

# The London Advertiser

Founded 1863.  
London Advertiser Company Limited,  
Publisher and Proprietor, London, Ont.  
JOSEPH E. ATKINSON, President.  
H. B. MUIR, Managing Director.  
C. A. M. VINING, Managing Editor.  
Morning and Evening editions.  
Subscription rates: Delivered, 15 cents weekly; 60 cents monthly. By mail: In Canada, \$5.00, yearly; in the United States, \$6.00, yearly.  
Special Representatives:  
J. B. RATHBONE, Toronto, 65 King Street East.  
Montreal, 1013 Transportation Building.  
C. H. EDDY COMPANY, New York, Park Lexington Building.  
Chicago, 1013 Lexington Building.  
Boston, Old South Building.  
The Advertiser is a Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1924.

## It Was Ten Years Ago Today.

The date of the starting of the world war is generally named as August 4, 1914, but the flame that set the world on fire was ignited by a fatal bullet fired by Gavrilo Princip, a Serbian patriot, who, although a mere stripling in stature and immature in years, had his young mind fired with the traditions of his country and turned to bitterness by the encroachment and domination of Austria, one of the wings of pan-Germanism.

Princip was the assassin of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand. The story of his career, of his imprisonment after the assassination because he was too young to be hanged, and of his death in a dungeon, is told for the first time in today's Advertiser by Borjivo Jevtic, a member of the same band of terrorists, who was imprisoned next to Princip.

The whole chapter tells of the way in which the plot was conceived. It gives the staging as being in a humble, gas-lit cafe in Belgrade, far removed from any intrigue with officialdom. It is more human, even if more sordid, than the official papers over which the world poured late in August after the world war had become a reality.

Ferdinand was to visit Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, on June 28, to conduct military manoeuvres. June 28 is a day dear to the heart of the Serb; it is the day when the old kingdom of Serbia was conquered by the Turks in 1389, and it is also the day on which in the second Balkan war the Serbian army had its full measure of revenge on the Turk.

So, in that dim-lit room in Belgrade the visit of Ferdinand on that day, when the Serb would be remembering the victory over the Turk and his emancipation from years of oppression, was interpreted as meaning only one thing, a studied insult to the Serb.

The determination of this small band of plotters to kill Franz Ferdinand also served to provide the opportunity for which Germany was looking to launch her armies on a quest for world power.

The plotters had one idea only, that their act would bring about a war in which Serbia might be freed from Austrian oppression. Yet that shot fired by an unknown Serbian terrorist, now regarded by his fellow-countryman as a patriot, brought events crashing and tumbling on each other in such appalling sequence that the world was stunned and horrified by the stupendous horrors of each.

Austria-Hungary was quick to seek revenge; it served an impossible ultimatum on Serbia for an act of which official Serbia had no knowledge and which it was powerless to prevent. Then came Russia with its assistance for Serbia; Germany with her warning to Russia to stay out; France acted on a well-grounded fear that Germany would attack her, and finally Britain as a protest against the violation by Germany of the neutrality of Belgium. It was a long cry from the crack of Princip's revolver to the days of 1914-18 when the path of a world war sprawled its way across the face of Europe and called armed men from the corners of the globe to the most awful carnage the world has ever seen.

Today, June 28, 1924, ten years after that studied shot in the city of Sarajevo, Europe is still struggling in the throes of post-war chaos. There are nations that were great which have drained the cup of bitterness to the last dregs, and there are those who were mighty who today are obscure and walking hand in hand with poverty. The bitterness that found its vent in the pulling of the trigger to snuff out the life of Ferdinand has found lodging places in many councils.

Yet today men sit in one common council from nearly all the nations of the world; they are serious, capable men, and determined that there shall come into existence a world court where justice will be given its rightful place, and where it can be secured without the price of life and the destruction of property. It has had to battle for its existence against hatred; those who profit from the carnage of nations must be set aside as the common enemies of a common humanity, because they would wreck this court if it were within their power to do so. The world court, the League of Nations, must succeed; it must accomplish that for which it was planned. Any move that blocks or hinders it can only be regarded as a painful gesture showing that we have not learned the lesson of the world war.

## Two Sides of the Fence.

A board fence does not often figure as the line between things that are legal and those that are considered so illegal as to draw fire from the police guns.

Yet Hamilton has just such a fence, and it surrounds the Jockey Club premises. It is the difference between the inside and the outside. Inside a man can bet until he has not a nickel left to pay his car fare downtown; he can bet his watch, his car, his shirt or his socks, and he is quite within the letter of the law. On the other side of the fence a couple of men were having a game of "craps," and real bullets from real guns carried by a squad of police broke up the gathering.

On one side the men were gambling, on the other side they were doing the same thing.

It looks like the distinction between this and that, and the difference that separates here from there.

Once more Mr. Bumble's remark fits in, "The law is an ass."

## May We Be Delivered.

The rest of the world must stand back and gaze while the Democrats of United States put all their prospective candidates through the fanning mill at the New York convention.

A political convention in United States is a different plant to that grown in this hardy land to the north. It is a bigger breed; those who tend it have squeaky boots and high-pitched voices; its limbs crack with the crescendo of a horrible catastrophe and those who come to play around it kick each other on the shins.

The accounts of the New York gathering raises the question if it is the civil war or the world war that is being fought over again.

One engagement ran something like this: Fordney Johnson, a lawyer from Alabama, placed the name of Senator Underwood in nomination. In so doing he launched an attack on the Ku Klux Klan. In the demonstration that followed Governor Sweet of Colorado was knocked to the floor by the fist of a labor leader of Pueblo. Another attendant was piled over the prostrate governor. Governor Fields of Kentucky was being held back by three men as he had his fist swinging round like a travelling trip hammer looking for a convenient target.

All this in the name of good government in a land where all men are free and equal. The foreigner, new to the country, if he had squeezed in through the door might well look on and wonder if the Indians of America were selecting a chief by the process of elimination.

We may be a trifle slow in this country, and our political outbreaks may be few and confined to serious matters of policy. May we be delivered from the sweat, the noise, the hubbub, the frenzied insanity and the utter nonsense of an American political convention.

## The Free Press Anniversary.

Seventy-five years is a long time to serve a community. That is the record of achievement which The London Free Press is commemorating today, and The Advertiser congratulates its contemporary upon the attainment of a standing of three-quarters of a century.

During that time The Free Press has kept pace with the development of the community; it has assisted in giving this section of the province its proper perspective in the affairs of the Dominion, and has added its quota of service to the community in which it is published.

The publishers have good cause to feel a pardonable sense of pride in marking the arrival of three-quarters of a century in the field of Canadian journalism.

## The "Untouchables" of India.

Every missionary who returns from India says that the great chance for that land lies in the breaking down of the caste system. Mahatma Gandhi, a high caste man himself, with a genius for leadership, says the same thing. The missionaries see in the caste system a stone wall in the path of the spread of the gospel; Gandhi sees in it an evil that must be corrected from the standpoint of national interest. Thus he and the missionaries, from different angles, face a common problem.

Mahatma Gandhi refers to the low caste natives of India as the "untouchables." The difference in rank was instituted to preserve distinctions without bloodshed. The high caste Hindus abhorred such work as leather tanning and scavenging, so it fell to the lot of the low caste; their methods of living became more repulsive, and in the end it was regarded as positive pollution to touch them. The most reliable census places their number at sixty million, or one-sixth of the entire population of India.

Gandhi is not a new convert to the cause of the "untouchable." He has long since declared that a people who oppress a section of their own population have no right to complain of oppression from a foreign race.

It is hard for the people of Canada, among whom class distinctions are so loosely drawn, to realize what the "untouchable" in India has to endure. There are streets on which he must not walk, places where he dare not go, civil rights which he dare not exercise. He is an outcast in every sense of the word.

Mahatma Gandhi belongs to one of the higher castes; his wife, a woman of talent and accomplishment, is of the same caste. In order to show that he was in earnest in his campaign for the "untouchables" Gandhi felt called upon to demonstrate his views in a way that threatened himself and his wife with social ostracism—the adoption of a child from the low caste, the "untouchables," into his own home, and in this way giving his full recognition to the idea of human brotherhood. It was a courageous thing to do, and marks Gandhi as a leader who is willing to defy traditions of centuries in order to right what he believes to be a great national evil.

## Note and Comment.

Strawberries are giving a very creditable performance. The better they get the cheaper they become.

Kentucky now has a tax of three cents a gallon on gasoline. Stepping on the tax becomes the popular sport.

There's not much demand for seven-passenger automobiles because people don't go in for that sort of families now.

Safe drivers' clubs are being organized. Will the safe crackers consider this an infringement on their premises?

Algebra examinations are over in London. So if A B does not make enough marks to pass, Y, what will he D O about it?

Counsel for Home Bank depositors told Ottawa that talking time was over, and the time for action had arrived. Must have been his first trip there.

At the Democratic convention in New York participants in demonstrations had to quit from sheer exhaustion. They should make the Democrats safe for democracy.

# Dr. Frank Crane

## PHAGOCYTE IDEAS.

Among all the microscopic beings modern science has revealed one of the most interesting is the Phagocyte.

He is supposed to be an inhabitant of the blood. Disclaiming all scientific accuracy, we can at least say that he is some sort of a small and swarming creature that inhabits our life fluid and that he seems to be a sort of home-guard. That is to say, it is his business when any sort of murderous microbe enters the system, to pounce upon said offender and devour him.

A man's vitality, his health, depends upon the number and vigor of his Phagocytes.

Of course, all this is more or less loose and inaccurate. But, in a general way, it is scientific truth.

And what is true of matter, is true of the spirit. For, after all, the material world is but the mirror of the realities which are spiritual.

So, therefore, there are phagocyte ideas, phagocyte thoughts; that is to say, there are certain thoughts that have a belligerent efficiency to chase away noxious thoughts. When the burglar enters the house and, by raising the window, sets off the alarm at the police station, a swarm of bluecoats surround the place, nab the crook and take him to jail. He is eliminated.

We have thoughts like this. For instance, there is the Worry Thought, the criminal intruder that worms his way into our mind, interferes with our business, upsets the peace of the family and keeps us sleepless at night. If left alone to do his dirty work, such a thought may drive us to melancholy or to madness.

But in the healthy mind there are Phagocyte Thoughts, such, for instance, as the calm conclusions of philosophy or the comforting assurances of religious faith. These friendly phagocytes attack the Worry Thought and drag it away.

Almost every kind of thought which attacks us as a destructive microbe is some kind of fear. Fear seems to be the common denominator of all the noxious ideas that distress and destroy the spirit.

And Fear only has its way with us when we are deficient in vitality, just as the poisonous germ cannot flourish and multiply in blood where there are plenty of Phagocytes.

You can test your degree of vitality, therefore, by the ease with which you overcome Fear. If little superstitions linger, if senseless premonitions bother, if morbid fancies will not down, you may know that your spiritual blood is thin.

# Ye Rhubarb Season

Why can't we have the things to eat spread further out upon the map, so just one thing won't hog the road and crowd the others from the gap?

For weeks whenever we go to eat, we've known this phrase was sure to pass, the waiter hollers in your ear, "Say, will you have some rhubarb sass?"

We try another place at which to park our frames at filling time, a spot where shady lights turn low, a squashy joint in which to dine.

And when you've run the race all through, you've tackled all and passed none by, they ask you if you want to eat another slab of rhubarb pie.

Nay, nay, we'll try some other 'ole where rhubarb never crossed the door; we find a place where full-dress gents they bow and scrape most to the floor.

'Tis there we nibble at the fish, inhale the soup in proper style, a-feeelin' that the rhubarb patch has never come within a mile.

It is a pleasant thing, it is, to dine away far from the mob, when bands play 'neath a potted fern, where saxophones they cough and sob.

An in such settin' there we sit, five-sixths the way gone through the meal, at peace with all the world around, contented feelin' o'er us steal.

And when the last round's comin' on she prods me with a wicked start, and says to me if what I want is a helpin' of their rhubarb tart.

'Tis rhubarb this and rhubarb that, in sixteen styles it's stewed and cut; they serve it in the white-tiled den, they sling it in the humble hut. Why can't there be a law come out to say the thing has been disposed, and stick a sign upon the wall, "The rhubarb season's now been closed."—ARK.

# Wealth vs. Riches

(From the Brantford Expositor.)

The New Orleans Times-Picayune says that a wealthy citizen of rural New York died a few months ago, leaving a will that because of its oddity won mention in the metropolitan newspapers. Only small cash bequests—in no instance exceeding \$5,000—were made to his children. His action was prompted, as explained in his will, by his desire that "my children shall be strong and sturdy and courageous; that my boys shall strive for honor, fame and a reasonable competency rather than great fortunes; that they reverence women; that my daughters may have the ambition to be happy, helpful, true and loving wives and take for their husbands men of character, thrift and industry rather than of fortune and title." Was this father a wise man or only a crank? Some recent happenings, notably the biographical murder of a Chicago boy by a couple of university graduates, sons of rich parents, would seem to afford a sufficient answer.

# Press Comment

## A Detective's Wealth.

Those who say that crime does not pay are invited to note that the estate of the late William Pinkerton amounts to more than \$2,000,000.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

## They Played a Sure Thing.

If a prophet is without honor in his own country, it is likewise true that a lot of them who attended the races yesterday are today without money.—Hamilton Spectator.

## Our English Language.

The man who with pride and no little assurance employs the word meticulous to impress the world with his erudition merely identifies himself as an educated guy of a former generation.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Looking Over the Backyard.

"Growing like a weed" is an expression the full force of which is appreciated by every gardener these days.—Ridgetown Dominion.

# The Fun Shop

## OUR OWN LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT.

LILLIAN PAGETT—How about that tear-compelling thing that brings tears?

"Tell me not in mournful numbers." Dear Lil—It's called "A Maiden's Prayer," and it's a real sob stuff, all right, all right.

"Thou Bathroom Scale of Truth and Justice." She cried in misery profound.

"Oh, tell me not in mournful numbers that I have gained another pound."

JOSEPH S. BENDER—Do you know the title of the poem. "She was a miller's daughter?"

Dear Joe—The poem is entitled, "She was always good to her folks," and rambles along as follows:

She was a miller's daughter. This queen of the footlights, but she Promote you, and to the banker In her auto-biography.

## Faithful Ethel!

Little Ethel had received a teddy bear for her birthday, and had great difficulty in finding a suitable name for it. An error in manufacture had given the bear a cross-eyed appearance, which complicated matters still further. Finally Ethel decided to call it "Gladly."

"But, Ethel," said her mother, "whatever did you get a name like that for your teddy bear?"

"Sun's school teacher told me that name," confided Ethel. "She taught us 'bout a song which said somp'n 'bout 'Gladly' the cross I'd bear."

## A Man's Idea About Marriage.

Burr—Swimming around.

After—Forking over.

## Hard to Cure.

Burr—"How's your cold, Donald?"

Donald—"Verra obstinate."

Burr—"How's your wife?"

Donald—"About the same."

## THE JINGLE-JANGLE COUNTER.

The little clock goes tick, tick, tick. All my money goes quick, quick, quick.

## After Winter comes the Spring—

Sister slaps like everything!

He kissed her in the morning, he kissed her at night,

She was his youngest daughter, and he had a perfect right.

In summer kids bare their feet; Goldfish never mind the heat.

## The Bright Clerk.

Helen (to new drug clerk—"How many bottles of soda?")

New Drug Clerk—"I'm not sure, but I think it's the same as the day before."

## TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

A decade ago detectives picked up the trail of a woman by following hairpins; today it is matches.

## Not a Gopher.

First Caddie—"It says in his pointer, nearly all de presidents played golf. I wonder if George Washington did."

Second Caddie—"Naw, he was the guy what never told a lie."

## Tragedies.

What is it makes the blue-point blue? Is it the thought of oyster stew, or does he fear some hungry zuy? Will squirt tuckers in his eye?

"It looks to me," said the cauliflower, "As if we were in for a good, hard shower."

"That's so," said the best. "I guess you're right. The corn complained of aches last night."

## A Miracle.

Miss Gush—"I want you to see my new hat. My friends all say that I look well in it."

Miss Catt—"I am anxious to see it. It certainly must be a wonderful hat."

## Ready for Action.

Mrs. Johnson—"I've heard it said that Mr. Jones has a poker face. What do they mean by that?"

Mr. Johnson—"Well, he has a straight chin shaped like a snide, a roval expression and a flushed forehead. His eyes shine like diamonds and he has his heart in his mouth."

The only way you can string some women is with pearls.

## The Model Wife.

I left my tracks upon the floor. You know that makes some women sore. My wife—I'll say she is a bird—She didn't even say a word.

I threw my clothes down anywhere. I put my feet upon a chair. Now that, of course, makes some wives ever.

My wife didn't turn a hair. I filled the room full of smoke—I would have made some women choke. And open up the doors for air. My wife was calm—she didn't care.

I gave my maid a meaningful look. I even flirted with the cook. My model wife did not complain—You see, she's far away in Spain.

The newly-fledged father looked at the triplets in consternation. "If that don't eat all," he remarked slowly. "That fortune-teller told me to beware of some small bald-headed people I was going to meet."

## Demands Her Share!

Hoyle: "I have hard luck at poker!" Shaw: "Nonsense. Why I know you've been winning right along."

Hoyle: "Yes—but my wife knows it too!"

(Copyright, 1924. Reproduction Forbidden.)

Readers are requested to contribute. All humor: Epigrams (or humorous mottoes), jokes, anecdotes, poetry, burlesques, satires and bright sayings of children, must be original and unpublished. Accepted material will be paid for. All manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to The Fun Shop, The London Advertiser. No manuscripts can be returned. The rates are \$1 to \$10 for accepted material, and 25 cents to \$1 a line for poetry.

# LONDON AND ITS GOSSIP

THERE must have been many hundreds of Canadians visiting London who went to see the Derby. Those who did so paid dearly in discomfort, though perhaps they thought the experience was worth it. Derby Day on Epsom Downs shows, perhaps the highest democratic spectacle of human variety on earth. The fashionable man about town, with silk hat, spats, monocle and binoculars, jostles the swarthy gipsy hawkers. The King and Queen and most aristocrats are there, but also the most plebeian. The quickest, most comfortable and cheapest way of getting to Epsom from London is by train, but by some freak of fashion or tradition the majority, especially dominion and overseas visitors, prefer to go by road. It is certainly a remarkable sight to see the procession of vehicles along the road. There are not only Rolls-Royces and Fords, but buses, trams, charabancs, carriages-and-fours, and tiny two-wheelers drawn by donkeys. All along the miles of road there is a line of beggars. Most of the beggars are street urchins who cry: "Give us a penny for luck." The racegoers are generally in a liberal and a merry mood. They have drums and other musical instruments to cheer them from time to time, and they enjoy the fun of throwing coppers. It is not only small boys who beg. The hospitals and other charitable institutions which happen to be along the route take advantage of the occasion to put out large poster appeals, and they have sheets as receptacles for any donations that may be made. Nurses in uniforms stand by to say "Please" and "Thank You." The most popular way of going to Epsom nowadays seems to be for a party to hire a bus. As the advertisements inform you, if you go by bus you can travel inside if it is rainy, and when you get to the racetrack you can get on the top of the bus and use it as a grandstand for watching the races. But something happened at this year's Derby that had not been calculated for. The buses, some hundreds of them, got stuck in the mud on the Downs, and they had to wait till next day to be dragged out by traction engines. Up till noon of Derby Day the rain had held off, and the hundreds of thousands who went by road were mostly at Epsom by that time. The rain then commenced to pour, and pitilessly it kept on for hours. The cars and buses parked in thousands on the Downs, sank into mud. The lighter vehicles could be got out, but not so with the heavy buses. Ex-soldiers said it recalled the wettest days in Flanders.

## Stories of Luck.

There are always stories of wonderful good luck—and bad luck—after a Derby. A Liberal member of parliament, Mr. Harcourt Johnstone, for East Wilkesden, won £21,000, being half of the second prize in the Calcutta sweepstakes. Mr. Johnstone was in the House of Commons last night, and all members were congratulating him. He is one of the youngest members, being only 27 years of age. A Nottingham man, Mr. P. S. Millard, won £27,750 in the London Stock Exchange sweep. He said he dreamed during the night of the draw, that he had drawn a seven-sovino, and had backed it. It was not until the next morning that he learned the result. He had drawn a seven-sovino, and had backed it. It was not until the next morning that he learned the result. He had drawn a seven-sovino, and had backed it. It was not until the next morning that he learned the result. He had drawn a seven-sovino, and had backed it.

The vicar in dispute is the Rev. K. Oliver, a widower. It is understood that in view of the objection of the congregation Mr. Oliver wishes to have his nomination to the parish withdrawn. The bishop, however, wishes him to stand for the right of the vicar to stand. There has been the inevitable discussion in the press as to the advantages and disadvantages of a married clergy. It is generally agreed that the wives of clergymen show themselves splendid women and give great help in the ministry to their husbands. The vicarage is a social center for the parish when the vicar is married, and this is regarded as a valuable element in parochial life and work. The preference for a celibate clergy is strong among the very high church Anglicans, who have the confessional, and who have the utmost confidence in confessing to a clergyman with a wife. To this it is answered that people have the utmost confidence in entrusting their most private affairs to married doctors and lawyers.

The C. N. R. Vice-President. Mr. J. E. Dalrymple, vice-president in charge of traffic on the Canadian National Railway, has done a lot of work and made himself many friends during his stay in London. On Monday the port of London authorities placed a motor launch at his disposal and he inspected the London docks, sheds, grain storage and warehouses. He has also been to the ports of Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton. At the latter place he saw the world's largest floating dry dock, which is to be opened by the Prince of Wales on June 22. There is much interest in Mr. Dalrymple's career. He has been a railway worker for 41 years, commencing at the age of 14 as a junior clerk on the Grand Trunk. Step by step he has worked his way up, and has now the reputation of being one of the greatest authorities in the world. During the visit of the King and Queen to Wembley, it was Mr. Dalrymple who showed their majesties round the splendid pavilion of the C. N. R. and took great pride in explaining the features of the world's longest railway to them.

Press Club dinner two days before the race, he broadcast a pretty straight tip for his horse. He did not actually say it would win. Had he done so, and it lost, he would have had widows coming to him and telling him they had lost their all on his advice. But he said: "I have a good horse and a good jockey and the best trainer in England, and those who back Sansovino will have a good run for their money. He rivets have been the best backed horse in the race, and their winnings will have helped to console the public for the abominable weather."

## A Question of Clerical Celibacy.

The congregation of St. Paul's Church, Brighton, are very Anglo-Catholic in their ideas, so much so that they have refused to accept a clergyman who had been nominated as their vicar because they saw in the press an announcement that he was to be married.

The vicar in dispute is the Rev. K. Oliver, a widower. It is understood that in view of the objection of the congregation Mr. Oliver wishes to have his nomination to the parish withdrawn. The bishop, however, wishes him to stand for the right of the vicar to stand. There has been the inevitable discussion in the press as to the advantages and disadvantages of a married clergy. It is generally agreed that the wives of clergymen show themselves splendid women and give great help in the ministry to their husbands. The vicarage is a social center for the parish when the vicar is married, and this is regarded as a valuable element in parochial life and work. The preference for a celibate clergy is strong among the very high church Anglicans, who have the confessional, and who have the utmost confidence in confessing to a clergyman with a wife. To this it is answered that people have the utmost confidence in entrusting their most private affairs to married doctors and lawyers.

The C. N. R. Vice-President. Mr. J. E. Dalrymple, vice-president in charge of traffic on the Canadian National Railway, has done a lot of work and made himself many friends during his stay in London. On Monday the port of London authorities placed a motor launch at his disposal and he inspected the London docks, sheds, grain storage and warehouses. He has also been to the ports of Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton. At the latter place he saw the world's largest floating dry dock, which is to be opened by the Prince of Wales on June 22. There is much interest in Mr. Dalrymple's career. He has been a railway worker for 41 years, commencing at the age of 14 as a junior clerk on the Grand Trunk. Step by step he has worked his way up, and has now the reputation of being one of the greatest authorities in the world. During the visit of the King and Queen to Wembley, it was Mr. Dalrymple who showed their majesties round the splendid pavilion of the C. N. R. and took great pride in explaining the features of the world's longest railway to them.

# To the Editor

## About Petting Parties.

"Andy Gump" Thinks Reports Have Been Exaggerated, and Really Favors a Little Spooning.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir—I note the great tempest in a teapot over the so-called "petting parties," and I feel certain it is grossly exaggerated. No doubt these good

I feel certain that the same enthusiasm and energy could be used to better purpose in trying to catch the vandals and sneak thieves who consistently pilfer the automobiles parked at Springbank of spare tires, tools, and wearing apparel left in seats, and anything else they can lay their hands on. There have been no less than three of my friends whose cars have been rifled this season already in and around the old pavilion. Yours truly,

ANDY GUMP.



# Corns

Don't Pare Them!

Cutting a corn is always dangerous. Blue-jay ends corns. Kills the pain instantly, then the corn loosens and comes out. No risk, no constant trouble. Get Blue-jay at your drugist.

# Blue-jay

## Don't Get Bald Cuticura Does Much To Prevent It