

Yesterday's Late Cables

PRINCE'S PARENTS VIEW HIS GIFTS.

LONDON, Nov. 6. King George and Queen Mary visited St. James' Palace, the Prince of Wales' residence, to-day, and viewed many gifts and mementoes the Prince brought back from South Africa and South America, which had been arranged in a small private exhibit.

PREMIER KING'S DEFEATED MINISTERS RESIGN.

OTTAWA, Nov. 6. Premier King announced to-night that Parliament would meet on December 10, provided legal requirements can be met. All his defeated ministers, with the exception of Rt. Hon. George P. Graham, Ministers of Railways and Canals, have handed their resignations to the Premier.

DRUSE TRIBESMEN SEIZE ANOTHER TOWN.

LONDON, Nov. 6. Exchange Telegraph dispatch from Cairo reports that the rebellious Druse tribesmen, have seized Derat, about seven miles south of Damascus. The railway on which Derat is situated is said to have been cut.

HURRICANES IN THE ATLANTIC.

HALIFAX, N.S., Nov. 6. A violent tempest was reported from mid-Atlantic to-day by the cable steamer Lord Kelvin, which was riding out a southwest gale with bridge, engine room, telegraphs and forward boats damaged. The French liner Bousillon, arriving from Vigo, Spain, to-day was forced to calm the heavy seas with huge quantities of oil while backing a gale off the European coast.

EMPEROR OF ANNAM DEAD.

PARIS, Nov. 6. Kahi Dinh, Emperor of Annam, in French Protectorate of Indo, China, is dead.

C.P.R. LINER GROUND ON DUTCH COAST.

FLUSHING, Holland, Nov. 6. The C.P.R. liner Minnedosa was ground for an hour and a half off Wieringen, while bound from Antwerp to Montreal.

CHARGED WITH MURDERING CAPTAIN CLEWS.

SOUTHAMPTON, Nov. 6. Thomas Towers, former First Officer of the Canadian Pacific steamship Melita, was committed for trial at the Hampshire Assizes, Winchester, on a charge of murdering Captain A. H. Clews, commander of the Melita, and attempting to murder two of the ship's officers, David Gilmour and John Holiday. Towers reserved his defence.

DR. CHOWN ON UNITED CONFERENCE IN Nfld.

TORONTO, Nov. 6. With the decision of the Methodist Church to unite with other Canadian Churches, one quarter of the population of Newfoundland have entered the United Church of Canada but have not secured guarantees of their legal rights. In that connection, this Union has features which are not shared by Canadian sections of United Churches, and is in some respects unique. In order to clear up the situation, Rev. S. D. Chown, who was Superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, and has a long acquaintance with Newfoundland, was requested to visit the Newfoundland Conference of the United Church of Canada and report to the executive of the General Council convening in Toronto shortly. Dr. Chown has returned to Toronto and states that the new Conference has not only ratified legal steps connected with Union, but has also adopted its share of the financial burden involved in maintenance and extension funds with 74,000 Methodists and 1,876 Presbyterians on the island. Action taken effects only Methodists, as the Presbyterian congregation in St. John's is not entering the Conference which assembled October 29th. It is decided to apply to the Legislature at its next session for an Act of Incorporation, by which Methodist population of that Dominion agrees to set aside the use of its name in order to remain in full communion with the United Church in the sister Dominion.

PROCLAIMS HIMSELF GOVERNOR.

LONDON, Nov. 6. In a despatch emphasizing the seriousness of the situation around Damascus, the Cairo correspondent of the Daily Mail says the Insurrectionary leader, Ramadan Pasha, has proclaimed himself military governor of Syria, under a provisional government.

SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

"AM I GETTING MY MONEY'S WORTH?"

"Am I getting my money's worth out of this?" That is the question a friend of mine is always asking about the money he spends for luxuries and pleasures.

Perhaps you think I am going to recommend this way.

I know I have often pointed out the wisdom of knowing what you are spending your money for, and whether it is what you want most, and whether you get full value for it.

But I also think there is a time to analyze and a time to stop analyzing. A time to reckon what things cost and a time to stop reckoning.

I think this man lets figures get between him and enjoyment.

"Each Man Kills The Thing He Loves."

For instance, he has a car which he can well afford. Now a car to anyone who can really afford it, generally gives us enough use and pleasure to justify the expense if you take the whole expense as one unit and the whole pleasure as another. But this man doesn't do that. He knows what it costs per mile to run the car (a subject on which most motorists remain in truly blissful ignorance) and often when he uses the car to run those miles and asks himself, or his wife, whether he really got his money's worth out of that expense. "You don't think we spent anything this afternoon, do you? Well, going over to the Dodges and back was 30 miles

and that detour to the antique shop was 15 miles more. That's 45 miles. At ten cents a mile you spent \$4.50. You've stop to think before you spent \$4.50 some other way. You could go to the theatre for that or for a couple of those trips you could buy a new hat. Did you really enjoy it that much?" So he analyzes his pleasures, and under that pitiless analysis, enjoyment, which is a very delicate, evanescent, and impalpable thing, is apt to wither.

It never does to inspect pleasure too closely. The love of pleasure is one of the big forces of human life, but when you say, what is pleasure, what do I really enjoy, why do I enjoy it, how many dollars and cents is it worth to me, you are likely to kill that capacity for pleasure that you are turning your microscope upon.

Don't Annoy Them.

There is a time to analyze and a time to refrain from analyzing. Of course it is really worthwhile when you genuinely don't enjoy a thing to admit it to yourself and stop doing it. Like going to parties when you would really rather sit in front of the fire with a book. Or playing bridge on a lovely autumn day when you would much rather be taking a long walk into the country.

But when you do capture that sense of exhilaration and stimulation, which I suppose is what we mean by pleasure, don't stop to ask yourself why. "If you touch them they vanish." Take what the gods proffer and don't annoy them by trying to dissect their gift.



Now, let me see, or rather remember how we ended the last story. Maybe I had better put on my Magic Memory Cap. You Uncle Dave has written so many stories that sometimes his Thinking Hat seems to lose its wonderful power. Well, my Memory Cap is on my head and, quick as a wink, I recall all that has happened. The Circus Elephant was telling a story of the Baby Elephant and Little Jack Rabbit. Yes, sir, he was. He had just told his two small listeners that the Circus Queen was sitting in her little tent, rocking her baby to sleep.

"All of a sudden," went on the Circus Elephant, looking into Little Jack Rabbit's face, "the Clown peeped in 'Hurry Lou,' he whispered, 'all the people are waiting for you.'"

"He's asleep, I think," she answered, and, tiptoeing softly away, she jumped on the big white horse and rode into the great tent. For a few minutes the clown, stood near the cradle, smiling down at his little son. Then, hearing the trumpet, he hurried out and into the big tent where all the people were waiting for him to do funny tricks on the sawdust ring.

Pretty soon the stars came out and the big round moon lighted the sky country. The evening breeze gently flapped the canvas door to the little tent in which the baby lay asleep, and while everybody was busy in the circus, a tiny fairy came riding on a gaily colored moth from the woods nearby. In her hands she carried a little gold box, set with diamonds and rubies. As soon as the moth had alighted on the edge of the crib, the tiny fairy carefully placed the little box at the baby's feet, singing softly all the while:

"Some day you will be a clown, Travelling far from town to town. Then your father will be proud When you please the circus crowd."

But your mother won't forget In your cradle how you slept; How you cuddled to her breast, When the sun had gone to rest."

Then, waving her golden wand, the pretty fairy sailed away on her moth, back to the forest to tell the queen of the fairies that she had left the gold box for the Circus Queen's baby.

"What was in the little gold box?" asked the baby elephant, as the big circus animal paused a moment in his story.

"Yes, tell us what was in it," laughed the little rabbit, curiously.

Goodness me, he and the lady elephant had kept quiet as two little mice while the story was being told.

"Ha, ha," laughed the big circus animal, scratching his head with the little finger on the end of his long trunk. "Let me see. Oh, yes, of course. A little magic clown suit, which would never wear out and would let the baby perfectly even as he grew bigger and bigger, taller and taller. A wonderful



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Pirate Song

Fifteen Men on the Dead Man's Chest, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! Grinning in Death at some Devil's jest, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! The busy surf, with a sullen roar, Licked the pirate ship as she lay ashore, As a hound's tongue slavers a festering sore, And all the waves of the Spanish Main, Nor God's good sunlight and wind and rain, Would ever wash clean their foul souls' stain, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen Men and not one alive, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! What put to sea full seventy-five, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! Ten hell-fire rogues had danced on air, Their guilets fouled in the hangman's snare, While thrice-ten paid for the sacker's town's glare, And some died fighting, and drunken some, Stout country lads and the city's scum, All souls hell-ripe for Kingdom Come, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen Men on a drunken brawl, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! 'Twas each for himself, and the Devil for all, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! The gunner had gone to a dreadful sleep, Flung over the wheel in a lifeless heap, With the cook's knife plunged in his midriff deep; And there they lay, and a ghastly dew Had turned their wounds to a livid hue, But little they cared, that dead men's crew, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen Men on the splintered decks, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! No need for the hangman to snap their necks, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! One corpse was fouled in the tangled gear, With its mouth awide in a ghastly leer, And the throat slit wide from ear to ear, And there they lay, and a ghastly dew Came out and winked at a job well done, All scores wiped clean with knife or gun, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum!

Fifteen Men of 'em, rot my bones, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! Fit shipmates all for Davy Jones, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! One tall knave lay in the after hold, To the elbows deep in the scattered gold, His dead hands clinked when the wrecked hull rolled, And there they rotted, aye strike me blind! As dazed and dazed as a night and day, A reeking cargo to Hell consigned, Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum! MAX.

CONFEDERATION LIFE.

nov 17, 1925

Sketch and Concert at Aula Maxima

Friends and supporters of the Presentation Convent Schools are asked to bear in mind that the sketch and concert for which preparations have been going on for some time, takes place at the Aula Maxima on Monday. In the sketch "A Bundle of Matches," the following young ladies will appear: Misses Mary and N. Goodland, K. and Mary Howlett, Mary and Stella Meaney, E. Oliphant and M. Corbett. The concert programme includes a piano-forte solo by Miss Mary Meaney, F.T.C.L., vocal solos, recitations and southern selections. The performers have taken exceptional pains to present a high class performance and it is hoped their efforts will be rewarded with a full house.

Take Brick's Tasteless and you must eat. —oct30,tt

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By Bud Fisher



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