

UNDERSTUDY SATIATES DESIRE FOR PLEASURE

Doris May in Grand Picture
Inoculates Audience With
Gaiety.

ADMIRABLY DIRECTED

"Smiles and Chuckles," Musical
Comedy, Fails in Efforts
To Amuse.

Virtue should take precedence over vice, and for the same reason the picture at the Grand, "The Understudy," should claim the attention of the reviewer several laps ahead of the so-called musical comedy showing at the same theatre.

Like the alluring figure of the heroine de Milo standing against a background of ash cans, Doris May, in "The Understudy," looked good to the audience sufficed with the unrelenting spectacle of "Smiles and Chuckles." Miss May is best described by the word "vivacity." She manages to inject cheerfulness and gaiety. She gives herself up to an abandonment of joy and the elixir is admirably imparted to the audience. In "The Understudy" she was afforded ample scope for displaying her invigorating wiles. Conquering, teasing with the repressed loveliness of life, Miss May makes an attractive comedienne. Not the rough and tumble sort exactly, but rather a combination of fresh youthfulness and incorrigibility.

Portrays Part of Maid.
In "The Understudy" she takes the part of an actress' maid. The actress, whose name is Grace, represents quite faithfully the traditional type of wealthy heiress upon her arm. In the movies the designing leading lady is invariably the sort that no

All the Theatres

ALLEN.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday—
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"Heroes of the Street."

GRAND.
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Doris May in "The Understudy."

LOEW'S.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday—
Bert Lytell and Betty Compton
in "Kick In."

PATRICIA.
Thursday, Friday, Saturday—
Frank Mayo in "The Flaming
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FRECKLES DISAPPOINTS AS DRAMATIC ACTOR

"Heroes of the Street" At Al-
len's Contains Material, But
Lacks Action.

PLOT STEREOTYPED

Film Starts Off and Ends Well,
But Develops "Dragginess"
Between.

"Heroes of the Street," now at the Allen is built of good material, but it is insufferably slow.

Under Marshall Neilan, Wesley Barry has had an opportunity to exhibit himself as a bright, peppy youngster with sufficient vitality to live up to many a picture that might otherwise have been afflicted with the malady of "draggingness." As the star, he only serves to make a bad job worse.

As a messenger boy, sparking with the impudent vitality of his kindred, or a copy boy dashing through the smoky whirl of a city room, "Freckles" was always a treat, but he has been made with Marshall Neilan to play a part that is not only uninteresting, but also unattractive. He is a young man who is supposed to be a messenger boy, but he is not a messenger boy at all. He is a young man who is supposed to be a messenger boy, but he is not a messenger boy at all.

The whole trouble with "Heroes of the Street" is the fact that its director was too palpably conscious of the fact that a special arrangement had been made with Marshall Neilan to play a part that is not only uninteresting, but also unattractive. He is a young man who is supposed to be a messenger boy, but he is not a messenger boy at all.

It is the general public there is usually a fascination with the balance of police and newspaper reporters against criminals, with the news-papers always three jumps ahead of the blue-coated police. This interesting trio, "Heroes of the Street" adds, in the person of Marie Prevost, a lovely Broadway star, who was born in the East side and rose to the glory of her own dressing-room and a maid, without forgetting it.

Every time there comes an opportunity for action, the camera slows up to give Wesley a chance. It is a pity that the picture is so slow. The first three reels are occupied with an heroic exposition of Mickey, preparing to take the place of his father, Michael Callahan, a man who had been killed in action. As has been remarked, the material is there, but it is unworkable. The excellent, the byplay between the youngsters is worth while, but they don't carry sufficient weight to make up for the slow pace.

The film starts off well, it ends well, but it lingers too long in the middle. The kiddies will probably like it if they are enthralled by the "Freckles." Indeed it can truly be said that it would make an excellent "Freckles" for the youngsters, but it doesn't rank Grade A, as adult amusement.

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PICTURE AT PATRICIA SHOWS LIFE IN REALITY

"The Flaming Hour" Entitled
To Niche in Drama's
Hall of Fame.

ENACT HUMAN ROLES

Quality of Suspense Artistically
Maintained Throughout
the Production.

The hope for movies lies in the gradual realization of directors that smirking heroines and heroes who look like toothpaste advertisements do not always appeal to the public.

Of late a number of real human men and women have been enacting real human roles, and therein are revealed the claims of filmhood to a permanent niche in drama's hall of fame.

"The Flaming Hour," showing at the Patricia, is good because it dispenses with artificialities and portrays a man and his wife with all the imperfections of men and women. The hero, like every real hero, is a checkmate of defects. He is temperamental, egotistical, and has bags in his trousers. At the slightest provocations he flies into a rage, and curses everything and everybody. While this may not be an admirable trait, it is a distinct relief from those immaculate, virtuous youths who until recently appeared to have a monopoly on heroic roles.

Frank Mayo is good-looking, but not handsome, and his wife in "The Flaming Hour" is no feast of beauty. They are just two ordinary individuals with ordinary hopes and aspirations—the kind you meet at private dances and bridge parties, polite, conventional and frequently inquisitive.

Carl Lamela has made a very homey, commonplace tale of a husband with an uncontrollable temper and a wife with no particular merits, but who is an interesting moving picture. The story is that of an ambitious young man who has been appointed production manager of a large explosive manufacturing plant. His ungovernable temper and self-conceit takes the form of pugilistic encounters with men working under him.

Finally the villain makes trouble between Bruce and his wife, and the latter, with the true consistency of pampered daughters, abandons her husband and seeks the shelter of her father's wing. Becoming a dowdy, Bruce ultimately procures employment with the concern he formerly managed, tells the wife in the attempt to run off with the bank account, and saves his wife and her father from disaster.

The scene of the explosion in the dynamite factory is realistic. Everything about the play is realistic, in fact, and appeals to the sense of sensibility. The quality of suspense is artistically maintained during the series of explosions, and the lives are spared about fifteen minutes before the final blast which exterminates the factory. In the average picture the hero would have saved the heroine in the nick of time, but in this case he is given several nicknicks.

Impression Only Temporary.
"The Flaming Hour" is the kind of play that is good entertainment while it lasts, but the impression is very temporary. Next week you'll have forgotten you ever saw it, which must be a pity, for it is a reflection on the picture.

The kindest thing one can say about the comedy is to say nothing. The first episode of the vaudeville run of handclaps from soft-hearted persons who apparently feared the actors might break down and weep had a good effect. At that, it was most uncomfortable for the audience until the vaudeville-lan scampers off the stage as fast as possible.

Mr. Raney was fast after he had been suspended from the business list. He became so careful that in one month he issued only 28 scripts.

Mr. Raney: "You should not make that statement when the member is not in the house."

Mr. Raney: "I am not responsible for his not being here." He went on to describe Dr. Godfrey's tendency, to stay away.

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COMMISSIONER'S WORK DEFENDED BY RANEY

Attorney-General Claims Re-
sults Have Shown Justification
For Appointments.

TELLS ABOUT "PERS"

Outlines Record of Dr. Forbes
Godfrey For One
Month.

Special To The Advertiser.
Toronto, Feb. 16.—Resuming his speech on the address yesterday in the Legislature, Attorney-General Raney said that he thought he owed an apology to the house for his lapse yesterday in using epithets, and begged to tender his apologies to the house. In regard to the question of the member for Grenville yesterday as to whether prescriptions on the government dispensaries were confidential or privileged, he had no hesitation in saying they were not confidential in the way they were assumed to be by the honorable member, although they were not open to inspection by anybody asking for them.

In cases where doctors issued too many prescriptions were brought into court, though the identity of the person for whom the prescriptions were issued was not given. He called these doctors "high doctors," and the Liberal leader asked him to repeat the phrase, which he did to make it clear.

Mr. Raney: "Are the prescriptions confidential?" Mr. Raney: "Other prescriptions do not come to the government."

He said there were 2,300 doctors in Ontario, 2,500 of them issuing prescriptions. "In view of the fact that the member for West York questioned me as to the number of doctors, I would like to make a statement in regard to the issuing of prescriptions and the number of members' own record in that regard."

Then Mr. Raney told how 75 per cent of the doctors issued more than 25 prescriptions a month, while 25 per cent issued up to 25 prescriptions. There were 2 1/2 per cent known as "high doctors." In 1921 the total amount was out from 100 to 50 a month.

Godfrey's Record.
He read the clause in which the doctor certifies that the amount of honor he prescribes is the minimum amount that might be prescribed for the patient. Then he went into the record of Dr. Godfrey.

In September of 1919 he issued 153 scripts and 4 gallons of liquor for office use. In October it was 128 and 12 gallons.

Then in December Dr. Godfrey had handed out not less than 239 prescriptions and 9 gallons for office use. Many of these prescriptions, noted for Raney, were the usual 40 ounces—nearly all were for whiskey.

For the last five months of 1919 and the first four months of 1920 the Godfrey average was 142 a month, but in 1920 something happened. A general letter of warning was sent out to the "high doctors," informing them that they would be suspended from the issuing list if they continued to offend.

After this the honorable member's prescriptions dropped to the average of 81 a month—not so very much improvement.

Mimico's Health Improves.
"It was wonderful," remarked Mr. Raney, with biting sarcasm, "how rapidly the health of Mimico improved." (Laughter.)

Mr. Raney: "The attorney-general making this statement in justification of his Massey Hall speech."

Mr. Raney: "In partial justification. I will not read all of my remarks, but because I do not wish to run the risk of being called to order." He went on to read some of his Massey Hall speech.

At the mention of "medical blindness" there was vigorous thumping of U. F. O. desks.

Mr. Raney went on to tell how after he had been suspended from the business list, he became so careful that in one month he issued only 28 scripts.

Mr. Raney: "You should not make that statement when the member is not in the house."

EXTRAVAGANT DESCRIPTIONS OF THE ENGLISH RIVER LIMITS

"There was not one acre of land sold," he declared.

Mr. Raney: "Do you think I imagined that Backus was a small farmer up there?"

There was such a noise and so many audible interruptions from the opposition that Mr. Raney asked for the protection of the chair. "I am entitled to a hearing," he said.

Told to Sit Down.
"Honorable members must rise when they address the chair," said the Speaker. When Colonel Currie came along with another interruption, the Speaker told him to sit down, stating that the member must be given a chance to make some headway in his speech.

"It will take me four hours to finish at this rate," said Mr. Raney. "I will answer no more questions now. Let the members make a note of their queries and I will answer them later."

"Who said that?" demanded Sam Clarke, when Mr. Raney said that Mr. Ferguson had stated the government sold all the spruce pulpwood for half a cent a cord and all the other timber for nothing.

"Mr. Ferguson," replied Mr. Raney, "Oh, that's nothing," commented Mr. Clarke, amid laughter.

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MARTIN-SENOUR WOODLAC STAIN.
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MARTIN-SENOUR 100 PER CENT PURE PAINT.

For interior and exterior use. Gals. 1/2, 1, 1 1/2, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

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Renews the lustre and freshens up the pattern on your linoleums.

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SPECIAL! WITH YOUR ORDER, 12 POUNDS GRANULATED SUGAR, \$1.10.			
Front Quarter, 16c	2 lbs. Hamburg Steak, 25c	Shoulder Pork Chops, a lb., 25c	3-lb. Pail of Lard, our own, 60c