

MORE THAN A THOUSAND LOST CHILDREN

Record is Shattered at the Toronto Exhibition, but All are Reunited With Their Relatives—Some Stranded Without Car Fare Home.

(Toronto Globe.) It was a common sight at the Exhibition yesterday to see a big, smiling, perspiring policeman walking toward the police station leading a lost child, or, sometimes, children, one in each hand, and often sticky and dirty.

Perhaps it was the heat, or it may have been the fun of the immense crowds, but it was Toronto's greatest day for lost children. In former years caring for 100 lost youngsters was considered quite a day's work, not to be completed until all were restored to their parents.

But yesterday the lost ones came almost in droves. Late last night the maitre in charge of the work said that between 1,500 and 2,000 lost kiddies had passed through official hands.

They Go to Sleep. After eleven o'clock last night, when tired visitors to the fair were crowding home, the lost children's tent still housed thirty youngsters. In the neighboring police station, on improvised couches made of coats and cloaks picked up during the day, little boys and girls were sleeping on all available floor space.

As fast as the children went to sleep in the tent they were gently carried by stalwart policemen to the comparative quiet of the station.

There were crying children and weeping parents in the tent. Mothers sobbed bitterly waiting anxiously for lost children to be brought to the shelter.

But by far the greater number of the little tots waiting could neither tell where they lived nor the names of their parents.

The Tears Vanish. From early morning till a late hour last night the tent next the police station was crowded. A good many came in weeping, but tears vanished as by magic when they espied the friendly face of mother or heard the voice of daddy.

Big ones and little ones there were, some taking their fate philosophically, others rather rebellious to be in such close proximity to the big "cops." But the "cops" proved good friends, and one young east-ender proudly exclaimed to the Globe that he had been "brought in" by a sergeant, not by a common policeman without any stripes, and he added: "He is a pretty good guy—he brought me some candy."

A young Chinese citizen of this city was calmly looking around, with all the placidity of an Oriental, eyeing with intense curiosity little Tommy Carlton, who was weeping bitterly. The Oriental looked into his bag, and, after some hesitation, did the act courteous, and gently handed Tommy one of his small tops.

Several mothers were getting anxious as the little ones did not turn up as quickly as they wanted. They were probably wandering around the midway, gazing at the wonders of the world, caring little how much mother worried so long as they could look at the wild horses and the cowboys.

Enter His Worship the Mayor. In the midst of the lost host appeared His Worship Mayor T. L. Church, who did his best, in his inimitable bachelor manner, to dispel gloom. "You are not lost," he said, "you are still in Toronto; you are not in Hamilton. You only imagine you are lost." The mayor's words helped some.

The management of the Exhibition had thought of the possibility of the unprecedented situation in the lost children line. Biscuits held back a small floor of tears yesterday, and a glass of lemonade appeared to be one of the best restorers of smiling faces.

One Toronto man, A. Paton, who had lost his little boy, was so grateful to the efficient manner in which he recovered his lost heir in a remarkably short time that he at once decided to devote the rest of the day to bringing home other people's children. As long as they could give their address, this generous-hearted citizen would load them on his truck and he would return to the police tent each time he had safely delivered his precious loads. Six times he had been away and had come back at ten o'clock last night, and he promised he would make one more trip.

Forgot Their Carfare. There were other children who, while in the midst of the good things of this world, had not thought about going home, and had in their great spirit of joy and carefree abandon even forgotten to save enough money for carfare.

Interested citizens watching the population of the tent and the doings of the inhabitants came forward with enough cash for the fare, and a little extra for a last little drink of ginger sale or a doughnut.

They were discussing that ever vexing question of getting up in the morning. "I don't think," said Frederick Wiste, "that an alarm clock is any good at all. I hear the bell of my alarm clock go every morning. I simply lay my hand on the nearest thing I can pick up and hurl it at the clock. I am constantly paying for new alarm clocks, but they only raise me for a minute and I go to sleep again."

"I've got a new kind of alarm clock," reported Charlie Smile. "I don't know how long it will last, but it is simply doing fine work at present."

"How does it differ from others?" "It toots just like a motor horn. As soon as I hear it I jump out of bed to avoid being run over by a three-ton truck."

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GOOD THINGS COMING TO THE THEATRES OF ST. JOHN

DON'T MISS THE NEW ADVENTURE

Imperial's Aerial Story Begins With This Week-end Bill—Reminiscent of Jules Verne.

"The Sky Ranger," Imperial Theatre's new aerial story will prove such a radical departure from the hackneyed week-end installment yarn that not only the adventure-loving kiddies but the grown-ups too will eagerly follow it to its conclusion. It is a fiction of the air, the new wonders being created to reach other planetary worlds, notably, Mars. The story is clever, it is very Jules Verne-like and will remind lovers of the scientific novelist of his "Clippers of the Clouds" yarn and his "A Trip To The Moon." To miss the three-reel opening chapter tonight or tomorrow would be a hindrance to a full appreciation of the whole fifteen chapters.

TICKET SALE WILL BEGIN ON MONDAY

With the closing of the Exhibition the next activity along entertainment lines will be the opening of the legitimate play season with Reginald Berkeley's brilliant comedy "French Leave," first of the Trans-Canada Theatre Ltd.'s group of all-English attractions to come across for a continental tour. The ticket sale opens Monday at 10 A. M. but the mail orders are coming in fast already. The top price is \$1.50 with the second or rear half of the orchestra floor at \$1.00 and balcony \$1.00, 75, 50.

WHERE THE DIFFERENCE LIES.

It is hard to tell by the appearance of a man just what sort of a man he is. Some way with a barrel of flour. You can't tell by the staves or hoops whether it is going to be a good bread maker or not. In many ways "Regal" is just like an ordinary barrel of flour. It has staves and hoops like all other flours. But there is a difference. Take out the head and try a baking of it and you will quickly discover what this difference is. "Regal" is the very best bread flour ever was made. That is where it differs from the ordinary run of flours. If you have not tried it we advise you to do so at once. If you do, you will ever afterward be grateful for this information.

BOY BANDIT MAKES RAID ON HORSEBACK

Robs an Apartment, Mounts Steed, but Angry Women Pull Him to Earth.

(New York Times) The list of "baby crimes" continued to grow yesterday. In the Bronx, a sixteen-year-old boy hired a horse at a riding academy and rode out to a nearby farm, but he was chased out of an apartment house by half a dozen women, indignantly unhorsed when he tried to escape on his noble steed, and compelled to take to his heels to escape arrest. The police were looking for him last night and expected him to come home repentant as soon as the \$5 which disappeared from the apartment house is expended on candy, girls and movies.

The youthful Jesse James is said to belong to a respectable family. He paid \$2 at the riding academy for the horse, mounted and rode to the apartment house, he tried the rooms till he reached the sixth floor, where he found the apartment of Harold L. Birney, an insurance agent, open. Mrs. Birney having gone next door to visit. He had thrust the contents of Mrs. Birney's handbag into his pocket when Mrs. Charles Naumann, her sister-in-law, entered Mrs. Birney's apartment and caught him red-handed.

Running down six flights of stairs the lad was pursued by Mrs. Birney, Mrs. Naumann and a constantly growing number of women, not to speak of their screams. By the time he reached the street and leaped to the back of his faithful mount he was surrounded by a crowd of excited women and children. Desperately he tried to force his steed through the crowd, but Mrs. Naumann clutched the reins and tugged at them so that he finally jumped off the horse, ran around the corner and disappeared into a vacant lot.

The woman described the lad as a good-looking young fellow, about 15, wearing an outfit resembling a Boy Scout's uniform, with a wide-brimmed hat, red bandana, khaki shirt and breeches and spiral leggings. The police of the Simpson street station quickly traced him to the riding academy and to his home, where his parents waited anxiously last night for his return. In Brooklyn, Michael Becker, 6, of 14 Monteth street, and Willie Ciochlowicz, 7, of 415 Bushwick avenue, were arrested on a fire escape of the apartment house at 409 Bushwick avenue, here. Yetta Weiler of that address reported to the police of the Bedford avenue station that on her return home last night she missed a pocketbook containing \$20 which she had left in her kitchen. Detectives McCambridge and Cram sent to investigate, heard a noise on the fire escape. The policemen turned out the lights and soon saw two faces at the window, which turned out to be the faces of Michael and Willie. According to the police the pocketbook and the \$20 were found in Willie's pocket. The boys will have a hearing in the Juvenile Court today.



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EXPECT TO BRING MARS NEARER US THAN EVER

Todd and McAfee Plan Telescope Giving View as of 11-2 Miles Away.

Paris, Sept. 9.—B. McAfee, a wealthy American, for many years keenly interested in astronomy, who owns a charming French country seat at Villers-sur-Mer, close to Deauville, is now busied down there making plans to construct the largest telescope ever built. With it he intends to take photographs of Mars during 1924, in which year the planet, he says, will reach a point nearer the earth than it has been in more than 100 years.

The giant telescope, Mr. McAfee says, will be constructed at Chanaral, Chile. The idea is to utilize a disused mine shaft measuring over 50 feet in diameter. Probably sheathed, he says, the shaft will make an ideal telescope, and his calculations show that Mars will several times in the year reach its zenith over this very point. One of the greatest difficulties which must be overcome when building a telescope beyond a certain size is the mirror. It is therefore intended to construct a fifty-foot steel dish filled with mercury. This, Mr. McAfee says, will be rotated sufficiently to cause the mercury to assume the necessary concavity in order to act as an ideal mirror. It is calculated that the telescope will magnify 25,000,000 times, bringing the surface of the planet within a little more than a mile and a half of the observer. Mr. McAfee therefore hopes, once for all, to clear up the question whether the planet is inhabited. His collaborator in this work is Professor David Todd of Amherst. The professor intends to spend a whole year at Chanaral with Mr. McAfee, making observations. Next spring an advance party is going to Chile aboard Mr. McAfee's yacht Zarife. Mr. McAfee expresses the conviction that Mars is inhabited, and is sanguine of his ability to prove it by the proposed observations.

FAMOUS LIGHTSHIP GONE

London, Sept. 9.—Nab Lightship has been replaced, after 110 years' service, by a modern submarine bell-buoy.

GERMAN STEEL TO WALES

Cardiff, Wales, Sept. 9.—Large quantities of German and Belgian steel are being shipped into South Wales. This steel sells for less than the British product.

WOMAN DIES AT 109

Tipperary, Sept. 9.—Mrs. Kate Hourigan died in the almshouse here at the age of 109. She had been in the institution for sixty years.

SUBMARINE RAISED

Portsmouth, Eng., Sept. 8.—Submarine K-15, which sank here a few weeks ago, has been successfully raised.

Advertisement for OAK HALL - SCOVIL BROS., Ltd. King Street. Features 'THE NEW STANDARD OF Value' and lists various suit prices like \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40, \$30 and \$35.

Advertisement for J. MARCUS 30-36 Dock St. featuring 'Solid Comfort' and 'The Key to Comfort' with an illustration of a person in bed.

Advertisement for ENTERPRISE PIPELESS FURNACE. Includes an illustration of the furnace and text: 'WHEN YOU THINK OF WINTER THINK OF US. NOW IS THE TIME TO TALK HEATING.'

Advertisement for HUMPHREY'S Freshly Roasted COFFEES. 44c, 54c, 60c. per lb., at Humphrey's Coffee Store, 14 King Street.

Advertisement for SAVE YOUR EYES. D. BOYANER Optometrists, 111 Charlotte Street.

Advertisement for HOW TO SAVE MONEY On Out-of-Town Telephone Calls. You can save 25 per cent. on all calls within the Province of New Brunswick by using the STATION-TO-STATION METHOD.

Advertisement for EMERSON & FISHER, LTD., 25 Germain Street. See it at our booth—Main Floor—the Exhibition.

Advertisement for Visitors to the Exhibition. Are invited to visit our showrooms and see the large assortment of Chesterfield Suites, Parlor and Bedroom Suites, Dining room and Den Furniture, etc.