



Announcement

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the right battery for your car, our Service includes skilful repair work on every make of battery. You can rely on responsible advice and reasonable prices here.

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JOHN BARRON & CO.,
Water Street.



Unknown

London Exposed

MEN WHO THINK IN MILLIONS.
By HANNOS SWAFFER in Tit-Bits.

The secrets of London are behind its walls. You walk past them not knowing what is taking place on the other side.

Sometimes it is the tragedy of a woman; sometimes the budding hope of a child; sometimes the vanishing dreams of a millionaire.

Would you search for the soul of London in its mean streets or its mansions—at the Ritz or the Seven Dials? I know both.

Does that pale, undersized, snuff-nosed boy who carried your bag from Euston—the typical Cockney street Arab—seem to be more akin to the heart of London than that fat, red-faced man, with the enormous cigar and diamonds, in the Rolls-Royce which nearly knocked you over?

Going Citywards along the Embankment, almost any morning, you can, if you know their faces, recognize, riding in their motor cars, at least fifty men who are reputed to be millionaires. Some of them are worth almost countless thousands. Others live on reputations for wealth which they have acquired by lavish expenditure.

Mecca of Wealth.

A millionaire is a man who raises his stakes—and wins. Instead of buying one bale of cotton, he has bought 10,000; instead of investing merely his own money, he has induced other people to invest theirs also; or he may have owned land or mining property miles away which has suddenly become of real, or imaginary, value.

Few of these men were born in London; few of them control London properties or London businesses. They come from all parts of the country; they dominate other people's activities in all parts of the world. Yet nearly all of them sleep several nights a week, and work five days out of seven, in the area between Liverpool Street Station and South Kensington. How many millionaires there are in that area every day no one could tell. But I know forty, at the very least. Every day I meet a dozen.



MAVIS
de Vivaudou

FACE POWDER

Mavis Face Powder, with its fascinating perfume, is chosen by beautiful women all over the world because it gives that soft perfection to the skin which enhances beauty and is so irresistible.



A touch of Mavis Rouge makes such a difference.

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
Paris New York

where I have met at lunch some of the highest people in the land, all proud to know "Jimmy," some of them often the slaves of his whims. To please him, I have seen them putting golf balls into a glass tumbler for \$5 a ball, this in between long discussions on money or politics. "Go and buy Alsace-Lorraine for me and give it to France, Swaff," was White's ironic recipe for peace one day. "Then we can get on with business."

"Scrap of Paper" Fortunes.

White, like most millionaires, who trade all day, does his business by making a note on a small piece of paper and handing it to his secretary.

When the three brothers Rothschild used to sit in the same room all day, Alfred, the cleverest one, would do this every five minutes; often it meant a £500,000 deal. In White's case, a slip of paper is brought in mysteriously, something is written down, and the paper goes away again. It may be a bet about one of his horses running that day; it may be an order to buy 10,000 shares; it may be a decision to purchase a company, or sell one. You never know. You never see the pencilled note. Sometimes it is only the word "Yes," or "No."

The telephone goes all the time; but only the people who matter ever reach "Jimmy" himself. A millionaire has to work with a sort of armed guard, to keep callers away. Not even the magic word "Appointment" will do. This will go on all day from ten till five, or six, perhaps, when White, after buying and selling shares or pieces of property, goes to see his theatrical show in the Daily's auditorium downstairs; the arranging of this he often tries to fit in between share-deals.

Compared with White, however, most millionaires I know look upon life very seriously. One, who deals in foreign exchange, buying and selling hundreds of thousands of francs, marks, and pesetas, trains for his day's mental strain by boxing with a professional every morning. Another, unrecognized, runs round Hyde Park for an hour before you are up. A third, nervous of his health, sits with his private doctor in his office all the time.

I know one who, leaving me at one o'clock in the morning, has often said: "I've got to be up at six." Soon after seven, his factories in the North are on the telephone calling him. What they say decides his vast deals, which affect business all over the world.

"How much business did you do today?" I asked him, the other night. "I cannot tell you to £50,000," he said. "My agents were doing it for me, in nearly every capital in the world."

Unhappy in Prosperity.

He has few friends, this millionaire; he is not the man to seek them. He sticks to the few people he has known for years, men of his own type, not over-cultured, plainly-dressed, ordinary-looking men. They talk business all the time.

I saw two millionaires, the other night, come out of a picture show, men of close association and worth, between them, many million pounds. Neither of them ever seems happy, although both spend big sums on entertainment and giving others "a good time." Both have had unhappiness in their family lives. Millions do not buy happy homes.

"I used to play poker for a few shillings," one of them told me once. "Sometimes, recently, I have lost as much as £10,000 on a pair of fives. But it's just the same. I started poor and worked hard, and liked it. Now that I am rich I work harder, and don't like it. But you have to go on."

This one is always worried what to do with his money when he dies. Charity does not appeal to him. He thinks it is helping people who ought to help themselves. He knows that if he leaves it in large sums to his family, it will do them no good.

And, all the time, he worries about his Income Tax, which is perhaps £1,000,000 a year, just as you and I do over our few pounds; but, having more, he worries more. He has gold plate to eat on, when he likes; but this is only once a year, as a rule. He has jewels, almost by the bucket, and these he adores, sitting with them in his hands, all alone, not so much because of their value as their beauty.

Worth More Than Riches.

And yet they say that, when he met the Shah of Persia in the South of France, a few years ago, and showed him proudly a coloured diamond, which he always carried in his pocket and which was one of the largest ones he knew, the Shah said, "How remarkable! I've never seen one so small!" I know one "millionaire" who is now said to be rich because he owes only £3,000,000.

"He's much richer than he was last year," they say; "then he owed £5,000,000."

To him, money is such a cipher that with a little luck he will do something, in a few months, which will make him actually a wealthy man again. When you play for high stakes, your luck varies as much as when you play for small ones.

Frequent these men's society and you will find that their interests are the same as other people's. They are affected by the rain, the same as everybody else.

"I can only wear one suit of clothes



"ABOUT A YEAR AGO I consulted a specialist. He found my condition run down, gave me a serum to prevent colds, and advised Fleischmann's Yeast once a day. I followed directions for a month. To my delight my former vigor was restored. And my former constipation has disappeared. I am keeping it up. I feel fresh and vital every day."

J. Milnor Dorey, Trenton, N. J.



"THIS SPRING, just recovering from a serious illness, I asked my physician if Yeast would do me any good. He said, that it was very good, so I began eating it. I am no longer troubled with indigestion, headaches, or stomach troubles of any kind, nor do I any longer wish to hide my face on account of the pimples. Instead of the pale yellow look, I have a good rosy complexion and a good appetite. Now I can eat a hearty meal, and enjoy it. Fleischmann's Yeast has wrought this wonderful change, for at present I use no other remedies."

Jenny Chartrand, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR GUEST.

INVESTMENTS.

I have some extra dollars which were better saved than spent. And so I'll buy a solid-edged bond to earn me four per cent. I'll call that an investment, 'tis a term all bankers use. But one which money-minded men so frequently abuse. Not all investors pay in gold, some pay in peace of mind. And some in happy memories of days when we were kind.

Life gives us countless dividends in payment for our deeds. The marigolds are coupons which we cut from planted seeds. The good will of our neighbors is a joy which we collect. From having neighbored with them in a way they could respect. Our children are investments, too, in which our worth shall show. For seldom 'tis by luck or chance good men and women grow.

We are investors, one and all, by each a choice is made. Some risk their lives in art and some invest them in a trade. And who shall give his best to life shall reap his dividends. In peace of mind and happiness, the love and trust of friends. But who invests in selfishness, in cunning or in shame, Shall find, however filled his purse, he's played a losing game.

Bleak poverty of spirit is a failure that is worse. Than the error of wrong judgment which brings poverty to purse. For money may be squandered, and a stock not worth its cost. But a good name lives forever and a kind deed's never lost. So I'd invest my hands and brain in all life's finer things. And seek the compensation which that sort of venture brings.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR CORNS

SNEEZING?

The sign that you are catching cold. Heat and inhale Minard's and stop the cold.



"SCRATCHES FESTERED; pin pricks turned to boils—I was a rival for Joe's laurels. My nerves were chaotic. I developed a jagged, craven terror of pain. A neighbor suggested yeast and, though cynically doubting the remarkable cure, I took 4 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily between meals for one month. The incredible happened. A boil just starting

dried away painlessly, minor blemishes on my back, which I had had in series for years, totally disappeared; I grew steadily stronger, and life reassumed normal perspective. Finally I, who had dragged to my housework, half fainting from the least exertion, had surplus energy and wiped dishes dancing to phonograph records!" Mrs. R. G. Booth, Fort Washington, N. Y.

And all found the Way to Health

For them fresh energy, a new zest in living came through one simple food

Not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active. And day by day it releases new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before breakfast and at bedtime. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. The Fleischmann Company, P.O. Box E-5201, St. John's, Newfoundland.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—banishes constipation, skin troubles, stomach disorders. Start eating it today!

"TEN YEARS OF WORK as a press telegrapher, one of the most sedentary of occupations, had made me a chronic sufferer from constipation and many of its attendant evils. After a severe illness two years ago, a friend recommended Fleischmann's Yeast as a tonic and general body builder. I began by drinking a cake of yeast in milk, morning and night. Within a comparatively short time the constipation had entirely disappeared, my complexion cleared, and I felt as if years had dropped from my shoulders."

Frank W. Doughty, Erie, Pa.

Fleischmann's Yeast is prepared for market in Newfoundland.

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With NUGGET a long life and a bright one



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There's a Nugget shade for every shoe made

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