

INKSTER DENIES SPLIT AMONG ANTI-UNIONISTS

Child Dies, Truck Driver Charged With Manslaughter

ANTIS WILL INSIST ON AMENDED UNION BILL

Rev. John G. Inkster Denies There Is Any Split in the Association's Ranks.

PRINCIPLE AT STAKE

Question of Divided Church Identity Must Be Settled.

Special to The Advertiser.

Toronto, May 17.—Can the identity of a church be divided?

That is the point on which the anti-unionist Presbyterians are perplexed. It is the point on which they differ. It is the point on which they await a definition of the amendments to the church union bill.

Denial of a split in the Presbyterian church association was made today by Rev. G. Inkster, minister of Knox Church, who wrote to Principal D. J. Fraser, anti-unionist leader, several days ago suggesting that the counsel on both sides confer with the aim of arriving at a compromise.

Mr. Inkster made this statement: "I can assure you that there is no semblance of a split in the ranks of the Presbyterian church association as far as the bill now before the private bills committee at Ottawa is concerned. We all believe the bill in its present form is a constructive measure. We also all believe that any amendment to this bill must conserve the name, lineage and property of the Presbyterian Church."

Question At Issue.

"The only difference in this regard which exists so far as I know is a difference of interpretation of the meaning of the suggested amendments, the exact terms of which we do not yet know, and this fact, as you will see, reduces the difference to a minimum."

"The question at issue is: Would these amendments, which allow the congregations of that part of the Presbyterian church opposed to this union to remain out and retain their property according to civil law; also allow them to remain in statu quo according to ecclesiastical law? I believe these suggested amendments would allow that—some do not think they would."

"That is an aspect of the question, however, which only expert legal minds can decide, and we are all agreed to leave this aspect of the matter with the lawyers at this stage."

Title Is Unimportant.

Mr. Inkster's idea is that if the part of the church that stays out of union is to be recognized by civil law as the remaining root of Presbyterianism, there should not be any logical reason why it should not be also recognized in an ecclesiastical sense, and the thing is a matter of small moment whether it be called the "Presbyterian Church in Canada," as the title now is, or the "Presbyterian Church of Canada," as the title suggested by the amendments put it.

The Weather

FORECASTS.

Today—Fresh to strong south-east and west winds; mostly fair and moderately warm, with a few scattered showers.

Sunday—Mostly fair, with some showers; much the same temperatures.

A fairly deep depression is passing eastward over the Upper Lakes and Northern Ontario.

Showers are occurring in Northern Ontario and in Nova Scotia. Elsewhere the weather is fair.

It has become considerably cooler in the Western Provinces.

Stations—	High	Low	Weather
Victoria	62	46	Clear
Calgary	62	41	Cloudy
Winnipeg	66	38	Clear
Port Arthur	70	42	Fair
Perry Sound	65	48	Cloudy
Toronto	66	47	Fair
Kingston	58	14	Cloudy
Ottawa	66	46	Fair
Montreal	66	50	Cloudy
Quebec	62	46	Cloudy
Father Point	52	38	Cloudy
St. John	56	42	Clear
Halifax	59	44	Cloudy

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.

The highest and lowest temperatures recorded in London during the 24 hours previous to 8 o'clock last night were: Highest, 66; lowest, 35.

The official temperatures for the 12 hours previous to 8 a.m. today were: Highest, 62; lowest, 49.

Barometric Readings.

Friday—8 p.m., 29.85.

Today—8 a.m., 29.88.



LITTLE MISS HELEN WILKIE.

whose solo dancing will be a feature of the big exhibition of physical work to be given in the Arena on Monday evening, May 26, under the direction of Miss Edith Wynne-Price, Y. W. C. A. physical director. A new floor has been laid in the Arena and the Y. W. C. A. exhibition will be the opening event of the summer season.

BRITISH M.P.'S DRINKING HABITS ARE CONDEMNED

'Volcano' Brown Is Liberated

Canadian Press Despatch.

Grand Forkes, B. C., May 17.—"Volcano" R. A. Brown, who shot and killed William Brown last Friday evening, when the latter was on a drunken rampage, and who gave himself up to the police, and has since been in custody, was dismissed yesterday morning without any charge being placed against him. This was done on the authority of the attorney-general, after a review of the evidence presented at the inquest.

PEDESTRIAN DECRIES EARLY A. M. SWEEPING

Miniature Hurricanes Spoil Perfectly Good Shoe Shines, Citizen Avers.

A prominent citizen who, as he says, for the good of his health, walks to his office every morning, asks why the enthusiastic wielders of office brooms steadfastly refuse to sprinkle water on the sidewalk before starting the miniature hurricane. "Every morning I leave home with a decent polish on my shoes, and every morning when I get to the office they are covered with dust that has been swept on them by these energetic brooms. It is no bother to sprinkle a little water on the sidewalk first. These chaps sweep a great cloud of dust that on windy mornings covers quite a distance. It should be stopped in some way or it entirely spoils all the fun of walking to the office."

DOHENY DEFEATS PLANS TO COMPEL TESTIMONY

Associated Press Despatch.

Washington, May 17.—Special government counsel in the oil cases lost their fight yesterday in the District of Columbia supreme court to compel Edward L. Doheny, Jun., of Los Angeles, to testify before the grand jury investigating charges of fraud and corruption in connection with the naval oil leases.

BURLINGTON THIEVES TAKE RICH HAUL IN CLOTHES

Inspector Nickle of the detective department has been notified by Chief Smith of the Burlington police of a robbery there during the night in which the thieves got away with several thousand dollars worth of ladies' wear. The men disappeared in a seven passenger car. Among the articles stolen were 20 silk dresses, 150 pair of silk stockings, 30 ladies' sweaters, three bolts of silk, three bolts of print goods and a quantity of sheeting.

ELECTIONS IMMINENT IN 3 RIDINGS IN BRITAIN

Hot Fights Are Promised in All Constituencies Now Vacant.

LABOR IS ACTIVE

Kelvingrove Candidate Declares Change in Present Methods Essential.

Associated Press Despatch.

London, May 17.—Three by-elections are imminent in the United Kingdom.

In the Kelvingrove division of Glasgow, where a by-election has become necessary, owing to the death of William Hutchison, the Conservative member, the seat is being contested by Capt. W. E. Elliott, Conservative; Sir J. W. Pratt, Liberal; and Aitken Ferguson, Labor. There is a straight fight in the West-Teston division of Liverpool, where the seat became vacant by the retirement of Sir R. P. Houston, well-known shipowner, Conservative. The candidates are: Thomas White, Conservative, and Joseph Gibbins, Labor.

The third by-election will be in Oxford, where Frank Gray, the Liberal member, was unseated a few days ago by reason of irregularities on the part of his election agent, Mrs. Frank Gray is talked of as the probable Liberal candidate for the seat in succession to her husband. The local Labor party has selected Kenneth Lindsay, a prominent Glasgow unionist, as the Labor candidate for Oxford.

Little excitement has developed yet in either Kelvingrove or West-Teston, but the contest is hotly contested, and their supporters are working hard.

Capt. Elliott is seeking to convince the voters of Kelvingrove that Conservatism is the only safeguard against that brand of Socialism with which the Clydeside members of the House of Commons are connected, although he readily admits that the industrial conditions now ruling in Great Britain demand a new organization of the whole structure of society.

Aitken Ferguson, the Labor candidate in Kelvingrove, has had to answer questions on the subject of Communism and revolution. Quite frankly he states that the ultimate aim of the Labor movement is revolution. He explains that by revolution he means a social change built up on production for use and not for profit. When asked what would come after this had been effected, Ferguson declares that he is not engaged in trying to evolve new policies at present, but will do that when his party has overcome the difficulties that now face it.

PRINTING INSTRUCTOR WILL BE APPOINTED

Naming of Teacher For New "Tech" Class To Be Discussed Monday.

At a special meeting on Monday night of the advisory vocational committee in the Technical School the appointment of an instructor for the new printing class will be considered. After the appointment is confirmed, the equipment, which will be ordered on the recommendation of the instructor, will be bought and installed.

The class will take care of twenty-four students at a time and will be fitted up with the usual machinery of a small job printing plant.

TAXI DRIVER ROBBED BY HIS CUSTOMERS

Joseph Ellement Is Relieved of Roll by Men Who Hired Vehicle.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Bridgeburg, Ont., May 17.—Joseph Ellement, a Bridgeburg taxi driver, was robbed of \$100 by two men, his fares, on the Garrison road between Port Erie and Ridgeway yesterday.

Ellement was engaged by the two men to take them to Ridgeway. When opposite a bush he was ordered at the point of a revolver to stop. He was taken into the wood, where his feet and hands were tied. The robbers then drove off in his car. Ellement got his feet free in a few minutes, and made his way to the road. A passing woman motorist cut the cords on his wrists and took him to Port Erie. Ellement's car was found abandoned at Niagara Falls, Ont.



ROY PERRY.

17 years old, and the proud winner of the boy's gold medal, the first prize at the fair. His wonderfully complete dairy barn brought him this honor.

DETROIT BANDITS GET \$30,000 HAUL

London Police Asked To Keep Close Watch For Closed Car and Two Men.

Chief Birrell of the London police department received a telegram shortly after 11 o'clock today from Detroit, stating that the Bank of Detroit, West End and 4th street, was held up at 8:50 this morning by two men, who escaped in a closed car with \$30,000.

The first man is described as being 25 years of age, 6 feet tall and weighing 220 pounds. He wore a gray suit and had a two-days growth of beard. He wore a dirty white shirt and carried a blue steel revolver.

The second man was about 23 years of age, 5 feet 4 inches in height, and weighed about 125 pounds. He wore a dark brown suit and cap and carried a blue steel revolver.

Local police officers' beats have been notified of the robbery and are keeping a careful watch on all motor cars from the west.

TWO PERSONS ARE HURT WHEN C. N. R. TRAINS CRASH

Canadian Press Despatch.

Port Arthur, May 17.—Two persons are reported seriously hurt and one reported dying, following a head-on collision between a passenger and a freight train on the Canadian National main line, near Hematite, 130 miles west of Port Arthur. The accident occurred at the midnight hour, and all traffic east and west has been held up since.

London Minister Is Ready To 'Divvy Up' With Official

Wants Assessment Commissioner To Locate The "Perquisites" First, However.

GO TO THEIR WIVES

Classes Action With Robbing Child of His Proverbial Candy.

At the court of revision recently the city assessment commissioner stated that next year he was going to ask all ministers in London to declare their "perquisites" in their income returns. He thought that it would add considerably to the income of the city.

Some of the ministers, however, believe otherwise. One of them said today: "He wants perquisites, does he. Well, I hope he gets them. As far as I am concerned I never received any worth mentioning. All I got in that way wouldn't buy the commissioner a pipeful of tobacco once a month. But if he can devise some way in which I can get them, I might, perhaps, be willing to 'divvy up' with the department, and pay my share to the city. From what I know of my confreres, the ministers' wives get all the perquisites. I know a number of men who settle them on their wives as pin money."

"It makes the wives think they are getting something more than they expected. It relieves the minister's pocket. It's an excellent arrangement, as I see it, and should not be disturbed. It is one of the essentials in the happiness of the man and the parsonage, and the rectory. To take the perquisites from the ministers' wives is unworthy of such a gallant gentleman, as I am sure the assessment commissioner is, and is on a par with taking candy from the proverbial kid. I hope he will change his mind."

DRIVE WILL BE OPENED IN SUPPORT OF LEAGUE

Coast-to-Coast Campaign Is Intended To Assist World Organization.

MEETING IN LONDON

Prominent British Speaker Will Take Leading Part in Campaign.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Ottawa, May 17.—To undertake a coast-to-coast campaign in support of the League of Nations was the decision reached by the executive committee of the League of Nations Society, which met here yesterday under the presidency of the Rt. Hon. Sir Robert Borden.

The offer of the British League of Nations Union to release Frederick Whelan, its foremost speaker, for a six weeks' tour in Canada was accepted by cable. Mr. Whelan will arrive in Canada at the end of May and will commence a series of meetings across the continent, to include, if possible, Windsor, Hamilton, London and other centers.

ROMANIA AND RUSSIA AGREE TO COMMISSION

Special Body Will Control the Movements of All Refugees.

Associated Press Despatch.

Bucharest, May 17.—Rumania and Russia have agreed to the appointment of a mixed commission for control of the movements of refugees across the Dniester frontier and repatriation of Russians in Bessarabia desiring to return, it is announced. The commission's powers are such that it can assert authority along the whole length of the frontier, thereby diminishing the possibility of the disturbances and raids which have been rife there, as well as the sniping across the Dniester.



MAUDE KING.

13-year-old girl who won the gold medal at the Hobby Fair for the best exhibit for girls with her splendid two-story doll's house.

PIONEER PASTOR DIES IN TORONTO

Rev. Eli Middleton Retained His Membership in London Church.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, May 17.—Rev. Eli Middleton, superannuated minister of the London Methodist Conference, died here today after a long illness, in his 80th year. While in active work he served in Steadley, Dutton, Walkeburg, St. John's, and in the King Street Church, London, for two terms. Although a resident of Toronto for twenty years, during which time he founded six Methodist churches in the suburban area of the city, he steadily refused to transfer his conference relationship, and held his church membership in Colborne Street Church, London. He leaves a widow and one son, Mr. J. E. Middleton, a well-known Canadian writer. The funeral is fixed for Monday afternoon at Hope Church, Toronto.

LONDONERS GRADUATE AT PHARMACY SCHOOL

Gordon A. Hogarth Stands Fifth in Honor List of Graduates.

Several Londoners attained success in the Ontario College of Pharmacy examinations, according to results just published. A Ferne Waddell and Walter M. Beattie, both of this city, are included among the "passed with honors" list, and Arthur V. Hodgins of London attained a pass standing. Gordon Austin Hogarth, who stands fifth on the honor list, is well-known in London, having spent the past four years with the firm of Anderson & Nelles. His parents reside at Hensall.

Dr. C. W. Pennecott, 450 Hamilton road, was summoned to attend the accident and found no external injuries except a bruise above the left ear, where he had been struck by the truck spring.

"The child appeared greatly shocked," said Dr. Pennecott today. "He was better yesterday, but at 2 o'clock this morning developed a turn for the worse and died shortly after 5 o'clock from concussion of the brain. I would say I gave him stimulants, but they didn't bring him around."

Close to Curb.

The driver stated that at the place of the accident the sidewalk is but a foot from the curb, and the distance the child ran before the spring hit him was but a few feet.

"I went to his home yesterday morning with oranges, and he seemed to be a lot better," stated Hammond. "I was more than shocked when I heard this morning that the poor little fellow was dead."

The accident was not reported to police headquarters because it was not deemed of a serious nature, Mr. Hammond explained.

MOONEY DAMAGE CASE SETTLED OUT OF COURT

Action of Former London Collegiate Principal Brought to Close.

The \$5,000 damage action brought by W. H. T. Mooney of Toronto, formerly principal of the London Collegiate, against J. M. Young, Adam Palmer and the Bank of Toronto has been settled out of court.

The case was one of numerous actions arising out of the Home Bank failure. Mr. Young, who purchased Mr. Mooney's residence on Dufferin street, gave Mr. Palmer a check on the Standard Bank, which was cashed and placed to Mr. Palmer's credit in the Home Bank. When the time for payment arrived, Mr. Palmer gave Mr. Mooney his check on the Home Bank. Mr. Mooney deposited it in the Bank of Toronto, but before it was cleared the Home Bank failed.

CHILD RAN FROM WALK TO SECURE RIDE ON CAR

Hit On Head by Spring of Truck—Not Thought Serious.

DRIVER ON BAIL

Three-Year-Old Son of Thos. Carew Dies Early Today.

The childish whim of little Thomas Joseph Carew, 386 Hamilton road, three years and seven months of age, on Thursday afternoon at 4:30, when he dashed from a go-cart on Rectory street directly in the path of a motor truck belonging to the Moore Fruit Company, resulted in the youngster's death at 5 o'clock this morning from concussion of the brain.

George Hammond, age 29, of 56 Craig street, the driver of the truck, immediately gave himself up to the police on leaving of the boy's death and was bailed till May 22 when he appeared before Magistrate Graydon this morning, charged with manslaughter. Frank Moore and J. J. Haskett, members of the Moore firm, went Hammond's bail for \$5,000.

Coroner Dr. Robert Ferguson ordered a coroner's jury to assemble at Oatman's funeral home at 12:30 today to view the remains.

According to information given The Advertiser by Mr. Hammond and others, Mrs. Carew was proceeding south along Rectory street on the west side of the road, and her little son in a go-cart. The child's grandmother was also with them. As they neared the corner of Hamilton road an Ottawa avenue car approached from the south. The youngster decided he must have a ride on the car and with a few words to this effect he jumped off the step of the go-cart and dashed in front of the motor truck also proceeding south.

Hit By Spring.

Hammond was driving slowly and slammed on the brakes just as the right spring of the truck, which projects forward struck the youngster behind the left ear. The driver picked up the crying child, who was lying under the engine, and was carried into the house of Roy Tilson, 121 Rectory street.

The accident was not considered serious at that time by either the mother, driver of the truck, or the woman who witnessed the accident. Mrs. Tilson and two neighbors, Mrs. and Miss Donaghy, 112 Rectory street, Hammond drove Mrs. Carew and her children home and then went to McClary's factory for the father, Mr. Thomas Carew.

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The accident was not reported to police headquarters because it was not deemed of a serious nature, Mr. Hammond explained.

ADVERTISER TROPHY WINNER UNDECIDED

Announcement in Hobby Fair School Contest To Be Announced Soon.

Owing to the record number of entries at the Hobby Fair and the many new classes made necessary, it has been impossible to publish any figures on points won by schools in The Advertiser silver trophy.

The management of the Hobby Fair is busily engaged in the task of following up the work of the judges, and announcements will be made in The Advertiser as soon as figures are available.

"PERS" BLAME FOR TORRANCE'S FALL

TORRANCE GAVE LIQUOR SCRIPTS, HOUSE IS TOLD

Hon. W. R. Motherwell Tells Why Department Official Was Dismissed.

ANSWERS TORIES

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, May 16.—After a brief period of rest, following the all-night budget sitting, the House of Commons in committee of supply today considered estimates of the department of agriculture. A somewhat acrimonious discussion developed in regard to the dismissal of Dr. Torrance, a former official of the health of animals branch of the department, when an item of \$2,000,000 for this branch came before the committee.

From the seats of the Conservatives came the charge that Hon. W. R. Motherwell, minister of agriculture, had dismissed Dr. Torrance without justification.

Mr. Motherwell retorted that Dr. Torrance had been guilty of a number of indiscretions, notably one in connection with drafting a letter to the health of animals bureau in Washington. He read a statement that Dr. Torrance had issued scripts for liquor and sent it to members of the parliament. He believed this statement to be true.

Minister Explains.
Hon. W. R. Motherwell had been instructed to communicate with the health of animals bureau in Washington concerning the attitude of the United States to a possible shortening of the quarantine on animals from Britain. Dr. Torrance, he said, had phrased his letter so as to convey the impression that Canada was being subjected to "political pressure" in the matter, and that other indiscretions had been committed by Dr. Torrance which justified the severance of relations which followed.

Hon. H. H. Stevens appealed to the committee to consider Dr. Torrance's position. That official had been in the service of Canada since 1906. He was now 64 years old. He was competent and painstaking. Because he used, in a letter to a conferee in Washington the phrase "should political pressure compel us to shorten the quarantine" he was accused of giving rise to grave international complications. The contributory causes the minister said had justified his dismissal were not enumerated. Probably they were insignificant. Why did not the minister admit that in a moment of bad temper and jealousy he had told Dr. Torrance to get out? That was how the official had been treated.

Mr. Motherwell said that in addition to the letter written to Washington he had received corroboratory evidence against Dr. Torrance. This document charged that Dr. Torrance had used the frank for his personal mail and had to be asked twice by the postmaster to deliver before he discontinued the practice.

He then read a statement from the same document that Dr. Torrance had issued scripts for liquor and sent the liquor to members of parliament. This document charged that Dr. Torrance had used the frank for his personal mail and had to be asked twice by the postmaster to deliver before he discontinued the practice.

"Does the minister take responsibility for that?" asked Mr. Meighen. "No, but I believe that it is true," replied Motherwell.

Other charges contained in the document were that a son-in-law of Dr. Torrance had been reported to have secured a rakish life in connection with a purchase of a research station and in connection with the purchase of a quarantine station.

"There were several demands that the minister give the name of the person who had drawn up the document he had been reading, but he refused to do so, saying that he had come to the deputy minister confidentially."

"I demand the authority for it now," declared Mr. Meighen. "A minister who refuses to give the authority for diarrhoeas and scandals against a public official is not fit to be a minister of the crown."

Mr. Motherwell responded that if the opposition would ask for a committee the matter would be investigated.

"Are we to ask for the appointment of a committee?" retorted Mr. Meighen. "To investigate something said by nobody?"

Mr. Motherwell again stated that he took responsibility for the charge in regard to prescriptions for liquor.

MAY GO TO NEWFOUNDLAND.
Exeter, May 16.—Messrs. Campbell Ware and John B. Pryde, contractors and builders, who have been located in Exeter for four years, have been offered work in Newfoundland. They intend to accept the offer and move to that place.



The Y. W. C. A. physical classes are now busily engaged preparing for the exhibition of drills and dances to be held in the Arena on Monday night, May 26, under the direction of Miss Edith Wynne-Pryce. The above group in gymnasium costumes was caught by The Advertiser photographer at the conclusion of a recent practice. It includes: Front row (left to right)—Lolita Daly, Lucille Morrison, Jean Hutchinson,

Y. W. C. A. CLASSES PREPARE FOR DRILL EXHIBITION.

Helen Glass, Margaret Wood, Janet Smith, Jacqueline Nutcombe, Dorothy Isabel Peters, Ruth Eleanor Hayman, Barbara Helen Peters, Dorothy Stone, Mary Louise Hayman, Helen Ferguson, Dorothy Colerick, Eleanor Reid, Laura Langstroth and Lenore Stone. Second row (left to right)—Grace Reth, Midge Creighton, Helen Garrick, Jean Brady, Marjorie Edy, Nora Campbell, Lucy Downham, Grace Shuttleworth, Barbara

Gibberd, Margaret Smith, Marion Fairley, Eleanor Harley, Dorothy Earl, Anna Stone, Anna Grant, Marion Reid, Ina Hunter, Patricia Sylvester. Third row (left to right)—Mary McPherson, Elsie Summer, Olive Saunders, Mary Owen, Bernice Vollick, Thelma Wrighton, Connie Stothers, Grace Hertel, Lillian Peel, Ruth Ferguson, Grace Burr, Olive Langstroth, Hilda Grant, Patricia Grant, Peggy Plewis, Eva Evans, Patricia Magill and Lillian Milner.

LIEUT. SOUTHAM'S CONDITION WORSE

Doctors Hold Out Little Hope For Recovery of Young Man.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Oshawa, May 17.—Dr. H. M. McDonald stated this morning that a change for the worse had occurred in the condition of Lieut. Wm. Southam, who was critically injured in a motor car accident at Dunbar a week ago last Wednesday night. Mr. Southam has not recovered consciousness. Dr. McDonald added that there is very little hope for recovery.

SALVATION ARMY WILL FINISH DRIVE TONIGHT

Self-Denial Campaign Comes to a Close—Special Services May 24.

The self-denial week campaign of the Salvation Army in Western Ontario comes to a close tonight, and Monday will see the army officials preparing programs for the 24th of May services in the different cities, as well as the out-of-town points in the London district.

While the programs have not been completed, it has been decided that London Band No. 1 will go to Ingersoll on the holiday. Brigadier McAmmond will also attend. No. 3 Band will go to Thorndale for the day.

Brigadier McAmmond and Adj. Spooner, who have been on self-denial work all week, have not yet returned to the city. Brigadier McAmmond will attend the special week-end services in Wallaceburg, and will be met at Chatham by Mrs. McAmmond, who left for that point this morning.

COUNTESS LUDWIG SALM ARRIVES IN NEW YORK

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, May 17.—Today Countess Ludwig Salm von Hoegstraten, formerly Millicent Rogers, is either on her way to Southampton, Long Island, or the Tuxedo Park, New York home of her parents, Col. and Mrs. Henry H. Rogers.

The countess, together with her father and Adrian H. Larkin, the family attorney, returned last night on the France from Paris, leaving behind the count, who departed for Vienna when his bride of Jan. 8 started for the United States.

Neither Mrs. Millicent Salm, as she was listed among the ship's passengers, nor her father, would talk regarding her marriage to the titled Austrian.

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Dundas Street, Corner of Market Lane, London.
President, A. M. SMART, Manager, T. H. MAIN.

REVIVAL OF TANGO SEEN BY ORCHESTRA LEADER

Guy Lombardo Visits Home Town With His Royal Canadians.

TO PLAY AT LOEW'S

Next Season's Music Will Be More Subdued and Melodious, He Says.

Simultaneous with the return to the screen of the tango-king, Rudolph Valentino, a revival of the tango is under way in the United States.

Whether the Valentino influence is responsible or not the established popularity of the tango by the fall is definitely prophesied by Guy Lombardo, leader of the Royal Canadians, who returned with his orchestra this morning after a successful vaudeville tour between Chicago and New York.

Already, Mr. Lombardo states, the fox-trot which for the past four years, has held practically undisputed sway, is being supplanted by the tango, in a new and simplified form.

This revival is viewed as a very encouraging feature by dancing instructors, who in spite of the widespread craze for dancing have not enjoyed a particularly lucrative harvest. Novices, with amateur assistance, have found it none too difficult to master the fox-trot, but the tango, soon to be danced, is found to be a trifle more intricate. While it is by no means as inviolable as the original Spanish of Mexican dance, it requires more grace and dexterity than the fox-trot, which has been described by some of its most bitter opponents as nothing more than a glorified track-pace.

Music Changing
Due to the awakening influence of the tango, the music too, Mr. Lombardo states, is undergoing a change. The best writers are devoting their time to new tangos and the craze everywhere, while not startling, is well defined toward a more subdued and melodious type. Jazz is quite definitely in its death throes, although to a certain extent still living on its reputation. The class of music which Londoners welcomed so warmly with the production of "Blossom Time," will be the music of next season, according to Mr. Lombardo. The best music of the season will be of more delicate melody, inclined more to the symphonic order.

Dance Craze Not Waning.
Mr. Lombardo reports no waning of the craze. On the contrary, it is on the increase.

The Royal Canadians are filling an engagement next week at Loew's theatre, and will go from there to Cleveland. They have been engaged by Sophie Tucker for the summer season at Lake Road Inn, and for the winter will play at the Carleton Terrace in Cleveland.

They are to make phonograph records once a month during the season.

TILLSONBURG WITHDRAWS WHEN SPITBALL BARRED

Special to The Advertiser.
Springfield, May 17.—A meeting of the Oxford-Elgin Intermediate O. B. A. circuit, consisting of representatives from each club, was held at Ingersoll Thursday. As a result of the decision of the other clubs to bar the spitball, Tillsonburg withdrew from the league. It was held by the representatives from Ingersoll, Woodstock and Springfield that it would be unfair and unreasonable to allow Wood of Tillsonburg to pitch that team to another victory in the group by means of the spitball, and then be debarred from using it in the semi-finals. Manager Andrews of Woodstock also contended that it was unsafe for his young players to face Woods' freak deliveries.

It was decided by the remaining teams to invite the Businessmen's Club of Woodstock to take the place of Tillsonburg. In any case the league will be continued.

Plovers' Eggs Are Bootlegged

Associated Press Despatch.

Flensburg, Germany, May 17.—Plover eggs are being "bootlegged" extensively in the province of Schleswig, finding their way to the expensive cafes of Berlin and other large cities, where they are regarded as a great luxury. The Prussian government forbade the collection of plover eggs years ago to prevent the extermination of the birds; but traffic in them continues in spite of the law.

The Eider River Valley is the greatest nesting place for plovers, which have their breeding grounds in the pastures along the banks.

GRANT GIVES OUTLINE OF RAILWAY BUSINESS

Addresses Members of C.P.R. Transportation Department at Gathering.

The main feature of yesterday's monthly meeting of the C. P. R. Ontario district transportation department, held in the Thistle Club, was the address of H. C. Grant, general superintendent at Toronto, who reviewed the general business conditions of the C. P. R. The meeting got under way shortly after 2 o'clock, following a joint luncheon with the Kiwanis Club at the Tecumseh House.

Representatives of the various departments were in attendance from as far east as Belleville and to Windsor in the west, and Goderich on the north.

W. J. Collins of the car demurrage bureau, Montreal, addressed the gathering, while T. H. McGuire, yard foreman at Toronto, also spoke. A paper from J. S. Robinson, agent at Woodstock, who through illness was unable to attend, as well as one on station work by T. G. Connor, agent at Goderich.

London officials who attended the meeting were: F. M. Rutter, superintendent; Harry McCallum, city passenger agent; W. J. Anderson, district freight agent; R. Coates, telegraph manager, and M. Shaw.

IMPROVEMENTS BEGUN IN HARBOR AT GODERICH

Dredging Work Is Started by Contractor At Pierway Entrance.

Special to The Advertiser.

Goderich, May 16.—W. L. Forest this week started active dredging work at Goderich harbor. Work has been begun on the channel at the pierway entrance to the harbor. Walter Saunders has been appointed inspector of the work on behalf of the department.

Grain Shipments.
The Goderich elevator has transhipped 2,815,421 bushels of grain for domestic purposes throughout Western Ontario since navigation opened on April 29.

Engineer Returns.
Engineer A. M. Kirkpatrick, who has spent the winter months in the London office of the federal department of works, expects to resume his duties as resident engineer for Goderich, Bayview, Kincaidine, Southampton and Tobemore harbors about the beginning of next month.

Salmon Trout Fry.
Word was received by Town Clerk L. L. Knox, who has been in communication with the provincial department of game and fisheries, that 800,000 salmon trout fry will be placed in Lake Huron off Goderich as soon as the fry are ready for shipment from the hatchery at Southampton. This action is the result of a protest made last fall by the local fishermen, supported by E. R. Wigle, M. P. P. for Centre Huron.

SUMMER SCHOOL TO BE CONDUCTED AT ST. THOMAS

Large Number of Delegates Are Expected at Huron Diocese Annual Event.

BISHOP TO SPEAK

The annual summer school for the Church of England in the Diocese of Huron is being conducted this year at Alma College, St. Thomas, June 30 to July 7. Situated at such a convenient point, within easy reach of all the more thickly-populated centers of the diocese, the school is this year expected to establish a record attendance. Churches in the district from London and Windsor and including both cities are expected to furnish at least 100 delegates, and other points in the diocese an extra 50.

The school is being conducted for Bible study, missions, teacher training, and social service by the synod committee on summer schools in co-operation with the Missionary Society, General Board of Religious Education and the Council for Social Service of the Church of England. Special programs on Bible study will be conducted by Rev. C. Venn Pilcher, M.A., D.D., of Wycliffe College, Toronto; on mission study by Miss F. M. Watts of Kaituma, Honan, China; by Miss I. L. Isaac of Matsumoto, Japan; and by Miss A. Edgar of Kangra, India; on teacher training, by Rev. H. W. Snell, B.A., of Wingham, and Miss J. M. Senn of Brantford.

The bishop of Huron will deliver the inaugural address for the summer school opening and has arranged to spend a day at the college. There will be, in addition, special preachers on Sunday. Conferences will be conducted by Rev. Capt. C. E. Jenkins, M.A., B.D., of the summer school; Rev. Canon C. W. Vernon, D.C.L., secretary of the social service council; Rev. D. B. Rogers, M.A., secretary of the Rev. A. L. G. Clarke, L.Th., of St. John's Church, London; Miss Connell of the Deaconess House, Toronto; and Mrs. W. H. Fry, formerly of Henshaw Island. Commencing with holy communion at 7 a.m., the morning periods will be spent in study, the afternoon with recreation, and the evening with open air talks and community singing. Outings to Port Stanley are being arranged for certain afternoon periods.

STRATHROY SENIORS ALL SET FOR OPENER

Will Invade Sarnia Monday To Start the Southern Schedule.

Special to The Advertiser.
Strathroy, May 17.—In spite of the wet weather, Alexandra Park is a busy place every afternoon and evening, as the candidates for the three local ball teams are practicing strenuously. The seniors, who start in Sarnia Monday, are ready for the schedule to commence. Manager Pincombe has not yet announced his lineup for the opener, nor has he decided definitely which of the three pitchers will do the mound work. Both "Lefty" Borchert and "Click" Swales are in shape, but McSloy may require a few days more before he will be ready to go the route.

None of the positions on the senior team will be sinecures, as there are a lot of juniors ambitious for try-outs. The youngsters who are entered in the West Middlesex League, which opens here Monday with Crediton. The juniors look like a fast fielding, snappy organization, and are weak only in pitching. D. J. Ross is managing the West Middlesex aggregation.

ODDFELLOWS' SERVICE.
Special to The Advertiser.
Mount Brydges, May 16.—The 105th anniversary of the Oddfellows was celebrated on Sunday, May 11, when the Mount Brydges members and brethren from lodges in the vicinity attended service at the Baptist Church.

BUNGALOW TEA HOUSE

ON SPRINGBANK DRIVE. Enjoy our delicious home cooking.

Chicken Dinner

We serve first grade milk-fed chickens only. Served 5 to 8 p.m. daily and by appointment. Full course chicken dinner, \$1.25; special chicken dinner, \$1.00; blue plate dinner, 75c; afternoon tea served from 2 to 5 o'clock daily. Short orders and refreshments served at all hours.

We invite clubs, card parties and banquets. For reservations, phone 283, ring 4 and 1.

MRS. W. K. WILSON, Hostess.

PETROLIA RACING MEET SCHEDULED FOR JUNE 24

Special to The Advertiser.
Petrolia, May 17.—At a meeting of the Petrolia Driving Club last night it was decided to hold the annual races Wednesday, June 25. The club will put up \$1,000 in purses.

The following classes were set: 2:40 trot or pace, 2:25 trot or pace, and 2:15 trot or pace.

The officers for 1924 are as follows: Hon. president, Dr. J. Dunfield; president, W. W. McRae; vice-president, Albert Hessey; secretary, John Canton.

CARRICK ASSESSMENT.

Special to The Advertiser.

Midway, May 16.—The Carrick assessment roll for 1924 shows a slight increase in the amount of the total assessment, and a decrease of nearly 50 in population over last year.

THE BEST INVESTMENT IN LONDON'S HISTORY!

THINK OF IT!

A model subdivision with every modern convenience and public service, of the heart of London. In an attractive, well-populated neighborhood, where you will be happy and healthy with your family and friends. Where even the streets are enticingly named, according to the vogue of the great progressive centers—Trevithan Parkway, Raywood avenue, Wellington Boulevard, Terrace, etc.

With its own Riverview Park and Children's Playground purchased by the city and now a part of London's parks system.

Home to dinner distance from the major industries, a block and a half from street cars and just fifteen minutes' walk from the city hall.

Nothing else in or near London compares with these wonderful, airy, high, sun-flooded homesites.

LESS THAN \$10 A FOOT

Ten per cent down and two years to pay. We will help you to finance and build your home.

RIVERVIEW HEIGHTS

Service Truck Company, Limited, Land Division

GEORGE A. SYMES, Manager

Office on Property. Phone 287W. Nights 3622M.

Phone and we will send a car for you, or take Richmond south car to Tecumseh Ave., and walk east through Foxbar to Riverview Heights.

As Wellington is now being reconstructed, motorists should drive via Ridout and Emory Streets.

Joint Savings Accounts Save Inconvenience and Worry

Husband and wife find it both convenient and profitable to deposit in a Huron & Erie Joint Savings Account for these reasons:

1. Either may make deposits or withdraw funds at any time.
2. Should the husband be away from home no inconvenience is experienced by his wife in securing cash.
3. In event of the death of either, the amount on deposit becomes the property of the survivor without expense or "red tape."
4. Their deposits earn "higher than ordinary" savings interest—

3½% per annum payable half-yearly

Merely mention to the Teller at our nearest Branch that you wish to open a Joint Savings Account. It takes but a few moments to complete arrangements.

Huron & Erie

MORTGAGE CORPORATION

"Older than the Dominion of Canada"

FOUR BRANCHES IN LONDON:

Richmond St., Opp. Postoffice. Dundas St., Opp. Rectory St. Market Square. Weymouth Rd. and Elmwood Ave.

T. G. MEREDITH, K.C. President.

HUME CRONYN, General Manager.

Two Ways of House Hunting—

One way is to take your wife and children and go out and up one street and down another looking up "For Rent" signs. When you find a house that you think may suit, you have no key to it and cannot see the inside of it.

A Right and Wrong Way—

The proper way—and the easy way—is to sit down and read the ads in The Advertiser Classified Section, under "Houses To Let" or "Houses For Sale"—pick out two or three that you think will suit you and then go to the men who offer them for sale or to rent and get the keys. Get on the inside of the house and you'll know whether you want it or not.

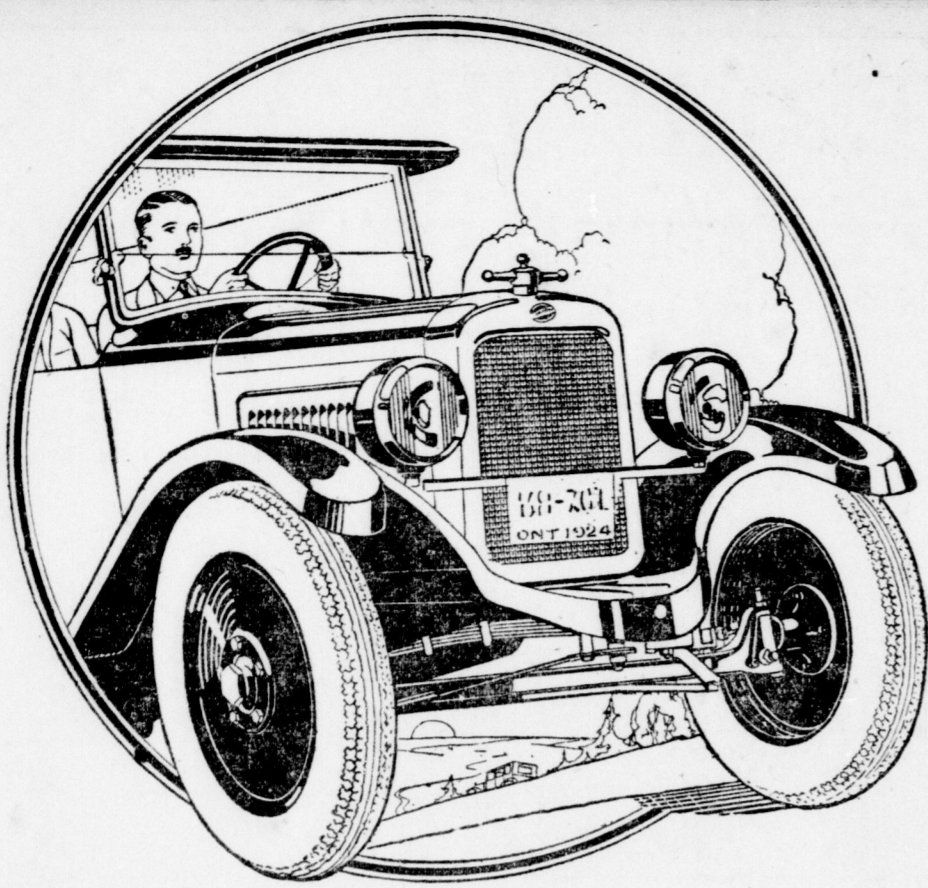
And Then-a Way—

Perhaps one of the best—is to advertise in the "Wanted To Rent" columns describing the kind of house and location you desire. Let The Advertiser Want ads help you. It is astonishing the number of ways that these small ads can perform useful service to you if you will only give them a chance.

Phone 3670—Just Ask for Want Ad. Department

Strong's Drug Store

184 DUNDAS STREET.



Canada's Lowest Priced Car with Balloon Tires Standard Equipment

THE Big New Overland Blue Bird brings greater livelier pleasures in motoring—and looks the part! Beautiful—different—smart—a picture in rich Blue, trimmed with nickel.

Balloon Tires and extra features coupled with its low price make the Blue Bird an unusually big value. A long, roomy body done in rich blue with harmonious, durable, long-grain upholstery. Patented Triplex Springs. Smooth, robust power, with Overland reliability and economy.

But consider the extra features you get in the New Blue Bird—without extra cost. Four Balloon Cord Tires—cushions of air that will give you something wonderfully new in riding comfort and that give the utmost in non-skid tire safety. Five trim looking disc wheels. Radiator, headlamp rims, scuff plate, outside door handles all heavily nickel-plated.

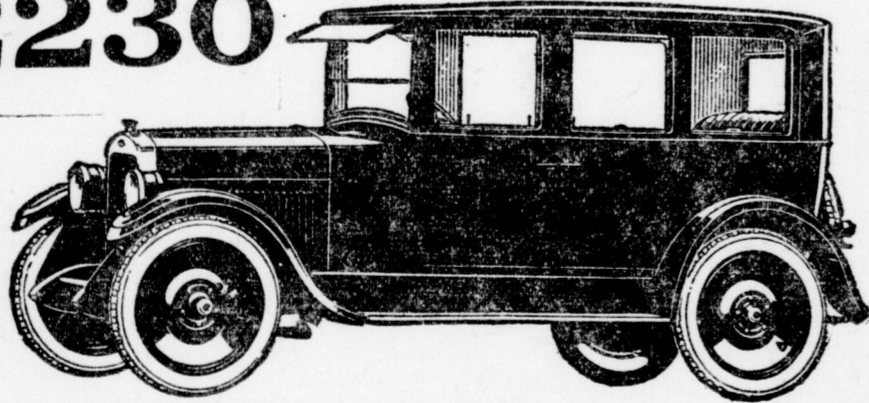
Never before has so much value been offered at the low price that will buy the New Blue Bird. Convince yourself. See the car. Get a demonstration today.

Other Overland Models:
Touring..... \$ 710 Coupe..... \$ 910 Red Bird... \$ 969
Roadster..... 710 Champion... 945 Sedan..... 1,125
Prices quoted are F.O.B. Factory Toronto. Taxes Extra.

Big New Overland \$1040 BLUE BIRD

J. W. McLAUGHLIN
DUNDAS AND WATERLOO STREET, LONDON.
"Ask the Man With the White Hat."

Oakland Six Sedan \$2230



Why Pay More?

Compare this Brand New Oakland Six sedan at its new low price of \$2230 with other sedans, both 4's and 6's, selling at from \$100 to \$300 more. You will see that nowhere in the rugged chassis or the luxurious Fisher-Built body has Oakland permitted any compromise with quality or completeness.

All we ask is that you drop in and examine the Brand New Oakland. The car itself, with its new engine, four-wheel brakes, centralized controls and remarkably low price, will amaze you—as it has thousands of others everywhere.



Beemer & Co., Limited
131-133 QUEEN'S AVENUE.
PHONE 5670.

MOTORISTS ENJOY THE FRESH AIR

AMATEUR CAST TO PRESENT "THE CHARM SCHOOL" MONDAY

Noted Comedy To Be Seen Here For First Time Under St. Mary's Club Auspices.

APPEAL OF YOUTH

Richard Christopher Playing Leading Role With Miss Maynard Co-Starring.

"The Charm School," which was offered to the American public for the first time in the fall of 1920 at the New Bijou Theatre, New York City, still ranks as one of the leading comedies on the American stage. But this is not due to an ultra-elaborate system of publicity. Its remarkable success can be attributed solely to the fact that it was written to produce laughs, not to make money.

In a word, the play is a wholesome, swift-running comedy that boasts the appeal of youth. Its clever touches of originality place it in a high niche among American productions of the lighter class. Its authors, Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton, are both well-known playwrights.

The original stage interpretation of "The Charm School" has never been seen in London, but on Monday night it will be offered as a season finale by the St. Mary's Dramatic Club.

The members of the cast, although all amateurs, have proven their ability and versatility in other productions. Richard Christopher, whose theatrical talent has been the cause of much comment, is taking the leading role, while Miss Mary Maynard has proved herself most delightful in the ingenue role.

The wide range of expression possessed by Margaret Flood, its her perfect for the role of Miss Curtis, the secretary in the girls' boarding school inherited by Dick Bevens (Mr. Christopher). Harvey Dalton is cast in the rather difficult role of David Mackenzie, a lawyer, while Thomas Clark is the carefree Jim Simpkins, "one of the boys." Emmett Kelleher is playing the part of George Boyd, the accountant.

Miss Kathleen Jenkins, who won plaudits for her splendid work in "My Irish Peggy," produced on St. Patrick's Day, is given full scope for her powers in interpretation of the role of Miss Hays, a teacher. Miss Mamie Francis makes a charming Sally Boyd, as rehearsals have shown.

Others in the cast are the Misses Josephine Halpin, Olive Carty, Bernadette Dalton, Gertrude Pelton, Irene Gilligan and Mary Darcy.

ROBINS EXAMINED IN WILL DISPUTE

Case Involving Thousands Is Expected To Conclude Today.

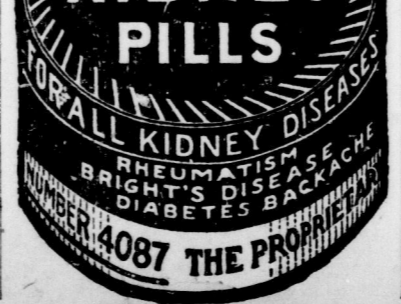
Special to The Advertiser. Windsor, May 16.—William Robins, erstwhile managing director of the great distilling firm of Hiram Walker Sons, Ltd., who has brought suit against the National Trust Company of Toronto, and against beneficiaries under the will of the late Edward Chandler Walker, president of the firm, to compel recognition of his claim for 1,000 shares of stock in the Walker Company bequeathed to him under the terms of an earlier will, again occupied the spotlight as chief witness in the trial before Mr. Justice Mowat at Sandwich today.

This afternoon Herbert MacBeth of Toronto, an official of the department of succession duties; Hiram Walker, jun., and Gustave Danfield were on the stand for a few minutes to give corroborative evidence. Promptly at 4 o'clock Mr. Justice Mowat adjourned court, and announced that the case would be again taken up at 10 o'clock Monday morning. In the opinion of counsel the trial should not extend over one more day.

BOOTLEGGER MAINTAINS HE PAID FOR PROTECTION

Associated Press Despatch. Washington, May 16.—Geo. Remus, a millionaire bootlegger, now under sentence to the Atlanta penitentiary, testified today before the Senate Doughterty committee that he paid between \$250,000 and \$300,000 to Jesse W. Smith for protection. He also declared that James M. Linton, whom he described as "a special assistant to the attorney-general," helped to "defend" him, and was paid about \$9,000. He added that Linton refused, however, to "ask favors or consideration" from the department of justice.

To Smith, he said, he also paid from \$150 to \$250 per case for permits allowing him to take whiskey from a string of distilleries he had purchased just before prohibition went into effect.



JOHN W. LANGLEY, member from Kentucky in the U. S. House of Representatives, whom a federal jury has found guilty of conspiracy in connection with liquor transactions.

CITY CONSIDERS CHANGING NAMES OF MANY STREETS

Committee Would Abrogate Several Present Causes of Confusion.

TWO NEW ONES

As a result of a special meeting of the street naming committee of the city council yesterday, London will have two new streets, Durham Place, turning off Oxford street to the north near the Presbyterian Church, and Brant Place, also off Oxford street and turning off Elliott street.

Several changes in street names were also recommended to the council as follows: Pipe Line road to Springbank Drive, Holmes street to Coleridge Place, Elias street, from William to Adelaide, to Rosedale Ave.; McClary to Maryborough Place; Grosvenor, London West, to Essex Place; Surrey street to Rogers' Ave.; Alexander to Mount Pleasant Ave.; Charles street to Douglas Ave.; Westmoreland street to Woodward street; Craig to Askin street; Thompson, from Wellington to Fairview Ave., to Alexander street.

Alexander street all the way through will be known as Thompson, and Fletcher avenue to Fairview avenue. Hall street will be changed to Saunders street, Gordon street to Thornton street, Ross street off the Hamilton road to Power street, Vauxhall street to Beatrice street, Lewis street to Kitchener street, Little street to Little Hill street, Guelph street to Forward avenue, Forward avenue to Woodward avenue, Smith street to Ottawa avenue, John street (London South) to Lambton street, Windsor avenue (from Wellington to High) to Moore street, Little street (near Grey) to Little Grey street, Laird street to Ottawa avenue, Palmerston avenue to Ashland street, Campbell street to Florence street, and Raeburn street and Sterling streets to be known as Sterling street.

The principle laid down by the committee in effecting these changes was to simplify, as far as possible, the arrangement of the city, and to prevent streets sometimes fifty or sixty feet apart at the junction from being confused with other streets bearing the same names.

WESTERN ONTARIO MEN WIN HONORS

Senior Examination Results At College of Pharmacy Are Announced.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, May 16.—Senior examination results at the Ontario College of Pharmacy included: Prescription Medal—William Taylor Mitchell, Owen Sound. Passed with honors—Gordon Austin Hogarth, Hensall; Walter M. Beattie, London; Clifford W. Colgan, St. Catharines; Lindsay Milne McLennan, Guelph; Ferns Waddell, London; Edwin Hugh Watson, Dresden; Elmo H. Howey, Exeter; O. E. Boose, Cayuga; Hugh Alexander Miller, Wingham; Herbert Wittington Gregory, Stratford. Pass list—Donald A. Allan, Stratford; James Harwood Barclay, Sarnia; Atherton Ray Belfry, Guelph; James Roland Brown, Kinsmen; Stanley G. Burns, Lucknow; John M. Carter, Dunnville; Morne G. Cousins, Wallaceburg; Arthur L. Delong, Southampton; Arthur V. Hodgeins, London; Wilfred Ross Humphrey, Dresden; John G. Jackson, Preston; Alexander C. Murray, Woodstock; Albert D. McClung, Cayuga; Royal Lewis McLimont, Chatham; Clayton J. McLaughlin, Windsor; Harry Lea Nesbitt, Dunnville; Lottie Lawrence Pontz, Windsor; Milford P. Polley, Petrolia; Ross L. Restorick, Watford; Wallace C. Robertson, Comber; Robert B. Vanpatter, Aylmer.

ELECTED MODERATOR. Associated Press Despatch. San Antonio, Texas, May 16.—The Rev. Thornton Whaling, a member of the faculty of Kentucky Theological Seminary at Louisville, was elected moderator at the sixty-fourth general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States here yesterday.

Old Landmarks Give Way To New

One Was Hiding Place For Premier King's Grandfather.

Special to The Advertiser. St. Thomas, May 16.—Two old landmarks on Curtis and Hawatha

streets, possessing cherished memories to the oldtimers, are being torn down to make room for the new Masonic Temple. The first of these is an old blacksmith shop in which William Lyon Mackenzie, King, the present premier of Canada, is reported to have remained in hiding as a political fugitive during the Upper Canada rebellion in 1837. A reward of £1,000 was offered for his capture. The building at that time stood in the west end of the city, and although the great statesman does not

mention it in his writings, the pioneers of the district assert that the report is true.

SENTENCE IS SUSPENDED. Associated Press Despatch. New York, May 16.—Mrs. Myrtle B. Hayes, who recently pleaded guilty to attempted third degree forgery of the name of Charles M. Schwab as indorsement to a \$25,000 note, today was given a suspended sentence of from one year and three months to two years and one half in state's prison.

The Mark of Quality

Why Gum Dipping Increases Tire Life

A tire in use is being constantly bent backwards and forwards by road action. Such movement generates friction and heat that has a deteriorating effect unless the tire is built to withstand it.

Gum dipping puts a coating of new live rubber around each separate cord that keeps it from rubbing against the cords that lie next to it.

In the carcass of a Gum-Dipped Cord there is less friction to generate heat. It stays cooler and therefore lasts longer. Gum-Dipping, with air bag curing, rubber tempering and other special Firestone processes, produces a tire that is stronger, more resilient and easier riding.

Travel on Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords. They add to your enjoyment of motoring and their extra mileage without extra cost is the truest source of economy. Ask for Firestone Steam-welded Tubes. They help tires give more mileage because they are leak-proof.

Most Miles Per Dollar

Firestone

GUM DIPPED CORDS

Conical spring at this angle prevents sideways

Soft & resilient action downward

Stop on lever prevents up throw

Keen, sensitive, positive action

RIGHT from the first wheel-turn you'll feel the keen, positive action of Hasslers—sensitive to every slightest move of the car, absorbing the vibration, smothering the smashing bumps before they have a chance to reach the springs!

—the one and only shock absorber that positively functions on a Ford car—the only one that arrests both up-throw and rebound shocks.

It will be a revelation to you how much better your Ford will hold to the road, and glide along with the ease and comfort of higher priced cars!

No wonder Fords, Hassler equipped, have one-third longer life. On repairs alone, on tires alone, on fuel alone, you'll save more than Hasslers cost — you're paying for them—why not have them?

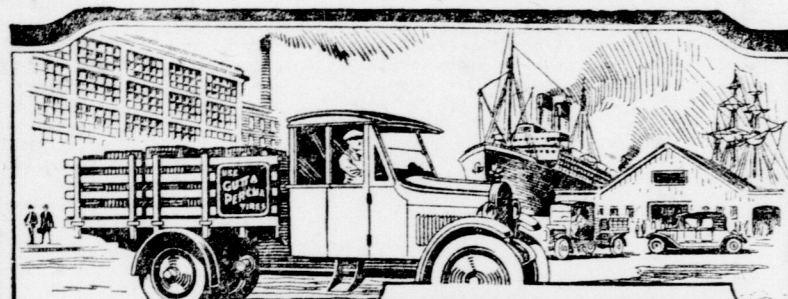
If your dealer does not have them, write to,

Robert H. Hassler, Limited—Hamilton, Ontario.

Ride on Hasslers

HASSLER
SHOCK ABSORBERS

DRIVING THESE DAYS A PLEASURE



TRUCKING COSTS

Brought Low by Using High Mileage Tires.

"Gutta Percha" pneumatic Truck Tires for heavy service are a revelation in economy to the garage superintendent who is interested in low maintenance costs. With rough usage, they give surprising service; with good usage, they perform miracles. Stop the high cost of trucking by equipping with

"GUTTA PERCHA" CORD TIRES

"Quality all Through"

Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited
Head Office and factories, Toronto
Branches from Coast to Coast

MONDAY'S RADIO

MONDAY, MAY 19.

Monday's Best Features.

WEAF, NEW YORK—Frank La Forge, composer-pianist, soprano; Bob Frickin's Orchestra; women's program.

CFCA, TORONTO—Program by Toronto Rotary Club.

WOS, JEFFERSON CITY—Missouri State Jefferson Orchestra.

(Eastern Standard Time)

WEAF, NEW YORK—492.

3:45 p.m.—William F. Sweeney, baritone; Marjorie Fullerton, coloratura soprano; Bob Frickin's Orchestra; women's program.

5 p.m.—Dinner music from the Waldorf.

6:30 p.m.—Joseph White, tenor; Nette Kutter and George White in personal interview; Thornton Fisher's sports talk; Louise Flanagan, pianist; Frank La Forge, composer-pianist, and assisting artists; Gypsy String Ensemble.

WJZ, NEW YORK—455.

2 p.m.—Jack Small's Orchestra.

2:30 p.m.—League of America.

2:45 p.m.—Eleanor Freedman, pianist.

3:45 p.m.—Fashion talk; daily menu; tea music; stock and agricultural reports; news bulletins.

6 p.m.—The story book lady.

6:20 p.m.—Financial developments.

6:30 p.m.—Joseph Moskowitz, symphonist.

7:30 p.m.—Estey organ recital.

8:20 p.m.—U. S. navy night.

9:30 p.m.—Bel Sevin's Orchestra.

WJN, NEW YORK—360.

6:30-10 p.m.—Popular program.

11 p.m.—Midnight Bohemia Show.

WOR, NEWARK—405.

1:30-2 p.m.—Anna Barwig, soprano; the Alabama Five.

3:15 p.m.—Music while you dine.

6:20 p.m.—Daily sports resume.

7 p.m.—Augusta May, pianist.

7:30 p.m.—Martha Craver, soprano.

8 p.m.—An Hour with Newspapers.

9 p.m.—Murray Watchman's Entertainers.

WOO, PHILADELPHIA—509.

6:30 p.m.—Adelphi Concert Orchestra.

7:30 p.m.—Weekly health talk.

7:45 p.m.—Henri May, baritone.

8:10 p.m.—Erno Rapee's Concert Orchestra.

9 p.m.—Organ recital, Mary E. Vogt.

9:30 p.m.—Havana Casino Orchestra.

WFI, PHILADELPHIA—395.

5 p.m.—Radio Mah Jong lesson.

5:30 p.m.—Sunny Jim, the Kiddies' Pal.

5:30 p.m.—Meyer Davis Concert Orchestra.

WIP, PHILADELPHIA—509.

2 p.m.—Recital by artist-students.

3 p.m.—Radio Mah Jong lesson.

5:05 p.m.—St. James Orchestra.

6 p.m.—Uncle Wip's bedtime stories.

WCAP, WASHINGTON—469.

7 p.m.—Joint program with WEAF.

9 p.m.—Paul Stacy, entertainer.

9:10-10 p.m.—Joint program, WEAF.

WRC, WASHINGTON—469.

3-6 p.m.—WRC matinee program.

6 p.m.—Children's hour, Peggy Albion.

KDKA, PITTSBURGH—26.

2:15-5 p.m.—Baseball results.

5:30 p.m.—Organ recital, Howard Webb.

6:30 p.m.—Children's period.

7 p.m.—Radio Girl Scout meeting.

7:15 p.m.—Talk on "Political Parties."

8 p.m.—KDKA Little Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Earl Renor, tenor, and Joseph Allen, baritone.

WCAE, PITTSBURGH—462.

5:30 p.m.—Dinner hour concert.

6:30 p.m.—Uncle "Katy" recital.

6:45 p.m.—Baseball scores.

7:30 p.m.—Program by artists from Knights of Columbus.

10 p.m.—Late concert program.

WPAB, STATE COLLEGE, PA.—238.

8:30 p.m.—H.M.S. Pinafore, by Gilbert and Sullivan, sung by principals in student cast.

WHAZ, TROY—380.

5:15 a.m.—Week's sport review.

7:40 p.m.—Baseball results.

7:45 p.m.—Musical program by pupils of Holy Name Academy, Albany.

WNAO, BOSTON—278.

5:30 p.m.—WNAO dinner dance music.

7 p.m.—Musical program.

WBZ, SPRINGFIELD—337.

5 p.m.—Dinner music, WBZ Trio.

6 p.m.—Baseball scores; news.

6:30 p.m.—Children's bedtime story.

6:40 p.m.—French night at the studio.

7:30 p.m.—Laurilla Ballarone, soprano; Rudolph Jansen LaFaine, baritone.

8:15-10 p.m.—Continuation above.

10 p.m.—M. J. conference summary.

WLV, CINCINNATI—302.

8 p.m.—St. Joseph's Boys' Band.

8:30 p.m.—Program by College of Music, with compositions by students.

9:30 p.m.—Woody Meyer's Orchestra.

WJAX, CLEVELAND—390.

Silent Monday nights.

WHAM, CLEVELAND—390.

6 p.m.—Dinner concert program.

6:30 p.m.—Baseball scores; News.

7:05-7:30 p.m.—Dinner concert.

WWJ, DETROIT—517.

3 p.m.—Detroit News Orchestra.

8:30 p.m.—Detroit News Orchestra; Peter Uryga, tenor; Herbert Lamb, baritone.

CKAC, MONTREAL—425.

1:45 p.m.—Mount Royal Concert Orchestra.

4 p.m.—Weather news, stocks.

4:30 p.m.—Mount Royal Dance Orchestra.

CFCA, TORONTO—400.

8 p.m.—Program by Toronto Rotary Club.

PWX, HAVANA—400.

Silent Night for PWX.

(Central Standard Time.)

KYW, CHICAGO—536.

8:30 a.m.—Late news and comment.

Each half-hour thereafter, except between 9 and 11 a.m.

5:45 p.m.—Children's bedtime story.

Silent night in Chicago.

WLAG, MINNEAPOLIS—417.

2:40 p.m.—Florence Nelson, soprano; Robert Crossland, tenor.

6:30 p.m.—Children's stories.

6 p.m.—Gatchell's sport review.

6:15 p.m.—White Rose Synchopators.

7:30 p.m.—Farm lecture program.

KSD, ST. LOUIS—546.

8:30 p.m.—Musical program, direct from the Grand Central Theatre.

WDAF, KANSAS CITY—411.

3:30 p.m.—Milo Finley's Orchestra.

6:45 p.m.—School of the Air.

8 p.m.—Hartley's Trio, Ensemble.

11:15 p.m.—Nighthawk Frolic: "The Merry Old Chief" and the Coon-Sanders Novelty Singing Orchestra.

WOC, DAVENPORT—484.

Non-Chime concert.

3:30 p.m.—Educational program.

6:30 p.m.—Sandman's visit.

8 p.m.—Le Claire Hotel Orchestra.

10 p.m.—Wennerberg Chorus of Augustana College, Rock Island, Ill.

WOWA, OMAHA—526.

6 p.m.—Piano recital program.

6:30 p.m.—Randall's Royal Orchestra.

9 p.m.—Community program by talent from Columbus, Neb.

WOS, JEFFERSON CITY—440.9.

8 p.m.—Missouri State Prison Orchestra.

WSB, ATLANTA—429.

5 p.m.—Vick Meyers Melody Orchestra.

5:30 p.m.—Miss Bonnie Barnhardt.

5:45 p.m.—Musical program.

10:45 p.m.—Musical entertainment.

WHAS, LOUISVILLE—400.

4:45 p.m.—Orchestra selections.

Silent night for WHAS.

WMC, MEMPHIS—500.

8:30 p.m.—Hotel Gayoso Orchestra.

WFAA, DALLAS—476.

12:30 p.m.—C. E. Osborne, the Y. M. C. A.

5:30 p.m.—Bedtime and fairy stories.

8:30 p.m.—The Y. W. C. A. Chorus Club.

WBAP, FORT WORTH—476.

11 p.m.—Jayton Municipal Band.

9:30 p.m.—Concert, Men's and Girls Glee Clubs, John Harleton College.

(Mountain Standard Time.)

CFAC, CALGARY—430.

3:30-4:30 p.m.—Musical selections.

9 p.m.—Variety program.

(Pacific Coast Standard Time.)

KGO, OAKLAND—312.

3 p.m.—Music and address.

4 p.m.—St. Francis Dance Orchestra.

4:45 p.m.—Financial news and stocks.

8 p.m.—Educational course.

KHJ, LOS ANGELES—395.

12:30-1:15 p.m.—Radio soprano.

KFI, LOS ANGELES—469.

8-10 p.m.—Concert program.

10 p.m.—Concert above Orchestra.

KPO, SAN FRANCISCO—424.

1 p.m.—Rudy Seiger's Orchestra.

2:30 p.m.—Musical program.

4:30 p.m.—Fairmont Hotel Orchestra.

5:30 p.m.—Children's hour.

8 p.m.—Rudy Seiger's Orchestra.

9 p.m.—Organ recital, Theo. J. Irwin.

9 p.m.—Program by Chester Harold.

10 p.m.—Bradford's Versatile Band.

KGW, PORTLAND—422.

8 p.m.—Dramatic recital, Mrs. H. G. Reed.

9:30 p.m.—Program by Hallene Porter.

Central Standard Time one hour later than Eastern.

Mountain Standard Time one hour later than Central.

Pacific Coast Standard Time one hour later than Mountain.

Daylight Saving Time one hour later than Standard Time.

POINCARÉ'S NOTE DEALS WITH RUHR

Insists Latitude Should Be Allowed Specialists To Save Time.

Associated Press Despatch.

Paris, May 16.—The letter written by Premier Poincaré to Prime Minister MacDonald of Great Britain on the reparations question lays down certain points and principles, through which, in the French premier's opinion, the carrying out of the experts' ideas may easily be put into effect, according to a Havas despatch from London today.

The letter, says the message, is believed to deal somewhat fully with the question of the Ruhr in insisting that a certain latitude should be allowed the specialists at present charged with preparing for the transformation of the railroad administration so that when the moment comes the plans contemplated by the experts' report may be realized without loss of time, thanks to the work of these specialists.

The letter, which is most friendly and conciliatory, the despatch adds, sets forth the exact situation of the relations between the London and Paris governments at the present moment.

COURT RIGHTS DENIED IN SUIT FOR VIADUCT

Railroads Declare Railway Commission Final Arbitrator in Toronto Claim.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, May 16.—The Canadian National Railway Company and the Canadian Pacific Railway both object that the courts have no jurisdiction and the railway commission is the final arbiter in the claim of the Toronto Harbor Commissioners for specific performance of the viaduct agreement.

This is the main defence of the railways to the action in which the Toronto Harbor Commissioners claim \$5,000,000 damages for delay in carrying out the agreement, or \$10,000,000 damages for failure to construct the viaduct.

The two defences are so similar that they might have been drawn in the same office. One is an echo of the other and both were filed on the same day.

WELLAND CANAL WORKER IS SERIOUSLY INJURED

Canadian Press Despatch.

St. Catharines, May 16.—Benjamin Kellett, a foreman for Sir William Arroll Company, contractors on the Welland ship canal, sustained a severe concussion and internal injuries by a fall of 60 feet into the excavation below, when a section of the bank gave way yesterday afternoon. He is not expected to recover.

DODGE BROTHERS SPECIAL TYPE-A SEDAN

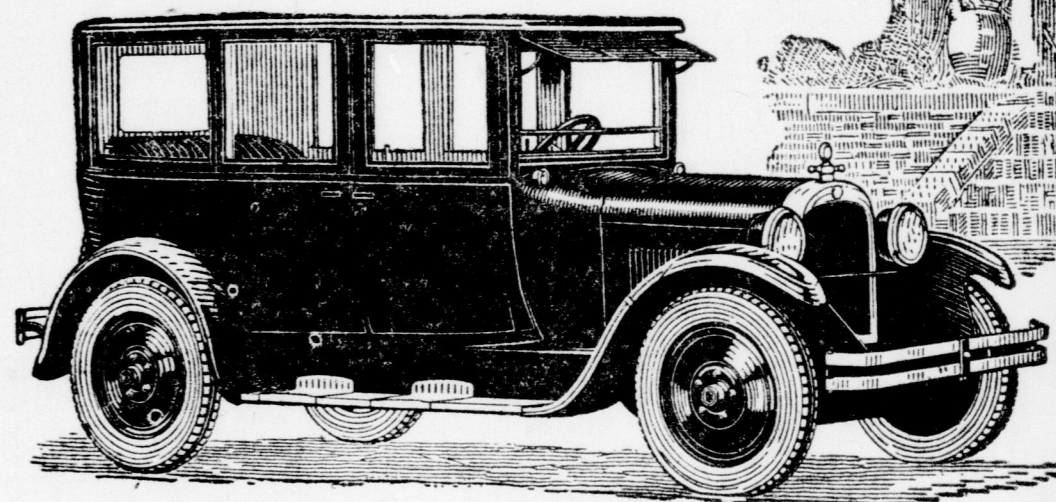
Three considerations recommend this Sedan to a wide circle of buyers—

A new and substantial beauty—heightened by many special appointments.

A seat depth, body length and spring suspension that have revolutionized the riding qualities of all Dodge Brothers Motor Cars.

A reputation for intrinsic goodness that dates directly back to the first Type-A Sedan bearing Dodge Brothers name.

W. J. CHISHOLM
70 YORK STREET



Scientifically balanced, holds the road at all speeds. All-steel body. One-piece windshield. Luxurious, genuine leather cushions, 10 inches deep. Cool lights. Standard non-skid tires.



TODAY—
Ride in this world-famous Six
—the outstanding car in the \$1500 field

POWER, luxurious roominess, low up-keep and long life at low price! . . . beauty, comfort, roominess, upholstery, for obvious refinements.

Now ride in it. Feel the thrill of its powerful six-cylinder L-head motor. Note that it embodies features found only in the most expensive cars. Consider that it is a product of a \$90,000,000 company with 72 years of fine vehicle making to its credit.

Compare it with competitive cars at near its price; then with cars that sell for several hundred dollars more. Compare it for

Compare it, too, for ease of handling, flexibility, power, quietness and lack of vibration. Don't take anyone's word that this car or that car at its price is "just as good." Find out for yourself.

Studebaker will place a Light-Six at your disposal for this purpose any time you name.

Being the world's largest producer of quality automobiles, Studebaker is thus in a position to give the utmost for the least.

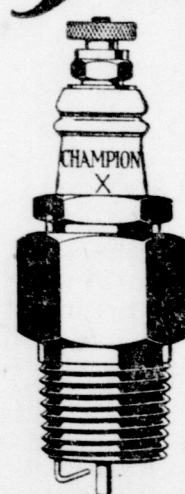
Buy no car at \$800 or more without making this test. Don't buy blindfolded.

LIGHT-SIX	SPECIAL-SIX	BIG-SIX
5-Pass. 112-in. W.B. 40 H.P.	5-Pass. 119-in. W.B. 50 H.P.	7-Pass. 126-in. W.B. 60 H.P.
Touring \$1465	Touring \$2000	Touring \$2425
Roadster (5-Pass.) 1445	Roadster (2-Pass.) 1970	Speedster (5-Pass.) 2550
Coupe-Roadster (2-Pass.) 1735	Coupe (5-Pass.) 2665	Coupe (5-Pass.) 3195
Coupe (5-Pass.) 1985	Sedan 2860	Sedan 3665
Sedan 2135		

All prices f. o. b. Walkerville, Ont., exclusive of taxes. Terms to meet your convenience.

FRANK McLACHLIN
86 KING STREET, LONDON.

STUDEBAKER LIGHT-SIX - \$1465



Champion is the better spark plug because of its Double-Ribbed sillimanite core which is the finest insulator ceramic science has ever produced.

A full set of new Champions at least once a year is real economy. By making better combustion certain they save oil and gas and greatly improve engine performance.

Champion is the better spark plug because of its Double-Ribbed sillimanite core which is the finest insulator ceramic science has ever produced.

If Bears Were Put in Harness.

The Eskimo dog averages from 20 to 40 miles of travel a day. Polar bears, if they could be trained to pull sledges, would make about 100 miles a day.

LARGEST PARTY OF SEASON HELD AT INSTITUTE TODAY

Special Program of Games Is Arranged To Entertain the Young Folks.

SPEND HAPPY DAY

Teachers of Oakhurst School Are Among Hostesses of the Afternoon.

The last of the series of fortnightly parties which was held this afternoon at the Institute of Musical Art was the largest and most successful one held this season. A special program of games had been arranged for the young folk by the hosts and hostesses, who included Miss Nellie Burroughs, Miss Edith Irvine, Miss Lenora Coughlin, wearing a pretty frock of powder blue crepe, trimmed with baby Irish crochet lace; Miss Irene Foster, in a gray crepe de chine gown; Miss Edith Irvine, wearing black crepe, with touches of white; Miss Bessie Kerr, in brown crepe; Mr. John Lord and the teachers of the staff of Oakhurst School, including Miss Henrietta English; Mrs. J. Alexander, wearing a black crepe, trimmed with gray; Mrs. Frederick Schofield, in a sand beaded frock, and Miss Hazel Taylor, wearing gray crepe with touches of blue and a gray and blue hat.

Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Jordan assisted in receiving, and among those who helped look after the guests were Mrs. Douglas Hunt, Mrs. Donald Cottrell, Mrs. Richard Cronyn, Mrs. Eric Rehnitz, Mrs. (Dr.) A. G. Fraser, Mrs. H. F. Wilson, Mrs. Howard Higgins and Mrs. (Dr.) E. E. Wilson.

The tea table was artistically decorated with dark red tulips arranged in a silver bowl, resting on an Italian cut-work cloth, and red candles held in silver stands marked the corners.

Among the invited guests were the following junior pupils: Doris Stevens, Helen Higgins, Ruth McLaughlin, Tennes Tanner, Betty Hueston, Marion Zwickler, Raymond Jenkins, Donald Slater, Albert Bunting, Billy Glanville, Muriel Hawley, Vera Hawley, Betty Fraser, Margaret Boucher, Mary Boucher, Veronica Wilson, Florence Wilson, Frances White, Margaret Glanville, Eleanor Treloven, Jean Reid, Jack Taylor, Fred Smith, Jack Babb, Marion Marsh, Marjorie Lewis, Marion Lewis, Larry Taylor, Helen Dyson, Mata Taylor, Annie Shannon, Marjorie Little, Ruth Beamish, Marjorie Watson, Maurice Taylor, Myrl Mitchell, Jean Simmons, Beatrice Wood, Ellen Wood, Harry Wood, Catherine Gammage, Margaret Burthwick, Billie Downing, Jack McDonald, Edith Walsingham, Bob Moran, Marion Keen, Alleen Keen, Charles Sherlock, Leaman Marsh, Ruth Marsh, Marion Reid, Geraldine Stinson, Mary McCullough, Ross Waddell, Tom Milliken, Thelma Milliken, Carl Davies, Lois Bathurst, Irene Bird, Eleanor Bendle, Martha Brash, Eleanor Colvin, Jack Holmes, Gladys Harper, Edith Kaufman, Elsie Morris, Dorothy Linnell, Annie Bottrill, Marcella Robinson, Marjorie Robinson, Bernice Sinclair, Shirley Stewart, Constance Wood, Irene Tucker, Dorothy Brittain, Joe Kaufman, Marjorie Box, Evelyn Fones, Dorothy McPhee, Elizabeth McGill, Duncan McCallum, Margaret Mitchell, Laura Parsons, Muriel Randall, Eleanor Westhead, Margaret Wyatt, Eleanor Wyatt, Mary Wilson, Eleanor McDougall, Woodrow Ward, Keith Schram, Russell Schram, Reginald Thomas, Margaret Aford, Ellen O'Connor, Clara Smith, Dorothy Earle, Alberta Grif-



J. STANLEY MEREDITH, who is playing the role of the valet in "The Finger of God," a Percival Wilde play to be presented before the Drama League on May 27. Mr. Meredith is also directing the play.

fifth, Harold Currie, George Wright, Hilda Proctor, Lorine Patterson, Phyllis Hogg, Irene Sinclair, Bentley Baldwin.

The senior students, who kindly assisted in entertaining the younger pupils, were: Margaret Campbell, Doris Jenkins, Vera Kennedy, Esther Richmond, Emma Rowley, Marjorie Tolhurst, Alma Carrothers, Norma Taylor, Mary Moran, Madeline McDonald, Irene Broderick, Edith Agnew, Margery Allender, Genevieve Carmichael, George Holmes, Alleen Hallett, Mildred McGay, Elva McGregor, Agnes Mitchell, Jack Bottrill, Edith Falfrey, Florence Quinn, Vera Riddell, Marguerite Thorne, Vera Turner, Mildred Carmichael, Geraldine Efner, Eleanor Taylor, Audrey Pring, Gladys Tucker, Faith Wallies, May Baker, Marjorie Brown, Melville Abel, Pearl Coleman, Kenneth Harrington, Mrs. Mitchell, Mabel McRoberts, Raymond Randall, Irene Selway, Mrs. N. Roberts, Eva Talbot, Marjorie Westhead, Lillian Beal, Gertrude Stockley, Hilda Wenige.

SUCCESSFULLY PASS HOME NURSING TESTS

Large Class of Lord Kitchener Nursing Division Hears Examination Results.

Announcement has just been made of those who have been successful in passing the home nursing examinations conducted by the Lord Kitchener Nursing Division, No. 23, St. John Ambulance Corps. Dr. J. R. Latourel was the lecturer and Dr. E. F. Keller the examiner. Miss Ella Davis is the lady superintendent of the division.

The successful candidates are as follows: Miss Margaret Brown, Miss Thelma Darnford, Miss Edith Baldwin, Mrs. Ellen Carter, Miss Charlotte Buller, Miss Lillian Field, Miss Edna Gault, Mrs. Jessie Heimbecker, Mrs. Mary Helen Jones, Miss Kathleen Munroe, Miss Myrtle McMillan, Mrs. Edith Mitchell, Miss Rene Macpherson, Mrs. Edith Nichols, Miss Florence Reid, and Miss Kathleen Thorpe.

LONDONERS LEAVE FOR "Y" SESSIONS

Will Attend an Important Y.W.C.A. Convention at Preston Springs.

Quite a strong delegation representing the London branch of the Y.W.C.A. left the city this morning for Preston Springs to attend the eleventh annual conference of the Young Women's Christian Association of Canada, which opens there this afternoon and continues until May 22. The delegation included Mrs. Donald McLean, president of the local association, Miss Marjorie Morten, general secretary, Miss Helen d'Avignon, girls' work secretary, Miss Beatrice Brown, assistant girls' work secretary, Miss Ruth Lucas, Mrs. E. R. Dennis and Mrs. J. K. McDermid, all representing the board.

Secretarial conference will be held in the afternoon and evening today, and at 8 o'clock the mayor of Preston will give his official greetings to the convention visitors. On Sunday, Miss M. E. T. Addison, dean of women in Victoria College, Toronto, will take the service in the Methodist church and the Presbyterian pulpit. At the Baptist church Miss J. M. Norton is to be the speaker. Evening worship for the conference will be conducted by the Rev. M. B. Davidson of Galt.

More than one hundred delegates are expected, including a large number of prominent Y.W.C.A. workers from different parts of the world. Miss Kato San, general secretary at Tokyo, Japan, will give an address on "Prevailing Conditions Among Japanese Girls"; Miss Charlotte Niven, general secretary of the World's Y.W.C.A., will speak on "A World Outlook." Other distinguished delegates will be Miss Iris Wingate, national general secretary of India and daughter of Sir Andrew Wingate, with Sir Adam Beck and Miss Marion Beck. Miss Beck entertained at luncheon at the Kennels in honor of Mrs. Godfrey while she was in the city.

THE MIZPAH CONCLAVE FORMS A DRILL TEAM

First Organization of Its Kind in Canada Is Organized in London.

The first drill team of the True Kindred Conclave to be organized in Canada came into being here this week when such an organization was formed in connection with the Mizpah Conclave, No. 1. Mrs. T. Redmond is commander of the team, with Mrs. Morris Lee as first lieutenant and Mrs. C. Edwards second lieutenant. There are 25 members in addition to the officers. Instruction is to be given by ex-Sergeant-Major W. Prowse, formerly of the R. C. R. The order has now been granted its charter and represents the first association of its kind in the dominion, although many branches now exist in the United States. The conclave has been invited to Detroit to attend the Grand Lodge meeting to be held there next Tuesday and several London representatives hope to attend.

PERSONALS

Miss Mary Austin of Chatham was a visitor in town this week.

Dr. and Mrs. Claude Brown are guests at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto.

Miss Florence McNeen returned home yesterday after spending the past ten days in New York.

Miss Margaret Harley Brown is a guest with her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Hendrie at Gateside House, Hamilton.

Dr. W. M. Shoenbotham, Dr. Septimus Thompson and Arthur White of this city, who are spending several months abroad, were recent visitors in Venice.

Miss Veronica Hood left Toronto yesterday on an extended motor trip to the Pacific coast. She is accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Galley and party of Oakville.

Mr. Olaf Rehnitz and Mr. Einar Rehnitz are sailing today from New York for England. They will spend two months in England, France, Germany and Denmark, returning home early in August.

Mrs. George Frost and son Raymond, of Stedwell street, are sailing from Montreal on S.S. Montclair on an extended visit to London, England, where they will visit the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Matthews.

Mrs. D. Aitken, Westminster Hospital, is sailing, June 6th, on S.S. Athenia for the Shetland Isles. She will also attend the Wembley Exhibition before returning home. She will be accompanied to Canada by her mother.

Hon. Dr. Forbes Godfrey and Mrs. Godfrey have returned to Toronto after having been guests at "Headley" with Sir Adam Beck and Miss Marion Beck. Miss Beck entertained at luncheon at the Kennels in honor of Mrs. Godfrey while she was in the city.

The bridge tea given this afternoon at Smallman & Ingram's tea room, under the auspices of the Cheerio Club was a delightful affair. Twenty-five tables were arranged, and the guests were received by the president, Miss Marjorie Cox, assisted by the convener, Mrs. R. T. Lyons.

The Drs. Harkins are leaving today to attend the Abrams Electronic convention at Kansas City, the following week going on to Kirksville, Missouri, for the celebration of the fiftieth birthday of osteopathy. Before returning to London they will spend a few days with their father at Blairsville, Pa.

Mrs. William Scott, accompanied by little Misses Dorothy and Betty, of the Base Line, Westminster, is sailing on S. S. Montclair for England on Friday. She will also be accompanied by her two brothers, Albert and Percy Crysell. Before returning home they will visit the British Empire Exhibition.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Eckert and Mr. Clayton Eckert, Queen's motor, have left on a two weeks' motor trip through the states of Maine and Massachusetts. While away they will attend the graduation exercises at the Emerson School of Oratory, Boston, which Miss Miriam Eckert is attending, and will bring her home with them.

The graduating class of Victoria Hospital were guests of honor last evening at a delicious supper and dance at the Tecumseh House given by the members of the Victoria Alumni. The guests were received by the president of the association, Miss Agnes Maclellan, assisted by the committee including Miss Della Foster, Miss L. Guest, Miss D. Gilles, Miss J. Gray, and Mrs. A. Stapleton.

The field day being held May 24th will be the opening event of the London Hunt Ladies' Golf Club. An interesting program has been arranged for that day. In the morning, archery, putting and driving competitions will be held, and in the afternoon mixed foursomes will take place.

Peter Rabbit Finds All His Friends When the Great Flood Is Over

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The great flood was over. The water was gone from the Green Meadows. Once more the Laughing Brook was laughing and the Smiling Pool was smiling. Once more Peter Rabbit was hopping about this way and that way on the Green Meadows, searching for news of his friends. Just as soon as he could get there he had gone over to the place where Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse had been living. There was no trace of them there. There wasn't even a trace of their old home. Peter's heart grew heavy.

From there he went over to the bank of the Smiling Pool. He looked in vain for Jerry Muskrat's house. There wasn't a sign of it. Peter's heart grew heavier. He looked across to the home of the young chick on the other side. There was no sign of life there. He knew that the water had covered that home. Heavier still grew Peter's heart.

Peter sighed. It was a mournful sigh. "I am afraid they were all drowned," said he. "They must have been drowned. What a dreadful, dreadful thing!"

"What is dreadful, Peter Rabbit?" asked a cheery voice. It was the voice of Welcome Robin. Welcome was sitting in the Big Hickory Tree that grows near the Smiling Pool.

Peter told him. He asked him if he didn't think it was very, very sad. "Cheer up, Peter! Cheer up!" cried Welcome Robin. "I saw Jerry Muskrat this very morning. You didn't really suppose that Jerry Muskrat could be drowned, did you? I don't know anything about Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse, but this very morning I heard that there was a strange young Chuck up in Farmer Brown's orchard. I suspect it was the same one you are worrying about."

So Peter and Welcome Robin started for the Old Orchard. Of course Welcome Robin got there first. When Peter finally poked his head over the old stone wall Welcome Robin was talking to someone there. Peter saw at once that it was the young Chuck. "Oh," said Peter. "I'm so glad! Are you going back to your old home near the Smiling Pool?"

The young Chuck shook his head in a very decided way. "No, sir," said he. "I've already got a new home up here. Never again will you catch me living where I'm likely to be drowned. I'm going to live right up here. I had a dreadful time, but I guess all is well that ends well."

Peter said he guessed that this was so, and then asked the young Chuck if he had seen anything of Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. To Peter's great delight the young Chuck said that he had seen two Meadow Mice who might be Danny and Nanny come ashore on a piece of board while the flood covered the Green Meadows.

"It was Danny and Nanny as sure as you're alive!" cried Peter, dancing about delightedly. "It must have been."

"That is just who it was," said another voice. "I know, because I saw them. In fact, I know where they are now, but I'm not going to tell." It was Winsome Bluebird.

"All right," said Peter. "It is enough for me to know that they are alive. I'll find them sooner or later. My, my, isn't it good to have everything end well?"

"It certainly is," replied the young Chuck and Winsome Bluebird and Welcome Robin together.

(Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Chatterer Has Wicked Spring Thoughts."

MRS. HALE ENTERTAINS LUMBERMEN'S MISSION

Wm. Henderson, Travelling Secretary, Tells of Work Among Shantymen.

The Lumberman's Mission received a goodly sum from friends in the city yesterday, when the annual meeting of the local branch of that association was held at the home of Mrs. Jeffery Hale, the president. William Henderson of Toronto, travelling secretary of the mission, and his assistant, were present at the gathering and told of the great progress which was being made among the lumbermen of Northern Canada and in certain districts of the United States.

The new feature of the work this year was the visiting of oil camps as well as lumber camps. The secretary had travelled over 3,000 miles among shantymen, without money, save that which was forthcoming from kind friends as he moved on his way, conducting services and generally making the life happier and better for the men of lumber and oil districts.

A large number of those interested in the work gathered at the home of Mrs. Hale yesterday. There are no regular meetings of the organization throughout the year. But interest is kept alive in the work by the annual meeting at the home of the president, when funds are forthcoming for the cause. Miss Mary McMillan, the secretary-treasurer, reported a goodly sum for the work this year. At the close of the meeting tea was served.

A GRACEFUL CAPE.

New York, May 17.—A graceful cape shown here today is of taupe felt crepe, with several rows of very long silk fringe instead of fur. Though simple in shade, the cape is likely to be lined with jade, orange or madonna blue.

place. Clock and obstacle golf will be played all day. Two teams of London women golfers will go to Brantford to play inter-club matches on May 27th.

The annual dance given by the Orient Club last evening, which marked the opening of the casino at Port Stanley, was a successful and delightful affair. The guests numbered over eight hundred, and many were present from St. Thomas as well as London. Splendid music was provided by Dan Macaulay's orchestra, and a number of enjoyable novelty dances were introduced, including the powder puff and balloon dances. The members of the committee in charge were: Messrs. Howard Dodge, Jack Horden, Jack Aikin, Murray Fish, Charles Crosby, Gordon Erskine and Ted Braund.

The student body of the Normal School gave a delightful banquet last evening at the school in honor of 50 Stratford Normal students. The tables were artistically decorated in green and yellow, adorned with clusters of marigolds and tall green and yellow candles, held in brass sticks. Members of the student body, wearing becoming yellow caps and aprons, acted as assistants. Later an attractive program was presented in the auditorium, when crimson and gold, the school colors, made effective decorations. Miss Mitchell was in charge of the decorations. The Stratford guests included Miss Cottle and Miss Manning of the staff. An oratorical contest and debate took place and the London students repeated the presentation of the floral peretta, "The Brownies Whisper."

The field day being held May 24th will be the opening event of the London Hunt Ladies' Golf Club. An interesting program has been arranged for that day. In the morning, archery, putting and driving competitions will be held, and in the afternoon mixed foursomes will take place.

Lions Which Travel Through Snow.

The lions of Mount Atlas are far the largest of their species and capable of enduring extreme cold, frequently travelling long distances through deep snow.

HARMONY STAR CLUB.

Mrs. E. G. Bristol will act as convener of the social being given May 29, under the auspices of the Harmony Star Club, in Alma Block. In the afternoon euchre will be enjoyed and in the evening dancing and a program will be included.

JUNIOR RED CROSS.

The regular meeting of the Junior Red Cross was held yesterday afternoon in Principal Wallis' room at Simcoe street school. Rev. Dean Tucker gave an inspiring talk on United Empire Loyalists, from whom he is descended. The prize winners were present.



NEMO WEEK

Begins Monday, May 19

IN OUR CORSET DEPARTMENT

and features the new

Nemo

Diafram-Controlling Corset and Circlet Brassiere

The corset gives the desired straight, flat back and controls any excess flesh that may have accumulated in front above the waist-line as it is so constructed that the flesh is not crowded over the top of the corset, but, instead, is covered by it.

A fitting in our Corset Department will convince you of the truth of these statements.

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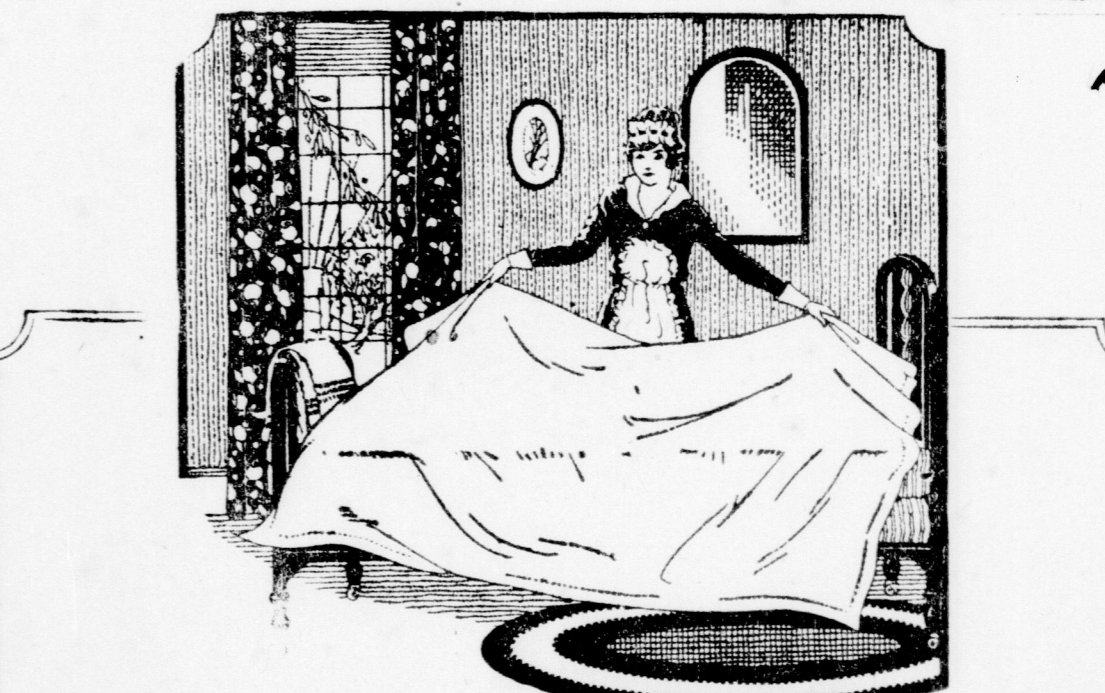
Diafram-Controlling Corset—made in pink or white. Coutil. Sizes 24 to 36. Priced \$5.00.

CIRCLET, MORE THAN A BRASSIERE

This new Circlet, No. 1924, smooths over the broken lines where corset and body meet, and, by means of the Hook-Rite attachment, gives additional control to unruly diaphragm flesh. It is made in pink or white batiste with the diaphragm-controlling feature of coutil in matching color. Sizes 34 to 48. \$1.25.

Smallman & Ingram, Ltd., London, Ont., Canada

NO1924



Snowy Bed Linen—fragrantly clean

HOW sweet and wholesome is that welcome sense of fragrance which comes from well washed linen. How refreshing it is to lie between clean sheets, to rest one's head on a snow-white pillow case; to breathe deeply in an atmosphere of purity; to feel and to know that the things around you are absolutely clean.

To bring about this refreshing sense in the mind of guest or family is a triumph well worth the attention of any housewife. It is best accomplished by using Sunlight Soap.

To get bed clothes snowy white it is not necessary to boil them or rub holes on the wash board. The sure power of Sunlight Soap itself extracts every trace of soil while the things are soaking. In the rinse it all comes away—all the dirt and every particle of soapy matter, leaving not gray-whiteness, not yellow-whiteness, but snowy white purity and cleanliness.

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A gentleman wherever she travels is always singled out by her luggage.

Whether week-ending at Atlantic City, or shopping in New York, or crossing the continent or perhaps the Atlantic, women of caste carry smart and appropriate bags for each occasion.

They are all in this new collection—

J. DARCH & SONS

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Retail and Wholesale

OPPOSITE MARKET



Half Million Words in "Don Quixote"

One of the earliest of still popular novels, "Don Quixote," is also one of the longest; it is estimated to contain 461,000 words. It was begun in prison.

AND WITH THE SPRING COMES
A GYPSY CARAVAN TO LONDON

Gaily Garbed Figures Are Seen
For a Brief Time in
London East.

MAKING CANADIANS

Swarthy Leader of the Tribe Is
Bringing Up Her Chil-
dren in Dominion.

Spring wouldn't be spring without a gypsy caravan. So it wasn't a surprise when a great black-covered truck thundered into the city this week and disgorged a motley throng of gaily garbed women, dirty children and brown-faced men—picturesque in their dress still, but very much modernized in their gasoline-driven home.

They scrambled out onto the green boulevard at the corner of Hale and Trafalgar streets, a whole dozen of them, eager to stretch their legs after a long journey. First to alight was the grandmother and leader of the tribe, large and swarthy, with coarse black hair, hanging in two braids like dark old ropes. Bracelets and ear-rings and many necklaces adorned her ample person, which was clothed in red and yellow and a dirty violet.

Native of Portugal, she has been in America for 20 years. The dozen or so men, women and children who travel with her are her children and grandchildren, whom she is "bringing up Canadian, although some of them were born in the United States." Her trade is fortune telling, and her language is the picturesque broken English of the gypsy people.

If we crossed her palm with a dollar and she told us fortunes which were priceless and kissed our brow in grateful benediction. It was a pretty ceremony and perfectly sanitary, for the kiss was wafted from her lips to us through the tips of her long and bony fingers.

A Broken Story.
Our fortune wasn't by any means a consecutive tale. Her prophetic of the future were interspersed with sharp admonitions in the gypsy tongue, as 'naughty members of the family' rolled on the grass below us. A child of about eight was having difficulties with a tiny infant, which she nursed upon her lap and which was so swathed in a grimy brown shawl that it looked like a young pup.

Another infant, about the same age, lay on the breast of its mother; small boys galloped about on sturdy brown legs; while the men hauled luggage from the van, examined great canvas tents, and puttered over black kettles and pans.

This gypsy family has been on the move for two months, having travelled the way from Vancouver, through the United States and across the border at Windsor. Coming by easy stages, stopping here a day and there a day, but no place calling a halt, they have wearied of being always on the road. (Even gypsies become tired of wandering sometimes). And they had made up their minds to find a resting place near London.

Must Move On.
But alas for their plans! The police have found them out. And they have been obliged to move on. Only the people of East London had a glimpse of them. They tried to get into Springbank. But the police again were on their trail.

They must keep moving—only stretching a bit of sleep here and gathering something to eat in the next place. They have spurned the life of the city, with its cares and responsibilities. And so the city spurns them. They must keep to the open places, on the borders of the fragrant woods or out in waste pasture-lands. But the head of the tribe insists that these woods be Canadian woods; the streams, from which her family drinks must be, Canadian streams. She is only a gypsy, but she is making Canadians.

ENGAGEMENTS

A charge of 75 cents for one insertion, or \$1 for two insertions is made for notices under this heading.

Orders for insertion of engagement notices must bear the name and address of sender, and will not be taken over the telephone.



Children
Cry for
Fletcher's
CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of

Constipation Wind Colic To Sweeten Stomach
Flatulency Diarrhea Regulate Bowels
Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

WOMEN and THE HOME

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Should a Girl Take Her "First Chance" in Order to Have a Home of Her Own?
The Wonder-Working Wife Whose Husband Yet Complains of the High Cost of Living—Is a Year and a Half Too Long for a Couple To Be Engaged?

Dear Dorothy Dix—I graduated from high school last spring and would like to go into business, but since I am the eldest daughter of a large family, my parents think that I should take my "first chance." Do you believe that a girl who marries for a home only is likely to be happy?

MARGARET.



Answer:
I certainly do not. I think she is likely to be most miserable, because sooner or later she will meet up with some man with whom she will fall in love, and then she will be filled with unavailing regret for the happiness she lost and what might have been.

I think that the woman who marries for anything but love has no reason to draw her skirts aside from her sisters of the streets. She has sold herself just as much as they sell themselves. No mockery of a wedding ceremony sanctifies a mercenary marriage.

I think that the girl who marries just for a home—just for shelter, and food, and clothes—sells out too cheaply. Any intelligent, industrious girl can earn those for herself and keep her personal liberty and her free heart besides.

If I were a girl going to marry a man I didn't love, he would have to fend me with palaces and yachts, and as many millions as Mr. Rockefeller has. Giving up the chance of love and romance is worth that any day.

Also, I think that the girl who marries just for a home makes a dishonest bargain with the man, unless she tells him frankly just why she is marrying him. Not many men want a wife who cares for their pocketbooks instead of them.

Your parents evidently hold very old-fashioned ideas if they think it necessary for a girl to get married in order to rid them of her support. In former times fathers and mothers with a household of girls tried to marry them off as soon as possible, and saddle the support upon the first young man who came along. But instead of being liabilities, daughters are assets now, for they not only earn as much money as the boys, but bring it home, which the boys rarely do.

The great emancipation of women was the opening up of the business world to them, so that every girl can earn her own living and be free forever from having to marry for a home. No girl need need sell herself in the matrimonial market place. No girl need enter into an unlavished marriage. Every girl who so desires can earn her own board and keep and wait until the right man comes along, instead of having to take any man who looks like a meal ticket. And for that women should thank God for their knees every night of their lives.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have a family of seven, myself and husband included, to care for. I do all my own housework, and try to help all I can to make ends meet by raising chickens, milking cows, working in the garden, canning fruit and vegetables and occasionally keeping boarders. Yet my husband complains of how much it costs us to live. Do you think the budget system would help us to solve our problems and enable us to cut down expenses? We own our own home and my husband is capable of making \$1 a day.

It hurts me beyond words to be made constantly to feel that it is my fault that our expenses are so high, and if you can offer a solution for the above problem it would be greatly appreciated by

AN ANXIOUS HOUSEWIFE.

Answer:
It seems to me, dear lady, that any woman who does the housework of seven and then raises chickens, and milks cows, and makes a garden, and cans fruit, and keeps boarders is such a superhuman example of efficiency and thrift that she should be touring the country giving lectures on how to solve the problem of the high cost of living, instead of asking anyone how she can make a nickel go a little farther. Certainly she knows, from actual experience, all that is to be told on the subject, and if her husband fails to appreciate what a paragon of a wife he has I can only make one suggestion to her.

And that is to resign the job of keeper of the purse to him for a little while.

Let him wrestle with the financial problem for a space. Let him ascertain by personal experience just how much seven hungry mouths can eat, and what food costs, and how many shoes and clothes five growing youngsters can wear out. Let him deal with the butcher and baker, and candlestick maker. Let him tramp the streets hunting boarders. He will find out that he cannot run the family on twice what you do.

But of all the mean little things that a man can do, I think the very meanest is for him to perpetually reproach his wife for the expense of supporting a family. Yet there are plenty of men who do this, and who act as if their wives had eaten every particle of food and absorbed every bit of heat and light for which they have to pay on the first of the month.

If a man is so stingy that he begrudges the money that it takes to support a family, then he should stay single and nurse his dimes in peace. Certainly it is not the fault of the wife that he cannot feed her children on wind pudding and that feathers do not grow on them.

As for the budget system, I doubt if it would save an economist like you any money, but it would do your husband good to see how the experts proportion out an income. Probably, though, it will give him heart failure to find out what they think a wife is entitled to have for house-keeping money!

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am deeply in love with a girl, but will not be in a position to marry her for a year and a half. She is all the world to me and to lose her would break my heart and wreck my future. Is it too soon to ask her to be my wife? Is a year and a half too long for an engagement? I feel as though I cannot wait another day to pop the question.

EDWARD C. B.

Answer:
Go to it, and heaven bless you, my children! A year and a half is the ideal length of time for an engagement. It gives you plenty of time for love-making and to really get acquainted with each other, and not enough time to wear out the romance.

DOROTHY DIX.

OPTIMISTIC CLUB.

The Y. W. C. A. Optimistic Club provided a happy evening for the patients at the Victoria Home for incurables on Thursday night, taking a concert party and distributing fruit and candy among them. The program, which was voted one of the finest ever heard by those at the Home, included attractive Scotch song and dance numbers by Sam and Dorothy Munroe; song and clog dancing by Agnes Foster, and a violin solo by Billy Bendina. Miss Beatrice Brown, who gave a vocal number, also acted as accompanist during the evening. Recitations were given by Jean Petrie, Christine Sibbald acted as convener of this most successful evening, at the close of which coffee was served by Miss Griffin, matron of the Home.

FEATHERS IN HER HAIR.

London, May 17.—Perhaps because of the courts, which require debut-



—supreme among sauces
Its excellence is recognised
in millions of homes.

THE FLORENTINE DAGGER

By BEN HECHT.

INSTALLMENT VI.

THE LEADING CHARACTERS.
JULIEN DE MEDICI, a play-
wright and direct descendant of the famous Italian family of murderers, the re-
joices that the finger of sus-
picion for the recent murder of her father points to his fiancée.

FLORENCE BALLAU, beautiful and talented daughter of Victor Ballau, the murdered man she finds lying on the floor with the Florentine dagger in his heart and a candlestick by his head.

JANE, the Ballau housekeeper, who believes the crime to be merely a case of suicide.

NORTON, chief of detectives, who is clutched in the dead man's hand and says that, and the disorder-
ed condition of the room indicate that Ballau wanted to divert attention from his destruction. Norton, however, overlooks a discrepancy in Florence's account of how she rushed home from the theatre in response to a telephone call. She does not tell him of the telephone call.

At the inquest Norton asks Jane at what time, on the evening of the murder, Florence came home. Norton stresses his theory of suicide by proving that Ballau was bankrupt and desirous of Florence collecting his insurance money if murder could be established, as no money would be paid in case of suicide.

Florence again neglects to mention the mysterious phone call, but De Medici, whose inherited morbid love of murder still exults over his fiancée's evil deed, realizes that Norton, too, must know something, and is only playing a crafty game. Julien is called to the stand. De Medici offers his support to Florence, but is rebuffed, she disclaims any intimate knowledge of the murder. Dr. Lytton, a scientist of note, realizes that Julien is under the impression that the murderer Ballau while under the sinister influence of his family's memory. After receiving a special delivery letter, De Medici suffers a sudden shock.

CHAPTER XI.

FLORIA—Florence

"She . . . she!" De Medici cried. "From the thing with the dagger . . . The doctor stooped and picked up the paper that had dropped from his hands. Holding it quickly under the rays of the candles he read:

Prince Julien De Medici:
I write to let you know that my meddlesome interest in my affairs is at an end. You will allow the matter to drop or incur the anger of one who knows how to deal with a De Medici. I am, Your humble servant, FLORIA.

Under the signature was a crude drawing in ink of a dagger. "Floria," muttered Dr. Lytton. De Medici's face grew gray in the candle light, was regarding him.

"What was the postmark?" the doctor asked quietly.

"Rollo, Maine," De Medici answered. Dr. Lytton examined the torn envelope.

"Rollo, Maine," he repeated; "mailed yesterday morning, Julien."

"Yes." "The thing is complete. It fits in. Hm, what a curious handwriting. You recognize it?"

"Hers," he answered. "Almost," the scientist murmured. "Have you a letter of hers?"

"Yes." "A similarity," Dr. Lytton finally announced, after taking a letter from Julien. "The letter from Rollo, Maine, could have been written by the same hand that wrote this letter to you. Yet they are not identical. The difference is a difference of tempo. Floria, the lady of the dagger, writes with a certain jerky stiffness. Yet it was written in fierce haste. . . . Hysteria. I perceived it from the beginning." The scientist continued. "Everything pointed to it. A dual personality."

"Floria and Floria," murmured De Medici.

"But I was in doubt at first," said Lytton. "You seemed too clever at the inquest. A curious balance of sincerity and evasion. And the two hours between 8 o'clock and 10 o'clock that night he was killed. Where had you spent them? Yes, a walk in Broadway. But you never walk, my dear Julien. Do I remember correctly?"

The nurse gave me my first definite conviction, however."

"And now your theory is?" De Medici prompted him quietly.

Lytton replied. "Florence Ballau and not Julien De Medici."

"But I may have written it myself," De Medici murmured. "Written it, sent it from Rollo, Maine, to myself—evidence to exonerate me."

"I thought of that," smiled Dr. Lytton. "Except that you couldn't have known I would be here tonight. The letter is authentic. And the rest unravels itself."

He beamed at the masked eyes of his

"Dual personality, as we know it," he continued. "is a dramatic disease. Yes, the phenomenon of dissociation with dual personalities is not the most neurotic of cases. Ordinarily

they acquire them. In pathology, dual personality cases belong to the ill-defined border-land between sanity and insanity. It is for that reason that I have been inclined to ridicule your own obsessions, Julien. Dual personalities are not inherited. Bad blood may breed disorders. But the charming Jekyll and Hyde pose you have been trying to put on your self is, scientifically, absurd."

De Medici nodded. "Now we come to Florence Ballau. A high-strung, vivid temperament," continued Dr. Lytton. "The letter signed Floria and decorated with the dagger reveals one thing. Its writer is suffering from the delusions of persecution. Persuasive delusions are a common form of mental disorder. We all have them more or less. Floria is the terrified and persecuted thing that dwells in the soul of Florence Ballau. At times this terrified thing usurps the body of Miss Ballau and lives its own mysterious life. It was induced by shock of some sort. Florence may be dimly aware of the change after she returns to herself. More likely, however, she is merely distracted, depressed, and suffers from a sense of bewilderment."

De Medici nodded again. "I remember something," he said slowly.

"I thought you would," smiled Dr. Lytton.

"I had called at her apartment unexpectedly. It was last year. I rang the bell a half-dozen times before anyone answered. Finally the door was opened by Florence. I hardly recognized her. She stood before me white-faced and eyes staring. I had a feeling for the moment that something terrible had happened, was happening. I tried to push it over such things always confuse me violently—by inviting myself in for a cup of tea. She stood looking at me almost as if she feared to recognize me. Then she said: 'Father isn't home,' and closed the door in my face."

"Excellent!" murmured the doctor. "The perfect corroboration. And did you ever ask her what had been wrong?"

"She called me up," De Medici answered. "The next morning, and apologized for the incident. She said she suffered from periodic headaches, the pain of which almost drove her beside herself. I tried to come on her during one of the spells."

"Did she use the word 'spells'?" Dr. Lytton asked.

"I think she did," De Medici answered.

The two men became silent. The candles had burned down. One of them sputtered excitedly for a moment and the other answered. De Medici's eyes watched the growing flicker of the three lights. Darkness would come . . . His heart chilled. Florence, crazed and trembling dagger in hand before her father, Victor Ballau staring aghast at the horrible-eyed woman who wore the body of his daughter, but in whose soul leaped the awful desire for a demoniacal stranger—the lady of the dagger.

"Nothing is explained," he mused as the third candle drifted away. The darkness stepped closer to the two men. "The beard . . . the thing he clutched."

"I follow your thoughts," murmured Dr. Lytton from behind his hand. "The false Vandike."

"Yes," De Medici said. The two remaining candles were dying. A terror swept his darkness. He felt it would grow black. There were candles in the table drawer. His hands crept slowly forward and stopped. An intuition held them. He sat riveted, unable to stir. Terror exploded a Roman candle in his head.

CHAPTER XII.

The Arrest.

"Ah," he breathed, a sweat covering him.

He plunged to his feet, beating at the darkness.

"Lights . . . lights!" came in a scream from his throat. The doctor's voice roared a command.

"Stand still!"

The figure of De Medici spun crazily in the darkness and crashed into the velvet-covered wall. It sank without a sound and the floor.

The doctor groped toward the table.

"Julien!" he cried. His thick fingers were fumbling with a match box. He held a quickly lighted candle aloft. The telephone was ringing. He stepped forward and lifted the receiver from his hook.

"Is this Mr. De Medici?" a voice asked.

"Yes," the doctor answered. "This is Dr. Norton on the wire. Mr. De Medici, can you come over to my office at once?"

"What is it?"

"I haven't time to go into any detail over the phone. The voice answered. "But I would like to see you as soon as possible. We've found the murderer of Mr. Ballau."

The cab rolled through the dark streets. Dr. Lytton's hand rested on the knee of his companion.

"All right now," he asked.

De Medici nodded.

"Dizziness," he answered laconically.

"A rather interesting case," the doctor looked at him speculatively. "Fear, eh? Morbid and illogical fear. Hm. Nothing simpler. Phobias are easy to trace. You fainted. Fainting is an escape from overwhelming impulses that are repugnant to the conscious mind. You had an impulse."

De Medici smiled.

"He prowls around like a blind weasel," he mused as the scientist talked.

"Yes. Obvious. Why not discuss it?" Dr. Lytton was saying. "Such things must be considered impersonally. Your impulse was to murder me, Julien."

De Medici shrugged his shoulders.

"Here we are," he spoke as the cab stopped before a lighted building. They entered the police station arm in arm. The lieutenant rose to greet them.

"Well, come right in," cried the detective exuberantly. "Glad to see you, Mr. De Medici."

He nodded somewhat less enthusiastically at the stock figure of Dr. Lytton.

De Medici sat down beside the lieutenant's desk.

"So you've found the murderer?" he asked quietly.

Dr. Lytton, regarding the red-faced detective, mused silently.

"He's stumbled on something. An

Takes Nine Years to Make Table.

A clever woodcarver has made a table of 113,540 different pieces of wood, taking nine years to complete it.

SCOTCH CANADIAN CLUB
PLANS SOCIAL IN MAY

Hears Address on Canada by
Mrs. B. C. McCann in
St. Peter's Hall.

Mrs. B. C. McCann gave an interesting address on Canada at the regular meeting of the Scotch Canadian Club held Thursday evening at St. Peter's Parish Hall. Over forty members were present, and plans were made for a social to be held in the hall Thursday evening, May 29. Miss Kate McCaffery was appointed convener, with a committee including Miss Nan Gordon, Miss Nellie Morgan, Miss Elsie Goldin and Miss Mary Dunlop. This affair will close the season for the club.

Next Thursday evening plans will be made to organize a tennis club among the girls. The meeting was presided over by the president, Mrs. Ellen Brennan.

Intelligent man, but clumsy and superficial," he was thinking. "Well, gentlemen," Norton said, "I was absolutely convinced it was a murder on the night we found the body. I adopted the suicide theory as a ruse, and instructed my force to take a similar attitude. We harped on this theory at the inquest. You see, it was my purpose to throw the criminal off the track, and make the capture a bit easier."

"Marvelous," mused De Medici. The lieutenant's naive had suddenly amused him. "A bewildering deception. And you got him."

Norton grinned at the man's banter. "Her," he corrected. "Miss Florence Ballau."

Dr. Lytton nodded.

"Where is she?" he inquired.

"Under lock and key," said Norton. "We arrested her yesterday morning."

"Where?" whispered De Medici.

"In New York," Norton answered. De Medici's eyes closed happily. In New York yesterday morning . . . De Medici's face grew gray in the candle light, was regarding him.

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"Child's Eyelids Inflamed
Stuck Together and Bled"

Mr. E. P. Kimball,

For Your Health

you should buy the best.

"SALADA"

TEA

H500

is the purest and most scientifically prepared tea, sold today. — Try it.

Profits Reduce
Twenty Payments to Fourteen

Policy 43485, issued in 1909, called for 20 premiums, but Great-West profits reduced this to 14 premiums.

Amounts:	Premium \$ 246.70
Earnings Credited 1914	197.85
Earnings Credited 1915	353.40
Earnings Credited 1923	557.45
Total end of 14th year	1108.70
Required to pay future premiums	1046.70
Cash Surplus to Assured	\$62.00

Although no further premiums are to be paid, the policy will continue to participate in profits.

Great-West Life

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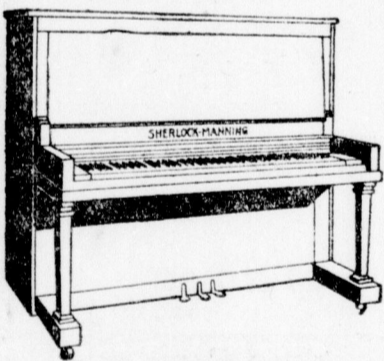
Australia

Under the Southern Cross in far away Australia, thousands of miles from home, many Canadian products are making an enviable name for themselves and their country.

Foremost among these is the

Sherlock-Manning
20th Century Piano
The Piano worthy of your home

of which large shipments are being made regularly to Australia. Although climatic conditions are quite the reverse from this country Sherlock-Manning Pianos in Australia are maintaining their Canadian reputation for beauty of tone, quality of workmanship and unexcelled service.



In many foreign lands the Sherlock-Manning Piano, known for years as "Canada's Biggest Piano Value," is rapidly earning the title of "The World's Biggest Piano Value."

Let this piano fill YOUR home with melody and cheer.

Sherlock-Manning Piano Company

LONDON CANADA

THE MUTUAL LIFE

OF CANADA: WATERLOO, ONT.

A COMPANY of policyholders who share the entire profits from the investment of its funds and control it absolutely through its elected board of directors.

The Mutual Life is one of the outstanding institutions of Canada, with assets of \$60,000,000 and assurances in force of \$270,000,000.

You should know about Mutual Life Insurance. Let us send you our booklet, "Mutual Life Ideals." Write to our head office at Waterloo.

Branch Office:
204-5 Royal Bank Bldg.
London, Ontario.

Gala Opening Summer Stock Season - GRAND TUESDAY - SUMMER 1924 -

ROGER PRYOR
ROBERTA CLARK
GARRY MCGARRY
STANLEY ANDREWS
CARRINGTON SHORT
The GARRY MCGARRY PLAYERS
EVELYN WATSON
NORMAN WENDELL
JESSICA PAIGE

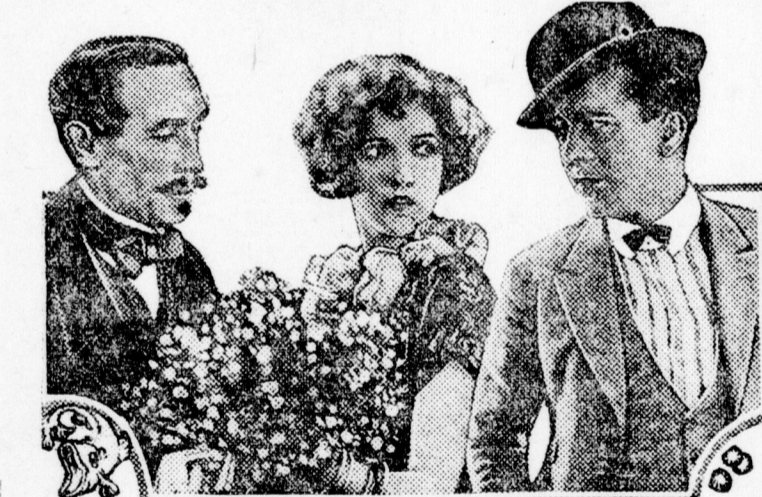
The Garry McGarry Players, who will open the summer stock season at the Grand Tuesday evening in George M. Cohan's international comedy hit, "So This Is London."

GRAND LAUNCHES
SUMMER PROGRAM

The Garry McGarry Company
Opens With Famous
Cohen Success.

The Grand will inaugurate a new summer policy commencing Tuesday evening, May 20, when the celebrated Garry McGarry Players will open a summer run with "So This Is London," George M. Cohan's international success, which played for twelve consecutive months at the Hudson Theatre, New York, and also a year at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London, England. The Garry McGarry Players will introduce many new features during their season here the first important one of which is the inauguration of two for one night every Monday evening. Patrons will be entitled to two admission tickets for the price of one and this should prove a most inviting patronage for the opening night each week. Visiting stars will also be introduced in the presentation of plays during the season. The company comes here direct from the Majestic Theatre, Buffalo, with a full stock personnel, including their own special scenic artist, and patrons will no doubt see some exceptionally fine stage settings for the numerous productions already slated for play dates during the run. Seats for the entire week, including Tuesday evening, go on sale today, and patrons will do well to arrange their seats on the permanent list and be assured of the same seats each week.

In this captivating comedy of international appeal, we see ourselves as others see us and amid whirlwinds of laughter at the Britishers, we see the always good-natured shafts of satirical humor suddenly turned upon the Yanks and get the English viewpoint only to find that under the surface there are virtually the same sterling qualities that prove the English-speaking race on both sides of the broad Atlantic to be very much alike. The scenes are all laid in England, while the story of the play centres on a love affair which involves the families of an American millionaire and of a British peer. Mr. McGarry will bring to London one of the strongest stock organizations that have ever crossed the boundary line, and London playgoers are in for a genuine theatrical treat every week during the summer stay of this capable company. Many of the outstaring New York successes will be re-created here for the first time on any stage in Canada.



Edward Connelly, Constance Talmadge and William Russell in a scene from the flapper comedy success, "The Goldfish," at the Majestic for three days commencing Thursday next.

At the Grand

TWICE TODAY, Matinee 2:15, Evening 8:15—Captain M. W. Plunkett and "The Dumbbells" in their rollicking revue "Let 'Er Go," with Ross Hamilton and Al Plunkett and the same great cast and orchestra.

TUESDAY EVENING, 8:15—Gala opening summer stock, the Garry McGarry Players will present for their initial offering to London playgoers George M. Cohan's international comedy hit, "So This Is London."

"ANNA CHRISTIE"
IS GREAT PICTURE

Famous Tale of Sea Opens at the Majestic On Monday.

"Contrast" was carefully considered by Eugene O'Neill in selecting his characters to tell his story of "Anna Christie," in his great stage success. Thomas H. Ince followed the same plan in choosing the cast for his screen version of O'Neill's drama, which is coming to the Majestic Theatre on Monday. This is a First National release.

The doddery, pathetic, yet terrible old Swedish sea captain has been created inimitably by George Marion, who immortalized the same role on the New York and London stage. Anna, the cynical, Swedish wife who is re-created by her love for a man and the influence of the sea, has been por-

At the Majestic

TWICE TODAY, Matinee 2:15, Evening 8:15—The screen triumph of 1924, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," starring the darling of the screen, Mary Pickford. MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY, Matinee 2:15, Nights (two shows) 7 and 9—Eugene O'Neill's Pulitzer prize play, "Anna Christie," starring Blanche Sweet, William Russell, George Marion and Eugene Besserer. Special comic, Pathe news and special music.

FAMOUS PICTURE
IS AT MAJESTIC

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall Stars Mary Pickford.

Realism abounds in the motion picture sets representing famous English structures used in Mary Pickford's latest, "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," to be seen for the last time today at the Majestic Theatre. The reproduction of Haddon Hall is faithful in every detail, having been built from old English drawings obtained by the Pickford Company's research department. A corps of gardeners, under the supervision of an expert florist, was kept busy for weeks planting shrubbery, hollyhocks, various English flowers and vines about the castle walls and yard. The vines cover one hundred square feet on the walls, and the grass lawn is approximately an acre. Haddon Hall proper, in which there are 100 leaded windows, measures 200 feet long and 60 feet high. It is typical of the low and rambling English structures of the Elizabethan regime.

man is handed the fatal bowl of goldfish, which signifies that he is not wanted as a husband. Husband No. 2, a wealthy manufacturer, succeeds in making a lady out of Jenny. The other two would-be husbands are a Polish count and an English duke. With such an array of love-makers surrounding her, Constance is in her element. Constance's latest comedy, "The Goldfish," was directed by Jerome Storm, with Jack Mulhall in the leading male role.

HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS
HIGHLY CONGRATULATED

Special to The Advertiser.
Wallaceburg, May 16.—Lieut.-Col. F. B. Ware, D.S.O., of London, on Thursday morning inspected 53 cadets of the Wallaceburg High School, and following the inspection highly congratulated them for the soldierly way in which they went through their various drills. Alex. Shaw is company commander, and J. Burgess, Fred Saint and Chas. Lewis are the platoon commanders. Other speakers were Mayor (Dr.)

S. A. Richardson, Rev. E. F. Armstrong and Principal E. U. Dickenson.

Col. Ware was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Shirley.

VISITS DRESDEN.

Dresden, May 16.—Lt.-Col. F. B. Ware made an inspection of the local cadet corps at the public school grounds yesterday afternoon. About 35 cadets were on parade, and made a good showing. He congratulated the officials and others connected with the appearance and general good work of the boys. A few words were spoken by Dr. Clapp and also by Principal Powell.

TWICE
TODAY**GRAND**MAT. 2:15
EVE. 8:15

LONDON'S OWN FAVORITE SHOW—THEY'RE ALWAYS GOOD

CAPT. PLUNKETT and

"THE DUMB BELLS"

IN THEIR ROLICKING SPRINGTIME REVUE "LET 'ER GO,"

WITH ROSS HAMILTON, AL PLUNKETT AND ALL THE "GANG."

MATINEE—25c to \$1.00. EVENING—25c to \$1.50

Gala Opening of Summer Stock
Week Commencing Tuesday, May 20

Sir Percy Beauchamp says:

One time the Chamber of Commerce from Providence, Rhode Island, came over here. From time to time one of them would remark in a loud voice—

"SO THIS IS LONDON"

AND THEY WOULD ALL LAUGH UPROARIOUSLY AND SO WILL YOU WHEN YOU SEE

The Garry McGarry Players

IN THIS NEW INTERNATIONAL COMEDY HIT BY GEORGE M. COHAN

ONE SOLID YEAR ON BROADWAY. ONE YEAR IN LONDON.

NOTE—Owing to the tremendous preparation required for the initial and formal opening, the opening date has been changed from Monday to Tuesday evening.

ARRANGE NOW TO HAVE YOUR NAME PLACED ON THE PERMANENT LIST.

EVENING PERFORMANCES WILL COMMENCE PROMPTLY AT 8:15.

BARGAIN MATINEES WEEKLY ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

TUESDAY 2 FOR AND EVERY MONDAY EVE

EVENING 2 ONE DURING THE ENGAGEMENT

EVENINGS, 25c, 50c, 75c. A FEW SEATS AT \$1.00

WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY MATS., 25c and 50c.

Special Treat for Kiddies. All Children Will Be

Admitted to Matinee for 25c. Any Seat.

TWICE
TODAY**MAJESTIC**MAT. 2:15
EVE. 8:15

(Under New Management)

Your Last Opportunity To See the Screen Masterpiece

THE DARLING OF THE SCREEN —IN—

MARY PICKFORD 'Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall'

Positively the Photoplay Triumph of the Entire Year!

MATINEE, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 NIGHT, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50

600 Seats at Matinee, 50c 1,000 Seats at Night, 75c, \$1

THREE DAYS, COMMENCING MONDAY

Matinee Daily at 2:15. Evening (Two Shows), 7 and 9

Eugene O'Neill's Pulitzer Prize Play

Thos H. Ince presents "ANNA CHRISTIE"

A Play of tremendous power and dramatic fire and stark realism.

The Play That Took New York and London by Storm, with BLANCHE SWEET, WILLIAM RUSSELL, GEORGE MARION AND EUGENIE BESSERER.

SPECIAL COMEDY. PATHE NEWS REVUE

SPECIAL MUSIC

THREE DAYS, COMMENCING THUR

Matinee Daily at 2:15. Nights (Two Shows), at 7

THE WAY TO WIN 'EM IS TO KEEP 'EM GUESSING—

LEARN HOW FROM

CONSTANCE TALMADGE
In 'THE GOLDFISH'

The Story of a Flapper who wouldn't—and just couldn't—stay married.

If Your Husband is a Crab, Better Take Him to See "Goldfish!"

Many a man thinks his heart is busted when only his headgear is cracked.

Special Comic. Pathe News Revue. Special Music.

MATINEES. All Seats 15c. NIGHTS (2 Shows), 25c, 35c

Lombardo's "Royal Canadians" At Loew's Mon. Tues. Wed.



Wesley Barry, "Spec" O'Donnell and Bruce Guerin in a scene from "The Country Kid" at Loew's Theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

LOMBARDO'S PLAYS AT LOEW'S MONDAY

The Famous London Orchestra Returns to City For Brief Visit.

Manager Jackson of Loew's Theatre takes pleasure in the announcement of the engagement of Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians at Loew's Theatre for three days, commencing Monday next. The Lombardos have just returned from a triumphant tour of the big vaudeville houses across the line, and have been a big hit on every bill. They present a most unusual musical offering, and Londoners need no introduction as to their playing ability, as thousands have danced away many pleasant hours when they were a fixture at the Winter Garden. To glean some idea of the success they obtained across the line, the makers of the famous Starr-Gennett records made a bid for their services to play several records for them, and that they were again a hit is evidenced from the unusually large sale of records already recorded. To those who have not heard them on records, we say, go get them and hear just how our own "orchestra" plays on the phonograph.

Loew patrons are indeed assured of a rare treat on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, when smiling Guy and his gang assemble on the Loew stage to entertain the "home folks" once again. It might be mentioned that Sophie Tucker, the international vaudeville celebrity, who owns the famous College Inn at Cleveland, heard the boys, and at once secured them for an engagement at her summer resort for the entire summer. They leave London for Cleveland on May 28.



Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadian Orchestra, who will headline the vaudeville bill at Loew's Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in their own original conception of "Musical Entertainment."

CHAMBERS' SECRETARY TENDERS RESIGNATION

Harry Westoby Will Be Succeeded by Lt.-Col. Simpson.

Special to The Advertiser. Guelph, May 16.—Harry Westoby, secretary-treasurer of the Guelph Chamber of Commerce since its inception in 1919, has tendered his resignation owing to the stress of other work with which he has become identified. In accepting the resignation, the board passed a unanimous resolution expressing regret. Lt.-Col. Simpson, who acted as secretary during his absence, has been appointed to the office.

WALLACEBURG KNIGHTS PRESENT GOOD PROGRAM

Special to The Advertiser. Wallaceburg, May 16.—The Knights of Pythias held a social evening, at which Rev. E. F. Armstrong acted as chairman. The program included: Selection by a quartet, Mesdames Mitchell and Carsellian and Messrs. Norman Ayres and Dee Shaw; solos by Miss Annie Purser and Mrs. W. H. Mitchell; a duet by Mesdames Mitchell and Carsellian; male quartet, Ayres, Gordon, Sherwood and Bennett; and a reading by Miss Ethel Wilson. The "Lesson of Friendship" lantern slides were exemplified by Eugene Martin. Refreshments were served at the close. Those in charge were: Revs. E. F. Armstrong, J. S. Leckie and M. C. Tait, program committee, and James Eberts, Jack Ritchie and Norman Ayres, social committee.

PARKHILL PIONEER.

Special to The Advertiser. Parkhill, May 15.—Parkhill lost one of its old and highly respected residents in the person of Mrs. M. J. Cavanaugh, who had been ill for some time. The husband has been bedridden for months, due to a paralytic stroke. The funeral was held Thursday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from the late residence to Parkhill Cemetery. Rev. Mr. Shepherd of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, officiated.

FARMER FOUND GUILTY OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

Johnston Bigham of Dereham Township Is Fined \$50 by Magistrate Peterson.

Special to The Advertiser. Ingersoll, May 16.—In the police court today Johnston Bigham, a Dereham township farmer, was fined \$50 and costs on a "cruelty to animals" charge. The information was laid by County Constable Fred Hill. That he might fully grasp the deplorable conditions at the Bigham farm, Magistrate Peterson was driven to view the farm and premises generally. It was stated that five cows had died during the spring, and that others of the herd were barely able to stand owing to their weak condition. Other livestock showed similar effects from neglect. Bigham paid the fine and assured the magistrate he would get in a supply of feed and clean up his premises.



Blanche Sweet and George Marion, who will be seen in the dramatic photoplay success, "Anna Christie," at the Majestic Theatre three days, commencing Monday next.

BUESCHER

GUY LOMBARDO

AND HIS

'Royal Canadian Orchestra'

who have just returned from a successful tour of the United States, attribute a great deal of their success to the fact that their orchestra is equipped with Buescher Orchestra Instruments. A complete line of these famous instruments on display in our showrooms.

Profit by the experience of famous artists—demand the best.

W.M. Phillips

238 Dundas St. London

238 DUNDAS STREET CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS.

Buescher Band Instruments and Saxophones.

LOEWS

DRAWN BY HAV NASH

STARTS MONDAY



As the country kid who has to mother his younger brothers Wesley gives the richest entertainment of his photoplay career!

The Star of 'Em all!

Wesley Barry in 'THE COUNTRY KID'

From the Original Story by JULIEN JOSEPHSON

Attraction Extraordinary! MONDAY TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY "London's Own"

Guy Lombardo and his ROYAL CANADIANS

Makers of Starr-Gennett Records

Coming direct to Loews after a triumphant tour of American Vaudeville Houses

STARTS THURSDAY



Gloria's triumphant return to the type of Society Love-drama that made her famous

GLORIA SWANSON

With Rod La Rocque

"A SOCIETY SCANDAL" SUPREME VAUDEVILLE

BY PERSONAL REQUEST

GUY LOMBARDO — and — His Royal Canadians

Will Use At LOEW'S THEATRE

Will Use At LOEW'S THEATRE



The Same Style.

HEINTZMAN GRAND PIANO

As they recently purchased for their own home.

YE OLDE FIRME

HEINTZMAN & CO.

242 DUNDAS STREET.



Lombardo's "Royal Canadians"

playing at Loew's Theatre next week find the Mason & Risch Grand Piano meets all the exacting requirements of finer orchestra work.

Such eminent artists as Edward Johnson, Reinald Werrenrath and other notables make the Mason & Risch Grand the popular choice of the discriminating musician.

Their demand is your recommendation. See this popular piano in our showrooms.

Mason & Risch, Limited

248 DUNDAS STREET, LONDON.

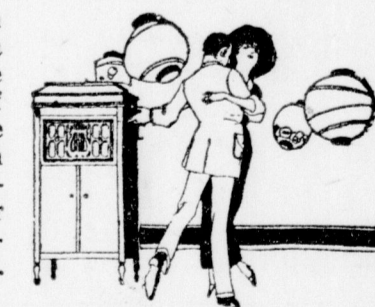
Sheet Music and Records. Phone 3304.

General Office and Piano Phone 1288.

THE CELEBRATED Starr Phonograph

HOLDER OF BLUE RIBBON, GOLD MEDAL, GRAND PRIZE, PANAMA EXPOSITION

The Starr Phonograph makes possible the recreation of the living artist in the room, the illusion that a great orchestra is playing a few feet away. The exclusive features embodied in the construction of the famous Starr Phonograph which makes possible the reproduction of the great artists with such exactitude, lend themselves with remarkable effectiveness in the reproduction of selections by our famous dance orchestras, bringing out in an unparalleled way, the individuality of each orchestra. A true reproduction of—



Lombardo's Royal Canadian Orchestra

RECORDED EXCLUSIVELY ON STARR RECORDS

is heard best on the Starr Phonograph. This is a real opportunity for Guy's friends and followers to have his orchestra with them in their own home. We will be delighted to have you call and try these over at our warehouses.

STARR CO. OF CANADA, Limited

265 DUNDAS STREET.

LONDON, ONTARIO.

Lombardo "Royal Canadian" Orchestra Records. and other hits on Starr-Gennett Records for sale by

J. R. FLYNN Corner Dundas and Richmond Streets.

When Baby Is Ill

When the baby is ill; when he cries a great deal and no amount of attention or petting makes him happy. Baby's Own Tablets should be given him without delay. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach and thus drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make teething easy. They are absolutely guaranteed to be free from opiates and narcotics and can be given to even the new-born babe with perfect safety and always with beneficial results. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

Corns

Never Use a Knife!

It is so easy to get rid of a corn. Blue-jay ends them. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Does away with dangerous paring. Get Blue-jay at your druggist.



Blue-jay

New Regulations Placed On Vendors of Soft Drinks

Nature of Bottled Contents Must Appear On Labels.

SACCHARINE BARRED

Merchants Failing To Comply With Rules Open To \$50 Fine.

Vendors of such soft drinks as lemonade or orangeade, sold from large containers, will be governed by regulations concerning the contents of the beverages. The name of the drink must be printed on a label on the container, warns the department of health, and if coloring matter is used the word "colored" must appear on the label. Saccharine is barred except in the case of medicated foods.

The above regulations, just issued, apply to all vendors of soft drinks. Summer resorts and camps, such as Port Stanley, Springbank and circus midway also come under the ruling which is now in force.

The law will be enforced this year, states the health department, and those who fail to comply with the regulations leave themselves open to a fine of \$50 and costs. Any information concerning the pure food regulations will be given by W. E. Wilson, food inspector, customs house.



ANDREW PAPALL,

formerly resident in Toronto, more recently of Los Angeles, California, who was arrested at his Hollywood home recently, charged with illegal entry into the United States. Papall is wanted in connection with the provincial bond scandal.

FRENCH FEAR NEW LEAGUE TO BLOCK REPARATIONS PLAN

Fear German Industrial Organization Would Defeat Purpose Dawes Report.

RUHR HARDSHIPS

By GEORGE WITTE.
Special Cable To The London Advertiser and Chicago Daily News. Copyright, Dusseldorf, May 16.—Leading French economic and industrial experts in the Ruhr who have kept their fingers on the pulse of Germany's willingness to live up to her reparations agreements, diagnose organization of the new "German Industrial League" as another fit of "reparations evasiveness" on Germany's part. It is remarked here that many of those who attended the foundation meeting of the new organization, the avowed intention of which is to combat acceptance of the Dawes report by Germany, are Ruhr industrialists "who believe themselves to be the only ones who can be forced to regard the Dawes report as anything but a scrap of paper," as a prominent French mining engineer sees it.

In the meantime the strike situation in the Ruhr is growing worse. Because of the coal shortage many steel and iron mills in the Dortmund, Duisburg and Gelsenkirchen district, employing tens of thousands of workmen, have been closed within the last 24 hours.

Dusseldorf dock workers today announced that they would no longer load barges with coal mined by strike-breakers.

During a trip to several cities in the mining district, including Essen, today, the correspondent observed that the food shortage was taking on a serious aspect, although for the first time in the history of the Ruhr there is a truce between the radicals and the bourgeois.

With the exception of an insignificant incident at Essen, where there was a clash between strikers and police, no violence has been displayed.

MORRISON HEADS POLLS AT FOREST

Two Anti-Waterworks Candidates Are Elected To Town Council.

Special To The Advertiser.
Forest, May 16.—William E. Morrison and Antonius Pius Wilcocks were elected to fill the two council vacancies today. Kenneth D. McColl was the defeated candidate. Morrison polled 339 votes, Wilcocks voted 390 and McColl voted 111. The winners ran in support of the present council and received the votes of the anti-waterworks side.

There was not a great deal of interest shown in the election, few expecting a close race. The poll was considerably lighter today following the recent epidemic of elections.

SHOOTING AFFRAY DUE TO ANCIENT GRUDGE

E. Bailey, Manitou, in Serious Condition As Result of Duel.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Manitou, May 16.—An ancient grudge and two old men, formed the center of an affray here yesterday which ended in the shooting of E. Bailey, 68 years old, a farmer living near Manitou, by Peter Crimmon, 70, a former friend and associate, of Elm Creek.

Bailey now lies in the home of a neighbor with a bullet wound below his heart. The bullet penetrated no vital organs, and unless his advanced age causes complications he will recover. Crimmon is in the hands of provincial police at Morden, having surrendered himself following the affray.

The feud is stated to date back forty years, and to have started over a land deal, involving considerable money.

WOMAN TO REPRESENT CANADA AT CONGRESS

Mrs. Charles Thorburn Named As Delegate To Geneva Conference.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, May 16.—Mrs. Charles H. Thorburn of Ottawa, vice-president of the Canadian National Council of Women, has been appointed as one of the two delegates representing the government of Canada at the international labor conference to be held at Geneva in June. Mrs. Thorburn is at present in London, England, as honorary commissioner to the British Empire Exhibition.

Mr. Melville White of Toronto will represent the employers and Tom Moore, president of the Trade and Labor Congress, will represent the employees of Canada at the conference. R. W. Craig, K.C., Winnipeg, has been appointed advisory to the government delegates. The second delegate representing the government of Canada has not yet been appointed.

A BOLD THIEF.
Special To The Advertiser.
Kitchener, May 16.—A well-dressed stranger walked into Roth's grocery store at the noon hour, and after asking a clerk to hand down some goods off the shelf, coolly robbed the cash register of \$20 while the clerk had his back turned.

Britain Slowly Tipping To East

Engineer Declares Alteration Is Taking Place Slowly But Surely.

Associated Press Despatch.

London, May 16.—The island of Great Britain is tipping eastward and has tilted several feet in that direction within the last 300 years. This statement was made by G. H. J. Clayton recently in a paper read before the Society of Engineers at Burlington House.

A study of the east coast history and physiography, he said, goes to support the theory that the island is tilting and a good deal of what is called "erosion" may be as much due to the rapid alteration of the relative levels of sea and land as to other causes. Between Cromer and Mundesley the rate of erosion is about 14 feet per annum.

EDNA HOPPER WILL WED FORMER ARMY OFFICER

Los Angeles, Cal., May 16.—Edna Hopper, exponent of modern theory of rejuvenation, announced here today that she will be married to a former British army officer in China next month. The Los Angeles Examiner says. She declined to reveal the name of her prospective husband, explaining that she had "already lost a couple that way."

TORIES CONTEST MONTREAL SEAT

Will Seek To Fill Vacancy Created by Resignation of Mitchell.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Montreal, May 16.—Conservatives will contest the byelection pending in St. Antoine division of Montreal following the resignation of Walter G. Mitchell, Liberal occupant of the seat, according to a statement today by F. W. Stewart, president of the local Liberal-Conservative Association.

Mr. Stewart made the following statement: "While the Conservatives appreciate the attitude taken by W. G. Mitchell in resigning his seat as member of St. Antoine division, in protest to the present Liberal budget, there is no doubt that protection was never required for the benefit and the upbuilding of Canada so much as at the present time and on this account an independent Liberal or Liberal protectionist is of very little use. Mr. Mitchell or any other of the Liberals who have spoken against the government, would be sitting as independents and would no doubt support the Liberal party on all other party issues."

Woman Rides Horse To N.Y.

Belleville Courier En Route To Washington To See Coolidge.

Associated Press Despatch.

New York, May 16.—Miss Gwendolyn Lazier, who is riding on horseback from Belleville, Ont., to Washington to present President Coolidge with an invitation to attend the celebration in honor of the 140th anniversary of the settlement of Upper Canada, visited Mayor Hylan at the city hall today. She invited him to be present at the exercises, which will be held in Belleville on June 16 and 17.

GRADUATE BADLY HURT BY PREMATURE EXPLOSION

Canadian Press Despatch.

Fredericton, N. B., May 16.—Howard G. Rogers of Woodstock, N. B., a member of the graduating class of 1924 of the University of New Brunswick, was seriously injured early this morning through the premature explosion of a charge which he was loading into an old muzzle-loading cannon used for firing the time-honored graduating salute. Standing almost directly in front of the old muzzle loader, he received practically the whole blast. His hand and arm are fractured and he may lose the sight of the left eye.

A Severe Attack of Heart Trouble

Was Relieved by MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills

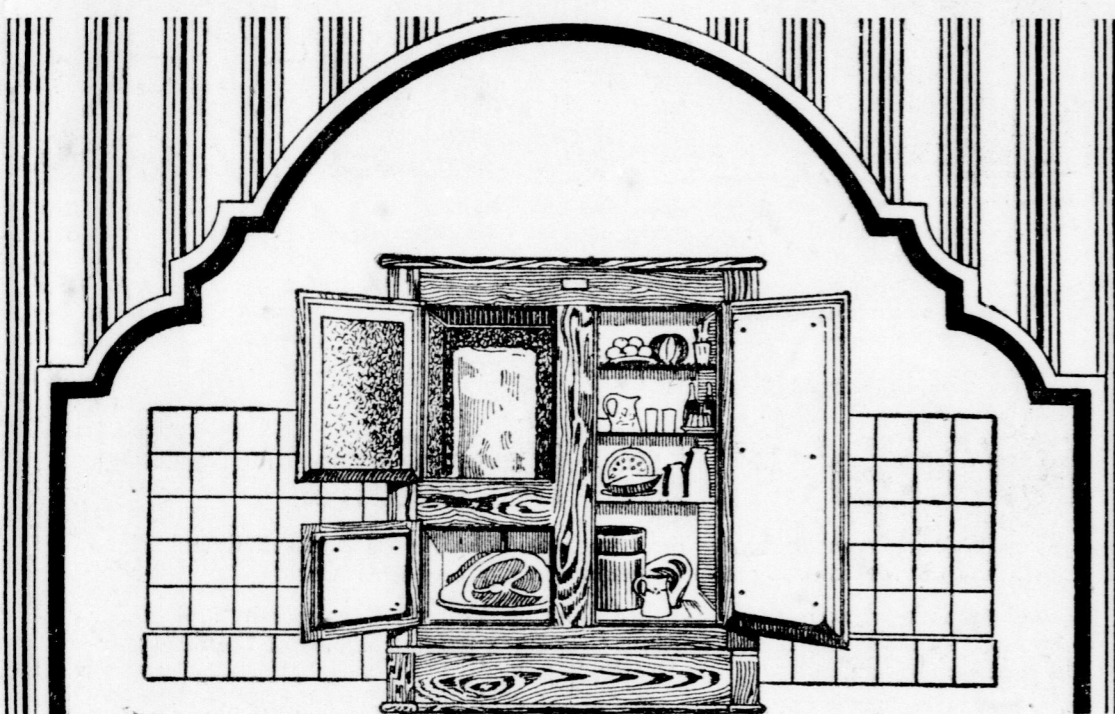
Mr. S. E. Barnes, Athens, Ont., writes: "Four years ago I had a very severe attack of heart trouble. I consulted my doctor; he treated me for some time, but I only seemed to be getting worse. I finally went to our druggist and purchased three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and derived immediate relief from their use, and I can truthfully say they are a wonderful medicine. I always keep a box on hand, and if I feel out of sorts I take a few pills and feel all right again."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Company Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Advt.

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.
THERAPION No. 1
THERAPION No. 2
THERAPION No. 3
No. 1 for Bladder Catarrh. No. 2 for Bile & Skin Diseases. No. 3 for Chronic Weaknesses.
SOLD BY LEADING CHEMISTS. PRICE IN ENGLAND 2s. 6d. IN CANADA 2s. 6d. IN U.S.A. 2s. 6d.
Sold by druggists or mail \$1.00 from 11 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

COWAN'S THE PARIS REFRIGERATOR

The World's Best



A PARIS PAYS FOR ITSELF WITH THE FOOD IT SAVES

Paris Refrigerators are specially insulated with airtight building paper and dead-air spaces to keep cold air in and warm air out. In this way they require less ice and keep food colder. Paris Refrigerators are made in 42 styles, any price you wish to pay—and from the cheapest to the best they are all guaranteed.

50 Refrigerators At Club Prices

This is the first season we have sold Refrigerators at CLUB PRICES, and it presents to our customers an opportunity to purchase the best Refrigerator made at a small deposit and convenient weekly payments. Note the small deposit that puts one of these in your home.

<p>No. 111 \$17.00 \$5 Down and \$1.00 Week</p> <p>Solid Oak Chest, nickel fittings, white enamelled lined. Ice capacity 25 lbs.</p>	<p>No. 155 \$29.00 \$9 Down and \$1.50 Week</p> <p>Solid oak chest, 45 inches high, 29½ inches wide; large galvanized ice compartment, nickel fittings, white enamelled lined, double wire shelf. Ice capacity, 75 lbs.</p>	<p>No. 29 \$53.00 \$15 Down, \$3 Per Week</p> <p>Solid oak, 3-door chest, nickel trimmings, front separate ice compartment, white enamelled lined, 3 wire shelves. Ice capacity 75 lbs.</p>
<p>No. 153 \$24.50 \$6 Down and \$1.50 Week</p> <p>Solid oak chest, galvanized ice compartment, nickel trimmings, white enamelled lined with extra wire shelf. Ice capacity, 50 lbs.</p>	<p>No. 31 \$35.00 \$10 Down and \$2 a Week</p> <p>Solid oak chest, 50½ inches high, 24½ inches wide, front ice compartment; 75 lbs. ice capacity.</p>	<p>No. 172 \$100 \$25 Down and \$5 a Week</p> <p>Solid oak chest, 49½ inches high, 36½ inches wide, front separate ice compartment, nickel finish, seamless porcelain lining, 3 wire shelves. Ice capacity 90 lbs.</p>

THE DEPARTMENT HARDWARE STORE

COWAN HARDWARE, Limited

125-127 DUNDAS STREET

PHONES: 3461 AND 3462.

Guinea Gold CIGARETTES

Mild and Extra Fine 20 for 25¢

Modern Traffic Requirements are Best Met by CONCRETE

FOR traffic as we know it today, the roads of our ancestors are totally inadequate. This is being brought home to us more clearly, as automotive transport increases and our old-time roads break down under the strain of it.

A pavement, to meet the exacting requirements of present-day conditions, must provide a smooth surface, yet gritty enough to give firm footing to steel-shod horses and rubber-shod cars.

The even, gritty surface of Concrete meets these conditions. Requiring but slight "crown" for perfect drainage, Concrete enables traffic to move rapidly, easily and safely.

Biggest of all the factors in the choice of Concrete is its permanence—its resistance to the pounding strains of all kinds of vehicles. Concrete costs so little to maintain that the taxpayer's burden is lightened, while his use of the roads is increased.

The growing demand from all parts of Canada to "pave the highways" is the direct result of the experience of those communities that have turned to Concrete as the modern highway material.

CANADA CEMENT COMPANY LIMITED

Canada Cement Company Building
Phillips Square Montreal
Sales Offices at:
MONTREAL
TORONTO
WINNIPEG
CALGARY

Permanent HIGHWAYS of CONCRETE

A Bottlefed Filly; Another Re-juvenator; Outposts of Empire



This strange agglomeration of structures is known as the Kasr. It is here that the roving Bedouins of Tunisia bring their stores of grain and hides for safe-keeping during their desert expeditions



The resolute countenance pictured belongs to Miss Helen Wells of California, the champion girl tennis player of the United States, who has gone to England to take part in the Wimbledon tournament



Texas wouldn't be so infamous if this were merely what it looks like—smoke. What it really is, is sand. Owing to the creation of static electricity, Texican housewives are unable to touch a stove for 24 hours after the sandstorm passes



The striking features of Miss Elsa Lanchester, a well-known English dancer, inspired a notable portrait bust by Epstein. In addition to dancing, Miss Lanchester is making a name for herself by her original woodcuts



Sounds like a "whopper" to say that all this havoc was caused by a single motor truck, but it's a fact nevertheless. The heavy truck struck a supporting pillar of the building and the whole front of the structure collapsed



Weighed down by his new "stingless glove," Nick Altrock, Washington's matchless baseball clown, is challenging the opposing team to "let 'em come." He guarantees to gather anything that hits the diamond



In order to extend a personal invitation to President Coolidge to attend Belleville's United Empire Loyalist celebration, Miss Gwendolyn Lazier rode horseback from Belleville, Ont., to Washington, D.C.



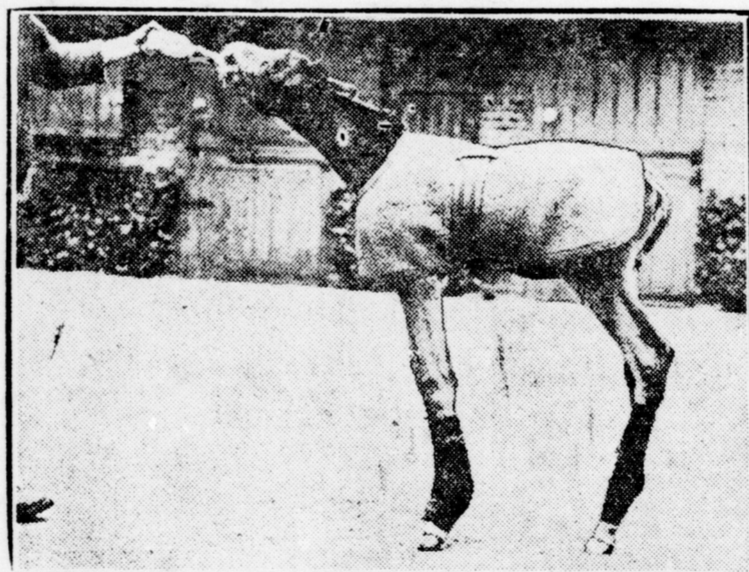
After thousands of dollars had been spent and many lives risked in the search for him, Major Frederick L. Martin and Sergt. Alva L. Harvey, U.S. Army flyers, reached Port Moller in safety following a seven-day trek through the ice and snow of Alaska



Twenty-one years of big league baseball and still going strong is the unique record of Ty Cobb, manager and veteran outfielder of the Detroit Tigers. Congress recently presented him with a set of 21 books to commemorate the occasion



Hon. Col. W. H. Price, provincial treasurer of Ontario, has returned to Queen's Park after a two weeks' period of recuperation in Bermuda, following the startling disclosures which were recently unearthed by him in the treasury department



Here's a lanky little filly that is both bottlebred and thoroughbred. One of the best known English studs is training her for a future Derby winner



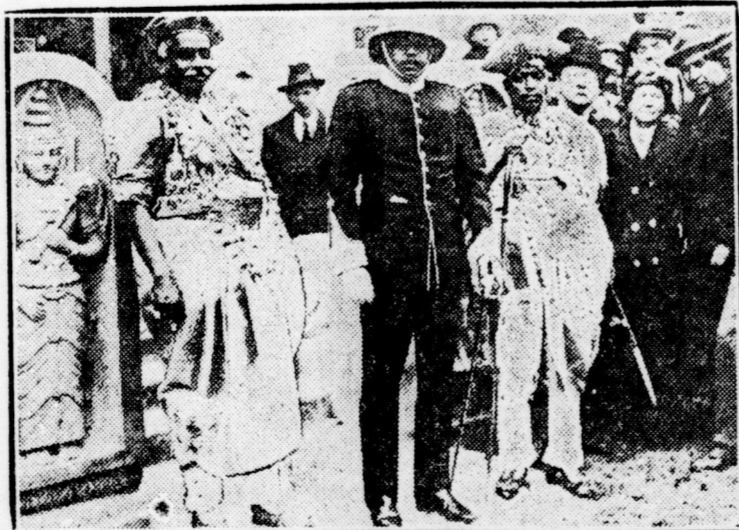
Trimmed with cream-colored ostrich feathers this Tuscany hat of fine straw with an underbrim of soft tulle makes a pleasing climax to the sleeveless lace dress with knot of bright-hued ribbon



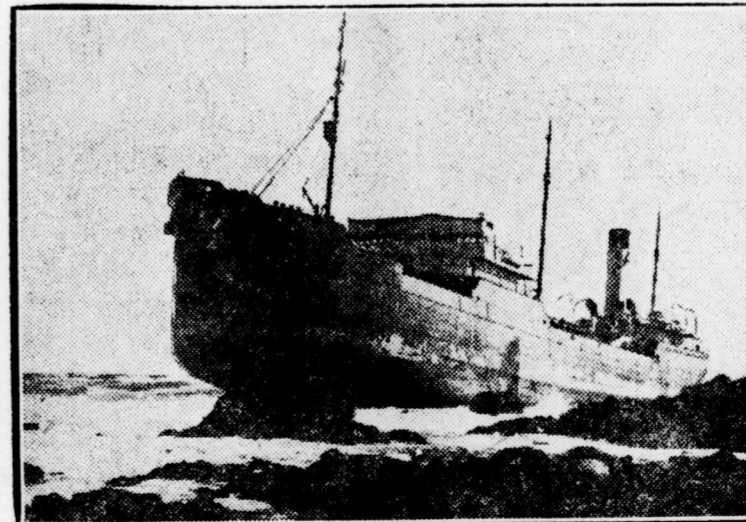
Somebody must have said something funny. The two smiling gentlemen are Sir Esme Howard, British ambassador to the United States, and Rt. Hon. Wm. Morris Hughes, former premier of Australia



Dr. Herman H. Rubin of New York has jumped into the lime-light with an intricate instrument known as the radiendrichinator, by which he attempts to rejuvenate worn-out glands and instill Eternal Youth



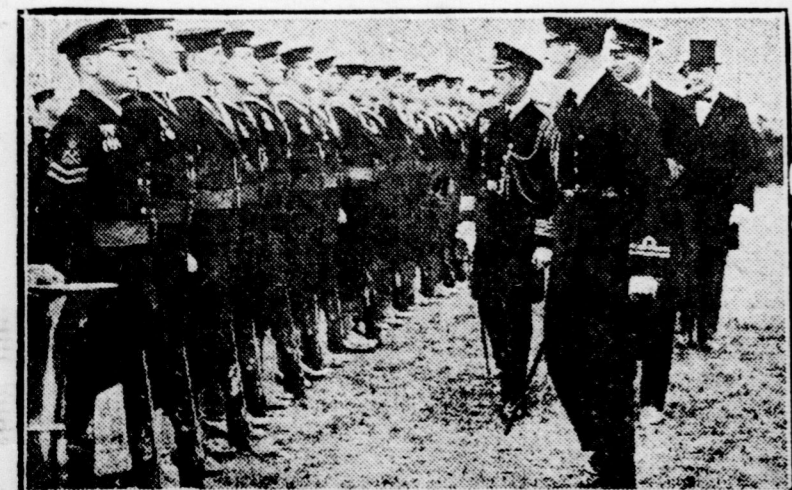
From one end of the world to the other Britain has gathered representatives of her people to be present at the British Empire Exposition. The much bejeweled figures shown are from Ceylon



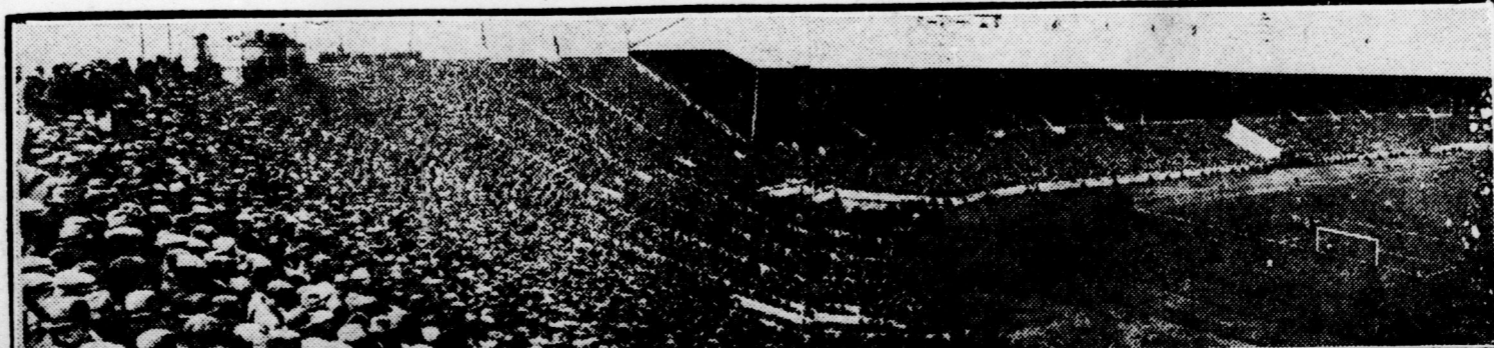
While running at high speed from San Francisco to Los Angeles the oil tanker Frank H. Buck piled up on a treacherous reef just south of Monterey, Calif., and has since been pounded into a total loss by the surging seas



The one time throughout the year when Harvard seniors forget their pride and dignity is when they revive the old "begging" tradition, and get down on their knees to ask alms from the freshmen to cover the cost of their annual outing



The Prince of Wales gives a snappy-looking squad of marines the once-over at the recent opening ceremony in connection with the unveiling of the Chatham war memorial



Football is to the Old Country what baseball is to America. The huge Wembley stadium was called upon to accommodate a record crowd of 110,000 persons in the recent cup match between Newcastle and Aston Villa



Hundreds of lives were endangered when Pittsburgh's five-million dollar liberty tunnel recently became blocked. The air soon got charged with carbon monoxide from the many motor cars which were held up and numerous persons were rendered unconscious

The London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1924.

The Premier's Greatest Speech.

Hon. Mackenzie King, premier of Canada in every sense of the word, brought the debate on the budget to a close in a speech that argued and fought every inch of its way. It was a notable deliverance on a notable occasion.

Hon. Arthur Meighen had preceded him with a worthy effort. The leader of the opposition had thrown out a challenge on the issue of free trade versus a protective tariff. The weakness of his effort was that he was not able to support with documentary evidence the charge that industry had been harmed, in fact the advantage of assurances from manufacturers lay with the government.

Mr. Meighen had pursued the usual course in attempting to show that there was no surplus. In this he could do only one thing, juggle figures to make them suit his own purpose. The premier was able to provide the sort of answer the people of the country will relish, that the surplus would not be \$30,000,000, but \$35,000,000. There can be only one way of judging the truth of any such claim for economy in administration, and that was produced in official figures. Where the government of Mr. Meighen spent \$9 the government of Mr. King is spending \$7. There has been an actual and a positive decrease in taxation of \$24,000,000. Such facts can stand on their own merits, and cannot be blasted out of their position in the public mind by any amount of twisting and turning.

The premier gave further proof that his government proposed to deal fairly but intelligently with industry by naming a board of tariff experts—not a tariff commission to usurp the powers of parliament, but a board of experts who will be able to give the government advice on the way in which present tariff regulations are working.

This is a proper thing to do. As things stand at present the government, the same as its predecessors, has been forced to depend on sources of information that were meagre or biased on tariff matters. There has often been the charge laid, and with much truth behind it, that the government did not know definitely and absolutely whether justice was being done to industries and consumers under budget changes. The government should know—it should have in its possession definite, expert advice on these matters. The tariff experts should have as much freedom in securing information as the officers of the income tax department in going over the records of a company's operations. If there are injustices to manufacturers or consumers they should be intelligently made apparent to the government of the day so that their correction may be approached with a degree of certainty not now possible.

The premier is following the line of the Laurier-Fielding policy, a matter that the Conservatives are fond of pointing to as having been utterly abandoned. Mr. King was able to fortify his position on this point in a convincing way. The Conservatives always opposed the policy of the late Liberal chief, but are now ready to cheer for it. If such a thing were possible that Sir Wilfrid were in the Commons today he would have the same opposition from the same party. The premier's statement that the veteran minister of finance, Hon. W. S. Fielding, gave his unqualified approval to the budget, and that he would be in his place in the House to vote for it, swept away what little force there was in all the opposition argument of his disapproval of the present budget.

As a matter of fact, and of record as well, the makers of agricultural implements have not been injured. They are in a better position now than they were before the budget changes were announced. There can be no guesswork about it. They have come forward with signed statements showing their ability and their willingness to carry on. The premier has as proof of this the statement of the Massey-Harris Company of Toronto and Brantford, and from the Fleury Company of Aurora.

The Liberal government has kept its pledge to work toward the development of the natural resources of Canada, and to take the burden of taxation from the necessities of life. It is a sane and safe policy, seeking to take within its scope all the people of the Dominion, giving assistance without inflicting hardship.

Premier King was right when he declined the political challenge of Hon. Arthur Meighen to go to the country on the budget. There is no call for such a move, unwise, uncalled for and with no justification except in the party vanity of the opposition.

Mr. King made a great speech. He had the material with which to work, and he used all his resources as a student of economics and as a parliamentarian to build up a case that was strong, well-reasoned and unanswerable. He has given a definite lead in a program for national development. It was not the voice of the recker, but the work of a builder. He has done well, and the people will not hesitate to say so.

The City of London.

The secretary of the Motor League gives notice that it is too early to see the Niagara belt in bloom. It is not too early to see our own city starting to look its best. Londoners who have occasion to go away

from home are glad and satisfied to return.

Outsiders who come here marvel at the way London has been built.

There is not a city in Ontario with such uniformly wide streets, and with houses built so far back from the street line. There is not a city in Canada where there are better kept homes. Nor is there a place where fine, fully-grown and well-trimmed shade trees are so generously abundant.

Its park system is unique; Victoria Park, almost in the center of the city, with its 17 beautiful acres, today is full of early bloom; Springbank, just on the edge of the city, is a playground, an amusement center and a resting place.

Each day sees the massive structures of the University of Western Ontario nearing completion; the future will see a location, made attractive by nature, turned into a spot where the landscape gardener and the scenic designer have done their best work. The possibilities are there in abundance. Port Stanley is less than an hour away.

London is the sixth manufacturing center in Canada; it has had a steady, unbroken development. Its location as a distributing center is ideal, and it ranks as second only to Toronto in the volume of wholesale business done.

The railway connections serving this city are ideal. It is possible to reach any point with the least possible delay.

London is a great home city, free from congestion, where ideal surroundings may be enjoyed. It is your city, worth working for, and worthy of your every effort to make it even better and greater.

Poverty As a School.

Dorothy Dix, in her article in The Advertiser, deals with a woman of middle age who has had a hard road to travel. She has known hard work, privation and the necessity of wearing old and even shabby clothes.

Yet, through it all, she is able to see that such a training has had its advantages. She has gone through the school of hard knocks, and as a graduate from that institution she can appreciate the sufferings of others.

The woman who has never had to face these things is more receptive to fear. She dreads the thought of adversity; to her the idea of poverty is positively repelling.

This woman says, "I am not afraid of poverty, because I have been poor, and I know that poverty has its consolations and brings you pleasures that money cannot buy."

Of course there is always the danger of stretching any illustration out of all proportion. It could not be urged as a wholesome doctrine that people should court poverty because of its developing influence. Poverty is as unnatural and undesirable as its opposite, great riches.

Yet, all honor to the person who can stand either and come forth wholesome and with a balanced outlook. And more honor to this woman who can look back upon a life that was conspicuous for the things money did not bring to it, and see in the experience a schooling and a development that could not have been attained in any other way.

They're Proud of Blenheim.

The publishers of weekly newspapers in Essex, Kent and St. Clair district had their spring gathering in Blenheim on the 16th.

Apart from the variety of topics discussed, one noticeable thing was the way in which the Blenheim Board of Trade turned in and provided the entertainment for the day.

Their one idea seemed to be to tell all they knew about their town, and to make their visitors feel that they were welcome.

It is just such work as this that makes for a community spirit of the worth-while type.

Note and Comment.

Canada's birth rate increased 20 per cent in the last decade. The cradle should now be given a place in the national coat of arms.

There was only one thing to spoil the budget speech of Hon. Arthur Meighen, and that was the address of the premier which followed.

The carrying of the budget by 165 to 53 was an effective answer to the charge that Canada was being betrayed by the government.

Miss Agnes McPhail made a two-minute speech at Ottawa and then voted for the budget. Two very excellent performances to her credit.

The highway from Talbotville on toward Blenheim is notorious for two things: its good roadbed and the number of very bad crossings it makes over railroad tracks.

Toronto doctor says that tea, coffee, tobacco and liquor are all bad for the health. But if the people all quit these habits and got healthy, what would the doctors do?

The Ottawa Journal has it right. Harry Thaw's trouble was that "the endocrine imbalance has caused psychological aberrations." Now that makes the case just as clear as mud.

Forest fires are raging now in Alberta, just when young folks in Ontario have finished writing essays on "Save the Forests." It is going to take something stronger than ink to blot out this national disease.

Butter, Milk, Leather, Glue.

Thoroughbred cow down in New Jersey gives 13 tons of milk and five-eighths of a ton of butter. Not only that; the farmer still has the cow for such odds and ends as beef, glue, leather, and ox-tail soup.—Ottawa Journal.

Dr. Frank Crane

Banding Catchwords.

Our political and religious disputes are little more than a bandying of labels. Neither disputant knows what his opponent or himself is really talking about. The Republican has simply made up his mind that all Democrats are wrong; usually this is no intellectual process, but merely a blind and stubborn position. The blinder and stubborn the more it is boasted of as loyalty. The Conservative hates the Socialist, the free thinker rails at the orthodox, the capitalist decries the labor union, and the whole performance is like a lot of woolly-headed sheep that jump over the bars because the bell-wether has jumped.

I presume political parties and religious sects are necessary; at any rate they exist, and at present constitute about the only method by which men can organize to accomplish social ends. But I have never had the full consent of my own mind to belong to any of them. Whenever I have witnessed or participated in a show of partisan or sectarian enthusiasm, such as a political rally or a denominational mutual admiration convention, I have been ashamed of myself. It all implies a certainty that not one of us can honestly have. There ought to be some way of governing the country and saving the world besides heating one another into activity by mutual pretense and falsehood.

Most of our education consists in acquiring a quantity of labels and learning the art of sticking them on mysteries of whose reality we know nothing. That noise in the sky we call thunder, and that flash we call lightning, and our general label for the whole performance is electricity. But what is it? I never knew but one man who understood. He was a motorman. When I asked him what electricity was, he said, "Why, that's the juice."

For Men Who Swear

Some chaps I know who every time their temper throws them in a fuss, they have to start to square 'emselves by makin' every word a cuss. There be some times when good men slip and let a little swear word go, but they don't keep on cussin' then, and pull 'em out row after row.

For them 'ere I ain't inclined to burst the rules of decent talk, I ain't inclined to rule them out or write their score in blackened chalk.

But there are others who can't talk about the weather or the law, without a-pourin' swearin' words from out their wigglin', thoughtless jaw.

It doesn't seem to make no odds whose place they're in nor why nor where, they can't say sixteen words out straight except they have eight words what swear.

Perhaps the things they've got to say don't seem to carry sense nor weight, so they decide to change the thing into a powerful hymn of hate.

I knew one chap who swore at home when he was young, the family hope, he got a lickin' with a slab and had his mouth washed out with soap.

And when that youngster got through that his mouth and spunkin' spot was sore, and he would think for twenty times before he went and swore some more.

Let's take these full-grown men around what always start right in to swear, and get a scrubbin' brush and soap and put 'em on the public square.

We'll put their tongues upon a block, and scrub each swear word from their trap, then spank 'em soundly thirteen times and whack 'em with a rubber strap.

And then we'll let them go a spell to see if they be better men, and if they don't we'll round 'em up and do the same thing once again.—ARK

Liberals Pleased

By LIBERAL.

I cannot help feeling that the present situation at Ottawa has done more to put new life into the Liberal party than anything that has happened in years.

I have talked to a great many Liberals, some of whom have been lukewarm in recent years, and there is a pronounced feeling that the way in which the budget situation has been handled is not only good business, but a turning point in Liberal politics.

It has been demonstrated that it is possible to reconcile the interests of the farmers and the manufacturers of agricultural implements, something that had been considered out of the question before. The Liberal party now has its greatest opportunity to organize it ranks for constructive work that will back up the efforts of the premier at Ottawa.

When we have national work of this calibre being carried out at Ottawa surely there is every reason for us to follow it up to make it permanent and effective.

Press Comment

This Is Rule No. 1.

Recipe for rearing children: First, have more sense than the children.—Vancouver Sun.

Turn It Either Way.

If Germany were not so firm in belief that it pays to hate, it would not so hate to pay.—Washington Post.

"The Next Number Will Be . . ."

President Coolidge says "America's economic aid to Europe is sound business." Yes, largely sound.—St. Catharines Standard.

Variety of Methods.

When England doesn't like her government she has to put it out of office. We can sit around and cuss ours for two or three years.—Portland Oregonian.

Shoving Up To the Front.

No sooner is the army of death ousted from one line of entrenchments than it occupies another. Its typhoid and tuberculosis battalions are driven back, but its motor fatality division manages to push forward and occupy new ground.—Toronto Star.

Squirreling Is Poor Taste.

Chicago is now driven to making it appear its fight for Lake Michigan water is exclusively with the British government. But isn't the day when it was profitable to haul a disingenuous patriotism into an argument rather dead?—Detroit News.

Eat Them or Drink Them?

Market reports continue to show a phenomenal New York demand for our prunes and raisins. The Knickerbockers must be learning to make something fancy out of them. Has the recent more substantial enforcement of the amendment in the east ought to do with this market spurt?—Los Angeles Times.



The Inquisitive Reporter.

Our inquisitive reporter yesterday asked this question of four people, taken at random:

"If you subscribe to Confucius' theory that civilization is the sum of intricacies whereby every man's personal dignity is preserved and respected, how do you account for the fact that so many red-haired men wear button shoes?"

Agatha Thorne, cloak model: "No, thank you, I already subscribe to four movie magazines and I don't care much for heavy reading, anyway."

George Pinehurst, street car conductor: "Sure, I'm in favor of civilization. Why don't somebody start it?"

T. V. Kuhns, merchant: "That's possible, of course, but the best dressed men are no longer wearing tan spats."

Johnny Simmons, boy scout: "You can search me, Mister. I ain't seen nobody that looks like that in my neighborhood."

Tales From Bunkerland.

Graney: "Do you understand th' game iv golf?"

Cassavan: "O' do."

Graney: "Will yez tell me, thin, phat is a niblick?"

Cassavan: "It's phat th' fish gives to th' bait on th' hook befoor he makes up his mind to grab all iv it."

—W. H. Barton.

A popular man: One who has many friends. A popular woman: One who has many enemies.

Cupid Currency.

"Don't marry for money," admonished Aunt Mary, who had never been married at all.

"No," demurely answered Peggy. "I only want a bit of change."

—Randolph Lewis.

CHOOSE YOUR LINE NOW.

Some Assorted Careers For the Young Man.

A bank president is a very good suggestion for a young man who likes his leisure. All you have to do is to deny strenuously that you ever play golf during the week and get to the office each day by twelve o'clock so that you may leave before lunch. You are expected to have either a beautiful daughter who will eventually marry a clerk (see "Careers For Clerks"), or else a wayward son who will eventually marry a chorus girl (see "Careers For Chorus Girls").

Directions For Bank Presidents: In order to be president of a bank, you must start in to polish things at the age of nine, and be around the bank at all odd hours, before anyone else is awake, even the night watchman, scrubbing the brass rails in front of the paying teller, or brightening the little cuspidors.

At sixteen opportunity will knock in one of two ways: (a) You will interrupt a bold attempt of robbers to enter the bank, from which you will receive lacerations of the scalp and nasty bruises about the shins; or (b) You will untie the acting president just as he is about to be blown up with nitro-glycerine (compounded fractures and general rundown and grippy condition). From then on you either get the job or you don't.

—Corey Ford.

Lost Paradise.

Howard: "What is the forbidden fruit?"
Dad: "The cherry with a cocktail, my son."

Tips On Table Manners.

By George S. Chappell.
If your food you can't abide,
Loudly cry, "O, look outside."
Then, as gently as you're able,
Slip it underneath the table.

Juggling tricks, adroitly done,
With tin or even peas, are fun,
But well-bred people never stoop
To blowing rings with chicken soup.

When a man is thoughtful, people wonder what he is thinking about.
When a woman is thoughtful, people wonder what she is up to.

Readers are requested to contribute. All humor, Epigrams (or humorous verses), jokes, anecdotes, poetry, burlesques, satires, and bright sayings of children, must be original and unpublished. Accepted material will be paid for. All manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to the Fun Shop, The London Advertiser. No manuscripts can be returned. The rates are \$1 to \$10 for accepted material, and 25 cents to \$1 a line for poetry.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHANGE OF TIME.

Effective Sunday, May 18th, important change in train schedules will be made. For full particulars apply any CANADIAN PACIFIC agent or H. J. McCallum, City Passenger Agent, 417 Richmond Street, City. MS.9,13,15,17

LONDON OFFICIAL LEADS DISCUSSION AT TORONTO

Sec. Kelly, Children's Aid, Gives Views On How To Keep Peoples' Interest.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, May 16.—At today's closing session of the annual conference of the Association of Children's Aid Societies of Ontario, W. E. Kelly of London led in a discussion on the best way to keep up interest in children's aid work, and twenty took part in the interchange of ideas that followed. The desirability of getting different clubs interested was emphasized.

A general discussion on the adoption act and the unmarried parents' act was led by G. W. Powell of Peterboro and James T. Daley of Port Hope, and A. M. Dymond gave a talk on the English children's immigration act.

PRISONER SLUMBERS AS DEATH CASE OPENS

Though Charged With Murder of Two, Man Remains Undisturbed.

Canadian Press Despatch. St. Francis, Ont., May 16.—The

preliminary hearing of Joe Vizeau, charged with the murder of John Sward and his wife, Martina, at Dewart, in the Rainy River district on April 24, was concluded here today. The accused pleaded not guilty and was committed for trial, here on January 10. Experts will be called to testify relative to bloodstains discovered on the prisoner's clothing and bullets taken from the bodies of the victims.

Vizeau sat unmoved throughout the entire proceedings, and had to be awakened from deep slumber by the jailers just prior to the opening of the hearing.

STUDENTS' TRAVEL.

Students, at this season of the year, are planning for their trip home or their summer outing trip. In one case or the other let the Canadian National Railways help you make your plans. If on pleasure bent the Canadian National Railways tap all the most every tourist territory in the Dominion, and their representatives are constantly at your service to assist in arranging your itinerary. If homeward bound for your holidays the same applies. Call at City Ticket Office, Dundas and Richmond streets, "Clock Corner," or Phone 80—Advt. M.15-24.31

Pick out your Son— How High Will He Rise?

HE'S only a youngster now—but can you see him at 40?

If you live and keep your health, he's going to have a chance to be an agriculturist, doctor, executive, financier, lawyer, merchant—successful and prosperous—and will follow his natural bent:

But What If You Die?

The successful jobs demand education and they also demand a period of service when the boy will have to look to you for some financial help.

It will cost you little to protect his future. We'll gladly show you how if you'll send us the coupon below.



THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE,

TORONTO, CANADA.

BRANCH OFFICE: 201 ROYAL BANK BLDG., LONDON.

W. H. HUTCHINSON, B.A., Branch Manager.

At present I carry \$..... insurance on the..... plan. I have a wife and

..... children dependent on me for support. What policy would you suggest my purchasing?

Name..... Address.....

Master Construction Makes "Tutt Clothes" Hold Their Lines

AN attractively-patterned cloth, authentic style, and perfect fitting are features of every "Tutt" Garment.

These features all count in attaining the personal appearance and individuality which particular men desire.

But the most important point in the construction of "Tutt Clothes" is the super-quality of hidden workmanship—the "backbone" that makes them hold their lines and maintain your personal appearance.

"Tutt Clothes" are fashioned by master craftsmen—sewn with only the finest quality silk thread. The canvas used is shrunk and reshunk so that "Tutt Clothes" hold their shape indefinitely. Collars are drawn and stitched by hand. They won't pucker.

The same high quality of workmanship and finishing materials are in-built in every "Tutt" garment irrespective of price. This master construction is your guarantee of long wear and lasting satisfaction.

We furnish a bond with each garment, guaranteeing it to be absolutely moth-proof.

Tutt Clothes For Particular Men

Ask the Tutt dealer in your locality to show you this line.

Look for this Label

\$35 up—Made-to-Measure or ready-for-service

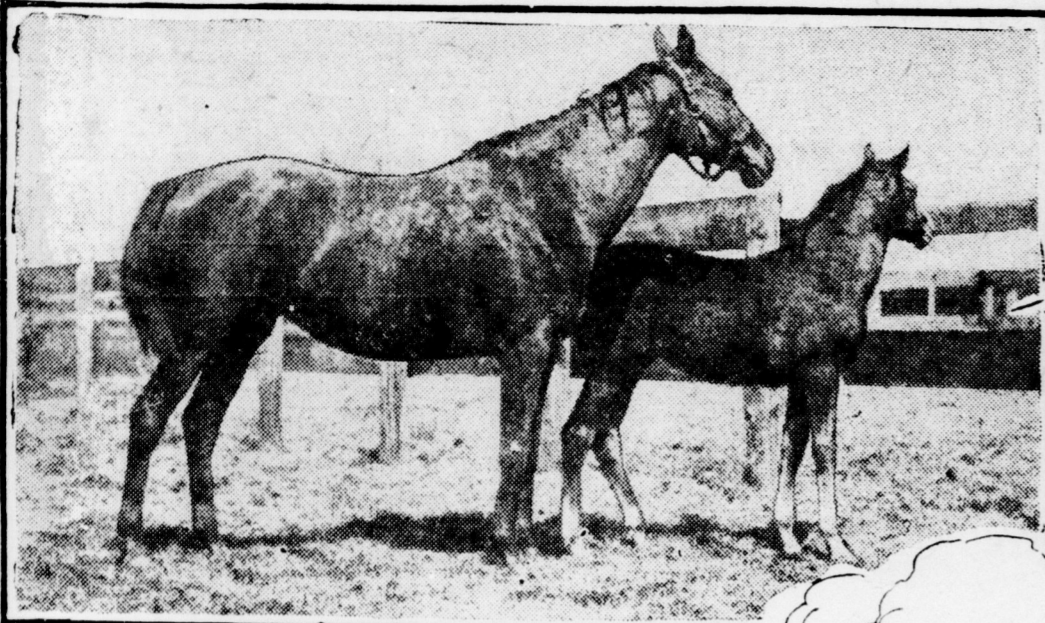
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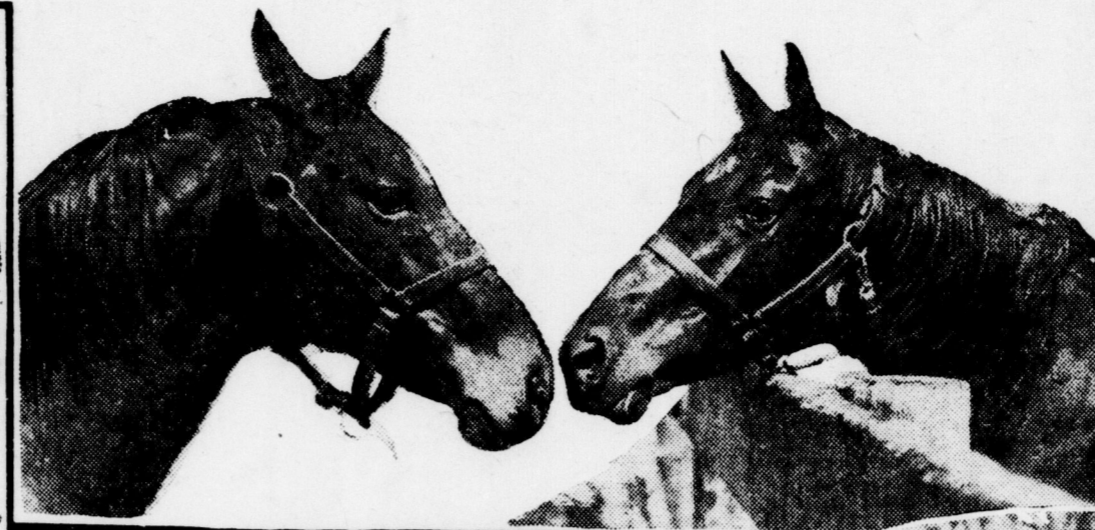
P. Q. KING, 415 Richmond Street.
G. HUTCHINSON, 998 Dundas Street.
D. W. SCOTT, 165 Wellington Street.
McCANCE, St. Thomas, Ont.



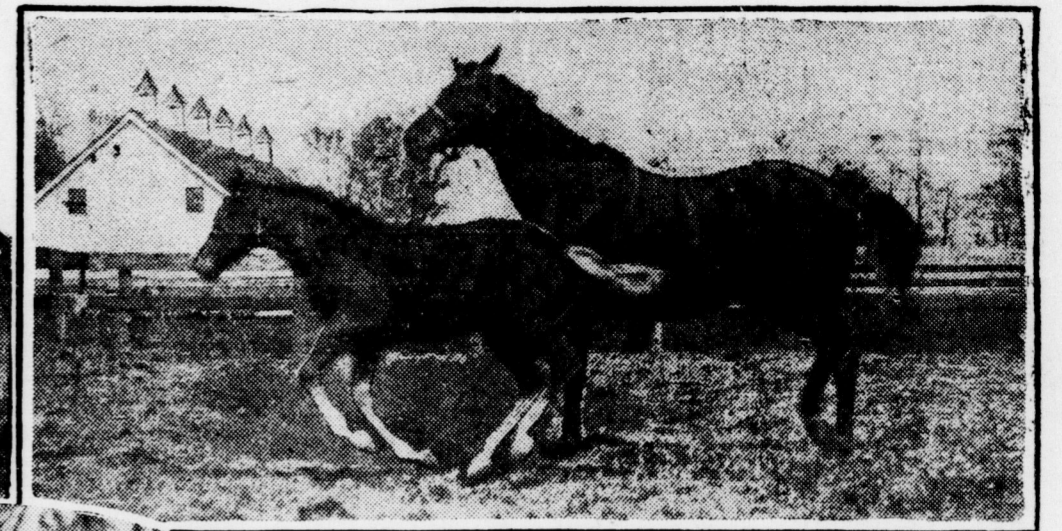
Race Horse at Home is a Dweller in Arcady



THIS FOUR MONTHS OLD COLT IS WATCHING THE TRAINING OF HIS ELDER BROTHERS AND SISTERS WITH THE MOST INTENSE INTEREST



SOUTH SHORE, on the right, WHO WON THE KING'S PLATE IN 1922—LOST HER BABY WHEN IT WAS TWO DAYS OLD AND SHE IS ACCEPTING THE SYMPATHY OF A NEIGHBORING BROOD-MOTHER.



ALICE-IN-WONDERLAND AND HER BABY GO SCAMPERING—LOOK AT THE PRIDE OF ALICE!

No Champing and Stamping,
No Rearing or Rushing,
But All Peace and Calm
On Super-Farm Where
Thoroughbreds Are Bred
and Trained.

By GREGORY CLARK

WHO would imagine a race horse is naturally a creature of peace and quiet and bucolic calm.

Race horses are synonymous with tense excitement and speed and fury, with disturbing colors and packed humanity, with bugles calling and thousands of human voices exclaiming harshly, with high strung nerves, with frenzy and exertion.

But the race horse at home is a dweller in Arcady.

Life on the farm is a fussy and strenuous thing compared with life on the super-farm where thoroughbreds are bred and trained.

Take the silence of one of those glassy Muskoka sunsets, the green beauty of the oldest and most tenderly husbanded farm in York, and you have Thorncliffe Farm, the great Davies estate, where Thorncliffe, contender for the King's Plate, and thirty other thoroughbreds, have been bred and trained and brought to the perfection of horsemanship.

When Mr. Fred Schelke, trainer of the Thorncliffe establishment, drove us up the mountainous side roads that are the only approach to the heights on which the beautiful farm is perched, not even a dog was stirring in the midst of the white and emerald buildings, the deserted paddocks and the brilliant green pastures. As far as the eye could see, white fences and green fields, bordered at the far edges with birch trees just budding into a haze.

We had expected to see horses dashing madly about, jockeys and grooms sweating and cursing, clouds of dust, thunder of hoofs, gangs of unlookers hanging over fences.

But not a living thing save blackbirds moved in that five hundred acre vision of white and green.

"Where's everybody?" we asked.

"Well," said Mr. Schelke, in a Kentucky drawl, "my old dog will be around in a minute, I guess."

And sure enough, as we dismounted from the car, from the shade of a fence corner, up rose an ancient collie.

"Been in Havana, Los Angeles, Mexico, wherever horses run, this dog has," said Mr. Schelke, rubbing the old collie's head.

Quiet, Alert Aristocrats

"BUT where are the horses, the grooms, everything?"

"Oh, this is the siesta," said Mr. Schelke, horses and boys up at four in the morning like to snooze in the afternoon."

From a little room at the end of the great white stable came, as if in answer to the remark, a deep snore. And over under a budless birch-tree, on a grassy mound, lay sprawled a black boy, soaking in the sun, with a kitten on his chest.

There was no champing and stamping of horses. There was no smell of horses, even.

We entered the huge white stable.

And there was a horse. A tall, slender, beautiful beast with that indescribable elegance of build and carriage which belongs to the thoroughbred. He stood in the cool shadow of the first of many roomy stalls. When we entered, he turned quietly and looked at us. No nerves here. No sweat, no side stepping and rearing. The ordinary horse would have looked and turned away. This fellow, who happened to be the father of the whole stable, father of a score of mighty hunters, a stallion twenty-two years old, turned with the ease and elegance of a cat and came to speak to us at the wire grid of his stall. His eyes gleamed with interest in us. His fine nostrils took us in. He breathed heavily on us—a "how'd'ye do."

We left our cigars outside. Speaking quietly, walking on soft earth, we strolled down the length of the stable with its two aisles of stalls. In each stall a quiet and alert horse. They were blanketed. One had a leather bib as big as a football dangling below his chin.

"That's to keep him from biting hold of his blanket and pulling it off."

Another great, spirited creature, with eyes



WE HAD EXPECTED TO SEE HORSES DASHING MADLY ABOUT, JOCKEYS AND GROOMS SWEATING AND CURSING CLOUDS OF DUST AND THE THUNDER OF HOOF

more dancing, more filled with mischief than most, had a contrivance of sticks and leather around his neck, like an Elizabethan collar which held his head firmly erect.

"That," said Mr. Schelke, "is a cradle. He can't be kept from tearing off his blanket with a bib, so he has to wear a cradle."

"Why do they want to undress?"

"Oh, mischief; want of something to do."

In all this stable filled with horses that were on the eve of competing in famous races, to run for purses of money and for honor and fame, there was no hint of nerves, excitement or exertion. There was absolute peace and quiet.

"I never saw a more peaceful scene."

"No," said the trainer. "It is peaceful. Thoroughbreds are brought up in peace."

Early Morning Training

WE walked across the paddocks to a large brick stable where the brood mares and their colts are kept.

Here was another sample of quiet. Fine mothers, all winners of races in their day, now devoted to the business of rearing children worthy of their parents, each with a little light brown colt in the stall with her. The mothers with the same alert interest in visitors. The colts jumpy and curious and shy all at once. Shaggy little creatures, without any promise, to the uninitiated eye, of the proud elegance they would show in another ten months.

"What do these people do?" we asked.

"They eat and sleep and play and eat and sleep and play," said the trainer.

"No work? No routine?"

"All they got to do is be," remarked Mr. Schelke.

It was four o'clock, and there were signs of life around the broad farm. The black boy under the imaginary shade of the birch tree crawled heavily to his feet and set the kitten on the ground. From the little room where the snores were emerged a couple of men in breeches and horse caps.

"At four o'clock, they come and clean out stables, do up bandages and tend their horses generally," said the trainer.

"When is the work done?"

"It starts at 4 a.m. At that hour, the night watchman feeds the horses, calls the grooms and the day's begun. The boys clean out the stalls, groom the horses, and get them ready for the day's work. At about 6.30 the horses come out. They are exercised, walked around that small sand track—it cost four thousand dollars alone, that ring of sand; hence, the sport of kings—or taken over to the Thorncliffe race track over the fields, there, and run. The training starts a little later in the morning. Some horses are for schooling. They are taken to the barrier and taught to break, taught to leap when the barrier goes up. Others are just taught to do what they are told. Others are just exercised, run short distances and then cooled out. Others do regular distance runs and are timed."

"Are they all trained alike?"

"Dear no! Every thoroughbred is an individual. You see, most thoroughbreds are born between January and May. When they are a year old, to wit, the following spring, their life begins. They are broken when they are a year

old. That is, they are broken to saddle and to handling. Up to that time, they are wild creatures, as free as deer.

Thoroughbreds Gently Handled

"BUT, of course, these colts have been living in this atmosphere from the start. They get to know the grooms and the trainers. There are no strangers about to confuse them. They are seeing their elder brothers and sisters ridden and training right along.

"They aren't broken roughly. Patience is the secret of success with thoroughbreds. Those yearlings are broken, and by the fall of the year, when they are just short of two years old, they are commenced training for racing. We can usually tell whether it is worth while going ahead with a horse when he is still a yearling."

"What indicates that?"

"Disposition."

"You want a high spirited, fiery disposition. I suppose?"

"On the contrary. The best thoroughbreds are those with fine dispositions, with understanding and kindness. You want fire, too. But most you want a fine disposition. The greatest running horses are ladies and gentlemen. They break quickly. They take readily to training. They remember what they are taught under all circumstances. They have, in other words, 'savvy.' They know what is expected of them."

"In winter, the horses are just kept in good condition. Thoroughbreds are delicate beasts. When the second year comes spring, the training at the barrier commences. This consists of just patience and repetition. We do it over and over

again, until the horse understands exactly what is expected of him. There is no roughness, no brutality. Roughness will ruin a good horse. Bad-mannered horses at the barrier are horses that have been trained quickly and roughly. Patience is the secret. Over and over, gently, kindly, until they see it.

"Then they are run, exercised, run, timed, raced, raced with pacemakers, and just before the public races they are trained under circumstances as like those they will meet at the race track as can be contrived.

"From then on, as they grow older, it is just a matter of constant exercise, good health, training to keep them fit and willing, and happy."

Goat as Sedative

THE trainer let Alice in Wonderland and her colt out to have their picture taken. This was an unexpected pleasure for both mother and colt. They romped and galloped around the paddock. Alice leaped and snorted with delight. Then she lay down and rolled in the dirt. Her groom cursed heavily. We got into the paddock to take the picture. The colt took a turn close to us to see what come thing this big press camera was. Alice came, too, to make sure all was well.

Alice used to race and have her picture taken, and she seemed to know what it was all about, for she very proudly brought her colt around for us three or four times, her colt closest to the camera, for all the world like a human mother.

In the next paddock, very forlorn, was South Shore, who had lost her baby the day or so before, when it was only two days old. She paced along her paddock fence, abreast of Alice and her

baby, a pitiful sight, half angry, half pleading, at the sight of the other mother romping with her colt. Then they had a friendly nose rub across the fence. But Alice was too full of fun to waste time repining.

As we walked back to the racing stable, Bill the goat, who had been having a sleep, too, came sauntering along looking for excitement.

"Every racing stable seems to have a goat," we said.

"Well, a goat," said Mr. Schelke, "is the coolest animal in the world. Nothing excites him. And if you put a goat in with a horse that has got excited, it seems as if Bill's imperturbability is contagious, and the horse catches it. A goat is the greatest sedative in the world. Nervous people ought to try goats for companions."

It was the evening hour. The horses were getting their last grooming, their final attentions for the day. But still there was peace, perfect peace brooding over the glimmering green and white acres of Thorncliffe and its girdling birches budding into a haze of palest green.

It isn't race horses that are creatures of unrest and fury and excitement.

It is men.

Learn English Anew if You Go Over to England

They Call Familiar Things by Names
Never Heard in Canada or the
United States

ALTHOUGH every self-respecting guidebook to England finds it necessary to print a list of the words which differ in meaning in England and in Canada or the United States, a still more elaborate special glossary of parallel terms is being compiled for the benefit of those who are to visit the advertising convention to be held at Wembley during the British Empire Exhibition. On the list are such words as:

American Bureau	English Chest of Drawers
Campaign	Canvass
Candy	Sweets
City Editor	Chief Reporter
Clipping	Cutting
Commission merchant	Factor
Cracker	Biscuit
Gasoline	Petrol
Trrolley car	Friendly Society
Truck	Tram-car
Wood alcohol	Methylated spirit
Ash can	Dust-bin
Coal oil	Paraffin

The Westminster Gazette thinks that the American who habitually walks on a "side-walk" should be reminded that in England he will tread the "pavement," and vociferously demands an English equivalent for the pure and untranslatable Americanism "Attaboy."

Miser Left Fortune To Queen Victoria

Royal Family May Inherit Sir Edward Cassel's London Residence Some Day

NOT many men have chosen to leave their fortunes to members of the royal family in the manner of the late Lord Farquhar. Under the terms of his will, Prince George receives \$10,000 and Princess Maud or Lord Carnegie \$250,000, while other royal beneficiaries are the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, the Princess Royal and Princess Arthur of Connaught.

The largest gift ever willed by a subject to a British sovereign was that of half a million pounds, which fell to Queen Victoria on the death of one John Camden Neild, who died in 1852.

The son of a London goldsmith, Neild succeeded to a quarter of a million pounds on his father's death, but being of a miserly disposition, he lived in poverty. After his death he was found to have left the whole of his property, with the exception of a few legacies, to "Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, begging her Majesty's most gracious acceptance of the same for her sole use and benefit."

Another man who remembered the sovereign in his will was Sir Ernest Cassel, who, on his death in 1921, left property to the value of six million pounds. His London residence, Brook House, Park lane, may one day become a home of the royal family, for Sir Ernest directed that in the event of the death without issue of his daughter, the house and its contents should be offered as a gift to the then reigning sovereign.

A NEAR-ARGUMENT is one in which nobody gets angry.

Canadians at Wembley Stick Out Chests Can't Look at Our Exhibit and Remain Modest

By R. E. KNOWLES

LL-becoming it may be, to boast, let the justification be what it may, of one's own land as compared with others of the great family of nations that comprise the British Empire.

But the Canadian who would not thus vaingloriously err should turn aside from the shop-window of the dominion which is known as the Canada Pavilion at the great Exposition of Empires, that has just been opened in the London suburb, Wembley, to be known to all future generations as the site of the greatest exhibition yet devised by man. For to see it, or to compare it with the rival handiworks of other overseas colonies or dominions, will assuredly compel a sense of pride impossible to be repressed. And, further, the Canadian who would cultivate a due humility should discourage all converse with others who, having seen them all, voices his comparative opinion. Almost all such, Londoners, whom I have met over here, ungrudgingly award the palm to the fair daughter of empire of the western hemisphere.

Twice already have I visited the great show, and increasing scrutiny of Canada's presentation of her case only increases my pride and wonder. The pavilion itself is a whole structure, substantial enough looking to give promise of a life co-eval with that of the dominion whose resources and achievements it so abundantly reveals. Every department of Canadian possession and product and performance seems to stand out by itself in convincing splendor. I need to

Canada's Big, Beautiful Building With Its Display of Dominion's Resources and Achievements is Outstanding at Great Empire Exhibition in Britain—A Credit to Our Representatives.

pause to point out the array of manufactured articles, especially in wood and iron, that are to be seen there—suffice it to say the number and variety of these are a credit to the enterprise and public spiritedness of the manufacturers of Canada. While names cannot be mentioned in any general way, I can not refrain from the expression of my admiration for the wonderful contribution of the T. Eaton Company, worthy to rank beside the finest of the manufacturing exhibits.

But how could one begin to give even a bird's-eye view of this assembled evidence of the wealth and industry of Great Britain's greatest dominion beyond the bounds of ocean? The mineral display, to begin with, is an eye-opener even to the most sophisticated Canadian, to say nothing of the stranger and foreigner. The titanic silver nugget, from the Cobalt Keeley mine, two and one half tons in weight and valued at \$16,800, bids fair, from what I hear, to become one of the most notable exhibits in all this oceanic collection from every quarter of the globe. The great smelter at Trail, B. C., blazes forth the might of a kindred industry. The universities, from Halifax to Vancouver (to leap swiftly from one department to another)

are set forth after a fashion, significant of number and efficiency, that will revise the opinions of thousands as to the intellectual enterprise of our land, so imperfectly known as that laudable spirit is at present. Turn yourself about for a moment—and splendid panoramic painting recite the story and the development of our so youthful land. Prairie wheat fields, vast and rustling and clamant, stand in color before you; the same mural method reveals the glories of our fruit orchards and eastern farms. A little further on, the fisheries of Canada, attested by the finest trophies of the great industry, are disclosed in a manner befitting their extent and variety. The Rocky Mountains—Jasper Park in particular, I recall—gleam in kaleidoscopic vividness, the very animals prowling about to quicken the pulse of the English big-game hunter, his thoughts hitherto concentrated exclusively in India or Africa. Real cascades, by the way, with real water, play their part in the convincing whole.

Montreal harbor, outlined in the largest photograph ever taken, 48 feet in length, is alone worth a trip to see. The lumbering industry, too, is fittingly and pictorially presented, sections of the giant denizens of the forest having been brought over to bewilder unaccustomed eyes. A

miniature of Niagara Falls, especially when electrically illuminated, startles by its vivid verisimilitude. The Prince of Wales' prairie home smiles at you, like its royal master, with quiet charm. Of butter—yes, real butter—is it modelled. The native grown and manufactured tobacco exhibit is worthy of its fragrant theme. The world's greatest annual exhibition, Canada's pride, tells forth its wondrous tale. Pictures of live stock, grazing and otherwise; the cold storage activities of various packing companies; the salmon-canning of British Columbia; the complete furnishing of a home, ingeniously set off in contrast to an Indian wig-wam; the gigantic elevator and milling industries, the latter contributed to by every flour firm in Canada; the motor cars of our own manufacture; the array of safes and engines; the serried specimens of priceless furs—all these and hundreds of other salient features which cannot now be cited, conspire to make this unique assembling one of which every Canadian will be justly proud and which will tell the story of Canada's greatness with accents of indubitable truth and romantic fullness.

It was impossible to close without one word of tribute to the manager of this great enterprise, Mr. A. W. Talmie, whose unwearied zeal, whose taste and skill, through ten long weary preliminary months, have assembled and coordinated this Window of the West to such effective purpose that it will do more to "draw the wondering eyes" (as the old Scotch phrase has it) of all the world toward Canada than has any kindred effort in the last hundred years.

PUBLIC HANGINGS, WHIPPING-POSTS, BRANDING OF CRIMINALS IN CANADA'S BARBAROUS AGE OF JUSTICE ONLY 100 YEARS AGO

People Flocked to See Executions—Gallows Painted to Present an Attractive Appearance—Dead Left Dangling as Fearful Examples—Death for No Less Than 120 Different Crimes

The following article is taken from a forthcoming book on "Pioneer Justice," by Magistrate J. Edmund Jones, of Toronto. In the interests of his office, Magistrate Jones has been making a study of the growth of humanitarian principles in the administration of criminal law, with rather astounding results as far as the development of the past hundred years is concerned. His research has brought to light a large amount of wholly new and original matter from the records of Toronto.

By J. EDMUND JONES.

THE past few years may be known to history as the humanitarian age.

It is hard to realize that there are, right in our midst, the relics of the pillory and stocks, the whipping post and the public gallows.

It is even more difficult to believe what the records of Toronto show to have been the case in the time of our own grandfathers—floggings, merciless application of the death penalty, banishment, the treadmill and slavery.

In the vault of the clerk of the peace at the city hall, Toronto, are volumes of official records which contain a mine of information of intense historical interest.

Justice was not unduly tempered with mercy in the early part of the past century. Indeed, our ancestors of that time were so firmly impressed with the idea that the efficacy of punishment depended on its severity that the penalty of death was prescribed for no less than 120 different crimes. In Upper Canada it was not, in fact, until 1865, four years after the English act, that the death penalty was abolished in all cases except murder, treason and rape, but it is doubtful whether it has been inflicted since 1865 for the last-named crime. In the consolidated statutes of Canada (1859) the death penalty was provided for murder, treason, rape, administering poison or wounding with intent to commit murder, unlawfully abusing a girl under ten, robbery with wounding, burglary with assault, arson, setting fire to or casting away a ship, exhibiting a false signal endangering a ship. It was not a felony, but merely a misdemeanor punishable by fine, to abuse a girl between ten and twelve years of age. It was no offense at all under the act of 1859 to abuse a girl over twelve. While exhibiting a false signal causing danger to a ship was an offense punishable by death, endangering a railway train carried with it only a prison term of three to seven years. On the other hand, for stealing chattels or money from a church the penalty was not less than seven years. The punishment for stealing cattle might be more severe than this, the possible term being fourteen years with a minimum of two.

Naturally the hangman was a very busy person a century ago, since, in addition to inflicting the capital penalty, he was called upon to administer the lash, mostly in public, and to perform the duty of branding of criminals on tongue and hand. The penal laws, at least in their administration, were even more severe in England than in Canada. In this province, save for the crime of manslaughter, branding was abolished by statute in 1802, but in or before 1798 the chief justice of Upper Canada had caused convicted criminals to be branded in open court. In the early days of the province hangings were in public, and thousands journeyed from remote parts to witness them, many of the spectators arriving hours beforehand in order to get a complete view of the proceedings. The gallows were rather costly affairs, and were painted so as to present an attractive appearance. In fact, so great was the expense incurred that one might even speak of the high cost of dying when the mortal coil was shuffled off at the end of a rope. In the very first entry of the minute book, commenced in 1828, we have a record of the bill presented by Sheriff W. B. Jarvis for preparing the place for an execution. This bill reads as follows:

John Ford, his account for materials, framing, erecting and removing the gallows.....	£ s. d.
Mr. Clinger's account for iron-work.....	8 13 6
John Craig's account for painting.....	7 17 4
Two coffins.....	2
	62 10 10

Sundry expenses to execution and sheriff's assistants; also for a rope, cord, dress, and to certain persons aiding sheriff in erecting platform and removing the body of the criminal.....

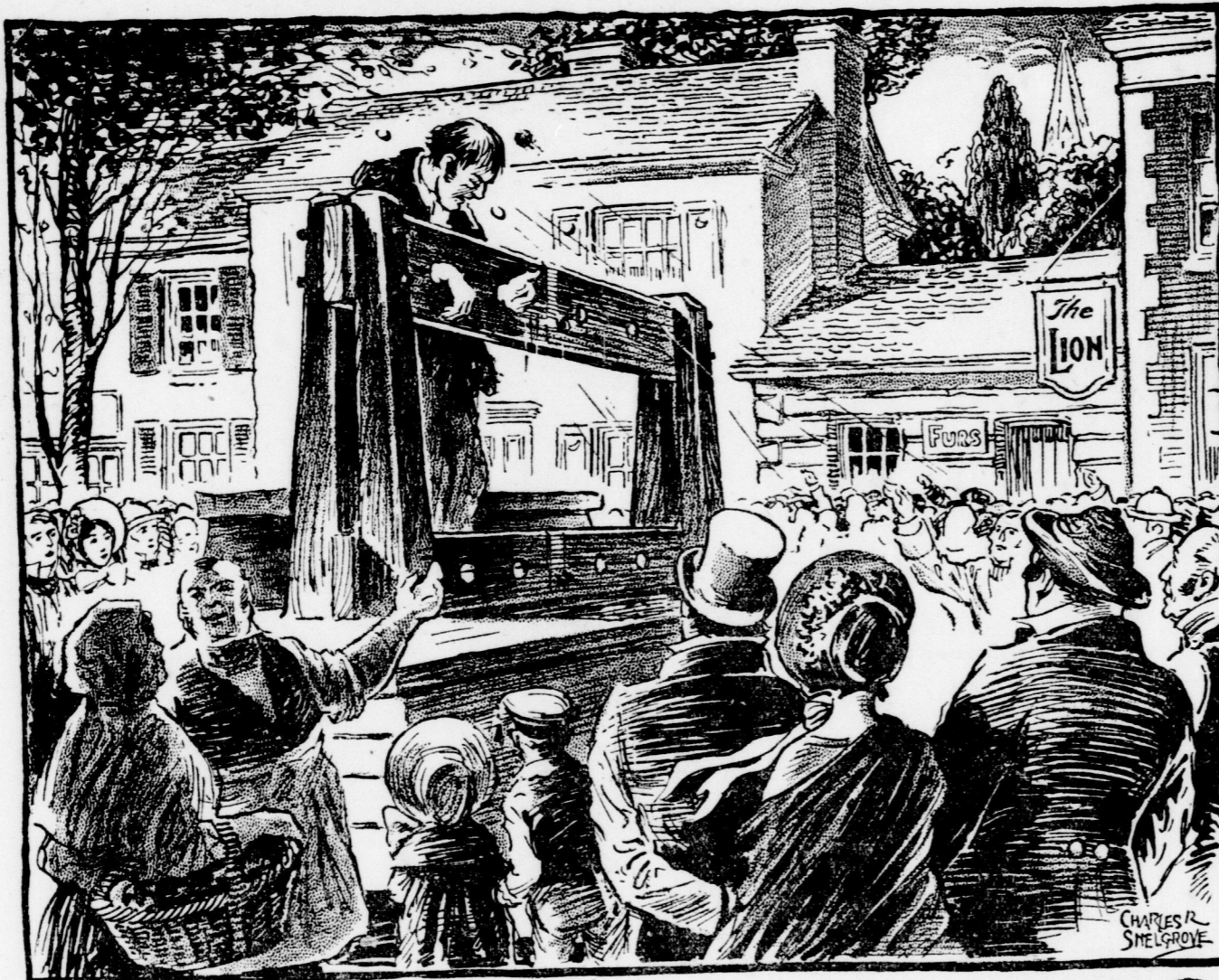
	15
do, for second criminal.....	15
	30
Total.....	93 10 10

This bill might be compared with the cost of erecting in 1905 the last gallows put in the present jail yard at Toronto, \$58.91; undertaker, \$10; sheriff's fee, \$20.

In addition to the above there was the amount paid the executioner, death watch and some costables.

Dangling Bodies From a Gibbet

PUBLIC hanging in chains from a gibbet (the bodies being saturated in tar that they might last longer) does not appear to have been adopted in Upper Canada. This was, however, the practice in England as late as 1832. The gibbet in a case occurring in 1818 was not taken down until 1826, when what remained exposed, as a supposed ghastly deterrent, was buried on the spot.



Mayor MacKenzie directed the convicted prisoner "to stand one hour to-morrow and one hour to-morrow week in the common stocks."

I found in the vault of Osgoode Hall, Toronto, the papers relating to the trial of two men, charged at London, Upper Canada, with wounding with intent to kill. The evidence showed that a number of men had gathered in a hut outside the town at night. High words passed, and one of the men threatened if he got a chance he would kill another who had offended him. As the party was breaking up, this man and a companion climbed into a loft where the man who had been threatened was preparing for bed. A scuffle ensued, whereupon those who had started for home returned and threw the two assailants down through a hatchway to the floor beneath. The assailants made their way out of the crowd, after which the victim of the assault came down, showing a flesh wound from which blood was flowing, but the injury was not sufficient to call for the services of a doctor. The injured man said the wound was caused by a knife he afterwards found in the room upstairs which he said must have belonged to one of the two men who had assaulted him. One of the assailants wisely kept out of the way, but the other returned, was put on trial, found guilty and—hanged. And this was as late as 1863.

In 1869 public hangings were abolished in Canada, and since 1905 the scaffold in Toronto has always been erected within the prison itself. At present there is strong public sentiment and official opinion in favor of abolishing the practice of having executions in every county as in Ontario, and adopting the system in vogue in British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan, of having one or more central places where experienced officers will be in charge, and escapes, bungling and other scandals are not so likely to occur.

Public hangings and the brandings of criminals were not the only forms of barbarism, by which the early history of Toronto was marred.

In March, 1811, when Thomas Ridout, Hon. Duncan Cameron and John Small were sitting, there is an entry in the magistrate's minutes relating to the great-grandfather of the present generation of the Jarvis family. "William Jarvis, of the town of York, Esq., informed the court," the ancient record reads, "that a negro boy and girl, his slaves, had the evening before been committed to prison for having stolen gold and silver out of his desk in his dwelling-house, and escaped from their said master, and prayed that the court would order that the said prisoners, with one Coachley, a free negro, also committed to prison on suspicion of having advised and aided the said boy and girl in eloping with their master's property, they were accordingly ordered to be brought before said court for examination." The record does not show what form the "examination" took, whether the slaves were cross-examined in the French fashion, or merely put upon their trial in the English fashion. The use of the word "examination" was no doubt correct, as it is likely that the accused were interrogated, though not under oath.

In the result, the "said negro boy named Henry, commonly called Prince, be remitted to prison and there safely kept till delivered according to law (he was afterwards tried at the Assizes), and that the girl do return to her said master." The free negro, Coachley, found not guilty, became a "free nigger," and was discharged.

Slaves in Early Toronto

IN 1816 there are three references to negroes in "a free man of color." Evidently surnames for negroes were not in favor, since in 1819, "Catharine, a woman of color," was charged with assault, and she is afterwards referred to as "Catharine, calling herself Catharine Myers." Perhaps the Myers family did not approve of her taking the name. Descendants of slaves in Toronto are still known to the present generation. One a descendant of a slave of the Denison family, became a prominent and successful citizen and holder of high municipal office, and his name is carved on the walls of the present City Hall.

In order to understand how it was possible that there could be slaves in the Town of York in 1811, one must look at the statutes on the subject. In England, in 1790, an act was passed "for encouraging new settlers in His Majesty's colonies and plantations in America." This act recites that it is expedient that persons should be encouraged to settle, and enacts that if persons from the United States come to "Bahama,



In or before 1798 the Chief Justice of Upper Canada had caused convicted criminals to be branded in open court.

Bermuda or Somers Islands, or to any part of Quebec or Nova Scotia, or any of His Majesty's territories in North America to settle, it shall be lawful to import, in British ships, any negroes, household furniture, etc., free of duty," the household furniture, clothing, etc., for every white person, not exceeding £50, "and the value of forty shillings for every negro." Obviously it was considered that a negro did not, even in our northern climate, require as much clothing as a white man. It was further provided that "all sales of any negro, household furniture, clothing, etc., so imported, made within 12 months after importation, shall be null and void." Slaves might, therefore, be sold after 12

months' residence. All white settlers over 14 years of age had to take the oath of allegiance, but negroes were not under such compulsion.

Three years later, however, at Niagara, when John Graves Simcoe was lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, the second session of the first parliament declared it unjust that a people who enjoy freedom by law should encourage the introduction of slaves, and that it was highly expedient to abolish slavery in this province, "so far as the same may gradually be done without violating private property." It was accordingly enacted that the imperial act authorizing slavery be repealed, and that no negro or other person shall be subject to the condition of a slave. As



Slaves, might, therefore, be sold after 12 months' residence.

there were persons who had contracted themselves to "bounden involuntary service for life," it was provided that such a contract was good only for nine years. This act did, however, confirm owners of slaves in any property acquired before the passing of the same, and did not release anyone who before it had contracted himself out of his freedom. It was further provided that the children of female slaves should remain in the service of the owner of their mother until 25 years of age. The births of these children of slave mothers were to be recorded and the onus of proving the child to be under 25 was to rest on the owner. Moreover, the children of such children were to be considered free-born. If an owner should liberate a slave, he had to give security that the slave so released should not become a charge on the parish. In this connection I recall the late Judge Joseph McDougall in the '80s refusing to give effect to the assignment by one man to another of all his wages in payment of a debt, and his remarking that the assignor by such an act enslaved himself to the assignee.

Punishment of Banishment

THE punishment of banishment existed from the founding of Upper Canada. In modern times we deport criminals in proper cases, but only when they are aliens and then under reciprocal arrangements with foreign countries. In the early days of the province, however, our own people were punished by being ordered to depart, at their own expense and peril, to some foreign land where they had no friends, no employment, no money and no reputation. The act which authorized this cruelty was passed in 1802, and recited that the English system of deportation overseas was not available owing to our having no colonies. It provided the punishment of banishment for life, and gave a maximum period of eight days in which to leave the country. Failure to comply might mean death, just as in England a return to England from overseas meant death in most cases.

In an entry of July 1, 1829, it was recorded that John J. I. pleaded guilty of larceny, and was sentenced to be banished from the province for seven years, and "to be allowed eight days, this day included, to leave the province." In an entry dated November 23, 1831, it was stated that L. W. pleaded guilty to larceny and was sentenced to be banished from the province for life, and to be allowed seven days to leave the province.

Later the practice grew up of more limited banishment. In 1834 Mayor William Lyon Mackenzie and Aldermen Thomas David Morrison

and Cawthra condemned a woman who kept a disorderly house to leave the neighborhood within a week. Another woman, found guilty by a jury and recommended for mercy, was sentenced to "one week's imprisonment and to be banished five miles beyond the limits of the district." Another woman for larceny was "banished from the district for 12 months." In 1810 three men, found guilty of keeping a disorderly house (maximum punishment now \$50 fine), were directed to be imprisoned 14 days, "and to remove out of the house called the Yellow House with their things and never to return." Evidently a case of "Yellow Peril."

Physical punishment had a great fascination for early penologists, and even starvation, cold and discomfort of every kind were thought to be salutary for persons who had offended. In olden times whipping was done by the hangman, in public, the unfortunate victim being tied to the cart's tail and "lashed on the bare back till the blood comes." The publicity was justified on the same grounds as public hanging and the leaving of the dead bodies hanging in chains at the cross-roads or in other public places, to strike terror in the hearts of the populace. In 1816, for petty larceny (the distinction between grand and petty larceny was abolished in 1841), the prisoner was given "one month in gaol and once publicly whipped." In the same year for petty larceny another was sentenced to "one month's imprisonment and at the expiration of term to be publicly whipped, to receive 39 lashes."

In 1817, for a common assault for which the term of imprisonment was two months in the house of correction, the prisoner was in addition directed "to be publicly whipped and to receive 39 lashes." In the same year for petty larceny (under \$10) the prisoner was condemned to "one week and then to be publicly whipped." In 1818, for petty larceny four men were sentenced to one month each, another two were each to be twice publicly whipped with 39 lashes. In 1819, for petty larceny the sentence was "one month and to be whipped, to receive 20 lashes," and for receiving stolen goods three months and once publicly whipped. Again, in 1821, for mere petty larceny, 36 lashes were given in the market place and on Saturday, so that a goodly attendance of sightseers might be on hand. The last record of public flogging is in 1830, when one month and 39 lashes was the penalty for an assault.

The Stocks and the Pillory

THE stocks were a wooden contraption that usually stood in the market place, and consisted of heavy timbers, with holes in which the arms and legs were confined. There the offender who was condemned to them was not merely exposed to public scorn and contempt, but to the more substantial expression of popular opinion in the shape of rotten eggs, brickbats and other additions to the sentence of the court. In 1811 it was "ordered that a carpenter be employed to make moveable stocks that will confine two persons at once, and when completed that they be erected where a majority of the magistrates may think most proper." When the carpenter (Joshua Leach) was paid for this and other work, his account, £11 New York currency, was stated to be equal to £5 17s. 6d. provincial currency.

The only reference in the minutes to the actual use of stocks in Toronto is in 1834. This reference is to one of the early decisions of William Lyon Mackenzie, first mayor of Toronto, in the days when the mayor was also chief magistrate, in the sense that he presided over the mayor's court assisted by aldermen and grand and petty juries. For larceny Mayor Mackenzie directed the convicted prisoner to be imprisoned two months in the house of correction and employed in breaking stones; also "to stand one hour to-morrow, and one hour to-morrow week, in the common stocks; and to be banished from the home district for twelve months." Many persons in Toronto profess to know the spot on the old market place where the stocks used to stand.

In 1827 J. G. Howard, the architect of the new jail, who afterwards gave High Park to Toronto, writes: "A treadmill, though not recommended as punishment, could be applied to advantage pumping water to cleanse drains and cesspools, security against fire, etc., and would save the expense of wells." The record does not state whether the suggestion was adopted. In 1856 a force-pump was installed to force water into the closets in the upper story of the then jail.

Will Radio Unite the Whole World Into Dreamed Brotherhood of Man?

WHEN Alexander Graham Bell sent the human voices over a wire that was history. When Edison learned to "can" and reproduce the voice, that, too, was wonderful.

When the Wright brothers sent a bird-like thing across the sandy stretches at Kitty Hawk, proving at last that man could fly, that was acclaimed as little short of miraculous.

And yet, in their effect on the peoples of the earth and in their possibilities, none of these achievements is comparable to radio. When Marconi, back in 1899, found that he could send a wireless impression jumping through the air he started that long trail of development which has given us radio, and which is still leading on to a goal which scientists can define only in their dreams.

The range of broadcasting is increasing every month. The most astonishing prediction of the radio experts may be summed up as follows:

The time will come when there will be no foot of ground on the face of the earth, or under the earth, where the human voice cannot be heard, and heard with perfect distinctness. A man at the south pole will speak into a broadcasting device and a moment later a man at the north pole can hear him perfectly. The ultimate goal is for any man to be entirely "present" to any other man.

It was Dr. Lee De Forest, the inventor of

the three electrode vacuum tube, otherwise known as the audion, who has furnished the principal agent for broadcasting and wireless work since the time when Marconi first propelled his wave through the air. In fact, the audion, invented in 1905, is the basis of all the later progress in radio.

Dr. De Forest is the inventor of the phonofilm, or talking motion picture. He was asked the other day to make a prediction as to the future of radio.

"To look very far ahead is impossible," he said. "It would be pure guesswork. Eventually radio will make us all one people—the final achievement of the dream of the brotherhood of man. It is easier to predict what is going to happen within the next few years—the next twenty-five years, anyhow."

"Broadcasting in its present stage is only a very dim forecast of what is coming later. To say that radio is in its infancy is to put it mildly. What we have now is just as a small beginning—a suggestion."

"Soon we will get all local broadcasting through the electric wiring and the air will be left free for long distance sending. It is easy enough to point out to these things, but to look much further into the future you have only to dream."

The advances made in 1923 alone serve to suggest what may be possible soon. Two years ago these things would have sounded like idle speculation.

With radio an arctic explorer no longer becomes lost from the world when he pushes beyond civilization to the northward. Donald MacMillan, commander of the ship Bowdoin, is frozen in the ice this winter off the coast of Greenland, eleven degrees from the north pole. Her exact position on Christmas Day was 78 north latitude and 72.30 west longitude.

MacMillan took out his receiving set and tuned in for Chicago. In that city his sister,

Mrs. Lillian Fogg, talked at a broadcasting station and sent him greetings. He sent a wireless code message a few minutes later that he had heard her.

On last December 31 people down in Middleburg, South Africa, tuned in with the Pittsburgh program, as relayed from London, and heard it distinctly. When the new year came in people in England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales danced to their own programs, but those around Manchester were able to dance to American music.

At Manchester Mrs. Sarah J. Nightingale heard the voice of her son, S. J. Nightingale of the Westinghouse Electric Company, Pittsburgh, across 3,500 miles of space as he sang.

England also has picked up voices from India, Mesopotamia, New Zealand and South Africa.

Amateurs in England had been heard in Chicago.

Persons who never heard a sound in all their lives have been able to hear over radio, and in several instances by exercising long dormant faculties hearing has been partially restored—although, of course, it can't be restored when the nerve is dead.

Scientists are now able to listen to the voices of insects, which to them is fully as important as examining through a microscope. For insects have languages of their own, and they are being found out.

"And we are all comparatively young men," pointed out Dr. De Forest. "Marconi and I are not more than 50. The others are younger. What they will do in the next twenty-five years is a matter for conjecture—for wild imaginings. And the most extravagant statement of to-day soon may sound commonplace."

Here is a conservative prediction from Gen. James G. Harbord president of the Radio Corporation of America:

"Radio is preeminently the instrument of mass appeal, and it will prove the most powerful

unifying influence in Asia since the days of Tamerlane. Its social effect will parallel the change wrought in the western world by the printing press, steam transport and electricity. The east has few of what we call modern utilities to be thrown into the scrap heap, and Asia will readily adapt itself to radio broadcasting, the most modern methods being transmitting intelligence to millions, without a preliminary tutelage to telephones and similar convenient but disturbing instruments of our civilization.

"The leadership in radio and its practical appliance is in the hands of the English speaking people. Europe has practically reduced itself to three major tongues—English, French and German. The minor nations must learn a major European tongue to effect an escape from the linguistic prison."

What will this common language be? Few believe it will be Esperanto or any of the other "synthetic" tongues which have been put forward. Dr. De Forest insists that eventually the common language will be "English," enriched by some phrases from other tongues. He does not doubt for a moment that there will in time be a common language.

Prof. A. M. Low, an English authority, says: "Very soon now it should be possible for a man in London to speak with ease from his own mission by wireless, foresees all sorts of terrible things. He believes, in common with many others, that the time will come when wireless can make an airplane stand still in the air. Battleships already have been controlled by radio from long distances."

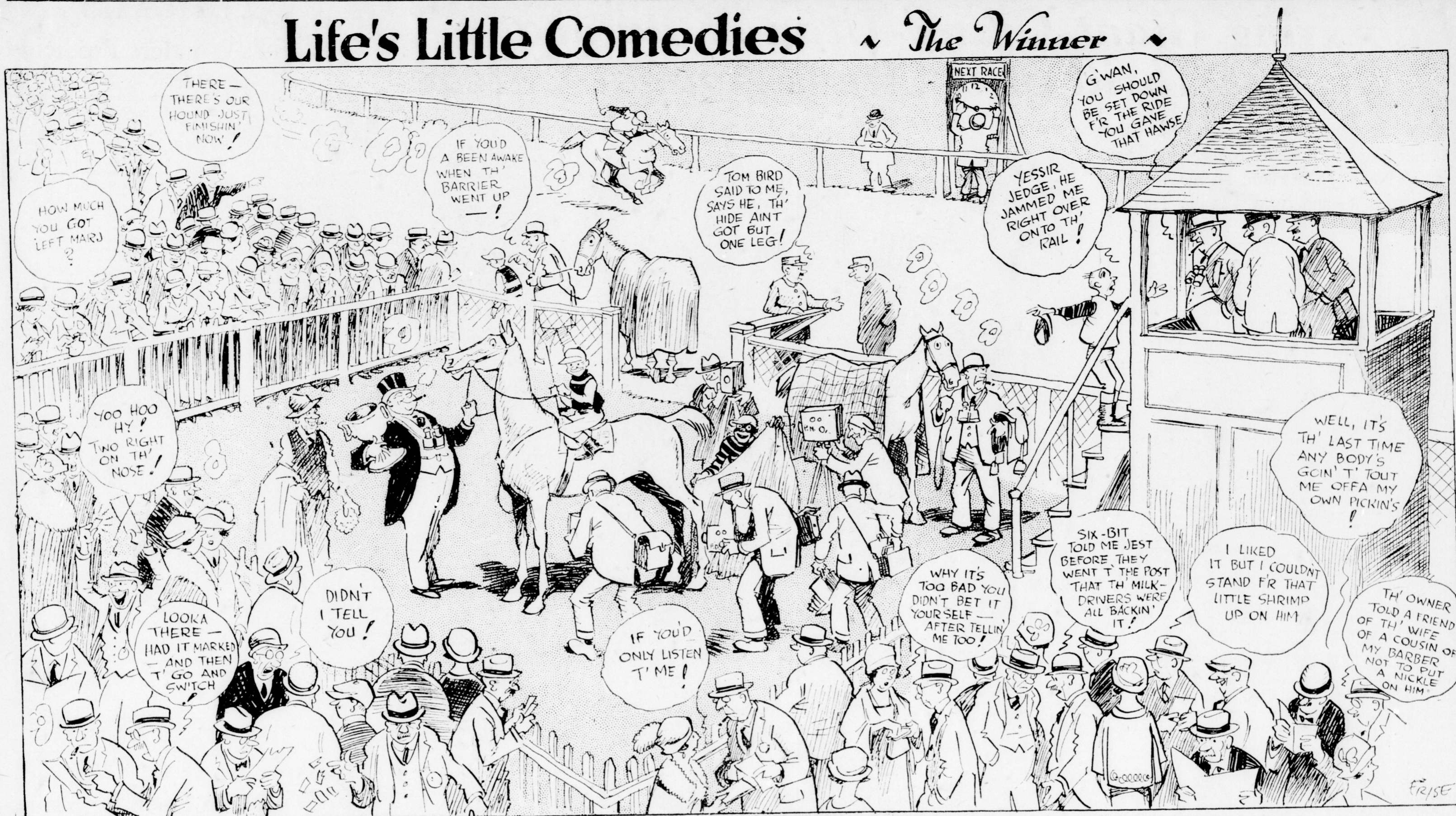
There are people in France who say that the Germans are experimenting with airplanes that are driven and controlled entirely by radio—that can be sent over enemy lines and manipulated at will.

Radio is changing the whole social and economic regime.



Lee De Forest

Life's Little Comedies ~ The Winner



Why Make a Fuss About a Dog? Has He Brains? Well, Read These Stories Dog Lovers Have to Tell

Saving Life By Gallantry, Riding Alone on Street Cars, Teaching Children, and Recognizing a General in the Dark—Canine Achievements Which Really Happened

THE dog controversy that is being waged in Toronto just now seems to turn on whether you have a dog or not.

We were trout fishing up beyond Caledon the other day, and evening found us, wet and chilled, begging a room of the inn at Caledon East.

Mr. Hooley, a retired farmer of Warton, who is now traveling for a lightning-rod manufacturer, offered us the double bed in his room, and a bank clerk doubled up with a colleague, giving Mr. Hooley the single bed in the same room.

"I've given up farming," said Mr. Hooley as we dried our lines and spread out our clothing by the stove-pipe in our room. "I was attacked by a bull, and I have to wear a brace ever since."

"Did it gore you?"

"No, it missed goring me and trampled me, and before it could make the second attack a bitch I had came and took the bull off me."

"A dog?"

"A collie bitch. She saved my life, all right."

"How could—"

"The bull—it was a scrub—got loose in the stable. I went in and closed the door and cornered it in a stall between two steers. When I went to put a rope over its head it turned and threw me. I must have shouted . . .

"The door was shut. That collie came through a window eight feet up, taking sash, glass and all, took the bull by the nose, and threw it."

"When I came to I was in one drain and the bull was in the other, the bitch holding him down by his nose."

"She saved my life. She did it of her own accord and out of her own sense."

"She was a great dog. She was a lady, all right, for she would drive cattle to market, but insisted on riding home in the buggy with me. We would send her out at milking time, and she would bring in only the milk cows out of a herd of milkers and steers and dry cows. For a year she used to come with me after supper while I put the hens in the pen—sorting the Rocks and the others into their proper pen. Then one night she figured she could handle the job herself. And for the rest of her life she put the hens to roost every night, and never got one wrong, out of a hundred hens."

"She's dead then?"

"She was poisoned," said Mr. Hooley, quietly.

waiting at the corner of Dundas and Bay for a Bay car the other night.

On the corner with him stood a stranger, a large, aloof Airedale. As he actually seemed to be waiting for a car, too, Raymond Hughes watched him.

Two Dundas cars came up. The Airedale stepped out and studied the cars intently, head on one side.

Then came a Bay, and the Airedale advanced out to the stopping place with the alert air of one about to board a car. Mr. Hughes followed. The door opened and the dog climbed aboard and went to the back, where he lay down quietly out of the way.

"That's not my dog," said Mr. Hughes to the conductor.

"I know," said the conductor. "He's all right. We know him. He's a regular passenger and quite a gentleman."

The Airedale lay unseen until the car approached Bloor street, when it rose, went and stood at the exit, looking up expectantly at the conductor, and when the door was opened descended with dignity.

"Does he know where he is?" asked Mr. Hughes.

"Sure he does," replied the conductor. "He's probably over across the corner, picking another Bay car out of the three lines that pass there, and is going for another ride downtown."

For years a resident on Russell Hill road had an Airedale which every day at three o'clock in the afternoon would take an Avenue road car down to the corner of King and Yonge, descend and enter the C. P. R. building, where his master's office was, take the elevator to the correct floor and accompany his master home by auto.

Bill Wallace told me:

"I had to get rid of my dog. A Boston. He had an absurd sense of humor. It is the habit,

in the district where I live, for the laundries to leave the laundry lying on the sidewalk steps. My dog would bring these parcels of laundry to me and wave his tail.

"He somehow thought this was a wonderful joke. I tried to show him it was a poor joke after the first time. And as he couldn't see it, we had to part."

My father has told me of being taken by his mother down to visit the Jack family in the township of Innisfil. After supper Mr. Jack would say:

"Now, boys, time to do your chores!"

The Children's Guardian

AND the two dogs would dash out, one down to the far pasture to fetch the cows for milking, the other to the wood pile, where he would seize a piece of split wood, carry it into the wood box, lay it in, and keep on until the wood-box was filled.

We had a black cocker spaniel when I was a child—spaniels are the gentlest of all dogs—that discovered I was not allowed out the side entrance, that out in the street was some menace, some danger.

When we were turned loose in the yard Bonnie would first make sure the side gate was closed. If it was not he lay in the alley. When I would, sooner or later, discover the gate open and make for the street, Bonnie stood across the narrow alley, blocking my way and barking patiently until my mother came out and shut the gate.

At the summer cottage, whenever the elders left the house, Bonnie would come in from whatever high adventure was engrossing him, and without orders lay himself down across the doorway to the bedroom where the children lay. If only for a moment, he assumed command of the house if it were left by the grown-ups.

Our battalion transport section had a dog that used to accompany the man on picket every night on the wagon lines. It was a sleepy and weary job, and the rare occasions when thieving drivers from neighboring regiments came snooping about

looking for a new set of chains or a bridle or a clean set of harness for to-morrow's inspection, the dog barked and roused the picket and all was well.

Yet whenever one of the boys of the unit moved about the wagon lines in the dark the dog paid no attention.

Except—an officer. If any officer drew near the dog made a terrible row and the picket was warned to be alert and very much on the job.

One afternoon this dog came racing into the wagon lines in a furious state, barking frantically, dashing about raving and howling, frantic over something. A few minutes later in rode a general and his staff to inspect the lines. It is recorded that the battalion received the worst hiding it ever got as the result of this snap inspection.

Was this fine dog so good a soldier that it was trying to tip off the battalion to the approach of a general?

WHY IS GREEN LIGHT USED FOR SAFETY SIGN?

ORIGINALLY we had three railway signals, red for danger, green for caution, and white for safety. The last, however, was found to present difficulties. It could easily be confused with ordinary lights passed on the journey.

Again, the breaking of the glass of a red danger signal was liable to show the white flame that stood for safety.

For these reasons, the white was on most railways abolished, and only the red and green retained.

From the earliest times, red has stood for danger, and green is its natural contrast. Indeed, excepting white (which, as we have seen, has drawbacks), no other color is possible but blue. And since blue is a color that does not "carry" well, only green was left.

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Current Wit and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs From the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

No matter what ails a man, he thinks spring will cure it.—Kingston Standard.

He must be a very stalwart saint who does not find it easier to believe that God is good when the sun is shining.—London Observer.

If he had ever heard about the bank first the author would never have written Home Sweet Home.—Ottawa Journal.

One's opinion of church union depends on whether one would describe it as a wedding or as a funeral.—Goderich Signal.

Horses get their baled hay in the manger and humans get theirs in the magazines.—Manitoba Free Press.

There is one particular age at which a modern girl "comes out." It happens whenever a boy stops in front and honks.—Baltimore Sun.

An oil gusher has been drilled in Germany, just as though that country didn't have trouble enough already.—Portsmouth Daily Times.

An intoxicated man, knocked down by an automobile, was not injured and refused to give his name, says a news item. Maybe he didn't know it.—Hamilton Spectator.

Women may be slaves to fashion, but their burdens are light.—Orillia Packet.

A man was recently imprisoned for selling colored water as whiskey. Quite rightly. Genuine publicans have to pay a heavy license for this privilege.—Passing Show.

"The night has a thousand eyes": that's none too many considering all that's going on.—Kingston Standard.

Would be inclined to believe the report that a cure has been discovered for foot and mouth disease if the news hadn't come from Berlin.—Ottawa Journal.

The first stage of the war in Europe lasted from 1914 to 1918. The second stage has lasted ever since.—Manitoba Free Press.

One of our drug-stores lost a customer last Saturday. On being asked for hair tonic, the absent-minded clerk handed out a bottle of furniture polish.—Dundalk Herald.

As the staff clown might say, many a shingle bob covers a wooden head.—Buffalo Express.

What is the country coming to, when a bushel of wheat will not buy two golf balls?—Memphis Journal.

That Pine River man who is reported to be

bounty has a keen eye for business.—Peterboro Examiner.

If Germany were not so firm in her belief that it pays to hate, it would not so hate to pay.—Washington Post.

Inventor of the saxophone was born in 1794, so nothing can be done now but beat up his grandchildren.—Ottawa Journal.

Possibly the easiest way to settle the winner of the three world flight expeditions would be to count up the score in delays.—Chicago Post.

It might not be a bad idea to use some of that American moral support so freely offered to Europe right in Washington.—Syracuse, N.Y. Herald.

A Moscow correspondent says that Russia has a poet's union with 7,000 members. Some of the misery of Russia is accounted for.—Detroit Free Press.

A contemporary ventures the assertion that when the lady candidates toss their hats into the ring they will be of last year's vintage.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WORLD'S TALLEST MAN

ONE of the tallest men alive to-day, possibly the tallest, is Armand Branner, who hails from the Jura Mountains. He is 7 ft. 5½ in. in height, and his stretch from fingertip to fingertip is close on 8 ft., while, as his boots are 17½ in. long his patronage is eagerly sought by the bootmakers in his locality.

Branner was born in 1890 and only ceased to grow when he was thirty years of age. It is a remarkable fact that he only weighed 4½ lbs. when born. His great height is not shared by any other member of his family the tallest being 5 ft. 9 in.

Unlike most giants who outgrow their strength, Branner is exceedingly strong, and can carry a weight of nearly half a ton with ease. His health is excellent, and so is his appetite. He eats little meat, but consumes a huge quantity of vegetables.

Food and clothing necessarily cost him about twice what an ordinary man would have to pay and his tailor, when fitting him, requires a step ladder to reach his shoulders. At present this giant is touring the continent, but he hopes shortly to visit this country.

Comes From Too Much Drink

A CLERGYMAN was being shaved by a barber who was addicted to occasional sprays. The razor manipulator cut the parson's face.

"You see, Jackson, that comes from takin' too much drink," said the parson.

"Yes, sah," replied Jackson; "it makes d—"

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bounty has a keen eye for business.—Peterboro Examiner.

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Capturing Giant Orang-Utan of Borneo Biggest Thrill of a Circus Animal Catcher

Natives So Impressed By Fireworks and Other Magic of Charles Mayer That They Think Nothing Can Harm Them On White Man's Hunt—and So a Terrible Tragedy Occurs in the Jungle.

After recounting some of his exciting and tragic memories of the circus last week, Mr. Mayer now returns to his experience in the capture and transporting of wild beasts from the jungles of the Malay Peninsula, Sumatra and Borneo. He has had no less than eighteen years of this adventurous calling, and few men either east or west are as noted in this same field as he.

By CHARLES MAYER

ODDLY enough, three out of the four letters left me one morning by the Eurasian postman in Singapore contained orders for good-sized orang-utans. America, Holland and Australia all wanted brangs.

Now orang-utans are found in but two places in the world, Borneo and Sumatra, both islands, and only in limited portions of these. So my morning's mail looked to me like the hand of fate pointing to Dutch Borneo.

I looked up steamers and called my Chinese "boy," Hsi Chu L. "Chu," I said, "you and I shall sail for Pontianak in three days. I am going to get some full-grown oranges."

I had learned to read. Hsi Chu's placid face. It was depressed. His eyes dropped to my right leg, which I had almost lost five years before when a big orang grabbed my ankle. "Bad luck, tuan," he murmured.

I laughed and quoted a Malay proverb which runs, "That which brought bad luck yesterday may to-morrow hold gold in its hand."

Hsi Chu L. did not look convinced, but he saluted and went about getting my things ready for our four-and-a-half-days' voyage.

Reputed Witch Doctor

ON landing at Pontianak I called at the Dutch residency to give in account of myself and to get special permission to go inland. Then I went to the hotel, where I had a little room, with my own bath and a private veranda. I went with pajamas I lay there, stretched out comfortably in a long chair, and interviewed natives and gave them instructions about preparing for my trip.

I had long talks with Mohammed Yve, an animal-dealer whom I knew well. He made all the arrangements for me and sent a boat around on the twelve-day journey upstream, to prepare my old friend, Mohammed Munshue, for my coming. Munshue was the headman of a kampong. Still higher up the river there was another old friend, Omar, also a headman, whose village I was going to make a base of operations for the orang hunt proper.

On the evening of the twelfth day I could see in the distance the kampong of Mohammed Munshue. I got out my pistol and fired it into the air. My host, I am sure, was watching for me, because, while the barrel was still smoking, a rude log canoe put out. The men in it shouted, and their pointed paddles into the water and pushed as if to shove the stream from under them.

In a few moments they were beside us and not only Munshue but Omar stood up in the dug-out log, seized hold of the hatched roof over my head and sprang in under it. They caught my hand in turn, pressed it to their brows and grinned like delighted boys. Their greeting brought a lump into my throat.

I was pleased to find that a house had been built for me. It consisted of one bamboo room, on piles, with a roof of palm-leaves. Luckily, no terrible heathen rites were connected with house-building in this part of Borneo. In any case it would not have seemed necessary to guard me from demons, since I was reputed to be a witch-doctor.

Miracle of Fireworks

FIVE years before I had dynamited the river; stunned fish by the hundred had been gathered in and cured and even a crocodile, shocked by the explosion, had floated belly upward on the stream. Devils could have no power over the dwelling of such a white man.

The people begged me to perform the miracle again. I had come prepared for this request and once more there was a fish harvest. I always felt ashamed when I played this sportsmanlike trick on the fish, but I had the useful effect of making natives look at me with an awe almost like worship.

I had Munshue announce, as interpreter, that after dark I would have something to show the whole kampong. "Tell the women," I said, "not to let the children go to sleep until all have seen and heard." I did this not only because I wanted to give the little boys and girls pleasure, but because I had no idea of having them wakened in terror out of their first sleep.

When the sudden tropical darkness fell, Chu brought me out a package, his face as solemn as a Chinese god's. In it were the makings of a Fourth of July celebration.

As I arranged the inhabitants of the kampong (I should say there were a hundred and fifty of them) in a wide circle, I gave them a lesson in gallantry. I had the children squat

in an inner ring; I directed the women to kneel behind them and told the men to stand still farther back.

With Chu as my assistant, I made little mounds of the stuff which turns, when lighted, into colored turns. I placed the mounds in a sort of design and trained my line of black powder to each from the spot where I stood. I thought it best, when all this was finished, to have some kind of ceremony; so I waved my arms and chanted:

"Old Mother Hubbard,

She went to the cupboard,

To get her poor dog a bone."

Next I touched a match to the spot where the lines of powder met. Ribbons of white flame ran along the ground; suddenly the whole place was red, then red and green.

There was a dead silence. A woman's shriek broke the spell, and then there was onescrunch after another. The children butted through the crowd and their mothers followed. They hid behind trees or ran to the bottom of the ladders that led to their houses.

Why Beast-Gazing?

NONE of the men ran. I would have taken a brave man to run. Dyaks hate cowards. They laughed to show their courage or perhaps to hide their fear. One wrinkled fellow, the great-grandfather of the village, threw back his head and gave the old Dyak war-cry. It was very strange. It began low, swelled, then died down and swelled again.

After that I produced the climax of my performance: Chinese fire-crackers plaited in a string two yards long. I lighted the end of the fuse and they popped and burst in twos and threes. My audience went wild. The young men began to leap into the air, in a half-crazy play, and they kept it up until the last cracker had exploded.

When all was quiet, I motioned to the crowd to gather round me and I called on Munshue to interpret. I asked him to tell them that I had come especially for orang-utans and that I wanted them alive. He said a deal of jabber on both sides. Munshue said to me: "I have told them, tuan, and they will be to you like the fingers on your own hands. But they say these wild beasts are ugly, they have empty stomachs that cry for food and, being fed, they will do no work. They ask why the tuan would carry beasts away with him and feed them in idleness as a raja feeds a woman of great beauty."

After a moment's thought I said, "In far countries it is good for the eyes of men, women and children to look upon beasts of the jungle."

He saluted me. "I will tell them, tuan, that in your country beast-gazing is good eye-medicine."

They were won by that answer and twenty of them responded to Munshue's call for men to collect material and work it up into traps and nets. I was so impatient to go up the river and after my orang-utans—I already thought of them as mine—that I left the completion and the setting of the nets to Munshue.

The people of Omar's kampong were even more kindly and simple, if that were possible, than those of Munshue's. It took me to pose before them as a magician with my dynamite and fireworks, but again I played the part.

One young fellow—Usup was his name—seemed to be fascinated by the performance. He took my orders afterwards with a sort of reverence as if I were a god. His companions caught his spirit. I never had a more willing corps of workers.

Orangs in Hotel

I EXPLAINED to Omar that my pet dream was a good-sized male orang and that I hoped to get him by a trap placed in a tree. With my usual diagrams in the sand I made it clear that this type of trap would be shaped like a box, with one end attached to the door, the other to grooves. From the middle of each side an upright would extend above the box, to meet a connecting cross-piece. Over this would rest, like a see-saw, the pole that held the door up. A piece of bamboo, fastened to a free end of the pole (the end not attached to the door) would be thrust down through the top of the cage and held there by a catch. To this catch I would tie a bit of fruit.

An orang, grabbing the fruit, would loosen the catch and release the pole, and down would drop the door. At the top of the door were strong catches which locked it, once it fell into place. I saw that there were no weak spots; for I was not going to risk repeating a troublesome experience I had had once in Singapore.

On that occasion I had sold two half-grown beasts to a man who put them into shipping-cages made of boards. He got the permission of Mr. Haas, the hotel-proprietor, to leave them temporarily at the hotel, in a hall used for theatrical performances and fitted up with a stage and canvas scenery.

Early one morning I was routed



"A great male dropped upon the poor fellow's shoulders."

he covered the distance to the hotel in record time.

The animals were out of their cages, but they were still in the hall with the doors and windows closed. There were a half-dozen natives—hotel servants—ready to help in the chase. Each had a cane and most of them had tom-toms. But one fellow—I believe he was the cook—was swinging a great tin dish-pan in one hand and a metal spoon in the other.

I took a tom-tom and a cane, opened the door and closed it behind me. The orangs, a male and a female, each four or five years old, were making a tour of investigation. They were like fish out of water. Their element was trees. They were at home only where tree touched tree and water was to be found in the cups of leaves.

There in the hall they slowly walked around, their heads turning and their little dark eyes blinking. When they stood erect, their arms, enormously long, touched the floor. With their hands half-closed, they walked on their knuckles, using their arms very much like a pair of crutches.

In Painted Forest

WHEN they saw me, they stopped together and stared. I struck the tom-tom once. Each threw up an arm, as if to ward off a blow. "Out!" they said, in their gruff voices.

I called the men in. "Drive them into the open cages," I directed. "Do not strike unless absolutely necessary, but make all the noise you know how."

What I should have done was to set all my assistants as a guard before the stage. The orangs could not spring from the ground like monkeys, but with amazing speed they hobbled across the floor, got on the platform and climbed up into the canvas trees. They clung there, looking down on us and snarling.

"Beat!" I yelled to the men. "More noise!"

I was enough of a carpenter to know what the result would be. The orangs swung from one painted limb to another. Rip went the canvas in a long ear, crack, and down came the flimsy frame-work. The orangs fell with a bump.

They were hurt no more than if they had been rubber balls. In a moment they were swinging from another canvas tree. As it began to ear and snap, they reached out their long arms and grabbed a fresh one. They changed their positions every second until what had been a romantic, semitropical set was ribbons and rags.

Above the din of the tom-toms, I heard yelling and a pounding on the outside of the door.

"You can't come in!" I yelled back. It was Mr. Haas, the proprietor. "Take care of my scenery!" he shouted. "Don't let anything happen to it."

"I'll do my best!" I bawled. When there were no more canvas trees left, we got in our work. We used all the noise there was and some caning. The male orang got hold of the bamboo stick I was using. I did not dispute ownership. I let him have it and took another. In a moment he dropped his. He could have had things his own way if he had got after us with it.

The outstanding fact about the creatures was that they had enormous strength with no knowledge of how to use it. We were pretty much worn out by the time we had driven them into their cages. It was warm work for the tropics. The orangs sucked up long drafts of fresh water, ate jackfruit and said "Out," as if they too had had a great time.

It was plain how they had got out, or at least how the male had got out. In his cage of planks he had found a loose silver and had amused himself by tearing it off with his

great eyetooth. After that he tore another and another until he had practically chewed through the wood. Then he broke it. I decided that, once out, he must have loosened the catch on the door of the other cage, accidentally, when climbing over it.

Free Lunch Stations

OMAR had a half-dozen more traps of bamboo, on which no tooth could start a silver—made like the model built under my eye. To put a trap in place took a whole day in the jungle. The tree was not one in which there was the sleeping platform, or nest, which only orangs use, but it was never far away from such a nest, and there had to be a convenient fork on which to bind the trap.

It was Usup, as a rule, who found the right tree. He seemed to have a sort of instinct for it. Once he had found it, he would place his notched bamboo pole against the trunk and go up like a cat. Three or four other men would follow. Then the trap, hauled up with rattan ropes, was laced to the fork, the door facing inward. In the end the trap was as firm as if it had grown to the tree.

Next it was lined with leaves and branches and covered with green stuff and trailing vines. And finally Usup tied fruit inside at the back and propped the door open. The trap was not set.

My idea was to make free-lunch stations of the traps until confidence was established. I believed that no orang would be tempted to go in until he had seen the monkeys try it and come out safely.

Monkeys never make a discovery in silence and they never fail to squabble over one. Their chattering would attract the attention of the orangs. Once the orangs were interested, they would drive the monkeys away. Eventually we put up seven traps within an area of a half-mile square. We visited them every two days and, if the fruit was gone we replaced it.

When our fruit began to disappear regularly, it was time to set the traps. Any branches that obstructed the movement of the doors were cut away, and fresh fruit was hung. Usup insisted each time on getting in and trapping himself, to be sure that all was right. The trap with which he took the greatest pains was one which hung with guavas.

The next day the door of this particular trap was down. Usup climbed the tree and peered in. He did not shout to us, for he had been forbidden to, but I could see from the movements of his agile body that he was elated. No wonder. I discovered, when the trap was lowered, that we had a double haul. A mother orang was inside, with a baby clinging to her. I was as elated as Usup. I knew, as he did not, that they would make a most marketable pair.

On our return to the kampong, it was almost impossible for me to prevent a demonstration that would have terrified the orangs. The early

days of captivity were trying times for them and anxious ones for me. I knew the natives would not understand consideration for the beasts; so I hit upon the idea of bad ears for myself.

Two Men Killed

I PUT my hands to the sides of my head and told Omar to say that the tuan had ear-sickness, so that any noise was to him like the rolling of thunder. The place was suddenly as quiet as an empty church.

When the orang with her baby was shut up in the cage, she was in a fury. Her mouth was twisted in a perpetual snarl. I sent every one away and put in charge the old man who had given the war-cry. No one was allowed to come even to the fence placed round the shed by the place. The mother orang was given boiled water but no food.

That was a trick I had learned. If food is pressed at once on a captured orang, nine times out of ten it will refuse to eat, will continue to refuse and will mope. But if it is allowed to get really hungry and is then offered food, it will eat and cheer up. In many ways the orang is very human. In a short time this one took kindly to the old man. She lost her bad temper, but she was never happy as a monkey seems to be in captivity.

Later on, I kept in the cage next the mother and her young, one, a small orang captured under strange and terrible circumstances, which confirmed me in my opinion that orang-utans are not solitary animals.

We started from the kampong that day a party of six men. There were many traps to visit and we separated into groups. Omar and six other natives went with me. After inspecting two empty traps, we came upon one in which there was a good-sized male. Just as we had succeeded in lowering it to the ground, we heard cries for help. Two natives, breathless with running, gasped out broken sentences that I could not understand.

Their bodies were torn and bleeding. They had plunged through the jungle regardless of thorns. I had caught the names of Usup and Abdul. Omar translated. Usup and Abdul had been killed.

The headman sounded the alarm, calling out strange words that ended with something like the wail of the Dyak battle-cry. This was to summon every man within ear-shot.

False Confidence Fatal

MEANWHILE the passing runners spoke a few sentences in the jerky Dyak way, and Omar managed to get their meaning and to convey it to me in Malay. It seems that a group of four men, Usup among them, had climbed up to it with a rush. He peered in between the cracks and called down that the orang was a very young one. With his parang he began to cut the rattan that held the trap. Before the older men had joined him in the

tree, the mother orang, who had been hiding in the upper branches, dropped on him and buried her teeth in his shoulder.

He clutched the cage, which fell, carrying him and the female with it. His head struck the ground, and the cage came down on his crumpled body.

The other men hurried to the rescue. With a yell they thrust their spears into the female orang. It was Abdul who was directly under the tree. Without any cry of warning a great male orang dropped upon the poor fellow's shoulders and bore him to the ground, biting deep at the base of his neck, then twisting his head with its strong paws and killing him.

The two survivors thought the jungle was alive with orangs. Yet in spite of their fear and exhaustion they went back with us. Omar was in the lead. I followed with my express-rifle set and ready.

Suddenly the headman stopped and pointed. I saw what I shall never be able to forget. Under the trap, which was lying door downwards, was Usup's body. The wounded female was tearing at the bars and trying to let her young one out. The male was jumping up and down on Abdul's body.

With one paw he grasped the Dyak's thick hair and, as he jumped, he lifted the head and shoulders from the ground. I fired and shot him dead. Before I could train my gun on the female, she dropped from her own wounds.

The double tragedy filled me with a sense of guilt. Usup had heeded no warnings. He had climbed the tree without looking to see if there were free orangs in it. He was on the white man's business, and the white man was a witch-doctor. Usup met his death through false confidence, and this, I felt, he had gained from the miracle of red and green lights.

Next week: Pursuit of the Mad Elephant.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Walking Fish Can Climb Up Trees

Cross-Country Traveling Is a Favorite Pastime for Some of the Finny Tribe

FISHERMEN'S stories are usually received with incredulity, and one can easily imagine what reception would be accorded to the enthusiast who described his adventures with a fish that walked.

Yet the walking fish is perhaps the commonest of all the inhabitants of the temporary pools and still waters of the Indian plains.

During the hot months they bury themselves two or three feet in the mud, where they pass the prolonged period of drought. With the coming of the rains they are recalled to life, and travel long distances over moist ground. They propel themselves by using the pectoral and tail fins, first one of the former then that of the other side.

The walking fish builds nests for his family. He bites off the tops of water-weeds and rushes and after twisting them about the stumps with his tail, places his family inside the structure thus formed, and mounts guard over them.

Closely allied to this strange creature is the kol, or climbing perch. This is a greyish fish several inches long, with a very thorny ventral fin, by means of which it can climb trees. It can also travel long distances over marshy land.

Stories of the climbing perch are usually received with incredulity. But specimens in captivity not only walk about a room, but ascend a vertical sheet.

Because of the length of time a kol can live outside its own element, Indian jugglers carry them about with other paraphernalia, and use them to demonstrate their "magic" powers. But the only "magic" is Nature's.

The kol is easily domesticated, and will readily obey a well-known voice.

Both

POLICEMAN (at Marylebone): "I saw the prisoner use bad language." Magistrate: "I suppose you mean that you heard him?" "Yes, I heard him as well."

Her Tactful Way

"TACT," said the lecturer, "is essential to good entertaining. I once dined at a house where the hostess had no tact. Opposite me sat a modest, quiet man.

Radio Moving Pictures of World's Wonders Predicted

Scientists Say Landscapes, Mountains, and Architecture of Distant Lands Will Be Tuned In Like Music—Radio Pictures to Supplement Lectures in Schools

AFTER attending a big radio show a middle-aged man was asked what he thought was most interesting at the exposition. He said: "The fact that a large part of the audience were boys from 12 to 15 years of age. As part of the demonstration I attended a lecture, and the audience was doing its best to grasp the intricacies of the receiving mechanism. The sight of all the boys there set me thinking."

"They did not seem to be there to play, but to learn, and it looked to me as if they came of their own accord."

There are now over 18,000 amateur wireless transmitting stations in America and most of them are home-made, owned and operated by boys.

The amateur wireless stations have been restricted to wave lengths below 200 meters, and for many years this limitation was considered a detriment to long-distance communication between amateur stations. This led to experimenting and resulted in two-way communication being established across the Atlantic by boys, setting the ether in vibration with simple apparatus built in the attics of their homes. Thus while long waves of powerful transatlantic stations swooped across the sea with commercial traffic, boys in New England chatted back and forth with amateurs in France and England on the 100-meter wave length.

One program director said: "There are fascinations awaiting the boy or girl studying French or the geography of a foreign country when told that to-morrow he will hear a Frenchman speaking from Paris and an eminent English geologist speaking in London."

Scientists predict the day when television, or seeing by radio, will allow a person to sit at home and happen about the earth will be seen the minute they happen on a screen above the receiving set. Light will be turned into sound, so that a person can watch the happenings at the antipodes.

Instead of stereoscopic views to illustrate a geography lecture, physicists say that the geography lecturer will simply tune in moving pictures of the geyers and falls of Yellowstone National Park, the coast of Maine, the Rocky Mountains, Pike's Peak, the cataract of Niagara, the cliffs of Dover and any site of geographical interest. In place of the microphone to pick up sound waves, another instrument will take the picture and transform the light waves into Heitzian waves to be flashed to the schoolrooms throughout the world.

Radio research engineers are now trying to devise practical equipment to turn light waves into sound waves. Reports from Paris tell that French military radio experimenters have succeeded in transforming light from the star Capella into audible sound. However, this will not help those who want to "talk" with Mars. Planets and the moon shine by reflected light, and such a message from them would be a relay from Old Sol.

J. W. Reith, managing director of the British Broadcasting Company, recently said: "There is little doubt that television is theoretically quite possible. One has to look at the facts: Vision is due to the impinging of light rays on the retina of the eye. Seeing, however, that light and electric vibrations are identical in their essential details, it is obvious that there can be no fundamental barrier to converting the one into the other for the purpose of conveyance. How exactly this is to be done effectively and economically is only a matter of time. One can get a blurred image to-day. Wireless telephony was possible many years before it became a practical proposition."

"Terrors of separation will be lessened. Journeys in foreign countries and residence in the tropics will lose many of their drawbacks. One can see great educational advantages resulting from television. New landscapes, mountains, seas, river boulevards, busy towns may all be presented to breathless classes of children in their schools. To them may come direct living pictures of strange animals, rare birds, quaint and queer costumes, the varied types of human species, the colossal architecture of distant lands and bygone ages."

Human Electric Ray Marvel Man Can Flash Lightning

Scientists Amazed by Prodigious Powers of Italian—Radiations From His Body Light Up Dark Room—Dazzling Halo Around Head

By ELIJAH WIMBURNE

NOW we have the real "lightning man." He has indeed the world of reputable scientists and fact. He is the "Human Electric Ray."

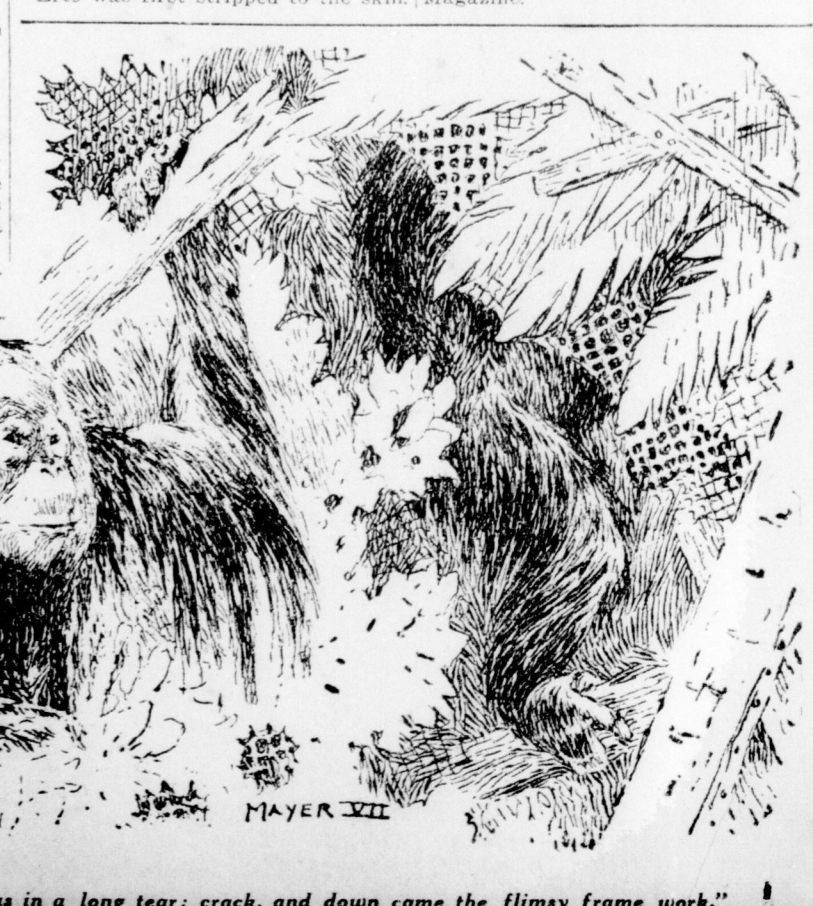
His name is Erto. He is a middle-aged Italian, a manufacturer of liquor and lives in Castellamare di Stabia, a small town of Southern Italy. He has journeyed to Paris and there he has confounded no less than fifteen recognized scientists, including heads of great institutions.

This he has done by sending out of his body, while in a kind of typical sleep, radiant flashes fifteen feet long. These have, it is said, actually been photographed.

The investigation of this incredible man and of his prodigious powers was conducted in the most rigorous fashion by a committee headed by Dr. Charles Richet, of the Institut de France and Dr. Geley, president of the International Institute of Metaphysical Research. The experiments have been so stringent that there was not the slightest possibility of fraudulent intervention by either Erto or his friends. "I can assure you," commented Dr. Geley, "that the rigid precautions taken by men of such standing leave no room for doubt that a strange psychic phenomenon exists here which scientists cannot possibly contradict."

Erto's "lightning flashes" are not merely ordinary light beams. They are said to have the power of piercing even opaque substances, like X-rays. They affect photographic plates even when these are inclosed in their protective holders, and wrappings. Such sealed plates, exposed during Erto's demonstrations, showed splashes of light. When sealed plates were held close to his outspread hands and taken away to be developed, they were found to register pictures of his fingers even in size and shape.

Erto is still undergoing tests, complete reports of which are promised shortly in Paris—New York World Magazine.



"Rip went the canvas in a long tear; crack, and down came the flimsy frame work."

Bones of Dead Canadian Chinese Dug Up Every Seven Years Many Shipped Back to China From Vancouver Burial Ground

To Attain Paradise, Remains Must Be Laid in Native Soil — Noisy Processions Accompany Funeral Car—Number of Graves Testify to Yellow Problem

By M. EUGENIE PERRY

IF holidaying in Victoria, the picturesque capital of British Columbia, you are sure to take a motor ride around the marine drive which winds along the shore line of the numerous little bays by which the city is almost surrounded. Perhaps on the highest point of the drive the chauffeur will pause a moment to give you an opportunity of appreciating the lovely picture spread before your eyes, near by the sunlit, sparkling waters of the straits, and far beyond the stately snow-clad crests of the Olympic range.

And then, perhaps, your attention, returning to objects nearer at hand, rests upon a little cemetery far below, tucked in between Gonzales and the sea.

"The Chinese Cemetery," the chauffeur tells you, and instantly you are reminded that this fair and peaceful city of the Pacific coast has a rather serious problem to deal with, that of the constantly increasing Oriental population—the yellow peril of political propaganda—a fascinating subject in itself, but as this article was intended to deal rather with the demise than the increase of Chinese citizens, I cannot in these pages more than touch on that serious question.

"Chaw—The death took place on Friday, at the Chinese hospital, of Le Chuen Chaw, aged seventy-six years, born in China, and a resident of this city for the past thirty-nine years, late residence 521 Piggard street. The funeral will take place to-morrow at eleven o'clock, from the Sands Funeral Chapel, and interment will be made in the Chinese cemetery."

The above notice appearing one day in a local paper, I decided to be at the cemetery when the cortege arrived; and so at the hour specified I found myself standing before an arched white gateway on which was inscribed in English: "Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Societies Cemetery," while a notice board held this warning: "Trespassers will be prosecuted, by order C.C.B.S.C. Co., Tim Kee, President."

That seemed a suitable name to guard a gate which could only be passed with the assistance of the caretaker's key; for myself, being only an interloper, I, accompanied by several children of the neighborhood, and a dog, slipped through a gap in the fence farther down, while the official funeral party awaited the formal opening of the gate.

Perhaps I might mention here that some workmen were repairing the fence which will probably soon bar the entrance of the casual passer-by, though to be sure the Orientals seemed quite indifferent to our presence, no doubt thinking our actions due to our crude western ignorance, or to the general inexplicable ability of the white race.

Scare Evil Spirits Away

CHAW, I was told, was a Chinaman of little importance, and few friends in the community, yet the funeral arrangements were completed by an up-to-date undertaking company, and he was buried in a very respectable coffin; nor was the city asked to assist. In Victoria's Chinatown, when a Chinaman without means passes away, a collection is taken up, each man giving what he can afford—perhaps ten cents, perhaps a dollar, and so on, so that even the humblest of Celestials is laid away in decent and becoming style.

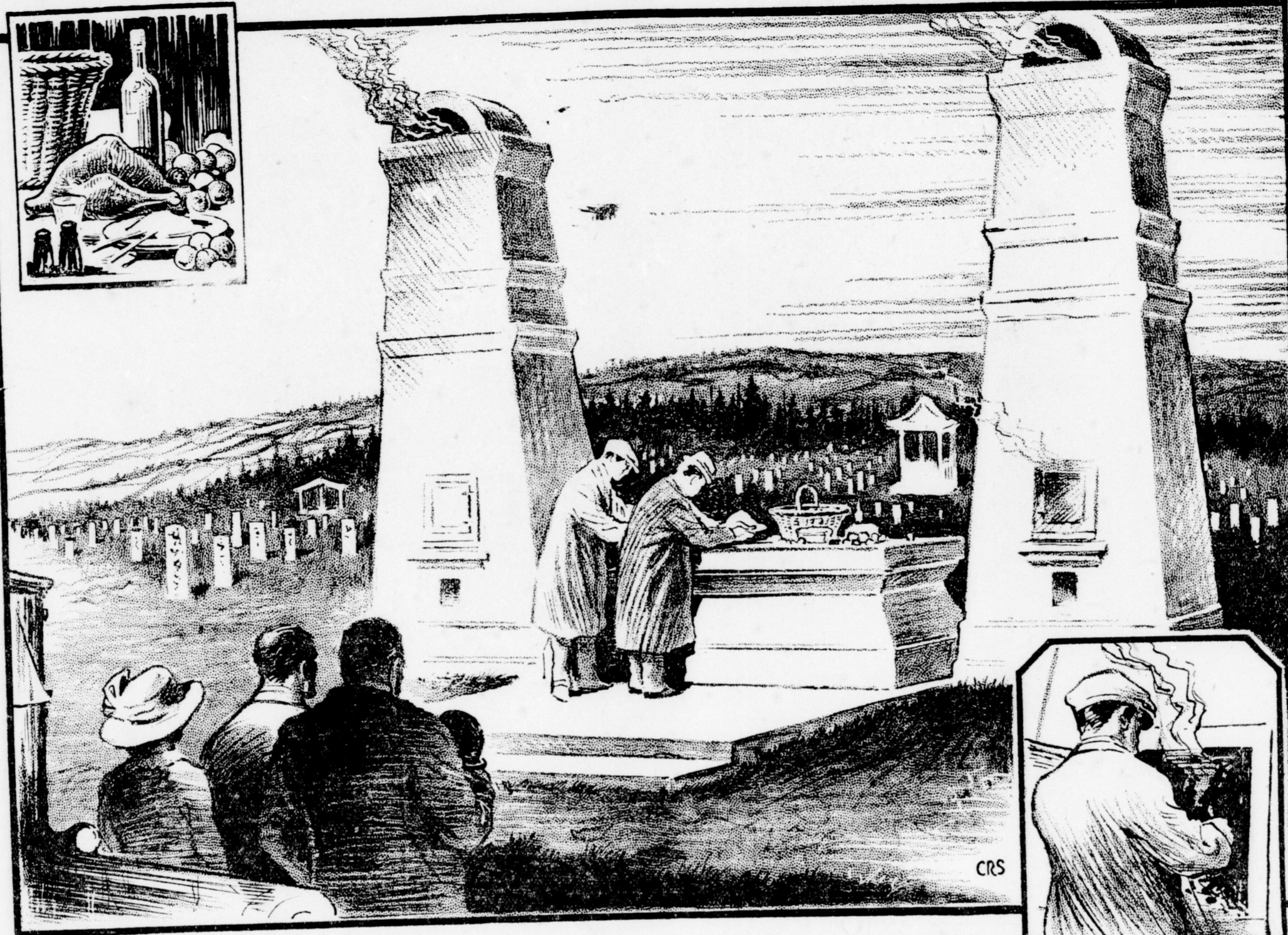
Nor were the necessary Confucian rites neglected.

As the years pass on, and the Chinese, at



He's Hunting For a Wife, Now Girls, Don't Crowd So

IDE NEFF, who has been searching for a wife for fifty of his 68 years. In 1912 Neff decided to alter his appearance and started to grow a heavy beard as well as a luxuriant mop on his dome, with the above pictured results. He recently arrived at Miami, Florida, after peddling his bicycle on a 37,000 mile journey about the country, but has not yet found the one and only woman.



Then the two Chinese returned to the altar and proceeded to lay out the feast which was to sustain the strength and spirits of the departed one.

least on the surface, adapt themselves to our western ways, the funeral ceremonies have become less complicated than formerly, and therefore less picturesque.

Even yet, however, when a tyhee—or important Chinaman—dies, a noisy procession of relatives and friends accompanies the funeral car from the city to the cemetery—a distance of perhaps two miles—and endeavors through the agency of much ear-splitting clanging of Chinese musical instruments, and much tossing into the air of colored papers, to help scare the evil spirits away from the body of the deceased, and smooth his path to Paradise. His path, note, not only his spirit's path, for the Confucians believe

that the body also is wafted to heavenly realms. His bones, they have to admit, are left behind, for of this they have concrete proof, but the rest of his body, they claim, accompanies the spirit—hence the refreshments provided to cheer and refresh him on the long road.

But to return to Chaw—his funeral—the caretaker has now produced the key, and the ceremonies may proceed.

Considering the nature of these ceremonies, it seems absurd to record that the coffin arrived in an up-to-date motor-hearse, and the two solitary mourners in a modern motor car.

A stout, middle-aged Chinaman came first, carrying an immense market basket which he

deposited on the altar, then he and a young friend returned to the hearse, and with the assistance of the undertaker's assistant carried the coffin to the grave, into which it was immediately and unceremoniously lowered.

Then the two Chinese returned to the altar and proceeded to lay out the feast which was to sustain the strength and spirits of the departed one; and always the viands that most appealed to him in his mortal life are provided at his funeral. In this case a roast chicken, a dish of rice, some apples, a loaf of bread, and a bottle of Chinese whiskey, the latter bearing the seal of the government liquor store.

Some years ago the food brought to the

cemetery was left upon the graves; but the Indians from the Songhees Reserve, learning of this custom, and standing not at all in awe of Chinese gods or devils, helped themselves to the dainties provided, and for a day or so feasted right royally. So the Chinese, not feeling called upon to help board these wards of the Canadian government, modified their custom, till now it has become symbolical only—the food being left on the altar but a few minutes, then removed and given to the Chinese caretaker as part of his perquisite, or taken back to Chinatown to be consumed later.

SASKATCHEWAN OWNS PRIZE RELIC FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION TABLE

Ottawa Supplied Furniture For First House of Assembly of North-West Territories—Didn't Realize Historic Value of Gift—Thousands Pay Visit to Library of Parliament Buildings to See It

By S. C. CAIN

PEOPLE prize old furniture. Ancient pieces breathe romance and they have inspired stories galore. Much has been written about the table around which the fathers of confederation sat. But it is still not generally known that Saskatchewan owns the prize relic of the entire dominion, the outstanding piece, the one around which the history of Canada is woven.

It stands in the library of the parliament buildings at Regina, the cherished possession of the people of the province, a treasure that no money can buy.

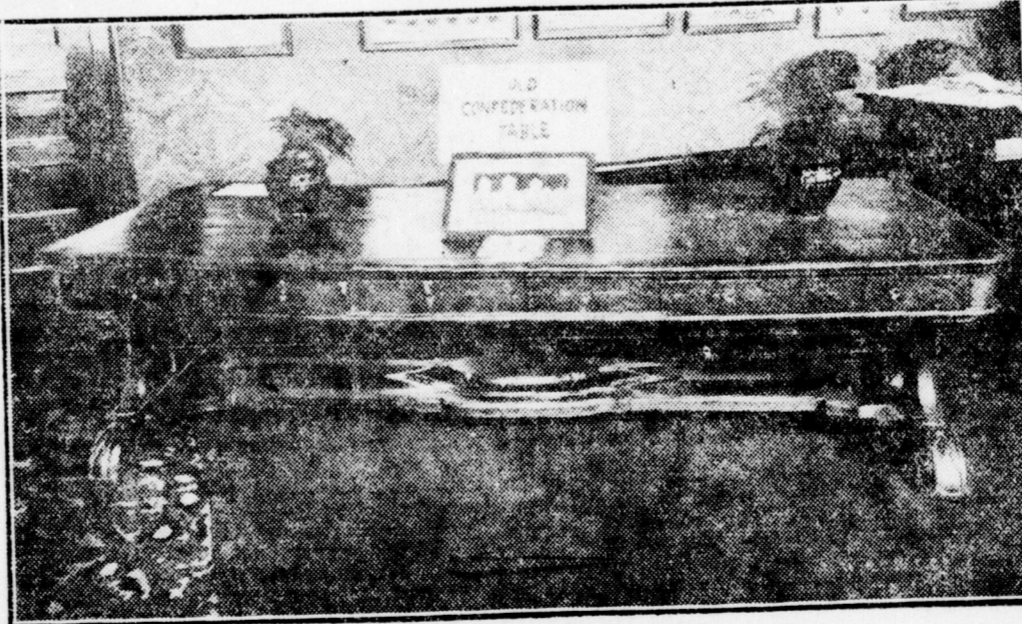
But although stories galore have been written about it, it is only within the last two months that final verification of the history of the table has been established beyond a shadow of doubt. It is now certain that around this ancient piece of furniture the fathers of Confederation sat in solemn conclave in the various sessions leading to the drafting of the British North America Act. No wonder it is conceded to be the greatest treasure in Canada in the realms of furniture.

To view this table many people have traveled thousands of miles. Among the number was the owner of the old inkwell that once graced the ancient board.

And at last everything concerning it is in order. The succession of verification documents have been placed in the archives of the government.

In securing all the mass of information, the late S. Spencer Page spent years of his life. The confirmation work was carried to a successful conclusion by W. H. Munro, the present assistant librarian, who has been an employee of the government since 1908.

By a strange turn of fate the key to the



The historic Confederation table.

whole situation was furnished Mr. Page in the course of a chance conversation with Mrs. T. B. Patton, now residing in Regina. Mr. Page got the long-desired information one day before he was suddenly called by death. And just as much by chance as he got it, he passed the key to Mr. Munro at a time he was bubbling over with enthusiasm over his discovery. Another few hours and his lips were closed forever.

Table Cut Down

It may not be generally known that the original furniture for the first house of assembly for the government of the Northwest Territories was supplied by the federal government at Ottawa. Governor Dewdney selected what was required and in so doing was offered the confederation table. Its historic value was not at that time realized, and the offer was accepted with no great show of rejoicing.

Anyway, the table arrived in due course and went to Battleford, the seat of the first government. Later it was moved to the old government buildings on Dewdney street, and, again, at the adjourned session of 1908, to the new postoffice building in Regina, where the House met for part of a session on the top floor. The table was too long then to be taken into the building, and William Lythe, still a resident of

Regina, was instructed to cut it down. Mr. Lythe did just what he was authorized to do, and he cut off an even six feet.

It was that very shortening of the famous old table that led to complications and disputes. It caused the authenticity to be questioned, and there was considerable trouble, years of it, to lift the cloud of doubt. For a long time endless stories were circulated as to what had become of the piece removed by William Lythe. People told of seeing souvenir tables at various places made from the wood of the original. Each story had to be run down, as each lent some foundation to the report that the whole table had been made into souvenirs. Each of the reports proved to be false. Finally, it was established that the part removed from the original was used in repair work of various kinds and so lost sight of. All these facts are now on record.

The way Mrs. T. B. Patton entered into the case follows: On July 6, 1909, the International Council of Women met in Regina and were guests of the local council of women. Mrs. Patton, then head of the local body, conceived the idea of having the distinguished visitors sign the register on the Confederation table and secured permission for that to be done. But the Regina ladies wanted to be sure that it was the real table and they started a little investigation

on their own account. Through Governor Dewdney and other officials they secured all the required credentials at a time when such a procedure was comparatively easy.

Then when the trustees of the table, as a much later date, tried the same thing, they encountered all kinds of difficulties. To make a long story short, Mrs. Patton dropped a word of what had been done years ago. She immediately passed over all information in her possession. Thus was the table firmly established for all time as the only and original.

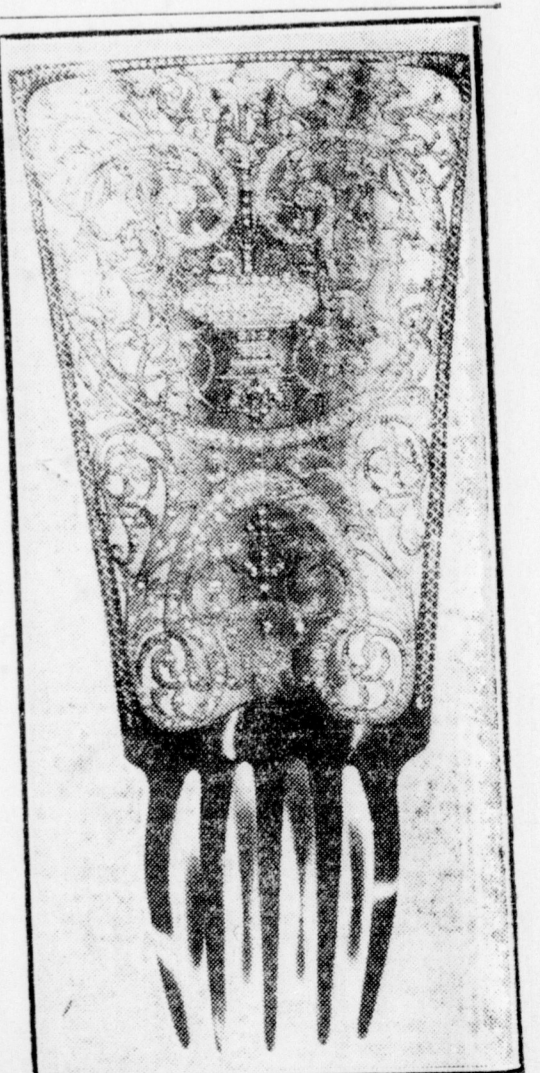
Handles are Gone

THE centre of the table is basswood, and it is edged with solid oak. It took the testimony of experts to establish that fact. On the table is a key, accompanied by photographs showing the position occupied by each of the fathers of Confederation. One drawer was shared by two of those historic personages. While the table is in excellent repair, the handles of the drawers are gone. Long ago the souvenir hunters attended to that.

Only a few years ago students at the normal school wrote their examinations on the table in the library of the buildings. In the course of that trying ordeal they managed to spill considerable ink over the surface. Not so very long after that happened some visitors came along and wanted to view the table. They gazed in awe. "Just imagine," gasped one, evidently deeply impressed, "the very Confederation table itself, and there are the very ink spots left by those noble men." The attendant smiled, but he did not spoil the vision.

Another ancient and interesting piece of furniture in the Saskatchewan parliament buildings is an old walnut sideboard which graces the room where Mr. Speaker retired for his rest periods. It is of particular interest having regard to the fact that the legislature has just concluded a debate on the liquor plebiscite bill. For that ancient piece of furniture has had much to do with liquor in its various forms in its long and varied career. Within its recesses have been stored the choicest vintages of days gone by. In the not too dim and distant past of this prairie province it was part and parcel of the duties of Mr. Speaker to provide liquid refreshments—liquor within the meaning of the Saskatchewan Temperance Act—to the wearied members after a dry debate. This particular sideboard was a sort of historic bar.

It came to this country along with the other original furniture from Ottawa. It followed the usual rounds with the Confederation table and finally came to rest in the parliament buildings.



Comb Masterpiece for Actress

THIS monster adornment, a Spanish "pain-eta," made by a master of the art in Barcelona, for Irene Bordoni, to wear in her new play, "Little Miss Bluebeard," is of tortoise shell base, punctured with forty thousand little holes in which have been encrusted as many brilliant and marquisettes.

"I once said to a Chinaman," a man standing near me volunteered, in reference to the custom of placing food on graves: "What's the use of leaving food for a dead man? He can't eat it"; and with true Oriental astuteness, the Chink replied, "What for white men leave flowers on grave?"—he no smell 'um."

Meanwhile the younger Chinaman was busy starting a fire in one of the fireplaces in the concrete flues which rose on either side of the altar; and soon the air reeked with odor of many incense sticks and scraps of colored paper. It seems that much smoke is necessary as the devil has a decided antipathy towards it—oddly enough, when we are given to understand that fire is his natural element.

Then in each of the papers burned and in those tossed into the air, there are nine holes; and before evil spirits can molest the departed one, they must pass through each of these holes. It will thus readily be understood that the more papers used, the more holes he'll have to crawl through; and, naturally, if the papers are burned it will be even more difficult for him to find the holes through which to crawl.

About three times a year, on a set date, numerous Chinese repair to the cemetery, and lay out a great feast, and burn paper and bang un-musical instruments. This is to propitiate the gods and to scare the devils away from the graves.

And every seven years in every Chinese cemetery in Canada, the bones of those who have passed on are dug up and sent to Victoria, and from this port are shipped to China for final burial. This gruesome task is carried out very carefully and systematically. Each set of bones is first sewn into a bag and then placed in a box, perhaps two feet long and one foot wide and high.

I was shown a number of these boxes ready for shipping and on each was inscribed in the curious Chinese lettering the particulars about the man whose bones it contained. That there shall be no difficulty in obtaining this information when the box is prepared for the long voyage, two records are kept; one is placed at the time of burial, in the casket, in a sealed bottle; and also inscribed on the wooden head-board of the grave is his age, his name, occupation, when and how he died, and who killed him—my informant insisted on my adding that last item.

Temporary Resting Places

THE graves of the Christian Chinese showed a great contrast to those of the followers of Confucius; the latter were grass-grown and of a neglected appearance—as might be expected of the mere temporary resting places of those who cannot attain Paradise unless their remains are laid in their native soil; while the former were neatly banked on the sides with stones and were flower-decked.

Three graves lying side by side recalled a rather pathetic and heroic incident which occurred at one of the Victoria's beaches last spring. A young Chinese boy was splashing around in the bracing waters that lave our shores, when he became entangled in the weeds and kelp, and shouted for help. A companion immediately went to his aid, but was also drawn down by the kelp. A third boy went heroically to the rescue of his playmates, but all three boys were drowned before adequate assistance arrived. That their heroism is not forgotten was attested to by the profusion of autumn flowers with which their graves were covered.

Nearly was the elaborate structure which a wealthy Chinaman has had erected above the place of burial of one of his wives. He evidently considered her worthy of great honor—as the mother of fourteen children—mostly boys—should be. "Mostly boys," note—that is a point of importance, for, as any Chinaman will tell you, "Girls no good."

Fourteen children! Note that also, readers; and when you consider in connection with it the fact that the white women of this lovely and desirable province on the Pacific coast have on an average one or two children—can you wonder that the lawmakers of British Columbia find it necessary to pass drastic laws for the exclusion of Orientals?

A Son of Service

—By Archibald Marshall
ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN BORCHARDT

The Extraordinary Drama of a Strange Friendship—Two Boys Play Together in an English Village—The Ambition of One Is to Be a Butler, of the Other to Be a Millionaire—Both Succeed and Are Thrown Together With Amazing Results.

MY lord and his guests were dining. Shining stars from wax candles in scones on the stone walls shone on carved, gilded, age-polished wood, and clusters of shaded lights on the long dinner-table lit up the flowers and the glass and the silver, the jewels of the women, the white fronts of the men, the animated faces, dark or fair.

At one end of the hall was a carved screen, and behind it a rough oak-floored gallery. A panel of the screen had been ever so little withdrawn, and through the narrow space thus disclosed a little group of maid-servants were watching the scene. In front of them, a small boy looked down into the hall with fascinated, uninterrupted gaze. He was the only child of the butler, Willie Page, the friendly maids called him.

It was on such occasions as this that, with powdered hair, silk stockings, and fine liveries, in the gleam of publicity, the footmen put the crown to their service. And far above them, with brain to direct, unquestioned authority, experienced concentrated skill, was his father, whose plain dress, not differing from that of those whom he served, signified the height of dignity to which he had attained.

It was the perfection of the service that held the admiring attention of the butler's son, the working of the machine, not the company to whose convenience it tended. So a traveler, watching the engines of a ship, might forget that they were carrying him forward.

The women withdrew from the hall with a sweep of silk and velvet and glitter of jewels. The men gathered together at one end of the table. The maids closed the panel in the screen. "Now then, Willie Page," said one of them, "you run along home to your mother. It's nearly ten o'clock."

The boy, awakened from his dream, ran all the way home, and, panting and a little frightened, opened the door of the kitchen in which his mother was sitting sewing by the table. She looked up from her work.

After the Dinner

"LORD, child," she said quietly, "you didn't ought to run so fast. Sit down and tell me about the company."

He shut the door behind him, sat down on a wooden chair by the fireplace, and broke into voluble description. His father's figure loomed up through his tale like that of some epic round whom all ordinary doings revolve.

"I should like to be like him, mother," he said.

"So you will be, some day," she replied, "if you mind your book and keep yourself respectable. Only you never will if you take up with Rat-catcher's Joe, and such trash as that."

The boy sat silent and looked into the fire.

"Now tell me about the company," his mother said.

He began a halting, colorless catalogue, prompted by questions, suddenly interrupted by Mrs. Page bursting out at him.

"If I'd known you couldn't take notice better than that you wouldn't have gone. Be off to bed, quick, or I'll take the stick to you. I never seen such a boy. Be off!"

He vanished quickly and silently. His mother replenished the fire and sat down to her work again to await her husband's return.

Mrs. Page had been first housemaid at the castle, and her husband, a sober, responsible, discreet man and women, well-dressed, well-fed, well-housed through generations, a class apart.

She had on a black dress with a lace collar and a large brooch. Her hair was brushed smoothly back from her forehead, the wedding-ring on her thin hand caught the light from the lamp as she sewed diligently.

So she sat sometimes doing the honors to the young ladies from the castle, soft-voiced, respectfully at her ease, with plenty to say, but never overstepping the bounds of caste.

Presently her husband came in. With his bald head and portly presence, like a family solicitor.

"Well, wife, I hope you've got something a little tasty for supper," he said.

The Butler Relaxes

MRS. PAGE busied herself between the oven and the table, already laid for a late meal. The savory viands she presently produced would have made her ladyship's menu cards blush pink, but the stately butler devoured them with avidity. He had made himself comfortable, changing his evening coat for a very old jacket, taking off his collar and tie, and putting on a pair of carpet slippers which had been warming in front of the fire. He finished his supper with a Welsh rarebit and a deep draught of ale from a pewter tankard.

"That's better than all your French kickshaws," he said, wiping his mouth. "Did you let Willie go up to the gallery?" he asked when he had satisfied his wife's curiosity as to the company he had come from serving.

"he couldn't tell me no more than if he'd never been there at all."

The father laughed.

"I know what Willie kept his eyes for," he said. "I tell you, wife, there's nothing that boy won't rise to. I've done pretty well myself, but I thought a deal more of marbles and birds-nesting at his age than of getting on in service."

Two boys were lying on the rabbit-eaten turf of a combe under the shadow of an out-cropping rock. The sky was blue above them, and far below the blue sea murmured.

One of the boys was Willie Page, the other was a ragged urchin whose appearance contrasted strangely with that of the proper, well-kept child beside him. He had a dark, handsome, and it must be confessed very dirty face, and his tangled hair was dead-black. As he lay on the grass, throwing about his lean muscular limbs, he looked the embodiment of careless adventurous freedom. He was known in the village, five miles away, as Rat-catcher's Joe.

Willie Page had been expatiating on the glories of the banquet the night before.

"And I suppose you'll wear silk stockings and breeches, and have your head filled with flour some day."

"Not at first," replied the butler's son, his mind filled with the vision of stately service. "I shall begin as house-boy; and if I behave, and am quick and obliging, father says I shall soon rise."

Ambitious Joe

THE ragged figure by his side sat up on the grass.

"You'll wear an apron like a maid, and wash up pots and pans," he said, in mocking derision. And you'll always do what somebody else tells you all your life, even when you've got a bald head like your old dad."

"You're a lovely cur, Bill Page, and so is your dad, for all he holds himself so high. I wouldn't lead such a life, not if you were to pay me all the money the lord has got."

The butler's son was going into a rare self-assertion.

"No one would take you into good service," he said. "Look at your clothes!"

The other boy subsided on to the turf again with a careless laugh.

"Clothes ain't everything," he said, with precocious wisdom. "You've got good clothes enough, but you don't look higher than to be a servant all your life. If you can be a servant to a lord, that's all you look for."

"What do you look to be, then?"

"Me? I'll be a lord myself, or as good as one," replied the ragged child. "I'll have a castle, and all the gold and silver what you've talked about, and great lazy men to hand me my victuals. I'll have you, Bill Page, to wait on me, if you're quick and obliging. If you ain't I'll sack you. Come on, Bill Page. We'll pack up your books and you being my servant, take off my boots."

They played fantastically for an hour, the little outcast comporting himself with impressive dignity, the respectable servant's child waiting on his whims.

Page's master stood in front of the fire in his business room, a tall, full-bodied hearty man, who occasionally appeared for a day or two at one or another of the country houses, or at dinner in London, people whom Willie Page looked upon with mild disapproval. Especially was this the case when he was instructed to arrange for a dinner for him only, while the ladies of the house either dined out or were served in another room.

Such a dinner was to take place for about a dozen men, and the chief guest of the evening was to be Robert Coombe, the American financier, whose name was just then on many lips, and on many a printed page.

The American Financier

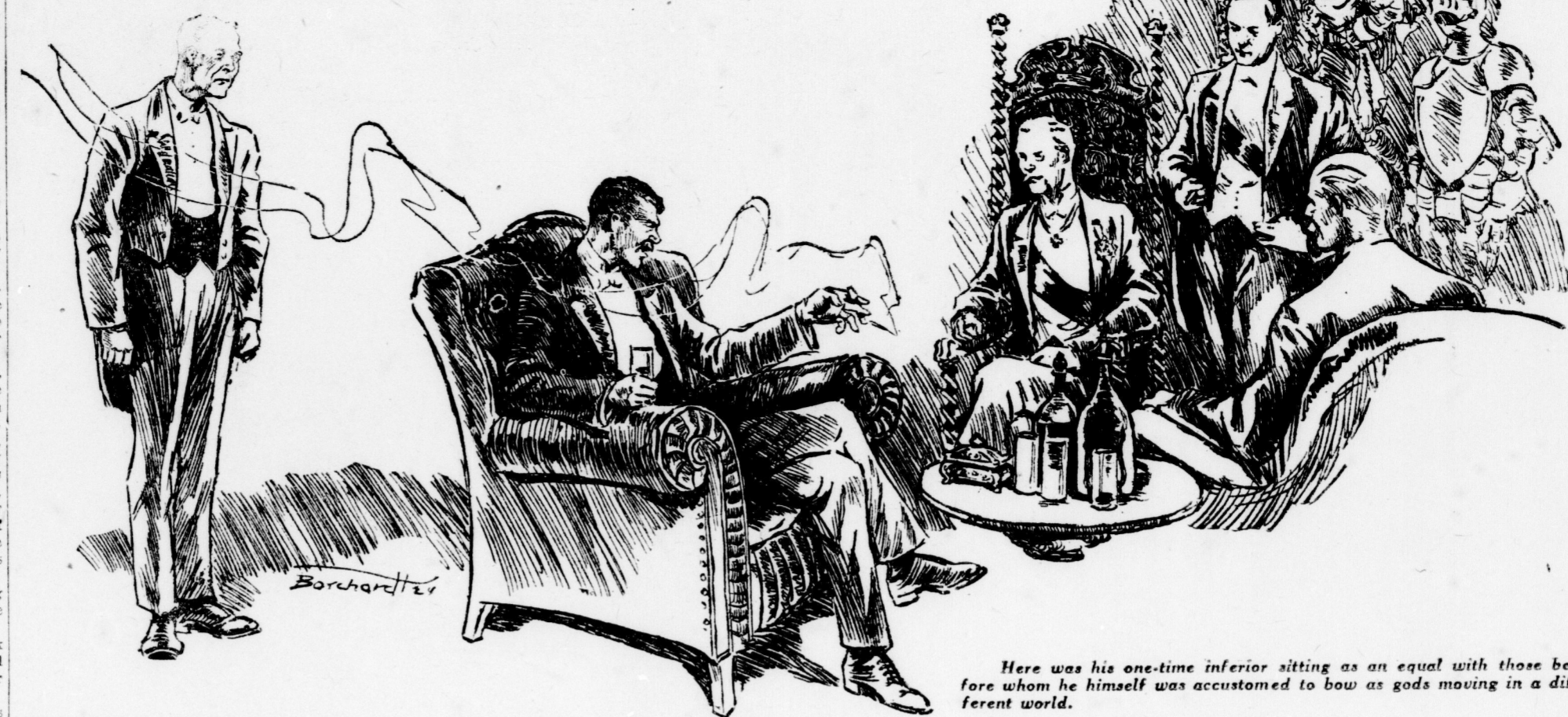
NOW Coombe was the name of the West Country village in which Willie Page had been brought up, and the coincidence started a train of thought in his mind which led to no very definite conclusion, but prepared him somewhat for the surprise that came on the night of the dinner. For Robert Coombe was no other than his boyhood's companion and hero, Rat-catcher's Joe.

Willie Page recognized him directly, in spite of the difference in station and appearance that the years had brought. He did not make himself known at once, but observed his master's guest throughout the evening with the closest attention.

He, William Page, had gone far and was as proud of his career as any man. Yet here was his one-time inferior sitting as an equal with those before whom he himself was accustomed to bow as gods moving in a different world.

He had set out on tread had been the straight one and had led him to the goal of his desires. There could no jealous regrets on that score, and he thrilled with a genuine pride and pleasure in the achievements of the man whose dominant personality he had recognized at a later success would have seemed to the world a matter for laughter.

The talk was of finance and of great undertakings. Coombe held his own with easy assurance, as one whose word was of weight in these matters, and he was listened to



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other boys run after him—well, no body could do anything to stop them."

Rising in Service

"A! Well, the temptation is removed now. He was a shocking young rascal, as bad as his father, and a good deal cleverer. Very well, Page, I'll write to the duke, I daresay you're right to start him somewhere else. I hope he'll do you credit."

From London to Ireland, from Ireland to Scotland, from Scotland to the great palace in the Midlands, Willie Page followed the family whom he served; year after year, steadily rising, and finally, when he was not much over thirty, reaching the proud position of house-steward, and the summit of his ambition.

His master died and he served his successor, saw his new master's children grow up, marry, and have children of their own. He knew of all that went on in the family, and in the numerous great families with which he was allied; was, indeed, a humble member of it himself, relying upon its doings for variety in his life, and desiring none of his own making.

He put by money, year after year. He inherited the savings of his father and mother when they died, and put them by too. But he had at no time any inclination towards matrimony. His position was sufficient for him.

It was June in London, and the territorial magnate served by William Page had left his country house, and had removed his household to a grim mansion in the heart of the town, all dirty stone and narrow window without, all luxury and beauty within.

This particular magnate's territorial greatness had been founded some generations back upon finance, and finance still exercised some of full-bodied hearty man, who occasionally appeared for a day or two at one or another of the country houses, or at dinner in London, people whom Willie Page looked upon with mild disapproval. Especially was this the case when he was instructed to arrange for a dinner for him only, while the ladies of the house either dined out or were served in another room.

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ledged master of his subject. He spoke with a strong American accent, and no one in the room, with the exception of his host's servant, had any idea that he was an Englishman. If the talk turned for a moment away from the one subject in which the financier was at home he dropped at once into a lower place, and sat awkwardly silent, or, if he shouldered his way into the conversation, stood plainly revealed as a man of little education, and William Page's heart bled with silent pity over the lapses of one who in other ways had raised himself so high. "There is nothing I couldn't teach him," he said to himself towards the end of the dinner. "And he could take his place with any of them."

And, indeed, the man was not lacking in the sort of appearance that commands respect. He was even handsome, with his iron-grey hair, dark, predatory eyes and powerful face, and his upright, self-assured manner. Moreover, he was correctly dressed.

Ambition Fulfilled

WHEN the guests departed William Page was in the hall, and himself helped the financier on with his coat. Just as Coombe, having lit an enormous cigar, was about to leave the house, he managed to stagger out in a low voice. "Don't you know me, sir?"

Coombe swung around on him instantly, with a look on his face as made him recoil. It might very well have been that this successful man who had fought his way up from the bottom of the stair was sometimes confronted with ghosts from a hidden past whom he would rather not have seen. But the grey-haired servant standing before him was not a person to be suspicious of. Page stood tremulous with excitement, searching for a look of recognition in the powerful face.

"William Page—Coombe," he murmured, when no such look came. Then the financier's face cleared and he laughed a great laugh.

"Bill Page, by all that's holy!" he exclaimed. "And he's butler to a lord!"

The footmen in the hall looked on in amazement as their master's guest shook the hand of their master's servant, clapping him heartily on the back and plainly showing unrestrained pleasure at the sight of an old acquaintance. Leaving the guest standing in the anteroom, the steward came back in a few moments with his hat and coat and left the house with him.

"Well, Bill Page," said Coombe, as they walked along the pavement side by side. "I'm fifty-eight and you're fifty-seven, and we're both where we wanted to be, eh? Which of us is top-dog now—William Page, the butler's son, or Rat-catcher's Joe?"

"It's wonderful!" said Willie Page. "How did you do it?—Mr. Joseph," he added by way of compromise.

"How did I do it? Why, as I'd always meant to do it. I kept my eyes open for chances, and when they came I was on top of them. I've often gone cold and hungry, Bill Page, and that's more than you've ever done, but I never missed a chance."

"Did you ever think of old times when you were making your money?" asked William Page.

The other laughed his great laugh.

Leaving the Duke

"MANY a time," he said. "You know what I call myself. I hadn't a name of my own. And I thought of you, Bill Page, and laughed many a time at my own thoughts. And now I tell you what. I went on with an access of determination. 'I've made my pile in America, but I'm going to settle down and spend my money in the old country. I'm going to be a big-wig myself, as I always told you I should; and you shall be my servant, Bill Page, at double your wages, and help me.'"

What was there about the man that made William Page accept his offer as a command, and without a

leave the service in which he had spent forty years of his life, and in which he had expected to end his days? Not the offer of double wages, which he afterwards refused.

"A month's notice!" exclaimed the Duke.

He was sitting at a big French writing-table in a room looking on to the quiet garden of his London house, and turned round in amazement to face his steward standing respectfully before him.

William Page told him he was going to take service with Mr. Coombe.

"Mr. Coombe! What on earth for? You've been with me and my father for forty years. Page," he said, "I think you have always been treated well. What on earth do you want to leave for? Do you want higher wages? Is that it?"

No, that was not it. He spoke of gratitude. He was quite evidently distressed; but as evidently determined. He did not disclose his early acquaintance with Coombe, that had been stimulated. And he gave no other reason for his decision; there was no other to give.

"Oh, very well," said his grace impatiently at last. "You must do as you like. But I consider that in leaving me without giving me any reason after all these years you are guilty of great ingratitude. I don't understand it."

The accusation of ingratitude did not touch William Page to the heart. He had a real affection for his master, and he left the service in which he had lived in contentment for so many years with a heavy heart.

Coombe's Grandeur

COOMBE bought Buckley Court, the largest property then for sale within two hours' rail of London. It was a glorious house, as big as a college, full of treasures. It had lovely old gardens, and round the gardens stretched a noble park of beech and oak and ferny glades and hollows.

He had the sense, under expert advice, to leave his country house as it was, but the big London house which he bought at the same time he had redecorated and refurbished from top to bottom, also under expert advice.

He was a great deal talked about as a man who is lavish in spending apparently boundless wealth for the amusement of his fellows is apt to be, and since his ambition for the time being was to cut a figure in the world of wealth and fashion, he may be said to have gratified it fully.

None of those among the horde of his new acquaintances who commented on the correct manners of an admittedly self-made man could have guessed that they were the result of detailed training by his quiet respectful servant.

"If you will excuse me saying so, sir, it is not the custom to allude to the Earl of Something or the Countess of Something. And the same with any nobleman under the rank of a duke."

"Oh, that's the trick is it? Really, you ought to write a book, Page."

William Page was busy enough. Coombe's great staff of servants under his experienced supervision was drilled into as efficient machine as it would be possible to find anywhere.

"Don't know anyone who does you better," was the common verdict on the new millionaire. "But of course he could afford to produce any effect, but he could not actually have produced this one if it had not been for William Page."

He knew that. It was part of the unconscious art he exercised to keep his hold over his one-time play-fellow, whom at the bottom of his heart he despised, that he sometimes made it plain that he knew it.

Feeling Unclassed

"YOU've learnt something in your life, Page," he said to him once. "I can always find use for the men who can do one particular thing better than other

Here's twenty pounds for you. Go and waste it, if you've got the pluck."

William Page took the bank-note, but he would rather it had not been offered to him. He had taught Coombe many points of good manners—but to avoid hurting people's feelings had not come into his course of tuition.

William Page's situation was one which most servants would have considered the most eminently satisfactory. Money flowed into his pockets from the master himself and the master's guests, and he was rapidly amassing what to a man in his position was a considerable fortune.

The staff under him was large that he was neither obliged nor expected to do anything but supervise, and he had absolute authority over every servant in the household.

And yet, in spite of his material welfare, he felt himself degraded, unclassified. He had lived all his life of honorable service amongst those of high and assured position. He had looked in the reflection of their greatness, and had felt more conscious pride in his master's birthright than his master himself. He would have been happier in the house of a poor man related to half the peerage than at the head of a great establishment owned by an admitted but usurping leader of fashion.

It was not, after all, the great occasions on which the house was filled with guests of name and place that gave him the aroma of exclusiveness for which his soul thirsted. Those he had in his new situation as well as his old. It was the privacy of social greatness that he missed, the everyday life of the same warm and wool as the hours of ceremony, when great people lived naturally, but were great people still, and all their intimates were great people.

In Coombe's establishment, if the house was not filled with men and women of the smart world, living noisily and extravagantly, it was invaded by loud-voiced men who took no pleasure in sport and held as nothing the beauties that surrounded them.

Going to New York

"I'm going to New York on Friday, Page. You will come with me. Pack plenty of clothes."

It was five years since William Page had taken service with his new master. He was little over sixty, but he was white-haired and thin, an old man now. The millionaire was as strong and upright as ever. William Page was his body-servant now as well as the head of his household, and performed tasks for him which he would not have thought of performing for anybody five years before. The one-time vagabond needed as much personal service as any young beauty of the aristocratic world.

"America, sir!" he faltered. "But there's the dinner on Friday, and the ball."

"I've put them off. Don't talk. Do as you're told."

He spoke brutally, with a frown of his bushy eyebrows. He was dressing for the evening in a great room with an elaborate Empire bed, soft carpet, silken curtains, and a dressing-table crowded with silver and cut-glass. William Page was preparing to kneel down and tie his shoe-laces.

As he did so he tried to summon up courage to refuse any longer to continue in the service of a man who treated him ill. But the words would not come. He dreaded the explosion of wrath that would follow.

Coombe stood up before the glass and tied his tie carefully.

"I've had enough of it," he said. "It's too easy. There will be some body to fight over there."

"Are you intending to stay there, sir?"

"What's that to you? Do what you're told, and don't ask questions."

A Changed Man

WILLIAM PAGE did not go to America after the footmen. Coombe had six months of peace. He went back to the village where he

had been born. He was treated with great respect. His father's master was dead, and his son reigned in his stead—a middle-aged man whom William Page had known and played with as a child.

"I wish you would come back here to me, William," he said.

Here was the old man's chance. He might have gained his freedom by writing. He did not take the chance.

When Coombe returned from America it was to immerse himself once more in great financial undertakings. He had grown tired of spending his money, and took a fierce delight in increasing it. He lived mostly in London, and worked as hard in the city as a poor clerk.

He sold his country house. When he wanted a holiday he went to Paris or the South of France. One autumn he took a moor in Scotland. He went to America six times in five years.

The luxury which he had surrounded himself had become necessary to him, but it developed into a coarse luxury of eating and drinking, and worse.

Once, after an evening of revelry, William Page summoned up courage to give notice. Coombe spoke to him kindly.

"You were always straitlaced, Bill Page," he said, with a rather shameful smile. "But you won't desert a friend after all these years, will you? It shan't happen again—no more."

And William Page stayed on. Coombe was alone in the room he called his library. It was long past midnight. In the great hall outside William Page sat by the fire. A dozen times since dinner he had been summoned to the room, where Coombe sat at a table loaded with papers, to perform trifling menial offices. And every time he had gone in he had been sworn at. Coombe ordered him to stay outside the room, and to come at once when called.

Unknown Calamity

THE shadow of unknown calamity hung over the house. Coombe had been drinking heavily for a week or more. His temper had been frightful. One by one the servants who came in contact with him had left, and William Page had been ordered not to replace them. He himself was in constant attendance night and day. He was old. He could stand it no longer. He had given ten years' faithful service to this low-bred, domineering brute. He was worn out.

Coombe's thick voice was heard

Forethought

JAKE was a worthless and improvident fellow. One day he said to the local grocer: "I must have a bag of flour; I'm broke, an' my family is starvin'."

"All right, Jake," said the grocer, "if you need a bag of flour and have no money, we'll give you one. But there's a curious coming to town in a few days, and if I give you a bag of flour, are you sure you won't sell it and take your family to the circus?"

"Oh, no," said Jake; "I've got the circus money saved up already!"

Pearson's.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Toscha Seidel Buys Celebrated Violin

\$25,000 For Da Vinci Stradivarius

Instrument Was Made in 1740, and Has Vanished and Reappeared Often Until 1886

TOSCHA SEIDEL has just bought the Da Vinci Stradivarius for \$25,000, and he wouldn't part with the famous old violin "for a million dollars." He hardly ever lets it be out of his sight.

"Its tone is of outstanding power and beauty," said Seidel to a New York interviewer. "You know, a musical instrument has personality, and an artist has personality, and when these two personalities coincide as they do in the case of my Stradivarius and me there is a genuine musical affinity. I value the violin above all my other possessions because we precisely suit each other, and I am convinced that it is one of the finest examples of the famous violin maker."

Mr. Seidel bought the violin from Emil Herrman, a European dealer who brought the Stradivarius to America last winter. Seidel had the first opportunity to buy it, but for several reasons he did not exercise his option until the day before Mr. Herrman sailed back to Europe.

Mr. Herrman bought it from a private individual in Europe," said Mr. Seidel. "I am not permitted to

calling him. He started up with a frightful look and hurried to the door. When he came out of the room again the word that would have set him free had not been spoken.

This happened three times. His tongue refused to release him.

It was three o'clock in the morning when, haggard and white-faced, he was summoned for the last time. The room was unbearably hot. Coombe sat at his writing-table, where he had sat for six hours with his papers before him. He looked frightful; the veins stood out on his temples, and on his thick neck, his face was purple.

"Take off my boots," he said, as he had said once many years before.

William Page knelt down submissively to do his bidding but fumbled at the buttons.

"Curse you for a clumsy fool!" shouted Coombe, and kicked him.

He got up slowly, his face very white, his whole body shaking. "I wish to leave your service to-morrow morning, sir," he said.

Coombe rose slowly, his eyes fixed upon his servant with a sort of stifled glare of fury. He stood with his hand on the table, swaying slightly. Coombe opened his mouth to speak. The old man uttered a cry, for no words came, but a terrible dislocation of face, and Coombe fell to the floor, and lay there.

A year later William Page sat by Coombe's bed in the great prison infirmary, clean, bare and sad.

Loyal to the Last

COOMBE'S wealth had collapsed like a house of rotten bricks, and his downfall had caused ruin to thousands. He had been nursed back painfully to stand his trial. When he was sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude, a savage bowl of self-gratulation went up from those who had followed him blindly.

He had had another stroke, and had lain for months in the infirmary.

William Page, frail and bent, sat by him, holding his hand. The man's dark eyes, as keen as ever in his battered face, were fixed on his old friend in piteous appeal.

"Take me away, Bill," he whispered, speaking with great difficulty. "Take me down to the old place. Don't leave me here where I can't see the sky."

"It won't be long now, Joe," answered William Page. "His lordship has never left off working to get you free. They'll let you go soon, and I'll take you away. No one will know who you are. They have let me take a little house, Joe, the one Mrs. Cullen lived in, hard by the church with the roses. You remember. We'll be happy there—happy and free; and everything that's gone forgotten."

The appealing eyes remained fixed on him.

"You've been good to me, Bill," the slow voice went on. "That last night I wanted you near me. I wanted to feel you were there all the time. I'm sorry I treated you so ill."

The tears stood in old William Page's eyes.

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The Daredevil Birdman

by Austin Parker
Illustrated by J.G. Stephenson

ZOE DE LORME, who was billed at the Sharon County Fair as "Queen of Leopard Tamers," was not a person who delivered herself of abstract philosophy in an off-hand manner. She first made sure of her audience and her victim.

Zoe sat at the head of the table in Murphy's Eats Emporium, where the performers were finishing dinner. "I'll tell you what I think!" announced Zoe, and allowed her cool grey eyes to travel menacingly about the table. It was a definite command, and silence fell.

Red Luke and Dauntless Harry Myrick were billed as "Plane Changing, Wing Walking, Parachute Jumping, Death Defiers." It was over Luke and Myrick, the latter especially, that a bitter discussion had been raging.

"I think," continued Zoe, "that there are some things which ain't to be forgiven!" Her red lips curled angrily and her voice was crisp. "And one of them things—her eyes settled upon Dauntless Harry Myrick—is being slow in the head!"

Myrick shifted slightly in his chair and scooped up the last of his pie à la mode.

"Is that so?" he muttered. "Zoe snorted indignantly. 'There's a wise crack for you! Is that so?' she mimicked. 'Dauntless Harry Myrick!'"

Bill Harrah, whose chief possession in this world was a string of half-trained, nasty-dispositioned leopards, said, "Aw, dry up, Zoe! Dry up!" Zoe de Lorme, who was nominally his employee and actually his boss, turned upon him, her grey eyes gleaming. "I'll salt you down too!"

Zoe Calls Names

WITH a grunt, Bill Harrah arose and sauntered out into the evening.

Harry Myrick pushed back his chair. "If you was a man, Zoe," he said slowly, "you wouldn't be quite so hard-boiled, because you'd get it kicked out of you."

Zoe's blond coiffure shook, and, cat-like, she spat out: "I'd take a better man than you, you punk!" Dauntless Harry Myrick's eyes went to his partner, Red Luke, who was sitting at Zoe's right. For a long time it had been a case of Red and Harry, right or wrong, against the world. Regardless of their private differences of opinion, they had always presented a solid front.

All of that was changed now. This Zoe de Lorme, with her blond hair and her red cheeks, had stepped in. And Red was falling for her.

To Red Luke he remarked caustically: "An' there you sit, like a slab-headed yahoo, listening to me get run down, Me!"

The others leaned forward, taking it in. Harry Myrick had had little to say for himself during dinner, but he appeared to be taking a good running jump now. The lesser fry at the next table—mechanics and helpers of one kind and another—cocked their heads and listened.

"You're continuing Myrick disgustedly. 'You're so dumb it hurts you to remember your own name. Any snake charmer who wants you can have you, for all I care.' He arose and stretched indifferently.

A trainer of leopards and lions does not like to be called a snake charmer. Zoe stiffened in her chair, appeared ready to spring upon him. "Are you talking about me?" she demanded.

"I don't argue with ladies," answered Myrick.

Red Luke laid a restraining hand upon Zoe's arm, and she subsided as though a kindly trainer in whom she had confidence had patting her. Red turned to Myrick: "You better keep your trap shut," he suggested.

Jealousy Flares Up

"YOU'RE tough, ain't you?" Harry Myrick then took his hat from the rack and put it on. "I'm gettin' afraid of you. Guess I'll go before I start tremblin' all over an' makin' a show myself. Always was afraid of guys that fight." He gazed at Red and Zoe de Lorme benignly, and whispered: "Love's young dream! Ain't it just too sweet for words!"

The laugh sounded pleasantly in his ears as he strolled from Murphy's Eats Emporium. Outside he found Bill Harrah leaning disconsolately against a telephone pole, smoking. "Say, I know a place where we can get some real beer," said Bill. "Wanna talk to you?"

"Sure. Everybody does."

This crisis in the affairs of Luke and Myrick, professional death defiers, had arisen in the afternoon—the result of an accident which cost them one of their two planes. The audience had seen the plane, with Harry Myrick piloting and Red Luke standing far out on the lower right wing, slip out of control in a sudden lurch earthward; then just as it was on the verge of a spin, the right wing crashed into a standpipe of an artesian well. The effect was to yank the machine about, so that it crashed flatly to earth—pancaked—instead of nosing in.

The noise died away, and the aviators arose from the wreckage miraculously unhurt.

Red bellowed accusingly: "You poor sap—you tried to turn with me down!"

"The rudder jammed!" answered Dauntless Harry Myrick.

That was the subject of the discussion into which Zoe de Lorme had thrown herself, which threatened the dissolution of the firm of Luke and Myrick.

Myrick walked along beside Harrah in glum silence. At last, in the dingy back room of a saloon, Harrah said: "If I was you, I wouldn't let 'em throw the hooks into me like that."

"I'm-m," Myrick wiped the beads from his upper lip, and in his eyes there was a gleam reminiscent of other days.

"Say," Bill broke out suddenly, "what does that partner of yours think he's pulling—cutting in on me and Zoe?"

"Ask him about it," replied Myrick negligently. "Zoe belong to you?"

"Well—she's working my cats. Were going to get married, maybe."

Bill Harrah's red face moved closer across the table. "And I'm giving you a tip," he added angrily. "You'd bet or I'll give him something he'll remember."

Harry Myrick took a long draft of beer and sighed once more. "Gosh, you're tough too, ain't you?"

"Don't pull any of that stuff on me," Harrah flared up. "I'm telling you, and when I'm telling you watch out! And as for that red-headed partner of yours—"

"Laugh That Off!"

"O H, choke it off!" ordered Dauntless Harry Myrick.

"Listen, Harrah, I only weigh a hundred an' thirty-three, but there ain't an ounce of me that ain't sick of your line. I'm tellin' you, Me!" He prodded his chest.

"I'm tellin' you! I've fought every-ting that'll fight, includin' wildcats an' missin' links. I fought 'em with everything there is to fight with—guns, knives, teeth, feet, an' stone hatchets. An' to-night I'm aching for a fight. If you want to start any-thing, start it right now or shut up!"

Bill Harrah's glaring puffed countenance hung motionless over the table. Myrick rose and stretched.

"An' if you start anything with Red Luke," he continued, "I'll take what's left of you an' put you to bed with your dirty leopards. Laugh that off, you punk!"

He strode from the room and up the street, feeling relieved of at least some of the day's accumulation of venom. Murphy's Eats Emporium was deserted, except for Red and Zoe de Lorme, who sat talking with their heads close together. His greatest emotion, as he passed the restaurant and made his way toward the center of town, was a comforting presentiment that he would have a good knock-down-and-drag-out fight before the night was over.

In Murphy's, Zoe was saying: "You're a nice boy, Red. I like you! You're a regular fella!" She stroked his arm ingratiatingly. "You ought to have a better partner than that cried-up little shrimp!"

"That's all right, Zoe," Red broke in. "Don't get it into your head that Harry Myrick's any dummy."

"But he ain't like you, Red. He ain't a gent!"

Red Luke made no response. "I'm mighty sick of Bill Harrah," continued Zoe. "He wants me to marry him. But he ain't got no nerve. He used to handle lions, an' one of 'em took a chunk out of his leg. Since then he ain't had no nerve at all. Gosh, I like a man with nerve!" Her gaze was admiring, flattering, and Red warmed beneath it.

She moved closer to him. "Say," she went on, "I'd like to get into this air-o-o-plane game. I'm sick of animals, and Bill Harrah. I got nerve, Red. Let me take a crack at it. I can do all that junk that Harry Myrick pulls. Huh? Red?"

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"Are You Heeled?"

"SURE, I do! An' I want to team up with a regular gentman. Let me take a whirl at it! Will you, Red?"

"Maybe." He shifted uneasily. "I wonder where Harry is?"

Dauntless Harry Myrick had been directed to a poker game. He sat in the game, and the cards were the local undertaker, the proprietor of the cigar store where they played, a telegrapher, a man who said he was on the road for a hardware house, and a jockey who was riding at the fair. Harry Myrick sat between the salesman and the jockey.

The salesman complained of the draft and rose to close a window. Harry Myrick shuffled the cards. Out of the corner of his mouth he quietly asked the jockey: "You heeled?"

"Tickler," replied the jockey.

Myrick began dealing the cards. It was a small pot, won by the owner of the store, and the cards went to the salesman. He paused in his shuffling to sniffle and to oah at his nose with his handkerchief; then as he was on the verge of dealing, his face began to contract for a wrenching, explosive sneeze.

Myrick kicked the jockey, who leaned over to scratch his ankle, not because it itched, but because he kept his knife—his ucker strapped to the calf of his leg.

The salesman was convulsed by the violence of his sneeze, and his hands jerked back into his lap. He was just regaining his breath when Harry Myrick's right fist swept across the table, caught him squarely on the mouth, and sent him back-

ward to the floor in a shower of cards.

Instantly Myrick was upon him and the room was in an uproar.

"Are you there, kid?"

"I'm here!" answered the jockey, back to back with Myrick—an eight-inch knife waving the others away.

Suddenly the salesman subsided. Harry Myrick felt the man's pockets and pulled forth an automatic. Cat-like, he was on his feet, back against the wall.

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Frontier Justice

"I'll plug the first man that let's a yip out 'o him," he announced.

"Pick up those cards an' count 'em. This bird was platin' a cold deck on us. You got a lot o' brass—you bum hay-shaker!—to think you could pull that sneezing game on me."

"I'll call the police and have him locked up," volunteered the proprietor, starting toward the door.

"You stay where you are!" ordered Myrick. "We'll look through your pockets next!"

There were one hundred and four cards upon the floor. The salesman's pockets revealed two more decks, one of them cold for a six-handed game and the other a used deck. On a ledge under the table there was a similar layout, sufficient to involve the proprietor of the cigar store, even though his own pockets were clear.

Myrick, the jockey, the undertaker, and the telegrapher relieved the other two of all the money they had and split it four ways. It was plain frontier justice, and Harry Myrick was presiding magistrate.

"If you let a squeal out o' you, we've got two local witnesses to swear that you were runnin' a crooked joint," he explained to the storekeeper. "An' as for you, Sneezewheeze, you're nothin' but a punk!"

Feeling strangely at peace with the world, the tumultuous emotions of early evening stilled, Dauntless Harry Myrick idled down the street, whistling his contentment to the waning moon. From Red Luke's room in their lodging house came a swelling psalm to sleep.

It was after one o'clock the next afternoon when Myrick hopped from his bed.

He stood before the streaked mirror of the bureau, and counted his gains of the night before. Seventy-eight dollars in velvet!

He grinned at his reflection and thumped his lean ribs in elation. From his throat to his left hip bone ran a jagged bluish scar. A Sulu had given that to him with a knife.

Also there were two dimples where outlets had entered. "The flesh is rubber and the heart is zinc!" was his favorite description of himself in relation to the various lethal weapons which had been tried upon him since the day he ran away from home with a circus.

Myrick Explains

RED LUKE had already left the house. Myrick went to Murphy's Eats Emporium, where he ate a combined breakfast and lunch with Bub Jennings, one of the dirt-track team.

"Say, Harry," demanded Bub, "what's the big idea of lettin' 'em razz you like they did last night?"

"Everybody has to shoot off his face a little once in a while. I do it. But—Myrick paused—"when a lady begins tellin' me what a big bum I am, I—oh, I dunno—I just don't know how to answer back to ladies. I don't understand 'em. Me an' ladies never got along over-much."

The team of Luke and Myrick was scheduled to perform at three-thirty, and it was close to that time when Harry and Bub Jennings sauntered toward the fair grounds.

The plane swept up from the field as they paused, a few feet within the gate.

"Probably goin' up for a test," said Myrick in answer to Bub's questioning glance. "Passenger, maybe."

They crossed the race track, and Bill Harrah came charging down upon them.

"Red's taken Zoe up for some stunts," he announced angrily.

"That's all right," Harry Myrick went into the long frame shanty that served as a dressing room for the men. From his trunk he brought out

white flannel trousers, white shirt, shoes and socks. He was nearly dressed when Harrah found him again.

"Say, listen," Harrah began, in a voice which quavered, "Zoe's standing out there on the wing. She'll kill herself! Say, can't you make 'em stop it?"

"Aw, buck up! She's all right," Myrick went to the door and watched the plane. Zoe was out on the wing, sure enough—waving to the grand stand. She was trying to pull his stuff! Resentment shot through him. She couldn't do any of his stunts, he

knew; but, also, he knew that a girl has the bulge with the audience.

He turned his back upon Harrah and walked away. "I'll show 'em!" he muttered belligerently. "I'll show 'em whose wing walker around this joint!"

If Zoe de Lorme wanted war, she'd get it!

At the Rope End

SITTING on the forward edge of the lower wing, legs dangling, white blouse fluttering and snapping in the wind, Zoe gazed speculatively at the landing gear beneath her—an axle and two wheels, with their supports and wire braces. She fingered the rope which she had wound about her waist.

From this same point on the wing,

while the plane was resting safely upon the ground, she had studied the axle, calculating footholds and handholds, and it was curious how far away, how unattainable it had become now that they were three thousand feet, above the earth. The propeller sliced the air viciously, sending back a cyclonic wind blast which she had not counted upon.

The idea of weakening, or of compromising in the slightest, did not enter her head. She covered her hesitation by adjusting her bandanna, which was drawn tightly about her head; then grasped a strut, turned and felt in space with her toe for the axle.

Red Luke slapped the throttle shut, and the noise of the motor

was hushed. "Zoe!" he yelled. "Where you goin'?"

"Underneath. I'm all right. Gwan!"

"Hey! Listen! You don't—"

But Zoe's confident smile and bandanna disappeared over the edge of the wing. Red leaned from the cockpit and caught a glimpse of her, sitting upon the axle.

"Hang on!" he yelled, "while I get some altitude." A wave of her hand answered him. He drew the throttle open gradually, fearful of dislodging her, and then commenced to climb. With their altitude of three thousand feet regained, he leaned out once more—just in time to see her start down the rope which she had tied to the axle. He could see that she had looped the other end of the rope about her ankle.

Apparently she was planning to go down the rope—perhaps dangle there head downward, waving the handkerchief which she held in her mouth, while he circled over the grand stand—then climb up again.

Harry Myrick had done the same stunt the day before—only he dropped from the end of the rope, fell several hundred feet, and opened a parachute.

As her hand let go its grasp upon the bracing wire she turned in the wind blast and began to spin like a top. The proper way to do it was to go down rapidly and get out of the propeller stream.

Red slapped the throttle shut. "Go down or come up—quick!" he shouted.

Red caught a glimpse of a tensed face, white with fear for the stark incongruous splashes of rouge upon her cheeks.

"Zoe! Hang On!"

SHE was clutching the rope desperately, hugging it; then dizziness sapped her strength and she slipped downward. Yards below him, at the end of her rope, she swung in space, huddled into a little ball.

The earth was approaching rapidly. "Zoe!" shouted Red. "Zoe! Hang on! I've got to go up again!"

With the engine pulling she commenced to turn more rapidly. Her head bobbed weakly.

Red sick with fear, was holding the plane in a steep climb, staring down at her, horrified, when her grasp upon the rope slackened. With back unconscious flooding, her head she toppled over limply. The jerk of her body against the rope sent a shudder through the plane. The bandanna slipped off, and her blond hair streamed out in the wind.

Myrick, braced against the pressure of the wind and the pounding of the wheels upon the track, grabbed Bub's collar once more and arose in his seat, with his right clasp the knife. He could see Red, peering over the edge of the fuselage, gauging speed and distance, dangling his limp, sprawling burden on the end of the rope closer and closer to earth.

Zoe de Lorme was directly above him, tantalizingly out of reach, so close that he could almost touch her hand. The plane and the racer swept down the track at the same speed; then Red Luke settled a few feet closer.

Myrick grabbed the girl with his left arm, bore down heavily upon her to keep the rope taut, and slashed. Locked together, they went down in a heap, and it was only Bub's quick snatch at them which kept them from tumbling over the edge of the small bucket seat to the track.

Time For Real Show

BRACKES ground and shrieked. The car skidded, narrowly escaped plunging into the fence, and rolled up before the judges' stand. A doctor was waiting for Zoe.

A little later Harry said to Red: "I'll hand it to her that she's got nerve," acknowledged Dauntless Harry Myrick. "She's got nerve—plenty of it—but she's short on judgment. An' her—thinking that she could pull my stuff! Tryin' to crab my show! An' you ought to seen Bill

There was not a chance in the world of her recovering her senses while she dangled, spinning by one leg.

later, was inevitable. There was not a chance in the world of her recovering her senses while she dangled, spinning by one leg.

Red took the last chance and shut the motor, hoping that she might recover herself in a minute or so of easy, quiet gliding. He flattened the glide as much as he could, to prolong it; but the earth moved up toward them impassively. In despair he pulled up and dragged her aloft once more.

Bill Harrah, trembling and in tears, had set out upon Harry Myrick's trail when he saw Zoe de Lorme shift her position from the wing to the axle.

"Keep your shirt on!" advised Myrick. He borrowed binoculars from the manager of the fair. "She's all right—she's all right—don't worry. Bill—I tell you, she's—Hey! Hey!"

A vast, sharp "Ah!" came from the audience—an expression of satisfied desire for a thrill.

"She fainted!" exclaimed Myrick. He dropped the binoculars upon the ground and glanced about him frantically. Men were coming toward him on the run.

"Come on!" he yelled, beating off the desperate clutches of Bill Harrah. With the others behind him, he attacked a white tent dressing room. Wrenched by two dozen pairs of hands the tent went over as though a storm had struck it. It was uprooted and dragged to the center of the field.

"Wave it!" ordered Myrick. "Signal!"

In the swarm of faces about him, Myrick saw Bub Jennings. He charged down upon him. "Get that car of yours out on the track! Quick!"

Bub Jennings bolted for the inclosure where the racing machines were parked.

Myrick continued on his way to his dressing room, where he snatched up the long knife which he used to cut loose parachutes in the air. Rising above the hubbub of voices, he heard the crackle and roar of Bub's engine. He ran out, found the special police battling with the mob that sought to swarm out over the track and field.

"Keep 'em off! Get back!" he screamed. "Back! Back!" The battered grey racer, veteran of a thousand tracks, came thundering upon him, and he swung aboard.

"How fast on straightaway?" he yelled into the driver's ear. "Sevty-five—eighty! Rotten turns!"

Myrick nodded. "Stop at half mile!" he ordered, stripping off his white shirt. He stood up, one foot in his seat, the other braced against the gasoline tank, clutching Bub's collar for support, and waved the shirt above his head.

At the half-mile post the car stopped, and he stood motionless, studying the plane. The wings were rock steady, and the distant beat of the motor died.

"He's got it!" yelled Myrick. "Go on! Give him your speed on the home stretch! We'll make him second time around!"

As they turned into the straightaway, Bub "kay" the gun. Red was coming down in a sweeping glide, Zoe swinging beneath him. The racer skirted the outer fence at the three-quarters, gathering speed, and swung into the home stretch under full power.

Myrick, braced against the pressure of the wind and the pounding of the wheels upon the track, grabbed Bub's collar once more and arose in his

SOOTHES SAVAGE BREASTS OF ELECTORS WITH VIOLIN

English Minister of Pensions Wins His Elections With Music—Says It With the Fiddle

"I THINK I can safely claim to be the only parliamentary candidate who has entertained his constituents by playing violin solos," says the Right Hon. F. O. Roberts, minister of pensions in the new Labor government. "The thing has grown on me, so to speak. My first use of a fiddle in this way was when I was a complete stranger to West Bromwich. I was visiting a trade union meeting in a public-house, before the election campaign in 1918. In the smoke-room was a blind fiddler. "When he had finished his selection I took the instrument and played popular choruses in which the house company joined lustily. And the old fiddler went away well content that the 'future member' had used his fiddle. "The incident secured a pleasant introduction to a good number of people. "The next time I played it was as a result of a hitch in our arrangements. "I had been advised by Rt. Hon. F. O. Roberts, dressing a meeting in a very remote corner of Bromwich—quite an out-of-the-way spot—and at the finish the car that was due to call for us had not arrived. "The mission orchestra had been playing earlier in the evening, and one musician had left his fiddle on the platform. "Idly—more to kill the time than anything else—I picked it up, and started playing. "Some of the people were waiting about in the little chapel where the meeting had been held, and they began singing as I played. Choosing tunes that were suitable for such a building, I played on. Stragglers who had been hanging about outside came back, and when the car did arrive, half an hour later, the hall was almost as full as it had been during the meeting, and we were in the middle of a fine old song. "I won that election. Later on—in the 1922 election—my Liberal opponent claimed that I had an unfair advantage over him, because I could carry my instrument about with me. "He was a pianist and could not well carry a grand piano on his arm.



Rt. Hon. F. O. Roberts

Well-Beloved Pastor Friend of Young Folks

Guardians and Parents of Young Folks Grateful to Late Rev. G. H. Andrews of Victoria

AS A correction of a story printed on this page recently, we have received the following letter, which we are glad to publish:

In your issue of the 29th March last, under the heading "Padre Rents Dance Hall, Makes Hay Before Lent," you state (in brief) that Colonel, the Rev. G. H. Andrews of Victoria rented a hall before Lent for a professional dancing instructor to stage dances once a week, and that he led the orchestra himself.

These statements are absolutely untrue, and their publication has caused much pain, as well as indignation, among his innumerable friends in Victoria.

Mr. Andrews' solicitude for the welfare of the young people of his congregation led him to be present and to assist, as often as possible, at their dances and other entertainments, where his presence constituted a guarantee of their innocent and wholesome character. This service, for which parents and guardians anywhere might nowadays well be grateful, may have been the foundation for the absurd story referred to.

When your article was published Mr. Andrews was seriously ill in hospital, and has since, to the sorrow of all who knew him, passed away. We earnestly hope therefore that in justice to his memory you will cause as much publicity to be given to this letter as you did to the article.

Philip D. Goepel, R. S. Lake, Victoria, Churchwardens, St. Mary's Church, 26 April, 1924.

AT LEAST THE MOUSTACHE WAS CHURCHILL'S OWN

And He Told His Finical Critic Something Else About It at the Same Time

ONE of the stories told recently by Mr. Winston Churchill concerns the time when he cultivated a moustache. A sprightly dandy accosted him one day with the remark: "Mr. Churchill, I like your moustache as little as I like your political views."

"Well," replied Winston, "as you are never likely to come in contact with either, it doesn't matter much, does it?"

One of the stories told recently about Mr. Churchill by somebody else concerns the day of the Abbey by-election, a few minutes after the declaration of the result of the poll.

Though very cut up about it, he seemed more annoyed at the "narrowness" of the defeat than at anything else. "Think of it!" he kept saying. "Only 43 votes—it's so d—d silly."

How to Remain Single

WEAR horn-rimmed spectacles; in this way you can always see the young men but they won't see you.

Carry a copy of the "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" under your arm.

Do all the talking when in masculine company.

Contradict him frequently.

Wear men's sailor hats and stiff collars and neckties.

Tell him as often as possible that he doesn't know what he is talking about.

After this you won't need any more assistance.

—Yale Record.



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



One Man at Least 'Margot' Couldn't Charm Bob Smillie Turns Tables on Mrs. Asquith

Premier's Wife Made Dead Set at Miner's Executive During the Coal Strike—'Only a Woman,' She Said—Just Wanted to Discuss Abstract Questions—Not Afraid of Anybody or Any Gossip—Publishing Letters Now Himself

THE tables are being turned on "Margot." Her own letters are being published. In his chatty reminiscences in Answers, Robert Smillie, the "grand old man" of trade unionism, describes his first meeting with Mrs. Asquith, the famous diarist, and some of the letters she sent him.

Smillie, at any rate, was one of "Margot's" failures. She could not charm him. "I am sorry you have thrown me over," wrote Margot. There is no better description of her failure to make him her friend. He threw her over cold.

Foreseeing in advance some possible scrapes that might influence Smillie from granting her request of another interview, "Margot" wrote: "I've never been afraid of any individual, or any situation, or rumor, or gossip, in my life."

But Smillie was suspicious. She wanted something for her husband, he felt sure. Even yet, he does not know whether Mr. George Asquith, when he pressed his invitation to dinner upon Smillie, was aware of the fact that Mrs. Asquith would be present. It was during the great coal strike of 1912, and Asquith, now Lord Asquith, known as "the great conciliator," was anxious to see Smillie personally. He introduced the vice-chairman of the Miners' Federation to his wife and two other ladies who were present, whose names Smillie failed to catch. "I only know," he says, that one of them promptly got hold of me, and asked me if we might not have a little talk together before dinner.

We sat down and the lady began to talk with extraordinary animation. It was not long before I discovered that she hailed from north of Tweed, and after she inquired where my home was situated in Scotland she exclaimed: "Then, Mr. Smillie, you will know my people!"

I said: "Pardon me, but who are your people?"

"Oh," she replied, "the Tennants of Glasgow." "The Tennants, of the chemical works, at Townhead?" I said.

"Yes," she said, "I am one of them."

"Then you are Mrs. Asquith?" I asked.

She readily confessed to that fact, but seemed a little surprised at my ignorance of it. We talked together for some little time before we were called to take our places at the table. There, too, I found myself sitting next to the prime minister's wife, whilst opposite to us sat the other strange lady and my friends Longuet and Kottgen. I later learned that this lady was

The Soviet 'Shingle'



THIS is the way they do it in Russia, the Soviet Bob, as demonstrated above by Miss Ostrova, one of the lady secretaries brought to London by the Soviet delegation, who met the British premier at the foreign office. Below is another of the Soviet secretaries, Mme. Malastoff, with something new in head-dress.



Lady Agnes Peel, sister of Lord Beauchamp and the wife of the Hon. George Peel.

Some Interesting Letters

MRS. ASQUITH talked to me a good deal during the meal, asking many questions about the strike and about the social condition of the people generally. I am afraid that I must have seemed, not only to her, but to others at the table, either very stupid or a very poor conversationalist, as my replies to her various questions were usually "Yes" or "No."

Mrs. Asquith asked me if I could meet her again, at some time convenient, as she was anxious to know all she could gather about the social conditions of the working classes, and what the ideas and ideals of men like myself were upon the matter, and upon the situation as between capital and labor.

I let her know that I was being kept very busy, but that I would be able to see her at the Westminster Palace Hotel the following day, if it were convenient for her to come over.

Lady Agnes Peel left early, probably because of some prior engagement. Mrs. Asquith left us shortly afterwards, and we had then a pleasant talk with our host and hostess. The following day I received a letter from Mrs. Asquith, as follows:

"10 Downing Street, Whitehall, S.W. March 16, 1912.

"Dear Mr. Smillie,—I was pleased to meet you yesterday. You will keep your promise of being at the Westminster Palace Hotel at 3.30 to-morrow, where I shall meet you. The big question I long to ask a man of your ability, sympathy, and possibly very painful experience is: What do you want?"

"I don't, of course, mean for yourself, as I am certain you are as straight as I am, and are disinterested. It would be far higher ground than this that I would ask it. "Do you want everyone to be equal in their material prosperity? Do you think quality of brain could be made equal if we had equal prosperity? Do you think in trying or even succeeding in making human nature equal in their bank-books they would be equal in the sight of God or man? Equal in motive, in unselfishness, in grandeur, of character?"

"I am a Socialist, possibly not on the same lines as yours; but, in view of any great disaster falling upon innocent heads, I hope and think I will be equal in some unselfishness—some tenderness—some compromise. People who get what they want at the cost of huge suffering to others I would like to understand more perfectly."

"Just now I suspend judgment, as I don't really comprehend. I don't care what creed a man holds, but the bedrock of that creed should be Love, even of your enemies, which is a hard creed to put into practice."

Not Afraid of Gossip

"H A VING suffered greatly yourself, I expect you don't want anyone else to suffer, and this is what makes you a Socialist. It is also my point of view, but I am only a woman. I don't like to see my husband suffer in his longing to be fair, just and kind to both sides in this tragic quarrel."

"I know what you said was true. For seven years, or even more, you and your best and noblest friends have foreseen this coal strike, and doubtless it could have been avoided by the mine-owners."

"But keep your warm blood. Don't let it get cold. Use your great power for an honorable settlement. Destruction is a sad exchange for construction. Help my husband. He is a self-made man, like yourself. He is courteous, understanding, infinitely compassionate, and courageously patient. He is also straight."

"No doubt the other side will do their best to make political capital out of this. They are bitter over his policy. They are narrow and ignorant, and would love, just now, to make all the mischief they can. I only write this in advance of our talk to-morrow, as a fair appeal to a perfect stranger, in favor of a man who, though he is my husband, is as liberal as yourself and wants to act fairly by all men."

"You have great power. See that your use it for good. I know nothing of the bill beyond what I read in the papers. I have not even seen my husband since I saw you. (He had left for the country when I came back from golfing with my little girl.) I shall see him to-morrow morning. I am alone here to-day and I am thinking deeply of you and the strike and what is the true and right thing to do. Don't bother to answer this. I shall see you 3.30 to-morrow and look forward to having a real quiet talk.—Yours, "MARGOT ASQUITH."

I believe that I wrote a brief note to Mrs. Asquith saying that I would find it difficult to

get the time to see her. She sent me another letter on March 18, 1912. Here it is:

"10 Downing Street, Whitehall, S.W. March 18, 1912.

"Dear Mr. Smillie,—I don't see why anyone should know we have met. I am afraid I vexed you in my letter, which was written quite freely. (Perhaps you did not get my letter?) Do the masters and the miners live at your hotel? Do let us meet again. I don't want to talk about the strike at all. It is only for the pleasure of discussing abstract things and ideas with a man whose temperament and views interest me."

"I am sorry you have thrown me over. I've never been afraid of any individual or any situation, or rumor, or gossip, in my life; but can assure you that I would meet you at 3 Queen

Anne's Gate, Sir Edward Grey's house, at 3.30. Even he need not know. I would just ask him if he would allow me to have a private talk with a friend for ten or fifteen minutes. He would say 'Yes,' and never even ask, nor would I tell anyone. If you won't do this, do answer my letter.—Yours, "MARGOT ASQUITH."

I did not meet Mrs. Asquith again. This strike of 1912 finally came to an end, as I have already said, when the minimum wage act became law; but the prime minister, in spite of all our insistence, declined to put the figure at five shillings as a minimum wage for an adult man, and two shillings for a boy, in the act. This was our claim, and I felt that Mrs. Asquith was favorable to our proposal but found the forces of capital too strong for him in the House.

Skull for Grave Scene in Hamlet Flashed Wicked Eye in the Dark

Thorndike, Celebrated English Actor, Himself Once Screamed in Real Terror in "Horror" Play—Never Could Find Origin of Piercing Shriek He Heard

M R. RUSSELL THORNDIKE, the celebrated English actor, who, like his sister, Miss Sybil Thorndike, has won distinction with his wonderful acting in Grand Guignol and other "horror" plays, tells of some thrilling happenings in the course of his varied life.

"Many people have asked me what has been my most thrilling moment on or off the stage."

"One incident which impressed me very much, and which I have never succeeded in explaining, occurred when I was playing in 'The Medium,' a Grand Guignol play. The scene was a haunted studio. I was playing the part of a sculptor, and every evening about six o'clock weird things began to happen in the room—there were flickering lights, strange noises, and so on. Lewis Casson, my brother-in-law, excelled in this sort of thing, and my sister and I disliked walking on in such a wonderful 'atmosphere.'"

"In course of time I became used to the part, and one night I was delivering my lines almost subconsciously. To tell the truth, I was thinking of something else at the moment. At one point I had to say: 'There, look at that,' and put up my arm."

"Suddenly there was the most piercing scream I had ever heard, and I gave a cry which was prompted by real fright."

"Afterwards Casson came up to me and congratulated me upon my realistic scream. I told him it had been prompted by that other awful

cry. 'What was that?' he asked; 'I never heard it.' Later I asked several members of the audience if they had heard the scream, but all declared that no such sound had come from the stage. I am still positive I that I heard a scream. Where did it come from?"

"Another thrilling incident happened when I was a little boy. With my sister I was arranging an amateur performance of 'Hamlet' in my father's rectory in Kent. We wanted a skull for the grave scene, and I asked the sexton if he could oblige."

"He said he would get into trouble, but gave us the hint that we might take one of the skulls which had been unearthed in the course of some excavations in another part of the churchyard. I did so, and carried the trophy off to the rectory, placing it in an inglenook near the fire."

"Late that night I went to have a peep at the skull. When I glanced at it, judge of my horror when I saw that one of its eyes was alive! I rushed off to Sybil, and when she saw it she confirmed my suspicions. We wrapped a towel round the skull and threw the dreadful thing away."

"Next morning, in calmer mood, we went to make another examination. Then the mystery was explained. Into one of the eyesockets a glow-worm had crept and curled itself up so neatly that, with the black tip of its tail resembling a pupil, it looked for all the world like a human eye."



Chinese Learning Railroad Work in Canada

AT the Point St. Charles, Montreal, shops of the Canadian National Railways three Chinese are undergoing a course of instruction in the motive power and car department. They will spend some time at these shops and later will be attached to other shops throughout the system. At the completion of their course, which will extend over a period of from one to two years, they will return to China, where they will apply the principles they have learned to the building up and rehabilitation of the Chinese railways. The photograph shows them from left to right as follows: Edward Bing Shuey-Lee, Y. L. Chen and Tsun Lee.

LIKES DEMPSEY SO MUCH HOPES HE'LL ALWAYS WIN

Champion Didn't Look or Act as a Fighter When Ed. Howe Met Him at Miami

JACK DEMPSEY has given E. W. Howe, the famous Potato Hill sage of common sense, a knock-out blow. Dempsey is one of the most modest men Howe has ever met, and now he is all for the fighter.

Every winter the mellow philosopher winters down at Miami. It is in his gossip of this season, in his Monthly, that he tells of his first meeting with Dempsey.

"One day S. J. Kaufman, a New York newspaper man, called on me, and I took him for a ride, as he had never been in Miami before, and was soon leaving. He had heard Jack Dempsey was here, and said he knew him."

"At the beach, when we passed the hotel where Dempsey was stopping, I gave Mr. Kaufman the information, and he went in, returning presently with the statement that the fighter was in the surf."

"I drove to the Fisher Casino, and Mr. Kaufman went in to look for his friend. Presently he appeared with him. The fighter was dressed in a bathing suit, and I had a good opportunity to look him over, as he remained fifteen minutes."

"It didn't seem possible that I was in the presence of a man who could whip any other man in the world. He looked and acted like a modest, well-behaved country boy, and I was very favorably impressed. He didn't seem particularly tall or particularly heavy, and there wasn't a mark on his body, of which I could see a good deal, except that someone had tapped him on the lower part of the nose. I believe it was once broken, and he had it fixed by a surgeon. The muscles in his arms did not seem particularly big or particularly hard. He is rather tall, and rather large, but does not impress one as a big man. And he didn't look like a prize-fighter. He had been lying around in the sand, and his hair was full of it."

"Now that I have met Dempsey, and like him, I suppose the next man he meets in the ring will knock him out; that's about the luck I usually have. Heretofore I have wanted to see him whipped; now I want to see him win all his fights."

World's Smallest Salary Drawn by Ralph Connor

Popular Pastor's Time Is So Taken Up With Outside Engagements That Assistant Is Chosen

THE parson, described by Goldsmith, who was "passing rich on forty pounds a year," will hardly be envied by many modern clergymen, but even to-day there is at least one minister of religion whose salary is considerably less than this amount. Indeed, it is probably the smallest salary in the world.

This pastor is the Rev. Dr. C. W. Gordon,

better known as "Ralph Connor," the author of "The Sky Pilot" and other famous novels. He is minister of St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church at Winnipeg, but finds so much of his time taken up with outside engagements that an associate clergyman has been appointed to carry on while he is away from home. This associate gets the lion's share of the salary, the novelist being content with the modest stipend of a dollar a year for his services to the church!

Still, it is quite probable that the assistant would change the lion's share for his one dollar brother if he could have the \$30,000 income a year from movie rights alone that rumor says is the sum from the film versions of the popular minister's books.

New Degree of Theology Conferred on Hilton

But You Have to Be a Baker to Use This Interpretation of D.D.

M R. D. HILTON, of Hilton's Bread Company, Toronto, is a prominent lay member of the Congregational Union of Canada, serves on a number of important committees, and is well known to ministers and laymen alike.

"Dave," as he is familiarly known to his friends, is a genial, big-hearted man and is loved by all.

Some time ago an after-dinner speaker at a banquet at Broadview Congregational Church, Toronto, of which Mr. Hilton is an office-bearer, introduced him as "Reverend Doctor" Hilton, and explained the new title.

Several years ago, when the Congregational Union was meeting in Guelph, several young ministers decided to go into the Y.M.C.A. for a swim and invited Mr. Hilton to go with them. As they entered the building, he said:

"Look here, boys, you'll have to start calling me 'Reverend Doctor' or they won't let me in with a bunch of preachers."

"What's your degree, Dr. Hilton?" asked one.

"Oh, I don't know! Ph.D., I guess."

"Not at all," spoke up another minister. "Your degree is D.D."

"Doctor of Divinity?" How do you make that out?" asked Mr. Hilton.

"Doctor of Divinity, nothing!" was the laughing reply. "D.D. stands for Dough Dabbler, the best degree for a baker."



Jack Dempsey



Ralph Connor

real that natural gloss and well-groomed heavy, lustrous hair. Beware
~~effect to your hair—that final touch~~ ~~greasy~~ ~~harmful~~ ~~imitations—~~

Historic King's Plate and Kentucky Derby Will Be Run Today

Big Parade Will Precede Southern League Opener

Lucan Irish Nine Appears Here For First Time in Many Years.

MINES TO CALL 'EM
Well-Known Catcher in Old City League Selected To Umpire.

Here They Are.
Catcher—C. Pike.
Pitchers—R. Baker, F. Baker, E. Balkwell, C. Cook.
First base—Russell or Hodgson.
Second base—Vinen.
Shortstop—E. Somers.
Third base—Rene Fournier.
Right—H. H. Smith.
Centre—S. Silverstein.
Left—"Dooley" Milligan.

Coach Ernie Dinsmore of the L. A. A. Seniors late last night announced his final line-up for today's opener at Tecumseh Park when the famous Lucan Irish Nine make their first appearance in London for some years.

Dinsmore has made the selection only after very careful consideration, and would have liked more time to look over the material, but the backward spring has more or less held all clubs back during their training period. However, his choice represents those whom he believes to be in the best condition at present and those who have not been selected will be given further opportunity next week to make the grade.

All the players are requested to report at the Walper House at 1 o'clock sharp with equipment where they will dress and prepare for action.

Parade Planned.
The parade will form on Carling street, behind the D. S. Perrin Company, at 1:30, and arrangements have been made with the W. O. R. Pipe Band to furnish the music. All A. A. A. members and supporters generally are urged to be on hand with their cars early, so that no time will be lost in getting under way.

The opening ceremony at the park will be very simple. George (Mooney) Gibson, London's former big leaguer, both as player and manager in the Southern League, will assist to start the boys on their way, together with Father Brennan and Ald. L. H. Douglas.
So many faces that are entirely new to London amateur fans are included in the line-up that many are contemplating going over the river to give them the once over, especially in view of the fact that so many good reports have been received on their behalf. This is especially true in the case of Eddie Somers, the well-known hockey star, and Rene Fournier, another newcomer, who has made a very good impression on those who have been attending the daily workouts.

Mines To Umpire.
The Lucan club is arriving early to take part in the parade, together with a large contingent of rosters. Bobby Minnes, one of the favorite catchers in the days of the old City League, when he performed with the famous "Rocket" Club, has been engaged to umpire, and with his long experience in the game should have no trouble in satisfying both players and fans.

All the players and club officials hope for it to see old Sol shine forth with all its might, and they feel that any baseball fans who journey over to the ball park this afternoon will be well rewarded for their trouble.
All youngsters in knee pants will be admitted to the park free.

IRISH READY.
Special to The Advertiser.

Lucan, May 16.—At the final workout of the Irish Nine this afternoon at which 16 players were on hand, the following were chosen as the lineup for the opening game at London Saturday. The latter will either be Dundas and Grive, or O'Neill and Fahnner; Mara at first, Langford second, Watson at short, O'Neill at third, Westman or Gibson in the Charleton at centre, and Scott in right.

GEORGE STREET CLUB ORGANIZED IN GALT

Special to The Advertiser.
Galt, May 16.—Galt again has two bowling clubs. With the Galt Club taking over the 22-rink Sport Park Green, the George Street Club has been organized to use the greens on George Street. A number of improvements have been made to this green, including the installation of a new lighting system. The season will be officially opened May 24. The club will hold its first open tournament June 11. Weekly tournaments for the members are to be held each Monday. Charles Gravelle has been named manager of Galt's junior inter-county nine. At the first practice he had twenty players turn out, and expects the squad to grow next week. He reports having some very promising material.

BATTLE GRAVE MARKER ARRIVES FROM FRANCE

Special to The Advertiser.
Paris, May 16.—Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Elliott have received the original cross from France which marked the resting-place of their son. It will be placed in the soldiers' memorial plot in Paris Cemetery. A stone will replace the cross in France.

WEST DUMFRIES U. F. W. O. Special to The Advertiser.

Paris, May 16.—The May meeting of the West Dumfries U. F. W. O. was held at the home of Mrs. W. W. Carr. After a short business session the ladies discussed municipal civics. A cake-judging contest was then held. Mrs. Robert Elston and Mrs. Pierce were the winners.
The June meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. David Crichton.

How They Stand

MICHIGAN-ONTARIO LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Bay City	8	4	.667
Pittsford	7	4	.636
Saginaw	8	5	.615
Grand Rapids	6	5	.545
London	6	7	.462
Muskegon	7	10	.412
Kalamazoo	6	10	.353
Hamilton	4	7	.364

Scores Yesterday.
London 10, Flint 3.
Bay City 7, Muskegon 1.
Grand Rapids 1, Hamilton 0.
Saginaw 7, Kalamazoo 5.

Games Today.
Hamilton at Muskegon.
London at Grand Rapids (2).
Bay City at Kalamazoo.
Saginaw at Flint.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	16	10	.615
Cincinnati	15	10	.600
Chicago	16	13	.556
Brooklyn	13	13	.500
Boston	11	11	.500
Pittsburg	12	14	.462
St. Louis	10	15	.400
Philadelphia	7	14	.333

Scores Yesterday.
Boston 16, Chicago 12.
Philadelphia 4, Pittsburg 3.
St. Louis 6, Brooklyn 5.

Games Today.
Boston at Cincinnati.
Brooklyn at St. Louis.
New York at Chicago.
Philadelphia at Pittsburg.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	14	9	.609
St. Louis	14	10	.583
Boston	12	10	.545
Detroit	13	11	.541
Cleveland	12	11	.522
Chicago	11	12	.478
Washington	11	14	.440
Philadelphia	7	17	.292

Scores Yesterday.
Boston 10, Philadelphia 1.
Detroit 3, Philadelphia 1.
Cleveland-Washington, rain.
St. Louis-New York, rain.

Games Today.
Chicago at St. Louis.
St. Louis at New York.
Detroit at Philadelphia.
Cleveland at Washington.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Baltimore	15	8	.652
Buffalo	11	8	.579
Toronto	10	11	.545
Reading	9	9	.500
Newark	11	10	.524
Mills	11	10	.524
Rochester	11	10	.524
Syracuse	8	14	.364
Jersey City	8	14	.364

Scores Yesterday.
Toronto 7, Buffalo 6.
Rochester 5, Syracuse 4.
Baltimore at Newark 3.
Reading-Jersey City, rain.

Games Today.
Buffalo at Toronto.
Syracuse at Rochester.
Reading at Jersey City.
Baltimore at Newark.

COBBMEN ANNEX SECOND STRAIGHT

Red Sox Nose Out Chicago 4-3 in Twelfth Inning.

Associated Press Despatch.
Philadelphia, May 16.—Detroit made it two straight from Philadelphia today when Holloway defeated Burns in a splendid pitching battle. The score was 3 to 1. A double by Pratt in the seventh with two men on gave the Tigers the victory. Hauser made his sixth home run of the season. Prior to the game, Ty Cobb, manager of the Tigers, exchanged blows with a negro attendant at the park. Cobb said the negro insulted him. The men were separated before any damage was done, and the attendant dismissed by the club.

The Score: R. H. E.
Detroit..... 000 001 200—3 10 1
Philadelphia..... 000 001 000—1 9 0
Holloway and Bassler; Burns and Perkins.

WHITE SOX LOSE.
Associated Press Despatch.
Boston, May 16.—Single by Ezzeley, Flagstead's punt, and Wamb's single gave Boston a 4 to 3 tie-inning victory over Chicago today. Ferguson was ineffective only in the first inning, when Chicago scored its three runs. Five hits after two were out in the fifth gave Boston three runs.

The Score: R. H. E.
Chicago..... 300 000 000—3 11 0
Boston..... 000 030 001—4 13 1
Leverette and Schalk; Ferguson, Elmke and O'Neill.

WALLACEBURG LINEUP FOR OPENER SELECTED

Special to The Advertiser.
Wallaceburg, May 16.—Manager J. Taylor has decided on the following team to represent the Glass Town at Windsor Saturday in the opening intermediate game of the O. A. L. A. series: Sherwood, Mordock, King, Weir, McLean, McGill, Stonehouse, O'Brien, McGee, Lawson, Wickens, Miller, O. McDougall, W. McDougall. Another fine workout was held Thursday and the final one this evening.

ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.
Special to The Advertiser.
Exeter, May 16.—Next Sunday will mark the ninth anniversary of the induction of Rev. A. A. Trumper as rector of Trivitt Memorial. A special service fitting the occasion will be given on Sunday morning and evening.

TO BOWL AT NIAGARA.
Associated Press Despatch.
Toronto, May 16.—At the annual meeting of the executive committee of the Ontario Bowling Association here today, it was decided to return to Niagara on the Lake for the annual tournament.

DANISH TENNIS PLAYER DEFEATS HUNGARIAN
Associated Press Despatch.
Copenhagen, May 16.—Petersen of Denmark's lawn tennis team, defeated Takats of Hungary in the first singles event of the Denmark-Hungary second round Davis Cup match. European zone, played here today. Petersen won in straight sets, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.

HELD FOR TRIAL.
Port Lambton, May 16.—Clancey Altman of Walpole Island appeared in court here charged with assaulting his wife. He was tried by Police Magistrate Carscallen of Wallaceburg. Crown Attorney Wilson of Sarnia prosecuted and Lawyer McNally of Sarnia defended. He was committed to the county jail to await a jury trial at the June session in Sarnia.

GRAYS PRACTICE TODAY.
London West, May 16.—Grays will practice this afternoon. Players are requested to be on hand at Bottrill's Field at 2:30 p.m.

JUVENILE LEAGUE STANDING.
L. E. A. C. 2 0 0
Pirates 1 1 2
Tecumsehs 0 2 2
Pirates defeated the Tecumsehs 4 to 3 last night, in the Juvenile City League. Pirates had five misplays, but Evans allowed the Tees but two hits. The lineup:
Pirates—Young, c.f.; Livens, r.f.; Evans, p.; McLeod, c.; Henry, 1b.; Rumble, 2b.; Soper, ss.; Armstrong, 3b.; Crouse, 3b.
Tecumsehs—Drake, Kerman, Graham, White, Bennett, Brunswick, Noise, Roberts, c.; Maloney, p.
Umpire—C. Rumble.

STONE TOWN PLAYERS ASK N. W. B. A. GROUPING
Special to The Advertiser.
Palmerston, May 16.—The North Wellington Baseball Association annual meeting will be held here May 22 at 5 p.m. President Washburn, backed by a sub-committee, has ruled that nominations for office in the N. W. B. A. will be accepted, providing they are in the hands of the secretary at Palmerston before noon May 21, as will all proposed amendments to the rules and constitution of the N. W. B. A. Many clubs have been asking for affiliation for the current season, the last request being from Secretary Avery of St. Marys, who suggests their grouping be Stratford, Woodstock, London C. N. R. and St. Marys. The London C. N. R. has already asked for grouping. The circular sent out to the clubs asks for a reply by return of mail.

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Umpire—C. Rumble.

JOSHERS SHUT OUT WEZEL'S HAMS 1-0

Aces Defeat Kazoos 7-5—Bay City Trims Anglers 7-1.

Special to The Advertiser.
Grand Rapids, May 16.—Froman's single, driving in Dodson ahead of him, brought victory to Grand Rapids in today's game with Hamilton, 1 to 0.

The box-score:
Hamilton..... A. B. R. H. O. A. E.
Hindt, 2b..... 3 0 1 0 1 0
Stutz, 3b..... 4 0 0 0 5 0
Kaylor, r.f..... 2 0 1 2 0 0
Kuhn, 1b..... 4 0 2 11 0 0
Gluch, 1f..... 4 0 0 1 0 0
Hindt, c.f..... 4 0 0 5 0 0
Hindt, p..... 1 2 2 0 0 0
Hindt, c..... 3 0 1 2 0 0
Adams, p..... 3 0 1 0 1 0
Totals..... 39 0 6 24 12 0

Grand Rapids—A. B. R. H. O. A. E.
Reece, s.s..... 4 0 1 2 3 0
Roper, 3b..... 3 0 0 1 2 0
Dodson, c.f..... 3 1 1 4 0 0
Payne, r.f..... 2 0 2 8 1 0
Quellich, 1f..... 2 0 2 3 0 0
Froman, 1b..... 3 0 1 11 0 0
Rathjen, 2b..... 3 0 1 3 0 0
Hindt, c..... 3 0 1 3 0 0
Hodge, p..... 3 0 0 2 1 0
Totals..... 27 1 6 27 13 1

Scores by innings:
Hamilton..... 000 000 000—0
Grand Rapids..... 000 000 108—1
Summary: Sacrifice hit—Hindt. Struck out—By Adams 1, by Hodge 2. Base on balls—Off Adams 1, off Hodge 2. Double-play—Reece to Rathjen to Froman. Umpire—Sauer.

ACES BEAT KAZOOS.
Special to The Advertiser.
Kalamazoo, May 16.—Saginaw took the final game of the series from Kalamazoo this afternoon, 7 to 5.

The box-score:
Saginaw..... A. B. R. H. O. A. E.
Bashung, c.f..... 5 1 3 1 0 0
Boyle, 1b..... 5 1 0 2 0 0
Gerald, s.s..... 5 2 3 4 5 0
Cozington, 3b..... 5 2 3 4 0 0
Voter, 1f..... 2 0 1 1 0 0
St. Louis, 2b..... 4 0 0 0 2 0
Vermilyea, 2b..... 4 0 0 0 2 0
Dunn, c..... 1 0 0 0 1 0
Hammond, c..... 1 0 1 3 0 0
Matuzak, p..... 4 0 0 2 0 1
Totals..... 36 7 16 27 13 1

Kalamazoo—A. B. R. H. O. A. E.
Recker, r.f..... 5 1 1 5 3 0
O'Brien, 1b..... 5 1 1 0 3 0
Willis, 1f..... 4 1 1 0 1 0
Bulmer, 3b..... 4 1 2 2 0 0
Ruffington, 3b..... 4 1 2 2 0 0
Walton, s.s..... 3 0 0 3 0 0
Mills, s.s..... 3 1 2 2 0 0
Pierce, c..... 3 1 2 2 0 0
Michaelson, p..... 3 0 1 0 0 0
Sherman, p..... 0 0 0 0 0 0
Hughes, p..... 0 0 0 0 0 0
Astack, p..... 1 0 0 0 0 0
Totals..... 38 5 11 27 10 0

Stratted for Hughes in eighth.
The score by innings:
Saginaw..... 001 020 400—7
Kalamazoo..... 301 100 000—5
Summary: Home runs—Bashung, Pierce. Three-base hits—Cozington, Cozington, Gerald, Bulmer, Ruffington, McHale. Sacrifice hits—Staley, Voter. Bases on balls—Off Michaelson 4, Matuzak 2. Stolen bases—Bye, Hughes. Hits—Off Michaelson 13 in 6-2-3; Hughes, 2 in 1-1-3; Sherman, 1 in 1.
Umpire—Ward.

ANGLERS LOSE.
Special to The Advertiser.
Muskegon, May 16.—Muskegon played loose baseball, and Bay City won the deciding game of the series here this afternoon, 7 to 1.

Kiefer was given sensational support by the Wolves.
The box-score:
Muskegon..... A. B. R. H. O. A. E.
Hegehorn, s.s..... 2 0 2 3 0 0
Hughes, c.f..... 4 1 3 3 0 0
Connolly, 3b..... 4 1 2 0 2 0
Haughner, r.f..... 4 1 2 0 0 0
Tomer, 1b..... 5 0 1 13 0 0
Harris, 1f..... 4 1 0 0 0 0
Prysock, 2b..... 3 1 2 2 0 0
Boelze, c..... 4 1 2 2 1 0
Kiefer, p..... 3 0 1 0 3 1
Totals..... 33 7 12 27 14 0

Muskegon—A. B. R. H. O. A. E.
Meyers, 1f..... 4 0 1 3 1 0
Tomer, 2b..... 4 0 0 4 2 0
Clancy, 1b..... 4 1 3 1 0 0
H. Loep, 3b..... 4 0 0 2 3 0
Walsh, r.f..... 4 1 2 1 0 0
Cortazzo, s.s..... 2 0 0 2 2 2
Kiefer, p..... 3 1 3 1 1 0
Albertson, p..... 3 0 1 0 1 0
Williamson, c..... 0 0 0 1 0 1
Totals..... 32 1 8 27 14 5

The score by innings:
Bay City..... 100 113 001—7
Muskegon..... 000 010 000—1
Summary: Three-base hits—Hughes, Walsh. Two-base hits—Boelze, Sacrifice hits—Hegehorn 2, Hughes, Connolly, Prysock, Cortazzo, Haughner, Kiefer. Stolen bases—Hughes 2, Harris, Connolly. Double plays—Prysock, Hegehorn and Tomer; G. Loep and Williamson. Bases on balls—Off Albertson 2. Struck out—By Kiefer 2, by Albertson 1.
Umpire—Agur.

DANISH TENNIS PLAYER DEFEATS HUNGARIAN
Associated Press Despatch.
Copenhagen, May 16.—Petersen of Denmark's lawn tennis team, defeated Takats of Hungary in the first singles event of the Denmark-Hungary second round Davis Cup match. European zone, played here today. Petersen won in straight sets, 6-2, 6-3, 6-3.

HELD FOR TRIAL.
Port Lambton, May 16.—Clancey Altman of Walpole Island appeared in court here charged with assaulting his wife. He was tried by Police Magistrate Carscallen of Wallaceburg. Crown Attorney Wilson of Sarnia prosecuted and Lawyer McNally of Sarnia defended. He was committed to the county jail to await a jury trial at the June session in Sarnia.

GRAYS PRACTICE TODAY.
London West, May 16.—Grays will practice this afternoon. Players are requested to be on hand at Bottrill's Field at 2:30 p.m.

JUVENILE LEAGUE STANDING.
L. E. A. C. 2 0 0
Pirates 1 1 2
Tecumsehs 0 2 2
Pirates defeated the Tecumsehs 4 to 3 last night, in the Juvenile City League. Pirates had five misplays, but Evans allowed the Tees but two hits. The lineup:
Pirates—Young, c.f.; Livens, r.f.; Evans, p.; McLeod, c.; Henry, 1b.; Rumble, 2b.; Soper, ss.; Armstrong, 3b.; Crouse, 3b.
Tecumsehs—Drake, Kerman, Graham, White, Bennett, Brunswick, Noise, Roberts, c.; Maloney, p.
Umpire—C. Rumble.

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Tecumsehs

JULY BEATS MAY IN SALE STRENGTH

Old Crop Futures At Winnipeg Advance From 5-8 to 7-8.

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, May 16.—Dry weather reports from Nebraska, Kansas and other important wheat states, together with higher temperatures in the Southwest, did a good deal today to lift wheat values. The wheat market closed unsettled at 4c to 5c to 3c net gain. July 1924 at \$1.06 1/2, and September 1924 at \$1.07 1/2. Corn finished 3/4c to 1/2c, and oats unchanged to 1/2c higher.

Especially in Nebraska rain was said to be needed to stop impairment of wheat growth. A leading authority reported that April rainfall was above normal west of the Mississippi, with a sharp deficiency shown in Iowa and Nebraska. The wheat market closed unsettled at 4c to 5c to 3c net gain. July 1924 at \$1.06 1/2, and September 1924 at \$1.07 1/2. Corn finished 3/4c to 1/2c, and oats unchanged to 1/2c higher.

There was not much change in the overnight news, although weather conditions generally are more favorable over the spring wheat belt. Export business continues in fair volume, with about 600,000 bushels of Manitoba and durum wheat sold to date.

There was a better demand for oats today, May advancing 1/2c and July 3/4c. Barley was also in fair demand, while rye continues extremely dull. Flax was steady and about unchanged on a light trade.

The cash wheat market was dull, without any particular feature. Shippers and exporters were taking all offerings of cash oats at unchanged prices. Barley was in fair demand, as was also the lower grades of rye. Flax was in demand from crushers at current spreads.

Cash prices: Wheat—No. 1 northern, \$1.05 1/2; No. 2 northern, \$1.04 1/2; No. 3 northern, \$1.03 1/2; No. 4, 2c; No. 5, 1c; No. 6, 8c; No. 7, 7c; No. 8, 6c; No. 9, 5c; No. 10, 4c; No. 11, 3c; No. 12, 2c; No. 13, 1c; No. 14, 1/2c; No. 15, 1/4c; No. 16, 1/8c; No. 17, 1/16c; No. 18, 1/32c; No. 19, 1/64c; No. 20, 1/128c; No. 21, 1/256c; No. 22, 1/512c; No. 23, 1/1024c; No. 24, 1/2048c; No. 25, 1/4096c; No. 26, 1/8192c; No. 27, 1/16384c; No. 28, 1/32768c; No. 29, 1/65536c; No. 30, 1/131072c; No. 31, 1/262144c; No. 32, 1/524288c; No. 33, 1/1048576c; No. 34, 1/2097152c; No. 35, 1/4194304c; No. 36, 1/8388608c; No. 37, 1/16777216c; No. 38, 1/33554432c; No. 39, 1/67108864c; No. 40, 1/134217728c; No. 41, 1/268435456c; No. 42, 1/536870912c; No. 43, 1/1073741824c; No. 44, 1/2147483648c; No. 45, 1/4294967296c; No. 46, 1/8589934592c; No. 47, 1/17179869184c; No. 48, 1/34359738368c; No. 49, 1/68719476736c; No. 50, 1/137438953472c; No. 51, 1/274877906944c; No. 52, 1/549755813888c; No. 53, 1/1099511627776c; No. 54, 1/2199023255552c; No. 55, 1/4398046511104c; No. 56, 1/8796093022208c; No. 57, 1/17592186444416c; No. 58, 1/35184372888832c; No. 59, 1/70368745777664c; No. 60, 1/140737491555328c; No. 61, 1/281474983110656c; No. 62, 1/562949966221312c; No. 63, 1/1125899932442624c; No. 64, 1/2251799864885248c; No. 65, 1/4503599729770496c; No. 66, 1/9007199459540992c; No. 67, 1/18014398919081984c; No. 68, 1/36028797838163968c; No. 69, 1/72057595676327936c; No. 70, 1/144115191352655872c; No. 71, 1/288230382705311744c; No. 72, 1/576460765410623488c; No. 73, 1/1152921530821246976c; No. 74, 1/2305843061642493952c; No. 75, 1/4611686123284987904c; No. 76, 1/9223372246569975808c; No. 77, 1/18446744493139951616c; No. 78, 1/36893488986279903232c; No. 79, 1/73786977972559806464c; No. 80, 1/147573955945119612928c; No. 81, 1/295147911890239225856c; No. 82, 1/590295823780478451712c; No. 83, 1/1180591647560956903424c; No. 84, 1/2361183295121913806848c; No. 85, 1/4722366590243827613696c; No. 86, 1/9444733180487655227392c; No. 87, 1/18889463760975310454784c; No. 88, 1/37778927521950620909568c; No. 89, 1/75557855043901241819136c; No. 90, 1/151115710087802483638272c; No. 91, 1/302231420175604967276544c; No. 92, 1/604462840351209934553088c; No. 93, 1/1208925680702419871106176c; No. 94, 1/2417851361404839742212352c; No. 95, 1/4835702722809679484424704c; No. 96, 1/9671405445619358968849408c; No. 97, 1/19342810891239717937698816c; No. 98, 1/38685621782479435875397632c; No. 99, 1/77371243564958871750795264c; No. 100, 1/154742487129917743511550528c; No. 101, 1/309484974259835487023101056c; No. 102, 1/618969948519670974046202112c; No. 103, 1/1237939897039341948092444224c; No. 104, 1/2475879794078683896184888448c; No. 105, 1/4951759588157367792369776896c; No. 106, 1/9903519176314735584739553792c; No. 107, 1/19807038352629471168877807584c; No. 108, 1/39614076705258942337755615168c; No. 109, 1/79228153410517884675511230336c; No. 110, 1/158456306821037773151022460672c; No. 111, 1/316912613642075546302044921344c; No. 112, 1/633825227284151092604089842688c; No. 113, 1/1267650454568302185208179765376c; No. 114, 1/2535300909136604370416395530752c; No. 115, 1/5070601818273208740832791061504c; No. 116, 1/10141203636546417481665582123008c; No. 117, 1/20282407273092834963331164446016c; No. 118, 1/40564814546185669926662328892032c; No. 119, 1/81129629092371339853324657784064c; No. 120, 1/162259258184742679706649315568128c; No. 121, 1/324518516369485359413298631136256c; No. 122, 1/649037032738970718826597262272512c; No. 123, 1/129807406577794143773194452445024c; No. 124, 1/259614813155588287546388904890048c; No. 125, 1/519229626311176575092777809780096c; No. 126, 1/1038459252622353150185555619560192c; No. 127, 1/2076918505244706300371111239120384c; No. 128, 1/4153837010489412600742222478240768c; No. 129, 1/8307674020978825201484444956481536c; No. 130, 1/1661534804195765042968889912963072c; No. 131, 1/3323069608391530085937779825926144c; No. 132, 1/6646139216783060171875559651852288c; No. 133, 1/13292278433566120343751119303704576c; No. 134, 1/26584556867132240687502238607409152c; No. 135, 1/53169113734264481375004477214818304c; No. 136, 1/106338227468528962750008944429636608c; No. 137, 1/212676454937057925500017888859273216c; No. 138, 1/425352909874115851000035777718546432c; No. 139, 1/850705819748231702000071555437092864c; No. 140, 1/1701411639496463404000143070874185728c; No. 141, 1/34028232789929268080002861417483714544c; No. 142, 1/68056465579858536160005722834967429088c; No. 143, 1/13611293115971707232001144569934859136c; No. 144, 1/27222586231943414464002289139698718272c; No. 145, 1/54445172463886828928004578279397436444c; No. 146, 1/108890344927773657856009156558794872888c; No. 147, 1/21778068985554731571201831311759976775776c; No. 148, 1/43556137971109463142403662623519953551552c; No. 149, 1/87112275942218926284807325247039907103104c; No. 150, 1/1742245188443777257696146548407780142016c; No. 151, 1/3484490376887554515392293096815560284032c; No. 152, 1/6968980753775109030784586193631120568064c; No. 153, 1/1393796150755221806157691387266224113728c; No. 154, 1/278759230151044361231538277453248226256c; No. 155, 1/557518460302088722463076554906496452512c; No. 156, 1/1115036920604177446260153109812898850024c; No. 157, 1/223007384120835489252030621962577760048c; No. 158, 1/446014768241670978504061393825155520096c; No. 159, 1/892029536483341957008122787650311040192c; No. 160, 1/1784059072966683914016255753300622080384c; No. 161, 1/3568118145933367828032511506601244160768c; No. 162, 1/7136236291866735656065023013202488321536c; No. 163, 1/14272472583733471312130046026404976632704c; No. 164, 1/28544945167466942624260092052809953265408c; No. 165, 1/57089890334933885248520184105619906530816c; No. 166, 1/114179780669867770497040368211239813061632c; No. 167, 1/22835956133973554099408073642247962612264c; No. 168, 1/45671912267947108198816147284495925224528c; No. 169, 1/91343824535894216397632295688991844845056c; No. 170, 1/18268764907178442679526459377993689690112c; No. 171, 1/36537529814356885359052811755997379398224c; No. 172, 1/73075059628713770718010563511994758796448c; No. 173, 1/14615011925742754143602112023999517559296c; No. 174, 1/292300238514855082872042240479990351185952c; No. 175, 1/58460047702971016574408448095998070237104c; No. 176, 1/116920095405942033148816896191996140474208c; No. 177, 1/233840190811884066297633792383992280948416c; No. 178, 1/46768038162376813259526758476798456189632c; No. 179, 1/93536076324753626519053516953596912379264c; No. 180, 1/187072152649507253038107033907193824758528c; No. 181, 1/374144305299014506076214067814387649517056c; No. 182, 1/748288610598029012152428115628775299034112c; No. 183, 1/149657722119605802424845623157550598068224c; No. 184, 1/299315444239211604849691263115101196136448c; No. 185, 1/59863088847842320969938252623020239227296c; No. 186, 1/11972617769568461833987650524604047845452c; No. 187, 1/23945235539136923667975301049208095690904c; No. 188, 1/47890471078273847335950602098416191381808c; No. 189, 1/95780942156547694671901204196832382763616c; No. 190, 1/19156188231309329334380240393664765532232c; No. 191, 1/38312376462618658668760480787329310664464c; No. 192, 1/766247529252373173375210961747566213228928c; No. 193, 1/15324950580447463475104218334951324265776c; No. 194, 1/3064990116089492695020843666990264951552c; No. 195, 1/6129980232178985390041687333980529903104c; No. 196, 1/1225996046355797078008337467796105980608c; No. 197, 1/2451992092711594156001674935592211961216c; No. 198, 1/4903984185423188320033499871184423392232c; No. 199, 1/980796837084637664006699774236884667464c; No. 200, 1/1961593674169375328013399548473773328928c; No. 201, 1/392318734833875065602679909694746665776c; No. 202, 1/7846374696677501312053598193894933315552c; No. 203, 1/15692749393355002624107179877789866631104c; No. 204, 1/3138549878671000524821435975557973322208c; No. 205, 1/62770997573420010496428719511159486444416c; No. 206, 1/12554199514684002099285439022319892888928c; No. 207, 1/2510839902936800419857087804463978777776c; No. 208, 1/5021679805873600839714175608927957555552c; No. 209, 1/1004335961774720167942835121781595511104c; No. 210, 1/2008671923549440335885670243563191022208c; No. 211, 1/4017343847098880671771340487126382044416c; 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WEEKLY STORIES FROM OUR BUSY CENTERS**ELECTRIC STOVE REAL AID TO HOUSEKEEPER**

Archer Shop Handles the Best Types of Appliances and Accessories.

With the advent of the summer days that in years gone by have meant small comfort for the mother of a large family who has had to spend part of every hot, enervating day over a hotter and more enervating wood or coal burning kitchen stove comes the time for the head of the house to ponder on the need of an electric stove in his home. Its presence there means that the mother is relieved of the onerous task of preparing the meals in the midst of ever-present heat waves and can do her work in a kitchen where the cooking unit throws but a very small amount of heat.

The Gurney Electric Range, universally recognized as one of the best of its kind, and which is sold in London by the Archer Electric Shop, 221 Dundas street, is a stove that through years of the most rigid tests has lived up to the manner in which it is recommended by the manufacturers.

When looking at the Gurney Electric Range it hardly seems possible that the old-fashioned stove could have been developed into such a handsome cooking appliance. The sparkling beauty of the Gurney Electric in no way detracts from its cooking ability. No materials are used in its construction that will not stand the wear and tear of everyday use.

Its porcelain-lined oven is an assurance of absolute cleanliness. The top units are rapid in their operation and the switches turn either way. These features are factors that are yearly making the Gurney the favorite of more and more Canadian housewives.

This range is made in many varieties, and the Archer Electric Shop can supply any type desired. Besides electric ranges, this firm carries a complete stock of all electric fixtures, lights and appliances and employs an experienced staff of electricians for the work of wiring houses and installing fixtures.

MODERN SHOE HERE TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

Many Changes Since the Firm First Started in London.

Over twenty-five years of constant work—while service to Londoners on expert shoe repair work has established the Modern Shoe Repair of 505 Richmond street, as one of the outstanding businesses of its kind in Canada.

Expert, conscientious workmen, finest of leather findings and materials, together with the most modern machinery known for the rapid and careful repairing of shoes, enable the Modern Shoe Repair to turn out that kind of shoe that is known as just a little better than ordinary work, and that brings customers back again and again.

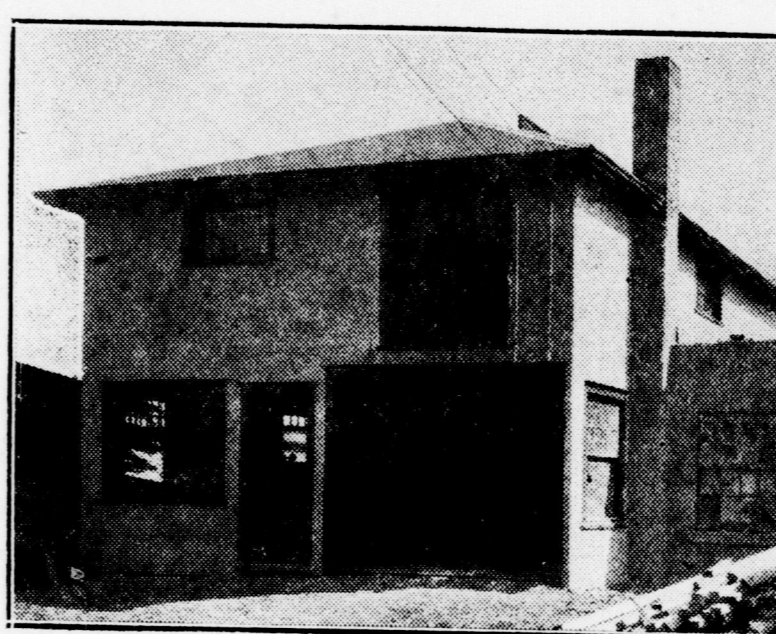
Twenty-five years is a long time as measured in the span of life, and many changes occur in people, customs and conditions in the course of that time. Many changes have also taken place in the business methods and machinery employed by the Modern Shoe Repair, but no change has ever been made in the policy of using only the finest leathers and employing only expert workmen. These

Let's Pull Together

It is an universal truth that the world must keep on moving, and that money must be kept in circulation. If a man dies, the world goes on just the same, for there is always someone to take his place. While man is on earth, he must learn to live in such a way that he will be useful to those around him. This moral holds good in the business world, and right in the circle of merchants in London.

They want the support of every householder in the city, and it is up to the latter to accord this assistance, and thus live up to the standards that the golden rule demands. But then it is not all one-sided. The householder does not give all and receive nothing. The merchant needs him as much as he needs the merchant. If this co-operative system goes on our city cannot help but prosper. It must go ahead.

Let us all pull together to make London's name and prestige known in all the cities in Canada and the United States and finally the whole world. This may sound like a big proposition, but nothing is impossible.



NEW ADDITION TO FIRM.
Above is shown the new office building of the R. H. Smith Lumber Company on Erie avenue, South London, made necessary by the expansion in the business of this firm.

twenty-five years have done well for this company, too. The only thing old about it is its treasured good name, which has been won by providing its clients with a shoe repairing service par excellence.

The Modern was London's first shoe repair shop, and in the old days was known as London's Shoe Hospital. Even then the idea of prompt service was associated with it.

Today, with its automobile delivery augmented by boys on bicycles for special trips, the company gives even better service than that which made it famous. The company has an agency branch at the corner of Weyburn and Bruce street, and also two telephone numbers 2310 and 1066W, used exclusively for taking orders. At the main store on Richmond street, opposite St. Peter's Cathedral, there is a waiting-room, where one may wait in comfort while his or her shoes are being repaired.

Many changes have taken place in London and many new faces are to be seen here since this company started in business, but the greatest boosters and most loyal customers of the Modern are numbered among those who started with them twenty-five years ago, and who have received the finest class of shoe repair work ever since.

BERGMAN TO CONSULT ALLIED AUTHORITIES

Associated Press Despatch.
Paris, May 16.—Karl Bergmann, German representative for the organization of the German railroad company to be formed under the reparations settlement plan arrived in Paris today to begin consultations with the delegates appointed by the reparations commission for this work. The commission's delegates are Sir William Acworth of Great Britain and M. Levevre of France.

TRUCKLOAD OF LIQUOR IS SEIZED AT ST. CATHARINES

Canadian Press Despatch.
St. Catharines, May 16.—A squad of local police after a thrilling race early this morning captured a truck containing 225 gallons of alcohol and arrested Vincent Fimlin and Tony Chelco of Toronto on the truck, and Stephen Bussin, driving a small sedan. The men were charged in police court today with having liquor for sale. They were remanded till tomorrow.

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WOOD HEADS SOCIETY.

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, May 16.—Arthur B. Wood of the Sun Life Assurance Company, Montreal, was today elected president of the Actuarial Society of America, to succeed Robert Henderson of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, New York.

ADDITIONS COMPLETED BY SMITH LUMBER CO.

South London Concern Supplies Materials For All Building Purposes.

Since the time when London first began to make a name for itself as a city of importance the Smith Lumber Company, of 11 Erie avenue, has been rendering service of the better class in the construction of residences and other buildings, until a few years ago, and of late years of specializing in supplying lumber and building materials of all descriptions. About six years ago this concern abandoned the building and contracting phases of its business and devoted its entire energy to supplying materials needed in construction work.

This firm's knowledge of the building situation has been a great help to their many customers. They handle only the class of material that they know will prove satisfactory, and having learned through experience that paying men for waiting for lumber is a heavy expense to the contractor they concentrate on prompt delivery. They are always willing to give full credit, take back unused material and settle any possible misunderstandings in a generous way to the satisfaction of the customer.

Just recently the Smith Lumber Company found it necessary to erect new sheds, storerooms and a larger office. These are all completed now, and in them the best and latest equipment has been installed in order to insure clients the best word in service. A private room has been set aside where plans and problems, both constructional and financial, may be discussed.

SILVERWOODS' MILK OF PROVEN QUALITY

Secured From Selected Herds and Scientifically Tested Daily.

Since the inauguration of daily house-to-house milk delivery by Silverwoods, Limited, in this city, the high quality of this milk has produced an increased demand for it. Monthly, London housewives are beginning to realize the real value of this safe, rich, clean milk, and more orders are coming in from day to day. It is secured from select herds and rushed by rapid trucks to the sanitary factory on Bathurst street. There it is handled through a method of production that conforms to the best scientific standards. It is carefully tested by experienced workmen before bottling, and then is rushed to the customers by an early home-to-home service.

That the high quality of Silverwoods coffee and whipping cream is recognized in London homes is evidenced by the growing demand for these two products.

Silverwoods also produces specially-cultured buttermilk, the medicinal value of which is commended by leading physicians.

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Garfield Ave. South, Hamilton, Ont.,
on Friday, May 16, 1924, Robert
Brenner, aged 65 years.
Funeral on arrival of 10:30 G. T. R.
train on Monday morning to Mount
Pleasant Cemetery.

FORD—At the family residence, 310
Ottawa Ave., on Thursday, May 15,
1924, Margaret, beloved wife of James
H. Ford, aged 55 years.
Funeral services at the above ad-
dress on Monday morning at 2 p.m.
Interment in Mount Pleasant Ceme-
tery. (St. Thomas paper please copy.)

GRAND—At her late residence, 266
Whitcliffe Rd., on Friday, May 16,
1924, Jessie, beloved wife of Robert
C. Grand, aged 26 years.
Funeral will be held at the above ad-
dress on Sunday, May 18, Service at
Kensal Park Baptist Church at 2:30
o'clock. Friends and acquaintances
please accept this intimation. Inter-
ment in Woodland Cemetery.

HARDY—At his late residence, lot 4,
con. 4, North Eggleston, on May 15,
1924, Thomas Hardy, dearly beloved
husband of Etta May Hardy, in his
58th year.
Funeral service will be held at
North Eggleston Presbyterian Church on
Sunday, May 18, at 2 p.m. Inter-
ment in Apple Cemetery. Friends
and acquaintances please accept this
intimation.

CARD OF THANKS.
Mrs. Julia Bennett wishes to thank
the Rev. Canon Gunne, Byron Shank
and Sons of England, E. Hardy and
employees of Silverwoods for the beau-
tiful floral tributes and those who so
kindly lent their cars, also the pal-
liars. A. King, W. King, J. Easton,
C. Baker, H. Benbow and H. Hardy.

MEETINGS

Mr. Roy Mitchell
of Toronto
Will Speak on
SUNDAY EVENING,
At 8 o'clock at the
THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY'S
ROOMS,
212 Dundas Street
Subject:
"FOUR WAYS TO POWER"

The Public are Invited.

Presbyterian Church
Association

The regular monthly meeting of
the Presbyterian Association, London
branch, will be held on
MONDAY EVENING, MAY 19
at 8 p.m. in the Builders' Exchange
Rooms, Richmond St. Large
attendance of representatives from city
and district is requested.

The Western Ontario
Regiment
Parade will be held on
Monday night, May 19.

There are vacancies for bandmen,
pipe, buglers, drummers and men for
the various companies. Any wishing to
join, apply at the orderly room.
M. W. MINIHAN, Lieut.
Adjutant 1st Battalion, The W. O. R.

DIVINE SERVICE
In commemoration of the founding of
the Independent
ORDER OF ODDFELLOWS
will be held in the Hibernian Methodist
Sunday School, at 2:30 O'CLOCK,
May 18, at 2:30 O'CLOCK,
Rev. Bro. Crumner, Grand Chaplain of
Ontario, will be the speaker.

PLEASE TAKE NOTICE that the annual
meeting of the proprietors of the
Woodman Hall, Hyde Park, on Wed-
nesday, May 21, at 3 p.m. All are
cordially invited. By order J. B.
Fisher, Secretary.

EAST MIDDLESEX COUNTY L. O. L.
semi-annual meeting, Tuesday, May
20, at 8 p.m. sharp, at the Hall cover-
ing Office, W. J. Higgins, County
Master.

MR. J. W. FRIEDBERN will address a
meeting of electors on Tuesday even-
ing, May 20, in Church Hall, Lan-
cet. Everybody welcome. A. K.
Saulter, Secretary, U. P. O.

A MEETING of plot owners of Dor-
chester Union Cemetery will be held
in Town Hall, Dorchester, on Tues-
day, May 20, at 8 p.m. for the pur-
pose of electing a trustee. J. C. McEwen,
Secretary.

MYRTLE No. 2, Knights of Pythias,
meets Tuesday evening, 110 Dundas
St. All members attend.

MUSICAL INSTRUCTION
ASHTON'S Studio of Music—Guitar,
mandolin and Lajo. 627 Dundas St.
Phone 3933.

ERICKSON, W. C.—Pianist, composer,
teacher. 23 Alma St.

CRESSWELL, JAMES—Teacher of
violin, band and orchestral instru-
ments. 475 King St.

GUKL EINESTEIN HAUSGAL—Con-
cert, violin and piano. 392 Central
Ave. Tel. 5070.

JEAN WALKER—Instruction dramatic
art, concert engagements. Institute
Musical Art.

JOHN LLOYD, 610 Emery St.—Piano,
theory, harmony. Institute of Musical
Art.

LETHBRIDGE, GEORGE—Piano, vocal
and organ, theory; pupil of C. M.
Widor, Paris. Phone 299 Princess
Ave. Phone 2214.

MAURICE SOMMERFELD, teacher of
basso, violin and mandolin, etc. 656
Queen's Ave. Phone 4140.

MISS TOPLAY THOMAS—Four lec-
tures on Rosen's Feet, beginning
Friday April 4, 8 p.m. Course
25c. 215 Victoria.

PIANO—For thorough piano tuition see
Miss Mary Weston, No. 84 Stanley
St. Fletcher method taught to chil-
dren. Phone 3422.

READING and dramatic art. Gwend-
olyn Anthine. Studio, Woodman
Bldg., 46 Richmond. Phone 6957.

THEODORE GRAY—Piano, singing,
violin, guitar, etc. 121 Dundas
Street Bank Bldg., res. phone 7855.

W. A. BLAETHNER—Pianist; begin-
ners and advanced pupils. Studio, 233
Princess Ave. Phone 3422.

ENTERTAINERS.
A SUCCESS—Star Concert Co. enter-
tainers. Write McKim, 357 Central
Ave.

FRED T. GILL
Comedian and Entertainer.
Promises you a first-class program of
HIGH-GRADE COMEDY.
Booking Fast—London.
387 Central Ave.

LONDONIAN MIXED QUARTET, 87
Wardcliffe Rd. South. London.
MELODY FIVE ORCHESTRA—Dances,
parties, etc. May Lethbridge. Phone
6122W.

EIGHTEEN MINSTRELS, providing an
evening of song and mirth; now book-
ing. White C. Young, 69 Josephine St.

MEDICAL CARDS
BANGHART, DR.—Women's diseases,
surgery. Dundas-Matland. Tel. 3509.

BICE, DR. E. 241 Queen's Ave.—Speci-
alist, surgical diseases of genito-
urinary tract and rectum. Phone 1409.

CAMERON, DR. D. E.—Dundas and
Waterloo. Diseases of women and
stomach. Hours, 11-12, 2-4, 7-8. Tel.
128 or 1722.

DUFFY, DR. J. LEONARD, 200 Central
Ave. Hours 11-12, 2-4, 6-8. Tel. 581.

HOLMES, DR. L. S.—Clinic Bldg., 241
Queen's Ave. Specialist skin diseases.
Interviews, 9 to 11. Sunday, 10 to 12.
HUFFMAN, DR. J. L.—748 Waterloo,
corner Oxford. Phone 5822.

INGHAM, DR. G.—Specialist, eye, ear,
nose and throat. 48 Queen's Ave.
Tel. 3330W.

KARN, DR.—323 Clarence St. Specialist,
specialty diseases, women, surgery.
REASON, DR. CLIFFORD—38 Dundas
St. Nervous diseases, surgery. Tel.
266.

STEVENSON, DR. W. J., 391 Dundas,
corner Oxford. Diseases, women, surgery.
Dr. H. A. Stevenson, X-ray. Dr. M.
G. Fiever, general-urinary.

WISMER, DR. H. S.—Specialist X-rays.
224 Queen's Ave. Tel. 114.

CHIROPY
BEATTIE, MISS—Graduate chiropodist,
Talbott and Fullerton. Tel. 3027W.

GREY BEAUTY SHOP—Graduate chi-
ropodist, 221 1/2 Dundas. Tel. 2623V.

WILSON, DR. LEROY V.—Foot special-
ist, 202 Dundas St. Phone 7308.

MALE HELP WANTED

MALE HELP WANTED—Eight dollars
upwards, daily paid auto mechanics
electrical ignition battery welding
electricians; learn under master mechan-
ics, guaranteed process, training
special offer. Hemphill Automotive
Institute, 153 King West, Toronto.

MEN—Age 18-40, wanting railway sta-
tion-office position, \$115-125 weekly,
free transportation; experience un-
necessary. Write Baker, Sup't., 746
Waldwright St., London.

SHOE shiner wanted—Steady job, state
age and nationality. Ed. Johnson,
Aylmer, Ont.

TRUCK DRIVER—Must be capable
efficient, may be welder, city, make
repairs, and not afraid to work.
Steady job year round. References
required. Trill, Ltd. Co., Bathurst and
William Sts.

FEMALE HELP WANTED
EARN \$5 to \$25 weekly, the pleasant
home work way, making socks on the
easy-to-learn auto-knitter; ex-
perience unnecessary; no distance in-
terference. Particulars, 3c stamp.
Write J. C. Auto-Knitter Company,
Toronto.

GENERAL maid, small family, no
children; must be experienced; refer-
ences. Apply evenings, 443 Dundas
St.

LOOPER wanted. Apply Holeproof
Hosiery Co.

WANTED—Housekeeper on small farm
of five acres, comfortable home, to
right party. Apply Andrew New,
Delton, Ont. Route 3.

WANTED—Immediately, general maid
for domestic work. Mrs. Harold Clarke, 3
Marley Place.

AGENTS WANTED
AGENTS, either sex, make \$5 and \$10
day, selling our needle books, copy
books, lavender packages. Apply
Peiss, London.

HOSIERY AGENTS—Guaranteed
success; direct mail to consumer; hun-
dreds of numbers; we deliver and collect;
pay daily. Write: Hosiery, Dept. 38,
Box 2862, Montreal.

SPARE or full time agents wanted; men
and women in every town and village;
read money maker; write time; no
time agent making less than \$10
weekly; full time agents make \$25 to
\$40 weekly; for terms and terri-
tory; splendid ad. for terms and terri-
tory. Dress Co., 35 King East Toronto.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—Charges
batteries in ten minutes; gallon fuel
great buy.

\$10 A DAY taking orders for B. & E.
Selling our pay daily, no com-
mission or delivering. Write B. & E.
Mig. Co., Dept. 3, London, Ont.

\$250 SURE for 30 days' work, dis-
cussing; make your own time; no
experience necessary; opportunity to
earn \$250 weekly; state age and
church connection. Mr. Conrad,
Spadina Building, Toronto.

TO LET
ALMA ST.—Eight-room house, fully
furnished. Phone 6242.

—Two-story, five rooms, with bath
and sunroom. Apply 225 Dundas St.
Phone 4253W.

—Three-story, five rooms, with bath
and sunroom. Apply 225 Dundas St.
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Phone 4253W.

—Three-story, five rooms, with bath
and sunroom. Apply 225 Dundas St.
Phone 4253W.

REAL ESTATE

A LIST of properties for sale. List your
properties with the well-known agent,
R. Keely, 750 Dundas St. W. Tel. 282.

ASK Wheeler the Homefinder, 1824
Dundas St. Phone 2261.

AT "POPLAR HILL, on Sarnia Rd.,
6-room house in good repair,
cellar, and acre of rich garden ground,
planted, small fruit and orchard, good
water, sunny, bright, airy, and well
kept. Quick sale. D. J. Robinson, 110
King, Route 2.

BIRCHES, bargain in London—Must be
sold. Two-story modern brick home
large lot, drive, fruit trees, paved
garage, close in. Price cut to \$2,900;
wonderful value. W. H. Thornton,
81 Byron Ave. Phone 4163.

CENTRAL—Brick, 1 1/2-story, 7 rooms,
kitchenette, modern. Special price
for quick sale. Phone 4014E.

C. WESLEY BAKER sells real estate
quickly. List with him. Phone 4133,
401 Talbot St. Evenings 4221W.

EAST—Rug brick, 1 1/2-story, 7 rooms,
oak floors, French doors, fully mod-
ern; also 2 frame cottages and brick
r-room house. Phone 4330. Apply 430
Woodman Ave. Phone 7308W.

EXCELLENT red brick, slate roof, 7
rooms, very modern, oak floors, fire-
place, built-in cabinets, toilets, prime
location throughout. Garage and mod-
ern. Owner accepts fair offer. Live-
able. Apply 430 Woodman Ave. Phone 7308W.

FOR SALE or to let, new modern
garage. Phone 1709.

HILL ST.—Six-room cottage, hydro,
water, close to car, \$2,400; \$400 cash,
119 King St.

HOLMAN ST., 58—Off Hamilton Rd.,
new cottage, modern, 32nd month, 316
Lacey St. Phone 4626W.

"Home Sweet Home" at 1081 Richmond
St., red brick, 6 rooms, full mod-
ern, oak floors, 100 ft. driveway,
economy cottage. Will be sold at a
price. Act quick. Sam D. Camp-
bell, realtor, insurance, 422 Richmond.

LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!
Princess Ave.—Solid white brick,
stone and hall, \$5,700; \$500 or more
cash; 400 sq. ft. modern garage, living-
room, dining room, kitchen, 4 bedrooms
and bath, hot water heating, separate
oak and toilet. Close to car line. See
real buy.

—Adeleide St.—Red brick cottage, liv-
ing room, dining room, kitchen, 4 bed-
rooms, 2 bathrooms, toilet in bas-
ement, furnace, water, gas, hydro,
central heating, 100 ft. driveway, \$4,000;
\$500 cash, balance monthly.

—We make it our business to help you
make a good investment. Read them
again.

WHITE & BARNARD
King and Talbot Sts.
Phone 7041V. Nights 0433 and 5183W

MAINE and an offer on this cozy, new
garage and stucco home, with hot
water heating, veranda and balcony,
oak floors, built-in cabinets, and nicely
decorated; 6 large bright rooms, bath
and toilet separate; house is modern
everywhere. Phone 4200. Mr. Paul,
Dundas St. W. Phone 4200.

NEAR VICTORIA PARK—Modern
choice No. 1 Milton road, 3 bedrooms,
bath, and sun, large handsome veran-
da, oak floors, built-in cabinets, 9 bright
rooms, 3 clothes closets, hot water
heating, etc., very exclusive. Apply
Canada Trust Company.

ONFORD PARK—New cottage, \$150
cash down, \$17 per month, living
room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, full bath,
central heating, etc., price complete,
\$2,400. Why pay more? Apply to
Wick, Schaeffer & Palmer, Limited,
Box 139, Adelaide St. Phone 595.

PRINCESS AVE., 64—1 1/2-story modern
brick house, all conveniences, hot and
cold, hard and soft water. Phone
4014E.

PRINCESS AVE., 369—For sale or to
rent; rent \$10 per month; modern
cottage, 4 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, full
bath, etc., after 3:30 p.m. Apply to
\$3,500—FIVE ACRES, north, new cot-
tage, just completed, good soil, good
trees, easy terms, or consider house
in city. C. Patterson, 402 Rich-
mond.

\$4,900, terms—Good, north end location,
bath and toilet, furnace, good lot.
Ask Wheeler, the Homefinder, 1824
Dundas St. Phone 2261.

GRAND BEND—Furnished cottages to
rent, \$5 to \$10 per month, 6-room
furnished cottage, 100 ft. driveway,
\$800. Cottages and lots for sale, easy
terms. Phone 0924, or write Geo.
E. Robertson, Grand Bend.

GOOD 50-acre farm on London and
Port Stanley, electric road, for sale
or exchange on city property. Brodie
and Brown, 220 Dundas St. Phone
3634.

ON LAKES—700 choice farms; catalogues
sent free on application. Thomas
Meyers, 2505, 2507, 2509, 2511, 2513
Branford. Bell Phone 1234.

WANTED—To hear from owner of good
farm for sale, state cash price, run
particulars. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis,
Minn.

100 ACRES, good house, 2 basement
barns, good buildings, crop is in, price
\$8,500, terms reasonable; will also
sell stock and equipment. Immediate
possession. Apply Box 148, ad-
vertiser.

\$4,500, \$1,500 CASH—Thirteen
acres, close to city and school, large
frame cottage, good basement, large
barn, chicken coop, fruit, good water,
splendid garden. Apply Lattor-
son & Sadler, Phone 340.

COAL AND WOOD
ANTHRACITE, 600, stove and chest-
nut, \$16.50; pea, 400, \$10; per ton,
phone 4294.

ANTHRACITE, 600, stove and chest-
nut, \$16.50; pea, 400, \$10; per ton,
phone 4294.

COAL—600, stove and chest-
nut, \$16.50; pea, 400, \$10; per ton,
phone 4294.

WOOD, 2-inch, mixed, \$2.50 per load;
beech and maple, \$3.50; \$1.00
yard, 431 King. Phone 6219W.

\$4 FOR a single cord, \$1 full cord,
and record and make all the folks at
1. Boom, 51 Adelaide St. 5101W.

HOME TO WANTED UPRIGHT PIANO—
Must be reliable parties, who will
same to play, not to keep as a piece
of furniture. Owner leaving city, in
replying, state whether for balance
consider purchase later for balance
owning. Apply Box No. 146.

OLD POSTAGE STAMPS, highest
prices paid for stamps used before
1885; look up your old letters;
stamp collections purchased. E. S.
burg, Pa.

WALSH, DR. H. E., D.C., D.A.S.—Chi-
ropodist, physician, specialist in ner-
vous diseases, modern electrical
equipment. Dundas, cor. Colborne.
Tel. 6243J.

FOR SALE

A BETTER malt extract, 300 lb. S. G.
41 to 42 degree Baume; distaste, 50%
to 55% malt, molar, 21-25%
maltose, 48-52% glucose, 12-14%
dextrin, 7-9% protein, 6.25-6.75%
free acid, 1.6-1.8% 55% Clarence.
Telephone 1293.

ADD THIS RECORD TO
YOUR COLLECTION—
RECORD No. 998, "Silver Threads
Among the Gold," reverse side,
"Love's Old Sweet Song." These two
wonderful selections sung by Gail-
Curci, are words or art that no music
lover can afford to be without. Mason
& Rich, 243 Dundas St. Phone 1285.

ANGLO-CAN.

CRONYN MEMORIAL

QUEEN'S AVENUE AND WILLIAM STREET. RECTOR
QUINTIN WARNER
RIDLEY PARSON ASSISTANT

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

8:30 a.m.—Holy Communion.
11:00 a.m.—Morning Prayer.
Subject: "DEFENSE AND RESCUE."
(The fourth of a series of sermons on 23rd Psalm.)
3:00 p.m.—The Church School.
7:00 p.m.—Evensong. Choral.
Subject: "MAKING HASTE SLOWLY."
The Rector will preach at all services.
Monday, the 19th, 8 p.m.—General Vestry Meeting. Most important.

St. James' Church

LONDON SOUTH.
Rev. W. Leslie Armitage, M.A., Rector.
11 a.m.—The Rector.
3 p.m.—Sunday School and Men's and Women's Bible Class.
7 p.m.—The Rector. Holy Communion.

St. John the Evangelist

Wellington and St. James Sts.
Rev. A. L. G. Clarke, Rector.
8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
11 a.m.—Holy Communion and sermon.
2 p.m.—The Church School.
7 p.m.—Evensong. Preacher, Rev. R. D. Mess.

METHODIST

ASKIN ST. METHODIST

REV. J. T. COSBY MORRIS, B.A., B.D., Pastor.
80 Askin Street—Phone 2061.

10 a.m.—The Brotherhood. Speaker, Rev. W. L. Armitage.
11 a.m.—REV. A. J. LOVE.
7 p.m.—REV. J. FLETCHER SUTCLIFFE.
Full Choir under Dr. Smith. —Strangers Made Welcome.

CENTENNIAL METHODIST

7 p.m.—"A Runaway Engine, or Is the World Hopeless?"
IS BISHOP WILLIAMS RIGHT RE THE O.T.A.? WILL BE PART OF THE DISCUSSION.

11 a.m.—"A Great Discovery and a Great Command."
Continuing series from the Gospel of John.

10 a.m.—CLASS MEETING. 3 p.m.—SUNDAY SCHOOL.
YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

A. E. M. THOMSON, Minister. GEORGE WINTERBOTTOM, Organist.

DUNDAS STREET CENTRE

REV. (CAPT.) JOHN GARBUTT, Minister.
SUNDAY SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY

C. E. GERMAN, Superintendent.

11 a.m.—REV. W. E. DONNELLY, B.A. Subject: "FINDING PEARLS AND DIAMONDS."
7 p.m.—REV. W. E. DONNELLY, B.A. Subject: "LIFE'S BEST."

The usual session of Sunday School is withdrawn, but the school will assemble with the evening congregation.
Special music by the church choir and soloists. Sunday School orchestra and songs by the school will be features of both services.
J. PARNELL MORRIS, Musical Director.
Toronto Festival Recital, Thursday evening next.

FIRST METHODIST

REV. BRUCE HUNTER, B.A., B.D., Pastor
REV. E. W. JEWITT, B.A., Director of Religious Education

10 a.m.—Brotherhood and Class Meetings.
11 a.m.—"THE SEVENTY SET FORTH"
—THE PASTOR.

3 p.m.—Sunday School in Wesley Hall
7 p.m.—"IN THE WILDERNESS"
—THE PASTOR.

The first in a series of three addresses on
"The Threefold Temptation of Jesus"
George C. Carie, Choir Leader, Kingsley N. Ireland, Organist.

WELLINGTON ST. CHURCH

REV. GEORGE T. WATTS, B.D., PASTOR.

10 a.m.—MEN'S CLASS MEETING.
11 a.m.—Installation of the Officers and Teachers of our Sunday School.
2:45 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.
7 p.m.—"THREEFOLD LOYALTY"
—THE PASTOR.

MISS DORIS WERNER, Organist. E. E. WERNER, Choir Leader.

Colborne St. Methodist

Rev. Herbert J. Uren, Pastor.
Sydney Martin, Organist.
10 a.m.—Brotherhood.
11 a.m.—"Looking For a City."
2:45 p.m.—Bright Sunday School Session.
7 p.m.—"Costly Living and Cheap Religion."
Congregational representatives to official board elected at morning service.

Empress Ave. Church

Rev. J. S. Chapman, B.A., Pastor.
10 a.m.—Fellowship meeting.
11 a.m.—Reception. Sermon.
2:45 p.m.—Sunday School.
7 p.m.—"Investments."
Miss Taylor, Organist.

Hyatt Ave. Methodist

10 a.m.—Brotherhood. S. P. LAWSON.
11 a.m.—"MAGNANIMITY."
7 p.m.—"TOO OLD AT 40."
Mrs. Carlson, Toronto, will sing.
R. J. McCormick, Pastor.
J. McAlpine, Organist.

Robinson Memorial

Rev. Wm. Lyon Hills, B.A., Minister.
11—"Come Let Us Live the Gospel."
7—"Crowned With Many Crowns."

First Church of Christ, Scientist

Richmond and Kent Streets
SUNDAY SERVICES, 11 IN THE MORNING, AND 7 IN THE EVENING.
THE SUBJECT OF THE SERMON FOR THIS SUNDAY IS:
"MORTALS AND IMMORTALS"

Wednesday evening meeting, at which testimonies of healing through Christian Science are given, is held at 8 o'clock.
THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND THESE SERVICES.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, 11 A.M.

This church maintains a FREE READING ROOM, located in the Bank of Toronto Chambers, corner Richmond and King streets, open daily except Sundays and holidays, from 11:30 to 5, Saturday 11:30 to 1 p.m., where the Bible and all authorized Christian Science literature may be read, borrowed or purchased.

ANGLO-CAN.

BAPTIST.

ADELAIDE ST. BAPTIST

1874—Jubilee Anniversary Services—1924

11 a.m.—Sermon by Rev. Dr. P. A. McEwen of Ottawa
First Ordained Pastor of the Church.

3 p.m.—Bible School—Classes for All.

7 p.m.—"The Branch That Became a Tree"
By PASTOR. Inspiring! Comforting! Crowning!
6:30 p.m.—ORGAN RECITAL. 6:50—GREAT PRE SONG SERVICE.

Male Quartet and Wonderful Choir Both Services
MONDAY, 8 P.M.—SPECIAL PROGRAM AND RECEPTION TO MEMBERS AND ADHERENTS.

Speakers—Dr. and Mrs. McEwen, Mr. John Hislop, Mr. Robert Angus, Mr. F. J. Reid, the Pastor.

FLOYD TALMADGE HOLLAND, PASTOR.
O. LEO HERBERT, Musical Director.

Come Early If You Want a Seat! Baptism.

Egerton Street Baptist

Rev. A. Burgess, Minister.
11 a.m.—"WAITING ON GOD."
Sermonette to juniors: "SCARS."
7 p.m.—"THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS."
Communion.

Maitland Street Baptist

REV. DR. A. T. SOWERBY
will preach

"Beggar, Warrior, King"
11 a.m.—
"Our Lord's Final Word on the Cross."
7 p.m.—
Mrs. F. Manning will sing.
Choice Song Service.
All Welcome.

Wortley Road Baptist
Rev. W. B. Meikleham of Toronto will preach both morning and evening.
Sunday School at 3 p.m.
You are cordially invited.

Presbyterian
FIRST PRESBYTERIAN
CORNER CLARENCE STREET AND DUFFERIN AVENUE.
REV. WILLIAM BEATTIE, D.D., C.M.G., MINISTER.
GEORGE LETHBRIDGE, Director of Musical Services.
11 a.m.—"THE MINISTER."
3 p.m.—"THE CHURCH SCHOOL AND BIBLE CLASSES."
7 p.m.—"The Great Prophet and Patriot Under a Mighty Test."
Sermonette: "IS PROHIBITION INCONSISTENT WITH THE SPIRIT AND TEACHING OF JESUS?"
STRANGERS WILL FIND A WELCOME AT THIS CHURCH!

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH
REV. D. C. MacGREGOR, B.A., D.D., Minister.
REV. F. H. HARRIS, B.A., Director of Religious Education.
MR. C. E. WHEELER, F.C.C.O., Organist and Choir Director.
Public Worship Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., conducted by the Minister.
Evening Subject: "THE MESSAGE OF ROMANS."
Church School—12:15 p.m. and 3 p.m.
A CORDIAL WELCOME TO ALL!

Hamilton Rd. Church
M. Fraser Cree, B.A., Minister.
SUNDAY SERVICES AS USUAL.

King Street Church
W. R. McIntosh, Minister.
10 a.m.—Brotherhood. Closing meeting.
Speaker, Rev. Floyd T. Holland.
Soloist, Bert Howard of Brantford.
11 a.m.—Rev. A. W. Shepherd.
7 p.m.—Rev. A. W. Shepherd.
WELCOME.

Knox Presbyterian
Wortley Road and Bruce Street.
Rev. T. A. Symington, M.A., Minister.
Chas. E. Percy, Director of Music.
Sabbath Services.
11 a.m.—Public Worship.
Rev. A. MacFarlane, M.A., B.D., of Bayfield.
3 p.m.—Church School.
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
Rev. A. MacFarlane, M.A., B.D.

First Congregational
Morning service at 11.
Address by Mrs. Richards of Toronto on "Our Missionary Campaign in West Central Africa."
Evening service at 7, conducted by the men of the church.
Special musical numbers.

"The New Commandment"
COME TO CHURCH!
First Spiritual Church
Rectory, Opposite Nelson.
Leader—Mrs. D. Mills.
Speaker—Mr. D. Mills.
Sunday Services—11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m.
Evening—Our Angels. Friends.
Sunday, May 25, Mr. Morris of Toronto will be the speaker.

MISCELLANEOUS
All Nations Marching to Armageddon
— BUT —
MILLIONS NOW LIVING
WILL NEVER DIE

A time of reckoning, of judgment is coming. God says "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." St. Peter says "The Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly, and to reserve the unjust unto the day of judgment to be punished."

YOU NEED THE INFORMATION IN THIS LECTURE BY
ERNEST WHELPTON
OF THE INTERNATIONAL BIBLE STUDENTS' ASS'N.
AT HYMAN HALL
SUNDAY, MAY 18, 7:15 p.m.

BAPTIST.

ST. MARKS CHURCH HAS HISTORY OF PROGRESS

Little East End Church Has Greatly Spread Its Influence.

BECAME PARISH 1908

Present Pastor, Rev. A. L. Beverley. First To Be Called to New Parish.

The small brick church which houses the followers of the Anglican faith in the extreme east of the city is the first public building to meet the view of those coming westward into the city by either C. P. R. or

St. Mark's Church, at the junction, became a parish from humble beginnings in the year 1908. It commenced in a very small way with afternoon services in a room adjoining the Barnes House, a room in which later the Home Bank established quarters.

The mission was first inaugurated under Rev. William Lowe, then the rector of St. Matthew's Church, and the evening services were commenced by W. R. Haines and H. C. Light.

At the time the mission was started, there was only one church in the London Junction district. This was a union, since burnt down and rebuilt to be taken over by the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Light, then a layman, but who has since entered the church, conducted the services and during the first year of its existence, opened the doors of the little

parish, Miss Ada Clarke, who is now Mrs. Harris, became the organist and a small choir was formed. She was succeeded by Mrs. Lottie Langford, who was the church organist until two years ago.

First Meeting.
On April 12, 1909, the first meeting of the vestry was held and its minutes show a record of 61 public services, 44 private, and 48 services at 7 p.m., with an average attendance of 20 people. Twelve people had been confirmed, and four baptized.

The church receipts at this time, \$240.33, are in an interesting contrast to the figures of the present day. The wardens in this year were Adam Hodgins and J. C. Richardson. In May of 1908, the church school had been established with a teacher, and since that time the social and week-night activities of the congregation have been particularly successful.

Other improvements steadily followed this. In 1921 the new organ was installed, rendering a special boon to the choir. Electric lights were placed throughout the church, and the bell tower was built. The bell with which this was fitted was a gift of Mr. John Hayman, contractor, of this city.

In January of 1922 an important step was taken when a church council was formed to replace the vestry. H. B. Turner and Robert Allister were wardens at the time and launched the council on a successful career. Two representatives were appointed from each organization connected with the parish, and the council has been particularly effective in obtaining co-operation among the units.

The church during all these years is evident in the fact that in the year 1923 the receipts amounted to \$1,937.72, and the sum of \$8,000 had been placed as the approximate budget for this year.

The wardens this year are Edmund Webb and Robert Allister, with Wallace Dunsen continuing to serve as vestry clerk. Miss Lillian Moss is the assistant vestry clerk.

Successful Choir.
The choir is under the capable leadership of E. T. Wright, and for the past two years Mrs. T. S. Holland has been successful in securing the capacity of organization. The president is W. A. Langford.

The Ladies' Guild has contributed splendid sums financially to the work of the parish and has also been responsible for many successful social gatherings. At the present time the president is Mrs. E. Willis.

The Men's Club continues under the presidency of Mark Garrett to play an important part in the work of the church. Winter social and educational gatherings are held and a great deal of interest displayed in both indoor and outdoor sports.

The A. Y. P. A. is one of the outstanding organizations of the church. Its members, among these responsible for the Local Council of A. Y. P. A. which has been such a splendid impetus to the work throughout the city. Miss Lillian Moss, a former president and secretary of St. Mark's A. Y. P. A., is at the present time assistant secretary of the Dominion A. Y. P. A. John Mirehouse is president of St. Mark's A. Y. P. A.

The Sunday school as a whole is a very successful organization under the superintendency of Edmund Webb. It is organized for week-night activities into Boy Scout groups and Girl Guides and Brownies. Capt. Margaret Garrett heads a group of Girl Guides which compares favorably with any group in the city, and Mrs. John Mirehouse is the leader of a promising group of Brownies.

Week-night activities of the Boy Scouts are carried on under the direction of Mr. Mark Garrett and Mr. H. W. Lacey. Junior activities at St. Mark's Church are in such a promising condition that there is at the present time a pressing demand for increased Sunday school accommodation, which may be met shortly.

—By O. H.

THORNDAL W. M. S.
Special to The Advertiser.

Thorndale, May 16.—The annual meeting of the W. M. S. of the Thorndale Methodist Church was held Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. E. McCutcheon. Reports from the various departments showed quite a satisfactory year.

Mrs. Wheaton was appointed delegate to the convocation, with Mrs. A. Squire as alternate.

The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. James Angus; first vice, Mrs. A. R. Kellivan; second vice, Mrs. James Smuck; recording secretary, Mrs. A. E. Budge; corresponding secretary, Miss Irwin; strangers' secretary, Mrs. Squire and Miss Irwin; treasurer, Mrs. Wm. Stone; superintendent of Christian stewardship, Mrs. Conn; note boxes, Mrs. W. E. McCutcheon; mission band, Mrs. Buckie and Mrs. Salter; little light bearers, Mrs. W. Murphy; Heralds—China, Mrs. W. C. McCutcheon; Japan, Mrs. J. Smuck.

CHRISTADELPHIANS MEET in Uster Hall, over Gas Office, corner Dundas and Clarence Sts., Sunday, 7 p.m. "We Must Be Born Again. How and When?"

Latter Day Saints' Maitland Street Near York St.

10 a.m.—Young People's Meeting.
10 a.m.—Adult Prayer Service.
11 a.m.—Sunday School.

7 p.m.—Preaching:
ELDER L. O. PEARSON

GRANT SILENT ON HIGH SCHOOL ACT

Only States That Principal Miller and He Are Satisfied.

Beyond the fact that both he and Principal Miller were well pleased with their interview with the department of education officials in Toronto, and the attorney-general, Dr. A. J. Grant, chairman of the collegiate committee of the local board of education, had nothing to say for publication as to the opinions of the high school act, which he sought in the interview with the department of education. "We had a very satisfactory interview with the department to see," he stated, "and we are quite satisfied with what we were told. That's all I can say just now."

Too Much Legislation Is Harmful to British Law
Associated Press Despatch.
London, May 16.—Sir Donald Macleod, leading Liberal, complains that during the past few years there has been too much legislation in Britain. This, he says, has tended to bring the law into contempt, because one-half is not administered and the other half is not obeyed.

Speaking at the London Commercial Club, Sir Donald urged business men to take a keener interest in the law. He defended the present Labor government as "a good thing," and was of the opinion that the present three party system there seemed a prospect of real tranquility and legislation of an agreed type.

English Officials Incline Toward Dress Simplicity
Associated Press Despatch.
London, May 16.—Asked whether "Labor members should take the oath of allegiance to the king," W. Graham, financial secretary to the treasury, replied:

"I think so, because we have a constitutional monarch who abides by the advice of his ministers."

Questioned as to whether court dress was not a "tom-fol show," Mr. Graham said he did not attach much importance to the dress of men. They should not abolish all ceremonial, but he agreed it was the man or the woman in the clothes that counted.

Big Gold Mine Merger Reported in Nevada City
Associated Press Despatch.
Nevada City, Cal., May 16.—A large merger of gold mining interests is being consummated in this region. Forty-two small mines, including developed mines to prospects, are included, and the investment required is placed at \$25,000,000.

The properties are grouped in the center of a 25-mile circle, radiating with having yielded \$800,000,000 in gold since 1848, when the first miners reached here.

Postmasters as Labor Agents
Associated Press Despatch.
Geneva, May 16.—Postmasters in New Zealand towns will act as employment statistics under a plan reported to the International Labor Bureau here. In places where there are no government labor agents an employer may apply to the postmaster, and if no labor is available the postmaster will forward the application to the nearest official labor agent. Similarly workers in need of employment may register at the postoffice.

Berlin Birthrate Declines.
Associated Press Despatch.
Berlin, May 16.—Births in Berlin fell to 28,551 in 1923, against 76,665 in 1913. This decline is having a great effect on the public schools. The number of children entering the classes in 1923 was only 31,000. In 1919 the number of first-year pupils was 69,900.

Berlin's births numbered 51,997 in 1919; in 1920 they rose to 63,614, but in 1922 sank to 45,686, and a year later fell to 38,551.

Germany Leads in Books.
Associated Press Despatch.
Bern, May 16.—Germany produced more new books in 1922 than any other country, according to the international statistics of mental work prepared by Swiss statisticians. Germany brought out 25,859 new editions. Great Britain 16,442, France 9,432 and the United States 8,638.

Most Prolific Pig.
Longmire, Cal., May 16.—T. A. Lewis, Glenn County farmer, believes he has the prize mother pig. Her first litter, just born, brought 13 pigs into the world and 15 are living. From this litter Lewis will have within six months more than a ton of pork to market.

Germans Buy Irish Linens.
Associated Press Despatch.
Belfast, May 16.—Quite a sensation has been created in the Irish linen trade by a German order for 15,000 dozen of men's printed handkerchiefs. This is the largest order Belfast has received for many years.

Wheat Exports Increase.
Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, May 16.—A steady increase in the volume of wheat exports from Canada is noted in the monthly statement issued by the Dominion bureau of statistics. In April, 1924, 6,955,465 bushels in all were exported as against 5,143,308 in April, 1923.

Will Open Store.
Midway, May 16.—Mr. W. C. Deverell of Mount Forest has leased one of J. F. Schutte's stores on Elora street and will open an ice cream store here about May 23.

Wild Caribou Are Merging With Reindeer in Alaska
Associated Press Despatch.
Cantwell, Alaska, May 16.—Wild caribou have been invading the reindeer herds of Broad Pass, and the results are beginning to manifest themselves in the number of long-legged, long-necked calves grazing in the herds. Aside from their traits, together with the solid color of the caribou, there is little difference between pure-blooded domesticated reindeer and the caribou.

It is believed that eventually the

FINANCE MINISTERS BLAMED FOR WRECK

Counsel For Depositors Claims White, Fielding and Drayton Negligent.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, May 16.—"We have a trinity of negligence—Sir Thomas White, Sir Henry Drayton and Hon. W. S. Fielding. I charge these three gentlemen with being parties to the wreck of this bank." In these words, W. T. J. Lee, counsel for depositors of the wrecked Home Bank, this morning before the McKeown commission summarized his claim against the government for reimbursement.

While Sir Thomas White, when finance minister, had ignored danger signal after danger signal, he had, at least, made a genuine effort to improve the bank from within. But, Mr. Lee gave his successors in office had been guilty of negligence and inaction in the face of increasing danger. "Sir Henry Drayton never seems to have cared a whit what became of this bank," asserted Mr. Lee. "He didn't care whether the depositors lost all their money or not during his term of office."

As for Mr. Hon. W. S. Fielding, he had "apparently forgotten that there was any Home Bank at all." Mr. Lee said he could not find anything to show that the present finance minister had written a single letter to find out about the condition of the bank. "Sir Henry Drayton did nothing," Mr. Lee declared, "but he plunged on the banks and lost their money." Mr. Lee declared, "Are these finance ministers coming back to return to us our money?" He had not observed any indication of such a philanthropic intention on their part.

Mr. Lee's argument, which opened yesterday and occupied a large part of this morning's sitting of the McKeown commission, emphasized the warnings of the dangerous condition of the bank which, he claimed, were repeatedly given to finance ministers over a period of years.

Mr. Lee was followed by A. J. Browning, K.C., also appearing for the depositors.

Jap Quake Causes Shortage of Ivory
Associated Press Despatch.
Seattle, Wash., May 16.—Inability to aid an eastern correspondent in placing an order for ivory, is attributed by the Seattle Chamber of Commerce to the destruction of large quantities of elephant ivory in the Japanese earthquake of last September, the carving of "Eskimo" ivory by Japanese for the Alaska tourist curio trade, and the increased use of ivory in mah jong sets and cigarette holders.

The shortage is expected to be alleviated somewhat on the return of trading vessels from the north next summer. Prices offered hunters have increased considerably.

Stream of Water Turns Steel Edge
According to a recent scientific authority, a tiny jet of water descending 1,600 feet, traveling at the rate of 100 yards a second, cannot be cut into with an axe or sword. It will fracture the best blades of Toledo steel. It will turn an axe through an oak plank. It is quite impossible for a man to cut this stream through. To compute the power of falling water, it is necessary to multiply the volume of falling water in cubic feet per minute by its weight, 62.5 pounds, and this product by the vertical height of the fall in feet. The result is the number of foot-pounds representing 1-horsepower for one minute. A stream of water when flowing over a weir five feet high, and 100 feet in depth at the rate of one foot a second, and having a fall of 20 feet, develops 11-horsepower.

O. T. A. CHARGE.
Special to The Advertiser.
Rienheim, May 16.—In police court before Magistrate John Whittington, Charles Cohen pleaded guilty to a charge of having liquor in a place other than a private residence, and the hearing was adjourned to May 20. License Inspector Matthew Side laid the charge.

Petrified Forest Found.
Associated Press Despatch.
Los Angeles, May 16.—A small petrified forest, consisting of a number of stumps and fallen logs has been discovered in the hills that rim the Mohave desert, 135 miles northeast of here.

The stumps of the petrified standing stumps is about nine feet high, and is filled with mud and lava.

Lifeboats to Have Radio.
Bremen, May 16.—Lifeboats of the new German liner Columbus are to be equipped with radio. The power will come from motors carried on board, and the wave length will be from 200 to 600 meters. The Columbus will run between Bremen and New York.

Why your Back aches

If you are troubled with agonizing pains in the back—look to your kidneys. Pain in the back is one of the surest signs that these organs are becoming deranged. Unless they are set right, you will have still more serious trouble. Correct the disorder NOW and avoid future suffering.

For more than twenty years, Gin Pills have been the standard remedy for Kidney Troubles. They have relieved many thousands of people—they will relieve you. Order a box (50 cents) from your druggist to-day, and say goodbye for ever to your sufferings.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited
Toronto Ontario

Gin Pills in U.S.A. are the same as Gin Pills in Canada.



Smoke OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality



Sealed Package 15¢
(which keeps the tobacco in its original condition)

also in 1/2 lb. tins

Manufactured by Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada Limited

Insist on

"PHILLIPS" MILK OF MAGNESIA

SAY "PHILLIPS" to your druggist, or you may not get the original Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years.

Refuse imitations of genuine "Phillips"

Each large 50-cent bottle contains full directions and uses.

Frost Bantam Poultry Fence

Stays strong and neat for years

Not a tight and tidy-looking chicken run built with Frost Bantam Brand Poultry Fence—it costs no more!

It's far cheaper, in fact, because once up, it is there to stay—neat, handsome and strong—for years. The cost in time and money to keep ugly netting patched up and renewed soon becomes expensive.

Frost Bantam Brand Poultry Fence is strong enough for a light wire garden fence, yet it is closely enough spaced to keep in small chicks. No top or bottom supports required.

It is No. 15 1/2 gauge wire with No. 12 gauge (heavier) wire top and bottom; heights 24 to 60 inches; uprights 8 in. apart; laterals spaced 1 in. to 3 in. and 6 in. apart.

Made of the wire that made Frost Fence famous for rust and weather-resisting quality—drawn, annealed and extra heavily galvanized in our own factory.

Why not have a neat chicken run once for all? See the Frost dealer or write us direct for full particulars and prices.

Frost Steel and Wire Co., Limited
Hamilton, Canada

Bantam Brand

ON SALE AT
W. A. O'DELL'S Hardware
MARKET SQUARE, LONDON. PHONE 187.

GUMP, GOOGLE & CO., Experts In Laughter

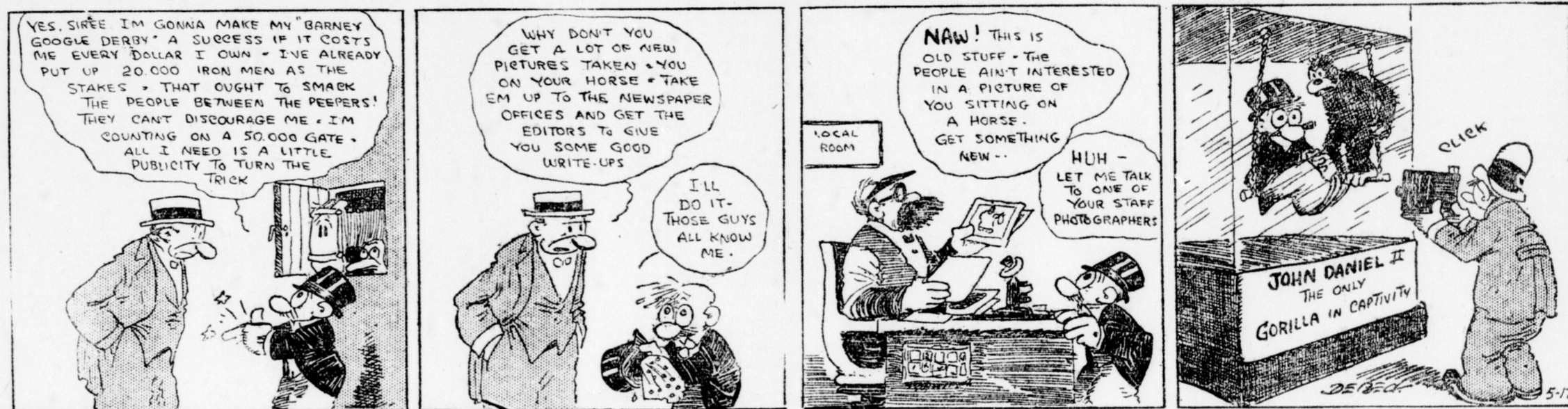
THE GUMPS—TRAINS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Makes a Monkey of Himself.

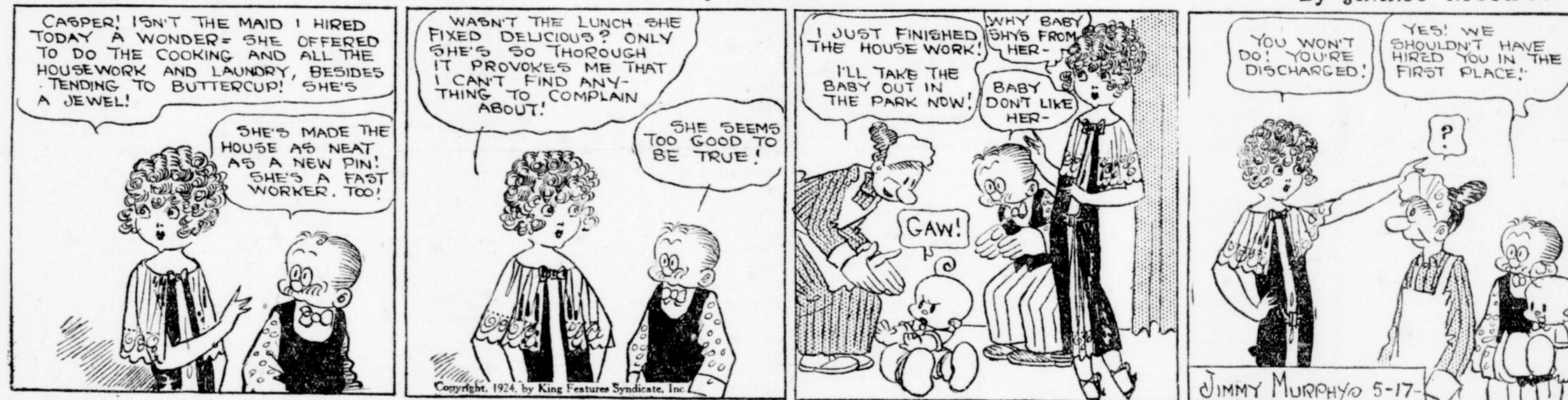
By BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

Buttercup's Decision Is Law.

By JIMMY MURPHY



MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff's Idea of the Comforts of Home Startles Mut.

By BUD FISHER



REG'AR FELLERS

A Military Taste.

By GENE BYRNES



Rowat's Coffee
Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.
70c Pound.

T. A. Rowat & Co.
250 Dundas St. Phone 3051-3052

BIG SALE OF MAMA DOLLS—All this week at

Peel's



Our fitters are experts, \$1.50 to \$10.00. We have trusses to fit all needs. **ANDERSON & NELLES**, 268 Dundas St.

Dr. J. W. Hutchison
OPTOMETRIST.

EXPERT EYE EXAMINATION
Office in Johnston's, Jewelry Store, Next to Allen Theatre.

ROSE PLANTS for SPRING PLANTING.

DICKS FLOWER SHOP

WEGNER'S
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Overalls, Sweaters, Coats, Gloves, Mittens and Raincoats.
LONDON'S LARGEST HIGH CLASS WORKINGMEN'S OUTFITTERS.
Exclusive Manufacturers' Agent for the Best Canadian Makes of Overalls.
WEGNER, The Heart of London, 371 Talbot St. Phone 1849.
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Shanghai Cafe
260 DUNDAS STREET.
Businessman's Lunch, 40c.
Sunday Chicken Dinner, 50c.
THE BEST PLACE TO EAT AFTER ALL.

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R. R. FERGUSON, Manager.
174-180 KING STREET.
Funeral Directors and Embalmers.
Hands-on Motor Hearse.
Day or Night Service with Promptness, Neatness and Quietness.
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Residence on premises. Phone 450.

The Mortician of Your Choice
should be more than just an undertaker. He should, apart from his professional capabilities, be a man of understanding and deep feeling. The spirit of "art" enters in all we do.
A. L. OATMAN
Director of Funeral Service
Phone 556. The Funeral Home.
Cor. King and Colborne Sts.

GOLD MEDAL AWARDED FOR MODEL DAIRY BARN

Maud King Wins Girls' Highest Hobby Fair Prize.

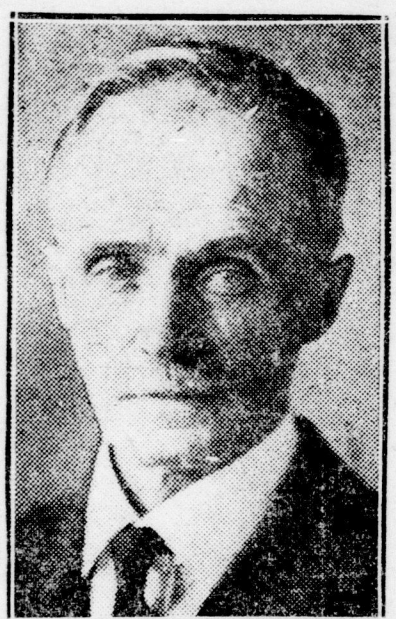
DOGS ARE FEATURE

Awards Will Be Presented At Allen Theatre Monday Night.

Another record crowd visited the armories hobby fair last night. The features of the evening were the musical contests, winners of the highest awards, and the dog show.

The boys' gold medal was captured by Roy Perry, age 17. A cash prize of \$15 goes with the award. The model dairy barn, exhibited by him, came in for the highest praise from those who went to the armories, and the verdict of the judges was a popular one.

The girls' gold medal was won by Maud King, age 15, whose dolls



WILLIAM E. MORRISON, who with 239 votes headed the polls in the Forest elections yesterday. The other councillor elected was Antonius Pius Wilcocks, while Kenneth McColl was defeated. Both Morrison and Wilcocks are anti-waterworks candidates.

house giving an interior view, was complete from back kitchen to attic. The many rooms were quaintly furnished, and little dolls sat in the parlor, as if with their housework finished they awaited callers.

A silver medal and cash prize of \$10 were won by T. E. Wrenshall, whose model yacht was an outstanding achievement in model boat building, displaying as it did a fine knowledge of the builder's craft, plus a splendid feeling for design.

Takes Medal and Cup.

The silver medal for the best dog went to Ralph Stinchcombe, who also takes the Forbes Cup. The medals, cups and prizes will be presented at the Allen Theatre Monday night.

Over three thousand people arrived at the armories before nine o'clock, which was equal to the entire attendance of the 1923 show. At seven o'clock the main floor was packed with people eager for the musical contests to begin.

The musical program is under the direction of Charles Wheeler, E. W. G. Quantz and Brother Stephen.

Is Big Attraction.

The dog show proved to be the biggest attraction of the pet stock show so far. Five o'clock saw the boys and girls arriving with their pets on the leash, and by 6 most of the entries were in the cages and kennels. One small freckled-faced boy, who arrived late, was the picture of abject despair until he found he would be able to show, when his face lightened with a bright smile, and he curled up in the kennel with his prize winner. The judges had a difficult task, for the pups could not be persuaded to keep in their cages, with the result that there were wild scamperings and ki-yis, as the judges pursued the escaped canines around the tent.

The prize for the ugliest dog went to James Bere, owner of Trix, a well bred skye terrier, three years old.

Dog Show.

Best dog in the show—Ralph Stinchcombe, Forbes Cup.

Best of breed—Kenneth Wilkins, bronze medal; Walter Blackburn, bronze medal; Allen Warren, bronze medal.

Best puppy in the show—Stuart Fisher; Dorothy Whittaker, second.

Dog in best condition—Dorothy James.

Oldest dog—R. Deller, 16 years old; Jack Parker, second; J. L. Russell, third.

Boston terriers and bull dogs—Allen Warren, Felix Jassacelli, Frank Casacelli, Wilson Boss, C. Sherlock.

All toy breeds—Pearl Bowen, Yorkshire; Billy Lewis, Dorothy Johannes, Leonard Spence, Poni; H. Thompson, Poni.

All sporting breeds except terriers—Walter Blackburn, Springer, setter; Jack Sippl, setter; Mary Colyer, Grant Donnelly, hound.

All terriers except Boston's: Fox-terrier, show type; Kenneth Wilkins, Roy Harvey, Melbourne Turner, Osman Elkins, Agnes Foster; toy type, Chas. L. Lenora McDougall, Francis Bradford, Muriel Mann, Garrett Elbo.

Airedales: George Brook, Eleanor Higgins, Clarence Barnhill, Bert Baugh.

Collie, show dogs: Ralph Stinchcombe, Arthur Dorey, David Johnson, Margaret Allford.

Collie, working: Jack Barker, Kenneth Durand, Annie Taney, Thelma Howlett, Kathleen Dishman, Alan Abber, hon. mention.

Boys: Hounds, Don Ferguson; collies, Thomas Boyce, Allan Hale, Trick dogs—Ernest Eby, fox-terrier; George Langlois, Wilson Ross, Nelson Foster.

Smallest dog over one year—Pearl Bowen, Yorkshire terrier.

Biggest dog—Arthur Dorey, show collie.

The following received honorable mention in the pet stock section dog show—Leslie Round, Kenneth Powell, Maurice Taylor, Gordon Bartram, George Langlois, Nelson Foster, Donald Scott, Fred Barnes, Clarence Thorpe, Alfred Heffner, Gordon Thorpe, Grace Barker, Andrew Sansone, R. Walsley, Eleanor Roy, R. Walsley, Marion Gillean, Robert North, Babe Quigley, Audrey McLennan, Dallas Burt, David Montell, Clark Walker, Willis Agor, Quatin Smith, Rudolph Eberhard, Frank Sidram, Howard Rake, Harold Deviney, Ben Higgins.

Model Building.

Prizes awarded in set-up Meccano.

Brilliant—Russell Morgan, bronze medal; Frederick Hertel, bronze

medal; Gordon McMeahan, 2nd; Duncan McNall, 3rd; Robert Glover, 4th. Meccano boats—Jack Reed, Jack Cochran.

Meccano towers—H. D. Stuart, Port Stanley, mono-rail tower with coach, bronze medal; Gordon Foster, 210 Elmwood avenue, 10 years, aeroplane, bronze medal; Donald Scott, 1st. Meccano derricks—Kenneth Totten, bronze medal; Lawrence McQuillan, 1st prize; Jack Daly, 2nd; George Fraser, 3rd; William F. Potherby, 4th.

Aeroplanes, Meccano: Gordon Foster, age 10, bronze medal; Harold Robinson, second; Jack Rawlings, third.

Aeroplanes, wooden: E. C. Boughner, bronze medal; Reg. Robinson, second; Ivan Scott, third; Kenneth Jeffries, hon. mention.

Trucks, Meccano: John Pleiter, bronze medal; Billy Shaw, second; Bob Hook, third; Ralph Speier, fourth; Harvey Blackmore, hon. mention.

Steam engine and boiler: Stanley Gladwin, bronze medal.

Model boat winners: Silver medal, T. E. Henshall; Douglas Calder, second, cash prize; C. Morley, third, cash prize; prize to three-masted schooner.

ASKIN CHURCH HAS SUCCESSFUL YEAR

Receipts For Term Total \$26,965—\$5,960 Go For Missions.

The most successful year financially in the history of the church was the report given by the trustees of the Askin Street Church after hearing the reports of the various departments at a meeting of the quarterly official board, held in the church committee room last night.

Total receipts were \$26,965; general missions totalled \$2,800 and woman's missionary association \$2,160, making a total of \$5,960 for missions. The following stewards were elected for next year: A. M. Hunt, John Heaman, Charles Talbot, R. R. Smith, J. F. Maine, W. Copp, James Brown, Dr. J. Reynolds, W. J. Courtis, H. Kilbourne, A. Courtes, F. Kilbourne, H. E. Lawson and M. Moorhouse; representative to the district meeting, J. F. Maine, and recording steward, Dr. W. J. Reynolds, who succeeds his father, Dr. S. F. Reynolds.

POLICE EXTEND SEARCH FOR SLAYER OF TRAPPER

Annti Kilpela Is Found Dead on C. N. R. Tracks Near Shabaqua.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Fort William, May 16.—The body of Annti Kilpela, a Finnish trapper, about 50 years of age, found dead, with every evidence of having been brutally murdered, a short distance from the track near Shabaqua Station on the Canadian National Railway, was brought into Fort William late last night and was today viewed by a jury under Coroner E. J. Boyd, the inquest being adjourned until May 30.

The body was found by a section-man, and from the condition of the body the man had not been long dead. Examination showed that the body was covered with wounds, the head was crushed, and one ear partially severed. Some of the wounds seem to have been inflicted with broken bottles, of which several were found scattered around the body, and there was one knife wound near the heart. In addition to the bottles a blood-stained knife was found in the ditch.

He Was in Pretty Bad Condition

So Says Saskatchewan Man Before He Used Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Mr. J. St. Gearmain Suffered From Rheumatism and Found Relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Lacordaire, Sask., May 16.—(Special)—"I feel glad to say that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best I have ever used. I was in pretty bad condition before I took your pills. I was weak in the kidneys and in bad shape with rheumatism. At present I am very well. I have recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to my neighbors and they all claim that they are the best kidney remedy that can be bought. I only took four boxes and now I can work hard and always feel so good."

This statement comes from Mr. J. St. Gearmain, well-known resident of this place.

There is no reason why anyone should continue to suffer when Dodd's Kidney Pills can be obtained from druggists everywhere, or The Dadds Medicine Company, Limited, Toronto.



Rough Pimply Skin Cleared By Cuticura

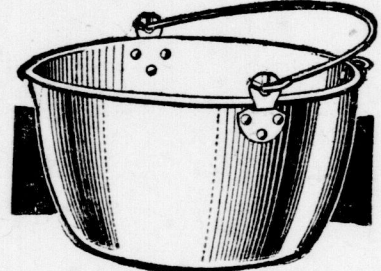
You may rely on Cuticura Soap and Ointment to clear your skin, scalp, hair and hands. Nothing better to clear the skin of pimples, blotches, redness or roughness, the scalp of dandruff and the hands of chapping. Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot, "Cuticura," P. O. Box 916, Montreal. Price, Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c. Follow the directions. Try our new Shaving Stick.

DEMONSTRATION SALE OF WEAR-EVER ALUMINUM

For One Week Commencing Monday

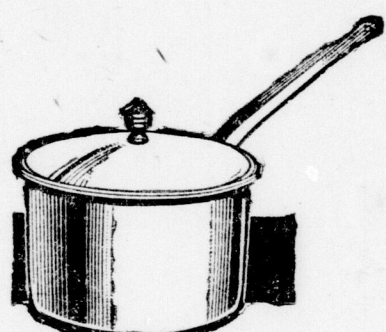
We have been fortunate in securing the service of Miss Chamberlain, direct from the Wear-Ever Co., to explain the qualities and uses of Wear-Ever Aluminum. For this demonstration sale we are offering four big specials. A 5-quart tea kettle, a 12-quart preserving kettle, a 4-quart saucepan, and 4-quart Windsor kettle, with 2-quart insert.

Miss Chamberlain is the "Expert in Household Economics" who has demonstrated for us on previous occasions, and holds her diploma on Dietetics from the Manitoba Agricultural College. She has received special recognition for her work there, and we are sure her advice on cooking and the use of aluminum utensils will be helpful, and hope you will feel free to consult with her next week. Special cooking demonstrations will be given each afternoon.



Preserving Kettle

Twelve-Quart Wear-Ever Preserving Kettle. Special \$2.19
If mailed, 20c extra.



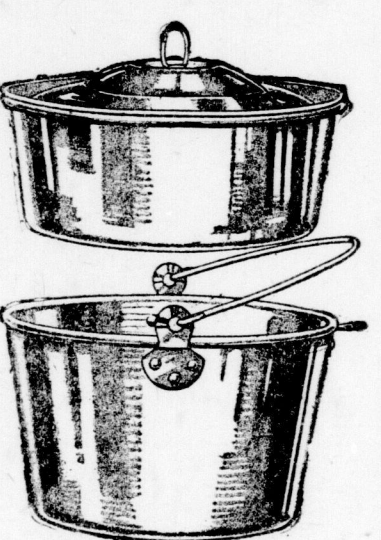
Saucepan

Four-Quart Wear-Ever Saucepan. Special \$1.39
If mailed, 15c extra.



Tea Kettle

Five-Quart Wear-Ever Tea Kettle, seamless, with sheet spout and adjustable bail handle. Special, \$3.79
If mailed, 25c extra.



Windsor Kettle and Insert

Four-Quart Wear-Ever Windsor Kettle and Two-Quart Wear-Ever Insert. Special \$1.98
If mailed, 20c extra.

WEAR-EVER COUPON A
In order that the factory may have an accurate record of the number of these "Wear-Ever" utensils sold at these special prices we are required to coupon this sale.

Name

Address

Date

To-day I saw

Each year the months of May and June add their delightful quota to the number of "sweet girl graduates" who join their predecessors out in the wide, wide world.

And each year the proud "sisters and cousins who are reckoned by the dozens" (not to mention the aunts!) vie with each other in the selection of appropriate tribute.

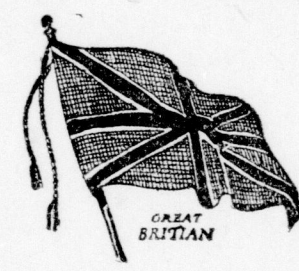
Today I saw dozens of gifts which are sure of a joyous welcome from any graduate or graduate-elect. The pride of possession will fill the proud recipient of gifts for her own room. A desk set, quaint book-ends, a boudoir lamp, a glowing bit of pottery, or ivory piece for her dressing-table.

Then there are the personal possessions which every girl loves—lingerie, delicately tinted, silk vests and gloves and hose, sparkling beads and captivating perfumes.

Have you a little graduate in your home? (The usual apologies!) She will like the things I saw today!

Judith

FLAGS—COTTON AND WOOL BUNTING



You'll want your Flag flying on Saturday, the 24th, as you'll want to start the season off right. So, see that your colors are in good shape. Maybe you will find that the past season has somewhat wrecked the old bunting and so necessitates replacing. We are offering Pure Wool Government Standard Bunting Flags at most attractive prices. The new low prices should be an inducement to replenish old flags and awaken keener interest amongst our citizens generally. FLY YOUR FLAG ON THE 24TH.

ALL PURE WOOL BUNTING FLAGS

1-yard and 1 1/2-yard Union Jack.....	85c and \$1.75 each	3-yard and 3 1/2-yard Canadian.....	\$6.75 and \$9.00 each
1-yard and 1 1/2-yard Canadian.....	\$1.10 and \$2.00 each	4-yard and 4 1/2-yard Union Jack.....	\$8.75 and \$12.50 each
2-yard and 2 1/2-yard Union Jack.....	\$3.00 and \$4.25 each	4-yard and 4 1/2-yard Canadian.....	\$10.50 and \$13.00 each
2-yard and 2 1/2-yard Canadian.....	\$3.50 and \$4.75 each	5-yard and 5 1/2-yard Union Jack.....	\$13.00 and \$15.60 each
3-yard and 3 1/2-yard Union Jack.....	\$5.50 and \$7.50 each	6-yard Union Jack and Canadian.....	\$18.00 and \$21.00 each

COTTON FLAGS (Canadian and Union Jacks).

6x8 inches.....	5c each, 55c dozen	12x16 inches, 12 1/2c each, \$1.40 doz.	
8x12 inches.....	8c each, 85c dozen	14x18 inches.....	15c each, \$1.60 dozen
9x14 inches.....	10c each, \$1.10 dozen	16x24 inches.....	25c each, \$2.75 dozen

THE CARE OF WOOL BUNTING FLAGS

Wool Bunting Flags will give years longer service if, instead of tacking flag on pole, the toggles attached are used. This enables the removal from pole easily. Before putting away Flags should be laundered in lukewarm water, using a good soap or Lux to avoid shrinking. Care should be taken in storage against moths. Do not leave flag on pole during storm.



Are Your Furs In Safe Keeping for the Summer?

—where moth and heat will not destroy? We still have room for a limited number of pieces. Stored in freezing temperature and insured against damage by moth, fire or theft, at a very small cost. Nothing but furs taken or stored in this storage. Clean, pure and wholesome atmosphere. Furs called for and delivered. Inquire at Fur Department or phone 4400.

OWEN'S BLUE SOAP POWDER
DEMONSTRATION
This Week Only—Remove: Stains, Grease, Etc.

SMALLMAN'S INGRAM

SILVERWARE
See Display of GIFT SILVERWARE On Main Floor.