

The Fiddler Crab's Love Signal.

The "Fiddler Crab" is a regular Lothario. He attracts the ladies by waving to them with one of his forelegs. And he does this so vigorously that his limb develops eight times its size.

LONDON WOMEN WILL INSPECT COLLEGIATES

Representatives of Local Council and Mothers' Clubs Will Join Delegation of Men.

Representatives of the Local Council of Women and of the Union Mothers' Club have been asked to accompany the delegation which will inspect London's collegiate institutes tomorrow.

This delegation, which is making the inspection trip at the request of the board of education, the mayor and the city council, will include representatives of the leading men's organizations of the city. A delegation from the Local Council of Women has been asked, as representing all of the important women's organizations of the city, which are affiliated with that body. The Mothers' Club representatives will go as a part of the school organization.

CUNARD ANCHOR WINTER SAILINGS.

FROM HALIFAX.
To Plymouth, Cherbourg and London.
Mar. 31, April 14,Andania
Mar. 31, April 14,Andania

FROM PORTLAND.
To Glasgow.
Mar. 29, April 12,Cassandra
Mar. 29, April 12,Cassandra

SUMMER SAILINGS

Largest Cabin Steamers.
In the St. Lawrence Service.
Carmania
20,000 Tons.

Quebec to Belfast-Liverpool.
May 1, May 29,Carmania
May 15, June 12,Carmania

Montreal, Plymouth, Cherbourg, London.
May 3, June 7, July 12,Andania
May 17, June 21, July 26,Andania
May 24, June 28, Aug. 2,Andania

Montreal to Glasgow.
May 8, June 6, July 4,Athena
May 15, June 13, July 11,Cassandra
May 22, June 20, July 18,Cassandra

FROM NEW YORK.
To Queenstown and Liverpool.
Feb. 23,Aousonia
From Boston next day.
To Cherbourg and Southampton.
Mar. 8,Berengaria
Mar. 15,Aquitania
Apr. 9, April 30,Mauretania
To Plymouth, Cherbourg and London.
Mar. 15,Alabama
Mar. 29,Andania
To Londonderry and Glasgow.
Mar. 1,Columbia
Mar. 12,Assyria
Mar. 29, June 7,Cameronia

Full information
THE ROBERT REDFORD CO., LTD.,
Toronto, or Local Agents.

WOMEN and THE HOME

Where Daily Bread Comes Big.

Rural Hungarians buy bread in such great leaves that one loaf is all one man can carry with comfort. These loaves are about the size of a bushel basket three feet in diameter across and nearly one foot in thickness.

MRS. GEORGE TO PLAY IN 'THREE LIVE GHOSTS'

Clever Three-Act Comedy To Be Presented by the Drama League in April.

"The Three Live Ghosts," the three-act comedy by Frederick Isham, which the Drama League has chosen for its public production, has been postponed from March until April. Mrs. Arthur Brickenden, convenor of the production committee, is producing the play.

The play has not been cast as yet, but the leading role "Old Mrs. Gubbins," a comedy character part, is being taken by Mrs. Nelson George. This character calls for a great deal of histrionic ability and is being well handled by Mrs. George, who has made a name for herself, in recent plays, presented by the league.

"The Ghost Story," by Booth Tarkington, is being given next week. This delightful little play is being directed by Mr. Vincent Perry. It contains clever bits of acting, and gives promises of an enjoyable entertainment.

JOHN MORRISON HEADS DURHAM HIGH BOARD

Special to The Advertiser.
Durham, Feb. 17. — The statutory meeting of the high school board was held this week and John Morrison was elected chairman for 1924. Dr. J. F. Grant is the new secretary. The board is composed of C. L. Grant, H. R. Koch, John Morrison, H. McCrae, C. Ramage, John Smith and Dr. Wolfe.

AUTO LICENSE ISSUER TO ASK TIME EXTENSION

Windsor, Feb. 17.—An extension of time must be granted motorists who have not yet obtained license plates for 1924. W. H. Adams, 5 Ouellette avenue, who issues markers for the department of highways, said Saturday. More than 4,000 have been issued, but there are still between 4,500 and 5,000 to be given out. Mr. Adams said he would confer with police officials Monday to gain an extension of time.

WILL TAKE OFF ALL EXCESS FAT

Do you know that there is a simple, harmless, effective remedy for overweight that may be used safely and secretly by any man or woman who is losing the slimness of youth? There is, and it is none other than the tablet form of the now famous Marmola Prescription Tablets. You can well expect to reduce steadily and easily without going through long stages of tireless exercise and starvation diet. Marmola Prescription Tablets are sold by all druggists the world over at one dollar for a box, or you can secure them direct from the Marmola Co., 4612 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., on receipt of price.—Advt.



PRINCIPALS IN DOUBLE WEDDING.

Two brides and two grooms caught by The Advertiser photographer immediately following the double wedding ceremony in St. Paul's Cathedral on Saturday. From left to right they are: Constable Robert Lay, Mrs. Lay (formerly Miss Gertrude Winnifred Lupson), Mr. Leonard Patrick of Walkerville and Mrs. Patrick (formerly Miss Elizabeth Alice Madge).

Are You a Good Father, Mr. Man?

Dorothy Dix

Gives Jolt to Fathers Who Pamper Their Daughters

A Good Father Sees That His Daughter Is Taught Some Trade or Profession; He Chums With Her So That He Can Help Select Her Husband; Above All He Protects Her After His Death by Leaving His Money in Trust for Her.

Are you a good father to your daughter, Mr. Man? You smile derisively at my question. A good father to your little girl? You'll tell the world you are! Why, she is just the very core of my heart, and there hasn't been a blessed thing that she has wanted since the day that she was born that you haven't given her.

Why, you have almost broken your neck trying to get the moon for her when she cried for it. Pretty dresses, fashionable schools, good times, her own car, far more luxuries than you could afford her, you have lavished upon her without stint. You have kept her wrapped in cotton wool, and she has never known there was such a thing as work or responsibility or self-denial in the world. You may have failed in many other directions in doing your full duty, but you can pat yourself on the back and thank God that you have been a good father!

Well, let me tell you that if all you have done for your daughter is just to pamper her and spoil her and make her weak and selfish and self-centered, you have not been a good father. You have been the worst sort of father.

You have never looked upon your daughter as anything but a pretty doll to dress up and play with, and dolls cannot take care of themselves in the rough-and-tumble fight of life. Sooner or later they are apt to get broken. Let me tell you what I consider a good father.

A good father is a man who doesn't look upon his daughter as a toy or a piece of bric-a-brac, but as a human being who has been born with the heavy handicap of the feminine sex upon her. That means that she will always be less strong than a boy, less capable of taking care of herself, in far more danger. Fewer opportunities will be open to her, and many more perils beset her than would a boy. Therefore, she needs more protection. She needs to be better trained to deal with the world.

So the good father sees to it that his girl gets the very best education that she will take. Not the faddish, fluffy ruffles sort, but a solid, practical education that develops whatever gray matter she has got in her pretty little head, that teaches her to think and reason and that gives her a solid foundation on which to rear her house of life.

Then the good father has his daughter taught some profession or trade whereby she can earn a living, and he has her follow this occupation for at least a year.

He does this for many reasons. He does it because he knows how easily money is lost, and he wants to know that his daughter has in herself the skill and ability to make her own living if she is ever thrown on her own resources.

He does it because he is aware that the knowledge that she can stand on her own feet and earn her own bread and butter and cake gives a girl a poise that nothing else in the world can give. He does it because the discipline of a business office, the experience in handling money, and an insight into the troubles and problems of men are the best preparation that any girl can have for matrimony.

A good father chums with his daughter. He begins being confidential with her in her cradle, and this makes it natural that when she grows up she would discuss with him the boys who come to see her, and that father should be able to form her tastes and assiduously guide her in her choice of a husband.

Girls know nothing about men. It is impossible that they should, but there is nothing about any young chap that father can't find out, and if he knew that this youth had a hectic past, or that one drank, or the other one was a trifling ne'er-do-well, it would be the simplest thing possible to prevent many an unhappy marriage by making daughter see an undesirable suitor through the sophisticated eyes of a worldly-wise man, instead of the romantic ones of a young girl.

A good father tries to protect his daughter after he is dead. So, when he makes his will he leaves her whatever money he has to bequeath her to look up good and right in a trust company so that she cannot touch anything but the interest.

He knows that every woman who has any money is the foredoomed prey of get-rich-quick sharks and all of her parasitic relatives. He has seen too many women sell their gilt-edge bonds and invest the proceeds in wildcat stock that promised to pay 40 per cent and never paid a penny. He has seen too many women lend their money without security to Deacon Jones because he prayed so beautifully, or to Uncle John, because they didn't have the nerve to say "No" to a member of the family.

Above all, a good father leaves his daughter's money in trust for her, not only to save her money but to save her from friction with her husband. He has seen many a man graft his wife's fortune deliberately, and he has seen many more good men, who were poor business men, bring their wives to poverty. And he knows that it takes more backbone than the average woman possesses to hold on to her money when the man she loves is continually asking her for it. So father saves her the necessity of any arguments on the subject.

Are you doing these things for your daughter, Mr. Man? Are you a good father? Copyright, 1924, by Public Ledger Company.

MISS STEWART TO TELL OF GRENFELL MISSION

Will Be Guest of Local Branch on February 25—To Give Illustrated Talk.

Miss Mina McLeod Stewart of Ottawa is coming to London on Feb. 25 to give an illustrated lecture on Labrador in the First Presbyterian Church under the auspices of the local branch of the Grenfell Mission, and the Young People's Federation of the First Presbyterian Church.

During the afternoon of the same day a reception and tea will be held at 253 Dufferin avenue, when Miss Stewart will be the guest of honor, and the members of the Grenfell Mission will act as hostesses.

It is hoped that all who are interested in the work of the mission will avail themselves of this opportunity of meeting Miss Stewart, who spent a summer in Labrador with Miss Dorothy Reid, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George M. Reid, as a volunteer nurse, and is, therefore, well acquainted with the needs of the people. Her story of the field in which Dr. W. Grenfell works, illustrated with lantern slides, will be exceedingly interesting.

The mission wishes to acknowledge the following donations: Mrs. George M. Reid, \$25; Miss Marjory Reid, \$5; and Mrs. J. W. Little, \$5. The mission has on hand a large quantity of wool to be knitted in garments for the big bale to be sent off in June.

ST. MARY'S UNIT.

The regular meeting of St. Mary's Mothers' Unit was held last week at the home of the president, Mrs. J. Larkin, on Dufferin avenue. Plans were made for a social to be held this Thursday, in conjunction with the Holy Name Society in St. Mary's Parish Hall. Mrs. Kinsella was appointed in charge of the refreshments, assisted by Mrs. Jack Fitzmaurice, Mrs. Allan, Mrs. W. McKenna, Mrs. Crumner and Mrs. T. Kelleher. Cards and music supplied by Leithbridge's orchestra will be included in the program. A splendid program was presented at last week's meeting which had been arranged by Mrs. C. Kelleher, the numbers included: Piano selections by Mrs. Wyatt; violin numbers by Jack Kelleher; solos by Mrs. T. McCarthy and a duet by Mrs. Kelleher and Mrs. Wyatt. A vote of thanks was given to the president by Mrs. W. J. Hoy and Mrs. McCafferty.

ENGAGEMENTS

A charge of 75 cents for one insertion, or \$1 for two insertions is made for notices under this heading. Orders for insertion of engagements must bear the name and address of sender and will not be taken over the telephone.

DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE BY ELENORE MEHERN.

CHAPTER XXIX. New Offer.

When Denny stood before Bernice Melrose pleading, "I've not quit! I won't quit!" it was the boy in him that spoke.

And when he came down from the ridge, saying to himself, "Dunlap—leaving—damnable!" he had thought only of the cruel outrage against himself.

Then he carried Katy's chair down the slope and came back for her. She looked at him, red lips trying hard to smile. "Gee, Katy—this is hell." But it was his own hurt and the ashen bitterness of failure that ate through him like a poison, that brought that unbearable stinging to his eyes.

Now this thing that had seemed breaking him in two lost its feverish grip on his spirit. Trembling, he stood before Katy.

"If this is true, Katy—say, if he did it—they won't after me." He spoke between long, harsh breaths. "Do you know what it means? They'll wreck the job!"

In that moment he could have sat ready and written blazingly to Melrose, written with an imploring passion, "For God's sake, wake up, Melrose! You think I'm the traitor. It's Dunlap!"

It was as though he stood before a storm shouting in vast, charging waves, and these swept past him in a work of giant devastation. That he had been whipped violently was the chance of the mere stick drifting across the torrent's path.

His eyes were black and he kept walking back and forth, a terrible tramp at his heart. "They'll ruin the whole thing, Katy. Ruin it. They'll rip these fellows to pieces before they are done. If the Consolidated is behind this, they won't stop till they get the site."

"Denny, you're running away with yourself. Listen—I'll send a wire to Melrose."

"Say, I think I'll send a wire to Melrose."

"Oh no, Denny. Why they wouldn't believe it. You don't know anything. You only guess. It might even be that something happened to Joan's mother and she had to leave in a great rush. That's all you've got to work by."

He tossed his head, saying through shut teeth, "I know it, Katy. I told you I knew it." He could see Dunlap's agitated eyes, the color sinking from the shiny face. To himself he said, "The coward—damn coward!"

Then he flung round to Katy and brought before her the shy boy's face and sunny hair of Martin Loop. "It's murder—cold-blooded murder. No wonder the stunk turned white."

"Saying it doesn't prove it, Denny. I'll prove it."

He sat at a little desk pushed against the big window in the living-room. The lights of Oakland and Berkeley flashed their merry yellow eyes all the way from hill to water. The moon, immense and sulphurous, swung on the bosom of a black

cloud sweeping like an Egyptian queen through a silent sky.

There was a brightness and a quiet in the lights playing against the wide stretch of dark waters. Denny sat there repeating, "He did it! He did it! He had finally fastened the monstrous thing on James Dunlap he drew back appalled at his own savagery. Did the lawyer do it? Was the Consolidated responsible? Would they risk murder?"

There came creeping up again that cold, heavy wave of despair. Perhaps after all it was he and he alone that had blundered.

Then he must run again over those bare swords that lay unheated in his memory—the pie, Martin—the coroner, the ghastly clamor of the men at the meeting yelling for his surrender.

Presently Katy was at his side, touched his arm lightly. "Denny, don't look so gray. You look a fight, you know. This is only the first round."

He nodded, "Yes, yes." "Of course, yes. I said that already. It's after nine, Denny. Golden Petra won't like it if you keep her waiting too long."

"Gee—yes—had no idea it was so late—"

A month ago he had asked Petra to marry him—only a month. It seemed like forty cold, desolate years. A month—they hadn't seen each other since then. But all of those letters of hers, begging him to come, telling him again and again how utterly bored and lonesome she was. Some of those letters had struck like sharp hooks tearing at his heart. But he had always said, "Oh, she doesn't understand. She doesn't really want me to quit. She'd never come between me and Katy. Oh well, that's sure."

Yet a reluctance that he wouldn't for a moment admit made him slow to dress, slow to leave. When he was going he said to Katy, "Are you worried about Joan?"

"No, Denny. Joan has been alone all her life nearly. You'll see Joan is all right. I know it surely."

It made him happier, especially because Katy shook her head up and down with a gay little move. And he knew this wasn't pretending.

As he neared Petra's home a vision of her with her head down and glancing sideways came before him. He hastened.

She was standing in the little room waiting and she rushed over and caught his hand. Her voice breaking, "At last! Oh, Denny, how can you treat me so?"

All the images he had in his mind were dull before this radiant thing with tears in her eyes, this slim brightness who came like a happy flower, gold on her head, dew in her eyes.

The suddenness of it caught him with a pang. He stood holding her hands, his lips trembling. "Petra—"

why Petra." He laughed, a gladness shaking him. "You darling—Petra."

"Then you do care, Diddle?" The cool, white hands were on his arms and the face with its dimples, its warm amber richness raised to his. He had not known her hair to be so glinting, so tossed about like a soft glory. "Oh, you're never going away from me again—never, Diddle."

"And let me see. Why, you're thin and oh, a terrible gray hair. But it's all over now, Diddle, isn't it?"

She sat beside him on the sofa and drew his arm about her, letting her head rest with an easy joy on his shoulder. She was smiling, her eyes flitting and holding his.

And he drank with astonished fascination their glinting beauty. He felt her breath, warm and sweet. "Why, I love her, I love her," he thought. A glow ran through his veins as though a bright, carefree sun swept goldenly through a dampness—swept all about him, flooding him with joy.

"I've been dead for a month, Diddle. Oh, what a fine lover you are!"

"I'll make it up to you, Petra." "Will you, Diddle?" She turned her face to him. He took it in his hands, kissed it. The softness of her lips dropped like fragrant petals in a shower of gladness on his. He kissed the thin black brows, saying aloud, "You darling, I love you."

"Tell me you're going to stay, Diddle. Tell me it's for good this time. I won't let you go again. No—I never will. Say you'll stay."

"Yes—yes—of course. Why—" he added, grimly, "I'm kicked out, Petra. I've got to stay."

"Don't say it like that. Those horrid old farmers. What could you expect? It's over, Diddle. It's past. You're glad to stay?"

"I'm glad to be here tonight."

"And tomorrow and the next night and every night?"

He laughed. "Don't be such a pig."

"But, Diddle, darling, there won't be any long two years to wait now, will there? We don't need to wait."

"He was startled, but he answered teasingly: "Would you want a man without a job, Petra? Then who would deck you out in diamonds and make you entrancing in orange and bronze?"

She sat up rather quietly, ran her hand over her neck. "Are you mocking me, Diddle?"

"No, indeed not, Petra. It's the bitter truth."

"Petra wants to see you tomorrow. He has a job. And it's wonderful." A smile came over her lips. She laid the velvet of her cheek against his. "You'll take it, dearest, darlingest, now. Then we won't have to wait so long."

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MURINE You Cannot Buy New Eyes But you can Promote a Clean, Healthy Condition of Your Eyes. Use Murine Eye Remedy Night and Morning. Keep Your Eyes Clean, Clear and Healthy. Write for Free Eye Care Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., 2 East Ohio Street, Chicago.

On the Mountain Top

CLIMB the mountain—stand on the peak—and before you there unfolds a panorama extending as far as your eye can reach. Stay in the valley, and your view is restricted by the surrounding hills.

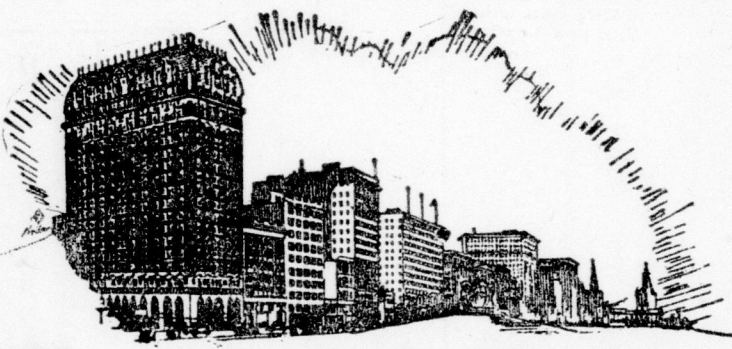
This newspaper—properly used—will guide you to the mountain top. Read it and your vision is enlarged. You get a bird's-eye view of world events. You glimpse the doings of the day.

Fail to use it, and your view is limited—you remain in ignorance not only of events at home and abroad, but of much that concerns you even more vitally—news of the very things that have to do with your personal, everyday life.

Some one might be selling a new, better and more economical food; or a utensil that would add immeasurably to your comfort and well-being; or some better material for shoes or clothing—but you would never know, because of your restricted view.

You may read every line of the news columns, but if you overlook the advertising, you are still living in the valley. You remain uninformed about many things you ought to know in order to live a happy, useful, profitable life in this age of progress.

Climb out of the valley to the mountain top.
Read the advertisements



Double daily Service to CHICAGO

Leave London 11:25 a.m. Arrives Detroit 1:30 p.m. Chicago 9:05 p.m. Carries Coach, Smoker, Dining Car, Parlor Car, (to Detroit), and Standard Sleepers.

Leave London 10:05 p.m. Arrives Detroit 12:15 a.m. Chicago 8:00 a.m. Carries Coach, Smoker, Dining Car, Standard Sleepers and Observation Sleeper.

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Lv. Toronto 10:45 p.m. Daily
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Characteristic "National Service," Finest Modern Equipment.

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