

GRAND Theatre, London

Mon.-Tues. Nights, 8.30
OCT. 29-30

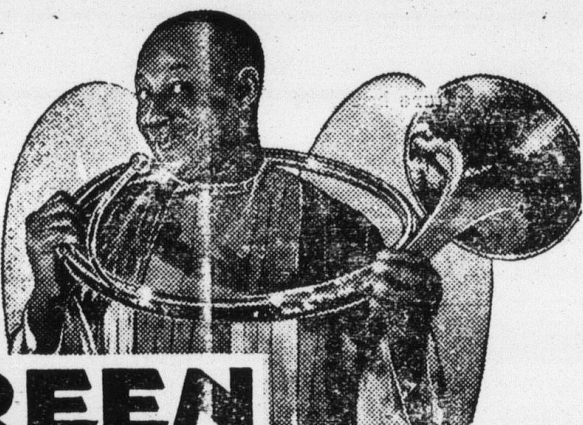
BARGAIN MATINEE TUESDAY AT 2.30 A.M.

Richard B. Harrison in

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PLAY!

The GREEN PASTURES

BY MARC CONNELLY



NIGHTS---\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00

Bargain Matinee---\$1.00, \$1.50

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Open Evenings

TO SAY THIS

By Eleanor Trent Wallace

"Mrs Ways Than One to Kill a Dog"

"She's an old liar, I did pay her" and Ronnie Smith coolly lighted his cigarette and picked up his hat, glaring insolently at poor old Hagar Boone, his landlady.

The latter stood, crippled and bent with rheumatism, her gnarled fingers twitching in angry protest. On the settee opposite, Mrs. Smith, his mother, high brown and rather pretty in a shallow frumpish way opened her lips to speak but Mrs. Boone started first. Her gullah dialect was usually somewhat difficult to understand but now under the strain of anger and excitement, it was almost hopelessly so. However she managed to make her point clear, that the reason she had written to Ronnie's mother was because she needed her money and secondly because she felt it her duty to tell his parents that the money they were sending their boy to go to school on was being thrown away on liquor and dissipation. Why, the very day he got the check he came back so drunk that he could hardly get upstairs and the next morning when she asked him for her money he had put her off and continued to put her off day after day until she wrote to his parents. She had expected sympathetic unresisting, instead his mother was almost indignant that any one should dare to talk about her son.

"I am quite sure, Mrs. Boone, that you must have forgotten or something, for if Ronnie said that he paid you, he did I am sure."

Mrs. Boone was muttering half to herself, "A liar am I? and a kid like that to call me a liar—that is bad—bad."

"Well," Mrs. Smith half apologized, "I am sure that Ronnie did not mean to speak rudely to you but I have a very high sense of honor—only of course I never allowed him to be provoked."

She rose to go and drew on her gloves.

"Well, Mrs. Boone, you try to think over it again and see if you didn't make a mistake. In any case I know that I can leave it to my boy to take care of his debts."

Old Mrs. Boone hardly listened. She kept mumbling to herself as she watched them leaving—"a liar he called me—me an old woman!"

Along towards night it began to rain—harder and harder until soon it was turning streets and roads into small rivers it seemed. But where Ronnie and his friends were spending the evening, no one was interested in what was going on outside. Inside, there was gaiety and light, plenty of light—and plenty else that was wet—but the wet was not rain. Some one of the party did come towards normal thinking not more than an hour after it was too late for Ronnie's companion and chum to catch the last train. But that was all right—Ronnie took him to his room to spend the rest of the night. There was no taxi in sight when they left the street car, about eight blocks from Mrs. Boone's, so they had to walk, though his pal had to be sup-

WILL RUN BUS LINE IN HAITI

Economic Venture of the Race to be of Considerable Scope

NEW YORK. — (By Cleveland G. Allen for ANP) — The Utilities D. Haiti Company recently formed to conduct a transportation system by operating a bus company in Haiti has opened offices at 2143 Seventh Avenue. The step is said to mark the first entrance of American Negroes in the business field.

The company which has been organized with a reported capital of \$150,000 has obtained a franchise to operate a bus line in the city of Port-Au-Prince, the seat of the capital of the country and other important towns and cities of Haiti.

The company was formed after a survey was made by a representative of the Utilities D. Haiti Corporation who while visiting Haiti made a study of the roads with M. Henri C. Rosmond, a native of Haiti and personal representative in New York of President Stenio Vincent. A thorough study was made of the transportation facilities in Haiti and the need of the formation of a company that would bring about improvements in this direction.

ported in that effort. Twice he fell in the watery streets and each time Ronnie got further soaked trying to get him up. It was late fall and chilling to the bone but he cheered him on with promises of his warm room and the big snowy bed that poor crippled old Mrs. Boone provided him by some miracle really. Even thoughtless Ronnie had stopped long enough to marvel at her ability to do such expert and immaculate housekeeping with her crippled condition—she could do things—amazing things without help. She was a very determined old woman.

Now as he stood shivering in the hall fumbling for his key with one hand while he still held on to his chum's arm with the other, he sincerely hoped that she was fast asleep and would not hear his late entry. As he guided his drunken friend to the foot of the three flights of stairs however, he could hear her grumbling sleepily to her old cat.

"Git out of here Tabby and stop pretending you ain't had your supper—I hates a pizen liar worse than anything on earth."

When the two intoxicated young gentlemen reached the long sought place of rest Ronnie rubbed his eyes and looked about him. Then he rubbed them all over again. The room was clean, clean of everything except the head and tail boards of the bed—everything else was gone, side pieces, springs and bedding—there was absolutely nothing else in the room. His friend tipsy, and chilled looked around him.

"You're an awful liar, Ronnie," he said.