DRENCHING SHOWERS SAVE CROPS FROM DESTRUCTION

Over Half-Inch of Rain Falls During Saturday and Sunday.

LASTS TEN HOURS

Millions of dollars were scattered over Western Ontario on Saturday night and Sunday morning by drenching showers which lasted for nearly ten hours, and during which more than a half an inch of rain fell.

Damage suffered by crops during the drought of the past month was partly remedied even before the sun rose in a clear sky Sunday morning. Fields that had turned yellow in the terrific heat of recent days already began to grow green again.

The drought lasted for over a month. Until damage had been inflicted upon the countryside. Farmers were faced with almost total loss in the hay fields. Unripened wheat was shriveled, corn had to be replaned, oats were stunted, and all fruits suffered.

Although it rained for ten hours, it gave up at intervals, and this gave the rain time to sink into the ground.

Starting at 4:30 on Saturday afternoon, the rain fell with varying intensity until after 2 o'clock on Sunday morning. All together 0.58 inches was registered.

WORST SINCE 1895.

Toronto, June 14.—Twelve hours' rain last night, general throughout Central Ontario, definitely broke the prolonged drought, accompanied by scorching heat which has wrought great damage to field and small fruit crops.

To find a precedent for this great spring drought it is necessary perhaps to go back 30 years to 1895, when similar conditions prevailed through May and well into June. Withering fiel dcrops, devastated market gardens, and in many districts a ruined strawberry crop tell the tale.

RAIN IS LATE.

Special to The Advertiser.

St. Thomas, June 14.—Rain gave temporary relief to the farmers of Elgin county Saturday evening, but it is feared that it has arrived too late to help the timothy and clover crops. Alfalfa is a fairly good crop, and is being cut now. The frost has had a tendency to even up the crops, making the progress of crops in Elgin as far advanced as in Essex and Kent counties.

WELCOME IN OXFORD.

Special to The Advertiser.

Woodstock, June 14. — The long spell of drought in Oxford county was broken last night by a heavy downpour of rain, which lasted for several hours and soaked deeply into the soil. The moisture has already had its effect on the grains and hay, and the sunshine of today has promoted growth to a greater extent than has been experienced for the past three weeks. There are now hopes of a fair crop of hay, while the wheat, which is already in head, will be greatly lengthened before ripening.

WAS BADLY NEEDED.

Ingersoll, June 14.—The dry spell, which it was feared was causing considerable damage in this district, was broken by a copious shower last night. According to reports it was fairly general and will prove of inestimable value. Reports from all the rural districts are that the crops were seriously affected by the lack of rain. The hay crop is said to be much lighter than usual, and there is much speculation as to possible recovery as a result of the rain.

RAIN IS WELCOMED.

Chatham, June 14.—One of the longest droughts ever experienced in this section was brought to an end Saturday with a steady rain during the evening. Farmers declared today that the rain was invaluable. A continuation of drought for a few more days would have resulted in crop failures. Many farms in the district have been without rain since planting in the spring.

RECORD DROUGHT.

Sarnia, June 14.—The long-overdue rain, so badly needed by the farmers of this county, came in plentitude Saturday afternoon and night. The downfall in this district is worth many thousands of dollars. Elderly farmers declare it was the most prolonged drought in their memory. The early berry crop in the Blackwell district is a practical loss even with this week-end's rain. Many farmers have had to resow beets. Wheat will be wonderfully benefited by the heavy week-end showers.

Man, 70, Jailed For Aiding Son

Associated Press Despatch.

Detroit, June 13.—A sentence of one month in the county jail and a fine of $100 for John McFarlane, 70 years old, and deportation for his son, Matthew, 20, was the result of the aged father's attempt to smuggle the youth into the United States by way of the Canadian border.

Increase Your Interest Income By One-Half

Surplus cash—$500 or more—now earning low interest, can be made to yield

4½%

per annum, payable half-yearly.

Guaranteed Passbook Certificates

are issued at any time. Withdrawals may be made the first day of any month on ten days' notice.

THE CANADA TRUST COMPANY

LONDON BRANCHES:
Richmond St., Opposite Postoffice, Market Square.
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Wortley Rd. and Elmwood Ave.

T. G. Meredith, K.C. President. Hume Cronyn General Manager

A PERSON WHO SEES WELL

may have some slight defect in vision, which although unnoticeable, causes eye-strain.

Even if you see well you may need our services. Drop in and find out.

LONDON OPTICAL CO

A. M. DAMBRA, Optometrist.
DOMINION SAVINGS BLDG.
RICHMOND ST.

sw

Let us quote you prices on your
Eggs and Poultry
C. A. MANN & CO.
KING ST. - LONDON, ONT.

ENGINEROOM WORKER BURNED IN EXPLOSION

Richard Donaldson, Employee of a Local Firm, Hurt in Peculiar Accident.

Richard Donaldson, of London township, employee of the London & Petrolia Barrel works, was burned following a dust explosion in the engine-room of the company Saturday afternoon. He was removed to Victoria hospital and attend by Dr. P. J. Sweeney. His condition is not serious, Dr. Sweeney stated last night.

He will be able to leave the hospital in a few days.

A MATTER OF COMMON SENSE

It is simply a matter of common sense to know that the more thoroughly you have your eyes examined, the more certain you are of getting satisfactory glasses. F. Steele makes a thorough examination of the eyes before supplying glasses. If glasses are not necessary, he will tell you so.

You may go where you pay more, but you cannot get more satisfaction, service and attention than at F. Steele's, London's leading optometrist, opposite Loew's theatre.—Advt. b

NEW RADIO FOG SIGNAL DEVICE IS SUCCESSFUL

First System Installed at Entrance To Lake Huron.

Special to The Advertiser.

Sarnia, June 14.—The first radio fog signal system on the great lakes was successfully installed at the entrance to Lake Huron by the United States marine authorities Saturday. A lightship equipped with the new signal device was anchored at the mouth of the river, and early reports of the tests made indicate that the system is completely satisfactory.

The signal consists of a group of three dashes transmitted for six seconds, followed by a silent interval of the same length of time.

This signal will be sent on a 1,000 meter wave length, and is to be operated continuously during thick or foggy weather, and in clear weather daily at 9 a.m. for half an hour and from 3 p.m. to 3:30 p.m.

Although the signal in Lake Huron is the first one to be installed on the great lakes, others are to be operated at other advantageous points on the lakes within a short time.

Best Coal and Coke Obtainable

SOLD ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

for summer deliveries anywhere in the city. Plan ceases to be effective on Sept. 1, 1925. Get your coal now at cash prices on these orders. No installment plan coal orders taken on the telephone.

COME AND SEE ME.

LERNER'S COAL

492 HILL STREET. 521f

QUEEN MARIE AS A GRANDMOTHER

She is shown here with her little grandchild, the heir to the throne of Jugo-Slavia. "My ideal man is of the pioneer type, strong and silent," writes Queen Marie in treatise on this vital subject.

A Queen Writes About Life

PIONEER TYPE, SILENT, STRONG IS HER IDEAL

Queen Marie Admits She Has Never Met Him, But Recognizes Him At Once in the Movies and Best Sellers.

TELLS HER OPINION OF DIFFERENT KINDS

By HER MAJESTY, QUEEN MARIE OF RUMANIA.

CHAPTER 3.

My Ideal Man.

About men! Rather a vast subject and the question is from which side to tackle it—personally or in the abstract? I suppose the best will be, as it has to be done in so many words, to go ahead from my own point of view, talking of my own experience. But even then so many faces rise before me, beginning with my father's, that I hardly know how to begin.

My father was a sailor, and very good-looking into the bargain, with the most astonishing blue eyes I have ever seen—real sapphires set in a face bronzed by sun and wind. As he was constantly at sea, I saw little of him in my early childhood. He used to appear and disappear on our horizon something in the way of the Flying Dutchman. This gave him a special fascination, even imbued him with a certain mystery which was full of charm.

Later on, when his coming and going was less erratic, he lost some of his glamor, and he could be cross and selfish like any other man. He could, we then discovered, be even glum, impatient, unfair. So there are advantages in being like the Flying Dutchman—here, there, everywhere, and never too much of him at a time. Yes, I decidedly advise the "not too much" of any man. In general the "too much" is a mistake, and indigestions of any kind are to be avoided? The old fashioned wife cultivated her husband's selfishness like a precious and delicate plant, inducing her whole household to do the same, to the discomfort of everybody and certainly not to the improvement of the male creature to whom she was thus pandering.

I for one like a man to be a man. I would even like him to be a master, a creature to be looked up to, admired, even obeyed. Oh, yes. Why not, if he is worth obeying? There is a delicious thrill in obeying something big and strong and kind—the ideal hero of a good old-fashioned English novel, the strong, silent, honorable man, the pioneer.

I have read books and books about him, and always I knew that would be my man of men. He gives me the right thrill. I feel him, so to say, in my flesh and blood, in my spirit. When I read of him he is entirely fraternal to me. I want to be with him at his side, his follower, his companion, his co-worker, in fact his mate.

When I meet him in a film I recognize him, and again I feel that we ought to have met, that life ought to have brought us together. I want to ride through the great wastes with him. I want him to fell trees, swim rivers, climb lonely peaks, watch the setting sun. I want to share his tent, his fire, his food. I want to sit of an evening hand in hand with him and rest. I want to lean my head on his shoulder and hear his strong, faithful heart beat.

But I never met my man of the great wastes, my pioneer. I have never tried to be a man's rival, but I must also confess that I have never lived the delicious old-fashioned thrill of being mastered and overruled by a man—except by my old uncle, the king. But there was no thrill about that. It was like being terrorized by a schoolmaster, and was not agreeable in any sort of way. It simply put my back up and made me feel revolutionary through and through.

Doesn't Like Germans.

I never cared for the German man's attitude toward women. He never in any way admits that she can be an equal.

The kaiser himself is supposed to have said that women were meant for kitchen, nursery and church. There is little chivalry in that way of disposing of women. The German man always wanted to be pandered to, considered as a thing apart that women must be proud to serve.

When he was a splendid Siegfried riding through the forest on a snow-white steed with a magic sword in his hand, that attitude was bearable But not at all when the lord and master allowed his "tummy" to expand, smoked strong cigars and sat in an armchair with a pint stein of beer at his elbow. No, thank you, that is not at all my ideal of the strong, silent man—the pioneer.

My experiences with men? Oh, they have been manifold. Since an early age I seem to remember them rather overmuch at my beck and call (I put it rather mildly, you will observe). They were always over-ready to do things for me, but they were also over-ready when it came to asking, or taking.

It is a subject that would lead me far, too far. I cannot without being indiscreet enlarge upon it overmuch, but I for one would certainly consider life a dull business if there were no men.

Do I dike taming them? Yes, decidedly, yes. But I do not like them too tame. I like playing with fire, as does any real woman worth her mettle. But I always played fair, or tried to, and often made real laudable efforts to leave the matches alone.

I am no longer very young, but this does not make much difference, I have discovered. I still find more inflammable stuff around than I have use for. But there is a special luxury in feeling that I could, but do not want to. I love looking on and I feel a naughty comfort to see others making fools of themselves instead of me, having heartaches and all the rest of it, and God knows what dramas and complications while I, so to say, sit in a safe place with a knowing smile upon my lips and a twinkle in my eye.

My heart is not old, it never will be, and I love seeing others have a good time—yes, that sort of a good time which love gives, with its thrills and excitements, its doubts and fears. I still have the feeling that it was worth while.

Men, the dear things. Yes, I do like them: The eager boy with keen eyes full of confidence in you, a little shy, awkwardly empress, and who uses the awfully much too often—awfully jolly, awfully glad, auwful fun, awfully silly, awful rot. I can hear him now. I long to tell him to go ahead, that I adore that truthful look in his eyes. I remember a pair of velvety brown eyes, dark, dark brown, and it makes me feel all soft inside, even now.

Son Now Supplies Love.

Yes, I love youth—healthy, honorable, keen and ardent youth. In former days I loved to do things with him, loved to hear him beg me to come with him, to let him drive me, row me about, show me things tell me things, all sorts of things. I knew he was feeling a finer fellow because I was listening, appreciating, enjoying, sharing.

Something of the child has remained in me. I have not grown too old for anything. Yet I do not sit and sigh and burn my heart out because it is no longer my time to be ardently sought after by a boy. But I still like to see the light in his eye even when it is for another. I have had my fair share and it all goes for the secret treasure I hold in my heart of hearts.

Now my son Nicky comes to me with the same ardor: "Mama do come out! May I take you a turn in my new motor—my new boat—" It is "Mama this" and "Mama that," and I go with him with all my heart.

Another type of man I like is tall, quiet, lean man going a little gray at the temples. He is my contemporary. We understand each other. His eyes have seen such a lot—and so have mine. I feel like laying my hand in his, just for the strong safe feeling of companionship, the feeling of trust, of being chums.

What sort of man do I like best? Well, having lived in many lands I have met all sorts of men, and being Queen has widened my beat, so to say. I have been to some their ideal, to some their leader, inspirer, director; I have pointed them out their way, upheld and encouraged them, cried out a warning when I thought they were going astray.

Well . . Even if I have to disappoint you in answering what sort of man I like best, I must come back to the type mentioned before—the one who decidedly (being born as I was in a time slightly romantic!) is my ideal: The big, silent, helpful, honorable man who wants women to be . . how shall I put it . . nice. Yes, that word will do as well as any other . . nice.

I do prefer a man to be a creature I can look up to, turn to in trouble. I like to feel when it comes to a pinch that he is stronger, cleverer, wiser than I. This does not mean, though, that I have met him every day.

Man...Did I like to delude him? Mystify him? Make him jealous or unhappy? No, no, a thousand times no! I hated to make him unhappy—that was the worst of it, but there were always too many of them and they always imagined happiness could be found in my hands.

When I gave a little they wanted more. They were heartsick because I could not or would not give more, and then...My goodness.

Now I am a looker-on and it is restful beyond words. When they come now to see how much I have to give, I just laugh. I hold up both my hands to show that they are empty—all gone! But they don't believe it and neither do I... quite. But oh, it's such a rest being on the safe side.

NEXT ARTICLE: BEAUTY IN WOMEN.

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Graves of Soldier-Dead Are Decorated As London Remembers Heroic Deeds

Members of I. O. D. E., War Veterans and Others Take Part in Ceremony.

AT MOUNT PLEASANT

Flowers and Flags Are Placed Where Crosses Stand On Guard.

Under the clear blue of a June sky, and surrounded by verdant lawns and leafy foliage, which symbolizes so well the peace and quietness in defence of which so many Canadian boys laid down their lives in the great war, hundreds of citizens gathered in Mount Pleasant cemetery on Sunday afternoon to participate with the C.E.F. Returned chapter, of the I.O.D.E., and the Great War Veterans' association, in the decoration of the graves of Canadian soldiers who rest there.

Sharply at 4 o'clock, the pipe band of the Canadian Fusiliers appeared at the entrance of the cemetery, leading the parade of ex-service men who had come to do honor to their fallen comrades, and the chanting of the pipes playing the plaintive melody, "Oft in the stilly night, ere slumber's chain hath bound me, fond memory brings the light of other days around me," awoke memories in all who heard it. The procession wound its way to the soldiers' plot, where stand row upon row of neat granite headstones, each bearing the insignia of the maple leaf and the cross and a simple record of the name, rank and unit of the sleepers resting there. Over all towered a "cross of sacrifice," exquisitely chaste and simple in design, and around this cross the veterans, the members of the I.O.D.E., members of the Kiwanis clubs and hundreds of interested men and the women grouped themselves.

Pays Thrilling Tribute.

Hats were removed and heads bowed as Rev. (Major) Bruce Hunter, M.C., took his place at the foot of the cross and commenced the service. His address, couched in terms of understanding, learned through personal service in the firing line, and in the camps and billets of France and Flanders, formed a thrilling tribute to the fallen heroes of Canada. He took his hearers in imagination to the military cemeteries which thickly dot France and Belgium, making particular reference to the cemetery at Boulogne, where lies Col. John McCrea, author of the now universally admired poem, "In Flanders Field." Addressing him as typical of Canada's soldier dead, the speaker exclaimed: "We, your comrades, salute you and all who sleep with you. We have caught the torch which has fallen from your hands and will do our best to hold it high."

Major Hunter reviewed briefly the causes which resulted in Canada's participation in the war. Through Germany's action in invading Belgium, disregarding treaties, and threatening to wreck civilization, liberty, justice and peace, England was endangered, and in answer to her call Canadians rose to the dignity of fighting, not for self-preservation, but for right, and in order that peace, happiness and prosperity should not perish from the earth.

These things constituted the torch which our fighting men had determined not to see extinguished, and the love of right, and happiness and peace were the qualities which those who still remain should strive to inculcate and not allow them to be destroyed by any enemy.

In closing, the speaker urged upon his hearers the development of the three qualities which distinguished the Canadian soldier—a strong sense of duty, a right conception and use of discipline, and the spirit of devotion.

Flags Are Placed.

Following the address, "The Flowers of the Forest" was played by the pipe band under Pipe-Major Hamilton, followed by a roll of drums by the drum band of the Canadian Fusiliers. During this ceremony Canadian flags were placed on each of the graves in the plot, which, together with a number of handsome wreaths laid at the base of the cross of sacrifice, formed a visible tribute to fallen valor.

Then clear and sharp rose the notes of a bugle in the "Last Post," to be followed by the familiar "Long Reveille," both sounded by Sergeant Horner. The service then closed with the singing of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" by the whole assemblage.

The ceremony, impressive as it was and carried through with a simplicity and dignity entirely befitting such an occasion, was the best possible argument in favor of the setting aside of a Canadian Decoration Day, on which, each year, Canadains from coast to coast would have opportunity of honoring the memory of their soldier dead.

Arrangements for the ceremony reflected great credit on those responsible for them, and members of the Kiwanis club and others performed a real service by supplying about 25 cars to convey the bandsmen, veterans and ladies of the I. O. D. E. to and from the cemetery.

Live Wire Sets Tree Blazing

Special to The Advertiser.

Strathroy, June 14.—A most unusual fire occurred here last evening. During the storm a large maple tree on the corner of Caradoc and Metcalfe streets caught fire and burned briskly for a few minutes. Apparently the tree was so dry from the recent heat spell that the trunk took fire from the transmission wires passing near it. No damage was done, as the flames were put out by the heavy shower which followed.

REAFFIRM FAITH IN OLD DOCTRINE

Assembly at Toronto Supports Historic Confession and Catechism.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, June 14.—Practically all the Presbyterian pulpits in the city today were occupied by ministers from outside Toronto. The commissioners to the assembly held a communion service in New St. Andrew's church with Rev. Dr. Ephraim Scott, the moderator, presiding. It was a simple, but impressive service, Dr. Scott in its course making a few short remarks pointing out the importance of the ceremony in the life of the church. For generation after generation, he said, the followers of Christ had participated in the communion. "If all the gospel stories were lost this simple ordinance carries on the story," he said. Rev. Stewart Parker, pastor of New St. Andrew's, and Rev. Dr. D. G. McQueen of Edmonton, assisted Dr. Scott.

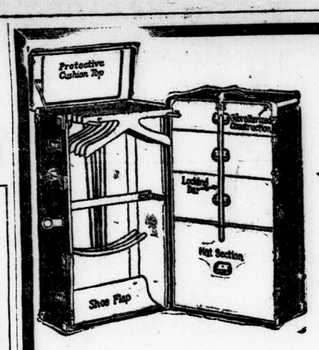
The assembly met Saturday morning and adjourned until tomorrow morning. Three days will be required to complete the work of the assembly which has still many important matters with which to deal. It had been expected that there would be a long discussion if not a hot controversy on the church doctrine, including the Westminster confession of faith, but Saturday passed without any discussion at all, the assembly reaffirmed its faith in the historic Westminster confession and the larger and shorter catechism.

They also discussed the advisability of a fortnightly church paper, but it is thought that the advice of Dr. Scott will prevail and that the way the Presbyterian Record, a church will carry on in an enlarged monthly publication of which Dr. Scott has been editor for more than thirty years. Many of the commissioners have gone home, but a large number have remained to carry on the assembly.

SUFFERS SLIGHT STROKE.

Special to The Advertiser.

Aylmer, June 14.—Rev. G. H. Johnson suffered a slight stroke of paralysis and is seriously ill



And---One Trunk Out of Every Three Was a Langmuir-Hartmann

AN OBSERVER recently went into the baggage-rooms of the railroad stations in two of our larger cities. Over a dozen trade-marked brands of trunks were found. Out of every three he saw, one was a Langmuir-Hartmann Trunk.

The reason is the Trunk itself—it's distinctive appearance—the complete apparel care it furnishes, and the way it lives up to its reputation for standing the wear and tear of travel.

We carry a complete stock of Langmuir-Hartmann Steamer and Wardrobe Trunks. Priced from ..... **$25 to $90**

Ashplant's

LEATHER & LUGGAGE DEPT (SECOND FLOOR)

Old Tree Saves Five Lives When Car Goes Over Cliff

Special to The Advertiser by a Staff Reported.

Port Stanley, June 14.—A tree growing in a gulley west of Invererie heights saved this afternoon the lives of five motorists and prevented the machine in which they were riding from plunging to destruction at the base of the declivity, a distance of nearly 100 feet.

The car, which is owned by J. G. Porte, of 646 Oxford street, London, was being driven by Mr. Porte's sister. They had stopped on the heights, intending to park there. Miss Porte was directed by F. Bosbury, the owner of the auto park, to put the machine at the west end of the enclosure, but Miss Porte, not being acquainted with the place, continued on past the trees which mark the brink of the precipice.

The squeal of brakes and crunching of twisted metal, mingled with the screams of the terrified passengers, was heard as the car went over the edge of the embankment.

Directly below the spot where the car launched into space there grows an old and gnarled maple tree, scarred and twisted by tempests, but still strong and firmly rooted in the soil of the incline. Beneath it is a drop of some 65 feet.

The hurtling machine struck the tree. The impact was so terrific that the entire front of the car was smashed in like so much tinfoil. The auto lodged there, suspended head downward. Its occupants, however, escaped to safety.

SEVENTH BODY FOUND IN PT. PELEE TRAGEDY

Remains of Sandusky Man Found Floating in Lake Near Rodney.

Special to The Advertiser.

Rodney, June 14.—The body of William F. Mayer of Sandusky, Ohio, marine engineer of the ill-fated sandsucker, Kelly Island, which capsized near Pelee Island on May 3, was found on Saturday floating in Lake Erie, a half-mile west of Port Glasgow.

John Wilson was working on his farm near the lake, when, attracted by his dog barking, he went to investigate and found the body in the water at the beach.

Gus Wehlann, county constable, was notified, also Dr. Dorland, coroner. The body was identified by a tag on a ring of keys and the name on a gold watch.

The body was taken to D. N. Walker's undertaking rooms.

Dr. Dorland turned the case over to Crown-Attorney A. McCrimmon of St. Thomas.

Communication has been made with the mayor of Sandusky, and the man's relatives located. They have advised that they will come for the remains.

Nine of a crew of 16 were drowned when the boat capsized. This is the seventh body to be recovered.

10,000 UKRAINIANS WILL BE BROUGHT TO WEST

Calgary, Alta., June 13.—Ten thousand Ukrainains will be settled next year in the country along the Canadian National Railway lines near Edmonton, according to N. M. Ostryzniuk, manager of the dominion colonization company of Edmonton, who was in Calgary yesterday.

The Administration of Your Estate Should Be Based on Impartiality

The

London & Western Trusts Company, Limited

LONDON, ONTARIO.

President, ARTHUR T. LITTLE

Manager, JOHN S. MOORE

THE sole purpose of a will is to give final earthly instructions for the disposal of worldly goods.

A will contains the nearest and sincerest wishes of a man's heart—it may carry a message of remembrance, a disposal of prized treasures, or it may be one that is the means of supplying the comforts and necessities of life to beloved relatives and friends after he has passed on. In any event the administration of his sacred wishes should be devoid of partiality. The contents of the will should be administered as the testator himself would do it—according to his views, unmindful of the desires of others.

Impartialness is a characteristic of the London & Western Trusts Company, a quality sometimes found wanting among private executors who can be influenced by those disloyal to the wishes of the deceased.

Next in importance to amassing an estate is the making of a will to insure its careful disposition.

* * *

A consultation will be welcomed.