

MAJESTIC TO-DAY

For the convenience of patrons a Ticket Office has been opened at the Theatre Hill door.

Don't Drop Your Friends

It May Cost An Effort to Keep in Touch With Them, But It is Well Worth Doing.

One of the most amusing little stories I know—attributed to the late W. S. Gilbert and about a hundred others—tells of a man who, meeting a friend at a club, remarked:

"I passed your house yesterday." "Thank you!" replied his friend. In this story we get a humorous expression of an all too common fact. The man who passed his friend's house had no impulse to go up the steps and pull the bell. The friend himself was grateful that his house had been passed without the catastrophe of a call. There are thousands of people who regard their friends from just this point of view. They like them—from a distance.

"Brown's an awfully nice chap," remarks Jones, when Brown's name is mentioned. "Yes, I like him immensely."

He likes him so much that he has not called upon him, or written to him, or lunched with him for nearly a year.

Foster the "Second Bests." Mrs. Smith, after singing the praises of Mrs. Robinson, finds a letter from Mrs. Robinson on her breakfast plate, asking her to tea, and promptly invents an excuse to get out of it.

I am not suggesting that every person is like this. Some people are thoroughly social, and genuinely rejoice in all social intercourse. Nor do I suggest that even an anti-social person is usually so self-centred that he does not include one or two bosom friends whose appearance he hates with real delight.

What I do suggest, however, is this. Just as we cannot spend our entire lives with our own selves, as sole company and derive any profit from such an existence, so we are unwise to confine our social intercourse to a chosen few.

The chosen ones come first. That must be. We visit them naturally, we welcome them without reserve, knowing that they will be interested, and will respond in the same spirit. We enjoy being with them, because in their nature we find a reflection or continuation of our own.

But what of the "second bests"? For every close friend there are half a dozen less close friends or acquaintances, knocking faintly at our doors. Are we to shut them out?

If we do, the knocking will grow fainter and fainter, and as we grow older and older we shall be liable to grow lonelier and lonelier.

Tea and a Chat.

Age will become a thing then to be dreaded. Many of our best friends will no longer be with us, and we shall have cut ourselves adrift from those second-best friends, some of whom might have developed into the

best, had we given them proper encouragement, and whose companionship, in any case, could have helped us to pass the days cheerily, and to keep our interests up and our outlook broad.

It is not necessary to possess a strong affection for a fellow-creature to enjoy a cup of tea with him. Though I am preaching this theory I know I am among the guilty, and that I do not always practise what I am preaching. At this moment I can think of half a dozen very good friends from whom I am drifting because I do not bestir myself to hold them to me.

Some show of interest from me would soon reawaken the old echoes. Some show of interest on their part would urge me to them again. But we do not put out our hands, time slips away, and we grow lonesome. Some gather over the once live ashes of our friendship. We still like each other. But our friendship is no longer a practical thing. It is merely theoretical.

Too Sensitive.

Why do we act so foolishly? Mainly, I think, through lack of thought; but partly, also, because, in the first instance, we are too sensitive. Life can never run perfectly regularly, perfectly smoothly, perfectly like clockwork. A friendly habit is broken one day. A chance word is spoken. Some little incident, or series of incidents, comes along to sow the seed of doubt.

From this, or from some other unimportant cause, we begin to feel that we are not wanted. We have missed that expression of friendship to which we had grown accustomed, and without which we feel ourselves neglected. That is the beginning of the end. There is nothing so good in this world as friendship, and wise are they who surround themselves with it and who preserve it!

"Mum's the Word!"

The village minister was motoring home one day after he had completed a long round of visits, when he overtook a girl plodding along the rough country road, carrying a huge basket. He recognised her as a servant who was employed by a farmer, an influential member of his flock. As he drew level with her he stopped the car, and, jumping out, he asked her if he could give her a lift, as he was going past the farm for which she was bound.

"Oh, thank you, sir!" she replied, and soon they had reached the farm gates.

"Thank you very much!" said the girl again, as the minister handed out her basket.

"Don't mention it!" returned the clerical gentleman politely.

The girl blinked prettily, and hung about her head; then she looked up archly.

"All right," she said; "mum's the word!"

Miss Fawnette in the Blue Gray Doll Dance

STAR MOVIE TO-NIGHT.

The large audience that have attended the popular Star since the opening engagement of Miss Fawnette can be looked upon as evidence of the big hit this talented artist is making, and it is to-day the consensus of opinion that we have in this city to-day the best by far of any dancer that has yet appeared before our footlights. The applause given her and Mr. Tesori last evening was such as to show they have won a big name for themselves in their lines. Reference to the ad for to-night will show that Mr. Tesori has two pretty numbers whilst Miss Fawnette will dance the Blue and Gray Doll. The Management has booked for next week the screen version of the play that has of all plays in this city been attended by packed houses—The Old Homestead. It is a play that has all the elements of a story that is beloved by all, and in the screen version it will like Con The Shaughraun be attended with more elaborate settings. It will open next week and further particulars will appear in this paper. One of the striking features of it is the special musical part of it that is being arranged.

Laugh and Live

Don't Be Too Serious, It Shortens Your-own Life and Makes Every-body Round You Miserable.

"Yes," said the doctor, but none too certainly, "it might do him good to go away for a month; but—"

He hesitated, and I prompted him with a "Yes?" "The fact is," he continued, and this time with decision, "that he's far too serious, and as a consequence is losing vitality. He'll never make old bones if he doesn't wake up. He's too serious—much too serious," he repeated. "If I were an insurance company I'd make serious folk pay heavier premiums. Their lives are a greater risk."

"Isn't it right to be serious?" I asked.

"No, it's wrong! Anyone who isn't light-hearted is, literally, heavy-hearted. That organ is depressed, and in plain English, it's jolly bad for it. The circulation is sluggish; there's no buoyancy; the arteries thicken prematurely. And as for the brain—well, I'll put it in this way, that the effect of continued seriousness on it is serious!

"Anyway, the general standard of health suffers. That, as I said, is what is the matter with our friend. He's using up what I call his self-generating vitality, and his seriousness means that he's not making up the deficiency. He doesn't laugh enough. Laughter increases vitality. It lightens the heart and tones up the system generally."

Doing Without the Doctor.

"Happy, light-hearted people, who, although they may have their troubles, are not going to get serious about things, are going to live better and longer. Whenever I see a ball or a dance advertised, to which the serious-minded will not go, of course, I know that the sufferers will be doctors and undertakers. It's not the light-hearted, happy throng who want me."

"There's X"—the doctor mentioned the name of a curate. "A very nice young fellow, but overwhelmed with seriousness. He's weighted and burdened with it. He looks ill, and he'll be ill soon. I don't believe he's laughed for a year."

"I admit, of course, at times circumstances, serious in themselves, make us feel, and look, serious. But those I'm tilting against are the chronically serious-minded. They hurt themselves and affect others. The other day I was just in time to prevent my wife engaging a 'nice, quiet, serious-minded girl' as parlourmaid. Give me someone happy, cheerful, and light-hearted, out to get some joy from life. The more laughter there is in the world the better for everybody. It's his 'serious' who die young."

Are you serious—chronically serious, that is? Well, it's not natural. We are here to enjoy life. So, without going to the other extreme and being of the careless, unthinking, frivolous type, let us avoid too much "seriousness" and be happy, bright and cheerful. Laugh a lot—and live longer, that should be everybody's motto.

Homemade Cakes always on hand, and orders taken for Special Cakes, at THE BLUE PUTTEE. Layer Cakes, Nut Cakes, Cherry Cakes, Spiced Cakes, —oct. 11

Bernier Returns From Far North

QUEBEC, Sept. 24.—Much interest is aroused as a result of news that the steamer Arctic under command of Captain Jos. Bernier, northern explorer, is now on its return trip to Quebec after having been absent since last July, and is due here on October 1.

When the vessel left here nearly three months ago, she carried representatives of the law to conduct the trial of three Esquimaux on a charge of murdering a Newfoundland trapper at Pond Inlet in January, 1919. The body of the victim was found on the ice by the Canadian Mounted Police, who arrested the three natives, one of whom was charged with first degree murder and the other two as accomplices after the fact.

The trial was conducted by Magistrate Rivet, of Montreal, with Adrien Falard, K.C., of Quebec, and Mr. Biron, of Montreal, as attorneys for the Crown and defence respectively.

Another feature of the Arctic's trip, it is believed, is that of the activities of Captain Bernier who acting under the orders of the Department of Interior is understood to have established sovereignty over certain lands in the far North, which have been the means of various disputes for some time past.

Don'ts

Don't fail to keep the proper air pressure in tires at all times regardless of weather conditions, except in case of partial deflation required to negotiate very heavy sand. By using wooden blocks between rear axle and frame the "chatter" is eliminated and deflation not necessary.

Don't expect to travel on old patched tubes or tires and not have trouble. There is economy in always using grade rubber.

Don't overload a car without increasing size or strength of tires to carry the added weight.

Don't use skid chains more than is absolutely necessary. Adjust them loosely on pavements and very tightly for slippery mud.

Don't drive your car until it quits from sheer exhaustion for lack of inspection and attention. If any thing works improperly have it fixed right now. Change oil and wash out crank case often. Lubrication is the life of a motor car. Keep it well greased and oiled throughout.

Don't get in such a hurry that a car in difficulties is 'passed up.' Usually they will signal if your help is really needed. Extend it gladly. The courtesies of the road demand this.

Don't "step on it" when a car signals to pass. Give him the road. He is travelling a faster pace than you or he wouldn't have caught up. He will hurry on ahead and not give you his dust for the favor extended.

Don't meet and pass cars at high speed. Always slow down even on wide roads. There may be something worth seeing in the other car.

Don't ridicule another car because you do not like the make or model. Everyone defends his own machine for his best judgment was exercised in its selection.

Don't tease the inhabitants of any town or region you don't like are anxious for you to become a fellow citizen. They are likely as pleased as you on your departure.

Don't take for granted the other fellow is as good a driver as you are. Sound a warning and give him two-thirds of the road.

Don't imagine that knocking a bad road constitutes the duty of a good roads booster. If criticisms are made, let them be constructive and helpful. Always remember the long stretches of good going instead of a single mud hole or rough place.

Don't neglect to comply with traffic laws of different places. Motorists who violate regulations are responsible for most of the freak legislation against them which is occasionally encountered.

Don't try to reach the next town with a short supply of gas or oil. Keep tank well filled on cross country trips.

Don't leave camp fires until they are put entirely out with dirt or water.

Don't rely on road information given by the general public whether motorist or not. Very few are qualified to judge comparative conditions between routes. Authentic reports may be secured from the Auto Club.

Don't refuse support to the Automobile Club of your own home town. Undoubtedly it will accomplish the objects for which it was organized if you and other motorists subscribe both and money.

A CAR ON THE ROAD IS WORTH THREE IN THE SHOP.

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OTHER LINES OF FOOTWEAR FOR MEN AND WOMEN TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION

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A 100,000 Year Old Town

A human settlement, estimated to be at least 7,000 years old, has been unearthed at Holmegardsmose, according to despatches from Denmark. This may sound old when you recollect that Tutankhamen lived some 3,000 years ago, but the archaeologist knows of prehistoric towns that make the discovery at Holmegardsmose look almost like Golders Green.

Most remarkable of them all is the Quaternary town, of the Mammoth Age, that exists a couple of miles east of Prerov, in Moravia. This town is so extensive that it may well have been the world's "London" about 75,000 or 100,000 years ago. More than 25,000 flint implements and hundreds of objects, many of them very artistic, of reindeer bone and horn and mammoth ivory have been excavated already, with Quaternary human skull and bones.

There were no glue factories and other mysterious industrial destinations for butcher bones in those days,

with the result that bones of animals slaughtered for food accumulated to such an extent that they must have been an unmitigated nuisance—bones of bison and stag, woolly rhinoceros and mammoth, and the rest of a prehistoric city's "daily bread," year in, year out, for centuries. Here, in Predmost (as the village above it is now called), the bones of more than 800 great hairy mammoths have been turned up.

In this extraordinary Quaternary city, which has not yet been thoroughly explored, Maska found a sepulchral chamber containing fourteen complete human skeletons of the Mammoth Age, and parts of six others. That they were a tall folk was shown by the length of the femurs. Round the neck of one of these skeletons—that of a child—was a necklace of fourteen small mammoth ivory beads.

One hundred thousand years ago woman combed her hair with ivory combs cut from the dreaded monster mammoth's tusks. So she does today in the Siberian Arctic. And very good combs, too.

Measuring Things Your Cannot See

One is accustomed to hear of measurements of tremendous distances, such as those between the earth and some of the stars, which run into thousands of billions of miles. But what can one think of measuring accurately the 500,000,000th part of an inch?

The most accurate of ordinary instruments can measure the 500,000,000th part of a mile, which is less than three 10,000ths of an inch. To measure the 500,000,000th part of an inch an instrument must be 50,000 times more delicate; yet it has been done, according to a London paper.

The appliance used is something like the tuning circuit of a wireless valve set. You know that if you turn the knob of the condenser the wavelength is altered. We can make a condenser by placing two plates of metal one above the other with an air space between them.

If the tuning circuit is a delicate one, an almost infinitesimal bending

of one of the plates will make a difference in the wavelength. It is easy to calculate how much bending causes any given difference.

The measuring appliance employs a condenser of this kind, by means of which the tiny distance mentioned can be measured with ease. It is a inch bar of steel is placed in a vacuum and connected with the apparatus. distance it sags when a fly settles upon it instantly and accurately recorded on a dial.

If a fly walks on a piece of fine the pointer records how the whole mass quivers under its weight. It will even measure the expansion of the iron caused by the heat of the insect's body.

The invention will be of great use to scientists, who hitherto have been baffled in their work when very tiny measurements were needed.

League Football—St. George's Field, this evening at 5.30 sharp. Cadets vs. Guards. Admission 10c. Ladies free. Grandstand 10c extra. Boys free.—oct. 3.11

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