that goods, trucks are a great asset of a country, and that the means of transportation which they furnish are very important factors in a nation's strength. "The nation that neglects the development of its transport in the future," he says, "will cease to exist as a power in the world." Rudyard Kipling expressed the same thought when, in defining civilization in its broader and truest sense, he said: "Transportation is civilization."—New York Herald.

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