

Address by Mr. B. E.
S. Dunfield, L.L.B.

AT ROTARY CLUB LUNCHEON.

Chairman and Gentleman.

It has been good enough to ask me to give you to-day a short address. I do not know why I should be asked to do this, addressing a group of people who have spent their lives in the same way as I have, some who have been successful, some who have not, and some who are in between. I am sure that you will all find it interesting to hear of the life of a man who has been successful in his career, and who has been able to give to the world a good example of a citizen.

I understand your addresses here are limited to twenty minutes, and I am sure that you will all find it interesting to hear of the life of a man who has been successful in his career, and who has been able to give to the world a good example of a citizen.

Thank you very much for the honor of being asked to come and address you.

Misses' and Child's Boot Bargains

Misses' Skuffer Boots
Tan Calf, Buttoned and Lace. Sizes 11 to 2.
Only\$2.75 pr.

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F. Smallwood

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218 & 220 Water Street.

A GOOD TONIC

and a wonderful medicine for anyone who feels that they need some good TONIC and BUILDER to keep the system in first class condition is

Brick's Tasteless

If you are losing weight, feel tired, no energy, have no appetite, feel cold and shivery, you certainly need a TONIC, and we earnestly recommend you to try a bottle of BRICK'S TASTELESS. It does its work every time.

You can purchase a bottle for \$1.20 at all general stores in every outport, and in the city at either of the following stores:

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"DESIRE"

The Greatest of all Original Screen Plays!

A MIGHTY STORY OF PASSION AND SOCIAL LAW

A STARTLING DRAMA OF MODERN SOCIETY

MAJESTIC THEATRE, Next Week.

Just Look at this Cast!

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A Lavish Picture of Passion and the Social Code.

A Great Cast in a Setting of Social Splendor.

"Desire" is packed with Humor, Pathos and Naked Realism.

A Dazzling Array of Actors, Action and Amusement.

A Startling Story of Mischance, Mis-shapen Lives.

The Greatest of Original Photoplays.

Jacobson and Evans

"THE POPULAR MUSICAL TEAM"

in the following Programme:

"Dreamer of Dreams"

"What Will I Do"

"The Flapper"

"Second Hungarian Fantasy"

"Oh Mabel Be Mine"

"Eliza"

"Charlie My Boy"

"Hot Roasted Peanuts"

(A cracking good nut song)

HEAR JACOBSON IN HIS PIANO SELECTION!

a second set of show windows, and ought to increase their trade considerably.

Piccadilly, running parallel with it to the southward, is another splendid street, whose appearance is about to undergo a striking change. Many of us will remember the quaint old Devonshire House, standing back behind its brick wall and its white gateposts, where sedan chairs and chariots and caissons used to roll up to gay entertainments long ago, carrying gentlemen in wigs and silk stockings and ladies in powder and patches with their hair dressed up a foot high. In another year or two we shall see on its site a vast white structure in which fortunate millionaires will reside in palatial flats and drive in and out in Rolls-Royce or lesser cars. Thus the appearance of London changes from year to year.

Of one thing, however, we may be sure, that the "London" conservation and good taste of the people will prevent it from being made ugly. The new Devonshire House and all other such buildings, must be of a style to suit their position. No amount of money can get commerce permission to add to its profits by disfiguring the face of the mother of cities. The Government of the County of London, L.C.C., is a very big and unapproachable body, which rules and taxes as many people as there are in Canada, more people than there are in many of the small European nations, which

disposes of a revenue of \$100,000,000 a year; and it is not to be trifled with.

But let us turn for a moment from the new glittering West End, from the London County Council sitting in its new hall across Westminster Bridge and ruling the eight million people of the magnificent modern capital of the world, and look east of Temple Bar for what we may find there in the way of government. Within a little area of a square mile, inhabited by day by a busy population of a million, in the night by a handful of caretakers, policemen and cats, we find a piece of medieval government machinery probably unmatched in the modern world. The square mile of the city is in greater London but not of it. It rules itself, it has its own courts and police and officials, and elects its own government; and such a government! At yearly intervals there assembles the members of ancient guilds or, in modern language, trade or commercial unions, the Worshipful Company of Fanmakers, the Worshipful Company of Cordwainers or Leatherellers, the Fletchers (or arrow-makers), the Grocers, the Mercers, the Clothworkers, the Vintners and scores of others, over seventy in all. True, I believe the member of the Vintners Company may to-day be in fact a broker, an umbrella-maker, a surveyor, anything but a Vintner, and as to the Fanmakers and Arrowmakers, probably there are no real ones now; but these companies inherit the ancient wealth and standing, the splendid halls and plate and estates of the ancient craft-guilds; and unless you can be made by proper process a member of one of them you have no vote. These companies elect a Lord Mayor and two sheriffs, who hold office for a year. It is no light honour to be Lord Mayor; it is said to cost the holder of office another ten thousand pounds besides the ten thousand that are his official salary; but then he has to entertain kings, queens and Statesmen with royal magnificence in the Guildhall, for though in law he stands only for the little old City and the votes of the ancient close corporations that have come down from the Middle Ages, yet by popular consent he is the representative of all London; although the County Council may sit in its fine new building and dispose like a Parliament of its twenty million-pounds of revenue, yet when foreign royalties have to be entertained it is the Lord Mayor who flies his flag, with the red cross and the sword, in glittering robes and a tilt coach with footmen standing behind almost like the king's own; and, in persuasion of ancient custom, it is the Lord Mayor who on state occasions stops the King at Temple Bar and gives him permission to enter the sacred confines of the City, from which his predecessors in ancient and stormy times were occasionally barred out in fact and for good reason. Here in the City of London we have this wonderful anomaly, the greatest of modern financial and commercial centres ruled over by the ancient corporations, with their robes and flags, their gold state coaches and processions, their hills and plate and banquets and their fifteen million pounds of property, and their history running back to the days of the Plantagenets. It is the most striking illustration of the com-

bined enterprise and conservatism of the English people. Underground in front of the Mansion House you have vast caverns full of lifts and stairs and escalators, where electric trains roar along in all directions through the bowels of the earth, carrying millions of passengers every day; while on the surface, on festival occasions you see the civic head of all this driving off in a coach very like the one the fairy godmother gave to Cinderella.

It is impossible in a short address like this to do more than touch on the attractions of this wonderful city. There is interest in it from all the ages. Under the Admiralty Arch in Trafalgar Square they dig up the bones of mammoths. In the river they dredge up relics of Roman times; I believe some years ago they dredged up some objects in the shape of chariot wheels, which were held by some to indicate the site of any early Rotary Club, until they discovered some engraved initials under the rust of the iron-work—"J. C." evidently for Julius Caesar—"I" for Imperator; Emperor; and the date "B.C. 55," clearly proving that they were relics of the Roman invasion. But whatever the truth may be as to that, we have in the City remnants of Roman baths and walls; the ancient Church of the Templars; the living survival of the Middle Ages in the Livery Companies; we have relics of Stuart times—the window in Whitehall where a Stuart king was beheaded, and by Westminster Hall, the statue of Cromwell, who beheaded him; the stately old Georgian houses in the streets of Bloomsbury and the vanishing crescent of Nash in Regent Street; the Albert Memorial, that monument of Victorian bad taste; and so we come back to the West End and 1924, which is, after all, more interesting than history, however picturesque.

We of overseas have one immense advantage over Londoners—we can visit London and they can't, and I doubt if there is any greater pleasure in the world than to be a youngster and to go or be taken to London for the first time. As one gets older and learns too much the fascination may be a little less keen; there comes a stage when you begin to pick up and choose your plays, and when some of the latest musical comedies are tolerable only if you have first—er—dined; but there are less obvious attractions about London than that. It is a beautiful city. On a summer's day you can be at one moment in a great modern street, amid a stream of motors, and in a hundred yards you may lie on the grass in Kensington Gardens watching the trees wave overhead and the swans float over the rippling waters at the foot of the slope. You may stand at dark in the middle of Hyde Park and look down towards the Marble Arch and see the white buildings lit up against the darkness shining like fairyland through the trees; or you may stand on the Embankment at night in about the latitude of Charing Cross and see one of London's most beautiful views; trees in front of you, the shining river on the left surrounded by twinkling lights; magnificent buildings and gardens on the right, and in front of you the clock tower of the House of Commons hanging high in the sky with its great yellow-lit clock like a harvest moon. Or you may look up through the Admiralty Arch on a misty evening toward Buckingham Palace and see the lights of the cars and taxis gliding up and down between the trees; or up Constitution Hill and see the arch and the splendid four-horse chariot on the top of it outlined against the sunset. But I think the pleasantest experience of all is, after having dined well and wisely and after having seen a show until eleven o'clock, to walk up Piccadilly on a summer's night, with the gleaming motor cars gliding over the shining

pavements on your right, the cherry throngs on the sidewalks, and the moon shining down through the trees of the Green Park on your left. I think that if you do that, either alone, or better still, in pleasant company, you will be forced to conclude that it is not such a bad old world after all.

DEMAND "Phillips" Milk of Magnesia

Accept only genuine "Phillips" the original Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years as an antacid, laxative, corrective.

Full directions with each bottle—any drug store.

Household Notes.

Mold flaked crab meat in tomato jelly and serve on crisp lettuce. Try stuffing celery with peanut butter, instead of cream cheese. Garnish ham cmelet with currant jelly and serve with white sauce. Minced green peppers give a delightful flavor to creamed shrimps.

Child's White Rubbers; sizes 8, 9 and 10; only 50c. pair at F. SMALLWOOD'S.—Feb. 21

Beauty

A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair



Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance. While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also tonic and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet store, and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an itching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with your fingers. Your drug dealer sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calms, without soreness or irritation.



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What is it that gives its delicious fragrance—its refreshing "zip"? Why is it so economical to use?

Its absolute "rightness" in blending, always dependable, makes it a tea distinct and apart from all others, while its whole-leaf quality and its entire freedom from "tea-dust" makes it go much further, pound for pound, than other teas.

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Feb. 21