

THE WEATHER:
SOUTH WINDS, FAIR, WARM.
SATURDAY—UNSETTLED.

London Evening Advertiser

61ST YEAR. NO. 23971

LONDON, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1926. —SIXTEEN PAGES.

GOOD NEWS
IN THE WANT ADS TODAY
ON PAGE 14.

THREE CENTS.

Crown Charges Smith Cashed Coupons On Profit Bonds

CHURCH UNION BILL NOT TO OPERATE FOR TWO YEARS

Private Bills Committee of House of Commons Carries Amendment To Postpone Effectiveness of Measure Until Present Litigation Is Settled in the Courts.

EFFORTS TO FIND COMPROMISE FRUITLESS

William Duff Substitutes Amendment, His Action Being Supported by Chairman McGivern Notwithstanding Vigorous Protests—Boys Declines To Argue With Western Member, T. W. Bird.

VOTE STANDS 27 TO 23 FOR AMENDMENT

Ottawa, May 23.—By a vote of 27 to 23, the private bills committee of the House of Commons today carried an amendment to postpone the operation of the church union bill until after the present litigation before the courts is settled.

The efforts of the sub-committee to find a compromise on the church union bill were fruitless, Chairman Boys of that sub-committee reported to the private bills committee of the House of Commons when that body resumed its sittings this morning.

The sub-committee, Mr. Boys reported, had held two meetings with representatives of both advocates and opponents of the bill, but had been unable to reach any compromise. His report further stated that those opposing union, moved Wednesday, which provided for suspending the act till after a decision by the courts, referred not only to the pending action in Ontario but to any other action that might be taken in the courts of any province.

DUFF SUBSTITUTES AMENDMENT.

When this report had been read, William Duff of Lunenburg withdrew his earlier amendment and substituted another. The substitute amendment proposed to insert in the bill a new section declaring that it should not come into force until July 1, 1926, "and not then" unless the courts had finally decided in the action now pending in the supreme court of Ontario that the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada had the power "under its constitution and rules" to agree to union, and unless the courts had also finally decided that parliament can constitutionally pass the bill.

Trade Treaty Is Ratified

Associated Press Despatch.
Rome, May 23.—Premier Mussolini and M. Barre, the French ambassador, yesterday exchanged ratifications of the Franco-Italian trade agreement which became operative immediately. This is the first trade treaty Italy has concluded on the basis of her new customs tariff and it is regarded as of prime importance, France now being Italy's best customer.

INDUSTRIAL AREA PROVIDES SPLENDID ASPHALT SAND

London's industrial area can at least produce an exceptionally fine quality of asphalt sand, and the city engineers, taking advantage of all natural facilities, has obtained permission from the council to take sand out of the area to use for his asphalt work, charging the paving account with the sand and thus creating a fund that would in time enable earth to be placed in the holes made when a level surface was needed in that particular part of the industrial area.

The Weather

FORECASTS.
Today—South-west winds, fair and warmer.
Saturday—Southerly winds, unsettled, with occasional rain; thunderstorms in some localities.
A shallow depression which was in Montana yesterday has moved quickly south-eastward and developed into important storm, now centered in Iowa, while a pronounced high area with a most unseasonable cold wave, has come into the Western Provinces from the north. The weather this morning is fair and warmer in Ontario and Quebec.

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

Stations	High	Low	Weather
Victoria	64	46	Cloudy
Calgary	52	38	Cloudy
Winnipeg	48	36	Cloudy
Port Arthur	58	38	Cloudy
Toronto	60	36	Clear
Kingston	52	42	Fair
Ottawa	64	38	Fair
Montreal	66	44	Clear
Quebec	56	38	Cloudy
Father Point	46	34	Cloudy
St. John's	46	36	Cloudy
Halifax	44	36	Cloudy

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.
The highest and lowest temperatures recorded in London during the 24 hours previous to 8 o'clock last night were: Highest, 55; lowest, 36.

The official temperatures for the 12 hours previous to 8 a.m. today were: Highest, 55; lowest, 36.

Barometric Readings.
Thursday—8 p.m., 29.67.
Today—8 a.m., 29.67.



C. M. BOWMAN
of Southampton one of the most prominent businessmen of that district, former M.L.A. for North Bruce and for years Liberal whip in the legislature, is dangerously ill at Battle Creek, Mich. Relatives were called from Owen Sound last evening.

FRANCE FACES REAL PROBLEM

Ministerial Situation Grows More Complicated as Poincare's End Approaches.

Associated Press Despatch.
Paris, May 23.—The ministerial situation in France grows no clearer as the first of June approaches, bringing the resignation of the Poincare government nearer. Not only will the Socialists not accept office, but it is by no means certain that they will agree to vote a Bourgeois budget.

It is a traditional practice of the party while voting the different articles of the budget in detail to reject it as a whole as a mark of protest against the existing social and political situation. The Poincare government, however, will not amount to much if it refuses to vote the budget. Meanwhile, M. Herriot and former Premier Poincare, the Republican Socialist leader, continued to keep in touch with the existing government. After a talk with Premier Poincare, at which the Russian question as well as reparations and the German political situation were gone into, M. Poincare told Le Matin with regard to the public state of mind in Russia:

"We must make what I will call a 'humane gesture,' but let no one be mistaken; it will not be a gesture of weakness. We must enable the German democracy to regain the upper hand, but to the French good-will with regard to a corresponding German goodwill."

"Berlin must not misunderstand our attitude. If the Reich does not understand, so much the worse for it, so much the worse for us also."

Death Sentences Are Demanded

Soviet Prosecutor Asks Extreme Penalty For Ex-Officials.

Associated Press Despatch.
Leningrad, Russia, May 23.—One of the most remarkable trials since the establishment of the soviet republic, which has been in progress for ten days before the supreme court, and which has attracted foreign judges, court officials, lawyers and persons connected with the operation of the new economic policy, is now drawing to a close.

The public prosecutor in a scathing speech lasting ten hours, demanded death sentences for 27 of the accused, including eleven former judges and court officials, and heavy terms of imprisonment for the others.

ITALIAN CARABINIERES ENGAGE CUSTOMS AGENTS

Associated Press Despatch.
Rome, May 23.—A skirmish between Italian carabinieri and Jugo-Slav customs agents, who had entered Italian territorial waters, during which the Italians fired a number of shots, four of which lodged in the Jugo-Slav customs boat, was reported in a despatch from Zara today.

The Jugo-Slavian customs boat followed into Italian waters a number of fishermen going toward Zara, the agents in the boat firing upon the fishermen. The Italians, upon seeing the Jugo-Slavian customs boat, fired into the air, but the Jugo-Slavs continued the chase, whereupon the carabinieri fired at the boat, which fled.

CAPITAL INCREASES.
Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, May 23.—Authorized capital of \$26,972,500 is represented by the elected president of the Royal Society of Canada at its concluding session here. Other officers were elected as follows: Vice-president, W. T. Miller, Toronto; secretary, Charles Courville, Ottawa; treasurer, C. M. Barbeau, Ottawa.

EMIGRANTS ARE URGED NOT TO COME TO CANADA

British Union Official Advises Workmen To Get Facts First.

VISITED DOMINION

R. B. Walker Declares Contracts Essential to Safeguard Workmen's Interests.

By HENRY SOMERVILLE.
Special Cable to The Advertiser.

London, May 23.—Tom Richardson, one-time labor member of parliament for Whitehaven, who has been in Canada for the last five years, has signalled his return to this country by an attack on the present emigration policy. He said it "was not only criminal, but a positive act of cruelty to send our people to Canada at the present time in the expectation that they would find employment." He added that there were thousands of unemployed in the Canadian cities, while the Canadian farmers were unable to find a market for their produce. Of the emigrants who went on land, 75 per cent were failures.

Richardson's statements have been answered in the Daily Herald by Harry P. Hodges, a British Columbia journalist, now visiting this country. He said that the National Union of Agricultural Workers, who has just returned from a trip to Canada, says his advice to would-be emigrants is not to go to Canada until they have a job there guaranteed for twelve months. Walker admits that the opportunities for observation in Canada were limited, but he says he was in touch with John Bruce, James Simpson and other leaders of Canadian labor, who were united in opinion that emigrants were being sent to Canada when they could do better in their own country.

"The different governments," said Walker, "seem utterly incapable of coming to any agreed plan which really works. The need is all the more imperative for labor in Canada, New Zealand, Australia and Great Britain to organize between them a definite plan and send out from different headquarters information on which prospective emigrants can act without hesitation."

PASTOR EXONERATED IN FATAL ACCIDENT

Simcoe Jury Advises Watchman Be Placed at Dangerous Crossing.

Special to The Advertiser.

Simcoe, May 23.—The coroner's jury that was empanelled on Thursday, 15th instant, to inquire into the death of George Coverdale, Cayfield, and Alexander Mitchell, of Cayuga, in the level crossing accident at the North Simcoe station of the L. E. and N. R. on that day, met this night. In their findings they exonerate Rev. W. Almack, who was driving the automobile, and the train crew of the radial car from all blame. The finding places the blame on the watchman, who was crossing the highway, and on a watchman who was appointed to watch this crossing, to be on duty from 6:50 a.m. until the last car passes at night. A copy of the verdict was forwarded to the railway board.

FORMER CROWN PRINCE TAKES FARMING COURSE

Associated Press Despatch.
Berlin, May 23.—Former Crown Prince Frederick William and his family have arrived at Potsdam from his estate in Oels, Silesia. It is understood Frederick had intended to be present at the unveiling of a memorial next Monday to the men of the first regiment of guards who fell during the war, but was reminded of his promise to refrain from participating in public demonstrations, one of the conditions on which he was permitted to return to Germany from Holland.

Presumably he will not now attend the ceremony, but it is expected to remain in Potsdam for some weeks.

**PROF. M'LENNAN HEADS
ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA**

Canadian Press Despatch.
Quebec, May 23.—Prof. J. C. McLenan of Toronto University was elected president of the Royal Society of Canada at its concluding session here. Other officers were elected as follows: Vice-president, W. T. Miller, Toronto; secretary, Charles Courville, Ottawa; treasurer, C. M. Barbeau, Ottawa.



THOMAS S. LAWRASON,
well-known local implement dealer, who passed away yesterday at the age of 54.

POINCARÉ IMPARTS FACTS TO HERRIOT

French Premier Gives Valuable Information to His Probable Successor.

Associated Press Despatch.
Paris, May 23.—M. Herriot, leader of the radical party and potential premier in the new French government, was received by Premier Poincare in conference this morning, and in a two-hour talk was given a general view of how the current affairs of the French government stood and an idea of the responsibilities he will assume if he becomes premier.

The outgoing premier and his probable successor went over all the questions that are to the fore, including the Dawes reparations plan and France's relations with Great Britain. This talk was a continuation of the conference held at the presidential mansion earlier in the week.

The radical leader imparted information concerning such international questions as have an important bearing on the French financial position.

This he got this morning together with a general view of the present status of the most important diplomatic negotiations in which France is engaged.

HEAVY FINE IS IMPOSED ON STEAMSHIP COMPANY

Associated Press Despatch.
Sydney, Australia, May 23.—The Holland-Australia shipping line has been fined \$1,000 for permitting a prohibited immigrant to land in Australia.

PET OWL DROPS IN WINDOW TO PAY GEORGE TURNER VISIT

Arrives This Morning at His Home and Goes On Tour.

DINES ON SPARROW

Will Be Presented to Public Utilities To Be Placed in Zoo.

When a man loses a guaranteed domesticated Circassian rooster, that can run the gamut of tricks from operating a motorcycle to pecking a coconut, the future looks dark.

It did with George Turner, C. N. R. yardman, whose rooster departed to the wide open spaces just one year ago today.

But George's gloom has fled. He owns an owl. And it's a real owl, that can turn handspins and sit up and beg for its dinner. This morning it flew through the window of George's residence on Central Avenue, and made itself right at home. George was so delighted he went out in the yard and picked a sparrow out of the air as it winged past. Then he tendered the morsel to the owl, which swallowed it at one gulp.

"Sure," said George, "he thought my place was the yardmaster's house, and he was looking for a job."

"Now," quoth John Gilean, C. N. R. depot agent, as George deposited his find in the former's office, "it looks to me like a California mockingbird, and—"

"Get a way closer," George interrupted. "It's an owl from away back. He looks sleepy, but if he ever took it into his head to start a rumpus he'd be nothing more or less than a caged-in dog fight," and then he departed to give his pet a bit of an airing.

Mr. Turner will present the owl to the public utilities to be placed in the Springbank zoo.

Empire Day Celebrated By Children of Schools With Patriotic Programs

Mothers' Clubs Co-operate With Principals and Staffs in Work.

TRAFALGAR OPENS

Official Ceremony Is Carried Out With a Large Attendance.

Empire Day, with all its historical and patriotic glamor, was observed in the public and separate schools of the city today. Special Empire Day programs, with sports, speeches, music and singing, as well as the presentation of prizes for history essays, were carried out.

Mothers' Clubs co-operated with principals and staffs in the schools in putting on programs. The school children have been coached in patriotic choruses. In many institutions outside speakers assisted.

Programs were arranged with the chief aim educational, and of a type that had an appeal to the 10,000 school children here, with every effort to instill patriotic motives, and the thought of common bond of empire and allegiance to country and King in the hearts of pupils in every institution.

Programs were carried out at 29 public schools, 5 separate schools and the Preventorium.

Trafalgar School.
At Trafalgar street school, the new eight-room institution in East London, special opening day exercises were devised. Though the school has been in operation since the first of the year, there has been no special public event held, and today two events were carried out at the same time—the official opening of the school and the yearly observance of Empire Day.

With B. N. Campbell, chairman, and other members of the board of education, the exercises started at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon. The school children sang, "The Maple Leaf Forever," and then followed short talks by Mrs. Fred C. Burnard, president of the Trafalgar School Mothers' Club, L. D. McCann, L.A., principal of the school, and V. K. Greer, senior public school inspector. Prizes for history essays were then presented to the winning pupils of Grades VII and VIII by representatives of the Women's Canadian Club.

Boyle Memorial.
A novelty contest at Boyle Memorial. Please see Page 6, Column 2.

Boyle Memorial.
A novelty contest at Boyle Memorial. Please see Page 6, Column 2.

MAURETANIA HITS 31 KNOTS AN HOUR

Liner Breaks Previous Record After Engines Are Reconditioned.

Associated Press Despatch.
Southampton, England, May 23.—The Cunarder Mauretania, returning here yesterday from Cherbourg, where her turbines were re-banded, was tested for speed over a 23-mile course off the Isle of Wight, and is declared to have beaten her original record established in 1918, just 14 miles with the tide and 14 against, averaging 26.4 knots, but officials say that during the run with the tide she touched 31 knots, which is the fastest speed attained by any mercantile ship in the world. The Mauretania will resume transatlantic service on May 31, sailing for New York.

SIMCOE STORE ROBBED DURING LAST NIGHT

Special to The Advertiser.
Simcoe, May 23.—Thieves broke into the store of Fred Sebring last night and stole a large quantity of groceries. All the tobacco, cigars, cigarettes, tea, shoe polish and much of the cheese, coffee, salt and other articles were taken, also about \$5 in pennies from the till. The store is situated on the corner of the C. N. R. tracks on the highway. Entrance was effected by inserting a crowbar and forcing back the Yale lock. The thief recalls a similar one that took place in the same store on March 6, 1922, for which Bruce Cooper, then on parole with about two months to run, Earl Wesley Young and Lewis Young were arrested and sentenced to two years imprisonment.

Entrance on that occasion was effected through the window and articles of the same nature as on this occasion were stolen.

DOMINION DAY PLANS ARE STARTED IN CITY

In a letter to the mayor, Col. Ibobson Leonard, president of the London Canadian Club, asks for the appointment of two delegates from the city council to attend a general meeting of the various organizations for the celebration of Dominion Day on July 1, when the lieutenant-governor of the province will be present.



PROF. J. C. M'LENNAN
of Toronto University was elected president of the Royal Society of Canada at the concluding session of the society in Quebec last night.

BOOTLEGGERS KILLS FOUR ON RESERVE

Shooting Affray Reported To Be Result of Dispute Over Liquor.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Edmonton, May 23.—According to brief and conflicting reports received here last night three men are dead and a fourth is mortally wounded as the result of a shooting affray on Wednesday at the Saddle Lake Indian reserve, near St. Paul de Metes, about 100 miles from here. The murderer, whose name could not be learned, is still at large.

The prevailing rumor is that the victims, all Indians, were chasing a bootlegger, and it is thought that the shooting was a result of a liquor dispute. An earlier account of the killing said only one man had been slain and one wounded. The slain man was said to be Albert Sinclair, and the wounded man James Poul.

Police have not returned from the reserve, and no communication could be effected with the reserve.

ITALIAN MONARCHS WILL VISIT ENGLAND

Imposing Program Is Being Arranged For Reception of Rulers.

Associated Press Despatch.
London, May 23.—Following the visit of the Rumanian sovereigns, Londoners are to have another feast of royal pageantry next week, when the King and Queen of Italy become the guests of the British royal family. According to the official program just issued, they will arrive in London at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, be received at the Victoria station by King George and Queen Mary with the customary display of troops and bands, and drive in procession to the palace in full state.

The royal couple will drive in state to the City Guild Hall, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and several other members of the British Royal family, to receive an address of welcome and be the guests of the city fathers at luncheon. Wednesday will be the great day for the Italian colony in Great Britain, which numbers nearly 20,000 in London, with many others in the provinces. On that day the royal visitors will have a special reception for chosen delegates of the Italian residents and organization, and are expected to visit the district known as Little Italy, where a half dozen streets are named solely by Italians, mostly of the working class.

Romance and Adventure

are in the new serial story which starts in The Advertiser on Monday.

"THE HOUSE OF FIVE SWORDS"

By Tristram Tupper.

Begin this thrilling story in The Advertiser on Monday.

NEW CHARGE GOES DEEPER INTO DEALS OF P. SMITH

Crown Springs Sensation at the Police Court Hearing of Jarvis and Peppall.

COUPONS CASHED

McRuer Declares Bonds Involved Represented Value of \$149,342.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, May 23.—That Hon. Peter Smith cashed coupons on bonds worth \$149,342, which bonds had been sent by Brown Bros., New York, to Andrew H. Peppall, was the sensational charge which Crown Attorney McRuer sprang in the police court trial today of Aemilius Jarvis, Sen., Aemilius Jarvis, Jun., and Harry G. Peppall today.

The sending of the bonds from Brown Bros. to Peppall followed the visit of Jarvis, Sen., to England, where he bought in succession duty free bonds for the province at prices much lower than those at which they were sold to the province, said Mr. McRuer. The crown will seek to show that the coupons cashed by the former provincial treasurer were on bonds which represented part of the profits of the bond purchasing and selling deal. These profits, Mr. McRuer estimated at \$521,176.29, and he produced a letter written by the elder Jarvis to Lloyd's Bank in England to show this.

Mr. Smith sat in the front row of the spectators' seats, while this statement was made by the crown counsel, but there was hardly a flicker of emotion on his face as the figures were quoted. He just listened a little harder than usual.

Mr. Jarvis afterwards went into a corner of the room with his counsel, H. H. Dewar, K.C., and had a whisper. Please see Page 6, Column 8.

ITALIAN MONARCHS WILL VISIT ENGLAND

Imposing Program Is Being Arranged For Reception of Rulers.

Associated Press Despatch.
London, May 23.—Following the visit of the Rumanian sovereigns, Londoners are to have another feast of royal pageantry next week, when the King and Queen of Italy become the guests of the British royal family. According to the official program just issued, they will arrive in London at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, be received at the Victoria station by King George and Queen Mary with the customary display of troops and bands, and drive in procession to the palace in full state.

The royal couple will drive in state to the City Guild Hall, accompanied by the Prince of Wales and several other members of the British Royal family, to receive an address of welcome and be the guests of the city fathers at luncheon. Wednesday will be the great day for the Italian colony in Great Britain, which numbers nearly 20,000 in London, with many others in the provinces. On that day the royal visitors will have a special reception for chosen delegates of the Italian residents and organization, and are expected to visit the district known as Little Italy, where a half dozen streets are named solely by Italians, mostly of the working class.

Romance and Adventure

are in the new serial story which starts in The Advertiser on Monday.

"THE HOUSE OF FIVE SWORDS"

By Tristram Tupper.

Begin this thrilling story in The Advertiser on Monday.

Ontario Loan Debentures

Invest \$100 in
at **5½%** per annum

And just clip your interest coupons every six months.
Why shouldn't you let your money earn the Debenture Rate instead of depositing it in a savings account at 3 or 3½% per annum?
After you have purchased one debenture and see the real thrift embodied in every bond, with the absolute assurance that your money is safe you will then decide that Ontario Loan Debentures are real thrift investments.

Write for our Free Booklet.

CAPITAL, \$1,750,000. RESERVE FUND, \$2,500,000.

THE ONTARIO LOAN AND DEBENTURE CO.

"53 Years of Service"

Dundas Street, Corner of Market Lane, London.
President, A. M. SMART, Manager, T. H. MAIN.

Put a FLEXLUME ELECTRIC SIGN

On Your Payroll

Let us send you a sketch
showing how your Flexlume
sign will look.



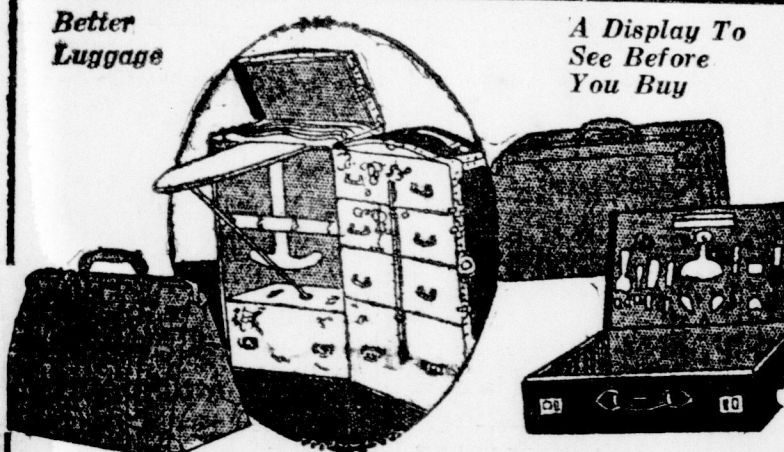
A Flexlume Electric Sign on your store front is the least expensive salesman you can hire. Day and night they call attention to your products in a striking way. In the day-time raised snow-white letters; solid letters of light at night. All they ask is their keep—a few cents a day for current and maintenance.

C.E. MARLEY-LIMITED

LONDON WINDSOR
Sole Agents Throughout Western Ontario
POSTER ADVERTISING
PAINTED BULLETINS COMMERCIAL SIGNS

Better
Luggage

A Display To
See Before
You Buy



Everything In Leather You Want For Travel

J. DARCH & SONS

379-383 Talbot Street — Retail and Wholesale

CHESLEY SCHOOL HAS MANY PRIZES

Entries in Hobby Fair Bring
Splendid Results For
Pupils.

PET STOCK LEAD

The hobby habit is strong at Chesley Avenue School, if the winning list of the Hobby Fair serves as an indication. The pupils exhibited with considerable success in almost all of the many classes.
The pet stock section was a special favorite for the pupils of this school. A Persian cat exhibited by Mary Manix was awarded first prize, while Billy Westhead's puss came third. Billy Ballard's cat was given mention. Fred Shaw was given a first prize for his ducks, while Fred Hyatt's stock brought him two prizes, second for guinea pigs, and third for his giant rabbit. Willie Geddes also received a third for his rabbit, while a bunny belonging to Bay Cannon gained second place. The Forbes silver cup for having the best dog in the show was awarded to Ralph Thomas. Honorable mention was made of the dogs exhibited by Cale Quigley, Howard Rake and Kenneth Powell.

The art department of the school was also well represented. Maurice Day received second prize for his drawing of Richmond street north bridge, while Edith Beattie gained a prize for her study of still life in black and white. The exhibit from Grades 7 and 8 took first prize. Grade 3 exhibit obtained second place, while that of Grades 5 and 6 was honorably mentioned. William Burgess took first prize for his landscape painting.

Three bronze medals were accorded the school in domestic science. One was gained by Mae Quinn for an apron, and the other two by Catherine Holm for knitting, and a dressed doll. Catherine also took a second prize for embroidery. Edna Rayner received a first for sewing on a garment, and Leona Kew came second on infants' garments. A quilt shown by Flossie Wilson was honorably mentioned. Maudie Taylor's doll took third rank, and the dolls shown by Marguerite Jones and Marion North were specially noted.

In the manual training, Jack Reid's boat was considered the best. Second and fourth prizes were won for fern stands by Fred Carswell and Joe Holmes respectively. Joe's towel rack came second, while Robert Ferguson's bridge took third prize.
John Atkins and Jim Crosby won the junior pushmobile race, while the fourth place in that event was achieved by Robert Holmes and Raymond Allington.

SOUTH LONDON SCOUTS HOLD ANNUAL BANQUET

Toasts, Addresses and Games
Are Features of the
Evening.

The annual banquet of the South London Troop of the local Boy Scout Association was held in the Church of St. John the Evangelist on Wednesday night. This was the largest affair that has been held by the troop in years, there being about 145 present. The guests of honor were F. C. Irwin of Toronto; E. A. Miller, principal of the London Central Collegiate, and A. E. O'Neill, principal of the East Collegiate.
In proposing the toast to scouting, Mr. O'Neill pointed out the need of correct education among the boys of the present age, and in answering, Mr. Irwin showed how the Boy Scout movement meets these needs in a very efficient manner. Several other toasts followed, and were responded to and answered in a fitting manner.
Following the banquet, the swearing in of three new recruits, the presentation of badges and the promotion of Patrol Leader Willoughby made up an impressive ceremony. This was followed by stunts and first aid drill for the amusement of the visitors.

ASKIN ST. ORCHESTRA PRESENTS CONCERT

Large Audience Is Present at
Grace Methodist
Church.

A large audience at Grace Methodist Church last night was delighted with the concert given by the Sunday School Orchestra of Askin Street Methodist Church. The orchestra, under the leadership of Dr. James H. Smith, won high honors recently at the musical festival in Toronto, and their program included several numbers given at the competition.
Assisting artists were A. G. McCullough, bass soloist of Askin Street Church; Roy Olsen, well-known whistling soloist, and Master Billy Bending, who won first prize among boy violinists at the Hobby Fair last week.

ASKIN STREET ELKS ENTERTAIN STUDENTS

The Elks, a progressive group of young men, organized in connection with the Sunday school of Askin Street Methodist Church, entertained a number of the Normal students very successfully last night. The guests, among whom were thirty young ladies, were introduced to the mystic ceremonies of the Elks, and an enjoyable program of games and music was carried out. Short speeches were also given by a number, and at the conclusion refreshments were served. In a contest which formed one enjoyable feature, the prize-winning couple was Miss French and W. Finlayson.

REDUCED EDITIONS.
Associated Press Despatch.
Paris, May 23.—The Socialist organ Le Populaire, of which Leon Blum and Jean Longuet are the political leaders, hitherto published daily, announced today that it would appear only twice a month after June 3.

In Canada's Parliament

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, May 23.—Today in parliament—The Senate meets at 2 o'clock. Budget resolutions will be discussed in the House of Commons.

Yesterday—in the Senate, Senator W. H. Bennett said that the recent statements given out by Hon. George P. Graham, minister of railways, in regard to the charges made against the employees of the Canadian National Railways contained a reflection on the independence and honor of the Senate and was simply a political subterfuge to escape responsibility. Sir George E. Foster called the attention of the Senate to the operation of the railways, and that was mentioned for president and that was mentioned for president and that was mentioned for president.

In the House, without dividing, the House adopted a motion by E. G. Porter, Conservative, W. Hastings, calling for reference to the committee on privileges and elections of the withdrawal of Hon. James M. Macdonald, minister of labor, of a deposit of \$4,000 from the Home Bank two days before the election. An item of \$2,000,000 for inspection of animals was adopted, in the estimates of the department of agriculture after four and a half hours discussion of the dismissal of Dr. Torrance, former veterinary director-general.

GOLF COURSE BEGINS TO LOOK LIKE REALITY

Forty Men Are Engaged at
Present in Preparing
Grounds.

London's municipal golf course at Springbank is fast becoming a reality, and officials look forward to an opening in the early part of June if the weather permits the work to progress as rapidly as it has in the last two weeks.

About 40 men are engaged on the undertaking at present. A. O. Hunt, assistant general manager of the public utilities, said this morning, and present indications are that when completed, the nine-hole course will equal any of its size in the Dominion.

The subscription list is now bordering on the 600 mark, and the waiting list is growing every day. Mr. Hunt asserts. Those who have signified their intentions of subscribing but have not yet paid their money will remit the 100 fee, will only be given a short period of grace before their names will be struck off the list and those of waiting subscribers substituted.

ENGINEER WILL START PAVING ON MONDAY

Work on Egerton Street Will
Be Done First.

The city engineer is starting the paving work on Egerton street on Monday, and in this way will get started some weeks previous to the starting time of last year. The street of paving runs from the C. N. R. tracks to the Hamilton road, and will keep the engineer's gangs busy until the autumn. He is also about to commence the preparatory work in connection with the paving of Wellington street. All the sewers are in place on this street, but the gas company and the Bell Telephone Company are still down pipes and an underground cable, respectively, and this work can be carried out now so that when the street railway is able to commence the work in the end of August everything will be ready for the surface work of paving. This is probably the only street on which the street cars run in the city which will be paved this year.

PICNIC PLANNED.
Strathroy, May 22.—The executive of the Ontario Threshermen's Association held a meeting here on Tuesday evening at the office of Sam Oakes to complete the arrangements for their annual picnic, June 12, to be held at Springbank Park. Two baseball games are planned, one between Florence and a Lambton County team, the other between Terrhill and a team from the threshermen.

BAPTISTS START ATHLETIC LEAGUE

One Year Closes and a New
One Is Launched.

HUDGELL PRESIDENT

The Baptist Athletic League in London wound up one year's business and started on another following a supper served by the Gleasons Class of Talbot Street Church. The churches represented were Maitland, Egerton and Talbot street.
When it came to the election of officers there was only one name mentioned for president and that was Mr. S. S. Hudgell, who so successfully defeated the league last season. The vice-president is Charles Malone and secretary-treasurer, Nelson Fisher.

Mr. Hudgell acted as chairman of the meeting last evening, one pleasing feature of which was the presentation of the basketball trophy to the Amity Club of Talbot street, and the hockey trophy to the winners, Maitland street. It was proposed to extend the trophy list to include smaller snafels for the individual players on the winning teams, it being felt that in this way the boys would have something when they left the city to take with them as a souvenir of the time spent here.
A committee was named to draw up the schedule for the basketball league, which it is hoped to start the first week in June. This may be followed by a softball league. The three teams in the league for the start of the season will be Egerton, Maitland and Talbot, with a possibility of enlisting a later one.
At the conclusion of the supper the boys' appreciation of the work of the Gleasons Class was shown by a vote of thanks expressed by Frank Blackwell and Ralph Clark on behalf of the Amity Club, and coupled with the presentation of a box of roses to the ladies.

RECORD MAY FOR RAIN, BUT COLD NOT INTENSE

Thermometer Has Not Yet
Reached Lowest Point of
Last Year.

In spite of the continued cool and rainy weather, May of 1924 has not yet registered as low a temperature as May of 1923. On May 5 of last year, according to the local weather bureau, the thermometer descended as low as 26, and while there have been frosts this month, the temperature has not been below freezing. Sir Frederick Stupart of the meteorological office in Toronto announced yesterday that May of this year had been the coldest and rainiest in years. This statement is based on the average temperature. Sir Frederick also said that May in 1894 had a particularly bad record in the way of cold and rain, but so far May of 1924 has not exceeded it. Figures on the average temperatures are not available at the local weather bureau.

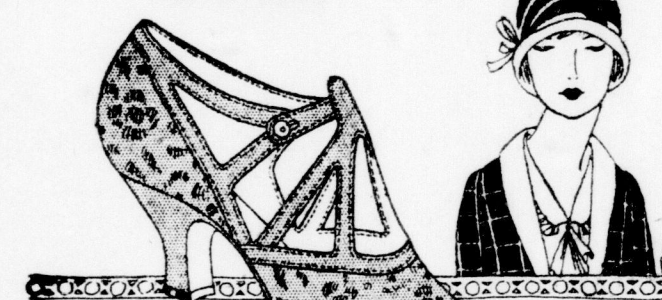
WILL HOLD PICNIC.
Members of the Senior Leader Corps of the Y. M. C. A. and their women friends will hold a picnic at Springbank tomorrow afternoon. There will be a program of softball and other games. It is expected that some thirty members and their friends will attend.

BUNGALOW TEA HOUSE

ON SPRINGBANK DRIVE
Chicken Dinners
Served Daily from 12 to 2 p.m.
and 5 to 8 p.m.
Visit us Saturday or Sunday and enjoy our delicious home cooking. Short orders and refreshments served at all hours.
Dance parties and banquets catered for.
Telephone 883 ring 4 and 1 for reservations.
MRS. W. K. WILSON, Hostess.

THE SMALLEST ACCIDENT
Will cost more than a whole year's
AUTO INSURANCE.
Liability rates are reduced.
THE DAVIS INSURANCE AGENCY,
Limited.
208 Royal Bank Bldg. 2nd Fl. Tel. 776W.

NEW BLACK SUEDES \$4.95



Patterned Precisely As Illustrated

In stock today, with French Louis Self-Covered
Wood Heels, also Baby Louis Leather Heels, at
same price \$4.95

Cuban Heels on Black Suede Sandal patterns,
with Center Strap and Fancy Cut-outs \$4.95

Ashplant's
THE GOOD SHOE STORE

How Much Further Ahead Did YOU Get Since Last 24th of May?

Are you one of the masters of fortune who are out to own a home of their own, or are you still plugging in the same old groove, paying rent to live in another man's house?

You can't shut your eyes to the finish of your neglect—galling dependence on relatives when your earning power wanes.

You don't want to be "a poor relation."

You have your future in your own hands, but you must act now. Men and women who have gone through the mill

will tell you you will save when you have to. Buy real estate. You will succeed like others have done, who hadn't half your chance.

A goal to work for and something behind you will give you confidence and command respect. The man with a little property is never rated "an old fossil" or "hanger-on." Buck up. Have respect for yourself, and with the first piece paid for you can soon swallow another. Then when you feel you have earned a rest, take things easy and have a little of the landlord's fat yourself.

CELEBRATE VICTORIA DAY

by visiting Riverview Heights, the new, moderately restricted, inexpensive South London sub-division, adjoining the new City of London Riverview Park and playground, where every convenience—easy access to downtown streets, major industries, nearby schools and street cars, pavements and improved streets, with cement walks, curbs and gutters, sewers, street lights, city water, hydro, morning and afternoon postal delivery, police and fire protection, are all available in healthful surroundings and a high-class neighborhood at less than \$10 a foot. Ten per cent down and two years to pay. Clear title. We will help you to finance and build your model home.

Special representatives available to show you over the property all day Saturday. Take Richmond south car to Tecumseh Avenue and walk east through Foxbar. As Wellington Road is now being reconstructed as Wellington Boulevard, motorists should drive via Ridout and Emery streets or through Chelsea Green via Adelaide and Thompson Road.

Service Truck Company of Canada, Land Division

GEORGE A. SYMES, Manager.

Office on Property. Phone 287W. Nights 3622M.

NOTHING ELSE IN OR NEAR LONDON COMPARES WITH

RIVERVIEW HEIGHTS

AS A HOMESITE OR INVESTMENT.

PUPILS WILL PICNIC AT SPRINGBANK PARK

Plans Will Be Carried Out on
Same Lines As Last
Year.

This year's public school picnic to be held on June 6 at Springbank will be conducted on practically the same lines as last year, the special picnic committee decided at a meeting yesterday afternoon. All the school principals present, as well as the various educational officials were of the opinion that the 1923 system of conducting the frolic was as efficient as it could possibly be made under existing circumstances.
The appropriation for the event remains at \$475. Of this amount it will be necessary to expend \$100 to have the lunch hampers taken to the park from the various schools. While this figure was considered high, the committee concluded that as all the hampers had to be transported at the same time the cost of trucking could not be reduced.
The schools are divided into seven districts, and each is allotted its own

Wedding Invitations and Announcements

ENGRAVED OR PRINTED.

If it is not convenient to visit our showrooms at 331 Richmond Street, write or phone us and we will gladly send samples.

PHONES 5600-5601

Hay Stationery Co.

LIMITED

331 RICHMOND STREET.

Of Him it is Said!

THE story of the patriarch Joseph dying in a strange land is one of intense human interest. Of him it is said "he gave commandment" and expressed his last desires concerning his possessions.

Upon returning to their native land after many years, his descendants, we find, were seeking to carry out his wishes.

Conditions have changed since then, yet every owner of property still has the right to direct, during his life, the manner of its distribution after life ends. To make a Will is both a duty and a privilege.

In former years an executor's task was comparatively light. In modern times the complications arising out of Government Income Tax and Succession Duty Returns have made an executor's work burdensome. To-day it is experience that counts.

Of great import to the future welfare of loved ones is your selection of an Executor. The Canada Trust Company is organized to carry out the desires of Will-makers. As Executor of your Estate its officers will see to the execution of your wishes in an impartial, thorough manner.

Our booklet "How to Make your Will" shows the first step to be taken. For your family's sake, write for a copy to-day.

THE CANADA TRUST COMPANY

"Faithful—Permanent—Impartial"

Four Branches in London:
Richmond Street - opposite Post Office
Market Square
Dundas Street - opposite Rectory Street
Corner Elmwood Ave. and Wootley Road

T. G. MEREDITH, K.C.;
President.

HUME CRONIN,
General Manager.

Ocean's Bed Is Rising.

When searching for a broken cable between the island of St. Helena and Cape Town, Africa, the crew of the cable ship discovered that the bed of the ocean had risen two and one-quarter miles since 1899.

MRS. LYDIG HOYT BELIEVES THE BOB HAS COME TO STAY

Short Hair Has Done Away With Clumsy Knot in the Wrong Place.

EARS SHOW AGAIN?

Should Study Shape of Head To Decide the Proper Cut.

By JULIA HOYT.

An argument to my mind in favor of the bob is that it obviates hair arrangement. Except for the cutting, of which I will speak later, one's hair needs only to be brushed and smoothed into place, with an occasional marcel if one has it marcelled. Few women are clever at arranging their own hair. The bob, having done away with the clumsy wrought knot in exactly the wrong place, the many strange and unmeaning puffs dotted around the head and the untidy strands of hair straggling down the neck, has to my mind improved the appearance of the head of the average woman.

To return to the question of the actual hair cut, there are three things to be considered—first and foremost the shape of your head; second, the texture or quality of your hair; third, whether you are going to wear it straight or marcelled. How you shall wear your hair is decided by the shape of your forehead, the type of your face and the general style you affect.

Considers Shape of Head. The shape of your head affects only the way your hair is cut in back and on top, and not the front arrangement. For instance, if your head has a tendency to be flat in the back the hair should be cut very short at the base of the skull and left a little longer at the curve of the head, in that way helping to give a rounded effect. In addition it should probably be waved to prevent its lying too close to the head. I haven't the space or the imagination to take up all the problems offered by different heads,



MISS MARGARET McMURRY, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. McMurry of Bowmanville, Ont., whose marriage to Mr. G. H. Anderson of this city, takes place the middle of June. Miss McMurry has been the guest of Col. C. H. Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, Elmvale Apartments, for the past few weeks.

—Portrait by Sanders Studio.

but a good rule to follow is to press your hair as close to your head as possible and study it well, remembering that the thing to be desired is a small and as nearly round a head as possible. If you went into the famous Antoinette's salon in Paris you would see him studying one woman after another; first the shape of the head, then trying different front and side arrangements, studying all the time their profiles, full face, figures, everything which indicates their type. His respect for the great beauty of thick hair is so little that if he sees that its thickness in some spots is hiding a

well-shaped head he will cold-bloodedly thin it out until it seems as if he was removing all the hair. Naturally he only does this with a well-sprung head and in cases where it is necessary. Also it is dangerous unless done by the hand of an expert.

Showing Their Ears.

I am told that many women in Paris are beginning again to show their ears. Some years ago there were all sorts of rumors about a famous beauty, Clio de Merode; that she had been born without ears, that they were deformed, etc.—all because she was the first woman of that period to cover her ears. Now we speak of showing them as an extraordinary and revolutionary fashion. Ears that are little and well shaped and pink of course a little rouge can accomplish the latter requirement, are charming, but in general I cannot see that they are much of a help to a woman's looks.

However, it may be entirely a question of eye training and we may all grow to admire them hugely if the custom of showing them really returns. For some reasons I rather doubt it, for in my opinion showing the ears demands that one should have an extremely good profile and an unusually good hair line, and even then it is not always becoming. Short hair is unquestionably comfortable, and while it is not becoming to all, neither were the different ways of arranging the hair. I think it has improved the appearance of the average head, and I believe the bob has come to stay.

(Copyright, 1924, in U. S. and Canada, by North American Newspaper Alliance. All rights reserved.)

CLUB NEWS

FOREST CITY CHAPTER.

Meeting last evening the members of Forest City Chapter, O. E. S., made plans for the visit of Victory Chapter of Sarnia, and the newly-formed Milverton Chapter, on June 12. A banquet will be given in honor of the guests, and during the evening Victory Chapter will exemplify the degrees. A social hour will take place later in the evening. Mrs. Bond was appointed convener, to be assisted by Mrs. Copp and Mrs. F. McGladdery. Dancing and cards were enjoyed, following the meeting last evening, and dainty refreshments were served later.

Social and Personal

Miss Eula White is spending the week-end in St. Catharines.

Miss Madie Brandon of Guelph was a visitor in the city yesterday.

Miss May McNeill, Ardagh Apartments, is spending the week-end in Toronto.

Mr. Gordon Mason of Detroit will spend the holiday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Mason, Central avenue.

Mrs. W. Hamby, Pall Mall street, is visiting her son, Mr. H. W. Hamby, and Mrs. Hamby in Toronto.

Miss Topley Thomas was a visitor in Toronto this week, the guest of Mrs. Lionel Claxton, 26 Albion avenue.

Mrs. T. J. Murphy, Hyman street, has returned home after spending several weeks in New York and Montreal, N. J.

Miss Forrest is entertaining the Edith Cavell Nurses' Association for their regular meeting Monday evening at Byron Sanatorium.

The dance being given Thursday, May 29, in honor of the graduates of the Ontario Hospital will be a delightful event of next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haberkorn of Detroit are spending the holiday season in England, Scotland, Adam Beck and Miss Marion Beck.

Miss Juanita Trapp of Galt will be a guest with Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Jewell, Waterloo street, for the Hunter-Jewell wedding early in June.

Mr. and Mrs. George Belton, accompanied by their daughter, Miss Doris Belton, are opening their summer home at Port Stanley early in June.

Mrs. Daniel Campbell, formerly Miss Olive Mang of this city, will be ready to receive her friends at her home in McKenzie avenue after June 1.

Mr. and Mrs. George Wood and their granddaughter, Miss Leonard Wood, are spending the holiday in Toronto, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Louis Wood.

Mrs. McEachern and her son, Mr. Danbert McEachern, are sailing from Quebec early in June on the Mount Laurier, to spend the summer in the old country.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Glassford are leaving tomorrow by motor for Troy, N.Y., where they will spend a fortnight, guests of Mrs. Glassford's mother, Mrs. J. W. Cooper.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward McLean of St. Catharines are motoring to town and will spend the holiday week-end with Dr. W. J. McLean and Mrs. McLean at Westminster Hospital.

Following the presentation of The Romantic Age, the Western University play, Wednesday evening, the management is arranging a supper party at Wong's Cafe in honor of the cast.

Dr. Alan Brown, Mr. Justice Fisher, Mr. Charles Daiton and Mr. William Lind, all of Toronto, will spend the holiday week-end in town, guests with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Weld, Albert street.

Mrs. Ella McArthur is leaving tomorrow on a two weeks' visit to Toronto, Hamilton and Oshawa. While in Toronto she will attend the National O. D. E. annual as representative of the Overseas Chapter.

Mrs. F. Wardle and Miss Edna Wardle, 154 Colborne street, are sailing on June 12th on an extended trip abroad. They will be accompanied by Mrs. J. Dickens and her small daughter, Lillian, of Grey street.

Mr. Jack Heighway of Lumby, B. C., is spending a few months' vacation with his sister, Mrs. W. C. Bending, Oxford street, and his mother and sister, Mrs. M. E. Heighway and Mrs. A. E. MacKenzie, Talbot street.

Mrs. Robert Haig and her baby son, Dyson, of Toronto, are spending the week-end with Col. and Mrs. Frank Ware, who is on her way home from California, where she spent the winter months with her sister, Mrs. Gordon Nott.

Miss Francesca Froukes, St. Matthew's street, Montreal, is coming to town Friday, and will be a guest several weeks with Miss Margaret Scatterd. On her return home, she will spend a few days in Kingston, and will attend the Military Ball at R. M. C. June 16.

Mrs. Frank Anderson of this city, who presided at the annual meeting of the Huron Diocesan Women's Auxiliary held in Windsor this week, was presented with a life membership in the Dominion W. A. by the Essex Deanery. Bishop Williams made the presentation.

The London Symphony Orchestra, including outstanding musicians and several Toronto players, is giving a twilight recital here on Sunday afternoon, under the direction of Mr. A. D. Jordan. Mrs. Charles Ivey has promised to give several violin numbers on the same occasion.

Mrs. Arthur Newton and small daughter, Grace Elizabeth, and Mrs. B. Fox, all of Toronto, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. Castle Graham, Kensington Apartments, and Mrs. Graham, accompanied by their small daughter, Lillian, are motoring to Toronto for the holiday.

The program arranged for field day at the Kenna tomorrow includes driving, putting and approaching contests in the morning, to be followed by a club luncheon, and in the afternoon mixed foursomes will take place. The foursomes are being arranged among the members.

Among the London women who are going to Brantford Tuesday to play in the inter-club match at the Brantford Golf Club are Miss Marion Beck, Miss Audrey Farncombe, Mrs. B. B. Manning, Mrs. Howard Higgins, Mrs. C. H. Hill, Mrs. W. Falls, Mrs. George Belton, Miss Margaret Whittaker, Mrs. Archie MacPherson, Mrs. Ray Lawson, Mrs. Fred White, Mrs. Mortimer Hunt and Mrs. Gordon Hunt.

The euchre given by the London Women's Conservative Association last evening in the clubhouse was an enjoyable affair. Dainty refreshments were served following cards and a charming program was presented, including solos by Mrs. Towle and H. Shaw, piano numbers by Miss Iva Smith, and readings by Mrs. T. Fortner. Mrs. James Chalmers and Mrs. J. M. Slater were in charge.

The field day being held at the

Highland Golf Club tomorrow will formally open the season at the club. In the morning men's driving and putting contests will take place and in the afternoon the ladies are holding clock golf, putting and approaching contests. The contests will commence at 2 o'clock and the prizes are being offered by Miss Emery. Mixed foursomes are also arranged for the afternoon. A large number of guests are going to the club for luncheon.

Among those arranging box parties for the Western University play Wednesday evening are Dean Sherwood Fox and Mrs. Fox; Dr. and Mrs. Paul McKibben; Dr. and Mrs. K. P. R. Neville; Prof. Fred Landon and Mrs. Landon; Prof. E. Mearns and Mrs. Mearns; Dr. and Mrs. J. D. DeWitt; Prof. A. D. Robertson and Mrs. Robertson; Prof. E. H. Morrow and Mrs. Morrow; Dr. and Mrs. Tamlyn; Prof. Spenceley; Prof. Patterson; and Mrs. H. Kingston and family.

The home of Mrs. Fred White was the scene of a jolly surprise party given last evening when about thirty members of the London Women's Labor party assembled there at her invitation and showered Mrs. A. Gilmour with a number of pretty handkerchiefs. Mrs. Gilmour, the honored guest of the evening, is about to sail for the old country to spend three months in England, Scotland and Ireland. After the shower, which came as a complete surprise to Mrs. Gilmour, the evening was spent in music. Recitations were given by Mrs. Ada Greenslade and Mrs. Alexander Gilmour. At the supper hour the hostess was assisted by her daughter, Molly, and by Mrs. Thompson. At 11:30 the party broke up after offering best wishes for a happy journey to the guest of honor.

Following the drive given yesterday by the Women's Auxiliary Board of Victoria Hospital tea was served at the nurses' residence. Mrs. F. J. Greenaway, president of the board, Mrs. C. R. Somerville, Mrs. T. C. Benson and Mrs. Donald Graham, vice-presidents, presided at the tea table, and the assistants included Mrs. John Rose, Mrs. A. T. Edwards, Mrs. Alfred Drew, Mrs. Frank White, Mrs. Danbert McEachern and Mrs. H. A. Winnet. The arrangement of this happy affair was in charge of Mrs. Frank White and Mrs. Angus Graham, and those who kindly lent their cars were Mrs. G. A. Weniger, Mrs. F. White, Mrs. J. P. B. Tanton, Mrs. S. E. Lawrison, Mrs. A. A. Affleck, Mrs. W. A. Lowry, Miss Celia Lewis, Mrs. C. Benson, Mrs. H. B. White, Miss Minnie Mara, Miss Mary Grant, Miss Rita Thomas, Miss Rita Kern, Mrs. Charles White, Mrs. Charles Turner, Miss Joan McLean and Mrs. F. McLaughlin. Mrs. Greenaway gave an informal little talk to the nurses, which was replied to by Miss Ross.

MORE BEAUTY SPOTS. Special to The Advertiser.

Embryo, May 23.—The executive of the Horticultural Society met at the home of the secretary, Mr. R. H. Clark, with the president, Rev. W. P. Lane, in the chair. They contemplated making two more beauty spots of flowers in the village this year.

I.O.D.E. CHAPTER WILL HOLD GARDEN PARTY

Harriet Boomer Members Plan Fete For June 20 at Springbank.

The Harriet Boomer Chapter, I. O. D. E., is arranging to hold a garden fete at the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. U. A. Buchner, Springbank, on Friday, June 20, or in case of rain on Saturday, June 21. Plans for the fete were made at yesterday afternoon's meeting of the chapter, held at the home of Miss Alma Bryant, Piccadilly street. The chapter also planned to have an ice cream booth at the Western Fair in the fall. Ten dollars was voted toward the blind of the city, and the decision was made to send books to the Victoria Hospital Women's Auxiliary for the new library in that institution.

An interesting part of the meeting was the reading by Mrs. W. H. Lane, the regent, of her report of the recent meeting of the Provincial Chapter in Hamilton. At the close the meeting tea was served, the hostess being assisted by Mrs. Bryant and Miss Margaret Bryant.

CELEBRATE EMPIRE DAY AT OAKHURST SCHOOL

Attractive Program Is Given This Morning by the Pupils.

The pupils of Oakhurst School gave an attractive patriotic program this morning, thus marking Empire Day. The presentation of the prize book offered by the Women's Canadian Club for the greatest progress in English and Canadian history during the year was a feature of the happy occasion. Mrs. F. W. Hughes, president of the Women's Canadian Club, introduced to the gathering by Mrs. A. D. Jordan, made the presentation to Miss Frances White, winner of the prize.

The program, which was given under the direction of the principal of the school, Miss Henrietta English, included the following numbers: Recitation, "The Children's Song" (Kipling), by Betty Fraser; recitation by Billy Glanville; recitation, "Our Flag," by the kindergarten class; recitation, "A Song for Little Mary" (E. H. Miller), by Margaret Boucher; essay, "The British Empire," by Frances White; recitation, "Hands All Around" (Tennyson), by Mary Boucher.

Yes, Panama Has No Panama Hats.

Panama as applied to hats is a trade name arising from the fact that the city of Panama was the first distributing center for this headgear. The palm from which the hats are made is found at its best in Ecuador.



JEANNE GORDON.

Canadian grand opera singer, who was divorced recently by her Detroit husband on the grounds that she devoted too much of her time to her operatic career.

NICHOLAS WILSON CHAPTER.

An enjoyable talk on "Negro Folk Lore" was given last evening by Professor Fred Landon at the regular meeting of the Nicholas Wilson Chapter, I. O. D. E., held at the home of Mrs. A. D. Robertson, St. James street. A solo by Mrs. E. A. Miller was also a charming number of the program. Plans were made for a picnic to be held at the home of Mrs. Wilson, Raymond avenue, in June, which will be the final meeting of the chapter.

MRS. C. V. TUCKEY HEAD OF THE LOBO INSTITUTE

Annual Meeting Is Held at the Home of Mrs. D. P. Campbell.

The annual meeting of the Lobo Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. D. P. Campbell, with 60 present.

Roll-call was answered by the recitation of comic jokes. The summer meeting, to which the Komoka and Coldstream branches have been invited, will be held in the Masonic Hall, Lobo, on Thursday, May 29, at 2:30 p.m. Mrs. James Patterson of Galt's Hill will be the speaker, her subject being "The Institute as a Community Factor, Intellectually and Socially."

The following officers were elected for 1924: President, Mrs. Chas. V. Tuckey; first vice-president, Mrs. Wm. Hodgson; second vice-president, Mrs. Wes. Shanklin; secretary-treasurer, Miss Laura Edwards; assistant treasurer, Miss Jessie Irvine; district director, Mrs. Wm. Hodgson; auditors, Miss Sara Jory and Mrs. W. R. Campbell; delegates to district convention, Mrs. Chas. V. Tuckey, Mrs. Wm. Hodgson, Miss Laura Edwards, Mrs. P. L. Graham and Miss Ella Graham. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered retiring officers. Mrs. D. McCallum gave a splendid paper on "Immigration." Community singing followed. Current events were taken by Miss Ella Graham.

May 24th

Don't forget to take the candies loved by all

Laura Secord CANDY SHOPS

389 RICHMOND STREET, ROYAL BANK BLDG.

Johnnie Hotpoint Says

The DIFFERENCE is VITAL

Don't Confuse PATENTED SHEATHED-WIRE ELEMENTS with "Protected" or "Covered" Types

Hotpoint Patented Sheathed-Wire Elements

are the latest scientific development to make electric cookery really practical. Fragile porcelain and exposed wiring are now absolutely unnecessary, thanks to Hotpoint engineers.

Before you purchase an electric range, examine the **HOTPOINT**—the Range with the indestructible element.

THE HYDRO SHOP
DUNDAS & WELLINGTON STS. PHONE 7000

HOTPOINT RANGES ARE SOLD UNDER GUARANTEE.
FOR SALE BY
Made in Canada by
Hotpoint Division of Canadian General Electric Co., Limited.

Make and Keep your Floors Attractive

The beautiful patterns and harmonious colorings of Dominion Linoleum Rugs add brightness and cheer to the home. They are a mark of distinction and good taste in floor coverings. No matter what the room—living room, dining room, bedroom or kitchen—you can improve it with a suitable Dominion Linoleum Rug.

And what a wonderful saving of work Dominion Linoleum Rugs mean! Hard sweeping and beating belong to the past when you adopt these modern floor coverings. Dominion Linoleum Rugs are clean and easy to keep clean, because their smooth, even surface cannot absorb dirt or germs. Light mopping or brushing keeps them bright and fresh always.

Dominion Linoleum Rugs

are comfortable and quiet to walk on and lie flat on the floor without tacking. They wear well for years, under the hardest usage.

Dominion Linoleum by the yard has the same rugged durability. It saves housework, too. It is especially suitable for covering the entire floor, without crack or seam and comes in widths sufficient to take care of any ordinary room. A delightful array of patterns and colors makes choosing easy.

House furnishing and departmental stores specialize in Dominion Linoleum and Dominion Linoleum Rugs. See the attractive display at the store you deal with and note particularly the moderate prices.

Send us your name and address and we will mail you an attractive rug folder in four colors. Address Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company Limited Montreal

This label is on the face of all genuine Dominion Linoleum and Dominion Linoleum Rugs. Look for the strong, long-life burlap back. These are your guides to long wear and lasting satisfaction.

Pigeons Relay Progress of Dog Race.

Carrier pigeons were used to transmit the news of the progress being made by the dog teams in the world's championship 200-mile derby recently held at The Pas, Manitoba, Canada.

Even Poorer
Can Bring
Happiness to
Others

Dorothy Dix

Charity Isn't
Merely Cold
Cash

**Chief Among the World's Benefactors
Are Those Who Give Sympathy Where
Gold Isn't Needed, Who Supply Encour-
agement to Those Who Are Discouraged,
Who Give Tedious Old People Pleasure
by Listening and Being Kind to Them.**

When we think of charity we always think of it in terms of money. We say this and that millionaire is so charitable because he has endowed colleges and built hospitals and libraries. We say such and such a woman is so charitable because we know of cases where she has fed the hungry and clothed the naked.



And we sigh and wish that we also had overflowing pocket-books, so that we might ease the want and woe of the world. And we forget that not all charity has the dollar mark on it, and that the Great Exemplar who gave Himself for the salvation of humanity never gave a penny.

He raised the dead to life. He gave health to the sick, peace to troubled souls, wine to make merry the marriage feast, but He never bestowed a fortune on anybody.

Let us not disparage the giving of money. Great and noble purposes are served thereby, and if some of the big fortunes have been piled up with the ruthlessness of a vandal, much of them have been given back to suffering humanity with the sympathy of a brother.

However, just because we cannot say it with a checkbook is no reason for us to feel that we can do nothing to help our fellow creatures. All needs are not of the body.

There are rich and prosperous people all about us who are just as much in need of help as any beggar who ever rattled a tin cup on a street corner. There are people who dine luxuriously every day who are literally starving for companionship.

There are people who are clothed in velvet, and furs, and broad-cloth who are perishing with coldness and neglect, and who need a little warm friendship just as much as any shivering wretch ever needed a thick overcoat on a winter's night.

And these cases of need are right around us where we see them every hour of the day. Some of these objects of charity are in our own households, but we never think of relieving their want because we can't give them a dime or a quarter or a dollar, or send them a load of coal or a flannel petticoat.

We do not think of going to see people in trouble as an act of charity. Yet the kindly neighbor woman who goes into a stricken household, and who lets a heartbroken mother weep out her sorrows on her sympathetic breast, has given something of far greater value than gold.

We do not think of going to see strangers as an act of charity. So when we meet some woman who has just come to our city to live or we observe that a bridal couple has moved into the bungalow across the street, we let them alone and never go near them. We are busy with our own affairs, occupied with our own friends.

We do not stop to think that these women may be perishing of loneliness, that they are literally starving for the society of other women, and that if we would only go to see them and ask them to join a tea, or introduce them to some other women, or invite them to join a club, we would tide them over a bad place in their lives and help them to get on their feet just as much as if they were just starting out in business and we loaned them enough money to keep their business going until they could make good themselves.

We don't think of listening to bores as an act of charity, yet Heaven knows it is a work of supererogation that should entitle us to reserved seats in heaven among the star philanthropists.

There is nothing in the world more pitiful than old people who have come to the place where they tell over and over, and over again, the maddening reminiscences of their youth. Their exhausted families have long since ceased to pretend to listen, and it makes them so childishly happy—they who have so few pleasures left—just to have somebody lend them an ear once in a while. Surely it is just as generous a thing to bestow a half hour on them as it would be to give them thirty cents or thirty dollars.

And the people who have a perfectly beautiful time talking about themselves and their possessions; who tell you about their automobiles, and what wonderful children they have, and all about how they sold a bill of goods, and Mary's beaux, and Johnny's being on the football team!

Can anyone do a kinder deed than to maintain an absorbed expression while the egotists discourse about the one subject in which they are perpetually interested?

Chief among the benefactors of the world I count those who have the generosity to endure the tedious with a smiling countenance. I know of no one else who diffuses such sunshine and happiness.

We do not think of giving encouragement to others as a charity, yet there are times when just a little friendly boost, a word of appreciation of good work, of hope and cheer, is worth more to a man or woman than a fortune would have been. They had got to the place where they were discouraged, ready to throw up their hands and quit, and just the knowledge that somebody believed in them, somebody thought they would succeed, made them go on.

Sympathy, understanding, companionship, friendship, love, we can all give these, no matter how poor we are. And we can all show charity toward each other's faults and weaknesses, which is the greatest charity of all.

DOROTHY DIX.

SUPERANNUATION ASKED
BY VETERAN MINISTER

Rev. Hugh T. Crosley Has
Spent Forty Years As An
Evangelist.

Special to The Advertiser.

Sparta, May 22.—At the St. Thomas district meeting of the Methodist Church, held on Wednesday and Thursday at Aylmer, the chairman, Rev. Robert Hicks of St. Thomas, presided.

On Wednesday there was a good attendance of pastors and retired ministers.

Heber Dickinson, B.A., who has completed his probation, was recommended to the conference for ordination. Probationers S. M. F. Chant, who has been lecturing on psychology in Toronto University, Stephen Mathers, John Cook, Frank A. Gilbert, Sheldon Bartlett, Hugh Wilson, were recommended to continue on trial. Bruce Lorne was also recommended, but resigned. The resignation was agreed to.

Superannuated ministers who were recommended to be so continued are Rev. David Rogers and Dr. R. I. Warner of St. Thomas; Rev. Walter Fansher and Rev. George H. Johnson of Aylmer; Solomon C. Edmunds, D.D., W. G. H. McAllister, B.A., Samuel Quinn, R. Smith Baker, M.A., L.

ENGAGEMENTS

A charge of 75 cents for one insertion, or \$1 for two insertions, is made for notices under this heading.

Orders for insertion of engagement notices must bear the name and address of sender, and will not be taken over the telephone.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mitchell announce the engagement of their only daughter, Miss Belle, to Mr. Alvin Moir, of Exeter, the marriage to take place early in June.

MUSICAL RECITALS
ARE GREAT SUCCESS

Artistic Presentation Wins the
Plaudits of Large Audi-
ence at Hyman Hall.

Successful musical recitals were given by the junior and senior pupils of Mrs. Gertrude Penhale-Harrison in Hyman Hall on Wednesday evening and last evening. Both recitals were delightfully artistic, and the applause from the large audience on each occasion was evidence of the appreciation shown for the work. Miss Jean Metcalfe assisted at the recitals with readings, which were well received.

Two interesting features which marked the recitals last evening were the presentation of gold medals to Mrs. Penhale-Harrison and also an address and presentation from both the junior and senior pupils to their teacher, Mrs. Penhale-Harrison. The juniors who took part were the following: Annie Moylan, Russell Schram, Lenor Henry, Edna White, Alice Cook, Keith Schram, Teresa, the juniors who took part were the following: Annie Moylan, Russell Schram, Lenor Henry, Edna White, Alice Cook, Keith Schram, Teresa, Marion Douglas, Evelyn McTeith, Cecilia Brown, Hugh Douglas, Laura Clowes, Ellen Williams, Ross Taylor, Dona Thomas, Earl Lashbrook, Hilda Grieve, Marjorie Lavarey and Olive Grieve. The seniors who took part were: Harold Carr, Eleanor Pollock, Jack Rankin, Marjorie Pirie, Alex. Jeffery, Eleanor Clark, Alex. Knox, Marion Turner, Ted Reeves, Edna McCallum, Meta Rhodes, Eric Mackay, Miriam Pearson, Isabel Rooks, Cleota Barnett, Andrew Durham, and Alberta Smeltzer.

DIPLOMAS PRESENTED
THIRTEEN GRADUATES

St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph,
Is Scene of Happy
Event.

Special to The Advertiser.

Guelph, May 22.—The graduation of nurses from St. Joseph's Hospital took place this afternoon, and was attended by many from outside points, as well as from the city. The presentation of diplomas of thirteen graduates was made by Dr. Angus MacKinnon, while the school pins were presented by Mayor William Stephens.

Brief addresses were delivered by Hon. Lincoln Goldie, provincial secretary, and Rev. F. Water Doyle, S.J. The graduates are: Lena A. Moore, Williamsport; Basilia Corrigan, Chestnut; Maria Zinger, Kitchener; Winnifred O'Reilly, Eden Grove; Ethel Kane, Stratford; Elizabeth L. Baker, Stratford; Ursula McDermott, Guelph; Madeline Rutledge, Galt; Josephine Sweeney, Guelph; Mary Wright, Guelph; Apollonia Webber, Midway; Liana Forwell, Kitchener; Edna Ernst, Chestnut.

MISS KIRKWOOD HEARD
IN JOHN DRINKWATER PLAY

Miss Leona Kirkwood, dramatic pupil of Miss Topley Thomas, gave a brilliant reading of John Drinkwater's play, "Abraham Lincoln," at Playerscraft last night.

BOTHWELL W. I. OFFICERS
ELECTED FOR COMING YEAR

Special to The Advertiser.

Bothwell, May 22.—The annual election of officers of the Women's Institute took place Tuesday night. Mrs. Margaret Hickey was elected as president; first vice-president, Mrs. Charles McDonald; second vice-president, Mrs. David Tait; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. J. J. Vincent; district director, Mrs. John Kenner; directors, Mrs. W. H. Bradley, Mrs. Thos. Boon, Mrs. John Boon; flower and sick committee, Mrs. J. J. Vincent, Mrs. Arthur Goodyear, Miss Annie Gamble; social committee, Mrs. Fred Beamish, Mrs. E. Crompton, Mrs. Carl Baynton; pianist, Mrs. George Kribbs; auditors, Mrs. Kribbs, Mrs. H. J. Jerome; cemetery committee, Mrs. Hickey, Mrs. Jerome, Mrs. Vincent, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. T. Boon, Miss Chubb; delegates to attend East and West Kent district convention, Mrs. J. M. Beil, Mrs. D. Tait, Mrs. Kribbs and Mrs. Jerome. Miss M. Walker of the continuation school staff gave a very interesting talk and demonstration of physical culture.

LONDON CHOR ENTERTAINS
AT STRATHROY CHURCH

Special to The Advertiser.

Strathroy, May 22.—The concert given last evening in St. Andrew's Church by the choir of Cronin Memorial Church, London, was a decided success. Violin numbers by Douglas Fetherston and the cello numbers by Rev. G. Q. Warner were especially enjoyed, as were the vocal solos by Miss Wittle, Miss Element, Mr. Tine and Mr. Rossiter. The concert was held under the auspices of the Junior Athletic Club.

PARIS W. I. ENTERTAINS
LADIES OF GLENMORRIS

Special to The Advertiser.

Paris, May 22.—The Paris Women's Institute entertained the Glenmorris ladies at the Community Hall on Tuesday afternoon. About seventy-five ladies were present. Miss Johnson of Glenmorris sang a solo. Miss Wallace gave a humorous reading. The speaker of the afternoon was Miss Edith Hopkins, who gave an excellent talk on "Institute Work."

A solo was rendered by Mrs. Smith.

WOMEN and THE HOME

Black Pussy and All the Birds Keep
Chatterer a Prisoner

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Certainly Chatterer's plans had all gone askew. They had gone very much askew. That means that they had gone wrong. He had made those plans carefully. He had left home early that morning sure that he would breakfast on fresh eggs. Not a doubt had entered that shrewd little head of his. Now it was the middle of the morning and he hadn't even tasted a fresh egg. Worse still, he hadn't had any breakfast at all. To add to all this his coat was torn, and he ached and smarted from wounds made by the sharp bill of Mrs. Flicker. All those well-laid plans had been completely upset. He couldn't even get back to the Green Forest.

It was all because he had made the mistake of rushing headlong into the home of Mrs. Flicker without first making sure that no one was at home. Now all the feathered folk in the Old Orchard knew that he had been trying to steal eggs, and all were on the watch for him. They knew just where he was. He was under some stones of the old stone wall. The worst of it was there was no way out of his hiding place except by the way he had entered, and he didn't dare go out that way. It wasn't that he was afraid of the angry birds. He could have dodged them and soon



"Thief! Thief! Thief!" he screamed, run away from them. But the noise they had made by chattering and scolding had brought Black Pussy the Cat over there to see what was going on. And Black Pussy's nose had told her that Chatterer was down under those big stones.

Black Pussy is patient. She had had her breakfast and she had nothing in particular to do. She could just as well be in one place as another. So Black Pussy had settled herself comfortably close to the hole

between the stones of the old wall out of which Chatterer must come to get away. She had no love for Chatterer. Time and again he had teased her in the most impudent way. Time and again she had tried to catch him and failed. Now he was giving her the best chance she ever had had. So Black Pussy could afford to be patient.

Chatterer didn't know that Black Pussy was there. That is, he didn't know for certain. He suspected it. He had seen her when she had peeped into that hole, and he knew enough about her ways to suspect that she was close by, watching for him to come out. So he didn't dare even poke his head out. He licked his wounds and tried to make himself comfortable. But even had he not ached and smarted he couldn't have been comfortable. No one with an empty stomach can be really comfortable.

And that stomach grew more and more empty. Anyway that is the way it seemed. Anyway Chatterer grew more and more hungry. A dozen times he started to poke his head out, but each time he stopped at the last second. He knew Black Pussy. Dozens of times he had watched her patiently waiting for him. "She may have gone away," Chatterer muttered to himself, "but she'll be back again. I don't believe she has. I don't dare take the chance. Oh dear, I wish I never had thought of those eggs! I wish I had remained at home in the Green Forest. I wish—but wishing doesn't do any good. My, how sore I am!

Oldest Handwriting of Man.

In a small temple found in Ur of the Chaldees (whence Abraham sprang), a marble tablet, in the old Sumerian language, giving a chronicle of kings and dynasties suggesting the date 4500 B. C.

A LITTLE REMINDER.

You've probably been intending to try RED ROSE TEA. Now, while you are reminded of it, why not phone your grocer for a package?—Advt.

You'll Get Rid of
Blackheads Sure

There is one simple, safe, and sure way that never fails to get rid of blackheads, that is to dissolve them. To do from any drug store—sprinkle a little on a hot, wet cloth—rub over the blackheads, no matter where they are, simply dissolve and disappear. Blackheads are a mixture of dirt and dust of the skin. The peroxide powder and the water dissolve the blackheads so they wash right off, leaving the pores free and clean and in their natural condition.—Advt.

DRESDEN LOCAL TALENT
STAGE SUCCESSFUL PLAY

Dresden, May 22.—"Successful from every point of view," is the verdict in connection with the production of the lively three-act comedy, "The Early Bird," staged by local talent, under the auspices of the Business Girls' Club, in the Majestic Theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of this week.

Large and appreciative audiences greeted the performers on both occasions.

The splendid solo work of Mrs. W. Wees and L. Wells, in the intervals, was exceptionally pleasing.

The following comprised the cast: A. Blackburn, Alex. Blackburn, Dr. H. G. French, George Harris, Morley McKay, Harold Van Delfinder, Mrs. L. Lamon, Dr. Lottie Packham, Miss Lena Wicks, Mrs. Fay Craig, Miss Lottie Law, Miss Helen Gibson and Miss Bessie Huff.

Roses
OUR SPECIALTY.

THE WEST FLORAL CO.
249 Dundas St. — Phone 2187.

"Say It With Flowers"

Tease Your Springtime Palate
with this Sparkling Fruity Drink!

Ward's Orange-CRUSH is more than merely delicious—it is refreshing, nourishing, wholesome, pure—a drink that teases your springtime palate with an inimitable flavor of luscious oranges. It is brimful of goodness. A secret process gives it a monopoly on deliciousness. You'll find that out the first time you taste it!

Drink Orange-CRUSH wherever you go. Ask for the Krinkly Bottle. Get it down town at restaurants, cafes, fountains, at the club, at the ball game—get it everywhere! Get it from your nearest dealer by the case of 24 bottles so you'll have it at home just when you want it. Orange-CRUSH is the largest selling fruit-flavored drink in the world. It was originally produced to sell for 10c. a bottle. Only phenomenal demand allows it to be had for 5c.

But be sure you get the Krinkly Bottle! No other contains Orange-CRUSH goodness. You can't make a mistake. The Orange-CRUSH name is blown right into the glass! This is your guide to the Orange-CRUSH you expect to get when you ask for it by name.



Try This at Home

Make your own ice-cream sodas. The CRUSHES are wonderfully delicious for this purpose. Simply put the ice-cream in the glass, pour in a bottle of your favorite CRUSH—Orange, Lime or Lemon, stir thoroughly to make it creamy, and you'll have a soda you'll pronounce perfect in every respect.

Ward's
Orange-CRUSHWard's
Lime-CRUSHWard's
Lemon-CRUSH

Orange-CRUSH Bottlers, Limited—TORONTO—HAMILTON—LONDON
Dealers: Telephone for deliveries.

Walks Beneath the Sea; Aged But Agile; Solves Aurora Borealis



A fair daughter of war-torn Mexico, Mrs. Esperanza Martinez de Fonseca, has recently become the bride of Capt. Fonseca of the Mexican air service



Here is the mother of a song that has won its way into a million hearts, "Perfect Day." She is Carrie Jacobs Bond of Hollywood, Calif.



When "Ma" Mary E. Lebar gets the fishing fever in the spring, look out Mr. Trout. She is 99 years old, but can still cast a wicked fly



Pte. Charles Mullett of Toronto spent his 65th birthday in the trenches of Flanders during the Great War, and can still fix bayonets with the best of them



Take a look at the latest wrinkle in feminine headwear—the "cigaret hat." A similar pocket on the other side of the hat holds a tiny handkerchief



For six years Mrs. Margaret Campbell Goodman of New York has been treading the floors of the Great Lakes in an effort to recover lost treasures



Can you beat it? These eggs are a million or more years old, and George Olsen, Asiatic excavator, is prodding at them with never a thought of a gas mask. They are supposed to have been laid by a dinosaur



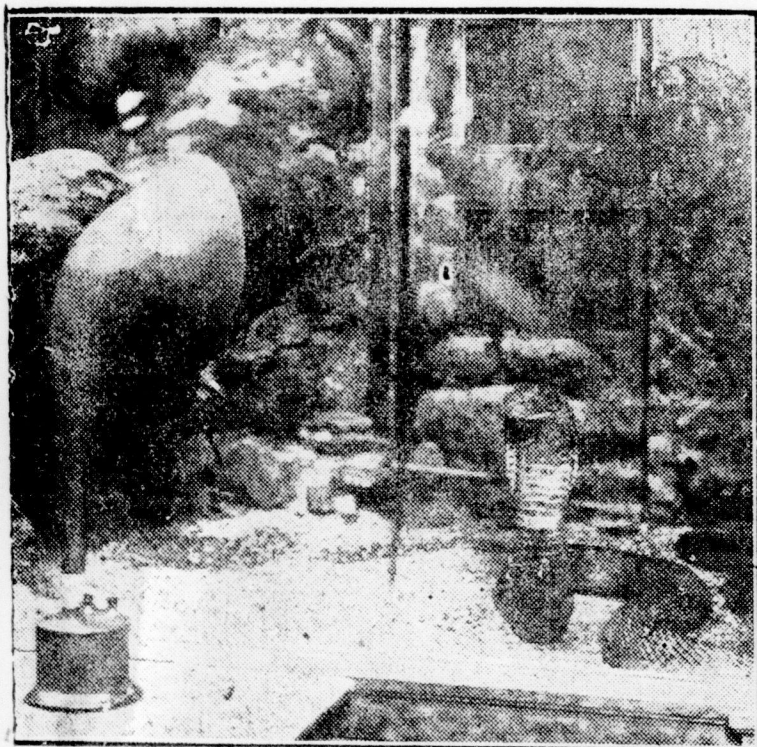
Budding broad-jumpers would do well to study the "form" of H. M. Abrahams, Cambridge University's champion leaper. He is expected to make the Olympic team



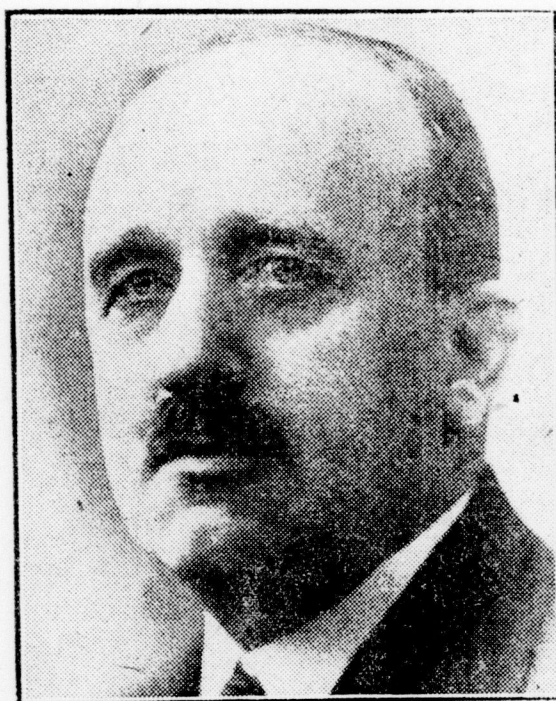
Collecting elephant's feet is the strange hobby which Henry B. Day of Los Angeles, Calif., has adopted. He secured the big feet pictured at Rangoon, India



One hundred thousand dollars would not buy the 15 ordinary-looking watches shown. They belong to John P. Kingsley of Boston and are said to comprise the most valuable collection in the world



Even the most venomous snakes in the world are moved by music. Old "King Cobra" is seen swaying peacefully to the sound of a radio selection



Dr. Lois Vegard of the University of Christiania, Norway, has solved the mystery of the weird Aurora Borealis by making them himself. He did it by freezing nitrogen and exposing the particles to cathode rays



Miss Rose M. Leach of Wynyard, Sask., is six years ahead of Miss Freda Haenne of Youngstown, Ohio, who claims to be the youngest grand-aunt in the United States



Once reported engaged to the Prince of Wales, the Countess of Cavar, formerly Joan Mulholland, is now the wife of the commander-in-chief of the English army



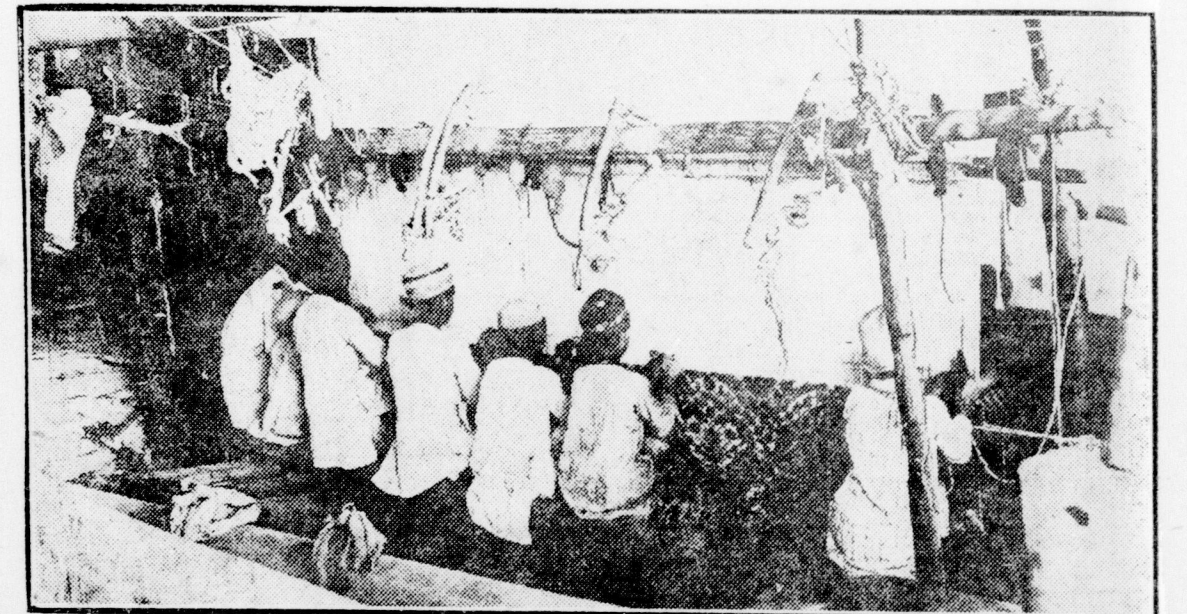
All ready for the seeding season, these two sturdy, champion Clydesdale mares, Princess Greenhall and Lousine Belle, are owned by E. T. Stephens of Richmond Hill, Ont



Group of girls pictured are wearing the season's very latest offerings in golf and sport dresses, as seen at the recent National Golf Show



Little Dorothea Onalivia, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andre de Cappel, can well feel safe with Marko, Nassau County Kennel Club champion Belgian police dog, to guard her



They start to work at an early age in India. None of the Hindu lads shown in the act of weaving is more than nine years old

The London Advertiser

Founded 1863.
Published by London Advertiser Company, Limited.
JOSEPH E. ATKINSON, President.
H. B. MUIR, Managing Director. C. A. M. VINING, Managing Editor.
Morning and Evening Editions.
Subscription rates: Delivered, 15 cents weekly; 60 cents monthly. By mail: In Canada, \$5.00; yearly, in the United States, \$6.00, yearly.
Special Representatives:
J. B. RATHBONE, Toronto, 95 King Street East.
Montreal, 1013 Transportation Building.
C. H. EDDY COMPANY, New York, Park Lexington Building.
Chicago, Wrigley Building.
Boston, Old South Building.
The Advertiser is a Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1924.

Perhaps Inspector Cuddy Can Tell.

General Williams, inspector of provincial police, discussed with The Advertiser the reason why Charles Matthews had not been apprehended. It had been rumored at one time that there might have been orders given to the police not to be too anxious about Mr. Matthews, but General Williams gives a direct denial to such a report. He says that the police have had a free hand in dealing with the matter. He points to Inspector Cuddy as the officer in charge of the criminal branch, and as the Matthews case comes under that head, General Williams must mean that it is up to Inspector Cuddy to explain why it was so easy to secure Peter Smith, and apparently so impossible to apprehend Mr. Matthews.

If Inspector Cuddy has any reasonable explanation he should make it. It is a point that the people of Ontario are not satisfied about, and there is no ground for surprise in their attitude. They really cannot grasp the idea of a force, with a free hand and plenty of officers, being so swift and certain in reaching out and taking Peter Smith, and so notoriously weak and inefficient in bringing in Charles Matthews, who walked the streets of Toronto under the admitted surveillance of these officers.

If Inspector Cuddy has a statement that would put his department in a more favorable light it would be well for him to let the public have it.

Get the Most Effective Means.

A farmer of Dereham Township was fined \$50 and costs for cruelty to animals. The cruelty consisted of allowing five cows to starve to death, and the remainder of the herd "were hardly able to stand owing to their weakened condition."

The man appeared in court and paid the \$50 fine, showing that he was not without means for providing the necessary feed for the animals.

The St. Thomas Times-Journal is inclined to disagree with the verdict, holding that taking \$50 away from the convicted man was not adequate punishment. The Times-Journal adds: "How he could calmly go on having three meals for himself every day, no doubt, and not disturb himself about even the barest sustenance for the helpless animals that were unfortunate enough to be in his hands, passes ordinary comprehension."

Humane society officers in various parts of the province have brought in reports of similar happenings. If a term in jail without the option of a fine would put a stop to this business more effectively than a fine, then by all means try it.

"Unique," Or Is It Astounding?

Despatches from Ottawa refer to the "unique" case of Senator Girroir of Antigonish. He has been in the Senate since 1917, and a suit he is bringing to recover certain moneys for his influence is of so peculiar a nature as to warrant the use of the word "unique" or any other phrase that indicates an event of a surprising character. The word "astounding" might even be used.

His first claim is against the estate of A. R. McDonald, and is as follows:

"For services rendered to A. R. McDonald in respect to efforts made in 1917-18 to have a nephew of McDonald's, who was in the flying corps, transferred to home service as an instructor."

The amount claimed for this is \$1,250, based on legal services at Halifax and Ottawa for 25 days at \$50 a day, including expenses.

It means that Senator Girroir wants to collect \$1,250 for pulling wires at Ottawa to have an overseas man brought home to act as an instructor during the time the war was still on.

The one bright spot in the whole case, which is before the supreme court, is that Senator Girroir was not able to secure any action. He is seeking to collect for an unsuccessful attempt.

Senator Girroir is not adding much to the prestige of the Senate by his continued tenure of office.

U. S. Takes on a New Load.

Canadians struggling with a war debt are interested in obligations assumed by United States in paying a bonus to each person who served in the late war. It has been a battle that has lasted for months. President Coolidge was unalterably opposed, but the Senate passed the measure over his head by a vote of 59 to 26.

There will be over 3,000,000 beneficiaries, most of them sharing in a 20-year endowment policy to be financed by the government.

The total cost will be \$2,280,768,342, or an annual bill of \$114,000,000 per year for the next 20 years.

This figure is only \$23,000,000 less than the annual interest charge on the Canadian public debt, which is \$137,000,000.

Such Action Should Be Recognized.

Mrs. M. E. Fortner, of 62 Cavendish street, was responsible for saving the life of a child who had fallen into the Thames River near the Wharfedale road. In this she was assisted by Emily Rulton, a girl of fourteen.

The fact that Mrs. Fortner was able to render such a service may in itself be sufficient recom-

pense for the unselfish efforts she made, but as a people we should not be content to let matters like this rest with even such a happy conclusion.

There have been other instances of the same character, where individuals have shown bravery of the sort that is prepared to sacrifice in order that another's safety may be assured.

As a city we should see to it that there is some public recognition for such conduct. It might come in the form of a suitable parchment or medal from the city. It would serve to state definitely and in a tangible way that the city had noticed officially and approved of the conduct and courageous action of the rescuers.

We feel that a move of this character would meet with unanimous approval of the citizens.

A Jury Could Have Acted.

A London child wandered from its home and fell through the cellar window of a house near by. There was enough water in the cellar of that house to drown the little one.

Despite all the work of those in attendance it was not possible to fan into action the spark of life.

The coroner handling the case decided that it was not one in which an inquest was necessary. As far as having a jury pronounce upon the cause of death he was probably right. But the matter should hardly end there. A jury would be the proper body to attach a rider to its verdict fixing responsibility for such a condition, and calling attention to the need for the elimination of that trap or any other of like kind. A jury could have performed a very useful preventive and warning function, and for that reason should have been summoned.

Mr. Drury On Ideals.

Hon. E. C. Drury, speaking at a meeting in Barrie, turned to the old text of idealism vs. practicalism.

It is Mr. Drury's contention that it is of no use for a person to have ideals if the next step is not taken to give them practical application in the everyday affairs of life.

And in the main he is right. Of what use is it that a man shall have high ideals and lofty purposes if he stops right there and never strives to give effect to them? He might just as well never had the great idea.

There are two great forces that any man can bring to his assistance, one of them is decision, and the other is action. Together they make a team that may take him a long way on the road. Separated, they will lead in any given direction. A man may make a decision, but if he does not couple it with the action to give it effect he might just as well have saved himself the trouble of making the decision. Or if he acts without having made his decision first he is apt to go in the wrong direction.

But put them together, decision first, followed by action—well the path opens up for a long way ahead.

The Case of Philip Donat.

Immigration laws are necessary, but the method of their interpretation opens the road to a class of official stupidity at times that is hard to countenance.

Here was Philip Donat, of Kentville, N.S., who arranged passage at Halifax for France. He had the necessary passport. Instead of taking a train to New York to catch the liner La France he took a boat that would bring him to the pier he wanted to sail from.

When he got off the boat, and was about to cross the pier to the La France, he was taken in custody as an alien and sent to Ellis Island, during which time his boat pulled out.

For a case of blundering official stupidity this one would be hard to equal.

Note and Comment.

Green onions seem to thrive on frost. The harder it freezes the greener they get.

This business of sifting ashes and cutting the lawn on the same day is a bit too strenuous.

Gold has been found in Siberia. Exiles have been more often lost than found in the same country.

Thirty sweet misses have just graduated from Victoria Hospital, so go ahead and get as sick as you like.

The second speckled hen walked out of the salt barrel today to show her dozen chicks what the backyard looked like.

A motion has been introduced at Ottawa to give less power to bank directors. What is needed is more wisdom in using the power.

At least 25,000 gallons of oil have been put on London streets this year. Why not pour the next tank on the troubled waters of the legislative situation?

A local ball game ran up a score of 20 to 14. Both sides were pleased, for even the losing side had the satisfaction of knowing that they tacked up no mean score.

Probs persists in referring to an area of low or high pressure in certain localities. Around here the pressure has been high on the furnace and low on the tomato plants.

Robinson Crusoe's musket has been sold for £250. It was a weapon that not only ranks high in money value, but has occupied a similarly high position in the minds of youngsters all over the world.

A Toronto man, acquitted on a murder charge on the grounds of insanity, has arrived at the Ontario reformatory at Guelph. There are now 97 criminally insane persons there, the largest number on record. The more the insanity plea succeeds at murder trials, the greater will be the number of cases in which it is advanced. It may even develop from a loophole into a gate.

Dr. Frank Crane

Uniforms and Actualities

In civic life it is not as it is in military. In the army and navy, uniforms grow more splendid as you rise in rank, from the khaki of the common soldier to the blaze of color and splendor of medals, epaulets and gold lace which compose a major-general, especially in some Balkan armies.

But it is only with destroyers that splendor increases with rank; in constructive affairs the most gorgeous officer is probably door-opener for carriages or top sergeant of the elevator brigade.

Conductors, station agents and brakemen wear uniforms and brass buttons. The president of the railroad sits around in his shirt sleeves.

The law even seems to hold, in a measure, with women; as much as any law can manage to hold with women.

For, if a feminine creature wears a robe too gaudy and jewels too dazzling, we are quite sure that she has not arrived; a woman of wealth and old family spends fabulous sums on dressmakers to achieve the distinction of subdued tones and the haughtiness of modesty.

The same may even be observed in the church where the Episcopal effulgence of the servant contrasts strongly to the workman's clothes of the Master.

Out of all these instances there emerges a general law that real power tends to silence, while noise indicates hollowness.

An empty drum is more alarming than a sandbag.

So it is with the spirit of man wherein the noblest qualities seem to clothe themselves with modesty, while forwardness, boasting and the love of prominence suggest the shallow mind.

If there is a Deity, some Being who controls all things and is the Almighty Source of every force known, He is certainly more shy than any creature He has made. The thunder roars, the waves boom upon the shore, lions roar and parrots screech, but He who is behind and above all these, who made them and will end them at His pleasure, is but a still small voice that only the inner ear of meditation can detect.

Wisdom is Modest, goodness is unconscious and love is like the deeps of the sea.

The most striking characteristic of the gentleman is that he is gentle.

Flannel Shirts in June

Yes, I've been tempted many times since May has come to us again, to cast some garments from my hide and dress like summer time again.

In street car ads, I see a dude, straw hat a-reshin' on his dome, I search around for last year's wisp when'er I reach my humble home.

And in the papers, too, I see men standin' round that look half dressed, another with a blazin' shirt that touches lightly on his chest.

My inclinations rise at once to saunter out in palm beach hue, not carin' for the gazin' crowd, or what the mob may think or do.

But on each day when I have had a notion for thin rags to shine, the breeze it smites me on the shins and scampers playful on my spine.

'Tis then I turn a gloomy step and grab my robe of ancient weave, determined that no clammy chill shall come a-tuggin' in my sleeve.

My old red flannel shirt I wear, I should have parked it weeks ago, but fickle May she winks at me, then trudges out a cake of snow.

It is a vexin' season this, the store man waitin' me to greet, to sell me cheesecloth garments new to save my carcass from the heat.

I'm lookin' at the probs again, and if they don't fast change their tune, by heck I'll still be goin' about a-wearin' flannel shirts in June.—ARK.

Leave Hollywood Out

(From the New York World.)

World-wide appeals to film-struck girls, begging them not to go to Hollywood in search of fame, have been issued by officials of the famous California film-city.

They point out that of one hundred thousand women registered as would-be film actors in the last few years—many of them English and Canadian girls—only seven have risen to be "stars." It is stated that the film industry cannot provide employment for more than a fraction of the vast numbers who throng the city.

The official warning, hinting at the terrible hardship and poverty endured by thousands who have flocked to Hollywood, is being stamped on all letters leaving the town. It reads:

"Don't try to break into the 'movies' at Hollywood until you have obtained full, frank and dependable information from the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce. It may save disappointments."

Press Comment

But It's Good Exercise.

The United States papers talk so much about the Dawes report that most of their readers would be surprised to learn that there were others on the commission.—Peterborough Examiner.

Then Look Under the Table.

Sir Thomas White says he was deceived as to the condition of the Home Bank by accepting the statements of people whom he trusted. Dooley's advice was to trust everybody, but to cut the cards.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

The Competition Is Fierce.

"The day of the Happer is over," says Lady Terrington. We're afraid so. There's too much material competition.—London Opinion.

Lesser of Two Evils.

Dr. Frank Crane complains of the ugliness of trousers; but he might be induced to admit that often they cover greater ugliness than their own.—Border Cities Star.

The Fun Shop

Our Own Lost and Found Dept.

R. V. Dwight—Do you happen to know the rest of the poem containing the line:

"I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls."
Dear R. V. D.: The poem you refer to is an answer to the housing problem and goes as follows:

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls
(No objection to children, canary or pup)
Ten airy rooms for thirty-five per;
No wonder I wept when at last I woke up.

Angeline Starr—I think it was Robert Louis Stevenson who wrote the quatrain beginning:

"Wealth I ask not, hope, nor love."
Dear Angie: It sounds more like one of the lady poets. See for yourself.

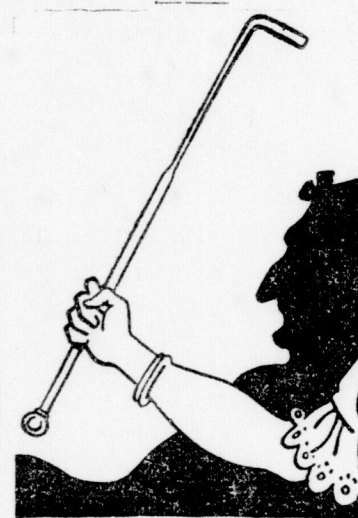
Wealth I ask not, fame nor love;
I'll e'en dispense with vim and vigor
If Fate will only let me keep
My girlish finger.

Give and Take.
Kindly Old Soul—"My boy, don't you know it is wrong to fight? Don't you know the good book says we should love our enemies?"

Sandy (casually blacking the other boy's eye): "Yep, but this guy's a friend o' mine!"

—Nate Collier.

A man's first mistake is to kiss the wrong girl. His second mistake is to apologize to her.



A GOOD POKER HAND

A Sound Reason.
Mr. Oldwed: "I haven't spoken to my wife for over three years."
Newlywed: "Why?"

Mr. Oldwed: "I didn't like to interrupt her."
—Ernest Boyd.

Throw Up Your Hands.
Being a collection of remarks employed in the well-known game of hold-up:

"Here are two choice ones in the third row."
"Yes, there is a very nice table near the music."

"This is just from Paris—inlaid with platinum."
"Just try it on, and if you don't like it, you needn't take it."

"Everyone else has subscribed, so I've put you down for the regular amount."
"Won't you buy a ticket, please?"

—Charles G. Shaw.

Pluck.
"Pluck, my boy, pluck; that's the one essential to success in business," reminded the old man who was speaking to his nephew.

"Yes, of course, I know that," answered the young fellow. "The trouble is finding someone to pluck."

(Copyright, 1924. Reproduction Forbidden.)

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

MONEY TO LOAN

Any responsible person who has some capital and wishes to borrow more, either on good residential or business property, should get in touch with our loaning department.

Applications are promptly dealt with by our inspector.

If the loan is approved, arrangements are completed without delay.

Apart from the necessary legal costs there is no charge for our services.

Ask to see Mr. Tufts at the Head Office, Wellington Street, opposite the Y. M. C. A.

10

The London Life Insurance Company

Policies "Good as Gold"

HEAD OFFICE—LONDON, ONT.

Agencies in all principal cities

To the Editor

Wants It To Grow

Londoner Thinks the Hobby Fair Is Capable of Great Deal More Development.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—As a visitor to the Hobby Fair just closed, one may be permitted to make a few observations through the splendid medium of The Advertiser.

I was much pleased at the latent talent displayed by our boys and girls in the multitude of fine exhibits shown, as indicating the bent of mind, praiseworthy initiative, and striking originality of London's juveniles. The radio exhibit as illustrating the latest and perhaps the most attractive application in the electrical field, was particularly creditable. If one were to single anything out from such a fine assortment, an unassuming receiving set at the east end of the display tables made complete by the youthful exhibitor from his own (not be right) parts, and two novel miniature sets were especially creditable. We are much less familiar with the girls' work, so could not particularly note in that department.

In view of the splendid initial success of London's own big bouncing baby, the Hobby Fair, we are not surprised that the Rotarians and others, who gave so generously of their time and money to make it such, are determined to make it larger and better year by year.

We indulge the hope that the Rotarians, backed by the enthusiasm and generosity of our citizens generally, will encourage our boys and girls to broaden out in their hobby activities and exhibits. Thus, for instance, a boy who may not be able to construct or properly assemble a radio receiving set like some others, should by no means be shut out from the electrical field. There is a distinct tendency to push on to the latest applications before the earlier and perhaps more useful are at all properly understood. Thus a working model of a dynamo or motor, even crudely made, that would run, would still be a good hobby exhibit. In action, especially if the boy builder had enough knowledge of the working principle to originate some new lines of construction. As an example, about simple locks and locking devices? Even the more ambitious department of mechanical devices is not beyond the reach and resources of our clever boys.

Again in the Art section, what about adding cartooning as hobby exhibits? Prizes could be offered for cartoons in crayon or ink on some of our outstanding politicians or our civic heads. Poetry even could be made a hobby by offering prizes for the most witty and original limerick, especially having a local application. These suggestions are made in good faith for what they may be worth.

D. STEWART.
London, May 22, 1924.

CASINO OPEN

The Port Stanley Casino is now open for the summer season and is splendidly prepared for pleasure-seekers. Last season the Grille was opened and proved very popular with hungry folk who preferred cozy, refined surroundings away from the dust and noise of the walk. This year the service will be so improved that the Grille will probably be the busiest spot in Port.

ATHLETE HURT.
Speed of the overhauler.
Wallaceburg, May 22.—Fuller Norman, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Norman, severely hurt his ankle on Tuesday evening whilst practicing lacrosse. He will be laid up for several days.

ROMEO CLERMONT GIVES TANLAC FULL CREDIT

Says It Restored Health and Strength After Years of Suffering.

"Tanlac has built me up from almost a skeleton to the finest kind of health and strength," declared Romeo Clermont, 401 Tenth Ave., Rosemont, Montreal, Que., recently.

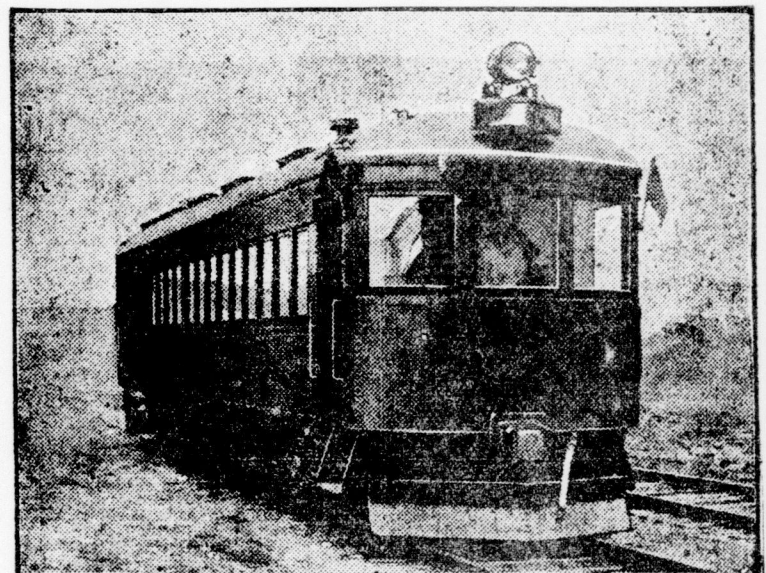
"Day after day for two years I suffered from indigestion with all its gas, palpitation and weakness, and before taking Tanlac I was badly run-down. I had to force myself to eat anything; severe pains in my stomach and sides tortured me terribly and often at night I had to get up and walk the floor I was so nervous.

"Tanlac has made me feel just like I have always wanted to feel. I have a rousing appetite, never feel a sign of the old troubles, sleep like a log and feel strong and alert. Other members of my family have used Tanlac with excellent results, too."



Tanlac is for sale by all good druggists. Accept no substitute. Over 40 million bottles sold.

Tanlac Vegetable Pills for constipation, made and recommended by the manufacturers of TANLAC.—Adv.



New first storage battery car to be operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway has been placed in service between Galt and Hamilton. The car will make a double daily run between these two points and is the latest type, containing first-class, smoking and baggage compartments. It will leave Galt, Main street depot, at 8:35 a.m. and 4:10 p.m., and Hamilton T. H. & B. station at 10:50 a.m. and 5:40 p.m.—Adv.

"GOOD MORNING" Always when you serve



REX

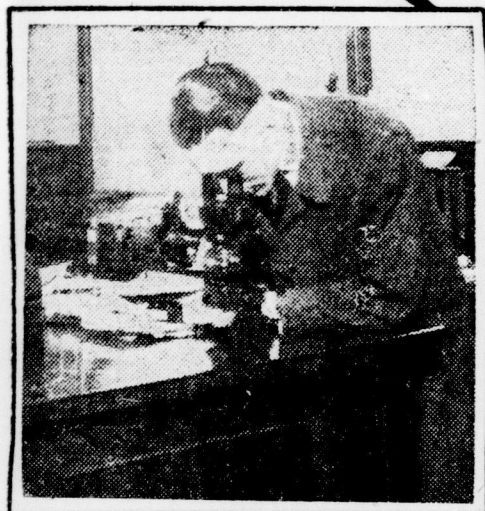
King of Cigarettes

Supreme quality and proven excellence

10 for 15¢
25 " 35¢

Manufactured by
Imperial Tobacco Company
of Canada Limited

GERMS—Arch Enemy of Mankind.



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

By "REX"

What is mankind's greatest enemy?
Not poverty. Not crime. Not war. It is something much more ruthless and a thousand times more malignant than all these scourges combined. It cannot be seen with the naked eye, yet it is the cause of 86 per cent of all deaths.

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

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

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

KILLING GERMS IS THEIR WORK.

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

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

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

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

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

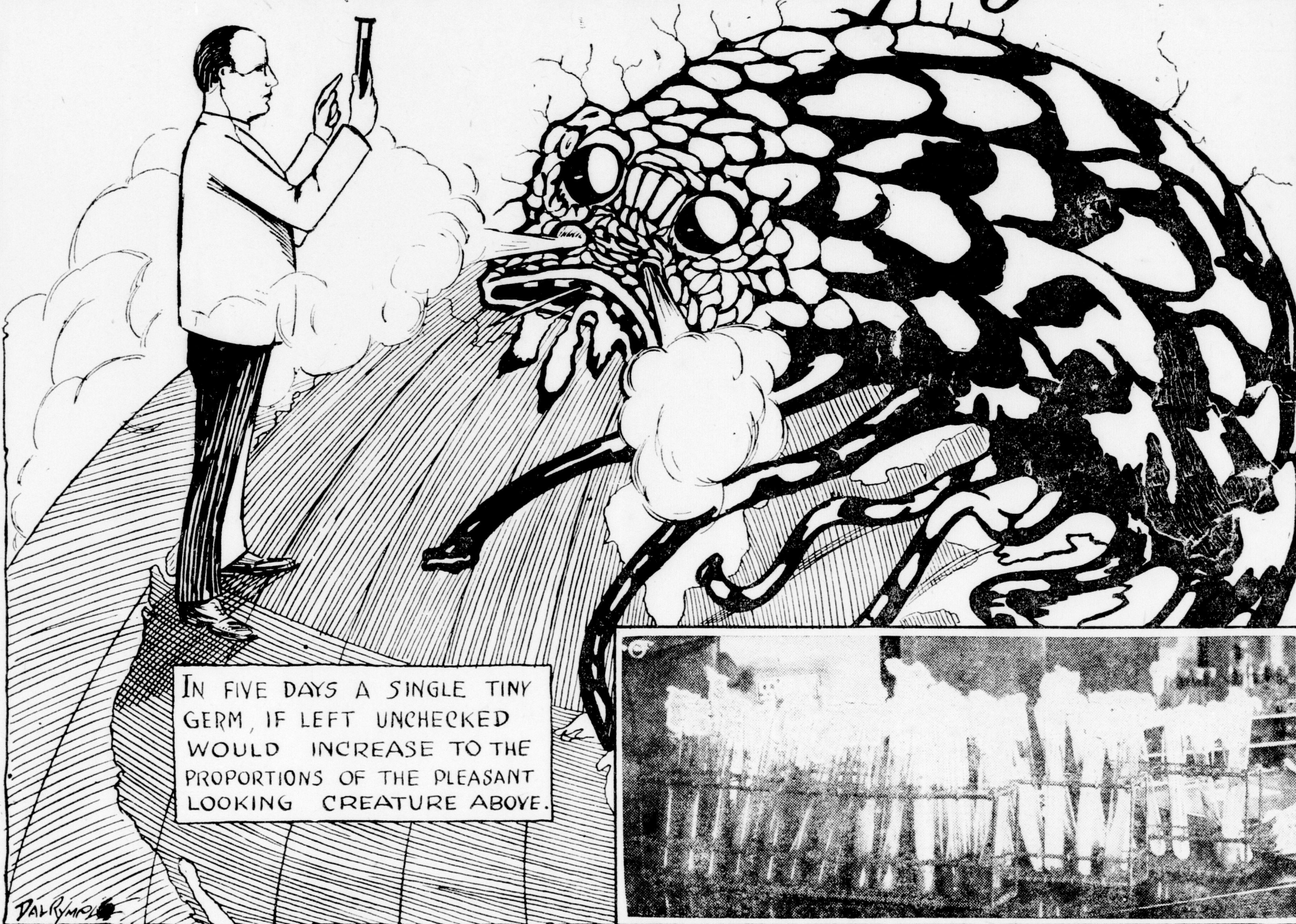
INSTITUTE SERVES 172 MUNICIPALITIES.

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

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

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

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



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

REFRIGERATOR FOR ANTI-TOXINS.

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

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

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

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

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

Dr. Hill lifts one out of the rack.

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

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

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

WORKING WITH BOTTLED DEATH.

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

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

"Tissue—Cancer suspected."
"Sputum."
"Throat culture—Dr. A."

And so on, sadly suggestive stories that tell of anxious fears and scarcely less fearful waiting. If you are curious, you will want to see just what these microbes look like. —d Dr. Hill will sit you down to a microscope to get an intimate glimpse of these deadly little creatures. If it is

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

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

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

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

The next department visited is occupied by doctors and nurses testing and experimenting with cultures and parts of organisms. Many blood tests for syphilis are conducted here each day. A special germ-producing oven is maintained which breeds all varieties of bacteria. The institute received a leprosy culture 13 years ago from the United States, and the germs have been reproduced and reproduced as one generation is about to die off to be succeeded by another.

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

HOW GERMS ARE EXAMINED.

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

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

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

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

Disgraceful, you see, because so avoidable, if public and domestic conditions are as they should be. Carelessness in regard to disease germs will, in that day, be looked upon with as much disapproval as is today carelessness in regard to cockroaches.

"MENAGERIE" FOR TESTING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

TWELVE POUNDS OF CELERY FOR A MEAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Have all superfluous growths, tumors, wens, cysts, warts, etc., removed. Frequently innocent-looking growths develop into fatal cancer."

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

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

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

THE NEED FOR VITAMINES.

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

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

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

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

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

The Child Welfare nurses, since 1916, have



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



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

HELP FOR LONDON'S MOTHERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By CHARLES MAYER

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

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

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

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

Ominous Tidings

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Cure For Love Madness

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

Starting the Search

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

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

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

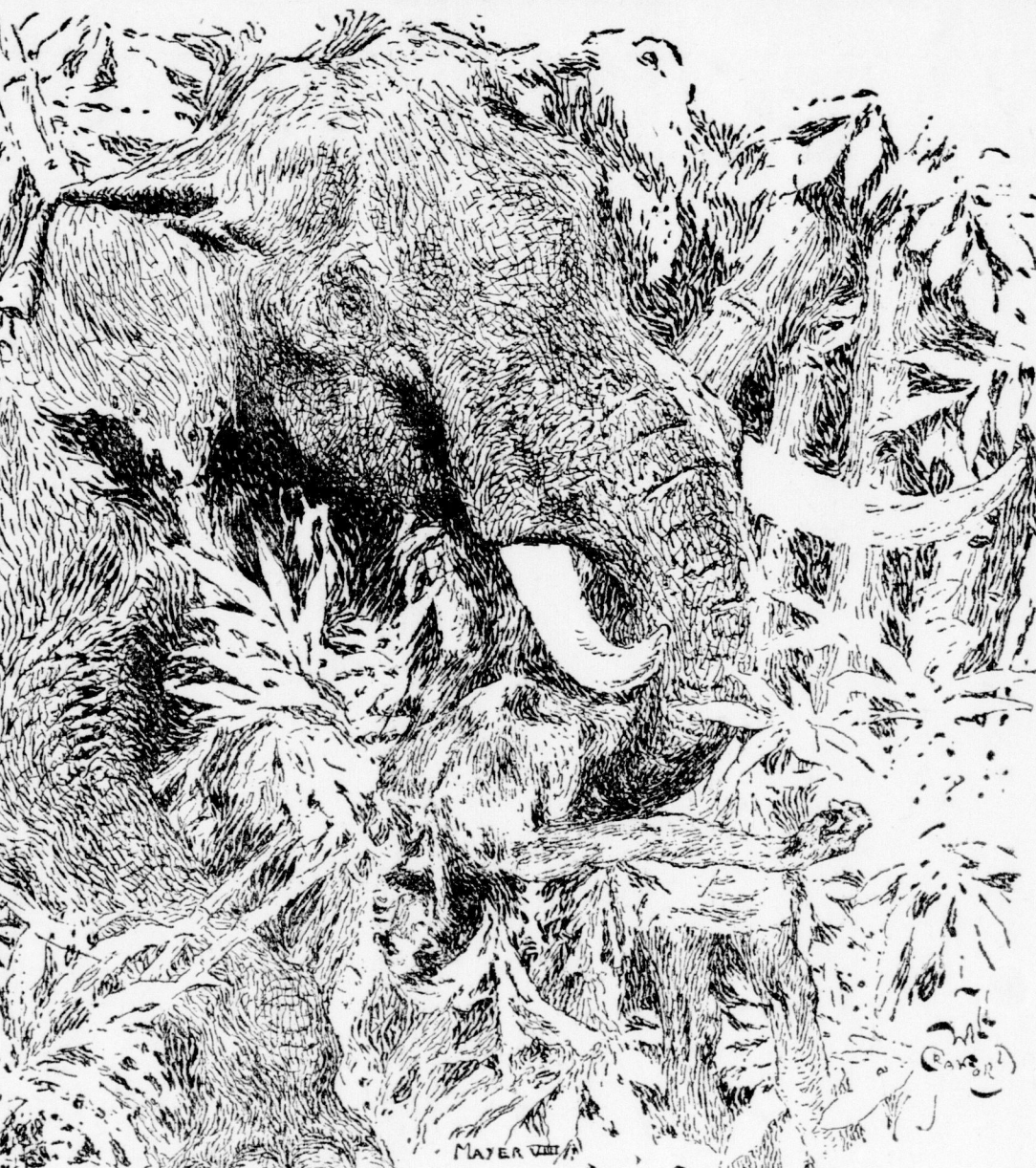
We went through the jungle, following parallel courses until the growth became so dense that we were forced into single file. Osman and the other smith were in the lead, and the Tunku and I brought up the rear. We saw no fresh traces of the mad elephant. It became a game of patience.

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

Cruelly Stung

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

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

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

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

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

The people of the kampong took the tragedy in their matter-of-fact Malay way. Osman had woman-madness, they said, and acted the fool. To act the fool in the jungle was to be caught in the net of death. It was a hard night of crop-damaging. It would not be difficult to find out. I have known hunters to creep upon a whole herd of elephants while they were sleeping. The danger in this sort of thing lies in the spoken word or cry. A herd which a rifle-shot will stampede will charge at the sound of the human voice.

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

Bullets and Spears

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



"By this time we were covered with bees."

How Crystal Sets Hear Long Distance

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

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

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

The proximity of the two aerials will allow the smaller set to pick up enough energy to actuate the detector—sometimes—not always. There are literally thousands of crystal receiving sets in use today, and yet 99 per cent. of them never hear anything further than twenty-five miles. Once in a while some lucky fan will happen to get hold of a particularly good piece of mineral and he may be able to hear stations 200 miles away, if he listens closely enough.

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

Safety Tubes Make X-Rays Safe to Handle

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

It is a wonderful tube, because it throws out a beam of X-rays in the manner of a little searchlight which can be directed on any given spot, so that no more fear of the dangerous burns produced by stray rays need be felt. The tube is so simple that it can be held in the hand, and the beam of rays can be so finely regulated that absolute uniformity of work is assured.

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

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

Stirring Times

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

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

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

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

New British Racing Engine Has Flywheel in Middle of Crankshaft

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

RACING engines are interesting always, for in their design one sees the craftsmanship of engineering genius unleashed. The British Motor illustrates a racing engine replete with unusual features. This engine is expected to turn as high as 5,000 revolutions per minute and will develop over 100 horsepower at that speed. It has a bore of 2.75 inches and a stroke of 5.12 inches so that the displacement is 120 cu. inches. Friction has been reduced to a minimum by substituting ball and roller bearings for all plain bearings throughout the engine with a single exception.

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

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

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

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

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

The overhead camshaft, runs on three bearings. The combustion head contains two valves per cylinder, these being exceptionally large in diameter. They are inclined at about 60 degrees to each other and their seats are entirely surrounded by cooling water. The combustion chamber, although of unusual shape, is easily accessible and the polished, large size and carefully streamlined ports being treated in a similar manner.



The Latest in Movable Radio Stations

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

Several Radio Sets Use Same Aerial Through New Coupling Tube Unit

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jesuit Fathers Founded Mission

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

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

"Oui," said Jean. "Le bon Dieu!" Superior, Kitchie Gumme, the Big Sea Water, is ever present with the Missioners. It brings them their food, it leads to the great world outside, and it takes toll of them. They don't love it—it is too big and autocratic for that.

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

Cataract of Snow-White Water

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

Silver Poplars

By GRACE NOLL CROWELL

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

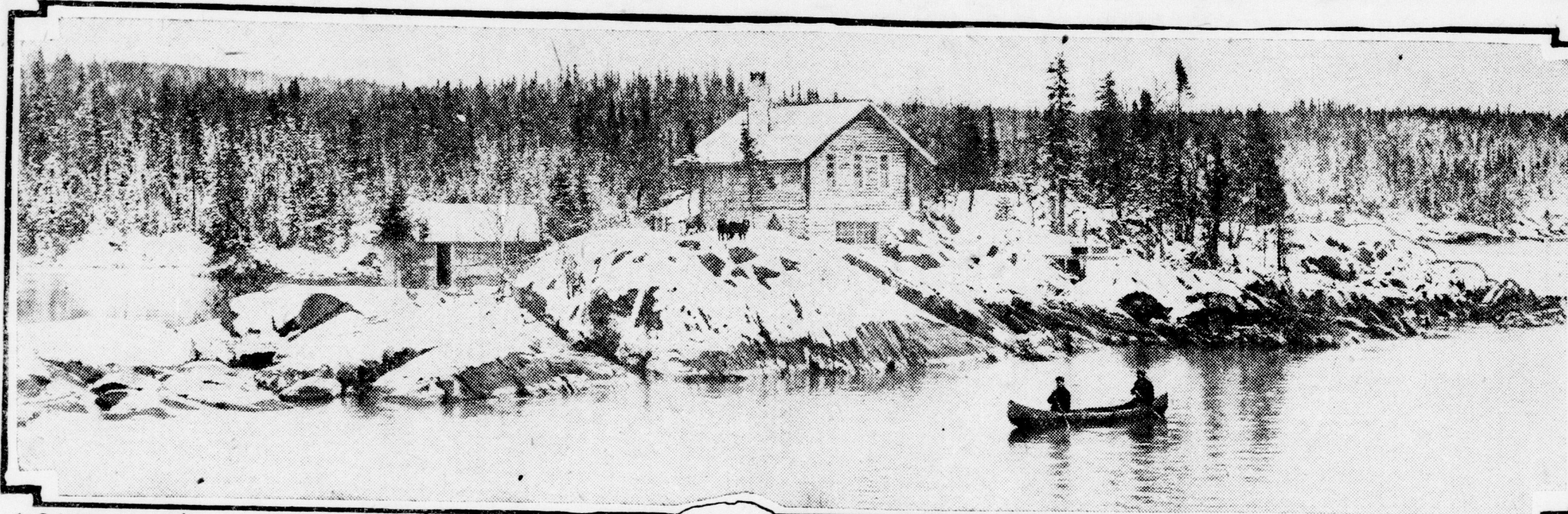
I think its beauty must have made Him glad, And that He smiled at it—and loved it so—Then turned in sudden sheer delight, and made

A dozen silver poplars in a row.

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

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

—Scribners



"The WIGWAM" built in Michipicoten Harbor for the use of the builders of the Algoma Central Railway who in 1899 built the Michipicoten Branch to Helen Mine—Three miles away is "The Mission" Ojibway village ~ ~



It's extraordinary how quick a doctor can get here from the Soo," said Pete. He can do it in about 24 hours, by rail plus team. He can also do it in 12 hours by boat. Of course

the boat runs only twice a week in the summer and not at all in the winter. But in the winter a dog team can bring you in twenty miles from Angimami or 26 from Hawk Junction. Once a

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

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

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

Good Beds and Good Meals

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

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

trail from the Mission to Michipicoten Harbor, which they are now fixing up as a winter road, and had noticed a fresh footmark here and there. By and by, my deductions were confirmed. I met Mose Michaud, the Mission mail carrier, over after his weekly grist, which he carried handily in a small pack on his back. I won't say that Mose's bag was all mail. It looked fat and round like my own pack, in which were five partridge.

Any stranger you may meet in the woods may turn out to be a game warden or some such blight. I was certainly a stranger.

Mose smiled. "Yes, it was a nice day. No, he hadn't seen a bird. No, he hadn't a gun. It was just a piece of old wood that looked like the stock of a gun that stuck out from under his coat tails.

We bade each other good-day. It did not occur to me at once that he might have looked on me as an official, till I suddenly remembered how Sam Biggings had been turned from slack door after door because he had gone north with his C.P.R. vest, richly adorned with brass buttons.

Why should any game warden ever bother the Mission or these out of the way places in Algoma? It's a work of supererogation, or words to that effect. Possibly for 60 miles north of the Sault along the line of the A.C.R. it is not out of place to make some show of protecting partridge, but at Mile 103 one reader told me of finding six partridge which had died of starvation. I heard in the north of the finding of numerous birds which had broken their necks trying to dive under the snow crust. In the Algoma wilderness the sending of men to "protect" partridge seems a waste of money. Nobody north of Frater ever goes off a trail to shoot these birds, and you can figure how much ground the few trails cover in the thousands of square miles of wilderness. The lot of the prospector and Indian is hard enough without bothering them about a few partridge or an occasional deer. Not that it would be proper to indiscriminately slaughter the birds or deer. But Sam's experience shows there is too much game law. If the government spent the money on expert wolf hunters the change might help.

Dining-Room Big as Windsor Hotel

"THERE is never any trouble here," said Pete Bossineau at the Mission, "except a little family jangling, and it only breaks the monotony."

As I mentioned before, it's wonderful how one's perceptions are sharpened in the woods. Back on a high hill, I heard waves breaking, and before long there was Lake Superior. And what a wonderful sea Superior is! The largest body of fresh water on earth, with a temperature which never rises above 42 degrees. Did you ever know that the water in Hudson's Bay in winter is two or three degrees warmer than Superior? Did you ever know that Moose Factory has a mean summer temperature less than five degrees cooler than Toronto and that its mean yearly temperature is warmer than Calgary and Edmonton? So figures in a dominion government book set forth. Some faint hearts in New Ontario may put these figures in their pipes and smoke them.

At the hotel at Michipicoten Harbor they have a sign, "Keep one foot on the floor." The advice is for the hunter or trapper or prospector or wayfarer who comes along intermittently to play a game of pool. For they have two pool tables there and a dining room larger than the Windsor Hotel. The hotel is a relic of the old Clergue days, when the Harbor was meant to be a town. Yes, you can get a good bed and a meal.

I got there first in July, 1901, just 22 years ago. Right ahead of me was a judge from Old Ontario. He was entered as "His Honor Judge Blank." It looked as if the distinguished visitor had written his own dedication, and it reminded me of a fellow I knew who entered himself at a Montreal hotel as "J. Rataplan Brown and valet." Underneath a friend of mine followed with J. H. Brady and valise. At the harbor now Mr. Chas. B. Oakes, of the A.C.R., is chief factotum, Mr. and Mrs. Oakes, and Mr. and Mrs. Johnston of the hotel are the only two families. Mr. Morgan Worth is the storekeeper, and he runs a Ford motor on the railway out to Hawk, 26 miles, to bring in the mail every Friday and Monday.

CHOICE

By ELIZABETH COLTER

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

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

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

—The Lyric West.

FACE IS A FORTUNE

SHE: My face is my fortune. HE: Well, never mind that. The richest people aren't always the happiest.

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

By E. A. CORBETT

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

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

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

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

Orchestra Tunes Up

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

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

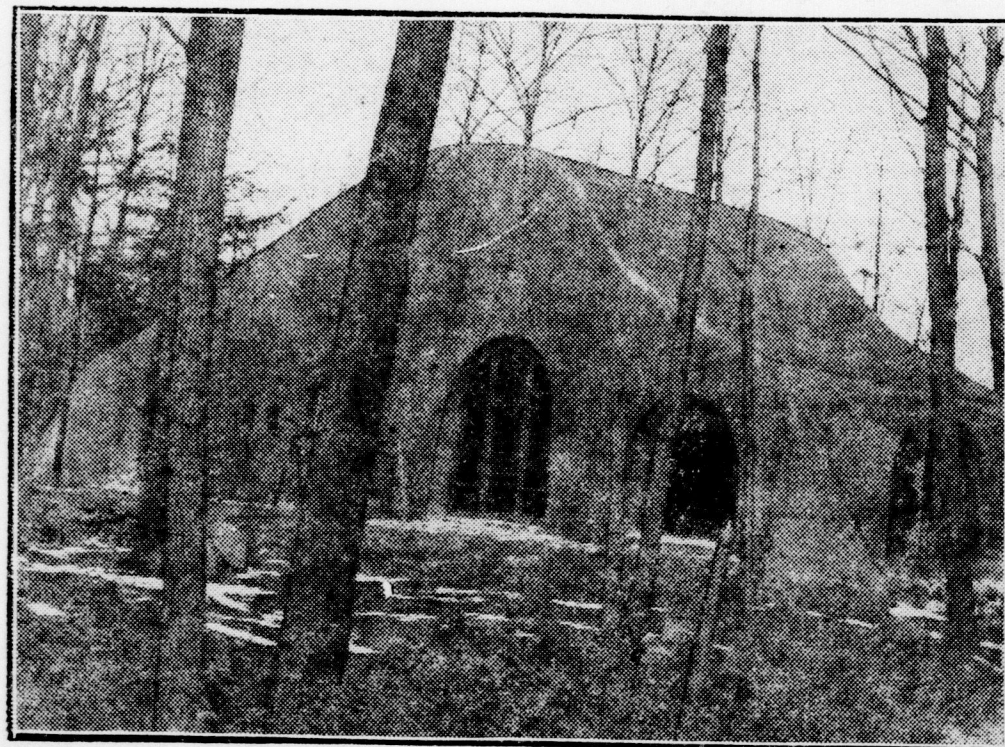
while the young men, in a milling group about the door, looked them over and made mental notes as to the disposal of their dances.

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

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

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

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



Mystery Castle Built on the New Jersey Palisades

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

Our Only National University Does Its Work in Overalls

How Canada Carries Culture of Campus to Backwoods Camp

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

By ARTHUR HAWKES

DID you ever put in a winter on the outer skirts of civilization, and sit, night after night, with nothing to read, nobody to talk to, and even a game of solitaire debarred?

Did you ever earn your living in the sweat of your face, and meet the alternative of accepting five dollars a month and your board for the winter, or working as a lumberjack?

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

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

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

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

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

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

If you have Canadian pride prepare to use it now; for, with a past and present staff of seven hundred and fifty instructors, the Frontier College, Canadian of Canada in spirit and truth, has in it the potentialities of more advance in popular education than anything that has crossed the vision of most of those who have sensed what is in the Fitzpatrick objective. It is a revolution indeed to take the university to the student instead of bringing the student to the university, to hold classes in the woods instead of off the corridors. Some university leaders, who dote on the magnificent dignities of an alma mater (and who never did a week's manual labor), are against this new broadening out of Canadian culture. Others are for it with heart, soul, mind and hands, and will count it an honor to be included in the Frontier College's first board of examiners. They have truly patriotic vision, not being scared of free trade in knowledge, and not thinking that intellect must mainly be served nearby long-drawn aisles and fretted vaults.

When and where do men learn most if it be not during forty days in the wilderness? To whom is Canada's debt most heavily due, if not to those who have transformed the tangled frontier into highly equipped communities?

What Is Education?

TO whom should the inheritors of the glories made possible by the dead pioneers pay their reasonable service if not to the living pioneers who toil in the hardest places, and who have been socially ignored? Before we come to something like narrative of what the Frontier University has built into our fundamentals, suffer a word touching the ancient but rather asinine notion that high education necessarily must be obtained at great and awesome seats of learning; and that only those who have been through the mills of degrees are truly educated.

Heaven forbid that an inappreciative syllable should be uttered towards the university don, to whom a Greek iambic is as congenial as a pair of socks, but who would be puzzled beyond recovery by a request to harness a horse. But it is not true that many intellectual wonders have largely been those who acquired their distinction in essentially the same way as the lumber graduate of to-morrow's Frontier University will get his diploma? The nearest example is the recently-departed chancellor of Toronto. Is there not a university professor in Canada with the range of cultured service that distinguished Sir Edmund Walker? He was too much of a master to be called a scholar. He was earning his bread at thirteen years of age. His education, in the more academic sense, had to be obtained before and after working hours. He happened to live in the city where advantages comparatively abundant. But there are intellects of as high potentialities as his in the bush, along the frontier, wherever the foundations of future Canadian prosperity are being laid by the indispensable workers. They have an inherent right to all the knowledge that they can absorb, in the interest of the state itself. For it is a sin and a shame that

Knowledge with their eyes her ample page. Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll. If you would gauge where an institution is going, learn whence it came. Respect the origin of man and you won't be discouraged by his destiny. Creation, let alone by the meddlesome Matties, develops truly to the creator. The Frontier University is running true to form; for its life in



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

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

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

How the Idea Originated

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

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

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

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

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

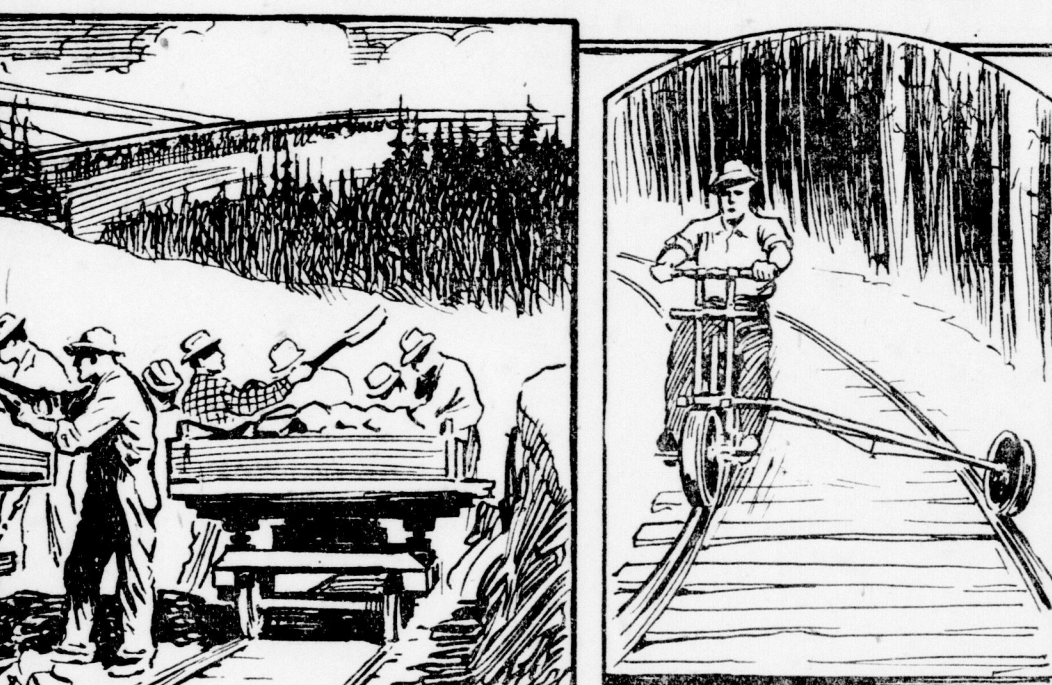
Up in the Lake Nipissing region was a responsible representative of old J. R. Booth, the Ottawa lumber king who has got a Danish prince for a grandson. To A. J. Young, Fitzpatrick took the idea that he would doff his habit, go to work along with the men, and see whether that wasn't a more Galilean modernity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

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

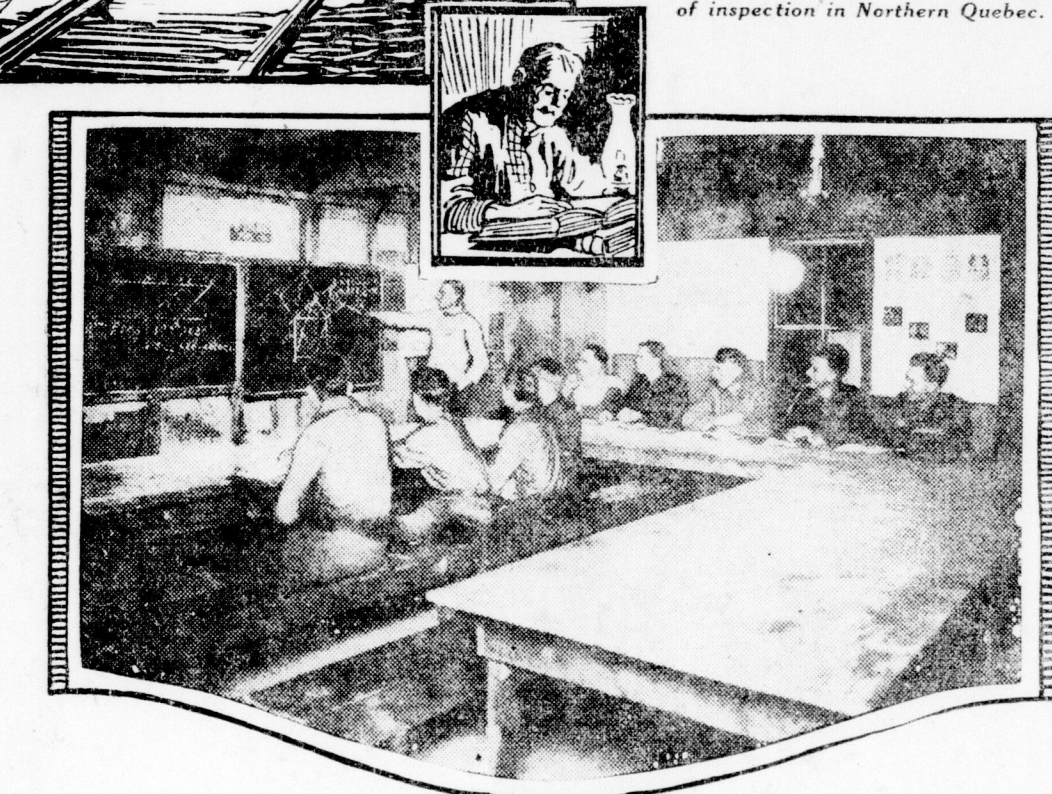
So the Reading Camp Association was born. It always supplied reading matter to camps; but it always sent instructors with the reading matter, and secured its own building wherein men might read and instructors might teach. The cardinal principle of the education work was something absolutely new in scholastic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

Has Ruskin College Beaten

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



Eastern secretary starting on tour of inspection in Northern Quebec.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Instructors Right Across Continent

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

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

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

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

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

School to Be Proud of

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Big Employers Co-operate

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

instructor's room in the corner. I am going to make me the tables, as you suggested, also the bookshelves. I think we will arrange for electric lights to be installed, so, I would run moving pictures for, say, two or three nights a week. We would also have free of charge from the Ontario Department of Culture Bureau, controlled by the government.

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

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

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

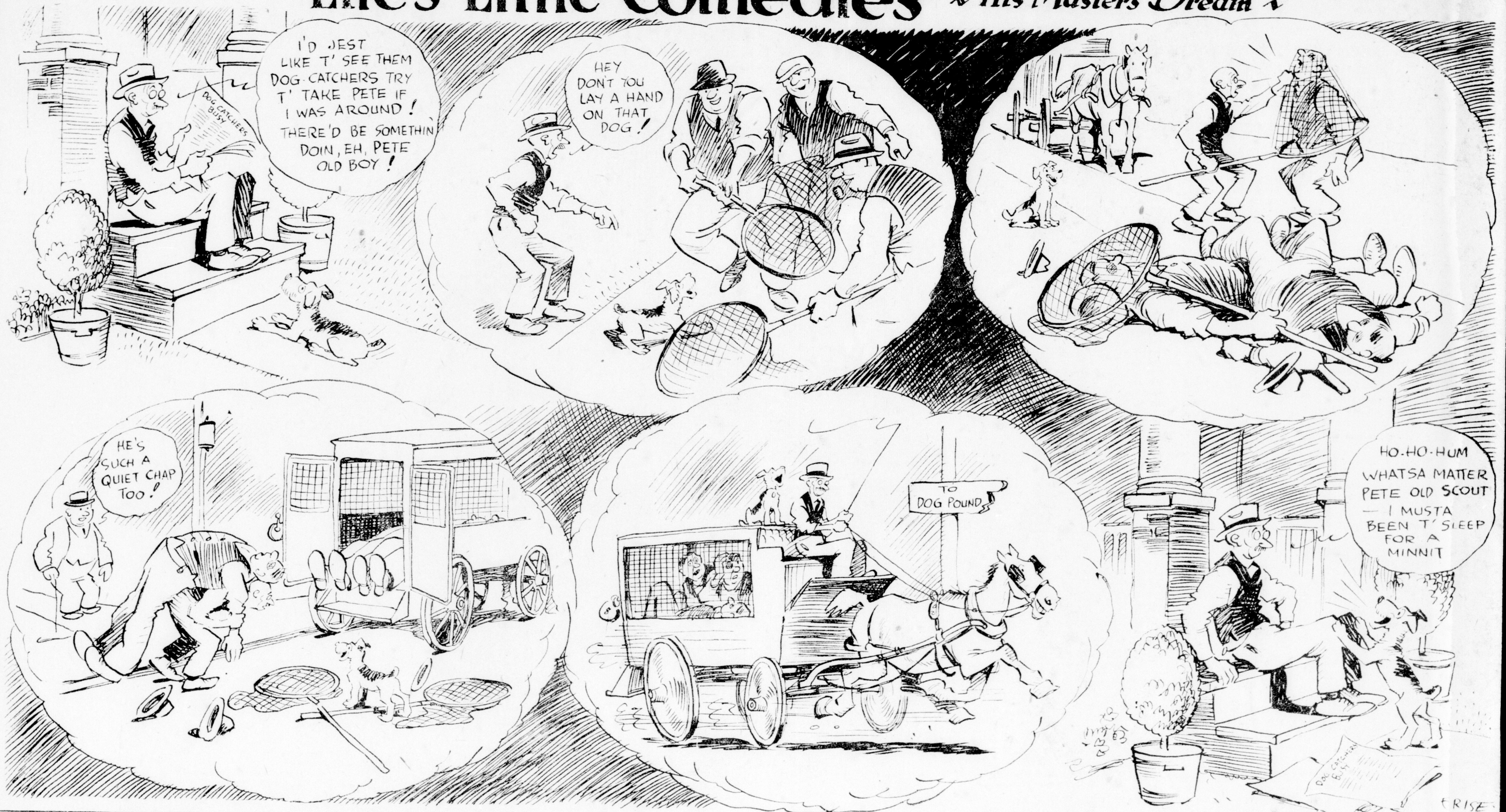
On construction of the Chipawa Canal and at Nipigon the Provincial Hydro has liberally facilitated the Frontier College work. At the Whirlpool Camp, for instance, the building specially erected must have cost five thousand dollars. For two thousand men seven or eight instructors were employed, of whom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

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

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

It has been said that there is scope for three hundred instructors in Canadian camps. Before they could all be supplied there would still be room for instruction to a few educators. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheerfully been afforded. Lumbermen, as a class, may be a little slow to appreciate the modernization of bunkhouses and the education of lumberjacks. In the nature of things his business is destructive, an organization which financially has lived from hand to mouth. The work has naturally been done where facilities have most cheer

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



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

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

By A. P. COLEMAN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Tracing Ancient River

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



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

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

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

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

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



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

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

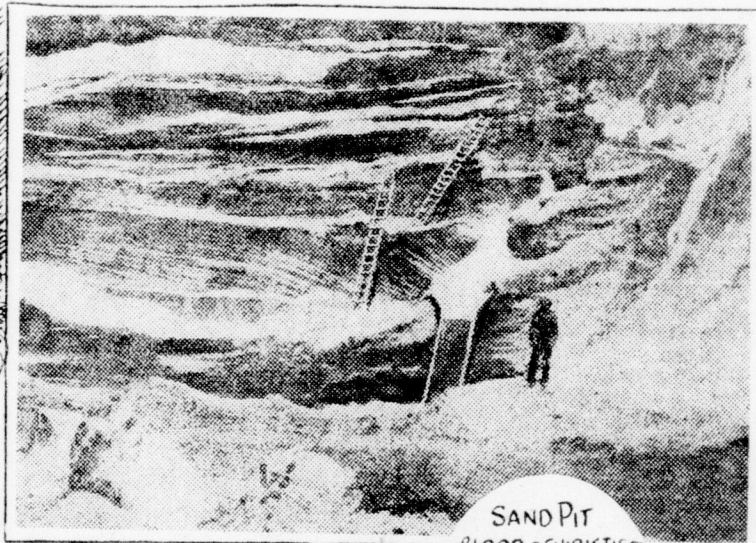
Some miles on either side of the buried valley bed rock comes to the surface as at Collingwood and on Lake Simcoe. North of Toronto the valley was 400 feet deep and more than eight miles wide, and the scenery must have been very different from the stony hills and pretty lakes

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

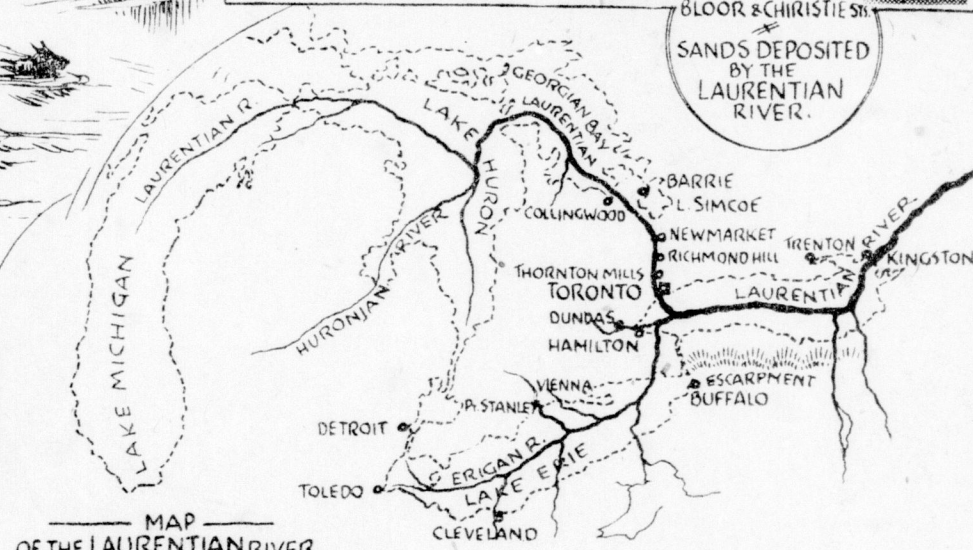
In Heart of Toronto

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

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



SAND PIT BLOOR & CHRISTIES ST. SANDS DEPOSITED BY THE LAURENTIAN RIVER.



MAP OF THE LAURENTIAN RIVER

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

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

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

The lake was drained and the Laurentian

river cut its way through the delta at Toronto making a new channel and piling up sand and gravel in the heart of the city. The tumultuous heaping of the sand was well shown at one time in a sand pit on Bloor street near Christie street but the city has been used up the sand and the old pit has been sodded and turned into a park, so that bit of evidence will never be seen again.

Wood and ivory, and shells belonging to swift waters, and bits of deer horn and bones turned up in the sand pit, showing something of the plant and animal life of the valley to the north but so far as known things were much the same as was described from the Don valley.

Explains Flowing Wells

ONE startling bit of news turned up in a part of the same river deposits a couple of miles farther east when the foundations of Government House were being dug. There were small fragments of charcoal and charred wood and bark in the sand along with some remains of deer.

You can imagine how things went. There was a dry summer ending in a torrid August and the woods up the river were parched when some breathless afternoon, the thunder clouds rolled up. There was a sharp flash of lightning and then a dead tree is ablaze and the violent gusts of the storm drive the flames before them and whirl the sparks and brands high in the air to fall in the river miles away. There is roar and dense smoke and blackened falling trees and the terrified deer are flying for their lives. They take to the river but some of them are not quick enough and perish.

Some hundreds of thousands of years later workmen with pick and shovel unearth the proofs of the tragedy and in imagination we watch the whirling flames and the falling timber and the frightened deer.

How long the Laurentian river had been busy carving its wide and deep valley before the ice age came on we have no way of detecting; but the amount of excavation probably represented millions of years. Its interglacial stage was short, probably less than a hundred thousand years and then the last advance of the ice from Labrador brought the river to an end filled in the great trench it had taken so long to excavate, and heaped up above it the great interlobate moraine which now forms the Oak Ridges. If certain towns between here and Georgian bay had not bored to find a water supply we should probably never have suspected that a great river once drained the country far to the northwest and flowed past Toronto on its way to the distant ocean.

In an obscure way the river probably still persists beneath the moraine, water from the Georgian bay seeping slowly through the buried beds of sand and gravel which filled the old valley and finding its way underground into Lake Ontario. A good flow of artesian water has been tapped at Weston, the last of the row of wells dipping into the old channel between the upper lakes and the lower, adding a fresh bit of evidence in regard to a great river which long ago vanished.

Our Very Best People

—By Edna Ferber

ILLUSTRATED BY HUBERT MATHIEU

These Twin Sisters Are Known as Tune and Cartoon and Hilda the Pretty One is Very Proud of Belonging to the Best People —But Find Out What Happened to Her and to the "Ugly Duckling"

IF Rutger G. Tune had waited two weeks longer to die he would have had to do a lot of explaining. And he had always hated explanations.

A plump, high-colored, well-dressed figure of a middle-aged man, he had just passed debonairly through the gates of the Kansas City Union Station on his way to take the east-bound train, a deferential dusky porter ahead of him, when suddenly he tripped, sank and became a mere heap of haberdashery on the station platform. Confusion, crowds, telegrams. And the Tune twins, already motherless, were summoned home from commencement exercises at Vassar to find themselves pretty much in the position of the two orphans of drama fame, so far as finances and future were concerned.

One week after the funeral: "But what did he do with it?" demanded Hilda Tune, the beauty. Her tone was perhaps excusably querulous, considering that she and her sister Hannah now found themselves possessed of exactly nine hundred and twenty dollars each, the lawyer having just finished explaining.

"He didn't have it," replied Hannah, the plain twin, composedly.

"Didn't have it? What nonsense. Hannah. What did we live on all these years? Our education and clothes, and this huge house, and father's wine and food and horses, and— Her voice trailed off. Then, again, in helpless wrath: "What did we live on?"

"Bluff," said Hannah.

"But mother left heaps. And there was all that stock in the packing company."

"Yes, but father squandered heaps. The stock must have gone years ago."

"But it was ours! Lots of it was ours! Yours and mine."

Scornful Mr. Tune

HANNAH smiled grimly. "You must have understood something of what Mr. Patterson and the other lawyer meant when they said that father had been unwise in his handling of the money. He gambled, among other things. Well, if we've earned anything practicing law, let's Hilda my girl, now's a grand chance to prove it."

Hannah resembled her simple, straightforward, plain-featured mother, who had been the Kansas City heiress of the stockyards stock. Hilda was undeniably her father's daughter—authentic of the Massachusetts of Rutger G. Tune, of the Massachusetts of the girls.

The girls had been sent to eastern schools in their early teens. Also, when the Tunes traveled it was always in the east or in Europe. The western railroad brackery and Hilda's country that stretched for thousands of miles west of Missouri to the Pacific. Mrs. Tune had loved her middle rest and she had, during her lifetime and even after, shrewdly made financially difficult for her husband to remain in the west. The only whence her income had its source. The twins had once been taken to Colorado Springs. Western railroad society was largely represented at the Antlers Hotel. Rutger G. Tune had not liked it.

A lot of talkers, he said, who have worked their way up through superintendents, and their wives who have been waitresses, probably, in the Harvey station eating houses."

Mrs. Tune had spoken up at this. My father used to say that those western railroad brakemen and their wives were a disgrace to the west. Fine luck, he used to say, for foundation material. "Pick out," he said, "almost any well-dressed, intelligent, prosperous-looking woman who was the wife of a ranchman, or a miner, or an oil man living within the thousand miles of the Mojave Desert, and ask her if she was born in the west. She'd answer: 'Oh, no! I'm from Iowa'—or maybe Wisconsin, or Michigan, or Kansas, or even Ohio. 'I used to be a Harvey girl,'" he said they were a fine lot, those Harvey waitresses. Pioneer stuff, he said.

"Well," interrupted Rutger G. Tune, "I prefer my hired girls in the kitchen, not in the parlor."

Hannah the Human

AT school the twins, Hilda and Hannah had been known respectively as Tune and Cartoon. For nature, having fashioned these two in mold, yet had so deftly, so fiendishly ever-emphasized in Hannah that which was perfection in Hilda, that perfection became grotesquerie.

Hilda might have been considered an average-looking girl, which she really was—healthy, high-spirited, wholesome. For that matter, here were those who might have thought Hilda's lips a shade too thin, just as others thought Hannah's mouth too large.

That generous mouth of Hannah's was the index to her character. It explained why she could be so proudly and pleased when people exclaimed about her sister's well-being. It had been June, when Rutger G. Tune had caused the little flurry in

the Union Station and the great upheaval in the lives of his motherless twin daughters. In July the twins were to leave the big Tune house perched high on the hill that commanded such a sweeping and unobstructed Missouri view of nothing in particular.

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

The two had soberly been discussing that baffling problem known as ways and means.

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

"And then what?" interrupted Hannah bluntly.

"I don't know. But at any rate we'd have made a move in the right direction. Our friends in the east are numbered among our very best people. Those are the contacts we'll have to keep."

"On nine hundred and twenty dollars per lifetime?"

"Yes. Why not? Until something turns up. And it will, with those people back of us. There's something picturesque about being twins. It's considered chic. And orphan twins, too."

Penniless Orphans

"AND penniless orphan twins makes it quite perfect, I suppose."

"All right, then. Suppose you suggest something better."

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

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

"I could teach school."

"Teach school?" Hilda echoed weakly. "You mean a girls' school somewhere in the east?"

"I mean a school here somewhere in Kansas or Missouri, maybe. A country school. It doesn't pay much, but it's a living, for the present at least. A country school—and a horse to ride, perhaps, Saturdays and Sundays. I'd like it."

"Hannah Tune, you must be crazy! A country school? A horse on Saturday?"

"Sunday," put in Hannah.

Suddenly she became tremendously serious. Her fine brow bore down upon Hilda, silencing her. "Look here, Hilda Tune. There's no use pretending we're not in a mess. We are. But we always have been. We simply didn't know it, that's all. But father knew it and shut his eyes to it and pretended that something would turn up. Now I'm sick of pretending. I'm the plain Tune twin, with nine hundred and twenty dollars between me and whatever happens to you while your money's all gone. It's July, and your money's all gone. I'm going to try to get a school job by September somewhere."

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

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

Waitresses Wanted

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

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

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



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

Like Her Mother

HANNAH never saw her again. Two days later Hannah Tune, daughter of the late Rutger G. Tune of the Massachusetts Tunes, was on her way to San Queto, New Mexico, with a Harvey Santa Fe railroad pass in her handbag. She was enjoying herself immensely, though the ride was hot, dusty, and seemingly endless.

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

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

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

"You're No Eyesore"

HIS trip had all the flavor of a stolen holiday, for the truth of it is that at the last moment she had lacked the courage to write to her twin. "I am going west to be a Harvey hired girl." Instead she had given Hilda to understand that her mission at San Queto was to teach school. Hannah had been in San Queto almost ten days before her twin's reply reached her.

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

Yes—to stay this time, I hope. "You're no eyesore, dear?"

"Two years ago. But only for the summer. I'm a school-teacher. I took a Harvey job two summers ago because I thought it would be fun, kind of, and a cheap way to see something of the west. I'm from Abilene, Kansas. You ought to have heard my folks when I said I was going as a waitress. They didn't know."

"And now you are going to stay?"

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

Hannah looked a little worried. "Do you think a new girl?"

The other shook her head emphatically. "Some. But not you." Her glance encompassed Hannah's face, her clothes, her manner. "Gracious, no! You look like a Canyon girl, or Albuquerque, except that perhaps you'll lose out because you're too pretty."

Hannah stared, smiled. "Me?"

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

"Then it's true!"

But the other girl misunderstood. "Oh, my yes! They like to hire them neat, plain and sensible. They're very strict, you know. You've got to behave just so during hours—and better hours for that matter. In before twelve— She broke off suddenly as the door to the inner of-

gobble. Clink, clink. Munch, munch. Gulp, gulp. Soup, meat, vegetables, salad, olives, iced tea, dessert. Passengers on number nine still have five minutes— They swept out like a horde of locusts, leaving a devastated dining room.

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

Hannah read the letter behind the counter at the San Queto station lunch room. She had just emerged from the bewildering, shock and chaos of the past ten days.

Now she read her letter in a quiet moment between trains. It had just been handed her by the hotel manager.

"Letter from home?" asked Louise, the head-haired girl who was on duty with her.

"From my twin sister."

"Twins! Don't say! Do you look just alike?"

"Oh, no!" Hannah said, rather absently, dipping into her letter again. "Not a bit. My sister's a beauty."

Louise looked at her sharply. "Well, you're no eyesore!" she exclaimed.

By the end of the month Hannah had learned to keep her head under a fire of orders volleyed at her like hail.

She learned that San Queto itself, though an important Santa Fe railroad division point, was an ugly little Mexican town, squatting flat on the mesa, its new houses staring and unlovely, its Old Town, where the Mexicans lived, squalid and picturesque. Yet there was the western sky, and there, beyond the town, were the Spanish peaks, the other mountain peaks in the world.

When first they had loomed up before her as she gazed out of her train window she had given a little cry and had sat forward in her seat, staring. There stretched the sage-green mesa, for miles. Not even a hillside. Then suddenly, rising out of this flat plateau and soaring straight up to snow loomed the twin purple Spanish peaks against the sunset sky. The tears had come to Hannah's eyes. She felt as if she had come home.

Now she learned to look at them the first thing in the morning, to peer into the darkness in their direction the last thing at night. She learned to wash and iron her own shirtwaists. She learned to ride a western horse on mountain roads.

And she learned to watch for the entrance of Dan Yard. Dan Yard was a substitute brakeman on a branch line freight train running into San Queto four nights a week.

Ring the Bell

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

"Yes."

"Well, I don't want any."

"Thought you didn't." Having taken her part in this brilliant dialogue, she set before him a cup of smoking coffee and his plate of doughnuts. He took a great swallow of the scalding, revivifying liquid. The size of that gulp brought his head up and back so that he found himself staring at Hannah over the rim of his inverted cup.

Hannah's gaze met his. Ting! went

"Cartoon."

something like a bell inside her.

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

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

"It was the hot coffee."

"It was the hot love," said Dan, being the reverse of mincing.

He had finished his coffee that night, had reached for his glass of ice-water, swallowed it in one long draught and had walked out.

"Why!" said the girl who had waited on him. "Look! Dan Yard hardly touched his doughnuts at all."

For six weeks Hannah withstood him. In those six weeks she learned much of Dan Yard. He came from a family of railroad workers. His father had been Engineer John Yard, killed in the wreck at Algodones on the Santa Fe. Another uncle killed acting as yardmaster at La Junta. Two cousins were brakemen. Another a conductor.

He, at present of it. He had almost gone through high school. Quit his third year because he had to go to work. By next January he would have his job as regular brakeman on the main line. Then they could be married.

"No," said Hannah, trying to laugh. Then, "No," faintly, his eyes on hers and her own closing flutteringly as she felt his strong hand on her arm.

Hilda was in Europe. In January Hannah wrote her, fearfully yet boldly—and certainly baldly—"I am going to be married."

A 20-Year Silence

THEY had been married some weeks before Hilda's reply reached them. "I hope he's one of those millionaire ranchers or oil kings that seem to grow exclusively out there in the west!"

The hot tears of resentment came to Hannah's eyes. She spent hard-earned dollars to cable her sister her answer, unthinkingly worded: "He's a kink, all right, but not the kind you mean." Dan's brakeman on the Santa Fe railroad.

A cable from Hilda: "You must be insane. Cable if a joke."

Hannah replied tersely, "No joke."

Silence. Silence that lasted twenty years.

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

"Dan, I wish you'd stop railroad-ing."

"Stop! What for?"

"I'm afraid you'll get k—hurt."

"Me! Naw! I won't get killed."

"They did."

"Not me."

She used to lie awake, always, on the nights when he was out on his run—wide awake, listening until she heard the whistle of seven, Dan's train.

They made him freight-train conductor one year later. Not so dangerous, and better pay. A step up the ladder. By the time she had got accustomed to her duties as telegrapher in the little station at San Queto he was promoted to yardmaster at that point. Dangerous again.

The rise of Dan Yard is history in the annals of the Santa Fe road. From brakeman to freight-train conductor; conductor to yardmaster; yardmaster to station master at San Queto. Hannah with him all the time, toiling down his roughness.

"Tuning him down," she called it, saying quietly, "Now, Dan!" when he became too coltish. Just enough Tune in her to keep him impressed. Plenty of her spirited mother to hold him.

At thirty he became an "office man," clerk to the division superintendent at San Queto. At thirty-three he was division superintendent, with a private car, if you please.

From division superintendent he was promoted to district superintendent. It was after that, only one step; but it is a momentous step, a seven-league stride. It is not only the chair at his right hand. It is the right hand.

Dan Yard at forty-six was general manager of the Santa Fe road. The Yard's private car now was a thing of rosewood and silken hangings and finest steel. They were royalty. Yet, if you happened to be a guest in this private movable palace of theirs and, if peering out of the windows in the darkness, you asked, "Where are we now? I wonder what this place is?"

"We're coming to," Hannah Yard could close her eyes and, listening intently for a moment, open them to say: "We're coming into Trinidad. I was here when Dan laid out these yards."

Hilda Disappears

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

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

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

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

"Come along to New York with me," said Dan Yard, in touching mood. "Come on, old girl. Do you good. They sent me a catalog of that Spanish stuff to be sold to Barrios. There's one old tapestry velvet that sounds like the thing you want for that balcony railing exactly. Come on. Let's take a look at it anyway."

The general manager's private car summoned casually, like an automobile. Thousands of miles over mountain passes, mesas, plains, prairies, corn fields. Omaha, Chicago, New York. "I wired Barrios," said Dan, at breakfast in New York, "and he just called up to say he was sending some stuff over here to the hotel."

A Cartoon of You

A LEAN, wiry, pug-nacious low-legged little Irishman, looking in spite of greying hair and his carefully tailored suit and the dignity of his office, incredibly like the tough young brakeman of the San Queto lunch room twenty years ago.

Like a cue in a play then the telephone rang. Barrios' representative calling. And "Oh, dear!" said Hannah, glancing down at a foamy but informal negligee, "you talk to him a minute. Dan, I'll do my hair and get into something. Don't let him sell you anything till I—remember that terrible tale you—"

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

A man's voice—high, hard, nervous, icy. "Not authentically Spanish! There are only two other places like it in the world. The other two were sold yesterday to a family representing our very best people. You tell him, I know, if you will just live with it and—"

Hannah, at her dressing-table, stood up, clutching her dressing-gown to her breast. She whirled to face her husband, who had just come in. He was grinning. He dropped his voice to a rasping whisper.

"Say, Hannah, they told me I'm sent up with the stuff from Barrios. A kid to carry the bundles and a young Spanish feller, and he's got on a lavender shirt and perfume, so help me! But listen. Don't get mad at me. Hannah, when you see her the woman— Say—she looks enough like you, in a kind of awful way, to be a cartoon of you. A kind of snaky dress, and red stuff on her mouth, and talks about 'our best people—'"

A sob of premonition shook Hannah Yard as she ran past her husband and into the next room to face the woman sent up by Barrios.

(Copyright, 1924.)

Bacteria Really

Man's Best Friends

Wicked Variety Have Good

Brothers Absolutely Necessary for Human Life

AS a class bacteria probably form a community with the greatest reputation for evil, and probably deserve it least. They are blamed for almost every form of disease and yet, as among ourselves, the useful members outnumber the criminal by many thousands to one.

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

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

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

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

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

How He Remembered

HUSBAND: "I forgot my umbrella this morning, dear."

Wife (sarcastically): "However did you come to remember you had forgotten it?"

Husband: "Well, I shouldn't have missed it, dear, only I raised my hand to shut it when the rain ceased."—Tit-Bits.



"Cartoon."

Modern Primitives

By Gertrude Atherton

ILLUSTRATED BY L. F. WILFORD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Prophets of Misfortune

AND Bessie Carroll, whose looks had faded, remarked upon another occasion: "Life is not all roses, Marge. Sometime you'll find a thorn in one of these. Stand by reason."

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

Several months later, when Marjory and Bessie were sitting in a corner of the broad veranda at Menlo, sewing, Bessie said abruptly:

"Marjory, what would you do if— if—things didn't go on coming your way? Everything is lovely now, but things don't last, you know."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miss Farren Appears

MRS. CARROLL opened her mouth, then closed it firmly as if nobly resisting a too feminine temptation. Of course, you'll go to Clara's luncheon. Of course, you'll go to forty people, and I've an idea it's given for Lydia Farren. Sunday luncheons are a god-send with the men off-duty in town and on in the country. And Clara's got the best cook on the peninsula. I suppose we'll all play mah-jongg afterward, won't we? I hate games."

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

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

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

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

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

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

Clara Oswald embraced Marjory warmly.

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

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

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

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

Marjory is Unsuspicious

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

Miss Farren stared at the lovely face raised eagerly to hers.

"Thanks," she said briefly. "De- lightful. If my aunt has nothing on, I'll go. She'll have a heavy black hair and oval light-blue eyes; eyes whose long black lashes gave them the effect of still pools brooded over by sweeping willows. She wore filmy black, and her white skin was in dazzling con- trast to her hair and frock. She clipped her words, and her manner was abrupt, but her voice was deep and rather husky.

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

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

Marjory raised her eyebrows. She was not used to manners.

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

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

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

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

Planning a Campaign

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

"You've fallen for her yourself," she said.

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

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

"He hasn't been coming home on the late train."

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

Tom related into black and sulky silence.

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

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

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

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

Sunday is the fashionable day for luncheon at the St. Francis Hotel, even in summer, and Marjory usually motored up and met several of her friends at a table reserved for them.

But this morning she called up Mor- gan and invited him to lunch with her and he could do no less than accept.

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

Making a Party

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Get a Divorce"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Get a Divorce"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Get a Divorce"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Get a Divorce"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Get a Divorce"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Get a Divorce"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Get a Divorce"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ROCKS HOUSE OF COMMONS WITH GALES OF LAUGHTER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BLATCHFORD'S NIGHT OUT

WHEN Robert Blatchford, English Socialist and journalist, better known to fame, perhaps, as "Nunquam," first came to London as a young man, he had a pretty rough time of it.

One night, when reduced to almost his last shilling, he was supping in a Fleet street tavern on bread and cheese washed down with a half-pint of four ale.

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

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



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Brave Woman Guards the Gate Of Vast Rocky Mountains Park

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

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

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

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

Until 1915 all cars passing through the National Park went to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police barracks in Banff, and were "interned" during the owners' stay, while no residents of the park could keep cars for use therein. There was an insistent demand for a change in policy; and, when Tom Staple became eastern game warden, and went to live in a little log cottage near the eastern limit of the park, the superintendent asked his wife to halt all cars and issue licenses.

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

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



Where Mrs. Staple keeps the gate

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

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

To thousands of tourists she has been a friend in need. More than one autoist has thanked the gate keeper for aid and advice. Only last summer a driver stalled his car outside the Gate, and went to the office to summon a repair car from Calgary. Only a small repair was needed, and, knowing that a train from the west was shortly due in Exshaw, Mrs. Staple suggested that the autoist walk to that place, take the train to Calgary and secure the repair himself, at small expense. "You saved me \$10," declared a jubilant traveler, when he returned later to resume his trip.

Word of the woman keeper has gone far

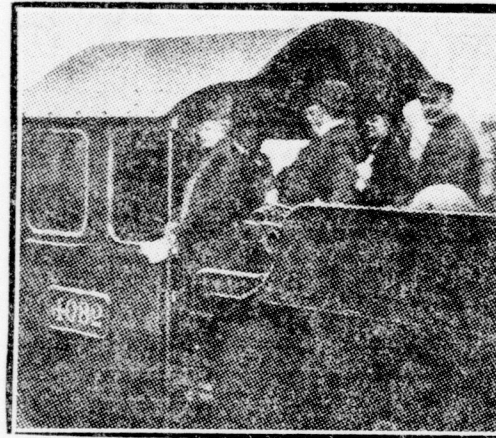
afield with travelers from Canada and the States, whom she has served, and each year others leave for the trip, and come along the road, looking forward as one of their pleasures, to meet the bright-faced woman who "keeps the Gate."

King George Runs Engine With Queen at His Side

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

KING GEORGE and Queen Mary, after their late Theodore Roosevelt trip, when he ran the engine of the royal train a mile on the way back to Windsor, after inspecting the Great Western Railway shops at Swindon.

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



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

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

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

A GRACEFUL COMPLIMENT

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

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

Greatly to his surprise, however, not a sound came from the keys when touched. "I had the instrument unstrung this morning, monsieur," explained his hostess, "that you might see that the only pleasure I promised myself from your presence this evening was the pleasure of your society."

SECRET OF YOUTH

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

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

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

Which puts matters in a nutshell!

TOUGH OLD PROSPECTORS AS FOOD FOR SETTLERS

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

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

Honest John does not mind in the least if he breaks every rule of syntax and prosody in the course of a public speech.

That stamps him as a man of the people, which is always an asset when voting day comes around. And so it has come about that Mr. Oliver must make a really bad break before anybody takes more than passing notice of it.

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

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

One of the queries propounded was:

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

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

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

Caruso Spent Fortune "Dolling Up" His Bride

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LOCATED BEYOND DOUBT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Walking, Gardening and Cycling Lead In Recreations of Labor Government

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

Walking easily takes first place, with gardening and cycling good seconds. Only one Labor M.P. (Frank Hodges) classes golf among his recreations; but the prime minister, Ramsay MacDonald, himself swings a wicked brassie. Perhaps, since his handicap is 7, he regards golf as more of a science than a pastime.

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

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

Ramsay MacDonald, walking.
Arthur Greenwood, theatregoing.

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

WOULDN'T WEAR SILK HAT WHEN VISITING THE KING

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

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

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

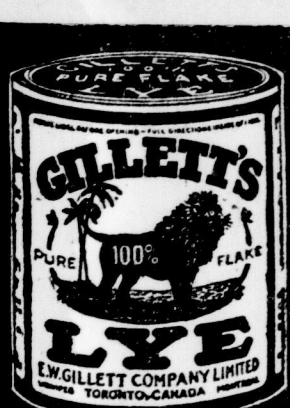


Ramsay MacDonald



More Ways Than Typing for a Girl to Make Her Living

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



in the Kitchen

Try a small portion of Gillett's Pure Lye in the dishwasher when cleaning greasy pots and pans. It will save you much hard labor.

MADE IN CANADA



KIDNAPPERS KILL MILLIONAIRE'S SON

Murder Innocent Victim, Thinking Plans About To Miscarry.

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, May 22.—Kidnapped and held for a \$10,000 ransom, and murdered when the kidnapers believed their plan were about to miscarry, the nude body of Robert Franks, 14-year-old son of Jacob Franks, millionaire Chicago manufacturer, was found in a swamp on the south side of the city today with the head crushed and the body stripped of all means of identification.

At the time the body was found, the parents, unaware of the fate of their son, were awaiting a visit from the kidnapers in order to turn over the money to them, having followed the instructions of the abductors to the letter, even refraining from notifying the police.

Tonight one of the greatest man hunts in Chicago's history was under way with more than 5,000 policemen and detectives scouring the city in search of the slayers. Despite the meagre clues, it was reported that arrests were imminent.

POLICE SEEK TWO IN MARRON CASE

Think Bumper Riders May Throw Light On Nature of Accident.

Special to The Advertiser.

Sarnia, May 22.—While Achille Marron, who was found badly hurt on the C.N.R. line east of here this morning, was lying at General Hospital tonight, still unconscious, city police officers continued their search for the two men who stepped off the early morning passenger train, after riding free. It was known here that three men stole rides from London on the train and only two arrived at Sarnia. The police believe that if located these two may be able to throw some light on the manner in which Marron was injured.

Marron is an escaped inmate of the Ontario Hospital for the Insane at London. While out walking with the attendants Wednesday morning, he bolted without warning. His home is in Ford City, and he has a wife living there.

PAINLEVE WILL SEEK FRENCH PRESIDENCY

Has Consented To Run in Deference To Republican Wishes.

Associated Press Despatch.

Paris, May 22.—M. Painleve of the new majority has consented to be a candidate for the presidency of the chamber. This is in deference to the wishes of the different Republican groups.

FIFTY THOUSAND WOMEN

would comprise a vast army, yet that is the number who have replied to a questionnaire recently sent out by the Lydia E. Pinkham's Medicine Co., of Cobourg, Ont. Ninety-eight out of every 100 letters from these women contained positive assurances that they have been benefited or restored to health by taking this old-fashioned root and herb medicine. This is most remarkable evidence of its power over the ills of women. Therefore, with 98 chances out of 100 that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will overcome such ailments for you, why should you continue to go through life in pain and suffering?—Adv.

M'GARRY PLAYERS CAPTURE LONDON

Company At Grand Proves Worth in George M. Cohan's Production.

IS WELL RECEIVED

As a result of the initial success of "So This Is London" at the Grand Theatre, indications are that London will have really satisfactory stock performances throughout the summer. The Garry McGarry players, who made the international George M. Cohan hit their first offering here, have been cordially received.

They are a capable company, who are making it their policy to offer the best obtainable in the way of plays.

"So This Is London," which is at the present time playing in Toronto and Montreal, after a tremendous success on both sides of the Atlantic, is to continue for the remainder of the week. Next week they will give "Why Men Leave Home," a farce-comedy, which enjoyed a splendid run in New York, and at present is continuing this success as one of the newest movies.

Few things were more thoroughly enjoyable than "So This Is London" have been given during the season. The play itself exploits the exaggerated and almost ridiculous view which Americans are commonly supposed to hold of Englishmen and Englishmen to hold of Americans. The son of a "representative American" family visiting England meets, falls in love with, and decides to marry the daughter of a "distinctly English" family. The affections are mutual, but complications result through the jingoism of the respective parents.

The play is written with such superb cleverness and wit that, on a theme which is not altogether original, it was able to hold the raving attention of New Yorkers and Londoners for an unusually long period, and it is still a success. The Garry McGarry players give it in a very delightful manner.

Each member of the company is capable, and there are no weak spots which might tend to lower the general level of the production.

The audience who saw it on Monday night were the regular all-year-round patrons of the Grand, and they were completely satisfied. The point is, moreover, not the merit of the production, because that was evident, but rather the question, "Will the company have sufficient support from the public to enable them to stay here for the season?"

Mr. McGarry, who left the city last night to visit his company in Buffalo, expressed himself as well satisfied with the results here. It is his intention to extend a stay of four weeks here into the entire season, and at the attendance justifies, and this during the early part of the week has been very encouraging. The company can provide excellent theatrical entertainment for the city during the summer months, and an opportunity to see many of the best plays. The encouraging results of their first three days would promise their continued stay here, as a success for the company and a welcome boon to local playgoers.

Wealth Retards Church Progress

Presbyterian Body Says the Modern Life Deads Responsibility.

Associated Press Despatch.

San Antonio, Texas, May 22.—Wealth has presented one of the greatest obstacles in history to the progress of the church, according to a report of the stewardship committee before the 64th general assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, which brings its sessions to a close here today.

The committee's report, as adopted, declares that "the effect of modern life on the whole is to deaden personal responsibility." The idea of stewardship from which the committee takes its name, is expressed as the individual responsibilities of human beings to the world in which they live and carrying out this idea the report deals philosophically with some conditions of the modern business world.

FRENCH FLYER READY TO CONTINUE JOURNEY

Own Machine Disabled—Is Proffered Assistance by Chekiang Government.

By JAMES L. BUTTS.

Special Cable To The London Advertiser and Chicago Daily News. Copyright, Shanghai, May 22.—Lieut. d'Oisy the French flyer whose plane was wrecked in landing here a few days ago, made a trial flight in the plane proffered by the Chekiang government yesterday, and announced that he would resume his flight to Tokio either Sunday or Monday, stopping first at Nanking.

Obituary

MRS. MARTHA GOSTRY.

Special to The Advertiser.

New Sarnia, May 22.—The funeral of the late Mrs. Martha Gostry took place on Tuesday from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. David Hebblethwaite, to Aylmer Cemetery.

Rev. L. D. Huxtable, pastor of the Baptist Church, conducted the service.

PARKHILL MAN IN CHARGE OF MIDDLESEX REGIMENT

Special to The Advertiser.
Strathroy, May 22.—Lieut.-Col. W. T. Ulens, M.C., of Parkhill, recently placed on Tuesday from the command of the regiment and the regimental staff at the armories from Lieut.-Col. O. L. Berdan, who resigned some time ago.

CONDITIONAL PROMISE FOR PAVING BY L. S. R.

Agree To Do Work On Wellington Street If Business Permits.

HOLD CONSULTATION

Mayor Believes Company Will Be Able To Fulfill Promise.

A conditional promise to do the paving required on Wellington street at the end of August, providing business conditions and receipts justified the expense, was made yesterday by representatives of the London street railway in consultation with the mayor and the city engineer. The meeting was held at the request of the council to see what the company was prepared to do in the way of co-operating with the city as to paving Wellington street this year.

Previously the mayor had reported to the council that the company had agreed to do the work under the terms of the franchise, which meant that the city would do the work and then collect the cost from the company when the work was completed. Now the company says it will do the work itself at its own expense, provided its receipts show an improvement on present figures and business picks up.

The mayor believes that with the coming of better weather and a general business improvement the company will be in a position to fulfil its result of the meeting.

Girls Use Beds To Make Escape

Three Pry Bars From Windows At Shelter.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Hamilton, May 22.—Police officials tonight have no trace of two of the escaped girls who escaped from the Children's Shelter at an early hour this morning.

The girls smashed their iron beds, and used parts of these to pry off bars from their bedroom windows. They then made their bedsheets into improvised ropes and succeeded in reaching the ground without being detected.

One girl, Josephine Vecora, went directly to the home of her father, and the other took her back to the shelter, which was the first notice to officials there of the escape.

FOSTER ADVOCATES STAYING IN LEAGUE

Organization Is Heartily Supported Throughout the British Empire.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Ottawa, May 22.—Sir George E. Foster called the attention of the Senate today to the operation and activities of the League of Nations for the past year, and advised the continued co-operation of Canada in this world's body. He said that throughout the British Empire the League of Nations was receiving hearty support as reflected in the opinions expressed at the last Imperial conference.

The object of the league was the promotion of the abandonment of war; the promotion of mutual good understanding; and the adoption of unanimous measures to effect these purposes.

Canada paid annually \$170,000 to the league. Canada's war sacrifice in men, money and material had been immense. If there had been a league of nations in 1914, he believed, there would have been no war. The present League of Nations was our insurance against war and cost each Canadian two-thirds the price of postage stamp annually.

SPECIAL TRAIN SERVICE CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS, ACCOUNT OF VICTORIA DAY.

To accommodate extra travel, account Victoria Day, Canadian National Railways will operate two sections of train No. 115, London to Windsor, Sunday, May 25. First section to leave London 9 p.m., second section 3:09 p.m.

Full information at City Ticket Office, "Clock Corner," Phone 80. R. E. Ruse, C. P. and T. A—Adv.

DROP IN FRENCH FRANC CAUSE OF UNEASINESS

Fluctuation of Over Thirty Points When Government Withdraw Support.

Associated Press Despatch.

New York, May 22.—A flurry in French francs which advanced in the early trading to 5.65 cents and then broke more than 30 points to around 5.33 cents at the close, today reflected uneasiness over charges of Edward Herriot, potential premier of France, under the new coalition, of a domestic plot against the currency. Foreign exchange dealers, however, were not alarmed by the fluctuation, ascribing it to the government's withdrawal of support and testing of the market by opposing speculative forces.

Sterling also subjected to speculative selling pressure, falling 2 cents to below \$4.34.

STEAMER ARRIVALS.

Halifax, May 22.—Zeeland, from Antwerp.
Quebec, May 22.—Carmania, from Liverpool.
Glasgow, May 22.—Montclair, from Queenstown.
May 22.—Caronia, from Quebec.
Liverpool, May 22.—Welshman, from Montreal.



HON. J. MURDOCK, Minister of Labor in the Federal House, who has come under attack through the withdrawal of his account with the Home Bank shortly before the bank closed its door.

MEDALISTS SING IN CHOIR CONCERT

Winners At Musical Festival Are Heard At Dundas Centre Church.

SIX ARE HONORED

The performance, which won for Dundas Centre Choir such splendid honors in the recent musical festival at Toronto, was repeated last night in public recital in Dundas Centre auditorium. The large attendance was ample proof of the keen interest taken by Londoners in the triumph of the local choir, in competition with musical organizations all over the province. Six medals in all were won by the choir and its soloists, and numbers for which these were awarded were each repeated last night.

Mrs. Frederick Schottel sang "Vissi D'Arte, Vissi D'Amore," from Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," and "Ye Cupids and Graces" (Handel), the soprano opera selections for which she was awarded the first place at Toronto. Mr. Schofield and Leo Adams were awarded first place also with the soprano and baritone duet, singing "At Love's Beginning" (L. Lehmann), which they repeated last night. Mr. Adams was winner of the silver medal for first place in class "B" baritone, with "Down By the Sally Gardens" (Martin Shaw), and "Linden Lea," songs which last night formed two of the most delightful features of the program.

Lloyd Bullen, entered in class "A" baritone, sang "Invocation of Orpheus" (Vaughan Williams), in a voice of warm rich quality. Mr. Bullen sang with W. G. Letcworth in the vocal duet, "O Fickle-Hearted Mi-Mi," for which they were also awarded a silver medal for first place. J. Farrell Morris, leader of the choir and organist of Dundas Centre, played the opening organ selection, "Andante Moderato" (Garrett), and the "Infant Jesus" (Pietro A. Onand) and "Chanson de Jolie" (Halling). Miss Jessie Sinclair, contralto soloist of the choir, whose voice is especially lovely, sang "Angus McDonald."

The choir numbers were the following: "My Love Dwell In a Northern Land" (Edvard Elgar), "Chorus of Homage" (Wilhelm Gerike), "O God We Will Praise" (Rachmannoff), "My Bonnie Lass She Smiled" (Edvard German).

GENEROUS TO FRIENDS ENDS LIFE IN POVERTY

Son of Manager of World First Railway Dies in New York.

Canadian Press Despatch.

New York, May 22.—Charles MacNay, whose father was general manager of the world's first railway, and whose brother was treasurer of the North Eastern System connecting London and Edinburgh, died penniless in Welfare Island last Monday at the age of 77 years. It was learned today. Generosity to his friends was the reason given for his plight in later life.

Mr. MacNay was educated in British colleges, was himself once auditor of the Canadian Navigation Company. He also was employed by the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada and the Illinois Central. Six members of his family, according to a diary which he left, were clerical men of England. During the past two years Mr. MacNay had been librarian for the Episcopal City Mission. Although penniless he would not accept charity.

CONSERVATIVE MEETING IN BIRR COMMUNITY HALL

Special to The Advertiser.

Birr, May 22.—A Conservative meeting was held in St. John's community hall on Thursday evening and was well attended. Andrew Freeborn of Birr acted as chairman. The speakers were: Miss Ethel Robson, Jim Robson, William Fuller, Mr. Neely, Mr. Hawkin and A. C. Hodgins.

Andrew Freeborn was elected president and J. M. Robson secretary for the west side of London Township. Thomas Needham was made president and A. E. Vining secretary for the east side.

A chairman was also elected for every polling subdivision in the township. A resolution was also passed recommending a lady executive for the first meeting in each subdivision.

TALMADGE WHIMS SCORE SUCCESS

Constance Stars in Attractive Presentation Showing At Majestic.

STAGE SUCCESS

Essentially a travesty on the mannerisms of the upper strata, "The Goldfish," now being shown at the Majestic, is almost wholly taken up with the sprightly whims of Constance Talmadge. This attractive star vamps her way on and off the screen. Another in the role of the wife of the humble though ambitious song composer would probably make the picture fall flat, but Miss Talmadge's genius for ultra vivaciousness prevents interest in the outcome from lagging very far.

Although the theme of the picture could not be classed as of the most commendable sort, it is handled in such a carefree manner that the rights of criticism for this falling are reduced to a minimum.

The picture is a wholehearted sight on the screen, makes no exception of his ability to act in "The Goldfish." As Jim Wetherby he plays the husband of Constance Talmadge.

Retains Novelty.
The screen version of the noted New York stage success retains the central novelty, around which the fates of the husband and wife center. It is a bowl of goldfish to render a separation quiet and painless, as it were, the couple have prearranged the swimming in a bowl to the other would signify that the marital relations were "all off."

A one-time member of the Russian nobility proves the disruption of the nappy home of the music composer. Constance Talmadge is Krauss, eager for new faces and new excitement, listens to the count while he whispers that she is destined for better things. Eventually Jennie procures the omen of parting only to see it placed beside her husband's goldfish, who likes none too well his wife's tolerance of the count's attentions.

Jennie Steps Down.
An opportunity is then given to Jennie to marry Krauss, a home-loving executive. Jennie's sudden mania for advancing her etiquette, however, leaves poor Krauss in the background and another disruption appears. The next stepping-stone is Krauss' chief, but in the end Jennie steps down to her "retired" husband.

Miss Talmadge excels herself in her interpretation of the bored woman of leisure, whose chief concern is for Sen Sen, a lapdog, and full play is given for her remarkable talent at mimicked classes.

Zazu Pitt's character sketches are one of the bright spots of the picture. This diminutive actress senses well the part of the girl, rather uncouth in manner, but noble at heart.

A Hal Roach Comedy and a Pathe News feature complete the program.

SLEEPING DISEASE ALARMING BRITAIN

Official Statement Declares An Average of 280 Cases Weekly For May.

Associated Press Despatch.

London, May 22.—The spread of encephalitis lethargica, which the minister of health says is incorrectly described as sleeping sickness, is causing alarm in Britain.

An official statement says there have been an average of 280 cases weekly this month and 2,475 since the January 1, compared with a previous annual average of 839 cases scattered over the country. The mortality rate is still uncertain, but returns from the large towns show that between 12 and 21 per cent of the reported cases prove fatal. There is only a little evidence to support the conclusion that the disease is infectious, and it is presumed that the epidemic is kept up by the means of the slight unrecognized cases or healthy carriers of the malady. Up to the present no vaccines have been found to combat the disease, but the medical research council is directing researches.

THREE U. S. AEROPLANES TAKE REST IN JAPAN

Will Stay a Week Before Continuing Attempt To Circumnavigate the Globe.

Associated Press Despatch.

Kasumigaura, Japan, May 22.—Three United States army aeroplanes, having flown across the Pacific for the first time in the history of aviation, tonight nestled on the Japan coast, waiting for a week's breathing spell, preparatory to a continuance of their attempt to circumnavigate the globe by air.

Special to The Advertiser.

Birr, May 22.—A Conservative meeting was held in St. John's community hall on Thursday evening and was well attended. Andrew Freeborn of Birr acted as chairman. The speakers were: Miss Ethel Robson, Jim Robson, William Fuller, Mr. Neely, Mr. Hawkin and A. C. Hodgins.

Andrew Freeborn was elected president and J. M. Robson secretary for the west side of London Township. Thomas Needham was made president and A. E. Vining secretary for the east side.

A chairman was also elected for every polling subdivision in the township. A resolution was also passed recommending a lady executive for the first meeting in each subdivision.

GLORIA SWANSON AGAIN IS POPULAR

In Lavish Setting She Draws Well At Loew's Theatre.

VAUDEVILLE EXCELS

Mirth and strength and a little good music are at least three qualities of the vaudeville now showing at Loew's. Each of the three acts is in its line distinctly good.

King Bros. display a marvellous order of herculean strength. One partner combines with his extraordinary power, a swiftness and dexterity which was easily noted in the last stunt, where his flying leap through two whirling hoops was timed to catch them at the precise moment when they crossed.

Hurt and Edith Huehn offer a versatile act, whose high spots are furnished with the violin playing and whistling.

Walter and Brant are the headliners with a line of comedy so extraordinarily good that the act needs no other pretension whatever. The three acts combine to make one of the best vaudeville programs Loew's have shown in weeks.

The feature picture is a splendid attraction. Gloria Swanson is an admirable drawing card, and her new picture, "A Society Scandal," while it hasn't the distinctive qualities of "Kiki," or her later Montmartre picture, has Gloria herself to recommend it, and the lavish and effective hand of Allan Dwan in production.

As the title conveys, it is a picture of life in fashionable circles, with its heroine a fashionable divorcee. Her social position does not save the fashionable Mrs. Colbert at the hands of a jury, and it makes her career all the more interesting to the editor of a "scandal sheet." But it does happen that the fashionable Mrs. Colbert is quite innocent—and herein lies the particular interest of "A Society Scandal."

Her husband's lawyer, who prosecuted her mercilessly, is forced to her protection by the urge of his own conscience. As a result the developments are strange.

The judgment of the Paramount Company that Gloria Swanson was an outstanding box office attraction is as usual maintained. The theatre yesterday was filled at all performances.

"A Mid-Summer Night's Dream," one of the new series of "Flightin' Blood" and "The Fun Shop" complete the bill.

COURT DISMISSES SENATOR'S APPEAL

Rules That Giroir's Claim Is Contrary To Public Policy.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Ottawa, May 22.—The right of a senator to claim remuneration for professional services rendered in negotiating sales to a government department is involved in the judgment rendered by the supreme court of Canada today, dismissing the appeal of Senator Giroir (Antigonish, N.S.) against a ruling of the Nova Scotia courts. The supreme court of Canada dismissed the appeal, and allowed a cross appeal with costs throughout.

Senator Giroir claimed \$3,270 commission from the estate of A. R. McDonald, Antigonish, for commission on the sale in 1916 of some railway equipment to the department of railways. The Nova Scotia courts ruled that Senator Giroir's claim on the sale in 1916 of some railway equipment to the department of railways. The Nova Scotia courts ruled that Senator Giroir's claim on the sale in 1916 of some railway equipment to the department of railways.

QUEBEC BLUE SKY LAW PUT IN FORCE SATURDAY

Measure Intended To Check Corporations in Selling Bonds or Shares.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Quebec, May 22.—Two proclamations issued today by the lieutenant-governor will appear in the Quebec official Gazette on Saturday, putting in force Quebec's blue sky legislation, intended to check corporations and joint stock companies selling bonds or shares. The bill was presented at the last session of the legislature.

Under its provisions a fine of \$1,000 for each offence or imprisonment for three months may be imposed on parties neglecting to abide by certain formalities inserted in the law.

PARIS WOMEN'S INSTITUTE OFFICERS ARE ELECTED

Special to The Advertiser.

Paris, May 22.—The Tansley Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. S. Smith Tuesday afternoon, with the president, Mrs. James Schofield, in the chair.

The annual election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. James Schofield; first vice-president, Mrs. White; second vice-president, Mrs. Chant; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. George Rutherford; directors, Mrs. Bouvier, Mrs. S. Anney and Mrs. Butcher.

PARIS TAX RATE FOR 1924 SHOWS INCREASE OF 1 MILL

Special to The Advertiser.

Paris, May 22.—The town council struck a tax rate of 36 mills for 1924. The general rate is 14 mills lower, but the cost of education is 2 1/2 mills higher than last year, making the increase of 1 mill over the 1923 rate. The new high school is partly responsible for the increase.

Upside-down Reflections

Protects, Preserves and Beautifies

POLIFLOR does more than polish—it preserves, enriches and matures.

It brings out the beauties of the wood in furniture and floors.

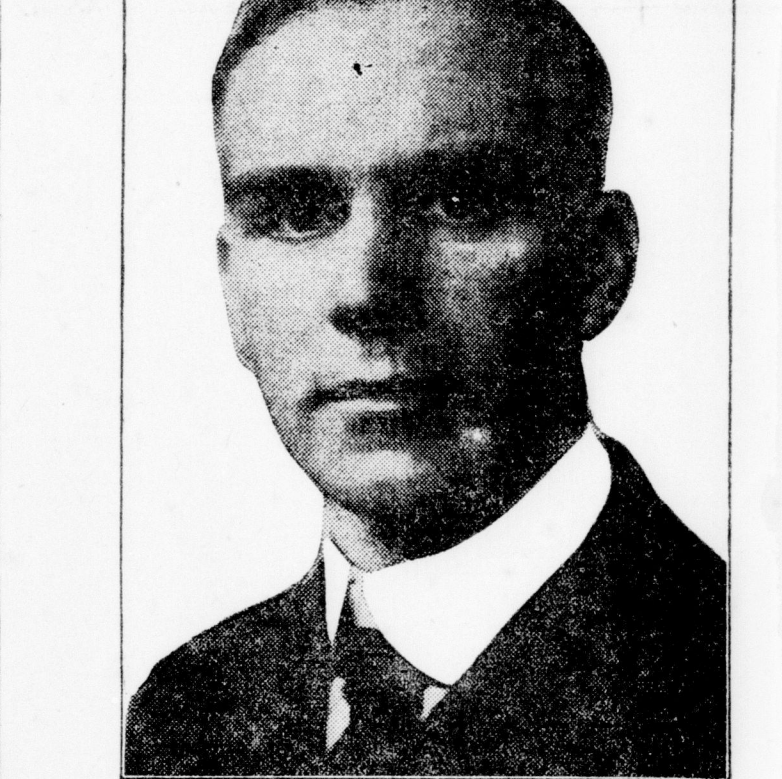
It doubles the life of oil-cloths and linoleums.

And no polish will give such a shine with so little labor.

Try it!

RED ROSE TEA is good tea

and extra good is the ORANGE PEKOE QUALITY



Acted on Friend's Advice

"Try Drego," Said Friend to Mr. Armstrong, Advice Which He Followed With Splendid Result.

"For years I was a martyr to stomach troubles," says Mr. Robert Armstrong of Ida, Ontario. "Eating gave me terrible pains in the chest and my stomach would feel sore all over. So much did I suffer that I hardly dared eat at all, and as a result became weak and miserable from lack of nourishment. I tried all kinds of medicines without result when finally a friend of mine suggested that I try Drego."

"I have just finished my fourth bottle and the results have been beyond my fondest expectations. My appetite has improved 100% and I feel better in every way. I hardly have the slightest twinge of indigestion now and my bowels, which were chronically constipated, are delightfully regular now."

For health and vitality your body needs two things, nourishment and sleep. Drego assures both by cleansing the organs of digestion and making them do their work. Thus you are enabled to withstand the ravages of severe winter weather which quickly undermines the sick and weakly. Drego is made from the pure extracts of herbs, roots, bark and leaves, and contains no mercury, potash or habit-forming drugs.

Drego is being specially introduced in London by Standard Drug, Limited, and is sold at all their stores in London, St. Thomas, Woodstock and Stratford. It is also sold as follows: Chatham, Liggett's Drug Store; Clark's Drug Store; Sarnia, Liggett's Drug Store; Galt, Cant & Cant; Ridgeway, D. H. Stewart; Bothwell, Bothwell Drug Store; Lucan, H. S. Stanley; Goderich, H. C. Dunlop; Strathroy, F. L. Grieve; Tillsonburg, C. V. Thompson, the Rexall Store, and by a good druggist everywhere.



Flint, Former Victims, Should Aid Indians Break Losing Streak

Beattymen Toss Last of Five Games To Homers

Few of Local Errors or Rapids Hits Seem To Get Wasted.

PUNCH LACKING

Flint Velhos, flushed and elated after sweeping a three-game series with the Hamilton Clippers, come here today to meet the Beattymen, their late conquerors, in a two-day stand.

The local tribe had an off day through rain Wednesday, and an awful day yesterday. They tossed, booted and kicked the last of five straight games to Grand Rapids yesterday. It was a hectic affair. Fifteen base hits were injected into the proceedings by the wild-eyed Rapids hitters, and 11 ill-aimed and mainly untimely swats by the locals. The Rapids' crew also made four misplays, but they came when there was no body hanging around much to blame it. The Homers did everything ball teams shouldn't do, yet nothing happened.

All Frozen Up.

Morgan, who came up from the Southland last week, brimming over with everything a pitcher should have, and proved it at Muskegon, after a week of this weather, went out yesterday and was frozen to the mound. Everything he had was lost in a cream for the Homers, and the support the Southern boy was accorded didn't warm anything but his temper. In the seventh, after a grandstand Sandquist's awful toss, Morgan struck out the next three in a row, apparently of the opinion that if the game was going to be won, he'd better do it himself. The Beattymen made the count 7-3 in that frame by adding two runs to their lone tally. They might have been able to throw an added punch in the ninth, but for Morgan, a few minutes before, allowing the bags to fill up, and then unloading one run with another walk, while another came in on a passed ball, and still another on a single. Another hot smash past Beatty scored two, but Kandler forgot to touch the third bag and was called out on the only break against the Homers of the afternoon. These four tallies couldn't help but take the punch out of any team already down enough runs. Jack Beatty tripled to score Naleway, and then came in himself, when Dodson almost duplicated Beatty's feat of catching a foul with a runner on third, only that he pegged the ball and the catcher got an error, when the ball got away from him as the London pilot dashed home. Right at the end, Beatty hit his brilliant catch, Dodson had the same sort of chance, but let the ball fall at his feet, rather than take a chance.

Out of System.

The Tecs got a bad game out of their systems. After hitting them right on the nose away on the road, they not only lost the Beatty triple yesterday, but as fate would have it, failed to hit in the pinches. Tice, former 300 hitter for Flint and chosen by Beatty because he was a well known name in the Flint series, came up twice with the sacks, groaning, and first struck out, then grounded out. In the field, the Tecs were no better. Hits scored the runs, but in the case of the second inning when the Homers scored four times, errors and loose and thoughtless basing around put the runners in the best possible position to score. Sandquist has been in a fielding slump the last week and didn't do yesterday by any chance, but redeemed himself some by getting two triples, one of which wasted away to nothing when there was no punch behind it.

PLAY BY PLAY

FIRST INNING.

GRAND RAPIDS—Reece struck out. Roper walks and stole second. Dodson out, Morgan to Beatty. Payne singled to center. Roper scoring on Nason's wild pitch, which Effert got through him. Payne taking second. Quillich flied out to Beatty.

1 RUN, 1 HIT, 1 ERROR.
LONDON—Sandquist grounds out to Froman. Sandquist singled to center. Stimpson's attempted place hit was carried into Quillich's hands by strong wind, but runners advanced on wild pitch. Nason safe at first on close decision and Reece's wild peg. Naleway scoring. Beatty took third on a ground ball. Beatty out on attempted double steal.

1 RUN, 2 HITS, 1 ERROR.
GRAND RAPIDS—Reece grounded out to Beatty. Brown doubled down past third, and goes on to third on Morgan's bad peg to catch him off second. Kandler singled to left. Brown scoring. Bolleny doubled to left, scoring Kandler. Bolleny scored on Reece's single to right. Roper. Reece going to third. Reece tripled on Dodson ground out, Morgan to Beatty. Payne fouled out to Beatty.

4 RUNS, 4 HITS, 2 ERRORS.
LONDON—Barbelon flied out to center. Effert struck out. Morgan flied out to right.

L-LADY-LADY LUCK WHERE IS YOUAH AT

Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	39	11	27	11	4	5
London—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Sandquist, 2b.	5	1	3	2	2	1
Naleway, 3b.	5	2	3	4	0	0
Beatty, 1b.	4	1	2	4	0	0
Stimpson, cf.	5	1	2	0	1	0
Nason, cf.	5	0	1	2	0	0
Tice, rf.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Barbelon, s.s.	4	0	1	4	1	0
Effert, c.	4	0	0	4	1	1
Morgan, p.	4	1	1	0	3	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0
Brown, 2b.	3	1	3	5	1	1
Kandler, c.	4	1	1	5	1	1
Bolleny, p.	5	1	1	0	1	1

Totals	38	5	11	27	10	5
Grand Rapids—	AB.	R.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Reece, s.s.	6	1	2	1	4	1
Roper, 3b.	4	2	3	3	2	0
Dodson, lf.	5	1	1	1	1	0
Payne, rf.	5	1	3	1	0	0
Quillich, cf.	5	1	3	5	0	0
Froman, 1b.	2	2	1	8	0	0</

Two District Cup Games Feature Soccer Bill On Holiday In City

R. C. R. Eleven Meet Calveys Scots vs. C. N. R. On Saturday

Former Two Drew Last Tilt and So Did Latter Pair.

JUNIORS IN SPOT

By LINESMAN.
Two press trophy games will be decided on Saturday, and both games should draw a large attendance, as the teams are evenly matched. The game Saturday morning between the R. C. R. and Calveians will be played at Carling Heights, and the kick-off is at 10 o'clock. W. C. Noble will referee. Mr. Noble is new to London football, but a certain interest will be attached to the game, as he is reputed to be a high-class referee, and his decisions will be interesting to watch.

The Calveians could only draw with the Soldiers in a recent league game, and as the Soldiers are out to win, a splendid game should be played between these two teams.

The teams will line-up as follows: R. C. R.—Watkins, Dyson, Dymond, Cornell, Ainsworth, Davis, Tosdevin, Redmond, Bird, Gardner and Tanner.

Calveys—Pullen, Martin, Skidmore, Robertson, Sutherland, Donnell, McLaughlin, Cartwright, Charlton, Peterson, Branston, and Inrie spare.

The game in the afternoon between St. Andrews and C. N. R. will be played at the C. N. R. grounds, Sackville street, and the kick-off is at 2:30 p.m. J. Farr will referee the game.

The Saints are expected to be at full strength for the game, and are determined to give the C. N. R. a real battle. They were able to draw with the Railroaders in a league game, so with a full team available, they should give a splendid account of themselves. The Railroaders will not have the assistance of their captain and left-back, Moir, and it is probable that Hayward will play either, but as they have plenty of talent to select from, they will field a strong eleven. Whoever wins will have to be all out to do so, as the fans will be treated to a fine game, and a large crowd is expected to be on hand for the kick-off at 2:30.

Thistle Juniors will also stage a feature soccer tilt by bringing Toronto Thistles here for an afternoon game on Saturday. This game is to be played on the pitch at Springbank.

CUNARD ANCHOR

Largest Cabin Steamers in the St. Lawrence Service

(Free rail transportation from Montreal.)

Quebec, Liverpool, London.
May 28, Aug. 21, Sept. 18, 25, 30, 31, 1924.
June 12, July 5, Aug. 7, 14, 21, 28, 31, 1924.
Montreal, Plymouth, Cherbourg, London.
May 24, June 28, Aug. 2, 1924.
June 7, 14, 21, 28, Aug. 4, 11, 18, 25, 31, 1924.
Montreal, Glasgow.
June 6, 13, 20, 27, Aug. 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 1924.
June 13, 20, 27, Aug. 10, 17, 24, 31, 1924.
FROM NEW YORK.
Cherbourg, Southampton.
May 28, June 18, July 12, 1924.
June 4, 11, 18, 25, 31, 1924.
June 11, 18, 25, 31, 1924.
Plymouth, Cherbourg, London.
May 24, July 3, Aug. 9, 1924.
May 31, July 10, Aug. 16, 1924.
June 7, 14, 21, 28, Aug. 4, 11, 18, 25, 31, 1924.
Queenstown, Liverpool.
May 24, June 10, July 19, 1924.
May 31, Aug. 9, Sept. 9, 1924.
June 7, 14, 21, 28, Aug. 4, 11, 18, 25, 31, 1924.
London, Glasgow.
May 31, July 12, 1924.
June 11, 18, 25, 31, 1924.
June 18, 25, 31, 1924.
June 25, 31, 1924.
FROM BOSTON.
Queenstown, Liverpool.
May 25, June 10, July 19, 1924.
June 10, 17, 24, Aug. 7, 14, 21, 28, 1924.
Full information
THE ROBERT REPOD CO., LTD.,
Toronto, or Local Agents.

SAILINGS

FROM MONTREAL AND QUEBEC

To Belfast, Glasgow.

May 29, June 5, 12, 19, 26, 1924.

June 12, 19, 26, 1924.

June 19, 26, 1924.

June 26, 1924.

June 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 1924.

June 10, 17, 24, 31, 1924.

June 17, 24, 31, 1924.

June 24, 31, 1924.

June 31, 1924.

July 7, 14, 21, 28, 1924.

July 14, 21, 28, 1924.

July 21, 28, 1924.

July 28, 1924.

August 4, 11, 18, 25, 31, 1924.

August 11, 18, 25, 31, 1924.

August 18, 25, 31, 1924.

August 25, 31, 1924.

September 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 1924.

September 8, 15, 22, 29, 1924.

September 15, 22, 29, 1924.

September 22, 29, 1924.

September 29, 1924.

October 6, 13, 20, 27, 1924.

October 13, 20, 27, 1924.

October 20, 27, 1924.

October 27, 1924.

November 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 1924.

November 10, 17, 24, 31, 1924.

November 17, 24, 31, 1924.

November 24, 31, 1924.

December 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 1924.

December 8, 15, 22, 29, 1924.

December 15, 22, 29, 1924.

December 22, 29, 1924.

December 29, 1924.

January 5, 12, 19, 26, 1925.

January 12, 19, 26, 1925.

January 19, 26, 1925.

January 26, 1925.

February 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1925.

February 9, 16, 23, 30, 1925.

February 16, 23, 30, 1925.

February 23, 30, 1925.

February 30, 1925.

March 6, 13, 20, 27, 1925.

March 13, 20, 27, 1925.

March 20, 27, 1925.

March 27, 1925.

April 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 1925.

April 10, 17, 24, 31, 1925.

April 17, 24, 31, 1925.

April 24, 31, 1925.

May 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 1925.

May 8, 15, 22, 29, 1925.

May 15, 22, 29, 1925.

May 22, 29, 1925.

May 29, 1925.

June 5, 12, 19, 26, 1925.

June 12, 19, 26, 1925.

June 19, 26, 1925.

June 26, 1925.

July 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 1925.

July 10, 17, 24, 31, 1925.

July 17, 24, 31, 1925.

July 24, 31, 1925.

July 31, 1925.

August 7, 14, 21, 28, 1925.

August 14, 21, 28, 1925.

August 21, 28, 1925.

August 28, 1925.

September 4, 11, 18, 25, 31, 1925.

September 11, 18, 25, 31, 1925.

September 18, 25, 31, 1925.

September 25, 31, 1925.

October 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1925.

October 9, 16, 23, 30, 1925.

October 16, 23, 30, 1925.

October 23, 30, 1925.

October 30, 1925.

November 6, 13, 20, 27, 1925.

November 13, 20, 27, 1925.

November 20, 27, 1925.

November 27, 1925.

December 4, 11, 18, 25, 31, 1925.

December 11, 18, 25, 31, 1925.

December 18, 25, 31, 1925.

December 25, 31, 1925.

January 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 1926.

January 8, 15, 22, 29, 1926.

January 15, 22, 29, 1926.

January 22, 29, 1926.

January 29, 1926.

February 5, 12, 19, 26, 1926.

February 12, 19, 26, 1926.

February 19, 26, 1926.

February 26, 1926.

March 5, 12, 19, 26, 1926.

March 12, 19, 26, 1926.

March 19, 26, 1926.

March 26, 1926.

April 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1926.

April 9, 16, 23, 30, 1926.

April 16, 23, 30, 1926.

April 23, 30, 1926.

April 30, 1926.

May 7, 14, 21, 28, 1926.

May 14, 21, 28, 1926.

May 21, 28, 1926.

May 28, 1926.

June 4, 11, 18, 25, 31, 1926.

June 11, 18, 25, 31, 1926.

June 18, 25, 31, 1926.

June 25, 31, 1926.

July 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1926.

July 9, 16, 23, 30, 1926.

July 16, 23, 30, 1926.

July 23, 30, 1926.

July 30, 1926.

August 6, 13, 20, 27, 1926.

August 13, 20, 27, 1926.

August 20, 27, 1926.

August 27, 1926.

September 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 1926.

September 10, 17, 24, 31, 1926.

September 17, 24, 31, 1926.

September 24, 31, 1926.

September 31, 1926.

October 7, 14, 21, 28, 1926.

October 14, 21, 28, 1926.

October 21, 28, 1926.

October 28, 1926.

November 4, 11, 18, 25, 31, 1926.

November 11, 18, 25, 31, 1926.

November 18, 25, 31, 1926.

November 25, 31, 1926.

December 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 1926.

December 9, 16, 23, 30, 1926.

December 16, 23, 30, 1926.

December 23, 30, 1926.

December 30, 1926.

January 6, 13, 20, 27, 1927.

January 13, 20, 27, 1927.

January 20, 27, 1927.

January 27, 1927.

February 3, 10, 17, 24, 31, 1927.

February 10, 17, 24, 31, 1927.

February 17, 24, 31, 1927.

February 24, 31, 1927.

February 31, 1927.

March 7, 14, 21, 28, 1927.

March 14, 21, 28, 1927.

March 21, 28, 1927.

March 28, 1927.

April 4, 11, 18, 25, 31, 1927.

April 11, 18, 25, 31, 1927.

April 18, 25, 31, 1927.

April 25, 31, 1927.

April 31, 1927.

May 7, 14, 21, 28, 1927.

May 14, 21, 28, 1927.

May 21, 28, 1927.

May 28, 1927.

June 4, 11, 18, 25, 31, 1927.

June 11, 18, 25, 31, 1927.

June 18, 25, 31, 1927.

June 25, 31, 1927.

June 31, 1927.

July 7, 14, 21, 28, 1927.

July 14, 21, 28, 1927.

July 21, 28, 1927.

July 28, 1927.

August 4, 11, 18, 25, 31, 1927.

August 11, 18, 25, 31, 1927.

August 18, 25, 31, 1927.

August 25, 31, 1927.

August 31, 1927.

September 7, 14, 21, 28, 1927.

September 14, 21, 28, 1927.

September 21, 28, 1927.

September 28, 1927.

October 5, 12, 19, 26, 1927.

October 12, 19, 26, 1927.

October 19, 26, 1927.

October 26, 1927.

October 31, 1927.

November 7, 14, 21, 28, 1927.

November 14, 21, 28, 1927.

November 21, 28, 1927.

November 28, 1927.

PETER SMITH TO FACE SUPREME COURT TRIAL IN FALL ON 11 CHARGES

Toronto Magistrate Refuses To Dismiss Charge of Receiving Commissions.

DELAY JARVIS TRIAL

Heads of Bond Firm Come Up For Hearing This Morning.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, May 22.—Despite the heated assertion of H. H. Dewart, K. C., defense counsel, that to commit Peter Smith for trial on the evidence submitted would be a greater crime than the offense alleged against him, Magistrate J. E. Jones in the police court this afternoon committed the former provincial treasurer of Ontario on eleven charges which the crown laid against him.

The crown submitted only the barest skeleton of a case, but it was sufficient for the magistrate to refuse to dismiss the charge of accepting commissions, on which the accused had elected trial by the magistrate.

On the other charges, counsel for Mr. Smith had elected to go to the jury.

Mr. Smith was bound over at 6 o'clock this evening to the next general sessions or sittings of the superior court.

Rowat's Teas
Used in Homes Where Quality Counts.
From 70c to \$2.00 Pound.

T. A. Rowat & Co.
250 Dundas St. v. Phone 3051-3052.

CAN YOU AFFORD

To neglect your eyes? Think how much depends on the quality of your sight. You MUST see perfectly to achieve your best in work—your sight affects your earning capacity. Good sight has a cash value. Care for the eyes that care for you.

QUALITY BEYOND QUESTION.
THE BROWN OPTICAL CO.
223 Dundas St. Phone 1877.
Branches—Hamilton, Montreal and Windsor.

Our fitters are experts. \$1.50 to \$10.00. We have Trusses to fit all sizes.
ANDERSON & NELLES,
288 Dundas St.

ROSE PLANTS for SPRING PLANTING.
Say it with flowers.

DICKS FLOWER SHOP

TOYS — DOLLS
SOUVENIRS.
Red Star News Co.
10 MARKET LANE.

COAL
Egg, Stove, Nut and Pea coal, the best obtainable.
Prompt delivery to all parts of the city.

Orchard's
45 York St. Phone 384

Dr. J. W. Hutchison
OPTOMETRIST.
EXPERT EYE EXAMINATION
Office in Johnston Bros' Jewelry Store, Next to Allen Theatre, 6-11

COKE
MADE IN CANADA
HARD COAL
ALL SIZES
HOT AS BLAZES
Hunt Coal Co.
LIMITED.
Phone 412. — 276 Waterloo St.

LONDON OPTICAL CO.
HAVE YOUR EYES EXAMINED.
A. M. DAMBRA, Optometrist,
Dominion Savings Building, Richmond Street, Phone 6180.



E. GUSS PORTER, M.P., who moved in the House of Commons yesterday that Hon. J. McDougall's transactions with the Home Bank be referred to the committee on elections and privileges. The motion was adopted without a division.

preme court, which means he will not stand trial until the fall.

List of Charges.

In addition to that of receiving commissions, ten charges will be placed before the grand jury at the fall sessions. Briefly they are:

1. Conspiracy with J. Cooper Mason and Peppall in contravention of the public and the Home Bank of Canada.

2. Conspiracy with Messrs. Peppall and Peppall in contravention of the public and the Home Bank of Canada.

3. Conspiracy whereby secret influence was used in breach of trust in procuring sale of certain bonds to Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall, the purchase of certain other bonds from them.

4. Conspiracy with J. Cooper Mason in consideration of sums of money to improperly secure provincial funds for deposit.

5. Conspiracy with J. Cooper Mason to improperly secure certain sums from the Home Bank.

6. Conspiracy with J. Cooper Mason and Peppall in contravention of the secret commissions act.

7. Conspiracy with Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall in contravention of the secret commissions act.

8. Conspiracy to obtain gifts from J. Cooper Mason and the Home Bank for forwarding to show disfavor.

9. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

10. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

11. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

12. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

13. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

14. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

15. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

16. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

17. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

18. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

19. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

20. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

21. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

22. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

23. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

24. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

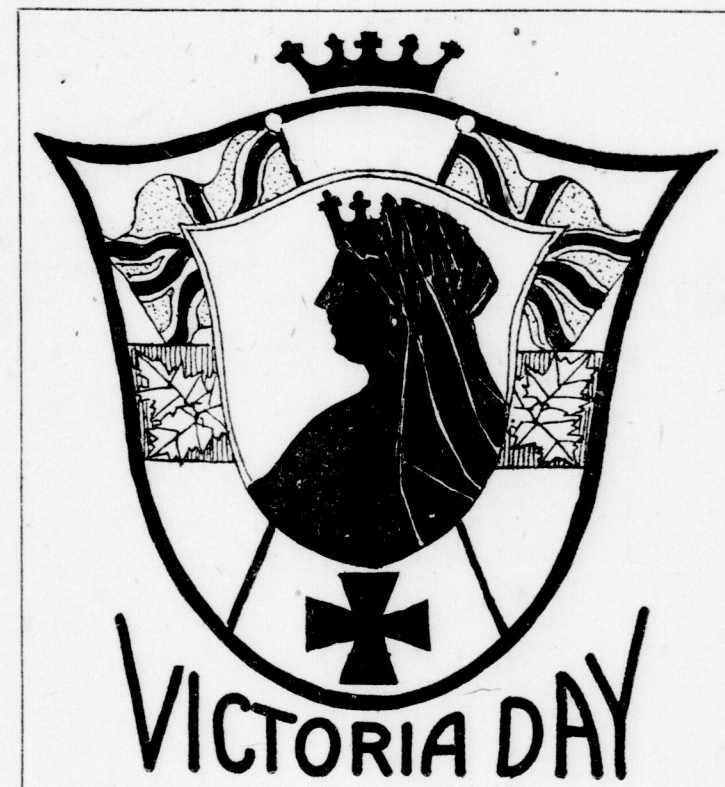
25. Conspiracy to obtain from Messrs. Jarvis and Peppall for forwarding to show disfavor.

TOMORROW'S RADIO

SATURDAY, MAY 24.

(Eastern Standard Time.)
WEAF, NEW YORK—492.
2 p.m.—Carroll's Orchestra.
4 p.m.—Daisy Sotter, soprano.
6 p.m.—Bedtime story. Louise Decker Stanton, soprano. Health talk. Wright Symons, baritone. Ruth Ryan, pianist. Redferne Hollinshead, tenor.
9 p.m.—Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra.
WJZ, NEW YORK—455.
6:15 p.m.—Waldorf Grill Orchestra.
7:15 p.m.—Task. Hon. F. H. La Guardia.
8:30 p.m.—Anne B. Tindall, soprano.
9:05 p.m.—Margaret Ludwig, contralto.
9:30 p.m.—Helen Ruess, harpist.
9:45 p.m.—Mr. and Mrs. Vera Stiles Richards, tenor and soprano.
9:45 p.m.—Club Lida Vance Orchestra.
WNN, NEW YORK—360.
6:30-11 p.m.—Popular program.
WOR, NEWARK—476.
8:15 p.m.—Music While You Dine.
6:20 p.m.—Daily sports resume.
7 p.m.—Gene Ingersham's Orchestra.
7:55 p.m.—Gertrude Hale Trio.
8:40 p.m.—Englewood H. S. Orchestra.
9:20 p.m.—Musicalian Serenaders.
WIP, PHILADELPHIA—509.
6 p.m.—Uncle Wip's bedtime story.
7:15 p.m.—Hahn's Symphony Orchestra.
9:15 p.m.—Leonard's "Red Jacket".
WFI, PHILADELPHIA—395.
6 p.m.—Program of dance music.
7:15 p.m.—Edward Barnes, baritone.
9:15 p.m.—Charles Kerr's Orchestra.
WRC, WASHINGTON—469.
6:10 p.m.—Talks. Musical program.
10 p.m.—Concert. U. S. Marine Band.
KDKA, PITTSBURGH—526.
5:30 p.m.—Westinghouse Band.
6:30 p.m.—Children's Period.
8 p.m.—Concert. Westinghouse Band.
WCAE, PITTSBURGH—462.
5:30 p.m.—Dinner concert program.
6:30 p.m.—Uncle Kaybee.
8:45 p.m.—Songs. Lew Kennedy.
7:30 p.m.—Musical program.
WGY, SCHENECTADY—390.
8:30 p.m.—Bluebird Dance Orchestra.
WGR, BUFFALO—319.
5:30 p.m.—Dinner concert.
8 p.m.—Program by Canadian Club.
WNAC, BOSTON—278.
7:15-11 p.m.—Dance music.
WBZ, SPRINGFIELD—337.
5 p.m.—Reisman's Dance Orchestra.
6:30 p.m.—Kiddies' bedtime story.
8:40 p.m.—Hotel Kimball Trio.
7:30 p.m.—Concert. Massachusetts Division. Songs of veterans with band and vocal selections, addresses by Mayor Curley and others.
WTAM, CLEVELAND—390.
6:15-10 p.m.—Dinner concert.
9 p.m.—WTAM Dance Orchestra.
WWJ, DETROIT—475.
2 p.m.—Detroit News Orchestra.
CKAC, MONTREAL—425.
6 p.m.—Kiddies' stories.
8:30 p.m.—Rex Battle's Orchestra.
9 p.m.—Special program.
9:30 p.m.—J. C. Smith's Orchestra.
PWX, HAVANA—400.
8:30 p.m.—Concert of Cuban music.
(Central Standard Time.)
KYW, CHICAGO—536.
6 p.m.—Congress dinner concert.
7 p.m.—Musical program.
9:15 p.m.—Late Show.
WGN, CHICAGO—370.
7:10 p.m.—Playlet. Musical program by Fred W. Asbury, tenor. Leland Brothers, Sandy Meek, tenor. Dance music. The Oriole Orchestra.
WMAZ, CHICAGO—475.
7 p.m.—Blanche Blood's Orchestra.
7:50 p.m.—Boy's Week program.
8 p.m.—Balaban and Katz Theatre Revue.
WDAF, CHICAGO—360.
7 p.m.—Drake Concert Ensemble.
10 p.m.—Jack Chapman's Orchestra.
WLAG, MINNEAPOLIS—417.
9:15 p.m.—Triton's Band.
10:30 p.m.—George Osborn's Orchestra.
KSD, ST. LOUIS—546.
8 p.m.—Missouri Theatre Orchestra.
WOF, KANSAS CITY—41.
10 p.m.—Riley-Ehrhart Orchestra.
6:15 p.m.—School of the Air.
11:45 p.m.—Night Hawk Frolic.
WOC, DAVENPORT—484.
6:30 p.m.—Sandman's Visit.
9 p.m.—Palmer Radio Orchestra.
WOAW, OMAHA—526.
6 p.m.—Christian Church Orchestra.
9 p.m.—Program by Statens J. Leiforsky.
WSB, ATLANTA—429.
2 p.m.—Play-by-day baseball.
5 p.m.—Miss Bonnie Barnhart.
8 p.m.—Clark University Glee Club.
10:45 p.m.—Mary Leasing vocalists.
WHAS, LOUISVILLE—400.
4:15 p.m.—Orchestra selections.
7:30-9 p.m.—Concert program.
WMC, MEMPHIS—500.
8:30 p.m.—Musical program.
WFAA, DALLAS—476.
11 p.m.—Adolphus Hotel Orchestra.
(Pacific Coast Standard Time.)
KGO, OAKLAND—312.
4 p.m.—St. Francis Concert Orchestra.
8 p.m.—Musical program.
10 p.m.—St. Francis Dance Orchestra.
KTJ, LOS ANGELES—395.
6 p.m.—Art Hickman's Concert Orchestra.
8:30 p.m.—Music memory contest.
9 p.m.—Program for the children.
8 p.m.—Protest by Beatrice Penner.
10:11 p.m.—Art Hickman's Orchestra.
KFI, LOS ANGELES—469.
6:40-11 p.m.—Musical program.
11 p.m.—Cocoanut Grove Orchestra.
KPO, SAN FRANCISCO—423.
8 p.m.—Art Hickman's Concert Orchestra.
KGW, PORTLAND—492.
10 p.m.—George Olsen's Orchestra.
SUNDAY, MAY 25.
(Eastern Standard Time.)
WEAF, NEW YORK—492.
2 p.m.—Sunday Hymn Sing.
3:45 p.m.—Interdenominational service.
6:20 p.m.—Program from Capitol Theatre.
8 p.m.—Skinner organ recital.
WJZ, NEW YORK—455.
10 p.m.—Evening church service.
6 p.m.—Bubble Book stories.
6:30 p.m.—Hotel Pennsylvania Orchestra.
7:45 p.m.—Concert program.
WJY, NEW YORK—405.
1:30 p.m.—Radio Bible Class.
2:30-5 p.m.—Hotel Commodore Orchestra.
WIP, PHILADELPHIA—509.
6:30 p.m.—German Town Theatre service.
8:30 p.m.—Holy Trinity services.
8:30 p.m.—WIP Symphony Orchestra.
WOO, PHILADELPHIA—326.
9:30 a.m.—Bethany Church services.
1:25 p.m.—Bethany Sunday School.
2:15 p.m.—Sacred organ recital.
WFI, PHILADELPHIA—395.
7:30 p.m.—Chapel service.
2 p.m.—Arch Street Church service.
WCAE, PITTSBURGH—462.
4 p.m.—Morning church service.
4 p.m.—Vespers. National Cathedral.
Evening service same as WEAF.
KDKA, PITTSBURGH—526.
10 a.m.—Morning church service.
2 p.m.—Organ recital. Dr. Heinrich.
4:45 p.m.—Evensong services.
6:45 p.m.—Evening church services.
WCAE, PITTSBURGH—462.
2 p.m.—People's radio church service.
4 p.m.—Piano recital. Otto Kaitis.
5:30 p.m.—Dinner hour concert.
WGY, SCHENECTADY—390.
9:20 a.m.—First Baptist Church.
2:30 p.m.—WGY Symphony Orchestra.
6:30 p.m.—First Baptist Church.
WNAC, BOSTON—278.
11 a.m.—Morning church services.
2 p.m.—Concert program.
7 p.m.—Concert program.
WLV, CINCINNATI—309.
11 a.m.—Church of the Covenant service.
7:30 p.m.—First Presbyterian Church.
8:15 p.m.—William Kopp's Orchestra.
WWJ, DETROIT—475.
11 a.m.—St. Paul's Cathedral service.
2 p.m.—Detroit Yveng Orchestra.
CKAC, MONTREAL—425.
3:30 p.m.—Musical program.
(Central Standard Time.)
KYW, CHICAGO—536.
10 a.m.—Central Church service.
1:30 p.m.—Studio Chapel service.
6 p.m.—Chicago Sunday Evening Club.
WGN, CHICAGO—370.
6:30 p.m.—Series program.
WDAF, CHICAGO—360.
5:45 p.m.—Organ recital.
9:15 p.m.—Drake Concert Ensemble.

THIS STORE WILL BE CLOSED TOMORROW—SATURDAY



It is doubtful if ever a monarch shall pass leaving behind such records and loving memories as Victoria "the Good," whose birthday we celebrate tomorrow by a public holiday which has been made perpetual in memory of her. At her time in the world's history she seemed destined to meet the needs of the hour. Her dignity and integrity won her the respect of the world and her passion for peace, freedom and justice rallied her colonies (the basic foundation of the British Empire) loyally to her standard.

It is easier to do her justice in our thoughts than in our words; and so, perhaps, the remembrance that would please her most could not be expressed in better form than as it is by a national holiday and just a reverent thought of Victoria "the Good."

Store Closes Today at 5:30 and Will Remain Closed Until Monday

SMALLMAN & INGRAM

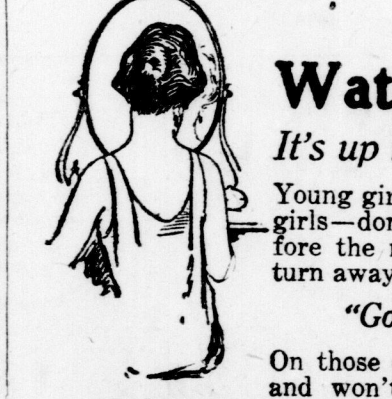
REJECTED LOVER USES DYNAMITE

Ben Solomon, Aged 65. Used Explosives To Impress Girl.

Associated Press Despatch. Columbia, La., May 22.—Ben Solomon, 65 years old, is under arrest, charged with having exploded three sticks of dynamite last night under a room where Ora Cox, 14 years old, was sleeping, because the girl had rejected the suit of the aged lover. Miss Cox and a 10-year-old brother were spending the night with a neighbor where Solomon boarded. Two hours after all those in the house had retired for the night the explosion occurred.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS BANQUET IN WALLACEBURG

Special to The Advertiser. Wallaceburg, May 22.—Mrs. Bourne's and Miss Mabel Lillie's classes of the Knox Church Sunday school held a most enjoyable Mother and Daughter banquet on Tuesday evening. Covers



Watch your Skin!

It's up to you to look your best

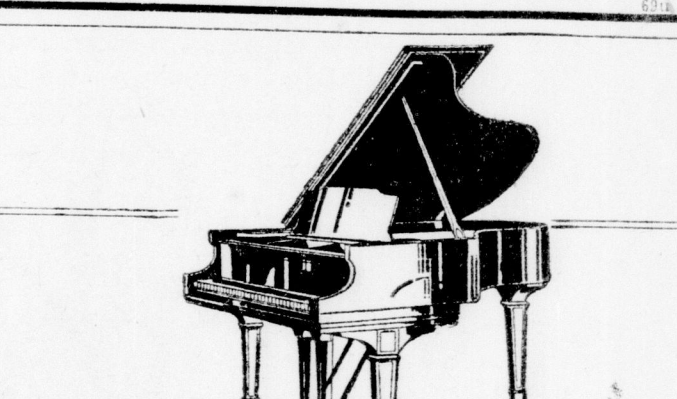
Young girls, old girls, plain girls, pretty girls—don't we all know those days before the mirror when, with a sigh, we turn away and say, "Gosh—I do look plain!"

On those days when our skin looks bad and won't get right—our noses won't powder—our eyes are dull! We all know them. But wise women watch their skin and at the first sign of something take the best remedy—a dose of

Beecham's Pills

They purify the blood, clear the skin, make you happy, bright and attractive. Sold Everywhere in Canada.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES—FRIDAY Saturday a Holiday



Nordheimer Grand, the Personal Choice of Mr. Fred Kreitzer

When the Royal Canadians signed for Friday night's engagement at the Winter Garden, the question of what piano to use came up. It was settled quickly by their pianist, Mr. Fred Kreitzer, saying: "I want a Nordheimer Grand, and no other!" He got it.

Obtainable only from W.M. Phillips 226 Dundas St. London.

Coal, Coke and Wood
CHANTLER BROS.
PHONE 247. 263 BATHURST.

1924 MAY COLDEST YET. Associated Press Despatch. Toronto, May 22.—Sir Frederick Stupart of the meteorological office today declared that the month of May, so far, has been the coldest and rainiest in thirty years. May, 1894, had a bad record, according to Sir Frederick, and as yet that of 1924 has not exceeded it.