

GERMAN STUDENT FIRES ON EGYPTIAN PREMIER

Five Hundred London Orangemen Join Great Celebration

BRANTFORD IS CENTER OF GREAT GATHERING

Orangemen of Western Ontario Parade Today in Telephone City.

500 LONDONERS

Parade to C. N. R. Station. Accompanied by Four Bands.

Five hundred London Orangemen left the city this morning for Brantford to celebrate the Twelfth, marching along the streets to the C. N. R. station to the tune of the fife and with the gay silk banners of the various lodges spread abroad in the clear morning sunshine.

Headed by the London Brass Band, the long column marched from Ulster Hall, their rendezvous, along Dundas, up Wellington along Queen's avenue and down Richmond street. The Forest City Band, the winners of last year's gathering in Chatham, and the Hackett Pipe and Drum Band, who hope to be the winners this year, added their music at the head of their lodges.

Nassau Lodge departed from the usual music of the Orangemen and engaged Jimmy Hamilton's Pipe Band to honor the occasion, and the song of the pipes brought up the end of the parade.

They filled an eight-coach special train and at half-past nine punctually to the stroke of the clock they disappeared Brantford-wise amidst a cheer from the crowd, which had gathered on the platform, and a vast sea of waving handkerchiefs.

They had a hard day before them, a long day of sports, and a fairly long list of speeches. But no true Orangemen ever balked at this, and they expect to get back to London tonight in the cool of the evening, having accomplished a fitting celebration of the supreme date in Orange history—July 12—having run a good race as far as the sports are concerned, and having notched another mark on the record of the London and the local arrangements in many centers to make it the most successful in the history of the order in Canada were duly carried out.

JULY 12 IN TORONTO.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, July 12.—Accompanied in some cases by unusual celebrations, the festival day of Orangemen was generally observed today in most of the provinces of the Dominion. It was the 334th anniversary of the "Battle of the Boyne," and the local arrangements in many centers to make it the most successful in the history of the order in Canada were duly carried out.

In Toronto, acknowledged to be the ultra Orange city of North America, the ceremonies and processions of the Orange lodges overshadowed all other business, social and community activities of the day. The parade was again the "greatest ever," and the speech-making at the Exhibition grounds presented the ideals and the Please See Page 12, Column 8.

The Weather

FORECASTS.

Moderate fresh southwesterly winds; fair and warm today; a few local thunderstorms tonight or Sunday. The pressure is high on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, with a trough of low extending from Lake Superior to the Southwest States. With the exception of a few light scattered showers in North Saskatchewan and in the vicinity of Port Arthur, the weather has been fair over the Dominion.

Temperatures.

The highest and lowest temperatures during the 24 hours previous to 8 a.m. today were:

Stations.	High.	Low.	Weather.
Victoria	68	50	Clear
Calgary	74	42	Clear
Winnipeg	78	54	Fair
Port Arthur	88	56	Fair
Parry Sound	74	60	Fair
Toronto	88	56	Fair
Kingsford	76	62	Clear
Ottawa	86	56	Fair
Montreal	80	58	Clear
Quebec	80	58	Clear
Father Point	78	46	Cloudy
St. John	75	56	Clear
Halifax	75	56	Clear

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.

The highest and lowest temperatures recorded in London during the 24 hours previous to 8 o'clock last night were: Highest, 82; lowest, 53. The official temperatures for the 12 hours previous to 8 a.m. today were: Highest, 71; lowest, 59.

Barometric Readings.

Friday—8 p.m.—29.27.
Today—8 a.m.—29.17.



LONDONERS CELEBRATE TWELFTH IN BRANTFORD.

Wearing their Glorious Twelfth smile, five hundred London Orangemen clamber aboard a Canadian National special this morning at half past nine and started on the first lap of the day in the Brantford celebration.

At the top of the picture is the head of the parade as it passed The Advertiser office on Richmond street on the way to the station. At the bottom can be seen some of the brethren leaning out of the windows of the train, saying good-bye to their

BRAZIL IN STATE OF CIVIL WAR

Insurrection at Sao Paulo Results in Serious Situation.

Associated Press Despatch. Buenos Aires, July 12.—A virtual state of civil war appears to have resulted from the insurrection at Sao Paulo, with the "provisional government" established by the rebels opposed to the federal government at Rio Janeiro. An official communique given out at noon yesterday in Rio and delayed in transit here says the federal forces on Thursday concentrated their fire upon "certain points" in the city "with satisfactory results."

A wireless message from a Japanese vessel states that the government warehouse at the port of Santos is afire.

CONFINED TO SAO PAULO.

Associated Press Despatch. Buenos Aires, July 12.—The Brazilian foreign office in a statement cabled to its diplomatic representatives abroad declares the insurrectionary movement is confined to the city of Sao Paulo, and that the rebels are completely dominated by the federal forces, says a despatch from Rio de Janeiro to La Nacion. The statement denies as "false and alarmist" information regarding the alleged spread of the movement to the State of Rio Grande.

CANADIAN OFFICER WINS CONAN DOYLE TROPHY

Bisley Event Is Captured by Sergt-Major Goodhouse, Ottawa.

Associated Press Despatch. Bisley Camp, July 12.—Sergt-Major F. U. Goodhouse, Ottawa, who made a possible 70 yesterday in the competition for the Conan Doyle challenge statuette, and £8, was first, and Major R. Crose, Ottawa, with a score of 68, was third, and a 22, 19 shillings, that the rebels are completely dominated by the federal forces, says a despatch from Rio de Janeiro to La Nacion. The statement denies as "false and alarmist" information regarding the alleged spread of the movement to the State of Rio Grande.

GUESTS OF BELGIANS.

Associated Press Despatch. Brussels, July 12.—Professors and students of Harvard, McGill, Toronto and other North American universities, who have been visiting the harbor of Flanders, were guests of the Belgian University Federation Club at a huge banquet last night. After seeing the sights of the capital, they plan to leave for Paris to attend the Olympics.

Mistake Police For Rum Runners

Associated Press Despatch. New York, July 12.—Two policemen, patrolling the bay in a motor boat early today on the lookout for rum smugglers, were fired upon by customs men in another boat. The customs men mistook the policemen for smugglers.

STILL OWNER PAYS MAXIMUM FINE, \$500

Complete Outfit Seized With Supply of Mash—Proud of Product.

William Hyslop, age 65, pleaded guilty before Magistrate Gladman this morning to having a complete still in his possession and was fined the maximum fine for a first offense, \$500 and costs, or six months' jail. The fine was paid.

Prince Will See U.S. Polo Games

Expects To Visit America in September.

Associated Press Despatch. New York, July 12.—The Prince of Wales, who will attend the international polo matches between the United States and British teams at Meadowbrook in September, will leave England on Aug. 26. The prince does not intend to play in the open championship tournament or in the Monty-Waterbury cup series, but probably will witness both events.

ENGINE TROUBLE FORCES BRITISH FLIER TO LAND

Associated Press Despatch. Kasumigaura, Japan, July 12.—Stuart MacLaren, who hopped off with two companions this afternoon for Minato to cross the Pacific on a flight around the world, was forced to return here by engine trouble which developed soon after he started this morning. MacLaren hopes to start again for Minato tomorrow morning.

BACK IS BROKEN, PATIENT DYING

Andrew Johnston Is Growing Worse—Little Hope Held For Recovery.

The condition of Andrew Johnston, 11 McKay street, Manor Park, who was buried under ten tons of gravel on Thursday afternoon while working in a gravel pit, was reported by Victoria Hospital authorities this morning to be worse, and little hope is held out for his recovery.

His body was entirely covered with the gravel and had not been found by workmen, who noticed his absence, he would have been suffocated in a short while. He sustained a broken back, three broken ribs, broken leg, lacerations of the scalp and suffered many internal injuries.

An operation was performed yesterday afternoon in an effort to release the pressure on the spinal cord, but his back had been broken so badly that this met with no success. He is suffering greatly from shock, and this combined with his other injuries, will probably cause his death.

Other workmen did not pay attention to the noise when they heard it, because these landslides are happening often, and it was not until some moments later that Johnston's absence was noticed. He had just returned for a load of gravel, and the men there did not know whether he had returned, not, or whether he had been caught in the slide that started to dig the gravel away and found him in an unconscious condition and scarcely breathing.

RUMOR GOVERNOR GRANT WILL RESIGN SHORTLY

Canadian Press Despatch. Halifax, N.S., July 12.—The Herald today says that there are good grounds for a prevailing rumor that Lieutenant-Governor McCallum Grant will resign shortly, because of ill health. Lieutenant-Governor Grant returned recently from a long sojourn at an American health resort. It is understood that he will remain in office until after the visit in August of the Dominion government, which is to take place in the latter part of the month. No mention is made of a probable successor.

TELEGRAPHERS EXPECT WAGES TO BE RAISED

Wages of district telegraphers, in line with the revision of wages by the heads of the C. N. R. and C. P. R. Wales, who will attend the international telegraphers presented to the Dominion government, will likely be raised. Confidence is expressed that a board of conciliation will be appointed to deal with the case. Some 30 telegraphers and linemen in this district are affected and as there standard runs below the east-southwest line, the claim is felt.

CREW OF 27 IS MISSING FROM SHIP ON PACIFIC

Japanese Vessel Reports Mysterious Derelict on Costa Rica Coast.

FOXTERRIER LIVES

Ship's Mascot Is the Only Sign of Life Found Aboard.

Special to The Advertiser.

By C. L. OWEN.

San Francisco, July 12.—In the floating derelict of a ninety-ton wooden schooner now wandering aimlessly about in the lanes of ocean travel somewhere between San Francisco and Panama, maritime authorities here today have a mysterious tragedy of the sea which is one of the strangest ever recorded. The mystery derelict is that of the schooner Panviezo, apparently a ship without a country, without registry at any port, and so far as can be learned, a vessel upon which the maritime authorities of all the seven seas are unable to shed any explanatory light.

Equally baffling as the question of the place from which the mystery ship hailed is the fate that overtook her and what became of her captain and crew, presumed to have numbered about 27 men.

First word regarding the half-submerged hulk of the Panviezo and of the tragic but unsolved fate which seems to have overtaken her, has just been brought to this port by the steamer Saturna of en route from New York to the Orient.

The derelict was almost rammed by the Saturna off the western coast of Costa Rica several days ago. Looming up suddenly out of the night like a phantom ship of fiction, and with her sails still set, the Panviezo crossed the bow of the Orient-bound ship so closely that a collision was narrowly averted.

No Answer.

When the master of the Saturna tried to hail her there was no answer. Also she carried no lights, and it was noted that she sailed such an erratic course that something must be wrong. So the Saturna stood by until daylight.

When a boarding party was sent to the Panviezo the next morning they found her half full of water, most of her cargo jettisoned, and evidences that she had been through a terrific storm. Captain and crew were missing. The only living thing aboard the vessel was a fox terrier, evidently the ship's mascot, which was almost dead from hunger and thirst.

This in itself was strange, as one of the age-old superstitions of the sea is that a ship's mascot, like women and children, must always come first in attempts at rescue.

The mystery was further deepened Please See Page 12, Column 6.

COMES TO REPORT HOLD-UP BUT SHOOTS DETECTIVE

Stranger Startles New York Police Headquarters by Novel Attack.

NOW IN HOSPITAL

Captured by Officers After a Lively Race Through Building.

Associated Press Despatch. New York, July 12.—Wm. Nestor, city detective and former football star of Rutgers College was seriously wounded this morning by an unidentified man who fired two bullets into the detective's abdomen, after walking into police headquarters and announcing that he wanted to report a hold-up. Pursued through all four floors of the building, the assailant was twice wounded by detectives and patrolmen before he was captured. The attacker received a bullet wound in the left arm and lacerations.

The unidentified attacker is unconscious at the city hospital.

CUPID SHOWING MORE PEP IN JULY OF THIS YEAR

So far July has been well up to standard in the demand for marriage licenses from the city clerk's office. To date, twenty-one have been issued, as compared with thirteen in the same period of 1923. They sell at \$5, but as the provincial government takes four of them, the city adds very little to its treasury by supplying these interesting documents to would-be cupid victims in the good old summer time.

FIGHTS CLOUD ON BRAIN TO REGAIN PAST LIFE

Albert MacNamara Able To Reason Out Problems of Day.

LONDON LOST IN PAST

Knowledge of World Affairs No Greater Than Child of Five.

Albert MacNamara is fighting today to gather together the long threads of his past.

The man who lost his memory, who became a victim of the baffling affliction puzzling his way through a maze of confused thoughts to delve into his own life.

Albert MacNamara is a London man. He was working in Detroit up to a week ago. On Saturday he was found in Chatham. He had completely lost his memory.

Today he recognizes in a vague way some of his relatives and friends, but cannot link them with the past.

Last night The Advertiser called on the mystery man, he was resting at the home of his sister, Mrs. Harry Holmes, 39 Vauxhall avenue.

"I am feeling better," said the stricken man, "but now remains the task of gathering together the events of the past."

"The Advertiser wants to know when you left Detroit," said Mrs. Holmes to her brother.

"Yes, Detroit."

"Was I there?"

"Of course you were," replied Mrs. Holmes. "Here are your glasses, the case says you bought them in Detroit."

"Well," replied the victim of amnesia, "if I was in Detroit why would I return to Canada? Every one knows that there is less work in Canada than there is in Detroit."

Free to Reason.

This is one of the most baffling phases of the disease. It leaves a mind free to reason as well as it ever did, yet refuses to permit the reasoning to link with events.

"What do you remember of your wanderings was the next question."

"Nothing," came the answer, "that is the problem."

"But you must have slept somewhere in those days of wandering," prompted The Advertiser representative.

"Yes, that is true," he replied, "I must have. I think I remember a big white bed in a big white room."

"Do you remember the Salvation Army office at Chatham, Mrs. MacNamara, your son's wife, you know. She says that the army officials in Chatham were very kind to you."

"The man must have been. Some one must have looked after me, but I can't tell you now. That is the problem—to remember what took place while I was in the dark."

"Are you suffering now?" said the reporter.

"No, not now; but I did suffer torture. No, that is not it, it was Please See Page 3, Column 2."



A. F. HEALEY, M.P.

for North Essex who is being prominently mentioned for the office of postmaster-general should the Hon. Charles Murphy resign.

MENTION HEALEY FOR MURPHY JOB

Gossip Says North Essex Member May Become Postmaster-General.

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, July 12.—Gossip is strong and rampant in parliamentary circles that Hon. Charles Murphy, postmaster-general, will shortly resign and be succeeded by A. F. Healey, M.P. for North Essex, states the Citizen.

In the same connection it is reported that Senator M. J. O'Brien may resign and be succeeded in the upper house by Mr. Murphy. Developments are looked for after the session, the newspaper says.

Field Mice Dwell In Box of Berries

Family Located Sleeping Strawberry in Crate.

Field mice mothers believe, just like ordinary everyday mothers in London, that there is really nothing too good for their children, and this is the reason ascribed by a Springfield fruit grower for the presence of a large family of field mice in a box of strawberries in a crate delivered to Chancey Smith, local wholesaler, this morning.

The berries were delivered to Mr. Smith shortly after 6:30 this morning and a small hole in the side of the crate was noticed by Hugh Wilkins. Investigation showed a family of five little mice resting peacefully and sleepily in a box of strawberries on the bottom layer of boxes, their little whiskers dripping with strawberry juice. The mother was found in "the house next door," in other words the adjoining box of berries.

Field mice have been known to park in some queer places, but this is the first time in the knowledge of Mr. Wilkins that they have been found sleeping and feeding on strawberries.

MAN SERIOUSLY HURT FIXING EAVESTROUGH

Frank Wilson Falls to Cement Walk at Killingsworth Funeral Home.

Frank Wilson, an employee of W. W. Smith and Sons, was seriously injured this morning when he fell from a ladder while repairing an eavestrough at the Killingsworth Funeral Home. He was taken to Victoria Hospital and was reported at noon to be doing nicely.

The exact amount of his injuries is not known but it is thought that he sustained a broken jaw bone. He also received many cuts and bruises. He fell from a height of forty feet onto a cement walk at the side of the house, and when picked up he was unconscious.

His sister, Helen, was in an accident a month ago when she was struck by a street car at the corner of Horton and Colborne streets while driving her car.

SPRINGBANK PICNICS.

Picnics at Springbank Park this afternoon included those of the Egerton Street Church, R. Y. P. U., the Peacock family reunion, Empress Avenue Methodist Church, Banner Class, and St. Matthews Anglican Church.

EGYPTIAN PREMIER SHOT BY STUDENT

Condition of Zagloul Pasha Grave, Say the Latest Reports.

CAPTURE ASSAILANT

Cairo Police Have Difficulty in Taking the Student Implicated.

Associated Press Despatch.

Cairo, Egypt, July 12.—The Egyptian premier, Zagloul Pasha, was wounded in the right hand by a revolver shot at the railroad station today, when about to leave for Alexandria. The assailant was rescued with difficulty from the crowd and was placed on the train, while Zagloul Pasha was removed to his home.

The would-be slayer later described himself as Abdel Khan, and said he was a student at the University of Cairo, for the murder was grave and declared he had fired at the premier from a distance of three yards.

There were reports that the premier's condition was grave and that little hope was held out for his recovery, but bulletins from the hospital to which he later was removed were reassuring.

PAPERS OF NEW YORK FEATURE MUIR HANGING

Little Comment Is Made, However, on Valleyfield Execution.

Associated Press Despatch.

New York, July 12.—Interest was aroused here over the execution of Walter Muir of New York at Valleyfield, Que., for the murder of Henri Lavoie. Most of the New York dailies featured the story of the execution on their front pages. Few papers made any comment, however. The Bulletin, a newcomer, waded into its editorial column.

The New York World this morning, in an editorial referring to the Muir case, deplored the carrying of deadly weapons. "The real cause of such crimes," the World said, "is the practice of carrying weapons. The boy with the pistol imagined himself under compulsion to kill in a dispute over nothing more important than a dog. The dog, in his view, could not have been sufficiently valuable to warrant a shooting, which cost two human beings their right to live. The weapon-carrier exaggerates trivial differences."

SAILORS' REASON GOES AFTER PIRATE ATTACK?

Sensational Stories Leak Out About Attack on S. S. Mulhouse.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Halifax, N.S., July 12.—A mass of conflicting reports continues to surround the alleged pirate attack on the French steamer Mulhouse, which put into this port last Tuesday, reporting the loss of nearly a million dollars worth of liquor and cash on Rum Row late last month. A sensational report that has leaked out is to the effect that three officers of the Mulhouse were so affected by their experiences at the hands of the pirates that they lost their reason, and were taken by a French cruiser to St. Pierre for medical attention.

PLEBISCITE IN MEXICO WILL PROVE VICTORY?

Associated Press Despatch.

Mexico City, July 12.—Claiming that General Aguirre won the presidential election last Saturday, his followers declare they intend to carry out a national plebiscite in order to prove to congress their "overwhelming victory" over the party of General Plutarco Elias Calles.

In consequence of a recent clash between armed agrarians and federal soldiers near Matlata, in the State of Vera Cruz, in which four soldiers were killed, the war department has ordered all military commanders immediately to disarm agrarians to prevent further outrages.

PLAGUE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Associated Press Despatch.

Sofia, Bulgaria, July 12.—The premier medical commission here today declared that Constantinople has no plague, has no quarantine.

Western Canada Is Given Increased Representation In the Federal House

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC UNCHANGED AS TEN NEW SEATS ARE CREATED

Number of Ontario Seats Unchanged, But Several New Ridings Formed.

TORONTO GETS NINE

Four Additional Members Are Given To Queen City—York Loses One.

EAST ELGIN GOES

Norfolk Absorbs Portion of Elgin County—Essex Gets Three Members.

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, July 11.—The redistribution bill, with its definition of constituencies, is now before the House. Referred to a special committee at the end of March, this measure has been the subject of arduous sittings; many differences of opinion have arisen in regard to it, and long and sometimes contentious discussions have raged about its details. Even now the report is not entirely unanimous.

No minority report is presented, but the report of the committee states explicitly that the members have been unable to agree as regards four constituencies in the province of Ontario. These are South Hastings, West Peterboro, Hastings-Peterboro and Port William.

The committee was unanimous on the other provinces.

Report Not Final.

The report of the committee, which was laid on the table of the House tonight by Hon. E. M. MacDonald, chairman, makes no reference to the subject of Maritime Provinces representation, concerning which hearings took place before the committee. This report, however, is not final and further sessions of the committee are scheduled for next week, when it may be dealt with.

The report of the committee contains an amendment to the original in regard to the interpretation of doubtful points concerning constituency boundaries. Under the former redistribution bill, issues of this kind came up for settlement and had to be handled by the chief electoral officer without explicit authority. The amendment recommended by the committee confers such authority on that official.

Under the redistribution bill there will be 245 members in the House of Commons and the unit of representation is 22,250.

Nova Scotia gets 14 members instead of 16 on the present House. The reduction is made by uniting the two present ridings of Hants and Kings, and by dividing Queens-Shelburne between Lunenburg and Yarmouth. Cape Breton South and Richmond is divided, one constituency being Cape Breton South and other including West Cape Breton and Richmond.

Stays At Eleven.

The constituencies in New Brunswick remain substantially as at present, though the present title of St. John City and County of St. John and Albert is reduced to the shorter form, St. John-Albert. The number of New Brunswick members remains substantially as at present, which is 11. There is no change in Prince Edward Island, which has four members.

Quebec, being the pivotal province of redistribution, is unchanged with its 65 members, but there are some alterations in the distribution. The present ridings of Mississippi and Bromes are united, as are also those of Berthier and Maskinonge. The present riding of Chicoutimi-Saguenay is divided, Chicoutimi being given a member to itself, while Saguenay is added to Charlevoix. Montmorency, at present united to Charlevoix, being joined to part of the county of Quebec to make a new constituency known as Quebec-Montmorency.

A new constituency is created under the name of Lake St. John.

Thirteen For Montreal.

An additional riding is also given to the Island of Montreal which, under the redistribution will have 13 members. The new constituency is called Mount Royal and includes Westmount, Notre Dame de Grace, together with Montreal West, Hampstead and Mount Royal. St. Henri becomes a separate constituency. The name of the present riding of Etienne Carlier is shortened to that official.

Ontario retains 82 members. There are many changes in the constituencies. Glengarry and Stormont is divided into two divisions. Dundas and Grenville are unchanged. Lennox-Addington is divided, Addington joining Frontenac and Lennox joining Prince Edward. Hastings West becomes Hastings South and Hastings East joins Peterboro to make Hastings-Peterboro. North Ontario joins Muskoka. Dufferin South has Simcoe added to it. East Elgin goes into Norfolk. Essex is given three seats instead of two as at present. Temiskaming is divided into North and South. The territory at present included by the chief electoral officer without explicit authority. The amendment recommended by the committee confers such authority on that official.

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Redistribution In Brief

Number of members in House, 245; an increase of 10. Ontario and Quebec remain unchanged at 82 and 65, respectively. Manitoba representation increased from 15 to 17; Saskatchewan, 15 to 21; Alberta, 12 to 16; British Columbia, 13 to 14. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island unchanged, while Nova Scotia loses two.

Changes In Western Ontario.

Essex gets three seats instead of two. East Elgin goes into Norfolk. South Simcoe joins Dufferin.

Western Ontario Ridings.

Brant, Brantford City, Bruce North, Bruce South, Dufferin, Simcoe, Elgin, Essex East, Essex South, Essex West, Grey North, Grey South, Huron North, Huron South, Lambton East, Lambton West, London, Middlesex East, Middlesex West, Norfolk, Oxford North, Oxford South, Perth North, Perth South, Waterloo North, Waterloo South, Wellington North, Wellington South.

Increase At Toronto.

Toronto City gets nine members, an increase of four. York County loses one member.

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BANK INSPECTION CARRIES IN HOUSE

Three Progressive Amendments Are Defeated and Bill Goes Unchanged. DEFEAT WAS NEAR

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, July 11.—A bill providing for government inspection of Canadian banks passed its final stage in the House, and now goes to the Senate.

There were several Progressive amendments, and in one instance looked for a time as though the government would be defeated. This was an amendment by E. J. Garland of Bow River providing that loans by banks in excess of 10 per cent of their paid-up capital could not be made without the unanimous approval of the directors.

Conservative and Progressive leaders alike voted in favor of the amendment, and it was only defeated by 69 to 57, twelve votes from the Opposition side (eight of them this evening going with the government side). Another amendment was defeated by 94 to 42.

H. E. Spencer (Progressive, Battle River) moved an amendment regarding the redemption of banknotes. Mr. Spencer moved that the notes of a defunct bank should be redeemed in full by the government, and that the circulation redemption fund should be repaid by the bank only after all other liabilities have been met.

The amendment was seconded by W. C. Good (Progressive, Brandon).

Proposed By Robb.

Mr. Robb, in a brief statement, announced that he would vote against the amendment, and that he had been thoroughly discussed and rejected in the banking committee.

Conservative and Progressive leaders both asked for fuller information regarding the proposals and objections to it. Mr. Spencer then stated that up to the time of the Home Bank failure the general public had understood that the bank circulation redemption fund as a whole was available for the redemption of bank notes in case of insolvency. In the case, however, the liquidator had received from the note redemption fund only the amount placed there by the Home Bank of the note redemption fund.

W. D. Euler (Liberal, North Waterloo) found the amendment objectionable chiefly because it would be called upon to bear losses for which they were not individually responsible. It was an unfair principle to introduce.

T. Shaw (Independent, Calgary West) said the purpose of the amendment was to introduce the insurance principle into the operation of redemption. He was in favor of the amendment.

William Irving (Liberal, East Calgary) supported the amendment. He would make the redemption fund available as a first charge instead of a secondary charge in the event of insolvency of the bank. The public had been misled by the bank in this redemption fund as it was today.

R. B. Hanson (Conservative, York-Sunbury) said the circumstances which the amendment provided for had never arisen and would not likely ever arise. It would defeat its own purpose and create if anything an attitude of distrust.

Good Stir House.

T. W. Caldwell (Progressive, Carleton and Victoria, N.B.), Robert Forke (Progressive, Brandon) and W. C. Good (Progressive, Brandon) supported the amendment. Mr. Good referred to the defeat of a similar amendment in the bill was in committee, mentioning "committee scouts" as being chiefly instrumental in rounding up adverse votes.

Several members protested. Thomas Vieu, chairman of the banking committee, suggested that it was a slur on members of the committee to suggest that they neglected their duty as members of the committee unless they were dragged there by interested parties.

Mr. Good replied that he had not intended to reflect on anybody. Mr. Vieu said the amendment might defeat its own purpose, because if the bill went back to committee it might be around for weeks.

The division followed, when the Spencer amendment was defeated by 69 to 57. The bill was then carried by 107 to 42. The bill was then carried by 107 to 42.

Second Amendment.

Mr. Shaw at once moved another amendment to make the double liability of bank shareholders available to the minister of finance in order to meet a perilous position from which a bank might be rescued. There was no debate on the amendment.

It was lost on division.

E. J. Garland moved an amendment providing that loans by banks in excess of 10 per cent of their paid-up capital could not be made without the unanimous approval of the directors at a regular meeting which was called specifically for the purpose of the loan. It would, said Mr. Garland, prevent unwieldy loans, which could be negotiated by a quorum of three directors.

Meighen Speaks.

Right Hon. Arthur Meighen said that too much restriction of banks would have the effect of making it hard to get bankers to do any business at all. Nevertheless he felt

BIRTH RATE DROPS IN LAST 2 YEARS

Figure For 1923 Is 56,088—Is 8,076 Less Than 1922 Mark.

3,502 TWINS

The birth rate for the Dominion for 1923 was lower by 8,076 than the figure for 1922, according to the report just issued by the Dominion bureau of statistics. This in turn is some 12,000 less than in 1921.

Of the 1923 total, 52,431 were single births. There were 3,502 twins, 51 triplets, and 4 quadruplets. The proportion of male to female children in every 1,000 living births was 514 to 486. The birth rate per thousand population is 23.3, as compared with 26.3 in 1921.

The total birth figures by provinces are as follows: Ontario, 70,056; Prince Edward Island, 1,957; Nova Scotia, 11,607; New Brunswick, 10,672; Manitoba, 16,472; Saskatchewan, 20,530; Alberta, 14,972; British Columbia, 9,852.

Infant mortality was responsible for 19.7 per cent of all deaths in 1923. This is a slight improvement over 1921, when the figures were 22.0 per cent. British Columbia holds the record in this way with 46.8 infant deaths per 1,000 births. Ontario has a figure of 84.9. Maternal mortality caused 843 deaths in the Dominion last year, the rate per thousand living births being 5.4.

In the general mortality figures, disease of the heart were responsible for 19.7 per cent of all deaths, pneumonia for 8.9 per cent, cancer for 7.3 per cent, tuberculosis for 6.8 per cent. Of all deaths more than one-third were due to these four causes. Over 5,000 deaths due to cancer were in women and only 2,400 were men, but 4,700 of the tuberculosis deaths were in men and only 2,400 were women.

COMMITTED FOR TRIAL.

Lorne Bowman of Elmira will face trial on a charge of murdering his wife, who died after being attacked with a hatchet. Bowman is a former Londoner.

CATHOLICS ELECT LONDON WOMAN

Mrs. B. C. McCann Chosen First Vice-President At Edmonton Convention.

Canadian Press Despatch. Edmonton, July 11.—Mrs. B. C. W. H. Lovering was re-elected by acclamation president of the National Catholic Women's League, and Hamilton, Ontario, her home city, was chosen as the seat of the 1925 convention this afternoon.

Other officers elected were: Mrs. B. C. McCann, first vice-president; Mrs. J. J. Dugan, Edmonton, second vice-president; Mrs. Matthew Ryan, Antigonish, third vice-president; Mrs. Mary McMahon, Toronto, re-elected honorary secretary, and Miss M. L. Quillan, Niagara Falls, honorary treasurer.

His Grace the bishop of O'Leary of Edmonton was appointed honorary chaplain. Lady Hingston of Montreal was appointed first honorary vice-president.

Problems in connection with the work of the junior league committee came under discussion at the morning session of the National Catholic Women's League convention.

Apparently difficulty has been experienced in some places in securing the co-operation of the juniors. With a view to overcoming this, a committee on junior work presented recommendations which were adopted. Outstanding among these was a recommendation that juniors be given a distinct sub-division of their own of equal standing to any other sub-division in the diocese and subject to district supervision by laws. The scope of the work will be unlimited, but juniors will be urged to take up the girl guide movement, church extension work and child welfare work to co-operate with the national executive as far as possible.

Following this, discussion centered in girl guide movement, church extension work and child welfare work to co-operate with the national executive as far as possible.

Several resolutions were dealt with and it was decided to recommend the formation of study clubs in leagues with the object of studying principles of Catholic doctrine and the application of the church to public questions, and afterwards of studying civics.

WOMEN'S HANDICAPS

Headaches and Backaches Often Make Life Miserable

A woman's health handicaps her almost always. She has pains and disabilities which do not afflict men. Nature does not give her a fair chance. Her blood is more often thin and poor than a man's, and she often neglects the first beginnings of illness. To do a few chores but is unable to do very little. My boys and husband had to do the rest. If I had been called I had to go very slow or I would fail, and I was just played out when I got to the top of the stairs. My head ached terribly, and my heart would beat violently. In this deplorable condition I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When I had finished six boxes I felt much better. Then I got a further supply, and by the time I had taken these I could walk anywhere without being exhausted. The headaches had disappeared, and I am now perfectly well. Any woman who is run down should not hesitate to begin Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once, as I am sure from my own experience they will build her up."

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Adv.

CONDITION OF SIDEWALK IN EAST IS PROTESTED

The old-fashioned cow path is the name given to the sidewalk in front of the asylum grounds by the citizens of that district. The grass grows right up over the sidewalk and it is impossible to walk down this stretch at night without getting your clothes wet from the dew.

Several aldermen have been approached on the matter and immediate action is promised.

When this section was in control of the county the asylum officials were obliged to keep this grass cut, but since the city has taken it over it is the city's job to look after it.

A COMPLETE OPTICAL SERVICE

Above is shown the entrance to Western Ontario's most complete Optical Parlor. The outstanding service we have rendered the public is responsible for our present enviable position. We keep pace with the times. If it's new—we have it. As styles in optical goods change we adapt them. But our service is always the same. Safe, sane, reliable.

F. STEELE

197½ Dundas St. OPTOMETRIST. Phone 2522J.

EXCURSION IN COUNTRY FOR TRAFALGAR CLUB

Chelsea Green Parents and Children Enjoy First Annual Picnic.

The most recently organized mothers' club in the city, that of Trafalgar school, followed a delightful custom in holding its first annual picnic. For a real country outing, a spot was chosen in the woods between Chelsea Green and here, under most favorable conditions, the picnic was carried out with splendid success.

Fathers and children joined the merry throng of club members and enjoyed with them a delicious supper, served under the convership of Mrs. Harrison, and the attractive sports program, of which Mrs. Jeffrey was the convener. Race results were as follows: Boys under 6, Fred Whitely, Girls under 6, Betty Burch, Isabel Pinnell, Edna Grace, Boys' foot and shoe race, under 9, Sonny Smithers, Tommy Cornwall, L. Pringley, Girls under 10, foot and shoe, Thelma Harrison, Dorothy Pinnell, Velma Olson. Boys under 11, Danny Guay, Tom Whitney, Harold Lockyear. Girls under 10, Dorothy Harrison, Dorothy Pinnell, Dorothy Welsh, Girls 12, Marjorie Whitney, Shirley Little, Violet Guay. Ladies' race, Mrs. Cornwall, Mrs. Comber, Mrs. Barker, Boys' and girls' race, Ray Cumdore and Harry Cumdore, Mrs. Hoover and Norman Mitchell, Wheelbarrow, Allen Comber and Harry Cumdore, Tom Shute and Tom Whitney. Junior race, Mrs. Burch, Mrs. E. S. Little, Mrs. Jeffrey, Standing jump, Harry Cumdore, Norman Mitchell, Needle race, Mrs. Binkhorn, Mrs. Smithers, Mrs. Pinnell, Messrs. Harrison and Barked, Father's speed race, Messrs. Scafe and Fred Barked.

The soft ball game was a feature of the program. Mrs. Binkhorn captained the Teddies and Mrs. Pinnell the Supertees, the latter winning by a large score.

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.

Flexlume Electric Signs have a place in your advertising campaign. Let us explain how they will "sell" all your publicity right to your door. Let us send you a sketch showing your trademark in the form of a Flexlume and give you an estimate of cost in whatever quantity you could use.

Sole Agents Throughout Western Ontario

C.E. MARLEY-LIMITED

LONDON = = = WINDSOR

POSTER ADVERTISING

PAINTED BULLETINS COMMERCIAL SIGNS

LOW FINANCES IMPEDE WATERWAYS PLAN

Little Probability of Immense Work Being Undertaken At Present.

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, July 11.—Resuming the adjourned debate on Hon. Mr. Reid's resolution on the St. Lawrence waterways, Hon. W. H. Bennett said that owing to the financial position of the country there was little probability of this immense work being undertaken for some time. He believed there might be something done toward developing electrical power which was required in Eastern Ontario.

LONDON FIRM SECURES RECORD TRUCK ORDER

As an evidence that London firms are buying their equipment from business houses in this city, the Middlesex Motors announce a sale of twenty 1½-ton Ford trucks with gravity dump bodies, and a light delivery truck to the Warren-Chalmers Company, contractors.

This construction firm is at the present laying the pavement on the two-mile stretch beyond Lambeth of the Windsor road.

This is the largest single order of its kind ever delivered in Canada.

The Western Fair Board records with deep sorrow the death of Mr. A. M. Hunt, for eighteen years the efficient secretary of this association.

Died July 9th, 1924.

CHAMPION PLUGS USED ON FORD CARS SINCE 1912

Champion spark plugs have been factory equipment on all cars produced by the Ford Motor Company ever since 1912, when they were first adopted. This includes both Ford and Lincolns, as well as Fordson tractors.

During that interval more than 35,000,000 Champion spark plugs have been bought by Henry Ford for his products. Every week for years, trucks from the Champion factory at Toledo have made special trips over the Dixie highway to the Ford plants in Detroit, carrying thousands upon thousands of the spark plugs.

The Canadian Ford plants at Ford are served by the Champion Spark Plug Company of Canada, Limited, of Windsor.

Champions today are regular factory equipment on the entire range of motor cars from the Ford to the Rolls Royce, the highest priced motor car built. More than 10 per cent of all cars built to sell at \$2,000 or higher are factory equipped by the Champion company. These include such widely known and high quality makes as the Packard Six and Eight, Peerless, Pierce-Arrow, Locomobile and Cunningham, as well as the Peugeot, Fiat, Isotta, Fraschini and Minerva, among cars manufactured abroad.

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Oilmen of Western Ontario Ask Federal Probe In Effort To Retain Bounty

OILMEN TO FIGHT FOR FEDERAL AID

Lambton Producers Form Association in Effort To Protect Industry.

OFFICERS ELECTED

Special To The Advertiser
By a Staff Reporter.
Petrolia, July 11.—The Crude Petroleum Producers' Association is born, announced chairman I. Grenier, after a meeting of the producers of Western Ontario held in session at Victoria Hall this afternoon.

The cutting in half of the bounty on crude oil in the price by the Imperial Oil Company, and the prospect of the bounty being entirely removed next July, has given the producers a serious problem to face. These conditions, together with the fact that the oil men pay a stiff duty on all the materials used in the oil business, has impressed them with the need of concerted action in bringing their case before the Dominion authorities. The aim of the new association is to bring Hon. Mr. Robb and an expert from his department to Petrolia in September to make an inspection of the business on the same plan that was followed by the Laurier government after their return in 1896, when Hon. W. S. Fielding and Hon. Wm. Patterson went over the business and introduced the bounty on Canadian crude in lieu of the tariff.

Inform Members.
J. E. Armstrong, ex-M.P., told the gathering of his trip to Ottawa, where all information possible had been placed in the hands of members, including the opposition.

"The price of oil has dropped 36 cents in two weeks, and that makes it a serious affair. We in Canada may have at times expressed an idea that the bounty is a humiliating thing, yet I am more than ever convinced that we have a good case, and I believe the producers should come out together. We should come out in the open and make our case known as much as possible. We will have a great deal more influence by sending representatives of a strong organization rather than by individuals going to Ottawa."

"If we don't get together and see that the duty is removed from the materials we use, or the bounty maintained, we face only the ball of the scrap heap. We hope the Imperial Oil Company might come to our aid, but they have dropped the price since half the bounty came off. We have to pay 30 per cent duty on the tubing we use, because we get it from the States. We are not protected and must compete with the world."

"Mr. Armstrong's member, was the only man on the floor to speak against the oil industry. He says he is representing the farmers, but I am sure the oil industry receives over \$5,000,000 this year to assist agriculture. At least ten millions go to help agriculture. The producers of oil should be wiped out without an investigation."

To Include All.
"I feel that we should be together, and should be so arranged that the small producer should be included. We want to be one big family because all we have is at stake."

Dr. C. O. Fairbank said that the oil industry had had protection for years. It was Mr. Fielding who put on the bounty, and it was a splendid business proposition. Last year Mr. Fielding was successful in getting the bounty off the wells in the west, and he feared the government would be swamped, so he removed the bounty entirely.

"The small well is all that we want protected. We had a complete answer from Mr. Fielding and he was adamant. A man refused to make an investigation, as he did 20 years ago. We pressed for an official inquiry, but it was refused. When we and others, and they did not oppose us, so we were surprised to find Mr. Farnisher there opposing one of the basic industries of his own riding."

"We hoped right up to the last to get favorable consideration, but we lost. Today half our bounty is gone. We feel that we have a basic industry that should be considered, one that should be kept a healthy one. It is to keep a large amount of money from going to the United States to buy crude oil. I am hopeful that we can get the government to see that we are not here, and if we put up a good strong fight we can win."

Mr. Roberts of the Natural Gas and Petroleum Association extended an invitation to the members to join with them. Mr. Patterson referred to the differences in occupation between the gas and oil producers, but believed there was common ground on which they could meet. The gas association was organized to get fair rates for the producers and they have succeeded in doing so.

"Bolshevik politicians have been our greatest trouble," he said, "when they can't think of anything else to do they roast the gas companies."

Sees Progress.

Ex-Ald. P. J. Watt of London believed that progress had been made at Ottawa.

"What we want to get is men at Ottawa who will do our wishes. If you men who know the business all through cannot make the men at Ottawa see your point of view, can you do it? I don't think you can get anything from this government. We want to put men in Ottawa who will guard Canadian interests and not force them to the United States."

Mr. Anderson of Oil Springs thought the oil men should organize on their own. He said he was an official from Ottawa up here. We have lots of facts, and we can put up a good case."

A. W. Parks of Oil Springs contended that the needs of the district were urgent. "We have our own problem, and it is a matter of life and death to our industry. I have been in this business for 40 years. The producers have worked as individuals, but now we must get together. I shall be disappointed if we do not go on our own business. The

WONDERLAND CAMP ATTRACTS 344 PARTIES SINCE MAY 23

British Mails

The next mails for Great Britain and Europe will close as follows: Tuesday, July 15—10 a.m., letters and registered matter; 3 p.m., parcel post and newspapers, via S.S. Empress of France, from Quebec, July 16.

Thursday, July 17—3 p.m., parcel post and newspapers, via S.S. Empress of France, from Quebec, July 18.

Friday, July 18—3 p.m., parcel post and newspapers, via S.S. Regina, from Montreal, July 19.

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Thursday Night Sets Record When 32 Cars Park in Municipal Grounds.

WELL BEHAVED LOT

Transients From Every Corner of Continent Take Advantage of Facilities.

Since the Wonderland tourist camp opened on May 23 there have been 344 camping parties there, according to figures supplied The Advertiser today. Campers came from far and wide and enjoyed the camping privileges.

July has witnessed a considerable increase in the nightly hamlet of campers, and it is being well patronized. On Thursday night there was the greatest number of campers yet on any one night. No less than 32 tourists' cars were parked on the grounds, and probably well over 100 campers were there over night.

On July 4 there were 30 parties in camp, and on July 6, 24 autos were counted.

All Parts of America.
They come from all parts of Canada and the United States. There are many from Detroit and other parts of Michigan. Quite a number are from Illinois, claiming Chicago as their home. From the south come tourists from Alabama, Kentucky, Arkansas, Washington, D. C., New York and Pennsylvania tourists have registered. Many others registered include some from South Dakota, Montana, Minnesota, California, Ohio, West Virginia, Wisconsin, Iowa, Colorado and Missouri. In all, there have been twenty-three states have registered.

Many Canadians.
Canadian tourists, including some from Winnipeg and other parts of the west, have been seen. London's house, for prepared, and in the land is situated on the River Thames, where the scenery is the most beautiful in the district. The camp is ideal for the main thoroughfares of travel and in a quiet, yet well served, location.

Water and electric power services are given free to the campers. Running water for drinking and washing is available in any quantity. Hydro lighting is there and electric stoves for cooking, too. Just turn on the juice, once the coffee and ham and eggs and toast are prepared, and in less time than it takes to say "Jack Robinson," or at least the usual time for such cooking, breakfast is ready.

Courtesies Many.

London is a stopping-off place, a half-way house, for American tourists travelling between Michigan and New York states. Every courtesy is extended them at the tourist camp. The facilities are there all the time to give attention. Facilities are, as a rule, given generous treatment by the tourists and they are fairly well-believed to.

There has been only one protest by officials in charge of the camp and that is now done away with. For a year a small portion of the tourist camp, not only the electric stoves and power, but also persistently made off with the quarters dropped into the electrical meter. The robbery became so frequent that the public utilities commission abandoned the meter and is giving power free of charge to whoever may want it.

Wonderland is under the direction of the parks department of Superintendent Graham, who lives directly opposite the camp.

NATURALIZATION COSTS DECLARED TOO HIGH
Procedure Should Be Carried Out Free of Charge, the Mayor Asserts.

That some change in the present procedure in this country, whereby foreigners can obtain their naturalization papers, is necessary, is the opinion of Mayor J. H. McGowan.

"It costs in the neighborhood of \$25 for any foreigner to take out his full naturalization papers," he says, "and that is simply putting a handicap in his way and making it prohibitive. It seems that most of this expense is incurred in legal fees in taking affidavits and so on. I think that this work should be performed either by the city clerk or by the crown attorney free of charge."

"We want to get these men naturalized as soon as we can. It is to the advantage of the city and the country to have this done, and there is nothing to be gained by the present procedure. I have a good number of foreigners in the city coming to me complaining that the expense is too great, and that although they are qualified to take out the papers, they do not do so. A change should be made."

BAND CONCERT PROGRAM ANNOUNCED BY G. W. V. A.

Weather permitting the G. W. V. A. band will give the following program in Queen's Park Sunday evening at 8:30:

O Canada!
March, Gladiator's Farewell; valse, Tessa Mia, Becucci; selection, Echoes from the Metropolitan Opera, arranged by Tobani; cuphonn solo, Tramp, Tramp, Tramp and Valse, Goldman, Mr. W. Ward. Vocal selection, Selected, The Imperial Male Quartet; selection, A Life on the Ocean, Binding; vocal part, Mr. Chas. Foulkes. Overture, Post and Peasant, Suppe.
God Save the King!

CONFISCATED STILL FILLS LARGE TRUCK

Aged Man Is Held On Charge of Having Illicit Apparatus.

Age was no impediment to William Hyslop, 65, who was taken into the toils late yesterday, on a charge of having an illicit still on his premises on the Hamilton road. Officers who arrested Hyslop found one of the most complete stills they had ever set eyes upon. Hyslop said he had been in Canada for 30 years and he had only just turned his hand to what looked very much like the manufacture of illicit whiskey.

In fact it looked so much like distilling liquor that officers were able to collect enough evidence to load down a big motor truck. They arrived at Hyslop's shack about 3:40 o'clock in the afternoon. They found a still and by making two trips had their case well in hand by 4:30. Inland Revenue Officer Cecil Webb, License Inspector Walter Bolton and Provincial Constable T. Y. Stratton formed the party which made the arrest and seizure.

The distilling apparatus was the most expensive suite of furniture found in Hyslop's tumbledown shack. Just east of the city limits. A copper boiler regulation dimensions was set upon an expensive three-burner oil stove, with first-class condensing apparatus. This latter included a worm of the workmanlike, not merely a spiral bit of piping, but a tube with soldered right-angled joints from top to bottom. Three barrels of mash, in various stages of fermentation were found. Some of the mash was of rye and corn and other of corn and wheat. A dozens bottles of red-hot liquor, from which came potent alcohol, were scattered about and fresh dough had been made for caulking the copper pipes. Coloring and a very fine tester were picked up.

Hyslop's home was of ancient vintage, with sagging ceilings and floors, rooms covered with inches of dirt and dilapidated planks upon the walls. Furniture, outside of the distilling apparatus itself, was broken down, dirty and much the worse for wear.

A few minutes after Hyslop's arrest a man and woman called to "take him fishing." They were much amazed to find that he had been transported to the police station on short notice.

No evidence is available regarding any alleged sale of liquor and Hyslop is being held on a charge of having an illicit still.

FIGHTS CLOUD ON BRAIN TO REGAIN PAST LIFE
Concluded From Page 1.

like going around and around all the time. But I remember nothing."

"Didn't Remember London."
"Do you remember anything of London?"

"Yes, London. Do you know any one in London?"

"No, no one," said Mrs. Holmes. "Look at those hands," said the patient, "aren't they a disgrace?"

"Why, no," said Mrs. Holmes, ever cheerful. "But they do not look as if I had ever worked in my life," said her brother.

"I couldn't have walked very far either," mused the man, "for my boots show no indication of travel. They are not scuffed, are they? I will be all right soon, though," added the patient. "I see more clearly now."

"Of course you will," said Mrs. Holmes. "Mrs. Holmes is a tonic. Her bright smile and her many jests bring smiles to the face of the man who did not know daylight from dark for how many days, no one, not even himself knows. At her home he will rest, and as he becomes stronger will learn again to know the faces of his people and the old familiar surroundings so dear to him."

Wrote The Advertiser representative. He sat still in his chair, his eyes filled with expectancy and fight, his mind groping to catch the thread of life. His world, his friends, now lost in the past.

He can reason, express opinions, but his knowledge of the affairs of the world is no greater than that of a child of five. He sits ready to learn of the smallest incident, but solves any problem with the brain of maturity. Any problem but one—the past, is lost—this is his world, nearing sixty—his fight is to find it.

TAKES OUT LICENSE.
A representative of Sparks' Shows, Limited, took out his license from the city treasurer's office today and paid \$125 for the use of the Western Fair grounds for one day, Aug. 26.

MRS. B. C. McCANN
of this city, who was elected vice-president of the National Catholic Women's League at yesterday's session in Edmonton.

Suburban Heights. The Screen Door.

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

McClure Newspaper Syndicate

HOLDS SCREEN DOOR OPEN AND TELLS WIFE TO SLIP IN QUICKLY SO'S NO MOSQUITOES WILL GET IN.

SHUTS DOOR AGAIN AS SHE STOPS TO LOOK FOR SIGN OF RAIN BECAUSE IT'S GOING TO RAIN THEY'D BETTER BRING THE HAMMOCK MATTRESS IN.

MIDWAY WIFE SUDDENLY FINDS HER SEWING GLASSES AREN'T IN HER BAG SHE MUST HAVE LEFT THEM IN THE HAMMOCK AND SHE'D BETTER GET THEM.

THEY OR THEY'LL GET SAT ON TELLS HER TO NEVER MIND HE'LL GET THEM, JUST GO IN AND SHUT THE DOOR.

RESUMES COMMAND OF DOOR AND PROPELS HER IN, BUT PLAYS IT A LITTLE FINE IN CLOSING THE DOOR SO THAT

HE HAS TO OPEN IT AGAIN IN ORDER TO DISENGAGE HER—SCARF FROM WHERE IT'S CAUGHT ON RUSTY SCREENING

FOLLOWS HER IN MUTTERING WHAT'S THE USE OF TRYING TO KEEP MOSQUITOES OUT WITH THIS FAMILY AND FORGETTING TO HOOK THE DOOR SO THAT THE CRACK AT THE TOP STAYS OPEN ALL NIGHT

COMMITTEES OF BOARD TO MEET NEXT WEEK

Finance Body May Postpone Session Through Chairman's Absence.

Committee meetings of the board of education will be held next week, as the regular procedure after the monthly meeting of the trustees. When the board met on Thursday afternoon an adjournment was made until September.

However, the procedure of the board is that all business should first come up at the meeting of all the trustees and then be referred back to committee to deal with and report on. At Thursday's meeting there were many items of business passed on to committee.

The finance committee may not meet on Monday afternoon as Trustee G. Quintin Warner, chairman of the committee, will be out of the city until next Saturday.

Obituary
MARGARET MCGREGOR.

Miss Margaret McGregor, 1143 Richmond street, died suddenly at her home yesterday morning. She had been feeling ill for only a short time and her death was a great shock to her relatives. She had been a resident of London all her life and for the last few years had been employed as a bookkeeper at Byron Sanatorium.

The survivors are her parents Mr. and Mrs. David McGregor, and three sisters, Miss Grace, Miss Annie and Miss Leslie Edwards, all of this city. Interment will be made on Sunday in Woodland Cemetery following a short service at her home. The service will be conducted by the Rev. Pratten.

PROGRESSIVE CITIZEN LAID TO REST FRIDAY

Funeral of A. M. Hunt Is Held to Scottville Cemetery.

The funeral of A. M. Hunt was held from his residence, 47 Gerard street, yesterday afternoon to Scottville Cemetery.

Mr. Hunt was formerly secretary of the Western Fair, and during his time of office many improvements were made in the fair grounds, and also in the administration of the fair. He was one of the most prominent citizens of the city, and was a member of a number of prominent city clubs and organizations.

There were many floral tributes sent from his many friends and associations of which he was a member. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. E. J. Garbutt. The pallbearers were: James Galbraith, Dr. R. P. Reynolds, William Copp, J. A. Copp, John Heaman, Charles Sutton.

TWO ARE DISCHARGED ON LOITERING CHARGE

Frank Mitchell and William Coyne, who have both seen the inside of the police station on former occasions, were summoned to court this morning on a charge of loitering in front of the Walker House on July 8. They were discharged with a warning by Magistrate Gladman. Both men pleaded not guilty, but their records were dug up by the police, who told of other court appearances on charges of disorderly conduct and vagrancy. The magistrate pronounced them a jail term if they appeared again.

FINE CONCERT IS GIVEN AT BYRON SANATORIUM

The band concert given at the Chamber of Commerce, is calling a meeting of the board of directors for Tuesday next at 12 o'clock noon. It will largely be business of a routine nature that will come up for consideration it is expected.

CHAMBER WILL MEET.
Gordon Ingram, president of the Chamber of Commerce, is calling a meeting of the board of directors for Tuesday next at 12 o'clock noon. It will largely be business of a routine nature that will come up for consideration it is expected.

IVY IS BEAUTIFUL.
The climbing ivy on the front of the Empire Brass Manufacturing Company is one of the landmarks of East London. This ivy covers the entire front of the building, and it is impossible to see any of the building except the windows.

PIRATES RAID VESSELS, MAKE BIG LIQUOR HALL

Seizure of \$750,000 Worth of Whiskey Made Off Jersey Coast.

CAPTAIN IS KILLED

Pirate Speed Boat Is Manned by Thugs and Gunmen.

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, July 11.—In retaliation for price cutting, Rum-Row pirates have successfully carried out two raids off the Jersey coast, and have seized \$750,000 worth of liquors, according to information reaching the prohibition directors of New York.

The captain of one of the raided boats was killed by the pirates, and his body thrown overboard. One of the vessels boarded was the French steamship Mulhouse, in command of Captain Fernand. The name of the other ship has not been revealed, but prohibition officials learn it was of foreign registry.

The pirates are alleged to have been under the direction of one of the biggest bootleggers in the United States, who, it is said, conspired with others in New York and furnished a big speedboat manned by twenty or thirty well-armed gunmen and thugs. After looting the Mulhouse of half a million dollars' worth of liquors, the pirates ran alongside the other ship, anchored close by. The captain of the second vessel showed fight, and a sharp battle ensued. The raiders then seized thirteen thousand cases of whiskey, brandies and cordials, estimated to be worth \$275,000.

While the boys who attend Silver Beach Camp, the Y. M. C. A. Lake Erie resort, probably go with the single intention of having a jolly good time, the directors of the "Y" have, aside from the fun, a serious object in maintaining a boys' camp. In a letter to the tent leaders the points out that the fundamental purpose of the camp is to develop Christian character. It speaks of the impressionable age of children. That boys follow examples set by their leaders. The leaders are held responsible for their boys, and are to emphasize the motto, "Each for all and all for each."

At the "Y" camp there will be lots of fun, state the leaders, but there will also be a Christian spirit, and a careful thought for the future of each boy.

HAPPYLAND CARNIVAL COMES HERE NEXT WEEK

The week of July 14 will be a big week in the way of amusements for London. Ruth Chapter Patrol is holding its festival to be known as "Happyland." Queens' Park will be transformed into an amusement park and will be known as Happyland for that week. Here, amusements consisting of animal shows, mechanical entertainments, circus features, minstrel entertainments and riding devices will provide fun for young and old.

The children will be entertained on a part of the grounds set aside for them as the children's playgrounds, and miniature rides and other attractions that are suitable for the little ones will be provided.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

DIED.
WOODS—At the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Edwin Mills, Hamilton, May 11, widow of the late John Woods, city.

LOST—Scottish terrier pup, female. Answers to "Snookie." Reward at 1025 Waterloo St.

SUCCESSES LEAD.
The successes sprang into the undisputed leadership of the London Life Softball League yesterday afternoon when they trounced the Canadians by the score of 11 to 10. The game was one of the scrappiest yet staged in the group. Batteries: Successes—A. Lawrence and C. Johnston; Canadians—R. Sumner and S. Morrison. Umpires—R. Lockrey and W. McLaren.

HOLDS MEETING.
The entrance examination board held a lengthy meeting last evening in the office of Senior School Inspector V. K. Greer. While progress is reported, no results can possibly be given out for three or four days yet, and no definite announcement has been given.

DAKOTA HARD HIT BY BANK FAILURES

Tom Yull, Just Returned From Western Trip, Describes Conditions.

TAKES CHESS TITLE

Tom Yull, president of the London Kiwanis Club who has just returned from a trip to Denver, Colorado, and Sioux Falls, South Dakota, brings back a report of bank failures that have almost ruined that country, and that is only prevented from utterly demoralizing the whole community by the steadfast courage of each man of the population who "carry on" and attempt to rebuild their lives.

Out in Sioux City where Mr. Yull stopped for some time toward the end of June and in the beginning of July, only two banks are now doing business and the subject of bank failures is strictly taboo, everyone saving the word of reconstruction and saying nothing about it in public.

He blames faulty and crooked administration of the institutions as the reason of the failures, and instances the case of one bank president against whom there are at present 23 separate indictments. Investigations of the failures is being rigorously prosecuted by the state department.

Tom Yull indulged his hobby chess when he was out there and accepted the challenge of the champion of Sioux Falls, though somewhat nervous as to the result. However, he succeeded in defeating the Dakotan in three successive falls and is now the champion of that city.

He addressed the Kiwanis Club there and also the Advertising Club. Mrs. Yull unfortunately became ill while on the trip and is at present in the hospital. Mr. Yull returned to the city last Tuesday night after being away since June 14.

KEEN CONTESTS MARK C. N. SOFTBALL LOOP

Schedule Now About One-Third Complete—Winners Doubtful.

The schedule of the C. N. R. A. A. softball league, which got under way on July 23 last, is about one-third complete. Despite the rainy weather, there have been only three postponed games, as follows: Group A—Firemen vs. Express, and Firemen vs. Carshops. Group B—Express vs. Yard office.

It is a little early yet to predict a winner in either group, though the Freight Office team has established a good lead. In Group B, which group, by the way, is playing better ball than Group A.

The standing to date, including games played yesterday, are follows:

CAPTAIN IS KILLED

**Motor Speed Boat Is Manned
by Thugs and
Gunmen.**

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, July 11.—In retaliation

Ontario Orangemen Gather At Brantford To Celebrate "Glorious Twelfth"



R. B. FOX, worshipful master of the Orange lodge in London.



ALBERT E. JOHNSTON, worshipful master of the Orange lodge in London.



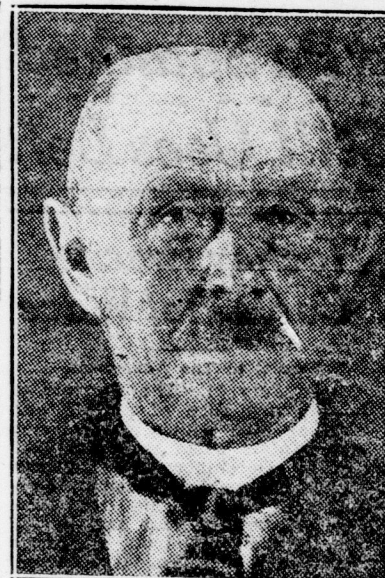
GORDON WALKER, recording secretary of the Orange lodge in London.



CHARLES McCLOY, worshipful master of the Orange lodge in London.



JAMES CLUGSTON, prominently and actively identified with the Orange Young Britons.



A. NEVIN, one of the oldest members of the Orange lodge in London.



IVAN A. THATCHER, financial secretary of the Orange lodge in London.



J. H. TODD, representative of the Orange lodge in London.

FAMOUS BATTLE OF BOYNE RECALLED BY GREAT CROWDS OF ORANGE ORDER WHO GATHER TODAY AT BRANTFORD



C. G. SPRING, captain of the Orange lodge in London.

Famous Dates In Orange Order

1685, November 5.—The gunpowder plot.
1688, November 5.—William of Orange landed at Torbay, Devonshire.
1688, November 12.—Declaration of the Orange Confederacy signed at Exeter, England.
1689, February 12.—William and Mary proclaimed king and queen of Great Britain.
1689, July 31.—Relief of the city of Londonderry.
1690, July 12.—Battle of the Boyne.
1795, September 21.—Formation of the first Orange lodge in Ireland at the Diamond County Armagh.
1796, July 12.—First meeting to discuss the formation of a grand lodge in Ireland.
1797, July 12.—First grand lodge meeting at Portadown.
1798, May 4.—Outbreak of the Irish rebellion.
1801, January 1.—Union of Great Britain and Ireland.
1827.—About this time charters under the grand lodge of England and Ireland were granted to the military serving in British America.
1830, January 1.—Grand lodge of British America organized.
1839, July 12.—First Orange celebration in Canada.
1843.—First Orange lodge opened in New Zealand.
1845.—First Orange lodge opened in Sydney, New South Wales.
1847.—First Orange lodge opened in Melbourne, Australia.
1867.—Imperial Grand Orange Council established in Belfast, Ireland.
1868.—First Orange lodge organized in the United States.
1870, November 4.—First Orange lodge in Manitoba organized on board a schooner at the junction of the Red River and the Assiniboine River, there being no other place in which the work of the organization could be conducted.
1871, February 14.—Grand lodge of Manitoba and the Northwest territories organized.
1871, July 12.—First Orange parade in New York.
1890.—Act incorporating the Grand Lodge of British America was passed by the parliament of Canada, assented to on April 14.
1900.—First time the Triennial Council met outside British territory, in New York, U. S. A.
1913, September 28.—Signing of the Ulster covenant, true to the United Kingdom.
1923.—The Triennial Council met in Winnipeg.

AMATEUR DRAMATIC CLUB OF LONDON PRESENTS PLAY

Special to The Advertiser.
Parkhill, July 11.—The Amateur Dramatic Club of St. James' Church, London, put on their comedy, "My Friend From India," in the town hall on Wednesday night. The play was well received by an audience that packed the house, and the ability of the actors unquestioned.
One carload of the players had the misfortune to run into the ditch and upset their car at the corner, just south of the town. Fortunately no one was seriously injured, and the car being righted they were soon away again.

A trustworthy servant, a skilled mechanic, a capable foreman—scores of such workers may be secured through Advertiser "Want" ads.

Thousands in British Empire Parade Streets in Honor of Triumph of 234 Years Ago, When Followers of King William Swept Field to Victory.

FIRST ORANGE LODGE FOUNDED IN 1795

Origin in Canada Veiled—Appears To Have Been Started in Early Days of the Nineteenth Century—First Warrants Issued Were For Two Primary Lodges at Brockville.

This is the 12th of July, the day of annual celebration for all Orangemen and the day when the victory at the Boyne is remembered with beating drums and shrilling flutes.

Today Orangemen the world over gather in long parades, march through the streets to the sound of their drums and indulge in a field day of sports and addresses commemorating the battle of 234 years ago in old Ireland.

The Orange order owes its beginning to the triumphs of William III, "of glorious memory." The first Orange lodge was founded in 1795, and since that time the order has flourished like the biblical green bay tree, with an unbroken history of expansion.

A league was formed in Exeter Cathedral by the adherents of William of Orange immediately after he had landed at Torbay in Devonshire, England, in 1688, and under the leadership of Bishop Burnet, a declaration was drawn up, stating that the members would support and defend William, Prince of Orange, in upholding the laws and Protestant religion of England and Ireland, and any attempt should be made on his person it should be avenged on all by whom, and from whom, any such attempt should be made.

Succession Oath.

The succession oath, as taken by the kings of England today, stands as the legislative monument of that momentous agreement and marks the limit of the loyalty of all the Protestant citizens of the Empire. About 1874, the "Defenders" in Ireland, an offshoot of the Orange lodge, were organized and committed several atrocities on the undefended Protestants. A battle was fought at the Diamond, where the Orange lodge was completely defeated. It was in celebration of this victory that the first Orange lodge was founded on the eve of the battle of the Diamond, Sept. 21, 1795. Orangemen have existed for nearly a hundred years on this continent.

Every properly organized public library in the country contains copies of the ritual, and the only thing not generally known is the password, and that because it changes annually.

Deeply Veiled.

The origin of the Orange Order in Upper Canada is deeply veiled. It seems to have originated in the early days of the nineteenth century, as processions were contemplated in 1826, and from the fact that, according to the report of the first meeting of the Grand Lodge of British America, held in Brockville on Jan. 1, 1830, there were 13 county lodges, 25 district lodges, 106 primary lodges and 11,242 enrolled members.

There were large settlements of Irish Protestants all over Ontario, especially in the eastern part of the province in Simcoe, Halton and Peel counties and in the town of York, now known as Toronto. The Queen's City has always been one of the strongholds of Orangism, and still has a lodge in existence, Nassau, No. 4, which was opened on Sept. 16, 1831, while the city was still called York. English and Irish warrants were brought to Canada by many of the masters who migrated and who in the early days of Orangism were the custodians of the warrants.

An Irishman by the name of Ogilvie, who arrived in Montreal in 1829 from County Wexford who had been a prominent member of the order at home in the Grand Orange Lodge of Ireland and in the benevolent and Loyal Orange Institution, which existed from 1825 to 1828. It was due to his energy and abilities that the order was organized into the powerful body that it became in 1830.

Arthur McClean, another young pioneer from County Wexford, called Elizabethtown in 1825, and

edited and printed the first editions of the paper known as the Sentinel, Ogilvie, R. Gowan likewise settled in Brockville a few years later, and the two men became firm friends. Gowan bought out McClean's business and started to publish another paper called the Advocate. These two men were identified with every Orange movement in the early days.

Grand Lodge.

In 1830, they succeeded in forming the Grand Lodge of British America, which held its first session in Brockville on Jan. 1. The Duke of Cumberland was chosen grand master; Sir R. Gowan, deputy grand master; Lieut.-Col. J. W. Hartwell, grand secretary; Capt. George Crawford, grand treasurer, and Rev. R. Elms, grand chaplain.

The following was the number of Orangemen in the various counties in 1830: Dundas, 103; Grenville, 953; Leeds, 2,047; Carleton, 1,011; Lanark, 1,200; Frontenac, 801; Lennox and Addington, 84; Prince Edward, 111; Northumberland, 627; Durham, 1,550; York, 1,000; Simcoe, 601, and Halton, 1,117.

Under Lieut.-Col. Ogilvie, R. Gowan, M.P., the order grew and flourished rapidly and lodges were formed all over the province. Numbers 4, 136, 137, 140, 212, 275, 301, 375 and 387 were organized before 1850.

The first warrants issued by the Grand Lodge of British America were for the organization of two primary lodges in Brockville, Old No. 1, which is still doing business, was started with Bro. Arthur McClean as master and had 27 members. McClean was also master of No. 2 Orange Lodge in Brockville.

TEN LIQUOR CHARGES IN KITCHENER COURT

Two Men Plead Guilty, Another Found Guilty and Seven Remanded.

Special to The Advertiser.
Kitchener, July 11.—Ten men charged with breaches of the O. T. A. were before Magistrate Veir in police court here. Two men promptly admitted their guilt, and sentence was deferred for a week. One man fought the case but was found guilty. He will learn his fate next Friday. The other seven asked for adjournments for a week, which were granted, but the magistrate made it clear that no further delay would be tolerated.

Put Advertiser "Want" ads to the test of adding in the economies of the household.

A small fire, supposedly started through the activities of a mouse in a box of matches, in the back kitchen of Harry Butler's house, 313 Horton street, last night at 9:49 called out the fire brigade, four trucks strong.

The damage will run to about \$200, the conflagration being confined to the back summer-kitchen. The truck from King street station, No. 1, arrived on the scene "in two shakes of a lamb's tail," as the saying goes, in the words of one of the neighbors, before we had time to get any more than a table and two chairs out of the house.

The part of the house in which the fire had gained headway to the extent of a good-sized blaze by the time the firemen arrived, for himself, some occupied in the home by Miss Sophia Moll, a trained nurse, who is at the present time in the country on a case. The kitchen hadn't been in use for over a week. Mr. Butler, who is foreman at the Ontario Garage, and his family were out of the house at the time the fire broke out, and the alarm was turned in by alert neighbors.

The blaze was extinguished after about five minutes assiduous attention from the stalwarts in charge of Chief Aitken.

Hundreds of London Orangemen Join In Great Rally At Brantford



W. H. HODGINS, worshipful master of County Lodge of East Middlesex and delegate to this year to the Provincial Grand Lodge at Brantford and the Supreme Grand Lodge of British North America at Saint Ste. Marie.

BOYNE BATTLE RELIC OWNED BY LONDONER

J. R. Craig, Princess Avenue, Proud Possessor of Part of Silk Standard.

A little bit of faded silk about two inches by three, that is a piece of one of King James' standards flown at the Battle of the Boyne is a valuable relic in the possession of a Londoner, J. R. Craig of 880 Princess avenue. The standard was captured by Schomberg's men at the battle and its subsequent history is interesting. Mr. Craig, who keeps the morsel of old world history in a gold locket says: "About twelve years ago my brother-in-law was home in the north of Ireland for a holiday. While in Derry he became acquainted with the old verger of the cathedral and when the time came for him to leave the old man who had taken a great fancy to my brother said, 'Now I am going to give you a little remembrance of your visit.' He accordingly turned out some of his old boxes and out of a morsel of a larger piece and gave it to my brother, who in turn gave this bit to me.

"It appears from the story of the old verger that the standard had hung for years in the chancel of the church. The British Museum authorities had taken it away as it was falling to pieces, but not before the verger had cut a bit for himself. The extraordinary part of this is that Mr. Craig is not an Orangeman, though he has in his possession a relic that any lodge in the country would be proud to shelter.

ACTIVITIES OF MOUSE CAUSE \$200 DAMAGE

Small Blaze Destroys Back Kitchen of Harry Butler's House.

A small fire, supposedly started through the activities of a mouse in a box of matches, in the back kitchen of Harry Butler's house, 313 Horton street, last night at 9:49 called out the fire brigade, four trucks strong.

The damage will run to about \$200, the conflagration being confined to the back summer-kitchen. The truck from King street station, No. 1, arrived on the scene "in two shakes of a lamb's tail," as the saying goes, in the words of one of the neighbors, before we had time to get any more than a table and two chairs out of the house.

The blaze was extinguished after about five minutes assiduous attention from the stalwarts in charge of Chief Aitken.

TRUE BLUE HOME CARES FOR MANY

Splendid New Building Is Erected in Toronto at Great Cost.

The Loyal True Blue and Orange Home was opened on July 2, 1923, on Yonge street, Toronto, is another instance of the energy and the willingness to give freely on the part of brethren of the order toward any charitable project.

The cornerstone was laid on Oct. 22, 1921, and the building, which is strictly modern, has cost in the neighborhood of \$220,000. The old home in Picton, opened in 1889, has a record of usefulness and care for those dependent on its care second to none in the Dominion. More than 600 orphans have been cared for in this home and at the present time there are 75 little ones sheltered within its walls.

Orangemen point with pride to the fact that of all the children, which have benefited by this home, over 75 per cent had no claim on the order and were not connected with either the True Blue or the Orange lodges. In the early days of the home children were received from 2 to 12 years of age. In the new building, provision has been made for infants, and this will add greatly to the utility of the home for the needs of orphanage.

Supported entirely by voluntary contributions, the home is a feature of the work of the order that is regarded as the essence of the faith of Orangemen. It incorporates in its willing service and ready help to those in need of the sturdy faith of the founders of the order and is a practical example of the efforts which the brethren make from day to day in behalf of the less fortunate members of the order and of the world of helpless orphans in general.

BARN BLAZE THOUGHT OF INCENDIARY ORIGIN

Structure at 49 Glenwood Avenue Burns to Ground Last Night.

A barn at 49 Glenwood avenue, belonging to Wilfred Wheeler of Toronto was burned to the ground early this morning. The house on the same lot had been vacated Thursday, and the flames had gained a headway before discovered by neighbors.

It is not known what started the blaze, but it is thought that it was started by some incendiary. An investigation will be made by Fire Chief Aitken to determine the cause.

\$100,000 FIRE DAMAGE AT STRATHMORE, ALBERTA

Canadian Press Despatch.
Strathmore, Alberta, July 11.—Loss estimated at \$100,000, with probably not more than one-quarter insurance, was caused by a fire which broke out in the business section as a result of an oil stove explosion in the Opera House on Main street late Thursday afternoon. High winds, and a shortage of water handicapped the fire brigade, and help was secured from Calgary.



W. E. MACCROW, county secretary of East Middlesex and a past master of Nassau, No. 2170, a keen Orange worker.



ADAM HODGINS, district master of London District No. 2, East Middlesex, and a past recording secretary of William Lowe, No. 2056.

FEATURES ARE MANY IN PROGRAM FOR DAY

Speeches, Parades, Baby Show, Games, Races and Music Are Included.

A typical Orange program has been arranged by the Brantford lodges, at which the speakers will include Mayor Billo, M.M. McBride, M.L.A., Thomas Essery, K. C., and Rev. Banks Nelson. The brethren will gather in the Agricultural Park for the speeches and sports.

The lineup of march as outlined by the committee in charge of the day is North on Market street to Chatham street, down Chatham street to Park avenue, up Park avenue to Dalhousie street, down Dalhousie street to Colborne street, and direct to the Agricultural Park.

The following events and prizes are listed in the official program for the day:

Prizes for Parade.

Best-dressed lodge, \$15; oldest Orangemen in parade, \$5.

Band Competition.

Brass band, first \$25, second prize \$15; rifle and drum band, first prize \$15, second \$10.

Baby Show.

All in competition to be 12 months and under. Competent judges will be on hand to do the judging.

Races.

Boys' race, 7 years and under; girls, 7 and under; children's race, 5 and under; boys, 12 and under; girls, 12 and under; three-legged race for men; boys, 15 and under; girls, 15 and under; egg and spoon race, for girls; sack race, men and boys; fat men's race, 200 lbs. and over; married ladies' race, 100 lbs. and over; tug-of-war, 10 on a side; softball game, 7 innings, married men vs. single men; softball game, 7 innings, married ladies vs. single ladies; post ladies' race, wheelbarrow race, for boys; peanut scramble, for kiddies; three-legged race, for ladies; old men's race, 60 years and over; running race, ladies of True Blue Lodge only; running race, Lady Orange only.

Ball Games.

Ladies' softball game, Jersey Creams, London, vs. Brantford.

Baseball game, St. Thomas vs. Brantford Cordage Co.

The committee of Brantford Orangemen which is in charge of the day guarantees the success of the program and the happiness of all day. This committee is made up of the following popular members of the order: County Master John Kerr, Deputy County Master J. Guyler, and W. A. Simpson, Harry Burtel, James M. McCreary, A. Minnhimmet, John Vanstone and W. Carley. All visitors are requested by the committee to register at the chamber of commerce on arrival in the morning.

WIFE OF JAMES REID DIES.

Special to The Advertiser.

Napanee, July 11.—Mrs. James Reid, wife of James Reid, ex-M.L.A. for Napanee, died from the shock received when her dress caught on fire this afternoon. She was burning some papers in the backyard at her home when the accident happened. Although not badly burned, she died a few hours afterward.

FOUR BANDS ACCOMPANY DISTRICT DELEGATION

Strong Representation of London Orangemen Leaves For Brantford.

FOURTEEN LODGES

Members Will Strive To Bring Celebration to London in 1925.

London and district Orangemen, who last year journeyed to Chatham, left this morning for Brantford, where a long program of speeches and the usual sports and band concerts has been arranged.

The brethren of fourteen lodges met at 8:30 at Ulster Hall and marched along Dundas to Wellington along Queen's avenue and down Richmond to the C. N. R. station, where they boarded a special train leaving at 9:30, for the city of the celebration.

Four bands were engaged for the occasion, and the Londoners are well fitted to compete in the rifle and drum contest. The London Brass Band, the Forest City Rifle and Drum Band, where they boarded a special train leaving at 9:30, for the city of the celebration.

Two thousand Orange badges, in the form of maple leaves, on which is written, "Come to London Next Year," the opinion of the local Orangemen being that the Western Ontario Orangemen should hold the Dominion. The name Abolish will be worn by the London men on their pilgrimage.

Among the many lodges represented at the celebration are the following:

Ahogill No. 230.

Abhogill, No. 230, is one of the veteran lodges of the district. It was opened in 1850, and in point of history is one of the oldest lodges in the Dominion. The name Abhogill is an unfamiliar one, derived from the little country town of the same name in County Antrim, Ireland.

The banner of this lodge carries a picture of Rev. George Walker, hero of the Siege of Londonderry, and on the reverse side a picture of King William crossing the Boyne.

The standard of this lodge is a family portrait of the lodge by Mrs. H. Walker, who is a lineal descendant of the hero of Londonderry. The donor is, therefore, a member of a family that through all its history has been closely allied with the lodge.

The officers are: F. G. Baker, worshipful master; C. E. Howard, secretary.

Langemack, No. 2625.

Langemack Lodge, No. 2625, takes its name from the little town in Flanders, about which so many Orangemen who crossed from Canada to die for England. The lodge was organized in 1915, in the old Exeter Street Baptist Church.

Rev. (Capt.) W. C. Riddiford was the first worshipful master.

The lodge began modestly with eleven members. It has increased rapidly in size until now it is one of the foremost lodges west of Toronto. The members have their own

Boys' race, 7 years and under; girls, 7 and under; children's race, 5 and under; boys, 12 and under; girls, 12 and under; three-legged race for men; boys, 15 and under; girls, 15 and under; egg and spoon race, for girls; sack race, men and boys; fat men's race, 200 lbs. and over; married ladies' race, 100 lbs. and over; tug-of-war, 10 on a side; softball game, 7 innings, married men vs. single men; softball game, 7 innings, married ladies vs. single ladies; post ladies' race, wheelbarrow race, for boys; peanut scramble, for kiddies; three-legged race, for ladies; old men's race, 60 years and over; running race, ladies of True Blue Lodge only; running race, Lady Orange only.

Ball Games.

Ladies' softball game, Jersey Creams, London, vs. Brantford.

Baseball game, St. Thomas vs. Brantford Cordage Co.

The committee of Brantford Orangemen which is in charge of the day guarantees the success of the program and the happiness of all day. This committee is made up of the following popular members of the order: County Master John Kerr, Deputy County Master J. Guyler, and W. A. Simpson, Harry Burtel, James M. McCreary, A. Minnhimmet, John Vanstone and W. Carley. All visitors are requested by the committee to register at the chamber of commerce on arrival in the morning.

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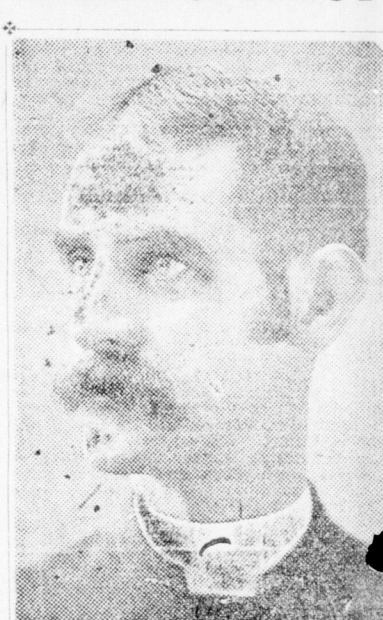
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Other Lodges.

Other lodges that are taking a prominent part in the celebration at Brantford will be the Forest City Lodge with its splendid band. The Star of Bethlehem, that boasts of 200 active and enthusiastic members. The Royal Scarlet Chapter, founded by E. T. Essery, K.C., will be represented, as well as the County Lodge and the Black Protestories.

Orangemen divide the County of East Middlesex into four districts. Please See Page 15, Column 8.



REV. WILLIAM LOWE, after which William Lowe Lodge, No. 2056, Pottersburg, was named. Rev. Mr. Lowe is a prominent Orangeman and a grand chaplain of the Provincial Grand Lodge.

hall, where many social gatherings are held.

There are two ladies' lodges in the district, Langemack L. O. B. and the Edith Cavell Lodge. Albert Johnston is worshipful master, and J. T. Jones is secretary.

Hackett, No. 805.

Hackett Lodge, No. 805, was named after that great Orangeman who was killed in Toronto. It is one of the oldest and best known lodges in Canada. The first warrant was granted to this lodge in 1878 to John Dav.

Orange Young Britons.

The Orange Young Britons is a lodge that was revived last year. It began with nine members. That number quickly increased to 35, and is still growing. The motto of this lodge is "No Surrender." The famous "No Surrender" battle cry that echoed through the streets of Londonderry.

Beaver Lodge.

Beaver Lodge is another that boasts of a majority of returned men in its ranks. It is an active and enthusiastic lodge. Charles Garfield is worshipful master, and A. E. Walker is secretary.

Nassau, No. 2170.

Nassau Lodge is over fifty years old. The warrant was issued in London Township, near St. Johns. There are about 100 members in the lodge.

Boys' race, 7 years and under; girls, 7 and under; children's race, 5 and under; boys, 12 and under; girls, 12 and under; three-legged race for men; boys, 15 and under; girls, 15 and under; egg and spoon race, for girls; sack race, men and boys; fat men's race, 200 lbs. and over; married ladies' race, 100 lbs. and over; tug-of-war, 10 on a side; softball game, 7 innings, married men vs. single men; softball game, 7 innings, married ladies vs. single ladies; post ladies' race, wheelbarrow race, for boys; peanut scramble, for kiddies; three-legged race, for ladies; old men's race, 60 years and over; running race, ladies of True Blue Lodge only; running race, Lady Orange only.

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</

WHITE FANG

by Jack London



THE STORY TO DATE:

Two mushers, Henry and Bill, bound south bearing on their sled the coffin of a titled prospector, are trailed by wolves. Each night the circle of pursuers closes nearer; each night a sled dog disappears, lured by a she-wolf that looks like a former sled dog. Bill sets out to drive away the pack. He never comes back. Henry builds a fire circle to keep off the wolves. Relief comes just as the wolf pack is about to devour him, and the wolf pack, headed by the she-wolf and old One-Eye, starts out to run new game. After many days' run meat is found and then begins the war of love between One-Eye and his younger rivals for the she-wolf's favor. Having vanquished the younger wooers, One-Eye and the she-wolf start away through the woods. Arriving at an Indian camp the she-wolf shows a strange attachment to the spot. One-Eye roves,

INSTALLMENT 6.

THE LAIR.
For two days the she-wolf and One-Eye hung about the Indian camp. He was worried and apprehensive, yet the camp lured his mate and she was loath to depart. But when, one morning, the air was rent with the report of a rifle close at hand, and a bullet smashed against a tree trunk several inches from One-Eye's head; they hesitated no more, but went off on a long, swinging lunge that put quick miles between them and the danger.

They did not go far—a couple of days' journey. The she-wolf's need to find the thing for which she searched had now become imperative. She was getting very heavy, and could run but slowly. Once, in the pursuit of a rabbit, which she ordinarily would have caught with ease,

she gave over and lay down and rested. One-Eye came to her; but when he touched her neck gently with his muzzle she snapped at him with such fierceness that he tumbled over backward and cut a ridiculous figure in his effort to escape her teeth. Her temper was now shorter than ever; but he had become more patient than ever and more solicitous.

And then she found the thing for which she sought. It was a few miles up a small stream that in the summer time flowed into the Mackenzie, but that then was frozen over down to its rocky bottom—a dead stream of solid white from source to mouth. The she-wolf was trotting wearily along, her mate well in advance, when she came upon the overhanging high clay bank. She turned aside and trotted over to it. The wear and tear of spring storms and melting snows had underwashed the bank and in one place had made a small cave out of a narrow fissure.

She paused at the mouth of the cave and looked the wall over carefully. Then, on one side and the other, she ran along the base of the wall to where its abrupt bulk merged from the softer-lined landscape. Returning to the cave, she entered its narrow mouth. For a short time she felt she was compelled to crouch, then the walls widened and rose higher in a little round chamber nearly six feet in diameter. She barely cleared her head. It was dry

and cozy. She inspected it with painstaking care while One-Eye, who had returned, stood in the entrance and patiently watched her. She dropped her head, with her nose to the ground and directed toward a point near to her closely bunched feet, and around this point she circled several times; then with a tired sigh that was almost a grunt she curled her body in, relaxed her legs, and dropped down, her head toward the entrance. One-Eye with pointed, interested ears, sat at her, and beyond, outlined against the white wall waving good naturedly. Her light she could see the brush of his own ears with a snuggling movement, laid their sharp points backward and down against the head for a moment, while her head was up. When he dozed, upon his ears would steal the faint whispers of hidden trickles running water, and he would rouse and listen intently. The sun had come back, and all the awakening Northland world was calling to him. Life was stirring. The feel of spring was in the air, the feel of growth, life under the snow, of sap ascending in the trees, of buds bursting the shackles of the frost.

He cast anxious glances at his mate, but she showed no desire to get up. He looked outside, and half a dozen snowbirds fluttered across his field of vision. He started to get up, then looked back to his mate again, and settled down and dozed. A shrill and minute singing stole upon his hearing. Once, and twice, he sleepily brushed his nose with his paw. Then he woke up. There, buzzing in the air at the tip of his nose, was a lone mosquito. It was a full grown mosquito, one that had lain frozen in a dry log all winter and that had now been thawed out by the sun. He resisted the call of the world no longer. Besides, he was hungry.

He crawled over to his mate and tried to persuade her to get up. But she only snarled at him, and he walked out alone in the bright sunshine to find the snow surface soft under foot and the travelling difficult. He went up the frozen bed of the stream, where the snow, shaded by the trees, was hard and crystalline. He was gone eight hours, and he came back through the darkness, hungrier than when he had started. He had found game, but he had not caught it. He had broken through the melting snow crust, and wallowed while the snowshoe rabbits had skimmed along on top lightly as ever.

He paused at the mouth of the cave with a sudden shock of suspicion. Faint, strange sounds came from within. They were sounds not made by his mate, and yet they were remotely familiar. He belatedly and cautiously inside and was met by a warning snarl from the she-wolf. This he received without perturbation, though he obeyed it by keeping his distance; and he remained interested in the other sounds—faint, muffled sobbings and slubberings.

His mate warned him irritably away, and he curled up and slept in the entrance. When morning came and a dim light pervaded the lair, he again sought after the source of the remotely familiar sounds. There was a new note in his mate's warning snarl. It was a jealous note, and he was very careful in keeping a respectful distance. Nevertheless, he made out, sheltering between her legs against the length of her body, five strange little bundles of life, very feeble, very helpless, making tiny whimpering noises, with eyes that did not open to the light. He was surprised. It was not the first time in his long and successful life that this thing had happened. It had happened many times, yet each time it was as fresh a surprise as ever to him.

His mate looked at him anxiously. Every little while she emitted a low growl, and at times, when it seemed to her he approached too near, the growl shot up in her throat to a sharp snarl. Of her own experience she had no memory of the thing happening; but in her instinct, which was the experience of all others of wolves, there lurked a memory of fathers that had eaten their new

born and helpless progeny. It manifested itself as a fear strong within her, that made her prevent One-Eye from more closely inspecting the cubs he had fathered.

But there was no danger. Old One-Eye was feeling the urge of an impulse, that was, in turn, an instinct that had come down to him from all the fathers of wolves. He did not question it, nor puzzle over it. It was there, in the fibre of his being; and it was the most natural thing in the world that he should obey it by turning his back on his new-born family and by trotting out and away on the meat trail whereby he lived.

Five or six miles from the lair, the stream divided, its forks going off among the mountains at a right angle. Here, leading up the left fork, he came upon a fresh track. He smelled it and found it so recent that he crouched swiftly, and looked in the direction which it had disappeared. Then he turned deliberately and took the right fork. The footprint was much larger than the one his own feet made, and he knew that in the wake of such a trail there was little meat for him.

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Tomorrow: Stalking Game.

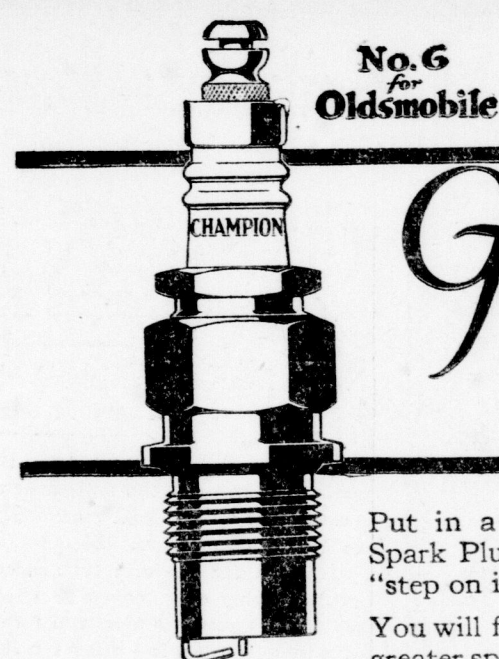
THEY TELL THEIR NEIGHBORS

Women Tell Each Other How They Were Helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Woodbridge, Ont.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for female troubles. I would have headaches, backaches, pains between my shoulders and under my shoulder-blades and dragging down feelings on each side. I was sometimes unable to do my work and felt very badly. My mother-in-law told me about the Vegetable Compound and I got some right away. It has done me more good than any other medicine I ever took and I recommend it to my neighbors. You are welcome to use this letter as a testimonial if you think it will help some poor sufferer."—Mrs. EDGAR SIMMONS, R. R. 2, Woodbridge, Ont.

In nearly every neighborhood in every town and city in this country there are women who have been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in the treatment of ailments peculiar to their sex, and they take pleasure in passing the good word along to other women. Therefore, if you are troubled in this way, why not give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from roots and herbs, has for forty years proved its value in such cases. Women everywhere bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Greater Speed

Put in a full set of new Champion Spark Plugs. Get out in the open and "step on it."

You will find your car capable of much greater speed. Your engine will perform better in every way. All sluggishness will disappear. Pick-up will be much more rapid. You will save in oil and gas.

This is because Champion is the better spark plug. It is better because it delivers a full, intense spark to the firing points under all driving conditions for a much longer period.

The Double-Ribbed Champion sillimanite core is practically immune to breakage. Its great strength makes it possible to use the exclusive semi-peticoat tip which remains free from carbon. Insulation of the electrode is complete, making certain that the full spark is always delivered.

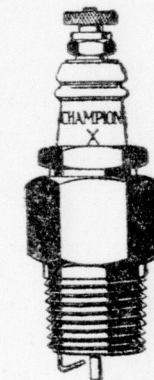
The seven Champion types provide a correctly designed spark plug for every engine. You will be following the example of millions of motorists, if you install dependable Champions by the full set at least once a year.

Champion X costs but 80 cents. The Blue Box 90 cents. More than 8,000 Canadian dealers sell Champions. Any of them will allow you to compare Champions with other Spark Plugs.

Champion Spark Plug Co. of Canada, Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario

CHAMPION

Dependable for Every Engine



They stand alone

DOZENS of would-be competitors years ago—to-day Hasslers have no real rivals!

Hasslers only will properly function on a Ford. There is but one correct principle and Mr. Hassler discovered that principle eleven years ago!

Hasslers alone will absorb both upthrow and rebound shocks. Why permit anyone to sell you something that will work but one way?

Hasslers will save you thirty per cent. on repairs and tires—increased the life of your car one-third — you are paying for them, why not enjoy them?

Hasslers are the only makers concentrating upon one product alone: today 1,500,000 Hasslers' Shock Absorbers are giving complete satisfaction.

Ten-day trial offer

It's no trouble at all to try Hasslers; quickly installed—or taken off in a few minutes. No alterations on car. Try them for ten days. Your money will be refunded if you say so. If your dealer does not have them, write to

Robert H. Hassler, Limited—Hamilton, Ontario.

Ride on

Hasslers



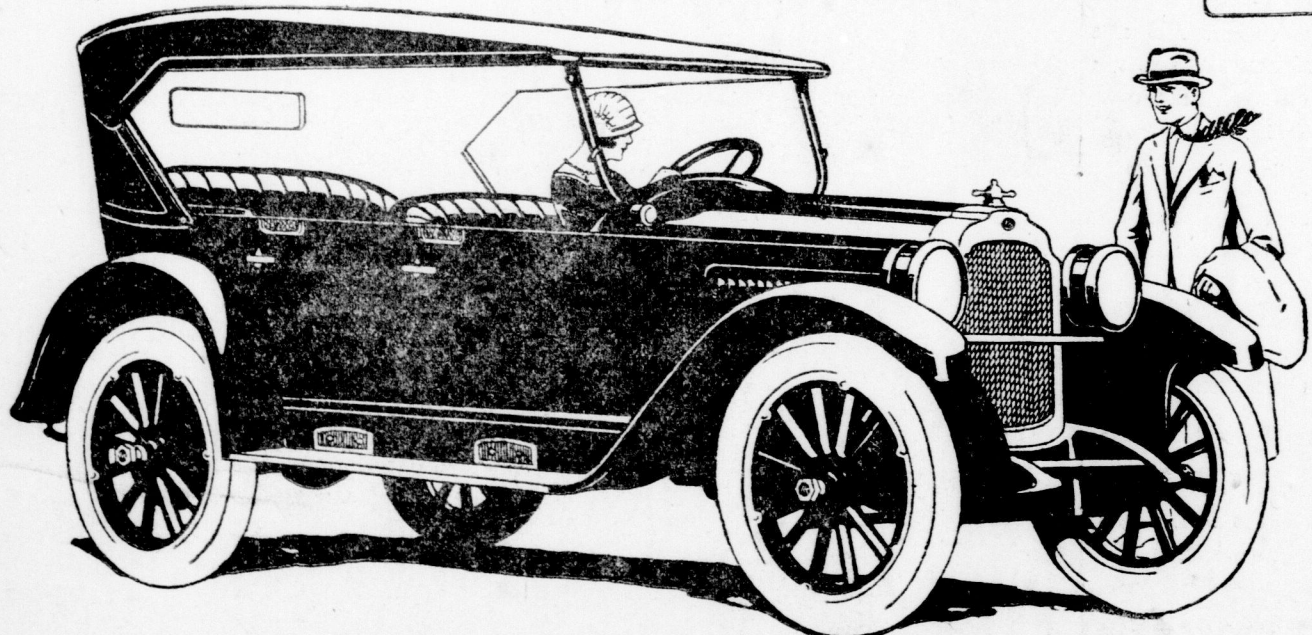
12

WILLYS-KNIGHT

Master of Mileage

FIFTY thousand miles in a Knight—without once having a mechanic fuss with the engine... that is a common experience among Willys-Knight owners. The fact is, that in all the ten years Willys-Knights have been going out into the world, no Willys-Knight engine has been known to wear out!

Ask your nearest Willys-Overland Dealer for Free Booklet "Advantages of the Willys-Knight Sleeve Valve Motor."



J. W. McLAUGHLIN

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Taxes Extra.

What the GMC Name Means

GMC stands for General Motors Corporation. It means that GMC Trucks are a product of General Motors—that the experience and research of General Motors are behind their construction—that the enormous buying power of General Motors has made possible such quality at such price.

Every General Motors Product is better and stronger for its association with General Motors, and in no case is this more true than it is of GMC Trucks.

In every test of strength and endurance GMC Trucks exceed the hopes and expectations of their owners. Simply because there is a PLUS quantity of every feature that makes for haulage satisfaction. And seven NEW features place GMC Trucks "Seven Steps Ahead" of the accepted standards.

GMC Trucks are better trucks because they are GMC Trucks. Let us help solve your trucking problems.

GENERAL MOTORS TRUCK CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, Oshawa, Ont.
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General Motors Trucks

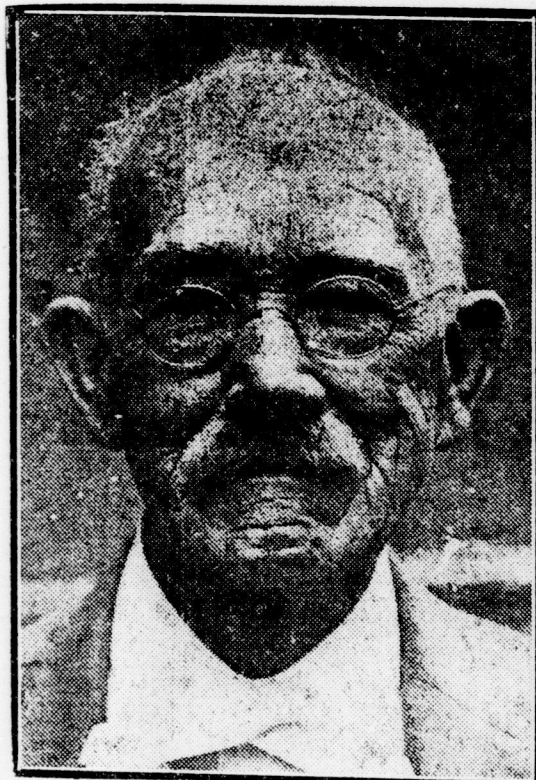
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

T-724

Princess An Oddfellow; R.A.F. Pageant; A Convention Veteran



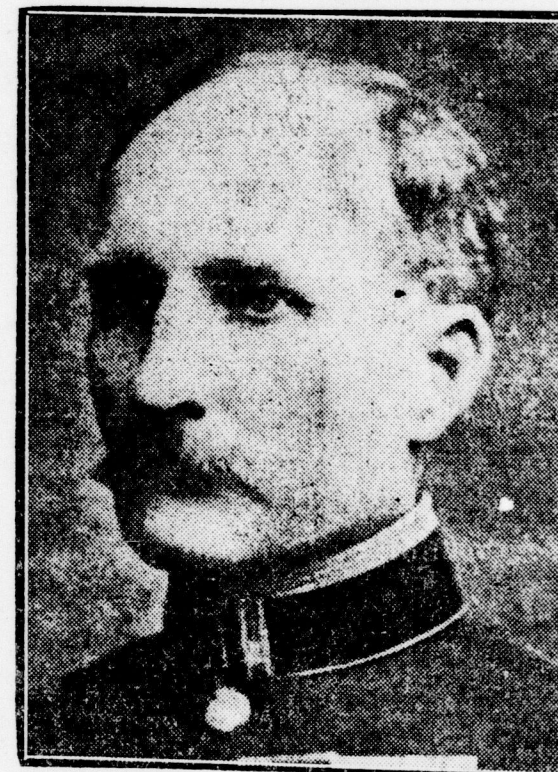
A photograph of Miss Gilda Gray, who has gone abroad to obtain furnishings for a new theatre which she will open in New York in the fall



Democratic conventions are nothing new for Pat O'Keefe, of Dallas, Texas, who has attended them for the past 56 years



Judge Charles A. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, of Montreal, photographed at New York as they sailed for a vacation abroad. It was Judge Wilson who sentenced the six bandits to death for the murder of Henri Cleroux in the hold-up of the Bank of Hochelaga messenger



A photograph of Sir Thomas Ward, who has arrived in Irak, with a technical staff, to commence work to stem the flow of the Diala River, so as to form a lake 400 miles square to aid irrigation



Miss Dusolina Gianni, famous prima donna from America, photographed on her arrival at Southampton recently



Mrs. William Burden, prominent society woman, photographed at Newport, R.I., with her champion St. Bernard Turk and her prize French bull Bi-Bi



Irene Bordoni, famous French star of the American stage, photographed while waving farewell to America as she sailed for Europe recently



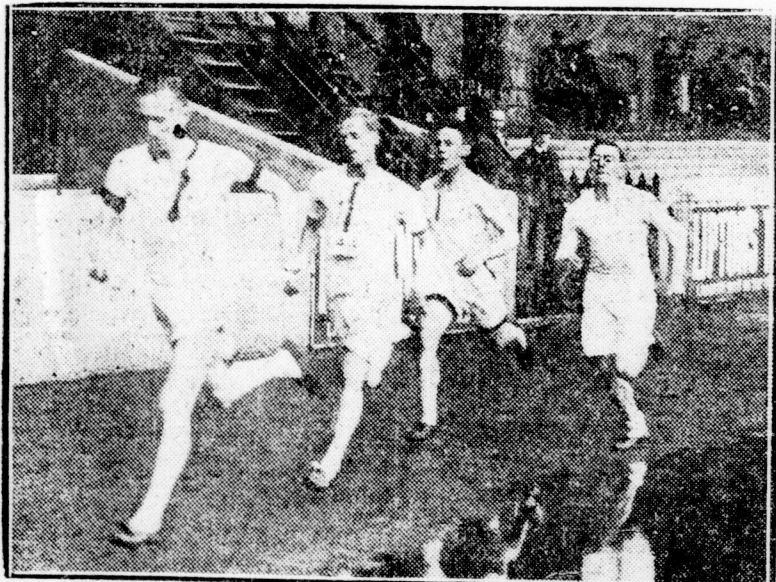
The young lady photographed above is wearing a luxurious two-skin scarf of Russian sable, designed by H. J. Mischo, which may be worn for dress or informal occasions



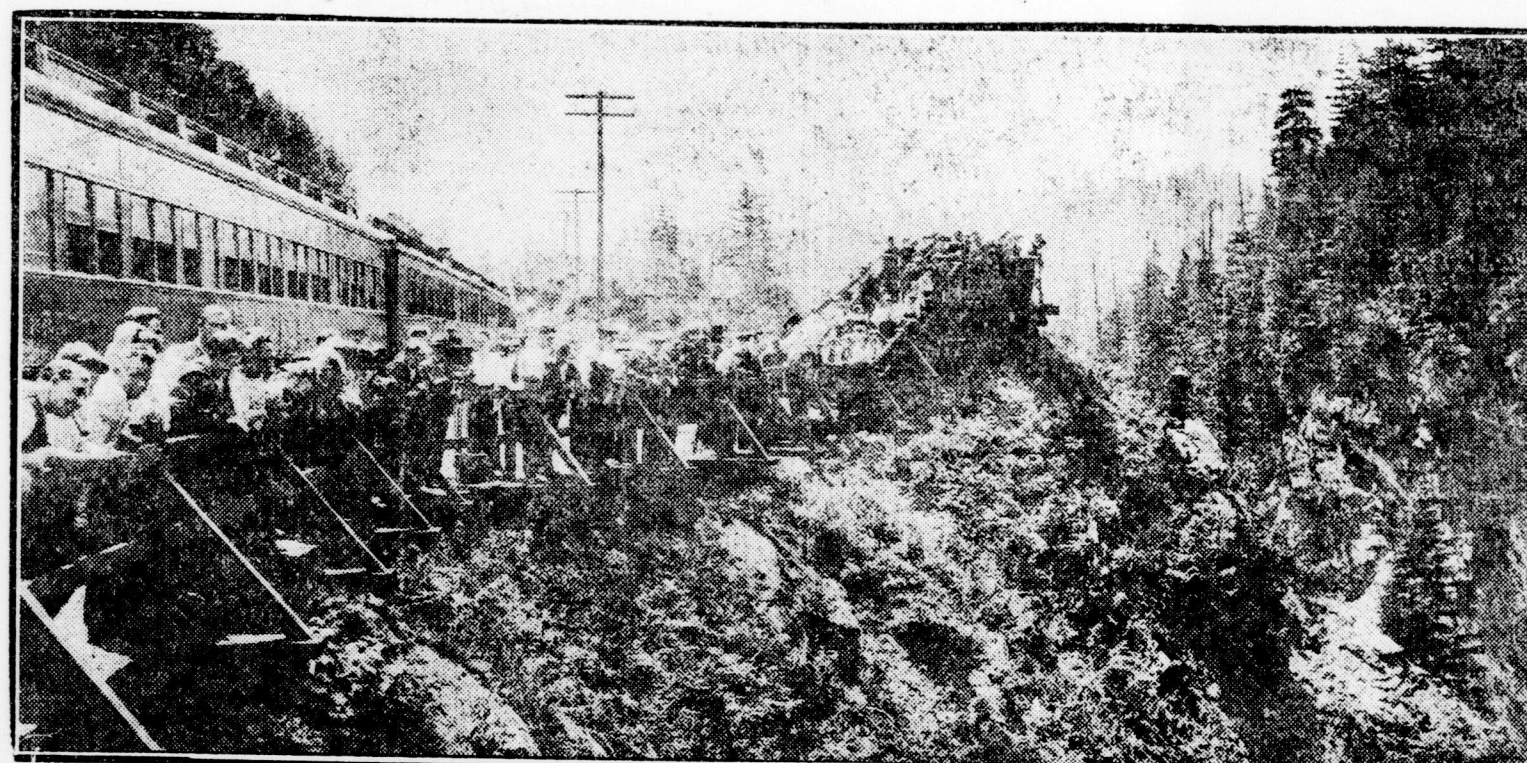
Miss Juliet Delf, internationally famous for her impersonations of famous actresses, photographed while sailing for Europe to obtain a new repertoire



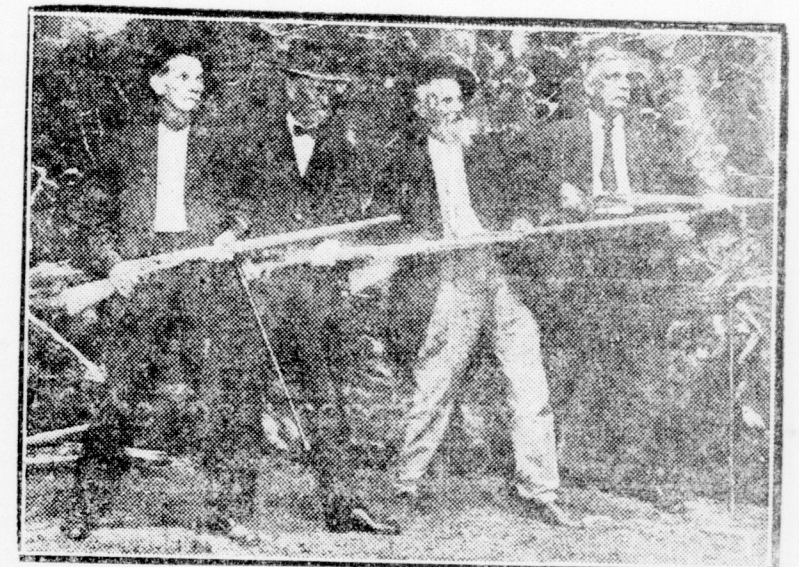
One of the police horses in the King's Cup competition photographed while walking over two dummy figures at the Richmond Horse Show



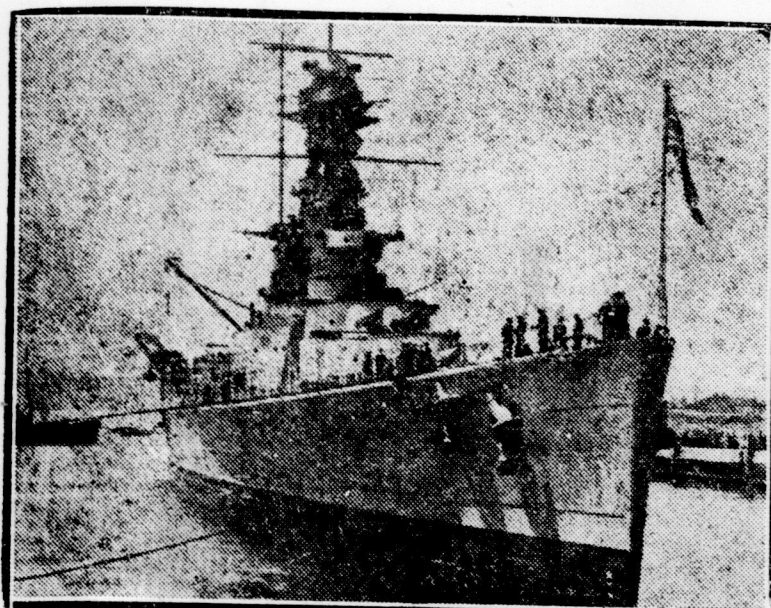
The above photograph shows H. B. Stallard, the winner, leading the field in the half-mile race at the United Hospitals sports held at Stamford Bridge, London



The officers and men of the visiting naval squadron at Vancouver, taken through the Rockies on a special Canadian Pacific train, are here shown viewing Albert Canyon where a long stop was made



The photograph (above) shows four confederate veterans who are taking part in the 60th anniversary ceremonies of the Battle of Atlanta



H.M.S. Hood photographed at Vancouver on the arrival of the British naval squadron of twenty-five officers and two hundred and fifty men



Visitors to the Royal Air Force Pageant which took place at Hendon recently saw the greatest collection of modern military aeroplanes ever yet shown to the public. The above photograph shows some of the planes on the ground



The latest photograph of Princess Mary, who has just been enrolled as an honorary member of Harmony Lodge, Knareborough, a branch of the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows

The London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1924.

The Case of Dr. Glover

Dr. T. J. Glover, formerly of Toronto, but who has been pursuing his cancer research work, had an uncomfortable time at a meeting of physicians and surgeons at Philadelphia when he outlined the work he had been doing.

Reports have it that he was hissed by many of those in attendance when he refused to answer specific questions in a way that was satisfactory to those who asked them.

Is it possible that professional jealousy has been allowed to creep in here? The world is not at all interested in the strict rules of professional ethics, nor in the fears that some old theories may be upset, but it is mightily interested in the discovery of a cure for cancer. It is willing to patiently bear with the exploits and efforts of every man who has shut himself up with his studies in order to devote his years to the pursuit of one thing only, the mastery of cancer.

The layman finds it hard to see why Dr. Glover should be hissed from a platform. He does not claim that he has found a cure for cancer, but he does show that he has made progress. He was willing to place his work before the surgeons and practitioners. A perusal of his address convinces the layman that he is reading a very modest document, one that tells of experiments that have shown certain definite results, and that have added to the sum total of human knowledge in a most important field. At no stage can it be discovered that Dr. Glover has announced himself a winner in the fight. He simply reported progress, and is apparently prepared to bury himself again in the pursuit of his studies.

Those who hissed are in a weak position because they have nothing better to offer. The non-professional world looks on and is inclined to say, "Give the man a chance, for he is working on something that means a great deal to us."

Is a Survey Needed?

The board of education is considering the question of having a survey made by the Municipal Research Bureau into the workings of the school administration in London. No definite move has been made because the members do not know just what there is to have a report on. The survey would not touch salaries paid to teachers, nor the arrangement of classes or subjects taught, but would deal chiefly with the work of office administration.

The board of education should settle a few things in its own mind first. It should know just what points it requires outside information about. It should decide if there are specific things about which it requires specific information; if there are matters of administration with which it does not feel competent to deal.

Having established these matters definitely, the board would next have to make sure that it would make use of the survey by giving effect to the recommendations it contained. The city secured an exhaustive survey of several of its departments through the Research Bureau, but the recommendations made have for the most part not been adopted.

The bureau over which Dr. Brittain presides could make a careful analysis of the school administration in London; it is quite competent to do so. But first the board of education should know definitely that there are wrongs to be righted, and make certain that a survey is necessary.

On the Lookout.

Hon. Mr. Robb's semi-jocular reference to reciprocity, made in answer to inquiries about a proposed trip to Washington, is nothing to get excited or dejected about.

The point he made was that the government was on the lookout for a plan "which would enable our cattle and other farm products to circulate more freely in that market."

The comforting thing is to know that the government is studying and thinking of ways to solve the problem of markets for Canadian farmers.

British Columbia's Battle.

British Columbia is having a bad time with forest fires. Hundreds of men are out fighting them, using every possible means at their disposal to stop the blaze. Engines mounted on rafts throw water through hundreds of feet of hose; dynamite is used to blow up rocks in the hope of opening new streams of water, but the fires continue to advance.

A strong wind, a resinous forest, and dry underbrush makes a combination of forces that invites fire to do its worst.

Residents of this section of Ontario find it hard to realize the odds against which the people of British Columbia are fighting. When we have a fire it is in a block, a house or a barn, and not very often does it spread. Even the few bush fires we have do not make rapid progress, because the material in most of our wooded lands is not inflammable. A fire, fanned by a strong wind, in some of the pine sections along the lakes would be the nearest approach we could make to the British Columbia situation, but even there are found many non-resinous trees that would not burn.

Those British Columbia fire-fighters are facing heavy odds. The men on the lines are sure to be stung and hurt by the heat. There may be a lull in the wind, but it will return,

carrying with it hot ashes, burning cinders and great clouds of blinding smoke. There is no let-up; the fire burns the full twenty-four hours, and the efforts of the fire-fighters must be on the same scale.

A heavy rain is the only cure for the situation in British Columbia, and the absence of frequent rains on the Pacific coast is the cause of the present trouble. The Crow's Nest Pass country usually has a dry summer, but not so at the coast. The dry summers and high winds have burned out not only miles of bush, but whole towns in the southern part of that province, the work being so thoroughly done in some cases that residents of the rebuilt towns feel a sense of security they never had before because there is no bush near them that can take fire.

Ontario young people a few months ago were writing essays on "Save the Forests." British Columbia is today using its utmost effort to do this same thing, but its battle is being waged with a sterner weapon than pen and ink.

Requiescat In Peace.

The Toronto Globe, poor old lady, is now trying to tell herself that the new Toronto viaduct will really be her achievement because seventeen years ago a man on her staff said level crossings were an evil. But isn't this the same Globe rejected by Toronto ratepayers two years ago when she tried to spoil the viaduct by the waterfront "grab" in company with the barum-scurum Toronto Telegram?

It's very sad. One day the Globe exhorts Ottawa to be more economical. Next day she berates the Liberal cabinet for not spending millions on Toronto. The poor old creature appears to be approaching that stage of fussy senility where she feels she ought to do something but doesn't know what.

Prosecuting Under the O.T.A.

London police court had a peculiar turn in the prosecution of an O. T. A. case, one that may result in an appeal by the crown so that the method of procuring warrants for search may be changed.

Officers had a warrant to search the premises of one Goldenberg, where they found an immense amount of cigarettes and 21 bottles of whiskey.

When the O. T. A. charge was pressed the defence took refuge behind the fact that the warrant for search did not state fully enough the reasons for conducting the search. The claim was that the warrant should have set forth that the officers based their suspicion that they had seen men frequenting the place, or that they had witnessed drinking, etc. It might be claimed that it was a mere quibble over a technical point, as the officers had produced the evidence, and the onus of proving that the liquor was not held for purposes of sale was on the defendant. The magistrate saw fit to allow the point, the understanding being that the crown should enter an appeal to have the matter settled.

The O. T. A. presents a number of such points, and it is only by appeals and subsequent changes that the law can be made more perfect. An officer has fairly wide latitude in dealing with individuals. For instance, if he suspects that a man has liquor on his person he can search him without a warrant. He would have to be prepared, though, to satisfy the court that he had reasonable grounds for his suspicions before starting the search. If he failed to produce evidence, and failed to satisfy the court that he had sufficient reason for his search, he might find himself facing an action for damages.

In the case of a restaurant an officer can also go in without a warrant if he believes that drinking is going on.

The enforcement of the act calls for a degree of skill and common sense that makes the duties exacting. It is a comparatively new measure, and it is only by these peculiar cases—some of them apparently highly technical—being sifted out and set right that we shall evolve a law that is easier and more certain of just application.

Note and Comment.

One of the chief disadvantages of speeding is that there are so many magistrates who know how to say "ten and costs."

Young men who raise moustaches these days do not seem to do the thing well, as they only get a little sprout under the nose.

According to the Kincardine Reporter the baseball game between Chesley and Walkerton, played in Chesley, broke up in a free fight. A very good way to kill off good amateur sport.

A London man who spent the first of July with his family at Springbank has received notice to appear at Lucan on a charge of speeding there on July 1. Apparently the constable was Lucan at the wrong number.

Market note says "New York stocks are reactionary after a bullish demonstration." Of course the same idea would be conveyed by saying that stocks sold at higher prices, but that would not do because all the people would know what was meant.

Ex-Mayor Coppley of Hamilton made a vigorous protest against his city being left off the large map the C. N. R. have at the Wembley Exhibition. The railway officials were probably afraid they would have to put on a picture of the Hamilton station.

U. S. navy could not get credit for \$1,000 worth of oil from a firm in China, and U. S. papers want to know whose credit is good if not that of U. S. Well, there was a great deal of oil talk at Washington recently that was not very good for the nation's credit.

Hon. Charles Dunning, premier of Saskatchewan, is in England, visiting his old home town at Croft, where he worked in a factory before coming to Canada as an immigrant. Mr. Dunning is the sort that Canadians are willing to see go to the top. His success is the proof of his ability to work.

Dr. Frank Crane

CRIME IS A DISEASE.

A striking case of kleptomania occurred in Chicago recently. The wife of a millionaire was arrested for stealing.

She lived in a palatial home, and had maids and butlers and other servants to wait upon her. She had no need for money, as her husband willingly supplied all she could reasonably spend, even for luxuries.

But a strange impulse obsessed her. She applied for a position as a maid in a strange house, and was accepted because of her refined appearance. This she did at several places. In each instance she looted the home during the absence of the family and carried the things away in her own automobile. A neighbor woman saw the maid going away with the sedan full of plunder, and notified her employer. The kleptomaniac was arrested, and at police headquarters she broke down and confessed.

The woman was forty-four years old and had four children of her own. Her husband, although dazed by the shock of seeing his wife a kleptomaniac, hurried to her side and declared that he would stand by her. This incident is full of instruction for those who are capable of learning. It emphasizes the truth that crime is a disease to be cured and not an act which calls for retribution.

In such a case we already acknowledge its pathological character by giving it a medical name, kleptomania. We are recognizing that it is a mental disorder, something to be healed. In former ages anyone who stole would have been seized and afflicted more or less cruelly. Little by little the world is learning that vengeance, punishment and retaliation cure nothing. Kerosene will not put out a fire.

This unfortunate woman, surrounded by the protection of her husband and her loyal friends, will probably be treated by scientific means in a hospital or elsewhere until her affliction is removed.

She is not only unfortunate, but also very fortunate, for there are thousands of other law breakers who have no such friends, who are seized upon by the agents of society, haled into court, thrown into prison and treated with every form of harshness as enemies to be punished, and not as cripples to be cured.

Some day or other we are going to get the normal, sane and healthy view in regard to all crime.

Workin' in the Hay

Some person wrote a poem once about Maud Muller rakin' hay, and readin' that it seemed to me that job was some mild form of play.

So I went to the farm one day, says I unto the man out there, "I long to grab a pitchfork now and sniff the clover-laden air. To me this work upon the farm 'twill be the choicest kind of fun, I'll rise up early in the morn and dust the hay off ton by ton."

The farmer looked me in the eye, he signed me up without a word, the next day I arose at morn, a cheerful and a hopeful bird.

They introduced me to a fork, a weapon built on graceful line, a goodly thing that stood the years and all the ravages of time.

The hay was sittin' in a field just waitin' for us folks to come, I'd show the folks out on the farm just how the pitchfork should be done.

What need was there for new device to shoot the hay upon that farm, I'd show them how to load the stuff and stow it safely in the barn.

I heaved my fork into a pile, I tossed it gaily on the cart, the hired man 'lowed how I'd do, he figured I was fairly smart. But that there load kept mountin' up, each heave seemed bigger than the rest, the sweat it camped upon my brow, I shed my collar and my vest.

About the time the second load was stacked upon that creakin' cart, I reckoned I would bust in two, and die of bulgin' at the heart.

Oh Timothy, they call that hay, I worked with my 'mild sweat and groan, you put a kink into my back, you put an ache in every bone!

You stuck ten blisters on my vest, you made me snort and wheeze, you made me gasp, you made me have a hump, you sent me knockin' at the barn.

If I was raisin' that there hay and heavin' it like what I done, I wouldn't sell the bloomin' stuff for less than ninety bones a ton.—ARK.

Christ Came For All

Giovanni Papini is trying to preach a Latinized Christ, says a prominent literary reviewer. "A Latin Christ on Caesar's throne" are the words he uses. That is not a true valuation of Papini's work. There are, indeed, some who have tried to force a Latin Christ on the world for several centuries. Christ is a spirit; the spirit of God. In Jesus of Nazareth there was an overflowing measure of his spirit. But there is some in every human being, although it often lies hidden and crushed. Papini may seem an apostle of the Latin Jesus, but of Christ with His universal application and appeal it would be impossible to make either Latin, Jew or Greek. He is for all the world.

Press Comment

Perhaps He'd Forgotten It.
A man in police court couldn't make the magistrate believe the beer found on his premises had been in his possession ten years. Wonder how many could believe it?—Hamilton Spectator.

West Has No Monopoly.

Western Canada has too many settlers who want to settle at 20 cents on the dollar.—Brandon Sun.

Paying For It, But—

The people of Canada these days will do well to watch the Senate in its attacks on the Canadian National Railways. The enemies of public ownership have a very effective means of destruction enthroned in high places. This is one of the prices that Canada is paying for an irresponsible second chamber. It is an excrescence on the system of responsible government.—Brantford Expositor.

But Some Sold at Five.

Householders who get strawberries at 10 cents per box are certainly getting value for their money. When the producer has to pay for picking and for the box, he has not a great deal left for his work and the overhead cost of a strawberry field.—St. Catharines Standard.

No Three-Times Trying.

Motorists who contemplate knocking a railroad train off the track should bear in mind that they get only one chance.—Toledo Blade.

Stamps For a House.

The enthusiasm of the stamp collector knows no bounds. In a shop window not a hundred miles from Bond street is the following advertisement: "A Riverside residence with lovely grounds, only 40 minutes by train from London. Will take, in exchange, a valuable collection of postage stamps.—Morning Post.

"Canada in the Making"

By JOHN F. SINCLAIR.

The following is one of a series of eleven daily articles appearing exclusively in The Advertiser. Where opinions on controversial matters are expressed in these articles, they are not necessarily the opinions of this paper but those of the author, John F. Sinclair, who will be remembered by those who read his series, "Can Europe Hold Together?" published in The Advertiser several months ago.

CHAPTER 7—SURPLUS OR DEFICIT.

Hon. J. A. Robb is the acting minister of finance of Canada. He is taking the place of the veteran minister, W. S. Fielding, who, in 1923, delivered his seventeenth budget speech in the Canadian Parliament. This is believed to be a record never equalled in the British Empire.

Mr. Robb delivered the budget speech on April 10, 1924. He is a successful businessman, practical and cautious. He is comparatively new in politics. No speech in recent years was awaited with more interest than this one.

He estimated the total ordinary receipts of the national government for the year at \$395,000,000. This is a slight increase over the last fiscal year. He estimated the total ordinary expenditures for the year at \$328,250,000. This is a decrease of \$4,000,000 as compared with the previous year.

Mr. Robb therefore reported to parliament that he expects there will be a surplus of revenue over the ordinary expenditure, of \$67,750,000 available for capital, special, and other obligations.

This is where the troubles of the finance minister begin. For capital expenditures he estimates that it will take \$12,170,000. For special estimates, another \$8,390,000. Together they total \$20,560,000.

DEFICIT IN CANADA'S SYSTEM.

But "the other obligations" are the big ones. The budget fight for this year has largely centered on how much these "other obligations" really are. The government says one thing. The opposition says another. The deficit in the Canadian system of bookkeeping was never better illustrated than in this particular instance.

These other obligations are really loans and cash advances to the Canadian National Railways—a corporation which is owned and operated and controlled by the government of the Dominion of Canada.

The government gave \$23,781,000 cash to the Canadian National Railways during the year. This item Mr. Robb treats as a non-active asset. This is correct auditing practice.

But the government railways could not get along on such a small amount of money, so the railways issued their obligations and the government in turn guaranteed the obligations. The obligations were then sold on the market. Mr. Robb says "monies raised by way of guarantee which places the government in the position of an indorser do not presently affect the public credit in any way, as they are indirect obligations."

The Canadian National Railways issued a bond issue in August, 1923, for \$22,500,000. This money was used to buy railroad equipment. The government of Canada indorsed the obligation. It had a right to do it under the guarantee act of 1923. Mr. Robb says "this (guaranteeing) was done so as to make the security more attractive to investors and secure the highest price." Just so.

Then in February of this year another \$50,000,000 was raised by the same process.

These guaranteeing debts the present government does not include in estimating either its expenses for the year or the increasing of the national debt. By such a process of bookkeeping the government finds that for the first time in ten years it will be possible to reduce the net public debt by \$30,409,000.

To this "estimating" the ex-premier and present leader of the opposition, Arthur Meighen, strenuously objects. He insists that:

"The national debt of Canada has been increased by the sum of \$72,500,000 (the guarantee), less the sum of \$30,409,000 (alleged surplus). The net result therefore is an increase of the public debt for 1923-24 of \$42,090,000."

A MATTER OF OPINION.

A deficit, you see, instead of a surplus. Question: Should a bond issued by a corporation, which is owned by the government, and which bond is guaranteed by the government, be considered an obligation of the government? Mr. Robb says "No." Mr. Meighen says "Yes."

On the answer to that question depends whether the public debt of Canada has increased or decreased during the past year.

The record of Canada for the last three years is given below:

	1922.	1923.	1924.
1. Ordinary revenues	\$358,950,000	\$403,470,000	\$405,622,000
Ordinary expenses	\$347,560,000	\$322,293,000	\$28,272,000
Ordinary surplus	\$34,391,000	\$70,800,000	\$77,372,000
2. Capital and special expenditures	\$17,822,000	\$18,315,000	\$20,560,000
Surplus	\$16,569,000	\$52,485,000	\$56,812,000
3. Railroads and merchant marine advances	\$7,350,000	\$8,125,000	\$8,903,000
Deficit	\$1,380,000	\$3,641,000	\$4,090,000

In the figures for 1924 the \$72,500,000 is included as an obligation in the estimates.

When we ask how did Canada raise the money to pay the ordinary expenses, we find that indirect taxation (sales, customs and excises) were increased relatively, while direct taxes (income and excess profits) were decreased. It is probable that the total direct taxes for the year, when finally set up by the department of finance, will not show over 20 per cent of the total, while the indirect taxes will go over 80 per cent. Under such a tax program cost of living and manufacturing production costs must remain at high levels.

INTERNATIONAL POSITION MORE FAVORABLE.

The position of Canada in regard to her international trade is much more favorable.

I can do no better than to quote from the budget speech of the acting minister of finance, when he says:

"During the fiscal year ended March 31, 1924, four months before the outbreak of the great war, Canada had a total foreign trade of \$1,074,631,222, with an excess of imports over exports of \$163,756,774. To that extent the balance of trade was against Canada. The fiscal year ended March, 1923, shows a total foreign trade of \$1,501,731,341. The difference between exports and imports was only \$6,122,677, but the balance was favorable to Canada. In the fiscal year ending March, 1923, we had a total foreign trade of \$1,747,875,081, with a favorable balance of \$142,716,593 over imports. In other words, Canadian foreign trade had increased 60 per cent over that of 1924, an unfavorable trade balance of \$163,756,774 had been converted into a favorable balance of \$142,716,593."

Returns for the eleven months ended February, 1924, indicate continued healthy growth of Canadian foreign trade. Already both exports and imports exceed those of 1923, and the balance of trade favorable to Canada on eleven months' business is \$138,524,707."

In view of the world-wide depression, and especially the conditions in Europe, this showing is extraordinarily good.

So far the government of Canada has made little or no attempt to take the burden of high living and high taxes from production and off of the shoulders of the ordinary man. How? By increasing direct and progressive taxes, and decreasing the indirect and shifting ones. I do not see how she can expect a very large development until that is done. The present government, in the budget this year, made a start in that direction. The sales tax was cut from six per cent to five per cent and certain customs duties were taken from agricultural machinery and other articles purchased in large amounts by the farming classes of the west.

It is generally admitted that the financial policy of the present government is not definite, inclusive, or even final. The great after-war problems of Canada still remain to be solved. The problem of international trade is one of these problems.

Next: THE PROBLEM OF TRADE.

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Red Hot July Days Hard on the Baby

July—the month of oppressive heat, red hot days and sweltering nights—is extremely hard on little ones. Diarrhoea, dysentery, colic and cholera infantum carry off thousands of precious little lives every summer. The mother must be constantly on her guard to prevent these troubles or if they come on suddenly to flout them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during the hot summer as is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the bowels and stomach, and of precious little lives every summer. The mother must be constantly on her guard to prevent these troubles or if they come on suddenly to flout them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during the hot summer as is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the bowels and stomach, and of precious little lives every summer. The mother must be constantly on her guard to prevent these troubles or if they come on suddenly to flout them. No other medicine is of such aid to mothers during the hot summer as is Baby's Own Tablets. They regulate the bowels and stomach, and of precious little lives every summer.

The Fun Shop

HARD-BOILED!

Bill, the Burglar, was hard-boiled there was no doubt of that. He had been shot at by hundreds of policemen, and had been pierced by at least a dozen bullets, but evidently he was too tough to hurt. At last, however, he was captured and condemned to die in the electric chair.

The fateful day came, and Bill was led to the execution room and strapped in the chair. It took six men to do it, and they had their hands full at that.

Five, ten minutes passed, and hard-boiled Bill's air of bravado began to fade. He drew a shade paler, and seemed a trifle nervous.

"All right, come on!" he growled, "turn on the juice and have it over with."

"Turn it on, man!" stuttered the prison electrician, in an awed voice. "It's been on for five minutes!"

Quite Right.

Jimmy—"Hey, dad!"

Dad—"Cuff boxes."

Jimmy—"What kinda boxes do they use when they box a kid's ears?"

Dad—"Cuff oxes."

Not every actor who cries for bread receives a role.

Those Questions.

First Motorist—"Having tire trouble?"

Second motorist (wiping the perspiration from his face)—"Naw, just took it off to rest the rim!"

Our National Menageries.

Golf links.

Hot dogs.

Blind pigs.

Lounge lizards.

Radio buzz.

Fox trots.

Political soaps.

Society lions.

Human flies.

Poor fish.

Jail birds.

Old crabs.

"Yes," remarked the theatrical manager of the show that was flopping, as he sorrowfully viewed the

hundreds of vacant chairs. "Yes, this is indeed a drama of the great, open spaces."

Class.

He was a teacher. Instructing the girls. Paulines and Elsie. Ethels and Pearls.

Though there were fifty. He fell for one lass: Mabel entranced him. For she was the "class"

Barber Shop Chords.

Monte Carlo Casino Biggest, Boldest Monopoly in World Pays Cost of Running Entire Little Country of Monaco

Rumor That Big Winner of Season Is a Canadian—Best of Brains Cannot Invent System to Beat Bank—Dress at Casino Not Extraordinary, But Jewels Are Amazing.

By LACEY AMY

THE Monte Carlo Casino is not Monaco officially. Except that in theory it must submit to Mopagasque laws, it is official in no sense. In reality it is as much a company as the Standard Oil, with a directorate and shareholders, a profit and loss account to face each year. But the poor, down-trodden Standard Oil is amenable to the laws of a great country that does not exist for its convenience, that is not dependent upon it for its existence financially; it is subject to the laws of a score of countries in which it operates.

The Casino pays a huge license fee to the coffers of Monaco, a fee that provides for the thirty-two soldiers and the hundred or two functionaries; for the prince and his entourage; for the prince's yacht that lies, like a decoy duck, in the harbor with cold engines; for the band concerts and dances on the quay, given free to the townspeople in the name of the prince. It takes the place of tariff for revenue, of income tax, of all taxes and rates—except what we visitors pay, of charity.

It is the modern fairy godmother acting nationally.

And for this it is granted an authority that makes one approach it with uncovered head, that softens voices even in the thick of the frequent arguments that arise in the gambling rooms, that enables it to charge us for the opportunity of taking our money. It admits whom it likes, takes away an entrance ticket without explanation or return of price, and settles disturbances with the high hand of a medieval king from whom there is no appeal.

Its international directorate ensures for it the deaf ear of the nations. And France, I am informed, permits no other roulette tables within its jurisdiction. Nothing must compete with the Monte Carlo Casino.

That's the Casino, the biggest monopoly in the world, the most autocratic institution in modern life.

But does its autocratic authority frighten away any of the hundreds of thousands who patronize it in a year? Not what you'd notice. Last month the tips were greater than ever before in its history. Last night I struggled in vain for half an hour to get a seat at a table, and scores were throwing on their mise from second back in the crowding rows. A woman sitting at the end stole three winnings, to my own knowledge, yet she got away with it despite the protests of the English losers.

Casino Is Everything

THE Casino is much more than its gambling tables. It pays Monaco's bills, as I have said. But more than that, it is the drawing card that makes Monaco's business possible. Without the Casino Monte Carlo would be a small town struggling for the recognition of the winter visitor, with only its scenery and climate to offer; and Monaco would long ago have sunk into France and disappeared as an identity.

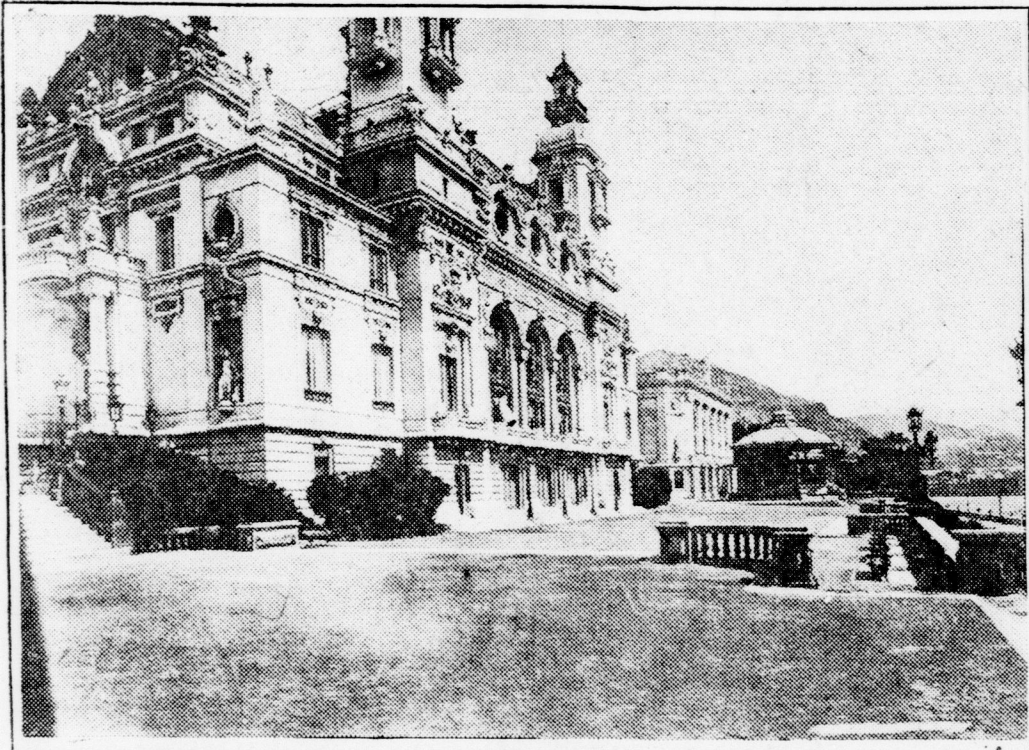
The Casino owns the Hotel de Paris and the Cafe de Paris, the two crowded tourist resorts that, with the Casino, circle one end of the famous gardens. It has laid out a few acres in gardens that have no rival—acres of varied palms, of flower beds, of streams and ponds and paths. It is responsible for the even more famous terraces, for the pigeon shooting ground that is almost as well known.

It owns the only two cinemas in Monte Carlo proper. Within the Casino building it runs a theatre where grand opera and concerts are given almost every day of the season, to which it brings all but the most expensive artists. It has tea rooms and bars and ball rooms. It maintains its own orchestra and chorus, its own reading and writing rooms, its own police and firemen.

Within its halls all local announcements are posted, the telegraphic news of the day, the current rate of exchange, the stock exchange quotations, the times of the trains and motors, the cards for all sports, the condition of golf at Mont Agel.

It is Monte Carlo. It is Monaco. It is, to a great extent, the Riviera. It is the world's gambling resort. In the winter season two-thirds of its patrons speak English better than French and many do not even know the numbers in French. Yet, strangely enough, there does not seem to be an employee in its pay who speaks fluent English. In the offices where the tickets are sold by a small army of clerks an Englishman is referred to a clerk whose mastery of English is inadequate for more than the barest information. The inspectors in the rooms who are nominally for the service of English speaking players understand only enough to take the side of the French in a dispute. And the croupiers and chiefs who handle the tables are forbidden to speak in any language but French, and are unable for the most part even to grasp English numbers.

The staff of the Casino is colossal. There are in the winter season six hundred croupiers alone, in addition to chefs, inspectors, servants, detec-



THE WORLD'S LARGEST GAMBLING HOUSE—THE CASINO, MONTE CARLO

tives, office staff, police, foremen, orchestra, chorus, gardeners, and so on. The expense of the organization must be enormous. Its head man was recently discovered to have robbed it of millions of francs. Yet it keeps on declaring the old dividends.

That's how much of a chance the gambler has of beating it.

World's Only Sure Winner

THE cost of administration is not really so great as it might appear. The croupiers are paid a wage that is made adequate only through the cagnotte, or tips from the players. And even the half of all this is taken by the company. Once the tips went directly to the croupiers, but it led to abuse, and now the company provides a locked box, held by the chef of the table, and of its contents the croupiers receive only half.

How much this is may be estimated from the fact that the tips exceed the croupiers' wages—which means that the croupiers do not cost the Casino a penny.

The Casino is the only sure thing in life except death. It is the only stock company that can laugh at the world's cares and worries. If it failed to pay dividends there are a thousand fresh schemes for taking them from the public. And like lambs we who visit the Casino would pay—pay—pay.

There are many things for which to admire the Casino and its administration, apart from the entertainment it provides. It has a rule that citizens of Monte Carlo, making their living in the town, may not be admitted. That may be conscience or expediency—but it is hard on the intelligence of the eager visitor. Monte Carloites who wish to gamble must indulge themselves at the Beausoleil Casino.

Over everything within the rooms is thrown a veil of dignity that touches one's funny-bone. Every suggestion of rush or eagerness on the part of the players to secure early seats at the tables to bolt from table to table in the scattered game played by some is frowned on by frock-coated inspectors.

The rush of securing seats when the doors are opened at ten in the morning is broken by indignant, solemn, soft-voiced inspectors with the air of guarding the sanctity of a cathedral. And when an argument arises over the ownership of bets, the inspectors drop about the scene the pall of their dignity and, as a last resort, hustle the disputants into side rooms and close the door. What happens there I do not know.

A third virtue is that it has never refused to pay an uncontested loss. I say "uncontested," since there are constant misunderstandings cropping up between the players and the croupiers, though I acquit the croupiers, at least, of intentional dishonesty. The same cannot be said of the attendants at the paying-out counters whose reputation of calculated dishonesty is too well founded to be questioned.

Many Tips to Give

IT would appear only reasonable that the Casino which sooner or later wins our money, should offer attractions to draw us to the tables. It does nothing of the kind. The little blue ticket that lets me through the carefully guarded door to the private rooms cost me two hundred and fifty francs for the season. For a month I would have paid seventy-five. The same amount would admit me for the season to the general rooms, thirty francs for one month, three francs for a day.

When I enter the lobbies I must pass across my hat and coat, and fifty centimes with it. When I make a winning at a table I probably drop something in the cagnotte box, though I may be deeply in loss already to the Casino that takes half of these tips. Attendants hang about to pull out my chair for a tip, or open the wash-room door, or do one of the hundred and one little things one prefers to do for himself.

Entrance to the Sporting Club, the innermost sanctuary, costs another fee, the qualifications for entrance here being membership in a reputable club, a banking account that can smile at high stakes, and the daring and physique to stand an all-night seance.

For all this it offers, in addition to the lure of the tables, an over-ornate building outside, oppressively fussy rooms within, where marble and granite, gilt and crystal, fight to crush the breath from the player, with Brobdingnagian paintings on the walls of the private rooms that could not be called art by the most biased friend. It maintains a temperature that wilts collars and trickles perspiration down every other face in the rooms, and a ventilation that makes one gasp.

There are those who insist that the temperance and bad air are Casino schemes to interfere with clear thought, but the reason given officially is that the whole world must be catered to. The Casino knows well that a player will suffocate, but never freeze.

The general room is an enormous hall containing eight roulette and two trente et quarante tables, with two side rooms—used in summer as the private rooms—providing five more tables for roulette. In the salons privies beyond, comprising four rooms, are six tables for roulette, three for trente et quarante and four for baccarat.

Roulette is by far the most popular game. It is easily understood, the plays are quicker, and the possible wins greater since an en plein win plays thirty-five times the mise.

Roulette probably requires little description here, except to say that it consists of a free wheel turning horizontally within a sloping enclosure, its circumference divided into thirty-seven spaces numbered from 0 to 36, each alternate space, with the exception of the zero, being red or black. Drawn on the table at each end of the wheel is a large rectangular design in which are marked the numbers in succession, in rows of three. The bets—disks previously purchased—are placed on this design at the desired place.

Methods of Play

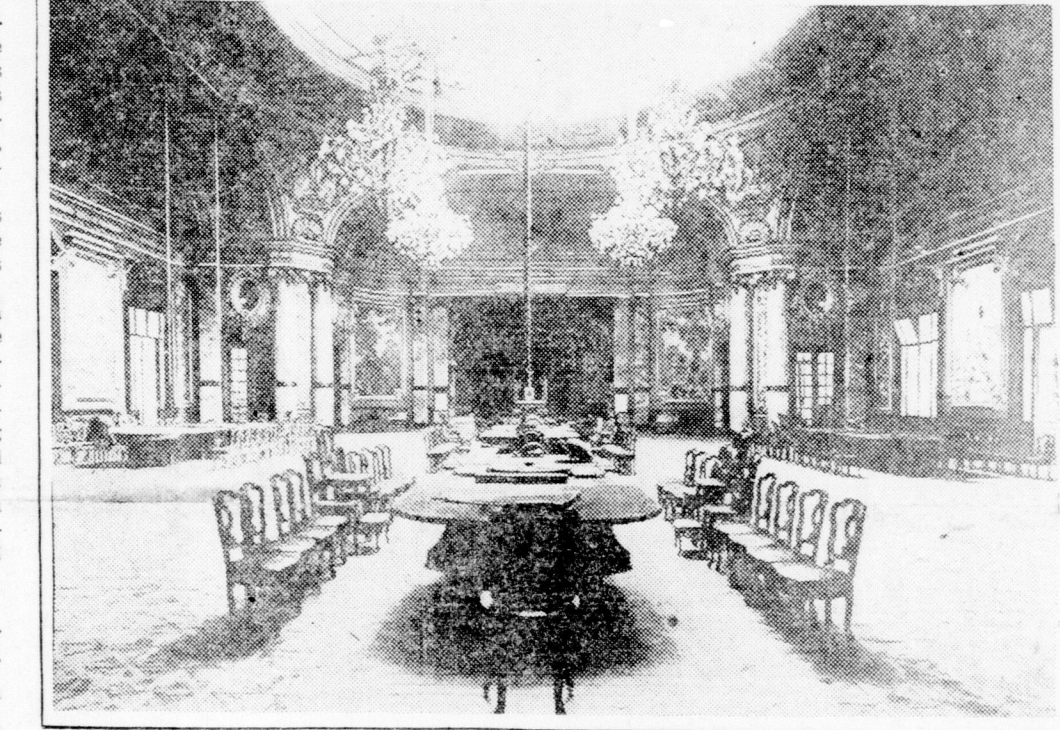
ONE may play on even chances—the red or the black, odd or even, first eighteen or last eighteen—on any of the three dozens, on columns, on a single number, or on two, three, four, or six, a different amount being paid for the winning of each, the winning number determined by the falling of the ball set rolling by the croupier about the sloping enclosure at the rim of the wheel.

In any play the advantage is distinctly with the bank. Though there are thirty-seven numbers—thirty-seven chances—one wins only thirty-five times the mise on a single number, seven times on two numbers joined by the mise, eleven times on three, eight times on four, five on six, and double on the dozens and columns. On the even chances one's bet, or mise wins only its own amount. When zero falls, the bank rakes in everything, but the bets on zero itself, with the exception that the simple chance bets are put in prison and only released if the next turn favors the bet, in which case nothing extra is paid.

Trente et quarante is played with cards and a marked table. A croupier or tailleur drops the cards in two rows, each to add above thirty, and the bets are paid according to the color that nearest approaches thirty. Some players will touch no other game, but the tables are com-



WHEN ARGUMENT ARISES THE INSPECTORS HUSTLE THE DISPUTANTS INTO SIDE ROOMS



INTERIOR OF THE MAGNIFICENT GAMBLING SALOON

paratively empty, except in the rush hours. It is said that the bank itself does not favor the game.

Baccara or chemin de fer is beyond my space to describe. It has a room to itself and usually deals with large amounts of money.

The basis for the betting is a white disk representing five francs, the minimum mise. In the private rooms the minimum was established in December at ten francs, with one table at twenty, a trente et quarante table at one hundred, and baccara ranging from fifteen to three hundred in its higher stakes.

The minimum does not prevent a player staking more, so long as a winning would not entitle him to a payment of more than six thousand francs. The reason for this limit I will explain in another article.

Play opens at ten in the morning and continues at some tables until midnight, at others until two in the morning, and in the Sporting Club sometimes as long as there are players. To the Casino every day is the same, Sunday, Good

Friday, Easter, even Christmas, the solitary exception being the birthday of a locally more famous man, the Prince of Monaco. On that day it used to remain closed all day, but the urge of modern finance has reduced the closed period to two hours, up till noon. The high cost of living, I suppose.

Probably four of every five players firmly or dimly believe that the Casino manipulates the tables to defeat the players—that they are tilted to a different angle each night, or the wheel is loaded, or the croupiers turn with the aim to make the greatest winnings for the bank. But all these fables are not worth discussing, even were they within the bounds of possibility. The bank needs no extra advantage.

Whether one considers the Casino a recreation or a vice depends upon one's luck, I fear. The former opinion seems to be favored. As the leading amusement of the Riviera, visitors are prepared to pay for it as they do for a play or for golf. Some have made a profession of it. They do not stop to diagnose; they are too busy on the profit and loss account.

Casino players may be divided by one method into the plungers who blithely or recklessly play the limit, and the little gambler who diffidently and hesitatingly risks his five francs. More descriptively they may be classified as those who count on blind chance and those who play a system.

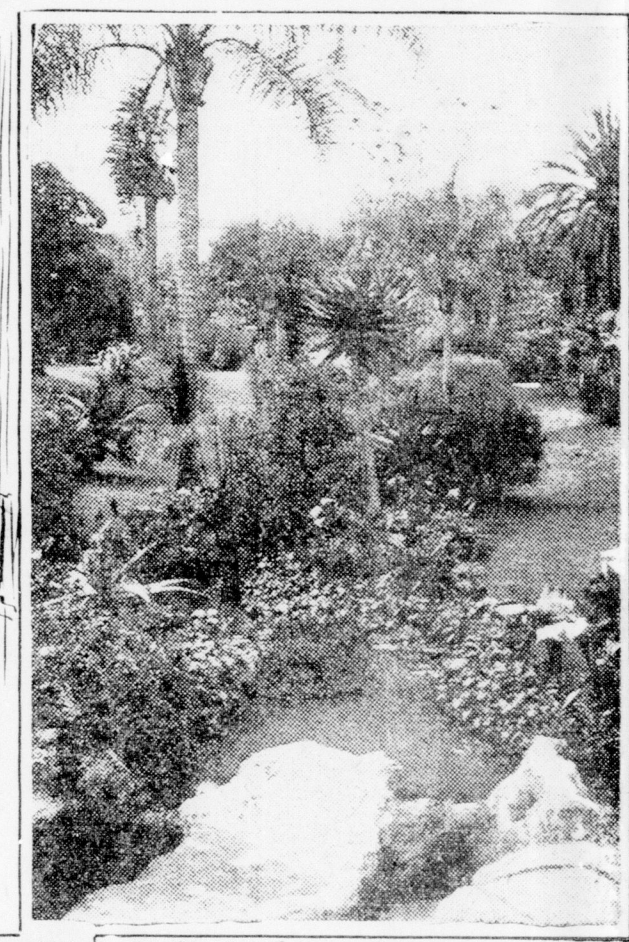
No one has yet been able to decide with any authority which wins or loses the most.

The Casino believes in systems. Certainly. It encourages them, it permits figures to be taken every day at one table for publication in a weekly journal. It knows that some of the best brains in the world have set themselves to the solution of the means to break the bank, and have failed. It knows that the system player is the plunger who never gives in as long as he has money.

Systems are of so many kinds as to defy description. Some keep plugging at one number, or a series of numbers. But most systems are based on a delay in the turning up of a number, the gamble being that, after a certain delay, the law of chance will make it appear. With this the player starts what it called a progression. That is, he keeps on playing on the selected number or numbers until it appears, increasing his bet at a point that will ensure that a win will repay him all he has previously lost in that play.

On this system it would seem that a player with command of sufficient capital and patience would sooner or later win, for the number would be certain to turn up eventually.

But that is where the bank establishes a rule that gives it further advantage, where one of the laws of the game defeats the law of chance. It protects itself against the long progression by stipulating that it will not pay more than 6,000 francs on a single bet. Thus, whatever one plays on, the limit is reached before a success is assured with even reasonable certainty. Betting on the even chances, for instance, that is red



PART OF THE CASINO GARDENS

or black, odd or even, first eighteen or second eighteen, the player must double his mise after each loss in order to cover the previous losses; and if he starts at the minimum of five francs he has reached the limit of the bank in only eleven plays. And, as I have said, I myself saw red turn up seventeen times in succession.

Canadian's Big Winnings

THE big players usually concentrate on the even chances. The odds of winning are better, or at least more frequent; there is less to keep track of, and the bets are easy to watch. This last feature is a consideration, since there are habits, mostly women, who make a living at the Casino from stealing other players' mises. In large bets, of course, a progression is impossible, the player waiting for the opening his system offers.

A few nights ago I saw two young men sit down to roulette and play the limit steadily on even chances. In less than half an hour they were 17,000 francs up, then down to 7,000, and when I left they were 34,000 to the good and the table was sending for more money. Last night two Italians, playing 9,200 francs on 16 numbers at each turn, rose to 34,000 francs of winnings, then down to 3,000, and I left them 58,000 ahead and still winning. But the one whose money was being risked was too unsteady of hand to handle the mise, and his face was ghastly.

I have as yet been unable to chase down the story that the big winner this season to date is a Canadian who is more than 2,500,000 francs ahead of the bank. I am told that one day last week he netted 600,000 francs.

It is these heavy winnings that attract the ordinary player. One sees and hears of the successes but never a word of the losses—unless, perhaps, in the obituary columns.

The chronic gambler whose health has begun to yield to the strain is a pitiful sight. I have in mind one who incorporates in his meagre body most of the symptoms. Thin to emaciation, his hands bony and long-fingered, eyes large and bloodshot, skin pasty and grey, like poor paper stretched over a rough frame, he sits seance after seance at roulette with his pile of counters before him, impervious to everything but the turn of the wheel. His face is a mask through which only the gleam of his feverish eyes tells of pleasure at a win. His long fingers twist and turn restlessly before him.

What surprised me most, especially in the early season, was the average age of the players. There are men and women by the score so old and decrepit that they move with difficulty, the lame, the halt, and even the almost blind. As the season advances younger life predominates, but the old man whose place has been popularly established beside the fireplace in slippers and dressing gown does his dinner jacket and plays with a steadiness and persistence that sends the home fagged while he is still at it. Old women who might be grandmothers with several "greats" before it are toggled in flaming evening dress and glistening headpieces they might have worn forty years ago.

In the matter of dress there is a license in Monte Carlo that knows no limit. In the private rooms at night evening dress is decidedly in the majority—that is, dinner jackets for men (I have seen only one swallow-tail)—but the man who prefers a coarse tweed attracts no attention whatever. In the general rooms everything goes with even more abandon. The game's the thing. The women are not conspicuously well dressed, but in jewels there is probably no place in the world that displays so much wealth on a single body.

Even after years in England, where size of stones overtops style of setting or arrangement, the display at Monte Carlo is startling. A woman with a diamond of less size than her own finger nail modestly hides her hand if she is sensitive to rivalry. I have seen wrists loaded with solid bands of diamonds for fully six inches, and literally hundreds of women wear four to six bracelets of precious stones on the one arm, many of them an inch wide.

Handbags, cigaret cases, gold lighters, wrist watches, cigaret holders, bandeaus are heavily jeweled. Diamond earrings reach to the shoulders. Cigaret smoking among women has gone out of fashion. The woman who smokes in the Casino private rooms is noticeable.

Tip Every Step You Take in Paris Gentle Art of Bleeding Foreigners

An Experience in Going to the Theatre—Dancing Partners If You Pay When You are Accompanied by Elderly Man

By NORAH ELLIOTT

PARIS, FRANCE
QUEL Melheur! The end of the month—our allowance but a shadow of its former self—and it is raining. We must take a taxi. So having hailed one we hop.

Arrived at the theatre, "How much, monsieur?"

"Six francs fifty, madame!"

"But why, monsieur? The register says four francs."

"Oh, pardon, madame, my mistake," said he, giving me five francs change from a twenty franc note.

"But, monsieur, you still owe me ten francs."

"Oh pardon a thousand times, madame. I thought you had given me ten francs."

On entering the theatre, we are stopped by a man crying, "Tickets, madame," but we have been warned against that trick, so we pay no attention. Should we give them to a man just outside the door, he would disappear immediately we had entered and sell them at a cut-price. And we would have been swindled.

Having passed the ticket holder, we hear a cry, "Your umbrella, madame," and having checked it, another "One franc, madame, thank you, madame."

At last we are shown to our places, and are

asking for the stubs of our tickets. "Yes, madame, but my tip, madame. Only one franc, madame, but it is not enough, madame, think of your exchange, madame. Oh, thank you, madame," as another franc is shoved into her hand.

At last, we are settled. But no; we hear, "A program, madame; one franc fifty, madame, thank you, madame."

And so we are left wondering how these people would live if there were no foreigners to tip them.

If one goes to a tea-dance or supper-dance in Paris, particularly with older men, one will be amused to see approaching an elegantly dressed and nimble footed young man, who will ask, "Would madame like to dance?"

Then one will realize suddenly that it is merely a professional dancer in search of a lavish fee. This charge may be anything from 20 to 100 francs. At the moment they are making salaries that might well make professors of other studies envious. Not only do they act as dancing partners, but they also give lessons, with perhaps a slight reduction for a series. They have been clerks, waiters, valets, foreign princes in distress, officers in the Russian army, but provided they are sufficiently attractive, they may be so much in demand that their calling becomes one of the most lucrative imaginable.

British Police in East Africa Outwit Desperadoes In Wild Adventures in Outposts of the Empire

Ex-Army Man of Type of Canadian Mounted Police Engages "Black Sheep" Single-Handed—A Dazzling Show of Marksman-ship.

Soldier, world traveler and explorer, big game hunter and journalist, describe some of the activities of Major W. Robert Foran, ex-officer in the British army. In his military service he has taken an active part in all of Great Britain's wars during the last twenty years, beginning with the Boer War and including uprisings in India, Somaliland, Zululand and in British East Africa.

Major Foran's travels have taken him off the beaten track, especially in Africa and the Far East.

At one time, while in British East Africa on a leave of absence, Major Foran met his fortune with the East African police, which promised to furnish the adventure that he craved. A transfer from the army was effected, and he was appointed assistant district superintendent of police at Nairobi, in the interior of the country. He experienced many thrilling adventures, some of which are described in this and three succeeding articles.

By MAJOR W. ROBERT FORAN, F.R.G.S.

NAIROBI, like all new towns in a pioneer country, was infested with many undesirable characters. We had them all well spotted, and kept a watchful eye over them. But they gave us many very anxious moments.

Ewart, the district superintendent of police at Nairobi and my immediate superior, gave me all the assistance he could; but he was so overburdened with other duties that his help could rarely be given. We had jointly nicknamed the undesirable elements the "Black Sheep"—and many of them were indeed all of that.

These bad characters had drifted up to British East Africa, many of them being Colonials who were spoiling for an outlet for their adventurous spirits. Mostly speaking, their proclivities centered upon grossly lawless acts and in the disturbance of the peace of the community. They were of the type of men who balk at absolutely nothing; and, as a natural consequence, they made the task of maintaining law and order anything but easy.

I was seated at my desk, one afternoon, in the Central Police Station, wondering what new devilry these men would be up to next. The previous evening there had been two

very daring burglaries in the business section of the town, and we suspected some of the "Black Sheep" were responsible for them, though we had no real clues to work upon.

A Call to Duty

SUDDENLY, my telephone bell rang sharply and interrupted my reverie. I lifted the receiver, and answered the call.

"That you, Foran?" came the peremptory voice of Ewart from the other end of the wire.

"Yes—anything on your mind?" He said that two of the "Black Sheep" were down at Rayne's hotel shooting up the bar. They had shot at—and chased off his beat—the native policeman on duty there. "Missed him," he said. "Everyone's scattered, and left them in possession of the hotel. Get down there as quick as you can, and arrest them. Look sharp about it! And report back to me."

My superior officer's voice was cold, angry and indignant. The prospect was not inviting, for this was my first actual arrest. I was not at all sure what one had to do in arresting a man for an offense; and I had no desire to become a target for these two drunken roughts.

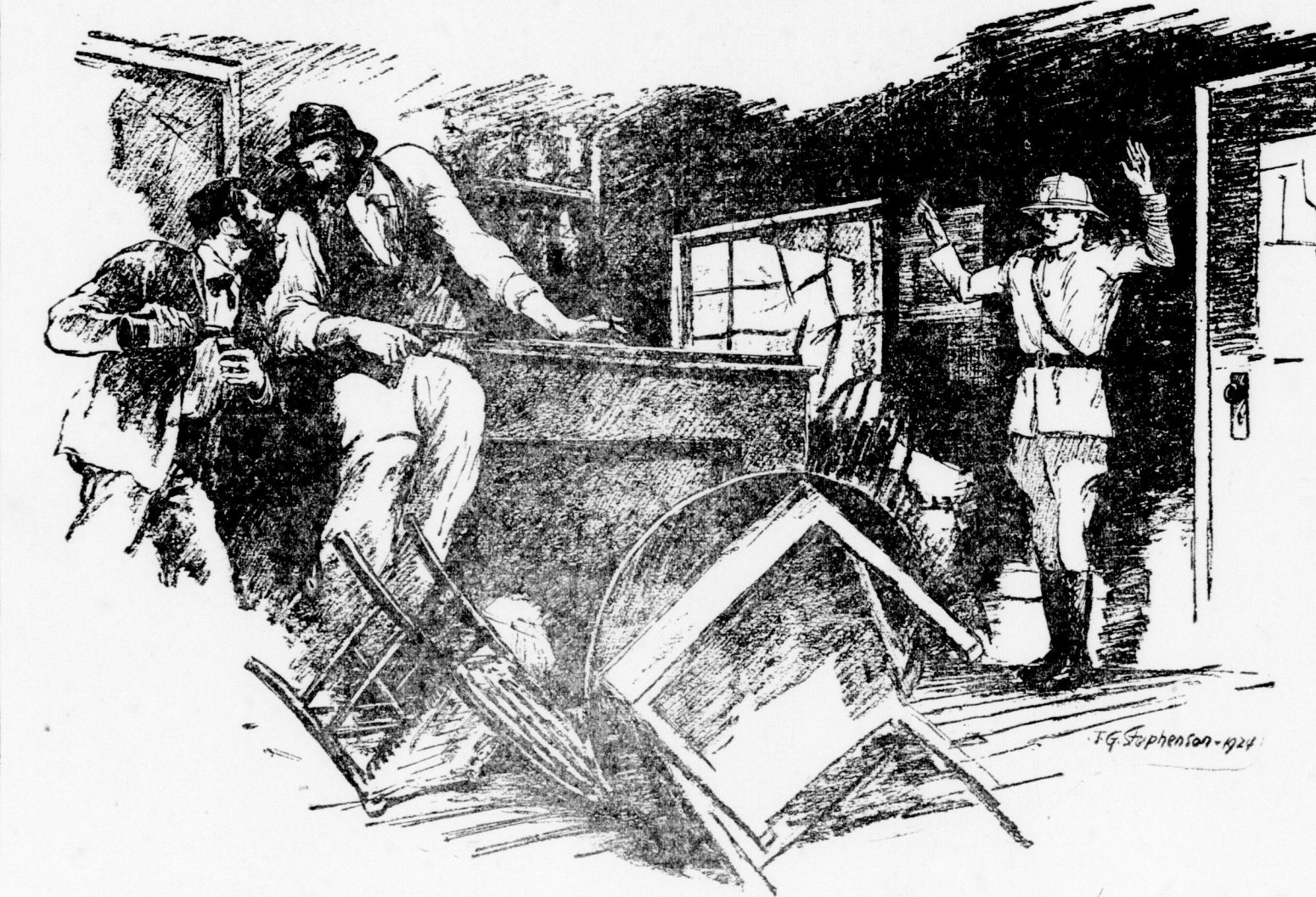
However, I buckled on my belt and revolver, signalled to four of my Indian policemen to follow me and started off at a run for Rayne's hotel.

There was not a human being to be seen in the neighborhood when I arrived on the scene, but there was ample evidence of the actions of the two "Black Sheep." Every window of the bar-room of the hotel was smashed, and the wreckage of some of the furniture littered the street. The door of the bar-room was closed, and there was complete silence within, as I listened intently.

I took stock of the situation, for I was at a loss how to proceed. Finally I decided to enter the room boldly, cover the two men with my revolver, and effect their arrest. I placed my four frightened policemen under cover, and instructed them to rush in to my aid when I blew my whistle. Then I advanced towards the closed door, with my revolver held firmly in my right hand, and my knees feeling weak and firm. Suddenly I threw open the door—and stepped into the room.

Hands up! Sharp about it! The abrupt command did not come from me. The two men, leaning against the bar-counter, had me covered with their revolvers. I had been easily beaten at my own game. "Come up! Up with them—and give me that revolver!"

One of the men kept me covered, the other advanced towards me with his weapon pointing towards the pit of my stomach. The situation was not a healthy one, and I was nonplused. If I fired at them, they could easily kill me first. My thoughts raced through my anxious brain. First one idea and then another was conceived and as quickly put aside. Finally, I decided to try a policy of bluff.



"They argued as to what they would do with me—none of their suggestions was pleasant to hear."

and I realized it was futile to attempt any desperate measures. I must just wait and watch, and seize the first opportunity to turn the tables on my captors. As a first arrest, the affair had been a hopeless failure. The laugh was on me, but I hoped to be able, before long, to change that.

The room was a shambles, with broken glasses, bottles, tables, and chairs scattered about the floor. The two bullies were unpleasant-looking customers. Both were sturdy, and wore big black boots. It was perfectly useless to try to force matters, for drinking had not sweetened their tempers. I stood still and watched them drink generous measures of neat whiskey, while they argued as to what they would do with me. None of their suggestions was pleasant to hear. They must have swallowed at least half a dozen drinks, before a plan came into my head. The sight of my revolver lying on the bar counter was an incentive.

Mirthless Laughter

"A LL right!" I laughed, but there was no real mirth in the laughter. "You've got the drop on me, I'll put them up."

My hands rose slowly above my head, and remained there. The taller of the two men, who had stepped towards me, seized my wrist and made me drop my revolver on the floor. I was still covered by both of their weapons.

"What's the game?" I demanded. "You're being scared the whole town out of its wits, and chased my policeman off his beat—and now you threaten me! What's the idea?"

"None of your lip," snarled the shorter man from the bar counter. "We'll soon show you that you can't arrest us. Me and my pal is having a spree—and the drinks is on the house—that's what! And you ain't a-going to spoil our fun. See, you little cock-sparrow!"

"I see perfectly," I grinned. "But you're both under arrest."

"Oh, we are, are we? I'll blizzard you show you ain't no cocky," roared the taller man. "You just stand over there back against the wall—and don't you dare move until I say so, or I'll drill you full of lead. Have a drink on the house, Bill—and don't forget to pour me one, you greedy blighter."

I was backed until I stood against the wall to the left of the door, which had swung closed after me. I knew that there was no hope of any help coming from the outside, and I dared not call for aid. While the big man picked up my revolver and laid it on the bar, his partner poured out two liberal drinks from a whiskey bottle. They had me covered all the time.

while he drew back to the other end of the room. He fired four shots in quick succession; and each one took the neck off a bottle. Then he paused, and jerked his head at Bill.

"Your turn, Bill. I'll watch him," he said.

The short man took his stand where the other man had fired from, and in five rapid shots decapitated an equal number of bottles.

"Oh, good shooting!" I cried, enthusiastically.

"What did I tell you?" demanded Bill. "Watch me!"

He turned on his heel and fired a shot over his shoulder, backwards. One of the lamp-chimneys in the ceiling fell in fragments on the floor.

"Wonderful shooting!" I ejaculated. My eyes never leaving the two men for an instant. My chance was coming. "You can't better that," I challenged Bill's companion.

With an angry growl the tall man drew away from the bar counter and left me unattended. He aimed at a bottle on the shelves and took the cork off it. Then he aimed towards another bottle, still standing on the bar. This was what I had been waiting for. With a quick and gliding motion, I reached my own revolver and picked it up. Neither man had noticed what had happened, being far too intent on their duel in marksmanship.

As the tall man fired again, I covered the cork off the bottle. I covered them with my revolver. With my police whistle between my teeth, I shrieked forth the summons for aid.

The two bullies wheeled to look at me; but they were holding empty revolvers. At my sharp order their hands went grudgingly above their heads. Almost at the same moment the door flew open and my four native policemen stumbled hurriedly into the room.

It took only a few seconds to overpower the two men, and slip the handcuffs on their wrists. Then we marched them proudly towards the police station.

Later, after their finger-prints had been registered, we discovered that both of the men were "wanted" by the Johannesburg police for murder. There had been a large reward offered for their capture, dead or alive, and their descriptions stated that they were desperate characters who would stop at nothing to resist arrest.

I could not suppress the elation I was feeling, when I called up Captain Ewart, and told him of my adventure. But my pride was tempered with a certain amount of alarm, for the last words that the tall desperado had said, as he was being led into a cell, had held a very ominous threat.

"All right, guv'nor—laugh now; but my pals will come and get me out. They'll make it devilish hot for you, too," was what he had said. And it was obvious that he meant every single word of it.

A Troubled Mind I THOUGHT over that threat before dinner, during dinner, and after dinner. It would not be still or stiller. I was anxious and puzzled. Who were his pals? I conjured up pictures of all the well-known "Black Sheep" in the town; but none of them had been seen about with these two bullies. Finally, I gave up attempting to solve the riddle and retired to bed.

My two prisoners were duly brought before the magistrate's court, identified and remanded to police custody pending the arrival of a warrant and escort from Johannesburg. But still my mind was not at rest about my two prisoners; for that threat kept on recurring to me. A week after their capture, I was returning at a late hour to my bungalow after a tour of inspection of my men on beat duty, when I suddenly bethought myself that I would take a look at my two murderers and see if all was well.

All was quiet at the police station, and the two prisoners were snoring loudly in their cells. The sentry was alert on his post outside of the building. There was nothing to cause me to feel uneasy, but I was nervous and restless. I decided to stay at the police station for an hour or so and study my books on law, for I was not feeling very much like a law.

All was peaceful and quiet about the police station, but every now and again the throbbing sound of native dance drums was wafted to me across the township. The regular tramp of the sentry up and down in front of the building alone broke the peaceful serenity of the African night.

I do not know how long I had dozed over my books, but I suspect I must have been sound asleep for some time. I was awakened suddenly by being roughly shaken.

I leapt to my feet, and found myself staring down a revolver barrel. My eyes lifted and I looked into the stern, cruel, and bearded face of a veritable giant. "So, thought I," the giant said, "that Joe you and his pals had come to get 'Bill' and his partner. For a full minute we must have glared at each other without speaking a word; and it was the giant who broke the tense silence.

"Sit down!" he commanded savagely, in a loud whisper. "Make a sound or move, and I'll blow your brains out. Understand? Now give me the keys of the cells where my pals are—and no monkey tricks, or I'll be the worse for you."

"I haven't got the keys," I answered quietly.

"Where are they?" he demanded in a surly voice.

"The sergeant of the guard has them."

"Where's he?" I jerked my head to the door of a room on my left.

"In there, with the rest of the guard," I smiled. "That Joe you my lad. Now, what are you going to do, for the sentry will be here in a moment, and he has a rifle—loaded, too."

"There's no sentry," he growled. "Did him in with a knife before I came here."

"You swine!" I shouted, and started to jump to my feet with a crazy idea of throwing myself upon him.

"Sit down!" he barked, "and don't you move again."

Battle of Wills HIS revolver was thrust right into my very face, as I glared angrily at him across my office table.

Dawes Raised White Flag At Mary Garden Attack

Head of Reparation Commission Has Exciting Adventures in Music—Famous American General Is Composer as Well as Soldier, Banker, U.S. Budget Director, Etc.

GENERAL CHARLES G. DAWES, head of the famous Dawes Reparation Commission, is an American of exceptionally broad and diversified interests. He is an army man, a banker, a music patron, and even a composer of music.

General Dawes, among his other adventures, has had some exciting experiences in the world of music. He has faced temperamental prima donnas and surrendered. His rather noted powers of profane speech were silenced in the presence of Mary Garden.

General Dawes is now vice-president of the Chicago Civic Opera Company. He had to be shown when the question came up of appointing Mary Garden general manager, after the death of Cleofonte Campanini. He opposed it, thought it dangerous. Miss Garden heard of the general's sentiments. She called upon him and for two hours submitted her plans in such a business manner that General Dawes hoisted the white flag. He became so enthusiastic that he went before the board of directors and made a plea that Miss Garden be appointed general director. The board followed his suggestion and the diva won on every wink of her battle line.

General Dawes is modest about his gifts as a composer. Deeply wounded by some criticisms that had been passed on his violin compositions, he ordered their publication suppressed, but the Gable-Hinged Music Company of Chicago had already sent copies to Fritz Kreisler, and Kreisler made the general's "Melody in A Major" very popular.

Several years after it was first brought out it was still increasing in popularity and Kreisler made a record of it for a talking machine company.

Just then Dawes was placed at the head of the United States national budget and the talking machine company telegraphed to the publishers, asking:

"Is the Charles G. Dawes who wrote the 'Melody in A Major' by any chance the Gen. Dawes who has been appointed director of the budget?"

Receiving an affirmative answer, the company announced the musical activities of General Dawes and surprised many music lovers, who never

dreamed of connecting the hard-boiled business man and soldier with so poetic and fanciful a pursuit as musical composition.

General Dawes thus describes what he calls his "blunders" in the musical world. "I once tried to interfere in the artistic affairs of the Chicago Opera, but the doleful result of that experience made me resolve to confine my operatic activities to the financial side of the operatic game."

"Another time I tried my hand at composing music, and even went so far as to have it published, but a well-known Chicago musician in whose judgment I have much faith, made this remark: 'If the notes that Charles Dawes takes in at his bank are as bad as those he puts down on paper then he will go bankrupt very quickly.'"

"The Melody in A Major" was not as bad as it was described by the general's friend, however, for it made the general's musical reputation. Gen. Dawes entered the Central Trust Bank one morning and stopped in astonishment as he heard a beautiful tenor voice lifted in song. The language was Greek but the voice was heavenly. Dawes sought out the singer and found him to be a Greek who was washing the windows of the bank. The man looked like Caruso.

Gen. Dawes sent for Constantin Nicolay, a Greek basso of the opera, and put the musical window washer in his care for a year's training.

Then he obtained for him one appearance in "Rigoletto" and two in "Lucia" with the Chicago Opera Association, under Cleofonte Campanini's direction.

The Greek took the fanciful name of Costas Moreas, which had been the name of an ancient Greek philosopher and, under this name, he made an inglorious failure.

The general's mistake in judging the operatic qualities of the window washer's voice did not prevent him from other judgments that were artistically very sound. One of his protégées was Amy Nell, American violinist, who, last season, scored brilliant successes in concert in her native Chicago and in New York, after several years in Europe.



"I was awakened suddenly by being roughly shaken by a veritable giant."



Major W. Robert Foran, former officer in the British army, veteran of several wars, the only newspaper correspondent to accompany the late Theodore Roosevelt on his African hunting expedition. As a correspondent he also accompanied the Prince of Wales on his tour of India.

"WELL done, Juma Baraka," I called out; and patted the sergeant on the back. "Take him back and shove him into one of the empty cells until the doctor can come and attend to his wound."

As I spoke, there came the sound of running feet from outside the building. Ewart, the district superintendent of police, burst into the room, followed by about twenty Indian policemen.

"What's happened Foran?" he asked. "Who's been murdered?"

"The wretched sentry on duty—and by that swine of a man there he's been holding us up, trying to get the keys of the cells so as to release the other two murderers we've got back there."

Ewart whistled softly. "So that's what the game was, is it? The telephone exchange rang me up and said that your receiver was off—and had been for some time; but they couldn't make anyone answer. They said they were sure there was something wrong down here, for they could catch snatches of words such as 'murderer,' 'hands up' and so forth. So I ran down here, collecting these men as I came along."

"So my telephone stunt did work, eh?" I laughed.

Ewart looked puzzled. So I explained to him that I had deliberately upset the telephone in the hope that it would attract the attention of the exchange people and send along help.

"Well, it was a great idea—and worked admirably," he grinned. "I'll report your conduct to the inspector-general, and here's hoping for some good results! By Jove! three murderers is a pretty good haul in one week, old chap."

Exactly five months later, I was promoted to district superintendent and sent up to the Victoria Nyanza to take charge of the police in the Kisumu province.

But before I left Nairobi, the "Black Sheep" had been thinned out and had sought pastures new. We had made it much too unhealthful for them to thrive in the capital town of British East Africa; and so they had drifted back to the gold-mining areas of South Africa, where the pickings were more profitable and the hiding-places easier to find.

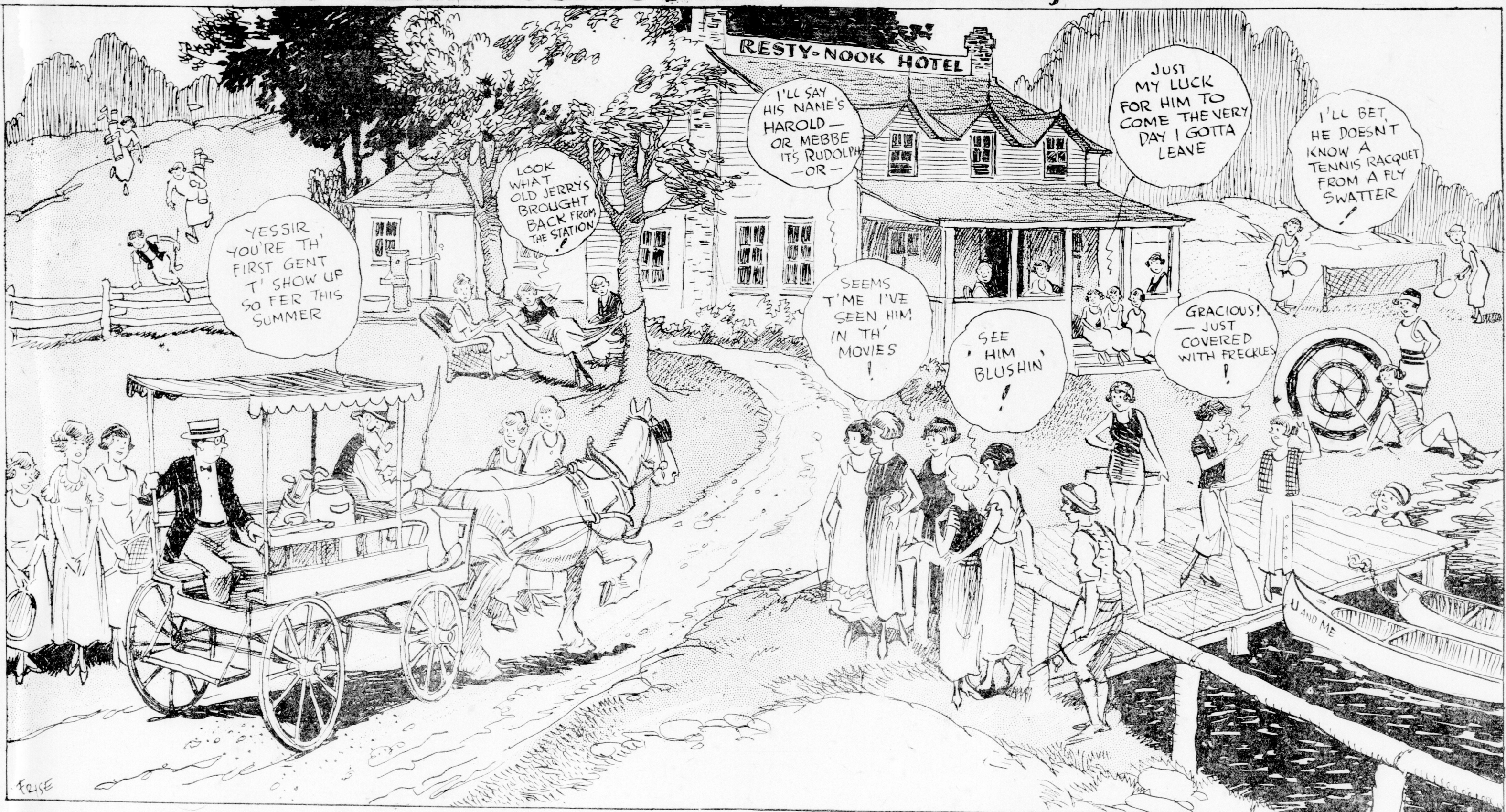
(Copyright, 1924.)
Next Week: "In the Path of 10,000 Spears."



Mary Garden Training for 16-Year-Old Part

PRESS dispatches from France say that Mary Garden, the famous opera star, is not only coming back with an improved voice this season, but will take the part of a 16-year-old girl in one of the operas in which she will appear. A photographer at Monte Carlo attempted to follow her for one day, and reports that she plays tennis from 8 to 9 o'clock each morning, then makes a few social calls, and after lunch heads for her own little swimming pavilion, a cement esplanade on the shore, fitted up with a Cleopatra dressing tent and lounge, French maid, awnings, rugs, and all that. Late in the afternoon, Ferdinand, the chauffeur, who has been with her fourteen years like all the rest of her servants, drives her into the mountains. The evenings are given over to practice and a visit to the casino at Monte Carlo.

Life's Little Comedies ~ The First Male Guest Arrives ~



Chemistry is Blazing a Path to Health; Gives Doctors New Ways to Destroy Disease

A REVIEW of the great life-saving advances brought into the practise of medicine by chemical research during the last twenty-nine years, since Pasteur's revolutionary discoveries, is given in a booklet called "Chemistry in the Service of Medicine," issued by the committee to extend the national service of Harvard University.

Copies of the booklet were made public yesterday in support of the campaign to raise a \$10,000,000 fund for the university, including \$3,000,000 for new laboratories and the endowment of chemical research, so that chemists and chemistry teachers may "carry forward the tireless search for knowledge in medicine through chemistry."

The booklet begins with a statement by Dr. William J. Mayo, of Rochester, Minn., who says that many of the advances in surgery, as well as in medicine, are due to chemistry, and that further progress in the prevention and cure of disease in the future is to be expected from the development of that science.

Dr. Mayo cites the treatment of diabetes as an example of the aid of chemistry to surgery as well as medicine. In the past, in cases where complications called for surgery, surgeons dreaded to operate because of the high mortality rate, he says.

"Today, on the other hand," he goes on, "as a result of the recent discovery of insulin by Banting and his associates, together with our more accurate understanding of the chemistry of metabolism, a diabetic patient can now undergo any necessary surgical procedure with a risk only slightly greater than that of a non-diabetic individual."

Dr. Edwin E. Slosson, director of Science Service, says in a foreword to the booklet that the chemist has opened the way to "a new epoch in medicine in which the treatment will be nearer to nature's ways." The present practise of medicine, he goes on, is "more like feeding than drugging," in that the physician through chemical knowledge is growing more and more able to restore natural substances into the body, instead of giving doses of foreign substances.

The main part of the booklet discusses chemistry's contributions to medical progress, as follows:

"It is not surprising that the science of chemistry is a key to much of our modern medical progress. The microbes which destroy us do so by producing from the various compounds which they find in our systems deadly poisons, and the anti-bodies which nature creates to combat them are but other compounds which combine with the poisons to form harmless substances. Chemistry in the hands of man can aid nature in the battle against poison in his own body."

"The very recent work of Dr. Felton of the Harvard Medical school in the purification of pneumonia antitoxin illustrates the promise of this type of research."

Closely Guarded Secret

"BAYER 205," discovered in the same way as Salvarsan, promises as a cure for African sleeping sickness to make half a continent habitable. Unhappily for the cause of

Dr. Mayo Quotes Dr. Banting and Insulin—The Germans Holding Secret of Sleeping Sickness Cure—Saving of Hundreds of Thousands of Lives a Year From Pneumonia Preparation in Near Future.

humanity, it is being held a closely guarded secret by the Germans because of its trading value in the struggle for colonial possessions. Meanwhile the French and British are bending every effort toward its rediscovery through research.

"There is ground for hope that optochin, a derivative of quinine, may become a specific for pneumonia—it kills the germs in the glass vessels but is still too poisonous to be used in sufficient quantities in the body. The saving of hundreds of thousands of lives a year will be the reward of success in this field. It is no less hoped that some modification of thymol now used with considerable success will completely eliminate the hookworm from our southern states."

"Extracts from various plants stumbled upon long ago in man's blind search for health have



Uncle Sam's Experts

UNDER the direction of Dr. William V. Linder, chief chemist of the United States Bureau of Internal Revenue, Uncle Sam has analyzed this year approximately eighty thousand samples of bootleg liquor. Ninety-five per cent. of the samples contain various ingredients to kill a man in one fair-sized drink.

been purified by the modern chemists. For example, chaulmoogra oil, a nauseating natural product, is now broken up and the pure acids combined with ethyl alcohol are injected hypodermically into lepers. Many cures have already been reported; leprosy appears to have been brought under positive control.

"Caffeine has long been used by physicians as a diuretic. It has always proved uncertain and unreliable. Theophylline now replaces it. Examples could be multiplied of the development of entirely new specifics and the improvement of known drugs."

"Besides the development of cures for specific ills, spectacular advances have recently been made in the isolation and preparation of the natural secretions of body organs, such as insulin, only lately isolated and prepared for use in the treatment of diabetes."

"Another well-known derivative of natural secretions, epinephrin (adrenalin) can now be manufactured. It reduces the amount of anesthetic required in operations, allays the spasms of bronchial asthma, sustains the heart in operations and reduces the danger of death from heart failure in pneumonia."

"A new field has been opened up in the study of vitamins. It has been discovered that cod-liver oil contains substances which prevent rickets in children deprived of adequate sunlight. Here again is progress without complete understanding. It is still a mystery why these vitamins cause phosphates and calcium to combine into bone structure without entering into the combination."

"In addition to the discovery and refinement of specific remedies and the isolation and preparation of body secretions, chemistry has been of great aid in the development of anesthetics, germicides and many other aids of surgery."

"The cooperation between chemistry and medicine must never be lost. It has come into being within the last century. From this day chemistry and medicine must go forward hand in hand in every institution that is attacking the problems of medical research or medical training. Harvard medicine needs Harvard chemical equipment."

Came For Damages But Soon Changed His Mind

HE was a Swedish farmer, in North Dakota, and his cow had been run over by a railroad train. So he put on his best Sunday clothes and went to the railroad company's office. After waiting three hours he was brought into the presence of the third assistant attorney for the railroad, to whom he stated his case.

"I bane t'ank I got some damages," he said. The lawyer consulted a big book.

"My friend," he said, "I sympathize with you. Your cow, as far as I have been able to investigate, was a perfectly respectable cow. But she was trespassing upon our private property. And you, as her owner, were particeps criminis. Now, I can show you here, in Standard Oil Company versus International Marine Corporation, ex rel the state of Texas, the supreme court of the United States clearly upholds our contention.



Seeks to Arise From Czar's Ashes

GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS is said to be working on a plan to unite the two million or more Russian refugees throughout Europe for the purpose of seeking control of Russia and overthrowing the Soviet regime. It is planned to establish a democracy modeled after the United States. The Grand Duke Nicholas is said to be carrying about the ashes of the late Czar Nicholas and members of his family, hoping thus to arouse sufficient interest in his project. Plans have been sent to all the refugees asking that they contribute a franc a month to a common fund and it is even rumored that a project has been started for the canonization of Czar Nicholas and his wife, thus bringing about a union of the Russian and Roman churches.

If we pushed this matter to the uttermost there is no telling what penalty the highest court might inflict upon you. But we are disposed to deal generously with you. Have you any proposition to make?"

The Swede's eyes blinked a great many times. Then: "I bane only poor farmer," he said, "but I give you two dollars." — Chicago Herald and Examiner.

He Wanted to Know

HE had had many strange and wonderful adventures in Africa, so he said. Directly he got talking with any of his pals he mounted his favorite hobby-horse and he was invariably very much put out if he was not accorded the attention which he considered was his due.

On this occasion he was the centre of an interested (?) group at the club.

"Yes," he was saying in sepulchral tones; "hardly had I taken aim at the lion on my right when I heard a rustle in the jungle grass, and, seeing an enormous tiger creeping up on my left, I found myself on the horns of a dilemma."

"And which did you aim at first?" inquired one of his bored listeners very quietly; "the lion, the tiger, or the dilemma?"—Answers.

Current Wit and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs From the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

No doubt children of 1890 had "individuality," also, but the neighbors thought it cussedness. — Vincennes Sun.

Cases of twins occur only once every sixty-nine births and they usually pick out a small house when the family is poor. — South Bend News-Times.

A baby who won't "show off" when there's company probably is one trying to teach its parents a little polite modesty, but they are usually too fond and foolish to realize it. — Lebanon Reporter.

It isn't the harmfulness of rouge and other beauty aids that impresses us, but their futility. — Lake County Times.

About the time home-grown strawberries get cheap they are off the market. — Indianapolis News.

A man will risk his life to get across a street when the traffic is against him, and then stop on the other side to light a cigar. — Goshen Democrat.

One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives. — Mark Twain.

A band of saxophone players, 65 strong, is roaming the land. It is believed this instinct for traveling in packs is purely for purposes of self-defense. — Detroit News.

It is stated that steam-laundries do not kill germs. If we may argue from its effect upon our line the operation must at least make the average germ feel dreadfully giddy. — Punch.

Many people have resolved to take their holidays late in the season to avoid the rush of people taking their holidays early in season to avoid the rush. — Passing Show (London).

It is estimated that automobiles have increased good roads 87 per cent, and bandits 76 per cent. — Jackson Clarion-Ledger.

Business is reported to have turned the corner. Let it be hoped that it has turned in the right direction. — Boston Transcript.

This is the time of the year the college seniors worry over how much money bricklayers are making. — Harrisburg Patriot.

Six authors are concerned in a London revue to be produced shortly. If they separate at the fall of the curtain, some are bound to escape. — London Opinion.

Nature is wise. In arranging mortal's hinges she knew he would have little occasion to put himself on the back. — Passaic News.

Democratic party emblem is a donkey and once in a while convention despatches seem to hint that whoever made the selection guessed right.

In the interest of economy, it is suggested that the dry navy and the rum fleet hold a conference to limit their capital ships. — Life.

A man who can speak six languages has just married a woman who can speak three. That seems to be about the right handicap. — Punch.

A doctor says that a man may be drunk through suffering a severe shock. So that you need not even drink the whiskey. It's sufficient to pay for it. — Punch.

It is estimated that there are 125,642 born leaders in America who have no followers and therefore despair of the American people. — Dubuque American-Tribune.

Mr. Lloyd George wants to unsheathe the liberating sword of Hampden, Cromwell and Gladstone. It looks as though he is contemplating a haircut at last. — Punch.

According to Sir Arthur Keith, man's jaw has dropped half an inch since prehistoric days. Not much of a drop, considering the budgets he has had to put up with. — Punch.

Sulking, squandering, smoking, swigging and spooning are poor substitutes for grandmother's smiling and saving and sewing and sweetening and sanctifying. — Christian Statesman.

It appears that what we were assured was John Barleycorn's death-rattle was, in fact, a gurgle. — Columbia Record.

I reject the conception that humanity is incapable of effort unless inspired by a selfish motive. — Mr. Oswald Mosley.

All President Coolidge needs is a suggestion of some way to make the Japanese regard exclusion as a compliment. — Boston Globe.

Of course, the cold spell had one thing in favor of the man. It made prospects for one straw hat for the season bright. — Buffalo Commercial.

You can never be sorry enough for the girl who suffers because she feels that life is passing her by and leaving her nothing. — Lady Nott-Bower.

God made the country, but the car in front makes you cat it. — Saginaw Evening Star.

New York is to have a new newspaper—presumably for Munsey to buy. — Memphis News.

POLISHED YOUNG PILOTS OF ST. LAWRENCE DO DUTY IN SPATS! OLD SALTS GONE, GRAND OLD TRADITIONS OF RIVER REMAIN



FREDÉRIC BOUFFARD
FORTY YEARS A PILOT, ONE OF THE OLDER MEN

Men Who Take All Ships Up and Down Famous, Dangerous Watercourse Look Like Landsmen, Not Sailors—But You Never Hear of Them Losing a Vessel.

By F. G. GRIFFIN

THE first pilot I watched climb on board an incoming tramp at Father Point was a young man in his twenties, wearing a smart grey fedora, a Fashion-Fit overcoat and spats. Spats! Shade of the Ancient Mariner.

It was my first trip out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence on the pilot boat Jalobert, and I was watching carefully the routine of putting the pilot on board the Quebec-bound freighter. Yet, as the two boats touched, a young fellow was half-way up the rope ladder before I noticed him fully, dressed as aforesaid. "Who's that chap going on board?" I asked the doctor standing nearby.

"That's the pilot," he answered, as he, too, grasped the rope ladder to swing himself aloft. Right there, with the spats, all one's preconceptions about the pilots of the St. Lawrence went wandering. With a composite picture in the back of one's mind of the sea and ships from the pages of Conrad, Melville, Dana and Kingston, not to mention W. W. Jacobs, one went to Father Point expecting to find the old salt personified, ruddy, bluff, sturdy, weatherbeaten, bearded possibly, wearing a blue reefer and a peaked cap, a more or less traditional figure of the sea. Instead, young men wearing spats, not one, but several of them, dapper, trim, well-dressed young fellows who might have been bank clerks if one had seen them on St. James street, Montreal.

There seemed something anomalous about one of these slick young landlubbers, for so they seemed, climbing to the bridge of a big ship and taking her over from a stern-faced captain in blue uniform and gold braid while she threaded her intricate way up the river channels. Why had one come down with the expectation of finding these pilots elderly and salt-encrusted? After all, on the upper lakes one had found the majority of the captains and mates young men. One was to find, too, that many of the ships that passed Father Point had youthful skippers and first officers. To-day youth rules the sea and the age of the old salt has passed. Very quickly, within a generation, at least at Father Point. One of the pilots, not yet middle-aged, to whom I commented on the youth and fashionable smartness of the younger pilots, smiled as he said: "It was different when I was an apprentice. I remember when I came down wearing a collar and tie, some of the older men said, for my father had been a pilot himself: 'If your father saw you dressed up like this he would be ashamed of you.'"

\$4,500 For Season

THE evening of my arrival at Father Point I watched half a dozen young pilots playing baseball with a group of local boys, shouting, running, laughing, rooting. That completed the disillusion. These were not of the sea but of the city sandlot. So that, later, one was no longer astonished to see some of them smoking their cigarettes through long and elegant holders instead of black sailor's twist in a short cutty pipe.

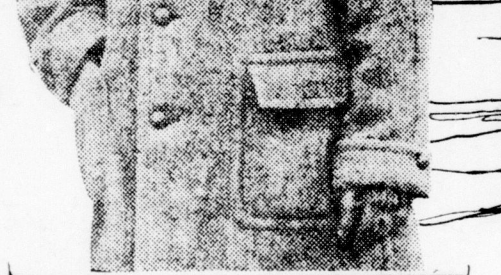
Of the fifty pilots on the stretch of the St. Lawrence between Father Point and Quebec, ten are over fifty and ten are over forty. The oldest of the remaining thirty is thirty-six years of age; ten of them are in their twenties, the youngest of all being twenty-three.

Some few of the old men are left and some of the older men lack the landsman elegance of the younger pilots, but they have a farmer rather than a sailor look, as befits men whose roots are deep in the soil of the Isle of Orleans and of the farms and villages on the south shore of the St. Lawrence. None of them wore uniform or distinctive sea garb, with the exception of one peaked cap. They looked no different from the men who crowded and gossiped in the local trains.

The young pilots one found exceedingly courteous in this province where the people are always courteous if a little aloof with Ontario outlanders; but they seemed a little cocky, a trifle upstage, with a very proper sense of their



THERE SEEMED SOMETHING ANOMALOUS ABOUT ONE OF THESE SLICK YOUNG LANDLUBBERS, FOR SO THEY SEEMED, TAKING A BIG SHIP OVER FROM HER STERN-FACED CAPTAIN



HIS SON ÉDOUARD BOUFFARD
TYPICAL OF THE YOUNGER PILOTS

own dignity. Not without reason. They are a class apart, few, select, skilled as men of an ancient guild. They belong to a great brotherhood of river men. They have a profession that is honorable and important and that requires long years of preparation and study. They are men of importance. The youngest of them is qualified to step on board the biggest of ships, climb to the bridge and take charge of her navigation in the river. They earn big money. Last year every pilot on the run received for the season's work the sum, in round figures, of \$4,500. One can easily imagine them being little social gods in the villages from which they come, for Quebec has not the industrial, business and professional opportunities for its young men that Ontario has. Youth in the main must find its opportunities in the woods and farms and rivers.

On one occasion, in an argument, an angry man said to one of these young pilots by way of crushing retort: "You look as if you ought to be behind a counter selling lingerie to women." On another occasion one of them had just brought down the river a big grain boat. He was taken off at Father Point by the motor launch, being somewhat splashed in the process by the waves that broke over the buoyant open boat. He thought that the Jalobert might very well have come out for him, which would have saved him from a wetting. He said so. "Listen," exclaimed the man to whom he groused, "Before you became a pilot you were perfectly content to ride in an open cutter behind a horse to church."

Devoted, Skillful Men

BOTH quotations, used without rancor, admirably describe the appearance and background of some of the young pilots. But, make no mistake about it, they know their job. The record of the river proves it. When do you remember reading of an accident, a grounding or collision, the loss of a ship, on the St. Lawrence? They are superb navigators, trained, intelligent. One has only to look at a chart of the river to become at once seized of its difficulties and dangers. "Eddy currents with confused and heavy seas in easterly gales," "Rocky patches," "Very heavy ripples on change of tide," "Flood stream very weak with variable currents."

Every trip up and down the river, they say, is different. Never twice are the same conditions found in the stream. Everywhere lurk danger and hidden treachery. A wrong command to the wheelsman may mean piling on a hidden shoal. A buoy may be out of place. Yet, in night-time as in daytime, in fog, rain, storm and snow, these pilots bring their ships up and down this great inland tradeway, passing other vessels, gauging the effect of wind, avoiding the dangers of changed currents, tide eddies, rocks and shoals, with a virtual absence of mishaps as compared to those which occur among cars on the clearly defined Hamilton highway.

It is thirteen years since a pilot lost his life and his ship on the lower river. It was in a November storm on a sailing ship. She was last sighted at Bic Island, which is less than a score of miles from Father Point. The pilot had almost brought her to the end of his tour. By next morning she was found sunk away up the river at the mouth of the Saguenay with only a piece of her stern showing above water. She had been swept uncontrollably up the river in an easterly blizzard, which had raged all night. There were no survivors.

They are devoted, these men. In good weather a passenger ship will reach Quebec from Father Point in twelve hours, and the bigger freighters in from eighteen to twenty. But the pilots are sometimes 25, 30, 35, even 40 hours or more on the bridge on a very slow ship or in extremely bad weather, eating their meals there, never relaxing for a moment from the strain of navigating the vessel under their care. Sometimes, during a temporary shortage of pilots at Father Point, a man has stepped off an outbound ship only to be put on board an in-

SOMETIMES TWO OR THREE OF THEM WOULD BEAT UP ALONGSIDE THE SAME SHIP BIDDING AGAINST ONE ANOTHER FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF EARNING THE FEW DOLLARS WHICH WOULD BE THEIRS FOR THE PILOTAGE

bound without chance of rest, without stepping ashore.

When Pilots were "Pirates"

BEATING up the river in a sailing ship, the trip from Father Point to Quebec frequently took a week's pilotage. But the pilot would not be all the time on duty. Fallen wind and change of tides would mean anchorage and rest. When the ebb tide flowed he slept, starting on his way again with the flood. That was why in the days of sailing ships there were very many more pilots than in these fast days of steam when a pilot slips up the river with a liner almost between darkness and dawn.

But pilotage in the days of sailing ships was another story, now largely lost. Those were the days when the pilots were sufficiently of the old salt type to satisfy the most exacting taste. They are no longer a memory, scarcely a tradition even; they are quickly growing blurred outlines in the mists of the intervening years that brought steam and wireless and the corporation of pilots, mists deeper than the fogs which blot out the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It was only in general terms that one could find out anything about their ways and deeds. The next generation of river pilots will have forgotten altogether these hardy adventurers in whose trail they follow just as the urban dweller in Ontario never thinks of the pioneers of a few brief years ago who blazed trails, cleared land and endured hardship to make his cities possible. Thus is one richness after another that went into the making of the modern dominion as we twentieth-century folk know it gradually being lost. It is a pity that the stories of such men as these are not caught and held before they are lost beyond recall.

One must go back seventy years, away before Confederation, to find these early pilots who ranged the gulf as free-booting adventurers seeking ships to board. Not pilots so much as pirates, somebody said not without truth. In those days when there was neither cable nor wireless no one knew what ships were expected. So the pilots of the St. Lawrence used to put out in small twenty-foot boats with a tiny cabin amidships and sail away down to the mouth of the gulf in the search of incoming ships.

The pilots were really farmers and fishermen living along the shore. Pilotage was a sideline for acquiring a few dollars in ready cash. The pilot, carrying his gun usually so that the latter might bring his boat home, would put out and sail down the gulf. He would carry some cold potatoes and dried fish with him for food. Perhaps he would hug the shoreline part of the way, drawing in and landing in bad weather, or camping at night. Usually he had a box of sand on board on which he would light a fire to cook his meagre meals if he cruised far from the shore. Often he would go without food for long stretches at a time. A missed meal was a little thing in the lives of those far-ranging men.

It was a heart-breaking job. Often they would not sight a ship for days. Frequently, after approaching a ship, their offer of pilotage was turned down. Sometimes the spectacle was seen of two or three of them beating up alongside the same ship, bidding against one another for the privilege of earning the few dollars which would be theirs for the pilotage.

The Pilots' Brotherhood

WHEN there was an easterly wind they fought their way against it down the gulf for the easterly winds brought the sailing ships. In the spring, when the ice went out, was their harvest time. It was not unusual to find fifty or a hundred ships down at the mouth of the gulf waiting for a clear river. But that was the

time of bad weather and many pilots lost their lives in the little boats in the fogs, squalls and gales that came sweeping in from the Atlantic. In one storm tradition says seventeen of them were lost and there was mourning in many a little home along the shore from the Isle of Orleans to away down below Bic. Those were the days of anxious hearts along the shore in the spring and fall storms when men were out in small schooners braving the open gulf. For there were many pilots and many waiting wives and mothers.

It was in 1860, shortly after a number of pilots had been lost, that a bill was passed in the legislature of Lower Canada incorporating the pilots and banding them into a brotherhood of the river for mutual benefit and protection. The corporation carried on, master of itself and the river, until the early days of the present century, maintaining several schooners at Bic, above Father Point, by which members were transported to ships, although the pilots were often carried out in a rowing boat. It was a close corporation, this river fraternity. A pilot had the right to nominate apprentices, and he nominated his own sons, or the sons of other pilots. An outsider was practically barred from entry. Pilotage was virtually the monopoly of a number of families.

An old man, Lavoie, an ancient sailor now living at Father Point, told me that he had sought to be a pilot in his youth. His uncle was a pilot, but his father was a farmer. The former took his own sons as apprentices. Old Lavoie as a boy went to Quebec, saw the superintendent of pilots, and offered \$200 to become an apprentice pilot. His request was refused, though there were pilots in his family, because his father, a farmer, could not nominate him.

About twenty years ago, with the modern opening up of the dominion, swelling trade, the increasing inpouring of immigrants, the government took over the pilotage of the St. Lawrence. The pilots remained a corporation with certain dignities and rights, but they became servants of the dominion instead of a self-governing company. The government took away their schooners and supplied them, as per agreement, with a steam tender for boarding ships. That is one reason why to-day the pilots of Father Point are put on board ships with more comfort and dignity than pilots anywhere else in the world. It is part of the purchase price paid by the government for the old-time pilots' services.

In the first days of the corporation the pilots made very little money. Three hundred dollars a year was a big sum. Pilotage still remained largely a sideline. There were very many pilots and few ships. In the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and for some time afterwards, ships were so scarce that pilots made only three or four trips in a season.

(By the way, in this article and the last I am writing only of the pilots who ply between Father Point and Quebec. Boats on the river between Quebec and Montreal are handled by another body of pilots, whose status and conditions of work are very similar to those under review.)

Must Train Seven Years

WITH the coming of government services the numbers of the pilots gradually dwindled to the present numbers, which are maintained as adequate. The nomination of apprentices ceased to be the prerogative of members of the corporation. When apprentices are sought they are advertised for in the Canada Gazette. The most suitable, regardless of family, are chosen after passing a stiff examination in English and French, mathematics and other subjects as well as for eyesight and hearing. An apprentice must be seventeen years old at least. He must serve

seven years, learn every inch of the 157 miles of river between Quebec and Father Point, pass repeated examinations in navigation and yearly tests of eyes and ears; and in addition, during that time spend 42 months at sea and obtain a certificate qualifying him to be the first officer of an ocean-going ship. He learns his trade of the river in the summer time; at winter he goes to sea. During his apprenticeship of the river he receives no pay. At sea he usually receives the pay of a quartermaster of wheelmen, which is comparatively small pay for a mere 42 months out of seven years.

So that any argument that these men have a dignified profession holds good even from the viewpoint of strenuous apprenticeship. Their practical training and study is as lengthy and as thorough as that of a doctor and longer than that of an engineer or a clergyman. Their later responsibility is tremendous. Ships, lives, freight depend on their knowledge and judgment. A mistake, a slip, an error of judgment—they must face an enquiry and may lose their license. Year after year eyesight and hearing are tested. A slight failing of either and they may be struck off the list; they may lose their years of severe unpaid apprenticeship and find themselves without a calling.

Although the pilots of the St. Lawrence are now in the government service they are paid, not straight salaries, but according to the tonnage that passes through their hands. The government collects the dues for each ship at Quebec and turns it over to the corporation. The total money received for pilotage in each division is pooled by the corporation and divided equally among the members, less seven per cent, which goes into the Aged Pilots' Fund. Pilots need not wait to the end of the season for their earnings. Dividends are declared fortnightly. It does not matter whether a pilot takes up the most majestic of liners or the sorriest of battered tramps, his pay is the same at the end of the season.

There is one interesting distinction. There are what are called line pilots and tour pilots. At the beginning of each season lines like the C. P. R., Canadian or White Star, which maintain regular services in and out of the St. Lawrence, are allowed to choose a number of pilots who become the pilots of their line. They have the privilege of taking up boats of the line. They receive no extra pay from the corporation for this, but the company concerned gives them a bonus of \$15 a vessel. The tour pilots take ships as they come in turn. Line pilots must act as ordinary tour pilots unless awaiting a ship of the line to which they are affiliated. For the shipping cannot be held back.

Paid According to Tonnage

THE appointment of line pilots is a long-established practice. In fact, the liners created Father Point. In the old days of the corporation only liners took on their pilots there. Other ships picked up the pilots at Bic, where the corporation kept its schooners. When the government took over the service Father Point became the pilot point for all ships, liners and casuals as well.

Although the earnings of the pilots, except for the bonuses given to line pilots, are equal, the same charge is not levied on ships. In some ports ships pay for pilotage according to tonnage. But on the St. Lawrence they still pay according to foot draught—a survival from the days of wooden ships when charging by the draught was more remunerative, for a ship drawing twenty feet might only carry six or eight hundred tons cargo. So payment by draught still stands. And the payment varies according to the season. For inbound ships, from Father Point to Quebec, the charge for the summer season from May 1 to November 10, is \$3.87 a foot; from November 10 to November 19 it goes up to \$4.95 a foot; from November 19 to March 1, which is really the close season of winter, still further up to \$6.02; and from March 1 to May 4, when the season is opening, down to \$4.41. Thus a vessel drawing 25 feet would pay \$96.75 for pilotage from Father Point to Quebec in the summer, and \$150.50 late in November or in December.

It can be easily seen that these charges in a season run into big sums of money, which are increasing every year. In 1919-20 sixty pilots in the Quebec district divided a gross total of \$141,917.77 between them, receiving \$2,366.97 each. During the season of 1921-22 there was a grand total in the Quebec division of 2,587 ships piloted in and out by 54 men who received in pay a total of \$176,660.49, or an average of \$3,203.87 each. Last year fifty pilots brought a

RAOUL LACHANCE
WHO HAS THREE
CENTURIES OF SEA
AND SHIPS IN
HIS FAMILY.



The PILOT ABOUT TO JUMP INTO THE WAITING MOTOR BOAT.

grand total of some 2,400 ships up and down and received at the end of the season \$4,500 apiece. This worked out at an average of 48 ships piloted during the year, or an average of one trip a week for the whole year, at the average earning rate of something like \$93 a ship. Which must make some of the old-time pilots lying at the mouth of the gulf in the wreck of their little schooners turn in their long sleep beneath the waters and wish they were alive now. Small wonder if a youthful pilot seems a trifle upstage. Remember a line pilot receives in addition a bonus of \$15 from the company for every vessel he takes up.

But they are a fine type, these French-Canadians who are farmers and yet sailors, who look like bond brokers and are navigators of the first water. They have tradition, though they are scarcely conscious of it, that stretches away back into the soil and the sea.

Generations of Pilots

SOME families can trace back pilot forefathers for generations. Among the photographs illustrating this article are those of the Bouffards, father and son. Édouard Bouffard is typical of the younger pilots, somewhere around thirty, yet five years a pilot, smart, clean-cut, smoothly dressed. Two of his brothers are also pilots. The father, Frédéric Bouffard, has been a pilot for nearly half a century. His father before him, grandfather of the younger men, was a pilot, too, for fifty-two years. The three generations have given pilotage service to hundreds of ships entering and leaving the St. Lawrence without break for nearly a century. The river is in their very blood.

I sat talking to Raoul Lachance, assistant superintendent of pilots, in charge at Father Point. A quiet-spoken, clean-cut man in his early forties, brown-eyed, hook nose, lean, with a spare, nervous face. As he talked I found myself thinking of him in command of a French destroyer. I could not help putting him on the bridge. It was the way I felt from his story. A remarkable one. The sea was in the story of his family for generations. He had served his apprenticeship on the sea himself in sailing ships. He had been a river pilot until he received his present appointment.

The original Lachance was a French sailor of the seventeenth century who had been wrecked on the coast of Newfoundland on the way to Canada. The sole survivor, he had eventually made his way to eastern Quebec, where the people of his race were building a dominion, settled down, and founded a family of many branches. For there are Lachances on the Isle of Orleans and in many places along the south shore.

Time passes until one comes to the great-grandfather of Raoul Lachance. In 1760, as a boy in his teens, he was serving as an apprentice on a ship which was captured on the Atlantic by a Spanish privateer. England was then at war with Spain. The Spaniard was nearing the home coast with prize when it was taken in turn by a British frigate. The British ship, after the fashion of those days, impressed the Canadian lad and his fellows into service. So he came many months afterwards to Montreal; and his old mother, great-grandmother of the present Lachance, hearing of it, came to plead for his release. But the captain was adamant. He sailed away with young Lachance on board.

But once more he ran into trouble, for war had broken out between England and France, and on the way across a French ship sank the British frigate after a running fight. The youth was taken prisoner to the land of his forefathers. Eventually, however, he escaped and made his way back to his home in Quebec.

His son, grandfather of Raoul Lachance, became a river pilot and was lost with his son out in the gulf scouting for ships to board. Another son of his, father of Raoul, served on the ocean and became a captain. Later he commanded a revenue cutter down the coast watching for smugglers.

So one comes to Raoul Lachance himself, in turn sailor and pilot. Ships are in his very fibre, and the sea and the St. Lawrence, away back at least to that first Lachance of the seventeenth century. Perhaps away before that again Lachances sailed La Manche or the Mediterranean. Perhaps some of them had been out on the ships of Jacques Cartier or Joliboert and the "first" Lachance was merely following in their wake. Tradition, with these people, away back.

NURSE (to housemaid): "Baby's got her mamma's complexion."
Father (from next room): "Nurse, are you letting that child play with those paints?"

3,300 MEALS SERVED ON C.N.R. TRAINS EVERY DAY

Canadians "Eat Hearty" When Traveling, and the Most Popular Food in Dining Car Is Fish

600,000 POUNDS OF POTATOES IN A YEAR

People Aboard Train Eat a Lot of Fussy Things Which are Troublesome to Prepare at Home

WHEN Canadians go travelling they eat "hearty."

Walter Pratt, head of the dining car service of the whole Canadian National system, has compiled some astonishing statistics of the quantities of food—and the qualities—consumed by Canada when she boards one of those little traveling hotels, the modern railway train.

The National served one million two hundred and eighty thousand meals last year.

This averages 3,300 people a day fed from coast to coast and on all the ramifications of that huge single-control railway in the world. A very large modern hotel—larger than anything in Canada, might look after such a number of people. But dining cars are mighty small units to be handled, provisioned and staffed to accommodate such a number.

What do you think is the most popular food aboard train?

You would never guess. It is a food that, while popular everywhere, ranks nowhere near beef and other meats in home consumption. It is one of the tastiest foods in the world. But it is a messy and difficult thing to prepare. Therefore, it is not popular in the home. Wife prefers frying a piece of meat, all ready cut by the butcher, to preparing a fish.

But fish was the largest single item, except potatoes, in the whole menu of the National Railway last year. Mr. Pratt's figures show that 431,515 pounds, or two hundred tons, of fish of all sorts were put aboard the dining cars in the year. Over 600,000 pounds of potatoes were consumed, being the greatest single item in the bill. But the popularity of fish shows that folks love it—when they don't have to prepare and cook it!

They served, last year, 175,000 pounds or 87 tons of beef in succulent steaks and roasts. Chickens ranked second in popularity to good red beef, and 69,739 pounds or 35 tons of chickens went to assuage the yearning of the traveling public for something in keeping with the journey.

Traveling Inspires Picnic Spirit

THESE meats followed: Pork, 43,633 pounds; lamb, 44,068 pounds; ham, 45,713 pounds; bacon, 36,216 pounds; veal, 32,180 pounds; tongue, 13,167 pounds; mutton, 11,134 pounds.

As for high tastes, 88,419 pounds of butter, or 44 tons, was used, compared with 87 tons of beef. This comparison would make the good housewife scream. But it shows, as does the consumption of chicken, that when traveling Canadians don't expect to observe the rules that apply in the home. A dining car inspires a sort of picnic spirit.

For example, 57,376 oranges were served—and 53,768 grapefruit! This includes oranges made into salads and drinks. So travelers hit the grapefruit rather than the humble, home-like orange. Strawberries were the favorite of all fruits, 20,763 boxes being used.

In a country that is generally regarded as being English rather than American in its food tastes, coffee far outdistanced tea, as far as poundage is concerned, 47,780 pounds of coffee against 16,653 pounds of tea. But this comparison would entail the figuring out of how many more cups can be got out of a pound of tea than out of a pound of coffee. Over 140,000 quarts of milk went as a beverage, and again the picnic spirit comes out in the 68,028 quarts of cream used. Nearly half as much cream as milk: The 88,419 pounds of butter went to clothe 230,560 loaves of bread!

Salads are troublesome things to prepare; hence the demand for them when the folks go visiting. Sixty-eight thousand one hundred and thirteen heads of lettuce and fifteen tons of tomatoes were consumed last year.

Over one million eggs—91,495 dozen—were used, which goes to prove that peculiar human weakness, when confronted with a menu card filled with all the delicacies in the world, to stab around frantically while the waiter stands waiting, and then finally to order—an omelet.

MEN TO QUIT SHAVING TO END HAIR BOBBING

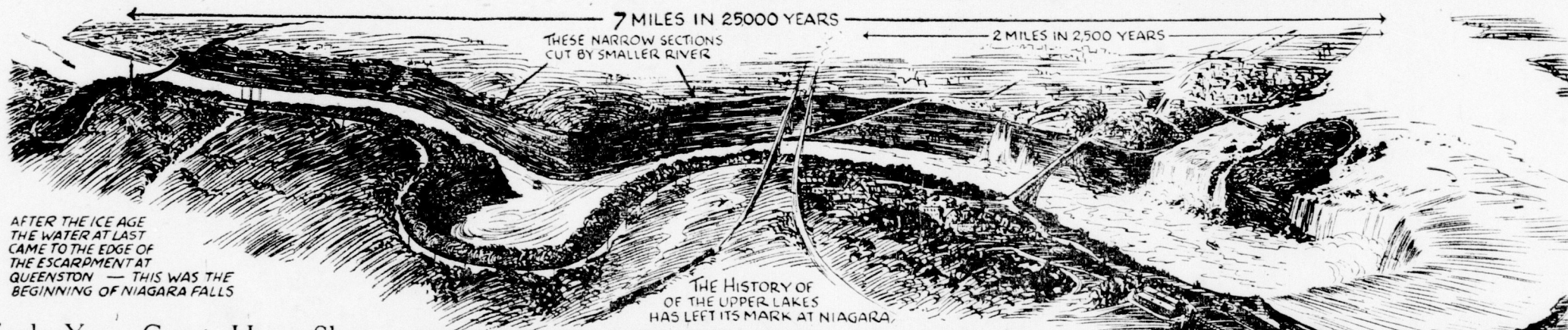
"Beard for a Bob League" Is New Organization to Fight Women's Fad of Clipping Locks

AN eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and a beard for a bob! This, briefly, is the platform of the new national organization now being formed with headquarters here to combat the wave of hair-bobbing that is sweeping the United States. Leaders in the organization are the husbands of a dozen local women who while at a card party grew bored with bridge and called for a barber. The result was a dozen bobbed heads.

Dr. P. P. Smyth of Big Valley, Alberta, read of the Traverse City bobbing orgy and wrote to the husbands offering to be one of the founders of an organization whose aim will be to check the women from bobbing their hair.

The new club will be known as the "Beard for a Bob League." Those eligible are the male members of a family in which a woman either is or was threatening to bob her hair. The pledge provides that the protesting male members of the family will refuse to shave until the defiant woman agrees either not to cut her hair, or if already clipped agrees to let it grow out. It is now planned to hold the first annual convention of the organization in Traverse City this summer, thus assembling the greatest variety of whiskers ever gathered under one canvas.

Niagara Falls Serves as a Chronometer By Which Its Age is Reckoned 25,000 Years



Each Year Great Horse-Shoe Curve is Cut Back About Four and a Half Feet—Falls Now Nearly Seven Miles From Its Starting Point.

By A. P. COLEMAN

THERE are various ways of measuring the march of time. You can look at your wrist watch and see how the hands move from figure to figure, or you can observe the sun traveling across the sky; or for longer periods of time you can cut a nick in a stick of wood each time there is a full moon, or you can count the annual rings in a tree to see how long it has lived. Some of the big Sequoias of California have 3,000 rings in their stumps when cut. Or you can turn an hour glass upside down and watch the "sands of time" slip through the opening; or you can use a waterclock, a clepsydra, as the ancients did, drop following drop from the tiny opening in the vessel until the time is measured.

Falling water does its work in a fairly regular way and can be used to fix the dates of past events. As long as rain falls and snow melts the rivers will run, and as they run they do work; and if you can measure up the work they have done you can determine how long they have been at it. And so it is that Niagara Falls can serve as a chronometer.

When you go to Niagara and watch its steady pour and hear its endless thunder you are apt to lose all thought of time and to think of eternity, of a force immeasurable, far beyond our powers of estimation, but the geological work of the falls has been roughly measured. More than eighty years ago a fairly accurate survey of the Canadian, or Horseshoe, fall was made, and several surveys have been carried out since. Each new survey shows a change in the form and position of the great curve called the horseshoe; and the average rate at which the fall is receding has been worked out as about four and a half feet a year.

The way the work is done is very curious. The river does not tear blocks out of the layers of rocks about but undermines the cliff instead. To understand it one must know a little of the geology.

How Niagara Was Born

BEFORE Niagara was born there was a row of cliffs running east and west to the south of Lake Ontario. They were 300 or 400 feet high and were capped by a hard layer of rock, a sort of limestone containing magnesia and called dolomite. This made the top of the cliff or escarpment stretched away to the south as a tableland. Under the dolomite was shale, a soft rock easily attacked, then a thin bed of limestone, followed by more shale and some beds of rather soft sandstone. At the foot of the cliff was more shale, red in color, while most of the rocks above are grey. Next time you go to Niagara walk a little way up the gorge from Queenston and you will see this arrangement of the beds of rock.

Before the ice age there was no Niagara river and, of course, no Niagara Falls. The water of the upper lakes region made its way to the Atlantic more directly by the Laurentian river; but during the ice age a moraine was piled across this channel north of Toronto blocking the outlet.

The result was that when the ice departed the water had to find a new way toward the sea, following always the lowest level on the drift covered surface, and at length came to the edge of the escarpment at Queenston, where it fell over the cliff. This was the beginning of Niagara Falls.

Now the cliff, as you remember, was made of a strong and durable cap of dolomite over a great thickness of soft shales, etc. The water pouring over had a higher fall than today and pounded down with tremendous force, eddying back and irresistibly driving with it any loose blocks of stone. These blocks, dragged by the current from above, made powerful tools and battering rams to attack the weak shale at the foot of the cliff. This was soon worn away into a sort of cavern, like the Cave of the Winds, and presently the solid limestone above lost its support and dropped to the foot of the cliff, as Table Rock did some years ago near the present falls.

These huge masses of fallen rock were only playthings for the powerful currents at the foot of the falls, and you can imagine the blind turmoil where the blocks were being hurled against the shale, which yielded faster than before; and thus the carving of the Niagara gorge was begun.

Flow Has Varied Greatly

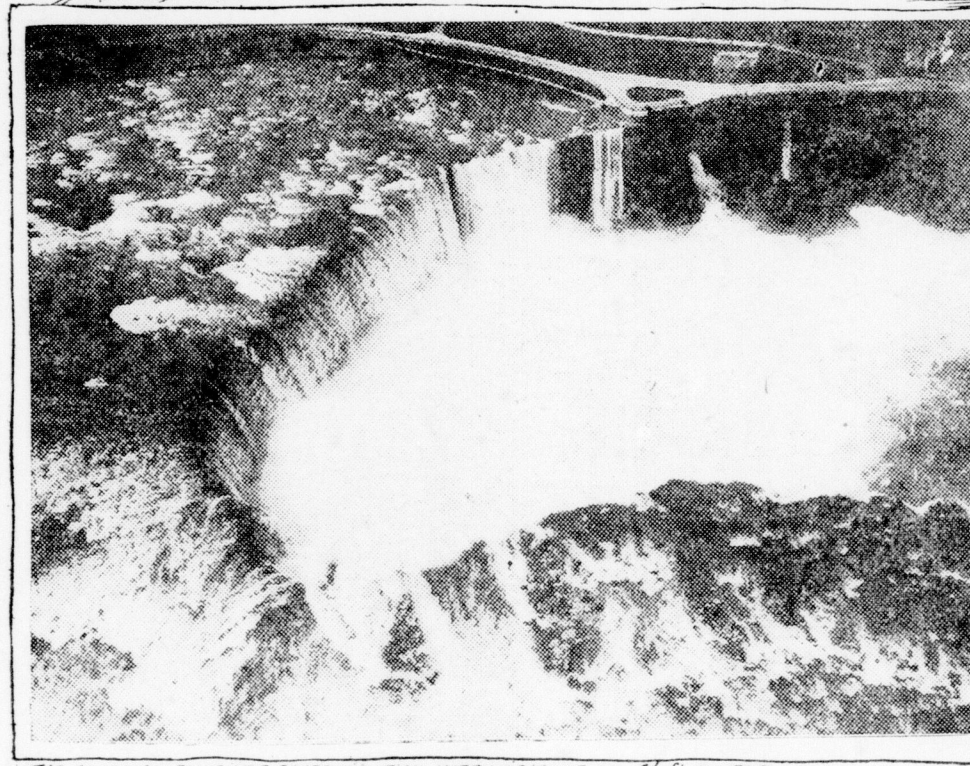
THE work has continued ever since, the falls sawing its way back year after year, until now it is nearly seven miles from its starting point at Queenston.

We are now ready to use Niagara as a chronometer and by its means to estimate the time since the falls began, which means also the time when the great ice sheet had thawed so far as to set free the basin of Lake Ontario.

How long did the process take?

The keen mathematicians now set to work with paper and pencil to multiply 5,280 feet by 7 and to divide the amount by 4½ feet, and triumphantly state that the falls are 8,213 1-3 years old; and they are all wrong!

The matter is by no means so simple as it appears.



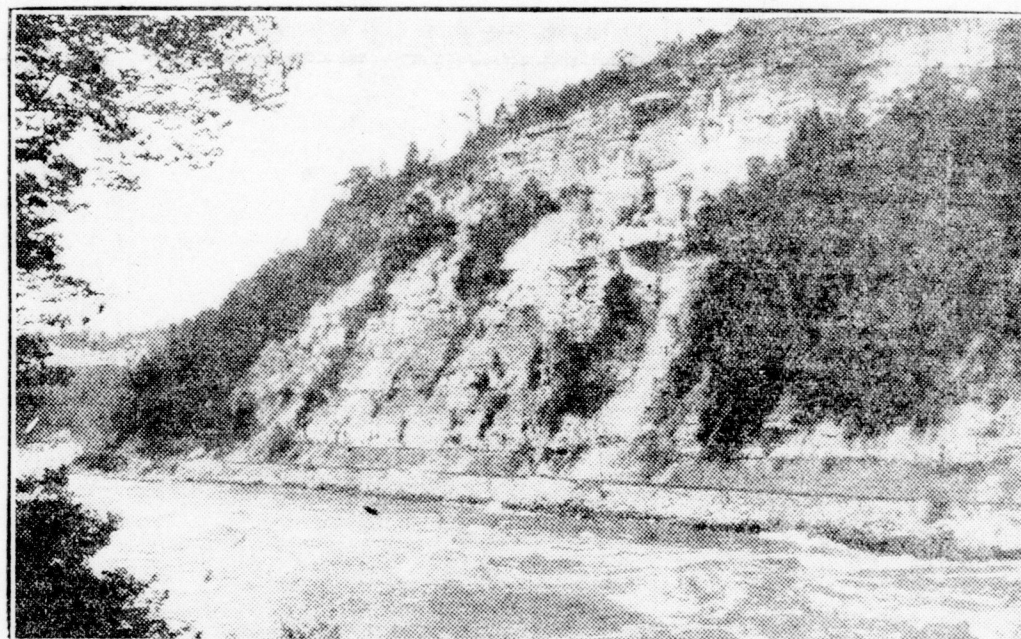
THE CANADIAN FALLS ARE RECEDING AT AN AVERAGE RATE OF 4½ FT. A YEAR.

Before going farther let us have a look at the American fall. We shall see that the sheet of water at the edge is thin, often not more than two or three feet in depth, and that it falls in spray upon immense dark grey blocks of stone at the base of the cliff. These are masses of the hard dolomite that have dropped from above but have been too heavy for the falls to handle. It is evident that the American fall is retreating very slowly, probably only two or three inches a year instead of four and a half feet, as in the powerful Canadian fall, which has about twenty times as much water. Small falls cut back much more slowly than large ones.

When we look up the history of Niagara we find that its volume varied greatly from time to

time. Twice the water of the Upper Lakes flowed east by other routes. At one time the main outlet was about where the Trent valley canal is and the drainage was into Lake Iroquois. At another time the Upper Lake water found its way east by Lake Nipissing into the Ottawa. It is rather interesting to find that one of these old river valleys is now a canal, and that the Montreal and Ottawa people suggest that the other one should be made a canal also.

When the main flow of water was diverted in these ways there was only the drainage of Lake Erie to supply Niagara, about one-sixth as much as usual, and the falls worked very slowly. Instead of cutting a mile in about 1,200 years, it needed several thousand to do the same work.



Cliffs in the Niagara Gorge near Queenston.



THE RIVER DOES NOT TEAR BLOCKS OUT OF THE ROCK ABOVE BUT UNDERMINES THE CLIFF INSTEAD. A TYPICAL CROSS-SECTION OF THE HORSESHOE FALLS.

THE next time you go to Niagara follow the foaming rapids and swirling water northwards, walking along the edge of the canyon to see the kind of work done by the falls. You will find that the gorge is broad for more than two miles.

That part was cut by the present falls with the full supply of water from the Upper Lakes, and took about 2,500 years.

Suddenly the gorge grows narrow at the railway bridges and the water foams along in rapids because it is crowded for space. That part was made by the small river when the Upper Lakes drained to the Ottawa, and took far more time to cut.

The gorge broadens again near the whirlpool, because once more there was a full water supply. This part goes beyond Niagara Glen. Finally you have an old narrow gorge, with its walls eaten back by the weather because of its age. This was cut by the small river when the Upper Lakes sent their waters east through the Trent valley.

The history of the Upper Lakes has left its mark at Niagara and it well repays a seven miles walk along one of the most splendid gorges in eastern America to decipher this history. The wonders of the whirlpool and the charms of Niagara Glen, where one can walk through forest paths under overhanging cliffs and close beside the roaring rapids, may be enjoyed along with the solving of the knotty problems of the river.

After considering all these variations in the water supply geologists have worked out the age of Niagara as about 25,000 years. The rate of the work of the smaller falls is too uncertain to get closer than this round number; but the date of the opening up of Ontario by the thawing of the ice, so that the new river could plunge over the cliff at Queenston, is as certain as most other events in the geological past, for our geological chronometers have not been very accurately gauged up to the present.

Suicide Still Sacred to the Japanese Hara-Kiri Regarded an Act of Honor

BEHIND the facade of western civilization in Japan the old Japanese traditions of honor and self-sacrifice still hold sway. This fact, according to those familiar with Oriental ways of thinking, explains the act of an unknown citizen of Tokio who committed suicide the other day in front of the ruins of the American embassy as a solemn protest against the law excluding Japanese immigrants from America.

The suicide, or hara-kiri, carried out after the ancient manner of the Samurai, is reported in Tokio despatches to have caused a profound sensation through Japan. "He met his death like an ancient warrior," the Tokio chief of police is quoted as saying. "He will probably receive the honors due to a soldier who died on the battlefield."

Hara-kiri, or, as the Japanese prefer to call it, Seppuku, is technically suicide, but it has a significance, in Japanese eyes, entirely different from that of suicide in western countries. It rests upon a sense of honor and loyalty so profound that the individual life is held to count for nothing.

"Seppuku," said Baron Suyematsu, writing some years ago, "was in the feudal period an honorable mode of committing suicide. It was unknown to the Japanese of ancient days and was a custom which grew with the age of chivalry. With us in the Far East, to hang oneself was looked upon as the most cowardly of all methods of self-destruction, and drowning oneself or taking poison was deemed to be no better."

Lafcadio Hearn, in his book on Japan, points out that at first "it was the military class that established hara-kiri as a custom and privilege. Previously," he says, "the chiefs of a routed army or the defenders of a castle taken by storm would thus end themselves to avoid falling into

the enemy's hands—a custom which continued into the present era. About the close of the fifteenth century the military custom of permitting any Samurai to perform hara-kiri instead of subjecting him to the shame of execution appears to have been generally established.

Trained to Suicide

AFTERWARD it became the recognized duty of a Samurai to kill himself at a stand of the word of command. All Samurai were subject to this disciplinary law, even lords of provinces, and in Samurai families children of both sexes were trained how to perform suicide whenever personal honor or the will of a liege lord might require it.

Inazo Nitobe, in "Bushido, the Soul of Japan," testifies to the same effect. "Death involving a question of honor," he says, "was accepted in Bushido as a key to the solution of many complex problems, so that to an ambitious Samurai a natural departure from life seemed a rather tame affair and a consummation not devoutly to be wished."

"Seppuku was not a mere suicidal process. It was an institution legal and ceremonial. An invention of the middle ages, it was a process by which warriors could expiate their crimes, apologize for errors, escape from disgrace, redeem their friends, or prove their sincerity. When enforced as a legal punishment it was practised with due ceremony. It was a refine-

ment of self-destruction, and none could perform it without the utmost coolness of temper and composure of demeanor."

Compulsory hara-kiri was surrounded with the utmost degree of formality.

"How to sit," says Baron Suyematsu, "how to bow to the spectators when about to commence the awful task, how to unfold reverently the part of the clothing which covers the upper part of the body, how to make the requisite appeal to the kai-shaku-nin were all matters in which the utmost nicety was enjoined, and were part of the instruction which every Samurai was obliged to receive from the master of military ceremonies."

When a Samurai was requested to commit suicide he usually chose a friend, preferably an expert swordsman, to assist in the delicate process. A special dress was donned for the occasion, a special dagger, draped in a prescribed way in tissue paper, was placed on a stand of a traditional pattern in front of the doomed man, and every move was carefully regulated by a grim book of etiquette. The victim, bowing to the spectators and seating himself so that he would not fall backward, unwrapped the dagger and made the required incisions, then motioned to his friend, the "kai-shaku-nin," who immediately, with one stroke of the sword, cut off his head.

Twenty Told to Die

SEVERAL executions of this kind were carried out in the presence of foreigners toward the close of the feudal regime in the late '60's of the last century. On one occasion twenty young Samurai were ordered to commit suicide before the French minister for attacking French troops. After eleven had killed themselves the minister, horrified at the spectacle, begged that the slaughter might stop.

Compulsory hara-kiri was abolished with the other relics of the feudal regime in 1867, but the voluntary sort has persisted, though with

WORLD-FAMOUS SURGEON ABANDONS CIVILIZATION

Sir Herbert Barker of London Leaves Enormous Practice and Palatial Home to Live Primitive Life

TO BASK IN SUN OF TROPICS LIKE NATIVE

Has Come to Conclusion That Wealth and Honors Mean Nothing to Him—"Civilization Spoils Health, Etc."

By GEORGE GODWIN

A MILLIONAIRE has abandoned civilization.

A surgeon, whose practice is the best in the world, who is accustomed to the luxury that wealth can bring, plans to desert the world of society and plunge into the life of a primitive man.

Sir Herbert Barker, the world-famous "bloodless surgeon," who won recognition in the teeth of relentless opposition and rose from comparative poverty into glittering wealth, no fantasy in his mind when he plans his desertion of the world. He is not moved by religious frenzy or by hatred of the world. He plans to save his immortal soul, but his mortal body is a different matter.

A few months ago Sir Herbert left his palatial Park Lane home in London's "millionaire row" for a three months' sojourn in Jamaica, was worn out with work and decided to spend that sunny tropical island for a needed rest. Little was heard from him during the period of his vacation, but when he returned he had a startling announcement to make.

"All the material things I am tied to," said Sir Herbert, "wealth, fame, honors, mean little to me now that I am going to turn my back on them to live the only sort of life worth while—the primitive life of a natural man on an island in the tropics."

Three months of sunshine on a tropical island had worked this miracle—a man converted the life of our primitive forefathers.

When I went to interview the great surgeon found him in the well ordered consulting room in his Park Lane mansion. He is well over fifty, but is tall, upright, slender, with the gentle ease and clear eyes of athletic youth.

"The fact is," said Herbert Barker, opening the interview, "I have been making a revelation of life since I went to Madeira for a cure two years ago."

Civilization All a Mistake

I SUGGESTED that he had most things in value in life—wealth, fame, royal recognition. "That may be," he answered, "but I don't want any of those things. There is only one life worth living and that's a natural one, the animal man needs is plenty of exercise, bathing, fruit and simple food. He does not want anything else."

"You know, I have not been able to sleep since I have had a taste for the first time of real life, and all I now want is that again—sunlight, salt water, air. And that's what I'm going back to."

"Why," he said, "I was dining at the only last night. What did I see there—do I see in the fashionable restaurants, or dining rooms everywhere? Joyless women lined men, old before their time."

He talked to me a good deal about the possibilities of heliotherapy—the curative properties of the sun's luminous rays which, he said, only just beginning to be understood.

"It is extraordinary that civilized people, as healthy as they do," he remarked, "when they consider that they spend so much of their day away from light and clean air, sleeping in rooms which are perfectly constructed—from the crochets' viewpoint."

"Sunlight is as necessary to the body as itself. It is indeed blood and nerve food. It, the toxins in the blood stream which breed ease and shorten life, rejuvenates the system and is the real fount of joy in life. Most vital things in life are health and happiness. Nothing saves these matters, and what mode of life gives these must be the right one. I have, as the saying is, 'everything that a man wants,' but all I know is that in civilization I am not happy, while living the primitive life of a nature man, going most of the day under the sun on the seashore, I have experienced a more intense joy and a deeper content than I have ever known before."

"So I plan to wind my affairs up and go to that life."

"Half the things that so-called civilization has brought in its train seem to me the clogs of progress, which in essence is the climbing of the highest peak of happiness," was one of the amazing man's remarks which struck my mind.

—New York World Magazine

Just One Bad Point

THE AGENT: Of course, you have no child. The Prospective Tenant: No. "Dogs or cats?" "No." "Piano or gramophone?" "No, but I'll tell you what. I've got a faint pen that squeaks rather every time I use it. Hope you won't object to that!"

diminishing frequency, to the present day. During the wars with China and Russia several officers of the army and navy took this mode of atoning for mistakes. Akin to it was attitude assumed by many officers toward families. One officer divorced his bride a few months before leaving for the front in the belief that he might seek death at the hands of enemy with no thought of home ties.

The most famous of all Japanese suicide modern times was that of General Nogai, the of Port Arthur, who committed suicide on death of his emperor in order that he might be separated from him and as a solemn memorial of his loyalty. This act caught imagination of every Japanese, and Nogai's is a popular shrine.

The unknown suicide in front of the American embassy thus performed an act which has significance for every Japanese, and already has done much, according to Tokio patches, to strengthen the so-called "national spirit" movement.

The Man With Two Mouths

—By F. Tennyson Jesse

ILLUSTRATED BY J. FLETCHER WHITE

Smuggling Story of Tense Drama, Action and Suspense By the Grandniece of the Poet Tennyson—A Girl Saves a Man's Life and Is Repaid in Queer Fashion.

ma, Action, Suspense, by the

and Niece of the Poet, Tennyson.

N a grey day a girl was walk-

ing along a crescent of sand

that curved at the cliff's base.

she went the water welled up in

slanting hollows left by her feet.

the fat, evil-looking leaves of

cliff plants glistened with spray

ature. At the end of the little

th the girl paused, and then turn-

to look out to sea, balancing her

on a slab of wet shiny granite.

re the cone-shaped shellfish clus-

ed and from which the long

weed floated out and in on the

re of the tide. The girl held back

her hair that whipped about her

head and stared from under an

ed palm.

Tes naught but a playguy doll.

d believe," she muttered, yet

stayed for one more glimpse of

dark thing that was bobbing up

ugh the curdling foam-pattern,

ing scatter of spray blew in

er eyes, blinding her, and when

looked again the dark thing had

re nearer, and she saw it to be

body of a man caught in the

nes of some shrouds that the

re action had lapped around a

ing mast.

ere it not that his chin was

ed over the railings so that he

borne along with his face a pale

among the paler blots of the

re—upturned he would doubtless

sunk, for he was not lashed to

mast in any way. The girl called

him twice in her strong, rough

voice, then, since even if he still

he was past any consciousness

ing so, she kept her energies

the saving of him. Wading in as

as she dared—not more than

to her hips, for even then the

re and suction of the water

stened to knock her off her feet—

clung on to a ridge of rock with

hand, and leaning forward, made

ed towards her. To her dismay

saw that with every heave his

re must be catching against some

re, for his head began to sink

from the supporting railings.

when at last she caught one end

the spar she only succeeded in

ing it away from him. His head

ed. The next minute a surge

recurrent brought him knock-

ing against her legs; she just

aged to hold on with one hand

with the other she plunged

at him. Her fingers met the

reelness of his face then caught

his tangled hair, and, dragging

backwards against the rocks,

she pulled him with her, step

step. A few minutes more and

had staggered up the narrow

each with her burden dragging

her arms. Tumbling him along

rier sand at the cliff's foot, she

re beside him, and pulled apart the

ing shirt.

HE felt at his heart,

then laid her ear to the

glistening chest where

dark hair was matted to a point

on the breast; she beat that

chest with her hand, and at

least the faintest response to

blows of her fingers. On that

of hope she desisted, seemed

ing into herself. The old saw has it

that the saving of a drowning man

brings ill-luck to his rescuer; but

Thomasin, as she watched grow in

his features that intangible some-

thing which makes the face human

instead of a mere mask, scorned the

superstition, and still more she

scorned it as her urgent hands felt

the rising beat of his pulses and

arteries. For she felt him hers—hers

by right of discovery as well as right

of salvage.

Keast's Cottage

THOMASIN KEAST and her

father lived in a little four-

square cottage set about half a mile

from the headland—a half-mile of

thorn and bracken, of tumbled bould-

ers and wedges of furze almost as

solid. Here in the spring the yellow-

hammer and the linnet, the stone-

chat and the whinchat, shrilled their

first notes, and at dawn the grey-

bird thrust a thirsty beak into the

deasy blackthorn blossoms; here the

dun-colored rabbits darted in and

out of their burrows with a gleam of

white scuts. Here, too, Keast and his

daughter herded the moorland ponies

that, well reared, were loaded with

the barrels of spirit and packets of

lace which had been brought from

France at dark of the moon. The

cottage was of rough grey granite,

with a roof crusted with yellow

stonerop that looked as though it

had been spilled molten over the

slates. On either side of the door a

great wind-buttress, reaching to the

aves, swept out like a sheltering

wing.

This was the place to which Thom-

asin Keast brought her man on that

stormy evening. Dusk was already

making the air deeply, softly blue,

and through it the whitewashed lin-

tel gleamed out almost as clearly as

the phosphorescent fish mailed

against the wall. Half-leading, half-

supporting him, Thomasin steered

the stranger between the buttresses

and through the narrow doorway in-

to the living-room. A peat fire glow-

ed on the hearth and against it the

figure of a crouching man showed

dark. At the noise in the doorway

he thrust an armful of furze on to

the fire, and the quick crackling

flame like the flashing of summer

lightning over the whitewashed

walls, sending the shadows surr-

ing into the corners and revealing

the man whose big hand, ridged with

raised veins that ran up to the

wrist, was still upon the furze-stem.

Bendigo Keast was not long past

his prime of strength and could still

have out-wrestled many a younger

man. Through his Jersey the work-

ing of his enormous shoulders show-

ed as plainly as those of a cat beneath

her close fur, and under his chin the

reddish beard could not hide the

knave of his powerful throat. His

eyes, blue and extraordinarily alert,

were half-hidden by the purpled lids,

and the massive folds of his cheeks

that came down in a furrow on either

side of his slightly incurved mouth

looked hard as iron. Like most sea-

men when within doors, he was in his

stockings, and as he rose and his bulk

swayed forward, his feet broadened

a little and gripped at the uneven



She clung to the rock with one hand, and, leaning forward, made snatches at the spar whenever it surged towards her.

to take notice of what he saw. Us'll

know to-morrow.

And next day the rescued man was

sitting by the hearth, somewhat stiff

from bruises, but otherwise with his

wiry frame none the worse. His looks

had strikingly improved, for now that

the soft beard, which had never

known a razor, was dry, it peaked

forward a little, whereas when wet it

had clung to his too narrow jaw and

revealed a lax line of chin.

The Stranger's Story

HIS story was soon told—the brig

on which he was mate had been

returning from France when a squall

overtook her, and she became a total

wreck. He had clung to the floating

spar for several hours before losing

consciousness, when the tangled rat-

lines had borne him up and the tide

had swept him into the shoreward

current which set round the headland.

"And the first thing I knew," he

ended, "was your face, mistress,

bending over me in your cave."

Keast shot a glance at his daughter.

They had exchanged looks before, at

the man's mention of France, and now

Bendigo flung a few veiled phrases,

and then, as the cant term com-

mon to smugglers, said his guest, who

understood him perfectly, and himself

became entirely frank. His name, he

said, was Robin Start, and that there

was mixed blood in him he admitted.

A more gracious race showed itself in

his quick turns of wrist and eye, his

ease of phrase, in his ready gallantry

towards Thomasin. Yes, said Robin

Start, his mother was a French-

woman, and had taught him her ton-

gue—a fact he found useful in his

dealings on the other side of the

channel.

A bargain is an intricate and subtle

thing in Cornwall, a thing of innu-

endoes and reservations, and the one

Bendigo Keast struck with the stran-

ger was not without subtleties on both

sides. Robin Start had quite under-

stood all he had seen in the cave and

had made a mental note of the way

out, which gave him a hold over Ben-

digo. On the other hand, Robin, who

suffered paroxysms of craving for

safety in the intervals of delighting in

danger, knew it was safer to come in

with Bendigo and make something for

himself smuggling than it would be

for him to think of escaping from that

muscular father and daughter if he

declined. As for Keast, it was true

men, Thomasin had never known of

the sphere which began to be re-

vealed to her that evening. For one

thing she was plain, though in cer-

tain lights or effects of wind she

looked fine enough in a high-boned,

rock-hewn way. Though she was

only twenty-two, hundreds of nights

of exposure to wind and wet had

roughened her skin, but at the open-

ing of her bodice, where a hint of

collar-bones showed like a bar be-

neath the firm flesh, her skin was

prive-white. The slim, brown-haired

Robin with his quick eyes was a con-

trast in looks and manners to any-

one she had ever met, and mingled

with her awe and wonder of him was

the fierce sense of possession that

had entered into her when she passed

her hands over and over him in the

cave.

Thomasin's Loves

IT was a stormy autumn that year,

and little was possible in the way

of business; but for Thomasin, who

up till now had lived so whole-

heartedly for her partnership with

her father, it became that time of

which at least the mirage appears to

every one once in life. For her hap-

piness she and Robin repainted her

other love, the Merrymaid, together;

giving her a new black coat and a

white ribbon, and changing the green

of her upright stem to blue. The

Merrymaid was constantly adopting

little disguises of the sort, running

Bright Eyes and a Fly

—By P. G. Wodehouse

ILLUSTRATED BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER

THE HERMITAGE (unrivalled scenery, superb cuisine, Daniel Brewster, proprietor), is a picturesque summer hotel in the green heart of the mountains, built by Archie Moffatt, father-in-law of Archie. In Archie's opinion, practically a place needed to make it an earthly paradise was for Mr. Daniel Brewster to be about forty-seven miles away from it.

"It's going to be another perfectly topped day," Archie observed, "just the day you ought to have been here."

"Yes, it's too bad I've got to go. New York will be like an oven," Lucille sighed.

"Put it off."

"I can't. I've a fitting. Besides," said Lucille, "I want to see father. I'll be back to-morrow evening. You will be perfectly happy."

"Queen of my soul, you know I can't be happy with you away. You know—"

"Yes?" murmured Lucille appreciatively. She never tired of hearing Archie say this sort of thing.

Archie's voice had trailed off. He was looking across the room.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "What an awfully pretty woman!"

"Where?"

"Over there. I say—what wonderful eyes! I don't think I ever saw such eyes. Did you notice her eyes? Sort of flashing!"

Vera Silverton

WARM though the morning was, a suspicion of chill descended upon the breakfast table.

"Do you think so?"

"Wonderful figure, too!"

"Yes."

"Well, what I mean to say, fair to medium," said Archie. "Not the sort of type I admire myself, of course."

"You know her, don't you?"

"Absolutely not, and far from it," said Archie hastily. "Never met her in my life."

"You've seen her on the stage. Her name's Vera Silverton. We saw her—"

"Of course, yes. So we did. I say—I wonder what she's doing here? She ought to be in New York rehearsing. I remember meeting her. What's her name—"

"You know—chappie who writes plays and what-not—George Benham—I remember meeting George Benham, and he told me she was rehearsing in a piece of his. Well, why is she here?"

"She probably lost her temper and broke her contract, and came to see. She's always doing that sort of thing. I think she's an awful woman, and I wish you wouldn't keep on talking about her."

"Night—"

"Night—"

"Night—"

"Night—"

"Night—"

"Night—"

"Night—"

"Night—"

"Night—"

"Night—"

"Night—"

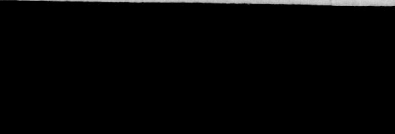
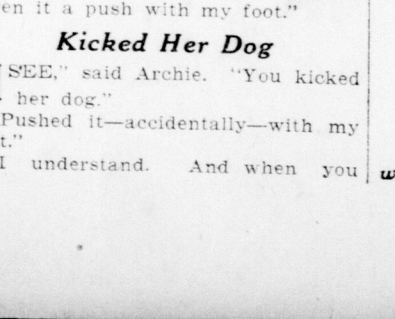
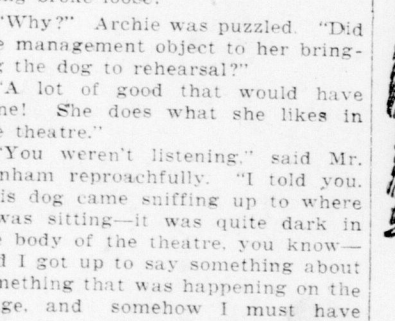
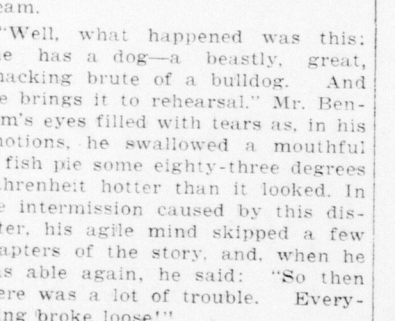
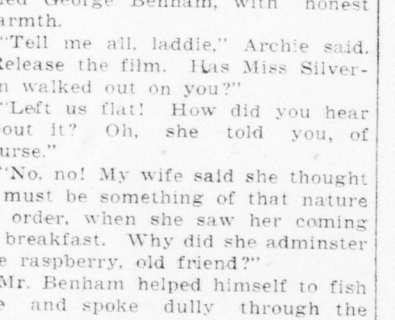
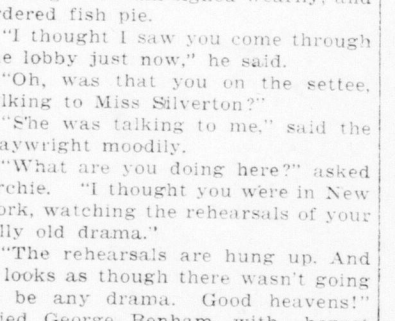
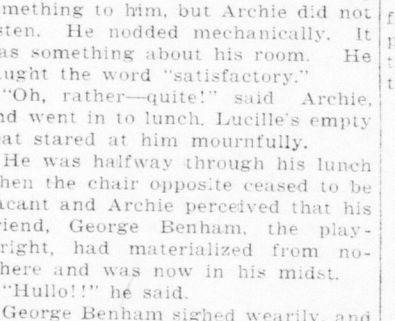
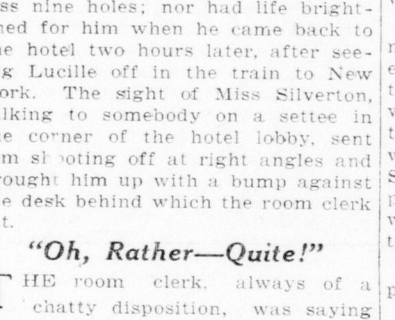
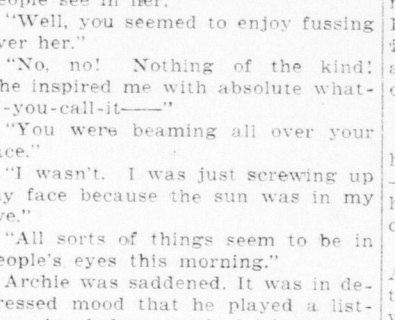
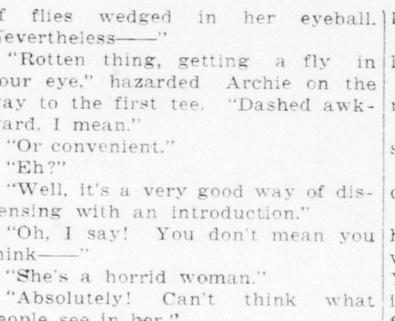
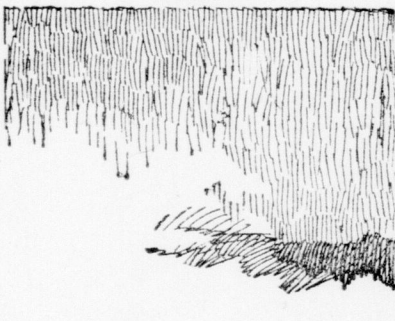
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"Night—"

"Night—"

"Night—"

"Night—"



Archie Becomes Acquainted With the Artistic Temperament—An Amusing Story in Which an Actress Gets Our Hero Into a Queer Tangle, From Which He Cleverly Extricates Himself

"What wonderful eyes!" Archie exclaimed.

of flies wedged in her eyeball. Nevertheless—

"Rotten thing, getting a fly in your eye," hazarded Archie on the way to the first tee. "Dashed awkward, I mean."

"Or convenient."

"Well, it's a very good way of dispensing with an introduction."

"Oh, I say! You don't mean you think she's a horrid woman?"

"Absolutely! Can't think what people see in her."

"Well, you seemed to enjoy fussing over her."

"No, no! Nothing of the kind! She inspired me with absolute what-d-you-call-it—"

"You were beaming all over your face."

"I wasn't. I was just screwing up my face because the sun was in my eye."

"All sorts of things seem to be in people's eyes this morning."

Archie was saddened. It was in depressed mood that he played a listless nine holes; nor had life brightened for him when he came back to the hotel two hours later, after seeing Lucille off in the train to New York. The sight of Miss Silverton, talking to somebody on a settee in the corner of the hotel lobby, sent him shivering off at right angles and brought him up with a bump against the desk behind which the room clerk sat.

"Oh, Rather—Quite!"

THE room clerk, always of a chatty disposition, was saying something to him, but Archie did not listen. He nodded mechanically. It was something about his room. He caught the word "satisfactory."

"Oh, rather—quite," said Archie, and went in to lunch. Lucille's empty seat stared at him mournfully.

He was halfway through his lunch when the chair opposite ceased to be vacant and Archie perceived that his friend, George Benham, the playwright, had materialized from nowhere and was now in his midst.

"Hello!" he said.

George Benham sighed wearily, and ordered fish pie.

"I thought I saw you come through the lobby just now," he said.

"Oh, was that you on the settee, talking to Miss Silverton?"

"She was talking to me," said the playwright moodily.

"What are you doing here?" asked Archie. "I thought you were in New York, watching the rehearsals of your jolly old drama."

"The rehearsals are hung up. And it looks as though there wasn't going to be any drama. Good heavens!" cried George Benham, with honest warmth.

"Tell me all, laddie," Archie said. "Release the film. Miss Silverton walked out on you?"

"Left us flat! How did you hear about it?" Oh, she told you, of course."

"No, no! My wife said she thought it must be something of that nature or order, when she saw her coming to breakfast. Why did she administer the raspberry, old friend?"

"Mr. Benham helped himself to fish pie some eighty-three degrees Fahrenheit hotter than it looked. In the intermission caused by this disaster, his agile mind skipped a few chapters of the story, and when he was able again, he said: 'So then there was a lot of trouble. Everything broke loose!'"

"Why?" Archie was puzzled. "Did the management object to her bringing the dog to rehearsal?"

"A lot of good that would have done! She does what she likes in the theatre."

"You weren't listening," said Mr. Benham reproachfully. "I told you. This dog came sniffing up to where I was sitting—it was quite dark in the body of the theatre, you know—and I got up to say something about something that was happening on the stage, and somehow I must have given it a push with my foot."

Kicked Her Dog

"I SEE," said Archie. "You kicked her dog?"

"Pushed it—accidentally—with my foot."

"I understand. And when you

brought off this kick—"

"Push," said Mr. Benham austere-ly. "This kick or push. When you administered this kick or push—"

"It was more a sort of light shove."

"Well, when you did whatever you did, the trouble started."

"She talked for a while—Mr. Benham gave a slight shiver—"and then walked out, taking her dog with her. You see, this wasn't the first time it had happened. It wasn't the first time. It was the stage-manager. He didn't know whose dog it was, and it came waddling onto the stage, and he gave it a sort of pat, a kind of kick—"

"A slish?"

"Not a slish," corrected Mr. Benham firmly. "You might call it a tap—with the penicillin script. Well, we had a lot of difficulty smoothing her over that time."

"She must be fond of the dog," said Archie, for the first time feeling a touch of good will and sympathy toward the lady.

"She's crazy about it. That's what made it so awkward when I happened—quite inadvertently—to give it this sort of accidental shove. Well, we spent the rest of the day trying to get her on the phone, and finally we heard that she had come here. So I took the next train and tried to persuade her to come back. She wouldn't listen. And that's how matters stand."

"Pretty rotten!" said Archie, sympathetically.

"You can bet it's pretty rotten—for me. There's nobody else who's got to play the part. Like a chump, I wrote the thing specially for her. It means the play won't be produced at all if she doesn't do it. So you're my last hope."

Archie, who was lighting a cigarette, nearly swallowed it.

"I am?"

"I thought you might persuade her. Jolly her along. You know the sort of thing."

"But, my dear old friend, I tell you I don't know her."

"Well, she knows you. When you came through the lobby just now, she said that you were the only real human being she had ever met."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I did take a fly out of her eye. But—"

"You did? Well then, all you have to do is to ask her how her eye is, and tell her she has the most beautiful eyes you ever saw, and coo a bit."

"But my dear old son! I simply can't! Anything to oblige and all that sort of thing, but when it comes to cooing, distinctly nape!"

"Nonsense! It isn't hard to coo."

"You're not a married man. I don't want to dish you in any way, old bean, but I must firmly and resolutely decline to coo."

The Bulldog

MR. BENHAM looked at his watch. "I've got to get back to New York and report," he said. "I'll tell them that I haven't been able to do anything myself, but that I've left the matter in good hands. I know you will do your best."

"But laddie—"

"Think," said Mr. Benham solemnly, "of all that depends on it. The other actors! The small-part people thrown out of a job! You know how to handle it. Pitch it strong! Good-bye, my old man, and a thousand thanks." He moved toward the door, leaving Archie transfixed. Half-way there, he turned and came back. "Oh, by the way," he said, "my lunch. Have it put on your check, will you."

Archie was conscious of a pringly sensation about the roots of his closely cropped back hair as he moved cautiously across the room. The affair was becoming uncanny; and as he tiptoed toward the window, old ghost-stories, read in lighter moments before cheerful fires with plenty of

light in the room flitted through his mind. He had the feeling—precisely as every chappie in those stories had had—that he was not alone. Nor was he.

In a basket behind an armchair, curled up with his massive chin resting on the edge of the wicker-work, lay a fine bulldog.

"Urff!" said the bulldog.

"Good Heaven!" said Archie, in which the bulldog looked earnestly at Archie and Archie looked earnestly at the bulldog.

There was a lengthy pause, in which the bulldog looked earnestly at Archie and Archie looked earnestly at the bulldog.

Archie prepared to go to bed directly he had closed the door. He turned to the closet to get his pajamas.

His first thought, when no pajamas were visible, was that this was merely another of those things which happen on days when life goes wrong. He raked the closet with an annoyed eye. From every hook hung various garments of Lucille's, but no pajamas. He was breathing a soft malediction when something in the closet caught his eyes and held them for a moment puzzled.

He could have sworn that Lucille did not possess a mauve negligee. Mauve was a color which she did not like. He frowned, perplexed, and, as he did so, from near the window came a soft cough.

Archie spun round. Nothing was visible. The window opening on to the balcony gaped wide. The balcony was empty.

"Urff!"

This time the cough had come from the immediate neighborhood of the window.

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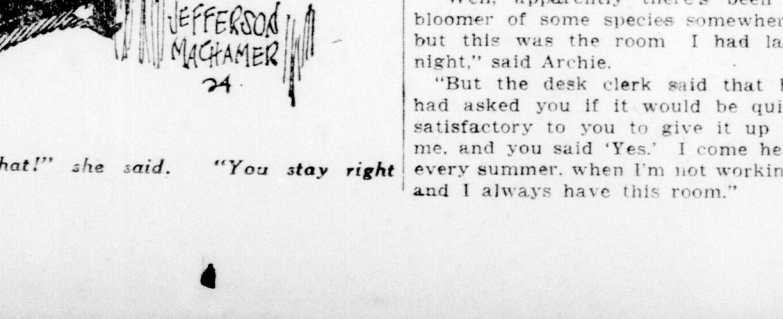
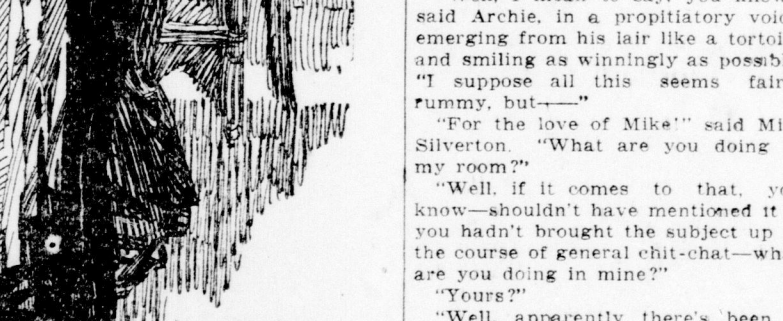
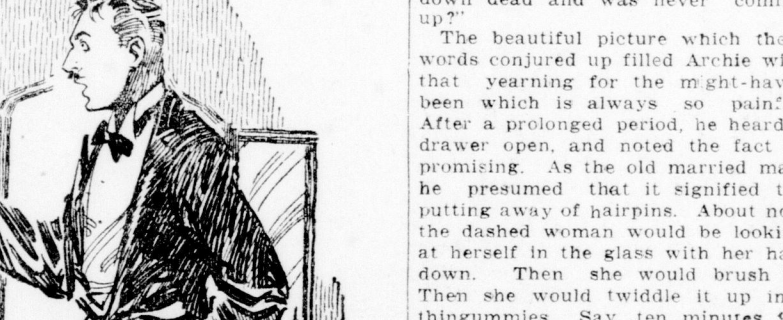
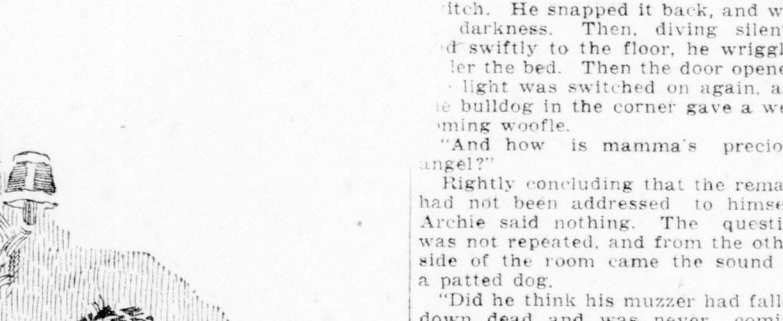
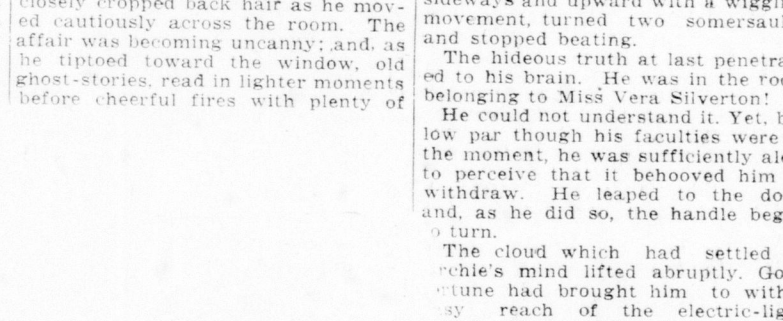
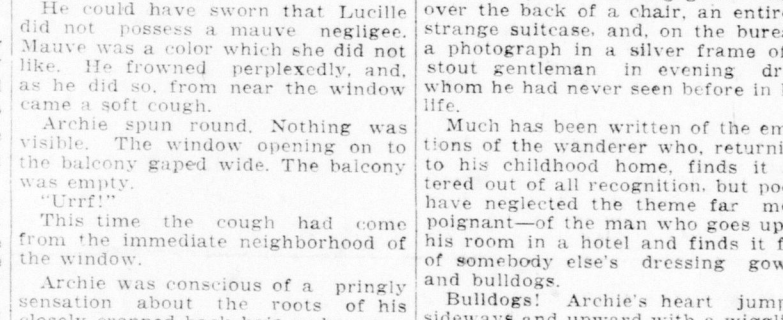
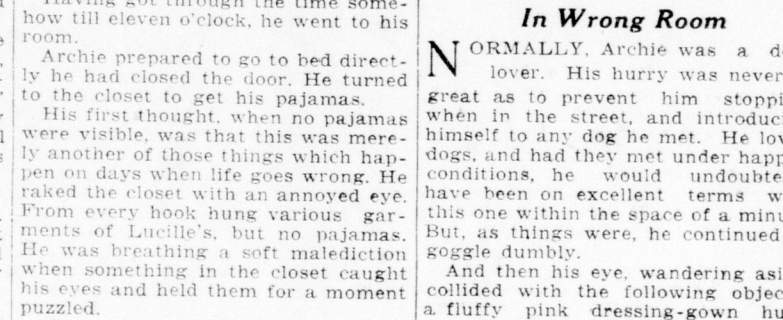
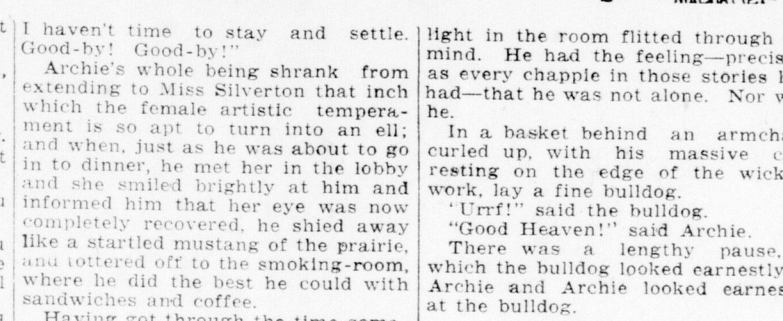
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"By Jove! I remember now. The chappie did say something to me about the room. But I was thinking of something else. So that's what he was talking about, was it?"

Miss Silverton was registering disappointment.

"Nothing breaks right for me in this damned world," she said regretfully. "When I caught sight of your leg sticking out from under the bed I did think that everything was all lined up for a real fine end at last. I could close my eyes and see the thing in the papers. On the front page, with photographs. 'Plucky Actress Captures Burglar.' 'Darn it!'"

"Fearfully sorry, you know!" said Archie sympathetically.

"I did think that, for once, my guardian angel was doing something for me. 'Stage Star and Midnight Marauder,'" murmured Miss Silverton wistfully. "Footlight Favorite Fells Felon."

"But thick," agreed Archie sympathetically. "Well, you'll probably be wanting to get to bed and all that sort of rot, so I may as well be popping—what? Cheery—"

A sudden gleam came into Miss Silverton's compelling eyes.

"Wait!"

"Wait! I've got an idea." The wistful sadness had gone from her manner. She was bright and alert.

"Sit down."

"Sure, sit down. I've thought of something."

ARCHE sat down as directed. At his elbow the bulldog eyed him gravely from the basket.

"Do they know you in this hotel?"

"Know me? Well, I've been here about a week."

"I mean, do they know who you are? Do they know you're a good citizen?"

"Well, if it comes to that, I suppose they don't. But—"

"Fine!" said Miss Silverton appreciatively. "Then it's all right. We can carry on!"

"Carry on?"

"Why, sure! It doesn't matter if it turns out later that there was a mistake and that you weren't a burglar trying for my jewels after all. It makes just as good a story either way. All I've got to do is to rush out and yell and rouse the hotel, and they come in and pinch you, and I give the story to the papers, and everything's fine!"

Archie looked from his chair.

"I say! What?"

"What's on your mind?" inquired Miss Silverton coherently. "Don't you think it's a nifty scheme?"

"Nifty! My dear old soul! It's frightful!"

"Can't see what's wrong with it," grumbled Miss Silverton. "After I've had someone get New York on the long distance and give the story to the papers you can explain and they'll let you out. Surely to goodness, if you can't get a story like that, you're not a good citizen."

Archie looked from his chair.

"I'm married!"

Miss Silverton regarded him with surprised surprise.

"Do you mean to say you would let a little thing like that stand in the way of my getting the front page of all the papers—with photographs? Say, what's the big idea? Where are you going?"

"Out," said Archie firmly. "Bally out!"

A dangerous light flickered in Miss Silverton's eyes.

"That'll be all of that!" she said. "You stay right where you are or I'll fire!"

"Right—"

"I mean it!"

"My dear old soul," said Archie. "In the recent unpleasantness things have had chappies popping off things like that at me all day and every day for close on five years, and here I am—what? I mean to say, if I've got to choose between staying here and being pinched by your room by the local constabulary and having the dashed thing get into the papers and all sorts of trouble happening and my wife getting the wind up—and I say, if I've got to choose—"

"Suck a lozenge and start again," said Miss Silverton.

CASH AND CARRY SYSTEM DEMONSTRATED IN COURT

Judge Emily Murphy, of Irish Descent Shows What Humor Can Do With Carry

JUDGE EMILY MURPHY shows her Irish descent by a very lively sense of humor. She once told the Toronto branch of the Canadian Women's press club the following gleeful story on her self which happened when, during a visit to Toronto several years ago, she decided to visit the police court. Her idea was to slip in quietly and observe the proceedings from a back seat. But on her approaching the court room door, a ponderous but indiscriminate policeman pushed her back, remarking roughly "You come when your case is called."



Mrs. E. Murphy

Repressing her desire to laugh, Janey Canuck quietly asked the policeman if the magistrate had ordered the court to be cleared.

The bobby regarded his "case" more closely and thought it wiser to say nothing. Interpreting his silence to mean a confession of guilty presumption, the Edmonton visitor in a voice of leather ordered him to stand aside and not to dare lay hands on her again.

As she entered the court, the policeman was amazed to hear the crown prosecutor say, "Your Worship, Magistrate Murphy of Edmonton is present," and more amazed when Colonel Denison, descending from the bench, had a chair placed beside him for her, thus making a precedent in Ontario.

As she left the court, the policeman apologized.

"It's all right, fellow," she replied, "but don't ever forget for a minute that the courts of Canada are open to the people except under certain specified conditions set forth in the criminal code."

Certainly Janey Canuck enjoyed this attempt to exclude her from the court room, especially as she that morning had declined the request that she consider accepting the magistracy of the women's court, about to be established in Toronto.

In her own courts, whether police or juvenile, Janey Canuck conducts her cases with a high sense of decorum, but once in a while relieves an intense situation with a jest or a jibe as occasion offers. One such instance occurred recently, and is told by a barrister who was present.

An Edmonton woman was before the court taking preliminary hearing in thirteen charges of forgery. In one of the cases a grocer who alleged he had been victimized became irritable under cross-examination and showed considerable heat. As he was stepping out of the box, Magistrate Murphy said, "One moment please: You said this woman gave you a cheque for seventeen dollars and carried away three dollars worth of groceries and fourteen dollars in cash."

"Yes, Your Worship."

"Ah, sir," remarked the magistrate in her most philosophical manner, "this appears to be a singularly apt illustration of that excellent system so recently inaugurated by the grocers themselves—the one known as 'cash and carry.' Now the woman's surname was Carry."

Absent-Minded Rector Forgot Own Identity

Well-Known Reverend Gentleman Tells Enquirer He Has Not Returned From Dinner

MANY of the Ontario graduates of St. Francis Xavier's, Antigonish, will recall the numerous stories related about the rector, Dr. F. P. MacPherson. This is the latest.

The reverend gentleman now has his living quarters on the second floor of Mackler Hall. At the entrance of the building there is a long distance telephone. Coming from dinner one day he found, as he entered the building, the telephone ringing. He answered the call. Someone wished to speak with Dr. F. P. MacPherson. "Well," said the rector, gruffly, "I'll see if he's in his room." He went directly to the door of his room and knocked loudly several times.

Receiving no response, he returned to the telephone and reported that Dr. MacPherson "had not yet returned from dinner." He then retired to his room without even realizing that his absent-mindedness had again played a trick on him.

McRAE'S BIRTHDAY DINNER QUITE ABOVE BOARD

J. B. McRAE, one of the most prominent consulting engineers in Canada, enjoys a good joke on the Scotch, even though it constitutes the greater part of his own ancestry. He is at present the president of the Ottawa McGill graduates, and at a dinner recently held at the Chateau Laurier, he announced that although that day did happen to be his wife's birthday, he did not wish the guests to think, that owing to his being Scotch he had used his position as president as a means of giving his wife a party at the expense of the association.

MISUNDERSTOOD

THE veteran actress, Miss Ellen Terry, was once visiting an old lady, a pensioner of hers, who was indignant and confined to her bed under doctor's orders.

She found the aged dame quite cheerful and chatty, despite her illness.

"I'm a hundred and two today," she told her visitor.

Miss Terry looked the surprise she felt. "But surely," she said, "you told me a week or so back that you were only eighty-two."

"Oh, yes," replied the old lady, smiling at her visitor's mistake, "but I was talking about birthday then. This is temperance."

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

"Ishbel, the Conqueror" Snubs Highfalutin London Hostess

Premier MacDonald's Young Daughter Can Choose Her Own Gowns and Knows How to Act at Court—Queen Mary, An Encyclopaedia on Domestic Matters, Lives Down the Street and Has Given Her Many Household Hints—And Mrs. Clynes Lives Next Door.



Ishbel MacDonald

"ISHBEL, the Conqueror." "So London," according to Kathleen Woodward, in the New York Times, "is pleased to term the young daughter of Premier Ramsay MacDonald—the youngest political hostess that Downing street has ever known."

Simply to carry through the "journeywork" of entertaining at Downing street is about as much as the mature wives of most prime ministers in the past have been able to perform. Mrs. Lloyd George managed it in her unobtrusive, solid Welsh fashion, but she had Megan to do the "limelight turns." To shine and scintillate in such a job requires all the cleverness of a Margot Asquith. Even then, it is more than a task. It is never designed for a girl of twenty-one.

Ishbel MacDonald is not a Margot by any manner of means. Yet she has already earned the proud title of "Ishbel, the Conqueror," and noticeably endears herself in quarters where Margot was looked at askance. Queen Mary has more than a passing interest in this Scotch girl, suddenly elevated to the most giddy political and social height, with the speed and unexpectedness with which Queen Victoria, as a girl, was yanked out of bed one night and crowned Queen of the British Empire. In fact, she so completely won Queen Mary, it is whispered, that she learned many a household hint from the royal lips.

She may not be exactly a Margot, yet, on occasion, she can devastate an impertinent person almost as effectively. They tell this incident as proof.

A highly placed hostess, ruling over one of the smartest Liberal sets in London, wrote offering to help her in the matter of choosing her frocks for the oncoming courts at Buckingham Palace.

MISS MACPHAIL'S DUTCH TREAT TO DUTCH WOMAN

WHEN the International Peace delegates visited Ottawa, Miss MacPhail, Canada's first and only woman M.P., gave a dinner for these ladies in the Chateau.

The dinner was a great success. The French woman and the German woman were very much admired, and the woman from Holland must have been quite a linguist, as she translated all the French woman's speeches, and seemed to understand perfectly everything said in English. Miss MacPhail said at the end of the dinner that she regretted that—owing to insufficiency of funds—it had to be a Dutch treat to her Ottawa friends who were invited, at which the Dutch woman exclaimed with pleasure: "Oh—a Dutch treat. I think that is very much what I like."

ANOTHER "PAT" BIDS FAIR TO BE A GREAT BEAUTY

MOST of Canadians have heard of Lloyd Roberts, the eminent journalist, essayist, poet and author, who is a son of C. G. D. Roberts, but probably comparatively few have seen Lloyd's charming young daughter "Pat," who is now in high school, and bids fair to be a great beauty. She is, by the way, the owner and also the original of Henri's portrait of a blue-eyed baby that has gone the round of many art exhibitions.

Lloyd tells with relish "Pat's" ability to express her meaning in a few well-chosen words. When she was a very little girl and visiting her relatives in New Brunswick, she saw a sailboat floating down the river, and in great excitement she ran to her father. "Oh, daddy," she said, "see the rag on the stick swimmin'."



Dominion of Canada First Aid Champions

THESE five young women, members of No. 1 Ladies' First Aid Team, Canadian National Railway, Montreal office, recently won the Lady Drummond trophy, emblematic of the championship of Canada in aid and home nursing. The Canadian National Railway has more men and women taking instruction in first aid work than any other organization in Canada. Already more than 4,000 have been enrolled in the classes, the work is being highly organized from coast to coast. It is the aim of the company to have employees on every train, in every shop and yard, capable of rendering first aid efficiently whenever the occasion demands. The names of the winning team from LEIT to RIGHT are: Misses May Neate, Olive Doody, Robina Moodie, captain; Sarah N. James and Isabelle Tarleton.

Palace. She further suggested that Ishbel's deportment could be improved on; that, indeed, this was an absolutely essential preparation in view of her conspicuous appearance at the said functions. The epistle was worded in the lady's well-known highfalutin style.

Ishbel MacDonald replied briefly: "I have

Journalist Has His Innings Statesmen Almost Get Strokes

French Newspaper Man Gives Silent Ambassador Bad Half Hour at Brussels Conference—Camille Lemerrier Uncorks Perfume Bottle at Cannes.

"IF the statesmen and the diplomats with their mysteries and their discretions frequently exasperate the journalists, the latter are not slow in returning the compliment," say Andre Billy and Jean Piot, well-known figures in French journalism, in a fascinating article on French newspapers, and French newspaper men in Le Mercure de France.

"Everybody knows what interests—oil interests, if I may say so—were involved at Genoa behind the official pretense of the reconstruction of Europe. A few articles in which a special correspondent of L'Oeuvre, Camille Lemerrier, uncorked the perfume bottle, were enough to hamper the negotiations that had been so dryly begun, and to transform the atmosphere of the conference.

"It was the newspaper men that finished M. Briand's career at the Cannes conference. Lloyd George took M. Briand out on the golf course to teach his French colleague a little golf. That 'golf lesson,' cleverly exploited 'did for' M. Briand.

"Then Jules Sauerwein of Le Matin 'had his innings' at the Brussels conference, while some of the statesmen nearly had heart failure and strokes.

"M. Sauerwein tried to extract a few indiscretions from our ambassador, M. Herbetie. As that gentleman, who did not know anything anyhow, vouchsafed not a single word, Sauerwein launched at him this chance shot: 'Eh bien, M. l'Ambassadeur, I shall simply send my newspaper what I know, and that is that M. Poincare and M. Jaspard had such violent words at this morning's meeting that the ushers thought they would have to intervene to separate them.'

"In a frenzy of excitement M. Herbetie telephoned M. Poincare just as the latter was getting into his dress clothes to go to see King Albert. 'But that is foolish,' replied M. Poincare over

chosen my gowns; and I think that I shall know how to behave at court." Which was that.

Ishbel MacDonald is the oldest daughter of a motherless family, and, till her father's recent elevation, kept house for them all in Hampstead. In the intervals of this arduous performance, she studied the domestic sciences at King's College, London, and did odds and ends of journalism in Fleet street.

Doubtless her scientific training in matters domestic will help her to manipulate the structural complexities of the house at "No. 10." They have always been a terrible problem to the woman of the prime minister's household, for the house is threaded with a network of subterranean passages and stairways which connect the premier with important government offices in Whitehall, and are used largely in times of political stress and strain. Mr. Asquith found them of invaluable help when the suffragists were intent on twiggling his nose and pulling his hair. So, too, did Mr. Lloyd George when his life was threatened by Bolshevik enthusiasts.

And she has some help. There is some humor in the situation. For next door is Mrs. Clynes, wife of the Lord of the Privy Seal, a large, ampie woman with a large brood and a wide and varied experience of poverty and the ways of the world. She is a very practical soul. Margaret Bondfield, the first and only woman to be included in a British cabinet, a real political fairy godmother to the lonely girl in Downing street, is only over the road in the House of Commons. And down the street is Queen Mary at Buckingham Palace—a sound and experienced encyclopaedia in domestic matters.

So Ishbel MacDonald conquers on, and when the dust flies too fast about Westminster and the dowagers and "dookies" are altogether too much for one plain girl, she simply picks up her golf sticks and tramps over Hampstead Heath for a day's "airing."

Victim of Ku Klux Klan? Captive for 17 days



The Brand of the Ku Klux Klan

ABOVE is shown Nelson Burroughs, organizer of the Knights of Columbus at Rochester, N.H., who was kidnapped by a band of men near Haverhill, Mass. The initials K. K. were branded with a hot iron on his chest and his forehead. He escaped after having been held captive for seventeen days. Burroughs says that for many months he had been receiving letters warning him to return to the Protestant church, from which he had turned to the Catholic church. He chose to suffer the branding rather than renounce his Catholic vows. Sheriff Stephen W. Scruton interviewed Burroughs in Lawrence, Mass., where the victim went after being released, and said Burroughs told a very plausible story. The sheriff will begin a search for the camp near Plaisville where Burroughs alleges he was tortured. The sheriff said he was impressed with the information given by Burroughs, as it was connected in every detail. Burroughs is a cripple, having lost a leg in a railroad accident when a boy. He was converted to the Roman Catholic faith twelve years ago. The city of Rochester is thoroughly aroused over the case. The Ku Klux Klan issue, which predominated in the city election last fall, and which several months kept the city agitated, subsided this spring, but now flared up apparently to a greater heat than ever because of the Burroughs case. Officers of the Ku Klux Klan of Northern New England announced in a signed statement to-day that they had started an investigation of the branding of Burroughs, which, they asserted, was not the act of members of that organization.

CANADA'S LUMBER KING USED TO FEED HIS MEN

J. R. BOOTH, the veteran lumberman of Ottawa, is said to be the wealthiest man in Canada to-day, but his beginning in the lumber business was a humble one.

He was telling an acquaintance recently that in the early days when he started his little saw mill on the Chaudiere, he boarded his men in his home down on the flats just to the south of the Ottawa river.

He said that in the morning he would go down and start the fire and put the kettle on, and while his wife was making other preparations for breakfast he would pare the potatoes, and—"By George," he said, "you've no idea how many potatoes those men would eat."

Dress of New French President Shocks Social Secretary

Clothes Are Not His Only Exception to the Rules—For Gaston Doumergue Is Also First Protestant and Bachelor Chief Magistrate of France.



Gaston Doumergue

M. DE FOUQUIERES, director of protocol—really social secretary—to the president of the French republic—sees seven years of worry, ahead unless something intervenes to shorten either his term of office or that of President Doumergue.

M. de Fouquieres had a trying enough time with former President Millerand, who persisted in wearing made-up bow ties and a terrible grey topper to the most select functions, despite the director's tearful entreaties that it wasn't good form for the first magistrate so to dress.

Then for a time it seemed that absent-minded Prof. Painleve might become his seven-year charge and de Fouquieres was distraught. But when M. Doumergue was elected the social director regained his equilibrium somewhat.

"Here," said he, "is one docile gentleman who'll dress as a president should."

But at the first public function the new president caused M. de Fouquieres almost to collapse by wearing a black vest and an ordinary derby with evening clothes and posing for his picture with the first ministerial council with his hands in his pockets.

The fact is that Gaston Doumergue is a deviation from the rules in more ways than one. It is not enough that he is the first Protestant president of France, but, at the same time, if Prince Louis Napoleon is excepted, the first bachelor president.

Several public men in the past saw their hopes of the presidency frustrated by the fact that they were bachelors. The people in France feel that it is necessary to have as their chief

FORD TELLS WAY TO READ 20 BOOKS IN ONE NIGHT

One Idea Behind Every Book—Get the Habit of Catching the Idea

HENRY FORD's name in the public mind is connected more closely with automobiles, railroads and Muscle Shoals than with Longfellow, Emerson and Maeterlinck. Nevertheless, he is an ardent reader of these authors, as well as of Whittier and Logan, according to an article by Allan L. Benson, entitled "What Henry Ford reads," in the June issue of Mr. Hearst's International Magazine.

The author, who has had considerable personal contact with Henry Ford, stayed at his home, and interviewed him a number of times, refutes the popularly accepted idea that Ford is ignorant as far as literature is concerned. He says: "Mr. Ford is not an incessant reader, but he is a good reader. He knows, but he doesn't know merely for purposes of conversation."

"He reads to keep in touch with what is going on, but that doesn't mean he bows to books. He judges them quickly, and most of them he counts as useless. In his own field Mr. Ford is working on the principles that haven't been put into books—that will be put in books ten years hence. He has reached a point few readers have attained—he is no longer 'buffaloed by books.' Mr. Benson quotes Ford's own words on this subject:

"There's this about books. One idea builds them all. That idea may be conveyed in a sentence of a single paragraph. That's all there is to the book. One gets the habit of catching the idea, then he can read twenty books a night. All the rest of the stuff in the book is simply 'junk.' The idea is the important thing."

Much ado has been made over the fact that in 1919, on the witness stand, Ford stated when questioned by the Chicago Tribune's attorney (he was suing the Tribune for libel at the time) that Benedict Arnold was a writer. Ford told Benson that at the time he was asked this question he was thinking of a man by the name of Horace Arnold who was then writing some technical matter at his plant.

"I thought the attorney wanted to know about Arnold who used to write for us. When you say 'Arnold' three men flash through my mind—Arnold Bennett, Benedict Arnold and Horace Arnold. Stevenson surely realized that I did not catch the question. He had been asking about men in our advertising department, and I thought he was nagging me about our advertising department."

As to his taste in reading, Ford told the author: "Next to the Bible I admire the writings of Emerson—all of them. My favorites, if I have favorites, are the first two volumes of Emerson's essays, and of these my favorite one is 'Compensation.' No matter where you turn in these books you can always find meat—something good for your mind."

After Emerson my choice would be John Burroughs. A good friend was John Burroughs—a wonderful man. Then Maeterlinck's 'Blue Bird.' You know I am a firm believer in reincarnation."

He also likes poetry. His favorite poems are the "Psalm of Life," by Longfellow, and "Maud Muller," by Whittier. Of course, he reads the newspapers, and of them his preference those that criticize.

"I want to read the criticisms," he said, "You know, a man can't get anywhere if he listens to flattery. Criticism helps him. Builds him. Criticism is not always useful, but it is always helpful. The man who can't stand up when he is criticized is in a bad way."

But in spite of the fact that he does believe in the value of reading he thinks that the most valuable information is gained by contact. "The trouble with most persons is that they don't think. They look at things, but don't see them. They don't reason. They don't dig in for the principle underlying all things—and man. That is important. Remember what you hear. Remember what you see. Living is the best education there is. Be alive!"

Minister Appreciates Solomon's Judgment

Rev. Archer Wallace Cannot Solve His Dilemma and a Little Girl Describes the Result

REV. ARCHER WALLACE, assistant editor of the Methodist Sunday School Publications, Toronto, had a rather funny experience a short time ago, when speaking to a company of children at St. Paul Street Church, St. Catharines. It happened to be a harvest home service and the church was decorated with grain, flowers and fruit. Picking up an apple, he offered it as a prize to the boy who would behave the best during the address. There was a most perfect attention from start to finish, and then the speaker found himself in the dilemma of not being able to decide which lad had surpassed the others in conduct. He solved the problem by handing the apple to the pastor of the church, Rev. G. K. Adams. A little girl in the audience quietly remarked: "Adam's apple."

WELL WITHIN THE LAW

THE new English solicitor-general, Sir H. H. Slessor, K.C., was once examining an Irish witness whom he had reason to suspect of deliberate perjury.

At length, becoming impatient, Mr. Slessor, as he then was, asked the witness very impressively:

"Do you know the nature of an oath sir?"

"I do, yer honor."

"Are you not aware, sir, that you are commanded in the decalogue not to bear false witness against thy neighbor?"

"I am, yer honor; but sure, I'm not bearing false witness again him. I'm bearing false witness for him."

Another Use For Paper.

To prevent their being wilted by the sun, rows of young pineapple plants in Hawaii are covered with a wide ribbon of paper laid over them by a machine designed on the lines of a pushcart without a body.

STYLE HAS A NEW FAVORITE
ELIZABETHIAN RUFF IN VOGUE

Nothing So Simple as Yellow
Ribbon For Milady's
Neck.

OSTRICH COMES BACK
Whim of the Moment Fastens
On Fox.

By AILEEN LAMONT.
Copyright, 1924.

New York, July 11.—Times have changed since the extemporaneous quartets leaped against the mahogany and tortured the popular songs which began "Round Her Neck" and "Wore a Yellow Ribbon." Nothing so simple as a yellow ribbon obtains in fashions in these days. Siberian wastes, sub-tropical sands and the depths of the sea now are ravaged for neck adornments.

The poor abused ostrich is furnishing the majority of the present day neck ornaments. The newest of these have been on the proportions of the Elizabethan ruff. This has been turned into a ruche fully six inches wide, of alternate rings of black and white ostrich plumes closely curled into rolls and fastened with a broad black ribbon. A corresponding but smaller ruche trims the small black panne hat worn with this odd adornment.

A large cape line hat, designed for garden party wear, trimmed with a black and white bird, dictated the design of a black and white neckpiece of curled vulture feathers. Another black and white cloche was worn in combination with a broad scarf of black satin ribbon pleated with insets of white ostrich plumes.

The influence of the hat again is seen in a model originated by one of the great French milliners which starts with a large shade raffia hat, bordered and trimmed in tortoise-shell velvet, and ends with a wide voluminous scarf of mousseline de sole of the same tone, which is laced across with velvet bands of a darker hue.

Ostrich boas are becoming popular, the feathers being loosely curled and dyed in shades ranging from a real duck blue to the golden brown of the pheasant's plume.

In the fur, fox is by all odds the favorite of the moment, and the scarfs of that fur are both large and heavy. Hair seal with a trimming of monkey fur also is being extensively used as a trimming for neckpieces, while white ermine and ermine offer irresistible inducements to many women.

One or two bathing suits of ermine have made their appearance on the English beaches, but because of their cost have been regarded in the light of advertisements for movie stars or the appropriate habiliments of the "Gold Diggers" of the northern climes.

As to bathing suits, the French resorts have stood sponsor for models likely to make their appearance—more than one—on the English beaches. These are backless, the trunks being sustained in the rear by bands of mother-of-pearl suspended over the shoulders. From the front the effect is thoroughly modest and enveloping. But the back is a skin game. Wearing one adds authority to the old maxim "Never run from a policeman."

WOODSTOCK MEMORIAL
LOCATION IS SELECTED

Victoria Park Site Is Chosen—
Cannon Will Be
Moved.

Special to The Advertiser.
Woodstock, July 11.—The park board gave Nesbitt, Hay and Kirkpatrick permission to erect Woodstock's war memorial on the southeast corner of Victoria Park. The cannon captured in the Russian war will be moved, and a drive will surround the monument.

E. H. Down's secretary was instructed to communicate with the tourist organizations at Niagara Falls and Detroit with a view to placing signs telling about the camping grounds here. Dr. Revell stated that the tourist always left the Southside Park camp in splendid condition, free from rubbish.

The matter of the proposed hand-some new gateway and lighting standards at Southside Park was left to the discretion of Dr. Revell and A. T. J. O'Rourke.

The funeral of John H. Pike, a well-known resident of Burgessville, was held this afternoon from his residence in East Oxford. The services were in charge of Rev. Mr. Goodrich. Interment was made in the Burgessville cemetery.

DELAWARE W. M. S.
Special to The Advertiser.
Delaware, July 11.—The Delaware W. M. S. met at the home of Miss E. Heatley on Thursday. A musical program was provided by Misses Florence Royal, Helen West, Freda Ryckman, Marion and Beatrice Jones and Mrs. J. O. Hammond.

RIDLEY COLLEGE
For Boys
St. Catharines, Ontario
Upper School
E. C. Griffith, M.A., Principal.
Lower School
E. C. Williams, B.A., Principal.
RESIDENTIAL College in 80 acres of ideal grounds. Four separate dormitories. Memorial chapel, swimming pool, covered tennis courts. Lower School for boys up to 14. Personal supervision in small classes. Course leading to next year honor matriculation. For Illustrated Prospectus write to—
THE BURSAR, RIDLEY COLLEGE, St. Catharines, Ont.

PERSONALS

Mrs. J. Watt and Miss Helen Watt are holidaying in Windsor.

Mrs. Laing of Montreal is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Adelaide street.

Mrs. C. B. Mullen of Detroit is visiting her niece, Mrs. E. H. Johnston, Colborne street.

Miss Helen Talbot is leaving this week to spend some time with relatives in Stony Lake.

Mrs. Sidney Campbell, Princess avenue, is spending the summer months at her home in Kincardine.

Miss Shirley McCormick, Piccadilly street, is visiting Miss Kathleen Doherty, Upperwash Beach, Lake Huron.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Porter and family of Windsor avenue are spending the summer at their farm at Kilworth.

Mr. L. W. McClelland of Toronto was a recent visitor with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McClelland, Princess avenue.

Mrs. (Dr.) Bentley and baby of Detroit are guests with the former, Rev. H. Bray, and Miss Bray, High street.

Mr. Edwin Foulkes, formerly of London, now of Toronto, is holidaying at Neahwin-Gregory, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Wenke of Detroit are visiting the former's brother, Mayor Wenke, and Mrs. Wenke, Erie avenue.

Miss H. Buckle, 381 Dufferin avenue, has returned from Montreal. While in Quebec she took the boat trip up the Saguenay.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McClelland and daughter Lela are leaving next week on a motor trip to Toronto, Orillia and Wasaga Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Cockburn have returned to Windsor after spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. R. Booth, Wellington street.

Mr. Tom Smallman was the host of a swimming party given yesterday at Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smallman's summer home in London Township.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Johnston and Miss Shirley Johnston and Mrs. Kenyon are leaving Monday for Upperwash where they will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Houston, formerly of this city, are visiting friends in town, also spending a few days with Miss Louise Gahan at Fort Stanley.

Miss Isabel Ross and Miss Lulu Porter tied with Miss Bartram and Miss Pope in the two-ball foursome played Thursday at the Highland Golf Club.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Bottoms of Windsor (formerly Miss Hazel Ferguson) are spending the week-end in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Ellis, Albert street.

Mr. Graham Thornton has returned to his home, a few days after a week's visit with his sisters, the Misses Moule, Maitland street. Miss Emma Moule returned with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott of Montreal and Mrs. Hubbard of Ottawa were guests in town last week with Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McClelland, Princess avenue. They returned home by

motor and were accompanied by Miss Audrey McClelland.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gough of the Adanac Apartments, accompanied by their small daughter, Billie, left by motor today for Windsor, where they will spend a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Woodley of Drinkwater, Sask., accompanied by their son Gordon, motored to town and are visiting the former's mother, Mrs. J. H. Woodley, Brick street.

Mrs. Murray T. Armstrong, Adanac Apartments, is leaving today for Foot's Bay, Lake Joseph, where she will visit Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Pennington of Dundas at their summer home.

Mr. Jack Wilson of Detroit, formerly of London, is visiting here for the first time since leaving the city 25 years ago. He is a guest with his sister, Mrs. James Weir, 373 Grey street.

Miss M. Hepburn, Springbank drive, entertained a number of friends, including the members of the showman staff of Johnstone's Hat Shop, Wednesday afternoon. At the tea hour Mrs. (Dr.) Bentley and Mrs. J. H. Woodley were present.

The members of the administration building of Queen Alexandra Sanatorium gave a farewell party Thursday evening at the Bungalow Tea House, Springbank, in honor of Miss Helen Cunningham, who is leaving for her home in Halifax. Miss Cunningham has been on the staff for some time and will be greatly missed.

Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Ontario street, was the hostess last evening of a charming bridge given in honor of her guests, Miss Shaw of Australia, and Mrs. J. Milligan of Pittsburgh, a cousin and aunt of Mr. Hunter, also present. The guests included Mrs. real. Four tables were in play and the rooms were tastefully decorated with roses.

Mr. A. D. Robertson and son James are leaving next week for Rockwood, where they will visit the former's mother, Mrs. James Black at "Forest Home" and will also be guests at the wedding of Miss Lillian Black to Mr. S. H. Suter of Chatham, which is taking place quietly on July 16. Miss Black is a graduate of Victoria Hospital.

Mrs. C. W. Lamplink, Waterloo street, was the hostess Thursday evening of a party given in honor of Miss Anna Perry, a bride-elect of the next week. The guests included the teachers of the primary department of the Wellington Street Methodist Church. The evening was given by Perry was presented with a handsome silver casserole. Little Misses Janet Maul and Jean Ireland made the presentation.

A jolly little party was held at the home of Miss Marjorie Grieve, Bruce street, Thursday evening by the girls of the medical branch of the department of the D. S. C. B. in honor of Miss Myrtle Harvey, who has tendered her resignation. The hostess was assisted by her sister, Mrs. James Stapleton. Among those present were: Mrs. F. Ballantyne, Miss Alice Dix, Miss Elsie Phillips, Miss Margaret McIntosh, Miss Betty Reid, Miss Margaret McIntosh, Miss Betty Reid.

The Willing Workers of Hamilton Road Presbyterian Church held a farewell party recently at the home of Mrs. William Mallough, Hydro street, in honor of Mrs. Charles Pyle, who is leaving for Scotland. The guest of honor was presented with an illuminated box during the evening. Mrs. (Dr.) Copeland read a charming address and the presentation was made by Mrs. Peter Russell. Solos by Mrs. James Hendry and Mrs. Chris. Butterworth were greatly enjoyed. A dainty supper was served by the hostess.

CLASS FESTIVAL
Special to The Advertiser.
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Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Are the Daughters "Supporting" a Mother
Who Makes Their Home, Cooks, Sews,
Washes and Cleans for Them?—The Jealous Wife Who Ruins the Doctor's Career.
Shall They Risk Disinheritance to Marry?

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a mother, living with my girls. I do all the housework, the washing, cooking, ironing, cleaning, and run all over town hunting them bargains in groceries and vegetables to save them money.



I am happy to do all this, but what hurts my heart is that my daughters think that they support me. I do not ask any pay for what I do, but I don't like them to feel that they take care of me, and that I should be grateful to them for doing so. I think I earn my own way.

My girls make good money and should be happy to have a mother to do all the work at home, and make them a nice place where they can bring their friends, for mother always has a good dinner for them, no matter how tired she is.

Now please tell me if I am wrong when I say that my daughters do not support me, that I support myself. A POOR SOUL.

Answer:
You certainly are an independent, self-supporting woman, Poor Soul, for if there is any human being on earth who earns his or her own board and keep, and a good fat salary besides, it is the mother who does the never-ending labor of making a comfortable and happy home for her family. If your ungrateful daughters had to cook their own meals and wash their own clothes in addition to earning their own living—as many other girls do—they would realize how lucky they are to have a mother who does all of this for them.

And, if they had to pay the price that any sort of a competent cook and laundress and housemaid gets in these days, and settle the staggering bills that hired help runs up with its wastefulness and extravagance, they would realize that the mother who works for her food and a few clothes is no object of charity whom they generously support. They would find out that she saved for them a hundred times over all that she costs them.

There is nothing more pitiful and nothing more reprehensible than the way so many daughters make unconsidered slaves of their mothers. In thousands of households you will find mother doing all the housework, mother nursing the children, mother making the clothes, mother doing the work that it would take half a dozen servants to do, and getting for it neither thanks nor pay. On the contrary, the very daughters who make an unappreciated drudge of mother talk about mother being a burden on them, and expect everybody to throw bouquets at them for being so good and kind as to give mother a home.

I always wonder why such mothers as you are, Poor Soul, do not teach their daughters a good lesson. Why do you not throw up your unremunerative job in daughters' kitchen and get one in somebody else's, where they will be only too glad to give you good money for doing the work that you are now doing for nothing? There are thousands of strange women who are longing for just such household treasures as you are, and who would consider it a privilege to pay you a handsome salary for giving them good home cooking, and keeping down the grocery bill.

Stage your walkout, and leave your daughters to find out whether you were a self-supporting woman or not.
DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a professional man, very interested in my profession, very ambitious, and am beginning to gain distinction in it. But my wife is ruining my practice by her jealousy, her false accusations and her nagging. I am at my wits' end to know what to do, as I am not qualified to make a living in any other way, and yet if my wife persists in her course I will soon be ruined professionally and will have to turn to something else.

Can you suggest any cure for her?
M D

Answer:
No. "Who can minister to a mind diseased? A woman's jealousy of her husband's business is insanity because he gets self care wrapped up in it just as much as his, and when she ruins his life she ruins herself. Any sane person would see this for herself. When one doesn't, it is because she is bereft of reason, and there is no use arguing with her, or trying to get her to view the matter in its proper light."

Unfortunately, the wives of physicians seem very prone to this malady. A young woman who was engaged to a doctor told me that it was her crazy to think about her fiancé going from one pink negligee-clad woman to another, holding their hands and listening sympathetically to their symptoms.

"Well, then," I told her, "at least be honest enough with the man not to marry him, if you feel that way. You know in advance what his profession is, and you have no right to interfere with his life work, or to torment him to death with your jealousy and his expences. And if you had any sense the more pink-negliged ladies he went to see, the better you would be pleased, for it means just that much more prosperity for you."

"Furthermore," I went on, "no other men in the world have so few illusions about women as doctors, because no other men see them under such disadvantages. A sick woman is at her worst, physically and mentally, and if you think there is anything alluring about a nervous, neurotic, hysterical female, you have another guess coming your way. The wonder to me is that any doctor ever marries at all. I would think that they would be off of the woman proposition for life."

The young woman took my advice and broke off her engagement with the physician, which saved one man from having his career wrecked by a jealous wife. And a woman can do that very effectively, for she can not only nag her husband until she destroys his efficiency, but she can also ruin his health. There is no telling what unfounded scandal may start.
DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—What do you think of a father who threatens to disinherit his two sons if they marry while he lives? Both sons have found The Girls.
A DAILY READER.

Answer:
Why, I think it sounds like an old-fashioned melodrama. Disinheriting sons because they won't marry to a stern parent simply isn't done now, and I think the sons would just laugh at father and go along and get married anyway.

But any man who tries to keep his sons from marrying nice girls and living a normal domestic life is not only cruelly selfish, but lacking in good, hard, common sense. For it is not the old bachelors who make the finest men, but the men who have wives and children, somebody to work for and achieve for.

Father married and had children that he loved enough to want to keep them for himself. Why does he want to deny his sons the source of happiness? Why does he wish to impose his tyranny upon them so that they will look forward to his death as something that will free them from bondage? But at any rate, any man who doesn't think more of a girl than he does of his father's will won't be much loss as a husband.
DOROTHY DIX.

LONDON CHOIR TO SING.
Special to The Advertiser.
Port Stanley, July 11.—The music at the morning service in Christ Church next Sunday will be furnished by the St. Paul's boys' choir of London, and Billie Ellison, gold medalist, with the violin. The choir is under the direction of Mr. Harry Black, who will be present at the organ. The boys are enjoying camp life at their camp on

the Union road, Southwood, just north of the village.
ENGAGE PRIMARY TEACHER.
Special to The Advertiser.
Blyth, July 11.—Miss Jean Babb of Teeswater has been engaged as teacher in the primary room of Blyth Public School to succeed Miss Black, who has held the position for thirteen years.

A Whale of an Infant.

According to Mr. Henry Nesbitt, an American authority, the whale is a mammal, and the female bears one whale calf a year. Until the young fish is six months old it is nursed by the mother.

PARIS METHODIST CHURCH
HOLDS BIG GARDEN PARTY

Special to The Advertiser.
Paris, July 11.—A splendid garden party was given at the Methodist Church on Thursday night under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid, the Alpha Class and the Young People's League.

The pastor, Dr. Martin, introduced the Hon. H. C. Nixon of St. George, who acted as chairman of the evening. A splendid program was rendered consisting of solos by Miss Alice Green and Mrs. Russell Sanderson; readings by Miss Katie Axford and Miss Anne Patterson, both of Brantford; a duet by Misses Etta Went-

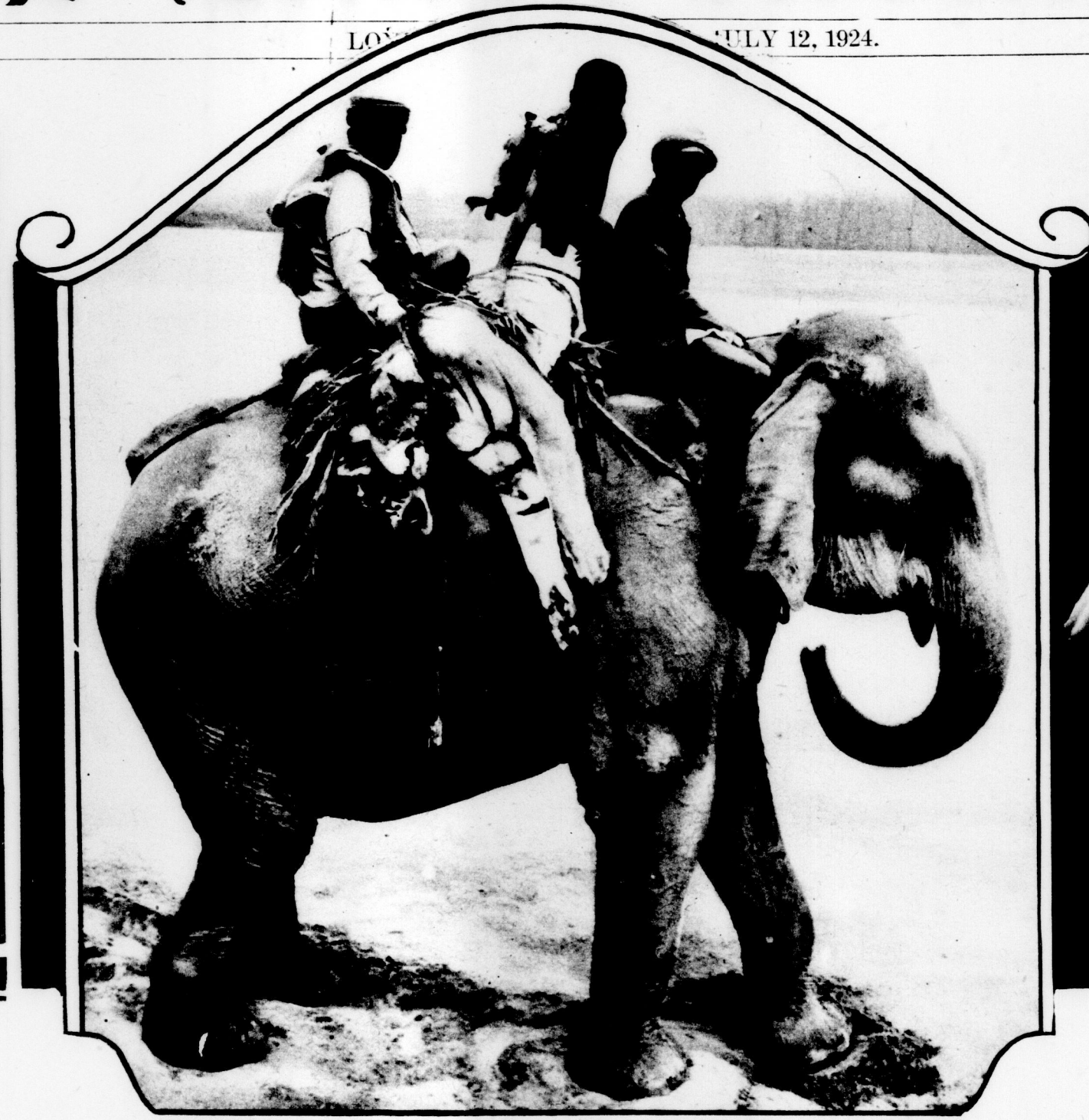
The London Advertiser

LO

JULY 12, 1924.



Lieutenant Russel Maughan, of the United States Air Force, who made the 2,670-mile trip from New York to San Francisco between dawn and dark



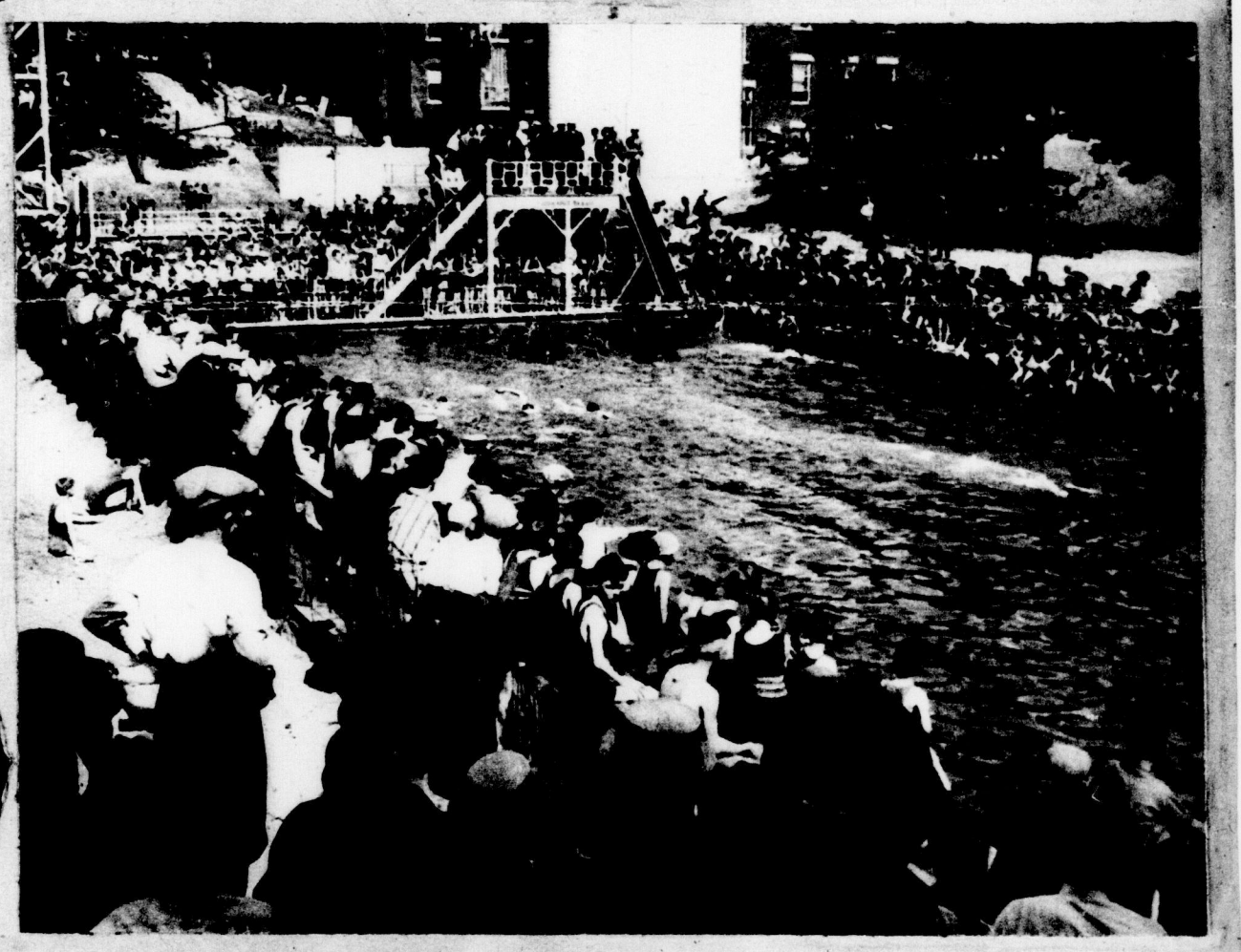
Joyce Wethered is English woman golf champion for the fourth time in succession. She started golf at eight, and comes of a family of sportsmen, her brother, Roger Wethered, having been a captain of the Oxford Blues



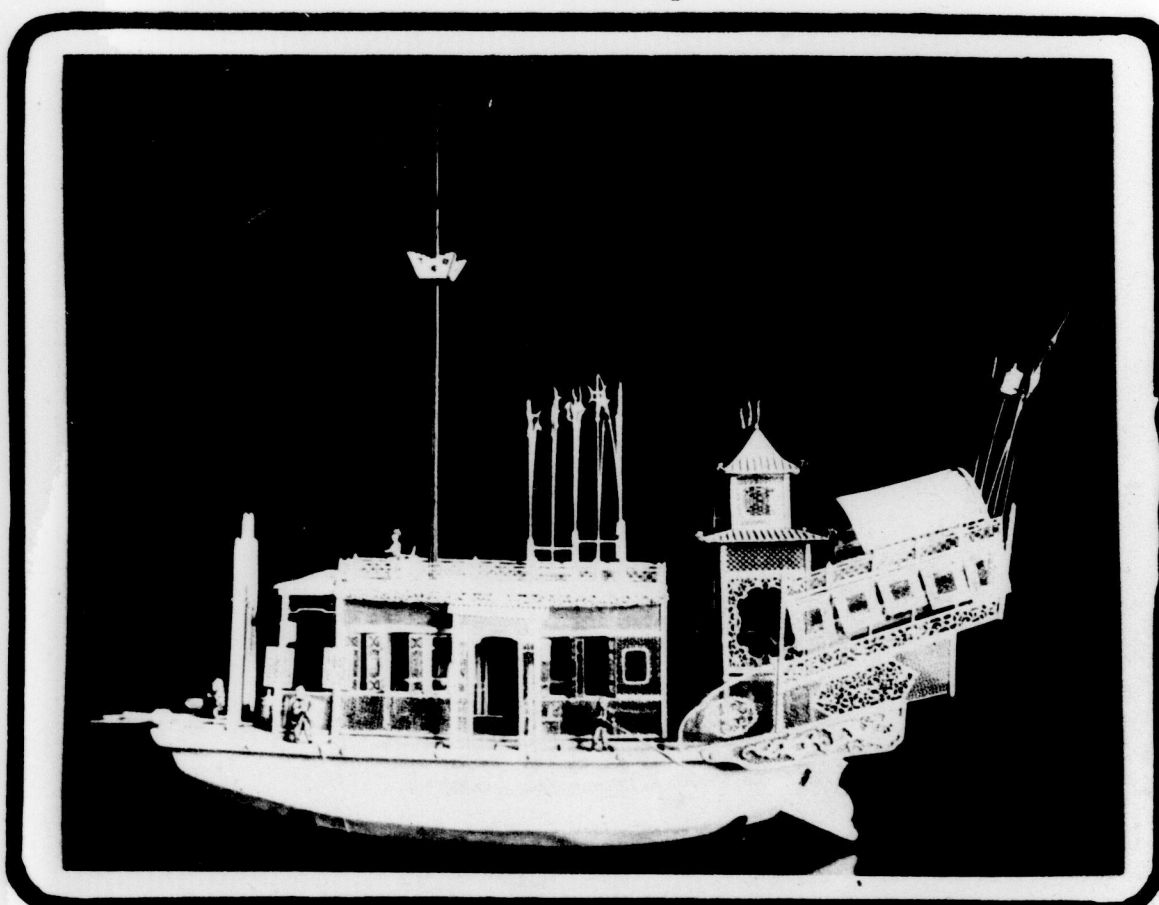
With a great procession, Winnipeg celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of its founding



Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Morden, of Chicago, have completed a round-the-world hunting trip. This is one of their trophies from the Indian jungle



Races at the High Park baths, to qualify for the Canadian Olympic team



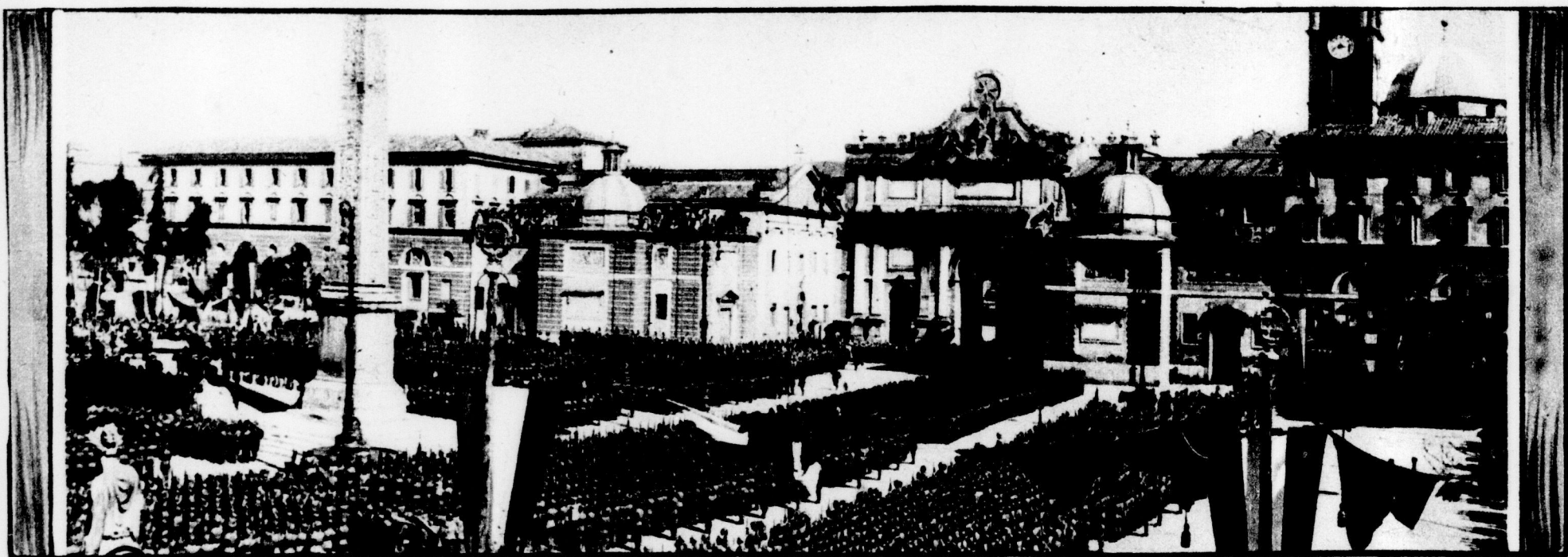
Valued at \$50,000, this miniature Chinese flower boat, dating from the seventeenth century, is only four inches long



Gloria Swanson deserts us for a spell to go to Europe for a holiday and to pick up "atmosphere"



How different! The German chancellor, Herr Marx, is lined up with the common herd at the polling booth in the recent German elections. A well dressed lot of people



The Popolo square in Rome, during a review by the Italian King of the first corps of the Italian army



The King of the Belgians greets Cardinal Mercier on the occasion of the aged prelate's jubilee



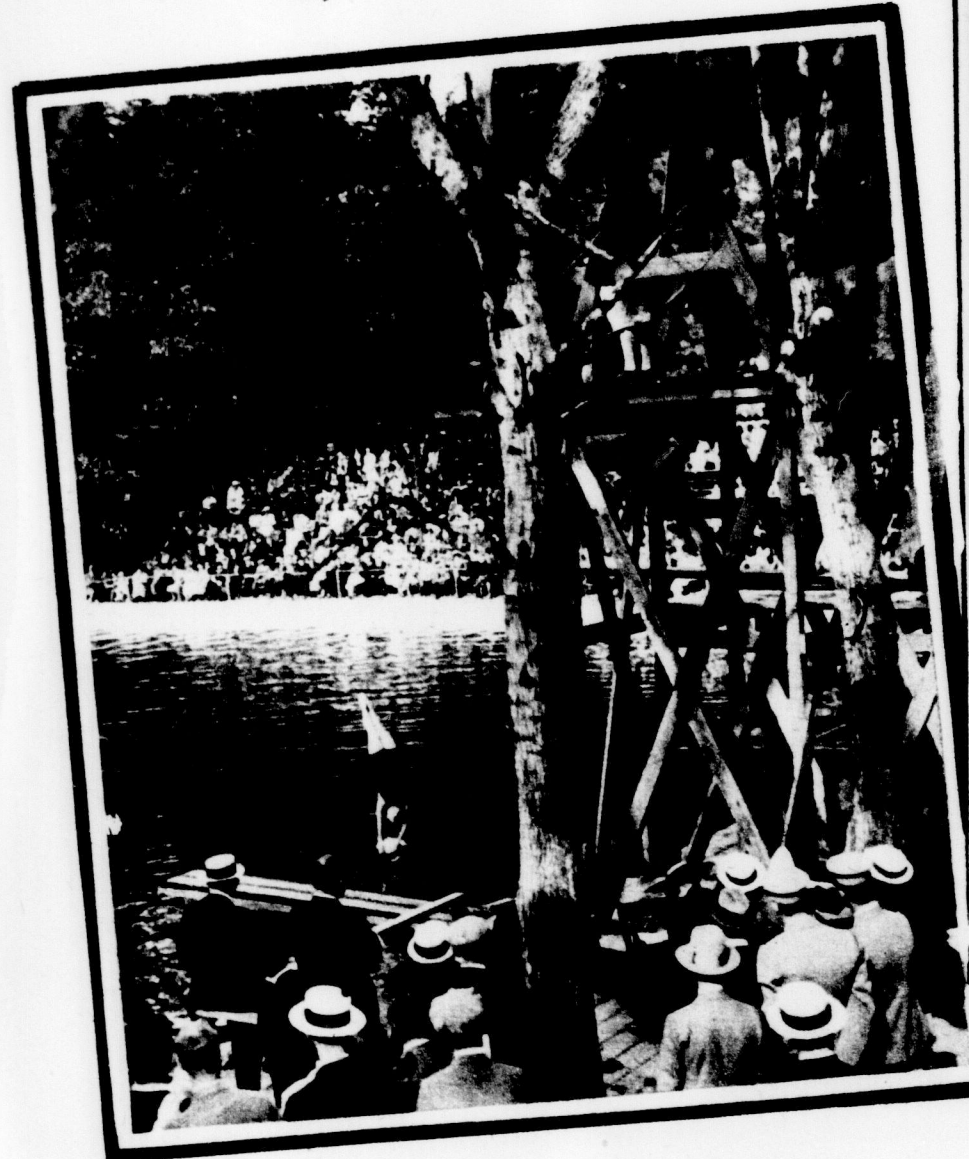
Representative Cedric took his seat in the new French assembly in this native costume of Brittany



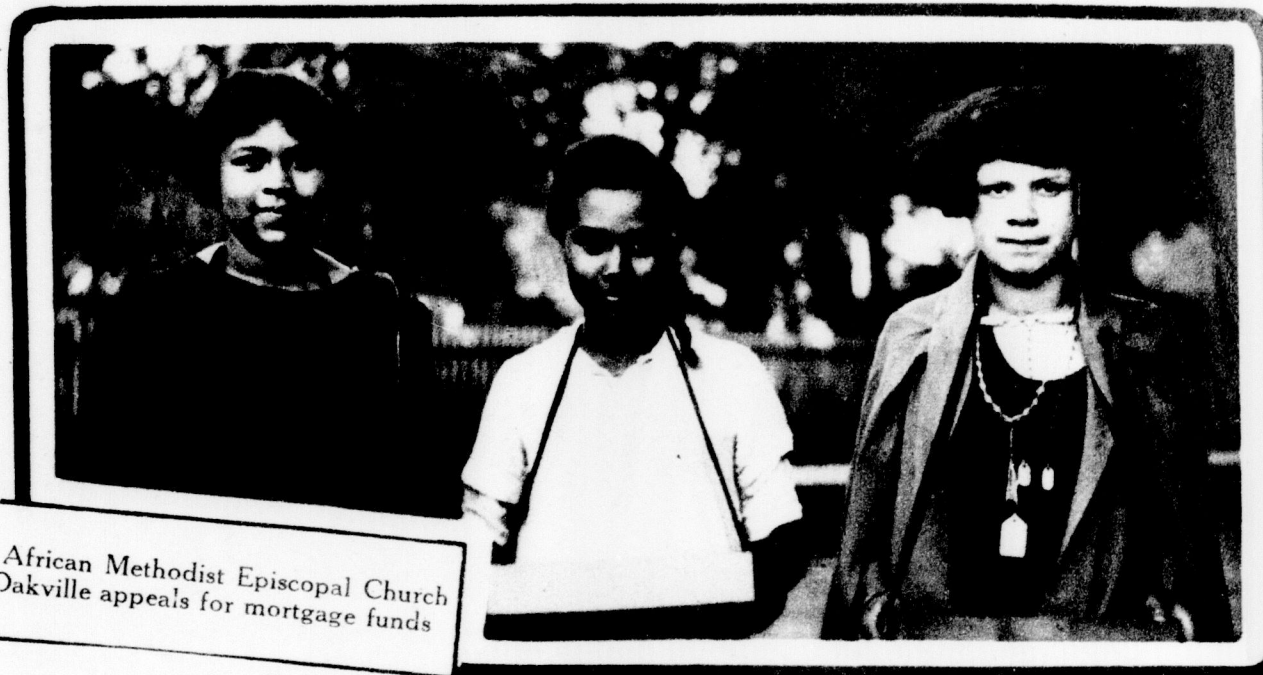
(Right) Red chiffon, richly beaded and embroidered



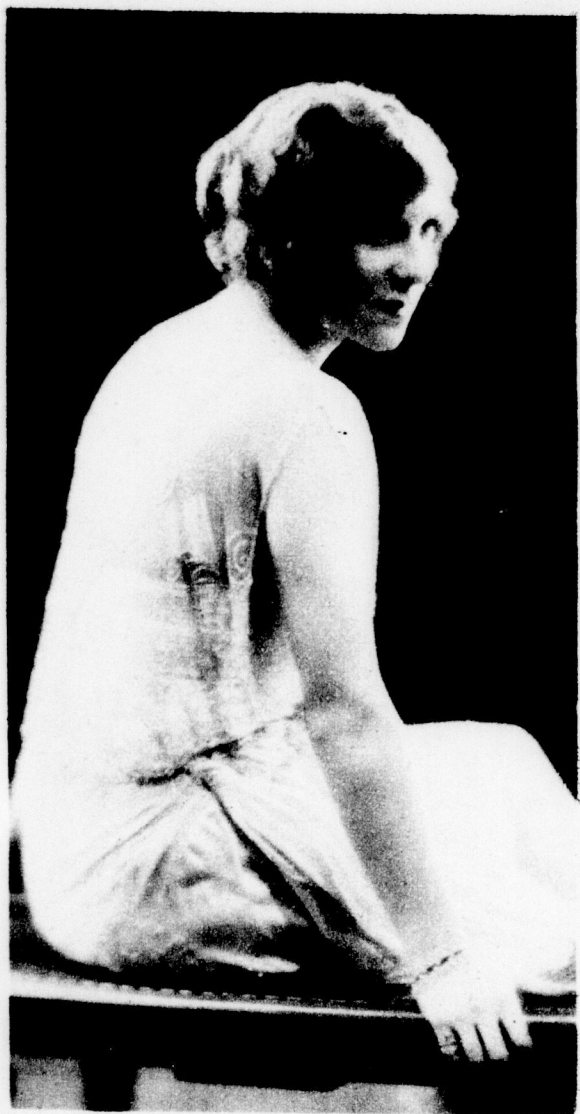
Patsy Ruth Miller, who has played small parts, is elevated to stardom on the screen



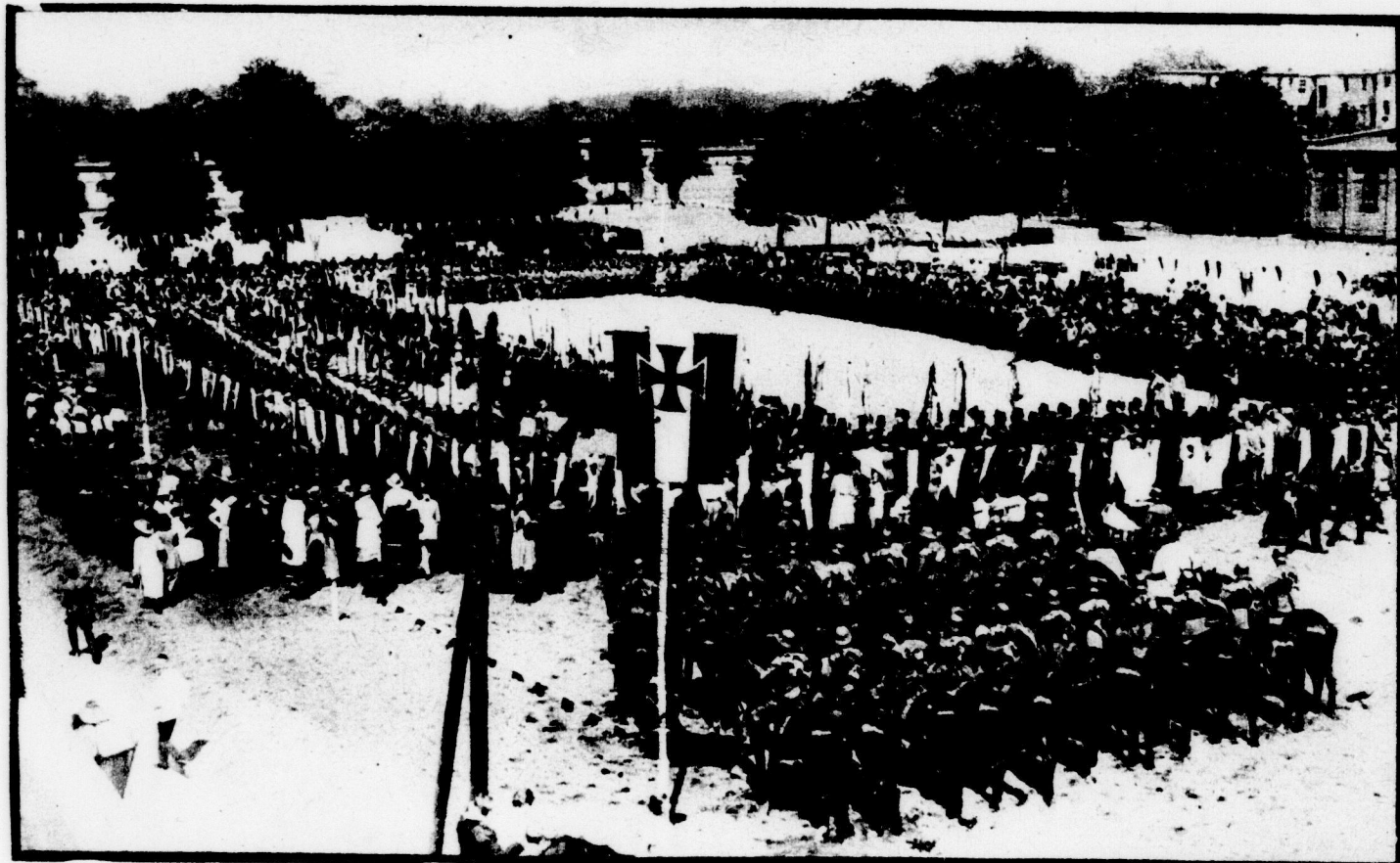
Eileen Riggan being congratulated by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., on making the American Olympic team. On the left she is shown making a perfect dive



The African Methodist Episcopal Church of Oakville appeals for mortgage funds



Phyllis Monkman, the famous English revue star, who is coming to the States
—Copyright by Hassano, Limited, London.



A memorial service in Potsdam for one of the crack German regiments—cracked in the late war



Lady Parmoor, wife of the president of the council, in her court dress



Wheeler Williams, a Paris sculptor, shakes hands with his sitter, Hamlet, after completing the sculpture of the famous police dog



(Below) In this ten-mile walking race for disabled war veterans, held in London, you will observe that the leaders have artificial legs

These three maids were chosen as the most beautiful bobbed hair beauties in a contest in Rome



The dress is grey flannel boxed with blue, and the jacket is navy blue edged with grey



Red Rock and boiling surf at Father Point
—Photo by F. G. Griffin.



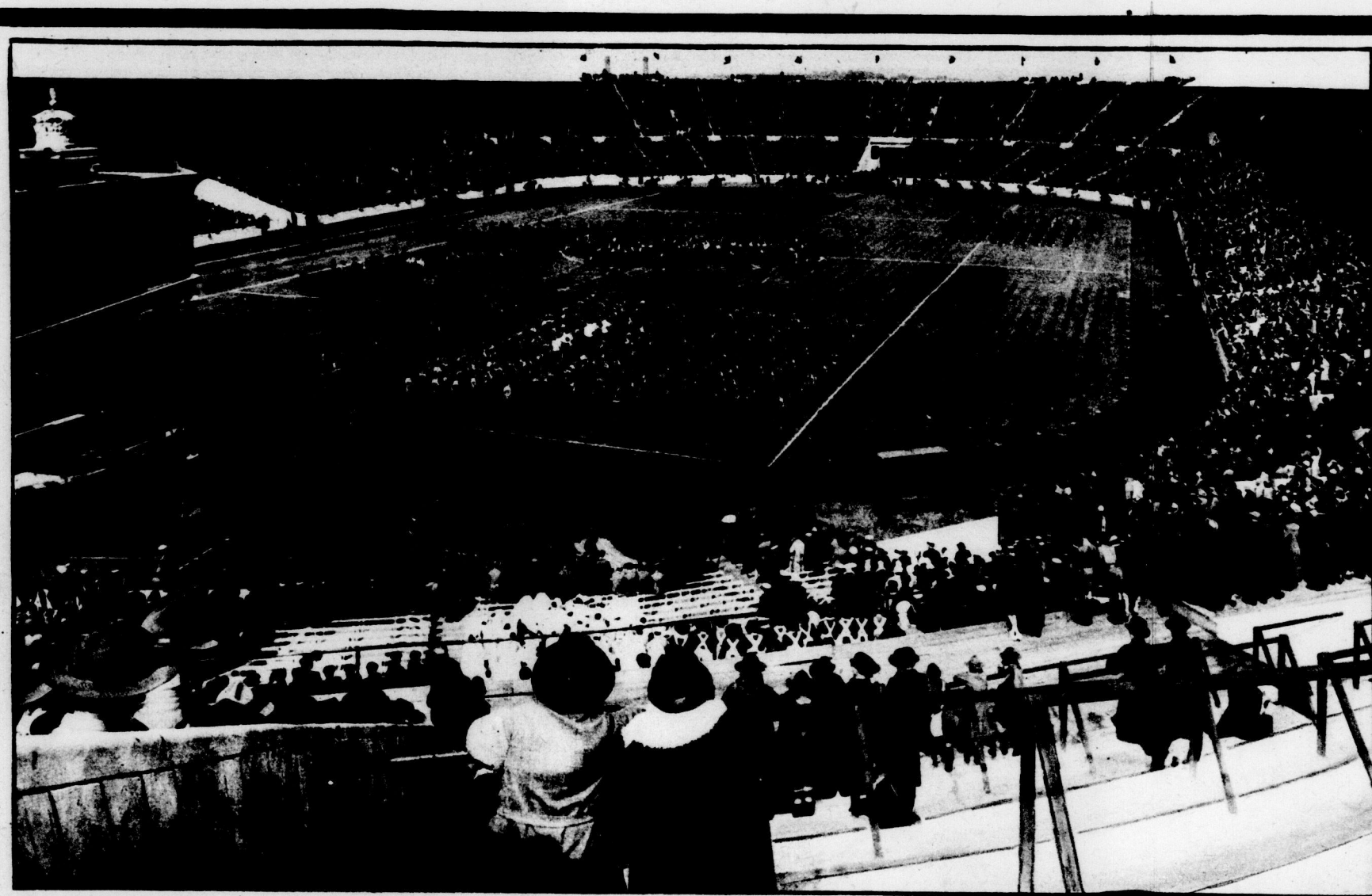
Dr. Emanuel Lasker, the European chess champion, sails for home



Chaliapin has settled down in Paris to electrify the Parisians with his super-voice



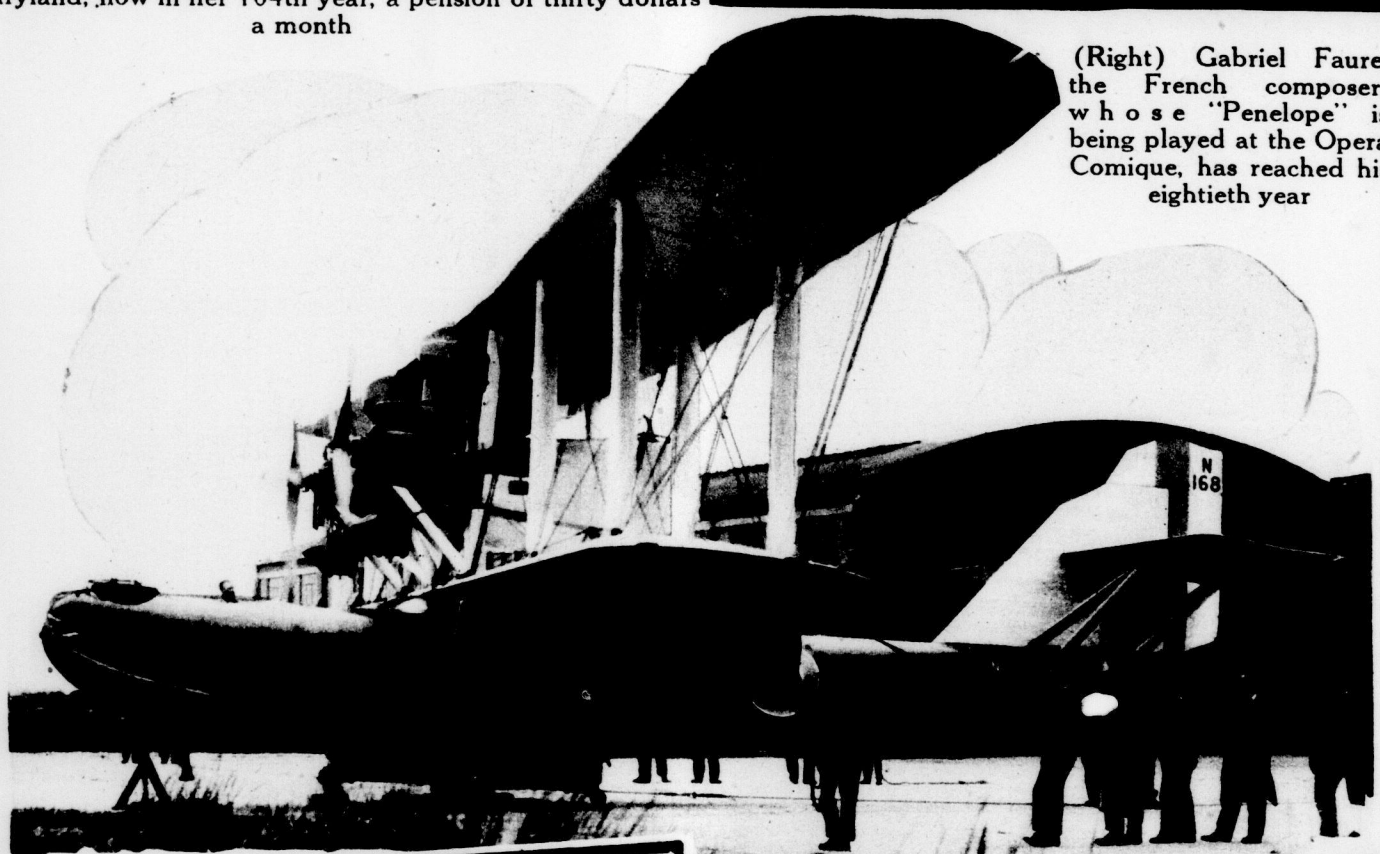
Her husband, as a boy of seventeen, fought in the war of 1812. For half a century, the United States government has been paying Mrs. Matilda Showacre, of New Market, Maryland, now in her 104th year, a pension of thirty dollars a month



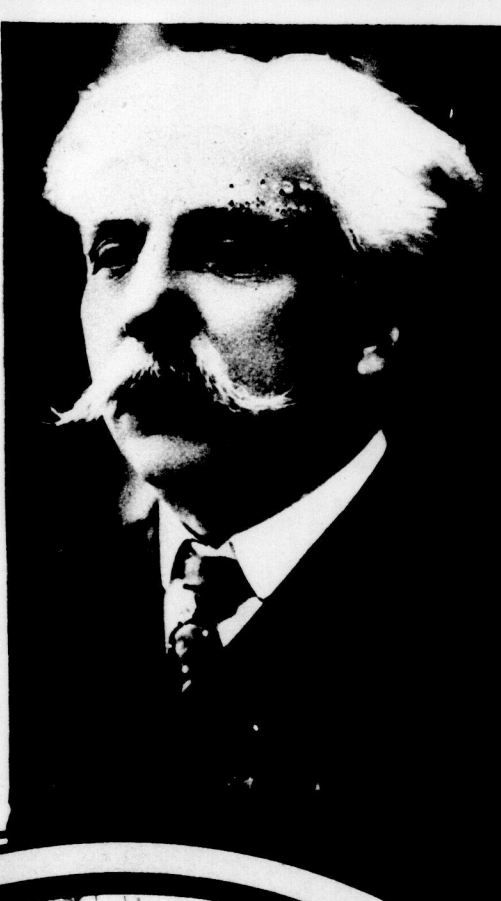
The thanksgiving ceremony in the huge Wembley stadium



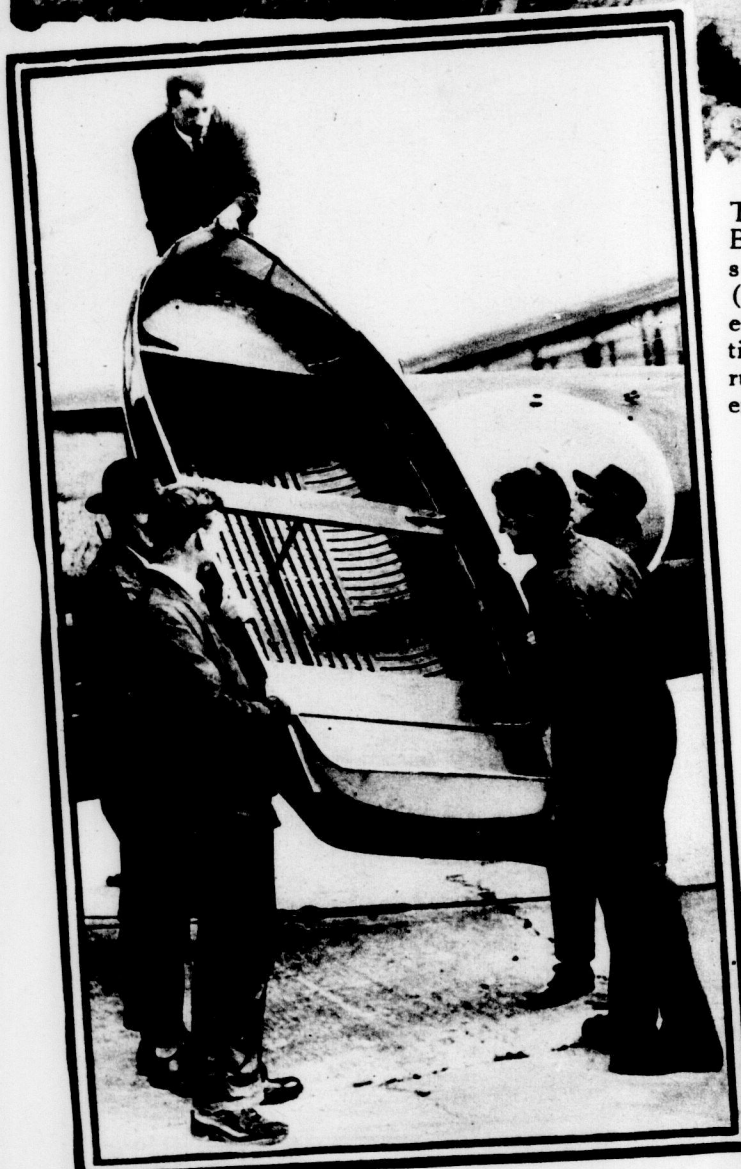
The King of Spain, besides being a polo player and a fine horseman, is also an ardent trapshooter



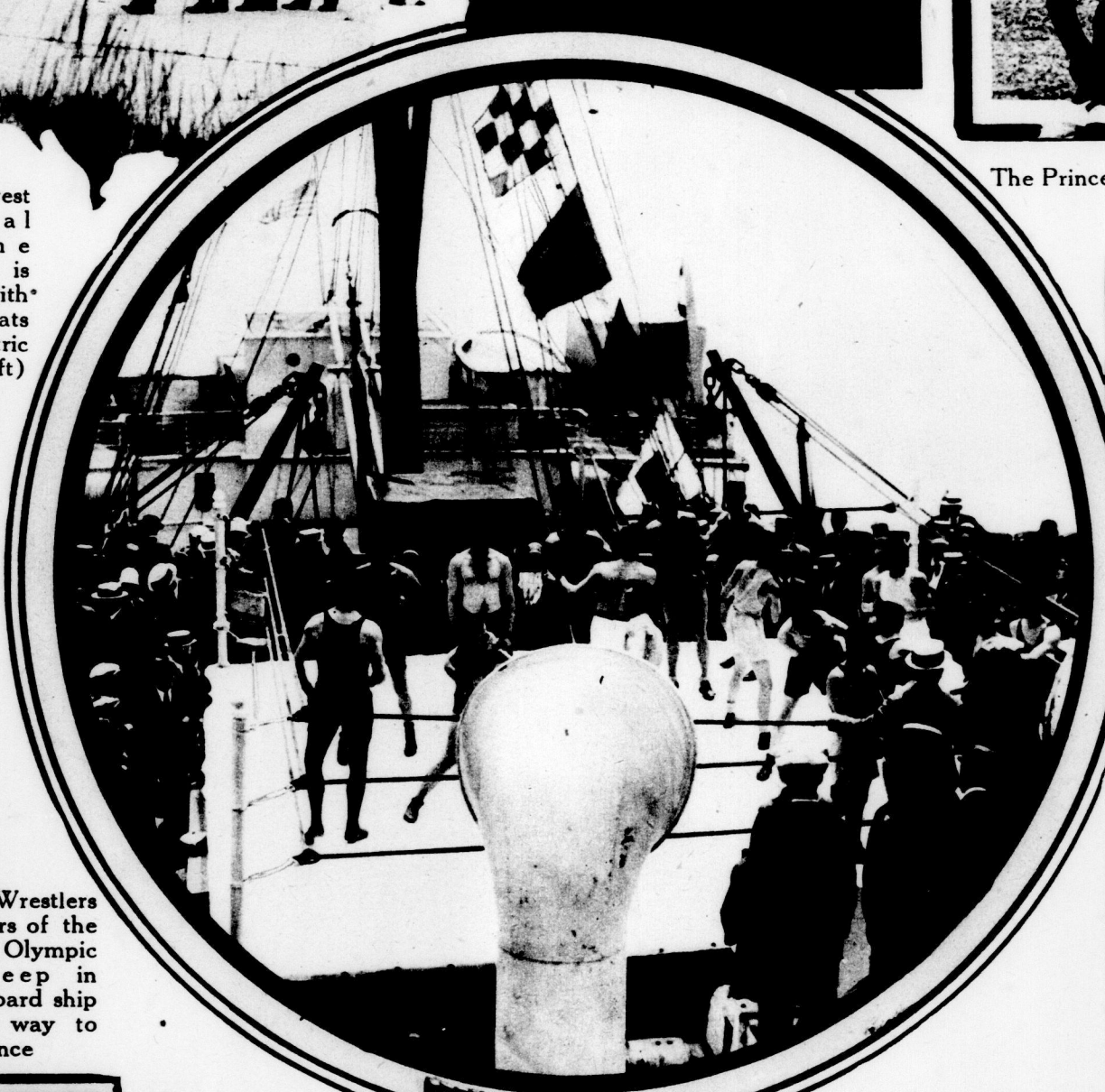
(Right) Gabriel Faure, the French composer, whose "Penelope" is being played at the Opera Comique, has reached his eightieth year



The Prince of Wales, with Winston Churchill heading him, running up on the ball in a polo match at Ranelagh



The newest British naval seaplane (above) is equipped with tiny lifeboats run by electric engines (left)



(Right) Wrestlers and boxers of the American Olympic teams keep in shape aboard ship on their way to France



Hon J. A. Robb, minister of colonization and acting minister of finance in the present Canadian government



A little bungalow at Mimico, on the outskirts of Toronto, is built and roofed entirely of sewer pipe of different sizes



Their Majesties have their portrait made with their guests, the King and Queen of Rumania

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AND WASTE COMPANY.
Superior Quality, Sanitary and
Sterilized Wiping Cloths—A Grade
for Every Man.
Phone 2792, Nights, Holidays,
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CHARTERED
ACCOUNTANTS
Resident Partner, Wm. C. Benson.
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CHAS. CHAPMAN CO.
EST. 1855.
Bookbinders
LOOSE LEAF MFRS.
Phone 370, 91 Dundas St.

EVERYONE WHO SEES ONE WANTS ONE.
PEERLESS AND NEW ELITE
SOLD BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
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BRICK AND CEMENT CONTRACTORS
Jobbing Work Specialty.
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Phone 2884W, 441 Woodman Ave.

D. S. PERRIN CO. PLANT

MODERN THROUGHOUT

Capacity Is 2,500,000 Biscuits
and 40,000 Pounds of
Candies Daily.

Two and one-half million biscuits and forty thousand pounds of candies each working day is the capacity of the plant of D. S. Perrin & Co. of this city, a firm which saw its beginning more than fifty years ago in a small house on the Hamilton road, but which has so progressed that today it is one of the outstanding industries of Canada.

Associated with the name of D. S. Perrin is that of Thomas W. McFarland, who since beginning with the firm in 1881, has risen from candy-maker's apprentice to the post of president and general manager. Every part of the present plant was laid out by Mr. McFarland, and the building itself is of his own planning, even to the quality and type of materials used in its construction. The details were planned and supervised by architects, but it was Mr. McFarland who mapped out the position of the various departments and equipment.

Everything in the factory is designed with the view of securing the highest possible efficiency. In planning for the new ovens, which are turning out millions of biscuits daily, the most up-to-date methods employed by other similar factories were studied. It was decided that the best location for these ovens would be on the top floor, and there they were placed. Thus all surplus heat and all gases are carried directly to the outside air by specially constructed flues, and the factory is free from all such gases and odors generally noticed in bake shops.

Products of the D. S. Perrin Company have, for many years past, enjoyed a wide popularity throughout the entire Dominion of Canada, and this concern's export trade extends to many far corners of the world. Distributing agencies are maintained in Montreal, Sydney, N. S., Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton, St. William, Winnipeg, Calgary, Edmonton and Vancouver. In addition to these, jobbing distributors handle Perrin's goods in all the other important business centres of Canada.

KLEENO KWALITY CO.
PRODUCTS HIGH GRADE
Bathurst Street Concern Prepared to Accommodate Every Requirement.

The Kleeno Kwality Kloth and Waste Company, corner Bathurst and William streets, in charge of Henry man Leff, is always prepared to supply every requirement in wiping rags and waste for every wiping or polishing purpose.

The quality of this concern's products has been the cause of an ever-increasing business, and as the prices are no higher than those asked for the ordinary kinds of rags, it is an economy to use Kleeno Kwality Kloth and Waste. All wiping rags are washed and sterilized and guaranteed free of all objectionable materials, such as buttons, books, eyes, and hard parts, and every wipe is of a size that causes no loss through too small a wipe.

Kleeno Kwality Kloth are put up in six standard grades, all white, light colors, mixed colors, dark colors; all the aforementioned being all cotton wipers. Then they have knitted cloths, both in heavy and light weights, for such uses as mopping floors, heavy machinery wiping, and other uses.

KINTORE
Special to The Advertiser.
Kintore, July 10.—The Women's Institute held their July meeting at the home of the president, Mrs. Robert A. Kintore, at 100 St. George, including a paper on the "Confederation of Canada," by Mrs. Miss Corbett, followed by a report by Mrs. Kintore on the August meeting at Watford. The August meeting, which will be an old-fashioned event, will be held at the home of Mrs. Russell Courts.

Mrs. George Bilton entertained the Women's Guild, St. Matthew's Church, at her home, to a tea. The pupils of the school, people at Huff's school gave a social evening in honor of Miss Radford and presented her with an ivory tray and three years at this school. The W. M. S. Huff's Methodist Church, held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Cameron Smith. A good attendance of members and visitors were present. A tea and social hour closed the gathering. The ratepayers of the village voted on a bylaw for a town hall in Florence. The vote went two-thirds in favor of a hall, "the building to be the Baptist Church."

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Public Accountants and Auditors.
Audits—Systems—Costing
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Largest and Most Up-To-Date
Auto Wrecking Plant in Western
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MILK AND CREAM
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Real Service and Satisfaction.
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FINE PRINTING
and STATIONERY
Phone 7812W, 761 Dundas St.

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EST. 1855.
Bookbinders
LOOSE LEAF MFRS.
Phone 370, 91 Dundas St.

SEND YOUR WEEKLY WASH TO THE
LONDON STEAM LAUNDRY
HOUSEHOLD WORK 5c-8c ONE POUND
No Marking 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.

Electrical Appliances Ideal

As Year-Round Wedding Gifts

Always Acceptable to Young Couples Hoping To Prove "Two Can Live as Cheaply as One" Theory.

"Well," folks are saying these days, "Sallie is being married next week, and I am at my wits end trying to think of a present for her. Something, you know, that will be out of the ordinary, and which still will prove practical in the household."

One has but to read the advertisements and look into the windows of the electric shops of London to find a wide variety of articles made are included in the classification—"out of the ordinary, but practical in the home."

There we find everything electrical from the larger units, such as washing machines and cooking ranges to grills and toasters, any one of which would make a thoroughly acceptable gift to any young couple about to do their best to prove that age-old contentious theory, that two can live as cheaply as one.

Thousands of progressive Canadian housewives have come to know the many advantages of electric ranges over old style stoves. Electric ranges mean more efficiency and certainty in cooking; they mean a cool kitchen, free from the enervating heat that always accompanied cooking in the days of coal and wood ranges, and their cost for operation and maintenance is but slight, no matter how extensively they are used.

Today—in contrast with grandmother's time when they were content to consider the walls of their own homes their social horizon—women are asking more time for affairs outside the domestic sphere and the great strides in the electrical field have made this desirable.

Electricity does away with wash-day drudgery, runs Milady's sewing machine, propels the fan that keeps her cool in warm weather, and in countless other ways contributes to make her working day a shorter and more pleasant one.

All the advances will be Sallie's if the friend's wedding gift is something electrical.

London can well be proud of the new factory erected and occupied by Reid Bros. & Co., Limited, printers, bookbinders, loose leaf sheet manufacturers, paper box manufacturers and jobbers of papers, on Nightingale avenue. It is an absolutely model factory, being of the one-story type of construction, with about 30,000 feet of floor space. All the latest improvements in lighting, heating, etc., are contained in this building, and the working conditions for employees are ideal.

Reid Bros. & Co., Limited, is one of the oldest and most respected firms in Ontario. It has for 76 years continuously served the business houses of Western Ontario.

The old factory which this firm occupied for 50 years was on Clarence street, south of Dundas street, but in February, 1923, this building was completely gutted by fire, and the new building on Nightingale avenue was erected. On account of all their machines being destroyed in the fire, the new building had to be entirely re-equipped, and in doing this it is especially noticeable that no expense was spared in procuring the very latest and most efficient machines on the market.

Up until the last year many financial houses and manufacturers imported from Toronto and Montreal many of the complicated ruled and printed forms that they used, but with the re-equipping of the plant of Reid Bros. & Co., Limited, these forms could be manufactured in London, and in consequence they have greatly enlarged their business in this line, and there now is no work of this nature that cannot be made right in London.

SEES WHOLE WORLD ON ONE RADIO SYSTEM
Prediction Is Made at Great International Power Conference.

Associated Press Despatch.
London, July 11.—The whole civilized world will eventually be served by a single system of radio broadcasting, it was predicted today before the world power conference in London, which is being held by W. J. Brown of Metropolitan Cities, Great Britain, and Dr. W. H. Easton of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company of the United States.

The system, it was stated, would be based on the use of inaudible short waves sent out by large stations and caught by small local stations, which would re-broadcast them on audible wave lengths.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, July 11.—There is a persistent rumor in racing circles at the present time that J. K. L. Ross, the prominent Montreal turfman and breeder, is planning to drop out of the actual racing end of the game.

JOHN M. MOORE & CO.
ARCHITECTS
Phone 655, 489 Richmond St.

Bill Newman
EXPERT TIRE AND
BATTERY REPAIRS
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
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Phone 1772, 251 Ridout St. South

Heating & Ventilating Contractors
GEO. WINTERBOTTOM & SON
SHEET METAL WORKERS
Phone 5889W, 519 Richmond St.

ROTAREX WAY MEANS

CLOTHES ON LINE AT 9

Archer Electric Sells Machine That Assures Housewives More Leisure.

It was 9 o'clock Monday morning, and young Mrs. Jordan was hanging her last basketful of clothes on the line, when across the fence her new neighbor called to her:

"Please, Mrs. Jordan, may I ask you a question? Your clothes are so beautiful and white that I am ashamed of mine. Would you mind telling me what kind of soap you use?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Adams, I use ——" and Mrs. Jordan named one of the well-known brands of soap powder. "Why, that's funny, for that is the kind I use, too! But why aren't my clothes as white as yours? I must rub them longer than you do, for you are all finished and I have just started."

"But I don't rub my clothes at all—nor boil them, either," was Mrs. Jordan's reply.

"Mrs. Adams?" looked her surprise. "You don't?" Then what magic do you use?"

"It does seem like magic, indeed, for I can't really say that I wash them myself. You see, we bought a Rotarex Electric Clothes Washer from the Archer Electric Shop at 221 Dundas street."

"It must be a much more wonderful machine from any washer I have ever seen," exclaimed Mrs. Adams. "I think perhaps it is at least I've never seen another like it. I wouldn't even try to keep house without it. Wouldn't you like to come in and see it?"

"Oh, isn't it a beauty," cried Mrs. Adams a moment later, as she stood in Mrs. Jordan's laundry. "I surely must have a Rotarex, too. Just to think, I won't be through with my washing before 2 o'clock, and you have nothing to do for the rest of the day."

"No, my Monday's work will be done in a few minutes more, and I'm going to play golf all afternoon with one of my chums."

"Come in and let us show you how a Rotarex makes your weekly washing as enjoyable as Sunday by giving you twice as many hours of leisure and freedom."

And remember, the cost of a Rotarex is less than you pay a laundress. Besides, it earns as you pay. Easy payments, if you wish."

ONLY RAIN CAN SAVE BR. COLUMBIA FORESTS
All Forestry Department Officials Are Rushed to Scene of Fires.

Associated Press Despatch.
Vancouver, B. C., July 11.—All the forestry department officials stationed in Vancouver have left for the scene of the devastating forest fires which are now said to have become general on Redonda Island. As far as can be ascertained, no lives have been lost. Rain, it is said, is the only thing that can save the situation, for there is a strong wind blowing.

Damage to the extent of more than \$100,000 has already been suffered on Redonda Island, which lies some six miles north of Powell River and it is feared that the big logging company has been wiped out, according to officials of the Union Steamship Company.

DENFIELD
Special to The Advertiser.
Denfield, July 10.—Richard England and his two sons, Harrison and Bruce of Niagara Falls, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Phillips Sunday and Monday.

A record number of cars has passed through the village the last few days on account of the Proof Line road under repairs.

W. R. Mills of Centralia is relieving at the station for the next two weeks. F. E. Little is on his vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Parrott and family of Mitchell, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Thompson and family of Toronto visited Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Little.

Chesterfields
Made to Your Order.
Any Size—Any Shape.
QUICK, The Upholsterer
523 Richmond St. Phone 3387J.

I. X. L. SPICE AND COFFEE MILLS, LIMITED.
Sweetheart Jelly, Pure and Delicious.
Sweetheart Peanut Butter, Something Different.

JUST ARRIVED
Full line of under-the-arm bags, canes and Tom Thumb umbrellas. High quality and low prices.
TECUMSEH LEATHER GOODS.
344 1/2 Richmond, Opposite Hobbs Hardware.

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Prompt Attention to Jobbing
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FRENCH PASTRY

Prepared by a French chef who now has charge of our new kitchen.

Olympia Candy Works
186 DUNDAS STREET. PHONE 473.

EAT WHERE IT'S ALWAYS COOL
NEW SERVICE LUNCH
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
SUNNYSUDS
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 1899F, 402 Clarence St.

Commercial Lead Burning
WILLIAMS WELDING WORKS
OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING
BRAZING AND CUTTING
Experts on Boiler Welding
Phone 6836, 386 Ridout St.

SECOND-HAND TYPEWRITERS—At bargain prices that are bargain prices. Machines to rent.
ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.
481 RICHMOND STREET. Horace E. Robinson, Manager. PHONE 1344J.

GRIGG HOTEL CAFE
CHICKEN
DINNER
60c
334 RICHMOND ST.
SUNDAY
SPECIAL MENU
"BEST OF TABLE SERVICE."
From 11:00 a. m. to 8 p. m.
PHONE 5675.

TO THE TRADE,
EMBLEMED
PURE SPIRIT CIDER
AND MALT VINEGAR
In Bottles or in Bulk.
LONDON VINEGAR WORKS
26 KING ST. Phone 631W

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
CAKES BE SURE
AND SAY
WILLIS CAKES
609 DUNDAS STREET.
Phone 2023.

SICK SHOES CURED
Made like new with a manufacturer'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
LONDON
STRATFORD
BRANTFORD

B. H. ENGLISH PAINT
70 Pure White Lead, 50 Pure White Zinc, 100 Pure Paint.
FOR SALE IN LONDON BY

Purdon Hardware
124 Dundas St. Phones 2800-2801

ELECTRICAL FIXTURES
AND SUPPLIES.
J. H. Pollock
GENERAL CONTRACTING.
Phone 5762W, Night, 3259.
357 CLARENCE STREET.

LONDON AUTO WRECKERS
House of a Million Parts
Complete Stock of New and Used Cars at Cut Prices
264 Horton St. Phone 3110

ALLEN & POPE
Hot Water and Steam
Heating Contractors
Estimates Furnished.
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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 Emsay St.

The Mysterious Brick
It's Ice Cream
Meadow Gold Brand
A Delicious Product of
THE ONTARIO CREAMERY, LIMITED
Ask your dealer or phone us.
Phone 782-5810, 129 King St.

GENEREUX and MAY
Auctioneers and valuers for city and country.
City Auction Rooms, 98 Dundas St.
Residence, Mr. Genereux, 3322J.
Mr. May, 1366, Office, 1332.

P. O. BOX 170. PHONE 7831W
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 1014. WILLIAM COPP 85 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.

WANTED TO PURCHASE

OLD gold and silver jewelry, watches, etc. bought, sold, repaired, 12 Mark Lane. Phone 7653.

WANTED—Horses, matched teams, year-olds, weight, 1,500 to 1,700 lb each. Submit particulars to Box No. 112, London Advertiser.

WANTED—Outside toilet in good condition. Apply Box 106, Advertiser.

FINANCIAL

GLADMAN & STANBURY—Barristers money loaned. Bank of Toronto, York.

REAL estate loans E. Tove & Co., general insurance agency, Royal Bank, 110.

SCANDRETTE, T. W., solicitor—Private and trust money to loan, lowest rates. 58 Dundas St. Phone 354.

INSTRUCTION

PRIVATE nurses earn \$15 to \$20 a week; learn by home study; catalogue free. Dept. 18, Royal College of Science, Toronto, Canada.

When sending money by mail use Dominion Express Money Orders. Safer than sending cash.

ACCOUNTANTS

DOUGHERTY, A. J.—Chartered accountant, 91 Teumessah Ave. Phone 6599.

RAYMOND, F. W.—Accountant, auditor, authorized, 10, Greene-Swift Bldg., London, Ont.

VETERINARY SURGEONS

WILSON, W. J.—Veterinary, horse and dog hospital, 84 King. Tel. 738.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER

CLASSIFIED ADS. Standardized and priced for quick reference. Phone 3670.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER reserves the right to classify properly all advertisements submitted for publication.

Not responsible for errors in advertisements following date of first publication.

Ads. not cancelled after 10 p.m. Ads. for morning paper must be in by 10 p.m.

Ads. for evening paper by 1 p.m. All advertisements for Saturday's paper must be in our hands by 10 p.m. Friday previous, to enable them to appear under their correct classification. Otherwise they must appear under the classification "Too Late to Classify."

Cash.

1 day 25c per word

3 days 75c

6 days 1.25

Minimum.

When Advertiser Box is required (allow 3 words). A charge of 10c for mailing is also made.

Marriages, Births and Deaths—One insertion, \$1; two insertions, \$1.50.

Memorial Notices—12c per count line. (10 lines the minimum.)

Card of Thanks—\$1 per insertion.

Engagement Notices—Women's Page—75c one insertion, \$1 two insertions. These notices must be signed by the sender, and will not be taken over telephone.

DISPLAY ADVERTISING.

Amusements—10c per line each insertion.

Meetings—15c per line each insertion. The London Advertiser will not insert a "make good" more than one incorrect insertion of an advertisement ordered more than one time.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER, WANT AD. DEPARTMENT, Phone 3670.

FOR SALE

J. A. BROWNLEE
385-7 TALBOT ST.
SCREEN DOORS, STAINED WINDOWS, LAMINATED GLASS, OIL STOVES AND OVENS.

TWO GASOLINE TANKS

One 235-Gal.; other 75-Gal. capacity; also one

GASOLINE PUMP

PHONE 1845

For Complete Information.

L. WOLF, LADIES' WEAR

The store where you can buy your wearing apparel. Prompt attention. WE TRUST YOU.

372 Dundas St. Phone 6112V.

TO LET

House To Rent

8 ROOMS, BATH, FURNACE, ETC.

For Complete Information

PHONE 1845

INSURANCE

B. N. CAMPBELL
INSURANCE COUNSELLOR.
Fire, Auto, Accident, Sickness and Plate Glass.
Dominion Savings Bldg. Phone 1517.

J. A. NELLES & SON

Fire, Life, Accident, Marine, Plate Glass, Rent and Automobile.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOU WILL ENJOY DINING IN OUR CAFE.

The food is excellent and the prices are moderate.

ROYAL CAFE

150 King Street, London.

BUSINESS CARDS

STEWART & MORKIN

124 FULLERTON STREET.

ELECTRIC POWER CONTRACTORS.

All classes electric power, repairs, installations, wiring, etc. Prompt attention, good quality work. When you have trouble with your motor telephone 315.

W. stock everything in Lumber—Posts, Sashings, Sillings, Flooring, Sash, Doors and Trim, Wood and Asphalt Shingles, Hardware, Roofing, Wallboard, etc.

L. H. MARYIN & CO.

1151 YORK ST. PHONE 2151.

WANTED TO PURCHASE

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED.

Highest prices paid for Eggs and Poultry of good quality according to grade.

C. A. MANN & CO.

78 King Street, London.

AUTOMOBILES

Investments

Overland Touring

1923 Model in beautiful condition. Just what you want. Save \$350. We will take your old Ford in trade.

Willys-Knight Touring

High grade and a beautiful roomy car. Run very little. Guaranteed for 30 days. No noise, no worry.

Chevrolet Sedan

Al condition—Cord tires, good upholstery, \$400 cash, or part cash and balance easy terms.

Ford Touring

\$95 buys the finest little Ford that you have seen for a long time. Motor in good shape. See this car before you buy.

Maxwell Touring

We have three of these cars, all in good shape, priced from \$75 up. Look them all over.

Studebaker Touring

Talk about a snap, \$150 cash will buy this car, 7-passenger, summer and winter top. Just the car for the large family.

Overland Coupe

1923 model, 5 cord tires, newly painted, smooth, quiet motor—\$250 down, balance like rent.

Chandler Coupe

A large 4-passenger Coupe in A1 shape, 5 cord tires, used very little, it will pay you to look this car over. You can save a few hundred dollars.

Gray-Dort Touring

Beautiful condition, \$425, this car is worth the money, looks as good as new, and runs perfectly.

J. W. McLaughlin

OVERLAND and WILLIS-KNIGHT MOTOR CARS.
Dundas and Waterloo Sts. Phone 1600
"Ask the Man With the White Hat."

WINDSHIELDS

We have special windshield plate glass and modern facilities for fixing your broken windshield.

THE COBBS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.

WE ARE OFFERING

Our Demonstrator cars for sale. One Chevrolet sedan, one Chevrolet coupe, one Chevrolet touring.

These cars are in perfect condition and like new.

ONTARIO GARAGE, 397-401 Dundas St. Phone 2431-5459.

MID-SUMMER Sale of Used Cars

FORD, 1924—

Tudor Sedan.

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK—

1924 Master Four Sedan.

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK—

1923 Master Four Touring.

DODGE—

1923 Touring.

McLAUGHLIN-BUICK—

1924 Master Six Four Passenger Coupe.

WILLIS-KNIGHT—

4 Passenger Coupe.

CHALMERS—

5 Passenger Touring.

McLAUGHLIN—

Master Six Touring.

REO—

Five Passenger Touring.

Small down payment, balance monthly.

McLaughlin Motor Car Company, Limited

Richmond St., Cor. Bathurst.

1 Reo Speed Wagon, in first-class condition; 1 Ford Sedan, a real buy; \$250; 1 Baby Grand Sedan; 1 Ford Touring, \$335. Ten 35 1/2 Cord Tires, practically new cheap.

TERRY FOR BARGAINS, 144-146 Fullerton St. ywt

AUTO RADIATOR SERVICE STATION, 65 KING STREET, Tel. 2327, ywt Near Ridout.

Advertiser "Want" Ads bring employer and employees together.

REAL ESTATE

REAL ESTATE

— BERT WEIR —

OVER OAK HALL, REALTOR, Phone 16027. PHONE 6250.
Bert Hookway 3513W. H. REILLY, MANAGER, 1001, 1003, 1005, 1007, 1009, 1011, 1013, 1015, 1017, 1019, 1021, 1023, 1025, 1027, 1029, 1031, 1033, 1035, 1037, 1039, 1041, 1043, 1045, 1047, 1049, 1051, 1053, 1055, 1057, 1059, 1061, 1063, 1065, 1067, 1069, 1071, 1073, 1075, 1077, 1079, 1081, 1083, 1085, 1087, 1089, 1091, 1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 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ANGELICAN. ANGELICAN.

CRONYN MEMORIAL

QUEEN'S AVENUE AND WILLIAM STREET.
 QUINTIN WARNER, RECTOR.
 RIDLEY PARSON, ASSISTANT.
 FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
 8.30 a.m.—NO SERVICE.
 11.00 a.m.—Morning Prayer. Junior Congregation.
 7.00 p.m.—Evensong.
 The Rev. H. E. Bray at both services.

St. James' Church

LONDON SOUTH.
 Rev. W. Leslie Armitage, M.A., Rector.
 8.15 a.m.—Holy Communion.
 11 a.m.—The Rector.
 3 p.m.—Sunday School.
 7 p.m.—The Rector.

St. John the Evangelist

Wellington and St. James Sts.
 Rev. A. L. G. Clarke, Rector.
 11 a.m.—Baptism.
 7 p.m.—Baptism.
 SERVICES AS USUAL.

BAPTIST.

BAPTIST.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST

PASTOR FLOYD TALMADGE HOLLAND PREACHING

7 p.m.—"Is the Devil a Winner?"

Hear the staccato of the machine gun as it pours HOT SHOT into a nest of vipers. Something to talk about all summer!

11 a.m.—"The True League of Nations"

3 p.m.—BIBLE SCHOOL. CLASSES FOR ALL.
 6.30 p.m.—ORGAN RECITAL. 6.50 p.m.—SONG SERVICE.
 BOY BARTONE.

Egerton Street Baptist

Rev. A. Burgess, Minister.
 The senior B. Y. P. U. will be in charge of the morning and evening services.
 Mr. Albert Oultram will speak.

Maitland Street Baptist

Maitland Street at St. James St.
 REV. DR. A. T. SOWERBY will preach.
 11 a.m.—

"Swing Down the Past Life"

7 p.m.—

"The Coming of Christ to Reign"

These messages will be helpful and instructive.
 Come and hear them discussed.

Talbot Street Baptist

REV. BOWLEY GREEN, D.D., will preach at both services.

11 a.m. Subject:

"Things Christ Saw"

12.15—Sunday School.

7 p.m. (one hour service)—

Subject:

"The Oath of the Almighty"

First Spiritual Church

Rector: St. opposite Nelson St.
 Leader: Mr. H. Rawson.
 Services: July 13-3 and 7 p.m.
 Coming week of July 20-Mrs. A. Kewenaw of Hamilton

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST.
 Richmond and Kent Streets.

Sunday, 11 a.m. only, July and August

Free Public Reading Rooms

For students up to the age of twenty.
 Subject for Sunday, July 6

"SACRAMENT"

Wednesday Meeting, 8 p.m.
 Including testimonies of healing through Christian Science.

ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED!

METHODIST

METHODIST

FIRST METHODIST

REV. BRUCE HUNTER, B.A., B.D., Pastor.
 REV. E. W. JEWITT, B.A., Assistant Pastor.
 10 a.m.—Class Meetings.

11 a.m.—"THE JOY OF JESUS."

3 p.m.—Sunday School. Lesson taught by J. W. Brown.

7 p.m.—"THREE PRIVILEGED DISCIPLES"

Rev. E. W. Jewitt will preach at both services. One Hour Services

Morning Solist—Mrs. Wm. Self. Evening Solist—Mrs. L. R. Menzies.

The Sunset Male Quartet.

Mr. Kinsley N. Ireland, Organist.

Mr. George C. Carrie, Choir Leader.

Askis St. Methodist

REV. J. E. J. MILLARD, PASTOR.
 DR. SMITH, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

SERVICES AS USUAL.

Colborne St. Methodist

Rev. Herbert J. Uren, Pastor.
 July 13. The Pastor at both services.

COME to the morning meeting. Bright and helpful.

COME to Sabbath School at 2.45 p.m. and study the Holy Bible.

COME in the evening. The Vesper Service. Quiet, restful, refreshing.

Sunday Matron, Organist and Leader.

Dundas Street Center

Rev. Dundas and Maitland Streets.
 REV. JOHN GARbutt, MINISTER.

Singing led by Orchestra and Organ.

7 p.m. Subject:

"THE LIFE OF MEN."

The Minister at both services.

J. Farnell Morris, Organist and Conductor.

Empress Ave. Church

J. F. Chapman, B.A., Pastor.
 10 a.m.—Fellowship Meeting.

11 a.m.—Rev. G. McKinley, B.D.

2.45 p.m.—Sunday School.

7 p.m.—"The Divine Plan."

Miss Taylor, Organist.

Hyatt Ave. Methodist

19.20 a.m.—Morning Worship.

11.30 a.m.—Sunday School.

7 p.m.—Evening Worship.

R. Johnston McCormick, Pastor.

LATTER DAY SAINTS

Maitland Street Near York Street.

9 a.m.—Prayer Service.

2.30 p.m. Cantata—"Redemption of Zion"

11 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Prayer. Special Speakers.

PRESIDENT F. M. SMITH

Elders F. A. Smith, H. A. Koehler, J. L.

Burger and John Shields.

ALL WELCOME!

PRESBYTERIAN PRESBYTERIAN

First Presbyterian and St. Andrew's Church

Worship Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
 conducted by Rev. F. W. K. Harris, B.A.
 11 a.m.—In First Church.
 7 p.m.—In St. Andrew's Church.
 Music by First Church Choir under direction of Mr. G. G. Lethbridge.
 St. Andrew's Junior Congregation meets in St. Andrew's Hall at 11 a.m.

UNION SERVICES

King St. Presbyterian and Centennial Methodist

Both services at Centennial Methodist Church.
 11 a.m.—REV. A. E. M. THOMSON
 Subject: "FOR MY SAKE."
 7 p.m.—REV. A. G. HARRIS.
 YOU ARE INVITED!

A. E. M. Thomson, Minister. Miss Moore, Organist.

New St. James' Church

Cor. Oxford and Wellington Streets.
 REV. JAS. MACKEY, B.D., Minister.
 10 a.m.—Church School.
 11 a.m.—Baptismal Services.
 7 p.m.—"A Bright Light in a Dark Corner."

Darcy Q. King, Musical Director.

The Minister will preach at both services.

Hamilton Rd. Church

M. Fraser Cree, B.A., Minister.

11 a.m.—Preparatory School and Bible Class.

3 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.

7 p.m.—Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

UNION SERVICES

Knox Presbyterian

AND

Wortley Road Baptist

at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. in Knox Church, corner of Wortley Rd. and Bruce St. conducted by

REV. T. A. SYMINGTON, M.A.

Music by the choir of Knox Church.

HAMILTON ROAD GOSPEL HALL

7 p.m.—

MR. ROWLAND HILL will preach.

EGERTON STREET GOSPEL HALL

7 p.m.—MR. T. COMFIELD of Detroit will preach.

The Salvation Army

NO. 1 CORPS.

Clarence St.

Sunday—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School, 2 p.m.

Victoria Park, 3 p.m.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. URSAL.

NO. 2 CORPS.

Edward and Tecumseh.

Sunday—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School—3 p.m.

ENVOY FARRIS of Sarnia.

NO. 3 CORPS.

Rectory St.

Sunday—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School—3 p.m.

Ensign and Mrs. Foster.

NO. 4 CORPS.

Oak St.

Sunday—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School—3 p.m.

Ensign and Mrs. Luxton.

First Congregational

REV. T. COLLINS WILLIAMS

From Cheltenham, England.

Morning at 11. Subject:

"SAVED TO SERVE."

Evening at 7. Subject:

"WONDERFUL LOVE."

Sunday School after morning service.

International Bible Students' Association

HYMAN HALL, 7.15 P.M.

Speaker, R. H. PECK

Subject:

"The Eternity of the Heavens."

Seats Free. No Collection.

CHRISTADELPHANS MEET in "Uster Hall, over Gas Office, corner Dundas and Clarence Sts., Sunday, 7 p.m. Subject: "Behold the Devil Shall Cast Some of You Into Prison."

2.45 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.

7 p.m.—"THE DESIRING TO MEET THE PRINCE."

The Pastor.

Theosopical Society

212 DUNDAS STREET

MEETINGS AS USUAL.

Sunday, 8.30 p.m.—Public Invited.

YORK STREET MISSION HALL.

Preacher, Mr. Joseph Henry. Even-

ing a live wire preacher will preach the gospel and sing. Solo, Mrs. Collins. Sunday School at 10 a.m. Evangelist Belcher, pastor.

LATTER DAY SAINTS

Maitland Street Near York Street.

9 a.m.—Prayer Service.

2.30 p.m. Cantata—"Redemption of Zion"

11 a.m. and 7 p.m.—Prayer. Special Speakers.

PRESIDENT F. M. SMITH

Elders F. A. Smith, H. A. Koehler, J. L.

Burger and John Shields.

ALL WELCOME!

Abundant Hair

Cared For By Cuticura

Shampoos with Cuticura Soap, preceded by light applications of Cuticura Ointment to the scalp skin, do much to cleanse the scalp of dandruff, itching and irritation, stimulate the circulation and promote the healthy condition necessary to produce a luxuriant growth of hair.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Agents, "Cuticura," P. O. Box 912, Montreal. Price, Soap, 25c; Ointment, 25c; and 50c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

TRINITY CONGREGATION WAS STARTED IN HOUSE

Chelsea Green Church Was Built Up From Little Mission.

SECOND RECTOR

Many Improvements Since the Rev. John Hale Took Charge.

The outposts of a century ago, changing into the centers of today, have left their former room for development. In nothing is that more evident than in a study of the churches of the city. Every large city church has behind it the history of a mission, and a circle of small mission posts about the city now is evidence of greater development to come as the city passes its present borders in still wider expansions.

Trinity Church, Chelsea Green, is a mission of this great promise. Its nucleus at the commencement was in the hearts of a few faithful souls, desirous of worshipping God according to the custom of their forefathers.

They assembled for the first time in a private house, near the present church building, in the month of April, 1908. At that number, some others have moved away, and still others are gone to their rest. But from the time that S. A. McDonald, still a student in Huron College, took charge, the little company of worshippers have kept the light burning and have held forth the word of God.

Walter M. Wilkins and John G. Cowan Head New Firm.

STEEL COMPANIES ARE REORGANIZED

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, July 11.—The reorganization of the L. R. Steel companies and corporations has been completed under the name of the Steel Consolidated Corporation in the United States, and the Steel Consolidated Limited, in Canada, with executive offices in Toronto.

Walter M. Wilkins heads the firm in the U. S. John W. Gowan, as vice-president of the new company, heads the Canadian company, which will be regulated by a board of representative stockholders as directors.

Over 20,000 shareholders, who subscribed sufficient funds to take the assets out of the hands of the receivers, participate in the new organization.

Regular Services.

From the time of this appointment morning and evening services have been held weekly, with Sunday school each week. In December of the same year, the bishop appointed the Rev. John Hale as the rector.

During the early period the church was held in a private house, until the present time the regular services established by Rev. Professor Wright.

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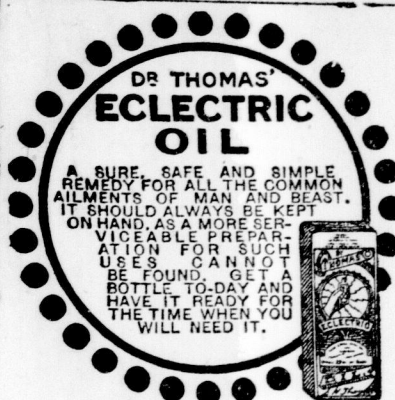
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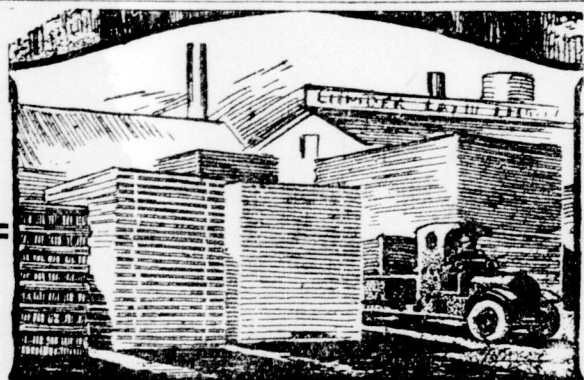
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H.P. Sauce

Many who had given up using sauces now use H.P. Sauce—its wonderful flavor came as a revelation to them.



A Million Feet of Lumber

Just as fine as ever, cut from the virgin forest, will shortly be available for the public, on account of our

Wrecking Tecumseh Barracks

All materials salvaged from these buildings to be offered for sale on the premises. This includes 200,000 feet of Beaver Board, 1,000,000 feet of Lumber of all kinds, 600 Doors and windows, and all kinds of plumbing supplied.

EXCEPTIONALLY LOW PRICES FOR QUICK SALE.

MERCANTILE SALVAGE CO.

WORKS OFFICE:
Rattle Street, Tecumseh Barracks. Phone 8165.

Smoke OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality



Sealed Package 15¢
(which keeps the tobacco in its original condition)
also in 1/2 lb. tins

Manufactured by Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada Limited

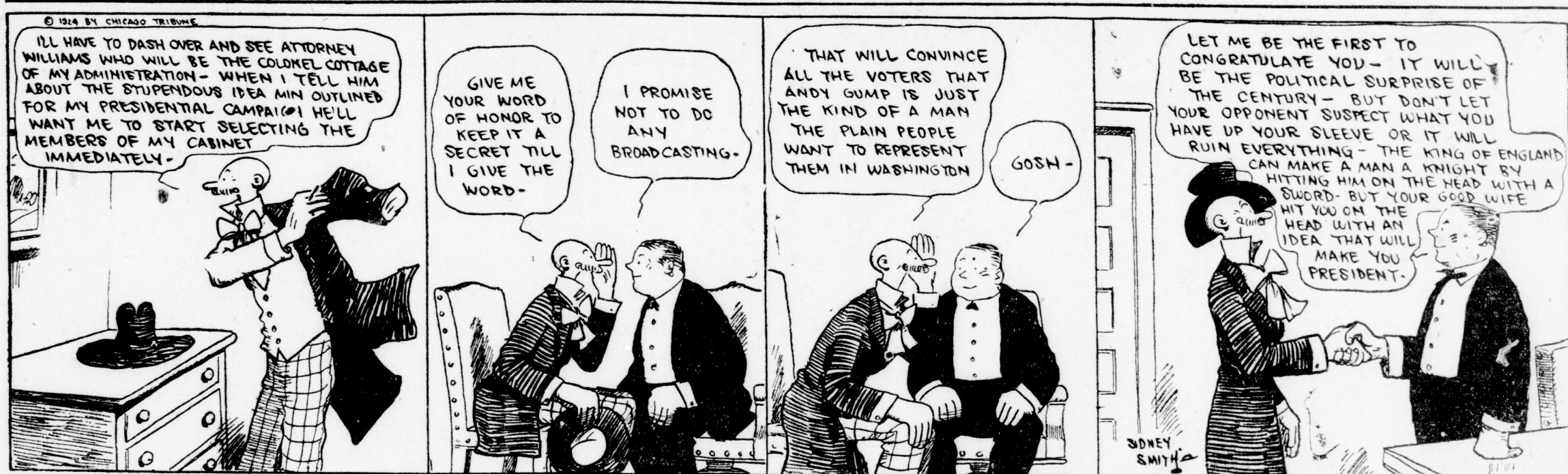
Children Cry for

Fletcher's CASTORIA

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of Constipation Wind Colic To Sweeten Stomach Flatulency Diarrhea Regulate Bowels Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

GUMP, GOOGLE & CO., Experts In Laughter

THE GUMPS—THE SECRET PLAN



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

The Last Is First.

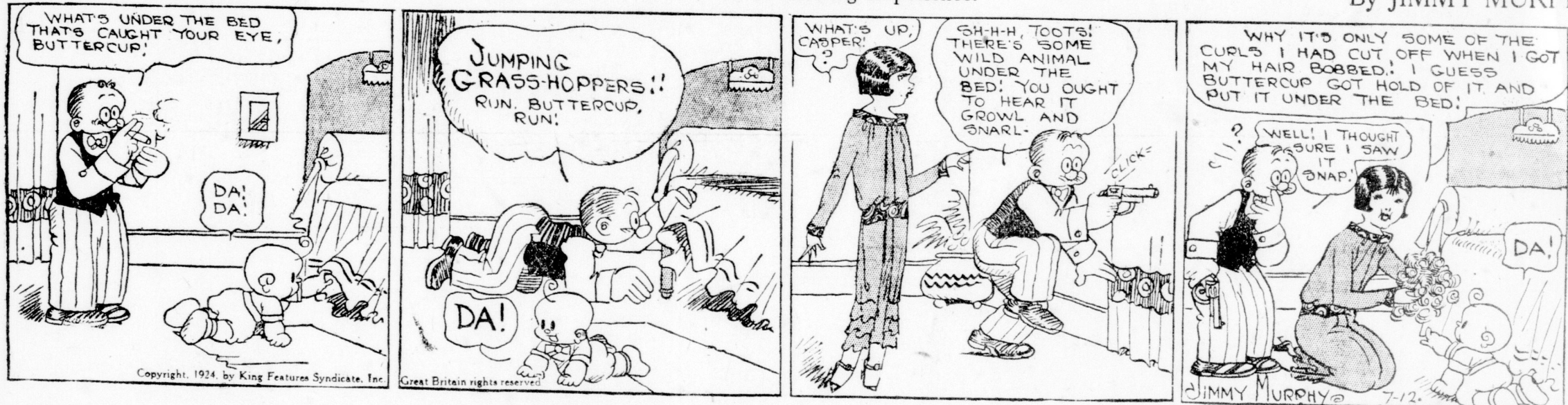
By BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

A Hair-Raising Experience.

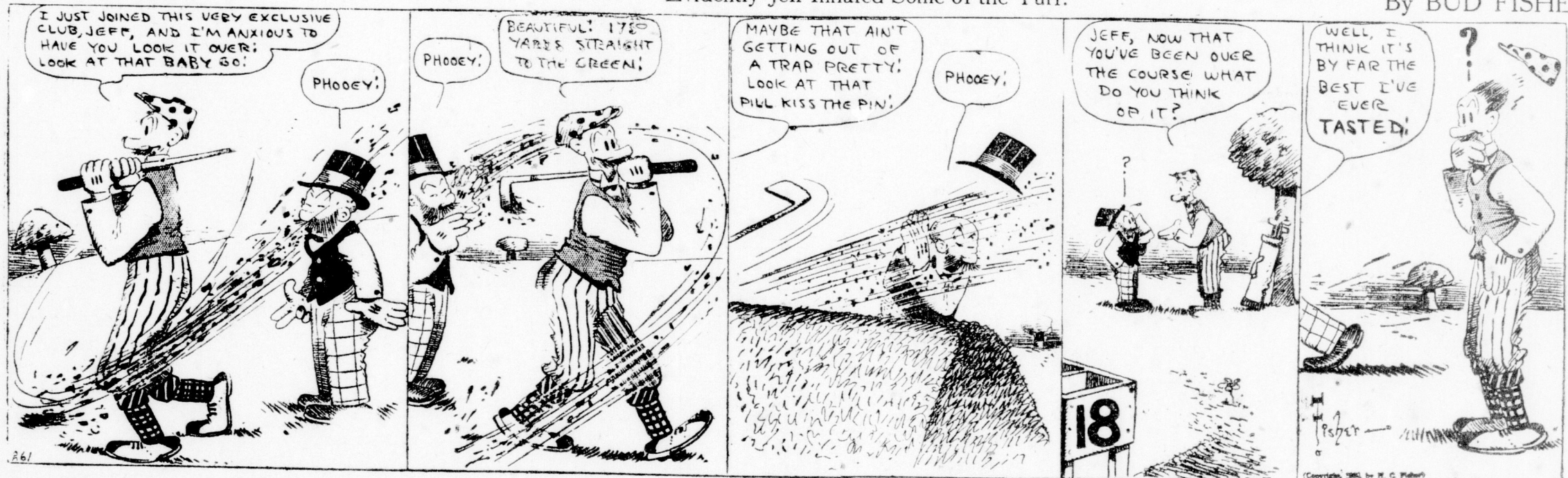
By JIMMY MURPHY



MUTT AND JEFF

Evidently Jeff Inhaled Some of the Turf.

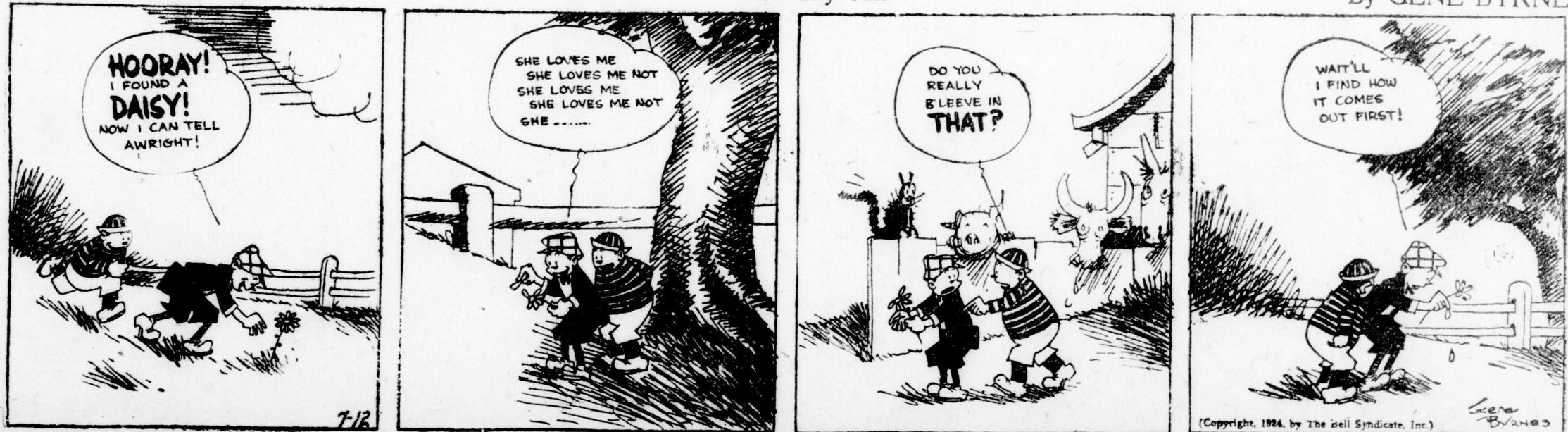
By BUD FISHER



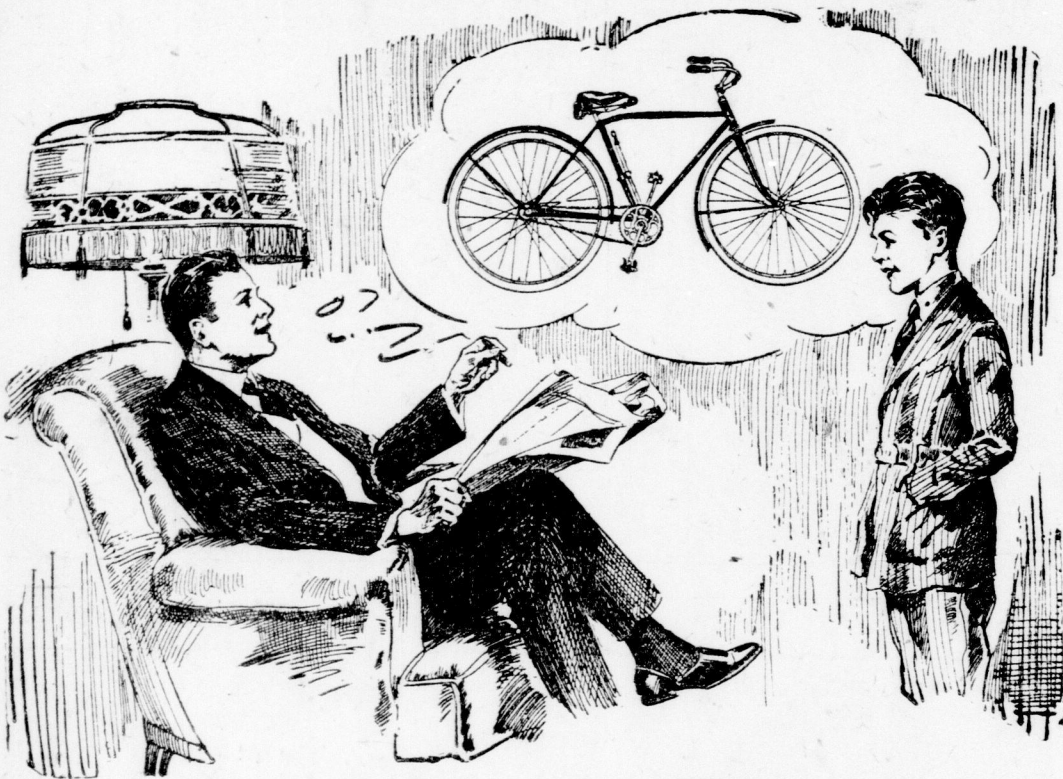
REG'LAR FELLERS

A Hurry Call.

By GENE BYRNES



The Dream of Every Boy and Girl Is To Some Day Own a Bicycle



DAD! Parnell Solves This Problem How To Win a Bicycle

On the bottom of every loaf of Parnell's Bread and on every cake you will find a label similar to that reproduced herewith. Start today and save these labels. To the two boys and two girls turning in the greatest number of labels by Aug. 30 a Red Bird Bicycle will be given free.

Ask your friends and relatives to save these labels for you. If they are not taking Parnell's Bread, ask them to start and save the labels for you. They can get the bread either from their grocer or from our wagon.

By doing this you not only help yourself by securing more labels, but you introduce to your friends the finest, most wholesome and best bread made. Start today. It's possible for you to have a dandy new Bicycle by Labor Day.

"SAVE PARNELL BREAD LABELS—WIN A BICYCLE."

Parnell-Dean Steam Baking Co., Ltd.



Gigantic Sale of Fine Furs

Entire Wholesale Stock of John Marshall & Co. Offered at Startling Reductions



We have completed the purchase of the entire stock of Fine Furs from the above company. These furs were bought at a "Price on the Dollar" which enables us to offer them to the buying public at really ridiculous prices for such high quality furs. When buying, we went over the stock carefully, piece by piece, and do not hesitate to say that every article and garment is in wonderful condition and of select skins.

Below is a list of some of the furs included in this sale:

Ladies' Hudson Seal Coats
Ladies' Muskrat Coats
Ladies' Pony Coats
Ladies' Coon Coats
Ladies' Lamb Coats

These comprise a wonderful range of styles and sizes.

Also we are offering an "endless quantity" of LADIES' MUFFS, THROWS and COLLARS in Mink, Beaver, Coon, Lamb, Seal, Coney and Muskrat.

Included in this last lot are a great number of fur pieces quite fashionable now for summer wear.

Don't fail to come and inspect this stock of Wonderful Furs. Never before and likely never again will such prices be placed on high-grade furs. They are "give-away" prices and should move this stock in short order.

Showrooms open TUESDAY MORNING at 8:30 and will remain open the balance of next week. Come early. Inspect carefully and you'll be convinced that this is a genuine opportunity offered those contemplating the purchase of furs.

If you cannot possibly attend, furs will be sent on approbation.

A. W. Rennie & Co.
70 Dundas Street—Near Ridout

FORMER PREMISES OF JOHN MARSHALL & CO.

Head of Mounted Police Urges Action To Control Pistols Loose In Country

Sees Need of International Co-operation To Curb Menace.

ASKS CONFERENCE

Would Have Officials Interested Make Joint Representation To Ottawa.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, July 11.—"There is no doubt that something should be done to control the enormous number of pistols loose in the country," Colonel Courtland Starnes, commissioner of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, declared before the convention of the Chief Constables' Association of Canada here this morning.

Colonel Starnes thought there was not much use of legislation controlling pistols being passed in Canada unless the country knew what the United States was doing in the matter.

"I would suggest," Colonel Starnes remarked, "that the executive of the Chief Constables' Association take the matter in this way: That representatives of the various police forces in the large cities, federal, provincial and municipal along with customs officials, get together and study the problem and make recommendations. I believe the minister of justice would be glad to take notice of any such recommendations."

The need of action to control pistols was urged by Col. Starnes during the reading of his paper on "Co-operation." Col. Starnes spoke of the ideas of a police force and declared that a policeman should be scrupulously honest and have only one master. They should be actuated by a spirit of emulation rather than by rivalry. Overlapping and trespassing should be avoided but one force should help the other. Speaking of the large number of cases handled by the R. C. M. P.

Rowat's Coffee

Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.

70c Pound.

Try a Pound Today.

T. A. Rowat & Co.

250 Dundas St. Phone 3051-3052.



HE is a wearer of eye-glasses—Mr. Keen knows that it helps him in his business and in his general enjoyment of life. We will fit you perfectly after a careful examination.

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DR. JARVIS DENTIST, GENERAL PRACTICE

SPECIALTY—PAINLESS EXTRACTION, PLATE WORK

213 DUNDAS STREET, Y.M.

Banner's Barber Shop

417 TALBOT STREET, Haircut, 25c. Shave, 15c.

Five Barbers and Lady Attendant. Marcelling a Specialty. 12

Dr. J. W. Hutchison OPTOMETRIST, EXPERT EYE EXAMINATION

Office in Johnston Bros. Jewelry Store, Next to Allen Theatre. 6-11

WEGNER OFFERS 200 DOZEN MEN'S STRAW HATS

Less Than Factory Prices 25c TO \$3.95

Don't Miss the Opportunity. Wegner Clothing Co.

371 Talbot St. Opp. Market. 11

HAWKEN-LANG COAL COMPANY

PHONE 522

Left For Dead Veteran Lives To Work at 85

Special to The Advertiser.
Sarnia, July 11.—William Ruddock, veteran ticket-seller for the Port Huron-Sarnia Ferry Company, a veteran of the American civil war celebrated his 85th birthday anniversary today in the little ticket office which he has occupied for 20 years and from which he has sold tickets to about two and a half million persons.

Before Petersburg on July 30, 1864, Mr. Ruddock was left for dead on the battlefield, and, by a strange coincidence, was found the next day by a brother-in-law. For 18 years afterwards he was unable to work. He was born in Warwick Township, Lambton County, of English parentage.

Colonel Starnes said that the volume of work had considerably increased in recent years. The number of cases handled in 1920, totaled 12,000. This total had jumped to over 15,000 in 1923.

ANDREW PEPALL CASE IS REOPENED

Permission Granted For Further Investigation On Illegal Entry Charge.

Associated Press Despatch.

Washington, July 11.—The Andrew Pepall case has been reopened.

Permission has been granted by the department of labor for the reopening of the case by the Los Angeles immigration authorities, who charge Pepall, formerly a resident of Toronto, with illegal entry to the United States. It is alleged by counsel for Pepall that new evidence has been obtained, and leave to introduce this at Los Angeles has been given. After that evidence has been put in and a ruling made at Los Angeles, it is expected the papers will be sent back to Washington once more.

CANADA IS DECLARED EDUCATIONALLY MAD

Col. C. M. R. Graham Emphasizes Weakness of Academic Training.

Special to The Advertiser.

St. Thomas, July 11.—Making an earnest plea for the same vision, the same faith in a great future for Canada that led early settlers to brave dangers and hardships and lay the foundations of Canada, Col. C. M. R. Graham of London addressed a joint gathering of St. Thomas Kiwanians and the Aylmer Chamber of Commerce at the banquet tendered by W. H. Heard of this city to the bodies Friday evening, officially opening the new Rockabore Inn at Port Bruce.

"Canada stands on the verge of a new era. The development of the nation in the past twenty-five years was largely industrial, and we have absorbed and accepted it without very great effort," said Col. Graham.

"The next evolution will be that of agricultural development and organization, on the same basis as the industrial development of the past two decades. The individual farmer will pass away, as did the individual wagoner."

The speaker deplored the "over-education" of the present generation.

"We have gone educationally mad in the last half century. We have developed a corps of officers without any rank and file. The present academic training given all students up to sixteen years of age, whether or not they wish to enter university, only gives a hankering for something they cannot have. It unsettles them, and makes them unfit to enter their grove in life."

Col. Graham spoke of the urgent need of greater population in Canada. "We must not ston and enjoy the heritage left us by our forefathers. They built bigger than they knew. Fifty millions of people must be secured for Canada, or things will fall flat. At present, there is not sufficient population to take care of our overhead, and we must call a halt unless development catches up with overhead in the next ten years. Unless Canadians seize the great opportunities that lie before them to develop the country outside capital will come in to do the job. Yellow labor will be employed in the development of production in this garden of the world that God inspired our forefathers to build and develop."

The meeting was in charge of J. L. Thayer, president of the Aylmer Board of Commerce.

The speaker of the evening was introduced by E. A. Coughlin of St. Thomas.

Dr. J. H. Arnun of Aylmer spoke briefly of the need for sympathy, tolerance and co-operation in the building up of a united Canada.

The program consisted of community singing, led by Kiwanian Holcombe of St. Thomas, solos by Rev. G. Wright of California, and a duet by two London Boy Scouts who are holding camp at Davenport Heights above the village.

PICNIC IS SUCCESSFUL
Special to The Advertiser.
Wyoming, July 11.—St. James' Wainstead Sunday School and congregation held a successful picnic at Bright's Grove yesterday. A series of races and sports was carried out during the afternoon and supper was served.

Marshall Ventilated Mattresses and Washable Slip Cover For Price of the Mattresses Only

After Louis XIV died the state inventory showed that he had collected in his lifetime an unparalleled number of beds—413 in all, of every variety and description.

We cannot hope to compete, in magnificence of hand carving or construction, with the regal beds of kingly days, but no monarch has ever been able to rest in the comfort that is now afforded to every Canadian citizen through the development in the manufacture of bedding.

In Marshall Ventilated Mattresses, more than eight hundred sensitive coil springs, each inclosed in a separate cloth pocket, is the basis of this triumph of the sleep merchant's art. Over this noiselessly yielding surface is spread either the finest quality of cotton felt or curled hair. In reality the Marshall is spring and mattress combined, with the resiliency of the one merged with the buoyancy of the other.

New Marshall Cotton Top Mattresses

4 ft. and 4 ft. 6 in. widths. Price \$42.00
3 ft., 3 ft. 3 in. and 3 ft. 6 in. widths. Price \$34.00



New Marshall Hair Top Mattresses

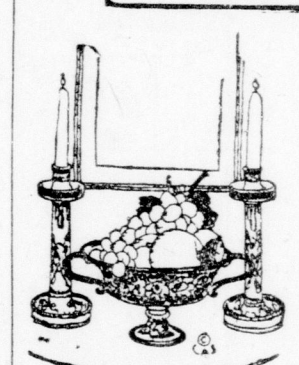
4 ft. and 4 ft. 6 in. widths. Price \$48.50
3 ft., 3 ft. 3 in. and 3 ft. 6 in. widths. Price \$41.00

Sea Island Cotton Washable Slip Cover Free With Each Marshall Mattress During July Furniture Sale.

Marshall "Special" Cotton Top Mattress

4 ft. and 4 ft. 6 in. widths. Price \$29.50
3 ft., 3 ft. 3 in. and 3 ft. 6 in. widths. Price \$26.50

To-day I saw



The clever hostess knows that there are many summer variations from the formal and distinguished simplicity which characterizes her table during the winter season.

In summertime, it must look invitingly cool and dainty with a hint of summer's brilliant colorings. For coolness, the clear glitter of perfect glassware. For color, the charming English china which I saw today.

Here in our China Shop this new hand-painted ware is effectively displayed—cake plates, raw fruit bowls and candlesticks. Their combination of gleaming black, with black and white, and brilliant conventional flowers, is delightful.

The prices are as surprising and interesting as the gay patterns. For there are octagonal cake plates for only a dollar, and salad bowls, fruit bowls and floating bowls for a dollar and seventy-five cents or two dollars.

Won't you come in to see them? Please don't miss the Paisley-patterned bowls, and the dragon candlesticks!

Judith

SPECIAL

Course Dinner in the Restaurant, 11:30 to 2. Quick service, 40c.

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Red Star News Co.

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Quality Vulcanizing Only.

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Alberta Coal. Orders placed now will be filled during August and September.

JENKINS FUEL CO.

Phone 1391. Y.M.