

COMMITTEE BACKED REGISTRY BUILDING SALE

Mary Perish When Gale Sweeps Over English Channel

BUCHANAN SAYS NEW BUILDING WELCOME

Mayor Denies Deal Has Been Completed To Sell Registry Office.

RECEIVED NO WORD

Utilities Anxious To See Any Improvement Made in Section.

Recommendation that the old registry office be sold for \$7,500 will be made at the next meeting of the city council. The resolution, recommending sale for this figure, is on the minute books of the city clerk, dated July 14, when the finance committee met and dealt with the matter.

Here are the minutes which registered the action of the finance committee on Monday evening last: "The old registry office, situated on the east side of the city, is a good price for the property."

"The chairman states that Mr. Scandrett has made an offer of \$7,500 cash. This will mean an increase in assessment to the city, and the site will be used for an office building."

"Ald. Smith moves and it is adopted that the old registry office be sold to Mr. T. E. Scandrett for the sum of \$7,500 cash, on the understanding that the site is to be used as an office building."

Deal Not Closed.

Asked concerning the matter this morning, Mayor Wenig declared that the deal had not been closed, and might not be for some time yet.

"The deal isn't closed," the mayor exclaimed. "How do they or anybody else know that we are going to sell the property for \$7,500 or \$15,000?"

"Well, I wouldn't commit myself one way or another concerning that. I'm not prepared to say at what price we will sell the registry office," his worship added.

"The matter has come up from time to time, and the public utilities were considered along with the others. Anyone's crazy, though, who says that the deal is completed. We haven't sold the property."

City Clerk S. Baker was asked if acknowledgment had been made of communications concerning the tender from the public utilities commission.

Not Given Authority.

"We have a card that was sent out when we receive any important communications of that kind," Mr. Baker replied. "We merely state that the communication has been received, and that it will be dealt with. I never had any authority to send out any letters regarding action of the council."

"No, we never had acknowledgment of any kind from any of the letters we sent the council," was the answer of General Manager E. V. Buchanan to a query regarding the receipt of such information from the city authorities. "Of course, that's only a guess."

Please See Page 2, Column 5.

The Weather

FORECASTS.

Today—Light winds; fine; becoming warmer.
Sunday—Light winds; fair; becoming warmer.
Monday—Light winds; fair; becoming warmer.

The pressure is highest over the Great Lakes and Middle States, and low near the Atlantic coast and west of the Mississippi.

Showers occurred yesterday in many parts of Saskatchewan and Alberta, and are general this morning in Manitoba.

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

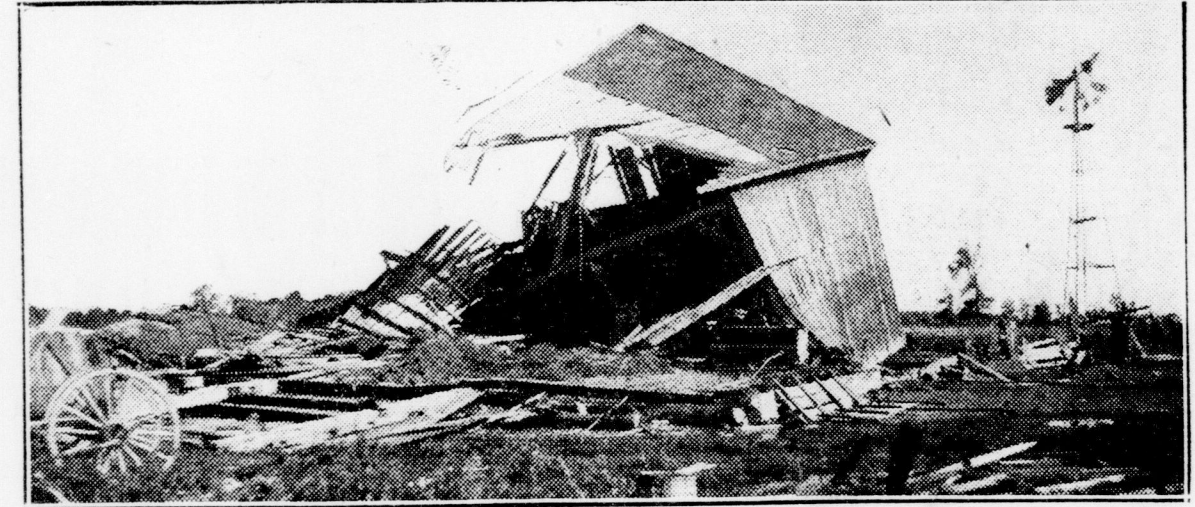
Stations.	High.	Low.	Weather.
Victoria	62	52	Rain
Calgary	74	44	Fair
Winnipeg	70	56	Rain
Port Arthur	70	48	Cloudy
Parry Sound	70	46	Clear
Kingston	74	52	Clear
Ottawa	74	52	Clear
Montreal	74	58	Clear
Quebec	74	58	Cloudy
Farmer Point	74	58	Cloudy
St. John	60	52	Clear
Halifax	60	52	Clear

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.

The highest and lowest temperatures recorded in London during the 24 hours previous to 8 o'clock last night were: Highest, 67; lowest, 46.

The official temperatures for the 12 hours previous to 8 a.m. today were: Highest, 65; lowest, 45.

Barometric Readings.
Friday—8 p.m., 29.25.
Today—8 a.m., 29.27.



WHERE STORM DESTROYED CROPS AND BUILDINGS. From Dresden Friday came a story of havoc caused by a great wind-storm which swept over Dawn Township. Above is shown the barn on the farm of William Austin, lot 21, concession 2, completely destroyed by the cyclonic wind. His garage was lifted from its foundation and thrown into the barnyard. Other farm buildings in the district were completely wrecked.

ELEVEN CANADIANS ENTER FINAL STAGE

Major J. L. Dewar Takes Alexandra Challenge Cup at Bisley.

BULLETIN.
Bisley Camp, July 19.—Private D. Burk, Ottawa, won the king's prize today.

Associated Press Despatch.
Bisley Camp, July 19.—Eleven Canadians go into the final stage today in the shoot for the King's plate.

White, Selwood, Wilson, Borland, Richardson, Beaumont, Burke, Bishop, Cross, Parnell and Storror. None of the Canadians succeeded in getting a place among the 100 marksmen eligible for the final today in the shoot-off last night for the four places still vacant. Hawkins was 107th man, Ho Lem 122nd, and Stuart 123rd. Besides the Canadians in the shoot-off there were 31 other competitors.

Major J. L. Dewar, late of the 4th Royal Scots, winner of the King's prize in 1914, won the Alexandra challenge yesterday. Stomor, of the Canadian team, was sixth in the competition. Parnell 13th, Wilson 18th, Goodhouse 24th, Bowen 43rd, Lefer 45th, Cross 46th, White 53th, Selwood 71st, Stuart 53th, and Beaumont 53rd.

The Alexandra cup match is a snail-paced contest, the entries for a challenge cup valued at 50 guineas, presented in 1907 by the late Captain A. Cortis and £300 N. prizes, the total number of prizes being 184. The distance is 600 yards, 19 shots. The winner, besides holding the cup for a year, receives £10.

AMERICAN SENTIMENT BEHIND DAWES REPORT

U. S. Secretary of State Claims His Visit to England Is Purely Personal.

Associated Press Despatch.
Southampton, July 19.—Asked for his views regarding the experts' report on the state of the world, U. S. Secretary of State Hughes, upon his arrival here today aboard the Barnard, said:

"American sentiment is very strongly behind the Dawes report as it now stands, and we believe that the report is the best report of the greatest consequence."

Mr. Hughes emphasized that his visit to England was unofficial and personal. Regarding the experts' report, however, the secretary of state declared: "We are very much interested in having it put into execution. We consider it affords a sound basis for the economic recuperation of Europe."

TO BEGIN MANOEUVRE AGAINST SAO PAULO

Dense Fog During Last Twelve Hours Hinders Necessary Reconnoitering.

Associated Press Despatch.
Buenos Aires, July 19.—An official midnight bulletin issued by the Rio de Janeiro government on the state of the present Brazilian insurrection states:

"Preparations are almost complete for executing a federal manoeuvre against the Sao Paulo government. Dense fog during the last twelve hours has hindered the necessary reconnoitering, but the situation is favorable. President Bernardes has extended the moratorium in Sao Paulo until July 27."

EIGHT KILLED IN LISBON.
Associated Press Despatch.
Lisbon, Portugal, July 19.—Eight persons were killed and several wounded here last night in a shooting affray between soldiers of the Republican guard and police agents.



MISS AGNES MCPHAIL, who lived up the dying hours of the House by precipitating a debate on the appropriation for cadet training in the schools. The progressive member would have cut the \$450,000 grant to \$400,000.

"DEATH RAY" ONLY FOR GT. BRITAIN

Inventor Guards Secret in Spite of Offers From Several Other Nations.

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, July 19.—Zealously guarding the secret of his invention known internationally as the "death ray," H. Grindell Matthews, the English inventor, arrived today on the SS. Paris for a short visit in this country. He denied that he had come to the United States to interest the government or anyone else in his invention.

The inventor's first statement upon arrival was that the use of the term "death ray" for his device was a misnomer. He said it was in reality an "electric beam," and that he had never called it anything else. The inventor declared that the ray could, if properly developed, destroy a city like New York. He also said it could "paralyze" whole armies.

He declared that four or five men could operate the machine in which the ray could paralyze armies was based upon experiments in which it "killed one mouse and four rats."

KING GEORGE TO PRESENT CROWN TO ABYSSINIAN

Associated Press Despatch.
London, July 19.—King George received Prince Ras Tafari, Regent of Abyssinia, at Buckingham Palace yesterday. As an act of friendship toward the ancient empire, the King intimated his intention of presenting to the emperor the crown of the late King Theodore, which was captured by Lord Napier of Magdala in the expedition against Abyssinia in 1868. The crown has been on exhibition in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

LONG FRESH WATER RACE BEGINS THIS AFTERNOON

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, July 19.—Twenty-four racing craft, cream of the yacht fleets of Lake Michigan, await the starting gun at 4 p.m. today to set sail in the ninth annual race to Mackinac Island, the longest fresh water contest in the world.

Five schooners, six yachts and thirteen sloops compose the fleet of contenders. The Virginia, a sloop, is the cup defender.

SOLDIER SETTLERS SCHEME LEFT OVER

Committee Recommends Tax Exemption For Ten-Year Period.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, July 18.—Recommendations by the committee on soldiers' civil service re-establishment that soldier settlers be exempted from taxation for a period of ten years, that livestock purchased prior to October, 1921, be reduced 40 per cent, and that soldiers settled on poor lands be re-located under more favorable circumstances, were not accepted by the government in full when it came before the commons this afternoon.

Hon. Charles Stewart, as acting minister of immigration, said that a particularly large sum of money was involved, and therefore he moved that the tax revision clause be dropped from the report. Mr. Stewart explained that the soldier settlers were exempt from taxation until Oct. 1, 1924, and that the renewal of this exemption for a period of ten years might well stand over until next session in order to provide the committee with a complete opportunity to thoroughly study the whole proposition.

The effect of Mr. Stewart's motion was to leave before the house a motion that the report of the committee should be adopted, excepting one paragraph. Right Hon. Arthur Meighen asked the speaker to rule the main motion out of order. He had repeatedly protested against the practice of formally adopting reports of committees and thereby committing parliament to any principle involved. In this case adoption of the report would commit parliament to a principle involving the expenditure of \$38,000,000 of the public money. The matter was left over.

RICHARD LOEB ADMITS STRIKING ROBT. FRANKS

Confesses to Blow With Chisel Which Resulted in Death of Companion.

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, July 19.—Richard Loeb, awaiting trial with Nathan Leopold on charges of kidnapping and slaying Robert Franks, has admitted that it was he who actually struck the blow killing their victim, says the Chicago Herald and Examiner today. The blow was struck with a chisel wrapped with tape, and Leopold drove the automobile in which they were riding at the time.

Press boxes to accommodate newspaper and magazine representatives were being fitted up in court for the preliminary hearing and facilities for prompt transmission of the proceedings by telegraph and telephone installed.

TWO ARE BADLY CUT WHEN CAR LEAVES ROAD

Special to The Advertiser.
Delaware, July 19.—Clifford Graham of Melbourne, and Miles McDougall, a farmer living near Melbourne, suffered several severe cuts about the head when the machine in which they were riding struck a hydro pole and was ditched on the big highway just west of here yesterday. Graham, who was driving, stated that without warning the auto suddenly swerved to the side of the road and that before he could supply the brakes it had struck the pole. The impact with the pole was sufficient to damage the front of the car considerably. It is thought a defective steering rod caused the machine to leave the road.

ADOPT SOLDIER LAND BILL.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, July 19.—The item of \$5,000,000 soldier land settlement was adopted by the House of Commons in committee tonight.

The short cut to a good job is by using The Advertiser "Want" Ad columns.

U.S. CONSUL IS BEATEN TO DEATH IN PERSIA

Despatch Says Another American Citizen Was Seriously Injured.

WIFE SENDS NEWS

Cables Washington of Death of Husband, But Gives No Details.

Associated Press Despatch.
London, July 19.—A despatch to the Evening News from Teheran, Persia, states that Major Robert Imbrie, United States consul there, died as the result of a severe beating administered by a mob. Another United States citizen, it is said, who was with Major Imbrie, was taken to the hospital after being seriously injured.

Other advices from Teheran had it that the "American consul with his Oriental secretary" were photographed in a public fountain when a mob suddenly attacked them. It was said that the United States official was killed and his secretary and several policemen injured.

NO DETAILS GIVEN.

Washington, July 19.—The death of Robert W. Imbrie, vice-consul in charge at Teheran, Persia, was reported yesterday to the state department by Mrs. Imbrie. Her message, however, gave no details.

Major Imbrie was vice-consul in charge of the Teheran consulate during the absence of Consul Bernard Gotlieb, who is in the United States on leave. Entering the consular service in 1917, he was appointed vice-consul at Teheran in 1921, and later at Viborg and Constantinople. He was born in Washington in 1884.

BOY FINED FOR TAKING "JOY RIDE" IN MOTOR

Charles Foley, a youth of 17 who thoughtlessly drove away from Victoria Hospital on July 13 in the car of Dr. George Ramsay, pleaded guilty in court today to a charge of unlawfully using a motor car without the consent of the owner and was fined \$10 and costs by Magistrate Gladman, who stipulated that the boy must have proper supervision by his father for some time to come.

Crown Attorney Judd stated he had made careful enquiries regarding the boy and found that he had never been in trouble before.

The magistrate stated that he too had instituted enquiries and had come to the same conclusion as Mr. Judd, and characterized Foley's action as a "thoughtless boyish act."

This Mother Had Pluck And Turned Death Away

Here Is Another Reader Who Believes That Women Can Endure More Than Men—What Do You Think?

The remarkable story of 15-year-old Margaret Murchison inspired an Advertiser reader to advance the belief that women in general have more pluck and endurance than men.

Below is a letter from another reader supporting that belief and citing a true story of gripping courage in proof of it.

HAVE YOU A STORY OF PLUCK? What is your opinion? The Advertiser will be glad to receive letters from its readers giving examples of courage supporting either side of the question. What is the greatest example of pluck you have met? Was it a man or a woman? Write your story for readers of The Advertiser.

THE STORY OF A MOTHER.

"Editor of The Advertiser—
"Dear Sir—I read the letter in The Advertiser from J. B. R. about women having more endurance than men, and I quite agree.
"Here is a true story to prove it: "When the big forest fire of 1922 swept over Haileybury, among the refugees was a young mother with a two weeks old baby. With scores of other people this young mother sought refuge on the shore of the lake just outside the town.
"The young mother stood so close that everyone was obliged to wade out into the lake to escape flying embers which set fire to their clothing. This young mother stood for twelve hours in the icy lake, with water up to her hips, and wet blankets around her shoulders and head.
"A dozen times flaming branches struck her and sizzled in the water beside her until she beat them out with her hands. She would not give her little baby to anyone, but held it in her arms throughout the night, nursed it, and by some miracle kept it alive through all the cold and horror.
"Strong men collapsed during those hours. When morning came the young mother, who should have been still in hospital, was still able to care for her baby, and through her pluck and endurance they are both still living.
"I do not know of any man who could have survived under the same conditions.
"A FRIEND OF HER'S."

HOUSE IN DISAGREEMENT OVER ACTION OF SENATE

Hon. H. S. Beland Objects to Amendments to Soldiers' Pensions Bill.

PROROGUES TODAY

Three o'clock Will See Successful Parliamentary Session at Ottawa Concluded.

Special to The Advertiser.
Ottawa, July 19.—The last day of the 1924 session of parliament finds the Senate and the House of Commons at odds over the former's rejection of the pensions bill as it passed the Commons. Just before the Commons adjourned at 4:30 the House adopted a motion of Hon. Dr. H. S. Beland, minister of soldiers' re-establishment, that the Commons disagree with amendments made by the Senate to 12 clauses of the bill, and the Senate is asked to reconsider its amendments.

The prorogation is fixed for three p.m. Agreement between the two Houses must be reached before that time.

Without committing itself to the principle of rural credits, the House of Commons committee on banking and commerce submitted its final report to the House, dealing with its researches on this question, and asking leave to study individually the question during the recess, preparatory to taking up again next session the possible co-ordination in federal legislation of existing provincial legislation on the question. The report was adopted.

The long awaited report of the royal commission on pulpwood was tabled this morning before adjournment by the prime minister. When the latter moved that it be printed, Right Hon. Arthur Meighen said printing might be dispensed with. Nobody ever read it now.

The much-awaited report of the pulpwood commission makes no recommendations on the question whether or not an embargo should be laid on the export of pulpwood. It leaves determination of a policy with the government. The commission, however, makes many recommendations for forest conservation, into which its report and three long volumes enters exhaustively, and observes that if an export tax is adopted the revenue should be applied in forest conservation through the federal and provincial services. "The application of an export tax," says the report, "ostensibly as a means of conserving forests, but actually for the purpose of securing revenue to apply in other directions, would be adding insult to injury."

Under the head of conservation, the commission states that definite, radical and constructive steps are of transcending importance if Canada is to protect and further develop her forest industries, and takes the ground that a chain of public forests should be established.

Please See Page 2, Column 3.

CLEM L. SHAVER WILL MANAGE DAVIS CAMPAIGN

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, July 19.—Clem L. Shaver of West Virginia will manage the campaign of John W. Davis, Democratic presidential nominee, in the state formally launched at Clarksburg, W. Va., on the night of Aug. 11, with the official notification of Mr. Davis of his nomination.

This announcement was made late yesterday by Mr. Davis.

BODIES WASHED ASHORE IN BLOW

Many Vessels Are Missing After Series of Violent Gales.

DAMAGE TO SHIPPING

Storm Blows Itself Out After Ravaging Coast of France and Belgium.

Associated Press Despatch.
Paris, July 19.—The heat wave which has been so distressing to the Olympic contestants, was broken today by a series of violent gales, which wrought havoc throughout France and Belgium, and caused damage to shipping and loss of life in the channel.

Twenty fishing smacks are missing from Ostend, and it is feared all are lost. Twenty-six bodies have already been washed up on the beach. Ten more boats are missing from Portsmouth, and 15 persons are reported drowned. The storm seems to have blown itself out, and better weather is forecast.

INDIA MAY CREATE NAVY OF ITS OWN

Recommended in Report of Indian Mercantile Marine Committee.

Associated Press Despatch.
Simla, India, July 19.—The creation of an Indian navy, capable of defending the coasts of India and protecting India's harbors and commerce, is one of the interesting recommendations made in a report of the Indian mercantile marine committee, which the government of India is now considering. The committee consists of prominent Indian and British businessmen.

Mr. Ferguson has declared that the legislation was a blow at the constitution and that the provinces should be consulted regarding British North America Act amendments.

The charge was to some extent unfair, said Mr. Lapointe. The provinces were not affected by this resolution, moreover Premier Ferguson's protest was the result of a misunderstanding. The legislation was originally proposed by a government of which Mr. Ferguson was a supporter. The Senate amendment was concurred in.

REPUBLICAN IS SAID TO HAVE PLACED BOMB

Charge W. C. Pelkey Is Responsible For Breaking Democratic Filibuster.

Associated Press Despatch.
Providence, R. I., July 18.—Governor William S. Flynn today said that the attorney-general's department had before it for action affidavits from two men in which William C. Pelkey, chairman of the Republican state committee was named as having provided and directed the placing of the gas bomb which broke up the Democratic filibuster in the state senate on June 19 by stupefying members of that body.

The affidavits, which the governor said were obtained by Assistant Attorney-General Hurley and himself in New York yesterday, were made by Thomas Lally and Matthew J. McGovern, both of Boston. They are described in the affidavits as having been a group hired to guard senators, as having actually placed the bomb beside the desk of Lieutenant-Governor Felix A. Toupin, presiding officer of the senate and head of the Democratic minority forces in that body.

The affidavit made by Lally names "Toots" Murray, another of the so-called guards for the Republican senators, as having actually placed the bomb beside the desk of Lieutenant-Governor Felix A. Toupin, presiding officer of the senate and head of the Democratic minority forces in that body.

KIWANIS PLANS MEMORIAL TO PRESIDENT HARDING

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, July 19.—The international board of Kiwanis trustees yesterday considered plans for the international convention scheduled for St. Paul, Minn., next year, and received suggestions for a permanent memorial to President Harding.

A semi-circular granite setting with a bronze statue the whole to cost approximately \$50,000 and to be erected entirely by Kiwanis subscriptions was considered, but definite plans were not agreed upon at the initial meeting. The site of the memorial will be Vancouver, B. C.

JUGO-SLAVIAN PREMIER ANNOUNCES RESIGNATION

Associated Press Despatch.
Belgrade, July 19.—Premier Stojiljkovic today submitted to the king the resignation of the cabinet and advised that an election be called.

Premier Stojiljkovic organized the present cabinet May 21 after he, together with his former cabinet had resigned April 12.

FASCIST NEWSPAPER IS SEIZED BY GOVERNMENT

Associated Press Despatch.
Rome, July 19.—The impartiality of the government in applying the recent press decree is shown by yesterday's seizure of the Fascist newspaper Imperio. The newspaper had published in four-column display a statement declaring that the only way to bring about true pacification of the country was to "remove from circulation certain Italian officials."

NEW ISLAND FORMED.

Associated Press Despatch.
Moscow, July 19.—It is reported that a new island has formed at the entrance to the Sea of Azov as a result of the recent earthquake.

Canada Gains Seat On Inter-Allied Conference

ALL DIFFICULTIES SMOOTHED AWAY

Canada Gains Point and Peace
Again Marks Imperial
Relationship.

IMPASSABLE PASSAGES

London, July 18.—Alluding to what he termed the misunderstanding which has arisen with Canada over the inter-allied conference, J. H. Thomas, colonial secretary, in a speech tonight, said the difficulties had been smoothed away, and that Canada and the other dominions had not only accepted the situation but had made a real contribution.

"But the whole question of representation of the dominions will have to be tackled," he added. "We are determined to do that. I hope before the end of the year we and the dominions will meet in London and argue it out, and ultimately adopt a plan for making it impossible in the future to have these conditions that have unhappily arisen, and at the same time insure full status and right of the dominions to take part in matters affecting their interests as well as our own."

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

DIED.
WRIGHT—On Friday, July 18, 1924, Thomas Augustus, beloved husband of Emily R. Wright.
Funeral from his late residence, 869 Queen's Ave., on Monday, July 21, at 2:30 p.m. Interment at Woodland Cemetery.

HOLSEKESPER, reliable, middle-aged woman, preferred, family of two, mother quite elderly, daughter employed, references required. Apply Box 129, Advertiser, or phone 5933, evenings between 7 and 8:30.



REARING PHEASANTS BY THOUSANDS.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Johnson, of Eugenia, Ont., gamekeepers on the Eugenia, government game preserve, are pioneers in the introduction of the pheasant industry into Ontario. This most beautiful of game birds is now being reared in thousands on the preserve with a view to its wonderful usefulness as an insect destroyer on the farms of the province.

HOLDING OLYMPIC TENNIS FINALS

Helen Wills Meets Emmiline Vlasto in Women's Singles.

Olympic Stadium, Colombes, July 19.—Miss Helen Wills and Mrs. Geo. Wightman, the United States pair, won the women's double championship of the lawn tennis competition, defeating Miss Kathleen McKane and Mrs. Phyllis Covell in the finals today, 7-5, 8-6.

Associated Press Despatch.
Paris, July 19.—The finals in the tennis and swimming contests are scheduled for today and tomorrow. While the boxing competition, in which Canada still has several representatives, will also close tomorrow. The boxing semi-finals are on the card for today.

In the final of the women's singles of the tennis tournament, Miss Helen Wills of California, will meet Miss Emmiline Vlasto, the Grecian maid, of French nationality.

While the experts are of the opinion that the California girl will defeat Miss Vlasto, the outcome is not by any means certain. Miss Vlasto yesterday sprang the surprise of the tournament by conquering the Wimbledon champion, Miss Kathleen McKane.

Vincent Richard of the United States, tomorrow will play Henri Cochet of France, for the men's singles championship, and will pair with Hunter in the afternoon in the men's semi-finals double match against Borotra and Lacoste of France.

This afternoon Miss McKane and Mrs. Phyllis Covell will oppose Wills and Mrs. George Wightman for the women's doubles championship.

GODERICH

Special to The Advertiser.
Goderich, July 18.—The Goderich summer school opens on Monday next. An excellent program has been prepared. Some of the outstanding speakers who will deliver addresses at the evening sessions are: Rev. W. M. Kannawin, M.A., of Hamilton; Rev. C. W. DeMille, B.A., of Toronto; Mrs. Earle of China, and Miss Sybil Courtois of Japan.

The Goderich horse races take place here on Wednesday afternoon next, \$1,300 in purses are offered. The Federal Construction Company's dredge, while at work in the harbor this week, lifted a huge anchor. It is not known what boat it came off, as there are no identification marks on it.

The Chautauqua opens here on August 9 and closes on August 14. The Midland Golf Club looks for a big day here on Wednesday next, when the Seaford and Stratford clubs will each send a team for a golf tournament.

The Huron County League has been admitted to the Ontario Baseball Association. James Donaldson, who underwent treatment for blood poisoning at Alexandra Hospital, is able to be out again.

T. E. Douglas, who has been manager of the L. B. Steel store here for the past few months, left for Toronto. The new manager is Mr. J. W. Gimley.

NEW SARUM

Special to The Advertiser.
New Sarum, July 18.—Misses Susie McArthur of Detroit, Phyllis Raynham and Susie McArthur of Shelden, have been recent guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Crane.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nutter of Detroit and Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Parker of Morpeth have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hebblethwaite.

Miss Clara Browne is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Harold Martin of Aylmer.

Mrs. J. H. Jones of St. Thomas has been a recent guest of her parents here, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Elliott.

Miss Carrie Cloes of London has returned after spending her vacation with her sister, Miss Alta Cloes.

Mrs. A. Fitzgerald of Petrolia is the guest of Mrs. Charles Soper.

Miss Helen and Master Gilbert Glin have been visiting Miss Grace Brower of Mapleton.

Ernest Smith of Toronto is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lange.

FREAK CHICKEN.

Special to The Advertiser.
Mitchell, July 20.—Alvin Harris of Fullarton, a few miles south of Mitchell, has a freak chicken, as the bird has four well-matured legs, and is as lively "as a cricket."



DEFEATS GEN. McRAE.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Smith was yesterday declared elected in the recent British Columbia provincial elections. The count of absent votes gave her a lead over Gen. A. D. McRae, a native of Glencoe, Ont.

Moose Saved By Railroaders

Canadian Press Despatch.
French River, July 18.—A tragedy of the woods was averted near here today when Conductor Reynolds on board the Canadian Pacific flyer, "The Trans-Canada," noticed a badly exhausted cow moose caught in the right-of-way wire fence just west of MacKay station. When the Trans-Canada stopped at Mattawa for water Reynolds notified the train despatcher there and the telegraph wires were set to work, with the result that an oncoming freight was stopped to pick up the agent at MacKay who was quickly carried to the scene, and by means of a pair of wire cutters liberated Madame Moose, who later strolled off into the bush apparently none the worse for the misadventure, which might easily have proved fatal.

BUCHANAN SAYS NEW BUILDING WELCOME

Concluded From Page 1.

detail, for we knew the tenders had been brought before the notice of the city council.

"And by the way, I think everyone of the commissioners would hold up both hands if they were assured that the new purchasers of the old registry office were ready to erect a three-story office building right away. It would be an improvement and one which we wouldn't interfere with. It doesn't look as if the council had that assurance," he concluded.

WALKERTON CONSIDERS ERECTION OF AN ARENA

Special to The Advertiser.

Walkerton, July 20.—The citizens will vote on a bylaw on the 25th regarding the erecting of an arena, which will be mainly for use as a skating rink. The proposed structure will seat 1,500 people and will be modern in every respect, being built of concrete and steel. It is proposed to use this building for flower shows, fat stock and other exhibitions. The town has been without a rink for several years.

PETROLIA SHOWS DEFICIT FOR FIRST HALF OF YEAR

Special to The Advertiser.

Petrolia, July 20.—The half yearly statement up to June 30, 1924, was submitted by the town treasurer, Mr. Chas. Egan, at the regular meeting of the town council, showing an overdraft of \$23,508.17.

IMPERIAL ARMY CHAPLAIN DIES IN NEW BRUNSWICK

Associated Press Despatch.

St. John, N. B., July 19.—The death occurred last evening of the Rev. James White Millidge, veteran Anglican clergyman, aged 83 years. He was a chaplain in the imperial army in India, in his early life, and later came to Oak Bay, Charlotte County, where he was in charge of that parish for 30 years. He retired a few years ago.

MITCHELL W. M. S.

Special to The Advertiser.
Mitchell, July 20.—A meeting of the Mitchell Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. R. F. Robinson on Thursday afternoon, and there was a large attendance. A paper on "Public Schools" was given by Mrs. H. Chapman; a reading by Mrs. Sawyer and Mrs. Fred Robinson.

A solo. A motion was passed to send five dollars to the Navy League, and it was decided to send a donation of preserved fruits to the Sick Children's Hospital in Toronto.

THE INSCRIPTION OF BELLS.
Bells as we know them were invented for use in the Christian Church. At one time it was the custom to hang bells, but by-and-by this was dropped, and White, of Seaborn, has written that when new bells were brought into his parish in meritment, for instead of being baptized, they were turned mouth upwards and filled with punch. Records of the inscriptions, but none of the bells, some of which were cited by an English lecturer. At first it was the fashion to dedicate them to deity. Then the saints were honored. At a later period men would put on such inscriptions as "Fear God; honor the King;" and "Be faithful to your God and King."

The following were quoted as examples of inscriptions in praise of the donors of bells—
"All you of Bath that hear me sound, Ring, boys, and keep awake."
For Mr. W. Henchman's sake.

A delicate hint was conveyed in the inscription on bells at Glastonbury—
"Our tones would all have been much deeper."
If contributions had been greater.

At Whittiesen this inscription appeared on a bell: "Prosperity to the Established Church, and no encouragement to enthusiasm."

BEEKEEPING COURSE NEEDED

Penn State.
Prominent beekeepers of Pennsylvania have requested the establishment of a department of bee culture with buildings and equipment, and introduction of special courses in beekeeping at the Pennsylvania State College, for the production of honey in that state is each year becoming an increasingly important industry. The establishment at the college of a beginners' course, an advanced course and a technical course is urged.

SECRETARY ON VACATION.

George Turner, secretary of the G. W. V. A., starts on a week's holiday next Monday and will take a much-needed rest. He has been in harness for over a year with no let-up, and in that time has had more pensions granted than any other previous secretary of the G. W. V. A.

What Kind of Bob Would Suit Me?

Should I Bob My Hair At All? Do I Want a Boyish Bob? Or Am I the Spanish Type? What Should I Do?

The Advertiser has arranged with Madame Louise, of Chicago, famous authority in hair-dressing, to publish twenty articles dealing with these questions.

Madame Louise knows everything there is to know about the hair. In the articles she has written for The Advertiser she seeks to develop individualism rather than confining the woman to a style.

She studies types, and these types are illustrated and described in careful detail.

The Articles Will Appear Exclusively In The Advertiser Every Tuesday and Saturday Watch For the First One This Tuesday

JAMES DONALD, PETROLIA REPORTED DEAD IN PERSIA

Special to The Advertiser.

Petrolia, July 20.—Mrs. James Donald received word on Thursday of the death of her husband in Persia, on July 10, from the effects of a heat stroke. The late Mr. Donald was born in Oil Springs in 1855 and came to Petrolia about 10 years ago.

He had been a driller for a number of years, and sailed last November for Persia where he had been employed as foreman driller with the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. for seven years. Mrs. Donald, who was formerly Miss Adelaide Johnston, of Dresden, was to have sailed next month for Persia to join him. He is survived by his wife, two sons and one daughter, Charles, Raymond and Evelyn, also by his aged parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Donald, Oil Springs.

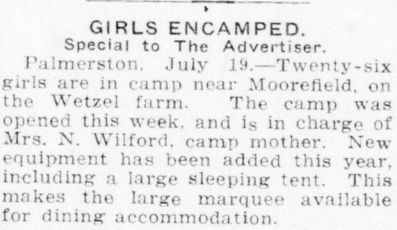
PETROLIA CANNING FACTORY WILL HANDLE RECORD CROP

Special to The Advertiser.

Petrolia, July 20.—The canning factory, operated by the Dominion Canners, has commenced operation after having been closed down for a number of years. Over 400 acres of peas will be canned, and the factory will be operated steadily for a month in order to can the large crop. Manager Smith states that there will be more peas canned in the Petrolia factory this year than in any previous year.

GIRLS ENCAMPED.
Special to The Advertiser.

Palmerston, July 19.—Twenty-six girls are in camp near Moorefield, on the Wetzel farm. The camp was opened this week, and is in charge of Mrs. N. Wilford, camp mother. New equipment has been added this year, including a large sleeping tent. This makes the large marquee available for dining accommodation.



EMMANUEL D'ANJOUR IS REGISTRAR FOR RIMOUSKI

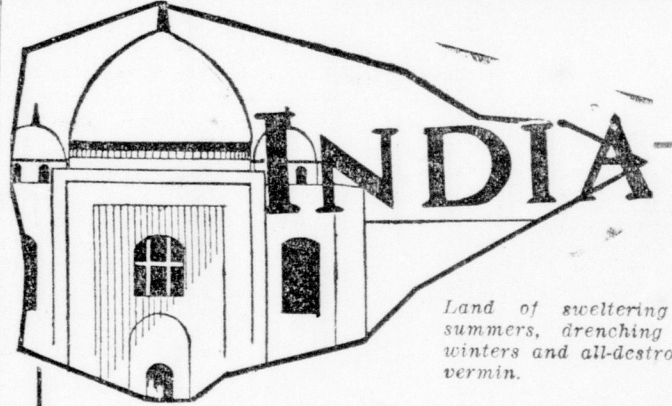
Canadian Press Despatch.
Quebec, July 19.—Emmanuel D'Anjour, federal member for Rimouski County in the House of Commons, has been appointed registrar for the district of Rimouski by the provincial cabinet. This makes two Quebec seats where elections will be necessary, St. Antoine division being already without representation since the resignation of Hon. W. G. Mitchell.

\$800 Bogus Money Passed on Jeweler

An elderly gentleman purchased a diamond ring from a Toronto jeweler, and gave him eight one hundred dollar American bills. Afterwards turned out counterfeit money. He figured the money no good to him, but he knew diamonds were always as good as cash. Especially perfect blue white diamonds sold by John A. Nash, My Jeweler, London and Windsor, "where you will eventually buy."—Adv.

SUPPORTS BEER PLAN.

Acting Premier the Hon. A. P. McNabb of Saskatchewan has expressed disappointment at the failure of the beer clause in the liquor referendum of that province. "The possibility is freely discussed of the government recommending some measure by which municipalities desirous of securing it could have a system of strictly regulated licensed premises."



Land of scorching hot summers, drenching wet winters and all-destroying vermin.

Of all climates, that of India is perhaps the most injurious on pianos.

Yet—
SHERLOCK-MANNING
20th Century Piano
"The Piano worthy of your home"

which is being used quite extensively there, is successfully withstanding the severe climatic rigors, remaining true to tone and earning the same reputation for quality that has made it known in this country as "Canada's Biggest Piano Value."

**PETROLIA CANNING FACTORY
WILL HANDLE RECORD CROP**

Special to The Advertiser.
Petrolia, July 20.—The canning factory, operated by the Dominion Canners, has commenced operation after having been closed down for a number of years. Over 400 acres of peas will be canned, and the factory will be operated steadily for a month in order to can the large crop. Manager Smith states that there will be more peas canned in the Petrolia factory this year than in any previous year.

Sherlock-Manning Piano Company

LONDON - CANADA

SEVERAL CASES.
Dr. Downham, medical officer of health, reports that several cases of scarlet fever have been reported during the last few days in different parts of the city. People returning from vacation, bringing contagion with them, are reported to be the cause of the new cases.

ONTARIO SAFETY LEAGUE GIVES BRAKE FIGURES

Requires 231 Feet To Stop Car Going 50 Miles an Hour.

It requires a space of 231 feet on a highway to stop a car going 50 miles an hour. An auto going 10 miles an hour can be stopped in 9 feet, so states the latest bulletin of the Ontario Safety League, quoting figures to show the distances a car will travel after properly functioning brakes have been applied.

Following are the figures between 10 miles and 50 miles per hour: Fifteen miles per hour takes 20.8 feet; 20 miles takes 37 feet; 25 miles, 58 feet; 30 miles, 82.3 feet; 35 miles, 113 feet; 40 miles, 143 feet.

Established 1874.
Supreme since the eighties.
STRONG'S
Baking Powder
has stood the test of time.
50c Pound, 25c Half Pound

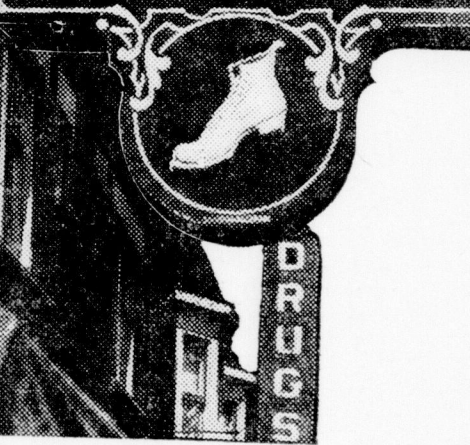
STRONG'S
DRUG STORE
184 DUNDAS ST., LONDON.

FLEXLUME ELECTRIC SIGNS

Have a Place In Your Advertising

Let us send you a sketch showing your name and trade mark in the form of a "Flexlume Electric Sign."

SHOES



THE ultimate aim of all advertising is to increase sales. To do this it is not enough that the public should know the worth of your product. They must know where it can be bought.

That is the mission of Flexlume Electric Signs, to "tie" the advertising campaign right to the dealer's door. They are doing it for scores of the largest advertisers.

Flexlumes have a place in your advertising. Raised snow-white letters on a dark background, they are perfect day signs as well as night signs. They combine the advantages of greatest reading distance, most artistic designs, lowest upkeep cost.

Sole Agents Throughout Western Ontario

C.E. MARLEY-LIMITED

LONDON - WINDSOR

POSTER ADVERTISING
PAINTED BULLETINS COMMERCIAL SIGNS

Agnes MacPhail Precipitates Debate On Appropriation For Cadet Training

CADET SERVICES SURVIVE ATTACK

Miss MacPhail and Robert Forke Ask That Expenditures Be Cut.

MILITARY ESTIMATES

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, July 18.—National defence estimates found the House of Commons tonight in a disputatious mood, and started a discussion which had fair, with the other estimates yet to be passed, to result in an all-night sitting. The consideration of the militia votes had not proceeded far before an amendment was moved to reduce almost to the vanishing point the vote for cadet services. The total vote for this purpose was \$450,000, and Miss MacPhail (Progressive, Southeast Grey) moved that it be cut by \$400,000.

"We went overseas to kill Prussianism," said Miss MacPhail, in discussing this item, "and, like small-pox, we caught it."
T. G. McBride (Progressive, Carleton) came out strongly in support of the cadet movement, but it was criticized by Robert Forke (Progressive leader), who declared that military training was one of the greatest evils of the day.

In College, Too.
The MacPhail amendment was defeated by 72 to 23, as the Liberals and all the Conservatives and about a dozen Progressives voting in the majority. A large part of the estimates for the militia passed with little discussion, another appropriation was made on the vote of \$35,000 for the Royal Military College, a reduction of \$100,000 being moved again by Miss MacPhail.

Right Hon. Arthur Meighen, Conservative leader, spoke strongly in support of the vote and in appreciation of the work done at the Royal Military College.

C. G. Power (Liberal, Quebec) defended the college as the most effective instrument of democratizing the army in Canada.

After a brief debate the second amendment was lost without the formality of a vote, and the rest of the militia and the naval appropriations then passed speedily.

When the main estimates for militia services, totalling \$3,997,115, came up there was lively discussion of Canada's army. General S. C. McBurn, former minister of militia, said that an adequate militia could not be maintained on so small a vote.

The tendency seemed to be to reduce the service steadily in efficiency. The government might as well do with it the service now and be done with it.

Too Many Officers.
Brig.-Gen. J. A. Clark (Conservative, Burrard) endorsed General McBurn's remarks. Major C. G. Power (Liberal, Quebec) also agreed. However it seemed to him that the Canadian forces had too many officers, too many generals who ought to be colonels, too many colonels who ought to be majors, and too many majors who ought to be captains.

Major Power said that perhaps he did not also see like the world learned between 1914 and 1918 it was that preparedness did not prevent Canada from being present, Canada should stop spending money on the training of non-permanent militia.

J. S. Woodsword (Labor, Winnipeg Centre) protested against the expenditure on militia and the use of militia in strike areas. Between the Atlantic and the Pacific between a friendly republic and an unfriendly Arctic, Canada needed no military organization.

Hon. James Murdock, minister of labor, interrupted to suggest that one reason why Canada must maintain a military force was that there were organizations composed of so-called labor men, whose aim and object was to rise up and seize Canadian industries.

Takes Up Cudgel.
Mr. Woodsword said that he was glad to hear the minister admit that. The man who was supposed to represent labor in the cabinet apparently was really there to curb labor. He ought to know that many of the bogies he tried to call up at times like these had no reality. Apparently it was admitted that Canada was maintaining arms not to prepare for war, but to attack labor. But if Canada had no army, it would be let not only men, but wealth and land be conscripted too.

Speaking on the item of \$450,000 for cadet training, Miss MacPhail said that the cadet training was the worst feature of the national defence program. The old associations of soldiers, glory and war should be dead by now. We are spending \$12,000,000 on building up defence against someone. The old childish theories of race superiority were "bunk." According to the old standard of patriotism the Germans were the greatest patriots in the world in 1914.

L. S. Martell (Liberal, Hants) said that Canada was not trying to sponge on Great Britain but was striving to guard her own interests. Canadians did not want representatives of Soviet Russia to express opinions either in or out of the House.

"Are you referring to Miss MacPhail?" he asked.

"If the cap, not the hat, fits you, wear it. You had better go back to Russia," Mr. Martell retorted.

"If the honorable member is a good example of Canadian citizenship I am content," Miss MacPhail replied, and the House roared with laughter.

Shouted Down.
"If you are a fair example of Canadian womanhood—" Mr. Martell commenced, but the House shouted him down.

As a man, Alfred Speakman, (Progressive, Red Deer) resented the remarks made by Mr. Martell. All this talk about the Soviet Russia was "arrant nonsense." Deputy Speaker Gordon compelled the withdrawal of this remark.

Mr. Speakman, referring to a recent parade of Ottawa cadets, on the laws of the Parliament Buildings.

CANADA'S PARLIAMENT BUSY AS CLOSING NEARS

Special to The Advertiser by a Staff Correspondent.

Ottawa, July 18.—Parliament finds itself in a difficult position. Sufficient work for a fortnight is stacked up for the few hours which remain before the house is prorogued. There still remain unapproved close to two hundred items of supply, many of which, in the ordinary course of events, would be highly contentious. In addition, several pieces of legislation are still to be given a third reading.

Only speedy and concentrated action will permit of prorogation this afternoon at the earliest.

The session has been wearisome, but members who leave for their homes tomorrow night will be able to review a rather distinctive record of achievement. Particularly notable are the following items:

The budget, outstanding for its tariff reductions and its record of debt reductions.

Approval of the bill incorporating the United Church of Canada.

Inauguration of a scheme of federal bank inspection.

Restoration of the Crow's Nest Pass freight agreement.

Provision for the incorporation of a tariff advisory board.

Passage (defeated by senate action) of bill governing C. N. R. branch lines.

Redistribution of electoral districts of Canada.

Provision of legislation for Toronto viaduct and Montreal bridge.

Approved trade treaties with Belgium and Finland, and decided to investigate matter of West Indies trade.

Acceptance of "moral obligation" to Home Bank depositors.

Ratification of rum-running pact, Britain and United States.

Formation of the national advisory committee and joint engineering board to report upon St. Lawrence development.

Will Speak at Demonstration Similar to That of August Last at Ennis.

Associated Press Despatch.
Belfast, July 18.—Eamonn De Valera, the Irish Republican leader, will speak at Ennis, County Clare, on August 15 at a demonstration to be held there, it was announced today.

The demonstration, it is explained, will be in the nature of a continuation of the meeting which was interrupted when he was arrested last August. Mr. De Valera, with Austin Stack, was released from prison this week.

TELEPHONE DEPARTMENT PICNICS AT SPRINGBANK

The revenue accounting department of the Bell Telephone Company held a picnic at Springbank Park yesterday afternoon. There were forty members of this department in attendance, and everyone attempted to outdo the other in fun making. The feature of the afternoon was a softball game between teams captained by Mr. Jones and Mr. Meeker. The game was a long-drawn-out affair, and in the end there was no winner declared, as both sides claimed the victory.

The picnicers were getting in form for the picnic of the entire staff of this company to be held on Aug. 12 at Port Stanley.

HOUSE SURGEONS OFFER AID FOR BOYS AT CAMP

The house surgeons of Victoria Hospital have volunteered to spend their spare time looking after the boys at the "Y" camp at Silver Beach. One of the doctors will make his first visit on Monday.

Secretary E. J. Jenkins, of the Y. M. C. A., announced today that they have a fully equipped medicine chest down there, and the staff will be in a position to minister to the needs of any of the youths who happened to require medical attention.

Edward Degan, injured in fall from wagon, was taken to hospital.

Special to The Advertiser.
Strathroy, July 18.—Ed Degan was seriously injured and brought to Strathroy Hospital last night when he fell from a load of hay in his barn at Chanton farm, sixth line, Metcalfe. His fall was due to the breaking of the trip rope of the hay fork. It is impossible to state in his present condition how serious his injuries may prove.

Mr. Degan is a well-known breeder of fancy stock and is president of the Strathroy Agricultural Society.

Visiting in City.
Lieut. Snowden of the Salvation Army, Preston corps, is in London. The officer has been visiting his parents in London, and tomorrow will take charge of the devotional services at Rectory Citadel, No. 3.

Ensign and Mrs. Foster, who have charge of the Rectory corps, are at present in Guelph.

Mrs. May Johnston's case not brought up today.

Mrs. May Johnston who drank carbolic acid at the jail last Wednesday and whose life was saved by the quick action of Jail Physician Dr. James D. Wilson, did not appear in police court this morning on three charges of theft, although her name was on the police court blotter.

Her husband was in court accompanied by the woman's counsel, Donald F. Menzies. The latter stated the case would not be tried until next Thursday.

Dr. Wilson states Mrs. Johnston is fully recovered, and able to appear in court at any time.

Primary Teacher.
Special to The Advertiser.
Strathroy, July 18.—At a special meeting last evening, the public school board hired Miss Allison Cameron as a teacher in the primary department to succeed Miss McGarry, who has resigned.

GOVERNOR OF JAIL PLANS THE PLANT

Authorities Consider Plan To Arrange Work For Prisoners.

SERVE THE COUNTY

Special to The Advertiser.

Chatham, July 18.—A tile factory may be operated in conjunction with the Kent county jail to supply the needs of the county. The scheme, which was devised by Governor Milton Shaw, has been planned before the proper authorities and is under advisement.

"Men chafe under inactivity," says Governor Shaw. "It seems to me they should be given an opportunity to do something useful when serving a term. I have found that men will welcome any kind of a job to break the monotony. A tile factory can be easily operated, and I believe it would result in a great saving for the county."

Prince Jackson, colored, was fined five dollars and costs when convicted on a charge of assaulting Frank Cade, a white man, when he asked Jackson to repay him a loan of 75¢ that the latter attacked him.

Hearing Enlarged.
John Price, colored, before Magistrate Arnold in county police court today was charged with carrying concealed weapons. He pleaded not guilty and the case was enlarged.

Pete Deloit, Belgian, who resides near Buxton, called at county police court this morning and asked for an early trial on a charge of assault preferred against him by William Zebbs. He pleaded guilty and was fined five dollars.

Disputes over school sections in Dover, Chatham and Harwich were again discussed today by the board of arbitrators. The award will be drafted at the adjourned meeting next Friday.

Officers of Chatham Encampment No. 19 were installed in the Odd-fellows' Temple as follows: C. P. A. Chandler, S. W. M. Fitzgerald; R. S. William Potter; F. S. John A. Hall; treasurer, John McCorvie; J. W. Percy Russell; guide, C. Tomlinson; first watch, Jas. A. McDonald; second, R. Edwards; third, Fred Apps; fourth, Charles Heath; I. S. William Hancock; O. S. Isaac Coffee; right guard of tent, William Pickard; left guard of tent, William Calcott; honorary treasurer, John Turner.

The value of tile draining is being emphasized by local agriculturists, who point out that in the low-lying sections the corn crop is likely to be a failure on unfertilized fields, due to heavy rains recently.

Mrs. Emily Jones, aged 76, widow of the late Michael Jones, formerly of this city, died Thursday in Detroit, according to advices received here today.

JAIL DOCTOR STATES ACCUSED QUITE SANE

Police Magistrate Orders Case Adjourned Until Friday Next.

Ernest F. Gray, apprehended yesterday on a charge of insanity laid by his father-in-law, James Hamilton, who runs a book store at 219 King street, has been adjudged perfectly sane by Jail Physician Dr. James D. Wilson, according to Magistrate Gladman in police court this morning.

The magistrate stated he had had a conference with Dr. Wilson, who had declared he was satisfied there was nothing wrong with Gray mentally.

I have known this man for 20 years, and he is no crazier than I am," declared J. M. McEvoy, K.C., who accompanied Gray to court.

"My intention was to discharge him after my talk with Dr. Wilson," declared Mr. Gladman. "I would like to have a talk with Mr. Hamilton."

"Mr. Hamilton may hear of it," again announced Mr. McEvoy. "This man has a milk route, and it is a hardship for him to attend court."

Clerk Moule stated that the case had been adjourned until next Friday and that was the reason Mr. Hamilton was not present.

Mr. Gladman then asked Mr. Gray to be present at that time when he would make further inquiries from Mr. Hamilton as to why the charge had been laid. In the meantime, Mr. Gray could continue with his milk business.

This was satisfactory to Mr. McEvoy, who stated that neighbors and doctors were present to give testimony.

Mr. Gladman told reporters that he had allowed Gray out on bail last night after hearing representations from Mr. McEvoy and others interested in Gray.

MOTOR CABIN CRUISER CAUSES MUCH COMMENT

Special to The Advertiser.
Simcoe, July 18.—George Brook of Buffalo, who is spending a week with his father, Robert Brook, at the old home between Simcoe and Jarvis, came to town in the new cabin cruiser built by himself. The strange craft attracted considerable attention. It is a cabin on wheels. The exterior is light blue, and the interior is dark. The hull is taken from a large car. On these he has constructed a roomy cabin of yellow pine, with a roof covered with white cloth and the various furniture. The inner walls are finished with paper board, painted and varnished.

Electric lights supplied by the battery illuminate the interior by night, and a window behind and glass in the doors at the front admit sufficient light by day. A cot, table and folding chairs make up the necessary furniture. In this travelling home Mr. Brook proposes to make a trip to California, quite independent of railways and hotels, the employees of which may go on strike without interfering with his travelling arrangements.

Suburban Heights.
The Wet Umbrella.

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate

COMES IN, STANDS UMBRELLA UP IN CORNER AND CALLS HELLO TO WIFE ITS RAINING CATS AND DOGS

WIFE REPLIES TO BE SURE AND GET HIMSELF DRY AND DON'T PUT THE UMBRELLA WHERE IT WILL DRIP OR SPOT THE WALL PAPER

SNEAKS BACK INTO HALL AND GUILTY TRIES TO REMOVE DAMAGE FROM WALL PAPER

REFLECTS THEY REALLY OUGHT TO GET THEMSELVES AN UMBRELLA RACK, AND AFTER SOME DEBATE THROWS IT OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR

STANDS A LITTLE NERVOUSLY AT WINDOW THINKING HOW EASY IT WOULD BE FOR ANY ONE TO GRAB IT

DECIDES IT'S TOO GOOD AN UMBRELLA TO TAKE CHANCES WITH AND WITHDRAWS IT

AFTER PROWLING ROUND TRYING NOT TO LET IT DRIP ON FLOOR, STANDS IT IN KITCHEN SINK, AND RETIRES

HEARS UMBRELLA SET VIGOROUSLY OUTSIDE KITCHEN DOOR WITH MUTTERINGS FROM LILLY, THE ACCOMPANIST, AS TO WHY HE MESSED UP HIS CLEAN SINK WITH SUCH TRICK

CONGRESSMAN OPPOSES WATERWAYS PROJECT

Says Route Would Not Be Used Enough To Justify Expense.

Associated Press Despatch.
Lockport, N.Y., July 18.—Congressman S. Wallace Dempsey, chairman of the House Rivers and Harbors committee, opposed the St. Lawrence waterways project in an address here today.

He declared opposition to the plan was not limited to Montreal and New York, but was widespread, and was based on the disclosure, through "thorough investigation," that the route "would never be used to any extent to justify the enormous expense involved in its construction."

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THOMAS A. WRIGHT PASSES SUDDENLY

Stricken With Heart Attack While Riding in Automobile.

Associated Press Despatch.
Lockport, N.Y., July 18.—Thomas Augustus Wright, secretary-treasurer of Hunt Bros. flour millers, died suddenly yesterday afternoon when stricken while riding in his automobile. He passed away before medical aid could be summoned.

Mr. Wright was born in the old country and came to this country when 8 years old. He has lived in this city ever since coming to Canada. He was well known in this part of the province and a prominent member of fraternity circles here.

He complained of feeling somewhat ill yesterday morning when he first got up but thought he would be all right if taken to his summer cottage at Port Stanley. He was on his way there when stricken with the heart attack.

He is survived by his widow, four sons, Everett of Chatham; Aylwin of Belleville; Cecil A. of Toronto, and Kenneth of this city, and one daughter, Mrs. Gladys Puckett of Toronto.

Funeral services will be held from his residence on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment will be made in Woodland Cemetery.

MRS. MARION LEWIS DIES IN 85TH YEAR

Funeral Will Be Conducted on Monday to Nursery Cemetery.

Mrs. Marion Lewis, widow of William Lewis, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Kerr, 78 Hellmuth avenue, this morning, in her 85th year.

Mrs. Lewis had been a resident of the city for many years and was an honored member of the Colborne Street Methodist Church. Mrs. Lewis is survived by four daughters, Mrs. T. W. Neil, Central; Mrs. D. Wilcox, Stratford; Mrs. (Dr.) E. P. Stratton, Winnipeg; and Mrs. Harry Kerr of London; and two sons, J. Lewis and W. P. Lewis of Saskatchewan.

The funeral will be conducted Monday afternoon at 1:30 from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Kerr, to Nursery Cemetery. The services will be conducted by Rev. H. J. Uren, assisted by Rev. B. M. McCamus.

GIRLS START HOLIDAY AT PORT FRANK CAMP

A truck load of 20 cheering children left at 9 o'clock this morning for Port Frank. They were the first contingent of Salvation Army girl guards to go into the Lake Huron camp this summer. They will have a royal time playing among the sand dunes of the camp for the next two weeks.

Several more girls will go to the camp tonight, as well as a party of eight that will come from Walsburg accompanied by a leader. Brigadier MacAmmond will go to Port Frank today to take charge of the devotional services at Port Frank schoolhouse tomorrow.

BOYS RETURN TODAY.

Forty boys, who have spent the last two weeks at the Y. M. C. A. camp at Silver Beach, near Aylmer, will arrive in London today. There will be a number of boys that leave at 2 p.m. today. Today's contingent will be motored out by members of the Rotary Club. They will be in camp two weeks.

VETERANS SEEKING JOB FOR RETURNED SOLDIER

The G. V. V. A. has received a letter from the Point Edward Service Club telling about the appointment of a man for a government position in Sarnia who had no overseas service and who has been working steadily for the Street Railway Company for the last 11 years. The man, according to the letter, was in perfect physical condition when the call for volunteers was sent out and yet he failed to get in the army or any other branch of war service.

The letter will be forwarded to Toronto to the dominion command of the association and an effort will be made to replace this man, as there are at the present time a number of overseas veterans in Sarnia who could handle this work as well as the man who has been appointed.

WESTERN CANADA GAINS THROUGH WHEAT CROP

About 53,000,000 Bushels Remain in Farmers' Hands by June 14.

Associated Press Despatch.
Winnipeg, July 18.—Western Canada has been benefited to the extent of not less than \$5,000,000 on the portion of the 1923 wheat crop remaining under the control of western farmers and dealers, through the recent advance in prices. It was estimated here today. Figures show that on June 14 there remained in farmers' hands, in country elevators, en route, and at terminal elevators about 53,000,000 bushels, and it was declared that on wheat of all grades sold at various times through the ensuing month there had been an average advance from mid-June prices of about ten cents.

Owners of coarse grains also have profited largely. Today's decline in prices following the report of a blizzard in many parts of the west and predictions that unsettled weather will continue tomorrow. There are large crops of barley, however, particularly in northern and central Saskatchewan, where the most favorable conditions in the future cannot insure even an average yield. Observers believe that wheat there may be violent fluctuations in the market from day to day the general tendency will be upward until a higher point is reached.

LONDON YEAR BOOKS DISTRIBUTED FREE

Contains Nearly Two Hundred Pages of Information Concerning City.

The municipal year book for 1924, prepared by City Clerk S. Baker, is now off the press. The volume is a vest pocket size and

RANEY HITS HARD AT VOTE ON LIQUOR

Declares Ferguson Is Paying Election Debt Out of Public Treasury.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, July 18.—The announcement of the date for a plebiscite on prohibition in this province has resulted in another clash between W. E. Raney, former attorney-general, and Premier Ferguson. This time the dispute takes the form of press statements and interviews.

Last night Mr. Raney gave out an interview condemning the holding of a plebiscite at this time as unnecessary expense. He followed up with this statement:

"Mr. Ferguson is simply paying his election debt out of the public treasury and at the same time clamping to his cause one of the great money and social interest of the world. That is the asset as he sees it. Can he by the tactics he has adopted, escape the liability?"

In short reply the premier in an interview tonight says:

"I don't know that I owe any political debts. But Mr. Raney gives the province a debt he can never repay for the four years he is in here."

"The only way to secure the approval of a man of his type is to subject yourself entirely to his views."

GUELPH BOY ARRESTED AS ROBBERY SUSPECT

James Malott, Jr., Believed Implicated in Robbery of John Goetz.

Special to The Advertiser. Guelph, July 18.—James Malott, Jr., a local colored youth, was taken into custody today on suspicion of being implicated in the robbery of John Goetz, a farm hand, who was attacked on Elizabeth street, and relieved of a sum of money late last Saturday night. Malott was arraigned before Magistrate Watt, but was remanded to jail for a week, at the request of Crown Attorney Kearns. Two other negroes, alleged to be implicated in the affair, are believed to be in Hamilton.

LAMBTON MEN ARE FINED FOR BREACH OF O. T. ACT

Wallaceburg, July 18.—Following a raid by Lambton county provincial officers and Chief of Police McIntosh of this town on Tuesday at St. Anne's Island, four men, Jerry Key, Leon Miller, Hugh Knight and John Leeking, were arrested and placed in the local jail, charged with consuming liquor in a public place. They appeared before Magistrate Carscaddon in the police court on Wednesday and pleaded guilty. Each was fined \$100 and costs. Key preferred the alternative jail sentence, but the others paid their fines.

"WOMEN WHO GIVE," A STORY OF DEEP SEA FISHING, AT LOEW'S MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY OF NEXT WEEK

New Reginald Barker-Metro Special Promises First-Class Entertainment—Was First Famous Novel Picture up-to-date version of Sarah Greene's Classic, "Cape Cod Folks."

"Women Who Give," Reginald Barker's latest Metro production, which comes to Loew's Theatre on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, is heralded as the season's most thrilling story that deals with seafaring men and their wives and sweethearts who patiently await the return of their loved ones who go

male role, that of a young captain of the fishing fleet, and this popular young actor has never been seen to better advantage. Then there is Frank Keenan, who needs no introduction to the theatre-going public, and Joseph Dowling, who made such a distinctive hit in the title role of "The Miracle Man." Others who round out the superb cast include Margaret Seddon, Joan Standing, Victor Poter, Eddie Phillips, and William Eugene.

"Women Who Give" has numberless exciting and thrilling scenes, among which might be mentioned a desperate battle with a huge sword-

fish in which the players nearly lost their lives, the most realistic shipwreck scene ever filmed, and the firing of a cottage by the lighthouse keeper. This last episode pictures the desperation of the keeper when the big light fails and he realizes that a ship with his son aboard will go on the rocks if not properly guided by the light. He sets fire to his own home as a substitute for the broken-down beacon that for years has guided the fishing fleet safely into port.

The two prominent feminine characters in the photodrama are played by Barbara Bedford and Renee Adoree, two particular favorites of the motion picture fans of this city. Robert Frazier enacts the leading

down to the sea in ships. It is an adaptation of that famous classic, "Cape Cod Folks," by Sarah P. McLean Greene and has been directed with all the noted skill of Mr. Barker, who engaged a most impressive cast to enact the leading roles.

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DECISION NEXT SESSION ON AID FOR DEPOSITORS

Records Are Set By Holstein Cow

Special to The Advertiser. Since, July 18.—W. H. Cherry of Hagersville owns a Holstein cow (Elmcrest Ormsby Frayne) that has made a record in milk and butter production. In seven days she made 728.8 pounds of milk, and 18.11 pounds of butter; in 14 days, 1,474 pounds of milk and 35.90 pounds of butter; and in 21 days, 2,075.8 pounds of milk and 105.95 pounds of butter. She is 7 years old, and several of her progeny are owned in Norfolk County.

COURT TO PROBE 8-HOUR DAY BILL

Motion Carried in House—Discussion On Measure Is Ended.

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, July 18.—Reference to the supreme court of the question of jurisdiction in the matter of eight-hour day legislation in Canada as between federal and provincial parliaments, is recommended in the report of the House committee on international and industrial relations, which was adopted by the House this afternoon after two hours' debate.

A labor amendment was moved asking that the eight-hour day be enforced in government public works, and any undertakings which might be deemed in the national interests. J. S. Woodsworth (Labor leader) finally withdrew his amendment because the last clause had proved objectionable and William Irvine (Labor, West Canada) moved by proxy another amendment, proposing the eight-hour day in public works.

This was ruled out of order, because it repeated the principle contained in amendment. Mr. Speaker Lemieux said that it could be admitted only with unanimous consent. This was not forthcoming and the Irvine amendment was not recorded.

The main motion, that the report of the committee should be adopted, was then declared carried, and the discussion of the eight-hour day was ended.

PURSE OF GOLD PRESENTED GUELPH PHYSICAL DIRECTOR

Special to The Advertiser. Guelph, July 18.—The Kiwanis Club showed their appreciation in a tangible way of the services of Wilfrid Simpson of Ottawa, moved by proxy another amendment, proposing the eight-hour day in public works.

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Government Withholds Action Until All Facts in Case Are Revealed.

NO LEGAL CLAIM

Premier Declares Responsibility in Home Bank Failure Must Be Fixed.

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, July 18.—Whether or not the government will be able to give assistance to those who suffered losses through the failure of the Home Bank will not be announced until next session of parliament. Premier King so informed the House this afternoon, when T. L. Church (Conservative, North Toronto) asked if the government proposed to recognize the opinion of the parliamentary committee that the depositors in that bank had a moral claim in equity on the government.

The prime minister drew attention to the committee's opinion that the depositors had no legal claim. "The government will take into very careful consideration," he added, "the report of the committee, and at the opening of the next session of parliament will make an announcement to the House immediately as to the extent to which this moral claim should be recognized."

"It is desirable before the government makes a final decision that it should be in a position to give parliament very full details of the amount which will be available for the reimbursement of depositors. Before that time the liquidator will have been able to give the extent to which present assets of the bank can be realized, and the government will be better able to deal with the matter."

Mr. Church: Then the government does not intend to bring down any legislation this year?

Mr. King: I think I have made that clear.

R. M. Anderson (Conservative, Halifax) asked the prime minister whether he would consider the double liability of shareholders an asset.

Mr. King asked that he be permitted to consider the matter before answering.

Mr. Anderson: Does the prime minister also intend to deal next session with the claims of those who lost money through the failure of the Farmers' Bank?

This question was not answered, as members of the House rose simultaneously to continue the debate.

WOODSTOCK DISCUSSES TUITION AT COLLEGIATE

Resolution Fixing Rates Is Decried—Problem of County Pupils.

Special to The Advertiser. Woodstock, July 18.—The fee to be charged pupils of Oxford County, outside the city of Woodstock, for tuition at Woodstock Collegiate Institute, he \$100 for the first and \$60 for the second, was the gist of a resolution presented at the meeting of the board of education.

The board's resolution was to secure 100 per cent from the county pupils for tuition, in place of the 20 per cent now being received. Several members of the board voted against the resolution, and the matter of refusing or accepting the county's terms offering 80 per cent has been tabled.

Trial Date Not Set. No definite date has been fixed for the trial of Artman Mackewick, who is alleged to have been an accomplice in the robbery of the Standard White Line Company, Beachville.

Summer Social. Despite the chilly weather a fair sized crowd attended the summer social held on All Saints' Church lawn by the Ladies' Guild. The newly-formed "Good Cheer" orchestra furnished music.

Violin selections were contributed by Mr. MacFarlane, with Mrs. Flower as accompanist.

Music Examinations. The following pupils of Percy Pascoe have passed in theory of music at the Toronto Conservatory: Ewart Bartley, honors, in primary harmony; Miss Deller of Norwich, primary harmony; Douglas Harrison, first-class honors in primary harmony and rudiments.

Buildings Being Erected in Parks at Ingersoll. Ingersoll, July 18.—Splendid progress is being made with the new horse barn at Victoria Park by the Agricultural Society. The concrete work has practically been completed and the carpenters are doing their part. The new building will have accommodation for about 50 horses, and will cost in the neighborhood of \$2,000.

The handstand in course of erection at Memorial Park will be a very imposing structure. It is being constructed by the Victory band of 1918, who generously donated their commissions for the purpose. The stand will have a concrete floor, which will project out over a foundation

TIE GAME AT PETROLIA. Special to The Advertiser. Petrolia, July 18.—In a town league game today the Shamrocks and Maple Leafs battled to a 9 to 9 tie. The game was called on account of darkness. The Shamrocks knocked out of the box in the seventh and was replaced by MacIntee, who hit them. Landon, who did duty on the mound for the Shamrocks, pitched a nice game.

Batteries: Maple Leafs, Duncan, MacIntee and Donald; Shamrocks, L. E. Landon and Deacon.

Funeral will take place from the family residence on Sunday afternoon to Ivan Cemetery.

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DIMPLED DARLINGS WITH FRED WEBSTER'S ATTA GIRL CO., at the Majestic Theatre all next week three times daily, 2:15, 7, and 9 o'clock.

BRITISH FLIER WILL RESUME PERILOUS RACE OVER PACIFIC

After Two Days' Disappearance McLaren Is Located On Northern Island.

WEATHER DELAYS

Will Not Start Today Because of Bad Weather Conditions.

Associated Press Despatch. Tokyo, July 18.—Owing to unfavorable weather, A. Stuart McLaren, the British around-the-world flier, who was forced to land on Uruppu Island, after leaving Yotorofu for Paramshiru, Kurilo Islands, has decided not to make a fresh start today.

Great anxiety over the disappearance for two days of A. Stuart McLaren and his party was relieved in the British and Japanese communities when the news came by wireless from the Kurilo Islands of the safety of the aviators in the bay on the southwest shore of Uruppu Island, the island adjoining Jotorofu Island, from which the aviators started early Wednesday morning.

The news was received in a message from a steamer off Uruppu Island, picked up by the Japanese destroyer Isokake this morning. The Isokake is proceeding to Uruppu Island.

Value Increased By \$50,000,000

Price of Saskatchewan Wheat Takes Big Jump.

Canadian Press Despatch. Regina, Sask., July 18.—More than \$50,000,000 has been added to the value of the Saskatchewan 1924 wheat crop by the 42 cents a bushel jump in price recorded in the past six weeks, provided, of course, the price holds till the marketing period. That figure is arrived at by taking the wheat acreage at 12,000,000 and cutting one bushel an acre from the average crop for the past ten years.

OWNER OF STILL GIVEN SIX MONTHS SENTENCE

J. Robinson, Strathroy, Pleads Guilty to Brewing Without Permit.

Special to The Advertiser. Strathroy, July 18.—J. Robinson of Strathroy pleaded guilty late this afternoon to brewing liquor without a license and was fined \$400 and costs or six months in jail by Magistrate Trueman. Robinson could not pay the fine and was taken to the county jail in London by Inspector Bolton and Cecil Welby, of the inland revenue department, who laid the charge.

Inspector Bolton, accompanied by Chief Wilson of Strathroy, raided Robinson's home here last night shortly after 6:30 and found rather a crude still and forty gallons of corn and wheat mash. Two one gallon jugs showed traces of moonshine whiskey. License Inspector Bolton stated.

Robinson was out of town attending races and did not return home until 1 o'clock in the morning, when he was "welcomed" by the officers and locked up in the jail.

LOBO TOWNSHIP PIONEER ANSWERS CALL OF DEATH

Special to The Advertiser. Strathroy, July 18.—The death occurred today of Miss Mary Sinclair, eldest daughter of the late Archibald Sinclair, in her 75th year. Miss Sinclair was born in Lobo, her parents being among the first of the Lobo pioneers from Scotland.

As a young lady she went to Detroit, where she lived for a number of years, retiring to Lobo about two years ago.

Miss Sinclair was the eldest of a family of twelve, of whom ten survive: Six sisters, Etta, Sarah, Annie and Nellie of Lobo, Mrs. John Anderson of Oil Springs and Mrs. Joe Briggs of Vancouver, and four brothers, John of London, Duncan, Lechlan and Archie of Lobo.

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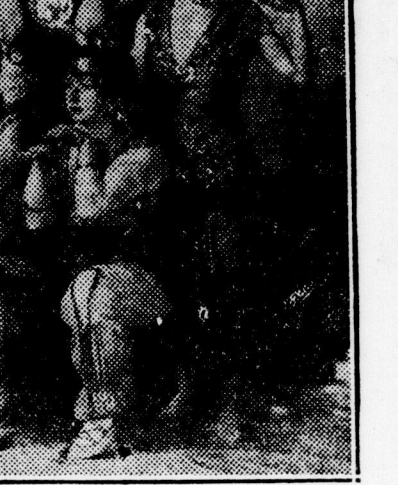
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NEW REGULATIONS NOT TROUBLESOME

Crossing River To Port Huron Not Much Interfered With.

PHOTOS NECESSARY

Special to The Advertiser. Sarnia, July 18.—Two weeks' trial shows that the new immigration regulations of the U. S. are making very little interference with regular traffic between this city and Port Huron. There are a

Sweeping Series Today Will Give Beattymen Firm Hold On Third Rung of Mint

TODAY'S GAME STARTS TECS OFF ON LONG TRIP

Take Second Victory of Series in Easy Fashion.

VISITORS CRIPPLED

It was a shredded-up ball game, served up to ten fans over at the park yesterday afternoon, and which, being won by the Beattymen 6-3, extended their winning streak during the current series with Grand Rapids to two straight. London is perched up on the third rung, and should be solid there after today.

Manager Josh Devore benched Turner, his young second-sacker, in the fourth. Payne being benched back to the field, while Turner was permitted to go back in the game. Quelli, left-fielder, came in to the backstop and did a creditable job.

Too Loose.

The switches started when there was too much loose baseball being thrown about by his help to suit the fastidious, or even the less-exacting fans. Tardy celebration around the Homener inner works permitted two double steals to score runs, and in the eighth the Londoners pulled still another one, but not on home plate. The fact that the first London double steal was successful was due to an error, not perfect execution of the locals.

The Homeners were demoralized more or less, and the Londoners looked—and probably felt—like it wasn't quite fair when they couldn't hit back. That was merely amateurish, though. The figures proved that the Londoners fattened the score and their averages at every opportunity, and the Homeners did hit back, four solid thumps coming in the 9th frame. It was sufficient of a ball game in the last four innings to take the farcial edges off.

The Run Start.

London's first run came through Sandquist's punt and Beatty's single. In the third, Tice had bunted his way on, and with Nason started a double steal, the former scoring when Gray threw wild to second in a play that was ragged on both sides. In the 4th, Gehring walked and Sandquist was on through a smash at Turner, and the double pifer worked again when the fatted peg to second was held by Turner.

In the 5th, Grand Rapids lunged up a marker. Sackettier, who had bunted and tried to third on a hit batsmen and a choice, scored on Devore's grounder to Gehring, who probably should have tried for the play at the plate.

Gray dusted two batsmen, with outs in between. In the 5th, and Gehring's triple, which might have bunted and tried to third on a hit batsmen and a choice, scored on Devore's grounder to Gehring, who probably should have tried for the play at the plate.

SLIGHTLY RAGGED

Grand Rapids:	A.B.	R.	H.	P.	E.
Wells, 1b.	5	0	1	12	0
Devore, rf.	4	0	1	2	0
Payne, cf.	2	0	1	2	0
Quelli, lf.	3	0	1	2	0
Baldy, ss.	3	0	1	2	0
Brown, 3b.	3	1	1	1	0
Gray, 2b.	3	0	1	1	0
Turner, 2b.	3	0	1	1	0
Bonnelly, cf.	3	0	1	1	0
Sackettier, c.	3	0	1	1	0
Gray, p.	3	0	1	1	0
Totals	34	3	10	24	15

London:	A.B.	R.	H.	P.	E.
Sandquist, 2b.	4	2	3	4	0
Tice, rf.	2	1	0	0	0
Beatty, 1b.	3	0	0	0	0
Nason, cf.	4	0	0	0	0
Stimpson, lf.	4	0	0	0	0
Raker, ss.	2	1	1	3	4
Devore, 3b.	3	0	0	0	0
Kernan, c.	3	0	0	0	0
Delman, p.	3	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	4	9	25	14

Score: Grand Rapids 6, London 3.

Two-base hits—Wells, Gray, Turner.

Three-base hits—Gehring, all-around.

Sacrifices—Tice 2, Stimpson, Gehring.

Stolen bases—Tice, Nason 2, Gehring.

Bases on balls—Gray 6, Delman 2.

Struck out—By Gray 1; by Delman 4.

Hit by pitched ball—Gray 3 (Beatty, Baker, Nason); Delman (Gray).

Left on bases—Grand Rapids 7; London 10.

Time—1:34.

Umpire—Fyfe.

POSTPONED RACE MEET AT PETROLIA WEDNESDAY

Special to The Advertiser.

Petrolia, July 18.—The big race meet, which was to have taken place here on July 9 last but which had to be postponed on account of weather conditions, is to be held here July 23, under the auspices of the Petrolia Driving Association.

Already about 35 entries have been received, and the racing every day. Experts who have seen the Petrolia track, which is one of the few government chartered tracks in the province, claim it to be the best they have run across. If the meet proves a success, it is the intention of the club to have two or three days' racing next year.

QUEBEC CRICKETERS EARN SMALL LEAD

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, July 18.—Quebec earned a small lead in the first inning of the annual two-day match for the inter-provincial cricket honors at Rosedale field today, defeating an all-Ontario team, 110 to 82. Despite the 28-run lead the chances of Ontario getting the laurels are bright as in the start of the second inning, Ontario counted 116 runs when the stumps were drawn at 7 o'clock and only five batsmen were retired. The inning will be completed tomorrow.

Racing Dates

NEW YORK

Empire City—July 8 to July 30.
Saratoga—August 1 to August 30.
Belmont Park—September 1 to September 15.
Aqueduct—Sept. 16 to Sept. 30.
Jamaica—October 1 to October 15.
Empire City—October 16 to October 29.

CANADIAN HENLEY TO TAKE UP THREE DAYS

Stars Will Be Absent, But Entries Are Larger, More Varied Than Ever.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, July 18.—That rowing is growing rapidly in popularity is evidenced by the fact that this year's regatta over the Royal Canadian Henley course at Port Dalhousie, at which the Canadian Association of Amateur Oarsmen's championships are decided, will cover three days, instead of two, as in the past. The preliminary heats will be rowed for the most part, on Thursday, July 31, with the finals on Friday and Saturday. Another innovation this year is that the races will all be rowed straight away, in twenty minute periods, instead of half-hour periods as previously.

With the champion University of Toronto eight, Garrett Holmes, the single scull champion; Hilton Ingham, ex-Canadian champion, and Kelly and Costello, the Canadian doubles champion, absent this year owing to competing in the rowing events in the Olympic games, the races take on a much more open appearance and the newcomers will have their chance for championship honors.

The regatta will retain its international aspect this year, probably to a much greater degree than in the past. Grand Rapids, Michigan, is sending two eights, and this means new competition for Canadian crews.

As the Michigan city has not been represented in many years, inquiries have also been received from Portland, Oregon, and it is expected that some of the rowing events in the regatta will be won by crews from that city. Word from Vancouver, B.C., is to the effect that two crews will probably be sent from there and this country will have a new rival from the Canadian since 1914.

New York and Philadelphia clubs have signified their intention of sending a team, while Detroit, Michigan, which supplied the largest number of competitors for any one club last year, will again be represented by the highest honors in Canadian rowing.

A new race in this year's program is that for high school eights. An entrant in this class will be a Burlington, N.Y., high school.

Lewis and Black Win Their Bouts

Henning Is Beaten On Points by Elliott, Briton.

Associated Press Despatch.

Paris, July 18.—A winner in every round, Douglas Lewis, Toronto, defeated Hugh Hagerty of Pittsburgh, Pa., in the welterweight boxing match in the afternoon, clinching the round of the Olympic boxing contests.

In the opening round, after Lewis had landed a big right, Hagerty went into a clinch and was warned for holding. After they were separated, the Canadian again assumed the offensive, and landed smartly, having much the better of the second.

The second round opened with some fierce milling, Lewis showing the better of it at this style of fighting, and sent the American back to the ropes. This round was also Lewis'.

The crowd cheered the Canadian boxer lustily as he came out of his corner in the third round. Lewis, who was in fine condition and going strong, landed heavily on Hagerty, who was almost exhausted. Lewis' heavy uppercuts knocked Hagerty to the ropes, but the latter hung on desperately to save a knockout.

Les Black, middleweight, of Toronto, secured a decision on points over his opponent, Murphy of Ireland, tonight.

Sixty-four contestants were scheduled to take part in the boxing bouts at the Velodrome here today for Olympic honors. Six Canadians were among the number, but A. S. Rennie of Montreal and Johnny MacGregor of Great Britain, respectively, especially Rennie, who it was ascertained after his fight, fought from the first round with a dislocated right hand.

Woodstock, July 18.—Thamesford rallied in the last inning of their exhibition game with the Woodstock aggregation in Victoria Park tonight and won the contest by 8 to 7. Tommy Plimore, on the mound for the winners, went on the stand in the fourth and pitched his team out of a hole.

Thamesford 212 100 2-8
Woodstock 310 300 6-7

B. Shawan, Plimore and Plimore, L. Flynn, Parker and H. O. Bright, Umpires—Murdoch and Wheatley.

L. D. Butterfield, race secretary of the Watertown, N.Y., track and his son Stanley, have bought from James Kelley of Theresa, N.Y., the race track McKinney which was a sensation in the ice races at that section last winter.

THAMESFORD'S RALLY BEATS WOODSTOCK 8-7

Special to The Advertiser.

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The Jack 2:05, the pacer that the late Parlee Mitchell raced a few years ago, but was exported to England in 1922, recently won a race at Anden-shaw track at Manchester, England. Price \$500.

U.S. TANKERS WIN FOUR OF FINALS

Miss Morton Scores British Win in 200-Metre Event.

Associated Press Despatch.

Les Tourelles, July 18.—The United States Olympic swimming team won four out of the five final events contested today, and took three second places and one third place, piling up a total of 59 olympic points during the day for a total of 115 points. Great Britain holds second place with 35 points.

Johnny Weismuller, Illinois A. C., today won the final of the Olympic 400-meter freestyle event.

Warren Kealoha of Hawaii won the final of the 100-metre back-stroke event.

Miss Morton of Great Britain won the final of the 200-metre women's breast-stroke event, with Miss Agnes Gargathy of the United States second.

Kealoha's time in winning the final of the 100-metre back-stroke event was 1 minute, 13 1/5 seconds, breaking the Olympic record.

Miss Elizabeth Becker of the Ambassador Swimming Club of Atlantic City, N. J., won the final of the women's spring-board, fancy diving event.

The United States women's relay team won the final of the 400 metre event. The time was four minutes, 58 1/5 seconds, twelve and four-fifths seconds under the former world's and olympic record of five minutes, 11 3/5 seconds. The British team was second and Sweden third.

The United States 800 metre relay team defeated Italy easily, covering the distance in ten minutes, 41 1/5 seconds. Italy's time was 11 minutes, 2 1/5 seconds. The other teams which qualified were Sweden, Holland, Australia, Japan, France and Great Britain, who finished in the order of finish in the second, third and fourth heats.

Strathroy, July 18.—The tennis tournament with Watford was not concluded due to the wet weather.

Mr. Lillie and Mr. Graham were the entrants in this class who were eliminated in the first round.

Arrangements will be made to play off the doubles at a later date which will conclude the play for this circuit of the Western Ontario Tennis League, with the Strathroy club in last place.

Men's Singles.

Connolly of Watford won from Downham.

Lillie of Strathroy won from Dr. Bales.

Dr. Urie of Watford won from Mitchell.

Kennells of Watford won from Thompson.

Graham of Strathroy won from Dr. Woods.

Brown of Watford won from Stepler.

Ladies' Singles.

Miss Connolly of Watford won from Miss Scott.

Mrs. Boles of Watford won from Miss Thompson.

Mrs. Evans won from Miss McGeary.

Mrs. Woods won from Miss Sexton.

Men's Doubles.

Lillie and Downham of Strathroy won one set from Connolly and Boles.

Maple Heights Results.

Associated Press Despatch.

Chicago, July 18.—Attila, with a 94-round upset, won the 125-pound title in the siddle, made a show of the field in the 3-year-old future event, Hawthorn. This afternoon, and won as he pleased.

Summaries.

FIRST RACE, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, allowances, 3/2 furlongs: Rockford and Rockford, second.

Falka, 110 (McDermott), second.

Annihilator, 115 (Garner), third.

Time, 1:06 3/5.

SECOND RACE, 3-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Auntie Millin, 106 (McDermott), won.

Ann M. 104 (Garner), second.

Impossible, 109 (Ellis), third.

Time, 1:13 2/5.

THIRD RACE, 4-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Whalebone, 112 (Garner), won.

Lierre, 107 (Yellow), second.

Dromed, 115 (Polek), third.

Time, 1:17.

FOURTH RACE, 3-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Lues, Trantula, Big Sapp, Round Robin, Heavy Artillery, Finday and Guyver also ran.

FIFTH RACE, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Power, 101 (Weiner), won.

Archie Alexander, 106 (Frank), second.

The Reaner, 91 (Griffin), third.

Time, 1:16 3/5.

SIXTH RACE, 3-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Bessie Leighton, Galford, Faithful Girl, Woodie Montgomery, Cardon and Letha also ran.

SIXTH RACE, 3-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Kaula, 102 (Ellis), won.

Haman, 104 (Ficken), third.

Time, 1:17.

SEVENTH RACE, 3-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Miss Claire, The Foreigner, Sunny Ducrow, Flying Prince, The Archer, Lily M. and Hoy also ran.

HAWTHORNE RESULTS

Cleveland, July 18.—The track was a trifle slow at Maple Heights today, but the racing was better than in some of the previous days.

First race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Subtle, 118 (Shayne), won.

Dora Lutz, 111 (Connors), second.

Biskra, 108 (Owens), third.

Time, 1:15.

Second race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Third race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Fourth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Fifth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Sixth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Seventh race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Eighth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Ninth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Tenth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Eleventh race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Twelfth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Thirteenth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Fourteenth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Fifteenth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Sixteenth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Seventeenth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Eighteenth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Nineteenth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Twentieth race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Twenty-first race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Twenty-second race, 2-year-olds and up, \$1,000, claiming, 6 furlongs: Margaret Martin, Irish Lace, Cakes.

Time, 1:15.

Race Results

WINDSOR RESULTS

FIRST RACE, 5 furlongs: Cambridge, 102 (Walls), \$27.80, \$8.35, \$3.80, won.

Miraychit, 115 (Stirling), \$2.90, \$2.40, second.

Panketa, 109 (Scobie), \$2.90, third.

Time, 1:01 3/5.

SECOND RACE, 5 furlongs: Note of Love, 107 (Lang), \$9.55, \$5, \$3.20, won.

Vanderlust, 102 (Mooney), \$13.50, \$9.20, second.

Effort, 109 (Mergler), \$3.90, third.

Time, 1:03 3/5.

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SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1924.

Not a Colony—A Nation.

Canada is to have a representative at the conference in London of inter-allied nations dealing with the Dawes report and the manner in which it shall be applied.

This has been made possible because the premier of Canada kept to the front all the way through the fact—not the theory—that Canada is a nation within the British Empire, and as such is entitled to have a voice in conferences that determine policies by which Canada's future course may be affected.

It is not a new point that Premier King has stressed; it was the policy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and of Sir Robert Borden, and it marks the difference between Canada a colony and Canada a nation.

Senator Belcourt will represent the Dominion at the conference; he will attend with full powers from the crown to represent Canada, and be recognized as one of the British Empire delegation.

This news is not pleasing to the London Free Press. The day on which the recognition of Senator Belcourt as a British Empire delegate was announced it stated:

"Incidentally, Canada is cutting a poor figure. Senator Belcourt, a member of the much-abused Upper House and a belligerent autonomist, has been given authority to represent the Dominion, but so far has only reached the gate, clamoring in vain for entrance. It is a foolish and somewhat humiliating spectacle. It would be fine to have Canada represented and strong and sound arguments could be advanced why Canada should have a delegate present."

"Clamoring in vain for entrance. It is a foolish and somewhat humiliating spectacle." Apparently the spectacle exists largely in the mind of the Free Press.

Canada asked for a status that had already been recognized. It was recognized at Versailles, Washington, again at Genoa and at The Hague. It was not recognized at Lausanne, and Canada might readily have been committed to consequences in the making of which she had no voice and no representation. The cornerstone of the British Empire is that each nation in the empire looks upon its own parliament as the source of national direction and authority. The Lausanne incident was the exception, and the matter was brought up several times in the British Commons. Sir Edward Grey during the course of the debate referring to Canada's position: "The most important thing was that they (the Canadian people) were given no choice, no alternative in the matter."

The people of Britain do not feel that Canada is "in a foolish and somewhat humiliating position" in maintaining that she has a right to sit in the conference at London, or at the Lausanne gathering. A writer in the London Spectator of June 21, 1924, states: "The British government in power in October, 1922, no doubt with the best intentions in the world, made a gross blunder in deciding upon the British Empire representation at Lausanne without previous consultation with the dominions." The only reason yet advanced for the move then was that France objected on the ground that if British dominions had a voice, the same would have to be granted to sections of the French Empire such as Morocco and Algeria. That is a matter for France to settle, and when those sections of the French Empire reach the status of self-governing nations they should be given their seat at the conferences. And when that time comes there will, we hope, be no newspapers in those places that are reaching out for nationhood to stand back and describe the development as "a foolish and somewhat humiliating spectacle."

Keep Down the Pension List.

Hon. A. B. Copp, secretary of state, was given the task of explaining to the Commons at Ottawa a bill providing that members of the civil service commission might be retired after fifteen years' service on a pension equal to two-thirds of their salary.

He had a rough passage, for many of the Progressives failed to see why members of the civil service commission, who draw good salaries, should be provided with a pension list at all.

The members of the commission made the appeal themselves, claiming that they should receive the same consideration as judges. The cases are not parallel at all. It is desirable in the case of a judge that his future be assured in such a way that he will be removed from any temptation or pressure in interpreting the laws of the land.

There is no need for granting similar standing to members of the civil service commission, who are simply employment agents for the government at a good salary.

Oct. 23 Has Been Named.

Premier Ferguson has at last reached the stage of finality in regard to the taking of a plebiscite on temperance legislation in Ontario. He has named Thursday, October 23, as the date. In that regard he has been fair, as it gives sufficient warning to all parties, and after the vote is taken it will not be possible to say it was rushed on without due notice.

Mr. Ferguson's reasons for having a vote at all are summed up in his own words: "It is undeniable that there is a demand from a large number of people who hold divergent views that they be given opportunity to pronounce upon the subject."

The premier might with equal fervor have made the statement: "It is undeniable that there

is a demand from a large number of people to leave the present legislation as it is."

His bald statement about a "large number of people" making a demand for a vote is apologetic. It is not convincing, nor does it carry proof that the premier has made any serious effort to justify the statement he makes.

Mr. Ferguson's claim that "the government refrained from making any statement regarding the plebiscite while the by-elections were pending so that the subject might not be the subject of party political controversy" may be true in the letter of the law, but not in the spirit in which it has been observed. A member of the premier's cabinet, Dr. Forbes Godfrey, made abundant use of the issue in the by-election in Toronto, and there was no word of protest from Mr. Ferguson.

All that has been given to the people is the announcement that the vote will be on October 23. The exact nature of it is not known, but the promise is made that it will be given out in ample time. The temperance forces in the province will be well advised to place that date firmly and conspicuously before them. The lesson of Saskatchewan means that they must vote. They can prepare, work, campaign and speak, but above all they must vote.

Mars Pays Us a Visit.

Tonight about 10:30 or 11 o'clock take a look at Mars. It comes up out of the southeast at about that hour, and there can be no mistake about it. Mars is an orange-red color, bright and sparkling. Later on as it rides higher in the heavens and gets in line with the moon its brilliance is dimmed, because the moon is putting on a pretty fine performance of its own just now.

Mars is moving closer to this earth, but don't be alarmed. Astronomers told us some years ago that on the 23rd of August it would be closer to this earth of ours than it has been in 100 years. After that it will move off again.

Mars follows a path like our world does, around the sun; it is the next planet to us, our nearest neighbor. But even when it comes fairly close, as it is now, it is 35,000,000 miles away.

Astronomers are getting their glasses shined up for a good look at Mars. They have been looking at it for years, trying to make out what sort of a place it is. Even in the sixteenth century there were sketches and maps of Mars. As far as we know there are few mountains there; if it has habitation it will be in a country colder than ours.

The story came out some years ago that Mars was covered with a system of canals, long, straight lines, so regular that they must have come more by design than natural cause. So the idea of canals in Mars grew, but no one knows whether they have canals or not. It caught popular fancy, so we have forced a series of these great ditches on the Martians whether they have them or want them or not.

Whether we know a great deal about Mars or not, it provides a glorious and an impressive sight, as it comes up late in the evening, glorious in its soft brilliance, swinging along in the path marked out for it by the Creator of the universe.

The Home Bank Depositors.

The House of Commons, with no dissenting voice, placed itself on record as recognizing "that the depositors of the Home Bank have a moral claim in equity for compensation by the country of any loss they may suffer by reason of the failure of the Home Bank."

That means that the Commons recognized the fact that finance ministers in the past had been aware of conditions of the Home Bank, but had failed to act in accordance with that knowledge. There may be some regret on the part of depositors, especially those who have been hard pressed by reason of their losses, that no definite announcement of government policy will be made, but they cannot fail to find encouragement in the action of the members in unanimously recognizing their claim.

Note and Comment.

Come to think of it, it's just as easy to make friends as acquaintances.

In the long run it's better to have people respecting you than envying.

Doctors say men need a lot of sleep. But make sure that you get yours in bed.

Some of the young men who get their hands massaged might bear in mind that a hoe or a hay fork can do the trick even better.

One expert says that business has turned the corner toward better times. Very well, then. Stand back and don't block the path.

The fact that U. S. athletes at Olympic games have been able to run so fast is due to there being 14,000,000 motor cars in that country.

Kitchener Kiwanis Club at their last session had a strawberry shortcake three feet across and two feet high, and of course the jolly K's jumped on it with both feet.

All the pictures used in selling cars show them sliding along gaily over country roads. Never once have we seen an ad. that ran like this: "Dotted line indicates the direction taken by dad in crawling under the car."

A man in Brantford had such a protruding stomach that the police arrested him, and found he had half a dozen bottles of liquor inside his shirt. The protruding is generally noticed there, although some of it may be grafted on the end of the nose.

James Cummings of St. Louis has received from a Detroit firm a check for \$1,500,000 for the process of hardening and tempering copper. It is a pleasing thing to see such recognition going to the man who actually deserves it. Too often men who have made great and notable inventions or discoveries have not shared in the profits.

Dr. Frank Crane

HANDSHAKING

Came some days ago Dr. Francisco X. Suacchelli, health expert in New York, and declared war against handshaking.

We wish to line up under Dr. Suacchelli's colors and take our place among the enemies of handshaking.

We confess to a certain dislike to being pawed in any way, but we always disliked old gentlemen who, in our youth, used to pinch our ears and pat our heads.

That the amiable friend who shows his good-will by pounding us on the back means well does not keep us from wanting to murder him.

And then there are those who are always catching hold of your arm and putting their hand upon your knee and otherwise massaging you.

We may be flincky, but when we need treatment we prefer to go to a Turkish bath and pay our dollar and a half and have it done by a husky who knows how.

Handshaking is merely a custom.

Still more, it is merely a symbol.

Now, a symbol or a custom is of value only because everybody has agreed to it. They could just as well agree to another one.

Therefore, we hereby move that handshaking ought to be abolished. The motion is put and carried.

Instead of a handshake we would suggest the salute. Some such gesture, for example, as is used in the army. It would be just as easy for two people to raise the hand to the forehead, or, if they prefer, to the nose, as it would be to shake each other's hand.

When we think of all the various palms we have been in contact with—hard and horny palms, sweaty palms, goosy, listless and reluctant palms, over-eager and suggestive palms—we are inclined not to feel very well.

Then there is the energetic person who thinks he must show his cordiality by grasping all of your phalanges and breaking them in his tremendous clasp. He is the man whose notion of pleasantness is pounding you on the back with a blow that loosens your back teeth.

Not, of course, that we would be persnickety. There are times. We do not pretend to deny that there are times. And when, along with the time there comes the place and the girl, we can do our little task of handshaking and palm massaging along with the next man; but these things are not matters to be discussed in public.

Holdin' Yer Tongue

I went into my neighbor's hut, he said some friends was comin' in, and that he'd like to show the folks the tribe a-livin' close to him.

We sat around and talked a spell, me meetin' folks that seemed quite new, and sayin' several times to them, "I'm well and here is things with you?"

But after that they got some girl, a sweet and winsome little thing, they said as how she played right well and how she could likewise sing, and bein' a lover of such things, thinks I'll have a treat all right, and I was glad down in my soul I came into his hut that night.

Well, say, she sat down at the baby grand, and pawed the thing a bar or two, ma wonderin' all the blessed while what next she was a-goin' to do.

There didn't seem to be no toon, she raised her fist with all her might, and brought her digits bangin' down just where they happened for to light.

Well, after she got limbered up, she started in to sing a spell, her trap it opened like a cave, she took her breath and then she'd yell; the first was 'bout some dude of hers who swung upon the garden gate, and hung around until the folks yelled out 'twas getting fearful late.

She sang and sang and sang some more, the more she sang the worse she got, the folks what writ all them there songs should be collected up and shot.

My friend he says, "She's great on that, the poplar music is her meat," he thinkin' that this screedin' dame was givin' all the folks a treat.

I stole out softly from the door, to go and sniff the evening air, a-hopin' that the row would cease afore I had to go back there. Another chap was on the steps, a kindred soul he seemed to be, who'd beat it out to calm his mind, a-feelin' all riled up like me.

Says I to him, quite friendly like, "Ain't that the durnest noise in there, I'm hopin' she runs out of breath and has to holler out for air. That sort of singin' gets my goat, it makes my temper boilin' mad," and all he says to me was this, that he was that there daughter's dad.

It took me time to learn some things, each blinkin' day I'm gettin' stung, but still I'm findin' every day just how it pays to hold my tongue.—ARK.

The Canadian Hen

(From the Hamilton Herald.)

At the great international poultry show held at Barcelona, Spain, 26 countries were represented. The poultry aristocracy of the world was there. And it is pleasant to learn that many of the very choicest birds were those that came from Canada. The merits of the great Canadian hen were recognized and made the subject of much comment. After travelling 7,000 miles and subjected to many vicissitudes of weather and diet, the great Canadian hen was able to hold her own against rivals from every part of the world. Not a single case of sickness developed in any of the Canadian coops. A healthy and robust bird is the Canadian hen—a native product to be proud of.

Press Comment

Are There Pretty Men?

When Nature wishes to make an ass of a man she just makes him pretty and lets the scheme work out by itself.—Montreal Herald.

The Invasion Keeps Up.

Police cells Tuesday night contained six women and not a man. One by one man's prerogatives disappear. Soon he'll not have a roof over his head.—Ottawa Journal.

But Would He Dare Do That?

Premier Ferguson, who was expected to make known the date of the prohibition plebiscite tomorrow, suggests further delay. He might do worse than postpone action indefinitely.—Brantford Expositor.

The Struggle Keeps Up.

The common belief that it is difficult for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven prevents few men from trying to get rich.—Chicago News.

It Thrives On the Front Porch.

The artistic temperament is something that persuades daughter to let mother do the sweeping and wash the dishes.—Illinois State Journal.

The Fun Shop

COURTSHIP.

By Glenn W. Spencer.

As It Used To Be.

He sat on the sofa, she sat on the chair.

He fumbled with his watch chain, she replaced a lock of hair.

His gaze was sad and wistful, her glance was sweet and shy.

He spoke, his voice was husky, his throat was parched and dry.

"Fair maiden, I adore you, and on my bended knee beseech you most sincerely into my arms to flee."

As It Is.

The sofa now is vacant, they both sit on the chair.

She fumbles with his watch chain, he rummages up her hair.

His hair is slicked with tonic fine, her face with talcum's white.

He speaks, his voice is strident, and he thinks it sounds like might.

"Lil' cuckoo, you're some chicken, you've got me roped and tied, just let this fitter through your door and be my blushing bride."

A Thorough Mother.

Phil—"Myrtle Jones got a good spanking today."

Dad—"It can't be, son. Why, she's a junior in college."

Phil—"I don't care, dad. I heard the girls talking today and they said Myrtle kept beggin' to get her hair bobbed until her mother finally took her into the bedroom and shingled her well."

Sleep, Gentle Sleep—

Six-year-old Bertie was being examined for adenoids.

"Bertie," inquired the nurse, "do you sleep with your mouth open?"

"No, ma'am," piped up Bertie, "I sleep with my grandmother."

SOLOMON'S WIVES.

When King Solomon governed the land

With his beautiful wives at command,
Many times have I wondered
How he managed three hundred
When one I can't quite understand.

The Language of Love.

On the low-lying sand dunes the young couple sat, gazing into each other's eyes. Above, a pearl-colored moon danced lazily through the fleeting clouds and, at regular intervals, there was the sound of breaking waves, followed by the splash of foam spreading along the beach. Truly a night of golden thoughts. A night of silvery speech. Even the stars seemed to sing their joy and gladness.

Yet the couple, strange to relate, had not spoken for hours. For hours not a word had escaped them. Then, suddenly, the young man turned to the girl.

"Duz oo love oo ownest honey?" And she answered, "Uh, huh."

Two Chances.

Contributor—"I want to write a department of interest to women."

Editor—"About clothes or men?"

In, Out, Up and Down.

A notorious burglar was Michael O'Flynn.

He "looked over" a house and at length he broke in.

They interned him in jail behind bars that were stout.

But Mike got the measles and quickly broke out.

Into business he went, like a frivolous pun.

But business was bad, and poor Michael broke out.

Then he started to worry to fret, and to frown.

Which shattered his nerves, and so Michael broke down.

The Test of Friendship.

Blackstone—"What kind of people are your new neighbors?"

Westover—"Can't say yet. I'm going to ask them for a loan of their lawn mower this afternoon."

Money Talks.

Gayboy—"Do you believe in the old saying that money talks?"

Alterson—"Sure I do, and that's not all. I noticed that when it talks it usually creates more or less interest."

YOU BET.

One's jests can never get a mile from very old maids with pimples; But jokes that miss the point a mile will tempt a lass with dimples.

No Suspicion.

"Your husband looks like a brilliant man," I suppose he knows everything.

"Don't fool yourself. He doesn't even suspect anything."

How can you expect the girls to go scrambling for a young fellow when he's a bad egg?

Batter Up!

In the public park two colored baseball teams, the Hotel Porters and Concrete Workers, were playing for

the championship of the Honest Labor League.

It was a close game, but in the eighth inning the Porters happened to get three men on base with two out. Their manager immediately called upon his slugging pinch-hitter, who was greeted with: "Come on, Rufe, knock it out of the lot."

Rufe spat on his hands, grabbed a heavy bat, made three swings a la Casey, hit nothing but the air, and struck out. The Concrete Worker catcher tanned him on the shoulder and said, "Put down that kindling wood, Rufe, you ain't zwine no place."

Won't Fall.

Ethel—"Men are such obstinate creatures."

Clara—"What happened, dear? Can't you get him to propose?"

The bottle danced tantalizing before his eyes. Should he once more give in to this soul filling temptation? Or should he cast the tempter aside?

But still, there was the chance that this might be a different brand from the other—here was something that looked like the real stuff.

And then the bald-headed man submitted his shining pate as the barber applied the bottle of hair restorer.

Come Seven.

Mistress (to maid)—"Liza, what is the noise I hear?"

Liza (who has just fed meat scraps to the dog)—"Oh, don't be alarmed, mum, it's only Laddie Boy rattlin' his bones."

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

To the Editor

Askin Street Outing.

Writer Says the Way They Skipped Along in Cars Was a Surprise to Him.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir—A party of men from Askin Street Church thought they needed a holiday. They chose to take a trip by auto, ten of them. They had new, colorful cars, and sometimes made speed that did not seem like what staid elderly Methodists would tolerate going over (deleted by the censor) miles an hour in some spurts. Most people, even the old fellows, do get rather jubilant when they get off on such a fire holiday trip, and then it must have been on only short spells, for their blizest day's run was only 203 miles.

Of course, they had a grand time. They went by Lake Huron ports to Kincardine and Southampton, then east to Owen Sound and Collingwood to Burt's Bay, where they were shown through the ship-building plant, where a steel steamer 550 feet in length has been in building for seven months. Down to the wharf to Toronto by way of Newmarket. Then by the highway to Hamilton, seeing the magnificent strawberry fields by the way. Mr. Milton, an informant, was struck with the luxuriant growth of the plants and the cleanliness of the fields. Hundreds of women were at work picking the berries. From Hamilton, by way of Brantford, Woodstock, Dorchester and so home. Mr. Milton remarks upon the excellence of the crops on the whole. Fall wheat is the best. Many fields, he estimated, would yield 35 bushels per acre, and some 40. Oats were rather backward until they got near home, where they saw a field headed out, but the color was good, and they would not doubt, come along well. Some splendid fields of barley were seen.

But what especially struck him were the extra heavy crops of alfalfa and sweet clover. In Huron County some very fine crops of beans were noticed. Mr. Milton, as an old bean grower from Kent County, knows good beans when he sees them. On the whole he says that he never saw crops so generally fine. He thinks that farmers have good prospects this year if prices are fair. T. B. R. R. 4, London.

WILL WIDEN TURN IN ROAD.

Special to The Advertiser.
Mildmay, July 18.—The Mildmay and Carrick councils will widen the turn on the boundary road east of town. This turn is exceedingly sharp and dangerous.

MAJESTIC THEATRE
Opens Monday—Advt. 18u

CANADIAN PACIFIC SAILINGS

FROM MONTREAL
AND QUEBEC

To Belfast—Glasgow.
July 24, Aug. 28, Sept. 11, Oct. 25, Nov. 8, Dec. 22.
To Montreal—London.
Aug. 7, Sept. 14, Oct. 28, Nov. 11, Dec. 25.
To Cherbourg—Southampton—Antwerp.
July 28, Aug. 20, Sept. 3, Oct. 17, Nov. 30, Dec. 13.
To Liverpool.
July 25, Aug. 22, Sept. 5, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, Dec. 16.
To Cherbourg—Southampton—Hamburg.
July 20, Aug. 27, Sept. 10, Oct. 24, Nov. 7, Dec. 21.
From Quebec.
Aug. 1, Sept. 4, Oct. 18, Nov. 1, Dec. 15.

CRUISES—1925

ROUND THE WORLD
Empress of France—Jan. 14
TO THE MEDITERRANEAN
Empress of Scotland—Feb. 9
WEST INDIES
Montreal—Jan. 20 and Feb. 21
(formerly Empress of Britain)

Apply to Local Agents

J. E. PARKER,
Gen. Agent, Pass. Dept.,
1 King St. East, Toronto

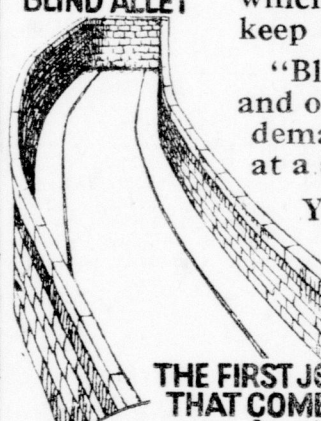
Which Road Will Your Son Take It Depends on You

If anything happened to you, would he have to leave school and take the first job which offered in order to help his mother keep the home together?

"Blind Alley" jobs require little education and offer good pay to start. "Success" jobs demand education and a period of service at a small remuneration.

Your responsibilities should not be transferred to your children.

BLIND ALLEY



THE FIRST JOB THAT COMES

EDUCATION

OPPORTUNITY



THE

The London Advertiser

LONDON, ONT., SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1924.

RDAY, JULY 19, 1924.



(Left) Lenglen, the great tennis star, with her mother, at Wimbledon



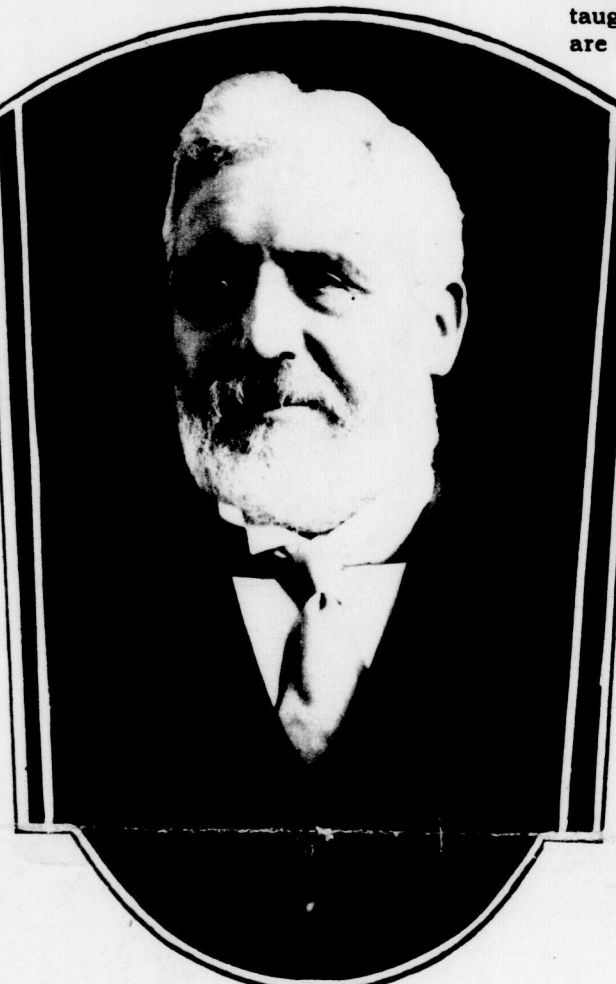
French boys are being taught English games. They are here at push-ball



(Right) At the great tennis matches at Wimbledon, Miss Helen Wills congratulates the victor, Mrs. Covell



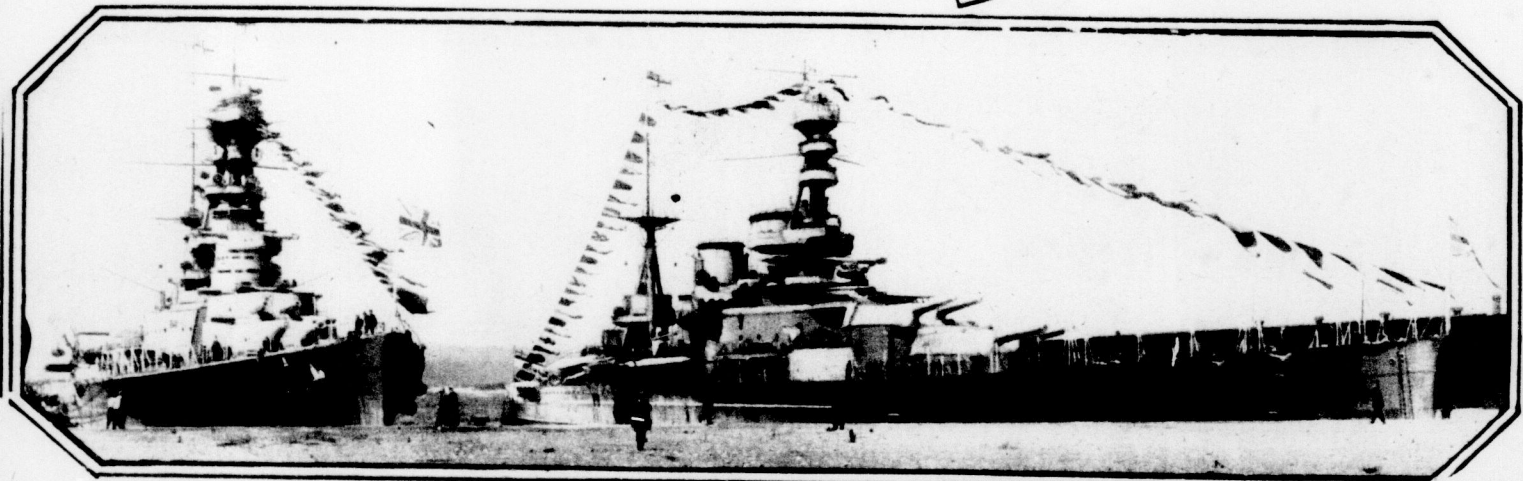
Blackpool puts on an annual carnival which rivals Nice's. This is one of the tableaux



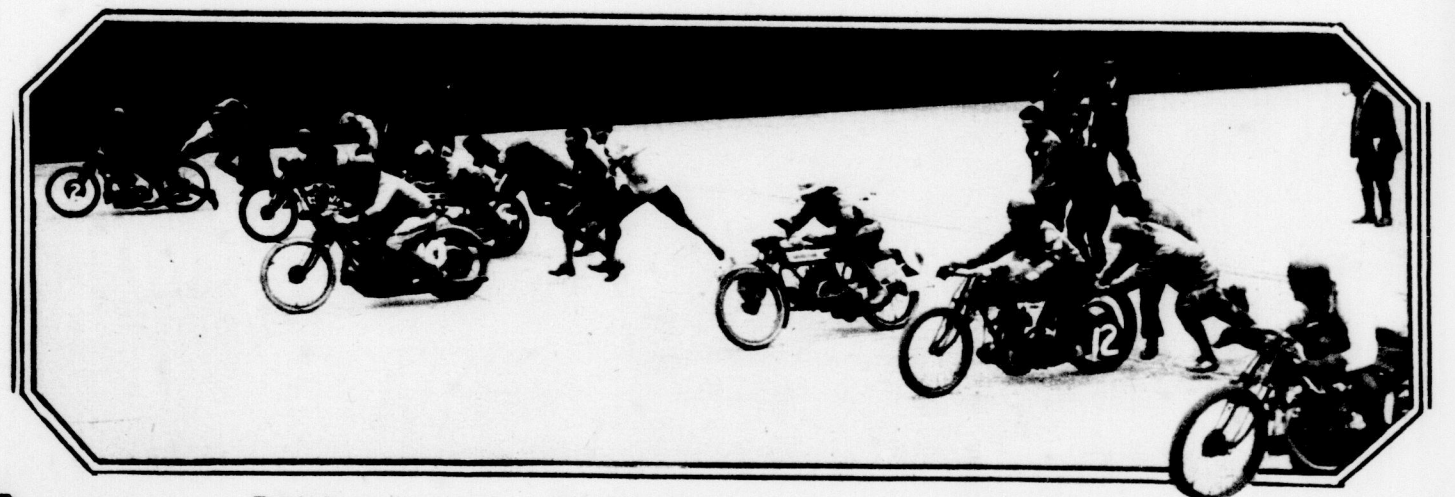
While Premier John Oliver was himself defeated, his government was sustained in the recent elections in British Columbia



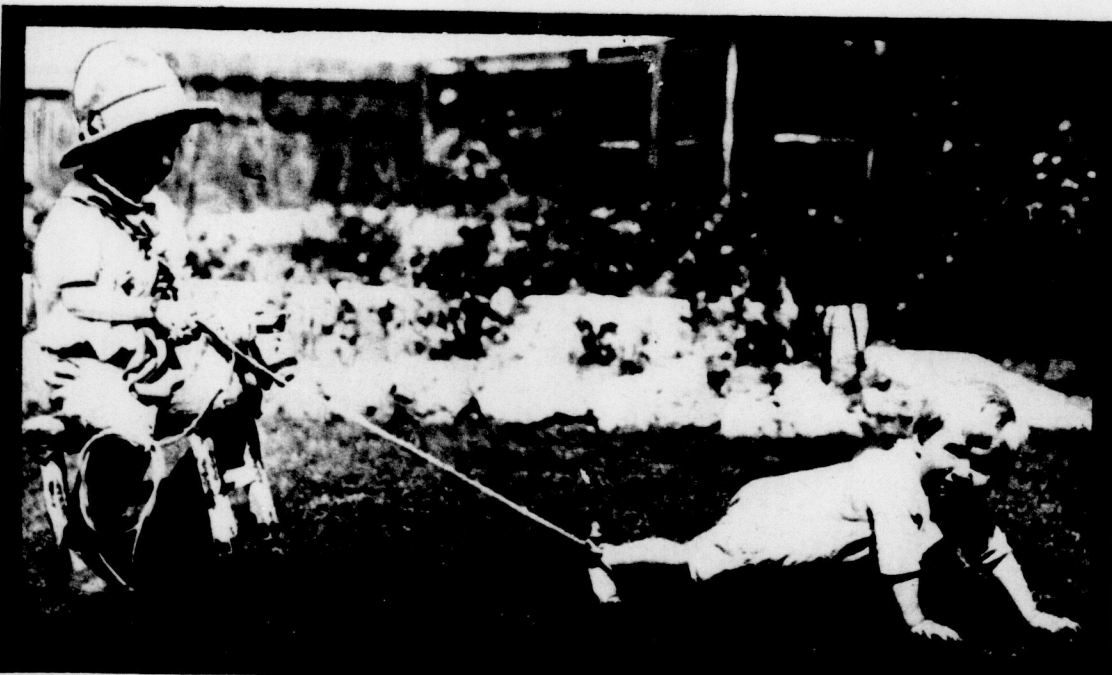
A little girl having the time of her life during the great horse parade in Regent's Park, London



The Hood and the Repulse, two of the great, lean, grey ships of the line, docked at Victoria, B.C., during the special service squadron's visit to Canada's western rim



English motorcyclists at Brooklands featuring a one-lap sprint race



Since the western cowpunchers put on their rodeo show at the Empire Exhibition the kiddies of London have had a new game to play



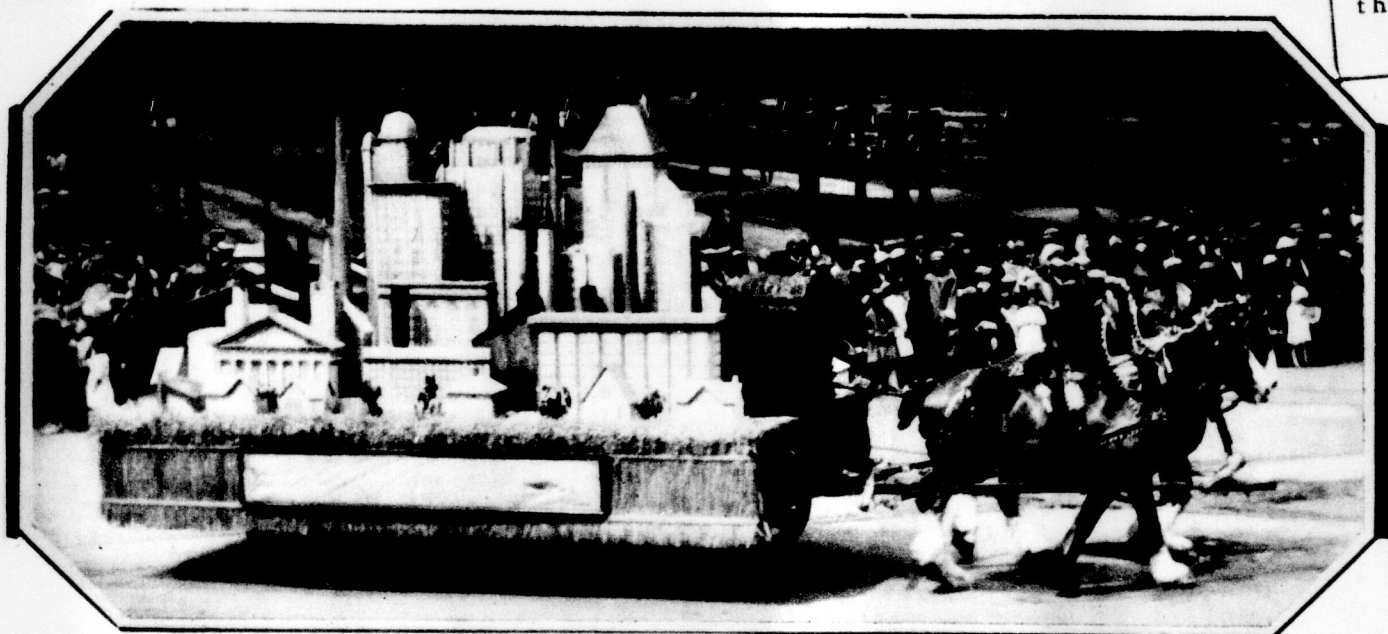
Odette Jacqueline, an eighteen-year-old film star of France, is hailed as the Mary Pickford of Europe



Another tableau from the great ten-day carnival held each year at Blackpool, England



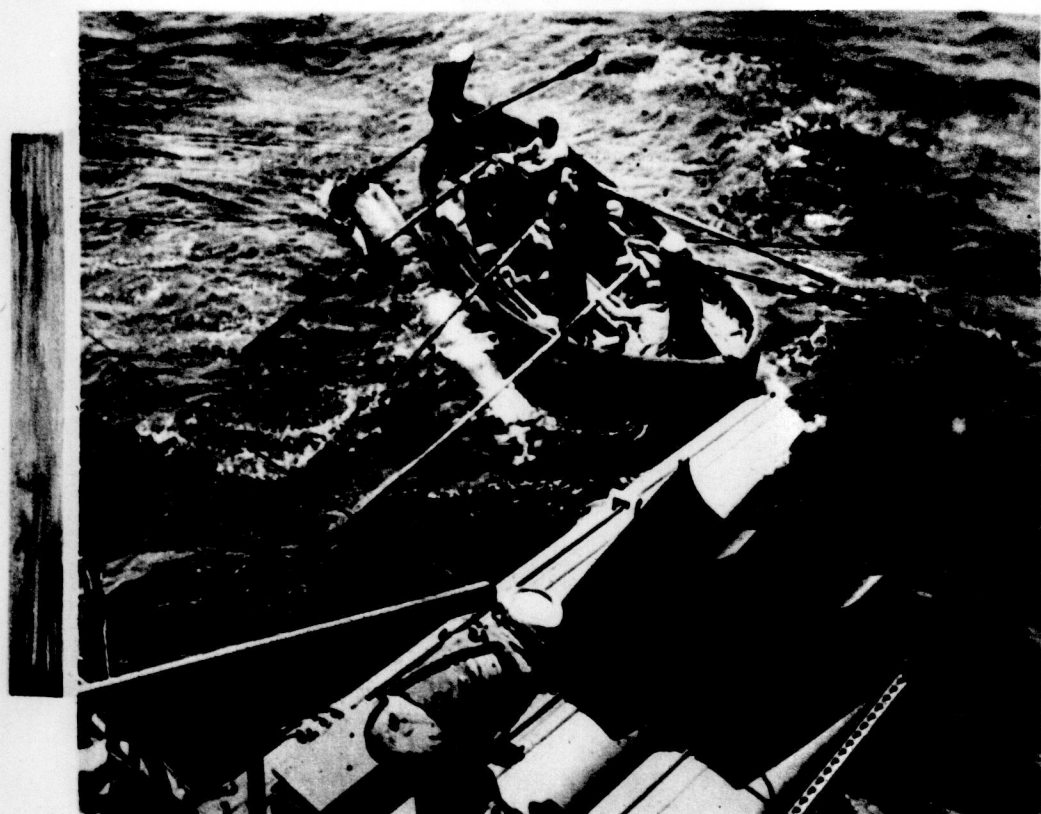
Their majesties drive in informal state to the opening of the Ascot meet



Minatures of Winnipeg's principal business section in the procession celebrating that city's fiftieth anniversary



In the Oregon forests, the lumbermen shoot logs down this flume at the rate of four miles in twelve minutes



A. U.S. destroyer crew picking up a dud torpedo after it had been launched in practice maneuvers off California



A cone, the public baths and the minimum of bathing suit, in a word, comfort



In the caves of the Shenandoah Valley, in Virginia, there are beautiful, ghostly chambers hung with gleaming white crystal streamers. This one is called the Hunters' Lodge



Now a combination of straight and curled — the merry widow bob as developed by Madame Louise of Chicago. At the left, the rear view



A yellow crepe pleated dress, with a jabot and lace trimming to balance the jabot on skirt



Mr. Lichten Pentz, of Seattle, with his wife and baby, a goat, dog and cat, set forth for Alaska in a 16-foot open boat



Anne Nicholls, author and producer of "Abie's Irish Rose," goes to Europe to celebrate her success

Soap and Soul in Melting Pot Tim's First Bath and First Fight

An Incident of Weekly Wash Day, Instituted By Neighborhood Workers in Downtown Toronto Where Bath-tubs Are Scarce

By EDITH G. BAYNE

NOW and then it appears that a calf is born with three legs or a chicken minus its head, and it sometimes happens that an Irishman is born who doesn't love a fight. Young Tim Callaghan was a lad of peace. His hair wasn't red and he had a cool, reflective eye of the diplomat rather than the fiery orb of the fighter. His mother had tried in vain to rouse him to a sense of his glorious birthright, his racial heritage. She herself was the finest scrapper in the block and when "pinched" could more than hold her own in wordy session with the magistrate. But as for Tim, she had coaxed, bribed and threatened him, hinted and goaded him with the smarting sort of her eloquent tongue, and he wouldn't double fist. Not even the time little Joe Nicola had walked up to him in unprovoked assault and kicked him in the seat of the emotions.

"An' I sez t' him, sez I" (Mrs. Callaghan speaking), "Go on out there an' kick th' lather outa that rat-faced little wop's set, or ye're no son o' mine." I sez, "An' sez he, 'imperial' like, 'I—I don't wanna fight. I d't feel like fightin'." I got a loose tooth, he sez, "Loose tooth is it, sez I, 'an' yer dad whuppin' Dan Cassidy with wan arm av him broke? hangin' be his side! Is it the son av yer fat ye are? Is it anny green blood ye've got in y' veins at all? sez I, 'I duno,' sez he, 'but t'ran find anny green in me eye!' he sez, 'An' t'he tells me that Joe's big brother, the same at they call the Fightin' Dago, was standin' vn the alley a ways watchin' it all an' sickin' y'g Joe on!'"

One day the Fighting Dago, a lumpy, swarthy, swaggering youth of 13, lingering in the alley and boasting of his prowess to an aging circle of urchins, made a tactless remark the effect that the Irish were no good.

"Timmy darlin' an' didja hear that?" Mrs. Callaghan demanded. She was "hanging a line."

Tim's hearing was in good shape. He'd neither feign deafness nor ignore the inference.

Tim Not a Fighter

"DIDJA hear it?" repeated his mother, dominous gleam in her eye.

"Uh-huh," answered Tim, uneasily. "Go an' black his eyes like a man!"

But Tim shrank from the prospect.

"Yah—try an' do it!" jeered the champ, advanced menacingly up the lane, his nasty eyes Paul with apolloles.

On the timorous Timmy. "Try an' do it!" he repeated.

Mrs. Callaghan seized a broom, but her glance lighting on a paful of hot soapuds she dropped the broom in favor of that. She lifted the pail and let fly. The Fighting Dago ducked and P.C. O'Flaherty, who was taking a short-cut through the lane, got "th' full av it." There was an interesting aftermath in the police court.

"It'll be th' proud day fer me when me first-born learns t' fight his own battles," she sighed when the judge had let her off with a warning. "Yer honor knows well it's enough av me own I'm all th' time havin'."

The incident became a sore point twixt mother and son. More and more it became Mrs. Callaghan's habit to speak with fond wistfulness of the fine fighting spirit of Tim's late dad, as for instance:

"Th' way he'd be comin' in every two or three days hollerin' fer a bit o' raw beefsteak an' th' shittikin' plaster, sure home ain't bin th' same since!"

But Tim was to prove his mettle. One afternoon eight-year-old Olga Willetski, looking as cool and crisp as lettuce just off the ice, in a pale-green organdy dress that "the neighborhood lady" had given her and holding by either hand a small brother and sister equally clean, stepped from the portals of the neighborhood house and took her decorous way homeward. Believing that all young Canadians should be brought up with a sense of the close association between soap and Saturday the good folks who preside over the melting pot in the initial stages of its bubbling have instituted a weekly bath day for certain of our new little citizens, and this was it.

Washings are Popular

"THE washings" are popular. Mrs. Willetski had to go to the hospital to-day, but she sent a note with the children saying: "Dear Miss: Please keep washing Olga and Freda and Pete till further notice." That is the spirit that's bound to tell on future generations.

Look in at the neighborhood houses or at Memorial Institute and see what a busy time they have on bath day! Above the sounds of running water, splashing, shouts, squeals and laughter much scrambled dialogue floats over the partitions:

"Leggo me ear!"

"Nu, Abie, hold still! I guess I got to sand-paper you!"

"There's soap in me eye!"

"Oi, what happened yet the towel?"

"Miriam! Stick out your head and ask the lady could I have it the scissors so I can undress Wasy!"

"Mrs. Steck! Could you dress for me mine little Jakey? He's now all dry like a herring—"

"Esther! Do you see anywhere the towel?"

"Sure. It fell in the water. I guess it went down the little hole—"

And the supervisor hurries to and fro, dispensing towels, soap, clean clothes sometimes, advice and warning:



They didn't get a chance to reach the lane. Twenty feet from the house the Fighting Dago appeared.

"Don't stay too long under the cold shower, Mickey!" Mrs. Baricci, see if this little dress will fit Angelina. . . . Here are the pins, Anna."

And perhaps the last of the grey water has scarcely gurgled away and evening begun to descend than three pixies who have been playing in a coal-heap come reticently in with a parental note: "Why you my Selma send home with her head. Only three months back I wash him. She was good enough yet. Anyhow I need the soap for the wash Monday. I send Nick and his pals."

So the supervisor—and well for her that she has a brawny arm—grasping the spirit of the message if not the letter, removes her wrist-itch, rolls up her sleeves and scrubs the trio an. Little Nick, rosy and smiling and almost tuffed in a bigger brother's hand-me-downs, his chubby arms around her neck in leaving and kisses her with a vast, resounding "k."

The Three Willetskis

"OVE you," he tells her—and something in the supervisor's eyes that isn't soap smarts moment or two. . . .

return to the little Willetskis and Tim, the three immaculates, very self-conscious, very virtuous and wholly superior—even Pete—had just ed within Tim's field of vision on their proud, home from "the washings." Tim and his pals, were walking a fence.

"Of o'ka the stuck-ups!" they shouted in shrill. "They hadda bath—they hadda bath—they—"

"Pay—tention," was Olga's advice to the little one whose nose went up. "They're igger-unt an' t' don't know nuthin'!"

The three mentors were in the middle of a fresh burst when who should round the corner but "the neighborhood lady" herself.

"Wouldn't you like a bath, too, Tim?" she asked pleasantly.

There was a painful silence, but on the question being put Tim replied with a squirm: "I dunno."

"How about then, Mac?" Mac isn't s' . . . They call him that because his last name's roni.

"What's it t'?" Mac inquired with some slight curiosity.

"Well, you ask Pete or Olga or Yetta. They'll tell you."

"Aw, they ain't s'kin to us. They're stuck-ups," said Mac, sideways and giving his cap a jerk further.

"Haven't you g'ath-tub at your house?" the lady wanted to know.

"Naw. We had it it only took up room, so we hocked it."

"Do you ever tak' in the glass?" "Glass?"

"Ain't got none. now. We did have one."

"What happened to it you hock it, too?" "Naw, my ma bus' over my pa's head."

Tim Trappor Bath

"BUT doesn't anybody tell you how dirty you look?" asked in desperation.

"No'm. They're used to it. I guess."

As a final resort: "on't you yourself ever notice how dirty yo, Mac considered this a . . .

"No'm. No ma'am. Y'in't very notice-able. I don't never notice s' like that," he answered easily.

"Haven't you ever had either, Tim?"

"Sure. Once I did," Tim replied promptly. "Golly, it was fierce!" he added, reminiscently. "I fell into me mother's bluing-tub."

"You haven't a bath-tub, either?" Then, as Tim shook his head: "But how do you take a wash—an all-over wash?"

"We wait for a thunderstorm," said Tim. The lady pretended to scan the sky.

"I don't believe we're going to have one very soon," she observed. "Tell you what! You come along with me—both of you—and I'll show you something better than a thunderstorm and not half so dangerous."

It was only when she had promised them an ice-cream cone—the large-size kind—apiece that she got them. They went along with the air of men who are game enough to try anything once, passing over the initiation and the ablutions proper, which proceeded noisily, with the participants inclined to linger overlong under the needle-shower, the moment came when, dried and ready for their clothes again, no clothes were to be found. The supervisor or somebody had taken their own apparel out to the ashcan and hadn't appeared with any substitute. Mac poked his head out the door.

"Oh, lady!" he cried, "gimme me pants!" Sometimes the clothing supply in the store-room runs a little short and today applicants for boys' shirts were out of luck. Only one was forthcoming and the lady gave it to Mac.

"You, Tim, must put this on. It's only to go home in, you know," she said, indicating a little girl's frilly pink blouse, elbow-sleeved and neckless.

Tim didn't mind—much. Once let him get away and he could duck down the first lane and take it off again. Anything to please the lady. Anyhow, the new pants had lotsa pockets and that was something.

Licking the Fighting Dago

BUT Tim didn't get a chance to reach the lane because, not twenty feet from the house, the Fighting Dago appeared sauntering toward the lads, a half-smoked gag hanging from his mouth.

And he took one look at Tim and then, throwing back his head, gave vent to a very loud and offensive laugh.

Now undoubtedly the recent bath had wrought a change other than the purely physical in young Tim Callaghan. His latent Irish rose and, lowering his head, he rushed at the champ, winded him with one mighty bump, got him down, and, with substantial aid from Mac, won his first fistic battle. It was a glorious victory. Tim was badly wrecked, but you shoulda seen the champ!

When Tim walked into his mother's kitchen where she and three neighbors were drinking tea, he could see out of part of one eye.

Mrs. Callaghan glanced up, the saucer at her lips. Her mouth fell wide open and the saucer crashed to the floor.

"Timmy, darlin', are ye killt?" she screamed. Dirty, bleeding, bruised, a little fearful, there nevertheless clung about Tim the unmistakable air of the victor. Flinging his cap across the room he swaggered to a chair. Through swollen lips, in the most casual tone he could muster:

"Where's the stickin' plaster?" he demanded. His mother gazed at him, for a full moment quite speechless.

"Gloribetgaged!" she murmured at length. "He's been fightin'—me Jimmy's been fightin'!"

As far as "the neighborhood lady" was concerned, love's labor was a total loss, and 'twas a proud, proud day in the life of Mrs. Callaghan.

Seventy-Four Keys

BROWN: We have seventy-four keys up at our house, and none of them will fit a lock.

Grey: If they're no good, why don't you throw them away?"

"Oh, we couldn't play the piano without them."

Canada Land of Health to Russian Refugee Find True Happiness in the Dominion

Canadians Cannot Imagine the Wonderful Peace Here to One Coming From Nervous Crushed Old Europe, Says Russian Countess Living in Toronto

The writer of the following article is the Countess Anna de Lozina-Lozinsky, a refugee from Russia, who has come to live and work in Toronto with her husband, a Russian doctor. The countess is the daughter of the last minister of Justice under the czarist regime, the late Baron Ivan Tscheglovitov, who was arrested after the rebellion of 1917 by the revolutionaries and after months of imprisonment executed in Moscow. In the article below the countess, who became on arrival in the city a sales clerk in a downtown gift shop, tells of her impressions of Canada.

By COUNTESS ANNA DE LOZINA-LOZINSKY

I CAME to Canada only four months ago, and in spite of such a short lapse of time we both, my husband and I, feel at home in this new country. We have the impression of being settled at least, and that is not a customary feeling for us since we have left Russia. I escaped from my own country in 1920 with the English mission to Constantinople, and since then I wandered—a penniless, friendless refugee, all over Europe. After years of adventurous life in different European states, destiny brought me with my second husband over the ocean to the peaceful coasts of Canada. How can Canadians imagine this impression of endless peace and health their country gives to a poor refugee coming from the nervous, crushed, sick old Europe? Certainly they also cannot realize what a precious thing their hospitality is to us Russians.

When we came it was winter, and deep snow covered the country. It seemed to me so much like Russia. Through the window of the car that left St. John's and brought us to Toronto my eyes could grasp the infinite panorama of vast, flat lands, and tears came, because I had again this peculiar Russian feeling of farness—almost palpable—that Russian landscapes give. This feeling is hard to express to a foreigner, but it is so well known to every Russian. But houses, settlements—the whole culture here—entirely differs from Russia. In Canada the seal of utility is on everything; in Russia everywhere a vague, slight inefficiency.

In Toronto many things struck me, not only comparatively to Russia but to Europe of our days as well. On the old continent people seem to live on a volcano. Policy is uncertain and based on fire after the war, and everyone's private life is troubled. Nobody is sure of tomorrow and is not able to build peacefully his future. Here nerves have a rest, because having a job and knowing a craft you can always be sure of your value, and trust in your own forces and in your future.

Here your progress depends almost entirely on your energy and capacities, conditions of life being stable, and opportunities for development and prosperity being always at hand. You must only be determinate and you can pick them up as easily as a flower.

And what a quietness as a base of your life! You just feel as if there is no policy in the world at all, so little it hurts your own existence! What a prosperity in everything; how wealthy life is in Canada! When I think of Europe, especially of Germany and Austria, where every piece of paper to wrap parcels is of value, and they usually don't wrap your parcels in the shops—I feel a kind of admiration for such an abundance!



Countess Anna de Lozina-Lozinsky

NOT only in Russia. Just two years ago in Austria I saw neighbors quarrelling because of potato-peeling lavishly thrown away. One of them used to make cakes out of potato-peelings. In Europe every empty bottle is precious, and you must carry your own when you go shopping. Of course conveniences of life here leave Europe far behind. A Russian aristocrat in Toronto is happy to own the house of a simple workman. He finds it quite adapted to life's conveniences. In Europe workpeople do not live as comfortably as that! Another striking fact is honesty. We cannot imagine in Europe a case when we should leave money or even an empty bottle outside our door. That would be pure nonsense, as nobody would find it again! And here, all doors open: no keys, no locks! In Europe doors have chains and heavy locks.

In Europe we have the principle: "Homo homini lupus est." Here people look friendly at you; they are eager to assist, to help you. Purest Christianity towards the neighbor is blooming in the majority of hearts.

But what strikes us Russians mostly is the spirit of perfect unity between people. It's a thing which seems to us quite strange and marvelous. We Russians are very individual in our ways—everybody is supposed to have his own sacred opinions, and he never agrees with another person. We always seemed to deny that unity makes force; that is why we were so weak and not organized when trying came. A Russian proverb fully shows this peculiar line of character. We say: "One Russian is a genius; two Russians are a slight misunderstanding, and three Russians are a scandal!"

Every Russian is always proud of his personality and makes continuous researches in his own soul; he cares very little about his next. And in Toronto we see clubs, societies, associations where people keep this sacred fire of unity, trying to find out the base to mutual understanding and help. If compared to Europe, and to Russia especially, social life here is so intensively developed that it leaves the old continent far behind. And isn't it a key for a happy future?

People Here Practical

WHEN I look at people here, I see them much like Europeans. It's the same culture, the same roots, the same religion, and yet they are so different. So different just in the little common ways of everyday life, these little ways that seem to be so unimportant and yet prove to constitute the very woof of every-

Mysterious Sea Monsters Still Live in Inaccessible Depths

Strange Giant of the Deep Washed Up on Florida Coast—Monster at Bombay Uncannily Human-Looking—Alive After 48 Hours Out of Water

MAN has explored the land surface of the earth pretty thoroughly, and has classified most of its animals. But we know little about the world's oceans and their mysteries.

How should we? Ships stick to the same tracks between ports, and there are millions of square miles of sea where the smoke of a steamer is never seen. Even close to well-known shores, how are we to plumb the gigantic depths or discover what life exists in the abysses?

The mysterious sea monster captured recently off the coast of Florida has given naturalists a shock. They cannot laugh at it as they do at the sea serpent, for it has been lying on the beach for anyone to see, measure or examine.

This giant of the deep is quite unlike anything ever seen before. It weighs 33,600 pounds (15 tons); its hide is 3 inches thick, and inside it was an octopus weighing 400 pounds, a black fish weighing 1,500 pounds, and nearly four hundredweight of coral.

Nor is this strange beast by any means the first of such mysteries which have been cast up on the shore or taken by man. Two years ago a monster was found ten miles from Bombay, which was just as great a puzzle to naturalists.

This evil-looking creature was 25½ feet long and its huge face had an uncannily human expression. The mouth was three feet long, with extremely sharp teeth. The body, dull black, was curiously ribbed. Its eyes were small and its great fins had the shape of an elephant's ear.

Perhaps the strangest thing about it was that it was still alive after being forty-eight hours out of water.

Elephant-like was the head of a creature caught in Port Fairy bay, Southern Australia, in December, 1902. The fish, totally unlike anything ever seen before, was 9 feet 6 inches in length, had a tail like a screw shaft, a nose like a rhinoceros, and a huge toothless mouth. Its fins were large, and its skin black and soft.

Much smaller, but equally puzzling to naturalists, was a creature landed two years ago at Yarmouth by a steam trawler. Its body was seal-like in shape, and it resembled a seal in that it had two flippers, but its head tapered to a sort of beak, and it had a tail shaped like that of a porpoise.

The mouth was furnished with a double row of sharp teeth, and on top of its head was a blowhole such as whales have. The creature's eyes were mere slits. No one could classify this extraordinary specimen.

From its enormously thick hide and its tiny and almost useless eyes, it is supposed that the giant Florida fish lived in the profound and chilly depths of the ocean.

For similar reasons it is believed that a fish taken some years ago on the coast of Maine was also a denizen of the very deep sea. The creature was six feet long and weighed about 200 pounds. Its head was extraordinarily wide, and its mouth like a great bag with small but sharp teeth. It was practically boneless, the bones being represented merely by gristle.

day life. First of all people here seem to be chiefly interested in sports and various purely physical exercises, enjoying baseball, etc. Life is more practical and leaves less space for dreams. In Russia we gathered in schools a good provision of pleasant knowledge quite unnecessary for life. We understood quite unnecessarily philosophy, psychology, poetry, religion (as far as the mystical way is concerned), and used to discuss high matters and fine subjects at tea-parties. All our life was penetrated by fancy; it was more dream than action—as if we walked on a side way and only looked at life, not taking part in it! And here people live the most real, healthy and practical life, wasting no time in whims and vague sentiments. I remember that I never knew before the revolution how to distinguish rice from flour, not having seen them in raw state. We were not allowed in the kitchen, this being considered as bad manners! How funny and spoiled we Russians must seem to Canadians!

We like to enjoy life in spite of all our griefs and sorrows. We always thought of the United States and Canada as being free countries, and we imagined people having many extravagant habits—just the opposite of what really is. We thought the habit of women smoking cigarettes started on this continent, and I was unspeakably surprised when my landlady in Toronto abused me because she saw me holding a cigarette in my mouth!

Certainly girls have much more freedom here than in Europe. I was never allowed to leave my home without a governess (chaperon) until I was married. But a married woman in Russia obtained a great freedom, and many girls often married to be free and do their own ways. I think Canadian girls would hardly understand this entirely different psychology. A woman driving a car would be an exception for Russia. At dinner the hostess there is served the last. It is very pleasant to notice that Canadian husbands have the kind habit of cutting the meat at table and of even sometimes serving the hostess first, even in spite of guests. But it seems that we Russians have also nice customs that Canadians seem to like very much. Our men kiss the hand of a married lady when greeting and leaving. I heard several Canadian girls saying they intend to wear wedding rings when meeting Russian men to make them suppose they are married and kiss their hand.

The difference between customs leads sometimes to misunderstandings. Some days ago a friend of mine, a professor of the university here, told me he was offended because I passed him in the street without paying attention to him, although I seemed to have recognized him. But in Russia we always expected men to bow first to a lady in the street, and I did not know it's a lady who has to bow first in Canada.

35 Refugees in Toronto

WE are not many Russians here, only about 35—that is our colony of refugees of the revolution. There are quite a number of Russians here who came to this country years ago and have never seen revolution. But we refugees of about the same class try to keep together as much as we can, and our poor little church in Toronto, just started three months ago, is a great relief for us. Some of the Russian men are dispersed, working in different parts of the province, chiefly cutting wood. Some work in factories in Toronto, some are sales clerks—they mostly do the most common work and feel satisfied by such a start.

I must say that my husband's conditions and mine were comparatively better right from the beginning because of good friends we have here and also because of good luck that greeted us in this country. My husband, who is doctor of medicine, graduated both in Russia (Academy of Petrograd) and in Italy, had his Italian degree recognized by Great Britain. Now he is able to practice without having had to pass more examinations. Besides he is working in the laboratory of the hospital for consumptives near Weston. That is a very good start, and I have given up my work as salesclerk. I think all Russian refugees here feel a certain moral relief, knowing that they are not starving here as in other countries. They all study English and are progressing quite visibly.

In spite of difficulties and a great deal of Russian here look rested and healthier and a certain unconscious happiness is shining even in the eyes of those who are still murmuring against their rigid life. Sunday quietness does not quite agree with our Russian habits. We just were ready to upset everything, to make much noise on Sunday, and had a double amount of pleasure and entertainments that day. But the quiet street, unspoiled Toronto life is quite soothing after all.

The feeling of quietness and relief is increasing with the time. Invisible forces are working in our souls, and often things that seem hard and not very pleasant at the beginning are what our nature needs at the present moment for achievement and happiness. I think Canadian life is just the right thing for Russian refugees, for these poor people that have been pulled with roots out of our native soil—the really recover here morally and physically after disastrous adventures all around the world, and find again the lost balance between life and their own personality. Everything around here is a good example that teaches the right way of living. This simple, moral, regular life is the most valuable balm against sad memories.

I have been in almost all European countries and seen the miserable conditions of life for Russian refugees; in some cases they are starving. In Canada people will never let you starve and one is sure to get along with a certain effort of the will. I think Paris has been called the City of Light and little old Siena in Italy the City of Winged Thoughts; Canada has the full right to be the country of perfect health, and Toronto the City of True Happiness.

Wrong Department

THE woman who was standing before the counter in the bank was beginning to get a little restless. She had been standing in front of the cashier for a quarter of an hour, and he seemed to be quite unaware of her presence—at any rate he took no notice at all of her.

At last she became too irritated to keep quiet another moment.

"Why don't you pay attention to me?" "I'm sorry, ma'am, we don't pay anything here," was the short but polite reply. "Next window, please."—Answers.

In the Path of 10,000 Spears in Wildest Africa Little British Square Scatters Savage Army

**Thrilling Experiences
of Men Who Take
Up White Man's
Burden - Punishing
a Warlike Tribe in
British East Africa,
Then Saving It
From Plague.**

Major Foran, retired English army officer, has told in a previous article of his initiation into the police force of British East Africa, which he entered for the sake of adventure when garrison duty faced him. For his coolness and daring he was promoted to a district superintendency.

Major Foran was the only newspaper correspondent to accompany the late Theodore Roosevelt on his African hunting expedition. As a correspondent he also accompanied the Prince of Wales on his tour of India.

By MAJOR W. ROBERT FORAN.

DURING the five months I had been an assistant district superintendent of police at Nairobi, most of my adventures had emanated from the European bad characters of that growing town.

My work at Kisumu on the Victoria Nyanza, after my promotion in rank, was to be of an entirely different character, for I was now dealing almost entirely with the savage tribes who occupied the Kisumu province of British East Africa.

These fine verses of Rudyard Kipling, "The White Man's Burden," were continually recurring to my mind; especially that verse: "Take up the White Man's burden—Send forth the best ye breed—Go bind your sons to exile To serve your captives' need; To wait in heavy harness, On fluttered folk and wild—Your new-caught, sullen peoples, Half devil and half-child."

Day after day, I learned to appreciate how true were those words, and how keen a perception their author possessed. The few European officials in the Kisumu province were indeed seeking "another's profit" and working "another's gain." No one who watched the magnificent work of those young British officials laboring in the heart of the wilds of Africa, against long odds, could fail to be immeasurably impressed by the devotion to a sense of duty, the strong individuality and the perfect justice of these empire-builders.

Territory's First Police

NEVER before had there been a European police officer in the Kisumu province, and the police force was far from being as efficient as it should have been. My task, therefore, was primarily to organize that force and see that the province was policed properly. Kisumu province is a large area, it is fully three hundred miles from its eastern to western borders, and something over a hundred miles from the northern to southern boundaries. In this territory were some of the most truculent and populous tribes in all British East Africa.

North of the Uganda railway track were the warlike Nandi, the Kamasia, the Ndurbo nomads of the forests, the Kikosh, the Turkana on the Abyssinian border, and the Mumbas (or Nilotic) section of the very numerous Kavirondo people. To the south of the railway were the Lumbwa, Sotik, Kisil, and the Bantu section of the Kavirondo people. In all it was estimated that there were about three million African natives in the province.

This huge area and numerous people were policed, when I took command at Kisumu, by a mere handful of African native policemen. At most there were about three hundred police scattered about the provincial area; and, in addition, there were a dozen or so Indian constables for use in the native business section of the small town that formed the terminus of the Uganda railway on the Victoria Nyanza.

Yet these were the only troops nearer than Nairobi, that I could use for the protection of the outlying government posts and the district commissioners in case of an uprising.

This small and insufficient force of men were armed with entirely ineffective and obsolete Martini-Henri rifles. The ammunition was all faulty, and the rifles were so worn out that a bullet could be dropped easily from the muzzles to the breach.

On the rifle range, I often saw the bullet drop almost at the feet of the man firing, so ancient and useless was the ammunition.

Sudden Emergency

AT no government district headquarters were there more than fifty of these ill-armed men of mine; and the various headquarters were at some distance from my station, and in most cases were not con-



"With a triumphant shout of savage exultation, the warriors ran in a solid mass at us, brandishing their spears in the air; the whole earth seemed to shake and tremble."

needed with Kisumu by telephone or telegraph. In fact, all of these outlying posts were far from available help in case of a sudden emergency.

In most cases, in order to summon aid, the district officer would have to rely upon the loyalty and running powers of a native messenger, and meanwhile hold out as best he could against an attack by the tribal warriors until such time as a forced march would bring reinforcements. In no single case, could a relief force be expected to reach any one of the outposts in less than two, and sometimes four days after the news of an attack had been received at Kisumu.

All my vigorous representations to the government in Nairobi were treated contemptuously. I presume they said, with the Uganda people, "When I remember it I laugh, because it is not I who am concerned." It is human nature that we can laugh at another's calamity; but if it were our own, it would be no laughing matter at all. So it was that my earnest pleadings for reinforcements and better conditioned arms and ammunition were always treated with indifference. I just had to make the best of a very bad job.

These twelve months spent on and around the shores of the Victoria Nyanza were intensely interesting. I had the great task of building up the provincial police force, and of inaugurating many great improvements in organization. I also found that I had been correctly informed as to the East African Police having to perform dual functions—that of soldier and policeman.

Soon after my arrival there, news was brought in to us one day that the Kisil tribe, who live in a small area on the former German East African borders, were on the war-path and were putting to death all the Indian and Arab traders in their territory. The time for action had arrived. This sort of lawlessness had to be suppressed with a firm hand. I telegraphed to Nairobi for the assistance of a company of the 3rd King's African Rifles, asking that they should be despatched immediately and detain at a point on the railway road where they could join hands with my small force on the boundary of the Kisil country.

A Three Days' March

JUST as I was about to set forth with sixty of my ill-armed policemen and my machine-gun for the Kisil country, I received a telegram from Nairobi that a company of K. A. R.'s was already en route to my aid, and would detain at Kibigori and march to join me at a certain village on the western shores of the Victoria Nyanza. This was comforting news.

After three days' fast marching, with the porters carrying fifty-pound loads on their heads, I reached the rendezvous. I had marched ninety miles in the three days. Then I halted to await the coming of the military. News was still reaching me from native sources that the Kisil were seriously out of hand, and it looked as if we should not be able to deal with them successfully with such a small punitive force. The Kisil country had never yet been administered, and the tribes were very lawless and contemptuous of the white man. We were about to give them a sharp lesson, however; at least, we hoped so.

On the following day, the company of the K. A. R.'s joined hands with me. They were a hundred strong, and commanded by a young captain of the West Riding Regiment. On comparing notes as to the dates of our respective ranks, we discovered that I was senior to him by exactly three days. So I assumed command of the joint Expeditionary Force. I had brought with me a sergeant-instructor of the Grenadier Guards, and

so we were three Europeans in that miniature army.

It was a ludicrously small force to set out against some ten thousand spearmen, but we started forth into the Kisil country at daybreak next morning, with joyous hearts. We were confident that we should make short work of our task.

We could see, as we marched steadily forward, that the Kisil warriors were deserting their villages and running away in every direction. "A walk over!" exclaimed the Grenadier Guardsman, disgustedly. "Better wait and see," cautiously protested my brother officer on the great adventure.

Towards nightfall, we decided to halt and form camp. We erected a strong zereba of thorns and trees, posted our sentries, placed the machine-guns—we had two now, for the military had brought along one—and prepared to make ourselves comfortable for the night and to enjoy our evening meal.

All went well that night, and we were undisturbed. The next day we had reached the centre of the Kisil country. We burned a number of villages as we passed them, and could see all the hills black with the spearmen of the tribe. They were chanting their war-songs.

A Savage Attack

AT noon we halted on an open stretch of grass-land, and formed square. We could see the

tribesmen collecting and advancing towards us. There seemed to be thousands of them.

"They mean to attack us, I think," remarked Jenkins, the K. A. R. officer, as he took his seat at his machine-gun.

"Looks like it," I answered, following his example.

In a solid black mass, with spears glinting in the bright tropical sun and with the deep-voiced roar of their war-songs, the Kisil warriors slowly advanced toward us; and then halted about a quarter of a mile from us.

"Hold your fire!" I shouted. "Let 'em come on right up to us, and then let 'em have it good and hot!"

We could now see a Chief or Meccineman haranguing the warriors, and he was plainly urging them to rush us. There were thousands of the warriors in full war-paint; and I could not help wondering what would happen if they pressed on. Would my native police men and the K. A. R. soldiers stand fast?

Then, suddenly, with a triumphant shout of savage exultation, the warriors ran in a solid mass at us, brandishing their spears in the air. The whole earth seemed to shake and tremble, as the thousands of naked feet stamped vigorously in their mad onrush.

When they were within two hundred yards of us, it looked as if they must swallow us up; and I was so tempted to give the order to

fire. Somehow, I managed to restrain myself. I could see that my native troops were flinching, and that even Jenkins was looking expectantly and nervously towards me.

At a hundred yards, I could resist no longer the temptation to start something.

"Volleys! Let 'em have it," I roared at the top of my voice, and my fingers pressed the trigger of the machine-gun.

My gallant troops needed no further encouragement. The square blazed with spurts of flame and we were soon enveloped in a cloud of black-powder smoke. It was impossible to see anything in front of us, but I could hear the shouts of the warriors above the rattle and roar of the rifles and machine-guns. A number of spears had fallen within the square formed by my men, and I could see, by looking over my shoulder, that some of them had found a mark. I kept on firing from the machine-gun for several minutes.

Then, as none of the warriors appeared to have broken our formation, I blew my whistle to signal "cease fire."

In a cleft on the ground in front of the square, were heaped a number of bodies. The remainder of the warriors had withdrawn sullenly to about a hundred yards from us. They were watching us intently.

"How many casualties, sergeant?" I called out.

"Seven of our men killed, sir; and about ten wounded."

"Attend to their wounds, then. And see that the ranks are closed up, for they'll probably attack again."

I was a good prophet. Three times more that mass of warriors rushed right up to our rifle-muzzles, and each time they were driven back by our heavy rifle fire. The last time proved more than they could stand. We had simply mowed them down, and many dead and wounded lay on the ground in front of us and all round our square.

"They're bolting, Foran," called out Captain Jenkins from his machine-gun.

"Let the poor devils go. Don't fire any more at them, for they've had enough," I ordered.

Burial of Dead

OBVIOUSLY the Kisil tribe had never been up against modern weapons before—otherwise they would not have attacked so boldly. Their lesson would be effective, and I did not fancy they would give any more trouble. They had now withdrawn completely out of range, and we had time to count our losses. We found that we had not come off scot-free, by any manner of means. Eleven of my men had been killed, and eight of the K. A. R.'s were also dead; we also had twenty-two wounded by spears.

That night we buried our dead by the light of a brilliant tropical moon, and beside them we buried the Kisil killed. We found over a hundred dead warriors, and about sixty odd wounded. We gave first aid to the latter, as best we could, and then allowed them to go back to their friends. Through one of my men, who could make himself understood, I sent a message to their Laibon (Medicine Man and ruler) demanding that he should come in and surrender.

At daybreak the old Laibon came accompanied by about thirty warriors, and we agreed upon terms of peace. He admitted that he had never before seen weapons that could kill with such deadly accuracy and so much noise.

"The noise-spears of the white man travel many days' journey in one march," he said sorrowfully. "Henceforth I and my people live in peace with the white man."

And so the armistice was agreed.

upon. Our "new-caught, sullen peoples, half-devil and half-child," had been pacified. A few weeks later I escorted a young district commissioner out to the Kisil country and helped him to establish a new government post in the centre of their country. The tribe was fined a thousand head of cattle and two thousand sheep as a punishment for the murders they had committed; and these were later returned to them in payment for labor they had performed in the making of roads and bridges so that the new country might be opened up to civilization and prosperity.

A few months later the Sotik tribe rose in revolt and open rebellion. Again the Indian and Arab traders were the first victims. The Sotik country was a much larger territory than that of the Kisil tribe, and the warriors were fully twenty thousand strong. This required a much larger force of troops to quell the disturbances.

The 3rd King's African Rifles from Nairobi, together with a force of the East African police under myself and another district superintendent, were despatched to punish this unruly tribe. But the warriors had heard of what had happened to the Kisil and declined to stand and give battle. For some six weeks we chased them about their country, burning villages wherever we went, capturing thousands of splendid cattle and still more thousands of sheep and goats, and also taking several hundred prisoners. As a war, it was a very tame affair.

The main excitement in the whole of that campaign was when Harry Payne, the other district superintendent, and I, with a dozen of our men, hid behind one of our camps after the expedition had moved off after breaking camp at dawn.

Two hundred of the Sotik warriors came boldly down to the apparently deserted zereba in search of possible loot. We let them get within fifty yards and then poured a hot fire into them. They immediately broke and bolted. I do not blame them for not standing to face that hail of leaden bullets, when they were able only to retaliate with native-made spears.

The safety of the people of Kisumu

was of the first and paramount importance. Any building where a dead rat was discovered was promptly burnt to the ground.

When the fight was over, I went down with a severe attack of sunstroke which laid me out for several weeks. On my recovery, and after a brief period of sick leave in the delightful climate of Nairobi, I received a special letter of thanks for my services from the then governor of the colony, the late Sir Donald Stewart. It read as follows:

"I am desired by His Majesty's secretary of state for the colonies to inform you that he has heard with much satisfaction that the recent outbreak of Bubonic Plague has run its course, and he attributes the successful stamping out of this much dreaded disease to be largely due to the devotion and energy shown by all those who have been employed, or have volunteered their services, in dealing with the outbreak. Mr. Lyttelton has instructed me to express to you his high appreciation of your work in assisting to combat the disease."

But we were not through with "the savage wars of peace," as we had so fondly hoped. No sooner had the Bubonic Plague been beaten, than we were called upon to suppress a most serious uprising in the country of the Nandi, a large and warlike tribe who inhabit the hill-country to the north of the Uganda Railway.

For some time past, they had been killing the police patrols who were guarding the railroad track, so as to steal their rifles and ammunition. They also cut the telegraph wire and stole the tele-plates from the track. Then they attacked Sabot District headquarters, a small post in the Nandi country, which was commanded by Hyde-Baker, a nephew of Sir Samuel Baker, the great African explorer. That settled it. A punitive force was ordered out to teach them a severe lesson.

(Copyright, 1924.)

HEATHEN FOLLY

THE next day, after we had rejoined our main column operating in the Sotik country, the Laibon sent in three sheep by two of his warriors. They were the envoys of peace. On each sheep had been tied two bags of native flour as token that they desired the cessation of hostilities. After enforcing a heavy fine in cattle and sheep on the tribe both as a punishment and as a guarantee of future good conduct, we opened up a new district headquarters, placed a young district commissioner in charge to administer the new territory, and withdrew the military forces.

Our casualties on this punitive expedition had been two K. A. R. men who had been killed while foraging without permission.

Then, for a time, a few months anyhow, I had an opportunity to give undivided attention to the police part of my mixed duties and to train my men in the arts of catching criminals and of being good soldiers.

I first weeded out all the useless members of my small force, enlisted a number of raw recruits from the neighboring tribes, and proceeded to make these wild savages into well-disciplined soldiers and policemen.

They joined me as naked and untutored savages, and in six months' time they would have done credit to the brigade of Guards on the drill ground. They became proficient in their drill and duties, and were a really smart body of men on parade. I was really proud of our joint handiwork. By this time I had a well-drilled force of 200 men at Kisumu and felt equal to tackling any ordinary emergency that might arise.

We had just begun to see daylight and were able to breathe more freely when one evening the district commissioner of Kisumu sent for me and informed me that the Irish medical officer at Kisumu had just reported that there was a serious outbreak of bubonic plague in Kisumu township.

As he unfolded to me the story of what had been discovered, I remembered Kipling's lines:

"Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease.
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hopes to naught."

During the next week or so, these words were often to ring in my ears; and they were to be proved dreadfully accurate.

There was no time to be lost for drastic measures had to be taken at once in order to check the spread of the dread disease and to isolate the infected areas. I hurried back to my police office, and ordered all my men to "fall in" ready for instant duty.

We then rushed down to the plague-infected area, and cleared all the native population out of their houses and shepherded them into a segregation camp that had been hastily marked off outside of the town. I posted a strong guard of police all round this camp, and gave them orders to shoot anyone who tried to break the quarantine restrictions I had imposed.

Battling Bubonic Plague

THEN I returned to the empty houses and set each one afire. Night had fallen by this time, but we worked hard in the glare of the burning houses. The grass-thatched roofs and wooden sides of the native houses burned like matchwood; it was a glorious conflagration; but the native owners of the houses did not enjoy the sight half as much as did we who watched them burning fiercely. Poor devils, all their worldly possessions, simply as they were, were consumed in the flames. But there was no other course open to us.

Finally, after three weeks of terribly hard work, we managed to win that grim fight against this awful disease. We had to burn an Indian mosque, and there was considerable objection to this from the local Mohammedans; but there was no time to consider their religious feelings.

The safety of the people of Kisumu

We killed about fifteen of them and captured five wounded warriors.

"Heathen Folly"

THE next day, after we had rejoined our main column operating in the Sotik country, the Laibon sent in three sheep by two of his warriors. They were the envoys of peace. On each sheep had been tied two bags of native flour as token that they desired the cessation of hostilities. After enforcing a heavy fine in cattle and sheep on the tribe both as a punishment and as a guarantee of future good conduct, we opened up a new district headquarters, placed a young district commissioner in charge to administer the new territory, and withdrew the military forces.

Our casualties on this punitive expedition had been two K. A. R. men who had been killed while foraging without permission.

Then, for a time, a few months anyhow, I had an opportunity to give undivided attention to the police part of my mixed duties and to train my men in the arts of catching criminals and of being good soldiers.

I first weeded out all the useless members of my small force, enlisted a number of raw recruits from the neighboring tribes, and proceeded to make these wild savages into well-disciplined soldiers and policemen.

They joined me as naked and untutored savages, and in six months' time they would have done credit to the brigade of Guards on the drill ground. They became proficient in their drill and duties, and were a really smart body of men on parade. I was really proud of our joint handiwork. By this time I had a well-drilled force of 200 men at Kisumu and felt equal to tackling any ordinary emergency that might arise.

We had just begun to see daylight and were able to breathe more freely when one evening the district commissioner of Kisumu sent for me and informed me that the Irish medical officer at Kisumu had just reported that there was a serious outbreak of bubonic plague in Kisumu township.

As he unfolded to me the story of what had been discovered, I remembered Kipling's lines:

"Fill full the mouth of Famine
And bid the sickness cease.
And when your goal is nearest
(The end for others sought)
Watch sloth and heathen folly
Bring all your hopes to naught."

During the next week or so, these words were often to ring in my ears; and they were to be proved dreadfully accurate.

There was no time to be lost for drastic measures had to be taken at once in order to check the spread of the dread disease and to isolate the infected areas. I hurried back to my police office, and ordered all my men to "fall in" ready for instant duty.

We then rushed down to the plague-infected area, and cleared all the native population out of their houses and shepherded them into a segregation camp that had been hastily marked off outside of the town. I posted a strong guard of police all round this camp, and gave them orders to shoot anyone who tried to break the quarantine restrictions I had imposed.

Battling Bubonic Plague

THEN I returned to the empty houses and set each one afire. Night had fallen by this time, but we worked hard in the glare of the burning houses. The grass-thatched roofs and wooden sides of the native houses burned like matchwood; it was a glorious conflagration; but the native owners of the houses did not enjoy the sight half as much as did we who watched them burning fiercely. Poor devils, all their worldly possessions, simply as they were, were consumed in the flames. But there was no other course open to us.

Finally, after three weeks of terribly hard work, we managed to win that grim fight against this awful disease. We had to burn an Indian mosque, and there was considerable objection to this from the local Mohammedans; but there was no time to consider their religious feelings.

The safety of the people of Kisumu

was of the first and paramount importance. Any building where a dead rat was discovered was promptly burnt to the ground.

When the fight was over, I went down with a severe attack of sunstroke which laid me out for several weeks. On my recovery, and after a brief period of sick leave in the delightful climate of Nairobi, I received a special letter of thanks for my services from the then governor of the colony, the late Sir Donald Stewart. It read as follows:

"I am desired by His Majesty's secretary of state for the colonies to inform you that he has heard with much satisfaction that the recent outbreak of Bubonic Plague has run its course, and he attributes the successful stamping out of this much dreaded disease to be largely due to the devotion and energy shown by all those who have been employed, or have volunteered their services, in dealing with the outbreak. Mr. Lyttelton has instructed me to express to you his high appreciation of your work in assisting to combat the disease."

But we were not through with "the savage wars of peace," as we had so fondly hoped. No sooner had the Bubonic Plague been beaten, than we were called upon to suppress a most serious uprising in the country of the Nandi, a large and warlike tribe who inhabit the hill-country to the north of the Uganda Railway.

For some time past, they had been killing the police patrols who were guarding the railroad track, so as to steal their rifles and ammunition. They also cut the telegraph wire and stole the tele-plates from the track. Then they attacked Sabot District headquarters, a small post in the Nandi country, which was commanded by Hyde-Baker, a nephew of Sir Samuel Baker, the great African explorer. That settled it. A punitive force was ordered out to teach them a severe lesson.

(Copyright, 1924.)

HEATHEN FOLLY

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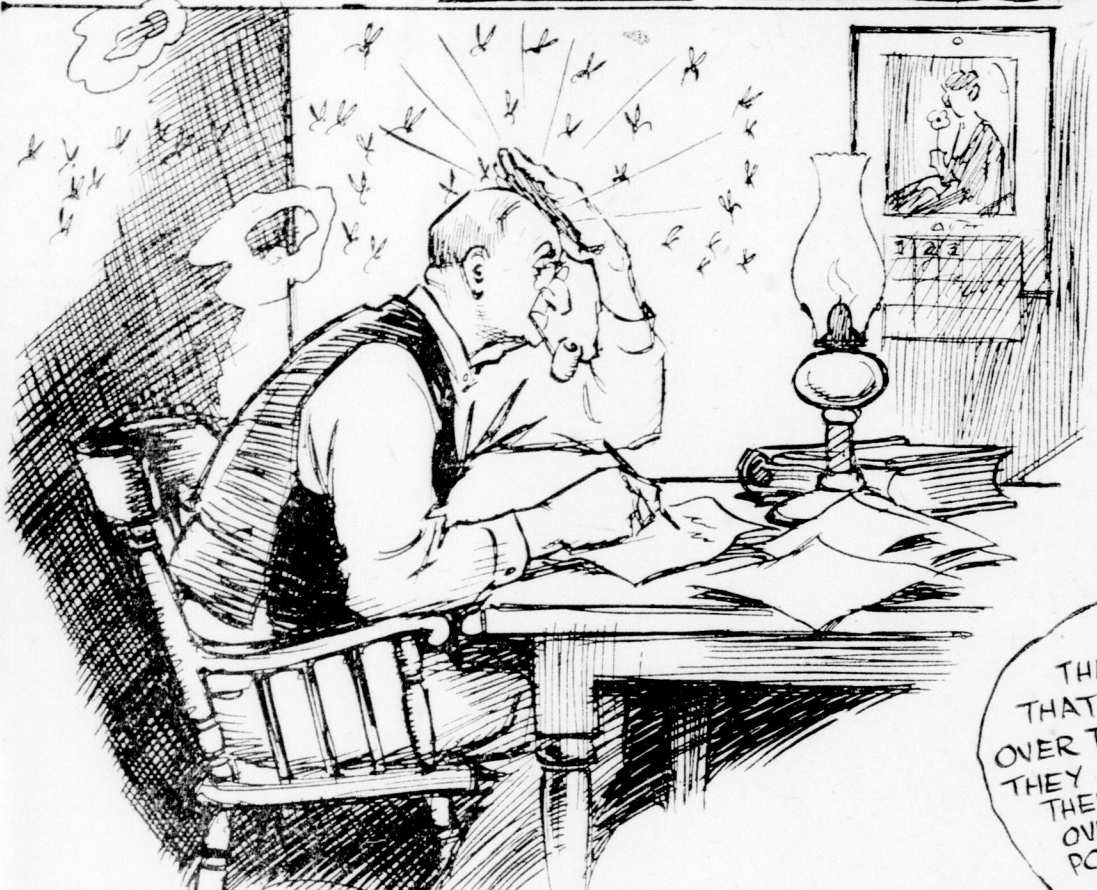
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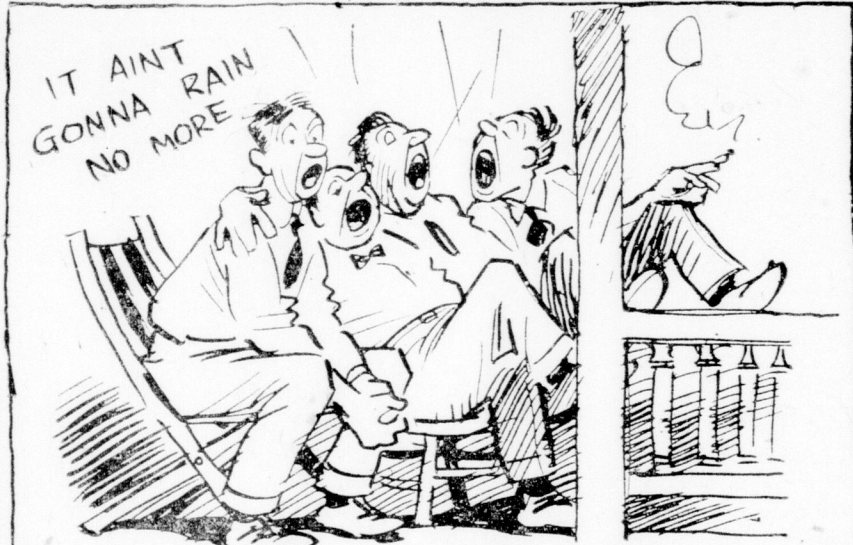
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Life's Little Comedies ~ From Our Resty Nook Sketch Book ~



*The mosquitoes - SMACK - have nearly all - SLAP - gone! - SLAP - SMACK - SLAP - ! MR. NEWT. NEFFLE ANSWERS A QUERY FROM A PROSPECTIVE GUEST ANENT THE MOSQUITOE SITUATION



THE "YES-WE-HAVE-NO-BANANAS" QUARTETTE OF LAST YEAR ARE BACK ON THE VERANDAH AGAIN.



OLD GEORGE LATELY SEEMS TO PREFER TO ROW THE MAIL ACROSS TO RESTY NOOK RATHER THAN TAKE IT ON HIS REGULAR ROUNDS WITH THE BUGGY.



MRS. NEWT. NEFFLE CLAIMS THE CROWD THIS SUMMER ARE THE HARDEST TO PLEASE SHE EVER COOKED FOR.



MR. AND MRS. AL. KNOCKER AND FAMILY ARRIVED LAST NIGHT FOR THEIR NINTH CONSECUTIVE VACATION AT RESTY NOOK.

Should We Limit Marriage to Physically and Mentally Fit?

President of Ontario Neuro-Psychiatric Association Advocates Prohibition of Union of Defective or Diseased Persons As Best Means of Combatting Insanity and Crime

By F. G. GRIFFIN

If you have a thoroughbred dog, a pedigree cat, a blue-blooded hen, a registered sheep or an aristocratic cow, you are very careful about its mating, most particular about its matrimonial entanglements, extremely solicitous about its progeny. The breeder of animals and birds of pure strain exercises always the most careful choice in his selection of a suitable mate. His eye is always on the future of the breed. His purpose is ever to improve the strain. His aim is continually to produce a dog, a hen or a cow which will beat its fellows on the bench, set up a record in eggs or give more milk than any cow ever gave before.

The weak, the defective, the unfit, the freak, is carefully precluded from mating and introducing a sub-standard element into the breeding. The aim is always for greater purity, greater strength, higher standards. The more beautiful the collier, the fatter the horse, the heavier the shorthorn bull, the more is he sought as the sire of future progeny. The breeder of thoroughbred stock is always looking to the future. He is always thinking of the next generation.

Every owner of a racing stable is constantly hoping that one of his brood mares will foal a Man-of-War, a Zev or an Epinard. It kept the Stanley family trying for more than a hundred years before they obtained a Sansovino to win this year's Derby. And Sansovino is son of the great Swynford, king of the turf, the greatest sire of the generation. Such horses as these mentioned with the look of eagles in their eyes, the hearts of lions and feet fleet as a bounding deer are the result of a pure strain intensively sought, without weakness from generation to generation.

How different and how casual is the system of human mating. The insane, the epileptic, the mentally defective, the paranoid and the half-wit, not to mention all the physically unfit and the diseased, are allowed to seek mates, marry, settle down and propagate their species without interference so long as they obtain a marriage license. And the obtaining of a marriage license is largely a matter of compliance with certain routine regulations and the answering of certain routine questions.

A ring is easily bought. Someone to per-

form the wedding ceremony is quickly found. Witnesses may be brought in from the high road. A few sentences of ritual and the twain are indissolubly linked for better or worse. Indissolubly at least so far as children which may result from the union are concerned. In the great majority of cases, fortunately, the children are all right, for nature maintains a beneficent balance which keeps up the standard of mentality, physique and general health in a way that is amazing. But in many cases outraged nature permits abnormal or sub-normal types to emerge from misfit mating.

"When you think of the wide range in morals and health," declared a Toronto doctor recently, "the varied types of mentality, temperament and physical make-up that are found among human-kind and all the time marrying, it amazes one that the race maintains its high standards. But nature takes care of that in her marvelous way. The strengths and not the weaknesses of parents are often found in their offspring. At the same time a weak strain, especially where it mates with weakness, is liable to produce miserable and tragic results."

Not that you can treat of human beings in this connection as if they were cattle or cats. The eugenists had that idea more or less, and eugenics is now merely a dead fad. They thought that genius could be produced by the suitable mating of selected individuals and that future intellect could be arranged for and subsequently harvested quantitatively like a field of corn or a row of peas.

In dealing with an animal strain the problem is a simple one of striving for a certain physical standard, fleetness of foot in a horse, a hanging dewlap on a dog, a silken coat on a cat, thick wool on a sheep or weight in a cow. But the human is a complex affair involving not merely physical qualities, but mental, moral and spiritual as well; emotion, thought, reasoning power, feeling and temperament. You find in the same physical types the most divergent temperaments and mentalities. You find among members of the same family, born of the same father and mother, the greatest dissimilarity of physique and the widest contrasts of moral and mental attributes. And yet the general standard of the race keeps up because of nature's beneficent balancing, though in countries and periods a general degeneracy of type is found as among the natives of the Marquesan Islands to-day, the Indians of North America, the ruling classes of Spain as compared with their forerunners of three and four centuries ago.

Such are some of the thoughts resulting from a talk with Dr. N. H. Beemer, superintendent of the Ontario hospital of the insane at Mimico and president of the Ontario Neuro-Psychiatric Association, which includes all the officers of provincial institutions charged with the care of the mentally unbalanced.

To Prevent Hereditary Defects

THE other day the doctor, who speaks with the authority gained during many years of observation and treatment of the insane, made a presidential speech at the Hamilton meeting of the association in which he dealt

notably with the problem of preventable hereditary delinquency and defect.

He mentioned three measures to cut down mental weaknesses in the community: vigilance in the supervision of all immigrants, sterilization and the introduction of hygienic principles into our marriage laws. The first, he said, was being carried out commendably. The second he dismissed as impossible of consideration and of doubtful utility. It was the third that he concentrated on, the prohibiting of marriage on the part of the mentally defective or diseased, as a powerful means of decreasing the number of children born mentally weak, of emptying the asylums and cutting down the amount of crime and the cost of the administration of justice.

The doctor declared that a defective or impaired heredity was the foundation of many forms of mental disease. And heredity could not be dealt with in a laboratory. The chemist was of no avail in tackling this problem. It needed the help of the law-maker if the hereditary predisposition to mental disease was to be checked. For that reason he advocated the control of marriage as striking at the root cause and checking the trouble at the source.

He insisted that acquired heredity was at the root of all mental trouble. If a man or a woman inherited a properly constituted and properly nourished cerebral outfit there was practically no danger of insanity, no matter how great the strain subsequently imposed. He was insistent that the asylums were filled with people who had been born with a mental weakness, the inheritance from their forebears.

This point about the properly balanced person never breaking down mentally was so interesting that one queried him about it at length. "The man who has inherited a mind of sane and perfect balance will die," he declared, "before it gives way. Let us take a case. Here is a man who falls ill. As a result he loses his position. He has no money. In consequence friends desert him. So that in perhaps a brief time he has lost position, health, friends. He is worried, disheartened, broken in health. Then one of his children dies. To all his other burdens is added grief. It may be that, in addition, his wife dies. These things happen, you know."

Sound Mind Doesn't Break

NOW here is a man whose burdens are at the peak load. He is carrying a tremendous strain. Cause after cause has happened to make his mind give way. But does it, if he is a properly balanced individual? No. He will die before it does. As a matter of fact, what usually happens in such cases is that he wins back health, finds another job, gradually overcomes his grief and returns to normal life again. That is exactly what you may expect if he has inherited a sound body and a sound mind. The sound mind does not give way under strain. It is the mind that has been inherited weak or defective that breaks under a strain. If there is any hereditary defect the cells cannot carry the extra burden, cannot sometimes carry the ordinary burdens of the average mind."

So that it became, from the viewpoint of the doctor, a matter entirely of preventing the inheritance of mental weakness. This was the

surest way to curb mental disease. Strike at the source. His experience and that of all experienced medical officers in the Ontario hospitals for the insane was that the proper course was to eliminate the production of defectives and degenerates as far as possible instead of spending much energy and extravagant sums of money in caring for them after their advent into the world. Attention, he argued, should be given to the source from which these classes came rather than to bearing the burden of their care after their production.

How was this to be achieved? The means lay in the marriage contract. Make a necessary provision to marriage the mental fitness of the individuals contemplating the contract, instead of, as heretofore, merely the possession of the fee, length of residence and one or two other qualifications required. This would preclude the subsequent bringing into the world of children with mental diseases or defects who would become inmates of asylums, criminals, perverts, a menace to society and a burden on the state.

"Men," went on the doctor, "are constantly adopting the best measures for growing a high class quality of horses and cows and sheep. But, by some unexplainable perversity of the human mind, as soon as the project for improving or maintaining the standard of the human breed is concerned, they become lukewarm at once."

Defective Neurotic Heredity

UNLIMITED time, money and energy will be cheerfully given to the securing of a clean and pure hereditary strain in both the sire and dam of the prospective animal offspring, but whenever a marriage union between two human beings is under consideration the question of hereditary strain is commonly allowed to take care of itself. It is nobody's business to determine whether the fountain from which should spring a baby pure and undefiled is not polluted. It is nobody's business to prevent it."

So the doctor would put the issuing of marriage licenses into the hands of the medical officers of health in the communities throughout the province, whose services have been of the highest in regulating contagious and infectious diseases. These men with high standards of public duty to maintain were thoroughly competent to examine and determine the mental fitness of the individual to marry and produce children. This in his opinion would be established the most practical and far reaching of preventive measures in psychiatry.

He believed that a campaign of education would unquestionably follow the inauguration of such a plan and prophesied that within a few years the main concern of those contemplating matrimony would not be the style of the engagement ring, the number of bridesmaids and the decorations in the church but rather the fitness, mental and physical, of the individual and his or her mate.

"The feeble minded child is not curable but it is preventable," declared the doctor. "No child may choose its parents but the state sanctions that parentage and thereby takes the responsibility for a child of a type which need never have been born. The state is responsible for the crime, degeneracy and disease with which it is called on to deal because it permitted without question the marriage of people who had in them a defective strain which they passed on, probably in a magnified and tragic form, to their heirs."

"If fifty per cent. of the defectives and criminals have been the offspring of a defective neurotic heredity, a large reduction would inevitably follow the supervision of marriage licenses by medical health officers."

Thirty-Eight Defied The Might of Niagara

Sam Patch dove into river from ninety-foot tower at Goat Island—1829.
Chas. E. L. Blondin crossed on tight rope number of times—1859-60.
Maid of the Mist taken down the rapids by three men to escape creditors—1861.
Farini crossed on slack wire on stilts—1864.
Harry Leslie crossed gorge on rope cable—1865.
Signor Ballini leaped into river from suspension bridge and broke rib, but was rescued—1866.
Prof. W. Andrew Jenkins crossed on tight rope number of times—1869.
Mama Spelterina walked across on rope with baskets on feet and wrists and ankles manacled—1870.
Captain Webb made ill-fated attempt to swim whirlpool rapids—1883.
George Hazlett and William Potts went through rapids in barrel—1886.
Hazlett and Miss Sadie Allen went through rapids in barrel—1888.
Carlisle D. Graham successfully navigated whirlpool rapids in barrel—1886-7, 9 and 1901.
W. L. Kendall, Boston policeman, girl with life-preserver, swim through rapids as far as whirlpool—1886.
"Prof." King crossed river below Falls on water bicycle—1887.
Stephen Peere walked across gorge on wire cable, but three days later was found dead on bank beneath his rope—1887.
"Prof." De Leon commenced crossing on the same rope, but did not finish—1887.
Charles A. Percy made several trips through rapids in air-cushioned boat—1887.
R. W. Black or Jenkins lost life in attempt to navigate rapids in boat—1888.
Steve Brodie went over Falls in rubber suit and came through alive, but bruised and insensible on his toes—1892-3.
Samuel J. Dixon (Toronto) crossed Niagara below falls on wire rope—1890.
Clifford M. Calverly (Toronto) crossed by wire cable, lying down on it and even hanging by his toes—1892-3.
James E. Hardy (Toronto) gave series of high wire performances at Niagara—1896.
Peter Nissen drowned in attempt to navigate rapids in boat—1897.
Martha E. Wagenfuhrer narrowly escaped death navigating rapids in boat—1901.
Maud Willard drowned in attempt to imitate Wagenfuhrer; her dog saved—1901.
Mrs. Annie E. Taylor went over Canadian Falls in barrel and survived—1901.
Capt. Larsen navigated rapids in specially built motor boat, though engine went "dead"—1910.
William Hill navigated lower rapids in barrel—1910.
Lincoln Beachey swept down the gorge in aeroplane and passed through arch of steel bridge—1911.
"Bobby" Leach went over Canadian Falls in steel barrel and survived—1911.
"Bobby" Leach dropped 3,000 feet in parachute slightly to the west of Horseshoe Falls—1920.
C. G. Stephens, Bristol barber, went over Falls in a barrel and was killed—1920.
There are also references to rope-walking performances by Spinola and MacDonald, but dates are not available.

Could You Blame

THE stout woman had been in the boot shop for over an hour, and the patient shop assistant had had half the stock down for her inspection. "These would suit you," he said, as a last resource, taking down yet another pair. But still she was not satisfied. "I don't like those," she said. "They have a tendency to get wider when they are a bit old." It was the last straw. "Well, madam," replied the exasperated assistant, "didn't you?"



"Any regiment can advance, but few know how to retreat with a sting in the tail."—Kipling.

Some one has been mean enough to suggest that bow-legged people swim best because they stay in the water most.—Halifax Herald.

Weather men say summer starts later every year. Just the same, it never will come after summer suits have been reduced.—Vancouver Sun.

Victories that come without having had to be fought and won are nothing to brag about.—Forbes Magazine.

The trouble about a motorist trying to knock a railway train off the track is that he gets only one chance.—Manitoba Free Press.

A Clyde-side M.P. has been invited to speak at Cambridge on "Has Scotland made England what it is?" When it comes to fixing the blame we wouldn't go quite so far as that.—Punch.

In the Prince of Wales Alberta has its greatest booster. That "little grey home in the west" has its distinct appeal to his royal highness.—Lethbridge Herald.

Men are kicking about sleeveless dresses. In a few years they may be kicking about dressless sleeves.—Kitchener Record.

Advertising as an art has reached its limit. A magazine ad refers to the "individuality" of a straw hat.—New York Telegram.

After all, it has to be admitted that the success of the country is more dependent on the weather than on legislation.—Manitoba Free Press.

A New Zealand man swallowed a shirt button, and four operations by leading surgeons have failed to locate it. It is beginning to look as if he will have to obtain another one.—London Opinion.

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

They are having a revolution in Brazil. This is no kind of weather to have a revolution.—Manitoba Free Press.

A Highlander has written home to say that he has played the bagpipes outside the ex-Kaiser's castle at Doorn. Scotsmen should remember that the politicians only promised to hang the ex-war lord.—Punch.

The motor signal "Turn to the Right" is a sly hint to drivers that there are more and better pedestrians round the corner.—Life (New York).

Warns "Nosey" People Away From French Rock Villages May Look Ever So Eerie But Smell Like Stilton Cheese

Vineyards and Squares Overhang Sheer Chasms—Children, as Sure-Footed as Goats, Fleet Along Narrow Mountain Paths—Billiards as Played in the Stone Age, and a Landlord Who Charged Like the Ritz Carlton

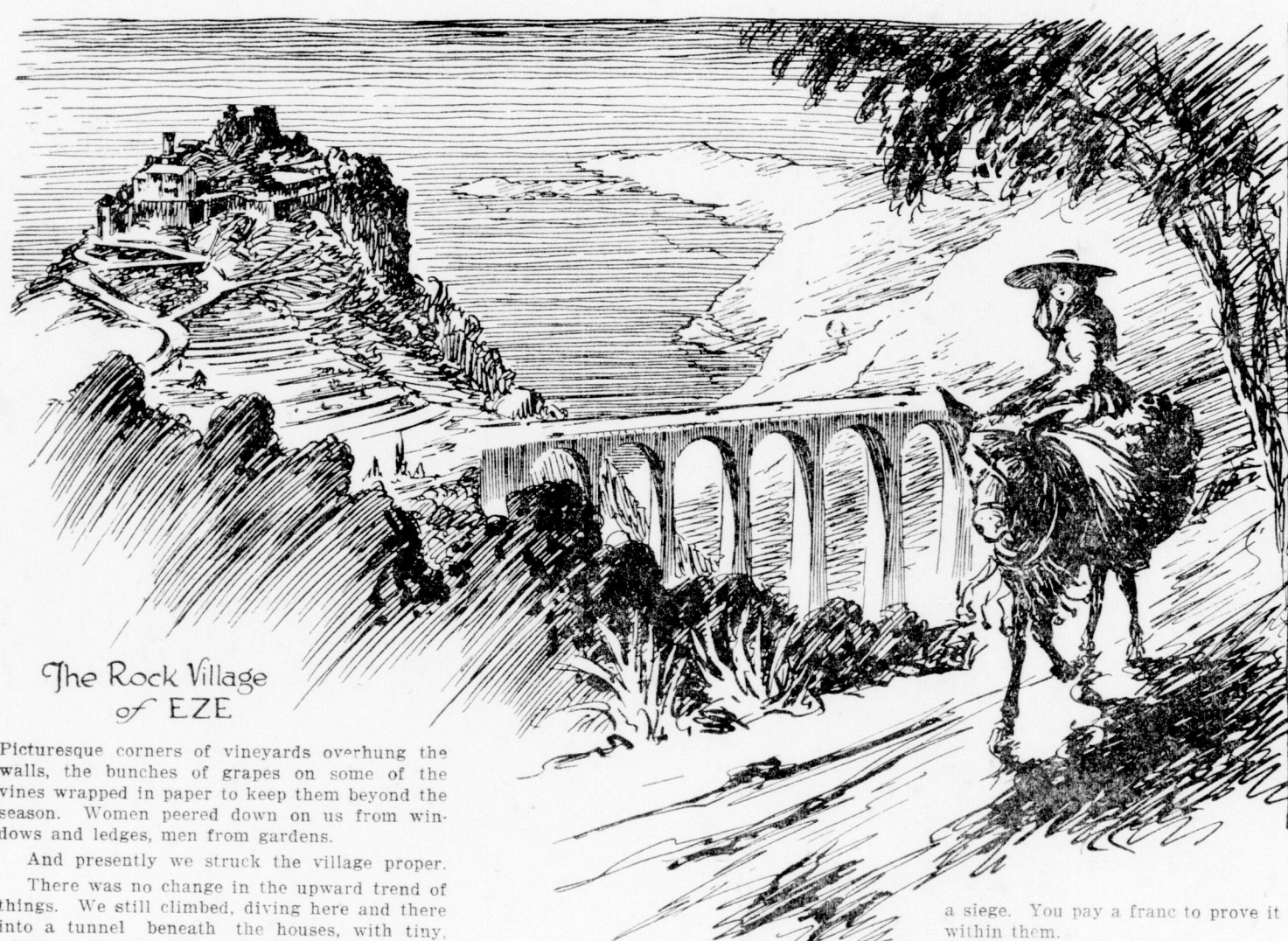
By LACEY AMY

INACCESSIBILITY, odors, darkness, steepness—these are the chief ingredients of a rock village. Throw in a horde of children, a quantity of curiosity on the part of the citizens, infinite curiosity on your own part concerning the raison d'être of such a place, and little else is required for the ensemble.

The south coast of France is strewn with rock villages, and, I am told, they extend into Italy. Some of the Italian villages I can see with my glasses from the mountainside here—miles from anywhere, sharply defined little collections of stone structures, perched high where there can be no possible modern purpose in living, looking like a child's careless work in a heap of sand and about as useful.

My first rock village I approached blindly, not even knowing its name. Hundreds of feet above my head it clung to a point in the mountainside, sleeping peacefully in the sun, not a vestige of life visible, topped by an ancient tower that was eloquent of its period. With a patience worthy of the chap who copyrighted "eureka" I plodded my weary way up four hundred and seventy-six stone-cobbled steps, each step the equivalent of two because of its four-foot slope, twisting and turning, coming out now and then on mountain cornices that might have been selected for their view by an artist, passing a few modern villas with their names carved in marble on their inconspicuous gates. Across the Grande Corniche and still upward, up and up.

The path of steps was as formal as an asphalt road and infinitely more permanent. At its side toward the top an asphalt water runway poured a rippling stream to the lower depths, with high stone walls frowning on either side and the tower of the chateau hanging straight above my head. Children of years scarcely worth counting galloped up and down those steps in a manner possible only to those born to them.



The Rock Village of EZE

Picturesque corners of vineyards overhung the walls, the bunches of grapes on some of the vines wrapped in paper to keep them beyond the season. Women peered down on us from windows and ledges, men from gardens.

And presently we struck the village proper.

There was no change in the upward trend of things. We still climbed, diving here and there into a tunnel beneath the houses, with tiny, winding, disappearing streets of steps plunging away from either hand. An arched doorway here, filled with a decrepit door of rough boards, was the entrance to a stable, close beside it the open doorway to the house, admitting to a dark flight of stone stairs that ended in the dim distance upward before a closed door. Little alleys dropped into the darkness we had no time to explore, or if we did led up to more stables and doorways.

We Climbed and Climbed

STABLES and houses were part and parcel of each other, with odors that ran through the complete list of human and animal taints. Cows and donkeys munched complacently within reach of our hands—and also within reach were the small grocery stores, the fruit, the ribbons, the shoe repairs.

One can't be "nosey" in a rock village. Indeed, there is too much to interest to be shocked at the smells that assail one's nostrils. But

The Grande Corniche

then, partridge at its best smells like a meat shop that has escaped the sanitary inspector, and Stilton cheese!

And so we climbed and climbed. There was a lot of mountain still ahead of us, for we had risen from the sea, and we wondered when we would strike the glaciers, when suddenly the steps turned over and commenced to drop down the other side. To our left was a gateway, and a moment's practical curiosity showed that it led to the chateau that dominated the picture of Roquebrune as viewed from the outside world. This tower was its last stronghold in the days of its prime. Either the lord lived here, or the inhabitants, driven from their own inaccessible streets by the enemy, sought this last refuge and pulled the road in after them. It is a ruin now within, but the walls would still withstand

a siege. You pay a franc to prove it by stepping within them.

The village of Roquebrune is favored with a story that it slipped in some past age from the mountainside higher up and settled where it now so precariously stands. To any imagination there can be no doubt of the truth of the tale; the gouge in the mountainside is still there. But with seven or eight hundred feet of a still steeper drop below it one admires the anti-skid contrivances they must have had in those days.

These rock villages were carefully located so long ago that any story of their origin is as easy to believe as any other. Certainly they were built for defence. They date from early mediaeval times, before cannon, or rope ladders, or modern strategy. There must have been peace-loving men along these coasts in those days—but they had to have wonderful leg muscles. They probably had nothing worth stealing but their wives and their goatskin, but in those days they had no boxing ring or fox hunting. And every period must have its



Rue de l'Eglise — a street in EZE

lighter amusements.

After a sorry of dark passages and ups and downs we came at last to the Place. It was a level of about forty yards diameter, on the very edge of a precipice that looked far over Monaco. One side was bounded by the local school, the Place being the playground. Boys were kicking a football about when we arrived, with a deceptive abandon that pulled me up to watch. Only a three foot wall kept the ball from a journey that would have required a half holiday to retrieve it.

Piccaninny With Skinny Legs

THE other side of the Place was partly sheer cliff to the base of the chateau, partly inn. The inn was simply a gouge in the rock, with a house front stuck up before it. Being hungry, I experimented. The proprietor doubted his ability to serve a meal, especially as four other visitors conceived the same idea of being fed. The proprietor knew what he was talking about. In a dark bar we discussed the situation. The centre of the floor was filled with a small

billiard table that kept my mind wandering from the subject under discussion. Six lusty men were knocking about objects that resembled stone relics of the original village. The table cushions were as hard as the first motor type would be to-day had it been left outside ever since; the balls were three inches in diameter and roughly resembling shoulder-stones, the cues tipless and chublike.

But these men were enjoying themselves. The local billiard table was their daily exercise, mountain climbing having failed to provide anything sufficiently strenuous. Some little fondness for the game, and a great conceit, inclined me at first to challenge the winner. Then I heard a cannon. And cannons are my best game.

But whatever that innkeeper lacked in ability to provide a meal, he more than made up in his capacity for charging. His price was worthy of an expensive restaurant in Monte Carlo. My respect for the intelligence of innkeepers in rock villages is established.

Since then I have visited several other rock villages. There is one at La Turbie, though its slopes are not steep, its odors are refined by tourist proximity. Old Eze is another, between here and Nice. Part of Mentone is rock village—by far the more interesting section of that settled seaside resort. It is more pretentious than Roquebrune and easier to reach. Its streets are wider, its smells worse, its quaintness smoothed over by modernity. Bepowdered girls step from its doors and drop downward to mingle with the street life of Mentone. Washings block the view, strung from house to house across the street.

Almost in its heart is the Catholic church. My visit occurred on a Sunday, and the boys were playing marbles on the mosaic court of the church. Still further upward the streets wind until finally—under the direction of an Algerian piccaninny—we arrived at a level where a modern road runs along the mountain side, separating two imposing cemeteries.

I have seen nothing in a rock village that I wished to take away except that piccaninny. I suppose I must have showed my admiration for his flashing eyes, his round cap, his skinny legs, for he followed us far down the road. But he is comparatively a recent importation to a rock village—and I fear that he may have adopted its vices.

New Oxford Car

A CERTAIN man walked into an insurance office in South Africa, and said he wanted to insure his car.

Insurance Agent: "What is the name of your car?"

Young Man: "Oxford, sir."

Insurance Agent: "Never heard of such a car."

Young Man: "Come out and see it." It was a Ford car drawn by two oxen.

A Wonderful Place of Spotless Purity Is Home of Old Man Lavoie of Father Point

By F. G. GRIFFIN

IT was some sort of holy day in the province of Quebec, so a call at the house of old man Lavoie in Father Point brought the information that he was attending service in the church whose tall spire was visible beyond the cross roads of the village. Would he be back later? It was his daughter who came to the door. Oui, m'sieur, bientôt. A trois heures.

So at three o'clock I returned and knocked. The old man himself opened the door and immediately asked me in. A deep-chested, broad-shouldered, short giant of an old man of seventy-six, gnarled like an ancient tree, with a kindly face. He had been a deep sea sailor in his youth, had been to Liverpool and Cuba and other distant places, and yet I was not sure that he quite understood that I was a visitor. He was anxious to write articles about the river pilots. Nevertheless, the fact that I was a visitor was sufficient excuse for being gracious. He possessed himself of my cap with fine courtesy and asked me into the immaculate front room to sit down.

The house gave an impression of cleanliness that might be felt, such as you might notice in the waiting hall of a big hospital. A wonderful place of spotless purity, positively shining. The painted floors, odd bits of linoleum, holy pictures on the wall, gilded pieces of religious bric-a-brac, white lace, glass covers, old chairs, the treasured laces and penates of a rural Quebec home, with cone shells richly brilliant beneath a dark table in the centre of the room, gave a phantasmagoric feeling of rainbow coloring, with an effect that was quite indefinite and indescribable but utterly pleasant.

From where I sat I could catch through a half-open door the merest glimpse of a bedroom of the most beautiful formality which I would have given a good deal to see fully. Only that I was afraid of startling the old man, who was so very generous in his kindly reception of a stranger, I would have asked his permission to enter. Probably he would have shown the room with pride. Yet the request might have seemed to him uncouth; it might have hurt him and one could not risk doing that.

The room of which one could see only a narrow slice was evidently a guest chamber. One could make out the outlines of a great bed of dark wood. Round the bottom was a lace valance of the purest white, of a bleached cleanliness that showed up like snow on ivory against the dark framework of the bed. A counterpane, spotlessly white also, and, crowning all, a vast pillow all covered with white lace, a pillow fully a yard square, which was propped with rigid, formal artistry, against the wooden head of the bed which it practically hid.

One could not conceive of such a splendid bed being used for everyday folk. It would indeed be an honored person who would occupy it, one felt; a bed fit for a queen, or a bishop if he should by any chance come looking for a night's

Rugged as the Rocks of the Shoreline is Old Deep Sea Sailor of Quebec Who Knows the Pilots and Their Ways—Grandson Served in the War and is in the British Mercantile Marine—Married An English Girl.

shelter, or for that fine sailor grandson of whom old Lavoie spoke with such fondness and pride.

Mate on a Pilot Boat

HE was a rugged old man, old and rugged like the rocks of the shoreline outside the house; yet he had a gentle air and in his manner he had a sort of natural simplicity which one felt had nothing to do with his age but was part of his simple, sincere nature. His old eyes were kindly, and in his speech there was the benediction of many "Good Gods." He used the expression with a soft richness of familiarity which gave a flavor of inexpressible harmony and balance to his speech. He had a quaint way of using it at the end of a sentence, as when he said: "Sometimes we go in water with ice up to the waist, Good God."

The old man had not a very great deal that he could tell about the pilots. He had never been one himself, but he had been mate on the boat which brought the pilots out to the ships before the days of the present tender Jalobert. He told one little story. One of the Dominion Line ships was coming down the river this afternoon. The water so bad, the sea so rough, a nor'west wind blow, make it ver' hard to row boat. When they finally came alongside an officer on deck called out: "Why you didn't come out before? You see us coming, is it not?"

Lavoie answered: "See you coming since two hours. But it ver' rough, ver' hard to pull boat."

So the officer, regretting his harshness probably, dropped half a crown in the boat, saying: "Take a drink." He dropped a second half-crown in the boat.

The old man chuckled at the memory. It was not much of a story, perhaps, but it amused him to think of that rough day on the gulf and the gift of the two half-crowns.

Some talk about his travels and he went to considerable trouble to find some rather gaudy and fantastic pictures of the battle of Manila bay, highly colored as a Fourth of July oration. With his weakened eyesight he could not read the names of the American and Spanish ships pictured in battle array, with blood-red flames spurting from their guns, but I read them out to him, these unfamiliar names of past and gone foreign battleships which he repeated with a satisfied flavor as if he were recalling the names of old friends. It was not that he had taken part in this comic-opera war of years ago, but, later, on his voyaging, he had viewed the scene of Dewey's victory. This was enough to give a

a milestone significance in his simple remembrance.

A Brave Man Who was Saved

THEN he spoke of his grandson, a boy originally from one of these quiet Quebec villages on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, but now a smart first officer on a great English ship trading with the Orient. Links of Empire! The lad had served in the war. There this boy bred of the soil and the riverline of old Quebec had behaved according to the sea traditions of the British mercantile marine, according to the best traditions of his own chivalric race. His ship had been torpedoed. There was very little time. He had handed his lifebelt to a stewardess and jumped, as the ship sank under him, into the water.

A brave man. He was saved. Yes, he was saved, Good God. A good boy. The old man's eyes were glistening. He was thinking of his grandson as a little fellow, tout petit, his father and mother both dead, and him playing about the village. Now he was married. He had married an English girl, Doris Williamson. It was

strange indeed to hear the old Quebec man speak the name of his grandson's wife so certainly English.

He spoke her name with a positive fondness. He had never seen her. She could only have been a sort of foreign name to him. And yet she was his grandson's wife. That was enough.

Would I not like to see their photograph? He hunted for it with touching haste. He called out to his daughter to know where she had put it, this treasure. At last he came on it, the picture of clean-looking man in smart ship's uniform and beside him the pretty English girl he had wed.

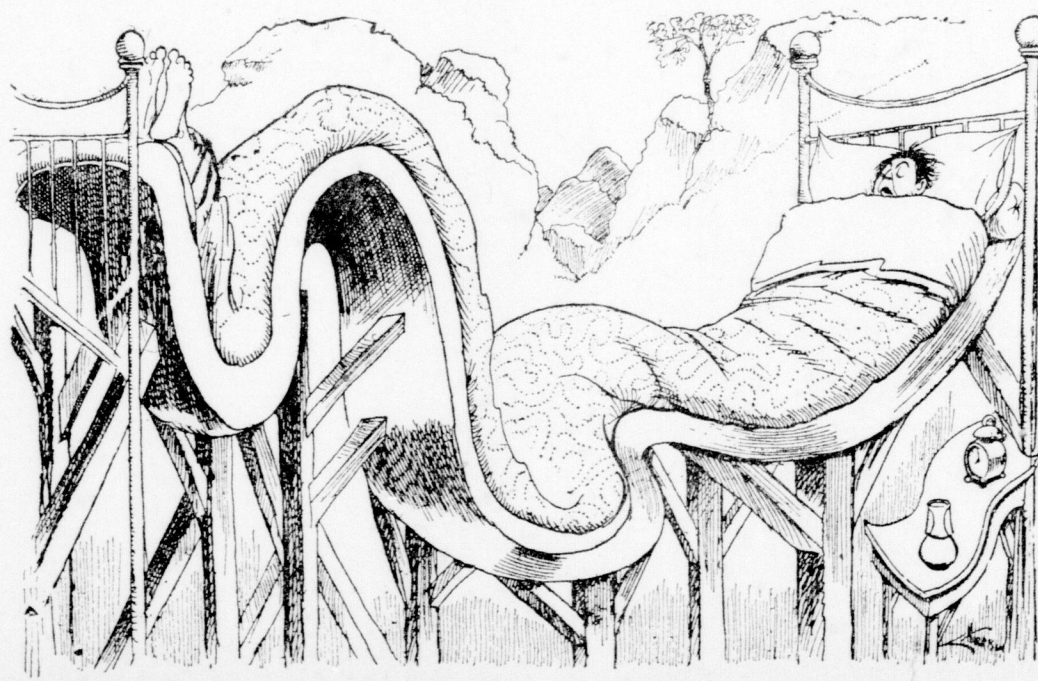
The boy was now almost an Englishman. He might never come back again to the St. Lawrence village of his youth. He might not come back at least before the old man died. I think some such thought must have been in his mind, for his eyes were glistening. He was thinking, he said, of going to England some time to see them. For his boy—"I would like much to see him again, Good God."

Another New Disease

LITTLE Jimmy had probably been eating too much unripe fruit. Little green apples are not good for green little boys. Anyhow, whatever the cause, he was not feeling at all well, and his mother insisted on him going to bed while she sent for the doctor.

"Now, my little man," said the physician when he arrived, "tell me what is the matter with you?"

"It's like this, doctor," answered Jimmy from his bed of sickness, "you know how you feel when you don't know how you feel? Well, that's how I feel."—Answers.



Awful dream of a gentleman who has been having too much roller coaster.

—London Opinion.

Moscow Shivers Under Power of Dead Lenin's Will—Greater Than When Alive

By HENRY DE KORAB

(Mr. de Korab is a well-known French journalist who has made several visits to Russia.)

THE nights have again become dark and fearsome in Moscow. Last year what a profusion there was of light! Then one was trying to dazzle foreigners by lighting up all the blinding candelabras in front of the theatre, those in the Krasnaia plochad, those of the great Loubanka. To-day the grand gala has come to an end. Is it for reasons of economy? Is it in order to facilitate the work of the G.P.U., derived from the Tcheka, which prefers working (requisitioning and arresting) in the dark? It is no doubt for both reasons, for we are in the very thick of a period of privations and repression. In any case, when you go home late you do not feel very reassured. The tortuous Tverskaia, long and narrow, seems like a black tunnel, full of traps and suspect whisperings. A sharp whistle, another, and then a little red light over there? They dance about and seem to be coming toward us.

"Take care," replies my companion. "It is the 'bats' . . . But don't stand there on the sidewalk," he adds, becoming nervous. "You look as if you were trying to hide." He catches me by the arm and draws me out into the middle of the street. About ten men walking Indian file approach. They carry red lanterns which throw strange lights on their leather coats, shining in the wet mist.

"Sto-o-oil!" (Halt) cries the leader, and it sounds like a long-drawn wail.

"Don't keep your hands in your pockets it is dangerous," whispers my companion as the men draw round us in a circle.

"Green card!" he shouts, waving a piece of cardboard showing his adhesion to the Communist party. At once the circle surrounding us breaks. One by one the men disappear through the door of an apartment building. We remain for a moment looking at the dark front. Suddenly a red light appears at a third-story window—the room of the victim. . . .

The Midnight Mass

WE continue slowly, feeling our way along the ground with our sticks. On the boulevard into which the Tverskaia runs there is absolute and impressive silence. We stop in order to listen, if I may say so, to the silence. Not a sound of either footstep or voice, not a breath of air. It has ceased to rain. The landscape is empty. A black sky has effaced the contours of the roofs and the trees.

"It is almost the anguish of utter destruction," I say.

"Yes," replies my companion, "the nights of Moscow are rather like that nowadays. One sometimes has the feeling one has been placed in one's coffin."

One divines the buildings. To the left is the theatre. Here is a sidewalk and beyond it the

Hotel Metropole. Suddenly I cry in surprise, almost in fear: "Music! Do you hear? It is music!"

One hears from afar, sounding like the murmur of a distant church, some chant or prayer, which grows louder as we advance. We are going toward the Red Square. We pass under an arch whose vault hums like a shell. The seething square is before us, covered with shining lights. The dancing flames of the candles momentarily light up a bearded head, the wrinkled face of an old woman, the vacant face of a child.

"It is Saturday," my friend explains. "They come to spend the night here like one goes to church."

Softly, slowly, we push our way toward the centre of the crowd. After a quarter of an hour of effort, half asphyxiated by the smell of candle grease, filth and tar, we manage to reach the mausoleum, where burns an electric sun. All around are silhouettes bent in prayer, swaying as they chant psalms. In a sort of long and soft plaint one hears murmured the name of Lenin. Pushed along by a wave to shoulders, when suddenly, lit up by a bright flare, I see for an instant the crudely illuminated face of the dictator, his little black beard, his domelike forehead, his prominent Tartar cheekbones. Terrifying icon, made of a corpse, which disappears as suddenly as it has appeared, for the wave which carried me forward now throws me back again into the crowd. Luckily I find my companion again.

"You see," he says, when we have again reached the quiet sidewalk of the Loubanka, Lenin dead is perhaps a greater god than Lenin alive. Lying at the foot of the Kremlin he governs Russia."

In His Name

"YES, indeed," I reply. "Is there anything you cannot do in his name?"

"One can do anything in it, anything, for every day you will see defiling across the Red Square delegates from all parts of Russia, from Saratov, from Rostov, from Ekaterinoslav. . . . The Russian people needed a god. . . . They have been given a Communist god. . . ."

Comrade Tade Baransky was obliged to interrupt his discourse, for we again had to show our papers to a patrol of Tchekists, which encircled us like the first one.

"The square and the tomb are well guarded," I remarked when the "bats" had disappeared.

"Of course," he replied. "A bomb is quickly thrown." And then, after a moment of reflection, he continued, drawing me closer so as to be able to speak in a low voice: "You see there is a link between the illuminated tomb and those red lights which again flit through the streets of Moscow. It is really on this that authority reposes to-day. You hear a lot of talk here about inner crises of the Communist party, of scissions between extremists and moderates, or between bureaucrats and democrats. All this is a interesting to study, but it is more or less academic discussion. The truth, the dogma, is Lenin. The Gospel are the writings of Lenin. The law is the last will of Lenin. And it is Dzjerzinsky, president of the funeral committee, who is charged with applying that law; Dzjerzinsky who is at the same time chief of the G.P.U., of the Tcheka, the vigilant guardian of the revolution. Thus, Lenin and Dzjerzinsky—just that and nothing else."

—New York Times Magazine.

Guelph Built on Seven Hills That Can Be Taken on High Once Had Ball Team That Held World's Semi-Pro. Championship

Defeated All Comers at Watertown, New York, in 1874—Hated Woodstock Rivals Passed Off Phoney Silver Ball on Them—Early Days of the Royal City—Famous Folks Who Are Natives—O.A.C.'s Fine Record.

By ARTHUR HAWKES.

"GUELPH," said one of its white-haired sons, whom everybody respects, "Guelph, I think, is inclined to be a little wet."

"A little wet?" It may torture the spiritually inclined and encourage the spiritually minded to learn that when, at sixteen years of age, Guelph contained seven hundred people, it had also four distilleries and three breweries—one liquor factory for every hundred men, women and children in the village. The Guelph head wasn't merely wet; it must have been saturated. A christening had become a flood at a retail cost of a shilling a gallon, and few there were to mourn over that phase of being a little wet.

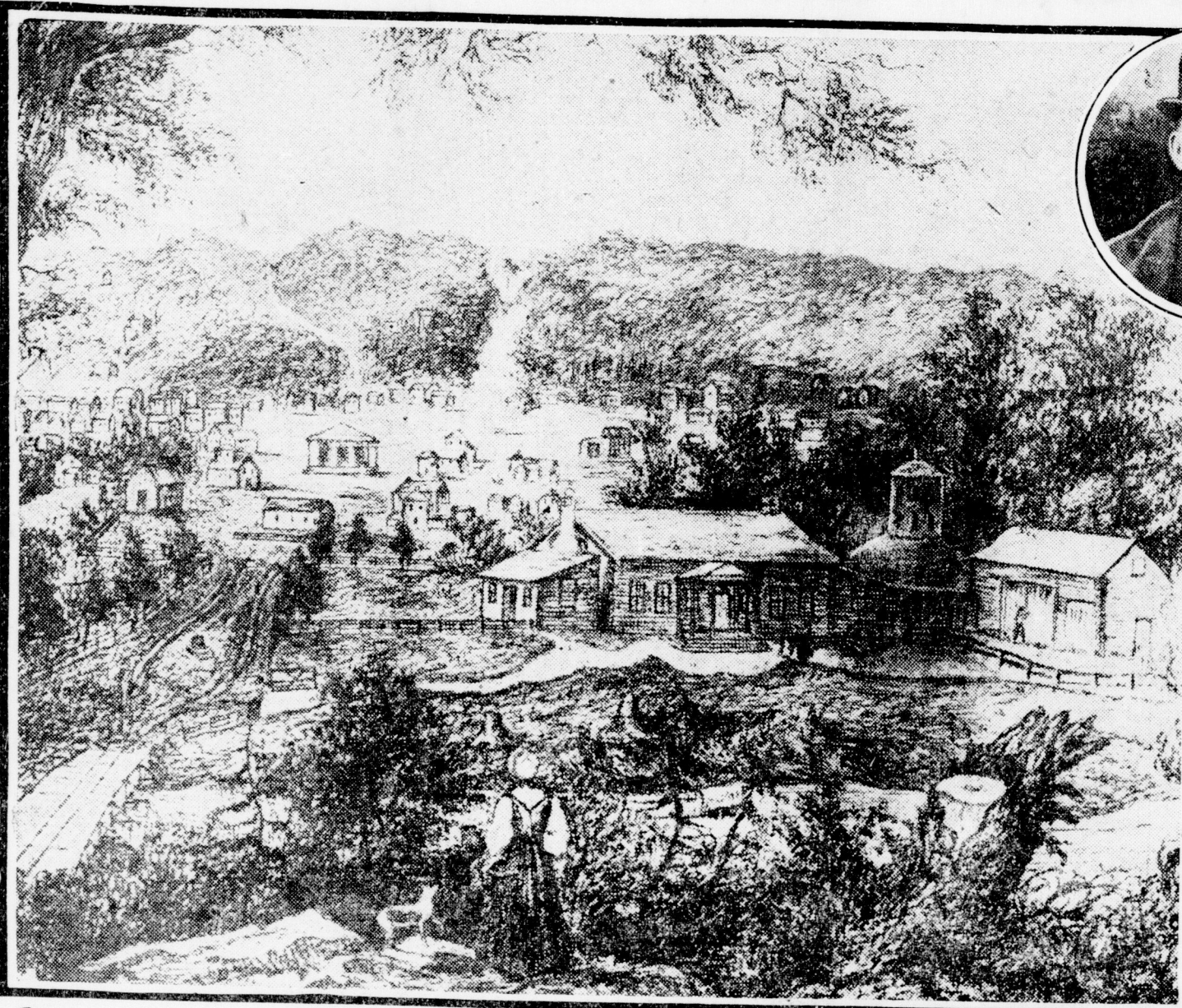
The christening of Guelph was on this wise: John Galt, the Scotch novelist, who had traveled and chummed with Byron in the Mediterranean, founded the Canada Company, which obtained much land in Upper Canada, and proposed to settle it with true-born Britishers, to the glory of the Crown and the financial comfort of the shareholders. Galt was the sole agent of the company in Canada, to which he first came in 1826. Galt had been named after him by an admirer named Dickson. On St. George's Day, 1827, Galt and a party started from Galt to a spot by the River Speed to found a city. Galt did not announce just what he was going to do, for he liked to surround such things with a mysterious atmosphere, thinking that future historical interest would thereby be accentuated—as to which a slight proof is now humbly furnished.

Following his more accustomed trail blazers, Galt walked with his faithful squire, Dr. Dunlop, who had the high-sounding title of Warden of the Canada Company's Woods and Forests. It was thirteen miles to the selected place. In April the primeval forest was no speedway for man or beast, and it was dusk before Galt and Dunlop reached the chosen spot. Galt selected a big maple that stood right where the Canadian National track crosses the river, east of the present station, chopped the first chip out of it, handed the axe to Dunlop, who chopped another chip. Then they watched their henchmen fell the noble tree. When it had crashed Dunlop produced a flask of liquor, and Galt and he drank "Prosperity to the City of Guelph." And, even now, Guelph is inclined to be a little wet—but only a little, and that because it has a historical sense, and not a hankering for booze.

Wanted it Called "Goderich"

JOHN GALT, always a loyalist, baptised his invisible city, in compliment to the reigning family, and because the name had not been used anywhere else in the Empire. Guelph was the patronymic of the Hanoverian kings, of whom the fourth and the most disreputable, George, was then reigning. But the Guelph name perpetuated one of the worst and widest factional quarrels that distinguished the middle ages. The Guelphs and the Ghibellines fought one another and made Italy miserable for centuries. They quarrelled originally about submission to imperial authority. They developed into mere factionists about party differences that had lost their significance. John Galt called Guelph in the pure and undefiled patriotism of his heart. But soreheads were about, and they complained to the directors of the Canada Company in London that the place should have been called Goderich after the Mr. Robinson who was colonial secretary, who had helped the company and who had recently joined the peerage as Lord Goderich. The directors, in true Downing street style, worried poor Galt about this, but accepted his explanation, and their next notable foundation was called Goderich—which is another story.

Nothing strikes you more interestingly about the early days in Ontario than the persistence and magnitude with which occasions were celebrated by public functions. Here was the first tree cut down on the site of a city to be built in a then-unpopulated forest in April. The first building erected was the Priory—named after one of Galt's associates—of which we shall say something presently. Other log structures were put up, and farming settlement began. The drink in the dark, on St. George's Day, wasn't enough of an inaugural, so it was planned to combine two glories in one gala, and on Monday, August 13th, to celebrate the founding of Guelph and the King's birthday (which fell on Sunday, the 12th) by roasting an ox and having a whale of a time generally. Though they roasted the carcass between two fires for six hours the meat wasn't well cooked. The men made their own forks out of wood, and used strings for plates, and made a rare feast. In the evening, after the banquet, with its long string of toasts, some of them became very wet. A row grew out of the banquet months afterwards. Galt didn't get along very well with Governor Sir Peregrine Maitland—the same who, when he found that a copy of William Lyon Mackenzie's newspaper had been put under the Brock monument foundation stone, which he laid, had the whole thing ripped up, and the offending stuff, looking towards responsible government, removed. Somebody complained to London that though there were toasts galore the governor's health was omitted by Galt—another fuss about names, in ancient Guelphic



GUELPH IN 1827—From a pencil sketch by Miss Neeves in possession of Mr. Sleeman. Just beyond the bridge in bottom left hand corner is the original stump where city was named by John Galt.

and Ghibelline order. The charge wasn't true, but the directors thought it was, and harrowed poor Galt accordingly.

Lacks Symmetry of Design

THE city lacks the symmetry of street design which has some advantages, but many repellences, to the person who knows that while the line of duty is straight the line of beauty is curved. The everlasting hills should not be occupied after the manner of a checkerboard. There is a variation of direction in Guelph streets, and veritable riots of beauty as soon as the trees begin to dress. Perhaps it might have been better to plant shade trees on the main wide streets of the city, though, somehow, if there's much umbrageous glory by a sidewalk, the shop displays are apt to be put in the shade, which is not the sort of beauty that business desires. But off the money-making arteries—what a wealth of summer finery in sward and shrub, in flower and tree!

They call it the Royal City because of its name. With a little more imagination they might have called it the Imperial City because of its geography. Coming to the city by train from the east you see ahead the noble church of Our Lady Immaculate standing sentinel-like upon a hill. Away to the left, on College Heights, is the collection of buildings which house the Ontario Agricultural University. Practically all the city is up hill or down—not steep activities and declivities such as give to Quebec its winding, wind-robbed charm; but hills that can mostly be taken on high. Ask a Guelph geographer, ask him to count the hills, and he reckons seven. Why then, since Rome was built on seven hills, and Rome everlastingly is the Imperial City—why should Guelph not liken herself to the noblest of them all? It can be denied that there are seven Guelph hills—that four of them are only spurs. But in Rome itself two of the seven so-called hills are only addenda to the larger eruptions.

For a long time, whenever one looked upon Guelph, a story about it and Goderich puzzled an enquiring mind. At Goderich the story was told that the Canada Company planned Guelph and Goderich according to the configuration of their respective sites; but in the sort of confusion which often affected London—it once caused a Privy Council document, for instance, to speak of Ontario as "that town". The plans were misdirected. What was intended to be Guelph became Goderich and what was planned for Goderich is now Guelph. Some Guelph antiquarians believe this engaging story to be true as Scripture. Others never heard of it. I don't think it is true, for several reasons. Goderich was founded two years after Guelph. The irregularity of the central streets of Guelph show that they were planned to suit the lie of the land. The plan of Goderich tells a similar story about that enviable centre. The plan which I have seen of Guelph in 1843 gives the main streets as they now are, and as, evidently, they must have been planned in the burg's early infancy. The creator of Guelph, John Galt, who planned, ordained its birth for St. George's Day, and named the place after King George, who delighted to attach a certain mystery to his public doings for their historical effect upon such distant creatures as we are, would not sell building lots without making a plan to suit his education, temperament and outlook. The settlement of Our Lady, where she seems to be throned and sceptred, points conclusively to Guelph having been designed for what Guelph is.

Guelph was begun at the maple tree stump near the river. Connection with the east was over the bridge that is seen in the photograph of Miss Neeves's drawing made in 1828 and reproduced on this page. York, fifty miles east,



GUELPH MAPLE LEAF TEAM WHICH WON THE SEMI-PROFESSIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA AT WATERTOWN, N.Y. IN THE SEVENTIES

was the capital of Upper Canada, and the bridge would certainly be the main ingress to the infant city. From it the plan of the city was projected, with main streets spreading out like the fingers of a hand—all very suitable to permanent conditions and creditable to the Galt's constructive sense.

The Why of the Catholic Hill

HOW came it that in a city where the Catholics are one-fifth of the population, the Roman Catholic church stands over the city and against the sky almost as dominantly as Lincoln Cathedral stands over Lincoln and the Pears? The explanation is in human personality harnessed devotedly to religion and a church rather than in that superabundant craft which some of us too gratuitously attribute to the church which most marvelously exalts the Mother of God. The personality is Bishop MacDonnell, of whom it is merely necessary to say now that he rendered unselfish aid to John Galt, and was in at the allotment of sites for public blessings, when the city that was baptised from Dunlop's flask was given its lasting shape. Galt allotted three church sites—the English, the Scotch and the Roman Catholic.

The English church was given the square in the midst of Windham street—now spelt Wyndham. The Scotch had a fine site nearer the business and official heart of the nascent city. The Catholics, being few, went comparatively far afield—into the wilderness, in truth, but on top of the hill. Perhaps because of the distance the ground so allotted was bigger than that dowered to either of the other churches. The good bishop had a long view as well as a long head, and it would be Christian poverty indeed to begrudge his spiritual heirs and assigns the advantage they derive from his bold prevision.

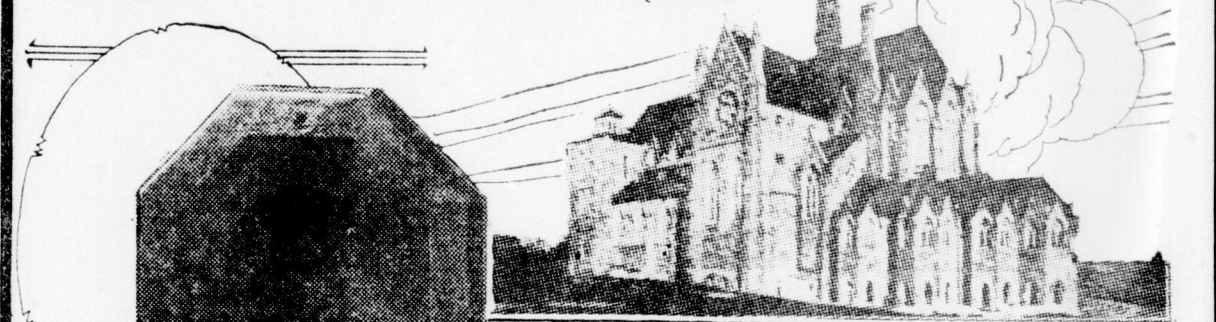
Our Lady Immaculate is built after the superb example of Cologne. Cathedrals, like provincial roads, seem to have a knack of never being finished. Cologne was like that, and so is Guelph's nearest office to a cathedral. Cologne is in Germany, but Our Lady Immaculate has never had a temptation to be pro-German. As you approach the majestic facade half-way up the hill is a monument to "Our Heroes," the boys who were killed in the war—not a cloistered mural plate, but an eloquent monument proclaiming patriotism to the city below. The church has not the finished spires in the front which at Cologne rise over five hundred feet from the floor of the nave. Nor is it as spacious as its prototype. But it suggests its original far more than the Montreal replica of St. Peter's



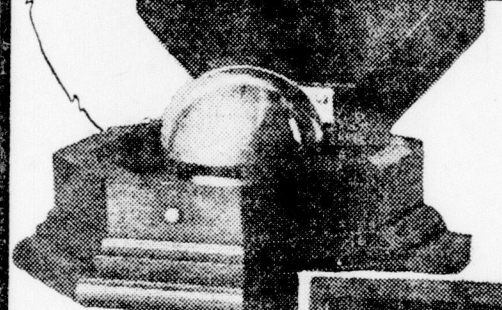
MR. GEORGE SLEEMAN



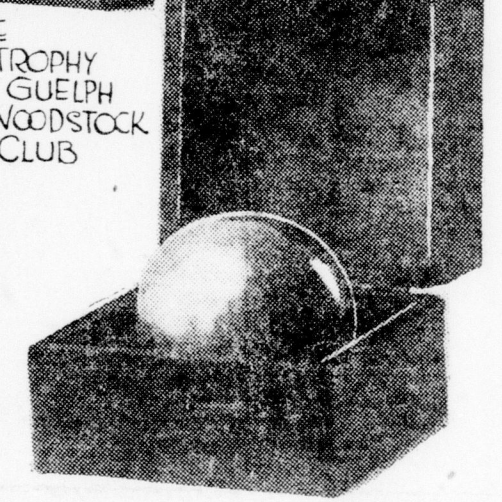
ST. GEORGE'S SQUARE



The CHURCH of OUR LADY IMMACULATE Built after the Cathedral of Cologne



GENUINE SILVER TROPHY WON BY GUELPH FROM WOODSTOCK CLUB



FAKE SILVER TROPHY GIVEN TO GUELPH BY WOODSTOCK CLUB.

is a sort of left-handed memorial of the period when Toronto was plentifully and profanely called Hogtown. It was that way over fifty years ago when the premier agricultural province of the British Empire determined to teach its young farmers better methods than the rule of thumb. The college and its indispensable farm were to be at Mimico, then, of course, a long way from King and Yonge, as travellers by road counted distance. But a cry arose that the location was altogether too near Toronto, which was accused of wanting all the indirect as well as the direct advantages of being the capital. A college at Mimico would mean the purchase of food and drink for the collegians from the nearest centre—Toronto. To that blessing other smaller places might honestly aspire. A legislative committee was appointed to review the situation. Three alternative locations chiefly tempted its judgment—Woodstock, Whitby and Guelph. The preference was given to Guelph in a report which mentioned, among the favorable facts, that the college farm would be in a beautiful, diversified farming district, that the town had ten thousand people, and that its commercial institutions included three breweries—Guelph was still inclined, you perceive, to be a little wet.

Twenty-five years ago science at the O.A.C.—the science that is to say, that is one step removed from the plough, and one seat removed from the milking stool—was taught by one man. This day there are over twenty professors of the sciences whose work would be regarded as superfluously scientific by the fathers of many of the first students of College Heights. In equipment the College is without a superior in states of Ontario's size. Provincially, of course, it is peerless.

The other day the veterinary surgeon was most often called the horse doctor—and that's what about eighty per cent of him was. But Dobbin is fast being outrun by spark plugs. An ailing tractor doesn't need boluses, but a money wrench. Cows are what they were, and at calving time a warm bran drench is usually all that nature needs. But sheep and hogs, though father's time, have more relation to the public health than they were supposed to have not so long ago. In an era when pure food, appetite or no appetite, is coming to be regarded as more important than truly primitive food and a healthy voracity, the ramifications of agrarian hygiene are without limit or repose. The veil of the future is to be a sort of social guardian, glorified market inspector; hygienic, high priest. Studentical Guelph, instead of in what he liked to regard as the rather superior precincts of the Toronto University is one of the multiplying signs that agriculture is rising to the full measure of its dignity, and is an adumbration of the age when the farmer will be master of all, because his profession will utilize more common sense and scientific knowledge than any other that helps to keep the race alive.

Anyway, Guelph loves the O.A.C. with an abiding, abounding love. The sentiment has a little to do with bread and butter, of course, for the city feeds the college with what the college doesn't grow for itself; and a galaxy of professors and six or seven hundred students are bound to buy much stuff from the stores. Before the war about forty thousand farmers used to come from all parts of the province to

see their own high school, some of them to receive short courses and all of them to spend money; though prodigality was never a vice of the Ontario landowner, taking a trip under government auspices.

The city's love for the Heights is a civic union, a social grace. About four-fifths of the professors live down town—they must.

No Rivalry Between Town and Gown

THEY function freely in public life—choosing as a rule to sit on the Board of Education. Somehow a professor who knows about cows and chickens and the manual values of science, who lectures on the ground and leaves the stars to look after themselves; who does not behave as if dead Latin and worse Greek are better than live English—somehow this sort of man seems to be nearer the average citizen who regards himself as not entirely an ignoramus; than some of the emulators of Oxford and Cambridge in other walks of learning are apt to do.

In the local position of the student body there's nothing comparable to ancient rivalries elsewhere between town and gown, and the U. F. O. junior is too commonsensical to promote revels that destroy clothes. In and about Guelph everybody belongs to everybody else.

The Winter Fair is really an appendix to the O.A.C. Its pre-eminence is now challenged by what is to occur every November in the Coliseum at the Toronto Ex. But, whatever happens, nothing can discount the distinctions that swarm around the displays of fat cattle and fine poultry that make Guelph and early December memorable to all who see them, and are foretastes indeed of what is to come with Christmas cheer.

The Reformatory, of course, is monumental of the humane and farseeing Provincial Secretaryship of W. J. Hanna. During the war it became Speedwell Hospital, but it has reverted to its original beneficence of teaching the imprisoned man that he is more of a man than a delinquent, and that restoration is more of a function of incarceration than retribution is. Guelph, though, doesn't regard the Reformatory as one of its glories, the city has so many distinctions that this one can be taken as agreed upon. But make no mistake, it is part of the education in punitive and recuperative social science which is one of the truest advances of an advancing age. It is a sort of Hanna Memorial Hospital for the Morally Unfortunate, and, as such, receives its meed of recognition from all who believe in insuring civilization against self-destruction.

Guelph hasn't bred any premiers—or, rather, any that may have been bred haven't yet been sworn in. But she has been passing potential premiers through her gates now for many years. Ex-Premier Drury went to O.A.C. So did Premier Bracken, of Manitoba, who, not having the luck to be a native of Guelph-born, married Miss Bruce, who did.

Eddie Johnson a Native Son

MUSIC has always been one of the Guelphic arts, and Eddie Johnson, tenor of the New York Metropolitan Opera, is a son of hers and a Davison ex-pupil. Money has never been cruelly despatched in the royal city. Of money-makers she has kept many and exported many. She has given to Chicago that Arthur Cuiteen, of the Chicago Grain Exchange, of whom they write "multi" before "millionaire." William Wells, general manager of the Santa Fe Railway, also worked out problems at the Davison behest. Riches have been multiplied in Philadelphia by the Higginbothams, for whom Guelph schooling was satisfying for everything except financial ambition.

Lights that have shone brilliantly in Toronto but were borrowed from Guelph included the late Lieutenant-Governor Lionel Clarke, whose father was a Guelph doctor, and his wife was a Guelph girl, and who, raised in a town that was a little wet became a malster. In the legal firmament a bright particular star was E. F. B. Johnston, who though a Scotch Haddie from Haddingtonshire, was schooled, and practised his profession in Guelph. He would have been Laurier's minister of justice if the election of 1917 had gone the way the white plume waved. And, of course, the immortality of "In Flanders Fields" derives natively from the city where Col. MacRae was born. His brother, by the way, is a mighty important stone in the Rockefeller Foundation, which pours the oil of gladness into mills of learning that need more lubrication than they can conveniently buy—medical research equipment, for instance, as Toronto University well knows. The MacRaes were raised on their father's not too extensive farm hard by Guelph. So far, they were like Jim Hill, whose brother Alec remains, the physical likeness of his great brother, and who was once offered much money if he would personate him during a New York financial strain.

Memorial of Hog Town Days

THE O. A. C. isn't a local institution, though it evokes an intense local pride. Its location

PRELUDE TO LIFE

—By Edgar Valentine Smith

ILLUSTRATED BY L. F. WILFORD

This Delightful Tale of a Girl's Fight With Baseness and Poverty Is O. Henry Memorial Prize Story For 1924—Selina Jo Is One of the Most Appealing Figures in Current Short Fiction.

SHUG HUDSILL brought his young wife, Marthy, to a sandy land homestead—twenty-five miles from the nearest railroad—in that section of the country which borders the Gulf of Mexico. There followed shortly the inevitable logging, at which the neighbors—mostly Hudsills themselves—contributed their labor. Shug furnished refreshments in the form of "shiny," an unpalatable, but unusually potent, native rum. The house, a two-room cabin of the "saddle-bag" type, was soon erected. Hand-split pine boards covered the roof; an unglazed window and a door in each room, which would be closed with rough wooden shutters during inclement weather, served for ventilation and lighting. A stick-and-clay chimney at one end of the cabin gave outlet to the single fireplace which was to answer the dual purpose of cooking and heating.

Shug accumulated two or three runty, tick-infested cows and a few razorback hogs. These were left, in the main, to shift for themselves. During severe weather such of the cows as chanced to be giving a few pints of milk daily were fed a little home-grown fodder and corn on the ear. The hogs probed for succulent roots in the rank undergrowth of the nearby swamp. Sweet potatoes yielded generously in new ground; each year a fresh plot was cleared, broken, and planted to these. A patch of sugar cane was always grown for molasses; a portion of this was finally made into "shiny."

It was amid these surroundings that the girl Selina Jo was born.

For the first eighteen months of her existence the baby crawled about the cabin unnamed. Then it occurred to Marthy that their offspring ought to be christened.

"Shug," she suggested calmly, "seems to me we ought to be namin' that air young 'un."

Fires of Ambition
SHUG, lolling in the shade of a water oak, shifted his quid and spat disinterestedly. "I ain't objectin' none," he replied.

"How 'bout callin' her 'Slinny Jo'?" Marthy asked.

"Pittin' enough name fer her, I reckon," Shug yawned.

As the child grew up she came to accept her parents as they had long since accepted her—merely as a bald fact.

Once Marthy came upon Shug whipping the girl with a switch.

"What you whippin' her fer?" she asked. Her tone was one of simple curiosity, nothing else.

"All young 'uns needs it," Shug replied virtuously. "Hain't been my daddy useth whale me powerful, I wouldn't a been night the man I am now; not night."

It was a matter for remark that, even at a tender age, Selina Jo rarely emitted any outcry under punishment. There burned in her sleek black eyes, though, the flame of an emotion which she checked upon the surface.

Selina Jo, upon a daily ration made up almost exclusively of corn pone, molasses, and home-cured pork as good as ocean brine, flourished amazingly. She was precocious too. She learned early that, as a source of information, her parents were practically null.

Therefore, Selina Jo was grudgingly allowed to attend the school. For six months the young man's enthusiasm held out. Then it waned and died. But before the school closed Selina Jo had learned the alphabet and a portion of the old-fashioned first reader.

The school-teacher had lighted the fire of ambition within her.

"Slinny Jo," she informed herself one day in a fit of musing, "you air as pizen strong as a gallon o' green shiny, but you don't know skercely nothin'." A moment later she added dejectedly, "Ner ain't got no chance o' learnin' neether."

"That Hudsill Tribe"

SHOALWATER River afforded her chief means of diversion. She never remembered when or how she learned to swim, but every day she enjoyed a plunge in the river and she noticed that no less pleasant than the contact of the water with her naked body was the comfortable after-feeling of cleanliness.

She had early begun to assist with the crops. With the manure scraped from the cow lot she made and she the potatoes. At planting time she pulled the slips and set them out. She hoed the sugar cane and thinned the corn. During harvest she did almost as much work as Shug and Marthy combined.

Before she was fourteen she had broken a pair of young steers to the yoke. She split the rails and laid the fence for a new potato patch. Using for the purpose the young oxen which she had broken, she pre-

pared the ground for planting. At fifteen she was as tall as her father, a slender, wiry creature, her young body as symmetrical as the trunk of a healthy pine tree.

In a corner of the cabin one day she found a dust-covered photograph. Brushing it off, she gazed upon a face that was unfamiliar. She took the picture to Marthy.

"Maw," she asked, "who is this?" Her mother glanced at it indifferently. "Me," she answered listlessly.

"You?" Selina Jo gasped.

"Yes, rather. It useth be, Tuck when I married yore paw."

Selina Jo scanned the comely pictured face for some likeness to the slatternly creature she knew. Wild resentment against something flamed in her heart. Suddenly she dashed the photograph to the floor and hurried from the cabin.

"Oh, Goodemighty!" she burst out tempestuously, "I don't want to be like her! I ain't goin' to neither!"

There was a church in the neighborhood where at rare intervals, some itinerant preacher held services; but upon one occasion Shug took the family to preaching in what was known as the Briggs settlement, ten miles nearer the railroad.

Shortly after they had seated themselves in the church, Shug, uncouth and unshaven, on the men's side, and she and her mother on that reserved for her sex, Selina Jo heard one of the women whisper to her neighbor:

"Some o' that Hudsill tribe!"

Poison Low-Down

AS the girl caught the slur in the words her face flushed darkly. She began to notice the unfavorable looks with which the men of the congregation were regarding her father. Even the children stared superciliously toward her mother and herself. Puzzled, vaguely hurt, at first she wondered why.

Lingered just outside the church at the close of services she waited, hopeful that some one would speak to her. No one paid her the slightest heed. In a land where a lack of hospitality was the one unpardonable sin, this alone was enough to convince her that something was terribly wrong somewhere. But she held her peace until they had completed the tedious homeward journey.

"Maw," she demanded abruptly, as soon as they were alone, "how come we ain't like other folks?"

"What air you talkin' about?" Marthy inquired querulously.

"Them folks in that air Briggs settlement."

"Wal?"

"They looked slantwise at Paw when we went in an' set down. An' them 'll' old gals looked slantwise at me, too. Durn 'em!"

"How kin I he'p the way they looked at us?" Marthy whined. "Treatin' us thatta way just 'cause we air pore."

"I weren't that, neither," the girl insisted stubbornly. "Them men—"

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Selina Jo paled suddenly. One slim, brown hand grasped the knife.

"Gingham?" Shug whirled about with a snarl. "What air you talkin' about, gal?"

Selina Jo's heart sank. "I ain't needin' nothin'," she offered placatingly. "An'—"

"Ner ain't never 'l'be to neether. Homespun good enough fer yore pore maw an' I'll batter her good enough fer you. I ain't goin' to be workin' mysef to skin an' bone to be fakin' out no young 'un in fancy riggin'."

"But, Paw, it don't cost much."

"It costs that much more 'n you're goin' to git. Shet up!"

It was then that Selina Jo unfolded her plan. "I'm goin' to git me that air dress," she announced despondently. "I'm aimin' to pay fer it mysef, too."

"Haw!"

"Yearnin' the money at public work?"

"You?" Shug snorted derisively. "Where'll you git any public work?"

"In Pruitt's turkentine orchard. There's a heap o' the work I kin do. I could do scarpin' er dippin', reckon I could even do hackin'."

Shug had slumped into the one comfortable chair in the room. Turning his head, he glared at his daughter.

"You air not goin' to work in no turkentine orchard," he rasped. "You air goin' to stay right here an' he'p yore pore maw an' me. I told you once to shet up!"

The Gingham Dress

IT struck Selina Jo suddenly that life was terribly one-sided and unfair. Other girls in the community, who didn't work as hard as she did, were beginning to wear gingham dresses for Sunday. By everything that was right, she reasoned, she had earned at least one store-bought dress. Yet it was roughly denied her. Her soul cried out against what was a patent injustice. But she managed to speak calmly.

"Fer as I kin figger it out, Paw," she said, "I've been doin' my share o' keepin' this here fambly up. I broke them last yoke o' steers, an' one o' 'em you air clearin' to tech. I've split rails, an' laid fences; I've broke new ground. An' the fust time I ast fer anythin' you say I can't have it."

She ceased speaking for a moment.

At the conclusion of the church service she had seen invitations to the noonday meal being extended and accepted right and left by the Briggs settlement householders. Slowly the impression fastened itself upon her brain that her family was hopeless—low down in the social scale—"poison low-down," she would have phrased it. This conviction gripped her. It stung—and it stayed with her.

"I Got a Hankerin'"

FORTUNATELY, something occurred about this time to divert her thoughts. Three miles from Shug's home Pruitt Brothers, turpentine operators, established a woods commissary. Selina Jo's first visit to the store left her gasping with pleasure. Dress goods in loud patterns dazzled her sight; vari-colored ribbons flattered themselves tantalizingly before her gaze. But one thing that charmed her, that held her spellbound, was a cheap, ready-made gingham dress. She made frequent unnecessary trips to the store merely to feast her eyes upon it. She would look from it to the faded homespun that she wore and sigh wistfully. Once she even mustered the courage to ask the price. It was an insignificant sum, but it might just as well have been a thousand dollars. She had never owned a piece of money.

Slowly a plan formed in her mind. "Paw," she said timidly one day, "I—I got a hankerin'."

"Spose you have?" Shug's manner was more surly than usual. "A hankerin' never hurt nobody, yet."

"But, but I shore 'nough want sumpin'."

"Wantin' an' gittin' is diftent things. What is it?"

"They's the purtiest dress over to Pruitt's store." Selina Jo began eagerly, "an' it's made outen real gingham."

"I'm lookin' for a job," she announced bluntly.

"Sorry," Tuttle answered brusquely, "but all our cooks are niggers."

"Cook?" was the scornful answer. "I ain't astin' to be no cook. I want shore 'nough work."

Tuttle smiled patronizingly. "What can you do?"

"Scarpin', dippin', er hackin'?" was the confident answer.

"You?" Tuttle laughed softly. "Why that's a man's work. It's hard."

"Any harder 'n breakin' bull yearlin's to the yoke? Er splittin' rails an' breakin' new ground?"

"Mean to say you've done all that?"

"I most barduciously have!"

"Labor whar scarce at the time, Tuttle asked a few more questions, and decided to take a chance.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Slinny Jo."

"What else?"

It was the first time Selina Jo had ever been asked her surname. She felt the blood rush to her face.

"What's your last name?" Tuttle repeated.

The answer came almost inaudibly: "Hudsill."

"Shug Hudsill's young 'un?"

"How kin I he'p it?" the girl burst out passionately. "If you'd a been borned a Hudsill, you'd hatter be one, too!"

"Don't get mad, child. There was something in the spirit of this strange creature that Tuttle respected. "I wasn't aimin' to low-rate you none just because of your daddy. Come here to-morrow mornin' an' I'll try you out."

Selina Jo found that the work was hard. The dry, slippery pine needles underfoot made walking itself a task. She carried a heavy bucket into which she dipped the raw gum, emptying the bucket when filled, into barrels scattered about the orchard. From sun-up till sunset, and later, she toiled, foolishly happy. What she was undergoing was the prelude to real existence, as she saw it. What better, she asked herself, could any strong, healthy girl desire than a steady job dipping turpentine for which she was paid real money?

Occasional passersby, strangers to the vicinity, amazed at seeing a girl engaged in such unusual work, would pause to ask friendly questions. The first flush of pleasure that this gave Selina Jo was quickly erased by the

Earning Money

NEXT day Selina Jo sought out Like Tuttle, woods foreman for Pruitt Brothers.

Shug had retreated to the doorway, where he stood watching this new daughter of his with furtive, fearful eyes. It was several moments before he mustered courage to speak. "Sence you air goin' to do public work," he whined presently, "it ain't nothin' but right you ort to pay fer yore ved an' board."

Selina Jo was glad to agree to this arrangement. Marthy sullenly acquiesced. She would have to do the housework now, which was no more to her liking than the realization that Shug would permanently pocket the money for their daughter's board.

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Shug had retreated to the doorway, where he stood watching this new daughter of his with furtive, fearful eyes. It was several moments before he mustered courage to speak. "Sence you air goin' to do public work," he whined presently, "it ain't nothin' but right you ort to pay fer yore ved an' board."

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THE FIGHTERS

—By M. L. C. Pickthall

ILLUSTRATED BY RUDOLPH TANDLER

How Far Should a Woman Go in Standing By a Law-Breaking Husband?—This Wife Forces Her Husband to Choose Between Love and Escape From Danger—A Powerful Story By One of the Greatest of Canadian Story Writers.

THE Rends were always fighters. A strange inheritance of violence accompanied the name. Suddenly, in the midst of the quietest lives, this inheritance would flame forth in some wild, unpremeditated deed, some uncalculated blow, and there would follow bitter payment of years, of tears—but not by the Rend who had done the deed. It seemed a law with them that whatever they did, others should pay for it. Yet with it all they were a handsome race, and greatly loved.

So, when Anson Rend came home that night, entering softly, and without a word to Janet, strode to the lamp and blew it out, what she saw of his face before the darkness enveloped it was quite in keeping with the Rend family history. And it was quite in keeping with the history of all the women who had married Rends that she should ask him not "What is it?" but "Who is it?"

"Warrender," he said. She could hear him near her in the dark, moving rapidly and lightly about the room. She pressed her lips together and made no sound. When Anson came in, she had been counting over the clean clothes, and mentally she yet repeated: "Five shirts, six towels, two tablecloths." Then she said aloud but quite calmly: "Have you killed him?"

"They carried him home," Anson told her. "He was—"

"Dead?" she broke in.

"I guess so."

She sat bowed forward over the table, very still; her hand closed unconsciously over the matchbox; the matches rattled.

Instantly Anson was beside her. His hand shut over hers, and the matches fell on the floor. There was violence in his touch, his breath; even his very clothes seemed to exude it. They stood thus a moment, clutching each other in the dark.

Anson Rend's Flight

THEN Janet said: "So you're going to run away."

"My God! Do you think I would stay?"

He released her. She could hear him talking broad out of the box. She chafed her fingers which his grasp had hurt. She asked presently: "You going now?"

"Yes."

Presently she said, almost indifferently: "I guess I better go with you."

She heard his sudden stillness, there in the dark. Then he said unsteadily: "You're crazy."

"No... But I would be, if I stayed behind."

"You couldn't do it, Janet?"

"I guess I could keep up with you as long as there was any need."

"Janet—do you know what we'd have to fight?"

"Yes," she said slowly. "I guess I do."

"And you want to come?"

"I want to come, Anson."

Silence. Then in one dark his pas-

sion broke on her with words and whispered cries to God who had made women faithful. This passing she said quietly: "You better get packed."

Ten minutes later she was following him along the trail to the mountains. It was the trail that led past the Warrender place. She guessed Anson had chosen that way because no one would think of looking for him near Warrender's.

Presently she saw a light through the bush... a lighted window in Warrender's house. Without a word she left the trail and crossed the orchard. Anson saw her head black against that lighted window as she peered into the room.

When she rejoined him he was trembling. It was as if his first realization of what he had done came through his realization of what Janet might have seen. "What did you see?" he asked.

Janet was silent looking at him strangely, her mouth set. She said: "Come." He did not question her again. He dared not.

The Reckless Family

MORNING found them by a small lake, a shadowed sheet of water reflecting the undisturbed forest. It was autumn, and morning came late. They had been walking hours.

I guess we might rest here awhile," Janet said. "I'm all in."

He answered remorsefully: "I'd forgotten you'd be tired."

She watched him, still with that strange secret look. She had a knowledge of him beyond that which even love could give. She knew that he would forget her more each day. It was that way with the Rends.

It was afternoon when she awoke at his touch. He was in a fever to press on, but he said ashamedly: "You're tired yet. You should not be here."

She did not answer. She kept up with him all the rest of that day. He led her by the roughest tracks, deer paths in thick timber; they climbed unnamed ridges, only to discover higher hills beyond. Janet, without asking, now knew where Anson was going. She meant to cross the Salmonback watershed by the higher pass and work down beyond to the railway. They spoke together very little. The time passed in a pressure of wild haste and fatigue.

Anson seemed to be hurrying in a flame. She had never seen him so vividly alive, so handsome, strong and cunning.

Out of her past voices of dead women seemed to come to her.

"Yes, yes, it's that way with them all," he said. "That's the danger with the Rend blood. It's the danger of a sufficient atonement for any sin."

That night they made their camp beside a stream that spilled music from ledge to ledge of rock. They ate cold food and slept, still afraid to light a fire. In the morning when Janet awoke the voice of the water was changed. The stream was veiled with thin ice along the pools, and there was rime on their blankets. She was so stiff that Anson had to lead her up and down before she could walk alone.

The look he bent upon her was

measured her. He repeated: "You can't stand it. I was mad to think of

letting you share my—my sufferings."

A small still smile just moved her lips. She said: "Does it hurt you to see me suffer, Anson?"

He answered honestly: "You know it does."

Her eyes held him with their mysterious still look. She said, almost in a whisper: "Yet what I suffer now, Anson, ain't to be counted with what I'd have suffered if I'd stayed behind."

"I don't understand you," he said roughly.

"Only you wouldn't have seen me suffer then."

He had no reply for her; but again and again, during the next day, she saw him watching her with that dark, brooding look, and she was glad.

At noon, when they stopped by a pool to eat and drink, she saw herself in the water. She was changed already. Her skirt was torn; her hair hung in dark strands; even her face was thinned and hardened by fatigue. She put up her hands instinctively to remedy the disorder, then dropped them. No. Let him see, let him not be spared one least small sign of what she endured.

Not Love—Justice

HAT night she was so exhausted that she slept before Anson could bring her food. She woke in the morning to see him beside her, looking darkly down. He said suddenly: "We ought to have been on the trail hours ago."

She saw that both his blankets, as well as her own, covered her, and that beside her burned a small fire. She knew that he still feared pursuit. She said: "You shouldn't have lighted it; it might be seen."

He bit his lips, then broke out violently: "I know! But you needed it; you had to have it. Janet, you must go back."

"You should have let me suffer, Anson. All those others did."

He did not notice her vague words. He went on: "You can't stand it. I can't stand it. But I can't stand seeing what it costs you. It's a weight on me, Janet. I feel as though I'd never get away—with you here. You remind me. You—hinder me. I can't drag you along with me."

"I'm not the drag you feel, Anson."

"If you love me, Janet—"

"Love?" She caught him up. "This ain't love, Anson. This is—justice."

His dark rage blazed in his face. He stepped up to her. And she said quietly: "Are you going to hit me, Anson?"

Dominick Rend hit Mary Anpley the time he'd had the fight with Everard Joyce, and she tried to hold him. And Lucy's dress was all tore with Garthwick Rend's spurs after he shot Colonel Easton. He threw her down and trod over her to the window. It was a yellow moire dress.

He stood motionless, his lean face white. At last he said with difficulty: "Who told you—that?"

"Nobody. I just know it."

He turned from her then. He divided their food and small equipment in two parts. One of the packs he shouldered. The other he dropped at her feet.

Pathetic Pursuit

"I SHALL not strike you," he said. "And I shall not tell you again to go back. But you shan't spoil my chance of escape. There's enough food here to see you home. You can choose which you'll do. But I swear that if you follow me, in spite of what I've told you, I'll stop for you no more than as if you were a stone."



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Walking, she swayed under the pack. She could not outwalk the whiteness or escape the trees. She toiled past one tree, and it rose again directly beside her, a dark shaft towering into voices which she denied, saying: "I don't hear a thing. The air's still as still. It's just a kind of crying in my head." But for hundreds of miles, the forest was crying in the east wind.

The snow was dropping now in great wet flakes. It balled on her pressed indolently on. She meant to die as near Anson as she could. She fell often; her face was cut and bruised, her feet numb, her arms so stiff she could not uncross them from her bosom. But her will held steadfast.

At last she dropped and could not rise. Strength was drained suddenly from her limbs, though her soul still burned its clear unquenched flame. She struggled to her knees.

Beside the trail she saw the great fan of the roots of a fallen tree, roofed with white. She crawled into the hollow those roots had once been. She was too weak to rid herself of the pack. Propped against it, she waited—for Anson—or for death.

She did not suffer. She smiled faintly; felt a strange sense of peace. All the troubles of her flesh had gone from her. Only her love was following Anson now. Her thoughts were with him. She was not alone. Sister women, long dead and long loving, were beside her. She saw the snow like shadows in the folds of a yellow moire dress.

Then—then she knew that she was with him.

Unconscious of time, she thought at first that she had died, there under the roots, and that her spirit walked beside him on his dreadful journey. But it was morning. And he was carrying her.

Her mind was clear and still as water. She stirred her face on his shoulder. He was holding her in his arms and walking steadily. She was a little woman, and all that her spirit great men. He looked far ahead, his fierce dark face raised. She glanced from him to the woods and thought she recognized the trail down which he trod.

She lifted her hand and touched his cheek. He looked down, and his look was new and strange to her. In a moment all her strength of soul departed, as if she had no need of it any more. She was just a little, feeble, sick woman. She said tremulously: "Put me down, Anson."

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Never Drive Into a Place Where You Can't See Ahead

Rules to Follow When Touring—Don't Park at Turns and on Hills—Remember There Are Other People on Road and Give Them Their Share

THE chief engineer of a well-known motor car company passes on this advice for the touring season:

The driver who spends a great deal of time in long distance driving is very careful and considerate of others on the road, knowing that unless he is that the other drivers will suffer the same as he often does, because of some discourtesy on the part of an approaching or parked motor car's driver.

Among the most annoying and even dangerous conditions met with when driving cross-country are improper focusing of lamps, flashing on and off of dimmers and bright lights, driving on the wrong side of the road, parking on concrete paving, especially at turns or on the peak of a hill.

Parking at turns and on top of hills is very common, especially through the mountains where it is the most dangerous. Tourists are attracted by a beautiful view off in the distance somewhere and with absolute lack of consideration for other drivers, stop right at the peak or just around a turn where they cannot be seen for more than a few yards ahead.

Let me suggest that should you see a beautiful spot you wish to enjoy that you drive clear off the roadway or on to a stretch where your automobile may be seen for several hundred yards by an approaching motorist.

It would be a case of playing with suicide should such stops be made at night.

Lamps that have their bulbs focused properly and their beams directed improperly are as annoying as the others. When setting lamps in their proper focus it is a good idea to have somewhere near the load in the car that you expect to carry on the trip. Tilt the headlamps as far down as you can and still have a good driving light. When satisfied that the lamp bulb is focused the best possible, drive out on a dark road, get out and walk down several hundred feet ahead of your car. If the lights glare they

will have the same effect on the driver of an approaching car as your lights a little lower and feel that you are being considerate of the other people driving on the road.

A number of American states do not require that you use dimmers. It is the custom to leave the bright lights on both when passing other vehicles on the open highway or in the city. Just because you do not happen to be accustomed to driving under such conditions, do not flash your lights. The sudden glare on and off is more blinding than the steady beam you are forced to face. The practice of flashing lights quite often causes serious accidents.

It is well to have a few fuses along in case your lights blow out, in addition to ten or twelve feet of No. 14 gauge wire and a full set of lamp bulbs. A few spare parts, according to what you have had as a driver, are as handy as a rear-view mirror. Small town garages don't often have a complete line of parts.

If driving for the first time in hilly country, never attempt to pass another car that is approaching the peak of a hill, and never get on the wrong side of the road when making a turn. If your car is faster than other cars on the hills, do not attempt to pass another car on the wrong side of the road when approaching a turn. This is the point where most collisions occur. The safest rule is not to drive your car into any place on the road where you cannot see where you are going.

Many drivers are thoughtless of others that use the road. We should all try to remember that our place is on the extreme right of the road, thus leaving at all times room for a faster moving vehicle to pass in the center of the road. Immediately after passing another car always pull over to the front of it so that the road will be as clear for someone that is in a bigger hurry than you are.



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"I know," he answered absently. But he did not look at her.

"Anson, where you takin' me?" she whispered.

"Home."

Love's Power

SHE shut her eyes. "When—where—did you find me?" she breathed.

"It was late," he answered. "I turned at the first snow. But I'd gone a long way on. I was a long while

getting back to where you were waiting. I made a fire and fed you. I held you all night. And at dawn, I turned back home with you."

"Why?"

He looked at her gravely. "You'd have died if I'd left you again."

"Even then," she said. "I wouldn't have suffered as I would if you left me at home?"

"I know." He looked down at her calmly now. He was more calm than she had ever seen him, and stronger.

"Anson." Her breath came in gasps. "You remember—what's waitin' for you—back home?"

"Yes, Janet. I know. But I can't let you suffer—this way—any more."

"You're takin' me back to—to save me?"

"To save you if I can." Some quality of his strength escaped her; he was out of reach, though he held her in his arms; he did not need her any more; he did not fight in spirit with her; he was surrendered, and therefore free. He said: "I can't save you all suffering for me, girl. I'm guilty of that, anyway. But I'll save you the shame of suffering for a man that's been too weak to suffer for himself."

"You're willin' to turn back with me, willin' to take—"

"To take what's coming to me? Yes."

Love's Proof

THERE was again that living silence. Then Janet said strongly: "Set me down. Now I know."

"What, Janet?"

"That at last there's one Rend loves justice and right—and a woman—better than himself."

"Love?" In the place where his soul had come to stand—beyond her now—the word had less meaning. He questioned her mutely. Life and love thrilled her. She said again: "Set me down, Anson Rend."

He obeyed, holding her with hands under her elbows, for she was very weak. She crossed her wrists on her breast as though she yet held the pack. Her eyes, indomitable with love, shone upon him above this gesture of meekness. She said: "Look at me, Anson. Do I love you?"

He said solemnly: "God knows you do, Janet."

"You love me?"

"You know I do."

"Yes. I know it now. The rest don't matter. Even if you don't forgive me, it don't matter beside that."

"Forgive you? What do you mean?"

"Anson—listen. Back there—the first night—when I looked in at Warrender's window—"

"Janet?"

"It was a livin' man I saw, Anson. You didn't kill Warrender, Anson. Go and make your peace with him—"

They stood, gazing at each other. In the man's eyes was all that Janet might have died for, and never have seen. But seeing it now, she was strong—even strong enough to hold her man in her arms when he hid his face against her shoulder.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Pictures for Cyclists

A COUNTRY woman once went into the business of providing teas for cyclists.

Her first customers were four young men who left their cycles in her charge while they explored the neighborhood. For each cycle she gave them a ticket with a number upon it.

Late at night the tourists returned. The woman led them to their cycles with a smile of self-satisfaction on her face.

BRINGS DOWN HUGE EAGLE FROM SAIL IN HURRICANE

Sir Walter Runciman Once a Cabin Boy
—Ran Away to Sea as a Boy

SIXTY-THREE years ago Sir Walter Runciman, Bart., ran away from home to be a cabin boy. As a small boy he walked along a sandy Northumberland beach in search of a fortune. This interesting disclosure is made in his reminiscences, published in a portly volume. Sir Walter tells of his rise from cabin boy in a simple, straightforward manner. His first job, at the age of nine, was on a farm, at a half-crown a week, but his real ambition was to be a powdermonkey in the navy, for he had a grandfather and grand-uncles who had fought under Nelson. After an unsuccessful attempt to run away to sea when he was ten, he made a midnight flight two years later, and shipped as cabin boy on a brig "going foreign." He draws a vivid picture of life in a "wind-jammer" during the years of his apprenticeship. His first skipper rejoiced in the nickname of "Hellfire Jack," and after three voyages with him and much ill-usage, the future baronet deserted and completed his term amid more congenial surroundings. It was a hazardous life in these small vessels of 300 or 400 tons, especially in the heavy winter gales of the North Sea. On one of these occasions an extraordinary incident happened.

The vessel was hoisted to under close-reefed main topsail. It was the port watch on deck from eight o'clock to midnight. They were all huddled together on the port quarter when the mate called out, "Who stowed the main-top-gallant sail?" I replied, "We did, sir," meaning myself and another boy. "Up you go, then, and restow it. Can't you see the bunt blowing adrift?" . . . Clumps of black clouds were rushing over the full moon, and when we got to the topmast cross-trees we found that what the mate supposed to be loose sail was a large eagle which had found refuge on the topgallant yards. It was vicious, but we determined at all costs to capture it. We succeeded at great risk to our lives in so terrific a storm in getting a noose over it. That difficulty was nothing compared to getting it down from such a height in such weather. It tore almost every bit of clothing, and our bodies were sorely bitten and clawed.

In the effort to get the bird into a spare cabin nearly everyone was hurt, and this nearly proved fatal to the ship, for she was struck by a huge wave, her deck cargo of railway sleepers broke adrift, the boats were swept overboard, and she was within an ace of foundering.

Sir Walter tells the story of a captain whose ship was outlasted by a Dutch galliot. "What are you swearing like that for?" inquired the mate. "Swearing like that for?" frothed the captain. "Are you blind? See where that galliot is now! That's a fine thing, for God Almighty to give a leading wind to a Dutchman, and let His own countrymen be left on a lee shore!"

In those days captains dressed, when they went ashore, in silk hat, frock coat, and, frequently, patent leather shoes. "Not much of that exists now," declares Sir Walter.

Sir Walter passed as mate when he was 20, married when he was 21, a characteristically daring thing to do, and two years later was father of the boy who was to become the Right Hon. Walter Runciman, late president of the board of trade. He commanded his first ship when he was 24. In 1884 the author retired from active sea service after 26 years afloat. A "small, well-invested nest-egg" enabled him to turn his attention to the business of shipowning. Beginning with an old steamer of 1,200 tons, Sir Walter went on buying quickly until he had a dozen boats, all paying good dividends. In 1889 the South Shields Steam Shipping Company was formed with a capital of £150,000, later changed to the Moor Line, which by 1914 owned 40 fine steamers, all built to its requirements, while 120 other vessels were managed from its offices. "I am a survivor," Sir Walter concludes. "I sometimes wonder if anything which awaits me can be as real as the past. Anyhow, I love the younger generation."

PRINCE OF WALES ALWAYS EATS "AN APPLE A DAY"

Started Practice, as Aid to Health, While He Was Attending College

THOSE who dote on the doings of royalty may be interested to know that the Prince of Wales is one of those estimable persons who eat an apple a day, having started the practice at college, according to the newspapers. Once when Queen Mary went up to Oxford to see how her son was getting on she looked over his "battels," which is Oxford for boardbill, and found an unidentified item of 1 penny daily. When the Queen, who is a reputedly economic housekeeper, asked what the money was meant for, she was told it was for the Prince's daily apple.

The story may or may not be true, but the heir to the throne certainly enjoys the proverbial health attributed to those who eat their daily apple. Despite heavy programs of public events for days on end for which changes in clothes and uniforms alone would sicken any ordinary mortal the British heir never seems to weaken and is never ill. In fact, except when he falls off his horse in some breakneck race, the Prince of Wales seems eminently successful in keeping the doctor away from St. James' Palace.

CABINET MINISTER ACTS AS OWN STENOGRAPHER

NOT often—if ever—do we hear of a cabinet minister acting as his own typist. Besides being able to read and write in nearly every European language, Mr. Tom Shaw, the minister of Labor in the British government, has also (so a friend of his tells me) no fewer than six different kinds of shorthand at his command. He has a typewriter for his own use at the ministry of Labor, and rather than keep members of his staff after hours he will often type his own letters.

EXPRESSMAN, DAZED WITH DONALDS THINKS THAT POET IS SPOOFING HIM

But Wilson Macdonald Was in Earnest This Time—Sometimes, as a Magician, He Takes Eggs From Interrupters' Mouths—Once Made Woman Resemble Specimen That Cackles in the Barnyard

QUIT your kidding," said the expressman to Wilson Macdonald, the distinguished Canadian poet and lecturer, as the poet, who has just returned from the west to Toronto, tried to give him the following directions about his trunk. "My name is Wilson Macdonald, number — Dundonald street. You'll find the trunk at Donald Macdonald's, number — Macdonell avenue. There was an angry expressman who was banged down in the express man's office. Mr. Macdonald had to ring up again. "I really mean what I'm saying," he explained. And his trunk was actually at the home of his half brother, Donald Macdonald, of Macdonell avenue. "I never heard so many Donalds at one time before in my life," said the expressman.

A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

Bashful Davis Used to Dodge Girls Parents Sent Him to Fair Sex School



Democratic Team and Their Wives Whom the Experts Believe May Be Respectively Next President and Vice-President of the United States

ON the left is a close-up character picture of John W. Davis, immediately after his nomination as Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He is not only a handsome but a charming woman. On the extreme left is Charles W. Bryan, nominee for the vice-presidency, and Governor of Nebraska, a brother of William Jennings Bryan, the great commoner. With him is also his wife, another very capable woman.

Doesn't Hoot Out of a Megaphone Even Yet—Wouldn't Trim Sails to Get Nomination—Davis is Presbyterian, Wife Episcopalian—But He Attends Morning Service With His Wife at Her Church.

SCHOOL chums of John W. Davis, the Democratic nominee for the presidency of the United States after the longest convention in history, find it hard to realize that the bashful youth of years gone by has risen to his present place in the public eye.

The bashfulness of Davis was so extreme that his parents thought of it seriously. The pains that young Davis took to avoid meeting members of the opposite sex soon became the joke of the village. Again and again, his school chums found him going out of his way to miss a young Miss.

The parents approached Professor George Young, who conducted a preparatory school for girls at Clarksburg, where the family home was. By special permission John Davis and another Clarksburg lad were admitted to the school to see whether they could not lose some of their bashfulness.

But even this close contact with the girls failed to show any immediate effect. It was not until he had completed his course of study that he lost his excessive bashfulness.

Some of that bashfulness remains even today. John W. Davis does not go out on the rampage. He doesn't hoot out of a megaphone. Most of the time that the convention was sitting Davis was staying quietly at the home of Frank Polk, former assistant secretary of state. There, he received news of the balloting, and played very little active part in promoting his candidacy. This was left almost entirely to his loyal friends on the West Virginia delegation.

Political experts have acknowledged that the nomination was brought about in unprecedented fashion. "He had no organization here, no manager, no scouts," says David Lawrence, in his despatch.

The self-control and sterling honesty of Davis more than anything swung the convention to his nomination. Four years ago at San Francisco, Davis was in the running if he had trimmed his sails according to the wishes of his party. A friend wrote that Davis had a good chance for the Democratic nomination if he would withdraw from the law firm with which he had long been associated and which numbered the Morgan interests among its clients.

Davis was not a politician, and definitely said so. He scorned, in his own words, "trimming his professional course to fit the gusts of popular opinion." "What is life worth, after all, if one has no philosophy of its own to live by?" he asked. That philosophy was that the

interests of clients, once they have been chosen in consistency with principles, are as sacred as a man's honor and independence.

After all, if Davis has been a corporation lawyer, he has also been the radical's and the poor man's too. He has served both labor and capital. He has been counsel for J. P. Morgan and Company, the Standard Oil Company and also for Eugene V. Debs and Mother Jones, of West Virginia, the socialist labor agitators. He has been sought for his legal ability by all classes, and at the same time, stands so high with his profession, that he was until recently President of the American Bar Association.

Davis came into prominence as President Wilson's attorney-general, then as ambassador to England, after the resignation of Walter Hines Page. Englishmen like him, because he is definitely pro-British and a courteous gentleman.

With too much "oil" and "LaFollette" in the Republican party, the prospects of electing a Democratic president have not been brighter for some time. If John W. Davis is elected he will be the eighth Presbyterian president of the United States, and this will bring the number of such presidents even with the number who have been communicants of the Protestant Episcopal church, the latter at present holding the palm with eight presidents.

Mrs. Davis is a communicant of the Protestant Episcopal church, and Mr. Davis attends

Sunday morning services with her in the church of St. John of Lattingtown at Locust Valley, the rector of which is the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hinton.

Charles G. Dawes, Republican candidate for vice-president, attends the First Congregational church in Evanston, Ill., of which the Rev. Dr. Hughes Elmer Brown is pastor. Mrs. Dawes is a member of this church.

President Coolidge united with the First Congregational church in Washington last October. He is the first Congregationalist president.

Warren G. Harding was the first Baptist president.

Besides Grover Cleveland, the Presbyterian presidents were: Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Lincoln, Benjamin Harrison and Wilson. Abraham Lincoln did not join a church, but during the years he was in Washington he was a regular attendant at the New York avenue Presbyterian church.

The Episcopal presidents were Washington, Madison, Monroe, William Henry Harrison, Tyler, Taylor, Pierce and Arthur.

The Unitarians were John Adams, John Quincy Adams, Fillmore and Taft.

The Methodist presidents were Johnson, Grant, Hayes and McKinley.

Van Buren and Roosevelt were members of the Dutch Reformed church. Garfield was a member of the Church of the Disciples of Christ. Jefferson was a Liberal.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ALEXANDER AND SOLOMON

A GOOD story against himself is told by Mr. Victor Alexander, M.P., the new parliamentary secretary to the British admiralty. For many years a Baptist lay preacher, he was one day conducting a Sunday school class in a Somersetshire parish.

The subject was King Solomon, and after the lesson he catechized the children. "Tell me, boys," he said, "what was the difference between Solomon and other men?"

There was no answer. "Come, come," said the future statesman, "was there any difference, for instance, between King Solomon and myself?"

A small band went up and a tiny voice replied: "Please, sir, Solomon was wise."

Men rarely get better after marriage.—Mr. Clarke Hall, the London magistrate.

Trick of the Saw Made Sir Joseph's Bacon Sell

'Twas a Happy Accident That Gave Sir Joseph Flavalle Secret to Compete With Danish Hams

WHEN the first extension course in export trade was given at the University of Toronto a year ago, Sir Joseph Flavalle gave the closing lecture. He told of his struggles in early days to build up an export trade in bacon with Great Britain, and, to impress on his audience the necessity for quick observation, hard work and alertness, told the following story.

Sir Joseph (then Mr. Flavalle) had found the greatest difficulty in getting Englishmen to acquire a taste for Canadian bacon. They preferred bacon imported from Denmark.

Sir Joseph could not understand why, he felt sure that Canadian bacon was as good, was somewhat better, than the Danish variety, but English bacon-eaters did not share his opinion.

The Danish bacon, it was true, looked better than the Canadian. Looking at the ends of the Danish hams it appeared that the lean and the fat were in layers of exactly the correct proportions to flatter the fancy of the epicure. This appearance was impossible, it seemed, for Canadian hams.

Standing in a London warehouse one morning, Sir Joseph was gazing intently at a shipment of Danish hams hanging there. "Can it be," he mused, "that the hogs of Denmark grow lean and fat in exact proportions at the owner's bidding?"

A workman approached. "Good morning, Mr. Flavalle," said he. "I used to work in Dreyfus' place in Toronto. Would you like to know how we get the 'ams to look like that? When we cut 'em, we 'olds the saw at a bangle, this way"—and he demonstrated.

Sir Joseph thanked him, gave him half a crown, to the workman's delight, and hurried back to Canada.

For three weeks in the Toronto packing-house Sir Joseph conducted classes in meat-sawing—and Canada's export trade in bacon began to grow by leaps and bounds.

My fundamental being—please don't laugh—is melancholy.—Charlie Chaplin.

COSMO HAMILTON SAID 'NO WITH VERY MANY THANKS'

Correspondent Who Would Have Been More Than a Brother to a Noted Author

REFERRING to the daily correspondence he receives as an author, Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, the celebrated author, says:

"The brightest, and I'm inclined to think the brainiest, letter that I ever received was written by a young and cheery soul who had been sent down from Oxford for running a fake roulette table and who fell on his feet in the war, out of which he emerged as a major, D.S.O., M.C."

He lived on me for a month or so after the armistice and wore my best ties, and then, when I kicked him downstairs, made glad music with a cornet in an ex-soldiers' band.

"Dear old bean," the letter ran, "a brain-wave. How rare, how epoch-making! I got it in a dream. Not in any definite capacity, but for the run of my teeth, I come to live with you once more, a laughter-maker, a renewer of optimism, a constant thing of joy. Your clothes fit me exactly, so I should always do you credit. Down at ten or so, I could save you the trouble of reading the paper, order fresh cigarettes, be on hand for golf or tennis, or, if wet, a corking game of pills. Very fond of children, I could teach the young idea how to shoot, take the dear wife to the theatre, buzz round at tea-fights and be a steady fourth at bridge. All for nothing, old bean. What do you say?"

"I said No, with many thanks."

Barber Who Mowed Lloyd George's Hair

Told Him That He Last Saw Him in Birmingham Riot, Twenty Years Ago

WHEN Lloyd George arrived in Winnipeg recently, there was an immense crowd to greet him. The great statesman found the western air rather cool, and had turned his coat collar up. This exaggerated the length of his hair.

A returned man said in a rather loud voice, "Why he hasn't had his hair cut yet," meaning to convey the impression that he had not seen a barber since this man was overseas.

The former premier took the remark to heart for at his next stopping place, he heard that an English barber was employed in the hotel, to whom he gave the job of cutting his locks.

The barber said, "We have met before." "Oh," said Lloyd George, "where?" "At the Birmingham riot, when you escaped in a policeman's uniform," came the reply.

"I hope," said the great statesman, "that you were not one of those who threw bricks at me."

The barber disclaimed all responsibility.

DR. MACNAMARA HEARS SOME GOOD STORIES

AMONGST Dr. Macnamara's large budget of stories relating to schools and scholars the following is exceptionally good.

A lady teacher was addressing her class on the subject of kindness to dumb animals, and calling to mind the cruel custom prevalent among dog fanciers of cutting off certain dogs' tails thought it a splendid opportunity to point a moral.

"Now, which of you little girls can tell me why it is cruel to cut off puppy-dogs' tails?" she asked.

For a moment there was no answer. Then a small child put up her hand.

"Well, Mabel, can you tell us?"

"Yes, teacher," piped the small voice, "because of the text."

"Ah!" said the teacher, busily revolving in her mind those texts which might apply to puppy-dogs' tails, "and which text, dear?"

"Back came the text, although a little misquoted."

"What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

LOOKED SUSPICIOUS

NUMBERLESS stories are told by Mr. Bransby Williams, the famous actor of Dickens characters, and the following is one of them.

A certain old gentleman had for many months been taking round the collecting bag at the church he attended.

A little while back, however, someone else was asked to do this, the old gentleman being politely told that he would not be required to perform the duty any longer.

"I consider I have been grossly insulted," he remarked to a friend.

"But," said the friend, "surely there was no insult intended?"

"I don't know so much about that," was the reply. "It looks very suspicious. The man they have got to do the job has only one arm."

KIPLING'S STRATEGY

IT is an open secret that Mr. Rudyard Kipling was practically driven by the unceasing importunities of autograph hunters to quit his home at Rottingdean, near Brighton, and seek a more secluded place of residence.

Even then it was not always easy for him to evade his persecutors. On one occasion a pretty American button-holed him at his garden gate.

"Mr. Kipling?" she inquired.

He shook his head resolutely.

"But you are the image of him!" she insisted, and held out a newspaper portrait.

"His misfortune," murmured Mr. Kipling, and vanished.



Prince of Wales

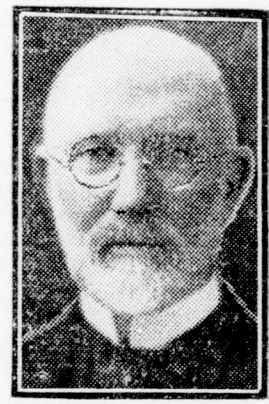


Wilson Macdonald

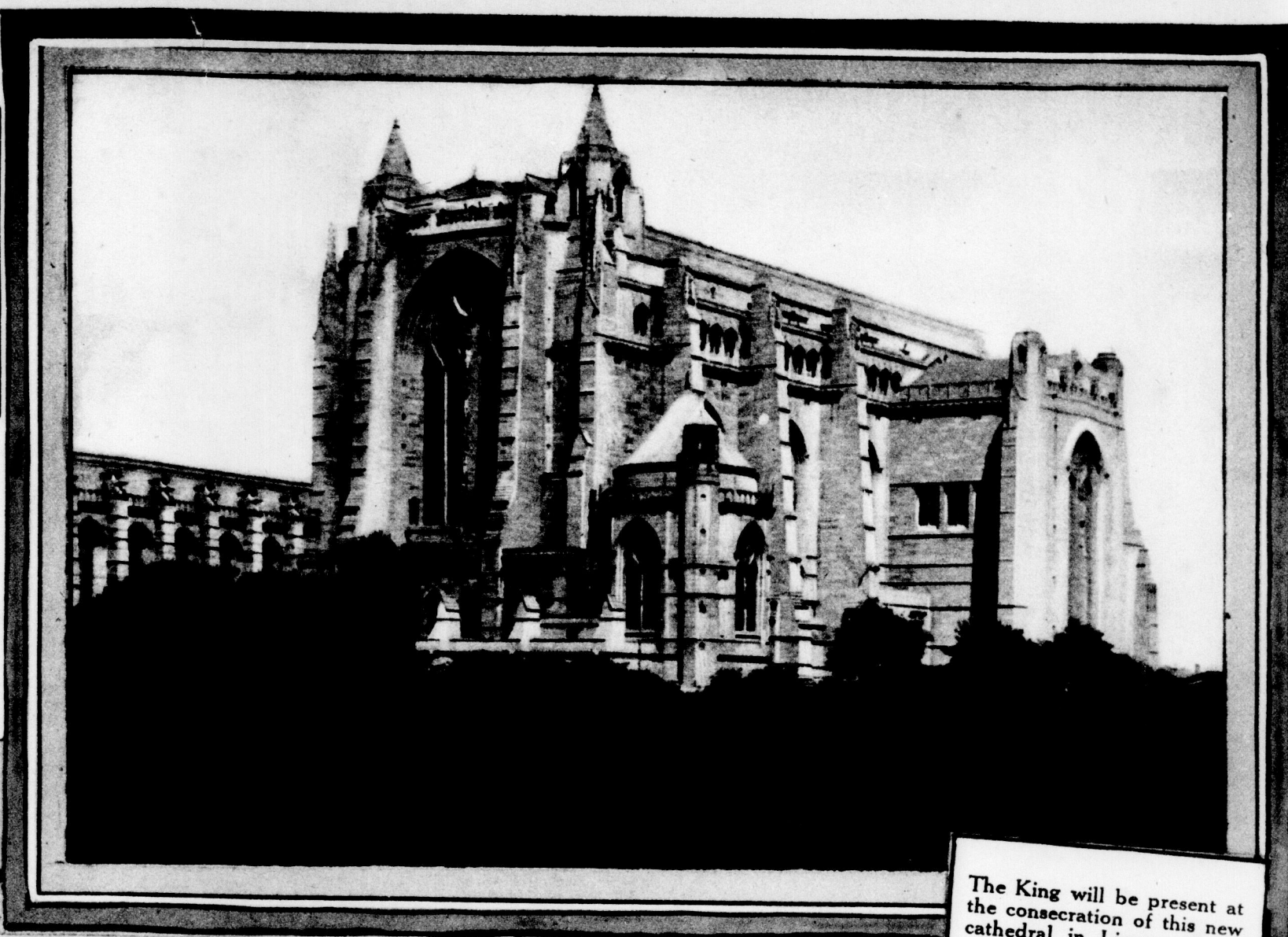
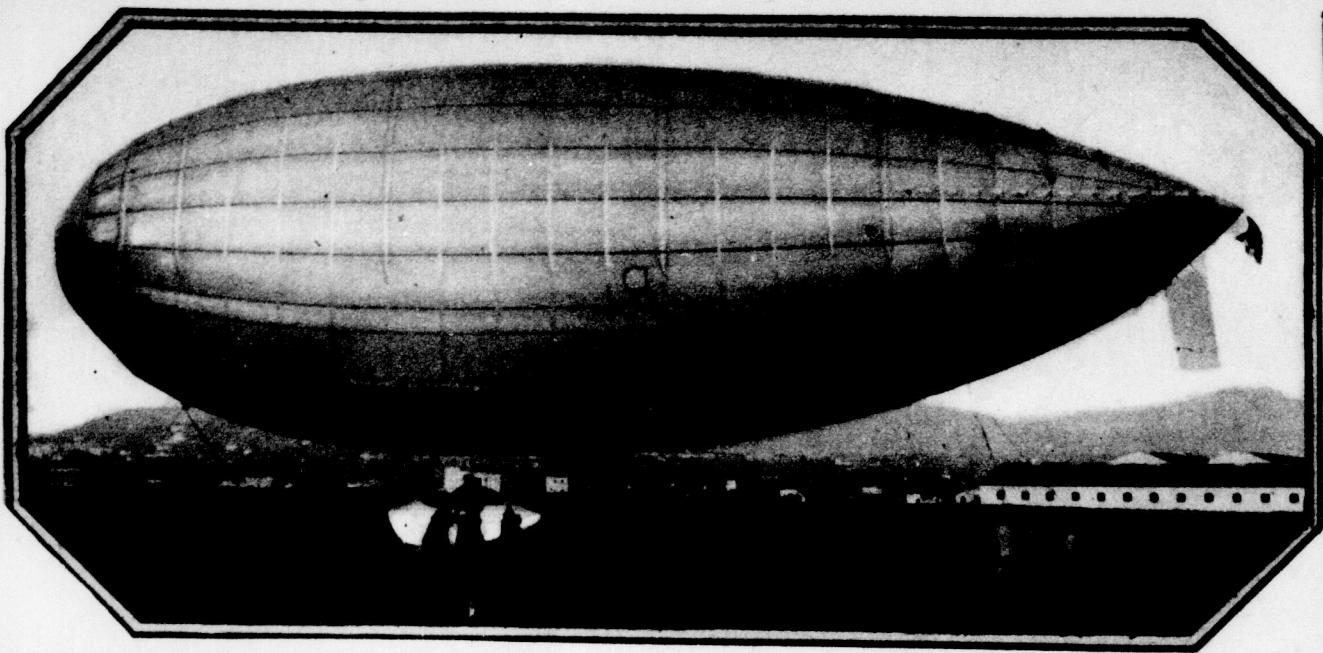


This Woman Makes Money Out of Ashes

FORTUNES that have gone up in flames have been redeemed under the magnifying glass of Miss Roberta L. Lindsey, of Washington, D.C. Miss Lindsey is a foremost expert in reconstructing burned bonds. The ashes of burned securities are put together slowly by the spatula in her skilled fingers, and the owner is paid face value of the denominations thus destroyed. Miss Lindsey is the manager of the Claim Section Division of Loans and Currency, United States Treasury.



Sir Joseph Flavalle



The King will be present at the consecration of this new cathedral in Liverpool this month



Italy has produced this tiny blimp, a sort of one-lung airship, which can make eighty miles an hour, wind and weather permitting

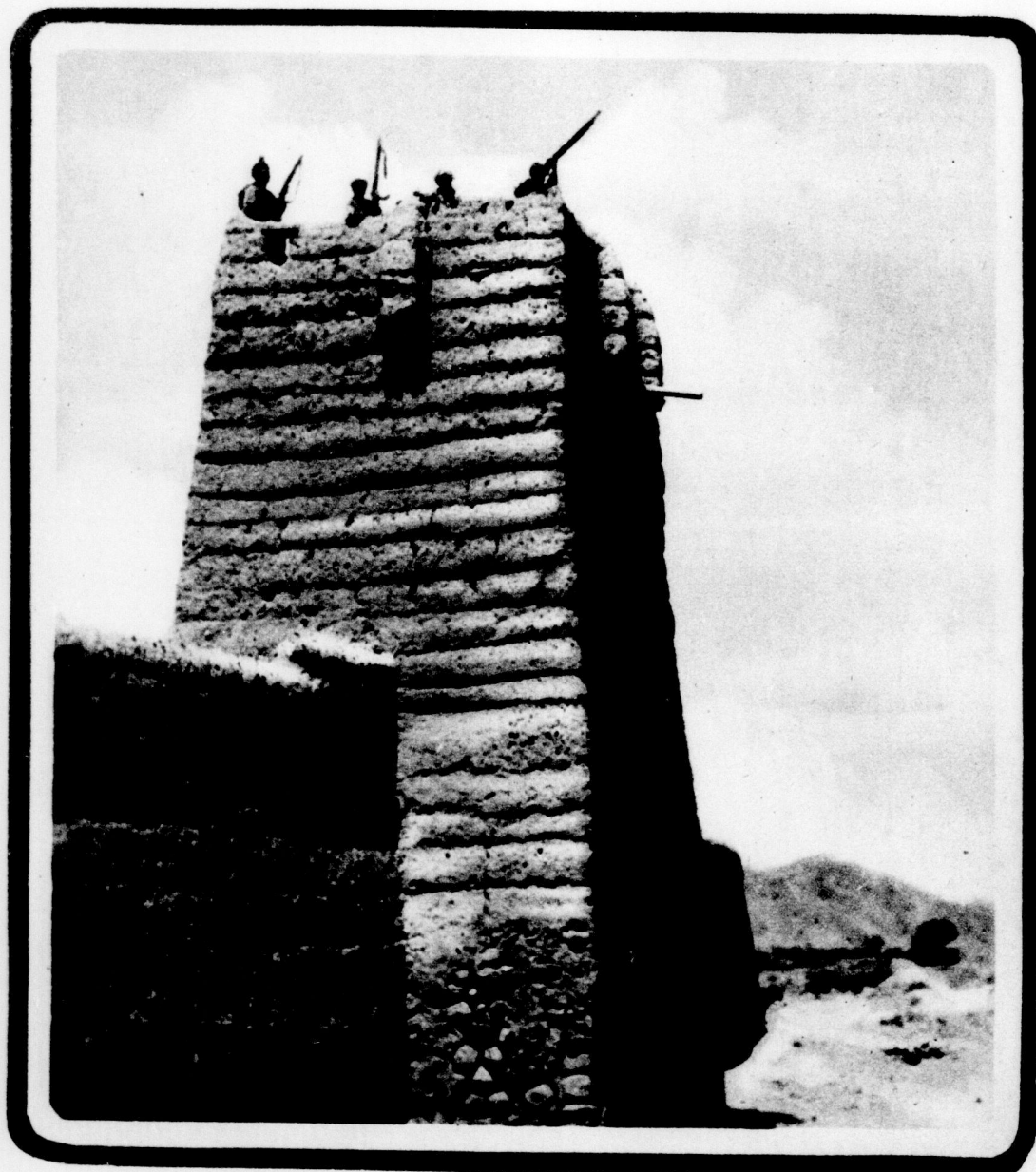
This statue to Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, was unveiled in her native town in Sweden



In this match, Uruguay (South America) defeated Switzerland (with the crosses) in the Olympic soccer matches



A turban, with spiral embroidery



An Afridi watch tower in the famous Khyber Pass, which has been famous ever since Alexander marched his army through it



How many members will Colleen Moore enlist in her new campaign against paint and powder?



The start of a pigeon race from Mons to England in which ten thousand birds competed

(Below) Beauties in the contest held in connection with the Democratic convention





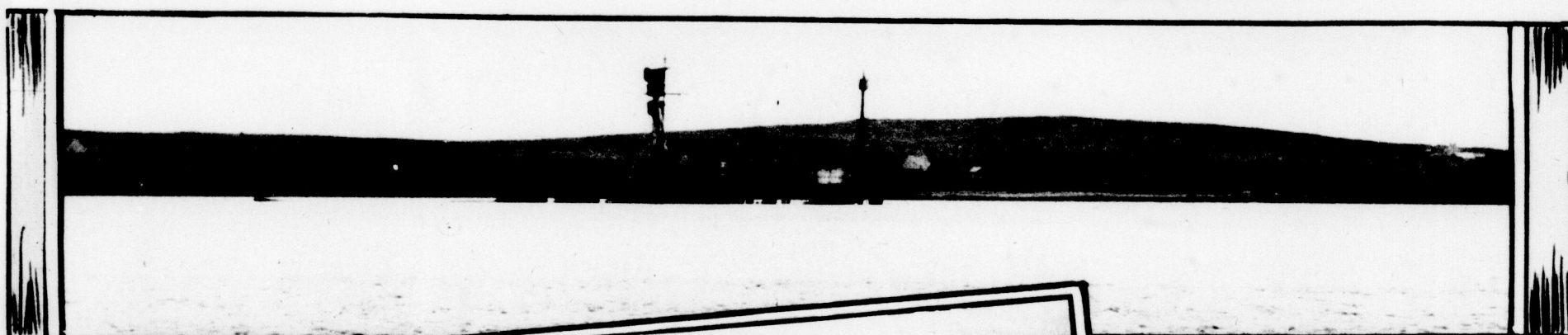
Showing the smart effect of heavy embroidered designs on a small hat



(Below) Not a Mah Jong problem, but a Chinese poster advertising "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The ideograph Mary Astor is pointing to has an inverted V, which is the roof of a house. The figures under the roof mean many people in it. The symbol above stands for a sacred building. Below is the symbol for a deformed man, hence, how simple—"The Hunchback of Notre Dame"



The most celebrated city in the world — Rome; founded 753 years before the dawn of the Christian era. Many of the stones here shown date back to the time of the Caesars. The great dome of St. Peter's dominates the view



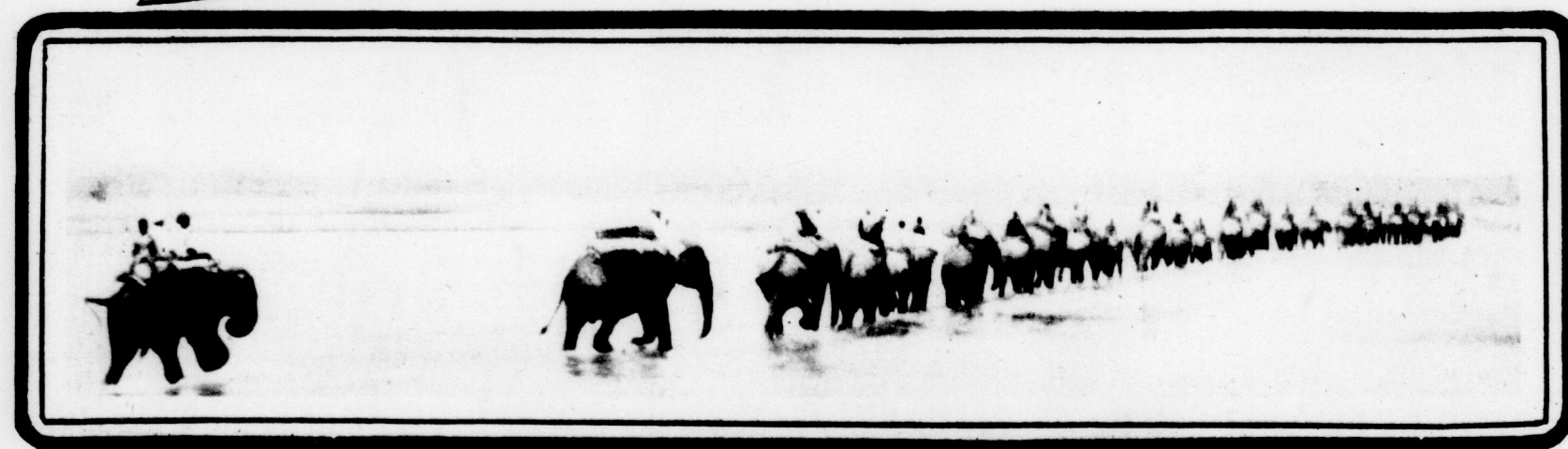
Starting to raise the German fleet from Scapa Flow. A diver, with an underwater cutting torch, above the sunken dreadnaught Hindenburg



A startling hat of pheasant tails, introduced by Jane Reed for those who prefer publicity to comfort



Doug and Mary being carried through the streets of Aix-les-Bains by porters to the bathing beach



Elephant pack train returning from a tiger hunt in the Indian jungle across the mud flats of the typical Indian river



It is so hot in Washington they even play mah jong in the public park swimming pools

RAILROAD SHARES LEADING MARKET

Establish New Peak Prices
For the Year During
Past Week.

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, July 19.—Railroad shares resumed the leadership of the upward movement of stock prices this week after an early period of irregularity which apparently marked the correction of a weakened technical position. Buying of the rails was influenced by talk of mergers and the decision of the interstate commerce commission denying farmers a reduction in freight rates on grain.

More than two score railroad shares established new peak prices for the year during the week ending July 19. Steel shares lost ground on the publication of a relatively poor quarterly earnings report by Republic and rumors questioning the safety of Bethlehem Steel common dividend. Extension of gasoline and crude oil price cuts and the omission of the dividend on Sinclair common brought a flood of selling orders into the oil shares, but they steadied later in the week on reports that pro-rating in the mid-continent would be abolished about August 15.

Revival of speculative interest in the copper shares was based on expectation that the reparations conference now in session in London probably would stimulate European consumption of the red metal, and the increased demand for silver, which has steadily appreciated in value in recent weeks.

Sugars were inclined to heaviness on unfavorable trade reports. Pool operations were in evidence throughout the list, being aided by a continuance of easy money. One of the most significant developments during the week was the placing of seven months loans at 3½ per cent, no maturities beyond six months previously having been offered at that figure.

Exchange

Associated Press Despatch.
Montreal, July 18.—Sterling exchange rates were quoted as follows: Demand, \$1.025; cables, \$1.025.

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, July 18.—Money on call steady, 2 to 2½ per cent; ruling rate, 2½ per cent; 90 days, 2½ per cent; 6 months, 3 to 3½ per cent; prime mercantile paper, 3½ to 4 per cent.

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, July 18.—Sterling exchange rates were quoted as follows: Demand, \$1.025; cables, \$1.025.

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How Stocks Close at Noon

New York

Reported for The Advertiser
by Jones, Easton, McCallum Company.
New York, July 19.

Stocks. Open High Low Close

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Montreal

Reported for The Advertiser
by Johnston & Ward.
Montreal, July 19—Close.

Stocks. Bid. Ask.

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Live Stock

CHICAGO.
Associated Press Despatch.

Chicago, July 18.—Cattle.—Receipts 4,000; beef steers, 3,000; yearlings, 1,000; calves, 1,000; hogs, 1,000; sheep, 1,000; pigs, 1,000.

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R. H. SMITH LUMBER CO.

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER, LATH, POSTS, SHINGLES, DOORS, SASH, TORONTO ASPHALT ROOFING, HARDWOOD FLOORING.

11 ERIE AVENUE.

PHONE 2998W.

COAL, COKE & WOOD

SCRANTON ANTHRACITE COAL
Well Screened, All Sizes.
Egg, Stove, Chestnut and Pea.
CHANTLER BROS.
Phone 347, 263 Bathurst St.

London Marble & Granite Co.

Designers and Manufacturers of
ARTISTIC CEMETERY MEMORIALS
Phone 3569W, 493 Richmond St.

Terry's Garage

Fullerton St. Phone 534
Service All the Time
ANY CAR OR TRUCK
2 Service Cars for Your Benefit

Forest City House

Board and room, per week, \$8;
double, \$7.50.
DINING-ROOM SERVICE.
Meals, 30c. 89-91 King St.

MACHINE BLACKSMITHING.
EALING WELDING WORKS
J. M. Lofthouse, Prop.
**OXY-ACETYLENE
WELDING AND CUTTING**
Phone 7783, 581 Hamilton Rd.

SEE THE NEW
GURNEY ELECTRIC RANGES
All Models at Popular Prices.
Cash or Terms.
ARCHER ELECTRIC
Phone 2110, 221 Dundas St.

STEWART & MORKIN

ALL WORK DONE BY EXPERTS.

ELECTRIC MOTOR REPAIRS

134 FULLARTON STREET. PHONE 3185

Loose Leaf Sheets and Devices

THE DESIGN AND MANUFACTURE OF
IS OUR SPECIALTY.
REID BROS. & CO., LIMITED
Nightingale Ave. Phone 303, Printing, Ruling, Bookbinding

DR. **LEROY V. HILES**
Foot
Specialist
202 Dundas St.
Phone 7308.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS & Contractors

A. N. KNOWLES
Electrical Construction
Company, Limited.
Estimates Submitted.
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THE BRICK MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY COMPANY, LIMITED

Full Line of Builders' Supplies
PHONE 1244, AND PEDLAR PRODUCTS 609 WILLIAM ST.

D. S. PERRIN & CO., LIMITED

MANUFACTURERS OF

BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY

Factory and Executive Offices, London, Canada.

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Authorized
Ford, Overland and Willys-Knight
Service and Parts.
Genuine Factory Parts Only.
RADIO DEALERS.
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USED PARTS
Bargain Prices.
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749 Simcoe St. Tel. 6881.

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**MACHINE SHOP AND
GARAGE REPAIRS**
OUR SPECIALTY.
Phone 5930W, 347 Ridout St.

Wilkins Audit Co., Ltd.

Public Accountants and Auditors.
Audits—Systems—Costing
ED. WILKINS, F.I.S.A.
Phone 4270-7911W,
8 London Loan Building.

ART WILKES

LONDON TIRE REPAIR
DEPOT
NEW TIRES AND TUBES
Phone for balloon tire demon-
stration.
VULCANIZING A SPECIALTY.
Phone 2334, 354 Wellington St.

QUALITY CAR PAINTING

Tops and Trimmings
General Body Repairs
A. B. GREER & SON
Cor. York & Talbot Sts. Phone 1023.

H. F. DAY

THE MOVER
REMEMBER DAY
ON MOVING DAY
Phone 2887, 480 Maitland St.

MASSEY BICYCLES

J. A. BARNARD
LOCKSMITH.
GENERAL REPAIRS.
ALL MAKES OF MOTORCYCLES
Phone 2994M, 338-340 Talbot St.

LET US ESTIMATE

PARKER & ALLEN
**Plastering
Contractors**
No Job Too Big—None Too Small.
Stucco Work Specialty.
1197 FLORENCE ST.
Phone 4739W.

KLEENO KWALITY KLOTHS

AND WASTE COMPANY.
Superior Quality, Sanitary and
Sterilized Wiping Cloths—A Grade
for Every Man.
Phone 2792, Nights, Holidays,
5422W, Cor. Bathurst and
William Sts.

OSCAR HUDSON & CO.

**CHARTERED
ACCOUNTANTS**
Resident Partner, Wm. C. Benson.
C.A. Accounting Dept. phone 1537J.
Trustees, phone 1537W, Dominion
Savings Bldg.

EVERYONE WHO SEES ONE WANTS ONE

PEERLESS AND FOLDING TABLES
SOLD BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
PHONE 1064, **HOUD & CO., LIMITED** QUEBEC ST.

**SMITH LUMBER FIRM
SHOWING PROGRESS**

Classed Today as One of City's
Outstanding Business
Concerns.

Growth that has been steady since the first year of operation is the most outstanding characteristic of the R. H. Smith Lumber Company of 11 Erie avenue, South London, which, although it was small in the beginning, is classed today as one of the city's front rank business concerns. When this firm was first established London, South was growing and a great deal of building was being carried out. At that time, in addition to selling lumber and other building material, many houses and other structures were erected under the supervision of Mr. Smith. A workshop was built, and while lumber was being ripped above cement blocks were being made below, and business was steadily increasing. Contractors, with house-building problems, would bring their plans and ideas to discuss with Mr. Smith, and real friendships were made by his sound advice and fair dealing. Lumber bills were flexible and supplied at reasonable prices. Young contractors were advised in their financial problems and warned of possible pitfalls. This personal dealing brought a steady increase of customers to purchase their lumber supplies, knowing that the price would be right and the material up to grade. This firm carries a full line of lumber, doors, trim, moldings, hardwood flooring, asphalt shingles, lath, roofing, nails, locks, hardware, etc., always in stock, and frames and sash are supplied on the shortest notice.

**MANY STORE FRONTS
BUILT BY CREIGHTON**

Central Avenue Concern Builds
and Refloors Verandas
Also.

Of recent years one of the most noticeable facts in connection with the business growth of London, has been the general advent of new and more attractive fronts on most of the stores of the city. A great deal of this work has been done by Joseph Creighton, builder, 709 Central Avenue. Every next week this concern will begin work on remodeling the front of a shop in London East formerly operated by a jeweler, but which is shortly to be opened as a haberdashery. The Creighton concern is one of the most popular in the building line in this city. Its work covers building construction, installing office and store interiors, partitions, fittings, shelving and cupboards, and any special woodwork or cabinet-making that may be required. Of late Creighton's has done a great deal of veranda work, both erecting new ones and reflooring and remodeling ones already built.

**"COMPOUND INSANITY"
TO BE DEFENCE PLEA**

Chicago Students' Murder
Trial Will Be One Without
Precedent.

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, July 18.—"Compound insanity" will be the theory the defence will advance in the trial of Nathan Leopold, Jun., and Richard Loeb, confessed slayers of Robert Frank. Alienists employed by defence counsel declare the youths are possessed of an interlocking personality so that together they are inclined to the commission of crime; that neither alone would conceive of executing. There is no precedent in medical history for such a defence.

**DECIDE JAMES LANG
DIED OF HEART FAILURE**

Canadian Press Despatch.
North Bay, July 18.—Inquest today into the death of James Lang, late of Hamilton, whose body was found north of here on Tuesday, brought in a verdict of death from natural causes. Lang suffered from heart trouble and it was evident that he had become exhausted while hunting, had tripped and expired. The body will be taken to Hamilton by his son.

ENGLISH AUTO WRECKERS

Largest and Most Up-To-Date
Auto Wrecking Plant in Western
Ontario.
Phone 432, 74 Fullarton St.

**USE MAY'S PASTEURIZED
MILK AND CREAM**

HICKORY GROVE DAIRY
Real Service and Satisfaction.
PHONE 5156, 345 WHARFCLIFFE

THE HOLLINS PRESS

**FINE PRINTING
and STATIONERY**
Phone 7812W, 761 Dundas St.

CHAS. CHAPMAN CO.

EST. 1855.
Bookbinders
LOOSE LEAF MFRS.
Phone 370, 91 York St.

**ESTIMATES SUBMITTED
EVANS BROS.**

**BRICK AND CEMENT
CONTRACTORS**
Jobbing Work Specialty.
PHONE 2329, 7 ERIE AVE.
Phone 2884W, 441 Woodman Ave.

**Jarring and Bumping Pass
With Balloon Tires' Advent**

Recent Innovation Insures
Complete Riding Comfort
At All Times.

ADVANTAGES MANY

Hold Up Car by Yielding
Cushion of Air Under
Each Wheel.

"Give me something that will soak up bumps, something that will do away with a lot of the jarring and bumping that are felt at times in even the highest-priced automobiles," has been the cry of motorists all over the country for years past and, despite the many improvements in motor body and chassis construction, there was until recently something lacking to assure an ultimate degree of comfort in driving under any conditions. The balloon tire solved this difficulty. When it appeared that general automobile construction had well nigh attained perfection and that despite this the occasional bump and jar were still there, the tire manufacturers turned their resources toward turning out something radically different from the old style tire that had to be inflated until it was hard in contact with the road. Due to their perfecting of the balloon tire they achieved their end. The chief advantage of balloon tires lies in the fact that they provide greater riding comfort. The reason for this is that they cushion the car by a yielding pillow of air under each wheel. Because they hold so much more air, they do not need to be inflated to such a high pressure to support the weight of the car. Since they have a much wider surface in contact with the road, balloon tires give remarkable traction. They grip the road securely when the brakes are applied suddenly and they help stop the car in much shorter space. Due to their greatly improved cushioning, they reduce vibration to the minimum. Bolts and nuts stay tight and rattles will not develop so quickly. One desirable feature of balloon tires is that they can be steered into and out of street car tracks without effort. They are sufficiently large and soft to roll over the track edges without catching, no matter at what angle the machine is being driven. Automobile engineers who have tested this type of tire thoroughly predict that its general adoption will greatly lower the cost of keeping the automobile in good running condition, materially lengthen its life, and so lessen upkeep, expense and depreciation.

**70-Year-Olds
Battle For Lady**

Fight Results in the Death of
Home Inmate.

Associated Press Despatch.
San Francisco, July 18.—Hugh McClockey, 71, is dead, and Henry Mueller, 75, under arrest on a manslaughter charge as a result of a long-standing rivalry between the two for the favor of a 70-year-old woman, which culminated in a quarrel Wednesday. All three are inmates of a home for the aged here.

**SHIP'S CAPTAIN MISLED
BY REPORT OF MATE**

First Officer of S. S. Modjeska
Misunderstood Statement,
"Seven Fathoms."

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, July 18.—Captain Henderson of the steamer Modjeska admitted to Commissioner Demers today that he had been misled by Second Officer Mason's report of "seven fathoms" when the "lead" had been cast two or three minutes before the Modjeska hit the Sunnyside sea wall in a fog on the night of July 7. Mason had meant seven fathoms (42 feet) from the steamer's taffrail, which meant only about four fathoms of water. Henderson said he had thought there was seven fathoms depth.

**SIMCOE HOSPITAL BOARD
PLANS FOR NEW BUILDING**

Special to The Advertiser.
Simcoe, July 18.—The Simcoe hospital board, after meeting today to reject the suggestion which the government inspector of hospitals to build a one-story building. They decided to reject the suggestion which the government inspector of hospitals to build a one-story building. They decided to reject the suggestion which the government inspector of hospitals to build a one-story building.

**GODERICH YOUTH LEADS
ENTRANCE PUPILS' LIST**

Special to The Advertiser.
Seaforth, July 18.—Basil Duncan, aged 13, son of W. J. Duncan, took the high-entrance examination which gives him scholarship standing. He is a pupil of St. James's separate school.

WYOMING LOSER.

Special to The Advertiser.
Wyoming, July 18.—Wyoming was defeated 10 to 7 in a baseball game with Samia played at Bright's Grove.

JOS. CREIGHTON

COMMERCIAL FURNITURE, INTERIOR WOODWORK,
STORE FRONTS, INTERIORS, PARTITIONS, SHELVING.
709 CENTRAL AVE.
PHONE 4797W.

JOHN M. MOORE & CO.

ARCHITECTS
Phone 685, 489 Richmond St.

**ONTARIO
SPEEDOMETER
SERVICE STATION**

Repairs and Parts for All Makes.
Speedometers, Vacuum Tanks,
Motor Horns and Tire Pumps.
Phone 6550W, 91 York St.

SEND YOUR WEEKLY WASH TO THE

LONDON STEAM LAUNDRY
HOUSEHOLD WORK
5c—8c ONE POUND
No Marking
Phone 7800—We Will Call.

SILVERWOOD'S SAFE MILK

PLEASES PARTICULAR PEOPLE
PHONE 6100 FOR SERVICE OR SAMPLE.
You Will Be Surprised at its RICHNESS and PURITY.

**W. T. PACE DECORATING
CONTRACTS EXTENSIVE**

South London Concern Es-
tablished in City Thirty-
Five Years Ago.

**Four Shops Sell
Balloon Tires**

The automobile and tire dealers whose advertisements appear on this page are ready at all times to give interested motorists demonstrations of balloon tires. They can supply interchangeable tires of this type, and these may be applied to present rims of all sizes.

**HIGH-GRADE MEMORIALS
MADE IN LOCAL PLANT**

London Marble and Granite
Company Assures Best Work-
manship and Material.

Monumental work is very necessary in the present age, points out William Lovejoy of the London Marble and Granite Company, 433 Richmond street. "When we lose someone very near and dear to us we like to be able to place something everlasting to his memory," says Mr. Lovejoy. "Here is where the question, 'What can we place to his memory that will be everlasting?' comes in. A memorial of Canadian granite is very appropriate in this case. We can assist in all ways necessary in the selection of a memorial to commemorate departed relatives. We can assure you that you will be proud of the material, workmanship and design which may be used in your selection. In years to come you can take your friends and show them the memorial which has stood for years and still be proud of your everlasting memorial made of Canadian granite.

**MAY'S DAIRY SUPPLIED
FROM CHOICEST HERDS**

South London Concern Has
Seven Wagons and Two
Trucks in Operation.

Between thirty and thirty-five of the choicest dairy herds in the district surrounding London supply the two thousand or more gallons of milk supplied daily to hundreds of homes in London and environs by the Hickory Grove Dairy of 345 Wharfedale road.

This business, which has now attained thriving proportions, was started in London about ten years ago by George H. May, the present proprietor. At first one wagon was sufficient to accommodate the delivery requirements of the new concern, but now seven wagons are in service every day, as well as two motor trucks. The latter handle the wholesale business with hotels and restaurants, and serve also as supply units to restock the wagons when on their routes. Absolute cleanliness is the watchword of the Hickory Grove Dairy. Special equipment washes and sterilizes all milk and cream bottles in accordance with the highest standards of sanitation, and all machinery and delivery equipment is maintained in a condition to satisfy the most particular.

**WINDHAM CENTRE MAN
HURT AS AUTO UPSSETS**

Special to The Advertiser.
Simcoe, July 18.—Fred Cunningham of Windham Centre met with a nasty motor accident on the highway just north of Simcoe yesterday afternoon. He was driving his own car struck some loose gravel, and turned completely over. He was very severely injured. It was at first thought that his back was broken. Dr. Tisdale, who is attending him, reports that this is not the case, but that he has had a severe shaking up.

SHOWER FOR BRIDE.

Special to The Advertiser.
Wallaceburg, July 18.—On Tuesday evening twelve girl friends of Mrs. S. Burnier, nee Miss Olga Hook, entertained her at her home on the Chatham road, to a chine shower in honor of her recent marriage.

Chesterfields

Made to Your Order.
Any Size—Any Shape.
QUICK. The Upholsterer
523 Richmond St. Phone 3827J.

I. X. L. SPICE AND COFFEE MILLS, LIMITED

Sweetheart Jelly, Pure and Delicious.
Sweetheart Peanut Butter.
Something Different.

JUST ARRIVED

Full line of umbrellas, bags, canes and Tom Thumb umbrellas. High quality and low prices.
TECUMSEH LEATHER GOODS.
344½ Richmond, Opposite Hobbs Hardware.

W. T. PACE & SON

**PAINTING
PAPER
HANGING**
CONTRACTS SOLICITED.
Prompt Attention to Jobbing.
Phone 1772, 251 Ridout St. South

HEATING & VENTILATING CONTRACTORS.

GEO. WINTERBOTTOM & SON
SHEET METAL WORKERS.
Phone 5539W, 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**

The EUREKA SHOP
Wife-Saving Station.
Phone 66 for Particulars.
231 DUNDAS STREET.

**LONDON BUSINESS
INSTITUTE**

N. STONEHOUSE, Prin.
Successor to O'Brien College.
Students Placed on Graduation.
Phone 7380-5875, 361 Richmond St.

**BOWLEY ELECTRIC
Full Line of Electrical
FIXTURES**

WESTINGHOUSE SHOP
Phone 2203, 306 Dundas.

THE BETTER SERVICE STORE.

ART TANNER
BICYCLES, TRICYCLES,
TOYS & ACCESSORIES
Phone 3426W, 565 Dundas St.
Phone 1899F, 402 Clarence St.

**Commercial Lead Burning
WILLIAMS WELDING
WORKS**

OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING
BRAZING AND CUTTING
Experts on Boiler Welding
Phone 6836, 386 Ridout St.

**SECOND-HAND TYPEWRITERS—At bargain prices
that are bargain prices. Machines to rent.****ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.**

481 RICHMOND STREET. Horace E. Robinson, Manager. PHONE 1344J.

GRIGG HOTEL CAFE

CHICKEN DINNER 60c. SUNDAY SPECIAL MENU. REGULAR DINING 40c.
334 RICHMOND ST. "BEST OF TABLE SERVICE." From 11:00 a.m. to 8 p.m. PHONE 5675.

**WHEN YOU ASK FOR
CAKES BE SURE
AND SAY****WILLIS
CAKES**

609 DUNDAS STREET
Phone 2023

**TO THE TRADE
EMBLEM'S
PURE SPIRIT CIDER
AND MALT VINEGAR**

In Bottles or in Bulk.
LONDON VINEGAR WORKS.
96 King St. Phone 631W.

SICK SHOES CURED

Made like new with a manufac-
turer's finish by our latest approved
machinery. Work called for and
delivered.
MODERN SHOE REPAIR
505 Richmond St. Phone 2310.

**THE OLD
RELIABLE
AMERICAN
AND DYE WORKS**

LONDON
STRATFORD
BRANTFORD

B.H. ENGLISH PAINT

70% Pure White Lead, 30% Pure White Zinc, 100% Pure Paint.
FOR SALE IN LONDON BY
Purdum Hardware
124 Dundas St. Phones 2800-2801

**ELECTRICAL FIXTURES
AND SUPPLIES**

J. H. Pollock
GENERAL CONTRACTING.
Phone 5762W, Night, 3259.
397 CLARENCE STREET.

LONDON AUTO WRECKERS

House of a Million Parts
Complete Stock of New and Used
Parts at Cut Prices.
264 Horton St. Phone 3110

ALLEN & POPE

Hot Water and Steam
Heating Contractors
Estimates Furnished
155 CHESLEY AVENUE.
Phone 2293W-7839M.

**RAPID ELECTROTYPE
COMPANY, LIMITED**

RAPIDS RIGHT.
Lead Mould, Nickel Types,
Electrotype, Stereotype.
Phone 3700, 211½ King St.

**BRIGHTON'S
O. K. BAKERY**

Some of Our Favorite Brands
Sun-Made Raisin Bread
Granny's Favorite
Home-Made
Saturday's Special Nut
Bread
Have Our Driver Call.
Phone 2160, 479 Emery St.

**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.

SOME OF OUR FAVORITE BRANDS

Sun-Made Raisin Bread
Granny's Favorite
Home-Made
Saturday's Special Nut
Bread
Have Our Driver Call.
Phone 2160, 479 Emery St.

GENEREUX & MAY

Auctioneers and valuers for city and county.
City Auction Rooms, 98 Dundas St.
Residence, Mr. Genereux, 332J.
Mr. May, 1366, Office, 1332.

P. O. BOX 170. PHONE 7691W.

ARTHUR MOULD
Roofing Contractor
Giant Shingles, Heaviest Weight.
They Stay Down.
Ask for Giants. They roof best.

SEE OUR FIREPROOF WALL BOARD**BUILDERS' SUPPLIES**

Lime, Cement, Tile and Pressed Brick. Get Our Prices.
PHONE 1044. **WILLIAM COPP** 85½ YORK ST.

WANT AD TIPS

CATON, DR. H. V., has removed to 330 Adelaide St., between Dundas and King Sts. Phone 1573.

DENTAL CARDS

BLAIR, DR. JOHN F.—Office moved to 241 Queen's Ave. Phone 1400.
FRANK, DR. A. G.—Dentist; practice limited to X-ray and extraction. 235 Queen's Ave. Tel. 769.
WINDHAM, DR. H. G.—Dentist; practice limited to X-ray and extraction. 235 Queen's Ave. Tel. 769.

FRICKELL, DR. M. J.—3636 Richmond St. over Taylor's Drug Store.
KELLY, DR. V.—Fixed and removable bridge work. 241 Queen's Ave. Tel. 1400.

MOORE, DR. S. A.—Orthodontist. 541 Queen's Practice limited to straightening teeth. Evening graduate. N. Y.
ROSS, DR. J. V.—Corner Dundas and Richmond, over C. N. R. office. Tel. 271.

TAYLOR, DR. H. D.—322 Dundas St. Evening appointments. Phone 4342.
THOMAS, DR. ROSS—General practice. Specialist in X-ray. 241 Queen's Ave. Tel. 769.

WESTLAND, DR. W. S.—Dentist, post-graduate crown and bridge work, extracting, Chicago, Philadelphia, Toronto, 224, Ontario and residence, 257 Queen's.
WILKEY, DR. W. J.—169 Wortley Rd. Tel. 6175. Evening appointments.

CHIROPY

BEATTIE, MISS—Graduate chiropodist. Talbot and Fullerton. Tel. 3027W.
GRAY BEAUTY SHOP—Graduate chiropodist. 2214 Dundas. Tel. 2622W.
HILES, DR. LEROY V.—Foot specialist. 202 Dundas St. Phone 7318.

INSURANCE

ABBOTT-LAWSON Assurance Agencies. Your Safety Service. Dominion Savings Bldg. Phone 650.
GUNN, H. M. & SON, Limited (George C. Gunn, Allyn, McLellan)—Fire, life, accident, automobile.

LAPE and general insurance—O. C. Storer, 1000-1001, Moore Bldg. Phone 1522 and 6521.
ROBT. STEEDMAN—Accident, fire and automobile, good companies. Moore Bldg. Phone 1522.

WILSON, S. S.—Sick, accident, hold-up, robbery, fire and automobile insurance. Money to loan, mortgages, rents collected. 216 Richmond St. Tel. 2162W.

MOVING AND STORAGE

BIGGS FURNITURE STORAGE—Moving vans. 97 Carling St. Tel. 1162.
DAY, H. F.—Covered motor vans, fireproof storage, reasonable rates. 450 Maitland. Phone 3403.

E. C. KNOTT, 100 Delaware St.—Local and long distance cartage, transportation for concert parties, etc. Phone 7421.
FREEMAN & WHITING—Auto trucking, large vans, local and long distance. 1028 Dundas. Phone 6025.

J. LANGDON—Drawing and moving, local and long distance. 2-ton truck. 350 Burwell St. Tel. 3019J.
LONDON CARTAGE—For unloading cars, safes and machinery. 306 Grey St. Office Tel. 204, 208W.

SKELGOS BROS.—Local and long distance cartage, reasonable charges. Phone 4917W-7451W.

ACCOUNTANTS

DOUGHERTY, A. J.—Chartered accountant. 91 Tecumseh Ave. Phone 6359.
RAYMOND, F. W.—Accountant, auditor, authorized, insurance, liquidator. Room 10, Greene-Swift Bldg., London, Ont.

INSTRUCTION

PRIVATE nurses earn \$15 to \$30 a week; learn by home study; catalogue free. Dept. 18, Royal College of Science, Toronto, Canada.
WHEN ordering goods by mail send a Dominion Express Money Order.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER

CLASSIFIED ADS. Standardized and Indexed for Quick Reference. Phone 3670.
THE LONDON ADVERTISER reserves the right to classify properly all advertisements submitted for publication.

Not responsible for errors in advertisements following date of first publication. Ads. not cancelled after 10 p.m. by 10 p.m. Ads. for evening paper must be in by 10 p.m.

All advertisements for Saturday's papers must be in our hands by 10 p.m. Friday previous to enable them to appear under the correct classification. Otherwise they must appear under the classification "Too Late to Classify."

CLASSIFIED RATES.

Cash.
 1 day 20 per word
 2 days 30 " "
 3 days 40 " "
 6 days 100 " "
 Minimum, 15 words.

When Advertiser Box is required allow 3 words. A charge of 10c for mailing is also added.
Marriages, Births and Deaths—One insertion, \$1; two insertions, \$1.50. **Memorial Notices**—10c per count line (10 lines the minimum).
Card of Thanks—\$1 per insertion.
Engagement Notices—One insertion, \$1; two insertions, \$1.50. These notices must be signed by the sender, and will not be taken over telephone.

DISPLAY ADVERTISING.

TRAVEL
Amusements—15c per line each insertion.
Meetings—15c per line each insertion.
The London Advertiser will accept a "make good" more than one incorrect insertion of an advertisement ordered more than one time.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER.

WANT A DEPARTMENT. Phone 3670.

TO LET

House To Rent

8 ROOMS, BATH, FURNACE, ETC. For Complete Information **PHONE 1845**

BUSINESS CARDS

STEWART & MORKIN
 124 FULLERTON STREET.
ELECTRIC POWER CONTRACTORS. All classes electric power, repairs, installations, windings, etc. Prompt attention, quick service. When you have trouble with your motor telephone 3165.

We stock everything in Lumber—Posts, Scantlings, Shingles, Floorings, Sash, Doors and Trim, Wood and Asphalt Shingles, Hardwood Floorings, Roofing, Wallboard, Lath.

L. H. MARTYN & CO.
 1151 YORK ST. PHONE 5181.

WANTED TO PURCHASE

POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED. Highest price paid for Eggs and Poultry of good quality, according to grade.

C. A. MANN & CO.
 78 King Street, London. ywt

REAL ESTATE

BERT WEIR

OVER OAK HALL REALTOR. L. H. REILLY, Manager. Res. Phone 1602J. Phone 6250.
 Ber: Hookway 3513W. Wm. Taylor 2908. Wm. Reilly 6232P.

LONDON IS FREELY GROWING. BUY NOW AND HOLD FOR AN INCREASE.
 \$4,500—\$200 DOWN. East, new rug brick cott., 3 beds, living-room with fireplace, dining-room, kitchen with built-in cupboards, 3-p. bath, furnace, full basement, veranda. This is a very attractive home.

MAKE AN APPOINTMENT TO SEE THIS.
 \$1,500—\$1,000 DOWN. North, modern brick cott., double parlors, dining-room and kitchen, 3 beds, 3-p. bath, hot water connections, furnace, front and rear verandas, in best of condition, shrubs, flowers, fruit, etc. large lot.

\$2,500—\$200 DOWN. 350 month. Frame cott., east, cement foundation, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 2 beds, good cellar, hydro and water, all newly decorated and painted, drive, good lot.

REDUCED FOR QUICK SALE FROM \$3,000 TO \$1,600.
 \$1,000—\$500 DOWN. 350 month. Red rug brick cott., east, 3 beds, 2 c. e., veranda, vestibule living-room, dining-room, kitchen, 3-p. bath, furnace, 2-p. bathroom, cement foundation, well decorated, nice fixtures, hot water connections, nice lot. Ask us to show you this home.

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AUCTION SALES

BY **GEO. R. GARDNER**
 Phone 4833V.

AT 43 STANLEY ST., JULY 23, 10 a.m.
 I have been instructed to sell modern dresser and stand, chairs, table, linoleum rug 9x9 ft., 2 cribs, toilet set, 2 beds, bookcase, new baby carriage, stroller, clotheshorse, mats, dining-room suite in oak, buffet, round table (3 leaves), 6 chairs (new), Hot Blast heater, 2 rockers, morris chair, sewing machine, jardiniere, Victoria, dishes, 2-piece heater, sink, oven, kitchen table with drawers, gas plate, sealer, cooking utensils, tubs, wringer and various other articles.

Immediately after the above sale I will offer the following articles at No. 49 Stanley St. at 11 a.m. (Victoria) parlor suite. This is a real chance if you have a large living-room. Sideboard, square extension table, stove, range, cupboard and heater. Don't miss the sales. If you are selling, phone 4833V.

I will sell the contents of the home of the late Geo. R. Gardner at 262 CENTRAL AVE.

Sale at 10 a.m., Thursday, July 24. Consisting of lady's secretary in mahogany, round walnut table, drop-leaf table, 3 small walnut tables, washstand, highback chairs, stools, couch, clock, lady's dressing table, sectional bookcase (6 parts), rockers, 3 pictures, jardiniere, stands, curtains, rug, brass bed, ironing board, screens, mirror, dishes, draperies, tray, porcelain teapot on numerous other articles. Don't miss this sale.

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ANGLICAN.

CRONYN MEMORIAL

QUEEN'S AVENUE AND WILLIAM STREET. RECTOR
QUINTIN WARNER. ASSISTANT
RUDLEY PARSONS.
FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.
8:30 a.m.—Holy Communion.
11:00 a.m.—Morning Prayer. Junior Congregation.
7:00 p.m.—Evensong.
THE RECTOR AT ALL SERVICES.

St. James' Church

SOUTH LONDON.
Rev. W. Leslie, M.A., R.D.,
Rector.
9:45 a.m.—Sunday School (senior and junior).
11 a.m.—The Rector.
2 p.m.—Primary and Beginners' Dept.
7 p.m.—The Rector.
(Holy Communion).
The Rector at all services.

St. John the Evangelist

Wellington and St. James St.
Rev. A. L. G. Clarke, Rector.
8 a.m.—Holy Communion.
11 a.m.—Morning Service and Junior Congregation.
2 p.m.—Sunday School, Lantern Views.
7 p.m.—Short Evensong.
The Rector at all services.

BAPTIST.

BAPTIST.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST

PASTOR FLOYD TALMADGE HOLLAND PREACHING.

7 p.m. "How the End Will Come To the World"

A pleasure-mad world is rushing to its doom unconcerned—are YOU?

God's Word is STARTLING! Better hear it!

11 a.m. "Winning Souls"

3 P.M.—BIBLE SCHOOL. Classes For All.

SPECIAL MUSIC ALL SERVICES.

O. LEO HERBERT, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

Maitland Street Baptist

Maitland Street at St. James Street.

REV. DR. A. T. SOWERBY

will preach.

11 a.m.—

"THE LIVING CHRIST UPON EARTH AGAIN."

7 p.m.—

"THE GREAT AND FINAL SEPARATION."

We regret to announce that Dr. Sowerby's ministry will close at Maitland Street this month of July.

We urge you to take the present opportunity of hearing this outstanding preacher and teacher of God's Word.

Talbot Street Baptist

REV. DR. BOWLEY GREEN

will preach.

11 a.m. Subject:

"In Secret With God"

12:15 p.m.—Sunday School.

7 to 8 p.m.—(1 hour service).

Subject:

"The Critical World"

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST.

Richmond and Kent Streets.

Sunday, 11 a.m. only. July and August.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, 11 A.M.

For students up to the age of twenty.

Subject for Sunday, July 20.

"LIFE"

Wednesday Meeting, 8 p.m.

Including testimony of healing through Christian Science.

ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED!

METHODIST

METHODIST

FIRST METHODIST

REV. BRUCE HUNTER, B.A., B.D., PASTOR

REV. E. W. JEWITT, B.A., ASSISTANT PASTOR

11 a.m.—Rev. R. B. Stevenson, M.A., Secretary for the Lord's Day Alliance, will preach.

3 p.m.—Sunday School. Open Session.

7 p.m.—Rev. W. L. Hiles, M.A., B.D., will preach.

Soloists—A.M. Miss M. Jackson, Soprano. P.M.—C. H. Telfer, Tenor.

KINGSLEY IRELAND, Organist. GEO. C. CARRIE, Choir Leader.

DUNDAS STREET CENTRE

REV. (CAPT.) JOHN GARBUTT, MINISTER.

11 a.m.—Sunday School and regular congregation in union service.

Choir, Organ, Orchestra. Duet by Mrs. Schofield and Mr. Morris.

Solo by Leon Adams. Rev. D. N. McCamus teaches the lesson.

7 p.m.—Sermon by Rev. D. N. McCamus. Baritone solo by Lloyd Bullen.

J. PARNELL MORRIS, A.C.C.O., Organist and Choirmaster.

Askin St. Methodist

REV. J. E. J. MILLARD, Pastor.

DR. SMITH, Musical Director.

10 a.m.—Class.

11 a.m.—REV. R. D. HAMILTON.

Subject:

"THE PRECEPTS OF JESUS"

2 p.m.—S.S. and Adult Bible Classes

7 p.m.—REV. R. D. HAMILTON.

Subject:

"ARE YOU A HOBAB?"

Colborne St. Methodist

Rev. Herbert J. Uren, Pastor.

11 a.m.—"Set Thy House in Order."

2:45 p.m.—A study in the life of Christ.

7 p.m.—When Christ Said "No."

Miss Anderson will assist the choir.

Bright, brief services for summer months.

Empress Ave. Church

J. F. Chapman, B.A., Pastor.

10 a.m.—Fellowship meeting.

11 a.m.—The Purpose of Redemption.

2:45 p.m.—Sunday School.

7 p.m.—The Inner Circle.

Miss Taylor, Organist.

Hyatt Ave. Methodist

10:30 a.m.—Sacrament and Reception.

11:30 a.m.—Sunday School.

7 p.m.—The Pastor.

Ridout St. Methodist

J. A. AGNEW, Pastor.

Residence, 87 Windsor Ave.

11 a.m.—Holy Communion and Reception for new members.

7 p.m.—The pastor will preach.

Edith Deacon, Organist.

Strangers Welcome.

Robinson Memorial

Worshipful Summer Services.

The minister, W. L. Hiles, will preach at 11 a.m.

Rev. E. W. Jewell, B.A., of the First Methodist Church, at 7 p.m.

Mr. E. W. Goethe Quanz at the organ.

PRESBYTERIAN

PRESBYTERIAN

UNION SERVICES

First Presbyterian and St. Andrew's Church

11 a.m.—IN FIRST CHURCH.

Rev. Principal Taylor, D.D., Indore, India.

7 p.m.—IN ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.

Rev. F. W. K. Harris, B.A.

Music by First Church choir under direction of G. G. Lethbridge.

UNION SERVICES

King St. Presbyterian and Centennial Methodist

AT KING STREET CHURCH.

11 a.m.—"THE GREATEST MOTIVE."

7 p.m.—"IDEAL LIFE—IDEAL DEATH."

Rev. A. E. M. Thomson will preach at both services.

YOU ARE INVITED.

A. E. M. THOMSON, MINISTER.

MISS MOORE, ORGANIST.

New St. James' Church

Corner Oxford and Wellington Street.

REV. JAS. MACKAY, B.D., MINISTER.

PERCY Q. KING, Musical Director.

10 a.m.—Church School.

11 a.m.—

"THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

7 p.m.—SIMON MAGUS.

The Minister will preach at both services.

UNION SERVICES

Knox Presbyterian

—AND—

Wortley Road Baptist

11 a.m. and 7 p.m., held in Knox Church, Wortley Road and Bruce Street, conducted by

REV. T. A. SYMINGTON, M.A.

Music by Knox Church Choir.

MEN OF LONDON

You should hear the address by

W. H. Liddicoatt

of universal import on

"Social Service—A Sedative Or a Panacea"

In St. Andrew's Hall

Corner of Queen's Avenue and Waterloo Street.

at 4 p.m. Sunday Afternoon

This much discussed present day subject will be presented from both its Social and Religious sides.

Under the auspices of

The Men's Brotherhood Federation.

No Collection.

"Millions Now Living Are Dead."

An old-fashioned Gospel Meeting held in

PATRICIA THEATRE

SUNDAY, JULY 20, 2:45 P.M.

Bright, cheerful singing of old-fashioned hymns to old-fashioned tunes. Special

violin music. "Life's Railway" song by male quartet. All roadsters specially

invited. Mr. Bullen, gold medal soloist, will sing. Mr. Link will speak. Subject:

"Millions Now Living Are Dead."

Address: Mr. Benny Eckert, preacher.

from Niagara. Other musical attractions. Everybody welcome. Nondiscriminatory.

International Bible Students' Association

HYMAN HALL, 7:15 p.m.

Speaker: S. W. CARPENTER.

Subject:

"Millions Soon to Return From Hell."

Seats Free. No Collection.

HAMILTON ROAD GOSPEL HALL

7 p.m.—MR. WALTER AINSLIE

of Liverpool, England, will preach.

Monday, 7:30 p.m.—Special Service for Young People.

Tuesday, 8 p.m.—Special Service for Adults.

EGERTON STREET GOSPEL HALL

7 p.m.—MR. T. COMFIELD of Detroit will preach.

Theosophical Society

212 DUNDAS STREET

MEETINGS AS USUAL.

Sunday, 8:30 p.m.—Public Invited.

Latter Day Saints

Maitland Street Near York Street.

SERVICES AS USUAL.

First Spiritual Church

Rector St. Opposite Nelson St.

Leader—Mrs. M. Rawson.

Speaker—Mrs. Keishaw, of Hamilton, Ont.

Services Sunday, July 20—8 and 7 p.m.

Evening—Mills Male Quartet.

Special meetings all week.

YORK STREET MISSION HALL

Sunday school at 10:30 a.m.—Mr. Joseph Henry in charge, followed by a prayer and praise service. Deacon

William Harvey in charge. Evening subject: "The Vital Needs." Preacher: Mr. C. Elliott, who will also sing "Is It Nothing To You." Evangelist: Belcher, pastor.

CHURCH ADULTS MEET in Cister Hall, over Gas Office, corner Dundas and Clarence Sts., Sunday, 7 p.m. Subject: "The Covenant of Promise Made to Abraham."

LITTLE CHURCH HOLDS
SPLENDID RECORD

St. David's Makes Great Advance Since Year of War.

ALL MEN SERVED

Parish Grandchild of Cronyn Memorial—Started As Mission.

In the war, St. David's Church, Ealing, had an enviable record. It was the first church in the city from which all the available men were signed up for service. Thus with the congregation depleted as far as men were concerned, progress, during the period of the war, was to a large extent seriously retarded.

Women carried on as best they could, but it was not until the four years following the war that the best of which the parish of St. David's was capable became evident in its upward climb.

The parish is a grandchild of Cronyn Memorial Church, and a direct offspring of All Saints. It commenced through the instrumentality of Rev. T. B. Clarke when he was rector of All Saints' Church, and parish itself had its origin as a mission under the care of Rev. Archdeacon Richardson, then rector of Cronyn Memorial Church.

In January, 1913, the district of Ealing was added to the City of London, and in April of the same year, Rev. S. E. McKenney, then a student at Huron College, was given charge of St. David's Church.

First Rector.

On his ordination, Mr. McKenney was made the first incumbent of St. David's, newly-created a separate parish. Its first wardens were Mr. C. H. Parkinson and Mr. T. Beadle. Rev. R. E. Charles succeeded Mr. McKenney in 1915, and the first year of his incumbency saw a handsome gift to the church at the hands of its people. A new altar was installed, the gift of the parish, and it was consecrated in 1916 by the former rector, then Capt. S. E. McKenney, of 215th Battalion, C.E.F.

About the same time, the rector, Rev. R. E. Charles, consecrated a new honor roll, handsomely formed of oak, the gift of Capt. J. C. Leicester, quartermaster of the C. A. M. C., stationed in London.

Captain Leicester was later killed, and his was the first military funeral held in St. David's Church. Mrs. K. Leicester, in his memory, presented the parish with a handsome brass lectern and a Bible. An oak candelabrum, the gift of the parish, was also presented by this small parish in the great war. It was erected in the memory of Pte. John Harding of the Borden Garrison, who was killed in action in 1916.

In 1920, Mr. Charles left the parish to become the incumbent of Grace Church, Bay City, Michigan. Rev. R. D. Moss, this present rector, was placed in charge.

Joined Congregation.

An unusual feature of Mr. Moss' incumbency was that he first joined St. David's Church as a member during his term at Huron College and later became a member of its vestry. During the course of the war, he left his college course to enlist, and served four years and a half, three years and one month of which was spent at the front. On his return, Mr. Moss resumed preparation for the ministry. He was ordained in 1920 and was in charge at Brussels for six months, leaving this for the parish of St. David's. During this charge, he has entered largely in civic affairs, is a member of the board of education, deputy master of District Lodge, L. O. L., and the chaplain at Byron Sanatorium.

Through memorials, chiefly connected with the war, the interior furnishings of St. David's Church have taken on a handsome appearance, more or less unusual in a small and newly-created parish.

All efforts of the parish now are concentrated for the building fund, to erect a new church or to remodel the old one in such a manner that accommodation will be sufficient for a growing district, and the exterior arrangement will harmonize with that of the interior. The excellent organization of the various departments of the parish lends itself splendidly to this effort. Societies and groups have been formed to cover the activities of all ages, and yet to prevent a multiplicity of organizations with the ensuing friction and waste of effort.

The Men's Club, with a membership of thirty, takes a leading part in all parish activities. A sub-organization, the singing team, has been formed to cover the city-wide series, and is well on the way to the local championship. Its officers are: Acting president, W. Clays; secretary-treasurer, J. Sones; team captain, W. E. Parker. In the

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REV. R. D. MOSS.

Rector of St. David's Church. Mr. Moss' first connection with his present charge was as a member of the parish and of the select vestry.

Winter the Men's Club is organized for carpooling and other forms of sport. Officers of the organization are: President, J. Markham; vice-president, W. Clays

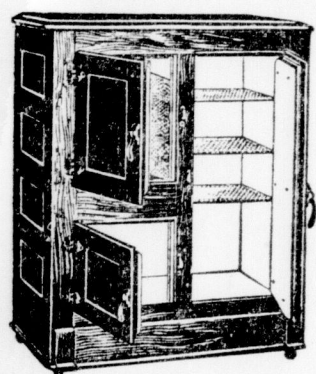
REGISTRATION for London Secondary Schools

All Rural Students wishing to attend any unit of the
London Collegiate Institute

or the
London Technical High School

for 1924-25 are required to apply for registration not later than AUG. 15. Kindly state grade of work and course desired. Send applications AT ONCE to the principal concerned.

E. A. MILLER, H. B. BEAL,
Principal Collegiate Institute. Principal Technical High School.
419, 22, 24, 26, 28, 31-A2



SAVE FOOD
By Using a
REFRIGERATOR

SAVE ICE
By Using a
"PARIS."

When it's piping hot outside, and everything is sweltering in the heat—then it's a satisfaction to open up your Refrigerator—and if it's a "Paris" you'll be sure to find things delightfully cold, tasty and fresh—and oh! so appetizing—and so cooling the effects.

Housekeeping, without a Refrigerator, means spoiled food, sour milk, oily butter, meat rancid or tasteless, and in the end loss of appetite and sickness, particularly with children—and certainly much waste of food.

"PARIS" Refrigerators are specially insulated, with air-proof building paper and dead-air spaces to keep cold air in and warm air out. In this way they require less ice and keep food colder.

"PARIS" Refrigerators are made in 42 styles, any price you wish to pay—and from the cheapest to the best, they are all guaranteed.

\$1.00 PUTS A "PARIS" IN YOUR HOME!

COWAN HARDWARE, Limited
THE DEPARTMENT HARDWARE STORE
125 Dundas St. — London, Ont.

A "Paris" Pays for Itself with the Food It Saves!

THE WESTERN FAIR London, Ontario. SEPTEMBER 6TH TO 13TH, 1924.

Western Ontario manufacturers and manufacturers generally—Take steps immediately to secure space, as locations in the new Manufacturers' Building are being sold out rapidly.

Western Ontario dealers and retailers—Act quickly if you wish to secure space for an exhibit at the 1924 Exhibition, as locations in the Main Building are practically sold out and other available space is being booked unusually early.

Western Ontario Exhibitors generally—Prepare now and arrange to be represented at the 57th annual Exhibition, which will be the crowning achievement of over half a century of triumphs.

Western Ontario people—Lay plans for making the Western Fair your one big outing of the year.

WHERE CITY AND COUNTRY MEET

New Ideas—Education—Amusement.

J. H. SAUNDERS,
President.

W. D. JACKSON,
Secretary.



**CHILDREN
CRY FOR**

**Fletcher's
CASTORIA**

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

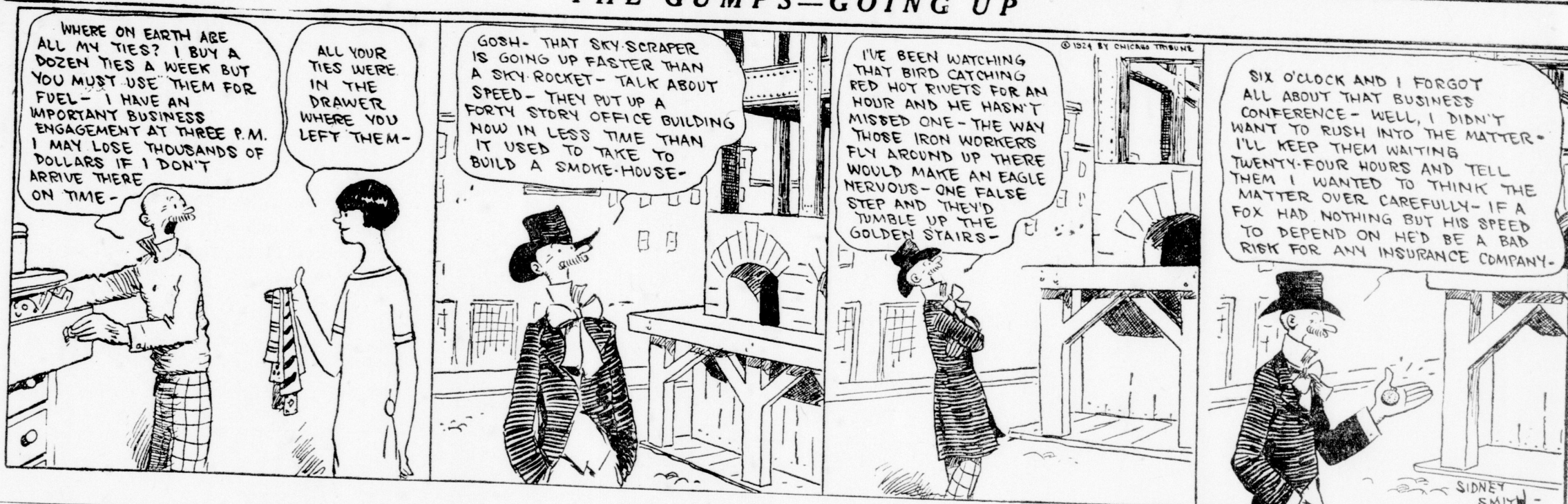
Constipation Wind Colic To Sweeten Stomach
Flatulency Diarrhea Regulate Bowels

Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates

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

GUMP, GOOGLE & CO., Experts In Laughter

THE GUMPS—GOING UP



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney's Not Worrying Now.

By BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

Casper Can't Bank on Getting Buttercup Interested.

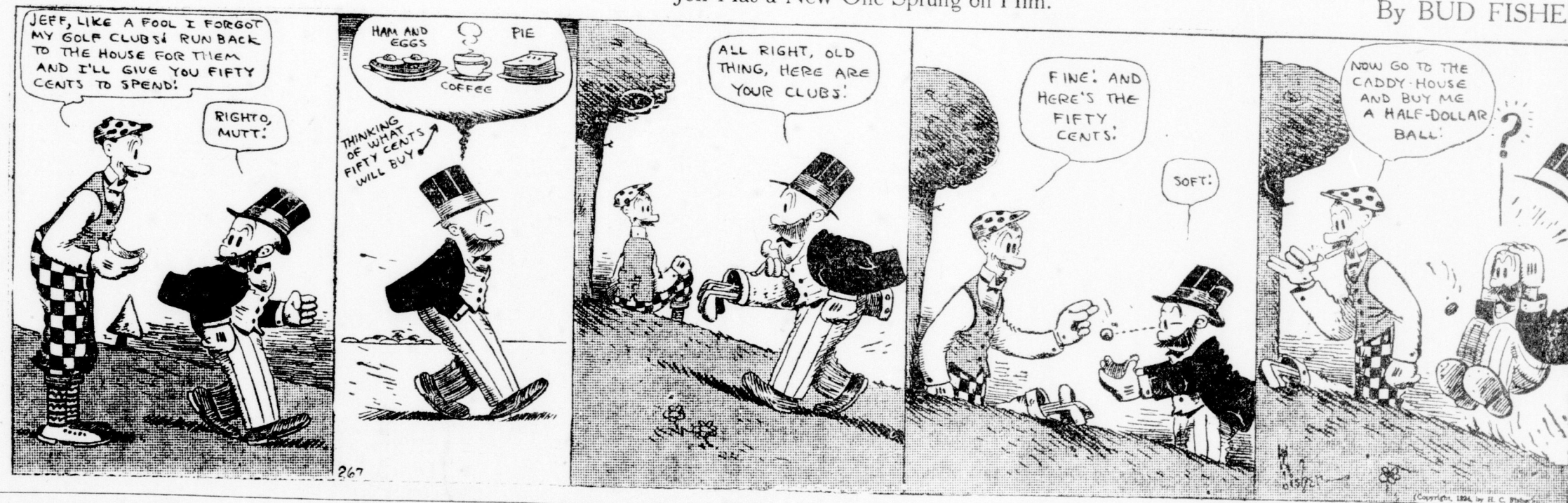
By JIMMY MURPHY



MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff Has a New One Sprung on Him.

By BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

That Grating Helped Jimmy Out.

By GENE BYRNES



Rowat's Coffee

Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.
70c Pound.
Try a Pound Today.

T. A. Rowat & Co.

250 Dundas St. E. Phone 3051-3052.

Our coffees are
exported, \$1.50 to
\$10.00. We have
trusses to fit
all needs.
ANDERSON
& NELLES,
268 Dundas St.
Cut show one of our
many lines.

Novelties; Toy Sail Boats; Sand
Pails; Paper Hats

Red Star News Co.

10 MARKET LANE

"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.

COAL :: COKE

Alberta Coal. Orders placed now will
be filled during August and September.
JENKINS FUEL CO.
Phone 1391.

Dr. J. W. Hutchison

OPTOMETRIST.
EXPERT EYE EXAMINATION
Office in Johnston Bros. Jewelry Store,
Next to Allen Theatre.

Quality Vulcanizing
Only.

ART WILKES

London Tire Repair Depot,
354 WELLINGTON STREET,
Opposite McClary's.

HAWKEN-LANG

COAL COMPANY
PHONE 522

LUMBER !

SHINGLES !
XXX B. C. \$5.75 per M.
XXXX B. C. \$6.75 " "
5X Specials \$8.00 " "
Garage V. Siding \$40.00 " "

GEO. H. BELTON LUMBER
COMPANY, LIMITED

Banner's Barber Shop
417 TALBOT STREET,
Haircut, 25c. Shave, 15c.
Five Barbers and Lady Attendant.
Marcelling a Specialty.

**MOUNT GEIKIE CONQUERED
IN CANADIAN'S THIRD TRIAL**

Peak of Highest Mountain in
Rampart Range Is
Reached.

26-HOUR CLIMB

Two Canadians and American
Forced To Brave Extreme
Difficulties.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, July 18.—Mount Geikie
has been conquered. After years of
unsuccessful endeavor by the best
alpinists in Canada and the United
States, this grim peak, highest and
most forbidding of all the mountains
in the Rampart range, Jasper Na-
tional Park, Alberta, has surrendered
to the efforts of two Canadians and
an American.

Those who successfully made the
climb were Cyril G. Waters, Edmon-
ton, Alta.; M. D. Geddes, Toronto,
Ont., and Val A. Fynn, St. Louis,
Mo. Their effort was a prodigious
one, necessitating twenty-six con-
tinuous hours of climbing to make
the ascent of 10,550 feet and the re-
turn to their camp in the Geikie
meadows.

The party left Jasper Park Lodge
on July 9, and proceeded over the
Barbican Pass to the Geikie mead-
ows. In order to survey their objec-
tive they climbed to the top of the
Barbican peak, 8,000 feet high, from
where they could get a good view of
the west face of Geikie. They found
that it would be impossible to ascend
this side and on a later journey that

the north face would also defy any
attempts to scale it. They there-
fore, planned their ascent in the
southeast side of the peak.

On July 14 at 2:30 o'clock in the
morning they began their climb. They
proceeded up a steep snow gully and
up rock chimneys, until finally they
reached a tremendous crack in the
face of the slope. Following this
crack they found it led straight
through to the head of the mountain
and emerged tunnel-like on the north
face to where the mountain dropped
a sheer 3,000 feet to the floor of the
Touquin Valley. They were forced to
retrace their steps.

Further up the mountain they
found their way blocked by a huge
chasm which could only be crossed
by a snow bridge, a drip from which
meant instant death. They took the
chance, and by lying at full length
on the bridge and working their way
across with elbows and knees, dis-
tributed their weight in such a way
that the bridge held and they crossed
in safety.

Higher up their climb was made
perilous by rotten rocks which gave
way beneath their weight and threat-
ened to hurl them and tons of rock
down the side of the mountain. With
in three hundred feet of the top, they
found themselves on the little seven-
foot ledge, where the last attempt
on the mountain had ended in 1923.

Creeching along this ledge, which en-
circled the south side of the moun-
tain, they were able to gain footholds
in the face of the cliff, and reach the
top at 4 o'clock in the afternoon.
Here they rested for a short time be-
fore commencing their descent, the
greater part of which was accom-
plished by moonlight. They arrived
back in their camp at 4:30 o'clock on
the morning of July 15.

Two other parties of alpinists were
waiting to make the attempt on
Geikie if this effort failed. Among
them was Dr. Therington, of New
York, who, with his guide Conrad
Kahn, saw the party on the top of
Geikie from the north side, and re-
turned to Jasper Park Lodge.

The three successful alpinists re-
turned to Jasper Park Lodge last
night and will remain there until
they go to Mount Robson, the highest
peak in the Canadian Rockies, at the
end of this month, to join the camp
of the Alpine Club of Canada, which
will attempt to reach the top of this
mighty peak, 13,068 feet above sea
level.

"Correct eye ex-
amination plus becoming
glasses that will not
interfere with your
appearance."

Says Mr. Foresight

Carlyle
REBILCOCK
OPTICIAN
233 DUNDAS STREET,
TELEPHONE 2351

Banner's Barber Shop
417 TALBOT STREET,
Haircut, 25c. Shave, 15c.
Five Barbers and Lady Attendant.
Marcelling a Specialty.

**Plan New Plea
To Save Youths
From Gallows**

Special to The Advertiser.

Chicago, July 18.—"Folie a
deux" is the latest legal wrinkle
which defence counsel are said to
be considering as a basis for the
insanity plea on which Nathan
Leopold and Dickie Loeb may be
kept from the gallows for slaying
little Robert Franks.

It took the two working to-
gether with an affinity of their
alleged abnormal or subnormal
minds to do it. Thus, "folie a
deux," or the follies of two, as a
basis of defence, if used in the
Leopold-Loeb trial may come to
be as famous as the numerous
"dementia Americana" in the
Thaw case.

Attorney Clarence Darrow, chief
defence counsel, admitted today
that reports from the alienists
"tended to support such a theory."

On July 14 at 2:30 o'clock in the
morning they began their climb. They
proceeded up a steep snow gully and
up rock chimneys, until finally they
reached a tremendous crack in the
face of the slope. Following this
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Five Barbers and Lady Attendant.
Marcelling a Specialty.

**FRANCE DISPUTES
VIEWS OF BRITAIN**

Difference Arises Over Punish-
ment To Germany in Case
of Default.

Associated Press Despatch.

London, July 18.—The first set-
back of the inter-allied conference
came today, when an unsuccessful
attempt was made to thrust out the
fundamental differences in the French
and British views as to how to deal
with possible German defaults under
the Dawes' reparations scheme and
the method of inflicting penalties for
such delinquencies.

At the end of the day's delibera-
tions the French and British were
still holding their views regarding de-
faults and sanctions. The British
are striving to establish an agent-
general of reparations as a sort of
grand jury for declaring defaults,
while the French maintain that the
authority of the reparations commis-
sion in this respect must not be im-
paired. Every British move to
diminish the influence of the repa-
rations commission has been met by
stiff oppositions from the French
delegates.

Upon the degree of understanding
and Heriot, that if the premiers can
devise ways and means for enforcing
the experts' plans to their own satis-
faction there will be little difficulty
in obtaining the approval of the ex-
pert committees.

There will be a lull in the confer-
ence over the week-end. Tomorrow
the delegates will attend the Wembley
exhibition, while on Sunday they will
be divided on visits at Chequers Court
and the country home of Lord Par-
mour.

**ONTARIO SEEKING
REDUCED RATES**

Committee May Carry Fight
To New York and
Liverpool.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, July 18.—According to a
statement issued today by the legis-
lature's agricultural inquiry com-
mittee, its investigations may be
carried to New York and Liverpool.

The statement recites the complaints
of the Western Ontario raisers of
beef cattle that a ruinous rate
agreement in respect to ocean space
by steamship companies is making it
impossible for them to continue in
the livestock business.

The statement explains that the cat-
tle-carrying trade is confined to
three of the regular lines—The White
Star Dominion, Anchor-Donaldson
and Manchester liners—running to
Manchester, Birkenhead and Glas-
gow, and having sufficient tonnage
to take care of more cattle than
Canada is likely to offer, at an
arbitrary minimum rate of 20c. "Ex-
porters cannot ship to other ports
than those served by these lines, and
so palpable is the destructive effect
of the 20c rate that ships often sail
either without cattle or with half
loads," reads the committee's state-
ment.

In the concluding paragraph of the
statement the opinion is expressed
that the only remedy for present
conditions is to get more ports opened
on the east coast of England and
Scotland, thus offering an opportunity
for the Canadian merchant marine.

**SHOWERS BENEFICIAL
TO LATE-SOWN CEREALS**

Rain Greatly Relieves Parched
Condition of Crops in
Western Canada.

Associated Press Despatch.

Winnipeg, July 18.—Rain was fairly
general throughout Alberta and Sas-
katchewan this morning and will
prove a material benefit to late sown
cereals. Many points report drench-
ing rains, and barometric indications
point to further precipitation. Show-
ers are predicted for Manitoba on
Saturday.

In Edmonton and district the rain
was fairly steady. Throughout Sas-
katchewan the rainfall was compara-
tively lighter but more general.

The charge arises out of a collision
between a sedan, alleged to have
been driven by McKay, and a lighter
car, driven by Albert Little of St.
Thomas, near the northerly limits of
Port Stanley. In the accident Mrs. R.
G. Rollos, who was in the lighter
car with her husband and Mr. Little,
was badly cut in the left hand. The
little finger was nearly severed, and
it is feared may become
necessary to remove the hand. She
is at present in Amasa Wood Hos-
pital here.

The sedan was badly damaged in
the accident, but the lighter car was
driven away under its own power.
The authorities are said to be
seeking two men who are reported
to have been in the car with McKay.

**BRITAIN COMMENTS
ON LIQUOR PLEBISCITE**

Says Canada Will Never
Again Tolerate Private
Trade in Intoxicants.

Associated Press Despatch.

London, July 18.—A warning to the
friends of the liquor trade in this
country not to count overmuch upon
the swing of the pendulum against
prohibition showed by the recent
anti-prohibition vote in British
Columbia, Alberta and Manitoba, and
now Saskatchewan, is given by the
Manchester Guardian. The Guardian
says that Saskatchewan's decision,
which is typical, makes no return to
the saloon bar.

"That evil is gone from North
America as surely as the public house
will go from England if it sinks to
the same depths of sordidness," the
Guardian declares. "Nor is there any
sign that the bulk of Canada will
again tolerate private trade in intoxi-
cants."

**NAVAL TRAINING BOAT
IN DISTRESS OFF BOSTON**

Associated Press Despatch.

New York, July 18.—Eagle boat No.
26, on a training cruise with sixty
naval reserve men aboard, is in dis-
tress off Boston, according to a radio
message received here today by the
naval communications station.

July Clearance Sale

BLOUSES, HOSIERY DRA PERIES, WALLPAPER AND
BASEMENT SALES MONDAY

Quite a diversified variety of attractive merchandise, as indicated by the above headline, the greater
portion of which will be found priced at half and some, as in the case of the clearance of hammocks,
much below half price. It will be well worth while to begin a full day's shopping tomorrow at 9
o'clock.

Summer Blouses In a Sale

Half-Price Clearance.



overblouse styles, and trimmed
guipure or val lace

Blouses to complete every
type of outfit which summer
fashions sponsor. From the
jaunty boyishness of striped
shirts to the charming femi-
ninity of lingerie blouses in
voile, or the more formal
beauty of silk crepes and vel-
vets. All these are included
in this remarkable half-priced
collection of broken lines.

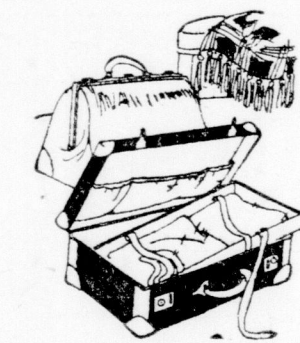
Costume Blouses of Crepe de
Chine, Velvet and Knitted
Rayon (fiber silk), in black,
gray, navy white and high
colors, with trimmings of
heads and embroideries
\$1.97 to \$9.00

Dainty Lingerie Blouse of
white voile and dimity or
cotton pongee in tucked-in
and pin-tucked panels, and
\$2.50, \$2.37 and \$2.87

Boysish Shirts of striped wineyette and cotton delaine, and
priced at \$2.50, \$2.37 and \$2.87

Clearance Sales In Basement

Hammocks, Glass Towel Bars, Suit Cases, Club
Bags, Aluminumware, Leather Goods, Quarter
and Half Off.



Genuine Heavy Cowhide Club Bags,
leather lined, 18-inch bags, in
brown leather \$14.25, \$15 and \$20.63

20-inch bags, in black or brown
leather \$15.75 and \$20.25

Heavy Cowhide Suit Cases, leather
lined, with leather straps and a
pocket in the lid.

24-inch Suit Cases, in brown leather
\$14.25, \$16.50,
\$17.25, \$18.00, \$21.38, \$26.25, \$31.50

26-inch Suit Cases, \$19.69, \$23.63
English Gladstone Bag \$13.13

Bathroom Fixtures, Quarter to Half Off

Four dozen Clear Glass Towel Bars, 18 to 24 inches, with brass
nickel-plated ends \$98c
One dozen Milk-White Towel Bars, with brass nickelplate ends,
18 inches, \$3.19; 24 inches \$3.94
Sixteen only White Metal Bathroom Shelves, with toothbrush
holder and towel bar attached 69c

Hammocks, \$1.39 and \$1.98. Less Than
Half Price

Twelve only Gaily-Colored Hammocks clearing at \$1.39
Twelve only Full-Length Hammocks at \$1.98

Aluminumware at Half Price

Thirty-two only Mullin Pans at 25c and 32c
Four Water Pails, 10-quart, \$1.37; 12-quart \$1.50
Four Omelet Pans \$1.37
Four Roasters \$1.37
Nine Potato Pots \$1.37
Two Preserving Kettles \$1.37
Two Small Preserving Kettles \$1.37
One Coffee Pot \$1.37
Two Strainer-Lid Saucepans \$1.37
Two Tea Kettles \$1.37
Eight Teapots \$1.37

**Soap and Soap Powder Specials for Monday's
Sale in Basement**

Fels-Naphtha Soap, 13 for \$1.00
Ivory Soap \$1.37 for \$1.00
Gold Soap \$1.37 for \$1.00
Comfort Soap \$1.37 for \$1.00
Snowflake Ammonia 3 for 23c
Rinso \$1.37 for \$1.00
Bon-Ami, cake or powder, 15c
Princess Soap Chips \$1.37 for \$1.00
Manning's Wonder Wash \$1.37 for \$1.00
Panshine \$1.37 for \$1.00

WINSOME SOAP
ONE CAKE FREE
With every 25c purchase one cake
extra this week.
Main Aisle.

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Restaurant—Fourth Floor.

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LABOR DAY
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BREAD LABELS**

