



Like the Brilliance of Jewellery for Your Table

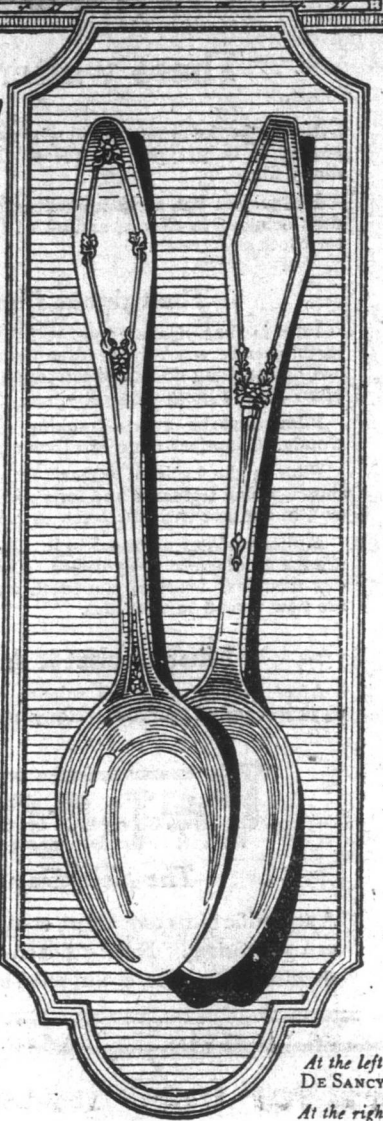
THE veritable glitter and gleam of gems—radiance such as your table never showed before—that is the charm the exclusive "Holmes & Edwards" hand-burnished lustre brings to your table.

And "Holmes & Edwards" yields the enduring satisfaction which only the bountiful use of pure silver can give—sterling silver alone surpasses it in life.

More silver is used in "Holmes & Edwards"—and then, in SILVER PLATED, solid silver blocks are set in at the back of the bowl and handle; and in SUPER PLATE, a heavy extra plating is given to protect these points against wear.

Good jewelers gladly recommend "Holmes & Edwards" flatware and also "Holmes & Edwards" table appointments which harmonize with it in quality and gleaming lustre.

Manufactured Exclusively in Canada by
THE STANDARD SILVER CO.
OF TORONTO, LIMITED



At the left
De Saucy
At the right
Lancashire

"Protected Where The Wear Comes"

HOLMES & EDWARDS

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

THE RULES OF THE GAME



He evidently regarded himself as a most wonderful good sport because he had outwitted the law in a contest in which, by the way, he had about ten chances to get away with it to one of being caught.

The Prince Couldn't Understand.

In some way I was reminded of a story which was told of the German Crown Prince during the war. It seems that the Crown Prince sometime before the war was taking a trip on an English ship on which the game of deck golf was being played. The Crown Prince was watching the game and had taken special interest in the game of one of the players. This golfer at first appeared to be going to win, then he lost ground and his opponent got ahead. Then the opponent fell behind and the Prince's choice again had a chance to win. He made a shot and just missed his mark. The opponent had been called to the rail to notice some passing ship. "Give it a shove," said the Prince, "and you will win." The player naturally refused. "But if you don't, you won't win," said the Prince, puzzled at this obtuseness to the main issue. But the player refused. He was living up to the rules of the game. Most of us admire him, don't we?

Laws Are Rules of the Big Game.

Why, then, do so many men who would do as he did in any game of chance or skill, and scorn to do any-

thing else, regard it as sporting to try to evade the rules of the game when those rules are the law of the land?

Said one of the deputy commissioners of the New York police in a recent magazine article:

"You may think there is no harm done when you break some minor regulation. But these regulations have been made in order to protect the happiness, comfort and security of the community—including yourself. When someone else breaks one of them you, perhaps, are inconvenienced or suffer loss. The same thing happens to another when you break a regulation."

What the Real Sports Do.

Laws and regulations and city ordinances are the rules of the game of life. Some people keep them not because they care about the ethics of the matter but because they are afraid lest they get caught.

And some people, mostly too young and callow to know any better, think that it is a fine thing, a sportsman-like thing, to demonstrate that they are not afraid to get caught by breaking the rules.

But the real sports, in the highest sense of the word, keep the rules because they are the rules of the game for the present and because it is not fair to the other fellow to break them.

Household Notes.

Caramel fudge is twice as delicious when walnut meats are added to the recipe.

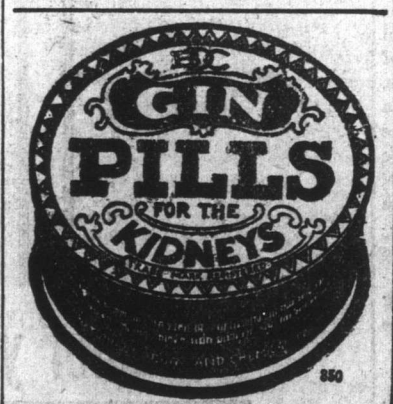
A high cutting table, such as tailors use, is of the greatest service in the sewing room.

A fruit salad served with browned crackers and cheese makes a delightful dessert.

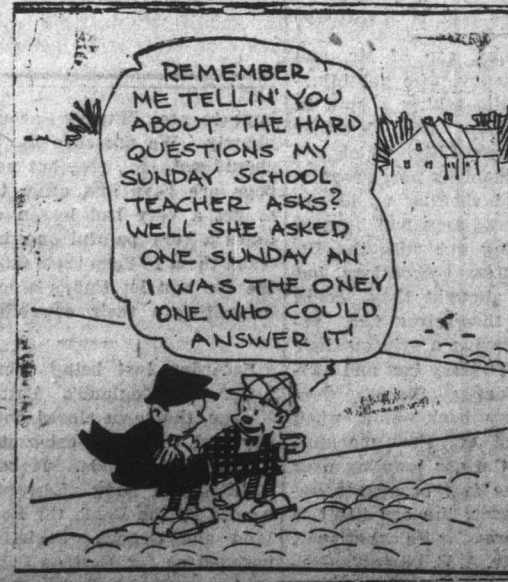
Be sure to remove seeds from the lemons sliced for tea, and put a clove or two in each slice.

A Joke Which Proved Fatal.

Trying to play a joke on his sister, little Willie Tarr, aged ten, lost his life recently. He was amusing himself in his father's barn near Lemonville. He saw his sister coming and thought he would scare her. He tied a rope around his neck while standing on a beam and his foot slipped. His sister ran, screaming, to the house, and the mother, Mrs. John Tarr, rushed out to the barn and cut the lad down. A doctor was hurriedly called, and for nearly three hours he worked to kindle a spark of life, but in vain. All hope was given up at noon.



"REGULAR FELLERS"



By GENE BYRNES

The Island of Yap.

That is a small word and it represents a small place but it is creating a big interest among the nations. In our English, Yap means "to bark to yelp." Well, Yap, is making considerable noise. It is the name of the chief island in the western group of the Carolines and lies about a thousand miles east of the Philippines. It formerly belonged to Spain but after the Spanish-American war it fell into the hands of the Germans. After the late great war it was agreed by the Council of the League that Japan, for her assistance, should have the former German islands north of the equator and Great Britain should have those on the south. The United States, refusing to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, was not represented in the League Council, and so was not consulted when these assignments were made. But Yap is a very important cable station and the United States is much interested in it because of the connections it makes with the Philippines and other American Pacific possessions. Naturally the United States is opposed to this island falling into the hands of any nation whose policies might be opposed to her own, and she has notified the Council of the League that she cannot consent to seeing Yap and its cable lines fall into the hands of any single power. Of course it did belong to a single power, Germany, before the war but circumstances have changed and Japan and the United States have some other problems between them which are difficult to solve. This is a very delicate question. Japan does not seem inclined to yield anything from the mandate given her by the Council of the League, but recently the United States has renewed her protest and declared that she would not agree to any such disposition of the matter.

Careful diplomacy will be required to effect an amicable settlement of the difficulty.

London Full of Troops.

Owing to the strike of the Triple Alliance, London is more filled with service men than at any time since the war. They are mobilized in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens in such numbers that the gates have been closed and the public has no opportunity to see them. The Duke of York's house is used as headquarters and filled with officers, the home of the Prince of Wales is guarded and Buckingham Palace has been fortified against attack. The Cabinet has gathered forces ready to despatch them to any point in the British Isles on a moment's notice. This mobilization of the military gives rise to the question where the troops are coming from. Some have arrived from Ireland and from the Rhine.

READING BOOKS.

Read helpful books that fill the mind with gems of noble lore; in such great volumes you will find the world's sublimest store. But if you read them all the time, you'll get impatient and you'll think such books a crime, and noble lore a frost. If you would keep an appetite for thoughts from noble domes, you ought to read some fiction light between the stately tomes. Read Milton till his sounding verse no longer thrills your bones, then buy and read "The Plucker's Curse, or Who Slugged Johnnie Jones?" Read Bacon's essays, one by one, until you're feeling bored, then buy and read "The Poisoned Bun, or Who Swiped Henry's Ford?" The man who lives on pie alone will find that diet dire; twould do him good to gnaw a bone, or chew a rubber tire. The modern pie's the greatest treat that science can produce, but it should go with beans and meat, and prunes stewed in their juice. And so the works of guys inspired, like Milton and that bunch, as steady grub are not desired—they finish up a lunch. I always shun the student pale who says, with misfit pride, he never reads the trifling tale with vamps and gore supplied.

Dempsey Getting Ready for Fight.

New York—Heavyweight champion Jack Dempsey has arrived here to begin training for his contest with Georges Carpentier in New Jersey, July 2.

Dempsey stated that he weighed 191 pounds, and would start active preparations for the bout as soon as the definite site of the match was announced. He will lead up to his work by spending the next two weeks at the home of Freddie Welsh, where he will play golf and do light outdoor training, including long walks.

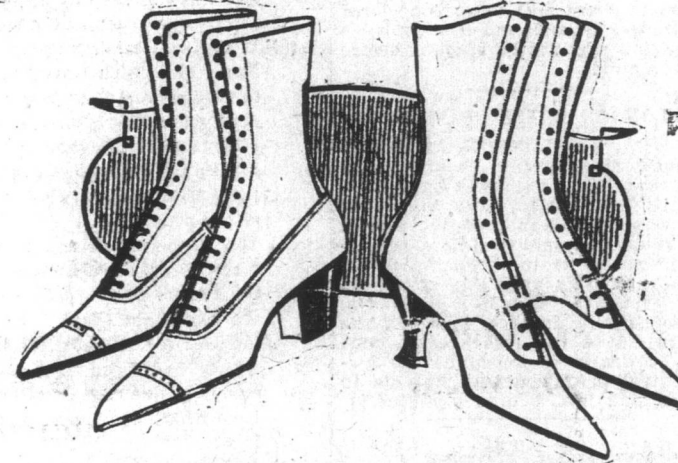
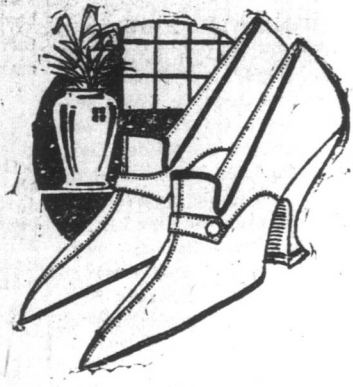
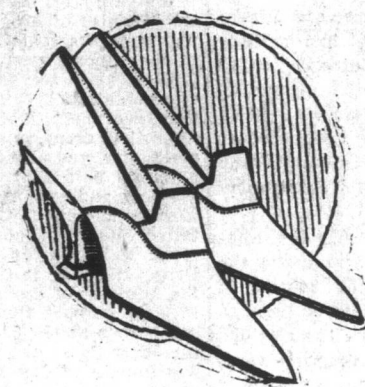
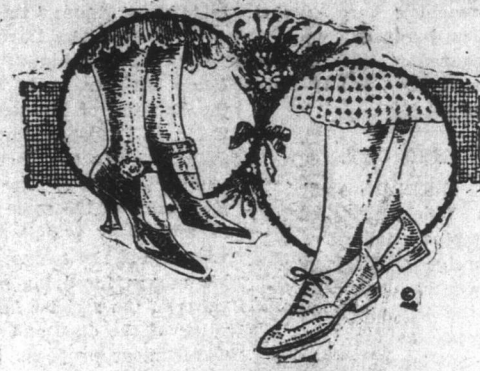
The big champion of all the battles

looked to be in splendid condition. He confessed to tipping the beam at just 196 pounds, which is some ten pounds more than he actually weighed when he made Willard chuck it at Toledo. "I'm ready to fight right now," said Dempsey, as he playfully knocked the writer's brand new Kelly twenty feet across his room at the Belmont.

"I'm eager to get to work for the big thing," said Dempsey finally. "I love to fight. Nothing pleases me more than to be swinging at the other fellow. I've plenty of time to get down to real training for Carpentier. Don't run away with the idea that I'll hold him cheaply. I hold no man cheaply, but I know the man doesn't breathe who can whip me. That's not boasting; that's simply being sure of myself."

"Gunboat Smith hit me as hard as I'm ever going to be hit in this life. I hope, and I didn't feel it. You know I once told Jack Kearns never to throw up any sponge in my corner until he was sure that I was through.

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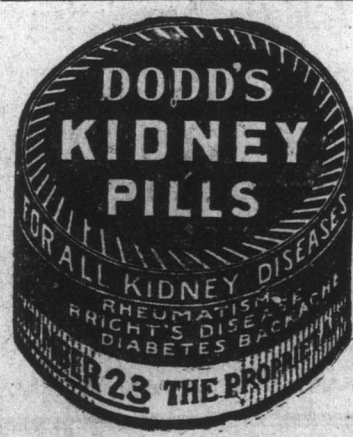
The above lines of LADIES' HIGH GRADE FOOTWEAR, at
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Ladies, secure a pair of these HIGH GRADE BOOTS, or a pair of these beautiful
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German Competition.

Let it be remembered that owing partly to the state of the exchanges and partly to the fact that Germany is deliberately refusing to tax her people on anything like the same scale that the British people are taxed, German competition has again become intense in certain trades. In the silk trade, for example, Germany has been pouring goods into this country at prices so preposterously low that competition is utterly impossible and British looms are standing idle—London Telegraph.



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