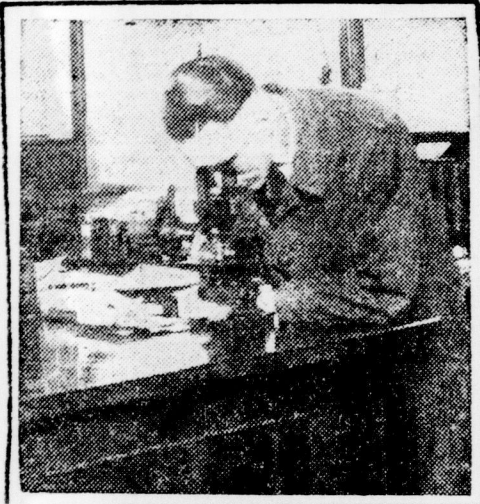


GERMS—Arch Enemy of Mankind.



TOYING WITH DEATH.
AN EXPERIMENTER AT
THE INSTITUTE WATCHES
DEADLY GERMS WIGGLE
UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

By "REX"

What is mankind's greatest enemy?
Not poverty. Not crime. Not war. It is
something much more ruthless and a thousand
times more malignant than all these three
scourges combined. It cannot be seen with the
naked eye, yet it is the cause of 36 per cent of
all deaths.

It is the infectious germ.

The infinitesimal parasite that breeds at a
tremendous rate, invades the human body and
makes nerve-shattered wrecks of strong men.
The terrible little creature which destroys lives,
ruins homes and wipes out nations.

"You can take a germ," a London physician
told the writer, "and under proper conditions it
would reproduce itself so many times in five days
that the size of the mass of germs it propagates
would exceed the size of this whole earth."

"This is a horrifying thought, but it is the
thought which the French people probably had
when they voted Pasteur the greatest of all their
national heroes, taking precedence over Napo-
leon, Victor Hugo and Danton. Pasteur, the
greatest scientist the world has known, was a
pioneer exterminator of germs.

KILLING GERMS IS THEIR WORK.

Exterminating and controlling germs is the
function of public health doctors, nurses and in-
stitutions. If there were no germs there would
be no need for public health. That is why public
health is the most vital municipal activity in
every and any community.

This is the point of view which Dr. H. W.
Hill, dean of the Institute of Public Health, has
been trying to inculcate into the civic con-
science of 172 municipalities. For twelve years
he and his associates have fought the battle
against disease and ignorance. On his side the
cold, unromantic facts of science and public
health are aligned against skepticism, prejudice
and intolerance—the three most tenacious oppo-
nents of public welfare.

Gradually, however, these obstacles have
fallen before the march of progress. What are
the results? Well, for one thing the death rate
from tuberculosis in London is lower than that
of any other Canadian city. Other maladies have
been substantially reduced. But the great, out-
standing achievement is that people have begun
to appreciate this fact—that every infectious
disease, whether it be as rare as leprosy or as
common as measles, is, with public health facili-
ties at our very door, as unnecessary as it is
inexplicable.

Gradually public health propaganda is break-
ing down the fortifications of indifference which
envelops the so-called intelligent, modern citizen.
People are being awakened to the anomaly of
knowing all about the mechanism of a motor car
without knowing anything about the mechanism
of their own bodies.

The mysteries of elementary physiology, of
medicine, of health, are no longer mysteries—or,
should not be. Health articles, explaining all
that curious citizen wants to know, may be had
for the asking. Yet the majority of people are
still more concerned with the action of their
flivver than they are with the action of their
liver. They can tell you when the differential
gears go wrong, but they can't tell you when the
kidney goes wrong, until, sometimes, it is too
late.

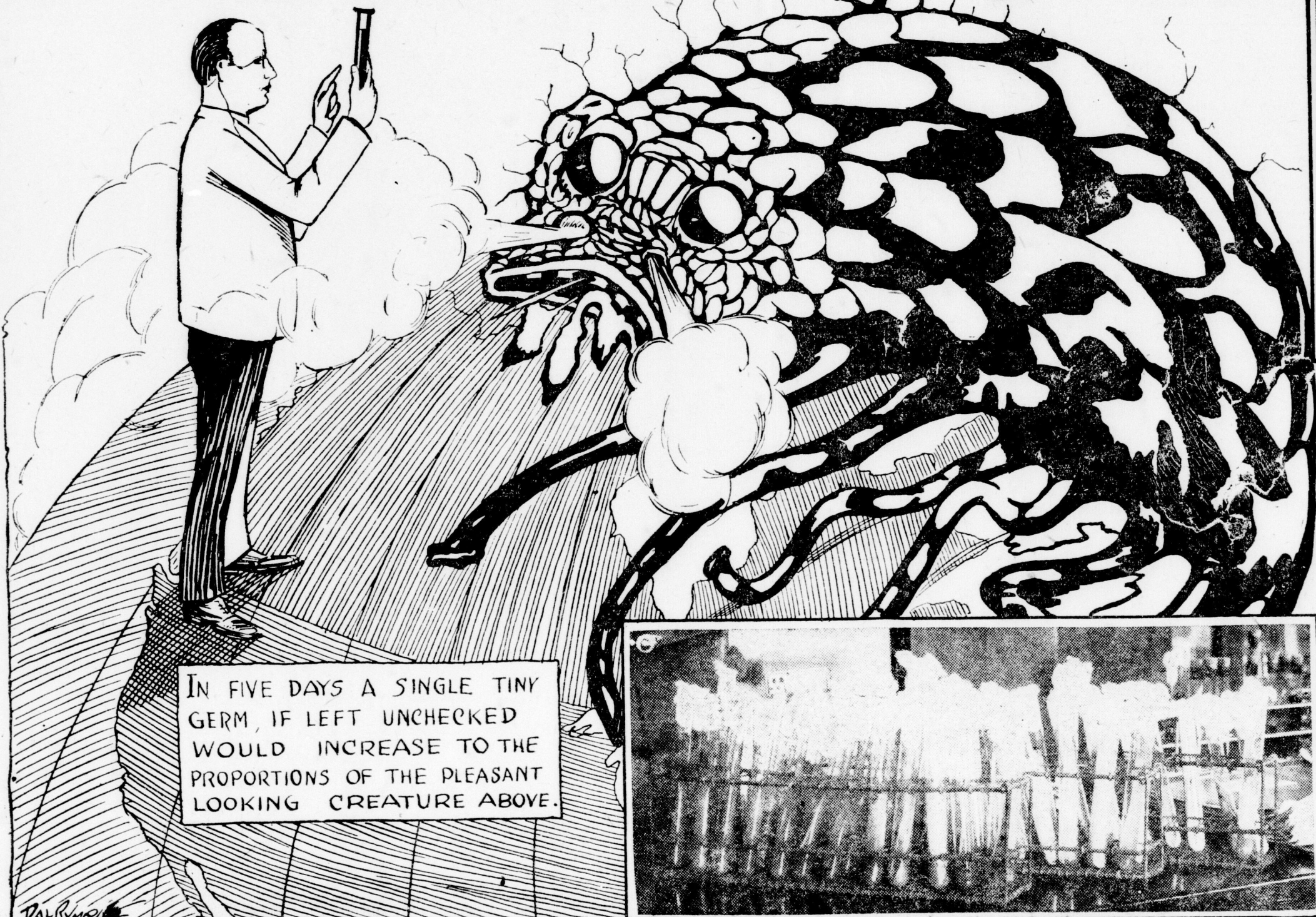
INSTITUTE SERVES 172 MUNICIPALITIES.

Serving 172 municipalities, the Institute of
Public Health is not only headquarters for the
distribution of propaganda which has done so
much to overcome this condition of indifference
to the welfare of one's own body. It is also a
great analytical clearing house in which drama,
sense and profound, is silently being enacted each
day.

Here chemists and analysts daily render their
verdicts of life and death. Here, throughout the
year, thousands of blood tests, throat cultures
and other examinations are made. Often, as a
result of these analyses, men and women are
subjected to treatment and regain health and
vigor. Often, too, these tests constitute the final
court of appeal, and the verdict is frequently—
death.

Yet scientific and statistical data in the pos-
session of the Institute indicate that 90 per cent
of such deaths are preventable. Ninety per cent,
in other words, are the direct result of neglect
and the parent of neglect, ignorance.

London's Institute of Public Health is an
organization of manifold activities. Health head-
quarters for 172 towns and cities, it is also one
of the most important pedagogic institutions in
Western Ontario, producing public health post-
graduate doctors and nurses each year and teach-
ing medical and art students the intricacies of
scientific dieting, chemistry, bacteriology and
kindred subjects. It also functions as a great
laboratory for industrial and organic chemical
research. Specimens of alcohol, milk, water,
foods of all descriptions and substances of every



IN FIVE DAYS A SINGLE TINY
GERM, IF LEFT UNCHECKED
WOULD INCREASE TO THE
PROPORTIONS OF THE PLEASANT
LOOKING CREATURE ABOVE.

REFRIGERATOR FOR ANTI-TOXINS.

First there are the departments occupied by
the Child Welfare Society, the Victorian Order
of Nurses and those who attend to the clerical
work of the institute. In the latter room stands
a refrigerator containing anti-toxins of all kinds
anti-toxins or vaccines for tetanus (lockjaw),
smallpox, whooping-cough, typhoid, and diphe-
theria. These are distributed to physicians daily.
In this connection it is significant that more than
20,000 tubes of vaccine have been given to doctors
of Western Ontario by the institute since the first
of the year.

In another room special cooking is carried
out to prepare food for germs kept by the in-
stitute. Germs, by the way, are voracious, squirmy
things and their appetite is something to wonder
at.

"It requires 500 pounds of meat a year to
feed them," Dr. Hill explains.

In the next room you find the cultures (germs
from human beings) going full blast, if anything
so apparently still, yet so insidious, so deadly
as cultures in which disease-bacilli are repro-
ducing, may be said to go full blast.

On the shelves you see an innocent-looking
array of little test-tubes, each plugged with a bit
of white batting, each containing about a table-
spoonful of jelly-like substance in the bottom.

Dr. Hill lifts one out of the rack.

"These tubes contain the cultures in which
living disease germs are working," he says.
"This one, for instance, contains cholera spirilla."
You look at it, fascinated by the horror of
it, but he goes on taking out test-tube after
test-tube.

"This one contains tuberculosis germs, this
one anthrax, this one typhoid, this pneumonia,
and this—leprosy."

Yes, literally, bottled death. Someone put
these first germs, that have multiplied so, in that
culture, someone must take them out, someone
must experiment with them. And so you catch
a flash of the work that these men, and
such as these, are doing the world over. Quietly
they carry on their investigations, buried in their
laboratories, and perhaps you seldom hear of
them. But when you do, you are glad that they
have left the old days behind—the savage old
days that glorified an Alexander, a Hannibal, or
a Napoleon—and that we are arriving at those
which consider it more glorious to save life than
to kill.

WORKING WITH BOTTLED DEATH.

Working with bottled death for the saving
of human life! Yet an everyday bit of routine
for men such as these.

Out again into a smaller apartment you see
a no less imposing group of cultures. A young
woman is bending over a desk, heating an in-
strument, and before her lie bits of glass covered
with a red substance that looks like cochineal
dye. It is sputum covered with a material that
colors tuberculosis germs red. Each of these
bits of glass is labeled and beside them you see
slips of paper containing such stories as:

"Sputum"

"Throat culture—Dr. A."

And so on, sadly suggestive stories that tell
of anxious fears and scarcely less fearful waiting.

If you are curious, you will want to see just
what these microbes look like, and Dr. Hill will
sit you down to a microscope to get an intimate
glimpse of these deadly little creatures. If it is

tuberculosis sputum you will observe in-
finitesimal germs, lying like sticks of red
wood in the sample. If it is typhoid you
will see millions upon millions of germs,
all darting here and there and very much
alive, looking like tiny white sausages
congregated in an immense area. Yet the
actual size of the sample in which these
countless bacteria live is, to the naked eye, hardly
discernible.

"They are magnified about 150,000 times,"
Dr. Hill says.

Small as they are, however, these germs are
subjected to a sort of poetic justice for their
invasion of the human body. They, too, may be
attacked by parasites infinitely smaller than
themselves, and these parasites may be attacked
by other parasites, and so on, ad infinitum.

"In Johns Hopkins Hospital a tuberculosis
patient excreted 24,000,000,000 tuberculosis germs
every day," Dr. Hill explains in answer to a
question. "But this is extraordinary. The average
for such cases is only about 6,000,000,000
germs."

The next department visited is occupied by
doctors and nurses testing and experimenting
with cultures and parts of organisms. Many blood
tests for syphilis are conducted here each day.
A special germ-producing oven is maintained
which breeds all varieties of bacteria. The in-
stitute received a leprosy culture 12 years ago from
the United States, and the germs have been
reproduced and reproduced as one generation is
about to die off to be succeeded by another.

"In three days," Dr. Hill observes, "a single
germ can reproduce itself to such an extent that
it would fill up all the oceans after the water had
been drained out. Before this can happen, how-
ever, they die from their own excreta."

HOW GERMS ARE EXAMINED.

For years, scientists, in watching germs re-
produce themselves through the microscope, were
confronted with a baffling problem. They did not
know how to keep the germs still during the pro-
cess of reproduction. Finally, Dr. Hill invented
a very simple system which is now used univer-
sally. He placed the culture on a sticky substance,
so the germs could not move. Thus, scientists
could see plainly the reproducing process. This
is particularly interesting. Typhoid germs, for
instance, like all unicellular bacteria, breed sim-
ply by dividing into two halves, which immedi-
ately take on the aspect of an individual bac-
terium. First the germ grows larger. As its size
increases a line is seen to appear right in the
center. The microbe finally separates itself and
two microbes exist where one did before.

An adjoining department contains an array
of stills for distilling water, and here you are told
something of the process of analyzing water to
determine its purity. In yet another are thou-
sands of cards which have been sent out to
mothers and filled in by them, in the course of an
investigation into the diseases of children.

"Do children really have to have measles and
whooping-cough?" someone asks, and the doctor
smiles.

"Emphatically, no," he replies. "The day will
come when it will be considered just as dis-
graceful for a child to have measles or whooping-
cough as it is now to have vermin in the head."

Disgraceful, you see, because so avoidable. If
public and domestic conditions are as they should
be. Carelessness in regard to disease germs will,
in that day, be looked upon with as much disap-
proval as is today carelessness in regard to cock-
roaches.

"MENAGERIE" FOR TESTING.

Finally you come to the "menagerie," filled
with boxes of guinea-pigs and rabbits, some of
which bear markings of red or blue to show that
they have been inoculated with the germs of vari-

ous diseases. Guinea-pigs, you are told, are
especially susceptible to tuberculosis, their ino-
culations being, indeed, the finest test of that
disease.

Here, too, were you to visit this department
today, you would see rabbits, quivering, hyster-
ical creatures, who, because of their extraordi-
nary susceptibility, must pay the penalty of death for
the advancement of science and the happiness of
mankind.

All these departments of which the visitor
gets a bird's-eye view are really one department.
There are many others that cannot be more than
mentioned here, yet the scope of their work and
the extraordinary results accruing from it could
be adequately explained only in a large book.
There is, for instance, the laboratory under the
supervision of Dr. Albert Slack, in which thou-
sands of analyses are made each year.

Again, there is the section devoted to dis-
tribution of insulin for indigent diabetics, and
finally there is a room where students study
bacteriology. On the walls are large food charts,
showing the value of protein, salt and starch con-
tent of staple edibles. Some facts revealed by
these charts are, to the layman, nothing less
than astonishing.

One of the things they show, for instance, is
that beefsteak is about 60 per cent water. An-
other, that the amount of protein in fish is vir-
tually the same as that in meat—which illus-
trates the fallacy of persons "giving up meat"
and substituting fish under the illusion that the
protein content in the latter is much smaller and
consequently less harmful for certain organic
conditions.

TWELVE POUNDS OF CELERY FOR A MEAL.

"To get a square meal from celery you would
have to eat almost twelve pounds," Dr. Hill ob-
serves. "Celery is more than 90 per cent water."

In addition to being health headquarters for
14 counties, one of the institute's most important
functions is as an educational center, which
seeks to teach more than a million human beings
the gospel of disease prevention. Pamphlets
covering every phase of public health may be
procured gratuitously from the institute's library,
for it is only by saturating the public with health
doctrine and propaganda that premature death
and unnecessary disease can be abolished.

Immunity from and evasion of infection are
two vital elements in the educational and practical
work of the institute. To deal even superficially
with these prime factors would require more
ample space than is allotted in this article. But
it is interesting and eminently desirable for people
to become acquainted with some of the basic
rules. Here are a few of them from Dr. Hill:

"Whenever you have fever go to bed, it is
estimated that failure of people to carry out
this simple rule costs Canadians \$30,000,000 an-
nually, besides all kinds of sickness, sorrow, loss
of time, wages and death.

"Never try to fight off a fever. And when
you go to bed be sure you isolate yourself and
call a doctor."

"Undergo a thorough physical examination
at least once a year and preferably every six
months. A short time ago a man boasted to me
that he had not been to a doctor since he was
insured 14 years ago. If he had gone to a doctor
he would have been alive today because he would

have received treatment for an insidious organic
disease which he did not know he had. When
pain and swelling assailed him he visited a
medical man, but it was then too late.

"Have all superfluous growths, tumors, wens,
cysts, warts, etc., removed. Frequently inno-
cent-looking growths develop into fatal cancers.

"Get rid of goitre before you grow up by
taking a little iodine salt from time to time.
Make your children take it and they will never
develop this widespread disease.

"Be up to date. Don't object to vaccination
or anti-toxins. If they were not beneficial they
would not be used. Fifty per cent of people
who refuse to take anti-toxin for diphtheria die.
If it is taken as soon as diphtheritic infection
is diagnosed the possibility of death is very
remote.

"We have discovered about proteins not only
that animal proteins (from meat, eggs, milk,
fish, etc.) are better than vegetable proteins for
building up bodies, particularly children's bodies,
but also that the best of all animal proteins for
building up infants' bodies are human proteins.
Young babies should eat human proteins only;
they should literally be young cannibals if they
are to be successful in after-life. No human
baby should be anything else than a cannibal the
first nine months of his life. That is the length
of time he should have human milk, not cow's
milk if it can possibly be avoided. The penalty
we pay for using cow's milk instead of human
milk for babies is the death of four to five cow-
fed babies for every one of human-fed babies.

THE NEED FOR VITAMINES.

"Refined foods and many carefully preserved
foods are apt to lack vitamins—a substance we
cannot do without any more than a fisherman
can do without hooks. A fisherman may starve
on the banks of a stream which is full of fish if
he has nothing with which to catch the fish. So
no amount of protein, fat, starch, sugar, etc.,
circulating in your blood stream will nourish you
unless vitamins are present. While there are
vitamins in many of our foods, leafy vegetables,
like lettuce, celery, spinach, etc., are good, and
lemon juice, orange juice and tomatoes. These
are best when eaten raw.

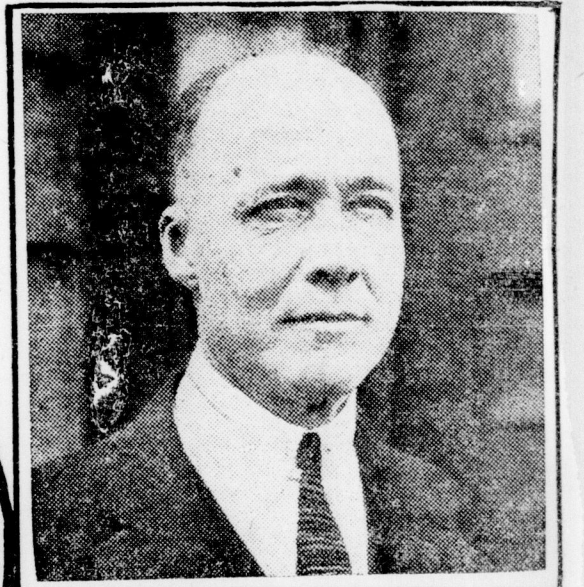
"Only abolition of infection can rid the world
of disease. Unless we rid ourselves, as a race,
of infection we must continue to pay the price
of human intercourse, meetings, parties, teas,
dances, church, etc., in heavy tolls of sickness
and death. Handshaking alone in Canada costs
at least \$3,000,000 annually merely in loss by
sickness transmitted by handclaps.

"The advantages of ventilation as an aid to
health have been grossly exaggerated. Most of
us die from germs and the invasion of germs on
body tissues. We contract the majority of
diseases from our fellows and from pollution of
the things we eat and drink."

Two important departments which have
proven of inestimable value to this city are the
Child Welfare Society and the Victorian Order
of Nurses. Offices of both organizations are in
the public health building.

The accomplishments of the Child Welfare
over a period of six years in London have now
become historic. When the society was founded
infant mortality here was more than double what
it is now.

The Child Welfare nurses, since 1916, have



DR. H.W. HILL
DEAN OF LONDON'S
INSTITUTE OF
PUBLIC HEALTH



Dr. Hill—Now what would
you like to-day??
We have everything
on the shelf from
Diphtheria to Leprosy!
TRY OUR FLAGELLA SUNDAY!

HELP FOR LONDON'S MOTHERS.

Every mother in London, rich or poor, can
receive advice and help from Child Welfare
nurses. No fee is charged, the expenses of the
organization being met by the United Welfare
Fund.

But while the Child Welfare Society serves
the mother and baby who cannot afford help,
the Victorian Order of Nurses carries on its
activities in all directions among the poor. Those
who can pay are expected to do so in full or in
part, but for those who cannot pay the services
and knowledge of a graduate can be secured
from the Victorian Order. These nurses visit
the poorer homes of the city, make beds, bath
babies and put everything in order for the bed-
ridden or convalescent mother.

The educational value of such work may be
better comprehended when it is considered that
not many years ago uninformed and frequently
misinformed mothers had no alternative than to
apply their own meagre knowledge and experience
to the problem of rearing children. Is it
strange, then, that infant deaths in London were
so appallingly many?

Yet the field for further educational work
among the indifferent and bigoted is still un-
limited. Notwithstanding the remarkable strides
made in the past decade, the battle has hardly
begun. The forces of public health must be
further strengthened and consolidated if disease
is to be routed from its stronghold and its awful
menace removed from the hearts of mothers and
babies.

For, even with the best scientific knowledge
at their disposal, thousands of citizens maintain
an attitude of skepticism and doubt. Supersti-
tion, sophistry and crass stupidity are still
dominant characteristics in the life of twentieth
century parents. "Easybody" and "Nuisance"
are still favorite epithets hurled at self-sacrif-
icing nurses and doctors who desire only to aid
in the campaign against poverty and disease.

London, however, is extremely fortunate in
having such excellent facilities for public health.
With the Institute of Public Health carrying on
its vital work and producing post-graduates in
public health every year; with Queen Alexandra
Sanatorium at Byron achieving a record for
London of the lowest tuberculosis death rate in
the Dominion; with the University of Western
Ontario medical school pouring qualified physi-
cians from its portals each year; and finally,
with the Children's Hospital, Victoria Hospital
and kindred organizations equipped with the
most modern public health essentials, the future
of this city from every standpoint of public
health is bright indeed.

Pursuit of a Man-Killing Lunatic Elephant Terror of Country, a Demon in Disguise?

Natives Appeal to Famous Hunter and Animal Expert to Pursue and Kill Rogue Elephant Which Has Killed Several Men and Is Supposed to Be Possessed of an Evil Spirit—Encountering Love-Mad Kris-Maker and the Lunatic Beast Itself.

After his breath-taking and tragic experiences in coping with the dread orang-utans of Borneo, as described last week, Mr. Mayer here recounts the last adventure in the present series of articles. Known as he is in both hemispheres as an animal trapper and trainer, with few, if any, equals, the fact that he was summoned to deal with the lunatic elephant that was terrorizing the interior of Kelantan was a significant tribute to his prowess.

By CHARLES MAYER

SOON after I had disposed of my Borneo catch in Europe and had returned to my animal-house in Singapore, a man of some importance paid me an unexpected call. It was Tunku Suleiman, a petty raja from the interior of Kelantan.

I remembered him as an easy-going native potentate, wearing wide Chinese trousers, and nothing else, and seated cross-legged on a cushion. But there in my reception room he sat gingerly on the edge of a chair, his attendants squatting behind him. He was dressed in a spotless white duck suit, black shoes and white socks, with a little round cap on his head. He looked miserable. He salaamed, caught my hand, pressed it to his brow and uttered a wish that I might live for a thousand years.

I could see that there was something on his mind. He spoke with gratitude of the fact that I had killed a man-eating tiger in his district some years before, and followed this up by inviting me to make him a visit and trap "every sort of beast sent to the earth by Allah." To this end, he said, I should have his assistance and the help of as many men as I could want.

I ordered "tea-water," plenty of sugar and biscuits, and, as we munched and sipped together, I got at the root of the matter. A rogue elephant was doing enormous damage in the district of the Tunku, and he was afraid that the animal was possessed of an evil spirit. What he really said was that his men, being fools, thought that the beast had a hantu. His long, drooping mustache, the hairs of which I could have counted, seemed to droop all the more as he told me this news, and I knew he was every bit as superstitious about it as any man, woman or child in his domain.

Ominous Tidings

"WHAT has the elephant been up to?" I asked.

"He has killed four men, tuan. He chased them and stamped on them as if they were flies. My men have dug as many pits as I have fingers on my hands, but he will not go near them. My men say it is the evil spirit within him which warns him." "Is his keen scent?" I said to myself, "that puts him on guard?"

"Have you ever seen him?" I asked.

The Tunku had not seen him, it appeared, but had seen much damage done by him. "He eats one mouthful, tuan, and destroys a whole field. It is not his empty stomach, but his wicked heart that is the trouble. He walked through a small village at night and knocked over half the houses. If the tuan were not a great hunter," the Tunku went on artfully, "and one who fears no ghost, I would not ask him to kill this devil on four legs."

Certainly the tale of this devil elephant interested me. I had never seen a rogue, but I knew what had probably happened to this animal. He

had no doubt fought with the old bull, the females would have nothing to do with him and he had been forced out of the herd to live alone, seething with rage.

As soon as the Tunku had gone, I began to get my affairs in shape for a two months' absence. Next day, with Hsi Chu I, my Chinese "boy," I left on a small little coast boat with Tunku Suleiman.

On the afternoon of the fourth day we reached the Kuala of the Kelantan River and were rowed in and out among islands for twelve miles up its course to Kota Bharu. Then we proceeded up the river in the Tunku's own comfortable boat, which had a cabin and six rowers, until we reached a village where two elephants were waiting. One of them would carry the Tunku and me, and the other the supplies.

Cure For Love Madness

ON the fifth day from the river we reached the Tunku's kampong, the largest inland town in the state. It had a population of close to a

thousand. Our arrival threw the place into a state of excitement. I was remembered, of course; in fact, all the men and boys claimed to have helped in my man-eating tiger-hunt. A number of them really had. The Tunku sent them all away; for I needed rest, and Chu's muscular lifting massage.

I was ready afterward to talk "bad elephant." The tales about the rogue were an example of the fact that, in the tropics, stories have as marvellous a growth as vegetation. I had to call on all my knowledge of the jungle and of jungle-ways to help me to disentangle truth from fiction. There was hardly a person in the kampong who was not ready to swear by Allah to having seen the elephant.

He was supposed to have been seen at several places far apart at approximately the same time. When I pointed this out, heads were gravely shaken. A wrinkled old man muttered, "The tuan, being a witch doctor, knows that such is the way of devils." The reports of the beast's size varied, but in this they were agreed, that he was larger than any elephant ever before observed. I concluded that he must really be a good sized bull. It was clear that during the Tunku's absence he had wrought much damage in the rice and sugar fields. The sooner he was done away with the better.

While I was making up my mind which of the straight, tall, robust natives of Kelantan I would take with me—almost every one of them wanted to go—I ran head on into a love-intrigue. It seems that Osman, a smith, a maker of kris, had lost his head over a young woman who wove sarongs. She was married to

a rather old man, who would not divorce her. She could not divorce him because her people had spent the money he had paid down for her. Before she could ask for her freedom they would have to be prepared to pay this back.

I got the story from the Tunku. He was afraid that Osman would stand some night under his loved one's house and thrust a spear through one of the slits in the floor into the body of her sleeping husband. There would be nothing but a thin mat between the sleeper and his enemy.

"Osman," the Tunku said bitterly, "becomes a fool over a woman, and he makes the best kris in Kelantan." He showed me one. It was the work of an artist. The handle was a fine piece of ivory, and the wavy blade had a design in parallel lines eaten into it by arsenic and lime. "It

would be well to take him with you, tuan," the Tunku announced. "The killing of wild beasts is said to be a cure for love madness. The love goes right into the beast and dies with it."

Starting the Search

LOOKED up the girl. There was a rumor that she had had a native witch-doctor make a rag image of her elderly husband and had stuck it full of pins. This I was gravely told, would be sure to bring on the slow death of her husband. When I saw her, she was overseeing the weaving of sarongs and wearing a very beautiful sarong herself. She was not bad-looking. About her eyes there was a touch of Siamese slant that probably did for Osman. I felt that Osman would better go after wild animals.

The Tunku suggested, and I thought it a good idea, that, since we did not know where the elephant was at the time, we go out informally and see if we could find any recent traces of him. Somewhat to my astonishment, he said that he would go himself and that he and I would ride on the same elephant.

We started out the next morning about eight o'clock. The beast the Tunku and I rode was not the one that had shaken me to pieces on the journey from the river, but a female with a tighter skin. In fact, all our elephants that morning were females. Osman and another smith were on one, together with the beast's driver, who sat with his feet behind his ears. Two of the finest young fellows I could pick out were on the second, and Tunku Suleiman and I on the third.

We went through the jungle, following parallel courses until the growth became so dense that we were forced into single file. Osman and the other smith were in the lead, and the Tunku and I brought up the rear. We saw no fresh traces of the mad elephant. It became a game of patience.

It is possible that the young Kris-maker, being suddenly torn away from his lady-love, became a bit touched in the head. At any rate, a mad thing happened: finding himself under an enormous beehive at least a yard in length, he lifted his spear and thrust it deep into the hive. The weapon stuck in the wax. He gave it a jerk and pulled it free. The hive fell and broke wide open. Sud-

denly it seemed that all the bees in the world were let loose!

The lead elephant, bellowing with rage and pain, bolted into the jungle straight ahead. The second one turned to the right. I yelled to our driver, "Turn, go back!" and shouted to the Tunku to drop off and run. We got our legs over the side of the basket and slid down. I managed to jam my Panama hat over my eyes. By this time we were covered with bees. We grabbed blindly for branches, broke them off and thrashed the air and our bodies.

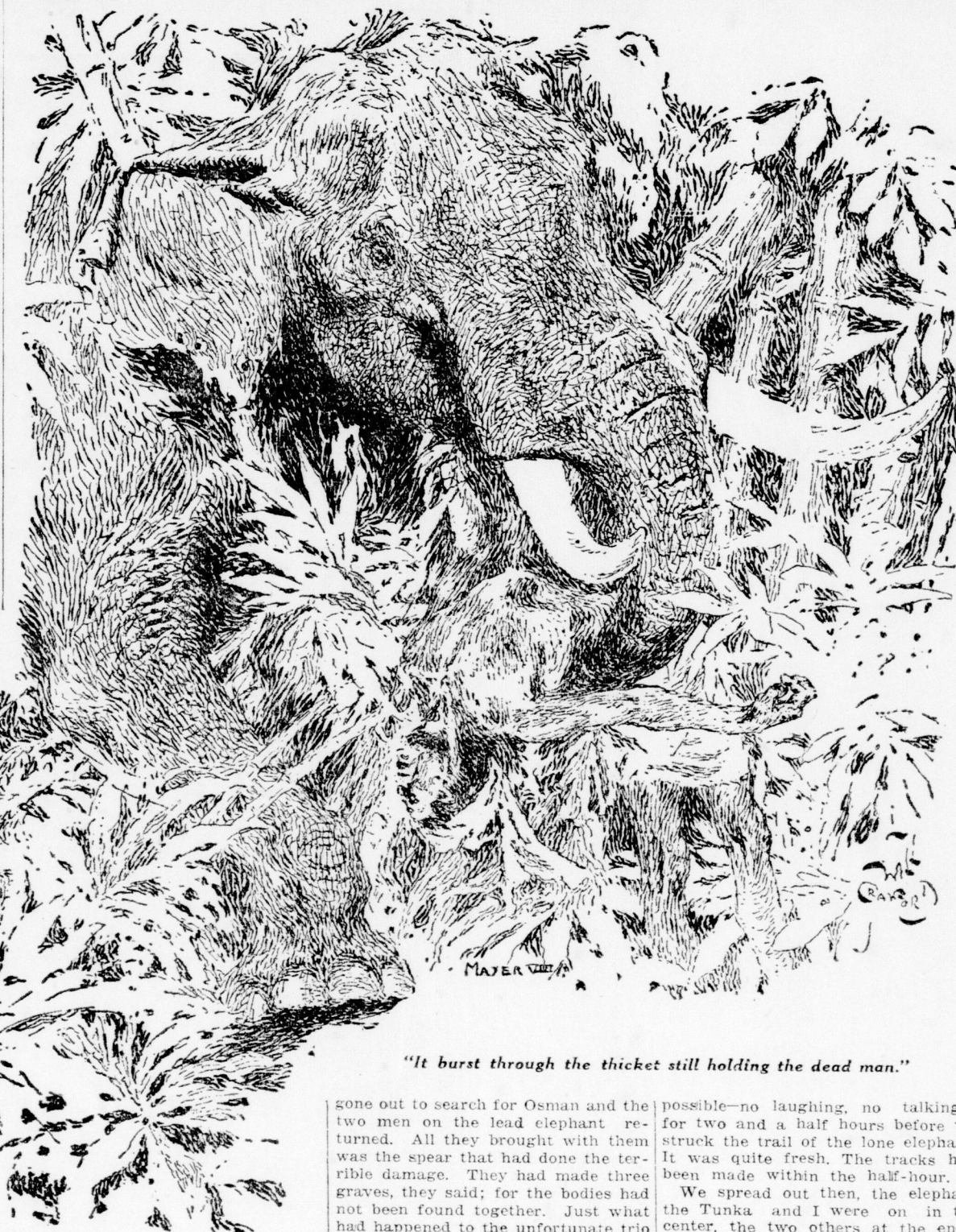
I gathered up a handful of dried palm-leaves and lighted them. I felt as if my body were on fire. We hung over the smoke and gradually the bees were stupefied. I think the Tunku had the idea that the devil elephant was mixed up in some way with that beehive. He seemed awed. We were both terribly stung.

WE got back on the trail and began to walk to the kampong. When we had covered about half the distance, we were met by a dozen men with two crude carrying-chairs made of branches and attached to poles. Our elephant-driver had carried back to them the story of the hive of bees. Chu was with them. He had brought his teakettle! We had some refreshments and then went on our defeated journey to the village.

Just as the jungle night was falling, the three men who had ridden the second elephant got back. They had slipped off their animal as we had off ours, but not until the branch of a tree had injured the driver's head. Stung as I was, I managed to treat the driver's wound with "white man's medicine" from my kit. For his stings I could do nothing.

The next day a half-dozen parties went out to look for the men who were on the lead elephant and for the animals themselves. They were found near the kampong, around which, with the keen sense of direction belonging to female elephants, they had made a sort of circuit. Both beasts had been cruelly stung and the one Osman had ridden was a pathetic sight. The bees had found every crease in her hide and covered her poor trunk with bumps.

On the second day after our battle with the bees, the party that had



"It burst through the thicket still holding the dead man."

gone out to search for Osman and the two men on the lead elephant returned. All they brought with them was the spear that had done the terrible damage. They had made three graves, they said; for the bodies had not been found together. Just what had happened to the unfortunate trio I did not ask; I preferred at the time not to know. It is probable that, since the greater number of bees followed their elephants, they were literally stung to death.

The people of the kampong took the tragedy in their matter-of-fact Malay way. Osman had woman-madness, they said, and acted the fool. To act the fool in the jungle was to be caught in the net of death. It was a wide net and gradually the bees were not only the fool himself but all who were near him.

Tunku Suleiman regretted the loss of his most skillful kris-maker. "Tuan," he said, "Osman was as one who escapes from the tiger's claws to fall into the jaws of the crocodile." And after a moment he added, "The devil which inhabits the bad elephant rejoices."

To the weaver of sarongs it all came as a warning from Allah. I was told that she removed the pins from the rag image of her elderly husband and returned to his arms.

After a week's time, when we were all, animals and men, pretty much recovered from the bee-stings, there were fresh reports of the whereabouts of the rogue elephant. He had practically destroyed a small plantation of betel-nut, breaking down the little palm-like trees with his great rushing weight. A man whose statement I was unable to shake with cross-questioning had seen him about a two-hours' journey from the kampong.

Fresh Tracks

I CONCLUDED that it was time to act. I had the Tunku send for the three headmen of the nearest jungle hampongs. Each was instructed to bring his own firearms and ten of his best men. The Tunku decided not to go. His head was bad, he said. But at the last minute he climbed upon the animal I was to ride. We used the same three elephants as before and took fifty men on foot, armed with spears. The headmen with their guns all rode.

We started shortly after sunrise and went on with as little noise as

possible—no laughing, no talking—for two and a half hours before we struck the trail of the lone elephant. It was quite fresh. The tracks had been made within the half-hour.

We spread out then, the elephant the Tunku and I were on in the center, the two others at the ends, and the men between standing so near one another that their hands might have touched. If we came on the lone elephant while we were in this formation, it would be possible to close in on him. Moving very slowly, we reached at last a thicket of bamboo.

It was possible, I felt, that the animal had gone through it and beyond, but also possible that he was dozing in the middle of it after a hard night of crop-damaging. It would not be difficult to find out. I have known hunters to creep upon a whole herd of elephants while they were sleeping. The danger in this sort of thing lies in the spoken word or cry. A herd which a rifle-shot will stampede will charge at the sound of the human voice.

I motioned to two men who had impressed me as keen-eyed and intelligent. I told them, talking hardly above my breath, to creep in cautiously, to see if the elephant was there, and if he was, to come back and tell us the exact spot. My last whispered instruction to them was, "Be quiet as a lizard and let no word come out of your mouths."

Bullets and Spears

THEIR heads bowed in answer and their bodies slipped between the bamboo poles. As they disappeared, I gave the signal to close in.

What happened, as I learned afterwards, was that, as the men crept in with their spears, they found the light confusing. It was cut into strips by the straight poles and it blinded them. They did not see nor hear the sleeping elephant until they were right upon him. Then from one of the men, in his terror, there burst the single word, "Look out!"

It was the last word he ever uttered. The elephant caught him up with its trunk. His companion jabbed a spear into the animal and ran toward us yelling, "The elephant is here!"

His cries must have determined the beast's direction; for it burst through the thicket, still holding the dead man. Then it dropped the body, roared terribly, put one great foot on it, tore off an arm with its trunk, tossed the arm into the air and charged toward our line. The line gave way. The tame elephants were so frightened that they would not obey their drivers. The beast I rode was trembling all over.

It was impossible for my driver to bring her around, so that I could aim for the cavity at the top of the rogue elephant's trunk. The frontal cavity is not protected by the roots of the tusks, in the case of the Asiatic elephant, as in that of the African cousin; so a shot there is fatal. This was what I was trying for, but I could not make it.

We all let fly from various angles. The bull ran some forty yards and fell dead. There were about thirty spears in him, a number of large slugs from the rifles of the natives and a half-dozen of my explosive bullets.

As the great body grew still, the natives crowded round it and every man took a turn at spitting upon it. The taunts, the foul names, the gibes that were heaped upon that elephant were almost past belief. I was glad when they were drowned, at length, by shouts and wild laughter. The men worked themselves up to a frenzy of joy. Their enemy lay dead. One of their number lay dead also.

How Crystal Sets Hear Long Distance

WITH dismal regularity the story crops up of the school boy who has tuned in stations in Chicago and points west on his single slide crystal set.

Here is how it is done. Someone in the immediate neighborhood will have a good sized vacuum tube set and will decide to listen to Chicago or some other equally distant station. Little Willie, with his aerial ten feet away from the other aerial, will move his tuning slider up and down and the first thing he knows he will also hear Chicago.

Naturally, as soon as this happens, Willie immediately becomes a "national figure." He gets his name in the papers as the school boy who heard Chicago on a forty-nine cent crystal receiver. If he had hung on to that Chicago station long enough, though, and Mr. Neighbor had decided to tune in some other station or gone to bed, Little Willie would have found that the signals from Chicago faded out never to return.

The proximity of the two aerials will allow the smaller set to pick up enough energy to actuate the detector—sometimes—not always.

There are literally thousands of crystal receiving sets in use to-day, and yet so few of them never hear anything further than twenty-five miles. Once in a while some lucky fan will happen to get hold of a particularly good piece of mineral, and he may be able to hear stations 200 miles away, if he listens closely enough.

Do not let anyone "kid" you into believing that a crystal set is the "cat's whiskers" for distance. It simply isn't done.

Safety Tubes Make X-Rays Safe to Handle

THE new X-ray tube invented in the famous electrical works of Lindholmen, where over four thousand men are engaged in the manufacture of electrical instruments, has just been completed, and numbers are arriving in London from Holland.

It is a wonderful tube, because it throws out a beam of X-rays in the manner of a little searchlight which can be directed on any given spot, so that no more fear of the dangerous burns produced by stray rays need be felt.

The tube is so simple that it can be held in the hand, and the beam of rays can be so finely regulated that absolute uniformity of work is assured.

It marks a step forward of enormous importance in the history of X-rays.—Tit-Bits.

but the devil bull had had many victims and this would be his last.

Pull of the Jungle

TUNKU SULEIMAN looked on calmly. His mustache never lifted its sad droop. "Tuan," he said to me, "because this elephant has done much harm to my people and was without doubt possessed of a devil, I wish to keep his tusks as a charm against evil spirits, but this ring, tuan, will be for you a sign of my gratitude." He drew a diamond ring from his finger and presented it to me. The stone weighed about four carats, but was unfortunately of native cut.

I declared myself more than satisfied. In truth, I did not want the tusks. If there were one animal about which I had sentiment, it was the elephant. I had found him the most harmless, the most intelligent, the most friendly of beasts. The lone elephant, the only one of his kind, I may say, which I ever encountered, I merely put down as a lunatic.

When we returned to the kampong, the place went crazy with demonstrations of triumph. All night long the noise kept up. The thud, thud of the tom-toms were never-ending. It was impossible for me to sleep. I knew the villagers were making something very good of me, and I felt uneasy. I was afraid I might forget what it was like to be a plain man among level-headed people.

Though on my guard against the fever of self-conceit, I had heeded too little another kind, already mentioned, which must be fought with mosquito-nets and quinine. But the malaria that eventually drove me back to America has long been cured, and the pull of the jungle is again upon me. I know that I shall never be content away from the wilds.

Next Week: "Pinned Under a Coral Reef," by Frederick O'Brien. (Copyright, 1924.)

Stirring Times

A TRAVELER staying for the week-end in a little village was telling the oldest inhabitant that he could not imagine how people managed to live in such a dull place.

"Well, zur," said the native, "you should stay here till next week, and then you'd see the whole countryside stirred up."

"And what is going to happen next week?" asked the stranger.

"Ploughing," was the reply.—Pearson's Weekly.

New British Racing Engine Has Flywheel in Middle of Crankshaft

Friction Reduced to Minimum by Using Ball and Roller Bearings, Instead of Plain Bearings Throughout Motor

RACING engines are interesting always, for in their design one sees the craftsmanship of engineering genius unleashed. The British Motor illustrates a racing engine replete with unusual features. This engine is expected to turn as high as 5,000 revolutions per minute and will develop over 100 horsepower at that speed. It has a bore of 2.73

inches and a stroke of 5.12 inches so that the displacement is 120 cu. inches. Friction has been reduced to a minimum by substituting ball and roller bearings for all plain bearings throughout the engine with a single exception.

A most unusual departure from conventional design is the fitting of the flywheel centrally, this member running in a case entirely separated from the crankcase on each side of it, and, owing to its special design, accounting for the almost entire elimination of torsional vibration of the crankshaft.

Accessibility is one of the principal claims made for this engine. The engine is lubricated by the dry-pump system, a submerged pump

draining the case and a second pump forcing oil to the camshaft, rocker-arm and crankshaft bearings.

The upper half of the crankcase carries, by means of 12 long bolts and steel caps, all the crankshaft bearings, the two end bearings being of the roller type with an extra ball-bearing at the rear for taking clutch thrust. The four middle bearings are of the ball type. The hardened crankshaft is built up of two interchangeable units assembled with the centrally disposed flywheel to form a single piece.

Removal of the aluminum overhead-valve cover discloses bronze tunnel which houses the hollow camshaft and from which protrude the rocker-arms.

The overhead camshaft, runs on three bearings. The combustion head contains two valves per cylinder, these being exceptionally large in diameter. They are inclined at about 60 degrees to each other and their seats are entirely surrounded by cooling water. The combustion chamber, although of unusual shape, is machined all over and then polished claims made for this engine.

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The Latest in Movable Radio Stations

THIS picture, taken in Berlin, shows a motor cyclist, carrying a fair passenger on the rear seat, with his portable radio receiving set. The aerial is carried on the back of the passenger, while both riders wear head sets, enabling them to listen in on all radio entertainment.

Several Radio Sets Use Same Aerial Through New Coupling Tube Unit

Specially Useful on Hotel or Large Apartment House Where Various Tenants Have Receiving Outfits

THE "coupling-tube" by means of which several receiving sets may use a single antenna, will be made available to the public soon after June 1, according to naval radio experts. This device was invented and perfected by Dr. A. H. Taylor and L. C. Young of the naval radio laboratory, at Bellevue, Md., and has been demonstrated on board the U. S. battleship Colorado. By connecting a coupling-tube unit between each receiving set and the single antenna suspended from the masts several incoming messages on different wave lengths were received simultaneously, while three messages on other wave lengths were transmitted from the vessel.

Patents on this new radio device which makes the operation of several sets independent of each other, even when receiving on a common aerial, are pending and consequently the inventors do not care to reveal the exact hook-up nor details of the apparatus.

In general, it is said to include a coupling resistance, so high that the strength of the incoming signals is reduced materially, requiring at least

a three or four tube set. A radio frequency step in the form of a radio frequency trap, which eliminates any regeneration, is required and of course a receiving set with a detector tube. Reception is improved with two tubes of audio frequency amplification.

The military value of the coupling unit to the navy is very high since it enables a vessel or station to carry on several times as much business or traffic as has heretofore been possible without interference and the navy holds the rights for military use. It has become a part of battleship standard equipment. To the general public its chief interest will be that it will permit the use of a single aerial on a large apartment house or hotel, wherein each tenant wants to operate his own set independently of others. A lead-in can be run into each apartment or suite, the owner specifying that each tenant must use a coupler unit and not connect his receiving set directly with the plug in his suite. Many two-story serials on house tops can thus be eliminated. Big radio manufacturers are said to have made overtures to Dr. Taylor for permission to manufacture his units, but to date the name of the manufacturer has not been announced.

It is possible that the young Kris-maker, being suddenly torn away from his lady-love, became a bit touched in the head. At any rate, a mad thing happened: finding himself under an enormous beehive at least a yard in length, he lifted his spear and thrust it deep into the hive. The weapon stuck in the wax. He gave it a jerk and pulled it free. The hive fell and broke wide open. Sud-

denly it seemed that all the bees in the world were let loose!

The lead elephant, bellowing with rage and pain, bolted into the jungle straight ahead. The second one turned to the right. I yelled to our driver, "Turn, go back!" and shouted to the Tunku to drop off and run. We got our legs over the side of the basket and slid down. I managed to jam my Panama hat over my eyes. By this time we were covered with bees. We grabbed blindly for branches, broke them off and thrashed the air and our bodies.

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Hidden Away in the Algoma Wilds is Michipicoten Mission The Last of the Indian-French Voyageur Settlements

A 17th Century Village Projected Into the 20th—Old Hudson Bay Company's Post Still Standing—Paradise for Speckled Trout—120 Miles From the Soo—What a Place for the Tourist to Explore!

"If you want a new experience, try the Michipicoten Mission," says the Sault Daily Star, in which the following article about the little old world settlement redolent of the 17th century appeared.

"O L' Lak' Superior, when she get mad at you, she's no fun!" said Jean Souliere, as we looked out 100 miles over the rolling waters, seeing Michipicoten Island, 45 miles away, in the middle distance. We were standing on the mountain north of the Michipicoten River, on the trail from Michipicoten Mission to Michipicoten Harbor, and hundreds of feet below the waves rolled, and roared along the beach, there breaking into great mountains of vastly foam. The deer come here in the evening to drink, John said.

What a place for a holiday for the tired business man!

Michipicoten Mission, the last of the Indian-voyageur settlements, a 17th century village projected into the twentieth, a movie town that is unconscious of its spectacular setting—"The Mission" as its hundred Algonquin-French people call it, "Michipicoten River" as the postal authorities know it,—the one community in Ontario invariably romantic.

A mile down stream from the village the waters of Lake Superior break thunderously on the shore. Circling the horizon is a range of high hills—beetling crags. To the north is Mokweneojew, whose towering green top seems to attract masses of grey fog from the lake. The other side of Mokweneojew, is Michipicoten Harbor, famed in story. Away to the south is Brule hill, a promontory, sinister and forbidding was it named in memory of Etienne, who first of white men, gazed on Lake Superior, you ask Pete Bossineau of the Mission. He ignores the question and breaks out about the speckled trout in the string of streams tumbling into the lake there.

Jesuit Fathers Founded Mission

PETE has no eye for romance. He is concerned with his team, the boat freight rate on provisions, and the outlook for the winter. Jean Souliere comes in from Michipicoten Harbor, having sauntered over in three hours to try the new six mile trail, and Pete and Jean fall to reminding each other of the time they escaped from the fury of a Superior storm, by jumping their sail boat over the bar at the Agawa River,—a pure miracle. Pete was at the helm with a wisp of sail up. Jean, between his prayers, threw overboard the stone ballast to lighten the boat.

"I thank God for that and nobody else," Pete said to his mate, when the river mouth was reached.

"Out," said Jean. "Le bon Dieu!"

Superior, Kitchie Gummie, the Big Sea Water, is ever present with the Missioners. It brings them their food, it leads to the great world outside, and it takes toll of them. They don't love it—it is too big and autocratic for that.

The Mission got its name back in the eighteenth century when the Jesuit fathers paddled up the Lake Superior shore to minister to the spiritual needs of the Ojibways who had time out of mind foregathered there. For the Mission was formerly one of the great strategic points in the north. The route from Hudson Bay ended there! The missionary and the trader recognized its importance, and for now as in the old days flows that way. When the French and English fought for Hudson's Bay they ended by making a treaty which recognized French authority on Lake Superior.

Cataract of Snow-White Water

WHEN Canada was conquered the Hudson's Bay Company was not long in coming to the Mission. Some of its old buildings are standing yet, and although they were abandoned years ago, in one of the great windows which contain 24 panes, only three are yet broken. In all the downstairs rooms in the factor's big house the mantles yet remain over the great fire places. How long would they remain if the old post were a quarter of a mile from Sault Ste. Marie? Old letters and invoices yet litter the floor.

Silver Poplars

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL

GOD wrote His Loveliest poem on the day He made the first tall silver poplar tree, And set it high upon a pale-gold hill, For all the new enchanted earth to see.

I think its beauty must have made Him glad, And that He smiled at it—and loved it so—Then turned in sudden sheer delight, and made

A dozen silver poplars in a row.

Mist green and white against a turquoise sky, A shimmer and a shine it stood at noon; A misty silver loveliness at night, Breathless beneath the first small wistful moon.

And then God took the music of the winds, And set each leaf a-flutter and a-thrill—To-day I read His poem word by word Among the silver poplars on the hill.

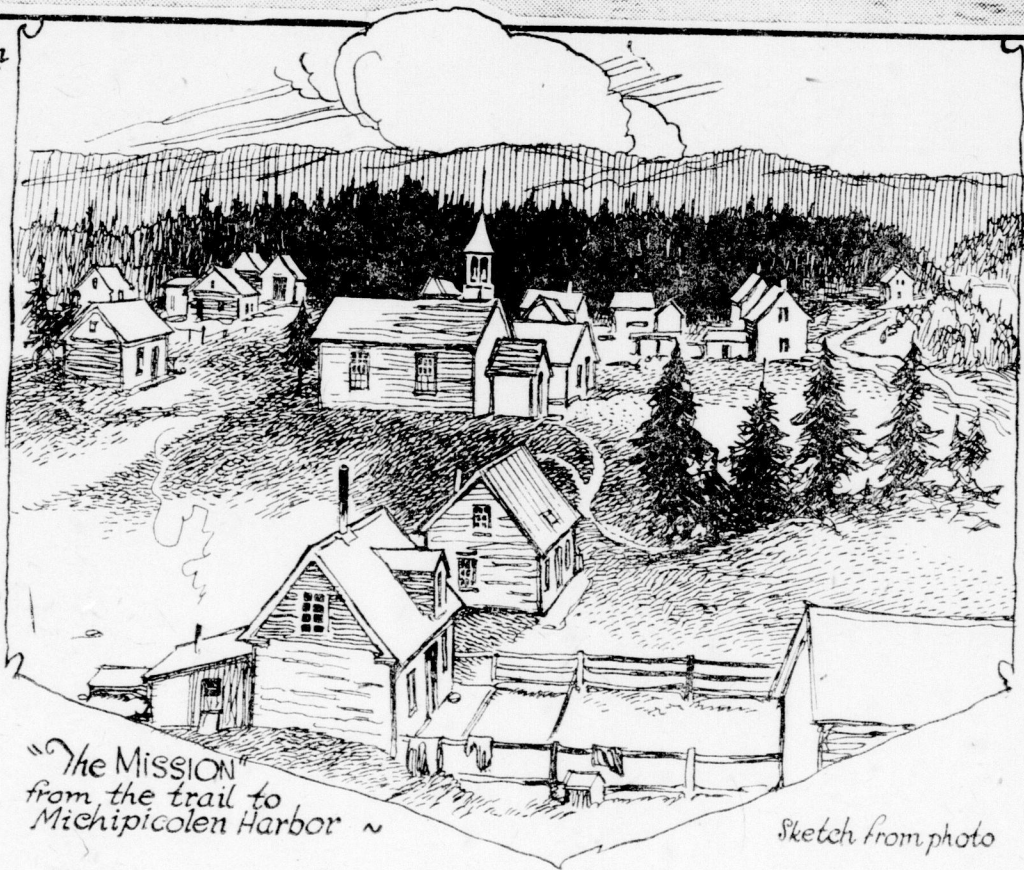
—Scribners

"The WIGWAM" built in Michipicoten Harbor for the use of the builders of the Algoma Central Railway who in 1889 built the Michipicoten Branch to Helen Mine—Three miles away is "The Mission" Ojibway village ~ ~

What a place for tourists to explore! And the old warehouse, what a fine floor for a summer night's dance! Here, hidden away in the wilds of Algoma, is one of the most delightful of romance's mystery places. A few hundred yards away the Magpie River falls into the Michipicoten River with a ceaseless roar at the post and in the village where the wind is from the north west,—a brood cataract of snow-white water, in full view from the sandy eminence on which the village is built in the bend of the river. The post powder magazine and other buildings yet remain.

But the old post is only one of the attractions of the Mission. The first view of the village coming up the river is arresting. Strung along a high sand bank which seems at first to be the end of the river are a score of substantial dolls houses, mostly of logs. There is the little Mission church with the big black cross, and a little red house for the priest when opportunity allows him to get to the Mission. For his field is large and the work he must do to cover it means much travel.

In the Mission life's facts are faced. There are no taxes, no walks, no electric lights, no waterworks. The Missioners have the benefit of a phone to "The Harbor" when it is in repair.



It's extraordinary how quick a doctor can get here from the Soo," said Pete. He can do it in about 24 hours, by rail plus team. He can also do it in 12 hours by boat. Of course the boat runs only twice a week in the summer and not at all in the winter. But in the winter a dog team can bring you in twenty miles from Angami or 26 from Hawk Junction. Once a

"Now Swing the Girl that You Call Your Own!" How Alberta Folks Forget Price of Wheat

By E. A. CORBETT

"SURE to be a good crowd to-night, because they's a dance after yer lecture. Whoa! Got a match? This darned corduroy road liken to shake my gizzard loose. 'Yep; they got old man Peters and his daughter for an orchestra, and Jimmy Taylor to call the dances. You stick around till about midnight when the boys gits warmed up proper, and you'll see some shufflin'."

With these words, my host, an old Indiana-Alberta farmer, pulled up his lop-eared mules in the shelter of a log school house, and we climbed stiffly down from the springless wagon in which we had just completed a body-wracking voyage of ten miles over a road made up at intervals of muskeg, stumps and large stretches of corduroy. The small building was already nearly filled with people, but one could still see them coming over the two trails north and west, leading away from the school which served as church and community centre as well. Some were on foot, many on horseback, while large families were jumbled together in huge crashing farm wagons, or dish-wheeled democrats.

Inside the building there was an atmosphere of expectation. Twenty or thirty children in the front seats, pushed about and giggled with delight at the prospect of moving pictures. Mothers with small babies sat on the deal benches at the back, near the stove; and at the door stood a number of very young men swanking cigarettes and trading badinage with young ladies of their own age. The older men, as the custom is, stayed outside and talked shop until the last minute.

As a representative of the extension department of the University of Alberta, I had been invited to visit the district and give a lecture on some subject that would—to quote the application—interest, entertain, and educate the people. No easy task the reader will admit. For the sake of the children, many of whom had never seen a "movie", I had brought along a moving picture machine and eight reels of film, a judicious selection of educational and comic features. This part of the entertainment over, the children were moved to the rear and we had an hour's discussion of a subject of close interest to the older people and their problems as community leaders.

Orchestra Tunes Up

MY work, therefore, was over at eleven o'clock, and I was at liberty to watch and enjoy what followed. Immediately benches and chairs were pushed back and arranged around the wall. Babies were stowed away in apple-boxes and bundles of coats at the end of the building, and the decks were thus cleared for action. Women, fat and lean, old and young, ranged themselves on the seats around the wall,

Lecture, Movies and Frenzied Quadrille Combined in One Glorious Occasion in Prairie Community Where School, Church, and Dance Hall Are All the Same Place

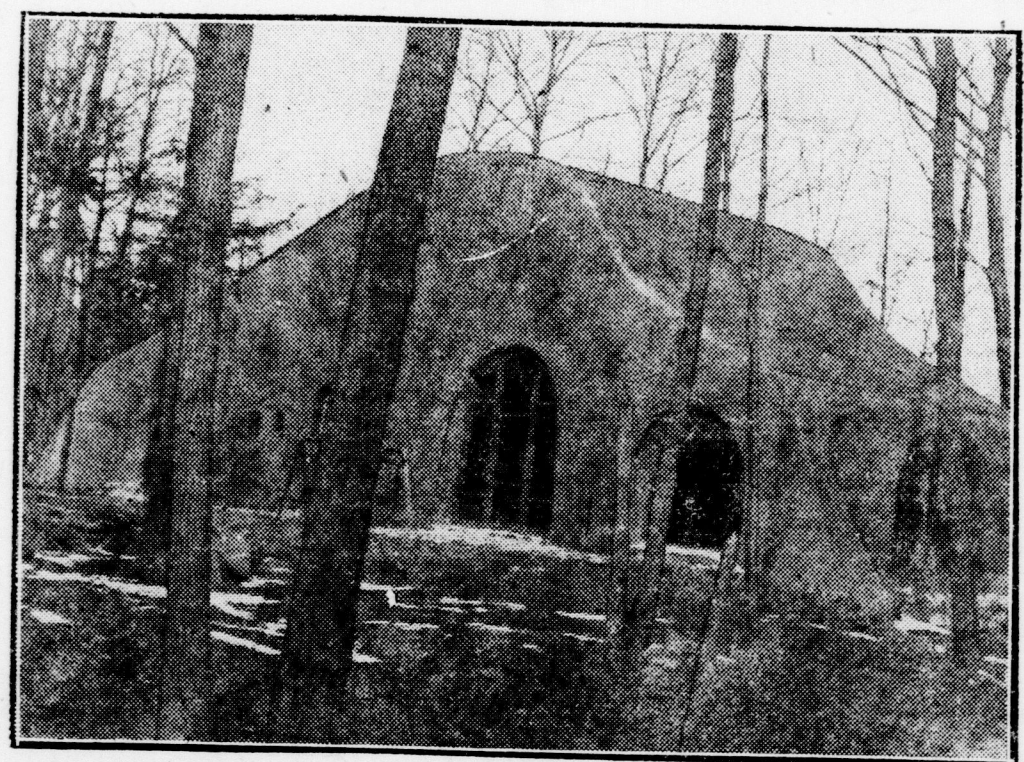
while the young men, in a milling group about the door, looked them over and made mental notes as to the disposal of their dances.

And now the orchestra began to tune up. A raw-boned English maiden of fifty took the stool at the wheezy little "cabinet organ" and began to sound certain chords in a vague way, while her father, with anxious air, alternately loosened and tightened the strings of his violin. After ten minutes of grievous caterwauling the old man appeared satisfied, and with a dash they were off. The raw-boned lady, with fiercely peddling feet and flying fingers, sent the gasping organ into an endless flow movement vamp which with variations would have served equally well for any tune. On this occasion the old

man, with fiddle firmly fixed in the crook of his long arm, and with one foot beating time, launched into the "Irish Washerwoman."

"Choose yer pardners for a kudrille," shouted Jimmy Taylor who, with fresh shaved neck and Sunday clothes, had taken his stand solemnly on the platform beside the orchestra.

And now, in three groups of eight, the melee began. To one unaccustomed to this sort of dance it is marvelous how the involved movements are carried through. In a raucous voice the "caller" directs the formations. Keeping time with the music, he roars out his commands in a rough sort of rhyme, and woe betide the man who loses his head and fails to "follow through"; he is quite likely to be trampled under foot.



Mystery Castle Built on the New Jersey Palisades

NEW JERSEY may now boast of a castle of mystery. It has been secretly built three miles north of Alpine, N.J., up on the cliffs of the palisades on the estate of Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Burnett. Over a million dollars has been spent on the work, which began three years ago. The residential purposes, another for a dining-room, another provides quarters for forty servants, another serves as a garage, while the largest and most imposing of all is for use as a laboratory, where certain experiments are to be made, the nature of which has not been disclosed as yet. The cliffs on which the buildings stand are unscalable, more than 500 feet to the top, and the only path road which winds round from Alpine. The picture shows the dining hall, a bright leaf green, one kitchen and dining-room. It is 300 feet away from the main living house and contains only

week a train runs in from Hawk to Michipicoten Harbor, and from there the new trail means a little journey of six miles, which is nothing at all on snowshoes if they fit you and you are feeling fit.

So it is apparent that people live at the Mission of the wilderness because they have the proper mental outlook. When they decide to have toothache they arrange to go first to the Soo, that great southern city, when the wonders of the universe are all to be seen. The Soo is 120 miles away as the crow flies. Of course the Missioners are not crows.

I found the Mission tired of a partridge diet. Think of a place where they prefer other food to partridge and speckled trout. I shot four partridge in the first ten minutes I was on the Mission-Angami road. They were spaced along the road every 25 yards. It took a little longer to get the fifth but it was exasperating to fill one's "license" for the year so quickly. It's an actual fact that the Mission bothers with neither partridge nor speckled trout, and wonders politely why the occasional pilgrim gets so excited about them.

Good Beds and Good Meals

I STOPPED with Mr. and Mrs. Bossineau. They have as clean a house as you would wish to see. The stranger can get a good bed there and good meals. It's a different kind of a house to what you are accustomed, no doubt. But there is a charm about it and its courteous hosts which would make it a great resort if people only knew about the Mission, which lives in a world of its own. If you want a new experience, try the Mission.

It is wonderful how your perceptions are sharpened in the woods. I had followed an old

trail from the Mission to Michipicoten which they are now fixing up as a game warden. By and by, my deductions were met. Mose Michaud, the Missioner, over after his weekly grist, while he had a small pack on his back, say that Mose's bag was all made of fat and round like my own pack, a five partridge.

Any stranger you may meet in the turn out to be a game warden or blight. I was certainly a stranger. Mose smiled. Yes, it was a new he hadn't seen a bird. No, he had was just a piece of old wood that the stock of a gun that stuck out from coat tails.

We bade each other good-day, occur to me at once that he might on me as an official, till I suddenly how Sam Biggings had been turned door after door because he had got his C.P.R. vest, richly adorned buttons.

Why should any game warden ever Mission or these out of the way of goma? It's a work of supererogation to that effect. Possibly for 60 miles Sault along the line of the A.C.R.

of place to make some show of prtridge, but at Mile 103 one reader finding six partridge which had dition. I heard in the north of the numerous birds which had broken trying to dive under the snow on Algoma wilderness the sending of a "fect" partridge seems a waste of body north of Frater ever goes of shoot these birds, and you can figure around the few trails cover in the square miles of wilderness. The prospector and Indian is hard enough bothering them about a few partridge casual deer. Not that it would indiscriminately slaughter the big. But Sam's experience shows there's game law. If the government spent on expert wolf hunters the change

Dining-Room Big as Windsor

THERE is never any trouble, Pete Bossineau at the Mission little family jangling, and it only monokony."

As I mentioned before, it's wo one's perceptions are sharpened in Back on a high hill, I heard wave and before long there was Lake Superior what a wonderful sea Superior is! body of fresh water on earth, with ture which never rises above 42 degrees ever know that the water in Hudson winter is two or three degrees warmer Superior? Did you ever know that tory has a mean summer temperature five degrees cooler than Toronto a mean yearly temperature is warmer gary and Edmonton? So figures in government book set forth. Some in New Ontario may put these figures pipes and smoke them.

At the hotel at Michipicoten B have a sign, "Keep one foot on the advice is for the hunter or trapper or wayfarer who comes along inter play a game of pool. For they have tables there and a dining room large Windsor Hotel. The hotel is a relief Clergue days, when the Harbor was a town. Yes, you can get a good meal.

I got there first in July, 1901, ago. Right ahead of me was a judge Ontario. He was entered as "His B Blank." It looked as if the distinguish had written his own dedication, and me of a fellow I knew who entered a Montreal hotel as "J. Ratanplan valet." Underneath a friend of mine with J. H. Brady and valise." At now Mr. Chas B. Oakes, of the A.C. factotum, Mr. and Mrs. Oakes, and Mrs. Johnston of the hotel are the families. Mr. Morgan Worth is the and he runs a Ford motor on the rail Hawk, 26 miles, to bring in the mail day and Monday.

CHOICE

By ELIZABETH COLTHER

LAST week I talked to a sailor, Who was young and wild and sh (Or, rather, he talked and I lis For an hour, perhaps—not long. And Jens, whom I'd promised to ma But an hour or two before— Jens, who has lived all his stunted I On a leaf-enshrouded shore. Jens passed at a little distance, And I knew that he frowned at me; But I sat very still, and I listened, While the sailor talked of the sea.

He used strange words that I do But I saw brown feet on alien sand His eyes were hot with the lure of q And he said I could not understand But I saw wide spaces and flying s And ships in the lone black nights I saw with a poignance almost pai The passing of dim green lights: I heard the wail of following gulls, I felt the whip of the cold white fog And I saw a man in a dripping slick Bending over a log—

But I shall marry Jens, you know, And live in a prairie town, Where never a fog-horn blares in th And never a ship goes down— Goes down to the sea with her singl With her anchors up, with her sails Where never a woman waits like sto For a man on the rim of the world. And he asked me—Jens, I mean, of What the sailor said to me, And what was the thing he talked And I answered—"Poetry."

—The Ly

FACE IS A FORTUNE SHE: My face is my fortune. He: Well, never mind that. T people aren't always the happiest."

For Only National University Does Its Work in Overalls How Canada Carries Culture of Campus to Backwoods Camp

romantic Story of Frontier College—Nothing Is More Typically Canadian Than This Unique Educational Enterprise—Enormous Potentialities of Educated Lumberjacks

By ARTHUR HAWKES

Did you ever put in a winter on the outer skirts of civilization, and sit, night after night, with nothing to read, nobody to talk to and even a game of solitaire debarred? Did you ever earn your living in the sweat of your face, and meet the alternative of accepting five dollars a month and your board for the winter or working as a lumberjack?

Were you ever warned by a man who knew the camps that you would be "ungodly foolish" to go into any such places, when five dollars a month and cleanliness were assured?

Have you ever reflected on what the camp and the frontier have done for Canada and for your own comfort?

Would you be amused at the idea of lumberjacks attending university even while they are working with axe or team from daylight to dark?

Did it ever occur to you that men on railway construction and in the bush might earn in arts degree, and receive as fine a tuition in the camps as the exquisites among the intellectuals bestow around the campus?

In fifty ways the camp is ahead of the campus. A unique truth is by way of being demonstrated by the only truly national university in Canada, and the only university in the world whose claim to attend classes is in a horny hand, and whose robes are overalls.

When this century was coming in the Reading Camp Association was formed by Alfred Fitzpatrick, a Presbyterian minister. After years of quiet and splendid service to Canadian citizenship it was renamed the Frontier College, with the founder as principal. It has a dominion university charter, with authority to confer degrees.

If you are Canadian pride prepare to use now; for with a past and present staff of seven hundred and fifty instructors, the Frontier College, Canadian of Canadian in spirit and aim, has in it the potentialities of more advanced education than anything that is in the Fitzpatrick objective. It is indeed to take the university to the bush, instead of bringing the student to the city, to hold classes in the woods in the corridors. Some university professors do not on the magnificent dignities of a lumberjack (and who never did a week's work), are against this new broadening of Canadian culture. Others are for it with mind and hands, and will count it as included in the Frontier College's curriculum of examiners. They have truly vision, not being scared of free trade, and not thinking that intellect will be served nearly long-drawn aisles vaults.

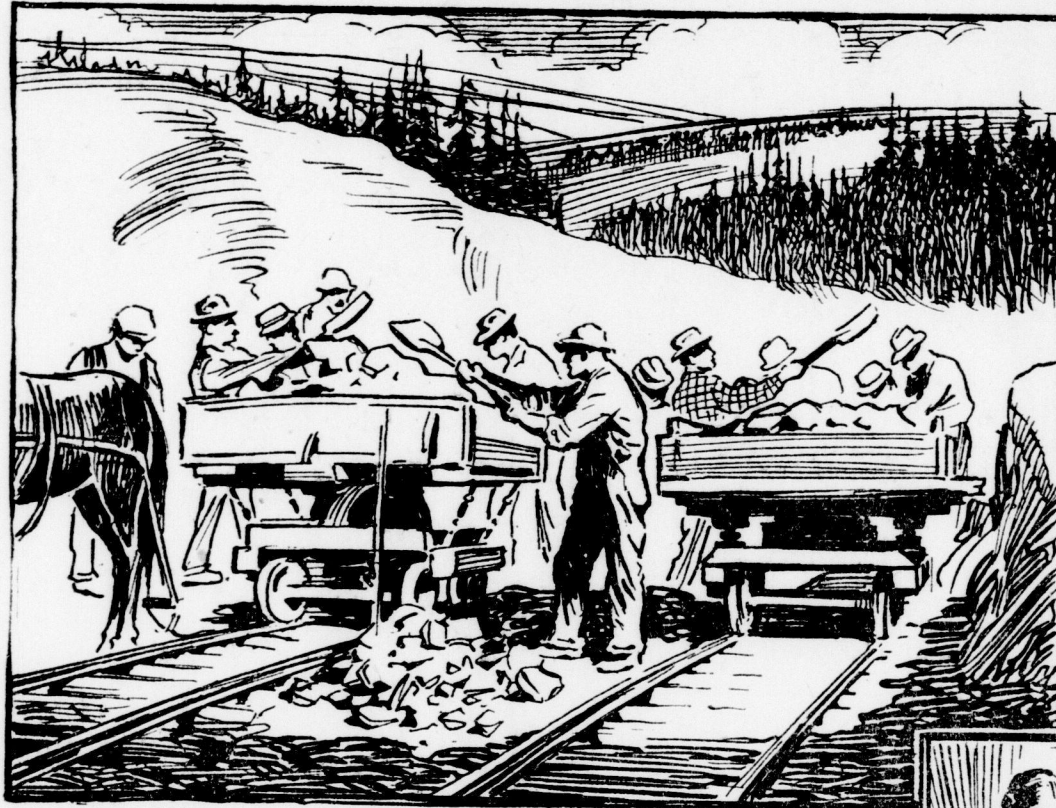
And where do men learn most if it be forty days in the wilderness? To Canada's debt most heavily due, if not to have transformed the tangled fringes of the wilderness into communities?

What Is Education?

Should the inheritors of the glories possible by the dead pioneers pay their service if not to the living pioneers in the hardest places, and who have ignored? Before we come to some narrative of what the Frontier University built into our fundamentals, suffer the ancient but rather asinine high education necessarily must be great and awesome seats of learning at only those who have been through degrees are truly educated.

Forbid that an inappreciative syllable uttered towards the university don, a Greek iambic is as congenial as a lark, but who would be puzzled beyond a request to harness a horse. But true that many intellectual wonders have been those who acquired their educationally the same way as the graduate of to-morrow's Frontier University his diploma? The nearest example is a university professor in Canada of cultured service that distinguishes Edmund Walker? He was too much to be called a scholar. He was bread at thirteen years of age. His in the more academic sense, had to be before and after working hours. He to live in the city where advantages are abundant. But there are intellectual potentialities as his in the bush, frontier, wherever the foundations of Canadian prosperity are being laid by the able workers. They have an inherent knowledge that they can absorb, the rest of the state itself. For it is a shame that

to their eyes her ample page, the spoils of time did ne'er unroll, gauge where an institution is going, it came. Respect the origin of man, don't be discouraged by his destiny, alone by the meddlesome Matties, only to the creator. The Frontier University running true to form; for its life in



A teacher of classes must himself do as heavy a day's work as the men whom he teaches.

1924 is what its birth was twenty-four years ago.

It is more than a pleasant that Pictou county, Nova Scotia, grows more college presidents than any other county on this continent. Principal Fitzpatrick comes from there. Millsville, ten miles from Pictou town, is his home. It is something of a deserted village now, because the late generation did not understand, any more than this present population does, that to denude the frontier of wealth without providing for its natural renewal is an insult to the past, an injury to the present and an offense against the future. At Millsville the school teacher used to board around, two weeks at a time. Mr. Rogers, now a retired Presbyterian minister, was eagerly welcomed by the Fitzpatrick boys, because his very presence was an elevation to all who lived where he was.

How the Idea Originated

He was teaching for what he could put into it. His example had its part in carrying Alfred Fitzpatrick through high school, and then to Queen's University, filled with resolve to help those who were ill placed to help themselves.

The pastorate was the natural goal of such a spirit. Fitzpatrick began his ministry in California, passing from camp to camp in the mountains, because a Millsville man who was believed to be there had not written to his parents for several years. The negligent correspondent found, the minister returned to Canada, and took mission duty in Algoma.

A dear old lady of our ancient friendship, whenever a tramp begged for bread, gazed at his eyes and asked, "Do you love God?" The empty-belly usually murmured something dark and looked darker. He got food every time, and was bidden to eat it on the spot. But the good lady never realized that religious inquisition, if it is a blessing at all, should always be grace after meat.

A preacher's arrival at a lumberjack's abode was never effusively welcomed. It isn't easy to get close to the man who thinks even when he doesn't say: "Who the hell are you, and what in blazes do you want?" The Reverend Alfred Fitzpatrick, accredited representative of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, felt that to his soul's marrow. He remembered that it was a carpenter who got next the fishermen; not a person who conducted himself as a being apart. The best service, he saw, could be given in camps by one who was touched with the feelings of others' infirmities, who could win the trust of men who worked so hard that it is only by Sunday that they have time to realize how tired they were when they quit work on Saturday.

So the Reverend Alfred Fitzpatrick, dedicated to the Westminster Confession, made a confession to himself, which has resulted in a virtual disuse of the ecclesiastical title. The frontiersmen were doing essential work for Canada. They deserved more than they received in educational stimulus. That could only be imparted to them by men who were even as they were—as tired as they were, because he was working as hard as they worked.

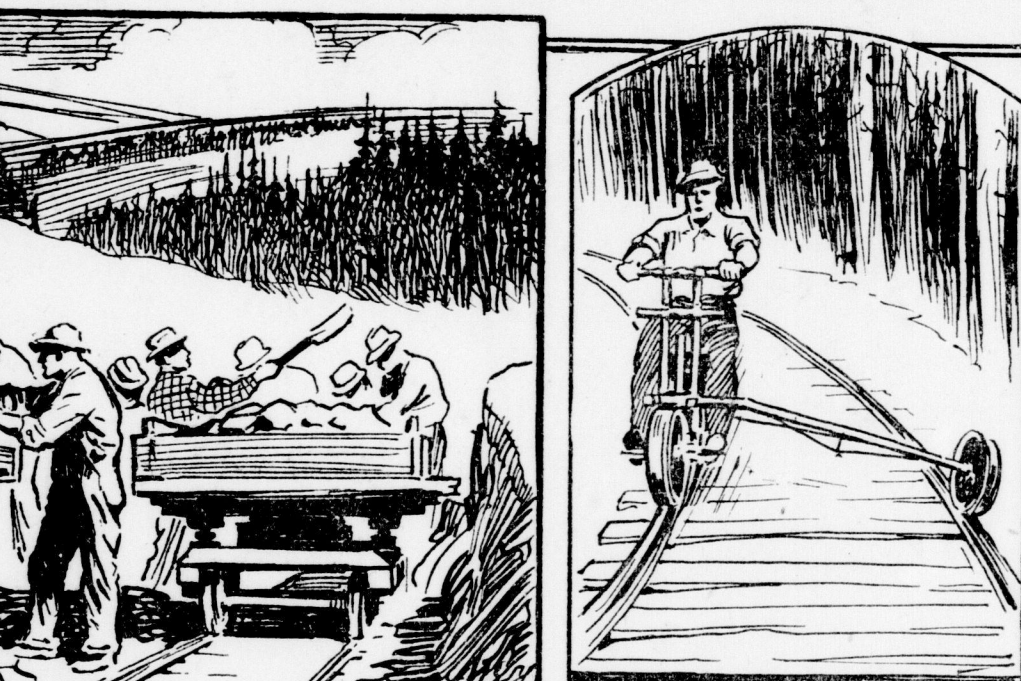
Up in the Lake Nipissing region was a responsible representative of old J. R. Booth, the Ottawa lumber king who has got a Danish prince for a grandson. To Mr. J. Young, Fitzpatrick took the idea that he would doff his habit, go to work along with the men, and see whether that wasn't a more Galilean modernity than the regulation services of the church. Young is a big fellow, and big fellows, who are also wise, usually see the importance of getting other fellows to work on a good proposition.

"No," he said, "if you do that, you will be buried. Your idea is too good to be treated that way. Organize an association that will put men into many camps. Multiply your work and its results."

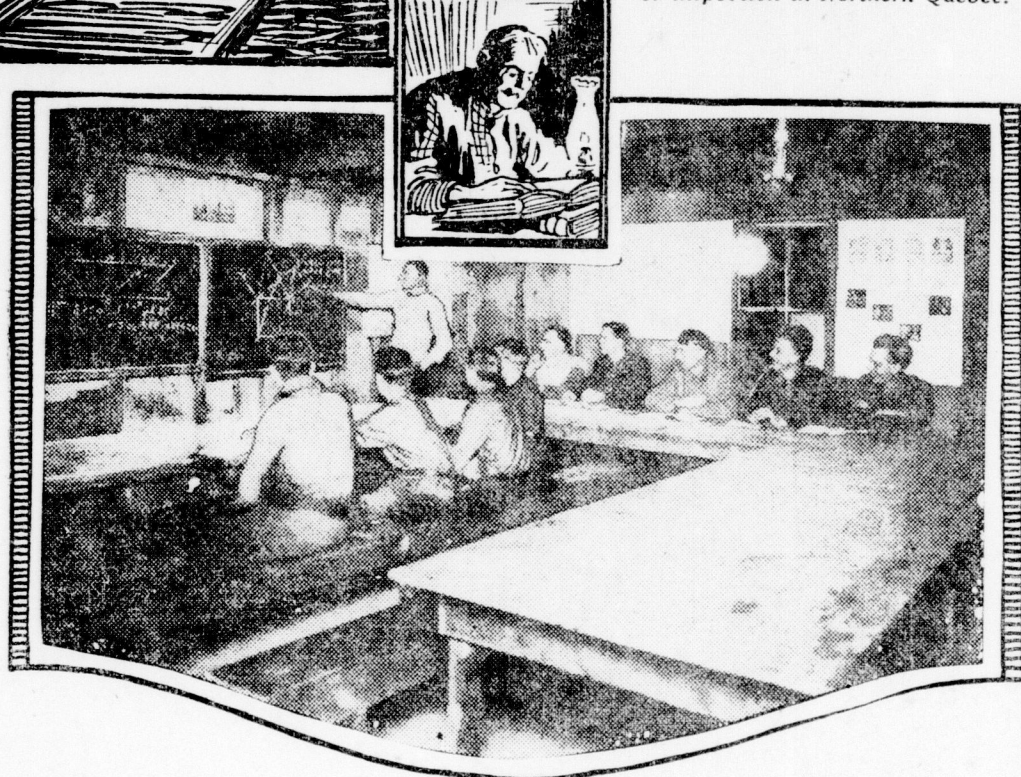
So the Reading Camp Association was born. It always supplied reading matter to camps; but it always sent instructors with the reading matter, and secured its own building wherein men might read and instructors might teach. The cardinal principle of the education work was something absolutely new in scholastic and religious civilization.

Has Ruskin College Beaten

NEVER before was it essential a teacher of classes must himself do as heavy a day's work as the men whom he taught. The idea was always to get young university men to undertake this engaging task. It has got Ruskin College, Oxford, beaten to a frazzle, and is, indeed, the magnificently sane and astonishingly practical application of the theories which caused Ruskin to make the rather weird experiment of



Eastern secretary starting on tour of inspection in Northern Quebec.



putting enthusiastic young intellectuals to work making roads, within the sphere of influence of Oxford itself. It wouldn't have been surprising if it had got the sturdiness of our refined seats of learning beaten to a standstill.

Until the war Fitzpatrick advertised for instructors. Twenty years ago a young chap, at Varsity, who had taught school for five years, had saved eight hundred dollars with which to get himself a degree, and was now compelled to supplement his resources, answered an ad for a teacher of lumberjacks. He thought it an entertaining, but queer suggestion, and wondered what sort of a man this Fitzpatrick could be.

Instead of acknowledging the application by mail Fitzpatrick answered it in person; told the student what was doing, with clear warning that there was no lavender in camps. It sounded the strangest scheme in the world for a university undergraduate to work at lumbering by day and run a school for lumberjacks at night. For a while he could hardly treat the idea seriously. But he took it on. He found in it the ache of toil, and the reward of infinite joy—and he has stayed with it to this day—Inspector Bradwin, whose thesis on the navy is about ready to be presented to the sons of Columbia University as a qualification for the degree of doctor of philosophy.

See how one uniqueness begets another? When, before, did a nascent doctor of philosophy base his expectation of the degree on a plea for the bunkhouse man, which must justify itself at an inquisition by a body of learned professors? Yesterday you would have said that the very notion of a bunkhouse philosophy being examined by a university faculty was all bunk, and worthy of no house. But hold on. One of

the fellows from a fine home who, like a hero, became an instructor, and suffered blistered hands and aching back, so that he might serve his kind, wrote in to head office that he was amazed at his pupils' range of knowledge of which he was ignorant. His summer's work was richly repaid by that discovery; which is at the very base of the new university education.

Some of us come from the farm, and know how those who know nothing of real life suppose, in their pride, that agricultural work is unskilled labor. Why, as Fitzpatrick says, navying is a science and tree-felling an art, and proficiency with the cant hook a profession indeed. Go to the bush, and if you can find a foreman reckless enough to let you try, undertake to fall a big pine between two other pines, standing fifteen feet apart, so that the fall won't do almost as much damage as the timber is worth. Work half a day on building a log shack, and see how much your book learning is worth. The point is that the men on the frontier, laying the foundations of prosperity for the new sections of the country and sustaining the amenities of the old-settled communities, must be skilled—they have to know a lot; and they can teach the denizens of cities, including most university men, many things that it is mighty good for them to know.

Wherein is one of the Frontier university's most beneficent service. It gives to its instructors instruction of priceless value to them, and to their country. Their own testimony is conclusive; your own perception will be illuminating on that score.

Instructors Right Across Continent

INSTRUCTOR after instructor, who has passed into professional life, has testified that he wouldn't exchange his experience as a Frontier

ELIZABETH AND THE SPIRITS

By FLORENCE A. KILPATRICK

"MY insurance young man," said Elizabeth, "is one of these 'ore spiritoolists'."

"A spiritoolist!" I marveled. It seemed a strange combination. Insurance men always appear to me to be intense materialists.

"Es asked me to go to a seance with 'im," continued Elizabeth, proudly. "It isn't much in my line, but seein' 'e's unmarried it doesn't do to miss a chance that might lead to reg'lar walkin' out. So if you don't mind me goin' out a bit earlier on Thursday night, 'm—"

"Certainly, Elizabeth," I said, cheerfully, glad to hear that the spirits did not keep late hours.

Elizabeth returned from the seance in a state of excitement. "It fair gave me the creeps, 'm," she confided in me, "wot with sittin' in the dark listenin' to the meedjum breathin' that 'ard an' givin' people messages from the other side till they was scared out of their lives. I 'ope insurance young man's 'ad to 'old against 'im to give me courage as 'was. There's another seance next Tuesday, if you can spare me that evenin', 'm."

"Certainly, Elizabeth," I said. But I could not help wishing that the activities of her spirits would take place on her regular nights out.

It was more than evident after a time that Elizabeth's brain—never calculated to stand much strain—was in danger of being slightly unhinged by the spirits. "I was told last night that I've a pale green ozer," she remarked one day. "An' it does give me the shivers to think I've gotter thing like that 'angin' about me."

The idea of Elizabeth having an aura seemed to me distinctly humorous. "I shouldn't pay much attention to that," I said. "It's only imaginary."

"But that there ozer gives me a damp, sticky sort of feelin', 'm, knowin' I can't get away from it, too! I'm gettin' frightened to go upstairs in the dark for fear I'll see it orl about me!"

"I don't think I should go to any more of these meetings if I were you," I said, decisively. "They might unhinge you."

"Well, I don't mind bein' uninged—if I end up by clickin' with the insurance young man!" pronounced Elizabeth.

"Please, 'm, I've just come in to tell you that I'm takin' your advice," panted Elizabeth, as she dashed into my study one morning, three weeks later.

"What about?" I asked, looking up abstractedly.

"About givin' up the spirits, 'm."

The context of Elizabeth's remarks, allied to her flushed face, caused an uneasy suspicion to cross my mind.

"The insurance young man that seemed so promisin'," she went on, "I've just 'eard that 'e's takin' 'arf the girls in the neighborhood to seances, an' me thinkin' I was singled out, speshul. But I'm not goin' to waste my time on any more of that rubbish. 'Im an' 'is ozer!—May I stop out a little later to-night, 'm? They're starin' a new serial at the pictures."

"Certainly, Elizabeth," I said. — London Opinion.

College representative for anything acquired by him. He has life more abundantly because he knows the bunkhouse, and has found what it is to render help to men alongside whom he had labored the lifelong day.

What is the common jibe against the highly educated university professor, the man who has lived so much in the midst of culture that he's lost in the midst of life? It is that he is impractical, and apt to be what the Yorkshireman calls gormless. Occasionally one has been in bush or on prairie with some big man in his own line—a railway president or a great banker. When camp has been made the president or banker has pitched in like the rest of us, cut wood, built the fire, hung the kettle, and fried the bacon as if he had never done anything else. It is one of the things which have distinguished distinction in the New World to an extent of which the Old World knows next to nothing. According to the measure in which we can preserve the virilities and handinesses that have gone into the transformation of Canada from forest and plain to farm and town, we shall vindicate the name of the New World, and deserve a dignified place at the bar of universal history.

You cannot estimate the value of the Frontier College to its instructors or their value to the nation. Of recent summers about fifty have been sent out. There is scope, but not funds for three hundred. When railway construction was at its height, and Fitzpatrick's men were scattered clear across the continent, the tolling apostolate was up to the blessedly unprecedented number of seventy. We pay insufficient homage to the pioneers of Canada. Two peculiarities of Frontier instructors suggest that, like bread cast on the waters, some of the lustres of the pioneers are being seen after many days. It is surprising how many well-to-do young fellows become instructors whose grandfathers and great grandfathers were logging pioneers. The old spirit is asserting itself, to the renewing of the mind of the young possessor, and to the ultimate rescue of the frontier from its mental deprivations. Then there is a remarkably large percentage of medical students among the instructors—much larger, all things considered, than the proportion of theologians. The medical profession in embryo, like the medical profession in practice is consciously more in the service of humanity and less in the service of itself than some other regions of ambition that could be named. The divinity student thinks of his future in terms of discourse. The medical aspirant has visions of bedridden and broken bodies mending.

Here, then, is an enlarging body of young Canadian collegians throwing themselves into the midst of life that is very hard, very rough, very genuine—into a baptism of service of incalculable illumination to them, and of vast hope to their pupils. Look at samples of the letters that come in to the college principal, and judge their worth from the point of view of what the frontier situation could now be if nothing like them had been made possible by the university in overalls.

School to Be Proud of

WE select something of what J. R. Jones says about his work, and a letter from one of his students:—

Jones is telling about getting into Shewfelt's Camp, back from the north Huron shore:—

We drove about ten miles from White Fish, and then met the clerks from Robinson's and Taylor's camps, and then had to walk the rest of the way in, carrying the mail. About four o'clock we arrived at Robinson's, and at five we reached Taylor's. Then I pushed on all alone, with the mail, for our camp. By six p.m. it was dark, and I was all in, and couldn't follow the trail any longer. (I was following the trail of two men who had made Shewfelt's Camp the day before.)

Well, I knew I was in for a night in the bush, so I soon had a good fire burning away, and had enough wood cut to last me all night. I had found an axe by a skidway, so had no trouble in getting wood.

I put in rather a miserable night of it, as it was pretty cold and I had been perspiring so much, walking quickly, that the sweat simply froze on me when I stopped walking. I sat by the fire from 7 p.m. till 7 a.m., when I made the camp in about half an hour.

They were all glad to get the mail, and see me back safely. I stayed in bed all day, and as I had a dandy sleep last night I am feeling all right to-day—only a bit stiff.

I have been interviewing some of my old pupils, and we expect to have the school running in full swing to-night, Monday. All goes well here.

This about Jones, from John McCannath at the end of the Shewfelt's Camp season:

I take the liberty to say a word or two to the Frontier College people. I know they all think as I do, especially the French class of which I was a pupil under Mr. J. R. Jones, one of the Frontier's able instructors, and one that the school can well be proud of, for he is the shining star here at the camp. It would have been a lonesome place here had it not been for Jones and his friends on the outside—the Frontier people—who were forever sending reading matter, as well as two gramophones, which we all shared in. We spent many pleasant evenings, reading the daily papers as well as the magazines which were so full of love stories, while the band played. I only regret that I cannot be under J. R. Jones' care and teaching longer. When I go to my home in N. Y. state I will carry the best of wishes for the Frontier College and J. R. Jones, who has done wonderful work here and has made everyone his friend.

This correspondence touches last year's work. Here is part of a letter from Mr. Jones reporting his labor at Island Falls, north of Cochrane, where the Hollinger gold mine is developing power, and has built a place for the college work:

Friday night I had the first classes, and they were well attended. There were 18 Finlanders, 2 Swedes, 4 French-Canadians and 2 Canadians taking instruction in actual classes. Then there must have been 20 or more men in the building for reading or writing purposes. I hardly expect the attendance will be as large as this regularly, because, of course, the whole idea was new to them. However, I should have a good average attendance each night and will do my best to hold the interest of the men.

Big Employers Co-operate

THE building is larger than you anticipated—it is 40 feet long and 22 feet wide. We are putting in a partition, dividing it in half, and carrying out your plans regarding the reading room, a class room and an

instructor's room in the corner. They are going to make me the tables, as you planned, also the bookshelves. I think we can arrange for electric lights to be installed. If so, I would run moving pictures for, say, one or two nights a week. We want a chain reels free of charge from the Ontario Motion Picture Bureau, controlled by the government.

Each night at five o'clock I sweep out the F.C. building, start my fire, arrange the magazines, books, etc. It is a large building and requires a lot of time to keep it in order. However, I am doing my best, and at all events, will make a go-of it, somehow.

There are children here, perhaps fifteen or twenty. I have been wondering if I wouldn't find time to hold school for them, too. Would that be in accordance with Frontier College ideals? I can see that I shall have to work slowly here at the start, and then gradually develop into something great and really worth while.

The camp, clearly, becomes more and more a community, the assurance of a larger Canada of to-morrow. At Shewfelt's and Island Falls—to take only one example of a lumber camp, and another of a water power construction outfit—the Frontier College is the civic church and schoolmaster. You see the mining company co-operating by furnishing a suitable building. The co-operation of lumber, construction and mining firms is good.

On construction of the Chippawa Canal and at Nipigon the Provincial Hydro has liberally facilitated the Frontier College work. At the Whirlpool Camp, for instance, the building specially erected must have cost five thousand dollars. For two thousand men seven or eight instructors were employed, of whom all but the supervisor worked every day with the men.

The great railways have always shown a warm side to the Frontier University, subscribing to the funds, giving passes, facilitating accommodations, and generally behaving like enlightened business corporations which know the value of intelligent efficiency and contentment among workers far removed from populous centres.

One trouble with camp life is the proportion of men who jump the job, often when a considerable sum has been paid in railway fares. The Frontier College helps to reduce the number of jumpers—a man taking French from J. R. Jones isn't very likely to take off because there's nothing interesting to retain him at his job.

It has been said that there is scope for three hundred instructors in Canadian camps. Before they could all be supplied there would still be room for instruction to a few employers. The line of least resistance is naturally followed by an organization which has been in the world hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive. Men who have not been eager to see adepts profits for reforestation schemes were hardly likely to propose university courses for axemen. But the lumberman is coming along fairly rapidly. Whereof an example.

Has University Charter

THERE died lately E. C. Whitney, of Ottawa, the millionaire brother of the late Sir James Whitney. Excessive geniality was never a peccadillo of either the Whitney statesman or the lumberman. The tongue was often rough, even when the heart was soft. When Fitzpatrick first interviewed E. C. Whitney, and had told him the story, Whitney barked out: "You can't go into my camps, but if I let you in, I'll give it to you." And he proffered a fifty-dollar bill, which the Reading Camp Association's need more than his own enjoyment of that sort of talk, caused Fitzpatrick to accept. It was an odd demonstration of a moneymaker's shrewdness—he was willing to subscribe for instructors to go to his competitors' camps, but he wouldn't have them in his own. Afterwards he changed his mind; but he was never devoted to making university graduates of men with the axe. His will showed that he preferred Wycliffian theology to bunkhouse culture.

For too many generations the frontier toilers were assumed to be well-fitted for a rough and ignorant life; and a rough and ignorant life was well suited to them. In railway construction across Northern British Columbia, for instance, there must be engineers—men of high scientific attainments. Their isolation was always eased for them in ways that were deemed inappropriate for those without whose work the engineers would have been less than a shadow. It should be an inferior life be thought agreeable to a man using dynamite in a rock cutting—an inferior life to that available to workers in a textile factory?

The Fitzpatrick method of keeping up with the times is in itself a revolution in human attitude to toiling humanity. The day has passed when men openly decry popular intellect once they did when education became compulsory in England, and it was complained: "Why, soon you can't leave a letter on the table out the parlourmaid will be able to read it." All tragedies in civilization are not calamities of dying. Many are of living. The frontier—think of children in a power construction camp—should not stifle natural capacity into dull ignorance.

Fitzpatrick saw that to recommend to the men there the prospect of a good time in a New Jerusalem that nobody ever saw was neither Christianity nor humanity. The way to Christianity was through a widening of the gates of knowledge. This continent is rich indeed in the stories of poor men who have come to the top through their self-educating determination to gain an education. An offshoot of that quality of exalting labor is the correspondence school, which, though it is despised by some, has done much for self-culture. The Frontier College is something between the perky correspondence school and the ponderous university. That parliament has given it a university charter is but a special proof that there is an awakening to the high truth that real education can be acquired far from what are called seats of learning.

A man who is working hard with his hands all day has plenty of time to think, once he is given something to think about—which is half the real object of giving a lesson to a person who is old enough to reflect and strong enough to aspire. Going to classes at night is a real man's way of educating his whole being. Instead of being like a turkey that is being stuffed fat by machinery before Christmas, he kneads his knowledge into every fibre of his being—especially if he is a "foreigner" of to-day who will be a father of the nation-to-morrow.

Open to him the doors of distinction which the hall-marks of a workaday career elevating university confers, and you are raising the quality of Canadian citizenship at the very threshold of its greatness. The nation can only truly flourish in this century, which has boldly been called Canada's, in proportion as it raises the tone of life and widens the basis of good living for those who do the hardest work. Canada, says Fitzpatrick, needs citizens, not helots. Not to progress this way is to essay the building of a nation that is half slave and half free—and that will never do.

Life's Little Comedies ~ His Master's Dream ~



Georgian Bay Was Once a Mighty River Flowing to Toronto Still Runs Underground and Throws Up Artesian W

Great Laurentian Stream Carved Its Way to the Sea Before Great Lakes and Ice Age—Ceased to Exist a Million Years Ago—But Its Course Can Be Traced

By A. P. COLEMAN

WE all know and admire the St. Lawrence river, but few of us are acquainted with the Laurentian river, for the very good reason that it went out of existence perhaps a million years ago.

Its history, though not entirely worked out yet, is of some interest, and its old channel is of much importance to the neighboring towns to the north as far as Barrie.

The first suggestion of the Laurentian river was made by Dr. J. W. Spencer a good many years ago. He gave it the name because it flowed eastward along the edge of the ancient continent, Laurentia, whose old surface can be seen from Muskoka northward.

Dr. Spencer published an account of the river, including a map of its probable course, and with some modifications his work is still accepted and will be followed here.

There were no great lakes in the days of the Laurentian river and the whole arrangement of our geography was so different from the present that no one going back to it would believe himself to be in the same country. The region stood far higher above the sea than now, so that the lower end of the Laurentian river could flow northeastwards to the very edge of the continent and empty into the Atlantic far beyond the present sea coast between Nova Scotia and the Banks of Newfoundland.

Our region must have been about 2,000 feet above the sea, and around Lake Superior the land was probably 500 feet higher still.

As mapped by Spencer the river began in the valley now occupied by Lake Huron, and ran through what is now Georgian bay and then southeast between Collingwood and Barrie to the southern side of what is now Lake Ontario. From the east end of that valley it followed the route of the St. Lawrence, but below Quebec flowed through the lowest part of the Gulf of St. Lawrence till it reached the sea.

Tracing Ancient River

THE part of the ancient river that specially interests us is that between Georgian bay and the Ontario basin. There was a large tributary coming in from the Lake Erie valley, running north at DeCew falls near St. Catharines



IN IMAGINATION WE WATCH THE WHIRLING FLAMES, THE FALLING TIMBER AND THE FRIGHTENED DEER.

and joining the Laurentian river south of Toronto, but this need not be considered now.

Motoring north from Toronto one soon comes to hills, the tumbled oak ridges, that rise 400 feet above Lake Ontario at Thornhill, more than 500 at Richmond Hill, and 750 near Bond lake, where the wooded knobs and kettle-shaped basins make a fine contrast with the flat or gently rolling surface to the south.

Motoring farther to the north one goes downward to Aurora in its picturesque valley, and finally reaches Lake Simcoe at Barrie and Georgian bay at Collingwood. Georgian bay stands only about 330 feet above Lake Ontario. We have crossed the height-of-land and the two regions are separated by a range of hills rising hundreds of feet. How could a river ever have flowed from Collingwood to Toronto? The thing seems impossible!

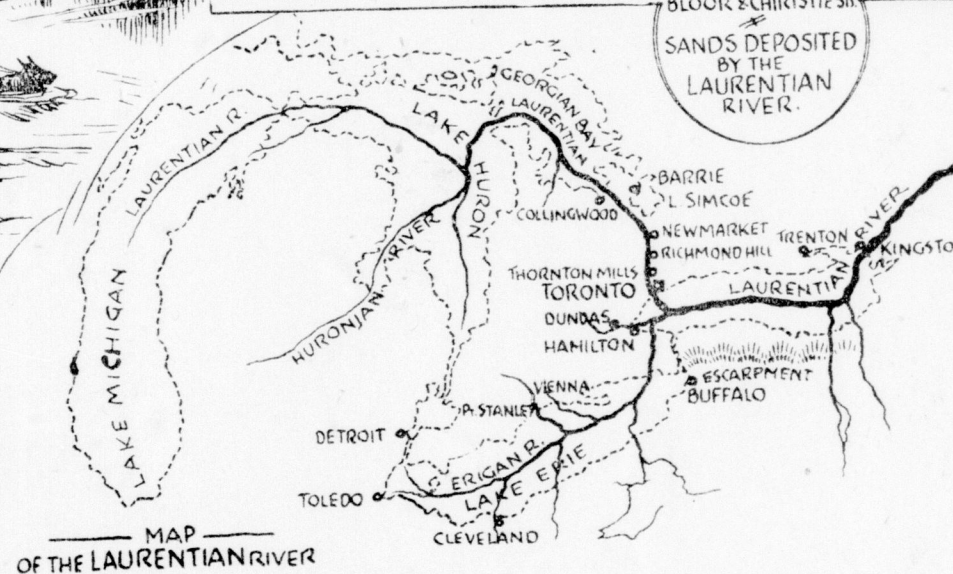
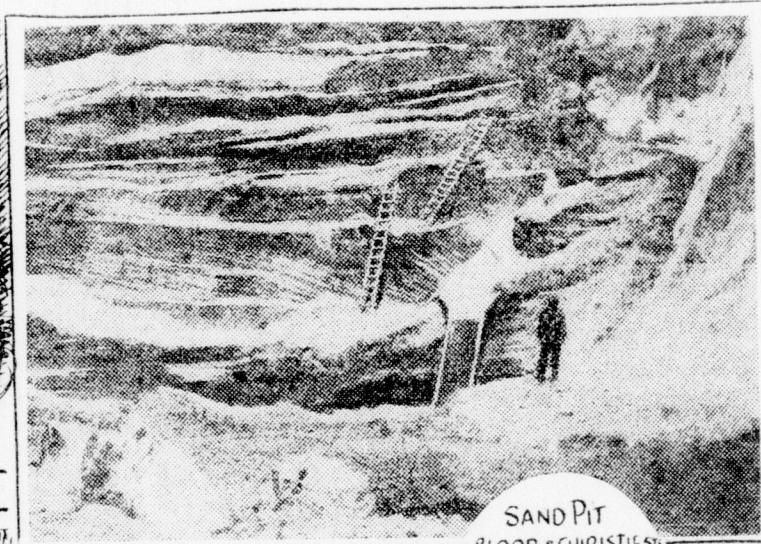
Yet a great river did come down from Georgian bay, or rather from the hollow which the bay now occupies, and flowed past Toronto on its way to the sea. The old valley has been deeply buried, but wells sunk at the towns along the way show no rock for hundreds of feet below



WHEN DIGGING THE FOUNDATIONS OF GOVERNMENT HOUSE IN THE RIVER DEPOSITS WORKMEN FOUND FRAGMENTS OF CHARCOAL TOGETHER WITH SOME REMAINS OF DEER.

the present surface, only clay and sand and gravel. At Barrie, Bradford, Newmarket and Richmond Hill wells sunk in drift deposits go far below the level of Lake Huron, and east of Thornhill a well was sunk 630 feet and reached sea level before solid rock was encountered.

Some miles on either side of the buried valley bed rock comes to the surface as at Collingwood and on Lake Simcoe. North of Toronto the valley was 400 feet deep and more than eight miles wide, and the scenery must have been very different from the stony hills and pretty lakes



of the oak ridges. The bold escarpment of limestone which they call the Blue mountains at Collingwood must have looked much higher from the deep valley of the Laurentian river, and at that time really deserved the name of mountain.

In Heart of Toronto

WE know very little of the surroundings of the river before the ice age, since thus far no deposits formed by it have been found. The trees on its banks may not have been very different from the present, but not an animal was the same; every species of four-footed creature that then roamed the plain or the forest has long disappeared. Some of them, such as the huge ground sloths and the camel-like animals, would have seemed very grotesque to our eyes.

The river itself was not like the St. Lawrence, since it lacked the great settling basins of the lakes, which did not then exist; and we must suppose that it was muddy and swift and changeable in levels, with floods in spring and low

water in autumn, like the great rivers south of the ice covered area. The Mississippi or the Arkansas will give an idea of it.

The Laurentian river was 1740 miles long, as mapped by Spencer, and if the salmon ran up they must have had a long and toilsome journey to their spawning grounds. One can imagine the big and silvery fish gleaming in the turbid waters as they fought their way up against the current, just as they do now in the Restigouche or Cascapedia on the Atlantic coast but the only fishermen were the bears that probably scooped one up now and then as they still do in British Columbia.

While we have little direct evidence of preglacial affairs along the Laurentian river we know a good deal about things in interglacial times. At first, in the Toronto interglacial period, the river came into a great lake like Ontario but 140 feet deeper. Here it built a delta of sand and clay which has already been described with its plants and animals, in what is now the Don valley.

The lake was drained and the Laurentian

river cut its way through the making a new channel and gravel in the heart of the city, heaping of the sand was time in a sand pit on Bloor street but the city has used the old pit has been soddied a park, so that bit of evidence is again.

Wood and ivory, and shells, waters, and bits of deer horns up in the sand pit, showing plant and animal life of the but so far as known things as was described from the D

Explains Flowing

ONE startling bit of news of the same river deposit farther east when the found ment House were being dug fragments of charcoal and bark in the sand along with deer.

You can imagine how this was a dry summer ending in the woods up the river was some breathless afternoon, the rolled up and then a dead tree is lent gusts of the storm drive them and whirl the sparks of the air to fall in the river in a roar and dense smoke and trees and the terrified deer are lives. They take to the river are not quick enough and per Some hundreds of thousand workmen with pick and shovels proofs of the tragedy and it watch the whirling flames and the and the frightened deer.

How long the Laurentian busy carving its wide and the ice age came on we have mining; but the amount of represented millions of years stage was short, probably less thousand years and then the ice from Labrador brought it filled in the great trench it to excavate, and heaped up a interlobate moraine which no ridges. If certain towns in Georgian bay had not bored supply we should probably not that a great river once drained to the northwest and flowed its way to the distant ocean.

In an obscure way the river persists beneath the moraine Georgian bay seeping slowly beds of sand and gravel in valley and finding its way to Lake Ontario. A good flow has been tapped at Weston, the wells dipping into the old upper lakes and the lower, of evidence in regard to a long ago vanished.

Our Very Best People

—By Edna Ferber

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

Two Sisters Are Known as Tune
and Hilda the Pretty One is
Proud of Belonging to the Best People
and Out What Happened to Her and
"Ducky Duckling"

had waited two
to die he would
do a lot of explain-
ing. He had hated ex-

high-colored, well dress-
ed, middle-aged man, he
pasted debonairly through
of the Kansas City Union
on his way to take the east-
rain, a deferential dusky por-
of him, when suddenly he
sank and became a mere
haberdashery of the station
in confusion, rows, tele-

And the Tune twins, already
less, were summoned home
commencement exercises at Vas-
and themselves pretty much in
of the two orphans of
fame so far as finances and
were concerned.

week after the funeral: "But
did he do with it?" demanded
Tune. The beauty. Her tone
perhaps exasperatedly querulous
ring that she and her sister
now found themselves pos-
of exactly nine hundred and
dollars each, the lawyer hav-

finished explaining.
"I didn't have it," replied Han-
nah. Tune, composedly,
planned to have it. What nonsense.
What do we live on all
years? Of education and
and this huge house, and
wine and food and horses.
How could it be so? Then
she said: "What did
he do with it?"

He said, "I don't know. And there
that stock in the packing
But he squandered heaps.
He must have gone years
wa-
cor-
AI

Mr. Tune
said grimly: "You
understand some-
Mr. Patterson and the
ment when they said
advice, a wise in his
money. He gambled.
things. Well, if we've
being practical at school,
it's a grand chance

assembled her simple,
in plain - featured
been the Kansas
the stockyards stock,
nearly her father's
heir, offspring of
of the Massachusetts

and sent to eastern
early teens. Also,
traveled it was al-
ster in Europe. They
nothing of the vast
attached for thousands
Missouri to the Re-
it loved her middle
during her life-
shrewdly made
leut for her hus-
ing away from the
income had its
ans had once been
Springs. Western
was largely ranch
lers Hotel, Rutger
liked it.

men," he said,
and they way up
dependencies, and their
been waitresses,
Harvey station eat-

spoken up at this
to say that those
women and Har-
waitresses were the
of the west. Fine
ay, for foundation
ay, he said, "almost
intelligent, profes-
woman who was the
owner, railroad offi-
man living within
of the Mojave
er if she was born
answer: "Oh, no!
or maybe Wiscon-
or Kansas, or even
be a Harvey girl!"

ro a fine lot, pa-
s. Pioneer stuff, pa-
Rutger G.
hired girls in the
parlor."

the Human
twins, Hilda and
been known re-
and Cartoon. For
shioned these two in
so deftly, so fiend-
ized in Hannah
perfection in Hilda.
become grotesque-
at have been con-
a looking girl, which
healthy, high-spir-
For that matter,
who might have
ps a shade too thin,
thought Hannah's

uth of Hannah
to her charac-
why she could be
and pleased when
about her sister's
me when Rutger G.
the little flurry in

the Union Station and the great up-
heaval in the lives of his motherless
twin daughters. In July the twins
were to leave the big Tune house
perched high on the hill that com-
manded such a sweeping and unob-
structed Missouri view of nothing in
particular.

"Fathers had it built up here," Han-
nah observed without bitterness, "not
because anything could be seen here
from the top of the hill, but because
everybody could see the house from
the bottom of it. That's what our
life has been, really, in the last ten
years. A magnificent view of nothing
at all."

The two had soberly been discuss-
ing that baffling problem known as
ways and means.
"There's only one thing to do, of
course," Hilda said; "that is, to get
away from here. And there's only one
place to go, and that's East. Our
friends there know father's dead, but
they don't know how completely
smashed we are. I shan't tell them,
until I have to. We both have enough
invitations to last us through the
summer if we manage properly. The
Allisters at Bar Harbor in July, and
Zabala Kane's first two weeks in
August in the Adirondacks; and
we might even manage Newport if
we went about it properly and used
a little—"

"And then what?" interrupted
Hannah bluntly.
"I don't know. But at any rate we'd
have made a move in the right
direction. Our friends in the east are
numbered among our very best peo-
ple. Those are the contacts we'll have
to keep up."

"On nine hundred and twenty dol-
lars per lifetime?"
"Yes. Why not? Until something
turns up. And it will, with those peo-
ple back of us. There's something
picturesque about being twins. It's
considered chic. And orphan twins,
too."

Penniless Orphans
AND penniless orphan twins
makes it quite perfect, I
suppose.
"All right, then. Suppose you
suggest something better."

Hannah, for the moment, looked as
nearly helpless as Hannah could, her
being handicapped by her height, her
scarcity of brow and her aura of
superb health. "I honestly haven't
anything better to suggest, Hilda. I
only know I can't go east with you
and live on our very best people and
be a chic twin."

"What are you going to do, then?
What are you going to do? Stay here
in Kansas City? Patronized by these
people? What'll you live on? Really,
Hannah, sometimes I think you're uter-

"I could teach school."
"Teach school?" Hilda echoed
weakly. "You mean a girls' school
somewhere in the east?"
"I mean a school here somewhere
in Kansas or Missouri, maybe. A
country school. It doesn't pay much,
but it's a living, for the present at
least. A country school—and a horse
to ride, perhaps, Saturdays and Sun-
days. I'd like it."

"Hannah Tune, you must be crazy!
A country school? A horse on Sat-
urday?"
"And Sunday," put in Hannah.
Suddenly she became tremendously
serious. Her fine brow bore down un-
der Hilda, silencing her. Look here,
Hilda. There's no use pretending
we're not in a mess. We are. But
we always have been. We simply
didn't know it, that's all. But father
knew it and shut his eyes to it and
pretended that something would turn
up. Now I'm sick of pretending. I'm
the plain Tune twin, with nine hun-
dred and twenty dollars between me
and whatever happens to you when
your money's all gone. It's July, and
pretty late, but I'm going to try to
get a school job by September some-
where."

A sort of glaze crept over Hilda's
beautiful face, hardening it. "All
right, then. Be a schoolmaam. But
don't expect me to stay here with
you. Sometimes, Hannah, I think
there isn't a drop of Tune blood in
you."

Hannah seemed to consider this a
compliment. "I know it. After all,
these years of pruning and snipping,
here I am, just bristling all over
with Kansas. I guess there's no help
for it."

Waitresses Wanted
HILDA, looking lovely and fragile
in black, went to the Allisters
at Bar Harbor. At the last minute
Hannah had stuffed five hundred
into Hilda's bag. "I won't need it," she
said, above Hilda's faint protests.
"I'll be earning money soon, and
you'll want it pretty badly if you're
going to make any kind of showing
in the among-these-present colony
in the Newport society news. Linsey
woolsey, whatever that is, will be all
I'll need."

By the first of August Hannah
was told the Eldorado, Kansas school
was hers. In the middle of August
Hannah was notified that Eldorado's
last year's teacher was returning
after all, and that there was one
month's salary, and it was hoped
Miss Tune had been put to no in-
convenience.

Miss Tune was not only incon-
venienced but indignant and a little
frightened. At this critical moment
a telegram from Hilda—her father's
daughter—said that she had a
chance to go abroad in October with
Mrs. Courtney Page as a sort of pet,
pampered companion. And what
did Hannah think about it? Hannah
feeling suddenly alone in the world
and terribly twinned, answered: "It



He found himself staring at Hannah over the rim of his inverted cup.

sounds heavenly. You must go." Then
she began to read the want ad
columns of the Kansas City Star.

M-m-m—clerks wanted. Experi-
enced. Binders wanted. What was a
binder? Hannah wondered. And what
did they bind? Ladies to solicit
orders for marvelous new patent
contrivance warranted to revolution-
ize housework. On commission only.
Waitress wanted—oh, my goodness!
—what was there for her to do? Wait
a minute! Waitresses wanted for
Harvey's hotel dining rooms and
lunch rooms in Colorado, New Mex-
ico, Arizona and California. Apply
Employment Department, Union
Station, Room 15.

Something came creeping back into
Hannah's consciousness like the
fragments of a tune once heard and
long forgotten. "Fine stock—pioneer
stock—Harvey's waitresses—future
aristocracy—"

Hannah had been a very little girl
when her mother, with that look of
high pride and honest indignation,
had delivered herself of that speech.
But it came back to her now, as did
the sneer on her father's face.
"Colorado—New Mexico—Arizona—
California! Hannah took a long
breath, exhaled it, and applied Em-
ployment Department, Union Station,
Room 15.

Hannah Called Pretty
THERE were five other girls in
the room. One of them had
a foreign look—Polish or Bohemian,
Hannah thought. Two, evidently
friends, had entered together in
flashy clothes exhaling strong, cheap
perfume. A fourth was a pale, quiet
girl who appeared listless and limp.
Hannah's going out for her head,
Hannah decided. The fifth girl re-
sembled Hannah's Vassar chum from
Galena, Illinois. Hannah found her-
self smiling at this girl companion-
ably. The girl smiled back at her.
Encouraged thus, Hannah moved to
a chair next to her.

"Are you—have you ever been—
are you going out west as a Harvey
girl?"
"Yes—to stay this time, I hope."
"Oh, you've been before?"
"Two years ago. But only for the
summer. I'm a school-teacher. I took
a Harvey job two summers ago be-
cause I thought it would be fun, kind
of, and a cheap way to see some-
thing of the west. I'm from Albia,
Iowa. You ought to have heard my
folks when I said I was going as a
waitress. They didn't know."

"And now you are going to stay?"
"Long as I want to, anyway. I'm
lucky. They're sending me to the
Canyon." Then, as Hannah looked
blank: "Oh, I guess you don't know
about the different stations. You
see, all the girls are crazy to go to
the hotels at the Grand Canyon, or
Albuquerque, or big places like that.
We call them heaven. Now Needles,
California, and Rincon, New Mexico,
are purgatory. Needles is two hun-
dred miles from the Mojave Desert,
in a sort of pocket. And hot! Phew!
When it's a hundred and twenty-
five there they think it's getting on
toward summer."

Hannah looked a little worried.
"Do you think a new girl—"
The other shook her head emphat-
ically. "Some. But not you." Her
glance encompassed Hannah's face,
her clothes, her manner. "Gracious,
no! You look like a Canyon girl, or
Albuquerque, except that perhaps
you'll lose out because you're too
pretty."

Hannah stared, smiled. "Me!"
"You know, don't you, that
Harvey's never hire girls that are
awfully pretty. They found they
couldn't keep them out west. They
just melted away into marriage with
some rancher or railroad man or
mining—"

"Then it's true!"
But the other girl misunderstood.
"Oh, my yes! They like to hire them
neat, plain and sensible. They're
very strict, you know. You've got to
behave just so during hours—and
after hours, for that matter. In be-
fore twelve—"

She broke off sud-
denly as the door to the inner of-

ice opened. She was next in the
list of waiting applicants. "See you
later. Wish me luck!"—over her
shoulder.

Like Her Mother
HANNAH never saw her again.
Two days later Hannah Tune,
daughter of the late Rutger G. Tune
of the Massachusetts Tunes, was on
her way to San Queto, New Mex-
ico, with a Harvey Santa Fe rail-
road pass in her handbag. She was
enjoying herself immensely, though
the ride was hot, dusty, and seem-
ingly endless.

With her Santa Fe pass was an
identification card entitling her to
meals free of charge at all stops
where meals were regularly sched-
uled. At these stations along the
way passengers were notified they
would have half an hour for what
was called "refreshments."

Her first meal in the dining room
at Hutchinson, Kansas, had been of
immense interest to her. Flavored
with almost hysterical amusement.
A hundred or even two hundred pas-
sengers were fed here in half an
hour. The meal marched as inevit-
ably, as irresistibly as death itself.
Each table seated eight. The first
course lay smoking before you as
you seated yourself. With that
scant half-hour snapping at their
heels the passengers settled grimly,
determinedly to this business of
consuming their dollar's worth. It was
a huge meal, hot, savory, appetiz-
ing. No sounds but the clink of
cutlery against china, the low voices
of the waitresses murmuring a
chant of "Teacoffeemilk! Teacoffeemilk! Teacoffeemilk!"

Controlling, soothing this strange
company, unconvicted, walked the
Harvey hotel manager, bland, watch-
ful, weaving in and out among the
tables, hands behind his back. And
as he walked he intoned. "Pas-
sengers on number nine have thirty
minutes for dinner. Take—your—
time!" Fifteen minutes later, again
as before: "Pas-sen-gers on number
nine still have fifteen minutes for
dinner. Take—your—time!" Gobble,

gobble. Clink, clink. Munch, munch.
Gulp, gulp. Soup, meat, vegetables,
salad, olives, iced tea, dessert. Pas-
sengers on number nine still have
five minutes—"

They swept out like
a horde of locusts, leaving a de-
vastated dining room.
Hannah decided she would eat in
the lunch room, where ham and eggs
ordered one minute appeared mirac-
ulously before you the next; where
hung the scent of coffee; where
you sat perched on a revolving stool
before a white slab of counter, with
infinitesimal cream pitchers and
little butter chips and glasses of ice-
water spinning and sliding all about
you. Hannah became less and less a
Tune; more and more the daughter
of her plain, democratic, high-
spirited mother.

"You're No Eyesore"
THIS trip had all the flavor of a
stolen holiday, for the truth of
it is that at the last moment she
had lacked the courage to write to
her twin. "I am going west to be a
Harvey hired girl." Instead she had
given Hilda to understand that her
mission at San Queto was to teach
school. Hannah had been in San
Queto almost ten days before her
twin's reply reached her.

"I suppose," wrote Hilda, among
other things, "you'll be the pretty
western school-teacher of fiction
and be rescued from Indians by a
rancher in chaps and frijoles, and
marry him and live happily ever
after. Can you possibly spare me
some money, Cartoon, dear?"

Now she learned to look at them
the first thing in the morning, to
peer into the darkness in their direc-
tion the last thing at night. She
learned to wash and iron her own
shirtwaists. She learned to ride a
western horse on mountain roads.
And she learned to watch for the
entrance of Dan Yard. Dan Yard
was substitute brakeman on a
branch line freight train running
into San Queto four nights a week.

Ring the Bell
SHE had first seen him in the second
week of her coming to San
Queto. She was working nights
that week. It was against rules for
Harvey girls to carry on social con-
versation with lunch-counter
patrons. A greeting, yes. An amble
word or two. That was all. Yet Han-
nah noticed a little intangible change
come over the two girls on duty with
her that night as Dan Yard swung
open the screen door and, entering,
threw one leg over a stool at the
counter, pushed back his cap and
grinned. "Any raspberries?" inquired
Dan of the girl at whose station he
was seated.

"Yes."

"Well, I don't want any." "Thought
you didn't." Having
taken her part in this brilliant dia-
logue, she set before him a cup of
smoking coffee and his plate of
doughnuts. He took a great swal-
low of the scalding, revivifying
liquor. The size of that gulp brought
his head up and back so that he
found himself staring at Hannah
frequently to New York Hannah
Hannah's gaze met his. Ting! went

something like a bell inside her.

She saw a slim, hard, young Irish-
man of perhaps twenty-four or five.
His eyes were wide apart, clear and
singularly bright. She thought she
had never seen anyone so wide
awake at two a.m. Later, Hannah
learned that he was knowledgeable and
some three inches shorter than she.
All their married life—for she mar-
ried Dan Yard—she tried not to let
him feel this difference in their
height; for she loved him terribly
and he was sensitive and somewhat
vain, as all good Irishmen are.

What Dan Yard saw of Hannah
over the rim of his cup she never
quite knew. He would begin, when
she asked him: "I said to myself:
'There she is!' like that. 'There's Mrs.
Dan Yard.' I felt all the blood up in
my head, fit to smother me."

"It was the hot coffee."
"It was the hot love," said Dan,
being the reverse of minefz.
He had finished his coffee that
night, had reached for his glass of
ice-water, swallowed it in one long
draught and had walked out.
"Why!" said the girl who had
waited on him. "Look! Dan Yard
hardly touched his doughnuts at all!"
For six weeks Hannah withstood
him. In those six weeks she learned
much of Dan Yard. He came from a
family of railroad workers. His
father had been Engineer John
Yard, killed in the wreck at Al-
godones on the Santa Fe. Another
uncle killed acting as yardmaster at
La Junta. Two cousins were brake-
men. Another a conductor. His family
tree, and proud of it. He had almost
gone through high school. Quit his
third year because he had to go to
work. By next January he would
have his job as regular brakeman on
the main line. Then they could be
married.

"No!" said Hannah, trying to
laugh. Then, "No," faintly, his eyes
on hers and her own closing flut-
teringly as she felt his strong hand on
her arm.
Hilda was in Europe. In January
Hannah wrote her. Fearfully, yet
boldly—and certainly badly—"I am
going to be married."

A 20-Year Silence
THEY had been married some
weeks before Hilda's reply
reached them. "I hope he's one of
those millionaire ranchers or oil
kings that seem to grow exclusively
out there in the west."
The hot tears of resentment came
to Hannah's eyes. She spent hard-
earned dollars to cable her sister her
answer, untruthfully worded: "He's a
king, all right, but not the kind you
mean. Dan's a brakeman on the
Santa Fe railroad."

A cable from Hilda: "You must be
insane. Cable if a joke."
Hannah replied tersely, "No joke."
Silence. Silence that lasted twenty
years.

They went housekeeping in San
Queto. Hannah busied herself in
little house with its mission furni-
ture and its Navajo rugs, but while
Dan was gone she found time heavy
on her hands. She learned tele-
graphy and was a telegrapher at
San Queto for two years, until her
first child was born. They had two
boys. Always there was with her that
little fear ever present in the heart of
the railroad worker's wife.

"Dan, I wish you'd stop railroad-
ing."
"Stop! What for?"
"I'm afraid you'll get k—hurt."
"Me! Now! I won't get killed."
"They did."

"Not me."
She used to lie awake, always, on
the nights when he was out on his
run—wide awake, listening, until she
heard the whistle of seven. Dan's
train. They made him freight-train
conductor one year later. Not so
dangerous, and better pay. A step
up the ladder. By then she had
become accustomed to her duties as tele-
grapher in the little station at San
Queto he was promoted to yard-
master at that point. Dangerous
again.

The rise of Dan Yard is history in
the annals of the Santa Fe road.
From brakeman to freight-train con-
ductor, yardmaster to yardmaster,
yardmaster to station master at San
Queto, Hannah with him all the
time, tending down his roughness—
"Tuning him down," she called it;
saying quietly, "Now, Dan!" when
he became too coltish. Just enough
Tune in her to keep him in check.
Plenty of her spirited mother to hold
him.

At thirty he became an "office
man," clerk to the division superin-
tendent at San Queto. At thirty-
three he was division superintendent,
with a private car, if you please.
From division superintendent he
was promoted to district superin-
tendent. There is, after that, only one
step, but it is a momentous step, a
seven-league stride. It is not only
the chair at his right hand. It is the
right hand.

Dan Yard at forty-six was general
manager of the Santa Fe road. The
Yards' private car now was a thing
of rosewood and silk, hangings and
finest steel. They were royalty. Yet,
if you happened to be a guest in this
private movable palace of theirs and
if, peering out of the windows in the
darkness, you asked, "Where are we
now, I wonder? What's this place
we're coming to?" Hannah Yard
could close her eyes and, listening in-
tently for a moment, open them and
say: "We're coming into Trinidad. I
was here when Dan laid out these
yards."

Hilda Disappears
DURING these twenty years Han-
nah had thought of Hilda through-
sands of times, and sadly. She took
a New York paper as soon as they
could afford it in the hope of seeing
Hilda's name mentioned in the
society columns, perhaps. She wrote
her often. When she planned a return
address on her letters they came
back rubber-stamped "Not at address
given."

Though Dan's position took him
frequently to New York Hannah
rarely accompanied him. Once she

had tried to trace Hilda there, but
had not succeeded. She thought of
a detective agency, but shrank from
the idea. After all, Hilda had not
wanted her; Hilda had deserted her,
ridiculed her. The two boys were at
college, the elder at a school of en-
gineering—"Like his pa," laughed
Dan Yard; the other at agricultural
school.

The Yard place, a great glowing
creamy Spanish pile situated almost
in the shadow of the purple and
glowingly mysterious Spanish Peaks,
was known throughout the west. You
were likely to find as guests there
anyone from the president of the
United States to a flock of Harvey
waitresses on a vacation. A Sorolla
over the fire place in the living
room; a gorgeous "you talk to him
of brocade and velvet thrown over this
screen bought in Granada.

"Come along to New York with
me," said Dan Yard in touching
mood. "Come on, old girl. Do you
good. They sent me a catalog of that
Spanish stuff to look to him a
minute. Dan, I'll do my best and get
into something. Don't let him sell
you anything till I—remember that
terrible table you—"

As she dressed hurriedly she could
hear him in the adjoining room.
"Well, say, that's pretty— No, I
don't like that one—I don't know.
I just don't like it. It doesn't look
Spanish to me. My wife knows.
She'll be here in a minute. She's—
she may like it— It don't look to
me—"

A man's voice in low protest; then
a woman's voice, high, hard, nerv-
ous, icy. "Not authentically Span-
ish! There are only two other pieces
like it in the world. The other two
were sold yesterday to a family re-
presenting our very best people. You
will like it. I know, if you will just
live the it awhile—"

Hannah, in her dressing-table,
stood up, clutching her dressing-
gown to her breast. She whirled to
face her husband, who had just come
in. He was grinning. He dropped
his voice to a rasping whisper.
"Say, Hannah, there's three of 'em
sent up with the stuff from Barrios!
A kid to carry the bundles and a
young Spanish feller, and he's got on
a lavender shirt and perfume, so help
me! But listen. Don't get mad at
me, Hannah, when you see her—the
woman— Say—she looks enough
like you, in a kind of awful way, to
be a cartoon of you. A kind of snaky
dress, and red stuff on her mouth,
and talks about 'our best people'—"

A sob of premonition shook Han-
nah Yard as she ran past her hus-
band and into the next room to face
the woman sent up by Barrios.
(Copyright, 1924.)

**Bacteria Really
Man's Best Friends**
Wicked Variety Have Good
Brothers Absolutely Nec-
essary for Human Life

AS a class bacteria probably form a
community with the greatest re-
putation for evil, and probably de-
serve it least. They are blamed for
almost every form of disease, and yet,
as among ourselves, the useful mem-
bers outnumber the criminal by
many thousands to one.

So closely in appearance do the
good bacteria resemble the wicked
ones that often it is impossible to
distinguish one from the other. They
are all very low forms of plant life
and work by generating complex
"enzymes" which bring about chemi-
cal changes.

Scientists consider bacteria to be
as necessary to human life as air and
water. Nature has no greater
scavengers, for they transform dead
bodies and plants by the process
popularly known as "decay" into suit-
able foods for living plants.

They are coming more and more
into prominence in industrial pro-
cesses and the expert bacteriologist
finds an increasing demand for his
services.

We are also indebted to bacteria
for the flavor of the dairy products.
Milk is an ideal medium for their
growth, and butter and cheese please
the palate much more if the right
kind are present during their forma-
tion.

Many important foodstuffs would
absolutely refuse to grow if their
special attendant bacteria were not
present. Vinegar is manufactured
with their aid, and during the war
they did their bit in producing ace-
tates for explosives by a newly dis-
covered process.

How He Remembered
HUSBAND: "I forgot my umbrella
this morning, dear."
Wife (sarcastically): "However
did you come to remember you had
forgotten it?"
Husband: "Well, I shouldn't have
missed it, dear, only I raised my
hand to shut it when the rain
ceased."—Tit-Bits.



"Cartoon."

Modern Primitives

—By Gertrude Atherton

ILLUSTRATED BY L. F. WILFORD

Does Almost Every Young Woman Have at Heart Cave Woman Instincts? You'll Find the Answer in This Unusual Story By the Author of "Black Oxen," "The Conqueror," Etc.

MARJORY CHESTER was twenty, she was excitingly pretty, she had a handsome and industrious young husband and a beautiful baby. True, their income was small, but in San Francisco money matters nothing if one "belonged."

When Marjory married, she did what more than one girl of her set had done: she took a flat in San Francisco and was her own cook and housemaid. Her husband was not yet a junior partner in his uncle's large importing and exporting business. But there was no doubt of his quality, and he had never been wild.

As efficiency was the keynote of Marjory's character, she soon became an expert cook and not only fed her husband satisfactorily, but their friends, at numerous little dinners, beautifully appointed with the wedding-presents and her own good taste. An itinerant Jap waited on the table.

She was passionately domestic and preferred to sew for the baby or herself—while Morgan smoked a pipe and read novels aloud in the evening.

Of course, she had a car. Mr. Harborough, Morgan's uncle, had given her a coupe for a wedding present. In the morning, after her housework was over, she took the nurse and baby for a drive through the Golden Gate Park, the woods of the Presidio, along the beach, or around Twin Peaks. During those afternoons which her admirable housekeeping left quite free, she devoted about to see her friends or took tea with them at the Town and Country Club or in the court of the Palace Hotel. The summer she spent at her father's place in the country, and Morgan commuted. Free of all house duties she took part in the quiet life of Menlo Park or the gay life of Burlingame.

Ella Covington, who was still a bad cook, said to her one day, "You are altogether too lucky, Marge; it can't last."

Prophets of Misfortune

AND Bessie Carroll, whose looks had faded, remarked upon another occasion: "Life is not all roses, you know. Seems to me you'll find a thorn one of these days. Stands to reason."

Marjory merely smiled at these sallies and tilted her charming little head.

Several months later, when Marjory and Bessie were sitting in a corner of the broad veranda at Menlo, sewing, Bessie said abruptly: "Marjory, what would you do if—things didn't go on coming your way? Everything is lovely now, but things don't last, you know."

"Things will last with me," said Marjory placidly, threading a needle. "We make our own lives. Of course, we can not prevent death, and if there should be a red revolution I couldn't help that either. But within limits—"

Bessie's keen, grey eyes contracted to a sharp point as she watched Marjory contentedly stitching. She wondered how well she knew this friend who had been the most popular girl of her set even during their school-days.

Marjory could not be tabulated as clever. But versatile! Yes, a girl who could dance like a seraph and make a bed like a hospital nurse, who could entertain a roomful and cook to please a man, who was the "best mixer in the bunch" and make frocks that might have come from Paris—yes, Marjory might be called versatile!

Bessie stifled a yawn. "The old Spanish grandees left the blessing—or curse—of manana on this valley. I'd take about ten stitches a month if I lived here. Why do you think of this Lydia Farren?"

"Lydia Farren?" asked Marjory vaguely. "Oh that New York girl, Mrs. Drummond's niece. I've never thought about her at all."

"But she's frightfully good looking—and smart! Of course, she seems a lot older than we do, but she's really only twenty-two. And a winner! The men have fallen for her hand. Regular siren—too much class about her for a vamp. I met her at a house party last week, and she asked a lot of questions about you."

"Did she? Morgan liked her, I remember now."

Miss Farren Appears

MRS. CARROLL opened her mouth, then closed it firmly as if nobly resisting the temptation. "Of course, you'll go to Clara's luncheon. She's asked about forty people, and I've an idea it's given for Lydia Farren. Sunday luncheons are a god-send with the men off-duty in town and on in the country. And Clara's got the best cook on the peninsula. I suppose we'll all play mah-jongg afterward, worse luck! I hate games."

"Oh, I adore mah-jongg!" cried Marjory. "Morgan and I play every night. He's felt too tired to talk lately, and we don't either of us care to read in summer, so mah-jongg suits us down to the ground. I tell him he's a born gambler and doesn't know it."

"Hm," said Bessie. "No, I never should have said that. He's too well, impulsive—ardent—for her's such an old steady at business. I fancy it's

just reaction. I never could imagine him gambling deliberately with life—could you?"

Marjory's eyes looked very wise—and very innocent—as she raised them to her friend's speculative gaze.

"What do we know about anybody?" she asked, smiling.

On Sunday Marjory turned into the gateway of La Quinta at precisely one o'clock. Morgan had barely spoken during the drive and had smoked incessantly. Marjory assumed that he was cogitating over a "deal," but was a trifle disappointed that he had not noticed her charming costume. But she was sure of having a thoroughly good time and knew that Morgan would "come to" as soon as the party really began.

Clara Oswald embraced Marjory warmly.

"Marjory! Darling! How adorably sweet you look! Not a day over sixteen. Doesn't she, Morgan?"

And Morgan, whose manners were perfect, answered promptly: "Rather. Always the same and sometimes more so." But his eyes roved.

Mrs. Oswald frowned and turned away. Guests were pouring in. She put her arm around Marjory.

"You've met Miss Farren, of course. You two should be great friends."

Marjory is Unsuspecting

MARJORY smiled brilliantly and shook a languid hand. "I'm so glad you like us well enough to spend the summer out here. Bessie has told me so much about you that I've longed to know you better. Couldn't you spend the next week-end with us in Menlo?"

Miss Farren stared at the lovely girl and eagerly to hers.

"Thanks," she said briefly. "Delighted, if my aunt has nothing on."

She was a tall, thin girl with a mass of heavy black hair and oval light-blue eyes; eyes whose long black lashes gave them the effect of willows. She wore filmy black, and her white skin was in dazzling contrast to her hair and frock. She clipped her words, and her manner was abrupt, but her voice was deep and rather husky.

"Heard a lot about you, too—from—ah—Mrs. Carroll. Ah! There's Mr. Chester."

She met him more than half-way. "Hoped you'd be here. Lead me to a glass of water, will you? I'm perishing." And she steered him into the next room.

Marjory raised her eyebrows. She was critical of manners.

The luncheon was served at four round tables in the lofty dining-room. Clara had placed Miss Farren at her own table, but the effect of her deliberately changed her seat to the next, beside Morgan Chester.

Marjory was the life of her own table, and on her right was Tom Barnard, who had been hopelessly in love with her since her sixteenth birthday.

"Like that Farren girl?" he asked Marjory when he finally had her undivided attention. "I can't stand her. She drips arrogance, and she hasn't an atom of charm."

"I shouldn't say that," said Marjory smiling. "She's about the most beautiful person I ever saw, and she certainly has vivacity. Morgan finds her interesting. He's been tired out lately, and now she's waked him up—or the champagne has."

Planning a Campaign

BARNARD looked at her sharply. But Marjory's red mouth was smiling roguishly.

"I believe you've fallen for her yourself," she said.

"Oh—you think that? Well—it's a rotten thing to do, but I'm going to tell you. Morgan has taken tea with her at the Palace every day for two weeks. The whole town is talking."

The pink color ebbed from Marjory's cheeks. "That—that—can not be possible. Morgan would have told me. He knows I wouldn't mind in the least if he took tea with a girl every day in the month."

"Hasn't he been coming home on the late train?"

"Yes—he has—but you ought to be ashamed of yourself for giving him away! Go and try to make trouble somewhere else." She leaned across the table. "What are you all so hilarious about? Tom's been boring me, and I missed it."

Tom relapsed into black and sulky silence.

After luncheon the greater part of the company rushed to the mah-jongg tables, but Marjory noted that Morgan and Miss Farren sauntered off in the direction of the Japanese garden. Nevertheless, she had never played a better game.

During the drive to Menlo she chattered of the heavenly time she had had, taking no notice whatever of Morgan's nervous silence.

She mapped out her preliminary tactics that night as she sat before her dressing-table, brushing her hair and examining herself critically in the glass. "I'd never be looked at in the same room with her. It's my wife against beauty, novelty and the highbred type of vamp."

Morgan was already in his own bed, not too convincingly asleep, but out the light and crept into hers.

Monday is the fashionable day for luncheon at the St. Francis Hotel, even in summer, and Marjory usually motored up and met several of her friends at a table reserved for them. But this morning she called up Mor-



His brain flashed fully awake. "What's this mean? What am I doing on this vessel?"

gan and invited him to lunch with her and he could do no less than accept.

"I want you to go with me to choose those new curtains," she remarked to the telephone. "I was horribly cheated in the others."

Making a Party

AS they were crossing the Garden Gate of the St. Francis on their way to the Fabre Room, she saw Miss Farren just ahead of her and hastened her steps.

"Whom are you lunching with?" she asked anxiously. "Couldn't you come with us?"

"Only my aunt and some of her friends," Miss Farren colored slightly. Morgan had visibly stiffened.

"Oh, she won't mind. Come along. There's Tom over there, and we'll be a party."

She beckoned imperiously to Barnard, who hastened to her side.

"You must have cracked and made the California mystery," announced Marjory to the New Yorker when they were seated. "Nothing you can get in the east, or anywhere else. Of course, Tom and Morgan will have a red steak."

The luncheon was not a success. Morgan had not expected it to be, in spite of her merry and apparently effortless flow. All rose from the table with the sensation of the submerged coming up for air. Mrs. Chester and Miss Farren parted with mutual protestations of pleasure at meeting so happily.

Morgan went with his wife to choose the curtains. On the way she spoke warmly of Miss Farren's charms. But when she stole a glance at his face, she saw that it was sad and depressed.

Marjory drove down to Menlo more slowly than was her habit. She felt somewhat bewildered. It could not be that Morgan was seriously attracted to this girl, a man who had been married for only two completely happy years. Morgan! So soon! Her square little chin quivered.

Marjory joined an Italian class in San Francisco which met three times a week in the afternoon. On those days she naturally called for Morgan and motored him home. On the alternate days she arrived on the late train with various excuses. He was usually moody, and stole off for long solitary walks in the evening.

In August he went to Los Angeles on business for the firm, and Miss Farren departed for a motor trip in the north. Marjory played tennis at the Country Club, went to numerous luncheons and dances, and was as gay and popular as ever.

Trouble Ahead

LATE in August, Morgan wrote that his old college chum, Stanley Mortimer, had asked him to spend a week in Santa Barbara, Marjory telegraphed, urging him to go.

A day or two later she read in the society notes of a morning paper that Miss Lydia Farren of New York, was visiting the Stanley Mortimers at Santa Barbara.

The flat was in perfect order, as neat and shining as a new box of toys, Morgan, who had motored up from Santa Barbara with a friend, would arrive in a few moments.

A motor house played serene in front of the house. Morgan ascended the long flight of steps. As he entered and came up the stairs, she ran down to meet him and flung herself into his arms.

"A month," she cried. "How did you stand it? I've felt like a widow. I'll never let you go again."

"It's been fearful," he mumbled. "But I'm filthy. Is there time for a bath before dinner?"

"There is not. Wash your face and come right away. I'm off to serve you."

Morgan barely touched his food, hardly raised his eyes from his plate. Marjory chattered brightly and told several anecdotes of the developing wonders of Morgan Jr., but even these brought only a vague smile and response.

After dinner she washed up, and Morgan retired to the living-room to

smoke, instead of helping her place the dishes on the rack to dry. Marjory's heart felt like adamant, and her brain never cleared.

Morgan was walking restlessly up and down the room as Marjory seated herself with a piece of needlework. He threw himself into a chair. "I've got something to say to you," he announced, his voice harsh and abrupt.

"Yes," asked Marjory sympathetically. "Business bad? I've noticed you looked rather worried."

"No. It's worse. Much worse. I—I don't know how to say it."

"You haven't been speculating with the firm's money?" asked his wife anxiously.

"How can you say such a thing?" He looked astonished and outraged.

"Get a Divorce"

"Of course I didn't really mean it. I know you're the soul of honor. But somehow that's what a woman naturally thinks of—in this old town, at least—when her husband comes home looking tragic."

"Well, I haven't. Honorable—and I don't know that what I've got to say will sound very honorable to you—but it's got to be said."

"Well, spit it out," said Marjory, with the intelligence of her generation. "I'm sure I can't imagine what it is, but you'll feel better when you get it off your chest."

Morgan sighed heavily. She looked so innocent and trusting, so sweetly concerned.

"It's this—I want you to get a divorce."

"Morgan Chester!" Marjory looked as if the floor had risen and bounced her upright. Then she laughed. "You never were very good at jokes, Morgan dear, and I must say that was a rather heavy one. Try again."

"I mean it," he said desperately. "Marjory permitted her face to become serious. "But why? What's wrong? If I haven't made you happy—and comfortable—in these two years and more, you should have pointed out my faults. I'm very adaptable."

"You've—you made me perfectly happy. But it was a boy and girl affair. I am a boy no longer."

"You were as much of a man two years ago as you are now. One may be a boy when he goes to war, but after two years of it he comes back

a man unless he's a moron. I wouldn't have married you if you had been a boy. I detest boys."

Morgan looked at her for the first time in displeased surprise. Logic and Marjory!

"She Loves Me"

SHE was regarding him gravely, speculatively. "What made you feel so suddenly grown-up?" she asked.

"Oh!—Can't you guess?"

"Fancy yourself in love with some other woman? I've noticed that happens to men of any old age. Mr. Standish is going on fifty and is making a fool of himself over little Polly Orcutt. But you've hardly reached the chicken age."

Morgan growled. "Certainly not! That's the point. And then he burst out violently: 'I love a woman! And I want her! I was all in. We had a week together. We both knew then that it was for life. We were in misery until we made up our minds. When a man and woman realize—'

"know for a fact—You've got to let me go, Marjory."

"There was a moon last week. Santa Barbara must have looked wonderful under the palms, and the Mortimers have a sunken garden."

Morgan hissed.

Marjory asked: "And how do you expect to support her? Uncle Rick will fire you before you're half through. I should say that Romeo and Mark Antony, Abelard and Paris, have nothing on you."

"Shut up! You little vixen! You've got this all wrong and you'll find it out."

"Perhaps. When you find your manners, Miss Farren has damaged them badly. As I was saying, how will you support her after Uncle Rick fires you—and disinherits you in favor of Morgan Jr.? I understand she has quite a fortune. Do you propose to live on her? And as for society, even Mrs. Drummond would throw her down. She's mother's friend, and that old crowd always stands together. Lydia Farren is an outsider, niece or no niece."

"We've no intention of staying here. We'll go to New York, and I shall become a newspaper man."

"I wonder," said Marjory, crossing her strong, capable little hands and sitting back in her chair. "I shall not get a divorce."

"Wh-a-a-t!" He stared at her in amazement. "After all I've told you! D'you mean to say you want to hang on to a man who wants another woman?"

"That's not the point. What's mine is mine, and I propose to keep it even if it is damaged goods. When I married you, it was not with the least intention of giving you up to any other woman later, although I made no doubt a good many would come to your senses."

Morgan threw himself into a chair and beat his head with his hands. "Marjory! Marjory!" he almost sobbed. "You must understand, I tell you this thing is life or death with me. I can't live without her, and I'll never live with you again. I haven't a bit of feeling of any kind left for you."

Marjory answered steadily: "That doesn't so much matter. It goes in time, anyhow."

"You—you—" gasped Morgan. "I don't know you at all. You're not the woman I married."

"Oh, yes, I am. Only more so."

She stood up. Her face was still composed, her color even. Her eyes looked like shining, hard pebbles.

A Domestic Crisis

"SHE didn't try. She struggled against it as hard as I did. She went north in August to break away from it all, and intended to go east from Vancouver. But she couldn't. She didn't expect to meet me in Santa Barbara. I knew. I went there to meet her. I was all in. We had a week together. We both knew then that it was for life. We were in misery until we made up our minds. When a man and woman realize—'

"know for a fact—You've got to let me go, Marjory."

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"Wh-a-a-t!" He stared at her in amazement. "After all I've told you! D'you mean to say you want to hang on to a man who wants another woman?"

"That's not the point. What's mine is mine, and I propose to keep it even if it is damaged goods. When I married you, it was not with the least intention of giving you up to any other woman later, although I made no doubt a good many would come to your senses."

Morgan threw himself into a chair and beat his head with his hands. "Marjory! Marjory!" he almost sobbed. "You must understand, I tell you this thing is life or death with me. I can't live without her, and I'll never live with you again. I haven't a bit of feeling of any kind left for you."

Marjory answered steadily: "That doesn't so much matter. It goes in time, anyhow."

"You—you—" gasped Morgan. "I don't know you at all. You're not the woman I married."

"Oh, yes, I am. Only more so."

She stood up. Her face was still composed, her color even. Her eyes looked like shining, hard pebbles.

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"Shall you go to-night?" she asked. "I don't know what to do!—No, I won't go to-night. But I'll sleep in here."

"The davenport is very comfortable. I'll make up a bed for you."

She returned in a moment with her arms full of bedclothes, and made up a bed on the large davenport with neatness and precision. "I've put your tooth brush and shaving things in the other bathroom," she said. "You won't mind sharing it with Annie. She's sound asleep, by the way—luckily!"

"Is she?" Morgan had forgotten the existence of the nurse. "Marjory!"

Marjory's Prompt Action

HIS wife yawned. "Really, Morgan. I've said all I have to say on the subject. Good night."

When Marjory reached her room she fell on her bed and sobbed noiselessly for an hour. Then she took a hot bath and went to bed and slept.

The next morning she drove down to Menlo Park and confided in her mother. Mrs. Drummond ordered her car and drove to Burlingame. She was closeted with Mrs. Drummond for an hour. After she left Miss Farren was summoned and told to pack her trunks, as she was to leave for New York as soon as possible. Her compartment could be reserved on the Overland Limited. Mrs. Drummond had no desire for an estrangement with her only sister. But she had seen Mrs. Farren four times in twenty years. Mrs. Darrell was a far closer friend and had never deserted California for New York.

That afternoon Miss Farren moved over to Mrs. Clem Hobson's, one of the "new set" in Burlingame, who merely opened her large round eyes when people talked of loyalties and traditions. She was delighted to give hospitality to the aristocratic New Yorker, and sympathized with her deeply.

Mrs. Drummond was distracted. Mrs. Farren was in Europe, and anyway, the girl had her own fortune and far more character than her mother. There was nothing to do but drive down to Menlo and console with her old friend.

Mrs. Darrell shrugged her shoulders. "We have one thing in common. And you don't know Marjory. Leave it to her."

When Lydia Farren moved over to Mrs. Hobson's, Marjory telephoned to Mr. Harborough and invited him to luncheon. He was an old bachelor, fond of Mrs. Farren's living relatives and his heir, and devoted to Marjory and the baby.

Marjory gave him a light and delectable luncheon and told her story in the living-room over the coffee.

"I want you to take it calmly," said Marjory, "and do what I ask you. Just regard Morgan as a temporary lunatic and help me run this affair."

"Well, what do you want me to do? I'd like to kick him out."

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ROCKS HOUSE OF COMMONS WITH GALES OF LAUGHTER

Jack Jones Says Lloyd George May Be Wizard of Wales, But He's Blizzard of Britain

WHEN Mr. Jack Jones, the irrepressible Labor member of parliament for Silver-town, told the British House of Commons that his house was so small that in order to put on his trousers he had to put his legs out of the window, members present, and the press generally, believed that a new humorist with great possibilities had been elected to enliven the proceedings of the House.

The remark was made in one of his first speeches, and his subsequent ones followed it up with others just as brilliant.

"The common impression created in the public mind as a result of reports one sees of Mr. Jack Jones' contributions to parliamentary debates is that when he is not being humorous he is being a nuisance. Such an impression is entirely false," says a friend in "Titt-Bits."

Mr. Jack Jones is one of the most popular men in the House of Commons, and his company is sought by members of all parties. His wit is famous, because it reveals a brilliant and penetrating mind.

When, for instance, he described Mr. Winston Churchill as Mr. Brimstone Churchill, he summed up in one word all the popularly conceived characteristics of that politician, in a manner that no other single descriptive word could do.

Jack's latest dive into world-wide publicity came only a few days ago when, replying to a criticism by Lloyd George, he rocked the House with the retort: "Lloyd George may be the wizard of Wales, but he's the blizzard of Britain." At the moment the only silent man in Commons was the former premier.

Once he declared: "Westminster is the national gasworks. I used to work in a retort house. Now I work in a house of retorts."

He is quick to acknowledge his mistake when he sees he is in the wrong. He has admitted that his traditional enemy, the speaker of the House, was in the right in their first encounter.

"When I first addressed the House of Commons I called the members gentlemen. The speaker called me to order and I have since discovered that he knew them better than I did."

What is not generally realized is that in private life Mr. Jones is a rather quiet, reserved man, nervous and shy. His nervousness is, perhaps, responsible for his outbursts, for he feels keenly anything in the nature of an injustice which he believes has been done to others. When he called members of the House of Commons "dirty dogs" he was feeling very keenly the nature of the debate in which it occurred, but his apology to the House the following day revealed to many who did not know him well how properly dignified he can be on occasion. It is regarded as one of the most polished apologies in the English tongue, and reads in Hansard as follows:

Mr. J. JONES: "During the course of yesterday's proceedings I lost my temper. It is the only thing I have got to lose. During that time I used certain language which, I believe, is considered unparliamentary. It is dockers' language, and as I happen to represent a constituency in the east end of London largely inhabited by casual laborers, I thought I was using the language they would use to express themselves under the circumstances, on the domestic situation then existing. But if I have offended against the rules of the House, I beg leave to withdraw the remarks I made, and to express my regret. Possibly in future I may have opportunities of using more parliamentary language in similar circumstances."

An ex-shop boy, docker, and builders' laborer, of Irish birth, he has behind him a long record of public service which in the east end of London is highly appreciated. A justice of the peace, alderman, and the mayor of West Ham, he fills these offices diligently and with dignity.

He is, in short, by no means the buffoon of parliament, but a man of great intellect, who can never forget the class he represents.

He still lives in his Canning Town home in the East End of London, in the constituency that Keir Hardie, the first Socialist to sit in parliament, represented. Mr. Jones lives in one of those plain, brown brick, two-storey buildings, so common there.

Here he told some of his philosophy to a New York newspaper the other day.

"It will be the duty of Labor," he said, "to wipe out flunkysm. We've already made a start. When I first sat in the House of Commons, in 1918, there were only forty-seven of us Laborites, and high silk hats were common. Now we're 192 strong and only six members today wear high hats."

"The strength of the democratic tendency in English life is shown by the change of fashion at the King's garden party. Once you had to wear uniforms with all your decorations. Now you can go there in your plain ordinary street clothes, such as I'm wearing now. Even in the country where Labor is beginning to get a hold, flunkysm is doomed."

Jack Jones thinks many obsolete institutions and customs, which England has outgrown, should be eliminated.

BLATCHFORD'S NIGHT OUT

WHEN Robert Blatchford, English Socialist and journalist, better known to fame, perhaps, as "Nunquam," first came to London as a young man, he had a pretty rough time of it. One night, when reduced to almost his last shilling, he was supping in a Fleet street tavern on bread and cheese washed down with a half-pint of four ale.

While eating his meal, one of the other customers, with whom Blatchford was slightly acquainted, remarked of certain journalist that he "would never set the Thames on fire."

"No!" agreed a quiet man in the corner of the room. "I wish he would, for I've got to sleep on the Embankment to-night."



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Brave Woman Guards the Gate Of Vast Rocky Mountains Park

Shouldered Lonely Job to Support Her Children When Her Husband Died—The Fame of Mrs. Staple Has Gone Far Afield With Travellers From Canada and the United States.

RIGHT at the entrance of the beautiful valley of the Bow in the foothills of the Rockies is the little cabin of the woman who keeps the gate of Canada's great Rocky Mountains Park.

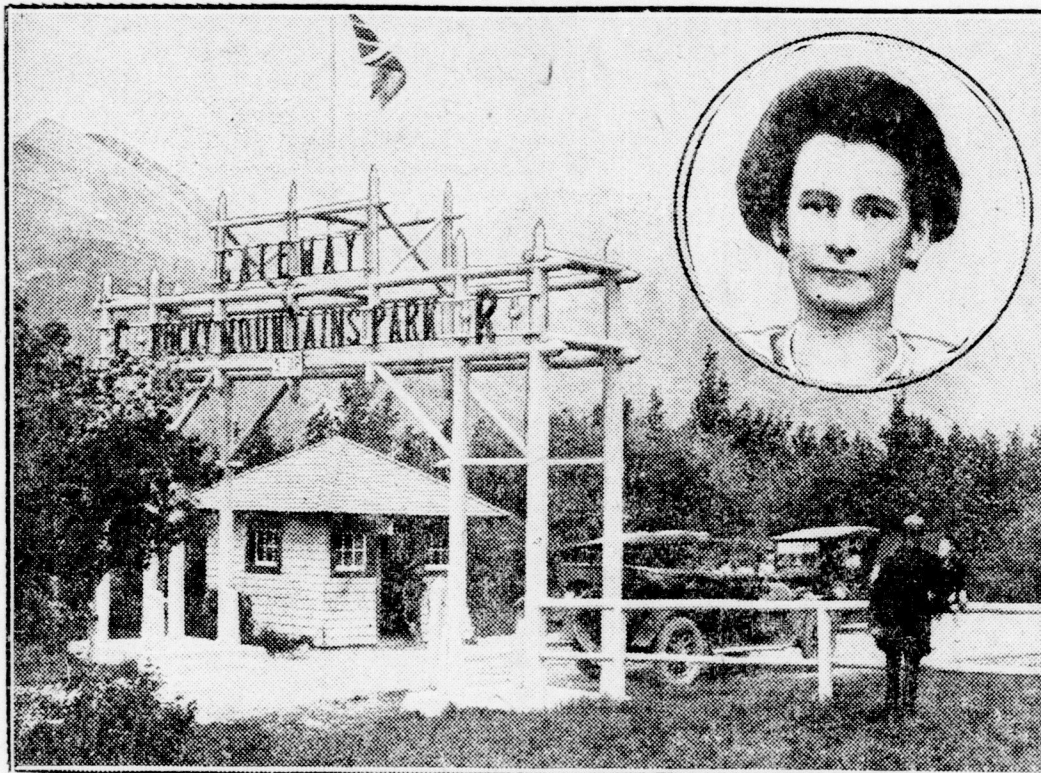
Last year some 12,000 cars went through the gate, and, with the aid of her young daughter, Joyce, Mrs. Staple checked them out and let them into the vast park of 2,751 acres.

Nearly eighteen years ago Mrs. Staple left her English country home, and came as a bride to the little mountain town of Exshaw. Here she remained until 1916, when her husband's health began to fail, and he had to give up his position as postmaster, and seek outside work. The chance that made Tom Staple first game warden of the Kananaskis section of the Rocky Mountains park also placed opportunity in the path of his wife.

Until 1916 all cars passing through the National Park went to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police barracks in Banff, and were "interned" during the owners' stay, while no residents of the park could keep cars for use therein. There was an insistent demand for a change in policy; and, when Tom Staple became eastern game warden, and went to live in a little log cottage near the eastern limit of the park, the superintendent asked his wife to halt all cars and issue licenses.

"It was not easy then," says Mrs. Staple, "for there was no real gate. Cars often would slip by, and when I attempted to stop them, the drivers would speed away on to Banff, waving defiance as they went. I can also well remember that the second driver I halted was furious, and went on to the police barracks in Banff, to report promptly the audacious 'hold-up.' It is different now, however, for the gate arch is there, lettered in bold relief against its wooded and mountain background. The chain is always swung across, and is padlocked at night."

When Tom Staple died in 1919, his widow—an expectant mother—found herself and her three children unprovided for, and even uncertain as to whether she could keep her little log



Where Mrs. Staples keeps the gate.

home. However, although the tourist traffic over the mountain route had not then assumed its present proportions, Mrs. Staple had already made her worth felt. The authorities knew that in her they had a keeper who would attend strictly to the work, and that none would pass the Gate without proper record.

One can scarcely say too much for the courage of this woman, who carried on unflinchingly for the sake of her children, in the lonely winters of this isolated spot, where there was not even telephonic communication with the outside world for many years.

To thousands of tourists she has been a friend in need. More than one autoist has thanked the gate keeper for aid and advice. Only last summer a driver stalled his car outside the Gate, and went to the office to summon a repair car from Calgary. Only a small repair was needed, and, knowing that a train from the west was shortly due in Exshaw, Mrs. Staple suggested that the autoist walk to that place, take the train to Calgary and secure the repair himself, at small expense. "You saved me \$40," declared a jubilant traveler, when he returned later to resume his trip.

Word of the woman's keeper has gone far afield with travelers from Canada and the States, whom she has served, and each year others leave for the trip, and come along the road, looking forward as one of their pleasures, to meet the bright-faced woman who "keeps the Gate."

King George Runs Engine With Queen at His Side

Dainty Costume Worn by Her Majesty Worries the Trainmen More Than Her

KING GEORGE out-Roosevelted the late Theodore Roosevelt this week when he ran the engine of the royal train a mile on the way back to Windsor, after inspecting the Great Western Railway shops at Swindon.

Furthermore, the Queen, in her dainty and easily soiled costume, insisted on accompanying



him in the engine cab during his first lesson as a locomotive engineer. After the royal couple's visit to the railway shops, they returned to the royal train, which was ready on a siding to take them back to Windsor. Railway officials accompanying them suggested that the King might like to drive his own train for a bit, to which the King heartily assented.

Then, much to the astonishment and embarrassment of all present, the Queen asserted she was going to see the fun, too, and, with the King, climbed up into the cab of the express locomotive "Royal Windsor," and took her place beside her husband.

The embarrassed engine crew were terribly worried about the danger she ran of ruining her clothes, and finally persuaded her to hold a piece of cotton waste in each hand to protect her gloves. She laughingly agreed, and, placing her umbrella carefully in a corner of the cab, took her stand in the stoker's place next to the look-out window, while the King, beside the control levers, had a brief lesson in engine driving.

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT

AS an example of real Spanish courtesy, Senora Merry Del Val, the beautiful and accomplished wife of the Spanish ambassador to England, tells a charming little story concerning a lady in Madrid, and a certain world-famous performer on the piano, who had accepted an invitation to dine at her house.

Some time after dinner, when the evening was far advanced, the pianist, wishing to show his appreciation at not having been asked to play, seated himself at the piano.

Greatly to his surprise, however, not a sound came from the keys when touched.

"I had the instrument unstrung this morning, monsieur," explained his hostess, "that you might see that the only pleasure I promised myself from your presence this evening was the pleasure of your society."

SECRET OF YOUTH

WONDERFUL Ellen Terry, the English actress, who is now in her 77th year, is as full of vivacity as in her young days, and she takes a very active interest in everything around her.

A short while ago there was a discussion on how actresses keep so amazingly young.

"Well," said Miss Terry with a twinkle in her eye, "I think the reason is this. All women under thirty like to think they are actresses, and all actresses like to think they are under thirty."

Which puts matters in a nutshell!

TOUGH OLD PROSPECTORS AS FOOD FOR SETTLERS

British Columbia Premier Also Gives Permission to Kill Indians, Surveyors and Engineers in Season

HAVING started to earn his daily bread as a pit boy in a coal mine in Lancashire at the age of eleven, John Oliver, now premier of British Columbia, grew to manhood with but a sketchy education. By dint of hard study he has succeeded in mastering many subjects, but the finer shades of meaning of the English language have always eluded him.

Honest John does not mind in the least if he breaks every rule of syntax and prosody in the course of a public speech. That stamps him as a man of the people, which is always an asset when voting day comes around. And so it has come about that Mr. Oliver must make a really bad break before anybody takes more than passing notice of it.

When minister of agriculture, Mr. Oliver succeeded in surpassing himself. He has a passion for looking after details which others would leave to secretaries or assistants, and it is his habit to make last-minute corrections in official bulletins submitted for his approval, and despatching these direct to the king's printer.

A publication prosaically called "Bulletin No. 2" was placed on the minister's desk for his O.K. This booklet was intended to answer questions likely to be asked by Englishmen proposing to settle in the western province, and was arranged in the familiar question-and-answer form.

One of the queries propounded was: "Can a settler kill deer for food?"

This had been answered briefly in the affirmative, but it was not comprehensive enough. So Mr. Oliver, with a semi-colon and a few lines, added this amazing statement to the list of food possibilities:

"Yes; also Indians, prospectors, surveyors, and engineers when engaged in their avocation, but only in unorganized districts."

In spite of this gracious permission, there have been no reports to date of starving settlers salting down tough old prospectors or snewy surveyors to see them through a hard winter. Some of the remote unorganized districts have not yet reported.

Caruso Spent Fortune "Dolling Up" His Bride

Marriage Was So Sudden That Bride Had No Time to Collect Trousseau

THE following excerpt from "Ten Percent Off," the revelations of a professional shopper, by Jane Grant and Katherine Sproat, in the Saturday Evening Post, obviously refers to the late Enrico Caruso and his bride, who was Dorothy Benjamin:

A singer married a few years ago so suddenly that his bride had no time to collect a trousseau, and certainly not much money to lavish on dainty lingerie and laces. With a grand and foreign gesture he said that the trousseau was to be his wedding gift to her. A professional shopper was called in to expedite the purchases, and from that moment manna descended alike on the heads of the shopper and the shops. The shopper, an earnest young widow, led the singer and his bride to a noted courtier's which she favored. It took exactly 15 minutes to order a \$40,000 chinchilla coat. That disposed of, a parade of manikins displayed the cream of the season's models in frocks.

"That one and that one and that one," said the singer, pointing with his cane, until twenty gowns had been selected.

"Don't you want to see how they look on madame?" suggested the shopper timidly.

"Ah, no," he responded jovially. "She can wear anything."

He was amusing and gay during the fitting process. He held the box of pins—even sticking one in the dress from time to time. Instead of the usual masculine weariness after the fitting, he was ready for fresh fields to conquer and suggested a lingerie shop. He was a sight for the gods, turned loose in the whipped-cream froth of lace petticoats and nightgowns which resembled nothing so much as a strawberry soda. Scooping up great handfuls and tossing them to one side, he said, "Do you suppose that will be enough?" Two thousand dollars' worth of lace undergarments do not come to many pounds' weight, but it meant a lot in the life of the shopper when she calculated her 10 per cent. that night. From there they went down the avenue for hats, shoes and jewels—and there was rejoicing throughout the land of merchandise.

LOCATED BEYOND DOUBT

AMERICANS seem never to tire of telling stories about London fogs.

One particularly good one comes from Mrs. Kellogg, wife of the American ambassador to England.

One of her fellow countrymen, it appears, started from Piccadilly Circus in a "London particular" to walk to his hotel, a matter of a few hundred yards.

He succeeded in losing his bearings, and after walking some distance found himself descending a flight of steps.

Arrived at the bottom, he found the road pretty bad; being mostly mud, and fairly deep and sticky mud into the bargain.

While he was pausing in perplexity a bedraggled figure passed him by, and started to ascend the steps down which he had come.

"Hi!" the perplexed one called after him. "Can you tell me where I am?"

"Sure!" came an answering voice through the fog—a voice with an unmistakable American accent. "Sure I can! You're standing on the foreshore of the Thames. Two steps more and you'll be in the river. I've just come out."

Walking, Gardening and Cycling Lead In Recreations of Labor Government

IN the present rush to find out as much as possible concerning the hitherto little known personalities of the members of the British Labor government, the list of their recreations as enumerated in the "Labor Who's Who" has been widely reproduced.

Walking easily takes first place, with gardening and cycling good seconds. Only one

Labor M.P. (Frank Hodges) classes golf among his recreations; but the prime minister, Ramsay MacDonald, himself swings a wicked brassie. Perhaps, since his handicap is 7, he regards golf as more of a science than a pastime.

Mountain climbing and polo playing are conspicuous by their absence from the list of the Labor men's diversions.

Among those who have furnished details of themselves, with their recreations, are:

Ramsay MacDonald, walking.
Arthur Greenwood, theatregoing.

Norman Angell, small yacht racing.
George Barker, photography and microscopy.
Frank Hodges, walking, tennis, golf and billiards.
Sydney Webb, walking.
Colonel Wedgwood, cycling.
Robert Smillie, bowling and billiards.
Dr. Haden Guest, walking and swimming.
Ben Tillett, boxing.

WOULDN'T WEAR SILK HAT WHEN VISITING THE KING

RATHER "stumpy" in appearance, with penetrating eyes that look on the world through thick-lensed glasses, the Right Hon. John Wheatley, minister of health in the new English Labor government, looks less like a minister of the crown than perhaps most of his colleagues.

But appearances count for nothing in Mr. Wheatley's sight. He declined to wear a silk hat when visiting Buckingham Palace, remarking that he had never been seen in one and hoped he never would.

Of Irish parentage, Mr. Wheatley is a self-made man. He is grim and dour—a typical Scot. For years he lived in a single room in a crowded tenement, as one of a family of eleven. No wonder his cry is for more houses!



Ramsay MacDonald



More Ways Than Typing for a Girl to Make Her Living

A NOVEL and most successful occupation has been chosen by Miss Gertrude Rosenberg, of London: that of breeding and mounting butterflies for sale to students and other collectors. She is shown about mounting some of her stock.

M'GARRYS OFFER RITIOUS COMEDY

"Why Men Leave Home"
Opens at the Grand on
Monday.

The Garry McGarry Players, who have this week won a spot in the hearts of London players with their clever production of George M. Cohan's comedy success, "So This is London," will next week offer "Why Men Leave Home," from the pen of Avery Hopwood, a riotous comedy classic that scored the biggest success on Broadway of any comedy ever written. The piece abounds with clever comedy lines and will afford Londoners a wide vision of the capabilities of the respective members of the cast than the present vehicle, "So This is London." The story naturally is about matrimony and the many pitfalls which befall those who would still believe in the old adage, "Two can live as cheaply as one." As Garry McGarry himself says, "It's a play that every wife and sweetheart in London should see." Besides being a most delightful comedy, it carries a strong moral message. There is a surprise finale and it is respectfully requested by the management that those who see it do not divulge the pleasant surprise for those who contemplate seeing to the Grand during the week to find out just "why the men do leave home."



MISS EVELYN WATSON
of the McGarry Players, who have scored big with London players with this week with their initial offering, "So This is London," which will be seen at the Grand twice today. Next week they offer "Why Men Leave Home."

At the Grand

Today, Special Victoria Day Matinee, 2:15. Evening at 8:15.—The Garry McGarry Players in George M. Cohan's international comedy success, "So This is London." All Next Week, Evenings at 8:15, Wednesday and Saturday Matinees at 2:15 p.m.—The Garry McGarry Players in Avery Hopwood's comedy, "Why Men Leave Home."

Coming Week After Next—The first visiting star, Maude Fealy, in "The Man Who Came Back." Wednesday, May 28, Matinee and Evening—The University Players present "The Romance of the Ages," by A. A. Milne, author of "The Dover Road" and "Mr. Pim Passes By."

The company warrants their remaining here for the entire summer. The present engagement is for four weeks only, and the pleasure of Londoners in having their own resident company and the pick of play mart in the matter of productions depends entirely upon patrons themselves. The initial offering this week left nothing to be desired, and the complaint of Londoners in the past, that London did not get the good plays, will now be removed, as playgoers now have an opportunity with their patronage to make secure the entire summer engagement for the Garry McGarry Players and the presentation of the highest New York successes.

Garry McGarry, before leaving for Buffalo Wednesday night made the announcement that he would bring to London as his first visiting star, Maude Fealy to play the star role in the bill for the third week, "The Man Who Came Back." Tom Wise, Pack Norworth, and many other noted stars will in turn be brought to London in the near future, providing London proves to the management, with their permanent patronage, that they want and will support a capable stock company, such as is at present delighting patrons of the Grand with "So This is London."

There will be special popular matinees every Wednesday and Saturday, and the ladies are urged to attend these popular matinees, Monday evening the season policy of two seats for the price of one will be in vogue, and patrons are asked to please make reservations as early as possible or better still arrange to have your name placed on the permanent list and secure the same seats throughout the engagement. "So This is London" will be presented for the last time today, with special Victoria Day matinee at 2:15 and this evening at 8:15.

PREVENTS CHEATING.
A new electrically-operated scale makes cheating impossible. A conveyor carries the purchase to the scale. It is mechanically weighed and the weight imprinted on the paper to be used for wrapping. Another conveyor takes it to the wrapping counter. The scale can weigh 600 purchases an hour.



An effective tableau from the Blue Danube Waltz, which will close the Y. W. C. A. exhibition at the Arena on Monday night. The group was taken by The Advertiser photographer at a recent practice, and includes, from left to right: Miss Grace Bailey, Miss Florence Foot, Miss Barbara Dickinson, Miss Helen Wood, Miss Clara Jones and Miss Dorothy Harte, with Miss Nancy Green reclining (left), and Miss Katherine Green reclining (right).

HERO OF BALZAC IN GREAT STORY

"The Magic Skin," Screened
by G. E. Gable, Comes
to Majestic.

The French novelist, Honoré de Balzac, author of "The Magic Skin," which Gilbert E. Gable has screened under the title of "Slave of Desire," and which will be the attraction for three days at the Majestic Theatre, beginning Thursday next, was the hero of a love story equaling, if not surpassing, the strangest that ever came from his facile pen. Of the three women who had the strongest influence upon his literary career and his personal life, Madame Hanska, a Polish-Russian countess, easily ranked first. When he was at the height of his career, in the middle thirties, he received an anonymous letter of commendation and sympathy which plucked his curiosity and aroused his interest. An address was given to which he could reply. Thus began the exchange of letters between the novelist and Madame Hanska which lasted for fourteen years. They met at various times for short periods and were married in March, 1850, a few months before Balzac's death. The novelist had pleaded with her for a number of years, ever since the death of her husband, to marry him, but, for various reasons, Madame Hanska postponed that event until 1850. In March they went to Paris to live, but in the following August Balzac died.

At the Majestic

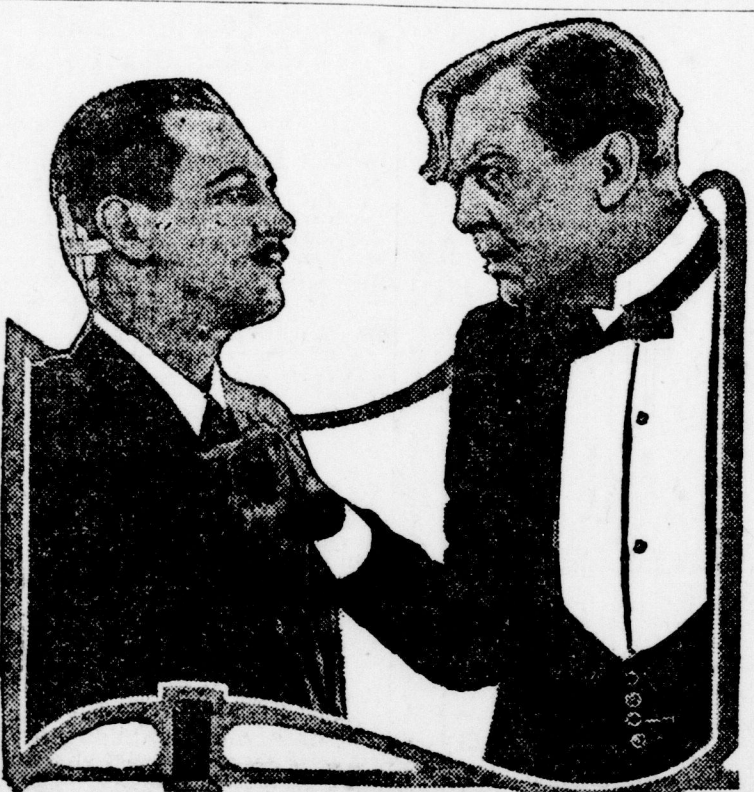
Last Three Times Today, Matinee 2:15; Evening 7 and 9. Constance Talmadge in "The Goldfish."
Monday Next—Marshall Neilan's story, "The Eternal Three," with Herbert Bosworth, Claire Windsor, Raymond Griffith and Bessie Love.
Thursday Next—The gay photoplay of modern Paris, "Slave of Desire," with George Walsh, Bessie Love and Carmel Myers.

THAMESFORD

Special to The Advertiser.
Thamesford, May 23.—Jack McMurray and Nelson Hossack of Detroit are spending the week visiting their parents and friends.
The Gideon Players of London presented their humorous play, "Her Honor the Mayor," in the Orange Hall, under the auspices of the Girls' Football Club. The hall was packed to the doors, and about \$60 was taken in. A dance was held at the close of the play.
Miss Clytia Francis of Belmont visited her brother in Thamesford during the week-end.
Jack Carter of Ingersoll spent the week-end with his parents.
A meeting of the ratepayers of the village was held in the library room to consider W. B. Leslie's offer of a piece of ground to be made into a public park. The meeting was very much in favor of accepting the donation, and of proceeding with the improvement. Many offered free services, and it is expected that the park can be made with the least possible expense.
A splendid meeting of the Grace Country Club was held at the home of Miss Alice McKay. The first part of the afternoon was spent in completing the garments to be sent to India. The roll-call was answered by the name of a missionary and their field. Grace McKay read a very interesting paper. The next meeting will be held at the home of the Misses McMurray, Thamesford, May 31.



THOMAS MEIGHAN,
who will grace the screen at Loew's Theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday in "The Confidence Man."



Raymond Griffith and Hobart Bosworth in a scene from Marshall Neilan's story, "The Eternal Three," at the Majestic Monday.

"ETERNAL THREE" AT MAJESTIC

Marshal Neilan's Famous Picture
Will Be Shown For
Three Days.

If three is a lucky number, then Marshall Neilan's "The Eternal Three," which comes to the Majestic Theatre on Monday for three days, is certain of meeting with approval. There are three words in the title of "The Eternal Three," which was started filming on the third day of January and finished on the third day of April, involving 63 days of actual camera work. Heading the cast are three players who are playing with Neilan for the third time—Hobart Bosworth, Claire Windsor and Raymond Griffith. There are three Irishmen in the cast—Tom Gallery, George Cooper and Helen Lynch. For Alec Francis, it was the third successive time he had portrayed a doctor, and from that characterization he went with King Vidor in "Three Wise Fools." Three of the film members—Claire Windsor, Helen Lynch and Mayron Aye—and Bessie Love worked in three pictures at the same time during the last few weeks of the filming of "The Eternal Three."

At Loew's

Today, Last Time—Glorious Gloria Swanson in a society love-drama, "A Society Scandal," with Rod La Rocque in the supporting cast. Usual added film features, and three acts of supreme vaudeville.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday Next—Jacqueline Logan, David Torrence and Raymond Griffith in "The Dawn of Tomorrow." Usual added film features, and three acts of supreme vaudeville.
Thursday, Friday and Saturday Next—Thomas Meighan in his latest success, "The Confidence Man." Usual added film features, and three acts of Loew's supreme vaudeville.

TEESWATER

Special to The Advertiser.
Teeswater, May 23.—Mr. and Mrs. C. Brown motored to Orillia on Sunday, returning on Tuesday.
Lorne McDonald was operated on for appendicitis on Sunday at his home on concession 6. He is progressing nicely.
Rev. J. J. Flanagan and Alex. Lambertus motored to Dundalk on Tuesday to enjoy a few days' trout fishing.
Wilfred Shaefer of the Molsons Bank staff has been transferred to Lucknow and reported on Wednesday morning.
The dance under the auspices of the baseball team of Con. 6, on Tuesday evening was well attended.
Miss Loretta Oheiser of Detroit is visiting her father, Mr. Jos. Oheiser. Leslie Jeffrey is spending a few days at his home in Arthur.
Mrs. Wm. Ballagh, who has spent the winter in London, returned to her home on Monday.
Donaldson Bros., who recently purchased the Miller bush, teamed a portable sawmill from Harrison on Tuesday and will set it up in the bush.
The merchants of Teeswater are holding a Dollar Day on June 4.

DENFIELD

Special to The Advertiser.
Denfield, May 23.—Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Denfield visited at the home of Miss Margaret Rosser on Sunday.
Mrs. G. Brown and Mrs. H. Bowan are in Windsor as delegates to the annual W. A. convention of Huron, Miss Gladys Martin are delegates from the girls' branch of the W. A. and Mrs. Redmond Meredith and Stanley Meredith of London tagged Sunday at their summer cottage south of the village.
Mrs. F. E. Little and children are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Thompson, at Port Credit for a few days.

NORWICH

Special to The Advertiser.
Norwich, May 23.—J. Huffman of Woodstock was a caller in town last week.
Miss Dorothy Nethercott of London and Miss Margaret Nethercott of Thamesford spent the week-end at their home here.
Mrs. W. Ramsay of Saskatoon is visiting her sisters, Mesdames C. G. Huie and B. Addison.
Rev. Atkinson, rector of Trinity Church, attended the synod meeting at London last week.
Enos West of Portsmouth, England, brother of the late George West of Norwich, is renewing acquaintances in town.
The Community Builders put on a very successful play, "Cappy Ricks," on Friday night.
Misses Norah Templar and Susie Hemmings of Burford spent the week-end at their home here.
Miss McNair of Burford spent the week-end with Miss Skene.

EMBRO

Special to The Advertiser.
Embrow, May 23.—Teddy McKay of Woodstock spent Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. R. C. McKay's.
Andrew Ferguson was in Woodstock visiting friends on Saturday.
Roy Atkinson visited with friends in London on Saturday.
Mrs. R. Darling and three children of Harrington were visitors on Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. George Smith's.
Miss Mary McKay of the Normal School, Stratford, spent Sunday at her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McKay.
Miss Tena Rutherford was a visitor in London on Saturday.
Mrs. George Manson of Stratford is a guest of her sister, Mrs. Thomas Ross.

Mrs. H. McDonald and son Robert spent Saturday with London friends.
Miss Verna Gunn of the Normal School, Stratford, was a visitor at her home here during the week-end.
D. Murray was a Saturday visitor with friends in London.
Mrs. E. L. Cody is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Green at Brookdale.
Miss Whidden of Toronto spent a couple of days last week at the home of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Lane.
Mrs. R. H. Hawke and daughter Patty were visitors in Woodstock on Saturday.
Miss E. Darnley spent Sunday at her home at Drumbo.
Mrs. Wm. McDonald of Beachville is a guest of the home of her daughter, Mrs. Ed Collins.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Vannatter of Toronto were week-end guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Mooney in Woodstock on Saturday.
Mrs. R. J. Mooney is a visitor at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. Vannatter in Toronto.
Rev. J. C. McPherson is to occupy the pulpit at the Congregational Church on Sunday, May 25, and Miss Tapscott of London is to speak at the morning service.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Innis of Brookdale were Sunday guests of Dr. and Mrs. H. B. Atkinson.
Miss Janet McDonald of the Northwest is a visitor at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ed Collins.

TILBURY

Special to The Advertiser.
Tilbury, May 23.—Mr. and Mrs. R. Veale and son Howard, of Ingersoll, motored to town at the week-end for a short visit with Mrs. Veale's mother, Mrs. J. S. Richardson.
Miss Irene Shaw of the Continuation School staff, spent the week-end at her home in London.
Miss Clarissa Scott and Eldon Scott were Sunday visitors with their mother, Mrs. Janet Scott.
Mrs. Chas. Stamm, who spent the past week with her daughter, Mrs. W. L. Scriven and Mr. Scriven, returned at the week-end to her home in Detroit.
Miss Frances Foster, nurse-in-training in Victoria Hospital, London, was a visitor for a short time last week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Foster.
Mrs. D. M. Mulcahy has returned from a visit with relatives at Preston and Wellesley.
Mrs. A. E. Underwood went to Ann Arbor, Mich., on Saturday to attend her father, Mr. Keyser, who underwent an operation for eye trouble.
Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Rooks, formerly of Wheatley, have taken up their residence in town on Young street.
Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Cottingham were guests of their daughter this week, prior to their removal to the city of Detroit.
The communion table in St. Andrew's Church on Sunday was adorned with tulips in memory of Lieut. Dick Crawford, who fell at Ypres in 1915. The flowers were given by his mother, Mrs. W. C. Crawford, of Chatham.

Mr. and Mrs. John Macree and son Morley of Windsor, were visitors with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Macree and N. Ainslie and family on Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Hornick of Windsor, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Hunk.
Mrs. L. R. Ramey and her nephew, Jim Rutherford, of Tillsonburg, are spending a few days with relatives at the border, en route to the former's home in Monticello, Florida.
Mrs. R. H. Wilson and son Pat, of Sandwich, were visitors early in the week with Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wilson.

TEESWATER

Special to The Advertiser.
Teeswater, May 23.—The Teeswater Continuation School has purchased 36 pairs of dumbbells and 36 pairs of swinging clubs to be used in physical drill.
Dr. W. Moffat of Welland is visiting his mother in town.
Dr. L. Smith visited in Hamilton during the week-end.
Mrs. Farquharson is visiting friends in Wingham.
William Stephens is erecting a new garage.
The Wingham High School baseball team played their return game with the local high school, and lost to the locals by a score of 24 to 12.
George D. Ferguson has purchased a hardware business in Seaford, and has taken possession.
Mrs. T. H. Hasenplug is visiting her daughter in Toronto.
The Rifle Club is now reorganized and will shoot every Monday afternoon at the ranges east of the park.



JACQUELINE LOGAN,
who will be seen in a Paramount picture, "The Dawn of Tomorrow," at Loew's Theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

BURGESSVILLE

Special to The Advertiser.
Burgessville, May 23.—Mrs. Henry Stookley has been spending a week in Toronto with her daughters, the Misses Mabel and Violet Stookley.
Mrs. Melissa Hunt has gone to Moose Jaw, Sask., to spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Corder, and her son, Wm. O. Hunt.
Mrs. W. L. Palframan is in the Toronto Hospital.
Wallace are attending the branch meeting of the W. M. S. of the Hamilton Conference at Brantford this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Chant attended the funeral on Tuesday of their cousin, Mrs. Carter, of Cathcart.

WYOMING

Special to The Advertiser.
Wyoming, May 23.—Vic Couzens is in the North Bay country on a hunting and fishing expedition.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Pay have removed to Port Huron, Mich.
C. C. McIntyre has returned from Rock Island, Ill., and is a visitor at the rectory for a few days.
Mrs. Pether has returned from Briden, where she has been the guest for a week of Mrs. A. W. Jones.
Rev. R. J. Bowen of London will preach next Sunday in aid of the Bible Society in the Methodist Church, Wyoming, in the morning; at South Plympton in the afternoon and at Marthaville at night.



Thomas Meighan and Virginia Valli in a scene from "The Confidence Man," at Loew's Theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

LOEWS STARTS MONDAY

"THE DAWN OF A TOMORROW"

A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION
With JACQUELINE LOGAN



STARTS THURSDAY

The Daddy of 'em all!



"THE CONFIDENCE MAN"

SUPREME VAUDEVILLE

TWICE TODAY

GRAND

EVG. 8:15
MAT. 2:15

The Garry McGarry Players
In George M. Cohan's Comedy Success

"SO THIS IS LONDON"

NEXT Evenings at 8:15 and Popular Mat- NEXT
WEEK inees Wednesday and Saturday 2:15 WEEK
THE RIOTOUS COMEDY CLASSIC THAT ROCKED
NEW YORK OFF ITS FEET.

"Why Men Leave Home"

Avery Hopwood's Laughing Success of Love and Marriage and the Pitfalls That Abound in Matrimony.

EVERY WIFE AND SWEETHEART, AND HUBBIES, TOO, SHOULD SEE THIS PLAY!

It's 100 Per Cent Comedy and Has Moral Punch, Too!

MONDAY 2 FOR EVENINGS, 25c, 50c, 75c, few \$1
EVENING 2 ONE Wed. and Sat. Mats., 25c and 50c

COMING WEEK AFTER NEXT, "THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"

MAJESTIC

Under New Management.

Monday Tuesday and Wednesday
MATS. 2:15. THREE TIMES DAILY. EVGS. 7, 9

Marshall Neilan Presents His Story

'THE ETERNAL THREE'

TEMPTATION—Beautiful Clothes, Soft Music, A Gay Cafe and a Handsome Scoundrel.

HERE IS A STORY OF MODERN LIFE THAT HAS BEEN TOLD FEARLESSLY, FRANKLY, DRAMATICALLY.

WITH HOBART BOSWORTH, CLAIRE WINDSOR, RAYMOND GRIFFITH AND BESSIE LOVE.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday
Gilbert E. Gable Presents

"SLAVE OF DESIRE"

Adapted from the Immortal Story, "THE MAGIC SKIN," with

George Walsh, Bessie Love and Carmel Myers

The Show Window of Paris Life, the Gay Boulevards, the Sidewalk Cafes, the Gay Parade of Today.

ON EVERY PROGRAM A COMEDY FEATURE AND PATHE NEWS REVUE.

MATS., ALL SEATS, 15c. NIGHTS, 2 Shows, 25c, 35c.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Tecs Lost First To Flint But History May Repeat

Achenbach, Former Conqueror of Flint, Blown Off Hill.

RALLY FALLS SHORT

Manager O'Leary of the Flint Vets will send Pemberton and Eddleman, respectively, in against the Beatty Tribe today in morning and afternoon games which feature the holiday sport bill, and in which the Mint leaders hope to make a clean sweep of the series, on which they made a start yesterday by beating the locals, 7 to 5.

Lefty Achenbach, who turned the Vets back on the Flint lot and played a big part in losing the Powellites the league leadership, appeared like a perfectly good pitcher choice yesterday, but, after a triple, three hits and a walk in the second frame had turned three runs and left the runways still populated, the lean pitcher was replaced by Fields. Fields, who shivered all the way here from Tennessee, walked into a short blizzard of triples, one by Kanner and one aired by Bill Regan, and these put over three more runs, making a grand total of six, and enough to win the game, as it afterwards turned out.

Took Command.

Col. Fields, however, after that gave the order to "ground bats," and the Vets obeyed, as they were only able to raise the ante by one run in the fifth, and an error figured in this.

It developed into a scrappy, spirited game. Although everyone is on a salary basis in pro ball, it is surprising the amount of fight they add as overtime to their work. Ted Jackson, who graduated from college after two years in the Mint, with his true surname of Pritchard, wore a pitying expression on his face until around the sixth frame, when he began to get under the skin of the London players, who, without any statistics to hand, could not have known that Mr. Pritchard's efforts during the past two seasons have not always gone as smoothly as they did yesterday. The Londoners thought he was lucky when, with the bases full, in the very first frame, Parker hit into a near triple play, the fact that Morehart dropped the liner merely leaving it at a double killing after second and home. Thereafter, in subsequent situations, especially in the fifth, when two were on and nobody gone, considered it extremely fortunate that two drives which he pounded out lined right into the outfielder's hands. Again in the sixth they apparently thought Pritchard owed a vote of thanks, but when they say in the Quebec league, when Luce, facing the scoreboards, took Parker's fly over his left shoulder, and the next man singled.

Losses Poise.

In the seventh something shook the foundation of Mr. Pritchard's poise. He walked two to begin with, and a hit killed the bases, but the best Beatty could do was to line a sacrifice—or a two-bagger for a Flint batter—into left, unloading but one run. In the eighth Pritchard's suppression of confidence changed to anguish, when, with two away, Barbelon, Effert and Fields tripped, doubled and singled in succession. With walked Stimpson, but it proved guiltless when Naleway popped. Pritchard had already lost his temper in arguments with Beatty and Umpire Sauer, and in the ninth he lost control momentarily. One gone and two walks and a hit batsman filled the bags. Another out. Turk Effert up. Turk singled, feebly, tying two runs, but with the tieing tallies on the bag, Fields, who had already hit twice—nice, clean singles, two-disproved the law of averages by grounding out.

Parker, who took Nason's place in center field, featured the fielding by turning two dual slayings from hard chances he got under.

Flint took the first game last series; London took the last two. Maybe history will repeat itself today.

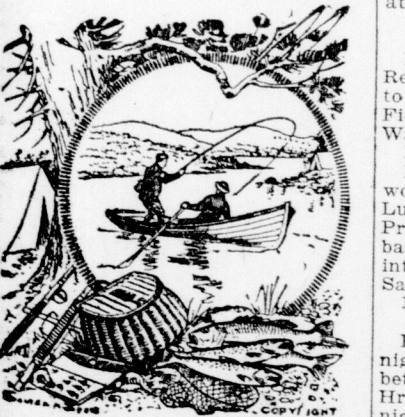
PLAY BY PLAY

FIRST INNING.

Flint—Morehart walked. Stimpson went for Runner's high fly to the fence. Regan hit into a double play. Barbelon to Naleway. Beatty.

NO HITS, NO RUNS, NO ERRORS.

London—Stimpson struck out. Naleway singled. Beatty singled to left. Sandquist hit. Beatty singled to left, filling the bases. On Parker's line drive, which Morehart



ON THE QUALITY OF THE TACKLE depends the success of the fisherman. We have the best procurable, and at lowest possible prices. See our goods and get our prices.

BROCK'S

The Sporting Goods Store of London.
111 Dundas St. Cor. Talbot St.
1st fl.

THIS IS WHAT TRIPLES WILL DO

Flint	A.B.R.	H.O.A.E.
Morehart, 2b.	3	1 1 2 5 0
Runer, ss.	5	1 1 5 5 0
Luce, c.	5	1 2 8 0 0
Wasson, lf.	4	0 3 2 0 0
Jahn, rf.	4	1 2 0 0 0
Brannigan, 3b.	4	1 1 2 1 0
Hruska, c.	4	0 1 1 0 0
Pritchard, p.	3	1 0 0 2 0
Totals	36	7 13 27 13 1

London	A.B.R.	H.O.A.E.
Stimpson, lf.	0	0 0 3 0 0
Naleway, 2b.	4	0 2 3 3 0
Beatty, 1b.	5	0 1 9 1 0
Sandquist, 3b.	3	1 3 5 2 0
Parker, cf.	4	0 1 2 0 0
Tice, rf.	4	0 1 3 0 0
Barbelon, ss.	5	1 1 1 5 0
Effert, c.	4	2 3 1 0 0
Achenbach, p.	0	0 0 1 0 0
Pritchard, p.	4	0 2 0 2 1
Totals	37	5 11 27 19 3

Score by innings:

Flint..... 000 010 000—7

London..... 000 000 122—5

Summary: Two-base hits—Wasson, Jahn, Effert. Three-base hits—Luce, Runer, Regan, Barbelon, Stolen bases—Morehart. Hits—Off Achenbach, 4 in 1-2-3 innings; off Fields, 9 in 1-3-4 innings. Bases on balls—Achenbach, 2; Fields, 1; Pritchard, 5. Struck out—Pritchard, 3; Fields, 1. Double plays—Morehart to Runer to Hruska, Barbelon to Naleway to Beatty, Parker to Barbelon to Beatty, Parker to Naleway. Hit by pitcher—Pritchard (Sandquist and Parker). Wild pitch—Pritchard. Left on bases—Flint 3, London 10. Time 1:44. Umpire—Sauer.

fumbled, Sandquist was forced at second and Naleway was nipped at the plate, completing a double play and ending the side.

NO RUNS, NO ERRORS.

SECOND INNING.

Flint—Luce tripled to right. Wasson reached on error for wild one and singled to center. Luce singled. Jahn dropped a single in short right. Brannigan's attempted sacrifice kills off Stimpson. Effert to Sandquist. Hruska fouls out to Stimpson. Pritchard walked, filling the bases. Morehart singled to right, scoring Jahn and Brannigan, sending Achenbach to the showers. Runer tripled to center, scoring Morehart. Regan tripled to center, scoring Runer. Luce struck out.

6 RUNS, 6 HITS, NO ERRORS.

London—Tice fouled out to Brannigan. Sandquist singled to center. Regan. Effert bounced one to the box for an out.

NO RUNS, NO HITS, NO ERRORS.

THIRD INNING.

Flint—Wasson singled through the box. Luce singled. Parker went away out to center field for wild one and fly, and on the relay peg through second doubled Wasson at first. Brannigan hit. Sandquist to Beatty. Wasson. 1 HIT, NO ERRORS.

Fields now pitching for London.

London—Fields out. Runer to Beatty. Stimpson fouled out to Brannigan. Naleway walked. Beatty popped to Runer.

NO RUNS, NO HITS, NO ERRORS.

FOURTH INNING.

Flint—Hruska singled to left. Sandquist dropped Pritchard's foul. Pritchard popped to Naleway. Hruska caught with too much of a lead for first and is out. Morehart flied to Parker, who made a sensational catch.

NO RUNS, 1 HIT, NO ERRORS.

London—Sandquist beat out a bunt toward third. Parker flied to Runer.

Tice singled. Beatty's choice gets Sandquist at second. Morehart to Runer.

NO RUNS, 1 HIT, NO ERRORS.

FIFTH INNING.

Flint—Stimpson bobbled. Runer's fly in left. Regan singled to Sandquist, and went to second on Sandquist's wild throw. Luce singled. Beatty popped to Barbelon. Wasson doubled to left. Regan scoring. Jahn out. Naleway to Beatty, on a hot grounder.

1 RUN, 2 HITS, NO ERRORS.

SIXTH INNING.

Flint—Brannigan singled to right. Hruska grounded out. Sandquist to Beatty. Pritchard popped to Sandquist. Morehart popped to Naleway.

NO RUNS, 1 HIT, NO ERRORS.

London—Sandquist chopped down a slow roller to Brannigan for an out. These two runs with his back to the stands took Parker's drive over his left shoulder. Tice got his first hit since joining the club, a single to center. Barbelon's choice got Tice at second.

NO RUNS, 1 HIT, NO ERRORS.

SEVENTH INNING.

Flint—Tice flied out to Tice. Luce singled to center. Luce went to second on Field's poor peg to catch him off first. Wasson rolled out. Barbelon to Beatty.

NO RUNS, 1 HIT, 1 ERROR.

London—Effert walked. Fields worked a walk. Stimpson flied to Luce. Naleway crashed a hit off Pritchard's gloved hand, filling the bases. Beatty lined a sacrifice fly into Wasson's hands. Effert scoring. Sandquist rolled out to Morehart.

1 RUN, 1 HIT, NO ERRORS.

EIGHTH INNING.

Flint—Jahn doubled to right. Brannigan's choice to the box got Jahn behind second and third. Parker Hruska's line drive and doubled Brannigan off second.

NO RUNS, 1 HIT, NO ERRORS.

London—Runer made nice peg of Parker's grounder for an out. Tice flied to Luce. Barbelon tripled to left, scoring Brannigan. Effert went to third on wild pitch. Fields singled to center scoring Effert. Stimpson walked. Naleway popped to Morehart.

2 RUNS, 3 HITS, 0 ERRORS.

NINTH INNING.

Flint—Pritchard bounced one to Sandquist for an out. Morehart walked. Runer flied to Parker. Morehart steals second. Regan flied out to Tice who makes a long run to get it.

0 RUNS, 0 HITS, 0 ERRORS.

LONDON—Beatty flied an easy.



G. "PRODIGAL" PRODDER.

Goddie Prodder, who since 1911 or thereabouts, has been holding London's end up in pro hockey as the city's single contribution to the game, has made a prodigal's return. He is the new manager of the London Arena.

ST. MATTHEWS BOWLERS OPEN SEASON TODAY

Ladies Will Occupy Two Greens and Then Serve Supper.

The St. Matthews' bowlers start off their official season this afternoon at 1:30 o'clock. Two greens have been given over to the lady bowlers, while the men will have the other five. The ladies will lay off the kitty around 5 o'clock to prepare a tea for the perspiring male members of the club.

The greens are in splendid shape and a good day is expected.

The program after today will be suspended until June 3, when Tuesday club draws, and Thursday and Saturday open draws will be started.

LT.-COL. SPITTAL UNABLE TO GO WITH BISLEY TEAM

Canadian Press Despatch. St. John, N. B., May 23.—Lieut.-Col. Spittal, now in St. John, who has been chosen as a representative on the Bisley team, is unable to go with the team on account of business interests.

pop to Runer. Sandquist walked. Parker hit by pitched ball. Tice walked on four pitched balls. Barbelon struck out. Effert singled to center. Luce bunting hit. Sandquist and Parker scoring. Field bounced out to Morehart.

2 RUNS, 1 HIT, 1 ERROR.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE.



On the Side Lines

With C. S. G.

ECONOMICS.

The single umpiring system inaugurated a few days ago by President Halligan of the Mint League has worked out well enough in London. Now it seems the Mint prexy has repented his sudden frugal urge and has taken back Babe Sheppard and Harper. He promises to add two more to complete the double system.

Single umpiring may be a bit unfair to both umpires, teams and fans, but so far there has been less dissatisfaction expressed in Umpire Sauer's work than when two were handling the judiciary end of the games.

Probably Umpire Sauer has made a few mistakes during the home series here, but none of them have been serious or more glaring than when the dual system was in force.

If the league has to economize, and the weather since the opening must make that imperative, it would seem that Halligan picked the right spot. Six umpires are plenty if they are allotted intelligently.

POOR UMPIRE! POOR MANAGER!

A minor league manager has a lot of problems. First of all, he is the man that finds and develops the players for the big league. He has his players to handle, then the owners. The more experienced a manager is the more he is sold on the idea that life's a gamble, and baseball is a worse one. Young players he thinks are finds in the spring suddenly develop mental hazards if they have not developed other ailments the modern ball-player seems a ready victim of.

There will be strengthen? Well, this one and that must be in a slump, and they'll come out eventually. By the time the minor leagues have opened all the good ballplayers have been placed.

Can't he get some players on options from the higher class leagues? If he's in a class B league, as the Mint is, will they be good enough? They may, but they also be recalled.

He's got to fight his team into trim; he's got to fight for the team against the directors or owners. He's got problems that would make captains of industry white-haired long before their time.

REYNOLDS HOLDS STARS TO 5 HITS

Leafs For Second Consecutive Time Knock Pierotti Off.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, May 23.—Art Reynolds, the Georgetown University pitcher with Toronto, pitched his best game of the season here today, the Leafs defeating Syracuse, 7 to 1, to break even on the series. Each team scored two victories. The Leafs' first win came in the second game of the series, when Reynolds drove Pierotti off the mound and Hallahan, who succeeded, was wild. The home team hit the ball in the pinch and fielded sensationally.

The score: R.H.E.

Syracuse..... 000 100 000—1 5 2

Toronto..... 120 101 010—7 9 3

Pierotti, Hallahan, McIntire and McKee; Reynolds and Sullivan.

READING'S EVEN BREAK.

Associated Press Despatch. Newark, May 23.—The Newark Bears wound up their home stay here today by a 10 to 8 defeat at the hands of the Reading club. The victory gives Reading an even break in the four-game series, each team having won two games.

The score: R.H.E.

Reading..... 230 010 022—10 14 1

Newark..... 021 032 000—8 10 1

Mamula, Thomas and Greenae; Musante and Devine.

SKEETERS TAKE LAST.

Associated Press Despatch. Jersey City, May 23.—Jersey City defeated the Baltimore Orioles in the concluding game of the series today by a score of 6 to 4.

The score: R.H.E.

Baltimore..... 001 002 010—4 11 2

Jersey City..... 010 002 21x—6 9 3

Tomlin, Thomas and Greenae; Barnhardt and Freitag.

HUSTLERS START EARLY.

Associated Press Despatch. Rochester, May 23.—Rochester won the final game of the series from Buffalo here today, 6 to 2. The locals drove Verre from the mound in the third inning, scoring four runs.

Buffalo..... 000 000 020—2 8 2

Rochester..... 014 001 00x—6 11 0

Verre, Biedler and McAvoy; Moore and Head.

RETAIL SOFTBALL LEAGUE TO FORM

Girls' and Men's City League Start Schedule On Tuesday.

In addition to the Men's City Softball League, which was formed last week and which gets started Tuesday, the Manufacturers' Girls' League starts at Alexandra schoolgrounds with a game between Pennams and Greene-Swift. Gorman-Eckert and Scott-McLure. Mayor Wenize will probably preside at the opening ceremonies.

In addition to these leagues, there is a Retailers' League in process of formation.

There are already four or five teams ready to enter, and the league will probably be formed next week.

BRITISH AMATEUR GOLF TROPHY GAMES MONDAY

Associated Press Despatch. London, May 23.—The British amateur golf championship began at St. Andrews Monday, and large crowds of enthusiasts are watching the daily practice of the entrants.

The expert of the Daily Mail, following the play, says that Roger Wethered, the title holder, has been doing some brilliant work, and is unmistakably the first favorite. Francis Brown of the Oaks Country Club of Hawaii, is the only entrant from the United States.

FISCHER WILL COMPETE IN WIMBLEDON GAMES

Associated Press Despatch. New York, May 23.—Carl Fischer of this city, intercollegiate tennis champion, announced today that he would compete in the British championships at Wimbledon, starting on June 23. He plans to sail from New York on June 7.

Fischer recently resigned from the United States Davis cup and Olympic squads because of the player-writer rule of the United States Lawn Tennis Association.

BY AHERN.



DINNY.

Dinny's invasion of L.A.A.A. borders are the dangerous team in "B" group of the Southern. Dinmore, who looks more like McGraw every day, thinks his squad will win today.

WALLACEBURG WRATHY AT SARNIA'S ATTACK

Petrolia's Lacrosse Claim Decided by O. A. L. A. Is Cause.

Special to The Advertiser. Wallaceburg, May 23.—The judicial committee of the O.A.L.A. executive gave their decision against the Petrolia claim against the Wallaceburg A.A.A. for \$25.00, but the Glass Town officials have taken strong exception to the insulting and unparliamentary article which appeared in the columns of the Sarnia Canadian Observer on May 20.

The article reads as follows: "Wallaceburg Lacrosse Club members are patting themselves on the back and swelling out their chests over their great victory over the Petrolia Club, in the matter of percentage of the district final, held in the Oil Town. The Hard Oils, it appears, made the most of the 10 per cent guarantee of arranging for the 10 per cent guarantee of the receipts, with the Sarnia and Wallaceburg clubs through a third party, and over the telephone, and the Snye chaps took advantage of the Wallaceburg club in the matter, it is pretty 'small punkins' on their part. Sarnia made no frantic yells for legal aid when they misappropriated a check for their half of the receipts the week following the game. It is in writing" when dealing with Wallaceburg."

The feeling which has existed between Sarnia and her neighbor, Wallaceburg, for the past few years has been very strong, and very little better feeling can be expected between these two towns until such articles as the one to which exception has been taken are toned down.

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LEONARD LOSES DECISION TO STRONGER CONTESTANT

Associated Press Despatch. New York, May 23.—Johnny Leonard of Allentown, Pa., selected by the New York State Athletic Commission as the featherweight crown and Johnny Dundee, lost the decision to Tony Vaccarelli of New York in a ten-round bout at the outdoor show of the Nostrand A. C. in Brooklyn tonight. Both registered knockdowns in the early stages of the match, but Vaccarelli was stronger.

CALIFORNIA WELTERWEIGHT WINS REFEREE'S DECISION

Associated Press Despatch. Cleveland, May 23.—Dave Shade, California welterweight, won the referee's decision over Morris Schlaifer, Omaha, in a twelve-round bout here tonight.

Charlie Goodman, New York, knocked out Carl Tremaine, Cleveland, in the seventh round of a scheduled ten-round semi-final. Another ten-round bout between Johnny Carr, Cleveland, and Frankie Scholl, Buffalo, was a draw.

K. OF C. GAME CALLED OFF.

Due to the rain of last night and this morning, the Inter-Club League game between the Knights of Columbus and the Forest City Club, billed for Sunshine Park at 10 o'clock this morning, has been postponed.

15 Enter For 21-Mile Bike Grind On Holiday Program

How They Stand

G. Davies, Last Year's Winner, Has 1-2-2 Minutes Handicap.

MICHIGAN-ONTARIO LEAGUE.

Flint	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Flint	15	5	.750
Grand Rapids	12	5	.706
Bay City	12	7	.632
Saginaw	10	8	.556
Muskegon	10	13	.433
Kalamazoo	8	14	.381
London	6	13	.316
Hamilton	5	13	.278

Yesterday's Scores.

Flint 7, London 5.
Grand Rapids 10, Hamilton 3.
Kalamazoo-Saginaw, rain.
Muskegon-Bay City, rain.
Flint at London (2 games).
Grand Rapids at Hamilton (2).
Muskegon at Bay City.
Kalamazoo at Saginaw.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

New York	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	19	12	.613
Chicago	20	14	.588
Brooklyn	17	14	.548
Cincinnati	16	14	.533
Pittsburgh	12	14	.462
St. Louis	12	17	.414
Philadelphia	10	16	.385

A black and white line drawing of a man in a dark singlet and shorts running over a hurdle. He is in mid-air, with his right leg bent and his left leg extended forward. The hurdle is a simple rectangular frame. To the right of the hurdle, there is a small pile of leaves or grass. The entire illustration is enclosed in a rectangular border.

Johnson eventually found him and went even further. He developed what one might call that Empson-Jones complex and after that neither psychology nor fists ruffled him in the slightest. George Godfrey might follow himself in the same fashion and develop into a real menace to Caucasian succession to the mantle of the John L. Sullivan, a menace who

BELMONT RESULTS

PINKY RACE 4½ furlongs
 Hidalgo, 1 (Pur.) 1 to 6 to 5, 1 to 2, won.
 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, 32nd, 33rd, 34th, 35th, 36th, 37th, 38th, 39th, 40th, 41st, 42nd, 43rd, 44th, 45th, 46th, 47th, 48th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 52nd, 53rd, 54th, 55th, 56th, 57th, 58th, 59th, 60th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 64th, 65th, 66th, 67th, 68th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd, 73rd, 74th, 75th, 76th, 77th, 78th, 79th, 80th, 81st, 82nd, 83rd, 84th, 85th, 86th, 87th, 88th, 89th, 90th, 91st, 92nd, 93rd, 94th, 95th, 96th, 97th, 98th, 99th, 100th, 101st, 102nd, 103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th, 107th, 108th, 109th, 110th, 111th, 112th, 113th, 114th, 115th, 116th, 117th, 118th, 119th, 120th, 121st, 122nd, 123rd, 124th, 125th, 126th, 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, 131st, 132nd, 133rd, 134th, 135th, 136th, 137th, 138th, 139th, 140th, 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, 145th, 146th, 147th, 148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th, 155th, 156th, 157th, 158th, 159th, 160th, 161st, 162nd, 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th, 169th, 170th, 171st, 172nd, 173rd, 174th, 175th, 176th, 177th, 178th, 179th, 180th, 181st, 182nd, 183rd, 184th, 185th, 186th, 187th, 188th, 189th, 190th, 191st, 192nd, 193rd, 194th, 195th, 196th, 197th, 198th, 199th, 200th, 201st, 202nd, 203rd, 204th, 205th, 206th, 207th, 208th, 209th, 210th, 211st, 212th, 213th, 214th, 215th, 216th, 217th, 218th, 219th, 220th, 221st, 222nd, 223rd, 224th, 225th, 226th, 227th, 228th, 229th, 230th, 231st, 232nd, 233rd, 234th, 235th, 236th, 237th, 238th, 239th, 240th, 241st, 242nd, 243rd, 244th, 245th, 246th, 247th, 248th, 249th, 250th, 251st, 252nd, 253rd, 254th, 255th, 256th, 257th, 258th, 259th, 260th, 261st, 262nd, 263rd, 264th, 265th, 266th, 267th, 268th, 269th, 270th, 271st, 272nd, 273rd, 274th, 275th, 276th, 277th, 278th, 279th, 280th, 281st, 282nd, 283rd, 284th, 285th, 286th, 287th, 288th, 289th, 290th, 291st, 292nd, 293rd, 294th, 295th, 296th, 297th, 298th, 299th, 300th, 301st, 302nd, 303rd, 304th, 305th, 306th, 307th, 308th, 309th, 310th, 311st, 312th, 313th, 314th, 315th, 316th, 317th, 318th, 319th, 320th, 321st, 322nd, 323rd, 324th, 325th, 326th, 327th, 328th, 329th, 330th, 331st, 332nd, 333rd, 334th, 335th, 336th, 337th, 338th, 339th, 340th, 341st, 342nd, 343rd, 344th, 345th, 346th, 347th, 348th, 349th, 350th, 351st, 352nd, 353rd, 354th, 355th, 356th, 357th, 358th, 359th, 360th, 361st, 362nd, 363rd, 364th, 365th, 366th, 367th, 368th, 369th, 370th, 371st, 372nd, 373rd, 374th, 375th, 376th, 377th, 378th, 379th, 380th, 381st, 382nd, 383rd, 384th, 385th, 386th, 387th, 388th, 389th, 390th, 391st, 392nd, 393rd, 394th, 395th, 396th, 397th, 398th, 399th, 400th, 401st, 402nd, 403rd, 404th, 405th, 406th, 407th, 408th, 409th, 410th, 411st, 412th, 413th, 414th, 415th, 416th, 417th, 418th, 419th, 420th, 421st, 422nd, 423rd, 424th, 425th, 426th, 427th, 428th, 429th, 430th, 431st, 432nd, 433rd, 434th, 435th, 436th, 437th, 438th, 439th, 440th, 441st, 442nd, 443rd, 444th, 445th, 446th, 447th, 448th, 449th, 450th, 451st, 452nd, 453rd, 454th, 455th, 456th, 457th, 458th, 459th, 460th, 461st, 462nd, 463rd, 464th, 465th, 466th, 467th, 468th, 469th, 470th, 471st, 472nd, 473rd, 474th, 475th, 476th, 477th, 478th, 479th, 480th, 481st, 482nd, 483rd, 484th, 485th, 486th, 487th, 488th, 489th, 490th, 491st, 492nd, 493rd, 494th, 495th, 496th, 497th, 498th, 499th, 500th, 501st, 502nd, 503rd, 504th, 505th, 506th, 507th, 508th, 509th, 510th, 511st, 512th, 513th, 514th, 515th, 516th, 517th, 518th, 519th, 520th, 521st, 522nd, 523rd, 524th, 525th, 526th, 527th, 528th, 529th, 530th, 531st, 532nd, 533rd, 534th, 535th, 536th, 537th, 538th, 539th, 540th, 541st, 542nd, 543rd, 544th, 545th, 546th, 547th, 548th, 549th, 550th, 551st, 552nd, 553rd, 554th, 555th, 556th, 557th, 558th, 559th, 560th, 561st, 562nd, 563rd, 564th, 565th, 566th, 567th, 568th, 569th, 570th, 571st, 572nd, 573rd, 574th, 575th, 576th, 577th, 578th, 579th, 580th, 581st, 582nd, 583rd, 584th, 585th, 586th, 587th, 588th, 589th, 590th, 591st, 592nd, 593rd, 594th, 595th, 596th, 597th, 598th, 599th, 600th, 601st, 602nd, 603rd, 604th, 605th, 606th, 607th, 608th, 609th, 610th, 611st, 612th, 613th, 614th, 615th, 616th, 617th, 618th, 619th, 620th, 621st, 622nd, 623rd, 624th, 625th, 626th, 627th, 628th, 629th, 630th, 631st, 632nd, 633rd, 634th, 635th, 636th, 637th, 638th, 639th, 640th, 641st, 642nd, 643rd, 644th, 645th, 646th, 647th, 648th, 649th, 650th, 651st, 652nd, 653rd, 654th, 655th, 656th, 657th, 658th, 659th, 660th, 661st, 662nd, 663rd, 664th, 665th, 666th, 667th, 668th, 669th, 670th, 671st, 672nd, 673rd, 674th, 675th, 676th, 677th, 678th, 679th, 680th, 681st, 682nd, 683rd, 684th, 685th, 686th, 687th, 688th, 689th, 690th,

BOB MEUSEL,
Yankee outfielder, whose home
with Ruth and Dugan on base

We have a method for the cure of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. We will send you a copy of our long extending or Chronic Asthma or Hay Fever, our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age, you can cure your Asthma or Hay Fever, our method should relieve you promptly. We have a method for the cure of those apparently hopeless cases of all forms of inhalers, douches, or preparations. We have a method that has failed. We want to cure everyone at our expense, that our method designed to cure all of the things, all wheezing, and all terrible paroxysms.

This free offer is too important to be missed single day. Write now, begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below.

George Burnham, Sombra, was Port Lambton visitor on Saturday.

Norris McCoy and family have moved to their cottage wired for heat.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cann motored from Toledo last week and left their cottage at Bellevue wired a couple of miles from the city.

Mr. (Rev.) White left on Friday for England. She was accompanied as far as Sarnia by her husband, Rev. Harold.

Mr. J. J. Owens went to Detroit Monday to attend the funeral of M. C. J. Waskstaff, a former resident of this place. She was well known here and was a member of the G. A. R. post, shoe and druggists store in stand now owned by Robert Gray.

Baseball.
London vs. Flint (morning and afternoon.)
Soccer.
R.C.R. vs. Caledonians.
10 a.m. at Heights.
St. Andrews vs. C.N.R.
3 p.m.—C.N.R. Field.
Thistles vs. Toronto.
3 p.m.—Springbank.
Bike Races.
Men's 20-mile road race.
Boys' 10-mile race.
Start at Armories.
Bowling.

Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method

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.....
.....

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SIXPENCE PER BOTTLE.

Live Stock

part load yearling at the yearlings \$8 to \$9.50; big light steers at \$8 and up in comparable finish to under; in-between unevenly lower; better

—Receipts 25,000; slow
price mostly steady; other
lower; light lights show
losses, bulk good and
-pound butchers \$7.45
60; bulk desirable 1
average \$7.30 to \$7.4
140 to 150-pound weight
to \$7.15; packing sows m

EAST BUFFALO.
Associated Press Despatch
Buffalo, N.Y., May 23.
ts, 250; heavy cattle slo
ows and bulls fairly a
es—Receipts, 2,000; ver
\$11 to \$11.50; fair to

\$6 to \$8; grasses, \$3 to \$4
 s—Receipts, 7,200; active
 ewer; heavy, mixed and year-
 lings, \$7.25 to \$8; pigs, \$6.75;
 stags, \$3.50 to \$4; lambs—Recel-
 p and lower; lambs 15c low-
 yearlings, \$7 to \$12; wethers
 \$8.50 to \$9.25; ewes 50c
 50; mixed sheep 50c
 0.

Canadian Press Despatch, Montreal, May 23.—The hay market remains firm. No. 2, \$16 per ton; No. 1, \$17 to \$18; mixed, \$11 to \$12; w—\$9.50 to \$10 per ton.

	Open.	High.	Low.
....\$1 05	1 06	1 04	
1 07 1/2	1 08 1/2	1 07	

1—			
.....	78½	78½	7
.....	77	77½	7
.....	75½	76½	7
S—			
.....	47	47½	4
.....	44½	44½	4
.....	39½	39½	3

TORONTO.
Canadian Press Despatch
May 22—Market

Standard cleaned screened
n.
ritoba oats—No. 3 C.
feed, 41 $\frac{3}{4}$ ¢.
merican corn—No. 2 yellow
ario oats—No. 2 white,
ario wheat—No. 2 win
95.
s—No. 2, \$1.40 to \$1.45.
ley—Malting, 65¢ to 70¢
—No. 2, 74¢ to 78¢.

Canadian Press Despa
treal, May 23.—Prospect
will soon be advance
cash grain market, bu
ange as yet.
s—Canadian western, 1
; do., No. 3, 49c to 40c;
, 48c to 48½c; No. 2 lo
45c.

LIVERPOOL.
Associated Press Despatch.
Liverpool, May 23.—Wheat—
Northern, 9s 11d.
Spot, American mixed

er To C
ory" Cou
and we will cash

THE
RD BANK
H. F. Clarke, M.

'REA

7,250,000

April 30, 1924

Government demand	\$ 80,63
in Government	
circulation ..	1,32
and Reserves ..	17,00
in other Banks	26,60
where than in	

.....	130,74
Stocks	128,57
and other assets	261,92
.....	9,80
Bank Premises	
Real Estate sold	
.....	1,57
under letters	
.....	10,50

\$679,93

ment of Canada

e.

Offices in principal co

Colonial Bank
(real).

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WHEELER
THE HOMEFINDER.
182 1/2 Dundas St., over Strong's
Drug Store.
Phone 5254W. Eve'g. 3907.**WEEKLY STORIES FROM
OUR BUSY CENTERS****EUREKA CLEANER WINS
GENERAL POPULARITY****"Wife-Saving Station" Offers
Five Days' Trial to London
Homes.**

The Grand Prize Eureka Vacuum Cleaner has been a favorite with many women for the past fifteen years, but just within the past two or three years has it really come into prominence as the largest selling vacuum cleaner in the world. In 1923 with a total of seventy different makes of vacuum cleaners to choose from, some priced less than half the Eureka, some having free premiums given with them, such as sets of dishes, etc., and some being practically forced on purchasers by salesmen, one purchaser in every four who bought a vacuum cleaner bought the Grand Prize Eureka. In that year alone almost one-quarter million Eureka vacuum cleaners were purchased, and today over one million Eureka vacuum cleaners are in constant use in large hotels, public buildings and homes all over Canada, the United States and the rest of the world.

One can easily understand the Eureka's popularity when one remembers that in six different exhibitions since 1915 in America and Europe, the Eureka has been awarded the grand prize or highest award by impartial judges, as the most simple, sturdily-built, and efficient vacuum cleaner made. This and the fact that the Eureka gets the dirt, not the carpet, makes it in all ways the best buy in vacuum cleaners, especially since its price is very reasonable, and it may be purchased on small monthly payments.

The Eureka Shop—"Wife-Saving Station"—231 Dundas street, sole distributors for the Grand Prize Eureka in London, ask you to try the Eureka just to prove to you that it is entitled to its name—The Grand Prize Cleaner. Phone 66 today and a Eureka will be delivered to you free of charge for you to use, without obligation, for five days' trial.

**NATIONALISTS LEAD
IN ACCLAMATIONS****The South African Party Has
Already Returned Three
Without Contest.**

Associated Press Despatch.
Cape Town, S. A., May 23.—The Nationalists lead the Government party in the matter of acclamations in the general elections in South Africa on June 17. They have three representatives returned to the house of assembly without a contest, while the South African party has only one. The Government member returned unopposed at the nominations yesterday is Livingstone Moffatt, member for Queenstown.

Following are the three members of the Nationalist party returned by acclamation yesterday: Nicholas C. Havenga, for Churchsmith; Christian A. Van Niekort, for Boshof; and Johannes B. Wessels, for Frankfort. Thus, with four seats already filled there are 131 seats to be contested for and there are 247 candidates. The nomination lists handed in yesterday show only five three-cornered contests, the premier, Jan Christiaan Smuts, being involved in one of them in West Pretoria, where he is again standing.

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CONTRACTORS**
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Phone 2329, 7 ERIE AVE.
Phone 2884W, 441 WINDMILL AVE.**For a Better London**

London, Ontario, during the last decade, has shown a remarkable progress in every line of industry. Ten years ago the manufacturing center of this city was confined almost entirely to the uptown district, but now the outlying parts are yearly becoming built up and more populous because of the numerous factories and mills being built within their limits.

Our city has acquired an enviable reputation throughout Canada for the variety and excellence of its products and we, as Londoners, should show our civic loyalty by doing our best at all times to heighten and increase this reputation by boosting London and every phase of life it represents.

The surest way to better conditions here is to always remember that the merchants of this city daily put forth efforts that are aimed at continually improving the service they render. They are doing their utmost to make London a bigger and better place, and only through dealing with them will the citizens show that they, too, are working with this same end in view.

Let our people become a host of boosters and this London of ours will go forward more quickly and more surely to a greater and more lasting prosperity.

**CREIGHTON COMPANY
COVERS WIDE FIELD****General Contracting and High-
Class Woodworking Are
Specialties.**

With the coming of the summer season the general contracting and woodworking firm of J. Creighton is experiencing an increased demand for its services in all branches of building, renovating and interior finishing. This concern, which for the past 11 years has been one of the city's foremost construction companies, is fully equipped to take over complete contracts for homes or other buildings, and handle all the work from the ground up.

The Creighton company specializes in high-class woodwork of all types. This includes showcases, radio cabinets, shelving of all descriptions, store fronts, partitions, cupboards, and in fact anything made of wood. At present the entire staff of this firm is kept busy every day and Mr. Creighton states that in all probability he will soon be forced to augment the number of men in his employ in order to keep up with the increased business.

**ALLEN AND POPE FIRM
IS ENJOYING GROWTH****East End Concern Installs All
Types of Hot Water
Heating Systems.**

For the past three years the firm of Allen & Pope, plumbers and steamfitters, of 155 Chesley avenue, has been enjoying a constantly growing trade throughout the city. A. R. Pope and W. B. Allen, proprietors of the firm, are both men with many years of experience in these two particular fields, and that their work in the homes of London has proven satisfactory is attested by the fact that more and more calls are being made for their services from all sources.

Hot water heating systems, plumbing work of all descriptions, whether the job is small or large, and steam heating systems compose the special field covered by this firm, and estimates on any type of work are furnished by them.

**COMMITTEE'S REPORT IS
ADOPTED BY SENATE**

Washington, May 23.—The United States Senate today adopted the majority report of its investigating committee exonerating Senator Wheeler, Democrat, Montana, of the charge of accepting a fee to prosecute oil land claims before the interior department after his election to the senate.

SHOW CASES, BOOK CASES
MADE TO ORDER OUR SPECIALTY.
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Repairs and Parts for all Makers.
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LONDON STEAM LAUNDRY**
HOUSEHOLD WORK
No Marking
5c-8c ONE POUND
Phone 7800—We Will Call**SILVERWOOD'S SAFE MILK**
PLEASES PARTICULAR PEOPLE
PHONE 6100 FOR SERVICE OR SAMPLE.
You Will be SURPRISED at its RICHNESS and PURITY.**SAYS CARE NECESSARY
IN SELECTING GLASSES****A. M. Dambra Advises Choosing
Spectacles in Keeping
With Contour.**

A. M. Dambra, of the London Optical Company, Dominion Savings Building, Richmond street, submits the following advice for persons needing glasses of any kind:

"Extensive care should be given in selecting glasses. In the first place the style of the selection you make should be one that is becoming to you, and that you like. There are as many styles of glasses as there are people, and you should select something that will add to, or keep in fitting with your face. There are a number of styles of glasses—for general or business use, for sport use, and also for social affairs.

"In selecting glasses remember that they are same as your clothes. There are places where certain clothes should be worn, also a place for the proper glasses to be worn to balance with the rest of your attire.

"At a certain formal affair I undertook to get an approximate estimate of about how many wearers of glasses were properly fitted, and found that not 10 per cent had correct glasses that were in keeping with the occasion.

"A great number of them were wearing huge shell spectacles which made a clumsy appearance, yet at ball games, or tennis matches these would have been the proper thing. This, above all things else, adds to or mars the general appearance, and should be given more attention than anything else."

**DE VALERA MUST STAY
IN PRISON SOME TIME**

Associated Press Despatch.
Dublin, May 23.—The Free State government will expedite the release of all prisoners interned on the basis of the exception of Eamon de Valera and other Republican leaders who have not yet been tried.

**U. S. SENATE WILL DISPOSE
OF WORLD COURT ISSUE**

Associated Press Despatch.
Washington, May 23.—Agreement was reached today by the senate foreign relations committee to finally dispose tomorrow of the several positions before it dealing with United States adherence to the world court. The decision was accepted by most members as assuring a favorable report on committee proposal.

**SEEDING OPERATIONS HAVE
COMMENCED IN QUEBEC**

Canadian Press Despatch.
Quebec, May 23.—Seeding has begun in certain sections of the province, but generally the season is later than last year everywhere, though it is impossible to forecast as yet the effect of the prevailing weather on the crops. Such is the summary of a declaration by Hon. J. E. Caron, minister of agriculture.

**CHEMISTS TO ASCERTAIN
CAUSE OF BOY'S DEATH**

Canadian Press Despatch.
Chicago, May 23.—The kidnapping and ransom theory in the mysterious death of 14-year-old Robert Franks, a millionaire's son, came to the fore again today when the coroner's chemist declared there was no evidence of a degenerate attack, as officials had announced earlier.

**I. X. L. SPICE AND COFFEE
MILLS, LIMITED.**
Sweetheart Jelly, Pure and
Delicious.
Sweetheart Peanut Butter.
Something Different.**For Saturday Only**
50 solid leather club bags, walrus
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344 1/2 Richmond, Opposite Hobbs
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PAPER
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CONTRACTS SOLICITED
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REALTOR**
L. H. REILLY, Mgr.
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(Over Oak Hall.)**Heating & Ventilating Contractors**
**GEO. WINTERBOTTOM
& SON**
SHEET METAL WORKERS
Phone 5889W, 519 Richmond St.**Olympia Candy Works Co.**WHERE HIGHEST QUALITY IS A HABIT.
ENJOY OUR SUPERIOR GRADE SWEETS.
MADE FRESH DAILY.

186 DUNDAS ST.

"The Store of Quality."

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NOTHING BUT THE BEST**HEXTER
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5 and 7-Passenger Sedans
"Weddings a Specialty"**GRAND PRIZE
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VACUUM
CLEANERS**
**SUNNYSUDS
ELECTRIC
WASHING
MACHINES**
**The
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SHOP**
Wife-Saving Station
Phone 66 for Particulars
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Is Expensive—Have Your Old
Reupholstered—It Pays.
QUICK, The Upholsterer
Does A Good Job—Our Work Pays
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Full Line of Electrical
FIXTURES
WESTINGHOUSE SHOP
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**BICYCLES, TRICYCLES,
TOYS & ACCESSORIES**
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Phone 1899W, 402 Clarence St.**Commercial Lead Burning**
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WORKS**
OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING
BRAZING AND CUTTING
Experts on Boiler Welding
Phone 6836, 586 Ridout St.**SECOND-HAND TYPEWRITERS—At bargain prices that are
bargain prices. Machines to rent.**
ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.
481 RICHMOND STREET.
Horace E. Robinson, Manager.
PHONE 1344J.**GRIGG HOTEL CAFE**
**CHICKEN
DINNER**
60c
334 RICHMOND ST.
**SUNDAY
SPECIAL MENU**
"BEST OF TABLE SERVICE."
From 11:00 a. m. to 8 p. m.
**REGULAR
DINNER**
40c
PHONE 5675.**A Real Treat****OUR
FRUIT LOAVES
ARE IN GREAT DEMAND.
ORDER ONE TODAY.****R. Willis & Son**
609 Dundas. Phone 2023.**TO THE TRADE,
EMBLEM'S
PURE SPIRIT CIDER
AND MALT VINEGAR**
In Bottles or in Bulk.
LONDON VINEGAR WORKS
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Made like new with a manufacturer's
finish by our latest approved
method. Work called for and
delivered.
MODERN SHOE REPAIR
505 Richmond St. Phone 2310.**THE OLD
RELIABLE
AMERICAN
DRY CLEANING
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McClary's Sunshine and
Radium Furnaces.
PHONE 185U, 527 HILL ST.**LEFF ELECTRIC CO.**
ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS
New Electric Motors at Second-
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316 Grey St. Phone 4626W.**ALLEN & POPE**
**Hot Water and Steam
Heating Contractors**
Estimates Furnished.
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Phones 2293W-7839M.**RAPID ELECTROTYPE
COMPANY, LIMITED**
RAPIDS RIGHT.
Lead Mould, Nickel Types,
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Some of Our Favorite Brands
Sun-Made Raisin Bread
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Saturday's Special Nut
Bread
Have Our Driver Call.
Phone 2160, 479 Emery St.**The Mysterious Brick
It's Ice Cream**
Meadow-Gold
A Delicious Product of
**THE ONTARIO
CREAMERY, LIMITED**
Ask your dealer or phone us.
Phone 782-5810, 129 King St.**OUR MOTTO:**
Service With Satisfaction.
FRED GENEVAUX
City and County Auctioneer
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Nine Years With Cooper Auction
Phones 1332-3322J, Office, 201
Dundas St.**ARTHUR MOULD
ROOFING CONTRACTOR**
P. O. BOX 170. PHONE 7891W.
"His roofs best who roofs to last,
The work will stand when he's
outcast."**LET US ESTIMATE
PARKER & ALLEN**
**Plastering
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No Job Too Big—None too Small.
Stucco Work Specialty.
1197 FLORENCE ST.
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Everything in Scrap or Waste
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Best Service—Market Prices.
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Cor. Bathurst and William St.**OSCAR HUDSON & CO.**
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Resident Partner, Wm. C. Benson,
C.A. Accounting dept. phone 1537J.
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Savings Bldg.**SEE OUR FIREPROOF WALL BOARD**
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
Lime, Cement, Tile and Pressed Brick. Get Our Prices.
PHONE 1044. **WILLIAM COPP** 85 1/2 YORK ST.**EVERYONE WHO SEES ONE WANTS ONE.**
PEERLESS AND FOLDING TABLES
SOLD BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
PHONE 1064. **HOUD & CO., LIMITED** QUEBEC ST.**London's Largest Used Ford Car Sales**
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THE LONDON SYMPHONY SOCIETY

Presents

The London Symphony Orchestra

(50 Players) (50 Players)

in Sunday Symphony Concert

TOMORROW

At 4:15 p.m.

Allen Theatre

Non-members cordially invited. Silver collection at the door.

M.T. 20.24

Y. W. C. A.

Gymnasium

Pageant

A-R-E-N-A

May 26, 8 p.m.

Admission, 50c and 75c, plus war tax. All seats reserved. Exchange tickets at Wendell Holmes' Bookshop.

Sections A and B—North Entrance, Sections C and D—South Entrance.

M-O-LEAGUE

BASEBALL

TECUMSEH PARK

TODAY

Flint vs. London

10:30 A.M.—3 P.M.

Tickets on sale at Flynn's, tobacconist, Strong's Drug, Belvedere, News Stand.

GRAND BEND

Dance in

LAKEVIEW CASINO,

MAY 24

AND FOLLOWING SATURDAY NIGHTS.

Bill Tomkins 6-Piece Orchestra.

PROF. ODLUM

IS COMING

One of the greatest exponents of the Anglo-Israelite theory, Monday (26th), 8 p.m., Crown Hall, 101 Dundas St. W., London, Ontario. Tuesday (27th), 8 p.m., St. James Parish Hall, South London, Ontario. "The Great Armageddon of the East World War." Hear this great traveler and Bible student. Collection. 71c

MEETINGS

The Western Ontario Regiment

Parade will be held on Monday night, May 26.

There are vacancies for bandmen, pipers, buglers, drummers and men for the various companies. Any wishing to join, apply at the orderly room.

M. W. MINTHICK, Lieut., Adjutant 1st Battalion, the W. O. R., 71c

ACACIA LODGE, No. 589, A. F. & M. 1330 O'clock. Regular meeting. Visitors welcome. J. H. Langford, W. M., W. G. Harding, Secretary.

MYRTLE, No. 2, Knights of Pythias, meets Tuesday evening, 110 Dundas St. All members attend.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

"A WATCH STRATFORD GROW" Manufacturers and others desiring information write Thornton Park, London, Ontario.

BAKERY, doing steady, profitable trade, fully equipped; a snap for \$1,000 cash. Apply 22c.

FOR SALE—Hotel Honey, Port Stanley, with large parking grounds, hotel in A1 condition; partly furnished, possession at once, price right, and terms easy to good party. For full particulars, see E. A. Smith, real estate broker, 333 Talbot St., St. Thomas, Phone 400.

GROCERY stock, \$600; fixtures, \$500, with modern dwelling, for sale in London. Sydney Smythe, Market Lane.

LOST AND FOUND

IT is always safe to send Dominion Express Mail orders.

LOST—Some time on Wednesday, a pair of glasses with tortoise-shell rim. Finder kindly return to Belvedere Hotel, Same will receive reward.

LOST—Black and tan shepherd dog, police dog, wearing collar. Apply Miss Gibbons, 257 Dufferin Ave. Phone 292. Reward.

BORN, MARRIED, DIED

DIED.

ARMSTRONG—At St. Joseph's Hospital, on Thursday, May 22, 1924, Florence May, dearly beloved wife of Harry Armstrong, in her 81st year. Funeral from the residence of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Amos Reeves, 1225 Dundas St., on Monday at 3:45 a.m. Requiem high mass St. Patrick's Church at 9 o'clock. Interment at St. Peter's Cemetery.

BRADY—At St. Joseph's Hospital, on Friday, May 23, 1924, James Brady, in his 81st year. Funeral from the funeral home of Mr. Kingsworth, Burwell St., on Monday at 3:45 a.m. Requiem high mass St. Mary's Church at 9 o'clock. Interment at Holy Angels Cemetery, St. Thomas, Ont.

GUEST—At her late residence, 18 Raymond Ave., on Thursday, May 22, 1924, Jean, beloved wife of Earl S. Guest, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Brydon, in her 36th year. Private funeral service at the above address on Sunday, May 25, 1924, at 3:30 p.m. Interment Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

LAWSON—At St. Joseph's Hospital, May 22, 1924, Thomas Lawson, dearly beloved husband of Maggie Lawson, aged 64 years. Private funeral services will be held at his late residence, Cartwright St., on Sunday at 2 p.m.

MAY—At his late residence, River Road, on Friday, May 23, 1924, Thomas J. May, beloved husband of Elizabeth C. May. Funeral from the above address on Monday at 2:30 p.m. Services at 10 o'clock. Interment at Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

PERSONAL

ALGER'S HEALTH BREAD, nature's pure food for the human body. Phone 1198. We deliver. Made by Thomas Alger, 30 Wharncliffe Rd. N.

ALL KINDS of scissors, knives, etc., sharpened. London Kean Edges, 698 Dundas St. Phone 2169.

ATTENTION—Prof. Swan, psychophrenologist, amazes all consultants on health, business, love, and marriage with his prophecy. Hours 2 to 3 p.m., 534 Dundas St.

BATH and massage, women and children only. Lorraine Bath, 14 Sydenham. Phone 4021M.

DIRECTIONS for ladies' sleeveless sweaters like by mail 13c. McEwan's Yarn Shop, 3015 Richmond St. Phone 1829W.

DRESSMAKING, beading and embroidery. Work guaranteed, prices moderate. Mrs. Priest, 42 Dundas St. W., Tel. 4533W.

DRESSMAKING, renovating, hand embroidery. exceptionally reasonable. Meadows & Rainey, 1834 Dundas St.

DRESSMAKING—Spring coats, latest styles. Moderate. Miss MacLennan, 235 Dufferin Ave. Phone 5473W.

DR. M. W. EDGAR—Nervous, circulatory and organic diseases permanently cured by electro-therapeutics. 546 Richmond, Phone 1095M.

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WE ARE OFFERING our well-known course of **LESSONS IN POPULAR MUSIC** at an **EXCEEDINGLY LOW RATE** for 30 Days Only.

Write for Booklet. Phone 6244.

MARK-WINN SCHOOL OF POPULAR MUSIC 627 Dundas Street.

FANCY washing, home cooking, plain sewing at your home. Mrs. Mills, 763 Quebec St.

HEMSTITCHING—Cotton, 6c; linen, 7c; silk, 8c per yard; mail orders filled. Viola Williams, 139 Hamilton Rd. Phone 1234M.

HILES, Dr. Roy V.—Foot specialist. 262 Dundas St. Phone 720S.

LADIES—

HAIRBOBBING, all latest styles, shampooing, curling, marcel wave and hair dressing. Tecumseh Barber Shoppe.

LOOK YOUR BEST—Have a permanent wave. Grey Beauty Shop, 221 1/2 Dundas St. Tel. 2622W. Mrs. Daugherty, Mrs. Eady.

LEVITT, M. J. (successor to Henry Edwards), druggists, druggists and men for the various companies. Any wishing to join, apply at the orderly room.

MATERNITY HOME, private—Mrs. T. White, 109 Maitland St. Phone 256S.

MRS. W. W. WATSON, electro-therapist, permanently removed by electrolysis. Mrs. May McCall, 19 Cynthia St. 309P.

PRACTICAL nurse open for engagements. Phone 218S.

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WILL HELP YOU IN ALL MATTERS OF LOVE, HEALTH, MARRIAGE AND BUSINESS. MISTAKES ARE EASY TO MAKE BUT HARD TO CORRECT. CONSULT HIM FIRST. HOURS 2 TO 3, 6 TO 9 P.M.

534 DUNDAS STREET.

STIRELLA Health Corset made to measure. Consultation free. Miss S. Scott, Phone 224F.

SUITS of custom made or tailored. Custom tailor, cut rates. Novelties. Cloak and Suit Mfg., 230 Dundas St. Phone 628J.

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THE SALVATION ARMY Industrial Department, 721 Dundas St. W., enable us to help others by giving us your cast-off clothing, boots, furniture, etc. We will pay you 40c and our truck will call.

WALKER'S RELIABLE HAIR GROWER—There is no need to be bald. Head and hair stops dropping permanently. Inquire Mrs. Sarah Walker, 102 Ann St.

WHEN ordering goods by mail send a Dominion Express Money Order.

WRIGHT'S Ezema Reliever sold in London at Taylor's Drug Store, 336 Dundas St. W.

YOU grow the hair and we'll cut it. Haircut 25c. Shave 15c. Earl Arnold, Morkin House Barber Shop.

LEGAL CARDS

BARTRAM, W. G. R., Barrister, Notary, etc. 59 Dundas St.

BUCHNER & RAMSAY—Barristers, solicitors, corner Talbot and Carling. Phone 39. Money to loan.

CRONIN & BETTS & BLACK—Frederick P. Betts, K.C., F. C. Betts and J. D. Black, Barrister and Solicitor, London, Ont.

DOUGLAS, A. R.—Barrister, solicitor, public notary. Oak Hall Building.

FITZGERALD, W. C.—Barrister, notary. 19 Dundas St. W.

GIBBONS, HARPER & BRADEN—Barristers, etc., Imperial Bank Building. F. F. Harper, J. A. E. Braden.

GRAYDON & GRAYDON—Barristers. Market Square North, Bank of Montreal Building.

GREENLEIGH, F. HARRY—Barrister, solicitor, 101 Dundas St. W.

MACPHERSON & PERLIN—Barristers, 51 Dundas St. Tel. 554.

MAJOR G. N. WEEKES, Huron & Erie Building, Market Square. Hours, 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Tel. 554.

MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY—Bank solicitors, 210 Dundas St. W.

RIDOUT & MAYBEE—454 Yonge St., Toronto, solicitors of patents and experts in patent law. Send for our book.

SCANDRETT, T. W.—Barrister, solicitor, notary. Money loaned. 28 Dundas St. W.

SPENCER & BRAND—Barristers, solicitors, 211 Dundas St. W. Tel. 790.

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MEVOY, JUD & HENDERSON—Barristers and solicitors money to loan. Bank of Toronto Chambers.

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SUITS cleaned, pressed and repaired. Material made up. R. Tatham, corner Lorne and Elizabeth St.

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MALE HELP WANTED

EARN \$5 to \$25 weekly, the pleasant home work way, making socks on the fast, easily-learned auto-knitter; experience unnecessary; distance immaterial. Particulars, St. stamp. Dept. 79C, Auto-Knitter Company, Toronto.

WANTED at once, house parlor maid, to go to the country. Apply F. P. Bell, 526 Queen's Ave.

WANTED—Housekeeper on farm, comfortable home to right party, in good district. Apply Box 4, Advertiser.

AGENTS WANTED

MAN OR WOMAN to travel and appoint local representatives; yearly contract, guaranteeing \$1,092 (being \$21 weekly average) and expense. Experience unnecessary. State age and previous qualifications. Winston Co., Toronto.

SPARE or full time agents wanted; men and women in every town and village; special inducements, large space time agent making less than \$10 weekly; full time agents make \$25 to \$30 weekly. Splendid side line. Canadian Dress Co., 35 King East Toronto.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—Charges complete line, handkerchiefs, numbers, we deliver and collect; pay triangle. Triangle Hosiery Mills, Dept. 35, Montreal.

BUSINESS CARDS

A. PHILLIPS, piano tuning and repair-ing, 12 years experience, work guaranteed. Phone 754W.

BICYCLES, lawn mowers, etc., re-paired and sharpened by an expert. J. Gossman, 433 Richmond St. Phone 1123M.

CAKES, L—Elevator repairs and in-spection. Estimates supplied. 323 Pritchard Ave., London, Tel. 672J.

CEMENT mixer and man for hire, by day or week. Phone 338J.

CHIMNEYS, furnaces and pipes, yards, etc., cleaned, repainted, and gas-tight. Whitewashing. Phone 1884J.

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FARMERS' ATTENTION! We repair all makes of implements. Superior Machine Company, Ltd., near Tecumseh House, York St.

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GET YOUR electrical work done now by Fred Mason, Tel. 3210.

HAVE your chairs, couches, etc., sent to 83 Wharncliffe Road, to be upholstered. Phone Mr. Pugh, 3654.

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LONDON Art Shop Repair—Best leather used in all our work. Shoes repaired while you wait, called for and delivered. 433 Dundas St. W. Tel. 178J.

MARINELLO system for faces, scalps, chiropractic. Removal of superfluous hair permanently. Miss Beatrice, 101 Dundas St. W. Tel. 178J.

PHONOGRAPH repairs, all makes. Mason & Rich, Limited. Phone 126S.

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REMIT by Dominion Express Money Order, lost or stolen you get your money back.

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J. H. NICHOLS—Contractor, estimates free. 214 Edward St. Phone 214J.

NOXELL, J. H.—Builder, contractor. 6-room bungalow, \$2,200; 7-room, \$2,450; red brick. Tel. 7886J.

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SOUTH—A GOOD BUY. 14-room, living-room, frame, fully modern, living-room, dining-room, kitchen and den downstairs; 2 bedrooms, bath, and a large front porch. All in good condition, and it's yours for \$7,700. \$1,000 will handle it.

EAST—A nice suburban home, 2-story brick, 4 bedrooms and bath, usual living rooms, furnace, city water, electric lights, garage, lot 10x125, handy to street car. Priced for quick sale at \$4,200; reasonable terms. Let us show it to you.

WE make it our business to help you make good investment. Read them again. White & Baird, Moore Bldg., King and Talbot Sts. Phone 7941W; evenings 533J, 5343W.

A GOOD red-pressed brick house in city, clear of encumbrance, to be sold at once. Call on Brodie & Brown, 229 Dundas St. W. Tel. 123J.

A LIST of properties for sale. List your properties with the well-known agent, R. Kelly, 732 York St. Tel. 323J.

A REAL COSY HOME.

East—New rug brick cottage, with living-room, dining-room, kitchen, bathroom, and a large front porch. All in good condition, and it's yours for \$7,700. \$1,000 will handle it.

South—Rug brick bungalow, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms and a large front porch. All in good condition, and it's yours for \$7,700. \$1,000 will handle it.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—Charges complete line, handkerchiefs, numbers, we deliver and collect; pay triangle. Triangle Hosiery Mills, Dept. 35, Montreal.

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EARN \$5 to \$25 weekly, the pleasant home work way, making socks on the fast, easily-learned auto-knitter; experience unnecessary; distance immaterial. Particulars, St. stamp. Dept. 79C, Auto-Knitter Company, Toronto.

WANTED at once, house parlor maid, to go to the country. Apply F. P. Bell, 526 Queen's Ave.

WANTED—Housekeeper on farm, comfortable home to right party, in good district. Apply Box 4, Advertiser.

AGENTS WANTED

MAN OR WOMAN to travel and appoint local representatives; yearly contract, guaranteeing \$1,092 (being \$21 weekly average) and expense. Experience unnecessary. State age and previous qualifications. Winston Co., Toronto.

SPARE or full time agents wanted; men and women in every town and village; special inducements, large space time agent making less than \$10 weekly; full time agents make \$25 to \$30 weekly. Splendid side line. Canadian Dress Co., 35 King East Toronto.

WONDERFUL DISCOVERY—Charges complete line, handkerchiefs, numbers, we deliver and collect; pay triangle. Triangle Hosiery Mills, Dept. 35, Montreal.

WE make it our business to help you make good investment. Read them again. White & Baird, Moore Bldg., King and Talbot Sts. Phone 7941W; evenings 533J, 5343W.

BUSINESS CARDS

A. PHILLIPS, piano tuning and repair-ing, 12 years experience, work guaranteed. Phone 754W.

BICYCLES, lawn mowers, etc., re-paired and sharpened by an expert. J. Gossman, 433 Richmond St. Phone 1123M.

CAKES, L—Elevator repairs and in-spection. Estimates supplied. 323 Pritchard Ave., London, Tel. 672J.

CEMENT mixer and man for hire, by day or week. Phone 338J.

CHIMNEYS, furnaces and pipes, yards, etc., cleaned, repainted, and gas-tight. Whitewashing. Phone 1884J.

EALING Welding Works—Acetylene welding, brazing, etc. Estimates supplied. 333 Hamilton Rd. Tel. 178J.

FARMERS' ATTENTION! We repair all makes of implements. Superior Machine Company, Ltd., near Tecumseh House, York St.

FEATHER pillows and mattresses re-novated at Hunt & Sons, 393 Richmond St. Phone 3027W.

GEORGE C. TELFER—Horseshoeing a specialty. Blacksmith and general repairs. 101 Dundas St. W. Tel. 178J.

GET YOUR electrical work done now by Fred Mason, Tel. 3210.

HAVE your chairs, couches, etc., sent to 83 Wharncliffe Road, to be upholstered. Phone Mr. Pugh, 3654.

HUGH ROSS—Painter and decorator, estimates from home. Tel. 713J.

LONDON Art Shop Repair—Best leather used in all our work. Shoes repaired while you wait, called for and delivered. 433 Dundas St. W. Tel. 178J.

MARINELLO system for faces, scalps, chiropractic. Removal of superfluous hair permanently. Miss Beatrice, 101 Dundas St. W. Tel. 178J.

PHONOGRAPH repairs, all makes. Mason & Rich, Limited. Phone 126S.

PIANO tuning and repairing. Joseph Smith, 107 Trafalgar St. Phone 3073.

REMIT by Dominion Express Money Order, lost or stolen you get your money back.

SAVOY SHOE REPAIR. Save money, low prices. Call at once and see. 433 Wharncliffe Rd., first door south of Dundas. Phone 2622J.

SLATE roofing—Our specialty is slate blackboards. J. Whitaker, 561 King St. W.

THOROUGHLY experienced piano tuner solicits your work, good recommendations, all work guaranteed. A. Phillips, Wilson Accountant, Phone 754W.

WARREN BROS., machinists—Machine work of all kinds, cylinder blocks ground, valve grinding and pulleys block grinding. 109 Rectory St.

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RADIO

RADIOLECS.
RADIOLECS. 201-A tubes, only \$5.45.
Radio Electric Co., 129 Dundas St. W., opp. site Perrin's. Phone 2532.

CHIROPRACTIC

DR. A. W. MACFIE, Dominion Savings Bldg., chiropractic, osteopathy and electrical treatment, seven years. Phone 4719 and 5719.

CHILVERTON, DR. MAURICE L., D.C., D.M.T., 1924 Dundas (over Peters). Hours, 2-5, 7-8. Appointment phone 3205. Residence phone 3493.

DR. A. W. LUCAS, druggist physician, 88 Elmwood Ave., Phone 2525.

DR. W. H. CADY, electrical treatments, 409 Dundas St. Phone 7025.

HAMMOND, A. S., D.C., N.—329 Dundas St. Electrical specialist, Tel. 7716.

NATTANSH, DR. MAUD—Chiropractic and osteopathy, 325 Dundas. Tel. 5919.

WALSH, DR. H. E., D.C., D.A.S.—Chiropractic physician, specialist in nervous diseases, modern electrical equipment, Dundas, cor. Colborne, Tel. 5242.

OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIANS

COLES, C. W., 37 Hayman Court, Queen's Ave. Hours, 11-12, 2-4, 7-8. Tel. 4205.

DETWILER, E. S., D.O., 44 Waterloo. Phone 3373. Hours, 11-12, 2-4, 7-8.

HARRIS, Mrs. Marie H., Rebecca, St. George, Apt., Wellington. Abrams method of diagnosis and treatment. Hours, 10-12, 2-5. Tel. 1550.

CHIROPY
BEATTIE, MISS—Graduate chiropractist, Tait and Hamilton. Tel. 2012.

GREY BEAUTY SHOP—Graduate chiropractist, 221 1/2 Dundas. Tel. 2632.

HILES, DR. LEROY W.—Foot specialist, 202 Dundas. Phone 7308.

OSTEOPATHY

CATON, DR. H. V., has removed to 350 Adelaide St. between Dundas and King Sts. Phone 1573.

ARCHITECTS & SURVEYORS

FARNCOMB, F. W.—Civil engineer, surveyor, 307 Dom. Savings Bldg. 2nd. Phone 2625.

MCBRIDE, H. C.—Architect, Molsons Bank Building. Phone 2625.

MURRAY, WILLIAM H.—Architect, Dom. Savings Bldg., 2nd floor, 2625.

MOORE & CO., JOHN M.—Architects and engineers, 459 Richmond St.

MOVING AND STORAGE

BIGGS' Furniture Storage—Moving vans, 27 Carling St. Tel. 1312.

BLANCHETT—Draying, etc.; trucks moved anywhere in city, 254, 134 Oxford St. Phone 6448.

DAY, H. E.—Covered motor vans, fireproof storage, reasonable rates, 455 Maitland. Phone 2587.

E. C. KNOTT, 109 Delaware St., local and long distance draying, transportation for concert parties, etc. Phone 7612.

FREEMAN & WHITING—Auto trucking, large vans, draying and rigging, 1035 Florence. Phone 6028.

J. LANGDON—Draying and moving, local and long distance, ton truck, 350 Burton St. Tel. 2015.

LOCAL and long-distance draying, Call 8274. 11 Pearl St. Camp & Stobasky.

LONDON CARRIAGE—For unloading cars, safes and machinery, 215 Grey St. Office Tel. 204, res. 2085W.

INSTRUCTION

FRIGGE course in salesmanship. Earn while you learn. No previous experience necessary. Phone 3494P, between 12 and 14 after 6.

PAY—your out-of-town accounts by Dominion Express, 215 Dundas.

PRIVATE nurses earn \$15 to \$30 a week; learn by home study; catalogue free. Dept. 18, Royal College of Science, Toronto.

ACCOUNTANTS
BENSON, Wm. C., C.A.—Resident partner, Oscar Hudson & Co., chartered accountants, 215 Dundas.

DOUGHERTY, A. J.—Chartered accountant, 10 Tecumseh Ave. Phone 6539.

RAYMOND, W. C.—Chartered accountant, authorized trustee, assignee, liquidator, Room 10, Greene-Swift Bldg., London, Ont.

INSURANCE

GUNN, G. M. & SON, Limited (George C. Gunn, Allan M. McLean)—Fire, life, accident, automobile.

LIFE and general insurance—O. C. Stone, Room 4, Moore Bldg. Phone 1562 and 5353.

ROBT. STEEDMAN—Accident, fire and automobile, good companies, Moore Bldg. Phone 1562.

WILSON, S.—Sick, accident, hold-up robbery, fire and automobile insurance, money at loan, mortgages, rents collected, 216 Richmond St. Tel. 2103W.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER

CLASSIFIED ADS.
Standardized and indexed for Quick Reference. Phone 3670.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER reserves the right to classify and publish all advertisements submitted for publication.

Not responsible for errors in advertisements following date of first publication.

Ads. not cancelled after 10 p.m.

Ads. for morning paper must be in by 10 p.m.

Ads. for evening paper by 1 p.m.

All advertisements for Saturday's papers must be in by 10 p.m.

Friday previous, to enable them to appear under their correct classification.

Otherwise they will appear under the classification "Too Late to Classify."

CLASSIFIED RATES.

	Cash	Per word
1 day		5¢
3 days		15¢
6 days		25¢
Minimum 15 words		

When Advertiser Box is required allow 3 words. A charge of 10¢ for mailing is also added.

Marriages, Births and Deaths—One insertion, \$1; two insertions, \$1.50.

Memorial Notices—12¢ per count line, (10 lines the minimum).

Card of Thanks—\$1 per insertion.

Engagement Notice—on Women's Page—5¢ one insertion, \$1 two insertions. These notices must be signed by the sender, and will not be taken over telephone.

DISPLAY ADVERTISING.
TRANSIENT.
Amusements—15¢ per line each insertion.
Meetings—15¢ per line each insertion.
The London Advertiser will not insert "make good" more than one incorrect insertion of an advertisement ordered more than one time.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER.
WANT ADVERTISEMENT.
(Phone 3670 and 7705 (between 6:30 a.m. and 5 p.m.))

INSURANCE

B. N. CAMPBELL.
INSURANCE COUNSELLOR.
Fire, Auto, Accident, Sickness and Life Insurance.
Dominion Savings Bldg., Phone 1617.

J. A. NELLES & SON.
Fire, Life, Accident, Marine, Plate Glass, Rent and Automobile. 215 Dundas.

REAL ESTATE

BERT WEIR.
REALTOR.
PHONE 6250.
A. C. Ball, 4352F. Thos. Wilkey 4781.
Wm. Kelly, 6252F. Bert Hookway, 3613W. Wm. Taylor, 1908S.

WE ARE ALL WORKING MAY 24.

MAKE YOUR APPOINTMENTS AS EARLY AS POSSIBLE.

\$2,800—Dufferin Ave., stucco cottage, bungalow style, 3 bedrooms, toilet, furnace, wired for stove, full basement including attached and detached, paneled ceilings in living-room, hand-painted frieze in dining-room, built-in cupboards in kitchen. Full veranda, shade trees. All in splendid condition. Price \$2,800.

\$5,500—North, near Richmond, 2-story red brick, 3 bedrooms, 4 closets, living-room with fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, 3-piece bath, furnace, built-in cupboards in kitchen. Full veranda, shade trees. All in splendid condition. Price \$5,500.

NEW APARTMENTS TO RENT.

\$50, 255, 169 monthly—This new apartment building just opened, contains some very fine apartments, and in order to rent all immediately have decided to take a very low rent.

WANTED—THREE GOOD HOUSES.
We have two clients moving to London who want homes for cash, between \$14,000 and \$18,000. Also one who wants home north or south up to \$10,000. What have you to offer?

TO EXCHANGE FOR FARM.
\$2,700—Frame cottage, south, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, two bedrooms, lot 50 feet by about 180 feet. Owner will take small farm in exchange.

\$4,500—\$209 Dundas, east, near Hamilton Rd., almost new brick bungalow, well built, 3 bedrooms, 2 closets, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, full basement, good electric fixtures, 2-piece bath, furnace, deep lot, drive. This is a real bargain and oh, such terms. Owner will also take a small house, lot or car as part payment. Hurry, veranda to be.

MOTORCYCLES & BICYCLES

BICYCLES
Best assortment of whomever in the city. Colors, styles, prices, all the latest and easiest terms. Buy a Perfect and you buy right. Easy terms. A. T. Tanner, 402 Dundas east, 402 Clarence. 3W.

MISCELLANEOUS
YOU WILL ENJOY DINING IN OUR CAFE.
The food is excellent and the prices are moderate.

ROYAL CAFE
Phone 4655, 425 Richmond St.

W. B. REID

Real Estate, 402 Richmond St.
Cottage, new, stucco, 5 roomy St. modern, goes at \$3,000; 5 roomy down. Here is a real home. 2X1

FOR SALE
NORTH—Two-story brick house, 4 bedrooms, 3-piece bathroom, hot water heating, oak floors, garage, lot 45x123 feet. Price \$6,000.

CHESAPE—1 1/2-story red brick house, 3 bedrooms, 3-piece bath, fully modern; lot 45x133 feet; fruit trees, drive. Price \$4,200.

EAST—London—1 1/2-story brick house, 3 bedrooms, double parlors, dining-room and kitchen. All modern improvements. Lot 25x115. Right-of-way 2 feet to side. Price \$4,500.

OTTAWA AVE.—1 1/2-story frame house, 4 bedrooms, 3-piece bathroom, storm windows, newly decorated, lot 25x115. Price \$3,200, \$1,000 down.

P. WALSH

Phone 4655, 425 Richmond St.

STEWART & MORKIN
124 FULLARTON STREET.
ELECTRIC POWER CONTRACTORS.
Installations, rewiring, repairs, in all buildings, shops, etc. Estimates, quotations, quick service. When you have trouble with your motor telephone 3W.

L. H. MARTYN & CO.

451 YORK ST. PHONE 5151.
WANTED TO PURCHASE.
We stock everything in Lumber—Posts, scantlings, Sheetrocks, Plastering, Sash, Doors and Trim, all the latest and easiest terms. Buy a Perfect and you buy right. Easy terms. A. T. Tanner, 402 Dundas east, 402 Clarence. 3W.

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED.

Highest price paid for Eggs and Poultry of good quality, ac-
cording to grade.
C. A. MANN & CO.
78 King Street, London.

TRUSTEE'S SALE BY TENDER

In the matter of LONDON ENGINE SUPPLIES CO., LTD., a limited company.
Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned trustee up to 12 o'clock on June 3, 1924, for the purchase of the stock in trade, office furniture, tools and fixed equipment of the London Engine Supplies Co., Ltd., of London, Ontario.
The stock in trade consists of plumbing supplies, automobile accessories, and other fittings, engine and mill supplies, etc.
The furniture and equipment includes office desks, typewriters, adding machines, counters, shelving bins and general fixtures in two stores and base-ment.
Tenders will be received for the entire stock plant and furniture in block, as going concern, and bidders are asked to name a price for each separate parcel as listed below for each separate parcel.
The highest of any tender not necessarily accepted.
A Entire stock in trade, fixtures, furniture and plant, inventory at \$238.74.
b Plumbing stock, inventory at \$238.74.
c Automobile accessories, inventory at \$238.74.
d Pipe and fittings, inventory at \$238.74.
e Engine and mill supplies, inventory at \$238.74.
f Fittings, shelving, furniture and plant, including 2 trucks, inventory at \$238.74.
A marked check for 10 per cent of the above each tender. Upon acceptance of any tender, 15 per cent additional to be paid at the time of completion of the sale. Tenders to state time desired if any, and what security they offer, if any.
For further particulars, apply to F. W. RAYMOND, Trustee, 10 Greene-Swift Building, London, Ont. 2534.

J. A. BROWNLEE

855-387, TALBOT ST.
KIDNAPING, ROBBERY, BURGLARY, SHEET METAL WORK.
ESTIMATES GIVEN.
THE BEST LUMBER AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
GEO. H. BELTON
LUMBER COMPANY
RECTORY STREET AND G. T. R.

AUTOMOBILES

Spring Cleaning
DEMANDS THAT WE SELL THE FOLLOWING CARS:
WE MUST HAVE THE ROOM FOR NEW STOCK.
YOU CAN'T GO WRONG.
THEY'LL BE SOLD FOR A SONG.
MAXWELL Touring \$195
OVERLAND Touring \$49.95
STUDEBAKER Touring \$425
NASH Sport Touring \$295
FORD Touring \$135
WILLYS-KNIGHT Touring \$295
McLAUGHLIN Touring \$300
CHANDLER COUPE \$1275
MAXWELL Touring \$150

J. W. McLaughlin

Overland & Willys-Knight Motor Cars, Dundas and Waterloo Sts. Phone 100.
"Ask the Man with the White Hat."
WINDSHIELDS
We have special windshield plate glass and modern fixtures for fix-
tures. Toronto, Power St. & Drexel.
THE HOBBS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.

HERE IS WHAT YOU WANT

1920 Ford Sedan, conditioned, \$275.
1921 Ford Coupe, good, \$350.
1920 B. G. Touring, good, \$350.
Ontario Garage and Motor Sales, Ltd., 517 Dundas St. Tel. 2231-2539.

AUTO RADIATOR SERVICE STATION

G. M. MURRAY
65 KING STREET.
Tel. 2327. YW.
Near Ridout.

One Ford one-ton truck, pneumatic tires, stake body, closed cab, a bargain.

TERRY for Bargains
144-146 Fullarton St. Phone 544. YW.

IN THE SURROGATE COURT OF THE COUNTY OF MIDDLESEX, IN THE ESTATE OF GEORGE WILLIAM PATRICK, DECEASED.

All persons having claims against the estate of George William Patrick, deceased, who died on or about the 5th day of January, A.D. 1924, are required to file their claims with the undersigned solicitor for the estate, on or before the 1st day of July, 1924, at which date the executor will not be liable for any claim not then filed.
Dated at London, this 19th day of May, 1924.
JARVIS & VINING.
101 Dundas Street, Solicitors for the administratrix with annexed. M10,17,24.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to the Trustee Act, ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST the estate of Christopher Heathcote, of the City of London, Ontario, contractor, deceased, who died on the 2nd day of March, A.D. 1924, are required to file their claims with the undersigned Trust Company on or before the 1st day of July, 1924, at which date the executor will not be liable for any claim not then filed.
Dated at London, this 15th day of May, A.D. 1924.
LOUIS H. MARTYN.
THE PREMIER TRUST COMPANY,
101 Dundas Street, Solicitors for the Executors. M12,4,31.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to the Trustee Act, ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST the estate of John Aikman, of the Township of London, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, who died on or about the 5th day of January, A.D. 1924, are required to file their claims with the undersigned solicitor for the estate, on or before the 1st day of July, 1924, at which date the executor will not be liable for any claim not then filed.
Dated at London, this 19th day of May, 1924.
JARVIS & VINING.
101 Dundas Street, Solicitors for the administratrix with annexed. M10,17,24.

CHEESE

Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, May 23.—The tone of the cheese market is stronger. Finest westerns, 15 1/4 to 15 3/4; finest easterns, 14 1/4 to 14 3/4.

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, May 23.—Cheese, firm; receipts 50,103. State whole milk flats, fresh average run, 16c.

Liverpool, March 23.—Cheese—Canadian finest white, cwt, 81s; do, colored, 81 1/2s.

FRED GENEVAUX AUCTIONS

MONDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 26, 816 Van St.
I will sell by auction for Mr. A. R. Manning, the contents of this well-furnished home. Mason & Risch play-table, parlor rug, parlor table, hall rack, rockers, chairs, buffet, dining table, chairs, beds, springs, mattresses, dressers, pictures, dishes, glassware, quantity good linoleum, rug, mats, kitchen table, chairs, 2-burner gas range, Quebec water heater, (newly new), kitchen goods, washer, refrigerator, garden tools, etc., and lots more goods. Don't miss this sale. Come. Sale at 2 p.m.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 28, 136 Sydenham St.

I have received instructions from Mr. Wm. Tait to sell the contents of this well-furnished home. In part: Hall-rack, parlor chairs, parlor table, rockers, 4 1/2, Brussels rug, mats, complete radio set, veranda rockers, cur-
tains, overdrapes, pictures, blinns, child's desk and chair, dining table, sideboard, 6 oak dining chairs, electric range, two beds, springs, mattresses, modern dressers, boys' bicycle, dishes, toys, jardiniere, kitchen table, chairs, 2-burner gas range, built-in cupboards, refrigerator, lawn mower, refrigerator, garden and other tools, and other goods too numerous to mention. This is one of those good clean sales. Come. Sale at 10 a.m.

THURSDAY MORNING, MAY 29, 136 Sydenham St.

I will sell by auction the contents of this well-furnished home. In part: Hall-rack, parlor chairs, parlor table, rockers, 4 1/2, Brussels rug, mats, complete radio set, veranda rockers, cur-
tains, overdrapes, pictures, blinns, child's desk and chair, dining table, sideboard, 6 oak dining chairs, electric range, two beds, springs, mattresses, modern dressers, boys' bicycle, dishes, toys, jardiniere, kitchen table, chairs, 2-burner gas range, built-in cupboards, refrigerator, lawn mower, refrigerator, garden and other tools, and other goods too numerous to mention. This is one of those good clean sales. Come. Sale at 10 a.m.

FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 30, 40 Montague Place, Ottawa.

Real Estate and High-Class Furniture.
I have been instructed by Mr. Wm. L. Reid, administrator of the estate of the late Mrs. Sarah Saul, to sell by public auction the following household effects: Parlor chairs, parlor table, hall rack, sanitary cot, Morris chair, electric lamp, heater and plate, 2 1/2 and 3 1/2, X-ray, electric range, large mirror (walnut frame), oak sideboard, walnut hall table, walnut chairs, dining chairs, and iron beds, feather bed, and oak dresser, quantity of bedding and good linens, rubber, stair carpet, Singer drophead, electric iron, and other goods, pictures, quantity silverware, dishes and glassware, electric iron desk, range, laundry, heater, cupboards, washer, refrigerator, garden tools and other goods too numerous to mention.

EGG MARKET REVIEW

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, May 23.—Receipts of eggs are very heavy, and the demand for eggs is very strong. The price of eggs received during the past few days shows a steady decline. The price of eggs received during the past few days shows a steady decline. The price of eggs received during the past few days shows a steady decline.

FLOUR

Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, May 23.—There is a moderate business in flour prices. A steady decline in the price of flour is being reported. The price of flour is being reported as declining.

LEAMINGTON

Special to The Advertiser.
Leamington, May 23.—Miss Alberta Chinn of Ridgeway went to the weekend with her brother, Mr. Chinn. The pupils of Miss Grace Moss, teacher of piano and theory, gave a very interesting and enjoyable program in Knox Church. At the close Miss Gladys Law presented Miss Moss with a handsome basket of flowers.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to the Trustee Act, ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST the estate of Christopher Heathcote, of the City of London, Ontario, contractor, deceased, who died on the 2nd day of March, A.D. 1924, are required to file their claims with the undersigned Trust Company on or before the 1st day of July, 1924, at which date the executor will not be liable for any claim not then filed.
Dated at London, this 15th day of May, A.D. 1924.
LOUIS H. MARTYN.
THE PREMIER TRUST COMPANY,
101 Dundas Street, Solicitors for the Executors. M12,4,31.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to the Trustee Act, ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST the estate of John Aikman, of the Township of London, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, who died on or about the 5th day of January, A.D. 1924, are required to file their claims with the undersigned solicitor for the estate, on or before the 1st day of July, 1924, at which date the executor will not be liable for any claim not then filed.
Dated at London, this 19th day of May, 1924.
JARVIS & VINING.
101 Dundas Street, Solicitors for the administratrix with annexed. M10,17,24.

Notice to Creditors

Pursuant to the Trustee Act, ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS AGAINST the estate of John Aikman, of the Township of London, in the County of Middlesex, deceased, who died on or about the 5th day of January, A.D. 1924, are required to file their claims with the undersigned solicitor for the estate, on or before the 1st day of July, 1924, at which date the executor will not be liable for any claim not then filed.
Dated at London, this 19th day of May, 1924.
JARVIS & VINING.
101 Dundas Street, Solicitors for the administratrix with annexed. M10,17,24.

Notice to Creditors

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Dated at London, this 19th day of May, 1924.
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101 Dundas Street, Solicitors for the administratrix with annexed. M10,17,24.

VICKERS DIVIDEND STANFLEES LONDON

Directors, However, Adopt Tone of Cautious Optimism Regarding Action.
Associated Press Despatch.
London, May 23.—The London stock exchange is still awaiting any real expansion in business, and, except for a small flutter of interest over new issues, the week has passed with very few features.

BANK OF MONTREAL SHOWS IMPROVEMENT

Strong Position Indicated by 64.48 Per Cent in Liquid Assets.
Associated Press Despatch.
Ottawa, May 23.—Receipts of eggs are very heavy, and the demand for eggs is very strong. The price of eggs received during the past few days shows a steady decline. The price of eggs received during the past few days shows a steady decline.

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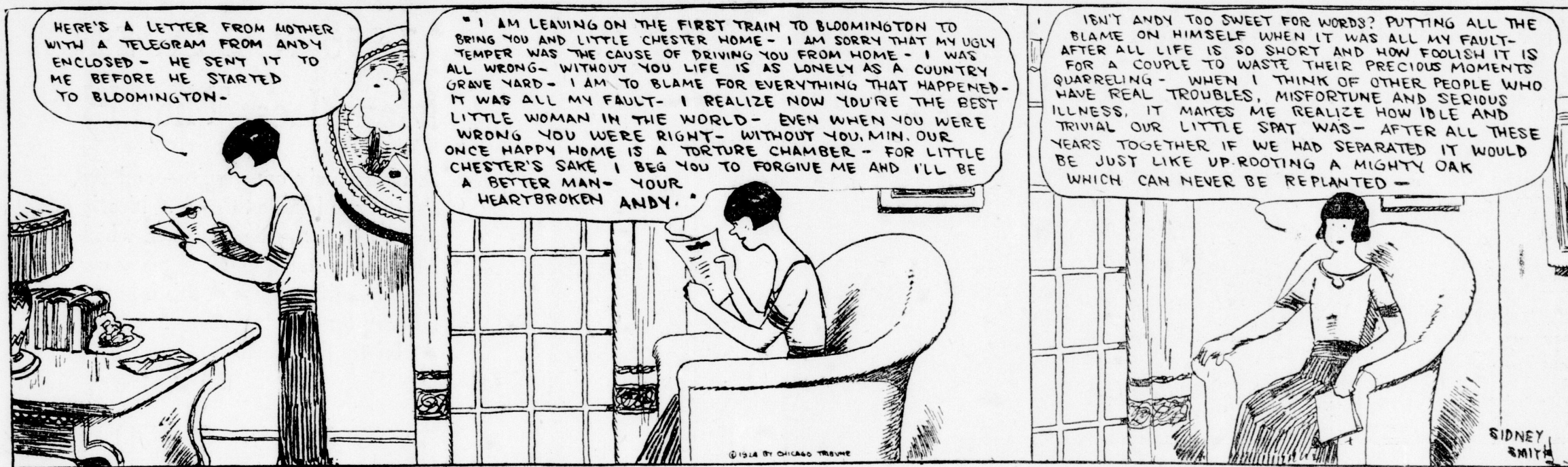
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GUMP, GOOGLE & CO., Experts In Laughter

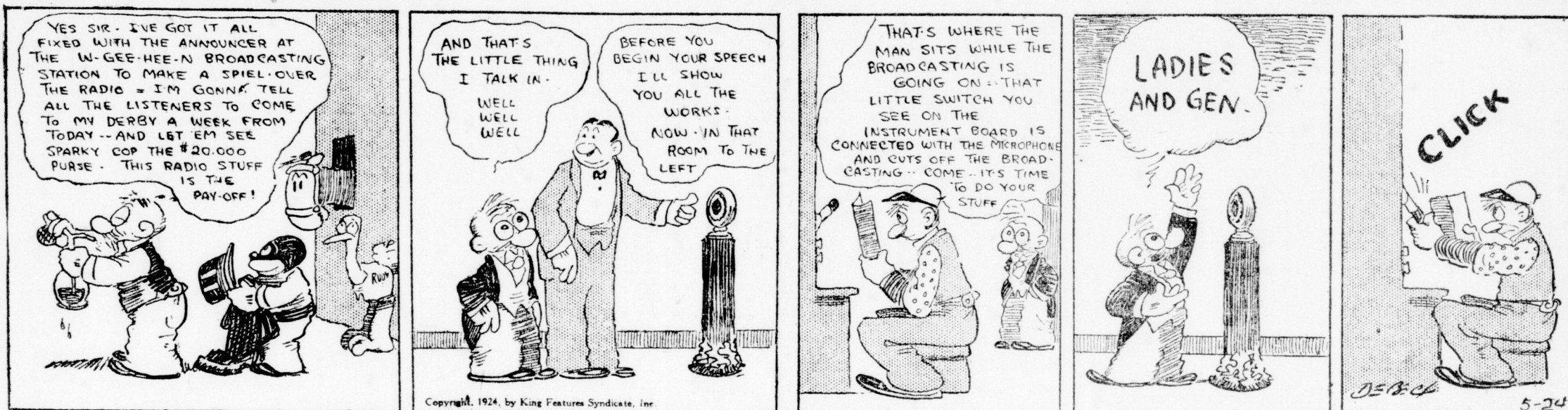
THE GUMPS—THE ONE TO BLAME



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Censored!

By BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

Buttercup's Got the Habit Now.

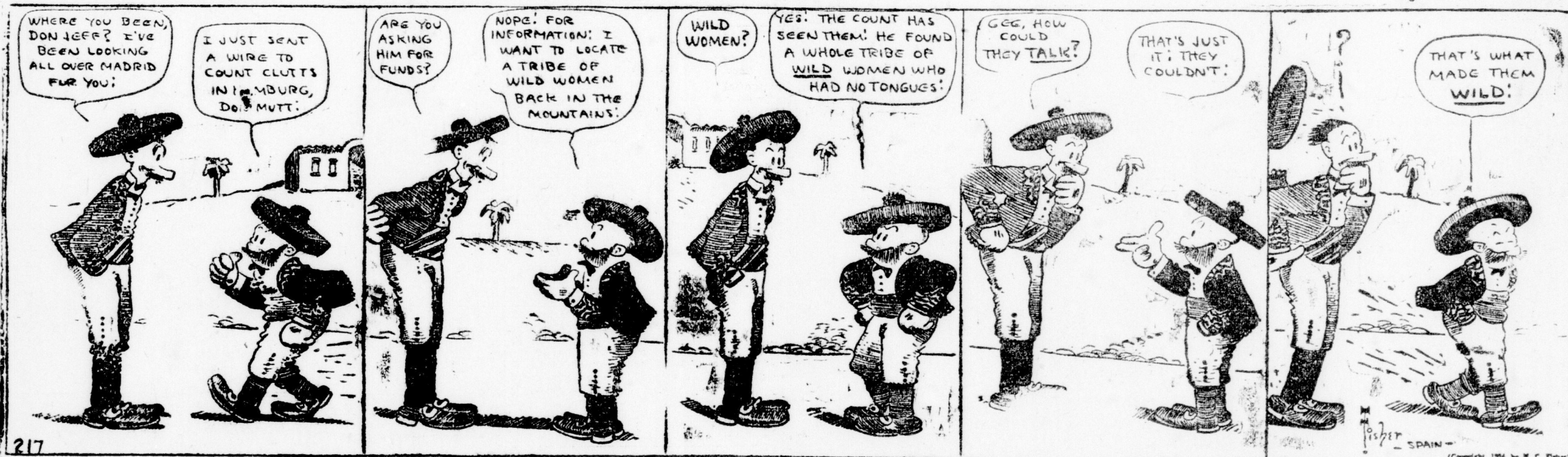
By JIMMY MURPHY



MUTT AND JEFF

Maybe Count Clutts Was Spoofing Jeff.

By BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

A Tough Situation.

By GENE BYRNES



Profits Reduce Twenty Payments to Fourteen

Policy 43465, issued in 1909, called for 20 premiums, but Great-West profits reduced this to 14 premiums.

Amount: \$7452. Premium \$246.70	
Earnings Credited 1914	197.85
Earnings Credited 1915	253.49
Earnings Credited 1916	327.45
Total end of 14th year	1103.79
Required to pay future premiums	1946.79
Cash Surplus to Assured	\$62.60

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

Great-West
Life
HEAD OFFICE - MINNEAPOLIS

REPRESENTATIVES IN LONDON:

J. J. CALLAGHAN F. G. PARSONS
W. G. FRANCIS W. A. GLASS
G. A. GERALD F. K. HAMMOND
B. C. HIGGINS, INSPECTOR J. J. SHEA
216 DOMINION SAVINGS BLDG. D. F. SMITH
LONDON.

WANT AD TIPS

A Homey Place To Stay

A lady who, for many years, has found roomers with Want Ads, tells how important she considers little touches she applies to the room she is about to show inquirers. The draperies are fresh and dainty—just laundered. If any of the furniture has been marred, she goes over it with varnish. She never lets the walls get dingy—the cost of papering or calceining is such that she says she can always afford it when needed.

Then, finally, comes a little touch which particularly pleases inquirers. On the window sill or a stand is a potted plant in blossom, or, if it is the summer season, a bowl of freshly cut flowers.

This lady "displays" to advantage. She helps the room she shows to suggest strongly the true fact—that as a landlady she does a lot of the "homey" little things which roomers appreciate. Naturally, of the inquirers whom her Want Advertising draws, one quickly is found who takes the room.

In this experience there is a valuable hint for all room advertisers. Before showing the room to inquirers, make it just as attractive, "homey," as you can. Also, when writing your Want Ad, emphasize the "home" idea.

Various things may influence inquirers strongly in selecting a room, one thing is convenience as regards place of employment. Another is the neighborhood—the part of the town—determined to an extent by nature of employment of business. Whatever other considerations enter, though, all persons like a room with a "homey" atmosphere.

Somewhere, undoubtedly, there is a place which is really home to them. Away from it now, looking for a room, they hunger for something as close to home as one's lodging place can be.

So, such words and phrases as these in Want Ads help to let roomers quickly: "Homey atmosphere," "cozy," "cheerful room," "daintily furnished," "unusually nice home," "real home for group of men," "cheery and comfortable home," "homelike surroundings," "congenial people," "lovely porch for summer evenings," "billiard room," "where you will be one of the family."

All people like a "homey" place to stay. Let your Want Ad offer just that kind.

(All Rights Reserved)

DEMAND

PROTECT
Your Doctor
and Yourself

**"PHILLIPS" MILK
OF MAGNESIA**

SAY "PHILLIPS" to your druggist, or you may not get the original Milk of Magnesia prescribed by physicians for 50 years.

Refuse imitations of genuine "Phillips"

Each large 50-cent bottle contains full directions and uses.

Genuine **BAYER**
ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 24 years.

Safe Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monocyclic acid of Salicylic acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

TURNBULL NAMED BY DEPOSITORS

Former Reeve of Lobo Will Be Represented on National Committee.

T. G. Turnbull, reeve of Lobo Township, was named to represent the Home Bank depositors of Ilford, Melbourne, Delaware, Thornhill and Komoka on the national committee of depositors at a largely attended meeting in the county buildings Friday afternoon.

All members of the committee were present. A. P. McDougall of Melbourne being appointed chairman and Mr. Turnbull secretary.

A motion by F. J. McGuffin, Thornhill, and D. Matheson, Komoka, that another representative from this district be appointed to the national committee was approved, as was the motion moved by J. E. Pincombe and David Owens that Mr. Turnbull be appointed.

Among those present at the meeting were: F. J. McGuffin, Thornhill; C. K. Charlton, Ilford; Ernest Cummings, Delaware; Fred Lee, Thornhill; Charles H. Scott, Delaware; J. E. Pincombe, Delaware; George W. Healy, Delaware; Henry Jones, Delaware; D. R. Owens, Delaware; A. J. Willey, Melbourne; T. F. Hardy, Melbourne; A. C. Hutchinson, Ilford; James H. Brown, Komoka; John Graham, Komoka; D. McCallum, Komoka; D. J. Matheson, Komoka; Thomas H. Martin, Ilford; A. C. Hodgins, Ilford.

SUPREME COURT OPENS AT 10:15 O'CLOCK MONDAY

Owing to the large number of cases (eighteen) to be tried by Mr. Justice Kelly at the non-jury sittings of the supreme court, his lordship has notified court officials that he will arrive in the city Sunday night and that court will open at 10:15 Monday morning.

Twenty-two cases were set down for trial, but four have been settled out of court.

Rowat's Coffee

Its Popularity Proves Its Worth. 70c Pound.

Try a Pound Today.

T.A. Rowat & Co.

250 Dundas St. Phone 3051-3052.



LOOK ahead into the future, and if you need glasses now, realize that your need of them then will be more imperative in the future and that you will have missed much of comfort and joy.

Carlyle Trebilcock Optician

233 DUNDAS STREET. TELEPHONE 2351

Our experts fit \$1.50 to \$10.00. We have Trusses to fit all sizes. ANDERSON & NELLES, 256 Dundas St.

ROSE PLANTS for SPRING PLANTING.

Say it with Flowers. DICKS FLOWER SHOP

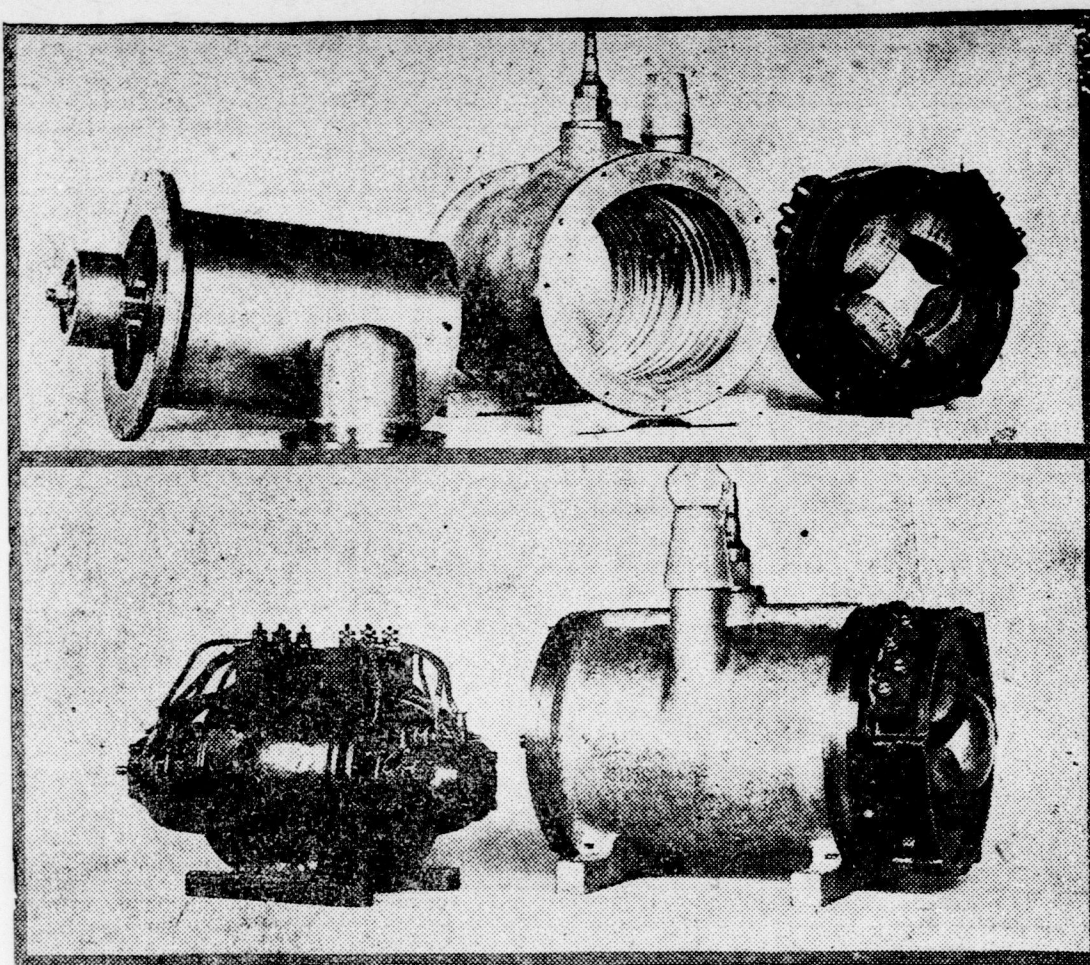
Quality Vulcanizing Only. ART WILKES

London Tire Repair Dept. 554 WELLINGTON STREET. Opposite McClary's.

WEGNER'S Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Overalls, Sweaters, Coats, Gloves, Mittens and Raincoats. LONDON'S LARGEST HIGH CLASS WORKINGMEN'S OUTFITTERS. Exclusive Manufacturer Agent for the Best Canadian Make of Overalls. WEGNER, The Heart of London, 371 Baiter St. Phone 1849. Open Evenings.

WELL-SCREENED COAL. PROMPT DELIVERY. GILLIES. Phone 1312, Cor. Adelaide and Bathurst.

Hawken-Lang Coal Co. PHONE 522



WAGE SITUATION TO BE CONSIDERED

Conference Will Be Held in Montreal On May 28th.

Canadian Press Despatch. Montreal, May 23.—The Railway Association of Canada and the executive of the order of Railway Conductors and the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen will meet in conference in Montreal on May 28 to discuss the wage situation of conductors and trainmen on all the principal Canadian railways. The conference will touch upon the wage conditions of some 40,000 men on Canadian lines.

THOMAS S. LAWRASON DIES IN HIS 54TH YEAR

Well-Known Implement Dealer Passes at St. Joseph's Hospital.

Thomas S. Lawrason, for the last 15 years a widely known local implement dealer, passed away at St. Joseph's Hospital Thursday in his 54th year. Mr. Lawrason was born in his early schooling there, and later graduated from the Brockville Business College.

He was formerly a commercial traveller and while connected with the Woodstock Wagon Company, travelled from coast to coast in Canada. He is survived by his widow, Margaret Lawrason of this city, his mother, Mrs. Ellen Lawrason, and one brother, Miller of Cathcart, Ontario, and one sister, Mrs. Alfred Leonard, Mrs. Josephine Schwartz of London is his daughter.

Mr. Lawrason was a member of the Masonic lodge of Woodstock and was a member of the Woodmen of the World also.

The funeral will be held Sunday afternoon from his residence, 2 Cartwright street, to Woodland Cemetery. Rev. W. L. Hiles of Memorial Methodist Church will conduct the service.

ALEX. MILNE AWARDED \$65.75 BY THE COURT

Two Items of the Claim Are Dismissed in Plumbing Case.

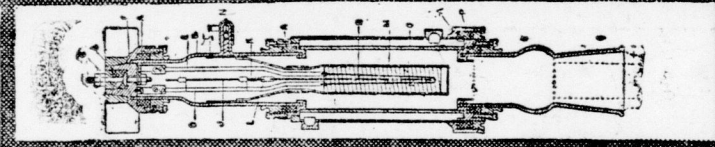
Judge J. C. Judd today gave judgment in the first division court action of Alex. Milne, plumber, against Miches Bros. The plaintiff sued for a plumbing bill of \$139 and was allowed \$65.75 and costs.

Two items on the bill were alleged by the defendants to have been ordered by Zaffron Bros., restaurant proprietors, amounting to \$133.

The court held that the evidence showed the work in question was not ordered by the defendants, and dismissed their claim as far as the two items were concerned. A third item was held, however, to have been ordered by the defendants, and judgment was given for the above amount of \$65.75.

CHILDHOOD INDIGESTION

Nothing is more common in childhood than indigestion. Nothing is more dangerous to proper growth, more weakening to the constitution or more likely to pave the way to dangerous disease. Fully nine-tenths of all the minor ills of childhood have their root in indigestion. There is no medicine for little ones to equal Baby's Own Tablets in relieving this trouble. They have proved of benefit in thousands of homes. Concerning them Mrs. Jos. Lunette, immaculate Conception, Que., writes: "My baby was a great sufferer from indigestion, but the Tablets soon set her right, and now I would not be without them." Baby's Own Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Adv.



NEW RADIO BROADCASTING TUBE. Here are details of new Holweck broadcasting tube—the most powerful ever built. Above is the pump, demounted. Left to right, the revolving cylinder and the bell, the sleeve, the motor. Center, pump and dynamo, showing how base of tube can be fitted over pump valve. Below cross section of tube.

NEW FRENCH RADIO TUBE GREAT AID IN BROADCASTING

Burnt Out Filament Is No Longer Cause of Trouble and Expense.

STRONGEST METHOD Now Being Used on the Eiffel Tower Plant—Repairs Solved.

A new kind of vacuum tube for use in radio broadcasting stations has been perfected in France and is now in use in the great sending station at the Eiffel Tower, in Paris. Not only is the new tube one of the most powerful ever built, but it involves principles of design and operation so novel as to constitute a really revolutionary advance in this part of radio technique.

The new tube will come apart any time for repairs and readjustment. It does not have to be pumped out in advance by a vacuum machine; on the contrary, the pump that maintains the necessary vacuum is continuously attached to the tube itself. The tube is kept pumped down continually to any desired degree of vacuum—what the radio fan calls "hardness."

The new design was invented by Professor F. Holweck, a well-known physicist of the Institute de Radium, and an international expert on the production and use of X-rays. Indeed, it was for the generation of the high-voltage currents used in X-ray work, not for radio use, that Dr. Holweck originally designed the new type of tube. But tests of the new tubes in the Eiffel Tower station showed them so useful for radio transmission that this, rather than the use in X-ray machines, promises to be their main utility to science.

Cooling Is Easy. The first tubes built on the new design had a rated power of 10 kilowatts. More recently a 15-kilowatt tube has been built, and still larger ones are proposed. The demountable construction of the tube not only permits easy repairs but facilitates the design of an artificial cooling device that becomes so necessary with tubes handling an amount of power as great as this.

The filament of the tube is not very different from the usual designs, but the plate, instead of taking any customary form, is a copper cylinder that entirely surrounds the filament. Outside this copper cylinder there is a space in which water circulates in order to keep the plate cool. The grid, interposed, as usual, between the filament and the copper cylinder that replaces the plate, is of heavy molybdenum wire.

The copper cylinder that acts as plate is clamped at either end to short glass tubes of about the same diameter. One of these tubes carries the sealed-in connections for the electric circuits to the filament and grid. The other glass tube serves merely as a connection to the pump that maintains the vacuum.

Can Keep Vacuum. The connections between the copper cylinder and the two glass tubes, as well as all other necessary connections, are made by ground joints sealed by rubber gaskets. All are clamped down tight and the rubber used is of a special quality that will not give off gases. With all joints properly closed and clamped the tube can be maintained at a perfect vacuum as any other kind of tube. Nevertheless, the joints can be loosened easily and repairs to internal parts can be made without delay or damage to other parts of the apparatus.

In operation, the pump and the tube are kept in continual connection. The glass tube sealed onto the lower end of the copper cylinder mentioned is inserted into a socket on the pump; this joint, too, being carefully ground so that it is absolutely tight. The pump itself operates, in the usual fashion, by means of a metal cylinder rotating very rapidly inside a cylindrical casing. The rotation of the cylinder draws the particles of air along and removes them from the pump of the cylindrical case to which the vacuum tube is connected. Dr. Hol-

British Mails

The next mails for Great Britain and Europe will close as follows: Monday, May 26, at 10 p.m.—Letters and registered matter only, via S.S. Aquitania, from New York, May 25.

Tuesday, May 27, at 3 p.m.—Parcel post and newspapers only, via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, May 26.

Wednesday, May 28.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, May 27.

Thursday, May 29.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, May 28.

Friday, May 30.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, May 29.

Saturday, May 31.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, May 30.

Sunday, June 1.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, May 31.

Monday, June 2.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 1.

Tuesday, June 3.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 2.

Wednesday, June 4.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 3.

Thursday, June 5.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 4.

Friday, June 6.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 5.

Saturday, June 7.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 6.

Sunday, June 8.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 7.

Monday, June 9.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 8.

Tuesday, June 10.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 9.

Wednesday, June 11.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 10.

Thursday, June 12.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 11.

Friday, June 13.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 12.

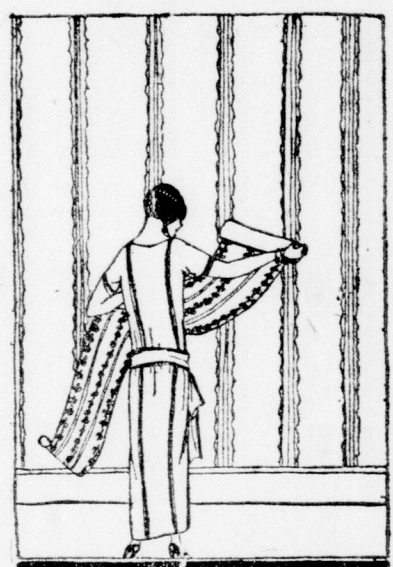
Saturday, June 14.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 3 p.m. via S.S. Canada and S.S. Carmania from Quebec, June 13.

Special Purchase of Wallpaper

7,850 Rolls On Sale Monday Morning

Many Less Than Half Regular Prices

A most timely opportunity—and fortunate we were to have room in our stock to handle this sale. Nearly 8,000 rolls of the newest papers, cleared from the manufacturer, which will be passed on to our customers Monday as stated above in many cases less than half. There are some very desirable papers in this sale and it will be to your advantage to be here for early selection Monday morning. Quantities and prices are briefly listed below.



1,890 ROLLS At 10 Cents

Four patterns in mixed stripes for dining-room, hall or kitchen use. All have cut-out borders to match. 10c roll

Five styles floral and plain stripe bedrooms on cream gray backgrounds, with cut-out bird or flower borders to match. 10c roll

Two colors, small conventional designs, for kitchen use, with cut-out borders to match. 10c roll

4,500 ROLLS At 15 Cents

Eight Chintz Bedrooms, in yellow, pink, blue and mauve colors, with borders or bands to match. 15c roll

Four colors Blend Dining or Living-Room Papers, with gilt stripe overprint. These have heavy foliage cut-out borders to match. 15c roll

Four colors, Jasper stripes with black bands to match; very suitable for bedroom use; colors rose, yellow, gray and sand, 15c roll

Five Oatmeal Papers, 50 inches wide, colors of brown, tan, gray, cream and light slate. These have cut-out borders in both fruit and flower styles. Wall, 15c roll; Borders, 7c yard

Six Tapestry Papers, very suitable for dining-room use, in mixed colors of blue, gold, mulberry, rose, etc. 15c roll

1,460 ROLLS At 19 Cents

Ten colors, floral and chintz Bedrooms, all colors, with bands to match. 19c roll

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White and Cream Ceiling Papers to match above styles. 12c to 25c roll

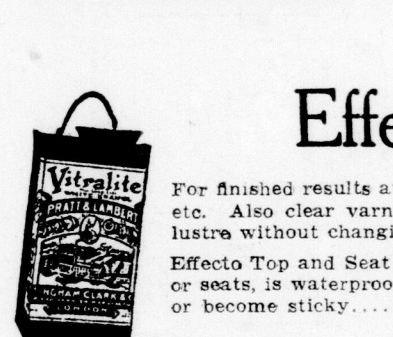
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RELATIVES ANXIOUS TO FIND MISS GRAHAM

Chief of Police Birrell Asks That Information Be Given to Him.

Chief of Police Robert Birrell is anxious to locate Miss Jennie Graham, who, it is believed, arrived in London from the old country in April, 1921, and for whom relatives are searching.

A postcard received by relatives in England dated London, Ontario, April 4, 1921, is the last word received by friends overseas. She stated on the card that a letter telling of her trip from England had been sent to her mother and father, but it was never received.

A letter from Miss J. Crossley, 64 Promenade, Southport, Lancashire, England, was received by Chief Birrell a few days ago. Miss Crossley stated she was writing on behalf of Miss Lizzie Graham, a close relative of the missing girl, who with others was quite anxious regarding the whereabouts of the girl.

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