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Animals as Athletes.

SURPRISING FEATS OF SPEED AND ENDURANCE.

If you were asked to name the swiftest animal, you might answer the hare, or possibly the greyhound.

A first-class greyhound can travel for a short distance at thirty-five miles an hour, a speed about four miles an hour faster than that of a hare.

The speediest animals are the greyhound, race-horse, prong-horned antelope, hare, Texas jack rabbit, common fox, and coyote. Next come the foxhound and the grey wolf.

The speeds of all the animals mentioned have been measured by counting the number of bounds in a given space of time by means of a stop watch; then—preferably on a snow-clad surface—measuring the length of each bound.

A man can do no better than 2 1/2 miles an hour, and that only in a hundred yards sprint. His best speed for a mile is but fourteen miles an hour.

A Hundred Miles in a Night.

None of the animals mentioned can keep up the recorded speeds for any considerable length of time, but in this respect the fox and the wolf can beat either the greyhound or the racehorse. As a rule, wild animals have greater powers of endurance than domesticated creatures. The grey wolf, for instance, has been known to run over a hundred miles in a night, a feat which would be beyond the power of any horse.

Incidentally, there is a very interesting point. The domesticated horse is swifter than the wild variety, and even when carrying a rider, a good horse can run down a mustang.

The racehorse, as even more a man-made production. Glance through the racing records since times were first taken, and you will see that they are constantly improving. The most remarkable is the improvement in the speed of the trotter. In an American paper of 1896 appeared the following: "Yesterday afternoon the Harlan race course witnessed a mile's distance was trotted in two minutes and fifty-nine seconds, by a horse called 'Yankee,' a rate of speed, this believed, never before equalled."

Within less than a century Lou Dillon had trotted a mile under two minutes, or at a speed nearly a third faster than that of Yankee.

When we come to endurance records some of the speediest animals are nowhere. If you had to pick an animal to carry you for five hundred miles at the greatest possible speed across rough country, what would you choose? It should be a dromedary. A blood horse might travel sixty miles at a speed of fourteen miles an hour, but at the end of that distance it would be absolutely played out and in urgent need of food and rest.

Jaguars as High-Jumpers.

The dromedary, if really pressed,



AIDS TO BEAUTY

may be had at The Maritime Drug Store in great variety and effectiveness. We recommend Woodbury's Facial Cream, Woodbury's Facial Powder, Day Dream Toilet Water, etc. Try our toilet preparations and you will be convinced of their great merits.

Maritime Drug Store,
G.W.V.A. Bldg. Water St. Phone 1253
June 21, 1923, ad.

Stories For All Moods.

SIR HENRY LUCY'S NEW YARNS.

(John o' London's Weekly).

One of the cherished relaxations of a popular young member of the House of Lords with a passion for mechanics was to run a train bound for the coast. He entered his name on the Labour sheet of the London and South-Western Railway, and succeeded in becoming an expert engine-driver.

"One morning, he received a visit from a perennially needy, never-dowell kinsman, who represented himself as being more than usually near the verge of ruin. An immediate advance of £100 was the only way of preventing his toppling over. His lordship had not at the moment £100 to spare. But his generous heart could not resist this appeal. He raised the money and gave it to his visitor. Next morning he had a letter from the railway manager informing him that a special train had been ordered to run down to Southampton in the afternoon, and, if he liked, he might drive it. The offer was joyfully accepted, and the journey brilliantly accomplished. Arrived at the station the driver thought he would like to see his passenger. Strolling casually by the coach he beheld his needy kinsman accompanied by a roused female on route for a little trip to Paris."

This is one of Sir Henry Lucy's stories as told in volume 3 of "The Diary of a Journalist, Fresh Extracts" (John Murray, 12s.). Sir Henry's new book is as fascinating as its predecessors, every page graced with a kindly wit and a matured wisdom.

Young Winston.

A glimpse of the very young Winston Churchill as revealed to Sir Henry by his mother, Lady Randolph Churchill.

"One morning at breakfast she showed me a letter the mail had brought her from her son, Winston, then at Sandhurst. It was a most delightful epistle, humbly begging his mother's permission to go out to Cuba and take part in a little war at that time going on in the island. It concluded with the expression of the hope that his mother would not offer any objection to a course dear to his heart. Then came the postscript, characteristically brief and to the point, 'I start for Cuba on Saturday.'"

Pat and Mike in the War.

Another extract from Sir Henry's diary is a specimen of the shrewdness of the Irish peasant, as related by an M.P. on his return from Ireland. "For many years he has been accustomed in the autumn to repair to a busy little port on the west coast in search of sea-fishing. He has regularly employed a boatman, hitherto anxiously looking forward to his arrival, to produce a plate of bread and On his last visit he was amazed to

showed me a letter the mail had brought her from her son, Winston, then at Sandhurst. It was a most delightful epistle, humbly begging his mother's permission to go out to Cuba and take part in a little war at that time going on in the island. It concluded with the expression of the hope that his mother would not offer any objection to a course dear to his heart. Then came the postscript, characteristically brief and to the point, 'I start for Cuba on Saturday.'"

"Very well," said her husband, "I'll see to it." So he got up, rang the bell for the footman, and when he came in ordered him immediately to bring a plate of bread and butter."

Sir Henry says that "there is something delightful beyond the power of trained art in this childish incongruity of ringing a bell in the room of a lonely cottage and instantaneously a footman, probably powdered, who straightway from the unknown recesses produces a plate of bread and

Keep Baby Outdoors



There's nothing like plenty of outdoor air to keep Baby in glowing health. And there's nothing like his carriage to keep him healthy outdoors.

JUST RECEIVED another shipment of BABY CARRIAGES, PULLMAN SLEEPERS and SULKIES.

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Complete House Furnishers.

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MUTT'S UNIVERSAL PEACE IDEA NETS HIM TWO BERRIES.



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MEZZO-SOPRANO

Sings (a) WERE MY SONG WITH WINGS PROVIDED—Hahn.
(b) LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST—Lohr.

PAULINE. FREDERICK

In a powerful Social Melo-drama. A soul reclaimed. A story of undying love. The greatest dramatic role of her career entitled "THE STING OF THE LASH."

EDDIE BARRY in a Christie Comedy "FALLING FOR FANNY." You are always sure of a good show at the Nickel

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SPARE RIBS

in half sheets, nice and bright and red as usual.

Harvey & Co., Ltd.

Just Folks.

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

THE MAN-CHILD

The man-child dreamt of golden deeds
And the spray of the restless sea,
And his young lips uttered dauntless creeds,
For a warrior's soul hath he.

He has not tasted the wine of fear,
Though he knows 'tis a common drink,
And he's yet to young to be fashioned here
To think as his neighbours think.

He will draw his sword in the cause of right,
Set many a captive free;
When the challenge comes he will dare the fight,
Whatever the odds may be.

The man-child sits at a bugle call
And thrills at a battle shout,
And he rides by night to a castle wall
To carry a maiden out.

But life chains many a brave soul down,
As the man-child soon shall know,
And some are held by the walls of town,
As the long years come and go.

Some to the common tasks must stay,
And some are chained by fear,
And the dreams of a man-child fade away
As he bows to his duty here.

The Lighter Side.

"It is well to leave something for those who come after us," said the man who threw a barrel in the way of the cop who was chasing him.

"WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND."

Stands she there and gaily chatters
Of refreshments built for two,
Wonders he, with two lead nickels,
How to bluff the evening through.

SOFT FOR MARY

Mary had a little hen—
Which laid two eggs a day—
Now Mary owns the bungalow
That stands across the way.

O, HEVINGS!

A crafty guy is Henry Bink,
He's good at seeing far,
Insured the life
Of his dear wife
And then bought her a car.

Between Twenty-Eight and Thirty-Five.

Most of the notable literary beginnings of our time have occurred between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-five:

Sir James Barrie	28
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle	28
Mr. Gilbert Frankau	28
Dr. Robert Bridges	29
Mr. H. G. Wells	29
Mr. Robert Hichens	30
Sir Gilbert Parker	30
Mr. John Galsworthy	31
Mr. Arnold Bennett	31
Mr. J. L. Lock	32
Mr. Edward Clodd	32
Mr. Walter de la Mare	32
Mr. Thomas Hardy	33
Mr. W. W. Jacobs	33

Later "blooms" are Mr. A. E.

Housman with "A Shropshire" at the age of thirty-seven, and Joseph Conrad with "Almayer's" and Mr. J. D. Beresford "The Early History of Jacob" at thirty-eight.—S.D.

Bobby: "I've been a very good since I started going to Sunday haven't I?"

Mother: "Yes, dear, you've very good indeed."

Bobby: "And you don't distrust any more, do you?"

Mother: "No, dear."

Bobby: "Then why do you distrust me?"

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