

AREA OF PRESENT STRUGGLE ON FILM

"Hearts of the World" is a Timely Picture at This Juncture.

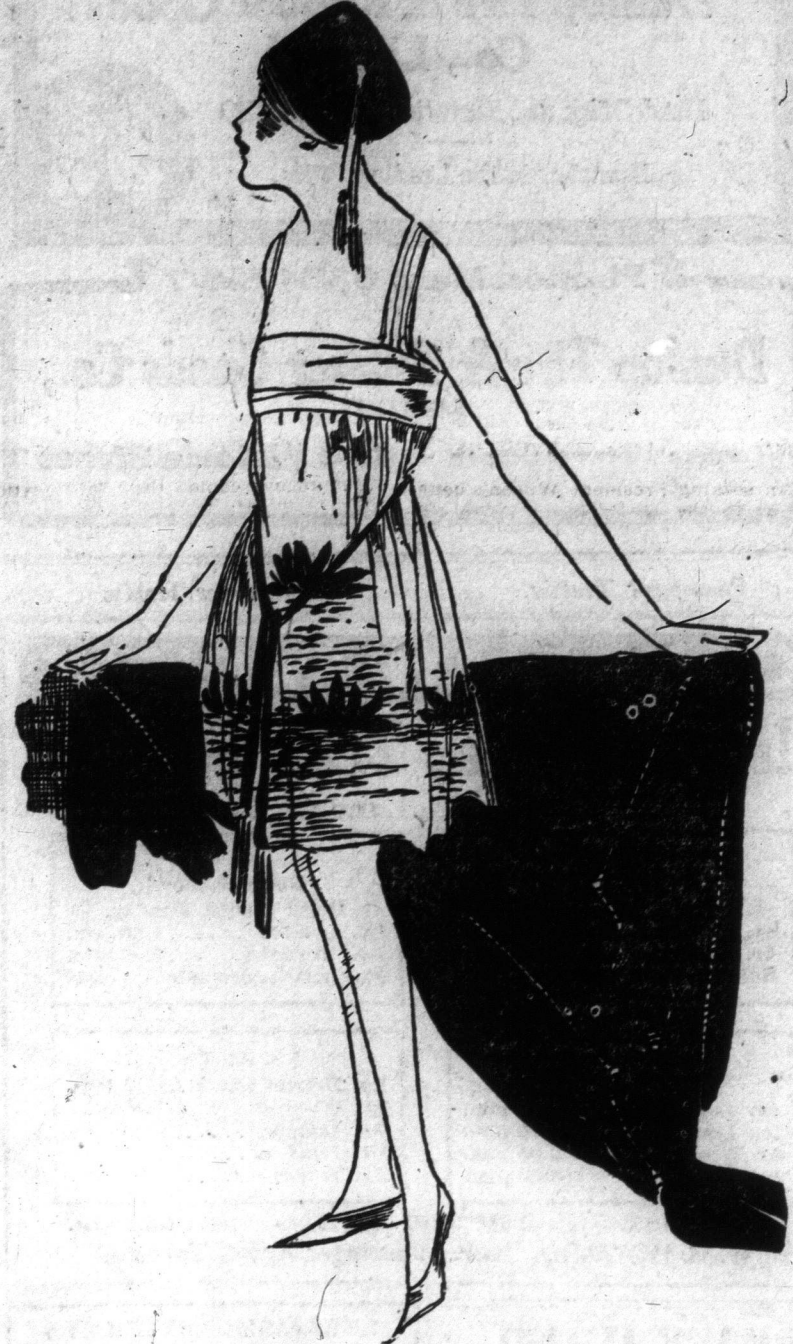
The triple advance, under the united French command, of the British and Canadian in the Rheims area and of the Franco-American forces from Soissons to Chatouille battlefield, most graphically shown and officially photographed under the auspices of the British and French Governments by D. W. Griffith—brings the "Hearts of the World" film, which is to be shown at the Allen Theatre, commencing next Saturday afternoon at 2.15, into unusual and timely prominence.

Not only the fact that both houses of parliament, as stated this week by Toronto papers, adjourned to view this picture at the Palace Theatre in London, but the spectacular advance of the allied troops makes the picture of such coincidence as has never before been witnessed by a people at war.

To have the battlefield, where Canadians are fighting the greatest battles of all history, brought to the screen and visualized in Toronto for those who have been forced by the exigencies of the situation to remain at home, to see, and for these soldiers who have been invalided home to view, offers a sensation in itself.

The continued reports of allied victories, of the stemming of the crown prince's smash at Paris and of the burning of vast stores of supplies by the enemy preparatory to an ignominious retreat—these are not alone causing proportionate raises in the London and New York stock markets—they are giving rise to fluctuations in the hearts of men and women who have stood the brunt of these four years of war with overwhelming and unconquerable courage.

"Hearts of the World" gives expression to this ebullition of the heart of the individual—it crystallizes the exultation of the mother, the sweetest of the man and the soldier; it reiterates the immortal expression of Lloyd George: "Hearts of the World will show mankind that civilization has not lived in vain."



NEW AND STARTLING.

"But don't go near the water," might well be applied to this stunning bathing suit of champagne-colored satin handpainted in green waterlilies with yellow centres. Blue, green and yellow are used in the little rippling waves. It is a very attractive rig and quite delectable; which necessitates a beach cape being worn for protection from the sun. The cap is of green rubber.

Polly and Her Pals



Copyright, 1918, by Newspaper Feature Service, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved. Registered in U. S. Patent Office

SOCIETY

CONDUCTED BY MRS. EDMUND PHILLIPS

The special committee in charge of the planning of the best method of exhibiting the important part played by women's work in the war at the Canadian National Exhibition met yesterday afternoon at the exhibition office, the following being present: Mrs. Gurnett, in the chair; Mrs. J. E. Elliott (of the C.N.E. women's committee), Mrs. Nasmith, Mrs. Huestis, Mrs. Panten, Dr. Margaret Patterson, Mrs. H. S. Stathy, Mrs. Van Koughnet, Mrs. Campbell McInroy, Miss Wiseman, Mrs. Grove, Mrs. Albert Brown, Miss Elizabeth Dixon, Mrs. Boulton, the president of the Infirmary Home, and her capable committee, are very busy perfecting their arrangements for the concert, in aid of this most deserving charity, which will take place in September at Massey Hall. The services of that most engaging

land of Mr. Hugh Winslow, naval volunteer, to Josephine, daughter of Mrs. Bawf, Winnipeg. Mr. Peale of the invalid soldiers' committee motored to Whitby yesterday, accompanied by Mrs. Peale. During their stay at the hospital they were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Hogg. Mrs. Jones is in town from Regina, staying with Mrs. Borkes, Madison avenue. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Snydman and Captain J. C. Snydman left on Saturday to motor to Swampscott, Maine. Mrs. George C. Heinzelman, Mrs. Goodwin Gibson and Miss Edna Shaw motored to Norway Point, Lake of Bays, this week.

Mrs. Claud Pearce and her two children, Eleanor and Paul, have left for their country home, Big Cedars, Lake Simcoe. A happy reunion took place at the house of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Stephens, Roxborough street, when Friday, Captain Guy Smith, R.A.F., D.S.C., Croix de Guerre, San Francisco; Captain F. Henderson and Captain Gordon Stephens, Toronto, who have been flying for two days, met again for a most interesting four days' visit. Captain Smith being on his way home to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnold and Miss Joan Arnold have taken a cottage at Oakville for the summer. Mr. W. B. Rathbun and Miss Rathbun are spending the summer at the Highland Inn, Algonquin Park. Mr. and Mrs. Cuthbertson, Madison avenue, motored to Buffalo for the weekend.

Mrs. Pilon and her family are in Cobourg. Mr. Ernest Cattachian is at Proulx Neck, Maine. Mr. George Tyrrell is at the Lake of Bays. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia. Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

PROMINENT PEOPLE GIVE MANY ROSES

These Will Be Sold at Allen Theatre at Opening of "Hearts of the World."

"Prominent people immediately responded to our call for roses," declared Mrs. Peale of the invalid soldiers' committee of the W.C.T.U., yesterday.

"One prominent family dedicated their entire conservatory to the use of the sale of roses which will be held at the Allen Theatre, commencing on Saturday, for the engagement of 'Hearts of the World'."

"With such a start, our supply of roses is assured, and I might add that our supply of beautiful women to take charge of the booths—supplemented by beautiful girls to assist them—is rapidly assuming proportion."

Mrs. Dawson added that she purposed visiting the Allen Theatre this afternoon to complete tentative arrangements for the concert, in aid of this most deserving charity, which will take place in September at Massey Hall.

Mrs. Pilon and her family are in Cobourg. Mr. Ernest Cattachian is at Proulx Neck, Maine. Mr. George Tyrrell is at the Lake of Bays. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia. Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Burns are in Digby, Nova Scotia.

Miss Catherine Howland is visiting in Bobcove.

Mrs. T. H. Coran left town on Saturday to spend a week in Oakville.

Mrs. G. C. Hanson and her two children, are staying at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Davidson, in Brockville.

John S. Dowling was in town from Brantford yesterday.

DOROTHY DIX'S TALKS

THE ATTRACTION OF OPPOSITES.

BY DOROTHY DIX
The World's Highest Paid Woman Writer.

Why do men, when they marry, almost invariably pick out for wives women who are as different as possible from their mothers and sisters? They do, you know, and that is the real reason why a man's wife and his female relations usually get along together about as harmoniously as a bunch of Kilkenny cats.

And the queer part of this is that a man's ideals of what a woman should be are invariably founded on the women in the shadow of whose petticoats he was brought up, and no matter how much he may be fascinated by any other woman, or how much he may love her, he will still subconsciously measure her by the yardstick that the women of his own family put into his hand in his childhood. Mother's pies and mother's precepts remain his standards as long as he lives, and all other pie and precepts are good or bad, according to their agreement with the ones on which he cut his teeth.

This being the case, it would seem that when a man went a-courting he would choose for a wife a girl who was as nearly a dead ringer for his sister as he could find, and that, in particular, he would select one who had been reared in the same orthodox as his sisters.

But a man would think that if a man was accustomed to the society of a mother and sisters who took serious views of life, who read improving books, and attended symphony concerts, and generally lived the higher life, that he would select his mate from the ranks of the college graduates who are entitled to string half the letters of the alphabet after their names, and who are fitted to tread the intellectual heights with their husbands, and keep them keyed up to their best.

But while the brainy type of woman will always be such a man's ideal, what his husbands, and consequently his sisters, are generally going to select for him is a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

If a man has been reared in the gospel of domesticity, and to believe that the chief end of woman is to be a good cook and housekeeper, and to practice thrift and economy, and that the men of her family shall be made comfortable and become rich, he will select a wife from among the maidens who are prize cake bakers, and who make their own dresses and trim their own hats, and who wear blueproof cotton stockings instead of gossamer silk ones.

But does he? He does not! To her he gives the ideal picture of the perfect woman he will be a lady with an apron on and a darning bag in her lap, but when he falls in love with a girl, he will select a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

But does he? He does not! To her he gives the ideal picture of the perfect woman he will be a lady with an apron on and a darning bag in her lap, but when he falls in love with a girl, he will select a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

But does he? He does not! To her he gives the ideal picture of the perfect woman he will be a lady with an apron on and a darning bag in her lap, but when he falls in love with a girl, he will select a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

But does he? He does not! To her he gives the ideal picture of the perfect woman he will be a lady with an apron on and a darning bag in her lap, but when he falls in love with a girl, he will select a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

But does he? He does not! To her he gives the ideal picture of the perfect woman he will be a lady with an apron on and a darning bag in her lap, but when he falls in love with a girl, he will select a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

But does he? He does not! To her he gives the ideal picture of the perfect woman he will be a lady with an apron on and a darning bag in her lap, but when he falls in love with a girl, he will select a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

But does he? He does not! To her he gives the ideal picture of the perfect woman he will be a lady with an apron on and a darning bag in her lap, but when he falls in love with a girl, he will select a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

But does he? He does not! To her he gives the ideal picture of the perfect woman he will be a lady with an apron on and a darning bag in her lap, but when he falls in love with a girl, he will select a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

But does he? He does not! To her he gives the ideal picture of the perfect woman he will be a lady with an apron on and a darning bag in her lap, but when he falls in love with a girl, he will select a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

But does he? He does not! To her he gives the ideal picture of the perfect woman he will be a lady with an apron on and a darning bag in her lap, but when he falls in love with a girl, he will select a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

But does he? He does not! To her he gives the ideal picture of the perfect woman he will be a lady with an apron on and a darning bag in her lap, but when he falls in love with a girl, he will select a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

But does he? He does not! To her he gives the ideal picture of the perfect woman he will be a lady with an apron on and a darning bag in her lap, but when he falls in love with a girl, he will select a girl who is a dimple in her chin, and large, calm, self-like without a gleam of intelligence in them, who doesn't know whether Suderman is somebody who wrote a book or a new brand of condensed milk, and whose conversation is a repertoire consists of "he said," and "she said," and "I said," and "I said."

big people married big people, and the little people married little people, the world would be divided between the giants and the pygmies. If the intellectual men only married intellectual women, and the thrifty men married thrifty women, and the men and women who are silly and flighty and spenders married each other, certain families would soon have a monopoly of all the brains and money, while the balance of humanity would land in the poor house or the home for congenital imbeciles.

It is nature whose care is for all the race and none for the individual that is at the bottom of the attraction of opposites, and then it meets matrimonial misery, for the pity about the attraction of opposites is that it only lasts until it has landed its victim, tied hard and fast, in the midst of an uncongenial marriage.

For the attraction of opposites does not last. It is a temporary fascination, a poignant curiosity that dies as soon as it is satisfied. It draws people together, and then it repels them with a force equal to its first attraction.

The only bond that binds us to another with a cord that can never be broken is sympathy. The people we love to be with, the people whose society we need, the people who never get on our nerves, are those with whom we are in perfect sympathy, who think as we think, who believe as we believe, who have the same ideals, the same enthusiasms, the same antipathies.

This is true of all human associations, and it is particularly true of marriage. It is possible for a man and a woman to have a great passion for each other, to love each other fiercely and madly, and yet at the same time for them to be so antipathetic in temper and character that they live wretchedly together.

Only those married couples are happy who are in perfect sympathy with each other, who are on the same mental plane, who are of the same social strata, and who have been brought up in the same manner. They alone can chuck together, they alone can chuck together, they alone can chuck together.

This is why a man seldom wants to marry the girl he has picked out for himself, because she is so like his sister. But he is pretty sure to find marriage a success if he does.

(Copyright, 1918.)

OFFICERS WELCOMED BY HOST OF FRIENDS

Capt. J. E. L. Streight, of Ialington, and Capt. L. S. Morrison, of Toronto, arrived home yesterday after having been nearly two years in German prison camps. Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Streight were the first to greet them when they got off the train at the Union Station.

He stated that he was well treated by the Saxons, but when handed over to the prison authorities he learned what Prussianism was. He said the Hun soldier was the best fed man in Germany, but would give anything for a tin of beef. "The Germans have substitutes for nearly everything, the soles of boots being made from paper, and in some cases they are made of steel."

Capt. Morrison was also reported missing along with Streight, but he had about the same experiences. Being released to Switzerland in December, 1917, he stated that there was much brutality in the camps. "The prisoners were allowed to take baths, but the only tubs available were the horse troughs," he said.

He said women of 70 appeared to be doing all the work on the streets, while the younger women were conscripted for work in the munition factories, and boys were made work on the railways.

"Soap is one of the greatest necessities in Germany, for when the clothes broke out the people were told it was from lack of soap and were warned to use sand in its place. There seemed to be dirt everywhere."

PROMISE A HEAVY YIELD.

Woodstock, July 23.—Fall apples promise a very heavy yield in North Oxford. However, the winter variety are not so well. Baldwin and Greenings will be an average crop, but Northern Spies are very good.

DIED SUDDENLY.

Woodstock, July 23.—Miss Florence Edwards, 27 years old, died suddenly here today. The doctors were unable to give the cause of death, and an inquest was opened tonight. A postmortem was made to allow a postmortem to be conducted.

LONG CHASE RESULTS IN UNUSUAL CHARGES

Man Who Became Constable to Arrest Wife and Her Companion is Held.

SETTLED TOO QUICKLY

Law Not Satisfied With Bargain Said to Have Been Made by Trio.

Held on the unusual charge of compounding a felony, John Johnson, a special constable of North Bay, was yesterday afternoon arrested by Detectives Guthrie and Levitt, while his wife, Cecelia Johnson, and Augustus Treanor, of the same town, are held as material witnesses, and on an additional charge of theft.

According to the police, the streets followed a chase across the province. The officers say that Johnson's wife and Treanor were charged by Johnson with running away and stealing \$500 from him. After a chase from town to town, Johnson found the couple in Windsor, and with the view of recovering his wife and the \$500, he went to the police magistrate in North Bay and had himself sworn in as a special constable in order to have the power to arrest the pair. With this end in view he was given the warrant which he had sworn out, and he set forth to bring them into custody.

After arriving in Windsor the man had no trouble in locating his wife and Treanor living in the Greek settlement in that town. He arrested them and brought them back to Toronto on the way to North Bay. While in Windsor, the police state, Treanor stole \$1,500 from a bank in that town, and when the trio arrived in Toronto's jail was made with Johnson that for \$500, and \$200 expense money, "he would be kept out of jail." He was given a receipt for \$800, Johnson keeping the balance of the \$1,500.

Later, Treanor is said to have repented of his bargain, and after consulting a solicitor here, went to the detective office. Here, after hearing the man's story, he was detained and the man's wife and Treanor were located and the other two and brought them in Johnson's wife and Treanor as material witnesses, while Johnson himself will face the charge of compounding a felony. A further charge against Johnson, he was detained and Johnson by the North Bay police.

SENTENCED FOR BIGAMY.

Cornwall, July 23.—Eva Pearl Martin, 30-year-old Millersburg girl, who was yesterday committed to trial by Police Magistrate Davis on a charge of bigamy, appeared before Judge O'Reilly this morning and pleaded guilty. She was sentenced to four months hard labor in jail.

INQUEST ADJOURNED.

The inquest into the death of Robert McCormack, who was killed by being crushed in an elevator at 22 Adelaide street a week ago, was adjourned to Friday by Dr. H. H. Butt, until August 27, on account of the illness of the coroner, Dr. W. H. Butt.

YOUNG FARMER DROWNED.

Orangeville, July 23.—Wm. Watts Robinson, 27 years old, of age, was drowned in Turnbull Lake, Monro Centre, last evening while bathing. Robinson had gone to a swimming hole with half a dozen companions. On arrival at the lake he plunged into the water and it is thought he got a mouthful of slim and choking on it, sank.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Notices of future events, not including the money, 50¢ per word, minimum 50¢. If held to raise money solely for Patriotic, Church or Charitable purposes, 25¢ per word, minimum 25¢. If held to raise money for any other than these purposes, 50¢ per word, minimum 50¢.

LAST FREE FISH DEMONSTRATION

Today at the Central Technical School, Harbour and Lippincott streets, at 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. Be sure to come and see how fish are prepared and cooked properly.

FOR THE WELFARE OF THE CHILDREN

The volunteers wanted to work in the north section of Ward 2 for the election of the City of Toronto. The Legislative Assembly of Ontario. A meeting of women workers will be held in the district committee room, boys' school headquarters, Bloor and Sherbourne streets, at 11 o'clock Thursday morning. Please attend the meeting if you are able to help. Mrs. A. E. Gooderham, Deserford, Rosedale, boundaries: North city limits; south, north side of Bloor street; east, Don River; west, east side of Yonge street.

By Sterrett

MILITARY HAVEN