

STRIKING SCENE AS BOTTOMLEY IS FOUND GUILTY

Intense Moments as the Jury
Files in and Verdict is
Announced

Rumor of Another Royal En-
gagement—Lloyd George
and the Russians—Thrill-
ing Spectacle as Captain
Cuttle Wins the Derby.

(From Our Own Correspondent)
London, June 18.—Horatio Bottomley
you will go to penal servitude for sev-
en years. So this week ended one of
the most notable criminal trials of mod-
ern times. Bottomley stood charged
with fraudulently converting to his own
use £100,000 subscribed by members of
the Victory Bond and other clubs, which
he had organized.
The summing up lasted two and a half
hours. At 2.30 the judge's chair was
empty. He was still in his room await-
ing the summons of his marshal. The
defendant was below in the cells. The
large, square, glass paneled dock was
the only part of the court not covered
with humanity.
Thirty minutes—thirty-five minutes—

forty minutes—the door to the left of
the empty judge's seat opened. The
jury, grave-faced and showing signs of
strain, filed into the box. As the judge,
a scarlet-robed figure, heralded by three
loud raps, entered, a deadly silence fell
upon the court.
The dock was no longer empty. From
the steep steps that have been for so
many a *vis delictorum* appeared the giant
form of the defendant. Wardens
went before and behind him. He ad-
vanced slowly to the front of the dock.
He had seen the tense, white faces of
the jurors—ten men and two women.
As though overcome with mortal angu-
ish, he bowed his massive head, with
its mane of dishevelled grey hair, upon
his hands, and thus remained.
"Members of the jury, are you agreed
upon your verdict?" The voice of the
clerk of the court cut into the silence.
The foreman, white and distraught,
nodded.
"How say you? Is the defendant
guilty, or not guilty?" To each count,
with but one exception, the questioner
received the same answer—guilty, guilty,
guilty.
Mr. Bottomley was now standing
erect. His tremendous frame braced as
he faced the judge.
"I think that was the defendant
guilty, or not guilty?" To each count,
with but one exception, the questioner
received the same answer—guilty, guilty,
guilty.
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In an almost inaudible voice Mr.
Bottomley was heard to request an in-
terview with his solicitor with a view to
giving notice of appeal.
The judge, in cool, precise accents,
said that that was a matter for the au-
thorities to decide whether it should take
place in that building or some other place.
A warden touched Mr. Bottomley on
the shoulder. He turned, threw back
his head, and moved unsteadily towards
the steps in the floor of the dock, by
which he had ascended.
The wardens kept very close, and Mr.
Bottomley staggered a little, and one of
the uniformed men slipped a hand un-
der his right elbow to steady him. So
slowly he disappeared from the stage on
which he had fought the last and most
frantic of his battles to escape the
clutches of justice.
The last scene in this intense drama,
one of the greatest trials in modern
times, was intensified by its brevity.
From the moment the jury filed in and
took their seats in the jury box to the
last glimpse of Mr. Bottomley's huge,
inflamed, defiant face descending through
the floor of the dock to the cells be-
neath the public gallery had
recorded but five minutes. Outside the
courthouse people who had been for
hours patiently awaiting the verdict, bore
witness to the immense public interest
taken in the trial.

Another Royal Engagement.
A big dinner party will be held at
Chesham House on the night of the
Oaks, at which Viscount Lascelles and
Princess Mary will be host and hostess
to a distinguished company, including
among the guests the king and queen.
It has been discreetly hinted today in
one of the morning newspapers that the
king may take this interesting op-
portunity to make an important an-
nouncement. Readers of this column will
not be surprised to hear it relates to
another royal engagement. It has for
some time been expected at the court
that formal announcement would soon
be made of the engagement of the Duke
of York to Lady Mary Cambridge, the
eldest daughter of the Marquis of Cam-
bridge. This charming young lady is
now twenty-four years old—her birth-
day is in July—and was one of the
prettiest of Princess Mary's galaxy of
bridesmaids. She is not only blessed
with good looks and figure but possesses
a lively intelligence. She has been close-
ly associated with the royal household
and the court and her family are in-
timately allied to the royal family. The
Duke of York is twenty-six, and there
seems to be no doubt about his at-
tachment, which will maintain the ex-
cellent present-day precedent of the
royal love romance.

How The Russians Behaved.
Those who have heard Lloyd George's
private comments on Genoa know how
bitterly he deplored the malign influ-
ence that wrecked his main hope. The
French attitude was not alone respon-
sible though it greatly assisted to em-
phasize the other considerable factor.
Had France been less obdurate, more
broadminded and less rigid, the Bolsh-
eviks might have been less pedantic in
their peculiar obsessions. The stiff of-
ficialism of Paris was an irritant to the
fanatical officialism of Moscow, and the
same factor was directly responsible for
the Russo-German pact which did so
much to kill the Genoa proceedings at
their inception.
But apart from all this, Lloyd George
was even less favorably impressed by
the Russians than he had expected.
Their attitude was most unhelpful, and
showed no trace of that accommodating
unconventionality which might have
been looked for. While the Bolsh-
evik theories are novel enough and their
political views are wildly exorbitant, their
methods are quite as hopelessly con-
ventional in the old tradition of Russian
diplomacy as anyone could imagine. It
will be noted that in his speech last night
to the House of Commons the prime min-
ister rather plainly hinted that, despite
his hopes and endeavors, a policy of
severe aloofness towards Russia under
its present regime might become the
only practical solution. All depends on
whether at The Hague any less impos-
sible spirit is made manifest on the part
of Moscow.
Tail of a Skirt.
The women's fashion articles are
either too technical or too thrilling for

THE ENGLISH DERBY



The finish of the famous race showing "Captain Cuttle," Donoghue, up, owned
by Lord Woollington, winning.

never seen such a huge concourse of
people before assembled within such
relatively narrow confines. A week ago
I walked over the dry, springy downs
without meeting a solitary living soul.
Today the gorgeous folds of the Royal
Standard floating in the heat wave above
the famous grand stand, whence the king
and queen watched the great race with
a party that included Princess Mary
and Viscount Lascelles, must have been
saluted by the eager eyes of at least
800,000 subjects, without counting for-
eigners and negro minstrels and gypsies.
Not even the most frenzied shout that ac-
claims the winning goal at the biggest
cup-tie final could have been heard as a
faint wisp about twenty minutes after
three o'clock when that dramatic thunder
of a thrilling roar that made the downs
quake, sounded the old racing alarm:
"They're off!"

The Grand Thrill.
I think that was the grand thrill of
the Derby. But what a scene it was!
All the crowded stands were tiers upon
tiers of straining, excited faces splashed
with brilliant colors of ladies' costumes
and parrots, fluttering curiously with
white wings, the latter effect being due
to the fact that everyone was fanning
himself or his fair companion with a race
programme, for the best was sub-
tropical.
But the real fun of the fair, the
characteristic Derby Day, was to be
found amongst the perisping plebs
packed like the proverbial sardines over
the rolling heath. Amidst a jumbled
madman's dream of bookmakers' stands,
refreshment tents, brawling wagons
and parrots, fluttering curiously with
white wings, the latter effect being due
to the fact that everyone was fanning
himself or his fair companion with a race
programme, for the best was sub-
tropical.

And incidentally they were dis-
missed. What is officially described
as a "ten to one winner," could not be
backed outside the ring of the course
at more than six to one. I lunched on
hard boiled eggs and draught cider in a
tent run by a genuine Somerset man,
who must have weighed twenty stone,
and who assured me that it was "West
country cider." He assured other patrons
heartily that it would "Doo you some
good" and invited them to "taste before
you buy." Lunch was diversified by a
wild cantata on the tambourine by a
gipsy boy with eyes like sloes and a
complexion like an Arab. His attractive
older sister offered to tell my fortune or
whisper the name of the winner, which
ever pleased my lord. Amongst the
novel impediments of Epsom Downs to-

It does not speak very well for British
enterprise that "If Winter Comes," the
most discussed British novel of 1921, is
being run by an American producer, Mr.
William Fox will arrive in London on
next Tuesday, and almost the whole of
the film is to be "produced" in this
country, with an American producer,
and very largely with an American
company. I understand that the present
plan is that the work will be begun
about June 20, after Mr. Fox has con-
ferred with Mr. Hutchinson, and has
been over all the ground where the ac-
tion takes place. This makes the second
invasion of England by an American
film company this month, and the British
companies are watching these enter-
prising Yankees with little discom-
fort. But British artists are correspond-
ingly rejoicing. The more Americans
come over here to produce, the more
there will be for the small-part ac-
tors and actresses, who at the present
time, owing to the desperate state of the
British industry, are suffering actual pri-
vation.
Golfers at Prestwick.
It is interesting to notice that the two
South of England golfers who most dis-
tinguished themselves in the amateur
championship—Holderness and Roger
Wethered—came respectively from the
two London clubs which are recognized
as being the most difficult and the most
testing anywhere within thirty miles of
Charing Cross. The stiff officialism of
the golfing home of Holderness, is more
like a seaside course than an inland
course. It is laid out on the moorland
and is constructed on the massive lines
we associate with some of the champion-
ship links. London golfers speak of it
as being an ideal test for the plus four
man, just as Sunningdale is regarded as
the ideal test for the mere scratch man.
Holderness plays nearly all his golf there,
coming up to the club-house in a jaunty
old Ford car and generally setting out
for his round on the link unaccom-
panied by the usual caddy.
Worplesdon, where Wethered is on his
home links, is more of a woodland
course and nestles amongst some of the
most beautiful scenery in Surrey. Its
holes are extraordinarily well planned,
and a loose shot is punished there every-
bit as severely as a loose shot gets into
the "Tiger country" at Walton Heath.
The moral is that good links make good
golfers.
The Derby—Comedy and Thrills.
A seasoned old punter, viewing his
thirty-third Derby through field glasses
of a less powerful calibre than his check
suit, assured me it was the biggest
crowd in his time. Personally I have

Try it on something
real dirty

Snowflake
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I noticed a motor fried fish shop and
another motor lemonade stall. The sel-
lers of cool liquor were certainly amongst
those who "backed a winner." On all
sides the slogan sounded "now then 'ave
a cooler before the big race!"
One bookie advertised himself by
means of a full sized observation balloon,
regulation army pattern, fastened to his
stand. On it appeared its name and an
exhortation to "deal with the man you
all know." A splendid gallery of sport-
ing names these bookies blazon from
their stands—Jack Derbyshire, Joe Child,
Wal Miller, "Kinky" Tom Shelton, Alf
Stirchill, Jim Oldfield, generally with
their town of origin, Liverpool, Man-
chester, Birmingham, Leeds and what not.
Each man makes a parade of his name
on a big brass plate round his neck as
an assurance that he does not mean to
swish his patrons, but some of them were
rather disconcerting sweaters and run-
ning shoes. Lady clerks were a feature
of this year's Derby. They are bounc-
ing, fashionable ladies and give con-
fidence to the punter. All sorts of folk
are amongst their clients. There are the
old hands, who know the game and the
novices who are shy and more than a
little distrustful.
They're Off.
About three o'clock the real protagon-
ists of this record Derby Day appeared.
In a long handsome string the Derby
runners proudly paraded up the course,
carefully handled by their jockeys in
their brilliant and rich colors, before the
stare and company. Murmurs of genuine
admiration—and perhaps prayers of in-
finite hope—followed their progress.
Turning at the end of the stands the
jockeys gave their mounts a canter back
to the starting post just as a breather.
The crowd picks out each animal by its
racing colors, and praises the matchless
beauty of each silken movement.
Never shall I forget the thundering roar.

Everybody on the stands is tiptoe with
glances glued to eyes. Those waiting on
the course to see the finish can follow
the progress of the racers round the
track though inevitable totem, by the
uniform angle of the race glasses on the
grand stand. Then a special rumble
of the sporting crowds majestic thunder
tells us they have rounded Tattenham
Corner, and come to the now-or-never
straight stretch home to the winning
post.
They come, ventre a terre, hell for
leather, like burnished shafts of slow
lightning darting down the course. The
white and black hoop, red cap and gold
tassel, tells the multitude that Donoghue
leads on Captain Cuttle, but as they flash
past the king, the white-nosed horse
seems to be all out, though his jockey,
lying out on his neck like a sailor on a
spar in a storm, urges him madly
seemingly to life him along by sheer will.
And the light blue, pink and gold of
Tamar closes rapidly on the leader.
It is just one instant of palpitating
excitement, a mad glow of purple con-
test in excelsis, and then as Tamar's
gallant spur just falls, amidst the
mighty uproar nearly half a million
throats, Captain Cuttle wins the 1922
Derby. Another racehorse climbs into
the celestial companionship of historic
winners.

PORTUGUESE FLYERS
COMPLETE JOURNEY
(Canadian Press Despatch)
Rio Janeiro, June 18.—Captains Saca-
dura and Coutinho, the Portuguese
trans-Atlantic aviators, completed the
last leg of their off-interrupted flight
from Portugal to Rio Janeiro yesterday.
They arrived here at 1.40 o'clock this
afternoon from Victoria, 200 miles dis-
tant, having left that city at 9.25 o'clock
this morning.

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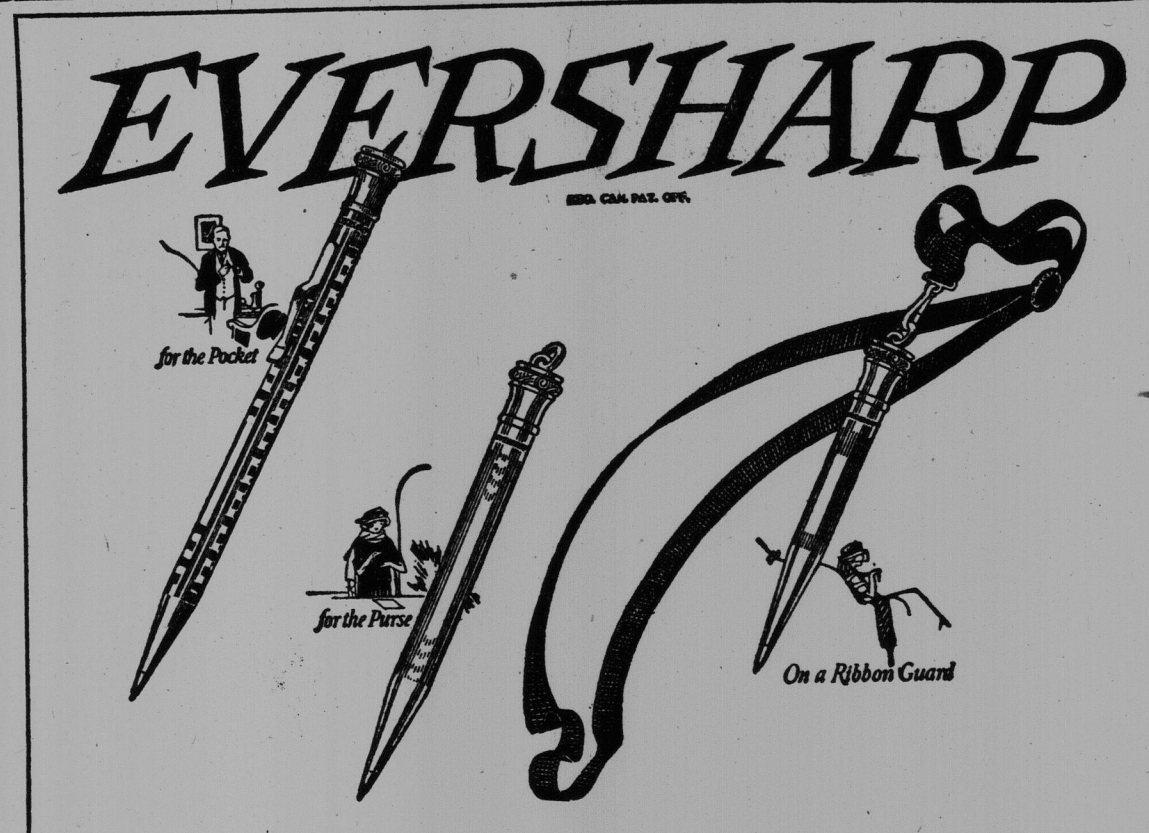
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