

TORONTO RAILWAY CLERKS HAVE BROKEN STRIKE

Liberal Government In British Columbia Is Sustained

PREMIERS TO DECIDE ON GERMAN PAYMENTS

MacDonald and Herriot Plan
To Enforce Dawes
Plan.

SECURITY QUESTION

Military Occupation of Ruhr
Is Hard Problem To
Solve.

Associated Press Despatch.
Paris, June 21.—The subject of the
premiers' conversation at Chequers
Court this evening and tomorrow will
be, firstly, how to put the Dawes
plan into execution in order to insure
payment of reparations by Germany,
and, secondly, the problem of
France's security. Great hopes for a
practical outcome of these conver-
sations is entertained by the morning
newspapers, including those not sup-
porters of Premier Herriot, because,
as Le Journal puts it, "the two men
have everything in common, both in
political tendencies and international
conceptions. Both believe that a
policy of reconciliation can induce
the conquered foe, who is still very
strong, to accept the heavy burden
of defeat."

Under the first named subject it is
said the question of military occupa-
tion of the Ruhr will come up. The
premiers are expected to discuss
how this occupation is distinct from
the economic occupation, can be re-
duced, made invisible and ultimately
supported progressively as Germany
makes good her obligations. Under
the second subject M. Herriot is ex-
pected to insist upon the necessity of
supervising Germany's disarmament,
and means will be discussed to re-
place tripartite guarantee which the
United States and Great Britain
failed to ratify.

This is the first time the question
of security has been discussed with
the British Labor government,
whose exact views on it are
not known. From Premier Herriot's
public references to the League of
Nations, it is presumed that he and
Mr. MacDonald will consider how,
while recognizing the repugnance of
a formal alliance to Great Britain,
by guarantee pacts under the control
of the league.

MAYOR SAYS EVERY WEEK SHOULD BE 'SAFETY WEEK'

"Every week in London should be
Safety Week," says the mayor. "Why
should there be a special Safety
Week at all? The safety of everyone
in the city is important enough to
all of us to make each day a safety
day. All the street accidents and
most of all accidents can be solved
by carelessness, and it is up to us
all to think a little more at all times
of what we are doing. The streets
constitute a danger to citizens, but
there are many accidents in their homes,
lamps, and matches, and things fall-
ing, and so on, that could all be
avoided with care and thought. Mod-
ern speed tends to make us careless,
of course, but 'Every Day a Safety
Day' is a pretty good slogan for
London."

LONDON WATER SUPPLY DOES NOT HARM PIPES

London's water supply, besides be-
ing "the purest in the country," is
reported to have extra qualities
whereby it causes little corrosion to
pipes through which it flows. Its
mineral content is said to have some-
thing to do with this and little rust
is caused.
Rust within water pipes is a mat-
ter of much concern in many cities
on this continent, so much so that
recently a concrete lined metal pipe
was strongly urged by a convention
of stationary engineers. Such a pipe
was manufactured with an eighth-
inch interior coating of cement.
However, this is not to be consid-
ered such piping in London.

The Weather

Moderate west and
winds; fine and
warm today and
on Sunday.

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.
The highest and lowest tempera-
tures recorded in London during the
24 hours previous to 8 o'clock last
night were: Highest, 52; lowest, 41.
The official temperatures for the
24 hours previous to 8 a.m. today
were: Highest, 73; lowest, 60.
Barometric Readings.
Friday, 8 a.m.—29.12.
Today, 8 a.m.—29.12.



THAMES PARK SWIMMING POOL. A group of children playing in the pool. The children are happy and splashing in the water.

CLARE IS FREED ON \$10,000 BAIL

Will Appear in Court Next
Wednesday on Charge of
Manslaughter.

Thomas Clare, who will appear for a
preliminary hearing in police court
next Wednesday on a charge of
manslaughter, was bailed this morn-
ing in the sum of \$10,000.

Hugh Johnston and W. J. Clarke
each went bail for \$2,500, the pris-
oner's bail being taken for the other
\$5,000.

Clare was adjudged guilty of nec-
ligence by a coroner's jury in con-
nection with the death of Charles
Lane, who was struck by an automo-
bile driven by Clare on June 5.
The charge of negligent driving
preferred against Clare was dropped
by the crown attorney on the sug-
gestion of Magistrate Graydon.

BIKE THEFT EPIDEMIC BREAKS OUT AFRESH

Lull After Youth Is Convicted
Comes to Abrupt Halt—
Four Taken in Two Days.

The epidemic of stolen bicycles
which lulled away after the con-
viction of a youth in police court earlier
in the week, has broken out again,
two bikes being reported stolen on
Thursday and two on Friday, to
police headquarters.

On Thursday the wheels of James
Isaac, 241 Hyman street, and Walker
Jenkins, 613 Dundas street, were
taken from the Majestic Theatre.
Isaac's bike was a Hyslop No. 63258,
and Jenkins' a Brantford Red Bird
No. 19418.

Stanley Hale, 136 Madison avenue,
had his wheel stolen from in front of
the Technical School between 10 and
12 noon. It was a Perfect, No. D
1135.

MINISTERS REMARK ON OLD PEOPLE NUMBERS

Whether London is a city of old
people or not, it remains a fact that
some of the city ministers and clergy-
men who are newcomers to the city re-
mark once in a while on the number
of elderly people at whose funerals they
have to officiate.

The list of the assessment commis-
sioners' report shows that there are
3,000 people in the city over 65,
which is 5 per cent, and is not any
higher than in most Canadian and
American cities. The mayor considers
London a very healthy city, and that
people should live into the 80s and
yellow leaf stage here more comfortably
than anywhere else.

SPACE APPLICATIONS COMING IN FOR FAIR

Applications to date for space in
the manufacturers' buildings for the
Western Fair have taken approxi-
mately 90 per cent of the total floor
space of 80,000 to 90,000 square feet,
all of which is very encouraging to
the fair board.

A number of the applications al-
ready received are from new exhibi-
tors, also an encouraging feature.
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24 hours previous to 8 a.m. today
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Lockout In July Affects 700,000

Associated Press Despatch.
London, June 21.—A national
lockout of 700,000 building opera-
tives, involving a stoppage of
most of the building work
throughout the country, has been
fixed by the employers for July 5
as a result of an eleventh hour
hitch in the long continued en-
deavors to establish peace in this
industry.

OLD SWIMMING POOL GREET'S CITY'S YOUTH

"Mother, Where's My
Swimmin' Suit?" Is Un-
iversal Cry Today.

"Mother! Where's my swimmin'
suit?" came a cry in a thousand and
one London homes this morning. The
shout of inquiry came at an early
hour, not long after sun-up, and
the inquirer was a small boy in
every case, a boy all keyed up for
his first splash in the civic super-
vised swimming pools.

And mother, quite in keeping with
her usual tactics of locating socks,
soap and collar buttons for the male
of the species, "dug out" a soiled
swimming suit and off went John-
ny and Willie and Dick to one or
other of the swimming pools.
At Thames Park the human flies
were as thick as flies. You could-
n't hold them back with a regiment
of soldiers. For days they had been
straining at the leash to get into
action. Last night was the last
straw. Folk tossed about with win-
dows wide open as the mercury
and the humidity maintained an
even stride in finding a high atti-
tude.

After the greater part of the week
had been taken up in filling the
Thames Park pool everything was
in readiness for the opening today
and it was patronized to the limit.
The same was true at Birkett's
Flats and Beecher's Island.

Church Burns In Big Storm

Loss to Dixie Anglican Church,
100 Years Old, Is \$35,000.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, June 21.—Struck by
lightning during the severe electrical
storm this morning, the Anglican
Church at Dixie, Ontario, about 20
miles west of here, was totally de-
stroyed by fire and only small por-
tions of the wall are now standing.
The loss is estimated at \$35,000, of
which amount only \$5,000 is covered
by insurance. The church is of
stone construction and was built a
hundred years ago.

MUNICIPAL BALL DIAMOND IS BEING IMPROVED

One of the gangs of the city en-
gineer's department was busy this
morning filling in the bases on the
city softball league's ground, other-
wise known as "federal square,"
with clay. This will make the bases
last longer and stand up to the wear
and tear that they are getting every
afternoon and night now that softball
has become such a popular pastime
with citizens.

Players have asked for this clay
for some time and are welcoming the
change and also the energy of the
engineer in getting the work done so
soon.

FORMER LONDONER IS ELECTED IN B. C.

Major Alan Lyon Secures a
Seat in Victoria as
Conservative.

Success has come to a London boy
at Victoria, British Columbia, where
Major Alan Lyon, D.C.M., C.M.C., Croix
de Guerre, has just been returned as
Conservative member to the provin-
cial legislature.

Major Lyon is the son of Mr. and
Mrs. Robert A. Lyon, 207 Talbot
street. Mr. Lyon was formerly
manager of the London Electrical
Company. Major Lyon was born and
educated in London, and some years
ago attended Simcoe street public
school.

Major Lyon went overseas with the
Canadian expeditionary forces as a
private. It was while in the ranks
that he won the Distinguished Con-
duct Medal and a commission. Later,
as an infantry captain, he was re-
warded with the Military Cross and
the Croix de Guerre. He was wound-
ed in service, and as a result had one
of his legs amputated.

Since the war, Major Lyon has
been employed by a brokerage firm
in Victoria, where he is manager of
the bond department.

Londoners who remember Major
Lyon when he lived here before the
war speak highly of him. President
E. R. Dennis of the London Conserva-
tive Club, paid a fine tribute to young
Lyon today and lauded his "war
record. He remembered Major Lyon
as a young man of outstanding qual-
ities."

HYDRO NOT AFFECTED BY ELECTRICAL STORM

Damage Escape Attributed to
Lightning Evading Main
Line District.

The hydro department was in no
way affected by the electrical storm
last night. General Manager Bu-
chanan said that the reason the
lightning did not cause any damage
in the city was because it did not
come over the center of the town,
where the main lines are located.

The fire department was not called
out by any fires in the city that were
caused by the storm. They received
a call to Brisbane street, but when
they arrived there found that a barn
across the river was on fire. They
were not able to aid in the fighting
of the fire because there was no water
source available.

The barn belonged to W. H. Rob-
inson, Westminster Township. All
the live stock was taken out of the
burning structure, although many
farm implements were destroyed.

UTILITIES POLES WILL BE USED FOR FIRE DEPT. WIRES

The four wires of the fire depart-
ment which are used to connect the
central fire hall and the outlying
stations are to be strung on the poles
of the public utilities commission in
future, and this will allow of taking
down the old poles of the fire depart-
ment and to some extent remove this
unsightliness. The commissioners
were good enough to allow their poles
to be used for this purpose, and
agreed at their last meeting to put
the order into effect.

CASE IN PROGRESS.

Francis V. Smith, a supreme
court action over a right-of-way in
Moss Township, which was referred
to County Judge Talbot Macbeth is in
progress at the court house today.
There are a number of witnesses to
be called, and it is not likely that the
case will be concluded this afternoon.

FIRE CAUSES DAMAGE OF \$250,000 IN HAMILTON

Lightning Is Believed To Have
Been Cause of the
Blaze.

IN BUSINESS AREA

All Equipment in City Used
To Subdue Confla-
gration.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Hamilton, June 21.—Fire which
broke out with astonishing sudden-
ness last night destroyed three
stores on the south of King street
between James and Hughson, in
which block are located the Bank of
Montreal, Bank of Commerce, and
the hydro system's offices. The
burned stores are those of Howell
Brothers, G. F. Glasco, whole-
sale furriers, and Thomas Anderson,
musical instruments. Some water
damage was caused to the stocks of
J. D. Clime, C. L. Ballantyne, heavy
shop, W. C. McClelland, clothing,
while severe water damage was suf-
fered by the Frances Shoe Company,
and the Goodrich Rubber Company.
Other tenants of the Lennox Build-
ing, 20 King street east, all suffered
more or less from water, including
the bond firm of E. J. Hammond &
Co.

The damage is estimated at about
\$250,000, of which about \$150,000 is
to buildings. For a while it looked
as if the whole block would go up in
flames. A general alarm brought out
everything the fire brigade had, and
men and dogs were also summoned.
No opinion is officially expressed as
yet regarding the cause, but some of
those who saw the flames about 25
feet through the roof of the Glasco
store, believed that the building was
struck by lightning.

An electrical storm broke a few
minutes before the fire was discov-
ered, and a heavy rain fell during
the period of the blaze. At 1 o'clock
it was announced, the fire was under
control, but it was not until 3:30 a.m.
that the flames were entirely subdued.
Very slight damage was caused to
the Turner Block at the rear of the
burned buildings.

Spanish Wealth Left to Canadian

J. Serda, Port Rowan, Inherits
\$200,000 From His
Father.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, June 21.—The Star today
publishes the following: No less than
\$200,000 is said to be the fortune
which is left to James Serda of Port
Rowan, Ont., by the death of his
father in Rago, Alicante, Spain. Serda
has been in Canada eleven years, and
was located through an item which
appeared in the Star of May 17, in-
quiring for his whereabouts. Until
recently he worked as a fuel fore-
man on the C. N. R. at Cochrane, Ont.

PAY USUAL FINE

Three bike riders paid the usual \$2
and costs each for riding wheels on
the sidewalk when they appeared in
court today.

MARTIN LEADS CANADIAN EXHIBITS AT WEMBLEY

Ontario Minister of Agricul-
ture Voices Pride in the
Dominion's Resources.

LARKIN PRESIDES

Canadian High Commissioner
Delivers Address at
London Function.

London, June 21.—Hon. Peter
Larkin, Canadian High Commis-
sioner, in London, today presided at a
luncheon to the Canadian Manufac-
turers' party at which the Canadians
spoke highly of the British Empire
Exhibition at Wembley.

Hon. John S. Martin, minister of
agriculture for the province of
Ontario, voiced the "pride and grati-
fication with which all the visitors
beheld the Canadian exhibit." He
declared that the various provinces
of Canada could not in the future
play a lone hand, but that they must
co-operate one with another, in mak-
ing their resources known to the
world at large.

CONGESTION OF MAILS IN TORONTO RELIEVED

Railway Mail Clerks Refuse
To Join Postal Men
in Holdout.

KITCHENER BACK

Premier King Announces Gov-
ernment Has No New
Proposals.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, June 21.—Premier
King said this morning that the
Government had no new pro-
posals to make to the postal men
on strike.

Toronto, June 21.—Between 500 and
600 striking postal employees met at
the Labor Temple this morning to
await reports from the Dominion
executive, who announced they had
resumed communication with govern-
ment officials at Ottawa.

Announcement was made that prac-
tically all railway mail clerks in the
Toronto district had returned to
work. A few postal clerks and let-
ter carriers are reported to have
resumed duty this morning at the
postoffice. At the conclusion of the
deliberations of the executive com-
mittee the striking employees will
parade to Queen's Park, where a mass
meeting will be held.

The railway mail clerks, at a meet-
ing which terminated early this
morning, voted against joining the
strike of the postal workers.
"The return of the railway mail
clerks to their trains will greatly re-
lieve the congestion of mail in and
out of Toronto," stated General
Superintendent McNab, head of the
railway mail service, when he heard
that the clerks had decided to return
to duty.

"So far as the railway mail ser-
vice is concerned the whole system
now throughout Canada is function-
ing," said Mr. McNab.
He stated that first-class mail was
moving out of Toronto quite freely.
Sixteen bags of mail were shipped yes-
terday.

GAME CLUB MEMBER HATCHES PHEASANTS

Mr. Harding Reports Ten
Birds Out of Setting of
Fifteen Eggs.

Some time ago members of the
local Western Ontario Fish Game
Protective Association received some
25 dozen pheasants eggs for hatch-
ing purposes, the only string at-
tached to the shipment, which was
forwarded by the provincial govern-
ment free of charge, was that the
birds were to be allowed to go when
three or four weeks old.

The first member to report yester-
day, Mr. Harding, a non-resident, re-
ported that of the 15 eggs he was given,
10 had hatched out. This is consid-
ered as a very successful hatch by
the officers of the Association. Further reports are looked
for in the next few days.

CONSULTS ON SHOW

Johnny J. Jones of the Johnny J.
Jones Exposition was in the city this
week looking over the Western Fair
grounds and making arrangements
for the placing of his shows for the
big fair in September.

The exposition comes here direct
from the Canadian National Ex-
hibition, Toronto, in its entirety, and
from here goes to Memphis, Tenn.

PREMIERS' PARLEY WILL BE SECRET

M. Herriot, New French
Leader Confers With Ram-
say MacDonald Today.

Associated Press Despatch.
London, June 21.—The conference
between the new French premier, M.
Herriot and Prime Minister MacDon-
ald at Chequers' Court today will be
private, it is announced, and nothing
will be issued for publication. M. Her-
riot is due to arrive this afternoon,
and will immediately motor from
London to Chequers' Court, accom-
panied by Premier MacDonald's sec-
retary, Sir Ronald Waterhouse, and
his own interpreter. The diplomatic
writers say no formal program of
discussion has been arranged.

The diplomatic correspondent of
the Daily Telegraph says Mr. Mac-
Donald is in receipt of an important
communication from the German
government, assumed to have a
bearing on the Chequers' conference.

Both Mrs. Logan and Mr. Doidge
have been the recipients of congratula-
tions and gifts by their fellow mem-
bers of the order and friends in the city.
Other local members to attend the grand
lodge at Hamilton were: E. T. Essery,
K.C., past grand patron; Mrs. E. A.
Jackson, Mrs. M. A. Hewer, Mrs.
Arthur Borland, Mrs. C. Connor, Mrs.
Chas. Robertson, Mrs. Wootton, Mrs.
Albert Gintz, Mrs. O. Brady, Mrs. Fred
Tullett and Mrs. Arthur Linnell.

POLICE CONFIDENT BOY. WILL SOON BE FOUND

Police headquarters are not worrying
over the disappearance of Stanley
Clark, 134 Wilson avenue, who has been
missing since Monday.

Sergeant McCullough, desk sergeant,
states Clark has left home before and
has been seen playing round with other
boys since Monday. He explains that
the lad has kept out of sight of police
officers, but will likely be rounded up
shortly.



GEN. A. D. McRAE.

leader of the new Provincial party
in British Columbia, who was elected
in a Vancouver riding. The chiefs
of the other two big parties, the Lib-
erals and Conservatives, went down
to defeat.

STRIKE PROBLEM IN LONDON OVER

Everything Reported To Be
Running Smoothly at
Local Postoffice.

"Everything moving—everybody
happy," was the word passed out at
the postoffice here this morning.
Handling of mails was practically
back to normal. Men were at work,
and there was practically no com-
plaint from the public.

"No, the Toronto mails are not up
to usual yet," Assistant Postmaster
Skinner said. "We have reports that
some of the strikers there are back
at work, but we don't know how true
that is. Once Toronto does get work-
ing at full strength, I guess we can
expect heavy mails from there."

The public stood any inconvenience
during the strike all in good part,
as there was little complaint. One
little girl, expecting a box of choco-
lates from an outside point, was up
in arms yesterday when it hadn't
been received and sent in repeated
calls of inquiry. "The postoffice is
being all in its power to locate the
sweets."

Examination papers for London
secondary schools came through by
express yesterday morning, and no
inconvenience was caused officials
here.

PREMIERS' PARLEY WILL BE SECRET

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Leader Confers With Ram-
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London to Chequers' Court, accom-
panied by Premier MacDonald's sec-
retary, Sir Ronald Waterhouse, and
his own interpreter. The diplomatic
writers say no formal program of
discussion has been arranged.

LONDON POLICE DONATE BOOKS TO HOSPITAL

The London police department has
donated ten volumes of current fic-
tion to the Victoria Hospital patients'
library. Chief Birrell stated this
morning.

Mrs. James Chalmers put the case
up to the chief a week ago and De-
fective Bolton and Sergeant Mc-
Cullough were assigned the task of
choosing the books.

That they picked on some good
ones was the opinion of Mrs. Ida
Harrison of the W. C. T. U. who
glanced over the volumes in the
chief's office this morning.

GRASS FIRE.

There was a small grass fire in
Chelsea Green last night at 8 o'clock.
No damage was done. It is believed
some small boys had set the grass on
fire, as they were seen on the lot
just before it started to blaze.

MAJORITY SECURED IN B.C. BY LIBERALS

Premier Oliver Defeated, But
His Government Is
Sustained.

WILL FIND SEAT

Working Margin Will Depend
on Attitude of the
Independents.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Vancouver, B. C., June 21.—The
Liberals of British Columbia in yes-
terday's general election elected 19
members to the Legislature, the large-
est number of any of the parties, but
whether the government of Hon. John
Oliver will have a clear working ma-
jority in the assembly will depend
very largely on the final results in six
ridings, which at an early hour this
morning were in doubt.

While the Liberal party triumphed
over its opponents, Premier Oliver,
its veteran leader, went down to de-
feat with his three party mates in
Victoria. Conservatives in the cap-
ital electing their full party ticket of
four members.
According to the latest re-
sults, the Conservatives elected 15
members, the Progressives six, and
the Independents six. The six ridings
in doubt may divide between the Lib-
erals and Conservatives.

The failure of the Provincial Party
to elect any more than the pro-
gressives, and the defeat of the four
Liberals in Victoria, involving the
defeat of the premier, and the defeat
in Vancouver of the Conservative
leader, Hon. W. J. Bowser, were the
surprises of election day.

Gen. A. D. McRae, provincial leader,
is elected in Vancouver, although un-
til after midnight it was thought that
he, too, had gone down to defeat.
Along with Gen. McRae, A. McCreery,
another candidate of the Provincial
Party in this city, was elected.

Women Candidates Defeated.

As far as is known this morning,
there will be no woman member of
the Legislature. Mrs. Ralph Smith,
who in the general election in 1920
headed the Vancouver poll by an
overwhelming majority, yesterday just
failed of election, and with her W. J.
Deb Farris, former attorney-general,
went down to defeat. Mrs. Smith's
defeat being unexpected. Women
candidates in other ridings met de-
feat.

In striking contrast to their victory
in Victoria, the Conservatives were
unable to elect one of their six
in Vancouver, and for the first time
in over twenty years in which he has
represented Vancouver in the Legis-
lature, Hon. W. J. Bowser, the Con-
servative leader, failed to secure
election.

Apparently all of the cabinet min-
isters have been returned with the
exception of Premier Oliver. Hon.
William Sloan carried Nanaimo by a
large majority. Hon. E. D. Barrow,
minister of agriculture, had a narrow
majority in a billwack. Attorney-
General Manson appears to be safe
in Omineca. Hon. Dr. Sutherland,
minister of works, won in Revelstoke
and Hon. T. D. Pattullo, minister of
lands, and Hon. Dr. MacLean, min-
ister of education, won in Prince
Rupert and Yale respectively. Mayor
Please See Page 3, Column 3.

EASTERN STAR SOCIETY IS SIGNALLY HONORED

The order of the Eastern Star Society
of London was signally honored in the
selection of John C. Doidge and Mrs.
Bert Logan, both members of Ruth
Chapter, this city, as grand worthy
patron and grand matron, respectively,
at the sessions of the grand chapter,
held at Hamilton this week.

Both Mrs. Logan and Mr. Doidge
have been the recipients of congratula-
tions and gifts by their fellow mem-
bers of the order and friends in the city.
Other local members to attend the grand
lodge at Hamilton were: E. T. Essery,
K.C., past grand patron; Mrs. E. A.
Jackson, Mrs. M. A. Hewer, Mrs.
Arthur Borland

Progressive Rebels Nursing Suspicion and Personal Grudges, Forke Says

PROGRAM READY FOR DOMINION DAY

Lieutenant-Governor Will Address Gathering at Victoria Park.

"CANADA'S DAY"

Dominion Day will be observed in London this year as "Canada's Day," and a fine program has been arranged for the morning celebration at Victoria Park. At 10:50 o'clock in the morning a detachment of R. C. R's and militia, members of the G. W. V. A. cadets, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, school children and standard-bearers of the I. O. O. F. will be assembled at the park, and flags will be distributed.

Following the general salute, "O Canada" will be sung by a children's choir, with the band of the R. C. R's accompanying. Col. Ibbotson Leonard, D. S. O., president of the London Canadian Club, will give the introductory address. The choir and R. C. R. Band will offer "The Maple Leaf." Mayor George Wenige and Lieutenant-Governor Col. Harry Cockshutt will address the gathering. Following the speaking, the hymn, "Into the Hills," and "God Save the King" will be sung. Then the parade will form a hollow square, with standard-bearers moving to the park flag staff, southwest of the soldiers' monument. A royal salute of guns by the 12th Battery, C. F. A., and the fire-de-jolly by the R. C. R's will precede the raising of the flag and the placing of memorial wreaths on the soldiers' monument. The march past will conclude the celebration. Brigadier-General King and officers of M. D. No. 1, the Canadian clubs of London, the council, and 16 other



SIR ROBERT KINDERSLEY, who is now in Germany supervising preliminary work in connection with the financial rehabilitation of the country.

COMMUNION CLASS.

A large class of little children will receive Holy Communion for the first time tomorrow morning at the 8:30 mass at St. Patrick's Church. Rev. Fr. Sholly, instructor of the class, will celebrate mass.

The splendid showing the children have made in preliminary tests reflects much credit on the training of the Sisters of St. Joseph, under whose direction the classes are formed.

clubs and organizations have united in arranging the celebration for the day.



Experience points the way

RECENTLY a man left his son a portion of his estate on condition that he save \$500 out of his own earnings within five years.

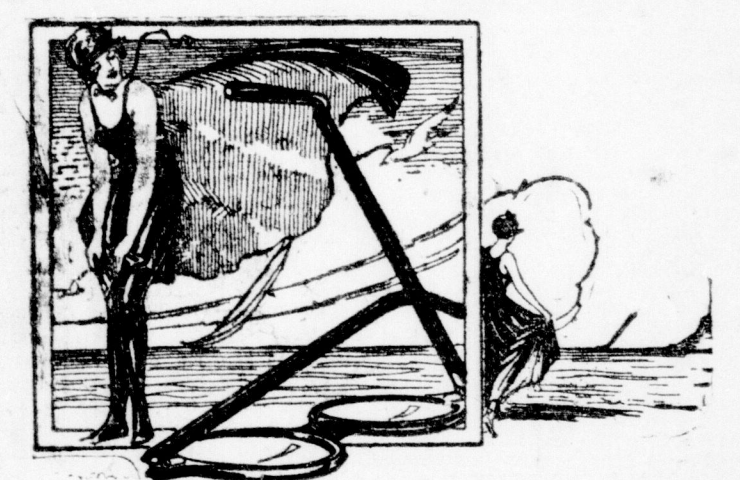
Why? Because he knew from experience that one must first learn to save before he is capable of handling other money matters successfully. Systematic saving develops responsibility and careful judgment, and gives that confidence which leads to success.

We invite you to make your start now with

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Capital, \$5,000,000 Reserves, \$7,000,000
Established 1855

BRANCHES:
Corner Richmond and King Streets (Main Office).
Corner Richmond and John Streets.
Corner Dundas and Wellington Streets.
Corner Dundas and Adelaide Streets.



HEALTH

BACK farther than the stone age the idea has prevailed that health is better than wealth. Everyone grants this is true. Still, only a small percentage of us actually take advantage of it.

The time to protect your health is before it begins to fail. Mr. Steele is an optometrist and will require only a small amount of your time to fix you with Eye-glasses that not only will protect your eyes but build up your health.

F. STEELE

LONDON'S LEADING OPTOMETRIST.
Dundas Street.

King St., Kitchener. Talbot St., St. Thomas.

DUNDAS CENTER HAS FINE PICNIC

Over Four Hundred Attend Merry Gathering at Springbank Park.

LARGE PROGRAM

With over four hundred members in attendance, the season has so far held no more successful event than the annual picnic of the Dundas Centre Church Sunday School, carried out yesterday at Springbank Park.

The four hundred included not only the tiny tots and younger children of the school, but almost a complete attendance of the older members and teachers, all of whom entered heartily into the enjoyment of races and other sporting events which commenced promptly at 4 o'clock.

Under the leadership of W. D. Quigley, appointed master of ceremonies for the day, a splendid program of sports was carried out. This included sort ball games, races, and contests of a unique and amusing character.

Prize Winners.

Listed among the prize-winners were the following:
Boys, 6 years and under—Douglas Wamsley, Billie Deacon, Neilson Sweetzer.
Girls, 6 years and under—Mary McNaughton, Maxine McLean, Edna Parrott.
Boys, 8 years and under—Ray Ferguson, Edward Higgins, Frank Deacon.
Girls, 8 years and under—Frances Beal, Mary Skinner, Marion Sweetzer.
Boys, 10 years and under—Floyd Stewart, Keith McNaughton, Fred McGee.
Girls, 10 years and under—May Anderson, Veronica Sweetzer, Agnes McGee.
Boys, 12 years and under—Alan McNaughton, Ben Higgins, Ross McNaughton.
Girls, 12 years and under—Sheila Gordon, Lea Faircloth, Helen Trothen.
Young men—Howard Obey, Allan Grant, Millard Grant.
Young ladies' chess—Vera Stevens and Leona Shobottom, Marion Gowie and Nan Gordon, Leah Faircloth and Anna Stone.
Married men—J. Higgins, Mr. Moore, Fred Jones.
Sack race—Clifford Hodgins, Ben Higgins, Edward Higgins.
Married ladies' race—Mrs. Gordon, Mrs. Hodgins.
Four-Legged Race.
Four-legged race—R. Watson, A. McNaughton, R. McNaughton, and Ben Higgins, Fred Jones, Clark Smith.
Candy relay race—Anna Stone, Lucy Shobottom, and Lea Faircloth, Alan Gordon, Marion Gowie, and Anna Cahill, Ethelyn Shannon, M. Tanton, and Lenore Webber.
Ball-throwing contest—Lenore Webber, Vera Stevens, and Grace Goshwin.
Boys, 12 years and over—Fred Jones, R. Watson, John Beal.
Girls, 12 years and over—Leona Shobottom, Vera Stevens, Violet Williams.
Girls, sack race—Lea Faircloth, Lucy Downham, Helen Trothen.
Boys' relay race—Fred Jones, Ben Higgins and R. Watson, John Beal, Ross McNaughton and Alan McNaughton, Clark Smith, Clifford Hodgins and Floyd Stewart.
Among those who made up the committee in charge of the sports were the following: J. A. Jones, Dr. Weldon, J. R. White, Arthur Ward, Jack Higgins, D. C. McNaughton.

TOTAL TAX PAYMENTS NEAR 2-MILLION MARK

City Treasurer States 'Total Lower Than Last Year.

City Treasurer James Bell announces that \$1,776,000 is the exact amount paid into his office for taxes to date. This is slightly less than last year when at the same date the figure was \$1,798,000. However, the treasurer believes that when several disputed claims are settled that the treasury of the city will contain just as much as it did at the end of the tax paying at the same period in 1923.

NOVENA COMES TO CLOSE AT GATHERING TOMORROW

The novena in honor of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, which has been conducted in St. Patrick's Church during the past week, will be brought to a close tomorrow night with special devotions at 7 o'clock. The reading of petitions and intentions handed in by the faithful during the week will be read and prayed for, and the papal blessing will be imparted to all those who attend.

Large numbers of the congregation have attended the nightly devotions, and the Redeemptorist Fathers are well-nerved with the success of the novena.

WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS
READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY

Best of all Fly Killers 10c per Packet at all Drugists, Grocers and General Stores

AGED MAN DROWNS IN POOL OF QUEEN'S PARK FOUNTAIN

Walter Wilson, 857 Dundas Street, Meets Death in Shallow Water.

HEAD ONLY COVERED

Believed To Have Suffered a Weak Spell and Slipped Into Pool.

Walter Wilson, age 63, of 857 Dundas street, was found dead by a railroad worker in the fountain pool in Queen's Park at 6:30 o'clock last night. His head was covered by the water of the pool, which is about two feet deep, while his legs were extended over the rim. Mr. Wilson had not been home since noon. When the time came for supper and he did not appear, his daughter, Mrs. Melville Wilson, with whom he had made his home, started out to look for him, but shortly afterward she was informed of the tragedy.

Mr. Wilson had been ill for seven years, and in the last few years he had been suffering with weak spells at irregular intervals. It had been his custom since being sick to go over to the park in the daytime and wander around the grounds. It is not known at what time he fell in the fountain, but doctors who examined him said he had been in the water for quite a length of time.

His relatives believe that he had sat down at the edge of the fountain for a rest and had either been stricken with weakness or had gone to sleep and had fallen into the water, and because of his condition had been unable to extricate himself.

Mrs. Wilson said that she had often noticed him sitting on the edge of the fountain, but he would be overcome with weariness and would lie down in any spot at all.

Several doctors had traced his trouble to his spine, but there was no way that it could be remedied.

The deceased had been employed at the N. E. car shops until the time he had become sick. He was born in Omemee County, but had moved to London at an early age. The survivors are his widow, Nettie, and son, Melville, with whom he lived, and one daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Williams of Bobcragge. His son Melville is a commercial traveller, is at the present time in Toronto, but will arrive home tomorrow.

The funeral will be held from the family residence on Sunday, interment to be made in Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

WEST LONDON PAVING PROGRAM IS BEGUN

Operations Start on Blackfriars Street—L. S. R. Tracks a Problem.

The West London paving program, which has been in progress since the beginning of the year, has now commenced, and the work on Blackfriars street has begun.

There is a great deal of work in London West that can never be done until the question of the London Street Railway is settled, on account of the presence of the company's tracks. However, the commencement of paving work on Blackfriars street is one especially welcome to London West residents.

The construction of pavements there will open that section up to a development that will be proportionately equal to the development in South London during the last decade, it is expected. In this connection it will be remembered that previous to the paving of the thoroughfares in South London there was not any great amount of residence construction carried on, but since that section has been paved there has been marked progress there than in any other section of the city, possibly with the exception of the North End.

In connection with West London it is explained that there it is so close to the center of the city that, with the exception of the railway program there, property values should increase quite rapidly.

ENGINEERS WILL HOLD THIRTY-FIFTH SESSION

Delegates From Every Corner of Dominion Gather in St. Thomas Monday.

The thirty-fifth annual convention of the Canadian Association of Stationary Engineers will be held at St. Thomas for four days next week, commencing Monday, in the L. L. P. Hall. Grand lodge will be in session, with delegates present from all over the Dominion. Business of an extensive and important nature will be transacted.

Through the courtesy of the Exhibitors' Association of the C. A. S. E., a picnic to Port Stanley has been arranged for Wednesday afternoon and evening. The day's program will include a full quota of sports and a banquet, with many valuable prizes offered in the former. Together with their families, all engineers have been invited to the picnic, regardless of whether they are members of the association.

Prizes will be donated by the Exhibitors' Association, and there will be a softball contest played between exhibitors and engineers. Officers in charge are C. B. Turner, chairman of the Exhibitors' Association, and W. H. Goodey, chairman, No. 40, C. A. S. E.



GUY GUNDAKER, of Philadelphia, retiring international Rotary president. His successor elected yesterday is Everett Hill of Ottawa, Ont.

HOME-COMING JOY MARRED BY DEATH

Richard Leathorne Killed by Train—Wife Is in Hospital.

Hurrying home to prepare for the homecoming today of his wife who, suffering from burns, has been in Victoria Hospital for six months, Richard Leathorne, a deaf mute, R. C. 6, London, was struck by C. X. R. train No. 16 and instantly killed near Hale street at 7:35 o'clock last night.

Mr. Leathorne was walking the streets, a base of the skull and the Gore road not far beyond the city limits. In his arms he carried two loaves of bread and his lunch pail. In his hurry he evidently did not see the approach of the fast eastbound train. Apparently unseen by the train crew, his body was tossed several feet and death, doctors believe, came instantly.

The little home in the country, which tonight is full of sorrow, has been stalked by tragedy for many months, the illness having been burned so seriously in an explosion at her home that she has been confined to a hospital bed for months.

The body of Mr. Leathorne now lies at Oatman's Funeral Home. It was taken first to Victoria Hospital following the discovery of the tragedy by the crew of No. 5, westbound express.

Coroner Dr. Wilson was called and found that the man suffered deep lacerations of the skull and undoubtedly had been dead almost an hour when found.

Identification was made by means of a key envelope from the Lord Jones Soap Company which was found in a pocket.

Train No. 16 was operated by Engineer Morris.

An inquest was opened at noon today.

The funeral will be held on Monday from the Oatman Funeral Home, interment to be made in Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

He is survived by his widow, one daughter, Susan, and one son, Albert, all at home.

GARBAGE MEN HOLIDAY SCHEDULE STARTS JUNE 23

The council, having decided on civic holidays for the outside men in the employ of the city, the holiday schedule for garbage men will take effect from June 23. Superintendent Dodd has arranged the schedule to take their two weeks holidays between that date and Sept. 15.

Two men from the incinerator and four men from the collection department will be on holidays at a time. As the strike is on, this morning in the garbage department, it is expected the holidays will not interfere with the work of the department to any extent.

But the men on the outside work of the engineering department will not get their holidays until fall. Engineer Neat stated today. On account of the necessity for keeping all the gangs up to strength during the fine summer weather, arrangements will be made to allow the men working on pavement and curb and gutter work to take their holidays during the fall when the season's work is over.

Including the men in the garbage department, there are about 150 outside employees who will be entitled to two weeks' holidays under the new holiday bylaw this year.

WILL GO ON VISIT.

Meeting at Askin Street Methodist Church at 9:15 Sunday morning, the Brotherhood of that church will have a visit to the Lambeth Brotherhood, when Rev. C. Blatchford will give an address on "Liberty and How to Obtain It."

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY DIED.

GIBSON—In this city, Friday, June 20, 1924, William S. Gibson, husband of Louisa Gibson and son of the late George and Hannah Gibson.

Private funeral services from the residence of his sister, Mrs. E. J. Williams, 36 Charles St., on Sunday, at 2 p.m.—Interment Woodland Cemetery.

KENNEDY—At St. Joseph's Hospital, June 21, 1924, Thomas Kennedy.

Funeral from the residence of his son, James Kennedy, 381 Simcoe St., Monday morning to St. Mary's Church. Requiem high mass at 8 o'clock. Interment St. Peter's Cemetery.

WILSON—Suddenly, in this city, Friday, June 20, 1924, Andrew Wilson, in his 64th year.

Private funeral service from George E. Logan Funeral Home on Monday, 2 p.m.—Interment Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

LOST—Jade earring at Springbank at stop before Fawcett. Reward. Phone 587.

YOUNG MAN for junior clerk in financial institution in this city. Apply in own handwriting. Box 72, Advertiser.

LEADER REPLIES TO INSURGENTS

Leader of Progressives Denies All Charges of Small Discontented Group.

SEES NO DRIFTING

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, June 20.—Robert Forke, leader of the Progressive party, has replied to the six Progressives who informed him that they had no intention of further attending Progressive party caucuses.

"Whatever interpretation you may have placed on the attitude or action of your colleagues, it is not true that the group has diverged in any respect from the principles for which it has stood from the first."

"We trust," Mr. Forke concludes, "that further consideration may lead you to the realization that co-operation without the group can never be as effective for our common purposes as united action with it."

Mr. Forke's letter reads: "Ottawa, Ont., June 20, 1924. "Miss MacPhail and Gentlemen, "Your communication of June 14 has been duly transmitted to the members of the Progressive party in parliament."

Charges Inconclusive. "While no one can question your right to take the course you propose, the Progressive members regret that you have seen fit to withdraw from the caucus for reasons which they cannot but regard as unsubstantial and inconclusive. When you say that the Progressive group in parliament has departed from its fundamental principles, they must emphatically deny the allegation."

Whatever interpretation you may have placed on the attitude or action of your colleagues, it is not true that the group has diverged in any respect from the principles for which it has stood from the first. The principle of constituency autonomy, involving methods of organization in the country, does not affect the organization of the group in parliament, and has nowhere been departed from.

"The instances which you adduce in support of your contentions result from the expression of various sectional viewpoints, but these divergencies did not involve a departure from Progressive principles. They were rather the honest expressions of the opinions of men who, like yourselves, are responsible to their constituents. Moreover, they were mainly differences concerning matters of procedure and other questions which in no sense touch the principles to which we adhere in common. To interpret these instances as a departure from Progressive principles is quite gratuitous and not a little unfair to those with whom you were then associated."

In Organization Only. "The differences between us would appear to arise in connection with our parliamentary organization. Three years ago the Progressive members adopted the usual form of parliamentary organization, with leader, whip and caucus, but they by no means became servile to it. The meetings in caucus have been in exactly the same spirit and manner as the meetings of our local organizations and conventions at home. They have possessed the same strength and the same weakness, neither more or less. Whip domination, autocratic leadership, and majority coercion would be as distasteful to us as to you, but no endeavor has been made to establish them, neither has any attempt been made, as you suggest, to build up a solid political party on the old lines. Only time, experience and continued association of the various sections of the party will produce the ideal parliamentary organization. Your objections to the present form of organization seem to us rather to be caused by suspicion and personal sensibilities than anything fundamental. They arise in every organization where men have full liberty of expression and will appear in any that might be substituted for the present caucus. Unity of purpose and of action and a definite parliamentary organization are essential to any effective action in the House of Commons and to the statement of the practical reforms which our constituents look to us to pursue."

"We trust that further consideration may lead you to the realization that co-operation from without the group can never be as effective for our common purposes as united action within it."

"Yours very truly, (Signed) R. FORKE.

"On behalf of the Progressive group." The letter is addressed to Miss Agnes C. MacPhail and Messrs. Robert Gardner, E. J. Garland, Donald M. Kennedy, Henry E. Spencer and M. N. Campbell.

NEWARK SKIPPER ALLEGED IN RUM-RUNNING LEAGUE

Canadian Press Despatch. Montreal, June 20.—Alleged to be in league with rum-runners carrying on outside the 12-mile limit off New York harbor, Samuel Charles Forde, of Newark, skipper of the "Lutzen," a British steamship, was brought before Judge Cusson in this morning, charged with conspiracy. The prisoner pleaded not guilty and was remanded for preliminary investigation until June 26. Bail was set at \$25,000, of liquor valued at \$50,000 to a designated destination.

DIVING and BATHING CAPS

are now in stock. See the new styles.

STRONG'S DRUG STORE

184 DUNDAS ST., LONDON.

Argentina

Sherlock-Manning Pianos are to be found even as far afield as the great South America republic Argentina, where they are living up to their customary reputation for quality of workmanship and beauty of tone.

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Health

THE RESULT OF

Nerve Freedom

CHIROPRACTORS CLAIM

Experience has taught us that methods long used to "cure" disease have proved incompetent to recover health (that is, in every case treated). There is sickness on every hand. The great constitutional disorders which have carried off thousands long before their lives have been lived out are still with us and afflict the people of our age the same as those of the past.

You hear of ailing individuals who declare that everything tried for their health failed of beneficial results. Science frequently announces that great strides have been made in curing and preventing diseases, but in view of the fact that there is more sickness than ever and that the average length of life grows less with the passing of time, the claim that their theory is working any real reform in the health situation can be justly called into question.

There are many who believe that much of the scientific inquiry into the health problem is being conducted along the wrong lines, and that no better health results may be expected from any school of health thought that views the cause of human disease as a matter in which bacterial life is chiefly responsible for practically every kind of sickness that brings the organs of man to a degenerate state. The theory that germs cause disease to a healthy body or any part that is of normal resistance to them, is widely disputed and members of such health professions as dissent from the germ theory produce many recoveries in supposed germ-caused diseases without using any of the remedies the other side declare necessary to effect a "cure."

The science of chiropractic, the leading drugless system of health practice in this country, takes full cognizance of the presence of germs, but considers these micro-organisms entirely harmless until there first is a condition of run-down resistance as a breeding ground of the diseases they are said to cause. For this predisposing cause there is a condition of spinal displacement to interfere with the normal passage of nerve power, the natural action of which maintains health in any and all parts of the body.

Hence the science of chiropractic assumes that to possess a healthy body the body itself must be in a condition of nerve freedom at the spine that the health energy generated by the brain may be transmitted in normal quantity and degree to every cell in every tissue, organ and part. This is Nature's way of imparting health-creating and health-sustaining power. If there is interference in the way of a compression of nerves by displaced joints of the spine it will act as the CAUSE of practically every disease the body suffers. To restore health, then, it becomes necessary to remove this cause. Chiropractic spinal adjustments are given to that end. The hands are used to restore the displaced joints to their true positions, and so soon as nature can adapt the parts to permanent realignment recovery from the sickness will have been effected and the prevention of further disease in them will be taken care of by the healthy resistance of natural functions.

Some may think that the spinal column is so stoutly constructed that its parts are not subject to deviations from normal arrangements. It is known with certainty that about all the joints of the spine are of limited motion and due to the fact that the organ is physically unable to withstand many effects exerted by the stress of daily life, these movable sections very frequently become displaced, thereby compressing the nerve lines and disturbing their capacity to transmit energy impulses. This will rob the organs and parts affected of their energy and power and they will gradually decline in resistance.

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

Chiropractic articles will be published in this newspaper each Saturday.

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

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

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

Associated Chiropractors, London, St. Thomas, Stratford, Watford, Stratford, Galt, Simcoe, Hagersville, Jaxia, Wat-

TALKING PICTURES CREATE INTEREST

DeForest Phonofilm At Majestic Drawing Large Crowds Daily.

AMAZING INVENTION

Interest has not slackened with succeeding performances of the De Forest Phonofilm, now on exhibition at the Majestic Theatre. Presented free of charge, this amazing invention affords Londoners a splendid opportunity to observe first-hand, the progress of science as it is known to the twentieth century.

The Phonofilm is the first successful attempt at obtaining synchronism of sound and action in moving pictures. Professor Lee De Forest's remarkable invention was only obtained after months of patient and untiring effort. He succeeded where many other inventors had found only failure. "Talking pictures" are not new, but the Phonofilm represents the first successful method of producing the picture and the sound at identically the same moment.

For its first presentation to the public, the Phonofilm is necessarily brief. Following the introductory explanation it comprises instrumental selections, orchestra playing, solos and dances, all of which are ample proof of the accuracy with which the sound produced follows the actual moment when it is released on the air. The invention means a remarkable development for the moving picture industry in the near future, and the interest of the whole scientific world had been awakened by the discovery that sound and picture can be produced at identically the same moment.

Afternoon and evening there are continuous performances at the Majestic Theatre today.

CANADIAN FORESTERS ELECT HIGH OFFICERS

Ald. J. A. A. Brodeur, Montreal, Is Re-elected High Chief Ranger.

Canadian Press Despatch. Montreal, June 20.—At the closing session of the High Court, Canadian Order of Foresters, here yesterday, Ald. J. A. A. Brodeur, Montreal, was re-elected high chief ranger, with Ald. F. H. Davidson, Winnipeg, high vice-chief ranger. A. R. Golpin, Bradford, Ont., was elected high treasurer.

Windsor, Ont., was selected as the convention place for 1925.

FEDERATION OFFICIAL RESIGNS OVER STRIKE

John E. Archer, Secretary of Postal Workers, Disagrees With Colleagues.

Canadian Press Despatch. Hamilton, June 20.—John E. Archer, secretary of the Canadian Federation of Postal Employees, whose efforts were largely responsible for getting the Hamilton men back to work today, has resigned his position on the executive of the federation. He said he did so because the federation had rejected his proposal for what he considered the best method of settling the strike. Mr. Archer said he wanted to continue negotiations while the men were at work, but his colleagues decided differently.

ANOTHER ADJOURNMENT IN WOOD LIQUOR CASE

Special To The Advertiser.

St. Thomas, June 20.—Six bottles of whiskey and one bottle of gin, together with the suitcase in which they were packed, alleged to have belonged to E. (Peg) Wood of London, were produced in county court this afternoon before Magistrate MacIntyre. Wood is charged with having liquor in a place other than his private dwelling.

Barrister Cluff of London, for the accused, put in the defence under protest, claiming that an adjournment had been made for a period of more than eight days which rendered the magistrate "officially defunct." The hearing was again adjourned for another week and bail of \$4,000 renewed.

Had her uncle and cousin somehow managed to steal the necklace from Mrs. Wilson? Had they been drowned in running away with it? Had he ruined himself to pay a debt of honor to her, who wanted nothing from him but love? And how was poor, so poor and so proud that he dared not ask for what was his own.

THE NECKLACE OF TEARS

By LOUISE GERARD.

INSTALLMENT XII.

THE LEADING CHARACTERS.

MRS. GREEN, who has taken a motherly interest in

DESIREE DE MAILLY, beautiful blind countess, who owns the valuable necklace of tears. She delivers it to

the safe-keeping of

JOHN WILSON, self-made Eng-

lishman, and in love with Desi-

ree, who directs that an operation be

made to save her sight. The opera-

tion is successful, but it will be two

weeks before she can see. The Count

de Gilbert and Eugene steal the neck-

lace from Wilson, but are drowned

making their escape. Wilson decides

to reimburse Desiree for the loss of

her jewels, which will impoverish him.

He tells Desiree, and leaves for Eng-

land. Two months pass while Wil-

son goes back to England, and De-

siree becomes the pet of Paris society.

Tiring of the inconsequential social

whirl and still holding Wilson in

memory, Desiree returns to her cha-

teau at Nice. She writes Wilson, ask-

ing him to send her a steward, but he

deceives her and sends an imaginary

cousin and goes to Nice posing as

Edward Wilson.

At the chateau Wilson proves him-

self a master of the estate by order-

ing improvements and putting the

place on a businesslike basis. He and

Desiree are constantly in each other's

company, he little dreaming that she

was in fact John, and she wonder-

ing why he doesn't divulge his iden-

tity.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Chateau Life.

During the first fortnight of his

stay at the Domaine de Mailly it

seemed to Wilson that he had gained

a lesser paradise. Then a fly ap-

peared in his ointment—not one alone,

but a swarm.

People who for years had ignored

her existence began to call. They

came in motors from 20 miles and

more away, in carriages and pairs

from Nice. Hardly a day passed with-

out bringing his visitor, and every

caller had a coat of arms on carriage

or car.

If by chance Wilson appeared dur-

ing their visit, forgotten and won-

dered, would be turned on him, and

one afternoon when this happened,

blissfully ignorant that there was

anything the matter with her man,

—a real one;—a baughty and

impetuous dame, who had brought

her son, a weedy, degenerate prin-

cing, with that it is personality

Wilson had withdrawn as soon as

he was able, seeing hostility in the

woman's stare, patronage in the

man's off-hand greeting.

Occasionally when well-placed for-

tune hunters were there, there was

would come in for tea. It was a

refined form of torture to him, to give

Desiree a chance of really measuring

him side by side with the suave, po-

lished, elegant men of her own class.

When her visitors said disparaging

things, or looked in a disapproving

manner at her ideal, with an effort

she kept from flaring up at them,

from telling them what she thought

of them and him. But most of all

she wanted to lay her head on his

shoulder and weep because they

could not see how wonderful he was;

how it hurt him that he had said, and

how it hurt him that he had said, and

how it hurt him that he had said, and

how it hurt him that he had said, and

how it hurt him that he had said, and

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managed to steal the necklace from Mr. Wilson? Had they been drowned in running away with it? Had he ruined himself to pay a debt of honor to her, who wanted nothing from him but love? And how was poor, so poor and so proud that he dared not ask for what was his own.

The thought thrilled her. It was all in keeping with her estimate of his character.

During dinner that night he was unusually silent, brooding on what he had lost.

And Desiree had never seemed more desirable, more lovely, more bright-eyed and radiant, like one who had just inherited a vast fortune.

All through the dinner he watched her anxiously, a tortured look in his eyes.

Perhaps she had made up her mind to marry the prince. That would be agony past all bearing.

The meal went through its course steadily. When coffee arrived the lamp came, turning the green shadows into gold.

Beyond the terrace day had melted into night—a gilded evening that turned softly into silver as the moon gathered strength and putting the frogs croaked loudly. A myriad of tiny lamps about the trees and shrubs, and fireflies hung and darted.

A light breeze, faintly sweet with orange blossom, made the leaves overhead sigh gently. The mountains that ringed the paradise loomed like clouds against the milky sky, where the moon soared in a half globe of flaming silver. There were no trees, only shadows that sighed vaguely, and only deeper depths of indigo where nightingales sang.

As Wilson stirred his coffee, his gaze was on the soft, blurred, scented scene.

How he loved it all—the peace and the beauty—this and that was Desiree's. To live there always with her as his wife, this girl who was so decidedly his part of it and him; to come between her and a rough and tumble world; to work hard on her estate and make a model place of it; to hand it on, perfected, to their children; to do all that he in his conceit had once dared to dream.

A voice broke into his broodings. "Often I have sat here in the dark, wondering what the world was made of," it said.

"And what have you found it made of, Countess?" he asked, a hungry gleam in his eyes as he watched her. "I've found that it is personality that counts, not the person; that it doesn't matter what people are so long as they ring true."

"What do you mean, Countess?" he asked, a guilty flush deepening the red of his face.

"Don't pretend you don't know. Don't pretend to be your cousin any longer. I know. I've always known, you are John Wilson."

Wilson cast one quick glance at the small face opposite him.

His fraud had been discovered, his lies found out! There was nothing left but to confess and have to leave a lesser paradise, and his guilty conscience said those blue eyes were looking at him with coldness and accusation.

"I didn't tell it," he said hoarsely. "I didn't tell it from you?" she asked breathlessly.

He had no time to invent an explanation. In his hesitation she read the truth.

"Did you ruin yourself to pay me back the price of it?" she asked tensely.

"It was a debt of honor," he said, his voice flat.

Desiree rose from her chair, her face crimson, her eyes strained, her breast heaving.

"How dared you, how dared you do it?" she gasped. "How dared you ruin yourself because of me? I don't want your money. I don't want anything from you except—except love."

As she said the last two words she turned quickly, running from him as she had run once before—not hiding herself in the house this time, but seeking a refuge in the garden, in the seethe of shame in which she moved, hardly knowing where she was going.

For a moment Wilson was too astounded to do anything. Then he was on his feet, following after her.

What a fool he was—always had been, for that matter, where Desiree was concerned. And his last rank piece of folly was to imagine she had not recognized him!

He thought of all the little advances she had made during the last few weeks to which he had been too stupid to respond, keeping them both on the rack, finally making her do what was wholly alien to her nature and what had left her burning with shame.

Then he remembered having read somewhere that a princess must always propose to the man she loves if that man chances to be a commoner.

He would tell her that the moment he found her, as he kissed the shame from her face.

Monday—Love at Last.

SAMPLES WILL BE GIVEN DURING THIS GREAT SALE

The event supreme in Standard Drug Stores merchandising is announced for this week-end in their sale. The day when Standard Drug show "mainlined courses" in the goods they sell by offering all customers samples galore.

The bargains featured are outstanding and enable purchasers to save money on needed articles. Read the announcement carefully—make up a shopping list—select samples you will desire to use and ask for them with your purchase. The management of the stores invite early shoppers, as notwithstanding the great preparations made on former occasions samples were depleted. Shop in the morning if possible.

Associated Press Despatch. Washington, June 20.—Andrew J. Peppall was ordered deported to Canada today because he entered the United States without inspection.

Acting Commissioner of Immigration W. W. Sibray announced today that Peppall will be taken to Buffalo and turned over to the Canadian authorities for return to Toronto. Peppall, formerly a resident of Toronto, and now living in Los Angeles, California, was indicted in April last along with Peter Smith, former treasurer of the province of Ontario, on a charge of conspiring "to defraud the government of Ontario by obtaining secret commissions on the purchase by the government of Ontario of certain succession-duty-free bonds."

"Andy" Peppall and Peter Smith had known each other before Mr. Smith entered the Farmer government in Ontario as provincial treasurer, and when on Mr. Smith's recommendation the government decided to buy in outstanding duty-free bonds, Mr. Smith engaged Andrew Peppall to go to London where many of the bonds were held and carry on the negotiations. The price paid is said to have been very much higher than the current market price.



LUNCHES

When at Grand Bend lunch at Elsie's.

Summer refreshments of all kinds.

Give the kiddies a ride on the merry-go-round.

Wm. Elsie

GRAND BEND - ONTARIO

Lake View House

GRAND BEND, ONT.

Right On the Water's Edge

AT LAKE HURON'S FAMOUS RESORT.

RATES BY DAY OR WEEK.

HARMON M. GILL, Proprietor.

STATTON'S

ICE CREAM PARLOR

Eat here. Meet your friends here.

"Blue Bird" for Service.

IMPERIAL POOLROOM

GRAND BEND - ONTARIO

BRENNER'S GARAGE

Service on all makes of cars. Gas, Oil, Tires and Accessories for sale.

M. BRENNER, Proprietor.

COOK'S

HOME-MADE BREAD

This wonderful Bread has been the talk of Grand Bend for seasons. There's a reason! Order from any grocer.

R. F. COOK, HENSALL

MEADOW-GOLD BRAND

Grand Bend Booths

can now supply you with this favorite delicacy. Ask for Meadow Gold and get the best.

MRS. L. RAVELLE & SON

GRAND BEND - ONTARIO

SILVERWOOD'S

"SMOOTHER THAN VELVET."

ICE CREAM

Sold by Most Good Dealers.

ASK FOR IT EVERYWHERE.

Wife Desertion Plus Vagrancy

Woman Places Charge Against Man Arrested As Vagrant.

Special To The Advertiser.

Chatham, June 20.—High Constable Peters announced today that a charge of wife desertion will be preferred against Harry Gander, Windsor man, who was arrested at an early hour yesterday on a charge of vagrancy.

Hearing of Gander's arrest, a Thamesville woman called the high constable and alleged that the prisoner is her husband, who deserted her four years ago.

The man was arrested following complaints he had been sleeping under trees and in barns in the neighborhood of Duart for about a week.

Will Be Returned To Toronto by Way of Buffalo.

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Wife Desertion Plus Vagrancy

Zoologists Seek Strange Bird.

An expedition to British Guiana is being planned by zoologists, who hope to bring back a living hoatzin. The young of this strange bird have claws on their wings, with which they climb through the foliage.

LONDON NURSES TO ATTEND NATIONAL HELD IN HAMILTON

Association of Nursing Education To Become Part of C.N.A.T.N.

NOTED SPEAKERS

Miss I. M. Stewart of Columbia University Will Give Final Address.

Several graduate nurses of London expect to go to Hamilton next week to attend the sessions of the Canadian National Association of Trained Nurses, which is being convened there from June 23 to 27. Mrs. M. Patterson and Miss Margaret McDermid will be of the party and it is expected that Mrs. A. C. Joseph, now visiting in Detroit, will also attend.

The Canadian Association of Nursing Education which is holding its 17th annual meeting in Hamilton at the same time will probably be disbanded to form a section of the Canadian National Association of Trained Nurses, which is being convened there from June 23 to 27. Mrs. M. Patterson and Miss Margaret McDermid will be of the party and it is expected that Mrs. A. C. Joseph, now visiting in Detroit, will also attend.

Each of these sections will have an interesting exhibit in the Royal Connaught Hotel during convention week. That of the public health section should be of extreme interest. It will include the Junior Red Cross exhibit. The Association of National Hygiene is also putting on a very interesting exhibit.

The first three days of the convention will be given over to the biennial meeting of the C. N. A. T. N. The Monday morning session will be concerned chiefly with registration of delegates, the president's address, and reports which will be continued throughout the afternoon. In the evening a public meeting is to be held and is being arranged jointly with the C. A. N. E. Miss Grace M. Fairley, superintendent of nurses of the General Hospital, Hamilton, will be chairman. Miss C. Reimann, secretary of the International Council of Nurses, will be the chief speaker.

On Tuesday the report of the Public Health Nursing Progress from 1922 to 1924, including activities of the public health section will be given. There will also be a ten minutes talk by a representative of the Canadian Red Cross Society on "Home Nursing Classes." In the evening there will be a reception to the delegates given by the Nurses' Association of Hamilton. On Wednesday morning the election of officers and further business will bring the convention to a close.

C. A. N. E. Meetings Follow. The meetings of the C. A. N. E. will immediately follow. In the evening of that same day, Miss Grace Fairley's report from the committee on Nursing Progress in Foreign Fields will be a feature. On the following morning two interesting reports will be given—one on the Student Christian Movement by Miss M. A. Martin and one from the committee on Subsidized Grade of Nursing by Miss M. P. Gray. In the afternoon, Miss E. K. Russell and Miss E. I. Johns will speak on "How Far Does the Education Given to Nurses Fit Them for Public Health Nursing?" Miss Fairley and Miss Jean Gunn will



MRS. J. M. McEVoy, who is entertaining the vice-presidents of the Presbyterian W. M. S. at a luncheon at her home, Elmwood avenue, on Wednesday.

speaking on "How Might Our Curriculum Be Changed to Meet the Need Required?"

Another interesting speaker will be Miss Margaret McDermid, who will give an address on "Every Nurse a Public Health Nurse." In the evening Miss I. M. Stewart, A.M., R.N., professor of nursing education, Teachers' College, Columbia University, will give an address. Friday will be devoted to unfinished business and election.

FIRST PARTY OF GIRLS LEAVES FOR ORENDAGA

Y.W.C.A. Camp at Port Bruce Opened Today To Continue All Season.

Early this morning the first party of girl campers for "Orendaga," the Y.W.C.A. lodge at Port Bruce, started out for two weeks at the lakeside, this opening the Y.W.C.A. camp for the summer. Miss Helen d'Avignon, with several of the camp leaders and staff, has been at Port Bruce for the past week, and everything is now in readiness for the girls who are looking forward to a happy two weeks of outdoor life lived under camp discipline. There will be physical exercises daily as well as Bible study and nature study, organized sports, hiking, bathing and sleeping in airy tents.

The staff at camp now includes Mrs. E. V. Jones, the camp mother; Miss Jeanette Douglass, the camp nurse; Miss Louise Burns and Miss Dorothy Moore of Toronto, sports directors; Miss Olivia Tilton of St. Thomas; Miss Beatrice Brown, Miss Beattie McCamus, convener of the Y.W.C.A. girls' work committee, and Miss Billie Graves, big chief of the camp.

KNOX W. M. S. The final meeting of Knox W. M. S. for this season will be held Monday evening next. Mrs. May Thornley and Mrs. J. M. McEvoy will be special speakers of the evening.



CHILDREN CRY FOR

Fletcher's

CASTORIA

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

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

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

DON'T THROW YOUR OLD CARPETS AWAY!
No matter how old how discolored (we thoroughly clean and sterilize them), tie a rope around them and send to us to be made into the famous

VELVETEX RUGS

Reversible—they wear a life time. We have thousands of recommendations from our satisfied customers. Windsor, Walkerville, Sandwich, Ford, St. Thomas, Sarnia and London our driver collects your carpets from attic, cellar, or off the floor. Beware of imitations. We are the only makers of "Velvetex Rugs." We pay express both ways to all orders everywhere. Send for and see our guarantee in leaflet. Phone 2485 for our representative to call or write to the

CANADA RUG COMPANY

Velvetex Building, Carling St., London, Ont. Established 1909. Sixteen Years Building Public Confidence in Quality.

HONOR LONDONERS AT O. E. S. MEETING

Mrs. Bert Logan and J. C. Doidege of Ruth Chapter Made Grand Officers.

J. C. Doidege and Mrs. Bert Logan of this city were highly honored at the meeting of the Grand Chapter of Ontario, Order of the Eastern Star, which was held at the Hamilton Hotel, last night. The London delegates were not only successful in bringing the next grand chapter meeting to London in 1925, but J. C. Doidege was elected grand patron of the Grand Chapter of Ontario, and Mrs. Lena Logan was elected associated grand patron of the Provincial Chapter, No. 25, this city.

Mrs. L. Brikham, one of the London delegates to the Hamilton meeting, and a member of Ruth Chapter, reports that a very strong committee was formed for the bringing in of a recommendation for building an Eastern Star Home in Ontario. Fourteen new chapters have been instituted, with a total membership of 1,000. The Grand Chapter of Ontario will entertain the Supreme Grand Chapter in Toronto in 1925, and John C. Doidege, Mrs. Bert Logan and E. T. Essery of this city are over the committee to make arrangements. Both Mr. Doidege and Mrs. Logan received many handsome presents from the London Chapter and their friends during the day of the sessions. A large delegation of Londoners was present in Hamilton for the meeting, including E. T. Essery, past grand patron, J. C. Doidege, grand patron, Mrs. Bert Logan, associate grand patron, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. Matthew Horner, Mrs. Arthur Bolland, Mrs. W. E. Munnings, Mrs. W. H. Wootton, Mrs. Robertson, Mrs. Albert Glinz, Mrs. Brady, Mrs. Fred Tullet and Mrs. Arthur Linnell.

PERSONALS

Major Corrigall and Mrs. Corrigall and children are holidaying in Grand Bend.

Miss Francis Smith, Maitland street, is spending the week-end with Mrs. Fox in Temora.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Marsh of Detroit are spending their holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Fred Payne of Komoka.

Mrs. J. E. Chick of Hamilton is spending a few days with Mrs. Geo. Chamness, Brookside street, Chelsea Green.

Mrs. Fred Watt and small son of Toronto are week-end guests with Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Macdonnell, Talbot street.

Mrs. W. A. Ford of Estevan, Sask., is spending a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. J. M. Douglas, St. James street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stanford and Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Kennedy of Cornwall are spending the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Smith of Powellville, N. Y., are guests with their daughter, Mrs. Frank Bernhart, William street north.

Miss Doris Belton is visiting in Toronto on her return home from Prescott, where she was the guest of Miss Frances Fisher.

Dr. Wesley Heard is holidaying with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heard, at the summer cottage, Bayfield, Lake Huron.

Miss Annie Davidson and the Misses Darch and Mary Darch of the Crown Memorial Church of Service, large numbers of the congregation were present. The tables, under the direction of Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Gilles. There was a flower stall, too, with Miss Dorothy Lee in charge.

Mrs. H. P. Reznitzky and small daughter are guests with the former's mother, Mrs. W. W. Muir, at Orchard Beach, Port Stanley.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sheehy, Shaw avenue, and Miss Lily Hurst, are leaving at the end of the month for a three months' trip to England.

Mr. Fred Vasey has returned to his home, King Edward Apartments, Toronto, after a brief visit with his nephew, Mr. Will Vasey, Brookdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Caven Baron, their daughter, Mrs. Russell Croden, and Mr. Croden, are at their summer cottage, Orchard Beach, Port Stanley.

Mr. J. H. Johnson and Miss Lillian Johnson have returned home from Windsor, where they spent the past few days at the Prince Edward Hotel.

Mrs. A. T. Edwards is lending her home on Monday evening for a bridge party, to be held under the auspices of the Victoria Hospital Women's Auxiliary Board.

Percy C. Finlay, Central avenue, city, graduate of University of Toronto, Ontario and of Osgoode Hall, received his call to the bar Thursday, June 19.

Mrs. J. M. McEvoy is giving a luncheon at her home, Elmwood avenue, on Wednesday, in honor of the vice-presidents of the Presbyterian W. M. S.

Mr. and Mrs. Melville Dale are leaving the first of July for Pelee Island, where Mr. Dale will act as instructor of nature study at Cemechem Boys' Camp.

Mrs. Frieda Campbell left this morning for Philadelphia Training School for Nurses after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Boyce, Beaconsfield avenue.

Mrs. Winnet Thompson of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. Geo. Grange. Mrs. Russell Battle was the hostess of a small party at her home in Victoria street yesterday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. David Andrews and their daughter Beatrice, of Toronto, are spending the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Harold Garner at the cottage "Lyndock," Erie Rest, Port Stanley.

Miss Ida Sherlock, who has been attending the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby, has returned to the city, and will spend the summer with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Sherlock, Ontario street.

Mrs. E. J. Sharman, Mrs. Sid Jackson and the Misses Margaret and Sidney Jackson of Lethbridge, Alta., are guests with Mrs. Sharman's brother, Mr. John McNaughton, Tecumseh avenue.

Mrs. Fred Burt of Florence street

Col. Gartshore Entertains Children At "Beechwood"

Families of McClary Employees Spend Happy Afternoon in Garden.

Miss Norma Murphy, who is visiting in New York City, is expected home next month, and will spend the summer with her parents, Col. T. J. Murphy and Mrs. Murphy at their summer home at Sauble Beach.

The conveners of the various booths were as follows: Weiners, Mrs. Haring; home-cooking, Mrs. Lawson; candy, Mrs. May; soft drinks, Mrs. Dundas; pan-cakes, Mrs. Dawson, and ice-cream, Mrs. Kreitzer.

Mrs. John McLeod, Evergreen avenue, is lending her home early in the summer for a garden tea to be held there by the Victoria Hospital Women's Auxiliary, at which the nurses of the hospital will be guests of honor.

Miss Hilda Smith has left for England, where she will join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith, St. James street, who are spending there with their daughter, Mrs. Dann, and Col. William Dann, and with their son, Mr. Kenneth Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. William McNaughton and Miss Irene McNaughton are leaving on Tuesday for Cleveland, where they will attend the marriage of the former's grandchild, Miss Thelma Thompson, to be celebrated at the Glendale Methodist Episcopal Church, on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Gladman, Mr. and Mrs. Bryden Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Campbell, and Mrs. Walter Brown motored to St. Thomas yesterday, where they were guests with Mr. W. H. Heard, going on later to Port Bruce to dine at the Rockwood Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernal Bradburn of Winnipeg, who are enjoying a delightful honeymoon trip by motor in Eastern Canada and the United States, were guests this week with the latter's aunts, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Huron street, and Mrs. Robert L. Taylor, Mill street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Brown, who are spending the week-end with Mrs. Bradburn was Miss Kate Rowley of Winnipeg, daughter of Lieut.-Col. C. W. Rowley and Mrs. Rowley, formerly of this city.

The garden party held yesterday afternoon and evening at the home of Mrs. Agnes Kreitzer, Victor street, under the auspices of the Hamilton Y.W.C.A., was a most successful affair. The decorations were carried out in the club colors, red and green, and in the evening the grounds were illuminated with electric lights shaded in red. Many flowers were also used to decorate the booths. The general convener, Mrs. Kreitzer, was assisted by the following: Mrs. H. G. Bond.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wilson entertained the members of the Nicholas Wilson Chapter, I. O. O. F., at a luncheon at her home, yesterday afternoon. The occasion was the annual picnic of the chapter, the guests coming from all over the city.

A very successful garden party was held yesterday afternoon at the home of the Crown Memorial Church of Service, large numbers of the congregation were present. The tables, under the direction of Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Gilles. There was a flower stall, too, with Miss Dorothy Lee in charge.

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Mrs. John McLeod, Evergreen avenue, is lending her home early in the summer for a garden tea to be held there by the Victoria Hospital Women's Auxiliary, at which the nurses of the hospital will be guests of honor.

Miss Hilda Smith has left for England, where she will join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith, St. James street, who are spending there with their daughter, Mrs. Dann, and Col. William Dann, and with their son, Mr. Kenneth Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. William McNaughton and Miss Irene McNaughton are leaving on Tuesday for Cleveland, where they will attend the marriage of the former's grandchild, Miss Thelma Thompson, to be celebrated at the Glendale Methodist Episcopal Church, on Thursday evening.

GIVE GARDEN FETE AT BUCHNER HOME

Harriet A. Boomer Chapter Arranges Attractive Garden Party in Country.

A garden party is being given this afternoon at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. U. A. Buchner, at Springbank, under the auspices of the Harriet A. Boomer Chapter, I. O. O. E. Japanese lanterns strung across the grounds, and booths tastefully decorated in mauve and yellow, with many flowers, present a gay scene. Tea is to be served on the veranda, in charge of Mrs. Everett Logan and Mrs. Douglas Waneess, and Mrs. Buchner will assist in welcoming the guests by the regent, Mrs. W. H. Line, and the general convener, Miss Allison Buchner and Miss Elsie Wode.

The assistants in the refreshment booth include, Mrs. Pith Buller, Mrs. Gordon Galbraith and Mrs. William Purdon, and Miss Arley Deane is convener of the weiners and rolls. Miss Maybelle Purdon is acting as the "Lady with the Many Pockets," wearing a usual frock with many deep pockets, containing mysterious gifts, and a special attraction is the "Witch of Endor." The high school orchestra will play in the garden this afternoon and evening, and an attractive program is being presented. Among the artists taking part are Mrs. Thompson Cornell and Miss Gertrude Morgan.

Col. and Mrs. Gartshore will be there to receive their guests, and will be assisted in entertaining them by Miss Clara Brenton, supervisor of kindergartens, and by members of the McClary office staff. There will be all sorts of games for the children and jolly races, for which prizes are being offered. Races and games will be arranged for the mothers' entertainment. Early in the afternoon motor cars will call for the guests, little and big, and convey them to the scene of the party.

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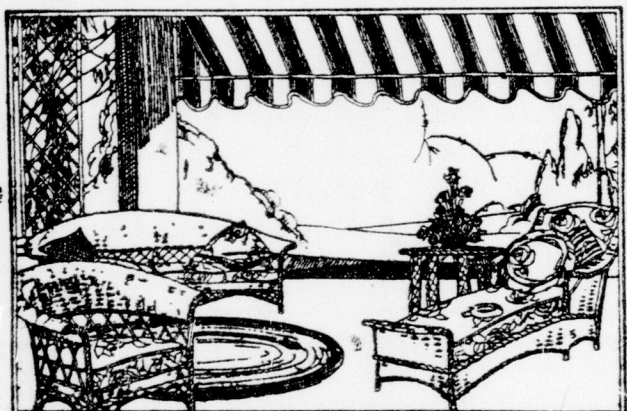


MONDAY'S RADIO

MONDAY, JUNE 23.

Monday's Best Features.
WJZ, NEW YORK—Goldman Band Concert.
WOR, NEWARK—Dr. Sigmund Spaeth.
KDKA, PITTSBURGH—French program.
WLW, CINCINNATI—Municipal opera.
WOAW, OMAHA—Program by the Lions Club of Pittsburg, Pa.
 (Eastern Standard Time.)
WEAF, NEW YORK—492.
 6 p.m.—Dinner music from the Wald.
 6:30 p.m.—D. J. Williams, tenor.
 6:45 p.m.—Marie Adele Kiraly, pianist.

7:10 p.m.—D. J. Williams, tenor.
 7:25 p.m.—Marie Adele Kiraly, pianist.
 7:40 p.m.—R. H. Terry and artists.
 8:10 p.m.—Theodore Mattman, cellist.
 8:25 p.m.—R. H. Terry and artists.
 8:55 p.m.—Theodore Mattman, cellist.
 9:10 p.m.—Long I. Grotto Bug Club.
WJZ, NEW YORK—488.
 6 p.m.—Savarin String Ensemble.
 7:15 p.m.—Edwin Frank Goldman's Symphony Band, direct from The Mall, Central Park.
 9 p.m.—Sir Herbert D. Ames.
 9:15 p.m.—Debussy program; Keith Molsted, pianist; Lucile Wagner, soprano.
 9:45 p.m.—Frank Anderson, baritone.
 10 p.m.—Ben Selvin's Orchestra.
WHN, NEW YORK—360.
 6:30-10 p.m.—Vocal and dance music.
 11 p.m.—Midnight Bohemia Show.
WJY, NEW YORK—406.



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We stock or can make up excellent campers' tents. Just the thing for summer vacations. Spend yours out of doors next to nature.

RAYMOND BROS.

182 York Street Opp. C.N.R. Depot. Phone 1748

Silent night for WJY.

WOR, NEWARK—406.
 5:15 p.m.—Music while you dine.
 6:20 p.m.—Daily sports resume.
 7 p.m.—Betty Burke, Maude Young, Mildred Perkins, Margaret Macdonald, soprano; Lucy Van Hauen, contralto.
 7:30 p.m.—"See by the Papers."
 8 p.m.—Dr. Sigmund Spaeth, lecture.
 8:30 p.m.—Continuation of 7 p.m.
 9 p.m.—Elsa Ersi, Hungarian prima donna.
 9:30-10 p.m.—Margulies Trio.
WOO, PHILADELPHIA—509.
 6:30 p.m.—Delphia Concert Orchestra.
 7:15 p.m.—"Vital Statistics" talk.
 7:30 p.m.—Trinity Reformed Girls' Glee Club concert.
 8:10 p.m.—Erno Rapea's Concert Orch.
 9 p.m.—Organ recital, Mary E. Vogt.
 9:30 p.m.—Edwin Rizer's Orchestra.
WIP, PHILADELPHIA—509.
 9:30 p.m.—Comfort's Philharmonic Orchestra.
 5:05 p.m.—Program of dinner music.
 6 p.m.—Uncle Wip's bedtime stories.
WFI, PHILADELPHIA—395.
 5 p.m.—Sunny Jim, the kiddie pal.
 5:30 p.m.—Meyer Davis Concert Orch.
 6 p.m.—Children's music lessons.
WRC, WASHINGTON—469.
 3-6 p.m.—WRC matinee program.
 8 p.m.—Children's hour, Peggy Albion.
 8:30 p.m.—Educational talk.
WCAP, WASHINGTON—469.
 6:55 p.m.—Major league results.
 7-10 p.m.—Program from WEAF.
KDKA, PITTSBURGH—328.
 5:30 p.m.—Organ recital, Howard Webb.
 6 p.m.—Baseball scores.
 6:30 p.m.—The children's period.
 7 p.m.—Baseball scores.
 7:40 p.m.—Stockman and Farmer reports.
 8 p.m.—French program by the KDKA Little Symphony Orchestra, assisted by Alma Trammont, soprano.
WCAE, PITTSBURGH—462.
 5:30 p.m.—Penn Hotel dinner music.
 6:30 p.m.—Uncle Kaybee.
 6:45 p.m.—Baseball scores.
 7:30 p.m.—Childhood Family Quartet.
 10 p.m.—The Sittler Entertainers.
WGV, SCHENECTADY—380.
 6:15 p.m.—Hauhn's sports review.
 7:40 p.m.—Baseball scores.
 7:45 p.m.—Reutling's Imperial Orchestra.
WHAZ, TROY—380.
 9 p.m.—Concert by pupils of Mrs. Jean Lyman Cooper.
 9:30 p.m.—Talk, Cassius A. Johnston, Inspector, N. Y. State Conservation Commission.
WGR, BUFFALO—319.
 5:20 p.m.—Lopez-Stattler Orchestra.
 8 p.m.—Monday evening program.
 10 p.m.—Lopez-Stattler Orchestra.
WBZ, SPRINGFIELD—357.
 6 p.m.—Dinner music, WBZ Trio.
 8 p.m.—Baseball, news, markets.
 8:30 p.m.—Kiddie's bedtime story.
 6:40 p.m.—WDZ Trio, Park Memorial Minstrel Show.
 8 p.m.—Margaret A. Howell, soprano.
 8:45 p.m.—Melrose Concert Trio.
WNAC, BOSTON—278.
 5 p.m.—Children's half hour.
 5:30 p.m.—WNAC dinner dance.
 7 p.m.—Evening musical program.
WLW, CINCINNATI—309.
 8 p.m.—Talk, Lieut.-Col. L. C. Butler.
 8:20 p.m.—Grand opera, direct from the Cincinnati Summer Opera at Cincinnati Zoological Gardens.
WTAM, CLEVELAND—390.
 6:7-30 p.m.—Stattler dinner music.
WJAX, CLEVELAND—390.
 (Silent night for WJAX).



Ernest Torrence, who will be seen in the James Cruze success "The Fighting Coward," at Loew's Theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

At Loew's

New Playing—The Supreme Mistress of the Screen, Pola Negri, in her latest photoplay triumph, "Men." Usual added film features and three acts of supreme vaudeville.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 23, 24, 25—That ace of funny fellows, Walter Hiers, in "Fair Week." Usual added film features and supreme vaudeville.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, June 26, 27, 28—Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Noah Beery, Phyllis Haver and Cullen Landis in the James Cruze success, "The Fighting Coward." Usual added photoplays and supreme vaudeville.

REV. J. J. BROWN INDUCTED TO CHARGE IN ST. MARYS

Special to The Advertiser.

St. Marys, June 20.—On Wednesday afternoon Rev. J. J. Brown, B.A., late of Ayr, was inducted into the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of St. Marys.

Rev. Mr. Moffat of Millbank, moderator of the Presbytery, had charge of the induction service. Rev. Mr. Crozier of Tavistock conducted the opening service; Rev. Dr. Martin of Knox Church, Stratford, addressed the minister, and Rev. Mr. Paddon of Milverton also gave an address. In the evening a social hour was spent under the leadership of Rev. Mr. Matheson.

Rev. Dr. Knowles welcomed Mr. Brown on behalf of the Ministerial Association.

H.P. SAUCE

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"Clipper" Cord

Have you noticed the number of big cars with a Traction Cord spare which always looks new? It is new. Scores of car owners tell us that after equipping Dunlop Cords all around—including the spare—they have gone a whole season without ever needing to disturb that fifth tire. Hence its new appearance all the time. This is not an argument for abolishing the extra tire. Rather, it is proof that the "spare" is seldom called into action when the complete Tire equipment is Dunlop.

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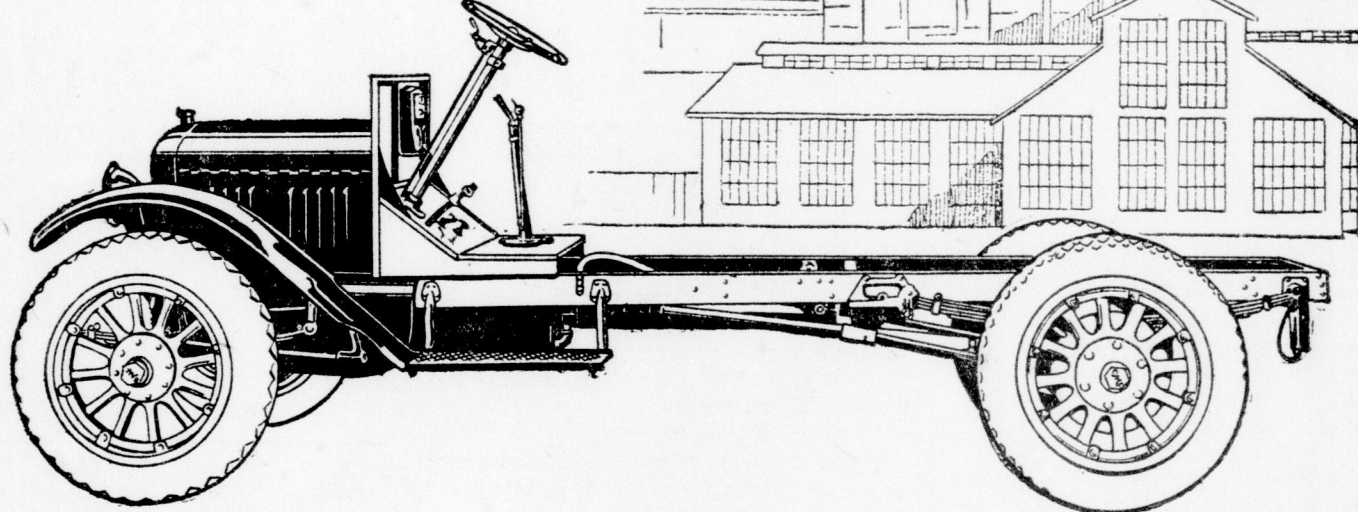
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It is the function of a Motor Truck to serve Industry faithfully and well. The measure of a truck's value to you is the degree in which it is able to serve you.

GMC Trucks are worthy of your attention because they can offer you a better service, a longer service and a more dependable service than the usual standard of truck values would lead you to expect.

They offer you these features, which other trucks do not—features which place them "Seven Steps Ahead". Radius Rods which take all extra strain off the springs; Two-Range Transmission; Removable Cylinder-Walls; New, Removable, Valve-Lifter Assembly; Improved Cooling System; Pressure Lubrication; Instantaneous Governor.

Your money buys more in truck value in GMC than elsewhere, because it buys you greater service. Come in and let us go into the question more thoroughly.

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A history maker— and still the Leader!

THE STUDEBAKER Light-Six—a history maker—the first fine six-cylinder car under 3,000 pounds at a four-cylinder price.

A car with followers, imitators and adapters by the score—but with no rival in quality, popularity or sales volume. It is still the Leader!

A car built to fulfill the ideal of producing the greatest automobile value in the \$1,500 field—the car which started the stampede from fours to sixes.

A car with a specially designed offset valve motor of remarkable quietness, economy, freedom from vibration—and with tenacious resourcefulness of power on the hills, the straightaway and the pickup!

A car comfortable, roomy, good-looking, very easy to handle on the road, in traffic or in parking—long-lived, low in first cost and especially low in up-keep costs. The market's one best bargain for the man who wants all the car he can get at about \$1,500.

A car that is an investment, not an expense, because it can be bought on very liberal terms, sold or traded in at a very high resale value on a market always ready and waiting for a used Light-Six Studebaker—its popularity and demand as a used car are the most convincing evidence of its goodness as an aut. noble.

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Walter Hiers, that ace of funny fellows, who will be seen in the funniest comedy this season, "Fair Week," at Loew's Theatre Monday next for three days.

The London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1924.

Too Big An Issue For Politics.

Conservative interests were quick to read politics into the strike of the postal workers, and to create a sentiment where a friendly settlement, the one thing desired by all, would be more difficult to secure.

The Free Press says that "the government has either side-stepped or gone to sleep on the job." The London paper knows that it was the civil service commission that was dealing with the men; knows that the government refused to accept the first two reports; knows that it assured the men that in cases where the civil service intended to reduce their wages they would guarantee the continuance of a bonus to prevent a reduction. And the Free Press knows that the only intimation of a strike was given to the premier a short time before the men's representatives started a conference with the government to avoid a strike. The government was not asleep. It accepted responsibility for a situation it did not create, and it worked with the idea that was uppermost in the minds of the Canadian parliament, regardless of politics, keeping the mail service moving. It is a poor appreciation of the interests of public business that leads the Free Press to make a political issue out of what might have been a national calamity.

The Mail and Empire, in an inspired despatch from its Ottawa correspondent, gives vent to a sentiment that is as dangerous as it is miserable when it says:

"The government is quite jubilant over the prospect of a victory over the striking postal workers, and are not now in a generous mood. They feel that the partial walk-out has rescued them from a humiliating position due to their procrastination and vacillation, and 'No Quarter' will probably be their motto."

The idea that the government has won a victory, and in a moment of foolish jubilation has slammed the door on any further consideration of the claims of the postal workers is about as crude a contention of facts as could come from a warped political brain.

Were the case as pictured by the Mail and Empire true, or if it had a shred of foundation in fact or performance, there would be little respect left for the government.

But it is not true, and the effort to show the government as a gloating victor, with no terms or no consideration for the postal workers, is simply a move on the part of the Mail and Empire to make it as difficult as possible for a mutual understanding to be forthcoming. It is a mighty poor service to render to the public. The London postal workers followed sane judgment when they decided to return to work. They forfeited public sympathy when they gave way to the impulsive leadership of the Toronto officials; they win back that sympathy by returning to work. Their action shows that they have sufficient confidence in the justice of their case to allow it to be presented on its merits.

The public of London appreciates the return to work of the postal workers. The mail clerks of this city, in refusing to go on strike, based their decision on the fact that the strike had been ordered by their president in Toronto. They believed that they should settle such an important matter for themselves, and accordingly voted not to strike.

London has given better leadership in this matter than that offered by the Toronto officials. The men here have shown their sincerity in desiring to continue a service on which the public so thoroughly depends. The attitude of the government should now be to meet these men in the spirit in which they themselves have faced the situation. The door should remain open to a full and frank consideration of their cases.

Facing the Crisis He Has Made.

Italy is a long way from freedom. Premier Mussolini posed as a leader of the people; he is a dictator. He is not leading the people to freedom and happiness; instead he has built up a machine that seeks to impose his will on them. He may have been called to correct evils, but he has erected barriers that stifle a free expression of opinion, and that make the liberty of the individual a mockery and a delusion. He has not the patriotic fervor of a Garibaldi; judged by conditions in Italy his name is not worthy to be mentioned in the same breath as that of the great Italian patriot.

A few days ago Giacomo Matteotti, the socialist deputy, was foully murdered while he was on his way to parliament, where he had the material for a speech in which it was his purpose to denounce the extravagance and corruption of the government. There is no record to show where the body was buried, it being charged that the murder and removal of the body was the work of the powerful organization built up around the government, and that this means was employed to keep the deputy from exposing corruption.

It has been difficult for papers to furnish their readers with definite information of what has been transpiring in Italy. There is a censorship, strict and relentless, and foreign correspondents can forward just such information as suits the Mussolini regime. When it is found necessary to maintain a censorship so that the outside world can get its impressions only from sources favorable to the government it can be taken for granted there is much the government

wishes to suppress. Otherwise there would be no reason for the censorship.

The most reliable and outspoken news is now finding its way from London and Paris regarding the developments in Italy. For days the government refused to take any action to deal with the murderers of Matteotti, but the last despatches show that several arrests have now been ordered, probably because Mussolini realizes that there are limits to the endurance of even a hard-riden people. These arrests, or any other move, can be interpreted only as a government that is forced to drop back from its front lines of high-handedness. It is not leadership or a desire to purge a nation from a condition that is an anachronism in the ideals of 1924—it is fear that bows to the inevitable.

The voice of Italy is being heard more plainly than for many months under censorship. It is calling for a new election and stating plainly that the last one that returned Mussolini was no verdict of a free people, but a grasp of power secured by threat and intimidation. The people of Italy are not the sort to put up with this sort of rule. The resignation of Mussolini is demanded; at first it was a fearful whisper, but it is now spoken openly. Mussolini broke on a startled world as a meteor; he was a man of power; he loved it, gloried in it. He has not lived the life of his people, nor has he tried to bring them to the high level on which he himself has chosen to exist. He has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

A Central Place For Executions.

Carrying out executions in a central place has been brought to the attention of the federal parliament through a petition sponsored by the Union Mothers' Club of London, and presented by Frank White, M.P.

There is much to be said in favor of the plan, and very little to be urged against it.

The one possible plea that can be made for executions in the locality where the crime was committed is that it tends to impress upon that community in a forceful and tragic way the results of a life of crime. Beyond that there is little to be said.

As long as we are to have capital punishment it should be carried out with every possible facility, coupled with dignity and as much seclusion as possible. There is a morbid curiosity in any population that is deeply stirred by the presence of a hangman and the sound of a hammer on the timber that makes the gallows. It is feeling that cannot be explained, nor can it be controlled. It finds expression in a desire to see the condemned prisoners as they leave the court for the last time; to get a view of the scaffold, or to be near the court house when the execution is carried out. This curiosity serves no good purpose, but that does not and cannot deter its existence.

Going back a few years, hangings used to be public, and were very largely attended. The death penalty was inflicted for offences that were minor and trivial. We have passed on from that to the place where death sentences are reserved for the crime of taking the life of a human being, and all the time the cordon of secrecy has been drawn more tightly around the final scene. At present there are few who are admitted to the place of execution.

The next step might very well be a central point of execution, where a condemned person could be taken following conviction. It would do away with death watches being maintained at various points throughout the country. Everything could be arranged so that the infliction of the death penalty could be carried out with despatch and the minimum of notoriety. All that would be necessary would be an official notice that the last step of justice had been taken.

The government might very well take action on the petition from the Mothers' Club of London, because it expresses a view that is not only sound in itself, but finds response in the assent that would be given to it from all sections of the Dominion.

Note and Comment.

After a man has let you in on a good thing he's never around with a step ladder or a piece of rope to help you out.

It will be only a few weeks now before autoists from the city invite themselves to sample the farmers' apples.

London, England, women are turning from cigarettes to snuff, probably because they have no place to scratch matches.

Market reports at Winnipeg show No. 1 wheat at \$1.13, which must be good news to the farmers who had to sell theirs at 76 cents.

A Baltimore doctor has invented a glass kidney. A man with a wooden leg and a glass kidney would have something to talk about.

If you intend to rock the boat, do it early in the season. Later on there will come the rush and chances are small for making the front page.

In order to be a statesman a man must possess integrity, honesty, vision and courage—in addition to which he has also to possess himself of enough votes.

Rotarians refuse to sanction the formation of a Woman's Rotary Club. Evidently afraid that their wives would get their fingers pinched in the cogged wheel of Rotary.

A Massachusetts court has ruled that a pedestrian does not need to jump out of the way of an auto. That sounds interesting, but how is the pedestrian to know that the driver has heard about this decision?

Britain is not at all worried because Stefansson has sold his interests in Wrangel Island to an American concern. The Arctic explorer made no great contribution to the sum total of human happiness when he claimed Wrangel, Canada's memory of it is told in the death of an intrepid young explorer, Crawford, and his associates, who were sent there by Stefansson and left to perish.

Dr. Frank Crane

STUBBORNNESS

Certain persons are stubborn. All of us at times are stubborn. The line between stubbornness and firmness is sometimes blurred. One shades into the other. It is a good deal dependent upon how we look at it, upon our point of view. What we think to be our loyalty and adherence to conviction may strike another as stubbornness.

Sometimes it all seems a matter of calling names. There are, however, certain things that make for stubbornness. There are qualities which, if we possess them, may well make us suspect that instead of being persons of firm convictions we are simply mulish. And always the easiest person in the world to deceive is oneself.

Among these qualities are, first, Egotism. Sometimes we stick to our position simply because we held it yesterday. We are more anxious to be thought firm than to find the truth. We want more to be thought consistent than to be right.

That is why Emerson called consistency "the hobgoblin of little minds."

No one should be ashamed to change his opinion. For that means he follows evidence and is led by reason, and that his eye is not mainly on his reputation.

Why should you think the same thing Friday you thought Wednesday? Had Thursday nothing to say? Of course there are principles we ought to stand by, but we should not be afraid of asking ourselves whether we stand by them because we believe in them, or because we once believed in them.

Another maker of stubbornness is Partisanship.

We love parties because we are lazy minded, timid and distrust ourselves.

Parties supply the vacant-minded mob with artificial and hand-me-down convictions.

As there is nothing so vague and uncertain as questions that touch the infinite, and as religion deals with man's infinity, so most men's religious faith is not a reasoned conclusion nor even a personal preference—it is a War Cry.

A banner is much more effective in an organization than an argument.

Thousands would cross the seas for a flag who would not cross the street for an intelligent person.

'Twas All He Said

Some men I meet with keenest joy, they're pleasant folks to have about, they neither talk the newest slang, nor wave their hands on high and shout.

They always take each word they use, no matter if it's old or new, and stick the syllables in place as though they'd had 'em set in glue.

Today I met one of these gents, a man who reads the words of Rome, with brains and learning 'bulgin' out, most penetrating through his dome.

When'er I meet him I go forth just like a sponge tossed in the brine, and soak up noble thoughts of his and pass 'em off as some of mine.

There be so many things goin' on at different places in the earth, thinks I, I'll get a blast today that's steeped in merit, stewed in worth.

He will be able for to tell when parliament will lock the door, and why a Russet apple's got two worms a-dwellin' in its core.

Or else he's been a-readin' much on what flies do out after dark, perhaps some new, inspirin' news about the franc or else the mark.

For this man cuts a swath in books, he browses where the grass is rich, he keeps on learnin' broad highway, and never tumbles in the ditch.

So, when I met him on the street, I halts him as he ambles by, and starts conversin' in a way what seemed to me profound and high.

But ne'er a word of wisdom fell into my vacuum from his lips, his hands was in his pockets, too, the ones what's parked upon his hips; not once he talked about the things for which my barren brain had yearned, nor did he tell me if 'twas so that Nero fiddled while Rome burned.

He looked me sadly in the eye, he had just from consumin' thought, he whisked the sweat from off his nose, and said, "Gee, whiz, but ain't it hot?"—ARK.

Using Up 70 Years

(From the Living Age.)

Some person with a statistical frame of mind has amused himself by tabulating for the London Daily Herald, the Labor government's organ, what he calls "a bill of life." Assuming that the average man lives 75 days in excess of the Biblically assigned 70 years, he divides this time among the various human activities as follows:

	Years.	Days.
Sleep	23	..
Sickness	1 1/2	..
Eating	3	..
Washing, shaving, dressing	2 1/4	..
School	1 1/4	..
Work	18	..
Reading	1 1/2	..
Play	1 1/4	..
Entertainments, etc.	1 1/2	..
Walking, trains, etc.	2 1/4	..
Waiting for trains, etc.	15	..
Sweethearting	60	..
Idling	2 1/4	..
Sundries	7	..
Total	70	75

The anonymous statistician admits that his schedule "varies greatly according to where we live, and the taste, temperament and social conditions of the individual." Readers who feel that such important items as Nos. 8 and 12 are seriously underestimated may take heart from this admission.

Press Comment

Multiplying By Six.

Those returned soldiers who rented the lot behind the postoffice for \$50 a month and sub-let part of it to a bus company for \$300 a month have at least taught members of the council how to find revenue in unsuspected places.—Hamilton Spectator.

Would Save Trouble.

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

We'll All Listen In.

On Monday next the church union bill, it is expected, will come up in the House of Commons. It will then be seen where those who shirked the vote in the private bills committee stand on the main issue in the House.—Brantford Expositor.

The Fun Shop

The Inquisitive Reporter.

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

"Do you seriously think the apple by which Newton discovered the law of gravitation was the same one eaten by Eve in the Garden of Eden, and, if so, what became of the seeds?"

Harry Baum, Contractor—Always having lived in the city, sir, I don't know much about gardens, but my wife has wonderful luck with her flower boxes.

Cora Wills, Perfume Clerk—If you don't watch out, Cutie, somebody's going to hand you a lemon instead of an apple.

Herbert Porter, Radio Engineer—Not on your life. The antenna series condenser should be connected so that the rotary plates are nearest the ground.

Mrs. L. M. Luttrell, Nurse—When I get to feeling seedy like that in the summer, I always take sulphur and molasses. There's nothing better.

Tough, Indeed!

Breathing a deep, mournful sigh, Betty lay the book aside. "A man without a country! How terrible."

"Yes, drawled Myrtle absently, as she dabbed her nose with her powder puff, 'but just think! A country without a man would be a calamity!'"

A Doctor's Advice.

"Your work is too confining," said Doc Jones, "it's on the square. Cut your work to shorter hours; What you need is sun and air."

But soon there was a wedding. And they're now a happy pair; He works a great deal harder; But he has the "son and heir."

In the Dark.

Roger heard a convulsive coughing as they neared the turn in the road. His body became tense.

Camille clutched at his arm, and with lips paralyzed with fear, whispered: "What is it, Roger?"

Just then the sound of the last dying breath came to both of their ears. Roger jumped out and went around to the rear of his car, but returned at once, shaking his head: "We're out of gas, Camille."

The Force of Habit.

Suitor—Senator, your daughter has consented to marry me. Have you any objections?

Senator—Young man, I have known you too short a time to give you a definite answer; this is a matter for investigation.

JINGLE-JANGLES.

Cats have whiskers, dogs have tails; Men have heads and so have nails.

Foxes, sables, minks, and such Just "The skins we love to touch!"

If Wishes Were—

"What does my little man wish to buy—chocolates?" asked the kindly storekeeper as the small boy entered.

"You betcher life I do," was the quick response, "but I gotta buy soap."

Witness.

Judge—Did you see the beginning of this trouble?

Florian Johnson—Yes, yo honah. two years ago.

Judge—Explain.

Florian—Well, judge, I was best man at their wedding.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER.
"Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself, Only give mother a son-in-law."

The Quick-Thinking Police.
A man left his auto in front of a store and returned to find a police card attached to his steering wheel.

Thinking quickly, the man took a train to the next town and notified the police in the town that someone had stolen his car.

After a short search, the car was found and returned to its owner, minus the police card, which the police held as evidence of auto stealing.

Coached the Witness.
Opposing Lawyer—Have you talked with anybody about what your testimony is going to be?

Uncle Rastus—Y-i-s, sah.

Lawyer—Ah, ha! And with whom did you talk, Answer?

Uncle Rastus—M-m-m-assa Tom'son.

Lawyer—You did? Well, what did Mr. Thompson tell you?

Uncle Rastus—Ah don' like t' tell it fore dese folks.

Lawyer—But the court says you must! Come now, out with it.

Uncle Rastus—He says—Massa Tom'son says—"Rastus, when yo zoes in de co't you set yo' head to tell nothin' but de plain truth an' all dem shoutin' lawyers dis side de Noth Pole can't tangle yo' up."

Help! Murder!

A sharp retort, a queer shrill cry—then silence.

Quickly he strode forward, and gazing down with a look of triumph

and satisfaction at his victim, calmly considered means of disposing of the body.

Hearing approaching footsteps he cried out, "Oh, Hattie! I've caught another mouse in the pantry."

Fanny On the Phone.

Fanny on the phone. Is a got-you-zuessing girl. Never lets on to whom she's speaking.

Might be the iceman, might be an earl.

Mumbles like a kiddy with an ice cream cone.

"Mm...no! Mm...yes?" Gee, but it's tame.

To listen to her listening to What's-his-name!

Fanny on the phone. She Noes and Yesses.

Sometimes like a Tut-eyed trick-doll squeaking.

Nobody can tell in a dozen guesses Just what's behind her mechanical tone.

"Y...es? N...ot?" What's her game?

Fannie on the phone is a Tut-mouthed dame!

Anybody Would.

They climbed the hill at early dawn. Did little Flo and Algernon;

They billed and cooed, and sat upon The hillside.

He thought her lips were meant to crush.

His many kisses made her blush; And when it heard their line of mush: The hill sighed.

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

Saving is an instinct with every well balanced man. Nothing helps to save like a savings account. The Bank of Nova Scotia will welcome your account. You can start it with any small sum. Once started, it will grow both by interest earned and your added savings.

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Paid-up Capital \$ 10,000,000 Manager, LONDON.
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23-C

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Mr. F. Eastman (left) president of the Rotary Club of Great Britain, photographed with Mr. P. Smith (right) of Montreal, while heading for the Rotary International



A photograph of Lady Ludlow, whose town home at Bath was looted of over \$2,500,000 in jewels, part of the collection of her former husband, Sir Julius Wernher, the diamond king



This race horse enthusiast was busy trying to pick 'em from the paper until a friendly horse, nearby, ambled up and handed him a tip straight from the stable



The young lady shown above is wearing a black satin picture hat swathed with an orange and gold ribbon with flame ostrich feather at the side



Curtis Wilbur (left) secretary of the U.S. Navy, photographed with the pilot of the seaplane PM 5 on which the navy official made his first flight



A photograph of the bride and groom taken at the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Fuller, daughter of Rear-Admiral Fuller, to Mr. Geoffrey R. D. Shaw



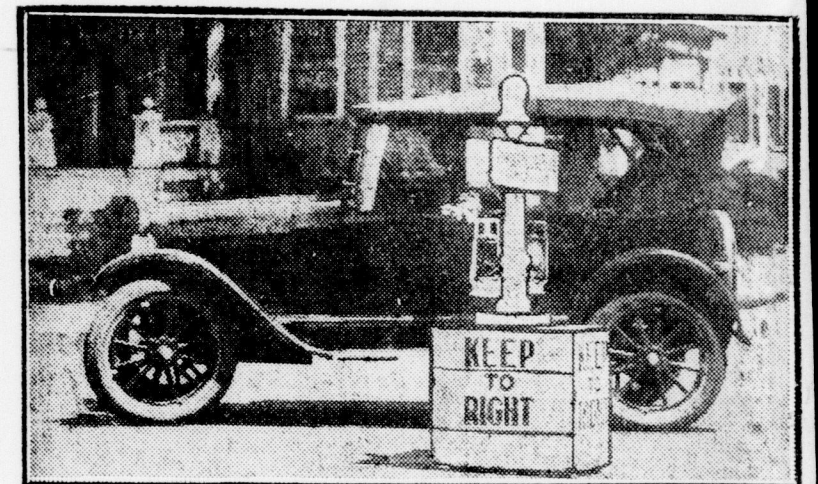
Mr. Bening Arnold of Camclot, Bournemouth, England, went bowling to celebrate his hundredth birthday



"Home and career are both possible," says Mrs. Alice La Bree, graduate of the Portia Law School, Boston, who is shown above, with her 8-months-old baby



A photo of Cyril Walker taken after he had won the U.S. open golf championship from Bobby Jones



It took Somerville, Mass., a long time to forget old dobbin, and he is still kept in mind by the old hitching posts which are now used to guide automobile traffic



Wm. G. Freeman, age 86, the oldest delegate to the Republican Convention at Cleveland, shakes hands with John Benson, age 26, the youngest delegate



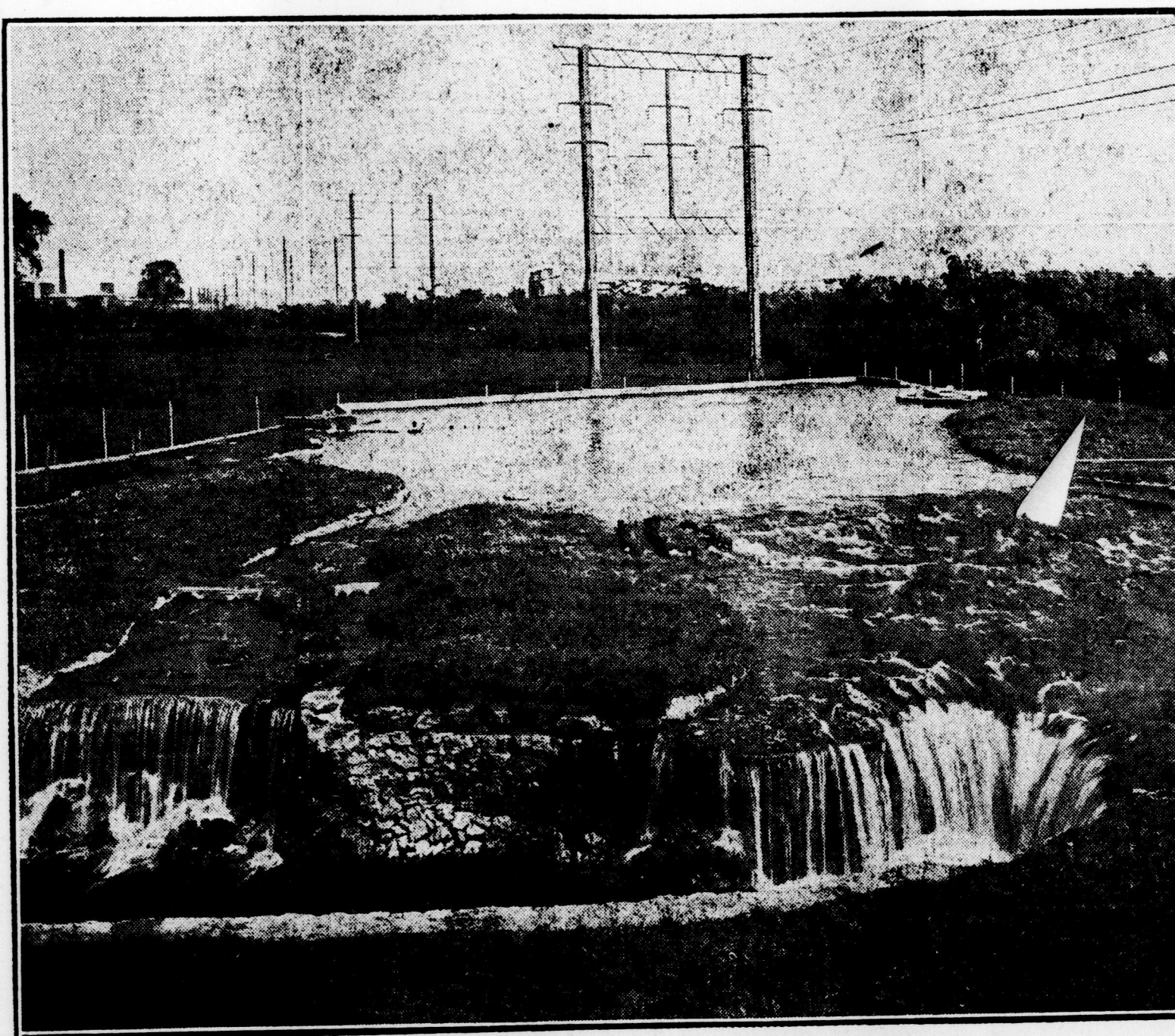
Miss Lillian G. Harrison, English swimmer, is now training to swim the English channel, and (above) she is shown receiving food in the water while keeping in trim



After giving a lecture at Goldsmith College on the college's commencement day, G. K. Chesterton was honored with the degree of "Doctor of Distillery"



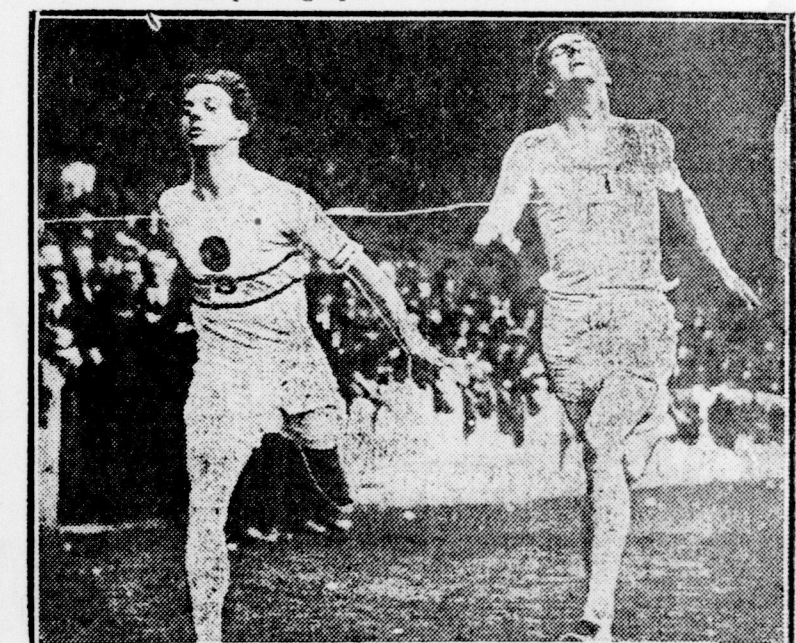
Known the world over is this Rotary quartet, composed of the following Wichita business men: Harrison Allbright, Harry Stanley, Merle Bennett and Cliff Hunt



Above is a photograph of the model of the Niagara Falls laid out by Prof. Ellis of Queen's University for the American Power Company. By means of the miniature Prof. Ellis was able to show the Hoover party how the falls will look with the treaty diversion for power of 56,000 cubic feet per second, of which Canada gets 36,000 and the U.S. 20,000



Above is shown, on the left, Sir Jenner Verrall, and, on the right, Dr. Herbert Bruce of Toronto, two widely known medical men, photographed at the latter's home



Above photograph shows how close was the finish of the 800-yard race at the marathon meeting at Stamford Bridge. Griffiths, on the left, was declared winner

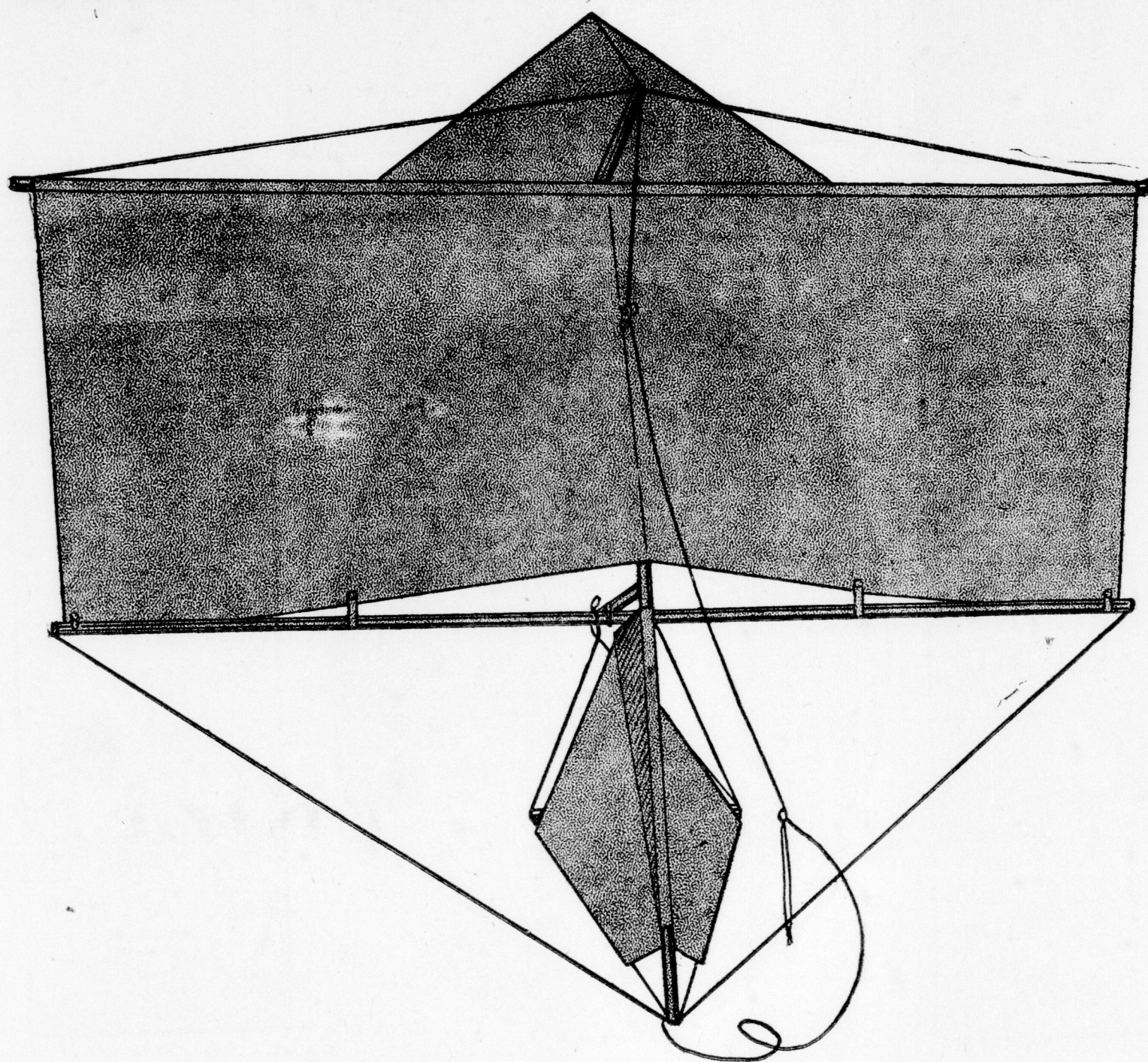
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4 New Subscriptions

For the past three weeks the boys have seen the girls winning Mama Dolls by the hundreds by getting four subscriptions to The Advertiser. Any and every boy who gets four new subscriptions to The Advertiser will be awarded with one of the Dahl Gliders. There is no collecting to be done. All you have to do is to get the subscription blanks signed and the collecting will be done by our carrier boys each week at the rate of 15 cents per week.

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ARE CHICAGO'S BOY THRILL-KILLERS MORAL IMBECILES? JEKYLL AND HYDE PERSONALITIES EXIST SAY ALIENISTS

Children, Bright Mentally, Entirely Lacking in Moral Sense—Brilliant Scholars Who Are Powerless to Combat Evil Impulses—Will Be Necessary to Prove Loeb and Leopold Moral Imbeciles From Birth to Save Them From the Gallows—How Much Kinder Are We Than Our Ancestors?

By F. G. GRIFFIN

TWO young kidnapers and killers in Chicago have shocked the continent and provided a morbid sensation which bids fair to equal the Thaw case in interest.

The wealth of Leopold and Loeb, their alleged brilliance of intellect, their youth, their callous, cold-blooded coolness, their sleek insouciance on arrest, the monstrous nature of their crime, its utter lack of excuse, have all combined to make a criminal setting of a most unusual kind.

Why did Leopold and Loeb kill young Franks?

Already the million dollar defense has indicated that its plea will be insanity. The lives of the two youths apparently depend on whether it can be proven that they have been moral imbeciles from youth, displaying almost from infancy the cruelty, the lack of moral perspective, the perverted outlook which reached its culmination when they brutally slew the son of a neighbor and social equal.

Unless this can be proven, their legal responsibility for the crime which they have confessed will be evident. A degeneracy developed during their years of adolescence, a warped moral sense as the result of being brought up as petted, pampered, irresponsible gilded youths, cannot be put forward as a legal plea against their suffering the extreme penalty of the law. Unless definite moral imbecility can be proven, according to one Canadian alienist, they will simply be young fellows who have allowed their evil habits to lead them to monstrous lengths which are fortunately rare.

In the latter case, difficult as it is for the normal person to follow the mental and moral processes which were forerunner to their savage act, they are simply examples of what wealth can do for its holders when they have not the proper mental and moral equipment to handle it. They have been brought up holding an attitude that money is all powerful to buy license; that money can fix anything, that anything can be bought, even immunity for taking a boy's life. So they went from license to license, license of thought, license of act, until they descended to an ultimate of freedom where they looked on themselves as absolutely above the law because the law would bend and yield before their millions.

On the other hand, they may have been moral imbeciles from birth, not mental defectives as the despatches frequently declare, for there were no evidences of mental deficiency about two young college graduates who were stars at two universities and who were studying philosophy and law.

What is a Moral Imbecile?

MORAL imbecility is recognized by law and is a definite condition found in occasional human beings though hard to determine definitely in the individual. In the Mental Deficiency Act of Great Britain moral imbeciles who must be distinguished absolutely from mental imbeciles, are defined as follows: "Persons who from an early age display some permanent mental defect coupled with strong, vicious or criminal propensities on which punishment has had little or no deterrent effect."

The weakness of this definition, according to a psychiatrist, is that it is sometimes impossible

A GOD SEND

A LONDONER on his way back from Glasgow traveled in the same carriage as a Scotsman, with whom he became very friendly. When they arrived in London he asked the Scot if he had engaged a room in a hotel, and when he confessed that he had not, they set out together to procure one. They tried a number of hotels, but were always met with the same answer, "Full up," so at last, as it was growing late, the Londoner suggested that the traveler might come home with him for the night, which offer the Scotsman gratefully accepted. Next morning, when they had finished breakfast, the host said, "Well, did you enjoy your supper last night?" "Man, it was splendid," said the Scot, enthusiastically. "And did you sleep well?" "Never better in my life." "And you have enjoyed your breakfast this morning?" "I have that, every bite of it." "Well, then," went on the Londoner in businesslike tones, "a pound wouldn't hurt you, eh?" The other's eyes shone with surprise and delight. "Man," he breathed, "that would be a godsend."—London Tatler.



RICHARD LOEB AND NATHAN LEOPOLD

Sons of Chicago Millionaires who Enticed Thirteen Year Old Robert Franks Into Their Car and Killed Him to See How He Would Act.



to discover the "permanent mental defect." Sometimes it does not seem to exist. Frequently the subject is fully equipped mentally, perhaps brighter than persons of his age. This psychiatrist believed that the deficiency of make-up described as moral imbecility existed entirely on the moral side without any accompanying defect on the mental side. In other words a moral imbecile might appear entirely normal mentally though lacking in moral sense in some particular direction.

"We find all the time individuals," declared this specialist, "who are apparently of normal development, normal habits, normal capacity; who get by in society and may be, in fact, accounted affable, pleasing personalities—and yet who, combined with this, have a moral vacuity or a complete lack of moral sense."

He related the case of an eight-year-old Toronto lad, normal in appearance, even pleasing, in many ways a charming little chap, the kind of youngster one would feel drawn to. He had been clever at school, ahead of other eight-year-olds in his lessons. There was not the slightest sign of mental deficiency.

And yet for years, almost from infancy, he had been a killer of animals. He had a lust for killing them in a painful way. He had slain numbers of rabbits and canaries. He had thrown a cat into a furnace alive. Recently he had seared the forehead of his baby sister with a red hot poker. His only excuse was that he wanted to smell the burning flesh. He could give no reason for his killing of animals except that he liked it.

Perversion Born With Him

THIS perversion of sense and feeling was born with him. Yet he had been born of a good father and a good mother. He was alert mentally but on the moral side his actions and reactions were upside down. He was classified as a moral imbecile, though there was no sign of the "permanent mental defect" which the definition called for. But his perverted moral sense was evident at an early age and definitely established.

"What was responsible?" one asked the psychiatrist.

"We believe," he replied, "that there are people born into the world with a lack of moral fibre just as there are people born without capacity for intellectual development or people born with a physical weakness."

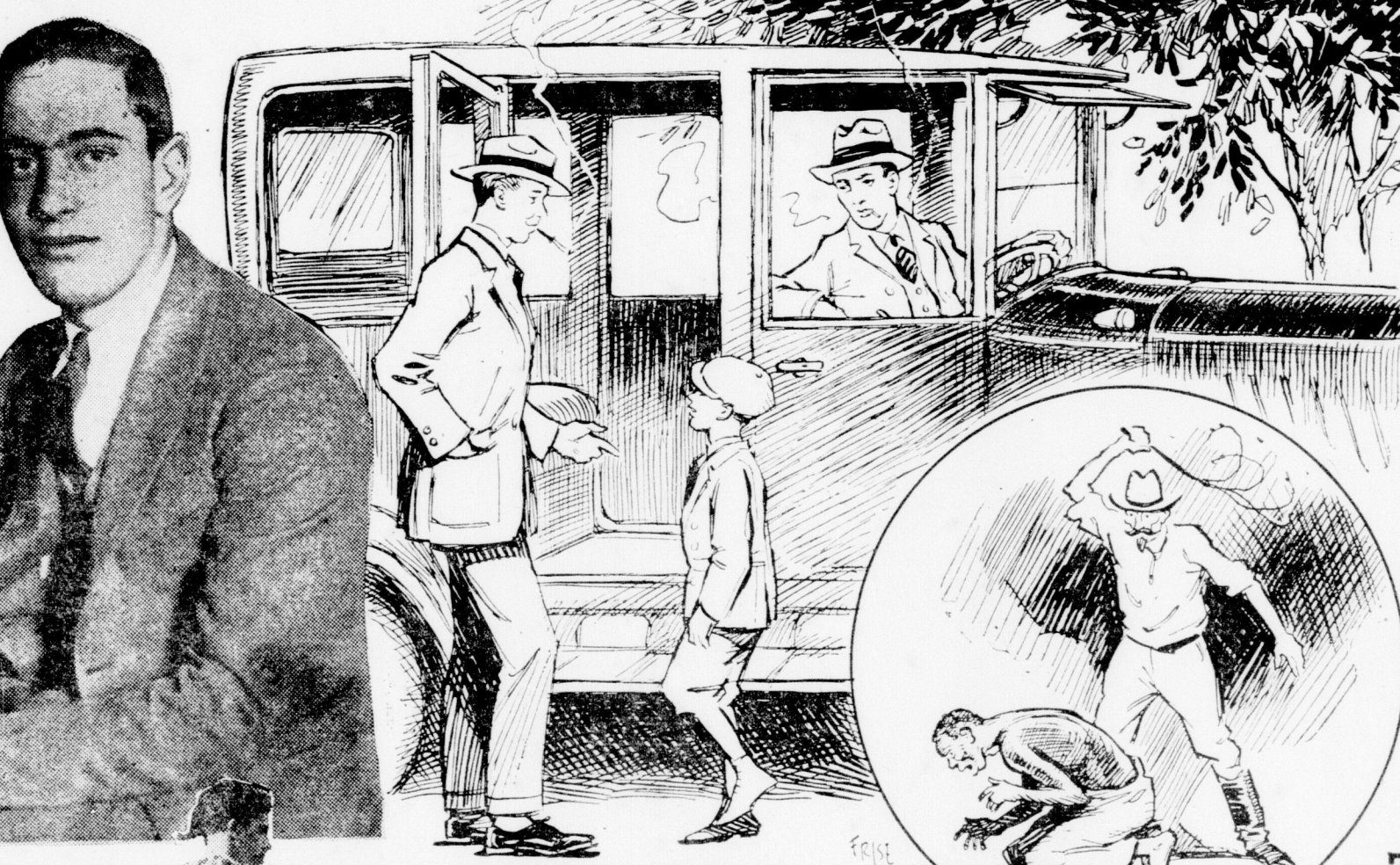
Any individual, he thought, might have an innate liking to see human suffering but the average individual, grown up, educated to a greater or less degree, responsive to the social environment of his earlier years, would likely submerge it, cover it up and get along in society in a normal fashion.

Jekyll and Hyde personalities are not mere figments of an author's imagination. Such people do exist. Along one side of their nature, the mental side, they may be strong, fine, exemplary; along the other side, the moral side, they may be hopelessly monstrous. These unfortunate humans are not the result so much of dual personalities as of two sections of the one personality, each developing, not along parallel lines, but divergently; the mental ever growing better, the moral always sinking lower.

The psychiatrist instanced the case of a Canadian specialist in his line, a man at the top of the profession, much sought after internationally for his knowledge, a splendid business man and administrator, a charming, cultured man who could discuss Greek philosophy, European politics, the League of Nations, literature and a score of other interesting subjects. Yet he had absolutely no moral sense in a certain definite direction. His impulses were perverted. With all his culture and learning, alongside his fine mentality and grasp of abstruse subjects, in spite of his logical mind in matters of his profession, he was powerless to fight the evil demon which drove him to secret, cunning practices of an unnameable kind.

He had an incurable moral lack. He had had it for years. He had been born with it. He will always have it. The only treatment which can be given him is to keep him as much as possible out of temptation.

"Such a defect is itself incurable," declared the psychiatrist. "But it is possible sometimes



Even To day the Bull Fights of Spain and Mexico flourish. Cruel, Bloody Spectacles, which the Crowd Cheers.

to play on other strengths of the individual to keep him out of mischief because of his weakness, getting, as it were, a compensation from the strong points in his personality to help balance the weakness. But you can't expect any cure for the weakness itself."

Two Beings in One Body

RECENTLY the head of a great American university who spoke of a problem with which he was faced: whether the university should grant a certain man the degree of Doctor of Philosophy or have him committed to an institution. Along some lines he was a tower of intellectual strength; along others he was a moral imbecile.

So these Jekyll and Hyde people are found thoroughly normal in some ways, absolutely abnormal in others, as if two different beings dwelt in the same person. But they are not determinedly insane. And it is impossible, according to the definition given above, legally to make a plea for them on mental grounds unless it can be proven that they were born thus; or unless it can be shown that their depravity is accompanied by actual mental disorder or definite insanity.

If the degeneracy is due entirely to lack of proper education or a twisted moral perspective acquired cumulatively as the years went by then it cannot come within the definition of moral imbecility and the law takes no account of it. It is apparently just on this point that the fate of Leopold and Loeb will depend and on which the evidence of the alienists and the argument of the lawyers will hinge. Have they been moral imbeciles from birth or are they simply social degenerates who may be held to strict account for their actions? Are they Jekyll-Hyde types, the victims of a twisted nature, or are they simply modern, youthful, monstrous Neros or Caligulas whose uncontrolled intellectual, social and physical lusts have led them to the practise of horrible cruelty?

"Moral imbecility is a rare condition," observed the psychiatrist. "Out of thousands of cases examined in the mental clinics only a very few resolve themselves into moral imbecility. Moral deficiency, unaccompanied by mental deficiency, is very rare. Moral deficiency is usually due to mental deficiency."

"The comparative rareness of the cases make it difficult for the specialists to make a plea for them when they occur. But at the same time moral imbeciles exist, though you cannot classify them as such unless the condition has been noted from birth or a very early age."

The psychiatrist agreed that it would be quite possible to take a normal individual and through a faulty training produce a moral monster. Just as training and upbringing may tend in the average case to produce an individual who fits into society so they might be used to produce an individual who would be anti-social and terrible. A boy, petted, pampered, freed from restraint, encouraged along evil moral lines, urged to license of one kind or another for years, could easily become a moral degenerate. But he would not be a moral imbecile. He would be legally responsible for possible actions and held to strict accountability for his deeds or misdeeds. There would be nothing lacking



basically in his make-up. He would be potentially good fruit allowed to go rotten.

Slashed Horses for Fun

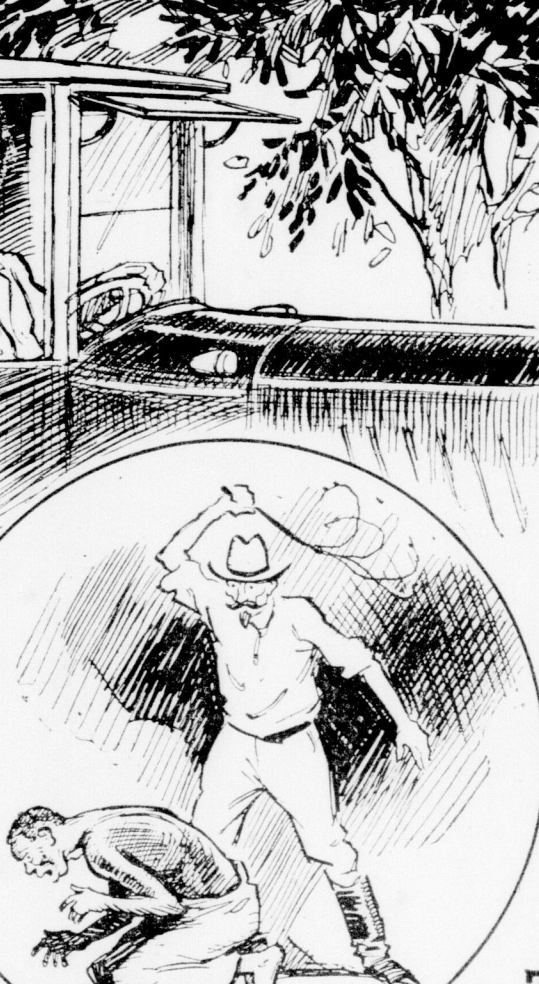
MORAL imbecility may display itself in different strange ways. The late Dr. C.K. Clarke had an interesting case of a moral dement or moral amant, the word more technically used, who would slash horses for the fun he got from plunging his hand into their warm blood. According to another Canadian alienist such people have a lust for cruelty and blood and will do horrible, terrible things for no apparent reason. He spoke of a man who spent his life in Kingston penitentiary and Hamilton asylum. He killed horses and attempted to kill human beings. Once he ran away from the asylum. He was only away a few hours. Yet when the guards captured him they found him with a horse tied up between two trees which he was cutting and slashing for the pleasure of seeing the blood. Every time he got his hands on a cat, even in the asylum, he instantly slew it cruelly.

There was another case of the same type, a well educated Ontario farmer, a man of forty or forty-five years of age, if anything above the average in general intelligence and ability. A number of horses in the neighborhood had been mutilated. He was caught at last in a small shed with two horses which he had killed with a stick. He admitted having committed the other cruelties. He had no explanation to offer.

Such a man, according to this alienist, could not be classed as definitely insane. He displayed no abnormalities except in this one particular. Yet he was decidedly anti-social in his actions in this regard. This trait was sufficient to make it hard for him to mix with other ordinary people of his kind.

Cruelty is a common symptom of moral degeneracy. And yet the psychiatrist, quoted previously, spoke of a hanging within recent months in a county jail in the maritime provinces, undertaken in such a way that it could be viewed from the outside. Hundreds of people came to see it. Many of them came during the night to obtain positions of vantage for the sight-seeing, grand stand seats from which to witness the execution of a fellow human. There was some hitch in the latter that gave it a degree of cruelty that was revolting, yet these people stayed to the end, as their forefathers did at Tyburn gibbet in the years gone by and as the women of the revolution sat knitting by the Paris guillotine.

Were all these people who watched the hanging in the maritime provinces abnormal or moral



It is Only a Few Years Since Slaves were Brutally Flogged to Death in the Southern States.



It is Only a Few Centuries Ago Since the Roman Populace Watched fellow Humans Torn to Death by Lions.

degenerates? Hardly. They were simply a cross-section of average Canadian society. It is only a few centuries ago since the Roman populace turned their thumbs down on an unfortunate gladiator torn to death by lions. It is only a few generations since the auto-defe, the rack and the thumbscrew; since bulls were baited in Britain. Even to-day the bull fights of Spain and Mexico flourish, cruel, bloody spectacles which the crowd cheers. It is only a few years since slaves were brutally flogged to death in the southern States. To-day voodoo worship and blood ritualism break out in unexpected places.

"Human Nature Hasn't Changed"

"A MONG normal people," asked the psychiatrist, "may there not be moral peculiarities of a kind which when fed will develop into moral degeneracy? Are we kidding ourselves when we think that we are so strong morally? Given the license and the opportunity, isn't it easily possible to develop in society murderers, thieves and brutes? Human nature hasn't really changed."

"In our instinctive lives," he went on, we have somewhere hidden a cruel tendency that is the heritage of some stage of our development. It is quite possible to reawaken this and keep it alive by pampering it. You notice this tendency in boys. Most boys at some stage of their adolescence are cruel. Of course this is conquered and submerged as the vast majority of boys grow into manhood, but some lack of balance in an occasional individual allows it to flourish until it achieves an unconquerable tendency to acts of atavistic savagery or cruelty. In all of us there is an inherent tendency for irresponsibility. If that tendency is freed and fed, you produce a moral weakling.

"Terrible, tragic tendencies outside the normal of modern society are built on some ordinary human instinct. The human being has dozens of natural instincts, most of them basically savage but which in ordinary civilized life are guided into normal and usually useful and beautiful channels. The hullabalos, the dances and devilries of primitive tribes are always founded on human instincts such as fear or self-preservation. Such traits in us may be refined but they exist. It is not difficult to foster them until they flourish with all the barbaric savagery of the past that lies dormant in us all."

Discussing the case of the two boys, Leopold and Loeb, in this light he commented on their reported reading of perverted mediaeval Italian literature and their study of cruel German philosophies. His view was that possibly they were not mature enough morally to read such stuff, while keen enough intellectually to appreciate it. Hence the lack of a proper balance to maintain a moral equipoise. Such reading, he argued, had two angles for consideration in their case. First, such reading might be used to prove some preconscious abnormal tendency. Second, and on

the contrary, such reading would feed and develop whatever unhealthy side their nature possessed.

Some Kleptomaniacs Genuine

MORAL imbecility does not always show itself as cruelty or perversion. It exhibits itself along many lines. There are pathological liars for example, people more or less normal otherwise but absolutely incapable of telling the truth. All men are liars, it is said, but all liars are not moral imbeciles.

Then there are genuine kleptomaniacs, people who steal for no reason in the world except that they have the impulse. The psychiatrist cited the case of a wealthy university graduate who had an irresistible impulse to steal though he had never the slightest need. Recently an eight-year-old boy was brought to his attention who had been an inveterate thief since the age of three. He confined his thefts, strangely enough to money; but he stole all the money he could lay his hands on. His parents had tried punishment and everything else they could think of without success. The child had no moral sense in this particular direction. The parents were normal people but, on enquiry, the psychiatrist found that the child was almost modeled on a cousin who had no moral sense in regard to the handling of money. Whether this was coincidence or not he could not say. But the mental scientist to-day, he said, leaned to the belief that heredity had a bearing on some such cases at least.

A peculiar condition exists in regard to moral imbeciles, especially such as are normal, or especially bright, mentally as many of them are. The moral, or rather lack of moral, side of them may drive them to the commission of monstrous things while, at the same time, the intellectual side of them is employed in planning the commission and the escaping of punishment. The mentality is the slave of the abnormality.

Such Insanity Long Recognized

INSANITY in which the disorder is limited to fields of feeling and conduct, while the mentality is unimpaired, has long been recognized by the mental expert. In his book on "Clinical Psychiatry," Dr. A. Ross Diefendorf of Yale writes in a chapter on "Psychopathic Personalities" of born criminals in which he says that in 1835 Pritchard grouped as "moral insanity" those diseases in which there existed a perverse state of feelings, temperaments, dispositions, habits and actions while the intellectual functions presented no apparent abnormalities.

Later "moral insanity" ceased to be recognized as a separate disease and came to be classed as one of the sub-forms of imbecility.

"Daily experience teaches us," writes Diefendorf, "that the intellect and the emotions are developed more or less independently of one another. There are undoubtedly men with a conspicuous mental equipment who are morally bad and vice versa. We must admit, however, that complete independence of the separate fields does not obtain. Even in congenital emotional indifference there is always present a certain impairment of intellectual capacity. But unquestionably there is a large number of individuals in whom the inadequate development of the moral feeling is more conspicuous than that of the intellect."

Of recent years Lombroso and other Italian scientists of the same school have given a new meaning to the doctrine of "moral insanity" by attempting to describe and differentiate the born criminal. According to Lombroso, 25 per cent of the criminals and a still higher percentage of murderers carry the marks of born delinquents. "It is a reasonable hypothesis," comments Diefendorf, "that in these conditions we have to do with various grades of psychopathic degeneracy, the lighter forms scarcely distinguishable from inadequate moral development. But on the other hand, there are persons whose shocking moral incapacity clearly indicates morbid degeneracy."

All of which shows that when the two Chicago youths come to trial on the charge of kidnapping and killing young Franks, there will be grounds for evidence of mentality and morality since birth, and a basis for arguments of alienists and lawyers both for and against such a murder case has seldom, if ever, produced before. It will be a battleground of mental scientists. It looks as if the fate of Leopold and Loeb depended on the massing of the heavy battalions.

Great Men Live Longer Than Mediocre People

GREAT men live much longer than mediocrities, according to Mr. A. Wyatt Tilly, the well-known authority on vital statistics.

He tells us that the ordinary man who reaches maturity attains to an average age of sixty-two, but the average age of five hundred more successful men works out at about sixty-seven and a half years; while in the case of two hundred and sixty-four lives of very distinguished men the figure was sixty-nine.

Statesmen, Popes, and Archbishops have an average age of seventy-nine, which compares favorably with the "life-line" of artists, musicians, and authors, who on the average reach only sixty-four. The average length of life of Speakers of the House of Commons is eighty years, and Lord Chancellors seventy-nine.

Poets, on an average, have shorter lives than prose writers, their length of life being fifty-four years, while scientists can boast of an average age of seventy years. Test-tubes and mathematics would thus seem to be more favorable longevity than the "fine frenzy" of the writer of verse.

Bought From the Stork

BOBBY: "Mamma, did you buy me from the stork?"
Mamma: "Yes, dearie. Why do you ask?"
"Oh, I've often wondered why you didn't pay a few more shillings and pick out a little boy without freckles."—Tit-Bits.

Drunken Islander Tries To Beat Up O'Brien Then Tries To Make Him Marry His Daughter

Famous Writer Pats Lonely French Girl On Shoulder and Has to Carry Gun in Self-defense—Dead Shot Saves Him From Attack of Wild Bull

The unusual story recounted here, with its pathos as well as its hazards, is characteristic of the South Seas, the last of a series of four exceptional articles by Frederic O'Brien. O'Brien, notable as a writer and interpreter in this field, is also a world-traveler and adventurer of the first rank.

Mr. O'Brien had returned to the Marquesas after a journey to the remote Archipelago where he had accounted some extraordinary experiences; been panned under a coral reef and all but drowned; his schooner had escaped a waterspout of sea less than 100 feet; he had helped in killing a gigantic devil fish, and he had seen Nohoa, a native friend, perishing in a perilous diving, which he had seen the best of a Caucasian could achieve in a diving suit. He had also become acquainted with some of the monsters of the ocean in that mysterious and—in many respects to a Canadian—unreal corner of the world.

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

AS I walked up from the beach of Atuoha, where I had touched the shore of the Marquesas for the first time, I had remarked a European dwelling, squalid, forbidding and peculiarly desolate. Painted black originally, the heat and storms of years had worn and defaced it. The sun had shrunk the boards from the another, and posts and beams had gone awry. I had felt a sudden fear of the possibilities of degradation, as if the weary house were a symbol of the white man's deterioration in these wild places. A sense of physical and spiritual abandonment to alien environment, without fitness of soul or spirit, depressed me.

As we passed, I saw on the veranda a girl of sixteen or seventeen, with white face and light blue eyes. Her yellow hair was slightly confined by a piece of ribbon, but hung down over her rounded shoulders. She wore a blue cotton gown, becoming and not keeping with her sallow complexion. She seemed to be looking at me, but I did not notice until we were opposite her, when she raised her head and glanced at us a moment. She fixed her eyes on me the fleeting instant of her gaze. They had the innocence and appeal of a fawn and the melancholy and detachment of a mermaid. There was no hostility in them, though we were the only white visitors in months, and she came with the new governor who had landed but the day before. A blond or two her eyes met mine and conveyed an unconscious message of pathos and sorrow, of budding womanhood that had no guidance or companionship, and only sad dreams.

A Peculiar Character

FROM the room opening on the gallery a man came and shouted "Bon jour!" In a raven-like look. He was in soiled overalls, redfooted, and reeling drunk. His own hair and beard had not been cut for months or years, and rudely he signified his hatred, grievous face, rugged strength, which grimly spair contended with fierce pride. "That is Peyral," said Ducat, the cond mate of the schooner. "He is always half-seas over, except when he is drunk. He is the village tailor, and makes the priest's gowns and clothes for any one who will buy them. That daughter of his is the only white girl in the Marquesas. She is all white, and he keeps her chained that dark house as if he was afraid one would eat her."

A Mighty Hunter

SAID I was and that I had come to the islands to stay an uncertain length of time. We exchanged the greetings after that, and when Mr. L. T. Shettler and I were examining the remains of the studio of Paul Gauguin, who had died ten years before, it was Peyral who showed us everything had been and who told me of his daily intercourse with the famous symbolist. Thus we struck up a real acquaintance if not friendship.

Peyral was a hunter. He would wander, always alone, in the upper hills, to shoot kuku, or along the beach for salt-water birds, walking slowly and not alertly; but he was a crack shot and hardly ever failed to bring back a bag of game. He was contented with birds, but also hunted the mountains to kill rats or even the wild bulls that were being scarce there under a promise of firearms. He was a trader, an amiable and intelligent Breton, and I met him here, fortunately, at a critical moment for me. We had, Le Brunnee and I, climbed on horses in the late afternoon to a plateau high up in the

hills and camped there the night. In that altitude it was cool after the sun had set, and we sat about a fire of twigs and branches until we were asleep.

In the morning we were up at day-break, and, after coffee and breakfast, we rode toward the sea. There was a faint trail, but Le Brunnee was a skilled tracker and picked up the spoor in a few minutes. After half an hour we saw fresher traces of our prey, and began to make plans for the attack. We felt sure that the only ones on the plateau and so were safe, for Marquesans are reckless with guns, and when we heard a horse coming toward us we halted and waited. It was Peyral. We could see his frowzy head a quarter of a mile away as it bobbed in the trot.

"Eh bien!" said Le Brunnee, philosophically. "He is not so bad here. It is curious that when Peyral has been drunk for a month, and reforms so as not to die, he goes to the mountains for a week and shoots an animal."

We said bon jour, and he joined us. Le Brunnee proposed that we try to kill two bulls, share the labor of carrying the meat to Atuoha, and divide it there. Peyral gruffly assented, and, as he was the more skillful chasseur, gave us our stations. "We were to start up one or more taureaux sauvages and to endeavor to refrain from firing at them until they were as near as possible to the cliff. We were successful and had felled one when another appeared.

"Prennez garde!" shouted Le Brunnee. "That hakiuka has blood in his eye."

"Go around to the left and drive him toward me," commanded Peyral.

Hot Breath of a Hakiuka

I WAS riding fast about his flank when my horse put his foot in a rat's hole. I had my rifle on my right arm and I must have used it for a scuffling pole unwittingly, for I struck the earth about ten feet from my mount. I became aware that the hakiuka was approaching with malice in his snortings. My horse had got up, but too late to bear me to security, and my rifle was choked with mud.

I rushed for a tree, but could see none with low branches. I had a big knife in my belt, a kind of Bowie, and, as I felt the hot breath of the animal on me and saw his horns magnified to elephant's tusks, I drew the weapon.

The beast was within five feet of me when he dropped. Peyral had put a Winchester bullet in his heart. His head was at my feet, and he gave it a mighty toss, and laid it on the sword of maidenhair ferns in submission to man's invention.

When I had made sure of the poor hakiuka's being absolutely dead, and had shaken it together, finding no injuries, I thanked Peyral, whom Le Brunnee was already extolling for marksmanship and quickness of thought.

"Rien! It is nothing!" replied the shaggy man. "I like to kill." Peyral became increasingly friendly, and a number of times stopped me on my way to and from the shore to invite me to drink with him. Le Brunnee said that this was something new for Peyral, and that he must be "going crazy." But, like Ah Suey, Le Brunnee hid his real thought from me when I defended Peyral and said that he was skinned against overmuch.

Peyral's daughter would descend the veranda if I came upon it, but once he called her, and when she did not respond immediately added a "sere" to his order for her to come and he presented to me.

"She is a fine girl, but shy," he said, and patted her clumsily.

Mademoiselle Peyral trembled under his heavy caress, and with merely a slight, awkward bow to me hurried into the sombre chamber. "She is shy," he repeated as he drank his absinthe with moustache and grimacing. "She needs a man to train her right, a husband, eh, a gentleman, mon garçon. Is not that right? Peyral's voice was almost gentle, but his mood changed in a moment. He struck the board hard with his shell, and yelled "Do you understand, American? I said a gentleman. Her mother was aistocrat. Do you get that into your noodle?"

Oppressed by Tempers

I DID not stop after that when he bade me have a goute with him, for I was sensible of a deep pity for the girl and an ardent desire to save her from the shame or perplexity that overwhelmed her at her father's attitude and my presence. After a few weeks Peyral did not sing out to me any more, and I was conscious of a coldness, of a return of his first relation to me, and then of fits and starts of friendship. I felt oppressed by his changing tempers, and attributed them to his varying degrees of inebriety.

I split my raincoat one day, and, after making a bad job of repairing it, thought of Peyral and his skill as a tailor. With the coat on my arm I climbed the stairs to his porch, and finding no one there, called out Peyral's name. My voice echoed through the house, and with the intention of scribbling a note and leaving the coat, I entered the nearest room. Mademoiselle Peyral was sitting near the machine but was not sewing. She trembled as I approached her, and looked frightened. I am timid



"He plunged toward me as a drunken elephant might go to combat. . . . I sprang to meet him."

with women, and her nervousness communicated itself to me. I wished I was not there.

"Please give your father this coat, and ask him to repair it," I said, and put it down. Her downcast eyes and heavy bosom, her evident extreme timidity, and her pitiable situation overcame me. She was of my own race, and she was so white and so fair. Before I could restrain myself, I said in English, "Don't be afraid of me! I am very sorry for you," and I patted her shoulder as I might have a child's.

She shrunk from me in apparent horror, and ran from the room into a further one, screaming in Marquesan. I started to follow her to explain or to appease her, but reconsidered.

Though I was conscious of no wrong the familiar incidents in newspapers and gossip of misinterpreted gestures and of false allegations rose to my mind as her cries resounded through the black and trustful house. I moved toward the porch to leave, and deliberated, and awaited some one's coming. Better to tell the fact and make a stand there than, said common sense. But no answer and her alarm, and after a few minutes I left, with the coat and returned to my own cabin.

The next afternoon as I passed the governor's garden on the road to the beach, I saw Peyral on the veranda with the official. I thought of the rent in my rain-coat, and entered the grounds to speak to him about it. As I approached the steps I heard the tailor speaking loudly and vehemently to Monsieur l'Hermier, the governor, and spilling the absinthe in the glass in his hand.

"Kaoha!" I said, and Peyral turned and saw me. His face purpled, and he shouted in French something I did not understand, and appealed to the governor for corroboration. A twinkle of privacy with his emotion swept over me, and I am sure I flushed and looked the culprit. I hadn't much time for analysis, for Peyral stood up and flung his glass at my head. It went wide. I took a stupor toward him and asked: "What's the matter with him, Monsieur l'Administrateur? Is he drunker than usual?"



"I felt the hot breath of the animal on me."

"Je ne sais pas," replied the governor, with a shrug of his shoulder. "He has come here to lodge a complaint against you of maltreating his daughter. He wants you tried and sent to prison, and he wants to institute a suit against you for damages. I have told him to return when he is sober. He is bitter, Monsieur, and he is, after all, a Frenchman."

Peyral's Savage Onslaught

PEYRAL got up from his chair. Unusually, the governor discreetly left the veranda and entered his study. I sat down in sheer weariness, when suddenly the frenzied drunkard confronted me. "Sacre Americain!" he yelled.

"You will insult the daughter of a French patriot, Cochon! I will show you what I do to such people as you!" He flung himself upon me and struck me in the face. Peyral was fifty pounds heavier than I, but he was very drunk. I drove my fist into his chin, and following the blow with another, sent him sprawling. I regretted my violence as I saw the poor devil staggering to his feet unsteadily, but when, with the most blasphemous profanity and the basest epithets in the dialect of Brest, he lurched at me again with his two hundred pounds of rank bulk, charity fled from my panting

heart, and I realized that I must fight or retreat.

Years of addiction to alcohol had not made my assailant anything but tough and strong physically, and I was no match for him if he was not a drunken elephant might go to combat. I decided not to run, because I wanted to continue to live in Atuoha underdred, and so I sprang to meet him, and hitting him full tilt in the chin and chest carried him hard down to the boards, where we grappled and exchanged powerful blows.

We had knocked over table, bottle, glasses, and chairs, and the uproar was immense. Song of the nightingale, exploding eggs, ghost girl and many daughters, the little leper lass, had come scurrying from the kitchen. Maybe the governor had a plan, or his dignity was offended, for, without appearing, he gave an order to Song, and the quartet of natives threw themselves on us, and disintegrated us.

Peyral's last words were a threat to kill me the next time we met. With the disturbance abated, the governor joined me, his ordinary merry self again, and we drank a libation to Mars. My clothes were torn, my jaw ached, and my body was bruised from the clutches of the tailor.

"Do not distress yourself!" said the

executive. "I do not entertain any evil of you. When the allegation is formally made, I, as magistrate, will hear the evidence. But we must take precautions. He has said he will kill you, so you must be on guard. You have no pistol? Eh bien! I will lend you my Browning automatic I have in Senegal. It is loaded. Defend yourself, but do not step on his property. Nous verrons!"

The Strange Mission

EXPLODING EGGS was cooking a rash of bacon on my improvised stove on the paepae, the next morning, when Flag, the mute, brought a note, he acting as general messenger of the island. It was in a strange hand and on dirty paper. I could not make out the language except a few French words, and the signature not at all, and so after breakfast I took it to Le Brunnee at his store.

Le Brunnee glanced over it and looked puzzled. Then he spoke low, in French, so that the natives in the room might not glean a word.

"Mais," he said, "it is from Peyral, and it is written in Breton and aboriginal. I translate it for you into your English: 'Monsieur. You cannot enter—what you say? escape—from your insult to ma fille. You have insulted and struck me, too. I will not seek the tribunal to make your apology. The governor has told me you are Irishman, and so you are of the same blood like the grandparent of my child. In France what you have done must be paid for in blood or by marriage. Even if you make intention to return to your own country no matter. You must marry my daughter or you will be buried in Calvaire cemetery—what you say Calvaire cemetery?—It is necessary that you send me word by to-morrow or I will make justice on you.' He says he is yours respectful. Well, by gar, it is a situation, my friend, but I say to you one thing: do not be afraid. He slip back already. You have a revolver? Yes? Keep it in the hand or the pocket."

The merchant took up his sugar scoop to begin business. My whole-ness or health seemed not to interest him seriously. I sauntered up the path in meditation. My feet took me into the mission churchyard, and I sat on the roots of a gigantic banyan-tree near the colossal crucifix brought from France by the priests for the jubilee of 1900. The mad note of Peyral had stunned me, and, instead of thinking hard and clearly upon my situation, I fell into fatuous reverie.

A gentle and lovely savage she was and unspoiled by civilization. What a singular and perhaps entrancing task to teach her only the best in it, to unfold through English or French the music and literature of the world, to take her part in the great cities? Or if I myself was done with civilization, as I sometimes persuaded myself I was, what more delightful companion than this simple girl of Atuoha? To fish, to swim, to roam the plateaus; to have a library and to get the reviews and the new books by the schooners, to create a living idyll!

Preparing to Meet Threat

ALL these ideas rushed through my head as I returned to my house. I had concluded not to pass Peyral's house unarmed, so I tied a string over my pareu and fastened the revolver to it. With one pull the knot undid and the gun came loose into my hand. I wore a light

linen coat over my bare body, and no one was the wiser.

Thus ready for my would-be-murderer or father-in-law, I whistled to Exploding Eggs, the next day, and, he with towels in hand, we walked towards the sands.

The sun was dropping down the western sky when, after a long bath, we dressed to leave the beach. Exploding Eggs in his loin-cloth and I in mine, with my coat over the Browning. The hours in the salt water with the exercise and the laughter had cleared the cobwebs of blame from my brain. My innocent blood would be on the guilty head of Peyral did he kill me. That was comforting. However, I made sure that the knot slipped easily, and with my valet beside me I made the start.

I had gained half-way when I saw Peyral coming toward me, a thousand feet away, with a shot-gun over his shoulder. He was silhouetted against the setting sun and could not be mistaken. His burly form, his beard, his general shag-giness made him unmistakable, and was also the outline of the weapon. There was no stopping. The swamp was on either side of the ten-foot road, the bench behind me, I leaping was out of the question. I might have taken a side road, there been one, but just such conditions as presented themselves then must be met daily. I kept on, and, as we came nearer, our eyes joined and remained steadily fixed.

I do not know how Peyral felt, but I was as fascinated as the proverbial bird by the snake. I moved as if by magnetic power toward my probable slayer, and he toward me. Neither of us made a movement except that of our legs and stiff bodies.

There came a second when we were about four feet apart, each hugging the edge of the road. Our eyes were held straight ahead, and mine remained so. We appeared to hesitate as if we might whirl and seize each other or draw our weapons. The shot-gun was on his shoulder but in the flash of an eye might be brought down to the level of my vitals.

But the eye did not flash. The gun swayed only with his footfalls, and we continued our mechanical advance away from each other.

Prudence whispered to me to turn and protect myself from a rear attack, but the message did not affect my legs. I winced momentarily for the expected load of shot in my back, but I walked stiffly as if a great ray of light were penetrating my cerebellum. Exploding Eggs, who knew only about our fight upon the palace balcony and nothing of my having the Browning, was chanting about the god of night, Po, and paid no attention to Peyral, except to say quite audibly, "Peyrale aceo meta! Peyral is no good!"

The Trigger Pulled

THAT did not add to my surety, and the imagined missile or missiles from behind did not become less vivid until I was beyond shooting distance. Just as I calculated with incredible relief that the crisis was past, Peyral's gun roared out.

My muscles quivered, my heart leaped, my knees bent, and my chin touched my bosom. Exploding Eggs

laughed. "Peyrale puh! kuku!" he said regretfully. "Peyral has shot a kuku—as if I should have shot it. I laughed heartily with him. The joke was on me, but I enjoyed it to the echo. I recalled that often of an evening my enemy replenished his larder with an expenditure of Number Four shot. It was funny, and when I reached the palace I was trembling with the reverberations of the absurd climax to my fears.

L'Hermier des Plantes was dancing opposite Many Daughters, and Song of the Nightingale was fetching cold water from the brook to water the wine, in the temperate French way. "Hoha!" called out the governor. "Come in mon ami! Sit down and have a goute de Pernod. You are

jolly. What? You met Peyral, and he shot not you but a kuku? O kaka! You give me back the Browning? All right. You could not have done much harm with it. See, the cartridges are blanks for firing a salute on the Fall of the Bastille fete. O sapristi! It is dead! I will die!"

He held his stomach while he laughed and laughed. I grinned with fury.

"What the devil is the drolerie?" I questioned, earnestly.

The governor wiped his eyes, and emptied his glass.

"Attendez!" he answered. "You were not in any great danger or I would have come to your rescue. You know I have here a dossier of every one in these islands who has been complained against, or has complained. The first week I was here Peyral declared that Commissaire Bauda had insulted his daughter, and that he must marry her or he would kill him. Bauda denied the charge, and Peyral did nothing."

"Then I opened his dossier, and in two years he had made three such charges, one against a professor who was here a month, and one against Le Brunnee. C'est curieux."

"The man is mad with alcohol, but more so with a determination to marry that stark daughter of his to a white man who might take her away. Others have been eliminated after such foolishness as this. See, there was no one but you. Lutz is after higher game, and besides he is a German, and Peyral hates him. Voila, mon garçon. You were the parti inevitable. It is strange the way he goes about getting a son-in-law. One might expect a dot, or a little hospitality, but no, he runs true to his type, and he is not a chic type. But, c'est fini. He has tried and failed. You have met him, and now you know his gun is for kuku. Well, we will drink to the health of the pauvre diable, and a good husband for the girl. But not you, eh?"

I drank with as much grace as I could, but when I walked in the upper valley at dusk, and was alone by the paepae tapu, the shattered and grown-over temple of the old Marquesan gods, I could have cried with pity for that girl.

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Taste in Music Is Improved By Radio

RADIO is playing a leading role in the musical world, according to Prof. P. W. Dykema of the University of Wisconsin School of Music. Prof. Dykema declares there is a tendency on the part of the general public to demand better types of music and quickened enthusiasm for musical harmony. He attributes much of this change to radio.

Radio has made its way into every little town and hamlet in the country and into thousands of homes," Prof. Dykema said. "With increasing interest in this modern discovery the public is coming to appreciate better music because of the varied program broadcast by radio stations. Every station has its radio numbers. Musical programs broadcast generally are selected with a view to giving the public several different types of musical selections. This has led the public to appreciate and want greater variety of music."

Radio also is influencing a change in so-called jazz music, which Prof. Dykema declares shows interesting modern influences. "Largely through the influences of radio, jazz music has become more refined, complex and harmonious," he said. "Jazz is changing with the musical demands of the public. There is no need for a substitute for jazz music, because it is losing the barbarous, shrill characteristics which it first possessed."



Here's a Stiff Test For Any Car

To demonstrate his skill as a driver, as well as the value of the four-wheel brakes, L. T. Shettler, a Los Angeles automobile dealer, drove his car down this steep flight of steps, midway down the walk. Shettler applied the brakes and the car held fast. The admiring throng did not seem to fear the oncoming car, which was under perfect control throughout the unusual test.

ADVENTURING TO CANADA IN QUEST OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE THEIR PAST BURIED 3,000 MILES AWAY, THE FUTURE UNKNOWN



A STEERAGE SIESTA ON THE EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND - EUROPEAN IMMIGRANTS TAKING THEIR EASE.

What a Picture, These Foreign Immigrants in the Ship's Steerage! What Pathetic Strangers! What Hopes!— Their Loneliest Moment When They Leave Ship to Fend For Themselves.

By F. G. GRIFFIN

THE foreign immigrants in the steerage of the Empress of Scotland, big C.P.R. liner, passed the time coming up the St. Lawrence river in different ways according to their inclinations and temperaments. Most of them talked incessantly. The air was filled with a continual babel in many tongues. One wished for a knowledge of them that would disclose the reactions of these strange people in this country whose great water gateway they were entering.

The Russian and Hungarian women, for the most part, just squatted here and there in little groups on the deck shepherding their families. The young Germans argued and laughed with careless vigor. If any of them felt any strangeness at entering a country with which they were so recently at war, they certainly did not show it. They seemed absolutely lacking in self-consciousness.

The Rumanians, big, rawboned, rangy men they seemed in the main, fine plow fodder, in suits of corduroy or coats of canvas, smoking weird pipes, several of them sporting long black boots, showed a partiality for stretching themselves on the deck under the lee of the hatches in the sun and snoozing. Even when a shout brought a stampede of most of the immigrants to the ship's side to see a passing vessel or look at something on the shore, these swarthy fellows merely opened an eye, closed it and slumbered on as if they had no interest in anything but rest.

The Serbians, on the other hand, seemed a jolly lot by comparison. The women were buxom and pleasant-looking, the men smiling and intelligent. A group of them stood on the bow deck playing cards, using the top of a stern capstan as a table, and surrounded by a gallery of compatriots who freely raised their voices at hands or moves. The players themselves displayed much vim and vivacity, slapping down the cards and exclaiming repeatedly. One tall, good-looking fellow wore a sort of black peacock jacket, half-sandals on his feet, and on his head a tarboosh of some black and white fur. He laughed all the time with the utmost good humor at his own or his companions' moves. Another shorter man wore a round hat of astrakhan.

When they noticed a camera leveled, one of them, laughing and gesturing, pulled out two bills, perhaps for five million kronen each or ten million marks, and threw them on the capstan top to make it look as if they were gambling for real money. The crowd caught his gesture at once and laughed appreciatively.

Quaint Games on Deck

NEARBY on the deck three men sat playing a quaint game with nine white, nine yellow and nine red pebbles. It seemed a kind of checkers, only instead of equal contiguous squares the players had drawn with chalk on the deck a series of squares one inside the other. It was impossible to learn the idea of the game by watching.

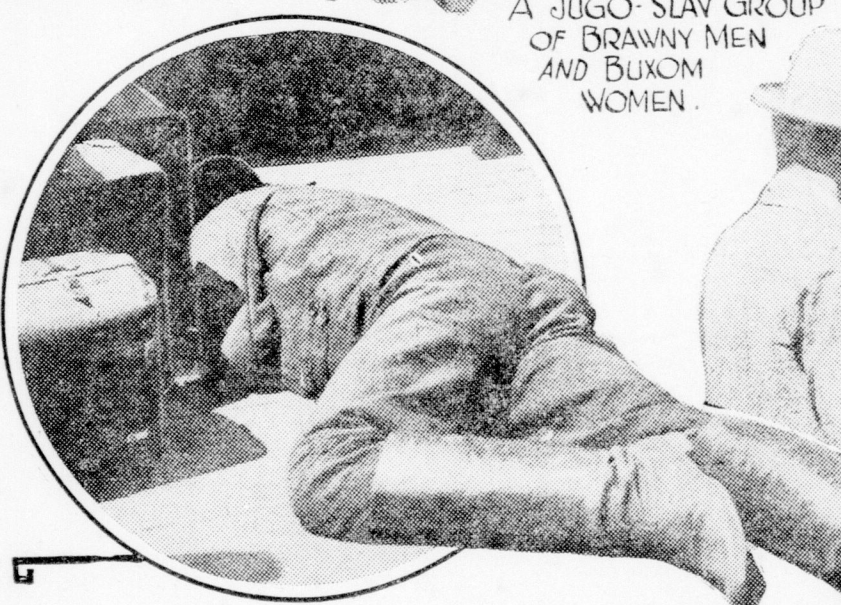
Two of the men were Germans and one a Rumanian. The latter, wearing a battered black felt hat that drooped over his heavily mustached face to give him a mountain bandit air but which was harmlessly tethered to his shirt with a piece of string, had a pair of the strongest, biggest boots one had ever seen on human feet, their heels shod with iron like the feet of a cart horse. He reached out continuously a stubby finger with which he awkwardly moved the small pebbles about the squares. After his moves, sometimes, another of the men, in a shabby waterproof coat and wearing a heavy brown cap of a sort of furry velvet, picked up several of the pebbles.

The game was an intense exercise like chess. Unlike the rowdy cardplayers nearby these men kept on in silence. The spectators, too, looked on in heavy thought.

One asked the name of the game. Several



A JUGO-SLAV GROUP OF BRAWNY MEN AND BUXOM WOMEN.



THE SLEEPING BEAUTY, ROUMANIAN STYLE—OR PUSS IN BOOTS?

named it at once, for some of them spoke a little English. At last one man wrote it down: vikmiele. Was it a Hungarian game? No, no—Deutsche.

A Rumanian bystander wanted to know when the photograph would be finished. In Quebec, no? In two days, no? He wanted a copy. Send home. He was on his way to Winnipeg to farm. Farmer before. He had been on his way for three weeks. Good tree, yah. Once work in Liverpool. Speak Angleesh good.

Immediately afterwards a voice at one's shoulder asked in excellent English, "Are you from a newspaper?" The speaker was a small, smiling fellow with brown eyes and gold-filled teeth, rather a dark skin and a nifty brief black mustache. He was well dressed, wearing a dark well-fitting light overcoat, a smart, soft hat, brim down English fashion, and a soft collar. Over his shoulder were straps crossed in the best tourist fashion, one carrying field glasses, the other a camera.

He might have been anybody from anywhere. His slightness and daintiness looked utterly out of place among the heavy men, heavy of face, heavy of feet, clumsily clad, who formed the big majority on the deck. He was easily the most orthodox looking from a Canadian standpoint within sight. He was an enigma. One could not place him.

The Lonely Armenian

HE explained, smiling, in answer to a puzzled query about his nationality, that he was an Armenian, from Constantinople. His name was Setrak Tatarian. He was thirty-three years old. Yes, he could speak Armenian, English, French, Turkish and a little German. This young man of many languages was going to a place near Woodstock to become the hired help of an American farmer living there. It appeared that Tatarian had attended an American school in Turkey. The doctor there was a brother of the Woodstock farmer. Hence his long trip from Constantinople to Ontario. He had left the East far behind to seek a new home in the West.

In Constantinople he had been a clerk in the office of the Standard Oil Company.

"In Turkey," he explained with a smiling shrug, "not good any more for Christians—so come away. Sure, glad to come to Canada. For two years I try to get authorization. I try for over a year to get visa in Constantinople. Then I wait eight months in Paris. Very hard to get visa."

He was alone. The other Armenians with him were not his relations. His parents, his cousins, his brother, in Constantinople. "That made him sad. His smile faded. His face took on a shadow. 'I am thinking of the best what I can do,' he declared. 'No work for them.' He shrugged his shoulders. He went on in a flat voice of toneless fatalism. 'The Turks not

let Christians work. The Standard Oil not take my brother. When I leave job I ask them for my brother for my place, but they say, 'We take only Turks now. The government permit only Turks.' So the Christians must leave and go to other country."

He gave his shoulders another expressive shrug. Then he went on, the smile again on his lips but with sad shadows in his soft brown eyes, "I literally open the map and see where we can go in the world. It seems no place. I look at the United States—they will not give visa. I look at Canada—they will not give visa. The Balkan states? They are not safe. Russia? Bolshevik. Germany? No chance there. I look everywhere. There is no place. We cannot do anything. (Another shrug.) My people—they are dispersed everywhere. They fly where they can. They go even to South America. Some months ago 140,000 of my people in Constantinople; to-day, not, only 70,000."

One asked this survivor of a broken race what he thought of his companions of the voyage, the Europeans who like him also sought a new life in this new world. "Peasants," he replied with another shrug, this young man who was about to become a hired help himself. Yet there seemed nothing anomalous in his scorn of voice as he went on, "Nearly all peasant. They do not know the first principles. They spit always, everywhere, even in the dining room. I am not used to that."

One suggested that he might find Ontario farming slightly different, rather hard, after Constantinople clerking—he looked so slight and his hands were so small and well-kept. "I think a lot about that," he replied gravely. "But I think I like farming. It is healthy in the open air. Of course I do whatever I can. I cannot work like a farmer but I can learn."

Nearby a little Armenian girl, one of his race, hooded in a waterproof cape that framed her pretty, small, dark face danced on the hatch top, carefree in the sunshine, light as the wind that swept across the St. Lawrence, not thinking of Constantinople or her scattered, murdered race, but listening with the fancies of a child to the echoes that answered when she skipped over and shouted down the ventilator.

What people! What tragedies! What stories! What hopes they held in their western quest of the Golden Fleece! Could one only talk to them in their own tongue! A Hungarian woman, pleasant, comely, strong, coiffed picturesquely in a spotted handkerchief, voluminous in a print blouse and a flowing skirt, squatted on a basket shielding her chubby, sturdy, placid baby, a bundle of many wrappings,

from the wind. In spite of the quaintness of their appearance they looked worthwhile migrants from the old world to the new. They brought with them at least the gifts of health and strength and pleasantness.

The woman crooned swaying from side to side, some lullaby of the land from which she came, her legs spread as if she crouched comfortably before some peasant hearth at home, instead of sitting in the open wind on the deck of a great ship coming up the St. Lawrence. Her eyes seemed watching the shore slipping by endlessly in the clear sunlight in all the beauty of its green trees, its blue hills beyond, its tiny houses on the water's edge or clustered on the bank above, its quietude, its majesty, its peace. Yet one was not sure that she was seeing it. Her thoughts seemed to be far away, perhaps in the land where she had heard the lullaby sung herself in her childhood, in her Magyar homeland, in the oak forests, in the blue Danube that flowed quietly as the St. Lawrence along the great plain with mountains, too, the snow-touched Carpathians in the distance; in the village where her baby was born, and herself, and her family for generations.

Her young strong hands, firm with work, gripped the bundle of her baby more closely. She rose, stepped across the great knobby feet of a sleeping Jugo-Slovak, mouth down, neighboring enemy of the past, and strode to the ship's side to watch more closely the passing panorama of magnificent river shore.

Learning Dollars and Cents

SHE stood there alone, lonely, with her baby, perhaps trying to conjecture up the lives the people lived in those tiny homes she could just faintly see. It is the loneliest thing in the world being an immigrant of any kind. It must be terribly lonely for these poor people who bravely leave the land of their fathers and come to a faraway country where there is a language which they cannot speak.

The bugle sounded for dinner. First sitting. The sleepers on deck rose quickly and passed down to the dining saloon forward where the different nationalities met on common ground at the long tables to which the stewards brought food.

Over in a corner of the steerage dining room the small shop, presided over by an English girl in uniform, was doing big business in small sums. She was so very brisk and business-like, so sure, so imperiously British among these awkward, slow-moving, tongueless foreigners that she dominated the shambling transactions. A shawled Russian woman held out three post cards she had written and tendered six cents. "Not enough, not enough," exclaimed the shop girl, pushing back the money. Someone in the background translated it to the woman—these unofficial interpreters were evident all the time. From her handkerchief she extracted slowly, after the manner of a person to whom cash was

TATARIAN THE CONSTANTINOPLE CLERK, NOW AN ONTARIO HIRED HELP



A COMELY HUNGARIAN AND MUCH-BUNDLED BABY

a rarity, one coin after another until the amount was made up.

"Cigaret," muttered a gaunt Rumanian with flowing mustaches. The girl handed him three packets of Wild Woodbine, the old five-for-a-penny fags of the English, and he went off examining their open ends. A capped Hungarian held out an empty matchbox, rubbed his finger along it in pantomime and received a box of matches.

A lad extended a coin. "How mooch?" he asked. "Ten cents," replied the girl. He may have thought it a quarter for he slunk away evidently disappointed. Another brought back an orange he had bought, gesturing. The girl must have understood him. She took it back and gave him another. An elderly shawled Slav woman leaned forward and pointed a knurled forefinger at a bottle of barley sugar in the case on the counter. "Thirty cents," exclaimed the English girl. The woman pushed forward a quarter. "Thirty cents," repeated the girl, this time sharply. The woman turned to a youth behind. They held a muttered discussion. The woman leaned round the case, picked up the bottle, held it to the light, turned it round and over and canily appraised it. The verdict must have been satisfactory for she tendered a dollar bill and received the bottle and change.

Love in the Steerage

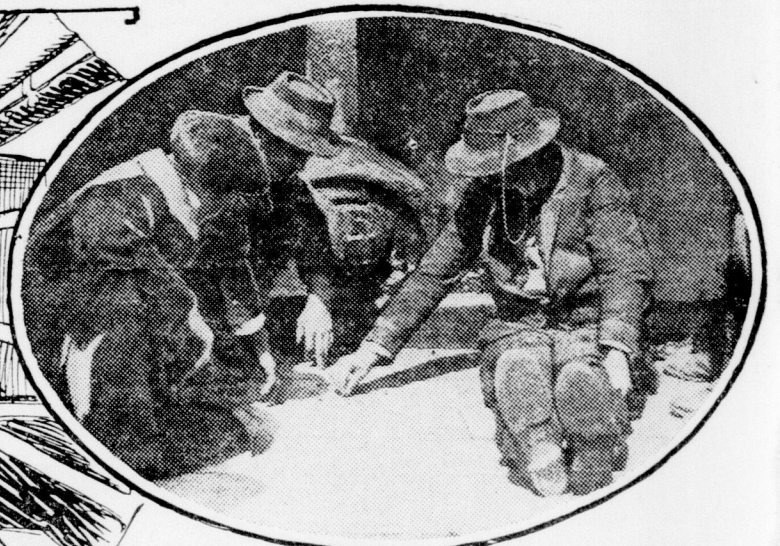
AS soon as one was served another squeezed into the vacated place for an orange, or a stamp, or a packet of cigarettes. There was a constant milling and pushing in the background. A line of hooded mothers with babies in their arms sat on a bench in the shadows at the end of the room, knowing they must land soon, just waiting patiently for the end of the long voyage to come. A Russian youth and a girl hugged in the corner, lying against one another, oblivious of the bystanders, with an air of doltish devotion. Even here was love though the air was rancid with the smell of heavy bodies.

"Lady," exclaimed a Serbian, pushing forward to the counter and holding out a picture of the Empress of Scotland, "please, a post card of the sheep for beam." He pointed to a compatriot for whom he acted as purchasing agent. The girl passed the latter the post card. He offered a five dollar bill. "Haven't you got any change?" the shop girl asked indignantly. Answer—a dumo stare. "Haven't you got a smaller bill? I can't change that." His compatriot spoke a few words. He took back the bill sluggishly and oozed back through the crowd with a baffled look on his face.

Long before the "Scotland" hove to her wharf the baggage of the immigrants was piled high on the deck, a heterogeneous collection of trunks, baskets, bales and bundles of all sorts and sizes. So that, freed of further care of these, the voyagers were able to crowd to the ship's side and watch the business of drawing close and tying up. They followed every move, even waving in friendly gestures to people on the shore who fluttered handkerchiefs, not at them, but at cabin passengers whom they were there to welcome. Such people as these had none of their own folk to meet them at landing. Their loneliest moment—when the great ship draws close and the time comes when they must leave its security to fend for themselves in this strange country from which they are going to wrest a living, their future unknown, their present vague and conjectural. Strangers, indeed! Some of them to feel strangers always until death roots them in the soil of the country.

The big liner did not delay long in disgorging the passengers who had made it their home for the past week. Immigration and customs inspectors, coming on at Father Point, had already cleared the first and second cabin passengers.

The gangway was quickly raised and made fast, an elaborate raillway. A small army of officials trooped on board. Five minutes later, to an incessant "Have your landing cards ready," the first and second-class passengers were going



"YOUR MOVE"—VIKMLE, A KIND OF DEUTSCH CHECKERS.

ashore, many of them to fall into the arms of friends waiting to receive them, all of them to something with which they were not unfamiliar, Canadians returning who had been to Wembley, British visitors of quality, immigrants with a certain amount of class and cash.

Landing at Quebec

NOT so with the immigrants of the steerage, though there is little delay in going ashore and a minimum of red tape before they are set free for good or ill, for themselves or the country, in Canada. In Canada's immigration building at Quebec there seems, at least to the casual spectator, an utter absence of the discomfort, hardness and general lack of humanity with which at Ellis Island popular opinion credits the United States with receiving its foreign entrants.

One waited on the second floor of the huge immigration building at Quebec about half an hour after the Empress of Scotland docked in the company of Mr. Mathieu, assistant to Mr. E. J. O'Connell, the agent in command of this great clearing house. From this floor to the ship led a covered passageway, called the ramp; a long elevated tunnel right to the ship's deck for all the world like the marine leg of a grain elevator.

Suddenly down the ramp came a confused murmur. This increased to a roar. There was the clatter of many feet. And down the sloping tunnel came the foreigners, taking their first steps on what was Canadian soil. They came warily, like a flock of sheep feeling their way into strange pastures and not too fast lest they should encounter some fearsome thing which would startle them into backward flight.

The sight reassured them. A tremendously great room, barn-like, pillared, divided into big sections by wire gratings which gave it the effect of being a huge hutch. An immigration agent stood at the gate of one of these divisions and repeated endlessly, "Canada? Canada?" The immigrants always answered with a smile. "Ja (or Da or Yah), Canada." They understood this. So this was Canada. Magic word. It had brought them thousands of miles, from the steppes of Russia, from the great plain of Hungary, from the Black Forest and the Baltic, from German ghetto and Finnish village, from red Moscow and dark Constantinople, from the shores of the Dniester and the Elbe; across Europe to Hamburg, and thence for days and days across the ocean. Now they were at the end of their Odyssey.

Canada! To these people whom the ramp poured out like human grain, the wheat and the chaff together, "Canada" at the moment was this huge room with a short stout little man in uniform uttering this one word.

A few it appeared were for the United States. These were sequestered by themselves.

A few Sundays ago five ships docked at Quebec with immigrants. Yet, so big is the plant, so fast is the system, that between seven in the morning and seven-thirty in the evening they were all cleared and on their way. The grill-work in the huge room makes it capable of division into three sections in which three ship loads may be poured at the same time.

Buzzing Immigration Building

THE motley crowd of Europeans poured past with their top boots, their striped skirts, their kerchiefs, their shawls, their mustaches, their astrakhan hats, their wicker baskets, their bundles of sacking, their woven satchels, and then came the Britishers, bless them, clean, fresh-faced and smiling, with their new portmanteaux with their initials on them, their carryalls with umbrellas strapped on them, and their beautiful babies. Young people, young families, sometimes the stewards helping carry the baggage, there was no fear in their carriage. They walked as people coming to a familiar, friendly land.

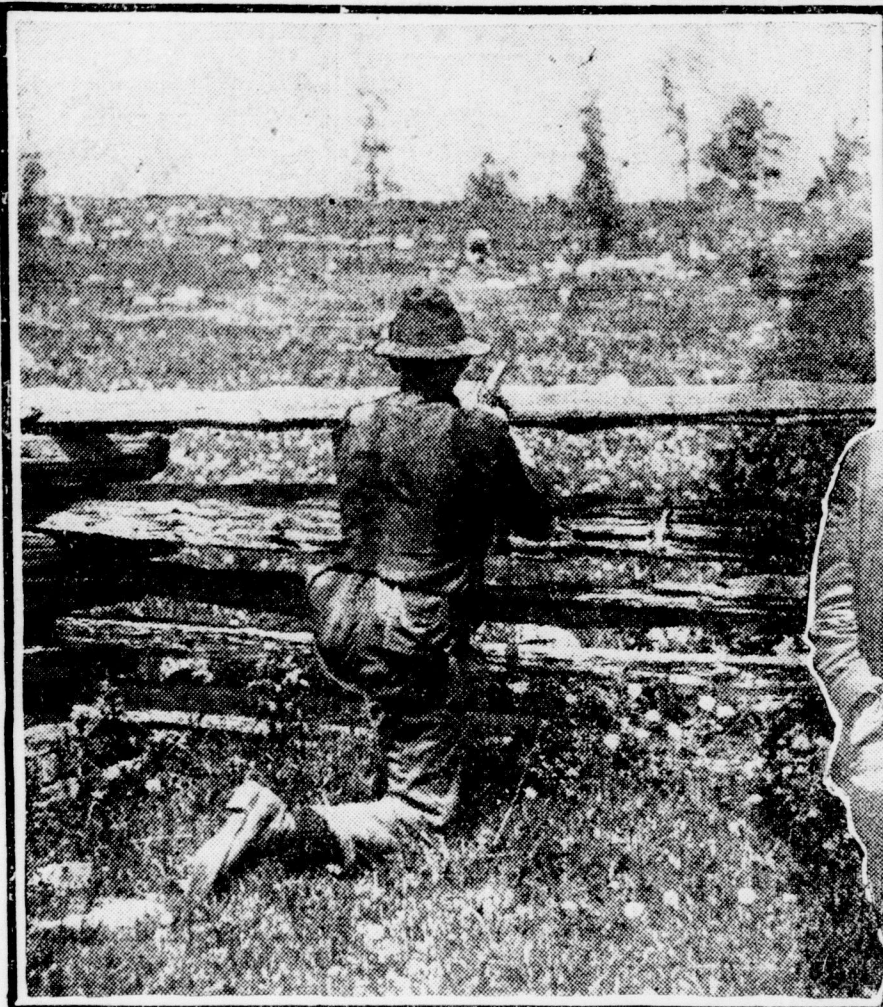
"Canada? Canada?" went the automatic voice of the agent to them as to the foreigners. "Yes," answered the sweet voice of an old lady, brightly, with the added explanation, "coming from England." As if one didn't know.

The immigrants deposited their hand baggage in a long cage which ran alongside the main cage, to reclaim it after examination. The place was buzzing like a hive. The long benches were filled with rows of swarthy occupants, sitting, smoking, spitting. These were the unmarried, the unattached. Forward in a smaller cage were grouped the families and the parties.

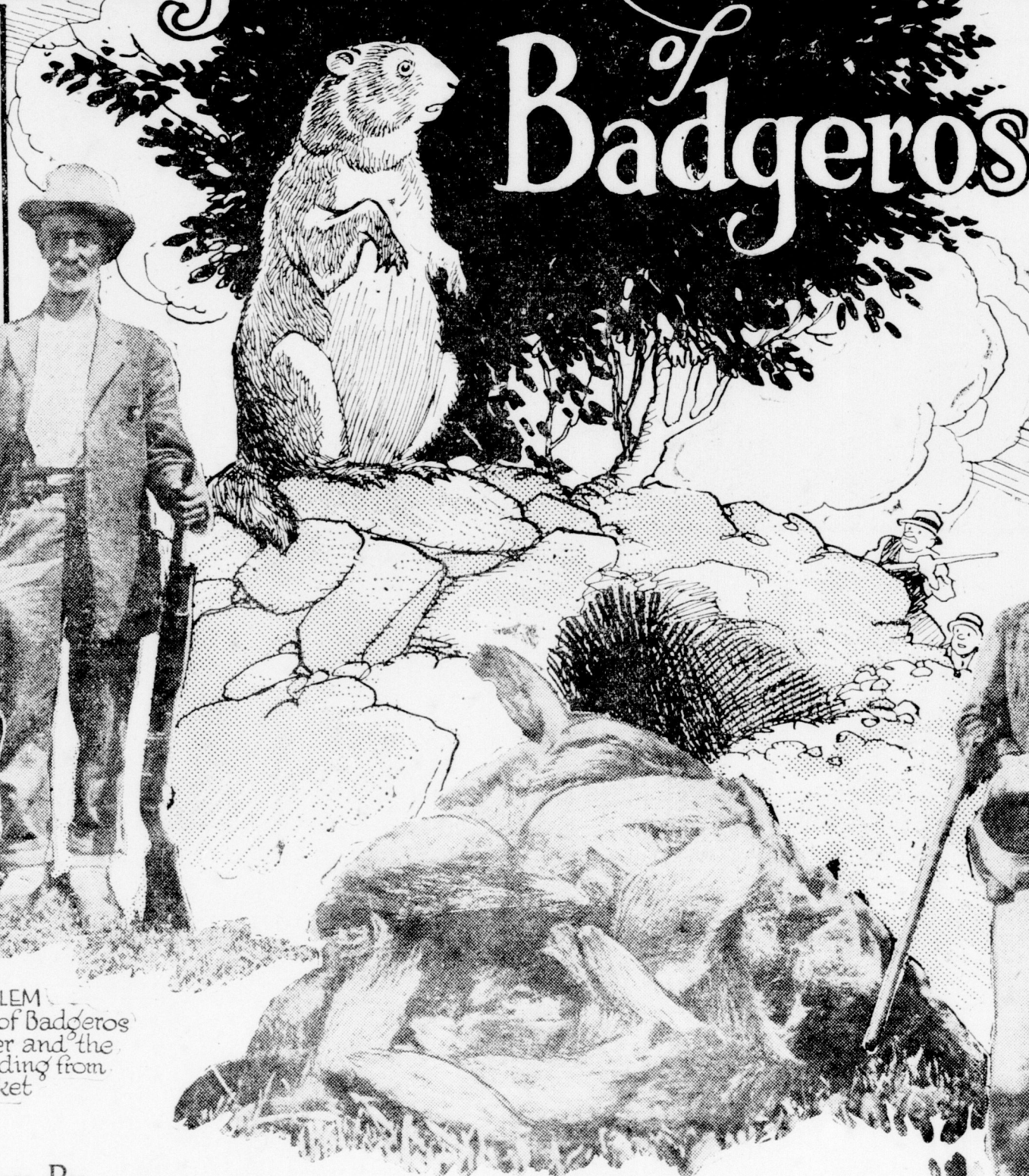
Ahead of them all, the Britishers to comfort them with its message of fraternity, the foreigners to shout to them that this was the flag under which they had come to live, hung a huge Union Jack stretched over the passage along which every immigrant had to pass before the keen eyes of three doctors. The immigrants came singly. The doctors, one of them a lady, with a technique of their own, watched their walk, took off their hats, glanced at their hair, their eyes; asked questions about their babies, asked them about themselves and then passed them or turned them aside into a side room, if doubtful, for a more complete examination.

Followed the civil examination at the hands of the inspectors. A brief affair. Seeing that the passport was in order, Canada was not seeking quibbles for turning these people back. Canada was merely seeing that they were mentally, morally and physically worthy of being welcomed to her shores. Money was no longer a test. It used to be, but now the few dollars sufficient to get the holder to his or her destination was almost enough; with just enough to keep him or her alive for some time.

2214 Groundhogs Die on the Bloody Battlefield of Badgeros



A SHOT FROM THE ROADSIDE.

A GROUNDHOG'S FAREWELL TO HIS TAIL—
ED. TAYLOR'S TROPHYDAVE MACKLEM
Mightiest Hunter of Badgeros
Note His Bandolier and the
Telescope Protruding from
His Coat Pocket

Section of Grey County Is Turned Into a Big Cemetery By Wholesale Slaughter of Country Pests in a Big Five-Day Hunt of Embattled Farmers Armed With Gas Buggies and Guns—Dave Macklem's Big Bag of 510 Tails Makes Him World's Heavyweight Champion Groundhog Hunter.

THE greatest groundhog hunters in the world live up around Badgeros and Maple Valley. The statement stands for any to disprove who can. Last week they cut the tails off no less than 2,214 individual groundhogs, which is another way of saying that they killed that number. For up in this district when a groundhog loses its tail it dies sure; or rather, it dies first, violently, and then loses its tail.

Groundhogs were shot, slain, slaughtered by the score, by the hundred, by the thousand for five days, by two teams of ten men each, until the grand total mounted to 2,214.

There was no doubt about it. I saw the tails counted, one, two, three, four, right up to 2,214, at a grand celebration given in the hunters' honor by the Ladies' Aid of the Methodist church of Badgeros. It took two men counting steadily over an hour to pass them all under review and there was not a fake tail in the lot, not a single, solitary attempt to palm off the tail of a rabbit or a rat. Every tail had been cut from the reverse end of a bona-fide native-born Ontario groundhog.

Black tails, brown tails, tails with a touch of grey on them which might be old age and again might not, for groundhogs have little chance to become senile in Badgeros, tails with bits of clay from the family burrow still sticking to them, bushy tails, thin stringy tails, little bits of baby tails—I did not think there were so many groundhog tails in the world. But I saw them.

And of all the groundhog hunters, Dave Macklem proved himself the world's champion deadshot groundhog killer with a total of 510. For five days' shooting this made for Dave an average of over 100 tails a day, or if you work it out, one every five minutes for an eight-hour shooting day. As a matter of fact Dave did not kill them all, though according to the rules, he counted them in his score. His two sons did considerable slaughter on his behalf. His son, Lin, just happened to come from Hamilton for his holidays on the opening day of the hunt. Just chance, of course, but extremely lucky for Dave. For Lin proved himself no mean shot. One day he sighted a migrating family of five groundhogs, away from their hole, in the middle of a field. He gave chase, approached and fired just once from close range. A sole survivor was left to spread the sad tidings of how four fat young groundhogs died in their tracks.

An unusual shot, though Neal Norman got three with one of his. Seven with four shots was another good score. A brace at a time was not unusual when the guns of these embattled farmers barked.

How the Hunt Originated

DAVE Macklem, by the way, is given credit for being the originator of this greatest of annual groundhog hunts. To explain—

Badgeros and Maple Valley are adjacent cross roads, some two miles apart, the former in Osprey township and Grey county, the latter in Nottawasaga township and Simcoe county. They are situated in a rich and beautiful farming district about twenty miles south of Collingwood.

"Twin cities, with a friendly rivalry between them like St. Paul and Minneapolis," explained W. D. Taylor, veteran postmaster of Maple Valley, a pioneer of the district who came from Lancashire fifty years ago. "Though Badgeros has the last word, the last laugh on Maple Valley, for the cemetery is in Badgeros and it gets us all at the last."

One was interested in the quaint name Badgeros, which seemed an echo of Badajoz, Peninsular war name. But Mr. Taylor explained. The name had its origin in nothing more romantic than a slight mistake made by the post-office department. The Badgerow family had been pioneers. Application was made for a post-office. What to call it? Badgerow, why not, after the founder? But the post office put an "s" where the "w" should have been. So Badgeros it became, though the people of the neighborhood pronounce it in the old way, "Badgerow."

The Badgerows had evidently had luck with the spelling of their name. For Mr. Taylor pointed out the grave of old Ira Badgerow, the first man to lie in the cemetery, and the name on the headstone was spelt "Badgero." The stone had not been wide enough for the engraving of the full name by some country sculptor so the "w" had been left off the end!

To return to the hunt. For years there had been a hunt in the district every fall, a scrub hunt of a day's duration, when the marksmen of the neighborhood went out and shot everything, or almost everything, that crossed their path; the winner being decided by the total points of each varied bag. In this way, although there was much slaughter of farm pests, many animals and birds were killed which might well have been allowed to live.

So three years ago Dave Macklem suggested instead a grand groundhog hunt in the early summer, which would not only provide sport but serve a useful purpose as well. For the groundhogs are a pest, especially in the neighborhood in question, where the colonies live in hundreds.

Holes Dangerous to Horse

THIS is a hilly country, hummocky, with beautiful groves of trees, admirably suited to these marmots. They burrow into the hillsides, digging into the ground with their powerful legs and sharp-clawed feet holes that run into branching galleries twenty to forty feet long, which end in rounded chambers, well lined with dry grass and leaves. In these the rodents hibernate during the winter and produce broods of from three to nine young late in April or early in May.

Their holes in the fields are dangerous to horses in the harvest time. Often horses are thrown. Frequently they fear to go into a field

infested by the groundhogs. In addition the groundhogs ravage the clover, alfalfa and grass fields; and do much damage in vegetable patches. They are utterly worthless. "Useless boarders," one of the farmers called them. Their flesh, though white, is never eaten in this district at least, though it may be, and is, by the Indians. Their coarsely haired pelts are useless as fur.

In this district around Badgeros and Maple Valley, well cleared and finely settled, there is little game. The enemies of the groundhog, the foxes for example, who would destroy their young, have been killed or have departed for less settled regions. So that the groundhog in recent years has multiplied by thousands. The balance of nature has been upset. These sluggish, stupid animals have found it pleasant pasturing in these rich uplands. "Now we are the balance of nature," declared one of these farmers as he raised his shotgun and laid a groundhog dead at the mouth of its hole.

In 1922 the Badgeros Hunt club killed less than 700 groundhogs. Last year the total was 1,011. This year the total jumped to more than double. For one thing the hunting time was stretched from three days to five. For another, the rivalry was more intense.

Last year Ed. Taylor was champion with a score of 142 tails. This year he got 363, but Dave Macklem far eclipsed him with his 510 and Neal Norman, too, was ahead of him with 399. It just shows how the thing has grown. Next year—well, if Ed. Taylor is on the job again next year, it is safe to say that he is going to make Dave Macklem shoot some to beat him again. And some of those young fellows are going to try to oust the older men from pride of place. It will be surprising if there is a groundhog living either above ground or under when next year's hunt is done.

Twenty Members in the Club

THE organization meeting of the Badgeros Hunt Club was held on the Saturday evening before the hunt was to start on the Monday. Mr. Norman was elected president and Hector McLean, secretary treasurer. A membership of twenty active hunters was obtained by the payment of a dollar each to the secretary-treasurer. Twenty members all paid up, each with a vote, and twenty dollars being held by Hector McLean, without a bond—such was Ed. Taylor's brief description of the organization.

Dave Macklem and Ed. Taylor, son of W. D., both of them fine shots, were chosen as captains. They flipped a coin. Then each in turn chose nine men for his team by the old-fashioned method of calling out names. So that there were two teams of ten men each.

The rules of the contest were of the simplest. There was really only one: Get groundhogs. You might shoot, buy, beg, borrow, or steal groundhogs; or persuade them to come out and lend you their tails for a few days. You might even import them, the tails, for that was all that counted. The carcasses did not matter.

So the district today is like a battlefield, a big groundhog cemetery in which the dead lie unburied. Each groundhog lies where it fell, minus its tail. You may see them lying beside the clay mounds of their burrows in open fields, on the tops of mounds, beside a pile of stones or alongside a fence. You will even see an occasional victim by the side of the road where he was caught in unwary wandering by the occupants of a hunting Ford.

Guns and cars, cartridges and gasoline, these are the combination that descends with flying death on the groundhog colony. The automobiles fly up and down the roads with their hunting

occupants, bringing them afar from their farms to likely hunting grounds in the intensive pursuit. All over the country last Friday, the last day of the hunt, there was a vast cannonading, a popping from every hill, the sound of shots from every clump of trees. Thousands of cartridges at five cents apiece were shot off, gallons of gasoline were burnt up, in this wholesale hunting.

Not a Redeeming Feature

"NO, you can't find a redeeming feature in the groundhog," exclaimed Hector McLean, as he and his captain, Ed. Taylor, of Maple Valley, set out in a car with their guns last Friday morning to add as many as they could to their side's total bag before the count that evening. First Ed. Taylor dropped off at a barn on one of his three farms and watered some of his stock. Then away along the line between Osprey and Nottawasaga, away beyond Brewster's Lake where they hoped to find an untouched colony of groundhogs. A sharp look-out was kept along the road.

"There's one, Ed. That's yours, I guess," exclaimed Hector McLean. He pointed to a groundhog sitting on the fence. Ed. climbed out with his gun, but the 'hog flipped and flopped, out of sight. "You can't get them all," he exclaimed philosophically, as he started the car again. "You've got to hunt them very hard or they'll go down."

One wondered why the groundhogs did not keep entirely to their holes while the hunt was on; why the alarm had not spread among them; why there had not been wholesale migration from the neighborhood where death for them stalked with wholesale suddenness.

"They'll emigrate sometimes when you shoot in the same place two or three days hand-running," Hector McLean explained. "But on the whole they stay. They're very stupid animals, very sluggish. I don't think they mind a death in the family. I don't think they're very highly organized. They have a very low intelligence and no sort of a social system. If foxes were by any chance hunted like this, there would not be a sign of one of them in the neighborhood by this time. But groundhogs, they're different."

Ed. Taylor sighted another one, flirting about on the edge of its burrow, sitting up on its hind legs and then flipping round with its tail. He crept along behind a stone fence. He fired and darted forward. A moment later, he gave a flick with his jackknife and another tail went into his pocket.

Looked Like a Border Bandit

WE drove on. Another car approached. We both stopped. "Well, look who's here," exclaimed Ed. Taylor. A man climbed out of the other car and advanced, smiling. It was Dave Macklem, captain of the other team, out on the last day's drive. He was accompanied by his two sons. Ed. Taylor's two boys, by the way, were also out hunting that morning.

Dave Macklem looked like a genial border bandit as he came forward, gun in hand, with a cartridge belt strapped round his waist. He was a sure enough groundhog hunter. From his breast pocket stuck a brass telescope with which it was possible for him to determine whether it was really a groundhog or a tree stump which sat in the middle of yonder field.

The Macklem party were a regular armored outfit. They might have been a flying squadron of guerrilla fighters. They had several guns with them, both rifles and shot guns, and cartridges

NEAL NORMAN'S 399th KILL

galore. Even that morning they had secured a score of tails between them already and were on their way to seek further prey.

"The country's pretty well scoured," remarked Ed. Taylor.

"Pretty well scoured," agreed Dave Macklem, with a satisfied smile.

"Got many?" asked Ed. Taylor casually.

"Not many," fenced his opponent. "Got a few. Maybe a hundred or so. They're pretty scarce this year."

Everyone laughed. He laughed himself. He knew that they knew he was fencing. Wasn't he credited with having nearly five hundred?

Wasn't everybody saying: "Ed. Taylor's out going in his car every day. And so is Macklem, and Macklem's got his son Lin from Hamilton down helping him."

The two parties chatted for a while. Dave Macklem talked about guns. He had always been a great hunter, and guns were his hobby.

"Well, I guess we're keeping you from killing groundhogs," declared Ed. Taylor, moving towards his car. "Still, I suppose that's the best thing we can do. When you're here you're not killing them and piling up the score against us."

"It's making money for us, anyway," agreed Dave Macklem. "It's saving us gasoline and cartridges."

Unless Dead They Vanish

ED. TAYLOR and Hector McLean drove on to the place about which they had been told—a hummocky tract with traces right from the start of the groundhogs' digging. Ed. took one side of the road and Hector the other. Ed. drew blood right away. He slipped round an old shed and shot one at the other side, darting forward on the heels of his shot to prevent the victim going into his hole, for the groundhog, unless shot dead at once, dives into his hole and is lost. In fact, Ed. Taylor's quick work at his second shot gained him a tail which he might easily have lost. He shot, darted forward, threw himself on his stomach and showed his hand down the hole. Dangerous enough, for the cornered groundhog can bite savagely. But Ed. Taylor's quickness repaid him. He raised himself with a still wriggling groundhog by the tail. In a moment the latter had left its owner and was in Mr. Taylor's pocket.

In less than ten minutes Mr. Taylor shot five, only missing one chance. He scouted round the district for some time longer but without further luck. The hunting ground was not as good as anticipated. On the other side of the road Hector McLean had been able to secure only two. The groundhogs were certainly getting pretty scarce.

After lunch I spent the afternoon with one of the other team, young Neal Norman, who eventually turned in the second-best score. We swept up and down the roads in his car; left the fields and took to the bush, but with little luck. Several times we passed corpses in various stages of decay, but scarcely a live groundhog.

Neal got one tail without using a cartridge. The owner, with a stupid carelessness which he certainly should not have displayed, was evidently on his way to pay a visit or returning, or perhaps spying out a more healthy location to which to move. For he was sighted crossing an open field, far from his home. Neal ran and overtook him. The fat groundhog, unable to run fast, turned and bared his teeth viciously, prepared to fight. Neal hit him on the head

with the butt of his gun, and added another tail to his collection.

A Sister Worth Having

LATER in the afternoon Neal drove away down to the Reddickville schoolhouse to bring his sister, the schoolteacher there, home for the week-end. She had a surprise for him—a collection of 126 tails to add to his total.

All week the children of Melancthon township had been bringing her tails as city children sometimes bring their teachers flowers. One had brought her no less than 28 which his brother had shot. Miss Norman had even helped her brother's score along by shooting three herself. Having a sister a popular school-teacher in a groundhog hunting district evidently means much to a team.

Then Neal's father, president of the club, had shot a hundred 'hogs. Neal paid one or two visits to neighbors and secured what they had promised him. So that he was able to win second individual place in the contest with the big score of 399 and place his side easily ahead.

An interesting thing about this hunting was its speed. Shoot, kill and cut was the system. If a groundhog popped underground, or if he disappeared after a shot the hunter simply passed on. He did not wait round, he did not lie perdu, on the chance that sooner or later the groundhog would come up. He simply passed on. For there was another groundhog possibly sunning himself on the next hillock asking to be shot.

No bait, no lure, no adventitious aids to securing groundhogs were used. The hunter never dug one out. He did not use dogs. One wondered why a ferret or a dog was not used to drive the animals out to the guns; if there was not some kind of a gas scheme possible to make them leave their holes. "We have never done anything but just shoot them straight," declared Neal Norman, which is a good enough system as the total shows. "But they say that you can back up a Ford car, put a tube on the exhaust and drive them out. I have never seen it tried."

One would not be surprised if next year, when the contest opens more keenly than ever and the hunters are anxious to break this year's records, there were found some bright schemes in existence for bringing up the totals. But that might mean the extermination of the groundhog in the vicinity. And if the groundhog went altogether, the farmers would benefit but what would the Badgeros Hunt Club do then?

Even as it is they have taken a tragic toll of tails. Among the groundhog population there must be very few survivors of the three campaigns, few veterans of 1922. It would either be an unusually wily or an unusually lucky groundhog who lived to tell the tale.

On Friday evening at seven o'clock the mighty hunters brought their trophies to be counted. The Ladies' Aid were putting on a big celebration in their honor in a big shed which is the Badgeros city hall. Inside a long table ran the full length of the room, simply groaning with sandwiches, cakes, pies and other good things. Outside, at a counter, there was ice cream.

What happened the groundhogs' tails? Somebody buried them—and not a moment too soon. The only part of the dead groundhog which undergoes interment. The remainder stays above ground to perfume the neighborhood. Though the folk declared that last year they were scarcely noticeable. But then last year there were only 1,011 slain.

Putting Water in the Water Melon

A CERTAIN man has a wonderful garden, where he grows water-melons.

"How do you put the water in the water-melons?" a facetious friend asked him.

"Oh, I plant the seeds in the spring," he said.—Pearson's Weekly.

Breeding Frankensteins

UNLESS we can create a general opinion against new powers of destruction, science may breed monsters which will devour us. Science must be curbed.—John Galsworthy, English novelist.

The London Advertiser

LONDON, ONT., SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1924.



Helen Wills, American tennis champion, practising on board ship on her way to the Olympic games



Canadian ships and ships from Glasgow pass at twilight in the great Welland Canal at St. Catharines



Frank Lascelles, the master of pageants at Wembley, has been made a chief of the Iroquois



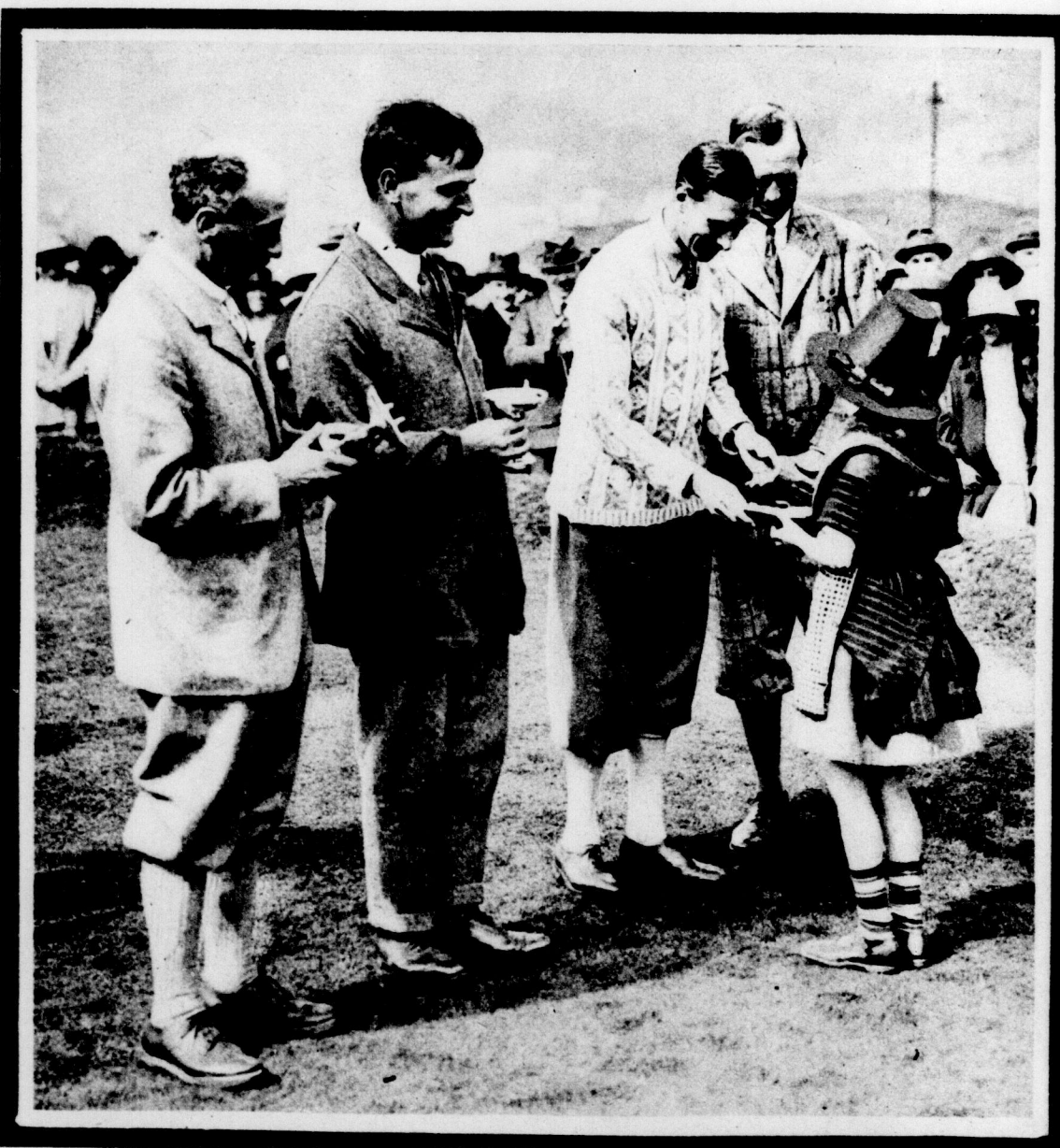
A Dartmoor pony being shipped to the Prince of Wales' Canadian ranch



Edouard Herriot, favored as the new French premier



Gwendolyn Lazier of Belleville rode 700 miles on horseback to present President Coolidge with an invitation to attend the 140th anniversary of the settling of Upper Canada



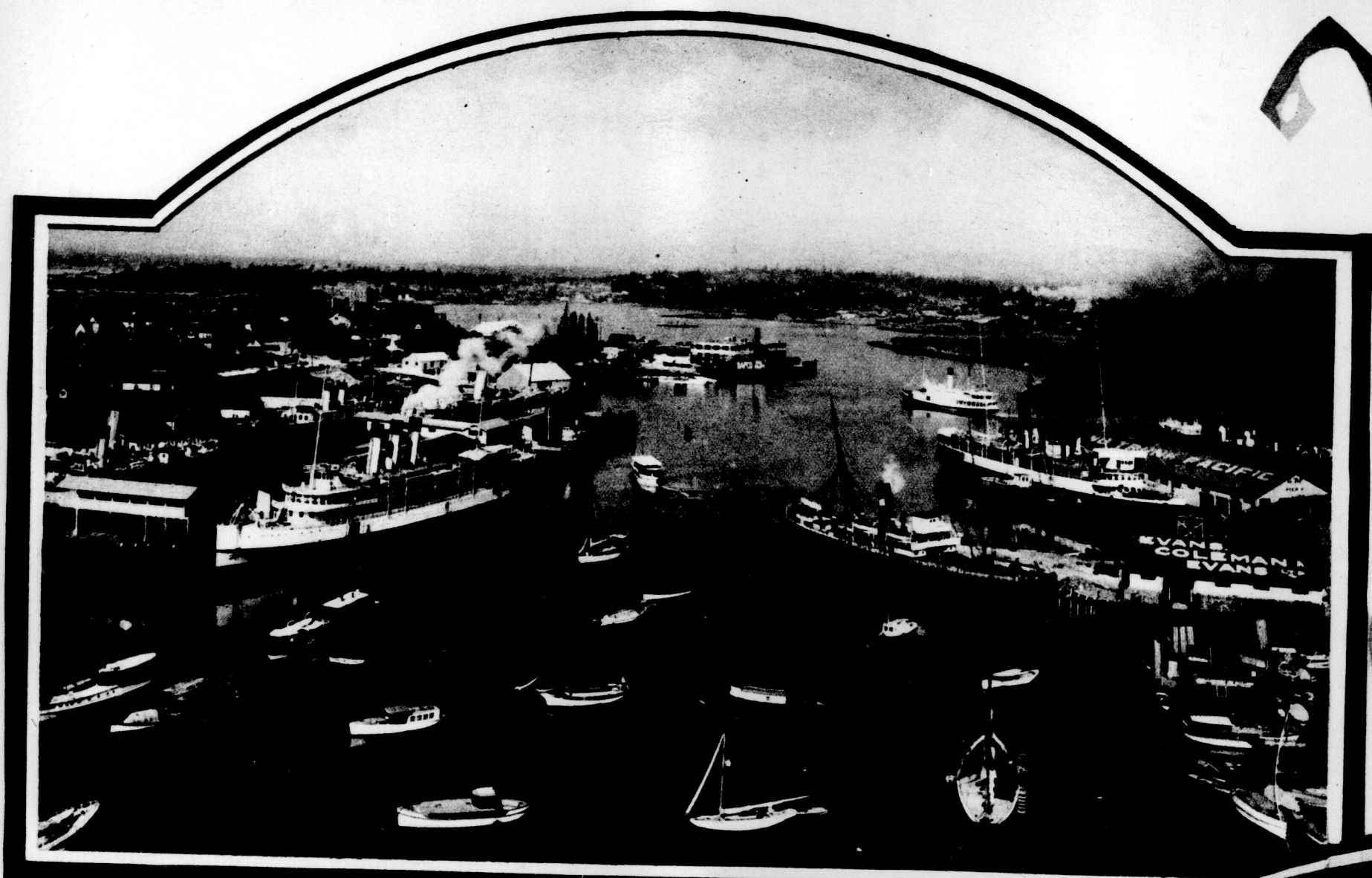
The Duke of York and Captain Basil Brooke played Evan Williams (left) and Frank Hodges, M.P. (next) a game of golf on a Welsh miners' course. The Duke is accepting a memento



Stanley McNeil of Winnipeg calls at the White House after walking from San Francisco to Washington in 125 Days



Gene Sarazen the golf champion and his fiancée, Miss Mary Peck, applying for a marriage license in New York



A stately view of the teeming harbor of Victoria, B.C.



At the Varsity interscholastic field day, Pickard of Hamilton Collegiate takes the pole vault



Two New York society ladies taking part in the Park avenue street fair in aid of local charity



Trout fishing in the white water of Island River, near Victoria



(Above) Madame Osusky, wife of the Czech minister at Paris, is a renowned opera singer



Mary Pickford's make-up artist tries to beautify Jack Dempsey for his appearance on the screen in his own series of pictures



Baroness Lingold, prominent in British social circles and as an authoress, dressed for a pageant



A Mah Jong parasol completes this summer dress of brilliantly flowered crepe



James Brown, the Socialist miner, who has become Lord High Commissioner for Scotland, took up residence at Holyrood Palace. Mr. and Mrs. Brown arrive and are greeted by the sentry of the Scottish Borders with the present arms



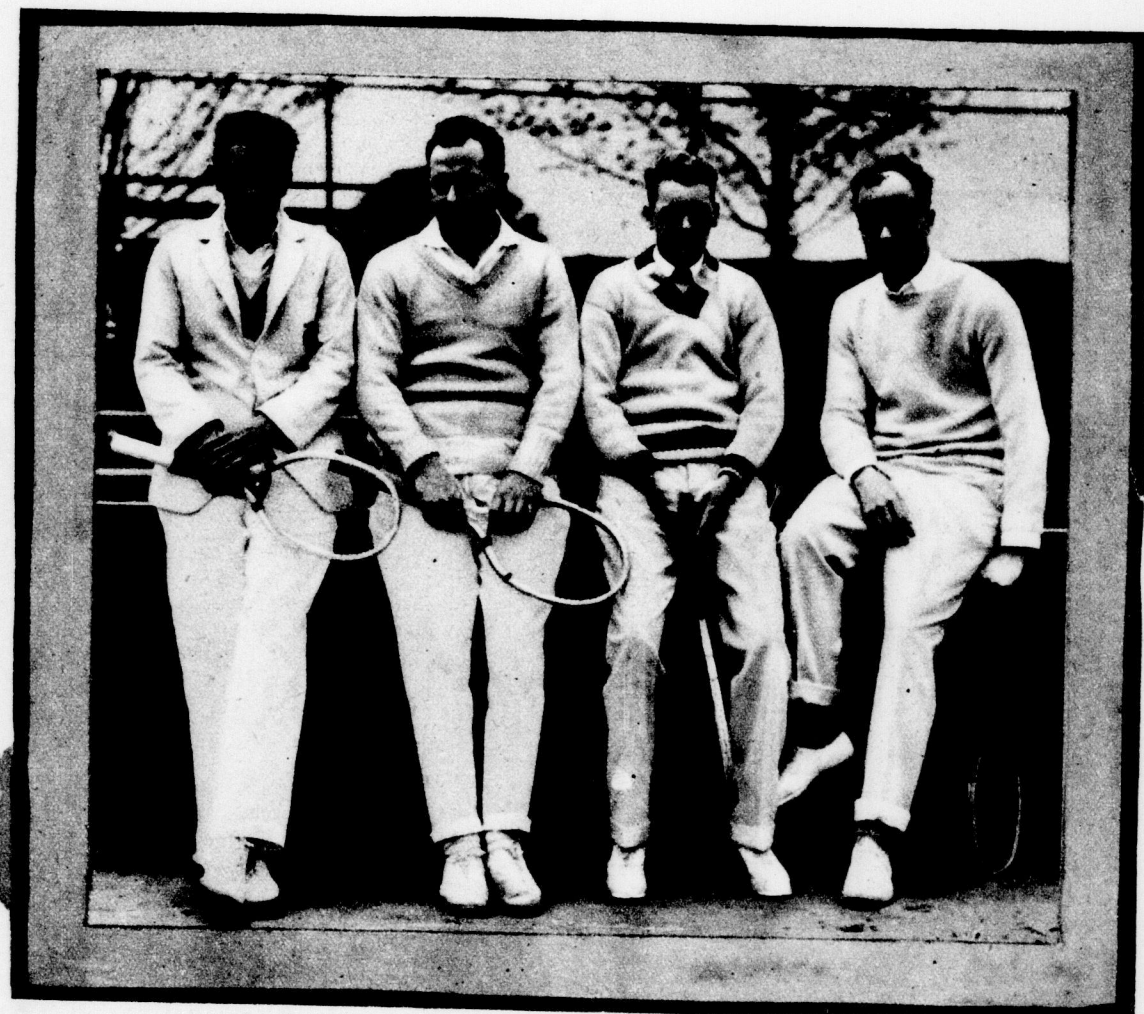
Mr. and Mrs. Brown leaving their cottage at Annbank to take up residence in Holyrood Palace



The Misses Haining, daughters of the shoemaker of Annbank, who are ladies in waiting to Mrs. Brown during her reign at Holyrood



Mrs. Brown, wife of the Lord High Commissioner, draws water from the pump for the last time before going to the palace



The American tennis team which is going to the Olympic games. On the left, the captain, R. Norris Williams



Leopold Godowsky, Russian pianist, now an American citizen, sails for his homeland to tour on the invitation of the Soviet government



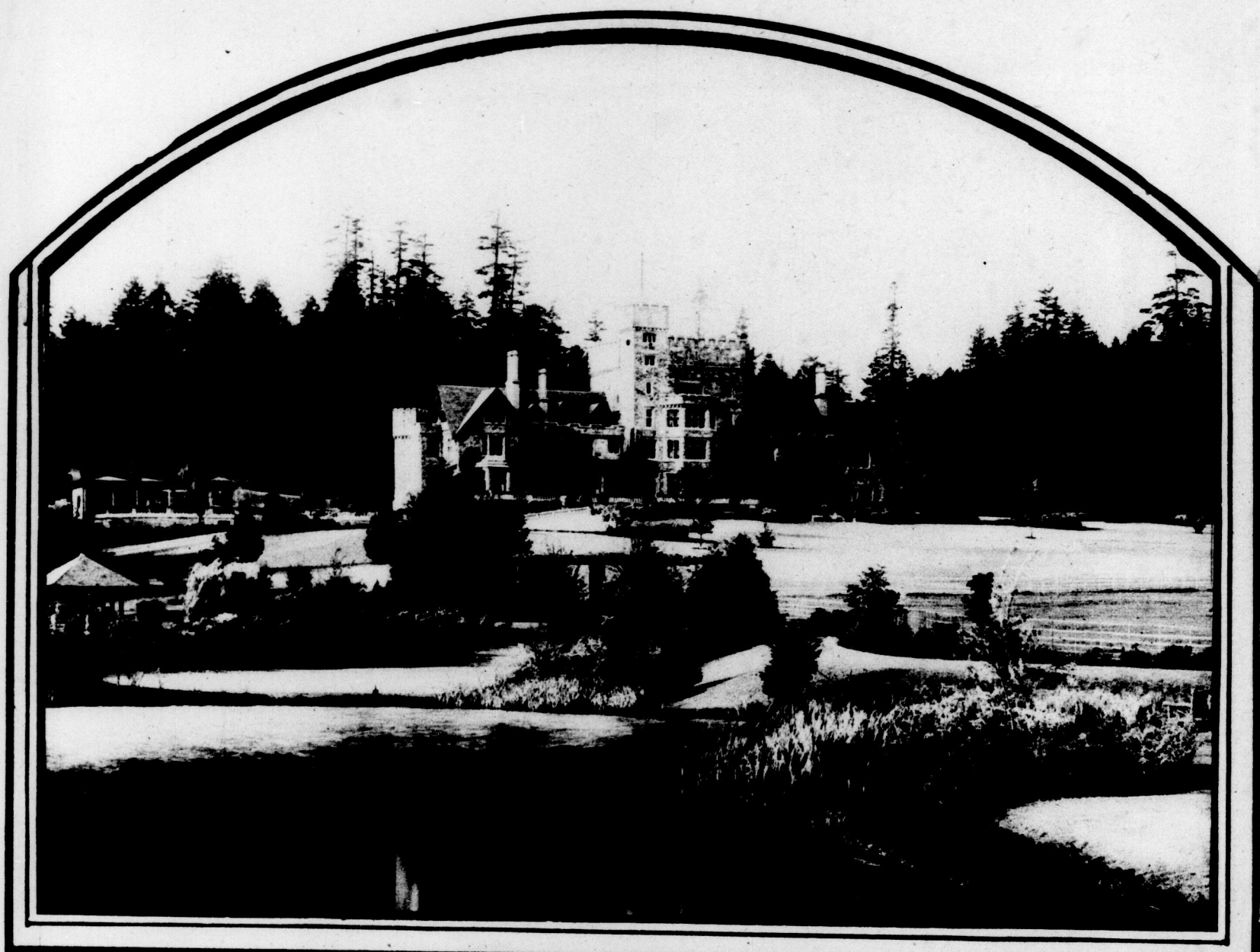
A blue milan straw, trimmed with variegated asters



The Germans are keeping up their experiments with motorless flying. Ferdinand Schultz is shown in his kite which he kept aloft a record of eight hours and forty minutes



Coast Indians of the James Bay country travel about the shores in huge bark canoes



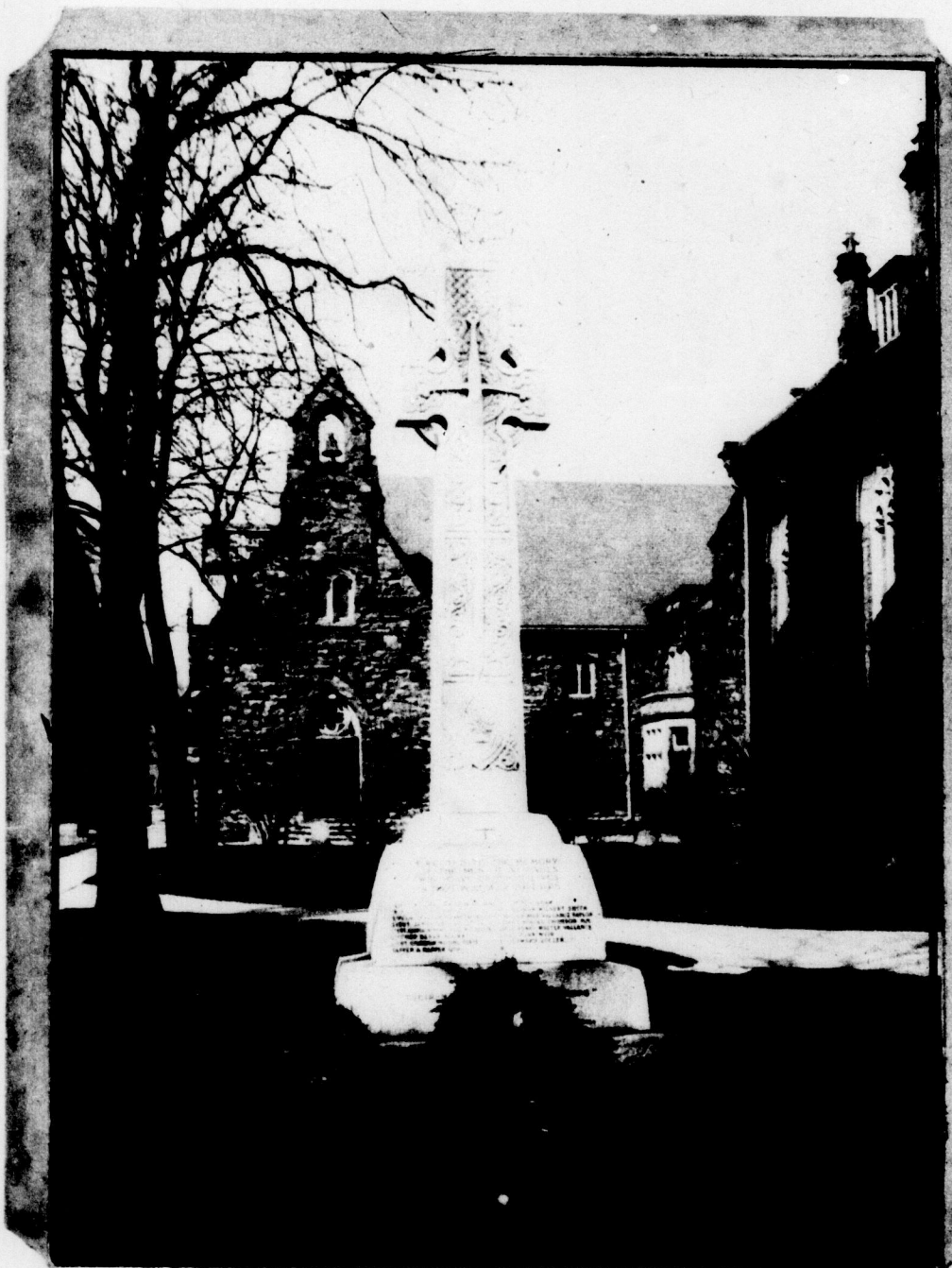
Hatley Castle, the old-world home of Mrs. Dunsmuir, at Victoria, B.C.



Mrs. David Belasco, wife of the famous theatrical producer



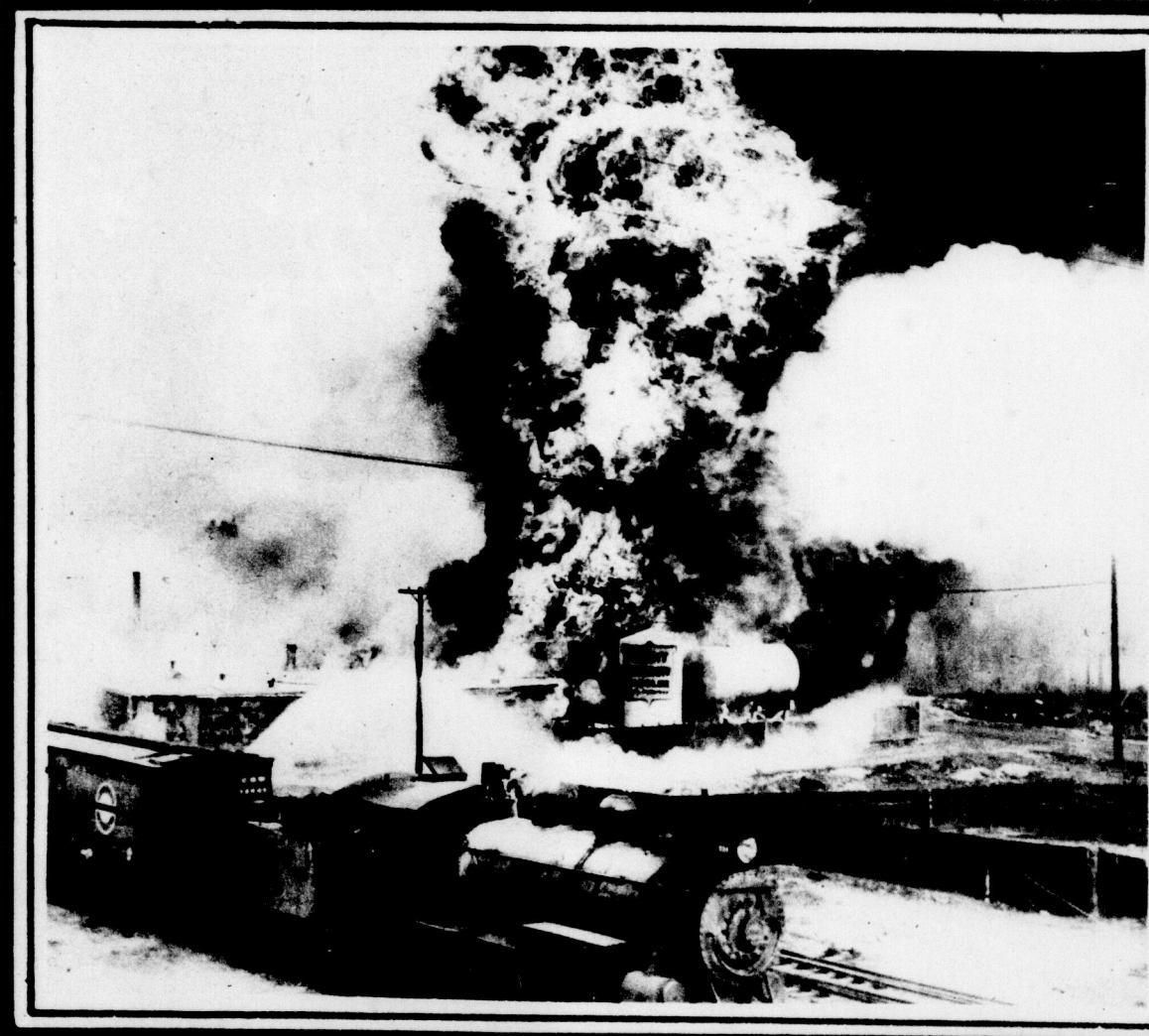
(Right) This six-foot sturgeon traveled thousands of miles from Hudson Bay, through the rivers and lakes of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, to be caught near Edmonton on a rod and line



Instead of the customary tablet, St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, erected this fine cross to the memory of its war dead



Delicate yellow chiffon evening dress, embroidered in orange and russet



Gasoline tanks afire in the railway yards at St. Paul threw flames three hundred feet in the air



(Left) Paul Costello, of Philadelphia, who won the single sculls world's championship from Gilmore



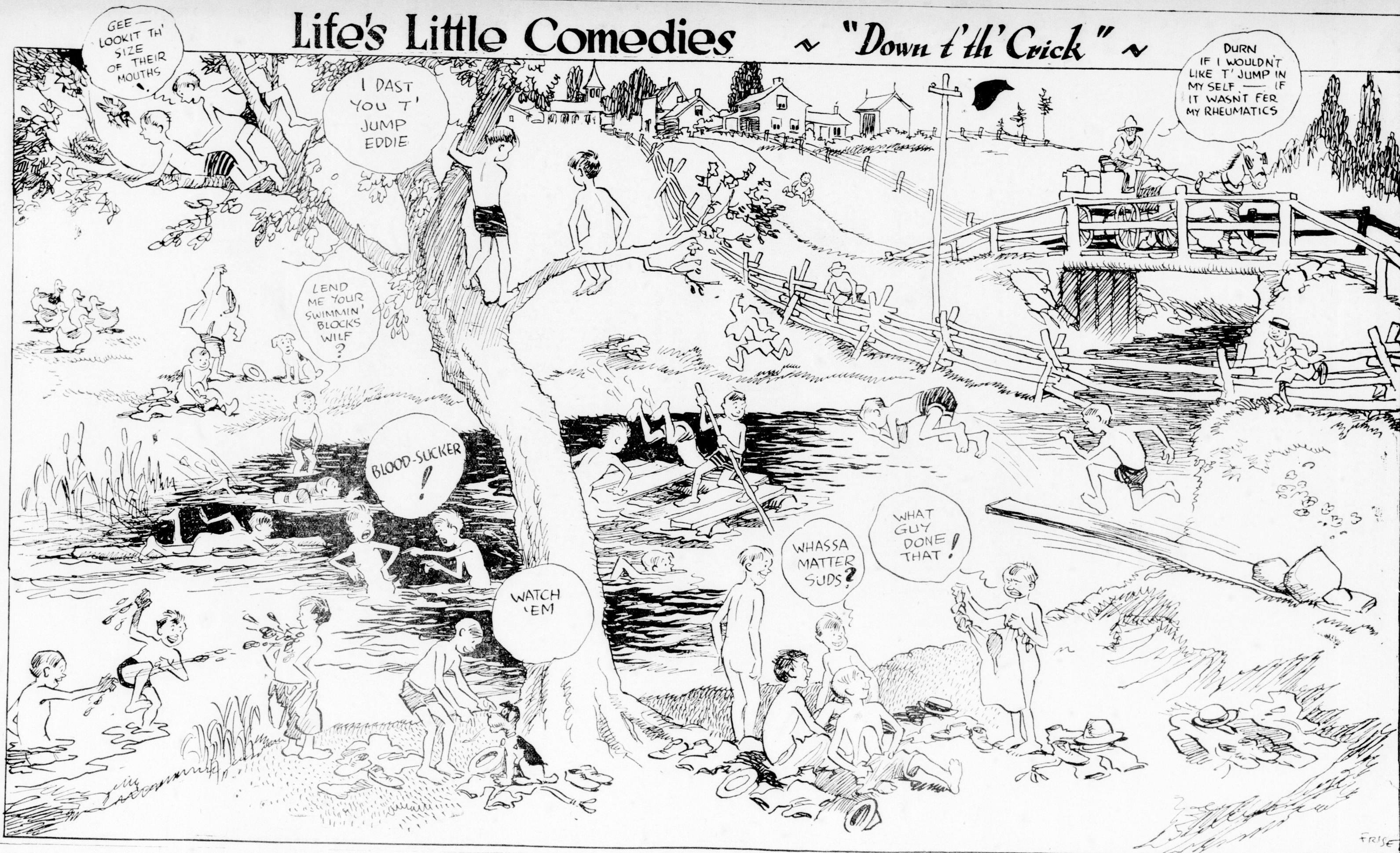
(Left) Major Fitzgerald and G. H. G. Smyth, a Canadian ex-officer, have set forth on a 3,100-mile canoe trip from Chicago to Rome. They will cross the Atlantic on a liner, however



(Above) They have made a new island for the ducks in Catfish Pond, Toronto

Life's Little Comedies

~ "Down t' th' Crick" ~



HUGE NEGRESS KISSED NAVAL COMMANDER AND ASKED AN ADMIRAL FOR HIS WASHING

ALL who love the sea and in particular the British navy should on no account miss "The Adventures of a Naval Paymaster," by Paymaster Rear-Admiral W. E. R. Martin, C. M. G. Downright, rollicking, and breezy are adjectives which suggest themselves at once in the endeavor to hint at the atmosphere that pervades the admiral's delectable pages. It is a book to be read not only for its rich store of anecdote but for its tales of adventure in many lands and its pictures of the navy since the author joined it in 1884.

During a visit to the West Indies in his early days the author made the acquaintance at Barbados of a remarkable personality who was "queen of the washerwoman".

"Her name was Jane Anne Smith—a tall negress dressed in spotless white, wearing a turban. She came on board the Bellerophon, pulled by six men in her own boat. With a sweep of her arm she brushed aside the sentry on the gangway who asked her business, and marched into Lord Clanwilliam's cabin, with a 'Marning, my lordship; have you any washing for Jane Anne?' The admiral would give Jane Anne a chair, have a chat with her, and tell his steward to give her his washing. Then Jane Anne would pay her respects to the rest of the ship, and sell us guava jelly, pickles, and curries."

"I recall that when this lady first visited the Bellerophon after coming over the gangway she saw the commander, George Primrose, on the quarter-deck. In two strides the gigantic negress reached him and, lifting him off his feet, pressed him to her breast and kissed him, in front of all hands, exclaiming joyously: 'Oh, Massa Primrose, Jane Anne member you when you was little midshipman, so high. How's yo cousin, Lord Rosebery?'"

The Amir was Frank

THERE are some amusing stories about the Amir of Afghanistan on a visit to India in 1907 at the time of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales:

"He had been entertained at dinner with men only, and saying he knew it was our custom to dine with ladies he hoped no exception would be made on his account (being a Mohammedan). At one dinner after this he remarked to his hostess, after a glance round the table, 'I see you do the same in your country as we do in Afghanistan—you shut up all the pretty ones.'"

The Amir was entertained at Admiralty House at Bombay:

"A cash box was placed by his side, from which he handed gifts to the ladies. He was dressed in evening dress coat with white facings to the lapels, a black waistcoat with roses beautifully embroidered, white shirt and tie, and black trousers. At the races one day he talked a great deal to Miss Irene Russell, and when her mother commented on it and remarked that he

Amusing Anecdotes From An Admiral's Notebook Cover Many Climes and Characters During His Forty Years at Sea

did not talk to her, he said, 'Go away, I do not like old women.' Mrs. Russell told the story herself."

A story concerning two elephants that had been brought to Rangoon from the upcountry for special work—lifting timber:

"Two elephants that had been babies together, and had been sold to different owners, suddenly recognized each other, and rushed together, embracing with their trunks, overjoyed at reunion. Nothing would separate them; so the owner of one had to buy the other."

A naval man, Captain Marcus Rowley Hill, son of the Bishop of Sodor and Man, told the author that Queen Victoria once expressed to his father her regret that Gladstone was not a Conservative, to which the Bishop replied: "It is easy to make him one, ma'am. Turn him round and round until he becomes Dizzies (Disraeli)." The bishop was fond of asking the riddle:



Paymaster Rear-Admiral W. E. R. Martin

"When is the Bishop of Sodor and Man like the rising sun?" The answer was: "When he tips the little Hills with gold."

A Cheeky Midshipman

"ONE of our midshipmen," writes the admiral, "was Gerald McKenna, nephew of the First Lord of the Admiralty. He was by no means a shy boy, and wrote to his uncle to point out that the removal of the home fleet base from Portland to Rosyth, foreshadowed in the press, was agitating men's minds, and that the gunroom officers, H.M.S. Hibernia, would be much obliged if the first lord would tell them if there was any truth in the rumor."

"A typewritten reply was received, regretting that the first lord was unable to afford the gunroom officers any information. Young McKenna then wrote: 'Dear Uncle, sorry you know so little about your own job. Please tell us what is the latest buzz in your office.'"

"No official reply was received to this."

A reminiscence of the author's West Indian experiences:

"A lady who shall be nameless had a colored servant, named Sarah, who said to her mistress one day: 'Missis, I want a day's holiday.' 'What for, Sarah?' 'Missis, John's wife's dead, an' I wants to 'tend de funeral.'"

"So Sarah got her holiday and went to the funeral, and her mistress noticed that she went about her work with a cheerful spirit afterwards, singing and laughing."

"A week later Sarah said to her mistress: 'Missis, I wants to give notice.' 'Why, Sarah, are you not happy here?' 'It's not dat, missis, but yo 'member yo gib me holiday to 'tend John wife's funeral? Well, missis, John say I de life ob dat funeral, and now I se gwine to marry de carps's husband.'"

British "Debs" Taught How to Bow at Throne

Lessons in Courties for Presentation at Court Include Ways to Look Graceful Yet Preserve Balance

A VISITOR to one of London's fashionable schools of dancing might be excused if he came away with the impression that dancing had gone out and calisthenics taken its place among the debutantes, for practically any time of day those who care to look will see little else but long lines of attractively gowned young women going through extraordinary (to the uninitiated) exercises. In fact, dancing mistresses here are finding it exceedingly profitable to include "courtsey lessons" in their curriculum.

To many debutantes the first obeisance before the King and Queen is the most terrifying moment of the whole business of being presented, for there is always the fear of over-

balancing, or making an ungraceful and consequently very ugly curtsey. Naturally, every "deb." wants to look her best at her first court appearance, which explains the courtsey lessons.

Courtsey really is much more difficult than one would think, and requires a lot of self-possession to perform creditably, particularly with the consciousness that many hundred eyes are watching. The secret of the graceful courtsey lies, like a good golf stance, in the position of the feet. Before beginning the weight of the body must be fixed firmly on the front foot, and on "coming up" the weight should be evenly transferred to the other foot. When in the middle of the courtsey is the right time to bow the head, the debutante is told; the head must never be bowed at the beginning, as this upsets one's balance and does not look well.

A CHANGE OF FACE

SOME women have as many different complexions as they have dresses.

SICK WITH SURFEIT

NO man can be happy who has more time and money than he knows how to use.

U.S. Presidential Timber Reduced To Sawdust By Unwritten Limits

No Southerner, No Jew, No Catholic, No Corporation Lawyer, No One Older Than Middle Sixties, and No Wet Stands Much Chance of Election—Personal Characteristics May Bar Able Men

THE constitution of the United States in determining who may become president contents itself with a few simple restrictions. The candidate must be a citizen born in America, who has resided there for fourteen years, and who has reached thirty-five years of age.

Custom, however, has continually been adding unwritten limitations on the selection of the chief executive, and these have now become so numerous and so inflexible as to narrow the choice down to a very few eligibles.

Frank E. Kent in the Baltimore Sun has drawn up a list of these traditional restrictions as they apply to the coming selection of a Demo-

cratic nominee. In brief it may be said that no southerner, no Jew, no Catholic, no corporation lawyer, no one beyond the middle sixties in age, and no wet stands much chance of nomination or election. Inexperience in public office, far from being an impediment, is rather a help, as this means a man has few political enemies. Long experience in the public eye is almost sufficient of itself to eliminate a man; he is shopworn.

Here is Mr. Kent's list of the Democratic candidates and the reasons why they are, by custom, objectionable:

John W. Davis—His clients are too rich. Oscar W. Underwood—Too far south, too wet, too anti-Labor. Senator Samuel M. Ralston of Indiana—Too old.

William G. McAdoo—Sprinkled with oil and opposed by the business interests.

Senator Royal S. Copeland of New York—A political lightweight and a newspaper doctor.

Senator Carter W. Glass of Virginia—An able but unadvertised southerner with a testy temper.

Governor Jonathan Davis of Kansas—Merely a local Kansan who got to be governor.

Senator Joseph T. Robinson—He is from Arkansas.

Mayor William E. Dever of Chicago—A Catholic.

Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York—A wet Catholic.

Homer Cummings of Connecticut—No record, except he was once chairman of the national committee.

Governor Albert C. Ritchie—Too wet and from too small a state.

James M. Cox of Ohio—Defeated by 7,000,000 majority.

Senator A. O. Stanley of Kentucky—Too wet and too little known.

Cordell Hull of Tennessee—A southerner with a local reputation.

John Barton Payne of Illinois—No local support and no other support either.

Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana—A Catholic.

Governor Sweet of Colorado—A local lightweight, spoken well of by Col. E. M. House.

Governor Neff of Texas—Not big enough to be seriously discussed.

Senator James A. Reed—Rejected by his own state of Missouri.

Josephus Daniels—Impossible.

No Trade

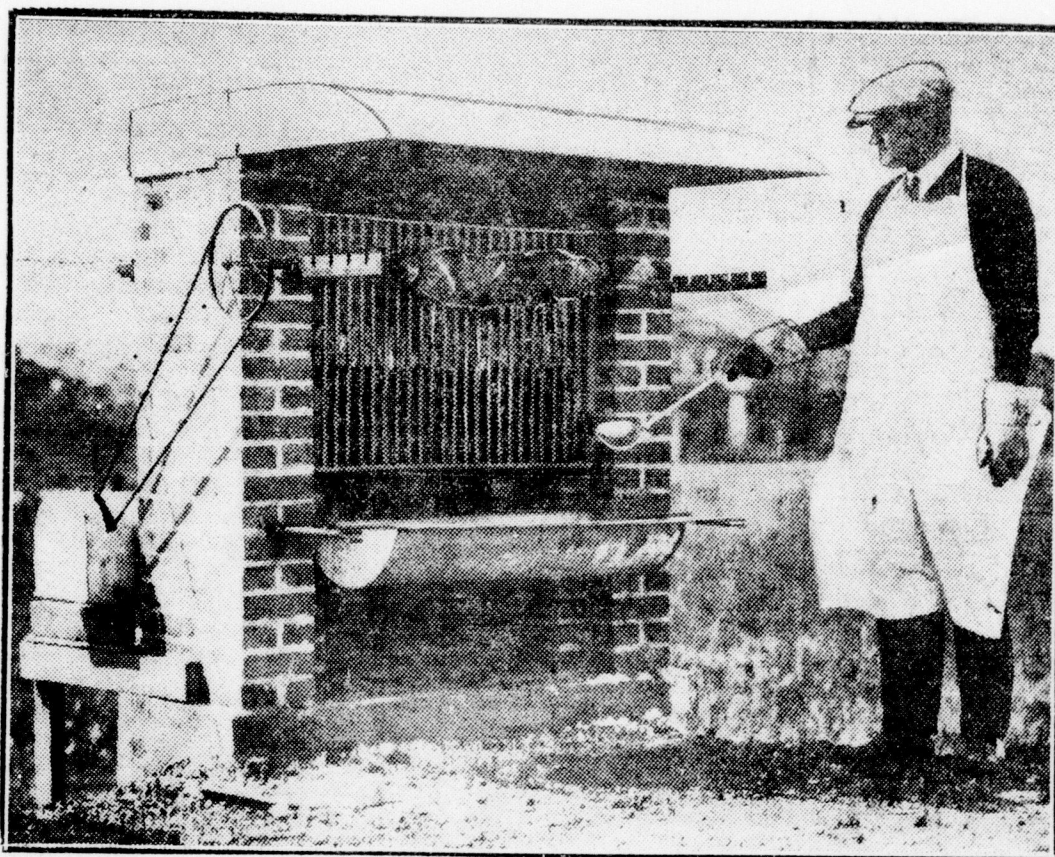
FARMER: Be this the Woman's Exchange?

Woman: Yes.

"Be ye the woman?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I think I'll keep Maggie."



The Latest in Barbecues For the Motorists

HERE is the latest in barbecue, the novel idea of R. W. Wiggins of Cincinnati, who supplies motorists along the Lincoln highway with hot roast beef and baked ham sandwiches. The idea is only ten days old, but is working overtime turning out sandwiches to supply the demand. Motorists passing along the highway see the barbecue "grate" in operation, they stop to see it work, and the meat suspended above on a spit being turned slowly by a darkey. Mr. Wiggins uses the open grate idea with the coals in the rear and the meat in front on a spit operated by an electric motor. A trough hung just below the meat catches the savory drippings which are in turn used for basting. Gas is used in this case for fuel, but it may be changed over to charcoal in five minutes.

An Attack of Conscience

—By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

Have You a Secret in Your Married Life? This Young Couple Had One Each, But Fortunately Everything Was Fine When They Both Found Out—A Lesson For the Newly-weds

WILL and I have been married four months, and yet practically everybody still calls me Dot Aldrich.

When we got back to Montrose, after our honeymoon in Chicago, I was so busy for the first three weeks that I didn't notice the utter lack of respect I was getting. We took the stucco bungalow right next to Dulcie and Roger Lane, and what with buying furniture and moving over chairs and things that Will's mother or mine could let us use for a while, we hardly had time to think.

The first time that I noticed it was when I was going to have Mother and Father for dinner. I called up Mr. Libby in the morning and told him to send me a nice roast by two o'clock. I called him at four o'clock, because it hadn't come.

"I sent it, Miss Horton," he said, "at two o'clock," he said, "and there wasn't anybody home."

"Why, I've been right here ever since—" I began, and then the truth dawned on me, he had sent it to Will's mother.

"This is Mrs. W. E. Horton," I said icily. "Did you make a mistake?"

"Mrs. W. E. Horton?" he repeated. "Mrs.—Oh, for the love of Pete! You're Dot Aldrich! Why didn't you say who you was? Anyone would have thought that I was using an assumed name!"

Although I was irritated a little, I didn't lay it up against Mr. Libby really, because you've got to expect old people to be a little slow about catching on to things. However, everybody else was just as bad. Mother kept right on telling me to wear my spats on damp days.

"Mother," I finally said gently, "you know I'm a married woman, now."

Father laughed. "And has the weather," he asked, "no effect on a married constitution?"

I was talking to Mrs. Dunwoody one day about Mrs. Henning's divorce, and I said how strange it was that some couples couldn't get along. "Of course," Mr. Horton is quite easy to get along with, in the main, but there are times, when he has business worries on his mind and—" I paused, for Mrs. Dunwoody's chin had begun to shake as though she were going to cry. Then she lost control altogether. But she wasn't crying, she was laughing.

"Oh, excuse me, Dot," she said at last, "but I just couldn't help it—it was your calling him Mr. Horton—and having business worries on his mind—"

"I don't see what's the matter," I said stiffly. "You call your husband Mr. Dunwoody."

"I know it," she said. "I apologize. But I—I—" she was still breathless. "I got to thinking about one Easter when Will came trailing into

Sunday-school, at the very end of the infant class, in a little white dress with all his soft white hair in one big curl running along the top of his head and—Oh, I just

book and the cutest little budget box," all little squares like the drawer of a cash register. As soon as I saw it I knew that having a budget would be fun.

So every Saturday night we divided up Will's salary. The proportion the budget said to save, he put in the bank Monday morning. The rest we divided up in the little squares, so much for meat, so much for groceries, so much for dentist and doctor. That little box took care of everything. There was even one square for wear and tear on the house and furniture. It was a perfect circus to work it.

"Hello!" she said. "If you hear wild screams from our house you'll know that Roger is cutting my throat. I've got to break the news to him that I fell for another book agent this morning."

"A book agent," I echoed. "Epics, Sonnets, and Lyrics of the Ages." He was a silver-tongued orator, and I guess I went into a trance. Roger will have a fit."

I went back to the kitchen, feeling strangely uneasy. Somehow, it had never occurred to me that Mr. Napp was a book agent. I recalled that Will is not so very fond of poetry. For the first time it occurred to me that I had not asked how long I would have to pay fifty cents a week.

I didn't say anything to Will about it during the first half of dinner, trying to make up my mind the best way to tell it. Suddenly, an inspiration came to me. I needn't tell him at all. Half of that luxury money belonged to me, I would just pay fifty cents a week to feed my soul, and not say a word to Will about it.

The last of the week the books came, and they were beautiful, but huge. Ten of them! They were a lovely glowing red, and Mr. Napp was right, they would furnish just the color-touch our living-room needed. But if I wasn't going to tell Will about buying them I couldn't very well have them appear in the living-room. They weren't the sort of thing one could slip in unobtrusively.

Finally I took them up to the attic storeroom and put them under a quilt. It didn't seem right to keep the epics, sonnets, and lyrics of the ages under a quilt, but I thought it would do for the time, till I thought of something better.

The trouble began Monday, when I had to send the next fifty cents in a little cardboard holder that had come with the books. I opened the budget box, and there in the luxury square were two new half dollars, our week's luxury. It would be very simple and perfectly honest for me to slip one of them into the holder and send it, but, of course, later in the week, Will would be likely to want some luxury, and would see that half of the money was gone.

I cast my eye over the other squares, and the idea occurred to me. I might borrow from one of them, refund the luxury of any form, and then—Will, of course, wouldn't spend the whole dollar himself, week after week—return the loan as soon as I had a good chance. This was a very simple way, and at once I took a half-dollar out of the holder and sent it to the epics firm.

Everything would have worked out perfectly all right if it hadn't been for the one thing that causes me practically all my troubles. That is my conscience. I do wish my conscience were as strong as some of the things in the first place, or else weak enough to let me just forget all about them once I've done them.

That half-dollar hadn't been in the postoffice an hour before I had warnings that I was going to have an attack of conscience. "Dot Aldrich," I said to myself, "I do wish to Heaven you weren't so good!"

Luxury Money Mounted

I FELT that I was being terribly mean to Will. I made chocolate pie for dinner, to sort of make it up to him; but the fact that I had taken the fifty cents out of the doctor-and-dentist box preyed on my mind. I felt that while I was feeding Will rich and indigestible food with one hand, I was stealing his doctor money with the other. I wished I had made a simple corn-starch pudding and not trifled with his health.

To make it worse, all that week Will did not touch the luxury money. The next Saturday night when he put in a dollar bill, he said: "Gee, two dollars for luxury! Hurrah for our side!"

I was no better off than before; I couldn't take out fifty cents now without his missing it. This week I took the money out of my year-and-a-half-on-house-and-furniture. That did not seem quite so mean, but, as luck would have it, I will spilled salad on the rug and I had to have it cleaned, which took every penny out of that square. I couldn't borrow from it again.

The next week, I took the fifty cents out of dentist-and-doctor again. There was no other square I could get it from.

And, to make it all the worse, Will was so simply darling to me all this time. Every nice thing he did for me made me feel meaner and guiltier. He never even touched the luxury money. Finally, when there was four dollars in the box, he said: "Let's buy you something with this, Dottie. What'll you have?"

"Nothing," I said hollowly. "There isn't a thing I want."

"Oh, come off!" said Will, coaxingly. "Try to think of something. I want to buy you something nice, Gee, Dot, I'm getting sweeter on you every day."

And that was the man I was deliberately stealing from! The man whose doctor money I was embezzling to pay for epics and sonnets!

The next week I managed to save the fifty cents out of the housekeeping money, but instead of the nice, thrifty feeling I had always had before when I saved on the housekeeping money, I just felt lower than ever.

I'd keep telling Will about how

thrifty I was in marketing, in order to ease my conscience a little. Once or twice when I did this, he looked at me so queerly that I wondered if he suspected anything. And all the time the luxury money kept mounting higher and higher. Will never touched it, but he seemed to take a morbid pleasure in counting up just how much there was, so I never dared touch it, either.

Then came a week when I couldn't possibly skip the fifty cents out of the housekeeping box. I went to the dentist-and-doctor square again, remembering how Will had said proudly that he'd before he'd go to his for help, now that he was a married man. I wondered if he really would, if he should be terribly sick and there was only enough doctor-and-dentist money to pay for one or two visits. I stood, looking at that little square of bills and fifty-cent pieces, my heart like lead. I could see Will getting sicker and sicker, and no money for the doctor, just because I was indulging myself with epics and lyrics.

Will was Stealing, Too

AND then, suddenly, an idea came to me. Maybe, if I should refuse to send the fifty cents, they would take the books back and drop everything. New hope in my heart, I rushed up to the attic to see if they were all right. I lifted up the quilt and looked at the books. My heart sank again, lower than ever. There must have been a mouse in the storeroom, because one corner of the lowest book looked as though it had been nibbled. I realized that now the firm would never take them back.

It was raining and I could hear it dropping gloomily on the shingles over my head. I opened the top book and read sadly. It seemed fate that I should open to

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight;
Fresh spring and summer, and
winter hoar,
Move my faint heart with grief,
but with delight
No more—O, never more.
Then I went on and read "The Land of the Leal" and "The Light of Other Days" and "My Highland Mary," the rain dripping sadly on the shingles.

I must have been up there for ages, because at last I heard Will come in. He whistled his frat whistle. The sound of that familiar whistle was just too much. It brought back so clearly the happy, care-free days when my conscience was clear, and Will and I could be happy and silly together. I couldn't stand it an-

other minute. Come what might, I would tell Will.

He found the open attic door and came upstairs to find me. He kissed me and then kept his arms around me.

"Will," I began huskily. "It's easier to tell anybody anything when they have their arms around you."

"Dolly," said Will suddenly. "I'm a perfect rotter."

"Oh, Will," I wailed, "won't you know about me—you won't say that!"

But he just went right on. "I've been stealing from you—taking your poor little money that you save—money that you work and scheme to get ahead—I take it out and spend it—"

"You—What?" I gasped.

"I've meant to pay it back out of luxury money some time. Will went on, "but I knew you'd miss it and—well, I'm just a bum, that's all."

"Which money did you take?" I asked, feeling as though I'd wake up in a minute.

"Money you thought I was putting in the bank," said Will. "I sneaked out half a dollar every week. I meant to put it back as soon as I could—well, to-day I got to thinking what a peach you were and how I was squandering money that should be left to take care of you in your old age. Well, I'm through, that's all. I'm a bum."

"You are not," I said, hanging on tighter. "What did you spend the money on?"

"The basket-ball pool," said Will grimly. "I—I hated to turn the fellows down; they think you're a tightwad if you can't raise fifty cents a week, and kid you about being henpecked, and—and—well, if I can't stand a little 'kidding for you—"

"Oh, Will."

Where is Money Going?

THEN I told him about the "Epics, Lyrics and Sonnets of the Ages."

"And I've been stealing all the time from you, Will," I said. "Taking fifty cents a week that I don't know how long I'll have to keep up, money that you might need when you are sick and—"

I lifted my head off Will's chest, and to my surprise he began to grin.

"Wh-what are you smiling at?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said Will. Then he began to laugh. "You lifting off my dearth fund, and me stealing from your old age—and—oh, gosh, it's funny."

Then he laughed and laughed till a

tear trickled down the side of his nose. I didn't see anything funny at all; but I began to laugh, too, because Will was laughing, and everything in the world seemed to be all right. We laughed and laughed. Then Will hugged me and kissed me again, and we laughed some more.

Finally, we opened up the books and found the slip saying how long I'd have to pay fifty cents a week, and how you got discount for cash. Will said they were a darn handsome looking set of books, and why didn't I take Uncle Horace's twenty-five dollars and pay them off.

"That would not be enough," I said, thinking of that money for the first time.

Will started to laugh again.

"I've got just enough," he said, "to make up the difference."

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"I won it," said Will. "That's what gave me the nerve to 'fess up."

"You won it? You won the basket-ball pool?"

"Yep!" said Will.

We stayed up in the attic while the rain pattered cheerily on the eaves, and talked a long time. We agreed to split the luxury money, fifty cents a week apiece. We even went farther than that—we made the absolute rule that neither one of us would ask the other what he did with his share.

Now, that may sound very simple and trifling, but it honestly believe it is one of the secrets of a happy marriage. There is something too tight-fitting about owning every single penny together and having to spend it together like machinery that's screwed up so tight it won't work. Having fifty cents a week that belongs just to you, alone is just like the oil on the machinery; it seems to give a little slip and ease to the budget wheels.

I know that this one little secret would make thousands of married people happy. I'd like to tell them about it, explain how, although I am saving every penny of mine to buy Will a birthday present with, just knowing that I don't have to, makes me feel so free and comfortable. It is a valuable discovery. But would it do any good to tell this to anybody in Montrose who, perhaps, can remember me when I had mumps on both sides at once? It would not. Oh, but that is a true saying—the prophet in his own country.

It doesn't make any difference, though, in a way, because I doubt that many married women would have strength of character to carry it out, anyway, and keep from asking their husbands questions. I have unusually strong will power, and it takes every bit I have. Basket-ball season is over now, so there is no pool. Sometimes I sit on the other side of the light and look at Will sitting there, and want to ask him so bad that I have to bite my tongue to keep from doing it.

What can Will be doing with all that money?

(Copyright, 1924, Metropolitan Newspaper Service, New York.)

DISTANCE LOSES LURE FOR THE FANS

Too Easy to Get So They are Now Turning to Experiments

THE "long distance hound" is disappearing from the ranks of the amateur radio enthusiasts and is being replaced by the "experimental bug." Is the observation of S. Kruse, technical editor of the amateur's official magazine, "QST," who spoke at the closing session of the third radio district convention at Philadelphia. Mr. Kruse bases his opinion on the many thousands of letters he receives from radio fans.

"It used to be, a few months ago, that radio amateurs were primarily interested in the distance they could attain in receiving and sending," he said. "But now the letters ask for technical advice on subjects which often stump us entirely. They are primarily interested in the queer kinks of the game, the real experimental nature of it. The ease with which long distance can now be attained has taken away that lure."

Nasty Accident

A MAN entered his club with his face half-hidden in sticking plaster.

"A motorist friend of mine has just met with a nasty accident," he explained.

"But what have you been doing?" he was asked.

"Oh, I was the nasty accident!"—Tit-Bits.



We call it our "spooner chair," because it's strong enough to hold us both.

can't help it!" And she was off again.

The Budget Box

SO I realize that it would do me not the slightest good in the world to pass on a discovery I have made.

My discovery has to do with money matters. I have heard countless people say that the money question is probably the one greatest cause of married quarrels. Mother says so. When I first got back from Chicago, she said that I'd better have a good straightforward talk with Will, and get him to give me an allowance to run the house on. I did so, but Will did not care for the idea at all.

"I don't want to dole you out money as if it belonged to me and that it was a favor to you to buy a couple of lamb chops with it," he said manfully. "You know what salary Dad is paying me, and that after we pay for the new rug and the dining-room suite I'll have around two hundred dollars in the bank. Everything I've got belongs to you, just as much as to me."

"Yes," I said rather faintly. Uncle Horace had sent me twenty-five dollars for a wedding present, and I had sort of figured that it would belong just to me. However, I could see that it wouldn't be fair to have everything that belonged to Will ours, and everything that belonged to me, mine.

Then he suggested that, instead of the allowance idea we should have a budget, and both keep accounts. Father said that was a fine idea, and he gave us a book on "How to Stretch the Dollar," a big account

book and the cutest little budget box," all little squares like the drawer of a cash register. As soon as I saw it I knew that having a budget would be fun.

So every Saturday night we divided up Will's salary. The proportion the budget said to save, he put in the bank Monday morning. The rest we divided up in the little squares, so much for meat, so much for groceries, so much for dentist and doctor. That little box took care of everything. There was even one square for wear and tear on the house and furniture. It was a perfect circus to work it.

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I'd keep telling Will about how

Bearded Irises Effective Lilies

New and very expensive: Ambassador, Souverier de Mme. Gaudeshaud, Sweet Lavender, Tristram, Dimity, Cretonne. Well tested and medium priced varieties: Alonzar, Archevoque, Afterglow, Isolene, Ma Ami, Prosper, Leger, Quaker Lady. Less expensive and very good varieties: Florentina, Ingeborg, Ivarine, Fritzhoff, Valhalla, Kocchil, Mrs. Allen, Grey, Palida, Dalmatica, Celeste, Albert Victor, Junia, Madame Chereau, Fairy, Perfection, Lohengrin, Her Majesty.

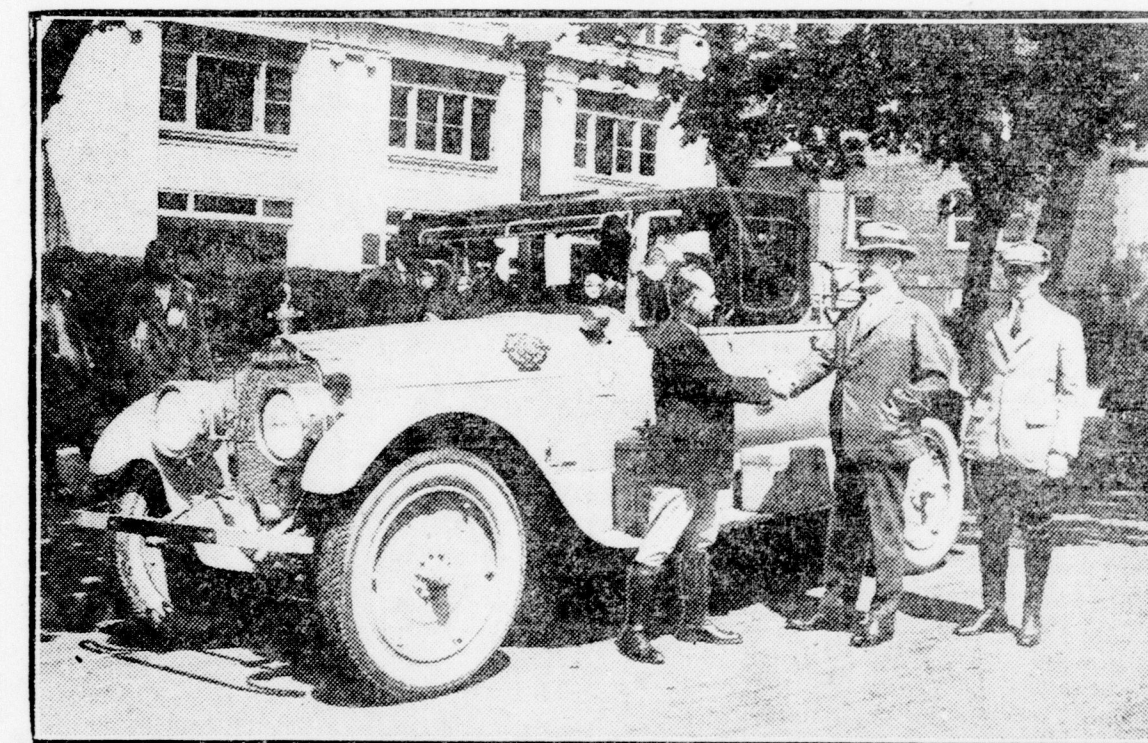
Effective Lilies
Light Colors: Madonna (or Annunciation), Arautum, Speciosum, Rubrum, Speciosum Album, Regale, Easter (or Trumpet). Reds and Scarlets: Crimson Show Lily (Spec. Melpomene), Double Tiger Lily, Single Tiger Lily, Turks Cap (pale orange-red, or apricot), Coral Lily (Tenuifolium), Pardalium. Yellows and Orange: Yellow Japanese (Hansoni), Yellow Show (Henry), Canadian Lily, Candlestick Lily, Embellatum (any color from dark red to pale yellow).

I'm calling on just a few of the



"Our Dorothy" at Top of List Among Women Candidates

MISS DOROTHY JEWSON, known among the working women of Norwich as "Our Dorothy," received more votes than any other woman candidate in the general election of 1923. She is one of the three Labor Party members among the eight women elected out of the thirty-one candidates. Miss Jewson led the poll for the city of Norwich, in which her family has long been distinguished, having contributed to its history, Lord Kington and other officials. Although born into a position of independence, Miss Jewson, after the completion of her university education, entered the women's Labor movement and has been active in varied field work.



Official A.A.A. Scout Car Making Eighteenth Continental Trip

THE Wayfarer IV, official car of the A.A.A., considered the most complete equipped automobile in U.S., arrives in Washington, D.C., en route to highways of the west. A few of the instruments of this automobile are: grade meter, altitude meter, thermometer, barometer, converted adding machine, oil, gas and water gauges, three buttons that completely oil the car, controls for twenty lights, memorandum pads and many other features.

THE GRIM TEST



By A. S. M. Hutchinson

ILLUSTRATED BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

In Which the Author of "If Winter Comes" Shows How Love Came at Last to a Young Painter When He Found Himself Face to Face With Death and a Girl

SHE was made to be loved. In her face were red roses beneath cream roses; in her eyes were violets; in her laugh was a silver bell. Her name was Elsie; she was an orphan; she lived all alone; she worked very hard for a very poor living; her years were twenty-two.

James, who had moderate wealth, considerable fame and numerous acquaintances, had also enormous loneliness.

"Why the dickens is it?" said James. "My fault, of course," said James. "Nothing matters to me. That's what the trouble is. Except my work, no thing and no person really and truly matters."

"All the same," said James and sighed.

James did not merely think that nothing and nobody mattered to him; James knew it; and he knew it by application (especially to persons) of a test which he had formulated unto himself and whereby he tested the true depth of his affections.

This test was a grim, almost a brutal test. It was "I like So-and-so. I like So-and-so very much indeed. But would I care if So-and-so died?"

The answer invariably was that in the sense in which James meant it, he would not care.

Now his work mattered very much to James, and, painting one day a picture in which ribbons were worn by one of his models, James, determined to have only the exact shades of ribbon that only himself could choose, went one day to the ribbon counter of a shop and there fussed enough to drive mad the girl who attended upon him.

Did it drive her mad? No. She was as sweet of disposition as she was lovely of countenance. She was Elsie.

"I'm afraid I have been a most awful nuisance," said James. "Oh, really, no," said Elsie. "I have, though," said James, and looking at Elsie, said that she was comely.

"You haven't indeed," declared Elsie. "I have though," repeated James, staring.

"Oh, really, no," repeated Elsie, smiling. "Indeed not," said James.

"I wanted the ribbons for a particular purpose," said James, staring. "Oh, I could see that," said Elsie and tinkled ever so prettily the silver bell that was her laugh.

"Ha, ha," laughed James, lamely, and proceeded lamely to remove himself.

"You've forgotten your parcel," cried Elsie.

"Good Heavens!" cried James; and in appalling confusion left the shop. "Dash!" said James.

Walking in the Park

FOUR days after this day, being the Sabbath, James, mounting to the outside of a motor bus, found but one seat vacant thereon and that the passenger beside him was Elsie.

"Hullo!" said James. "The red roses of the face of Elsie spread above the cream roses of Elsie."

Fifteen minutes after James discovered himself to be walking in Hyde Park with Elsie. "You know," said James, "I've never done a thing like this in my life before."

"Nor I," said Elsie. "Isn't it funny?" "By Jove, it is funny," said James seriously.

These were, though James did not know it, almost the first words they had exchanged since entering the park, and in silence for rather more than a quarter of a mile they debated, in their several ways, the funniness on which they had found themselves in agreement.

"But you said," then said James, "but you said that you walk here every Sunday and every Saturday afternoon."

"Yes, but by myself," said Elsie. "Ah," said James.

Three hundred and thirty-two yards farther, "Not with any one," said Elsie.

"Ah," said James.

These "Ah's" of James were uttered very profoundly and weightily and were intended by James to be charged with enormous meaning, as indeed they must have been, for James, in this most remarkable situation in which he found himself, was thinking enormously and "Ah" pronounced at long intervals was almost the sole articulation by which James, throughout the afternoon, discharged or relieved the accumulation of thoughts thus amassed. Nor were the contributions of Elsie to the debate of much greater dimension.

The whole conversation between James and Elsie during their solemn circumnavigation of the park could have been written on a half sheet of note paper. Neither, it will be remembered, had ever done this kind of thing before.

They did it, however, a second, third, fourth and fifth time, the less they talked and the more they looked the more were their meetings looked forward to by James.

"I hope you don't mind my not talking," said James, in the course of one walking to Elsie.

"Not a bit," said Elsie.

"Ah," said James.

And on the occasion of the next walking, "As I was saying about not talking," said James. "I like being

with you and feeling that you don't mind if I don't talk. Always when I'm with anyone I feel that I've got to talk, and I never can talk, and the thing is simply an agony to me. It's difficult to understand, and I never can make any one understand it. I do hope," concluded James, exhausted, "that you understand?"

"I understand perfectly," said Elsie. "Ah," said James.

Didn't Know His Name

AND, returning home that night, "This girl," reflected James, "delights my eye and soothes, pleases, comforts and altogether satisfies my mind. Much more than all this, she understands me. Am I in love with her?"

"Would I care," said James, applying his test, "really and truly and deeply and poignantly care if she died? If I went to the park tomorrow and learnt that she was dead and that I never again should see her, I should be sorry, yes, by Jove, I would indeed be most frightfully sorry, but would I go without my meals, would I chuck my work, would I feel that for me the end of the world had come and that I desired never again to eat, to work, or take my sleep? Now then, would I?"

"No," said James. "I would not. 'Obviously,'" said James, "I am not in love with her."

"Dash it!" said James, "I am not in love, and it is quite clear to me that at this rate I never shall be in love."

"But can I," browsed James, "by no means contrive it? I imagine subjects for my paintings, and these, on my canvases, I contrive; why, imagining the bliss of love, should not I by artifice contrive it? The reason," browsed James, "is because whereas in my painting the creatures of my imagination understand me and gladly suffer me to work upon them, my artifice, in this matter of imagining myself in love there is required a living personage who could not possibly understand me and could not, therefore—"

"But wait," browsed James, "Elsie does understand me. Now, if I were to explain to her— By golly," said James, "I believe she would understand."

James, in all this time, had never communicated to Elsie any of the name that James, it was the unique charm (to James) of Elsie that she was perfectly content merely to meet him and to pace with him, in the most part, silence. "There's a thing that I've been thinking about," said James, "and that is that I believe—I believe we ought to—"

"Have some tea somewhere together. Oughtn't we?"

"Oh, I'd love to," said Elsie. "Where?" said James.

"Well, where?" said Elsie. "Beginning with the Ritz and descending by stage to a coffee-stall known unto him in Camden Town, there passed through the imagination of James about two dozen houses of refreshment, but in none of them could James, unaccustomed to this kind of thing imagine himself with Elsie. Ten minutes having passed in this desolating review,

"I tell you what wouldn't be so bad," said James. "I've got the run of a man's studio not far from here where sometimes I go for tea, and where they give you not half a bad tea. What about that?"

"Oh, that would be lovely," said Elsie. "Would he mind, though, your friend?"

"Not a bit," said James, and they proceeded silent through the park to the main road, and thence to the house of James and to the studio attached to the house of James.

With his key James opened the private door of the studio.

"Oh, it's lovely!" cried Elsie, "it's perfectly adorable. I've never imagined such a place!"

"Not bad," said James.

"And are those," cried Elsie, looking round, "your friend's pictures?" She moved, obviously entranced, from canvas to canvas, some propped against the walls, some hanging, one or two on easels. "Why, they're wonderful!" she cried.

"Not bad," said James, fidgeting. He had overlooked, in inviting Elsie to the studio, the possibilities now afoot, and the possibilities now afoot disquieted him and alarmed him.

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"Is your friend, James Prince, the James Prince?" asked Elsie.

name or on the right of the name to the personality.

Elsie, however, to the chagrin of James, paid no attention to this sinister and mysterious inflexion.

"I think he is perfectly glorious!" cried Elsie. "I've got a print of that picture hanging on my wall, and it's so wonderful to me that I can't bear to have any other pictures beside it, so I took them all down."

"Oh, you shouldn't have done that," said James. "I had to," cried Elsie. "But you know him? You mean to say he is a friend of yours? I can't believe it."

"Don't believe it," said James, making an enormous effort to extricate himself from this entanglement. "Look here, the fact of the matter is this Prince, chap isn't exactly a friend of mine. The fact of it is that I—help him."

"Then are you," cried Elsie, "are you a painter?"

James, like a bolted rabbit in a net making futile bounds where no bounds were to be made, made a futile bound.

"Not that kind of painter," said James.

"But you paint pictures?"

"Rallies," said James firmly. "Really?" said Elsie.

"Absolutely," said James.

"Well, that's quite all right," said Elsie, "and awfully nice. There's no one I love to see at work more than painters, brightening up places as they do. But, if you paint rallies and that, I don't see what sort of help you can be to a man like James Prince."

Pretend They're Rich

JAMES was here able to set his feet on firm and true ground. None other than James was permitted to touch the painting materials of James. "I wash his brushes for him," said James, "and clean his palettes, and all that sort of thing."

"I see," said Elsie, and nodded and

bit largely with perfect teeth into a golden muffin.

James was ravished. "This girl," said James to himself, "understands me. All the same if she were to die in that very chair—"

And a sigh was sighed by James. Elsie gazed very beautifully at James.

"You're not unhappy, are you?" said Elsie.

"Oh, no," said James, but hopelessly.

"But you sighed?"

"Oh, I just sighed," said James. "I believe I know why you sighed," said Elsie.

James sat up to full attention. "My goodness, I hope you don't," cried James.

"I think you sighed," said Elsie, "at the sight of all this wealth of all this comfort. You shouldn't," said Elsie; "you needn't."

"That's true," said James. "Of course it is," said Elsie brightly. "Money doesn't necessarily mean happiness."

"I believe you," said James. "What's your idea of happiness?"

The red roses among the cream roses very slightly deepened. "I couldn't tell you that," said Elsie. "Just one thing—"

He stopped. He had raised his eyes to her face and what he saw upon the face of Elsie very much astonished him.

"I say," said James, "you're not crying, are you?"

Elsie sat up quickly. "Good gracious, no!" cried Elsie. She applied to each eye a handkerchief and smiled at James. "All the same," said Elsie, "if I had been crying, it would have been—"

"With happiness?" questioned James.

"Oh, happiness," affirmed Elsie. "You've no idea how I'm simply loving this—this imagining."

"Are you?" said James.

"Oh, loving it," she sighed. Then spoke James robustly. "I'm not," said James.

"You're not!" cried Elsie. "Oh, I am sorry. Oh, do tell me why."

"Not a bit," said Elsie. "I think I'll go now," and she went, rather suddenly.

"Now," said James, as Sunday arrived, the train began to move. Before we begin, let's run over this and see that we know exactly where we are."

(They were in a first-class carriage which James had reserved, but James meant more than that.) "Where we are is that we're just engaged and this is our first day together since our engagement, and we're simply in love. But it's absolutely understood between us that it isn't real at all. That all right?"

"Quite," said Elsie softly.

"I say," said James noticing the softness, "you're rather quiet this morning, aren't you? Not feeling rotten or anything, are you?"

Elsie looked out of the window. "No," said Elsie, looking out.

"Good," said James. "Well, I vote we start then, shall we?"

She gave a sound that seemed to be of agreement.

"Do you mind," said James, "if I put my arm around you?"

She gave again that sound. James put his arm about her. "I rather think," said James, "it's the kind of thing one would do, in the circumstances."

Her body within his arm was stiff and did not yield. She said, and her voice was as if her throat required to be cleared. "It's not real, is it?"

"Absolutely not," said James. Suddenly her head was on his shoulder and her eyes were upturned to him. "That's all right then," she said, and she closed her eyes, and there was some glistening stuff on her lashes.

"I say, this is jolly fine, you know," said James.

She sighed. "Now if you don't mind, I'm going to start," said James.

She opened her eyes and spoke to him. "Before you start"—her voice had been singularly beautiful to James, but it had now a note that was entirely new and infinitely more beautiful, a note very full yet very

was given a footing from the first stage of his experiment (namely the entertainment of Elsie to tea) to the second stage of his experiment, namely the introduction of the experiment to Elsie; and the Ah was the heavy and purposeful tread with which James trod from the one stage to the other stage.

"Ah," said James, and then, "Look here, I tell you what. Let's pretend that we are rich. Let's pretend that we are here because all this belongs to us."

"Oh, let's!" cried Elsie. "Good," said James. "Do you mind," said James, "do you mind pretending it in my way?"

"Not a bit!" cried Elsie. What is your way?"

"I'll pretend," said James, "my way of pretending all this belongs to us is just to sit here and munch our tea and just imagine that it is ours and that there's no excitement about it because it simply is ours."

"Sort of sit and dream it?" asked Elsie.

"Absolutely," said James; and added, analogically, "It's just my way, you know."

"You know, I believe I understand your ways," said Elsie.

"Ah," said James.

His Happiest Half-Hour

FOR a quarter of an hour in silence this dream—that all this belonged to them—was enormously enjoyed by James. Then said James, "There's just one thing—"

He stopped. He had raised his eyes to her face and what he saw upon the face of Elsie very much astonished him.

"I say," said James, "you're not crying, are you?"

Elsie sat up quickly. "Good gracious, no!" cried Elsie. She applied to each eye a handkerchief and smiled at James. "All the same," said Elsie, "if I had been crying, it would have been—"

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"I say," said James noticing the softness, "you're rather quiet this morning, aren't you? Not feeling rotten or anything, are you?"

Elsie looked out of the window. "No," said Elsie, looking out.

"Good," said James. "Well, I vote we start then, shall we?"

She gave a sound that seemed to be of agreement.

"Do you mind," said James, "if I put my arm around you?"

"I'm going to," said James. "I'm imagining that all this belongs to us and it's the happiest feeling I've had in months, in years. But I want to imagine that you belong to me and that I belong to you. Do you mind if I imagine that?"

"Not a bit!" said Elsie quite simply. "Thanks most awfully," said James. "Absolutely imaginary, of course; not in the least real."

"Oh, absolutely," said Elsie. "In fact you needn't imagine it at all, if you don't like," said James.

"Oh, I quite see that," said Elsie. "Well, that's simply splendid," said James, inclining his back to the cushions.

There passed then for James the happiest half-hour that James had ever passed. He watched the lovely creature who sat beside him, and imagined that she belonged to him and he to her. James was happy.

The half-hour passed; the time arrived (Elsie said) for her to go. Now propounded James the experiment to which all this, though blissful, had but been the trial or induction.

James having stated and Elsie having agreed that the afternoon had been the happiest ever known, "Now," propounded James, "I want to suggest to you something like this that we have been enjoying only more so. Very much more so," said James.

"Oh yes," said Elsie.

"You'll think me rum," said James. "But what I want most awfully is to be in love."

"Oh, yes," said Elsie. "And the dickens of it is," said James, "that I can't get in love."

"I see," said Elsie. (She said it so beautifully, so simply, and so understandingly, that "No girl like this has ever before been created," reflected James, "All the same," reflected James, and inwardly sighed.)

"Well, the only thing I can do," continued James, "is to be in love by imagination."

"I see," said Elsie. "Splendid!" said James, and, further, "Now this afternoon, thanks to your most awfully decent understanding, I have been by imagination in love and absolutely heavenly it's been. But—"

"The point—only passively in love, now what I want most awfully is to be actively in love not only, that is to say, to be in love, but to make love."

"I see," said Elsie. "By Jove, you're simply wonderful," said James, "you really are. Well, will you then—"

"Permit me for a whole day, I thought one Sunday away by the sea somewhere for the day—to make love to you?"

Elsie turned her head away for a moment and then turned it back and nodded it.

"You're marvelous," said James. "You really are. By golly, we'll do it then. Next Sunday?"

"Yes, marvelous," said James; "the most wonderful creature that ever was created."

Make-Believe Love

SOME practical discussion followed, as to the Somewhere-by-the-sea where the day should be spent, and as to the ability of James, on a painter's wages, to afford the excursion ("I shall draw five pounds out of the Savings Bank," said James, "I've wanted this for years and years, and now it's actually come. I don't see why I shouldn't spend some money on myself for once and do the thing properly.")

"What do you suppose," inquired James, opening the last words, "your attitude will be? I mean to say, shall you pretend, imagine, that you are in love with me?"

"It would make it more real for you, wouldn't it?" said Elsie. "It most certainly would," said James.

"Well, I will, then," said Elsie. "You are a splendid creature!" said James.

"Not a bit," said Elsie. "I think I'll go now," and she went, rather suddenly.

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NOT EVERY FARMER HAS ARTIST PAINT HIS BARN

Mr. Geo. A. Reid's Sketching Trip in the Country Results in an Awkward Predicament

MR. GEORGE A. REID, R.C.A., principal of the Ontario College of Art, whose fame as an artist is continent wide, is the most retiring of men, as the following incident will show.

Getting on the train, his destination to be decided when he came to a likely place, Mr. Reid once set out on a day's sketching trip. The station he selected for disembarking was in an isolated farming district, being merely a convenience for the dairy products of the surrounding country. But its rolling nature, intriguing the painter, he disembarked without enquiring about the train schedule.

Immersed in his work, he lost all count of time, missing the only train that left late that afternoon.

Hungry and feeling the autumnal chill, Mr. Reid decided to seek food and shelter at one of the farms.

At the nearest to the station, where the farmer was giving the cows their evening valeting, he enquired about a lodging for the night.

The farmer, a keen-eyed Scotsman, suspiciously appraised Mr. Reid, not missing one detail of his not over immaculate sketching costume with its unintentional spots of paint or the well-worn haversack containing the sketching outfit.

"What do you work at?" he asked.

"Why—er—I'm a painter," replied the unassuming Mr. Reid.

"Painter, eh—well, you've just come at the right time, Mister. I've painted all that red barn but one end. If you'll do that, why, you can have lodging with us and I'll pay you a dollar besides."

"But—er—I'm—"

"But—er—I'm—"

"Well," interrupted the farmer, "if you don't like my offer the next farm is a mile and a quarter down the road."

"No, no," said Mr. Reid, "Your—"

"All right, then," continued the farmer, "go into the house and have some supper."

Mr. Reid, thinking that he would explain matters later and not wishing to travel farther for a night's rest, continued to the house, while the farmer lustily shouted orders to his wife, who was watching the interview from the kitchen doorway.

During supper Mr. Reid, smiling, reviewing his dilemma, decided to accept the farmer's offer and save himself the embarrassment of being accused of obtaining a meal under false pretences.

So when the farmer after supper introduced him to a huge pile of paint he proceeded to work until darkness intervened.

Hailed early next morning, he breakfasted and worked with such speed that the farmer looked incredulously at the finished job. With the whole afternoon at his disposal, Mr. Reid decided to sketch the farm yard. The farmer curiously watched him arrange his palette and easel. Instead of settling to work he lingered, and as Mr. Reid drew in the sketch, was dumbfounded at seeing his farmyard transferred to the canvas.

"Why, mister," he said in awed tones, "you must be an artist."

"Er—yes," assented Mr. Reid.

"And how much do you charge for a picture like that?" he questioned.

"Why, something like twenty-five dollars," Mr. Reid informed him, enjoying the farmer's wonderment.

And the farmer, whose eyes involuntarily left the eight-by-ten inch sketch and jumped to the huge area of his barn, exclaimed: "And I offered you a dollar to paint the end of my barn!"

COMEDIAN HAS REWARDS ONLY FOR HIS CRITICS

ONE of the stories told concerning the clever little English comedian, Wes George Wood, concerns an occasion when he was appearing at a wounded soldiers' matinee.

After the show he got into conversation in the street with two of the wounded ones. "And how have you enjoyed yourself?" he inquired.

"Oh, fine," replied one; "yours was the best turn I have seen." "I thought you were rotten," candidly retorted the other. "Well, I am not offended," said George. "Here's five shillings to get some cigarettes."

As he hobbled off towards the tobacconists, the soldier who had praised George's performance exclaimed: "Well, that's a bit of all right. I said you were splendid, and got nothing; he said you were rotten, and got five bob."

The comedian consoled him with the remark that everybody was entitled to his own judgment. "That's all very well," said the other, "but he never saw the show at all. I came out and told him you were rotten."

EVERYTHING IN KHAKI

THE South African premier, General Smuts, tells an amusing anecdote concerning the arrival in what was then German West Africa—it was in the early stages of the war—of certain small reinforcements from England.

The draft in question was made up mostly of quite young soldiers from one of the southern shires, and the lads, fresh from their own green fields, viewed the drab and dusty landscape with manifest disapproval.

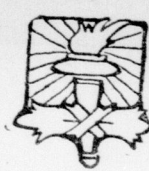
Presently a swarm of locusts happened along, whereupon a voice was heard proclaiming in tones of deepest disgust:

"I say, Bill, I'm blessed if everything in this 'ere God-forsaken country ain't in khaki! Look at them butterflies!"



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



From Poverty to World Power Herriot's Life Reads Like Fiction

New French Premier Once Wore Overcoat of Maurice Barres—Mayor of Lyons When Most Young Men Are Still Wearing Out Their Trousers on Benches at Colleges—Spends Half Sleeping Time on Trains Between Home City and Paris.

HE tramped into Lyons, then the second city of France, with fifty francs in his pocket, a frayed overcoat on his back and an invisible portmanteau jammed with dreams and aspirations.

That is Edouard Herriot, the mayor of Lyons, deputy from the Rhone, the litterateur, the golden speaker who heads the Radical-Socialists and has become premier of France.

"When I was young my parents were very poor. My father was an officer in the army and we lived on an officer's pay. My aunt was the cook for Maurice Barres and one wet winter day she gave me an overcoat of Barres'. I wore it, for I had no other."

Edouard Herriot astounded one of the Paris faubourgs by telling this incident some years ago. The remarkable thing was the presence in that salon, listening to his recital, of Barres himself, a political opponent of Herriot.

That is an indication of the candor and utter lack of affectation of a man who is regarded as the mental superior of the brainy Caillaux—whom he followed in certain theories—and at least the equal of the Tiger himself in "getting things done."

Herriot visited America last year. While here he addressed the Brooklyn chamber of commerce, but society of the upper crust had little to do with him. The hated word "socialist" barred him from the drawing rooms of the unthinking, perhaps, who did not attempt to follow Voltaire's dictum: "Define your terms."

A Socialist in France may, in thought and action and background, be far different from the crude man heard beneath a flaring gasoline jet on a street corner in the United States.

Learned Man of Letters

HERRIOT is different. A graduate of the Ecole Normal, he was professor of philosophy in Lyons before he attained his thirtieth birthday—a teacher in one of the greatest industrial cities of his country, which likewise has a most brilliant intellectual society.

Those who abhor the term "socialist" may be surprised to know that this Herriot was a distinguished man of letters before he entered politics. His sympathetic studies of two superwomen, Mme. de Staël and Mme. de Beauvoir, brought him to the attention of the highly civilized in all lands.

One may hear that big booming voice of his any day in Lyons that he is there. Go to the Hotel de Ville and the chances are that resounding through the corridors will be words like these:

"Monsieur Duquerand—monsieur!"

For Herriot is a man of action and prefers to do his own summoning instead of sending forth the legs of some ancient clerk.

It was marriage that gave him the chance to enter politics. His bride, of the upper bourgeoisie, brought him sufficient dowry to permit a bit of dabbling at the polls. The result was his election to the mayor's chair at thirty-three—the youngest mayor of all France. The staid citizens of that industrial centre liked his administration, though they may have differed with his higher political theories. He has been mayor since that day.

At thirty-nine he was elected to the Senate—then the youngest member. Came war, and because of his genius he was chosen minister of food supply and transportation.

Although he was regarded as a Caillaux follower, yet he repeatedly asserted:



Edouard Herriot

PICTURED by Le Rire, of Paris, as the Saint of French Liberalism being tempted by the spirits of Radicalism. There is decidedly a limit to Mr. Herriot's radicalism. As the majority of his support comes from the extremists, the question now is how can he formulate any policy to collaboration of Socialists and Bolsheviks of the reality of facts," says one critic. "He refuses to look at facts any more. His party is for him no longer what it is; it is what it ought to be."



See Them Smiling—Both Think the U.S. Presidency is Theirs.

GOVERNOR AL SMITH, of New York, on the left, a Democratic candidate for the nomination of president of the United States, favors amending the 18th amendment to permit light wine and beer. President Coolidge, on the right, seems pretty confident about the issue.

"The one thing I don't want to import is a made-in-Germany peace."

His motto for years has been the ancient French saying:

"Everything in earnest, nothing with tragedy."

At war's end Herriot decided that he could be more useful as a deputy than as one of the senators in the customary lethargic body. He told his constituents:

"I shan't run for senator again. Make me deputy—there'll be action there."

His wish was granted. Overnight he became an international figure as Poincaré's chief opponent. One remembers those brilliant speeches he delivered in his golden tones against the occupation of the Ruhr.

Never Has Time to Dine in Cafe

DURING the last several years it has been nothing unusual for Herriot to make a dynamic speech in the chamber at noon and early the next morning be back in Lyons deciding a purely industrial matter with a group of local manufacturers.

"Monsieur Herriot? The hardest worker I have ever known. He spends at least half of his sleeping time on the trains between Lyons and Paris. He is a bundle of energy—without nerves."

That characterization was made by M. Emile Garden, the official representative of the Lyons Fair in the United States, and a close personal friend of Herriot. M. Garden explained that the Lyons Fair was established by Herriot, and told of the enormous revenues that have come to that city as a result of Herriot's foresight.

Rather hard, perhaps, for thinking Americans to conceive of a Radical-Socialist promising a plan by which the wealthy manufacturers of his own city may harvest more money—yet that is what Herriot has done. Those who define their terms understand well.

"I never saw M. Herriot in a cafe in Lyons in my life. He hasn't the time. He is writing books, making speeches, attending to business and politics."

That was another of M. Garden's comments. Those who know the part that the cafe plays in the life of the average Frenchman can appreciate this high tribute to the man.

Two of Herriot's most significant works in economics are "To Create" and "To Act," which

most economists in America know as if by heart for their brilliant theses.

"He knows more of art, and the history of art, than any man I know. It is a pleasure to go with him to an exhibition of modern paintings and listen to his criticisms. In literature, of course, he has few equals as a critic."

That also from M. Garden, who holds his friend to be "one of the most intellectual men in all France today."

This is the political leader whose brilliant writings have appeared in the staid pages of the Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science—the man who walked into Lyons from his native Troyes wearing a frayed overcoat and having but fifty cents to his name. He hasn't so much money today as wealth is calculated in America, but his intellectual treasures are vast. He is still in his early fifties. Perhaps some day the upper crust of American society will follow Voltaire's dictum and find that a Radical-Socialist in France is not a red roughneck, but a polished gentleman whose scientists vie to honor for his intellectual attainments.

M. Garden holds that his friend is a most charming dinner companion. Society may also learn that fact—and be guided accordingly.

TIMING THE TRAIN

NOT only is Miss Justine Johnstone known as the most beautiful actress in the United States, but she is also a humorist. The other night, at the Royalty Theatre, London, England, where she is appearing with tremendous success in "Polly Preferred," she told the following story, which she said occurred when she was on a tour of a sparsely-populated part of the western states.

She was in a train, on a branch line, which was never very punctual. An old gentleman, obviously a stranger to these parts, got so impatient that after he had taken out his watch a dozen times he turned to a fellow-passenger, and asked: "How much is this train overdue?" "Well, sir," was the reply, "a watch ain't no good. You want a calendar."

DR. Willard of Toronto, says that yawning is healthful. Then the B.B.C. had better get busy and broadcast the speeches in parliament.—Passing Show.

Great Lawyer Follows Up Clues Frees Innocent Night Operator

Abiding Faith of Sir James Aikins in Young Manhood—Conducted Largest Bible Class in Winnipeg for Many Years—Personally Interested in Every Scholar

FOR many years Sir James Aikins, lieutenant-governor of Manitoba, conducted one of the largest Bible classes in the city of Winnipeg.

He knew and was personally interested in every young man on the enrolment, and indeed his interest was not confined to his class alone, but was extended to any young man in need of a helping hand.

At a certain small station in western Manitoba, the night operator was a young man still in his teens. He was bright, cheerful and obliging, and therefore, popular with the trades people. Coming on duty one evening, he was accosted by a C. P. R. detective, charged with theft, and arrested. Not until he had been safely placed in the nearest police station were the parents informed of the charge against their son. They followed immediately, returning in



Sir James Aikins

the morning with their son, who, however must stand trial, for an offence he declared he had never committed.

The Methodist minister stationed in the village had been a one-time member of the J. A. M. Aikins Bible class. Remembering his sympathetic interest in young men, and knowing that he was chief solicitor for the C. P. R., he volunteered to interview him in behalf of his young friend. "I will give my personal supervision to this case, and the boy shall have every chance," was the prompt and encouraging reply of the great lawyer, when the situation was presented to him.

His keen insight into human nature led him to follow up clues his subordinates had considered of no importance. Discovering that the station master was sullen and morose and in considerable disfavor with the villagers, he summoned him, and in the course of a severe examination he elicited the information that the agent himself had removed the confectiionery and reported the operator as the culprit.

"See that this young man is reinstated with a clean sheet," was the parting command of this intensely human solicitor, and to his abiding faith in young manhood one man, at least, owes the fact that he was prevented from starting his career with a penitentiary record.

Bottomley's Nickname Hurts His Feelings

Former Editor of John Bull Lodges a Complaint With the Prison Governor

WLD excitement has seized the inmates of Maidstone jail as the result of a complaint to the prison governor lodged by Horatio Bottomley.

It transpires that for some time past Bottomley, who until recently was in ignorance of the fact, has been known by a certain nickname. He was only enlightened when someone inadvertently but in friendly tones, addressed him as "Old Wheelbarrow."

Bottomley strongly resented the indignity, and, refusing to take the matter as a joke, reported it—with what result is not known.

An open secret among the prisoners, the incident is the subject of suppressed merriment and forms the sole topic of surreptitious conversation throughout the prison. Curiosity is rife as to whether the offending person is to be let off with a simple reprimand or to receive condign punishment.

Although under the new regulations Bottomley is now allowed a looking-glass in his cell and to indulge in the luxury of a daily shave, he presents a decidedly rough appearance. Obviously he is in good health. He has become only a trifle thinner.

Quite the most noticeable thing about Bottomley, who still works in the printer's shop, is his surly demeanor. If appearances go for anything, "H. B." is taking his incarceration with a pronounced lack of fortitude, for he has developed a perpetual scowl. In marked contrast to that of Gerard Lee Bevan, the city financier, who lives in the hope that a substantial portion of his sentence will be remitted. In chapel, one of the hymn-singers above those of all others. It is Bevan's.

FAST TRAVELER MAKES RECORD TRIP TO INDIA

Speed Line Recommended. But Office Boys Should First Be Taught Geography

A BRAND new story of cinema life at Hollywood has been told by Mary Pickford over in England.

An important interior scene was being filmed, and the producer, not wishing to be disturbed at his work, told the youth at the door to admit nobody on any pretence.

"If anyone asks for me personally," he added, "say I've gone to Calcutta."

After a couple of hours of strenuous work the scene was satisfactorily filmed, and the producer, going to the door, asked if anybody had called.

"Yes, sir," replied the youth. "Mr. So-and-so," naming one of the prize bores of the cinema business, "was here, and asked for you."

"And did you tell him I had gone to Calcutta?"

"Yes, sir, I said you started this morning."

"Good lad! What did he say?"

"He wished to know when you'd be back, and I told him I didn't think you'd be back till after lunch, sir," was the startling reply, given in perfect seriousness.

THE UGLY "DOUBLE"

SIR LANDON RONALD, principal of the Guildhall School of Music and famous as a conductor and a composer, strolled into his club, where he noticed a stranger whose face, to put it mildly, would have made babies cry.

The ugly one was introduced and began to gush like a geyser. At last Sir Landon managed to escape—but not before the stranger gurgled: "I am so joyed to have met you, especially as people always mistake me for you."



Lays Bare Back on Nails

ALLOWING an extra heavy nail to stand on his chest while laying on a sharp pointed nail board is the very latest stunt demonstrated by the German Hercules, Breitbart.

CAN'T FOOL BANTING NOW ON CORPORAL'S STRIPES

Mother, With Her Decorative Sense Sought for Balance When She Sewed on Distinctive Insignia

WHILE Dr. Banting, the celebrated discoverer of insulin, was still a High school boy, not quite out of his teens,

the captain of the local Alliston Company of volunteers was anxious to bring his unit up to full strength before proceeding to the Niagara military camp for the annual two weeks of summer drill. He promised young Banting, who had an excellent physique, that if he would help recruit in the town and out in the country two miles away where the Bantings lived, he would be given the exalted rank of corporal with two stripes.

Fred Banting took the officer at his word. The result was that on a bright summer morning the forces were gathered about the station. Resplendent in their bright, new, red uniforms, they were just about to fall in to entrain when in marched young Banting from the country; head high, chest out, smiling at the crowds that had gathered as usual for the big annual event.

But his triumph was short lived after his captain caught one glance of him, and rushed him away to a private part of the station for some hasty adjustments to his uniform. For before leaving home that morning Banting's mother had sewn on his two corporal's stripes, one on each arm. It was in this rather trying interview that the young non-com. learnt the regulations about the exalted sign of a corporal's rank. One stripe was hastily ripped off, and both were placed together.

That was only the beginning of the young discoverer's activity in military circles. Two years later when the great war broke out, Banting was a drill sergeant. It was only by pressure on the part of his parents that he was persuaded to finish out his course in medicine at Toronto University, so anxious was he to enlist. No sooner was Convocation over, than he doffed his graduation gown; and, first, as a lieutenant, and, later, as a captain, he spent two years of the remaining part of the war in active service. He was the first doctor to administer aid across the Du Nord Canal to the wounded in the big Canadian drive. He was gassed and wounded; and, in recognition of his services, he received the military cross and one of the machine guns which he donated to his home town of Alliston.

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**STILL
MORE
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STEEL FISHING ROD REEL, HOOKS, LINE AND SINKER

For Only Three New Subscriptions

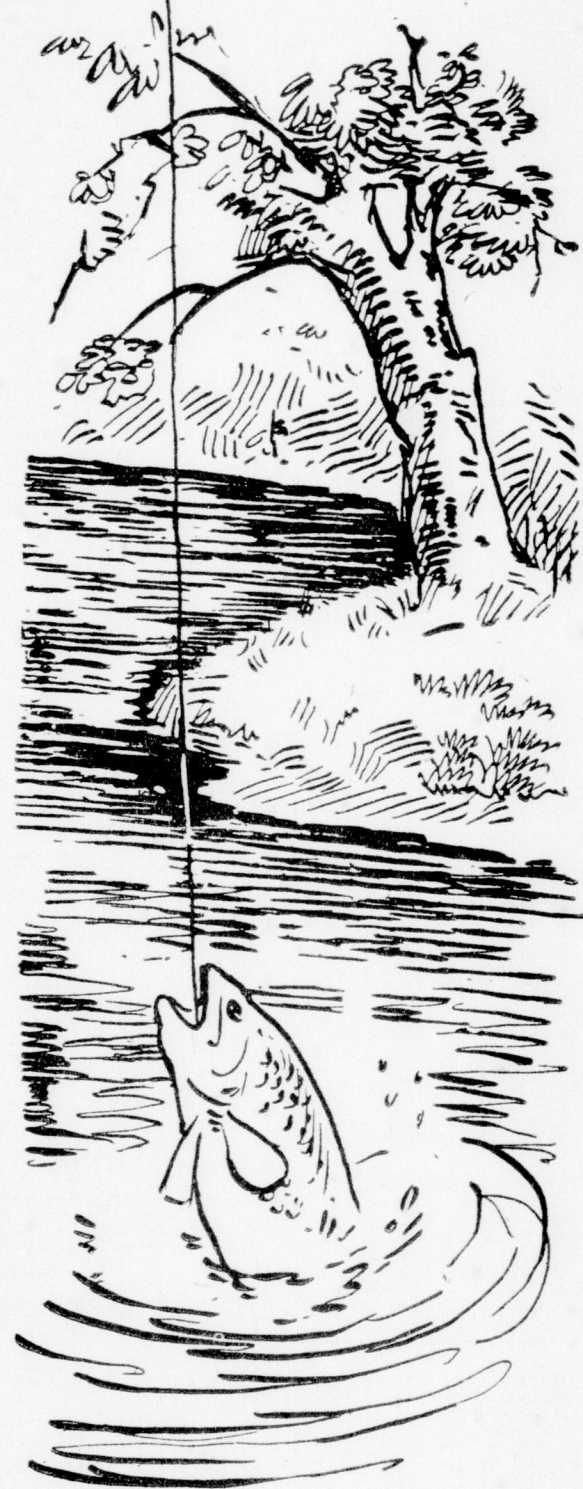
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FISH AND FLY

WITH YOUR HOLIDAYS JUST AHEAD OF YOU, WHAT CAN BE MORE DESIRABLE FOR YOUR VACATION DAYS OUT IN THE OPEN THAN THE SOARING GLIDER LOOPING THE LOOP 2,000 FEET IN THE AIR AND A FISHING EQUIPMENT SO COMPLETE THAT THE BIG BLACK BASS WILL JUMP RIGHT AT IT.



**Big League
Fielder's Glove**



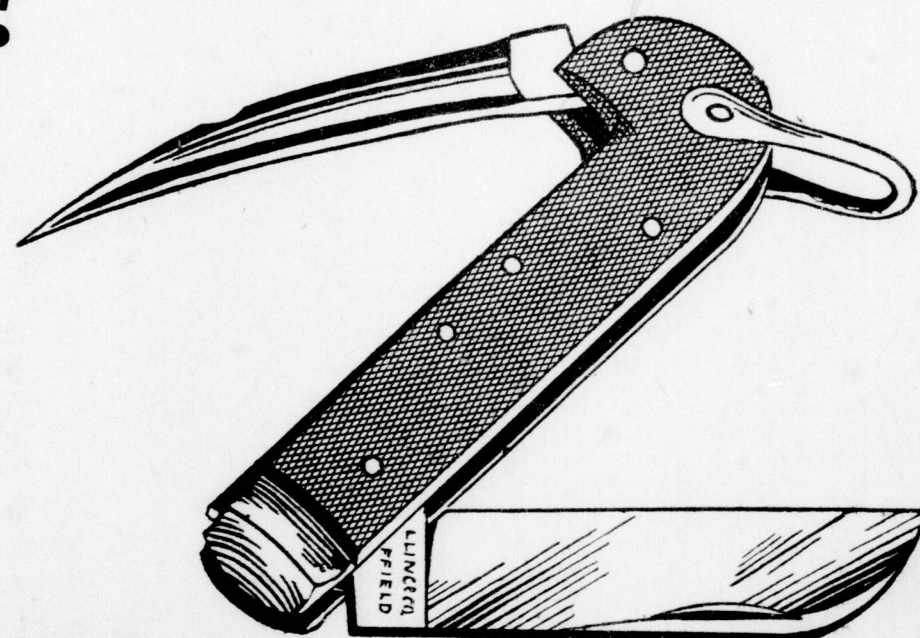
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A Chance for the Go-Getters!

THE PRIZES SELECTED FOR THIS DISTRIBUTION ARE MOST TIMELY. THEY MEAN HOLIDAYS FILLED WITH FUN AND THRILLS GALORE. THE GO-GETTERS WILL BE BUSY THE MOMENT THIS PAPER IS ON THE STREET. BE SURE YOU ARE ONE OF THEM, AND WHEN SCHOOL CLOSES AND YOU ARE READY FOR YOUR HOLIDAYS, HAVE A GLIDER, FISHING OUTFIT, FIELDER'S GLOVE AND SCOUT KNIFE.

The London Advertiser

Heavy Scout Knife



FOR ONLY 1 SUBSCRIPTION

Beattymen End Stay On Home Lot With Double Bill Against League Leaders

Beattymen, Then Darkness Overtakes Flint Vehs

Score Knotted 3-3 When Um-
Ward Calls Hostilities
Off in Ninth.

FLINT CLOUDED UP

When Umpire Ward called last night's game on account of darkness with the score knotted at 3-3 in the ninth inning, it was nearly as dark as it was with the bases clouded with vehicles and two gone. Sandquist chased after Dodson's pop foul on the leeward side of third base, let the ball bounce twice out of his glove before he gave the sphere a final squeeze. The fans squeezing out one long, unanimous sigh. That marked the second time the Beattymen were presented with chances to win the game after they had thrown a drum-fire of hits out of Lefty Harris in the second inning, driving in three runs and the southerner off the bill, the second time he has done this in three weeks. Connie Fields, who made a brief appearance the other day, came to the rescue, and he held the Flinters in check with six hits. With two gone in the fifth John rattled a double off a sign-board in left field, a few feet short of hitting the ball over the fence. Hruska, following, dropped a single behind first base, and Manager O. Leary apparently forgetting for the moment Teams good throwing arm made the mistake of waving John around to the plate, when he was pegged out by foot. Flint's chance of winning the ball game was out by feet too, it developed.

Open London Rally.
Naleway opened a London rally in the fifth for the second hit off Ted Jackson Pritchard. The rally should have been short-lived, but Regan dropped Runners' peg for a double killing. Effert walked, and Fields got a scratch hit to third. Sandquist's sacrifice fly scored Naleway, and Baker singled. Effert in. Umpire Ward waved Beatty to first, much to the disgust of Pritchard when a ball fanned the London manager's breeches, but Pritchard pulled himself out by whiffing Nason the second of three times he had the ex-squisher swishing the air.

With two gone in the seventh Sandquist tripled to right field, and he scored him with a single into right, which he stretched to two bags, when John was dilatory in retrieving the ball. Runners retired Beatty on a hot ground with a nice bit of pegging.

In the ninth Pritchard sat the Londoners down in order, the last two going to the outer works.

NOT SO GLOOMY

Flint	A.B.R.	H.P.O.A.	E.
Morehart, 2b.	4	0	2
Runer, 1b.	5	0	1
Regan, 1b.	4	0	0
Dodge, cf.	4	0	0
Luccioni, 1b.	5	1	2
Jahn, rf.	4	1	3
Hruska, c.	4	0	2
Lepp, 3b.	3	0	0
Pritchard, p.	4	0	0
Totals	37	3	11
London—	A.B.R.	H.P.O.A.	E.
Sandquist, 3b.	3	1	4
Eaker, ss.	4	0	0
Beatty, 1b.	4	0	0
Nason, cf.	3	0	0
Conner, rf.	4	0	0
Naleway, 1b.	4	0	1
Gehring, 2b.	4	1	0
Effert, c.	4	0	0
Harris, p.	4	0	0
Fields, p.	3	0	1
Totals	30	3	6

Score by Innings: 300 000 000-3
Flint..... 000 020 000-3
Game called on account of darkness.
Summary:
Two-base hits—Loopp, Dodson, John, Baker.
Three-base hits—Sandquist.
Sacrifices—Sandquist.
Double plays—Loopp to Morehart to Regan.
Bases on balls—Pritchard 3, Harris 1, Fields 3.
Struck out—By Pritchard 5, by Harris 1, by Fields 4.
Passed ball—Hruska.
Hit by pitched ball—Pritchard (Beatty).
Left on bases—Flint 11, London 6.
Hits—Off Harris 5 in 1 inning (7 out in second); off Fields, 6 in 8 innings.
Time—1:37.
Umpire—Ward.

Old Eli Beats Harvard Cre

New London, June 20.—Yale captured the two-mile junior variety race from Harvard today by one length. Harvard carried the lead to nearly the half-way flag when Yale successfully challenged the crimson crew and swept into the lead which she increased to a length.

WOODSTOCK'S SOCCER TEAM OPENS WITH WIN

Defeat New Hamburg 1-0 in Game Which Tended To Roughness.

Special to The Advertiser.
Woodstock, June 20.—By the score of 1-0 the local soccer team defeated New Hamburg in a W. F. A. group game at Victoria Park this evening. The team so registered their first victory of the season. The only goal was notched by the Woodstock team in the second period by MacHood, who sent in a nice shot which went straight through the corner of the goal and gave Strohm no chance to save. A tendency towards rough play was shown at intervals and Referee Bryan had a busy night, awarding fouls. The visitors broke away in the last few minutes of the game, but their efforts did not carry them past the Woodstock defence. Following are the line-ups:
Woodstock—Goal, Topp; backs, Anderson and R. Cole; half backs, J. Smith, Bunker and Walsley; forwards, Ireland, Hamilton, Hood, A. Wilson, Andrew Lewis.
New Hamburg—Goal, Strohm; backs, Cline and Elchler; half backs, Nicholas, Baehner, and Bigham; forwards, Boucher, Oliver, Maders, Quasi, Ekstein.
Referee—Jack Bryan, Woodstock.

WHERE BIG FISH PLAY

For followers of rod and reel there is no place within easy reach of Toronto which offers better fishing facilities than Rideau Lakes. Those who are acquainted with the sport to be had revisiting these lakes year after year. Big Rideau, the largest lake of the chain, abounds with gray trout and black bass—large beauties which are not landed without an interesting battle.

The other lakes, comprising the chain, Opinicon, Indian, Benson and Clear Lake, are plentifully inhabited with small-mouth black bass.

Excellent hotel accommodation may be had at various points in the district.

Illustrated literature and full particulars may be obtained from any Canadian National Railway Agent.

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Canada's Star Athletes Sail

Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, June 20.—Twenty-five athletes who will represent Canada in the track and field events in the Olympic games at Paris next month sailed this morning aboard the Montclair for Liverpool, from where they will proceed to France. Two members of the track team are at present in the old country.

The men were accompanied by P. J. Mulqueen, chairman of the Olympic committee, and Coach Capt. Corbitt. Dr. A. S. Lamb, chairman of the Quebec branch of the A. A. U. of Canada, will sail on the Regina on Saturday, and will join the athletes in Paris.

ACT TUESDAY ON SPLIT SCHEDULE

President Halligan Invites Club Owners To Confab in Flint.

Special to The Advertiser.
Flint, Mich., June 20.—Directors of Michigan-Ontario Baseball League have been asked by President T. J. Halligan to meet here next Tuesday to discuss financial matters. The call went out this afternoon.

It is the general impression that the call has been made to ascertain the feelings of the eight club owners regarding a proposal for a split season. This has been suggested as a means of the league weathering a serious financial storm, brought about by inclement weather.

So far not one club owner has come out as opposed to the plan, although one or two hold the opinion that perhaps the straight schedule can be played out. But there are five possibly six others that believe a split season will create a renewal of interest by players, as well as fans, and it is asserted that two clubs already are making plans to practically rebuild their teams, while two others are endeavoring to gain new pitching strength.

Halligan said he had suggested the Tuesday date because it seemed the best one at this time. However, there might be a change, all depending on word he receives from the clubs, it was pointed out.

Taylor-Forbes Eleven Swamp Goodyears

Meet Oshawa Saturday in Guelph in Connaught Semi-Finals.

Special to The Advertiser.
Guelph, June 20.—Taylor-Forbes, Ontario senior football champions, unveiled their reputation in splendid style to night when they romped off with a 5 to 1 victory over the fast Goodyear team of Toronto in the fourth round of the Connaught cup series. Although the Guelph eleven were favorites, it was not considered that they would give the Toronto representatives such a trouncing as the Goodyears had not suffered a loss this year. By their victory Guelph advanced into the semi-finals, and will meet Oshawa in Guelph next Saturday.

The teams:
Guelph—Smith, Mayes and Harrington; Ashton, Burns and Lennox; Dick, Ferguson, Vance, Jenkins and McNichol.
Goodyear—Moore, Dunlop and McColl; Renton, Moreland and Muir; Halliwell, McNeely, Bell and Kerr and Hinton.
Referee—Dean of Hamilton.

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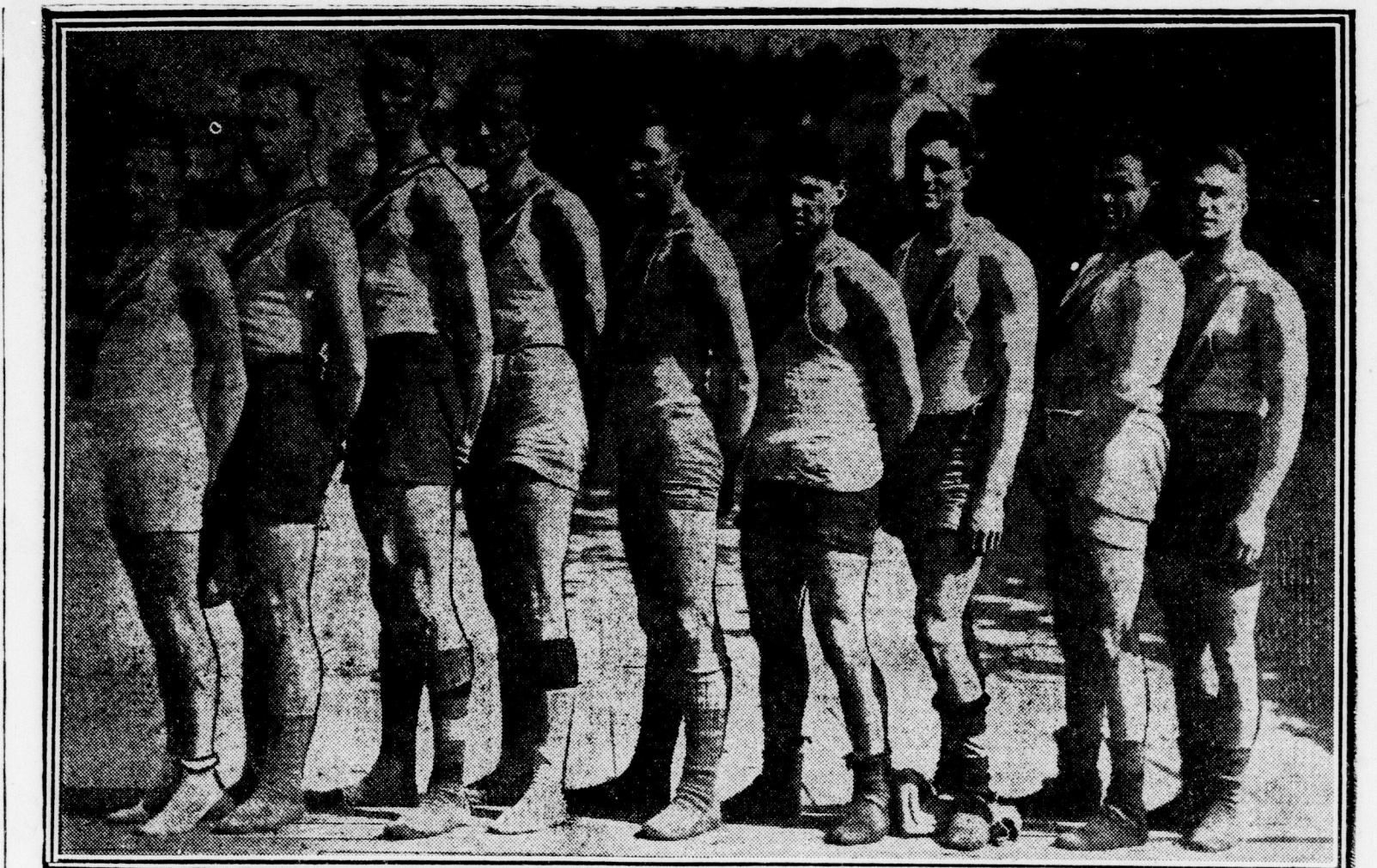
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INDIANS OUTSLUG TIGERS TO WIN

Double With One On Bags Wins For Senators in Twelfth.

Associated Press Despatch.
Detroit, June 20.—Cleveland continued its slugging at the expense of Detroit, and won today's game, 11-9. Both managers threw the majority of their subs into the game. Manager Speaker sending in 18 players.

The score:
Cleveland..... 000 401 303-11 5 2
Detroit..... 002 001 000-9 16 0
Coveleskie, Smith, Shaute and Myatt; Stoner, Pilette, Whitehill and Beasler, Woodall.

WON IN 12TH.
Philadelphia, June 20.—Washington won a 12-inning game from Philadelphia today, when Peckinpaugh crashed a double to centre field with Bluege on base, winning the game, 3-2. The contest was a close one, with the bases full. The score:
Washington..... 000 101 000-3 8 1
Philadelphia..... 000 002 000-2 16 0
Zahniser, Russell, Martina, Marberry and Ruel; Naylor, Helmach and Perkins.

Canadian Mare Is Making Talk

Irene Scott Proves Class in Stake Race.

Special to The Advertiser.
Canton, Ohio, June 20.—From out of Canada, which in the past has produced so many high-class harness horses, particularly of the pacing persuasion, has come another with all the earmarks of a star. If one may judge by her early races, the half-mile tracks of Ohio. This is the bay mare Irene Scott.

In the stake at the local track, Irene Scott hooked up with a big field, the admitted West Virginia Boy, a pacer of admitted class, which had won at both Fremont and Brooklyn Park. Like many of the slower events on this circuit, the stake was three-quarter mile heats, and the Canadian mare was returned the winner in all three rounds. In the first heat she got away well, while Virginia Boy, getting away badly, was not driven to the limit, and landed sixth. In the next round, however, the

pair hooked up, and it was a battle well worth while, the half in 1:02.4, and the three-quarters in 1:34.4, with the mare a half length to the good at the finish, both all out. Now good judges are convinced that Irene Scott is capable of turning on a good half-mile track a mile in 2:06. She has plenty of engagements, and it looks like she is able to prove a big winner for the first time.

While beaten in this race, West Virginia Boy paced a good race, the hand-some little son of George Gano, 2:02, fighting it out to the bitter end, showing a lot of class. In looks, he has it on Irene Scott. She has plenty of engagements, and it looks like she is able to prove a big winner for the first time.

Totals..... 34 7 0 27 7 0
Hamilton..... A.B.R. H.P.O.A. E.
Froman, 1b..... 4 0 0 0 4 0
Roper, 3b..... 4 0 0 0 4 0
McGee, cf..... 5 1 2 0 4 0
Gleich, lf..... 5 1 2 0 4 0
Gray, rf..... 4 0 0 0 4 0
Kopshaw, c..... 3 1 0 0 3 0
Ross, p..... 2 0 0 0 2 0
Graham, p..... 0 0 0 0 0 0
Reis, p..... 0 0 0 0 0 0

Totals..... 34 7 0 27 7 0
xx-Batted for McGee in eighth.
xx-Batted for Reiss in eighth.
Grand Rapids..... 002 100 000-7
Hamilton..... 003 002 001-6
Summary:
Two-base hits—Turner, 2; Gleich, 1; Windle, 1; McGee, 1; Roper, 1; Kopshaw, 1; Walsh, 1; Stolen bases—Brown, Payne, Strickland, By Grinnam, 4; Scheiber, 2; McCullum, 1; Ross, 2; Bases on balls—Grinnam 1, off Scheiber, 6; off McCullum, 2; off Ross, 1; off Grinnam 1, 1; off Scheiber, 4; off Grinnam, 4 in 4 innings. Off Scheiber, 4 in 2-3 innings; off McCullum, 1 in 1-3 innings; off Ross, 1 in 1-3 innings; off Grinnam, 1 in 2-3 innings. Balk—Grinnam. Wild pitch—Ross. Umpires—Agur and Legg. Time—1:58.

KAZOO RALLY WINS.
Special to The Advertiser.
Saginaw, June 20.—Kalamazoo rallied in the ninth inning this afternoon, and with the scoring of three runs, defeated the Aces, 5 to 2.

After holding Kalamazoo to two runs in eight innings, Matuzak weakened, and the visitors, quick to see his fault, snatched the victory.

The box score:
Kalamazoo..... A.B.R. H.P.O.A. E.
Becker, 1b..... 4 1 2 0 4 0
Wasm, rf..... 4 1 2 0 4 0
Saginaw..... 010 000 100-5
Summary:
Two-base hits—Boyle, Basham, Bubber, Sacrifice hit—O'Brien. Stolen bases—Basham, Yoder, Bubber. Struck out—By Matuzak, 2; by Elliott, 1. Bases on balls—2; by Elliott, 1. Double play—Conner to Doyle. Losing pitcher—Matuzak. Umpires—Sauer and Fyfe.

WOLVES WIN TWO.
Special to The Advertiser.
Bay City, June 20.—Bay City took both games of the double-header from Muskegon today, holding the Anglers to four hits scattered over as many innings in win, 7 to 0 in the first game, and 4 to 1 in the second. Three-base hit—Welder in the shortened contest, 4 to 3.

Harris' double and singles by Prysock and Baskie before a man was out in the seventh, put over the winning run. Fisher started Banker, former University of Illinois twirler in the first game, but he was pulled in favor of Piletics in the sixth.

Sharp, who started the second game for Bay City, was taken ill, and retired in the second inning, Heitzman and Griffin.

Score by Innings:
Muskegon..... 000 120 0-3
Bay City..... 002 010 0-7
Summary:
Two-base hits—Welder, Hauger, Harris, and Baskie. Sacrifice—Banker. Double plays—Welder to Cortazzo to Clancy; Hauger to Prysock to Tomer. Winning pitcher—Heitzman. Struck out—By Heitzman, 2. Bases on balls—Off Sharp, 2; off Heitzman, 2; off Welder, 1. Wild pitch—Heitzman. Passed balls—Kandier. Umpires—Brighter and Griffin.

Score by Innings:
Muskegon..... 000 120 0-3
Bay City..... 002 010 0-7
Summary:
Two-base hits—Welder, Hauger, Harris, and Baskie. Sacrifice—Banker. Double plays—Welder to Cortazzo to Clancy; Hauger to Prysock to Tomer. Winning pitcher—Heitzman. Struck out—By Heitzman, 2. Bases on balls—Off Sharp, 2; off Heitzman, 2; off Welder, 1. Wild pitch—Heitzman. Passed balls—Kandier. Umpires—Brighter and Griffin.

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Cy Pook, St. Thomas, Loses On Decision To Winnipeg In Olympic Trials

St. Thomas Fighter Loses Olympic Bout On Verdict

Judges Give Bellanger of Winnipeg Edge Over Cy Pook.

FIVE KNOCK-OUTS

Canadian Press Despatch.
Arena Gardens, Toronto, June 20.—Forty-seven boxers, representing every province in the Dominion, with the exception of British Columbia, are entered in the tournament which opened here tonight to select Canada's Olympic representatives in this branch of sport. The bouts are two three-minute rounds and one four-minute.

Tonight's results follow:
115-lb class—S. A. Bellanger, Grenadier Guards, Montreal, won from W. Cavanagh, Westville, N.S., by decision. Jackie Phillips, Granite A.C., Toronto, won from R. C. Wilson, St. Catharines, by decision. J. McGee, Hamilton, won from Frank McElroy, Montreal, knock-out in first round.

118-lb class—J. Johnston, unattached, Toronto, won from A. Gagne, Montreal, by decision.
126-lb class—Phil Rivers, Classic, Toronto, won from Gene Clay, Apollo A.C., Toronto, by decision. A. Burle, Granite A.C., Toronto, won from George Barber, Classic, Toronto, by decision. Mickey McDonald, Hamilton, won from Ernest Christenson, Granite A.C., Toronto, by decision. M. McGowan, Montreal, won from Stewart Elliott, Victoria A.C., Calgary, by decision. Phil Rivers, Toronto, won from Louis Donovan, St. John, N.B., by decision. Agnew Burle, Granite A.C., Toronto, won from E. G. Pileau, O. B. C., Calgary, Alta.

135-lb class—J. B. McCullough, Toronto, won from Charles Miller, Apollo A.C., Toronto, by decision. Raymond Kennedy, Halifax, N.S., won from L. Dettner, Montreal, by decision. H. Cardinal, Montreal, won from G. Chabot, Montreal, by foul.
147-lb class—W. Lewis, Toronto, won from George Wright, Westville, N.S., stopped in second. E. J. (Don) Rowand, Winnipeg, Canada Club, won from C. Sabo, Montreal, knock-out in first round.

160-lb class—Harry Henning, Classic A.C., Toronto, won from Bert Hillier, St. Catharines, by decision. William Mills, Montreal, won from Raymond shanks, Sydney, N.S., knock-out in third round. 215-lb class—Chas. Bellanger, Pioneer A.C., Winnipeg, won from Cy Pook, Elgin, St. Thomas, by decision. Joe Mahon, University of Toronto, won from Bert Shelton, Hamilton, stoppage in third.



CY POOK. Bellanger of Winnipeg in the Olympic boxing trials last night.

The local fans can seemingly get more enthused about Pook than any other team, especially when he is seen in the ring.

Nelson is expected on the latter count. The glowing Pook seems to have a spell woven over the crowd.

Some of the fans seemed to think that the portly fighter was a stage-coach yesterday. However, he hit on which the opposition manager sent John to the ring.

The double-barrelled argument today, if won, would send the Beattymen away on their prolonged road trip with some real morale.

Young Englishman will draw one of the assignments here today, and it's possible Harry will be sent back to the Varsity. Getting knocked off one day and then coming back the next to win has been the southpaw's specialty several times.

Over at Grand Rapids, Owner Bill Morrissey is still strengthening, despite the talk of a league blow-up. He has signed Harry Schweb, known as a slugger when with Ludington in the Central League, and a corking good first baseman. He comes to the Tigers from Wichita Falls. They have signed Fitcher Elmer Gray, a right-hander from the Birmingham club of the Southern League. Josh Devore is also reported to be getting a college pitcher from the Detroit Tigers.

Vigors, obtained by Devore from Toledo, has been returned to that club, having failed to come up to expectations.

Muskegon has signed outfielder German, who started the season with London, but was later released. The Anglers have also signed pitcher Andy Miller, last year with Hamilton and Saginaw for a time. Andy has been in several games for the Anglers, but has not been credited with a win or loss in any of them. The Muskies have also signed Elton Ryerson, pitcher, who got his education at Jackson high school. He lost a hard 1-0 game at Saginaw this week.

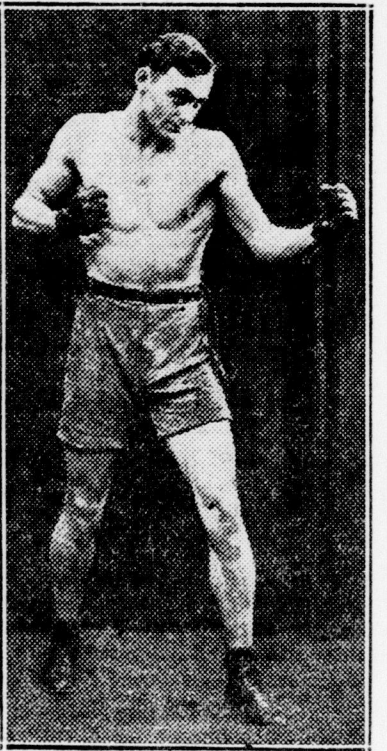
Hamilton Herald: "Wetzel was much impressed with the work of Ruane in Wednesday's double-header. The new youngster was playing second base, a position he is not accustomed to, and he turned in two strong performances. His coming will help Wetzel carry out his shake-up scheme. He may be shifted to third, and Clarence Roper sent to short. The slump suffered by Wetzel is causing his manager a great deal of worry, and unless he shows improvement very shortly, the proposed change will have to be made."

Windle started the season like a big leaguer. Wetzel predicted that he would burn up the M-O. He did for a spell, but in the last few weeks, he has fallen off in all departments. His throwing has been poor and his hitting weak.

"The Hams have paid for Windle. He cost a pretty penny. That's another tip in the outfield. Had he shown the slump three weeks ago Messrs. Carroll and Press would not have been minus his purchase price."

A one-year trade between the Hams and Kalamazoo is on, involving First-Baseman Kuhn and Bubaker. Wetzel is sweet on Bubaker, who is a lot younger than Kuhn, and he is understood that the Kazoos look favorably on the trade. A change of scenery will probably do both first-sackers some good.

Bubaker will play first base regularly, and Froman will be sent back to Grand Rapids. The Indian is the property of the Kansas City club of the American Association, and the story goes that the "Kazooes" are anxious to have him back. Froman has played the ball for Hamilton, and the fans will be sorry to see him go. But Boss Wetzel thinks that Bubaker will fill the bill and make the nationals forget the present situation.



CY POOK. Bellanger of Winnipeg in the Olympic boxing trials last night.

Softball Council Meets On Monday

Molly-O Pitcher Hangs Up Strike-Out Record.

The first meeting of the new softball council will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Monday night. Managers of teams and players are asked to attend the meeting to go through the rules which are being interpreted steadily. One rule especially about which there has been many arguments is the one governing the actions of base-runners as the ball is being pitched or being hit. The interpretation of the rule sent to a local enthusiast by Secretary Broomfield of Brampton is as follows:
1. In event of runner leaving base before ball crosses plate, the runner shall return to that base, and the ball or strike pitched as the case may be, will count for or against the runner.
2. In event of base-runner leaving base before the ball is hit, he should return to that base, and the batter shall only advance to the last unoccupied base. (Note—If the runner leaves first base before the ball is made, he must return to first, and the batter bats over, the strike in which the hit was made, and the runner shall return to second, and the hit shall only be entitled to get to first no matter whether the hit was good for more or not.)

Y. W. C. A. LEAGUE.
The Jersey Creams and Spark Flugs won their first games in the Y. W. C. A. league last night. The scores and batteries:
Jersey Creams..... 8
Spark Flugs..... 2
E. Swanson, A. McCready and E. Fowler, E. Ford and Hazel Daniels.
Spark Flugs..... 20
Latter Day Saints..... 12
Sumner and M. Stock; E. Hires and C. Timbrell.

WHIFFS THIRTEEN BATTERS.
The Molly-O's trimmed Scott-McHale in the Manufacturers' Girl League last night. The Molly-O's pitcher struck out thirteen batters, hanging up a new record for lady slab artists to shoot at in softball circles.

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Race Results

DORVAL RESULTS

FIRST RACE, 5 1/2 furlongs—Heavy Artillery, 118 (Romanelli), \$10.00, \$3.50, \$1.50, won. Star Court, 110 (Chalmers), \$2.75, \$2.50, second. Black Baby, 110 (Banks), \$5.35, third. Time, 1:06 3/5.
SECOND RACE, 5 furlongs—Ledge, Little Sheep, Lady Patricia, Peter Combs, Mother Day, Merry Bells ran. SECOND RACE, 5 furlongs—Wattle, 108 (Shanks), \$5.10, \$4, \$3.50, won. Battlemare, 106 (Walls), \$5.40, \$2.40, second. Trigger, 101 (Wilson), \$3.55, third. Time, 1:00.
THIRD RACE, 6 furlongs—Sarnachene Belle, Foyle, Myrachine, Blackfoot, Crump ran. THIRD RACE, 6 furlongs—Wattle, 108 (Shanks), \$5.10, \$4, \$3.50, won. Lady Choco, 103 (Bogowski), \$7.20, \$2.50, second. New Beauty, 109 (Rensetti), \$4.15, third. Time, 1:12 2/5.
FOURTH RACE, 1 1/2 miles—Nivlas, Conscript, Tidal Wave, Much Ado ran. FOURTH RACE, 1 1/2 miles—Wattle, 108 (Shanks), \$5.10, \$4, \$3.50, won. Persistence, 107 (Wallace), \$2.90, \$2.40, second. Oakes, 90 (McLvor), \$3.20, \$2.20, third. War Tank, 103 (Walls), \$2.25, third. Time, 1:41.
FIFTH RACE, 1 1/2 miles—Red Tip, Rebus ran. FIFTH RACE, 1 1/2 miles—Fannie Bean, 111 (Wallace), \$3, \$2.40, won. Good Night, 107 (Walls), \$2.50, \$2.45, second. Leachette, 108 (Bruening), \$3.35, third. Time, 2:34 1/5.
SIXTH RACE, mile and sixteenth—Polly Leighton, 109 (Chalmers), \$3.20, \$2.40, won. (Judy), \$4.15, \$2.80, second. Capt. Clover, 107 (Baker), \$3.05, third. Little Ed, Dardanelle, Loveliness, Nancy McKay also ran.

SEVENTH RACE, mile and 70 yards—St. Martin's, 97 (Pribble), \$8.50, \$4, \$3.15, won. Winnipeg, 105 (Chalmers), \$7.50, \$5.10, second. Zambiar, 97 (Howard), \$10, third. Time, 1:44 1/5.
Eighth Race, mile and 70 yards—Millie, Abe Sabotasky, Luck Run, Brush Boy, Occidentals also ran.

NIAGARA FALLS RESULTS

FIRST RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Carbottell, 116 (Chapell), \$74.50, \$27.40, won. Uncertain, 105 (Tautelle), \$6.25, \$3.20, second. Time, 1:00 4/5.
SECOND RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Bouquet, Crown Derby, Topsy Dance and Byng Boy also ran.
THIRD RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Morman, 115 (McCrann), \$3.40, \$2.70, won. W. Flag, 109 (Chapell), \$3.25, \$2.50, second. Pandine, 107 (Frost), \$4, third. Time, 1:00 1/5.
FOURTH RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Bonahe, 116 (Foden), \$4.90, \$4, \$3, won. Amber Fly, 116 (Jenkins), \$4.60, \$3.40, second. Tricks, 115 (Abel), \$4.30, third. Time, 1:25.
FIFTH RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Vee Bear, 110 (McKnight), \$4.75, \$2.80, won. Uncle Abe, 109 (Hinphy), \$3.30, \$2.45, second. Virginia B, 105 (Taylor), \$3.15, third. Time, 1:25.
SIXTH RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Roy C, 112 (McDermott), \$5.80, \$2.40, won. Columbia Tenn, 113 (Dunkinson), \$2.60, \$2.60, second. 111 (Bonham), \$3.75, third. Time, 1:39 2/5.
SEVENTH RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Shine, Assumption, Snowden also ran.
EIGHTH RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Witch Flower, 106 (Foden), \$7.20, \$2.25, won. Roseate, 117 (Midnight), \$2.95, \$2.15, second. Highgear, 113 (Mahoney), \$3.20, third. Gath, In Doubt also ran.

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SEVENTH RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Shine, Assumption, Snowden also ran.

EIGHTH RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Witch Flower, 106 (Foden), \$7.20, \$2.25, won. Roseate, 117 (Midnight), \$2.95, \$2.15, second. Highgear, 113 (Mahoney), \$3.20, third. Gath, In Doubt also ran.

THIRD RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Morman, 115 (McCrann), \$3.40, \$2.70, won. W. Flag, 109 (Chapell), \$3.25, \$2.50, second. Pandine, 107 (Frost), \$4, third. Time, 1:00 1/5.

FOURTH RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Bonahe, 116 (Foden), \$4.90, \$4, \$3, won. Amber Fly, 116 (Jenkins), \$4.60, \$3.40, second. Tricks, 115 (Abel), \$4.30, third. Time, 1:25.

FIFTH RACE, PURSE \$700, 3 years and up, maidens, 5 furlongs—Vee Bear, 110 (McKnight), \$4.75, \$2.80, won. Uncle Abe, 109 (Hinphy), \$3.30, \$2.45, second. Virginia B, 105 (Taylor), \$3.15, third. Time, 1:25.

PESTS RALLY, BUT FALL SHORT ONE

Shagmen Displace Keys With Double-Header Win.

Associated Press Despatch.
Jersey City, June 20.—Buffalo defeated Jersey City in the opening game of the series by a score of 7 to 6. Liberal hitting against Pitcher Lucey in the early rounds, coupled with a couple of fielding breaks by Shortstop Neher, gave the Bisons their six-run lead. Jersey City made a spirited rally in the ninth, when two free trips and a pair of singles resulted in two runs.
The score: R. H. E.
Buffalo..... 633 000 100-7 10 9
Jersey City..... 010 002 000-6 11 1
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Buffalo..... 033 000 100-7 10 9
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Buffalo..... 033 000 100-7 10 9
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SYRACUSE TAKES TWO.
Associated Press Despatch.
Reading, June 20.—By winning two games today at Reading, Syracuse climbed to sixth place, while the Keys dropped into the vacated seventh hole. The Stars took the first, 4 to 1, and the second, 4 to 2.

First Game.
The score: R. H. E.
Syracuse..... 000 010 102-4 4 2
Reading..... 000 002 000-2 10 2
Second Game.
The score: R. H. E.
Syracuse..... 002 200 0-4 8 0
Reading..... 000 000 000-0 10 0

ORIOLES WIN.
Associated Press Despatch.
Baltimore, June 20.—Baltimore overcame a wild batting order in a wild batting order in the opening game of the series, 10 to 1. The visitors used four pitchers, Conlan and Head made the bases full.
The score: R. H. E.
Baltimore..... 001 000 009-10 13 12
Reading..... 010 001 000-1 10 2

St. Martins pulled into better position in their chase after the flying St. Marys by trimming the Marconis 6-0 last night. St. Martins fell on Miles in the first frame for 5 runs, while the Marconis allowed the Marconis but 2 hits the rest of the game.

St. Martins, AB, R, H, PO, A, E.
Couture, 3b..... 1 1 1 0 0
Ward, 1b..... 2 2 2 0 0
B. Clark, 2b..... 2 2 2 0 0
Moisse, c..... 1 0 1 0 0
P. Clark, 1b..... 2 1 1 0 0
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STREET REGISTERS HIGHS AND LOWS

Strength of Public Utilities and Industrial Specialties Outstanding Development.

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, June 20.—Unsettled price movements characterized today's stock market, which witnessed new 1924 high and low records being established simultaneously in different sections of the list, but net gains exceeded net losses at the close. Strength of public utilities and industrial specialties was one of the outstanding developments of the day's trading, which again fell short of the million-share mark.

Bullish demonstrations in American Waterworks issues was one of the day's features, the common being run up 1 1/4 points to a number for the year at 82 1/2, and then slipping back to 82 1/4. The 6 per cent preferred closed 7 1/2 points higher at 44 after having touched 55 1/2. West Penn Power, a subsidiary company, closed at 69 1/4 for a net gain of 3 1/2 points.

Recent accumulations of the public utilities has been based on a progressive increase in earnings by most of the larger companies. For example, the Erie Railroad and Power, all up 1/2 points or more.

Good buying again cropped out in the rails, which were featured by a point gain in Erie common to 25 1/4, the highest price since 1917. Southern Railway touched 60 1/4, the highest in 11 months, while Chesapeake and Potomac Electric and Power, sold at their highest prices of the year.

With the exception of the so-called pivotal stocks, which showed a slight decline, the market closed again fairly well below 97.

Pool Operations.
Strength of the industrial specialties suggested pool operations.

Atlantic Refining recovered 2 points of its recent loss, but the other oils were inclined to be nervous. The department of justice was ready to consider the federal trade commission's allegations of profiteering in gasoline. Kelly-Springfield touched another extreme low record at 9 1/4, but the other rubber shares held relatively firm in the face of further price cuts. Colorado Fuel, General Electric, United States Steel, and American International Chemical fell back on realizing.

Time money was slightly easier, loans up to 30 days being available at 3 per cent, while the longer dates ranged from 3 1/2 to 4 per cent. Commercial paper rates were unchanged.

Foreign exchanges held firm in featureless trading. The pound sterling ruled slightly above \$4.33, and French francs were again quoted around 50c. Total stock sales, 752,100 shares.

Live Stock

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, June 20.—Cattle—Receipts 2,000; general trade dull, uneven, at week's decline, largely forced market. Little reliable demand for most killers; classes, quality plain, no choice fed. Hogs—Receipts 1,500; best, 95c; few to 90c; 80c to 85c; 75c to 80c; 70c to 75c; 65c to 70c; 60c to 65c; 55c to 60c; 50c to 55c; 45c to 50c; 40c to 45c; 35c to 40c; 30c to 35c; 25c to 30c; 20c to 25c; 15c to 20c; 10c to 15c; 5c to 10c; 0c to 5c.

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, June 20.—HAY AND STRAW—Timothy, No. 1, \$1.10; No. 2, \$1.05; No. 3, \$1.00; No. 4, \$0.95; No. 5, \$0.90; No. 6, \$0.85; No. 7, \$0.80; No. 8, \$0.75; No. 9, \$0.70; No. 10, \$0.65; No. 11, \$0.60; No. 12, \$0.55; No. 13, \$0.50; No. 14, \$0.45; No. 15, \$0.40; No. 16, \$0.35; No. 17, \$0.30; No. 18, \$0.25; No. 19, \$0.20; No. 20, \$0.15; No. 21, \$0.10; No. 22, \$0.05; No. 23, \$0.00; No. 24, \$0.00; No. 25, \$0.00; No. 26, \$0.00; No. 27, \$0.00; No. 28, \$0.00; No. 29, \$0.00; No. 30, \$0.00; No. 31, \$0.00; No. 32, \$0.00; No. 33, \$0.00; No. 34, \$0.00; No. 35, \$0.00; No. 36, \$0.00; No. 37, \$0.00; No. 38, \$0.00; No. 39, \$0.00; No. 40, \$0.00; No. 41, \$0.00; No. 42, \$0.00; No. 43, \$0.00; No. 44, \$0.00; No. 45, \$0.00; No. 46, \$0.00; No. 47, \$0.00; No. 48, \$0.00; No. 49, \$0.00; No. 50, \$0.00; No. 51, \$0.00; No. 52, \$0.00; No. 53, \$0.00; No. 54, \$0.00; No. 55, \$0.00; No. 56, \$0.00; No. 57, \$0.00; No. 58, \$0.00; No. 59, \$0.00; No. 60, \$0.00; No. 61, \$0.00; 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**PROPER VENTILATION
IN SCHOOLS STRESSED**

George Winterbottom & Son
Installing System in Empress
Avenue Building.

Proper ventilation, so vital a need for the welfare of persons of all ages, is one of the most important considerations, in the minds of the local school board, in the construction of new schools. The sheet metal firm of George Winterbottom & Son of 519 Richmond street has had charge of all work of this nature in practically all the new modern schools built in the city during recent years. This concern recently completed the ventilation work in the Trafalgar street building and is now installing the ventilating system in the new Empress Avenue School in London West. This is out of the ordinary line of sheet metal work, requiring an accurate understanding of hot and cold air currents and their relation to the building under consideration. The modern system of ventilation is far different from that of the old days when a window was opened on one side of the room and a door on the other and unhealthful drafts allowed to blow through the room. Today the air is blown into the room through a series of large ducts—after being heated if the weather is cold—and then removed from the room by being drawn through the exhaust ducts, to be discharged into the outer air. This insures fresh and, if necessary, warm air at all times without accompanying drafts and the dangers they bring in their train.

**LONDON VINEGAR WORKS
PRODUCTS ARE POPULAR**

King Street Firm Has Been
Established Here For
35 Years.

Nothing but the best materials are used in the manufacture of the products of the London Vinegar Works of 96 King street. This firm has made vinegar for the citizens of London for thirty-five years, and by the large demand daily for their services promise to be of an indefinite length. Their products are known all over Western Ontario and they operate an adequate and quick service. Vinegar noted for its consistent goodness and purity is the house- hold necessity, and this is met by the high quality of the vinegar made by this concern. Embleton's English malt vinegar and cider and spirit vinegars are this concern's leading lines. Besides these products hundreds of gallons of swe- cider are made in season every year.

**BEST SERVICE IS MOTTO
OF CHANTLER BROS. FIRM**

The coal and wood business of Chantler Bros. of 263 Bathurst street was founded 33 years ago by George J. Chantler, who still remains its active head of the firm. This concern, which had a small beginning, is today one of the largest retail coal and wood yards in Western Ontario. Chantler Bros. handle only the very best grade of Scranton anthracite coal, and insure absolute satisfaction in every ton of fuel they sell. Mr. Chantler says: "We have al- ways made service our motto, and the majority of our customers are ones who have used our coal and wood for many years back, and every one of them is strong for this com- pany because they appreciate the good service we have always given them."

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**When Will Planes Supplant
Bikes Along School Fences?**

Perhaps Never, But Modern Boys Know Their Wheels Take
Them to Life's Adventure Always Just Around
the Corner.

Along every school fence in the city can be seen any day in the week stores and in some places hun- dreds of bicycles lined up awaiting their carefree owners to burst from the doors at 4 o'clock to wing away to all the romance of life and play that lies just around the corner for every mother's son in the world, and from this fact it is not a far-fetched conjecture to wonder when the time will come when perhaps miniature aeroplanes will take the places of the wheels along the fence. A while ago? Maybe, and per- haps it will never be, but— The men who first had the thought of making horseless carriages were laughed to scorn when Fulton first operated a steamship he was called crazy; after Galileo invented a tele- scope he narrowly escaped being put to death. But today all these are integral parts of modern life and their inventors are looked upon as great men. However, today the boy with a wheel is not worrying over Galileo's narrow escape or Fulton's injured feelings. His bicycle takes him wherever he wishes, and if at some future day he sees youngsters going to school in aeroplanes he will doubtless think, "What a wonder! Well, these machines are faster, but that old wheel I had when I was a kid certainly meant a lot to me."

Today more people are riding bicycles than for years past, and one has not far to look to find a host of reasons for this fact. Modern progress and the ever-growing need for more speed and more efficiency have brought about a condition where rail and bus lines are at times inadequate to cope with the demands upon their service. With a bicycle one is freed from long tiresome walks and gets much-needed exercise for every muscle. A bicycle is simple and easy to learn to ride and to keep in good condition. There is very little about it to get out of order. It needs no expensive gasoline or other fuel and little parking space. It is always ready when needed. The fresh air and the modern ex- cuse of cycling are exactly what are needed to develop the lungs and whole body and to give one robust health and a clear complexion. Collectors and messengers can find nothing more useful than a bicycle. For rush deliveries and for all de- liveries of small, light goods, nothing else can compete with a boy on a bicycle in quickness or low cost per unit. It is the spare horse of the farm. It brings the school, the neighbors, the grocery store, the post office, the getting mail, rushing repair parts for machinery and running errands. It is just the thing.

**STUCCOED EXTERIORS
LESSEN HEATING BILLS**

Firm of Parker and Allen
Guarantee Work To Last
Fifteen Years.

A fifteen-year guarantee is behind every stucco job done by the firm of Parker & Allen of 1197 Florence street. This concern, one of the best known and most progressive of its kind in this district, has come to be a firm whose work is held in high esteem by hundreds of Londoners. The successful concern was started here in 1912. At first Mr. Parker and Mr. Allen did all the work them- selves, but now their staff has been increased to fourteen men, a fact which brings out the striking ad- vance made in the last twelve years. Satisfied customers are the best guarantee that any business concern can have, and this firm has estab- lished numerous friends throughout the country with their satisfactory work. One of the main reasons for the stucco work done by Parker & Allen is saved from two to five tons of coal in one year. Being particular is another thing that speaks for the firm's ad- vancement. Mr. Parker states that the men who work for him must un- derstand the plastering work thor- oughly, and this is the reason that the stucco work done by Parker & Allen is the best of the very best quality available, regardless of cost. He says: "Referring to the outside of a house, why not make the old home look like a million dollars by having it stuccoed in the right way by our men? They have a wide ex- tensive knowledge of the work, and we guarantee your satisfaction. We have granite in all the new shades, and also first-class shell stucco, which saves paint and fuel, and besides adds to the appearance of your home. It is also the best, cheapest and warmest thing on the market for your garage."

**PETROLIA AGREEMENT
CANCELLED BY COMPANY**

Petrolia, June 20.—The Union Natural Gas Co. informed the local council of the termination of the rate agreement between the Petrolia utilities and the town, dated Octo- ber 25, 1922. The company will can- cel and terminate the rates.

INTERMENT AT ZION.
Special to The Advertiser.
Petrolia, June 20.—The funeral of Mrs. Thomas Johnstone was held Thursday afternoon, Rev. J. J. Mondie conducted the service. The late Mrs. Johnstone, who was Mary Harriett Postill, was born in Whitley Township, Ontario county, in 1857. When but 15 years of age she moved to Moore Township with her father. She moved to Petrolia 36 years of age, and had resided here since. Survivors are the husband and three brothers, Frank and Frederick Moore, and George, Sarnia. The remains were interred in Zion Cemetery.

AYLMER DECORATION DAY.
Special to The Advertiser.
Aylmer, June 20.—The I. O. O. F. lodge of Aylmer, and citizens in gen- eral, will hold decoration day this year on Sunday, July 6, at the Aylmer Cemetery. The lodge will decorate the graves of departed brethren, and citizens and those of the surrounding district make this day an annual event. The Aylmer Citizens' Band will furnish sacred music.

SHOW CASES, BOOK CASES
MADE TO ORDER OUR SPECIALTY.
THE CREIGHTON WOODWORK COMPANY
STORE FRONTS, PARTITIONS, CUPBOARDS.
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SERVICE STATION
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Speedometers, Valves, Ignition, Motor Horns and Tire Pumps.
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SEND YOUR WEEKLY WASH TO THE
LONDON STEAM LAUNDRY
HOUSEHOLD WORK
No Marking
5c—8c ONE POUND
Phone 7800—We Will Call

SILVERWOOD'S SAFE MILK
PLEASES PARTICULAR PEOPLE
PHONE 6100 FOR SERVICE OR SAMPLE.
You Will be SURPRISED at its RICHNESS AND PURITY.

**SUNNYSUDS MEANS
LESS WASHING LABOR**

Popular Machine Banishes
"Blue Monday" For House-
wives Everywhere.

"Banish blue Monday—wash your duds in Sunnysuds." This slogan has been adopted by the Eureka Shop "Wife-Saving Station" in connection with their special sale of Sunnysuds Electric Washing Machines. And could any time be more appropriate to purchase an electric washer than now, with the huge summer washings staring each housewife in the face? Clean clothes every day during the summer for every one in the family is an easy matter to ar- range when Sunnysuds is on the job. It washes clothes clean in just a few minutes and wrings them dry with- out any labor, muss or bother on anyone's part. Just turn the switch on wash day and Sunnysuds does the rest—and no clothes were ever whiter or cleaner than those washed regularly in a Sunnysuds Electric Washer. During this special sale, there is given free with each Sunnysuds Electric Washer one Penberthy washing machine drain— a solid aluminum device, employing the siphon principle which with the six feet of rubber hose supplied with it fills the washer or tubs from an ordi- nary faucet and empties them into laundry tubs or sink, thus making wash day still easier by eliminating the lifting and carrying of water. With it and the Sunnysuds in a home "Blue Monday" is certainly banished forever. Drop in at the Wife-Saving Sta- tion, 231 Dundas street, when pass- ing and they will be glad to show you this machine whether you are ready to buy or not. They are justly proud of Sunnysuds and really seem to like talking about it.

**NEW PROCESS BREAD
IS PROVING POPULAR**

Brighton Bakery Places Extra
Fine Product On the
Market.

"Something just a little better" is the way in which B. F. Brighton of Brighton's Bakery describes the new loaf his firm has placed on the market recently. It is called New Process Bread and has sprung into wide demand throughout the city. "It is made of extra fine ingredi- ents," said Mr. Brighton, "and its manure costs more than that of ordinary bread, but there has long been a demand for bread of this type and that is why we are making it." Other products of Brighton's Bakery are whole-wheat, Sunmaid raisin, graham, coconut milk, and Grannie's Favorite home-made macaroni. Besides these, nut and fruit bread are made weekly as Sat- urday specials. Business of this concern has in- creased to such an extent that an- other wagon has been added to the fleet of six already in operation.

**AMERICAN DRY CLEANING
SERVICE COVERS DISTRICT**

The American Dry Cleaning and Dye Works was the first dry cleaning plant in Western Ontario. Nineteen years ago Richard Holmes, Sen., started the first unit of this concern at 755 Dundas street, east in this city, and his business has so in- creased in that length of time as to necessitate the establishment of branches in Sturford, Woodstock, Brantford, Ingersoll, Leamington, Blenheim, Southampton, Simcoe and Exeter. With these many branches the American Dry Cleaning and Dye Works thoroughly covers the whole of Western Ontario in the field of dry cleaning, pressing and dyeing.

VESSEL MOVEMENTS.
At Port Dalhousie: Up—Easton, Wotan, Burlington, Chicago Tribune, Glenaville, Glenora, Brandon, Fer- son, J. Gleniston, Dry Cleaning, J. D. Mactier, J. A. McKee, Glenarm. Down—Cedar Bay, Maple Heath, Maple Bay, Glenorrie, Pablow, Roy- alite, Bennington, Dalrymple, Glen- garnock.

Chesterfields
Made to Your Order.
Any Size—Any Quantity.
QUICK. The Upholsterer
523 Richmond St. Phone 3887J.

I. X. L. SPICE AND COF-
FEE MILLS, LIMITED.
Sweethearts, Jelly, Pure and
Delicious.
Sweetheart Peanut Butter.
Something Different.

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Full line of under-the-arm bags,
Janes and Tompkins, Corsets.
High quality and low prices.
TECUMSEH LEATHER GOODS.
344½ Richmond, Opposite Hobbs
Hardware.

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CONTRACTS SOLICITED
Prompt Attention to Jobbing
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Heating & Ventilating Contractors
GEO. WINTERBOTTOM
& SON
SHEET METAL WORKERS
Phone 5889W, 519 Richmond St.

FRENCH PASTRY

Prepared by a French chef who now has charge of our
new kitchen.

Olympia Candy Works
186 DUNDAS STREET. PHONE 473.

EAT WHERE IT'S ALWAYS COOL
AT THE
NEW SERVICE LUNCH
362 RICHMOND STREET
NOTHING BUT THE BEST

HEXTER
TAXI
(Formerly Marley-Hexter)
PHONE
2859
483 RICHMOND STREET.
5 and 7-Passenger Sedans
"Weddings a Specialty"

GRAND PRIZE
EUREKA
VACUUM
CLEANERS
SUNNYSUDS
ELECTRIC
WASHING
MACHINES
The
EUREKA
SHOP
Wife-Saving Station
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231 DUNDAS STREET

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Students Placed on Graduation.
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Full Line of Electrical
FIXTURES
WESTINGHOUSE SHOP
Phone 2203, 306 Dundas

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ART TANNER
BICYCLES, TRICYCLES,
TOYS & ACCESSORIES
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Experts on Boiler Welding
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481 RICHMOND STREET. Horace E. Robinson, Manager. PHONE 1344J.

GRIGG HOTEL CAFE
CHICKEN
DINNER
60c
334 RICHMOND ST.
SUNDAY
SPECIAL MENU
"BEST OF TABLE SERVICE."
From 11:00 a. m. to 8 p. m. PHONE 5675.

THE JUNE
BRIDE
Before deciding on your
wedding cake, consult us.
Our prices are moderate.
R. Willis & Son
609 Dundas. Phone 2023.

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EMBLETON'S
PURE SPIRIT CIDER
AND MALT VINEGAR
In Bottles or in Bulk.
LONDON VINEGAR WORKS
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Made like new with a manufac-
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machinery. Work called for and
delivered.
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RELIABLE
DRY CLEANING
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R. HOLMES
Proprietor.
LONDON
STRAITFORD
BRANTFORD

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70 Pure White Lead, 30 Pure White Zinc, 100
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FOR SALE IN LONDON BY
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Sheet Metal Workers,
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New Electric Motors at Second-
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COMPANY, LIMITED
RAPIDS RIGHT.
Lead Mould, Nickel Types,
Electrotype, Stereotype.
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O. K. BAKERY
Some of Our Favorite Brands
Sun-Made Raisin Bread
Granny's Favorite
Home-Made
Saturday's Special Nut
Bread
Have Our Driver Call.
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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.

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Auctioneers and valuers for city
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Giant Shingles, Heaviest Weight.
They Stay Down.
Ask for Giants. They roof best.

SEE OUR FIREPROOF WALL BOARD
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
Lime, Cement, Tile and Pressed Brick. Get Our Prices.
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London's Largest Used Ford Car Sales
THE JACK WHITE MOTOR COMPANY
PHONE JACK WHITE FOR ALL PARTICULARS.
PHONE 95J, 374-378 DUNDAS ST.

ICED TEA

when pure, delicious

"SALADA"

is used, is a satisfying and refreshing summer-beverage.



Sunlight—for your Washing Machine

A WASHING machine is made to wash your clothes without rubbing or boiling—and it succeeds just in proportion to the value of the soap you use.

Sunlight Soap dissolves quickly and completely in hot water and works up into an abundant suds. This is very necessary so that its rich cleansing ingredients may search through and through the meshes of the clothes and dissolve the dirt and soil spots. Then, when rinsing comes, all dirt and soapy matter runs entirely away, leaving your clothes sweet, fresh and snowy clean.

Put half a cake of Sunlight into hot water in your machine and stir into generous suds. Put in the clothes and operate the machine—your clothes will be clean.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO

The pure lather of Sunlight Soap cleanses the clothes naturally, not chemically. The \$5,000 Guarantee of Purity is stamped on every tablet of Sunlight Soap.

Old Dutch

Soft and Flaky, won't scratch.

Contains no lye or acids.

Goes further, gives better results.

Cleans all thru the house.



DEMAND BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy - Genuine



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.

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 diester 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."

GUMP, GOOGLE & CO., Experts In Laughter

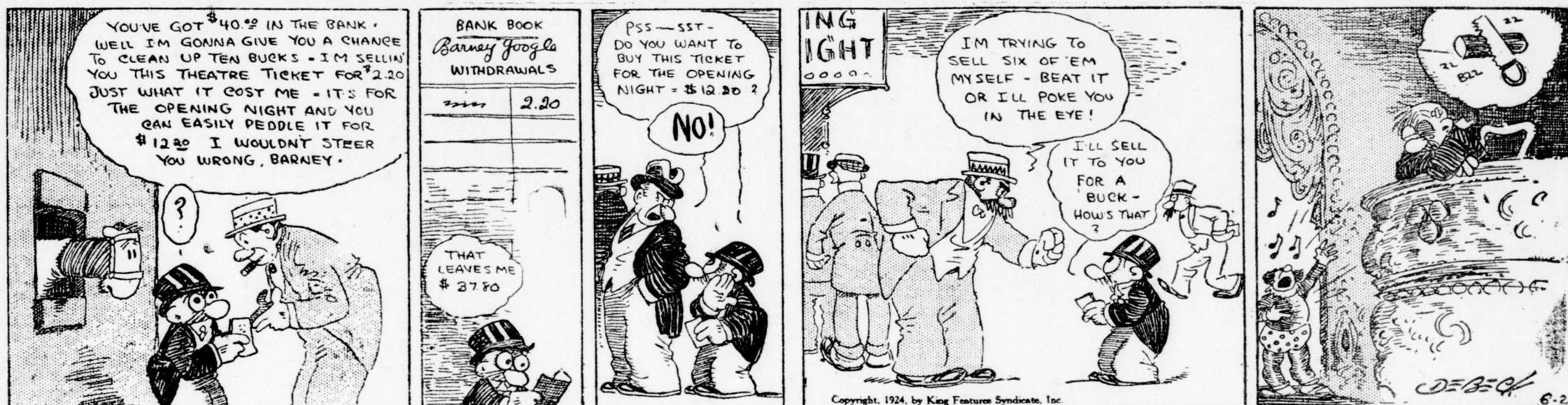
THE GUMPS—HONK! HONK!



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Makes a Bad Investment.

By BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

Casper Spoke Out of His Turn.

By JIMMY MURPHY



MUTT AND JEFF

Only Educated Guys Can Be Lion Tamers From Now On.

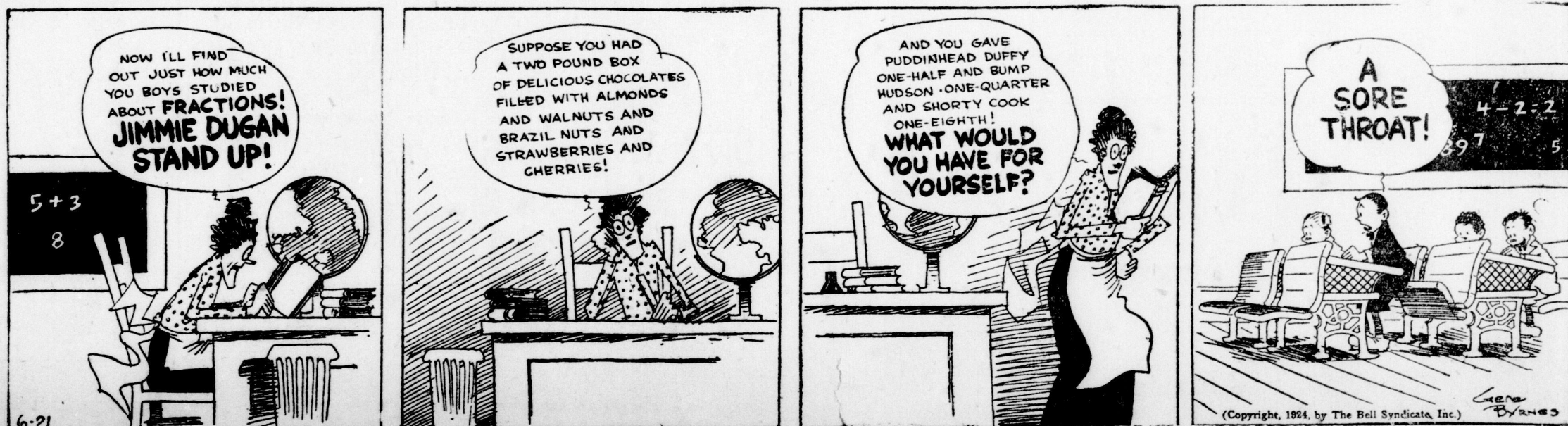
By BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

A Reason for the Generosity.

By GENE BYRNES



Rcwat's Coffee
Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.
70c Pound.
Try a Pound Today.
T.A. Rowat & Co.
250 Dundas St. Phone 3051-3052.



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"Your health cannot be perfect unless your vision is normal."

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Handsome Motor Hearses.
Day or Night Service with Promptness, Neatness and Quietness.
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104 Dundas Street, London.
Residence on premises. Phone 450.



Quality Vulcanizing Only.
ART WILKES
London Tire Repair Depot.
354 WELLINGTON STREET.
Opposite McClary's. ywt

Dry Hardwood Slabs Now.
Also Coke and Coal.
GILLIES
Phone 1312, Cor. Adelaide and Bathurst. ywt

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DENTIST
GENERAL PRACTICE.
SPECIALTY—PAINLESS EXTRACTION, PLATE WORK AND X-RAY.
213 DUNDAS STREET. ywt

LUMBER! SHINGLES!
XXX B. C. \$5.75 per M.
XXXX B. C. \$6.75 " "
XX Specials \$5.00 " "
Garage V Siding \$4.00 " "
GEO. H. BELTON LUMBER COMPANY, LIMITED xt

Banner's Barber Shop
417 TALBOT STREET.
Haircut 25c. Shave 15c.
FIVE COMPETENT BARBERS. ywt

Purity Cannel COAL.
FOR FIREPLACES.
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371-373 DUNDAS STREET.
PHONE 1963. ywt

Perfectly Appointed
Our Funeral Home, our staff of trained morticians, our motor vehicles, everything connected with this institution is retained for one purpose only—to render satisfactory, efficient service.
A. L. OATMAN
Director of Funeral Service
Phone 586. The Funeral Home.
Cor. King and Colborne Sts.

Split-Top Bread

THE IDEAL BREAD FOR EVERY SPREAD.
SOMETHING NEW RICH WITH COUNTRY MILK

Try This Wonderful Loaf
AND BE CONVINCED OF ITS GOODNESS.

Made by
Parnell
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Say it with flowers
DICKS
FLOWER SHOP

WEGNER OFFERS
200 DOZEN MEN'S
STRAW HATS
Less Than Factory Prices,
25c to \$3.95
Don't Miss the Opportunity.
Wegner Clothing Co.
371 Talbot St. Opp. Market. ywt

WOMEN'S WAGES IN CITY ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY

Investigator's Report Shows Minimum Salary Paid All Women Workers.

SOME PROTESTS

Labor Delegate Evans Does Not Think Report Should Be Accepted.

The wages paid women and girls in the city of London were the chief topic of general interest discussed at the regular meeting of the Labor party at the Labor Temple last night. In the absence of the president, Arthur Mould, the chair was occupied by Aid. Frank McKay.

A report received from H. G. Fester, member of the federal minimum wage board, concerning an investigation he had made recently of various firms in the city, was challenged by one of the delegates on two counts; one as to the statement that in one establishment no feminine wage paid was less than \$19 per week, and the second on the ground that some of the concerns kept two sets of books with the express purpose of evading the law.

"I don't think we should accept that report until there has been a proper investigation," declared Delegate Evans. Ways and means of catching employers who were evading the minimum wage law were then discussed at some length. One suggestion was that a specific case be taken before the wage board with the facts to prove the case. A second suggestion was that a check up be made of the pay envelopes as received by the employees with the wage lists as entered in the company's books.

Not Paid Minimum.
Mrs. Fred White, president of the London Women's Labor Party, mentioned the fact that she had been told of two girls who were not receiving the minimum wage. She was not prepared to state, she said, whether or not they would be willing to have their cases go to the minimum wage board for fear of losing their positions over the head of it. The suggestion being made that a committee be appointed to investigate the cases referred to and report at the next meeting, the chairman of the evening appointed Mrs. White and Mrs. Bernard as a committee for this purpose with power to add to their numbers.

The full report made by Mr. Fester is as follows:
"In conformity with your request of recent date that our commission look into the matter of the wages of working women in the city of London, I, in company with Miss Lawton, an expert, spent the last few days of June and 3 investigating conditions in your city.

"It is a source of great pleasure to me to report that in every instance we have been able to find our law being strictly obeyed. We examined the wage sheets of the following establishments: Smallman & Ingram, Woolworth's Store, Metropolitan store, Gray's Ladies' Wear, Perrin's biscuit factory, McCormick's biscuit factory, Penman's Hosiery, Holeproof Hosiery, Regal Manufacturing Co., O-P-Chee Gum, Somerville Paper Box Factory, Ward's Cigar Factory and I. K. L. Spices.

Always Short Time.
"Wherever we found wages low, it was always a case of short time. One specific case cited to us was at the Regal Mfg. Co. Imagine our surprise when we found that this establishment was a unionized shop operating under the United Garment Workers' Union with no wages below \$19 per week. One lady only was receiving what might be termed low wages, but this was due entirely to the fact that she worked very little time in any one week. Penman's Hosiery Factory had an excellent wage sheet, in spite of the fact that all of its workers were doing work. Our piece work regulations permit 20 per cent to earn less than the prescribed minimum, which, incidentally, is a lower percentage than is allowed by any other minimum wage board on this continent. Less than 10 per cent of Penman's workers are earning below minimum standard in spite of our 20 per cent allowance. A specific case given to us on this plant came under this category.

"On the whole I venture to say that there is no place in all Ontario where you will find the minimum wage law better observed than in the city of London.

Little Fellow, Culprit.
"In conclusion, let me suggest to you that in future, when looking for violations of our law, that you keep all big, first-class establishments out of your calculations. These in nearly every instance observe the law strictly. It is the little fellow, with small resources, who is responsible for most of our difficulties. I make this suggestion to you in absolute good faith, and it is based upon three years' of experience and observation." Acknowledgment of the party's message of congratulation to Premier

Our fitters are experts, \$1.50 to \$10.00. We have Trusses to fit all sizes.
ANDERSON
61 N. E. ST.
258 Dundas St.

BIRD KITES, 10c Each; SAIL BOATS AND SAND PAILS

PEEL'S
RICHMOND STREET.

Dr. J. W. Hutchison
OPTOMETRIST.
EXPERT EYE EXAMINATION
Office in Johnston Bros. Jewelry Store, Next to Allen Theatre. 6-11

HAWKEN-LANG
COAL COMPANY
PHONE 522 ywt



DR. A. J. GRANT,
well-known London physician, who was elected to the board of councilors of the Ontario Medical Association at the conclusion of the association's convention in Ottawa today.

MacDonald upon his election as prime minister of Great Britain was received in the following communication from Rose Rosebery, private secretary of the premier:

"Your letter of the 23rd inst. to the prime minister, conveying to him the congratulations of the London branch of the Canadian Labor Party, has been received. Needless to say, such letters are a source of great encouragement to his difficult task, and he asked me to write and thank you for your good wishes. Your remarks about the emigration problem have been noted. I am sending on your letter to Mr. William Lunn, who is in charge of the emigration department, and am asking him to communicate with you on the matter."

BARN IS BURNED IN WESTMINSTER

Lightning Held Responsible—London & Port Stanley Train Hit.

Lightning is believed to have caused the fire which about midnight destroyed the barns on the farm of W. H. Robinson, concessioner I. Westminster Township. The loss is placed at from \$4,000 to \$5,000 partially covered by insurance.

The family was asleep when one of the sons was awakened by a reflection of flames. Hurried investigation showed that the big bank barn was in flames. Horses and cattle were removed and neighbors joined in a bucket brigade, but the flames spread so rapidly that the building was soon doomed, along with the implement shed and all the farm implements.

The building was of frame construction and about 40 by 80 feet in dimensions. Reflection of the fire was very clear in the city and some persons pulled a fire alarm box, taking the firemen to Brisbane street, but they could not go to the scene of the blaze. Nature played queer pranks with the London Life Assurance Company staff on their annual picnic yesterday to Port Stanley.

Part of the program at the park was interfered with when rain fell heavily, and much of the enthusiasm was dampened. Evidently not satisfied with the results of the "ducking," old Dame Nature decided to give the party a nerve-racking shock, for the train on which they were returning to the city got in the way of a bolt of lightning, and the merry-makers immediately felt that their cup of trials was filled to overflowing. Fortunately the ill effects of the lightning were not very marked, as the train proceeded safely to the city, but one car was in total darkness.

The storm, which first visited this section about 2 o'clock, was again general during the early hours of the night. The rain broke the oppressive heat spell when the thermometer reached the high level of the year, with 93 degrees officially recorded. During the storm in the afternoon hat-tornes fell quite freely in some sections of the city, but no reports have been received of any damage resulting.

SARNIA SWEETERS.
Special to The Advertiser.

Sarnia, June 20.—Sarnia sweetened today in a temperature of 90 degrees, the first hot day of the year. There was a rush to the beach, but strangely the lake water is still too cold for enjoyable bathing. Tonight there was practically an exodus from the city to Lake Huron beach.

CANADIAN BARRISTERS WILL GO TO ENGLAND

To Be Joint Hosts To American Judges and Barristers.

Canadian Press Despatch. Winnipeg, June 20.—More than 250 Canadian barristers will go to London in July when the Bar of England and the Canadian Bar Association are to be joint hosts to the American Bar Association. It is expected that nearly 1,000 United States judges and barristers will attend. The program as announced today by S. H. Coleman, secretary of the Canadian Bar Association, outlines a series of social and business engagements from July 29 to July 30, including a garden party being given by the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace.

Make Your Bedrooms Cheery and Comfortable

A beautiful and restful bedroom will only consist of the required amount of furniture. The new effects in bedroom furniture feature restful and well designed pieces to give the most comfort.

WELL-MADE BEDROOM FURNITURE At Moderate Prices

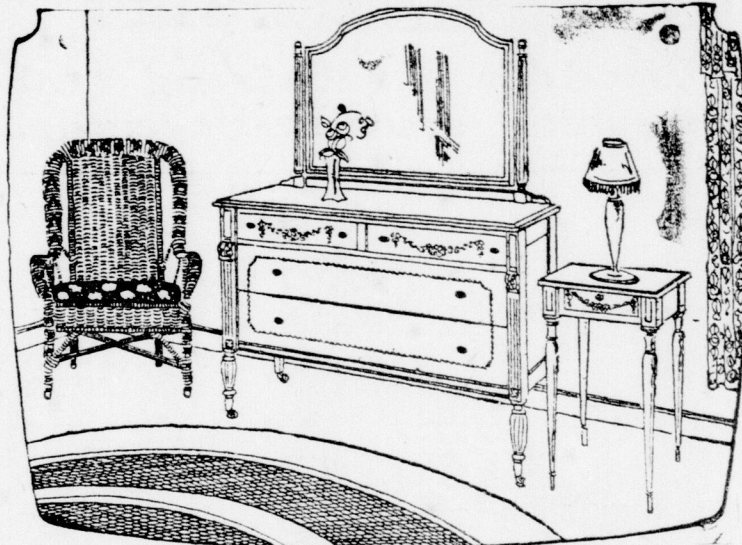
In design, material, construction and workmanship, there is a thoroughness of quality, a happy touch of style and refinement that appeals to home furnishers.

Two only **BEDROOM SUITES**, made of Canadian red birch, finished walnut. Suite consists of full-size bed, dresser, chiffonette and vanity dresser. Price, four pieces \$145.00

MANUFACTURER'S SAMPLE BEDROOM SUITE, gray enamel. The bed is 4 ft. 6 ins. wide, with bow foot, dresser, 50 inches wide, with 30x40-inch mirror, chiffonette, 34 inches wide, dressing table, 48 inches wide; also bedside table, bedroom chair, rocker and H. D. bench. Price, eight pieces \$275.00

ODD PIECES OF BEDROOM FURNITURE, UNDER-PRICED.

One only Vanity Dresser, combination walnut. Price \$65.00
One only Dressing Table, walnut finish, three bevelled mirrors. Price \$29.00
Gumwood Bed, finished walnut, full size. Price.....\$19.75
Furniture Department, Third Floor.



BEDROOM SUITE, Sheraton design, five pieces. Bed, full width, with bow foot; dresser, 40 inches wide; chiffonette, three-mirror dressing table and bench. All flat surfaces are genuine walnut, legs and mirror frames are walnut finish. Price, five pieces \$190.00

GENUINE MAHOGANY BEDROOM SUITE. Solid mahogany four-post bed, large dresser, chiffonette, vanity dresser and bench, all flat surfaces are five-ply, all legs, rails and mirror frames are solid mahogany. Price, five pieces \$287.50

To-day I saw

This morning I had a bright idea! I'd write a column about kitchen equipment, with one or two paragraphs about the necessities of the brand-new kitchen, and one about new conveniences for experienced kitcheners.

But when I went down to the Basement today and saw what a distracting variety of things every good housekeeper would need, I revised my plan. So this column will simply mention the necessities for the kitchen June brides will soon be furnishing. Next week I'll tell you about the others.

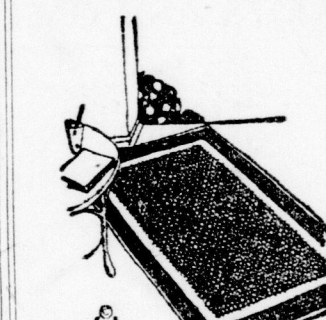
In the shining Wear-Ever utensils there are tea kettles and saucepans and double boilers. The double boilers are well-named, for the lid fits either the outer or the inner utensil, and thus makes two covered saucepans. All this for only \$2.75!

Wire strainers, paring knives of stainless steel, grapefruit knives, spatulas, Pyrex pie plates, and flour sifters, mixing spoons and egg-beaters, and roll-top bread boxes.

Stubby teapots of aluminum, electric percolators, and round hot water kettles of polished brass. You can almost hear their cheerful invitation to "put the kettle on, we'll all take tea!"

Judith

Grass Mats for Porches and Summer Cottages



Size 6 ft. x 12 ft. Price \$4.50 each
Size 8 ft. x 10 ft. Price \$5.00 each
Size 9 ft. x 12 ft. Price \$7.00 each

These Nippon Grass Mats are made in Japan. The tough grass from which they are made is twisted into strands and then woven together with strong cotton warp. They are stencilled with neat patterns in blue, green and brown, all edges are bound with strong cotton binding. Easy to buy, priced as below:

Size 2 ft. x 4 ft. Price 50c each
Size 3 ft. x 6 ft. Price \$1.00 each
Size 4 ft. 6 ins. x 7 ft. 6 ins. Price \$2.00 each
Size 5 ft. x 9 ft. Price \$3.00 each
Size 6 ft. x 10 ft. 6 ins. Price \$4.00 each

SPECIAL
Course Dinner in the Restaurant. 11:30 to 2. Quick service, 40c.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM
LIMITED

AFTERNOON TEA
Dainty luncheonettes served from 3 to 5:30
Special Menu. Restaurant, fourth floor.

A New Confection For The Summer Table

Neal's new nut-fruit loaf is everything that such a loaf should be—fruity, tasty, rich—the embodiment of goodness.

It contains "Sun-Maid" Raisins, finest of chopped walnuts, spices, lemon peel; all ingredients of high food value and furnishing everything that goes to make a perfect fruit loaf.

NEAL'S NUT-FRUIT LOAF

Every loaf machine-wrapped.
Only 25c.

Phones 1313-2173.

Neal Baking Company, Limited

Bread factories at

WINDSOR - LONDON - ST. THOMAS
SARNIA.



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