

## OVER \$1,000,000 PAID IN CITY TAXES TODAY

### Chief Liberal Whip Arrives In City For Big Rally Tonight

#### HERRIOT AGREES TO FORM NEW MINISTRY

Victorious Left Bloc Chief  
Accepts Invitation of Pres-  
ident Doumergue.

#### NORMALCY SEEN

New Premier Plans an Early  
Conference With Ramsay  
MacDonald in London.

Associated Press Despatch.  
Paris, June 14.—Edouard Herriot,  
leader of the Radical Party and head  
of the Left Bloc which was victori-  
ous in the recent parliamentary elec-  
tions, today accepted the invitation  
of President Doumergue to form a  
ministry. The new premier expects  
to go to London on Saturday next to  
confer with Mr. MacDonald, the Brit-  
ish prime minister.

With the presidential crisis set-  
tled, France looked today for speedy  
stabilization of the political situation  
through the formation of a ministry  
under Edouard Herriot to succeed  
the temporary one headed by M.  
Francis-Marsais, which completed  
its mission yesterday.

Confidence in M. Doumergue is the  
keystone of the morning press op-  
inion even in those papers which op-  
posed his election.

Doumergue Welcomed.

L'Ere Nouvelle, representative of the  
left, hastens to welcome Doumergue, ex-  
pressing complete confidence that he  
will direct the destinies of the re-  
public in the way indicated by the  
people in the parliamentary elections  
of May 11. As a true Republican,  
it says, he will dissipate the equiv-  
ocal circumstances which surround  
his election and prove that he is not  
the prisoner of his "undesirable pro-  
tectors," referring to the votes from  
the right which helped elect him.

The presidential election is de-  
scribed in many quarters as "mark-  
ing the distinct will of the parlia-  
mentary majority to shake off the  
dictatorship of the left bloc, espe-  
cially of the untried Socialists."

Fails to Appear.

The Communist organ, L'Humanite,  
rejoices over the discomfiture of  
Herriot's followers in not placing  
M. Painleve in the presidential chair.

It was noticed at Versailles during  
the balloting that when M. Painleve's  
name was called he failed to  
present himself at the voting urn.  
There is no tradition that candidates  
shall not vote for themselves in the  
National Assembly. In fact, both  
Loubet and Fallieres are credited  
with having done so, but Doumergue  
refrained.

One of the first official acts of the  
new president will be the placing of  
a wreath on the tomb of the "un-  
known" soldier this morning. The  
schools and private offices will be  
given a holiday Monday and the  
troops will be allowed an extra half-  
penny of wine.

In connection with the report that  
M. Painleve intends to resign the  
presidency of the Chamber of Deputies  
because of his defeat at Ver-  
sailles, Le Matin says, it is author-  
ized to state that he is not consid-  
ering such a step.

#### CROPS ARE UNFAVORABLE IN EUROPE, SAYS REPORT

Canadian Press Despatch.  
Foot William, June 14.—Unfavor-  
able reports of European crop con-  
ditions, higher Liverpool cables and  
a steady advance in the price of No. 1  
northern spot wheat, from 25¢ on  
April 20, to \$1.08 on May 26, the  
highest quotation since September 11,  
1923, and grain inspections in the  
western division the third highest in  
the history of the country, are the  
outstanding features emphasized in  
the May statement of Western Cana-  
dian grain crop movement, issued here  
today by E. A. Ursell, statistician  
to the board of grain commissioners.

#### The Weather

Light to mod-  
erate winds, fine  
and a little  
warmer today  
and Sunday.

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.  
The highest and lowest tempera-  
tures recorded in London during the  
24 hours previous to 8 o'clock last  
night were: Highest, 73; lowest, 59.  
The official temperatures for the  
12 hours previous to 8 a.m. today  
were: Highest, 66; lowest, 50.  
Barometric Readings.  
Friday—8 a.m.—29.25.  
Today—8 a.m.—29.16.



PRINCIPALS IN DUNWICH WEDDING.

"Locust Grove," Dunwich, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan H. McCallum, was the scene of a pretty wedding yesterday, when their daughter, Mary Ellen, became the bride of Arnold Lorraine Crawford of Dutton, younger son of the late J. B. Crawford and Mrs. Crawford. Rev. R. M. Stewart of Dutton was the officiating clergyman.

#### ACCOMMODATION LACK NOW MORE APPARENT

#### Drowns Trying To Save Boy

Associated Press Despatch.  
Saskatoon, Sask., June 14.—  
Wilfrid Smith of Outlook, Sask.,  
was drowned yesterday in the  
Saskatchewan River, while at-  
tempting to save the life of a 5-  
year-old boy.

Smith and the boy were float-  
ing on a log near the shore, but  
the current took it into mid-  
stream. Smith attempted to  
swim ashore with the lad on his  
back, but went down after cover-  
ing a short distance. They boy  
was saved. Smith's body has not  
been recovered.

#### LUSH IS REMANDED ON LIQUOR CHARGE

Engineer at Local Plant Faces  
Criminal, O. T. A. and  
Federal Charges.

Charles Lush, engineer at a local  
brewery, was remanded until Monday  
when he appeared in police court this  
morning on four charges, two under  
the O. T. A., one criminal and the  
other under the inland revenue act.

The building where Lush works was  
raided shortly after midnight by Con-  
stable Earl Knight and Walter Pone,  
who found seven cases of liquor and  
three tubs of mash. Lush was put  
under arrest by the officers, and is  
charged with having liquor in a place  
other than a private dwelling, hav-  
ing it for sale, brewing without a  
permit, and is also charged with  
carrying a revolver without a permit.

J. M. Donahue appeared for the  
accused and asked for an adjourn-  
ment until Monday, which was granted.  
Crown Attorney A. M. Judd will  
prosecute the criminal charge of  
carrying a revolver, while J. G. Gil-  
landers is prosecuting under the in-  
land revenue act.

The liquor was found in the base-  
ment behind the boilers, and no at-  
tempt had apparently been made to  
hide it. The odor of the mash per-  
meated the police station this morn-  
ing.

#### THREE MEN ARRESTED IN \$100,000 GEM THEFT

Associated Press Despatch.  
New York, June 14.—Three men,  
two of whom the police say are out  
on bail on charges concerning other  
holdups, were arrested early today  
in connection with the robbery of a  
pouch containing \$100,000 worth of  
jewelry from a truck last Tuesday.

#### O. M. L. ERECTS 65,000 ROAD SIGNS IN ONTARIO

Upwards of 65,000 road signs have  
been erected throughout the Prov-  
ince of Ontario by the Ontario Motor  
League, which is the only organiza-  
tion engaged in work of this kind.  
Throughout the year the league's  
road sign car traversed the main  
travelled highways erecting new  
signs and replacing others where  
required.

#### POSTAL MEN HERE TAKE SECRET VOTE ON WALKOUT

Results Will Be Forwarded to  
Workers' Executive Offices  
in Ottawa.

#### STAND UNKNOWN

Two-Thirds Majority Favored  
Strike at Last Vote—Men  
Back Chiefs.

A secret ballot was taken by the  
London postal workers this morning.  
The results will be forwarded to the  
executive of the postal workers or-  
ganization at Ottawa tonight.

London workers voted a two-third  
majority in favor of a strike when  
the last vote was taken, but officials  
are not prepared to say whether  
there has been any change in the  
feeling of the men since that time.

The men, however, are solidly be-  
hind the executive at Ottawa, and if  
the other big centers in Canada vote  
strike, London will also walk out.

When seen by The Advertiser this  
morning, Postmaster T. C. Duncan  
stated that he was unable to state  
what would happen in event of a  
strike. Whether or not any attempt  
would be made to clear and distribute  
mails seems to depend on Ottawa.

At last night's meeting of the  
postal workers' ex-Ald. Ashwin ad-  
dressed the meeting. A resolution  
was passed giving \$25 towards the  
Trades and Labor convention to be  
held here in August. At the latter  
carriers' meeting on Thursday night  
a grant of \$50 was made for the  
convention.

Secretary Fred Wilson of the city  
postal workers was advised this  
morning that a big mass meeting of  
employees will be held in Massey  
Hall, Toronto, tomorrow.

#### HAYDON RETURNED HEAD OF PRINTERS

Other Officers of Union Are  
Accorded Re-election at  
Conference.

At the concluding business ses-  
sion of the Ontario and Quebec Con-  
ference of Typographical Unions, this  
morning, Capt. J. A. P. Haydon, M.  
C. Ottawa, was re-elected president  
of the conference for the ensuing  
year.

In moving the nomination of Capt.  
Haydon for a second term, A. H.  
Wheatley, president of the London  
Typographical Union, declared that  
the most remarkable leadership, energy  
and enthusiasm of any officer en-  
gaged in voluntary work of a similar  
nature. Delegate James Cunningham,  
Toronto, characterized this year's  
conference as the most profitable in  
the past seven years.

The other officers of last year's  
executive were also accorded re-  
election by acclamation, namely:  
John A. Griffiths, Montreal, first vice-  
president; E. C. Schmidt, St. Catharines,  
second vice-president; and  
Hugh S. Bentley, Hamilton, secre-  
tary-treasurer. Delegate Bentley  
was tendered the special thanks of  
the conference for his splendid ser-  
vices as secretary, he having held  
that position for the past six years.

The officers were duly installed in  
office by Delegate Wheatley of London.  
The election of officers was  
conducted by George R. Brunt, presi-  
dent of the International Printing Pressmen  
and Assistants' Union.

The motion of Delegate George  
Rose, Windsor, and W. A. Floyd,  
London, to adjourn the conference next  
Please See Page 2, Column 1.

#### DEPOSITORS PREPARE FOR MOVE ON OTTAWA

Canadian Press Despatch.  
Toronto, June 14.—Meetings of  
Home Bank depositors in city  
branches took place tonight to pre-  
pare for the move on Ottawa, when  
the banking and commerce com-  
mittee of the House of Commons takes  
up the report of Mr. Justice McKeown,  
the royal commissioner on the  
present time action upon the  
report is in the hands of a sub-  
committee, which will likely be ready  
to report by Tuesday.

W. T. J. Lee, chairman of the  
national executive, said tonight no  
reply had been received to the mes-  
sage, asking if the banking and com-  
merce committee would receive a  
deputation representing all the de-  
positors. The deputation, if sent,  
will number 150, but it is possible  
the banking committee at Ottawa  
may decide to proceed without any  
representations by a committee of  
the depositors.



ALLAN JOHNSTON,  
prominent member of the St. Andrew  
Olympians, who is a strong alterna-  
tive candidate in the boys' elec-  
tions, to be held next week.

#### "GASSED" BEER FOOLS PATRONS

Border Bartenders Have the  
Secrets of Pepping Up 2 1/2  
Per Cent Drink.

Officers interested in the enforce-  
ment of the O. T. A. have had many  
quiet chuckles during the last year,  
especially in the Windsor district,  
where many glib Americans have  
crossed to Canada to round up "real"  
beer at the numerous road houses.

These U. S. citizens as well as  
many Canadians have quaffed many  
a schooner of beer which had all the  
appearances of the "real stuff," but  
which in reality is nothing more than  
temperance beer with lots of voltage  
behind it. Road house bartenders  
know how to "gas" the draught beer,  
and even the police officers them-  
selves are not sure just what it is  
until an analysis has been made.

Temperance beer that should sell  
for five cents a glass is handed out  
for 25 cents over some border bars  
and the recipients laugh at the man-  
ner in which the O. T. A. is being  
enforced. They don't know that the  
laugh is on them and still continue to  
lick their lips over regulation "2 1/2  
per cent," according to government  
enforcement officers who in the past  
have had a lot of experience at border  
points.

#### SLIPSHOD USE OF ENGLISH IS DENOUNCED BY SHAW

Deplores Increasing Use of  
"Parrot Talk" and  
"Mumble Mumble."

#### MUSIC IS DESTROYED

Correct Language Does Not  
Exist, Noted English  
Writer Declares.

London, June 14.—The campaign  
against the slipshod use of English  
has found a vigorous exponent in  
George Bernard Shaw, who in an  
address before the English Associa-  
tion deplored what he characterized  
as the increasing use of "parrot talk"  
and the "mumble, mumble" of host-  
esses.

The parrot, Mr. Shaw said, learned  
words and phrases distinctly at first,  
but gradually modified them so that  
eventually they became unintelligible  
to all except those who heard the  
bird speak daily, and who, because  
of the gradual nature of the change,  
did not notice the difference in arti-  
culation. "Parrot talk," he declared,  
"was not confined to parrots, and was  
an example of the decay in language  
among human beings."

"What you ought to aim at," he  
said, "is to speak English that is  
intelligible to foreigners. It is not  
sufficient for us to be intelligible to  
one another, because we are in the  
slavishness of the family to the parrot."  
Slovenliness of speech, Mr. Shaw  
declared, should be discouraged, for  
it tended to destroy the variety and  
music of language. A "correct lan-  
guage," he said, "was another mat-  
ter, and did not exist."

"Correct English does not matter  
so much now," he concluded. "You  
have to get, say, a standard  
actor, whose English is absolutely  
unimpeachable, to set before people  
a standard, and say, 'That is good  
enough.' If you come within a cer-  
tain distance of that you will be all  
right."

#### TAXPAYERS ARE POURING MONEY INTO TREASURER

City Official Expects Million  
Will Be Paid In by  
Night.

#### \$131,000 YESTERDAY

One-Third of Total Amount  
of Taxes Has Already  
Been Remitted.

A million dollars in taxes will be  
paid in by tonight, City Treasurer  
James S. Bell stated today. That  
is a third of the total taxes on which  
collections will be completed on Mon-  
day night.

Yesterday \$131,000 were paid into  
the tax collector's office. Today rate-  
payers were lined up four deep in  
the city offices, and there was a con-  
tinual stream all morning.

On Monday the offices will be open  
all day and until 9 o'clock in the  
evening. Monday is the last day for  
the payment of the first installment of  
taxes, and a deluge of checks and  
bank notes is expected.

Altogether, there is \$2,000,000 to be  
collected in the first installment.  
Some of this is coming in by mail,  
while the majority of citizens are  
making personal appearances at  
Mr. Bell's office.

The second installment of taxes is  
due on Aug. 15, and the third must  
be paid by Oct. 15.

#### PRINTERS WILL PICNIC AT LAKESIDE TODAY

Picnics held at Port Stanley this  
afternoon include one for the dele-  
gates in town for the Ontario and  
Quebec Conference of Typographical  
Unions as the guests of also London  
Typographical Union, and also the  
employees of the Gorman, Eckert  
wholesale firm.

Springbank Park will be the ren-  
dezvous for a big picnic under the  
auspices of the Kiwanis Club.

#### ALBERTA FOREST FIRES NOW UNDER CONTROL

Calgary, Alta., June 14.—Disastrous  
forest fires, which have been raging  
throughout Northern and Northwest-  
ern Alberta for some time, are now  
under control, heavy rains having ac-  
complished good work, according to  
information received here today by  
the Dominion forestry branch.

#### VALUABLE RUM SHIP IS SEIZED AT BUFFALO

The Johannesburg Stock Exchange  
is betting three to one on the Smuts  
government being victorious at the  
polls. A few weeks ago the odds on  
the stock exchange were two to one  
on the Nationalist Labor pact. How-  
ever, both the Nationalist and Labor  
parties profess confidence in winning  
the election, and are declaring that  
the Smuts administration is doomed  
to defeat.

#### COMMERCIAL FAILURES ARE ON THE DECREASE

Canadian Press Despatch.  
Toronto, June 14.—Fewer com-  
mercial failures were reported in Do-  
minion during the week ended yes-  
terday—28 compared with 59 for the  
corresponding week of 1923, accord-  
ing to the report of R. G. Dun & Co.  
today. Four provinces, British Colum-  
bia, Alberta, Nova Scotia and  
Prince Edward Island, had no fail-  
ures to report. Eleven occurred in  
Quebec province, eight in Ontario,  
four in Manitoba, and three in Saskat-  
chewan, and two in New Brun-  
swick.

#### HIRAM JOHNSON

of California, once considered a presi-  
dential possibility, who was among  
the "also rans" for the vice-presi-  
dency nomination at Cleveland.

#### VALUABLE RUM SHIP IS SEIZED AT BUFFALO

Oshawa, June 13.—The ship "Vic-  
tory," which entered Whitty harbor  
about a week ago and after loading a  
cargo of liquor which was consigned  
to Oswego, was yesterday seized by  
American federal agents at Buffalo,  
and two of the crew were arrested,  
while the other members escaped.

When this "Victory" first left Whitty  
with half a car of liquor she sprung  
her propeller and returned for re-  
pairs. After repairs she again set  
sail.

The liquor was consigned to one  
Harry Van Hayden, in Oswego, N.Y.,  
who, it now develops, was on board  
the boat and was arrested by the  
federal officers when the boat was  
boarded near Buffalo.

Four hundred and fifty cases of the  
750 loaded were found on board and  
confiscated, as well as the boat,  
which is valued at \$15,000, and a  
\$7,000 automobile which was cap-  
tured out of the three that were on  
the docks when the officers brought  
the boat in. The other two automo-  
biles dashed away as soon as it was  
seen that the boat was in the hands  
of the police.



JOHN WHITELAW,  
Nine years old, and member of Pro-  
vincial Constable T. Y. Stratton, who  
travelled all the way from Bonny  
Scotland in his kilts. He landed in  
Montreal earlier in the week from  
the SS. Cassandra with his mother,  
and will make his home with the pro-  
vincial constable. John hails from  
Cowdenbeath, Fifeshire, and he  
thinks Canada will be even nicer than  
Scotland.

Both of these men will join with  
Hon. G. W. Kye, chief Liberal whip,  
whose address will feature the meet-  
ing, was met at the C. N. R. station  
by George Webber, president of the  
Liberal party; E. S. Little, Andrew  
Robson, and other leading Liberals.  
Mr. Kye, who came from Ottawa,  
was accompanied by A. F. Healey,  
member for North Essex, who spent  
a short time in the city before going  
to Windsor.

Hon. James Malcolm of North  
Bruce and Hon. D. J. Sinclair both  
reached here in time to attend the  
Liberal luncheon at the Highland Golf  
Club.

Uphold Record.

Of the success of the program  
there is no doubt. Mr. Kye, with  
the reputation of one of the  
foremost speakers in the Liberal  
ranks, the facts he will marshal  
tonight, and the address of the  
Liberal party since it has as-  
sumed office and he will give them  
straight from the shoulder.

#### BETTING FAVORS SMUTS IN RACE

South African General Elec-  
tions Will Be Held On  
June 17.

Associated Press Despatch.  
Capetown, South Africa, June 14.—  
There is no likelihood of a stalemate  
as to the result of the general elec-  
tion on June 17, according to the  
view of a special correspondent of  
the Cape Times, who has been keep-  
ing in close touch with the progress  
of the political campaign, and in close  
touch particularly with the South  
African Party. One side or the other  
will get a substantial majority, he  
says.

The Johannesburg Stock Exchange  
is betting three to one on the Smuts  
government being victorious at the  
polls. A few weeks ago the odds on  
the stock exchange were two to one  
on the Nationalist Labor pact. How-  
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seen that the boat was in the hands  
of the police.

#### LONG TENURE BY LIBERALS AT OTTAWA IS FORESEEN

Hon. W. G. Kye, Chief  
Whip, Will Outline Party's  
Aims.

#### FORCES GATHER

Record Crowd Expected For  
Rally at Hyman Hall  
Tonight.

Speakers for the Liberal rally to-  
night in Hyman Hall arrived at noon.  
Hon. G. W. Kye, chief Liberal whip,  
whose address will feature the meet-  
ing, was met at the C. N. R. station  
by George Webber, president of the  
Liberal party; E. S. Little, Andrew  
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a short time in the city before going  
to Windsor.

#### COURT REMANDS BOY IN \$200 THEFT CASE

Charles Wood Pleads Guilty  
to Entering McMahan-  
Granger Warehouse.

Charles Wood, a youth of 15, re-  
siding at 201 Rectory street, pleaded  
guilty this morning to two charges  
of breaking and entering the ware-  
house of McMahan & Granger on  
York street, the first on June 6 and  
the second last night. A companion,  
Charles A. Shaw, also 15, of 58 Oak  
street, pleaded not guilty to the one  
charge preferred against him.

Wood was remanded a week for  
sentence while Shaw will be tried at  
week from today. He looks about 14  
years old and told the court he was  
ready to be tried this morning. The  
magistrate and Crown Attorney Al-  
bert Judd, however, thought he  
should be remanded and given a  
chance to secure counsel should he  
so desire.

Constable Alex. Towle caught the  
boys in the yard behind the ware-  
house laden with goods at 10:25 last  
night, and took them to the police  
station. They had in their posses-  
sion 17 shirts and 10 collars, valued  
at \$55.

Wood pleaded guilty to taking 13  
shirts, 6 sweaters, 10 pairs of sock-  
ings, 25 neckties, 88 handkerchiefs, 9  
pairs of buttons, and other goods  
valued at \$150 on the night of June  
6. Entrance was gained from the rear  
on each occasion.

The goods stolen on June 6 were  
recovered at the boy's home by the  
police, and are now at the police  
station. One of the shirts is soiled  
and had apparently been worn.  
Both boys were unshaven and dirty  
when they faced the magistrate this  
morning. The father of Shaw was in  
court and held a conference with the  
magistrate after the proceedings were  
over.



# Jury Places Blame For Boy's Death On Negligent Driving of Thomas Clare

## VERDICT IS GIVEN IN TEN MINUTES

Blame For Death of Charles Lane Is Placed On Clare.

### SIX WITNESSES

"The death of the deceased was caused by the negligent driving of Thomas Clare," was the verdict of the coroner's jury last night at the inquest held to determine the cause of the death of Charles Lane.

Lane, in company with Ernest Brown, was riding north on Waterloo street on the night of June 4, when a car driven by Thomas Clare hit the motorcycle at the intersection of Waterloo and Hill streets. Both men had their left leg fractured. Lane died last Tuesday afternoon as the result of complications that set in after the accident.

The first witness to be called was Hugh Clair, 142 Waterloo street. He said the vehicles approached each other, one from the north and the other from the south. The touring car was going south, and just as it reached the corner the driver swung to make a left-hand turn to go east on Hill street. The motorcycle had nearly crossed Hill street and the touring car struck it when but a few feet from the curb. Both cars had their lights on, but neither blew their horns as they approached the corner. He estimated the speed of both at ten miles an hour.

Saw Car Turn. Albert V. Lees, 383 Ottawa street, was called as the next witness. He was walking north along Waterloo street, he said, when he saw a girl cross Waterloo street, going west on Hill street, right in front of a large touring car. The car took a sudden turn, so as to go east on Hill street, and in doing so cut the corner. He did not see either driver, but he saw the motorcycle.

Dr. F. R. Clark, who performed the post-mortem examination, said that death had resulted from the injury to Lane's left leg, shock, and from infection that came from the accident.

Other witnesses called by the prosecution were: Edward Magee, 154 Hill street; Charles Foley, 145 Waterloo street; John Richards, 116 Waterloo street; Sam Munro, 191 Waterloo street. All four were sure that the motorcycle had come north on Waterloo street, that Clare had made a sharp turn at the corner, that the driver of the car was not around following the accident, that no warning had been given by either driver, and the motorcycle had been carried one car-length after the impact. One witness said that when the driver of the car got out and started to help Lane and saw how badly injured he was, he started to walk rapidly off down Hill street.

Pinned Under Wheel. The motorcycle was pinned under the front wheel of the car.

The inquest was in charge of Detective Walsh of the police department. Coroner Edward Foley was in the magistrate's seat, and the witnesses were examined by Crown Attorney Judd. Clare was represented by H. R. Cluff, who did not wish his client to testify.

The foreman of the jury was Thomas McKim, 9 Inglefield street. The other members of the jury being Percy Ashton, 54 Victoria street; G. W. Thomas, 55 Wharfedale street; George Steer, 54 Horton street; Benjamin Talbot, 160 Grosvenor street; F. H. Thomson, 97 Maitland street; Fred Highway, 78 Stanley street; H. O. Hunt, 42 Euclid avenue; W. F. Carter, 137 Broad street; and Latone Brigham, 109 Duchess avenue.

The jury took only ten minutes to decide on the verdict.

## HAYDON IS RETURNED HEAD OF PRINTERS

Concluded From Page 1.

year he held at Windsor was unanimously adopted. A telegram was received from A. P. Burgoine, president of the St. Catharines Chamber of Commerce extending an invitation to hold the conference in the Garden City in 1928.

A motion was introduced by President Haydon and heartily endorsed by the delegates, thanking the reporters of The Advertiser and Free Press for the splendid publicity accorded the conference in the local press.

The delegates registered for the convention were as follows: Ottawa: President J. A. P. Burgoine, Walter Robertson, Fred Press, Toronto: James Cunningham, S. J. McMaster, Montreal: Vice-President J. A. Griffiths, Hamilton: Secretary H. S. Bentley, W. J. Mountjoy, London: A. H. Wheatley, W. N. Floyd, Wm. Hunter, Stratford: H. J. Brader, Geo. Wreford; Windsor: Geo. Rose, A. P. Johnston; Kingston: Chas. Harton; St. Catharines: Vice-President F. C. Schmidt; Sarnia: Fred W. Farley; Peterboro: M. Dunkley.

The following fraternal delegates were also present: Geo. R. Brunet, Montreal, International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union; J. Gallagher, Toronto, Mailers' Trades District; E. A. O'Dell, Hamilton, Boot and Shoe Workers' Union.

Supreme since the eighties. **STRONG'S Baking Powder** has stood the test of time. It's pure. 50c lb., 1/2 lb. 25c. **STRONG'S DRUG STORE** 184 DUNDAS ST., LONDON.

## FARM ACCOUNTS URGED TO MAKE BUSINESS PAY

F. W. Freeborn, M.L.A., Tells Committee Farmers Must Keep Books.

### LAUNDRIES, NURSES

Mrs. W. N. Glenn of Hensall Tells How To Improve Homes.

The agricultural inquiry committee touring the province to secure ideas from farmers as to what the government can do to improve their position, both financially and otherwise, met in London at the chamber of commerce yesterday afternoon and received a whole flood of information with some valuable suggestions thrown in for good measure. There were, of course, a number of things complained about that the committee had heard before, such as high freight rates, particularly on cattle, and the manner in which consignments to Toronto Stockyards were treated. The C. of C. rooms were crowded to capacity with farmers and others interested in the inquiry.

J. W. Freeborn, M.L.A. for East Middlesex, contributed a thoughtful address on general farming conditions. Co-operative marketing on a commodity basis, with each commodity thoroughly organized with a central organization, would help solve the farmers' problems. Cost accounts should be kept by all farmers. Mr. Freeborn ventured to say that not 1,000 farmers in Canada kept proper track of their costs of production.

Other witnesses called by the prosecution were: Edward Magee, 154 Hill street; Charles Foley, 145 Waterloo street; John Richards, 116 Waterloo street; Sam Munro, 191 Waterloo street. All four were sure that the motorcycle had come north on Waterloo street, that Clare had made a sharp turn at the corner, that the driver of the car was not around following the accident, that no warning had been given by either driver, and the motorcycle had been carried one car-length after the impact. One witness said that when the driver of the car got out and started to help Lane and saw how badly injured he was, he started to walk rapidly off down Hill street.

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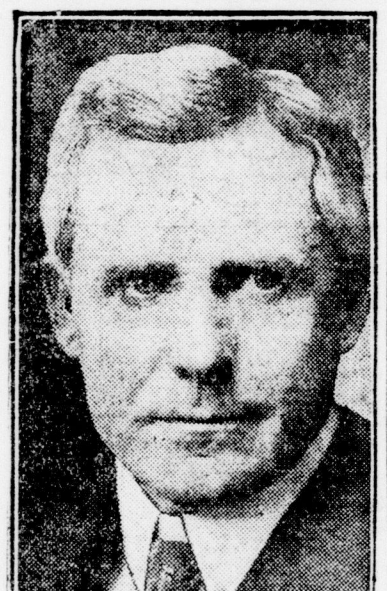
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SENATOR JIM REED

of Pennsylvania, who defied Czar Butley's designation of Secretary Hoover as Coolidge's running mate, and who succeeded in having the Cleveland convention choose Brig-Gen. Charles G. Dawes.

clerks regarding farm land and 102 replies had been received. Summed up, these showed that there were 47,555 acres of vacant land, 212,607 acres of land for sale and over 7,000 acres pasture in excess of requirements. The weed problem was a menace to agricultural prosperity.

George Bogue of Lambeth spoke of transportation difficulties in shipping beef cattle. The cost was too high for one thing. He approved of the campaign against scrub bulls, but thought it was a little premature to advocate compulsion of purchased sires. It paid to fence cattle even now, providing the very best methods were used, such as proper care, feed selection, etc.

Charles Mackie, Appin, declared drovers objected to paying \$38 a ton for hay at Toronto stock yards and a commission of \$17 a car when \$12 would be about right.

Reforestation was also taken up by the speaker. There had been a temptation to part with wood lots at high prices. The province should make a survey of land not adequate for agricultural purposes and plant it with trees so that posterity might be protected. Bird life had been destroyed by the cutting down of forests and insects had increased. The whole matter was one of great national importance.

R. Bond, Mount Brydges, thought that apples should be inspected at the shipping point and that the district fruit inspectors should have help at the busy season. He declared it was a shame and disgrace the apples being sold in the London market. It was impossible to buy good apples on the local market, and even when good stuff did appear, the grower couldn't get the proper money for it. The merchant bought from the farmer and was not required to grade his apples, while the shipper at outside points had to grade everything.

Mr. Bond, who manages a co-operative apple company, wasn't afraid of E. C. trade so far as Spys, Greenings and Snows were concerned, but that Ontario could not compete with Baldwin's. He said that a large number of cull apples were shipped to Quebec.

"They don't need to make elder down here," observed the chairman. "To, they were sold to peddlers," replied Mr. Bond amid laughter.

Where Are Inspectors? Eli Davis, vegetable grower, wanted to know where the inspectors were. He displayed a basket of cucumbers grown in the southern states, purchased at a local wholesaler, that were wizened and poor. They could be purchased there for 70c a hamper, containing from 7 to 9 dozen. There was a duty of 30 per cent, which looked large, but didn't amount to much on 70c. Cucumbers grown in his own greenhouse sold at 90c a dozen, the grower selling them at 10c each. It was impossible to sell cheaper than the cost of production.

Mr. Davis also showed a sample of tomatoes from the south, which he declared was junk and not fit for human consumption. Duty on southern vegetables and fruit should be imposed at the border on the purchase price here and not on the selling price there. There should be a luxury tax on such imports. Local greenhousemen were carrying on a sheep, advocating more education for the people regarding the difference between local and imported vegetables.

Dave McEwen of Byron spoke on sheep, advocating more education for the industry. There should be a standardization of breeds and better sires should be used. Sheep-raising had been moderately profitable, Mr. McEwen stated.

Frank Boyes of Dorchester touched on dairying. He thought farmers should have protection from the U. S. as well as manufacturers, pointing out that as soon as butter and eggs advanced to a good price here, the Americans started to dump stuff here with a consequent lowering of prices. Dairying was not paying the farmers any too well at the present time. Farmers could not be educated too strongly to take care of their milk.

Cheerful Figures. A. B. McDonald of Glencoe was about the only cheerful individual who spoke during the afternoon. He advocated the growing of pure seed, and told the committee the government should purchase machines to clean seed, such as was being done in Alberta and Manitoba. Personally he was making more money off 30 acres than he did formerly on 220, and this was because he was growing pure seed and could sell it at a good price. Someone in the audience wanted to know how much he made out of insurance.

Col. Brown declared questionnaires had been sent out to 157 township

## SOLDIER DEAD - HONORED TODAY

Wreaths Are Placed On the Graves by I.O.D.E. and G.W.V.A. Members.

### SERVICE ON SUNDAY

In loving memory of London's soldier dead, wreaths, surmounted by the Union Jack, were placed upon the graves of those who gave all to Britain. This afternoon members of the Imperial Daughters of the Empire and the Great War Veterans' Association attended the services at Woodland Cemetery and St. Peter's Cemetery.

Citizens and members of the Imperial Daughters of the Empire, the Great War Veterans' Association, and other organizations, assembled at the city hall at 2:30 p.m. for the service. Wreaths offered by private citizens and organizations were placed upon the graves. The service was officiated by Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce in the United States government, and 25 members of the United States section of the war veterans' commission.

That portion of the work from the mountain to Lake Ontario is being visited. Complete amazement was expressed by the American chief of the twin concrete locks at Thorold, similar to the Gatun locks of the Panama Canal, but possessing many unique details of construction. These locks are but to pass two boats at a time, one up and one down, and are 800 feet in length, 80 feet wide, and with a lift of 47 feet.

After inspecting the twin locks and surrounding construction, the party boarded an observation train under the direction of First Assistant Engineer L. W. MacLachlan of the department of railways and canals, and Alex. Grant, chief engineer of the ship canal staff, and proceeded over the construction work to Port Weller, where they inspected Lock One, which is practically completed.

Dr. Howard Spohn, pastor of Ridout Street Methodist Church, will officiate at the Mount Pleasant service. Following the service flowers will be placed on the Cross of Sacrifice. The pipes will play "Flowers of the Forest," and the graves will be decorated with flags while a service of the Kiwanis club and other organizations will meet before the city hall and march to Dundas bridge. The Kiwanians will supply a day committee would be pleased to see other bodies or private citizens attend with cars so that all desiring to attend the service at Mount Pleasant will be able to do so.

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German-made shoes imported into Canada. Manufacturer Tells Toronto Council Committee Cost Very Low.

German-made shoes are being imported into Canada at about half the cost of Canadian-made shoes, according to information given to the special committee of Toronto city council on unemployment, Monday, on the authority of S. Roy Weaver, manager of the Shoe Manufacturers' Association of Canada. Mr. Weaver's letter, as read to the committee by William Varley, ran in part:

Last fall approximately 33,000 pairs of children's shoes of good quality leather and well made in every respect were imported into Montreal. These goods were purchased in Germany at the equivalent of 50 to 55 cents per pair. The duty of 30 per cent was assessed on a valuation of 80 cents per pair. No dumping duty was applied. A Montreal shoe manufacturer who saw these shoes stated that he could not make similar shoes here for less than \$1.25 per pair.

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## Judge Is Killed Showing Gun

Associated Press Despatch. San Diego, Cal., June 13.—While demonstrating how a revolver could have been used by the defendant on trial in a shooting case, Judge D. F. Sotomayor, of the Juvenile Court, was killed yesterday shot himself behind the left ear and died within an hour. Under the impression that the court attaches had removed the cartridges from the revolver, Judge Sotomayor is said to have placed the muzzle of the revolver under his left ear and pulled the trigger.

## U. S. EXPERTS ARE INSPECTING CANAL

Herbert Hoover and Waterways Commissioners Examining All Details.

Canadian Press Despatch. St. Catharines, June 14.—The Welland ship canal, the first link in the proposed deep-water highway from the great lakes to the sea, is being inspected by Herbert Hoover, secretary of commerce in the United States government, and 25 members of the United States section of the war veterans' commission.

That portion of the work from the mountain to Lake Ontario is being visited. Complete amazement was expressed by the American chief of the twin concrete locks at Thorold, similar to the Gatun locks of the Panama Canal, but possessing many unique details of construction. These locks are but to pass two boats at a time, one up and one down, and are 800 feet in length, 80 feet wide, and with a lift of 47 feet.

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## CAREFUL SELECTION IN MARRIAGE URGED

Dr. Howard Spohn Advocates Means of Overcoming Epilepsy.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, June 14.—Careful selection in marriage was suggested as a necessary means of overcoming the tendency towards epilepsy by Dr. Howard Spohn of Vancouver, at the meeting of the Canadian Society for the Study of Diseases of Children, held today at the Toronto General Hospital. If the potentialities of the parents could be understood, said Dr. Spohn, and if they were married to proper mates, normal children should be produced.

In his paper on epilepsy in children, Dr. George Boyer of Toronto, defined the disease as proceeding from psychological or physical conditions, and as being in many cases inherited. Seldom, if ever, was it possible to effect a cure, and the surest preventive of which doctors knew today was fresh air and vegetable diet.

When the disease was acquired, it was sometimes possible to alleviate it by putting the patient at some non-competitive outdoor occupation. The effect of carbohydrates upon the blood was demonstrated in the illustrated lecture by Dr. George H. Pirie, of Toronto, who showed that chased diabetic cases, a combination of carbohydrates and insulin tended to produce a cure.

On a par with these is the question of service.

Has the manufacturer facilities for fulfilling his contract? Has he an organization capable of handling the many details of erection and maintenance?

In the matter of service, as in the matter of price and quality, Flexlume superiority can be easily demonstrated.

Not only are Flexlumes built in the largest factory in the world devoted to the manufacture of electric signs exclusively, but they have the backing of a service organization which is more than nationwide.

Our representative will be pleased to call.

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LONDON WINDSOR

PAINTED BULLETINS COMMERCIAL SIGNS

EXTRA TRAINS TO GODERICH FOR ORANGE CELEBRATION

Special to The Advertiser. Goderich, June 13.—Arrangements are being advanced by the local Orange Lodge, for the monster celebration to be held here on July 12th. Special trains will be run on the C. N. R. from Stratford and on the C. P. R. from Linwood.

The local lodge will hold its annual church parade on Sunday evening, June 26, to Knox Presbyterian Church. Rev. R. C. McDermid will be the preacher.

## FINE WEATHER GREETING OPENING

Many Big Surprises Planned For Opening of Thames Valley Golf Course.

### EXPERTS COMING

Queens weather was ushered in today for the official opening of the royal and ancient game at the new Thames Valley golf course at 2:30. There are many attractions, and not the least of these will be the exhibition foursome between the district's leading professionals and amateurs, which will follow the official driving of the first ball by Chairman Jared Vining, of the public utilities commission.

Another unlooked-for feature will be a competition between two experts from the Humber Valley golf course, Toronto, and two district golfers.

Ralph Connable, father of the Humber Valley course, this morning wired E. V. Buchanan, general manager of the public utilities commission, to the effect that he was bringing two of the best golfers from the Toronto club, and challenged any two of London district experts to an exhibition foursome. The challenge was a pleasant surprise, and was expected to add much to the interest of the opening events at the Thames Valley course.

The second foursome will follow that between the district pros, and amateurs. With a membership of 600, officials were looking for a large attendance.

## TECHNICAL SCHOOL BICYCLE BASEMENT FILLED DAILY

The bicycle basement at the technical high school is filled to capacity during school hours just now. Practically every boy student rides to and from school on a bike this week, and there are from 150 to 200 bicycles provided for at the school.

Mayor Wenige is responsible for the statement that approximately 15,000 Londoners are bicycle riders.

## Forest Fires Menace In N.B.

Canadian Press Despatch. Fredericton, N. B., June 14.—With heavy drying winds of the last few days the forest fire hazard in New Brunswick has increased until the province is now confronted with the most serious situation of the season. Eight different fires were reported to the department of lands.

## LONDON MAKES BID FOR LADY ORANGE SESSION

London today made a bid for the Lady Orange Lodge convention for 1925. Mayor George Wenige this morning wired to Hamilton, where the 1924 convention is in session, and extended an invitation to the delegates to come to London next year.

## WOUNDED MAN IS HOLDUP SUSPECT

Chicago Police Nab J. H. Wayne—Has Five Bullet Wounds in Body.

Associated Press Despatch. Chicago, June 14.—A man with five bullet wounds in his body was taken to the county hospital today, where he was arrested and held in connection with Thursday's sensational mail robbery. The police quickly made three other arrests and held their prisoners for questioning in connection with the mail train robbery.

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# London Postal Workers Will Uphold Decisions of Leaders In Wage Dispute

## SECRET BALLOT IS TAKEN TODAY

London Postal Workers Decide To Back Chiefs in Salary Row.

### MEET LAST NIGHT

Two important questions were placed before the postal workers at their meeting in the customs building last night. The first asked whether the schedule as presented by the civil service commission would be satisfactory, the second whether the men would be willing to walk out to gain a reasonable salary.

There will be a secret ballot taken before 10 o'clock today. The result will be forwarded to the Dominion executive at Ottawa tomorrow night.

The men last night decided to carry out the instructions of the executive and to furnish headquarters with complete data regarding the feeling of the men regarding the strike.

The decision was placed entirely in the hands of the men. There was no discussion. The postal workers must decide individually just what they feel should be done.

Fred Wilson, secretary for the London workers, stated last night that it would be difficult to state the exact feeling of the men; they had waited a long time for the schedule presented by the civil service commission, and it was considered unfair and inadequate. It was, however, entirely up to the men, and another, not persuaded one way or another.

### HOPE AGAINST STRIKE

Special to The Advertiser.

Ottawa, June 13.—"My hope is that the postal employees will not resort to drastic action in this matter," said Hon. Charles Stewart, minister of interior and acting postmaster-general, yesterday, when questioned as to the government's attitude with respect to the strike which appears to be imminent among the carriers of his majesty's mail. "I am anxious to see the postal workers and their reason and good sense, and I do not think that the interests of the postal employees will be served by a strike."

Can Do No More.

Questioned as to whether the government is making further representations to the civil service commission as to reconsideration of the salary schedule, Mr. Stewart said: "The government has returned the matter to the commission for consideration. I do not see how it can do more. The full report was brought down yesterday, and the commission is apparently of the opinion that it has given strong reasons for its finding."

What steps will be taken by the government to carry on the mails in the event of a strike? Mr. Stewart was asked. "Businessmen and the public generally are anxious to know."

King Reiterates Statement.

In reply to a question by Rev. J. S. Woodworth of Centre Winnipeg, this afternoon as to whether there was any chance of reconsideration of the schedule of wages of postal workers, Premier King declared that in view of the fact that the government had insisted three times to reconsideration, he did not think that there was any use insisting upon further reconsideration. "It would simply mean," he said, "that we would send the report back to the civil service commission and they would return it. The audit board has all placed on record its views."

"Will the government lay on the table the correspondence between postal officials and the commission?" asked Joseph Harris, M.P.

"I asked the commission to bring down all the correspondence," said the premier, "and understand that have done so, but I inquire if there are any further letters."

OTTAWA BACK STRIKE.

Montreal, June 13.—Members of the Letter Carriers' Association of Montreal voted unanimously at a mass meeting held here tonight to go on strike if the government will not reconsider its award in connection with postal workers' salaries.

OTTAWA VOTES TO STRIKE.

Ottawa, June 13.—Ninety per cent of Ottawa's 112 letter carriers yesterday voted in favor of a strike in protest against the new wage scale, it was announced today. Practically all registered their vote, which will be forwarded to headquarters at Ottawa. A strike vote will also be taken by the local postal porters and clerks.

ELECTION FOR BOYS COME NEXT WEEK

Youthful Candidates For Mayor and Council Wind Up Campaigns.

Next week is election week for London boys. There will be elections for the boys' mayor and councillors. The youths have stated their platforms and are ready to "bow to the will of the people."

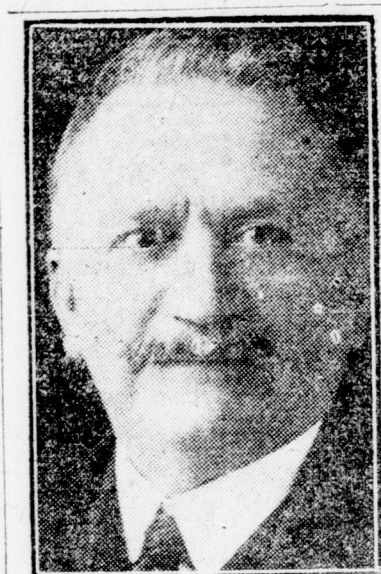
Cecil Kemp, candidate for boys' mayor of the city, has had a wide experience in Canadian Standard efficiency work during the last five years. He was one of the founders of the Wingfoot Group of Knox Church, and vice-president of the Amplek Club. He holds the trophy for all-around efficiency during 1922.

The candidate has served as leader of the "Cubs" "Trail Ranger" groups for the past two years. He was also editor of the Boys' Tiser. Under his platform, the work of the C. S. E. T. would be extended to every church and to every boy in the city.

MILITARY SERVICE.

Military service will be held at First Presbyterian Church Sunday especially for the First Hussars and No. 1 troop of the Canadian Army Service Corps. The soldiers will be under the command of Lieut.-Col. Taylor, D.S.O.

## MARRIED COUPLE BELIEVED TO BE BROTHER AND SISTER



Knotty Problem Confronts the Police at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

### ORPHANAGE MIXUP

Mrs. Miranda H. Rollins, Deaf and Dumb Mother, Says Both Are Her Children.

At Portsmouth, N. H., there is a splendid opportunity for a modern case to amuse the wise King Solomon. Confronting police authorities is the case of a young married couple, each held on bail on the charge that the other is brother and sister. The case has its foundation in the story of an orphanage mixup which vies with the most romantic fiction. The story of the marriage of Louis and Elizabeth Rollins will be decided when the question has been answered: Was there a mixup of babies in the orphanage at which the girl was left when she was four months old?

Mrs. Miranda H. Rollins, deaf and dumb, testified that Louis is her son and Elizabeth her daughter. Her statement was borne out by Mrs. Charles Dart of Newton, N. H., who claims to have known the young couple, and who voiced a belief that they were brother and sister.

Mrs. Dart is the foster mother of the girl, who is 22 years of age, and who has been employed as a nurse. The young man is one year her junior. Since the testimony of the mother could not be refuted legally, the couple held to await the action of the grand jury.

## STUDENTS PLAN TO GIVE EXHIBITION

Manual Training and Household Science Will Be Exemplified.

At Riverview School on Monday evening students will offer an exhibition of manual training work and household science. The girls will cook a demonstration dinner for those of the district interested in that part of public school work. The dinner and household science exhibition will be given at the school, directed by Miss Isabelle Craig, supervisor. Manual training exhibits will be in charge of the manual training instructor, George Cowie.

Girls from the domestic science class will purchase materials, prepare, cook and serve the dinner. A cost budget will be asked to pay the actual cost of materials. About twenty men have been invited to the dinner.

Other similar events scheduled for this month include: Exhibit, Riverview School, June 17; dinner, Aberdeen, June 19; exhibit, Alexandra, June 20; exhibit, Ryerson, June 20; exhibit, Aberdeen, June 23; exhibit, Tecumseh, June 24; exhibit, Chesley, June 28.

Mothers of the various districts are invited to attend the exhibits of work. Afternoon tea will be served without charge.

## SIGHT-SAVING SURVEY WILL BENEFIT PUPILS

Dr. Kitley, Department Expert, To Examine 100 Children Here.

Pupils of London public schools are to be benefited by a sight saving survey now being made by Dr. Kitley, an expert of the department of education who holds a degree in medicine. Dr. Kitley came to London just to this week and has commenced verification of students with defective vision.

School teachers picked about 100 children whose eyesight was faulty and their school work impaired. Dr. Kitley's mission is to verify these choices by making preparations for the arrival in the city of a specialist oculist in a few days' time.

Working with the department of education, London educational authorities will establish a class for those pupils who suffer from defective vision. A school teacher who has made a study of the work will be put in charge.

It is understood there will be little additional expense and the scheme is favored by the Ontario department. Location of the class, which will open in September, has not been decided. This will be done, according to School Inspector V. K. Greer, according to the location of homes where the affected pupils live.

Work this term will be entirely in surveying and the classes proper will commence with the new term.

## U. S. DETECTIVES SEEK NEWS OF SCOTT HERE

Robert, Brother of Russell, Charged With Murder, Conducted City Office.

Private detectives from Chicago have been quietly investigating the operations here a year ago of Robert Scott, brother of Russell T. Scott, Chicago, who has confessed to murder in that city. Robert Scott conducted a branch of his brother's bond house here and married a nurse from one of the city's hospitals. They lived on Dundas street east, with the girl's parents for a time. Later Mrs. Scott threatened divorce proceedings. The detective here Friday night located the stenographer employed by Scott while in London. They ascertained she had moved to Detroit and are now continuing their search in that city.

The detectives did not call on city police, and Inspector Nickle states he did not know that the Chicago sleuths had been in the city.

## CADETS ARE TOLD OF RIFLE CARE

Use and Storage of B. S. A. Practice Rifles Explained in New Order.

### OFFICERS INSTRUCTED

District school cadet order, issued by Lieut. Col. G. H. Gillespie, senior cadet officer, contains instructions regarding the care and storage of B. S. A. practice rifles. These arms have been used a great deal during the past year by school cadet corps and have been found exceptionally serviceable and good scores were frequently made.

Instructions to cadet officers follow: "Inspection of cadet units now having been completed, cadet instructors will detail a certain number of responsible cadets to clean, oil and pack away in safe keeping all rifles on charge to the cadet corps. Rifles must be securely locked up before the schools close for the summer holidays. Arms that are found missing at the beginning of the next school term will be made a charge against the cadet instructor and the school concerned. Regarding B. S. A. rifles, as these are very expensive, rifle cadet instructors are required to see that they are well cleaned and oiled, and that safety paste is used freely both in the muzzle and in the breech before they are put away. "All ammunition left over after the season's shooting must also be locked up. Under no circumstances is ammunition to be loaned to cadets for any purpose other than gallery practice.

Bells, signal flags and other equipment which may have been issued out to cadets for inspection must all be returned to cadet stores and securely locked up."

## SCHOOL PRINCIPALS HONOR M. ALTHOUSE

Will Soon Retire After 34 Years in Teaching Profession.

Melmoth W. Althouse, for 35 years a teacher in public schools of London and who is retiring from active service at the end of the month, was honored at a picnic at Springbank Park. Principals of the various public schools, as well as the school inspectors, gathered in tribute to the retiring principal. Softball was indulged in and lunch served to round out a happy event.

School Inspector V. K. Greer, School Inspector G. A. Wreable, Dr. J. F. Bryant, principal of Lord Roberts School, and E. E. Gibbs, principal of Chesley Avenue School, all spoke in tribute to the retiring principal. Mr. Greer proposed a toast to Mr. Althouse and all joined heartily in the tendering of this mark of appreciation.

Softball was indulged in and lunch served to round out a happy event.

Mr. Althouse has been teaching for 34 years. He came to London some 25 years ago and for many years has been principal of Rectory Street Public School. With Mr. Althouse's resignation this year, G. N. Edwards of Tecumseh, Ontario, will be promoted to the principality of Rectory Street School.

## CHINESE OF VICTORIA RESENT FEDERAL EDICT

Plan "Humiliation Day" To Coincide With Canadian Celebration July 1.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Victoria, B. C., June 14.—While Canadian flags flutter early from the masthead in commemoration of Canada's birthday, July 1, Chinese flags in the city will at the same time be festooned with wreaths of mourning, for, smarting under a deep sense of insult offered them by the recent immigration regulations, the Chinese residents here have designated July 1 as "humiliation day."

The offending regulations require that everyone in Canada of Chinese origin, regardless of birthplace, age or sex, must report to the immigration officials before June 30 for registration. They must give the salient facts of their personal history and present the department with photographs of themselves bought at their own expense.

## MOTOR LEAGUE STRIVING FOR NIGHT LIGHTS LAW

A provincial law for lighted vehicles at night is one of the present objectives of the Ontario Motor League. Recently the league was instrumental in having a bylaw passed in Toronto that all vehicles carry lights at night. The league feels that in the interests of public safety a similar provincial measure should be adopted.

Representatives of the league will shortly go before the provincial government with a demand for a provincial law. The majority for the bylaw in Toronto will be placed before the provincial government to indicate public feeling in the matter.

## U. S. MERCHANDISE EXPORTS INCREASE \$2,000,000

Associated Press Despatch.

Washington, June 13.—Merchandise exports from the United States for May were valued at \$326,000,000, against \$316,359,470 for the corresponding month last year. Imports totaled \$305,000,000, against \$372,544,573.

Exports for the 11 months ending May, 1924, were valued at \$4,005,769,828, against \$3,826,776,420 for the corresponding period of 1923. Imports for the 11 months were \$3,232,206,931, against \$3,460,715,266.

## Hello! Hello!

Some Families Need A Phone For Every Member.

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



## Spleen Removal May Soon Become Popular Operation

Chronically Enlarged Organ Is Menace, Says Dr. Mayo.

FUNCTION UNCERTAIN

Believed To Cause Pain in Side When Running.

Fashionable devotees of the operating table may soon be emulating the gladiators of ancient Rome.

Ample evidence from time to time that the spleen, which may have been thought of as a relic of the past, is a menace, and the surgeon predicted, according to the American Medical Association at Chicago yesterday, Dr. William J. Mayo of the Mayo brothers clinic, Rochester, Minn., hinted that appendices, long fashion's darlings, were going out and spleens were coming in.

The chronically enlarged spleen, Dr. Mayo said, must be regarded as a menace, and the surgeon predicted, it would soon be found necessary to remove this organ in treatment of cases which might be attributed to its diseased condition.

According to Dr. Hill of the Institute of Public Health, in an explanation this morning, the spleen is an organ about the size of a small bath sponge, situated on the left side of the stomach. Its function, he says, is so far not well understood by the medical profession generally. As yet it has been chiefly famous in the classic expression, "Vent one's spleen." It was, however, Dr. Hill says, well known in the time of ancient Rome, and it is commonly supposed that the gladiators before going into the arena were subjected to an operation for the removal of the spleen. This, it was considered, prevented them from suffering the pain attendant upon excessive running or exertion.

Pain in the side is common enough after prolonged running to persons who are not accustomed to athletics, but Dr. Hill was unwilling to align himself with the medical profession of ancient Rome in attributing this to the spleen.

Dr. Mayo stated that one of the proper functions of the spleen was the destruction of deteriorated blood cells. When it is enlarged, this destruction may become excessive and produce a chronic anemia that leads to death, directly or indirectly.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

DIED.

OLNEY.—At St. Joseph's Hospital, on Friday, June 13, 1924, Edward John Olney, aged 77 years, died.

Funeral will be held from J. Ferguson Funeral Home, 174 King St., on Monday, June 16, 1924, at 3 p.m. Services at 2:30 p.m. Interment at Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

"PLANTS WITH A REPUTATION"—FLANT SALE—

WHILE they last, starting 10 a.m. Monday, June 14, medium and late tomato plants, 20c, 15c and 10c per dozen. You will have plenty of ripe tomatoes later part of August and September, in nice time for home canning.

A McINNIS.

50 ADELAIDE ST., OTTAWA, CAR.

CENTRALLY located, 3-room, steam heated apartments, apply Lumsden Oil Co., corner Waterloo and Dundas Sts., Phone 4593.

TO RENT BAYFIELD.—Completely furnished cottage with garage. Apply Mrs. F. H. Heath, 85 Eastbourne Ave., Hamilton, Ont.

## RECTORY CLUB HOLDS BANQUET AND PICNIC

Presentations Are Made to Principal Althouse and Mrs. Richard Sinclair.

A happy feature of the banquet and picnic held last night by Rectory Mothers' Club, which wound up a most successful year was the presentation to Principal M. W. Althouse of a Masonic watch charm. Mr. Althouse, who is leaving shortly for Toronto to reside, has been on the staff of Rectory school for the past 30 years. In a charming address read by Mrs. C. Keene, the regret of the club upon losing the principal was expressed. The presentation was made by the retiring president, Mrs. Richard Sinclair. Mrs. Sinclair was also presented with a handsome string of pearls from the club.

A splendid program of sports were held and the results of the races were as follows: Married women's race, Mrs. Sinclair and Mrs. Sharritt; clothes peg, Mrs. Chapman and Mrs. Sinclair; and Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Hammond; bare foot race, Mrs. Keene and Mrs. Hogarth and Mrs. Carwell and Mrs. Robinson; relay, Mrs. Parsons; consolation, Mrs. Overy, Mrs. Avey, Mrs. Patten, and Mrs. Mahon; girls race, Verna Keene, Pearl Panting, Irene Sinclair and Loretta Styles. The guests numbered 60.

WEALTH OF INFORMATION FOR TOURISTS IN NEW BOOK

"Motor Highways of Ontario" is the title of a little book containing a wealth of information for motorists. It is issued by the Ontario Motor League and gives last-minute news on everything pertaining to tourist trips in the province.

The book contains over a hundred pages of information on golf courses, hotels, roads, distances, and camping sites in Ontario.

There is a chapter on the game laws of Ontario, containing information about the open season for hunting and fishing. Another chapter on summer resorts, including Algonquin Park and the Lake of Bays, deals with the advantages to be had in motoring in the lake districts.

VESSEL MOVEMENTS

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., June 14.—The following vessels were reported to have arrived at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., on Friday, June 14: Canadian Sailing, 10:00; Yates, Canadian Sailing, 10:00; Canadian Sailing, 10:00; Canadian Sailing, 10:00.

Down, Hebard 7 p.m. Friday; Canopus, Bayton 8; Annapolis, 8:30; Monro Smith, 10:00; Hugh Kennedy 12:30 a.m.; Saturday: Shaughnessy, Hutchinson, 1; Henry Rogers 1:30; Cordova, 2:30; Grand Island, Paine, 3:00; Farr, James Davidson 3:30; Wm. Reids 5:30; Loomis, D. O. Mills 7:30; Black 8:30; Bangor, Gallagher, 9:30.

EXAMS AT SOUTH HIGH BEGIN MONDAY MORNING

Examinations of first, second and third year students at the South London Collegiate Institute commence on Monday morning and will continue until Wednesday. The third-year students write off languages with lower school classes and then continue with other departmental subjects with the higher classes.

Fourth-year classes commence their examinations the middle of the week. At London East Collegiate, examinations commence on Tuesday. At the Central Collegiate, lower school examinations started yesterday and will be continued on Monday.

## "Leaves Have Their Time To Fall"

but a Great-West Life policy has no "seasons". It is an evergreen assurance of service on tap, good to the last letter of its promise, available on the instant.



REPRESENTATIVES IN LONDON:

J. J. CALLAGHAN, CHAS. T. GLASS, F. G. PARSONS, W. G. GRANT, W. A. GLASS, J. J. SHEA, G. A. GERALD, F. K. HAMMOND, R. C. HARRIS, INSPECTOR, 215 DOMINION SAVINGS BLDG., LONDON.

## SCOUTS ACCORDED WELCOME HERE

St. Thomas Life-Saving Troop Gives Exhibition in Clarence Street Citadel.

### CAME BY MOTOR

Life-Saving Scouts from St. Thomas arrived in London at 8 o'clock last night. The boys came by motor and received a splendid welcome from their London friends when they drew up at the Salvation Army Citadel on Clarence street.

Scoutmaster Herbert Withers was in charge of the boys of No. 1 Troop. The scouts were all attired in their picturesque scout uniforms, and received a great ovation when they entered the crowded auditorium.

The scouts put on a program of twelve numbers, for the London scouts and members of the Salvation Army. Following the introductory address by the chairman, the evening was given over to exhibitions in tumbling, rescue work, signalling and first aid methods.

The musical program was given by the visitors. There were vocal solos, choruses by the troop, dialogues, as well as a violin solo by Scout Murray and a solo by Scout H. Forster. The London officers present were: Brigadier and Mrs. MacCommond, Adjutant and Mrs. Spooner, Captain F. A. Hawkes, Ensign Foster, Capt. A. Clague, Capt. D. Laird.

Adjutant and Mrs. Gillingham, Scoutmaster Herbert Withers and Assistant Scout Leader Herbert Wright accompanied the scouts from St. Thomas.

The following took part in the program: Sam Burrell, assistant leader; instructors: P. Lindores, Wm. Turner, J. Burnett, mascot, B. Langley; patrol leaders: F. Meaves, Geo. Reid, S. Howell, corporal, H. McGregor, A. Murray, L. Bayliss, J. Reynolds, W. Hall; patrols: F. Duckworth, C. Harris, D. Harris, E. England, J. Simpson, Wm. Lancaster, Henry Harris, Art Harris, T. Burns, L. Langley, C. Gillingham, J. May, Geo. Lathell, Wm. Duncan, L. Laws, Robert Graves, D. Duncan, L. Wilkinson, G. Bennett, E. Vickerman, J. Fellows, F. Drewitt, J. Sealey, E. Sealey, B. Gillingham, W. Finesh, W. Lewis, A. Townsend, J. Murray, B. Ellis, B. McDearmid, A. Shaw.

Manufacturers' Athletic Club Broadens Out

The Manufacturers' Athletic Association will broaden out. This policy was adopted at a meeting held at the Y. M. C. A. last night. The committee decided to take into the club other manufacturing concerns, commercial industries, wholesale houses, civil service and the public utilities.

It was decided to hold the next general meeting to be held in the Y. M. C. A. Friday next.

## OAK HALL MANAGER HERE LEAVES ON BUSINESS TRIP

C. E. Lindsay, manager of Oak Hall, will be absent from the city for several weeks in the interest of Oak Hall stores. During his absence, Mr. E. Wynn will be in charge of the store. Since coming to London, Mr. Lindsay has made considerable improvement in the interior of the store.

## CONSTANT HEADACHES and DIZZINESS

It is hard to struggle along with a head that aches and pains all the time, and in nine cases out of ten the persistent headaches are due to some derangement of the stomach, liver or bowels.

Undoubtedly, the cause must be removed before permanent relief may be had.

Burdock Blood Bitters removes the cause of the headaches, as it acts on every organ of the body, and strengthens, purifies and regulates the whole system.

Mrs. Peter Curran, 27 Morrison street, Sydney, N.S., writes: "I have been troubled for the last five years with constant headache and dizziness. After trying several remedies, which I found to be of no avail, Burdock Blood Bitters was recommended to me."

"B. B. B. did me a world of good, and I cannot praise this remedy enough."

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Advt.

## Have You One of These Lucky One-Dollar Bills?

The Sterling Store in Friday's ad announced that they would give away 50 One Dollar Bills from their cash register. Anyone receiving one of these lucky bills gets \$2.00 in trade at this store next week for \$1. Here are the numbers.

NUMBERS OF 50 \$1 BILLS.

1-244576A, 26-124782A, 27-387253, 28-348609A, 29-106979A, 30-1267611A, 31-368823A, 32-124782A, 33-1267611A, 34-1267611A, 35-1267611A, 36-1267611A, 37-1267611A, 38-1267611A, 39-1267611A, 40-1267611A, 41-1267611A, 42-1267611A, 43-1267611A, 44-1267611A, 45-1267611A, 46-1267611A, 47-1267611A, 48-1267611A, 49-1267611A, 50-1267611A.

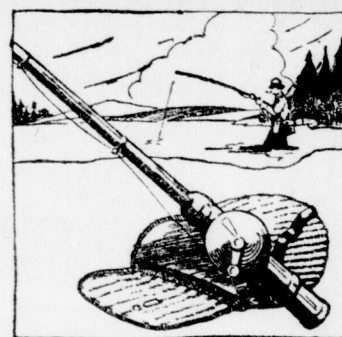
STERLING STORES 395 RICHMOND ST.





# "VACATION LAND" IS CALLING

## HINTS FROM THE SHOPS THAT WILL MAKE YOUR TRIP A SUCCESS



### GODERICH HOSPITAL HEAD TENDERS HER RESIGNATION

Special to The Advertiser.  
Goderich, June 13.—Miss Master-son has resigned as matron of Alex-ander Marine and General Hospital. She will leave for Stratford shortly where she has been appointed super-intendent of the hospital there.

### All the Way From India

Assam teas are among the finest in the world. They are always used in RED ROSE TEA. One reason it is so good.—Advt.

## FORMER HOTEL SLAVEY IS BRITISH WOMAN M.P.

Miss Dorothy Jewson, Brilliant Labor Worker, Has Intimate Knowledge of Life.

"ALL SHOULD WORK"

By ALBERT DAWSON.  
Special to The Advertiser.  
(Copyright, 1924.)

London, England, June 13.—Canadians who were guests at one of the biggest and swaggiest of London's hotels some years ago often had a friendly word to spare for a certain housemaid. To them she may or may not have appeared just the ordinary type of London slavey. Some of the more observant of them may have sized her up as superior to her drudgery, but probably not even the most sympathetic (and the housemaid of those days declares that it was only from Canadian visitors that she ever got a kindly word) gained the slightest inkling of the truth about her.

They never suspected that in this housemaid they saw one of the most ardent and intellectual women reformers in Great Britain—a lady by birth and upbringing, who had taken a situation in this hotel to obtain first-hand knowledge of the life of the girls she was seeking to organize. They could not foresee that today this woman, Miss Dorothy Jewson, would be a member of parliament, high in the councils of the Labor party and a possible cabinet minister of the future. For at the last general election she romped in at the head of the poll for the City of Norwich, receiving some thousands more votes than any other woman candidate throughout Great Britain. Lady Astor coming second. Her victory was a surprise.

Born 40 years ago, in the shelter and amplitude of a stable English middle-class home—she has a private income—Dorothy Jewson belongs to a family that has given the ancient City of Norwich aldermen and lord mayors.

### Graduate in Classics.

She had a classical education, but when the war broke out and unemployment became rife among the women workers of Norwich, she trained local girls to make toys and ran a factory with marked success.

Two years later she started organizing ill-paid women in trade unions. She rapidly developed as a public speaker and excels at heckling time.

On the day when she took her seat in the House of Commons, Miss Jewson rose early in the morning in her little flat near St. Pancras, one of 50 in a block of tenements, and insisted on doing her share of the housework.

"I believe that everyone should work for a living," she says. "I have tried to act on that belief. Every boy and girl should have the same opportunities I had."

"To obtain first-hand knowledge of the life of the girls I was seeking to organize, I took a situation in a large London hotel. For four weeks I lived as a housemaid."

"Some members of the National Union of General Workers had given bad reports of the conditions. The hotel in which I worked was fitted up with every luxury, telephones, pile carpets, marble pillars. The staff quarters, however, were miserable, filthy places."

"As a housemaid I was the lowest in the scale of the female staff. The



DOROTHY JEWSON, M.P.

daughter of upper class family, organizer of women workers, who sits in the British House of Commons as one of the eight women members elected when the Labor party came into power.

servants ate their meals in one of the basements which had no window, and in which the washing-up was done at an open sink. Once I put an apple in a paper bag on the floor of my bedroom, and within two minutes mice were eating it. There was dirt on the floors, but in the visitors' part of the hotel we had to keep the marble spotless.

### "Worse Off Than Horses."

"When from the gallery in the House of Lords I looked on at the opening of parliament and saw the peers and peeresses in their rich robes, my mind went to the dwellers in the slums, the out-of-work, the underpaid, the ill-fed, the overburdened woman, and the swarms of children in our great cities who are much worse off than the horses and dogs in rich people's stables. We have to convince people that the existing social system must be altered."

"More must be done for unemployed women. Not a penny of the £20,000,000 voted for the relief of unemployment went to provide work for women."

"The present rate of infant mortality is appalling. Official statistics show that in this country 77 out of every 1,000 children die within a year of their birth. In New Zealand the rate is 46 per 1,000. Of the children born in England 90 per cent are healthy, but by the time they reach school age 42 per cent suffer from physical defects."

"In 1922 some 4,000 women died in childbirth."

"Nearly all these deaths might be prevented by right feeding, proper attention and healthy surroundings. Some phases of our social life are the very opposite of real civilization."

Although she has a small private income, Miss Jewson's purse is frequently empty. Many a time she has walked home from a meeting because she has given her money to someone who needed it more than herself. She even gives her clothes away.

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## Take a Kodak With You

Days like this that you've looked forward to, offer pictures that you'll turn back to, again and again in your album.

And any Kodak is compact to carry, easy to work and fun to use—as we're ready to show you.

Get your Kodak here.

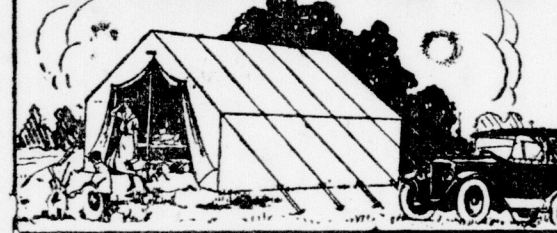
Autographic Kodaks, \$6.75 Up  
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Guaranteed Work in Developing and Printing.

**J. H. BACK & CO.**

210 DUNDAS ST. — LONDON, ONT.

## TENTS



WHETHER you go camping for a week or a month, it pays to get a really good tent. Our tents are made from the finest weather-proofed canvas obtainable. They are absolutely water and weather-proof.

**CARTER**  
TENT AND AWNING CO.

"We Make Everything Made of Canvas."

Phone 6197.

619—621 DUNDAS STREET.

## MENESETUNG PARK HOTEL

### Goderich, Ontario

The finest spot on Lake Huron for a real rest. An ideal place for children, bathing, tennis, golf. The best meals—so our guests say. Farm in connection. All conveniences. Special family rates.

### RATES:

SINGLE, \$18.00 PER WEEK; DOUBLE, \$16.00.  
Write for Information or Reservation.

J. E. JACKSON, Manager,  
Goderich, Ontario.

## Have The Advertiser Follow You To Your Summer Home

By mail anywhere in Canada at 50c a month.  
Use the form below.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER.

Enclosed find..... Please send me by mail, The London

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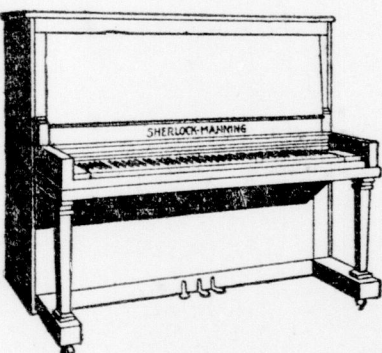
Even in the British Isles, critical as the public is from long association with the best instruments and artists of the world, Sherlock-Manning Pianos have won approval and are to be found in many homes throughout the countryside.

**SHERLOCK-MANNING**  
20th Century Piano  
The Piano worthy of your home

is primarily a Canadian piano for Canadian homes. That it has won such universal fame is but one reason why it should be your piano.

**Sherlock-Manning**  
Piano Company

LONDON - CANADA



**SMART—**  
and yet so easily put on

**COILENE**  
Bando-Corset

A wonderful combination of Corset and Brassiere, is the popular choice of those who wish a simple comfortable, convenient and smart garment.

MODEL 354

**Coilene**

THEY FIT

Useful for athletic wear, for the business woman of slender figure and for the stout woman as a relaxation from her necessary Corset. Moderately priced, in side or back closing, with or without boning, in sizes 30 to 42.

Ask for them at the Better Shops.

SOLD IN LONDON BY:

GRAY'S, LIMITED — KINGSMILL'S — HYND'S  
THOMSON'S — MORRISON'S

## Here Is An Opportunity To Add To the Comfort of Your Home

### SPECIAL FOR JUNE:

## This Modern Range Saves Gas

In one year you will actually cook over a thousand meals—not an exhausting task when you have the proper equipment.

Cooking is simplified and your hours shortened in the kitchen with

## A CABINET GAS RANGE

More time for something other than "just housework."

All our Gas Ranges can be had on terms that allow twelve months to pay—in small payments with your gas bill.



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OUR  
DISPLAY ROOMS  
AT  
213 DUNDAS ST.  
LONDON'S  
HEADQUARTERS  
FOR  
MODERN  
GAS RANGES

If you cannot visit our display rooms, phone 835 and our representative will call with full particulars.

## Hot Water For the Bath, the Kitchen, the Laundry

Can be secured cheaper, easier and faster with a

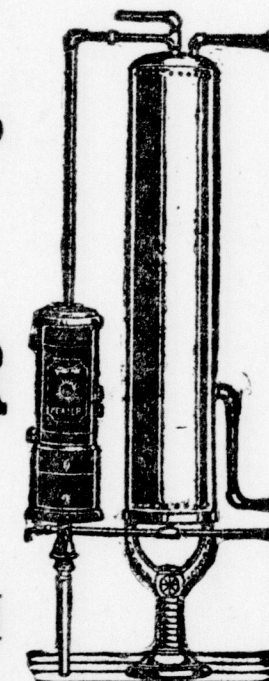
## RUUD GAS WATER HEATER

than any other way. The whole family will appreciate its convenience.

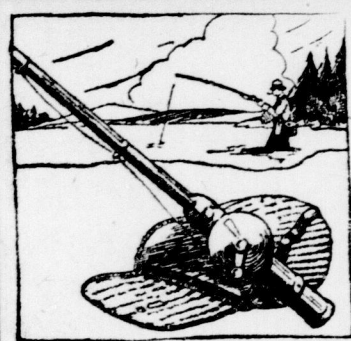
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## HINTS FROM THE SHOPS THAT WILL MAKE YOUR TRIP A SUCCESS



### NOTICE!

Owing to the steady growth of our business we have been forced to move to larger premises at

182 York St.

## AWNINGS

The sultry Summer days are almost here. Make your home cool with Awnings. Awnings are not expensive; they add to the appearance of a home and protect the draperies. Let us estimate and show samples.

"You may buy for less, but you'll find it's not best."

WE ARE NOW SHOWING  
GOLD MEDAL FOLDING PORCH FURNITURE  
Come in and see our display of Cots, Chairs and Stools, the ideal furniture for porch or camp.

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## Bicycle Day—A Boy's Best

THE DAY A BOY BUYS HIS BICYCLE IS AN OUTSTANDING DAY IN HIS LIFE.

That's Why We Sell Service With Every Bicycle!

It's more than "just a sale" with us—it's our opportunity to give another boy "extra value."

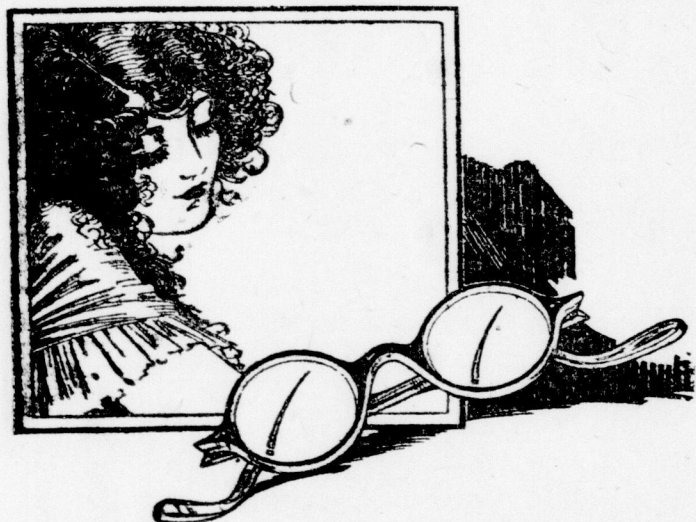
We have proven to our own satisfaction "it is better to be conscientious than sensational." A Massey Bicycle is the highest quality material and workmanship obtainable and back of that goes my personal inspection and service.

BICYCLES, \$35.00 to \$60.00

## J. A. BARNARD

338 TALBOT STREET.

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## ATTRACTIVE

Until recent years the number of women wearing glasses was far smaller than that of men. Women have always clung to the belief that eye glasses ruined appearance. The lack of stylish frames was responsible for that fear.

Women of today wear Eye Glasses. Their health is far better as a result. They have been able to maintain an up-to-the-minute dress through the styles of frames. F. Steele is expert in eye examination and not only that but he pays special attention to fitting and style.

## F. STEELE

LONDON'S LEADING OPTOMETRIST.  
Opposite Loew's Theatre.

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They Must Always Give Full Value

## TOMORROW'S RADIO

Monday's Best Features.  
WBZ, SPRINGFIELD—Special French program.  
WDAF, KANSAS CITY—WDAF Minstrels.  
WOS, JEFFERSON CITY—Missouri State Prison Band.  
KGW, PORTLAND—Miller's Merry-makers.

(Eastern Standard Time)  
WEAF, NEW YORK—492.  
3-5 p.m.—Maurice Nadella, pianist; Mary Geason, dramatic reader; Lillabelle Barton, soprano; Sherman Small, baritone; women's program.  
5 p.m.—Dinner music from the Waldorf.  
6-11 p.m.—May Krichbaum, soprano; Arthur Gaines, tenor; Frederick M. Bryan, pianist; Constance Hulsman, pianist; Michael Salpeter, violinist; Lucille Wilson, dramatic reader; Tennesseeans Orchestra.

WJZ, NEW YORK—465.  
Noon-5 p.m.—WJZ matinee program.  
6 p.m.—Scandinavian ensemble.  
7 p.m.—Ester organ recital.  
7-8 p.m.—Talk on world flight.  
8 p.m.—Messrs. Gaille and Holland.  
8-9 p.m.—Quartets' Association dinner, from Hotel Astor.  
10 p.m.—Ben Selvin's Orchestra.  
WHN, NEW YORK—360.  
6:30-10 p.m.—Popular program.  
11 p.m.—Midnight Bohemia show.  
WOR, NEW YORK—405.  
1:30-2 p.m.—John Healey, singing his own song compositions. Talks by Clifford A. Bralder, Sara Schuyler Butler, Mrs. Halsey W. Wilson.  
5:15 p.m.—Music While You Dine.

6:30 p.m.—Sports resume.  
7 p.m.—Musical program.  
7:30 p.m.—I See by the Papers.  
8 p.m.—Dr. Sigmund Spaeth on "Common Sense of Music."  
8:30 p.m.—Musical program.  
9:15 p.m.—Lew Price's Orchestra.  
WIP, PHILADELPHIA—509.  
6:30 p.m.—Comfort's Philharmonic Orchestra.  
9:05 p.m.—Students' Dance Orchestra.  
9:15 p.m.—Uncle Wigg's Bedtime Stories.  
9:30 p.m.—Sunny Jim, the Kiddies' Pal.  
5:30 p.m.—Meyer Davis Concert Orchestra.  
6 p.m.—Children's music lessons.  
WOO, PHILADELPHIA—509.  
6:30 p.m.—Adelphi Concert Orchestra.  
7:30 p.m.—Weekly health talk.  
7:45 p.m.—Musical program.

### At the Grand

Twice Today, matinee 2:15, evening 8:15—The most beautiful production ever staged, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," with Miss Maude Fealy as the madcap princess, "Mary Tudor."  
All Next Week, Farewell Week, with usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees—"Six Cylinder Love," that tickled staid New Yorkers for over a year, with Mr. Roger Pryor and Miss Roberta Lee Clark in the leading roles.

At games of sport, on the seashore, in the mountains, camping or motoring, wherever you go, properly adjusted glasses add to your joy.

If your vision blurs—your eyes hurt, an examination now will be a step toward an enjoyable vacation.



HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED.  
A. M. DAMBRA, Optometrist,  
Dominion Savings Building, Richmond Street, Phone 6188



## Dry Cleaning Works Like Magic

You don't have to rub Aladdin's magic lamp to remove those smirchy spots and stains from your dress—just send it to the Ontario Dry Cleaners and Dyers for real satisfaction. Dry cleaning is the wonder-worker that removes the dirt and brings back the original lustre of the fabric.

### No More Shabby Clothing

If your clothing is worn shiny or threadbare in places, Ross-Napping will rejuvenate it. New lustre and freshness will be given to your garments.

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LADIES' SUITS ..... \$2.50  
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### Safeguard Your Clothes

Send them here and have them dry-cleaned and let us put them through our moth-proof process. You can then hang them anywhere and they're safe from moths.

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LADIES' AND GENTS' SUITS ..... 50c  
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SPECIAL PRICES ON FURNITURE.

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516 TALBOT STREET.  
OPP. TALBOT ST. BAPTIST CHURCH

8:10 p.m.—Erno Rapee's Concert Orchestra.  
8:30 p.m.—Program of dance music.  
9 p.m.—Organ recital, Harry E. Vogt.  
WCAP, WASHINGTON—469.  
7-10 p.m.—Program from WCAP.  
WRC, WASHINGTON—469.  
8-6 p.m.—WRC matinee program.  
6 p.m.—Children's hour, Peggy Albion.  
8:20 p.m.—Educational talk.  
KDKA, PITTSBURGH—326.  
2:15-5 p.m.—Baseball scores.  
5:30 p.m.—Organ recital, Howard Webb.  
6:30 p.m.—Children's Orchestra.  
8:45 p.m.—"Our World" review.  
7:40 p.m.—Stockman and Farmer reports.  
8 p.m.—KDKA Little Symphony Orchestra, assisted by George David Thompson, baritone.  
WCAE, PITTSBURGH—462.  
5:30 p.m.—Penn dinner concert.  
8:30 p.m.—Uncle Karyes.  
8:45 p.m.—Baseball scores.  
7:30 p.m.—Mary Cahill, pianist; Catherine Cahill, violinist; Esther M. Dunn, soprano.  
10 p.m.—Johnson's Pennsylvanians.  
WCV, SCHENECTADY—380.  
5:15 p.m.—Hubner's sport review.  
7:40 p.m.—Baseball scores.  
7:45 p.m.—Salvation Army Band.  
WHAZ, TROY—380.  
9 p.m.—Edmond Burgess, pianist; Mrs. Middlebrook, saxophonist; Mrs. Amelia Spendar Carpenter, contralto; Miss Lappeau, soprano; Isabel Merwitz, reader.  
10 p.m.—Girls' Bluebird Orchestra.  
WOR, BUFFALO—519.  
5:30 p.m.—Lopez-Statter Orchestra.  
8 p.m.—Evening musical program.  
10 p.m.—Lopez-Statter Orchestra.  
WNAC, BOSTON—278.  
5 p.m.—Children's half hour.  
5:30 p.m.—WNAC dinner dance music.  
7 p.m.—Evening concert program.  
WBZ, SPRINGFIELD—37.  
5 p.m.—Dinner music, WBZ Trio.  
8 p.m.—Baseball news, markets.  
6:30 p.m.—"Kiddies' bedtime story."  
6:40 p.m.—Concert by WBZ Trio and Eldred G. Jensen, tenor.  
8 p.m.—Special program; Juliette Houle, pianist; Edmond Boucher, baritone; Lillias Chandelaine, contralto; Arthur H. Blanc.  
WLW, CINCINNATI—309.  
8 p.m.—Hone Haven Singing Society.  
8:30 p.m.—Talk, Senator Schmitt.  
8:45 p.m.—Mastroloni Trio.  
9:15 p.m.—Woody Meyers Orchestra.



Mr. Roger Pryor, of the McGarry Players, who will play Gilbert Sterling in "Six Cylinder Love," the comedy that tickled Broadway for over a year, at the Grand all next week, with the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees.

### At Loew's

Today—Antonio Moreno and Agnes Ayres in the Paramount picture, "Bluff." Usual added film features and three acts of supreme vaudeville.  
Monday Next—Dorothy Dalton in "The Moral Sinner." Usual added film features and three acts of Loew's supreme vaudeville.  
Thursday Next—The supreme mistress of the screen, Pola Negri, in her latest screen success, "Men." Usual added film features and three acts of Loew's supreme vaudeville.

WHAS, LOUISVILLE—400.  
4-5 p.m.—Orchestra. Features, WHAS silent Monday nights.  
WMC, MEMPHIS—300.  
8:30 p.m.—Hotel Gayosa Orchestra.  
WBAP, FORT WORTH—478.  
9:30 p.m.—Ella, Drum and Bugle Corps of the Fort Worth Boy Scouts.

(Pacific Coast Standard Time.)  
KGO, OAKLAND—312.  
3 p.m.—Musical program. Address.  
4 p.m.—St. Francis Dance Orchestra.  
6:45 p.m.—Final news and stocks.  
8 p.m.—KGO's educational courses.  
KHJ, LOS ANGELES.  
12:30 p.m.—Cal Allen's Orchestra.  
Silent night for KHJ.  
KFI, LOS ANGELES—469.  
8-10 p.m.—Musical program.  
10 p.m.—Crescent Grove Orchestra.  
KPO, SAN FRANCISCO—423.  
1 p.m.—Rudy Selinger's Orchestra.  
2:30 p.m.—Program by Stella Vought.  
4:30 p.m.—Fairmont Hotel Orchestra.  
5:30 p.m.—Children's hour stories.  
7 p.m.—Selinger's Orchestra.  
8 p.m.—Mary Mooney, soprano; Violet Silver, violinist.

## LUSTRE TEA SETS

The Ideal Gift For the Bride of June

Blue and gold or plain orange colors, priced at \$18.00 the set

Willow Hall  
CLARENCE STREET  
Opp. Bell Telephone

9 p.m.—Theodore Irwin, organist.  
10 p.m.—Bruders' Versaille Band.  
8-10 p.m.—Miller's Merry-makers.

Central Standard Time one hour late than Eastern.  
Pacific Coast Standard Time two hours later than Central.  
Daylight Saving Time one hour late than Standard Time.

RED ROSE TEA is best value—Advt.

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

### THE GARRY MCGARRY PLAYERS

Present the Most Beautiful Production Ever Staged.

## "When Knighthood Was in Flower"

With MISS MAUDE FEALY as the Madcap PRINCESS "MARY TUDOR."

NOTE: TODAY'S MAT. ALL SEATS 25c FOR CHILDREN.

NEXT WEEK FAREWELL WEEK NEXT WEEK

## GARRY MCGARRY PLAYERS

Present

## "SIX CYLINDER LOVE"

From the pen of William Anthony McGuire

"The COMEDY which tickled Broadway for over a year."

It's about young married folks that perhaps you know. They bought a car. It's a 6-cylinder—well come see and enjoy what happened.

Miss Roberta Lee Clark and Mr. Roger Pryor will be cast in the leading roles.

MONDAY NIGHT—TWO FOR ONE

Evgs., 25c, 50c, 75c, a few \$1. Wed. and Sat. Mats., 25c, 50c.

STARTS MONDAY **LOEW'S** Continuous from 2 to 11

"Come to the Coldest Spot in Town and Enjoy Real Shows."

## Dorothy Dalton

IN "THE MORAL SINNER."

Dorothy Dalton, as a daring apache, in the best of all Parisian love stories.

USUAL ADDED FILM FEATURES

THURSDAY—The Supreme Mistress of the Drama.

POLA NEGRI in "MEN."

ALWAYS SUPREME VAUDEVILLE



Miss Roberta Lee Clark of the McGarry Players, who next week will be seen as the wife of Gilbert Sterling (Roger Pryor) in that rollicking comedy, "Six Cylinder Love," at the Grand.



# Tecumseh's Fifth Straight Victory Is 11 To 4 Win Over Muskegon Anglers

## HARD-CLOUTING INDIANS LEAVE MUSKES BEHIND

Delman Comes Back To Humble Anglers After Being Bumped Thursday.

### MISPLAYS HELP

Each of Five Errors Accounts For London Run.

OZ DELMAN, who was knocked out by the Muskegon Anglers Thursday, came back and beat them 11-4, thanks to some timely and lucky hitting behind him, and five errors kicked and thrown in by the Londoners.

The Londoners with timely hitting had plenty to win by without the errors contributed by the Anglers which only added runs for good measure. The balanced hitting of the London club was shown in the first half of the contest when the lower fourth of the batting order bludgeoned in runs, and then later when they got hitting in all sections against the offerings of Lefty Woolfolk.

Anglers Start It.

A double by DeVoss, a walk, double steal by Clancy and the first base error by London scored three runs for the Anglers to commence with. The Londoners got these back

| COMING UP      |                  |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|----------------|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Muskegon       | A.B.R.H.P.O.A.E. |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| Stutz, 3b.     | 5                | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| DeVoss, c.f.   | 5                | 1 | 4 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Clancy, 1b.    | 5                | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Dunn, 2b.      | 5                | 0 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Fisher, r.f.   | 5                | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Wolfe, p.      | 5                | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Cortazzo, s.a. | 3                | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Kandler, c.    | 3                | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Woolfolk, p.   | 3                | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| aWerne, p.     | 1                | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

| COMING UP      |                  |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
|----------------|------------------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Muskegon       | A.B.R.H.P.O.A.E. |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| Stutz, 3b.     | 5                | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| DeVoss, c.f.   | 5                | 1 | 4 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Clancy, 1b.    | 5                | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Dunn, 2b.      | 5                | 0 | 1 | 2 | 4 | 0 | 1 | 0 | 0 |
| Fisher, r.f.   | 5                | 0 | 1 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Wolfe, p.      | 5                | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Cortazzo, s.a. | 3                | 1 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Kandler, c.    | 3                | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Woolfolk, p.   | 3                | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| aWerne, p.     | 1                | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |

Summary: Two-base hits—DeVoss, Cortazzo, Gehring, Beatty, Tice. Bases on balls—Woolfolk 4; Delman 4. Double plays—Cortazzo, Dunn to Clancy; Wolfe to Clancy. Left on base—Muskegon 9; London 5. Passed ball—Kandler. Time—1:48. Umpires—Auer and Sheppard.

cut hitting and two more thanks to a comedy of errors. Tice walked, Elffert singled and both scored on Baker's fourth hit in five trips. Baker going to second on the play. He went to third on a passed ball and came home as Clancy and Wolfe gunned a play at first. Gehring stole second and took third on Kandler's mad frothing peg to second and scored. Dunn punted Sandquist's grounder.

The Anglers last run came when Kandler singled, continued to second as Stimpson booted the bounce and came home on Stutz's liner to right.

## CARPENTIER PLANS TO MEET STRIBLING

Bout With Gene Tunney Is Not Expected To Materialize.

Associated Press Despatch. New York, June 13.—George Carpentier will not meet Gene Tunney, the United States light heavyweight champion, in his next bout in this country, but instead will meet Young Stribling, the light heavyweight of Macon, Ga., in a bout to be held in Newark, N. J., either July 14 or 21, according to Francis Deschamps, manager of the French boxer. His decision was definitely reached at a conference yesterday with Billy Gibson, manager of Tunney, to meet the conference, Gibson said he would place the matter before the New York State Athletic Commission in which Tunney is his next bout in keeping with a contract which Gibson claims to hold.

Cortazzo Gets Third.

In the third Cortazzo who had forced Wolfe at second, stole that bag and came in with the Anglers' third run on Kandler's single.

The Beattyman replied to this, Nason polling a long triple out to center right and coming in on Tice's single on which Wolfe scored. The second half of the play came off on the crippled Elffert via Woolfolk, Cortazzo and Clancy. Tice scored from second. Delman's single to center field, which would have left Delman with his own game if he hadn't grown carious of tired in the 5th.

In the 6th Tice singled and as Delman was at second, stole that bag and came in with the Anglers' third run on Kandler's single.

Gehring scored when Stutz made a wild toss to first. London scored two runs in the 5th as the result of clean-

Wild Heave Helps.

Gehring scored when Stutz made a wild toss to first. London scored two runs in the 5th as the result of clean-

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## FARMERS OF YORK WIN GUELPH HONOR

Agricultural Representatives Take Tug-of-War Event With Two Pulls.

Special to The Advertiser. Guelph, June 13.—York County junior farmers captured a majority of the points in the field sports connection with the O. A. C. semi-annual celebration. This afternoon, athletes from York, Perth, Halton, Waterloo, Brant, Bruce, Elgin and Peel Counties taking part in the various events.

A feature was the tug-of-war between a picked team of farmers and team chosen from the agricultural representatives, the latter winning two out of three pulls.

Results of various events were as follows: 100 yards—G. H. Worsfold, Halton; 200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 1,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 3,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 6,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 12,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 25,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 51,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 102,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 204,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 409,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 819,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 1,638,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 3,276,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 6,553,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 13,107,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 26,214,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 52,428,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 104,857,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 209,715,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 419,430,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 838,860,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 1,677,721,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 3,355,443,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 6,710,886,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 13,421,772,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 26,843,545,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 53,687,091,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 107,374,182,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 214,748,364,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 429,496,729,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 858,993,459,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 1,717,986,918,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 3,435,973,836,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 6,871,947,673,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 13,743,895,347,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 27,487,790,694,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 54,975,581,388,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 109,951,162,777,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 219,902,325,555,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 439,804,651,110,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 879,609,302,220,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 1,759,218,604,441,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 3,518,437,208,883,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 7,036,874,417,766,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 14,073,748,835,532,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 28,147,497,671,065,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 56,294,995,342,131,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 112,589,990,684,262,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 225,179,981,368,524,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 450,359,962,737,049,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 900,719,925,474,099,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 1,801,439,850,948,198,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 3,602,879,701,896,396,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 7,205,759,403,792,793,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 14,411,518,807,585,587,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 28,823,037,615,171,174,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 57,646,075,230,342,348,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 115,292,150,460,684,697,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 230,584,300,921,369,395,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 461,168,601,842,738,790,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 922,337,203,685,477,580,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 1,844,674,407,370,955,161,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 3,689,348,814,741,910,323,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 7,378,697,629,483,820,646,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 14,757,395,258,967,641,292,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 29,514,790,517,935,282,585,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 59,029,581,035,870,565,171,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 118,059,162,071,741,130,342,400 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 236,118,324,143,482,260,684,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 472,236,648,286,964,521,369,760 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 944,473,296,573,929,042,739,520 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 1,888,946,593,147,858,085,479,040 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 3,777,893,186,295,716,170,958,080 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 7,555,786,372,591,432,341,916,160 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 15,111,572,745,182,864,683,832,320 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 30,223,145,490,365,729,367,664,640 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 60,446,290,980,731,458,734,929,280 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 120,892,581,961,462,917,469,858,560 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 241,785,163,922,925,834,938,717,120 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 483,570,327,845,851,669,869,434,240 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 967,140,655,691,703,339,739,868,480 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 1,934,281,311,383,406,678,479,737,936 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 3,868,562,622,766,813,357,958,475,872 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 7,737,125,245,533,626,715,916,917,745,744 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 15,474,250,491,067,253,431,833,835,491,488 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 30,948,500,982,134,506,863,666,667,982,976 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 61,897,001,964,269,013,727,333,335,965,952 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 123,794,003,928,538,026,454,666,670,931,904 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 247,588,007,857,076,052,909,333,340,180,380,800 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 495,176,015,714,152,105,818,666,680,360,761,600 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 990,352,031,428,304,211,637,333,360,721,523,200 yards—J. J. Beuning, Perth; 1,980,704,062,856,608,423,274,666,721,442,446,400 yards—J. J. 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# Sunshine Warmth—The Motor Days Are Here

## THE NECKLACE OF TEARS

By LOUISE GERARD.

INSTALMENT VI.  
DESIREE DE MAILLY, a young countess, the beautiful and innocent niece of COUNT DE GILBERT, an unscrupulous adventurer, who holds Desiree in his power.  
EUGENE DE GILBERT, the count's son, who, with his father, plans to marry the countess off to MANUEL BASSINO, a voluptuous millionaire, who pays \$50,000 to the Gilberts for the privilege of marrying Desiree after she becomes 21. Bassino arrives on the continent from America, but is delayed from arriving at Nice, where the countess is staying.

MRS. GREEN, an aspiring nouveau riche, who has struck up an acquaintance with Eugene. She is friendly with him.  
JOHN WILSON, handsome self-made English businessman, who is in the Riviera. Wilson meets Desiree and falls in love with her despite her unworldly charm. On her 21st birthday she tells him of her cruel uncle and cousin, and shows him the "necklace of tears," a tremendously valuable diamond affair that she has inherited. Wilson also learns that the count and Eugene are in Paris but are due to arrive at the

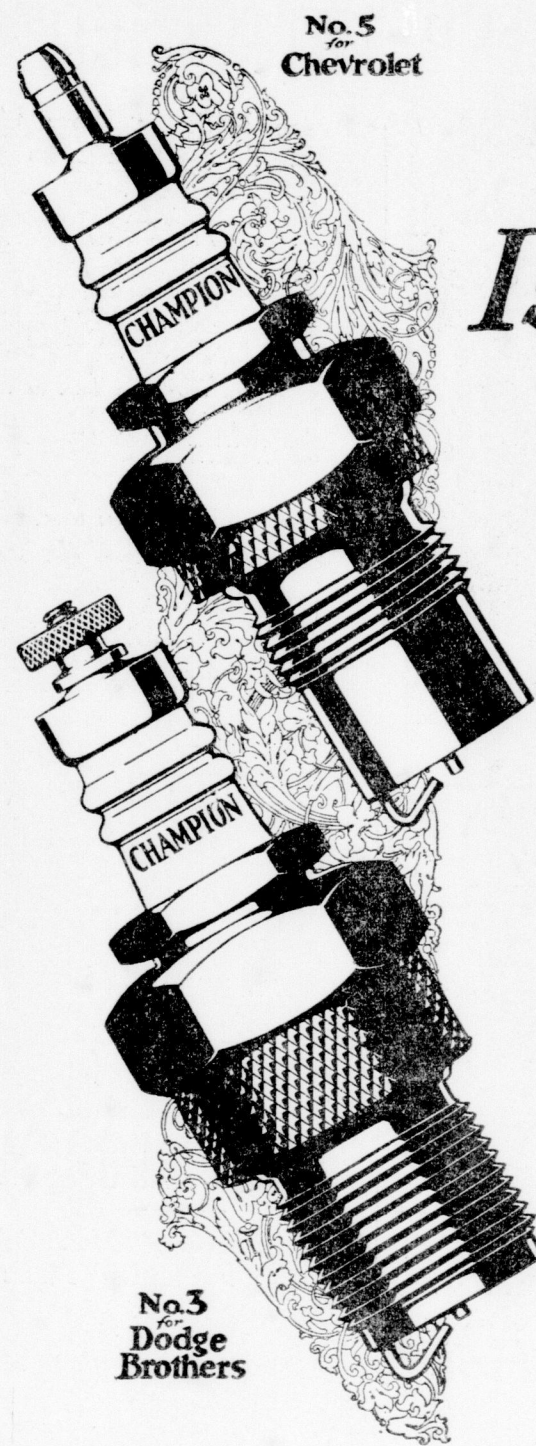
chateau soon, so he determines to ask Desiree to deliver the necklace into his safe-keeping until her uncle can take charge of it. Wilson calls again and Desiree delivers the necklace of tears to his safe-keeping. The next day they take a long drive to Monte Carlo, during which time Wilson's love for the girl increases. That night the Gilberts arrive at the chateau and demand the jewels. The next day after the count meets Wilson he asks for the jewels, but the latter replies he will give them to the elder Gilbert on the following morning. Wilson, however, tells Desiree that she must see her alone before he gives up the jewels. He plans to propose. At a dance in Wilson's hotel that night he observes Desiree and the count dancing together. There is a collision with Eugene and Mrs. Green, during which the count snatches the latter's valuable bracelet. Wilson then realizes that this must be the famous Triple Alliance in action. The following morning he accuses De-

siree of being a crook, but she retorts that she is blind and Wilson realizes then that this must be true. He determines to settle with the two scoundrels and claim Desiree.  
CHAPTER XI.  
The Interview.  
Desiree felt her affliction deeply. She had never seen the daylight. The world to her was a thick gray fog, in which dark shadows moved vaguely. A sense of having been robbed of her heritage of sight was always with her, and a feeling that she should go about and not see the things of his creating.  
At that moment, far worse than her affliction, worse even than the prospect of her marriage, was her one friend's anger. She could not believe what he said about her uncle and cousin, yet because he said it, she felt it must be true.  
Vividly there came back to her the very words Eugene had once said: "It's a damned thing that Clary is dead. Now it's a case of her, not a third, and I don't have to be forever prostituting her."  
Sometimes, when the three of them were alone together, Eugene would make jokes about bracelets, laughing in his cruel, taunting way when her uncle reprimanded him.  
"Oh, Desiree doesn't understand," he would say.  
What was it she did not understand?

That she was the dupe and tool of two highly-placed jewel thieves, who had taken her as their third when their woman confederate had died? She understood now, and the realization was purgatory.  
Once certain Wilson was gone, Desiree got up. With trembling fingers she unlocked the heavy door and made her way downstairs to the kitchen.  
At her entry Juliette threw up her hands.  
"Let me go to your daughter Marie, at Eze," Desiree said. "Nobody will look for me there. Oh, Juliette, don't make me stay here," she finished, the helpless tears starting to fall again.  
"Of course, you shall go to Marie if you want to. I'll borrow Mere Tonet's mule cart and we'll start at once," Juliette answered.  
On reaching the street Wilson went into the large hall. He chose a quiet corner, out of earshot of the rest of the room, and there awaited his visitors. At their entry, Wilson arose. "You must return the necklace at once," the count began haughtily, his voice dry with anxiety. "It's my niece's property."  
"So I understand," Wilson answered. "That's why I don't intend to let you have it."  
The count's face blanched.  
"Considering the hue and cry after Mrs. Green's bracelet disappeared," Wilson went on, "I'm surprised you dare show your faces here today. I saw you take her bracelet, and I saw how the thing was engineered, too. I saw you use a blind girl for your dupe, and I saw a helpless child who had no idea what she was doing. You couple of scoundrels!"  
There was a brief, tense pause.  
Both the Gilberts then suddenly realized that they were safe in the shelter of a girl's skirts, and they meant to make the most of their refuge.  
"You damned scoundrel!" the count burst out, "taking advantage of a blind child's trust to rob her of her heritage!"  
There was another and further pause, which Eugene broke.  
"If you don't let me have my cousin's necklace at once I shall inform the police!"  
"All right," Wilson said coolly. "It was a good game of bluff. Wilson knew he had no right to the necklace, except the right of the strong to defend the weak. And Eugene de Gilbert had every right to call in the police, since he, Wilson, had refused to give up Desiree's belongings."  
Another pause ensued.  
This time Wilson broke the silence. "I think we understand each other fairly well," he said. "I'm not going to rob the Countess de Mailly, as you have robbed dozens of other people. I'm keeping the necklace, since both it and she need better guardians than you two beauties."  
With this Wilson walked away, leaving the Gilberts staring after him.  
A few seconds later Count de Gilbert and Eugene went back to their hotel. Once within the shelter of their own room the count let himself go.  
"Mon Dieu!" he raved. "I thought we'd done with this life once and for ever. These ups and downs, this constant anxiety, I tell you my nerve is going. I can't stand much more. There's an end to everybody's luck. And now this damned Englishman has found us out!"  
"I've often told you, mon pere, that curses never do any good," Eugene responded equably. "It's far better to smile in the teeth of fate."  
"Smile? Yes, that's easy to say, but I'm the one who pulls the chains out of the fire!"  
"Father," Eugene answered, "if our years were reversed I'd have to do the pulling and you the enchanting. You're past an age that attracts elderly women. They prefer men young enough to be their sons. So I have to do the 'fatal fascination' act, much as I prefer the leunes filles. Generally speaking, young girls haven't jewelry worthy of our attention. When a woman loses her youth she tries to blind men's eyes to the fact by the glitter of her diamonds."  
So saying, Eugene picked up a cigarette out of a box that lay on the table. Then he threw himself down in a deep chair. It creaked ominously as he leaned back, so he got up and pushed it close against the wall for support.  
"It has a weak back," he remarked. "I must deal with it tenderly."  
His indifferent attitude roused his father still further.  
"You and your accursed jokes!" he snarled. "And a fortune in that damned Englishman's keeping. Will you never take things seriously?"  
"What's the use of being alive if one has to be serious about it? I'm a butterfly. I neither toil nor spin. Or perhaps I'm a fly of the field—which ever it is. In any case I'm something that never has and never intends to work for a living. I'm not an honest plodder like our friend Wilson."  
"Curse him," the count muttered. "We're entirely in his hands."  
"Wilson won't give us away," Eugene responded easily, as he lit his cigarette. "He's much too infatuated with Desiree for that. I wronged him in the first act. It's the girl he wants, not the necklace. And through her, if we're sharp, we may still get it."  
The older man stopped his nervous pacing. "Explain yourself," he said abruptly.

### CHAPTER XII.

Bassino.  
"We must remove Desiree from within his reach, and then bargain with him. Tell him he can have whichever he likes, either the necklace or the girl. And tell him he'll have to make up his mind pretty quickly, too, or we'll marry her to Bassino. He'll be here any day now. He won't waste time, that Dago, where Desiree is concerned."  
"The very thing, Eugene!" the count cried. "The very thing! We'll go right over to the chateau."  
But on reaching it, they found it empty and Juliette could advance no explanation of where Desiree had gone.  
The clock struck 3 and then 3:30; still there was no sign of Desiree, nor of Juliette, nor of the dog.  
As time passed, a gray look crept over the count's face, and Eugene grew thoughtful.  
It appeared that Wilson had forestalled them and gone off with their hostage. And "The Necklace of Tears" seemed as far away as ever.  
Several hours later Wilson's motor drew up under the terrace of the chateau. The news of her departure was a shock to Wilson. In French he managed to ask where she had gone, but the old woman either could not or would not understand him.  
There was no doubt about it; she had flown from him—his fairy princess—away from him and his cruel words, for his investigations showed she intended to stay away some time, and was not returning that evening, as he had been trying to make himself believe.  
He had but one idea now—to find Desiree.  
To Wilson's surprise, on arriving back at his hotel he found the father and son awaiting him in the hall, and about them both was an air of righteous indignation.  
"I can put up with your stealing my niece's necklace," the old count spluttered angrily. "But I refuse to let you abduct my niece as well."  
"Oh, so that's it, is it?" Wilson said with a relieved air. "As a matter of fact I was going to ask you the same question."  
Then suddenly it dawned on all three of them that Desiree herself was responsible for her flight, and that as far as the girl was concerned, the game was still even.  
Three days after Desiree's flight, Bassino arrived.  
"I want to see the Countess de Mailly," was his first demand.  
Juliette was determined not to tell him the countess's whereabouts. Things could be left to work out their own salvation. She was not going to interfere in any way.  
Having made up her mind to this, the old servant disclaimed all knowledge of the girl's whereabouts.  
Then, in a towering rage and in all his glory, Bassino went.  
At 4 o'clock, a no very enviable frame of mind, he went round to interview the Count de Gilbert.  
"Where's Desiree?" he demanded angrily, the moment he got into the room.  
Eugene shrugged his shoulders. "Ask me another," he said.  
"I've given \$50,000 for her, and don't you forget it. Where's she gone?" Bassino bawled.  
"That's exactly what we want to know."  
The evening of Desiree's disappearance the Gilberts had returned to the chateau to find Juliette back at her post again. On questioning her as to the girl's whereabouts, she had said she had no idea where her mistress was. She had explained her absence on their last visit by saying she had missed the countess, and had spent the morning and afternoon searching for her. Then her lips closed over her toothless gums in a thin, hard, determined line, in a manner that indicated that whatever any one might say, they would get nothing more out of her.  
The father and son had not wasted time over Juliette. Never having interested themselves in the old woman's affairs, they did not even know she had a daughter, let alone one at Eze.  
At once they had set about a systematic search for Desiree, and that evening again had returned to Nice disappointed.  
"You've gone back on me, you couple of sharpers! You've sold Desiree to someone else," Bassino cried, beside himself with fear and rage and bawled passion.  
"No, we haven't," Eugene answered. "She went away of her own accord."  
"Went away! What do you mean by letting her go?"  
"We didn't let her go. She ran away. We've spent the last three days in hunting for her," the count explained.  
"What made her run away?" the Brazilian asked in a calmer tone.  
"I suspect the idea of you, and the fact that she has fallen in love with some Englishman. You're a bitter pill for any well-bred girl to swallow, even though you're so well liked," he finished, with no respect for the millionaire's feelings.  
Bassino did not hear the insult to himself. He only saw Desiree lost to him.  
"Eloped? Married?" he shrieked.  
"No. This Englishman is looking for her as well, damn him! And if he finds her, it's all up with you. He's as mad for her as you are."  
"You're her guardian. You can make her marry me," he said, anxiously and pained in his thick voice.  
With only Desiree to deal with, the count knew he could make her do anything he wanted. But if she happened to have reached the shelter of Wilson's broad back before they discovered her whereabouts, that would be quite another matter.  
"Of course you can find her," Bassino answered briskly, suddenly buoyed up by the thought of the power of money. "I'll find her if it costs me another \$50,000. I'll travel double quick and let him know he's got to let my property alone."  
However, the Gilberts disclaimed all knowledge of Wilson's name and address. If the Englishman and Bassino had words over Desiree, there was a chance that the fact of "The Triple Alliance" might slip out, and the risk was one they were not going to run.  
"I don't know who he is. I only know there is such a person," the count answered. "And the best thing you can do is to join forces with us and help us to search for Desiree."  
By this method the Count de Gilbert saw unlimited means at his disposal. But when he was found, Wilson, not Bassino, should have her, provided he handed over "The Necklace of Tears."  
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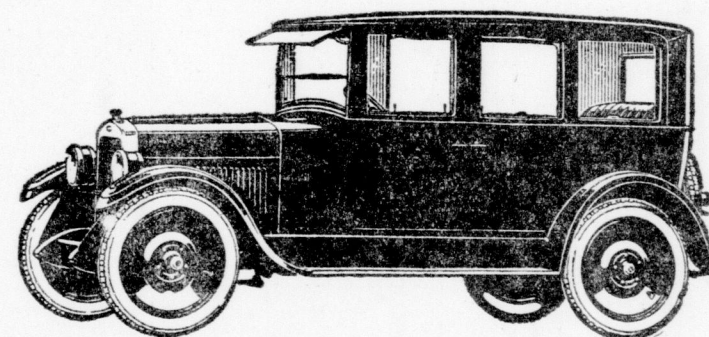
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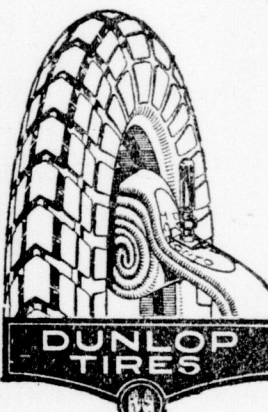
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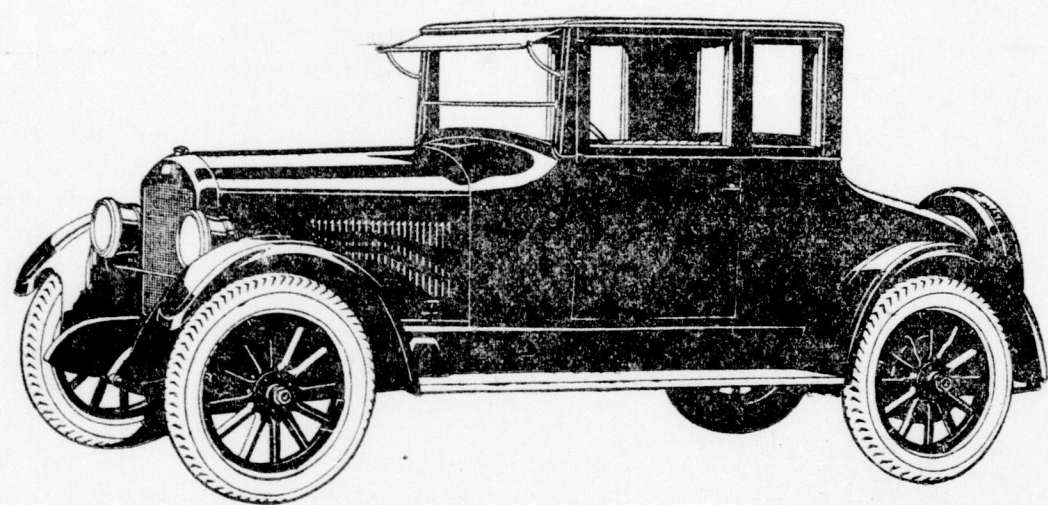
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## SERVICE FOR NEEDY IS GREAT AIM OF LONDON'S VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

London Command Formed in 1917; Col. W. G. Coles Chosen President.

### ACTIVE ASSISTANCE

Thousands Secured For Families of Men Maimed by War.

The following article is a history of the Great War Veterans' Association in London, with an outline of the general principles and record of the association in Canada. It has been written for The Advertiser as a Decoration Day feature by Harry Wray, president of the G. W. V. A. in London.

The Great War Veterans' Association has devoted most of its energies since the conclusion of the great conflict to the care of the sick, wounded and needy among those who have served. To the G. W. V. A., the ex-service men and women of Canada owe, to a great extent, the re-establishing measures which have assisted them in becoming citizens again in civilian life. Provision for those suffering from war disabilities was first sought and obtained by legislative measures.

From its inception the G. W. V. A. has also been active in the matter of pensions. Realizing that the total disability pension, and the subsequent grades for various degrees of disability were not sufficient to enable the pensioners to exist, increases based on the rising cost of living were advocated and secured year by year. The interests of the widows, the fatherless, and the disabled, were closely watched, and as measures were needed to deal with special cases, representation was made to the government, and the association was successful in having many new clauses added to the pension act.

In later days, when dissatisfaction has arisen among ex-service men concerning the administration of national affairs, the G. W. V. A. has persistently pointed out that remedial measures could only be obtained through constitutional methods. The truth of this fact has been demonstrated to the general public by ex-service men times without number. They have fully realized the value of constitutional procedure over precipitate action.

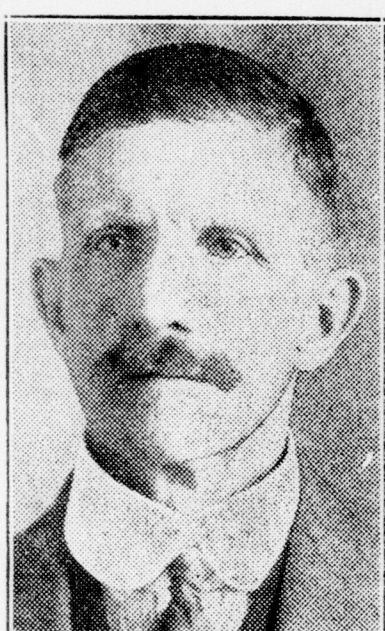
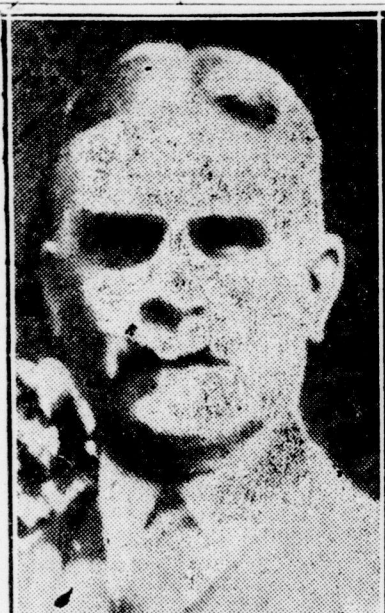
No Political Action. In impressing upon its members that they should continue in the service of the country as citizens in the same spirit as they had served in the army and navy during the war, the association has proven that political action was not necessary and was, in fact, a hindrance to the creation of peace and satisfaction. No creed or political party has ever received special consideration from the G. W. V. A. of Canada. It has dealt impartially with all other national bodies in the country.

The association at all times has challenged anyone who would corrupt the public life of the nation. The activities of the G. W. V. A. have not been confined entirely to Canada for many Canadians served with other armies during the Great War. Through branches in London, England, South Africa, Australia, matters affecting the interests of the C. E. F. and Imperial ex-service men and women are given attention.

The interests of Canadian and British ex-service men and women are safe-guarded in United States. By an arrangement with the American Legion, which represents nearly a million ex-service men and women in the United States, the following services are exchanged: The G. W. V. A. represents in Canada the American Legion in dealing with any problem of United States citizens who served with the Canadian forces, while the American Legion makes similar representations in the United States for Canadians who served with the United States' forces. Through the American Legion assistance is extended to any ex-Canadian, any ex-Imperial, South African, Australian soldiers or sailors who are in need in the United States, while the G. W. V. A. renders similar service in Canada.

Principles of the G. W. V. A. Among the principles of the G. W. V. A. are these five: "The foundation principles upon which this association rests is national service, and we unreservedly commit ourselves to a standard of service for Canada and the British Empire in the work of national development as full, as self-sacrificing, and as free from personal motives as that rendered by our army overseas. We pledge ourselves to the common service of our country, acknowledging no pre-eminence in our association except devotion to the building up of our national life.

"We reject for our association and



### ACTIVE WORKERS IN VETERANS' CAUSE.

Above are four men whose work on behalf of the London command, G. W. V. A., has brought help through pensions to many families of veterans in London. At the top left is Lieut.-Col. W. G. Coles, first president, and now honorary president; right, Dr. Cameron Wilson, president for 1921. Bottom row, left, George Turner, the present active secretary, and right, Harry Wray, the present popular president.

and we are building up our membership slowly but surely. In that time we have taken up 353 cases, sent out over 2,000 letters. Our energetic secretary, George Turner, has answered 1,832 telephone calls, made over 600 personal calls, and the command has been successful in winning 83 per cent of the cases taken up with the government. The highest sum recovered during that time for one person is over \$3,000 in cash and 100 per cent disability. Most of this is due to the splendid assistance given to the president and secretary by the executive, who give of their time and ability without any remuneration. I wish to give thanks for the splendid co-operation given us by Ex-Mayors Somerville, E. S. Little, Dr. Cameron Wilson, and the present mayor and councilors of that period, also to Mr. Hume Cronyn, ex-M. P., and to the present members, Sir Adam Beck, M. L. A., and Frank White, M. P., and the newspapers, who at all times have been only too pleased to help us in any way possible, and last but not least that splendid body of women known as the Daughters of the Empire, who have this last twelve months given of their time and assistance in every conceivable way to the G. W. V. A.

Growth Not Forced. In the past, the G. W. V. A. has devoted its attention almost entirely to securing legislation and dealing with the problems of all ex-service men and women. The growth of the organization has followed its own inclination and has not been fostered or forced in any way. It is, perhaps, for this reason that a great many ex-service men in Canada have not linked themselves with the G. W. V. A. It has been felt that there was a lack of understanding of what the true objects of the association were, and it is with a purpose of dispelling some of the misconceptions that this article is written.

It can be said without exaggeration that the work of the G. W. V. A. has benefited every ex-service man and woman of the nation. In many thousands of cases, personal service has been rendered to men who were not members of the association, and at no time has any man been refused service because he was not a member. This service has been made possible at the expense of these men, who had the vision to see the necessity of maintaining such an organization. They have faithfully performed their part, and devoted their time to the advancement of the interests of all ex-service men.

The London Command was formed in 1917. In 1917, Col. W. G. Coles was elected president, and continued in that capacity until the end of 1920, when Dr. Cameron Wilson was made president for 1921, and in 1922 Col. Coles was again elected as president, and resigned at the end of his term, June, 1923. At the election of officers, H. Wray was elected president, and still retains that position.

Since the formation of the G. W. V. A., the local command has taken up 4,000 cases, sent out over 8,000 letters, and been the means of recovering \$75,000 for ex-service men and their dependents. The last twelve months has been the most critical period of the local command, but I am pleased to say the tide has turned

and pay them better in the end. There are also cases in which there is a chance for a big hand, especially in playing cleared suits, and there seems to be time enough to get several more draws from the wall before the game is likely to be bad policy. The players will risk refusing a punz, even of Dragons, and will try to discard both the pair, so as to get three doubles instead of two. The value of the third double must be the guide in deciding such cases as this.

There are many less speculative cases in which it would be bad policy to refuse to complete a triplet in suit. In spite of the fact that a triplet counts something toward the score and a sequence counts nothing, each is equally valuable in one respect, and that is in advancing the hand toward the completion of the four sets that are essential for a woo.

Too Much Anxiety Bad. Some players are so intent upon making up scoring sets that they overlook the possibilities of their hands in other ways. I have often seen such short-sighted anxiety to take punzs as the following: The player was S, with two punzs grounded, in different suits, each worth 2 points. In his hand he held these seven tiles:

One of the first things that is likely to bring this distinction between suit tiles and honors clearly before the beginner is the fact that it is useless to hold up a kong in Winds or Dragons under any circumstances.

One of the things that the beginner should pay close attention to is the fact that the suit tiles can be used in two ways, for either triplets or sequences; while the honors can be used only in one way, for triplets. In either case the kong may be regarded more as a fortunate condition than as anything deliberately planned for. One of the first things that is likely to bring this distinction between suit tiles and honors clearly before the beginner is the fact that it is useless to hold up a kong in Winds or Dragons under any circumstances.



## SUPREME COMFORT INCREASED SAFETY on all Roads-in any Weather with full-size Firestone GUM-DIPPED BALLOONS

Until you have ridden on full-size Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords you cannot realize the great forward stride Firestone has made in motoring comfort, safety and car conservation.

With these big tires you ride on from 20 to 30 pounds air pressure. Road shocks, jolts and vibration are cushioned before they reach your car to cause discomfort or depreciation. Driver and passengers are scarcely conscious of poor roads.

With double the usual road contact Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords are the safest equipment for any car. They give brakes a new responsiveness and power. By minimizing skidding and spinning they permit quicker stops. You have better control of the car at all times.

You get equal or better mileage than from regular cord tires. Gasoline consumption averages less. Vibration is reduced, prolonging your car's life and relieving it of squeaks and rattles. With Firestone Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords you get all this without interfering with fender clearance, increasing gear ratios, changing the speed of your car or cutting down power.

Firestone pioneered the Balloon Tire—built the first full size balloon in Canada. It was the

result of two million miles of test driving and two year's effort in research. The Firestone process of gum-dipping has made the balloon tire practical. Gum-dipping prevents friction and heat within the tire—allows a carcass that will flex and absorb road shocks without breaking down.

The strength and resilience that gum-dipping gives tires was demonstrated on the race track last year when Gum-Dipped Cords swept everything before them. Again this year the International Sweepstakes at Indianapolis were won on Gum-Dipped Cords. You can trust the sound practical judgment of veteran race drivers, most of whom prefer Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords.

The present production of the Firestone factory enables us to offer you full-size balloon equipment immediately and at lowest cost. Change over to full size balloons is quickly accomplished with the special change over unit designed, perfected and manufactured by Firestone. Only the rim and spokes removed. No change of hubs, brake bands and other parts.

The most pleasant and economical driving this season will be done on Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords. For a demonstration and details of application to your car, see the dealer nearest you.

Here are listed Full-size Balloon Tires recommended for your car

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Cleveland  
Columbia  
Dodge—Except Sedan  
Dort  
Durrant—4-Cylinder  
Essex  
Franklin  
Hupmobile—Except Sedan  
Jewett  
Liberty—Except Sedan  
Maxwell  
Moore—4-40, Except Sedan  
Nash  
McLaughlin—4-Cylinder  
Nash—4-Cylinder  
Oldsmobile—1924  
Overland Red Bird  
Studebaker Light 6

### SIZE 6.20 BALLOON To fit 20 and 21" Wheels

Chalmers  
Chandler—Except Sedan  
Chrysler  
Columbia Sedan  
Dodge Sedan  
Durrant—6 Cylinder  
Haynes—Small  
Hudson  
Hupmobile Sedan  
Jordan  
Lexington  
Marmont—Except Sedan  
Moore—4-5N  
McLaughlin—6 Cylinder—Except 7 Passenger  
Nash 6  
Oldsmobile 1919-1923  
Packard Six  
Reo  
Stearns Knight—4 Cyl.  
Studebaker Special Six  
Vellie  
Wills St. Claire  
Willys-Knight—Except 7 Passenger Sedan

### SIZE 7.30 BALLOON To fit 20" Wheel

Cadillac  
Chandler Sedan  
Cole  
Haynes—Large  
Marmont Sedan  
McLaughlin 6 Cylinder  
Packard Eight  
Packard Twin Six  
Paige  
Peerless  
Pierce Arrow  
Rolls-Royce  
Stearns Knight—6 Cyl.  
Studebaker Big Six  
Willys-Knight 7 Passenger Sedan

## Balloon Gum-Dipped Cords—The Original Low Pressure Tires

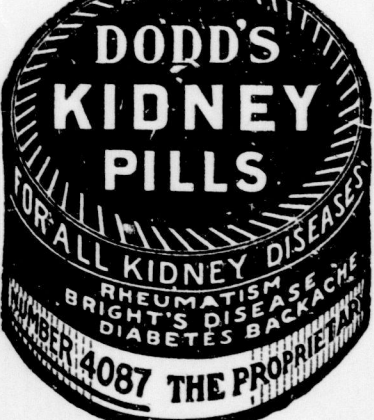
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## MAH JONG: R. F. Foster Talks About Refusing To Take Punzs.

By R. F. FOSTER.

One of the things that the beginner should pay close attention to is the fact that the suit tiles can be used in two ways, for either triplets or sequences; while the honors can be used only in one way, for triplets. In either case the kong may be regarded more as a fortunate condition than as anything deliberately planned for.

One of the first things that is likely to bring this distinction between suit tiles and honors clearly before the beginner is the fact that it is useless to hold up a kong in Winds or Dragons under any circumstances.

because there is no possibility of using the fourth tile in any other way than as part of that set. The fourth of a kong in a suit may sometimes be used to much better advantage in making up a sequence, and perhaps completing a hand for a woo.

Should Take Triplet. In the same way, there should be no excuse for refusing to take the third wind or dragon to form a triplet, unless that pair were a doubling pair, such as Dragons, his own, or the prevailing Wind, and even then some players will refuse the punz, being guided by the probability that it will be easy to fill the sequence

and pay them better in the end. There are also cases in which there is a chance for a big hand, especially in playing cleared suits, and there seems to be time enough to get several more draws from the wall before the game is likely to be bad policy. The players will risk refusing a punz, even of Dragons, and will try to discard both the pair, so as to get three doubles instead of two. The value of the third double must be the guide in deciding such cases as this.

There are many less speculative cases in which it would be bad policy to refuse to complete a triplet in suit. In spite of the fact that a triplet counts something toward the score and a sequence counts nothing, each is equally valuable in one respect, and that is in advancing the hand toward the completion of the four sets that are essential for a woo.

### Too Much Anxiety Bad.

Some players are so intent upon making up scoring sets that they overlook the possibilities of their hands in other ways. I have often seen such short-sighted anxiety to take punzs as the following: The player was S, with two punzs grounded, in different suits, each worth 2 points. In his hand he held these seven tiles:

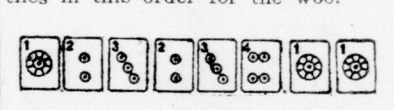


The 1 of Circles was discarded by the player on his right, and he immediately pounced upon it for a punz, discarding the 4 of Circles. Now he is waiting for a 2 or 3 of Circles to woo with a double for all counts. At the time, there were 15 tiles grounded by other players, leaving 24 concealed in their hands, and there were 56 left in the wall. That is 80, among which were the four tiles, one of which S wanted to woo. The odds against his getting one of them were therefore easily seen to be 19 to 1, and the probability was that the game would end before he got five more draws from the wall. About 4 to 1 against him to woo with a double for an all-count hand, which would be worth 6 points.

Now let us see what he gains if he does this four times under precisely the same conditions, giving him his four draws from the wall and possible punzs. Once he wins 60, three times he wins 12 only and has to pay the woo hand, (say 80, which is average).

Now see what he loses by taking the punz. Instead of laying down the triplet and getting a double for an all-count hand if he finally went

out, he has 24 points in his grasp, which he wins four times over, (and pays nobody) if he lays down his tiles in this order for the woo.



A very common error is to take a punz in suit which is worth only 2 or 4 points when the tile taken from the rack leave an unfillable gap. Take this situation, which shows how carefully a player should balance his chances for loss and gain before taking punzs in suit. The player was W, with W prevailing Wind, and had two sequences grounded in different suits.



The 7 of circles was discarded, and he immediately took it for a punz. Now what is he to discard? Not his own Wind, so it must be either the 6 or 9 of Circles, and it does not matter which, because there is only one tile that will put him out and that is the fourth 7. If he happens to get another W Wind before he gets

the fourth 7, he will have to guess between the two tiles which to keep, and will have to pair it to woo. Mathematically, it is an even bet to guess wrong, so he would keep the wrong tile just half the time.

But if he refuses the punz, and discards the 4 of Circles, when he punz the 7, he has two chances to woo, as either the 5 or 8 of Circles will put him out. If he gets his third W Wind he can let go the 7 of Circles, and still be calling for two tiles to woo, as either the 6 or the 9 would complete the hand. By taking the punz of three 7s, he breaks up his entire hand.

### Giving the Hand Away.

Attention is frequently called to the importance of keeping the "eyes" intact if they are in hand, on account not only of the difficulty of matching a single tile, but of the frequency with which the other players can tell what you want and refuse to give it to you, so that your only chance is to draw it from the wall. Here is an example, which if carefully considered will give the student some idea of what he will be able to do in many other situations as he becomes more expert.

Refusing To Take Punzs. The player was E. From the dis-

cards and grounded sets it was impossible for him to want either Dragons or Winds to complete his hand, and he had grounded three 4s Wind and three Dragons. When he punz the 7 of Characters, he discarded the 8. On the next round, he punz the 4s of Characters, and discarded the 6.

If the situation is studied for a moment, it will be evident that the single tile remaining in his hand, which he wants to match for the eyes must be one of the Characters, and it cannot be the 5, or he would have been Mah Jong with the 4. He cannot have been holding up the fourth 7, or he would have been Mah Jong with 6, 7, 8, and his pair of 4s, which he discarded the 8.

He cannot have held any pair with his 4s, or he would have been Mah Jong when he got the third 4, which he punz.

With this information, the reader may be left to work out a rather interesting problem, one of those which I have seen a Chinese expert at this game figure out in a few seconds, and govern his discards accordingly.

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## The London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1924.

### Banditry As An Organized Business.

The robbery of a Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul mail and express train by four carloads of armed bandits, and the taking of mail valued at almost two millions of dollars, shows how close rascality has come to being a highly organized and very remunerative piece of business.

The idea of recognizing robbery as an organized business is not pleasing, but for the moment it commands that standing by reason of the detail that was perfected for the robbery of one of the richest trains on the American continent.

Four loads of armed men in fast motor cars waited at a spot where the train was to cross a country road. Armed men had taken possession of the engine crew shortly after leaving Chicago, and the train stopped exactly where the robbers wanted it stopped.

Messengers and clerks in the cars containing the desired bags extinguished the lights, and refused to open the barred doors. The bandits had anticipated all this, and they did not even blow the doors open or knock them in. Gas bombs were thrown through the windows, and the men on the inside were forced to escape or die.

Every known appliance that science has invented has been seized upon by the man who wants to break the law.

The officer of the law has no more chance in using destructive or protective methods or machinery than the bandits.

If the forces of the law buy a gun the robber can buy a gun; if the custodians of wealth, as represented in this case by the mail clerks on the train, shut and lock the door on him the robber can hurl his gas bombs and make it necessary to open the door and probably the windows. As long as he has money the robber can be just as well equipped as the officer of the law. The only difference is that the police have access to a larger fund.

The law makes it very easy for those who want to fight it to arm themselves for the fray. It legalizes the sale of weapons. It maintains a great postal service that is used to distribute them.

It is possible for a bandit to use all these agencies, sanctioned by law and maintained by the people, to arm himself to defy and possibly defeat the purpose and intent of the law.

Banditry of a size practiced in the latest Chicago case brings the business into a new field. It is no longer the case of a man sneaking up a back alley, but the deliberate equipping of twenty or more men with all the machinery and dexterity they can command.

It is a humiliating thing that it is possible to go so thoroughly tie up in a knot a whole train, with 70 clerks, all armed, rob it and put its treasures through a sieve, and ride off into the night. There is something lacking. If it has developed into a battle of wits, armament being equal, then the robbers have better brains than the forces of law and order.

Each few days sees lawlessness becoming a little bolder, a little more daring. Each success provides a reason for the next attempt. Law in United States is having the clenched fist of banditry shoved right close against its chin, and it has got to strike back faster than it has ever done before.

### Courage Where None Was Expected.

Death swept down with relentless speed and certainty on the men in the turret of the U. S. battleship Mississippi, while out at practice. Operating guns of tremendous size, and with every known mechanical appliance at their disposal to facilitate the work, one of the huge shells exploded in the gun. What was intended to be mimic warfare was turned into a carnage as dreadful as the history of real war can record.

The sympathy of the Canadian people will be extended to the United States at this time. An investigation may find the cause and place the blame, but it cannot bring back to life the fifty brave men who were launched into eternity in the twinkling of an eye.

### Hon. Mr. Motherwell On Union.

Hon. W. R. Motherwell has written a letter to Liberal members of the House of Commons, regarding his views on the church union bill, and the London Free Press is quick to read politics into the whole thing. It announced in a heading on the article, "Seeks To Play Politics With the Union Bill." In an introduction to the story the Free Press says: "How Hon. W. R. Motherwell introduces politics into each and every issue is seen in a letter which became public today. Even such an issue as church union is apparently considered by the minister of agriculture from the effect it might have on the fortunes of the Liberal party."

The Mail and Empire uses the same story, but it is significant that it refrained from trying to read into it a political motive.

What Mr. Motherwell did was this: He addressed a letter to Liberals in the House, which he had a perfect right to do. In that letter he set forth at some length the objections he saw to the manner in which the private bills committee was mutilating a document which two million people in Canada were desirous of seeing passed. He reviewed at some length the manner in which the imperial parliament had dealt with the request of the Church of Scotland to unite with the United Free Church, and urged that by this precedent the churches of Canada

had a right to have their union facilitated and not needlessly retarded. His letter also contained a word of warning that although the measure came before parliament as a private bill the Liberals would be held responsible for its defeat.

Now, what is wrong about that? It is the same attitude as a father might take in talking to his son; he could outline the case as he saw it, and advise what he thought should be done, and he certainly would be within his rights in adding, "If you do otherwise you must be prepared to take the consequences."

Mr. Motherwell was not urging the Liberals in parliament to do anything that was wrong; he was not suggesting that they should dodge the issue; he was pointing out the duty of the Liberals in the House to deal with the matter in a way that would avoid an acrimonious debate or a protracted action before the courts.

As a member of the Liberal cabinet he had a perfect right to do these things, and he was not outside of his premise at all when he advised that the Liberals, being the party in power, would have to face the results of their decision.

### He Never Intended To Resign.

Guss Porter, the Conservative M.P. who brought the charges against Hon. James Murdock of having used his position as a cabinet minister to save his money from the Home Bank crash, states that he has no intention of resigning because his charges fell flat.

Mr. Porter hardly needed to make this announcement, because he never had any intention of so doing. It is not a matter about which to get excited, for matters in the country at large will go on very much the same whether Mr. Porter stays or goes.

All the protest that Mr. Porter can make now as to the nature of the finding carries little weight. It is merely an effort to justify the position he took regardless of what the majority of the commission found.

He knew when he launched his charges who would hear them, and all about it. There was nothing hidden to him. He is stamping himself as a noisy loser by his protests about the outcome.

Mr. Porter sought a place in the limelight and he should not squint now that he finds the rays turned squarely upon him.

### Fifty Years At the O.A.C.

The Agricultural College at Guelph has had a real celebration marking its fifty years of existence. The O. A. C. has succeeded largely on account of the calibre of the men it has attracted to its faculty, and by its sympathetic attitude toward the farming community it has sought to serve.

The school has had its critics, and it will continue to have them. Such an institution must be on ahead; it has to be doing the things that are not yet considered of practical value. It must be reaching out and experimenting with new and unproven things, and in the very nature of events some of these will be found failures. It is in the pursuit of these failures that criticism may come, but it is short-sighted, for in faithfully trying out a new idea and branding it as a failure the school is saving a great many other people from running into error.

The O. A. C. has had only five principals in fifty years, that in itself being a tribute to continuity of service. President Reynolds, the present head of the college, is not an experiment at an experimental farm; he is an accomplished fact. Few schools have men who are so thoroughly masters of their various professions. Prof. Dean in the dairy department, Prof. Leitch in practical cost work on the farms, Prof. Harcourt of the chemistry section, which is so wide in its scope as to cover soils, manures, animal and human foods, and a score of other things; Prof. Wade Toole in the animal husbandry, Prof. Graham in poultry—all of them recognized leaders. When the record of Dr. C. A. Zavitz is considered, it is to look over a chapter of accomplishment possibly unequalled in field husbandry. Of him it has been truly said that he developed the work and developed with the work.

For 35 years he has been at the school, selecting, breeding and experimenting with seeds suitable for Ontario's climate. From his department have come the famous O. A. C. varieties of oats, barley, peas and wheat, adding millions to the productive value of Ontario field crops.

The O. A. C. has every right to stage a celebration. Its future success lies in keeping close to the farming interests of Ontario in all their many-sided problems. Its field is very closely allied with the fortunes of Ontario's basic industry, and it is well to remember that agriculture has many questions not yet answered. Rural Ontario has a right to look to the O. A. C. for leadership, and if the school is true to the traditions of the past it will not look in vain.

### Note and Comment.

"Housewife's rib" is a new device that doctors have discovered. One quite as common is a calloused thumb caused by running a can opener.

Canadian officials are watching for ten bandits said to be headed this way from the United States. Can't United States police see ten bandits before they get into Canada?

Pictures of Prince Viggo, who came over to marry a New York girl, are disappointing. He wears a tweed suit and a slouchy felt hat instead of a pair of silk breeches and some sort of a crown.

Dr. McWilliams made a frontal attack on the idea of grafting monkey glands to human beings with the idea of bringing back youth. The monkeys will now go back to be fed peanuts at the zoo or collect coppers for the organ grinders.

Examination time is here and the public school young folks are searching their brains to see what they actually remember about the mutiny at Spithead and the Napoleonic wars in general. And even if their knowledge is meagre, they probably know more about it than the average adult.

## Dr. Frank Crane

### THE SOIL.

The soil is the mother of us all. There are as many kinds of soil as there are people to look at it.

There is the rainy and the dusty road. There is the plowed land and the grassy meadow.

There is the bare land which seems to expose itself needlessly to the elements, and there is the thick lush soil of the Mississippi Valley.

We are all growths of the soil. Men spring up as lilies-of-the-valley or as mountain flowers. The ideas which I have come from the soil, which is the bosom of all seeds.

Within the soil lies all life as within the fecund womb.

It only awaits the touch of the husband, who is the sun, which brings its rain and warmth to bear upon her.

Then she gives forth all things, ripens all seeds, of which mankind is one.

The soil is made up largely of forms of departed life, dead leaves and wood and bodies of animals. It is the graveyard of life at the same time that it is the birthplace of life.

Life springs from itself. It is the unexplained phenomenon of the earth.

The soil always holds some kinds of seed. For in any portion of it, taken from any depth and subjected to heat and moisture, some sorts of seeds will germinate.

I find a similar thing to be true of myself. There is a certain part of me which is as the soil and brings forth strange creatures.

Man controls his desires, to be sure, but he cannot control the rise of his desires in the first place. These desires are a part of the soil of which he is composed. To change them one would have to go back several generations.

I do not condemn my soil. I am of its humanity and nothing grows in me but has grown in other persons. And I have no excellence that is not also theirs.

Beneath us all is the deep soil of the human race.

What a cheap and tawdry thing it is, therefore, for one to be proud of his gifts or attainments, for these evidences of special genius are not his but belong to his race.

### Those Model Husbands

Joe Blink was handy round the house, he plied the hammer and the saw, he measured to a sixteenth inch and drove the spikes without a flaw.

His wife she took the folks around and showed the things that Joe had done, they reckoned him the smoothest thing who waved a hammer neath the sun, and straightway wives went home from Joe's and scoffed their husbands loud and long, and unto Joe's good tinkarin' jobs they raised a chorus and a song.

Why can't you build a shelf like Joe, why can't you fix the kitchen sink? Each husband for ten blocks around heard nothin' but the praise of Blink.

For Joe had put the fly doors on, and Joe had built an ice box too, and Joe had took a daub of paint and made the back stairs look like new.

When men came home from slingin' ink or workin' in the boiler shop, they knew they'd have to hear of Joe, each day brought forth its brand new crop.

Yes, Joe had blacked the kitchen stove, he'd done the job with tender care, he'd took the double windows off, and mended up a busted chair.

But folks they read the other day, the men folks laughed till they were hoarse, that Joe was at the lawyer's shop a-suin' now for his divorce.

He charged he'd been a hen-necked man, his wife she'd beat him till he'd scream, when he'd dared to sally out to romp upon the village green.

There's nothin' said of Joe no more, the husbands in the block around, they breathe free air into their lungs, not listenin' to the jarrin' sound of how Joe Blink had cooked the hash.

Of how he'd beat the parlor rug, of how he'd dug into the yard and with the pickaxe delved and dug.

Them model husbands, watch 'em child, imported bulbs, the greenhouse type, about whose virtues women sing, and raise their tune to shrillest pipe—those hollyhocks of double bloom, they make me rear around and snort. I'll put my money every time on one that's just plain garden sort.—ARK.

### Press Comment

#### Can't Pass Them All.

The turning out of the ten millionth Ford makes really pointed the motorist's sighing query: "Why pass that one? There's another just ahead."—New York Herald-Tribune.

#### By Right of Plunder.

The soviet government is now claiming ownership of the old time Russian embassy in Great Britain. They won the title by murder and slaughter, and having been recognized by the British government, no doubt possession will be handed over.—St. Catharines Standard.

#### Fine Selection of Words.

"Swept By Fire" was a headline which referred to the destruction of a broom factory in Toronto yesterday.—Hamilton Spectator.

#### Where Wealth Is Made.

As a proof of the statement that agriculture is the basic industry of Canada, in a tabulation of the national wealth, which is reckoned at \$22,195,000,000, agriculture is credited with \$7,982,781,126, or nearly 36 per cent. No stronger support than this is needed of the wisdom of a national policy that will foster the interests of the farmers of Canada.—Brantford Expositor.

#### Does Not Even Up the Score.

The discovery of a single picture worth \$20,000 which had been sold for \$100 still leaves a considerable balance in favor of the numberless \$100 pictures for which thousands have been paid by deluded collectors.—Montreal Gazette.

#### Decreases Are Not Popular.

The revised wage scale for postal workers actually constituting a reduction, newspaper headlines which declare the employees are dissatisfied with the award are superfluous.—Ottawa Journal.

#### Joys and Sobs on the Ledger.

An editor once kept track of his profits and losses during the year and gave an invoice of his business diary at the end of twelve months of ups and downs, in the following manner:

Been broke 361 times.  
Praised the public 59 times.  
Told lies 720 times.  
Missed prayer meeting 52 times.  
Been roasted 431 times.  
Roasted others 52 times.  
Washed office towel 3 times.  
Mistaken for preacher 11 times.  
Mistaken for capitalist 6 times.  
Got whipped 8 times.  
Whipped others 0 times.  
Cash on hand at beginning \$147.  
Cash on hand at ending 15 cents.—Milwaukee, N. D. Globe.

## The Fun Shop

ASPIRATIONS.  
One chicken hoped in the barnyard  
To have her humble fling,  
But the other aspired to royalty—  
Chicken a la King!  
—Mrs. G. W. Pearson.

### Nothing Succeeds Like—

A salesman, Harry Potash by name, employed by a company dealing in feathers, sold to Mortimer Cohen, an experienced dealer, a carload of feathers. This was the largest order of its kind the salesman had ever heard about, and he attached a note to the order, saying: "I guess this puts a feather in my hat."

The feathers were shipped and a few days later the salesman received from his firm the following letter:

"With reference to your order for Mortimer Cohen, we wish to advise that the order has been shipped and received by your customer. We are enclosing herewith three feathers. Stick one of them in your hat, and attach one to each shoulder and fly home; Cohen has failed!"

—G. P. McNeal.

### The Inquisitive Reporter.

Our Inquisitive Reporter yesterday asked this question of four people, chosen at random:

"If it took three generations to ripen Greek culture and six months to mature a crop of alfalfa, how long does it take for the average woman to reach the age of discretion?"

Henry Hemp, contractor: "You can search me, Mister. I only went to night school, and plumb forgot to study Greek."

J. C. McQuade, osteopath: "Undoubtedly, but if cigarettes affect you that way, why don't you smoke a pipe?"

Hazel Hart, waitress: "Well, I'll admit I'm not as young as I used to be, young man, but I've still got strength enough to signal a cop when these trousers get too annoying."

Carleton Williams, broker: "It's very unlikely. The market has been very unsettled lately and the only stock that shows any significant activity is St. Vitus preferred."

### FATE.

In solitude a melancholy soul was  
Crying,  
For a sweetheart, his long lost pearl;  
Close by, in a padded cell, another  
Was raving,  
Poor soul, he married the first one's  
girl.

—M. H. Correll.

### Who Was the Judge?

Judge: "Do you drink?"  
Rastus: "Well, judge, am it a' invitation or jes' an investigation?"  
—F. S. Yamamoto.

All the girls act the same way when they want a kiss. The difference consists in their actions when they want another one.

### Adequate Coverage.

"Johnny burned a hole in his pants."  
"Did he have any insurance?"  
"No. His coat tail covered the loss."  
—Harry C. Holmes.

### Jingle-Jangles.

Summer time looks good, by heck,  
These winter flannels scratch my neck.  
—E. L. O'Brien.

He went out one night, stayed 'till four.  
But now his key won't fit her door.  
—Mrs. G. B. Stone.

Old times and old lures, wine, women  
and song,  
New times bring new habits, boot-  
leggers.  
—Elizabeth B. Slifer.

### Mr. Chappell Passes By.

Bird Song:  
The poet interprets the song of the bird.  
In lovely, poetical terms,  
But he knows in his heart that the song he just heard

Means nothing whatever but worms.

### The Report Card.

I got a "D" in 'rithmetic;  
I know it must be bad,  
'Cause every time my pa says "D—"  
My ma gets awful mad!

### No Doubt Of It.

Kriss: "That chap Dawson has been mixed up in some rather shady transactions."  
Kross: "You don't mean it!"  
Kriss: "I certainly do. He's a manufacturer of awnings."

### DEFINITION OF A FLAPPER.

A flapper is a girl who powders her nose, bobs her hair, and says to herself: "Clothes, I am going downtown. If you want to come along, hang on."

—R. A. Bell.

### Hey Corn—C'mon Over!

"Bobbie," said a watchful mother to her son, "I don't want you to allow any children in school to call you anything but your right name."

Bobbie: "But, mother, they have already nicknamed me 'Corn.'"

Mother: "Gracious me! Why do they call you that?"

Bobbie: "Because I'm always at the foot of my class."

—Harry Burke.

### Dead Issue!

Ethel: "What makes you so sure their honeymoon is over?"  
Clara: "She placed her marriage certificate in their safety deposit box last week!"

### But Not With the Scissors!

They brought their sewing along to sew.

But the stitches they took were few—  
They worked at ripping to pieces the "reps!"

Of all of the girls that they knew.

### Pat's Problem.

Pat: "What be ver charge for a funeral notice in yer paper?"  
Newspaperman: "Fifty cents an inch."

Pat: "Good heavens! An' me poor brother was six feet high!"

### Understanding that Passeth—

Minister: "Do you promise to love, honor, and obey—"  
Temus Brown: "Jes' repeat dat over again, min'ster, so dat dis young lady kin understan'. Ise been married befo'."

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Readers are requested to contribute. All humor: Epigrams (or humorous mottoes), 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.

### To the Editor

#### Express Their Thanks.

Tuberculosis Veterans Appreciate Way in Which Their Case Has Been Presented to the Public.

Editor of The Advertiser.

Sir—At a meeting of the Tuberculosis Veterans' Association, held recently, I was instructed to convey to you the sincere thanks of our association for your generosity in giving publicity to our open letter to the citizens of Canada, and particularly for the very able editorial which appeared on the same date.

Your action was very deeply appreciated by our members, and we feel that you have done much to assist in bringing before the public the deplorable situation of many ex-soldiers who are fighting a grim battle for their lives with the most insidious of diseases.

You may make any use of this letter you see fit, and thanking you once again.

Yours truly,  
R. HALE,  
Sec. Byron Branch T.V.A.

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TEA

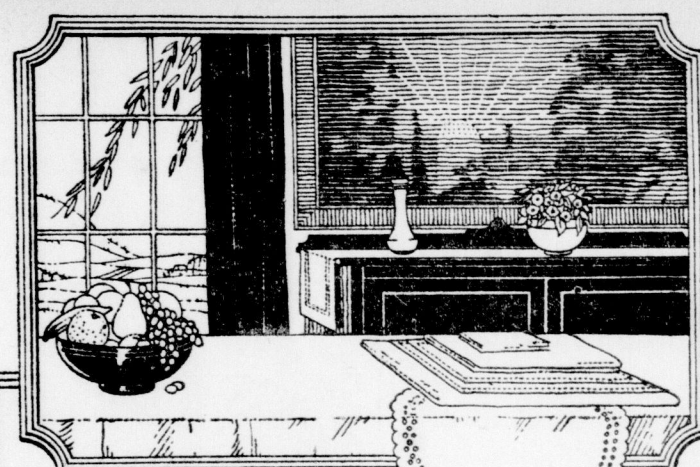
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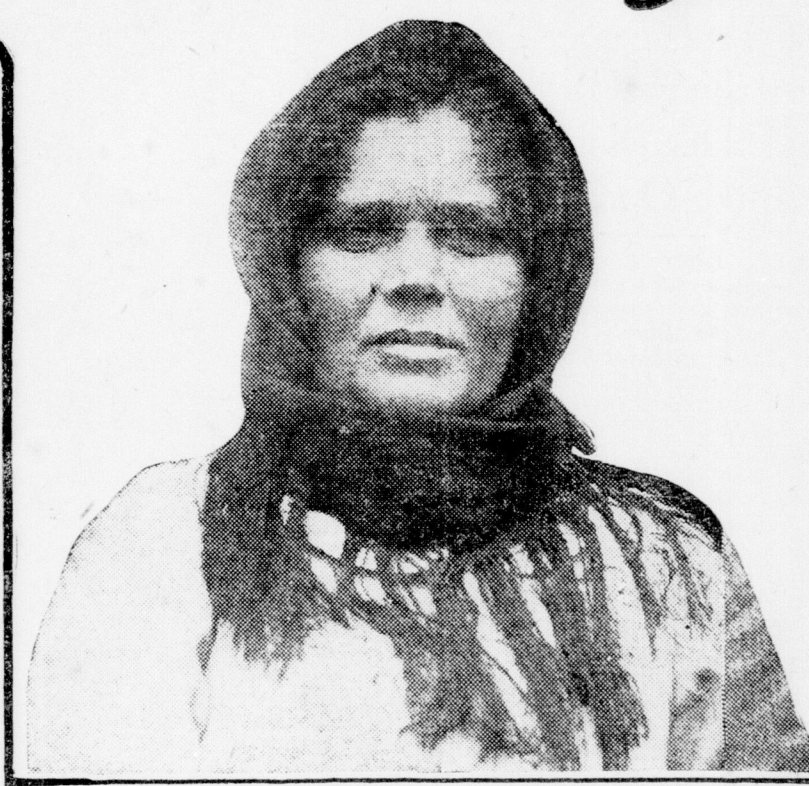
## Immigrant Invaders Sketched in the Steerage



Getting ready to tread Canadian soil—old Russian women ties up her grip.



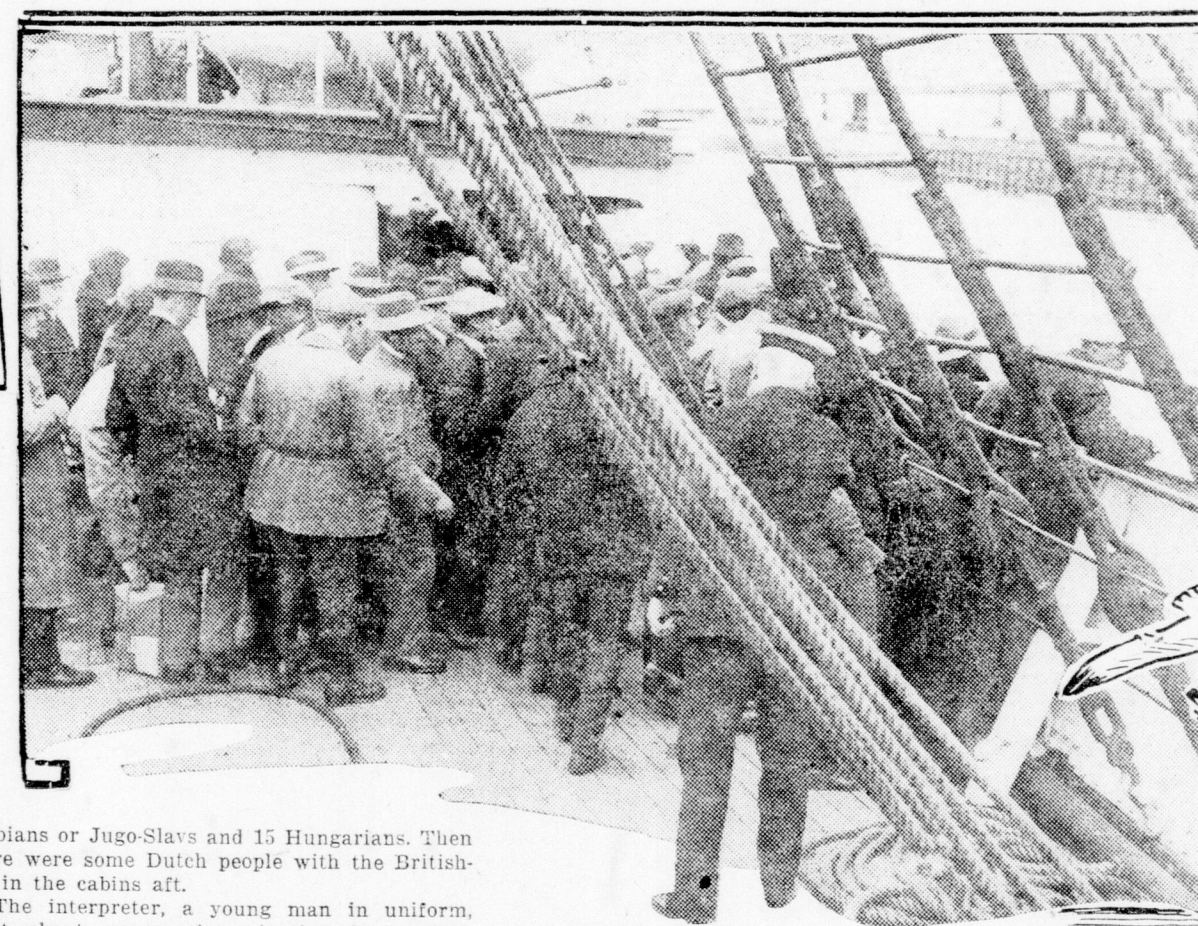
Russian party of women and children have an al fresco meal on deck sitting on their baggage.



One of the best types on board—a comely Ukrainian girl.



Encouraging two Finnish girls to look pleasant, please.



The master-at-arms keeps the eager immigrants out of harm's way as the Empress of Scotland draws to her berth in Quebec harbor.



Karl F. Haack and Gottlieb Walde, the two German stowaways whom the United States refused, return to Canada.

From All Parts of Europe Come These New Canadians Dressed in Clothes of Their Native Lands—Star Weekly Staff Man Comes Up St. Lawrence on the C.P.R. Liner, "The Empress of Canada" With a Shipload of Citizens in First Flush of Hope.

By F. G. GRIFFIN

"H I, you wi' the black hat, git our's that now. An' be quick about it, I'm tellin' ye. D'ye want the rope to take the leg aff ye intirely?"

The Empress of Scotland, beautiful C.P.R. liner, was drawing close to her berth at Quebec. A motor boat had just taken the lines ashore. In a moment the incoming ship would begin warping in and the fast traveling ropes, running out, would be a menace to unwary passengers on the decks forward.

The first and second cabin passengers crowded the high decks amidships picking out friends ashore on the wharf to whom they joyfully waved greeting. On the deck aft the third cabin passengers, mostly British immigrants, stood calmly, as is the way of their kind, watching quietly the details of the final minutes of the voyage that was to land them on Canadian soil.

But it was forward with the steerage passengers, a mixed assortment of European immigrants whom the "Scotland" had shipped at Hamburg and other ports, that the big, pleasant-spoken, white-haired ship's master at arms was on duty to keep them out of harm's way while the vessel tied up. To a man with more than twenty years' service in the Royal Irish Constabulary, which included old-time Twelfth of July and Fifteenth of August outbursts in such towns as Portadown and Newry, this duty presented no special difficulties. This mob of stolid foreigners were sheep to control compared to the savage individualism of an inflamed Irish faction with their cobble stones and their shillelaghs.

Not that the foreigners were so stolid at that, except in their acceptance of authority in uniform. They thronged the ship's side and massed on the forward hatches, straining, pointing, milling, pouring out a gabble of words in half

a dozen languages, in their excitement at approaching this new land of which some of them had dreamed so long and to which they had come. Occasionally one would make a move to climb the Jacob's ladder; or step down on the deck where the coiled steel ropes would in a moment go whipping to the shore. The master at arms checked such instantly with a shout and a wave of the hand. That was sufficient. The foreigner, not understanding the shout, "Git back or ye'll be afther gittin' kilt," yet always sensed the command from the man in uniform and instantly obeyed without question.

"Begorr" and in another week we'd a'had thim well trained."

## Trouble All the Time

THE master at arms spoke with well-pleased dissipation. He handled his charges like children—or sheep.

"They don't give you much trouble?" "Faith, an' the first few days they're havin' me in trouble all the time—what wid their stalin' up to the saloon and peepin' in at the grandure. But we soon teach thim the dacency of the ship and they're not much trouble at all afther that. Troth, an' it's little of thim we see sometimes afther we start until we git into the river comin' up to Quebec. It's lots of thim are sayisk most of the toime."

One had boarded the Empress of Scotland down in the gulf at Father Point from the pilot boat at two o'clock on a dirty morning which fortunately changed into a bright and sunshiny day on the river, glittering, though a little chill, which brought the immigrants out on deck in all the motley of their many shawls, their fringed shirts, fur hats, top boots. Though the majority of them were dressed ordinarily enough to escape undue attention in most Canadian cities.

One was surprised at the general air of well-being, the physique and bearing of most of them. Especially after a chat previous to boarding the ship with an agent who had had much experience with European immigrants in the days before the war. "Lousy," was the word occurring most frequently in his conversation. "I have been lousy a hundred times after meeting them. Dirty—just like animals. I remember an old fellow coming up to me once and it took him nearly half an hour to get into his papers which he had sewn somewhere inside next his skin. He had to go through six shirts to get them and I'll swear he hadn't had them off for years."

"Many's a time when I have taken off my coat and it has started to jump across the floor." Evidently the immigrants on the "Scotland" were at least cleaner than those of whom this man spoke, though in a confined space, out of the open air, among them, there was always present a sour, heavy, disturbing smell from unclean bodies which struck on the nostrils with nauseating punch.

They all seemed good types physically. Among them were some 170 Rumanians, 30 French, 20 Finns and Swedes, over 100 Germans, 15 Armenians, 25 Russian refugees from Moscow, 10

Serbian or Jugo-Slavs and 15 Hungarians. Then there were some Dutch people with the Britishers in the cabins aft.

The interpreter, a young man in uniform, went about among them issuing instructions about baggage which they lugged up and piled on the deck in a big heap. He spoke in many languages. "You cannot ask. You must command," he explained. "Oh, yes, they do what you tell—you bet. They're very good. How do they behave on the voyage? Very good. They don't want a lot of amusement. Food's the main thing. They don't want a lot of fancy stuff. Bread, fish and potatoes—they don't want anything else."

## Groaning Under the Weight

A N old Russian woman, small and bent, with a face brown and wrinkled like a withered apple, wearing a colored shawl on her head and a gay sweater, a print skirt and slung on each shoulder a knitted bag of many colors, bent over a basket which she tied with difficulty. She must have been sixty. She was always alone. Later one saw her come from the ship bent under the burden of her bags, baskets and bundles, actually groaning with the weight but plugging along in the bravest way possible.

The different peoples kept in groups. The shawled Russians sat with their children, occasionally opening up a sack and extracting bread which they ate standing or squatting on the deck.

Under the lee of the bow deck sat two Hungarian women with their babies, sheltering them with the shawls from the keen wind, one of them young and comely, occasionally giving her infant food from her breast.

The Germans, white-collar workers one would say in contrast to the husky peasant Rumanians, Russians and Serbs, clustered by the side of the ship and kept up a laughing conversation. They were a pallid, harmless looking lot, very friendly and quite anxious to be photographed. In fact, one German youth was a regular nuisance. Every time one leveled the camera at some interesting incident or type he showed up somewhere in the line of vision. Several times he gestured an invitation to waste a plate on his pale, solemn, thin boy's face with its round peaked cap. It had to be done, too, at last to get rid of him. The Kaiser himself in his palmy days could not have been more anxious to get into the limelight.

Or perhaps he misunderstood the purpose of the pictures, and was merely anxious to secure a photograph to send home to the Fatherland. For a surprising number of different nationalities attempted to obtain copies as souvenirs, talking in broken English or pouring out gutturals and gesturing sufficiently to make one

understand that a copy was sought. One always explained, in English of course, that the photographs were for a newspaper. This invariably pleased them. "Newspaper, yah." A nodding of the head and a smile. One is still trying to figure out what special pleasure being photographed for a newspaper could possibly give these people from the back blocks of Europe.

## No Fighters Among Them?

F UNNY, but none of these Germans would admit fighting in the war, except one, of whom more later. Perhaps they did not, for they were members of some Lutheran party who were all going to Canadian farms. One blue-eyed fellow with a smart, small, fair moustache, declared that he was from Pomerania and was going to Manitoba to farm. "Yes, yes, I was farmer before," he said in excellent English, and there was no reason to doubt his word even if he did look like a clerk. "No, not fight in war," he added in answer to a question. "Yes, nootral."

There was a handsome, bronzed, clean boy, with a fine frank face, eyes of china blue and the most beautiful teeth, very well dressed in a grey tweed suit, who was the centre of a group of Germans and whom one mistook for one. "Nuh, nuh, not Cherman," he declared, coming over. "I born in Helsingfors, but mine fadder merchant in Sweden. I leave in Cherman—agricoltureest. Ze Feenland people—zeese are ze Slavish people. But ze professeur, ze merchant—zey are Swedish. Ze Feen people, zey leave in small house—a leetle box. Joost one cow and do not vork, no, no."

He smiled with the most pleasant grin that showed his beautiful teeth as if he had just given the most exhaustive explanation of the social and political make-up of Finland. He did some fighting at that, which he explained thus, "I vos in Feenland en var. Nootral, nootral, yah. But I fight against ze Bolshevik. Vith ze Cherman, yah, yah, zey come in and we fight Bolshevik."

This youth, a splendid, likable fellow, German, Finn or Swede, or whatever he be, wrote down his name as Henry Patzold. By this time he is probably at his destination, an Ontario farm, fluttering the hearts of the girls of East Zorra with his frank friendliness, his broken English and his wonderful smile.

One of the Germans, as related above, declared that he had fought in the war, on the west front against the French. He must have been quite young when he served. He did not look more than twenty-two now, a tall, pale, lean youth, with a rather Hamletic tinge of melancholy on his pale face of a student or a clerk which gave it an interest it did not otherwise possess, and wearing a neat, well-made suit of brownish tweed. One would not have noticed particularly, only that he came up and, without preliminary, took out a pocket-book from which he extracted a folded newspaper clipping which he handed over with a gesture of desire that one should inspect.

Incidentally, he opened up his pocket-book of his own accord, so that one might look at the photograph of a youth in a swanky German parade uniform of some sort or other. "You?" one asked, pointing to the photograph to himself. "Ja," he answered, his somewhat severe young face softening with evident pride. "Meinselfbst." Beside him a robust, shorter youth, well dressed, too, as were all the Germans as compared to the nondescript peasant outfits of most of the other Europeans, stood grinning in friendly style. He was waiting for the denouement which he knew was about to come and was taking evident pleasure in the circumstance which was about to reveal their famous identity.

## They Had Seen Stowaways

ONE opened up the clipping. It was from the Philadelphia Inquirer and was dated July 27, 1923. It consisted of an article from Gloucester, N.J., with a two-column cut of two German youths. One looked up. Why, yes, here they were, the tall, lean, somewhat melancholy young ex-soldier and the shorter, smiling lad; or to give them their names, respectively, Karl F. Haack, a Saxon, and Gottlieb Walde.

The article in the Inquirer related how Haack and Walde had boarded the steamer Eisenbach at Hamburg and stowed themselves away beneath a donkey engine, where they remained for nine days with nothing to eat before they came out on arrival on July 16th, and were sent to the detention house at Philadelphia. Some days later when the ship left Baltimore they were put on board to return to Germany.

But the two youths who had braved so much

to leave Germany were determined not to return. So, just after the ship left Baltimore, shortly before six o'clock in the evening, when the crew were at supper, the two lads put on a life preserver each and jumped into the sea. Walde could not swim. Haack was a good swimmer, but would not desert the other for fear he should drown.

They struck out for the shore. But the ebbing tide caught them and they made little progress. They were swept away from the shore. Altogether they were in the water six hours when they were seen by the crew of the Carreco and rescued, utterly exhausted, unable to speak the least English to explain their plight.

Their adventure went for naught. The United States did not appreciate such determination to stay there. So the two were shipped back home.

And here they were again, this time honorable immigrants as their bearing plainly showed, for it was evident that they regarded this clipping as the best kind of a passport to the new world's good-will. Haack was on his way to a farm at Stratford, and Walde to a farm near Brunner. Ja, they had saved up to come out. Ja, farm, nods of the head. Ja, Canada, now since the United States did not want them. Even yet they knew no English, or only a very few words, but on both their faces there was the light of hope.

## The Lady With the Stubble

A GROUP of Russian peasants sat on bundles, surrounded by bundles, on the deck. They were pleasant enough, but heavy faced, wearing kerchiefs or shawls round their heads. One of the women, fair, with a thick stubble on her face like a man's four-day beard, dug into a bundle of burlap for a loaf of bread, which she broke into pieces with her hands and distributed. One little girl of twelve was picturesque in a grey cloth coat trimmed on the edges with some sort of white fur, a red and black striped skirt, and a big white kerchief circling her dark, square Slav face.

One stood taking a photograph of them as they sat eating. Two of the Empress of Scotland's deck swabs were interested spectators, one of them stout and rubicund, the other dark and lean, both chewing the ends of cigars.

"Queer togs some o' these 'ere coves got." This from the stout one, in richly flavored Cockney.

"Yus, swi'pe me, Bill," agreed the other. Then sarcastically, "Them's the blighters we're sellin' our bloomin' British birthright for." He spat juicily and viciously. Then he added with scorn that cannot be translated into print, "Future bleedin' defenders of the Hemptire!"

"Giv'us a fag, Perce," answered Bill. "Fair makes a bloke feel barny to fink about it."

And the two robust Britishers stalked off down the deck with an air of outraged majesty while the Russian women and children, quite unconscious of having aroused such Imperial frowns, turned back to eating their dry bread.

(Another article from Mr. Griffin's pen will appear next week.)



# South Sea Diver Shames White Man in Diving Suit Down 148 Feet Without Breath, Daring Sea Demons

**Battle With Dreadful Octopus With 2,000 Vacuum Suckers on Its Tentacles—Approaching Cavern and Decoying Him Into the Open**

An almost incredible escape from a waterspout which drove for miles across the sea straight at their schooner, the Marara, or Flying Fish, passing within a hundred feet of it, was described last week by Frederick O'Brien in the *London Advertiser* in this unusual series of four, recounting some of his adventures in Polynesia. In the first installment he narrated how, when a boat was overturned, he had been plunged under a coral reef, and, unable to find his way out, had the narrowest of escapes from drowning before he was saved.

By **FREDERICK O'BRIEN**  
THE schooner Marara, unloaded her cargo of supplies after several days of riding on and off the lee of the island, and went on her voyage to other atolls. I, however, was determined to avail myself of the leisure of the wise Nohea, to learn all about the fish in the lagoon and sea. An ignorant amateur of the life of the ocean, I was devoured with curiosity to peer into it under his guidance, and I was resolute to spend my days in such sport instead of in sleep after roistering of nights with the traders.

"Nohea," I said, "will you show me what the Creator has put in the water?"

The diver replied, "E. I will show you," and he kept his word with a plentiful exactitude.

Days and nights I returned dog-weary, from the sea and the lagoon, but never once threw myself on my mat and counted my pains for naught as scores of the fish had on the brooks, bays and oceans of America. With our variety of edibles in islands and continents where there are real soil and domestic animals of many kinds, we can hardly appreciate the desperate necessity of the Paumotuans to comb the waters of their bare atolls for food.

## The Giant Clam

SHELL-FISH, mollusks and crustaceans, played as important a part in their aliment as ordinary fish, and the la or ika meant both. In some islands the people were forced to subsist largely on taciolo, the far-belowed clam or giant tridacna called pahu here and bentier in Europe, where the shells were used for holy water fountains. The flesh of the pahu was sold in the Paape market, but was not a delicacy.

The clam itself weighed up to fifty pounds or more, and the pair of shells from a dozen to eight hundred pounds, according to the age of the living clams. The shells were so hard that they furnished the blades of the shovels with which the native had anciently dug wells to hold the brackish water.

"The pahu is also a devil," said Nohea. "In the lagoon his eyes with his shells open to catch his prey. Many a shark has torn off his tail in trying to get free when the pahu has closed on him or has died in the trap. When a young man I put my hand into a shell not bigger than your face. I was feeling for pearl-shell under fifty feet of water. I could not reach the threads that anchored the clam to the rock because it was in a crevice.

"If I could have cut them I could

## Oldest English Couple Both 110 Years, Happy in Cottage

**Husband Tells of Days When Lights in London Were Oil Lamps—Lawbreakers Were Placed in Stocks—Oysters Sold for Three Cents**

CHELSFIELD, a little town in the southern county of Kent, came into the limelight recently when it became known that Mr. and Mrs. John Edward Taylor, the oldest married couple in England, were living in a cottage in Greenstreet Green, John Taylor, who is a cockney by birth, celebrated his 110th birthday last week, and his wife, "my Sophy, a Suffolk woman from Thurston," reaches her centenary in August. They are a healthy, happy couple, with no fads, though John is rather more energetic than Sophy. He is fond of a good long walk, smoking and, to use his own words, is "not afraid of a glass of good ale."

John Taylor, who spent the first forty years of his life in London (he did not marry until he was nearly forty), has some interesting things to say of the London of his boyhood. He left school before he was twelve, going to work as a greengrocer's boy. Incidentally, the greengrocer sold oysters, as well as vegetables, large ones, at four cents for three!

The London of 1830-40 was lit by smoky, smelly old lamps, the police-



"The terrible arms with their twisting, coiling tips were thrust at us in lightning movements."

have freed myself, but I was able after a minute to force my knife beside my hand and stab the pahu so that it let me go. Paumotuans have often lost their lives in the pahu's shells.

## The Devilfish

THERE were fish that were deadly to eat, some at one time and some at another, as fish venomous in one lagoon were innocuous in another.

What made these fish poisonous? Science guessed that the larvae of the coral looked like yards of blackstring and wound themselves around the corals. They had thousands of minute legs.

While all land-crabs were safe to eat, certain sea-crabs were injurious, one in particular, a stark white species, which was death to swallow and which despairing Paumotuans had boiled as a suicide potion. Even certain starfish must be avoided, one, a lovely cone-shaped kind, being deadly, their barbs injecting a virulent poison which speedily dilated the arm and then the body hugely, and made the heart stop beating.

To the native such illnesses were awesome mysteries, yet he had learned ages ago to distinguish the baneful fishes by the empire path of pain and death which all races have trod toward safety from the enemies of mankind. His more open foes, whom he hunted for food, the native met fearlessly, and fought with adroitness.

The devilfish, or octopus, frequented mostly the outside of the reef and preyed on mollusks and crustaceans, being naturally timid and inoffensive, though capable of affrighting attack when molested. They commonly took up their abode in some cavern or crevice, and lay safely ensconced in the shadow, simulating the color of their surroundings so artfully that their victims hardly ever saw them until grasped by the suckers of the many long, muscular arms.

## Ten Arms on Rod

THE devilfish was, as I said, at most times shy and harmless.

but when roused the most dangerous of antagonists. We met one at close quarters the third time we paddled to the caves or recesses in the coral rock. It was near sunset, and there were already black shadows about the ledge, which at low tide disclosed the noches wrought in it by the action of the water.

In one of these I saw two fiery eyes with white rims as big as dinner-plates, and Nohea said to beware, that they belonged to an enormous fe'e. Nohea had a mighty spear or grain with three points of solid iron, and a heavy, long shaft, on a rope attached to the prow of the canoe. Better still, I carried a rifle with bullets that would kill a wild bull.

Nohea steered the canoe up to the nook and thrust out a long, light stick toward the glittering eyes. The cuttle-fish threw out one tentacle upon it. Nohea teased him as one might tease a cat, and another tentacle took hold. Again the stick was manipulated and finally, after half an hour, the arms were fastened tightly upon the rod. Nohea gently drew the rod toward him, and the fe'e emerged from his den, so that, though the light was growing dim, I was able for a minute to survey him in the fullest detail, as I sat with my rifle to my shoulder.

His body, bigger than a barrel, was like a dirty grey bag, with one and three-cornered for use as a steering-fin, or rudder. His mouth was like an opening in a sack, with a thick, circular lip and a great parrot-like beak, which was almost hidden at the moment. His tentacles were in a circle around the mouth, and were large at the trunk and tapering to the ends. Two main arms, with which he supported himself against the rock were twice as long as the others, and differently formed. The fiery eyes were serpent-like and set back of the arms.

"If he were not so strong I would jump on him now that I have his tentacles engaged, and would bite the back of his neck till he died," said Nohea, with anger. "I have slain many that way. But this one would destroy me in a moment. Once we hooked one by mistake when we were fishing for barracuda from a canoe. My companion hauled him to the side of the canoe, when the octopus threw his arms about him and pulled him into the sea. I sprang after him, and put my thumbs in the eyes of the beast. He moaned and cried, and covered us with his black fluid, but he let go, and fled, blinded."

## The Color of Rage

THE octopus was regarding us with apparent calm. The rod he held was 25 feet in length, so that our canoe was more than twenty feet from his eyes. Nohea now agitated the rod, and the fe'e retained his grasp, but began to change from a slaty grey to red, with black mottlings.

"He is enraged," said Nohea, warningly. "Prepare to shoot if the tavoro fails!"

He stood up in the canoe, and, resting the bamboo rod in the gun-wale, poised his spear. The devilfish felt the menace of his attitude, and his two longest tentacles began to writhe in the air, as he measured our distance. Then Nohea, with a step back, launched the grain, and with so true an aim that it penetrated the eye of the grisly creature and half unbalanced him. Instantly the air was filled with the cloud of sepia he ejected—a confession of defeat—and the terrible arms with their twisting, coiling tips were thrust at us in lightning movement.

But Nohea had seized a paddle, and parted us by thirty feet. The fe'e was pulled into the water, but was not yet dead. He struggled as if drowning, the great arms rising and falling upon the surface, and a direful growling issuing with the bubbles that covered the surface.

I fired twice at his bulk seen clearly in the water, and after ten minutes it relaxed utterly. A musky, delicious odor filled the air. With immense difficulty we brought his abhorrent corpse partly upon the ledge to measure it, and to cut off some of the tentacles for broiling. Nohea said it weighed a thousand pounds, but that he had seen one that weighed two tons, and whose arms reached seventy feet.

The two longest limbs of our octopus were rounded from the body to within two feet of their tips, when they flattened out like blades. Along

the edges were rows of suckers, each with a moveable membrane across it. When these suckers fastened on an object, the membrane reacted and made a vacuum under each sucker.

Nohea explained that wherever the suckers touched one's flesh it puckered and blistered and two months would elapse before it healed. He showed me scars upon his own skin. Our octopus had two thousand and more suckers on its tentacles.

After a light breakfast of bread and savory fried fish, to which I added jam and coffee for myself, one morning Nohea and I pushed off for wonder-fishing. In the canoe we had, besides paddles, two titea mata, the glass-bottomed boxes for seeing under the surface of the water, a long rope, an iron-hooped net, a smaller net or bag of coral, twenty inches deep and a foot across, with three-inch meshes, a bucket, a pair of plain glass spectacles for underwater use, a jar of drinking water and food for later in the day.

## Coral Dream-Garden

THE sun was already high in the unclouded sky when we lifted the small sail, and glided through the pale blue pond, the shores of which were a melting contrast of alabaster and viridescence. All about us were our friends in their own craft. We did not anchor the canoe because of the profundity of the water and because it is not the custom to do so.

I sat with a paddle in my hand for a few minutes, but laid it down when Nohea picked up the looking-glass. He put the unidirectional box into the water and his head into it and gazed intently for a few moments, moving the frame about to sweep the bottom of the lagoon with his wise eyes.

The water was as smooth as a mirror. I saw the bed of the inland sea as plainly as one does the floor of an aquarium a few feet deep. No streams poured debris into it, nor did any alluvium cloud its crystal purity. The coral and gravel alone were the base of its floor and sides, and the result was a surpassing transparency of the water not believable by comparison with any other lake.

"How far is that tea tau?" I asked and pointed to a bank of coral. Nohea sized up the object, took his head from the titea mata, and replied, "Sixty feet."

At that distance I could, unaided, see plainly a piece of coral as big as my hand. The view was as variegated as the richest landscape—a wilderness of vegetation, of magnificent marine verdure, sloping hills and high towers with irregular windows, in which the sunshine streamed in a

rainbow of gorgeous colors; and the shells and bodies of scores of zoophytes dwelling upon the structures, gleamed and glistened like jewels in the flood of light. About these were patches of snow-white sand, blinding in refracted brilliancy, and beside them green bushes or trees of herbaceous coral, all beautiful as a dream-garden of the Nereids and as imaginary.

The canoe had drifted, and Nohea slipped over its side and lay sprawled with the glass. I, too, looked through mine and saw where he indicated a ridge or bank of coral upon which were several oyster shells. Nohea immediately climbed into the canoe, and, resting upon the side, prayed a few moments, bowing his head and nodding as if in the temple.

## Breathing Before Dive

THEN he began to breathe heavily. For several minutes he made a great noise, drawing in the air and expelling it forcibly, so that he seemed to be wasting energy. I was almost convinced that he exaggerated the value of his emotions and explosive sounds, but his impassive face and remembrance of his race's freedom from our exhibition conceit, drove the foolish thought away. His chest, very capacious normally, was bursting with stored air, a storage beyond that of our best trained athletes; and without a word he went over the side and allowed his body to descend through the water. He made no splash at all, but sank as quietly as a stone.

I fastened my head in the titea mata and watched his every movement. He had about his waist a piece of calico, blue with large white flowers—the design of William Morris—and a sharp sailor's sheath-knife at the belt. Around his neck was a sack of cocoanut-fibre, and on his right hand a glove of common denim. Almost all his robust brown body was naked for his return to the seashore whence his first ancestor had once crawled.

Down he went through the pellucid liquid until at about ten feet the resistance of the water stopped his course, and animated bubble as he was, would have pushed him to the air again. But Nohea turned in a flash, and with his feet upmost struck out vigorously. He forced himself down with astonishing speed and in twenty seconds was at his goal.

He caught hold of a gigantic goblet of coral and rested himself an instant as he marked his object, the ledge of darker rocks on which grew the shells. There were sharp-edged shapes and branching plant-like forms, appearing soft as silk from above, would wound him did he graze them with his bare skin.

He moved carefully about and finally reached the shells. One he gripped with the gloved hand, for

the shell, too, had serrated edges, and, working it to and fro, he broke it loose from its probable birthplace and thrust it into his sack. Immediately he attacked the other, and as quickly detached it. He stooped down and looked closely at about him. He then sprang up, put his arms over his head, his palms pressed one on the other, and shot toward the surface.

I could see him coming toward me like a bolt from a catapult. I held a paddle to move the canoe from his path if he should strike it, and to meet him the trice he flashed into the ether.

## Terrible Pressure

THE diver put his right arm over the outrigger boom, and opening his mouth gulped the air as does the bonito when first hauled from the ocean. I was as still as death. In a second once I was cautioned not to speak during the materializations as the disturbance might kill the medium. I recalled that unearthly silence, for the moment of emergence was the most fatal to the diver. His senses after the terrible pressure of such a weight upon his body were as abnormal and acute as a man's whose nerves have been stripped by flaying.

The change in a few seconds from being laden and hemmed in by many tons of water to the lightness of the atmosphere was ravaging. Slowly the air was respired, and gradually his system—heart, glands, lungs and blood—resumed its ordinary rhythm, and his organs functioned as before his descent. Several minutes passed before he raised his head from the outrigger, opened his eyes, which were suffused with blood, and said in a low tone of the deaf person, "E tau Atau e!" He was thanking his God for the gift of life and health. He had been tried with Meshach, Shadrach, and Abednego, though not by fire.

Nohea lifted himself into the canoe, and took the sack of coir from his neck. I removed the two pairs of shells with the reverence one might assume in taking the newborn babe from its first cradle. They were Holy Grails to me who had witnessed their wringing from the terrors of earth.

A few score strokes and we were nearer the centre of the lagoon. With my bare eyes I could not make out the quality of the bottom but only its general configuration. Nohea said the distance was twenty fathoms. The looking glass disclosed a long ledge with a flat shelf for a score of feet, and he said he made out a number of large shells. It took the acutest concentration on my part to find them, with his direction, for his eyes were twice as keen as mine from a lifetime's usage upon his natural surroundings. We sacrificed our birthright of vivid senses to artificial habits, lights and the printed page.

Nohea made ready to go down, but changed slightly his method and equipment. He dropped the iron-hooped net into the water by its line and allowed it to sink to the ledge. Then he raised it a few feet so that it would sink clear of the bottom. "It will hold my shells and indicate to me exactly where the canoe is," he explained. "At this depth, 120 feet, I want to rest immediately on reaching the surface, and not have to swim to the canoe. I have not dived for many months, and I am no longer young."

## Eternity Without Breath

HE attached the line to the outrigger, and then, after a fervent prayer to which I echoed a nervous amen, he began his breathing exercises. Louder than before and more actively he expanded his lungs until they held a maximum of stored oxygen, and then with a smile he slid through the water until he reversed his body and swam.

He had a number of pairs of shells stripped from the shelf and in the swinging net in a few seconds more, and then, drawn by others he discerned further along the ledge, he swam, and dragged himself by seizing the coral forms, and reached another bank. I paddled the canoe gently behind him. I lost sight of him then completely. Either he was hidden behind a huge stone obelisk or he had gone beyond my power of sight.

A gigantic black shape swam into view near the oscillating hoop, and a horror swept over me. It disappeared, but Nohea was still missing. The

time beat in my veins like a pendulum. Every throb seemed a second, and they began to count themselves in my brain.

How long was it since Nohea had left me? A minute and a half? Two minutes? That is an age without breathing. Something must have injured him. Slowly the moments struck against my heart.

I could not look through the titea mata any longer. Another sixty seconds and despair had chilled me so I shook in the hot sunshine as with ague. I was cold and weak. Suddenly I felt a pull at the rope, the canoe moved slightly, and hope grew warm in me. I perceived an agitation of the water gradually ascending, and in a few instants the diver sprang out of the lagoon to his waist.

He threw his arm over the outrigger, and bent down in agony. His suffering was written in the contortion of his face, the blood in his eyes, and a writhing of his whole body. He gasped madly at his first emergence, and then his bosom rose and fell in lessening spasms. The cramp which had convulsed his form relaxed, and, as minute after minute elapsed, his face lost its rigidity, his pulse slackened to normal, and he said feebly, "E tau Atau e!" With my assistance he hauled himself into the canoe and lay half prone.

"You saw no shark?" I asked. "I saw his shadow, but it was not he that detained me. I saw a bank which might hold shells and I explored it. We will see what I have."

We pulled up the hoop-net, and in it were thirteen pairs of shells. These were larger than the others, older, and, as he said, from a more advanced stage. They were better nourished, had made larger and finer houses for themselves. Some of the thirteens were eighteen inches across. He said that he had reamed seventy feet on the bottom, and he had been down two and a half minutes.

## Transcendent Courage

A GAIN he dived, and this time at 148 feet. This was almost the limit of men in suits with air pumps or oxygen tanks, and they were always let down and brought up gradually, to accustom their blood to the altering pressure. Half an hour or an hour was often consumed in hauling a diver up from the depth from which Nohea sprang in a few seconds.

His transcendent courage and consummate skill were matched by his

body's trained resistance to the effect of such extreme pressure of water and the remaining without breathing for so long a time.

I could appreciate his achievements more than most people, for I had seen the divers of many races at work in many waters. Ninety feet was the boundary of all except the Paumotuans and those who used machines. But here was Nohea exceeding that by sixty feet in my view, and I knew that greater depths must be attained.

Impelled by an instantaneous urge to contrast my own capabilities with Nohea's, I measured off thirty feet on the line, and, putting it in his hands to hold, I breathed to my fullest and leaped overboard.

At three lengths of my figure, less than eighteen feet, I experienced alarm and pain. I unloosed the hoop and it swayed down to the end of the five fathoms of rope, while I kicked and pulled, and after an interminable period I had barely touched it again before I became convinced that if I did not breathe in another second I would open my mouth.

Nohea knew my plight, for he yanked at the rope, and with his effort and my own frantic exertion I made the air, and humbly hugged the outrigger until I was myself. Thirty feet! And Nohea had brought up the shells from 148.

He paid dearly. Several times of the score that he probed the deeper and fell in lessening spasms. He was prostrated for minutes upon his egress and in throes of severe pain during the readjustment of pressure; but he continued to pursue his fascinating and near-fatal employment until after a heap of heavy, darkish bivalves lay in the canoe.

"The Paumotuans descended 180 feet," I was afterwards told by the captain of a trading vessel. "I have plumbed his dive. A diver with a suit cannot go any deeper."

(Copyright, 1924.)  
NEXT WEEK: "Strange Perils of Polynesia."

## Returning Thanks

YOUNG Mrs. Wilkins, who was very proud of her cooking, once had occasion to send a boy on an errand.

On his return she rewarded him with a piece of bread she had made herself, and then smeared liberally with jam.

The boy returned a few minutes later, and, to the young lady's surprise said: "Thanks very much for the jam, missus. Here's yer bit of board back."—Pearson's Weekly.

## The Happy Man

"THE last of my daughters was married yesterday," said the father of a large family.

"Really?" Who was the happy man?" inquired his friend.

"I was!" said the parent.—Tit-Bits.

## Red Ink Ousts the Lipstick Among Maidens of Moscow

IN "red" Russia, red ink has taken the place of the lipstick, writes Isaac Don Levine in the New York American.

This is official. According to Commissar of Public Health Semashko, red ink is being used in soviet offices more for the lips than for writing.

Commissar of Public Health Semashko revealed this while laying down four golden rules for soviet marriage. Recently he took a hand in the widespread discussion on marriage which is now going on all over the soviet republic. In a letter to the Workers' Gazette, he wrote:

"1. Marriage in our workers' republic should be contracted not for the sake of acquiring wealth, nor for the purpose of screening immorality, employing the wife as a blind, but on the basis of mutual desire, and should be a union of two persons for a life of common toil."

"2. This union should be voluntary and based on mutual interests. We will never permit the restoration of the old days when 'the chain of two rings' bound people who differed on everything: when marriage forced by circumstances served only as an artificial screen behind which all kinds of misconduct was carried on. The shameful church divorces when people looked through the keyhole to get proof of crimes on the part of the husband or wife have passed into oblivion."

"3. Freedom of divorce does not mean freedom of vice, marrying, playing around and dropping one's

mate indifferently. Our new code protects the woman to the utmost, as the weakest side, and protects even more the children.

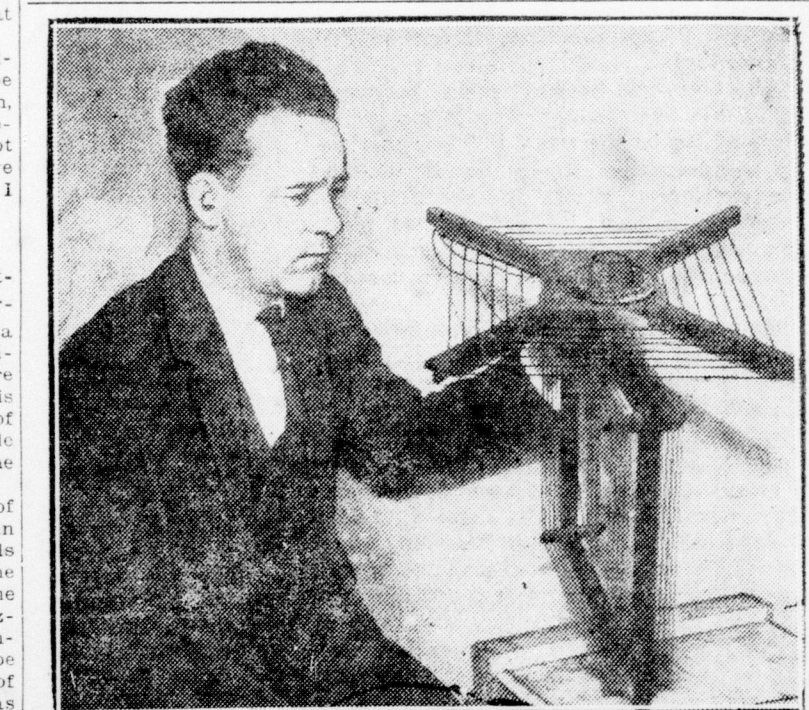
"Each mother should know that she always has, according to our laws, the right to compel the father of her children to maintain them until they reach maturity. The children must not suffer from any differences between the parents. This is a good check on those light-hearted wooers who unfortunately have appeared recently."

"4. The selection of a husband or a wife in our workers' society must differ sharply from the way it is done in the bourgeois-capitalistic world. There, the idle bourgeois is seeking a similarly indolent, passive-languid, with tiny hands and feet, pale, with made-up eyes, and slender waist line! I.e., with all the marks of a life of idleness, laziness, physical feebleness."

"The taste of the taller is quite different. He must have a healthy, strong, vivacious mate. And if that be so, then it is necessary to uproot those strivings 'to imitate a lady' which unfortunately are sometimes found among our young working and peasant women. Powder, paint and affecting the manners of the 'real lady'."

"We must create an atmosphere in which every dandy who plays the grand cavalier and every girl who paints herself in order to resemble a grande dame should stand out like a blot."

"As it is more red ink is being used in our offices for the lips than for writing."—New York American.



New Radio Loop Gives Perfect Selectivity

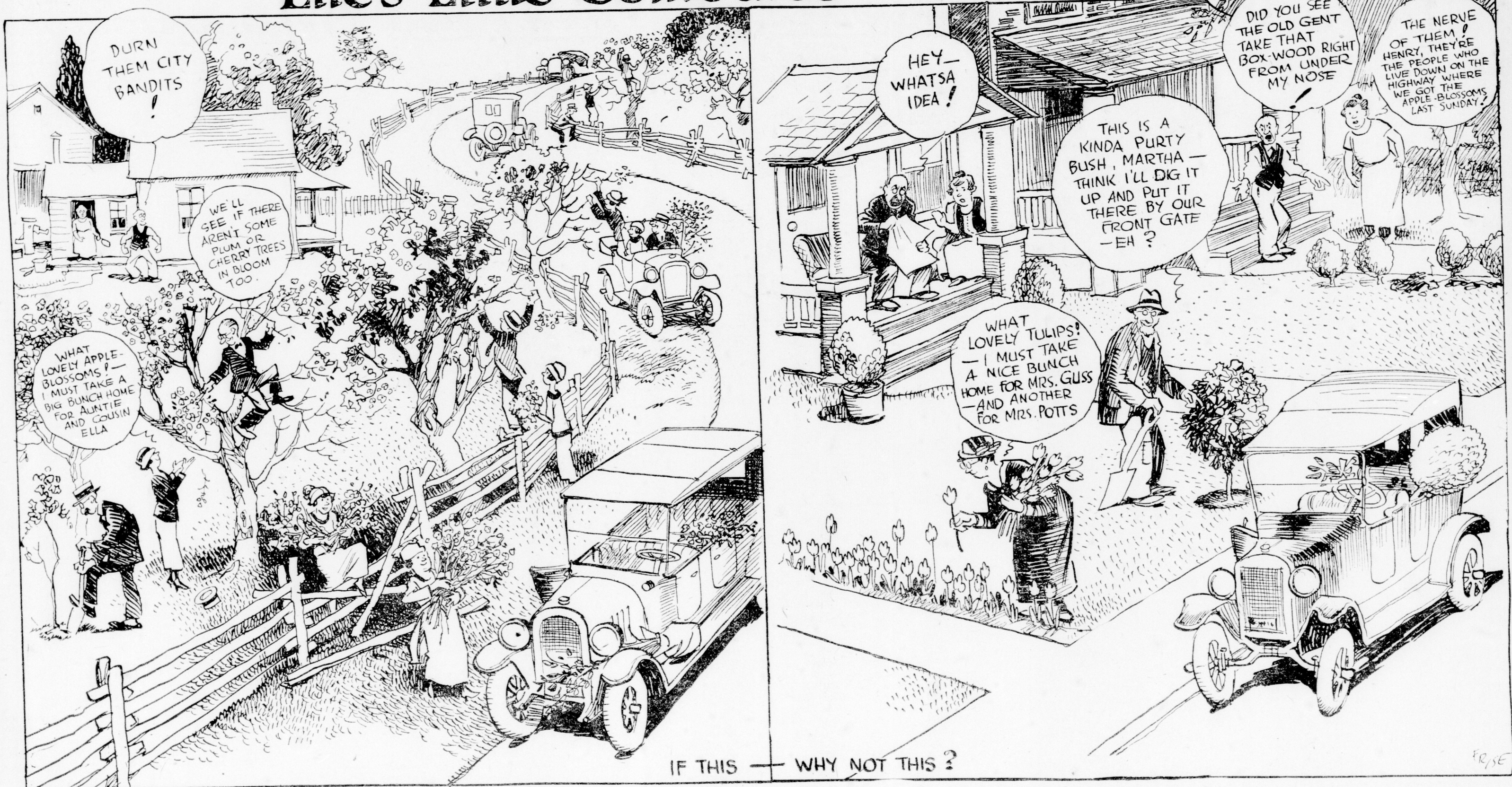
ABOVE is shown Harry Herzog, of New York, with his new radio loop antenna by means of which he attains perfect selectivity. It is a vertical-horizontal loop antenna and tuning is accomplished by the dial, shown in the photo, which moves the vertical loop either right or left. This loop in spite of the strongest interference from local stations will at once bring in distant stations at the slightest turn of the dial.



"A gigantic black shape swam into view . . . and a horror swept over me."



# Life's Little Comedies ~ Blossom Time ~



## 30 MILES OF SKIN TUBES IN MAN'S SWEAT GLANDS

Water That Is Got Rid of in Sweating Comes From the Blood.

### BIRDS PERSPIRE INSIDE BY MEANS OF AIR SACS

ON one of the warm days soon to come many will verify the judgment pronounced on man after his first disobedience "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." What is this sweat? Why do we perspire?

Sweating is peculiar to mammals, and there are some that dispense with it. What actually occurs is that cork-like sweat-glands are flitting out water (with traces of salts and volatile products) from the surrounding blood, and getting rid of it on the surface through minute apertures. What are called the pores of the skin are the minute openings of the sweat-glands, and there may be two or three thousand on a square inch. There are other glands in the skin, called sebaceous, which manufacture a fatty substance, keeping the skin and the hair in good order, but they usually open into the little moats from which the hairs grow out.

When perspiration is moderate and the air dry the sweat evaporates instantaneously, but in conditions of great heat and moist air large drops are formed and we see or feel them trickling down the face like tears. The skin may be seen glistening with drops of sweat and places like the palm of the hand become very moist. The greater part of sweat consists of water, and it should be remembered that living matter itself contains a large amount of water, some times over ninety per cent.

"The water that is got rid of in sweating came from the blood, and the blood absorbed it from the food-canal and from the tissues of the body," says Prof. J. Arthur Thomson, in John O'London's Weekly.

Two or three pints of water are on an average got rid of by the sweat-glands in the course of twenty-four hours, and it may be said that the sweating helps in keeping up a useful internal water-circulation. But this cannot be its chief meaning, for some animals, birds for instance, do not sweat at all.

### Evaporation of Sweat

IN his vivid "Romance of the Human Body," Dr. Ronald Campbell Macfie tells us that "the total number of sweat-glands has been reckoned to be about two and a half million, representing a total length of tubing (each gland is a cork screw tube) of twenty to thirty miles.

In hot weather and hard work there is a risk of the temperature of the body rising too high, and one of the automatic ways of preventing this is sweating. The evaporation of the sweat lowers the temperature of the blood when there is a risk of it rising too high.

It is intelligible, then, why the amount of sweating increases on a very warm day, or in the course of very hard work which makes the wheels of the bodily engines hot. It is an automatically working life-saving device.

The commands to the sweat-glands are tar-

ried by nerves which accompany the blood-vessels or are independent of them; and these nerves come from special centres in the spinal cord and in the brain itself.

But the further question rises, How do the nerve-centres, in the spinal cord or in the medulla oblongata, become alive to the fact that sweating is due? In the main, the answer is that this happens automatically because overheated blood or unduly impure blood flows through the centre, and, so to speak, gives the news.

Birds are warm blooded as well as mammals; they keep the same body-temperature summer and winter, day and night; but birds do not sweat. They have almost no skin-glands. The answer to this difficulty is this; there are other ways besides sweating of adjusting the body-temperature in the heat of the day. If the creature keeps very quiet, the tendency to feverishness will be lessened; if the bird seeks the shade of the wood, that also will help; if the blood-vessels in the skin expand under or-

ders from the appropriate nerve-centres, there will be more blood exposed on the surface and more opportunity for cooling down.

Or, again, when we see a bird of a mammal panting in the heat, this means that it is increasing its breathing movements and driving an unusual quantity of blood through the lungs with their rapidly-changed air. But the more blood there is in the tissue of the lungs, exposed to air often changed, the more cooling down there will be.

### Internal Perspiration

BUT there is something more—namely, that birds have a system of air-sacs in connection with their lungs, and, although there are not many blood-vessels on their walls, there is a certain amount of "internal perspiration." The water steals off in the form of water vapor, and this also brings down the body-temperature.

The dog is a good example of a highly-evolved mammal with comparatively few sweat-glands, and their relative scarcity makes the dog's panting more intelligible. It is cooling its blood in

its lungs. But a feature in the familiar sight is the long tongue lolling out, and the meaning of this is not that the dog is sweating by its tongue, but that the evaporation of the salivary secretion from the surface of the tongue reduces the temperature in the adjacent blood, which tells a little on the general circulation.

As to our friends who assure us that they never perspire, we know that they are mistaken. They keep their skin in good condition; they take things easily and do not make hay when the sun shines; they wear loosely-fitting undergarment; and their perspiration steals off as it is produced. It is what the physiologists call insensible, not sensible, perspiration. Such happy people have escaped from the penalty imposed on their first parents.

The "cold sweat" of anxiety and fear is interesting theoretically, for it shows that an emotional disturbance with its seat in the brain may influence the nerves going to the sweat-glands, so that the latter are provoked into unusual activity.

himself has gone 400 days without tasting vegetable food.

The Canadian explorer ridicules the prevalent belief that Eskimos are "specially fond of fat and that they drink oil." "The Eskimos," he writes, "undoubtedly would be fond of fat and might even drink oil if it were true that they were exposed to more cold than the rest of us... but the Eskimos are really exposed to less cold than the average American or Englishman." He supports this surprising declaration by informing the reader that Eskimo houses in winter are so superheated that the inhabitants frequently sit naked around their open fires, with the perspiration running down their bodies. When they go outdoors they are clothed so warmly that it is as though they were inside thermos bottles. It is an interesting fact that their women mature with the precocity of tropical climes, bearing children sometimes at the age of twelve; and Stefansson asks whether this may not be because they pass their lives in the equivalent of a torrid latitude.

The last of the popular errors to be attacked is the common assumption that the languages of primitive peoples are simple. He describes briefly the enormous complexity of the grammar of the Eskimo language, with twenty-seven forms for every noun and elaborate verb declensions. Furthermore,

every-day vocabulary is many times greater than that of the average educated American or Englishman. It has been determined that the college graduate uses about 2,000 different words; and knows perhaps 12,000 when he sees them. But the Greenlanders use familiarly some 12,000. It is true that English dictionaries contain vastly more words than an Eskimo dictionary, but this is because we preserve great quantities of dead words in our books and because science has given us highly specialized vocabularies with which only the exceptional man is familiar. The Eskimos have no written language at all, we are told, so that every word contained in an Eskimo dictionary is in use to-day; and since their lives are simple, they have no special words known only to a few persons.

## Stefansson Attacks a Host of our Pet Theories and Popular Beliefs—Eskimos Not As Much Exposed to Cold As We Are

sson that when in Africa he inquired diligently of all the negroes he met whether they had ever seen ostriches bury their heads. They had never heard of such a thing, and, on the contrary, expressed the greatest respect for this bird's astuteness. It stands to reason that if ostriches were as stupid as reputed, they would all fall prey in short order to leopards and other predatory animals.

In another issue of the Spectator the same writer attacks relentlessly our grandmother's injunction that frostbite should be treated by rubbing snow on the affected part. He declares that this cure is "an interesting survival in folklore of one of the most fundamental principles of ancient magic, that like cures like." He informs us that Eskimos never employ the method, and that when it is suggested to them they reject it as in the highest degree absurd and dangerous. This is in accord with common sense. When something is freezing which you do not wish to freeze, you apply warmth to thaw it out. "It is possible," says Stefansson, "to get thousands to testify to the beneficial effect of the snow treatment of frostbite, but not nearly so many as would have testified in Columbus's time to the flatness of the earth, or in old days to the efficacy of bloodletting."

Stefansson attacks the idea that human beings cannot live on meat alone. He describes the life of certain Eskimo tribes who subsist solely on meat and fish, eating vegetables only in the direst straits to avoid starvation. He

## Current Wit and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs from the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

We think no nation now detests war so thoroughly as England does.—Manchester Guardian.

As we understand it, Germany must get an excess of exports over imports without selling anything abroad.—Vancouver Sun.

The taxpayer pays the fiddler and has to buy the fiddle, too.—Detroit News.

Help yourself to all the warm weather you were craving for a week ago.—Simcoe Reformer.

To disarm a critic and make him feel silly, give him the job of the fellow he criticizes.—Toledo Blade.

Sun Yat Sen's reputation is such that the racial may be dead even though he denies it.—Kingdom Review.

Many motorists turn turtle without any leanings towards revolutionary views whatever.—Guelph Mercury.

Among other commodities in keen demand at present across the line are "votes and influences."—Brockville Recorder.

Few girls of to-day have a coloring that comes and goes. Generally it's as fixed as a smile on a statue.—Detroit Free Press.

A girl in Johannesburg recently ran 56 miles. The report doesn't say whether the man got away or not.—Petrolia Advertiser-Topic.

I am a true Conservative—a believer in the Middle Ages.—D. C. Capel Dunn.

A man is old when he can leave the heroine in the clutches of the villain and go yawning to bed.—Kingston Standard.

So often it is the man who catches the big fish has the loudest, most resonant voice. Nor does the man who makes a 220 yard drive at the links talk about it in whispers.—Ottawa Journal.

We once heard of a chaplain who, after looking at the legislators, prayed earnestly for his country.—New Orleans Picayune.

The strawberry shortcake season is near at hand. It is hoped the strawberries will not be short.—Peterboro Examiner.

Swept By Fire was a headline which referred to the destruction of a broom factory in Toronto yesterday.—Hamilton Spectator.

Nature keeps things balanced. Europe has the worst wars, but we have nine times as many motor cars.—Trinidad Pictorial.

"Texas girl is on her way to London to show

Englishmen how to ride."—Philadelphia Ledger.

But a Calgary girl of stampede fame is already there, so that's that.—Ottawa Journal.

The first time a fellow grabs a steering wheel he imagines himself quite as capable a driver as Barney Oldfield.—Guelph Mercury.

This senate is evidently determined to throw the switches against Canada's National Railways.—Peterboro Examiner.

The straw hat industry may be a little depressed, but July and August are on their way.—St. Catharines Standard.

Bryan says people should be more careful whom they elect to office. And he can remember when he was very, very careful.—San Diego Union.

A lot of trouble and expense might be saved if it were generally agreed that the commission of murder is conclusive proof of insanity.—Hamilton Herald.

If a dominion tax should be levied on foolishness, the country would have no national debt.—Brantford Expositor.

A boy who thought he could rob and get away with it will be 50 before he gets away, the judge says.—Wichita Beacon.

When all is said and done, much which people think they know they only guess.—Shelburne Economist.

I have found that whenever I am right I am attacked, and whenever I am wrong I get universal praise.—G. W. Stuart Bunning.

Almost any man could get a good job if he could use his obituary notice as a recommendation.—Kingston Standard.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald now says that "we must trust Germany's word." Half of Europe is followed with graves because people did that.—Ottawa Journal.

### STATEMENT

I BROKE my heart because I like it broken, I held it high and then I let it fall, I gave away the softer parts for token, And hung the brightest bits along the wall, I broke my heart because I like it broken.

So don't pretend to pity, don't feel pride And think 'tis anything you've done or spoken That makes this sharper parts for token, I broke my heart because I like it broken! —Margaret Belle Houston in N.Y. Herald Tribune.



# ATHABASCA GREATEST DREAM Too Much "Zip" in Ford's Hospital CITY OF ALBERTA'S BOOM DAYS For Critical Detroit Doctors

When Far-Away Alberta Hamlet Saw Visions of Being "The Gateway of the North," a Mighty and Fast-Stepping Metropolis — The Population Now Numbers a Bare 300.

By E. A. CORBETT

AT a board of trade meeting in Athabasca Landing February 24, 1912, a prominent business man of the town made the following highly colored forecast of its destiny:

"I can picture Athabasca Landing in the near future as a large city with factories, shipbuilding plants, elevators and mills. I can see on the bank across the river a magnificent C.N.R. hotel as majestic as the Chateau Frontenac; a railway station with daily trains to Fort McMurray, Lac la Biche, Pelican, Wabasca, Battleford, Edmonton, Grouard, and Peace River Crossing. I can see wholesale houses distributing merchandise to all these points—a city with the most complete municipally-owned street railways, waterworks, sewage, electric lights in western Canada. These are not dreams, gentlemen; these are realities we shall see within the next five years."

There was probably not a man in the audience that night who did not share the faith of the speaker. It is easy enough to be wise after the event. As we look back now, we marvel at the distorted vision of the Athabascans of 1912. But, gentle reader, what about those lots of your own in Watrous, Saskatchewan; Edson, Alberta; Saskatoon and Edmonton? Were we not all bitten by the same insect in the year of our Lord 1912?

Edmonton was booming. Residential lots with 33 feet frontage were selling as high as \$2,500 each, two miles from the centre of the city. Business property was turning over with tremendous profits. Farms were purchased eight miles from Edmonton at \$350 an acre for subdivision purposes.

How could Athabasca Landing escape if she neglected at such a time so great salvation? She joined the boom. The Athabasca Landing Times in those days was a throbbing news sheet. Steel had arrived, and with the completion of the C.N.R. line from Edmonton thousands of miles of railways were connected with thousands of miles of waterways. A man could leave New York and in three weeks be in the Arctic Circle, and travel in comparative comfort all the way.

Athabasca Landing was the "gateway of the north," the road to Peace River, Grande Prairie, Grouard, Fort Vermilion, and all the lure of Canada's great undeveloped hinterland. By this route, for a hundred years, fur traders and adventurers had gone their way singing into the great unknown country that sweeps away northward to the Arctic.

## Tales of Marvelous Wealth

FOR fifty years or more men had brought back tales of the marvelous wealth of the northland. "There is a plateau of tar sands at Fort McMurray," said one surveyor, "almost pure asphalt, that would make a lake of tar 15 miles wide and three miles deep from Edmonton to Saskatoon. Hundreds of acres of salt, veins of iron ore, oil that oozed from the banks of the Mackenzie, to say nothing of millions of acres of soil as rich as any in the world, lying ready for the plow."

Sheridan Lawrence had farmed for 15 years at Fort Vermilion, 500 miles north on the Peace, and had produced crops of wheat, oats and barley equal to anything in southern Alberta. And from 1900 on, settlers had gone on up the Athabasca into Lesser Slave lake and across to Grande Prairie and prosperous communities had sprung up in many places.

From the Hudson Bay mills at Fort Vermilion they had seen barrels of flour shipped out equal to anything in the world markets. What could prevent Athabasca Landing from being the distributing point and port of embarkation for the great new northland? Athabasca Landing advertised itself, of course, and every train brought loads of visitors, tourists and journalists from all over the world, each of whom did his bit to tell the universe that Athabasca Landing had come to stay.

On the hotel register of those days were many famous names. Among them, I noted that of Charles Major, author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," Berton Braley, well-known American writer of verse; Seton Thompson and Janey Canuck. (On this particular occasion Janey Canuck added fuel to the flames by referring to Fort Vermilion—500 miles north—as the "New St. Petersburg.") Agnes Deans Cameron, and many others.

Natural gas had been discovered as early as 1897. It was harnessed and used for lighting and heat. A sewage system was contracted for at a cost of \$150,000. Oil refineries were expected, new steamers were being built to handle northward traffic, hotels, cottages, stores were erected. A Methodist church costing \$20,000 was built, heated and lighted with natural gas, with a seating capacity of 450.

## Five Railways were Coming

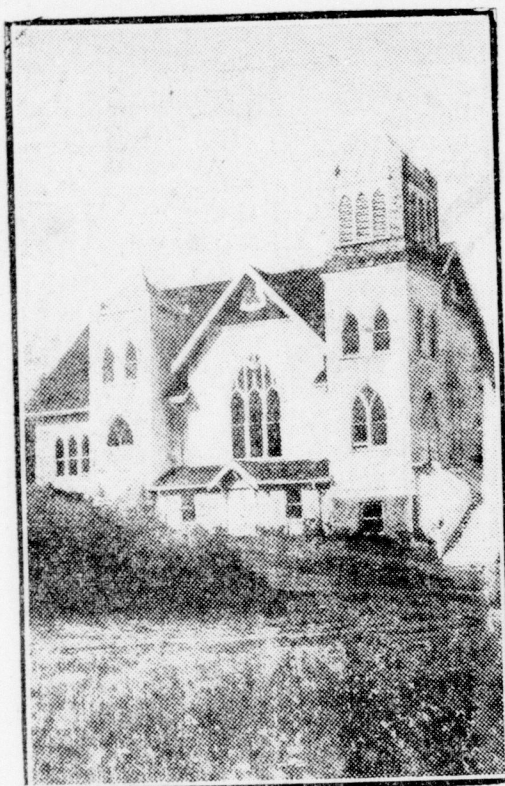
SUBDIVISIONS were put on the market and hundreds of residential lots were sold at from \$200 to \$275 each; and an intriguing little item in one issue of the Athabasca Times stated that Mr. C—, a well-known manufacturer of Brantford, who had that day visited the city, had paid \$11,000 cash for a lot in the business section.

In 1912 it was confidently expected that within a very few years there would be five lines of railway running through Athabasca Landing. A map was published in every issue of the Athabasca Times, showing where these lines would come from and their destination.

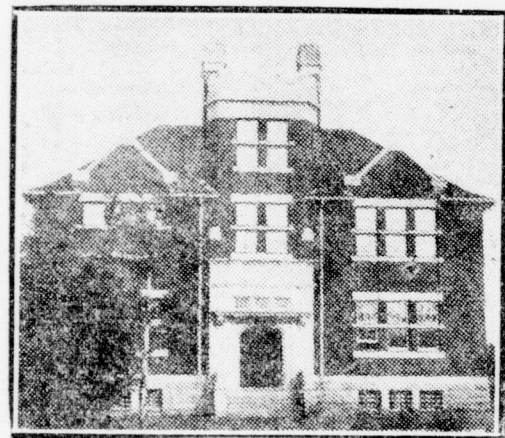
(1) The C.N.R. from Edmonton to Fort McMurray.

(2) The C.N.R. from Winnipeg, via Prince Albert, in a direct line through Athabasca Landing to Peace River Crossing.

(3) The G.T.P. from Prince Albert.



The splendid Methodist Church at Athabasca Landing, which will accommodate the whole population twice over and then some.



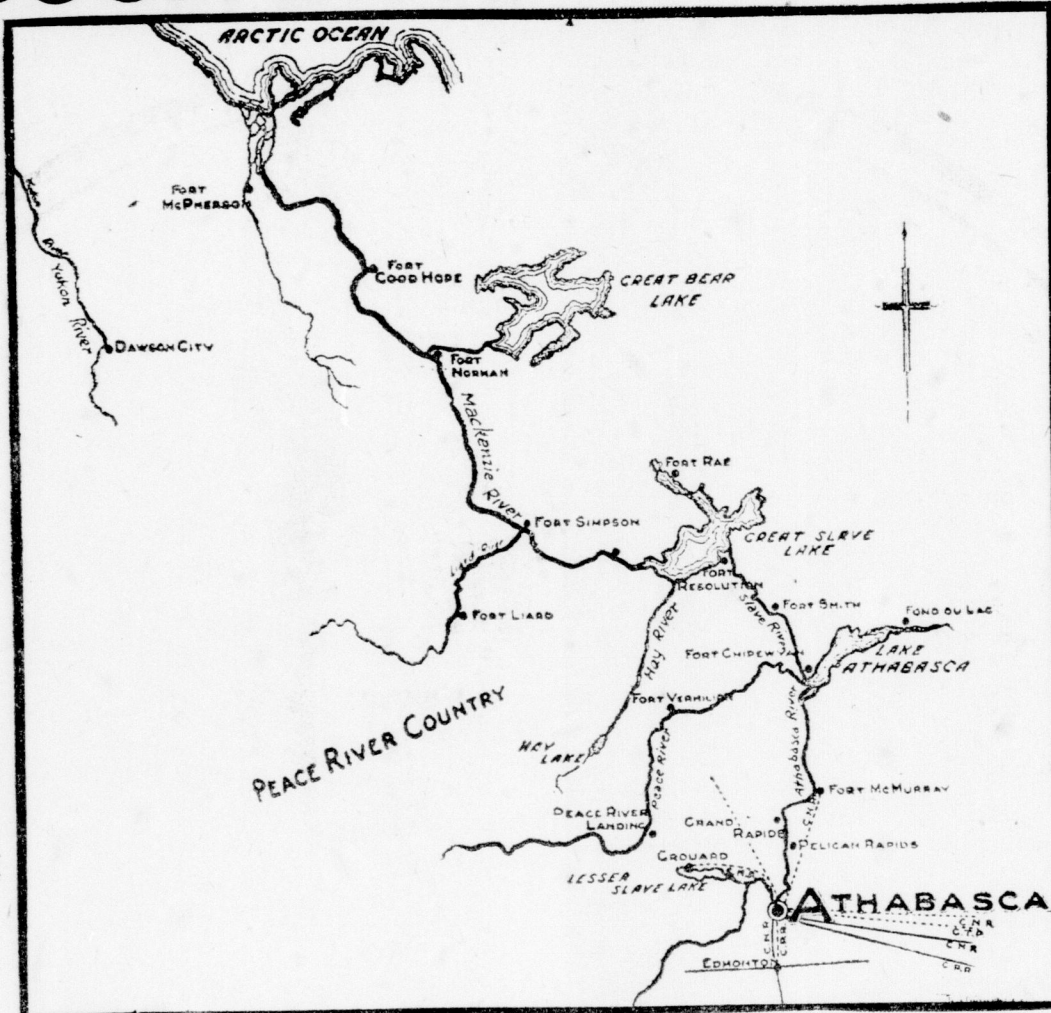
The imposing public school which was erected in days when young men saw visions and old men dreamed dreams.

(4) The C.N.R., Saskatoon, Battleford and Athabasca Landing.

(5) The C.P.R. from Wilkie, Saskatchewan, to Athabasca Landing.

Apparently the railway companies were all in a mad rush to see who would get there first. Of such stuff dreams are made. Money could be borrowed, huge credits established in those halcyon days, on dreams. From a town of 300 people in 1911, Athabasca Landing had grown in 1913 to a town with a reputed population of 3,000 souls, having property assessed at three millions of dollars and an annual tax revenue of \$40,000. That year the town reached the zenith of its meteoric career. In August, 1913, a disastrous fire swept over the little hamlet, and in three hours nearly half a million dollars in property went up in smoke.

The fire in itself would have had little effect in quenching the enthusiasm of the Athabascans. As a matter of fact, many of those who had suffered most severely began to plan and build for bigger opportunities. But the disaster did



One of the maps which was published every week during the boom period, showing Athabasca as the railway hub of the west, and the gateway to the north country.

not come unaccompanied. For years a certain rivalry had existed between Edson and Athabasca Landing. A road had been cut through the muskeg country north from Edson, and Grande Prairie, shortening the distance by over a hundred miles. There was rumor also of a railroad from that point into Grande Prairie city.

## When the Dreamers Awoke

OTHER disquieting rumors were on the move. J. D. MacArthur was to build a line to Lac la Biche, making a direct route to Fort McMurray and Lake Athabasca. It was stated also that the same company would build a line straight north from Edmonton to Peace River Crossing. These rumors, together with the severe losses as a result of fire, had their inevitable effect. Some of the heartiest boomers of the Homerie city folded their tents like the Arabs and silently stole away. Uneasiness began to attack the faith of the city fathers.

J. K. Cornwall, that indomitable friend and pioneer of the north, spoke at a meeting in Athabasca Landing in March, 1914, and confirmed, in as far as he could do so, two at least of the deadliest of these rumors. He pointed out that the Edmonton, Dunvegan and British Columbia Railway and the Alberta and Great Waterways Railway were certain to come, and when they did, would cut off to the east, west and north the country Athabasca Landing had hoped to feed. They would do well, therefore, he told them, to remember that there would be a number of strategic centres in the north country of which their enterprising town would be only one. Instead of "The Gateway to the North," they would probably be after all only a gateway to the north, which was quite a different matter.

Thus, like a slow leak in a tire, did the hope and enthusiasm of the people escape until slowly but surely the town of a million dreams settled down on its rims. And there it sits to-day, a village of 300 inhabitants, pleasantly situated on one of the most beautiful townships in western Canada. It is the centre of a splendid farming district and finds its living as quietly as the noble river that flows at its feet, in looking after the needs of the settlers whose farms stretch back over those same plains that one day echoed to the blare of real estate operators as they wholeheartedly took the eastern speculator into camp to the tune of \$275 per acre.

As the three-days-a-week, mixed freight, passenger and stock train winds its creaking way into the town, you see, high on a hill overlooking the valley, a fine Methodist church and a well-equipped hospital, the only buildings, apart from the hotel, reminiscent of the days when the young men of Athabasca Landing dreamed dreams and her old men saw visions.

## The Clever Friend in Question

A SHY young hostess, in an effort to be genial, led aside the comparative stranger, whose name, somehow, eluded her.

"Look," she said, "I've paired you off with that lady in the corner. Will you take her in to dinner? My husband, naughty man, says she's a bit of an old tramp, but she's got lots of money, and one of his clever friends has just married her for it, so we must be nice to her."

"I am sorry, madam," said the guest, "but I am the clever friend in question."—Tit-Bits.

Academy of Surgery Refuses to Meet There—Objects to "Machine Methods" and Unethical Advertising — But Head Surgeon Defends Charging Everybody Alike and Points to Much Charitable Work

HENRY FORD has incurred the displeasure of the Wayne County Medical Society by the way in which his hospital in Detroit is conducted. The academy of surgery of that city recently declined an invitation to meet in the Ford Hospital, and the county medical society has approved this action, alleging that Mr. Ford's reputation rather than that of the hospital attracts patients, so that he has really been "practising medicine by proxy." They object also to the alleged decrease of charity work, so-called "machine methods," publicity regarded by them as unethical, the uniform fee scale and "closed-hospital" operation. Mr. Ford's friends hint that hostility is a result of his refusal to allow the hospital to collect large fees from wealthy men. An editorial in the Medical Society's Bulletin, as reproduced in part in the press, reads as follows:

"The recent refusal of members of the Detroit Academy of Surgeons to accept hospitality from Mr. Ford's hospital prompts a brief discussion as to why self-respecting medical men cannot with dignity and continued fairness to the lay public thus seem to approve of Mr. Ford's methods and, by accepting his hospitality, appear to concede the superior character of his organization.

"The hospital opened under the able direction of Dr. John Brown, a thoroughly trained hospital superintendent. Under his guidance commercial methods of publicity were not forthcoming. The principals of the staff consisted of two practically unknown young men, well trained but with a reputation still to be gained.

"The business developed slowly—too slowly for a Ford industry. Dr. Brown's services were soon dispensed with. Ernest Liebold, Mr. Ford's private secretary, was the guiding spirit.

"Business was not good—there was not enough 'zip,' real business methods must be introduced. The newspapers were made available, publicity, widespread, flagrant and inaccurate, was given to the public. The Johns Hopkins staff was capitalized. Ordinary equipment found in any well-conducted hospital was glorified. The old-time stethoscope was described as a wonderful instrument for listening to the heart and lungs. The microscope, used in every laboratory for cutting specimens, was described as the 'tumor machine.' The public's eyes began to bulge.

"The great Henry Ford had manned his hospital with supermen and installed marvelous and intricate equipment!

## Not Run for Doctors

D R. A. BIEDL, eminent gland authority, was a recent guest of the society. He requested to be taken through Ford hospital.

"Following the inspection, he said: 'I suppose you do a large research work?'

"No, we do very little," was the reply.

"Then a large charity, of course?"

"No, everyone pays here."

"So—well, then, what is the purpose of your institution?"

"The great Henry Ford had manned his hospital with supermen and installed marvelous and intricate equipment!

"The great Henry Ford had manned his hospital with supermen and installed marvelous and intricate equipment!

## Awkward in Flight

AS the days went by, the loon family began to take an occasional flight. Loons cannot rise directly from the water as some ducks do, but run for a considerable distance over the surface, paddling with their feet, flapping their wings, and making great speed. Finally they are able to rise into the air. These three birds would race across the water as rapidly as possible, but when the parent birds rose the great diver was not able to follow. Disconsolate he watched them fly away, and when, after a time, they returned and plunged into the lake with terrific force, he was overjoyed. Loons have very heavy bodies and comparatively short wings, and so find it hard to rise from the water, but when they succeed in taking flight they fly with great rapidity. They are not able to check their speed much and still remain in the air. When ready to alight, they circle over the water, getting lower each time until finally they often plunge in with almost the velocity of an express train, making a tremendous noise and half-run, half-swim, for a considerable distance before they can stop.

Within another week the great diver was able to take to the air himself, and then he accompanied his parents on their daily excursions. One day he accompanied them on a prolonged trip to the seashore. While he was fishing his parents disappeared, he knew not where. At first he was lonely, but he soon discovered many young birds like himself in the same region and made friends with them. These birds soon learned to wander far out at sea, sometimes gathering in large flocks at night to sleep on the surface of the ocean. However, they preferred to sleep on the shore.

As the weather grew colder, one after another departed for the southland, and one day the great diver went also. After spending the winter fishing in the lakes and on the coast of Florida he selected a mate with whom he flew to the northland, and seeking out a lake that was not already occupied by loons, set up housekeeping for himself.

body down until only her head stuck out of the water she received him on her back and then, rising to the surface, swam rapidly down the lake. She swam, dived, and even caught fish with her young on her back, and so successfully was it done that he was not dislodged.

# Silly-Laughing Loon Not So Crazy After All Great Diver of Lakes a Very Shrewd Bird

Even a Baby Loon Can Outwit a Man By Hiding With Only His Nostrils Above Water—Mother Loon Can Swim, Dive and Catch Fish With Young On Her Back Without Dislodging It.

In this nest, although the common loon occasionally lays three eggs.

## Idiotic Laughing Call

P RESENTLY, from the far end of the lake, came a long, laughing, idiotic call, very much like the hysterical laugh of a lunatic, weird, wild, but not unmusical. The weather was warm, and recognizing this as the call of her mate, the mother slid into the water and swam rapidly down the lake to join him. With her wings tightly folded on her back she swam with long, alternating sweeps of her great webbed feet, making a speed that is possible to only a few of the swimming birds. Before she reached her lord she noticed a young shiny trout in the clear water below, and, diving, set chase.

The startled trout, recognizing his danger, darted away with the utmost speed, but the great bird gained rapidly in spite of his exertions. Presently she caught him some six or eight feet under water, and, crunching his body two or three times, gave him a quick twist, and, catching him by the head, swallowed him before she reached the surface.

Joining her lord they played about over the surface of the lake for some time, then, mindful of her baby, she returned to her brooding. Things ran along in this way for two or three days, when the great diver became impatient to get into the water; the mother loon, finding that the remaining eggs did not hatch, permitted him to do this. That night the little family rested together on the water near the edge of the lake. With the first gleam of dawn they were awake and their weird cries were echoing far and near. Soon the father bird raised himself straight up in the water facing the rising sun and began flapping his wings. Immediately his wife joined in his weird morning dance, and the great diver, seeing his parents go through this ceremony, imitated them as best he could.

This was the regular morning ceremony with which they greeted the rising sun, and is an in-

teresting characteristic of the loon. This ceremony over, the father departed to his feeding ground at the far end of the lake and the mother led the great diver to the shallow water near the nest.

## Expert Diving and Hiding

ONE day soon after the diver had left the nest a man chanced to see him and his mother as they floated on the bosom of the lake. They were near the nest and the man pushed his canoe into the water so as to cut them off from the body of the lake. When the mother saw the man in his boat she gave a peculiar cry which the diver understood to be a danger cry. He promptly disappeared beneath the water and dived through the rushes away from the boat. His mother almost immediately dived, and, coming up a few yards on the other side of the boat, flapped the water with her wings and feet as loudly as possible to attract the man's attention. But the man knew something of birds and was not to be deceived by the mother; so keeping a keen eye on the water among the rushes he saw the baby loon rise to the surface, where he remained perfectly still. With two or three strokes of the paddle the boat glided toward the spot where he was hidden. The mother again uttered her warning cry and the great diver boldly dived out into the lake toward his mother. Again she dived, and, coming up very near the boat, made a great splashing of the water to attract attention to herself.

Back and forth the chase continued for some time, when the great diver, growing more wary, dived into some brush that overhung the bank and, rising just high enough to allow his nostrils to stick out of the water, remained perfectly hidden.

The man was outwitted at last. He knew the bird was somewhere in the neighborhood doing this very thing, but could not locate him; so he gave up the chase and rowed down the lake. When he had rounded the point the mother loon uttered a low call and her son came to meet her. Swimming to him and letting her



Henry Ford

"This great man, who has spent years in intense and exhaustive research work for humanity, was puzzled. He had not seen the 'standardized schedule relating to fees.' He had not heard that 'Ford hospital is not run for doctors.' In fact, he doesn't know.

"We have been asked, 'Why does the medical profession disapprove of Ford's hospital?'

"The medical profession objects to having Henry Ford, a man of unlimited wealth and power, a man who controls a publication, a man of strong prejudices, practise medicine by proxy.

"We have tried to express briefly the impression of Mr. Ford's hospital which has grown in the medical man's mind. It has seemed necessary to assume a certain degree of frankness and a marked degree of reservation in order to present this subject fairly. Specific details have been avoided. We have accepted members of the Ford hospital staff into the Wayne County Medical Society in a spirit of fairness to them. We cannot hold them entirely responsible for the ethics of Mr. Ford's hospital.

"We must insist, however, if we consider the past history and the present operation of the hospital, that we cannot, with dignity and fairness to the general public, accept its hospitality. "No enviable reputation is built in an institution such as the Ford hospital now is, and for the benefit of our medical brothers who are, through force of circumstances, working there, we must say that the private practise of medicine or surgery is still an honorable profession. And that business is good."

## Poor and Rich Pay Alike

WHAT may be regarded as the hospital's official statement in its own defense is given in an open letter by Dr. Roy D. McClure, its surgeon-in-chief, offering his resignation from the Detroit Academy of Surgeons.

"1. Alleged application of factory methods to the handling of patients. If this means thoroughness and completeness of history-taking and physical examination by physicians and surgeons who have had thorough training and experience in the larger clinics of this country and Europe—we plead guilty.

"2. Alleged elimination of the personal touch between physician and patient. If this were true it would be difficult to account for the phenomenal growth of the hospital. This growth has come about largely through satisfied patients referring others.

"3. Alleged declination of charity patients. During the past year a very large number of ex-soldiers were cared for at hospital expense, the cost being more than \$125,000. In addition, many other persons have been cared for to whom no bills have been sent, their bills being paid by others.

"4. The uniform fee scale. It is an accepted principle that the price of service should rest on the cost of service. This is not a medical but an economic question, and a uniform fee scale surely has the same right to existence as a charity system or a scale that fluctuates according to the ability of the people to pay. The hospital management has adopted the uniform fee scale for reasons that seem amply sufficient.

"5. The policy which permits only physicians and surgeons of the staff to treat patients when under the hospital's care. That this hospital is one of the first in the middle west to function as a 'closed hospital' is doubtless responsible for some antagonism. Both closed and open hospitals are of service to the community.

"6. Alleged unethical advertising of the hospital by pamphlets. Apparently this reference is to a descriptive pamphlet of the buildings which is sent to inquirers at a distance, and a small leaflet given to patients on entering the hospital which contains the information and advice which new patients need.

"7. As to the further charge, made publicly by a member of your academy, that the Henry Ford hospital 'depends for its prestige not upon medical skill and surgical excellence, but upon the well-known name of Henry Ford,' we shall leave that statement to those who like to discuss medical ethics."

A popular endorsement of Mr. Ford and the methods of his hospital is given in the Louisville Courier-Journal:

"The chief objection to the Ford hospital, however, is the flat-rate service system for operations—one price to all.

"This objection, about which the doctors are so vociferous, is the main reason for the venture. The story goes that, following the illness of one of the members of the Ford family, a bill for medical services was received. Ford, it is said, gasped when he saw it. From that gasp came the dream of this latest Ford departure. He would build a hospital of his own, employ its staff, allow no one except members of his staff to work in it, standardize the work and standardize the charges, making no distinction between the millionaire and the salary worker."



# The London Advertiser

LONDON, ONT., SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1924.



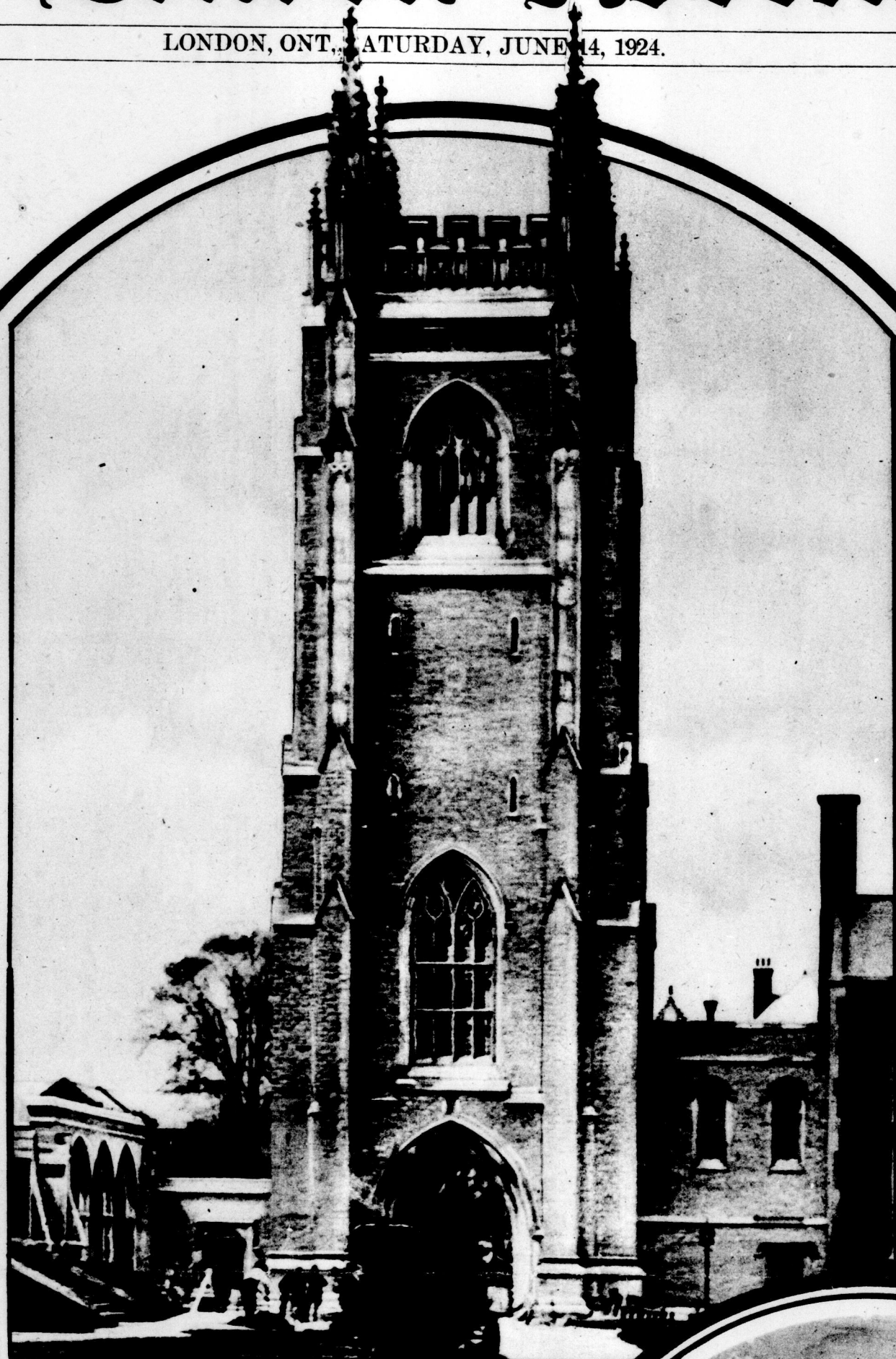
In the ballet at night and for the ballot by day, Lucas, a Parisian dancer, is an ardent woman's suffragist



Jose Carrera will represent Mexico at the Olympic games



Priscilla Dean, the motion picture star, received these rabbits from a Spanish hidalgo amongst her admirers



This shows the stately sacred beauty of the memorial tower unveiled at the University of Toronto last week



The royal party, including the King and Queen of Rumania, leaving the Burma pavilion at the British Empire Exhibition. Note the wreaths of flowers which the Burmese natives have hung about the Queens' necks



Mr. and Mrs. Asquith attend the Guild Hall reception to Rumanian royalty



Lady Eleanor Roxburgh holds the exacting post of secretary to the Queen

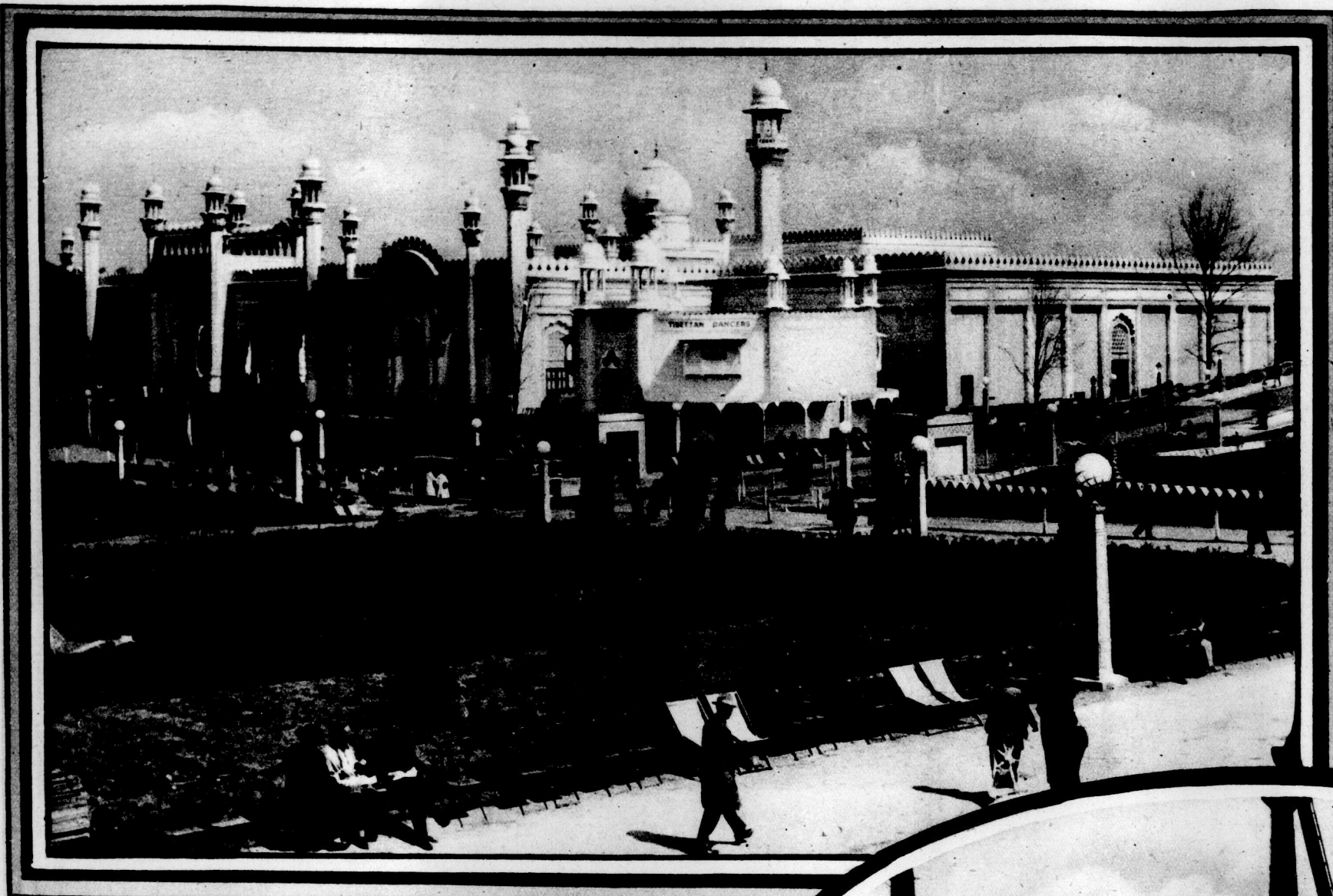


Charles Gay and his wife, of Los Angeles, conduct the only lion farm in the world



Hon. N. W. Rowell sails for Europe as Canadian delegate to the first assembly of the League of nations





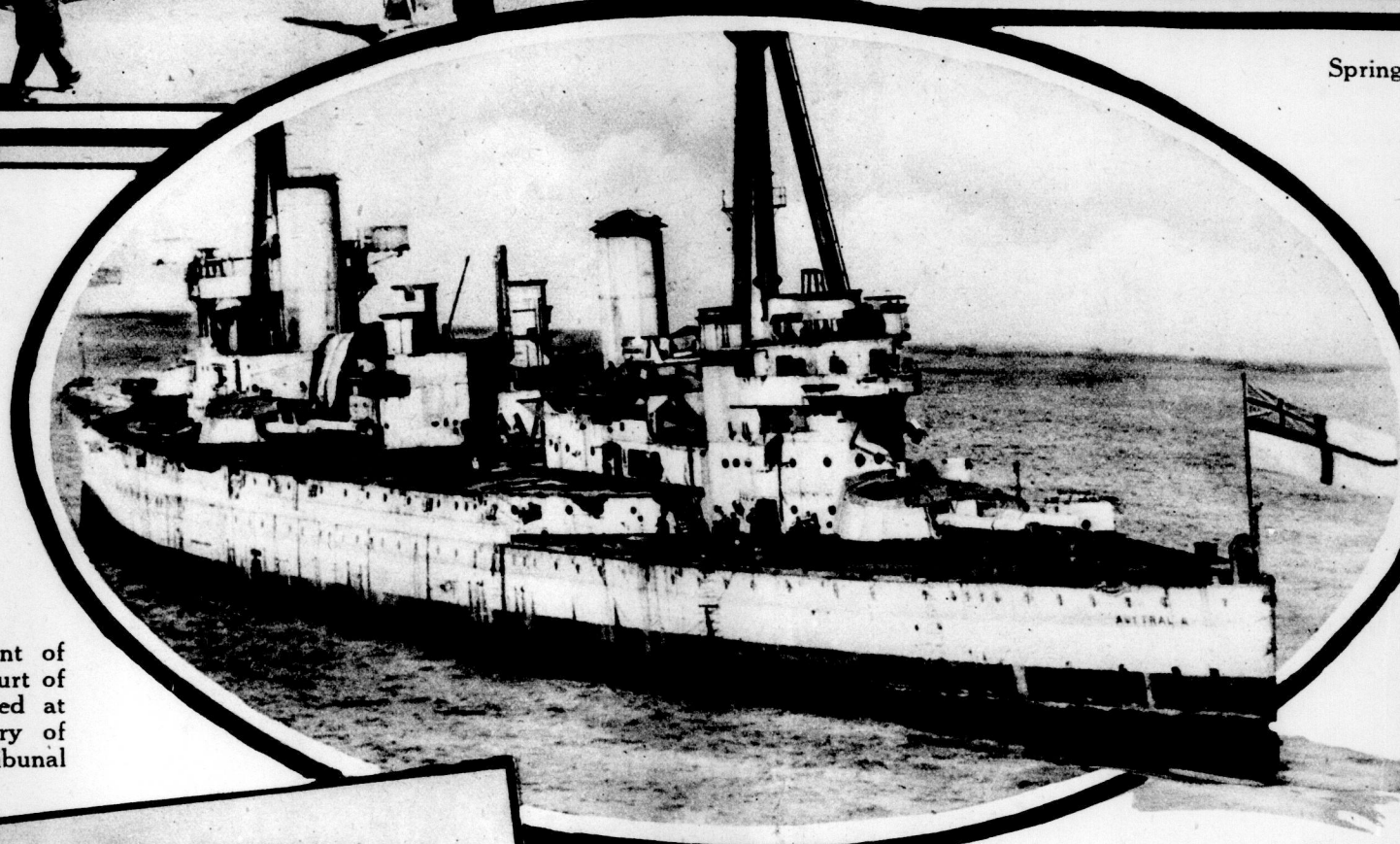
General view of the Indian Pavilion at the Empire Exhibition at Wembley



Spring time in the Allan Gardens, Toronto  
—Photo by J. Boyd.



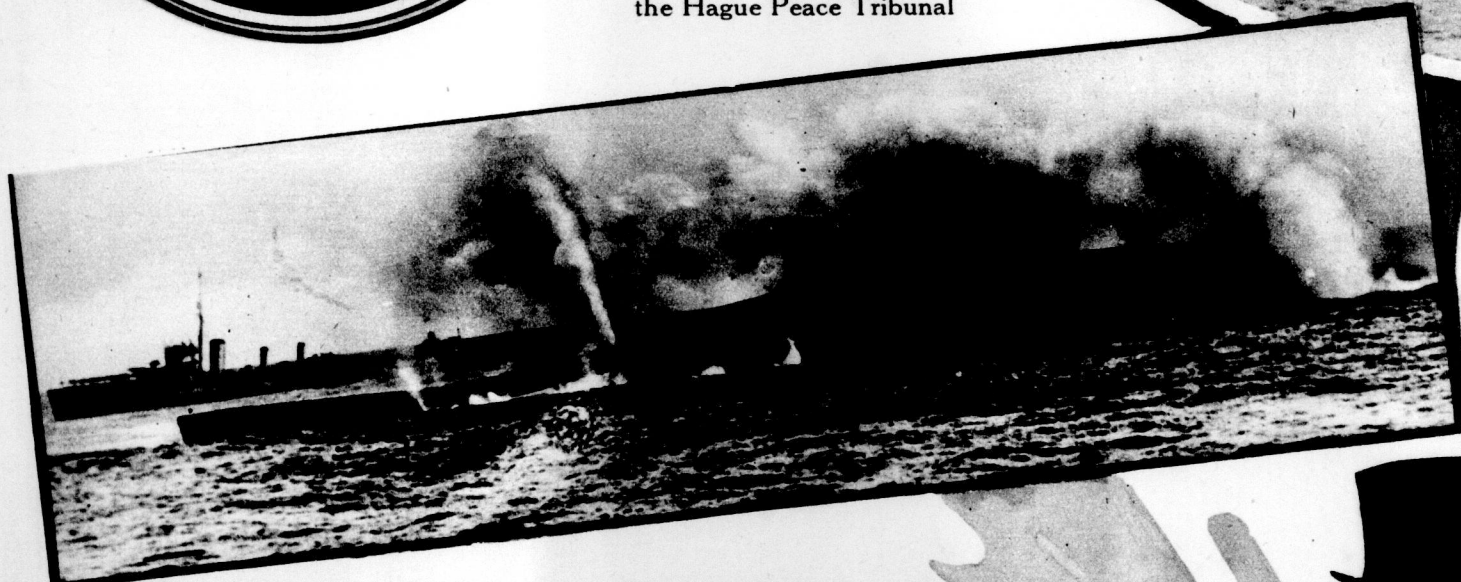
Herr Loder, president of the International Court of Justice, who presided at the 25th anniversary of the Hague Peace Tribunal



With all her flags flying the Australian battleship, Australia, was sunk according to the terms of the Limitation of Arms Agreement. On the left is the last scene before the final dive. Coal dust from the bunkers is being forced through from the onrush of the water



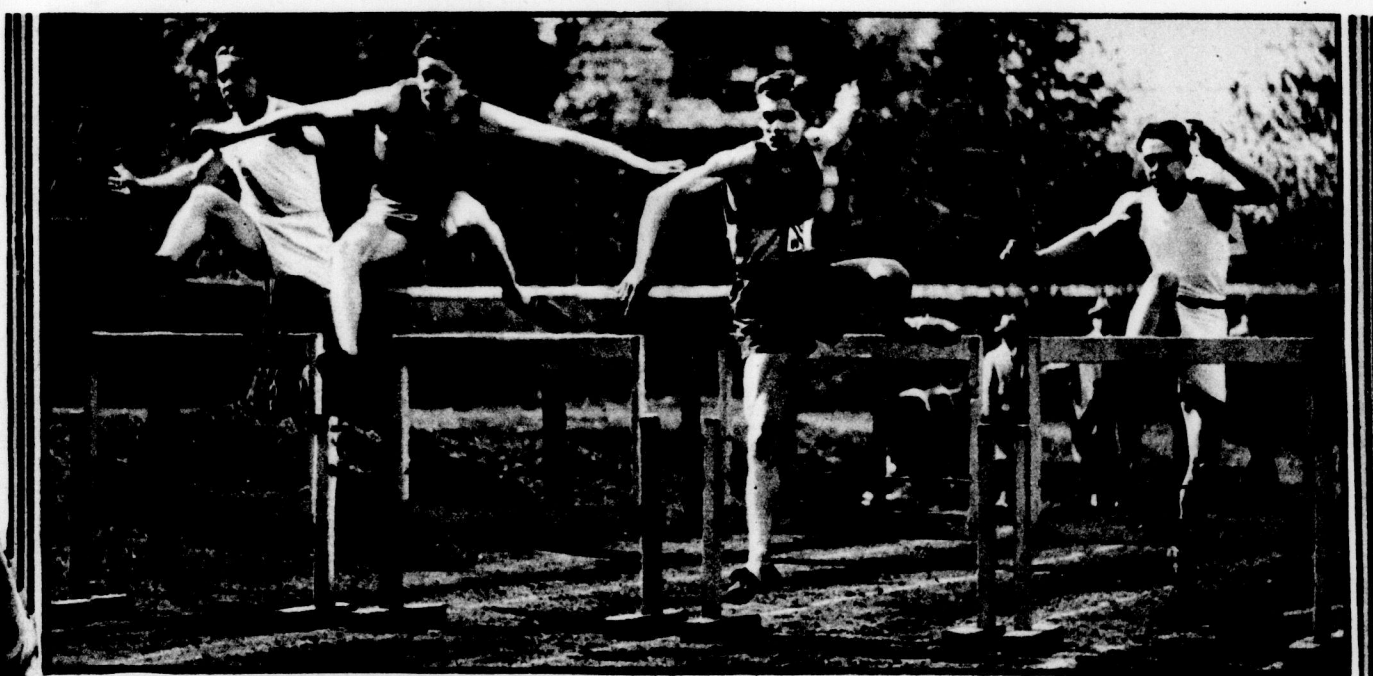
Critics proclaim young Miss Robinne, daughter of Madame Robinne, the French actress, as the most beautiful child in Paris



Many tourists from Canada are attending the monster Paris Fair which this year extends over the Champs de Mars right under the Eiffel Tower



Scottish nobility are guests of "Jamie" Brown, humble coal miner, Lord High Commissioner of Scotland, and all dressed up for the part

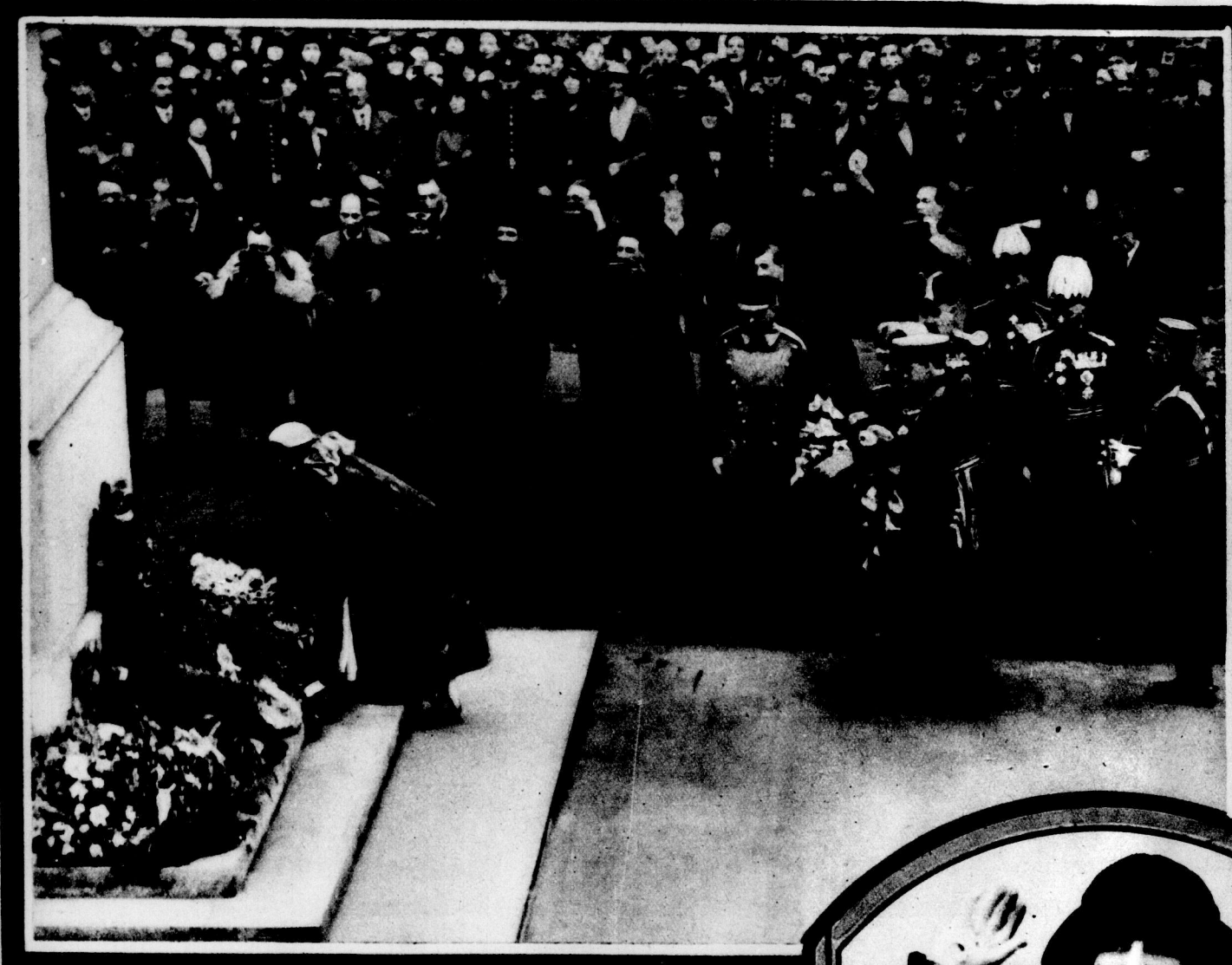


Students compete in the University of Toronto Intercollegiate Championship hurdle races



The largest straw hat yet seen this season. It was quite an attraction during the Easter parade in London. It is 28 inches wide





The Queen of Rumania, on arriving in London, pays her respects to the nation's shrine in Whitehall. Note the picture squad shooting in the background



Laura Lanham, of Bloomfield, Illinois, whose claim to be champion woman horseshoe pitcher has resulted in a hundred challenges from all parts of the States



A smart effect with a pleated apron and cape in printed Canton crepe



At the University of Toronto games, Wright of Toronto makes a clean leap, coming second



Irene Rich, motion picture star, goes abroad in search of some foreign atmosphere



Delegates from India to the Methodist Episcopal World Conference in Springfield, Massachusetts



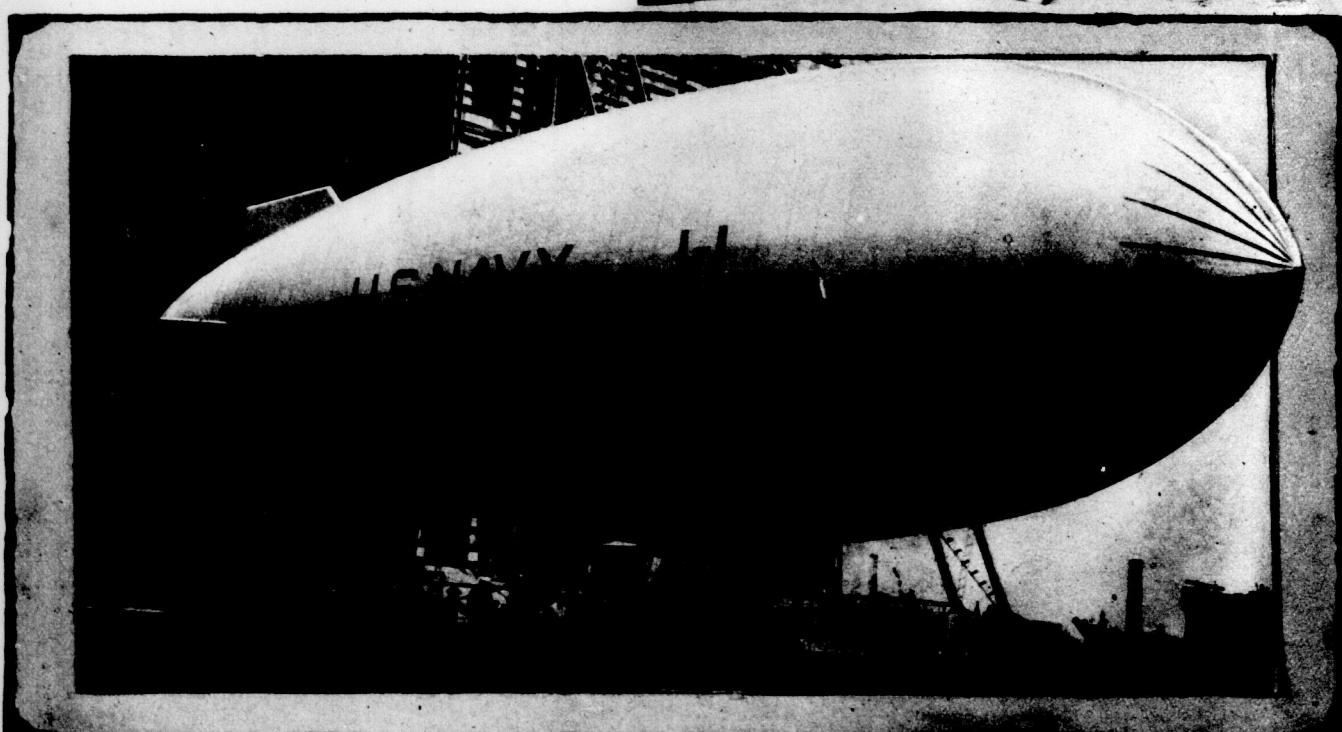
The subtle Aristide Briand, who has again come to the fore in French politics, now that the Radicals are in



Paris must be having weather, too—a fur-trimmed straw for summer wear



Sir Henry Thornton, at the races, wearing his Canadian National smile



This is a "blimp", such as conveyed the boys across the English Channel in the dark days. The United States navy has built a number



These two giddy footpaths, on which can be seen the little figures of men working half way across, are the working basis of a giant steel bridge to cross the Hudson at Peekskill, above New York





Ferdinand I., King of Rumania, is driving away from Victoria Station with King George during the visit of the Rumanian monarchs to England



The scene inside the Guildhall when the King and Queen of Rumania were welcomed by the Lord Mayor of London. Left to right are the Prince of Wales, the Lady Mayoress, the King of Rumania, the Lord Mayor, the Queen of Rumania, the Duchess of York and Prince Henry



Queen Marie of Rumania is noted for her smile. The Rumanian King and Queen, who have been visiting England as the guests of the British Royal Family



Premier Ramsay MacDonald received the Belgian Premier, M. Theunis, to whom he is talking, and M. Hyman, the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs, to discuss reparations



The King and Queen of Rumania are leaving the Guildhall after receiving the address of welcome from the Lord Mayor. The Guildhall is in the background



Here are the Chinese members attending the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.



Miss Barbara Murray, daughter of J. Archibald Murray, a prominent New York lawyer, is to marry Lord Doune, heir of the Earl of Moray, who met her at a dance in New York



Little Miriam Battista, aged ten, famous child actress who amazed New York as Juliet in the balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet", is to tour the leading cities of the continent



Billy Sunday is laid up for repairs. Stricken while conducting a revival meeting at Memphis, he is seen here with "Ma" Sunday being rushed in a private car to the Mayo clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, for observation and treatment



This sleeveless suit is going to be popular on the golf links this summer. The single button in front and the two patch pockets make it a simple tailored model.



## WELL-AIMED SNOWBALL HIT DOCTOR'S HEADPIECE

William Bruce Was Champion Daredevil and Crack Shot of Hamilton Grammar School

A WAY back in the Forties, there fell to Mr. William Bruce of Hamilton, noted astronomer, the distinction of being crack-shot and daredevil of the Hamilton Grammar School, but the defense of this title proved costly, as demonstrated by the following.

It was recess, and the boys were making snowballs with which to practise on a moving target, when Dr. Tassie, the head of the school, emerged from his door, and Bruce was challenged to hit the centre of their revered Doctor's headpiece. For the infinitesimal part of a second, the championship hung in the balance, and then there whizzed through the air, a ball which brought the high silk hat, low.

The "Prof." retraced his steps past the culprits' hurriedly improvised ambuscade, from which the snickering of a dozen protruding heads told its own tale. School was called, and the boys with mouths agape, waited Micawber-like for something to turn up, and something did—the cat-o-nine-tails. William Bruce, with that high standard of honor and fearless courage which has characterized him throughout life, stood up to take his punishment. Now a squirrel-like thrashing was one of the conditions of the championship, and notwithstanding his rivals' watchfulness for signs of weakening, he sat down with a face like flint.

The title was still his. But the end was not yet. Reaching the parental roof, his father—a gentleman of the old school, apparently working on the principle that to him who hath received, shall more be given, added his quota to the costliness of the defense of the championship, but like a true Heald laddie, Wm. Bruce held his own and the title to the bitter end.



William Bruce

## Senator Fisher Went One Better Than Rival

Won Schoolbook Trade by Startling Statement on Circulars He Sent Out

SOME years ago in the town of Paris senator Fisher, who at that time was just plain John H. Fisher, an energetic and successful insurance agent, decided to branch out into the book and stationery business. He carried his enthusiasm with him into the new venture, which also proved a success, and is now the leading business of this kind in the town.



Senator Fisher

In its embryo stage, however, he had been competing, particularly about school opening time. Special inducements were offered to the children to get their trade. His chief competitor sent out circulars announcing a gift with every purchase of school books. Going one better, the senator also got circulars distributed, containing the startling statement that

## ALTHOUGH HE WRITES, KIPLING IS FARMER

Sussex Neighbors May Voice Their Own Opinions About Him, But Want No Outside Interference

THE friendship which Kipling extends to his neighbors around Bateman's, his sixteenth century house below Burwash, is quietly reciprocated. The countrymen are jealous of their great companion, and though they may venture to disagree with him in his choice of professions, permit no outside interference or challenge to his eminence. He is jealous of his environment and jealous for it. The rustics sense this and live up to it. They know his intimate concern for their affairs, and though they may try to forget that he writes they eagerly remember that he is a farmer.

"What kind of a man is Mr. Kipling?" a tourist asked of a worker on his estate, hoping for a hint as to his personality or an illuminating revelation concerning his books.

"Mas' Kipling," replied the laborer, "is the kind of man who if he sights a thistle or a dock on his land will walk two mile an' better for his spud to dig it out." Than which there is no higher compliment in Sussex.

"I feel like it, I will write a play taking a month to perform," says Mr. G. B. Shaw. We wish somebody would start a controversy about something to distract his attention.—London Opinion.

SUR JAGANDIS BASE has demonstrated recently that plants can write. But we don't feel very anxious to read the Diary of an Onion. It would be too full of "sob stuff."—Passing Show.

DO not be afraid to yawn. It is one of the most healthful of exercises. It does not necessarily express boredom. It indicates relaxation and freedom from poisons in the system.—Dr. F. P. Millard, of Toronto.

# A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

## Painter Sees Beatty's Fighting Face When He Arrives Half Hour Late

"We've Been Hunting All Over the Place For You," the Admiral Said—Although Car Was Waiting For Him, Went on With the Sitting—Putting the Smile Into Beatty's Picture Hardest Job Artist Ever Had.



Lord Beatty

"EARLY in the war I was much intrigued by the published photographs of Admiral Beatty," says Walter Tittle, the celebrated artist who tells in the Strand Magazine, how the admiral sat for his portrait. "Here was a man with dash and spirit stamped upon his bold and handsome visage; with a look of the sea about him, and a devil-may-care nonchalance that cannot be achieved merely by wearing one's cap at an angle. True, the cap was never straight, and would have been utterly 'out of the picture' if it had been. It was a harmonious detail in a most romantic and forceful ensemble, and Nature had evidently planned it so, for I have heard that Lord Beatty's hat will not fit in any other way because of the formation of his head. This seemed verified at my first glimpse of him. On one side of his head was a noticeable irregularity that would coincide with the band of a hat worn in the normal position.

"The occasion of this first view was a dinner given in Washington by the then Premier of France, M. Briand. Lord Beatty was in muffled. I was fascinated by his vigorous animation as he conversed with his neighbors at table. When I next saw him nothing short of the word 'gorgeous' could fittingly describe him. In the full-dress uniform of an admiral of the British fleet he had come to the White House to pay his respects to the president on the eve of his departure for England. I could not imagine a man more satisfactory, visually, in measuring up to the high position that he holds, or to the

distinguished achievements that are his. I had the pleasure of meeting him at this time, and exchanged a few words with him.

"The accompanying dry-point portrait was made some months later in London for inclusion in my memorial portfolio of portraits of the leaders in the Washington conference. The sittings occurred in the First Sea Lord's office at the admiralty. As I chose the light and position, my distinguished sitter warned me that what might seem an easy task at first glance would not necessarily prove to be so. Many artists of distinction had painted portraits of him, approaching the task with confidence, but never was a really successful likeness achieved. Even this warning did not at all convince me that there could be much difficulty in drawing a

face of such regularity, but at the end of the fourth sitting I had changed my mind. Those apparently regular features had a subtle variance and elasticity that could quickly become a draughtsman's despair. The high-bridged nose had a perspective that changed extraordinarily with the slightest movement of the head, altering the appearance of the entire face. The eyes and mouth had a development suggesting that which one sees frequently in actors of tragedy. With every change of expression the entire structure seemed to alter.

"The first expression that confronted me in the initial sitting must have been a fair counterpart of the one Lord Beatty wore at Jutland. He looked at my sketch when it was a bit advanced and said in whimsical terms that its severity suggested a devotee of cannibalism.

"Your fighting mood has come to your assistance in an irksome task," I said, "and your fighting face with it. If you can manage a smile under the circumstances I'll see what can be done to make the picture less ferocious."

The smile came promptly, a broad one, but as promptly disappeared. Whenever he smiled the result was the same. There seemed to be no middle ground. I was able, however, to qualify the first severe expression sufficiently. A portrait of Lord Beatty with no hint of his combative genius would be woefully incomplete.

"His conversation on these occasions was always pleasant and at times quite jovial. He talked of America, where he had spent a considerable time, of artists of his acquaintance and his experiences with them, also of sports, for which he has an evident passion. Of polo, golf, and tennis he is a skillful exponent.

"Once again did I catch a glimpse of his fighting face, on an occasion when a conspiracy of untoward circumstances caused me to be late for a sitting. In spite of the fact that his motor was there to take him away, he waited for me. 'Where have you been all this time?' he demanded, as I entered the room. 'We have been hunting all over the place for you for half an hour.'

"My explanation of the difficulties that had kept me he accepted, and his face relaxed from its momentary annoyance when the work began. The first impression from the completed copper plate seemed to interest him greatly. He looked at it for quite a while, smiling from time to time, and giving it most generous approval. Later he autographed some of the prints for me—Beatty, A. of F."

## Flying World Startled By Two French Aviators

French Airmen Break Two World Records Previously Held by English and American Fliers

AMERICAN fliers about to cross the Behring strait to Japan on their flight around the world fell into second place in the news as the sensational reports of "Pivolo" D'Oisy's record-breaking "hops" from Paris to India caught the imagination of the world. In 35 hours he covered 2,760 miles. But his machine crashed at Shanghai.

One of the first of the French aviators to scout over the German lines, Pelletier, or "Pivolo" D'Oisy, as he was familiarly called, was noted for his daredevil raids and long-distance flights.

Then, for a long time, his name was not mentioned, until his dramatic entry into a military flying test in which his name was not even entered.

Fifteen miles from the starting point of the real contestants he took the air at the hour ap-



pointed for the flight, passed the competitors easily, and, after doing stunts over the heads of the astonished inspecting officers, came to a full stop in front of them.

Not recognizing the number of D'Oisy's machine, the superior officer, purple with rage, strode forward and demanded:

"Nom de Dieu, who are you anyway?" Quickly saluting, and with not a glimmer of a smile, the unbidden aviator replied:

"Pivolo, mon capitaine," and as his helices were still turning he opened out and was off before the judges could grasp the situation.

Lucien Bossoutat, the famous air ace below, recently broke two world altitude records. Carrying a weight of 2,000 kilos, he returned two hours afterwards with altimeters registering 4,700 meters.

## NOT GABRIEL, BUT HEAVEN, PLAIN ANGLICAN CURATE

THE REV. E. GABRIEL is curate of All Saints Cathedral, Halifax, and the Rev. Charles P. Heaven is curate of St. Luke's Church, St. John, N.B. Mr. Gabriel left Holy Trinity Church, St. John, about the same time as Mr. Heaven left Nova Scotia to take up a curacy in St. John. Mr. Heaven had just left the archbishop's office and was proceeding from the synod building, when he was met by a distinguished Halifax clergyman, who pertinently asked, "Are you Gabriel, the new cathedral curate?" and added, "Will you preach for me on Sunday?" The young curate modestly replied:

"No, I am not Gabriel—but Heaven. I am going to preach in St. John."

MRS. J. M. POWER, the oldest woman in America, aged 114, smokes a corn-cob pipe and is reported as saying that women in her day never swore and rarely whistled. And they didn't smoke.—Punch.

LONDON is made up of elderly men and women trying to get out of the way of vehicles.—Judge Cluer.

## OLDEST DEER HUNTER CAN ALSO LAND TROUT

Now 87 Years Old, Mr. A. A. Gambsy Has Hunted Without Accident for 57 Years

WHO is the oldest hunter? In "Rod and Gun" Mr. A. A. Gambsy, of Orono, Ontario, is entered for the honors.

"Mr. Gambsy is 87 years of age," writes F. G. Sisson, "and has been deer hunting for the last 57 years. Mr. Gambsy was born at Orono in 1837, a period in which a great deal of game of all kinds abounded in the hardwoods of Clarke township. His earliest deer hunting took place as near as I can recollect in this township when he was nineteen years old. He distinctly remembers using a double barrel muzzle loading shotgun with bush shot, a weapon he claims is most effective at moderate range.

"I might say that he has been highly successful, not a single accident befalling him in his 57 years' experience. He has the unique reputation of starting two deer which were lying down and shooting both before they got away, each going in opposite directions. I go out with him during the summer season, trout fishing, and he surely can still land them.

"From that time on Mr. Gambsy has been invariably successful in bringing back his two deer from the northern woods, chiefly about Haliburton county and Hollow lake. He was the founder of a local hunt club whose members are now deceased. They comprised H. W. Renwick, J. H. Middleton, H. Mollon, Ben Werry and Dr. J. H. Spence. Their combined largest bag of game consisted of 48 deer in one season, including several varieties of smaller game.

"The subject of this account is still enjoying good health and is still able to go out and enjoy a trout fish, and is a member of our local fish club.

"Mr. Gambsy attributed his success at hunting in a large measure to the service of two of the best guides in northern Ontario, Messrs. Ben and Hank Sawyer."

To this it might be added another note—that Mr. Gambsy was the first man in the district to be the proud possessor of a repeating rifle. Many years ago, while in Montreal on a business trip, he purchased a "Spencer sporting rifle." It was at that time a subject of great interest and many were the interested settlers who came to view it.

## Leverhulme Believes Long Life in Hard Work

Starts Day at 4.30 o'Clock in the Morning and Hits the Hay About 10 P.M.

LORD LEVERHULME, famous soapmaker, millionaire head of one of Britain's greatest industrial organizations, now discloses the way of life that keeps him a young man at seventy-one.

"I keep fit by taking my pleasure in my work," he said. "Work is my greatest joy. It is that and regular habits that keeps me well. I am never ill, and so I am always happy.

"This is my normal day:

"4.30 a.m.—I rise and spend twenty minutes in gymnastic exercises which I would not miss for the world.

"5—Shave and dress.

"5.10—A cup of tea. Sipping this, I begin to attack the reports which come from all our companies. These I read carefully and make notes for correspondence.

"7.30—Breakfast consisting of tea, toast, bread and butter, jam or marmalade. No meat.

"7.50—Read the papers or as much of them as I can digest in ten minutes.

"8—Read and reply to letters for half an hour.

"8.30—Motor from my house in Hampstead to my offices on Blackfriars, arriving there shortly before 9 o'clock.

"9—Work continuously, interviewing callers and conducting such other business as comes along until 1 p.m.

"1 p.m.—Lunch in the office; cup of tea, two poached eggs, or a little cold meat.

"1.15—Sign the letters which were dictated in the morning, usually a great number.

"1.30—'Porty' winks.' This short sleep in the middle of the day, I consider most important and always take.

"2.15—Begin work again and continue until 5.30, when I motor home.

"7—Dinner. I do not have business dinners, although I entertain to a fair extent. I make it a rule to leave business behind me for the day when I leave the office.

"The evening is spent in social pleasures. I am very fond of dancing and of the theatre. If I am at home at 10 p.m., I go to bed taking no supper and am invariably asleep as soon as my head touches the pillow.

"When I can find time for it I go in for walking. I used to ride horses, but I gave them up during the war and have not ridden since.

"Games I do not care for. Golf or tennis never attracted me because of the competitive element. There is enough competition in business for me. For this reason I never play cards."

Can Angels Fly?  
"Do angels have wings, mummy?"  
"Yes, darling."  
"Can they fly?"  
"Yes, dear."  
"Then when is nurse going to fly, 'cause daddy called her an angel last night?"  
"To-morrow, darling."—Tit-Bits.

FIXING THE PROFIT  
CUSTOMER: But surely you don't really sell these watches at five shillings each?  
Shopman: Oh, yes, madam.  
"But they must cost that to make."  
"They do, madam."  
"Then how do you make your profit?"  
"Repairing them, madam."

## ONE YOUNG CANADIAN CONTENT WITH CANADA ARTHUR TEARS UP \$30,000 CONTRACT WITH HEARST

Two Hearst Representatives Taken Aback When Young Canadian Musical Director Quietly Turned Down Finest Offer on the Continent—Came Back Second Time With Staggering Offer—Hearst Himself Comes From Florida.



Jack Arthur

THE rarity with which administrative ability and high musical talent are found in one person accounts for the distinction of John Arthur, musical director of the Toronto Hippodrome and of the seventy other theatres of the Famous Players chain across Canada.

His distinction is no longer confined to Canada. For he has refused the personal offer of William Randolph Hearst of more than thirty thousand dollars a year to take direction of the musical presentation in the Hearst chain of theatres in the United States.

Why he persuaded the American corporation to break a contract duly signed is a matter of interest in view of the migration of young Canadians to the States.

John Arthur was born in Scotland, thirty odd years ago. His mother was an operatic singer, and he inherited musical talent. This was developed by his parents, but his own inclination, when the time came to declare himself, was to be a schoolmaster.

His father detected in the boy a hard business head and an administrative capacity rare enough in those not also gifted with a talent for music, and he realized, being a Scotsman, that here was a combination that would carry the boy far. So John Arthur was kept to his musical studies, and when still a child was touring the British Isles with Harry Lauder as a musical prodigy with the violin.

It is possible John Arthur caught some contagion of talent and business ability from the canny Scotch comedian whose gifts are legendary. But when still a boy, he came with his parents to Canada, and he took a scholarship in the violin under Dr. Torrington.

At sixteen years of age, Mr. Arthur was music director for various traveling shows touring Canada and the United States. He gained invaluable experience in judgment and executive ability under the strenuous conditions of such touring. But he was still only a boy when, at the opening of the Regent Theatre in Toronto, some years ago, he was selected out of a horde of applicants, as musical director for that first of the high-class motion picture theatres in Toronto, where something besides the picture was first provided.

A fine orchestra under his baton, the careful selection of music adapted with genius to the picture being featured, and gradually the intro-

duction of the divertissement or little prologue or ballet which nowadays is the necessary adjunct of the picture were the steps by which Mr. Arthur developed his unique dual talent for music and administration.

As the corporation he served grew in size and acquired theatres all over Canada, he was asked to arrange the opening, to select and instruct the musical staff of each. He traveled, visited theatres in New York and kept not abreast but somewhere ahead of them in the imaginative quality of the accompaniment of music and ballet which go with the best pictures.

When Hearst wanted a more popular administration of his theatres he went to Rothapel, of the Capitol, the highest paid musical director in the business, and Rothapel said there was only one man for the job, a man trained in no man's methods but a pioneer in the profession of motion picture presentation, John Arthur, of Toronto.

Hearst sent two representatives out to see Mr. Arthur, and they were somewhat taken aback when he quietly turned down their offers of much more than he was getting in Canadian money. Mr. Arthur, since the day he was selected as director of the Regent, has belonged to the Canadian Famous Players crowd. They are his friends. They gave him his great chance. He has enjoyed a free hand. His field is as big as the dominion now.

The Hearst representatives came up again and in another interview raised their ante to \$500 a week—a somewhat staggering sum to a young Canadian, however successful.

After discussing it with his friends of the Canadian company, they bidding their desire to keep him up as high as Canadian funds and Canadian interests can go in competition with

the vaster resources to the south, advised Mr. Arthur that it would be foolish not to investigate the whole thing and to regard the offer as the chance of a lifetime.

When he showed doubt still, the Hearst representatives arranged a meeting in New York between Mr. Arthur and Mr. Hearst, who came up from Florida, and at this meeting Hearst offered the musical directorship of his whole chain of theatres for a period of two years at a salary of \$600 a week, and a free hand—the contract being drawn up in a few lines and signed by Mr. Hearst himself.

John Arthur then returned to Toronto, after studying the ground, and here he spent several weeks of reflection. His friends made no efforts to dissuade him, the thing being done. But the end of the three or four weeks found John Arthur utterly unwilling to leave the field he knew, the work in which he had made an established success, a success which had won him distinction in the headquarters of his profession.

And he went down and begged Hearst to abandon the contract.

"What delights us most in the whole thing, aside from the fact that we have Jack Arthur still with us," said another official of the Famous Players, "is the knowledge that there is something about Canada that can hold a man despite the mighty attraction of really big money and really great power across the line. Too many of our best young men are going across. Arthur has bucked the tide."

## Glad Autograph Hunter Hears from Sir Gilbert

WHEN the distinguished Canadian author, Sir Gilbert Parker, was a visitor to the Imperial press conference at Toronto, in 1920, an admirer of his, wrote to him, requesting his autograph. The letter was addressed "care Mayor Church."

As no reply came after a reasonable time, the enthusiastic autograph fiend decided—regretfully—that Sir Gilbert must be added to the long list of notables who treat such requests with cold disdain.

He was agreeably surprised, however, many months later to receive a most courteous little note from Hollywood, California, to this effect:

"Dear Mr. — After very long delay, I receive here your request for my autograph, which I gladly give to you. Your letter missed me in Canada, went on to England, and is received in California! Yours sincerely,

GILBERT PARKER."

The novelist also enclosed the envelope which had contained the request. It was decorated with the postmarks of half the cities in Canada.



Sir Gilbert Parker



# THE SLAVE SHIP

—By John Russell  
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM FISHER

**Do Ships Have Personalities? This is the Story of a Contest Between a Sinister Old Schooner and the Indomitable Leader of a Pirate Crew, the Prize Being a Treasure in Gold Dust**

SHE had learned her trade before the American war. And again before the Brazilian emancipation of '71 she had drifted back to the same hateful traffic until driven by stress of weather or British cruisers to try the west coast, where she took refuge among the mangrove swamps of the Guayas. So the legend ran. It was certain that she was very old, and had served many unsavory masters. Her last owner was a Babahoyo planter, who drank himself to death in her cabin one night, and left her to rot at his rotting wharf. Since that she had been shunned, for ships are like folks, their ill repute grows sinister with age.

Early one rainy season occurred the famous gold discovery on the western shoulders of Chimborazo, where a sheep herder lost his flock and found riches in the sudden spate of a mountain stream. It drew to Ecuador some scores of those rovers on the outskirts that seek, hungrily, the fat chance and the easy profit.

Early in April a first consignment of gold-dust was ready for transport from the diggings to the coast. The gold came down through the foothills on mule back, and at the head of navigation was transported to a little stern-wheel river steamer under guard for the run to Guayaquil. It never reached Guayaquil, and the river steamer was never seen again, nor any of the crew, nor the guard. But four of the passengers—men who had passed that way as prospectors a month before, and were then returning empty-handed, continued their journey down the Babahoyo to the Guayas. And the gold dust went with them.

At twilight a small canoe might have been observed to thread the passage towards the old wharf. Those aboard of it had to ball as they paddled. At a bend they came in sudden sight of the little schooner. "Did I lie or did I tell me that?" demanded a voice of hoarse triumph. An active figure leapt from the bow of the canoe into the channels of the Jorguina, and held a hand to steady the next blow.

"Yes—but will she float?" mumbled the other. "She sets like a dead log."

**"I Shot Two of 'em"**

A THIRD man, tall, scrambled aboard like a thing on wires. "All serene, Brewer, my son," he hiccupped. "A ship—with a deck, 'Oah, it's whole and dry at least," "A life on the ocean wave—"

A home on the rolling deep—"

He danced a step.

"Merry!" he sang, and collapsed against the rail.

The second began to complain in husky exasperation.

"Another fool that's no sort of use! Say, you think I'm going to just all a swag alone? An' d' canoe, she's sunk in a minute! The little craft span, and ducked under his clumsy feet."

"Easy all, Chrissim," said the first, more quietly. "I'll give you a lift."

Between them they emptied the canoe, shifted the sack and bundles to the schooner's deck, until the dusk overtook them there.

"Where's that blam' lantern?" demanded Brewer suddenly. "And where's George?" he added.

"George!" they bawled in chorus, and the jungle gave them back the word until a swarming sentence floated up, "Drunk, an' asleep down there!"

"Let 'im sink," advised Chrissim bitterly, but Brewer climbed down again and rescued a limp and dripping form.

"Let 'im sink," he muttered. "Let 'im sink. I'd rather sink. I shot two of 'em swimming away, and they made bubbles—red bubbles in the water."

"You sit down and shake yourself together," growled Brewer. "One drink, mind—no more."

Chrissim struck a light and the lantern drew them into a ring. They were a scraggy lot, types all more or less recognizable of the tramp. Their flushed faces and wide gestures betrayed the kind of heartening they had had for a job beyond their natural compass.

**Brewer's Threat**

ONLY Brewer, their leader, came nearest the tough breed of buccanier times. Ruddy skin and strong white teeth, an open and bold expression, gave him an appearance of genial force until it was seen that his eyes were too full and too far apart, his features thickened by the stamp of abnormality. Straightway he had found a handsake and set to making busy clatter at the pump. "She'll do," he hailed. "Dig into this now, you lads. We'll have her afloat in an hour!"

"Me—I'm done," said Chrissim sulkily.

"We're all done," echoed the tall man. He called himself Charlie Diddin, "Singing Charlie." A bone built clothes-horse of a man with a stringy yellow moustache and grid-ironed face.

"Perhaps you don't know how done we are," he pleaded. "It's been

—it's been a hefty day's work." "And the whole crowd of us as good as standin' on the drop this minute," was Brewer's comment, made without heat. "Or maybe it won't be hanging," he added. "They use the garrote in some places still, don't they? Or a mud wall and a firm squad."

The others stirred uneasily.

"What's the use to pump that river in an' out again?" demanded Chrissim. "The ship is rotten."

"And I tell you the ship is sound as a dollar—rebuilt only three years ago. I know. She's been tended to and kept part dry. The pump's in first-class order. Will y' help?"

"Tell George," suggested Chrissim; but George, sitting apart, stupid with fever, paid no heed. He was the youngest of them, scarcely more than a boy.

"I give you a minute or so to make up your minds and then I'll help the crew of y' to shore!" said Brewer.

They stared up at him where he stood smiling a little with the pump-bar fisted, his revolver bulging at his hip.

"Oh?" snarled Chrissim rousing. "And what would we be doing?"

**A Sinister Omen**

"YOU can take your shares of the dust; they're all correct in the leather bags," said Brewer amiably. "This is no strong-arm play. Only to-night is my get-away, understand! It's a great summer resort herabouts, isn't it? You'd like it, Charlie, without your rum. And George—he'd be comfortable hidin' in a swamp. There's an old plantation back somewhere. Vacant, they tell me, except for devils and night walkers and such. He swung round on the stout one. "You wouldn't be at all lonesome, Chris."

Brewer had the measure of Chrissim—a scullion by his trade, a Porto Santo Portuguese, dull and malignant.

"Devils?" he stammered.

"Forest devils, the natives say. It looks a proper home for 'em among these queer places—what?"

There was no wind, the flame of their rude lantern stood straight as a nail, yet a chill air came and passed as if a great black wing had brushed them. The wilderness pressed in with strange sounds and scents. They shrank from it—even the cynical Brewer himself—from its unguessed possibilities.

George scrambled to his feet.

"For any sakes, what are we doing here?" he cried, swaying. "Let's get out of this hole. They're bound to be after us, and it's—"

here—so deathly—and alive, too! We got to run—run—keep running! Let's get away. Let's get out!"

Diddin nodded with a drunken man's sudden gravity.

"George, I believe you're right. It does seem a bit crowded for pleasure, besides, down unhealthy. And as for devils, d' you see?" he reached for the rum gourd—"I got enough of my own."

So at the last they were all waiting for Chrissim. He stayed half-kneeling, but there was no defiance about him now. Under his breath he called some forgotten saint, and his face, turned upward in the splash of yellow lantern light, was awed and stricken. And following his gaze they could see what he saw—the stubby foretop of the vessel lined sharp against the fading sky. It made a sign above them there—to speed their voyage, an omen—like a cross, as it might have been—could lie up in hiding, and her crew, drenched and stupefied, could fall asleep on her sopping deck.

Brewer awoke to find the sun standing high, glowing through the jungle like the hot spot in a crown sheet. With genial impulse, he kicked the others into consciousness. They sat with haggard faces, listless, silent.

Brewer looked them over and laughed.

"Gentlemen, o' leisure," he observed. "Ain't you beginnin' pretty early? I tell you straight, you get no pamperin' on any ship with me. I don't go—understand? One—we're here, but till we are—you jump. Get that?"

They roused themselves languidly, but when they sat to breakfast on the hatch a little later he sprang his first bomb-shell of surprise.

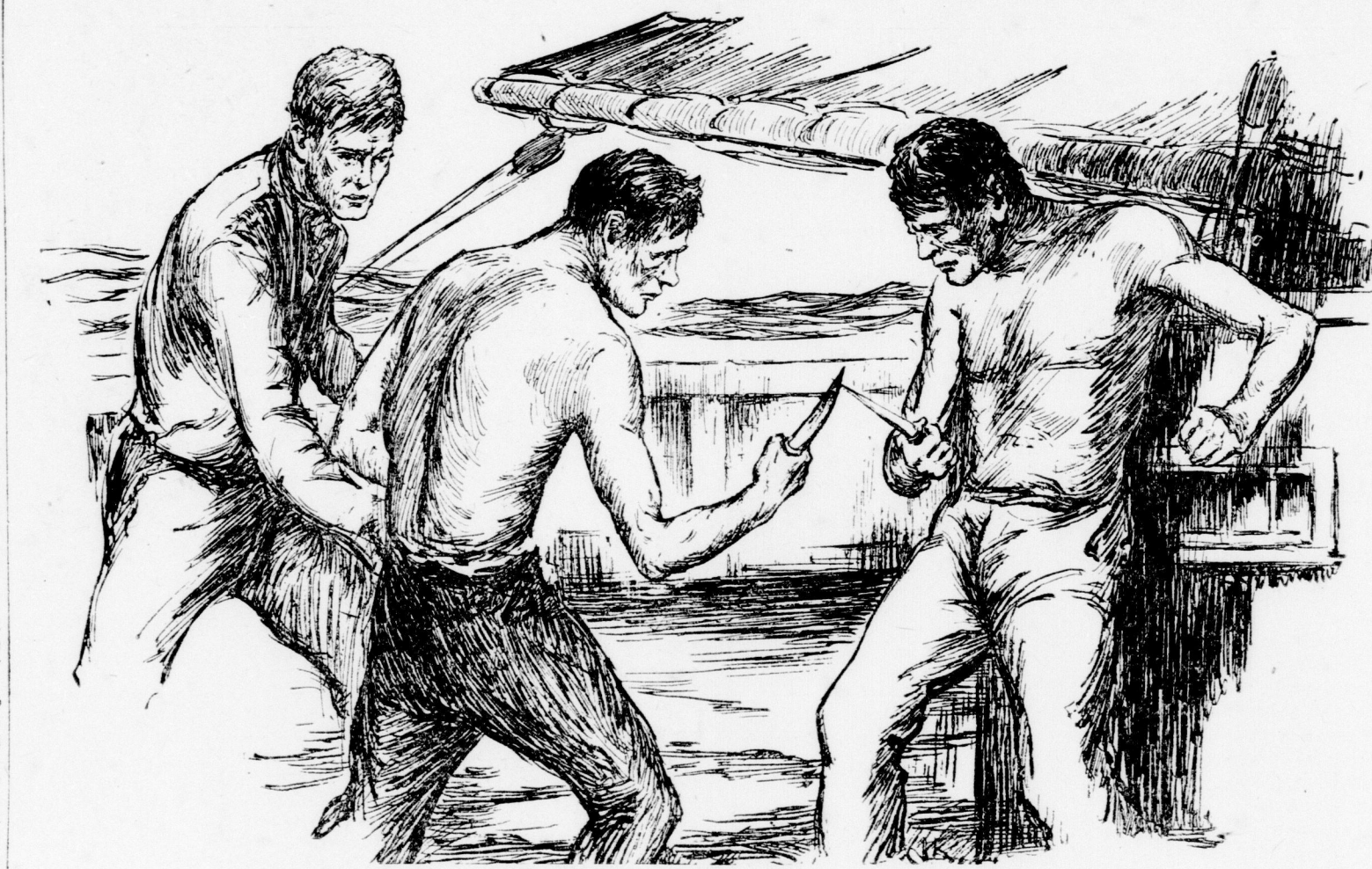
"Say, who's th' funny bloke around here?" he began gruffly. "Where's George?"

"Faith, have you lost that youngster again?" inquired Diddin. "Why don't you tie him up?"

"I'll tie him fast enough if he had a hand in this," declared Brewer. "One of them bags of gold-dust is gone."

Here was a word to jolt them out of lethargy.

"I left 'em atop of the transom there last night—four of 'em plain sight. You can see for yourselves—only three left! And, by jiminy, if



Weapons glittered in the sun—

you lads been playin' with me, among you—"

Chrissim rose like a

fate.

"Ah, that's right! You come, adder to us because that boy run away. Diddin! I tell you two, three, twenty time he is no good? Only let me catch 'im!"

"I'll let you do nothin'," snapped Brewer. "And where would he run to, I'd like to know? It's a cinch he can't ha' gone very far."

**"Lost Your Nerve?"**

IN fact, he had gone no farther than the tiny mildewed cabin, where presently they found him stretched in the one bunk.

"Well?"

George raised a lustreless gaze. "I'm sick," he murmured.

"Is that so?" growled Chrissim. "I wonder—"

But they wondered still more when they came to paw about the bunk. George had no gold-dust with him, seemed not even to understand their angry questioning.

"Chris, where'd you sleep?" challenged Brewer.

"Me? R! here in d' doorway. What? Don't you say I done it?"

"Charlie—"

"Come off it, I slept beside Chris."

"Whoever he is," growled Brewer, "I can tell him now this little joke won't do him any good."

"Whoever he is," echoed Diddin. Brewer turned upon him.

"Are you gettin' at me? You don't think if I wanted to be crooked with you chaps I couldn't do better than that?"

"Yes, but d' gold is gone," Chrissim intervened.

It was undeniably a leather sack like a plump sausage, weighing some thirty pounds and worth possibly ten thousand dollars.

So they started their search of the Jorguina. They made quick work of her bare cabin. In the forward bulkhead a low open panel gave entrance down a pair of steps into the hold. They stood peering into that obscure cavern, dark and ill-smelling.

On either side they described a narrow shelf running the length, and Brewer rattled a set of rusty shackles bolted to a beam.

"Slave quarters. See that? They used to pack 'em in spoon fashion, by layers."

"Do you mean—niggers?"

"I mean in Babahoyo," Brewer's tone became grimly speculative. "How many black souls must ha' passed out through this panel? Waste, age, hey? Starved or diseased or cut up with whips to keep the others quiet. They used to howl, I guess, but they mostly will. Member now that stoker on the steamer yellin' when you caught him through the ribs, Charlie? He was a nigger. And the one Chris got jumpin' from the pilot-house? What's his'n you now?" Diddin had drawn back from the foul exhalation of the bilge. "Lost your nerve?"

**Futile Search**

"YOU can search the cursed ship for all o' me," said Charlie irritably. "And stow your gab, can't you?"

Brewer stood aside for Chrissim, but the flabby fellow showed no eagerness about entering.

"You go?" he offered.

Brewer himself shook his head with a twisted hint of a smile.

"I'm just as willin' to leave it to anybody else. None of us seems to care if he never sees the place—or anything in it."

They climbed back to the deck and hunted forward. The main hatch, drifted with dead vegetation, had plainly not been disturbed for years.

And when they came to the tiny hold, below, the only remaining spot for a possible hiding-place, they found its doors barred fast without latch or key. Whereat Brewer, with a stray freak of fantasy that now and then caught him, was moved to knock.

"Hello, below!" he called.

A hollow reverberation under their feet was the answer that drove home the mystery upon them, and while they turned aft again they had each an odd impulse to go tiptoe, with loving glance. And again, and rather

differently, they were aware of the vessel as an entity, as a presence, with the curious air of personality that houses and ships long deserted can take, somehow, suspect, and doubtful. She had secrets. She had known men like them and crimes like theirs in her wicked past—had outlived them all. Beneath her scars and tatters they sensed something malevolent and mysterious, a spirit persisting on the memory of old wrongs still uncancelled, unsatisfied.

"Well, said Brewer at length, as they stood by the transom. "I guess we'll every one take his own share to keep by him, won't we? Too bad George should ha' dropped his bit, ain't it?"

"Careless of him. I call it," said Diddin.

They settled the incident on that basis.

The second night gave them some hours of starlight, by which they made all speed, with a pair of clumsy sweeps, so that dawn saw them crossing the river bar thirty-five miles below Guayaquil. Before they slept again they were comfortably headed to open sea.

**Gold All Gone**

THE second day Charlie Diddin awoke a poorer man by some ten thousand dollars.

"Sing about it," advised Chrissim, grinning like an ape. "It don't sound so good w'en you talk."

Diddin cursed him in a spurt of acid fury until Brewer cut across and drew the fire.

"Will you make me quit? Will you check me?" Even then Diddin had a manner with him, a military set to his thin shoulders. "Do you hear me say my gold is stolen—the price of my wading in this ruddy mess? There'll be more than a word to it before the pair of you rob me so easy!"

But here Chrissim set up a diversion. This thief would not be called a thief; he came lurching to the assault. The other drew out to meet him. Weapons glittered in the sun—

Brewer tripped them both on a long roll of the ship as the nearest way of enforcing attention. "Stolen or barked, I tell you. You're a rude little man, Charlie. Here's your dust bag. And now apologize and cool off."

Diddin stared at the bag that had been thrust into his hands.

"This isn't mine!"

"No," said Brewer, sneering. "It's mine, but this is no time for scrapin'. I'm satisfied to keep the bank with all deposits, you see. Why, you poor, blame! fools, how would you guess anybody could get away with anything out here?"

They had only to blink over the rail to know what he meant. The coast was no more than a line in the east, the Jorguina swung to the broad rhythm of the Pacific. Their world had narrowed to her single hull.

Charlie and the Portuguese agreed to stand watch and watch between them in the cabin that night. To make it less tedious they broached from stock a second jug of rum.

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft."

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack."

So Diddin melodiously declared, but there could have been little watching done for at daybreak the vessel came stumbling out in a furious angle, their two remaining bags had disappeared with the rest.

**Fearsome Death**

THE wind had freshened; they found Brewer already at the wheel, oddly subdued and constrained, a set-faced figure in the morning light. He took the news very quietly.

"Gone, is it? Well, that makes a clean sweep—what?"

"Yes, and I want somebody smashed for it!" cried Diddin, swinging to a staid, white-faced, trembling.

"Take your pick and name your pleasure," returned Brewer, in curt abstraction.

"Is that all you can say?"

"Why, no—I can say that gold is still aboard this ship. Where else would it be? I ain't worryin'." As to who's been stackin' it up for us I dunno, and I wish him joy of the amusement until this blasted voyage is over and time comes to collect."

"Somebody did it."

"Somebody," agreed Brewer. "Maybe it was Chris here; he looks guilty. Or you yourself, Charlie. Maybe it was me. Maybe," he added, "it was somebody—or somethin'—else."

"George!" suggested Chrissim.

"Where is George," demanded Diddin, "anyway."

"A question," answered Brewer, with one of his twisted smiles. "But he hasn't taken the dust with him. And when they went below to investigate, the others felt quite reassured on that point—for George was dead."

Stretched in the one bunk, from which apparently, he had never risen, he resembled a thing of wax somewhat melted and run together, or a mummy partly dried. He had shrunk so that he was scarcely to be recognized. And over his bare chest, his limbs and neck, even his face, appeared a rash of small red spots—a stippling of the skin like the prints of blood finger tips. Except for those marks his flesh was colorless.

They were buddled aft a little later.

"You knew of this?" asked Diddin, when he could speak.

Brewer nodded.

"I saw him."

"W-what is it?" Diddin held out his arm and exhibited three red spots above the wrist. On inspection they showed like light bruises, a vaccination lancet, as if the skin had been scraped to the capillaries. "I'm covered with it, and so is Chris. And we can't—by jove, we can hardly stand, Brewer!"

**A Devil Ship**

"GEORGE had fever," suggested Brewer.

"Tisn't fever. Tisn't anything I ever heard of. I'm—I'm all of a sop and a quake."

"Fright—"

"Will fright run in your ears and m-m-make dots dance in the sun? And press on you like lead, as if you'd been bed-ridden for months. Brewer, I ask you, what is it?"

"I don't know," admitted Brewer. He seemed to brace against, against, and hanged to you!" he blurted out in an angry flush. "Some blame! thing's gone wrong with this job of ours, and who'll deny it? I never reckoned to put it through without trouble—some kind of trouble. But you can bet I reckon to put it through. We got to last four days more before we make a port. That's all I know or want to know now."

Diddin turned for comfort to the other.

"Chris—"

The Portuguese sat crouched against the rail. He had a word that summed the terror between pattering tag-mends of prayer.

"It's them devils we brought along with us. D' ship is a devil ship, an' that's all about it!"

And so it came to seem in the dreary hours that followed. The old slaver held steadily on her course, bearing those men with their burden of guilt and fear, and mutual distrust. They came to hate her like a living thing, a malicious harpy of the sea who had lured and trapped them as her prey.

One result of the tension was another search below. Singing Charlie Diddin kept off the rum. Perhaps his thoughts ran clearer. Along about noon he managed to force the foc's'le entrance, while a strong sunlight flooded the hatchway, to venture through the parts unexplored. He saw only what they had seen before, bare boards and filth underfoot and massed shadows above, fore and aft.

"Been changin' your private bank?" challenged Brewer, on his return.

There was a little light conversa-

tion aboard the Jorguina that morning, but when the two survivors had done their graveyard task, had freed themselves of an intolerable presence by sending the Portuguese to join George astern, they considered each other for a space.

Diddin was a bad way. Brewer, with a face like a skull, had reserves more nearly adequate.

"I guess we'll take that tip about keepin' all hatches fast, won't we?" he drawled. "I reckon we got no particular use for anythin' that happens to be locked up inside this old hooker—at this time, hey?"

Charlie's gesture, if not surrender, was tribute.

"The treasure? Good Heaven, are you still able to keep up that game? I'm—I'm wondering how we are ever going to sleep again on the cursed craft! For in that sleep," he added under his breath, "what dreams may come!"

**Brewer's Endurance**

HEREAFTER he crawled away forward. His instinct was to hide; he made himself a shelter among the rubbish by the foc's'le, where he took his share of food and stayed. Whether he slept or not was no knowing. But Brewer—of the buccanier breed—Brewer never closed an eye throughout the rest of their ordeal. It became the story of the endurance of the indomitable man.

He had called for four more days. Their start from the bayou had been made on a Friday. George's death fixed a date at Monday. From Tuesday night until late Thursday afternoon he remained at the wheel.

The Jorguina sailed on. The weather continued fair, the sea, a ring where none intruded, wherein they hung enchanted save for heave and send, the crush of foam alongside, the continuous small voices of hull and rigging. She sailed on, but Brewer took no chances. Issue was joined at last between the man and the ship; the one so dully watchful and masterful, the other nursing a battered hatch—each, as it might have seemed, biding a secret purpose and a moment of reckoning.

Towards evening of Thursday, when the sun had filled the great bowl of the sky with a crimson flood, they raised far over to eastward a certain headland like the shadow of a knotted fist. At sight of it Brewer threw off the drowsiness that bowed him and became instantly alert. Various vocal rumors earlier in the day had indicated that Singing Charlie was consoling himself with the rum again, but Brewer had not seen a rum for hours. Feeling along the deck and under the sails, he had failed to place him now. Though puzzled for a time, he presently laid the helm, left his post, and, moving pad-foot here and there, began his preparations.

From their looted stock he selected all weapons, ammunition, bags of biscuit and canned swag, such as might be useful in a rough country. These he bore aft from the transom and the main hatch to the taffrail, where he stacked them. Once or twice he paused to sniff curiously at the air, detecting an unusual quality, a haziness. He even looked for a shadow of a storm, against the placid horizon before he stopped to cast loose a rope just under his hand.

"Brewer!"

**"You've Got the Gold"**

CHARLIE DIDDIN had fallen away to the frame of a man. Clinging there beside the mainmast, he was like some rickety toy that sags on its strings, a ghastly white and spotted apparition. But the rum had been his servant for once; rum, or emotion, had rallied him to the strangest nervous elation.

"Brewer!" he cried. "I've found—I've found out—"

Brewer made an abrupt movement.

"—what's wrong with the ship?" Diddin went on between a gulp and a giggle. "I've been down below again. Inside. Through the foc's'le, I meant to sink her, she haunted me so!" He showed a smoking torch of tarred oakum. "Faith, I meant to sink her and the whole cursed outfit. And I started to before I saw—I saw—"

He stopped, open-mouthed. The stack of supplies by the taffrail had caught his glance, and from that it quickened on Brewer.

"I say, you weren't going to skip?"

"I mean to," said Brewer.

Swift suspicion struck a very different note from Singing Charlie.

"Without me?"

The other nodded.

"And the—bank?" By jove, you'd never go without it; never tell me you would. You were doing us, after all! You've got the gold, too?"

"It's just here," said Brewer amiably, "where it's been right along—fattened up from time to time."

He held up the loosened bight of rope and pointed below and astern—at an inconspicuous canoe littered with rubbish, which had been trailing behind the schooner from the start, to which none of his companions had ever given a thought.

This was Mr. Brewer's little triumph. After the unexpected strain his success had cost him, he could have wished it this way. It was such a climax as the abnormal conceit of the criminal savors with greatest zest, the dramatic gesture of the double-cross. He savored it, and none the less when the hammer of Diddin's revolver clicked twice—

**A Surprise Stroke**

"THAT'S all," he said, grinning sideways. "I never did have no use for you chaps; I thought I'd show you up a bit while I was cornerin' the dust. I was goin' to take you along till you worked the craft herabouts for me and then you kill each other off 's' see. It would ha' been fun, only this blame old schooner begun cuttin' in with

her blame plague spots and her ghosts of dead niggers—"

He drew the canoe alongside and, mounting the rail, began to make fast to a stay; a stout and vigorous figure blotted black against the west, too much interested in self



# THE GAUZE FLUFFER

—By William Slavens McNutt

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN LYND

A Story of the Stage, of Mlle. Sylvia, Pat Mahoney, Sig. Tomaselli, A Bear, A Booking Agent, A Hidden Past—And Several Things Besides—Action—Humor—Love

PAT MAHONEY stood in the wings beside the stage manager and stared admiringly at the strangely moving figure of Mademoiselle Sylvia. Enveloped by voluminous folds of gauze stuff, Mademoiselle Sylvia was doing a highly complicated daily dozen in more or less time to the music made by the Elite Theatre Orchestra.

"She's class, ain't she?" said Pat admiringly.

The stage manager stared at him. "What are you trying to do, kid me?" he asked in an unfriendly tone.

"No, I'm not trying to kid you," said Mahoney, nettled. "I'm telling you something. I said the young lady out there has class, and that goes."

"That's your story," said the stage manager. "Now listen to mine. I've seen many a gauze fluffer in my time, and I've never seen one yet that was any good. Some are bad and some are worse. That dame out there now, picking her feet up and putting them down, is the worst. You call her a young lady, but she ain't young and she's maybe a lady, though I doubt it, and there ain't any class to her."

"You're a liar," said Mahoney hotly.

"Say," said the manager, "that's a fighting word around here."

"Is it?" said Mahoney. "Then let's fight!"

He smacked the stage manager on the nose, and the stage manager retaliated by pasting him in the eye. They clinched then and fell to the floor and rolled over and over. By this time the other performers and stage hands were rushing toward them. Before anyone could reach the struggling pair they had stumbled erect, swayed, tumbled, and banged hard. The stage manager, retaining Professor Tomaselli's trained bear, the door of the cage was closed and bolted, but not locked. The jar of the fighting pair falling against the framework loosened the bolt, and when they rolled away from the cage the door came open.

"Woof!" said the big brown bear, who was in a pleased tone and walked out.

**Bear Ends Fight**

THE performers and stage hands who had been approaching with the idea of stopping the fight turned and went rapidly away from there, not caring a whoop in a heavy thunderstorm whether the fighting was ever stopped or not.

"Woof!" the big brown bear repeated and ambled leisurely over to sniff at the two squirming forms that were performing so strangely. The stage manager, fighting one hand loose, made a wild grab to get Mahoney by the hair, and grabbed the bear by the nose instead.

"Yow!" cried the stage manager. He shook himself free and in a second he was well up a ladder leading to the flies and wondering what detained Mahoney.

At about the same moment Mahoney, looking furiously about to see what had become of the stage manager, peeked into the eyes and mouth of the bear that had spoiled the fight. The bear's eyes were less than a foot from Mahoney's face; the bear's mouth was open, and Mahoney noted that the revealed teeth were long and yellow and capable looking.

"Woof!" said the bear once more. Mr. Mahoney said nothing. Action was his answer to the bear's remark, and in no time at all Mr. Mahoney stood on the ladder just below his late opponent's feet.

Just at this moment the orchestra stopped playing, and two or three people in the audience applauded unenthusiastically. Mademoiselle Sylvia's act was at an end. She came off, bowing her way backward until she reached the wings and then turned around and almost bumped face on into the big brown bear.

"Woof!" said the bear pleasantly.

"Eeeeeee!" said Mademoiselle Sylvia and crumpled up in a faint.

"Oh, Lord!" said Pat Mahoney and, loosening his hold on the ladder, leaped to the floor.

"Woof!" said the bear, facing him.

"Seet you!" said Mahoney, advancing on him with his fists up.

"Get out! Beat it!"

"Woof!" said the bear.

Mahoney said a little prayer in his mind and smacked the bear on the nose with a left jab.

"Woof!" said the bear aggressively, backing up. "Woof! Woof! Woof!"

**Pat Mahoney's Act**

HE shook his head pathetically, ambled dejectedly to his cage, crawled in and made absolutely sure that no ill-natured humans would bother him further, caught the door with one paw and slammed it shut after him.

"Woof!" he said spiritedly as a parting tribute to the conversation.

"Woof!"

"Hey, you!" the stage manager called to Mahoney. "Move on! They're playing your stuff."

Mahoney saw that some other performers were caring for Mademoiselle Sylvia, and he cocked his hat on one side of his head, shook himself into his stage personality, and went humming and clucking out in front of the footlights to do his stuff.

Now, Pat Mahoney's stuff was rough but funny, vulgar but effective. It forced even the majority of the judicious to reluctant grins, and it certainly went big with the soundings. Pat had the feet of a

genius and the appearance of a New York gangster. He danced divinely and did it with his hat cocked over one eye, his hands in his pockets, and the general manner and expression of a tough stick-up guy on a vacation and looking for trouble just to make things feel homelike.

He was a queer card, was Pat. His act was always billed as the Mahoney Brothers. Pat was the original and only Mahoney, but he always hired a partner who worked with him, and whoever he secured immediately became for professional purposes the other Mahoney.

There was no real reason for Pat to have a partner. He had plenty of stuff to work single, but Pat had an inferiority complex, he thought the stuff he did was terrible hokum, and he never could understand why and how it got across.

So, he always had a partner to help him out. None of them were ever any help to him except to give him a chance to catch his breath between dances, but Pat didn't know this.

It was because of a partner that Pat was playing the string of comparatively small time through upstate New York, breaking in a new Mahoney.

The audience roared its approval as he finished his first number.

"The books," he muttered to himself as he bowed and smiled. "They never give her a hand, and then they fall for this rough-house hokum and hoofing of mine. They don't know class when they see it."

**A Running Battle**

AS he bowed himself off to give his partner a chance to do a tenor solo about wanting to go away back some place, he saw Professor Tomaselli standing near the bear's cage. He started toward the professor with the idea of giving him a mild call-down for going away and leaving the cage door unlocked. The professor advanced to meet him and beat him to the speech.

"What for are you busta my bear in da snoot?" he demanded, brandishing both clenched fists in eccentric circles.

"What for did I bust him?" said Mahoney, amazed. "Why, you misplaced fruit peddler, are you trying to give me a call down for hittin' a full-grown bear in the nose with my fist? Why, say! Men get medals for less than that!"

"He's a nice gooda bear," said the professor, dancing with rage. "He's so scratchy, he's no hite he's no do something bad to anybody. You busta my bear, I'm goin' to busta you in the nose!"

He stepped in quickly, and made good on this threat and jumped back. Mahoney could counter, Mahoney gave a yell of rage and started after him. The Italian squealed with fright and scuttled for the stage door, with Mahoney at his heels. Out into the alley they raced and around the corner.

Two minutes passed and no Mahoney. His partner finished his song and bowed himself off. The orchestra played Mahoney's cue music for his entrance and then played the stage. Still no Mahoney. The frantic stage manager shoved on a monologist to stop the stage wait.

The house manager came storming back to stage, demanding explanations. "That gauze fluffer started the whole fuss," said the stage manager and proceeded to explain according to his prejudices.

Ten minutes later Mahoney rushed in panting, and holding a well-rehearsed handkerchief to his nose.

"The dirty Wags hopped a truck and kicked me in the face when I tried to climb on after him," he said wrathfully.

"Oh, is that so?" said the stage manager. "And what do you think was going on here in the theatre while you were getting your face kicked? I suppose you think maybe somebody came up from the audience and did your act for you or something like that, huh?"

"I shouldn't have run out like I did," Mahoney admitted. "But that Wags got me so sore I lost my head. You see, it was like this—"

"I know all about it," said the house manager. "That gauze fluffer started the whole thing, and she goes out on her ear right now. She's through! She's rotten, and I should have canned her after the first performance, anyhow."

"Wait a minute," said Mahoney. "If she goes, I go. If she's through, I'm through!"

**Mademoiselle Sylvia**

THAT was something else again, were the Mahoney Brothers were the headline act at the Elite and drawing big.

"Oh well," said the manager, backing down, "of course if she's a particular friend of yours, Pat—"

"She ain't no friend of mine, particular or any other kind. I never met her, never spoke to her. I see her come on and go and do her stuff the same as the rest of you. That's all. But I know class and she's it. You think she's rotten, but she's only over your head. She's too good for you, that's all."

"All right, Pat," said the manager soothingly. "Have it your own way."

"I will," said Pat, benignly.

"I'll have it till I meet some one big enough to make me have it some other way, and I don't see anyone that size around here."

Pat was original in his championship of Mademoiselle Sylvia. The audience endured her, spending time while she was on the stage in looking at their programs to see what followed and hoping that it would be better. The house managers along the line sent in adverse



J. NORMAN LYND.

"Woof!" said the bear. "Eeeeeee!" said Mademoiselle Sylvia.

reports to the booking office, and the stage hands and performers sneered at her as a stuck-up high-brow.

But Pat adored her. Where the others saw snobbishness in the slim, blond girl's reserved manner, Pat sensed only what he called class and argued her case with anyone and all who attacked her. His championship of her cause was indeed quixotic, for Pat had never spoken to Mademoiselle Sylvia or received so much as a flicker of recognition from her grey eyes as they passed or stood near to each other on the stage or in the hotel, the railroad station, or train.

Nor did he champion her cause with the idea of making an impression that might lead to an acquaintance. Pat had his own ideas about Mademoiselle Sylvia, and the thought that she might like to have him as a friend was not included among them.

But when he returned to the hotel after his battles with the stage manager, the bear, and the owner thereof, Mademoiselle Sylvia accosted him in the lobby and thanked him for what he had done.

**"You've Got Class"**

"A W, that wasn't nothin'," said Pat. "I was glad of a chance to do something to show that I'm not sore on you like a lot of cheap performers on the bill."

"You can bet they don't," said Pat. "You're a lady, and they're a bunch of bums. You're class and they ain't. They should cheer when you go by. You show 'em up for what they are. Me, I'm different. I'm not gettin' sore when I meet some body that's got class. No, I like it!"

He paused and smiled knowingly at her. Then abruptly: "I know about your folks."

She turned pale. "My—folks?" she said, speaking with difficulty.

"Don't get scared," he said. "I ain't goin' to tell anybody unless you give me leave, but I know you come from swell folks."

She drew a long breath and smiled slightly. "How do you know that?" she asked.

"I can tell from the way you look an' act 'n' talk," he said. "That dress you got on now, it don't look like it cost much, but I bet it did, didn't it?"

"It cost enough," she said, flushing. "Sure," he said heartily. "An' then another sign."

"Rocks?"

"You don't know what rocks is!" he exclaimed. "You ain't been troupin' 'n' long, have you?"

"No," she admitted. "This is my first professional experience."

"Rocks is diamonds," he explained. "Right away when I first seen you I noticed you don't wear 'em. I'm wise. Real people don't wear their rocks here. Where, an' the other place, 'cause they don't care whether people know they've got 'em or not. I know." He leaned forward and spoke confidentially. "I bet your father's a millionaire."

She drew back. "Let's not talk about it, please," she begged.

"All right," said Pat. "I know how you swell people are. You never like to talk about yourself. There's just one thing I'd like to tell you, though, if you won't get mad. Promise not to."

"Yes," she said reluctantly.

"It's just this," said Pat. "If I didn't know you was a real swell, I'd make an awful play for you."

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"Yes," she said reluctantly.

"It's just this," said Pat. "If I didn't know you was a real swell, I'd make an awful play for you."

**Sylvia's Disaster**

THE attraction for contrasts may have been responsible for the fact that Pat Mahoney and Mademoiselle Sylvia became good friends during the course of the next two weeks. Pat attended her with all the frank joy of a stray mongrel pup following a new-found master.

And so, when disaster befell Mademoiselle Sylvia, she went to Pat with her trouble and told him of it in a small voice while her lips quivered and tears stood in her eyes.

She had received a curt note from the booking office saying that the reports on her act had been uniformly unfavorable and that they would be unable to give her any more time.

"You're over their heads," said Pat consolingly. "You're too good for this small time. Why, say, I'll bet if you was playin' the big houses you'd be toppin' the bill right along."

"But how can I get the chance to play the big houses?" she asked.

"The right kind of publicity would put you across," said Pat. "Why don't you give the newspapers the story about you who folks are an' how you come to go on the stage an'—"

"Please," she pleaded. "No! No!"

"All right," said Pat lastly. "I got another idea. I don't know if you know it or not, but Harry Buscovar is my agent."

"Buscovar?" inquired Mademoiselle Sylvia.

"Don't you know who Harry Buscovar is?"

"The name sounds familiar," the girl said vaguely.

"Familiar?" Pat exclaimed. "Why, he's the greatest agent in New York. He can make any act in the business just by bookin' 'em. If he seen you an' booked you, why, right away you'd be the only livin' gauze fluffer that ever made Isadora Duncan look bad at her own game."

"But how am I going to get a man like that to see me and book me?" Mademoiselle Sylvia asked.

"That's my job," said Pat. "I only look this string of small time to break in my new act, an' Buscovar told me as soon as I thought I had it smoothed out to leave him know an' he'd jump out to wherever I was an' catch me. I'll wire him right away that I'm ready, an' when he comes to catch me he'll get you too, see?"

"Do you think he'll like me?" Mademoiselle Sylvia asked anxiously.

Pat hesitated a little before answering. "Buscovar's a nut about classy press stuff," he said. "If I could tell him that maybe if he booked you on the big time you'd be willing to bust that yarn about who your folks are an' how you come to—"

"No!" said Mademoiselle Sylvia vehemently. "No! No!"

"Not even to get on with Harry Buscovar?"

"No!"

"I guess you mean it," said Pat regretfully. "Never mind. We'll make him like you, anyhow."

Pat telegraphed Buscovar that afternoon, and at the next day's matinee the great agent was on hand. Pat saw him before the show opened and fervently sang his praises of Mademoiselle Sylvia.

"Well, what's the story?"

"She comes from swell folks," said Pat confidentially.

"Yeh?" said Buscovar. "If she didn't do no better at home than she does on the stage, I bet her folks were sure glad when she come from 'em. What is she? An' exiled Russian princess or something like that?"

A startled expression appeared on Pat's face. "Say, you know I wouldn't put it past her at that," he exclaimed. "I see in a Sunday paper a while back where this country's gettin' crowded with them Russian royalty people that got chased out by the Bolsheviks."

"Haven't you asked her who her folks are?" said Buscovar.

"Sure," said Pat. "But she won't tell."

Buscovar listened with a tight skeptical grin slightly creasing his fat face.

"They hear different round the booking office. Anyhow, I'll have a look at her."

He sat in the stage box throughout the show, and after the last act had made its effort he went back stage and met Pat again.

"What do you think?" Mahoney asked anxiously.

**A Russian Princess?**

"OR new act is rotten," said Buscovar. "Your own stuff is all right, but you'll have to get rid of that curly-haired perfume hound of a partner you've got. I bet he mixes a mean soda when he's working at his regular job."

"Oh never mind about that," Mahoney said impatiently. "I can easy get a new partner if you don't like this one. But what do you think of Mademoiselle Sylvia? Ain't she great?"

"She's rotten too," said Buscovar. "Now, listen, Harry, till I get a chance to tell you some more about her." Mahoney said desperately. "If you don't like her stuff, you don't like it, an' that's that. But you ought to book her anyhow."

"Sell me that idea!" said Buscovar derisively. "Do that first an' if you get away with it I promise to pay you something down for an option on the Brooklyn Bridge."

"There's a story in her that'd make great publicity," said Mahoney.

"Yes," said Buscovar. "What is it?"

"I don't know," said Mahoney.

"That's a great story," Buscovar said solemnly. "That ought to dirty up the front page of every paper in New York. I can see it now. 'Stage Mystery, Gauze Fluffer Has Great Story, But No One Knows What It Is. Everybody in Town Stop Work and Guess. Wonderful! Pat! You ought to quit the stage and turn press agent.'"

"I mean I know there's a great story in her, but I ain't found out just what it is yet," Pat explained. "I know in a general way, but I ain't got all the details yet."

"Oh!" said Buscovar. "Details! I know there was something lacking. Well, what's the story?"

"She comes from swell folks," said Pat confidentially.

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"Well, what's the story?"

"She comes from swell folks," said Pat confidentially.

time a few years back when anybody that could come out on the stage barefoot without much clothes on, and move around a little without getting pinched, could have all the time they could play at good money. But them days is gone by, lady, believe me! It used to be that you had to be a classical dancer and do artistic stuff, or else they wouldn't let you wear no clothes, but now anybody can wear no clothes much and get away with it. And of course the people would rather see a good, snappy, young chicken step out and strut some jazz stuff without much clothes on her than to look at you do that artistic stuff dressed the same way. Now, as I said, if we're going to put you across, what we got to have is some kind of a sensational story about you to get a lot of publicity."

"I see," said Mademoiselle Sylvia mechanically.

"Now, Pat Mahoney, here, tells me you've got some such kind of a story in your system," Buscovar went on. "You have, let's hear it and I'll tell you whether it's good enough to give you a chance or not."

Mademoiselle Sylvia wet her lips with the tip of her tongue nervously and started to speak twice before the words came. "What—what kind of a story do you want?" she asked.

"What kind of a story have you got?" Buscovar replied. "Mahoney here says that you come from wealthy people. He says that maybe you are related to royalty, or maybe you are a daughter of a millionaire. If that's so, then why are you dancing on the stage? Mahoney says probably you're one of those women who got to have a career and will work whether you need the money or not. That's for you to tell us. And if you come from swell folks, why did you come? And did you have a fight before you did and maybe get disheveled or something like that? Come, come! Tell me about it, so I could know if I could use you."

Mademoiselle looked reproachfully at Mahoney.

**Looking For Publicity**

"I DONE what I thought was for your best interests," Pat protested earnestly in answer to her look. "I promised I wouldn't tell nobody about who you was or what people you come from or nothing like that, and I didn't. I didn't tell him nothing about it. All I did was tell him to come and ask you would you tell him. Aw, go on, Miss Sylvia! Open up and tell him, won't you? You know you're going to be heartbroken if you don't get by with this stage stuff, and this is the only chance you got to put it over."

Mademoiselle Sylvia turned to Buscovar.

"If I tell you, will you get me plenty of engagements on the big time?" she asked.

"Sure!" said Buscovar. "If it's a good story and we can get lots of publicity on it, why not? But you think of Mademoiselle Sylvia? Ain't she great?"

"She's rotten too," said Buscovar. "Now, listen, Harry, till I get a chance to tell you some more about her." Mahoney said desperately. "If you don't like her stuff, you don't like it, an' that's that. But you ought to book her anyhow."

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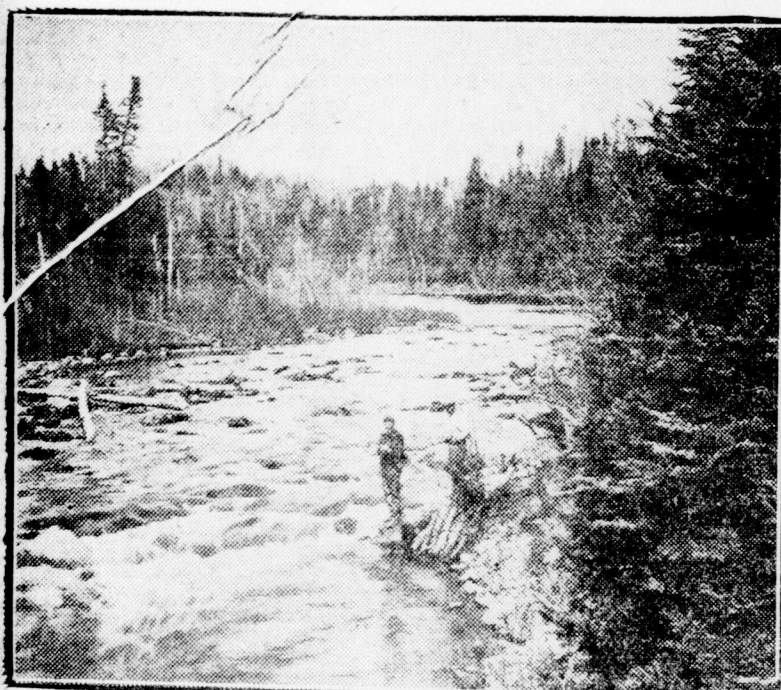
"Sure," said Pat. "But she won't tell."

"Well, what's the matter?" he exclaimed.

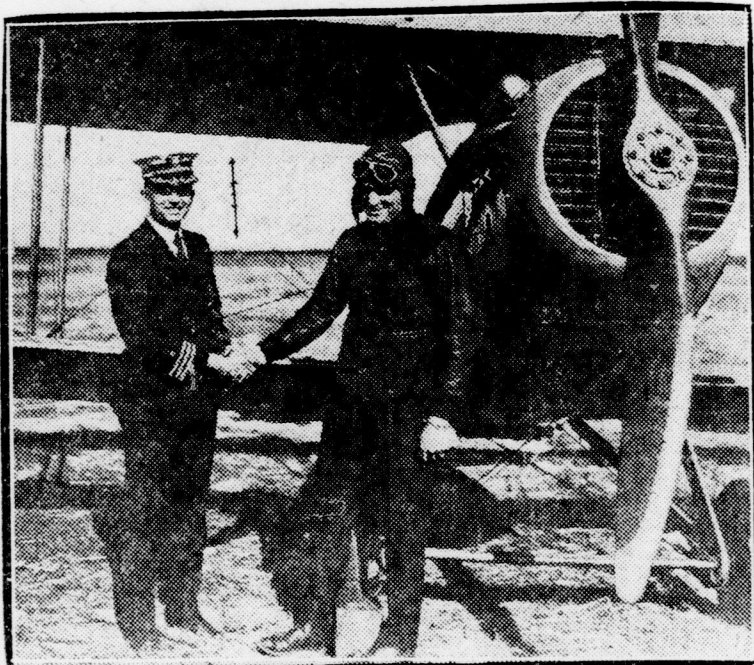
"I thought maybe I could think up some kind of a good lie to tell Mr. Buscovar and believe it, and get some



# Boys Take No Chances; Speed Record; Makes 274th Ocean Trip



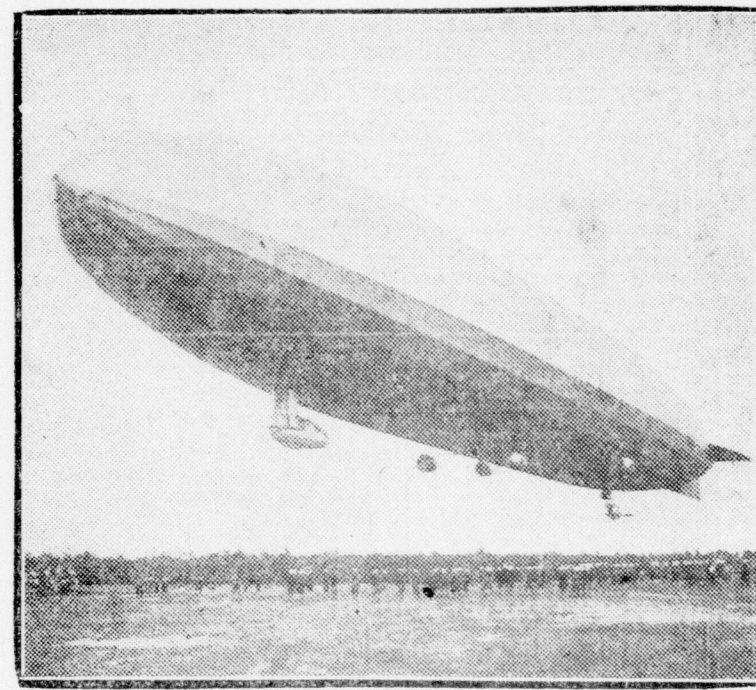
"Ain't Nature Grand?" Is it any wonder the trout resist all efforts made to take 'em away from this wonderful spot at Lake Edward? It is a favorite stream with many ardent fishermen



When it comes to fast traveling, Commander Cline of Lakehurst Flying Field and Lieut. Al Williams have a word to say. They are holders of the speed record in the air, which is 266 miles per hour



The sergeant-major being in a class by himself, when it comes to inspection, these two members of the 2nd Royal Fusiliers, City of London Regiment, are doing a little "inspecting" at Aldershot themselves before meeting him



The U.S. Navy dirigible Shenandoah recently made her first test flight at Lakehurst, N.J., since one night in January last when she broke loose from her mooring mast and as a result returned with her nose ripped away



These two rather formidable looking ladies are Commanders A. N. Ourantzova and N. A. Bullye, graduates of the Military Academy in Moscow, and officers in the red army



It is said that Roma June, American actress now starring at the Shaftesbury Theatre, has won the admiration of the Prince of Wales, who introduced Miss June to Queen Marie of Rumania



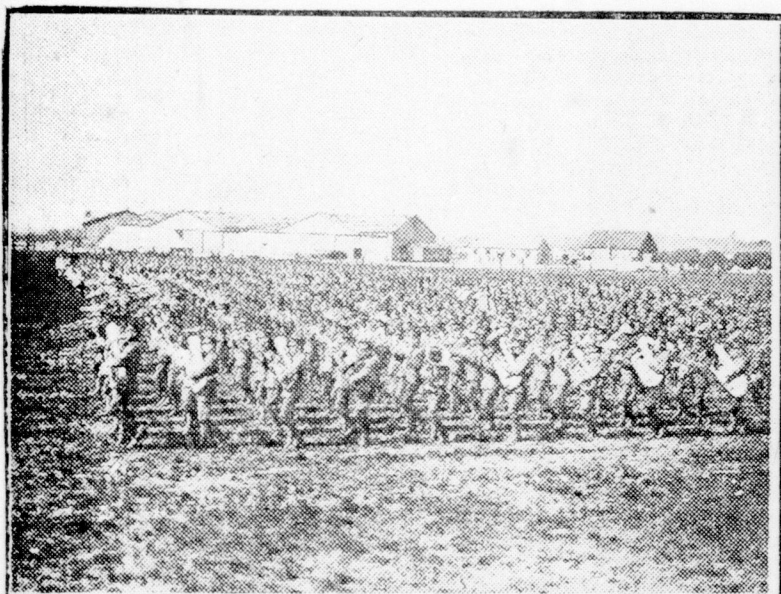
Dame Fashion bids us look at this pretty little hat. It is of black straw and a pearl medallion is worn in front held in place with ribbon tied on the top of the crown with a bow



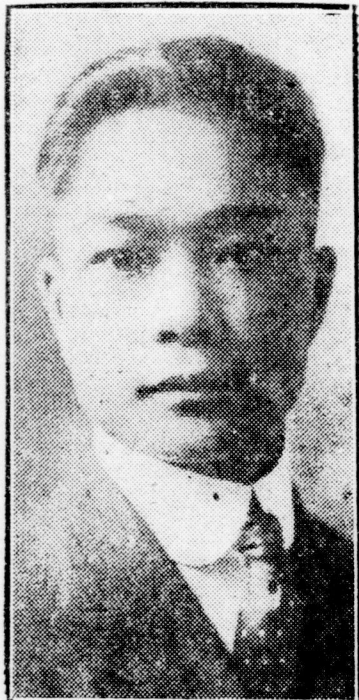
Mme. Germaine Granveaud, daring French woman, declared a new parachute would work quickly and to prove it leaped successfully from an airplane only 300 feet in the air



Above is shown J. Garrett Gilmore from whom Paul Costello regained the world's amateur sculling championship a few days ago on the Schuylkill river at Philadelphia



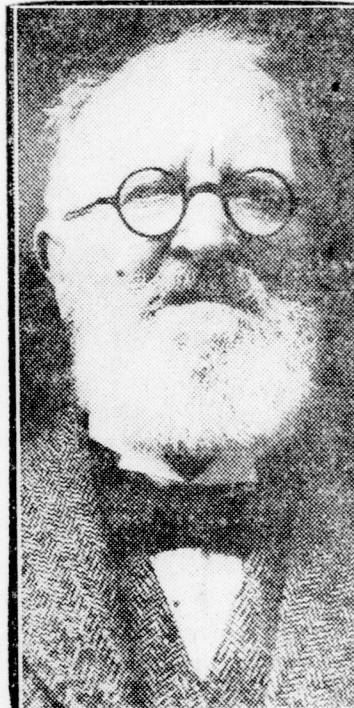
The world's biggest band since the Delhi Durbar in 1911, gave concerts at the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley on Empire Day. The band was made up of one thousand military bandmen of Great Britain



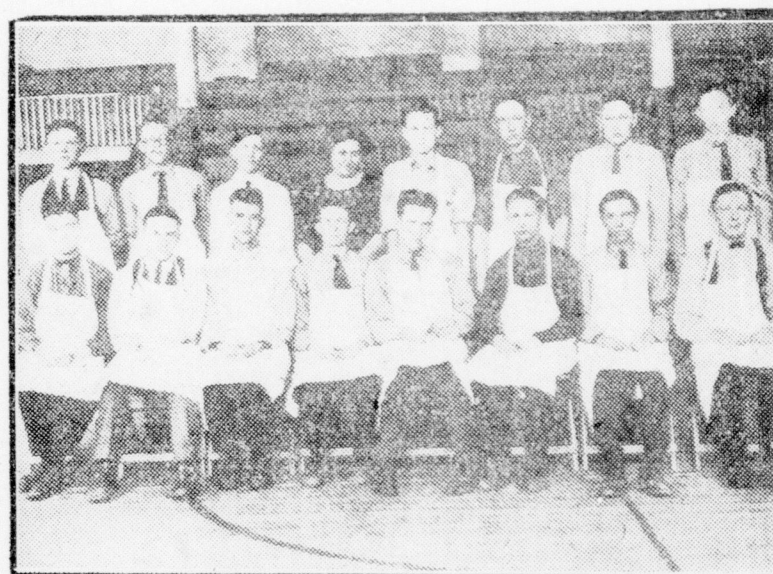
Ross Wong, brilliant young Chinese student of St. Thomas, recently graduated in medicine at Queen's University. He plans to practise among his people in the Canton district



Arthur, a chimpanzee who has just arrived at the London Zoo, has a mania for dressing up. (Above) Arthur is shown wearing everyday clothing as a man about town. The keepers supply Arthur with his togs



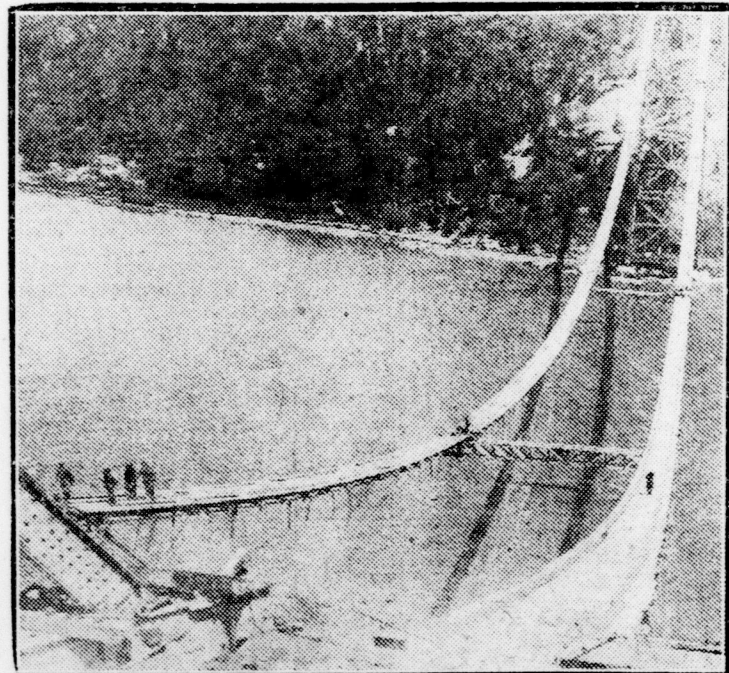
Sea sickness holds no terrors for J. E. Hargreaves of Kendall, England, who recently left New York for home on the SS. Baltic on his 274th ocean trip



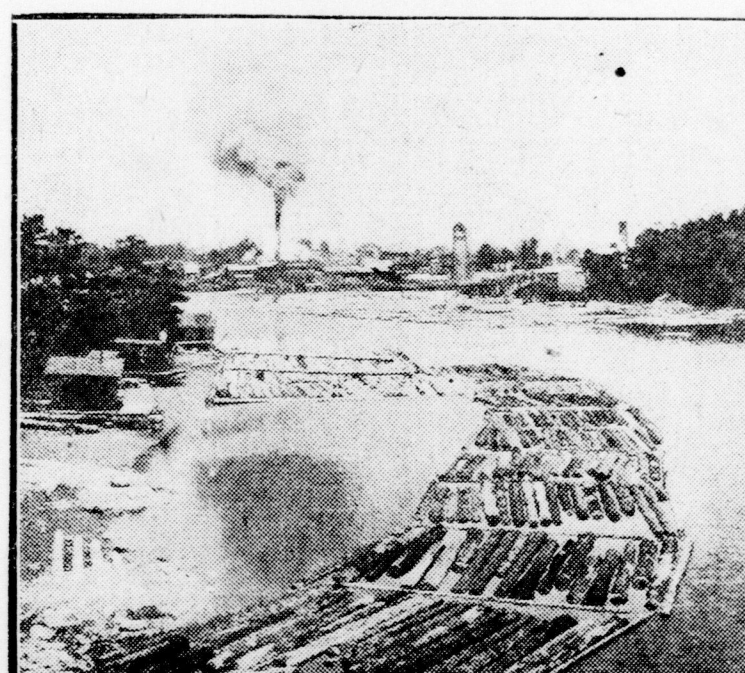
Fearing their girl friends will know little about cooking, sewing, etc., these Mason City, Illinois, High School boys have entered the Home Economics Course. To graduate they must make a pair of pajamas, prepare a meal and wait on table



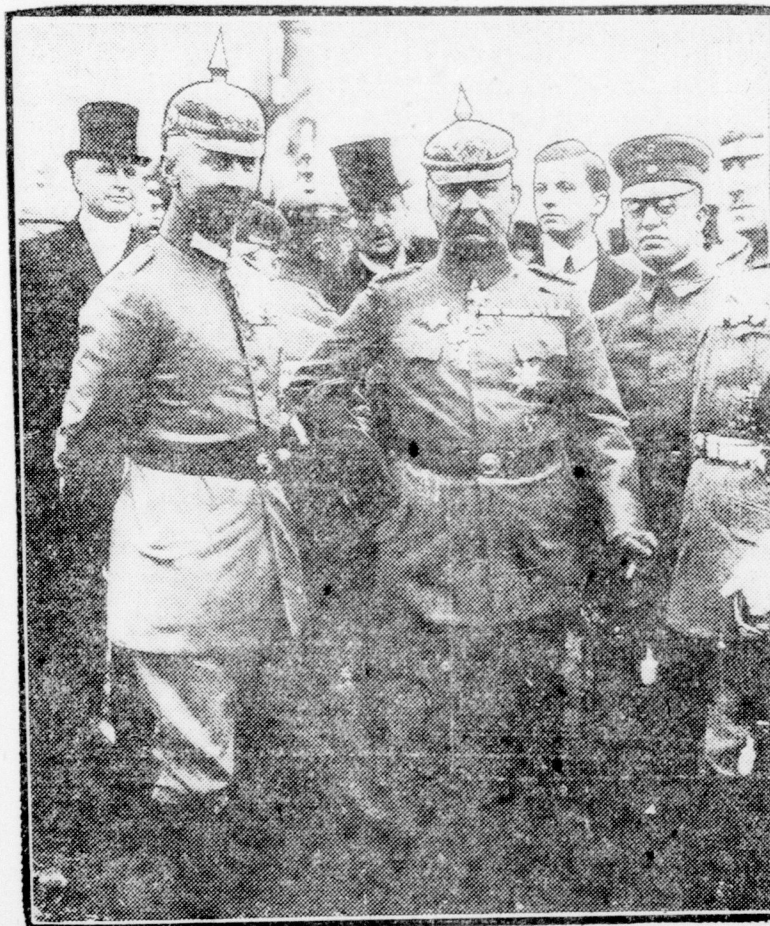
General Fumont, French military attache at Washington, recently conferred the Legion of Honor of the French government on Orville Wright in Washington on the 20th anniversary of his first flight



History was made when for the first time the great Hudson river was spanned by a bridge south of Poughkeepsie, New York. Workmen recently walked across the two temporary suspension bridges linking the shores



Above scene may seem peaceful, but such is not the case. Indeed it is the scene of much activity for it is a part of the mills of the Puget Sound Lumber Company of Victoria, B.C.



Prince Oskar and General Ludendorff, iron crosses and all, attended the unveiling of the statue of Moltke at a monarchist demonstration recently held at Halle, which is in the heart of "Red Saxony"







## MILLION RECEIVED BY SHAREHOLDERS

Deal For Corn Flakes Co. Is Completed—New Management.

### CHANGE ON MONDAY

Shareholders of the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flakes Company, Limited, of London, have been paid off at the offices of the Premier Trust Company.

Upwards of a million dollars was paid out to the 125 shareholders of the company, Col. Spittal, one of the directors, stated this afternoon. Col. Spittal stated that all shareholders had now been paid off and business of the old Canadian company cleaned up.

Heads of the old parent concern in Battle Creek, Mich., with whom a long legal battle ensued after a second Canadian plant was established in Toronto, will take charge of the London factory on Dundas street east immediately.

Extensive changes are being made at the London plant. Machinery from the Toronto factory of the Battle Creek company, closed since April 1, will be moved here, and production concentrated in London as Canadian headquarters.

The plant gets under way on Monday morning under new management. No estimates of increase in staff could be secured.

### STANDARD EXCHANGE

Reported for The Advertiser by Jones, Easton, McCallum.

Toronto, June 14—Final Close.

| Stocks        | Open    | High    | Low     | Close   |
|---------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Baldwin       | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  |
| Beatty        | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   |
| Buckingham    | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |
| Clifton       | 15 1/2  | 15 3/4  | 15 1/2  | 15 3/4  |
| Dome Mines    | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  |
| Gould         | 26 1/2  | 26 3/4  | 26 1/2  | 26 3/4  |
| Hattie        | 8 1/2   | 8 3/4   | 8 1/2   | 8 3/4   |
| Hunt          | 9 1/2   | 9 3/4   | 9 1/2   | 9 3/4   |
| Kearney       | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  |
| Lake Shore    | 35 1/2  | 35 3/4  | 35 1/2  | 35 3/4  |
| Moneta        | 16 1/2  | 16 3/4  | 16 1/2  | 16 3/4  |
| McIntyre      | 10 1/2  | 10 3/4  | 10 1/2  | 10 3/4  |
| New York      | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  |
| O. B. Bunsell | 63 1/2  | 63 3/4  | 63 1/2  | 63 3/4  |
| Teck-Hughes   | 100 1/2 | 100 3/4 | 100 1/2 | 100 3/4 |
| Vipond        | 102 1/2 | 102 3/4 | 102 1/2 | 102 3/4 |
| Wassukia      | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |
| Wright-Har    | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  |
| Beaver        | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  |
| Castle-Treth  | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   |
| Keeley        | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Lake, Lorrain | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Lorain        | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Loxton        | 120 1/2 | 120 3/4 | 120 1/2 | 120 3/4 |
| McKinley      | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  |
| Mining Cor.   | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  |
| Peter Lake    | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |

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| Stocks        | Open    | High    | Low     | Close   |
|---------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Apex          | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Atlas         | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Argon         | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
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| Dome Mines    | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  |
| Gould         | 26 1/2  | 26 3/4  | 26 1/2  | 26 3/4  |
| Hattie        | 8 1/2   | 8 3/4   | 8 1/2   | 8 3/4   |
| Hunt          | 9 1/2   | 9 3/4   | 9 1/2   | 9 3/4   |
| Kearney       | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  |
| Lake Shore    | 35 1/2  | 35 3/4  | 35 1/2  | 35 3/4  |
| Moneta        | 16 1/2  | 16 3/4  | 16 1/2  | 16 3/4  |
| McIntyre      | 10 1/2  | 10 3/4  | 10 1/2  | 10 3/4  |
| New York      | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  |
| O. B. Bunsell | 63 1/2  | 63 3/4  | 63 1/2  | 63 3/4  |
| Teck-Hughes   | 100 1/2 | 100 3/4 | 100 1/2 | 100 3/4 |
| Vipond        | 102 1/2 | 102 3/4 | 102 1/2 | 102 3/4 |
| Wassukia      | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |
| Wright-Har    | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  |
| Beaver        | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  |
| Castle-Treth  | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   |
| Keeley        | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Lake, Lorrain | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Lorain        | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Loxton        | 120 1/2 | 120 3/4 | 120 1/2 | 120 3/4 |
| McKinley      | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  |
| Mining Cor.   | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  |
| Peter Lake    | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |

Reported for The Advertiser by Jones, Easton, McCallum.

Toronto, June 14—Final Close.

| Stocks        | Open    | High    | Low     | Close   |
|---------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Apex          | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Atlas         | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Argon         | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Algon         | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Baldwin       | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  |
| Beatty        | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   |
| Buckingham    | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |
| Clifton       | 15 1/2  | 15 3/4  | 15 1/2  | 15 3/4  |
| Dome Mines    | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  |
| Gould         | 26 1/2  | 26 3/4  | 26 1/2  | 26 3/4  |
| Hattie        | 8 1/2   | 8 3/4   | 8 1/2   | 8 3/4   |
| Hunt          | 9 1/2   | 9 3/4   | 9 1/2   | 9 3/4   |
| Kearney       | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  |
| Lake Shore    | 35 1/2  | 35 3/4  | 35 1/2  | 35 3/4  |
| Moneta        | 16 1/2  | 16 3/4  | 16 1/2  | 16 3/4  |
| McIntyre      | 10 1/2  | 10 3/4  | 10 1/2  | 10 3/4  |
| New York      | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  |
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| Teck-Hughes   | 100 1/2 | 100 3/4 | 100 1/2 | 100 3/4 |
| Vipond        | 102 1/2 | 102 3/4 | 102 1/2 | 102 3/4 |
| Wassukia      | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |
| Wright-Har    | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  |
| Beaver        | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  |
| Castle-Treth  | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   |
| Keeley        | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Lake, Lorrain | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Lorain        | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Loxton        | 120 1/2 | 120 3/4 | 120 1/2 | 120 3/4 |
| McKinley      | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  |
| Mining Cor.   | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  |
| Peter Lake    | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |

Reported for The Advertiser by Jones, Easton, McCallum.

Toronto, June 14—Final Close.

| Stocks        | Open    | High    | Low     | Close   |
|---------------|---------|---------|---------|---------|
| Apex          | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Atlas         | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Argon         | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Algon         | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Baldwin       | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  |
| Beatty        | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   |
| Buckingham    | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |
| Clifton       | 15 1/2  | 15 3/4  | 15 1/2  | 15 3/4  |
| Dome Mines    | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  |
| Gould         | 26 1/2  | 26 3/4  | 26 1/2  | 26 3/4  |
| Hattie        | 8 1/2   | 8 3/4   | 8 1/2   | 8 3/4   |
| Hunt          | 9 1/2   | 9 3/4   | 9 1/2   | 9 3/4   |
| Kearney       | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  |
| Lake Shore    | 35 1/2  | 35 3/4  | 35 1/2  | 35 3/4  |
| Moneta        | 16 1/2  | 16 3/4  | 16 1/2  | 16 3/4  |
| McIntyre      | 10 1/2  | 10 3/4  | 10 1/2  | 10 3/4  |
| New York      | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  |
| O. B. Bunsell | 63 1/2  | 63 3/4  | 63 1/2  | 63 3/4  |
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| Vipond        | 102 1/2 | 102 3/4 | 102 1/2 | 102 3/4 |
| Wassukia      | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |
| Wright-Har    | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  |
| Beaver        | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  |
| Castle-Treth  | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   |
| Keeley        | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Lake, Lorrain | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Lorain        | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Loxton        | 120 1/2 | 120 3/4 | 120 1/2 | 120 3/4 |
| McKinley      | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  |
| Mining Cor.   | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  |
| Peter Lake    | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |

Reported for The Advertiser by Jones, Easton, McCallum.

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| Argon         | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Algon         | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   | 4 1/2   | 4 3/4   |
| Baldwin       | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  | 31 1/2  | 31 3/4  |
| Beatty        | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   |
| Buckingham    | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |
| Clifton       | 15 1/2  | 15 3/4  | 15 1/2  | 15 3/4  |
| Dome Mines    | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  |
| Gould         | 26 1/2  | 26 3/4  | 26 1/2  | 26 3/4  |
| Hattie        | 8 1/2   | 8 3/4   | 8 1/2   | 8 3/4   |
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| Kearney       | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  |
| Lake Shore    | 35 1/2  | 35 3/4  | 35 1/2  | 35 3/4  |
| Moneta        | 16 1/2  | 16 3/4  | 16 1/2  | 16 3/4  |
| McIntyre      | 10 1/2  | 10 3/4  | 10 1/2  | 10 3/4  |
| New York      | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  |
| O. B. Bunsell | 63 1/2  | 63 3/4  | 63 1/2  | 63 3/4  |
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| Beaver        | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  | 17 1/2  | 17 3/4  |
| Castle-Treth  | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   | 6 1/2   | 6 3/4   |
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| Lorain        | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  | 20 1/2  | 20 3/4  |
| Loxton        | 120 1/2 | 120 3/4 | 120 1/2 | 120 3/4 |
| McKinley      | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  | 11 1/2  | 11 3/4  |
| Mining Cor.   | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  | 28 1/2  | 28 3/4  |
| Peter Lake    | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   | 2 1/2   | 2 3/4   |

## How Stocks Close at Noon

Reported for The Advertiser by Jones, Easton, McCallum.

New York, June 14—Close.

Stocks

Open High Low Close

Alcoa

47 1/2 47 1/2 47 1/2 47 1/2

Alcoa-Chambers

47 1/2 47 1/2 47 1/2 47 1/2



**R. H. SMITH LUMBER CO.**

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER, LATH, POSTS, SHINGLES, DOORS, SASH, TORONTO ASPHALT ROOFING, HARDWOOD FLOORING.

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Egg, Stove, Chestnut and Pea.  
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Memorials

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EALING WELDING WORKS,  
J. M. Lofthouse, Prop.  
OXY-ACETYLENE  
WELDING & CUTTING  
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**Forest City House**

Board and room, per week, \$8;  
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DINING-ROOM SERVICE.  
Meals, 30c. 89-91 King St.

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GURNEY ELECTRIC  
RANGES  
All Models at Popular Prices.  
Cash or Terms.  
ARCHER ELECTRIC  
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STEWART & MORKIN  
ALL WORK DONE BY EXPERTS.

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DR. LEROY V. HILES  
Foot  
Specialist  
202 Dundas St.  
Phone 7308

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Estimates Submitted.  
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COMPANY, LIMITED  
Full Line of Builders' Supplies  
PHONE 1244. AND PEDLAR PRODUCTS 609 WILLIAM ST.

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MANUFACTURERS OF  
**BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY**  
Factory and Executive Offices, London, Canada.

**RELIANCE GARAGE, LTD.**  
Authorized  
Ford, Overland and Willys-Knight.  
Service and Parts.  
Genuine Factory Parts Only.  
RADIO DEALERS.  
293 Dundas St. Phone 6400.

**NEW ACCESSORIES**  
USED PARTS  
Bargain Prices.  
White Auto Wrecking Co.  
749 Simcoe St. Tel. 6881.

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MACHINE SHOP AND  
GARAGE REPAIRS  
OUR SPECIALTY.  
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**REAL ESTATE**  
ASK  
**WHEELER**  
THE HOMEFINDER.  
182 1/2 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 5264.

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LONDON TIRE REPAIR  
DEPOT  
NEW TIRES AND TUBES  
Phone for balloon tire demon-  
stration.  
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**QUALITY CAR PAINTING**  
Tops and Trimmings  
General Body Repairs  
A. B. GREER & SON  
Cor. York & Talbot Sts. Phone 1023.

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REMEMBER DAY  
ON MOVING DAY  
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LOCKSMITH.  
GENERAL REPAIRS  
ALL MAKES OF MOTORCYCLES  
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Plastering  
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AND WASTE COMPANY.  
Superior Quality, Sanitary and  
Sterilized Wiping Cloths—A Grade  
for Every Man.  
Phone 2792. Nights, Holidays,  
5422W. Cor. Bathurst and  
William St.

**OSCAR HUDSON & CO.**  
CHARTERED  
ACCOUNTANTS  
Resident Partner, Wm. C. Benson.  
C.A. Accounting dept., phone 1537J.  
Trustees, phone 1537W. Dominion  
Savings Bldg.

EVERYONE WHO SEES ONE WANTS ONE.  
**PEERLESS AND FOLDING TABLES**  
SOLD BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE.  
PHONE 1064. HOURS & CO., LIMITED QUEBEC ST.

**BUYING IN QUANTITY  
MEANS REAL SAVING**

London Auto Wreckers Meet-  
ing Steady Demand For  
Good Used Parts.

The London Auto Wreckers, of 264  
Horton street, report a steady  
growth of the used parts and car  
business. Now that the weather is  
getting more like summer, more and  
more cars are seen on the roads.  
The result is directly reflected by the  
steady demand for good used parts.  
The London Auto Wreckers dismantle  
all makes of cars. The good parts are  
picked out and shelved away.  
The company carries a large stock  
of new parts also.  
The company is offering a real buy  
in storage batteries. A brand new  
six-volt storage battery can be had  
for \$13.50, which is less than the  
wholesale price today. The battery  
will fit almost every make of car.  
Ford motorists will be interested to  
know that they can re-cover their  
top and side curtains for \$7.25 com-  
plete.  
Motor horns that will make the  
deaf hear at \$8 and ordinary electric  
horns at \$1.50 are part of the Lon-  
don Auto Wreckers' stock. While  
some people knock down posts, others  
would rather invest \$3.50 for a brand  
new nickel-plated bumper. These  
bumper sell elsewhere for \$15. Well,  
you may ask how they can do it.  
The answer is simple. Buying in  
tremendous quantities, paying cash,  
and getting the goods delivered to the  
mean a large saving to the general  
public.

**WILLIAMS WELDING WORKS  
REPAIR WORK RELIABLE**

The Williams Welding Works, 68  
King street, has every modern facility  
for oxy-acetylene welding, brazing,  
and cutting. This shop is one  
place in the city where practically  
everything in the way of machinery  
repairs can be quickly and satisfactorily  
done.  
All kinds of machinery and parts  
of automobiles will break at some  
time or another, and if you have any  
such trouble it will save you much  
time and inconvenience to investi-  
gate the reclamation possibilities of  
Williams' welding service. Metals of  
every kind can be successfully amal-  
gamated if intruding to this firm, as  
they unconditionally guarantee every  
smallest piece of work done.

All the men employed in this shop  
are experts in their particular line,  
and can give the most satisfactory  
service in boiler welding, removing  
carbon from motor cylinders, re-  
pairing and welding electrically,  
and straightening and welding  
broken frames and axles—in fact,  
every class of service where welding  
is needed.  
The Williams shop is reached by  
driving from either Dundas or King  
streets up the lane running parallel  
to Ridout street and just east of it.

**NEWMAN SHOP INSTALLS  
CAR WASHING EQUIPMENT**

A new feature has been added to  
the tire and battery repair shop of  
Bill Newman at 91 York street in  
the way of the installation of spe-  
cial equipment for washing automob-  
iles and lubricating machines by the  
alomite system. This latter is re-  
garded as the most up-to-date  
method of automobile lubrication,  
the grease being forced to the bear-  
ings by a high pressure gun which  
insures a thorough film of grease  
on all working parts.  
Mr. Newman is an expert with  
years of experience in the battery  
and tire repairing fields and the  
equipment in his shop for work of  
this nature is the most modern.

**REMOVING HEADLIGHT RIMS**  
It is often hard to remove head-  
light rims when they are rusted or  
sticking from other causes. To make  
this work easier take a piece of cir-  
cular tape and wrap it around the  
rim. This provides a better gripping  
surface and much more effort can be  
exerted in turning the rims.

**Wilkins Audit Co., Ltd.**  
Public Accountants and Auditors.  
Audits—Systems—Costing  
ED. WILKINS, F.I.S.A.  
Phone 4270-7911W.  
8 London Loan Building.

**ELECTRICAL FIXTURES  
AND SUPPLIES.**  
**J. H. Pollock**  
GENERAL CONTRACTING.  
Phone 5762W. Night, 3259.  
397 CLARENCE STREET.

**ENGLISH AUTO WRECKERS**  
Largest and Most Up-To-Date  
Auto Wrecking Plant in Western  
Ontario.  
Phone 432. 74 Fullerton St.

USE MAY'S PASTEURIZED  
MILK AND CREAM  
**HICKORY GROVE DAIRY**  
Real Service and Satisfaction.  
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**Bookbinders**  
LOOSE LEAF MFRS.  
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EVANS BROS.  
**BRICK AND CEMENT  
CONTRACTORS**  
Jobbing Work Specialty.  
PHONE 2329. 7 ERIE AVE.  
Phone 2884W. 441 Woodman Ave.

**Modern Process of Welding  
Saves Parts From Junk Heap**

Makes For Real Economy in  
Reclamation of Broken  
Machinery.

**PROGRESS RAPID**  
Growth Due to Persevering  
Qualities of Industry's  
Pioneers.

Welding is the logical way of unit-  
ing two pieces of metal, the safe and  
sane way of effecting repairs.  
At present there appears to be no  
limit to the application of this valu-  
able process. Since the day, about  
fifteen years ago, when the first oxy-  
acetylene torch was introduced into  
Canada, it has made marked progress.  
It has never receded. This is  
due largely to the hanging-on qual-  
ities of the Canadian welder, who in  
the pioneer days of the industry, of-  
ten whispered the praises of this  
method of repairs into unreciprocating  
ears.

The oxy-acetylene welding process  
is used both in the manufacture of  
articles, the parts of which would  
otherwise be rejected or joined by  
other means, and in repair work. In  
both fields it has proven of excep-  
tional value. In repair work it has  
made possible the saving of many  
parts which otherwise would have to  
be thrown away, such as broken  
automobile cylinder castings, crank  
cases and parts of all kinds of  
machinery.

The importance of the welding pro-  
cess for producing reliable joints in  
thousands of manufactured articles  
which were previously bolted, riveted  
or brazed together, is obvious. In  
many fields this process has revolu-  
tionized the past manufacturing  
methods, decreased the cost of pro-  
duction and made possible the placing  
on the market of articles that are  
not only cheaper but also better,  
more reliable and more convenient  
than those previously made by other  
methods.

**REGAL FIRM REPAIRS  
FAULTY FURNACE PIPES**

Spring Best Time To Have  
Heating Units Put in  
Order.

Were you embarrassed and incon-  
venient last winter by smoke and  
coal fumes from a defective furnace  
filling your house? Did you cough  
and sputter and throw things around  
the house because of the smoke?  
If it would be remedied as soon as  
the warm weather set in and you  
could let the fire out?  
If you did now is the time to have  
that furnace repaired and the  
pipes put in good order again so  
the same trouble will not recur next  
winter.

The Regal Stove & Furnace Repair  
of 527 Hill street makes a specialty  
of this type of work, and its large  
line of satisfied customers is ample  
evidence of the fact that its work  
is of a high order. Sheet metal and in-  
stallation of stoves and furnaces are  
also part of this firm's business.

This concern carries a complete  
line of all the better classes of roof-  
ing materials and is equipped to  
handle all roofing contracts, large or  
small.

**LIFE IMPRISONMENT  
FOR ARSON CONVICTION**

Calgary, June 13.—Life Imprison-  
ment was the sentence meted out to  
John F. Gallagher this morning by  
Chief Justice Harvey, the prisoner  
having been found guilty by a jury  
on an arson charge in connection  
with the burning of his house at  
Carbon.

On two other charges, relating to  
false declarations in respect of  
claims made for insurance on the  
house, Gallagher was also found  
guilty, and sentence of seven years  
was imposed. The sentences run  
concurrently.

The life term calls for incarceration  
at Prince Albert penitentiary.

**ROTARY DELEGATES NOW  
ON WAY TO TORONTO**

Winnipeg, June 13.—On their way  
to the international Rotary conven-  
tion, which opens in Toronto next  
Monday, more than 350 delegates,  
drawn from Australia, New Zealand,  
United States and Western Canada,  
reached Winnipeg today.

Travelling in two special trains,  
the party will leave for the east to-  
night, augmented by a local con-  
tingent of 30 delegates.

**SHOW CASES, BOOK CASES**

MADE TO ORDER OUR SPECIALTY.  
**THE CREIGHTON WOODWORK COMPANY**  
STORE FRONTS, PARTITIONS, CUPBOARDS.  
PHONE 4797W. 709 CENTRAL AVE.

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**ARCHITECTS**  
Phone 685. 489 Richmond St.

**ONTARIO  
SPEEDOMETER  
SERVICE STATION**  
Repairs and Parts for All Make.  
Speedometers, Vacuum Tanks,  
Motor Horns and Tire Pumps.  
Phone 6550W. 21 York St.

SEND YOUR WEEKLY WASH TO THE  
**LONDON STEAM LAUNDRY**  
HOUSEHOLD WORK  
No Marking  
5c—8c ONE POUND  
Phone 7800—We Will Call

**SILVERWOOD'S SAFE MILK**  
PLEASES PARTICULAR PEOPLE  
PHONE 6100 FOR SERVICE OR SAMPLE.  
You Will be SURPRISED at its RICHNESS and PURITY.

**SPECIAL PAINT GIVES  
NEW LIFE TO ROOFS**

London Wrecking Company  
Secures Agency For "No  
Leak" Products.

The London Wrecking Company of  
500 Bathurst street has secured the  
agency for No Leak roofing products.  
The preparation is put up in liquid  
and paste forms.

Its best point is that it is about the  
only remedy for flat roofs. No more  
is it necessary to re-roof your build-  
ing. A coat of No Leak roofing  
paint will renew the life of any roof  
at a very small cost.

The London Wrecking Company  
carries a complete line of new and  
used lumber, both rough and dressed.  
They are also agents for the famous  
Barrett roofing products and Cook-  
ville brick.  
The wise builder cannot do justice  
to himself or customer unless he de-  
mands and gets full value for every  
dollar. This can be done by dealing  
with the London Wrecking Company.  
Whether one is going to build a  
chicken coop or a mansion, a visit to  
their yards at 500 Bathurst street  
will show him just how many cents  
he can get out of each dollar. Their  
salesmen will be only too glad to as-  
sist in building problems.

**GIVES DEMONSTRATIONS  
OF BALLOON AUTO TIRES**

Wilkes Service Still Sought by  
Customers of Fourteen  
Years Ago.

When in 1910 Art Wilkes opened  
the first tire repair in this city, and  
which was, incidentally, the first of  
its kind between Toronto and De-  
troit, the number of automobiles in  
operation in London was 27. Today  
they number around 5,000, and the  
Wilkes shop has kept pace with this  
growth. The floor space in the  
original plant was about 25 square  
feet. Today it is 2,000 square feet.

The Wilkes establishment was also  
the first in London to handle cord  
tires, the first to give solid tire ser-  
vice on all makes of solid tires, and  
to have leading in the use of balloon  
tires. Motorists wishing a demon-  
stration of balloon tires or informa-  
tion regarding them need only phone  
the Wilkes shop to secure either or  
both.

"When we started here," said Mr.  
Wilkes, "our number of customers  
was very small due to the meagre  
number of machines in operation, but  
our records show that all those  
original customers have stayed with  
us through the years, and this we  
take as an indication that Londoners  
appreciate the service we render."

**PERFECT BICYCLE SALES  
SHOW GREAT INCREASE**

Tanner Shop Experiences a  
Growing Demand for Pop-  
ular Canadian Machine.

Thirty-eight years of satisfaction  
is the record behind the Perfect  
bicycle, which is sold in London by  
Art Tanner of 665 Dundas street.  
This machine is known throughout  
Canada as a bicycle of dependability,  
strength and good workmanship, and  
it is due to these characteristics,  
says Mr. Tanner, that it is yearly  
growing more popular. The Tanner  
shop's trade in this particular line  
this season is nearly 50 per cent  
greater than that of last year.

Until this spring the Tanner store  
carried several other lines of bicycles  
beside the Perfect, but a few months  
ago the policy was changed and all  
other brands but the Perfect were  
eliminated from the stock. This step  
was taken in order to render the  
maximum of service by specializing  
in one type of machine. As well as  
bicycles, this establishment carries  
a complete line of tires, inner tubes,  
lamps, and all other accessories for  
bicycles and motorcycles, as well as  
general accessories, radio equipment,  
tricycles and other wheeled toys for  
children.

**Chesterfields**  
Made to Your Order.  
Any Size—Any Shape.  
W. A. Line Upholsterer  
523 Richmond St. Phone 3887J.

**I. X. L. SPICE AND COF-  
FEE MILLS, LIMITED.**  
Sweetheart Jelly, Pure and  
Delicious.  
Sweetheart Peanut Butter.  
Something Different.

**JUST ARRIVED**  
Full line of under-the-arm bags,  
cane and Tom Thumb umbrellas.  
High quality and low prices.  
**TECUMSEH LEATHER GOODS.**  
344 1/2 Richmond. Opposite Hobbs  
Hardware.

**W. T. PACE & SON**  
**PAINTING  
PAPER  
HANGING**  
CONTRACTS SOLICITED  
Prompt Attention to Jobbing  
Phone 1772. 251 Ridout St. South

Heating & Ventilating Contractors  
**GEO. WINTERBOTTOM  
& SON**  
SHEET METAL WORKERS  
Phone 5889W. 519 Richmond St.

**FRENCH PASTRY**

Prepared by a French chef who now has charge of our  
new kitchen.

**Olympia Candy Works**  
186 DUNDAS STREET. PHONE 473.

**NEW SERVICE LUNCH**

IN LONDON  
—AT 362 RICHMOND STREET—  
NOTHING BUT THE BEST

**HEXTER  
TAXI**  
(Formerly Marley-Hexter)  
PHONE  
**2859**  
483 RICHMOND STREET.  
5 and 7-Passenger Sedans  
"Weddings a Specialty"

GRAND PRIZE  
EUREKA  
VACUUM  
CLEANERS  
SUNNYSIDE  
ELECTRIC  
WASHING  
MACHINES  
**The EUREKA SHOP**  
Wife-Saving Station  
Phone 66 for Particulars  
231 DUNDAS STREET

**LONDON BUSINESS  
INSTITUTE**  
N. STONEHOUSE, Prin.  
Successor to O'Brien College.  
Students Placed on Graduation.  
Phone 7380-5875. 361 Richmond St.

**BOWLEY ELECTRIC**  
Full Line of Electrical  
**FIXTURES**  
WESTINGHOUSE SHOP  
Phone 2203. 306 Dundas.

**THE BETTER SERVICE STORE.**  
**ART TANNER**  
BICYCLES, TRICYCLES,  
TOYS & ACCESSORIES  
Phone 3426W. 665 Dundas St.  
Phone 1895F. 402 Clarence St.

Commercial Lead Burning  
**WILLIAMS WELDING  
WORKS**  
OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING  
BRAZING AND CUTTING  
Experts on Boiler Welding  
Phone 6356. 556 Ridout St.

**SECOND-HAND TYPEWRITERS**—At bargain prices that are  
bargain prices. Machines to rent.  
**ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.**  
481 RICHMOND STREET. PHONE 1344J.  
Horace E. Robinson, Manager.

**GRIGG HOTEL CAFE**  
CHICKEN  
DINNER  
60c  
SUNDAY  
SPECIAL MENU  
"BEST OF TABLE SERVICE."  
From 11:00 a. m. to 8 p. m.  
334 RICHMOND ST. PHONE 5875.

**THE JUNE  
BRIDE**

Before deciding on your  
wedding cake, consult us.  
Our prices are moderate.  
**R. Willis & Son**  
609 Dundas. Phone 2023.

TO THE TRADE,  
EMBLEM'S  
**PURE SPIRIT CIDER  
AND MALT VINEGAR**  
In Bottles or in Bulk.  
LONDON VINEGAR WORKS  
96 King St. Phone 631W

**SICK SHOES CURED**  
Made like new with a manufac-  
turer's finish by our latest approved  
machinery. Work called for and  
delivered.  
**MODERN SHOE REPAIR**  
505 Richmond St. Phone 2310.

**THE OLD  
RELIABLE  
AMERICAN  
DRY CLEANING  
AND DYE WORKS**  
R. HOLMES  
PROPRIETOR  
LONDON  
STRAITON  
BRANTFORD

**B. H. ENGLISH PAINT**  
70 Pure White Lead, 30 Pure White Zinc, 100  
Pure Paint.  
FOR SALE IN LONDON BY  
**Purdum Hardware**  
124 Dundas St. Phones 2800-2801

**THE REGAL STOVE  
AND FURNACE REPAIR**  
Sheet Metal Workers,  
Eavestroughing and Roofing.  
McClary's Sunshine and  
Radium Furnaces.  
PHONE 1864J. 527 HILL ST.

**LONDON AUTO WRECKERS**  
House of a Million Parts  
Complete Stock of New and Used  
Parts at Cut Prices  
264 Horton St. Phone 3110

**ALLEN & POPE**  
Hot Water and Steam  
Heating Contractors  
Estimates Furnished.  
155 CHESLEY AVENUE.  
Phones 2293W-7839M.

**RAPID ELECTROTYPE  
COMPANY, LIMITED**  
RAPIDS RIGHT  
Lead Mould, Nickel Types,  
Electrotype, Stereotype,  
Phone 3700. 211 1/2 King St.

**BRIGHTON'S  
O. K. BAKERY**  
Some of Our Favorite Brands  
Sun-Made Raisin Bread  
Granny's Favorite  
Home-Made  
Saturday's Special Nut  
Bread  
Have Our Driver Call.  
Phone 2160. 479 Emery St.

The Mysterious Brick  
It's Ice Cream  
**Meadow-Gold**  
A Delicious Product of  
**THE ONTARIO  
CREAMERY, LIMITED**  
Ask your dealer or phone us.  
Phone 782-5810. 129 King St.

**GENEVAUX and MAY**  
Auctioneers and valuers for city  
and county.  
City Auction Rooms, 95 Dundas St.  
Residence, Mr. Genevaux, 3322J.  
Mr. May, 1366, Office, 1332.

P. O. BOX 170. PHONE 7891W  
**ARTHUR MOULD**  
Roofing Contractor  
Giant Shingles, Heaviest Weight.  
They Stay Down.  
Ask for Giants. They roof best.

SEE OUR FIREPROOF WALL BOARD  
**BUILDERS' SUPPLIES**  
Lime, Cement, Tile and Pressed Brick. Get Our Prices.  
PHONE 1044. WILLIAM COPP 89 1/2 YORK ST.

**London's Largest Used Ford Car Sales**  
THE JACK WHITE MOTOR COMPANY  
PHONE JACK WHITE FOR ALL PARTICULARS.  
374-378 DUNDAS ST.







## REAL ESTATE

## REAL ESTATE

## BERT WEIR

OVER OAK HALL, REALTOR, PHONE 6250.  
L. H. REILLY, MANAGER, Res. Phone 1802J.  
A. C. Ball, 425 P. St., Wm. Taylor, 1908, Thos. Wilkey, 4781  
Wm. Reilly 6325F. Wm. Hookway 3813W

TORONTO FOR LONDON HOME.  
\$18,000—Fine 2-story red pressed brick, 3 beds and sunroom, large living-room, dining-room, kitchen, 2 baths, c. e., living-room with fireplace, dining-room, large veranda, laundry tubs, hot water, blinds, fixtures, etc., go in one of Toronto's best districts. Owner will exchange even for house of 6 rooms in London.

PORT STANLEY COTTAGE.  
\$5,000—Fine cottage with 5 beds, completely and well furnished, on lot 50x150 feet, very wide veranda on two sides, fireplace, toilet, basin, garage. Owner will take London Real Estate in exchange.

\$1,500—4-room, Port Stanley cottage, 3 beds, large living-room, kitchen, wide veranda, well furnished, piano, dishes, etc. Owner will exchange on London property.

\$3,800—Tucumseh ave., 1½-story brick, 3 beds 3 c. e., parlor, dining-room, kitchen, summer kitchen, 3-p. bath, furnace, gas heater.

\$4,500—One of the best, rug brick cottages in London, South for so low a price, oak floors, 2 beds, c. e., living-room with fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, 3-p. bath, furnace, hydro, gas, large veranda, full basement, wired for stove.

ONE OF LONDON'S FINE OLD HOMES.  
\$11,000—Very centrally located, large 2-story brick, suitable for conversion into an apt. house or for large family desiring spacious grounds in a close-in location. Owner is willing to sacrifice, 5 beds, double parlors, library, dining-room, kitchen, hot water heated, three bathrooms, 4 fireplaces, electric motor pump, lot 82x156 feet, with additional land.

## The Western Real Estate Exchange, Limited.

Many fine properties for sale and exchange at very low prices.  
A PINE GARAGE BUSINESS.  
In good town north of London, a real live going business all tools, equipment, stock on hand, etc. Priced at only \$2,000. Easy terms to right party. See this at once.

Who wants a dandy 20-acre farm with good buildings (2 sets), lots of water, about 12 acres of land, and a splendid apple orchard (income \$1,000 to \$1,500 per year)? The land of this farm is excellent clay loam soil in good state of cultivation. Owner wants \$20,000, and will trade for good smaller farm. Write our general agent, D. W. Redick, Parkhill.

HOUSES.  
Northeast—A semi-modern new stucco house, 7 rooms, extra well built and a real bargain at \$5,300. Easy terms or a lot and some cash.

Central east (near open shops)—Small frame cottage on large lot (plenty of fruit). Price only \$1,900. Will take car as first payment.

Several houses for sale and rent.

Now is the time to buy and buy right, when most other people want to sell.

78 DUNDAS STREET, PHONE 696.

## MISCELLANEOUS

## YOU WILL ENJOY DINING

## IN OUR CAFE.

The food is excellent and the prices are moderate.

## ROYAL CAFE

134 FULLARTON STREET.

## BUSINESS CARDS

## STEWART &amp; MCKIN

134 FULLARTON STREET.

## ELECTRIC POWER CONTRACTORS.

All classes electric power, repairs, installation, wiring, etc. Prompt attention, quick service. When you have trouble with your motor telephone 3165.

Phone 4655, 425 Richmond St.

## P. WALSH

Office Phone 1161J, Residence 1191.

## W. B. REID

Office Phone 1161J, Residence 1191.

## REAL ESTATE

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OVERLAP REAR AXLE  
PASSES RIGID TEST

Every Assembly Subjected to Minute Inspection Before Use.

"The importance of accuracy in the fitting of the component parts of a rear axle assembly is very keenly appreciated," said an engineering official at the Willys-Overland factory.

In the final assembly of the Overland rear axle unit high standards are demanded and great care is exercised to insure these units being as nearly perfect as possible before they are assembled in the chassis.

Every Overland rear axle and drive-shaft assembly when completed is mounted on a special stand and is connected to an electric motor. Driving, coasting and reverse road conditions are here duplicated and during this special test, axle and drive-shaft adjustments are carefully made.

If there is the slightest defect in gears or misalignment of parts it is quickly detected, and an axle unit that cannot pass the overland high predetermined standards is rejected. Brake bands and other brake connections are included in this inspection test for accuracy.

GENEVAUX & MAY'S  
AUCTIONS

TONIGHT AT CITY AUCTIONS ROOMS.

98 DUNDAS ST.

Real Estate and Furniture.

1045 Frances St.

Real Estate and Furniture.

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Real Estate and Furniture.

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Real Estate and Furniture.

1045 Frances St.

'Well, I Declare'  
Says Mr. Dawes

Associated Press Despatch.  
Marietta, Ohio, June 13.—(Brig-  
General Charles G. Dawes, nomi-  
nated Republican vice-presiden-  
tial candidate last night, left to-  
day for Chicago, where preliminary  
plans for his participation in  
the campaign will be made.

The nomination came unexpected-  
ly to Mr. Dawes. The first word  
of the nomination came over the  
radio through which the family  
was listening to the pro-  
ceedings of the convention, and  
when the voice of the broadcaster  
announced officially the nomi-  
nation, his only comment was:  
"Well, I declare!"

shaft adjustments are carefully made.  
If there is the slightest defect in  
gears or misalignment of parts it is  
quickly detected, and an axle unit  
that cannot pass the overland high  
predetermined standards is rejected.

Brake bands and other brake con-  
nections are included in this inspec-  
tion test for accuracy.

A. J. SMALL'S WILL  
NOW PROBATED

Document Dated Sept. 6,

1903, Shows Estate Amounts

to \$1,087,831.

Toronto, June 13.—The will of

Ambrose J. Small, which a consent

judgment fixes as the legal will of

the late millionaire, was today ad-

mitted for probate in the county

court at the city hall by Judge Coats-

worth.

The document, dated Sept. 6, 1903,

as filed a year and a half ago, con-

tains an inventory showing the estate

amounts to \$1,087,831. This did not

include the amounts credited to the

estate, close upon a million dollars

being in dispute.

A bond of \$250,000 has been filed

to secure the balance of succession

duty.

Ottawa, June 13.—Notice is given

in the current issue of the Canada

that Josephine Royant of the town-

ship of Chatham, Kent, England, will

apply to parliament at the next

session for a divorce from her

husband, Ernest Royant, of Detroit.

WOMAN SEEKS DIVORCE.

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BAPTIST COLLEGE  
GRADUATION HELD

Portrait of Dr. McKeechie Is Unveiled During Exercises.

Special to The Advertiser.



## ANGLICAN.

## CRONYN MEMORIAL

Queen's Avenue and William Street.

QUINTIN WARNER, Rector. TRINITY SUNDAY.

8:30 a.m.—Holy Communion. 11:00 a.m.—Morning Prayer.  
 Preacher: REV. CANON ANDREW, Rector Trinity Church, St. Thomas.  
 3:00 p.m.—The Church School. 7:00 p.m.—Evensong.  
 Preacher: Rev. Canon Collins. QUINTIN WARNER.

## St. James' Church

LONDON SOUTH.  
 Rev. W. Leslie Armitage, M.A., Rector.  
 11 a.m.—The Rector.  
 3 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.  
 7 p.m.—Rev. Canon Collins. Holy Communion.

## St. Paul's Cathedral

Rector: The Very Reverend Dean Tucker, D.D., D.C.L.  
 Assistant: Rev. G. O. Lighthorn, M.A.  
 Organist and Choirmaster: Harry T. Dickinson.  
 TRINITY SUNDAY.  
 8:30 and 11 a.m.—Holy Communion.  
 11 a.m.—Morning prayer. Preacher: Rev. G. O. Lighthorn, M.A.  
 Anthem: "Hark, Hark My Soul" Shelley.  
 Soloists—Mrs. Innes Caring and Mrs. Macdonald.  
 7 p.m.—Evening Prayer. Preacher: The Dean.  
 Anthem: "I Am Alpha and Omega" Stainer.

## METHODIST

## ASKIN ST. METHODIST

REV. A. G. HARRIS, who celebrates his Diamond Jubilee in the Christian ministry, will address the Brotherhood at 10 a.m. He will also preach at the morning service at 11 a.m.  
 7 p.m.—REV. J. T. COSBY MORRIS, B.D. Subject: "THE CURSE OF CITY HOME LIFE."  
 STRANGERS WELCOME.

## DUNDAS STREET CENTRE

REV. (CAPT.) JOHN GARBUTT, MINISTER.  
 REV. DR. H. W. CREWS will preach morning and evening.  
 2:45 p.m.—Sunday School, Bible Classes and Men's Club.  
 MUSIC—Morning Anthem, "Gloria in Excelsis" (Concone).  
 Solo: Mrs. Frederick Schofield.  
 Evening Anthem, "Fear Not Ye, O Israel" (Spicker).  
 Duet: Messrs. W. G. Letchford and Lloyd Bullen.  
 J. PARNELL MORRIS, A.C.C.O., Organist and Choirmaster.

## FIRST METHODIST

REV. BRUCE HUNTER, B.A., B.D. Pastor.  
 REV. E. W. JEWITT, B.A. Associate Pastor.

10 a.m.—Brotherhood and Class Meetings.

11 a.m.—"Jesus and a Discouraged Disciple"  
 —Rev. E. W. Jewitt, B.A.

3 p.m.—Sunday School in Wesley Hall.

7 p.m.—"To Him That Overcometh—The White Stone"  
 —Rev. Bruce Hunter, B.A., B.D.  
 (The fifth and last sermon in the series on "THE THREEFOLD TEMPTATION OF JESUS")  
 Choir Leader, George C. Carrie. Organist, Kingsley N. Ireland.

## Centennial Methodist

A. E. M. Thomson, Pastor.  
 George Winterbottom, Organist.  
 11 a.m.—"A REAL PENITENT."  
 7 P.M.—"A DIVINE CHALLENGE."  
 Pastor at both services.  
 You Are Invited.

## Empress Ave. Church

Rev. J. F. Chapman, B.A.  
 10 a.m.—Fellowship Meeting.  
 11 a.m.—"In the Secret Place."  
 2:45 p.m.—Sunday School.  
 7 p.m.—"Righteous Indignation."  
 Miss Taylor, Organist.

## Wellington St. Church

Come and Enjoy  
 CHILDREN'S SERVICE  
 at 11 a.m. Baptisms.  
 Program by the children.  
 2:45 p.m.—Sunday School.

## Ridout St. Methodist

J. A. AGNEW, Pastor.  
 Residence, 87 Windsor Ave.  
 11 a.m. Subject: "Our Responsibility"  
 7 p.m. Subject: "The Need of Godly Men"

## Christian Science

First Church of Christ, Scientist  
 Richmond and Kent Streets.  
 Sunday—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.  
 Sunday School—11 a.m.  
 for Students up to the age of 20.  
 Subject for This Sunday, June 15th.  
 "God, the Preserver of Man."  
 Wednesday Meeting, 8 p.m.  
 Including Testimonies of Healing  
 Through Christian Science  
 You are cordially invited to attend the  
 services and to make use of the  
 Free Public Reading Room  
 where the Bible and all authorized  
 literature may be read, borrowed,  
 or purchased, and periodicals subscribed  
 for.

## Theosophical Society

Mr. Roy Mitchell  
 OF TORONTO  
 will speak to the Theosophical  
 Society on Sunday evening at  
 8 o'clock at the rooms, 212  
 Dundas Street. Subject:  
 "From Death to Birth"  
 The Public Are Invited!

## ANGLICAN.

## ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST

FLOYD TALMADGE HOLLAND, PASTOR.

7 P.M.—"FOREVER"

Bible says three score and ten!  
 Statistics one score and thirteen!  
 What do you mean by "FOREVER"?

## 11 A.M.—"ROBBING GOD"

3 p.m.—Bible School. Classes For All.  
 O. LEO HERBERT, Musical Director.

## Egerton Street Baptist

Rev. A. Burgess, Minister.  
 11 a.m.—SELF-EMPTINESS.  
 Sermonette to Juniors—CHERRERS-ON.  
 3 p.m.—Special Sunday School session.  
 Speaker—Rev. F. T. Holland.  
 7 p.m.—"WHY GO TO CHURCH?"  
 Communion.

## Talbot Street Baptist

11 a.m.—Sermon by Rev. George  
 K. Harris of the China Inland  
 Mission. Subject:  
 "The Patience of God  
 With Mohammedans"

## Wortley Road Baptist

REV. J. W. THOMSON of Toronto  
 will preach.

## PRESBYTERIAN

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN

Corner Dufferin Avenue and Clarence Street.  
 COL. THE REV. WILLIAM BEATTIE, D.D., C.M.G., Minister.  
 GEORGE LETHBRIDGE, Director of Music.  
 11 a.m.—Military Service. The First Hussars and one troop of C. A. S. C. will be present under command of Lieut.-Col. Taylor, D.S.O.  
 7 p.m.—Sermon subject, "THE IRON GATE."  
 Sermonette.  
 All Seats Free in this Church. Come and Worship God.

## ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

REV. D. C. MACGREGOR, B.A., D.D., MINISTER.  
 REV. F. W. K. HARRIS, B.A., DIRECTOR OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.  
 MR. C. E. WHEELER, P.C.C.C., ORGANIST AND CHOIR DIRECTOR.  
 Public Worship Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.  
 conducted by the minister.

## Evening Subject:

"THE MESSAGE OF CORINTHIANS."  
 12:15 and 3 p.m.—CHURCH SCHOOL.  
 A CORDIAL WELCOME TO ALL.

## Hamilton Rd. Church

M. Fraser Cree, B.A., Minister.  
 11 a.m.—"What Think Ye of Christ?"  
 7 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.  
 7 p.m.—"The Gospel Which Is Come  
 Unto You."

## King Street Church

W. R. McINTOSH, MINISTER.  
 MISS K. MOORE, ORGANIST.  
 11 a.m.—"PAUL'S DREAM OF  
 CONQUEST."  
 7 p.m.—"THE MAN AND THE  
 MACHINE."  
 Organ Recital Preceding Evening  
 Service.  
 WELCOME!

## Knox Presbyterian

Rev. T. A. Symington, M.A., Minister.  
 Chas. E. Percy, —, Director of Music.  
 9:45 a.m.—Church School.  
 11 a.m.—Public Worship.  
 7 p.m.—Public Worship.  
 REV. G. M. CHIDLEY, B.D.,  
 will preach at both public services.

## New St. James' Church

REV. JAMES MACKEY, MINISTER.  
 PERRY Q. KING, Musical Director.  
 11 a.m.—Public Worship.  
 3 p.m.—CHURCH SCHOOL.  
 7 p.m.—Public Worship.

## The Salvation Army

NO. 1, CLARENCE ST.  
 (South of Dundas).  
 Sunday, June 15—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.  
 2 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.  
 Staff Captain Lewis and Adj. Holland.

## International Bible Students' Association

HYMAN HALL—7:15 P.M.  
 Speaker: S. W. CARPENTER  
 SUBJECT:  
 "In the Last Days"

## HAMILTON ROAD GOSPEL HALL

7 P.M.  
 Mr. R. M. Winslow will preach.

## EGERTON STREET GOSPEL HALL

7 P.M.  
 Mr. W. Ludbrook will preach.

## First Spiritual Church

Rectory St., opposite Nelson St.  
 Leader—Mrs. M. Rawson.  
 Speaker—Mr. D. Miles.  
 Sunday Services, June 15, 3 and 7 p.m.  
 Evening—Christian Spiritualism.

## Latter Day Saints

Maitland St., near York St.  
 10 a.m.—Adult Prayer Service.  
 10 a.m.—Young People's Meeting.  
 7 p.m.—Sunday School.  
 7 p.m.—Preaching.

## HOTEL IS SOLD.

Special to The Advertiser.  
 Exeter, June 13.—W. T. Acheson  
 has sold the hotel which he conducted  
 here for 35 years to Chester Lee  
 of Paisley. Mr. Acheson will con-  
 tinue to reside in town.

## BAPTIST.

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EGERTON ST. CHURCH  
HAS SPLENDID RECORD

Exact Replica of Burned  
 Building Is Erected by  
 Congregation.

## STARTED AS MISSION

First Church Was Erected in  
 1914 and New One  
 in 1920.

Since its organization twenty years ago, Egerton Street Baptist Church has had a colorful career. It has been built and burned down and rebuilt. Under the pastorate of Rev. A. C. Bingham it achieved wide distinction. When the congregation awakened one morning to find their church destroyed by fire they were immediately mustered together by Mr. Bingham and by their own efforts the church was duplicated. The new church today is an exact replica of that destroyed by fire, and it was built almost entirely by the efforts of the congregation and their pastor. Egerton Street Church now ministers to the Baptist community of the entire London East district. Commenced in 1914 as a mission it is now one of the leading churches of the city, with a constantly increasing membership.

Under the pastorate of Rev. A. A. Burgess, who succeeded Mr. Bingham, the church is enjoying splendid progress. Mr. Burgess came from Stouffville where he had been pastor for many years ago to assume the pastorate, having been stationed formerly at Mantoulin Island and Schomberg. He entered the Baptist ministry on graduation from the Toronto Bible School and McMaster University.

In 1904 the Egerton Street Baptist Mission was organized and this continued to develop until in 1914 a congregation was formed and a new church erected. The building was dedicated on June 14, six years later. February of 1920, it was destroyed by fire, but by December 5 of the same year the new church was ready for re-dedication.

The following extracts from the official records of the Egerton Street Baptist Church, dealing with the formation of the mission, are of particular interest:

Started Church.  
 "It was in December of 1896 that two young men, Robert Hisset and Thomas Hawkins, were converted and baptized, becoming at once very active in the Lord's work. They were originators of the South Street Mission, which eventually became the Egerton Street Baptist Church. After several preliminary meetings in connection with the mission, which had grown so that it was necessary to have an organization, the cause was put under the oversight of the following committee: Pastor Johnston, Thomas Hawkins, J. J. Watson, George Benson, Ed. Bradwin, George Palmer, Robert Nesbit."

The records state that during the year 1894 reverses came upon the work of the mission. A number of Methodists, who were associated with it, left, organizing a church of their own, but it developed that the London East district was at that time not sufficiently strong to maintain two churches. The committee in charge recommended that the field of mission work be changed from South Street to the corner of Egerton Street and Hamilton road.

This was accomplished and a Sunday school was organized in a house rented from Mr. M. Macdonald. Egerton Street, south of the Hamilton road. G. F. Robertson, who had been superintendent of the mission, carried over to the new location. Mr. R. H. Sanders in his place.

At the commencement of the following year, 1892, the following committee was in charge of the mission, under its new name, the Egerton Street Mission committee in reference to the necessity of a new building. Steps were immediately taken for the purchase of a lot. Later the following trustees were appointed: Harry Edwards, G. F. Robertson, Wm. Gurney, James J. Catling, James De Wolf. The property was, however, under its new name, the Egerton Street Church as a strong opposition developed against its assuming any greater financial liability. The trustees proceeded with the work they had started and the proposed building as a voluntary and independent trust for spiritual purposes.

Opened in 1893.  
 The building was finished and opened for service on 18th June, 1893. The cause was self-sustaining from the first, no financial claims being made upon the Mother Church, although the cause was carried on by members of that body.

In 1904 it was decided that the cause had progressed as far as possible as a mission and it appeared necessary to make an advance or lose what had already been won, and at this time there seemed good prospects for the advancement of an independent church.

A minute of the Middlesex and Lambton Association of Baptist churches meeting with the Sarnia Baptist Church, June 1905, reads: "The newly organized church at Egerton street, London, was received into the organization in the usual manner, the moderator speaking a few words of welcome to Deacon Wm. Grigg, representing the church. The following statistical report was given as follows: Baptized, 27; letter, 6; experienced, 4; total membership, 66; total money raised, \$1,537.19; total number of scholars in school 220; teachers and officers 20."

The first pastor was Rev. L. E. Trantor. Succeeding him were: Rev. A. J. Bowen, Rev. W. L. Stevens, Rev. A. C. Bingham, Rev. A. C. Bingham, and the present pastor, Mr. Burgess. The Sunday school of Egerton Street Church today, under the superintendency of Mr. Reuben Mills, has a membership of more than 400 scholars. Coupled with its own satisfactory progress it has been instrumental in organizing the Hope Mission Sunday school, in Westminster Township, and the work here is conducted by Rev. M. Marshall on Sunday, June 15, at 1:30 p.m. at her late residence. Interment at Delmer.

MRS. THOMAS RUTHERFORD OF TILLSONBURG DIES

Special to The Advertiser.  
 Tillsonburg, June 13.—After a brief illness, Mrs. Elmina Minerva Rutherford, wife of Thomas Rutherford, passed away at the family residence Friday morning. As Elmina Minerva Scott of Dereham Township she married Thomas Rutherford in 1872 and resided in the vicinity of Delmer, where she took an active part in the work of the Methodist Church. The last seven years of her life was spent in Tillsonburg. She is survived by her husband, three daughters and five sons as follows: Dr. T. Duncan of Burford, Roy S. of Delmer, Mrs. Edna E. Charlton of Windsor, Harvey B. of Ekk Lake, John L. of Blenheim, Dr. Scott E. of Windsor, Mrs. Mabel E. Brooke of Picton and Maud P. of Tillsonburg.

The funeral services will be conducted by Rev. M. Marshall on Sunday, June 15, at 1:30 p.m. at her late residence. Interment at Delmer.

ONTARIO DOCTORS  
SECURE STANDING

Many Western Ontario Graduates Are Successful On Council Examinations.

Canadian Press Despatch.  
 Toronto, June 13.—The following have been admitted by examinations as members of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario, effective June 14, 1924:  
 Christie A. Barr, Meril; A. M. Bell, Priceville; A. E. Bennett, Grand Valley; G. N. Black, Springfield; T. H. Borland, Kailbier; Braithwaite, London; W. P. Buchanan, Galt.  
 M. D. Campbell, London; D. R. Coyne, Windsor.  
 K. L. Duncombe, Waterford; A. S. Dutton, Huron.  
 J. T. Fawcett, Mitchell; W. G. Ferguson, Listowel.  
 J. H. Geddes, Waterloo; J. G. Gemmell, Ayr; R. L. Gilbertson, Simcoe; W. G. Gray, Courtwright.  
 T. A. Hamilton, Iroquois; T. R. Heath, Orton; B. A. Hodgins, London; F. C. Hogg, London; C. J. White, B. B. Kenyon, Blair; W. C. Kuehner, Kitchener.  
 J. A. Lamont, Komoka; C. A. Lockwood, Mount Brydges.  
 A. P. McCabe, Stratford; R. A. McCosh, Kincardine; M. F. R. McGarvey, Petrolia; L. S. MacGregor, London; A. L. McKinnon, Guelph; W. W. Martin, Lucan.  
 E. R. Myles, South Woodlee; T. R. Nichols, Stratford.  
 M. Phillips, Dundalk.  
 C. A. Robinson, Ashtem; J. T. H. Robinson, Belgrave.  
 Clare S. Sanborn, London; E. L. Saxmuth, Ingersoll; E. S. Shaw, Guelph; S. S. Schipper, Kingsville; S. C. Sloan, Chatham; S. K. Smith, Wingham.  
 W. H. Taylor, Guelph; F. G. Thompson, Clinton; A. V. Traynor, Ayr.  
 Ralph Hiram Walker, London; R. M. Wansborough, Grand Valley; N. T. Welford, London; C. J. White, Chatham; J. W. Moorefield, Ross Wai Wong, St. Thomas.

BOY SCOUT MOVEMENT  
NOT OPPOSED BY LABOR

Colbert Declares Party Is Opposed, However, To School Cadets.

Boy Scouts movement. City must. Ex-Alderman Colbert denied the report that Labor is opposed to the Boy Scout movement, and that assertions had been made to that effect by him in a recent meeting of the Labor party. Rather they are opposed to the cadet movement in city schools, both because of the militaristic spirit which such training instills, and the expense involved in supplying the members of the companies with rifles and other equipment.

At the Labor conference at Hamilton recently a distinction was made in labor's attitude toward the two movements. An attack was launched upon the cadet movement, while the boy scouts, if anything, were upheld. "We do not wish people to think that the Labor party has any opposition to the Boy Scouts," said Mr. Colbert.

Mr. Colbert was erroneously reported as saying that the Labor party was about to take up the mayor's attitude toward the Boy Scout movement. "We may protest any backing given to the school cadets, but not the Boy Scouts," he said.

## SPANISH RIVER ANNOUNCE CUT IN NEWSPRINT PRICE

Canadian Press Despatch.  
 Toronto, June 13.—Spanish River officially announced today that the price of newspaper stock valued at \$10 in 1924 will be \$73 per ton, a reduction of two dollars, both in Canada and the United States.

Commenting on this, the Toronto Telegram says the cut presumably applies to the whole trade. The cut follows, continues the Telegram, over a month of very strenuous discussions both here and in the United States, and the final decision, it is understood, resulted from the definite announcement of several independent one Wisconsin-Chicago group with an Ontario output in excess of 200 tons a day, that they would take independent action.

## PASTORS MOVE.

Special to The Advertiser.  
 Bothwell, June 13.—Rev. C. L. L. Cousins, the popular minister of the Bothwell and Armstrong Methodist Churches, has been moved by the London Conference to Talbotville. Rev. Mr. Hubert of Comber will come to Bothwell. Since coming to Bothwell last year ago, Mr. Cousins has been most successful in building up and organizing different branches of work in the church. The Swagata club for the young people, and the Men's Brotherhood, were two new societies organized during his term.

## ERECT PICKLE BUILDING.

Special to The Advertiser.  
 Exeter, June 13.—A new building for the pickling factory is being erected just north of the canning factory.

## "I Suffered Terribly With Sore, Aching Back"

Mrs. Roland Ferguson, 194 Lake St., Peterboro, Ont., writes:

"For over two years I suffered terribly with sore back. I was almost mad with the pain, and had doctored with it until I was discouraged. Then my father, who is a firm believer in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, advised me to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I followed his advice, and am glad to say I was completely relieved of that torturing pain in my back. It is over a year since I used these pills, and I have had no return of the trouble, but always keep them in the house."

## Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

35 cts. a box of 35 pills, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

PRINTERS ATTACK  
OPEN-DOOR POLICY

Strong Resolution Calls Upon Change in Attitude Towards Immigrants.

## OPPOSE BONUSES

Typographical Unions Fear Unemployment Is Aggravated by Continual Influx.

"Whereas there is a very serious unemployment situation throughout the Dominion of Canada, which is being accentuated by the immigration policy of the Dominion and Provincial governments, which provides for bonuses and subsidies, and



## Tortured for Three Years

Helpless from Rheumatism Until Relieved By "Fruit-a-tives"



MR. P. R. BOISSINOT

No wonder people regard "Fruit-a-tives" as a faithful family friend and are so eager to tell what it has done for them.

After years of suffering, they appreciate the wonderful powers of this fruit treatment in relieving them of pain and misery and discouragement.

As Mr. P. R. Boissinot, of LaBroquerie, Man., wrote: "For three years I had to give up work; my arms were so swollen and I was so sick. I felt I would never be able to work on the farm any more. But one day, a cousin came to see me and advised me to take 'Fruit-a-tives.' Now I am in good health. I rest well and do all my work. I can recommend 'Fruit-a-tives' for Rheumatism that made me suffer so much and I thank you for this good remedy."

"Fruit-a-tives" is the wonderful medicine made from the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes and is the only complete treatment ever discovered for Rheumatism, Pain in the Back, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Headaches and other troubles due to the improper action of the stomach, bowels and kidneys.

25c and 50c a box—at all dealers or from Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa, Ont.—Advt.

## SURPLUS NO USE TO CITY TRUSTEES

Education Members Knew of \$78,000 Months Ago, Grant Declares.

### BASIS OF ARGUMENT

City Auditor Ashplant hasn't started school trustees with his report of a \$78,000 surplus in educational expenditure this year.

"We knew all about that months ago," commented Trustee Dr. A. J. Grant yesterday. "We used it as the basis for our argument for a new high school building. There isn't any remarkable find there."

Other trustees were of the same mind. It was pointed out yesterday that the auditor had simply brought forward estimates of government grants which will be made this year, and these added to the grants paid this year on the 1923 account.

As Mr. Ashplant admitted, only a guess can be made as to what these grants will amount to this year. Plumbing in one unit of the high school system may bring down the grant for the entire system. Light- ing not up to standard at another

would bring down the grant for all the colleges.

Action of the government in cancelling grants to technical schools in other cities is noted here. While actual fear of such measures here is not openly expressed, trustees and officials appear ready to face such conditions.

"What will you do with the surplus?" several trustees were asked, without constructive answers being offered. Collegiate accommodation for the fall term will be discussed when registration is complete. Until that time there is little discussion or expression of opinion of possible action in education circles.

### MISSIONARY MEETING.

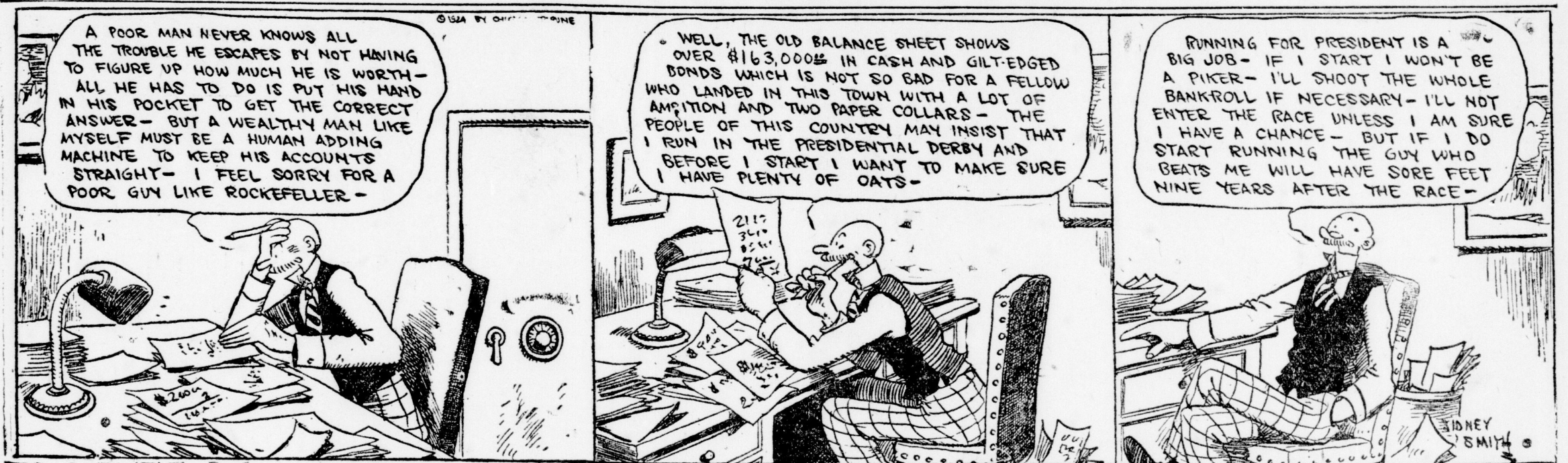
Special to The Advertiser. Norwich, June 13.—The Epworth League meeting was in charge of the missionary department with Norman Meldrum in the chair. The Scripture lesson was read by Miss Eva Addison. Jack Hathi sang a solo, and the Sunday School orchestra gave several numbers. The topic on "Robert Louis Stevenson at Samoa," was taken by Miss Alice Crabbe.

### COLLARBONE BROKEN.

Special to The Advertiser. Camlachie, June 13.—Mr. George Lewis of the Lake Shore road met with a serious accident when he fell about nine feet from a ladder upon which he was standing while working on a neighbor's barn. Dr. Brown found that his collarbone and two ribs were broken.

# GUMP, GOOGLE & CO., Experts In Laughter

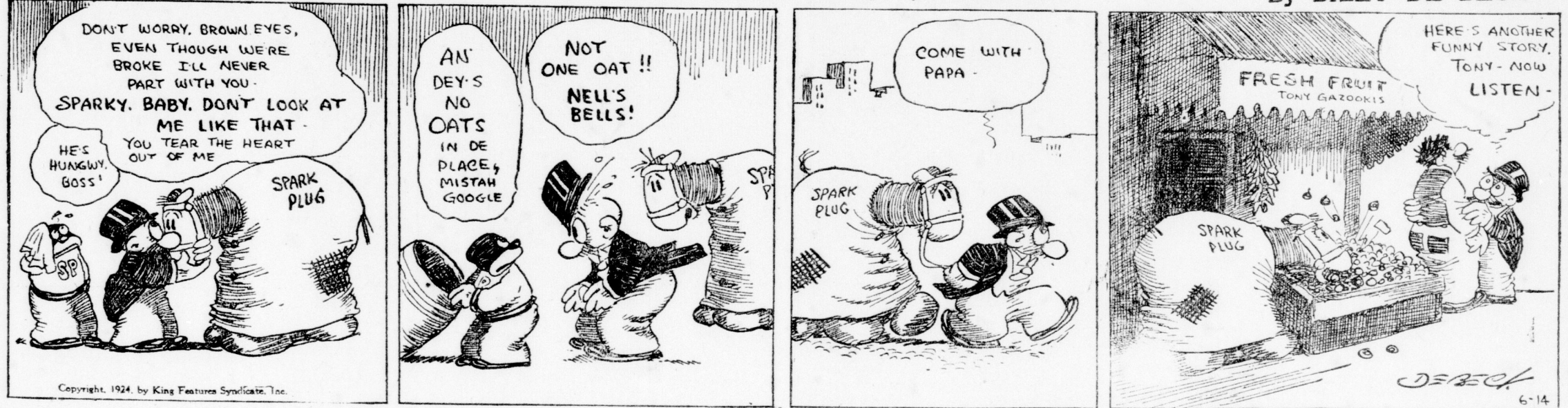
## THE GUMPS—SHOOT IT ALL



## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

If Barney's Humor Holds Out, Sparky'll Get a Feed.

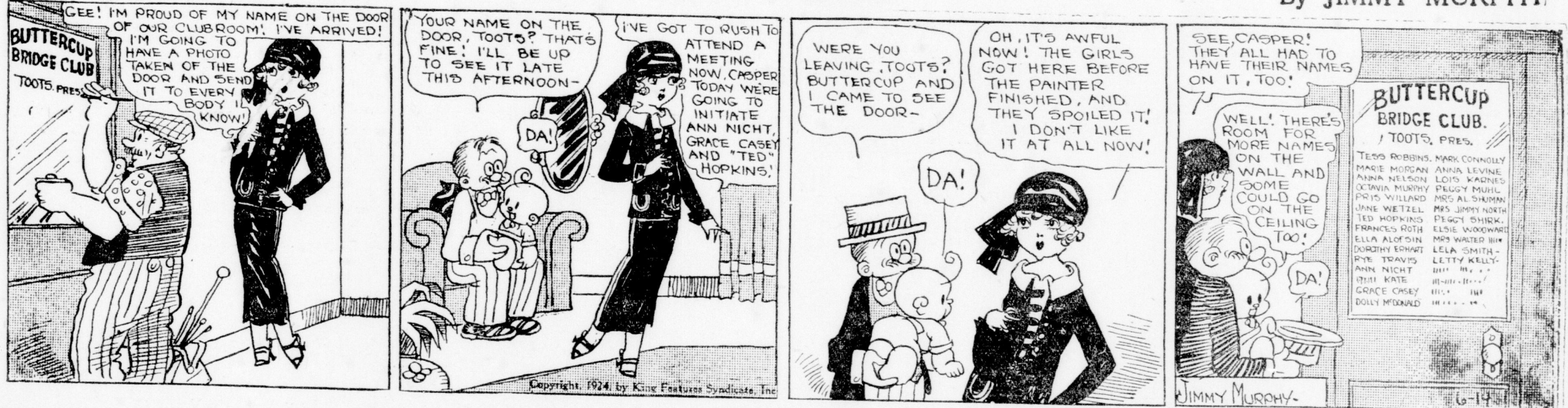
By BILLY DE BECK



## TOOTS AND CASPER

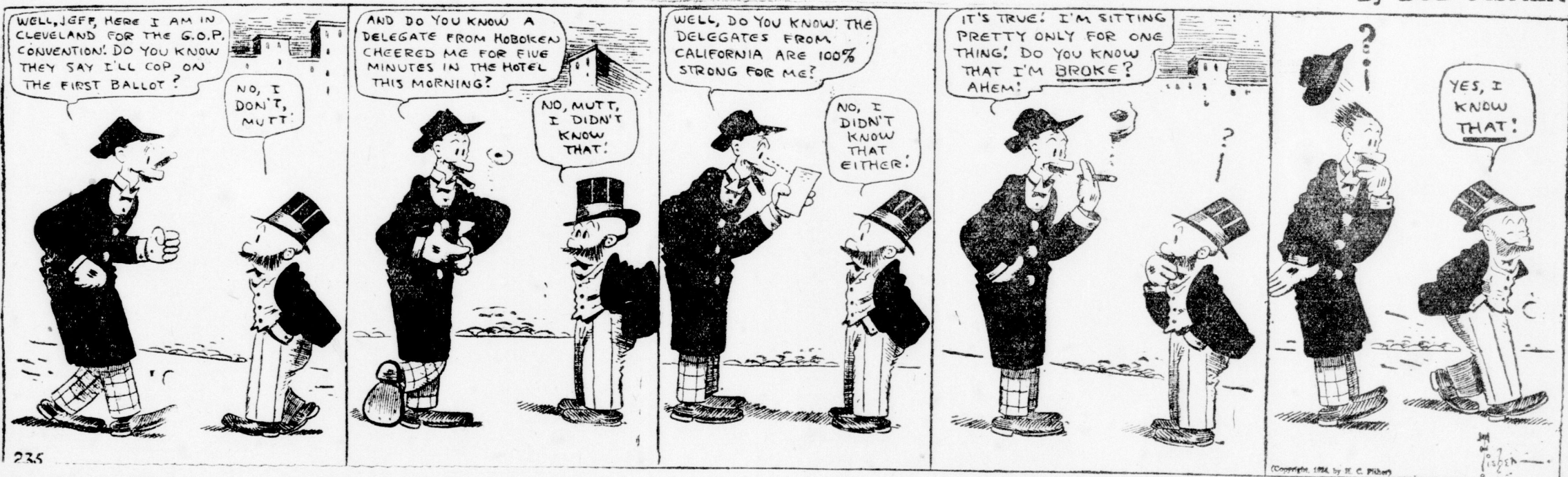
But Toots' Name Led All the Rest.

By JIMMY MURPHY



## MUTT AND JEFF

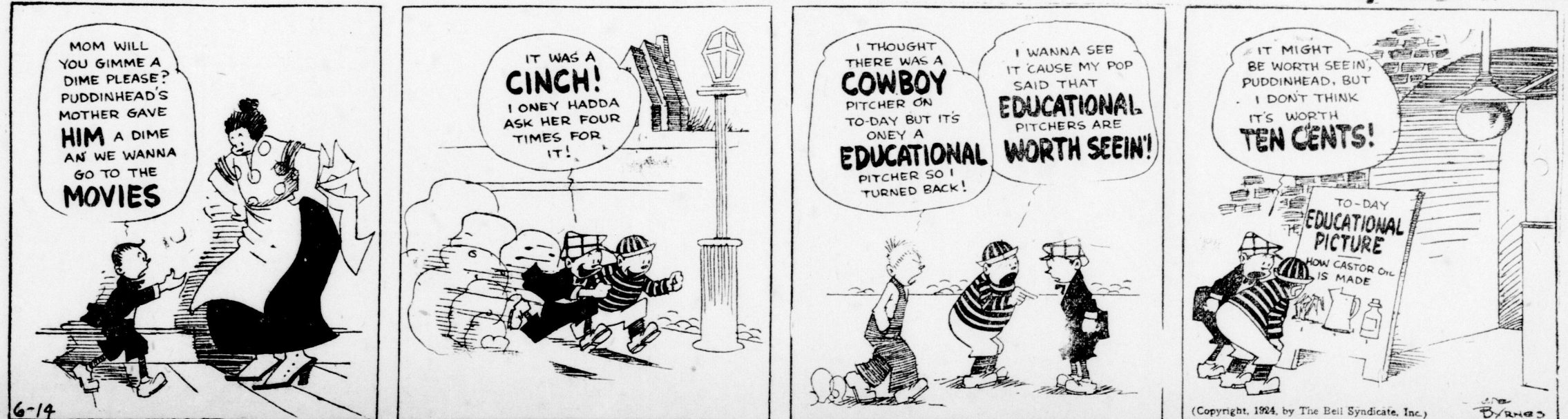
By BUD FISHER



## REG'LAR FELLERS

Not So Good.

By GENE BYRNES



Genuine  
**BAYER**  
**ASPIRIN**

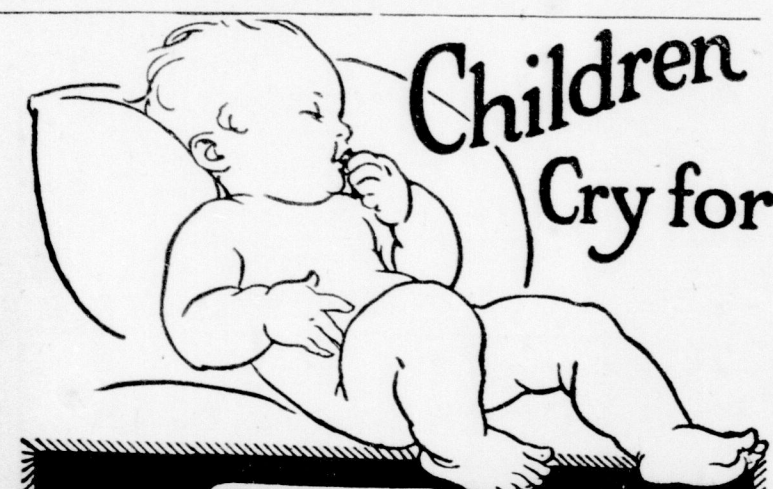
SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Headache Colds Neuralgia Lumbago  
Pain Toothache Neuritis Rheumatism

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."



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

Avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Wm. D. Fletcher* on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.



**Rowat's Coffee**

Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.  
70c Pound.  
Try a Pound Today.

**T. A. Rowat & Co.**  
250 Dundas St. Phone 3951-3952



**Priceless Power**  
VISION is a priceless sense—it gives you a sense of power that means more to your comfort in life than anything else. Consult with us. Invest in perfect vision.

"The subject of eye examination should be taken up in your family circle, and discussed with candor."  
**says Mr. Foresight**

**Carlyle TREBILCOCK OPTICIAN**  
233 DUNDAS STREET, TELEPHONE 2351

PICNIC SUPPLIES; JOKE ARTICLES; SOUVENIRS.  
**Red Star News Co.**  
10 Market Lane.

**LUMBER! SHINGLES!**

XXX B. C. \$5.75 per M.  
XXXX B. C. \$6.75 " "  
XX Specials \$5.00 " "  
Garage V Siding \$4.00 " "  
**GEO. H. BELTON LUMBER COMPANY, LIMITED**

**Dr. J. W. Hutchison**

OPTOMETRIST.  
EXPERT EYE EXAMINATION  
Office in Johnston Bros. Jewelry Store,  
Next to Allen Theatre.

**LOST ARTICLES**

seldom stay lost if losers and finders have recourse to the ads in The Advertiser's Lost and Found columns.

Our fitters are experts, \$1.50 to \$10.00. We have Trusses to fit all needs.  
**ANDERSON & NELSON**  
268 Dundas St.

**DR. J. JARVIS**

DENTIST  
GENERAL PRACTICE.  
SPECIALTY—PAINLESS  
EXTRACTION, PLATE WORK  
AND X-RAY.  
213 DUNDAS STREET

**COKE**

MADE IN CANADA

**HARD COAL**

ALL SIZES  
HOT AS BLAZES

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The delicious flavor of Split-Top Bread will satisfy the craving appetite when no other food will.

The nutritious qualities of Split-Top

will build up your system and lead you to good health.

For your daily supply of bread

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**PARNELL**  
The Breadman

Dry Hardwood Slabs Now.

Also Coke and Coal.

**GILLIES**

Phone 1312, Cor. Adelaide and Bathurst.

**Sun it with Flowers**

**DICKS**

FLOWER SHOP

ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION

CONVENTION CONCLUDES

Canadian Press Despatch.

Ottawa, June 13.—With the reading of the report on the operating of an electric railway system in a medium-sized city by A. H. Foster, manager of the Brantford municipal railway, the convention of the Canadian Electric Railway Association came to a close this morning.

Eustace Smith Jun. announced the slate of officers for 1924 as follows:

President, D. E. Blair, Montreal, superintendent rolling stock Montreal

Tramways; vice-president, W. F. Hart, Three Rivers, vice-president

Three Rivers Traction Company; treasurer, E. P. Coleman, general

manager Dominion Power and Transmission Company, Hamilton; auditor,

C. B. King, manager London Street Railway.

**H.P. sauce**

a favorite everywhere

—it stands alone

among sauces.

H.P. flavor is unique.

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**Bishop Williams Gives Address To Huron Club**

DR. D. J. SINCLAIR, M.P., member from North Oxford in the federal parliament, and prominent Liberal worker, who will be present at the big rally to be held in Hyman Hall tonight.

**LABOR PROTESTS PROPOSED REPEAL**

Up in Arms Against Move of No. 2 Committee Regarding Holiday.

**TAKE UP CUDGELS**

Organized labor in London is up in arms against the move of No. 2 committee of the city council to repeal the bylaw, whereby outside workers of a year's standing are permitted two weeks' vacation with pay. Their complaint will be brought before the city fathers at the next regular session.

Meeting last night, the Trades and Labor Council voted to take up the cudgels for the garbage collectors' union, members of which would be most affected by action to repeal the vacation bylaw. A year ago, after some fight, outside workers in the city's employ, were able to get the holiday provision made for those who had seen at least a year's service. Recently, however, action was started by No. 2 committee to have the holiday section repealed.

The matter will be put to the city council when consideration will be asked by the labor men, who point out that other leading cities have made vacation provisions for their workers.

**14 MONTHS' OLD BOY STRANGLED TO DEATH**

Is Pinned To Back of Bed by Heavy Iron Cross-piece.

Special To The Advertiser.

Sarnia, June 13.—The fourteen months old son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Holm, this city, lost his life by strangulation in an extraordinary manner last night when he climbed out of his bed and succeeded in pulling onto him a heavy iron bedstead which was standing between the child's bed and the wall. One of the iron crosspieces of the bedstead pinned the child by the throat against the wooden back of his own bed, and unable to move or cry out, owing to the pressure of the windpipe, he died where he stood. There he was found by his mother who came into the room some minutes later.

Dr. McDonald was called and pronounced death due to strangulation and no inquest is found necessary.

Public Schools Close.

Breadalbin, N. Y., June 13.—The public schools here were ordered closed for the remainder of the school year today, when a member of this year's graduating class was reported ill with smallpox. One other student is said to have contracted the disease.

**TOO WEAK TO WALK**

The Sad Condition of a Brandon Lady—How Relief Came.

"I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Annie Treherne, Brandon, Man., who tells of her new found health as follows: "Some years ago I had an attack of pneumonia and it left me in a terribly weakened and rundown state. I was unable to walk for a long time, as I had practically lost the use of my legs, and had to be carried up stairs, for I had not the strength to go myself. I became despondent over my condition, for I had tried many remedies, which failed to help me. While in this wretched condition a lady friend urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and I procured a supply. After taking the pills for a while I could see that I was growing stronger, and I gladly continued their use until I had fully regained my former health and strength. Now if I feel at all run-down at any time I at once take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they never fail me. I can, therefore, warmly recommend them to others who may be run-down."

There is no better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to improve the blood and bring back strength after acute diseases such as fevers, pneumonia, influenza, etc. Given a fair trial they will not disappoint you. You can get the pills from your druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Adv.

Two Polish Farmers

DROWN IN BLACK RIVER

Cobalt, Ont., June 13.—Mike Klemenc and Joe Kroschenko, two Polish farmers of Yorkton, on the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway north of Swastika, were drowned in the Black River and a coroner's jury investigation has returned a verdict of accidental death, and has blamed a third member of the party, a man named Brown, for negligence in not going to the rescue.

Avonton Man Succumbs To Motor Car Injuries

Canadian Press Despatch.

Stratford, June 13.—John Murray of Avonton, who was struck by an automobile on Wellington street on May 17, succumbed to his injuries at his home in Union Township early this morning. The car was driven by Clarence Pepper, 24 Wellington street, and the unfortunate man was endeavoring to avoid being hit by one car when he walked into the path of one driven by Pepper. Coroner Montiech has decided that an inquest is not necessary.

**Declares Childless Marriage Contributes To Degradation of Family Life.****APPEALS TO DUTY**

Advises the Young Man To Steer Clear of Divorce Courts.

Marriage without children is a contributing factor to the degradation of family life, and the consequent decay of the state, Bishop Williams declared last night in an address at the annual banquet of the Huron Club, an organization of young men in connection with All Saints' Church. The bishop was one of two guests of honor, whose addresses featured an unusually successful program. Hon. Dr. Jamieson, chairman of the agricultural committee of the provincial legislature, and a lifelong friend of the Huron Club, presided. Rev. A. A. Bice, was the second speaker, informing young men who had taken up their life work in the city of the problems which confronted other young men who were taking up life in the rural districts.

The degradation of the family life today, Bishop Williams declared, was taking place as a part of a voluntary policy on the part of numerous parents. Marriage without children he characterized as simply a gratification of human desire, in complete neglect of the fact that the prime duty of the institution was the procreation of children who were to be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Issues Warning. He uttered a vigorous warning to the young man not to pattern their lives on the example set by a large number of people in the United States, speaking particularly with regard to the prevalence of divorce in that country.

"I hope," he said, "that you will all be on your guard against taking your point of view from the prevalence of divorce in that country, and instead, consider Canada where divorces are few and far between."

The bishop based his address on the three institutions in which human life is cast, the family, the church, and the state. All three of these, he declared, were distinguished from other institutions, since they were upheld by the sanction of the Lord.

"As long as the family life is sacred, the nation is strong and secure, as long as Rome kept her family life pure, she was strong, but with the decay of the family life came the decay of the Empire."

"The purity of the family life is a guarantee of safety; degradation is a symptom of decay. The decay of family life in the country, he declared, were distinguished from other institutions, since they were upheld by the sanction of the Lord.

Continuing to the third point, Bishop Williams stated that there was a tendency to forget the divinity of the state, and the fact that it was sanctioned by God.

"What makes a good citizen?" he asked, "goodness or cleverness? We can have a clever rogue, but if a man is innately good he is a good citizen, and if he is good he has faith in God. Without faith in God what motive has a man in living, because then only two questions are left, profit or loss, pain or pleasure. What kind of a world would we have if we were governed of men who thought only of avoiding loss and pain and coveting pleasure and profit? Would we have won the war if thousands of young men had not put duty before either profit or pleasure as they did?"

**GOVERNMENT WILL PAY THIRD OF BRIDGE COSTS**

Minister Intimates Provinces Concerned Will Have To Pay Balance.

Ottawa, June 13.—Consideration of estimates of the department of public works, in the House of Commons today brought from the minister, Hon. J. H. King, an intimation that the Dominion government is prepared to meet one-third of the cost of inter-provincial bridge construction, provided that the provinces concerned will bear the other two-thirds.

Two Polish Farmers

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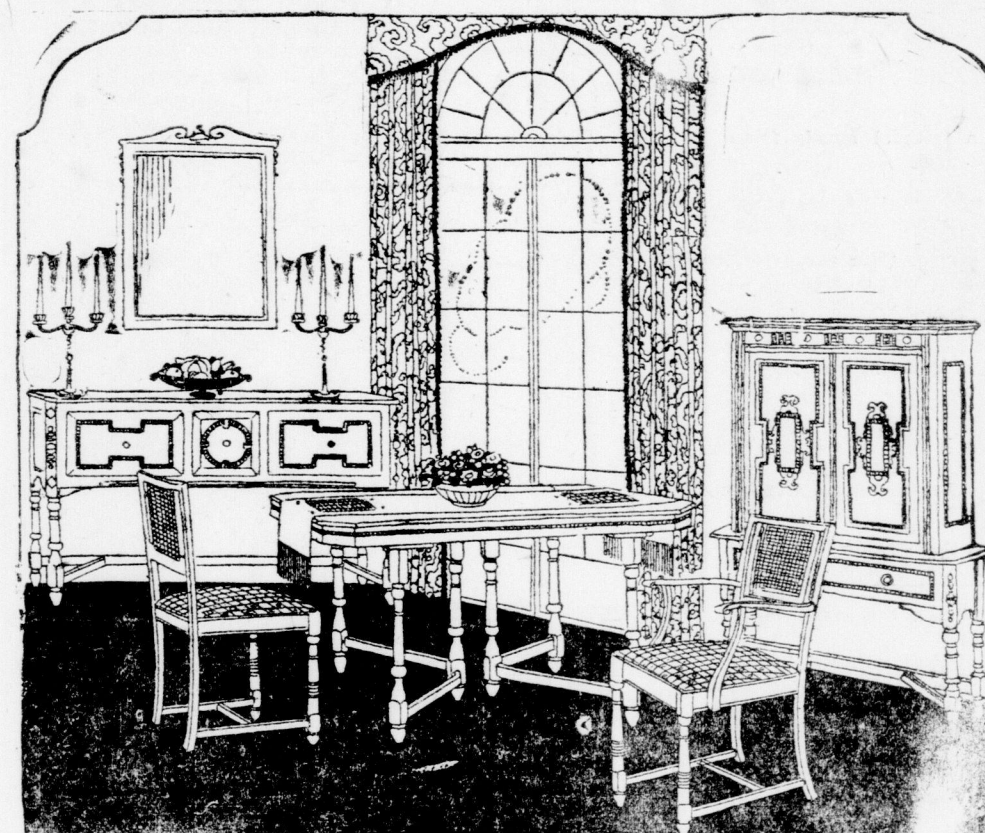
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**Walnut For Your Dining-Room**

Three times each day your family gathers around your dining table. In our complex modern life, meal times are apt to be the only hours of the day when the whole family is present.

**HAVE YOU STORED YOUR FURS?**

Mr. Moth is very, very busy just now with preparations for "colonization." Has he been down your way? The only safety for your furs is cold storage, which insures them against loss by fire or theft, also at a very small cost.

PHONE OR INQUIRE ON SECOND FLOOR.

**Making Slip Covers and Re-Upholstering Furniture**

Protecting the new and renewing the old, keeps our upholsterers busy right through the summer season, having gained a reputation for excellent work.

If you have some worn pieces, now is the time to have them re-upholstered and ready when the winter indoor season returns. Do not neglect to protect your good upholstered pieces with slip covers. Those pretty chintzes add such a cool atmosphere to the living-room and protect your coverings from the dust and heat. Will you do this?

If you anticipate having this work done now or while you are at the lakeside or summer home, phone us and we will send a man who will give estimates and submit samples for any work you have. And if satisfactory, your furniture will be called for free of charge and returned when wanted.

**YOU WILL BE DELIGHTED WITH THE NEW FURNITURE COVERINGS.**

|                                              |                        |                                      |                        |
|----------------------------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------------|------------------------|
| Furniture Denims, 36-inch                    | 95c and \$1.25 yard    | Furniture Tapestries, 50-inch        | \$3.00 to \$12.50 yard |
| Chintz and Cretonnes for slip coverings      | 35c to \$1.00 yard     | Plain Mohairs, 48 inches wide        | \$5.00 to \$16.50 yard |
| Chintz and Cretonnes for furniture coverings | \$1.00 to \$3.00 yard  | Pintons Mohairs, 48 inches wide      | \$9.50 to \$14.50 yard |
| English Poplins, 50-inch                     | \$1.50 and \$2.80 yard | Velours (all shades), 50 inches wide | \$3.00 to \$6.50 yard  |

And many other materials suitable for this purpose. Fourth Floor.

**Your Fashionable Vacation Luggage Now Showing In the Basement**

This year's insistence upon the ensemble effect lends new importance to your luggage. While your luggage may not be a part of your costume, it is a part of the complete picture you present. So the fashionable traveller who selects with thought and care will choose these pieces for her summer vacation.

The fashionable hat box in the black enamelled duck, in black and russet bindings with brocaded lining and pocket, is very popular with the traveller of today. Prices, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$10.50

Next comes the Overnight Bag or the Pullman Case, being a favorite choice in fitted pieces. These cases come in the black pattern fitted with amber, shell or ivory; one of the most useful among travelling necessities. Prices, \$17.50 and \$23.50

The genuine Cowhide Club Bag, full leather lined, double leather corners, durable steel frame, double well riveted handles, coming with or without straps. Wonderfully strong for the ocean trip to carry the everyday necessities. Prices, \$11.00, \$17.50, \$23.50, \$25.00 and \$35.00

**SPECIAL**

Course Dinner in the Restaurant,  
11:30 to 2. Quick Service,  
40c.

**SMALLMAN & INGRAM**  
LIMITED

**AFTERNOON TEA**

Dainty Luncheonettes Served From  
3 to 5:30. Special Menu.  
Restaurant—Fourth Floor.

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FOR FIREPLACES.  
**JENKINS FUEL CO.**  
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**Quality Vulcanizing Only.**

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**HAWKEN-LANG COAL COMPANY**

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Handsome Motor Hearse.  
Day or Night Service with Promptness, Neatness and Quietness.  
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WEGNER OFFERS  
200 DOZEN MEN'S  
**STRAW HATS**

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25c TO \$3.95

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**Smoke OLD CHUM**

The Tobacco of Quality



Sealed Package (which keeps the tobacco in its original condition) 15c

also in 1/2 lb. tins

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