

The Wreck of the Easter Egg

Sarah Bernhardt-for-short, as Miss Rose called the small Polish maiden in place of the long string of consonants that was her real name, stood looking in the window of the little candy store next door to the Hester How School. As she stood there, her small ragged person pressed close against the window, Sarah's anxious eyes followed the bird-like hand of Mrs. Wiener, the tiny old woman who kept the store, as it occasionally reached into the window from within, hovering perilously over the object of the child's solicitude, ere it escaped with some other object in its grasp.

The treasure in the window that so obsessed the tempestuous soul of the little Polish girl was an egg, an Easter egg, but not at all like the ordinary chocolate kind with their unvarying white and yellow insides. This egg was different. The outside was of a snow-white, glittering substance that shone in points like diamonds; a border of lace paper girded the middle. And it was hollow with a tiny bit of magnifying glass fastened in one end. You put your eye to the glass and presto! you were transported to a wonderful oval fairyland all the more entrancing to the imagination because the egg had been so placed that even if you pushed your face so hard against the window you would think either it or your nose would have to give way, only a tiny corner of the interior of the wonder egg was revealed.

Because of the difficulty in tearing herself away from the store window, Sarah had been late at school every day for a week, but Miss Rose, fearful of a clash with her most difficult pupil, weakly ignored the defection.

One afternoon, several days before Easter, when the Primer Class had just settled down to work, Sophie Kalinsky, the class historian, appeared at the door. Sophie's two little pigtailed eyes were trembling and her speech sputtered excitedly through the place where two front teeth should have been.

"Ooh-h, Mizsis Rozy!" she cried. "Sarah iss gittin' tooked up by th' pher-liss fer stealin'!"

At the news, one hundred awestruck eyes rounded into saucers.

"Yiss um," Sophie continued unctuously, enjoying the sensation she was awaking. "We wuz lookin' in th' winder down by ol' Mizsis Wiener's and Sarah sez she iss gonner kill anybody wot bougten that egg in there and Mikky McCloskey heerd wot she iss sayin' and he sez he iss gonner git it hisself and Sarah runned in th' store after him and—"

Six feet of blue uniform looming behind her caused the cessation of Sophie's narrative. At the bulky apparition, the fifty Primer Classes made themselves as small as possible and even Miss Rose trembled. Every one recognized the intruder. He was the officer who stood down on the corner from the Hester How School and helped small persons through the traffic. The big policeman paused awkwardly on the threshold of the room and propelled the two offenders forward at mighty arms' length.

In that terse grasp, the two captives were trembling visibly; Sarah wiped furtively at tears that made pathetic tracks down her grimy face and, beneath his flaming hair, Michael's yellow freckles stood out in the unaccustomed pallor of his engaging countenance. He also bore several gory scratches.

"Madam—Miss—" the big officer stammered sheepishly as he looked down on little Miss Rose. He never had had prisoners of such tender years in tow and he felt mortified. He stood tottering and from his huge feet, like a straying elephant, and swung his stick in embarrassment. Then he welcomed the faint glimmer in Miss Rose's eyes with a grin of relief. "Well, ma'am, I'm thinkin' ye'll know how to daale wit th' young uns better than th' majistrate cud," he conceded cheerfully, "specially as th' worst damage I seen is this here litty rascalion's face. Yis, ma'am, I dunno whin I iver come across a wuorse scratcher than this litty gurrul."

Sarah accepted the tribute with modesty downcast head, stepping bashfully on one ragged foot with the other.

"Just what was the trouble, officer?" asked Miss Rose with due respect.

"Ma'am, an' thet's somethin' I might be askin' you," the big fellow acknowledged, "ting th' cold fiddy bust out th' stoore yeidin' 'face' an' 'murder' an' I t'ought it wuz a coupl' holdup men an' I come runnin' an' all I seen wuz these litty young uns pitchin' into each other."

"I'll see that they are punished, Thank you, sergeant," said Miss Rose, who knew quite well he wasn't a sergeant.

"Shame on you litty children actin' so bad wit sech a nice young litty teacher!" exclaimed the big policeman. "An't you shamed to be wurryin' her so?"

Inspired by the big "sergeant's" flattery, he delivered quite a lecture to the unappreciative ones and then

with a few more words of warning about their future conduct he took his looming bulk away.

When he had gone Miss Rose turned to the two culprits and sternly looked them over.

"Miss, lemme tell yer," Michael explained hastily to her look, "honust to gaw"—scuse me, miss—honust, I wuz only stringin' her when I sez I wuz gonner buy de yegg. An' anyhow I niver had no more'n a jit fer a moon agate."

"What really happened, Michael?" Miss Rose asked.

"Miss, de fust ting I know'd, Sarah come runnin' in de store an' sez she wanted to buy dat yegg an' she snortched de yegg an' ol' lady Wiener wuz grabbin' her an' a box er pencils fell on de ol' lady's head an' she kermenced ter holler. She kept a-hollerin' 'Tief! Tief! Tief!' an' 'HELLup! HELLup! HELLup!'"

Michael's voice rose with dramatic fervor.

"That's enough, Michael," said Miss Rose coldly, "unless you want to bring the officer back."

The young narrator looked uneasily toward the door.

"An' den, miss," he went on in a more repressed style, "I remembered wot youse sayin' wuz allus to hellup de ol' ladies an' gents an' I got chockle of Sarah an' miss, look wot she done ter me!"

The chivalrous youth ran his finger over his gory wounds and pathetically held it up for inspection.

"I see nothing but dirt," answered Miss Rose calmly.

She sent him to his seat without further comment. She also dismissed Sarah to her place. She needed time to decide how best to deal with the turbulent little girl.

In a few minutes the Primer Class was back to normal, happily copying down on a length of wide-ruled paper, the repeated declaration that "Baby loves mamma," or, as the diligent little fist of the small boy who sat in front of Sarah rendered it, "Bby lves mmm." This little boy, shining clean, white-headed, and with round china-blue eyes, was little Frederick Vogel-sang. Several years ago, when Herr Stork had brought little Frederick to his proud parents, he had also been given a middle name. But shortly afterwards, Father Vogel-sang, thinking it best to become a real Canadian, discarded this middle name of his son's and about the same time he turned down the ends of his whiskers and invested the profits from a flourishing cafe in Victory Bonds. Later, the cafe was succeeded by an equally remunerative eating-house, but Miss Rose, viewing his offspring's appetite, sometimes wondered that there was anything left for Mr. Vogel-sang's patrons.

Except for a propensity to nibble at the other children's lunches, the little German boy was her best behaved and most diligent pupil. At about his sixth record of Bly's devotion to "mmm," Miss Rose noticed Frederick's china-blue eyes raised imploringly to hers. The color flooded his nice, clean little face.

"What's the matter, Frederick?" she asked. He pointed to Sarah, sitting innocently back of him.

"She iss p-pullin' me where my pants iss," Frederick quivered tearfully.

"Miz, id's lies! I ain't doin' nuddin to him!" cried Sarah, sticking out her tongue naughtily at Frederick and the world in general.

This disturbance had hardly been straightened out when pretty little Mamiebell, a dear little golden-headed girl who sat behind Sara, burst into tears. As she bent her diligent head over her work, a large piece of firm, ture chewing gum had been firmly stuck in her shining ringlets.

During the next hour Sarah continued to kick, scratch, pinch and slap all within reach, finally eluding Miss Rose's detaining hand and rushing in a tornado-like burst of weeping from the room. Miss Rose was so worn out that she scarcely regretted the escape. Some time later, as she walked wearily home, she caught sight of a little figure squeezed with painful tension against the window of the candy shop. As she looked a bony old hand appeared within the window and a vigorous fist was shaken at the enemy, who returned the salute with grimy thumb lifted to a defiant little face. Miss Rose hastily crossed the street.

That evening, the old man who kept the second-hand shop down the street from Sarah's tenement received a customer. The old fellow had somewhat of a "fee-f-fu-fu" reputation among the juvenile circles of the neighborhood and when Sarah, holding a package wrapped in newspaper, marched boldly into the store, a deputation of her acquaintances peered goggly-eyed through the dirty window in the hopeful expectation of seeing their colleague devoured. The intrepid descendant of Thaddeus of Warsaw reached up and laid the package on the counter.

"Haw huchd!" she inquired straight to the point.

The old man unwrapped the bundle.

He had a great curly beard like the stuffings in a mattress and he wore a long clean coat. The opened package revealed a fine bisque doll, unclean but expensively clad. Sarah had received the doll at the Christmas entertainment of the Empty Stocking Club and strangely enough—when one considered her unvarying hostility to all the friendly advances of that young woman—the doll's name was Miz Rozy. The old man examined the little lady's legs and body with the detachment of a physician at his diagnosis; then he looked at Miz Rozy's soiled finery with a shrewd calculation as to the effect of gasoline upon it.

"Twenty-five cent," he announced. He spoke as one who has been insulted.

"Thirty cent," Sarah threw back as quick as a flash.

The old ogre laid Miz Rozy down, spread out his hands in a disowning gesture and assumed an air of indifference.

"She—she shuds her eyes an' she's got real hair," remarked Sarah coldly. A terrible tearing feeling came into her thin little chest as she remembered the doll's attractions.

The old man turned his back and with meticulous care began to brush dust off a greasy striped waistcoat. Sarah gathered up Miz Rozy and started out.

"Ho hum! Goodness!" the old man suddenly roared with terrible ferocity. The noses glued to the window outside turned pale with fearful anticipation. "Aw ri! Thirty cents, you little fiends!"

When the thirty cents had been satisfactorily produced, Sarah laid Miz Rozy tenderly on the counter, as on a bier. Taking a last dimmed look at the loved but betrayed features, she ran out.

The next day being the final one before the Easter holidays, the Primer Class spent the closing hour in having an "entertainment." First, Miss Rose told a few seasonal stories, Molly Cottontail and The Pea Blossom. Then several songs were sung and the finger play of The Five Little Rabbits.

Then individual performers were called for and immediately the loquacious Sophie came forth and started upon an original story wherein the Kalinsky family skeleton was exposed. "Und my fah-ter sez to my mudder 'Shut up!'" she chanted in an hypnotic singsong, the rapt expression of the creative artist on her small features, "und den my mudder sez to my fah-ter 'Shut up!' and my useg brudder sez—"

At this point Miss Rose tapped her little "attention" bell—it was a decisive tap.

"Ma'am!" the interrupted one came to attention with aggrieved look and tone.

"Thank you, dear," said Miss Rose hastily. "That will do. We will have a song next, children. Who would like to sing 'Springtime's Coming'?"

Michael McCloskey volunteered. He had a willing mastery of the unpedagogical desire to snarl him, Miss Rose tried not to make her lecture to the little German boy too severe. She realized that the wrong was mostly of the spirit and therefore not to be understood by him. He had merely helped himself to something he wanted; that a fair world had been destroyed in the attempt, meant nothing to him.

What was to be eaten was to be eaten. That was all there was to it and as Miss Rose scolded the small gourmand, she noticed that even as he wept, his pink tongue crept out to reach the whitish stickiness in the corners of his mouth and his innocent round eyes were fixed longingly on the piece of candy she had laid on the edge of her desk.

When he had gone she turned to Sarah. After all, at six the world is never irrevocably shattered.

"I know a store not so far off, Sarah," she softly told the sorrowing maiden, "where they have the most beautiful eggs and you and I are going there and buy another fairyland—maybe two!"

U.S. AVIATORS ARRIVE AT SEWARD FROM SITKA

Cordova, Alaska, April 13.—Four airplanes, composing the United States army squadron making a trip around the world, arrived at Seward, Alaska, this afternoon at 5:18 o'clock, Pacific Coast time, according to information received here. The trip from Sitka was accomplished without mishap, the aviators stated.

The committee was engaged in drawing up recommendations for presentation to the Emigration Conference to be held in Rome next month, and in which the United States will participate. One of the recommendations presented was that a competent woman should be especially charged with the care of the interests of women and children on all emigrant ships. The recommendation was adopted after discussion.

Easter Rain.

O magic of the humble shower! Cup-beaver to the smallest flower! Stooping to pour the gift divine In living streams of dewy wine Where honeysuckles leap and twine! Holding the cup to thirsty leaves Of hawthorn bush and dogwood trees, While little birds in every lane Sing "Love is falling in the rain!"

O Mystery, to bend so low! That in a raindrop you might go! O Love, so infinite and small, The breath, the bloom, the gift of all!

—Margaret Prescott Montague.

The death has recently been reported of Sir Frederick Bridge, who has been organist at Westminster Abbey for the last forty-three years. Sir Frederick died in his eightieth year.



Montreal's New Mayor Charles Duquette, who defeated Meric Martin by over 3,000 votes.

Sarah had resumed her seat, a shy smile at her teacher's words of praise lighting up her tragic little face.

The griefs of six, while transient, are usually intensely vocal, but the Primer Class had never before echoed to a cry as heart-rending as that of little Frederick's small pink mouth, a tiny paper-mache figure.

"Come, Sarah, don't cry so," Miss Rose pleaded as she tried to lift the small convulsed body. "Why, you are always so kind and generous with your candy. See, here's plenty of your egg left." She held up a tempting piece of rock candy. A muffled reiteration came from Sarah.

"He bit de angel's head off!" He bit de angel's head off!" she noaned over and over. It was true. The gluttonous Frederick's small white teeth had decapitated the shining figure.

"He can haf id all now," sobbed Sarah. "I don't want efer to look ad id no more!"

In exhausted silence, she wrapped her ragged little shawl about her small body and began to gather up her things. Although she had an unpedagogical desire to snarl him, Miss Rose tried not to make her lecture to the little German boy too severe. She realized that the wrong was mostly of the spirit and therefore not to be understood by him. He had merely helped himself to something he wanted; that a fair world had been destroyed in the attempt, meant nothing to him.

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BUDGET SHOWS MATERIAL REDUCTION IN TARIFF ON IMPLEMENTS OF PRODUCTION

A despatch from Ottawa says:—Acting Finance Minister Robb presented the Budget of 1924 on Thursday. The implements of the following industries will, it is proposed, receive duty reductions averaging about 10 per cent. on the preferential tariff, and running as high as 12½ per cent. on the general tariff: Farming, fruit-growing, poultry raising, dairying, mining, lumbering and fishing.

The resolutions dealing with changes in the sales tax show a general reduction in the tax from 6 to 5 per cent.; exemption of a large number of items included in the industries above quoted from the operation of the tax; a reduction of 50 per cent. on boots and shoes, biscuits, canned vegetables, canned fruits, jam and preserves.

It is proposed to give to manufacturers of agricultural implements "free entry" on pig iron, bar iron and steel when used in the manufacture of mowers, binders and reapers in lieu of a drawback of 99 per cent. The "free entry" is also extended to these raw materials when used in the manufacture of cultivators, harrows, horse rakes, seed drills, manure spreaders and weedeaters.

Materials which enter into the cost of the aforementioned items and other implements on which the duty is to be reduced will be entitled to entry at 7½ per cent. under all tariffs.

It is proposed to grant a drawback of 99 per cent. on materials and parts

of implements on hand imported prior to this date which will have entered into the cost of all agricultural implements on which the duty is to be reduced.

It is also proposed to exempt from sales tax all the articles and materials to be used in the manufacture of those agricultural implements as well as goods consumed in the process of manufacture.

It is proposed to remove the sales tax from the following articles: Cereal foods, macaroni and vermicelli, sage, rice, meats, salted or smoked. The sales tax is being reduced from 6 per cent. to 2½ per cent. on biscuits, canned vegetables, canned fruits, jams and preserves.

On boots and shoes, including rubber footwear, we propose to reduce the sales tax from 6 per cent. to 2½ per cent.

The sales tax will be removed from milk foods.

Woolens, and many other manufacturing establishments, will benefit by a proposed clause which will provide that materials consumed in process of manufacture or production which enter directly into the cost of goods subject to the consumption or sales tax will be exempt from the sales tax.

On well-drilling machinery and apparatus the sales tax is to be removed. Crutches are being made free of both customs and sales tax.

On traction ditching machines the value for "free entry" purposes is being increased from \$3,000 to \$3,500.

COMMISSION ACCEPTS REPORT OF EXPERTS

No Time Lost by Reparations Board in Declaring Dawes Plan Feasible.

A despatch from Paris says:—With surprising alacrity the Reparations Commission accepted the report of the Committee of Experts at a formal session Friday afternoon. It adopted the experts' findings on Germany's financial condition and ability to pay as its own, and it recommends that the Allied Governments acquiesce. All depends, the commission recognizes, on Germany's acceptance, and it makes that provision, but it asks Germany to reply as soon as convenient after April 17.

The Reparations Commission wants action. It broke the ice before it had time to get stuck. It caught the first expression of approval of the report from most countries, neglected criticisms and pushed the plan quickly into action.

Friday's act was in the nature of a political coup. The British and the Americans engineered it and the rest they had time to hesitate. As Barthou presided it would look as if the French had thrown all their resources into play. Even the British were surprised to see how willing were the French to act.

The attitude of the French, however, shows there must have been rapid work behind the scenes. Sir John Bradbury was in London on Thursday to see MacDonald, and no effort is made to hide the fact that Barthou talked with Poincare. So it can be supposed that the British and French Governments agreed in advance to back the report.

The Reparations Commission's official communique declares that it "considers that the experts' report offers a practical basis for the rapid solution of the reparations problems."

According to the new issue of McKim's Directory of Canadian Publications, there are 1,499 newspapers and regularly published periodicals in Canada, against 1,553 a year ago. Daily newspapers have decreased from 120 to 114; semi-weeklies from 34 to 30; and weeklies from 1,022 to 975. On the other hand, a small increase has taken place during the year in the number of monthly and semi-monthly publications.

League Favor Protection for Women on Emigrant Ships

A despatch from Geneva says:—Japanese emigration to California and women's equality with man were two questions which gave an unexpectedly dramatic touch to the final session of the League of Nations Advisory Committee on Traffic in Women and Children.

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The Week's Markets

TORONTO.

Man. wheat—No. 1 North, \$1.09. Man. oats—No. 3 CW, 42c; No. 1, 41c.

Man. barley—Nominal. All the above, c.i.f., bay ports.

Ontario barley—65 to 70c. American corn—No. 2 yellow 98½c. Buckwheat—No. 2, 76 to 80c. Ontario rye—74 to 78c. Peas—No. 2, \$1.45 to \$1.50. Millfeed—Del., Montreal freights, bags included; Bran, per ton, \$27½; shorts, per ton, \$29; middlings, \$35; good feed flour, \$2.

Ontario wheat—No. 2 white, 98 to \$1.02, outside. Ontario No. 2 white oats—39 to 41c. Ontario corn—Nominal. Ontario flour—Ninety per cent. pat. In lute bags, Montreal, prompt shipment, \$4.00; Toronto basis, \$4.00; bulk, seaboard, \$4.25.

Manitoba flour—1st pat., in fute sacks, \$6.10 per bbl.; 2nd pat., \$5.60. Hay—Extra, No. 2 timothy, per ton, \$14.50; No. 1, \$15.50 to \$16; No. 3, \$12.50 to \$13; mixed, \$12.50.

Straw—Carlots, per ton, \$9.50. Standard reconditioned screenings, f.o. b. bay ports, per ton, \$20.50.

Cheese—New, large, 17 to 18c; twins, 18 to 19c; triplets, 19 to 19½c; Stiltons, 21 to 22c. Old large, 24 to 26c; twins, 25 to 27c; triplets, 26 to 28c.

Butter—Finest creamery prints, 38 to 39c; No. 1 creamery, 37 to 38c; No. 2, 34 to 35c; dairy 28 to 30c. Eggs—Extras, fresh, in cartons, 32 to 33c; extra loose, 28c; firsts, 27c; seconds, 24 to 25c.

Live poultry—Chickens, 3 to 4 lbs., 25c; hens, over 5 lbs., 26c; 4 to 5 lbs., 24c; do. 3 to 4 lbs., 15c; spring chickens, 4 lbs. and over, 25c; roosters, 15c; ducklings, over 5 lbs., 15c; 4 to 5 lbs., 15c; 3 to 4 lbs., 15c.

Dressed poultry—Chickens, 3 to 4 lbs., 36c; hens, over 5 lbs., 28c; do. 4 to 5 lbs., 24c; do. 3 to 4 lbs., 15c; spring chickens, 4 lbs. and over, 32c; roosters, over 5 lbs., 18c; ducklings, over 5 lbs., 24c; do. 4 to 5 lbs., 25c. Beans—Can., hand-picked, lb., 6½c; primes, 6c.

Maple products—Syrup, per imp. gal., \$2.50; per 6-gal. tin, \$2.40 per gal.; maple sugar, lb., 25c. Honey—60-lb. tins, 11 to 11½c; 10-lb. tins, 11 to 12c; 6-lb. tins, 11½ to 12c; 2½-lb. tins, 12½ to 13c; comb honey, per doz. No. 1, \$3.75 to \$4; No. 2, \$3.25 to \$3.50.

Smoked meats—Hams, med. 23 to 24c; cooked hams, 24 to 25c; smoked rolls, 17 to 18c; cottage rolls, 19 to 20c; broasted bacon, 21 to 25c; special brand broasted bacon, 28 to 30c; backs, boneless, 25 to 33c.

Cured meats—Long clear hams, 50 to 70 lbs., \$18.50 to 90 lbs., \$13; 90 lbs. and up, \$17; light-right rolls, in barrels, \$37; heavy-right rolls, \$32. Lard—No. 1 tins, 14½ to 15½c; tubs, 15 to 15½c; pails, 15½ to 16c; prints, 18 to 18½c; shortening tins, 14 to 14½c; tubs, 14½ to 15c; pails, 14½ to 15c; prints, 16½ to 17c.

Heavy steers, choice, \$7.50 to \$8.25; butcher steers, choice, \$7 to \$7.50; do. good, \$6 to \$6.50; do. med., \$5.25 to \$5.50; do. com., \$4.50 to \$5; butchers' heifers, choice, \$6.75 to \$7.50; do. med., \$5 to \$5.75; do. com., \$4.50 to \$4.75; butchers' cows, choice, \$5 to \$5.50; do. med., \$4.50 to \$4.50; canners and cutters, \$1.50 to \$2; feeding steers, choice, \$5.50 to \$6; do. fair, \$4 to \$5; stockers, choice, \$4.55 to \$5.25; do. fair, \$3.75 to \$4.20; milkers and springers, choice, \$7.5 to \$8; calves, choice, \$10 to \$11.50; do. med., \$7 to \$9; do. com., \$5.50 to \$6; lambs, choice ewes, \$15 to \$15.50; do. bucks, \$13 to \$13.50; do. culls, \$8 to \$9; spring lambs, each, \$8 to \$15; sheep, light ewes, \$8 to \$9; do. culls, \$5 to \$5.50; hogs, fed and watered, \$7.75 to \$8.25; do. country points, \$7; do. off cars (lang haul), \$8.15; do. select, \$8.50.

BRITISH FLIERS WILL SPEED ACROSS CANADA

Race Against Time With United States Airmen as Keen Competitors

A despatch from Ottawa says:—The passage across Canada of the British airmen who are flying around the world will be a race against time, the similar flight begun by United States airmen having started a competition between the two countries.

The itinerary, which provides for the landing of the British flyers at Prince Rupert, B.C., and their departure from there, has been completed by the Royal Canadian Air Force, which will supply the airmen at Prince Rupert with large-scale maps of the country they will traverse.

The longest stop in Canada will be at Ottawa, where about two days will be consumed in installing a new engine. The airmen will make only the briefest stop at Edmonton, Regina, Winnipeg, Sault Ste. Marie, Montreal, Riviere de Loup, Fredericton, St. John, N.B., Amherst and Sydney, N.S.

Irrigate for Cotton Cultivation on Left Banks of Euphrates

A despatch from Bagdad says:—Sir Thos. Ward, former Inspector-General of Irrigation in India, who arrived at Iraq early this year to investigate irrigation schemes, has recommended damming of the Djal to provide water for a million and a half acres suitable for cotton and wheat. In association with Sir John Norton Griffiths, he proposes to utilize the left banks of the Euphrates with a view to eventual utilization by Syria of the summer surplus of the Euphrates.

MACDONALD TO REDUCE TAXATION ON FOODS

London, April 13.—The first official forecast of the first budget of the Labor Government was given in a speech at Loughborough by Albert Victor Alexander, secretary of the Board of Trade, when he declared that the British people were "likely to see a reduction in the taxation on foodstuffs." The allusion is believed to be to the duty on tea and sugar.

Everybody is preparing for the lapsing of the McKenna duties, which include a 33 per cent. tax on motor cars, pianos, watches, etc., which incidentally carry Imperial preference.

Dates of Naval Visit to Canada Are Altered

A despatch from London says:—Changes have been necessitated in the itinerary of the special service squadron of the Royal Navy, now in Australian waters. This alters the dates for the squadron's stay in British Columbia waters, which are now: Victoria, June 21-25, and Vancouver, June 25-July 5. The light cruisers will accompany the battle cruisers to Fiji and Honolulu, but on reaching Canadian waters will go to Esquimaut, their stay there like that of the battle cruisers elsewhere is extended one day, and they will leave on July 5 for San Francisco. The light cruisers proceed via Cape Horn, whereas the battle cruisers will go via the Panama Canal and will visit the eastern seaboard of Canada and the West Indies.

PREMIER TO WINDSOR CASTLE

London, April 13.—It was announced today that His Majesty King George has forwarded an invitation to Prime Minister MacDonald and his daughter Isabel to spend the week-end of April 26, Saturday to Monday, with him at Windsor Castle.

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