

Scouting, bridge-building, hiking, tracking and swimming were the chief pursuits at camp. The Beaver Patrol won the camp honors. The Moose Patrol came second.

The evenings at camp were spent around camp fires. Sing-songs provide the musical entertainment. A feature of the camp was the cook kitchen built by the industrious Beaver Patrol.

This troop holds meetings at head-

Western Ontario Boards of Trade Seek Ways To Improve Maritime Trade

BETTER BUSINESS IS AIM OF BOARDS

Propose Sending Representatives From Western Ontario To Eastern Provinces.

SPECIAL MEETING

To increase interprovincial trade, representatives of the chambers of commerce should enlist the aid of the federal government. The representatives should also go to the Maritime Provinces and meet the representatives of the Rotarians and Kiwanians and the chambers of commerce for an interchange of interprovincial thought.

Maritime delegates could in return visit Western Ontario to formulate plans for an increase in trade. Such were the plans outlined by members of the United Boards of Trade of Western Ontario at their special meeting in the rooms of the chambers of commerce at the Tecumseh Hotel yesterday afternoon.

Further suggestions were made that the government provide transportation for the delegates, since the members of some of the boards of trade and chambers of commerce were in a position to defray their own expenses. It was pointed out that a businessman going to the Maritime Provinces for the benefit of interprovincial trade should not be expected to give both time and money.

Proposals were made that members get in touch with well-informed men of the Maritimes and enlist the aid of newspapers as well as the government. A suggestion was made that the chambers of commerce work out the problem independently of the government, as well as with its aid.

The Crow's Nest Pass situation, arising out of the resumption of the Crow's Nest Pass agreement, came up for discussion. A committee was appointed to represent Brantford, Stratford, Windsor and London to acquire information to protect against the existing situation and to secure particulars from other communities affected.

The committee will report to the secretary to bring the proceedings up to date.

Coach Settlers.

A proposal to enlist the aid of retired farmers for the coaching of immigrant settlers in the methods of Canadian farm work was taken up. It was suggested that a meeting of municipalities and township councils and county organizations be held this fall to discuss the idea, and that a program be submitted to deal with the question.

Robert Greene emphasized that the immigrant needs directing when he arrives in Canada. He need not know all about farming, but he had the muscle necessary to do the work of the farm. There was a necessity for instruction in Canadian farming methods.

Motor License Question.

Gordon Philip, secretary of the chamber of commerce, stated that the distribution of motor licenses from a central point. He said that the motor club should have the revenue from the motor licenses. It was pointed out that directing tourists who visited Ontario. This was no small task. It involved considerable work and one from which the club derived no benefit.

Mr. Philip said that were the licenses issued from Toronto there would be delay and confusion for London motorists.

Robert Green thought that Toronto would be satisfactory as a point of distribution. London had facilities for handling the work but there were other points in Ontario that did not have the same facilities.

It was decided that it would be a good idea to have a standard tourist bureau along with the issuing of motor licenses.

Report Is Given.

The report of the annual meeting of the Western Ontario Boards of Trade showed that the following matters had been taken up: Aid for medical research, tax conference, Canadian coal for transient traders, business tax for transient traders, workmen's compensation act, standard information bureau for tourists, Chicago drainage canal and other resolutions.

Those present were Col. W. J. Brown, chairman; F. McCreary, secretary; Wm. W. Wood, Brantford; A. T. McNeill, Stratford; Robert Green, London; L. J. Salter, Stratford; Charles M. Iredale, Preston; R. H. Towler, Exeter; Gerald Pearson, London; Gordon Philip, London.

2ND FORTNER REUNION IS ENJOYABLE AFFAIR

Well Attended Outing Held at Home of George Fortner, St. John's.

The second annual reunion of the late James Fortner's family was held on Monday last at the residence of George Fortner, St. John's.

All of the ten children and also their families from different parts of the United States and Canada were able to be present, as well as the guest of honor, Alfred Gifford of London.

A hot dinner was served on the lawn, after which sports of various kinds were indulged in during the afternoon under the leadership of George and Frank Fortner, the former's side winning by a large majority of points.

Following supper, each member of the family was called upon for a short speech, after which a fine literary and musical program was put on.

The old officers were all re-elected by acclamation for 1925.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

HOUSE for sale, fully modern, garage and good lot, 322 Wharncliffe Rd. N. COTTAGE, No. 12 Oxford St., 6 rooms and bath, electric lighting and gas, immediate possession. Alex Harvey, 202 Talbot St.

COMPETENT GIRL wanted for housework. Apply Mrs. Barrett, 92 Elmwood Ave.

SURF COWBOY DIVES WELL BUT, OH, THAT ELUSIVE BELT

Our Hero Can No Longer Hurrah For the Two-Piece Swim Suit.

TOGS WERE NEW

Flying Fish Shows Surprising Alacrity After Hitting the Water.

When plaudits for the latest two-piece bathing togs are called for not every embryo Johnny Weissmuller in London will hold up both hands to make the racket cheerful. And at least one human fish has just reason for withholding the din.

It seems that this swimming pool cowboy took into himself portions of a hyphenated bath costume of gay design, with a broad, shapely-looking waist belt, providing a snappy contrast to the wardrobe. Therein lies the yarn.

Equipped in his dashing new surf togs, he cavorted to the Thames Park swimming pool, where as many as 1,500 swimmers take their plunge in a day's time. The story glides along happily and peacefully, until our hero is poised high up on the diving plank.

So far, very well, and now he is emulating the beautiful diving (2) bird. Ah-h-h!

The crowd gasps in awe. The tips of his fingers touch the surface and his body slips into the moisture without creating scarcely a ripple. We are ready with the three hearties, when suddenly the human fish, that commenced its immersion with the grace of a sockeye salmon, changed into the violent splashing of a mud turtle.

The waters are torn with a miniature maelstrom. Diving Dickie has either dislocated a vertebrae, caught a cramp or swallowed a half pint of Thames Park water. He struggles and struggles and struggles a bit more—like a bass on the business end of a casting line. Finally he is seen painfully making his way to the ladder at the corner of the pool and, with one hand clutched convulsively in the region of his waist, he slowly climbs out of the pool, but shows surprising alacrity when his bee line for the dressing room.

Explanations were in order but it was not until a Richmond street young man was seen making the rounds of local haberdasheries, pricing bathing suit belts, that the mystery approached solution. Now it is apparent that this particular surf surfer can't always hold up both hands in appreciation of the two-piece suit.

CITY ESCAPES LOSS IN ELECTRICAL STORM

Telephone and Hydro Service Unaffected by Last Night's Storm.

There was no serious damage caused in the city last night by the electrical storm which struck here about 8 p.m. The lightning was vivid but it was higher in the sky than usual, so no buildings were struck. The rain came down heavily for a few minutes, and the usual number of sewers were blocked, but no washouts were recorded.

The Bell Telephone Company reports they had no trouble from the storm. Service went on without interruption during the entire period.

No fires were caused by the storm, and the city fire alarm system was in no way affected by the lightning. The hydro department reports no damage at all. The storm did not play any pranks with the high tension wires, as has been the case on previous occasions.

KILLED OUT IN ROCKIES.

Chicago, Aug. 8.—William E. Mitten of Danville, Ill., a railroadman, was killed in an automobile accident in the Canadian Rockies, according to information received by the Chicago Daily News today.

A Soft Arrangement of the Hair Gives a Youthful Appearance



By MADAME LOUISE.

Would you believe it if you were told? It was actually seen at the theatre. Mrs. Murdoch's own clock, jewels, were wonderful, but her hair was most becomingly arranged. At a glance, one could see that the might-have-been pleasing madame's youthful features should be hardened by severe lines of coiffure. It should be quite the contrary. To bring out the best points of the contour of her head, her beautiful auburn hair should be softly waved and dressed in a manner to cover all defects. The use of so many small combs is in poor taste also. One pretty ornamental comb would be just right.

HIGH SCORE MADE BY BRIGDEN GIRL

Miss Bessie Brown Is Highest in Dominion in Violin Examinations.

LAKE LEVEL DOWN

Special to The Advertiser. Sarnia, Aug. 8.—Word was received at Our Lady of Mercy convent today that Miss Bessie Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown of Brigden, a pupil of the convent, had scored the highest standing in the Dominion in the elementary school violin examination held in June by the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Levels of lake water, steadily decreasing, are shown in the monthly report of the lake survey notice to mariners issued Thursday. Lakes Michigan and Huron were 579.52 feet above mean sea level in July, the report said, a slight advance over the previous month. The water stands slightly more than 16 inches lower than a ten-year average, the report says.

The big freighter Ford, of the Ford Motor Company, Detroit, one of the most up-to-date vessels now on the Great Lakes, was reported disabled in the St. Clair River several miles south of here late this afternoon. Engine trouble is the cause.

Philip Beckett, Albert Ward and Reginald Houston of this city are held by Port Huron police at the request of the Sarnia authorities for the alleged theft of a large quantity of cigars from the Bayview Park pavilion. They are said to have crossed the river in a stolen rowboat.

British Mails

Mails for Britain and Europe will close at the local postoffice for the week ending Aug. 10 as follows:

Monday, 10 p.m.—Letters and registered matter only, via S.S. Berengaria, sailing from New York Wednesday, Aug. 13.

Tuesday, 10 a.m.—Letters, parcel post and newspapers, via S.S. Empress of France, sailing from Quebec Wednesday, Aug. 13.

Thursday, 10 a.m.—Letters, parcel post and newspapers, via S.S. Montcalm, sailing from Montreal Friday, Aug. 15.

Friday, 10 a.m.—Letters, parcel post and newspapers, via S.S. Reginald, sailing from Montreal Saturday, Aug. 16.

CITY BOY A MEMBER OF NOTED ORCHESTRA

Waldo Bleuthner Leaves Soon For England With Lopez Troupe.

Waldo Bleuthner, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bleuthner, 295 Princess avenue, sails on Wednesday next for England, with the second all-Canadian orchestra, to play in the great Savoy Hotel in the Strand, London, England. This hotel is one of the largest hotels in the old land and a favorite rendezvous of the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Bleuthner, who has been giving his department trouble lately by removing tools and paint brushes from the tool boxes.

City Engineer W. P. Near has asked the help of the police in making a search of the city for the missing tools.

This very fine orchestra of nine players is the second Canadian ensemble to leave for the old land, the first orchestra, also from Toronto, is now playing at the Princess Hotel, London, also a favorite resort of the Prince of Wales. The Vincent Lopez orchestra leaves Toronto on Monday night to fulfill its engagement in the old land. Mr. Bleuthner, who is spending Sunday to join them, will take up his residence for an indefinite period in London.

PEANUT KING AGAIN FALLS FOUL OF LAW

James Lambertis Has To Hand \$2 Over to Court For Parking Shop.

James Lambertis, the peanut king, has run foul of the law for the twentieth time.

This time James was parked near the Thames Park playground and selling crockers as fast as he could when a police officer hove into view.

The city bylaw says Jimmy must not park in any one spot for any length of time to ply his trade, and Mr. Lambertis, knowing that he was caught "with the goods" by the court this morning and handed \$2 over to Clerk Moule before Magistrate Gladman mounted the bench.

Obituary

The funeral of Thomas Oke, who died suddenly at his home, 10 Bellevue avenue, last Monday, was held in Exeter Wednesday. A service was held in London on Tuesday evening. It was conducted by Canon Hill of St. James' Church.

On Wednesday morning the funeral services, conducted by Rev. Mr. Duplan, were held in Trivett Memorial Church. Interment was made in Exeter Cemetery.

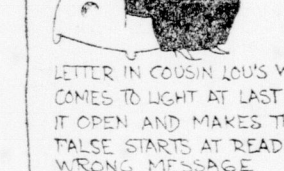
The late Mr. Oke is survived by his wife and four sisters. Mrs. C. E. Locke of Cambridge, Mass.; Mrs. W. Acheson of Exeter; Mrs. Lily Billings of London; and Mrs. E. E. Dale of Deatur, Ill.

Hello! Hello! The Message.

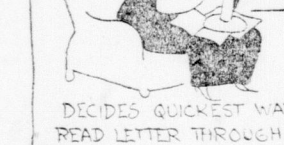
By GLUYAS WILLIAMS
McClure Newspaper Syndicate



SAVES SHE WON'T KEEP HER BUT A MINUTE MORE BUT SHE HAS A LETTER HERE FROM COUSIN LOU WITH A MESSAGE FOR HER—SHELL READ IT TO HER.



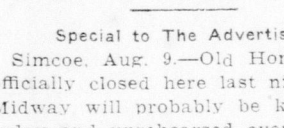
LETTER IN COUSIN LOU'S WRAPINGS COME TO LIGHT AT LAST. PLAYS IT OPEN AND MAKES THREE FALSE STARTS AT READING THE WRONG MESSAGE.



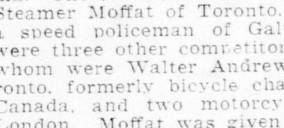
DECIDES QUICKEST WAY IS TO READ LETTER THROUGH FROM BEGINNING, MIDWAY OF FIRST PAGE REALIZES THIS ISN'T THE LETTER AT ALL—THIS IS A MONTH OLD.



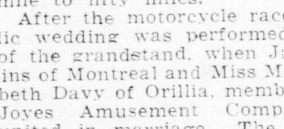
WANTS TO KNOW WHY YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO LOOK FOR A THING YOURSELF IN THIS HOUSE, AND IF THE LETTER ISN'T HERE SOMEBODY'S TAKEN IT. THAT'S ALL.



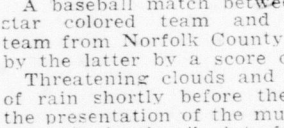
EXPLAINS AT LENGTH SHE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT CAN HAVE BECOME OF IT, BUT ANYWAY THE MESSAGE WAS JUST THAT COUSIN LOU SENT HER LOVE.



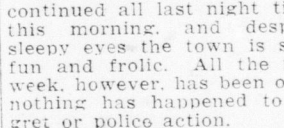
EXPLAINS DELAY INTO PHONE AND DIRECTS SEARCH OF DESK, ASSURING EVERYBODY FROM TIME TO TIME SHE'S SURE IT'S THERE SOMEWHERE.



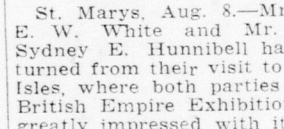
SEARCHES LAP, CHAIR AND FLOOR FOR LETTER, MUTTERS THAT'S FUNNY SHE HAD IT HERE A MINUTE AGO, AND ASKS FAMILY TO LOOK FOR IT ON DESK.



EXPLAINS DELAY INTO PHONE AND DIRECTS SEARCH OF DESK, ASSURING EVERYBODY FROM TIME TO TIME SHE'S SURE IT'S THERE SOMEWHERE.



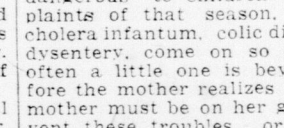
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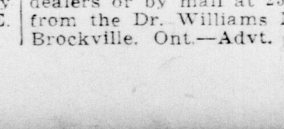
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THREE SENTENCED ON THEFT CHARGE

Two Go To the Reformatory and One To County Jail.

PLEADED GUILTY

Special to The Advertiser. Stratford, Aug. 8.—Three young men appeared before Magistrate Makins this morning for sentence on charges of breaking and entering automobile service stations and stealing accessories both here and in Bothwell. Victor Shantz and Herbert Olles were sentenced to eight months in the Ontario reformatory on each of three charges, sentence to run concurrently, and an indeterminate period of not more than two years, less one day. John Wood was sentenced to two months at hard labor in the Stratford jail on each of two charges, sentences also to run concurrently. The boys pleaded guilty to the various charges, and elected trial by the magistrate.

Among the happy meetings which were held yesterday at Queen's Park was that of the Routhier family, four generations being represented. A sumptuous repast was rendered by Mr. and Mrs. W. Goettler. Mrs. J. Routhier of Montreal is past 95, and is still hale and hearty. She used to live where the present Y. M. C. A. now stands.

Deraiment Cause. Failure of the metallic parts of the first coach, resulting, it is thought, in the dropping of the brake beam, was determined as the cause of the deraiment of the C. N. R. flyer near New Hamburg last Saturday. Officials inspecting the track found it in apparently perfect condition, and discredited the theory that a loose wheel had caused the accident.

City Clerk Dorland has finished the work of preparing part three of the voters' list. There are about 2,000 names on this roll and 5,500 on the regular city list.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at St. James' Anglican Church on Wednesday when Mrs. Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. McGuire, was united in marriage to Layton J. Chappel, son of Mr. and Mrs. Chappel of Windsor. Canon W. T. Cluff performed the ceremony. The bride, gowned in sand georgette with hat to match and carrying a bouquet of roses, was escorted by her father. She was attended by Miss Vera Chambers, given away in pale blue brocade and carrying pink roses. Mr. and Mrs. Chappel left on a wedding trip to Niagara Falls and Toronto, the bride travelling in a gay blue suit and wearing a fox fur, the gift of the bridegroom. They will make their home in London.

NEW COMPANY PLANNED BY ST. MARYS CAPITAL

St. Marys, Aug. 8.—Russell McNamara, the young inventor of the demountable auto wheel, has about completed his plans to proceed with manufacture. Application has been made to the government for the incorporation of the McNamara Motor Wheels Limited, which concern will manufacture the wheel and other automobile accessories. Mr. McNamara has been assured of financial backing by several local men, and it is expected that the new factory will be started here.

The wheel is proving out entirely satisfactory and stood up remarkably in an eight-day test on a large oil truck.



Names of 4,000.

"We actually have the names of 4,000 children who attend," Mr. Goodman pointed out. "When the boys and girls come on the playground, we get all their names and addresses. If people doubt that they may come and look over our lists any time."

Here's a list of the average daily attendance at the civic playgrounds: Thames, 600; Queens, 450; Birkett's, 100; Riverview, 250; Simcoe, 200; Pottery, 350; Tecumseh, 450; Lord Roberts, 300. And that's only a very conservative estimate as playgrounds have been affected by both extremely wet and very hot weather.

Besides these children who have been registered, there are many who come and go in the evening, older boys and girls who cannot get to the playgrounds in the afternoons or mornings, there are the hundreds who patronize the swimming camps, and there there is a great and encouraging attendance of parents. Bring your needlework and come to watch the children is the first thought of many mothers in the afternoons.

It's a great game, it's a great life. The only complaint is that children of 10 and 12 years ago didn't have the same privileges. But now the system has proven a success and it will be here for all time.

These are going to be great days in playground history. Chief supervisor Goodman is being supported by a strong staff of supervisors from every playground. They are Ken Lindsay, Ken McFarland, Miss Rose Saunders and Miss Frances Talbot of Thames; Ken Hunter and Miss Mary Drew of Queens; Jim Kennedy and Miss Leona Kirkwood of Birkett's; Miss Ernestine Partridge of Riverview; Miss Marie Loughlin of Simcoe; Nelson Sumner and Miss Jessie McFarland of Bothwell; Bill Wanless and Miss Helen Barbour of

Field Sports Aug. 30.

But that's in the swimming department of the playgrounds. The field sports will be brought to a close on Aug. 30, with a big day of team school grounds. Yesterday girls from every playground were at the folk dances and drills for the day of the playgrounds. Miss Drew and Miss Kirkwood were in charge. At the same time Capt. Wooding, former gymnast and swimming instructor in the Imperial army, was teaching a group of hand-picked boys gymnastic stunts. There will be tumbling apparatus work and human pyramids.

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GOING DATES

August 22nd—Toronto, Caledon East, Beeton, Meaford, Collingwood, Penetang, Midland, Parry Sound, Sudbury, Capreol and east thereof in Ontario.

LONDON—August 26, 9 a.m., 10:45 a.m.

Through Trains with Lunch Counter Cars—Food and Refreshments at Reasonable Prices. Cars for Women and Colonist Cars of Latest Design.

Purchase your ticket to Winnipeg via Canadian National Railways, no matter whether your final destination be a point on the Canadian National or not. Travel via the Long Lac Cut-off—Fast time to Winnipeg.

August 26th—Toronto, Inglewood Jct., and all stations south and west thereof in Ontario.

Special Trains Leave—(Standard Time)

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Spinal Adjustment

Prophylactic for Many Acute and Chronic Diseases.

Science is widely ridiculed, but not always justly so. With all its faults it has produced the greatest of all human service. It has fallen down and failed times without number, but often its reverses have been the sources renewed efforts toward better results.

Man the world over is sick, diseased and deformed to such extent that every bit of good and useful knowledge that can be acquired is necessary to our day and age. The Science of Chiropractic, embracing as it does a great deal of distinct health knowledge of proved value to the sick and afflicted, need offer no apologies for its existence in public practice, nor any further explanation of its phenomenal growth and development than are contained in the fact that its principles and manner of applying them to the human body meet the approval of human logic and reason and the tests of the strictest rules of health science.

Chiropractic has made it possible for a multitude of despairing sick people to recover health in many instances of physical and mental disorders that other health methods are unable to reach and relieve. This science embraces an entirely new conception of the cause of disease and the way to remove it from the body. It has discovered that the natural forces of the body will effect full and permanent recoveries in the majority of ailments when the human spine is adjusted to insure full freedom to the nerves for their work of transmitting force from the brain to all body parts.

Naturally bodily resistance to disease is universally acknowledged the best preventive. This condition is in the science of Chiropractic believed to be the result of the action of vital force generated in the brain and expressed in the tissues as function or the character of the work they do. For example, the heart functions regularly. Trifling disorders are the evidence of disturbed function. They often are the forerunners of severe acute diseases and chronic or lingering ailments result from them. A minor ailment is the indication of a slight impingement of nerves at the spine. The displaced vertebra may be in this condition a long time before a severe illness will result from it. This is due to the fact that natural bodily resistance is leaving the part gradually and sickness will set in as soon as resistance is insufficient to ward it off.

This is true in such acute cases as pneumonia, diphtheria, and a large group of so-called contagious and infectious diseases. Colds are the indication that healthy function is lacking, and it is highly important that the spine be adjusted in this minor complaint to insure a state of bodily resistance that will carry the individual through seasonal and other conditions associated with the epidemic of acute diseases. Colds are unnatural and, like pain, they are nature's warning of more serious consequences to follow if their cause is not removed from the body.

Men disinterested in Chiropractic have publicly stated fundamental chiropractic truths in what they have said about the human spine.

The Chiropractors identified with this educational campaign bear the stamp of reliability, educational qualifications and endorsement of the Chiropractic profession.

As a protective measure for the public, a booklet has been prepared and printed, giving only the names of the reliable and endorsed members of the Chiropractic profession.

We have informative Chiropractic literature that will be mailed to you on application, without cost or obligation.

Before employing the services of a Chiropractor, inquiry should be made for your convenience to The Chiropractic Educational Bureau, Address Box No. 1, London Advertiser, London, Ont.

Associated Chiropractors, London, St. Thomas, Stratford, Watford, Stratford, Galt, Simcoe, Hagersville, Jarvis, Waverford, Petrolia—Adv.

MONDAY'S RADIO

MONDAY, AUGUST 11.

Monday's Best Features.
WCAP, WASHINGTON—United States Marine Band.
KDKA, PITTSBURGH—Leonard-Moran fight.
WJW, CINCINNATI—Municipal Opera.
WGBI, ZION—Concert program.
KGO, OAKLAND—Educational courses.

(Eastern Standard Time.)
WJZ, NEW YORK—455.
6:20 p.m.—Wall Street Journal review.
6:30 p.m.—Gotham Concert Orchestra.
6 p.m.—Ereby organ recital.
7:45 p.m.—Sport talk.
8 p.m.—Sava Tcherny, violinist.
8:15 p.m.—Around the world flight.
8:30 p.m.—Sava Tcherny, violinist.
9 p.m.—Alphonse Boller, pianist.
9:20 p.m.—Ernie Golden's Orchestra.

WJW, NEW YORK—405.
WJY silent Monday nights.
WEAF, NEW YORK—492.
5 p.m.—Dinner music from the Waldorf.
5:30 p.m.—John C. Smith Dance Orchestra—James Haupt, tenor.
7:30 p.m.—United States Marine Band, direct from Washington.

WHN, NEW YORK—360.
5:30 p.m.—Oleott Vail's Trio.
6 p.m.—Paul Specht's Orchestra.
7:45 p.m.—Musical program.
8 p.m.—Jack Shack's Orchestra.
11 p.m.—Midnight Ragtime Show.
WNYC, NEW YORK—525.
6:30 p.m.—Police alarms, etc.
7:30-11 p.m.—Concert program.
WOR, NEWARK—405.

5:15 p.m.—Rebecca's Sport talk.
6:15 p.m.—Bill Steink's sport talk.
7 p.m.—August H. Brach, basso.
7:15 p.m.—Newark Philharmonic Band.
8 p.m.—August H. Brach, basso.
9 p.m.—Hartford Monday Nighters.
9 p.m.—Carolans Orchestra.
WOO, PHILADELPHIA—509.
6:30 p.m.—A. Landolt's Orchestra.
7:30 p.m.—Helen Thomas, soprano.
Raymond L. Yeakel, pianist; E. B. Schardt, tenor; Gertrude Shiley, pianist.
8:10 p.m.—Fox Theatre Orchestra.
9 p.m.—Hartford Monday Nighters.
9:30 p.m.—Candelotti's Dance Orchestra.

WIP, PHILADELPHIA—509.
5:30 p.m.—Frisco Serenaders.
6 p.m.—Urde Wink bedtime story.
Silent night for WIP.
WFI, PHILADELPHIA—395.
5 p.m.—New York Daily Orchestra.
Silent night for WFI.

KDKA, PITTSBURGH—326.
5:30 p.m.—KDKA Little Symphony Orchestra.
5:30 p.m.—The Children's Period.
6:30 p.m.—Stockman market reports.
7:40 p.m.—KDKA Little Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Virginia Boyd, soprano, and Bert Berberick, tenor.
8 p.m.—Benny Leonard, pianist.
8:15 p.m.—Champion light broadcast from Cleveland Ohio.

WCAE, PITTSBURGH—462.
5:30 p.m.—William Penn dinner music.
6:30 p.m.—Uncle Kaybee.
7:30 p.m.—Radio lecture lesson.
8:30 and 10 p.m.—Musical programs.
WCAP, WASHINGTON—469.
7:25 p.m.—U. S. Marine Band concert.
9 p.m.—Talk, Frederic J. Haskin.
9:20-10 p.m.—To be announced.

WRC, WASHINGTON—469.
(WRC silent tonight.)
WGV, SCHENECTADY—380.
7:15 p.m.—Prof. Bristow Adams, talk.
7:40 p.m.—Baseball results.
7:45 p.m.—Port Orange Society Dance Orchestra; Edward Dillon, tenor; Leo Pearlman, piano.

WHAZ, TROY—350.
9 p.m.—Concert program.
WGR, PROVIDENCE—360.
8 p.m.—Lopez-Stallor Orchestra.
8 p.m.—Concert program.
WJAR, PROVIDENCE—360.
7:05 p.m.—Musical program.

WBZ, SPRINGFIELD—337.
5 p.m.—Dinner music, WBZ Trio.
6 p.m.—Baseball news, markets.
6:30 p.m.—WBZ Trio, assisted by Katherine Travlin, pianist.
7:30 p.m.—Semi-official meeting, G. A. R. convention, direct from Springfield, Mass.

WNAC, BOSTON—278.
5:30 p.m.—Children's half hour.
5:30 p.m.—WNAC Dinner Dance.
7 p.m.—Musical program.
WJAX, silent Monday nights.
WTAM, CLEVELAND—390.
2:15-2:30 p.m.—Stallor dinner music.
(Silent night for WTAM.)

WLV, CINCINNATI—423.
8 p.m.—Municipal orchestra with instrumental dance music by Alvin Boehrs Music Makers.

WOMAN SICK TWO YEARS

Caused by Troubles Women Often Have—Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Medina, New York.—"I had a great deal of trouble such as women often have, and this affected my nerves. For over two years I suffered this way, then I read in the Buffalo Times about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and have taken it with very good results. I am very much better and feel justified in praising the Vegetable Compound to my friends and neighbors who suffer from anything of the kind." Mrs. Wm. H. Adams, 311 Erin Road, Medina, N. Y.

Feels Like Girl Sixteen
Rochester, N. Y.—"After my twin girls were born I was all run-down. My neighbors thought I was going to die. I saw your advertisement in the paper and bought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The first bottle helped me and I kept on taking it. I only weighed ninety pounds when I began taking it, and I have gained in weight and feel like a girl of sixteen. I never can say enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." Mrs. Nellie Dorey, 16 Skuse Park, Rochester, N. Y.

(SORE THROAT)
IS A COMMON AILMENT WHICH UNLESS CHECKED IN ITS EARLY STAGES LEADS TO A SERIOUS CONDITION. SIMILARLY, IT OVERCOMES THE DEVELOPMENT AND REQUIRE SUSTAINED TREATMENT BEFORE IT IS OVERCOME. IF TREATED AT ONCE MUCH OF THE SUFFERING MAY BE AVOIDED. AN OLD AND NEW REMEDY IS FOUND IN

DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL

Associated Chiropractors, London, St. Thomas, Stratford, Watford, Stratford, Galt, Simcoe, Hagersville, Jarvis, Waverford, Petrolia—Adv.

WAGON AND SLEIGH FACTORY SHUTS DOWN AT PETROLIA

Special to The Advertiser.
Petrolia, Aug. 8.—The closing of the local wagon factory, which has been operated by the Adam Wagon Company of Woodstock, occurred this week, due to the falling off of wagon and sleigh business. It is understood that the company will cease operations and leave Petrolia. The firm has been busy shipping sleighs to the Western provinces and Woodstock for the past two weeks.

About ten local men were employed at the factory.

SUFFERS STROKE.
Special to The Advertiser.
Forest, Aug. 8.—William Peck suffered a stroke of paralysis while at work on the binder, cutting wheat on his farm in Warwick Township. He has been brought to his home in Forest, where he remains in a serious condition.

HOLLANDERS ANXIOUS TO COME TO CANADA

Woman Representative Will Make Tour To Arrange For Emigration.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Port Arthur, Aug. 8.—That there are large numbers of Hollanders anxious to come to this country to make their homes in this land was a statement made today by Mrs. Veenstra, manageress of the Trans-Atlantic Transportation Bureau, The Hague, who is in Port Arthur with a view to taking a tour over the agricultural district in connection with immigration work.

Mrs. Veenstra sends settlers to both Australia and Canada, but Canada has the preference on account of being nearer home for people who always think they would like to be able to make a visit to the old land.

CROWDS CONTINUE IN HOLIDAY MOOD

Reunion Is Officially Closed, But "Old Boys" Still Keep Going.

CIRCUS AIDS FUN

Special to The Advertiser.
St. Thomas, Aug. 8.—St. Thomas is still in holiday mood. Large numbers of old boys are still in evidence, not content with the short four-day term of celebrations, and are extending their stay in the old town with friends and relatives. The city remains really decorated, and the store windows are filled with souvenir pictures of the town and groups of citizens as they existed long ago. For the fact that the Toonerville Trolley has ceased running it seems difficult to believe that the reunion is over.

The lack of attractions, showing at the armory grounds, has drawn huge crowds since the conclusion of the reunion. The city is crowded with the unending appeal of a circus parade was demonstrated beyond a doubt. Both sides of Talbot street were lined with people, the length of the thoroughfare with expectant crowds, as delighted as ever with the red-coated girls on spirited horses, the music lines, the tigers, the elephants, the parrots and the monkeys, to say nothing of the steam calliopes and the inevitable clown and costumed bands.

The Peerless Orchestra, with the Misses Ferguson, readers and entertainers, motored to Belmont Friday evening, where they provided the program at the garden party.

Local Black Knights of the King Hiram preceptory will join in the big celebrations of Derby Day at Dundasville on Tuesday, August 12. The Knights will make the trip by motor, leaving the city at 7:15 a.m.

RESERVE INDIAN FINED FOR ILLEGAL FISHING

Lambton County Magistrate Is Lenient—But Gives Warning.

Special to The Advertiser.
Forest, Aug. 8.—James Hendry, Indian, of Kettle Point reserve, appeared before Magistrate Woodrow of Sarnia in connection with an infringement of the Ontario game and fisheries laws, and was fined \$5 and costs at the close of an interesting case regarding the Indian rights of fishing.

The charge was laid by Colonel R. Emmerton of London, district warden, who witnessed the Indian fishing in a box, which was claimed by the defendant as his property and as food for his family.

W. S. Hanco of Sarnia, defendant's counsel, claimed that Indians were not in a position to know the game laws as were white people, and that the Indians considered that, by a treaty they were allowed to take what game they liked for their own use.

Colonel Emmerton stated that the Indian had been exhibiting to the Indians by personal visit and printed copies at Kettle Point.

Magistrate Woodrow, in giving his decision, said that he fully appreciated the fact that the Indians were deluded by the idea that they could take what game they liked. He pointed out that a supreme court judge had ruled that the Indian was under the same law as the white man. Besides imposing the minimum fine, he also remitted his fee for hearing the case. The department officials also remitted their fees, which brought the costs down to \$1.25. The magistrate stated that the next offender would not be leniently dealt with.

LAFOLLETTE WILL FIGHT DOWN PRIVATE MONOPOLY

Associated Press Despatch.
Washington, Aug. 8.—Senator LaFollette, an independent presidential candidate, intends to devote his energy during the campaign mainly to fighting private monopoly, which he considers the "dominant, all-embracing issue."

He emphasized this contention today in a letter to Robert Scripps, newspaper publisher, in which he vigorously denounced the Ku Klux Klan by name and expressed regret that this and other "un-American" issues had been injected into the campaign.

STOMACH TROUBLE DUE TO THIN BLOOD

It Usually Disappears When the Blood Is Made Rich and Red.

Thin blood is one of the most common causes of stomach trouble. It affects the digestion very quickly. The glands that furnish the digestive juices are diminished in their activity, the stomach muscles are weakened and there is a loss of nerve force. In this state of health nothing will more quickly restore the appetite, digestion and normal nutrition than good, rich, red blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly on the blood, making it rich and red, and this enriched blood strengthens weak nerves, stimulates tired muscles and awakens normal activity the glands that supply the digestive fluids. This is shown by an improved appetite, and soon the effect of these blood enriching pills is evident throughout the whole system. You find that what you eat does not distress you, and that you are vigorous instead of irritable and listless. If your appetite is feeble, if you have any of the distressing pains and symptoms of indigestion, you should at once take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for any profit by the better condition in which they will put your blood.

These pills are sold by all dealers in medicine, or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Adv.

"THE LONE WOLF" FALLS IN LOVE WITH GIRL MEMBER OF "THE PACK"

Famous High Crime Master Never Trusted Woman Member of "The Pack" With Confederate Until—

It was the set rule of Michael Lanyard, the famous past master of crime, to never trust a woman nor work with a confederate, which won for him the sobriquet of "The Lone Wolf." Lanyard would have gone on until his dying day under that iron-clad rule had he not met Lucy Shannon, an attractive member of "The

Pack," a society of the best-organized underworld crooks in the melting-pot of crime.

Lucy Shannon did her best to warn Lanyard when she heard that "The Pack" was out to get him because of his refusal to join it in an international plot to rob the United States government of some priceless paintings.

Among the big stars who appear in the film, in addition to Miss Dalton and Mr. Holt, are William Lackaye, Robert T. Haines, Charlotte Walker, Tyrone Power, Lucy Fox, Edouard Durant, Gustav Van Seyt, Alphonse Boller, Paul Meisinger and William Tooker.

Miss Dalton is seen as the attractive Lucy Shannon, while Jack Holt enacts the stellar role. S. E. V. Taylor, the famous director, personally directed and supervised the making of this big picture.

Surprising climax to big, thrilling scene in "The Lone Wolf." Dorothy Dalton as Lucy Shannon, a trusted member of "The Pack," attempts unsuccessful ruse when "The Lone Wolf" makes an attack. Jack Holt is seen as "The Lone Wolf." At Loew's Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

MacLean talks on picture waste. Popular Star Tells How Every Foot of "Going Up" Was Used to Profit.

In Douglas MacLean's newest screen success, "Going Up," considerable footage is devoted to scenes of aeroplane activity, and to many it appears that there is a noticeable waste, yet the fact remains that every foot "shot" in the filming of the MacLean comedy was used to advantage.

A dozen aeroplanes flew a total of more than 57 hours in order that audiences might laugh for ten minutes. In film length they run 700 feet, but the truth is that more than 20,000 feet were camcared in order to get the 700 feet required. Here, you say, was an absolute waste. Not by a jugful, according to the statement of the star, Mr. MacLean.

"The fact that we were required to photograph 20,000 feet of film to get the 700 used in 'Going Up' was not inefficiency, it was necessity," says MacLean. "We had not taken the 20,000 feet, but we had the wonderful 700 which we think is the best ever made. We did not use an inch of film that was not necessary. The work was done by men who know their business and who are not wasteful. We are positive that no one could have obtained more footage with the same expenditure of time and money."

There are single scenes in "Going Up" that took a week to film; that were photographed time and again until the exact result desired was obtained. This was not due to the lack of experts on the work, but to the difficulty encountered in getting the real effect of the planes that were removed from stationary points on the ground. It is also true that what is real in actuality does not always appear real on the screen.

MARJORIE DAW IS PRINCIPAL WOMAN

Popular Feminine Player Gives Douglas MacLean Superb Support.

Playing the role of the girl in "Going Up," Douglas MacLean's starring vehicle, Marjorie Daw gives the popular screen satellite superb support as his leading woman. Miss Daw is seen as Grace Douglas, for whose hand Robert Stree, the young author, and Jules Gaillard, the French ace, engage in a thrilling air match. Mr. MacLean is seen as the author.

Miss Daw is very well known to the screen world, and has appeared in some of the biggest screen successes of recent years. Miss Daw does some of the best work of her career and makes Grace Douglas a girlish, likable character.

Other members of the MacLean cast are Hallam Cooley, Hughie Mack, Edna Murphy, Wade Boteler, John Stepping, Lillian Langdon and Arthur Hull. The last named handled the same role in the film that he did in the original legitimate production of "Going Up." Raymond Griffith wrote the scenario, which was adapted from the stage success that was originally taken from "The Aviator."

At Loew's

TODAY—"The Fool's Awakening," a story full of thrills, a tale of Triona, with Harrison Ford and Enid Blyton.

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY—"The Lone Wolf," with a phenomenal cast, Jack Holt, Dorothy Dalton and a cast of the most favorite screen stars.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, August 14, 15 and 16—Douglas MacLean in "Going Up," from the great Broadway stage success based on "The Aviator," by James H. Montgomery.

"CHOLERA INFANTUM" THE FATAL DISEASE OF CHILDREN MOTHERS SHOULD USE

Comfort Tired Aching Feet With Cuticura

When your feet are tired, hot and burning bathe them with warm water and Cuticura Soap and follow by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment. Cuticura Talcum dusted on the feet is cooling and soothing.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Depot, 200 Ontario St., Box 918, Montreal. Price, Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and Talcum 25c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

This valuable preparation has been on the market for the past 80 years, and has no equal for offsetting the vomiting, purging and diarrhoea of cholera infantum.

Put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WESTERN FAIR

LONDON, ONTARIO

September 6 to 13, 1924

Leading Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition.

General Admission

25c

During the Entire Exhibition.

CHILDREN . . . 15 Cents

Children admitted Free on Children's Day, Monday, September 8th.

Get in line with the crowd and boost the Western Fair, the Show Window of Western Ontario and London's Greatest Advertising Medium.

Prize lists and information furnished on application.

J. H. SAUNDERS, President. W. D. JACKSON, Secretary.

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Right now is the time to put in your foundations, lay that sidewalk, cellar floor or do any other odd jobs which you have put off from time to time on account of high costs.

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Take advantage of our low prices and buy now. Ask us for catalogue and quotations.

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Complete Stocks Phone 463 Prompt Deliveries

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THREE-DAY PROGRAM
Horse Races, Sports, Parades
AUGUST 11-12-13.

Ingersoll Prepared To Welcome "Old Boys"

Streets Are Beautiful With
Pennants, Flags and Lights
AUGUST 11-12-13.

Ingersoll Old Boys' and Girls' Reunion

MONDAY-TUESDAY-WEDNESDAY

HORSE RACES EACH AFTERNOON
\$2,300 in Purses.

MONDAY, AUGUST 11—
2:25 Pace—Purse \$400. 2:50 Pace—Purse \$300.
WINDSOR AND HAMILTON DAY.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 12—
2:20 Trot—Purse \$400. 2:12 Pace—Purse \$400.
DETROIT DAY.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13—
2:18 Pace—Purse \$400. 2:30 Pace—Purse \$400.
TORONTO DAY.

(Special Surprise Program by each of the Above Associations)

GREAT FUN EVERY DAY.

Street Parades, Tug-of-War, Aquatic Sports, Street Carnivals, Softball, Several Bands, Sport for Boys and Girls, Big Midway, also Attractive Grandstand Performance Every Afternoon and Evening.

COMMUNITY DANCING EVERY EVENING.

Wednesday Wind Up

GRAND SPECTACULAR FIREWORKS DISPLAY
One of the Finest Ever Shown in Western Ontario

OFFICERS:

Hon. Pres. J. V. BUCHANAN, Treasurer M. J. COMISKEY,
President S. A. GIBSON, Secretary A. S. FERGUSON,
Vice-President R. C. TAYLOR, Ass. Secy. P. W. PEQUEGNAT.

SUCCESS AT INGERSOLL DURING REUNION WEEK ASSURED BY "BIG EIGHT"

Heads of Various Organizations Join Hands To Boost Beautiful Town.

STAGE EXHIBITION

Directing Old Boys' Celebration Only One of Many Things Undertaken.

London, England, at the present moment has its "big fourteen" settling the affairs of Europe, and Ingersoll has its "Big Eight" getting the old home town in shape for the boys and girls of other days who are marshalling their forces for an invasion which is to start Monday, August 11. By the following Wednesday the "Big Eight" expect that the old heartbeats will have been thoroughly warmed and the old ties made firm once more, and the celebration comes to an end on that night.



MAYOR WILLIAM ENGLISH, chief magistrate of Ingersoll, who, with the members of the town council is planning for a big reunion in Ingersoll.

Secretary, P. W. Pequegnat.

The societies represented are: Independent Order of Foresters, Canadian Order of Foresters, Canadian Order of Oddfellows, Ancient Order of Foresters, Catholic Order of Foresters, Knights of Columbus, United Order of Workmen, Sons of England, Benevolent Society, Great War Veterans, Independent Order of Oddfellows, the Kiwanis Club.

Born During War.

To illustrate, it runs like this: You go into his office at the furniture factory. Inquire if the mayor is here. Yes, he is here. Where? Well, not far away. Are you the mayor? Yes. And then a start is made, when in comes Bob and Bob says, "Say, Bill (that's what he called the mayor), how about some more bunting?" And then the first magistrate of the town hustles off to some place or other and sees that a fresh quantity of bunting is secured.

"Say, you'll have to excuse the interruption," remarks the mayor as he starts in where he left off telling about how Ingersoll turned an old swamp into the beautiful five-acre pond, and "it's only a few steps off the main street, you should certainly see it before you leave town, and you will."

"Say, Bill," breaks in another deputation that has just arrived, "how about those planks and some more flags?" and again the mayor is on a trot to supply the latest demand for lumber and the insignia of the empire's power.

Beautiful Ingersoll.

Well, that seems to be the way that Ingersoll felt when The Advertiser looked around the town yesterday.

Ingersoll, pretty and well-kept at any time, is going to be prettier than ever, busy every day in the year, it is going to step at a new measure right in the dog days of August.

Who's president of all this? Post-



S. A. GIBSON, president of the "big eight" of Ingersoll, the organization behind the Old Boys' and Girls' Reunion, August 11 to 13.

master S. A. Gibson. So we will hear what the president has to say. Is the postmaster in? Well, he was just a minute ago, but there are so many people here to see him about the reunion that he's pretty busy.

But this "Big Eight" what is it? Well, in short, it's the community spirit of Ingersoll expressed in an organization of fraternal and benevolent societies that decided they could do better work for their town if all the members got together. The idea struck root in the days of the war.

"We had a great many men from Ingersoll over at the front," explained President Gibson of the big eight, and we wanted to do what we could for them. Lodges and societies were acting separately and it made the work complicated, so we decided that the best way was to get together. We couldn't see any good reason why a man who belonged to the Knights of Columbus shouldn't get to know the men who belonged to the Oddfellows, and we soon found out that it was a good stroke of business to bring the men of the town together. We were able to do things in a bigger and quicker way; we could always find plenty of men to do things on committees, and we had not been going long before we discovered that we were on the right path and going in the right direction. There are more than eight organizations in it now, but we intend to keep the name; it seems to hit the idea pretty well."

Officers in Charge.

The officers of the Big Eight, which is handling the reunion are: Hon. President, J. V. Buchanan, president, S. A. Gibson, vice-president, R. C. Taylor, treasurer, M. J. Comiskey, secretary, A. S. Ferguson, assistant.

Child Is Unhurt Beneath Train

Small Girl Run Over by a Locomotive in Quebec.

Canadian Press Despatch. Aylmer, Quebec, Aug. 8.—The unusual incident of a person being run over by a locomotive and escaping with minor injuries occurred when little Ethel Boucher, the 2½-year-old daughter of E. Boucher, of Hull, Que., ran out in front of an advancing train at a level crossing, only to be struck and disappear underneath the engine. She came out of the accident with but a few cuts and minor bruises.

CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY REPORTS FAIR PROFIT

Woodstock Organization Hears Semi-Annual Report of Secretary.

Special to The Advertiser. Woodstock, Aug. 8.—The Woodstock Co-operative Society held their half-year meeting in the A. O. F. Hall on Thursday evening. Secretary John Scott read the financial report, showing a net profit of three per cent after deducting six per cent interest on share and loan capital. Messrs. L. J. and H. Hughes were elected to the board of directors.

Assault Alleged. A crying baby and a wife with the toothache caused George Tutton to appear in the city police court this morning on a charge of assault. His nineteen-year-old wife stated that George had slashed her dresses with a knife. Tutton, who had previously appeared on a similar charge, was remanded to jail for a week.

Flower Show. The directors of the Woodstock Horticultural Society are planning to hold their annual show on August 26 and 27. In addition to the splendid prizes, medals are to be awarded those securing the highest points in several classes of flowers.

"Old-Timers" Guests. A large number of "old-timers" were entertained last night at the Royal Hotel by Harry Boyle and Billy Farrell.

Harry is 63 and proprietor of the new Carlton Hotel in Montreal. He and Mr. Farrell were well known members of the W. A. A. in the early eighties, and have a wide reputation as clog dancers and songsters.

Ladies' Aid Outing. An attractive program featured the annual outing of the Oxford Street Baptist Ladies' Aid on Thursday at Southside Park. The ladies' softball teams were captained by Garnet Behnsee and Wilfred Turner. Wilfred's team won.

Davis Clan Meets. Fifty members of the Davis Clan met at Southside Park on Thursday for their annual outing. The committee of sports. An enjoyable supper was served.

Embryo Picnic. An exciting game of softball and a great variety of games were two important features of the Union Sunday School picnic of the Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian of Embro, held today in Southside Park. Shortly after 12 o'clock about two hundred and fifty scholars and their parents sat down to dinner.

TWENTYSEVEN CONVICTED IN MONTH AT GODERICH

Special to The Advertiser. Goderich, Aug. 8.—Statistics for the month of July, issued today by Magistrate Charles D. Reid of the Huron County police court, show that 30 cases were dealt with during the month, 27 convictions being registered and 3 cases dismissed. A total of \$1,350 in fines, \$84.50 in magistrates' fees and \$215.90 in constables' fees was collected; \$1,240 of this was penalty for violation of the O. T. A. Fourteen charges were under the O. T. A. Only one jail sentence was meted out, that being a six-month term for making liquor without a license.

WOODHOUSE TOWNSHIP MAN FOUND GUILTY OF ARSON

Special to The Advertiser. Simcoe, Aug. 8.—As the result of the burning of a house on the farm of Julien Niemcewicz some time ago, John Davidson of Woodhouse Township has been found guilty of arson and remanded for sentence by Magistrate Gunton.

IRISH PREPARING FOR ANNUAL PICNIC

I. B. S. Members Meet Monday Evening To Put On Final Touches.

UNIQUE MONEY IDEA

There is to be a general meeting of the members of the Irish Benevolent Society in the Tecumseh House on Monday evening, next, when the final touches will be put on the preparations for the 45th annual outing, which is to be held at Port Stanley on Wednesday, August 13. Nothing has been spared to make the picnic the greatest in the history of the organization. Irishmen know how to entertain, and they have sent invitations to many prominent personages in the city and through the United States and Canada to be present at the banquet which is to be held in the L. & P. S. Cafeteria, Port Stanley, the night of the picnic.

President John A. Greer and Secretary Philip Pocock have the assurances of the various chairmen that everything possible has been done to make the outing something long to be remembered.

There was a great crowd at the lake on Civic Holiday, and the Irishmen are ambitious to beat the record for attendance on that day. Automobiles are asked to assist and pay a small fee for parking in front of the bath house on the day of the Irish picnic. Cars can be parked there for 25c each, and the money thus received will go to the good of the society. Any surplus earned from the picnic will be distributed amongst worthy charities next Christmas.

Harry Rananah's sports program is the best in many years. Chief Aitken reports that the baby show prizes are magnificent. Chairman Macpherson claims a most unique and satisfying dance program, and Chairman Ed. Ryan of the music committee has brass bands engaged for the day with orders to play Irish music and plenty of it.

Arrangements have been made with General Manager Richards for an exceptionally good train service, so that all may go to the port on Wednesday next and return at night in the swiftest manner possible.

WEDDINGS

BLACKMORE-TOAL.

All Saints' Church, Stratford, was the scene of a pretty wedding Tuesday, August 6, when Mary Beatrice daughter of Mrs. Mary R. Toal of Carleton Place, was married to Warren Basil Blackmore, son of Mrs. Annie Blackmore of London.

The bride, who was given away by her brother, looked charming in a gown of white tulle and veil, and carried a shower bouquet of American Beauty roses and ferns. The bride's sister, Miss Catharine Toal, acted as maid of honor and carried a bouquet of sweet peas. Mr. Ronald Holland, nephew of the groom, acted as best man. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father P. J. Quinlan.

After the ceremony a dainty breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parent. A large number of relatives and friends were present from London, Forest and Kerwood. The happy couple left for Montreal and Quebec and other eastern points and upon their return they will reside in London.

Obituary

MRS. AMBROSE H. CROSSETT.

Special to The Advertiser. Aylmer, Aug. 8.—Mrs. Ambrose H. Crossett, aged 54, died at her home on the 10th concession of Yarmouth near Kingsmill, on Wednesday. She had been ill for the past six months. She is survived by her husband, two sons, Roy of Detroit, and Thomas of Kingsmill; four daughters, Mrs. J. A. Thomas, Toronto; Miss Lulu D. at home; Mrs. L. J. Dunn, Los Angeles, Calif.; and Mrs. Elvin M. St. Thomas. The funeral will be held from her late residence on Saturday, at 2 p.m., to Aylmer Cemetery.

Skinner, Geo. Sutherland, and Secretary of Kiwanis Club. Meals committee—R. M. Borrowman, H. Moon, M. J. Comiskey, J. W. Rowland. Billings committee—F. Manzer, R. Richardson, W. Gemmill, Jas. Brebner.

Ingersoll Packing Co. Limited

Beaver Brand
Hams
Bacon
Lard

THE HOME OF

Ingersoll Cream Cheese

Visit our plant and see our exhibit at Manufacturer's Show in Curling Rink Building during "Old Boys Reunion."

MOTORISTS!

INGERSOLL IS BEST

What do we mean? Why we're proud of Our Town.

BE SURE and PLAN A TRIP HERE. JUST NOW GAS IS 20c GALLON.

Butler's Garage

DODGE and STUDEBAKER SERVICE.

CHARLES ST. INGERSOLL

We Welcome You.

ST. CHARLES CAFE

In every town there is always one best place to eat. In Ingersoll it is the St. Charles Cafe where meals are most reasonable.

Mid-Day Dinner, 60 cents

We welcome you to Ingersoll at any time. Especially Motor Parties.

ST. CHARLES CAFE, Thames St.

WHEN YOU SERVE

Bigham's
Ice
Cream



You may be sure you are serving an ice cream made from the purest and best quality ingredients.

Our Ice Cream is pasteurized and viscolized.

Special Combination Fruit
Creams Made to Order

During "Old Boys and Girls Reunion" we are on the grounds to serve all booths at the Fair Grounds.

Insist on BIGHAM'S ICE CREAM

Made in Ingersoll, Ontario

Wholesale manufacturers of Quality Ice Cream and the famous "Jenny Lind" Chocolates.

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They Must Always Give Full Value

A perfect Blend
of
Virginia, Burley &
Turkish Tobaccos

OLD KENTUCKY
Blended Cigarettes

20 for 25¢

IMPERIAL TOBACCO COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED.

League Third Rung Is Stake In Third Bay City-London Game Here Today

Tecumsehs Lose Second 6 To 1 To Bay City Wolves

Rain Halts Game in Eighth, With Three Indians On Bases.

"MITE" HITS HOMER

THE WOLVES took the second straight game of the series from the Tecumsehs yesterday by an official score of 6 to 1. Rain, which halted the game in the eighth, with three Indians on the bases, washed the home team's hopes of a comeback. The Wolves had achieved in their half the score reverting to the seventh inning.

A decision at first was the break that gave the Wolves their chance to put waterproofer over the game, as the bases were filled with Hauger's infield hit and a walk to Tomer. Harris, driving out a three-bagger, three runs in and Connie Fields to the showers. A bounding hit by Tomer, on which Empire Griffin ruled Hughes beat Fields to the bag, although the Wolf outfielder stepped on the Wolf's foot as fairly good evidence that he wasn't there last anyway, brought about the third of the season far over Hughes' head in center, tying up the score.

Connolly's single, an unnecessary stolen base and Tomer's triple gave the Wolves a run in the third. Stimpson tripled off Frenchy Laine's first good one, but the little fellow, who has woven a spell over the Londoners on the home lot all season, stifled Tomer and Beatty on infield outs, and Nason was called out on strikes.

With one gone in the second, "Mighty Mite" Baker propelled, shoved, drove and batted his second homer of the week and third of the season far over Hughes' head in center, tying up the score.

Harris' punt, Prysock's single and Hegedorn's attempted sacrifice, which went as a hit, brought in the Wolves' first official run. Hauger and Tomer squeezed in official runs in the sixth, but a blast of hits, denoted off by singles fired by Hughes, Connolly, Tomer, Harris, Prysock and Hughes, which Hegedorn drove through the rain and gathering gloom to right field, got all waterproofer.

Nason and Sandquist singled to open the eighth, and Baker drew a walk to fill the bases just as the rain fell. Monsieur Lahale might have got a real wetting but for Coogan's seemingly indifferent pitching in the eighth, which increased the ante four runs.

Lady Luck was with him in the third, when Tice and Nason both singled, and Sandquist's smashing liner went into Connolly's hands and gave instead of being a few inches higher.

He got out of a nice hole in the fourth when, after being hit by Hughes and Coogan drew a walk with two gone. Prysock went down on his knees after Stimpson's terrific smash for a nice toss-out at second.

Tice singled to start the fifth, but Beatty hit into Jason both singled, and done. In the seventh Frenchy pulled himself out of holes he put himself into, which seemed fair enough. After a double-play had pulled one foot out, Frenchy slipped back into an excavation by hitting Stimpson and walking. Tice hit climbed out when he forced Beatty to pop to Connolly.

BOUND TO HAPPEN

The box score: Bay City..... A B R H P O A E Hughes, c.f. 1 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 Hauger, r.f. 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Connolly, 3b. 1 1 1 4 2 0 0 0 Tomer, 1b. 4 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 Harris, 1f. 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Prysock, 2b. 3 0 0 1 2 0 0 0 Hegedorn, 2b. 3 0 0 1 2 0 0 0 Ashley, c. 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Lahale, p. 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Totals.....31 6 10 21 10 0 0 0
London..... A B R H P O A E Stimpson, 1f. 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Tice, 1f. 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Beatty, 1b. 4 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Nason, c. 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Sandquist, 3b. 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Baker, s. 3 1 1 4 3 1 0 0 Gehring, 2b. 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Kernan, c. 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 Fields, p. 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Totals.....25 7 7 12 10 0 0 0
Game called, rain, in eighth. None out, bases full, London at bat, reverting score by innings complete. Inning Score by Innings..... 104 0 0 0-6 Bay City..... 010 000 0-1 London.....

Summary.
Two-base hit—Gehring.
Three-base hits—Tomer, Stimpson.
Home run—Baker.
Sacrifice—Connolly.
Stolen bases—By Laine 2.
Double plays—Hegedorn, Prysock to Tomer, Prysock, Hegedorn to Tomer.
Hit batters—By Laine 1, by Hughes 1.
Left on bases—Bay City 8, London 5.
Bases on balls—By Lahale 3, by Fields 2.
Struck out—By Lahale 2, by Fields 1.
By Coogan 5.
Hit—Off Fields 5 in 2-1-3 innings, off Coogan 5 in 4-2-3 innings.
Time—1:35.
Umpires—Ward and Griffin.

SOFTBALL

PLAY 9-9 TIE.

How They Stand

MICHIGAN-ONTARIO LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Hamilton	22	12	.647
Flint	18	13	.581
Bay City	19	12	.613
LONDON	19	18	.514
Saginaw	16	16	.500
Kalamazoo	16	16	.500
Muskegon	13	19	.406
Grand Rapids	8	22	.267

Scores Yesterday.

Bay City 6, London 1.

Muskegon 4, Kalamazoo 3.

Hamilton 5, Saginaw 6.

Grand Rapids 1, Flint 2.

Games Today.

Saginaw at Hamilton.

Kalamazoo at Muskegon.

Flint at Grand Rapids.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	61	47	.565
Detroit	59	47	.557
Washington	58	49	.542
St. Louis	54	51	.514
Chicago	50	54	.481
Cleveland	51	56	.477
Boston	45	59	.433
Philadelphia	46	61	.430

Scores Yesterday.

Detroit 14, Boston 5.

Philadelphia 10, New York 8.

Washington-Chicago, rain.

Games Today.

Boston at Detroit.

Washington at Chicago.

New York at Cleveland.

Philadelphia at St. Louis.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	58	38	.605
Pittsburgh	57	42	.575
Chicago	57	45	.553
Cincinnati	55	49	.529
St. Louis	44	60	.423
Philadelphia	44	62	.416
Boston	38	67	.362

Scores Yesterday.

Chicago 10, Boston 3.

Pittsburgh 1, Philadelphia 5.

Brooklyn 11, St. Louis 9.

Games Today.

Chicago at Boston.

St. Louis at Brooklyn.

Cincinnati at Philadelphia.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Baltimore	78	31	.718
Newark	58	54	.518
Rochester	58	58	.500
Buffalo	52	63	.453
Reading	43	64	.402
Jersey City	16	76	.173

Scores Yesterday.

Baltimore 19, Toronto 2.

Newark 8, Rochester 4.

Syracuse 9, City 5.

Reading 2, Buffalo 1.

Games Today.

Toronto at Baltimore.

Syracuse at City.

Rochester at Newark.

Buffalo at Reading.

Can. Press Despatch.

Connecticut Regatta Course, Springfield, Mass., Aug. 8.—The national amateur rowing championships were begun today over a course down stream. The regatta committee, through its dissenting chairman, voted at the last minute to change the course, which a meeting early in the morning had decided should be held upstream.

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THE SWING THAT WINS. Canada's new professional golf champion, James Black, Albert Murray, who won the title on Beaconfield course, Montreal, in sensational style in action. Left to right: A. O. Desjardines, real in sensational style in action.

CANADIAN OARSMEN ENTER U. S. REGATTA

National Events at Connecticut Attract Country's Best.

Regatta Course, Springfield, Aug. 8.—Intermediate singles—second heat—William Bresnahan, Springfield Boat Club, won; Charles Turner, Argonaut R. C., Toronto, second.

The official time for Bresnahan in the intermediate singles was 7 minutes 21.4 seconds—a new record.

The previous record of 7 minutes 24 seconds was made by E. B. Butler of Toronto at Detroit in 1909.

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Short Jabs

W. O. McGehean writes: Mr. James J. Johnston is deeply pained to learn that the Prince of Wales is to attend the Firpo-W

The London Advertiser

LONDON, ONT., SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1924.



Some of the Empire's marksmen in the firing position at the great Bisley matches



Juanita, chosen as Spain's first beauty



Mrs. Hippo, at the New York Zoo, takes one of those mud beauty baths



Brother Charlie, governor of Nebraska, and long best known in politics as merely the brother of William Jennings Bryan, is the Democratic nominee for vice-president of the United States



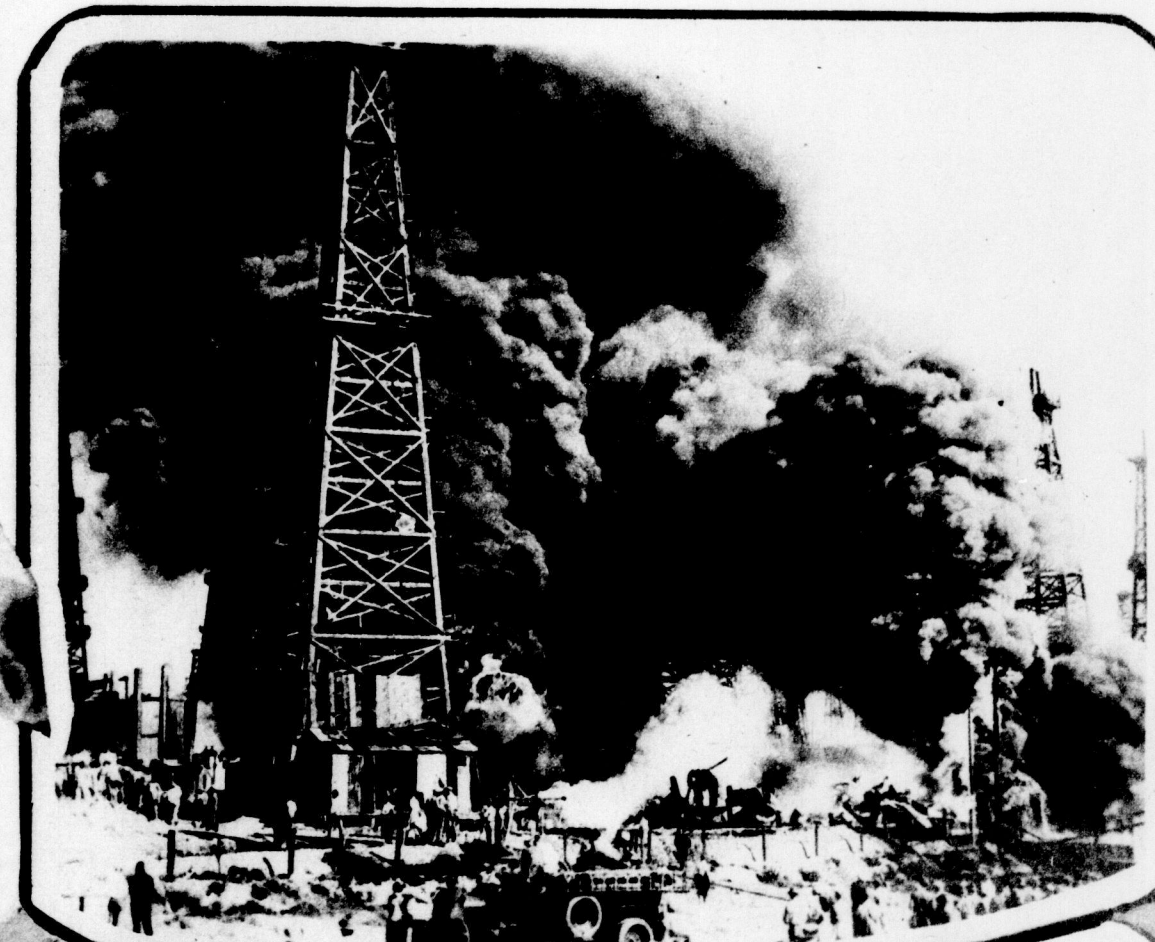
At the Liberal garden fete. Mrs. Asquith, with Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George



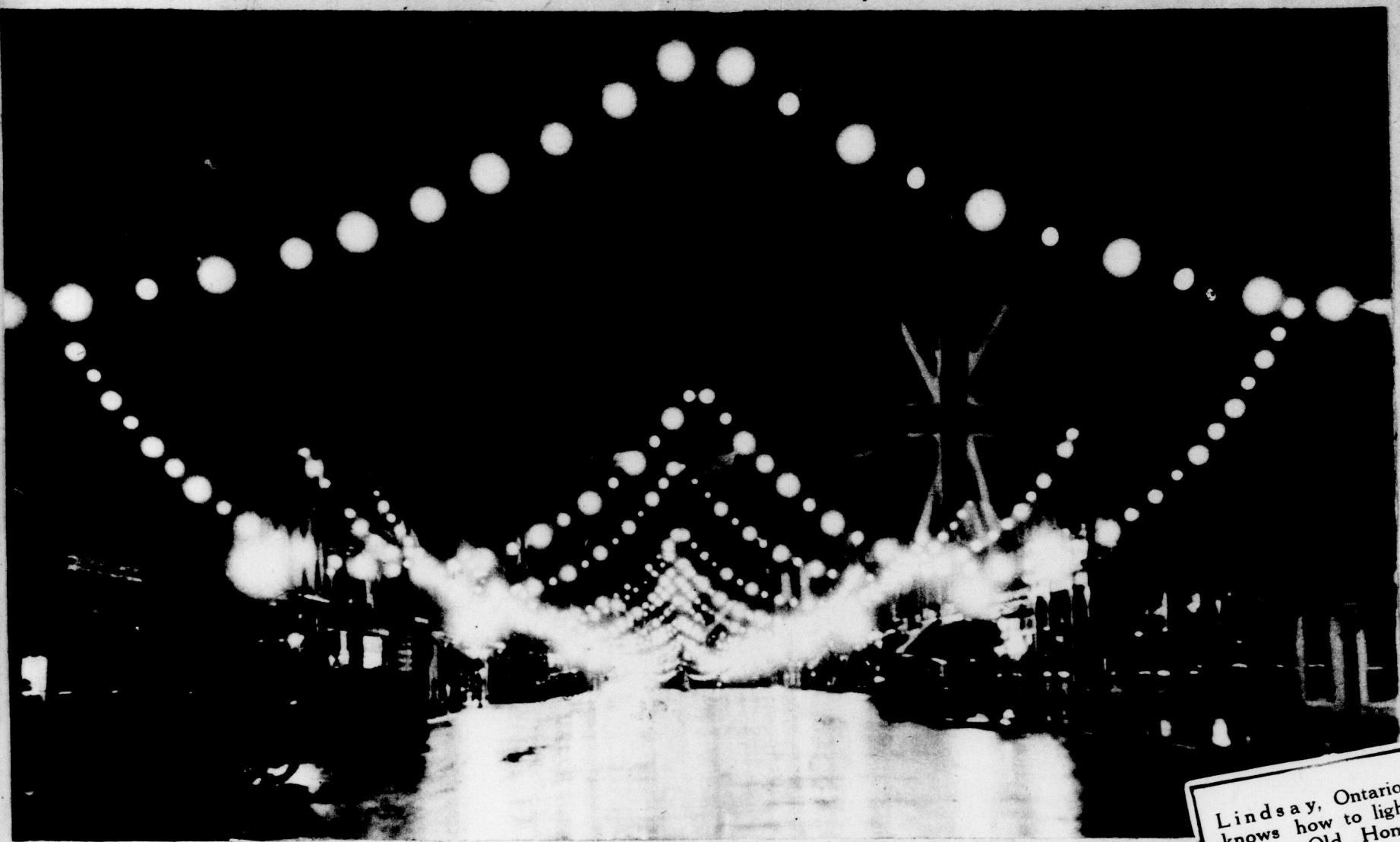
The Duke of Connaught inspects the Yeomen of the Guard, the historic regiment of bodyguards to the King at St. James' Palace



Mademoiselle Forziane has been voted the best-dressed woman in Paris



This fire, which destroyed four derricks, threatened for a time the entire oil field at Los Angeles



Lindsay, Ontario, knows how to light up for Old Home Week



John W. Davis, the Democratic nominee for president, with Mrs. Davis and Frank L. Polk, his campaign manager



(Left) Mistinguette, the Paris dancer, returns from America with numerous American fashions



The leader is Paavo Nurmi, the Finn, who won the Olympic running classic. Note his perfect style



Madame Herriot, wife of the new French premier



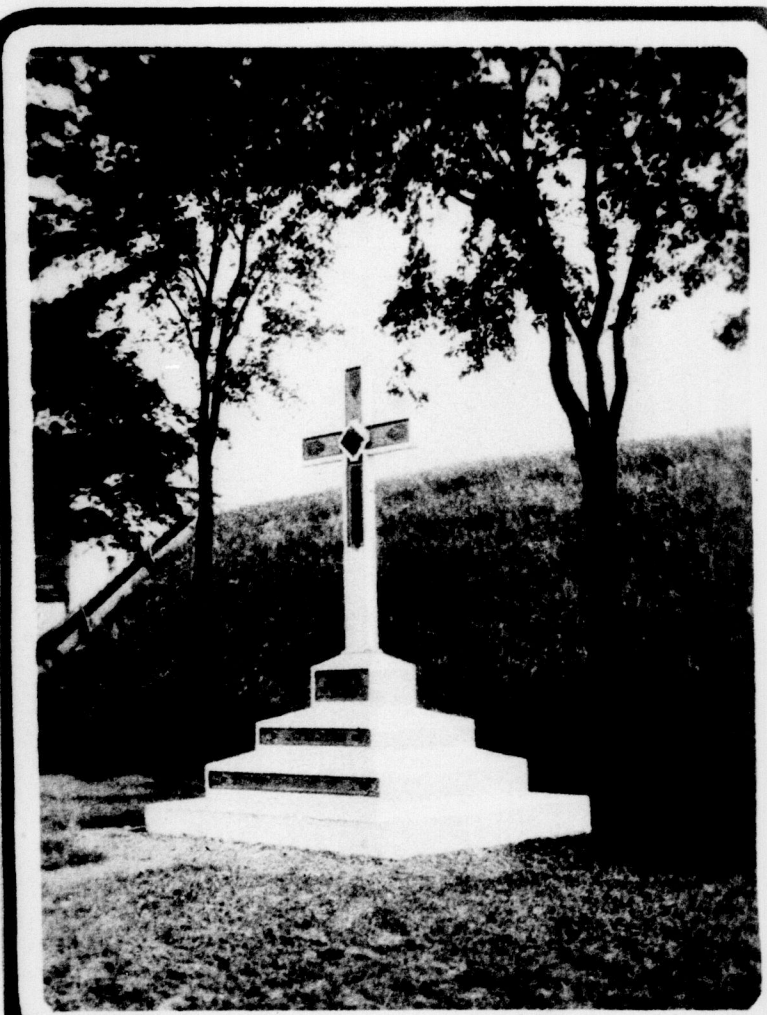
One of the newest French fashions in fall hats



A movie director, for a change—Fred Niblo, one of the greatest directors of Hollywood, with his little daughter



Ellen Terry, the great English actress, in her home



The original cross erected on Vimy Ridge for the 13th Battalion, Royal Highlanders, has been re-erected at Fort Frederick, Kingston, Ontario



Ex-King Manuel and ex-Queen Augusta of Portugal are regular attendants at the Wimbledon tennis matches



The Yale University crew which won the Olympic Rowing Championship at Argenteuil, France, by three and a half lengths from the Canadian eight



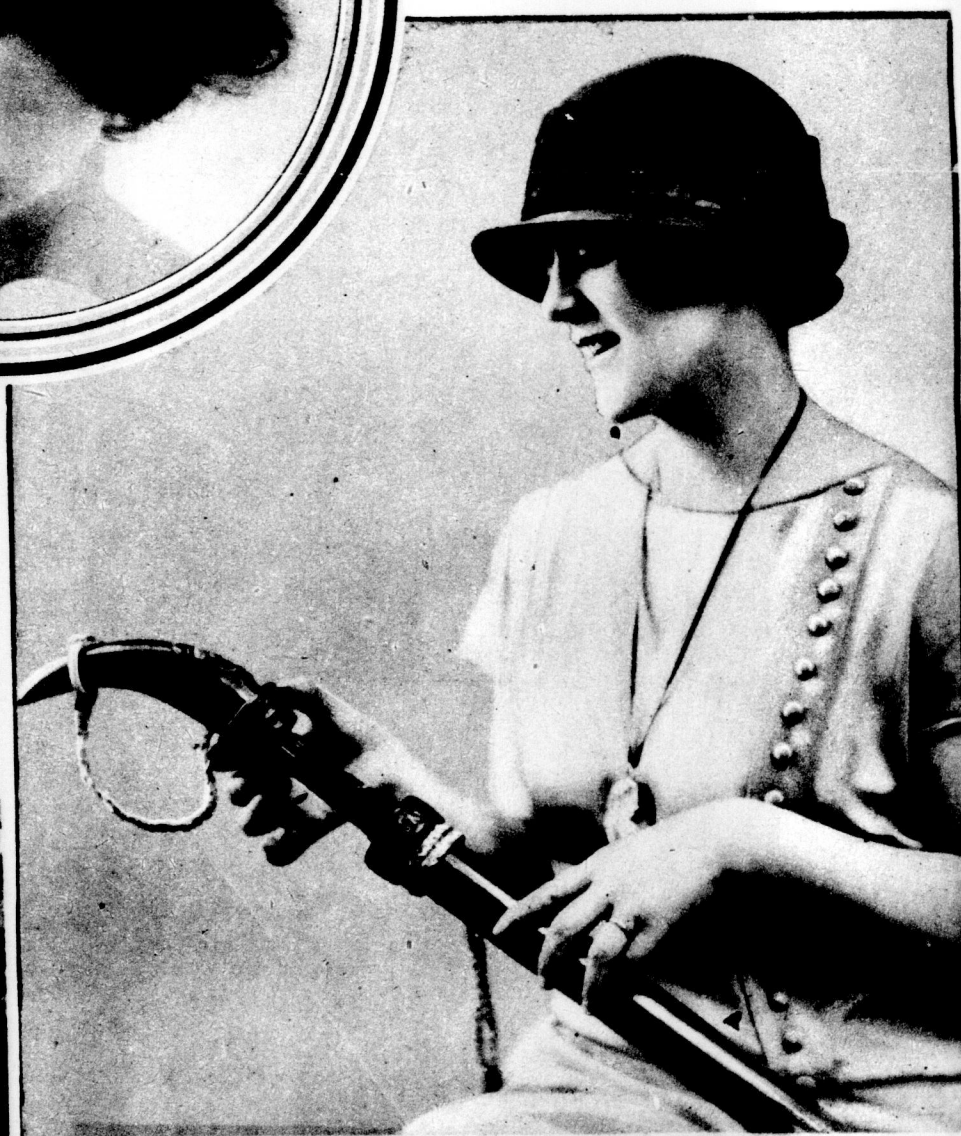
Here is Miss Tokio, designer of women's wear, attired in one of her latest creations, the Japanese sport suit



This is Mlle. Liliane May, chosen from thousands of famous beauties as the prettiest girl at Deauville



The new golf bag umbrella is the latest thing in Paris. It fits into a little imitation golf bag made of veneered wood



Walter Hagen, of New York, wins the British Open Championship from E. R. Whitcomb, of Camedown



London's weak foundations. The foundations of Waterloo bridge are causing as much anxiety as those of St. Paul's

Baby Peggy, juvenile motion picture actress, shows how she does in slow motion close-up



Professor Widal, French chemist, declares that by feeding cod liver oil to cows all its medicinal value is added to their milk



The Prince of Wales and President Doumergue inspecting the guard of honor outside Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, where on his recent visit to France the Prince unveiled a tablet to the memory of the Empire's dead



Howard Chandler Christie finishing the portrait of Mrs. A. C. Gandy, of Richmond, Indiana, who won the \$10,000 prize as the most beautiful mother with the most beautiful and healthy children in America



Mrs. Robert La Follette, of Wisconsin, wife of the Independent candidate for the presidency of the United States



Mrs. Harold McCormick, formerly Mme. Ganna Walska, as she appears in her own Theatre des Champs Elysees, Paris, which she recently purchased to stage her opera, "The Marriage of Figaro"



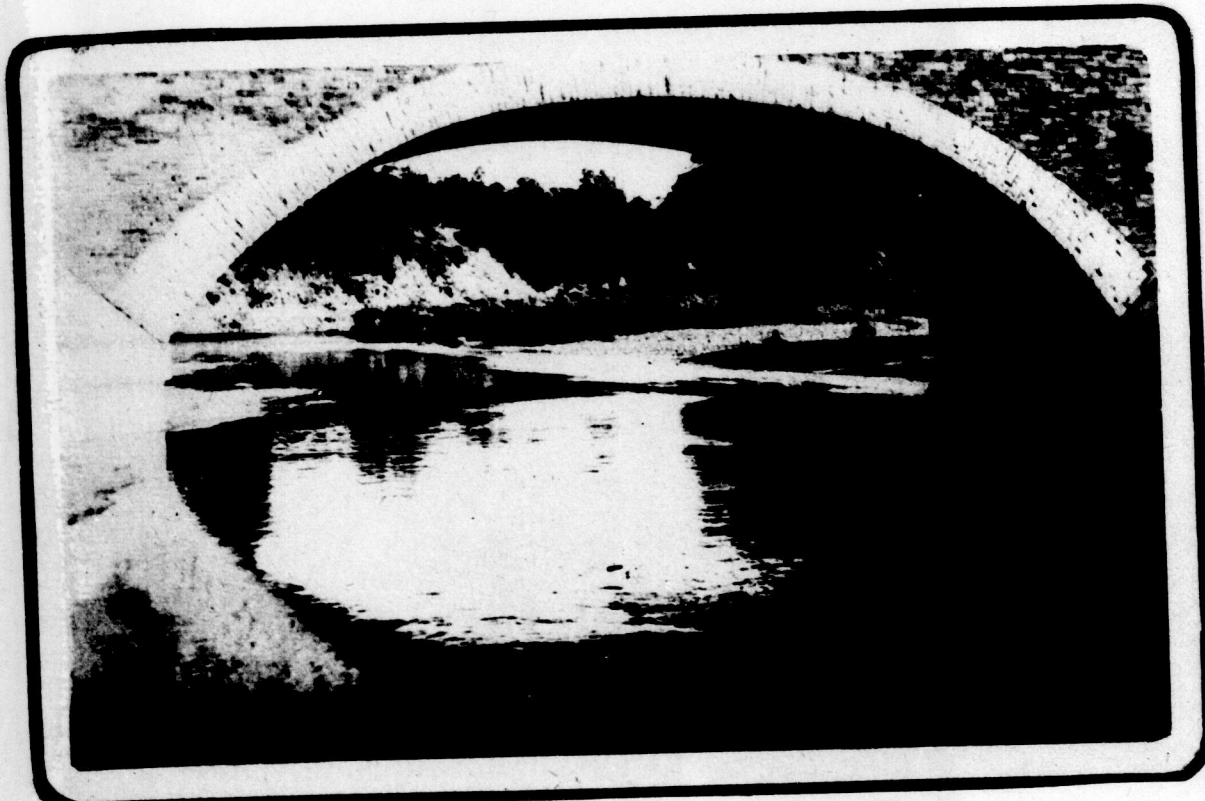
Miss Kitty McKane playing in the Lawn Tennis Championship finals at Wimbledon, England



What they're going to look like next fall. Stunning fall bonnet for milady just received direct from Paris in advance



This is the finish of the final of the 100-meter run at the Olympic games, with Ebrahams of England first, Schol of the United States second, and Porrett of New Zealand third



Looking under a span of the Bloor street bridge, Toronto
—Photo by Boyd.



House on Queen street, Kingston, where the first executive council of Upper Canada met in 1841
—Photo by Boyd.



Exquisite dinner gown of delicate white chiffon, with black satin girdle, a band of white marabou as an edge for the skirt, which flares from the hips. A silver leaf design sewn on the white satin underslip can be seen through the chiffon

Canadian Tennis Team In Great Comeback Defeats Japanese Pair In Doubles

BRILLIANT PLAY DEFEATS JAPS

Crocker and Wright Take the Tennis Doubles in Straight Sets.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Mount Royal Tennis Club Courts, Aug. 8.—Canada defeated Japan in the doubles match today of the Davis Cup tie in three straight sets, 7-5, 6-4, 6-3.

Montreal, Aug. 8.—Playing under ideal weather conditions, W. Crocker and J. Wright, Canada, took the first set from Sumo Okamoto and Takechichi Harada, Japan, in the Davis Cup doubles on the courts of the Mount Royal Tennis Club this afternoon, 7 to 5.

The Canadians continued their dashing play to take the second set, 6-4, the brilliant court generalship of Wright and Crocker outwitting the gallant Japanese.

Captain R. Innes-Taylor, of Toronto, umpired the match.

There was a wonderful exhibition of tennis, full of thrills and fast rallies. Wright not only played a lovely game throughout, but his low volleying was at times quite wonderful. His service was very effective. He won seven services and lost only one.

Crocker smashed with telling effect in all three sets. He served well but was not so effective as Wright in this department, winning five of his services and losing two. Okamoto was the weakest on service, winning four and losing four. He was, however, the most effective of the two Japanese overhead and made some lively single shots.

Harada's service was second only to Wright's. He won six and lost two. It was a splendid win for Canada, the score now being two points to one for Japan.

Jack Wright plays Zeno Shimizu, the Japanese captain, in the first single on Saturday, and Willard meets Sumo Okamoto in the second match. The Canadians must win their two matches to carry off the tie.

AUSSIES WIN AGAIN.
Associated Press Despatch.
Baltimore, Aug. 8.—Australia advanced another rung in its climb for the right to meet the United States in the international battle for the Davis Cup, when it defeated Mexico here today in the doubles.

Pat O'Hara Wood turned back Borbalo and Gardes in straight sets, 6-4, 6-0, 6-0. Coupled with yesterday's two victories in singles, today's match gave the Australians three matches of a majority.

Bowling

The annual tournament of the Inter-Club Bowling League will be held at the Dorchester arena this afternoon, commencing at 1:30.

The draw is as follows:
McClary No. 2 vs. All Saints.
McClary No. 2 vs. Dorchester No. 3.
St. David's No. 1 vs. Dorchester No. 1.
Harrietsville vs. Dorchester No. 2.

At St. Marks.
St. Marks' bowlers are holding a Scotch doubles event this afternoon with two sets of prizes up. Entries will be taken up until 1 o'clock. Phone 4715W.

St. David's are holding an open draw this afternoon.
St. David's will hold its first annual tourney Saturday, Aug. 16. There will be three 10-end games, starting at 1:30 o'clock. The first 20 ends entered will get in the draw.

Phone 4715W or send entries to Secretary J. T. Fones, 39 Hilda street.

Golf

AS CHAMPIONS PLAY IT.

GRIPS ON CLUBS

LEATHER OR ROUGH?
USE YOUR GRIPS—
IF YOUR HANDS PERSPIRE
—AND IN SUMMER

USE LEATHER GRIPS—
IF YOUR HANDS ARE
TENDER
IF YOUR HANDS ARE DRY
AND DON'T PERSPIRE
IN COLD WEATHER.

Is it better to have smooth or rough leather grips on clubs and why?

Answered by
JOE CRUICKSHANK,
Runner up in National open championship, 1923, and the man who, in 1921, defeated Hutchinson, Sarazen, and Barnes in an invitation tournament at St. Joseph, Mo. Runner up in Pittsburgh tournament for professional and amateur combined.

The answer to this question depends greatly on the player's hands. If the hands are "clammy" or "sweaty" I would certainly advise a rough grip. On the other hand, if the hands are inclined to be dry I would advise the leather grip. However, there are many players with perspiring hands who are unable to use the rough grip. This is because their hands are too soft for the grip to be able to get a firm hold on the shaft. This makes the grip very compact and gives greater control especially at the toe of the swing. It is a matter of taste, of course, as to what grip is used. I use rough grips in the summer time and leather grips in the winter time. I do this because my hands are very small and I cannot get the control necessary in cold weather with the rough grip.



WINS 1-0 GAME.

A homer was all the support the bespectacled Pirate pitcher needed yesterday to win his game.

MCDONALD WINS SINGLES TROPHY

Smallman & Ingram Silverware Taken by Tillsonburg Bowler.

Spencer McDonald of Tillsonburg won the Smallman & Ingram Trophy last night, at the resumed singles tournament of the Elmwood Club, postponed from Wednesday night.

Jack Doherty of the Thistles was the noted Owl Fed bowler's victim, and he took a 14 to 3 count. Kilbourne and he were the only bowlers who were not out on Wednesday night.

W. Aiken of Elmwood was the first to bowl a 100 on Wednesday night, and he was the first to bowl a 100 on Thursday night.

Judging by the gallery on hand last night and on Wednesday bowling singles are gaining in popularity.

The heavy rain at 6 o'clock last night delayed the start, but as the bowlers were all on hand, the game was rolled and by 8 o'clock were in splendid condition and fast.

First Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Second Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Third Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Fourth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Fifth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Sixth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Seventh Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Eighth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Ninth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Tenth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Eleventh Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Twelfth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Thirteenth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Fourteenth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Fifteenth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Sixteenth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Seventeenth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Eighteenth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Nineteenth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

Twentieth Event.
Tillsonburg, 12; Kilbourne, 13; Elmwood, 17; Thistles, 17.

GIANTS PULL REDS' STREAK TO HALT

Knocked Benton Out of Box and Keep Up On Sheehan.

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, Aug. 8.—The New York Giants broke Cincinnati's winning streak here today, taking an easy victory from the Reds by a score of 8 to 3. Benton was knocked out in four innings, but the Giants continued to pile up runs on Sheehan.

Barnes pitched a strong game for New York until the ninth, when a fumble by Terry paved the way for three Cincinnati runs.

The score: R.H.E. Cincinnati..... 000 000 002—3 2 2 New York..... 110 420 008—8 1 1 Benton, Sheehan and Hargraves, Sanberg; Barnes and Snyder, Gowdy.

CUBS WIN.
Associated Press Despatch.
Boston, Aug. 8.—Boston gave Barnes ragged support today, and Chicago won, 10 to 7, over the Braves.

Grantham knocked out the Braves in the eighth, with a line drive to left field. Adams, Stutz and Hartnett, featured the game.

The score: R.H.E. Chicago..... 000 202 042—10 13 3 Boston..... 100 050 003—7 9 3 Britt, Keefe and Hartnett; Barnes, Adams and O'Neill.

HOMER ONLY SCORE.
Associated Press Despatch.
Philadelphia, Aug. 8.—A home run over the right field wall by Traxnor in the eighth gave the Athletics a 1 to 0 victory over the Phillies.

The score: R.H.E. Philadelphia..... 000 000 010—1 0 0 Athletics..... 000 000 000—0 0 0 Wilson.

JACOUES GETS 23RD.
Associated Press Despatch.
Brooklyn, Aug. 8.—Brooklyn won the first game of the series from St. Louis today, 10 to 7, in a game that was a home run in the sixth.

The score: R.H.E. Brooklyn..... 000 112 131—10 13 3 St. Louis..... 000 080 008—7 13 3

STRAITFORD UNABLE TO PLAY TWO TODAY

Down Will Pitch Against Bards Here This Afternoon.

Stratford was unable to get a doubleheader on Wednesday night for this afternoon, so the regular start at 2:15 will be made at Queen's Park.

Games with the Bards these days are important to the Orioles. To have taken two games in one afternoon would have been a very pleasant way of winning this afternoon, but the Bards could not get here in time to take a double game.

Down will likely do the hurling against Marks, as Stratford's probable selection.

DUTTON IS ELIMINATED BY WEST LORNE TEAM

Special to The Advertiser.
Dutton, Aug. 8.—West Lorne eliminated the local team from the Western League finals this afternoon with a 9 to 0 victory. The game was a slugfest, the pitchers being touched up for several hits, though found for seven innings.

The score: R.H.E. Dutton..... 001 020 200—3 11 1 West Lorne..... 120 001 201—9 11 1

GERMANY IS FRIENDLY TOWARD GREAT BRITAIN

Lord Mayor of Bristol Tells Impressions to Travellers' Congress.

The delegates to the Imperial Congress of Commercial Travellers, being held in London, England, were guests of the city of Bristol on Friday, Aug. 8. They were entertained at dinner and were taken around the city and shown the manufacturing places for which the city is noted.

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Race Results

SARATOGA RESULTS
First Race, 100 (Albion), 3 to 2, 2 to 1, even, won.

Grand Trotter, 106 (M. Fator), 12 to 1, 5 to 1, second. Longing, 119 (Breuning), 6 to 5, third.

Time, 1:09 4-5. Florabella, Out of Sight, Good Will, Marjorie, Wine, Jug, Polly Coat, Rockmore, Sing On also ran.

SECOND RACE, about 2 miles:
Boss John, 144 (Kennedy), 5 to 1, 6 to 5, 2 to 5, won.

Pirate Gold, 144 (Haynes), even, 1 to 1, second. Charlton, 134 (Veltch), 5 to 2, third.

Time, 1:21. Glen Beach and Sanspoeche also ran. **THIRD RACE, 7 furlongs:**

Resolution, 109 (Turner), 7 to 5, 2 to 5, 1 to 6, won. Gypsy King, 109 (Statts), 7 to 1, 3 to 1, second.

Time, 1:27 2-5. Defiant, Brice, MacLean and Maxie also ran. **FOURTH RACE, mile:**

Wampee, 107 (Maiben), 30 to 1, 8 to 1, 4 to 1, won. Aga Khan, 122 (Fields), 4 to 5, 1 to 1, second.

Time, 1:41 2-5. Nellie Kelly, Ohone, Faenza also ran. **FIFTH RACE, mile and an eighth:**

Wilderness, 119 (Maiben), 7 to 5, 1 to 2, 1 to 2, won. Thunderclap, 107 (L. Fator), 6 to 5, 1 to 2, second.

Time, 1:54 2-5. Wilkesbarre, Athelstan, Sunspere also ran. **SIXTH RACE, 5 furlongs:**

Mud at Arms, 102 (Kennedy), 11 to 5, even, 1 to 2, won. Contact, 110 (Maiben), 8 to 1, 4 to 1, second.

Time, 1:40 4-5. Finland, 110 (Collett), 8 to 5, third. Time, 1:40 4-5. Edisto, McMillan, DeMurrage, Arbitration, Flagship, Star Lore, Singletree, McCully, Nina ran.

HAWTHORNE RESULTS
First Race, 2-year-olds, \$1,000, claiming, 5 furlongs.

Little, 107 (Veltch), won. Saint Mengel, 110 (Francisco), second. Time, 1:35 2-5.

Bad Luck, Black Dinah, Glory, Helen Carter, Phyllis Gentry also ran. **SECOND RACE, 4-year-olds and up, claiming, 5 furlongs:**

Vanishing Boy, 115 (Ellis), won. May Ruddy, 120 (Bogansky) second. Time, 1:38 2-5.

True American, 124 (Gronk), third. **THIRD RACE, 4-year-olds and up, claiming, 5 furlongs:**

Newmarket, 120 (Pool), won. True American, 124 (Gronk), second. Time, 1:38 2-5.

War Winner, Trantula, Walter H. Pearce, Ontario also ran. **FOURTH RACE, 3-year-olds, claiming, \$1,000, the Ralph Kellard, 6 furlongs:**

Kerrid, 103 (Griffin), won. Clever, 102 (Grass), second. Time, 1:47.

Pauline, Guvner, Little Smoke, Liege also ran. **FIFTH RACE, 5-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs:**

Medina, 95 (Griffin), won. Corto, 106 (Horn), second. Time, 1:51 2-5.

Glory Belle, 111 (Ellis), third. **SIXTH RACE, 3-year-olds and up, claiming, \$1,000, 5 furlongs:**

St. Angelina, 111 (Ellis), second. Piedmont, 111 (Barrett), third. Time, 1:41 2-5.

Mark Denunzio, Marine Corps, Heavy Artillery, Spots also ran. **PETROLIA TEAM LOSES TO FOREST AT PICNIC**

Special to The Advertiser.
Forest, Aug. 8.—At the Ford picnic Forest defeated Petrolia 2-1 in a stirring game of ball that ran hot and cold at the end of the fifth inning, with the locals leading in all departments.

The lineup: Forest, Slack, p.; Churchill, s.; McIntire, lf.; Duncan, 3b.; Deacon, c.; McHittch, 1b.; Campbell, 2b.; McHittch, 3b.; Waddell, s.; Miller, c.; Shawan, 1b.; Kimball, r.f.; Newton, lf.; Smith, p.

Empires—Gallivan of Petrolia, Braun of Forest.

LACHINE R. C. LIGHT EIGHT WINS INTERMEDIATE FINAL

Associated Press Despatch.
Springfield, Mass., Aug. 8.—The light eight of the Lachine Rowing Club, of Montreal, gained credit for themselves by winning the National amateur championship here today.

The Lachine team, consisting of eight rowers, defeated the Maple Leafs 2-0 in the final race. The race was a close one, with the Lachine team leading for most of the race.

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Scientists See New Hoppers

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, Aug. 8.—Studies of a remarkable genus of primitive insects were presented today before the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science by Professor E. M. Yarker and Miss Norma Ford of the University of Toronto.

The insects resemble the grasshopper, cricket family in most respects, but certain anatomical features, such as the structure of the mouthparts, the shape of the legs, and the structure of the wings, are entirely new.

The insects are said to be the most primitive of the grasshopper family, and are believed to be the ancestors of the modern grasshoppers and crickets.

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YANKEES LOSE, BUT MAUL MESSENGER



INSTALLMENT 30. THE LOVE MASTER.

As White Fang watched Weedon Scott approach, he bristled and snarled to advertise that he would not submit to punishment. Twenty-four hours had passed since he had slashed open the hand that was now bandaged and held up by a sling to keep the blood out of it. In the past White Fang had experienced delayed punishments, and he apprehended that such a one was about to befall him. How could it be otherwise? He had committed what was to him a sacrilege, sunk his fangs into the holy flesh of a god, and of a white-skinned superior god at that. In the nature of things, and of intercourse with gods, something terrible awaited him.

The god sat down several feet away. White Fang could see nothing dangerous in that. When the gods administered punishment they stood on their legs. Besides, this god had no club, no whip, no firearm. And furthermore, he himself was free. No chain nor stick bound him. He could escape into safety while the god was scrambling to his feet. In the meantime he would wait and see. The god remained quiet, made no movement, the hair rose on White Fang's neck and the growl ebbed down in his throat and ceased. Then the god spoke, and at first sound of his voice, the hair rose on White Fang's neck and the growl rushed up in his throat. But the god made no hostile movement, and went on calmly talking. For a time White Fang growled in unison with him, a correspondence of rhythm being established between growl and voice. But the god talked on interminably. He talked to White Fang as White Fang had never been talked to before. He talked softly and soothingly, with a gentleness that somehow, somewhere, touched White Fang. In spite of himself and all the pricking warnings of his instinct, White Fang began to have confidence in this god. He had a feeling of security that was belied by all his experience with men.

After a long time, the god got up and went into the cabin. White Fang scanned him apprehensively when he came out. He had neither whip nor club nor weapon. Nor was his injured hand behind his back hiding something. To sit down as before, in the same spot, several feet away. He held out a small piece of meat. White Fang pricked his ears and investigated it suspiciously, managing to look at the same time both at the meat and at the god, alert for any overt act, his body tense and ready to spring away at the first sign of hostility.

Still the punishment delayed. The god merely held near to his nose a

piece of meat. And about the meat there seemed nothing wrong. Still White Fang suspected; and though the meat was proffered to him with short inviting thrusts of the hand, he refused to touch it. The gods were all-wise, and there was no telling what masterful treachery lurked behind that apparently harmless piece of meat. In past experience, especially in dealing with aquavs, meat and punishment had often been disastrously related.

In the end, the god tossed the meat at White Fang's feet. He smelled the meat carefully; but he did not look at it. While he smelled it he kept his eyes on the god. Nothing happened. He took the meat into his mouth and swallowed it. Still nothing happened. The god was actually offering him another piece of meat. Again he refused to take it from the hand, and again it was tossed to him. This was repeated a number of times. But there came a time when the god refused to toss it. He kept it in his hand and steadfastly proffered it.

The meat was good meat, and White Fang was hungry. Bit by bit, infinitely, he began to take it. At last the time came that he decided to eat the meat from the hand. He never took his eyes from the god, thrusting his head forward with ears flattened back and hair involuntarily rising and cresting on his neck. Also a low growl rumbled in his throat as warning that he was not to be trifled with. He ate the meat, and nothing happened. Piece by piece, he ate all the meat, and nothing happened. Still the punishment delayed.

He licked his chops and waited. The god went on talking. In his voice was kindness—something of which White Fang had no experience whatever. And within him it aroused feelings which he had likewise never experienced before. He was aware of a certain strange satisfaction, as though some need was being gratified, as though some void in his being filled. Then again came the prod of his instinct and the warning of past experience. The gods were ever crafty, and they had unguessed ways of attaining their ends.

Ah, he had thought so! There it came now, the gods hand, cunning to hurt, thrusting out at him, descending upon his head. But the god went on talking. His voice was soft and soothing. In spite of the menacing hand, the voice inspired confidence. And in spite of the assuring voice, the distrust inspired by White Fang was torn by conflicting feelings, impulses. It seemed he would fly to pieces, so terrible was the control he was exerting, holding together by an unwonted indecision, the counter-forces that struggled within him for

mastery. He compromised. He snarled and bristled and flattened his ears. But he neither snapped nor sprang away. The hand descended. Nearer and nearer it came. It touched the ends of his upstanding hair. He shrank down under it. It followed down after him, pressing more closely against him. Shrinking, almost shivering, he still managed to hold himself together. It was a torment, this hand that touched him and violated his instinct. He could not forget in a day all the evil that had been wrought him at the hands of men. But it was the will of the god, and he strove to submit.

The hand lifted and descended again in a patting, caressing movement. This continued, but every time the hand lifted, the hair lifted under it. And every time the hand descended, the ears flattened down and a cavernous growl surged in his throat. White Fang growled and growled with insistent warnings. By this means he announced that he was prepared to retaliate for any hurt he might receive. There was no telling when the god's ulterior motive might be disclosed. At any moment that soft, confidence-inspiring voice might break forth in a roar of wrath, that gentle and caressing hand transform itself into a viselike grip to hold him helpless and administer punishment.

But the god talked on softly, and ever the hand rose and fell with non-hostile pats. White Fang experienced dual feelings. It was distasteful. It restrained him, it restrained, opposed the will of him toward personal liberty. And yet it was not physically painful. On the contrary, it was even pleasant, in a physical way. The patting movement slowly and carefully changed to a rubbing of the ears about their bases, and the physical pleasure even increased a little. Yet he continued to fear, and he stood on guard, expectant of unguessed evil, alternately suffering and enjoying as one feeling or the other came uppermost and swayed him.

"Well, I'll be gosh-swoggled!" So spoke Matt, coming out of the cabin his sleeves rolled up, a pan of dirty dish-water in his hands, arrested in the act of emptying the pan by the sight of Weedon Scott patting White Fang.

At the instant he broke the silence, White Fang leaped back, snarling savagely at him.

Matt regarded his employer with a pained disapproval.

"If you don't mind my expressin' my feelin's, Mr. Scott, I'll make free to say you're seventeen kinds of a damn fool an' all of 'em different, and then some."

Weedon Scott smiled with a superior air, gained his feet, and walked over to White Fang. He talked soothingly to him, but not for long, then slowly put out his hand, rested it on White Fang's head, and resumed the interrupted patting. White Fang endured it, keeping his eyes fixed suspiciously, not upon the man that patted him, but upon the man that stood in the doorway.

"You may be a number one, tip-top minin' expert, all right, all right," the dog-musher delivered himself oraculously, "but you missed the chance of your life when you didn't run off an' join a circus."

White Fang snarled at the sound of his voice, but this time he did not leap away from the hand that was caressing his head and the back of his neck with long, soothing strokes. It was the beginning of the end for White Fang—the ending of the old life and the reign of hate. A new and incomprehensibly fairer life was dawning. It required much thinking and endless patience on the part of Weedon Scott to accomplish this. And on the part of White Fang it required nothing less than a revolution. He had to ignore the urges and promptings of instinct and reason, defy experience, give the lie to life itself.

Life, as he had known it, not only had had no place in it for much that he now did; but all the currents had gone counter to those to which he now abandoned himself. In short, when all things were considered, he had to achieve an orientation far vaster than the one he had achieved at the time he came voluntarily in from the Wild and accepted Gray Beaver's son as his pup, soft from the making, without form, ready for the thumb of circumstance to begin its work upon him. But now it was different. The thumb of circumstance had done its work only too well. If it had been formed and hardened into the Fighting Wolf, fierce and implacable, unloving and unlovable. To accomplish the change was like a reflex of being, and this when the plasticity of youth was no longer his. It was the fibre of him had become tough and knotty; when the warp and woof of him had made of him an adamant texture, harsh and unyielding; when the face of his spirit had become iron and all his instincts and axioms had crystallized into set rules, cautions, dislikes, and desires.

Yet again, in this new orientation, it was the thumb of circumstance that pressed and prodded him, softening that which had become hard and remoulding it into fairer form. Weedon Scott was in truth this thumb. He had gone to the roots of White Fang's nature, and with kindness touched to life potencies that had languished and well-nigh perished. One such potency was love. It took the place of like, which latter had been the highest feeling that thrilled him in his intercourse with the gods.

But this love did not come in a day. It began with like and out of it slowly developed. White Fang did not run away, though he was allowed to remain loose, because he liked this new god. This was certainly better than the life he had lived in the cage of Beauty Smith, and it was necessary that he should have some god. The lordship of man was a need of his nature. The seal of his dependence on man had been set upon him in that early day when he turned his back on the Wild and crawled to Gray Beaver's feet to receive the expected beating. This seal had been stamped upon him again, and indelibly, on his second return from the Wild, when the long famine was over and there was fish once more in the village of Gray Beaver.

And so, because he needed a god and because he preferred Weedon Scott to Beauty Smith, White Fang remained. In acknowledgment of reality, he

Peter Rabbit Learns Boomer the Nighthawk Has Never Owned a Nest

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

You can always trust Peter Rabbit to ask questions. He doesn't always get them answered, but that doesn't discourage him in the least. However, the questions he asked Mrs. Boomer the Nighthawk he did get answered, and he learned some surprising things. Anyway, they were surprising to him.

"Yes," said Mrs. Boomer, "these two eggs you have been wondering about really are my own, my very own. I am sitting on them this very minute. If they were not my very own eggs you may be sure I would not be sitting on them. Now, what was your next question, Peter?"

"If you please, Mrs. Boomer, how did they get here on this flat rock?" replied Peter.

"I laid them here, of course. What a stupid question!" replied Mrs. Boomer.

"But what did you do it for? What are you going to do with them here?" Peter persisted.

"What did I do it for?" said Mrs. Boomer. "What does a bird usually lay eggs for? I laid them so that by and there may be some young Nighthawks, and I laid them here on this flat rock because this place just suits me."

"But," persisted Peter, "I don't understand why you didn't lay them in your nest. And, by the way, where is your nest?"

"I haven't any nest," retorted Mrs. Boomer. "I haven't any nest, I never have had a nest, and, what is more, I don't want a nest."

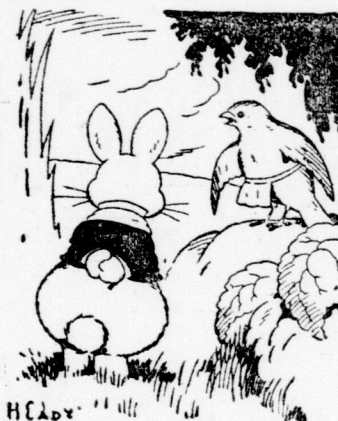
"What?" exclaimed Peter, his two long ears standing straight up in surprise. The fact is, Peter was having hard work to believe that those two ears hadn't fooled him.

"I mean just what I said," replied Mrs. Boomer.

"Weren't you hatched in a nest?" asked Peter.

"Most certainly not!" replied Mrs. Boomer.

"But I thought all birds were



hatched in nests," protested Peter.

"Then you have learned something," retorted Mrs. Boomer. "The Nighthawks decided a long time ago that the building of nests is a waste of time and needless. Anyone who is hunting for eggs looks first for a nest. When he finds the nest he finds the eggs. Nests are much easier to find than eggs not in nests. My eggs are seldom found, excepting by accident, as was the case with you."

"Do you always lay them on a rock?" Peter inquired.

"No," replied Mrs. Boomer, shaking her head. "No. Often I lay them on the bare ground. But I never make a nest. Personally I do not approve of nests."

"I've never heard of such a thing!" exclaimed Peter. "I don't believe you will find any other bird that will agree with you."

"Oh, yes, I will," replied Mrs. Boomer. "I have a relative who believes and does just as I do."

"Who?" demanded Peter.

"Mrs. Whippoorwill," replied Mrs. Boomer.

"I don't believe it," declared Peter. "Nobody asked you to," snapped Mrs. Boomer. "But facts are facts, whether you believe them or not." (Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "The Useless Search."

HARRY GRANFIELD GIVES TANLAC FULL CREDIT

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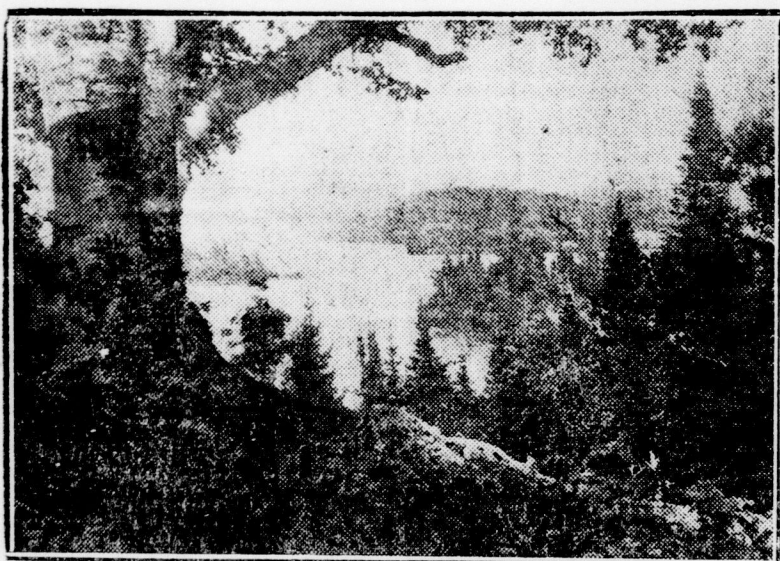
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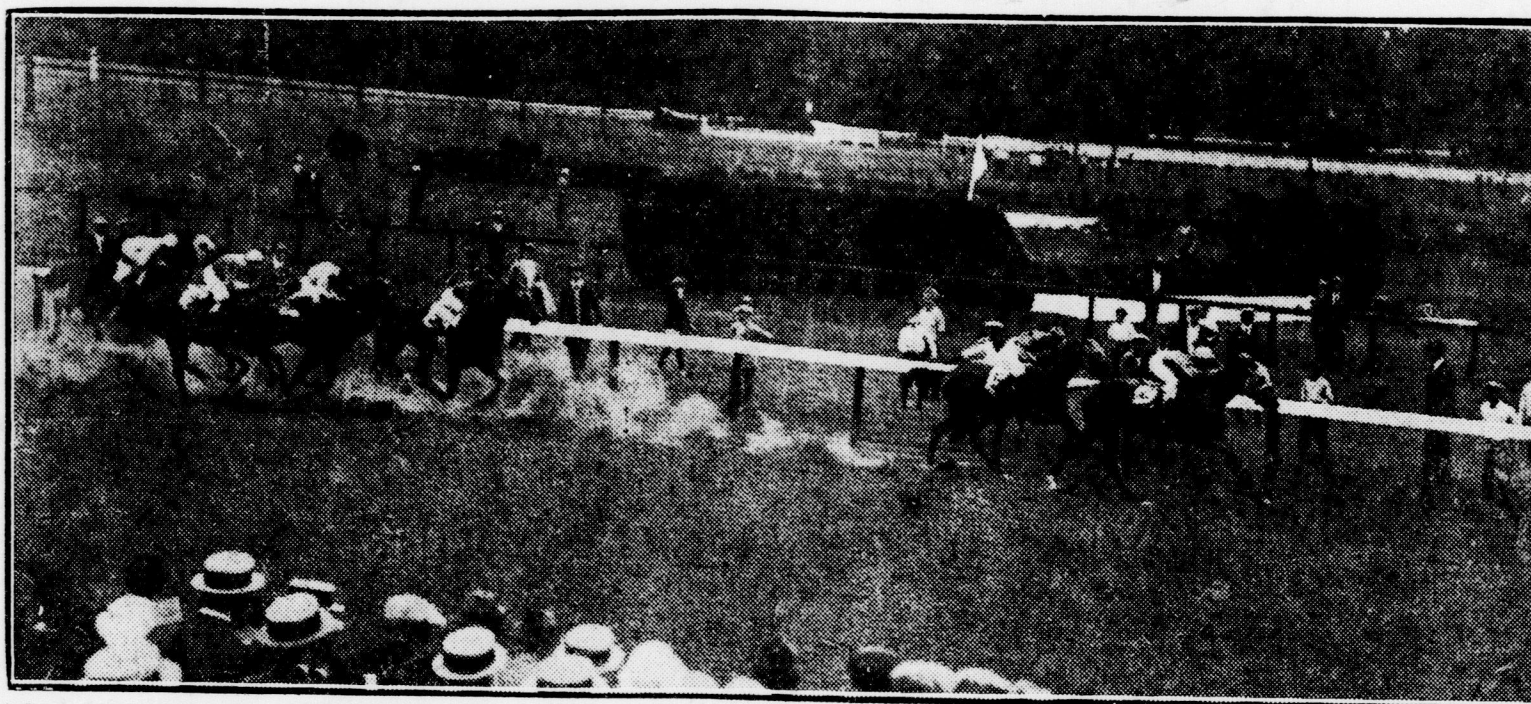
Sales and Service.

A Product of General Motors.

A Strange Guest; Austria's Mary Pickford; Matthews As He Is



Isle Royale, in Lake Superior, is soon to be converted into a matchless sporting reserve and placed at the disposal of the public. On it are forests and herds of deer, caribou and moose and other game



Admiral Grayson's My Own steps into the lead in the Saratoga Handicap and wins out by a comfortable margin. Two lengths behind My Own is Sunsini and behind the runner-up again, is Aga Khan, a poor third



Broadcasting from the bottom of the sea was the unique stunt recently performed by J. C. Jackson, a deepsea diver. He was presented with a cup in recognition of being the first one to accomplish the feat



One of the guests at the recent wedding of Lady Ursula Grosvenor was this faithful old street cleaner who always used to doff his hat to her ladyship when she passed along his beat



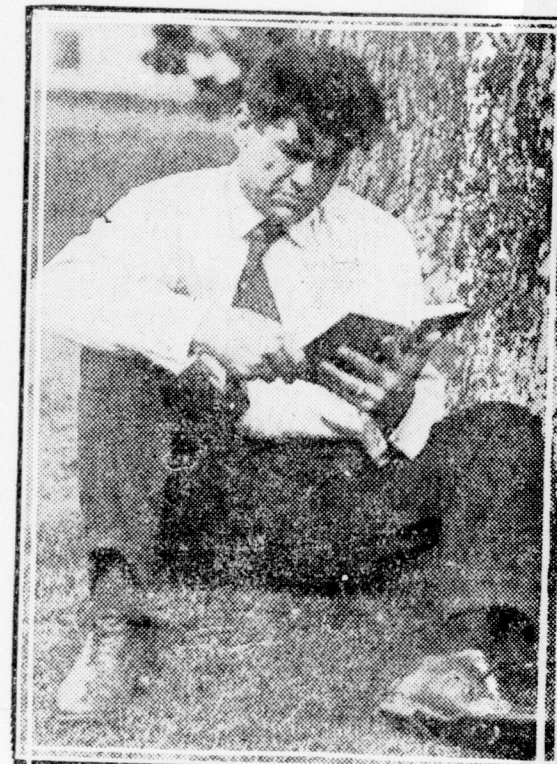
Absolute freedom for women is the strong plank in the platform of Miss Mary V. King, who is a candidate for mayor of Boston. She includes smoking among the rights of women



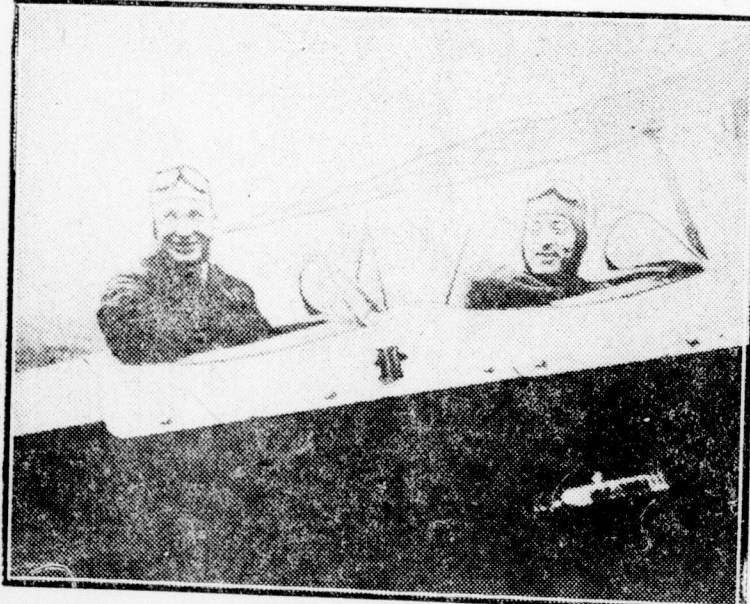
Dora Kaiser has the name of possessing the most beautiful face in the Austrian movies, where she is hailed as the "Austrian Mary Pickford"



Chas. A. Matthews, former deputy provincial treasurer of Ontario, vastly changed from his once debonaire appearance, gazes from the window of his California prison. He is soon to be brought back to Canada to face serious charges



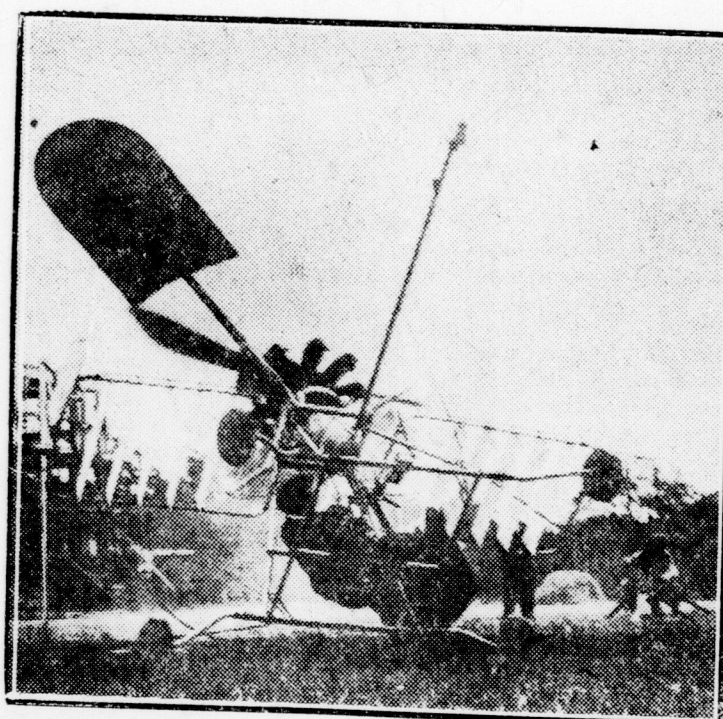
Reading is a regular part of Firpo's training program in preparation for his pending match with Harry Wills. The South American "Wild Bull" is now in training quarters in Saratoga



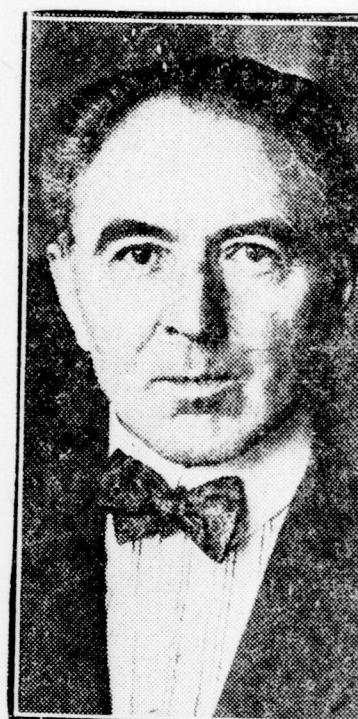
Spurred on by the attempts of the British and American fliers, two Argentine airmen are now starting out on a 'round-the-world flight. They are Major Zani and his mechanic Beltrame



Take a look at the man who is in charge of the Prince of Wales' group of polo ponies which recently arrived on this side to compete in the pending international matches



When M. Doncheret recently tried out his new helicopter, a sudden gust of wind capsized his machine, precipitating its inventor to the ground beneath. Neither the man nor the machine were badly injured



Mention has lately been made of the likelihood of Prof. Timothy A. Smiddy being appointed minister from Ireland to the United States. The professor is now the official representative of the Free State



Another stage match gone wrong—the latest announcement is that Robert C. Hilliard, the well-known actor, and his charming wife, who is heiress of the Everard brewery millions, are to be divorced



What is so fickle as romance? A little while ago Pat Somerset and Edith Day were seen in public thusly. Now Edith is in New York and Pat in Chicago and rumors of a divorce suit are in the air



When the 'round-the-world fliers reach Greenland's icy strand, this is where they will likely stop for supplies. Angmagssalik is the only settlement along Greenland's 1,200 mile coast



Summer touring doesn't necessarily mean that you have to give up tuning in on your favorite broadcast. A portable aerial carries all the best concerts into this snug little auto-set

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1924.

The Sustaining Influence of Faith.

President Coolidge, addressing an assembly of Boy Scouts a few days ago, stressed the importance of faith to make a great nation or a great man. On the third point he said:

"The third fundamental is reverence for God. It is hard to see how great man can be a atheist. Without the sustaining influence of faith in a divine power we could have little faith ourselves. We need to feel that behind us is intelligence and love. Doubters do not achieve. Skeptics do not contribute. Cynics do not create. Faith is the great motive power, and a man realizes his full possibilities unless he has the deep conviction that life is eternally important, and that his work, well done, is a part of an unending plan."

When President Coolidge delivered that address he was not far removed from the grave of his own son, Calvin, Jun. He was in that same of mind that speaks forth the impressions and feelings that come from passing through an ordeal that tests the soul and tries its faith. When he spoke of the "sustaining influence of faith in a divine power," the president spoke not as a matter of theory, or by repetition of a high-sounding phrase, but from the knowledge of a man who had been reckoned to the death bed of his own son, and in that hour, when the greatest treasure a man can have, slipped quietly out and away, had gripped at "faith in a divine power" as the one and only thing that would hold him fast.

It is well that this matter be spoken of openly and frankly. It should be taken out of the realm of creed and placed deliberately in the category of real things.

The trouble is that we stop at creeds, we say by them and point to them. In that way we miss the fully-grown reality to which the creed should point.

To illustrate: In the spring of the year we go into our gardens with spade, rake and hoe, we prepare the soil and get ready for planting. From the stores we bring home packages of seeds, and in the drills put these seeds. Then we cover them over, and they cannot be seen. We get a stake and put it at the end of the row where the lettuce seed is sown, and stick the empty package on top. That is the creed of our gardening; it signifies our belief that lettuce has been planted in that row.

In a few days, under the spell of sunshine and rain, the seeds germinate, and little green shoots appear through the ground. In a couple of weeks after that there are the fully developed lettuce leaves; we gather them for table use. When we go into the garden it is no longer necessary to poke around and look for that little stake with the picture of a head of lettuce. We have come into possession of the reality.

The world today yearns for the reality. It is not been, and never can be, satisfied merely with the little sign posts that we plant here and there in the gardens of our religious faith. It looks to Christian men and women who have put up these emblems of their faith to manifest the reality that the emblems indicate.

President Coolidge did well to speak plainly to the boys of "the sustaining influence of faith in a divine power." That power is God, not a mythical god, but a real, guiding, directing, sympathizing and pardoning God. Men have sought substitutes, they have turned to pleasure to satisfy a longing that cannot be expressed in words; they have bowed the knee to money, and have been impressed with the greatness of the age and the marvels of man's progress in science, invention and craftsmanship.

Then comes the crisis in a man's life. He is called upon to face disaster, to walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and he feels alone; none of the things to which he has turned and on which he has lavished the brilliancy of his intellect or the strength of his arm come to his assistance. Even the little sign post in the garden will not satisfy him. He must have the reality, and that reality is faith—firm, well-grounded, unshaken faith—faith in God.

John Was Just Eleven Years Old.

John Knott, just eleven years old, has died in the Victoria Hospital at London.

John was taken there in an ambulance on Wednesday night; he knew nothing about the trip, of the way in which he was hurried off to that big place of white beds and doctors and nurses. John did not know that his mother at there, hour after hour, by the side of that little hospital cot, wondering, hoping, fearing, waiting for some slight recognition from the boy—her boy.

John was not sick; there was nothing to indicate that he might be rushed off to a hospital in a smooth-running ambulance. He was playing as boys do and should. A fast-moving car came along the road; there was a thud, and John fell by the pavement; there was a speeding away from the scene.

There may have been a cry from John, but it would have been only a short one, because the lad was too seriously hurt to cry out from his pain. His head was hurt, badly; one little leg was broken in two places; his whole small body was bruised and hurt beyond the power of medical skill to heal or repair.

Now John has gone home. Just eleven years. Some one has taken away his right to

play, to live, to laugh, to grow up to manhood. And yet John had as much right to all these things as any other—just as much right as the driver who struck him down and did not pause to pick the little victim from the road.

No Wonder His Protests.

State Attorney Robert E. Crowe, prosecuting in the Leopold-Loeb murder case at Chicago, impresses one as a plain, outspoken advocate of fair justice.

His vigorous protest, spoken so loudly and vehemently that it drowned all other voices in the Chicago court room was this:

"Have we got to where the state's attorney is not permitted to show that a witness is a deliberate perjurer?"

That is strong language for a court room, where witnesses appear on oath to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Yet State Attorney Crowe had reasons—very good reasons, we think—for such an outburst. For days he has listened to a deluge of finely-tapered evidence from the paid experts of the defence, who move this way and shift that way in an effort to show that Loeb and Leopold, though admittedly guilty of cold-blooded murder, are not insane, but just peculiar enough in their mentality to escape the gallows.

These experts pass, and in their train come the "pretty co-eds of Loeb," or, as the despatches say, "a pretty little 18-year-old brunette."

And the court must listen to her mature impressions; as to what she thinks of the mental outlook of the accused. Earlier in the trial she has made a statement that the accused was perfectly sane, but now it appears that such a view will not do, and now she is quite certain that at times he "acted rather idiotically."

To what lengths can evidence go in that Chicago court room? Has the court lost sight of the stern and awful happening that called it into action? Does it not exist as a tribunal to consider that a foul murder has been done, that the culprits must be dealt with according to known and proven facts?

Small wonder that the state attorney rises in vigorous protest as he tries to stem the tide of professional and amateurish twaddle that seeks to form itself into a spear-head to turn aside the plain course of justice.

Letters That Bring No Answer.

An Ontario school teacher writes to the press complaining of the failure of secretaries of school boards to answer applications for teachers. She claims she has spent over \$2 in postage stamps answering advertisements, and in no case was her application acknowledged.

One teacher, the letter says, answered 59 different ads. and has received no word. The claim is made also that in many of these letters there are stamps inclosed for reply. So that a school board that retained all these stamps and steamed them off the self-addressed envelopes over the spout of the tea kettle would have a pile that would almost pay for the cost of advertising.

No doubt these school board secretaries, many of whom are doing the work with no salary attached, should be quick to sit down and write from 80 to 200 letters, stating: "Dear madame—we regret to state," etc., etc.

As a matter of fact, this annual shuffle of teachers has become a rather involved affair. It has grown out of proportion to the real needs of the case, and it must be somewhat of a problem for the secretary of a rural school board, without the services of a stenographer, to tell from 50 to 200 applicants that they have selected a smart little school teacher, who can play the organ in the church and be the life of the community in general.

Note and Comment.

If wheat goes to \$1.75 will it be necessary to have an investigation?

The weather is wet at present, but there are forces at work to make it dry in October.

Railway companies are interested in vital statistics to the point of trying to prevent a lower berth rate.

There are factional rows in the third party in United States. This is cutting the thing up in true mince-meat order.

The office boy remarks that driving is getting safer because quite a number of cars now come to a dead stop at railroad crossings.

Father gets stung on a mining scheme, and learns to leave them alone. His young son learns the same thing via the green apple route.

New York bandits are wearing tall hats and frock coats. But it is only a matter of time until they wear the garb of all the other bandits.

Toronto report says that tomatoes are easy on the market. It's later in the season, about Halloween time, that neighbors get uneasy about them.

The Hamilton Spectator delivers a sound, rousing lecture on the tipping system. Every editorial quill in the country has scratched away on the same topic, but it remains a monument to the stupidity and spinelessness of the whole general public.

Bruce County simply had to do something to get in the limelight in the fishing season. So now comes a story from Tobermory to the effect that a fishing party caught a rattlesnake, fried it, and pronounced it as good as spring chicken. O. T. A. squad please notice.

Wm. McDonald, of the Chesley Enterprise, fresh from a conquest of Europe, hastens to tell his readers that the best part of the journey was getting home. When stories from Bruce County tell of fishing parties up there killing and frying rattlesnakes for supper, it's high time the People's William was back on the job.

Dr. Frank Crane

ALERT

Alert is one of the words which we have taken from the Italian. It means wide awake. It is the opposite of absent-mindedness.

It is the sense of being alive to one's environment and it is that sense we lose when we are going to sleep.

It can best be expressed in English by the words "wide awake."

The alert-minded are those who know best what is going on around them. Alertness of mind is sought by those who are in executive positions, who have something to do, and whose business it is to deal with the exigencies of occasions. Its opposite is sought by the thinkers who deal, as with the causes of things.

We speak, therefore, of the absent-minded professor whose mind is far away in experiments that have but an indirect bearing upon the present and of the nimble-witted street arab, whose business it is to dodge taxicabs and seek a precarious living in the come and go of the street.

For those who would qualify themselves, therefore, for executive positions, alert-mindedness is to be sought, while the ruminative and meditative virtues are more to be desired by those whose business it is to think.

Alert-mindedness is on the surface. Its value, therefore, depends upon the amount of thinking that has gone before it.

After all, when we are in a crisis and we desire something done, it is to the absent-minded, woolly-haired professor that we turn.

What to do is not always to be determined by the people who are doing but by those who are thinking what is best to do.

Always the businessmen of the world have turned to the John the Baptists, to the "voice of one crying in the wilderness," to find the underlying truths of the universe.

Both kinds are necessary. It is necessary for one group to retire from the world and to think out its problems in silence and just as necessary for the other group to be constantly present-minded and deal with whatever may happen.

This Is Great News

Scientists at Toronto say that you cannot tell by the shape of a man's head how much brains he has.—News note.

They gave another theory flat, to slumber in the graveyard lot, along with things that used to be, the victims of our newest thought.

We used to think to have much brains a man must own a thunderer's head, but now we hear that he can wear a funny peanut dome instead. Nor do the bumps upon your bean mean anything at all to you, nor tell you if you'd make a doc a-cavin' people's frames in two.

It ain't so many years ago that paws and maws they took the kids to have some expert feel the bumps that grew beneath their Sunday lids.

They waited till they heard the word about these bumps and what they meant, a-strivin' in a way like this to find each youngster's private bent. A lump behind the ear was sure to make a banker or a judge; a hollow in the dome it meant that he'd sell ice cream cones and fudge.

Ah, that was in the age gone by, when folks believed bumps high and low, and him what had no bumps at all he had no chance down here below.

But now them scientific men they laugh in glee about that rule, and scoff at them what worshipped once at that old bump and hollow school.

Good news it is to us whose heads is fashioned in a funny style, these men of science bring us joy and cause a chuckle and a smile; for years the world has passed us by and in its honors cut us dead, announcin' we'd no chance at all, a-lookin' like a cabbage head.

But now these things has passed from hence, and round heads, flat heads join the race, none havin' to sit back a spell or wander to a humble place.

Great songs unto these men we sing, they've chased the cobwebs from our sky, for now the low brows is the same as them whose foreheads shoot up high. The space between the eyes don't count, big heads no better than the small, and them with pointed chins don't count no more than them with none at all.

It's comfortin' to read these things, more pleasin' than a fairy book, for now we've got a chance to shine regardless of the way we look.—ARK.

Press Comment

A Source of Danger.

Those two young Chicago murderers may not be insane themselves, but if their trial continues much longer they are likely to be a cause of insanity in others.—Hamilton Herald.

Going Through the Motions.

Our crops have been counted, recounted and discounted, and now we await the harvest.—Brandon Sun.

Five Cents Worth.

A man will drop a nickel in the collection plate and then afterwards tell the preacher how much he enjoyed the sermon.—Kingston Standard.

Why Should They Worry?

The farmers are not worrying very much about who is responsible for sending up the prices of wheat, oats, corn, hogs, etc.—Hamilton Spectator.

Back to the Wash Tub.

Now that the allies have ironed out all their differences, Germany can take her turn at the job and do her stuff at the economic wash tub.—Chicago Post.

More Glaring Headlights?

Lightning-bugs are not so different from some men. A lightning-bug can see where he has been, but not where he is going.—Hartburg City (Ind.) News.

Are the Jails Full?

"Where can I find a bootlegger?" asked the stranger. "You'll find one most anywhere around here except in jail," grinned the native.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In the Motor Age.

Seventy lamp posts have been smashed by St. Paul motor drivers this year, and the council is looking around for a strong, flexible rubber post.—Minneapolis Journal.

As They Pass Out.

Extraordinary how some people meet their deaths. Some at railway crossings, some in the river; some didn't know it was loaded; and here is one gentleman who met his death in an electric chair at Boston.—Manitoba Free Press.

The Fun Shop

HUNTING.

I have trailed the jungle tiger,
I have tracked the grizzly bear,
I have dropped a leaping leopard
And I didn't turn a hair.
I have kept my wits about me,
As I'd have you wisely note,
Till this hunting expedition
Came along and got my goat.

Though I've faced a roaring lion
And a hippopotamus,
Though I've mingled with a cougar,
In a most exciting fuss,
Though I never have been rattled
Even by my raging spouse,
All my nerves have gone to pieces
In my hunting for a house.

BACK HOME AGAIN.

Peggy reports that she had such a
stupid time on her vacation. She was
sued from drowning three times,
once by a porter, once by a champion
woman swimmer, and once by a
married man on his honeymoon.

Interpretation.

Little Eddie's mother was teaching
him his Sunday school lesson, and
the Golden Text was: "Be not afraid,
it is I."
The following Sunday when the
teacher asked what the Golden Text
was, Eddie held up his hand and
said: "Don't be scared. It's me."

THE VAMP.

In the Movies.

She slink-slanks in.
Her movements are a combination
Of hula and of shimmy.
You can almost hear the roll
Of her great marooned orbs
As they shilly-shally and engulf
The hero.

With her blondined permanent.
In her baby-dollish way,
Will rescue him.
In the last hundred feet.
Get your hat!

Makes a Difference.

Mildred: "Wasn't Stella's husband
a wealthy man when she married
him, dear?"
Betty: "Goodness, yes! But you
must remember he's been her husband
for over two years, now!"

Asserting His Manhood.

I love my wife—I admit it.
I am always willing to share (and
do share) my most valued possessions
with her.
There is scarcely anything under
the sun I wouldn't get her—if I have
the price.

Only one thing I will positively
NOT do.
And that is to loan my new golfing
knickers when she goes on a hike.

The Wise Youth.

Flapper to country youth while
looking out of the 12th story window

of a New York skyscraper: "The boys
all fall for me."
Country youth (a bit perplexed):
"I don't think I'd take the chance."

Didn't Have the Heart.
Old gentleman (severely): "Do you
believe in accepting tips?"
Porter: "Well, sah, since yo' has
suggested it, Ah jes' kaint refuse."

Our Johnny is a scrapper,
He never will be good,
And I think it's all because
We feed him Devil's food.

Office Wanted.

He shook my hand
And slapped my back;
Then he called me
"Attaboy Jack."
He asked me how
The kids progressed
In school and said
I looked my best.
With "Give Regards to
Wife and mother"
And "Please remember me
To Brother." He handed me
A big cigar; the worst I've
Ever smoked, by far
And complimented my complexion
This candidate
For fall election.

THE JINGLE-JANGLE COUNTER.
Her lovely teeth were glistening
white.

As they lay on her bureau through
the night,
Business will show encouraging
profits.

When we banish the discouraging
prophets.
Animals protect their young;
Many villains go unhung.
Ships have billows and cliffs have
caves.

Pretty girls have permanent waves.
Spuds in the cellar, ham's on the fire.
This will inform you that fish don't
perjure.

A minute here, and a minute there,
Keeps one from getting anywhere.

Not an Insuperable Obstacle.

Father (to prospective employer of
his son): "Of course, you will re-
member that my boy is a college
graduate."
Prospective employer: "Don't let
that worry you. I am willing to
overlook it."

All That Mattered.

The fortune teller bent low over
her crystal.
"I see your future husband," she

Readers are requested to con-
tribute. All humor: Epigrams
(or humorous mottoes), jokes,
anecdotes, poetry, burlesques,
satires and bright sayings of chil-
dren, must be original and unpub-
lished. Accepted material will be
paid for. All manuscripts must
be written on one side of the
paper only, and should be ad-
dressed to the Fun Shop, The
London Advertiser. No manu-
scripts can be returned. The rates
are \$1 to \$10 for accepted ma-
terial, and 25 cents to \$1 a line
for poetry.

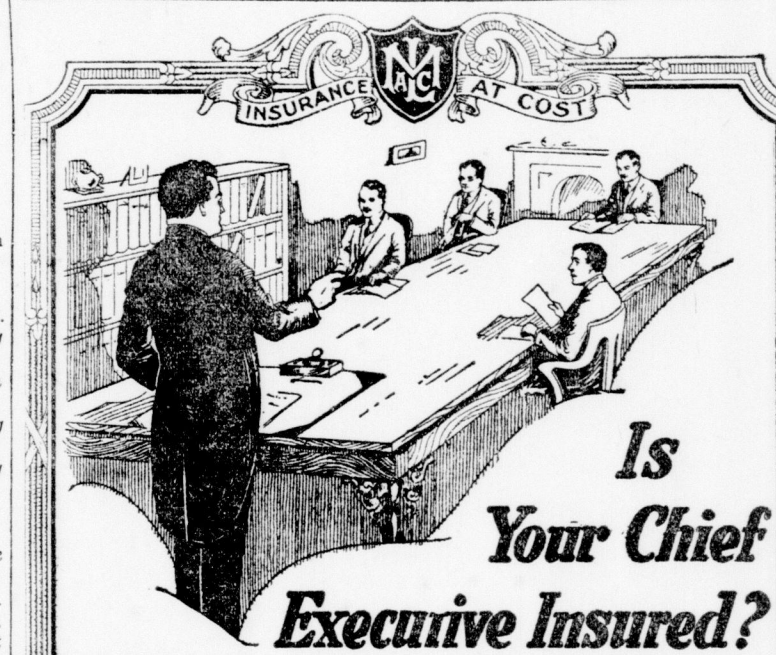
announced presently. "He is short
and ugly."
"Why, the ideal!"
—"He has red hair and freckles—"
Boy: "He ate too many green
apples."
Motherly woman: "Well, here, let
him lay his head in my lap."
Boy: "Aw, it ain't his head that
hurts!"

Inadequate.

Motherly woman: "What is the
matter with your little brother?"
Boy: "He ate too many green
apples."
Motherly woman: "Well, here, let
him lay his head in my lap."
Boy: "Aw, it ain't his head that
hurts!"

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The Advertiser classified "Want" ad
section will add the housewife in
many economies.



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pany should see to it that their chief executive
is insured in favor of the company. Reorganiza-
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When the Club meets will YOU be there?

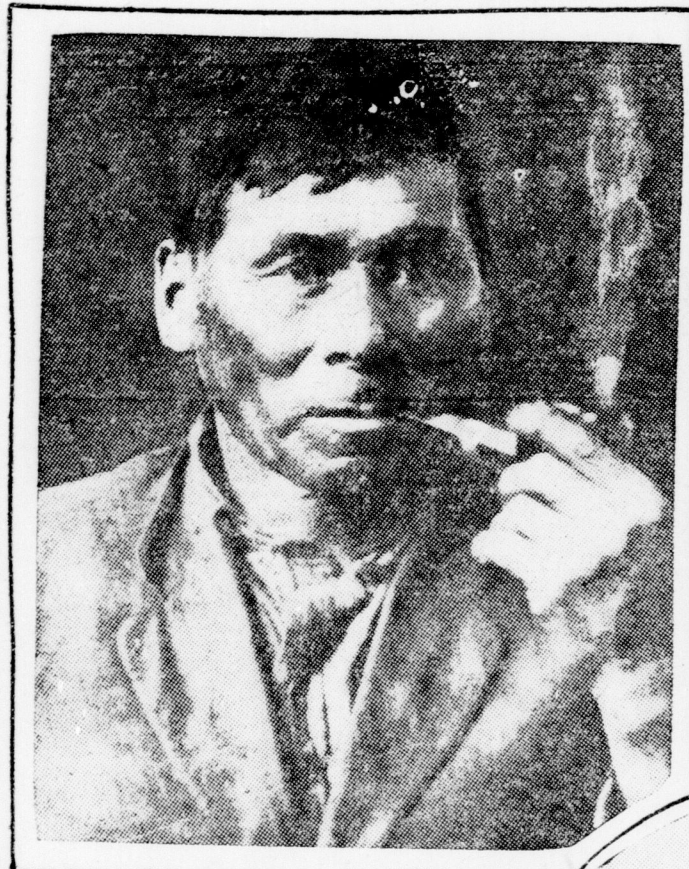
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Bobbed Hair, Baby Carriages, Hired Taxis and Radio Sets Found Among Ojibway Indians on the Nipissing Reserve



Jacko Chagewiss, one of the oldest inhabitants of Garden Village. He is also one of the few full-blooded Indians in the Nipissing band.



A typical log house in Garden Village.

Here the Red Man and Woman Is More White Than Red—Modern Indians as Seen at the Semi-Annual Ceremony of the Payment of Interest Money By the Indian Agent—Old Semo, Aged 96, a Link With Champlain.

By CLAIRE PRIME SNEATH

SEMO COMMANDA was a native of the great American forests. His skin was the color of dull copper—so that the white man called him a "redskin." And because his mode of living was primitive and crude, they spoke of him as a "savage." He was young, virile and full of the keen joy of living.

It was a glorious spring afternoon in the middle "forties" and Semo was sprawling in the door of his father's wigwam, one of many in the camping grounds that bordered the north shores of the great lake. As he idly gazed across the glistening expanse of water to the distant shores beyond, his thoughts were of a possessive nature.

As a member of his tribe—the Ojibways—he gloried in the ownership of the dense bush that was his to hunt in when and how he chose. These extensive waters also belonged to his people. And that small lake behind him, at the end of a short trail, was another possession that they were proud of. It emptied into a river, which in its turn flowed into a larger one. And it was up these waters that the first white man had come.

To Semo, at his age of sixteen years, it was an old story. His grandmother had crooned him to sleep with it in his earliest infancy. Of course, he had no recollection of that, but he did remember how, in later years, his grandfather—the strong and wise man of the tribe—had told him of the visit of Samuel de Champlain.

With two other white men and ten young bucks like himself, Champlain had paddled up these two rivers—the Ottawa and Mattawa the white men had since named them—that brought him into the north country of the new world. His route had led him into the small lake that Semo knew so well, Trout Lake, they called it now. And the shores of that lake had since become famous, as it was there that the white men had smoked the pipe of peace with Semo's ancestors. It was a thrilling story that his grandfather told; and, boylike, Semo loved to dwell on it.

"Yes, some day I will explore like the white men. I will be chief of my tribe!" he promised himself, as he lazily rose and stretched to his full six feet four inches.

Little did the unsuspecting Semo think that when he attained his ambitions as chief that it would be of a band that had been clamped into the iron fetters of civilization by the white men whom he now envied! Had you told him then that in the year 1924, when he would be an old man of ninety-six years, that the only traditional associations linking him with his youth would be his hunting, trapping and snow-shoeing in the winter and fishing and paddling in the summer, he would never have believed you. Had you prophesied that even the mole of these would be different and that it would be as unusual to see a hand-made birch bark

This Indian cemetery looks more as if it belonged in France than in northern Ontario. It is located on the outskirts of Garden Village and is the resting place of some of the ancestors of the Nipissing band.

canoe as a full blooded Indian in his hand, he would have thought you quite mad.

But those long years have slipped slowly by and now, at ninety-six years of age, Semo lounges on the steps of a log shack that has replaced the wigwam of his youth. He is gazing over the same blue waters that the "saganosh" (white man) calls Lake Nipissing. And of what a different nature are his thoughts!

Changes of the Present

AS is usual with age, he ponders on the past. He has seen, oh, so many changes come to his band and tribe. Log shacks and frame cottages have been substituted for wigwams. There are no old-time Indian feasts and dances. There are no camping grounds. They have been replaced by what the white men call "Indian reserves." Ancient Indian religious ceremonies have given way to services in small Roman Catholic churches. Old Indian trails have surrendered to the modern government roads, traversed by thousands of Canadian and American tourists every summer. Native costumes have been exchanged for the white man's. One never sees a Nipissing Indian dressed in furs and beads. Even paposes have been converted into babies who ride in carriages and disdain their modern squaw mother's backs.

Semo recalls how, in his youth, there were many in the tribe who showed the white men's blood in their veins. "Half-breeds" the saganosh termed them. The early explorers had married the daughters of the Ojibways and other tribes, and as the years rolled by they increased, so that now the tables were turned, and it was an unusual thing to see a full blooded Indian in the Nipissing band. As he counted over those whose red blood had not intermingled with white, there were only himself and his three brothers—Frank, Peter and Solomon Commanda, Jacko Chagewiss and Louis and Benjamin Goulais. And altogether there were 322 in the Nipissing band. No wonder the old had given place to new!

It was towards the close of such a reminiscent mood that I found Semo Commanda on a brilliant Sunday afternoon late in April. His great length was sprawled before his log shack, that was one of several in the tiny Indian village of Beaucage, ten miles west of North Bay in the Nipissing Indian reserve.

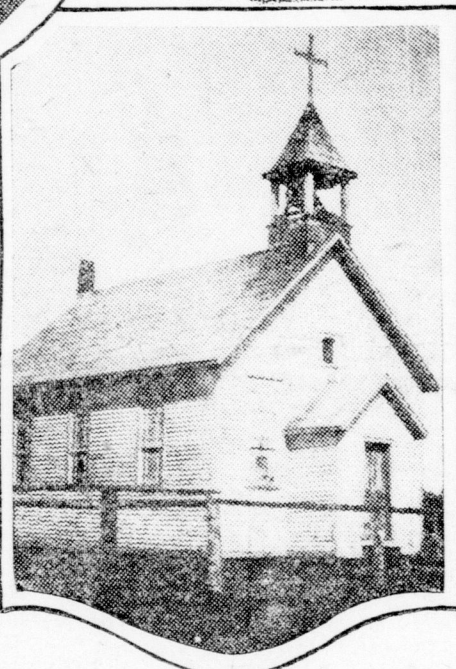
The declining rays of the setting sun shone red and gold on the massive rocks and leafless trees that created a majestic background against the blue sky for this tiny Indian village. Before us the lake, still partly frozen, sparkled like a sapphire set in a semi-circle of rubies.

A moment elapsed before the old Indian realized that a stranger was near. Then, in spite of his ninety-six years, he leaped to his feet, agile as a cat, and greeted me—"qwal, qwal."

Then in English: "Come inside."

Expecting to meet with the ready hospitality so typical of Canadian northerners, I was not a little disconcerted when I saw with what reserve his family greeted me. All except the baby—a tiny mite of three years, with coal black hair and an adorably chubby body—who gurgled toddling towards me. "Do up boot," he gurgled in English, as he thrust forward his untied shoe. At which all the sons, daughters, grandsons and granddaughters of Semo Commanda, who had perched themselves at points of vantage about the room, giggled in high glee.

And at the conclusion of every question that I put to Semo, they softly tuttered. It graduated to crescendo, when, leaning back comfort-



Roman Catholic church at Garden Village, home of the Nipissing Band of the Ojibway Tribe of Indians.

A Long Chieftainship

BUT Semo was generous for one so distinguished. He did not show any signs of mirth, nor did he mind the others, but soberly, with great reserve and every line of his powerful body bristling with pride, told me that he had been chief of the Nipissing band of the Ojibway tribe for twenty-six consecutive years. It was the longest chieftainship on record. He was old now, yes, and that was the only reason why he was not re-elected.

Semo never volunteered any information except in answer to a query. Then, he would stoically and briefly reply. I knew his brother, Frank Commanda—yes? Because his brother chose to be friendly did not mean that he had to be. Yes, another brother had died a couple of days ago and was to be buried in Sturgeon Falls to-morrow. Semo was to go to the funeral but he would not know until he saw him which brother it was. But that was as it should be. He wasn't worrying. No, an Indian funeral was no different nowadays from a white man's. This seemed to be the end of the conversation. So I took my leave of the big ex-chief but not without an invitation to come again. He didn't care when.

The next visit was more successful and Semo's reserve vanished while he told me that he had a farm of twelve acres up across the railroad over those rocky hills. He had cleared the land himself and worked the farm. He wasn't too old to work. There were six acres here where the log shack and stables stood. And he was tired now as he had just come in after cutting some brushwood.

Did he remember the first treaty money he had received? I should say he did! Yes, he had been old enough to get the first payment. That was in 1850 and each Ojibway was given twenty-five cents a year. But it had increased until now every man, woman and child in the land gets \$4 annuity or treaty money as it is commonly called. But to learn of that I must go to Mr. George Colborne at Sturgeon Falls. He is the Indian agent for this district and knows more about the Indians than they do themselves.

A Real White Chief

ANOTHER jaunt of ten miles through the Nipissing Reserve brought me to Sturgeon Falls and Mr. Colborne—the man who, for twenty years has acted as father, brother, chief benefactor and all round peacemaker for each band of the Ojibway tribe. If there is a quarrel—Mr. Colborne settles it. If there is a



Miss McDermott, who teaches the Indian children of Garden Village. Her little house is supplied for her use by the government.

burial—Mr. Colborne superintends. If the liquor laws are broken—Mr. Colborne collects the fines. If a barn or house burns down—Mr. Colborne gets there somehow. In short, he is more of a chief than young Charles Goulais at Garden Village, who holds that title.

As luck would have it, Mr. Colborne was to pay interest money in a few days to forty families of Nipissing Indians living at Garden Village, the largest settlement on the reserve. Would I like to go with him and see the money distributed? The village was located five miles southeast of Sturgeon Falls on the banks of Lake Nipissing. We would have to make the trip with a horse and buggy over a road, that in some spots, was no road at all.

So, a couple of days later, I was motoring from North Bay to Sturgeon Falls over a road that wound through the Nipissing Reserve. The reserve covers 180 square miles of land along the north shore of Lake Nipissing, commencing two miles west of North Bay and ending two miles east of Sturgeon Falls, a distance of twenty miles. And this land, with its timber, game and farms belonging solely to the 322 Indians of the Nipissing band.

Here and there on either side of the road a squalid log hut and a few log stables indicated that an Indian family lived there. About half way across the reserve on the lake side lies the village of Beaucage, with its three families.

Even the Canadian National and the Canadian Pacific railways traverse the Nipissing reserve. Also the government highways. But before a stone was moved or a shovel of sod turned the white men had to have the consent of the Nipissings!

"Yes," said Mr. Colborne, as he helped me into the rickety buggy that was to take us to Garden Village, "fifteen years ago the Indians refused to allow a road to be built through from North Bay to Sturgeon Falls. It was some years before they would surrender their land, and so the white men in those two towns went without a communicating road. I don't know what the reason was. Suppose it was the Indian's fear of the white man's aggression."

Last of the Ojibways

AS we ambled along, Mr. Colborne explained the division of the Ojibway tribe into bands since the signing of the Robinson treaty in 1850. There is the Dokis band, the richest in Canada, with its reserve across the lake at the head of the French river; the Nipissing band, with its reserve along the north shores of Lake Nipissing; and the Temagami band—the poorest—on Lake Temagami.

In signing the Robinson treaty, these Ojibways, together with the Chippewas, surrendered the land they inhabited to the British crown. In return the crown agreed to pay them annuity money: to give them reservations of land which they would always own until they sold it of their own free will; and also to allow them to hunt and shoot on the ceded territory. After a great deal of haggling, the Indians agreed to the terms and Semo Commanda, ex-chief of the Nipissings,

who was among those to receive the first payment, says that it amounted to twenty-five cents. Now it has risen to \$4 a year for every Indian soul.

The payments are made by the government every July, and it makes no difference where the Indian is—if he is more than one hundred miles from home and earning the equivalent of three dollars a day with a surveying party—he will drop all and hike home as fast as he can to be on hand for his treaty money. After which, with all his friends and relations, he invades the nearest town, where he spends his money like water.

But the interest money that is to be paid today to the Nipissings at Garden Village is quite another matter. The Indians do not seem to treat it as seriously as their treaty money, and do not mind being absent when it falls due.

It lay in greenbacks and silver in a satchel on the floor of the buggy, amounting in all to \$2,575—\$7.90 for every man, woman and child in the band. It is paid twice yearly and is the interest at 5 per cent, accumulating from the capital account. This capital is the money received when any timber is sold from the reserve and is held in trust for the Indians by the government. But before the government can sell any timber or land every Indian in the band must agree. Then the land sold is known as "surrendered" land. And it so happens with the Nipissing reserve that all the land north of the C. P. Railway has been surrendered.

But the individual interest money fluctuates. If the deaths in the band in the half-year exceed the births, the interest money is more—and vice versa. Or, if the capital account increases, then, automatically, the interest money increases, too. "And it's a peculiar thing," Mr. Colborne said, "most people think that Indians in Canada are on the decrease. But they are not. They're on the increase!" He explained that when a white girl marries an Indian, she becomes an Indian in the eyes of the government, even as she takes her husband's name.

We were now in sight of the lake. Two rocky peninsulas dipped gracefully into the lake with a sheltered bay in between with a lovely, sandy beach. Tiny log shacks nestled into patches of cedar bush and in the open stretches—frame houses, the schoolhouse and church.

This was the Indians' pay day, and though the majority of the men were away trapping muskrat, the women and children came out in shoals, it seemed, to greet us.

Were these Indians? These children with milky white skins, rosy cheeks and blue eyes? No, to be sure, had the black, sleek hair of the Indian, his red skin and sharp features. But those children and some of the women! Mighty few red squaws among them. There was more white blood in their veins than red.

The Ceremony of Payment

WE jumped from the buggy in front of the schoolhouse. The school teacher, Miss McDermott, came forward to welcome us. At a respectful distance, the youngsters eyed us. Not a smile crossed their little, solemn faces. I spoke to a tiny tot of four years.

"She does not understand you," Miss McDermott said. "They do not speak English until they come to school at six years, which makes them very hard to teach."

The British flag was hoisted, a ceremony that always attends the paying of both interest and treaty money, and the forty families of Garden Village filed into the schoolhouse.

Bobbed heads were numerous. Only a few old women clung to the old fashion. Here one saw the latest vogue in feminine apparel light colored shoes and silk hose, crepe de chine and silk dresses, snappy sweaters and fancy blouses, low waist lines.

The young men—there are only four of them—wore top boots and breeches. To be sure, they had more the appearance of the Indian, but even they were very modern. "Marry Indian girls?" I should say not! "We will only wed white girls!"

"In that case what will the poor Nipissing girls do?" I asked the teacher.

"Guess they'll have to go further back into the bush for their husbands" was the proffered solution.

One by one their names are called by Mr. Colborne: "Mrs. MacLeod, Mrs. Smith, John McPherson," and other names equally Scotch or English and absolutely "un-Indian." There are a great many French and a few that are really Indian. One by one they go before Mr. Colborne and receive their interest money. One family gets, among its members, \$80. But that is nothing compared to the rich Dokis Indians across the lake. Some families there receive as much as \$4,000 a year.

After the money has been paid Miss McDermott takes me to visit in some of the homes and in each I am received as reservedly as in Semo's. In this house there is an expensive Victrola. In that, a thoroughly up-to-date radio. Large-sized Kodaks are common and so are piles of Victrola records. On the shores several motor boats are pulled up, their winter covers not yet removed.

"The money for all this? Where does it come from?" The interest and treaty money doesn't supply all? I questioned Mr. Colborne, who had just taken his seat beside me in the buggy preparatory to our homeward trip.

"Oh, from various sources," he replied, as he gathered the reins and waved "good-bye" to those who had stayed to see us off. "In the winter the men trap and the skins of animals bring good prices. In the summer and fall they act as guides to Canadian and American tourists. Besides, they have their fishing, which is also good. At this season they are muskrat trapping, and when they come in they will sell each skin for \$2. The chief, Charles Goulais, has gone with the rest. So has Jacko Chagewiss, one of the few full-blooded men of the band and one of the oldest."

"And before I forget I must tell you that in July, when the treaty money falls due for every Indian in the north country, those living in the most remote parts, 400 miles north of here, will receive theirs by aeroplane. It is the first time that the government has used this mode of distribution and it will save a tremendous amount of time."

At Sturgeon Falls I said "Good-bye" to Mr. Colborne and proceeded east towards North Bay through the Nipissing reserve, the way I had come. And the first acquaintance I met on the main street greeted me with: "Wherever did all the Indians come from? I've seen a great many in town to-day."

"From Beaucage and Garden Village, I suppose," I volunteered. "Yesterday was pay day at Beaucage and to-day it was at Garden Village. I've just come from there, but I don't quite see how they beat me home." And then the thought came that maybe they had driven by car, as Mr. Colborne had told me earlier in the day that these Indians thought nothing of renting taxis of a warm summer's evening to bring them from their village to Sturgeon Falls.

The Pest

SOMEONE buys a hat. Somebody doesn't like it. Somebody suggests she sell it. Nobody wants it. Another somebody suggests she raffle it! A junior is inveigled for the sum of one shilling into "going round" with the tickets. Meanwhile, somebody has to do her work. And the staff is thrown into disorder while the said hat is tried on by everyone, examined inside, outside and round about, and the six-pences finally paid, with many grumbles.

Somebody prepares the slips of paper for the raffle in the office basket; somebody else reads out the list of names. Somebody wins the aforesaid hat, takes it home, decides it does not suit her, and deposits it in a cupboard, where it collects dust.

It is superfluous, of course to say that next pay-day somebody else will buy another hat! Question: Do men ever raffle ties?

High Pressure, Not Worry, Kills Herbivorous Men Who "Blow Up"

Beattie Nesbitt, L. R. Steel and H. J. Daly, Who All Died in Their Forties, of Similar Causes, Belonged to Powerful, Pushing Type as Opposed to Carnivorous Men

By F. G. GRIFFIN

ELEVEN years ago Dr. W. Beattie Nesbitt of Toronto, the ex-president of the wrecked Farmers Bank, who had been put on trial after extradition from Chicago, where he had lived hidden for sixteen months, died within an hour of the indictments against him being quashed. The cause of death was given as a slow decline due to heart disease and Bright's disease. He was just forty-eight years old.

A little over a year ago, Leonard R. Steel, head of the spectacular Steel chain store enterprise which failed, died suddenly on a train en route from Buffalo to Chicago, where he was going to try to raise money. A post mortem examination revealed the cause of death as apoplexy due to a clot of blood on the brain. Mr. Steel was only forty-five.

Less than a month ago, Herbert J. Daly, former president of the Home Bank, died. As it is known, he was under indictment since his arrest last year, awaiting trial. An autopsy revealed the cause of death as hardening of the arteries. Mr. Daly was only forty-two years old.

Were these men killed by worry consequent on the failure of their financial schemes and by subsequent legal and other burdens to be borne? Or was death due to another cause?

It may be easily noted that there were significant similarities about the three men which will be discussed later. Each of them was a self-made man of the super-salesman variety, driving and dominant. Each of them died from a cause which might be described roughly as weakened or shattered heart or blood action. All of them were men in their forties. Have these facts any connection with their premature deaths?

"Worry itself does kill," declared a well-known Toronto doctor. "With it comes frequently insomnia and disturbed digestive functions. The appetite falls off. Constipation results. During a worrying period there is an over-output of nervous force. The subject becomes undernourished. The brain cells lack food. This gradually leads to a vicious circle. There is a waste of energy which reacts on mind and body. This results in a lowering of resistance which may allow a weakness to develop with possibly fatal results."

Toronto Doctor's Unique Theory

SO much for that. This doctor, though, did not think that worry was the point to be considered in the deaths of such men as these. He had a unique theory of his own in the matter which he outlined.

He believed that modern man conformed to certain types physically and that each physical type had an associated mentality, or, rather, nervous system, to match.

The first type he called the carnivorous. The lean and hungry Cassius might be cited as an example. Such men are the restless, prowling animals of humankind, never putting on fat, restless of body, active of mind. They are like quicksilver or elastic. They are frequently introspective. They have frequently an inferiority complex, as the Freudians call it. No matter what their accomplishments, they feel themselves inferior to others making similar efforts. They lack to some extent self-assurance, go-getter qualities, pep, and all the other slogan qualities of modern business. They are frequently shy, sensitive, sentimental.

From their ranks come the dreamers, the artists, the intellectuals, inventors, discoverers, Steinmetz, the little hunchback electrical wizard of Schenectady, was one of them. So is Edison. And Henry Ford, to some degree, though one doubts if he suffers from an inferiority complex; and Lord Balfour, Lord Robert Cecil, and many Englishmen who come to mind. So possibly was Woodrow Wilson, Lincoln, Nelson, Tennyson—though some of the men mentioned may be classified as geniuses and genius is beyond type and above classification.

The doctor believed that the majority of men of such sensitive temperament, men of the carnivorous type, with an active mental and nervous system, had a physical make-up to match. They were usually thin, often lanky, frequently stooped.

They were highly strung, very frequently moody, mercurial, at one time depressed to the depths, at another on the heights, responsive to chances and changes of fortune. They were often pessimists, sometimes melancholics. They lived on their reserve. But in this was their safety. For they had to seek rest. They were many-sided. They had broad interests, a mind capable of response to varied impulses. This, too, gave them safety from the danger of too close a concentration on a narrow scale.

As opposed to this type there was a herbivorous. Not that the carnivorous are meat eaters alone and the herbivorous vegetarians. Perhaps it is the reverse, sometimes, as a matter of fact.

Full-Blooded Men Break

THE terms are apparently an arbitrary designation. But the herbivorous are placid like the ox, powerful like the bull. The herbivorous are the big, full-chested, strong-bodied men with a nervous system to match. They are serene, placid, phlegmatic, not easily disturbed, optimistic. In its full flower the type is dominating, radiating confidence, always superlative. Where the carnivorous type in its extreme degree suffers from a marked inferiority complex, the herbivorous type exhibits not merely a superiority complex, but a super-superiority complex. They are the reverse of bashful; they are inmates from sensitiveness. They have driving power, nerve, push, pep, and punch.

This type was not British, according to the doctor's theory, but it was found repeatedly in American business and politics, and in Canada.



H. J. DALY



DR. BEATTIE NESBITT



L. R. STEEL

and he thought also in Europe. Lloyd George he considered an outstanding example of the herbivorous type, in spite of Celtic complications in his make-up, dominant, hearty, optimistic, driving. And Mussolini, the Italian dictator, whose pictures show him powerful in physique, and whose record gives him a personality which fits the type.

Many men of note in American business and American politics fit in this classification to a remarkable degree. Roosevelt was predominantly of the herbivorous type as outlined. Rugged, dominant, driving, powerful in action and personality, he was also rugged, full-blooded, full-chested in physique in spite of a youth which was weak and sickly. "Worthy to become one of the gods of American mythology," it was written of him. In other words, the Superman of force, pep, punch and personality; the type at its fullest flower. If Roosevelt had not gone into politics who can doubt that he would not have been a great force in business, slugging his way to fortune, optimistic, filled with great schemes?

For the purpose of this article, it is worth noting that he died suddenly of an embolism, which is a clot of blood that clogs the arteries. Compare with the causes of death of the men mentioned in the beginning of the article. Roosevelt was only 61 years old when he died.

Or take Harding, of the same general type again, optimistic, full-chested, full-blooded, self-made, robust, though, of course, with less drive than Roosevelt, who was by way of being a genius. But Harding conformed generally to the herbivorous type of business executive under discussion. Harding died suddenly, apparently in his prime, at the comparatively early age of 58. And the cause of his death, again, was apoplexy. "The Calm Study of a Calm Man" was the significant title of an article by Samuel G. Blythe which appeared the week the U.S. president died. A significant word—calm. It fits in with the conception of the type.

High Pressure Reacts

IT was said at the time that the strain of the presidency killed Harding. Perhaps it did. But it is a safe prophecy that it will not kill the lean, lank, carnivorous Calvin Coolidge.

In this type fit the Wallingfords, the super-salesmen, many of the executives of modern American business, punchy, optimistic, dominating. Vigorous physically and mentally, they see everything through rose-colored glasses. They surge ahead on slogans. Their schemes will succeed, their plans will go right, they have faith.

Imagine one of these high-pressure men, as they are really called in the language of the modern business world, bearing down on you with a proposition, radiating confidence, believing in his proposition, putting behind it the full force of his personality, selling you something. He bludgeons you. He persuades you. He hypnotizes you. Full vigor into you, such a type throw their full vigor into the battle with a single-track earnestness, oblivious to everything else, brushing aside objections, smashing down obstacles, frequently making big achievements by their battering-ram strength of mind and body used with a single-track energy.

There was, for example, a man who was so interested in promoting mausoleums that he ate, drank, slept and lived mausoleums. He could talk mausoleums for hours. He believed in them. He had faith in them. Yes, sir. The mausoleum was the only safe and sane method of burial. He had plans for putting a mausoleum in every village in America. Mausoleums were the dominating, all-absorbing idea of his life. He finally came to think, really believing it after the manner of his kind, that it was an insult to the dead to put them in graves and throw earth on their coffins.

Or it may be that the subject of such earnestness, such concentration, such force will be a washing machine, or a patent garter, or a cap for fitting on the end of knitting needles. It will have a thousand points to talk about. It will be a money-maker. It will have a future. It will become an obsession with the man of the type who is selling it, who has faith in it. He will talk for hours about washing machines, or garters, or caps for fitting on the end of knitting needles. He will put the full force of his strong personality into selling them, floating them, pushing them, conquering the world with them. He will batter you, bludgeon you, beat you with them and convert you to his outlook by the sheer hypnotism of his own belief.

People who have yielded to the persuasive personality and punch of some stock-selling high-pressure salesman will be able to testify to the qualities found in a varying degree in men of the herbivorous type.

All Had Shattered Hearts

BEATTIE NESBITT was entirely of this herbivorous type in a very definite way," remarked the doctor. "A tremendous man physically, dominant, driving, optimistic, self-made, full of great schemes in which he always had faith. So, one judges, was Steel. So, too, in certain particulars, was Daly. The latter's record of tremendous success at a comparatively early age, his organizing ability, the work he did during the war, proves him to have had a driv-

ing force of an unusual kind. He was an efficiency man, a high-pressure man. He lived his life at great speed in which there could have been no let-up considering his responsibilities. He was quite of the herbivorous type, though varying in degree physically from the type in its fullest flower."

The doctor was careful to explain that the types which he outlined were the extremes. There were all kinds of variations, and many gradations. Some men who were predominantly of a particular type physically and mentally had other things in their make-up, inhibitions, complex, which negated some of the traits of the type to which they belonged. Then there were men in whom the types were crossed, either mentally or physically, or both; as well as countless colorless individuals whom it was impossible to classify in this way.

But he was speaking of the types in their fullest form and his argument was that men of the type of Nesbitt, Steel and Daly, men of a so-called big vision, big schemes, big money, conformed to the herbivorous type. That they failed of success was their misfortune rather than their fault. They did not expect failure. They drove for success. Probably no one was more surprised than they when they came a cropper. For that would be according to the temperament of them.

These three men had died in their forties. The doctor was not surprised. That was to be expected of their kind. Their misfortunes hastened the cause of their death by some years possibly but the carnivorous, he declared, might be expected usually to "blow up" at 50 or 55 at least. Fine physical specimens as they might be in their youthful mature years, they were the worst insurance risks imaginable.

They were themselves out. They burned out their energy. They were subject to constantly increasing blood pressure made necessary to carry the ever-growing load of their lives which was usually the accompaniment of an ever-weakening physical machine. Soon came hardening of the arteries, some heart trouble or a kidney disease. As if to bear out his argument, refer back to the causes of death of Nesbitt, Steel and Daly at years when, with the physiques they had, they should have still been comparatively youthful men in their prime. Leaving out altogether their business and financial misfortunes, they all three paid the penalty with shattered hearts and weakened blood vessels of the pace at which they had lived to become Wallingfords, the pressure at which they had driven themselves to conquer.

Breaking Down at 45 or 50

"LOOK around you," said the doctor, "at the number of successful business men, big executives, who have died in their forties or early fifties. They shouldn't have died. But they did. Worn out machines."

Very often with men of this type, everything was big—superlative was the word the doctor used again. They had enormous physical reserves to start with but they used them up with excesses of work and pleasure. They were not merely big workers and big thinkers, but quite frequently big eaters, big drinkers, big players as well. Work or play, whatever they did, they did hard. The tax on their strength, the drain on their reserves, was enormous. Unlike the carnivorous, who were compelled by their very weakness to rest and build up fresh reserve energy, these herbivorous giants of bodily and mental power drove themselves relentlessly, never rested, were never ill possibly, until something suddenly snapped. And when this happened it was frequently the end, for their reserve was all gone and they had to face the fight for life with a shattered physical machine which was frequently a mere shell.

Another thing which the doctor stressed was that the period between forty and fifty years of age, when the change of life occurred in a man usually, was the most trying period of his life. At the same time, especially with a man of big affairs, it was usually his period of greatest responsibility. In other words, the greatest strain of his career, the heaviest burden of his life, the call for the gravest decisions, came at a time when he was least ready to meet and face or carry them.

In his forties he was usually completing the expensive education of his family and launching them on their careers. His business schemes were at a point where they needed careful hand-

Where Do the Champion Strong Men Get Strength to Lift Girders and Elephants?

Marta Farra, Nineteen-Year-Old Girl, Thinks It's Triumph of Mind Over Matter—Breitbart, Greatest Strong Man, Says His is a Gift From Birth—Lessiss, the Greek, Tears Rocks Out of Earth

By ROWLAND THOMAS

WHAT is strength? We have laid bare the secrets of size. Dwarfs and giants are mysteries no longer. They are sick people—victims of the aberrations of their pituitary bodies. But muscular power is another matter.

Is such excessive strength an accident or an achievement, a birthright or an accomplishment? If it is inborn, is it due to inheritance from similarly gifted ancestors or is it bestowed by freakish favor on the one individual? If it must be acquired, what methods are effective?

Quite recently, at the Hippodrome, Marta Farra, a nineteen-year-old girl, showed gaping audiences how to shape half-inch rods of cold iron into horseshoe form with the bare hands. She then lay down with shoulders and upper back resting on the points of a bed of spikes. On her chest was placed a heavy frame of wood; on that a still heavier anvil, whereon men pounded with sledge hammers. When Marta got up, the marks of the spike tips reddened her back. But the flesh had not been pierced or the skin broken.

A flat tray of planks like a raft or stoneboat was dragged under the platform supported high on stout scaffolding. Chains at the four corners linked the tray to a heavier single chain that ran up through the floor of the platform and ended in a lifting harness. An elephant strolled in and took his place upon the tray. Marta skipped up a ladder and wiggled into the harness. Her hands braced by two supports, she straightened her slightly crouching body. The chains tightened. The raft quivered. The elephant looked nervous. Slowly the burden rose two inches clear of the stage.

The strong man of tradition is barrel-chested, and great lumps of bulging muscle make his body almost monstrous. Marta Farra is less bulky than the average bantamweight boxer. Her muscles are not beefy, but long, supple, smoothly flowing. Each one of them is thoroughly developed. Not one is hypertrophied and bulging. Yet in her 120 pounds is pent up muscular energy equivalent to that boasted by the bulkiest male Hercules. How account for the anomaly?

Spirit Strength's Fountainhead

SO far as Marta herself renders such an accounting, there would seem to be here in part at least a triumph of mind over matter. The sturdy stock she descends from has never before produced a physical prodigy. She herself as a child was not conscious of being stronger than her playmates.

"My parents were circus performers," she explained. "I grew up traveling with the wagon shows in Europe. The horses all the time needed shoeing. I hung around the smithy. I loved to watch the blacksmith bend his red iron into the shapes he wanted. I wished to do the same thing. They wouldn't give me any red iron. But I picked up all the odd lengths of iron rod I could and tried to shape it with my bare hands, pulling and tugging at it. Of course I didn't bend. But, not knowing any better, I kept trying. And one day it did bend! After a while some one saw me making horseshoes with my hands and told the other circus people. They wouldn't believe it till they saw me do it. I myself did not know I had become exceptionally strong till they told me I was!"

So, strength is a triumph of mind over matter. If the mind be indomitable, any set of muscles can be driven to do anything. Weight, bulk and inheritance are minor considerations. The fountainhead of strength is to be discovered in the spirit, not the body.

That may go for Marta Farra. It does not go, however, for Siegmund Breitbart, who last fall was thrilling the same vaudeville audiences his girl rival has been thrilling this spring.

Breitbart claims to be the world's strongest man. He is the physical antithesis of Marta. He looks as prodigiously strong as he is, standing well over six feet, weighing well up in the two hundreds, and bulging broad and thick. When he bites a ten-penny nail in two, drives a spike through a thick plank with his bare hand, or wraps a bar of iron round and round his brawny forearm, he is strictly in character.

When not engaged in these diversions, Breitbart is gentle, almost timid. His indomitable spirit has never driven his muscles to a triumphant struggle with stubborn matter. He has been strong all his life, he says. His strength was born in him.

He is inclined to think that is true of all strength. Your allotted store of it is apportioned to you as a birthright. If you dissipate it, you cannot get it back.

Still a third view is held by another prodigy.

ling. His accumulation of responsibilities had reached the peak load. His anxieties were tremendous. The drain on his reserves was deep and long drawn. It was the one period of his life when his mental and physical powers should be at their keenest and best. Instead, he was not as fit as he should be. He had been calling on his reserves too long. His energies had begun to sag. He was flabby physically and tired mentally; he was soft. At the time of his supreme testing, he was not in form. It was a time too when the vices of his life, if he had any, were beginning to tell.

No wonder that many such men have broken down under the strain of such a period not under such circumstances.

"Look around you," declared the doctor. "Notice the number of important business men, executives, heads of corporations, directors of big enterprises who die at forty-five, at fifty, fifty-one, fifty-three. Is there not something in my theory?"



Gus Lessiss, the Greek strong man of New York, who bends iron bars in his teeth and holds up great rocks to be split by sledge hammers.

ously strong man, Gus Lessiss. His belief is that great strength is in part an inheritance. A man must get it from his ancestors. But he can increase or waste his inheritance according as he lives.

Breaks Spike With Teeth

LESSISS is a young Greek. Three years ago he was a laborer in the furnace room of the Carnegie Steel Corporation at Pittsburgh. His job was loading pig iron into hand cars, pushing the cars to the furnace and dumping the pigs in. Each car has a crew of three men, who are paid so much for every ton of iron they move. But Lessiss was his own gang. He operated a car unaided, handled thirty-one tons of iron pigs daily, and drew the rest of three men. His fellow workers were divided between admiration and envy.

One day six huskies got stuck on a stairway up which they were trying to carry a steel beam. The foreman yelled to Lessiss to lend a hand. Instead, Lessiss lent his head. He crawled under the beam, got it balanced on his back and carried it upstairs unaided.

The episode created a factory sensation. Lessiss was invited to exhibit his prowess at an entertainment soon to be given in the furnace room. He put in his spare time for a week inventing various feats. He found he could wrap iron bars round his arms as he had seen professional strong men do on the variety stage. That discovery got him really interested. Among other stunts, he devised one of driving a railroad spike into a log with his fist and then bending and breaking it with his teeth.

The show was held before 1,000 steel workers. Lessiss passed from one feat to another, wrapping his limbs with steel ribbons, chewing spikes, bending iron pipes into cravats for his neck.

Eating Sunshine to Cure T. B. Great Results in Bad Cases

Dr. Rollier of Leysin, Switzerland, Curing Tuberculosis of Bones and Joints by Chemical or Actinic Rays of Sun—Patients Get Deep Coat of Tan All Over, But are Not Blistered

COINCIDENTALLY with an account by Paul de Kruif, in Hearst's International, of the methods whereby Dr. Rollier, at Leysin, Switzerland, is curing tuberculosis of the bones and joints through the sole agency of sunlight, it is reported, in the London Times, that a body of scientific workers at the National Institute for Medical Research at Hampstead, England, has established the fact that we live, literally, by the chemical or actinic rays of the sun. These rays afford the summer "tan" which city dwellers notoriously lack, but they have a far wider value than this. In some subtle fashion, as yet imperfectly understood, they influence the nutrition of the body and its resistance to disease.

It may seem a curious statement, but lack of sunlight throws a heavy strain on the organs of digestion, the reason being that the violet and ultra-violet rays of the sun affect the body in such a manner that it requires less animal fat while it is being sufficiently "irradiated." In the absence of the rays, fats must be partaken in large quantity; and fats, as usually eaten by middle-aged or elderly people in cities, are difficult to digest. The curious thing about the violet and ultra-violet rays is, we read, that though they are extraordinarily active in a chemical sense, they are also extraordinarily deficient in penetrating power. Quite a thin film of smoke in the air will exclude them altogether. Even ordinary glass windows are "opaque" to them—though this does not apply to all forms of glass.

Smoke Spoils Sunlight

CONSEQUENTLY cities obtain very little of this sunlight strength. On a recent bright day, for example, the strength recorded at Hampstead was only 1/5, whereas there had been no smoke in the air it would have been 2.5.

Of the Rollier treatment for bone tuberculosis, we read that it has been successfully practised for twenty years, since Dr. Rollier first became convinced that sunlight was the most powerful weapon for strengthening the resistance of the body.

"Rollier applies his doses of sun with the greatest caution, and this alone has made possible his miraculous results. When a patient arrives at the clinic, whether his state be good, bad, desperate, or indifferent, he is kept for a day or two out of the sun, in a living-room on a balcony facing south. During this time he grows accustomed to the altitude, and is examined carefully for any defects, such as a weak heart, which might make the sun baths unwise. His one or more tuberculous spots are carefully X-rayed, for it is by repeated X-ray pictures, as well as by his general condition, that his progress is followed. Finally he is given the usual round of laboratory tests that are applied to any patient entering any modern hospital.

"Then the sun treatment begins. The system of exposure is always the same, no matter in

Then he threw himself on his back on the floor and raised himself into bridge position. A crane lifted a cube of steel weighing upward of a ton and slowly laid it down on the man's naked stomach. Lessiss sustained the weight for three minutes before giving the prearranged signal to have it lifted off. The applause was deafening.

Lessiss used his head again, threw up his three-man job and set out on a stage career. Lessiss is a descendant of the rude, hardy Boeotians who were famous among the Hellenes for tough endurance even 3,000 years ago when Troy fell. He had augmented his native brawn by a rough life spent among the primitive peasant folk of the Grecian hills. He does not feel that pushing hand cars and heaving pigs in Pittsburgh weakened him appreciably.

In physique he stands half-way between Breitbart and the girl Marta Farra. He is of middle height and rather slender for a Hercules. But he has a thick, massive neck, with a round head set above it, and his forearms are heavy and bulge with muscle.

Perhaps because he first cultivated his powers in rough hardship among the mountains, Lessiss holds that vigor must be sought in the open. Mother Earth is its fount. Periodically he goes over to New Jersey, where, far from any town, there is a cavern in a hillside. He sleeps on the ground there and cooks his simple food over a campfire. Winter is the season he prefers for these "retreats." Then he can roll naked in the snow and tear rocks out of the frozen earth with his fingers.

Here, then, are three prodigiously strong persons, two men and a girl, totally unlike each other in physique, in personal history and habits and in the beliefs they hold and accounts they render in regard to their prowess.

What is the secret of great strength? You tell it!—N.Y. World Magazine.

what part of the body the tuberculous trouble may be. The first day the patient is wheeled out on the balcony on his high, smooth-running, hard-mattressed bed, and his feet are kept in the sun for three five-minute periods, with a few minutes shading between each exposure. That is all, the first day. The next day his feet are sunned for ten minutes, three times, and the legs up to the knees three times for five minutes. And so on, day by day, a little more of the body being exposed as time goes on.

"Meanwhile the doctor in charge keeps the closest kind of watch of the way the patient stands the treatment, because, as you know, skins vary a great deal in the way they tolerate the sun. The exposure is continued until the whole body, except the face, stands the sun for three or four hours in the early morning in summer, in the middle of the day in winter. By this cautious treatment the patient is never blistered or burned, he simply gets a deeper and deeper tan. This care also prevents any ill effect that too much sunning might have on the tuberculous disease.

"Doomed" Cases Cured

"WHILE the cure of this deadly malady takes from several months to a year or two, the good effect of the sun is noticed in a few days. While we were in one of the clinics, a little Swiss boy of five, just arrived, was brought in. As his clothes were taken off him, every infinitely careful move of the nurse brought faint pitiful cries from him, and tears to his red-rimmed eyes. Undressed, his condition was appalling. His legs and arms were mere sticks, one of his knees swollen and horribly ulcerated, his little feet twisted and covered with angry, red, tuberculous sores, his neck knotted with tuberculous glands, some of them open, oozing pus. He was literally riddled with tuberculosis, and to any doctor but Rollier and his fanatics, he was doomed. I said so to Dr. Linden, the keen Russian 'doctorese,' herself a cured patient of Rollier. She laughed, 'He—doomed?' In a few weeks he will never cry when we touch him, he will be smiling and laughing."

It is not children only who are cured. The case is cited of a young man of nineteen who came to the clinic eleven years ago, with multiple tuberculosis of the glands and bones. Tempered with the murderous microbes, a first examination showed that he had forty-two open lesions, running sores coming from the bones to the outside of his body. His arms, his knees, his feet, his head, all were attacked. He was constantly feverish, his general state was lamentable.

Given simply "rest, immobilization, air and sun," in ten months "the discharges of pus from the knee and elbow had stopped, the ugly openings, called sinuses, were closing. Pain had stopped. He was superbly tanned. . . . In eighteen months the man got up in good health. He is now a hotel porter and baggage smasher.

TEACHER'S PET

—By Arthur Somers Roche

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN BORCHARDT

Here Is a Story in an Unusual Vein by Arthur Somers Roche in Which the Hero is a Twelve-Year-Old Boy Who Fights a Bully and Gets His Picture in the Paper as an Affair of Human Interest.

"S"HOULDER Arms! Ten-shunt! Forward, march! Halt! Fix bayonets!"

For a moment the leader of the gallant company stood in thoughtful silence. Hopelessly outnumbered, with certain destruction awaiting his forces should he lead them into the dreadful ambushade, there was no thought of faltering in the multitude of his mental processes. But a man who is saying farewell to life may be pardoned if he snatches one moment from death to think upon his loved ones at home. Thank Heaven that he had had a furlough only a month ago! The knowledge that they worshipped him as a hero nerved him now. Then, too, there were his general's words when he had sent the young officer on this forlorn hope:

"Captain Dory, your country will always remember that you volunteered like a hero to save this army. The rebels are hidden in yonder ravine. While they are killing you will sneak up behind them and will win the battle. They won't be expecting us. And I give you my personal word, Captain Dory, that you will have the biggest funeral any Union man has ever had."

We can forgive him that he brushed away a tear as he thought of how those serried Union ranks burst into cheers as he strode away at the head of his little band of devoted followers. We can forgive him the swagger of his shoulders as he turned toward the waiting foe, and he gave the order to charge. In his baggy Zouave breeches, with his hat pulled down over his eyes, and his sword aloft, he was, he felt, an inspiring figure. To the group of girls who came around the corner he was just a boy.

"Oh, look at the soldier!" said one of them. She shrank close to her companions and her voice was raised in a tremor of fear. "He's bloody!" she cried. "He's killed a million rebels already this afternoon."

She left the sheltering embrace of her giggling companions and walked to the curbstone. She stretched out her arms appealingly.

"Shoot if you must, old grey head, but spare your country's flag," she said.

A Woman's Taunts

THE fictitious gore with which she had smeared him could have made the young warrior's cheeks run down his face. Now, his sword-arm dropped to his side and his shoulders seemed to shrink together. "Aw, you think you're smart, Eloise Dennison!"

Careless that she might hurt her stockings, the young girl now knelt upon the sidewalk, and stretched her arms wider and tossed her head back. "Have pity on a lone woman," she cried.

Twelve is a sensitive age, Roderick Dory could have endured mere insults and jibes from the black-haired beauty who pouted her lips and retorted that soon would have reduced her to tears and sent her away from the field of battle in shameful defeat. But this was a subtle form of insult new to his experience. He found himself unable to cope with it. "I wish you was my sister," was all he could say.

The voice of Eloise became soft and cooing. "I wish you was my little baby brother," she said. "I'd get you some nice doll soldiers, and I'd dress you like a pretty princess. The girls would want to kiss you."

"I'd like to see 'em try," growled Roderick.

Eloise, still kneeling, turned her lissom body at the waist. In tones that were now thrillingly deep she spoke to her companions. "He wants us to kiss him," she said. "Let's!"

Roderick looked over his shoulder. The imaginary company which he had been about to lead to slaughter no longer existed. He was just a self-conscious little boy who had been reading of the landing of troops in Cuba, and who knew that he really was too old to dress up as a soldier. Twelve is on the borderline of manhood. He had thought that this alley-way behind his house was safe from the degrading observation of such childish persons as Eloise Dennison. Had he been able to foresee her coming, he would never have dressed himself up in the Zouave uniform which a dotting aunt had sent him on his recent birthday. Tempted by its romantic possibilities, he had donned it, and exposed himself to the humiliation which now he endured. "I just wish you was a boy," he cried.

Eloise's eyebrows lifted. "Why, Roderick dear, if I was a boy I wouldn't play with babies."

The quickness and certainty of her wit drove him to the verge of madness. Because there are certain rudenesses one can't be guilty of to a girl, one must suffer. Impotent, choking, fiery red, he stared at the giggling group.

"Spare me," cried Eloise. Once again she faced him with her arms spread. A group of women came around the corner; they stopped and burst into laughter at the scene.

of burlesque emotion which met their eyes. Roderick looked at them; if there had been real enemies lurking in a real ravine, he would have leaped upon their bayonets with joy. For these ladies were teachers in the school which he and the girls attended. He knew that grownups could make a boy's life infinitely more unendurable than even his fellows.

Sobs of Shame

WHAT a chamber of torment this classroom would be converted into if these ladies, if Miss Tennant especially, chose! Now Mildred Tennant had a little brother of her own. She was one of those rare adults who understand how soul-crushing are the humiliations of childhood. She forced back her own mirth.

"Why, Roderick, what a wonderful uniform!" She turned to the other teachers. "I think that when our country is at war, it is glorious to know that even our young boys think of themselves as soldiers and are prepared to fight for their flag." She turned to Eloise. "Playing actress?" she asked.

That was all; smiling, she walked on, and the other teachers followed. They were not so quick as Miss Tennant, but they followed her more perceptive lead. It was a little thing that she had done, yet it had restored manhood to Roderick and had made Eloise a little girl. The boy stared after her with adoration in his eyes. Then he turned to Eloise.

"Move on, you kids," he said gruffly. "Can't you see I'm busy?"

Mildred Tennant's casual manner had been impressive. She had not seemed to note that Eloise was making fun of Roderick. Eloise somehow felt that she was the absurd one, no how it got in my lunch box. Nora must put it there by mistake; she ought to know I never eat two apples; you might as well have it as anyone else."

He placed the apple on her desk and walked off, still swaggering. He thought this swagger and the gruff speech would deceive. He was oblivious to the glances and whispered comments of the other pupils. Love is not merely blind; it is deaf. But deafness is relative. A boy in love may be deaf to whispers; he cannot be deaf to that of his own heart. Roderick was deaf to the fact that she had rehabilitated him in the eyes of Eloise who had sneered. For ten minutes after he had discovered how beautiful and gracious and altogether charming Miss Tennant was, he was so immersed in the sea of love that he had completely forgotten the method of his precipitation, therein.

That love could ever touch so hardy a person as himself had never entered his thoughts. Now, suddenly, he knew that there existed a Roderick Dory with whom he had held no previous acquaintance. Burning blushes suffused his cheeks as he contemplated this alien who he himself. And then the blushes left him, while a certain rapture owned him. The most glorious woman in the world had shown a marked preference for him. Had she not praised highly his patriotic play? There probably was no other boy of his acquaintance who could boast of such a mark of favor. Not that he wanted

Merely a Girl

Roderick, lying upon the bed, slowly ceased his sobbing. He had had a miraculous escape from gross and public humiliation. An angel had

angel. Up to now he had looked at her with that healthy feeling of enmity with which every normal school boy looks at the guardians of the schoolroom.

He and she were opponents; not from choice but through circumstance. Had anyone an hour ago told Roderick Dory that he had within him those elements which made up a teacher's pet he would have resented the statement with all possible vigor of mind and body. Yet now, as he lay upon his bed, he gave himself over entirely to degradation.

Funny that it had never occurred to him before that Miss Tennant was very beautiful. He was at the age when only grotesque ugliness attracted his attention. Persons who were not freaks impressed themselves upon his imagination not at

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He walked seven miles through the night.

come down from Heaven itself and certain magic words routed his foes. For certainly Miss Mildred Tennant was nothing less than an all. Of course he had always known dimly that Eloise was extremely pretty. But his regard for her, of which he was too old for this sort of thing. Only an extreme pride enabled him to continue even for a moment. A boy must save his face, even to himself. In such ways we save our souls.

But when he reached the gate that led into his own back yard, he turned and ran swiftly into the house. On the landing one flight up, he encountered his mother.

"Well, how many of the enemy did my little hero kill to-day?" she asked.

She was just the finest mother in all the world, but there were times when he felt that he and she were spiritually as far apart as the poles. This was one of the times. For the very gentleness of her voice, its unfeigned interest, proved that in her eyes he was merely a baby of the "playing-soldier" age. If she had been amused at his appearance, if she had even been slightly contemptuous, he would have endured such an attitude now equably than he did now. Such is the psychology of boyhood. He brushed by her without answer. He knew that if he spoke he would release the embargo which he had placed upon public tears. Yet, once in his own room, he gave himself unreservedly to the sobs of shame.

He stripped the offending uniform from his body and threw himself upon his bed. Years later he would remember this scene and smile with pitying understanding. For in those later years he would come to understand that no man ever ceases to be a boy. He would know that in the mind of every adult is a picture of himself, or herself, vastly different from the image which presents itself to the world. For there is no failure so complete but that he imagines a quick turn of circumstances which will make him a world figure.

He had been about to lead to slaughter no longer existed. He was just a self-conscious little boy who had been reading of the landing of troops in Cuba, and who knew that he really was too old to dress up as a soldier. Twelve is on the borderline of manhood. He had thought that this alley-way behind his house was safe from the degrading observation of such childish persons as Eloise Dennison. Had he been able to foresee her coming, he would never have dressed himself up in the Zouave uniform which a dotting aunt had sent him on his recent birthday. Tempted by its romantic possibilities, he had donned it, and exposed himself to the humiliation which now he endured. "I just wish you was a boy," he cried.

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to boast; as a matter of fact, he must keep his secret closely to himself.

An Apple for Teacher

LIKE every other male of the species he believed in his ability to hide the fact of his devotion to one of the other sex. Thus, next morning, he swaggered with a great assumption of carelessness up to Miss Tennant's desk.

Had an extra apple to-day? I don't know how it got in my lunch box. Nora must put it there by mistake; she ought to know I never eat two apples; you might as well have it as anyone else."

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The Fighter's Prize

EIGHTY pairs of eyes widened; then, as though set upon one neck, they turned and stared at Jimmy Higgins. That youth responded to the challenge. "Does that mean me?" he asked.

For answer Roderick walked down the steps and advanced upon the school bully. He wasted no precious breath in words; he struck with all his might.

Miss Tennant herself, drawn to the scene by the shrieks of four-score children, who separated the gladiators, Jimmy Higgins was entirely too big for Roderick. But he was winning the sort of victory which is so costly that one does not care to achieve several of them. For while Roderick's left eye was purple and puffed, and his lips were cut, Jimmy's nose was bleeding, and it was swollen most alarmingly. Also the bigger boy's right cheek was marked. He would never invite Roderick Dory to battle again. There is no fun or profit in whipping a she's seen the evening papers, too."

How's she going to find out?" asked Roderick.

"Morning papers will give me details," his mother told him. "She can only wait for them and hope for the best. You mustn't cry about it, Roderick."

Then, because she was as tactful as she was wise, she left him.

Human Interest Story

RODDY knew that Miss Tennant must be broken-hearted; his boy's mind vaguely comprehended the tortures of uncertainty which she must be undergoing. He rose from the bed and went downstairs. But, save for Angela, the house was deserted. It was Nora's night off, and his mother and father had gone out. He did not know where to find them, and he was rather glad of that, for he preferred to do himself what he had intended to suggest to his father.

It was eleven o'clock that night when a tired, footsore boy walked into the building that housed the Star newspaper. A stubborn office boy gave way, finally, when threatened with assault. The black eye and swollen lips of Roddy seemed to indicate that here was one who would back up words with deeds. He led Roddy to a man at a desk.

"I want to know if you got any late news about which Lieutenant Connors was killed in Cuba," said Roddy.

"Why? Relative of yours?" asked the man at the desk.

Roddy sat down. He had walked seven miles in three hours, and his eyes were heavy with sleep. Laboriously he explained why he asked the question. The man at the desk was kindly, he showed a great interest. Roddy did not understand what he meant when he said to another man, "Each of a human interest story," nor did he understand why a flashlight picture of himself should be taken. He only knew that despatches had been informed that despatches had been killed, but that Alfred had been slightly wounded. He was too sleepy to understand why one of the men in the office not merely took him to

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might be a mistake

RODDY DORY walked home on air. His mother, who had heard the tale of his battle from the lips of Angela, was too wise to rebuke him, although her heart ached at sight of his battered countenance. And at the table that night his father had great difficulty in concealing his warm admiration for his son.

"Fighting is very wrong," said Mr. Dory. "I'm dead against it, Roddy. I understand that this Higgins boy is a lot bigger than you."

"He's fourteen, and two inches taller," said Roddy.

"And I understand that you were still going strong when the teacher stopped you," said Mr. Dory.

Mrs. Dory frowned at her husband. "Fighting isn't nice," she said. Her rebuke was addressed to her husband and that gentleman colored becomingly. He changed the subject hastily.

"Well, we licked the Spaniards again yesterday," he said. "Evening paper says our boys killed three hundred of them; we lost fifty men. Two officers among them: Captain Blakeney and Lieutenant Connors."

Roddy stiffened in his chair. "What was Lieutenant Connors' first name?"

"Why, was he a friend of yours?" Roddy swallowed painfully. "Miss Tennant is going to marry a soldier named Lieutenant Albert Connors."

Mr. Dory's memory had been accurate. There it was in the evening paper, the name of Miss Tennant's fiancé under the caption, "Killed in action."

As though someone of his own family had been killed, Roddy received this verification. He could not finish his supper. He rose from the table and went to his room. There a little later his mother came to him.

"Don't feel badly, Roddy dear," she said. "There may be some mistake, after all." What a wise mother she was!

"How could there be a mistake?" asked Roddy.

"Mrs. Thurston stopped by here just now," replied his mother. "You know Miss Tennant boards with her. She told us that Miss Tennant told her that there were two Lieutenants named Alfred and the other Albert. She hasn't given up yet, although Roddy Dory to battle again. There is no fun or profit in whipping a she's seen the evening papers, too."

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boy who does not know when he is whipped.

Aching, bruised and bleeding, Roddy Dory was happy. He knew that Jimmy Higgins would not call him a teacher's pet again, and that no other boy would utter words that the school bully refused to speak. As for the girls—he didn't care about them. He had proved his manhood to the boys and that was enough.

From the weeping Eloise, who had summoned her to the scene of battle, Miss Tennant had learned the cause of the fight. Jimmy Higgins could be left to his own teacher to be dealt with. Miss Tennant had no control over him. But she kept Roddy Dory after school. "I'm not going to punish you, Roddy," she told him. "In fact, I think that you were very brave to fight a boy so much bigger than yourself."

The boy beamed upon her. He had made no mistake when he had given his love to this glorious woman who understood. "Aw, he ain't anything wonderful," he said boastfully. "I guess while he was gettin' a meal, I was takin' a mouthful here and there." Miss Tennant hid the mirth that such bragging aroused in her. "But I don't want you to fight with him any more," she said.

"If he says anything about my bringing apples to you, I'll fight him every day," declared Roddy. Miss Tennant stared at him. Then suddenly she leaned over and kissed the bruised face of her youthful adorer.

"I think," she said, "that you are just as brave as the man I'm going to marry. He's a soldier; he's fighting now."

Now it is a peculiar fact that when a small boy loves a woman twice his years he is not in the least jealous of any adult, however envious he may be of youths of his own generation.

"A soldier!" said Roddy in awed admiration. "What's his name?"

"Lieutenant Albert Connors."

"I bet he'll be a general if the war lasts long enough," said Roddy.

"I bet he will too," said the teacher. "And in my next letter I'm going to tell him all about you."

Might Be a Mistake

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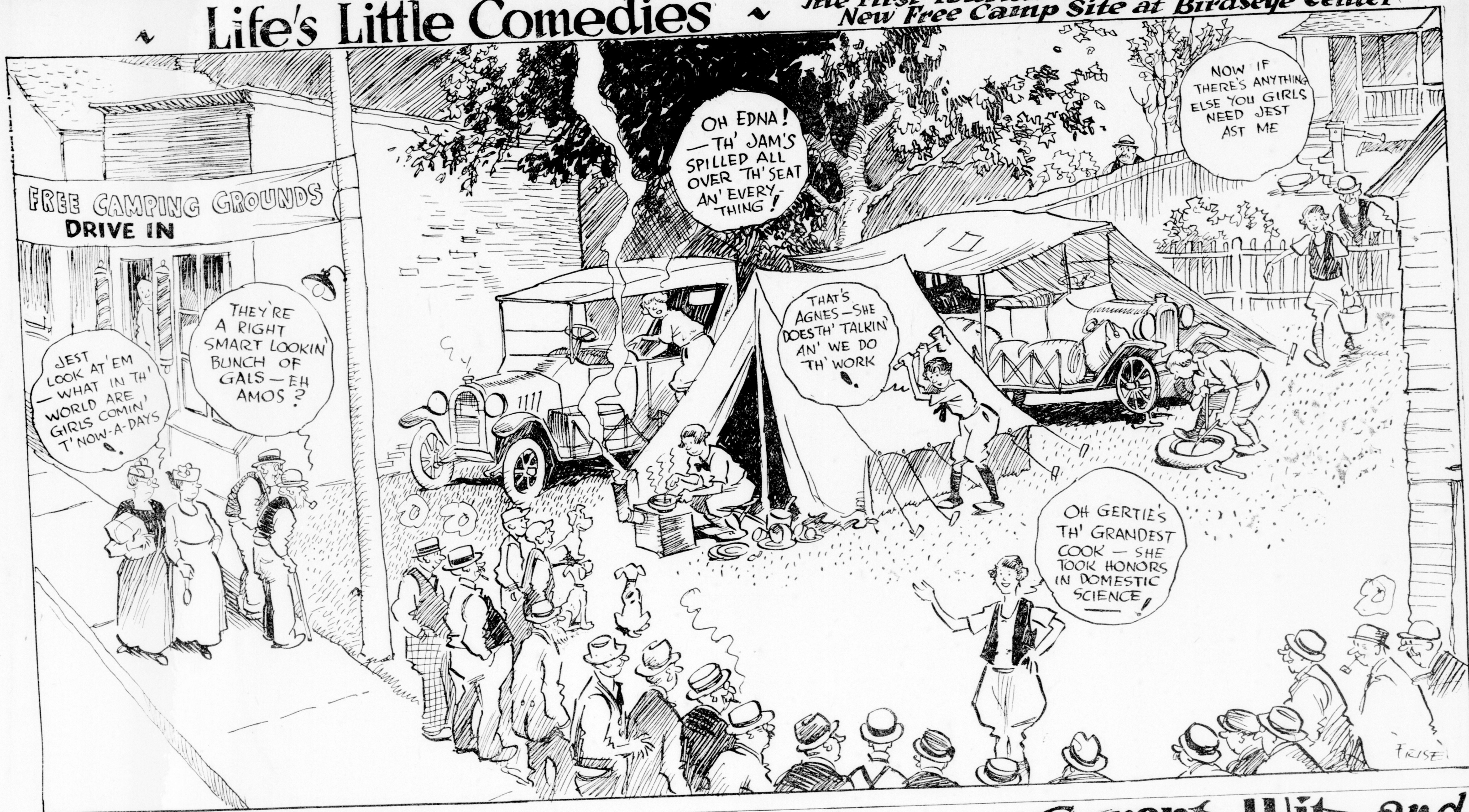
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Life's Little Comedies

The First Tourists to Use the
New Free Camp Site at Birdseye CenterBy Canoe on a 2,000 Mile Trip to the Arctic Ocean
Toronto Men Set Out in Frail Craft for the North

Dr. H. A. Innes and J. A. Long Are Attempting Record-Breaking Paddle From the Peace River to Possibly Herschel Island — Will be Gone Two Months.

By H. F. MULLEN

FROM Peace River town to Herschel Island in the Arctic ocean there stretches in an unbroken line the inland waterways system which drains a territory comprising one-sixth of the whole surface of Canada.

Down these great rivers, when the warm winds of early summer have driven the melting ice northwards through the sluggish waters to the Arctic from whence it came, float the huge steamers of the Arctic fleet, bearing five hundred tons of freight in their holds and on their decks, and carrying a couple of hundred passengers, trappers and traders, policemen and priests, to every trading post from McMurray to Coronation Gulf in the eastern Arctic.

For the average man, it is enough to boast that he has sailed the northern waters from rail-head to Arctic in one of these big boats of the northern fleet, but for Dr. H. A. Innes, of the economics department of the University of Toronto, and J. A. Long, of Toronto Collegiate, nothing will satisfy save the experience of having literally "paddled their own canoe" from the end of steel to the blue waters of the grim old Arctic.

Reaching Edmonton a few days ago, the two Toronto men are now at Peace River town,



DR. H. A. INNES



J. A. LONG

busily engaged in outfitting for their adventurous voyage. Grub, blankets, rifles, a camera, and a modest kit of camp utensils, will be stored in the eighteen-foot Hudson's Bay canoe in which the journey will be attempted. Then, taking a paddle each, at stem and stern of their frail little craft, the voyagers will bid good-bye to civilization and head for the Arctic.

"Just studying the economic possibilities of the northwestern hinterland," says Dr. Innes, on being asked why he is making the trip. "I'm going along because I want to, and to act as photographer," adds Mr. Long, affectionately handling the shutter of his camera the while.

There will be interest, scenery, excitement and variety aplenty, are the two Toronto men once more report for duty in September. The first leg of the journey, from Peace River town down the Peace to Fort Vermilion, will carry them through a wonderland of high timber, of fertile river flats where the black bear seeks the succulent wild berries which form the dessert to his summer diet, and of wide, placid waters low-hung with trailing willow.

Here is a country where some day thousands of prosperous settlers will be housed. Today, a few pioneer settlers along the river banks, wandering trappers and Indians will be all the human kind the two men will meet. At Fort Vermilion there is a wonderful farm, for twenty years the home of Sheridan Lawrence, farmer, trader, fur-buyer, flour miller, lumberman, post-

master and general Pook-Bah to the scattered population from the Little Red River, beyond Vermilion Shutes, to Peace River town.

So, amid scenery of wild grandeur, the voyagers will paddle the portage at Vermilion Shutes, leading into the Little Red River country, and the last stretch ere the Peace joins the Slave river in Lake Athabasca, at Fort Chipewyan, where they will once more be in the track of the river boats that ply from Waterways along the Athabasca river to Fort Fitzgerald on the Slave river, beyond Lake Athabasca.

At Fort Fitzgerald there is a sixteen-mile portage to Fort Smith, and this portage forms the natural divide between the real Arctic and the semi-civilized area leading back to railhead. The big boats cannot cross the portage, of course, so they dock at Fort Smith to await the passengers and freight that pour in over the big portage from each weekly train that runs from Edmonton during the short season of open water.

The long portage made, the travelers paddle the Slave river to Fort Resolution on the shores of that huge inland sea, Great Slave Lake. They will skirt the shores of the big lake, for storms are sudden and fierce on the river of the same name, whereon lie the most wonderful falls in all the northland, the Alexandra falls, the all the northland, the Alexandra falls, the canoists emerge at last on the broad bosom of

the mighty Mackenzie itself, with the cool winds of the Arctic ruffling the surface of the waters, and trading posts of historic significance set high on its banks, at intervals along the winding course.

Fort Providence comes first, then Fort Simpson at the junction of the Liard river with the Mackenzie. Here, the travelers enter the fur country in real earnest, journeying on past Fort Wrigley to Fort Norman, scene of the oil strike of three years ago, when the wild rush northward resembled a second Klondyke in miniature, with liquid gold as the object, in place of the precious metal of the Yukon.

Northward and ever north, sweeping past Forts Good Hope and Arctic Red River, where the little white foxes roam, into the many-branched delta of the Mackenzie, where it joins the Arctic, and so to Aklavik. At Aklavik the adventurers hope to be spectators of a unique murder trial, at which Judge Dubuc of the Alberta courts, with a jury of Eskimo men, traders and trappers, will try an Eskimo from the Coronation Gulf district for the murder of one of his fellows.

This event over, the two men must think seriously of their return journey. Further north, where the midnight sun dances round the pole, and the aurora borealis flashes its robe of silver and golden sheen in the star-studded skies, lies the Royal Canadian Mounted Police post at Herschel Island, keeping watch and ward over the traffic through Behring Strait.

The canoeists may push on to Herschel and there board the Hudson's Bay steamer Lady Kindersley for the outward bound trip via Behring Straits and the Pacific to Vancouver. They may take the quicker and less thrilling route, back up the Mackenzie aboard the steamer Distributor to the big portage on Slave river.

As a third alternative, the two may travel by the overland route through the Yukon, to railhead on the U.S. government railway, and so to the Pacific ocean.

But no matter what route is chosen for the return journey, there will be at least two men of Toronto who, when travelers tell strange tales of the northland, will be able to sit back and say: "Ah, but that was nothing to the two thousand mile trip we made by canoe to the Arctic in the summer of 1924."

Discretion

A SERGEANT was instructing a squad of recruits in the use of the rifle. He had been explaining to them the course taken by a bullet when fired at an object some distance away.

"Now, Private Doolan," he said, turning to one of the rear-rank men, "perhaps you'll answer a few questions. Supposing I was standing a thousand yards away, by yonder farmhouse, and a body of men were firing at me from here, and you were half-way between us, what would happen to you?"

"Why, sergeant," replied the recruit, "the bullets would pass over my head!"

"Quite right; and what would happen to me?" asked the sergeant.

"I scarcely know," said Doolan, with a grin; "but I think you'd be dodging behind the house!"

Current Wit and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs From the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

A man never loses his nerve until he needs fellow combing his hair in public, and find it is a bobber—not a bob.—Sheilburne Economist.

While the sun is shining lay aside a little of your enthusiasm for a rainy day.—Chicago News.

At grade-crossings—say it with brakes and save the flowers.—Knightsdown Banner.

New York was founded just 300 years ago. I'm afraid it's too late to do anything about it now.—The Passing Show.

Some say the Coolidge-Dawes ticket will go down in history and some say it will go down in November.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Two weeks' vacation is just long enough to peel off after a sunburn.—Ottawa Journal.

The brain of an elephant is larger than that of a man, but his trunk is smaller than that of a woman.—Chicago News.

Loeb and Leopold may be insane, but they had lucid intervals when each thought of killing the other.—Kincardine Review.

At the end of Easy Street stands the poor-house.—Regina Post.

At rare intervals a liar tells the truth and then is shocked to find that nobody believes him.

The politician who could blow hot and cold has been replaced by the statesman who can blow wet and dry.—The N.Y. Herald-Tribune.

We are still searching for the man who doesn't feel that the meter in his cellar is putting something over on him.—Ottawa Journal.

With a couple of hundred million bushels of wheat to export it can hardly be said of Canada that she is threatened with famine.—Manitoba Free Press.

"The average woman has a vocabulary of only 800 words." It is small stock but think of the turnover.—Ex.

"One of the saddest sights I have seen," says the Bachelor Cynic, "is a married man trying to look happy over his wife getting her hair bobbed."—Sheilburne Economist.

How do they put the cats out in Venice?—Louisville Courier Journal.

Putting coal in the bin in July lessens the worries of December.—Chicago News.

A woman may be as old as she looks, but she is seldom as young as she acts.—Chicago News.

One of the most common cases of mistaken identity these days is when you think you see a

A good way to preserve discipline is never to let employees see you in a bathing suit.—Chicago News.

If crime really costs the United States \$10,000,000 a year it is a bad investment.—Chicago News.

The book of etiquette doesn't explain why the bully who pounds on the table gets served first.—St. Catharines Standard.

The woman who gets ample damages in a breach of promise suit hasn't exactly loved and lost.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A fashionable doctor is one who treats people who haven't anything the matter with them.—New York Telegram and Mail.

The young fellow who burns the midnight oil is likely to get farther than the young fellow who burns the midnight gas.—Hamilton Herald.

A free country is a brand new republic that hasn't had time to pass many laws.—Duluth Herald.

Americans used to go to Europe thirsting for knowledge; now its only thirsting.—Kingston Standard.

Changing seats in a canoe is one way of learning to swim, or dying in the attempt.—Montreal Herald.

The preserving season this fall will doubtless include canning many of the politicians.—Lynn, Mass., Bulletin.

His Orders

MURPHY, a new cavalry recruit, was given one of the worst horses in the troop. "Remember," said the instructor, "no one is allowed to dismount without orders." Murphy was no sooner in the saddle than the horse bucked and Murphy went over his head. "Murphy," yelled the instructor, "you dismounted!"

"I did."

"Did you have orders?"

"I did."

"From headquarters?"

"No; from headquarters."

All He Asked For

BLACK: Is you new son-in-law a good provider. White: He can just about keep my daughter in gloves. I pay for everything else. "Then he deceived you as to his circumstances?"

"No. I remember he merely asked for her hand."

Color

I LOVE to paint my shutters blue. My pillars rose, my gables green. My doors a bright vermilion hue. With orange frescoes in between. And then to hear the bigwigs say, "How crude!" All houses should be grey!"

And when I've tinted vacant spots Of walls in some delightful tone With gallant swirls and polka dots, And when the solemn pedants gape, "This really isn't done, you know!" I ask, "Why not? I like it so."

Must all the world be dark as doom. Poor hoodmen blind—for such you be? Behold, against your timid gloom In laughing hues of life and glee Our valiant rainbow! Let me think; We'll make that chimney salmon-pink! —Arthur Guiterman.

Tempting Neptune in An Egg-Shell Amidst Ice Battling the Sea in a 30-Footer Along Labrador

Two Men Take Motor-Boat Along Dangerous Coast to Hudson Straits—The Perils of a Sickly Motor, Storm and Fog — Narrow Escape From Being Swept On a Dangerous Reef—Steering Gear Torn Away

For his profession as a writer of sea stories—of actual experience, such as related here, as well as imaginative—John T. Rowland is especially well equipped, since much of his life, beginning with his college days, has been spent in "knocking about in boats." Besides the hazardous voyage described in this article, he has cruised in Alaskan waters, and has made many trips in sailing vessels to Dr. Grenfell's mission in Labrador.

By JOHN T. ROWLAND

THE Labrador coast runs nearly north and south for 600 miles, and from its northern end at Cape Chidley the distance is about as much again up Hudson's Strait to the Bay. A longish jaunt for a 30-foot motorboat, but with my cruising partner "Bob" to keep the engine going I gambled that we could make it in spite of head winds, ice, storms, and a total absence of repair shops.

It was to be a non-return trip, for our little ship, the "Daryl," she had been bought by the Hudson's Bay Company, and our job was to deliver her and get "out" again as best we might.

We picked her up at a mission post on the north shore of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where she had done noble service for several years, but had not been equally well done by. This was not due to any intentional neglect, but simply to the fact that surgical instruments do not happen to be well adapted to repairing engines and boats. The good Surgeon-in-Charge had fastened the bearings with fine copper wire in lieu of nuts and bolts, and there was a certain evidence of surgical technique in various other little jobs he had done to hold her together.

It was really a wonder the whole motor did not break up into its component parts the first time we turned it over. Yet nothing essential was actually missing, and after Bob had set up all the bearings tight and "washed the fish oil out of her innards," as he disgustedly put it, we found that she was really in good shape. The accommodations were snug, but sufficient. A cabin some twelve feet long under a low trunk housed the motor, a good-sized coal stove, all our supplies and equipment—and ourselves. When we had squeezed in, we felt like a couple of chestnut worms on their native heath. But, as Bob said, out on the sea, the sky was the limit. We held stretching exercises several times a day—especially after working on the motor.

Predictions of Disaster

THE starting point was Great Meadonia Island on the north shore of the Gulf. After due consultation with the doctor and predictions of early disaster from various sources, we concluded it might be wise to try our ship out on a short spin. All the way before a hard sou'wester had been blowing and when we eased past the rocky point which gave shelter to the harbor and ran into the first of the long grey surges outside, the little "Daryl" lifted like an Irish nutter going over a five-foot fence. Bob poked his head up through the hatch. "Is it going to be like this right along?" he inquired mildly.

"Reckon it is—for a while. Why?" "Well, if this junk heap once dies, I'll never get her going again. Let's give her a shot and keep her at it." So our trial spin turned out to be the real start. Presently I discovered why Bob had not wanted to turn back. It appeared that the engine had been run for months on a low grade fuel oil which in his words, "gummed her up something awful." Once stopped, the pistons "froze" solid within their cylinders, and it required the strength of a Hercules simply to turn the fly-wheel over. He thoughtfully spared me the knowledge of this harrowing fact.

It was 150 miles just to where the Labrador coast began, and this passage down through Belle Isle Strait gave us one of the choicest thrills of the expedition. We ran all night through a drizzle of rain and fog, first one and then the other of "lumbies" two cylinders going dead and having to be coaxed back to life. We guessed our position to be in the narrow part of the strait, where the tide runs with considerable violence and both shores are strewn with reefs. Presently the wind went into the west and began to blow in fierce squalls.

Anywhere else this would have driven the fog away, but not so there. It streamed past, dense as snow and became, if possible, more opaque than before. Suddenly a small iceberg loomed ahead. "Daryl" dodged it in the nick of time, took a big sea over her stern and was swept from end to end. She emerged exuding brine, and we found ourselves in the midst of a stream of floating ice.

Forced to Sail

BOB attempted to crank the thing—and swore. "You'll have to sail her," he announced.

I had doused our canvas—a light yawl rig—just a few minutes before in deference to the weather; but now it seemed to offer our best hope. We put the rags back on her and continued to dodge ice. A single collision would have made me a widow of the "Daryl," but at that there was far more danger in drifting than in sailing.

Time passed rapidly and almost before we knew it dusk was falling. Owing to the treacherous currents I had very little faith in the reckoning and was half expecting every moment to see a dirty reef with the sea smashing over it lift its head out of the mist. Bob, who was steering, suggested going aloft to try and see the Bradore hills above the fog and so get some idea of our position. This seemed futile, since our tallest mast was scarcely twenty-five feet high, but for lack of anything better to do I complied.

When I had stumbled up to the spreader I nearly fell overboard in sheer amazement. Not only were the hills visible, but scarcely two hundred yards away on our port, a cluster of topmasts poked up through the low fog bank, which rolled along the surface of the water like a river of lead. And all the time we had been groping blindly under that curtain of mist.

Fifteen minutes later we came to anchor among fishing schooners to which those topmasts belonged, in the shelter of West Modeste Island, and our kettles were soon singing on the stove. We drank about a gallon of tea apiece, and turned in for a night's good rest.

When the "Daryl" again steamed northward, Bob had tuned up his engine so that she made six knots instead of the scant four and a half that had been our best previous speed. Needless to say, the ship was dressed in our best, and the machinery had been replaced by solid nuts and bolts.

Also, our ship's company was augmented by another white man and a venerable "breed" who was reputed to be the best pilot on the coast. George was a very lovable old character, a white man, and a venerable "breed" who was reputed to be the best pilot on the coast. He was a white man, and a venerable "breed" who was reputed to be the best pilot on the coast.

Hailed by Eskimos

SOMETIMES "Daryl" ran through narrow channels where her wake, splashing against the low, rocky islands, sent seals plopping off into the sea, at other times she crossed "cree" sounds completely landlocked by encircling archipelagoes. Our chart quite candidly gave it up—the paper was left blank except for a neat legend in Italian: "Numerous islands here. That was the truth." It was while navigating one particularly confusing bit of landscape—that is about what it amounted to—that we fell in with a small schooner manned wholly by Eskimos, going the same way. They sang out:

"Sure, sir," said George, "they must 'a' went into some harbor." This seemed likely, but did not greatly help.

Next we cut a wide circle, stopping at intervals to rest and listen. Finally, when these manoeuvres had got me as completely lost as my pilot, we gave her up.

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Hidden Perils

THERE was nothing for it then but to get back on our course and hope that eventually we might find ourselves at Hopedale. The fog-bank had overtaken us, borne in upon the wings of a brisk easterly breeze.

"Daryl" slithered through a gray world, herself a wraithlike gray shape . . . chunks of ice . . . leaped out of the whiteness ahead to be missed by inches. To complicate matters, it began to grow dark.

"Look here, George," I said. "I'm going to stick her out to sea." He gave me an unhappy look and seemed of two minds whether to acquiesce or protest when Bob, who had come up to a breathing spell, let out a shout and dived below. Next moment the "Daryl" came to a hurried stop. Looking ahead I saw a narrow channel between two rocky islands. It was so narrow that we had no choice but to go through. The bottom jumped up at us and in that clear water seemed but a few inches beneath the "Daryl's" keel, but the went through without striking.

Inside we found smooth water and anchored forthwith. The Harbor of God's Mercy. Bob called it in the style of the old navigators. Next day we went on and eventually found Hopedale. And the first thing to greet our eyes on entering was that Eskimo schooner lying calmly at anchor off the mission pier. She had

seemed likely, but did not greatly help.

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Nearing a Thunderous Surf

HE went below and George and I stood in the cockpit watching the cliffs draw near. We were not happy. However, Bob did not ask for help so we left him alone. It was blowing too hard by this time to show any sail, so we could only wait and watch our little craft drift helplessly toward that thundering surf.

Suddenly the engine gurgled, choked a couple of times like a man being strangled—and then began to chug. Bob did not need any signal from me to throw in his clutch. A few moments later his head appeared in the hatch wreathed in smiles.

"The feed line had some dirt in it," he said.

"I see," said Bob.

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Fighting to Keep Off Reefs

THIS was such an uncanny phenomenon that for a moment I could only point at the reef and gaze. George turned and saw it and his

and run for port. George as usual was steering and Bob was sitting on deck discussing the chances of getting a shot at a bear next day if the weather cleared, when all at once we found ourselves rushing broadside on towards a reef over which the sea fairly boiled.

He says to anchor whenever you like," George informed me.

We did so, found good holding ground in about five fathoms, and after a mug of hot tea all around went peacefully to bed. Great was my astonishment next morning to find that the chief had guided us into a narrow, landlocked harbor where an error of a hundred yards either way would have hurled the "Daryl" to destruction. How he did it in that state of wind and rain and in utter darkness was succinctly explained by George as follows: "Those fellows don't have to see, sir. They know."

These natives are the great tragedy of that coast. The white man has brought them nothing but disease and religion, and the one seems hardly to atone for the other. The little group we happened upon were all that was left of a population of several hundred in that particular region, and in another generation there will probably be none at all. With it all they are a happy, carefree sort of people and surprisingly intelligent. But their great desire is for tobacco to quell the pangs of hunger. They will follow a sailing vessel for miles in their skin boats and grin cheerfully when you toss them a plug.

A Mistake in Navigation

SHORTLY after being saved by the miraculous guidance of the Eskimo "chief," we had what I have always regarded as a wonderful example of dumb luck, but if anyone prefers to consider it Providence, I shall not dispute his judgment. From a hour old headland called the White Handkerchief it was some twenty miles across the mouth of a wide bay to a cluster of little islands among which we intended to make harbor for the night. These islands lay pretty well out from the land and offered the only shelter for some distance in either direction.

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Motorists Make Unnecessary Noise

Blowing Horns and Opening Cut-Outs

Rouse Whole Neighborhood at Night Because Too Lazy to Get Out of Car and Ring Door Bell

CHICAGO'S health commissioner, Dr. H. N. Bundesen, calls the automobile "one of the worst offenders in the production of unnecessary and objectionable city noises. Dr. Bundesen announces in his Weekly Bulletin the inception of a campaign for making Chicago a more quiet and restful city," and in naming the things that now interfere with this aim, he pays his respects to the careless autoist as follows:

"There are now people in Chicago who have not been aroused from sound slumber at midnight or greatly annoyed during the day by the driver of an automobile tearing down the street with his cut-out open, or by the fellow with the great big truck who knows that all fear him, smashing through the city thoroughfare blowing his siren instead of using his brakes. This sort of thing is a skin to brutality. First, because it is a waste of time and energy, and secondly, because it is the cause of death by accident or otherwise. Let us assume, for instance, a pedestrian with a weak heart is crossing in front of this truck driver, who, brutally careless of the feelings of others, suddenly opens his siren to make the people jump out of

off the ice fields out to sea—and the afternoon was nearly spent. When we had run our distance by log islands I suddenly discovered that I had made a bad error in plotting the course. I went forward and sat down on the cabin trunk trying anxiously to devise some way to rectify the mistake without making a fool of myself. For I was afraid they would lose faith in my navigation if they knew.

The situation was not pleasant. It looked to me as though the only thing to do would be to keep on until dark and then heave to and pray for a calm night. Even this had its drawbacks, for the glass had been falling all afternoon and there was a lot of drift ice about. I sat staring into the mist ahead, convinced by this time that we had missed the islands clean, when all at once they fairly burst out of the fog dead ahead. Old George sprang up from the wheel and slapped his thigh.

"My, that's a fine piece of navigation, sir, what wit they currents and all!" he sang out.

Those same currents doubtless were what had saved the day. We came to anchor in a lovely little sheltered nook and in less than an hour the worst gale of the season was snorting through the "Daryl's" shrouds.

From this point northward to Cape Chidley "Daryl's" progress consisted of daily battles against head winds and tumbling seas. She was an able little craft and was never in any particular danger, so long as she had sea room, but when she drew in on the land and began hunting for harbor some ticklish moments developed.

On one occasion the steering gear was carried away just when we were running through a narrow channel among the reefs. Bob saved the ship and our lives by steering her with a stillborn wrench clamped to the little brass pipe which was her rudder head. To do this he had to crawl in head first under the deck in the stern.

In that position, of course, he could see nothing, so George squatted beside him and passed along my directions how to steer. We got through all right and came to anchor without mishap.

But our last day on the Labrador coast was really the best of the lot. Here the chart was quite useless, but a fisherman who had made several voyages down that way had given me a good description of guiding marks in the way of islands and capes. We passed several of these and had raised Chidley Island—the northernmost land of Labrador—when the inevitable fog shut in and decided it would be just as well to call it a day.

Several natives came out to us in their skin boats for a mug of hot tea well sweetened with condensed milk. That appeared to be their favorite tipple. While they were on board the wind jumped right around into the west and blew great guns.

"Daryl" began to bog both her anchors and again we were on a lee shore. It was pitch dark and raining in sheets. Bob started his motor, and I jumped to the wheel, hoping to work her off shore, but I had not the least idea where to go after that. In this extremity George put his mouth to my ear and shouted that the Eskimo "chief" could pilot us to a good harbor if I would trust him.

"Tell him to go to it," I yelled. "We can't be in any worse!"

The "bucky" squatted on top of the cabin and, with old George for interpreter, proceeded to issue orders how to steer. He did not look at the compass, and he could never see a motorboat before. Nevertheless, after steaming on one course for about fifteen minutes he had me turn sharply to the left and all at once we found ourselves in calm water.

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We did so, found good holding ground in about five fathoms, and after a mug of hot tea all around went peacefully to bed. Great was my astonishment next morning to find that the chief had guided us into a narrow, landlocked harbor where an error of a hundred yards either way would have hurled the "Daryl" to destruction. How he did it in that state of wind and rain and in utter darkness was succinctly explained by George as follows: "Those fellows don't have to see, sir. They know."

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These natives are the great tragedy of that coast. The white man has brought them nothing but disease and religion, and the one seems hardly to atone for the other. The little group we happened upon were all that was left of a population of several hundred in that particular region, and in another generation there will probably be none at all. With it all they are a happy, carefree sort of people and surprisingly intelligent. But their great desire is for tobacco to quell the pangs of hunger. They will follow a sailing vessel for miles in their skin boats and grin cheerfully when you toss them a plug.

A Mistake in Navigation

SHORTLY after being saved by the miraculous guidance of the Eskimo "chief," we had what I have always regarded as a wonderful example of dumb luck, but if anyone prefers to consider it Providence, I shall not dispute his judgment. From a hour old headland called the White Handkerchief it was some twenty miles across the mouth of a wide bay to a cluster of little islands among which we intended to make harbor for the night. These islands lay pretty well out from the land and offered the only shelter for some distance in either direction.

As usual the weather was thick—a drizzling fog with promise of wind

and run for port. George as usual was steering and Bob was sitting on deck discussing the chances of getting a shot at a bear next day if the weather cleared, when all at once we found ourselves rushing broadside on towards a reef over which the sea fairly boiled.

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hands fell from the wheel. Then all together we realized what it meant: a strong current was sweeping "Daryl" bodily in towards the land. George swung her around and Bob opened his motor up wide. Then began one of the grimmest races I have ever seen, while to all appearances we stood still in one spot with the water racing along our sides and that reef frothing and foaming scarcely a hundred feet behind our stern.

Little by little "Daryl" gained in her desperate tussle with the current—and then another reef appeared further along. The poor little boat pounded ahead with her motor fairly groaning, and all along on our port quarter reef after reef raised its ugly head out of the fog. Our navigation, of course, was "all out." No one could tell where this current might have borne us, and, to make matters worse, the fog thickened and it began to grow dark.

For perhaps half an hour we struggled on, sometimes missing "boilers" by a margin of feet, and all the time fighting to get away from that shore with its terrible thrush of water. Suddenly to our dismay we saw the dark loom of land right ahead. I yelled at Bob to back his engine and jumped forward to let go an anchor.

Next instant we shot out of the fog and found ourselves behind a low, shelving point of rocks in a harbor that seemed literally made to order. We anchored without even the formality of a sounding! Next morning when it cleared, we found that we had been sucked up into Jokut Inlet, a long, deep fjord which runs back into the interior, where it widens to form a sea loch.

Since the tide rises and falls there through a range of some twenty feet, a vast quantity of water rushes through the mouth of the Jokut on every tide. All night long it roared against its rocky shores like the thunder of a hundred elevated trains, but we were safe and snug in our little harbor behind the point.

Next day we fell in with the Hudson's Bay Company supply ship "Pelican" on her yearly pilgrimage into the Bay. The meeting was opportune, for we learned from her master that our orders had been changed without our knowledge and that the new post to which the "Daryl" was assigned would not be at Stupart's Bay, as we had been told, but at quite a different point some 200 miles further west. We proceeded up Hudson's Strait in company with the "Pelican" and arrived at our destination a week later.

"Daryl" had arrived now at the north end of the mainland of North America on the Atlantic coast. This was slightly farther north than the tip of Cape Farewell, Greenland, and to the best of my belief the farthest that such a craft as ours, under her own power, had ever ventured along that desolate coast.

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Beggars' Journal

For Certain Folk

Paris Mendicants Kept Informed of Baptisms

Some of the Horses a Farmer's Wife Has Met in 17 Years A Varied Line of Good, Bad and Indifferent Dobbins

Seventeen Years of Horse Swapping Recalled — The Incurable George, the Excitable Foxy, the Lazy Bill Were some of the Steeds Which Have Added a Certain Zest to Life on the Farm — The Horse Versus the Automobile.

By NINA MOORE JAMIESON

IT is about seventeen years since John and I became a United Farmer—he being the farmer, and I united to him. Under the terms of this partnership, he endowed me with all his worldly goods, including a chubby bay horse with hairy legs and a stubborn nature. His name was George—but I have suspected John of giving him other titles, at times. My first adventure with George came on the occasion when John and I fared forth to the bush to get a load of wood with George and another horse. John let them go, so that he might laugh at me, as I bumped around, hanging to his shoulder for fear of jolting of. Perhaps our frivolity annoyed George; perhaps it was his peevish day. When we arrived at the side of the woodshed with our load, and John got down to open the door, leaving me to hold the lines, George refused to be held, and charged ahead—and the clothes prop caught me, and scraped me off, lines and all.

John was for slaying George, immediately, and had made a fair start when I intervened. Having been so recently endowed with horses, I wanted live ones. I represented to John that George was merely showing decent masculine resentment over the prospect of petticoat government. But George was incorrigible. He broke his bridle to smithereens the first time we took him to church, and gave such evidences of a soured disposition that when a neighbor made an offer for him we hailed it with alacrity.

I say "we"—for that is the core of contentment in the United Farmer partnership. The wife of a lawyer or doctor or dentist or architect is seldom the business partner, but the wife of a farmer has a share in his activities to their limit. Where he goes, she goes—if she feels that way inclined. In the days of which I speak, she went along to hold the team while he did the trading. Now she goes just as inevitably—to buy the gas and help put the patches on!

Our neighbor's offer included a colt. He was getting to be an elderly man, and was not able to break in his colts. He set longings eyes upon the sedate and stolid George, and offered an even deal. George was getting "up in years". He began to have "age on him." We traded joyfully.

Foxy was ruddy in color, rangy in pattern, unsophisticated in manner. When John brought her down the lane, I left my ironing to pine on the stem, and went out to inspect her. The wind was blowing with Autumn sadness, and Foxy looked depressed. Her flaming mane and tail blew forward wildly. John showed me her red points. She was a little thin, and knew not the uses of curry comb or brush, but she was young, fairly well-bred, sound, and had possibilities.

We discovered some of the latter when we undertook to put her into the stable. She was accustomed to nesting in the straw stack, at home, or under an old shed, and she had a nerve trouble which is medically described as "claustrophobia," or fear of closed places. John called it pig-headedness. She flatly declined to go in through the door, and no dish of oats, no coaxing, no getting availed to alter her. We didn't want to whip her—that would be a bad beginning with an unbroken colt. Happily for us, the dog knew his business, and while we were consulting, Zip took action on Foxy's unprotected rear. She bounced in so suddenly that she very nearly upset us. We hustled her into her stall while the impulse lasted, and heaved a thankful sigh.

The Broom as Persuader

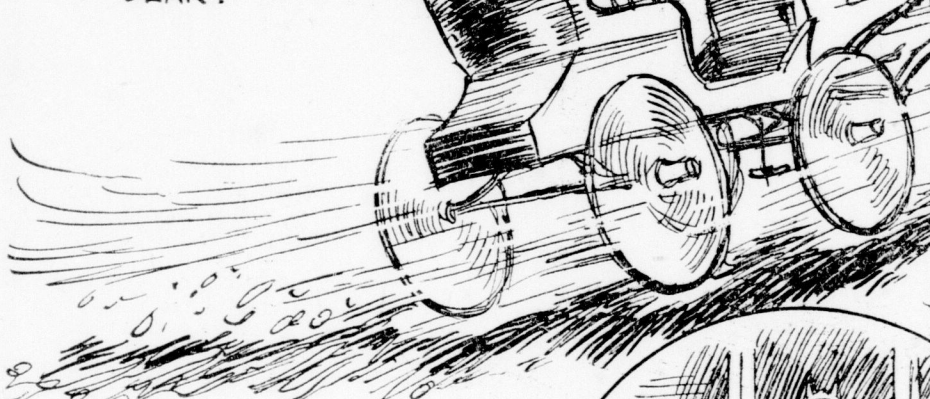
BUT our troubles were not ended—not a bit of it! When we came to get her out we found that besides claustrophobia she had cemento-phobia, and could neither understand nor tolerate the clatter, the smoothness, the unyielding texture of the cement floor of the stable! Her stall was planked, and well bedded with straw. It had not bothered her. Once off that, she braced herself with scared rigidity. The dog had fetched her in over it so quickly that she had not realized its terrors. But the dog was ground-hogging in the back field when John elected to water his horses, and it looked like a deadlock. Foxy was established like the Bank of England.

"Come one, come all! This rock shall fly From its firm base as soon as I!" But there are ways of arguing with colts. John let her stand where she was while he went hunting something persuasive, and meantime I came along with the stable broom, a bright thought inspiring me. Surprise had brought her in—surprise might get her out. I smote with all my might on the portion of her anatomy farthest from her nose, and out she went! Hurrah! The worst was over. Getting her in and out was not easy for a while, but she soon came to it, and gave no bother.

What a lot of fun I have had in my day, helping John to break in his colts! With Foxy we took a fine, sensible little black mare we had, called Mag, and Mag lugged Foxy industriously around in double harness until the colt began to get over her awkwardness and general revolt agin' the government. But we used blind bridles, then, and the time came when Foxy suffered from that fact.



"MISTER," SAID JOHN WITH GENTLE FINALITY "YOUR HALTER IS TOO DEAR!"



SHE HAD CEMENT-O-PHOBIA

A cream separator agent came, one day, to sell us a machine. He had done some business on his travels, for he had acquired a buggy on a deal, and was towing it along behind his democrat. In those days, one could trade anything on a new purchase. The first man in the neighborhood to have a piano, dealt in a horse, and a little money. The horse had the heaves, and so had the organ, but he got the piano and it was good enough. He always referred to it as an expensive implement of music.

The agent fell in love with Foxy. She was by this time worthy of it. Her sorrel coat glistened from much grooming. She had filled out with feed and care and had a nice bread-and-butter-Miss manner. John had taken me for a drive with her in the cart when the boy was only a few weeks old, and the boy had squallied in a way that chilled my heart, but Foxy never paid any attention. We had had her over a year, and considered her as indispensable. The agent urged a deal. He had a nice little horse, Dan; good driver, quiet, sound, suitable for a lady with an infant to consider. He offered certain money to boot, and after some consultation, John and I agreed to his offer.

"Don't take her to-night," said John—"it was super-time. She has always been used to a blind bridle, and you have open bridles. Better not take chances on a colt."

"Oh, that will be all right!" declared the agent, loftily. He knew a great deal more than most folks. He was bound to take Foxy at once; paid the money, put his Dan into Foxy's stall and prepared to depart. Foxy went well enough until she began to ascend the hill towards the road. Then, from the corner of her eye she looked back and saw the towering black bulk of the wobbling top buggy coming along after her—inescapably. In a panic she bolted. It came faster, wobbling more furiously. She had one defense—her swift, strong heels, and with them she lashed out at it in desperation.

Foxy was Cured

THE agent jumped for safety, landed in the ditch in slush and old leaves. He stepped on his new raincoat, and tore the tail off it with explosive suddenness. His hat somehow skipped under the democrat, and got a wheel on it, to which it stuck—a wreck of a Christie Stiff whirling around and around without hope of salvage.

Foxy stopped when she got to the gate at the road, utterly winded, for she had had to drag the other horse up the steep slope too. Dan's erstwhile mate hadn't a scare left in him—he was used to anything you could fetch on. If Foxy wanted to run up hill, she was welcome. He wouldn't run for her.

The agent got his own horse to go home with, and next day John took Foxy down to him. She turned out well, I believe. After that, we broke our colts in so that they would not mind any kind of bridle. We had learned something.

Dan did not suit extra well. I forget his particular failing, but I know he got his time very shortly. That year John was forever trading, and at last he fell in with Bill. It was warm

Don't

DON'T be like folks who laugh and sing Along the summer ways, But grunt and groan when winter brings The gloom of duller days.

Don't be like folks who vow they're chums Along each level mile, But when the roughened pathway comes Forsake one at the stile!

Don't be like folks who fear to bear A little trouble-pack, For life brings everyone a share Of bothers in its track.

So, if you're down, spring up again, And when you're on your feet— Wipe off each mark of coward-stain, Press onward through the sun or rain— Show by your heart and soul and brain Pluck's very hard to beat!

—Lillian Gard, in Tit-Bits.



THE AGENT JUMPED FOR SAFETY, LANDING IN THE SLUSH AND OLD LEAVES.

SHE HAD CEMENT-O-PHOBIA

weather; we had to go about fifteen miles to get him, and we took Mag and the buggy, late one afternoon, leaving the boy with Aunt Caroline, and milking our cows before leaving home.

Bill was a fine big gleaming bay, of the carriage type—nobly muscled, up-standing, very imposing in appearance. . . . and in other ways. I had him on a leading strap, and John drove, and we had made several miles before I ventured to hint that Bill was drawing back on the strap in such a way that I could hardly hold on to him. John handed the lines to me, and for a while I drove, very nervously, and he led. Bill. Cars were infrequent enough, then, to scare horses to death on their rare appearances, and frequent enough to be a source of dread to any woman, driving a horse. Mag would fairly climb a tree if a car came within her ken. Such a time as we had getting home!

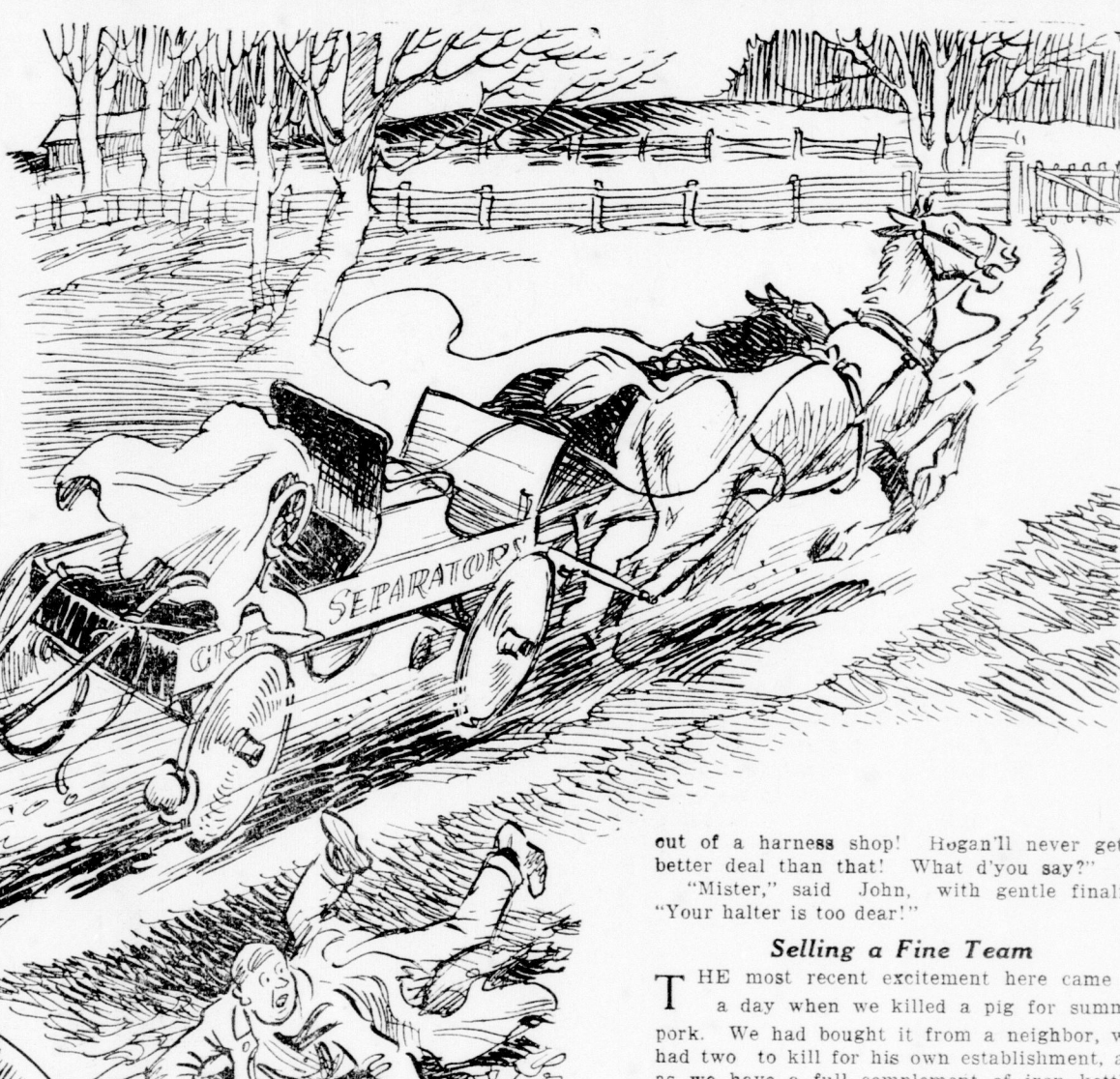
After a while, John got out of patience, and clapped the harness on Bill, for he knew Mag would lead. It began to get dark; a bit of a moon came out, and the heat was stifling. Bill shuffled sulkily along; Mag led easily under my slack hand. I was weary and closed my eyes with a sigh. I opened them with a jerk, as we stopped abruptly, and I heard a low angry laugh from John. Unnatural blackness covered the moon, and even as I looked that blackness dropped down right in front of us. It had been caused by the elevation of Bill's great hind-quarters into the atmosphere!

Well! Bill was a bulker, and a kicker. He was a Son of Rest. He would do any mortal thing but work. We were stung as neatly as could be. He was as pretty as a picture, and further resembled a picture in that he deserved hanging. When put in as third horse on the binder, he trumped on our cherished Mag, broke harness, tried to bolt, curved his beautiful, obstinate neck, and taught us a most painful lesson on the folly of judging by appearances. One thing he would allow, and it was no use to a farmer—he did not mind a saddle! Moreover he put an end to our horse-trading, for a time, and in this way:

I had found an old saddle, and used to enjoy bringing the cows from the bush myself. One day, while coursing gaily around the stable yard for my own pleasure, I beheld a stately car coming down our steep lane. No chance to get into the house, and don a garment befitting the mother of a riotous boy, at present sound asleep. Very conscious of my faded overalls, I waited to see what was what. And behold you! If it wasn't some plutocrat who had spied Bill's work as he rolled along the road, and had come down on the chance that he would let him go! Wanted a saddle horse for his daughter, and had never been able to get his eyes on anything that fitted the case as Bill did. Oh! delirium of joy! We got a handful of real money for Bill, and had nothing on our consciences in passing him along.

Halter Too Dear

DURING the years of the war, horses were worth something, and business was brisk. A dealer from New Brunswick used to pay regular visits to Galt, and circle out from there, combing the district for likely animals. Once again John got his hand in, for he knew the location, description and value of every horse you could mention. It went about with the buyer, personally conducting him, and enjoying himself to the limit, meanwhile. Men who had "critters" to dispose of fell into the way of consulting him. Many a time I have



out of a harness shop! Hogan'll never get a better deal than that! What d'you say?" "Mister," said John, with gentle finality, "Your halter is too dear!"

Selling a Fine Team

THE most recent excitement here came on a day when we killed a pig for summer pork. We had bought it from a neighbor, who had two to kill for his own establishment, and as we have a full complement of iron kettles, and a regular place suitable for the job, all three were to be killed and dressed here, our neighbor and his son joining forces with John and his retinue. In the morning two elderly bachelors happened along to give us a call. On hearing what was on the program they decided to stay and assist.

Altogether, there were five men and two boys to tackle those three pigs, and it was no time until the job was done. At the very instant when the last pig was strung up, long and white and ponderous, beside his brothers, a couple of horse buyers appeared on the landscape. They had lost their way, getting here, and were hungry, muddy, and inclined to find any faults that might be found. I gave them all that I could muster—a dinner that has included two more than ourselves we are sometimes down to the very last piece of pie, and not a bit of cake to be seen! Then to business.

John brought out his most recent team. The whole convention of men moved over to inspect them, for no matter how charming the pigs might look, strung up to cool "out" on their pole under the tree, they were not to be compared with a horse deal, for interest. Jack and Charley are dappled greys, and to my untutored eye there is not a flaw in them. The prospective buyer showed little enthusiasm. He asked their age and weight, wanted to know if they were sound and kind. Heaves—did they have heaves? John snorted in a way that would have ruined him, if he had been afflicted with that disease! He got the two boys up on the firm broad backs of his team, and away they went, slapping and flapping over the soft muddy soil of the lane.

That was to show their speed and action, for the picking up of feet, and the placing of them, the carriage of neck and head and plummy tail can only be judged thus. The tall man in the black coat, who was looking up a team for himself, he said, pursed his lips, frowned, and stated that he thought Charlie traveled wide behind! Then the storm broke, and I, tucked out of sight among the cedars by the house, giggled with delight. One of our bachelor friends spoke his mind. "It ain't a team you want at all!—It's a couple of poached eggs and a slice of toast with them!" His scorn was searing. "Your eyes ain't any good only to spoil the looks of your face, if you can't see that them's the best team in this part of the province!" He waved his arms manfully, and took a good helpful breath. "The color on them is worth a hundred anyway. The way they're mated is worth another hundred. If you want a rippin' stylish pair that'll win any place you have a mind to take 'em, you see 'em right here in front of you. They're as handy as a pocket in a shirt. Their manners wouldn't shame royalty. They're young, and sound, and keen, and quiet, and good in any harness. What more could a man want?"

The buyer was impressed. He took John off to one side and asked the price, and there was much brief and wary sparring, full of silences and questions and terse comments. Presently the horses were put into the stable, and the buyers departed. It may take several inspections before the man makes up his mind, but I have an idea he will get Jack or Charlie yet.

Man-Killing Animals

I WAS talking the other day to a man who has been in the horse business for over fifty years, and he told me that in his opinion the men of to-day were not as keen in judging horses as the men of that day were. They want cheap animals that will do the work, and they do not take the pride in them that they should, or try to improve them. The least he ever paid for a horse was two dollars—and it was a fair animal, at that. He told me he had had horses foisted on to him—fine looking creatures, apparently valuable—but regular man-killers! There was a handsome mare he tried to buy from a contractor in Orillia, but the man would not sell her. Then on the day before the buyer left town with the carload he had been gathering, the contractor came to him, crying aloud, with heart-breaking sobs, "That mare—she killed my only boy!" And so she had, indeed.

A certain man came to him, and proposed to trade him one of his team, and as the team was matched, and no fault to be seen in either, the buyer demurred. The deal went through, however, and when it was completed, he said to the other man, "Now tell me why you were

so anxious to get rid of this beast? I can't see a thing amiss, and the one I have traded you is not nearly as good a mate as this was for the other."

"You watch him," said the former owner, departing. "If he ever gets hold of you, he'll never let you go alive. He killed a man last week!"

Cheering, to be sure! The dealer said he watched, all right! Next day in came a grocer, looking for a delivery horse, and not one in the stable suited him but this beast of ill-repute. The dealer warned him, but the man was quite unconcerned; he took the horse, paid for it, and neither was seen again. They drop out of the story here. Evidently no harm came of the horse, or that would not have been the case.

More business has been done in horses during the recent winter than in many years previous. Saddle horses are in strong demand, and hard to get! Percherons, with their clean legs, smart appearance, and easy disposition seem to be crowding the Clyde close in popular favor. That is the outlook in a nutshell.

A Game Old Girl

ANOTHER horse buyer, whom we have known for years, used to say, "Watch out for the parsons and the psalm-singers when you go buying horses, John, my boy. They will trim you every time!" But this dealer of whom I have been telling did not agree with that. Nor with the general aversion to dealing horses with a woman. He said he had many transactions with a woman in Hamilton who had a cartage business. Her sons did the teaming, and her "old man" kept the stables clean and pittered around. She carried a grey sock in the front of her dress, and kept the money in it. She was a game old girl, he said—and what higher praise can a man hand out to a woman in business affairs?

I do not think there is a finer spirit existing in any class of business than one finds in this very line. The horse man has his code; if he gets nipped on a deal he must not whimper; he must pay cash for what he buys, and give "time" on what he sells; he must take back anything that is not satisfactory to his customers, but he need not expect them to take back anything that is not satisfactory to him. If I knew nothing whatever about a horse, I would not be afraid to take one that these men would recommend to me, for they do not try to put anything over on a person who places confidence in them. The man who relies on his own shrewdness in dealing with them is allowed to rely on it.

The tremendous popularity of the motor car has put horse trading into the shade, but it still flourishes, and is ready to provide an outlet for the experimental soul who grows weary of gears and gas. There is something about a horse—indeed there is! Just yesterday, as I was about to get into the democrat and drive out to the village with my old grey Barney, an agent came along and stated that he would like to interest me in a car.

"Thank you," I said, politely. "But I have Barney, and he is full of dodges! He can do things that a car can't do."

The agent had to go away with his spied unspoken, and he boomed out the side road at a speed that was intended to show me what Barney couldn't do. But down in the flat I caught up to him, stuck in a mudhole—and Barney's dodges proved most acceptable then!

Ordinary Rock Crystal Used to Fake Emerald

Cleverest Counterfeits of Gems Have Been Constructed in Chemical Laboratories

JEWELERS have always to be on their guard when buying stocks. Imitations made from glass may be ignored, for even the finest reproductions would not pass the most elementary test—that of the file—for hardness.

Perhaps the cleverest counterfeits of gems have been constructed in laboratories where the exact chemical constituents of the real stones are taken and fused together under great heat. The article produced, when cut, polished, and set, possesses in an extraordinary degree the hardness, durability and lustre of Nature's own stones.

The sapphire and the ruby have been very successfully counterfeited, but the drawback to this method of reproduction is its expense and the long process involved. The stones produced in this way are invariably sold as "synthetic gems."

Another method, and one to which the term "faking" might be applied, has been used to obtain the emerald and aquamarine. For this purpose ordinary rock crystal is used.

This stone is cut in the same manner as an emerald or aquamarine would be cut. It is then split, coloring matter is inserted, and the stone is then carefully rejoined with invisible cement, with the result that the once-transparent crystal becomes a rich-colored gem of enhanced value.

In dealing with diamonds the counterfeiter is up against the most wonderful of Nature's gems. The various efforts of scientists have met with absolute failure, or success in such an infinitesimal degree as to make the production ludicrous.

ACUTE SIGHT ENABLES BIRDS TO SPOT FOOD

COMPARED with birds, human beings have poor sight. It is well known that an eagle is capable of sighting its quarry from a great height, and is able to swoop down and seize it exactly in the centre of its neck.

Most birds have good sight, but in some the faculty is more developed than in others. The woodcock, for instance, has the remarkable power of flying at a great speed through dense thickets as though it were flying through an open space.

It is also astonishing to see the pace at which a bird will alight upon a tree or building. Only most acute sight enables it to do this accurately.

Then, how quickly birds discern food that has been left on the ground! Throw a piece of bread down at a time when no birds are near, and in a few moments a number of them will be on the spot.



The Newest Bob

HERE is the latest up-to-the-minute creation, the fluffy shingle with the Peggy Joyce point, from Madame Louise, Chicago.

ERIC LIDDELL CROWNED WITH A LAUREL WREATH

Incident Without Precedent in England
For Olympic Athlete—Feature at
Edinburgh University

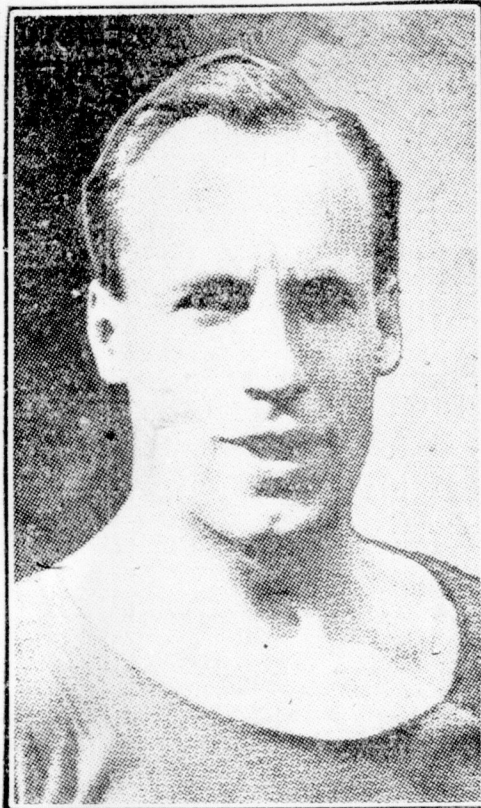
THE feature of the capping ceremony at Edinburgh University was the crowning of Eric Liddell, the Olympic athlete, with a laurel wreath. The incident is believed to be without precedent. Liddell came forward for the capping, having taken his degree in science. Addressing him, Principal Sir Alfred Ewing said:

"Mr. Liddell, you have shown that none could pass you except the examiners. (Laughter and cheers.) In ancient Olympic contests the victor was crowned with wild olives by the high priests of Zeus; a poem was presented to him composed in his honor. The Vice-Chancellor is no high priest, but he speaks and acts for the university in the name of the university which is proud of you and to which you have brought fresh honor. I present you with this epigram in Greek, composed by Professor Mair, and I would also place upon your brow this chaplet of wild olives."

This the principal did amid fresh cheering. Liddell joined his fellows to the strains of "He's a jolly good fellow," sung by the students in the hall.

At the close of the ceremony Liddell, on leaving the hall, was, despite his protests, seized by his fellow-students, hoisted on to a chair and borne to St. Giles Cathedral, where the customary service was held. The procession was enthusiastically cheered all along the route.

Halting in front of the main entrance to the cathedral, the students and the general public joined in an insistent demand for a speech, in response to which Liddell said: "I really hardly know what to say on this occasion because there are many here who deserve this just as much as I do. (Cries of "No, no.") Over the University of Pennsylvania there is written this, 'In the dust of defeat as well as in the laurel of



Eric Liddell

victory there is glory to be found if one has done his best. There are many here who have done their best but have not succeeded in gaining a laurel of victory. To these there is as much honor due as to those who have received the laurel of victory. Thank you all very much for this reception." (Loud cheers.)

The party then entered the cathedral to attend the service. Liddell was subsequently one of the guests at a lunch in the Students' Union. In a witty speech he said he was extremely short winded, and would not detain them for very long. Besides, it was contrary to every idea of environment. If they took a fish out of water and put it on land it did not breathe, but merely gasped; if they took an athlete and planted him at dinner he did not speak, he too, merely gasped. The newspapers told him that his action was extremely bad in running. If so that was most likely due to his forebears. It was well known in Scotland that they on the borders visited England now and then and skipped back as quickly as possible. The speed at which his forebears returned was passed down from generation to generation. One did not look to his action when skidding along under such circumstances.

After luncheon Liddell was drawn by enthusiastic students through the principal streets of the city in a horseless cab.

COULDN'T "DEAD BEAT" DR. RICE'S BIG CHURCH

SPEAKING of the practice which he called "dead beating" the church, Dr. Merton S. Rice, a prominent Methodist clergyman of Detroit, tells the following incident:

"A man came to see me the other day. He had been proposing to join my church. He had been talking it over with some other folks, and he came to see me with this question: 'He said, Mr. Rice, I have been thinking of joining your church and I have been talking it over with a man down town, and he said this to me, 'Don't join that church; if you do they will soak you.' And when he said that to me I looked him straight in the eyes and I said, 'Your friend is right; he is exactly right; we will soak you. That is one of the best compliments paid my church. We will soak you, and if you are looking for a cheap church don't turn in at this gate, go somewhere else, and God pity the church that you find.'"

THE world at large does not seem to know much about Charlie Chaplin's brother Sydney. Yet he is a clever comedian, with only one disadvantage; he is the near relative of a much more famous comedian.

Sydney, by the way, possesses a very ready wit. Once, when dining with Mary and Doug, he listened to the statement that the costumes for "Robin Hood" had cost a hundred and sixty-two thousand dollars.

"Humph!" commented Syd, "I should call that 'Robin' Doug."

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies First Mounted Mountain Climbers

New International Club is Formed—Will Be One of the Greatest International Attractions Yet Produced in the Canadian North-West—Membership Open to the People Who Have Ridden Not Less Than 50 Miles on Horseback Through the Mountains.

TWO hundred and six prominent Americans, Canadians and Europeans, the largest number of people ever gathered in Yoho Valley of British Columbia, set out from Yoho Camp Friday morning on horseback on the opening ride of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies. This unique gathering marks an epoch in the history of the North American Rockies, recording as it does man's first attempt to form an association of mounted mountain climbers. It is characterized by Dr. Charles E. Walcott, head of the Smithsonian Institute of Washington, D. C., who is presiding over the initial gathering of the mountain riders as a step which will prove one of the greatest international attractions yet produced in the Canadian north-west.

The Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies whose membership is open only to those who have ridden not less than 50 miles through these mountains on horseback is the outcome of the dream of several prominent Canadians and Americans who camped at Yoho last summer under the temporary presidency of Dr. Walcott. Plans were subsequently formulated for the first annual ride on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this last week.

All expectations of attendance were shattered by Thursday noon, when 206 scientists, authors, artists, photographers and mountain enthusiasts from many branches of the world's professional and leisure classes rode up the steep trails from Field and parked their horses in the Yoho Camp corral. Fortunately this beautiful camp of chalets situated in the region of the clouds a mile above the sea had been reinforced with twenty Indian tipis.

In the centre of this primal camp was a huge



Men Who Are Organizing the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies

J. MURRAY GIBSON, Canadian author, on the left, with Dr. Chas. E. Walcott, head of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, D.C. (centre), who is presiding over the initial gathering of the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies, an association of mounted mountain climbers. And, on the right, Tom Wilson, earliest guide in the Rockies, who reached Lake Louise and the Yoho Valley in 1882.—Photo taken at the Yoho Valley Camp.

Indian sun dance lodge which has been erected under the supervision of Chief Walking-in-the-Rain.

Among those who filed in the Sun Dance Lodge to sign the register and fill out their qualifying maps were: H. B. Clow, president of Rand McNally and Co., of Chicago; Captain A. H. McCarthy, who is preparing the ground for the Alaskan expedition next year; Madge MacBeth, authoress; Reginald Townsend, editor of Country Life; Dr. Cora J. Best, writer and lecturer of Minneapolis; Audrey Forfar Shippen, artist; Carl Runquist, painter of international fame; Lady and Miss Dorothy Loughhead; J. Murray Gibson, chief publicity agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway; Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, Indian feature and magazine writer; Captain Russell, representative of the Dominion Parks; Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Stronach, superintendent of the Banff National Park, A. and Ida Britton of St. Louis; Tom Wilson, earliest guide in the Canadian Rockies; J. Kimball, New York artist; W. H. Pinter, well known architect; Robert Allison Hood, Vancouver novelist.

Wit and repartee ran high. A book of camp songs, written especially for the Trail Riders, provided ample material for the singing which interspersed the speeches. A poem dedicated to "The Trail Riders," by Bliss Carman, was read by a professional elocutionist. After the White Man's Pow-wow, a real Indian Pow-wow was danced by Chief Walking-in-the-Road, and Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance, to the accompaniment of Indian singing and beating of the tom-toms, provided by a group of Stoney braves.

Friday morning, the Trail Riders started out on their sixteen mile ride to the Yoho Glacier and back. The return route lay over the upper trail which furnishes the most magnificent views of alpine glaciers in the world. Many of the riders were so enchanted with the scenery that they fell far behind the main group and lingered along the dizzy precipices until nightfall. The ride from Field to the Yoho Camp which is made over a marvelously constructed trail rising higher at each step and switching back at some points as many as four times in order to scale the steep walls of the mountains, is in itself a wonderful experience. It is more wonderful from the fact that huge touring buses are now able to make this route to the camp. Only one of the trail riders will leave the camp to-day with a legitimate grouse and this individual is Doctor Walcott, he went to bed Thursday night with his prize side of mutton hanging at the back of his chalet. He had brought it all the way from Washington, D.C., it is said. When he woke Friday morning, it was gone, bag and all, with the exception of a dozen or so tracks of dogs, which bore toward the roaring Takawawa Falls. It was rumored that Dr. Walcott will make some scientific investigations when he returns to the Smithsonian Institute.

His aim will be to discover whether after all, bears are honest-to-goodness vegetarians.

NOTHING COULD STICK THIS AMAZING STUDENT

Made Unheard-of Score of 99 Out of 100 Full Marks

"MY husband's old friend Huxley," Lady Strachey writes in the Nation, "became a very intimate friend of mine, too; a more delightful companion I never met. To his inexhaustible knowledge of every kind was added a love of argument and discussion, a most brilliant wit, humor and love of fun."

"He told me an amusing story of how, at one of the examinations he was holding, one of the students proved to be a young man of great ability and accurate knowledge, so much so that he made the unheard-of score of 99 out of 100 full marks. At the end of the verbal examination, in which every question had been accurately answered, Huxley said to himself that he was determined to ask the young man one question that he would certainly be unable to answer. He mentioned a perfectly insignificant and unknown waterfall in an obscure part of Jamaica, which he had passed when traveling, and gravely asked the young man what was its height. After a look of startled amazement, the young man replied: '326 feet.'"

"How in the world do you come to know that?" cried Huxley.

"Well," said the young man, "as a matter of fact, this waterfall happens to be on my father's estate in Jamaica!"



Fights for Irish Free State

LATEST photo of William T. Cosgrave, president of the Irish Free State, who is now having a fight with Ulster over the boundary fixing.

POACHER GLAD TO SEE KING UNACCOMPANIED

To Have Met the New Minister Would Have Been Entirely a Different Matter

"HERE is a yarn about the King which will be new to most readers, and which improves a current notion that British religionists have lost the idea of Church discipline," writes a reader from the west.

"A church near Balmoral Castle, where His Majesty was enjoying a holiday, had just received a new minister, and there was a local bad man—a poacher and so forth—who had seen neither the minister nor the King.

"One Sunday morning, the King happened to be walking along the bank of the Dee, when he saw the poacher fishing for salmon. The King stopped and said: 'You must know that you've no right here. For one thing, this is preserved water; and for another, this is Sunday.'"

"The poacher waddled through the water and peering upwards, asked: 'Who are you?' The King smiled: 'Oh, I'm the King,' he said."

"The fisherman was instantly relieved. 'What a fright ye gave me,' he exclaimed. 'I thought ye were the new minister.'"

WAS SURE DOG'S TRICK IMPROVED THE SERMON

PROF. EDWIN L. EARP, of Drew Theological Seminary, told the following story in a recent address to the graduating class of Bonton high school, New Jersey:

"Whenever I speak without a manuscript I am reminded of the Presbyterian minister who arrived very late one Sunday morning and explained to his waiting congregation that he could not deliver his regular sermon because his dog had chewed up his manuscript just as he was about to leave the house. Then the preacher proceeded to deliver a very short sermon, stopping right on time. When he had finished a visitor in the audience arose and remarked that if that dog ever had pups she would like to have one to give to her minister."

FACETIOUS SHAW

BERNARD SHAW was invited to attend a lecture by his friend, William Archer, the other evening on "The Decay of Decency." Shaw did not come.

Instead he sent an apology to this effect: "Archer and I are the same age. We are not young. Instead of talking on 'The Decay of Decency,' he would be more fitting employed in lecturing on 'The Decency of Decay.'"

UPSIDE DOWN FLAG HUNT BEGUN BY JOHN G. KENT

Exhibition Manager's Pet Aversion is to See a Union Jack Wrongly Flown

DO ALL Canadians know when the Union Jack is rightly flown?

From the experiences of at least a dozen downtown business men during the recent Rotary convention, there are a number of citizens whose patriotism exceeds their knowledge. For, during the first day of the great international gathering, when Toronto was beflagged and beribboned in honor of its thousands of guests, occupants of prominent office buildings answered the tinkle of their 'phone bells, only to hear a tenderly solicitous voice inquire: "I'm sorry, but is there anyone dead?"

or "what is the distress in your office?" following some bewilderingment on the part of the recipient of the call, and after more explanations, the upshot was that an employee was immediately despatched to right some Union Jack which, despite the best of intentions, indicated plainly to all who know the difference that all was not well.

And now the secret of that first day's deluge of 'phone calls has been revealed. John G. Kent, managing director of the Canadian National Exhibition, to whom a reversed Union Jack is a sight most repellent, was the man indirectly responsible.

During the morning he was talking to several members of the convention committee of Rotary international when perceiving from his office window an upside-down flag on the roof he asked his visitors if they would like to see a man appear upon the roof in question within five minutes. The challenge was accepted, the solicitous 'phone message was delivered, and in less than the specified time an employee was seen hurriedly righting the offending standard.

Perceiving the humorous possibilities of the incident, the Rotarians immediately engaged in an "upside-down flag hunt," with the result that downtown Toronto spent some time that day in assuring itself that all Union Jacks bore the broad portion of the Cross of St. Andrew uppermost in the flagstaff corner.

Fate and Mr. Healy Find Irish National Anthem

Softer on the Governor-General Than "Nobody's Darling"—Irish are Good Rememberers

"I T is announced in the press," says "The Irish World," New York, in its issue of June 7th, "that we are at last to cease to be an 'anthemless land'." comments the Kerry Weekly Reporter. True, we are but a new colony, and a partitioned one at that. We have no flag but the Union Jack.

At last it is said a solution has been found to the question as to what is the national anthem. Last year, it will be remembered, the leader of the orchestra at one of our theatres, spying the "Governor General" in his state box (where formerly Lord French used to repose) sent word discreetly to "His Excellency" that he would play the national anthem if "His Excellency" would kindly tell him what it was.

Mr. Healy was shrewd enough to vouchsafe no answer—he could not well have asked for "God Save the King," while on the other hand the "Soldier's Song" has a few unmanly references to the "Saxon foe," "the despot and the slave" that might be taken amiss by some of the new and slightly uneasy "Loyalists." So the leader of the band, with happy inspiration, struck up "Nobody's Darling."

For months no national anthem was played when Mr. Healy went to the theatre, and nobody seemed to miss it. Then last week at an official concert when all the talents of the "Free State" were mustered the leader of the band struck up "Let Erin Remember."

At first, we are told, the audience, already leaving, sat down again instantly, taking the item for an encore. Suddenly their attention was riveted to Mr. Healy's box where he was seen standing stiffly to attention. Then it dawned on those present that this was, after all, the long-wished for national anthem and they all honored it in silence.

It is suggested, however, that Senator Gogarty is to be asked to frame a new version, for Moore's words are unpleasantly political.

"Let Erin remember the days of old, Ere her faithless sons betrayed her," might be unkindly interpreted in a rather obvious way to mean Mr. Healy, his nephew and some others. Dr. Gogarty, it is felt, may safely be trusted not to let Erin remember anything inconvenient or political. And a timely reference (revised) to Lough Neagh would be welcomed just now as a happy reminder of Clause 12!

ONE SHY WRITER

A FRIEND of Mr. Thomas Hardy, O. M., who recently celebrated his eighty-fourth birthday, says that he is probably the shyest great man in the world. Any sort of notice almost hurts him, and in Dorchester kindly people avoid greeting him, knowing that he shrinks even from such attentions. Mr. Hardy was a regular caller at a quiet little inn for a glass of port. He came daily for a fortnight, and then someone at the inn said to him, "Good morning, Mr. Hardy." He looked up with frightened eyes, finished his port, and went. And never again entered that inn.



John G. Kent



Tim Healy



King George

Earthquake Center Not Yet Located.

Although observation and study of earthquakes has been extended so that it covers the defined earthquake zones of the world, the epicenter has not been located.

JULIA HOYT VISITS HOMES OF GREAT SPANISH PAINTER

Finds Zuloaga in House Simply Fashioned of Unpolished Marble.

A SECOND STRUCTURE

Art Treasures, Chapel and Artist's Studio Separate From Family Quarters.

By JULIA HOYT.

San Sebastian, Spain, Aug. 8.—I have had an exceptionally interesting day. I went to lunch with Zuloaga, a famous painter, at his place at Amaya, about twenty miles from here, where I am staying. His place is interesting not only from the point of view of its charm and beauty, but because it is the dream of a great artist. When Zuloaga bought the land ten years ago it was a waste of sand. He loved the place so much, however, that this did not discourage him. He bought the mountain next to it, and as he could afford to do it he brought turf from the mountain and planted it, together with trees and flowers, and when I saw planted I literally mean worked with his own hands, although naturally assisted by others. The painting on the house was done also with his own hands. Not one stone was laid except by his direction.

The drive to his place is lovely. Along the sea all the way, with the mountains as background. Zuloaga has two houses, one in which he and his family live, the other consisting of a room in which he keeps his art treasures, a chapel and his studio. They are in the most ideal situation imaginable, on a beautiful bay with his own beach looking out in the broad expanse of sea, and with mountains at the back. The house itself is charming in the exterior. The columns and steps of the rear entrance are made of unpolished marble; something I have never seen before. It is quite fascinating. It has a softness of color and texture that I have never seen in polished marble and is suitable to a simple house where the polished would not be.

The room of greatest interest is conspicuous for its enormous fireplace facing the door. It is made entirely of very early mosaics. At the back are four mosaic figures with heads made of ceramic. The room is filled with many interesting things including the first picture ever painted by Zuloaga (when he was eighteen) a large figure of Christ dating back to the fourteenth century.

Tasting the Wines. We had a delightful lunch at which we were made to taste many different wines, mostly made by friends of the artist in all parts of Spain, and most of them excellent. We then took a walk to see a building filled with extraordinary things. The middle is a most charming little chapel, with three Spanish arches below; the top is a white wall with a little tower in which hangs an old bell. One enters at the left into the room containing the artist's most valued possessions, paintings by Goya and Goya, priceless in value, old lace and jewelry, sculptures by Rodin and many other things. But to Zuloaga the paintings by Goya and Goya are worth everything else put together. It was wonderful to me to watch him as he told of his emotions on looking at these canvases, and thinking that Greco or Goya had touched them and stood before them.

The beautiful chapel is lit only by a boat hung in the center—a boat given by fishermen as an offering for safety on the seas. This is a custom in Spain.

At the back of the chapel is a Christ, but one doesn't notice this at first because of a figure on the left as one enters. A figure of a woman all in black, with hands folded, and the most extraordinarily alive and sorrowful face that I have ever seen. This was sculptured by Zuloaga and a friend, and afterwards Zuloaga painted the facial expression and the tears on the statue, and it is famous for miles around as "The Weeping Virgin." It is an amazing thing, and so powerful that while in the chapel it seems impossible to avert one's eyes from it for more than a moment.

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IS GIVEN CALL.
Special to The Advertiser.
Brussels, Aug. 8.—Cranbrook and Eibe, Presbyterian congregations have extended a call to Rev. W. A. McWilliams, of Kinlough.

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WOMEN and THE HOME

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Shall She Marry Her Super-Jealous Fiance?
The Man Who Is Accused of Being in Love
With His Mother-in-Law—Shall the Girl Who
Is Physically Large Marry a Small Man?

Dear Dorothy Dix—I have been engaged to a young man for a year. He seems to think that the fact that I am engaged to him prohibits me from being decent to every other man in the world. I am not allowed to treat my friends with ordinary courtesy when I happen to meet them at church or anywhere when I am with him.



He thinks that there is no such thing as "innocent fun" or pleasure, and thinks the people in the church are hypocrites because they have social gatherings. This is hard on me, as I am of a sunny, pleasure-loving disposition, and am thrown constantly with the young people of the church.

Please advise me if you think it would be best for us to go on, or to break the engagement. I don't seem to be any closer together in our views than we were a year ago. LILLIAN.

Answer: My dear Lillian, what possible chance of happiness do you think you will have if you marry a man who has a mean, pessimistic, jealous disposition? He is giving you a taste of his quality now, and if you are not warned, and do not retreat before it is too late, you will deserve the misery that will inevitably be your portion.

He will make of marriage a jail in which you will be a prisoner. He will keep you walking on eggs to try to keep from offending him. He will insult you with accusations of wrong doing of which you are perfectly innocent, and he will mortify you to death by making scenes.

He will never let you have any friends. He will never take you to any places of amusement, or try to bring any pleasure or happiness into your life, and yours will be a dull, drab, monotonous existence, working for a husband who regards you as nothing but a domestic slave, made for his comfort and convenience.

Don't marry a morose man. Don't marry a quarrelsome man. Don't marry a jealous man. Don't marry a man who doesn't like people, and who isn't liked by others. Don't marry a man who doesn't trust you, and who has so little faith in you that he thinks that every time you speak to another man you are plotting to do something wrong.

Above all, don't marry a man who doesn't look at life from the same standpoint that you do, and who doesn't enjoy doing the things you do. The only happy marriages are the congenial ones. You will get mighty tired of lifetime fighting with a man every time you want to go to the movies or ask a friend to dinner. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I have been married for five years, and we have children. For absolutely no reason whatever, my father-in-law has become very jealous of me, accusing his wife of thinking too much of me, and this has made my life a hell. My mother-in-law is a splendid woman in every way. She has been very kind to me, and I am extremely fond of her, but neither of us has ever thought of being sentimental about the other. However, my father-in-law's baseless accusation has broken up all the peace and harmony of our home. What shall I do? PHILADELPHIAN.

Answer: This is a new and interesting angle of the in-law problem, though, as a matter of fact, mothers-in-law accuse more apt to look with a kindlier eye upon their sons-in-law than they are upon their daughters-in-law, and perhaps any engaging youth could put the come-hither over his wife's mother if he took the trouble to do so.

Evidently your kindly attentions to your mother-in-law have been misconstrued—possibly because it is so rare for a son-in-law to be nice to mother-in-law that his motives look suspicious. However that may be, it is a condition and not a theory with which you have to deal, and your only remedy is separation.

You cannot argue with a jealous man and a jealous woman, and so the only thing for you to do is to pack up your troubles in your old hat and go. You must not take your wife and babies away from mother-in-law's vicinity. As long as you stay near her, her husband and daughter will read their dark suspicions into everything you do and say, and attribute deep, sinister motives to your most innocent act.

If your business will permit, move to a distant city, and give your wife's jealousy a chance to die for lack of food on which to nourish itself. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I have a suitor who is exceptionally small and very slight, and as I am taller than he is, I feel self-conscious and more or less embarrassed when with him. However, I think I might be able to overcome that if it were not for other people's opinion.

All the members of my family are large, handsome people, and they put a lot of stress on good looks and size. If a man is big and good-looking, everything is all right, but if he is small and insignificant-looking, like this man, they make all manner of fun of him.

This man is intelligent and fine. Personally, I could be happy married to him, if I was not afraid that people would say: "Whatever he is, see in him?" as they are saying now, and if it were not for all the slurring and cutting remarks made about him at home. Please give me some ideas on this subject, for I am really worried. STELLA.

Answer: The only thing I would worry about, Stella, is the size of a man's head and the size of his soul. If he is a pinhead, do not marry him, for it is nothing that gets on a woman's nerves like having a fool for a husband. If he has a tiny, warped soul, do not marry him, for he will make a cruel, niggardly, unsympathetic husband.

But whether he is big or little in body has nothing to do with his desirability as a husband. There are big, splendid-looking men who are brutes, who bore a woman to death with their stupidity, and who are so shiftless they never can make a living. And there are little men who are gentle and kindly and brilliant and enterprising, and who make millions, or set the world on fire with their genius. Some of the biggest men who ever lived were the tallest, physically.

And don't worry about people saying that they wonder what you saw in him. They will say that no matter whom you marry. DOROTHY DIX.

EMBRO

Special to The Advertiser.
Embroid, Aug. 8.—Frank Moffatt of Ingersoll was a guest of D. A. McKay on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bruce and two sons of Woodstock were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Hilderby.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Cody spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Adam Munroe at St. Marys. Mrs. Cody is staying a few days longer.

Miss Lillian Green spent Sunday with friends at Port Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Rockett, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Follen of Windsor to spend a few days there. They could be at Beachville is visiting with friends here.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Robertson and son of Stratford, also Mr. and Mrs. Lane, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith gave a splendid paper, "The Part Played in the New Regime by the W. M. S. R. Roll call was "Current Events in Missions." The hostess, Mrs. Kent, and Mrs. Agnes McDonald served refreshments.

W. W. Murray returned home yesterday after spending a few weeks with his mother at Campbellville, N. B.

Miss Gladys McKenzie of Woodstock was a Sunday guest at the home of Andrew Ferguson.

Miss Mary Karm of London spent the holiday at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. Karm.

The annual picnic of the King's Daughters was held at the Stratford picnic grounds with over 45 present. Dinner was served in picnic style.

The afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed in playing ball, bathing, boating, etc. They arrived home in time for supper.

Red raspberries are selling for 15 cents and two boxes for 25 cents. Gooseberries sell for two, three and four boxes for 25c, according to size and quality.

The regular monthly meeting of W. M. S. of Knox Church was held on Wednesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. Kent. President Mrs. Lane presided. Mrs. Geo. Smith gave a splendid paper, "The Part Played in the New Regime by the W. M. S. R. Roll call was "Current Events in Missions." The hostess, Mrs. Kent, and Mrs. Agnes McDonald served refreshments.

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TRADING IS LIGHT ON TORONTO MART

Prices Are Strongly Main-
tained With Few Ad-
vances Recorded.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, Aug. 8.—The stock exchange maintained, and saw advance recording today's sessions of the Toronto stock exchange. The aggregate turnover listed stocks barely exceeded 1,000,000 shares, but the volume of business was made up of the mining stocks. Toronto Railway was a strong feature, rising 1/2 cent to 17 1/2. The price of the stock till October for the privy council judgment has not affected the market, and anticipated to a fortnight ago. Buying orders for rail shares came on the main board, and the price of the stock rose to 16 1/2, a gain of 1 1/2 points. Brazill's Traction occupied second place, rising 1/2 cent to 14 1/2. The price of the stock of the company, closed unchanged at 47 1/2. Consolidated Gas was firmer at 169 and Consolida-

Other gains registered include Soap Leaf, preferred, up one point to 3; Pacific Burt preferred, one point higher at 102; Sterling Coal, one point higher at 102.

There was fairly brisk demand for the bank stocks. Royal was the strong feature of this section of the market with a 3½ point advance to 220. Dominion shares were most active at 11½. Commerce was steady at 182; Montreal at 237½, and Union at 102.

Several of the unlisted mining stocks

Mutual was the most active of the unlisted oil stocks, and the price advanced $\frac{1}{2}$ to 11 $\frac{1}{2}$. The price of B. O. Oil shares was shaded $\frac{1}{4}$ point to 33 $\frac{1}{2}$ and Imperial Oil receded $\frac{3}{4}$ to 102 $\frac{1}{2}$.

IMPROVE CHANNEL AT MITCHELLS BA

Government Decides That
Work Proceed—Aids
Sugar Refinery.

Special to The Advertiser.
Chatham, Aug. 8.—Advices were received by county officials today that the department of public works will dredge the easterly channel of Lake St. Clair to the dock at Mackschells Bay. Tenders for the work

County officials have been urging the work, which will permit boats to unload gravel and coal supplies the Mitchells Bay dock. It will be possible for larger boats to reach the Wallaceburg sugar refinery with cargoes of cane sugar.

Piers Completed.

for the steel lift bridge at Prad Siding were completed yesterday, and by Wednesday next everything will be in readiness for the steel workers. The bridge, which will be of the steel lift type, and cost in the neighborhood of \$120,000, will be in operation in schedule time, county officials believe.

A 15-year-old Howard Towns-
boy will appear for trial on a charge
of petty thieving in county police
court at Morpeth on Tuesday next.
County authorities have experienced
difficulty in serving subpoenas on
several adults needed as witnesses.

Ice Plant Planned.
Phil Fancher, manager of the local

opinion of citizens on a scheme his company for the erection here an artificial ice plant. If there sufficient assurance that such a plan will be of service in the city, the company will carry out the project.

Theft Reported.

Samuel Hart of Raleigh Township today complained to the county po-

that a number of pairs have been stolen from his threshing outfit. He estimates his loss at \$150.

BUTTER AND EGGS

Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, Aug. 8.—Strength is reported in butter. Trade in eggs is firm.

Butter—No. 1 pasteurized, 15¢ a c.

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, Aug. 8.—Butter—High creamery extras 36c to 36 1/4c.

FOR SALE

TO PAY INVESTORS 6%
— AND —
Industrial Debentures
TO PAY 7%

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COMPANY, LIMITED
Full Line of Builders' Supplies
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RELIANCE GARAGE LTD.
Authorized
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Service and Parts.
Genuine Factory Parts Only.
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MACHINE SHOP AND
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stration.
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THE MOVER
REMEMBER DAY
ON MOVING DAY
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PARKER & ALLEN
Plastering Contractors
No Job Too Big—None Too Small.
Stucco Work Specialty.
1197 FLORENCE ST. Phone 4739W.

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CHARTERED
ACCOUNTANTS
Resident Partner, Wm. C. Benson
C.A. Accounting dept. phone 15273.
Trustees, phone 1537W, Dominion
Savings Bldg.

CHAS. CHAPMAN CO.
LONDON, CANADA
Bookbinders
LOOSE LEAF MFRS.
Phone 370, 91 Dundas St.

EVERYONE WHO SEES ONE WANTS ONE
PEERLESS AND NEW ELITE FOLDING TABLES
SOLD BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
PHONE 1064. **HOUD & CO., LIMITED** QUEBEC ST.

MODERN SHOE REPAIR SERVICE SATISFACTORY

Richmond Street Shop Has
Been Serving Londoners
For 25 Years.

In the old days when horses were not a rarity on the streets and present-day speed was little dreamed of the man who mended shoes did his work by hand in a leisurely manner and it was considered quite all right if the owner of a pair of shoes had to wait four or five days before they were returned to him. But now things are different and equally rapid delivery is a staff of experienced men handle the work in the shop and a delivery service including a truck and several boys on bicycles returns the shoes to the owners in surprising short order.

The Modern Shoe Repair maintains a branch at Woodville road, Bruce street where shoes can be left and returned with all needed repairs made as quickly as if taken to the main establishment.

LIFE MEANS MORE WITH PROPER VISION

Much Energy Is Lost Through
Eyestrain, Says Optometrist.

How few of us ever stop to think of the relation between good eyes and good health?

We would part with almost any member of the body rather than our eyes, yet we abuse and neglect our eyesight more than any other human organism. Eyestrain is responsible for many things, especially headaches and "nerves." For other ailments we run to the doctor on the slightest provocation. We are even learning to make regular visits to the dentist. Why do we not as regularly have our eyes examined by competent authority?

We are living at a fearful pace as compared with our ancestors of even a few centuries back. The strain falls particularly on the eyes. Nature intended us to live as did our ancestors in the stone age, out in the green fields, among the trees where the light is soft and diffused.

Instead we crowd together in big cities and our eyes suffer because of unnatural glare from stone buildings, sidewalks and the like. Close work demanded by modern conditions in office and factory has produced a degree of eyestrain unheard of a few years ago. Worse still, we have turned night into day and allowed our eyes to be tortured unnecessarily by artificial light.

"If you are losing energy through eyestrain—if you are handicapped by faulty vision—you are inefficient to that extent," advises A. M. Dambra, optometrist, Dominion Savings Building.

"Have your eyes examined by a competent authority," he says. "If they are found to be perfectly normal you will have a whole lot of satisfaction in knowing it. If they are defective the proper lenses, correctly mounted, will bring you connected vision. Life will mean more to you, your value to yourself and others will be far greater and you will be happier in every way."

FAST FREIGHT SERVICE.
Special to The Advertiser.
Forest, Aug. 8.—Record time was made by a recent shipment of freight from Vancouver to Forest. William Middleton, local C. N. R. agent, states that on July 16 a car of box trucks was shipped from Vancouver to Johnson Brothers, local fruit growers, and arrived at Forest on July 30.

Tires On Sale
\$1.00 off every tire in shop; new stock; fully guaranteed.
J. A. Barnard
Lowest prices on new and rebuilt bicycles.
Motorcycles, general repairs, locksmith.
Phone 2094M, 338 Talbot St.

ENGLISH AUTO WRECKERS
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Real Service and Satisfaction.
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ESTIMATES SUBMITTED
EVANS BROS.
BRICK AND CEMENT CONTRACTORS
Jobbing Work Specialty.
Phone 2329, 7 ERIE AVE. Phone 2834W, 441 William Ave.

'Build Your Own Home' Always Sound Advice To Newlyweds

The Present, Not Two Years Hence, Best Time To Settle Problem.

DEBT SOON CLEARED

Father Cannot Leave Someone Else's Problem To His Children.

There may be a world of disension aroused by discussing the theory that two can live as cheaply as one, but no one ever thinks of considering the advice: "Build your own home," anything but sound.

After the bride has finally stilled her mother's tears by telling her "She will be right near her anyway," and the groom has picked the rice out of his hair, put his carnation in the Bible and burst his suit on the night Sunday, they begin to settle down. And if they are settling down in their own home, be it a humble, four-room cottage or a palatial residence, they are away to a good start.

Many a young husband tells himself: "Well, we'll start out by renting a house for a year or two; we can begin thinking of having a home of our own," but the year or two soon passes and probably merges into five or ten—and he is still paying rent. But if he had made up his mind when still single—and made this resolution a reality—to have a home of his own he would not be still paying rent after five or ten years but would be the owner of a home.

The coming of middle age would have found the home cleared of debt, and that home would have become a tangible asset, something of actual worth. He cannot leave a rented residence—someone else's property—to his children.

The young man who has just become a husband may say: "I haven't enough money to build a home, and that is why I think it will be better for us to rent for a while."

That young man will, within a surprisingly short time, find himself independent as for as a home goes if he puts what funds he has into the enterprise, borrows the remainder, and eventually pays the borrowed amount with the money he would otherwise expend in rents.

BRITISH SQUADRON MEN TO ATTEND EXHIBITION

Party of 260 Will Put On Gun Drill as Feature of Military Spectacle.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, August 8.—A party of 260 officers and men from the special service squadron of the British navy, scheduled to arrive at Quebec on Aug. 18 will proceed to Toronto on Aug. 18, accompanied by 40 officers and men from the Canadian navy. The party will remain in Toronto until Aug. 31, and while there will perform a gun drill with light field pieces as a feature of the military spectacle at the Canadian National Exhibition. The Canadian government will take the men on a party to Niagara on Aug. 24.

While in Toronto they will be the guests of the exhibition. Admiral Field and his staff will leave Ottawa for Toronto on Aug. 22. He will open the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto on Aug. 23. A party of 10 men from the ships of the squadron will arrive in Ottawa on Aug. 18 to take part in the meet of the Dominion Rifle Association.

ANNUAL PICNIC IS HELD BY STEWARDSON FAMILY

Special to The Advertiser.
Forest, Aug. 8.—The descendants of the late Thomas Stewardson, to the number of 85, held their annual picnic at Lake Valley Grove, Lake Huron. Guests were present from London, Lucan, Burlington, Hamilton, Denfield, Mount Brizbras, Parkhill, Bothwell, Oak Springs and local points.

Officers elected: President, John Stewardson of Lucan; secretary, William Stewardson of Parkhill; treasurer, William Stewardson of Oakdale; executive committee, Lloyd, Glen and Carl Stewardson of Bosanquid and Edward Stewardson of Greenway.

COLLARBONE BROKEN.
Forest, Aug. 8.—The little daughters of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Moffatt, while wheeling the baby in a carriage on the sidewalk, was struck down by a bicycle and had her collarbone broken.

JOS. CREIGHTON
COMMERCIAL FURNITURE, INTERIOR WOODWORK, STORE FRONTS, INTERIORS, PARTITIONS, SHELVING.
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CONTRACTS SOLICITED.
Prompt Attention to Jobbing.
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SHEET METAL WORKERS
Phone 5829W, 519 Richmond St.

This Page Has Messages For Home Builders

Several advertisements on this page have particular messages for prospective home builders.

The concerns advertising here include general contractors, architects, brick and building supplies, and lumber firms, electrical contractors, plasterers, painters, sheet metal workers, hot water and steam heating contractors and roofers.

The general contractors are: Evans Bros., 7 Erie avenue, and Jos. Creighton, 709 Central avenue. The brick and building supplies and lumber firms are: R. H. Smith Lumber Company, 11 Erie avenue; William Corp., 85½ York street, and The Brick Manufacturing and Supply Company, 609 William street.

The electrical contractors are: A. N. Knowles, 422 Richmond street; Archer Electric, 221 Dundas street; Bowley Electric, 306 Dundas street; H. Pollock, 337 Clarence street, and Left Electric, 316 Grey street.

Plasterers and painters are: W. T. Pace & Son, 251 Ridout street; Allen, 1197 Florence street; and plastering contractors with many years' experience.

George Winterbottom & Son, 519 Richmond street, sheet metal workers, whose work is of the better class.

Arthur Mould is considered one of the best roofing contractors in this district.

Through the service the above firms provide, economically-considered, happy homes are made possible.

CORNS NOW REMOVED BY USE OF VINEGAR

Embleton Products Solve Hundred and One Problems in Home.

Mrs. Housewife!

Did you know that vinegar will clean dirt and smoke from walls and woodwork, take out corns when used as a poultice with bread crumbs, make tough steak tender, soften hardened nail brushes, and solve a host of other every-day problems in the household? It will.

A little booklet prepared by the London Vinegar Co. of 31 King street, may be secured at any grocery store in London. This booklet contains also many valuable recipes.

Marked at the right time as housekeepers are now getting ready for their annual task of doing up nickles, when made with Embleton's Pure Spirit Vinegar, the products of this firm.

Here are a few of the many uses to which Embleton's vinegar may be put:

To clean dirt and smoke from walls and woodwork, wet a flannel cloth and rub.

Corns can be cured by applying a poultice of bread crumbs and Embleton's Pure Spirit Vinegar as hot as can be borne. The corn can be picked out without pain.

Pour Embleton's Pure Spirit Vinegar over fresh paint that has been accidentally soiled. It then can be wiped up with a soft cloth.

When paint brushes have been laid aside for some time, they become very hard and dry. To remedy this, heat some of Embleton's Pure Spirit Vinegar to the boiling point, immerse the brushes, and allow them to soak for a few minutes.

To make tough steak tender, place a few drops of Embleton's Pure Spirit Vinegar in the marinade.

If paint or varnish is stuck to a window, drop a clove in Embleton's Pure Spirit Vinegar and it will remove it almost instantly.

In rinsing water, when delicate colored prints of any kind are being rinsed, add about half a cup of Embleton's Pure Spirit Vinegar. This will help the materials to keep their color.

To Wash Blue Serge—Take half pint of Embleton's Pure Spirit Vinegar and put it in a large pail of water. Do not make the water hot—just warm—after washing the serge well, rinse in another pail of water with two or three tablespoons of vinegar added, and the serge will look equal to new. Boys' navy serge suits may be freshened up by laying on table and brushing well with Embleton's Pure Spirit Vinegar and water but not made too damp.

HIGH-LACED SHOES FOR CHILDREN URGED

Local Specialist Warns Mothers Against Forcing Babies To Walk.

Dr. Le Roy V. Hiles, local chiropodist, has prepared the following talk on the important subject of the care of the feet:

"The foot of an infant is generally perfect. It grows rapidly and great care should be taken in selecting the softest materials for shoes and giving sufficient length and width to allow for this growth. When the child commences to walk the shoes should be changed and a sole provided. High-laced shoes should also be worn, as they keep the feet more rigid, thus insuring correct formation.

"As the infant grows the muscular strength of the legs is increased and eventually the limbs are strong enough to support and carry the body weight. At this time the child will commence to walk of its own accord. Mothers have often asked me: 'Why is it that my baby does not walk?' It is unnecessarily anxious and have often done a great deal of harm by trying to force the baby to walk. As the child grows into adolescence the shoes should be changed often enough to permit natural growth. It is better to buy shoes of a size that attempt economy at the expense of health.

"After the foot has attained its full growth and the bones become ossified correction is difficult, and in cases where the feet are painful a competent chiropodist should be consulted. I have seen a great deal of harm done by parties who claimed to be foot specialists, but who in reality knew no more than the average shoe clerk.

"Let us now discuss a few of the common ailments of the foot.

"The term 'broken arch' is absolutely a misnomer. Nothing breaks. It is merely a weakening of the leg muscles which causes the foot to be less arched. By proper treatment this condition can usually be corrected, but by improper treatment the condition can be greatly aggravated.

"Corns are of callous formation and do not have roots as a great many people think. The action of corn remedies is to disintegrate the callous formation, but the trouble is it too often affects the good skin, causing blood poisoning and other serious trouble.

"Ingrowing nails are often caused by improper trimming. The toe nails should be cut straight across. Cutting the corners, as in the finger nails, allows the fleshy walls to collapse, causing the new growth to cut into the flesh.

"Due to the fact that the feet are farthest away from the heart, the circulation is less active and consequently resistance to infection is low. This is why one hears so often of death caused by injury to the feet. Do not endanger your life by promiscuous cutting of the nails or corns."

WILLIS CAKES
ARE ALWAYS CHOSEN.
609 DUNDAS STREET
Phone 2023

COAL BILLS LOWERED WITH STEAM HEATING
Allen and Pope Install All Types in Homes or Other Buildings.

Ratepayers in School Section 23, London Township, were recently faced with the necessity of providing better heating accommodation for the school in this district. It bears so often of death caused by injury to the feet. Do not endanger your life by promiscuous cutting of the nails or corns."

Allen & Pope, hot water and steam heating contractors, of 156 Chesley avenue, have had many years' experience in this particular field, and are able to submit estimates on all classes of work of this nature, whether it is for heating a cottage or a large factory.

The work done by this concern in homes and factories and other business institutions in the city has come to be recognized as of the highest order. The reasons for this are that Mr. Allen and Mr. Pope and their entire staff are experts in the installation of heating apparatus, and that all materials used by them are of the highest grade. It is possible to obtain. Because of these two facts—expert workmanship and reliable materials—persons who seek the services of this concern are assured of having something worth while for the money they expend.

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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
AT THE
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
SUNNYSIDE ELECTRIC WASHING MACHINES
The **EUREKA SHOP**
Wife-Saving Station.
Phone 66 for Particulars.
231 DUNDAS STREET.

LONDON BUSINESS INSTITUTE
N. STONEHOUSE, Prin.
Successor to O'Brien College.
Students Placed on Graduation.
Phone 7380-5875, 361 Richmond St.

BOWLEY ELECTRIC
Full Line of Electrical
FIXTURES
WESTINGHOUSE SHOP
Phone 2203, 306 Dundas.

THE BETTER SERVICE STORE.
ART TANNER
BICYCLES, TRICYCLES,
TOYS & ACCESSORIES
Phone 3126W, 666 Dundas St.
Phone 1899F, 402 Clarence 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
SUNDAY SPECIAL MENU
"BEST OF TABLE SERVICE."
From 11:00 a. m. to 8 p. m.
334 RICHMOND ST. PHONE 5675.

WHERE QUALITY IS CONSIDERED
WILLIS CAKES
ARE ALWAYS CHOSEN.
609 DUNDAS STREET
Phone 2023

TO THE TRADE
PURE SPIRIT CIDER AND MALT VINEGAR
In Bottles or in Bulk.
LONDON VINEGAR WORKS,
56 King St. Phone 431W.

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 DRY CLEANING AMERICAN AND DYE WORKS
R. HOLMES Proprietor
LONDON STRATFORD BRANTFORD

R. H. SMITH LUMBER CO.
ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER, LATH, POSTS, SHINGLES, DOORS, SASH, TORONTO ASPHALT ROOFING, HARDWOOD FLOORING.
11 ERIE AVENUE. PHONE 2998W.

ELECTRICAL FIXTURES AND SUPPLIES
J. H. Pollock
GENERAL CONTRACTING.
Phone 5762W, Night, 3259, 397 CLARENCE STREET.

LONDON AUTO WRECKERS
House of a Million Parts
Complete Stock of New and Used Parts at Cut Prices.
264 Horton St. Phone 3110.

ALLEN & POPE
Hot Water and Steam Heating Contractors
Estimates Furnished.
156 CHESLEY AVENUE.
Phone 2293W-7339M.

RAPID ELECTROTYPE COMPANY, LIMITED
RAPIDS RIGHT.
Lead, Mould, Nickel Types, Electrotype, Stereotype.
Phone 3700, 211½ King St.

BRIGHTON'S O. K. BAKERY
Some of Our Favorite Brands
Sun-Made Raisin Bread
Granny's Favorite Home-Made
Saturday's Special Nut Bread
Have Our Driver Call.
Phone 2160, 479 Emery St.

GENEREUX & MAY
Auctioneers and valuers for city and county.
City Auction Rooms, 98 Dundas St.
Residence, Mr. Genereux, 332J.
Mr. May, 1366, Office 1332.

I. X. L. SPICE AND COFFEE MILLS, LIMITED
Sweetheart Jelly, Pure and Delicious.
Sweetheart Peanut Butter, Something Different.

SEE OUR FIREPROOF WALL BOARD
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
Lime, Cement, Tile and Pressed Brick. Get Our Prices.
PHONE 1044. **WILLIAM COPP** 85½ YORK ST.

REAL ESTATE

REAL ESTATE

— BERT WEIR

OVER OAK HALL, REALTOR, PHONE 6250
L. H. REILLY, Manager, Residence Phone 1602
A. C. Ball, 813 Wm. Taylor, 108 Wm. Wilkey 4781
Bert Hookway 3615W.

GAS STATION SITE AND EQUIPMENT
Gas pump already installed and cement foundation in for garage.
\$5,000—\$500 Down, \$40 monthly, north, just on edge of city, in excellent location, county taxes, new rug brick bungalow and the most value for your money. 3 beds, 2 b. c., living-room with fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, many built-in features, full veranda, garage, full basement, 3 p. bath, furnace. You will like the design.

OUR BEST BUY SOUTH
\$3,500—23 Cynthia St., south, 2-story cement block house, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, den, 4 beds, 3 b. c., 3 p. bath, hydro, gas, full basement, 2 extra lots go.
\$3,000—\$500 Down, centrally located, 2-story semi-detached brick, 4 beds, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, bath, toilet, furnace, basement, veranda, drive.

PORT STANLEY COTTAGE TO EXCHANGE
\$3,200—Furnished cottage near Casino, 3 beds, living-room with fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, garage, 10-ft. veranda, toilet, hydro, water, house only 2 years old. Owner will take modern house in London up to \$6,000.

EXCHANGE FOR FARM
\$10,000—Grocery store, stock and fixtures at invoice. New 2-story rug brick store, almost new, very beautiful and attractive building. Apartment above contains 2 beds, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, 3-p. bath, fireplace, large veranda with awning. There is also a fine apt. at rear of store, furnace, rug brick, double garage to match 20x24 ft. Owner will take farm up to 50 acres as part payment. Fine business now being done.

SPECIAL
\$4,500—\$300 Down, 1½-story red pressed brick, east, 3 beds, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 3-p. bath, furnace, full basement, veranda, drive, not 5 years old.

The Western Real Estate Exchange, Limited.

Many splendid exchanging propositions. These are only a few, but we have a lot of others.

A dandy red brick cottage in central east end, just off car line, 3 bedrooms, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, full sized bathroom and all modern, a real little home, price \$3,200; owner will trade for cheaper cottage, central.

Hamilton Rd. district, red brick bungalow with parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms and bath, far sized lot, fully modern, garage, 3 p. bath, city; must be sold, price \$5,000, or make offer, easy terms if necessary.

To exchange for farm—Block of five houses, central and well rented to exchange for good cash value. 75 or 100-acre farm, price \$17,000; write or call.

Other farm exchanges—Fine 2-story store and apartments, all well rented, in good location; owner will trade for high grade farm. What have you?

Pasture, 100 acres, best of land, about 25 miles from city; owner will trade for house property, price \$4,500, clear.

Huron County, 200 acres, about 5½ miles from good town, has good land, part rolling, fine 2-story red brick house and large basement barn, spring creek, price \$12,000; will consider exchange for city property. What have you?

75 DUNDAS STREET. WRITE OR PHONE. PHONE 696.

W. B. REID

Real Estate, 403 Richmond St.
25-acre choice farm and fruit, one mile from village of Sparta. Farm is well fenced, one mile to church and continuation of road, six miles from Port Stanley. Brick house, with furnace and fireplace, bank barn, horse barn and pigpen, well house, sheep barn and garage; good wells of water; in one of the best farming and fruit situations; land in fine state of cultivation. Will sell for \$3,500, half cash. Also a fine list of farms on my list. Call for list, or come and we will drive you to the farms we have for sale.

E. COOK

Special in exchanges for city property, acreages, large and small. Special buys on now; terms to suit; building lots. Give us a call.

FOR SALE

Second-Hand Lumber
Cheap
\$15.00 Per Thousand and Up.
One million feet of almost new Lumber and Beaver Board, also 500 Doors and Windows at \$2.00 and Up, Complete With Trim.

York Wrecking Co.
TECUMSEH BARRACKS, PHONE 1465, 579

J. A. BROWNLEE

385-7 TALBOT ST.
SCREEN DOORS, SCREEN WINDOWS, LAMP GLASS, OIL STOVES AND OVENS.

ONE 25 GALLON BOWSER

GASOLINE TANK WITH ONE GALLON MEASURING PUMP. SUITABLE FOR A FIRM OPERATING A NUMBER OF CARS. PHONE 1845.

J. A. BROWNLEE

385-7 TALBOT ST.
SCREEN DOORS, SCREEN WINDOWS, LAMP GLASS, OIL STOVES AND OVENS.

CLASSIFIED RATES.

1 day 2c. per word
3 days 5c. " "
7 days 10c. " "
Minimum 10 words.

When Advertiser Box is required allow 3 words. A charge of 10c for mailing is also added.

Marriage, Births and Deaths—One insertion, \$1; two insertions, \$1.50. Memorial Notices—15c per cent line. (50 lines the minimum.)

Card of Thanks—\$1 per insertion. Engagement Notices on Women's Page—75c one insertion, \$1 two insertions. These notices must be signed by the sender, and will not be taken over telephone.

DISPATCH ADVERTISING.
Amusements—15c per line each insertion. Meetings—15c per line each insertion. The London Advertiser will not insert an advertisement unless it is ordered by a subscriber or a regular advertiser.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER.
WANT AD. DEPARTMENT.
Phone 3670.

WINDSHIELDS

We have special windshield plate glass and modern facilities for fixing your broken windshields. THE HOBBS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.

AUTO RADIATOR

SERVICE STATION.
G. M. MURRAY
66 KING STREET, YWT. Near Ridgout.

HEED THE CALL OF THRIFT AND

BUY A GUARANTEED USED CAR FROM McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.

McLAUGHLIN BUICK, 1924 Coupe (4-pass.)
McLAUGHLIN BUICK, 1924 Touring.
McLAUGHLIN BUICK, 1924 Sedan.
McLAUGHLIN BUICK, 1924 Oldsmobile, 5-pass. Touring.

SMALL DOWN PAYMENT; BALANCE MONTHLY, AND A 30-DAY GUARANTEE.

McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Ltd.

RICHMOND STREET, CORNER BATHURST STREET.

GENEVAUX & MAY'S AUCTIONS

TUESDAY MORNING, AUG. 12, 1924.
524 Simcoe St.

Miss Seighon has instructed us to sell the contents of her well-furnished home in part: Parlor suite, victrola, tables, couch, hall table, rockers, armchair, sanitary cot and mattress (very new), writing desk, dining table, chairs, curtains, blinds, clocks, pictures, wardrobe, bed room (in walnut), child's crib, dressers, bedding, chest drawers, feather ticks, quantity good carpets, electric sweeper, Kriss electric washer, kitchen cupboard, McClary gas range, Royal Oxford coal range, baseburner, quantity good dishes and glassware, kitchen goods, clothing, mirrors, coal, wood, tubs, boiler, garden tools, etc. This is one of those good sales. Come. Sale at 10 a.m.

Real Estate, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 13, 114 Astin St.

Will sell by public auction this well-built 1½-story brick dwelling with veranda, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, bath, bedrooms, 3-piece bath, furnace, part basement, hot and cold water, electric and gas. This would make an excellent house for a home and look it over. Sale at 1:30 p.m.

Exceptionally High-Class Furniture Sale
23a Blackfriars St., West London.
THURSDAY AFTERNOON, AUG. 14.

Mr. A. R. Oliver has favored us with instructions to sell the contents of his well-furnished home, in part: Berlin piano and bench (in walnut), Brunswick and records (nearly new), hall-rack, library table, rattan, leather and oak chairs, armchairs, stands, leather and velvet couches, 2 Wilton rugs 2½x3 (nearly new), mats, carpets, linoleum, quantity of auto and garden tools, etc. If you are looking for good furniture, don't miss this sale.

Office, City Auction Rooms, 98 Dundas St. Phone 1332, b.

AUCTION SALE

10 a.m. TUESDAY, AUG. 12, 195 EGBERTON ST.

(Take Hamilton Rd. car to Egerton St.)
I will sell the following: Dark oak dining-room suite (Queen Anne design), buffet, table and six chairs, dining-room table, 3 wicker chairs, bookcase, jardiniere stand, kitchen sink, stove and oven, 100 lbs. butter, 100 lbs. lard, 100 lbs. sugar, 100 lbs. flour, 100 lbs. rice, 100 lbs. beans, 100 lbs. peas, 100 lbs. lentils, 100 lbs. corn, 100 lbs. wheat, 100 lbs. barley, 100 lbs. oats, 100 lbs. rye, 100 lbs. buckwheat, 100 lbs. millet, 100 lbs. sorghum, 100 lbs. amaranth, 100 lbs. quinoa, 100 lbs. buckwheat, 100 lbs. millet, 100 lbs. sorghum, 100 lbs. amaranth, 100 lbs. quinoa.

On this property is a 2-story white brick house, 4 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3-piece bath, fully modern, garage, 10-ft. veranda, toilet, hydro, water, house only 2 years old. Owner will take modern house in London up to \$6,000.

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On this property is a 2-story white brick house, 4 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3-piece bath, fully modern, garage, 10-ft. veranda, toilet, hydro, water, house only 2 years old. Owner will take modern house in London up to \$6,000.

Office, City Auction Rooms, 98 Dundas St. Phone 1332, b.

GEO. R. GARDNER AUCTIONEER

Phone 1833W for service, b.

Mortgage Sale

UNDER power of sale contained in a certain mortgage, which will be produced at the time of sale, there will be offered for sale by public auction on the premises Tuesday, August 19, 1924, at the hour of 3 p.m., by George R. Gardner, auctioneer, the premises known as 240 and 242, on the north side of Oxford street, in the City of London.

On this property is a 2-story white brick house, 4 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 3-piece bath, fully modern, garage, 10-ft. veranda, toilet, hydro, water, house only 2 years old. Owner will take modern house in London up to \$6,000.

Office, City Auction Rooms, 98 Dundas St. Phone 1332, b.

AUCTION SALE OF FURNITURE

For Mr. J. W. Scott, 747 South Grey St., near Reid.

TUESDAY, AUG. 12, AT 1:30.
Upright piano, 2 large wicker rockers, 3 oak rockers, center table, curtains and blinds, choice rugs, choice lot of linens, electric lamp and rug, Rayona and 40 records, choice pictures, hall table, dining table, 3 wicker chairs, extension table and chairs, Singer sewing machine, kitchen cabinet, clock, refrigerator, base burner, Oxford-Laud contents 2 bedrooms, dressers, mattresses, springs, bedding and 5 pillows, mosquito net and screen, auto toys and windows, carpenter tools, garden tools, dishes, sealers, mower, kitchen utensils, plants. This is a good lot, so come.

JOS. BROWN.

Assignee's Sale

There will be sold by public auction on Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 2 p.m., 124 Dundas St. (premises lately occupied by Jack White), the contents of an ice cream and candy store, consisting of cash register, 10 chairs, showcase, orange dispenser, display jars, Vortex dishes and glasses, candy furnace, 47 ice cream plates (plated), quantity paper cups, candy boxes, bags, etc. Total value, \$1,000. Cash cases of two counters, soda fountain and tank stove, McClary's sheet iron candy trays, electric lights, and miscellaneous equipment, kettles, masher, etc. No reserve. W. R. BAYMOND, trustee. D. H. PORTER, auctioneer, 431-11.

Auction Sale of Valuable City Property

D. H. Porter, auctioneer, under instructions from Mr. Isaac, will offer for sale on the premises, 218 Hamilton Rd. at 2:30 p.m. on Thursday, Aug. 14, that well built comfortable dwelling with lot about 42x100. Terms cash. For further particulars, apply to D. H. PORTER, auctioneer, 110 Dundas St. Office phone, 3630; house phone, 1167. A9.11.13

Auction Sale of Furniture

There will be sold by public auction at 374 Dundas St. on Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 4 p.m., a lot of useful furniture. No reserve. D. H. PORTER, auctioneer.

Office, City Auction Rooms, 98 Dundas St. Phone 1332, b.

Municipalities' Union

PLANS REORGANIZATION
Efforts Will Be Made To Gain Support and More Members.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Windsor, Aug. 8.—Plans for a reorganization of the Union of Canadian Municipalities, in order to strengthen and enlarge its membership, were taken up this morning at the union convention, which assembled under the direction of Dr. J. A. Dufresne, the president. A mixed program of business and entertainment awaited the delegates.

This afternoon they were guests of the municipal councils of Walkerville, Ford and Riverside at a luncheon at the Club, while tonight the municipalities of Sandwich, Ojibway and LaSalle acted as hosts at a dinner on the grounds of Mayor Vitell Benoit's home in LaSalle.

C. E. Brewer, Detroit recreation

Auction Sale of Furniture

There will be sold by public auction at 374 Dundas St. on Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 4 p.m., a lot of useful furniture. No reserve. D. H. PORTER, auctioneer.

Office, City Auction Rooms, 98 Dundas St. Phone 1332, b.

Victoria Hospital

TENDERS WILL BE RECEIVED FOR BREAD AND MEAT

Until noon, Tuesday, Aug. 12. For particulars phone 1355. A. J. McGUFFIN, purchasing agent.

Auction Sale of Furniture

There will be sold by public auction at 374 Dundas St. on Tuesday, Aug. 12, at 4 p.m., a lot of useful furniture. No reserve. D. H. PORTER, auctioneer.

Office, City Auction Rooms, 98 Dundas St. Phone 1332, b.

SECOND INSTALLMENT OF CITY TAXES

PAYABLE BY

AUGUST 15, 1924

Taxpayers are hereby notified that the SECOND INSTALLMENT of taxes for the year 1924 is due and payable on or before AUGUST 15, 1924.

Five per cent penalty will be added immediately after August 15 to the amount of the Second Installment of taxes unpaid after due date.

E. S. F. HOUGHTON, Collector.

TENDERS

Tenders will be received up to 12 o'clock noon, August 16, addressed to the undersigned at the office of the Western Fair, Dominion Savings Building, London, for the privilege of operating Dining Hall No. 4 in the south section of the Covered Grandstand during the period of the 1924 Exhibition.

Information regarding the Dining Hall will be secured at the Western Fair office.

J. H. Saunders, President. W. D. Jackson, Secretary.

Voters Lists

1924, municipality of Westminster. Notice is hereby given that I have complied with Section 10, of the Voters' Lists and that the list is now open at my office at 63, W. T. Rd., on the 7th day of August, 1924, the list of all persons entitled to vote in the said municipality at the municipal elections and for members of parliament and who are not on the list remain there for inspection; and I hereby call upon all voters to take immediate proceedings to have their names or omissions corrected, according to law.

DATED this 7th day of August, 1924. EZRA S. HINT, Township Clerk.

AUCTION SALE

Office, City Auction Rooms, 98 Dundas St. Phone 1332, b.

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AUCTION SALE

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ELISIE'S

Lunches and Light Refreshments, Drinks and Ice Cream. Merry-Go-Round for the children.

Wm. Elsie
GRAND BEND - ONTARIO

Spend Your Vacation at

Lake View House

Right on water's edge.
Rates by day or week.
Harmon M. Gill, Prop.
GRAND BEND, - ONT.

STATTON'S ICE CREAM

Take some home or meet your friends.
"Blue Bird" Service.
IMPERIAL POOLROOM
GRAND BEND - ONTARIO

BRENNER'S GARAGE

Service on all makes of cars.
Gas, Oil, Tires and Accessories for sale.
M. BRENNER, Proprietor.

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M.

ANGLICAN.

CRONYN MEMORIAL

Queen's Avenue and William Street.

QUINTIN WARNER, Rector. RIDLEY PARSON, Assistant.
8.30 a.m.—Holy Communion.
11.00 a.m.—Morning Prayer.
Preacher—The Rector.
No Evening Services During August.

St. James' Church

South London.
Rev. W. L. Ambridge, M.A., R.D.,
Rector.
8.45 a.m.—Sunday School.
11 a.m.—Rev. L. C. Harrison, B.A.
5 p.m.—Rev. L. C. Harrison, B.A.

St. John the Evangelist

Wellington and St. James St.
Rev. A. L. G. Clarke, Rector.
SERVICES AS USUAL.

BAPTIST.

BAPTIST.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST

REV. FLOYD T. HOLLAND, Pastor.

REV. J. H. SLIMON, Walkerville, Ont.

AT BOTH SERVICES.

11 a.m.—"THE CHARIOTS OF GOD."

7 p.m.—"THE DIADEMS OF THE KING."

3 p.m.—Sunday School.

O. LEO HERBERT, Musical Director.

Egerton Street Baptist

Rev. A. Burgess, Minister.
11 a.m.—"A PLEA FOR MERCY."
Sermonette in English.
7 p.m.—"THE CHALLENGE OF A
GREAT CRISIS."

Talbot Street Baptist

REV. BOWLEY GREEN, D.D.,
Pastor.
REV. A. T. SOWERBY, Ph. D.,
L.L.D.

will Preach Both Morning and Evening.

BIBLE SCHOOL 12.15 p.m.

VISITORS SPECIALLY WELCOME.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST.

Richmond and Kent Streets.

Sunday, 11 a.m. only, July and August.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, 11 A.M.

For students up to the age of twenty.

Subject—Sunday, Aug. 10.

"SPIRIT"

Wednesday Meeting, 8 p.m.

Including testimonies of healing through Christian Science.

ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED!

PRESBYTERIAN

PRESBYTERIAN

UNION SERVICES.

St. Andrew's and First Presbyterian Church

11 a.m.—SERVICE IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

Subject—"BEFORE THESE DAYS."

7 p.m.—SERVICE IN FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Subject—"THE BEGINNING OF THE GOSPEL OF JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, AS IT IS WRITTEN IN THE PROPHETS."

REV. DR. D. L. McCRAE AT BOTH SERVICES.

A CORDIAL WELCOME.

Music by St. Andrew's Quartet and Soloists, direction of Mr. Ewart George.

Hamilton Rd. Church

Public Worship.

11 a.m.—"Jesus Dealing With Sentimentalists."

7 p.m.—"The Choice of a Calling."

Rev. J. McNeil, D.D., will preach.

The Salvation Army

No. 1 Corps, Clarence St.

Sunday, Aug. 10, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School, 2 p.m.

Victoria Park, 3 p.m.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. URSALI.

No. 2 Corps, Edward and Tecumseh

Sunday, Aug. 10, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School, 3 p.m.

ENSGN. CHITTENDEN AND STOKES.

No. 3 Corps, Rectory St.

Sunday, Aug. 10, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School, 2 p.m.

CONDUCTED BY THE BAND.

No. 4 Corps, Oak St.

Sunday, Aug. 10, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School, 2 p.m.

ENSGN. AND MRS. LUTON.

CHRISTADELPHIANS MEET IN

Uster Hall, over Gas Office, Sunday,

7 p.m. Subject: "The Ship of Faith."

How to Get Into It.

Life on Earth in the New World

What New World? What Will It Be Like?

Most of us are content with this earth as an abiding place. There is much in our present mode of living, however, which is distasteful. Some are surfeited with life's good things, others drag out a miserable and pitiable existence. The Socialist desires to change the environment of the downtrodden and exploited masses so that they may attain a measure of happiness and prosperity.

The Bible holds out every hope that man's environment will be changed and that he will attain to a condition of joy, liberty and prosperity undreamed of even by the most imaginative optimist.

The answer, full, complete and satisfying, is contained in this lecture by

C. W. CUTFORTH

HYMAN HALL.

Sunday, August 10, at 7:15 p.m.

SEATS FREE.

NO COLLECTION.

METHODIST

METHODIST

ASKIN ST. METHODIST

11 a.m.—Worship and Sermon—7 p.m.

PREACHER—REV. J. E. J. MILLYARD

SERMON SUBJECTS:

"THE BIOGRAPHY OF A SAVED SINNER"

"WHAT IS GOD LIKE?"

CLASS MEETING AT 10 a.m. SUNDAY SCHOOL AT 3 p.m.

FIRST METHODIST

REV. BRUCE HUNTER, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

REV. E. W. JEWITT, B.A., Assistant Pastor

10 a.m.—Class Meeting.

11 a.m.—"THE WILDERNESS EXPERIENCE."

3 p.m.—"LIFE'S TEACHERS."

REV. E. W. JEWITT will preach at both services.

Soloist, a.m.—MRS. L. R. MENZIES, Contralto, P.M.—MISS M. JACKSON, Soprano.

Quartet—MISS M. JACKSON, Soprano, Mrs. L. R. MENZIES, Contralto.

MR. C. H. TELFER, Tenor, MR. F. EMBRY, Baritone.

KINGSLEY IRELAND, Organist. MR. GEO. C. CARRIE, Choir Leader.

UNITED SERVICES.

Centennial Methodist and King St. Presbyterian

Morning and Evening at Centennial Church.

Public Exercises of God's Worship at 11 a.m. Evening Worship at 7 p.m.

Rev. C. N. Paddon, Minister, at both Days of Worship.

Praise Services by Centennial Church Choir under the Direction of Mr. G. Winterbottom, Organist and Choirmaster.

Centennial Sunday School at Usual Hour, King Street S. S. at 10 a.m.

A CORDIAL INVITATION TO ALL.

COLBORNE ST. METHODIST

REV. H. J. UREN, Pastor.

11 a.m.—REV. G. N. HAZEN, D.D.

7 p.m.—REV. G. N. HAZEN, D.D.

Forest City Male Quartet at both services.

MR. COLIN MCKENZIE, Soloist, of St. Thomas, will sing at the Morning Service.

MR. SIDNEY MARTIN, Organist.

DUNDAS STREET CENTRE

11 a.m.—REV. D. M. McCAMUS.

Regular Congregation and Sunday School in Joint Service.

7 p.m.—REV. D. M. McCAMUS.

J. PARNELL Morris, Organist and Choirmaster.

Empress Ave. Church

Both services in charge of Y. P. L.

Morning—"The Boyhood and Manhood of Christ," taken by the boys.

Evening—"The Two Women of Bethany," taken by the girls.

A class meeting at 10 a.m.

Special Music.

Miss Hazel Taylor, Organist.

Hyatt Ave. Methodist

10.30 a.m. Subject: "A Living Experience."

11.30 a.m.—Sunday School.

7 p.m.—Subject: "A Good Buy."

Rev. George Jewitt at both services.

Ridout St. Methodist

J. A. AGNEW, Pastor.

SERVICES AS USUAL.

Strangers Welcome.

Robinson Memorial

Rev. S. Salton will have charge of both services.

Morning—"The Joy of Christian Service." Evening—"The Fatherhood of God."

Sunday School, 10 a.m. and 12.15 p.m.

E. W. G. Quantz, Organist.

Come and worship with us.

Wellington St. Church

The Pastor, REV. GEORGE T. WATTS, B.D.

Will Preach at Both Services.

11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School and Bible Classes at 2.45 p.m.

HAMILTON ROAD GOSPEL HALL

7 p.m.—M. H. CANNING will preach.

EGERTON STREET GOSPEL HALL

7 p.m.—MR. ROWLAND HILL, Jr., Will Preach.

Theosophical Society

212 DUNDAS STREET

MEETINGS AS USUAL.

Sunday, 8.30 p.m.—Public Invited.

First Spiritual Church

Rectory, Opposite Nelson Street.

Sunday Services as Usual—

3 and 7 p.m.

SUCCESSFUL LAWN SOCIAL

BY FOREST ORGANIZATION

Special to The Advertiser.

Forest, Aug. 8.—The lawn social given on the lawn of J. M. O'Donnell, Plympton Township, under the auspices of the Catholic Women's League of St. Christopher's Church, Forest, was attended by a large crowd. John Farrell was chairman.

The concert artists were the Wooster Company of London, Miss Winnie Guinan, violinist, of Mount Carmel, Miss Ruth Walters, soloist of Forest, Misses Mae Stewart, Agnes Litwack and Bernice O'Donnell, Scotch dancers, of Forest, and the Dunlop-Duncan Orchestra of Forest.

A lace luncheon cloth was won by Miss McLaughlin.

The ball game between Kertch and Camanche girls teams was won by Kertch, 31-15, the winners scoring heavily in the late innings. Line-ups: Kertch—M. McKeown, 1st; A. Morgan, s.s.; J. McKeown, 3rd and p. Camanche—L. Burnley, p.; E. Fisher, c.; R. Fisher, 1st; A. Welch, 2nd; M. Cairns, 3rd; A. Burnley, s.s.; M. Jardine, s.s.; J. McFarlane, 1st; A. Paton, c.

Impulse—W. V. Roche of Forest.

The total proceeds were over \$225.

HERRIOT RETURNS TO FRANCE TODAY

Disagreement Among French

Delegates Is Feared As

Council Is Summoned.

RUHR EVACUATION

Associated Press Despatch.

London, Aug. 8.—Premier Herriot, War Minister General Nollet and Finance Minister Clementel will go to Paris tomorrow afternoon for a cabinet conference and the negotiations of the international conference here will be practically suspended until they return.

Action by the French Cabinet was necessitated by the fact that the question of the evacuation of the Ruhr is the chief obstacle to any negotiation notably the conference, and also because M. Herriot and General Nollet are reported to be in disagreement on this important matter.

The French minister promises to return to the British capital Monday morning and in the meantime all eyes will be turned toward Paris.

There will be no meeting of the "Big Four" tomorrow, but the two committees will meet. Prime Minister MacDonald will leave either tomorrow night or Sunday morning for Luxembourg while many of the other delegates are planning excursions preparatory to the resumption of the battle between the French and the German delegates on Monday.

CRISIS IS FEARED.

Associated Press Despatch.

Paris, Aug. 8.—President Dumergue is coming back to Paris from France's summer "White House" at Rambouillet in order to preside Sunday over a council of the ministers, which up to early this morning had been an entirely unforeseen contingency in connection with the international conference in London.

Premier Herriot in London decided suddenly today to come back to Paris Saturday evening for a conference with his cabinet. He will be accompanied by Minister of War Nollet and Finance Minister Clementel. The fact that the premier arrived at his decision suddenly, after having remained for two weeks in London without taking advantage of opportunities which meantime had made possible his return to resume contact with his colleagues, has caused some speculation in political circles.

The reversal of the prearranged schedule under which the cabinet was to meet in Paris on Wednesday morning has given color to rumors reaching Paris from London of lack of harmony in the French cabinet, and of a possible rift between General Nollet and M. Herriot.

Since the opening of the London conference members of parliament have been informed to the effect that there has been constant conflict between the war minister and the premier, General Nollet resisting the premier's general desire to make concessions with regard to the Dawes plan.

General Nollet has twice resigned from the cabinet, according to reliable information reaching Paris, and special despatches to the Paris newspapers say the return of M. Herriot and M. Clementel to London is due to the fact that Nollet insists upon the maintenance of military occupation of the Ruhr until Germany has furnished conclusive proof of her complete disarmament while M. Herriot desires to make concessions on this point.

Elizabeth E. Dewey (C.H. Geo. Art. Bot.), Alice Double (Phys. Art. Bot.), Wilfred Dockstead (Phys. Art. Bot.), Neil Dowling (Phys. Art. Bot.), Jean Dundas (Phys. Art. Bot.), Mary H. Dunne (C.H. Geo. Art. Bot.), Leon Edwards (C.H. Geo. Art. Bot.), Verna E. Errington (C.H. Geo. Art. Bot.), Gertrude Evans (Phys. Art. Bot.), Helen R. Ferguson (Geo. Art. Bot.), Laverne Fisher (C.H. Geo. Art. Bot.), Marion Forrester (Phys. Art. Bot.), Helen D. Gledhill (C.H. Geo. Art. Bot.), Luis Goldenberg (Phys. Art. Bot.), Jean Gordon (C.H. Geo. Art. Bot.), Marion Gowie (C.H. Geo. Art. Bot.), Mary Heasman (C.H. Geo. Art. Bot.), Edythe M. Hill (Phys. Art. Bot.), Sylvia Hill (Geo. Art. Bot.), Wilfred H. Hitchens (C.H. Geo. Art. Bot.), Bruce W. Hogarth (C.H. Geo. Art. Bot.),

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The Hall-Mark of Value

THE name Sunlight on Soap is the Hall-Mark of Value. Sunlight means absolute purity, for it is all soap, through and through. This means value for every ounce of it. Only the finest natural cleansing oils are used in the manufacture of Sunlight Soap.

The name Sunlight on soap means absolute value. Every particle of every tablet is pure soap. There is no waste. Being all soap, it is economical. Buy Sunlight today.



Lever Brothers Limited
Toronto

Vacation Days and Brides



At Your Dealer's
Genuine THERMOS
vacuum bottles in fine
leather carrying cases—
with or without shoulder
straps. One or two bot-
tles in a case—pints or
quarts.

Your money can buy no more thoughtful Gift than a genuine "Thermos" Vacuum Bottle.

A gift cram-full of comfort. A lasting gift—and one that will be used day after day and year after year. And you can make it as simple or as elaborate as you please. You can choose a genuine THERMOS vacuum bottle, with or without a carrying case, a handsomely-decorated THERMOS jug or carafe, or perhaps a complete THERMOS motor kit or two—all at popular prices.

Whichever you select, it will be a genuine "THERMOS"—made to conform to "THERMOS" ideas—that is if you are careful to look for the name "THERMOS" stamped on the bottom of every genuine THERMOS Vacuum Bottle.



GENUINE
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ASPIRIN
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Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for
Headache Colds Neuralgia Lumbago
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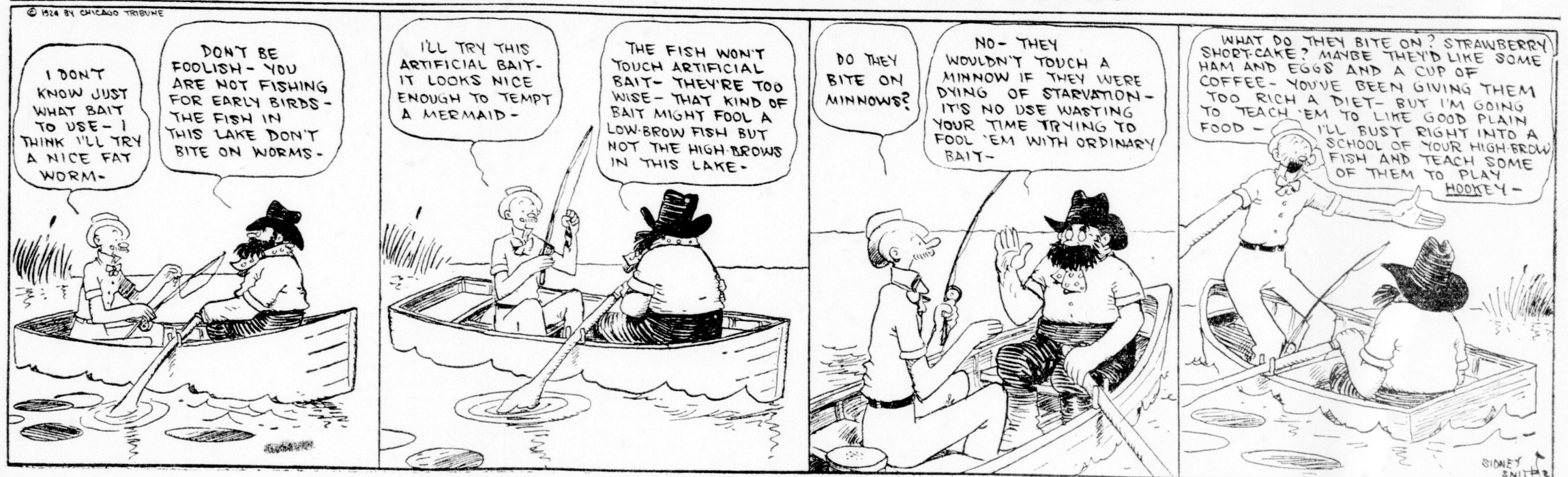
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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

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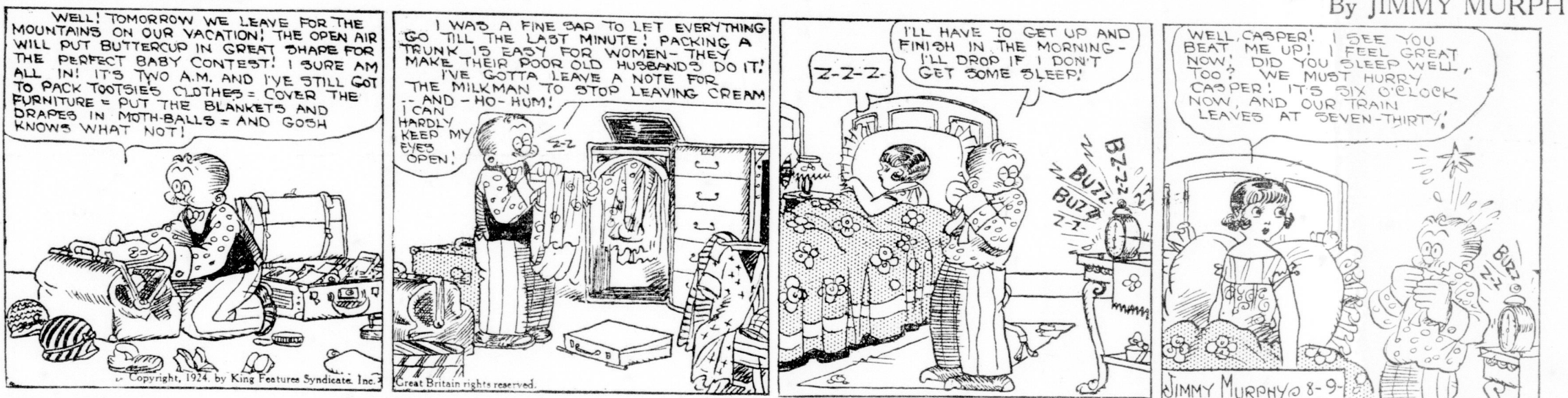
It's Up To Barney To Learn Russian.

By BILLY DE BECK



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The Tourists Are Having a Wonderful Time, Thank You.

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Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.
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SHINGLES !
XXX B. C. \$5.75 per M.
XXXXX B. C. \$5.75 " "
5X Specials \$5.00 " "
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COAL COMPANY
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BAN ON BIRTH CONTROL BUILDS CLASS BARRIERS

Toronto Professor Sees Danger
of Widening Gaps in
Social Strata.

BRITISHER OPPOSED

Fuel From Salt Advocated—
Laud Plan For Deepen-
ing St. Lawrence.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, Aug. 8.—Most noteworthy in the 75 or more addresses which were scientifically digested by the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science today were the papers delivered by Sir Wm. Beveridge of London, England, vice-president of the section of economics, on the fall of fertility; Prof. F. C. Donnan of University College, London, England, on a substitute for coal, before the electrochemists, and D. W. McLachlan of Ottawa, Ont., on the development of the St. Lawrence.

Sir William Beveridge, in showing that the fall of fertility was found in almost every country, expressed his opinion, formed by careful investigation, that the power of birth control will have a harmful influence on the future of the race and cause a decided falling off in the number of marriages rather than increase it.

Would Lift Ban.
Another noteworthy address today was that of Professor R. M. Mavor of the University of Toronto on "Civilization and Population."

A few of the interesting points and deductions he brought out were: Ban on birth control prevents poor from following lead of well-to-do, and widens disparity between classes. Earlier marriages might be encouraged if state repression of birth control were abandoned. Modern war aggravates rather than lessens the population problem, for economic conditions are worse than at its outbreak.

Actors have lowest standardized birth rate, clergymen one of the highest. Navies have about as low a birth-rate as well-to-do people. Offering fuel derived from salt deposits by the aid of electric power as a substitute, Prof. Donnan declared that the time will come when coal or other forms of carbon will not supply the demands of the world for fuel.

Deep Waterways.
Proposed improvement of the St. Lawrence and Great Lakes system so that ships of 25-foot draft can penetrate to the head of the lakes will virtually move the farmers of Western Canada about 710 miles nearer their markets than they would be if they had to depend on railways alone, or if the lakes and connecting channels did not exist, was the point made by Mr. McLachlan before the geographical section.

The importance to Canada of the scientific investigations concerning plant diseases was emphasized by Prof. V. H. Blackman. In the case of men and animals he said, it is often possible to build up immunity to a specific disease by natural or artificial means, but it has not yet been found possible to do this for plants, and it is unlikely that it can ever be achieved.

The greatest success in the fight against the ruinous pests which attack plant life has been gained by breeding and selecting strains, as with rust resistant wheat, which are immune to the particular disease.

Bacteria are even more sensitive to changes in their diet than are human beings, it was shown by Prof. G. B. Reid of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., in a paper to the psychology section.

Mammals Are Safe.
According to Dr. H. M. Anderson of Victoria Museum, Ottawa, there is no occasion to worry over the attitude of some people that certain Canadian mammals are on the verge of extinction. Canada, he declared, has the best natural advantage of any country for postponing the day for the disappearance of the mammal.

Among the animals named which were in danger of extinction are the pronghorn antelope, the bison and elk, and the white-tailed deer. The bison and the elk will, however, persist in semi-domestication, and the white-tailed deer will increase in bush clearings in unagricultural districts.

An explanation for the fact that so much high-grade ore has been found in Northern Ontario was offered before the geology section by Dr. J. Mackintosh Bell and Prof. Ellis Thompson, of the University of Toronto.

"Extension of the shaft to depth, converted the Keeley mine from an economic loss to an important producer," the geologists said. They showed that accompanying an unusual state of oxidation in the vein material is an enrichment of silver values, with a comparative decrease in the arsenides of nickel and cobalt. The silver yield can also be related to the state of the oxidation of iron occurring in the ore.

On Salt Industry.

Vast deposits of salt at Windsor are sufficiently close to Niagara Falls to permit the cheap manufacture of many chlorine and soda products by the use of electric power, according to D. A. Pritchard of Windsor, who described the processes introduced into Canada, at the chemical section. Electrolytic cells of the type invented by Arthur Gibbs, an Englishman, are used, in which common salt is transformed into alkali and chlorine gas by the passage of an electric current. The process is now used extensively in England, United States and Canada, but the conditions in the Sandwich are particularly favorable for its operation.

Much of the alkali turned out in is absorbed by the soap and paper industries, and among the uses of the chlorine are purification of water and the manufacture of bleaching agents.

Four-fifths of the potential power resources of the St. Lawrence River are within Canada, within transmission distance of its largest industrial centers, mining areas and its two largest cities, according to R. S. Lee, Montreal engineer, who addressed the

Walks Ten Miles In Heat To Save His Son's Life

Canadian Press Despatch.

Quebec, Aug. 8.—To walk ten miles in the heat with his 10-year-old son in his arms to get him to the hospital for an operation for appendicitis was the act of devotion of Joseph Paquet, a forest ranger of St. Fabien, in the heights in Levis county. His boy was operated on with success, it was stated by the attending physicians.

The son fell sick yesterday, and early this morning the father suspected that he was suffering from appendicitis. He did not hesitate, but prepared for the trip, having no other means than to walk the ten miles separating him from a hospital.

engineering section. They form one of the country's most valuable assets, he said.

FOUR ARE DROWNED IN RESCUE EFFORT

Two Women and Two Children Attempt To Save Others.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Montreal, Aug. 8.—Mrs. A. Jarry, her sister-in-law, Mrs. A. Beau-champ, Pauline Jarry, 13, and Claude Boucher, son of Dr. Napoleon Boucher, all of this city, were drowned in the North River at Piedmont in the Laurentians this afternoon.

The party was bathing, and went to the rescue of some children who were playing on a raft. The children were saved, but the two women, the boy and the girl were unable to get back to the shore and sank.

A troop of Boy Scouts who were passing at the time, went into the river in an effort to save the victims. They succeeded in aiding the children who had fallen off the raft, but could not reach their would-be rescuers.

BRAZIL REBEL TROOPS EVACUATE TO SAVE CITY

Manifesto Issued Informs the
People of Establishment of
Provisional Government.

Associated Press Despatch.

Buenos Aires, Aug. 8.—When the Brazilian rebels evacuated Sao Paulo city on July 25, it was for the announced purpose of saving the city from destruction from federal bombardment and to avoid "immediate armed demonstrations by several foreign powers," according to mail advices just received from Brazil, transmitting a copy of the manifesto issued by the rebels prior to the evacuation.

The manifesto informed the people that the rebels should establish a provisional government in the interior of the state, and fix a new battle-front. This front would cover about two-thirds of Sao Paulo state, the easternmost point being about 70 miles from Sao Paulo city.

The advices state that the rebels claimed to have retreated from Sao Paulo city with fifteen thousand men.

WILLIAM HODGES FREED WHEN BAIL IS PROVIDED

William Hodges, 26 Yale street, who was held yesterday on a charge of manslaughter in connection with the death of 11-year-old John Knott, was allowed out on bail last evening at 7:30 o'clock, when two sureties of \$5,000 each were furnished for him.

ECZEMA

You are not experiencing when you use Dr. Chase's Ointment free for skin irritations, relief at once and gradually heals the skin. Sample box Dr. Chase's Ointment free if you mention this paper and send 2c for postage. 6c a box; all dealers or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Our fitters are experts, \$1.50 to \$3.00. We have Trusses to fit all needs. **ANDERSON & SONS**, many lines, 268 Dundas St. E.

TEDDY BEARS
SMALL DOLLS, TIN TOYS
Red Star News Co.
10 MARKET LANE.

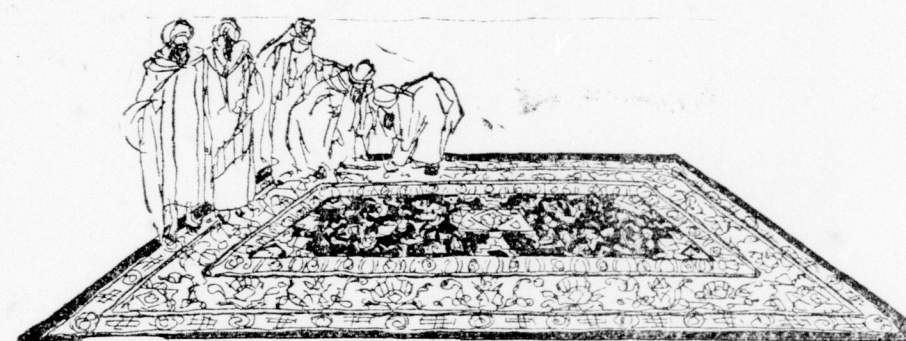
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SLABS
First come first served with the excellent run of slabs we have now. Good percentage of hardwood.
GILLIES.
COAL AND COKE. PHONE 1312. ywt

For the Home and For Home Work

Let's turn from sport apparel to Preserving Kettles and Floor Coverings. For every home should have the convenient kitchenware and harmonious rugs which are listed at these moderate prices. For vacationists may come and go—but home-makers are on fairly continuous duty.



The August Sale of Rugs

THIS LOT OF RUGS IN THE AUGUST RUG SALE AT \$79.00 EACH.

One only Searboro Wilton Seamless Rug, size 9x12 ft. Sale price \$79.00
One only Belgian Wilton Rug, 9 ft. x 12 ft. Sale price \$79.00
Two only Ardebil Seamless Wilton Rugs, 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in. Less than half the original price \$79.00 each

WILTON RUGS, SALE PRICE, \$59.00

Three only Wilton Rugs; two sizes, 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in., and one only 9 ft. x 12 ft., at a fraction of their former value. Sale price \$59.00 each

AT \$49.00 EACH

3 only Wilton Rugs, size 9 ft. x 9 ft. Sale price \$49.00
3 only Seamless Axminster Rugs, imported, 9 ft. x 9 ft. Sale price \$49.00
1 only Seamless Axminster Rug, 9 ft. x 12 ft. Sale price \$49.00

THIS LOT AT \$29.00 EACH.

The regular prices of the Rugs in this lot were from one-third to one-half more than the price at which we have grouped this lot. In the lot are Seamless Tapestry Rugs, size 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in., and Brussels of the best quality, in size 9x12 ft. All priced at \$29.00 each

AT \$19.00 EACH

6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft. English Brussels; 9 ft. x 9 ft. Brussels and Seamless Tapestries and one only 9 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in. Brussels. Sale price \$19.00 each

4 ONLY RUGS, \$11.95 EACH

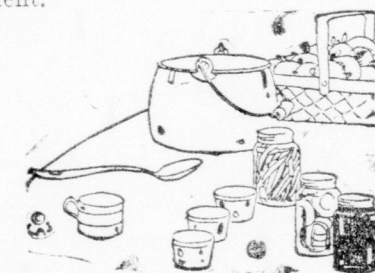
These are bedroom or small room Rugs of seamless tapestry; size 6 ft. 9 in. x 9 ft.; 4 only in this lot \$11.95 each

Your Preserving- Time Needs

Right now, you thrifty housekeepers are filling your pantry shelves with their winter store of preserves, their glasses of clear jellies and jars of spicy pickles.

Raspberries and currants and cherries are here—peaches and plums and tomatoes will soon be ready. So you will need preserving kettles, canning racks, and rings and fruit jars.

They are conveniently grouped for you in our Basement.



Canning Racks 49c
Zinc Rings 20c dozen
Rubber Rings 3 doz. for 25c
Glass Tops, for Perfect Seal or Crown Fruit Jars 30c dozen
Paraffine Wax 15c package

CROWN FRUIT JARS

Pints \$1.25 dozen
Quarts \$1.50 dozen
Half Gallons \$2.50 dozen

PERFECT SEAL JARS

Pints \$1.50 dozen
Quarts \$1.75 dozen
Half Gallons \$2.50 dozen
Balance of Wear-Ever Preserving Kettles to clear Monday—12-qt. size, \$2.19; 14-qt., \$2.69

Try Our Special
Blend of Tea
and Coffee.
Half pound...35c
Pound 65c

SMALLMAN & INGRAM
LIMITED

Today I saw

All our mental pictures of Colonial days and damers are appropriately, if somewhat hastily, framed with paniers and patches, and powdered locks.

We've journeyed far from the picture-land of these "other times, other manners." Would you like to recapture for your own room a bit of eighteenth century daintiness and demureness? You can do it by a judicious choice of the bedspreads and draperies which I saw today.

If you'd like to make your bedroom look like a Wallace Nutting interior, here is a simple recipe to follow:

Take one crinkle stripe bedspread of cream-colored cotton, delicately striped in orchid, rose, gold or blue may be used if you prefer.

To this, add draperies of the crinkle cloth, repeating the chosen color-note. The 38-inch width, at \$1.75 a yard is preferable. A narrow scarf of the same material may cover your dressers or bedside table. Flavor to taste with ruffled curtains, rag rugs, candlesticks, and old-fashioned pictures.

This is a very reliable recipe! When you go amarketing for the ingredients, you will find the aforementioned bedspread on the Fourth Floor.

P. S.—I forgot to say that the large size spread costs only \$12.50.

Judith

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The September Designer Is Here.

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baking good bread is
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