

## WORKMAN IS BADLY HURT WHEN HIT BY TRAIN

### Gasoline Price In London Cut To 26 Cents Per Gallon

### GAS PRICE IS REDUCED IN LONDON

Sold in Sections of the City  
Today For 26 Cents  
a Gallon.

#### LOWEST IN YEARS

Others Announce Cut Will  
Take Effect at Stations  
Tomorrow.

A two-cent cut in the price of gasoline, making the retail price 26 cents per gallon went into effect in London today.

The wholesale price which was 24 cents per gallon is now 22-1/2 cents. The reductions were announced by the Imperial Oil Company this morning.

The Superbest Gasoline Company will follow with a two-cent reduction in the retail price tomorrow.

Today's standard price for high quality gasoline is the lowest it has been in this district since the latter part of the war.

The two-cent cut follows closely on the heels of a similar reduction in gasoline prices put into effect several weeks ago. During the past month gasoline has dropped 4 cents in London.

The Imperial Oil Company's announcement comes as the result of a general three-cent reduction in the United States. Gasoline is now being sold in Detroit by the Standard Oil Company at a retail price of 15.8 cents per gallon.

Yesterday several local dealers offered gasoline at a price of 26 and 27 cents per gallon, probably in anticipation of today's general reduction.

Although gasoline has undergone two cuts in a short period, managers of local oil stations state that there is little indication of further reductions.

### INTERNATIONAL MATCH MUST BE PLAYED TODAY

Polo Game To Go On Regardless of the Weather  
Conditions.

Associated Press Despatch.  
New York, Sept. 13.—The postponed opening polo game of the international series will be played today at 4 o'clock regardless of weather conditions, except a heavy downpour of rain at the time, according to an announcement by the U. S. Polo Association, which is sponsoring the tournament. Three games will comprise the series through the first two may decide whether the cup, emblematic of championship now held by the Meadowbrook Club for the United States, shall return to Great Britain with the British team. The second game will be played on Tuesday, and the third next Saturday.

It seems that a touring car going north on Richmond street was struck by a car making the turn from the Sarnia gravel road. The northbound car was badly damaged and towed into the city for repairs.

High Constable Wharton was notified of the accident and is making an investigation.

Two motors crashed at the corner of Richmond street north and the Sarnia gravel at 9:30 this morning, the scene of yesterday's fatal accident where Allan McDonald of Detroit was killed.

No person was seriously injured in the accident this morning, according to information from the residence of Harry Marshall, who lives close to the corner.

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### C. N. R. EMPLOYEE STRUCK BY TRAIN

William Dodgson, Wellington  
Street, Receives Injuries  
That May Prove Fatal.

#### WOUNDED AT LENS

Metal Located When Man  
Applied For Study at  
Technical School.

William Dodgson, Wellington street, a sectionman employed on the C. N. R., received probably fatal injuries shortly after 11 o'clock this morning when he was struck by a westbound express, No. 17, at the Waterloo street crossing.

The train was taken to Victoria Hospital by Dr. Luney of the Institute of Public Health, who was passing by at the time of the accident. At the hospital it was found that he was suffering from a severe fracture of the skull and other injuries. He was in an unconscious condition when admitted and chances for recovery are slight. He was attended by Dr. Post, chief of staff of Victoria Hospital.

According to fellow-employees who were working with Dodgson, he was bending over the rails when the fast train approached from the east. He apparently didn't hear the call of the mine nor the whistle of the engine. He was struck by the side of the engine and hurled several yards.

The school at which Miss Garrett, of Pottersburg public school, has just received a letter from her sister, Miss Lottie Garrett, who is spending a year teaching at a school in West Ham, London, England. Miss Garrett writes that she is teaching a class of 53 girls. The classroom is only half the size of the regulation school for girls here. The girls are well behaved, and, according to English standards, their work is good.

The school at which Miss Garrett and two other Canadian teachers are stationed is one which provides instructions for no less than 1,800 girls. The calibre of their work is good, the London teacher writes.

Two years ago he decided to enter the London Technical School, and when he applied for admittance was subjected to a medical examination. The examiner located what he thought was a projecting bone near the spine, and suggested that have an X-ray taken by Dr. McNeil here.

This was done, and around the lump on the spine was seen a piece of iron.

The metal was so close to the backbone that doctors thought it could not be removed with safety. This summer, however, Inglis suffered acute pain, and entered Victoria Hospital. There Dr. Williams performed an intricate operation and after a brief convalescence the Stratford boy was discharged.

The piece of iron was removed from a section of the pelvis. It was a quarter of an inch thick. A house surgeon declared that when such a foreign substance gets into a man's body it moves around gradually and comes in contact with important nerves.

While in England, shrapnel was removed from all parts of Inglis' body and operations located pieces of metal under his skin all the way from the ankles to the head. Dr. Post of Victoria said today that all the lead which plunged itself into Inglis at Lens in 1917 is now removed and the young man may continue his work free from anxiety.

Mr. Inglis is living in Stratford with his parents.

The demand for farm labor has eased off considerably, J. C. Spencer on the government employment bureau states. He expects a demand for silo fillers in the near future and is of the opinion that men to work by the day will be in demand next week.

REPORTS GOOD ENROLLMENT.  
Principal R. G. Fowler of Empress avenue public school reports a good enrollment at his school this year. Preparations are commencing for the possible opening of the new school in January. Work is shaping up nicely and interior fittings and flooring are now being started.

Parents' complaints will come before committee.

When No. 1 committee of the board of education meets on Monday afternoon, some 25 complaints from parents will be taken up. These complaints deal with the assigning of children to different schools than those which they attended last term. The trustees have already upheld the inspectors in their move, but the committee will take up the various letters and a petition from Grey street parents regarding school attendance.

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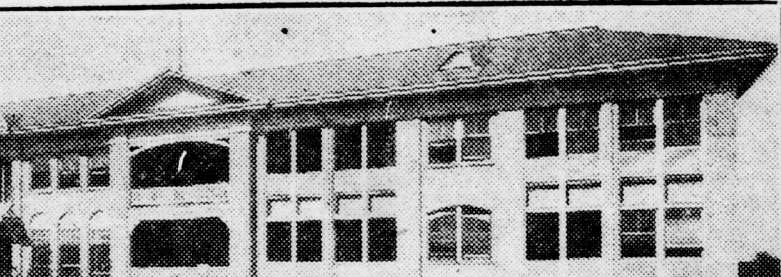
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THE WORK OF THE LATE LADY BECK.

At the top is shown the reception hospital of Byron Sanatorium, built largely through the work and sacrifice of the late Lady Beck. Below is the nurses' home, Lady Beck's own contribution to this great institution. Last night, at a concert, Londoners honored the stirring work of this great London woman.

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### FRANCE WILL GO LIMIT FOR ARBITRATION

Herriot Government Willing  
To Cast Aside All  
Restrictions.

#### ITALY'S ATTITUDE

Mussolini Agrees With United  
States on Vital Problems.

By PAUL SCOTT MOWBRER.  
Special to The Advertiser.

Geneva, Sept. 13.—The complicated problem of compulsory arbitration of all international disputes now is pre-occupying the delegates of the League of Nations. The great power which apparently is willing to go farthest in this respect is France, which thus far makes no reservations whatsoever except that arbitration decisions must be enforced by appropriate sanctions.

Italy tends to take the view which always hitherto has been that of the United States, namely that only questions not affecting the vital interest and national honor can be submitted to arbitration. It is pointed out, however, that the league covenant does not except these questions from its scheme of preventing war, consequently they must be considered as belonging to the political world of 1914 rather than that which is now being organized.

Jugo-Slavia and Rumania may try to except territorial questions from arbitration. These two countries have foreign minorities among their frontier regions and fear arbitration might result to their disadvantage. Great Britain seems to be ready to arbitrate all disputes whatsoever which may arise in peace time, but makes an important reservation concerning disputes which may arise as the result of the action of the British fleet in the Indian Ocean.

It is said that this British reservation is principally to Britain's desire to maintain the British conception of the right of search and seizure.

Here enters, however, an important consideration, namely, codification of international law. The Swedish delegation propose that the league should take the initiative in this codification.

Other figures for days this year are: Civic Holiday, 15,963, and the Sunday before Labor Day, which was the hottest day in the year, with the shade, had a figure of 8,000, an unusually high figure for a Sunday.

The allied branches of the printing trades will meet here tonight. The conference has been called under the auspices of the Ontario and Quebec International Typographical Union. Capt. J. A. P. Haydon, president, will be in the chair.

The following delegates from various unions will be in attendance: Printing pressmen and assistant journeymen, George R. Brunet, vice-president, Montreal; Elmer E. Roper, Montreal; Brotherhood of Bookbinders, J. Glick, vice-president, Toronto; James Pelletier, Montreal.

The stereotypers and photo-engraving unions as well as many local unions throughout Canada, will also be represented.

Matters pertaining to the common interests in the printing trade will come up for discussion.

Advertiser classified "Want" ads from day to day present many opportunities that are worth while.

### JAUNTY AIR DISAPPEARS AS PRISON GATES CLOSE

Leopold and Loeb Grow Pale  
When Parted For Last  
Time.

#### SPIRITS BROKEN

Joliet Convicts Promise To  
Thoroughly Tame Boy  
Slayers.

Special to The Advertiser.  
Joliet, Ill., Sept. 13.—A vista of years, stretching endlessly ahead—nothing but walls, high walls, hard work and a dismal, bare existence on food that grows as monotonous and tiresome as the fading hope of liberty—today excludes the despairing spirits of Nathan Leopold, Jun., and Richard Loeb, co-conspirators in the most twisted and atrocious crime of the generation.

Their aplomb gone, they staggered, almost fainting from fright, into the state penitentiary here Thursday night after a fast ride from Chicago with deputy sheriffs. There Leopold tipped his hat to women guests of Warden Whitman, and made an attempt to seem unconcerned. But it was a feeble attempt.

Asked what he thought of his new home, Leopold said: "I don't think much of it."

Loeb remarked: "It's pretty tough." Richard and Nathan stumbled into the prison corridor feebly. Convicts peered through the bars at these supercilious youths of whom they had read, and whom they have sworn in their grapevine way to "tame."

Don Prison Uniform.  
At the dispensary of prison clothing they were halted. Off came their fine white shirts, their natty suits, their bow ties and their silk socks. On went the uniform of the 2,000 other convicts. It is dull gray, wrinkled and certainly not fresh. The boys are dressed for the rest of their natural lives. They cannot hope to change from that style.

The unpleasant thought seemed to seep into their contemptuous minds. Solonness had crept over them. Defiance was gone. No comments now. Please See Page 12, Column 4.

Uncle Kills Girl  
Then Shoots Self

Two Bodies Are Found Near  
Wagoner, Oklahoma.

Associated Press Despatch.  
Wagoner, Okla., Sept. 13.—Lying in pools of blood on the bodies of 16-year-old Ellen Shaw and her uncle Oscar Shaw, 39 years old, were found today in a patch of woods a mile from their home, five miles northeast of Wagoner.

That the girl was slain by the man, who in turn turned the weapon upon himself to end his own life, was the verdict of a coroner's jury quickly assembled.

Associated Press Despatch.  
Cape Town, South Africa, Sept. 13.—J. H. Thomas, British colonial secretary who with Senator Boyer sailed for home today after touring South Africa with the empire parliamentarian delegation, declared in an interview that the South African Union's participation in the proposed empire conference in London must not be taken as abrogating the rights of dominion or of delegating to someone else what was and must remain a cabinet responsibility.

The conference, he said, was being called to explore the whole empire situation.

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### VOTE FAIR IN OPINION OF PASTORS

Londoners Express Opinions  
on Plebiscite Announcement  
Made Today.

#### STAND BY O. T. A.

Urge That Steps Be Taken To  
Halt Manufacture of  
Liquor.

That the questions to be voted on throughout the province next October regarding the continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act or the introduction of government sale and control as intimated by Premier Ferguson in this morning's papers are very fair, in the opinion of a prominent local clergyman.

Another minister holding a responsible official position in his church calls upon the dry forces to unite themselves to not only fight against government control, but to inaugurate a vigorous campaign for the prohibition of the manufacture of the intoxicating liquor.

Other temperance officials interviewed this morning declined to make any comment until they had time to more cleverly understand the situation and the questions to be voted on.

Rev. H. J. Uren, pastor of Colborne Street Methodist Church, and president of the London Methodist conference gave out the following statement this morning:

"At last the questions are announced. The people have now to decide whether they wish continuance of the O. T. A. or the introduction of government sale. The demand for a vote has not been from the dry forces. Temperance people are a unit in standing by the O. T. A. as the most advanced temperance law that has ever been placed on the statute books. They have confidence in that law, under which prohibition is made a permanent law. Government sale means a partial return to the old system. No matter what may be promised of government control of the sale of liquor, it is a step in the direction of the O. T. A. There is a fine line between the O. T. A. and the O. T. A. and the O. T. A. is inevitably ahead of any system of sale by government control. Instead of going back to the old system, we must forward and prohibit the manufacture."

Rev. Col. Beattie.

The comment of Rev. Col. Wm. Beattie, D. D., M. C., pastor of First Presbyterian Church, was as follows:

"Like many others, I protested against the re-opening of the question of prohibition. In view, however, of the decision of the government to feel out public opinion on the two questions, continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act or the establishment of what they term government control, I believe that we can secure a fine example of which was seen during the election of 1917. I attended the Fair on this issue and saw and heard one individual who showed the slightest sign of having imbibed intoxicating liquor. A vote for government sale will not be a triumph for prohibition. It will be a triumph for the liquor trade. When seen this morning by The Advertiser, Rev. David Williams, bishop of Huron, declined to make any comment."

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Associated Press Despatch.  
Cape Town, South Africa, Sept.



## 19:



# Trades and Labor Congress Opens Fortieth Annual Convention In City Monday

## CONVENTION OPENS IN CITY MONDAY

Fortieth Annual Meeting of Congress To Be held in Masonic Temple.

### PLAN BIG PROGRAM

The 40th annual convention of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress will open in London on Monday morning at 10 o'clock. The convention will be held in the Masonic Temple, and elaborate plans are being made by the London convention committee to make the week a thorough success.

It is expected that nearly 600 delegates will be present from all parts of Canada. There will be delegates from the American Federation of Labor and the British Trade Unions. The women will be represented by members of the Women's Trade Union League of North America.

The business sessions will occupy the mornings and afternoons. The evenings will be devoted to entertaining the visiting delegates. There has been no definite program arranged for the business sessions, as yet.

The entertainment committee has arranged for trips to Springbank and Port Stanley, as well as banquets and dances, in honor of the visitors.

There will be prominent speakers from all parts of Canada, England and the United States, as well as speakers from the ranks of labor. The clergy and the government will be represented.

A reception committee, headed by Delegate McGuire, will meet all trains on Saturday and Sunday. Delegates will register with the secretary at the Tecumseh Hotel. A list of hotels and private houses will be kept on file there, so that all visitors will find comfortable quarters.

Among those who have been invited to address the delegates are: The Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, prime minister of Canada; the Hon. Howard Ferguson, premier of Ontario; Jane Adams, Sir Adam Beck, Mayor of London; Robert Burke, Minister of Labor; Robert Burke, Minister of the Police Department; the Hon. Forbes Godfrey, Minister of Health; Ald. Frank McKay; William Irvine, M.P., Calgary; J. S. Woodsworth, M.P., Winnipeg; and Miss Leslie, representing the Women's Trade Union League of North America.

The general headquarters will be at the Tecumseh Hotel. A committee headed by local Secretary Fred Burke will be stationed at the headquarters throughout the week to give out general information for the convenience of the visiting delegates. The members of the convention committee in charge of the entertainment program have arranged for a get-together dance at the Masonic Temple on Monday evening.

The citizens of London are invited to attend and entertain the visitors.

Tuesday evening the ladies' entertainment committee will take visiting ladies to Springbank and Byron Sanatorium. The members of the committee will be hostesses at an afternoon tea to be given in one of the downtown cafes.

The details have not yet been completed. The arrangements for a big picnic to be held at Springbank or Port Stanley. The weather will be a deciding factor in the picnic program.

If it rains it is probable that a theatre party will replace the outdoor fun.

**Prepare Sport Program.** A big program of sports and games has been drawn up with special prizes for the visiting delegates and their friends.

On Thursday afternoon the Women's Labor Party will give a banquet in the Labor Temple in honor of the visiting ladies. Preparations are being made to make this one of the outstanding events of the week.

There will be a program of songs and recitations. Mrs. F. W. Wells is convener. Mrs. F. W. Wells will take the place of Mrs. William Bernard, president of the Women's Labor Party, who is at present out of the city. Preparations are being made to receive 200 guests on the evening of the members of the local unions will have an opportunity of meeting and entertaining visiting brethren of the various unions.

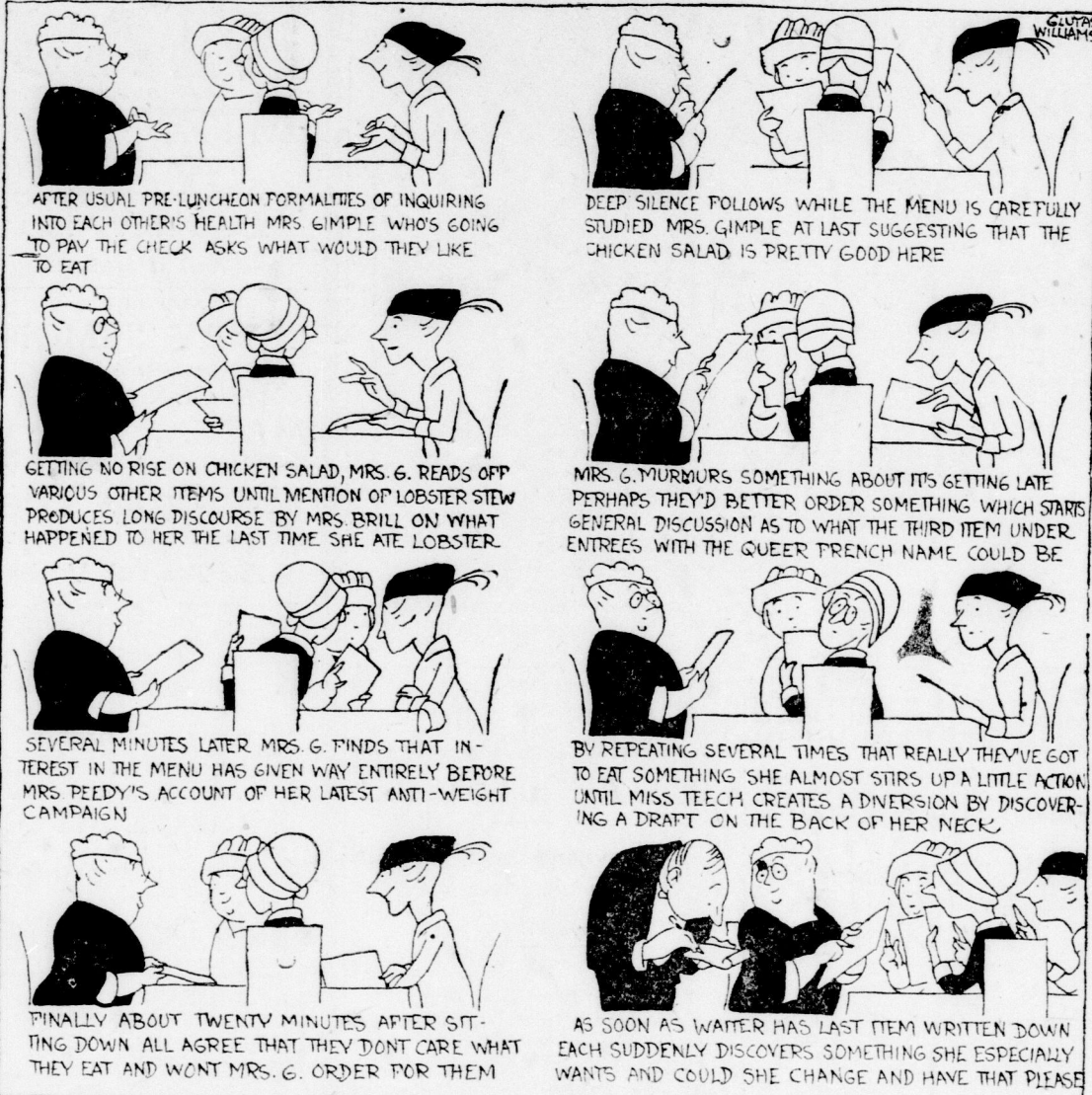
The convention committee held a meeting in the Labor Temple last night to go over the plans for the coming week. Eighteen members were present. Besides taking up questions of entertainment, greetings from well wishers were read, one of these was a cablegram from the head of the Russian Ladies Union, congratulating the success of the 40th annual convention of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress.

The local convention committee is composed of the following members: Donald Wright, general chairman; Fred Burke, secretary; Ald. Frank McKay, chairman of the ladies' entertainment committee; John Colbert, chairman of the entertainment committee; John McGuire, president of the Trades and Labor Council; chairman of the reception committee; Gordon Ingram of the Health Association; Father Chisholm, Mrs. John Rose, Mrs. Ronald Harris of the Red Cross Association and President Harry Wray, all of whom laid their tribute of thanks reverently at the altar of dear memory. But the voice of sacrifice and accomplishment spoke most clearly in the last echoes of the blessing of the patroness.

**Present Certificate.** During the evening a presentation "Lead Kindly Light," and the voice of the G. W. V. A. certificates of

**TO HOLD ANNIVERSARY.** Atwood, Sept. 12. The Baptist Church will hold their anniversary on Sunday next. Rev. E. E. Shields of Toronto will preach and give an address on missions on Monday evening.

## Snapshots Of A Luncheon party Ordering



## Friends Who Loved Her and the Sick She Helped Honor Name of Lady Beck

Memory of the Patroness of Byron Sanatorium Hallowed at Service.

### GIVE CERTIFICATES

Gratitude of All London For Work of Mercy Finds Expression.

In the little white-washed auditorium of the Byron Sanatorium, the memory of Lady Beck was hallowed last night by a memorial service.

Lady Beck was the founder and beloved patroness of the sanatorium, and this informal service was the intimate shelter of the small building was a love token from those who had been her intimate friends and from those whom in their fight for health her work had helped and a tribute of sincere respect from those who knew her only by the material results of her untiring sacrifice.

From the opening bars of "O Canada," by the band of the London command of the G.W.V.A., to the last strains of "Lead Kindly Light," the hymn by which the "beloved patroness" is best remembered to Londoners, the spirit of Lady Beck, the Florence Nightingale of Byron, rested in quiet beneficence over the gathering, a sweet benison of mother love for all suffering and hurt, that had worked so long in behalf of those in need and at last saw the work finished and called good.

**Moved by G. W. V. A.** Three years after the Lady of the Hill passed on this service was instituted by the local command of the Great War Veterans' Association, a token of their love and gratitude and a memorial which their president, Harry Wray last night said, would be continued into the coming years "as long as the command has a band to play, and a heart to remember a supreme love."

Sir Adam Beck was prevented by his illness from being present, and his absence was deplored by Harry Wray, who presided in his opening address. Miss Marion Beck, however, was a visitor and sat throughout the service with some friends at one side.

Mr. Wray, in a brief address, outlined the progress that had been made in the work of the sanatorium since its inception in 1914 by Lady Beck, from the time when there were but ten patients up to the present time when nearly four thousand patients had passed through the wards, and when the investment was over two million dollars. He was rewarded with cheers when he told the audience that London with a tubercular rate of 58 per thousand was the lowest in the Dominion, and that this was primarily the result of the efforts and work of Lady Beck.

"Service without reward," he said, "was the keynote of her life, and it took expression in the building of this great life-saving institution on the banks of the Thames."

**Gratitude Expressed.** To the 500 patients of the sanatorium, visitors and nurses of the staff the occasion was unique. For the first time the spirit of the long white buildings overlooking the winding, heavy-timbered Thames was made manifest and given tongue.

The speakers included Bishop Williams, Mrs. F. W. Wells, Gordon Ingram of the Health Association, Father Chisholm, Mrs. John Rose, Mrs. Ronald Harris of the Red Cross Association and President Harry Wray, all of whom laid their tribute of thanks reverently at the altar of dear memory. But the voice of sacrifice and accomplishment spoke most clearly in the last echoes of the blessing of the patroness.

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## Jack Johnson Now Evangelist

Associated Press Despatch. Hamilton, Ont., Sept. 12.—Jack Johnson, former heavy-weight boxing champion, bull fighter, saloon keeper, cabaret proprietor, has turned evangelist. The big negro will make his debut in the pulpit of the colored Baptist Church here September 28. The subject of his sermon will be "My Experiences."

merit, the first of its kind in the history of the association, was made by the president to Miss Marion Beck, the first being in memory of Lady Beck and the other in honor of the life and service of Sir Adam.

"These certificates," said President Harry Wray, "we call the civilian V. C. They are given by the association only in cases of unusual and exceeding merit. These two certificates, which are the first to be bestowed anywhere in the Dominion, are given as a token of our appreciation and gratitude of a lady whose memory we love and a man whose work we admire."

Miss Marion Beck, who received them on the platform, was accompanied by a guard of honor, made up of the following members of the London command: E. Atkins, G. R. Bridge, D. Finlayson, T. J. Holmes, J. Voudsen, M. Noble George Turner, J. McNamara, E. Bates and T. L. O'Neill.

**"Service Without Reward."** In all the speeches "Service without reward" was the keynote of the message. Mrs. John Rose, who spoke on behalf of the women of London, paid a charmingly worded tribute to the late patroness.

"Tonight," she said, "surely we have the spirit of our beloved patroness with us. She who built this sanatorium is loved by all for two reasons. We love her for her kindness, and we adore her for her ex-ecutive ability. Both were necessary to the success of this place, and both were sorely needed in bringing it through the troublous times after its inception."

"The example she set us of absolutely unselfish sacrifices is vivid. It demands by its very courage and grandeur that we in turn should give more than merely thanks. She set the example of individual responsibility for the relief of suffering. She blazed the trail of service to pain-worn humanity, and the fullness of love and appreciation will be seen in the manner of our following."

Bishop Williams declared that the greatest service rendered by Lady Beck had been the inspiring and sustaining of her husband in his life work, by which the community he served and had benefited to an extent unparalleled in the history of Ontario.

"She carried out her duties," he stated, "as God gave her to see fit, and she had said in the words of Wren, 'the architect of old St. Paul's Cathedral in London, England. If ye seek my monument, look around you.' She set a spiritual example. She gave us material help for the suffering, and she left us a memory of service in a worthy cause we should be proud to imitate in our own lives."

Mrs. Ronald Harris referred to Lady Beck as the founder of the London Red Cross Association and the first president, acknowledging the tremendous effort she had made at all times in behalf of the association and of all Red Cross workers in Western Ontario.

Grand White, M. P., George Moore, organizer of the Veterans' Dominion Poppy Day, and representing nineteen commands of the G. W. V. A.,

## BASEBALL DIAMOND MAYOR'S NEW PLAN

Announces That Start on Queen's Park Project Will Be Made Monday.

On Monday morning a start will be made in the construction of the baseball diamond at Queen's Park, the mayor said today.

Some time ago the Western Fair Board and the council reached an agreement that the inside of the race track might very economically be turned into a fine ball diamond at comparatively small cost and with eventually some benefit to the city. Mayor Wenize in view of the men who are wanting work believe in speed and says:

"The first thing to do is to have the stage and other buildings, together with the electric light poles, etc., taken down in order that the ground may be leveled. The stage should get right to work on Monday morning on this by having a gang of men start cutting up the stage into sections. The sections could be stored in some building there until they will be needed next year. The poles could be taken down and the fences, also. Then, with everything out of the way, the grounds can be graded this fall and the diamond can be ready for use next spring for replacing the stage and the electric lighting poles. Some way can be found whereby they can be replaced every year and removed again without much trouble. It will be time enough to worry about that next summer. The main thing now is to start work on the ball diamond."

City Engineer Near states that while work can be commenced soon, he doubts whether the stage and other buildings can be removed without some further definite orders. But the grounds can be graded and filled with ashes this winter and that will be done.

**FUSSY ONE IS SATISFIED WITH "NEW" EXPLANATION**

Speaking of the fussy patient, a well-known London dentist tells this one about a dentist friend of his who is well known for his sense of humor. His specialty is plate work. The other day he was about to take an impression for a set of teeth. The patient, a middle-aged man, is fussy. When he saw the wax which was used for taking the impression, he told the dentist that he hoped that the stuff was not used over and over again. To which the wagish dentist replied, with dignity:

"My dear sir, it never goes in the same mouth twice."

Quite satisfied, the patient laid his head back and had the impression taken.

**COLLECTING SNAPS.** The Y. M. C. A. is making a collection of snapshots of the members of the association who are over 18 years of age. It is hoped that within two weeks over 200 will be collected. They will be worked into a suitable design and used for publicity work.

W. F. Sherwin is taking care of the work.

Father Chisholm, and Gordon Ingram added their quota to the universal tribute paid during the evening.

Under the leadership of Lieut. C. C. Irwin, the band played a long program of music, which included such divergent numbers as "A Medal of Old Irish Airs," "Colonel Bogey," "O Canada," "Lead Kindly Light" and "Moon Moths." Large vases of gladioli, brought from the flower show in the city, graced the platform and the window sills, and made an effective setting for the white uniforms of the nurses and the plain clothes of the patients.

By 10 o'clock the memorial service had been brought to a fitting end and the patients and visitors left the building, wandering out into the cool night air, having paid a community tribute to the patroness, for the first time since her death in October, 1921.

## GROUND-EMPTY AT QUEEN'S PARK

Officials Are Prepared For Big Athletic Meet in the Afternoon.

### REMOVE EXHIBITS

If Oliver Goldsmith were alive today he could get lots of material for a second edition of the "Deserted Village" by a walk through the Western Fair grounds. True, the grounds are not entirely deserted, for several hundred men are busy tearing down exhibits and carting them off to be shipped back to warehouses.

By noon the greater amount of exhibits had been removed, while a lot more went out this afternoon while the fair offices have been moved back to the Dominion Savings building.

"It will be impossible to clear the buildings today," stated Secretary Jackson. "There will be a hangover till Monday in many cases."

The Johnny Jones show moved out during the night for a long jump to Tennessee, and a deathlike silence pervades over the spot where a few hours ago hoarse-voiced barkers invited one on to look at the bearded lady.

The fickleness of the weather man was demonstrated today. Once he knew the fair was over he turned on the sunshine tap, which should have been operating earlier in the week.

However, his smiling attentions will not come amiss, as they will help swell the attendance at the big athletic meet at Queen's Park this afternoon. Over 300 entries have been received in the various events, and the crowd can expect some close finishes.

## THAMES PARK IS BIG CHIEF OF LONDON'S PLAYGROUNDS

Is the Highest in Average Daily and Average Weekly Attendance.

1,350 IN ONE DAY

Average Weekly Attendance at All Parks Is 10,060, Supervisor Announces.

Thames Park won more than a few honors in civic playgrounds efforts this year. Highest in average daily and average weekly attendance, with the greatest attendance on any single day and in any one week, Thames led the others. Thames had the greatest number of points in all competition for the summer. However, because of a handicapping system arranged to help the smaller playgrounds, the season finished with every playground, furnishing a good score. Some started in one line of endeavor, and some came through in something else. Thames Park had point winners in almost everything, the swimming and diving champions helping out particularly well.

According to Chief Supervisor Jerry Goodman, Thames had as many as 1,350 on the playground in one day, the largest of the year. In one week Thames totaled 3,125 children in attendance. The average for the whole season was 2,532.

Average daily and weekly attendance is given as follows by Mr. Goodman:

	Daily	Weekly
Birkett's	206	1,820
Bottrills	118	714
Lord Roberts	203	1,219
Queens	311	1,870
Riverview	84	505
Simcoe	80	473
Thames	428	2,532
Tecumseh	151	907
Totals	1,694	10,060

These averages cover a period of approximately nine weeks, the duration

## Stillman Fights Award To Wife

White Plains, N. Y., Sept. 13.—James A. Stillman, who successfully brought a divorce suit against his wife, will contest the action of Supreme Court Justice Morschauser in awarding to Mrs. Stillman \$15,000 in additional counsel fees for the preparation of her case for the court of appeals, it was learned today. Mr. Stillman, who has taken his suit to the highest court of the state, will appeal Justice Morschauser's award to the appellate division of the supreme court, which will hear arguments next month.

In view of the adverse weather conditions during Fair Week it is highly probable that any appeals from the Western Fair Board to the city council for help will be favorably considered, in the opinion of Alderman Allan Towe.

When the council turned down the request of the Western Fair Association for a \$5,000 guarantee to cover a possible deficit resulting from loss of gate receipts, owing to the inauguration of a 25c fee, it was with a distinctly understood, though unspoken feeling in the council that the city would stand behind the Fair in any reasonable request made after the Fair was over.

There is little doubt that the Fair board will face a considerable deficit this year, with attendance figures so much less than in 1923, and with the 25c admission fee in operation.

"I certainly think that the city council will consider any reasonable proposition the board makes," states Ald. Towe. "Why shouldn't it? The Western Fair is a city institution, and the city certainly should support it financially."

Ald. Greer intimated that this was his attitude on the matter, although he would not say definitely what stand he is taking on the matter.

"I would have to think the thing over," he said, "but there is no doubt that the Western Fair board ran into some hard luck and is not to be blamed for any deficit. I voted against granting the guarantee of \$50,000. I don't know what my stand would be if the board appealed to the council for assistance."

**WELLINGTON BRIDGE IS CLOSED TO TRAFFIC**

Wellington street bridge will be closed for two weeks, City Engineer W. P. Near announced today. This is necessary in order to allow paving operations to be continued on Wellington street right to the bridge.

It is possible to keep one side of the road open between Horton and South streets, but it is not possible in the case of the bridge work. The engineer estimates that two weeks will be long enough to allow of the completion of the work. Meanwhile the bridge will remain open to pedestrian traffic and the street railway service.

## Same Good Car—but New and More Beautiful Lines—

OLDSMOBILE has always been a good-looking car—but the REFINED Oldsmobile, now presented, outshines any previous model in handsomeness.

No matter what price you pay, you can not get a better-looking car than the REFINED Oldsmobile Six.

Underneath the many new refinements—the new, distinctive radiator design—the raised hood—the new cowl-lamps—Oldsmobile remains the same good car that has so completely revolutionized the established standards of automobile values.

See this refined Oldsmobile Six. Find out for yourself how good a car and how good-looking a car it really is.

**Universal Motor Sales**  
354-360 Clarence Street :: London, Ontario.

# OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS



Offerings At Leading  
London TheatresSTAR OF SCREENDOM  
IN "VIRTUOUS LIARS"Fallacy of "White Lies" Comes  
to the Majestic Next  
Week.

How one change will start a career in motion pictures is shown by the appearance of Edith Allen in the leading role of "Virtuous Liars," the Whitman Bennett production, which will be seen at the Majestic Theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, with three shows daily. Miss Allen has been seen in many pictures here, where she has a host of admirers, but she will be remembered chiefly by the success of her characterization in "Scaramouche."

Though "Virtuous Liars" is a big feature and a magnificent production, with rich New York settings as a background for most of the scenes, it is not the whole program. The management of the Majestic Theatre has been decidedly fortunate in being able to secure another Larry Semon comedy entitled "The Sportsman." The picture is declared to be the best effort at laugh-making Semon has yet turned out and even better than those seen in recent weeks.

Three acts of big-time vaudeville have also been booked. They include Gordon and Jolyce, presenting "Nearly a Home Run," a distinctly out-of-the-ordinary vaudeville attraction; Ray Walzer, who under the caption of "The Nut," dispenses mirth in its latest and most humorous form. There is also Wedge, Van and Wedge, who will be seen in comedy, singing, talking and dancing. It can, therefore, be seen at a glance that a decided treat is in store for those who attend the Majestic Theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Previous talent displayed by Edith Allen, the producers say, was the reason they selected her for the role of leading lady in "Virtuous Liars."



Scene from "Discarded Wives," at the Grand Opera House Monday and Tuesday, with matinees daily for ladies only.

and when William Bennett began looking about for exceptional screen talent for this great picture he recalled the marked impression Miss Allen's work had made upon him and he sent for her.

The more honor goes to Miss Allen when it is understood that this is Mr. Bennett's first effort as a director, although he has produced independ-

ently for several years. The combination of director and new leading woman has proved successful, however, and Miss Allen is on her way to stellar heights in motion pictures.

David Powell has the leading male role, and others in important parts are Maurice Costello, Ralph Kellard, Naomi Childers, Barry McIntosh and Dagmar Godowsky.

## At the Grand

Today, matinee 2:15, evening 8:15—Your last chance to see Capt. M. W. Plunkett and his reunited company of Dumbells in the offering London has stamped as the best yet, "Ace High," with Al and Morley Plunkett, "Red" Newman, Arthur Holland, Pat Rafferty, Stan Bennett and an entirely new orchestra, playing popular and jazzy melodies.

Monday and Tuesday, with daily matinees at 2:15 for ladies only, evenings at 8:15—Latest and best of the season's comedy-dramas, "Discarded Wives," a play dealing with the domestic side of married life and offering a logical solution for the divorce evil.

Thursday, Friday, Saturday, with matinees Friday and Saturday at 2:15, evening showings at 8:15—Cecil B. De Mille's stupendous spectacle, "The Ten Commandments," direct from a most successful run at Massey Hall, Toronto, and identically the same as presented in New York City with an orchestral accompaniment of 20 pieces. The picture newspapers everywhere have praised, and London's first and only opportunity this season to see the events of Biblical history portrayed in all their splendor, with Leatrice Joy, Estelle Taylor, Gino Corrado, Theodore Roberts, Nita Naldi and all the famous de Mille screen celebrities in the leading roles.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, with matinees daily for ladies only, evenings at 8:15—The Mutual Burlesque Theatre, and the management of this company have produced an entertainment rich in tuneful melody, song and fun.

A company of about forty singers is employed in the presentation of this hilariously diverting show, which was written for amusement purposes. "Hurry Up" has many salient features, and the musical program, which is replete with gems, contains many song hits that will linger in your memory after you have heard them, as the most of them are original and especially written for this attraction.

"Hurry Up" is purely a concoction of fun and merriment, and is the type of entertainment that appeals to all who want to be amused, which is one of the best reasons that it has been attracting large audiences in every theatre it has played this season.

"Hurry Up" has a very pretentious company, which includes such well-

known burlesque entertainers as Harry Pepper, George Brennan, Ambark Ali, Jessie MacDonald, Vi Penny, Jackie Addison, Bernice Clark and Beatrice Savoy, including an attractively gowned Sun-Kist chorus, which is not only a look upon but able to sing tunelessly many song hits.

Many specialties lend charm to this wonderful burlesque entertainment, and from beginning to end there is never a dull moment, as it moves rapidly and smoothly to a logical end.

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Chas De Roche and Theodore Roberts as "Moses" in the most spectacular production ever seen in London, "The Ten Commandments," next Thursday, Friday and Saturday at the Grand. Evening showings will commence at 8:15, with matinee on Friday and Saturday at 2:15.

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"Hurry Up" is purely a concoction of fun and merriment, and is the type of entertainment that appeals to all who want to be amused, which is one of the best reasons that it has been attracting large audiences in every theatre it has played this season.

"Hurry Up" has a very pretentious company, which includes such well-

known burlesque entertainers as Harry Pepper, George Brennan, Ambark Ali, Jessie MacDonald, Vi Penny, Jackie Addison, Bernice Clark and Beatrice Savoy, including an attractively gowned Sun-Kist chorus, which is not only a look upon but able to sing tunelessly many song hits.

Many specialties lend charm to this wonderful burlesque entertainment, and from beginning to end there is never a dull moment, as it moves rapidly and smoothly to a logical end.

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In Play and Picture for  
Your PleasureTHE NEW  
MAJESTIC  
HOME OF BURLESQUE, VAUDEVILLE AND PHOTOPLAYS.MATINEE, 2:15 — TODAY — EVENING, 7 and 9.  
YOUR LAST CHANCE! SEE IT TODAY!

## "BETWEEN FRIENDS"

Shall a Man Forgive, or is Revenge Sweeter?

AND LET  
LARRY SEMON  
Entertain You With  
"Gall & Golf"

MATS. ALL SEATS 15c Except Sat's EV'GS. Shows 25c, 35c

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday  
MATINEES 2:15 TWICE DAILY EVENINGS 8:15

The Tuneful, Musical Burlesque Show of Wonders

## HURRY UP

— WITH —  
HARRY PEPPER AND GEORGE BRENNAN  
AND A COMPANY OF FAVORITES, INCLUDING  
AMBARK ALI JESSIE McDONALD  
VI PENNY BERNIE CLARK  
JACKIE ADDISON

Sunkist Chorus of Youthful Singing and Dancing Girls

MATINEES 25c & 50c Ladies' Daily Bar- gain Mats. 25c  
EV'GS 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1

SEATS NOW SELLING. HAVE YOU GOT YOURS?

Thursday, Friday and Saturday  
MATINEES 2:15 3-SHOWS DAILY-3 EVENINGS 7 and 9

Can a Woman Obtain a Living for Her Fatherless Children Honorably in New York's Smart Set Without White Lies?—See

## "VIRTUOUS LIARS"

A WILLIAM BENNETT PRODUCTION

Also "The Sportsman," another Larry Semon Comedy.

## V-A-U-D-E-V-I-L-L-E

GORDON and JOLYCE Nearly a Home Run. RAY WALZER "The Nut." WEDGE, VAN and WEDGE Comedy, Singing, Talking.

MATS. ALL SEATS 15c Except Sat's EV'GS. Shows 25c, 35c

The Today—Your last chance to see in "ACE HIGH"  
Dumbells MATINEE 2:15. EVENING 8:15.

## GRAND

Monday Tuesday  
THE HOME OF AMUSEMENT.

TWO DAYS ONLY—SEATS NOW SELLING—TWO DAYS ONLY

## MATINEES DAILY FOR LADIES ONLY

50c BEST SEATS 50c—Add Tax—NO CHILDREN ADMITTED  
NIGHTS 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1—Add Tax—FOR EVERYONE OVER 16

Lives of a Million Women Wasted—

Why Doesn't Love Last After Marriage?

GIRLS! SEE THIS PLAY BEFORE YOU MARRY!

A STARTLING DRAMA OF LOVELESS MARRIAGE  
TENSELY APPEALING!

## DISCARDED WIVES

NOT A MOVING PICTURE

THE STORY OF A WOMAN'S SOUL!

IF YOU ARE IN LOVE YOU ARE GOING TO MARRY YOU ARE MARRIED SEE THIS WONDERFUL PLAY

The PLAY FOR ADULTS OVER 16 YEARS OF AGE

Will You Be Able to Hold the Love of the One You Cherish—Or Will Your Marriage End in Divorce?

At the Matinees Daily, for Ladies Only, a Special Lecture Has Been Arranged.

679

## BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

Only The Best Can Stand The Test

## Coming—The Outstanding Attraction In London

Direct from a Successful Engagement at Massey Hall, Toronto

## GRAND 3 DAYS Beginning Next THURSDAY Evening at 8:15

ONLY TWICE DAILY—FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—AT 2:15 AND 8:15

ADOLPH ZUKOR AND JESSE L. LASKY PRESENT THE

## MIGHTIEST DRAMATIC SPECTACLE OF ALL THE AGES

BY CECIL B. DEMILLE

## The TEN COMMANDMENTS

STORY BY JEANIE MACGHERSON PRODUCTION OF FAMOUS PLAYERS—LASKY CORPORATION A Paramount Picture

Toronto Globe said: "One of the greatest epics of screen dramas."

Toronto Mail and Empire said: "Nothing finer has been done in the films."

Toronto Star Weekly: "Ten Commandments" very impressive."

Toronto Evening Telegram: "De Mille has surpassed himself."

ORCHESTRA OF TWENTY.  
SEAT SALE OPENS MONDAY FOR ALL PERFORMANCES. SECURE IN ADVANCE.  
ALL SEATS RESERVED.  
PRICES: MATINEES, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, PLUS TAX. EVENINGS, 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, PLUS TAX.  
MAIL ORDERS NOW WITH REMITTANCE, PLUS TAX, FILLED IN ORDER OF RECEIPT.Read  
Hector Charlesworth in Saturday Night said: "From the purely spectacular standpoint, 'The Ten Commandments' bears the same relation to other film dramas as does Max Reinhardt's famous production of 'The Miracle' to other spectacles—all star cast."

News Mirror: "Preaches a powerful sermon which our churches will do well to imitate."



# THE THEATRES NEXT WEEK

## DRAMA OF AFRICA TO BE SEEN AT LOEW'S

Betty Compson Stars in an  
Intensely Human Story  
of Tangled Lines.

Johannesburg, South Africa—like Hollywood, Calif.—is one of those places everybody intends to visit some time, and few ever see.

When Fred Wood, the producer, director, set out to film "The Female," with Betty Compson as the star, they enlisted the aid of men and women who had actually lived in that little-known land as technical directors in every step.

"The Female" is a tremendously human story written around the tangled lives of a woman and two men. It sets out in perfect detail the lives, customs and people of South Africa.

Miss Compson takes the part of Dalia, a beautiful Boer girl, who knows no life beyond the narrow confines of South Africa. Her guardian is Oompa (Noah Berry), an influential Boer, more than twice her age who rescued her when, as a baby, she was lost in the veldt and mothered by a lioness. He loves her.

Dalia meets Colonel Valentia, an English sportsman. This part is taken by Warner Baxter. She falls in love with him, but his malicious friends, including another woman who loves him, spread malicious gossip about Dalia. She yearns to be like the English women so that she may give them a taste of their own medicine.

As a part of her plan she engineers a lion-hunting expedition into the jungle, which places her alone with Baxter and two other white persons—a woman and her brother who is infatuated with Dalia. Oompa plunges into the jungle in pursuit comes upon the lonely camp at night, then the story winds to a thundering climax with a clash of tremendous situations.

Appearing in the support of the star in "The Female," which comes next Thursday to Loew's Theatre, are Warner Baxter, leading man; Noah Berry, Dorothy Cumming, Helen Butler, Pauline French, Edgar Norton, Florence Wix and others.

Is it a salesman, store or an automobile, or any one of all of a hundred different necessities. Advertiser Classified "Want" ads will supply one and all.



Betty Compson and Warner Baxter in an appealing story of love, laughs and genuine thrills, "The Female," which will play at Loew's Theatre on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week.



Leatrice Joy, screen beauty, in Cecil B. De Mille's great spectacle, "The Ten Commandments," which will be here for three days only at the Grand next Thursday, Friday and Saturday. Matinees will be in order on the last two days.



Glenn Hunter and Viola Dana in the Paramount picture "Merton of the Movies," a James Cruze production, showing at Loew's on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

## IRISH TROUBLE REPORTS CLAIMED EXAGGERATED

Ingersoll C. P. R. Official  
Makes Statement On Return  
From Abroad.

Special to The Advertiser.  
Ingersoll Sept. 12.—More is heard in Canada about boundary troubles in Ireland than in that country," declared William Fulton, district passenger agent of the C. P. R., at the meeting of the Kiwanis Club today. He has just returned from an extended visit to Ireland, and gave a very graphic story of conditions as he found them there. He expressed the opinion that if politicians would let matters alone the difficulties in Ireland could be settled quickly.

**Fined For Assault.**  
Albert Findlay, a West Oxford farmer, was fined \$1 and costs in police court today on a charge of assaulting his employee, Arnold Cook. Cook claimed that Findlay hit him in the face with a milking stool, but Findlay declared he had only used his fist.

**Mrs. A. MacCauley.**  
Mrs. Alex MacCauley died at the family residence on Ann street this afternoon after an illness of three months. She had been a lifelong resident of Ingersoll and for many years was very active in women's organizations of the Methodist Church and town. The funeral will be held on Sunday afternoon with service in the Methodist Church at 2:15, and interment in Ingersoll Rural Cemetery.

## RIDGETOWN RESIDENT DIES IN WALKERVILLE

Special to The Advertiser.  
Windsor, Sept. 12.—Mrs. Betty Allen, 75, former well-known resident of Ridgetown died today at the home of her daughter, Mrs. F. L. Patterson in Walkerville. Besides her daughter, she leaves one son, Frank Allen of Sarnia and two brothers. The remains will be taken to Ridgetown for interment.



FRED CONQUER.

the celebrated cellist of Loew's Concert Orchestra, was born in Devonshire, England. He received his education on the cello and clarinet from Herr Rudolph Sawerthal, professor at the Leipzig Conservatory, and from Josef Norman, the noted English cellist. He has appeared at the Queen's Hall, Albert Hall and the Crystal Palace as soloist. Before coming to Canada he was engaged in symphony orchestra work.

## At Loew's

Today—David Belasco's "Dad," with Mae Marsh and Harry Myers.  
Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—Viola Dana, co-starring with Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies."

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 18, 19 and 20—Betty Compson in "The Female," a story of a girl who turns from a jungle girl to a society beauty. It's Betty at her best.

## WALKERTON GIRL HURT IN TWENTY-SIX FOOT FALL

Special to The Advertiser.  
Walkerton, Sept. 12.—Tallie Sidel, 11-year-old daughter of John Sidel, south of the C. N. R. station, while playing in the barn, fell head first through a feed opening into the basement, a distance of 26 feet. The girl suffered a dislocated jaw, a badly-gashed chin, and also had three teeth knocked out. She was bruised about the body also.

## CARRIER PIGEON FOUND ON FARM NEAR FOREST

Special to The Advertiser.  
Forest, Sept. 12.—Leston Eastman, Town Line, Bosanquet and Warwick, found the remains of a carrier pigeon on his farm on Monday. On the tag of the dead bird was a band marked with the number 8095, and the initials A-4 and 24-Y.

**TANSLEY W. I.**  
Special to The Advertiser.  
Paris, Sept. 12.—The Tansley Women's Institute held their regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Eurt Smith, the president. Mrs. James Schofield in the chair.  
A dress parade in old-time costumes was put on, causing much merriment. Mrs. Wilson gave a report of the recent convention held in Brantford. Mrs. James Chesney and Mrs. James Schofield rendered vocal solos. The hostesses and a committee in charge served refreshments.

## VISITS HOME TOWN.

Special to The Advertiser.  
Forest, Sept. 12.—Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Campbell of Jura, Bosanquet township, entertained at their home on Thursday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Bartley of Jura. Bartley was born on this farm at Jura in a log cabin. Mr. and Mrs. Bartley made the trip back to his birthplace by motor, covering over 300 miles in fourteen hours.



**KINGSLEY N. IRELAND**  
received his training on the piano organ from several eminent musicians, including Dr. H. A. Feiler, M.A., F.R.C.O., the famous English organist and conductor. He has held positions as a pianist and organist in Montreal, Brantford and Toronto, coming to London five years ago, where he has been actively engaged in theatre work. Prior to joining Loew's Concert Orchestra, he was organist of the First Methodist Church of this city.

## NORTH LAMBTON RELIGIOUS WORKERS WILL CONVENE

Special to The Advertiser.  
Forest, Sept. 12.—The North Lambton Religious Educational Workers will convene in the Presbyterian Church, Forest, on Tuesday, September 16. The sessions will be held during the morning, afternoon and evening.

The special speaker will be Rev. Ferris, general superintendent of the Ontario Religious Council. Mathew White of Forest, delegate to the world's Sunday school conference at Glasgow, Scotland, will give a full report at the evening session.

## LISTOWEL HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETES REORGANIZED

Special to The Advertiser.  
Listowel, Sept. 12.—The athletic association of the Listowel high school has been reorganized with the following officers:  
Hon. president, W. P. Rennie; president, Eric Edwards; secretary, treasurer, Russell Grant; sports committee, L. Halliday, D. Jack, B. Moore, E. Leppard, S. Davidson; auditors, M. George and B. Moore.

## DELAWARE LADIES' AID.

Special to The Advertiser.  
Delaware, Sept. 12.—An interesting meeting of the Delaware Methodist Ladies' Aid Society was held at the parlour yesterday. For the past two months the aid has not been meeting to allow the members their holidays. A large number were in attendance.  
Mrs. W. V. Jones presided. Mrs. Lloyd Scott and Mrs. Elmer Monteth were the lunch committee. Mrs. (Rev.) H. Boyle was appointed vice-president to take the place of the late Mrs. Fred Owen, whose passing is deeply felt by the aid. Mrs. Monteth was appointed on the flower committee, and Mrs. Norman Bodin was chosen to represent the aid on the parlour ladies' committee.  
It was decided to hold a home bake sale at the London market soon, and Miss Pearl Scott, Miss Hattie Ryckman, and Mrs. Lloyd Scott were appointed a committee to make the necessary arrangements.

The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Elmer Monteth.

## SUCCUMBS TO LONG ILLNESS.

Special to The Advertiser.  
Thamesford, Sept. 12.—William Whitson, aged 69, died today at his home on the Governor's road, about two miles west of the village. He had been a resident of this vicinity all his life. Survivors are one brother, John, of Monteth, Ont., and one sister, Miss Margaret, who was his housekeeper. He had been in failing health for several months. For 25 years he had been an active member of the local Odd Fellows lodge. The funeral will be held on Sunday at St. John's Anglican Church at 2 p.m. Rev. Davis will conduct the service.

## WALLACEBURG W. M. S.

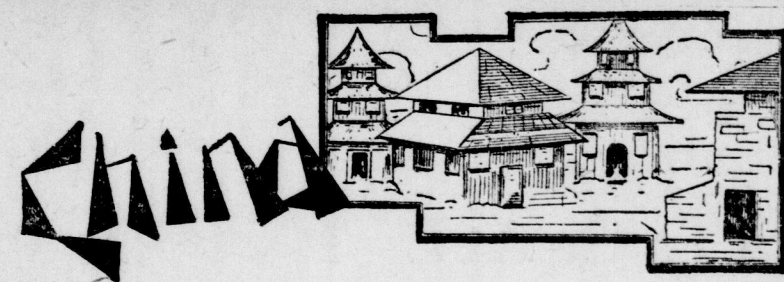
Special to The Advertiser.  
Wallaceburg, Sept. 11.—Trinity Methodist Church Missionary Society held the first meeting of the season in the church parlors on Wednesday afternoon with the president in the chair and seventeen members present. Mrs. Ed Johnston was appointed delegate to the convention in Dresden the first week in October. Mrs. Carscallan, Mrs. W. Power, Mrs. (Rev.) Armstrong and Mrs. J. F. Gordon gave interesting papers. The district convention was announced to be held at Victoria Avenue Methodist Church, Chatham, on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

## PLAN HARVEST HOME.

Special to The Advertiser.  
Port Lambton, Sept. 12.—Rev. Mr. Williams, Presbyterian minister of Cocoma, will preach at the harvest home services in Duthie Church on Sunday. On Tuesday evening the ladies of Duthie Ladies' Aid will have a harvest home chicken supper in the U. F. O. Grove. A good program is also being prepared.

## THROUGH SLEEPING CAR SERVICE BETWEEN LONDON, HAMILTON AND OTTAWA.

Canadian National Railways operate through sleeping car service between London and Ottawa, leaving London at 6:00 p.m. daily, arriving Ottawa, 7:05 a.m., and leaving Ottawa 10:05 p.m. daily, arriving London 10:52 a.m. This service giving the travelling public a very convenient departure and arrival time in each direction.  
The above times are standard times. Full particulars from Canadian National Ticket Agents.—Adv.



In China the Sherlock-Manning Piano receives the same hearty acclamation that it does in Canada, its home.

**SHERLOCK-MANNING**  
10th Century Piano  
*The Piano worthy of your Home*

Sherlock-Manning Piano Co., London, Canada

The Last Alternative for Those Who Neglect to Save

INDEPENDENCE The Result of Thrift

No Person wants to be Dependent on Relatives.

**When You Reach 65**

**Will You Retire on Your Savings, Your Relatives, or on the State?**

Can you see now where a satisfactory income is coming from later in life, will you be like the great majority—dependent on somebody else?

**YOU CAN'T RETIRE ON MONEY SPENT**

Endowment insurance will replace your earning power at 65, or at any age you select. Isn't this something you should think seriously about, particularly if you are with one of the many large institutions or corporations with a retiring age limit?

**THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA.

Branch Office, 201 Royal Bank Building, London.  
W. H. Hutchinson, B. A., Branch Manager.

Without obligation kindly furnish me with particulars of an endowment policy for..... payable at age 65. I am..... years of age; married or single.

Name..... Address.....

SMOKE

**SENATOR**

CUT PLUG

*Deliciously Fragrant*

15¢ packages  
1/2 lb. tins

VALUABLE COUPONS IN EACH PACKAGE AND TIN

Subscribe For The Advertiser











# We Remove Spots

## AMERICAN ARMIES MOBILIZE TO TEST STRENGTH FOR WAR

Demonstration of Military and Naval Power Made Throughout States.

### SPECIAL SERVICES

Enormous Parades Are Held in Largest of U. S. Centers.

Associated Press Despatch. New York, Sept. 12.—The United States today mobilized its forces of war to repel an imaginary enemy invasion. Throughout all the large cities demonstrations of military and naval strength were made. Captains of industry and finance produced on paper the snows of war; churchgoers attending special services were admonished in patriotic addresses to stand ready for the defence of the U. S.; admirals and generals spoke to meetings in private and public meeting places.

A tremendous response was made by the citizenry to the request of the war department for a test showing of strength. In Washington, New York, Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia, and most of the other large cities, enormous parades in which the multi-colored uniforms of the military predominated over the blue and the khaki, were held. President Coolidge reviewed the capital's strength, the parade taking over an hour and a half to pass the chief executive.

### DRY CLEANERS RESCUE DISCARDED ARTICLES

Modern Methods of Cleaning and Dyeing Prolongs Life of Clothing.

The holiday season is over, the chill is in the air; it's the season to put away summer articles and unpack the ones put away in the spring. Many housewives are in the midst of fall housecleaning and are finding articles too good to discard and well worth sending to the cleaner or dyer. These include not only wearing apparel, but household articles as well. Today it is amazing what the modern machinery and using the newest methods, can do in the renovation of garments. Clothes that look only fit for the discard are returned home with an appearance that means much more useful wear.

### GOLD MINERS REPORT LARGE ORE VEIN FOUND

Greatest Strike in Years Made in Hollinger Mine—\$1,000,000 Option.

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, Sept. 12.—The most important strike made in years is reported from the Hollinger mine in a news despatch to the Journal late this afternoon. The Schumaker section at 800-foot level, a vein has been followed for 52 feet in ore averaging \$800 to the ton, the newspaper states. In another story, R. Gamble of Northern Ontario mining fame, is quoted as having stated that Hollinger had offered an option at \$1,000,000 to Pare Racicot and Imrie for the claim. The claim lies on the north of the McIntyre-Rouin.

### ALBERTA OPERATORS PLAN TO OPEN MINES

Owners Will Open Coal Fields Under Protection of Police.

Canadian Press Despatch. Calgary, Sept. 12.—It is reported here that the Alberta coal operators are planning to open their mines closed by strikes since last April, under police protection in an endeavor to meet the fuel demand of the Prairie Provinces. The recent negotiations between the operators and the United Mine Workers proved unsuccessful.

### CANADIAN ALE EXPORTS CURTAILED BY OFFICIALS

Bridgeburg, Sept. 12.—Exporting on the Niagara River of Canadian ale via the "Cuba" route, has been much curtailed this week, as a result of the seizure early Monday morning of 200 cases on Grand Island, in the Niagara River, and the arrest of two men who were guarding it. It is common talk among rivermen that ale exporting will shift again to Lake Erie, where vessels would have a better chance of manoeuvring under cover of darkness than in the narrow Niagara.

### WINDSOR BOY MISSING.

Special to The Advertiser. Windsor, Sept. 12.—Police were asked today to search for Reynold Parker, 15 years old, 950 Pierre avenue, who has been missing for three days. The boy, described as five feet tall and of dark complexion, wore a gray cap and red sweater. His parents believe he went to Chatham, Ontario.

### C. N. R. WINS GRAND PRIX.

Special to The Advertiser. Montreal, Sept. 12.—H. R. Charlton, manager of the advertising bureau Canadian National Railways, received word this afternoon that the exhibit of the national railway at the Quebec Exhibition had been awarded the Grand Prix for the best exhibit on the grounds.

### Nine Foot Root Found On Tuber Down In Cellar

Special to The Advertiser. Stratford, Sept. 12.—A decided curiosity in the way of vegetable growth was shown here today by William Dougherty, in whose cellar it grew. At first glance it looks much like a length of tangled cord or even a mass of worms, but on closer examination it is apparent that it is in one length, and is of vegetable growth, with a potato as its beginning. It is in fact a potato-root, which has reached the unprecedented length of nine feet and has several small potatoes attached at different points, the first one six feet from the parent potato. It achieved this growth living on a concrete floor in the cellar of Mr. Dougherty's home, assisted only by a little dampness.

### FLOODS DAMAGE QUEBEC PROPERTY

Rowboats Put To Use As Heavy Rains Inundate Sherbrooke Streets.

Canadian Press Despatch. Sherbrooke, Sept. 12.—Residents of Sherbrooke were obliged to navigate through the streets in rowboats, and farmers and their families had to escape in available craft from second-story windows during the flood which inundated part of the St. Francis Valley Wednesday and yesterday. No lives were lost, and as yet no casualties are reported, although the damage to property is expected to run into thousands of dollars. The flood reached its height yesterday morning. The waters began to subside yesterday noon, and are now down seven feet. The inundation is the worst experienced in this section in 30 years, and was caused by the heavy rains of Monday Tuesday and Wednesday.

### Man Is Hanged For 3 Murders

Slayer Pays For Outcome of Family Quarrel.

Associated Press Despatch. Wheeling, W. Va., Sept. 12.—Tiny McCoy, 23, of Cass, Pocahontas County, was hanged in the state prison at Moundsville at 5 o'clock today for the murder of his wife, mother-in-law and brother-in-law last April. McCoy went calmly to his death. McCoy admitted the triple murder at the time of his sentence, and claimed the crimes were committed in a fit of anger over domestic trouble.

### EXAMINATION RECORD.

Special to The Advertiser. Parkhill, Sept. 12.—Eighty per cent of the middle school pupils, and 88 per cent of the upper school pupils passed in the recent departmental examinations.

### When Baby is Ill

When the baby is ill, when he cries a great deal and no amount of attention or petting makes him happy, Baby's Own Tablets should be given him without delay. The Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach and thus drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make teaching easy. They are absolutely guaranteed to be free from opiates and narcotics, and can be given to even the new-born babe with perfect safety, and always with beneficial results. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Advt.

### CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting. The corns you lift off right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.—Advt.

### LAWYER SCORES O. T. A. EVIDENCE

Liquor Case Is Dismissed As Testimony Was Contradictory.

### DRYS ORGANIZE

Special to The Advertiser. Sarnia, Sept. 12.—In city police court today Gordon Logan, counsel for Isaac Kumsky, charged with selling liquor, characterized the Ontario evidence in this case, as a most disgusting measure. Mr. Logan claimed that evidence taken from Jack Ryan, who admitted he was drunk at the time of the alleged offence, was used in an attempt to convict Kumsky, who was alleged to have held a party at his house. Charles Knight, another witness, who had been in the house, was asked by Mr. Logan if

he was drunk at the time. "It depends on what you call drunk. Some are down and out and drunk and some are standing up drunk," was Kumsky's analysis of intoxication. "Were you standing up?" "Yes," and the matter was closed. Magistrate Henry Gorman finally dismissed the case on the grounds of contradictory evidence.

**Dry Forces Rally.** Temperance forces in Sarnia will rally at a big organization meeting on Tuesday night at the call of Rev. R. R. McKay, who was president of the "anti-wet organization" here on the occasion of the last plebiscite. A meeting of the temperance association will be held at Petrolia on Sept. 24 for organization purposes. Careful inquiries made in the city today revealed that there is no local organization yet in existence with a view to oppose the Ontario temperance act, though individuals are stated to be in communication with the Ontario Moderation League.

**Former Records.** The report of the referendums of 1919 and 1921 shows that in the former Sarnia City gave a dry majority of 1,825 and in the latter a majority of 626, while West Lambton gave dry majorities of 7,706 and 3,629.

### The Ontario Loan and Debenture Co.

#### 149th DIVIDEND

**2 3/4%** Notice is hereby given that a QUARTERLY DIVIDEND of 2 3/4% PER CENT Quarterly for the current quarter ending the 30th September, 1924 (being at the rate of 11 per cent per annum), has been declared on the paid-up capital stock of this Company, and will be payable at the Company's Office, London, Ontario, on or after the 1st October next to shareholders of record of the 15th September, 1924.

BY ORDER of the Board.  
London, Canada, 26th August, 1924.  
A. M. SMART, President.  
T. H. MAIN, Manager.  
Corner Dundas and Market Lane, London.

CAPITAL PAID UP \$1,750,000 RESERVE FUND \$2,500,000

WATERMAN PENS  
A Style to Suit  
Every Hand.

**John A. Nash**  
LIMITED

My Jeweler.  
182 DUNDAS ST.  
Phone 2797W.



## The Convenience of a Fountain Pen

### Gold Tips

The name of Waterman started as a man—became the first efficient fountain-pen—and is now a world-wide institution. Waterman genius gives to every man his own individual writing instrument—one exactly suited to the requirements of his peculiar style. Waterman's Ideal has been recognized as the best pen made for over 40 years.

\$7.50 \$4.00 \$3.50  
Exquisite designs at higher prices.

To-day a good fountain pen is an essential in the equipment of everyone, for it is a remarkable personal convenience, an important instrument of business efficiency.

It places at your service at all times an ample supply of ink and an efficient pen—in compact, convenient form. It goes with you everywhere—in your pocket or your purse.

It saves your time in many ways. It avoids delays. It makes writing easy; the ink flows steadily as you write; does away with constant, tiresome dipping. It safeguards a faulty memory; prepares you for the immediate registration of your decisions; makes an indelible record.

Millions of men and women are enjoying to the full every possible convenience of the fountain pen by the use of Waterman's Ideal.

Selection and Service at the best Shops.

# Waterman's

## The Ultimate in Pens

Waterman's  
Ideal  
Fountain Pen

### WATERMAN'S FOUNTAIN PENS ON SALE AT ALL STANDARD DRUG STORES

**Wendell Holmes**

CARRIES THE  
LARGEST  
STOCK OF

**WATERMAN'S  
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CHOOSE  
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**Waterman's** FOUNTAIN PENS  
AND INKS  
BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

ARE  
SOLD  
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**F. T. HARRIS**  
133 DUNDAS STREET.

COMPLETE ASSORTMENT **Taylor Drug Store**

390 RICHMOND STREET

WATERMAN FOUNTAIN PENS Large Stock—Complete Assortment. **Strong's Drug Store**

184 DUNDAS STREET.

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 *W. C. Fletcher*. Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.



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Ontario Dry  
Cleaners  
Keep Your  
Clothes Clean

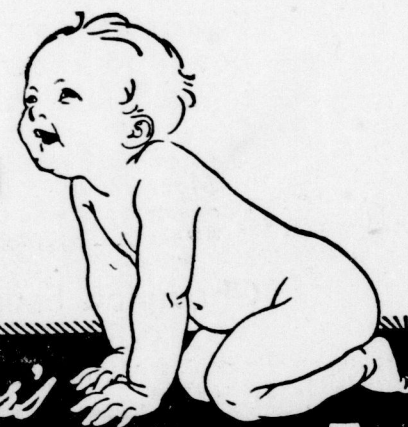
"A Touch of Coolness in the Air, But You Should Care"  
—Says Captain Klean

Get out your winter things and send them here. And in a short time they will be returned to your home alive with style and well worth your wearing. It's a saving service!

Folks who look into the future with a confident smile believe in our cleaning service. They dress better for less and this service of sure cleanliness they bless.

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516 Talbot Street. Phone 6958.

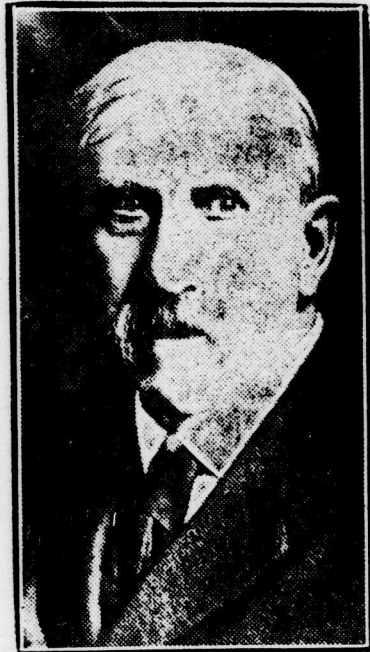




# New Miracle Man; Champion Shakes Hoodoo; Honor Longfellow



Miss Gerry Parker of Los Angeles makes a friend of "Jiggs," the two-year-old ape, and soothes the animal to slumber with sweet California melodies



Col. George Ham, aptly described as the Mark Twain of Canada and the famous raconteur of the Canadian Pacific Railway, recently sailed for England. He has accompanied many potentates through the dominion explaining the wonders of the country



The spirit of harvest is portrayed by Mme. Fiedler, well-known Hungarian character actress



Miss Ruth Malcolmson, "Miss Philadelphia" of the Atlantic City beauty pageant, was crowned "Miss America" in the final contests. She was presented with an automobile by Eddie Rickenbacker, former war "ace"



Miss Abby Putnam Morrison of New York is to step from the social register into the program of the San Carlo Opera Company this month. Miss Morrison has given several concerts and recitals



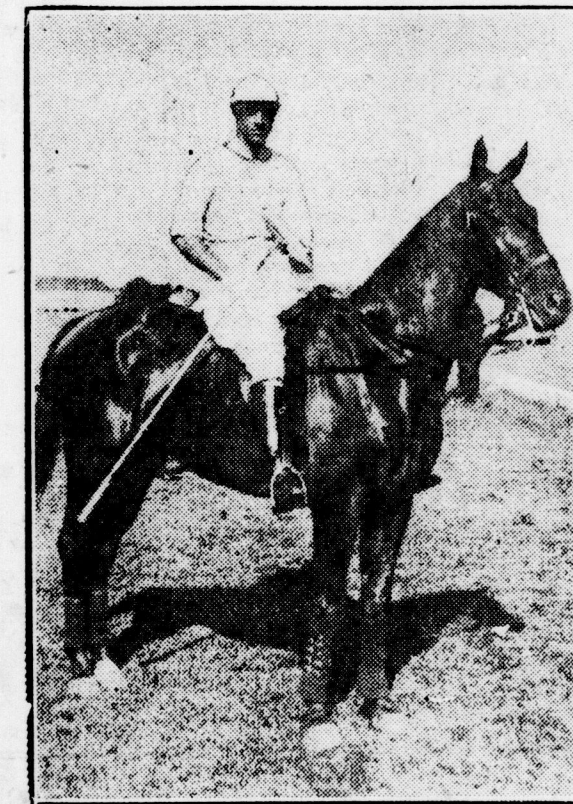
The camera caught this nasty spill just as the rider, Briggs, in the Leinster hundred-mile road race in Ireland, had left his motorcycle and was continuing his journey on hands and knees



William E. Melhorn of St. Louis shook off the hoodoo, which has pursued him in western open championships for years, by winning the classic title in Chicago with a total of 293. The new champion succeeds Jock Hutchison



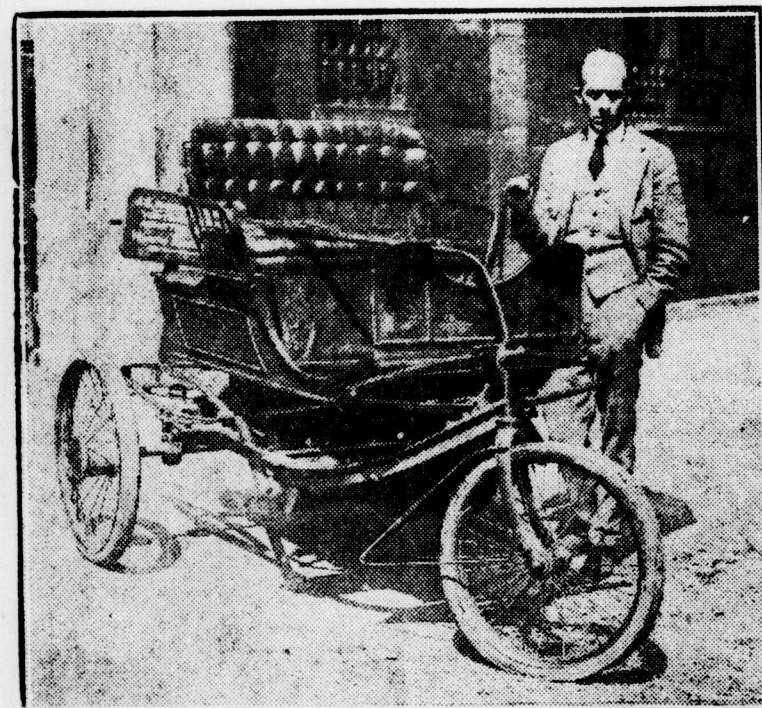
Major Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby is to play No. 2 on the British polo team, in the place of Louis Lacey, who reports that his injured shoulder still bothers him. His loss is a great one to the team



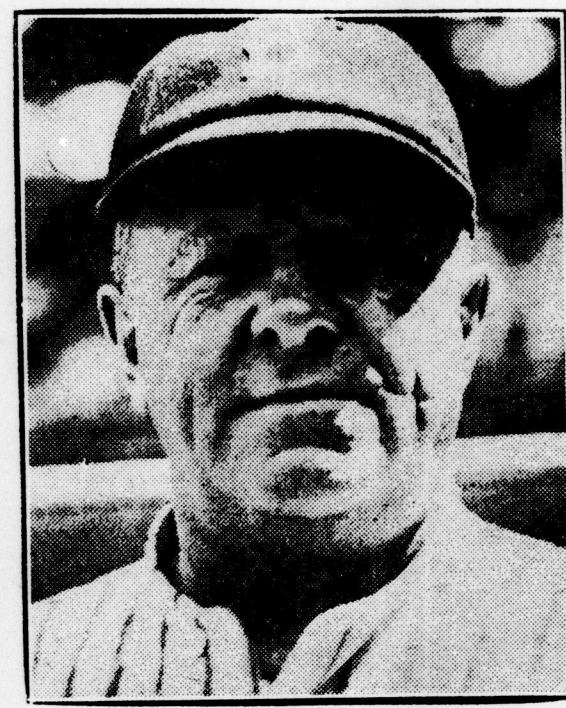
Louis Lacey, Argentine member of the British polo team, will be the field captain in the international matches. He was elected to the post when Major Hurdall resigned the captaincy



The bronze figure of Evangeline has been erected at Grand Pre, in honor of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, well-known American poet, who made Nova Scotia famous with his poem "Evangeline"



Here is one of the first fashionable automobiles with three wheels that is now a treasure at Washington. In 1909 the machine won first prize as the oldest vehicle running under its own power



"Uncle" Wilbert Robinson, rotund manager of the Brooklyn Nationals, is now being called the miracle man of baseball. Right now he has the Dodgers on the heels of the Giants for first place



Judge John R. Caverley of Chicago, who passed a sentence of life imprisonment upon the two boy slayers, Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold, is shown in a pensive mood while attending the races at Aurora, Ill.



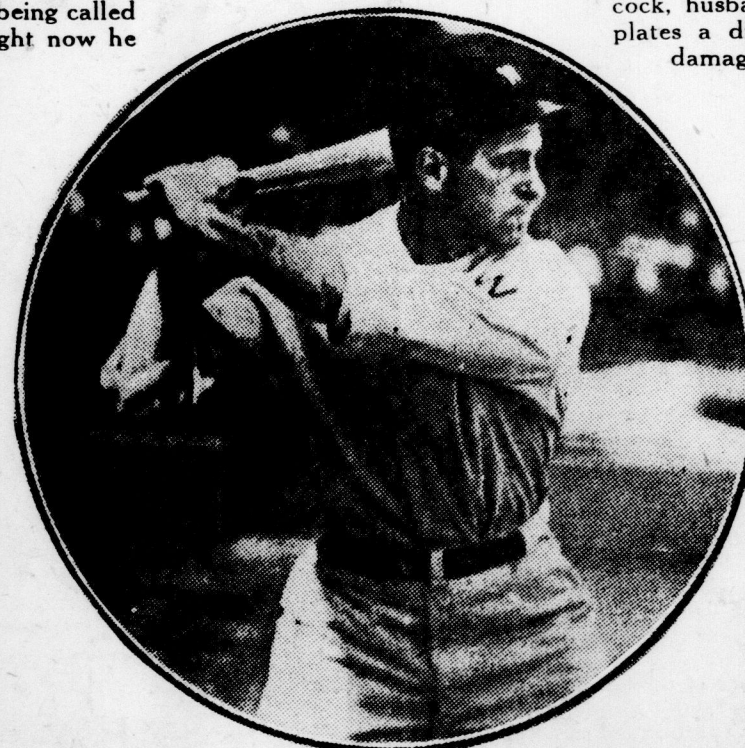
The engagement story of Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor, movie actress, has struck a snag in the appearance of Kenneth M. Peacock, husband of Miss Taylor. He contemplates a divorce action and civil suit for damages against the champion



Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb are shown expressing their appreciation of an entertainment provided in "bullpen" of the county jail on the last Sunday afternoon concert before hearing their sentence



This party of Seventh Day Adventists sailed for foreign fields in Japan and China recently on the Canadian Pacific S.S. Empress of Canada



"Bucky" Harris, the boy manager of the Washington Baseball Club, is shown at bat, under whose chaperonage the "Senators" have gained a good lead over their nearest rivals in the race for the American pennant



Jack Coogan, juvenile star, and his parents, sailed from New York recently for Europe on a tour for the Near East Relief Babies' Milk Fund



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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1924.

## Labor Ready for an Election?

The Labor government in Britain is a minority force, and has held power because it has received Liberal support on many occasions, and also because neither Liberals nor Conservatives have been able to see how they would be any better off if an election did take place.

The government has on several occasions had to accept amendments to its measures, or withdraw them, but it has never been roughly enough treated to force it to take the case to the voters.

Unless political signs are all wrong, this condition is not going to prevail when it comes to consideration of the Anglo-Russian pact. The government is for it, Conservatives and most of the Liberals are against it, and the government announces that it is prepared to stand or fall by the fate of the issue.

It has been apparent for some time that the present state of affairs could not be carried on indefinitely—it would be a dangerous precedent for responsible government if they were. There must remain the test of the power of a government to command a majority vote to back its policies. If it is defeated then the government cannot show cause for continuing in office.

The announcement by cabinet ministers that the Labor party will go to the country if the government is defeated on the Russian-Anglo pact means that it considers itself strong enough in the saddle to challenge Liberals and Conservatives to defeat it in the Commons and go to the country as a result.

Liberals and Conservatives have not improved their standing since the last contest, when the Baldwin government met defeat. It has been Ramsay MacDonald, more than any other man who has given leadership in recent months. His whole aim has been to get the nations of Europe on a basis of understanding; to make it possible for them to go to work. It is to MacDonald's credit that foreign troops have left the Ruhr; to his credit more than any other public man that the Dawes plan is in operation, and that there is the best of feeling between England and France. He has used his prestige as premier and Britain to good advantage, and he has gone farther than the world expected from the leader of a Labor government. All these incidents have brought prestige to his party, and for that reason it will have a stronger appeal to the electors.

The Liberals are still in two camps under two leaders. A dual leadership is not desirable, but Lloyd George and Asquith have not found it possible to merge their followings or eliminate their differences. Nor can the Conservatives claim greater strength—they are where they were.

It will be interesting to watch the developments of the parliamentary session in London which begins the end of this month. The political weathercock in Britain shows the wind blowing in the direction of a general election.

## A Bad Place to Practice.

The despatches of the day tell of two fatal accidents, one victim a young man of 18, the other a girl of 19, both from shotguns while out on duck shooting trips.

It is early in the season to read of these fatalities, and the circumstances around them were probably typical of other duck shooting parties.

The average young person in a city knows very little about a shotgun. Both the victims in yesterday's accidents were city residents. A shotgun is something not used in a city; it is a weapon to be loaded and discharged. It has in it the power to kill, and must be carefully handled. We know all these things, yet when a person picks up a shotgun in 99 cases out of 100 he does so as a stranger.

So when these duck shooting parties set out in the fall, many of the participants are novices. They are not old hands with a gun, yet they do not hesitate to go along and carry the loaded gun, crawl through fences with it, toss it into the rowboat, or trail it along the ground.

That is the reason why people lose their lives in the bush when out shooting. It is seldom that the experienced trapper gets into trouble. He knows how, and there are things the ten-day shooter will do that the old trapper would regard as too dangerous.

For those who feel that they must get out and shoot something:

(1) Do you know anything and everything about a gun?

(2) Are you quite sure that your presence in the bush with a loaded gun is not a danger to the lives of others?

Unless you can satisfy yourself on the answer to these queries, stay home.

## A Question For United States.

United States was all agog yesterday in a demonstration of its power. Defence Day it was called, and the manpower of the nation was put on parade. In New York State alone 425 cities and towns had programs of a military nature, and the business was carried on elsewhere on a similar scale.

In the usual course of events no fault can be found with national preparedness, or with a movement that seeks to take stock of the manpower of the country, and by that judge the manner in which it might be expected to respond in case a national crisis arose.

From this angle Defence Day in United States could be justified. It was a harmless

enough gesture in itself, but will the rest of the world so regard it?

For weeks past the nations of Europe, who know more about military manoeuvres than United States can learn in years to come, have been moving in another direction. Their goal has been the bringing to pass of an understanding between nations that will make war difficult. The leading statesmen of these powers have risked their all in an effort to batter down the suspicion that calls for a sword and the fear that formerly found its only safety in a bayonet.

The problem for United States to consider is whether its influence and power—for it has both—are going to be used to further the aims of these negotiating nations, or be dissipated in some other direction.

Will Europe understand aright the reason why United States had a Defence Day, or will the beating of drums, the blowing of bugles and the barking of military commands be misunderstood? Will the battle-scarred nations of Europe be persuaded that they are right in pursuing ways of peace, and discussing problems of compulsory arbitration and disarmament, while United States puts more vigor into a military demonstration than it ever has into friendship for the League of Nations?

United States should think seriously on this matter. It is a great nation, powerful, financially strong and rich in manpower and natural resources. Right now it can throw its power into the scales with the nations at Geneva, or it can continue its military gestures under whatever disguise suits it.

Is the holding of a national Defence Day the answer of United States to the efforts of Europe's statesmen to strengthen the arm of the League of Nations?

## Romance is Not Dead.

Mr. Winthrop, many times a millionaire, lives on 200 acres in an exclusive district near Lennox, Mass. On this broad expanse of land he had many things, houses, barns, garages, chicken runs, and all that.

He had two daughters, one a sweet thing of 21, and the other over whom 31 summers had sped. He had a chauffeur and a bright young man as a chicken expert. Of course there were suitors, sons of families with great old family trees behind them. The chauffeur and the chicken expert had no family trees to boast of. They came from the great mulberry patch, the source of the finest crop in the world, the common people. What they lacked in ancestral qualifications they made up in ardor. As the chauffeur chafed he wooed the elder daughter, and as the chicken expert experted he gave heed to the heiress of 21. While other suitors twanged on a zither these two proposed an elopement. They were always a couple of laps ahead, and an elopement it was.

The next step is always to seek the forgiveness of an outraged father. How well all this would flow from the nimble fingers of a popular novelist. Of course he would pace the floor—they always do that in the books. And then he would say, "Without a copper I will cut them off." He would refuse to see reporters, and the household would be walking on tiptoe just as though the paregoric had taken the wind off the baby's stomach and it had gone to sleep for the first time in 17 hours.

Mr. Winthrop has relented—a little bit. He will forgive the daughters, but as for the sons-in-law they can park themselves outside the premises. He has gone half-way, but is not ready to take the final gulp and make the family circle whole and happy.

We wish Mr. Winthrop would hustle along and close the incident. The world loves romance, with its tears of forgiveness, but it doesn't like waiting for it too long. Action, that's it, action is what is necessary on the part of the wealthy Winthrop. "Heaven bless you children." There it is, Mr. Winthrop. Now hustle along and say it out loud—you've been on the front page long enough.

## Note and Comment.

It is denied that the Prince of Wales attended a prize fight in New York. The prince got his black eye playing polo.

Home Bank trial brought out a statement by an accountant that is almost as old as time itself. It is short and eloquent: "If I had known."

School for bakers will be built at the O. A. C. in Guelph. Over the front door will be engraved a rolling pin and a portrait of a contented husband.

Chinese are fleeing so they will not be forced into the armies again. Let's see, what is that verse: "He who fights and runs away lives to run some other day."

London has no quarrel with Toronto about the excellence of its national exhibition, but just the same we can't help feeling that Toronto scooped up all the fine weather in sight.

Toronto lady swallowed a pen nib 30 years ago and had it taken out of her foot a few days ago. The invention of the fountain pen is going to spoil that kind of cases for the surgeons.

Some of the labor men of Edmonton who are ready to back a communist for legislative honors are deliberately playing with fire. They have the warning of the sanest labor leaders in the world that they will get scorched.

An engineer says there is enough power in a gallon of gas to run a car 450 miles, the trouble being that too much is wasted at present. The most eloquent auto salesman on record never claimed 450 miles to the gallon. Think of the talking points of the future.

Premier MacDonald has a faculty for coining phrases in a way that is as interesting as forceful. Here is one: "To make the great changes needed by humanity a man must work humbly, patiently and faithfully, dealing with the harvest as it ripens and never cutting green corn."

## Rarebits By Rex

## THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Here the songbirds trilling,  
Doves are cooing, billing,  
Nature's notes are thrilling  
On her golden lute.  
The rose awakes and blushes,  
A country maiden flushes,  
Little plants and rushes  
Shoot.

The air is full of ringing,  
Daffodils are springing,  
All the world is singing,  
You alone are mute.  
Why do you delay it?  
Love's a game—let's play it,  
Don't be shy, just say it—  
Shoot!

"Women's clubs," says an editorial, "are responsible for many modern reforms." And some married men tell us they are also responsible for many modern black eyes.

The Wild Bull of the Pampas is now the contented cow of the pasture.

Six hundred Ford cars were lined outside the Fair Grounds last night. And somebody had the nerve to call it the far-flung rattle line.

A local man broke a quart bottle on the sidewalk just as he was about to pour himself a drink. He now knows that there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

When a man is forced by his wife to wash his own collars it means that their size is 12½.

## BALLOTS.

When all the waters are going dry  
And all the ditches the wets defy  
The flaming billboard colors cry  
Amid the frenzy and the fuss  
Mark your ballot thus: X.

And when election day draws nigh,  
The same old crowd raise the age-old cry  
We'll have another mayor—or die.  
You're off to the polls in a hired bus.  
Mark your ballot thus: X.

Sweetheart, such stuff is not for me;  
What I want most is your company,  
And failing that, may I ask you just  
Terminate your letters thus: X.  
—By Alexander Dalrymple.

"Banana Products Stook Active."—Headline. We hope the speculators don't slip up on it.

Postponement of the Chinese war because of rain was a timely precaution. You never know when one of the warriors might fall and sprain a finger.

Pirpo claims he lost the fight because he failed to concentrate. Or was it that he just lacked Wills power?

## The Old Fall Fair

The big fall fairs have had their fling, more gorgeous than a red necktie, with whoppy cows of pedigree, with strings of prizes two feet high. And now we come into the spot more sweetened than a June day air, the time when bills tell us the dates of each succeeding country fair.

Ah well I mind when once I dwell near Hank and not so far from Joe, how when the country fair come round we'd squint along the squash we'd grow, and feed one likely-looking chap until he was a monstrous thing—he'd go with turnips, spuds and corn, a headin' up our fall fair string.

While Hank's folks was to stop and chat with women folks and men, and joke about a-seein' Ed a-drivin' down concession ten.

They didn't have no circus then whene'er they held a country fair, no barkin' 'bout the divin' girls, no hot dogs smellin' up the air.

The whole place had three buildin's on, a ticket office at the gate, a grandstand with no cover on, the crystal palace, hall of state. Why them what took their chickens in they stacked the boxes in a row, the way they told the hens from geese was when the rooster starts to crow.

Of course it wasn't up-to-date like what they have in fairs today, but we could show just how hogs fared on corn cobs, swill and cans of whey.

Yes, let us keep the old fall fair, more wholesome than boiled artichokes, where folks talk to the other folks.—ARK.

## Press Comment

## One For the Doctors.

We'd have more faith in this scheme of hiring a doctor to keep you well if doctors never got sick.—Duluth Herald.

## Just Remember This.

If her lips say "No," but her eyes say "Yes," the eyes have it.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## Far-Seeing Henry.

Henry Ford is trying to get people to leave the cities. He knows what most of 'em will travel in when they go.—New York Herald-Tribune.

## The Days of Preparedness.

It will soon be time to get last winter's ashes out of the cellar to make room for the new pile.—Hamilton Spectator.

## The Need of the Hour.

What this country really needs, in the judgment of the fellow we met on the street, is more four-wheel brakes and fewer self-starters.—San Francisco Bulletin.

## But It's Not Contagious.

Someone who did not like Hon. Mr. Meighen's Stratford speech is calling blue ruin talk "Meighengitis."—Kitchener Record.

## Dr. Frank Crane

## EDUCATION.

According to Dr. A. Duncan Yokum, professor of educational research of the University of Pennsylvania, the radio, the motion picture and the automobile have turned educational methods upside down.

"The average child," says Dr. Yokum, "who has a radio is gaining more of a knowledge of the world he lives in than was possessed by the well-educated man of fifty years ago. The children have grasped the scientific construction of the radio in a way that amazes their parents. What we, as parents, must do now is to teach them how to apply all of this mass of real experience that is coming into their lives. It has become our task to make the child articulate of the world about him."

Dr. Yokum recommended the "project method" to teachers, which consists in training the pupils to put into actual practice the scientific theories that have been explained to them. The project method develops the skill of the pupil by showing him how to make some practical article by scientific means. By this means a bewildering mass of details are made clear and the child given a more complete understanding of the world about him.

Twenty-five years ago, Dr. Yokum said, the phrases which were used by educational writers were "training the mind," "mental discipline" and "strengthening the faculties." These phrases indicate a type of education involving school subjects and methods which have little or no bearing upon any task which the pupils may be required to perform out in the world, or any problem which they will have to solve, or any undertaking in which they may be interested.

Education, however, that is designed to secure mental discipline according to the doctor, should take but slight account of the usefulness of any subject in dealing with which the discipline is to be gained.

Those who are abandoning such phrases as those quoted above maintain that pupils should be required to acquire such knowledge and gain such experience as they will have use for in everyday life.

According to this fact, a pupil cannot do outside of school, anything essentially different from that which he has done in school. Also he will accomplish more in the acquisition of knowledge and skill if he is interested in his tasks than if he is not interested in them and does not feel any desire to attack them.

More and more education is becoming a practical matter, something for the equipment for life and not a useless enthusiasm.

## To the Editor

## LET THE LAW BE CLEAN.

Lucknow Resident Believes O. T. A. Is Not To Be Judged Simply by Cases in Police Court.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—Sometimes we get disgusted that the O. T. A. is not more rigorously enforced. But let us think a minute.

The law has other uses than binding hand and foot those who want to break it, or venting vengeance on those who do break it.

It creates public opinion against harmful things to our society. It is enough for some people to have things shown up in bad light, such as people refrain from it. It is enough for other people to have a thing left uncondemned; such give themselves free rein.

The law reaches and influences tens of thousands of people just because it is the law, and not because they fear the penalty of the courts. Rather they dread the shame of infirmation. That is one great reason why a clean law should be re-

tained on the statute books of the country, even though there is no rigorous aggression to bring offenders to the bar of judgment.

The law speaks; let the law remain.

Even if only one offender out of a dozen is brought to the bar of judgment—that is enough to make the law a valuable asset to a healthy state of society. A day of grace is the main principle of the Christian religion. Eliminate patience and long-suffering, and a day of grace in no time. Give men a day of grace and you win their sympathy and co-operation. Whenever the offender is not brought to the bar of justice, that means that grace is having its inning. It does not mean a contempt for the law to let it rest on the statute books without cast-iron enforcement. But it does make hurtful things respectable when our statute books do not speak against them. Anarchy again. An occasional conviction is not useful because of fear it creates in evil doers, so much as it is useful in reminding us all of what is essential to a healthy state of society.

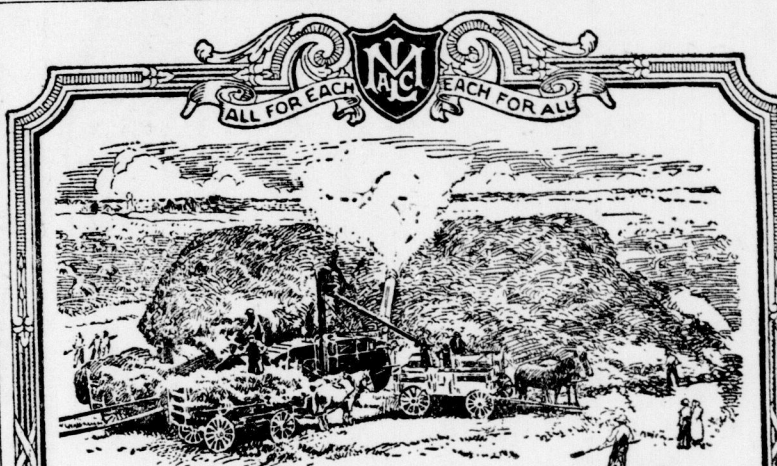
We are not trying to build up a good social order on the foundation of intimidation and fear; but by

healthy sympathies and such free-will co-operation as we can expect from that generosity that is found in almost every man's heart. This does not mean that a recalcitrant and injurious member of society should be given limitless freedom.

It is not a blot on our society, and a mark of failure of our social order that some men are making money out of traffic in evil. It is a credit to our social order that bottled iniquity is being so cornered as to come at a high price. For booze is bottled violence and adultery and calamity and idiocy. It will not help our social order to make bottled in-

equity cheap and righteous. Those who heap to themselves riches out of the same are also heaping to themselves woe; error has dire consequences more terrible than man's penalties. He that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.

For the sake of the words, "Lead us not into temptation," let the law be clean. By the law comes a knowledge of sin. And if we do not create a sense of sin, how shall we be delivered from temptation? Let the law be clean; let the law remain. T. HAROLD ECKERT. Lucknow, Ont., Sept. 9, 1924.



## The Threshing BEE

MANY a Canadian has witnessed the whole-hearted co-operation of a Western threshing bee. Neighbourly unity accomplishes in a day what one man could not accomplish by himself alone, and he in his turn helps others accomplish what they would be powerless to do as individuals.

Mutual Life Insurance is like that—an exchange of neighbourly support. It is not a matter of profit for shareholders—it is mutual service for all. Profits there are, of course. The Mutual Life of Canada is well managed. But the profits are divided among the policyholders to reduce the cost of insurance.

Let us send you literature on Mutual insurance. Write us. Or call our agent and he will explain details of our various Endowment, Monthly Income, Ordinary Life and Limited Payment Policies.

**The MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA** Waterlool, Ontario

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LONDON, ONTARIO.



and so home to a dinner ready to serve

There is no reason in the world why your afternoon should be spoiled or your family be obliged to eat a cold dinner. Trust your dinner to

**McClary's Electric Range**

The only range with McClary's doubly-insulated, porcelain-enamelled, seamless, round-cornered, heat-retaining Oven.

The only range with McClary's Tor-Red Protected Elements.

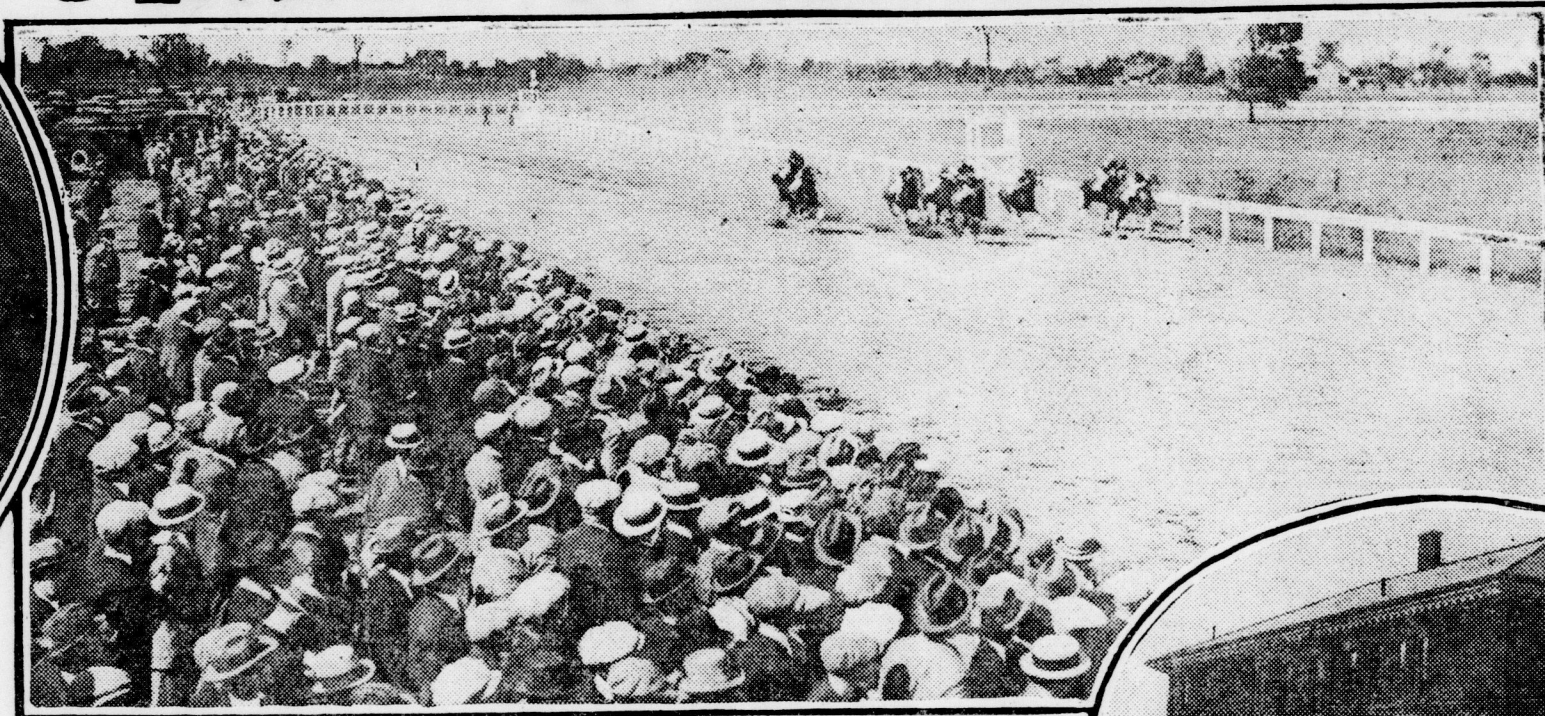
Phone the Hydro Shop for information



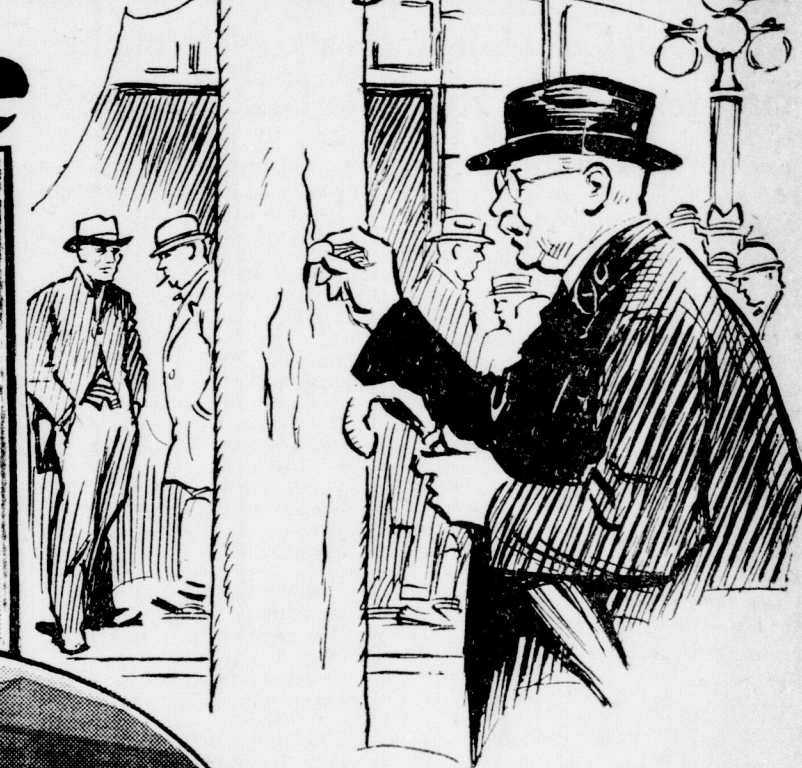
# "Silent Abe" Orpen, Toronto's Man of Mystery Makes a Game of Life



The camera man who got this picture of Mr. Orpen was hidden in the recesses of a taxi-cab.



A view of Abe Orpen's last and greatest venture—his very own hand-made race track, at Long Branch.



Every morning on his way to work he would stick a quarter into a crack in a telegraph post.

Promoter of Toronto's New Race Track, Where the Attorney-General Is Trying to Stop Betting, Gets His Fun in Doing Things He Has to Fight For—Has Dodged Publicity For Forty Years

By GREGORY CLARK

"MR. ORPEN, I'm from The London Advertiser—"

"Well, even at that, you're not such a bad-looking fellow!" retorted Mr. Abram M. Orpen.

"We are going to write you up—"

"Stop! Hold on! Stop right there, young fellow. Not about me, you're not! Nothing doing. Not a word from me. Good-bye, good-bye," cried Mr. Orpen in an emphatic manner.

And seizing my hand, he shook it vigorously, at the same time lifting me from the chair into which he had waved me.

"Look! I am the most bashful man in Toronto. Not a word, now, not a word!"

"But—"

"Whish! I haven't opened my mouth! I haven't said a word!"

This is a typical interview with Abe Orpen, promoter and builder of the new Long Branch race track, and the most mysterious personality in the city of Toronto.

Everybody knows of him. Nobody knows him. Thousands who call him "Abe" for short have never laid eyes on him. Hundreds who profess to be intimate with him are under the delusion that he is a small dark gentleman of foreign race.

A. M. Orpen is Toronto's mystery man. Wherever race track gambling is mentioned, his name is mentioned, too. But only once, and that twelve years ago, has he ever been publicly connected with the enterprise, when he was fined in the Toronto police court a thousand dollars for operating a common gaming house in the Metropolitan Club, then at 165 King west, and now across the road at 166 King west—and Mr. Orpen's office is still in the club.

He is known to be one of the principals of the Metropolitan Racing Association, which runs Dufferin race track. He is connected with the Metropolitan Club, for his office is located in the club. He is reported to be a principal in the National Sporting Club at the mouth of the Humber river, for he spends a good deal of time at the club in the winter, when the alleged games are in progress there—though he takes no part in them.

And now, when racing is being taxed, as some devotees claim, "out of existence," when restrictions are being put on racing, when action is being taken by powerful public bodies to further restrict race track betting, the mystery man, Abram M. Orpen, spends a fortune on opening a fourth Toronto race track—and a summons from the attorney-general of the province follows his venture, on opening day!

**Steepest Stairs in Toronto**  
WHO is this unseen man, with the adventurous soul?

The stairway leading to the Metropolitan Club is one of the steepest in Toronto. No. 166 King street west is an electric manufacturing company, with bright windows full of electrical matter staring across towards the Princess Theatre. Of this company, Mr. Orpen is the head.

The side door of No. 166 leads to the realms above. On its door is a card: "Metropolitan Racing Association."

Up the steepest narrow stairs in Toronto, you

go two flights. Facing you, at the top, is an other card, not the Racing Association, but bearing the two words, Metropolitan Club.

Now, there is no door at the top of the stairs. The only door you encounter between the public street and the Metropolitan Club is the street door, and it stands open.

The club rooms are very homely and plain. Two rooms, that's all. The room at the head of the stairs is untidy, furniture of all ages and descriptions being stored in it, a bust of the blind Homer, in heroic proportions, sitting there staring you in the face, with a ridiculous old fedora hat set jauntily over one eye. Old gilt-framed pictures, canvas sacks of mysterious content lie heaped about the walls of this outer room.

The Metropolitan Club, at first glance, looks more like anybody's garret than a club room.

The inner room, which you can see as you enter the first room, has five tables in it. The tables have soft dinner table pads on them. They are card tables.

More old pictures, grandfather clocks and whatnots are scattered about this inner room. Large screens divide the tables from each other. A blackboard in the midst has written in chalk this notice:

"Notice to rummy players . . . .  
And the advice is smeared out.  
Not a soul is visible. Then you hear voices.  
At the far end of the outer room an old green plush curtain is suspended on a piece of wire. Beyond this is Mr. Orpen's office.

Around the curtain, I came face to face with Mr. Abe Orpen.

He is a big, elderly man with pure silver hair

and moustache, and a clear, ruddy complexion. There is a rumor amongst his friends that he is related to the distinguished Orpens of Ireland, and that the bishop of Limerick is an uncle of his. If you put Mr. Orpen in a black suit, and cut off his moustache, you would have the living image of a prelate. His blue eyes are kindly and quizzical. His voice is strong and round, and his handclasp full of geniality. He uses his words carefully and sparingly. He is a mighty sight more like an amiable and philanthropic churchman than the owner of a race track.

**He Dodges Publicity**  
OUR conversation, as expected, was brief and decisive. It is fully recorded above. For

forty years Mr. Orpen has been dodging newspapermen, successfully. For the same period he has been evading the newspaper camera men and has been snapped, as far as the records go, only twice in fifteen years. He hates publicity.

And his successful evasion of publicity is part and parcel of the personality of the man. His personal and intimate friends are few in number. Two of them gave, as the secret of the personality of the man, this diagnosis:

"He makes a game of life. He wants to do, not what anybody can do but what nobody can do. He has a good time. He finds a kick in playing risky games. Humdrum life would have killed him at thirty. This new race track of his is the apple of his eye. Because so much is against it, he loves it. It is his greatest exploit. He has spent his days, watching it build, stick by stick, and has superintended and directed the building, entirely. Because he has to fight for it, he is interested in it. If there is no kick in a thing, he doesn't do it. He makes a game of life."

But instead of the loud and breezy personality that one would expect to find surrounding such a character reading as that, we find a quiet, dignified man in his sixties, dressed in inevitable grey, with large, sober spectacles, a gloomy black hat with a wide brim, and an umbrella in his grasp—humorously said to be a weapon for driving off reporters and camera men.

"While he is known as proprietor of race tracks, and of pool rooms and recreational clubs where cards and such games are the only attraction," said one of his friends who occupies an official position, "he is known as one of the whitest men that lives. As far as I know, he plays no games himself, except with his cronies. He may bet on the horses, of course. But I have never heard a word against him as a fine sport, in every meaning of the word."

**He Really Hates Limelight**  
He is really a shy man. This hatred of the limelight is no pose. There used to be a sort of a character around town named Daugherty, whom Abe Orpen befriended. Every morning, on his way to his office in the club, Abe would stick a quarter into a crack in a certain telegraph post. The recipient would be watching across the road, and after Abe had passed unobtrusively, he would nip across the road for the price of his breakfast.

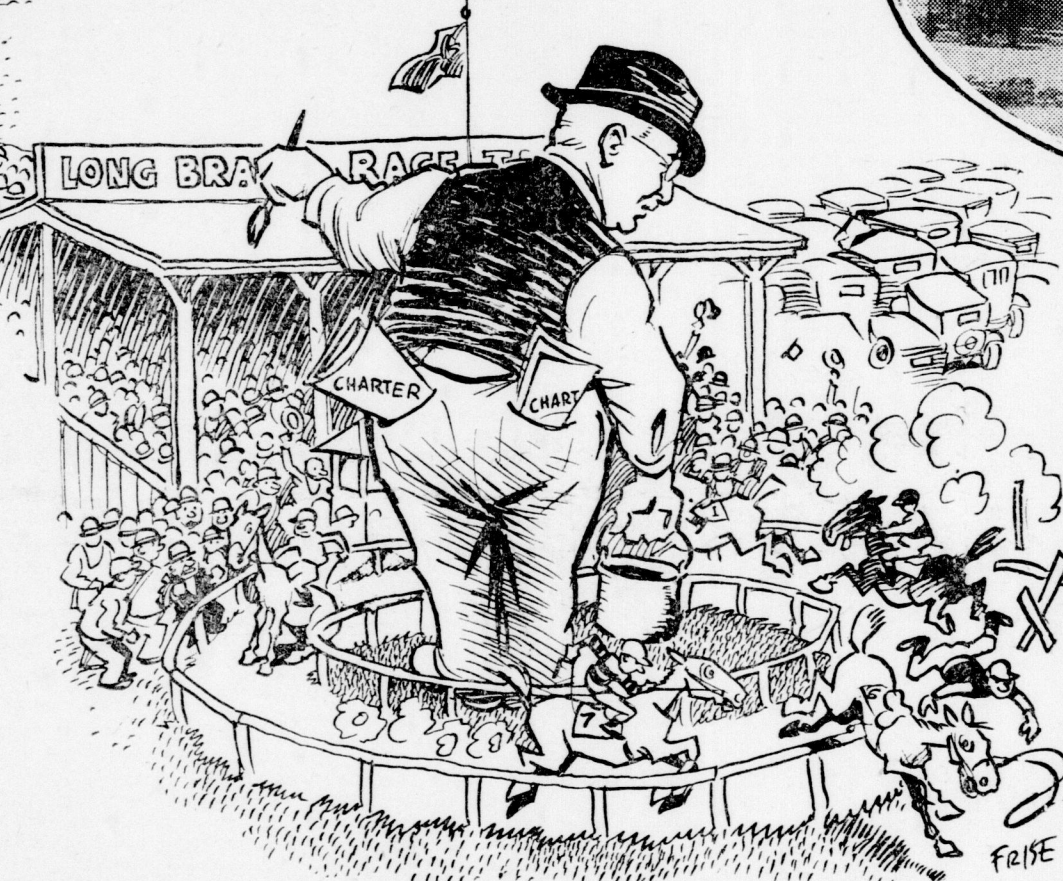
"That's Abe! It was a little game he played. He could just as well have handed the fellow the quarter. But that would have been charity, that would have demeaned the other. As it was, he could come along to that telegraph post, and find his quarter with all the self-respect of a gentleman meeting good fortune, a treasure trove, a find, a lucky strike."

"I feel that it would actually have hurt 'Abe' to hand that man the quarter."

"Another incident of the way he does things."

He is a big, elderly man with pure silver hair

and moustache, and a clear, ruddy complexion. There is a rumor amongst his friends that he is related to the distinguished Orpens of Ireland, and that the bishop of Limerick is an uncle of his. If you put Mr. Orpen in a black suit, and cut off his moustache, you would have the living image of a prelate. His blue eyes are kindly and quizzical. His voice is strong and round, and his handclasp full of geniality. He uses his words carefully and sparingly. He is a mighty sight more like an amiable and philanthropic churchman than the owner of a race track.



The National Sporting Club at the mouth of the Humber.

One time, in his presence, the name of a family in very straitened circumstances was mentioned, and the fact that they had no coal.

"Abe took no note, or didn't ask the address. But that day, a load of coal went up to that house—donor nameless."

The extraordinary contradiction in these characteristics was spoken of by another acquaintance:

"A certain element in the city is alleged to be held together by Abe Orpen, an element that long ago would have broken up except for the good natured backing of a clever man. At the same time, I myself have been seriously taken to task by him, when a younger man, for betting at the races when apparently I could not afford to do so. 'Don't bet a nickel, if you can't afford to,' he warned me. 'A man is a fool to bet money if he can't throw it away.'"

Mr. Orpen is unquestionably one of that school of thought who are violently anti-prohibitionist, on the theory that a man must stand on his own two hind legs. That is his view with regard to betting on horse races, of which sport he is one of the foremost exponents in Canada. He has advised more than one man to keep clear of racing.

That Abe Orpen is exclusively engaged in racing and club interests is wrong, for he has been engaged for many years in contracting and building. He is now proprietor of an electrical manufacturing company, and was for many years head of a paving and construction company that did much work in Toronto. The high pressure water system of the downtown district of Toronto was put in by his company, a large biscuit factory in London, and another large Brantford factory being his work.

He told a friend:

"Talk about gambling! I have been in the contracting game for years, and, believe me, there is more gambling in that direction than I have ever encountered elsewhere!"

This was shortly after he had met in putting in some waterworks in the north end of the

city a bed of quicksand, over which he lost a lot of money.

**\$1,000 Reward Unclaimed**  
TWO years ago, there was a great flurry in Toronto over the illegal handbook gambling that was going on in the city. A number of arrests were made, and the question then arose of a "man higher up," and rumor pointed to Mr. Orpen. In one of his few public interviews, Mr. Orpen announced that he would be willing to offer a reward of one thousand dollars for the finding of this "man higher up."

But nobody came forward to win the reward. As far as the legality of playing cards for money is concerned, the law is that unless a rake-off is taken by some one, designated as the keeper of a gaming house, the police cannot interfere. Any group of friends may gamble as high as they like any day except Sunday so long as there is no rake off for the keeper. Of course, dice are illegal under any circumstances. Club membership fees are not deemed a rake off.

It is on this basis that the Metropolitan Club and the National Sporting Club, with which Mr. Orpen is connected, are operated. Except for the one incident of the charge against Mr. Orpen on which he was fined a thousand dollars for operating a betting house at the club, which referred not to cards but to the traffic in bets on horse races, the Metropolitan Club has been in existence for years and has never been interfered with in any way by the authorities. The Izzy Wilkes at that time also charged with Mr. Orpen and also fined a thousand dollars is still associated with him, and is said to be the manager out at the National Sporting Club.

This is a very closely-tiled institution, just over the city boundaries, at the mouth of the Humber, a fine red brick building with bowling lawns beside it. It is most actively patronized in the winter, when the members gather to play cards. At midnight, "the game" is said to start, and to run for three hours and no more. Newspapers have tried to get within these strictly guarded precincts, but without luck. What little is known of them has been gleaned from members of the club, who talk despite the notice tacked up prominently at the door, which reads as follows: "Members who talk about their club outside don't, deserve to be members."

One of his favorite recreations is attending auction sales. Even in this, he finds some of the elements of chance which he seems to love. The old furniture, old pictures, grandfather clocks and statuary busts which clutter up the rooms of the Metropolitan Club are trophies of his taste for auction sales.

A quiet-mannered man with silver hair and reserved manners, and whatever we know of him, a man of mystery still.

## How One Meets the King of England By an American Who Met Him

King Looked Him in the Eye and Gave Him Real Handshake—Has Keen Glance—Claims Americans Love Prince of Wales Just as Much as People of British Empire

"HOW it feels to meet the King" is no mere newspaper headline to many Canadian lawyers and tourists who attended the Bar Association convention and numerous American advertising men in England this summer. William H. Rankin, a New York delegate to the advertising clubs' convention, describes the experience of an introduction to his Majesty with evident pleasure.

The King and Queen gave a reception to the visiting Americans at Buckingham Palace on July 25. The formal program included the presentation of but one advertising man from each country represented at the convention. Lou E. Holland, president of the associated clubs, and his wife were chosen as the Americans.

After the formalities were concluded, however, Mr. Rankin saw the King and Queen walking about the garden in "the most democratic manner," and told a distinguished looking Englishman who was a member of the reception committee that he and his two friends would like to be presented.

"We were introduced to the King's equerry," says Mr. Rankin, "and after giving our names we were told we would be presented at once. My friends were introduced first, and then I was introduced—William H. Rankin of New York."

"I shook hands with the King. He looked me straight in the eye and gave me a real handshake. He wore tan gloves, morning coat and he had his

silk hat in his hand. He has a very keen eye, and was in a most affable and pleasant mood."

"I told him how much the 2,500 American delegates to the London 1924 advertising convention appreciated the great hospitality and social attention that had been showered upon them. But most of all we appreciated the business-like program arranged for our convention. British advertising men had excelled themselves in securing the leading men of the empire to speak to us and had given us the best advertising convention we have ever held."

"The King's reply was: 'I am sorry we could not have done more,' and he meant it."

"The fact that your son, the Prince of Wales, I said, 'made the opening address, was one of the finest compliments that could be paid to advertising and advertising men. We Americans admire and love the Prince of Wales just as much as the people of the British Empire do, and our ovation to him at the opening ceremonies proved it.'"

"The King was much pleased and gave me another hearty handshake as we made him goodbye."

"The Prince of Wales was at another part of the garden, meeting friends and many visitors. I had met him in America, and he remembered my name and the occasion. He commented very favorably on a signed article that I had written on 'Your Prince' for the London Sunday Express, July 20."



# Fury of Wounded Lion Increases as He Sees Viking Prince Who Hunts the King of Beasts

Lions So Close He Could Almost Put His Hand on Them—Something Regal About the Lion's Calm Greatness and His Untamed Savagery—Cubs Return to Dead Mother

**EDITOR'S NOTE:** After having made the acquaintance of the pygmies of the Birunga volcano region, and dropped a huge attacking gorilla at three yards from the point of his gun, Prince William, second son of King Gustaf V. of Sweden, and leader of the Swedish Zoological Expedition into Central Africa, here narrates some of his experiences with lions.

In the course of gorilla hunting, his party obtained fourteen rare specimens, which were shot for scientific purposes by the special permission of the Belgian government. These animals otherwise are under protection. This is the last of a series of three articles from the pen of Prince William, describing outstanding events of his expedition to Africa.

AFTER six days' hardship in the mountains I had enough of the thin, raw air, ice-cold downpours and animals that vanished at the first sign of approaching danger. Rheumatic joints, both my own and those of the film-operator, distinctly told us that they needed more warmth.

The film operator had to give up the idea of filming the gorillas, when it appeared how difficult they were to approach. I was more than satisfied with my own specimen. It was "one, but a lion"—and now I wanted a real lion, even if only one, and there are said to be plenty of them round Ruindi.

We turned our steps toward Rutshuru. About half-way there is a small farm inhabited by a South African seventy-five years of age. His wife had only two weeks previously given birth to twins. Here we made a short stay. It was simply impossible to progress, because the road swarmed with black flies and drums and spears. The people of the neighborhood had called up their warriors and women to escort us to the district post, so that the white chief from the land of snow should receive a worthy reception.

Hitherto I had obstinately refused to sit in one of the litter, but was now brought with us in case of sickness. This means of conveyance, which consists of a seat of plaited rattan suspended between two bamboo poles, is used by all white men in the Congo. A Belgian never walks a step if he can avoid it. But as my own legs are of a length not to be despised and therefore are an excellent means of moving my body in different directions, I had naturally preferred that mode of propulsion to the more indolent existence in a "kitanda."

## Feeling Like a Pharaoh

THIS morning it was, however, to be different. "It is simply not possible," said Arrhenius. "Such a great chief cannot possibly use his own legs on such a solemn occasion. The first must on his being indolent. Anything else would be most improper." And in spite of my protests I was the next moment lifted up into the kitanda and sat enthroned there, high over the heads of the crowd, carried by four porters, the first of whom, who balanced the ends of the bamboo poles on their woolly heads. The drums were beaten, the men shouted or sang war-songs, the women laughed aloud.

In the villages whole crowds came towards us and there, too, danced the shimmies, and heartened their friends among the bearers by loud cries. And their multi-colored shawls and shimmering glass beads made an impression of big, dark butterflies fluttering in the sunshine. There was a noise and a din that you never heard the like of.

I felt somewhat like an old Pharaoh carried home after a successful battle with the ancient foes of the country and receiving barbaric, but doubtfully earned homage.

Soon the four bearers became so excited by all the noise that they started off at full speed and ran for dear life. The kitanda jerked and shook like a railway carriage that has run off the lines, and my Pharaoh feelings disappeared suddenly going down a hill which the whole magnificent apparatus was on the point of tipping over.

## A Dancing Litter

THE warriors danced with delight. The more I shouted to them to calm down, and in vigorous and expressive Swedish commands a more reasonable pace, the faster they ran, probably believing that I thought they were going too slow.

The long road to Rutshuru was also made in record time, and it was only on the hill leading up to the post itself that the whole crowd at last slowed down and took breath.

I collected my poor shaken body and jumped on to a firmer foundation, glad to feel solid ground under my feet once more, and in my heart making a solemn resolution never again to travel in a chair of that sort unless an imperative necessity compelled me.

How little did I suspect what the

future held in store for me, and how just the kitanda and I were to be inseparable companions through the whole of Ituri and the Sudan. The whole of Rutshuru was up and about. All the white officials, with the kind commissaire de district, Monsieur Ledoct, at their head, bade us welcome. A little blue-eyed boy offered flowers tied with ribbons in the Swedish colors and along the whole road the garrison stood on parade. The officers commanded, the troops presented arms, the trumpets blared a shrill fanfare—it was all infinitely well meant, but I began already to miss the loneliness and the silence of the vast mountains that I had left behind.

To tumble down into a relatively civilized community so suddenly and to find yourself to be the centre of everybody's interest has two sides, and I was glad that it was only temporary, because the next day, but one we were to continue our journey.

Under a scorching sun Olsson, Arrhenius and I drew towards the plains of the Ruindi River. It is said that these steppes south of Lake Edward are the richest in game in the world. It was thus with great hopes that we looked forward to the future. After crossing the Rutshuru River we struck our tents the first night at Kayumba, where the night-lion music which was to echo unceasingly in our sleep for a month to come started in full force.

But it was only the next afternoon, when we had passed the hot springs of Maj-na-moto, in which you can almost boil eggs in a crevice in the mountain, and had reached the plains on the other side of the Ruindi River, that the game began to appear in greater numbers.

At Kanyamanga, another day's march towards the west and just at the foot of the mountains, the wealth culminated.

The steppes lay scorched brown and silent in the intense sunlight. Not a man nor a hut. The acacias stretched out their thirsty arms toward a glowing sky. The green branched canopies of the euphorbiae shone juicy and poisonous, completely untouched by the drought. The plain seems full of life, but the grass all around was often sooty black from some prairie fire, which stopped at the roots of the euphorbiae and had never dared to lick its resisting trunk.

Here in this old lake bottom, where the waves of Lake Edward and Lake Kivu once met in sisterly union, lay the animals' paradise. Water they found in the Ruindi and in the occasional pools, pastures in the dry, coarse grass that seem unsuitable for fodder, but is all the same the favorite food of all the hungry mounts.

Antelopes are in the majority. Alone, in pairs, in flocks, in herds of hundreds of heads. You positively can not take a step without seeing new heads popping up.

In single file the terrifying and ugly wart-hogs run with their curly tails raised stiffly in the air, if they are not nosing for food under some bush, and in the evening the shy bush-buck peeps out of his hiding place. Baboons and monkeys chat away the hours in the thickets along the river. Storks, vultures, eagles, and other birds of prey make dizzy swoops in the air, which vibrates with the heat.

In the forest the buffaloes lead their shy life. Originally an animal of the open steppes, they have slowly withdrawn in splendid isolation since they have observed that man has begun mercilessly to pursue them. Even the elephants pay a call now and then, but keep mostly up on the slopes of the adjacent mountains.

Finally, the lions and leopards live in the ravines in close proximity to those marauders of the night, hyenas and jackals. They are responsible for the movement on the steppes after sunset and they force the kobs and the topi always to keep a sharp look-out, so that they dare not sleep with more than one eye closed. Otherwise, woe to them!

## Extermination Threatened

THE country and the fauna within these frontiers are really so typical of primitive Africa that it would be a pity if they in any way lost their character, and it is to be observed that the district is the only one really rich in game still existing in this part of Central Africa.

All shooting should be forbidden and preferably a competent superintendent should live on the spot and keep the beasts of prey in check (both the two-legged and the four-legged). For some few years to come there is probably no danger of the game being exterminated. But the more communications are developed, the greater the risk from man's slaughtering and mere shooting for shooting's sake. If measures are not taken in time I am afraid the district will share the fate of so many other similar places; it will become deserted and abandoned, and that would be a crime against all life and nature.

One day was on the whole very much like another. Only the game varied. And so did the situations. During the light hours of the day you shot food, built a "boma," or made blood-tracks, and when evening came we crept into our primitive little hut, made of twigs, listened to



"The animals are now so close that I could almost put my hand on them."

the sounds of the night, waited for lions and stared in the intervals up at the twinkling stars in the sky. What then shall I talk about?

How the first lion fell one morning at sunrise after having bravely done a lonely cross on a grave-mound. All around were heaped whitening antelope skulls, whose empty eye sockets ought to have made the wanderer reflect. "Foster, killed by a lion," one could spell out with difficulty on the rotting piece of wood; and still further away, down by the shore, a girl had been torn a few days before while she was collecting wood.

The whole day we had struggled in a place where that very morning a water-buck had been killed by a lion we had cut a way into a dense bush, strengthened the openings with branches of acacia, marked two loopholes with grass, and thrown in a few rugs and a piece of food. This is called "building a boma."

Then we shot a kob, trailed the carcass up to the grim remains of the water-buck and prepared blood-tracks away from the "boma." For twelve hours Olsson and I had been on our legs. The camp was far away and seemed almost to be a myth. We had not been in it for two days.

Then the sun set. The colors faded. The plain was bathed in an uncertain half-light in which outlines became blurred and everything floated more and more together. The bushes melt together with their own shadows. The grass waves in the evening breeze like a great sheet of water. For a short moment the sky glows in pure crimson, then slowly changes into violet and green. But the next moment it is night. Without warning, with alarming speed the darkness has fallen. The twilight does not last long in a country where the sun's path cuts the horizon almost at right angles and soon the constellation of the Southern Cross burns over the distant mountains.

I lie down on my back and stare up at the white stars. What a wonderful experience it is to spend the night like this under an open sky. A miserable little human being who has lain down to rest in the great waste of the wilderness. Only the thin walls of the "boma" of euphorbia and acacia twigs to protect you against an attack; but the thorns are both long and strong, poisonous and prickly. Such things

do not appeal to a groping lion to step on.

Does the Shadow Move? FROM the kill, well fastened to its pole, rank odors are wafted to us now and then, but gradually the wind dies down altogether. The soughing in the leaves ceases. The strident orchestra of the crickets swells to a mighty music. From a little pool of water in the vicinity comes the croak of the frogs, sounding like a chiming from many bowls. Otherwise all is still. All chirping has ceased long ago.

Then the well-known, dull roar comes rolling across the steppes. First from one side, then from another. It dies down and starts again. The lions have begun their night ramble. Will they find their way here?

I turn round and look out through the little square loophole. Resting on my elbows it is just possible to distinguish the shot kob and a little bit of the ground behind it. Everything is calm. For a moment I peer as hard as I can at a shadow further away. Did it not move? Imagine! It is only a white ant-heap; but when you lie like this in tense expectation even the shadows come to life. And I roll over again and resume my reflections.

My thoughts run away. The strange charm of the wilderness gets into my blood. The loneliness oppresses me—but its pain is delicious.

What am I really doing here, in the heart of Africa, far away from anything that can be called culture and civilization? I, who ought to be at home reading the morning papers over my coffee, talking nonsense on the telephone, going to crushes and passing the time with everyday trivialities whilst I imagine myself useful and indispensable?

Two Ghostly Lions A DULL growl quite close to my thoughts. In a second I was wide awake and lay peeping out through the loophole. Everything outside lay steeped in moonlight—white, cold, full of expectation. At a distance of scarcely

two yards lay the kill. It was so light that you could count the hairs of its skin, and the ant-heap farther away was sharply defined against the background.

Suddenly there was a sharp rustle to the right, pattering feet to the left. The next moment two large male lions appear, each from his side, almost ghostly and unreal in the white light.

One comes crawling up as if ready to leap. He seems to have taken fright. The other one, more conscious of his superiority, walks erect and therefore seems bigger. As he stands motionless, sniffing with his nose slightly raised, he is indeed a picture of strength, agility and cruelty. There really is something regal about his appearance. He impresses you with his calm greatness, his untamed savagery and his firm confidence that nothing can beat him to the ground, and I begin to understand why the species is called the king of animals.

The lions stand as if carved in marble. They appear almost heraldic, staring at each other, but they will allow the other to come first to the feast. Then the one that stands upright shakes his mighty head. His mane is tossed in brownish-black masses. It stands out like a gloria in the moonlight. Then he walks carefully up to the kob and begins to eat.

Contradicting a Popular Idea THE other one is still suspicious. He walks carefully. His movements are quick as lightning, but controlled and well-balanced. He stares at the loophole and our eyes meet, but only for a second. The next moment he also lies by the buck and begins to seek for the best places.

I have looked into many lions' eyes at night, but I have never seen them luminous, as so many hunters assert. But it sounds better in a description to speak of eyes of fire that follow the lonely wanderer in the dark.

The animals are now so close that I could almost put my hand on them. The carcass cracks. The shreds of meat are flung about, the claws slash and tear. The jaws grind and chew, the red tongue licks the corners of the mouth now and then. It is the haunch that they want to get at first of all, the delicacy above all others. Each lion tears a different way. If the kill were not so well fastened they would long ago have pulled away the whole lot. Now they have jolly well got to stay. They growl, tear, and growl again. We will leave them to it a little longer.

The rifles lie at the shoulder with free trigger. The front sight, which is capped with cotton wool to make it more visible in the dark, does not leave the shoulder-blade of the nearest visitor for a single moment. He begins to grow restless, half rises. Now!

A flash. A report. Two simultaneous shots that sound like one. For the filmman beside me has also shot.

The lions leap yards high, cross each other and disappear each his own way.

The place is empty. If possible even more desolate than before. But from the thicket not far away you can hear the death-rattle of an animal. To judge by the direction it is Olsson's.

Then a furious roar starts to the right. Time after time it vibrates with its deep bass tones. Incessantly it rises and falls. Roaring, mumbering, growling. It sounds as if all the furies of wrath had been let loose and were giving a congealed shout.

I stand up and catch sight of the lion a short distance away from us. It is half-sitting with straight forelegs and its head tosses wildly. The mouth is wide open but the back part of the body is quite motionless, evidently paralyzed by the shot.

It is too far to shoot from where I stand, the moonlight makes aim uncertain. He would have lain there safely till dawn. But I could not bear to see an animal suffer like that. And besides, his roaring warns others of his family not to come. In that case the rest of the night would be spent. Therefore I carefully creep out of the "boma." If only Olsson's lion were really dead!

When my wounded beast catches

sight of me his fury increases; but it is impotent rage. His body has no longer the power to collect itself for a spring. How he could ever jump after the first shot is inexplicable. But here he lies, anyhow—about twenty yards from the "boma."

A shot rings out. But no result. In the moonlight I have evidently shot above his back. He continues his roaring. I must go closer, till only a few yards separate us. Then a bullet lodges in his heart and his roaring ceases with a sigh. His body twitches a few times. All is quiet.

As quickly as possible I creep back and pull to the twigs of the "boma" after me; for the other lion may still be heard growling in the bushes. If it is risky even by daylight to pursue such game it would be sheer madness to expose oneself to an attack in the dark. For a moment I listen to the sound, it grows weaker and weaker; at last it ceases altogether. Then I roll myself up in the blanket again and try to go to sleep.

Slumber is Restless BUT my slumber is restless. In a few hours other lions are already ready for the carrion. This time two female lions, each with her young one creeping out of the shade, and once more I lie looking at them from my hiding-place.

The old ones are careful and shy. They try to keep back the young ones, but these have good appetites. They chime and growl. Soon one of them is sitting on top of the buck whilst the other is on the point of eating himself into the stomach. It goes fast. In a moment only the hindlegs stick out in the moonlight. As nothing unexpected happens, the old ones also venture to come out and soon the feast is in full swing.

I really hesitate to disturb the family idyll. The young ones look as if they enjoyed themselves so thoroughly and the mother purrs with satisfaction that it should be so easy to-night to get food. She does not seem to attach any importance to the shot made a short-distance away.

However, soon there is another crack. She falls on the spot. In her desire at the moment of death to get some- thing between her teeth she has bitten her own front paw to the very bone.

Time after time the young ones come back. You could hear them and the remaining female fighting in the vicinity when she wanted to prevent

them from approaching the suspicious spot; but they were obstinate, understood nothing. At last she lost patience. With a gigantic leap she was on the spot, roared out something as she passed which sounded most like "damned kiddies" or something similar and had disappeared with them the next moment in the darkness, as ghost-like and unreal as when she came.

Arch-Enemy of the Blacks BY and by the night grew lighter. The sun rose shining red like a freshly polished copper pan.

The female lion lay in the same position with her paw between her teeth. Only with the help of a spade could we break upon her jaws. Further away the morning breeze tossed about the shaggy mane of the big male lion. He almost gave the impression of having gone to sleep with his head against a stone. A short blood-track, easy to follow through the high grass, on which the drops hung like crimson berries, finally led to the film-man's bag. It lay stone dead, shot under the shoulder-blade and through the heart with mathematical precision.

From the camp we sent for our bearers, and in the early morning hour a circle of black bodies soon danced round the bag; the arch enemy. Arms and legs waved about in wild delight. Triumphant the monotonous song sounded from gurgling throats. "Simba ankufu, simba ankufu." "The lion is dead, the lion is finished."

Such is the story of my first lion shot from a "boma." It was the result of diligent work, the reward of many nights, vain watching and the disappointments of uncomfortable mornings, for you must always succeed. Just as certain as that you do not get anything for nothing. It requires a thorough knowledge of the ground, of the daily habits of the animals, of the art of camouflage, of the direction of the wind, of other little details; and a thousand other little details; and you must make your preparations so that everything co-operates to the best advantage—nothing must be omitted. When at last your conscience in this respect is quiet, chance settles the result in the last resort.

(Copyright, 1924.)

High Speed Dries Tires TIRE wear increases with speed. The faster a tire travels, the more heat it generates internally. Normal speed does not increase the internal heat to a dangerous degree, but an excess speed will not only raise the heat above the danger point, but may actually cause further vulcanization to take place. This heat not only dries out the friction gum between the piles of fabric, but the very fabric itself, lowering the elasticity of a tire, decreasing its resiliency and weakening the tire so that it will blow out early.

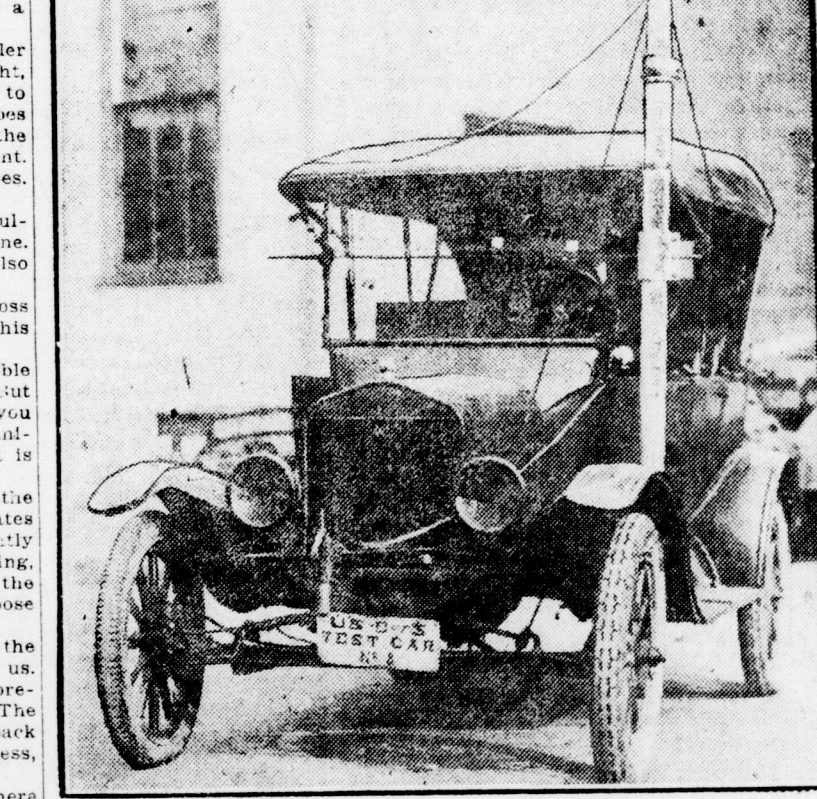
## Parking Cars on Main Highways Is Condemned as Dangerous Practice

To Change a Tire or Have a Picnic Turn Off Heavily-Traveled Road, Advises American Automobile Association

PARKING automobiles on main highways is strongly condemned as a public nuisance by the American Automobile Association, according to a bulletin just released through the organization's touring and transportation board at Washington, D.C. The basis for the A. A. A. action is numerous complaints received from tourists who have been both inconvenienced and endangered by persons who park their cars on the main highways when they could just as well drive on to a crossroad or open space, it is stated.

In its bulletin the board states that it does not sympathize with the motorist who thinks he would forfeit a privilege if forbidden to park on highways, because it contends that he is not safe in parking where there is high speed traffic, and that he really would benefit by being compelled to park in safer places. The following suggestions have been offered by the A. A. A. board: "Do not seek main highways for picnic purposes. Use the secondary ones, where there are plenty of opportunities for parking off the road. In event of puncture try to get the car as far off the traveled portion of the road as possible before changing the tire, and in no case stop on a curve or near the top of a hill. "Never stop opposite a car that has parked along the road. If you want to ask your way stop your car at least 100 feet beyond and walk back to enquire."

"You are not safe sitting in your car while it is parked on a highway. Furthermore, you are a source of danger to those who are obliged to turn out to pass you. "If you turn into a blind driveway to park have the back of the car to the main road. When your car is facing the road motorists may think you are just driving into the road. They may make a sudden stop before discovering that your car is not in motion, and cars following that may be thrown into a series of rear-end collisions."



"Bruce's Chariot" Registers Everything It Does

C. S. BRUCE of the United States Bureau of Standards, operates the government-owned flivver, which consists of ninety pieces of apparatus, which tell the complete story, for the first time, of what happens to the car and what the car does during a tour. This car has been dubbed "Bruce's Chariot." The apparatus constructed tells such things as the number of explosions in each cylinder as well as the number of revolutions of each wheel, the weight of the air used by the engine, how much work the piston does in sucking in air and gas and many other things. The stove-pipe apparatus is used to measure wind velocity and to obtain wind protection. The car is being used in tests, looking to improving motor efficiency and performance.

"I felt somewhat like an old Pharaoh carried home after a successful battle."

J. G. Stephenson



# Life's Little Comedies

The Threshing Season at  
Birdseye Center



THE SECOND FALSE ALARM SINCE  
10.30 A.M.

## Did You Know Canada Has Political Scouts? They're Going Out to Test Popularity of M.P.'s

By JOHN LANDELS LOVE

WITHIN the next few weeks a number of staid, elderly gentlemen will pack their grips and disappear into various parts of the country districts on mysterious errands. Most of them will carry light cases containing samples and catalogues, for they are going to call on every cross roads store, general store, garage, smithy, hotel, hardware, drygoods, grocery and drug store in the extensive territory to be covered. Their objective is the obtaining of certain reliable information for their real employers, and their perfectly genuine samples, catalogues and price lists, provided by manufacturers and wholesalers in all good faith and with a total ignorance of their subsidiary uses, are so much disguise to enable the elderly gentlemen to pursue their mysterious calling without fear of detection.

There is an air of decided secretiveness about these elderly salesmen. When at home, they are to be found living at good class boarding houses. For months they do nothing, but inactivity does not appear to cause them any financial embarrassment. They never discuss their business, and for the most part their fellow-boarders regard them as gentlemen of independent means, or possibly the recipients of comfortable pensions. Then suddenly they exhibit a strange activity, and if their doings were carefully noted, it would be found that they were negotiating with manufacturers for "side lines" to sell on commission. They experience little difficulty in securing the interest of several good houses, for their testimonials are of the best. Having secured a sufficient number of lines to provide them with a pretext for calling on every conceivable business man in their territory, including doctors, dentists, and ministers, they set forth and are seen no more on the porch of their boarding houses for six or eight weeks.

It will be discovered, further, by a close observer, that these elderly men become galvanized into activity whenever a crisis becomes acute in the affairs of whatever government happens to be in power in Ottawa. Having no political leanings of their own, they have developed a peculiar sensitiveness concerning the political opinions of others. The merest hint of a general election, or suggestion of new and important legislation, stirs them from their stupor, converts them into singularly keen and observant individuals, and sends them out post haste to sell anything and everything to Tom, Dick and Harry up and down the countryside.

For these superannuated salesmen are political scouts. They are one of the surest means whereby members of parliament for country constituencies are able to "keep their ears to the ground." Rightly or wrongly, a great many gentlemen whose present address is Ottawa, and who do not wish to trouble the post office to re-direct any of the mail for a long time to come, are apprehensive that a general election looms ahead. Naturally, like Rosa Dante, in

Mature and Diplomatic They Range Through Rural Riding in Guise of Traveling Salesmen—Find Out How People Stand and Report to M.P.'s Who Employ Them—They Are Getting Ready to Test Opinion on Federal Politics

"David Copperfield," they "want to know, you know" how the cat is likely to jump when the free and independent voters head for the polling booth. There are numerous superficial methods of arriving at a guess, but guessing is not good enough for the M. P. who knows his business. The local weekly newspaper gives a hint one way or the other, and his conclusions are seldom unbiased. Stalwart supporters in the various ridings provide information, more or less—but generally less. Their leanings are known to all, and many of their neighbors take delight in misleading them. It is only here and there that the most experienced observer is able accurately to gauge the constantly changing political situation in his own home constituency. Least valuable of all is the personal tour of the sitting member or prospective candidate. The least optimistic will return from such a journey convinced that his chances of success are of the rosiest possible. Everybody, except open and avowed opponents, will assure him confidently that his triumphant return is "a sure thing."

Experienced parliamentarians know the generally unreliable nature of all such sources of information. The only way they could get at the unbiased truth would be for them to travel over their constituencies in impenetrable disguise, with or without whiskers, and by diplomatic investigation, get at the real situation. Obviously this method is impracticable, and so recourse is had to the trained services of the elderly salesmen-scouts. Several members of parliament of the same political faith whose seats adjoin, or are conveniently close together, combine to employ one of these gentlemen. Cases are known where scouts successfully serve two masters; one a Liberal and the other a Conservative. Being trained, accurate and unprejudiced observers of political opinion, these men are able to give honest, first-hand, and completely reliable information to both sides.

Such a scout, representing three, four or as many as six politicians, is in receipt of a comfortable combined salary from these employers, and whether he sells goods or not on his journey of investigation is a matter of small concern to him. He endeavors, however, to sell as much as he can, because his samples and catalogues are a disguise that must be kept as effective as possible. The companies whom he ostensibly represents know nothing of his political affiliations, and are content to have him sell their products "on the side" in territory where they could not otherwise afford to be represented. As a matter of fact, the scout-salesman is generally a competent "commercial" and his earnings from commission represent no small sum at the end of the year.

The work is one that calls for a man of mature experience, a mild and inoffensive exterior that invites confidences, insinuating man-

ners, and extreme diplomacy and tact. It involves a full and accurate knowledge of the political history of the riding and the personal acquaintance of every leading man in it, whether he is politically influential or not. The scout must have the faculty of making other men talk, and keep talking, while he listens. Calling on a hardware dealer, he introduces his line. Business matters are discussed, and before long the merchant, under the skillful manipulation of the visitor, voluntarily introduces the question of national politics. A deft question or two, a politely murmured doubt, a hesitating opinion, from the salesman—whose attitude suggests the slightest possible acquaintance with politics—variably get the dealer "going." Not realizing that he is laying bare his soul to a spy, and completely captivated by his hearer's respectful and sensible acquiescence in all that he is saying, the dealer pours out his opinions about the government. Every word he lets drop is caught by a retentive memory. If the hour is not a busy one and the scout generally sees that it is not—the entire staff is drawn into the discussion while the caller deftly keeps himself in the background, speaking only when the debate threatens to peter out before he has been able to sum up the situation to his entire satisfaction. At the end of an hour or less he knows exactly how things stand in that particular store, and knows it, moreover, with an intimacy and accuracy which the local editor or political boss could not compass.

Having finished the round of the hardware stores, the scout turns his attention to the grocers, whom he visits with an offer of a new brand of macaroni. Here the same process is gone through, and the mild-mannered, pleasant-spoken, elderly gentleman ascertains how the grocery trade in that town or village is going to vote the first chance it gets. Then follow the drygoods stores, drug stores, and so on, until the entire business community has been canvassed without anyone except the scout being wise to the fact. A nifty spark plug justifies a call on the garage men; a patent horseshoe opens the door of the village smithy, where an interesting debate can always be got up at a minute's notice between visiting farmers. An imported antiseptic for doctors, a tooth-filling for dentists, a book on theology for ministers, generally paves the way for these professional gentlemen to unleash their profoundest convictions as to whether the country is, or is not, going to the dogs.

Valuable information can also be picked up by the scout at the hotel dining table and on the porch, and he seldom fails to extract the last possible grain of information from any company in which he may find himself. He works with consummate skill, carefully disguising his real objective, and subtly leading conversation into the desired channels, and keeping it there.

When he has covered his ground thoroughly, the scout makes out his report, one for each of his Ottawa employers. Needless to say, these documents are carefully scrutinized by the men for whom they are prepared. They constitute the most reliable information of the political situation in their constituencies, and not one of the members concerned would dream of deciding his future action without first absorbing and weighing every fact, suggestion and insinuation conveyed to him by his scout.

### Far From Perfect

A BOY concluded his first attempt at story-writing as follows: "This is my 1st attempt at writin a tale, and it is far from being perfect, but if i have indooed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make life as barren as the desert of Sarah or as joyous as a flower garden my obyek will have bin accomplished. Adoo!"

### Why He Lost Out

Jay Walkers are Not All Like This Chap, of Course

By JOHN PILGRIM

"LOOK at him," said Tom Harrison this morning.

The "him" in the case was crossing the street in the midst of the early morning automobile traffic. Half-way across he stopped to light a cigar. In one hand he carried a newspaper, turned to the financial column.

"Either he is a man who can concentrate to the last degree," said Harrison. "Or else he's a plain fool. It is important for me to know which."

It happens that Harrison wanted a man to fill an important post in his organization. The "him" I have referred to was under consideration. His office record was good and he was well dressed and snappy. But he was a jaywalker.

"There is no shotgun rule for jaywalkers," said Harrison. "Some are men of extraordinary power. Others have feathers in their hats. I must know which category he comes in."

Any traffic policeman will tell you that the confirmed jaywalkers are either old ladies—male or female—who haven't brains enough to know better, nervous cases who cannot hold themselves, or worried men who think about office business at the wrong time. But they agree that there is something wrong with jaywalkers. Somehow they do not function. There is a rusty spot on their mental mechanism.

Tom Harrison followed "him" on his way down the street. Two minutes after the jaywalker had crossed the street he stopped in front of a store window to watch a man demonstrate a new razor strop.

Right there he tossed away a better job than he ever had in all his life.

## Current Wit and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs From the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

Judge not thy friend until thou standest in his place.—Hillel.

You can't tell a politician from a statesman by the obituary notices.—Manitoba Free Press.

It is about time to outfit the childrer, for school. When a man has to buy them a suit, shoes and an automobile apiece it keeps him on the jump.—South Bend Tribune.

Boys who would murder another boy merely for the thrill should not be denied the thrill of being hanged for it.—Kincaidine Review.

This is the only cabinet that has been defeated ten times and has never turned a hair.—Mr. MacDonald.

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

Emancipation hasn't freed woman from much except corsets and hairpins.—Vancouver Sun.

Some take too much trouble in making pleasure and others too much pleasure in making trouble.—Kingston Whig.

Germany threatens to place a prohibitory duty on flour. It is not very long ago since she was begging for flour to feed her starving population.—Vancouver Province.

It is a ridiculous fallacy to pretend that the commercial prosperity of one country is detrimental to the prosperity of other countries.—Mr. Snowden.

Too many who catch on to things quickly let go the same way.—London Free Press.

The loss of time due to sickness, most of it preventable, costs the country at least ten times more than it loses through strikes.—Sir George Newman.

One might get the idea now and then that the future of the country was uncertain were it not for the fact that hundreds of persons are preparing to be married this month.—Manitoba Free Press.

The chances are, taking any planet at random, that it is unlikely we should find on it anything akin to human life.—Sir Oliver Lodge.

It is said that chivalry died on the day that flapperism was born.—Simcoe Reformer.

New York women are shaving their upper lips. Next thing we know they will be raising moustaches.—Border Cities Star.

Spurious money, mostly in bills of large de-

nominations, has been circulating in the United States. Our advice, therefore, is to expiure carefully all your \$1,000 and \$10,000 bills.—Ottawa Journal.

Most people hardly know what meditation means: their idea of activity is the activity of a squirrel in a cage.—Dear Inge.

Everybody seems to have the inalienable right to quit work except mother.—Ex.

The sentiment seems to be growing in Europe that the right way to have peace is to quit spending money for powder and bullets.—Border Cities Star.

It is harder and harder for those who are not proficient to find a game in which their presence is tolerated.—The Rev. C. A. Allington.

The sick of Ottawa will soon be cared for in one of the finest hospitals in Canada. We mention this now to jolly along the taxpayers who may need good hospital accommodation later on.—Ottawa Journal.

They don't call locomotives' pilots cow catchers any more. They call 'em Ford catchers.—James J. Montague, in New York Herald Tribune.

The men of the future will know too much to laugh at anything.—Professor Charles Shaw.

Did you ever hear of a girl marrying the kind of man that the fortune teller said she would?—Brandon Sun.

It is said that there are 2,000,000 laws in the United States; but what about the Ten Commandments?—Kingston Standard.

### Fewest Possible Words

"NOW my good woman," said the learned judge, "you must give an answer in the fewest possible words of which you are capable, to the plain and simple question whether, when you were crossing the street with the baby on your arm, and the omnibus was coming down on the right side and the cab on the left and the brougham was trying to pass the omnibus, you saw the plaintiff between the brougham and the cab, or whether and when you saw him at all, and whether or not near the brougham, cab, and omnibus, or either, or any two and which of them respectively, or how it was."

### Losing Balance

JACK: Yes, I had a little balance in the bank, but I got engaged two months ago, and now—

Muriel: Ah, love makes the world go round. Jack: Yes, but I didn't think it would go round so fast as to make me lose my balance.



**EAST LONDON WOMAN:** Whenever I go to the street door his wife sings at the top of her voice, "That coal-black mammy of mine."  
(The Wife: Well, she never washes.)

ception of the part a go-between plays in Japan. There it is no comic opera role; there the go-between is a sort of underwriter of the future happiness of the couple he brings together. If storm arise between the pair in the many summers which follow the wedding vows, then

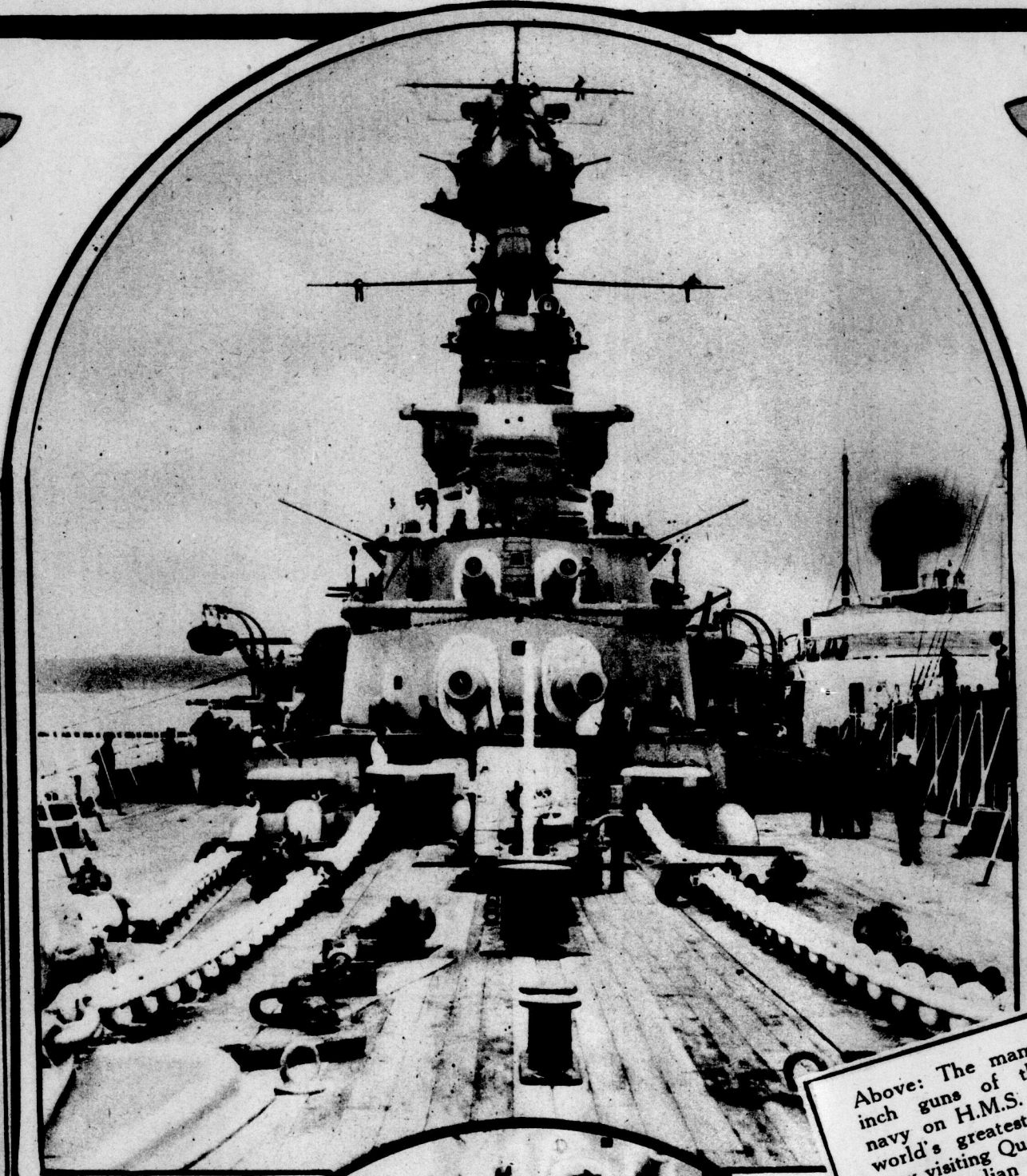


# The London Advertiser

LONDON, ONT., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1924



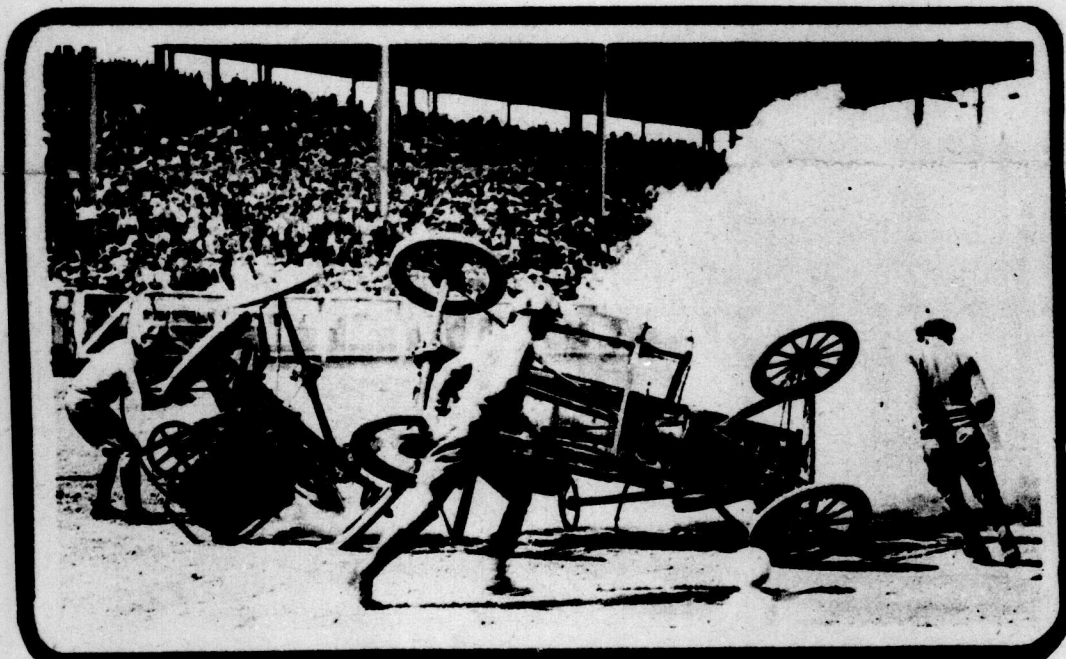
By recitals in the state opera house, Mme. Mady Lindenberg, a wealthy Viennese beauty, has done much for war cripples.



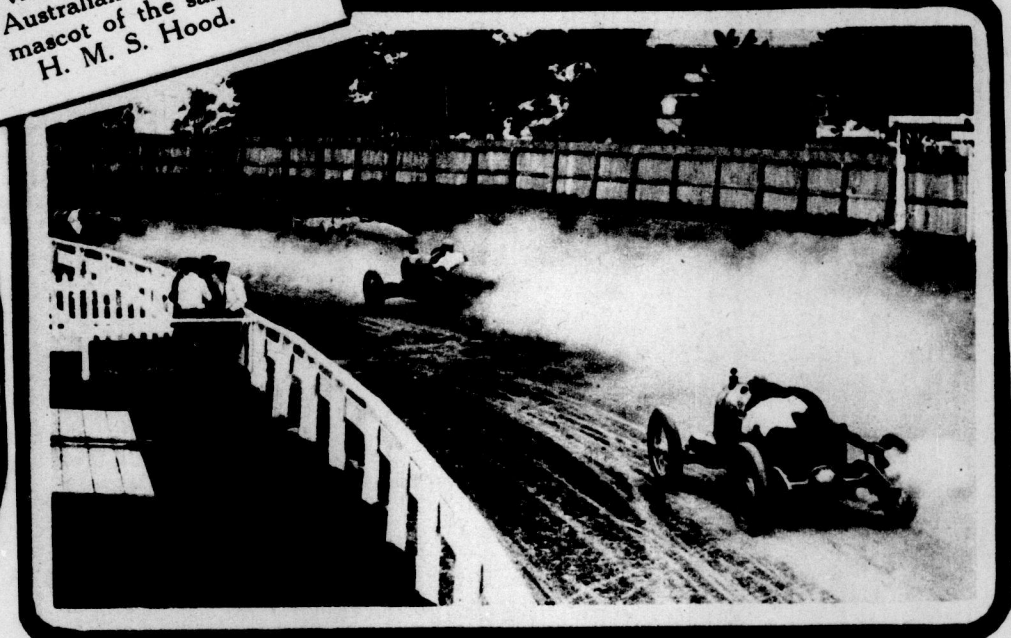
Above: The mammoth 15 inch guns of the British navy on H.M.S. Hood, the world's greatest battleship, now visiting Quebec. Below: An Australian Kangaroo is the mascot of the sailors on H. M. S. Hood.



This stunning Brush-Weiss model of embroidered maple Frostkrepe is worn by Miss Beatrice Swanson, who is soon to appear in the new Passing Show of 1924.



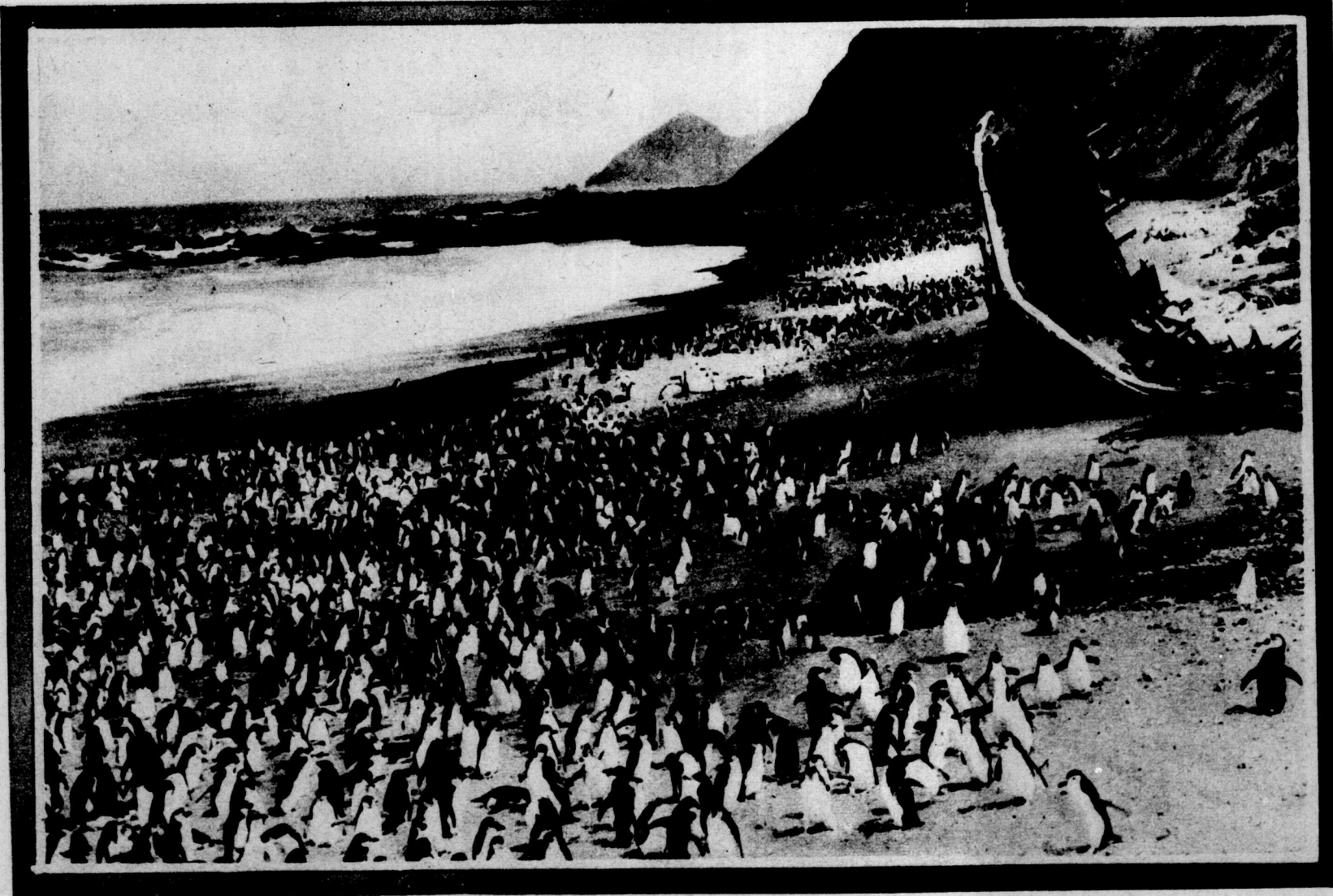
Upsets like these are nothing unusual in the motor polo games at the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto



Exciting moment at a curve in the auto races in front of the Grand Stand at the Canadian National Exhibition.



Hungary's most popular and highest-paid actress is the beautiful Lilly Darvas, who poses as an angel in her latest role



The Penguins' Coney Island. Captain Frank Hurley, the noted explorer, took this picture at Macquarie Island in the Southern Pacific. In the right background is the wreck of a sealing vessel.

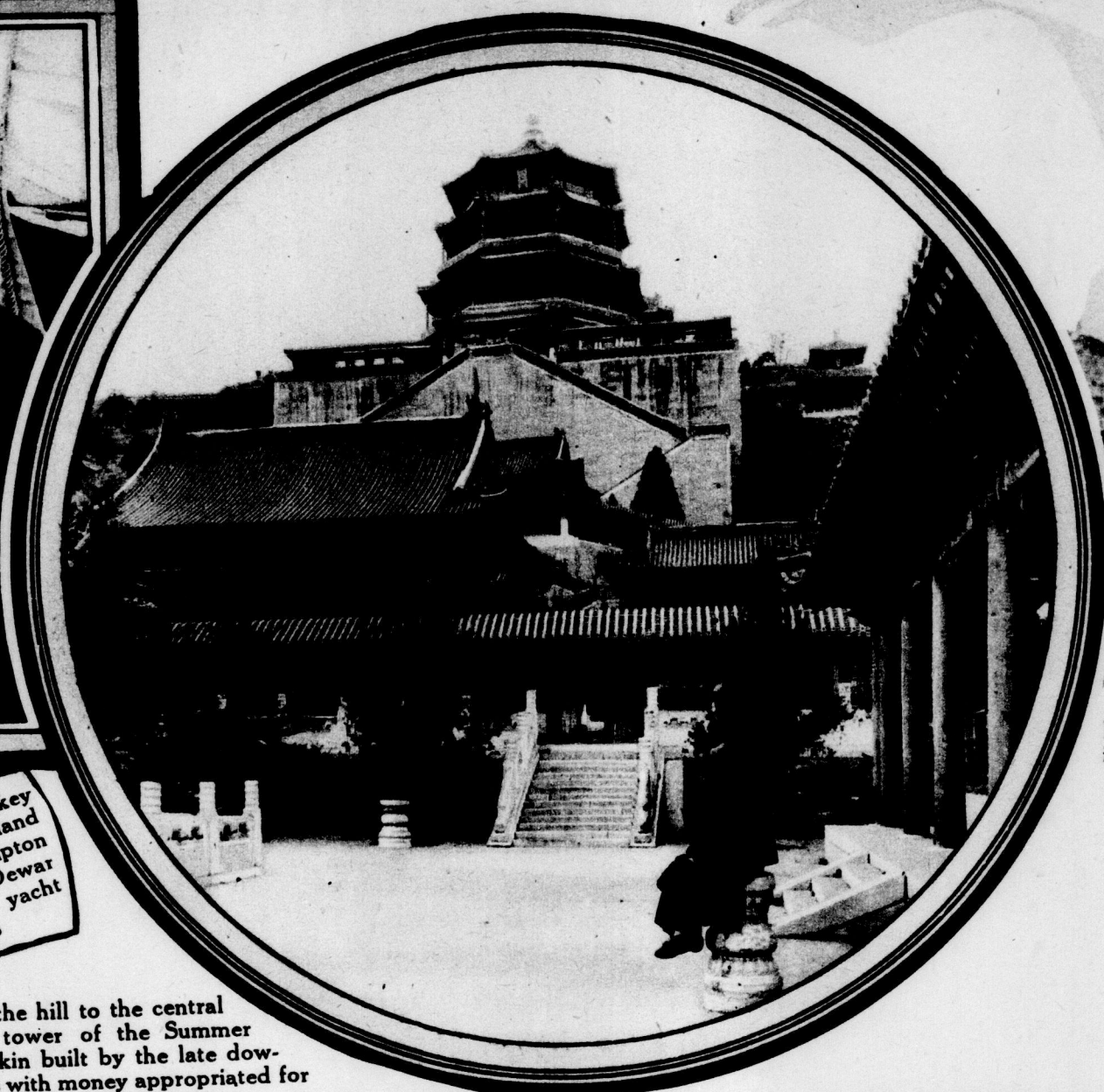


Corinne Griffith is a trim miss of the early nineties in her latest film called "Wilderness."

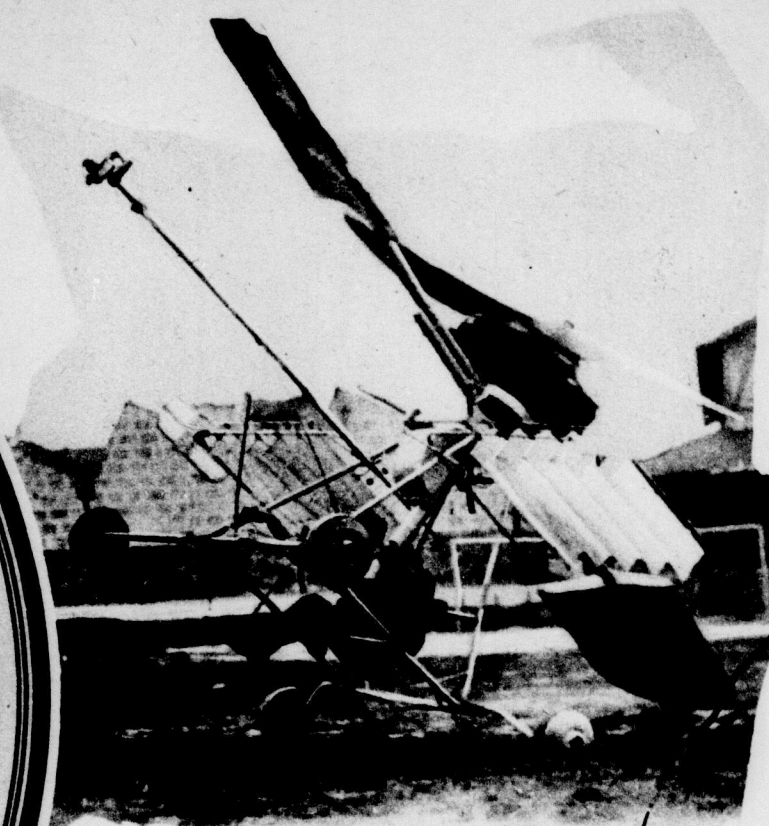




Tea and whiskey  
kings of England  
Sir Thomas Lipton  
and Lord Dewar  
enjoy the yacht  
races



Looking up the hill to the central  
palace and tower of the Summer  
Palace in Peking built by the late dow-  
ager empress with money appropriated for  
the construction of a navy



Not a bad accident. M. Douheret's "helicopter" flopped  
in its field near Paris because he forgot to untie the "hitch-  
ing" rope



Geraldine Loti, the famous Italian beauty, sets the fashion of  
wearing a white wig at public functions



Maude, Julie and Trixie, the perform-  
ing elephants of the Luna Park Circus,  
New York, like bedtime stories over  
the radio



Princess Alexandra, wife of the  
fourth son of the former kaiser,  
called the most beautiful princess in  
Europe, will soon star in the movies



H.M. the King, with some of his guests, on board the Britannia, his majesty's cutter, at  
the Cowes regatta



This is Marion Talley, the young  
Kansas City girl with the wonderful  
voice, who is being sent to Milan by  
the home-town folks



The dwelling place of four generations of Coolidges at Plymouth, Vermont. This  
is where the president's father farms



Is there any family in Canada to equal the twenty-two youngsters belonging to Mr. and Mrs. George A. Toombs, the  
largest family in the state of California? The Star Weekly would like to hear about it



How would  
this embroidered  
black satin frock,  
with heavy silk cord  
for a belt and pleated  
crepe de chine trim-  
ming the waist, do  
for afternoon tea?



Not a fight, but merely a rehearsal for a Hawaiian dance. Due  
to the extreme heat in London, England, the theatrical companies  
rehearsed on the beach





A direct descendant of the Russian royal family is Nina Romano, who has made a name for herself on the American screen and stage



Watching the yachts off the Island at Toronto



This charming model, direct from Paris, shows a three-quarter length striped coat, with scarf to match, which will be popular this fall



A symphony in browns and tans is this little Paris bonnet with chocolate-color crown of beaver cloth and tan felt for turned-up brim and streamers



Silver dollars are more economical than paper money, the United States treasury department says. Miss Dorothy Knapp, Ziegfeld Follies girl, holds the distinction of being the first to receive her salary in silver "cartwheels"



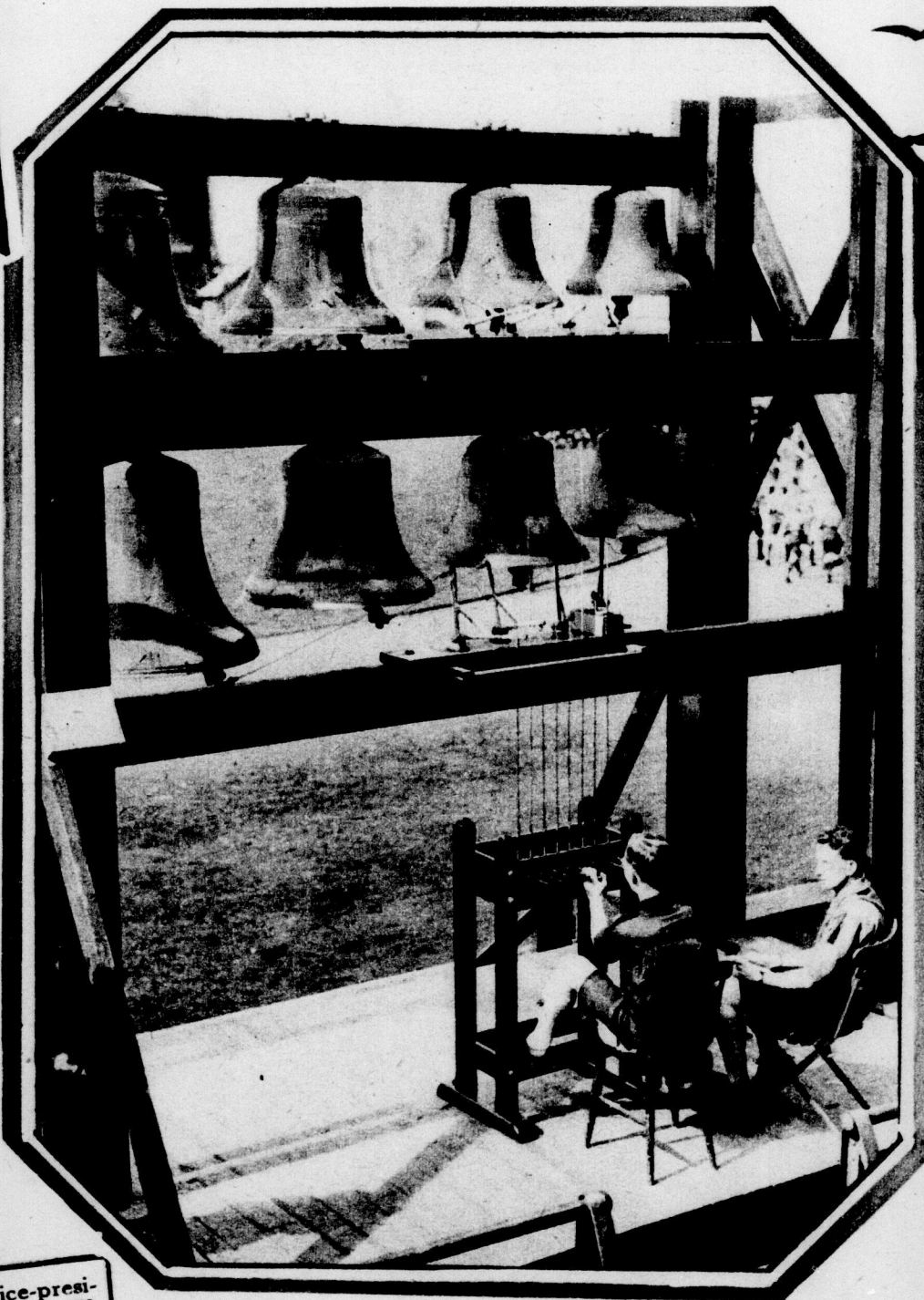
When Georges Carpentier tires of the ring there's a chance for him, he believes, as the strong man with a circus



You don't see these every day. A thirty-six-pound bass, caught by Lester O'Connor off Long Beach



This is the Democratic vice-president nominee, Governor Chas. W. Bryan, his wife and daughter, Mrs. E. Harnsberger of Ashland, Nebraska



This huge carillon is being used at the big Boy Scout jamboree in England



Tom Wilson, the earliest guide in the Canadian Rockies, was present when this bronze portrait tablet was unveiled to commemorate his years of marking out the trails by the Trail Riders at their big pow-wow at Yoho Camp, B.C.

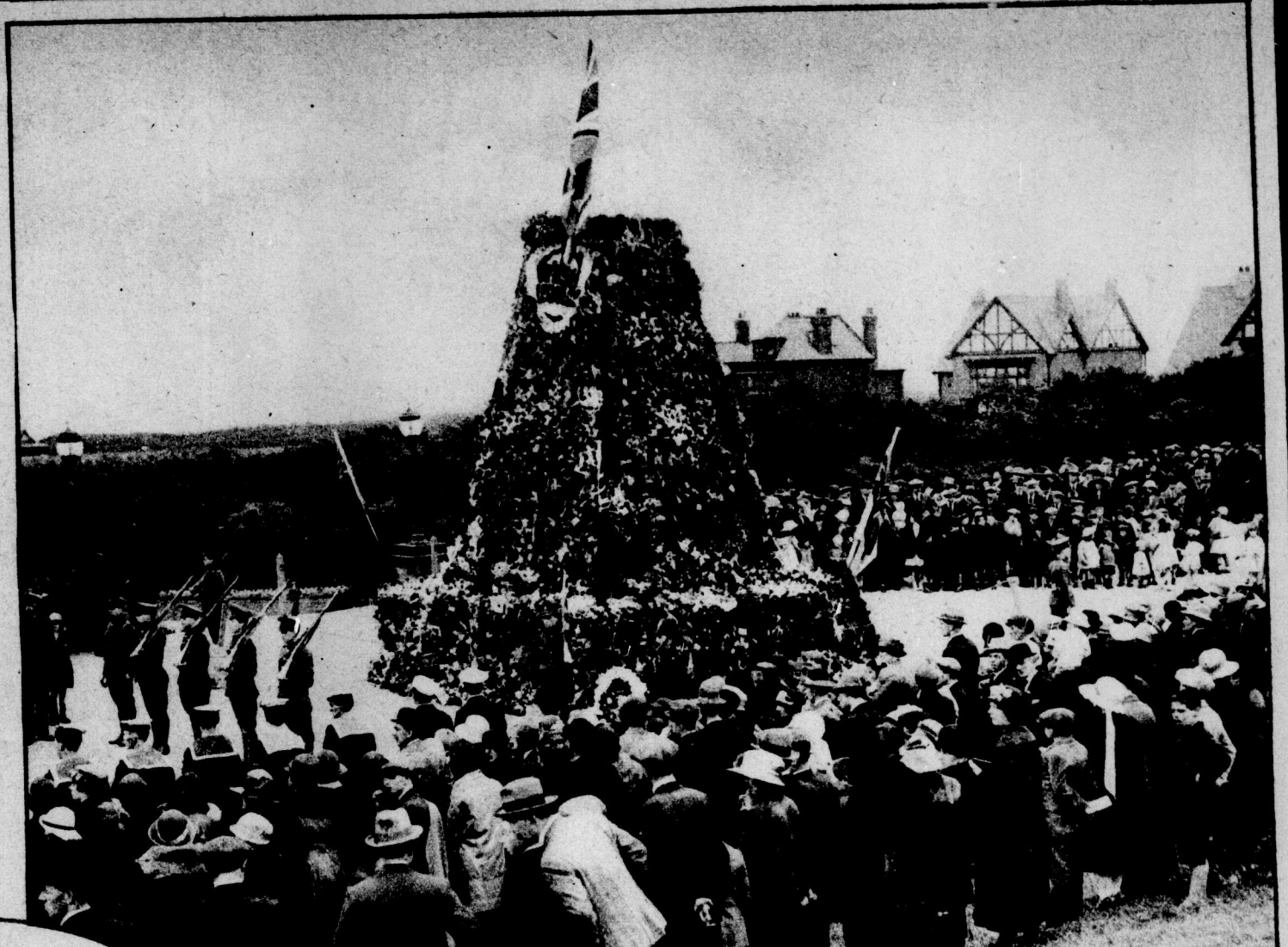




The statute to the memory of the women of the New England pilgrims who founded America



Nora Swinburne, the English actress, is a relative of the great poet



At South Shields, England, at a memorial service, the cenotaph was composed entirely of flowers



A coat for the business girl, in rust colored heavy crepe with red fox trim



At the Leicester agricultural show, these were the winning Borzois, or Russian wolf hounds



A Californian Jap takes his little doll girl for a ride in one papa power touring model



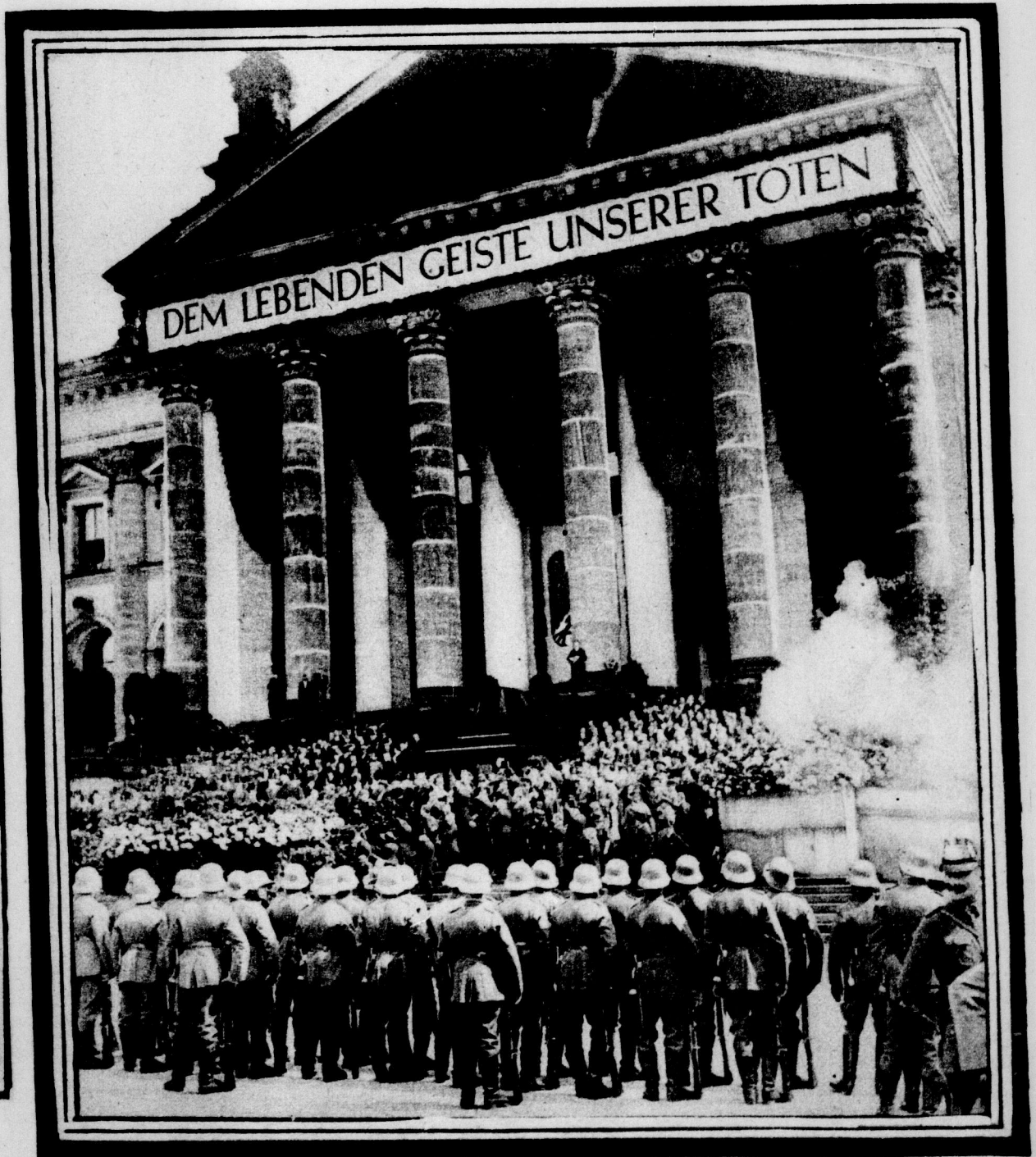
The Ontario government movie man making pictures of an Ayreshire bull during a visit by British scientists to some Ontario farms



Carrying supplies to Greenland for the United States fliers, the ship Gertude Rash has to buck through the Arctic ice floes, which never melt



Ellin MacKey was the first hostess to the Prince of Wales on his arrival in the States



"To the living spirits of our dead." Berlin holds a monster memorial service to her fallen on the tenth anniversary of the war's beginning



# Alsace Back Under the Tricolor Even Mustaches Become French

Deputy From Recovered Province Announces That He Will Speak German in French Chamber — But Alsace is France Just the Same

RECENTLY elected deputy to the French Chamber for one of the two Alsatian departments has announced his intention of that addressing that august body in German, for the simple and cogent reason that he knows no other language. This startling declaration by M. Charles Huber—in Alsace they write his Christian name as Karl and give the u in his surname the benefit of an umlaut—may possibly cause some of those credulous and complacent people who remain persuaded that Alsace is, and always has been, both linguistically and racially, as much a part of France as Northumberland is of England—perhaps, too, a few sanguine French patriots who have never left their own country—to pause and wonder. If these stout "Old Believers" in the divine inspiration and equity of the Treaty of Versailles have tenacious enough memories they may recall, further, that President Wilson originally intended Alsace and Lorraine to have, like Schleswig, Upper Silesia, and other doubtful regions, the benefit of a plebiscite to decide their own destiny in accordance with that magniloquent and academically unassailable doctrine of the self-determination of peoples. Perhaps it would be asking too much of human powers of recollection to suggest that anyone should still remember that this, the most important of all the plebiscites invoked by the peace treaties, somehow or other never took place. M. Georges Clemenceau was good enough to save the supreme council the trouble by announcing that Alsace had already "had" its plebiscite, and there was an end of the matter. But Alsace, though it is not German, is still less French. It is, like bilingual Luxembourg, a survival of the old Burgundian Middle Kingdom.

There are some wonderful pictures in the Strassburg Museum: a museum subtly designed to give the impression that the siege of 1870 was the only really memorable incident in the history of the old imperial city. These pictures, the gift of an "ever-grateful" and, for allegorical purposes at least, half-nude feminine republic, to the "faithful and ever-French" city, depict this plebiscite of the Alsatian heart in scenes of such frenzied rejoicing and riotous carnival as to seem almost too good to be true. The Strassburgers, a chivalrous people, are careful to pay just tribute to the notable part in this four de gloire played by the thousands of disinterestedly patriotic day-trippers who from all parts of France, garlanded with the tricolor and vocal with one continuous Marseillaise, poured into the cathedral square to co-operate in the mighty shout of acclaim which enabled the "Tiger" to make that deathless revindication of the four-teen points to the British and American generals at his side. Perhaps M. Huber's first speech to the Chamber may be considered as an answer.

## German Eagles Covered

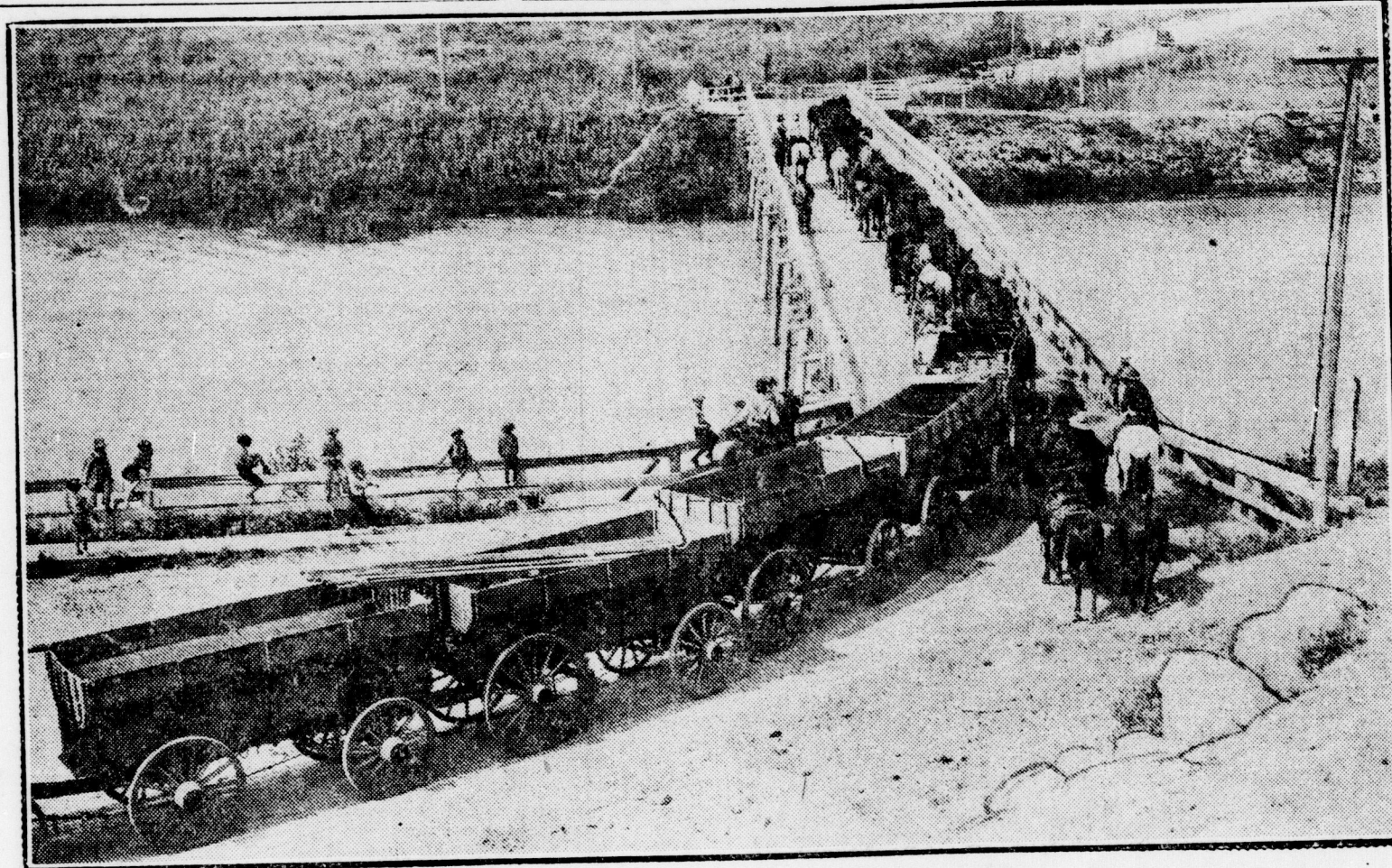
THAT immortal November twenty-second has provided the new name for the principal shopping street of the city. Here the Gebrüder have metamorphosed themselves into Feres, the Aktiengesellschaften have become euphonious Societes Anonymes, each Modegeschäft or Damenwarenhaus an Au Bon Gout or an A La Petit Parisienne. But it is still easy to decipher the original German signs and titles from the nail marks and window-scarings. Even the letter boxes have neat little enamel plates, bearing the rather superfluous inscription, Boite-aux-Lettres, to cover, fig-leaves, the obscenity of a cast-iron German eagle. The letter boxes of Alsace are indeed remarkable, in that they are almost the only ones in all France which can be found without the services of a local guide or a house-to-house exploration. Fortunes must have been made in the enameled-plate industry. Each street has had to be provided with its name reduplicated in a French translation, the hundred-and-one things it was forbidden to do in German railway carriages to be replaced by the still more confused and Draconian edicts embodied in the Reglements de Police of the new French administration, to give but two instances. Sometimes the results are rather droll, as in a somnolent village lane where above the name Winkelgasse can be read, as the appropriate French rendering, Rue de l'Angle.

Among the many unnecessary gadgets, fussy notices, and awful warnings of prohibition conspicuous in German trains in former times was a neat little wooden box with a glass cover placed in the corridor containing an axe and a saw, "in case of accidents." The rolling-stock of the Alsace-Lorraine railways is the same as before the war, re-lettered, resanctified, and occasionally repainted for the use of French citizens. In the corridor trains these little German toll-boxes persist. Only now they are empty, and a notice of singular reassurance for nervous passengers apprehensive of imprisonment in a telescoped carriage inform the enquiring that, in cases of actual emergency, axe and saw can be had on application to the guard—at his discretion.

The mustaches of the agents de ville, the municipal police, are trained to grow in the spreading French military manner, where once they humbly imitated the truculence of an imperial model, with the aid of a celluloid apparatus, worn at night, known as "Es ist erreicht!" and recommended to all male Hohenzollern patriots. Men who once wore the German Vollbart and shrink from the clean-shaven state have trimmed their beards to a Gallic point, or even reduced their hirsute pride to the puny compass of an imperial.

## German Millinery Gone

THERE was something curious and troubling about the appearance of a restaurant manager who advised me as to the choice of un tout petit déjeuner, and was clearly more accustomed to make suggestions for the heaviest of Mitta-



Canada Boasts World's Largest Horse Team—32 Horses and 8 Wagons

THE largest team in the world, entering Calgary over the Macleod trail, to take part in the recent stampede parade. This team, which is composed of 32 horses and eight wagons, all hitched in one long string, trailed into Calgary from Gleichen, Alberta, a distance of 65 miles. It is owned by Glenn House, of Gleichen, and driven by "Slim" Moorehouse, of Vulcan. Horsemen and stockmen came to Calgary from Chicago, Washington, D.C., and Seattle, solely for the purpose of studying this marvelous team, the largest ever assembled and driven by man. The photo shows world's largest team making a dangerous bridge crossing just before entering Calgary.

gessen. I realized at length that it was only that his iron-grey hair, which for decades had been shaved to the skull, had now been allowed to grow to the luxuriant length enabling it to be brushed back from the forehead like Georges Carpentier. But when I asked him for some dark beer he answered, "There is no dark beer in Strassburg now—only light." Dark beer is apparently as much under a political taboo as German cuisine, which vanished with the Speisekarte.

Outside the station is a great square where the tram routes converge—Tramways de Strassburg now, once Strassenbahnen der Stadt Strassburg i.EI—planted with chestnut trees, dull, pompous, and German, but pleasantly shady. It is said that M. Alapette, high commissioner for the republic in the Pays Libres, when first he beheld it, announced that the trees must forthwith be cut down, so that, in consonance with the best Centralist tradition, this provincial Place de la Gare should be made as close an imitation as possible of the Place de la Concorde in Paris. Indeed, it seems the necessary orders were duly given, but, owing to ingenious forms of inconspicuous obstruction, in which the Alsatians ever excelled, have never been carried out. In compensation some beautiful trees flanking a stately eighteenth-century building in the Place du Broglie, now used as an officers' club, have been ruthlessly truncated. It was necessary that Messieurs les Officiers should be able to contemplate the petites femmes qui passent from the ground floor windows. Stendhal noted what he termed the French national hatred of trees nearly a century ago, but he would probably have regarded this excuse as a perfectly valid one.

The gendarmerie is everywhere in evidence, as though to supplement and stiffen the imperfectly acquired insouciance of the municipal police, who seem a trifle self-conscious, in their kepis and a not yet quite familiar uniform. In Saverne, the little town in the Vosges, once notorious for the Zabern affair, the quota of the local German police was raised to eleven in the latter stages of the war, owing to the notorious disaffection and tenaciously pro-French sentiments of its two thousand inhabitants. As a fitting tribute to its martyrdom under the German yoke it now enjoys the services of thirty-seven stalwarts of the Gendarmerie Nationale, and still recently, the number was considerably greater. The bleu d'horizon uniform in the street is in pleasant contrast to the Pickelhauben and flache Mutzen of what the Alsatians guardedly refer to as the old days. The French troops, many of whom it is curious to hear speaking German, or at least a dialect of it, as their native language, are very smart, courteous and well-behaved. So great is their number that even the plethora of German barracks does not suffice to contain them, and new ones are being built. French students in their sloppy velvet caps pass, coming from the now "redeemed" university where once Goethe studied.

## Hausfrau's Hat Gone

TEN years ago I remember seeing German students pass the same way with their rather bloated but honorably lacerated faces and all the grotesque heavy-dragon trappings of the Korps-Verbindungen. The improvement, in externals at least, is enormous and undeniable. And, curiously enough, it is most conspicuous in the matter of headgear. Officers, police, postmen and tram-conductors are all humanized by the kepi. The rakish, dark-blue Chasseur-Alpin, Pyrenean-shepherd cap has ousted the hard, round, semi-military disk for the schoolboys. Among the women, though the picturesque Alsatian headgear survives, the hat of the German Hausfrau, that reproach among women and inexhaustible gold mine of the caricaturist, has vanished utterly. Berlin no longer delivers the goods.

Over the Kehl bridge, which leads across the Rhine to Baden, crows a golden and ultrabell-cos little Gallic cock, surfeited with pride at having overcome the Prussian feathered Goliath.

On most of the public buildings the French have succeeded in carving out the Imperial eagle and carving in the sober emblem of the republic. But the prefecture, the old Regierungs-gebäude, defies all efforts at Gallicization. Not-

ing but high explosive could tame the German exuberance of this 1880 nightmare in sandstone. Eagles, crowns, coats-of-arms, and again more eagles, other crowns, and yet more shields, drip from its ponderous cornice and cavernous tympanum like cream poured over a fantastic blanchange. But from the porch flutters the tricolor, vivid and out of place as a mannequin in a sumptuously funeral Sunday school.

There are times when one can hardly believe that Alsace is really in France again after all. Whole hours go by with nothing to make one aware of the change. But then there is always the Douane as a gentle reminder to day-dreamers that La France reste la France, and that Alsace, the longest daughter, has been gathered back to the superb bosom of the Mere Patrie. Crossing into Switzerland with only a handbag

I opened it for the inspection of a melancholy young French official. While yet the chalk of absolutism hovered in mid-air in one hand he turned over a sheaf of regulations with the other. Then, even as he motioned me to pass as one definitely cleared from suspicion of being a smuggler, he asked, tonelessly as a sullen child repeating a copybook maxim by rote: "You have no aromatic plants to declare?"

No, the war is not just a disordered dream, the new maps do not lie; Alsace is in France.—London Outlook.

## Condensed Milkmaids

VISITOR: What small girls you employ in your dairy?  
Foreman: Yes; those are our condensed milkmaids.

# Do Your Stuff and You'll Win Never Mind Your Rival's Game

Many a Star in Athletics and Business Wins Because His Competitors Play Him Instead of Playing the Game—The Tortoise Did His Stuff, the Hare Didn't

By GRANTLAND RICE

WHEN Ty Cobb was in his athletic prime he gave millions of baseball fans something to talk about, and something to think about, too, if their vision went further than the score board. He is not only one of the greatest ball players I ever saw, but one of the best examples of a very simple truth that works on the diamond, at the desk, or over the counter. Many a time I have seen the flashy Georgian rattle a whole team, and come off victor, because those who were trying to get him out were, in reality, playing squarely into his hand. Dancing up and down on the base lines, daring the pitcher and catcher to put him out, he scattered the defense of his rivals within five seconds, and then had things pretty much his own way. No matter what happened Cobb always played baseball, while the nine men pitted against him often forgot to play the game and tried to play him.

A few cool pitchers and catchers, working along steadily as if Cobb were an ordinary player, very frequently halted his spectacular stunts. They simply curbed their excitement and went ahead with the job.

Cobb would have been a star no matter what his rivals might have done, but he never would have smashed so many records if all of them had known enough to play baseball normally, instead of playing Cobb frantically.

In business, in athletics, everywhere it is a temptation to play the other fellow, to try to outguess him, to plan your own moves on the basis of what you think he is going to do. But that doesn't get you anywhere.

In one of the oldest examples ever presented along the competitive highway, the tortoise did his stuff, while the hare didn't do his.

## How Hagen Lost Match

IT is important to keep an eye upon your opponent's moves; but this doesn't mean that you are to forget your own play. If your game isn't as good as the other man's, the thing to do is to improve your own standard. You will be amazed to see how often a stronger opponent will break down in the face of consistent effort that refuses to be swept aside or broken up.

In the last professional golfers' championship Gene Sarazen and Walter Hagen met in the final

round. In the forenoon 18-hole test neither of them did his best.

"What's the matter with you two?" I asked Sarazen at lunch. "Both of you are playing below form."

"I'll tell you the trouble exactly," Sarazen answered. "I was playing Hagen and Hagen was playing me. Neither of us was playing golf. It will be different this afternoon."

And, sure enough, Sarazen went out from the jump to play golf, while Hagen for a while continued to play Sarazen. Near the finish, Hagen, suddenly realizing his error, began to play all the golf he knew, regardless of what Sarazen was doing. In a brilliant finish he overhauled his rival and carried the match on to the thirty-eighth hole, where a dramatic finish, that further illustrates what I am talking about, took place. Hagen's long and accurate shot from the tee traveled to the right of the green, the ball stopping just a few feet from a shallow trap. Sarazen's shot from the tee was badly hooked. It narrowly missed going out of bounds, and finally came to rest in heavy grass about sixty yards to the left of the green. It looked easy for Hagen.

But Sarazen, without worrying over Hagen's advantage, pitched straight for the cup and the ball stopped within two feet of it. This sensational shot was like a blow on the chin for Hagen. He hadn't missed a stroke in many holes, yet at this critical moment he was thinking of the great play his rival had made, and instead of keeping his eye on the ball he lifted his head and pitched into the trap less than two feet away. Thus he lost the match!

A few years ago a promising young fellow of my acquaintance went into business for himself, and did very well. His profits were ample, though he wasn't getting rich as fast as some of the men with whom he associated at his club. He began to think about what they were doing, and to calculate how much he would be worth if he had entered some other line.

## Upset by Others' Success

THAT kind of thinking made him restless and discontented with his own progress, which, though steady, was nothing to get excited about. Still, it was fair enough. In the end he decided to try some side lines that promised glittering results.

That man's business went up the creek for no reason except that he didn't attend to his own job.

When Harvard and Yale met in their annual football battle in 1922, Yale looked to have the stronger team. But Harvard won the game. The explanation was that Yale's mental balance had been shattered, because she tried too hard to figure out what her opponent would do. Yale didn't do her stuff.

But in 1923 things had changed. Yale was no longer worrying over what an opponent might do. She was intent upon playing football. A star quarterback, a hustling captain, a strong and fast line, and a speedy, alert backfield was a combination that struck terror to the hearts of her opponents. But that wasn't all that Yale had. As valuable as any of the other assets was a new state of mind: Yale had confidence, and went out to play all the football she knew.

On the day of the Harvard game a heavy rain was falling. The playing field was a mire, this condition killed off the greatest asset Yale had, which was speed. As I waited for the game to begin I was wondering if the Yale players would take this as another Harvard omen, and begin to worry. Had they cast off the mental handicap so completely that not even such hard luck as this could revive it?

My question was answered as soon as the game began. Yale was herself, was playing her own game, though the field was ankle-deep in water, and the ball was slicker than a greased pig. The new spirit that was in the Yale players, a spirit that kept them going at a great pace until the game was over and Harvard defeated. They played just as if the field had been dry, simply because they were playing their own game, doing their stuff regardless of weather, and regardless of an opponent who had beaten them four years in a row.

## Asset of Mental Balance

MENTAL balance is one of the highest assets a man can have when he goes into a competitive game, or when he goes into a competitive business or profession. One of the strong points of William T. Tilden, four times tennis champion, is his ability to break down the mental balance of his opponent.

"The greatest temptation in the world," one of his rivals said to me, "is to try to play Tilden instead of playing tennis. And you can't play Tilden, because you never know what he is going to do. You get all set for one thing and he hands you something else."

Tilden is a marvelous player, yet I'm sure that those who have met him would have done better if they had given their undivided attention to playing tennis and hadn't balled up their mental balance by trying to outguess the champion.

When Dempsey was preparing for his fight with Willard, which won him the championship, he worked hard, but said little. No one could get a prediction out of him. There was no boasting, no retelling of what he could do. When interviewers pressed him hard his reply was that he would do the best he could.

Willard, on the contrary, was in a curious mental twist, due partly to over-confidence. Mixed with this, Willard was thinking of what Dempsey was going to do, rather than of what he intended doing to Dempsey.

Dempsey, meanwhile, wasn't thinking of what Willard would do to him. He was watching for a chance to do something to Willard, and when the huge champion led uncertainly with his long left Dempsey was all set for the job.

For two years the Giants had the Yankees baffled in the world's series games. The Yankees couldn't play their best because they were worrying all the time about McGraw and his men might pull off. Their imaginations were too active. The series of 1923 started out as if it might be a repetition of the two preceding contests, but the Yankees got themselves together before it was too late, forgot about the Giants' fame as inside baseball wizards, and played their own game. They hit hard, fielded well and got good pitching, and with their mind intent upon doing their stuff they won the series handily.

A cool head, a stout heart, a definite goal will take a man a long, long way—American Magazine.

# Mighty Power Plant in Forest Canada World Leader in Hydro

Duke-Price Syndicate's Spectacular Undertaking on the Saguenay River, Emphasizes Dominion's Enormous Hydro-Electric Development—540,000 Horse-Power in One Private Plant

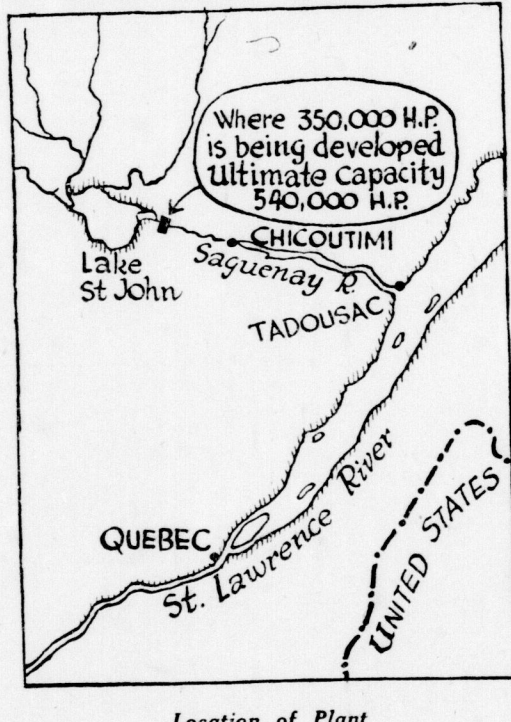
By W. R. FLEWMAN

THE spectacular hydro-power undertaking of the Duke-Price syndicate on the Saguenay river is only beginning to attract the attention that it deserves. There, near the outlet from Lake St. John, 225 miles northeast of Montreal, one of the largest powerhouses in the world is nearing completion.

By January it is hoped that power will be ready for use. The initial installation is to be 350,000 horsepower, ultimately twelve generators of 45,000 horsepower capacity, with a total output of 540,000 h.p., will be installed. It might be asked what will be done with so much power at so remote a spot. A man like James B. Duke, who, born in a log cabin, rose to be the tobacco king of America, is not the sort of person to embark on a venture without seeing the end from the beginning.

The power house is located near the huge 500-ton-per-day paper mills of Sir William Price at Kenogami, which uses about 50,000 horsepower of energy already. Sir William is the fourth largest manufacturer of newsprint paper in the world and is going out after first place. He has 5,700 square miles of timber limits credited with containing sufficient pulpwood to produce 30,000,000 tons of newsprint paper. He will soon start work on a new mill of 200 tons capacity, which will require 20,000 h.p. of electricity. And he has other big plans in mind. He has contracted with the Duke-Price power syndicate to buy 90,000 h.p. during the first year of operation; 145,000 h.p. the second year, and 200,000 h.p. thereafter till the end of a 20-year period. The price is to be \$12 per h.p., which is a very favorable rate.

When Sir William Price is taking 200,000 h.p. he will have enough power to produce 2,000 tons of paper per day. That would be manufacturing on an unprecedented scale. But Hon. Athanasius David, provincial secretary of Quebec, is urging that it is better to cut down the timber and turn it into money than to wait for fire and insect to destroy it. And he suggests that industries be



Location of Plant

encouraged to locate near hydro-power houses by creating neutral zones around them into which raw material could be imported and from which manufactured products could be exported without the payment of duties. An arrangement of that character would require the endorsement of the federal authorities and of the government at Washington, and would be revolutionary in character. Were it adopted, which is scarcely probable, most of southwestern Ontario, which is served by the Hydro-Niagara system, could import raw materials from the United States free of duty if the manufactured articles made therefrom were sent into that country. And no duty would be levied on the manufactured articles by the United States.

The Duke-Price power plant will get its energy by damming Lake St. John up to its spring level of 20 feet. The lake is a natural reservoir, with an area of 250,000 acres, discharging through a narrow gorge known as "The Grand Discharge." In the middle of the outlet is an island, 800 feet from the mainland and just the right distance away for the construction of a power house. Twenty miles down stream it would be possible to build a second power dam. Near here the water is deep enough to accommodate the largest vessels, making an admirable site for manufacturing industries.

The syndicate has put 19 millions of capital into the scheme, and is now offering to the public 12 millions of bonds, which will be a first claim on the property.

Canada is proceeding rapidly to utilize her water power resources. The maximum capacity of her waterfalls is put at between 18 and 30

million horsepower, the quantity depending on the period of flow. The lower figure is the minimum dependable flow. About 10 millions of the 18 millions are located at points where development is feasible at this time. Canada has an installed capacity to-day of about three and a quarter millions, and will add another million during the next two years. If the recent rate of increase continues the dominion will have 5,600,000 h.p. of hydro-electric energy in use by 1940. The investment already reaches 700 millions, as against 120 millions in 1910.

In this country there are more than 900 central electric stations representing a capital investment of nearly 600 millions, employing more than 10,000 hands and serving a million subscribers. Ontario alone has 400 plants, with 300 millions invested and serving 450,000 subscribers. Sixty-eight per cent. of the capital is Canadian, 12.6 American and 6.4 British.

The dominion leads the world in the quantity of hydro-electric energy used per thousand head of population, the figure being 350 h.p. as against 95 h.p. in the U. S. Only 5.64 per cent. of the power used by the manufacturing industries of the U. S. is hydro-electric energy. Canada's use of her waterfalls gives her a great advantage over her neighboring trade rivals. The potential water power of the world is 439 millions h.p., of which 23 millions is being developed.

Of the available 24-hour water energy in Canada, with a six-months flow, Ontario has 6,808,190 h.p. with a development of 1,445,480 h.p., and Quebec 11,640,052 h.p. with a development of 1,116,398 h.p. Northern Ontario is going into the power business on a large scale. The mines already are using 100,000 h.p. Pulp and paper mills use more hydro-electric power than any other single class. More than 120 mills use between 726,000 h.p. of which Quebec uses about 90,000 h.p. more than Ontario.

Ontario will be short of hydro-electric power in two or three years, and her industries will be embarrassed unless she builds large steam plants as the Hydro commission is authorized to do. That is only a temporary expedient.

It should be possible, by revising the treaty with the U. S., to get another half-million horsepower from the Niagara river. Ontario's share of power available on the St. Lawrence is 700,000 h.p. Nearer Montreal and belonging to Quebec are two million h.p. which could be made available in the greater part of old Ontario. And it is possible to develop a hundred thousand h.p. more in the Ottawa river from water that belongs equally to the two provinces.

The water powers of Ontario could develop energy equivalent to 70 million tons of coal and would save, as against steam generated power, not less than 150 million dollars yearly. A deep St. Lawrence waterway would make Nova Scotia coal marketable in Ontario. But while white coal is available as a substitute it would be a mistake to turn to any kind of mined coal, let alone ship money out of the country to get coal from Pennsylvania.



# "I'm Sorry, Honey"

—By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY GUS EDELSTEIN

A Few Words Bring Happiness to the Young Couple Who Had Been Lovers Three Years Ago, But Strangers Now—Danger Period in Married Life Is Passed When They Try to Understand Each Other

"ARE, please!... Fare, please! Lady... FARE!"

Out of a grayish mist of her own imaginings, Mimi Wood came back to the familiar plaint at her elbow.

She murmured a guilty regret. The bus conductor nearly smiled. He passed her, engulfing her dime in his passing.

Mimi settled back into her seat, back into a vapor of gloom, with Fifth avenue, pinnacled and battlemented against a daffodil sunset, unrolling itself before her.

Mimi was remembering that when she had left the apartment—that morning—she had intended to be back by five, in order to have her husband's dinner smoking upon the plate when his key turned in the lock.

It was now much nearer six than five, and Kirk's dinner, what there was of it, yet reposed in the ice-box. Yesterday's roast to be re-vamped into a stew. Tinned peas for salad. Cold potatoes for frying.

Kirk was inextricably involved in Mimi's mind, most days, with things like that—Kirk, who only three years before had stood for all there was in life of beauty and delight.

Kirk, who had whispered to her before the altar, "My golden girl—here's a golden ring for you!" Kirk, who now snapped at her crossly between bits of his insufficiently buttered toast. "Gosh, it isn't much to ask of a woman—a decent cup of coffee in the morning, before a man gets off to work!"

If it wasn't the coffee, it was a hole in his sock—or a tie he couldn't find, or Mimi slept too late or woke too early. Their mornings were petty battle fields, futile sparings—that or sulky, stupid silences.

Mimi had been thrilled to the core, three years ago, at the thought of an apartment of her own—her own and Kirk's. But somehow the man with whom she was now living in that apartment wasn't the man who had taken her there one heavenly night in October—and kissed her in every room of it by way of presenting the keys of the city.

She wondered sometimes if Kirk's chief—the head of the architect with whom he worked—found him as changed as she did. Probably not. Kirk had had a raise each year. Probably his work went on exactly the same. It was only at home, very likely, that he was different.

If anyone had told Mimi, three years before, that the idyllic thing which she and Kirk called love—the exquisite, palpitant, glowing dream in which they had come together and sworn eternal faith—if any one had told her that it could degenerate into the bloodless warfare of her present existence—Mimi would have laughed.

She laughed now, in a way, sitting up on top of the bus, watching the traffic stream either side of the traffic towers. That is, her mouth twitched, but her eyes were grim.

She had been away from the apartment all day—wouldn't, after that morning's scene!

**Sarcastic Over Trifles**

KIRK had been insufferable, sarcastic over trifles, caustic because the top of the dressing table had a bit of powder on it. When he had suggested, didn't know the meaning of order, system, ordinary decent tidiness. He hadn't looked to see that the dresser drawers were in a state of meticulous neatness. Mimi had spent half the day before, arranging them. I don't know the time to clean the top of the darned thing. She didn't explain—naturally. She wasn't going to crawl for any bad-tempered, short-sighted idiot!

So she flung herself out of the place eleven, in her old blue willow frock, in a hurry to get away, without even stopping to cry. Had lunched downtown in a fine, cold fury of loneliness, gone to a silly, sloppy movie, still alone, suffered every wail of the over-sweet volleys, like a touch on a raw nerve—and here she was going back home again—if you liked to call it that—no happier, no calmer, no more reconciled than when she had slammed the door of the living room behind her that morning.

She knew how it would be. Kirk would come in, and she would say, "Dinner wouldn't be ready?" Or she wouldn't have anything he liked. She'd say something snappy. He'd retort with a nervous sneer. Marriage—was that what people made of it? And there were fools who didn't pause in a blind alarm flustered in Mimi's breast, as if some one had shown her the steel-blue eye of a gun or the steel-gray streak of a knife. Even the word had power to terrify her. Of course, whatever was the matter with her and Kirk, it wasn't quite that sort of thing yet.

She came out of a mist of revulsion, staring at the hand of the man in front of her, rather a nice hand, gray-gloved and long-fingered, lying along the back of the seat, just touching the gray crepe shoulder fitting so confidently against his own.

Not the usual bus philanthropists; rather too well turned out for that. The small, gray hat above the gray crepe shoulder trailed a slight out-knowing feather, covered a wave of burnished bronze, shaded a peachy cheek adorably flushed, at the moment, by something her companion was saying. The sort of thing to make another woman in everyday blue feel fearfully shabby. Mimi felt it—resentfully. Leaning forward, she took stock of the man in a swift glance. Nice eyes, nice mouth, nice chin. A correct tie. A proper collar. Rather radiantly correct. Proper, with a sort of beautiful scrupulousness.

His voice carried to Mimi's eaves-dropping ears, a deep voice with a caressing inflection.

"Is it everything you thought it'd be—dear?"

"More!" said the gray girl. "Oh, my dear—more!"

"Newly-weds?" thought Mimi in a sudden flare of understanding, and smiled a scornful little smile of her own. But she listened, contemptuous or not.

**Dreams Do Come True**

"REMEMBER" the man was saying. "We always planned to do it just this way. Riding up the avenue about sunset, together. You will admit now, dreams do come true!"

"Isn't it heavenly!" sighed the gray girl.

Her low words were harder to catch. Mimi had to strain for them. "See that Spanish shawl in the window down there?"

"Want it?"

She murmured, lifting and dropping her lashes swiftly. "I don't want anything in the world I haven't got!"

"Sweetest!" said the man. "We'll get anything the world you want—or die trying!"

"Don't! Don't even laugh—about dying!"

"Sorry—superstitious child!"

"I can't bear it, this evening."

"Funny," said the man, so quietly that eyes less keen and ears less sharp than Mimi's might have fancied he spoke of the weather. "Funny—how long we've been waiting—for this evening! Are you happy—now it's here?"

"Happy—happy—happy!" on a whisper of delicious laughter. Then, more soberly, "Did you give—the minister—something?"

"Not so much as he deserved—but something. Yes'm."

"You're such a darling, absent-minded old thing, I don't know."

"Can be as absent-minded as I like with you alongside."

"Don't be so sure of that! I don't like the first time you forget me."

"That'll be some sixty-odd years from now."

"Mac, don't laugh—about growing old! I can't bear that either—with you and me going home—to your apartment—the first time."

Mimi thought, with a little, leaping thrill at her heart. "They've just been married this afternoon. What an adorable, silly wedding-journey, on top of a Fifth avenue bus!"

The gray girl was saying primly: "You haven't given me my marriage lines yet. Did you know that?"

"I've got 'em," said the man. "In my most confidential pocket. We'll take 'em on the honeymoon."

She laughed softly. "Do you suppose anyone ever behaved like this before?"

"I think it's extremely wise, myself," said the man with a humorous twist of his nice mouth. "Why wait around separately when we might just as well wait together? Besides, by the time I can get away from the office and we do start off on the honeymoon, you'll know how many lumps of sugar I take in my coffee—and a lot of other important things about me. Thus avoiding rows."

"We're never going to have 'em!" said the gray girl. "Are we?"

"Never, dear!" said the man.

"Promise, Mac?"

"Do I have to promise? I mean, do I need to? This evening?"

Mimi couldn't hear what the gray girl answered. It wasn't, after all, so far as one could see, much of a spoken answer, rather a lifting of the mouth, a small, quickly withdrawn gesture of a caressing hand.

"Oh, Mac!" sighed the gray girl. "Keep your fingers crossed—darling!"

**She Hated to Leave**

MIMI rang for the next corner, and here she was going back home again—if you liked to call it that—no happier, no calmer, no more reconciled than when she had slammed the door of the living room behind her that morning.

She knew how it would be. Kirk would come in, and she would say, "Dinner wouldn't be ready?" Or she wouldn't have anything he liked. She'd say something snappy. He'd retort with a nervous sneer. Marriage—was that what people made of it? And there were fools who didn't pause in a blind alarm flustered in Mimi's breast, as if some one had shown her the steel-blue eye of a gun or the steel-gray streak of a knife. Even the word had power to terrify her. Of course, whatever was the matter with her and Kirk, it wasn't quite that sort of thing yet.

She came out of a mist of revulsion, staring at the hand of the man in front of her, rather a nice hand, gray-gloved and long-fingered, lying along the back of the seat, just touching the gray crepe shoulder fitting so confidently against his own.

Not the usual bus philanthropists; rather too well turned out for that. The small, gray hat above the gray crepe shoulder trailed a slight out-knowing feather, covered a wave of burnished bronze, shaded a peachy cheek adorably flushed, at the moment, by something her companion was saying. The sort of thing to make another woman in everyday blue feel fearfully shabby. Mimi felt it—resentfully. Leaning forward, she took stock of the man in a swift glance. Nice eyes, nice mouth, nice chin. A correct tie. A proper collar. Rather radiantly correct. Proper, with a sort of beautiful scrupulousness.

His voice carried to Mimi's eaves-dropping ears, a deep voice with a caressing inflection.

"Is it everything you thought it'd be—dear?"

"More!" said the gray girl. "Oh, my dear—more!"

"Newly-weds?" thought Mimi in a sudden flare of understanding, and smiled a scornful little smile of her own. But she listened, contemptuous or not.

**Dreams Do Come True**

"REMEMBER" the man was saying. "We always planned to do it just this way. Riding up the avenue about sunset, together. You will admit now, dreams do come true!"

"Isn't it heavenly!" sighed the gray girl.

Her low words were harder to catch. Mimi had to strain for them. "See that Spanish shawl in the window down there?"

"Want it?"

She murmured, lifting and dropping her lashes swiftly. "I don't want anything in the world I haven't got!"

"Sweetest!" said the man. "We'll get anything the world you want—or die trying!"

"Don't! Don't even laugh—about dying!"

"Sorry—superstitious child!"

"I can't bear it, this evening."

"Funny," said the man, so quietly that eyes less keen and ears less sharp than Mimi's might have fancied he spoke of the weather. "Funny—how long we've been waiting—for this evening! Are you happy—now it's here?"

"Happy—happy—happy!" on a whisper of delicious laughter. Then, more soberly, "Did you give—the minister—something?"

"Not so much as he deserved—but something. Yes'm."

"You're such a darling, absent-minded old thing, I don't know."

"Can be as absent-minded as I like with you alongside."

"Don't be so sure of that! I don't like the first time you forget me."

"That'll be some sixty-odd years from now."

"Mac, don't laugh—about growing old! I can't bear that either—with you and me going home—to your apartment—the first time."

Mimi thought, with a little, leaping thrill at her heart. "They've just been married this afternoon. What an adorable, silly wedding-journey, on top of a Fifth avenue bus!"



Blind and deaf and cold he was! Let him go his own way.

comb through her soft, brown hair so that it fell in shimmering waves above her ears—swept a powder-puff over cheeks and chin.

She wanted to change her gown—the old blue tulle needed badly a fresh frill at the neck—but there wasn't time.

She flung herself out of the bed-room and charged upon ice-box and stove like a small, wistful fury.

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hadn't tried hard enough. He'd come home tired and nervous and edgy from working—for me—and I've been cross with him. I haven't held up my end of the line. If we've strayed out of the lovely place we were in, it's more my fault than anybody's. But oh, I'd give my soul to get back! To have Kirk look at me the way the man on the bus looked stowed like a small, wistful fury.

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# Potiphar Buss Stays Home

—By William Dudley Pelley  
ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN BORCHARDT

The Old Tramp Printer Lends a Helping Hand to the Young Husband Who Looked as Though He Had Contracted All the Hard Luck in the World

It was in the late nineties that Potiphar Buss came to us—a seedy little man, as bald as an egg. Tramp printer though he may have been, he became a fixture in our country print shop; and, with the happy combination of Potiphar Buss and the old drum press, we could always be sure of getting out a paper.

The years have come and gone with Potiphar Buss sitting on a high stool in our ad-alley, a cob pipe upside down in his toothless gums, his vest unbuttoned, his cracked spectacles near the end of a cauliflower nose and his right hand swinging idly over the case with cuff-studs loosed and wristband dragging.

"Well," he commented the first night as he washed with the rest of us around the battered corner-sink, "this looks like a good place and I guess I'll stick. All the same, some day I'm going to take a trip around the world."

He said it in 1898; he said it in 1908; he said it in 1918. But something always prevented him from realizing that great ambition.

One day, in the spring of 1919, we returned from dinner to find waiting around our office a young man who looked as though he had contracted all the brands of hard luck loosed on the world. The Robbins boy's face was pitiful because, aside from the lines of anxiety and wishfulness which should never show on the features of a boy, his right eye was almost white—going bad from cataract. The lad's clothes looked as though they had been slept in for a thousand nights; he needed shaving; his hair was unkempt and curled down over a soiled collar from beneath a rusty cap. His face couldn't have been twenty; his age couldn't have been twenty; his face was that of an old, old man.

"Say, now, please, can I have work?" he implored us. "I'll do anything if you'll pay me money. Please can I have work?"

Sam Hod, the proprietor, looked the boy over keenly. Drink wasn't responsible for such a condition.

"Where you from?" he demanded.

"I, now, come from Maryland. I have been working on and off . . . lots of places. But, now, I'll work faithful . . . I promise I will! I'll try my hardest to stick to a steady job."

Sam said to Fred Osgood, the local real estate man—who was in the office to advertise for a bunch of lost keys:

"Something wrong with that boy, Fred? screw loose somewhere?" He turned back to the lad. "Do you know the printer's trade? Can you set ads?"

"Yes, sir!" the boy responded eagerly. "All right! We'll see! Take him into the back room, Bill. Turn him over to Potiphar Buss."

"And, now, the wages," asked the boy, "how much money can you let me have?"

"Nine dollars for a week ought to be pretty good pay for a lad of your years—not worth much more than an apprentice."

The lad's disappointment was pathetic. "You, now, couldn't make it twelve?"

"Why!" exclaimed Sam. "I can get half the boys in town for nine dollars a week to start. Why do you want twelve?"

"I . . . now . . . well, never mind, I'd rather have nine than nothing. But if I work hard I wish you'd make it twelve."

"We'll see how well you know your business first. Take this ad for the classified column Mr. Osgood's just written. Old Potiphar will show you the case of six-point. Tell him I said to put you setting the classifieds for to-day's paper."

The boy went out; was duly presented to Potiphar and loaned one of the latter's black aprons. He climbed upon a stool and started setting the classifieds. It was only a little four-line advertisement saying that Fred Osgood had lost a key-ring with a metal tag marked "L. C. Stevens." But he required the balance of the afternoon to finish it.

While the last forms were being locked, and we were standing around watching the paper go to press, he said to old man Buss:

"How does it happen a man named Osgood is advertising for keys marked Stevens?"

"They probably belong to the old Stevens' property out on the North Foxboro road," replied Potiphar. "Fred's caretaker for the property winters. The Stevenses go to New York during snow-times."

"And leave it furnished?"

"Yeah, returned the other, impatiently. He was intent on a clothing ad that refused to 'lift'."

**Lad Was Impossible**  
THAT night as we were washing up, the pressman asked the new boy:

"Where you livin', sonny?"

"Nowhere—yet!" the boy replied. "Come over with me t' Miss Mathers—she'll take you in," said Potiphar Buss. "The paper's got an arrangement with her to board its help. If they don't have t' price, the

widder takes it out in advertisin'."

It was Friday morning that "Blink" Robbins—as the boys and girls called him because of his optical affliction—started his tryout. We had finally to admit that the lad was impossible.

He was trying desperately to make good. But he couldn't see to do his work. He had to hunt the copy and his type-case over with his one good eye and that took time. He ran into things or knocked over galleys or found his live advertisements on his blind side.

It would require courage to get rid of him, for up in these little hill towns we do not discharge our employees with the sangfroid of the cities. At last, one Saturday afternoon, as kindly as he could, Sam called the boy aside, gave him nine dollars and broke it to him less gently:

"Suppose, sonny, you sort of take your time and look around. See if you can't connect with something else to do."

"You mean, now, that I'm fired?" he whispered with a gulp.

"Not exactly fired—yet. You can stay around and work a spell until you find another place. But—don't be too long about getting it."

He worked the next week blindly—without spirit—utterly broken. He grew into such a nuisance around the office we contemplated giving him twenty dollars and telling him to pull his freight—anywhere—so long as he got from underfoot. Meeting Mrs. Mathers on the street, Sam told her he could not be responsible for the fellow's board another week.

"Why!" exclaimed that lady, "he only stayed with me four days! I don't know where he went or where he's living."

**Money was Missing**  
SATURDAY came. The office girl figured the twenty dollars into the payroll. Grew a check to cover the whole, cashed it at Judge Farmer's bank and left the money in the green box-safe to go to lunch.

When she came back the money drawer was empty—to the last tarnished cent. The lock had always been faulty.

The Robbins boy did not come back for his key envelope.

The following Monday noon, about half-past twelve, old Potiphar Buss came back early from his luncheon. He went into the back room, hung his coat and hat on the hook, and mounted his stool to read.

He was attracted by the printer's name he had loaned the Robbins boy, hanging beside the window. Out of the front pocket protruded a bunch of old envelopes.

Puzzled, Potiphar went across and took them out. A glance told him they belonged to the Robbins boy. There were four, folded, stamped and soiled—common stamped post-office envelopes—which appeared to have been carried around in the lad's pocket a year and a day. They all bore a Baltimore postmark and the different addresses disclosed the boy's desperate search for employment.

Curiosity, mingled with compassion prompted the old printer to pit the letters in chronological order according to the postmarks. Then he adjusted his spectacles and drew the first one forth.

"Poor son-of-a-gun!" he whispered. "Poor young son-of-a-gun! Almost believe I'd steal a payroll for that m'self!"

Finally he restored the spectacles to his nose and drew out again the second to the last message. He read again these words:

"I don't believe a word you say about living in any old empty country house to save expenses. I might have believed it once, perhaps. But not after you've had such a long time as this in which to get settled. You simply don't want me with you."

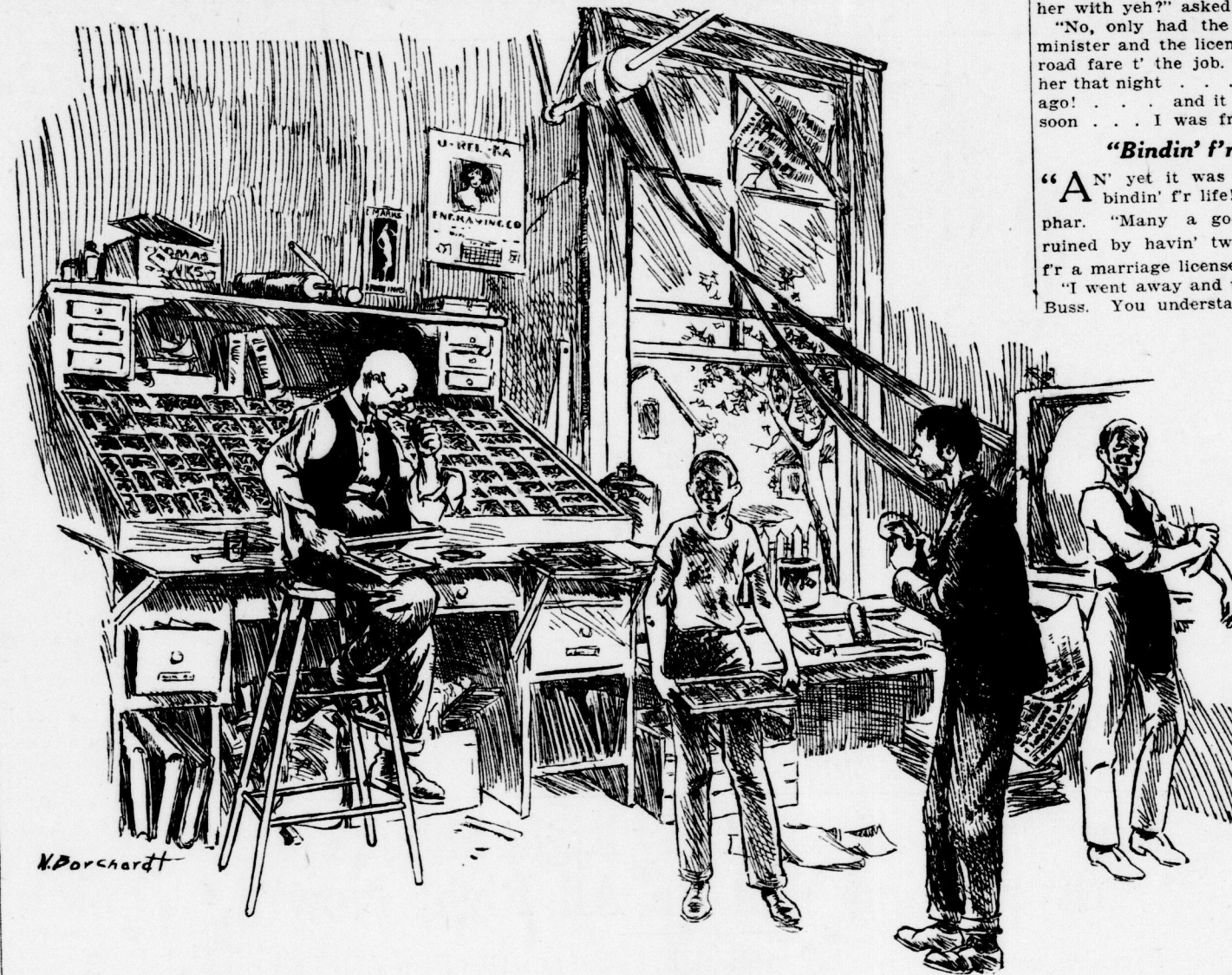
"Empty country house!" whispered Potiphar Buss. "What old house could he have found and took t' livin' in?" Then his jaw dropped. "Could it be possible that pore young coot found Fred Osgood's keys?"

**A Wild, Weird Cry**  
THE help returned at one o'clock but Potiphar Buss said nothing about the letters. But he did his work half-heartedly that afternoon.

The sun went down about four-thirty. A dreary wind blew up and overcast the sky with clouds. Six o'clock came. The boys and girls laid down their work; the motors on the linotypes died away came the usual jostling around the sink for the daily wash-up. Only this night the talk was all about the robbery and the whereabouts of the Robbins boy Potiphar bent over his type-case, his face a troubled study, lost in poignant thought.

Finally he went to his boarding place and got his supper. The clouds gave down a murky drizzle. The going under-foot was slushy and disagreeable. Nevertheless, after supper he buttoned his coat about his fat little stomach, fortified himself with a pipe of fresh tobacco, took his baggy green umbrella and started out.

Down School street he went; across Mill; over the "flats" until he left the town behind him. There were



The boy was duly presented to Potiphar.

no street lights out along the North Foxboro road. The going was frightful. The wind and the rain tossed his old umbrella. He stepped in freezing puddles. But his pine burned cheerily and he relieved his spirits with good four-syllable cuss words when he floundered in a hole.

It was an eerie place—that old Stevens house—as the printer drew it in the darkness. To come upon it in a rainy night in search of a young thief was a job for a man with strong nerves. Potiphar thought only of what he had read in those grubby letters.

He entered the yard. He went up on the creaking veranda. He fumbled in his vest, found a match, struck it.

By its light he saw only the naked flooring, the closed storm doors, the drawn and fastened blinds barnacled with cobwebs.

Potiphar tried the door. It was locked. He went to the front windows and tried them vainly also.

He was about to go off the piazza to try the back door when a lull came in the wind moaning through the naked maples along the road.

The wind started up. Unearthly sounds seemed groaning along the gate.

Then came another lull . . . and the cry . . . clear, agonizing, hysterical, terrible.

"MARY!" picked up his fat old umbrella, went down the steps and began feeling his way around to the rear of the house.

**Tossing on Sleetless Bed**  
AT length he found a kitchen window that responded to an upward push. And fat little Potiphar Buss crawled up somehow and spilled over the sill inside. He lowered the window behind him and listened. He listened a long time, fearing to strike a match.

"No, I didn't find 'em. Someone answered the ad—and brought 'em in that next noontime . . . when I was in the office, alone. They left 'em with me for the bookkeeper. But I had an idea I could save money . . . Mary, this is Potiphar Buss of the printing office—Potiphar Buss I wrote you

"Mary!" came a moon again—a cry of anguish, the whole trailing off into senseless babble.

"I'm right!" exclaimed the printer. "The boy's in this house and either gone daft or powerful sick!"

Mr. Buss struck his match. The kitchen in which he stood was furnished for summer occupancy. On the shelf over the dry and rusted sink, he saw a small brass lamp. He crossed and shook it. The base held oil. He dabbed the wick and replaced the chimney.

Then through the strange house Potiphar started on tiptoe.

Outside one door he finally listened to senseless raving going on within.

"George!" he cried. "It's only me. Potiphar Buss from the print-office! Don't be scared, George—it's only Potiphar Buss!"

Pushing open the door into a small bedroom the printer peered within. The boy tossed on a sheetless bed, with a couple of old blankets for covering. He rolled over when Potiphar entered and his eyes were glassy hard.

"It's only Mr. Potiphar Buss," commented the boy as if there was nothing unusual about his being there.

"—good old Potiphar Buss! You gave me two dollars to get some food last week! Mary . . . this is Potiphar Buss . . . from the printing office—he's a good old scout, Potiphar Buss."

The printer was startled. For a moment he believed a third person to be in the room. Then he realized it was only delirium. Potiphar came in and closed the door. Curtain and blinds were drawn. No one could see the light from the road. So he set down the lamp.

"I see you found Fred Osgood's keys," he remarked sociably.

"No, I didn't find 'em. Someone answered the ad—and brought 'em in that next noontime . . . when I was in the office, alone. They left 'em with me for the bookkeeper. But I had an idea I could save money . . . Mary, this is Potiphar Buss of the printing office—Potiphar Buss I wrote you

about! He's a good old man, Mr. Potiphar Buss!"

"Yes, yes!" cried the printer, striving to soothe the boy by his tone.

**"Was You Ever in Love?"**  
POTIPHAR sat down by the sick boy's bed. For a long time he sat there, only the smoky old lamp lighting the scene. By piecing together parts of the tale which came out during the interludes of sanity, the old printer finally got the story.

"Was you ever in love, Mr. Buss?" . . . in love with a girl that was sweet and pretty . . . and loved you in return?"

Potiphar was silent. But his withered lips closed hard. And the pathos of the boy's past came up before him.

"We was all alone in the world, Mr. Buss . . . she and I! I was only seventeen. She was twenty going on twenty-one."

"And probably twice as old and wise for all that!" thought Potiphar grimly.

"—but that difference in our ages wasn't nothin', Mr. Buss . . . She loved me and I loved her. She worked in a candy factory. I worked in a newspaper office. That was while I was learning my trade. After I'd learned my trade I was goin' to take a job somewhere at man's wages . . . and send for her . . . and we'd be happy to-gether."

The printer nodded.

"The night before I came to go away we took a long walk, Mr. Buss . . . we came to the edge of the bay across from the city. It was sort of a misty evening, Mr. Buss. All the world was raw and cold and lonesome as if it was we two against the whole world . . . there was nobody to mind, nobody to care. And a great big homesickness came over me then, Mr. Buss. I was afraid something would happen—that I'd lose her. I said, 'Mary . . . let's get married to-night . . . and when I've landed that job up in New England I'll send for you—'"

"Which you did?"

"I just had to!" replied the boy. "I got another job and another! But it was always the same. I had a man's expenses but they'd only pay me a boy's wages, never mind how hard I worked . . . And my eye was goin' badder and badder all the time."

**Her Expenses Mounting**  
POTIPHAR thought of the hard strange ring he had detected in the last three of the girl's letters. He thought of the long list of the baby's outfit—which he had read with an ache in his own heart—as the woman had written it . . . and her expenses which were mounting up, which again no boy should know. And Potiphar Buss eerily understood.

"Why didn't the boy want his wife and baby up there with him?"—in a score of places the distraught woman's query had sounded. And the grown man saw that the boy had not told her of his poor luck, of the injustice of his wages, of the tramping across country to get the better job and find a way out with his overburdened heart a leaden thing.

Finally he remembered the ultimatum in the last letter—the letter the boy must have received while working at the local newspaper office—the doctor from the Institution had said it was only a question of time . . . the little son's death might be averted if certain things, all cost-ly money, were provided—and the longer contained endearing epithets or outlined the future enshrined in a glorified mist. Indeed, it intimidated many wild, foolish and shameful things which she would do before she'd see the baby die. And it must have prodded like a sharp bodkin into the boy's naked heart.

"—and you stole Sam's payroll t' save your baby's life?" suggested Potiphar Buss.

"There wasn't any other way," replied the boy.

"But you might know you'd get arrested."

"I'd got to the place where I didn't care!"

"Where's the money, bub?"

"I mailed it to her a few minutes after I took it. Oh, I wish I could die in Paradise!" I want t' be able to say: 'There's a young chap I've left back on earth, God, that's growin' into the stature of a real man, a good father and an honest citizen. There's a woman back on earth, God, who's isified, happy young mother in a little house where love is, becos I butted into their affairs. And there's a little kid back on earth, God, whose life I saved with the substance I'd been selfishly hoardin' f'r worldly travel—grewin' up to be a comfort and a blessin' to 'em both. That's my record, God, an' I hope it's strong enough to leave me stick around these heavenly parts a spell an' meet my folks that's somewheres around here that I won't be lonesome for, no more.' That's what I'm up to, Sam Hod, an' I ask you sincerely not to hinder my alibi for my presence in Paradise."

"All right, Pott—if that's the way you feel about it! Of course I'm not one to stand in your way!"

The next morning the charge against young Robbins was withdrawn. He had a good room in Mrs. Mathers' house, and the news that his wife and baby would be with him by the end of the week was greater than any physician's medicine. He began to mend.

And the next Saturday the boy's wife arrived. The old man had rented the furnished bungalow belonging to Fred Osgood in Cedar street and had it ready for them.

The girl got off the train with the baby on her arm. She was thin, emaciated, pretty in a pale starved way, and her baby showed the effects of poverty and malnutrition. But you'd have thought that little red weazen-up worm was worth a hundred thousand dollars the way the naïf blind Robbins boy acted.

Mr. Potiphar Buss saw them safely housed in their bungalow and then he fled.

"I got to hustle back to the office and set an ad," he declared huskily.

But Mr. Potiphar Buss had told a little white fib. He did not have to hustle back to the office and set an ad.

Mr. Potiphar Buss went home in the early evening to his boarding house. Slowly he mounted the steep, narrow, creaking stairs and opened the door into a faded chamber. He sat down on the edge of the bed. He took off his dented derby hat and laid it beside him. Finally came a sigh, a long-drawn sigh that trembled with pain. He moved across to a cluttered chair beside the chimney. He felt around until he located an out-of-date telescope. He went slowly back across the room to the west window and ran the curtain to the top so that all the light from the afterglow of the sunset could illuminate what he saw. He saw his hand in an ocean of time he untied the strings.

They were letters he held—letters be-dimmed by the musty hand of time and perfumed with the saffron scent of long ago. Mr. Potiphar Buss opened them.

And in doing so he had done, on countless nights in other years, he counted his rosary.

For the letters which he read were penned in a woman's hand. They were love letters—written in a time when Potiphar Buss was not old and gone-to-seed, but was a young man, and night had closed down on the one who had penned them. Yet through the years the man had kept them, treasures which were sacred. Over the years they had been a solace when the cares and disappointments of life had weighed too heavily upon him. Letters once—now whispers from the dead.

The gnarled old printer read again those faded pages which had been written by one who had loved him in life's springtime. And after while he came to a photograph which he knew when he opened the packet he would come upon. From the faded old print there looked up at him the features of a young woman. And in the hollow of her arm there lay a little child.

"Mary!" Mary! he whispered in anguish, "if some one had only done the same for me!"

Mr. Potiphar Buss works each day in our office. Yesterday, having taken his cob pipe from his toothless gums, removed his spectacles and washed up—our stumpy old sink in the corner, he remarked from force of habit: "Well, I ain't always goin' to do this. Some day I'm goin' to take a trip around the world." But he stopped in the middle of a word. He took down his coat. He put it on and went out.

"Oh, well," he mused, "it really don't matter! The parts I wanted most to see has all been shot to pieces, anyhow!"

Down in Boston now there is a young man with a good pair of eyes, a commendable ambition, a resolute determination to make good an old printer's altruism. A girl-wife with a song in her heart is helping him to make a success of his life and a ten-thousand-dollar child binds them both.

(Copyright, 1924.)

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**Quite Obvious**  
REGINALD was in for a trying ordeal. As he stood on the doorstep of old Mr. Green's house he assured himself that there were far easier things in the world than coming to "ask father."

At last he was ushered into the library where the old man was sitting looking very stern indeed. (Lobster mayonnaise never did agree with Mr. Green.)

"But why do you want to marry my daughter?" asked the stern father. "That's what I want to know."

"Because—er—er—er—" stammered the young man. "Because I—er—I have no reason."

"My dear fellow, I know that," broke in the older man. "You can't have or you wouldn't be so anxious to get married."

**Make a Map of Him**  
"YE see, it's this way, Sam Hod. I'm old and played out an' my life's gone to seed. I'm nothin' but an old tramp printer who's wasted his substance in riotous livin'. I allus been sorry I ain't got no folks t' care about me or that I could do things f'r 'em. Figgured it out as I sat by his bed last night that it's a sort o' duty I owe the old world to take a youngster like him and make a man of him, to take my place—in a better place—in society, when I'm

gone. When I come to stand up 'fore God Almighty and He says to me: 'Potiphar Buss, what did you ever do in life that entitles you to a place in Paradise?' I want t' be able to say: 'There's a young chap I've left back on earth, God, that's growin' into the stature of a real man, a good father and an honest citizen. There's a woman back on earth, God, who's isified, happy young mother in a little house where love is, becos I butted into their affairs. And there's a little kid back on earth, God, whose life I saved with the substance I'd been selfishly hoardin' f'r worldly travel—grewin' up to be a comfort and a blessin' to 'em both. That's my record, God, an' I hope it's strong enough to leave me stick around these heavenly parts a spell an' meet my folks that's somewheres around here that I won't be lonesome for, no more.' That's what I'm up to, Sam Hod, an' I ask you sincerely not to hinder my alibi for my presence in Paradise."

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## "KENZIE" KING GOES BACK TO OLD SQUARE DANCES

Prime Minister of Canada Delights Heats of Campers When He Attends Dance at Oliphant

WHETHER the son, W. L. Mackenzie King, is a great premier the people around Wiarton don't know, whether all the vitriolic utterances about him from the tongue of Arthur Meighen are true they don't care, but this they do know, that he hasn't forgotten the days when he spent much time on the back lines of the townships around his boyhood days in Kitchener and in York county.

After addressing a very splendid dancing party in Wiarton recently at his one visit to this section of Ontario and enjoying the hospitality of one of the most "homey" kind of homes at Dr. Hough's place, somebody told him that the good people of Amabel township, particularly around Oliphant, were having a good old-fashioned dance and would like him to come. They never for a moment thought he would accept—a barn dance—the prime minister of Canada—but the boyhood recollections of the days of his youth lightened up his face; and, to the great delight of the good hearted people of Amabel and the campers at Oliphant, "Kenzie" King started for the dance at Oliphant.

Round dances, square dances, "lady to the left, gents to the right, up in the centre" and "Doe see doe," balance all, round they go, laughter, light hearts, merry faces, and the prime minister—the people's man—a man from the minister—got closer to the hearts of the folk of Bruce county that Friday night than he would with ten years' campaigning on the hustings of ridings.



Hon. Mackenzie King

## Shyly Acting Barrie Mistaken For Reporter

Began to Discuss Topic "Should Women Propose?" Before He Could Say a Word

THE name of Joseph Barrie on countless programs and play bills has been familiar to theatre goers in England for many years. He is the best known scene painter of our time, the creator of some famous stage pictures. A book of reminiscences from such a man rouses great expectations, which are not disappointing.

Mr. Barrie tells how Miss Marie Lohr had to abandon a long standing dinner engagement at Sir Herbert Tree's imperative request in order that he might read to her at a supper party a new play by Bernard Shaw.

"Tree was specially charming—a truly delightful host. Supper over, he started to read the play: it was 'Pygmalion.' Listening, Miss Lohr found herself becoming more and more interested, believing, from what Tree had hinted and from his frequent glances in her direction as he read the sprightly heroine's lines, that she was to have the part of her life. "When at last the party broke up, at five o'clock the next morning, Tree escorted Miss Lohr to the elevator. As she stepped in he remarked, casually: 'I'm sorry there's nothing for you in the play. I've promised the part to Mrs. Campbell.'"

Here is a memory of the original run of Sir James Barrie's "The Little Minister":

"I fancy it was during the original run of this piece that Barrie, anxious to congratulate one of the actresses on the rendering of her part, went round behind and, knocking at the door, shyly asked if he might enter. The lady called out 'Come in!' and, as Barrie opened the door, she plunged straight into a dissertation on 'Should women propose?' or some other world shaking topic of the kind.

"At last she wound up her peroration, remarking sweetly, as she proceeded to put the finishing touches to her stage toilette, 'That's all I have to say. Mind you don't misrepresent me, please, and do use one of my prettiest photographs with the interview.'"

"She had mistaken Barrie, whom she had never met, for a reporter whose name had been sent in a few minutes before the dramatist's arrival!"

As a feminine after dinner anecdotist, Mr. Barrie says that Miss Fay Compton might shine in any company:

"She has an amusing story of a visit paid by her recently to a firm of theatrical costumers just off Shaftesbury avenue. She was wearing a new suit, and, so she informed me, rather fancied herself in it. As soon as she entered the costumers' a shopwalker came forward, glanced at her appraisingly, and said: 'Tights upstairs, miss, if you please.'"

## EVEN QUEENS ARE POOR

SOMEHOW or other, whenever one hears of royalty shopping, it appears odd. Kings, queens and princes must have things, like other people, and on certain occasions during their lives they are liable to come into contact with the vendor.

Nevertheless, such incidents always seem incongruous, and an old lady was mightily astonished when, during the Prince of Wales' last trip across the Atlantic, it was reported that he had entered a shop and bought some chewing-gum.

She would have been more astonished the other day, perhaps, if she had been present at an interview between the Queen and the secretary of a society of artists.

The secretary was showing Queen Mary round the pictures, and presently he drew her attention to a particularly large and magnificent one, pointing out its virtues.

Queen Mary interposed. "Oh, but, Mr. —," she exclaimed, "I cannot buy anything so expensive! I'm very poor just now!"

The possession of a child is the biggest investment life offers.—Lady Cynthia Asquith.



# A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



## Many a Slip Can Upset Reporter's Big Scoop

English Journalist at Kiachow Spoils French Competitor's Story About Siege of Port Arthur

"SOMETIMES the reporter becomes a 'great reporter,' an 'ace,' a man like Jules Huret, Ludovic Naudeau, Gaston Leroux, Edward Helsey, Albert Londres," say Andre Billy and Jean Piot in some interesting articles on French journalism now appearing in Le Mercure de France. He has won fame and a kind of independence. Between trips nobody expects him to do any work.

The career is fascinating, though sometimes disappointing. Ludovic Naudeau tells this story. He had been lucky enough to get a good view of Port Arthur when the bombardment by the Japanese fleet began. How could he get the news to the world and give thousands of readers fresh, vivid impressions? The telegraph wire was cut. He could not get so much as his first despatch away.

Another journalist, an Englishman, had been trying to get into Port Arthur when the bombardment stopped the boat he was on, and he had to turn back to Kiachow to embark again, but as he had seen at least something of what was happening he hoped that he would be the first man to describe the fighting for the world. Unfortunately, before he could land at Kiachow the surf kept the boat away from the quay for a long time, and while he stood there, boiling with impatience, the sailors shouted the full details.

Among the people who stood by and listened was another English journalist who had never so much as stirred from Kiachow, but who, as soon as he heard the story, made a bee line for the telegraph, and thus was the first man to send news of the bombardment to any European newspaper.

## NO FANCY ZULU NAMES FOR COCKNEY SENTRIES

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ATHOLL, whose silver wedding has brought them numerous congratulations, are partners in parliamentary work as well as in the domestic sphere. They usually lunch together at the House to talk over plans, and it was at one of these lunches a day or two ago that the duchess reminded her husband of a story that deserves retelling.

When Lady Smith was relieved the duke, then Marquess of Tullibardine, was one of the first to ride into the town. Returning to his bivouac at night he forgot the password. In response to the sentry's challenge he called out, "It's all right—I'm Tullibardine."

"Nah, then!" came a Cockney voice. "None o' your bloomin' fancy Zulu names 'ere!"

The man who does not climb slips back.—Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn.

## Wins Second Fortune



A MILLION dollars within a year and a half by Wall Street speculation, is the unique record of Lieut. Osborne C. Wood, son of Major-General Wood, governor of the Philippines, a young man twenty-seven years of age. By cable from Manila, the first \$500,000 were made within a year. The young officer's cable bills often reached \$50 a day, and another \$1,000 a month was paid to a tipping agency. With \$500,000 francs gained at Monte Carlo, young Wood began cabling again from France, and has made another \$300,000 on United States Cast Iron Pipe stock. Now visiting at Biarritz, the former lieutenant is often seen watching the gaming tables, but he never plays.



Chinese War Lords Igniting All China in Open Warfare

GENERAL WU PEI-FU, pictured above, has ruled as a military power in China since he defeated the armies of Marshal Chang Tso-lin war lord of Manchuria, in 1922. But after two years of preparation, Marshal Chang is on his way southward again against Peking. Half of all China is thus plunged technically into civil war. Inset is Dr. Sun Yat Sen, who, in the south, is threatening to bombard the city of Canton and has warned all foreigners in the city to remain indoors. Like Marshal Chang Tso-lin, in the north, Dr. Sun Yat Sen is threatening the dominance of the central government in the south.

## "Saw the Moon Over My Right Shoulder Everything Will Be All Right Now"

Increasing Superstitions Have Led Frederick L. Collins to a Dire Pass—Has Lucky Suit and Lucky Tie—Refusing to Sit at Table With Thirteen Is Mere Commonplace Compared to This Man's Weird Ceremonies

ARE you lucky? Do you try to see the moon over your right shoulder?

Have you a lucky suit? That is to say, are you superstitious? To those who are still in the bread-and-butter and four-leaf clover stages of the affliction, Frederick L. Collins, celebrated journalist, tells in Hearst's International to what length his own lucky obsessions have led him.

"My lucky suit was ordinary enough," he says. "White stripes, not too rampant, on a field of blue serge. . . I never faced a vital interview, or made a major decision, or tackled a sizable deal without my lucky suit. My tailor kept the pattern in stock. When I came through the seat of one lucky garment, I telephoned for another.

"For fifteen successful years—in all their most successful moments—I wore the stripes.

The next step was a red neck-tie. That happened just at a time when it seemed that he had broken through the prison gates of superstition.

"I happened to tell an editor about a Christian who went into the moving picture business and came out of it alive," he continues. "Why don't you write that?" the editor said. And I said: 'I will' and on my way home I bought a typewriter. That day and night I wrote for sixteen consecutive hours. I didn't even undress.

"The next morning I prowled out and mailed the manuscript. Ten days later I received a check.

"I laid this first check across my grey trouser-leg and fiddled self-consciously with my red tie. Then—oh, fateful moment! I remembered. The day I met the editor, the night I typed the story, the morning I mailed it and the afternoon on which I now received this check, I had on the same grey suit and red tie. I leashed the thought. I knew in time I would loathe the suit and the tie. But from that first manuscript to this latest one, I have never talked to an editor or mailed a story in any other costume.

"Every month when the new moon is due I find myself walking along the street with my head down, fearful lest I should inadvertently look up and see the moon over my left shoulder. I fear the effect on my figure is not good; I am in danger of becoming round-shouldered.

"I remember especially one evening in the early summer of 1922. With some Italian friends at whose place I was staying, I was riding in a closed car along the shores of the Mediterranean. There were six of us crowded into the snug little Lancia; a gay party hurrying from Rapallo to dine by candle-light in the terraced gardens that crown the heights of Portofino. It was a red twilight, and no one, not even a confirmed moon-maniac, would have expected to find in the midst of this scarlet splendor the whitest and tiniest of moons. But suddenly my hostess cried 'Look! Look!' Five pairs of Italian eyes turned squarely over their left shoulders—through the glass windows of the landaulet—into the grinning teeth of the new moon.

"I did not look. I shuddered. The score was five to one against me. So much bad luck in so small a car was appalling. Suppose, in a moment of weakness, I, too, should open my eyes and look! The thought obsessed me. At last I lurched forward, apologized brokenly to my host and used my feeble Italian on the amazed chauffeur, who brought the crowded car to a sudden stop on a sharp incline. One signor and two signoras decanted themselves from their comfortable seats as I groped, eyes closed tight, to the dusty road, felt my way around to the back of the car, and began a series of cautious revolutions. I had reached—and I admitted it at the time—the heights of superstitious absurdity.

"But—" "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone."

"The early Christian could not forget the fact that Christ died on Friday; the modern Christian sometimes forgets the fact, but he doesn't forget Friday. You refuse to sit down with thirteen at the table. I shudder at the spilling of the salt. And which of us is thinking of the Last Supper? Yet last August, as I stood in the Refectory at Milan, peering up at Da Vinci's

faded fresco, I discovered that the artist had caught the unluckiest of the thirteen diners—Judas himself—in the very act of spilling the salt.

"I am utterly brazen about it. I climb up on a window sill and teeter along its edge rather than walk under a ladder that blocks a narrow passage. I halt formal dinners to insist that a guest far down the board pick up the scattered salt and hurl it over the left shoulder—often into the solemn eyes of the attending man servant. I load my pockets with dimes and nickels rather than accept the deadly two-dollar bill."

## FORD TIME DIFFERS FROM G. BERNARD SHAW TIME

RECENT reports that Mr. Henry Ford, the mass motor producer, was standing for the presidency of the United States, building a new factory in England, and also embarking on the banking business, recall a new story of this man of many interests. When Bernard Shaw was visiting "Fordopolis," and was being shown the process of Ford-making, Mr. Ford ended up by taking him to see the enormous procession of Fords all complete and ready for the road.

G. B. S. looked for a while, and then asked: "Henry, what time?"

"Twelve-forty-four," replied Ford, consulting his watch.

"No," said G. B. S., with all his Irish accent, "it's tin after tin!"

Here is another Shaw sidelight. The other day a lady exclaimed, in the middle of a literary debate:

"Oh, yes, I simply love Shaw—his hair is so wonderful!"

The remark recalls that many famous people are identified to the public by symbols, quite apart from their actual talent.

At a recent house-party a literary hostess was gently testing the mind of a young sportsman who was not literary. After trying him unsuccessfully on various authors, she said, in desperation:

"Well, you've read Kipling, of course?"

"Kipling? Oh, rather!" exclaimed the sportsman. "Thin, red books, aren't they?"

## NORMA MEANT WELL

LIKE the majority of actresses, Norma Talmadge is very generous, and when, during a visit to Berlin, an old beggar craved alms of her, she emptied the entire contents of her purse into his hands.

"It was a nice little gift," commented Miss Talmadge in reporting the incident to her husband, "but it made me happy to do it."

"And how much did you happen to have in your bag?" questioned her husband.

"Oh, it was all of a thousand marks," answered Norma.

Her husband rocked with merriment. "And do you realize that all you gave him was less than a shilling?" he asked.

Miss Talmadge was much surprised at this. She insisted on going to look for the beggar, and eventually she found him, near the same street corner where he had previously accosted her.

Then he received a donation that caused him to fall on his knees in gratitude before the radiant young American woman.

## A WITTY RETORT

THE visit to England of Mr. Charles E. Hughes, the great American lawyer and statesman, recalls a witty retort once made by Mr. Lloyd George when he was discussing Mr. Hughes with another well-known American.

Mr. Lloyd George asked if Mr. Hughes had not changed a great deal since the days when he was governor of New York. "Well," said the American, "for the last six years he has been sitting in the supreme court. If you had sat for six years in the House of Lords, I guess you would have changed some, too."

"Oh, no, I shouldn't," was Mr. Lloyd George's reply. "But the House of Lords would."

## Enjoys Place in the World As Mrs. Murphy's Husband

Janey Canuck's Husband Is Anglican Minister—Gathers Plenty of Fun From His Title

TO fill the position of husband to a clever woman, a man must be endowed with considerable ability and a very large sense of humor.

His friends believe that is why Rev. Arthur Murphy, of Edmonton, whose wife is Magistrate Murphy, better known perhaps under her pen name of Janey Canuck, fills the position so successfully and with his wife and family gathers such a large measure of fun from it.

Mr. Murphy is an Anglican minister, now stationed at Hardisty, Alberta. He is a big, pleasant man with a smile that is worth seeing, and nobody enjoys more than he a laugh over his place in the world as "Mrs. Murphy's husband."

Shortly after her return from a country town where she had been giving an address on the need for better laws concerning women and children, Mrs. Murphy received a letter from an enthusiastic supporter, who wrote: "Dear Mrs. Murphy: That was a great lecture. Go to it, and believe me I'm with you to the finish, for I've got one of those disagreeable husbands myself."

## Doherty's Constituent Strays Far From Home

IF one were to remark to the Rt. Hon. C. J. Doherty, minister of justice during the late Conservative regime, that the world was small he would probably ignore the "bromide" in order to relate the incident at Geneva when he met one of his constituents from Ukraine.

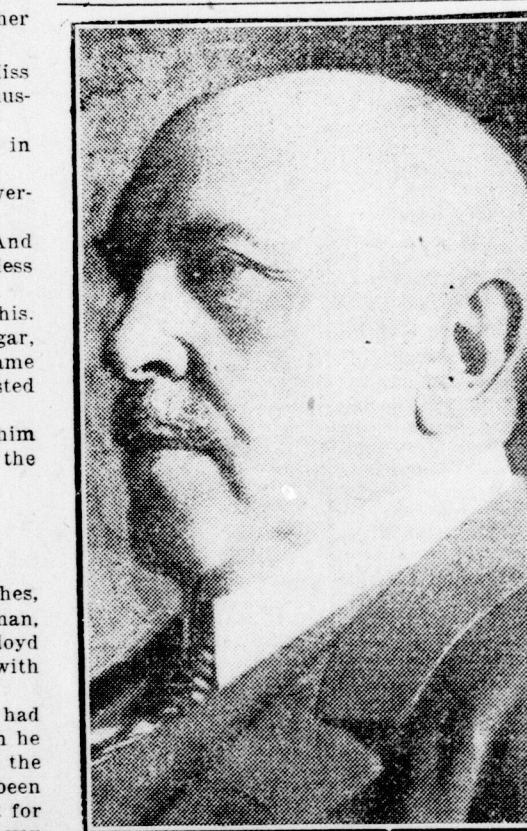
Of course it must be remembered that to a Quebec member of the dominion cabinet the term "constituent" has a much wider application than is usually given to it by an Ontario member in that it is not confined to a resident or voter from the electoral district which he actually represents in parliament. As one of three ministers for Quebec, both by inclination and necessity, Mr. Doherty regarded any resident of la belle province as a constituent.

In the early stages of the initial assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva in 1920, Mr. Doherty, who with Sir George Foster and Hon. N. W. Rowell formed Canada's quota, received a visit from a Ukrainian priest.

The clergyman explained that he was representing his people in a province the boundary of which had not been conclusively agreed upon and which the Poles were occupying, imprisoning priests, doctors and teachers with a view to forcing their nationality upon the inhabitants. His mission was to plead for the sympathetic consideration of the Canadian delegates, which he began his story in halting English, which speedily became involved. He thereupon asked Mr. Doherty if he might speak French, and the Minister of Justice being absolutely bilingual, the interview proceeded much more satisfactorily.

But as it proceeded, a puzzled look stole over Mr. Doherty's face. At length he remarked, "It is most curious, but, if I closed my eyes, your accent would lead me to believe I was talking to a French-Canadian from home." "Nothing strange about that," replied the little priest, his face lighting up with a smile, "for I was born and educated at Rimouski!"

Certainly, as he went on to explain, he had reason to be proud of his Canadian citizenship. After completing his education in the seminary at Rimouski, he had studied in Rome and been assigned to a mission in Ukraine. When the persecution commenced, he was with his fellow-workers thrown into jail, but he defied his captors to hold a British subject. After thinking it over for a few days, they gave him back his papers and released him. Thereafter, he said, when danger threatened, he simply stated, "I am a Canadian. Hands off!" And "hands off" it was, for he remained unmolested and was able to carry his plea to the Council of the League.



Presides Over the Reichstag  
DR. WALLRAF, new president of the German legislative body.

## FROM HIS FIRST BREATH ROSEBERY ATTRACTED

Earl of Birkenhead Sums Up the Earl of Rosebery—"That Untranslatable Somebody"

THE Earl of Birkenhead has an appreciation or depreciation of the Earl of Rosebery in the Sunday Times. He speaks of him as "That untranslatable Quelqu'un" (somebody). "Lord Rosebery," he says, "apparently began to attract with his first breath; he will remain attractive until he draws his last. He compelled attention in his busy noon; he cannot escape it even in his quiet evening. He always was, is, and will be, that untranslatable quelqu'un. And yet in some curious way he is, and always has been, an incomplete man."

"At Etton he achieved little distinction, but evoked a good deal of comment. At Oxford, where he was one of the last of the 'noblemen' recognized at Christ-church, he kept little company with the intellectuals, and is said to have preferred his racing stud to his degree. But if he was impatient of the university curriculum, it was at the university that he began to read eagerly and widely, and to bring into high cultivation the resources of what has been described as a 'very elegant mind.'"

"Lord Rosebery married the only child of Baron Meyer Rothschild, whose immense fortune and large estates she had already inherited. The marriage, though not unexpected, provoked eager discussion (especially among people whom it did not in the least concern), and it was, perhaps, not viewed on either side with entire satisfaction. It was the fourth case of a Rothschild marrying out of her community; and the Jewish Chronicle was moved to an article which opened with 'Alas! what degeneracy do we behold!' Nor were the riches and the noble qualities of the bride altogether sufficient to overcome the early prejudices of the bridegroom's family. The old Duke of Cleveland was congratulated on the brilliant match his stepson was making. 'Thank you,' was the cautious reply of the venerable aristocrat; 'I do not know the young lady personally; but I am told that the family is well-to-do in the city.' And a certain sense of incongruity was perhaps not absent from the couple themselves. Lady Rosebery must have resented the fact that scarcely any of her family attended the Church of England service, and Lord Rosebery's family did not, I believe, overwork the synagogue. But however the alliance was regarded from outside, it resulted in a union of unalloyed and unceasing happiness; and when, twelve years later, Lady Rosebery succumbed to typhoid fever, her death dealt a blow from which her husband never wholly recovered, and left a blank which it never occurred to him to fill."

"In literature he has, perhaps, found the chief solace of his leisure. His Georgian and early Victorian political memoirs are better known but not better written, than his 'Preface to the List of Persons Concerned in the Rebellion of 1745'; his 'Pitt' is not more admirable than the exquisite fragment which supplemented Mr. Winston Churchill's admirable life of his father. His 'Essay on Peel' is just on the same high level of prose as his very occasional excursions into journalism. He 'can cause dead and vanished things to live in the spoken word.'"

"He has read, perhaps, as much as any man of his day, and, I believe, still points to Shakespeare and Surtees as his favorite authors. Social contrasts were often his refreshment; and he would with equal pleasure and on the same day discuss racing with his staunch friend Matthew Dawson; international politics with his equally good friend Count Herbert Bismarck; and art and letters with Lady Holland in the great house where he was always the most cherished guest."

"That he had grave shortcomings is plain; which of us has not? But the remarks may be recalled of a great French lady, made to a friend in the Tribune at Chantilly: 'Ah, ce Rosebery; voilà le vrai type de gentleman Anglais.' (Ah, this Rosebery, there's the true type of the English gentleman.)"

Lord Rosebery

THUMBS DOWN

A DELIGHTFUL little story is told by Mr. Arthur H. Smith, keeper of Greek and Roman antiquities at the British Museum. It concerns a couple of coster girls, up to view the museum on a bank holiday, who were intently regarding a statue of a Roman gladiator.

One of his arms was broken off, his left leg ended at the knee, his helmet was battered, and there were several chips on the face of the warrior. Underneath the statue was an inscription, "Victory."

"I say, Liza," remarked one of the girls at length, "if that there bloke won, what price the loser, eh?"

"Thumbs down!" was Liza's terse comment.

## TOO RESPECTABLE

SIR THOMAS LIPTON told an amusing story the other day.

He stated that he used to work in Glasgow for half a crown a week. His staff consisted of a little boy and a black cat. Seeing the little boy was shabbily dressed, Sir Thomas gave him a sovereign to go and buy a new suit. He never came back.

Meeting his mother later, Sir Thomas inquired the reason. "Well," she said, "he looks so respectable now that he has been able to get a much better job."

## "THE FLYING SCOTSMAN"

MANY people will be interested to hear that Eric Liddell, the Scottish athlete who so splendidly represented Britain in the Olympic Games, is, along with his brother, shortly leaving for China to take up missionary work, thus following in the footsteps of his father.

Liddell caused something of a sensation by refusing, on account of religious reasons, to run in any races on Sunday while over in Paris.



## Wealthiest Church in America.

Trinity Church, New York, is the wealthiest church in America. Its income last year, from various sources, was \$1,248,681.

## HEALTH WEEK IS LAUNCHED BY NURSE

Miss Riddle Tells About the Unique Campaign in Glengarry County.

Miss Riddle, of the Ontario public health nurses staff, is a visitor in the city for the week-end on her way to Alvington to make a health survey. She has an interesting story to tell of the very successful Glengarry health week. How the Ontario department of health, in one day drive at a cost of \$3,000, managed to clean up the community, removing thousands of tons of garbage. Specialists were employed at the rate of \$100 a day and an army of Red Cross nurses brought to requisition. All day long nurses and doctors worked strenuously. Then at night public meetings were held, which were crowded even to standing room.

Enthusiasm for better health and the adoption of better health measures swept through the district. Headquarters of the health campaign were located at Alexandria, and from there the work spread throughout the county. The holding of such a health week was an entirely new move on the part of the provincial department of health, but it met with success in every hand. In a few instances the doctors had to contend with the story which had got abroad that vaccination for smallpox had led to the infantile paralysis outbreak in Detroit. But on the whole, their work was allowed to proceed as they wanted it. And the district was left with its children on the way to better health. Baby welfare clinics were an important part of the health campaign, and mothers were left with new ideas as to the care of their small boys and girls.

Miss Riddle spent some time in the city last spring during a health drive through Lambeth, Middlesex and Oxford.

## CLUB NEWS

**ORGANIZE YOUNG PEOPLE'S.** The young people of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church met recently and organized a young people's guild. The following officers were elected: Honorary president, Mr. Rossiter; president, Rev. J. McKillop; vice-president, Mr. D. Chalmers; secretary, Mrs. D. Chalmers; and treasurer, Miss Ruth Flannigan.

**C. F. H. CHAPTER, I. O. D. E.** Mrs. B. J. Dunlevy has called a meeting of the C. F. H. Chapter, I. O. D. E., for Wednesday evening, next at 3 o'clock, at the Y. W. C. A. residence, King street, when plans will be made for the coming season's work.

**AID CHILDREN'S WORK.** Miss Mayne Young, children's work secretary, recently received a generous contribution toward children's work in the city from the members of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church Sunday school.

## Peter Rabbit Watches Grandfather Frog's Coat Change Color

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

This big Frog in his dark coat looked up and laughing at Peter Rabbit said that he was Grandfather Frog. In everything but the color of his coat he looked like Grandfather Frog. He was the voice of Grandfather Frog. Still, it was hard for Peter to believe that it really was Grandfather Frog. That Grandfather Frog certainly did make a great difference.

"No," said Grandfather Frog, "I haven't changed my coat. You see, I was down there in the mud at the bottom of the Smiling Pool for some time. My coat just changed to match my surroundings."

"Do you mean that it is simply mud?" asked Peter.

"No, I don't mean anything of the kind," retorted Grandfather Frog indignantly. "Do you suppose I would come out here with a muddy coat? Even if it had been muddy, which it hasn't, don't you suppose the mud could have washed off while I was down there?"

"Of course," replied Peter.

"You see, he didn't want to offend Grandfather Frog," said Peter. "I'll wait," said Peter. As a matter of fact, nothing but danger could have induced Peter to leave.



MISS MARGARET CLEMENS, who after winning several musical awards this summer culminated her record by carrying off the piano scholarship conducted at the exhibition by the Canadian Bureau for the Advancement of Music.

## CITY NURSING DIVISION BEGINS FALL CLASSES

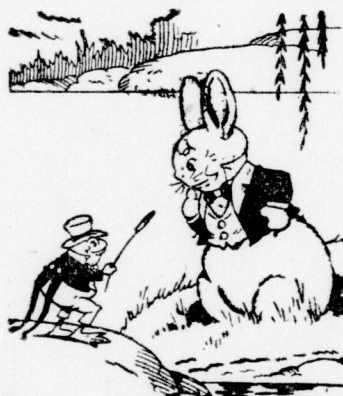
First Aid and Invalid Cooking Lectures Commence Next Month.

The Lord Kitchener Nursing Division, St. John Ambulance Corps, begins classes in first aid and invalid cooking at the end of the month, for which registration is now being made. Dr. Edwin Seaborn will give the lectures on first aid to be held in the division rooms at 404 Talbot street, while Miss Mary C. Macpherson will give lessons in invalid cooking at the central collegiate domestic science kitchen. Application for entrance into these classes may be made to Miss Ella Davie, superintendent of the division, either at home, 515 William street, or at the division rooms. There are no restrictions, either as to age or education, for entrance into these classes.

The Lord Kitchener Division has been conducting the Emergency Hospital Hut at the Western Fair during the past week, and all of the attendants there have successfully completed the work prescribed by the division.

**MRS. NELLO M'HARDY-SMITH OFFERS \$100 SCHOLARSHIP**

Mrs. Nello M'Hardy-Smith is offering her fourth \$100 scholarship for progress in the study of the piano. During the past year her pupil, Miss Gladys Lowe, took first-class honors in the A. T. C. M. examinations; Miss Maud Morley first-class honors in the Junior and Miss Elsie Currie first-class honors in the senior piano examinations, the latter pupil capturing the medal for highest standing in Canada.



"I'll wait," said Peter.

It was a warm morning, and jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was shining his brightest. Grandfather Frog settled himself comfortably in the sunshine. Then he watched for foolish green flies to come his way. Peter also settled himself comfortably and watched Grandfather Frog.

Now it was warm and very comfortable there, and presently Peter began to grow sleepy. He tried to keep his eyes open, but he couldn't. Finally he took a short nap.

When at last he was awakened by the rattling call of Rattles the kindly passing overhead he forgot for a moment why he was sitting there. Then he remembered and eagerly looked at Grandfather Frog. Grandfather Frog's coat was no longer as black. It was dark green. Peter rubbed his eyes to make sure. It was so. Yes, sir, it was so. That coat was now dark green. A suspicion that Grandfather Frog had played a trick on him and changed coats while he had been asleep crept into Peter's mind. But he said nothing. He didn't want to offend Grandfather Frog.

So the two sat there on the bank of the Smiling Pool, Grandfather Frog at the edge of the water, and Peter Rabbit, a foolish green fly, and watching the little water above him, watching Grandfather Frog. Above him, while Peter was sure that Grandfather Frog's coat was a lighter green than it had been, he watched with still more interest. That coat grew lighter and lighter. At last it was just the shade of green that was familiar to Peter.

"Well, what do you think of it, Peter?" asked Grandfather Frog, with a twinkle in his big, kindly eyes.

"I think it is wonderful," declared Peter. And when you come to think of it, it was wonderful.

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The next story: "Little Friend Loses a Tail Feather."

## NATIONAL COUNCIL MEETS OCTOBER 8

London Women Plan To Attend Important Convention in Toronto.

Several London women are expected to go to Toronto next month to attend the meetings of the National Council of Women to be held in that city from Oct. 8 to 15, among them Mrs. John Rose, president of the Local Council of Women. In all 500 women, representing all parts of the Dominion, will be present at this gathering, which will be featured by a civic reception in the city hall on the evening of Thursday, Oct. 10.

On the opening day Mrs. Philip North Moore will present greetings from the National Council of Women of the United States to which Mrs. Schofield, provincial vice-president of British Columbia, will respond.

Friday's program will include an address on "The Prevention and Causes of War," given by Professor Carrie M. Derick, M.A., while Saturday will find the delegates entertained at Government House, the guests of Lieut.-Gov. Mrs. Cockburn.

Each day there will be a luncheon, at which one of the following noted speakers will be present: Mrs. Philip North Moore, president of the United States Council of Women; Lady Drummond, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, D.C.L., of Toronto; Mrs. Harry Carpenter, M.P., of London; Professor R. B. Thompson, M.A., University of Toronto; Mrs. H. D. Warren, commissioner of Girl Guides for Canada, and Mrs. McGorman of Port Arthur.

## PERSONALS

Miss Naomi Frezell, who has been holidaying with friends in Chicago, and Mrs. Richard Booth, Wellington street, are visiting in Merrill.

Miss Catharine Wood and Miss Mary Finnegan of Sarnia spent last week in town.

Mr. A. W. McIntyre, of the Edmonton Bulletin, paid a brief visit to the city yesterday.

Mrs. Handyside of Montreal is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Charles Hunt and Mr. Hunt, Craig street.

Mr. John A. MacGregor of Detroit is spending this week with his wife, Mrs. J. A. MacGregor, York street.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Moule of Brantford are guests with the former's sisters, the Misses Moule, Matilda street.

Miss Margaret Sheane and Miss Vera Dier of Sarnia were guests in town this week attending the Anglican synod.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parnell Morris have returned home after an enjoyable vacation spent on the Bay of Quinte near Kingston.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Lee of Muzassapur, Bihar district, India, are guests with the former's son, Mr. Chandos Lee, Ridout street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brown, Horn street, have returned home from Montreal, where they were guests with their daughter, Mrs. Ed. Parker.

Mrs. Clifford Leigh of Port Huron is a visitor in the city this week on her return home from Glengarry, where she spent the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brown, 3 Horn street, have returned home from Montreal after an enjoyable visit with their daughter, Mrs. Ed. Parker.

Miss Ann Argo, Bruce street, daughter of the late Rev. J. Argo, of this city, leaves to enter the nurses' training school at Harper Hospital, Detroit.

Mrs. Lula Wood of Hamilton, grand worthy matron of the Order of the Eastern Star in Ontario, will pay an official visit to Forest City Chapter in November.

Mrs. A. B. Greer, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. R. S. Grindley of New York, who spent the summer at Stanley, are returning to town next Saturday.

Miss Agnes MacGregor, R.N., of the staff of Providence Hospital, Detroit, is spending the month of September with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John A. MacGregor, York street.

Mrs. Duncan MacArthur of Queen's University, Kingston, has motored back to that city after spending some time with her mother, Mrs. Frank Lawson, Cheapside street.

Prof. MacArthur left for Kingston last week.

Mrs. Roderick McKay, formerly Miss Jean MacCrimmon, of this city, was a guest with the former's son, Mr. and Mrs. D. MacCrimmon, Oxford street, until the end of the month, when they return to their home at Ashcroft, B. C.

A visitor in London during the week of the Western Fair is Miss Mary Shanks of Leamington, who is a guest with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Lowe, William street.

Miss Shanks is an artist and her exhibit at the Fair includes five very fine studies in oils, one of which is a portrait.

Miss Bertha Laine of Toronto, superintendent for the children's work of Ontario, and Miss Mary Scott Drynan of Stratford, also a children's worker, were guests in the city during Fair Week with Miss Mayne Young, children's work secretary for London. Miss Drynan is a writer of articles and stories for children in church publications.

An interesting marriage will take place Wednesday next in England when Miss Elsie Greene, daughter of

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

A Special Word to Stern Parents Who Will Not Allow Their Daughters to Have Men Callers. The Wife Who Is a Quitter—Shall She Please Her Parents or Marry Her Heart's Choice?

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am twenty-five years old, and have been married and divorced twice, but have no children. I am now going with a man who is a perfect gentleman, but my father objects to my going with him or anyone else, just the way he always did before I married either time. I was never allowed to receive any company in my home or to have any men callers. The result was that I used to meet them on the sly on the streets. That is the way I met, and married, the wrong men.

Now I want to play fair and square by having my friend visit me in my own house. I do not intend having him stay until midnight. All I ask is that he be permitted to call for me when we attend a theatre or dance, but this is out of the question, as my father will not allow it. What should I do? Sneak out again the way I used to and meet my friend on the sly, or find some other place to board, where I can have him call on me the way he should?

ANSWER: Certainly, Julia, I should advise you to go to live in some place where you can receive your men friends in a proper and decent manner, and where you will not be forced to lie and deceive in order to have a little innocent pleasure. You owe that much to yourself, because no man can have the same respect for a girl who has to slip out and meet him on the sly on a street corner as he does for the one who receives him in the convention-haloed precincts of her own parlor.

But surely any father who refuses to let his daughters receive their men friends at home is a fit subject for the investigation of either an alienist or the grand jury. He must be mad, not to know what he is doing; or criminal, not to realize the results of forcing a young girl out on the street, and to be treated as lightly as men treat girls they come to know in that sort of way.

For when you lock a girl in a room it is a dead sure thing that she will climb out of the window. If you refuse to let her have company at home she will find it wherever she can, on the streets, at corner drug stores, at dance halls, at many a place that is the anteroom of hell. If you deny her a lawful good time in her youth she will have an unlawful good time, even if she has to sell her soul to get it—which is something for stern parents to think over.

The only way fathers and mothers can protect their daughters is to encourage them to bring their friends home, to make their companions welcome at their home and make home so attractive that the young people want to come to it. In that way only do they have a chance to find out with whom their children are associating and to guide them in the choice of friends. In that way only can they help their girls to pick the right men for husbands.

More than that, the background of a home is a great protection to a girl. It throws an aura of respectability about her, and the knowledge that she is being gently, wisely, capably looked after makes men show her a deference and a consideration they never show to the girl they pick up on the streets, who has no home to which they are ever invited and no mother and father they ever

Your father is responsible for your two unfortunate marriages, Julia. You have suffered, and you are suffering, by your hard lesson. Meet no more men on the sly, but go away and aboveboard in some respectable home.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a young married man and earn a good salary, enough for us to live on in comfort, but my wife is not willing for us to have a home of our own. She wants to live with her people, which I cannot do. In the three years we have been married we have started to keep house six times, and every time she has broken up and gone back to her father and mother. The last time she went I refused to go with her, but she took our baby, which I am crazy about, and went away. I feel that I have done my duty, because I did all that I could to make her happy and comfortable, and to make a nice home in which our child could grow up, and now I am at my wits' end to know what step to take next.

G. W.

ANSWER: When a woman is a quitter there isn't much chance to do anything with her, G. W. Your only hope would be in her parents having the backbone and the good sense to tell their daughter that she must go back home and do her duty, and that they will never make any slacker welcome in their house. But they will never do it, because if they had been people of grit they would never have raised up the poor, weak, flabby creature your wife is.

It is very sad to think of how many divorces could be avoided, how many homes could be saved, if mothers and fathers had the nerve and determination to hold their daughters to their duty after they get married, and to force them to go back and try to make a success of marriage, instead of chucking it the first time anything goes wrong and they find out that matrimony means work and sacrifice instead of billing and cooing.

There are times when we all feel like giving up and running up the white flag of defeat; when we feel that we have borne all that we can bear and have done all that we can do, and there is no more fight left in us. But if somebody or some force holds us to our task we get our second wind and erect victory out of defeat, and we get a happiness and a self-respect that we could never have known if we had cowardly surrendered. And this is just as true of matrimony as it is of any other undertaking.

The woman who refuses to do her part in making a home when her husband provides the means of doing so defaults on her part of the marriage contract. She is a coward. She is a cheat, and her husband loses nothing when she leaves him. But when she takes the child he loves away from him she adds a cruel crime to her weakness. She has no right to rob the child of its father, nor to do the child the deadly wrong of making it an orphan deprived of a father's guidance.

But what a man can do in such a situation I do not know. It is just one of the pitiful tragedies for which we find no solution that happens so often in this heart-break house we call life.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—My parents are trying to force me to marry one man, while I love another. What shall I do?

FLORENCE.

ANSWER: Marry the man you want. You are the one who has to live with the man, not your parents, so you are the one who should be pleased. The marriage should be the pickers and have their own choice.

DOROTHY DIX.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Vincent Greene of Toronto and niece of Mr. H. B. Elliott, K.C., and the Misses Elliott, Dufferin avenue, will be married to Cyril Bertram Mills, son of Capt. Mills, the Manor House, Little Berkhamsted, England. The bride and groom will spend their honeymoon in Burma, returning by way of Canada in the spring.

COOK—BOGART.

A quiet but very pretty wedding was solemnized on Wednesday, Sept. 10, 1924, at "West Magdala Farm," the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Webster Bogart, of Lawrence Station, when their eldest daughter, Nora Elizabeth, was united in marriage to Mr. Wilbert Norman Cook, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Cook, of Lambeth, the Rev. Mr. Malcolm, of Lawrence Station, officiating.

To the strains of Lohengrin's Wedding March, played by Mrs. Fred Bogart, the bride entered the parlor leaning on the arm of her father, where she was joined by the groom, both taking their position beneath a beautiful canopy of flowers, ferns and streamers. Their only attendants were little Master James A. Bogart as ring bearer, and little Miss Hannah Bogart, sister of the bride, as flower girl.

The bride was charming in a gown of pearl gray crepe de chine, with slippers to match, and carried a

## WOMEN'S MUSIC CLUB BRINGS JEANNE GORDON

Distinguished Contralto Is a Haverall Old Girl—Comes on October 2.

When the Women's Music Club brings to London, on October 2, Jeanne Gordon, distinguished contralto of the Metropolitan Opera Company, to sing in the Grand Opera House, it is giving the London public an opportunity of hearing a former Chatham girl and graduate of Haverall College. Her father was D. H. Gordon, a member of the Canadian Parliament. This is her third year of grand opera singing, and in that time she has achieved such parts as Fricka in "Die Walkure," Amneris in "Aida," Azucena in "Il Trovatore," Princess Eboli in "Don Carlos," and Brangane in "Tristan and Isolde." Miss Gordon is today the leading contralto of the Metropolitan.

Miss Gordon made her first appearance in opera with the Creator Opera Company, afterwards singing in New York at the York Theatre. At an audition she made at the Metropolitan Opera House, she was heard by Antonio Scotti, who was so struck with her beautiful voice that he engaged her at once for the Scotti Grand Opera Company. This singer is fast taking for the New York operatic public the place relinquished by Mme. Louise Homer. She unites beauty and range of voice with beauty of face and figure, and dramatic instinct with intelligence.

## WEDDINGS

WALTERS—PARKINS.

A pretty wedding took place on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents, Princess avenue, when Verna May Parkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Parkins, was married to Reginald Walters, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Walters, of London Township. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. W. R. McIntosh, took place in a room of the home, and was attended by a large number of guests. The bride wore a gown of white tulle, and carried a bouquet of white and pink roses. The groom wore a tuxedo and carried a sword.

The bride wore a gown of white tulle, and carried a bouquet of white and pink roses. The groom wore a tuxedo and carried a sword. The wedding music was played by the bride's cousin, Miss Mildred Yake, wearing old rose silk crepe. Following the ceremony a wedding supper was served, the guests numbering over forty. Mrs. Parkins was given in black tulle, with a corsage of red dahlias, and Mrs. Walters, mother of the groom, wore a gown of navy blue silk, with a corsage of red dahlias. The groom's gifts to the bride were a diamond ring, a watch, and a bracelet. The bride's gifts to the groom were a diamond ring, a watch, and a bracelet.

Mr. and Mrs. Walters left later by motor on a honeymoon trip, which will be spent in Toronto. The bride travelled in a navy blue tailored suit, with a gray hat and slippers and gray gloves, and she also wore the groom's gift, a gray squirrel choker. Upon their return they will reside in Sarnia.

NEAL—HASKETT.

The marriage of Miss Hazel Haskett and Mr. Clifford Neal was solemnized at high noon of August 13, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Haskett, 310 North Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. Mr. and Mrs. Haskett were formerly of London, Ont., and Mr. Neal is of Olive Church, Hollywood, California.

The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was attended by her sister, Miss Elva Haskett, while the groom was escorted by Mr. Frank Stelling. Miss Rosa Burley, of London, played the wedding march. The nuptials took place in an exquisite bridal bower of palms, ferns and roses.

After the ceremony a dainty wedding luncheon was served at a table tastefully decorated in white and gold. Near the bride's cake was the upper section of the wedding cake of the bride's mother and father which graced their wedding table 28 years ago.

On October 1 Mr. and Mrs. Neal will be home in their attractive new bungalow at 4027 North Garden avenue, Los Angeles.

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

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GODERICH BANK MANAGER RECEIVES SUPERANNUATION

Special to The Advertiser.

Goderich, Sept. 12.—The retirement is announced of George Williams, manager of the Goderich branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. A. J. MacKay succeeds him in this capacity.

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Last year he reached the time for his superannuation, but on request of the bank remained another year to assist in taking over the branch of the Bank of Hamilton.

## Kaiser Collects Indian Melodies.

Ex-Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany is known to have possessed the most complete collection of American, Indian, negro, cowboy, pioneer and logging camp melodies in existence.

## Consider the Matter of Cuffs When Selecting Your Winter Coat



If you are buying a new winter coat and want to be very careful to get something that doesn't call attention to your extra pounds, avoid the coat with fur cuffs. Fur cuffs, of course, add a touch of richness, but they are for the tall, slender girl only. When your hands are at your sides the cuffs come about to the hip line and give appearance of added width just where you don't want it.

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## THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

SYNOPSIS.

Sir Oliver Trevellick is betrothed to Rosamund Godolphin, but the marriage is opposed by Rosamund's brother, Peter, and her guardian, Sir John Killigrew. When Oliver's young half-brother, Lionel, kills Peter in a quarrel suspicion falls on Oliver. A trail of blood is found leading from the body to his doorway. Even Rosamund believes his guilt. Desiring to protect Lionel, Oliver can only protest his innocence; but he obtains from the justices a document, to be produced in case of trial, attesting the fact that he bears no mark of recent wound; that therefore the trail of blood, obviously that of the murderer, is not his. But, when the trial threatens, and Lionel, crazed with fear that Oliver will reveal the truth, hires a pirate sea captain, Jasper Leigh, to abduct him and sell him as a galley slave, Oliver's disreputable appearance it is assumed he has fled to escape trial. Out at sea Leigh offers, for a price, to take Oliver back to England, and about a hour back when a great Spanish ship bears down upon them, her guns in action. The Swallow, unarmed, is sunk.

From a promontory above the bay Sak-el-Bahr, the Hawk of the Sea, the terror of Christian Spain, directs his own two galleys in an attack on a Spanish ship which has drifted unsuspecting into a haven on the northern coast of Africa.

When Sak-el-Bahr's galleet came alongside that brief encounter was at an end, and one of his corsairs was aloft, hacking from the mainmast the standard of Spain and the wooden crucifix that way dangled below it. A moment later and to a thundering roar of "Allahdollah!" the green crescent floated out upon the breeze.

Sak-el-Bahr thrust his way through the press in the galleet's waist; his corsairs fell back before him, making way, and he advanced, they roared his name, and he waved their scimitars to acclaim him this hawk of the sea, as he was named, this most valiant of all the servants of Islam.

True, he had taken no actual part in the engagement. It had been too brief and he had arrived too late for that. But he was there, and he was daring to conceive an ambush so remote a western port, and his brain that had guided them to this swift, sweet victory in the name of Allah the One.

The decks were slippery with blood, and strewn with wounded and dying men, whom already the Moslems were carrying overboard—dead and wounded alike when they were Christians, for to what end should they be troubled with maimed slaves?

About the mainmast were huddled the surviving Spaniards, weak and broken in courage.

Sak-el-Bahr stood forward, his light eyes considering them grimly. They must number close upon a hundred, adventurers in the main who had sailed from Cadiz in high hope of finding fortune in the Indies. Their voyage had been a very brief one; their fate they knew—to toil at the oars of the Moslem galleys, or at best to be taken to Algiers or Tunis and sold there into the slavery of some wealthy Moor.

Sak-el-Bahr's glance scanned them appraisingly, and rested finally on the captain, who stood slightly in advance, his face livid with rage and grief. He was richly dressed in the Castilian black, and his velvet doublet-shaped hat was heavily plumed and decked by a gold cross.

Sak-el-Bahr saluted ceremoniously to him.

"Fortuna de guerra, senior capitán," said he in fluent Spanish. "What is your name?"

"I am Don Paulo de Guzman," the man answered, drawing himself self and speaking with conscious pride in himself and manifest contempt of his interlocutor.

"So! A gentleman of family! And well nourished and sturdy, I should judge. In the sok at Algiers you might fetch two hundred phillips. You shall ransom yourself for five hundred."

"Por las Entradas de Dios!" swore Don Paulo, who, like all pious Spanish Catholics, favored the oath anatomical.

"For your profanity and want of courtesy we will make the ransom a thousand phillips, then," said he. And to his followers "Away with him! Let him have courteous entertainment against the coming of his ransom."

He was borne away cursing. (To be Continued.)

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Special to The



## CADETS ARE BEING WELL ORGANIZED

Col. Gillespie Reports Excellent Progress With Unit.

Cadet corps, through Military Diet No. 1, of which London is the headquarters, are expected to be more efficiently organized this year than for some time past. Lieut. Col. H. Gillespie, inspecting officer for the district, has just returned from his holidays, and reports today that indications pointed to more cadets and more cadets in uniform than in recent years.

"We are holding a strong George foot competition this autumn and have sent out requests for entries already," Col. Gillespie said this morning. "Besides this competition there will be a shoot at Harrington in October. Cadets from Mount Forest, Astoria and Wingham will take part in the shoot. We are trying out the new 22 rifle."

"As a matter of fact," Col. Gillespie went on, "the cadets in the northern towns of the district take pride in their training. They are well informed and take keenly to instruction." Speaking of uniformed cadets in London, the inspecting officer said: "In other cities, Woodstock, Guilford, St. Thomas, Chatham, Windsor and Sarnia, cadets were all equipped with uniforms while London companies and an officer's uniform here and there."

"I suppose it is the novelty of the uniformed cadets that appeals to the other places," Col. Gillespie said. "London is a garrison town, and a uniformed man is no novelty here. Cadets are now being equipped in London companies and during the next two weeks registrations will be forwarded to the inspecting officer."

### SUGAR

Special to The Advertiser.  
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**B.H. ENGLISH PAINT**  
70% Pure White Lead, 30% Pure White Zinc, 100% Pure Paint.  
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**BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY**  
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Service and Parts.  
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GARAGE REPAIRS  
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CHARTERED  
ACCOUNTANTS  
Resident Partner, Wm. C. Benson.  
C.A. Accounting dept. phone 1537.  
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Savings Bldg.

**CHAS. CHAPMAN CO.**  
EST. 1855.  
**Bookbinders**  
LOOSE LEAF MFRS.  
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EVERYONE WHO SEES ONE WANTS ONE  
**PEERLESS AND FOLDING TABLES**  
SOLD BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE.  
PHONE 1054. **HOUD & CO., LIMITED** QUEBEC ST.

## FOLDING TABLES HAVE MANY USES IN HOME

Can Be Put Up or Taken  
Down in a Few  
Seconds.

What a blessing a folding table is. Although it must be confessed that you really have to own one to fully realize it. Mrs. Smythe and her husband drop in for a social chat and a game of cards; or it has been a scorching hot day and you think how nice it would be to serve tea on the veranda; or perhaps you take your ironing out there; while later on in the cool of the evening, when the family is gathered around the front porch, the folding table is used to support the gramophone or father's smoking kit and the daily papers.

There are a few occasions when the extreme hardness and practical utility of a folding table will cause you to thank your lucky stars that you have one. A folding table can be used at times when an ordinary clumsy heavy table would be at a disadvantage. It will save an expensive table from abuse, particularly where there are children, as lunches, teas, can be served on it, and afterwards it may be taken to the nursery or used in the bedroom for serving the convalescent's meals, or holding the baby's food and the Big Ben.

It takes up little room behind the door or in the closet. It can be put up or taken down in a couple of minutes. In fact, the number of uses to which a folding table may be put are only limited by the number of purposes for which a table can be used.

Be sure and ask for Peerless or Elite Folding Tables. They are so light, so easily handled and without so good-looking that it is not surprising that everyone who sees one wants one. Made by the Houd Company, Limited, Quebec street, London.

## BUYING USED PARTS MEANS BIG SAVING

White Auto Wrecking Plant  
Has Full Stock of Motor-  
ing Needs.

A complete line of new and used parts for all types of automobiles and trucks is on hand at all times at the White Auto Wrecking plant, 749 Simcoe street. Although used parts which have been thoroughly repaired and made good as new are the chief item in this company's business a complete stock of new unused parts is carried also.

This concern is able to sell parts at remarkably reasonable prices, due to the fact that its policy is to go through the country buying up stocks from bankrupt garages in job lots. Thus their patrons who need new or used parts for their machines benefit in the long run.

The White Auto Wrecking Company operates a complete vulcanizing plant for thoroughly repairing all auto tires before they are sold to the public.

**MOTORISTS MUST OBSERVE SIGNALS, CHIEF WARNS**  
The stop signals placed by police order on Queen's avenue and Talbot street, at the intersections and Pipe Line roads intersections, must be observed. Chief of Police Robert Birrell warns that a fine of \$10 and costs will be imposed in court unless the signal is observed by motorists.

Autos are required to come to a complete standstill, whether there is traffic at these intersections or not. Chief Birrell asserts that the signs at Talbot street and Queen's avenue have been disregarded, and that he has ordered policemen to see that they are strictly observed.

**WOMAN HELD UP IN HOME AND ROBBED OF DIAMONDS**  
Special to The Advertiser.  
Detroit, Sept. 11.—Mrs. Mary Fox, 537 Philadelphia avenue, was held up in her home today by two men who robbed her of two diamond rings valued at \$3,500.

Mrs. Fox, who is an agent for Mortimer Sillman, a pawnbroker at 100 Monroe avenue, advertised two rings for sale. Two men called to look them over and said they would return later.

Today the pair returned, held up Mrs. Fox at the point of a gun, seized the rings and forced the woman into the basement of her home.

The pair fled in an auto.

P. O. BOX 170. PHONE 7891W.  
**ARTHUR MOULD**  
Roofing Contractor  
Giant Shingles, Heaviest Weight.  
They Stay Down.  
Ask for Giants. They roof best.

USE MAY'S PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM  
**HICKORY GROVE DAIRY**  
Real Service and Satisfaction.  
PHONE 5156. 345 WHARNCLIFFE

For Best Results in  
**PICKLING**  
Use Emblem's  
**PURE SPIRIT CIDER AND MALT VINEGAR**  
In Bottles or In Bulk.  
London Vinegar Works  
96 King St. Phone 631W.

## Timely Solution Is Offered For Unemployment Problem

Mayor Wenige says improve your property and by so doing help solve the unemployment situation. Arthur Mould says there are enough roofs in London needing repairs to keep one hundred men until Christmas to finish.

"I will find them jobs," he promises. "If the citizens will give the orders. Mayor Wenige's solution is sound advice and good business. It is better to repair your property than to support the unemployed through your taxes. In some ways in which we imitate the bees and squirrels we show wise judgment, but in others such is not the case. We store up fuel and provender for the winter period, but too often we are prone to sit in a warm home and see it deteriorate because we failed to have the roof fixed when this was needed.

"Forget the anaesthetic of hard times. There are hundreds of property owners who have the funds but who nevertheless make times harder by not being thrifty enough to spend to advantage when the occasion presents itself. If you cannot afford to let it go until it has reached a state of disintegration. The choice of materials was never before so large or the supply of workmen so plentiful. Do it now and solve three problems—improve your property, save money by a shingle in time, and give work to the unemployed.

"When property owners take the same pride in keeping their roofs tight as they do in maintaining their front verandas they will soon realize what a great saving they make by avoiding interior damage."

No matter what type of roof you have, whether on factory, warehouse or home, if you call Arthur Mould at 7891-W he will diagnose the trouble and suggest the proper remedy. Unlike doctors his consultations are free. You pay only when cured. He roofs best who roofs to last.

**LOFTHOUSE WELDING SERVICE SAVES TIME**  
Ealing Shop Repairs Broken Machinery and Metals of All Kinds.

Every working day in the year the Ealing welding shop at 581 Hamilton road is a busy hive of industry with operations of many different kinds going on in the repair of metals and machinery parts.

"Our experience in the welding business has given results that have been satisfactory to hundreds of London and district residents, so we ask you to give us a trial," says the proprietor, J. M. Lofthouse. "No matter what parts of a piece of machinery are missing or broken we can guarantee a thoroughly satisfactory repair job."

Machinery of every description can be welded in the Lofthouse shop. Broken cylinders, large castings, and all metals of every type can be successfully amalgamated by the Lofthouse welding and brazing experts. There is no need for local manufacturers or others to send out of town to have broken parts of machinery replaced. Much time can be saved and trouble and inconvenience eliminated by using the service provided by the Lofthouse establishment.

Carbon removed from cylinders by oxygen while you wait, scored cylinders repaired electrically, frames, axles, and so forth straightened and welded, and all other work of this nature performed in the most satisfactory manner is part of the Lofthouse service.

**Radio Will Give News To Prince**  
British Heir to Keep in Touch With World Events.  
Special to The Advertiser.  
Montreal, Sept. 12.—During the trip across Canada and the visit to the royal ranch at High River, Alberta, the Prince of Wales will be kept in touch twice daily with the news of the world. Morning and evening a complete digest of all the important news events by radio will be broadcasted, arrangements to that effect having been completed by the radio department of the Canadian National Railways.

The morning broadcast of news will take place about 10 o'clock daily, while the train travels across Canada, and at about 9 o'clock during the visit of the prince to his ranch. This service will be in reality a miniature edition of the London Times. The official newspaper of the royal family and the service is made possible by the co-operation of the London Times and the New York Times and Montreal Gazette, which control the service of the London Times in North America.

**U. S. WARSHIP RUSHES TO HELP AMERICANS**  
Special to The Advertiser.  
Washington, Sept. 11.—After leading 100 marines at Celilo, B. C., the United States battleship Rochester has proceeded toward Tula, where American lives and property are reported to be endangered by revolutionary activities, according to a despatch to the state department today.

It was expected more marines would land at Tula.

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COMMERCIAL FURNITURE, INTERIOR WOODWORK.  
STORE FRONTS, INTERIORS, PARTITIONS, SHELVING.  
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EXPERT TIRE AND BATTERY REPAIRS  
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.  
PHONE 364J. 91 YORK ST.

Dr. T. Throw Your Old Carpets Away. They Make New Reversible  
**VELVETEX RUGS**  
Send Postal for Velvetex Leaflet No. 1X.  
**CANADA RUG COMPANY.**  
Phone 2455. 98 Carling St.

SEND YOUR WEEKLY WASH TO THE  
**LONDON STEAM LAUNDRY**  
HOUSEHOLD WORK 5c—8c ONE POUND  
No Marking Phone Seven Eight Hundred—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.

## WHEN WILL COUPLES HONEYMOON ON MARS?

Inter-Planetary Visits Between Earth and Distant Sphere Predicted.

As soon as communication is established between the earth and the planet Mars, there is the likelihood that, in the great super airships of the future, newlyweds with a flair for originality will be able to spend their honeymoons on that far distant sphere.

As a natural sequence there may come the time, too, when the people of Mars will visit the earth. As maintaining one's strength by the assimilation of food is perhaps the primordial instinct with all beings, it is not a far fetched conjecture to imagine them asking visitors from the earth—even as Mr. Smith Jones of Hyde Park or Miss Craig asks Mr. Smith of London, "Where is the best place to eat?"

If the one questioned is a native of London he will, in all probability, reply, without a moment's hesitation: "The New Service Lunch."

"Where is the New Service Lunch?" "382 Richmond street, London. You will be able to tell it by the immaculate white-clothed front, the feeling of cheer that becomes apparent as soon as you enter the door and by the consistent high quality food, care and sanitation that exists there. "Very well," the Martian will reply and if he is wise he will mark the address down, for in the New Service he will find the last word in what is truly modern in restaurant equipment and service. When he comes here he will, if his feelings are at all akin to those of hundreds of residents of London and Western Ontario, at once grow to appreciate the high degree of efficiency in this popular eating establishment. Here he will find an unsurpassed cuisine, variety that makes eating a pleasure and not an ordeal and withal a spirit of friendliness that causes him to feel at home at any hour of the day or night.

## SATISFACTORY HOMES BUILT BY EVANS BROS.

South London Firm Has Been Established Here Since 1906.

"You are going to build a house, you say, Jerry. Well, take my advice and get an estimate from Evans Brothers, over there on Erie avenue. They built that house for Tom, you know, and it suits him and the wife right down to the ground," was the way in which the citizen was heard to voice his opinion of the work of this progressive South London firm of builders and contractors.

Evans Brothers have been rendering Londoners service of this type for the last eighteen years, and there is not a phase of the building trade with which they are not thoroughly familiar. Last year they constructed no less than fifty of the new homes erected in the city, and indications point to their being called upon to build a great many more than this number this year.

All classes of brick and cement work, apart from domestic construction, are also a part of this firm's activities, and they make a specialty of jobbing contracts.

**BERKENHEAD'S PLAN SUITS LLOYD GEORGE**  
Associated Press Despatch.  
London Sept. 11.—Lloyd George at Penmaenmawr, referring to the Irish question, said last night that Lord Birkenhead's letter to the Earl of Balfour seemed to him to contain the only responsible interpretation of the boundary clause of the Irish treaty, and he asserted that he stood by his letter and all it contained.

Lord Birkenhead's letter to the Earl of Balfour, mentioned in the above despatch, interprets the Irish treaty as providing for a boundary commission to settle only small frontiers rather than consider transferring large sections of Ulster to the Irish Free State.

**PREPARE FOR BATTLE.**  
Special to The Advertiser.  
Dutton, Sept. 12.—A meeting of the temperance workers will be held in the Memorial Hall on Monday. Officers will be elected and plans will be made for the liquor referendum.

**ENGLISH AUTO WRECKERS**  
Largest and Most Up-To-Date Auto Wrecking Plant in Western Ontario.  
Phone 432. 74 Fullarton St.

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Prompt Attention to Jobbing.  
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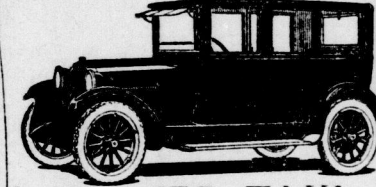
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**GEO. WINTERBOTTOM & SON**  
SHEET METAL WORKERS  
Phone 5895W. 519 Richmond St.

## 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.



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483 RICHMOND STREET.  
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5 and 7-Passenger Sedans.  
Day and Night Service.

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Phone 66 for Particulars.  
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Experts in Boiler Welding.  
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**ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.**  
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**GRIGG HOTEL CAFE**  
CHICKEN DINNER 60c  
SUNDAY SPECIAL MENU  
"BEST OF TABLE SERVICE."  
From 11:00 a.m. to 8 p.m.  
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**WILLIS CAKES**  
ARE ALWAYS CHOSEN.  
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**Chesterfields**  
Made to Your Order.  
Any Size—Any Shape.  
QUICK! The Upholsterer  
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**SICK SHOES CURED**  
Made like new with a manufacturer's finish by our latest approved machinery. Work called for and delivered.  
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**AMERICAN**  
R. HOLMES PROPRIETOR  
LONDON STRATFORD BRANTFORD

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ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER, LATH, POSTS, SHINGLES, DOORS, SASH, TORONTO ASPHALT ROOFING, HARDWOOD FLOORING.  
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ELECTRICAL FIXTURES AND SUPPLIES  
**J. H. Pollock**  
GENERAL CONTRACTING.  
Phone 5762W. Night, 3259.  
397 CLARENCE STREET.

**LEFF ELECTRIC CO. ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS**  
New Electric Motors at Second-hand Prices.  
316 Grey St. Phone 4626W.

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Hot Water and Steam Heating Contractors  
Estimates Furnished.  
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RAPIDS RIGHT.  
Lead Mould, Nickel Types, Electrotype, Sterotype.  
Phone 3700. 211½ King St.

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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.

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FINE PRINTING and STATIONERY  
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**Tires On Sale**  
\$1.00 off every tire in shop; new stock; fully guaranteed.  
**J. A. Barnard**  
Lowest prices on new and rebuilt bicycles.  
Motorcycles, general repairs, locksmith.  
Phone 2994M. 338 Talbot St.

**I. X. L. SPICE AND COFFEE MILLS, LIMITED**  
Sweetheart Jelly, Pure and Delicious.  
Sweetheart Peanut Butter. Something Different.

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**BUILDERS' SUPPLIES**  
Lime, Cement, Tile and Pressed Brick. Get Our Prices.  
PHONE. 1044. **WILLIAM COPP** 85½ YORK ST.







## REAL ESTATE

## REAL ESTATE

The Western Real Estate Exchange Limited  
REALTORS

**FARMS FOR CITY PROPERTY.**  
12 acres vacant land (dandy soil) about 2 1/2 miles from city limits, in fruit district near Springfield, overlooking city. Price \$225 per acre, easy terms, or will trade for cottage in city.  
100 acres in London Township, clay loam soil, 6 or 7 acres of bush, large basement barn and old-fashioned brick house. Price \$100 per acre. Owner will exchange for London property. What have you?  
200 acres in Huron County, 5 1/2 miles from good town. Good land (part rolling), fine two-story red brick house, large basement barn, spring creek, etc. Price \$10,000. Will consider exchange for London or Windsor property.  
200 acres in North Oxford County, very close to railway and village, good soil (part rolling), some bush, old-fashioned red brick house and two barns (on blocks), etc. Price only \$9,000. Will consider city property in trade.  
Also many other properties and some dandy buys in city houses, cheap.  
**LIST YOUR PROPERTY AT ONCE.** PHONE 686.  
78 DUNDAS STREET.

## BERT WEIR

Over Oak Hall. Phone 6250  
L. H. REILLY, MANAGER.  
Residence Phone 16021

Bert Hookway 3613 W. A. C. Ball 8021  
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**BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY HOME.**  
\$5,500—We have just been instructed by Mr. Chas. White to sell his wonderful summer residence on the 4th concession. There are approximately 5 acres with the finest garden of flowers and shrubs I have seen. House contains 7 bedrooms, large living-room, kitchen, fireplace, dining-room, kitchen, large veranda front and rear, 2-p. bath, ice house, wired for stove, garage, 20 minutes ride from Dundas and Richmond. Mr. White has been 14 years building this home. You should see this to appreciate its beauty. Seven cars at your service to inspect it.

\$2,800—402 William St. at a greatly reduced price, 1 1/2-story brick, 4 beds, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, lot \$8,150 feet.

**A FEW EASY PAYMENTS PICKED FROM OUR LARGE LIST.**

\$1,000—\$500 Down, 1 1/2-story white brick, south, with 3 beds, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, room for bath, hydro, wired for stove, house well built, deep lot, and extra lot next door can be bought at \$10 per foot.

\$2,500—\$500 Down, stucco cott. with 2 beds 2 c. parlor, dining-room, kitchen, coal fireplace, 2-p. bath, furnace, with hot water connections, gas heater, full basement, only 10 mins. to school.

\$2,500—\$400 Down, King St. East, new stucco cott. with 3 beds, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, bath, full basement, good electric fixtures, veranda.

\$3,300—ONLY \$100 Down, frame cott. 1 1/2 stories, all newly decorated, and spotless—clean, 2 large beds, 3 c. parlor, dining-room, kitchen, bath and toilet, fireplace, full basement, frame garage, large lot and drive, low taxes. Make us an offer.

\$2,800—ONLY \$100 Down, stucco cott., north, with 3 beds, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, large frame barn. Easy payments, \$20 monthly.

\$3,700—\$400 Down, rug and pressed brick cott. with 3 beds, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, 3-p. bath, furnace with hot and cold water, full basement, veranda, drive, deep lot.

\$2,500—\$400 Down, \$22 monthly, new frame cott. with 3 beds, parlor, dining-room, kitchen, bath, hydro and gas, part to cash, owner will exchange for vacant lot.

## W. B. REID

Real Estate, 403 Richmond St.  
1 1/2-story red pressed brick, 3 bedrooms, bath, furnace, full basement, garage. Price \$5,000. \$1,500 down. Adelaide St.

Brick cottage, south side, 3 bedrooms, bath, furnace, full basement, electric, \$2,500. \$800 down.

Lot on Victor St., 40 feet front, \$29 per foot.

**E. COOK** 255 WILLIAM ST. PHONE 4574.

Suburban property, south, 6 rooms, modern rug, brick, bungalow, cottage, veranda, electric mantle, close to city line, choice locality, country taxes, \$4,000.

North, rug brick, 4 floors, 5 rooms, mantel, coal grate, chestnut trim, country taxes, close to city line, \$4,800.

\$500 down. Cottages, easy terms. Several houses to rent, \$20 per month and up. Apply.

## FOR SALE

**J. A. BROWNLEE**  
885 TALBOT STREET  
Furnaces cleaned and repaired. Phone 652 or 2420.

**SELLING OUT**  
**ROOF CEMENT**  
Half Price. Now \$1 Per Gallon.

R. H. SMITH LUMBER COMPANY  
11 Erie Ave. Phone 2985 W.

**700,000 FT. SECOND-HAND LUMBER FOR SALE**  
at Wolsey Barracks, \$15 and up; 200 doors and windows, \$2.00 and up. Special price on Beaver Board, \$15 and up. Also good firewood.

**YORK WRECKING CO.**  
Phone 1865.

**MOTORCYCLES & BICYCLES**  
**BICYCLES**  
Best assortment of wheels in the city. Colors to suit all. Lowest prices and latest terms. Buy a Perfect and you buy right. Easy terms. A. T. Tanner, 662 Dundas and 402 Clarence.

**INSURANCE**  
**J. A. NELLES & SON**  
Fire, Life, Accident, Marine, Plate Glass, Rent and Automobile.

**B. N. CAMPBELL**  
INSURANCE COUNSELLOR.  
Fire, Auto, Accident, Sickness and Dominion Savings Bldg. Phone 1617.

**MISCELLANEOUS**  
**YOU WILL ENJOY DINING IN OUR CAFE.**  
The food is excellent and the prices are moderate.  
**ROYAL CAFE**

## THE ADVERTISER'S CROP SURVEY—DISTRICT SEVEN

LAMBTON TAKES PRIDE  
IN BEEF CATTLE HERDS

Farmers in District Around Wyoming, Arkona and Forest Depend Largely On Splendid Herds For Returns, and So Grazing Lands Have Important Place in Mixed Farming Area.

## FAIR APPLE CROP IN VICINITY OF FOREST

This is the seventh of ten daily articles surveying farming methods and crop conditions in southwestern Ontario. The survey is made for The Advertiser by C. G. Hyman, who has had O. A. C. training as well as thorough practical experience. District seven takes in a portion of Lambton County, where beef cattle raising is the outstanding feature of mixed farming.

District seven of The Advertiser's crop survey includes the important sections over a considerable stretch of fertile land in the southwestern portion of Western Ontario bordering the lower portion of Lake Huron and including the towns of Wyoming, Petrolia, Sarnia, Forest and Arkona.

This country is for the most part given over to mixed farming, with beef cattle as the largest single item, taking the district as a whole. There are exceptions to this, of course, dairying being more in vogue in the immediate vicinity of Sarnia.

The district surrounding Forest is a well-known apple-growing district and, although the crop there is a bumper crop, it extends anything visited so far in the survey of the crops of this portion of the province.

The district was entered by Sarnia and along the London road, one sees splendid market gardens and small fruit plantations. Garden produce for the Sarnia market, and raspberries and strawberries for local use and for shipment from the staple crops of the small holders in this section.

**Goodison Farm.**

Leaving Sarnia on the London road and before striking off on the Forest and Goodison farm, one passes the Goodison farm. This is a model farm in the strictest sense of the word, and the abundant crops and orderly appearance of the buildings and equipment speak the language for the management of this estate.

Among the market gardens seen in this section those of W. H. Blunden, J. T. Parr, F. W. Egan and J. Joynt looked particularly fine. The abundant moisture of the past few weeks adding greatly to the thriving appearance of the small fruit plantations and the corn, which are rapidly attaining perfection.

In passing from the Sarnia Gravel road in the direction of Camanche and Forest, the country changes once more into a grazing district, with large pasture fields, alternating with extensive corn and occasional fields of roots.

Throughout this section, which lies close to Lake Huron, one seems to be in the midst of another province. Glimpses of the blue waters of the lake and the natural beauty of a countryside, which is broken by hill and dale, relieve the monotony of the highway travel, which, although affording excellent travel, tends to be somewhat irksome from the straight severity of the roads, which extend for miles without break or curve.

**Fine Herds.**

In the district surrounding Camanche, fine herds of cattle are the rule, and the stock seems to be fairly well cared for. The orchards here, too, are large ones, and the farmers operating them are evidently progressive, spraying being the rule and untidy or neglected orchards the exception.

The small grain crops hereabouts are threshing out well up to the standard of the balance of the district, and the straw is exceptionally long.

The apple crop in this district, as stated before, is a very fair one. Although some of the winter varieties are extremely light, most of the growers of the district from Camanche to Forest are optimistic over the outlook for the crop, and are concerned in feeling no doubt, and are even with a short crop, their returns are likely to be very satisfactory on account of the scarcity of apples throughout the whole province.

**BRANTFORD HAS FIRST CASE OF INFANTILE PARALYSIS**

Canadian Press Despatch.  
Brantford, Sept. 12.—Following the discovery of a case of infantile paralysis here, Dr. W. L. Hutton, M. O. H., this evening gave out a warning to parents to carefully watch their children. The exact reason for the spread of the disease was not known, he said, but it was believed to be through flies, and he warned that all garbage and manure receptacles be covered and all flies killed.

**ST. MARYS METHODISTS PLAN FOR GYMNASIUM**

Special to The Advertiser.  
St. Marys, Sept. 12.—The young people of the Methodist Church are looking forward to the erection of a new gymnasium which will be started immediately on the grounds in the rear of the parsonage. This building will be modern in every detail, and will cost in the neighborhood of \$7,000. The gym will be 70 feet by 35 feet, with a 10-foot ceiling, and 9 feet hallway, the entire length of one side with gallery above. An up-to-date heating system will be installed.

**Silver Fox Farm.**

At Wyoming the chance to visit a silver fox farm presented itself and a surprise occurred when, in inspecting the plant of Sam Lucas, not only a silver fox was seen, but a regular zoo was discovered which in some respects outshines the London municipal zoo at Springfield. Here The Advertiser's representative saw pheasants, skunks reared in captivity, alligators, and a monkey-faced owl, considered by naturalists as a very rare bird. A large eagle, which was captured on Mr. Lucas' farm in 1912, is quite evidently lord of the birds on that ranch.

From Wyoming to Petrolia, the land is scarcely as good as that seen along the Sarnia road, although some of the lighter land in the neighborhood of Petrolia is being profitably cultivated in small tracts.

In the oil district surrounding Petrolia some excellent black muck can be seen, and in visiting this section one wonders why the cultivation of celery has not become more extensive, the soil in places rivaling the best found in the celery district near Toronto.

On all of the farms for miles around Petrolia can be seen oil derricks and pumps, and as most of the farmers in the district draw a revenue from the oil as well as from their farming, the district is a prosperous one. The fact that many of the farmers are employed in the oil industry may have some bearing on the lack of diversity in the farming scheme of the district.

Wheat and oats are the principle



ROBBED OF JEWELS.

Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, a member of the Prince of Wales' set, who was robbed of valuable jewels when thieves stole \$150,000 of gems from the Long Island home of Joshua Cosden, oil magnate.

GOOD LITERATURE  
VERY IMPORTANT

Dramatic Reader Urges Study As An Elevating Force.

Special to The Advertiser.

Stratford, Sept. 12.—The study of good literature, dramatically interpreted, is one of the greatest forces in elevating young people and regulating older people," Mrs. Agnes Knox Black told the Women's Canadian Club.

Mrs. Black is a well-known interpreter of literature, and impressed on her hearers that literature had a potent effect on everyday life, that it made humdrum tasks seem beautiful. She captivated her audience with her delightful program and charming personality.

The license appealed to the members to use their influence to eradicate the coarseness that the war had created.

A. P. Roberts, who has taken over the drug business at 35 Ontario street, conducted for more than 60 years by George J. Waugh, and later by J. B. Waugh, is a former Stratford man, having been employed by the drug firm of Nasmith & Harwood a few years ago. Miss C. Roberts, St. Andrew street, is an aunt.

As a result of the showing of Stratford furniture at Wembley Exhibition, England, a Kroehler Manufacturing Company davenport bedstead, which was made in Stratford, Ontario, was sold to an Egyptian princess, Princess Fatma Fazil, Cairo.

Their English agent says many members of the royal family, including Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of York, etc., also Queen Eleanor of Spain and her children, have examined the exhibit.

J. R. Macdonald, Church street, sustained painful cuts and bruises on his left hand in a motor accident this morning on the side road near Seabrook, which was caused by the road when Mr. Macdonald raised his hands to the steering wheel to protect himself from a bee which entered the car.

**COSTS OF EDUCATION CREATE NEW PROBLEM**

Continuation School Grants Now Before Oxford Council.

Special to The Advertiser.

Woodstock, Sept. 12.—Financing secondary education of rural pupils is presenting more difficulties to the county council, as to the amount of county grants to the continuation schools. The usual procedure of the education department is to send a check to the county covering the grant, less the teachers' expenses.

The question has arisen whether the county grant shall be for the full amount or for the sum actually received from the provincial government.

George Mitchell, aged 30, of Bright, pleaded guilty this morning to a charge of having passed a forged cheque for \$100 to the local bank for the full amount or for the sum actually received from the provincial government.

The property of the Karn Piano Company, Limited, has been offered for sale by E. J. Howson, official trustee. The city of Woodstock has a mortgage of \$21,000 on the property.

Principal Hodgins stated tonight that the attendance at the collegiate institute is 551, an increase of 41 during the past week.

The annual meeting of the North Oxford Conservative Association will be held next Thursday in the city hall. Speeches will be made by Hon. James Lyons, minister of lands and forests in the province, and Hon. Hugh Guthrie.

**HOME BANK "MISSING CHECK" REPORTED FINALLY LOCATED**

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, Sept. 13.—A story published today says that G. T. Clark, liquidator of the Home Bank, has discovered the "missing check" for \$15,000, the sum for which the bank was liable.

The long-sought document is reported to have been found in the safety deposit box of the late J. Cooper Mason, general manager of the bank. Strangely enough, it is drawn to "bearer" and dated December 13. It was this check which Mr. Clark stated before the committee on March 31 had been "lost" from the Home Bank documents and which until now has not been available.

The first time in the public accounts committee's investigations of Ontario bond transactions that the name of Hon. Peter Smith was brought into evidence was when Mr. Clark produced the stub, stating that he had been unable to find the check itself.

COLLEGIATE ROOM  
STILL CONGESTED

Principal Voaden Reports On Conditions—Drop in Attendance.

## TEACHERS NEEDED

Special to The Advertiser.

St. Thomas, Sept. 12.—At the regular meeting of the committees of the board of education this evening, Dr. Voaden gave his report on attendance at the collegiate. Total registration, \$20, a decrease of 40 pupils over September, 1923, caused largely by the formation of a separate continuation school.

"The upper and middle school is still greatly congested, so that experimental work in science is very difficult," reported Principal Voaden. "Two additional teachers would render the work far more efficient."

Some additional improvements to the building are asked, including a new piano for the gymnasium, improvements to the roof which is leaking badly over one of the classrooms, on desks and other furniture.

**Damage Problem.**

Whether sheep at this time of year would suffer invasion of damage, as was visible, was the issue under discussion in an action arising under the sheep protection act of Ontario, in police court today, and which was adjourned for a week in order that defence counsel might look up decisions in such cases. According to the evidence, an Alfrede dog owned by Robert Chute of Union and another dog had chased a flock of sheep owned by John H. Olde of the same village. Both dogs have since been destroyed but Mr. Chute failed to pay his share of the invisible damage likely to be caused by the resulting nervous state of the sheep during the breeding season.

Magistrate Maxwell held court in Springfield this afternoon. Besides a speeder, who paid a nominal fine, Simon Stover was found guilty of driving an auto while under the influence of liquor, and of being intoxicated in a public place. On the first offence his worship recommended that his license be suspended for three months, while on the second, he was fined \$15 and costs.

**Plan For Season.**

The first regular monthly meeting of the new term for the Scott and Hiawatha Street Home Association was held at the Scott street school last evening, the president, Mrs. Cupples, being in the chair.

The mothers decided to collect old clothes for the poor in the school, the teachers to distribute them among the needy. The members have mapped out a very busy season, furnishing some of the rooms with necessary cupboards and tables, and buying a series of records and pictures to be used in the school. The local home and school council will be approached with a view to organizing a campaign to raise funds to assist with the financing of the new composite school.

Co-operation between the teachers of the school and the Home and School Club of Scott and Hiawatha street school, was the most important item of discussion at their first regular meeting of the new term.

The mothers are collecting clothes to distribute among the poor of the school. The clothes will be turned over to the teachers for distribution.

**Discuss Referendum.**

A very interesting talk was given by Mrs. Coutts on the coming referendum vote, explaining the ballots and the question at stake.

A proposition is under discussion by the club to raise money to help buy furnishings for the new school. A very interesting winter's work is planned, furnishing new records, pictures and furniture for the classes.

A program was given and an orchestra composed of students and graduates of the school furnished a number of selections. A lunch was served by the social committee in charge of the affair.

The C. N. R. and Wabash railroads handled two special trains over the local division, record runs being made by both trains. The local consisted of 40 cars of feed from Chicago to New York, and the second 40 cars of oil from Oklahoma bound for Byway, N.Y.

George C. Carlie and Mrs. Carlie have returned from spending the summer travelling in Europe and the British Isles.

**Anniversary Plans.**

Rev. H. E. Thorneloe of Niagara Falls, Ont., and a former pastor of Alma Street Presbyterian Church, has been invited to preach the anniversary services on Sunday, October 26. Extensive plans are laid for the anniversary event.

The funeral of the late John A. McLennan, whose death took place by accident at the scene of the fire which destroyed the home and business block of D. J. Scott, Fingal, last Wednesday, will be held Saturday afternoon at 2:30 from his father's residence to the cemetery at Burwell Park.

Word was received in this city today of the death of Mrs. G. Love of Brantford, formerly Miss Grace Fenwarden of this city. Mrs. Love's early life was spent in this city, where she attended the First Methodist Church.

Mrs. Mary McKinnon, widow of the late Roderick McKinnon of Mooretown, passed away on Thursday at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. E. C. Harvey, 28 East street, city. Mrs. McKinnon was born in Ireland 78 years ago, coming to St. Clair, Mich., and later moving to Mooretown, where she had lived for 50 years. Besides her daughter, she leaves a son, John, in Denver, Col.

Have You Tasted  
"SALADA"  
GREEN TEA

The most delicious blend of green tea procurable.  
Ask for a package today.  
FREE SAMPLE OF GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA," TORONTO

## CHOICE RESIDENTIAL LOTS

—REGENT ST.—

WATERLOO ST.

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15 16 17 18 19

Ten per cent will be allowed off to the first party purchasing a lot.

These are the finest lots in London. Wide streets, beautiful surroundings and a good neighborhood—Apply to A. J. MORGAN.

Old Dutch  
for Kitchen Utensils

Old Dutch Cleanser

Chases Dirt

MADE IN CANADA

Wont Scratch. Contains no lye or acids. Goes further. Does better work.

Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 24 years.

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacturers of Monoclonaldehyde of Salicylic Acid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, and that the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

**Canadian Pacific**

Let Your Dreams Come True

See the world—the rich wonders of the Orient—the entrancing fascination of India, Ceylon, Java and Sumatra—the far-flung lands of history and romance that you have always longed to visit.

Such a dream becomes a glorious fulfillment on the world cruise of the "Empress of France," sailing from New York Jan. 14th.

130 days; 27 ports; 53 days for Shore Excursions. Full details to be had from any Steamship Agent or from

J. E. PARKER, General Agent, Passenger Dept., C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto.

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**EARLY FALL APPLE CROP IS GOOD NEAR ILBERTON**

Special to The Advertiser.

Lobc, Sept. 12.—The Ilberton fruit growers report a fine crop of early fall apples. Plums and pears are also a heavy crop, but the later or winter apples seem to be quite light. The Duches apples are now being marketed and are a fine sample, although the price is not very high, from 80c to 90c per bushel.

Fears are entertained for the corn crop from frost. About two weeks of warm dry weather is needed to mature the crop.

**Go the GATEWAY PORTS of the WORLD**

Advertise in The Advertiser











**Rowat's Coffee**  
Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.  
70c Pound.  
Try a Pound Today.  
**T. A. Rowat & Co.**  
250 Dundas St. Phone 3051-3052.

**WISE ADVERTISERS**  
are always keen for something new that will put that little touch of additional appeal that gets results. You will find it interesting to have us tell you about the advertisers we are serving.  
**WE MAKE HIGH-GRADE PRINTING PLATES, COLOR AND LINE ENGRAVINGS AND BEN DEY WORKS.**  
**BRITISH & COLONIAL PRESS**  
FARMERS' ADVOCATE BLDG., 122 Carling St., London, Ontario, S.O.

**Our fitters are experts.** \$1.50 to \$10.00. We have the latest tools and equipment to fit all needs.  
**ANDERSON & SONS**  
268 Dundas St. S.O.

**SCHOOL BOOKS, SLATES, PENCILS, SCRIBBLERS.**  
**Red Star News Co.**  
10 MARKET LANE

**WEGNER'S**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Overalls, Suspenders, Coats, Gloves, Mittens and Raincoats.  
LONDON'S LARGEST HIGH-CLASS WORKINGMEN'S OUTFITTERS.  
Exclusive Manufacturers' Agent for the Best Canadian Make of Overalls.  
WEGNER, "The Heart of London," 371 Talbot St., Phone 1569. OPEN EVENINGS.

**SCIENCE**  
OPHTHALMIC science will bring you freedom from eye worries and strain. Our optometry will assure you a careful examination and correct lenses.  
**Carlyle TREBILCOCK OPTICIAN**  
233 DUNDAS STREET. TELEPHONE 2351.

**WANTED**  
Salesmen and Merchants  
If you have the ability to reach prospects for made-to-measure men's clothing, you can easily make upward of \$100 weekly, representing Canada's largest exclusive clothing organization, with a Dominion-wide reputation for value and style.  
Merchants will find it very profitable to incorporate this line with their own.  
GOOD TERRITORIES OPEN. APPLY NOW!  
Robinson's Clothes, Ltd., 37 Mayor St., Montreal, Dept. D-42.

**Walter Simson**  
Great West Life Assurance Co.  
PHONES: OFFICE 5335; RES. 2813.  
LONDON, CANADA. Yt-025

**LUMBER! SHINGLES!**  
XXX B. C. \$5.75 per M.  
XXXX B. C. \$6.75 " "  
XX Special \$5.00 " "  
Garage V. Siding \$4.00 " "  
**GEO. H. BELTON LUMBER COMPANY, LIMITED**  
xt

**Dr. J. W. Hutchison**  
OPTOMETRIST.  
EXPERT EYE EXAMINATION  
Office in Johnston Bros. Jewelry Store, Next to Allen Theatre. 6-11

**FRENCH ARE PREPARING TO LEAVE RUHR TOWNS**  
Evacuation Will Proceed by Degrees To Avoid Undue Display.

Associated Press Despatch.  
Dortmund, Germany, Sept. 11.—Preparation for the departure of the French from Dortmund, Lünen and Hörde now are well under way, and numerous scattering contingents have already departed across the Rhine. It is believed the evacuation will proceed in such stages as to avoid any undue display and that it will not afford the natives the opportunity for showing jubilation.

# Royal Party Is Kept Busy As Prince Visits New York

**Wales Narrowly Escapes Recognition On Tour of Metropolis.**  
**RIDES IN SUBWAY**  
Surveys Beauties of City From Top of Woolworth Building.

Associated Press Despatch.  
New York, Sept. 12.—The Prince of Wales, accompanied only by Major Captain Lascelles and Major O. M. Soibert visited New York today. He rode in the subway and went up to the top of the Woolworth Tower to look over the top of the city. He narrowly escaped being recognized in the subway and twice had to use his wits to escape being surrounded by crowds.  
Two girls had an argument in a

**A Message from Hay Stationery Company Limited**  
London, Ont.  
How to fill your Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen.

**Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**  
Lower the lever—wait a moment—then withdraw pen from ink.  
Insert the gold nib into the ink bottle—then open the lever.

**A Real Opportunity**  
to enjoy good health  
**Eat More of PARNELL'S QUALITY BREAD**  
Ask Your Grocer or Phone 929  
**Parnell-Dean BREAD CO.**  
Quality Vulcanizing Only.  
**ART WILKES**  
London Tire Repair Depot, 354 WELLINGTON STREET, Opposite McClary's. ywt

**Washing to Submit Basis for Agreement**  
Associated Press Despatch.  
Washington, Sept. 12.—The state department will send a note to the Canadian government, which may form the basis of an agreement on questions to be referred to the board of engineers, who will survey the St. Lawrence project.

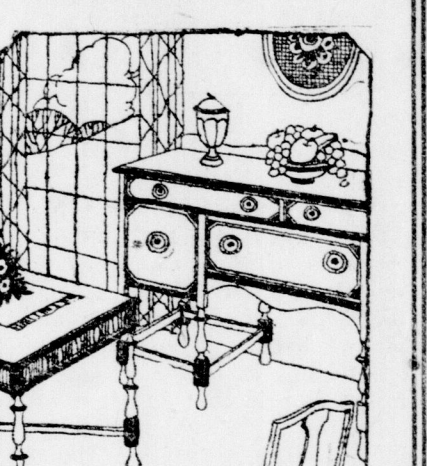
**Three Children Perish In Fire**  
Associated Press Despatch.  
Rochester, Sept. 12.—Three children are dead as a result of a fire which destroyed their home in Spencerport last night. The victims are Willis and Eleanor Boughton, aged five and seven years, and their cousin Sarah Boughton, aged eight. The children were playing with an oil lamp and were alone in the house.  
Brooklyn train as to whether he was the Prince of Wales or not, but he could reach an agreement with his aides had left the car. When the prince's party came down from the 58-story Woolworth building a large crowd was waiting at the main door. They escaped by using a side entrance. Later in the afternoon as the royal motor car drew up at the entrance to a famous London pipe-maker's shop on Fifth Avenue, it was surrounded by people who instantly recognized the heir to the British throne.  
The prince told the chauffeur to drive on immediately, and escaped. Further up Fifth Avenue the Prince watched his chance to dive into a shop, where he bought some ties and books. The prince dropped into the New York Port Society's rooms for sailors and shook hands with a number of seamen who were in the reading room.  
Later the party drove to see the shipping on the North River, returning to the Burden home on Long Island about six o'clock. The prince dined tonight at the home of Henry Rogers Winthrop in Woodbury.

# MONDAY'S RADIO

- MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 15.**  
**Monday's Best Features.**  
WCAE, WEAU and WMAF—U. S. Marine Band.  
WOS—State Prison Orchestra.  
WJZ—New England Week Convention.  
WCRD—Zion Orchestra and Soloists.  
WDAF—Vandhoeve Masonic Band and Glee Club.  
**(Eastern Standard Time.)**  
**WEAF, NEW YORK—492.**  
5 p.m.—Dinner music from the Waldorf.  
6:30 p.m.—Arthur Lambden, baritone.  
6:45 p.m.—Irving Berlin's Trio.  
7:30 p.m.—Harold MacCracken, sport talk.  
**WJZ, NEW YORK—455.**  
6 p.m.—The Medford Trio.  
7 p.m.—Wall Street Journal review.  
7:30 p.m.—Harold MacCracken, sport talk.  
8:15 p.m.—"Philosophy of Nutrition."  
9:45 p.m.—Jacques Green's Orchestra.  
**WHN, NEW YORK—360.**  
5:30 p.m.—Ole Olsen Trio.  
6 p.m.—Paul Specht's Orchestra.  
6:30 p.m.—"Good-night, Children."  
6:45 p.m.—Screen Celebrities.  
7:45 p.m.—Phil Romano's Orchestra.  
8:30 p.m.—Boys' Period.  
9:45 p.m.—Frank C. Weider, tenor.  
8 p.m.—Chas. Strickland's Orchestra.  
8:30 p.m.—Crystal Palace Orchestra.  
9:45 p.m.—Program by Jack Shack.  
11 p.m.—Midnight Bohemia Show.  
**WJY, NEW YORK—405.**  
Silent night for WJY.  
**WNYC, NEW YORK—526.**  
6:30 p.m.—Police alarms, etc.  
6:55-10 p.m.—Musical program.  
**WOR, NEWARK—405.**  
5:15 p.m.—Music While You Dine.  
6:15 p.m.—Bill Steinkamp's sport talk.  
6:30 p.m.—WOR Orchestra.  
7:15 p.m.—Leah Seley, soprano.  
7:30 p.m.—"I See by the Papers."  
7:45 p.m.—Sadie M. Gann, pianist.  
8 p.m.—"The Old and New Navy."  
8:30 p.m.—The WOR Monday Nighters.  
9 p.m.—Leah Seley, soprano.  
9:15 p.m.—Sadie M. Gann, pianist.  
9:30 p.m.—Carroll's Orchestra.  
**WIP, PHILADELPHIA—509.**  
Closed for improvements.  
**WOO, PHILADELPHIA—509.**  
6:30 p.m.—A. Candelieri's Orchestra.  
7:30 p.m.—Talks and concert program.  
8:10 p.m.—Erno Rapee's Orchestra.  
9 p.m.—Harold MacCracken, sport talk.  
9:30 p.m.—A. Candelieri's Orchestra.  
**WFI, PHILADELPHIA—395.**  
5:30 p.m.—Meyer Davis Orchestra.  
6 p.m.—Sunny Jim and the Kiddies.  
**WDR, PHILADELPHIA—395.**  
6:30 p.m.—Dramatic sketches.  
6:50 p.m.—Nassau's movie review.  
7 p.m.—Arenda Concert Orchestra.  
7:30 p.m.—Studio artist review talk.  
8:30 p.m.—Stanley Symphony Orchestra.  
9 p.m.—Arenda Dance Orchestra.  
**KDKA, PITTSBURGH—326.**  
6:30 p.m.—Little Symphony Orchestra.  
6:45 p.m.—Baseball scores.  
6:50 p.m.—The Children's Period.  
6:55 p.m.—Our World news review.  
7:30 p.m.—Stockman market review.  
8 p.m.—KDKA Skating review talk.  
8:30 p.m.—Little Symphony Orchestra.  
H. M. Malone, baritone.  
**WCAE, PITTSBURGH—462.**  
5:30 p.m.—William Penn Orchestra.  
6:30 p.m.—Uncle Kaybee.  
8:30 p.m.—Musical program.  
10 p.m.—Late concert program.  
**WCAE, WASHINGTON—469.**  
6:30 p.m.—Arthur Lambden, baritone.  
6:45 p.m.—Erno Rapee's Trio.  
7:25 p.m.—Major League scores.  
7:30 p.m.—United States Marine Band.  
8 p.m.—Talk, Frederick J. Haskin.  
9:20-10 p.m.—Studio musical program.  
**WRC, WASHINGTON—469.**  
Silent night for WRC.  
**WGY, SCHENECTADY—380.**  
7:15 p.m.—Martin's Movie Notions.  
7:55 p.m.—Mandolin Quintet; Gladys Texter, pianist; Marion Brewer, soprano; Lucene Link and Jennie Treggie, pianists.  
**WHAZ, TROY—380.**  
9 p.m.—Regular weekly broadcast.  
**WGR, BUFFALO—319.**  
5:30 p.m.—Lucert Lowe's Orchestra.  
6:30 p.m.—Daily news digest.  
8:10 p.m.—Variety musical program.  
**WBZ, SPRINGFIELD—327.**  
5 p.m.—Dinner music, WBZ Trio.  
6 p.m.—Baseball, news, markets.  
6:30 p.m.—"Kiddie" bedtime stories.  
6:40 p.m.—Concert, WBZ Trio.  
7:15 p.m.—Convention N. E. W. addressed by New England governors and Secretary Hoover. Music, Shriners' Band.  
**WJAR, PROVIDENCE—350.**  
7:05 p.m.—Musical program.  
**WMAF, SOUTH DARTMOUTH—363.**  
6:30 p.m.—Joseph K. Lambden, baritone.  
6:45 p.m.—Irving Berlin's Trio.  
7:30 p.m.—United States Marine Band.  
8 p.m.—Talk, Frederick J. Haskin.  
**WNAC, BOSTON—278.**  
5:30 p.m.—Program to be announced.  
6 p.m.—Hotel Tur Orchestra.  
6:30 p.m.—Musical program.  
**WWJ, DETROIT—517.**  
7 p.m.—Detroit News Orchestra.  
**WSAI, CINCINNATI—309.**  
10 p.m.—Royal Garden Orchestra.  
**WLW, CINCINNATI—423.**  
8 p.m.—Alvin Roeh's Music Makers.  
8:45 p.m.—Cooper Orchestra and Male Quartet.  
**WJAX, CLEVELAND—390.**  
Silent night for WJAX.  
**WTAM, CLEVELAND—390.**  
6:30 p.m.—Stellar Orchestra.  
**CKAC, MONTREAL—425.**  
Silent night for CKAC.  
**PWX, HAVANA—400.**  
Silent night for PWX.  
**(Central Standard Time.)**  
**KYV, CHICAGO—536.**  
Late news every half hour.  
5:45 p.m.—Children's bedtime story.  
**WMAZ, CHICAGO—469.**  
5 p.m.—Chicago Theatre organ.  
5:30 p.m.—La Salle Orchestra.  
**WLS, WGN, WBBM, WOL, CHICAGO.**  
Silent night in Chicago.  
**WCK, ZION—345.**  
7 p.m.—Zion Orchestra, assisted by Male Quartet, Messrs. Thomas and Barton, tenor and baritone; Evelyn Uhlik, soprano; Ida Peterson, contralto; Mrs. J. D. Thomas, soprano.  
**WLAG, MONTREAL—417.**  
6 p.m.—George Osborn's Orchestra.  
7:30 p.m.—Farm lecture program.  
**WHAS, LOUISVILLE—400.**  
4:45 p.m.—Orchestra, WHAS features.  
Silent night in Louisville.  
**WOC, DANFORTH—484.**  
7 p.m.—Sport news. Weather report.  
8 p.m.—The WOC Entertainers.  
10 p.m.—Warmer's Orchestra.  
**WOAW, OMAHA—526.**  
6 p.m.—Popular half hour.  
6:30 p.m.—Lucky Strike Orchestra.  
9 p.m.—Concert. First Christian Church Orchestra.  
**RSD, ST. LOUIS—545.**  
8 p.m.—State Theatre program.  
**WOS, JEFFERSON CITY—409.**  
8 p.m.—Talk, Arthur Nelson.  
8:20 p.m.—Missouri State Prison Orchestra, assisted by Harry Snodgrass, pianist.  
**WDAF, KANSAS CITY—411.**  
5 p.m.—Weekly Boy Scout program.  
6:30 p.m.—School of the Air. Music.  
8 p.m.—Ivanhoe Masonic Band and the Ivanhoe Quartet.  
11:45 p.m.—Night Hawk Frolic.  
**WHB, KANSAS CITY—411.**  
7:55 p.m.—Edmund.  
**WSB, ATLANTA—429.**  
8:45 p.m.—Musical program.  
10:45 p.m.—Hotel Gayoso Orchestra.  
**WFAA, DALLAS—54.**  
5:30 p.m.—Bedtime and fairy tales.  
8:30 p.m.—Male quartet and Chorus.  
**WBAF, FORT WORTH—478.**  
6:30 p.m.—Sport review.  
7:30 p.m.—Concert program.  
9:30 p.m.—Fred Cabot's Orchestra.  
**(Pacific Coast Standard Time.)**  
**KGO, OAKLAND—312.**  
4 p.m.—Henry Halstead's Orchestra.  
5:30 p.m.—Aunt Betty's Stories.  
6:45 p.m.—Final news, stocks, etc.  
8 p.m.—KGO's educational courses.  
10 p.m.—Henry Halstead's Orchestra.

# Dressing the Home for the Indoors Season

The chill nights and gray days of fall bring one from the field of sport to the season of social events, and suggests a survey of the floors, walls and ceilings of the home, where polishing and redecorating may be needed. Our decorating department will take pleasure in offering any suggestions that may be helpful to you, with any plans you have in mind to change the atmosphere of your home surroundings for the winter season.



**Old English Waxer-Polisher**  
Floor waxing made easy with this new, simple device. It both waxes and polishes, and works as easy as a carpet sweeper. No more kneeling or bending necessary. Every home with waxed floors should take advantage of this special offer which includes: one Old English Waxer-Polisher, 1-lb. can of Old English Wax, one can of Old English Brightener, complete, for \$4.50.  
Make the surface of your floor, furniture, woodwork, etc., waterproof with wax.  
Old English Wax, 1-lb. can ..... 75c  
Old English Wax, 4-lb. pails ..... \$2.75  
Old English Brightener cleans and polishes all waxed surfaces ..... \$1.00 and \$1.75 can  
Johnson's Liquid Wax, pint size ..... 75c  
Johnson's Prepared Wax, 1-lb. can ..... 75c  
Johnson's Liquid Wax, half pint size ..... 45c  
Boulton's Floor Wax, 1-lb. can ..... 50c  
Reflex Easy Polishing Wax, Special ..... 29c lb.

**Double Bed Sheeting 65c**  
A strong, useful Sheeting, well made, of good bleach. We sell a lot at the very moderate price for nice cotton. You will find it makes a sheet of good appearance on the bed, and is not too heavy to launder at home—  
72-inch at ..... 65c yard  
Extra wide, 80-in., at 75c

**TORONTO BOAT WINS SECOND SERIES RACE**  
Cleveland Boat Still Leads in Great Lakes Championship.  
Associated Press Despatch.  
Chicago, Ills., Sept. 12.—Nayada, the Lake Ontario entry sailed by Norman Gooderham of Toronto, won the second race here today in the Great Lakes championship series for the Richardson Cup.  
The third race will be sailed tomorrow. Mebieh, the Cleveland boat, is still ahead in the competition as it has a first and second for a total of five points.  
Nayada has a first and a third, making it second in four points, while Ariel, the Chicago boat, is trailing with a second and a third for three points.  
The winner took the lead at the start, and although the contest was a battle all the way the Canadian boat established a big lead in the last weather leg. It sailed the course in 2:11.45, which was 2 minutes and 22 seconds better than the time made by Mebieh, which was second across the finish. Ariel was 3 minutes 25 seconds astern of the leader.  
The race was sailed in a fresh westerly breeze with the water smooth inshore.

**"61" FLOOR VARNISH**  
TEST IT WITH A HAMMER  
Pratt & Lambert's 61 Floor Varnish is a very tough, elastic varnish, made especially for floors, linoleums or furniture; does not show scratches or heel marks; made in clear mahogany, light and dark oak, walnut, etc.—half gal., \$3.60; qt., \$1.90; pint, \$1.05; half pint, 60c  
61 Floor Varnish is also made in dull finish for floors or furniture.  
Wall Paper, Paints, Wax, etc., Third Floor.

**RAMSAY'S PORCH PAINT**  
Give your home the pleasing appearance which clean, bright verandah floors bring with  
**RAMSAY'S PORCH PAINT**  
With beautiful appearance are combined the qualities of economy and wear resistance  
"The Right Paint to Paint Right"  
**A. RAMSAY & SON COMPANY**  
Makers of Paint and Varnish since 1842  
Toronto Montreal Vancouver  
Ramsay's Porch Paint for inside or outside floors, dries overnight with a hard glossy finish. One or two coats covers soiled or worn floors, leaving a smooth finish; in light, medium and blue gray, light and dark slate, drab and dust colors. .... quarts, \$1.30; pints, 70c  
The new Frocks with the high, mannish collar take a Roman-striped tie to keep it company.

**SMALLMAN & INGRAM LIMITED**  
The tunic, either long and plain, or flared at the bottom, is a dominant fashion for autumn and winter.

**PLAN FOR PAYMENT FRENCH DEBT TO U. S.**  
Edward N. Hurley, Member of Debt Funding Commission, Presents Proposed Scheme.  
Associated Press Despatch.  
Washington, Sept. 12.—Edward N. Hurley, member of the United States debt funding commission and wartime chairman of the shipping board, today submitted to Secretary Mellon a plan for settlement of the French debt to the United States, and informed the secretary that he had found French reaction to the proposals favorable.  
The plan basically provides the payment of the debt in 67 years at the rate of \$100,000,000 a year and interest, together with an agreement by this government to reinvest half of the annual payment in French industrial bonds.  
**TWENTY-THREE INJURED IN TRUCK CRASH**  
Associated Press Despatch.  
New York, Sept. 12.—Twenty-three persons were taken to hospital here early today, two of whom are in a serious condition, as a result of a collision of two surface cars in which 50 or more passengers were riding.  
**DISCONTINUANCE OF STEAM-BOAT SPECIAL BETWEEN LONDON AND SARNIA.**  
Canadian National Railways "steamboat special" leaving London 1:45 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Sarnia (Point Edward Dock) and from Sarnia (Point Edward Dock) 8:30 a.m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for London will make last trip westbound on Sept. 18th and eastbound on Sept. 19th.—Advnt. b

**362 A ON STAR MARS**  
Future Honeymoons To Star Mars by Airship.  
362 Richmond Street Is the Address of the New Service Lunch.

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One load (delivered one place) \$3.75  
Two loads (delivered one place) \$7.00  
Previous price \$4 per load.  
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**ARRANGING PRINCIPLES.**  
Associated Press Despatch.  
Paris, Sept. 12.—The guiding principles of the first Dawes plan loans to Germany are to be arranged by representatives of J. P. Morgan & Co. in conversation with British bankers shortly.

**HAWKEN-LANG COAL COMPANY**  
PHONE 522