

## PEOPLE AND PLACES

### Mr. Jack Johnson.

IN England Mr. Jack Johnson is a spectacular figure just as much as Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Asquith or Mr. Balfour. He has probably more clothes and diamonds than any of the above-mentioned political gentlemen. The newspapers have commented on that fact to the length of several columns weekly, and Jack's grin breaks forth from the bosom of English journals just as often as the Premier's fighting attitude or the genial listening features of the leader of the Opposition. For a while after Reno the "Big Smoke" owned America. But this continent grew too small for him. His automobile was continually being obstructed. Besides, they have no real aristocracy in America. Jack grew tired of receiving pork packers, coal barons and his other fellow-American monarchs at his swell New York house. Jack went to England this June. Immensely struck with the way the peers arrayed themselves in their gorgeous robes at the Coronation, he votes England the best ever. George V. is the only King, aside from himself, for whom he cares a rap. He has thoughts of yielding the palm indeed to the "Sailor King," calling him "Your Majesty," and, indeed, becoming one of his subjects.

Mr. Johnson has been boxing a little, just enough to keep him in pocket money. The picture on this page shows him signing up for a large purse. English sporting editors have viewed him at the music halls, and they don't like the shape he is in. The Times fears greatly for the stomach of the negro. His weight is ponderous, and he is evidently now not at all the panther of the Reno moving picture films.

Mrs. Jack Johnson is attracting just as much attention as her giant

husband. She is a dainty, flaxen-haired white woman, with a weakness for diamond rings. She seems not to have as yet entertained projects of penetrating Mrs. Asquith's new thought cult or the inner circles of Her Majesty's court. Tit Bits appears to think well of her, quoting her rare womanly sentiment in these words:

"I'm a home bird myself, and I'm not one for over much gaiety. If folks don't want to know me because I'm a black man's wife, I guess I don't want to know them."

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### A Canadian Disraeli.

FROM Montreal comes an announcement of national interest.

In the Parliaments of Canada are English, Irish, Scotch, French and Icelandic representatives of that complexity known as the Canadian people. But did it ever strike you that there are no Jews? Yet there are 125,000 Hebrews in Canada. They are active in all the other activities of the community except that of politics. In Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg the bearded, dark men are large business operators, many of them. But politically they have never been ambitious. It is said that the Jew has no national sense.

In Montreal a revolution may be on the way. The other night was organized there the "United Hebrew Political Society," which aims at taking part in the coming Dominion election. Reports are that it controls 5,000 votes in one riding, and may put up a candidate.

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### The Dean of Culture.

"HE dined at my house last night and we wouldn't let him go till 3 a.m.," a Toronto man said the



Jack Johnson signs a fight agreement with Bombardier Wells.

other night. He was referring to Professor James Mavor, of the University of Toronto, whose forthcoming monumental work on Russia is creating wide interest.

Professor Mavor looks more like Mr. George Bernard Shaw than any other man in Canada. But the resemblance ends there. Mr. Mavor is a tall, stringy, orthodox Scotchman with a beard through which he can talk volubly and endlessly. He is in many ways a striking personality. Since the death of Goldwin Smith he is probably dean of culture in Toronto. His one chief characteristic is a desire to know. The Professor's erudition is vast. Art, literature, history, economics—you will find him lecturing on all these subjects every year to all kinds of people. He's a favourite at women's clubs. His passion for society is a mania. There's hardly a social function in Toronto he misses during the season. For it is at these he gets in touch with peo-

ple of varied interests and ideas, and collars their point of view. He's always in a hurry. The most picturesque sight in Toronto is to see the aged Professor sprinting over the campus on a wet day to a lecture, his wonderful caped rain-coat flowing flamboyantly like a mane behind him. His programme of lectures on economics at the University of Toronto is as varied as the contents of a Sunday newspaper. Students can never crib up his exams from notes. He may jump from a history of clothes one day to an analysis of the current state of the money market the next. Professor Mavor is a celebrated scholar in his department. Economic study he has pursued from Dawson City to the deserts of Arabia, as a traveller personally investigating diverse civilizations.

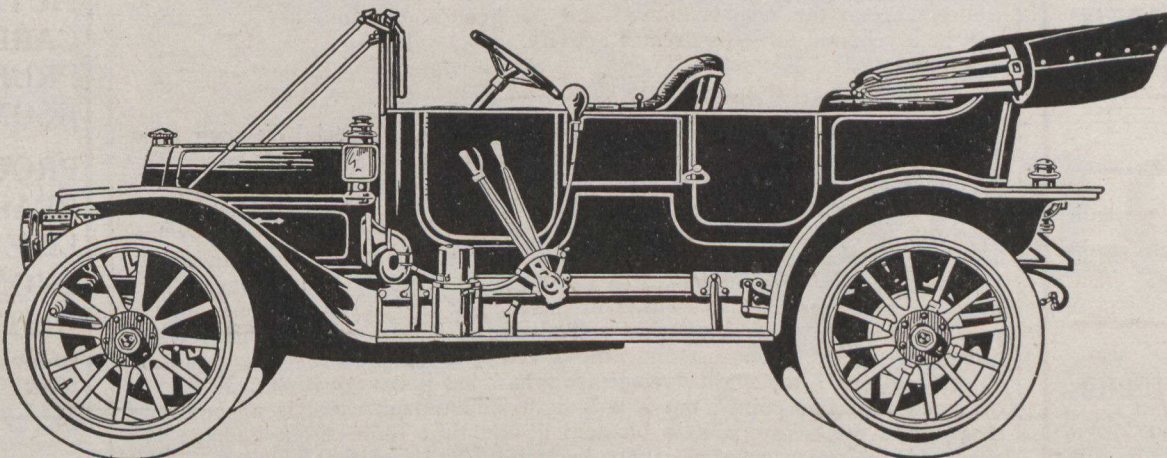
A few years ago the Professor became enamored of an idea that the Canadian West could not produce more than a couple of hundred million bushels of wheat.

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REO "THIRTY," FIVE-PASSENGER LOW FORE-DOOR TOURING CAR—\$1,350.

Complete with Top and Windshield.

With the exception of the low fore-door feature, this car is identical with the Reo "Thirty" shown at the top of this advertisement.



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REO "THIRTY," TWO-PASSENGER TORPEDO ROADSTER—\$1,275.

Complete with Top and Windshield.

A popular model, whose marked efficiency gives you the maximum of service for pleasure or for business.

## At this price you share the saving created by our greatly increased production and reduced cost of manufacture

This Reo at \$1,350 is not stinted or stunted; undersized or "undergrown" in a single essential detail. It is big and generous and fullgrown in its proportions—and as competent inside as it is good looking outside.

If you judge it by other cars similarly priced with which you are familiar, without seeing it or driving it—you do the Reo an injustice.

It goes beyond; and sets a standard just as the Reo set the standard in 1904 with the first high grade two-cylinder car at \$1,250; and in 1908 with the first high grade single cylinder car at \$500; and in the same year with the first high grade two-cylinder car at \$1,000.

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Get down to the vital points of difference.

Look into the engine measurements; the bore and stroke; the horsepower; the highly essential hill climbing quality. Lay particular stress on the latter ability in any car you consider. If it falls behind the Reo in eating up the highest and steepest grades; discard it, no matter how much the price may tempt you; because hill climbing is the test that counts.

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We believe you will agree with us when you get through that every dollar of your \$1,350 buys you a better money's worth than is offered by any other motor car in Canada.

See the Reo at any of these principal agencies, or ask for the address of the sub-agent nearest you:

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