

MISSING AGED WOMAN FOUND DYING ON TRACK

Water Rates Will Not Be Altered During Present Year

MRS. BAKER HIT BY TRAIN AND RUSHED TO HOSPITAL

Body Found Lying on C. N. R.
Track by Engineer of
Train.

MISSING EIGHT HOURS

Leg Amputated and Doctors
Hold Little Hope For
Recovery.

Missing from her home for eight hours, the prone figure of a woman, identified as Mrs. Jennie Baker, was found on the tracks between the east and west bound main lines of the C. N. R., two miles east of London, by Engineer O'Connor and Conductor Bryant of Hamilton shortly before 3 o'clock this morning.

Mrs. Baker had been run over by a train which, it is thought, passed through London at midnight. The train had passed over her right leg, and when Engineer O'Connor found her she was unconscious.

Mrs. Baker was picked up and taken to the caboose, where first aid was rendered. She was rushed to London and taken to Victoria Hospital, where she underwent an operation for amputation performed by Dr. F. R. Clegg and Dr. Roy Kingswood early this morning. Physicians at Victoria Hospital report today that little hope is held for her recovery.

Resides With Parents.
Mrs. Baker resides with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Hill at 10 Childer street. She is 70 years old and has been in weakened health for some time. Her parents never permitted her to leave the house alone for any length of time, and when she left the house last night shortly after 6 o'clock and failed to return before 7 o'clock, her niece, Please See Page 2, Column 4.

PERRON PLANNING BEAUTIFUL ROADS

Quebec Minister of Highways
Seeks To Line Driveways
With Trees.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Quebec, March 1.—Ex-service men, with trees bordering both sides, affording protection to travellers by automobile and wagon, and beautifying the country, is the aim of Hon. J. L. Perron, minister of roads of Quebec.

There is another practical side to Mr. Perron's desire to border the roads of the province with trees. It is recognized that trees in shading the roadway keep the humidity much longer after rains, prevent the macadam or gravel from becoming dry, thereby diminishing the cost of maintenance and reduce to a minimum the annoyance from dust.

VETERANS TO DEMAND PROMISES BE KEPT

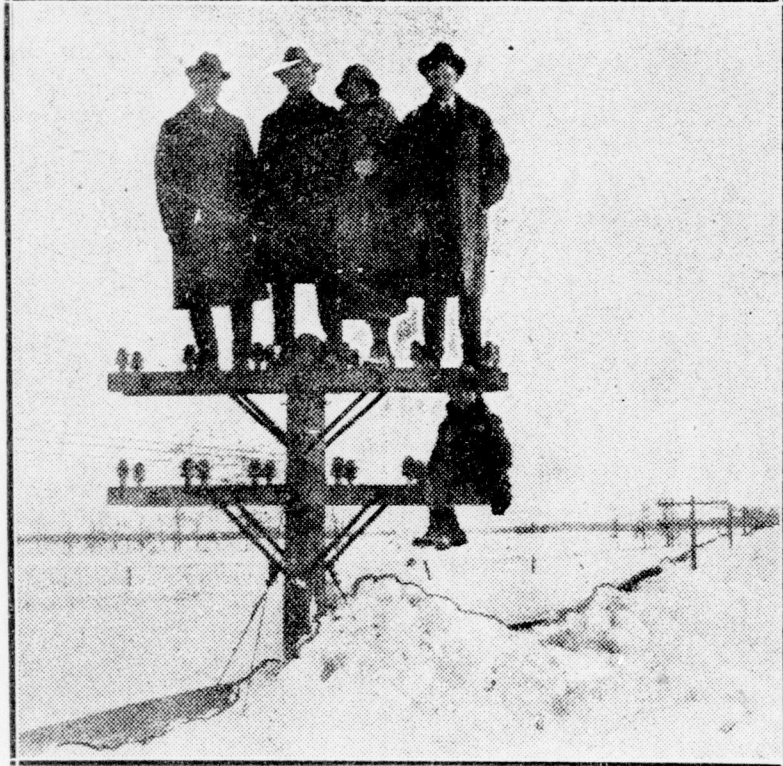
Members of Federal Civil Service To Insist That Rights
Be Observed.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, March 1.—Ex-service men, members of the civil service, at a mass meeting here last night, organized to oppose any curtailment of the promises made them on their return from overseas, that the government would provide them with occupation in the service and give them preference over non-combatants.

In resolutions they ask for permanency of all veterans in the service, and ask for preference for veterans in filling vacancies. They ask that no disabled men be dismissed, and that active service men and women be retained in preference to married men appointed since Aug. 14, 1914.

HAVING MUSKRAT PELT COSTS BYRON MAN A FINE

Alexander Cameron, a young man residing at Byron, was fined \$10 and costs by Magistrate C. W. Hawkshaw at Lucan at the court house Saturday, after being found guilty of having in his possession a muskrat pelt in the close season.



WHEN THE STORM HAD ENDED.

To step from a snowbank to the top of a telephone pole, with no great difficulty, was the experience of these St. Marys residents shown above. Following the recent snowstorm which tied up the province, these merry-makers were out in search of some unusual result of the storm and this is what they found. The picture was taken a short distance from the town of St. Marys.

HOBBY FAIR ENTRANTS FIGHT FOR BIG TROPHY

Cup Will Go to School Securing
the Highest Number of
Points.

SYSTEM OUTLINED

All Have Equal Chance, Not
Affected by Number of
Pupils.

There is bound to be some keen competition among the schools for The Advertiser trophy at the Hobby Fair. This cup will be worth winning; it will be a handsome addition to the collection of cups and medals in any school, and for that reason some of the city schools have been asking for details that must be complied with in order to stand a chance of winning the trophy.

The Advertiser cup will be awarded on a system of points that have been agreed upon between this office and the representatives of the Rotary Club. It is given to the school winning the most points at the fair in the armories, May 12 to 17, and the plan is so arranged that it will be fair to the smaller schools that cannot make as many entries as the larger ones. For instance, it would be only fair to assume that a school with 600 pupils should make a greater number of points than one with enrollment of only 300 pupils, so the number of points is divided into the number of pupils and the standing secured in this way.

Plan of Division.
To illustrate: Suppose a school in the city with a total attendance of 600 should go into the contest and score 1,800 points, and a school with only 300 should get but 1,200. In totals the big school would win, but in reality it would stand with three schools against four for the smaller school, the result in each case being determined by dividing the number of pupils into the number of points. The Rotary officials are satisfied that this is the fairest way of dividing the

POPULARITY CONTEST IS PLANNED FOR CIRCUS

Valuable Prizes Will Be Given
Away at Shrine Entertainment.

The popularity contest in connection with the Shrine Circus will be in the hands of a strong committee, headed by Edwin Smith, in which will be given away three diamond rings, valued at \$150 to \$250 each, and wrist watches, valued at \$25 and \$50 each. No effort or expense will be spared to make this the keenest contest ever staged in this city.

A dinner will be given, at which all contestants will be on hand to receive final instructions and advice, the date of which will be announced later. Watch the paper for full particulars of this and other interesting events in connection with the Big 10-Act London Circus, to be held in the armories in aid of crippled children of Western Ontario in the near future.



Germany will refuse to surrender full control over the economic resources of the nation to the allies, Dr. Gustav Stresemann, German foreign minister, has announced to the Reichstag.

BUILDINGS OPENED TO PUBLIC MONDAY

Rectory and Mission House
Have Now Been
Completed.

Work on the new rectory and mission house at St. Patrick's Church, East London, has been completed and the buildings will be thrown open for public inspection on Monday from 3 to 6 in the afternoon and from 8 to 10 in the evening.

The new structures have been built for the work of the Redemptorist Mission Fathers, at 1251 Dundas street. The members of the Ligonian Auxiliary of St. Patrick's Church are to receive any friends of the Fathers who visit the opening on Monday.

Many Changes in Standing Shown by Vote List Today

Yesterday's announcement that a further award of \$500 in prizes for the leaders in their respective districts before Monday, March 17, was received with great satisfaction by many candidates. This is the second subsidiary contest since the beginning of the big campaign. Winners of the first one which concluded February 25 will likely be published early next week.

WIFE DARED BY HUSBAND TAKES DOSE OF POISON

Mrs. James McCallum of Detroit Taken to Hospital After
Rash Act.

FORMER CANADIAN

Pleads With Doctors To Save
Her Life, But Chances
Are Slim.

Special to The Advertiser.

Detroit, Mar. 1.—Because her husband dared her to swallow poison following a domestic argument in their home at 1523 Fifth street last night, Mrs. James McCallum, a comely matron of 49 is gasping her life away on a cot in Receiving Hospital. Doctors say her death is but a matter of hours. Mrs. McCallum is a native of a small Canadian town. The couple had quarrelled over their eleven-year-old son, at the dinner table, and the argument terminated when McCallum threatened to leave home for good, and take the boy with him.

"I'd take poison first, Jim," the woman said. Silently McCallum got up from the table, put on his hat and went out. Ten minutes later he returned, handed his wife a small parcel and said: "Here, take this and get yourself out of the way, I dare you."

"This" was a bottle of poison which McCallum bought at a corner drug store. "Go on, drink it," McCallum urged. She took the bottle, uncorked it and gulped down the deadly poison.

The husband himself sounded the alarm, which brought the police in a hurry to the McCallum home. There they found the woman writhing in pain.

Please See Page 2, Column 3.

PREMIER'S OPINION ASKED ON SCHOOL

Alderman Seeks To Ascertain
Definite Information From
Ferguson.

Hon. Howard Ferguson, minister of education, is expected, by one member of the local city council, to evolve certain sweeping changes in the educational system of this province.

And with that in view this councillor has appealed to the premier for his definite opinion as to the local high school situation. An appeal to that effect has been forwarded to the capital.

J. D. SINCLAIR ISSUES WRIT AGAINST SARAH GREGORY

J. D. Sinclair, through Murphy, Gunn & Murphy, has issued a county court writ against Sarah Gregory, executrix of the estate of Thomas H. Gregory, deceased, for \$725.61. Mr. Sinclair alleges this amount is due him on account of profits in a dye pressing business conducted by himself, and the late Mr. Gregory.

J. A. RICHARDS REMOVED TO PENITENTIARY TODAY

J. A. Richards, sentenced to three years in penitentiary by Magistrate Graydon earlier in the week for having in his possession tobacco stolen from the London warehouse of Seales & Roberts, was taken to Kingston Penitentiary early this morning by High Constable Wharton and County Constable Edgar Guest.



DR. R. P. DOUGAL,
member of the faculty of the University of Western Ontario, who has been appointed pathologist at Victoria Hospital.

DR. R. P. DOUGAL GIVEN POSITION

Appointed Pathologist at Victoria Hospital, Succeeding
Dr. Carl B. Bowen.

Dr. R. P. Dougal, a member of the faculty of the University of Western Ontario Medical School, has been appointed pathologist at Victoria Hospital, succeeding Dr. Carl B. Bowen, who has resigned to accept a position in the X-ray department of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Dr. Bowen relinquished his duties at the hospital Friday, and left for Ann Arbor today.

In addition to superintending the laboratory work at Victoria Hospital, Dr. Dougal will be responsible for blood examinations, urinalysis and all microscopic work necessitated in the treatment of patients. Both he and Dr. Bowen are graduates of the University of Western Ontario, and the former will continue his duties on the faculty while acting as pathologist at the hospital.

Snow Removal Costs City \$5,785

Snow removal to date has cost the city \$5,785.52, City Engineer Sear reports, or \$1.20 more than was provided for in the estimates. It has become necessary for the board of works to place an additional amount in the estimates to cover this and provide for prospective ice removal.

MARCH COMES IN LIKE A REAL SPRING LAMB

Mercury Shows Tendency To
Climb While Sun Shines
at Best.

The lamb effectively vanquished the lion today when the thermometer decreed that the first days of March, 1924, should be one of the mildest and most springlike days of the season. The mercury has shown a tendency to climb for the past 24 hours, and at noon today it obtained a degree above freezing point.

Citizens must not wax too jubilant over the triumph of mutton over jungle meat, however. Weather prognosticators, and those grooved in meteorological lore, claim the entry of the king of the pasture is an indication that the king of beasts will come later in the month. Mild and benevolent weather at the beginning means severe, blustery conditions at the end.

For those who have to pay coal bills the appearance of the lamb is extremely welcome. They only hope he will continue to bless this locality with his presence.

Newsy Bits From Today's Classified Ads.

Man for dairy farm.
Wanted 40 or 50 acres near London.
Kitchen range for sale.
Bracelet lost.
Where to eat.
Grocery store for sale.

U.S. INCOME TAX RATES REDUCED IN NEW BILL

House Approves New Measure
by a Vote of 408
to 8.

GIFT LEVY ADDED

Ordinary Citizen Will Benefit
As Result of Revisions
Made.

Associated Press Despatch.

Washington, Mar. 1.—The revenue measure arrived in the Senate today to start the second lap of its legislative journey.

The House by a vote of 408 to 8 approved the bill yesterday after sending it through a last-minute cross fire in which the Democrat income tax schedule was knocked out and a compromise, offered by Representative Longworth, Republican leader, and supported by every member of the party present, was substituted.

Essential changes in the present tax law as made by the tax bill passed by the House are as follows: Normal income tax rates are fixed at 2 per cent on the first \$4,000 of taxable income, five per cent on taxable income from \$4,000 to \$8,000, and six per cent above \$8,000, instead of four per cent on the first \$4,000 and eight per cent on all above that figure, as provided in the present law.

Surplus rates begin at 2 per cent at \$12,000 and run up to 50 per cent at \$200,000, with a proviso that only three-fourths of the sum so calculated shall be paid. At present surtaxes begin at 1 per cent between \$12,000 and \$200,000.

Please See Page 2, Column 3.

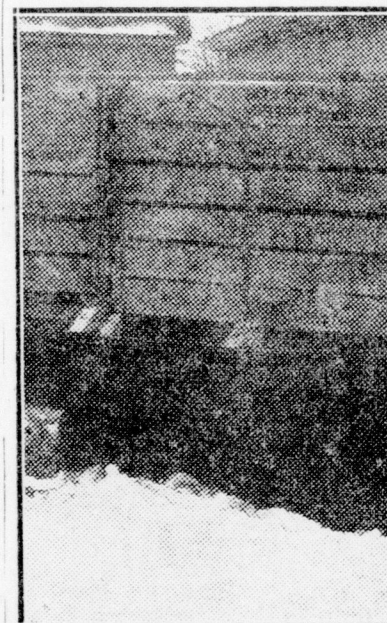
TRAGEDY FOLLOWS CHILD'S DROWNING

Mrs. Christina Challis Brought
to Jail on Insanity
Charge.

Said to have lost her mind as a result of her little son's death from drowning on January 28, Christina Rose Challis, age 30, was today lodged in the local jail charged with insanity by her husband, Albert Challis.

Mrs. Challis steadfastly refused to believe the report of her son Jack's tragic death from drowning in the Thames river and has been momentarily expecting that he would turn up. Failure to locate the little chap's body and the nerve-racking suspense of waiting for some development has, it is claimed, completely unbalanced the mother's mind.

Albert Challis, the woman's husband who works at the London Pure Milk Company, laid the charge. For three weeks his wife appeared to be silently suffering after her son's death, but it was only after seeking advice of others and pondering for many days that the husband decided it was best to have her mentally examined.



CANADIAN GOODS FOR YOKOHAMA.

Above an Advertiser photograph shows an order for machinery and supplies to be used in connection with the rebuilding of Yokohama, Japan, which has just been filled by the London Concrete Machinery Company here. It is believed to be the first commission offered any local firm since the earthquake. It comprises concrete mixers, hoisting engines and trench machines.



OSCAR WARNER,
arrested in Sarnia Thursday as suspect in Neal Bakery Company robbery, when the safe was blown open and \$1,200 taken. Warner was remanded for a week by Magistrate Graydon yesterday.

DRAKE ASKS VOTE ON LOCAL OPTION

Believes Various Districts
Would Be Afforded Chance
To Settle Own Desires.

One member of the London city council, Ald. Gordon Drake, favors another referendum on the Ontario Temperance Act. Ald. Drake believes, as do many of the "moderates" on the Conservative side of the Ontario legislature that local option would meet all requirements. "I would certainly favor another referendum," stated the ward three councillor. "Let them have a vote on the local option scheme. Then the people of these districts, who wanted the O. T. A. as it now is could have it and those who wanted a change could vote accordingly."

Throughout the province, and scarcely by a day passes but when opinion is heard upon one side of the question or the other.

Much interest is being centered in the public debate slated for a few days hence in one of the local churches when it is assured the "government control" side of the controversy will be presented.

WILTON GROVE FARMER IS FINED FOR CRUELTY

James Brownlee Pays Total of
\$84 in Court
Today.

James Brownlee, Wilton Grove farmer, summoned to court by Inspector George Tustin of the Humane Society for starving his animals, was fined \$10 and costs by Magistrate C. W. Hawkshaw Saturday morning. The costs of the case, including pay for a man who has been in charge of the cattle, amounted to \$74, which meant that Mr. Brownlee was forced to part with \$84 before he left the courtroom.

UTILITIES IS UNABLE TO CHANGE WATER RATE

Protest Is Received Regarding
Minimum Cost in City at
Present.

IN BETTER POSITION

Pointed Out Question Will Be
Considered When Work
Completed.

A readjustment of water rates could not be undertaken before the close of this year, General Manager Buchanan of the utilities commission stated today.

In receipt of communications from the mayor and a Mrs. William Bottom, protesting against a minimum water rate, the general manager explained that he is not empowered to make any changes in the rate. The minimum water rate is \$8 per year, or about 2 1/2 cents per day. He adds, however, that by the end of the year, when it is expected that all the water meters will have been installed, the commissioners would be better able to consider results and determine whether a change in rates would be advisable or possible.

The general manager is also in receipt of a request from the members of the Knollwood Park Ratepayers' Association for certain changes in the rate of their billing and accounting. He explains that in this instance again, he is not empowered to make changes.

FATHER'S DEVOTION LEADS TO ARREST

Ottawa Man Borrowed Natural-
ization Papers of Friend
on Detroit Trip.

Special to The Advertiser.

Detroit, March 1.—A father's desire to secure the best possible medical aid for his crippled child led George Katsukakes of Ottawa to "borrow" the naturalization papers of another man in an effort to enter this country, and he paid a fine of \$250 in federal court to Judge Simons yesterday for his devotion.

However, Judge Simons expressed his sympathy for the man when he heard the pathetic story. Katsukakes said that he ran a confectionery business in Ottawa, and was married to an American woman. He said his youngest child was a cripple, and finding no help for her in Canada, he decided to bring the little one to Detroit. The family entered the country last May without difficulty, but when Katsukakes returned to Ottawa to get some possessions, his wife, Tony Tikomus gave him his naturalization certificate, remarking that it would save trouble. On his return to this country Katsukakes was arrested. He will be returned to Ottawa immediately.

The Weather

FORECASTS.
Moderate nor-west winds; fair today and Sunday; not much change in temperature.

Pressure is now moderately high from the Great Lakes westward, with a disturbance indicated. The weather continues quite mild in the Western Provinces, and rather cold from Ontario eastward.

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

Stations.	High.	Low.	Weather.
Victoria	59	38	Fair
Calgary	42	28	Clear
Winnipeg	40	28	Fair
Port Arthur	24	6	Clear
Sault Ste. Marie	20	10	Cloudy
Cochrane	16	6	Cloudy
Toronto	20	18	Snow
Kingston	22	2	Clear
Ottawa	25	4	Fair
Montreal	22	10	Cloudy
Quebec	16	10	Cloudy
St. John	30	16	Fair
Halifax	36	14	Cloudy

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.

The highest and lowest temperatures recorded in London during the 24 hours previous to 8 o'clock last night were: Highest, 29; lowest, 15. The official temperatures for the 12 hours previous to 8 a.m. today were: Highest, 19; lowest, 7.

Barometric Readings.
Tuesday—2 p.m.—29.15.
Today—8 a.m.—29.06.

HAYDEN DECLARES MAYOR CANNOT TIE UP PROGRAM

Alderman Maintains City Must
Not Suffer Because of 32-
Mill Suggestion.

Ald. Edmund Hayden agrees with Ald. Greer's declaration yesterday that it was unfortunate that the impression became more or less general in the public mind that a 32-mill tax rate was coming for 1924. It will be impossible to let the town go to "rack and ruin," just because the mayor suggested a 32-mill rate, Ald. Hayden insists, explaining that this limit was prescribed by "the mayor, Ald. Watt and one or two others who are not around there any more."

"We can't tie the works up just because the mayor promised the people a 32-mill rate," Ald. Hayden stated today. "He'll have to reconcile himself to the fact that he is not the whole thing. This is no one-man council, and we can't tie the works up."

"I notice that there are a number of good proposals coming before us which the mayor agrees are good, but which he would pass on until next year. He wanted to leave until 1925 the engineer's recommendation to place street cleaning charges in the general rate. I cornered the mayor in that very connection. He admitted it was all right. If so it should be done at once."

"Ald. Hayden believes that the people will not protest over a mill or so if they are shown that they are going to receive full value for their money, hands of their teacher, eagerly exact-

TINY PATIENTS FIND REAL JOY IN BASKET WEAVING

New Features Are Inaugurated
at the War Memorial
Hospital.

MUSIC IS NEEDED

Occupational Therapy Will Do
Much To Keep Minds of
Little Ones Employed.

"Occupational therapy" is a high-sounding name for a very interesting feature which has come into the lives of the small patients at the War Memorial Hospital. Wednesday and Thursday are now days of special significance on the weekly calendar. Most of the children are too small to wind their tongues about such long words as "occupational therapy," but none are too small to grow shiny-eyed with interest when their teacher, with her pretty green uniform, makes her appearance on the ward bearing with her a tray laden with intriguing looking canes and half-finished baskets.

The children commenced with their baskets last Wednesday afternoon. Baskets are the earliest and simplest forms of this sort of work. Having learned to do this well, the young patients will be allowed to proceed to more difficult tasks. At the present time their interest is centered firmly on the initial steps. By Thursday afternoon some of the children proudly displayed baskets in which the cane had wound half way up over the frame, and at 5 o'clock as supper began to appear, they relinquished their regrettably into the hands of their teacher, eagerly exact-

N. Y. Firemen Are Overcome

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, March 1.—Fire Chief Kenton, Battalion Chiefs Kavanagh and O'Hanlon, two captains and three lieutenants, were included among 41 firemen overcome by acid fumes in a fire which burned stubbornly for four hours among leather stocks in a downtown loft building last night. Nine were taken to hospitals, but none was seriously hurt.

ing the promise that they should finish them the next week.

Something interesting happens almost every day for these youngsters. It may be the arrival of a bundle of "funny" papers, or a scrapbook similar to the one which a small boy displayed with great pride last week. It had just arrived, with "stamps on," as he enthusiastically informed the nurse, and inside there were all sorts of postcards and pictures and valentines, with pictures of them that "stamped out." In addition to visiting day now, however, there are special things to look forward to on Wednesday, on Thursday, and on Friday. Wednesday and Thursday are basket-making days, and on Friday the kindergarten teachers come with their paper-cutting and all sorts of interesting little oddities for the children to work at.

The only thing they need is music.

U. S. INCOME TAXES REDUCED BY BILL

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\$6,000 and \$10,000 and run to 50 per cent at \$200,000.

Gift Tax is Added.

Estate tax rates begin at 1 per cent on estates above \$50,000 and run to 40 per cent on estates of \$10,000,000 or more, instead of 1 per cent above \$50,000 and 25 per cent at \$10,000,000.

A gift tax has been added carrying the same rates as the estate tax schedule. There is no gift tax at present.

A board of tax appeals is created. The tax of three per cent on automobile trucks, chassis and wagons costing not more than \$1,000 is taken off and the tax rate on tires, parts and accessories reduced from 5 to 2 1/2 per cent of the sale price.

The tax on candy is taken off.

The tax is taken off theatre and other admissions costing 50 cents or less.

The tax is taken off telephone and telegraph messages.

The tax is taken off notes and other similar promises to pay.

A rebate of 25 per cent is given on income taxes due and payable during the present year.

\$200 AND COSTS BECAUSE BOTTLE FOUND IN GARAGE

Dixon Pleads Absolute Inno-
cence of Incriminating
Liquor Container.

ADMITS TO DRINKING

Henry R. Dixon, charged with having liquor in other than a private dwelling, learned to his sorrow in police court today that when alcohol is found on a man's premises, he is held responsible for it by law whether it is his or not.

A quart bottle of whiskey was found in Dixon's garage last night by constables. The prisoner declared he had never seen it before. He said a stranger had entered his office last night, and asked a question as to the location of a certain building. Dixon saw him walk up a lane and disappear. He thought the man must have entered the garage, deposited the liquor, and gone out. Later Dixon went into the garage himself and kicked over the bottle in the dark.

There constables arrested him. In the police station he appeared to be a bit weak in his limbs, and could answer questions intelligently. The officers concluded that he had been drinking.

Dixon admitted he had taken a few drinks in his home during the afternoon, but denied any knowledge of the bottle. The magistrate refused to believe his story.

"I must fine you \$200 and costs," the court said.

"That doesn't seem hardly fair," returned Dixon.

"I can't help it," Magistrate Graydon said. "You're responsible for any liquor found on your premises."

Your explanation does not sound at all reasonable. Why should a man deposit liquor in your garage?"

"Perhaps I was afraid of being caught by the police and that the bottle in a location where he could find it later."

The court reiterated that such a possibility was extremely improbable.

Persians Protest Absence of Shah

Associated Press Despatch.
London, March 1.—The people of Persia are severely censuring the Shah for his repeated lengthy absences in Europe and are talking of founding a republic, says the Teheran correspondent of the Daily Mail. The entire Persian press declares, is strongly in favor of the change, which is virtually the sole topic of discussion in Teheran.

The Shah, who has been in Europe since early November, now is at Nice. He was on the continent from January to November in 1922 and also from the fall of 1919 to the spring of 1920.

NO CITY SALARIES TO BE INCREASED

Mayor Wenige Declares Per-
sonal Policy Will Not Permit
of Any Higher Pay.

There will be no salary increases at the city hall during 1924, Mayor Wenige announced definitely today. In accordance with his proposed "readjustment of the city wage and salary roster," the mayor stated, "absolutely no increases, but there may be a few decreases."

Questioned in which direction these "possible decreases" might lie, the mayor stated, "among the city officials, if at all."

"That is the only place for decreases," he stated.

Ald. Leonard Douglass, chairman of the finance committee, who is bringing in a proposal to standardize all municipal wages, under the control of the city council, points out that they must be guided by the civil service scheme, as well as by the systems in vogue in other Ontario communities of like comparison.

Like the mayor, the chairman does not extend much hope for any increases during 1924. "There may be a few decreases," he stated, however. "A certain standard will be set, but the sum total of our salary expenditures must not be altered."

JAMIESON BILL PROTESTED BY LONDON LABOR

Alderman McKay States Que-
stion Will Be Considered at
Special Session.

UPSET LEGISLATION

London Labor protests vigorously against the Jamieson bill, just passed the second reading of the Ontario Legislature, whereby property qualifications for municipal candidates would be materially increased.

Ald. Frank McKay, ward three, Labor's representative in the city council, gave assurance today that this question would receive consideration at the special session of the London Labor party called for Friday night next.

The Labor alderman points out that the present administration at Queen's Park, or members thereof, are evidently determined to upset such legislation of this nature as was enacted during the stewardship of the late Henry administration. "But that could be only expected from such a reactionary administration as the present one," he stated.

Labor should certainly oppose this suggested change. Ald. McKay continued: "It should be opposed throughout the province by the respective organizations. Why that is the very thing that the Labor party has been fighting against for years, and final legislation was only obtained during the last government."

Other important business is slated for consideration at Friday's session, including the appointment of delegates to the Ontario Labor party convention in Hamilton this month, and the drafting of resolutions on "Peace," "Immigration and Emigration," for consideration at that gathering.

HOBBY FAIR ENTRANTS FIGHT FOR BIG TROPHY

Concluded From Page 1.

honors, and The Advertiser has agreed to this plan being followed.

That makes it plain at the outset that the small school is going to have just as good a chance as the one with the largest attendance in the city. Now as to the way in which the points will be awarded.

The school that has the pupil winning one of the gold medals receives 100 points; that is the largest count for anything. The winning of the gold medal—there are two of them for boy and girl—is the big item, and is given for the best exhibit from the standpoint of a hobby.

Sixty-five points for each silver medal. There are twelve of these in the prize list of the fair, one for each department.

Score of 250.

Thus, if a school had a student winning one of the coveted gold medals, and two others taking silver medals, they would have a score of 250 points right off.

Sixty points for each medal first prize.

Fifty points for each second prize ribbon.

Thirty points for each third prize ribbon.

Twenty points for each fourth prize ribbon.

Ten points for each fifth prize ribbon.

Eight points for each sixth prize ribbon or under.

Six points for every entry to the Hobby Fair made on or before the 5th of May.

Five points for each entry made after that date.

Those who make entries are eligible for ticket sellers, and one point will be given for each ticket sold. So, if there are students who have a special facility for selling tickets they will have a good chance to help their school along by hustling around and disposing of the tickets.

The Advertiser trophy according to the wish of the Rotary Club, is to be won three years before it becomes the property of any school, the years not necessarily running in succession.

CARSHOPS' CHOIR.

The Men's Choir of the Canadian National Railway carshops visited St. David's Church recently and presented an excellent concert. There are 25 voices in the choir, and among its members are several talented soloists and musicians.

Some Father

Freshmen at college discussing incomes of their fathers—One said: "My father writes a song in an evening and sells it for \$25." The next countered: "My father writes a story one night and the next morning it sells for \$50."

"That's nothing," says the third: "My father gets up in a pulpit, talks for half an hour, and it takes 12 men to carry the money up to him." You win, especially if you buy Perfect Blue White Diamonds from John A. Nash, My Jeweler, London and Windsor "where you will eventually buy—Advt."

W. P. Near's Announcement

Brings Board of Works' Total Up To \$260,000.

After a final survey of the board of works estimates this morning, City Engineer Near announced the total for his own department at \$210,314.03, or \$74,396.03 in excess of the 1923 figures.

These figures do not include, however, the estimates from the building inspectors' department, the city's share of the suburban roads commission, the city's share of provincial highways and one or two other items. In all bringing the grand total for the works committee to about \$260,000.

The engineer explains the \$74,000 increase in his department to two chief items, about \$45,500 by transferring the special tax on street cleaning to the general rate and \$28,000 provided for the maintenance of city streets.

KNOX CHURCH C. G. I. T.

The C. G. I. T. of Knox Church varied their regular program this week with a 14-act social, at which the guests were the boys of the intermediate groups of the church. Games, under the direction of Miss McPherson, formed an enjoyable feature of the program. Rev. T. A. Symington and John Argo, superintendent of the boys' department, were guests of honor. Miss Kelso's group were in charge of refreshments, served at the conclusion of the evening.

BEST SCRANTON

C-O-A-L

EGG, STOVE, NUT, PEA.

BEST IMPORTED

C-O-K-E

DOMESTIC EGG COAL,

\$12 Per Ton.

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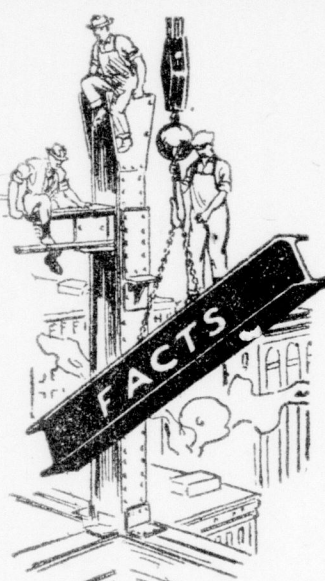
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163

SUNDAY DINNER AT THE GRIGG

With one thought in mind, we ask you to have Sunday dinner here. We know we can make it an ENJOYABLE OCCASION for the whole family.

Bright surroundings and the excellent cuisine as provided by Chef Goring will make you want to come again.

Full Course Dinner
From 40c.

The Grigg Cafe

RICHMOND STREET
Right Opposite "The Advertiser."

WOMAN ACCEPTS DARE, SWALLOWS POISON

Concluded From Page 1.

Tells Of Troubles.

In these haste to get the dying woman to the hospital, police took no heed of the man and boy. At the hospital the woman told them the man was her husband, that he had bought the poison and handed it to her, daring her to take it. Police went back but the home was empty.

Mrs. McCallum, during brief rallying periods, told the hospital authorities how she, with her husband and son had come to Detroit two years ago from "over in Canada."

Soon afterwards the couple parted, Mrs. McCallum keeping the home going, and the child in school by doing outside work. McCallum came home occasionally, she said, for a meal.

Last evening he called for dinner. He threatened her, saying he would take the boy away.

"Oh, Jim," said the mother, "you wouldn't do that. I would rather die than be parted from my boy."

Wants to Live Now.

She said he persisted in his threats to take the lad away. "I'll take poison," she warned him. At this point McCallum got up from the table, and without a word went out. Presently he returned.

"What did you say you'd do if I took the boy?" he asked.

"I'd take poison," was the answer.

"Well, then, drink this," he said, according to Mrs. McCallum's statement. She declared that without hesitation she took the bottle from his hand, uncorked it, and swallowed the contents.

"I want to live now, doctor," she pleaded with the hospital attendants, who whispered among themselves their doubts for her recovery. "I want to go back with my boy."

They did not tell her that her boy and the husband who had asked her to kill herself were nowhere to be found.

GIRL GUIDES.

The Girl Guides of St. George's Church, at their regular meeting last night, arranged a series of contests among the different patrols to continue during the next three months. The two losing teams are to banquet the remainder as a forfeit, at the conclusion of the contest. The leaders are the following: Ena Fanhan, "Indigo Bunting"; Grace Perkins, "Wren"; Laura Johnston, "Bluebird"; Elsie Rowe, "Night-Ingale"; Francis Anderson, "Orioles." Points in the contest will be given for attendance, punctuality, conduct and guide progressiveness.

KING STREET CRADLE ROLL.

The Cradle Roll department of King Street Presbyterian Church held its regular meeting yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Sam Baker, Lorne avenue. Sewing for relief work took up the greater part of the session. Tea was served at the conclusion.

MRS. BAKER FOUND, RUSHED TO HOSPITAL

Concluded From Page 1.

Mrs. Baker, and her father and mother became alarmed.

It is thought the aged woman left the house in an attempt to find her purse which she lost early in the afternoon. The last she was seen was when a small boy living in the neighborhood recognized her inquiring the way to Childer street. She was then only a few blocks from her home. It is thought that when darkness came on she became confused and wandered miles east of her destination.

When Mrs. Baker failed to make her appearance by nine o'clock Mr. Hill accompanied with lamps, the dog and a search party scoured the neighborhood until midnight in an effort to locate her.

The police were notified of her disappearance at 1 o'clock.

How the aged woman managed to walk three miles east of the city is a mystery to her friends. Mrs. Baker, they say, has been suffering from some feet for some time, and her health for the past two years has been failing.

At Victoria Hospital this morning she is suffering from severe lacerations about the head. Her arms are slightly buried. When she was brought to the hospital her leg was horribly mangled, and her clothes had to be cut from her body to perform the operation. According to her physician she is suffering greatly from shock and due to her age, and the many hours exposure she underwent before help reached her, practically no hope is held for her recovery.

Mrs. Baker has been a resident of London for the past thirty years. She formerly lived in Carleton Place.

Church News

HYATT AVENUE CHOR.

Members of Hyatt Avenue Methodist Church choir recently held an enjoyable sleigh ride party. After journeying round the city round a couple of hours, they returned to the church where a program of music and short speeches were given. Refreshments were later served under the convenship of Miss L. G. Gray.

The choir are arranging for a hike to Springbank at a coming meeting.

CARDINAL CLASS.

The Cardinal Class of Knox Presbyterian Church held a successful box social recently. Group games and contests formed an enjoyable journey round the city round a couple of hours, they returned to the church where a program of music and short speeches were given. Refreshments were later served under the convenship of Miss L. G. Gray.

The choir are arranging for a hike to Springbank at a coming meeting.

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Charity Ball, Brilliant and Gay Event, Fittingly Ends Forest City Social Season

Clusters of Red and Gold Petals Turn Winter Gardens Into Veritable Fairyland.

UNIQUE GOLDEN HEARTS

Leap Year Note Struck in Novel Hoop Dance—Guests Are Many.

The charity ball, a brilliant affair of last evening, brought the social season to a close. Bright frocks and the dress uniforms of the officers combined with the decorations, transformed the hall into a veritable fairyland. The decoration scheme was a most artistic one with quantities of branches hung with gold and red petals arranged throughout. The stage, while the posts making off the dance floor were turned into gay little trees interspersed with these were many crimson and golden hearts, shot with arrows. The stage, where the Winter Garden orchestra was stationed, was decked with hearts, and quantities of them were suspended from a canopy of streamers overhead.

As the day chosen for this last social function was Leap Year Day, this note was struck in the 14th dance, when the ladies were given hoops, from which dangled hearts. With these as their weapons the male escorts were helpless, for their partners picked and chose at will.

Cozy sitting-out places were also arranged with shaded lamps and wicker chairs. After the first half of the program had been enjoyed a buffet supper was served, and the dancing continued on until far past midnight.

Receiving the many guests were the regents of the two chapters, under whose auspices the dance was given. Mrs. F. J. Greenaway, regent of the Campbell Becher Chapter, I.O.D.E., wearing a black sequin gown with silver leaves arranged in her hair and silver slippers, and Miss Eula White, regent of the Princess Patricia Chapter, I.O.D.E., gowned in yellow and silver.

Patrons, Patronesses.

Among those who loaned their patronage to the dance were: Brig-Gen. King, C.M.G., D.S.O., and the Hon. Mrs. Shuttleworth King; the latter wearing a handsome gown of black and gold with sequin trimmings; Mayor Wenige and Mrs. Wenige, Mrs. Wenige gowned in corn colored crepe with sequin trimmings; Mr. and Mrs. Allan McLean; Mr. Frank White, M.P., and Mrs. White; Sir Adam Beck and Miss Marion Beck; Mrs. A. V. Becher; Dean Sherwood Fox and Mrs. Fox; Dean Paul McKibbin and Mrs. McKibbin; Col. C. H. Hill and Mrs. Hill; Col. G. W. Little and Mrs. Little; Mr. and Mrs. Bryden Campbell; Mr. J. I. A. Hunt and Mrs. Hunt, the latter gowned in pearl gray broad velvet with silver shoes and a corsage of roses.

The committees in charge, including the regents, were: For the Campbell

Bandits Tackle The Wrong Man

Associated Press Despatch.

Cleveland, Feb. 29.—Benjamin Kuckenknecht, aged 29, is dying in a hospital of bullet wounds suffered when he and two 17-year-old companions selected Patrolman William Plaum in citizens' clothes as a holdup victim early today. A volley of revolver shots was the policeman's reply to the youths' attempt to hold him up. Kuckenknecht was covering the officer with a revolver and the other two were closing in on him when Plaum fired six shots, wounding Kuckenknecht through the chest in the head. His companions fled.

Becher Chapter, Mrs. J. E. Stevenson; Mrs. G. Stevenson; Mrs. Sydney Horne, gowned in sapphire blue velvet; Mrs. C. A. Harris, wearing orchid georgette with silver slippers; Mrs. E. L. Steele in blue green georgette with pearl trimmings; Mrs. L. H. Douglass, wearing pale mauve with silver slippers; Mrs. H. T. Bell, gowned in black velvet; Mrs. C. J. Atkins, wearing midnight blue velvet; Mrs. H. Easton in a black beaded gown. The Princess Patricia Chapter included: Mrs. Gordon Hunt in rose lane, with a silver bandeau arranged in her hair and silver shoes; Mrs. Neville Pope, Mrs. W. J. Baxter; Mrs. S. V. Cooke, wearing a handsome silver lace gown; Mrs. Norman Humphries; Mrs. W. B. McDermott, gowned in mauve georgette with sequin trimmings; Miss Ruth Robinson, in old rose satin, and Miss Ruth Kingsmill.

Among the Guests.

Among the guests noticed were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunt, the latter wearing a white sequin gown; Major Logan Towers and Mrs. Towers, the latter gowned in blue brocade combined with metal cloth; Mrs. Mrs. Gordon Ingram; Miss Chalcraft of Toronto, wearing midnight blue brocade silk and metal cloth; Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCormick; Col. George Gillespie; Major Arthur Mortimer; Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCormick; Capt. Weekes; Mr. Ernest Little; Mr. J. C. Elliott; Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Campbell, the latter gowned in pale blue georgette; Mr. Broadley; Mrs. Charles Darden of 11 Wharfedale road, London, has as his ambition one of the 11 prize cars. Albert

Fried of Hagersville, while able to spend only an hour or two a day at

showing. Herbert Foster has been a resident of Kerrwood for a number of years and has a large circle of friends giving him loyal support. C. H. Lewis of Sarnia is leaving no stone unturned in his effort to secure

new subscriptions. He never lets a

day go by without some measure of

success. Grey Fuller of Aylmer has

proved very successful as a systematic canvasser, and has as his object

the grand prize, a Hudson car, and

being that the construction of the

from the first has set a terrific pace in

the race for the splendid prize.

When the final results of this

Advertiser's big prize contest is

known it is safe to say the names of

each of the six candidates shown

above will find a place either among

the winners or high up on the honors

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Six Workers In the Advertiser's \$20,000 Contest



CHARLES DURDEN, London.



ALBERT FRYED, Hagersville.



HERBERT FOSTER, Kerrwood.



C. H. LEWIS, Sarnia.



GREY FULLER, Aylmer.



HIRAM SMITH, Gadsbills.

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PUBLIC BENEFITS BY NEW METHODS IN DENTAL WORK

Dr. Harold Box Perfects Means To Cope With Dreaded Pyorrhea.

GOVERNMENT TO AID

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, Feb. 29.—With a view to utilizing it in the public service and in public school dental work, Hon. Dr. Forbes Godfrey, provincial minister of health, has investigated what he declares to be a wonderful new discovery of treatment of pyorrhea, perfected by Dr. Harold Box of this city.

In layman's language, Dr. Box has discovered that the dread pyorrhea commences in the lining membrane of the tooth socket following the effects of unequal pressure of the teeth, that inflammation originates from the gum tissue, which has been successfully effected, states Dr. Godfrey, on scores of sufferers, is to correct the uneven pressure of the teeth, and grow new bone where the bone has commenced to devour.

Although the facts as to the discovery are for the first time being presented to the world, dental science on the European continent and in the United States is aware of the progress made within the past several years by Dr. Box in his research work, and he has had a dozen offers of positions from various universities in the United States have sought his services in a teaching capacity, Columbia among them, and there have been tempting financial offers from private quarters on the other side of the border.

Dr. Box stated today that his desire was to make his new cure "free as air" to the dental profession of Ontario. Dr. Godfrey and Dr. Box are collaborating as to the best means to get the science across to the dental profession, and one of the methods suggested is to have the dentists meet Dr. Box in classes, in order to receive his tuition on the subject.

"His discovery is truly wonderful, and it will only be appreciated when there is a general understanding of it," stated Dr. Godfrey in reference to the matter today. "It is based on pathology, on natural laws. It is not a drug, and it has been successfully demonstrated to me."

Dr. Box is a native of Carleton Place, Ontario, and a graduate of the high school there.

Peterboro, Feb. 29.—George Mills, who resides three miles east of Omeme, and who yesterday had his back broken when a threshing machine fell on him, died this morning. When the accident occurred he had plenty of time to get out of danger, but was so startled that he could not move.

Lure, in black satin and sequins: Mr. Jack Chantler, Mr. Stanley Raymond, and Dud Coles.



WILLIAM DUFF, M.P.

of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, is demanding the release of seven members of the Canadian schooner Tomoka, who were arrested by American revenue officers off New York some months ago.

GRAND JURY INDICTS FORMER U. S. OFFICIAL

Charles B. Forbes Charged With Conspiracy To Defraud Government.

Associated Press Despatch. Chicago, Feb. 29.—Charles B. Forbes, former director of the U. S. veterans' bureau, and John W. Thompson, contractor of Chicago and St. Louis, were named in four indictments returned today by a federal grand jury, which has spent a month investigating charges of waste, graft and debauchery in connection with Forbes' administration.

The express rate situation was the cause, as did the St. Paul taken up by R. L. Peeler of Ottawa. Present rates are from \$0 to 90 per cent higher than the previous rates, said Mr. Bunting, and the companies are asking for another increase. The companies may defeat their own object, he added. A resolution demanding a decrease of rates was adopted.

Marine Engineers Ask Uniform Rates of Pay

Canadian Press Despatch.

Ottawa, Feb. 29.—That the department of marine and fisheries should make the request to apply uniform rates of pay and conditions for engineers of these departments, conforming with rates now applicable in British Columbia, which are the highest in the world, was the purpose of a resolution adopted by the National Association of Marine Engineers of Canada in convention here today.

Ald. Greer wanted to know what items were of such importance as to require the city engineer at meetings of the finance committee. Street lighting was set as an example.

Members Competent.

The city treasurer felt that the members of the finance committee were competent to look after such few repairs as would be necessary for the market and fire halls. It was decided after a long argument to leave the question in abeyance until the council met. "Fight it out then," was the recommendation.

Provision in the estimates for \$500 for painting some portion of the city hall, yet to be determined, was branded by the mayor as a wanton "waste of money."

The original estimate was \$1,200

ENGINEER'S ESTIMATES NOW TOTAL \$258,592.03

Amount Brought by Works Chairman \$60,000 Increase Over 1923.

RESTROOM DISCUSSED

Douglass and Co. Hit Snag in Effort To Control Fire Dept. Expenditures.

Ald. Douglass and his associates of the finance committee stirred up the board of works freely estimated that a large-sized hornet's nest when they presumed to assume absolute control of fire department and city market expenditures.

Assembled in special caucus yesterday afternoon, members of the board of works freely estimated that a large-sized hornet's nest when they presumed to assume absolute control of fire department and city market expenditures.

After an exhaustive survey of estimates submitted by City Engineer Near, Ald. Greer, chairman, and his colleagues brought down a proposed expenditure of \$258,592.03. This amount is roughly about \$60,000 in excess of 1923, and will in all probability be trimmed by the council. It is pointed out that more than \$30,000 of this increase is due to the rate of increase in the cost of materials through the recommendation of the engineer to place the special street cleaning taxes into the general rate. The committee approved of this increase yesterday despite the strenuous opposition from Mayor Wenige.

Provision was made for the expenditure of \$5,000 for the proposed fire department, and the rate of station on the market, upon the distinct understanding that the chamber of commerce would secure \$3,000 from the county authorities. Ald. Shaw hazarded the assumption that the project would not be realized during 1924, in any event.

The account submitted from the suburban fire department, estimated at \$15,150, was placed in the estimates for payment, Ald. Greer, member of that board, pointing out that the city was bound to meet this expense. He felt that the construction of the new fire station at Springbank was well worth the money expended.

The town planning estimates were reduced to \$3,500. The highway department's estimate of \$14,000 for the highway department was reduced to \$2,000 toward the cost of the geologic survey.

No definite action pertaining to the highway department was taken, the question awaiting definite settlement at the next session. Mayor Wenige urged that they wait and see what action might be forthcoming from the capital in view of the protests emanating daily from other municipalities.

Ald. Greer and his associates did not take kindly the proposal from the finance committee with respect to the city market, the federal square and the first department. "Do they want the public utilities commission and L. & P. S. Railway as well?" queried Ald. Towe.

"Please can we have our engineer back?" asked Ald. Greer referring to the ultimatum from the finance committee that the engineer must attend all their meetings.

The city engineer's major items submitted were as follows after the session: Engineering department, \$194,555.77; Building inspector's dept., \$15,230.00; Street cleaning, \$12,566.00; Suburban roads commission, \$15,150.00; Town planning, \$3,500.00; Incidental, \$14,000.00; Snow removal, \$3,500.00.

\$258,592.03

Questions Asked.

"What is No. 1 committee trying to do?" questioned Ald. Hayden. "If anyone has any objection to the proposition last year when he was chairman of the works committee, Ald. Douglass would certainly have objected."

"We've got a long way to go, for years now," stated Ald. Greer, "why the sudden desire for a change?"

"There is something back of it all," explained Ald. Hayden. "We had better disband our committee and let the finance committee with Ald. Douglass take it all. It is evident that Douglass wants to be chairman of both committees."

"Anxious for work, is he?" asked Ald. Greer.

Mayor Wenige strongly advised the council, as did the City Treasurer Bell, who, in fact, had recommended to the finance committee as conducive to good financing and accounting.

Ald. Towe was anxious to know why Inspector Piper had to attend meetings of the finance committee. The city treasurer stated that he did not have to go to meetings of the board of works. The inspector was not under the direction of the city engineer, he stated.

Ald. Greer wanted to know what items were of such importance as to require the city engineer at meetings of the finance committee. Street lighting was set as an example.

Members Competent.

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Provision in the estimates for \$500 for painting some portion of the city hall, yet to be determined, was branded by the mayor as a wanton "waste of money."

The original estimate was \$1,200

Jewish State Is Plan For Crimea

Soviet Decree To Establish New Region Is Expected.

Associated Press Despatch.

Moscow, Feb. 29.—A final decree establishing an autonomous Jewish state in the Crimea Peninsula will be issued within a few days by the council of commissars of the Soviet government. The Jewish state, it is said, will be established along the same lines as all other autonomous regions which the Soviet government has created for various minority nationalities of the Russian population.

AGED LADY MISSING FROM HOME IN CITY

Mrs. Baker, 80, Wanders From 10 Childer Street On Thursday.

Mrs. Baker, a woman of 80 years, wandered from her home, 10 Childer street, some time yesterday, and as yet has not been located. The police have received two reports as to the time of her disappearance, one party declaring that she was missing about 10 a.m., while another person claims the aged lady left about 7 o'clock in the evening.

Friends of the missing woman say that she is a very frail person, and she is of very frail stature, and walks with a slight stoop.

NEW EXCHANGE RATES FROM MARCH 1 TO 15

International Shipments of Freight Will Take Three and One-Half Per Cent.

Ottawa, Feb. 29.—In accordance

with the judgment of the board of railway commissioners, the rate of exchange in connection with shipments of freight between points in Canada and the United States from March 1 to March 15, inclusive, will be three and one-half per cent, and the rate of surcharge on international freight shipments will be two per cent. During the same period the rate on international passenger would be based on four per cent exchange.

for painting and papering the city engineer's department.

"Why?" asked the mayor sharply, "when we figure on tearing down this building in the near future?"

"You'll have to bring in the sanitary officials to condemn it," advised the engineer.

"Would any business paint this building," the mayor challenged Ald. Towe, who favored the expenditure.

Ald. Towe thought they should make the city hall look respectable, as befitting a city like London.

"You have to keep it from falling down," warned Ald. Greer.

"Papering it won't do that," rejoined the mayor. "Leave it as it is until we wreck it."

"It will be habitable," thought Ald. Shaw.

"We don't want the fellows working in a pigpen," ventured Ald. Bottrill.

Ald. Hayden thought that \$1,600 should be spent for improvements on the East London town hall. Somebody reminded him that the mayor thought the opposite, while Ald. Hayden proclaimed "No, I committee is not running us yet awhile."

When the vertebral segments lose

their normal position, these little

holes between the vertebrae are partially closed. This closure brings these sharp, bony, imperfectly formed rings into contact, and pressure is exerted upon the point along the spine.

This abnormal pressure interferes with the transmission of energy, and the organs, tissues and cells which are supplied by these nerves are deprived of the amount of nerve energy which Nature intended they should have. Disease is the direct result of this interference.

And here is where your Chiropractor comes in. By carefully palpating your spine he locates the vertebrae which are out of alignment. By exerting a slight pressure with his fingers upon the paths of the nerves affected, he can trace these sore, tender nerves and prove to you the statements here made.

By a quick, skillful thrust applied to the vertebra he finally accomplishes the return of the segment to its normal position and Nature is again permitted to transmit her forces unhindered. Normal function of the diseased parts is then resumed and normal health results.

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

Chiropractic articles will be published in this newspaper each Saturday.</

The Etimar Club Presents "The Etimar Revue" On Tuesday, March 4

Let us take you to

—THE— ETIMAR REVUE

and bring you home.

Speedy
Safe
Service

Phone 6262
Blue Bonnet
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"WE NEVER SLEEP"

"Shivering Shocks" Is One of Many Treats Prepared For Public by Etimar Club

Night of Wholesome Fun Is To
Be Given On Tues-
day.

"THE CLUB SANDWICH"

A Minstrel Show and Chorus
Will Give Full
Measure.

An evening of fun is what the Etimar Club has prepared for the public in the presentation of "Shivering Shocks," a clever little one-act melodrama, under the direction of J. Stanley Meredith; "The Club Sandwich," a minstrel show of merit, and several entertaining choruses directed by Edmund Meredith. The performance, better known as the Etimar Club Revue, is to be given on Tuesday night at the Central Col-
legiate Institute Auditorium, and all of the club members are working hard to make it a success.

The cast of the melodrama, "Shivering Shocks," written by Clemence Bain, includes club members who have already achieved distinction in London dramatic circles. Major Logan Towers will appear in the role of the villain, while Gilbert Chisholm will take the part of the wounded soldier who has received the coveted V. C. J. C. Dobson is a butler, Bruce Nimmo a clever inventor, Mr. Spence a very fine police sergeant, and Sydney Kingsmill a detective.

Many in Cast.
In the minstrel show, "The Club Sandwich," Bob Hart is to take the part of the interloper, while the end men are Harry Jarvis, Lorne Taylor, Leigh Taylor, Harry Dickinson and George Gillespie. Evans

Sir Esme Has Assumed Duties

Associated Press Despatch.
Washington, Feb. 29.—The new British ambassador, Sir Esme Howard, arrived from New York last night to take up his duties here.

He was accompanied on the train by William Phillips, under secretary of state, who was returning from a leave; Henry G. Clifton, counselor of the embassy, and H. V. Tennant, private secretary to the preceding ambassador. He was met at the station by other members of the embassy staff.

Davis will lead the orchestra, which promises to be an attractive feature of the performance. The choruses include L. M. Scott, Whit Tummings, Fred Beattie, Arthur Leason, Bruce Nimmo, Mr. Andrews, Frank Hallett, Herbert Davis, Norman Wilson, Russell Wilson, Charles Sears, Pete Simpson, Bob Shaw-Wood, Charlie Colbert, Frank Spence, Brewster Hunt, Howard McTavish, Brewer Hunt and Dave Finlayson, the sheik of the London police.

Brewer Hunt is president of the Etimar Club, an enterprising organization of young men, which has been very active in the city during the past few years. The presentation of Tuesday's performance will bring them still further into prominence, for it promises to go off with pep and swing.

Business Committee.
The business committee for the revue includes Fred Beattie, Lindsay Scott, Charlie Sears and Bruce Nimmo; the production committee, Stanley Meredith, and Edmund Meredith, with Frank Spence in charge of the properties. The stage settings promise to be most effective.

The funds raised by the revue are to pay for lights installed by the club in the churchyard of St. Paul's Cathedral, and for other philanthropic purposes.

An eventful past, marked by successes in social, athletic and intellectual enterprises, is that of the Etimar Club, a young men's club.

Organized in 1919,
Organized in the fall of 1919 at first with a membership of seven charter members, which ever since has been gradually increasing, the Etimar Club now ranks as one of the best.

Fred J. Beattie was the first president of the Etimars and the Rev. C. W. Foreman was its first honorary president. To these two are a great many of the early Etimarian successes to be attributed.

From its birth interest was at once shown in all branches of development, and its motto, "Efficiency, Training, Intelligence, Manhood, Athletics, Religion and Social," speak well for the high aims of the forty odd young men who are Etimars.

The club is a child of the Cathedral of St. Paul's. Its meeting place is Cronyn Hall. Service to the church has been a predominant part in the objects of the Etimars.

In philanthropic spirit the Etimars are active. At Christmas each year, aided with gifts, they bring a merry Christmas to many of the poor little children who otherwise would do without.

Athletic Achievements.
Athletic achievements have been numerous and well won, in basketball and tennis. In 1919-20, after many hard and closely-contested battles, the Etimar Club won the intermediate C. S. E. T. championship. The team of that year was composed of Messrs. Terry Bayley (captain), Ted Vainwright, Milton Zinger, Lindsay Scott, Fred Beattie, Brewer Hunt and Clarence Nugent. Skill in athletics was greatly fostered by the members of the vestry of St. Paul's Cathedral. The executive committee of the cathedral at that time, with keen foresight, equipped Cronyn Hall as a gymnasium, and in this way practice making perfect.

Present executive: Honorary president, Rev. C. W. Foreman; president, Brewer Hunt; vice-president, Bruce Nimmo; secretary, L. M. Scott; treasurer, Charlie Sears.

Committee chairman—Athletic, Geo. H. Gillespie; program, Fred Beattie; social, Harry Jarvis; membership, Dave Finlayson.

PLYMPTON TOWNSHIP
NAMES 1924 OFFICERS

Special to The Advertiser.
Forest, Feb. 29.—The Plympton township officers for 1924 appointed at the February meeting are: Pathmasters, Bert King, Charles McKee, Willet Reddick, Isaac Maw, Duncan Gordon, A. H. Williams, John D. Paul, James Johnson, David Brownlee, Thomas Smith, W. J. Harrison, John Hillier, Clifton Pascoe, Ed. Rowell, Joseph Lowrie, Bert Wellington, Malcolm Campbell, Roy A. Stonehouse, James Jackson, W. Alexander, John McAuslan, Ernest King, Douglas Anderson, Russell Alexander, Thomas Simpson, John McPhedran, Sr., John A. McPhedran, Mac McIntyre, Fred Breton, John Capes, George Dodge, Charles Stevens, Alfred Nichols, William Hyslop, Norman Wright, J. T. Welch, Joseph Fisher, W. E. G. Symington, R. S. Jardine, Robert Matthews, John Gray, Charles Cates, Sherman Symington, Thomas Coulter, William Galle, John Evans, John E. Scott, William Douglas, Thomas Sheridan, Fred Maloney, David McKinlay, Dan Galbraith, Joseph Vanderburg, William Bruce, Joseph Abell, Archie McMillan, J. C. Shepherd, James Simpson, Archie McKinlay, Newell Wright, Duncan McKinlay, Alex. Wilkinson, John Buchanan, Newton Lithgow, Fred Kemp, Angus McLaren, Sidney Manning, Richard Skinner, James Daly, Claude Neilson, Cecil Bannister, Alvin Stoddill, John A. Hubbard.



MEMBERS OF THE ETIMAR CLUB.
The above photo shows a group of the members of the Etimar Club of St. Paul's Cathedral, which is staging the Etimar revue, one of the most novel and unique programs ever attempted by a local organization, Tuesday, March 4. Front row, left to right—Pete Simpson, Arthur Gleason, Jr., Clendone Colbert, Lorne Taylor, Hilton Stothers, M.D., Russell Wilson, Clarence Nugent, Charlie Colbert, Thornton Fitzgerald, Norman Wilson, Harry Jarvis, Bruce Nimmo, B.A., Frank Hallett, Stanton Cahill, center row—Harold Dalgleish, M.A., L. M. Scott, Brewer Hunt, Bob Shaw-Wood, A. A. Jackson, Fred Beattie, George Gillespie, Frank McHardy-Smith, B.A., bottom row—Ted Vainwright, Dave Finlayson, Whit Tummings, R. Hart, C. Sears.

MAH JONG Some Pointers on Etiquette and Recent Rules.

By R. F. FOSTER.

It is a very rare thing for four persons to sit down to learn Mah Jong without at least one of them knowing something about the elementary principles of throwing the dice for seats, building the walls, and getting the hands. These details have been covered time and time again in the newspapers and magazines during the past year, and it is not considered necessary to take up the reader's time with a detailed description of such matters in these articles. Every good set is accompanied by some sort of brief rules for playing and scoring which are enough to get the players started. There are, however, several little details of etiquette of the game which are not even mentioned in the most extensive text books, but which largely conduce to its enjoyment. In throwing dice for seats, the dice which are usually accompanied each set should be placed on the table, and the hostess, or the guest of honor, should select the two to be used in play. The same person should also be asked to make the first throw for the choice of seats, and later for the position of East.

How To Draw Tiles.

In drawing tiles from the wall for the original hands, beginners should not make any attempt to turn them up and look at them until all thirteen have been drawn, but should keep their eyes fixed upon the wall, to be sure that each person at the table gets the right number of tiles, four at a time, and from the proper place. As one becomes more expert in handling the tiles, it will be found possible to take the four tiles with one hand, spread them side by side, face down, using both hands, and lift them into place in the rack almost with one motion, at the same time never taking the eyes off that portion of the wall from which the others are drawing their tiles.

In sorting and beginners should avoid getting into the habit of separating the suits or pairs in the rack, or in any way leaving spaces between the various combinations. Such a habit is difficult to get over, and betrays the make-up of the hand to a watchful opponent. If you have four tiles separated from the rest of the hand and discarded, then, it does not require much acumen on the part of an adversary to infer that the three which are left are of the same suit and put in sequence with the one discarded. I have seen a Chinese expert who could name every tile in the hand of a player who had this habit, after a few draws and discards.

Must Not Call Out.
It is against the rules to call attention to any peculiarity in the previous play of another player, because that is giving unfair information to players who have not been equally observant of details which might largely influence the play. One must never forget that Mah Jong is not a partnership game, and there is always a penalty for helping one player against the others.

For example: If a player fails to draw from the wall after getting a Season, or fails to take a loose tile after showing a kong, or discards a tile which he must be careful not to call attention to any of these errors. He is not your partner, and mistakes he makes are your gain, and that of the others. If you help him by telling him how to play, and correct his mistakes, you are unjustly depriving two other players of their advantage in being more careful than he is, and you can be called upon to pay for it.

Lot Mistakes Go.
In the same way, if a player makes a mistake in laying down a set, such as taking a discard and putting down 5 6 6, instead of 5 6 7, or 6 6 6, you must not call his attention to it, because as soon as he discards without correcting the error, the imperfect set makes it impossible for him to go to Mah Jong which gives you and the two others a great advantage, of which you have no right to deprive them.

The same thing is true about counting the hands at the end of the play. If a player overcounts, of course you will correct him, as you refuse to pay him too much; but if he does not correct himself, it is because he does not know the game, or is not as expert at it as he should be, and for that he must suffer, if you correct him, and call attention to a couple overlooked, or a set that was in hand but which he counts as grounded, you may be called upon to pay for the others the extra count about which they said nothing, as you have no right to help a player who is not your partner to count his hand, any more than you have to advise him how to discard or make up sets.

Some New Rules.
There are one or two innovations in the details of the play which have

lately been very widely adopted to which attention should be called, as they are not yet in the text books. Loose tiles are no longer drawn to replace Seasons at any stage of the game, but are drawn only to replace kongs, (four of a kind). The original 14 barred tiles at that end of the wall are never added to, no matter how many kongs are shown. When the break which originally separated 14 tiles from the rest of the wall at the loose tile end is completed, no player having a completed hand for Mah Jong, the game is drawn. In some special games, all the tiles are drawn.

Strictly speaking, it is against the rules to name the tiles as they are discarded, although beginners are usually allowed that privilege. Each player is supposed to pay attention to the discards, and a mistake in calling a discard might be more unfair to another player under certain circumstances.

Many players get into the habit of calling "Chow" the moment they see a discard that they are able to use for a sequence. This is entirely wrong for two reasons. In the first place, it is not necessary to say anything, as no one else can take that tile for a sequence, except to go Mah Jong, in which case that is the call. In the second, and this is the chief reason, it is a betrayal of the player's hand in case the tile is claimed by another person for a pung (three of a kind).

The Farmer's Wife: Visualizes Memories of the Beauties of Nature.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.
Of all the beautiful pictures That hang on Memory's wall, There are those of a by-gone summer When the sun shone on the fields, and the wheat fields, ripe and golden. Where brown-eyed Susans grow, And apple trees, gnarled and olden, With dandelions thick below.

We have talked about the weather until we are tired and it hasn't done a bit of good. "The wind she blow a hurricane," and the drifts continue to pile up in the sidewalks, while the thermometer is feeling very low in its mind again. We are quite angry at the bear that came out a couple of weeks ago, and told us he was in a near-by corner of my brain the collection of pictures which I proceed to shine up and enjoy for a while.

Exhibit A—A long flower garden, where the sun has just called the first snows and the first frost. Exhibit B—The children running across the lawn, their hands and skirts full of dandelions. Exhibit C—The cherry tree in full bloom, with a bird singing merrily among the branches, his orange and black flashing vividly against the white blossoms.

A picture of my own lazy self lying in the tender green grass under an apple tree (where at present there is three feet of snow), while the children bind me with dandelion chains and the bees and birds work busily among the rosy blossoms.

Oats Springing Up.
The soft green of a field where the oats have sprung up over night after a warm rain.

A curly-haired 2-year-old asleep under a spirea bush with a big, yellow cat dozing in her arms.

A long, sandy shore line with six children, sitting in the bright sun, shine with their toes in the water.

A crystal spring that rushes down between high banks, then through a swamp where violets hide and slender ferns trail their fingers in the foam. (There is a gray cloud around this picture, which I am very much afraid is made of mosquitoes.)

A single cloud of white nicotiana, sending incense to heaven in the moonlight; here one might kneel and worship as at a shrine.

Children splashing in a river that runs shallow over white sand, while giant elm trees arch overhead.

An exquisite, pale green Luna moth on a window screen, trying to get in to the light.
Cows coming home from green pas-

Correct Way to Discard.

The correct method of play in all cases in which discards are taken is to take from the rack the two tiles that complete the set, lay them down face up, then discard from the hand any tile that is not wanted, and then take from the table the previous discard that completes the set. When it is chow, take the two tiles from the rack leisurely, so as to give ample opportunity for a delayed call of pung from another player. This avoids any premature disclosure of the fact that you could have used that tile to complete a sequence.

In all cases in which a discard is taken from the table, it is important for the player to do everything and first, even for a pung. The rule for this is that up to the time the next discard is made any player at the table may claim the previous discard, for pung or for Mah Jong. By discarding as quickly as possible, especially after a chow, you prevent a delayed call of pung or even Mah Jong. When a tile is wanted for a pung, it must be announced, as that is a notice that intervening players are about to lose their turn.

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EAST LAMBTON SCHOOL INSPECTOR GIVES REPORT

Special to The Advertiser.

Forest, Feb. 29.—The report of J. J. Edwards, East Lambton Inspector of public schools, has been received. At the entrance examination last June 277 candidates tried the tests, and 195, or about 69 per cent, were successful, as compared with 67 per cent in 1922.

Visualizes Memories of the Beauties of Nature.

And so on ad infinitum. Whenever I take a mental snapshot of it and tuck it away in a pigeon-hole in my brain for future reference. At present I am collecting snow scenes for use in July. One very cool picture which is confronting me at the present moment is a snowdrift which has blown in under the kitchen door in this wild east wind.

Chillblains Not Gout.
The eight-year-old was complaining of "gout," but on examination it proved to be chillblains. What a fortune there is in store for the person who can invent a real cure for this troublesome winter complaint.

The drafts delight the children, and they have dug a series of elaborate snick-caves along the orchard fence. The snow is altogether too deep for the fat legs of the three-year-old, who has to be dug out if she ventures off the straight and narrow path that is kept open by turning the house and the barn. We think we will have to train the fox-terrier to dig her out as he does groundhogs in the summer.

Twelve little new pigs arrived on Valentine's Day; at least there were thirteen, but the other one, finding he had drawn the unlucky number, just lay down and died. It would have been more appropriate if they had waited for a month and chosen St. Patrick's Day for a birthday instead, besides the weatherman might have had a change of heart by that time.

The 1924 valentine crop has been harvested and was quite satisfactory. The children came home from school with quantities of gaily colored hearts; as quite ninety per cent of them bore the time-honored sentiment that "roses are red, and violets are blue," surely the statement must be true.

Our old ram is feeling quite skittish these days and the snows are terrible. There is one bossy named "Klim," and he seems to take a special delight in worrying her; as soon as she is out of the stable he runs at her head and standing on his hind legs tries to lock horns with her. She backs all around the barnyard with the ram prancing after her, and the fox-terrier is the only thing that can break up this combination. This old Billy has always had a playful disposition; last year we had working for us a very tall native of Holland, whose knees were at just the right height for Billy's tricks. The ram would run up swiftly and silently behind him, catch him neatly under the knees and make his escape while the Dutchman would sit down suddenly and profanely in the mud.

As I finish this we are having what we hope is the end of a three-day blizzard. The only person who is perfectly happy during a storm like this is the mailman, who is enjoying a forced holiday. He works hard and faithfully all the rest of the year, so we don't grudge him a few day's rest, though it does mean that we miss The Advertiser and can't keep track of the big contest.

BRITISH WOMEN WILL GET VOTE AT 21 YEARS

Adamson Bill Abolishing
Thirty-Year Law, Gets
Second Reading.

GETS HUGE MAJORITY

Associated Press Despatch.

London, Feb. 29.—The House of Commons today accepted the principle of giving women the vote at the age of twenty-one instead of at thirty, as under the present law, by passing the second reading of the measure known as the Adamson bill. The measure received the large majority of 218, but then by a vote of 247 to 77 the House declined to refer the bill to the committee of the whole House, so that its future fate depends upon whether time can be spared from essential government business in the present session to put the bill through its further stages.

The measure is what is known as a "private member's bill," and the government is not responsible, and, further, it proposes a number of controversial changes in the existing law affecting the municipal franchise and other matters.

Deputy Leader Clynes explained that the government was favorable to the principle involved, but pointed out the bill would have a better chance if it was limited to the simple matter of women's vote without these trouble-making clauses. The government, however, would do whatever

possible for it. There is a possibility, therefore, that although the government has made no actual promise, the bill may be again submitted to the House in simpler form and time found to pass it during the present session.

MEASLES EPIDEMIC.
Special to The Advertiser.
Newbury, Feb. 28.—Newbury's annual epidemic has broken out this winter in the form of measles. The school remains open, and the majority of the cases are mild.



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The first perfumes, such as frankincense and myrrh, were dry, resinous gums burned as incense on sacred altars. It is from this primitive custom that we have the word perfume, meaning by or through smoke.

MRS. F. BARNED IS PRESIDENT TRAFALGAR MOTHERS' CLUB

Twenty-Second Organization Comes Into Being at Meeting Held Last Night Under Auspices of Union Club, Mrs. W. A. Tanner Presiding.

PARTAKE OF SUPPER BY LAMP LIGHT

With the election of officers, the new Trafalgar Mothers' Club came into being last night. Mrs. Fred Barned, 19 May street, is the president, with a strong executive behind her. The election was a three-cornered fight, Mrs. E. S. Little and Mrs. C. Shute having been also nominated for this office. The executive committee is as follows: Vice-presidents, Mrs. E. S. Little and Mrs. James Hendry; secretary, Mrs. C. Shute; treasurer, Mrs. Philmore; and press reporter (acclamation) Mrs. Ed. Fellow.

Over one hundred were present at this interesting organization meeting, which brings the Mothers' Clubs of the city to twenty-two. Mrs. W. A. Tanner, president of the Union Mothers' Club was in the chair. She outlined the history and development of the Mothers' Club movement in the city, explaining how invaluable was the co-operation which these clubs had brought about between the school and the home. When she called upon the mothers of the new club district to rise it was found that there were forty of them present, a kindly nucleus for a young organization.

Gives a Welcome.

T. D. McCamus, principal of the school, welcomed the mothers on behalf of the teaching staff. He wanted the parents to feel that the school was their school, and that they could do much toward helping the teachers in their dealing with the children of the district. Often the teachers were unaware of the medical history of the children, and much might be accomplished if the parents would help.

them out in this respect. Often special children needed special attention. Mrs. Tanner was aided by Mrs. Drew and Mrs. John Gemmell in explaining the club constitution to the new members. Large deputations were present from the Mothers' Clubs of Ealing and Chislehurst Avenue schools, as well as individual members from other clubs, all anxious to be present at the formation of the new club.

Make Speeches.

The new officers were called upon for brief speeches, in which they introduced themselves to those present. During the evening, interesting social news was given by Miss Jean Campbell of the Aberdeen School staff, following which refreshments were served and a social time spent. The meeting at the Ontario Hospital, with the superintendent of nurses, Miss Jacobs, superintending and instructors of the class: Miss Ellen Langford, Miss Jessie Thompson, Mrs. Mae King, Miss Winnifred Hudson, Miss Robina McVicar, Miss Evelyn Cummings, Miss May Jardine, Miss Ellen Weaver, Miss Christie Sutherland, Miss Myrtle Weaver, Miss Arthur Davis, Miss Ida Cosby, Miss Mildred Weaver, Miss Mary Hensworth, Miss Emily Welch, Miss Lila Weaver, Miss Mary Ross; top row, Miss Phyllis Stapleton, Miss Annie Harrison, Miss Julia Farmer, Miss Barbara MacNair, Miss Annie Beckett, Miss Elizabeth Newton, Miss Beatrice Fox, Miss Jean Cotton, Miss Agnes Carbury, Miss Elizabeth Muir.

WOMEN and THE HOME



NURSES IN TRAINING AT THE ONTARIO HOSPITAL.

Here is an interesting photograph of the nurses in training at the Ontario Hospital, with the superintendent of nurses, Miss Jacobs, superintending and instructors of the class: Miss Ellen Langford, Miss Jessie Thompson, Mrs. Mae King, Miss Winnifred Hudson, Miss Robina McVicar, Miss Evelyn Cummings, Miss May Jardine, Miss Ellen Weaver, Miss Christie Sutherland, Miss Myrtle Weaver, Miss Arthur Davis, Miss Ida Cosby, Miss Mildred Weaver, Miss Mary Hensworth, Miss Emily Welch, Miss Lila Weaver, Miss Mary Ross; top row, Miss Phyllis Stapleton, Miss Annie Harrison, Miss Julia Farmer, Miss Barbara MacNair, Miss Annie Beckett, Miss Elizabeth Newton, Miss Beatrice Fox, Miss Jean Cotton, Miss Agnes Carbury, Miss Elizabeth Muir.

ing at the tea hour in honor of a number of Woodstock guests, who came to town yesterday for the Charity Ball.

Mrs. A. M. Jarvis, Ridout street, entertained at a delightful bridge party and dance at her home Thursday night. Tables were arranged for forty-four guests.

Miss Catharine Clegghorn, who is attending MacDonald College, Guelph, spent last week-end with Colonel and Mrs. Wm. Gartshore, Ridout street south.

Miss Ernestine Partridge, Annesley Hall, Toronto University, will spend the coming week-end with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. W. S. Partridge, Elmwood avenue.

Miss Graham of Hamilton, who has just returned from Australia where she spent a year teaching, visited the club on the invitation of the members to place before them his stand on the question of building further secondary schools in this city. He declared that the citizens of London should be cautious in pushing for a great outlay on secondary schools, because the city was already greatly in debt.

A few of the club members were strongly opposed to the mayor's stand, and rose to question him on the subject, pointing out the poor communications which would be a large number of the secondary pupils of the city. The majority of the members, however, were in sympathy with the mayor's attitude and have asked that this fact be made public.

MAYOR'S STAND UPHELD BY CHESLEY MOTHERS

Many Members Agree With the Economy Program on High School Question.

A large number of the members of the Chesley Avenue Mothers' Club, who were present at the meeting held in the school on Tuesday night, agree with Mayor Wenige in his stand for economy in civic expenditure. The mayor visited the club on the invitation of the members to place before them his stand on the question of building further secondary schools in this city. He declared that the citizens of London should be cautious in pushing for a great outlay on secondary schools, because the city was already greatly in debt.

PERSONALS

Mrs. W. S. Fenton is visiting relatives in Ottawa.

Mrs. J. L. Hunt returned last night from Kingston.

Mrs. Ray Lawson, Chesley street, is visiting friends in Sarnia.

Mrs. J. J. Smith, Princess avenue, entertained at six tables of bridge last evening.

Miss Madeline Sharpe of Hamilton, formerly of this city, is spending the week-end in town.

Mr. Ernest Little returned to London yesterday after spending the past two months in England.

Mrs. Harry Kingsmill and Mrs. Sydney Kingsmill are spending a few days in New York City.

Mrs. C. E. Marley was a recent visitor in Detroit, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Northcott.

Mrs. George Gunn, Jun., who has been visiting her sister in Cargill, returned to town last evening.

Mrs. Herbert Easton is entertaining the members of the Sunbury Club, Trinity Chapter, next Friday night.

Mrs. S. Floyd Jones will be the hostess of a bridge this evening, commencing her guest, Miss Margaret Jones of Simcoe.

Miss Eleanor Robinson, who is visiting Mrs. W. A. Reid in Montreal, was a guest last evening at the McGill fraternity dance.

Mrs. Harry Young is entertaining the members of the Abigail Becker Chapter, I. O. D. E., at her home, Dufferin avenue, on Monday night.

The many friends of Mrs. R. J. Hill, Adelaide street, will be pleased to hear she is greatly improved after her serious illness and operation.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dyer of Detroit, accompanied by their small son, are visiting Mr. Dyer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dyer, Hayman Court.

Mrs. James Hendry is entertaining the members of the Loch Lomond Chapter, I. O. D. E., at her home in Vauxhall street, on Monday afternoon.

John Becker, who is attending Trinity College School, Port Hope, is spending the week-end with his mother, Mrs. A. V. Becker, at Thornwood.

Miss Kathleen White is entertaining.

Hundred Children Spend Happy Time At Institute

Miss Alberta Tory, Miss Iva Smith and Miss Irene Burns Provide a Glorious Afternoon For Many Small Girls and Boys.

The Institute of Musical Art was the scene of a happy event this afternoon, when Miss Alberta Tory, Miss Iva Smith and Miss Irene Burns entertained at a children's party. From the moment the first small guest arrived to the time when the door closed upon the last of over one hundred happy, frolicking, prettily-frocked children, the party was a success. Children's games of almost every kind made the hours pass all too quickly. Then there was tea from a wonderful table all lit with candles in the shape of musical instruments. The small guests were received by Miss Alberta Tory in black velvet, Miss Iva Smith, also in black velvet, and Miss Irene Burns in black velvet, all in black velvet.

Guests on this occasion were: Nora Campbell, Eleanor Greene, Grace Sherry, Shirley Cradock, Lillian Winegard, Phyllis Clendenning, Margaret Lewis, Lillie Clendenning, Shirley Hill, Madeline Pierce, Ruth Rosenthal, Maurice Rosenthal, Jack Ashman, Madeline Connolly, Charles Willows, Carl Lenehan, Florence Beech, Velma Blaine, Jean Blaine, more, Jean Ballantyne, Helen Ashman, Lillian Fletcher, Marjorie Parsons, Dorothy Goughagen, Frank Babb, Sylvia Hill, Winifred Kelly, Ellen Barnett, Lillian Barrett, Alma Barnes, Ross Murray, Gretta Ross, Marjorie Gray, Dorothy Gray, Harry McCormick, Doris Ma Outman, Elsie Arthur, June Chapman, Ona Hunter, Tom Baker, Muriel Mann, Robert Santo, Nancy Santo, Myrtle Riley, Vincent Trimmer, Cyril Mote, Ross Murray, Lucy Judge, Jean Armstrong, Franklin Kunz, Marion Templar, Dorothy Bonney, Frances Bycroft, Shirley McCormick, Elsie McCormick, June Read, Annie Holdt, Minnie Ginsberg, Alice Kalmanson, Dorothy Pevier, Margaret Channer, Everett Case, Bernard Cottle, Gilbert

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Koreans Refuse Hair-Cuts.

Koreans do not cut their hair or beard. Any hair that falls out is saved, and with finger-nail parings, put in the collar, so that the dead may go back to another earth intact.

AMAZING RESULTS IN GOOD HEALTH FROM THE FRUIT TREATMENT



Intensified Fruit Juices in the Form of "Fruit-a-tives" Promptly Relieves Many Diseases.

You have always known that Fruit is healthful. Doctors say "eat more fruit." Experts on food and diet urge the eating of fruit. But—fresh fruit is expensive—and there is only a very small quantity of the medicinal or healing principle in fruit.

Now, a 50c box of "Fruit-a-tives" contains all the medicinal principle of dozens of oranges and apples and pounds of figs and prunes.

By the wonderful discovery of a well-known physician, it is possible to obtain the medicinal properties of the fresh juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes concentrated and intensified in a small tablet, with tonics added.

This is "Fruit-a-tives"—the Fruit Treatment—the quick, pleasant, inexpensive way to make you well and keep you well.

Seems Almost a Miracle.

Just read this letter from Mrs. Clara Sloat, Perth Junction, N.B.

"For many years I was a great sufferer from Indigestion, Constipation and Chronic Rheumatism. My stomach was weak and gave me constant distress, while the Rheumatism in my joints made me almost a cripple. Physicians and their medicines did me no good. Finally, I was induced to try 'Fruit-a-tives' and at once this wonderful fruit medicine seemed to help me. Soon the Constipation and Indigestion were relieved and the Rheumatism began to go away and, in a few months, entirely disappeared."

Thanks To "Fruit-a-tives," Am Once More Well.

Mrs. Honore Valiquette, 1133 Notre Dame St. West, Montreal, is deeply grateful to this famous fruit medicine. She says, "I wish I could tell every sufferer in the world what 'Fruit-a-tives' have done for me. For three years, I was much troubled by Bad Headaches, Nervous Dyspepsia and Liver Trouble. Then I commenced taking 'Fruit-a-tives.' Very soon my condition improved, and now, thanks to these wonderful tablets, I am once more entirely well."

Take "Fruit-a-tives" and get well. 25c and 50c a box, at all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa, Ont.

Well-Known Resident of Portland, Maine.

Mr. Otis M. Bryant, of 49 Anderson street, is most enthusiastic about this famous fruit medicine. He writes "I was troubled with Constipation ever since I can remember; as a result, I have suffered from distressing headaches and pain in my left side. I tried many and various remedies for the Headaches and Constipation, without receiving relief. About four months ago, I began the use of 'Fruit-a-tives.' Since then, I have been free of Headaches, bowels regular, no pain in my side. After the use of several boxes of 'Fruit-a-tives,' I feel justified in pronouncing them a remedy of true and exceptional merit."

comment. (This service is broadcast every hour during the twenty-four, except from 7 to 12 p.m., when all Chicago stations are silent.)

11:35 a.m.—Table talk.
6:30 p.m.—News, market and sport summary.
6:50 p.m.—Children's bedtime story.

WGYY—Schenectady, N. Y.—790 Kilocycles—380 Metres.

Eastern Standard Time.
11:55 a.m.—U. S. Naval Observatory time signals.
12:30 p.m.—Stock market report.
12:40 p.m.—Produce market report.
12:45 p.m.—Weather report.
2:00 p.m.—Music and household talk, "Graduate School of Home Making."
6:00 p.m.—Produce and stock market quotations, news bulletin.
6:15 p.m.—Review of week's sports.
7:45 p.m.—Musical program and band concert.

WWJ—Detroit, Mich.—580 Kilocycles.

Eastern Standard Time.
9:30 a.m.—"Tonight's Dinner" and a special talk by the Woman's Editor.
9:45 a.m.—Public Health Service bulletins and talks on subjects of general interest.

WBZ—Springfield, Mass.—890 Kilocycles, Frequency—337 Metres, Wave Length.

Eastern Standard Time.
11:00 a.m.—Central Church service.
2:30 p.m.—Studio chapel service.
7:00 p.m.—Chicago Sunday Evening Club service.

WGYY—Schenectady, N. Y.—790 Kilocycles—380 Metres.

Eastern Standard Time.
10:30 a.m.—Service of First Baptist Church, Schenectady, N. Y.
3:30 p.m.—Program by WGYY Symphony Orchestra.
7:30 p.m.—Service of First Baptist Church, Schenectady, N. Y.

WWJ—Detroit—400 Metres—580 Kilocycles.

11 a.m.—Services at St. Paul's Episcopal Cathedral.
4:00 p.m.—The Detroit News Orchestra; Cyril Wezemael, baritone, and Leo Robitaille, tenor.

MONDAY, MARCH 3.
KDCA—East Pittsburgh, Pa.—920 Kilocycles, Frequency—326 Metres, Wave Length.

Eastern Standard Time.
9:45 a.m.—Union live stock market reports.
11:55 a.m.—Arlington time signals.
12 noon—Weather forecast, Market reports.
6:15 p.m.—Dinner concert.
7:30 p.m.—Children's period.
7:45 p.m.—Market reports.
8:00 p.m.—Radio Girl Scout meeting.
8:15 p.m.—Feature.
8:30 p.m.—Concert by Little Symphony Orchestra.
9:55 p.m.—Arlington time signals. Weather forecast.

WBZ—Springfield, Mass.—890 Kilocycles, Frequency—337 Metres, Wave Length.

Eastern Standard Time.
11:55 a.m.—Arlington time signals; weather reports, Springfield market reports.
6:00 p.m.—Dinner concert by the WBZ trio.

7:00 p.m.—This week in history; late news from the National Industrial Conference Board; humorous program.
7:30 p.m.—Concert.
8:30 p.m.—Story for grownups.
8:55 p.m.—Arlington time signals.

KWV—Chicago, Ill.—560 Kilocycles, Frequency—536 Metres, Wave Length.

Central Standard Time.
9:30 a.m.—Late news and financial

10:25 a.m.—Official weather forecast.

11:55 a.m.—Arlington time.
9:30 p.m.—Detroit Symphony Orchestra.

8:30 p.m.—Official weather forecast.

8:35 p.m.—Market reports.
7:00 p.m.—The Detroit News Orchestra. Benjamin H. Thomas, tenor.

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\$7500.00 GIVEN FREE.
This amount has been given away FREE. Also hundreds of Merchandise Prizes \$200.00 more IN CASH will be given away as follows:

1st Prize, \$500.00 in Cash
2nd Prize, \$400.00 in Cash
3rd Prize, \$300.00 in Cash
4th Prize, \$250.00 in Cash
5th to 8th Prizes, Each \$100.00

TOGETHER WITH MANY MERCHANDISE PRIZES

Solve this puzzle and win a CASH PRIZE. There are 7 faces in the picture besides the two Camper's. Can you find them? If so mark each one with an X, cut out the picture and write on a separate piece of paper these words, "I have found all the faces and marked them," and mail same to us with your name and address. In case of ties, hand writing and guesses will be considered factors. Correct answers will be returned by mail. Send your reply to:

GOOD HOPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY
275 CRAIG STREET WEST, MONTREAL, CANADA

ML'S

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WOMEN and THE HOME

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Widow Who Is Being Hounded Much By a Temperamental Gentleman Much Younger Than Herself—The Young Man Whose Fiancee Insists on Strict Church Attendance—Can a Man Truly Love Twice?

Dear Miss Dix—My mother, who has been a widow for years, has in the last three years fallen under the influence of a man some years younger than she is, who is insanely jealous. He makes her life a burden with his constant nagging and suspicions, and she has always to pet him and to coax him into good humor. He is even jealous of us children, and I wouldn't dare go to my mother's house when he is there, for he would say that I had plotted to spoil his evening, or something like that, and make things miserable. He had a trying experience in his earlier years, and says mother has restored his faith in women. He says that he depends on her to keep him straight and that she is responsible for his soul, which is all bull. Any man of his age who can't take care of his own soul belongs in a padded cell.

Mother says that she has tried to get rid of him and can't. He said that he would kill her if he saw her with anyone else, and he wants to put her off, but is actually afraid to break off entirely. One really hates to knock a person in the head, and as for pushing him under a truck, well, it simply isn't being done in good society. What would you do in a case like this? OLD PAL.

Answer:
I surmise that your mother has a comfortable income, and that the temperamental gentleman thinks it is easier to work a rich widow than it is to work a job. Am I not right?

Also, that he has succeeded in getting your mother what is vulgarly known as "baffled" by threatening to make scenes and scandal if she lets her children throw him out of the house as he deserves, or if she calls for the police.

Also, I think that your mother does not really want to get rid of him. Middle age is the dangerous age for women; the age at which they do foolish things; the age when, for the sake of one more bit of a comfortable and safe old age, they risk the life of one more bit of a comfortable and safe old age. So take it from me that mother is enjoying this lurid romance, and she is flattered out of her wits at a man's turning over his soul to her for safekeeping.

It has been so long since a man said that to her that she has forgotten that it is old courtship stuff, and almost a formula of flattery. Practically every man, when he wants to please a woman, tells her that she is somehow different from every other woman, and that she alone can save him and redeem his faith in women.

The thing you have to do is to save mother from herself, and to do that you will have to separate her from this neurotic grifter. He won't go and she won't make him go, and so your best plan is to get her off on a long trip where she will be interested and amused, and find herself. If you can get a thousand miles between her and the man she will get the right perspective on him and see what a ridiculous, selfish figure he is. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a young man engaged to the Only Girl, but still I am very undecided and unhappy. She is a very strict church girl and demands that I go regularly. I have done it for two years, and am getting my goat. It bores me to death, and makes me feel like a hypocrite. I have given up all my old friends and the life of me I can't see her point of view regarding camping in the church.

I have told her that she can go as often as she pleases, and I will never interfere, for I am 100 per cent tolerant. But that doesn't satisfy her. She insists on dragging me along, too.

Now, Miss Dix, I simply can't do that and remain myself, and I feel that my spirit is gradually being broken down. I love her very much, but if I can't be myself, I don't see how we can be happy together, for she will be miserable if I do not prove a million per cent church-goer. What do you think? EARL H. T.

Answer:
I think, Earl, that you will have to either give in to the church-going or give up the girl, and that if you want to save yourself trouble, you will decide the matter before marriage, instead of trying to fight it out afterward.

Don't imagine for an instant that you can ever change her, or make her see things from your point of view, or concede you the right to save your own soul in your own way, for she never will. Never, never, never!

Once let a woman get it into her head that it is her sacred duty to reform her husband, and she goes at it with the zeal and the cruelty and the clear conscience of the torturers in the Inquisition. The fact that she is making her husband miserable, and that she is alienating his love, doesn't stop her, because she is a fanatic and crazy on that one point. Why, I have known more than one woman who sent her husband to the corner saloon or to other women for the sake of a few cigarettes!

You know, son, you have to pay a price for all you get. Evidently church-going is going to be yours, and if the girl has no other drawbacks, she is worth it. You may learn to even like it, and, anyway, it is a good habit. Furthermore, there are ameliorating circumstances for if the preacher is not interesting and you are not altogether in sympathy with his doctrine, it gives you a grand opportunity for thinking, and that is something that none of us do enough.

You know, somebody has wittily said that most men carry their religion in their wife's name. Anyhow, it is a good thing to have a life partner who is a spiritual millionaire. So I would buy me a Sunday-go-to-meeting suit and marry the girl, and trot right along with her like Mary's little lamb. But don't marry her unless you can make up your mind not to balk on the job! DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Do you think that a man can ever truly love twice? BELL.

Answer:
Yes. Not only twice, but hundreds of times. The human heart is the only perpetual-motion machine. As long as there is life in it, there is love. DOROTHY DIX.

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MIZPAH COMFORT CLUB SEWS FOR HOSPITAL

Completes Dozens of Sheets and Pillow Cases at All-Day Meeting.

The Mizpah Comfort Club is doing an excellent work for the Children's Hospital by sewing hundreds of sheets and pillow cases for that institution. The members meet for all day sewing sessions in the Moose Hall in order to accomplish this most excellent task. The Mizpah Comfort Club is an outgrowth of the Mizpah Conclave, Order of the True Kindred and was organized for the purpose of helping along local institutions such as the hospital, but a few weeks ago, special all-day meeting of the

club was held yesterday at the Moose Hall, the members commencing to sew at ten o'clock in the morning and continuing until five in the afternoon. The result was dozens of sheets and pillow cases finished for the hospital. At one o'clock a covered-dish luncheon was served. This luncheon is unique in that no one knows what she is going to receive for her lunch and all lunches are different. During the luncheon several interesting musical numbers were rendered by the members.

A regular all-day sewing meeting will be held at the Moose Hall on March 7, when it is expected that a great quantity of work will again be completed.

ENGAGEMENTS

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

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

DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE
By ELENORE MEHERIN.

CHAPTER CXV.

Evidence of Plot.
As Joan passed with that tragic sadness in her eyes, she seemed some magnificent spirit and not at all the eager, uncertain thing who had flushed with such poisonous sadness because she let her hear his dreams.

She seemed a spirit, yet beauty wrapped about her warmly, touched him like a flame. He wanted to reach his hands about her arms—hold her there.

He stepped after her, demanding in a shock of unbelief, "Joan! Where have you been? I'll wait for you. Hurry!"

She glanced at him, mystified. He went out to the long, narrow lobby, waited, thinking with a hot misgiving, "She doesn't want to see me." He felt with a frantic pang that she had heard, she knew what he had done.

Soon she was standing before him, asking quietly and not looking at him, "Do you want something of me, Denny?"

He seized her arm. "Joan, Joan! Of course I do. Yes," and rushed her swiftly from the place. Outside a low murmur broke from him, "Joan—why are you here? What are you doing here?"

Her eyes turned to him with a baffled scrutiny. "You ask, Denny? I'm not judging you at all. I don't judge you. But it's too much. It's all too much."

The censure he had asked to feel was his; he beat it from him. "Don't blame me, Joan. You don't know. Where have you been? Why did you go away like this?"

She drew from him, lips parted in white astonishment—incredulous doubt shadowing her eyes. "Did you mean that I was to go, Denny? Isn't that what you asked?"

There in the middle of the street he stopped, driving his fingers against her arm. "I asked you to go? What are you saying, Joan? Haven't I been in torment wondering what became of you? What do you mean?"

The Telegrams.
"Oh, Denny!" A touch of horror crept into her voice as though she half feared his sanity. "Why, the telegram you sent me and the letters. You asked me to get out of Dunlap's way, didn't you? You said you faced trial and that I had damaged information. Didn't you ask me to take the Robinson contract, and above all things not to communicate with you?"

His hand on her arm closed like a vise. "When did those telegrams reach you?"

"The day before I went away. That's why I went."

She had almost to run keeping up with him. He turned abruptly. "Let me take you home, Joan?"

He helped her into a taxi, sat with his fists clenched, a gray hardness fixing his mouth and chin.

When they reached the place where Joan was living—a two-story house on Buchanan street—he waited in the empty parlor while she went for the telegram and the little black book of Dunlap's she had stolen.

She put them in his hand, feeling as though she drew a knife through him. He took them over to the lamp and read them; then he searched through her book and his cryptic notes—the two strange messages:

"Dear Macey, Use caution."
And the other: "Settle. No talk."

He could no more make out the fantastic initial signing them than Joan could. He re-read the telegrams.

"This is Dunlap, Joan. I could swear to it. I'll kill the fellow yet."

"Denny—wait. You aren't sure. You'll have to stand it. That's all. Stand it for a while, Joan. I could swear to it. I'll kill the fellow yet."

He felt as though she had put out both hands to him and drawn him upward. She was standing right before him, her eyes glowing in the white uncertainty of her face, glowing and touching gently on his. It lit a warmth in him; drew his arms to hers. He said wittily, "Joan, you think that?"

She raised her head in the proud, free way she would. Would I, Denny? Not half so well. You ask, and after to-night, I'll see what I am doing."

Without any bitterness she added: "But I've done it all before. Now my father has died, I have to earn more for a while."

His heart thumped. He had again that wish to draw her to him in a pang of tumultuous sympathy; to cover her with his arms; to hide her and to say, "Come away, Joan. Come away now."

That Hang-on Cough Must Go

Home-Made Cough Mixture
Best of All for the Cough That Sticks.

Make It Yourself
In Two Minutes

The coughing season is on and every home should have a supply of the best cough remedy to be had, and as you can make this very easy and excellent cough mixture yourself why pay high prices for the common kind.

Get from any druggist one ounce of Parment (double strength)—to this add a little granulated sugar and enough water to make one-half pint—that's all there is to it.

Then when any member of the family starts coughing or catches cold in chest or head, or has acute catarrh, you are prepared as you should be.

And the children love to take it. With speed almost beyond belief this home-made cough mixture stops the toughest hang-on cough, and all because in it there is a substance (too costly for ordinary cough syrup) that immediately covers the membrane like a soothing, healing poultice, and blessed relief comes at once.

And you should also bear in mind that any remedy that overcomes catarrh, partially or wholly, is bound to be of benefit to those who are troubled with head ills and catarrhal deafness.

Get Parment and get better.—Advt.

Her approval wiped away some stain from his thought; went through its darkness with a kind light. He dwelt on this. He said fervently: "Oh, Joan, I feel different that you're here. It makes all the difference in the world."

CHAPTER CXVI.

Surrender.

Denny sat at his desk in the big living-room, the telegrams and the little black book Joan had stolen before him. The image of her as she stood, pale, ardent faced, and luminous eyes turning with impetuous faith to his—glowing in his thought—the look he had longed for—the look that wiped away the bitterness of defeat.

She had put the weapons in his hand, but even as she did it knew that she was drawing a knife through him.

He read them. In his feeling now—Dunlap was a savor of temptation. Dunlap had delivered himself into Denny's hands. He had gone three times to Joan's home persecuting her with questions. Then he had sent these telegrams to make sure that she would not report to Denny the visit of the mysterious fellow who had demanded money. Perhaps this fellow was the one who had poured the nitric acid—who had murdered young Martin Loop?

He grew feverish and excited thinking of it—seeing himself vindicated—relieved from this odious job—free again. He could wait now—wait for the proofs.

The cryptic messages with their fantastic signature puzzled him: "S. Macey. Use caution," and the other: "Settle. No talk."

Did these notes refer to the Twin Falls project? Who was Macey? Perhaps the foreigner Joan had described—the man who had shaken his bony finger in her face demanding the \$1,000 due him?

Was it Anson had employed Dunlap? Denny scrutinized the signature that looked more like a pollywog sitting on its tail than like any letter. He tried to make out the initials. The character could have been a dozen initials.

He traced it, became quite expert in making it. Saw the odd scrawl in his sleep.

For the first time since taking the job with the Independent he went into the office without an inner fury; a dragging reluctance. He thought, "Well—they'll pay for this, too!"

At noon he went to Jerome Cummings. He was not bringing mere suspicions now—mere personal hostility.

"Mr. Cummings is at Santa Rosa," the girl said, "he won't return till Friday afternoon."

Before Friday, in a manner so matter of fact it seemed a miracle, the proofs were given to Denny.

He returned from lunch on Wednesday, went up to his desk and stood there in a shock so crude it emptied his mind of all thought. Before him was a note in pencil. At the end of it was the initial that looked like a pollywog sitting on its tail.

A clammy heat swept over him. He picked up the note. The sentences danced and grew dim as he read:

"Dear Brooks—Solman is bringing you the bridge specifications. Will you make the changes at once?"

The peculiar character in the corner. Anson's writing—Anson's note. The messages in Dunlap's little black book were sent by the head of the Consolidated!

If he had any doubt whatever, Anson himself, genial, well-mannered, banished it. Denny was sitting at his table, maps spread out before him.

"Get my note, Brooks?"

"Yes, the specifications are ready Mr. Anson."

"Fine."

The simple incident left Denny moist with excitement—pulses hammering violently. He had it! The scrawl, stuck it in his vest pocket.

Peter Rabbit Misses Mrs. Peter and Starts Out To Find Her

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Reddy Fox was so angry over the trick Peter Rabbit had played on him that he actually tried to follow Peter into the dear Old Briar Patch. But he soon gave that up. Peter had his own private little paths along which he could hop without the least difficulty. But Reddy was so big that he had to force his way through the brambles, and the brambles tore his coat and scratched him until at last he was only too glad to give up. So, snarling and muttering ugly things, he finally left the dear Old Briar Patch. Peter rested for a while. Then it struck him as rather queer that he had seen nothing of little Mrs. Peter. Perhaps she had been so frightened by Reddy Fox that she was hiding somewhere. Peter started out to look for her. He went straight to her favorite place. She wasn't there. He went to another place where she often sat. She wasn't there.

"This is queer," thought Peter. Then he carefully searched the whole of the dear Old Briar Patch. He hopped along every one of their private little paths. He looked into every hiding place. Not a sign of little Mrs. Peter did he find. He was hard to believe, but at last he had to believe that little Mrs. Peter was not in the dear Old Briar Patch.

Now, Peter had been so well fed when he had been a prisoner up in Farmer Brown's barn that he had quite forgotten how hard it was to get enough to eat in the dear Old Briar Patch. He remembered it now. "It must be that Fuzzy" (for that is what he always calls her, because her name was Miss Fuzzytail before she became Mrs. Peter) "has been driven by hunger to leave the dear Old Briar Patch," thought he. "I wonder where she has gone? She may have gone up to the Old Pasture. She may have gone over to the Green Forest. Oh, dear, I wish I knew which way she has gone! She so seldom leaves the dear Old Briar Patch that I am afraid something will happen to her. She had no business to leave it, even if she was hungry. She ought to have known better. She

as though it were some precious treasure.

Not till late that night—not till the hot gust of triumph had a little cooled did Denny measure the worth of his discovery.

Anson had written to Dunlap—yes. But did this message have any bearing on Twin Falls? Who was S. Macey? What was Dunlap to settle?

There were no answers to these questions yet.

But there was this fact that this proof—the lawyer for Berne Melrose had received secret messages from the head of their enemy—the Consolidated.

Denny was in a passion of impatience for the return of Jerome Cummings. He tasted triumph and it lit a fever—the old sparkle in his manner.

Jerome Cummings was waiting for him. Denny put the telegrams and the black book with its messages and the scrawl from Anson before him. "They're nailed, Jer! Got them now!"

Cummings studied the papers. "Well, it's something. You still believe Anson and Dunlap did the thing, Denny?"

"There are proofs, aren't they?"

"It's a beginning. You mean to go ahead with it? I thought you'd dismissed that luncheon completely."

Denny met the glance but a hot shame wrapped about him. "You heard I've taken the job, Jer? I had to. I had to have a job with money. I had to have it quick. They gave it to me."

"Didn't they know you suspected them, Denny?"

"Dunlap knew it."

"Then you may be sure Anson knows it. He knew it when he gave you the job."

It struck Denny like an assault of fine whip lashes. "You mean it looks as though I'm bought?"

"You're prepared to quit, are you?"

"Of course! I don't need their damn job when I've got the proofs. I'll release my own money won't I?"

"Eventually—yes. Anson will give you a run for your money. It may be months before we settle this."

"Months, Jer? I'd have to wait months? Even with complete proofs?"

Denny sat there an eternity, endless cups of bitterness passing to his lips, burning through his veins. He felt that a slow fire ate him. Months without money—Katy—

Cummings kept raising the drink, forcing it on him. "You're either with them or against them. You can't bring charges of murder and outrage against these fellows and then turn around and take a job from them. No jury in the land would give you a verdict. Melrose believes you were with them in the beginning. What will he think now? You've got to quit the fight or quit the job."

Denny stood up, his teeth bared. He walked to the door. He fumbled with the knob. Without looking at Jerome Cummings he said quietly, "I can't quit the job."

(Copyright, 1922, The Call Publishing Company.)

MEETINGS MONDAY

Harmony Temple euchre, in Ulster Hall, 8 o'clock.

Orendaga Club, at Y. W. C. A., King street, Miss Bertha Smith on Child Welfare, 8 o'clock.

Methodist Ministers' Wives' Association, at Dundas Centre Church, 2:30 o'clock.

Social Service Club, at the home of Miss Viola McDonald, 240 Hyman street, 8 o'clock.

Abigail Becker Chapter, at the home of Mrs. Harry Young, 263 Dufferin avenue, 8 o'clock.

Loch Lomond Chapter, at the home of Mrs. James Hendry, 31 Vauxhall street, 8 o'clock.

Trinity Chapter, O. E. S., in I. O. F. Hall, 8 o'clock.

May Queen Rebekah Lodge, in Alma Club, 8 o'clock.

Weston's

Then he carefully searched the whole of the dear Old Briar Patch.

He might have known how worried I would be.

How that would have tickled little Mrs. Peter if she could have heard it. Time and time and time again she had pleaded with Peter to stay in the dear Old Briar Patch and Peter had laughed at her. Time and time and time again she had worried because Peter did not return. Now Peter was learning how little Mrs. Peter felt.

My, how homesome the dear Old Briar Patch seemed. Peter tried to take a nap and forget it. But he was too uneasy to sleep. He kept hopping around through those private little paths all through the dear Old Briar Patch, hoping and hoping that unexpectedly little Mrs. Peter would pop up from somewhere. But little Mrs. Peter didn't pop up. Peter imagined all kinds of dreadful things. He remembered how it was from around the end of the dear Old Briar Patch that Reddy Fox had appeared. Could it be that Reddy had caught Mrs. Peter?

(Copyright, 1924, N. Y. Tribune, Inc.)

The next story: "The Strange Ending of Peter Rabbit's Worries."

Serve—at your teas biscuits that rival the world's finest



"TEA AT FOUR"—a national institution in the Old Land.

And the Canadian hostess who follows this delightful English custom, can now have, for her teas, biscuits made from the inimitable Old Country recipes that have won for English biscuits their world-wide popularity.

Weston's are biscuits with all the supreme goodness of these delicious English confections made by English master-bakers in a bakery modeled on English lines and specially equipped to produce "biscuits as they are made in England." They are approved by the Master of the Royal Household at Buckingham Palace; they are the one choice of all discriminating hostesses whose inherent good taste causes them to select the very best.

There's a delightful assortment of Weston's too—delicious short cake, cream-filled chocolate, tasty arrowroot—in fact every type the most fastidious could desire. Just try them once. The taste will tell their quality.

Geo. Weston, Limited
Toronto

Biscuits as they are made in England

BURLESQUE
DRAMA
VAUDEVILLE
PICTURES
and MUSIC

What's Doing At London's Playhouses Next Week

EXCEPTIONAL PROGRAMS FEATURED ALL NEXT WEEK IN LONDON'S LEADING THEATRES

BURLESQUE
DRAMA
VAUDEVILLE
PICTURES
and MUSIC

"CAT AND CANARY" RETURNS TO GRAND

Famous Weird Play Is Expected
To Repeat Its Remarkable
Successes.

"The Cat and the Canary," the quintessence of weirdness, will be the attraction at the Grand Opera House for three nights and a Saturday matinee, commencing next Thursday night, where it will undoubtedly repeat the remarkable success with which it has met everywhere throughout the country. All the favorites of the original cast are still in their respective parts, which promises a performance of more than ordinary smoothness and excellence.

The eerie atmosphere surrounding the story of the play makes the performance particularly creepy. The action begins at the ghostly hour of midnight in the gloomy library of a haunted mansion on the banks of the Hudson. Here the six surviving relatives of an aged misanthrope are gathered, twenty years after his

death, to hear his will read by the lawyer who drafted it. The creeps begin when the West Indian woman who has lived alone, except for her friends from the "Shadowland," in the house for over twenty years, begins to predict the death of one of those present. After the reading of the will the diabolic occurrences of the night commence. The wall opens and engulfs one of the men, there is a man hunt for a dangerous lunatic of homicidal tendencies, a murder is committed, a claw-like hand reaches out of the air and snatches the neck-lace from the neck of a girl sleeping in the haunted chamber. These and other weird episodes keep the audience on edge for a couple of hours. The author has provided plenty of relief in the way of fun and every thrill in the piece is followed by a hearty laugh.

"The Cat and the Canary" is good melodrama. It is the sort of a play that everyone with red blood in his veins will enjoy, for it is beyond a doubt the most thrilling play of its kind that has been written in many a year. It is thoroughly consistent in its story and the construction of the play is craftmanlike and clever. The company coming to the Grand Opera House is practically the same as that seen in the performances when it was given for two years in New York City, and comprises most of the original cast, including Sylvia Field, Florence Huntington, Clara Verdera, Virginia Howell, Percy Moore, Carl Eckstrom, Walter Regan, Edmund Elton, Ryder Keane and Franklin Fox.

ATTRACTIONS AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE NEXT WEEK



CLAIRE DEVINE With "JIG TIME"

SYLVIA FIELD and WALTER REGAN in "THE CAT AND THE CANARY"

MORAN & WISER With "JIG TIME"

CHARMERS With "JIG TIME"

VIVACIOUS STAR COMING TO LOEW'S

Viola Dana Will Appear in Her
Liveliest Picture Next
Week.

"In Search of a Thrill," said to be Viola Dana's liveliest comedy melodrama, will open a three-day engagement at Loew's Theatre next Monday.

The picture, relating the exciting adventures of a pleasure-mad American flapper in Paris, was adapted to the screen by Basil Dickey from Kate Jordan's short story, "The Spirit of the Road," that appeared in Atlantic's Magazine. Oscar Apfel directed the picture.

Supporting Miss Dana is a cast led by Warner Baxter, Rosemary Theby, Rabel Van Buren and Temple Saxe. As the title indicates, Miss Dana is a thrill-seeker whose quest leads her from highest social circles to the lowest dives of the Montmartre and the Paris underworld.



DUMPLIN, who returns to Loew's Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in her unique vaudeville offering.

STUDIO IS TURNED INTO KINDERGARTEN

"Pied Piper Malone" by Booth
Tarkington Stars Thomas
Meighan at Loew's.

In addition to being a motion picture studio the huge building at Astoria, Long Island, where Paramount pictures are made in the east, was turned into a nursery, kindergarten and school during the filming of Thomas Meighan's latest Paramount picture, "Pied Piper Malone," at Loew's Theatre next. In the cast for this Booth Tarkington story are 15 children, ranging from the ages of one year to 16, and their welfare was looked after as carefully as it would be if they were at home. For the younger members of this group of young picture players the property department provided more toys and games than the youthful minds ever dreamed existed. A nice cozy place was fitted up for the playroom, and when the children were not on the scene with Mr. Meighan or Lois Wilson, his leading woman in the picture, they could be found having the time of their lives with the playthings. For the older children books and writing paper and pencils were provided.

The story of "Pied Piper Malone" deals with the life of the Malone family, whose prize possession is the little waterfront town on the New England coast that Booth Tarkington knows so well, having spent most

DOLLY DUMPLIN RETURNS TO CITY

Charming Little Vaudeville Star
Will Appear Again at
Loew's.

According to numerous requests from patrons, Manager Jackson of Loew's announces with pleasure the return engagement of that diminutive little vaudeville star, Dolly Dumplin, at Loew's Theatre for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Dolly created a big hit when she appeared here recently, and hundreds of patrons voiced their desire to again hear her in her novel offering, "The Little Runaway." Dolly, in a letter to Mr. Jackson, extends her hearty greetings to London friends, and states that she has an entire new act, with several new song numbers, which have been written especially for her league of nations, the representatives of his summers there for many years. Interest is centered principally about Jack, the only unmarried son, but not to the exclusion of six brothers and six sisters. All the brothers and sisters have big families, and that is the reason for the unprecedented number of children that appear in the picture. In addition to the 15 regular children, 30 others have been used from time to time to augment the crowd of youngsters.

GRAND

HOME OF CLEAN, WHOLESOME ENTERTAINMENT

TODAY, 2:15. TONIGHT (Two Shows), 7 and 9.
Vaudeville On Once Tonight—Feature 7:15—Vaudeville 8:15—Feature 9:15.

FEATURE PICTURE CHARMING GLADYS WALTON "GOSSIP"

5—GREAT VAUDEVILLE ACTS—5

VAN GORDON, Comedy Acrobats; STEVENS & KING, 20th Century Honeymoon; COLLETA & ZOLORES, Songs and Dances of the Day; ALLAN & MANN, "On The Bowery" and MORALES BROTHERS & DAISY, an Aerial Sensation.

Mats., all seats, 15c. Nights, 2 Shows, 7 and 9, 25c and 35c

MATS. 2:15 MON., TUES., & WED. 8:15

Another Columbia Record-Breaker
IF YOU LOVE TO LAUGH, AND EVERYONE
DOES, YOU'LL SURELY ENJOY THIS ONE!
The Greatest Laughing Hit of the Season!

Dixon and Lake Present JIG TIME

WITH AN UNSURPASSED CAST

INCLUDING

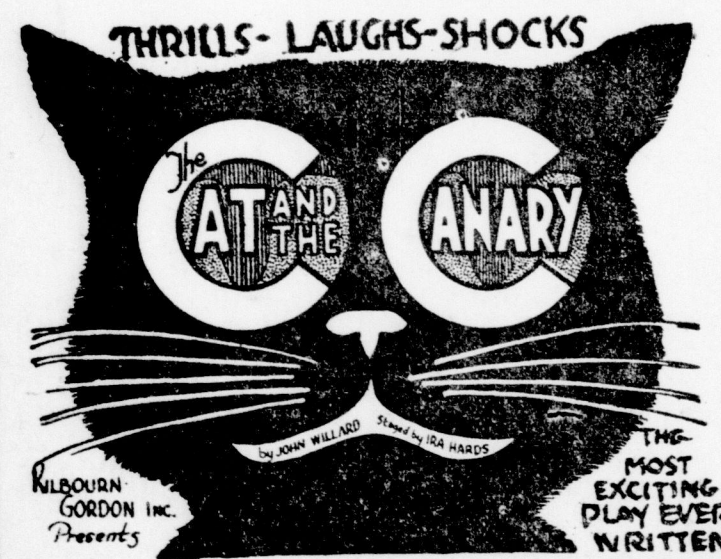
CLAIRE DEVINE THE CHARMING PRIMA DONNA	MORAN AND WISER European Sensation Those Boys With the Hats
JIMMY LAKE SOME ACTOR	Harrington Sisters THOSE SWEET SONGSTERS
ARTIE MAYO THAT ECCENTRIC COMIC	THE DANCING DONNELLYS "KITTY AND TOMMY"
TOOTS HEIDT PEP AND PERSONALITY	

20—ALLURING VAMPS OF
FASCINATING CHARM—20

EVENINGS, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1
DAILY MATS., 25c and 50c

DAILY BARGAIN MAT.—Prices For Ladies Get Seats Now

Next Thursday, Friday and Saturday
WITH POPULAR SATURDAY MATINEE AT 2:15



NEW YORK, LONDON, CHICAGO, PHILADELPHIA,
ALL VOTED THIS A GREAT ENTERTAINMENT
NEW YORK CAST AND PRODUCTION INTACT

EVENINGS—50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.00
SAT. MAT.—25c, 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50
MAIL ORDERS NOW! SEATS MONDAY, 9 A.M.

MAMMOTH REVUE COMING TO GRAND

"Jig Time" Is One of the Most
Pretentious Offerings of the
Columbia Burlesque.

Many rare and colorful stage pictures and musical numbers are said to be magnificently presented in "Jig Time," next Monday's mammoth revue at the Grand Theatre. In two acts and seventeen scenes, it is one of the most pretentious offerings in Columbia Burlesque. A talented company, that, while new

to the patrons of burlesque, has won approval in musical comedy, vaudeville and the cabarets, furnishes the entertainment of the piece.

This aggregation of talent is headed by Claire Devine, a statuesque beauty, who acts as both prima donna and comedienne of the piece. In the star's immediate support are such luminaries as Moran and Wiser, former vaudeville and musical comedy headliners, whose act in a hat shop is said to be one of the rare novelties of the theatre; the Dancing Donnelly's, two of the cleverest dancers seen in some time; Artie Mayo, noted as one of the best dialect eccentric comedians on the stage; Helen and Acres Harrington, dainty girls, who do a twin specialty of sweet song and captivating dance, and Jimmie Lake, who is both an excellent actor and writer of musical plays.

The hand-picked hearty chorus of "Jig Time" is said to justify all the

glowing advance reports that have preceded it. Not only does it possess more than its share of comeliness, but its members are capable of doing much greater things on the stage than their present positions afford them opportunity of doing.

In one scene, the choristers are given individual specialties to perform, and they acquit themselves in a most creditable and satisfactory manner. Nor have the fair maids of the ensemble been neglected in the way of wearing apparel, the costumes being especially exquisite in their blending of color, design and fabric.

Henry Dixon and Jimmie Lake are both the producers and the authors of the show, Mr. Dixon having also staged the book. The numbers have been put on by Ben Bernard, accredited with being extremely expert in this line of work. James Madden is the composer of the many tuneful and jingly melodies.



THOMAS MEIGHAN,

who will be seen in Booth Tarkington's "Pied Piper Malone" at Loew's Theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Loew's

FOR GOOD SHOWS

Drawn By Hav Nash

Now Playing
The Fred Niblo Production
THY NAME IS WOMAN
With
Remont Novarro and Barbara Lawrence

MONDAY TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY
MARCH 3rd 4th 5th

VIOLA DANA
in
HER BEST PICTURE
In Search of a Thrill
The Greatest Mystery
Drama of the Season

Her pet monkey and her money were the only things she really loved—and both of them bored her—
THEN—

**WINE, LIGHTS, MUSIC
PARIS SLUMS AND
APACHES**

The Whirlpool of Love By The Banks of the Seine

THURSDAY FRIDAY & SATURDAY
MARCH 6th 7th 8th

ADOLPH ZUKOR, GJESSE L. LASKY PRESENT
THOMAS MEIGHAN
IN
"PIED PIPER MALONE"

COME JOIN THE
MERRY THROG
WHO WILL TURN
OUT FOR "PIED
PIPER MALONE"
It's a whole of a
tale by Booth Tarkington
CAST INCLUDES LOVELY
LOIS WILSON

A
Paramount
Picture

MONDAY TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY
The World's
Youngest Comedienne and Monologist

DOLLY DUMPLIN

Everything
New from
Last Week

The Little Runaway

MONDAY TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY
The World's
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The World's
Youngest Comedienne and Monologist

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Everything
New from
Last Week

The Little Runaway

SUPREME VAUDEVILLE ALWAYS



Baker's Caracas Sweet Chocolate

is a pure, delicious and healthful food. As an addition to school or business lunches or for between meal snacks it is vastly superior to most of the sweets commonly used.

Trade-mark on every package

Made In Canada By
Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1780
Mills at Dorchester, Mass.
and Montreal, Canada

BOOKLET OF CHOICE RECIPES SENT FREE

"I could not walk"

Headaches, dizzy spells, pains in the back, swelling of feet and ankles, suppressed, scalding or painful urination—are all indications of kidney trouble. Read how Gin Pills relieved one sufferer:

"I am seventy-eight years old and have suffered from kidney trouble for over two years. I had swollen feet and hands, sleeplessness and dizziness so that I could not walk. I began taking Gin Pills and now the swelling has left and I do not have any dizziness, and sleep well. I can recommend Gin Pills."

(Signed) Esther J. Odell.
Gin Pills will relieve you, too. Order a fifty-cent box from your druggist to-day.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited
Toronto, Ontario.
Gin Pills in U.S.A. are the same as Gin Pills in Canada.



If You Want a JUNIOR CHESTERFIELD or BRIDGE LAMP At Rock-Bottom Price BUY MONDAY!

Home furnishings, however rich, are cheapened by harsh lighting. But a modest setting is enriched by the cheery dash of color of an ornamental lamp.

The visitor's first impression in the modern home is pretty lamps.

The Hydro Shop in its wonderful stock of Chesterfield and Bridge Lamps has one that will work a transformation in your home, bringing an atmosphere of cosy, Oriental luxury and good taste.

PRICES ARE SLASHED for THIS ONE-DAY SALE

Not just a culled lot; everything goes. Magnificent Junior Chesterfield models with walnut and mahogany standards and silk shades in a variety of rich colors to accord with your own decorative scheme.

Bridge Lamps with shades of silk or parchment; the very latest New York creations in those extraordinary shapes and color combinations that have turned the eyes of Western Ontario to the Hydro Shop's lamp display.

Thrift Says Buy Monday and Buy Early!

HYDRO SHOP

ONTARIO'S GREATEST ELECTRICAL STORE.

Dundas and Wellington Streets.

Phone 7000.

Service Salesmen Wanted

Men for hard work and rapid promotion, who can find things to be done without the help of a manager and several assistants. Men who get to work on time in the morning, and do not imperil the lives of others in an attempt to be first on their way home at night.

Men who are neat in appearance, move quickly, and make as little noise about it as possible.

Men who look you in the eye and tell the truth every time, courteous to everyone, and determined to give real service.

Apply by letter only.

"SUPERTEST"

LONDON AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE, Limited
362 Dundas Street London, Ontario

FERGUSON URGES ROAD BUILDING BY TOWNSHIPS

House Gives Second Reading To Bill Providing For Special Commission.

ADVISE MUNICIPALITIES

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, Feb. 29.—Considerable private and public legislation was put through to the committee stage in the legislature today.

The bill allowing the alumni federation of the University of Toronto to nominate eight of the twenty-two on the board of governors of the university passed second reading.

In getting second reading for the bill to establish a department of health, the premier said the department of labor would be conducted under the same head as that of the department of health. However, if the work so developed that a separate head was necessary the machinery would be available for creating it. He did not anticipate that such a situation would arise for some years.

Mr. Sinclair said that the legislation had the appearance of the thin edge of the wedge for another department and further expenditure. The premier said that it was hoped to dovetail all the various branches for the promotion of health so there would be little overlapping and greater economy. To this end he asked and secured second reading for a bill putting dental and medical inspection in schools under the new department of health.

Second reading was also given the bill creating a committee of three of the House to advise the minister of highways. Members of the committee will be paid \$15 a day for the services while engaged.

The premier announcing some of the government highway policy said that more attention would be paid to township and county highways, although there would be no abandonment of the provincial highways. Taxation, he said, had become so high that many counties and townships had to cut their expenditures on local roads. He wanted the advisory committee to help create real township systems instead of the present haphazard systems. If the exchequer allowed, there might be more money consideration to township and county roads.

Second reading was given a bill introduced by Findlay MacDermid (Elgin) increasing the exemption on income assessment of householders from \$2,000 to \$3,000, and \$300 for each child instead of \$200. The

Beauty A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair



Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance. While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of delightful, refreshing "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair becomes.—Adv.



LOVELY LOIS WILSON,

who will be seen in support of Thomas Meighan in Booth Tarkington's "Fied Piper Malone" at Loew's next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

At the Grand

Three times today, matinee 2:15, 7 and 9. Feature play—The Grand. Photo-play—Charming Gladys Walton in the Universal screen drama, "Espionage." Five big vaudeville acts, including Van Gordon, the comic acrobat; Stevens and King, "The Twentieth Century Honeycomb," songs, dances and patter; Collette and Zolton, songs and dances of the day; Allan and Mann, "On the Bowery," songs, dances and chatter, and Morales Brothers and Daisy, an aerial sensation, "Try It Yourself."

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, matinees daily 2:15, evenings 8:15—Dixon and Lake present another Columbia record breaker, "Big Time," with Claire Devine, Moran and Wiser, those boys with the hats; Jimmy Lake; Artie Mayo, eccentric comic; Toots Heidt, pep and personality; the Harrington Sisters, those sweet singing flappers, and the Dancing Donnellys. Chorus of 20 alluring, darling, dimpled vamps. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, next, evenings 8:15, Saturday matinee 2:15—Return of the world-wide success, "The Cat and the Canary," the most exciting play ever written, a New York cast and production intact.

municipal committee will consider this bill with that along the same lines introduced by F. C. McBrien (Southwest Toronto). Another bill, extending the hours of advance polls in municipal elections also passed second reading.

A. C. Garden (West Hamilton) secured second reading for bills making it compulsory for the railway board to get the consent of electors before allowing railways to run lines through public parks; to give municipalities power to order sanitation arrangements in houses, and have the owner pay for them; to enable ratepayers to object to street extensions of over \$50,000, and have the cost of such applied on the general rate instead of local improvement. Another bill to have members of a board of health retain their seats for three years instead of one, was given second reading, and referred to the municipal committee.

RED LEADER FEELS LABOR FRIENDLY

Asserts Communistic Revolutionary Theories Making Great Strides.

Associated Press Despatch.
Moscow, Feb. 29.—The Communist International has full right to expect welcome surprises from the United States labor movement, declares G. Zinievoff, in an article appearing in the Pravda today.

He says Communistic revolutionary theories are making great progress even in America and Japan and adds that the latter country is on the verge of a revolution "like that of Russia in 1905."

M. Zinievoff also recommends the removal of the headquarters of the Third International from Moscow to another central country with a greater percentage of industrialists than Russia, "after our first decisive victory over the European bourgeoisie." Great Britain was extremely important for when "a majority of the English workers became communized the people of the suppressed east will arise and the proletarian revolution be successful throughout Europe and the aim of the Communist international is to work unceasingly to this end."

"The war period of the Communist has ended," he said, "Now begins the real historical struggle for the overthrow of capitalism and the creation of an international federation of Soviet and Socialist republics."

Be Sure and Save All These Free Votes

GOOD FOR 200 VOTES

This vote ballot will be published in The Advertiser during the campaign, and will be counted for the name of the contestant it bears, when neatly cut out and mailed to the Campaign Department.

Name of Contestant.....

Address

Each of these coupons counts for 200 Free Votes, and any number can be sent in by the candidates or by their friends.



VIVACIOUS VIOLA DANA,

who comes to Loew's Monday in "In Search of a Thrill."

At Loew's

Now playing—Ramon Novarro and Barbara La Marr in the Red Nihil production, "Thy Name Is Woman." Usual added photo-play features and three acts of Loew's supreme vaudeville.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 3, 4 and 5—Vivacious Viola Dana in the Metro screen classic, "In Search of a Thrill." Usual added film features and supreme vaudeville.

Engagement Extraordinary—The world's youngest comedienne and monologist, Dolly Dimples, in her vaudeville success, "Little Rascal." Everything new from last visit here.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, March 6, 7 and 8—The Paramount picture, "Fied Piper Malone," from Booth Tarkington's famous story, starring Thomas Meighan, with lovely Lois Wilson heading the supporting cast. Usual added photo-play features and supreme vaudeville.

QUEBEC TO PLACE TAX ON GASOLINE

Numerous Bills Distributed by Hon. Jacob Nicol, Provincial Treasurer.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Quebec, Feb. 29.—Hon. Jacob Nicol, provincial treasurer, today distributed his bills regarding gasoline, and revising and amending the motor vehicle act. The tax on gasoline is two cents an imperial gallon, and will be levied on the province must take out a license at a fee of one dollar. No person may buy gasoline without paying the duty, and the revenue must be used to improve the highways. Provision is made whereby the government may indemnify the vendor for his trouble in collecting and remitting the duty. The penalty for violation of this law is a fine of at least ten dollars and up to \$100 for the first offence, and for a second offence \$25 to \$200 or thirty days in jail.

The money received from this source is to be devoted to the upkeep of highways after cost of collecting has been deducted.

THINK SMALLPOX CAME OVERSEAS

Authorities At Windsor Make Investigation As To Origin.

Special to The Advertiser.

Windsor, Feb. 29.—Efforts are being made by the board of health officials at Windsor to trace the smallpox outbreak to its source. The suggestion that Gordon Deneau, a furniture worker, and the first victim of the disease, may have contracted it from rugs or cane furniture imported from India, Japan and Turkey was being considered today.

Five new cases were reported to the board of health today. One is Joseph Maisonneville, brother of Chief Albert Maisonneville of Ford, Ontario. Free vaccination by medical practitioners on the border ceases tonight.

Two additional cases of diphtheria involving pupils of Prince Edward public school were reported today.

Health officials scoffed at the rumor that the disease had come from India by means of goods which had been received at the store where the late Gordon Deneau, first smallpox victim, had been employed.

WHEAT POOL MANAGER DISTRIBUTES SURPLUS

More Than \$2,500,000 Will Be Issued To Farmers of Alberta.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Calgary, Feb. 29.—Chester Elliott, manager of the Alberta wheat pool, announced Thursday that a distribution of part of the pool's surplus would be made during the month of March. Something more than \$2,500,000 will be issued to the farmers.

The distribution will approximate ten cents a bushel on wheat that has been delivered to the pool up to about the time of distribution of this interim payment.

WOMEN'S ROTARY DENIED.

Chicago, Feb. 29.—A request from a group of English women, headed by Lady Astor and Lady Rhonda for sanction from the International Rotary Clubs to organize a women's Rotary in England, has just been refused by the board of directors of that organization, according to an announcement by that organization today.

EARLY LIFE OF SISTERS WAS NOT ONE OF EASE

Friend Declares Father Was Extremely Unkind To Them.

PLEA FOR SYMPATHY

Special to The Advertiser.

Chatham, Feb. 29.—A clean-up bee is being planned for the Romney Township farm of Lucella and Mary Radmore, eccentric sisters, who are in jail here awaiting trial on charges of cruelty to animals, according to officials.

Neighboring farmers have expressed a willingness to make necessary repairs to the dwelling and barns, while the women folk have signified a desire to clean the home thoroughly, it is said.

There is no desire on the part of the authorities to press the charges against the sisters, High Constable Peters stated, provided conditions on the farm are changed.

Family History.

The history of the Radmore sisters is one of hardship and ill duty to parents, according to a two-column letter published in the Chatham Daily News, signed "Fair Play," and written by a friend.

"Their father was a brutal man, and raised those girls more like animals than human beings," says the writer. "I believe they always had plenty of good food and clothing, but they were made to do all sorts of outside labor, were never allowed to go to school, visit their neighbors, or associate with young people. The father had an ungentlemanly temper, and in his rage vented it on his family. The mother, I believe, owes her deafness to him, and the eldest girl owes the scar on her face, and I believe, an impediment in her speech to his brutality. He threw a brick and split her face, and several times when the girls grew older they fought for their lives until finally they left home and made a home for themselves at Radbertown. There they lived several years, making their living in any work they could do. Finally they came back home on account of their mother and their father's failing health. The father eventually died, and they gave him a decent burial.

Brother Left Home.

"They had a brother, younger, who left home as soon as he was old enough to defy the old man. He seemed to have inherited the temper of his father, and, coming home to the father's funeral, he, on the day of the burial, committed depredations that would have sent him to prison, but it was kept quiet out of respect for the mother and sisters. After the funeral he was told to move on, and he left the next day. The girls, I understand, paid him off. He eventually went to war and was killed."

The writer goes on to describe how the Radmore sisters worked the farm, and were the victims of persistent abuse by rowdies, who made a constant practice of stealing their chickens.



ZOTIOUE MAGEAU,

Liberal member of the Ontario legislature for Sturgeon Falls, has appealed to the "remnants" of the U. F. O. to return to the ranks of the two old parties. He created a stir when he declared money from the U. F. O. stores had been used for political purposes.

ens and turkeys. When one of the sisters attempted to stop a raid on the chickens one night, she was roughly used, the writer declares, and claims that influence had to be used to hush the affair to protect certain people. It was following this affair, the writer states, that the sisters installed a telephone so they could summon help if molested, and decided to keep numerous dogs for protection.

Did Their Best.

"These girls, who had no chance, have done the best according to their bringing up, and anyone who knows them gives them credit for the way they stood by their poor old mother," the writer declares, in challenging the truth of admissions alleged to have been made to the police by the sisters that they had not changed their clothes in 14 years.

"These girls were very close about their affairs," says the writer. "If you met them on the road they would not tell their closest friend where they were going, so why would they tell Peters when they changed their clothes?"

Inspector Reports.

George Tustin, inspector of the London Humane Society, acting on instructions from Toronto headquarters, visited the Radmore farm on Friday in company with two veterinary surgeons, Dr. Blackall of London and Dr. Wilson of Wheatley. Provincial Officer Fin Lowe and High Constable George Peters.

Inspector Tustin, who is supervisor over all of Western Ontario, gave a graphic description of conditions at the farm to The London Advertiser on his return to the city last night.

He told of the decaying carcasses strewn about, dogs which had died from starvation while chained to a wall, and starving hogs devouring the carcasses of many sheep.

"When I arrived in Chatham I reported to the crown attorney theory," Inspector Tustin said. "Then I had a talk with High Constable Peters, who told me that he had visited the farm twenty times in the last four years and had always found the same conditions. The sisters were prosecuted four years ago, he related, on the same charge, and at the time 27 head of cattle and horses were destroyed."

"Then I visited the farm. I found six diseased hogs dying from starvation. These were killed on orders from Dr. Blackall and Dr. Wilson. Twenty-one sheep were wandering around on the snow-covered fields with many lambs, two and three days old, struggling through the drifts hunting for food. A ram, so old that it could hardly walk, was destroyed."

"In one of the barns I found the carcasses of fourteen sheep and two lambs being devoured by dogs. The manure was three feet deep. In another barn conditions were the same. The bodies of two dogs were found on the floor. They were chained and the animals had died from starvation."

"The remains of seven hogs, partly buried in manure, were found in the hog pen. A nine-year-old mare, suffering from this disease, was destroyed, while another horse was in the fields apparently in good health."

A man has been placed in charge of the remaining livestock and fodder has been provided.

COURT REMANDS SECOND SUSPECT

Officers Claim James Bergen, Held in Neal Robbery, Has Criminal Record.

Special to The Advertiser.

Sarnia, Feb. 29.—James C. Bergen, who has been held by police of this city for several days on a nominal charge of vagrancy, in connection with the Neal robbery, London, was remanded in court by Magistrate Henry Gorman today, bail being fixed at \$1,000, but not accepted. Bergen, through his counsel, asked why he was being held, and was advised that he was room-mate of Oscar Warner, arrested here Thursday for alleged complicity in the robbery of the Neal Bakery office at London, when \$1,200 was stolen, and also according to his own admission he was passing under an assumed name in the city.

It developed that Bergen's fingerprints had been sent to Ottawa and a reply received that he had faced charges dating back for several years at various points in the province, including fraud and false pretences. Though he could not be identified by Taylor, the Neal Bakery employee who identified Warner on Thursday, the police are continuing inquiries with regard to Bergen's movements about Feb. 17.



Melancholy-Gloom-Despondency Tell Of Exhausted Nerves

IT is unfortunate that one of the most common symptoms of nervous exhaustion is the tendency to melancholy, gloom and despondency.

You get looking on the dark side of things.

You begin to worry and cannot see that the future holds anything better for you. The supply of nerve force is running low and you lack the energy necessary to throw off these blighting, depressing feelings.

The depleted nerve cells must have nourishment.

They must be fed back to health and strength.

In Dr. Chase's Nerve Food you find in condensed and easily assimilated form an ideal treatment for an exhausted condition of the nervous system.

You will not be using this treatment long before you find yourself sleeping and resting better.

It will take a little time to build up the system, but you will soon find yourself more

cheerful, more confident and more energetic and will be encouraged to keep up the treatment until fully restored.

Such symptoms as headaches, irritability and indigestion disappear as the nerves are strengthened and resume their functions in controlling the activities of the vital organs of the body.

No treatment for the nerves has ever met with such unqualified success as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. This is proven in many hundreds of thousands of cases, many of which are reported in the newspapers from day to day.

You will notice that while the price of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food has been increased to 60c, the box now contains 60 pills instead of 50 as formerly.

Likewise Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are 35c, a box of 35 pills, instead of 25c, for 25 pills. Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

London Advertiser

The Advertiser was established in 1863, and is published four times daily by London Advertiser Company, Limited. The subscription rates are: London, 15 cents weekly. By mail in Canada, \$5.00 yearly; in the United States, \$6.00 yearly.

The Advertiser is represented in Toronto at 35 King street east, and in Montreal at 217 Transportation Building, by J. B. Rathbone, in New York at 247 Park avenue, in Chicago at 123 South Michigan avenue, and in Boston at 104 Washington street, by C. H. Eddy Co.

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1924.

The Work of a Surgeon.

A young doctor, 40 miles from the nearest hospital, alone, with not much equipment, finds the man he has been called to attend in a state of strangulation.

He has no time to do anything but act. He has no assistant to help, yet he knows that there is an emergency operation facing him, that of tracheotomy, or making an incision in the windpipe and placing a tube in it so that the patient can breathe from below the spot where the strangulation is taking place.

And so he goes to work and makes his incision, but he has no tube, so he uses a small bottle with the bottom filed out, held in place with adhesive tape. Artificial respiration restores consciousness and the patient is on the way to recovery.

Surgery is much the same as anything else—the race belongs to the man who can do the right thing at the right time even without all the equipment that should be at hand.

London is the surgical center of Western Ontario, and there are practitioners here who are known as the best in their line. These men could relate parallel experiences of this young doctor's experience, but they talk little about such matters to outsiders.

The surgeon's business is not all in the hospital, where he has an expert at anesthetics, trained nurses, and every last bit of equipment he needs. The telephone rings at 11:15 at night; there is a serious case 47 miles from London, and the doctor attending says his patient cannot last until morning without an operation. The surgeon has had seven or more operations that day, and will have as many more tomorrow, but he inquires the exact location of the house on a country road, gets a driver for his car, and by midnight he is off.

By 2 o'clock in the morning he is at the house, and finds that his patient has been placed on a temporary operating table in the kitchen. There is only a coal oil lamp in the house, but the matter is just as urgent as was described, so he starts at once.

In the excitement of those in the house hustling around to help as much as they can the chimney is knocked off the lamp and breaks on the kitchen floor. The physician produces a good flashlight from his car and goes on without any interruption, and completes an operation so delicate that a similar one before a clinic in a New York hospital is described in a six-page article in a medical journal the following week.

The operation is successful, and the patient has been in this city several times since.

It is just turning light when the car comes out of the farmyard gate and heads for London, where the day's work is yet to be done.

Yes, there are scores of real stories in such cases, but they are seldom told because the real surgeon has a professional pride that does not seek publicity.

Expert's View of Crime.

Inspector William Wallace, assistant chief of detectives at Toronto, says "Red" Ryan was only a "plaster hero." Writing in the Canadian Police Bulletin, he takes all the glamor—if there ever had been any—from the career of Ryan, and paints him as a common coward who was not man enough to fight a policeman hand to hand, or even to take a decent chance at escaping.

The case of Ryan had been so fully covered from every angle that there is little more to be added, but the view of Inspector Wallace is interesting because it is from the pen of an expert in dealing with the methods and motives of criminals.

"When thousands of other boys were employed as messengers, office assistants, etc., or attending school, Ryan was fleeing the money that others were earning honestly," says the inspector.

"Ryan failed because he found no pleasure in honest labor, ignored the rights of others, and cultivated expensive, selfish, vicious habits without developing the desire or ability to support them. Ryan, although still in the prime of manhood is a defeated wretch, paying the price of his indolence and uncured evil desire. No young man can follow Ryan's example without sooner or later meeting with a similar fate."

"Ryan, as a criminal, was never possessed of either the courage or resourcefulness to become more than a common thief, with vicious inclinations."

The Toronto officer, judging from the tone of his article, would have had more consideration for Ryan if he had displayed the courage that would have stood up to fight an officer. Never at any time did he

even display this questionable virtue. Inspector Wallace has no place for soft sentiment that seeks to paint a criminal of the Ryan type as anything but a criminal. He will believe in his manliness when Ryan shows himself to be manly. The view comes with added force because it is that of a man whose business is tracking criminals and sorting over crime from all angles. There will be no dispute with his conclusion that Ryan should never be given his freedom "while he shows the slightest symptoms of the lazy, disgusting characteristics that placed him in his present ignominious position."

And There He Stays.

He is preaching in a small church some distance west of the city of London. The salary is not large, in fact, as salaries go, it is very small, and the chances are not bright of it increasing very much. There have been times when even the small salary has been very much in arrears.

The man has ability, of that there is no doubt. His little church has done very well since he went there. He occupies a real place in the hearts of his people. His influence has been a force for good, and his voice has been a power in turning men and women toward the better life.

A stranger sat in his congregation a few days ago; he was impressed with the ability of the preacher in the little church. He liked him, and he had a position in his concern where he needed such a man. He wanted him to meet the public in a very honorable line of business; he was certain he could do it, and he was sure he could trust him with his last dollar.

The proposition was made, but kindly rejected. As a matter of fact there was not even an argument. There was no comparison between the salaries attached to the two positions. One was twice as large as the other, and real money every week. The other was the old salary, often in arrears.

Nehemiah of old had a vision of the importance of the work he was given to do. He replied to all who would take him from his work, "I cannot come down." This man, just to the west of us, has the vision. When he entered the ministry he was prepared for a life of sacrifice, and he is getting it.

We sometimes wonder if those who talk about ministers being in it for the money really know very well what they are talking about.

Sympathetic Dispositions.

Buffalo has another of those cases where a married man with a family sought the company of a young girl because, to use his own words, "of her sympathetic disposition."

Chances are that if these men who are pining for the company of "sympathetic dispositions" displayed a little more of it themselves there would be few of these cases heard of.

In the Same Old Stand.

Russia looks for a loan of £300,000,000 from Britain. Britain is variously pictured as bankrupt, ruined, on the verge of a great crisis, and as fighting to regain something of her lost prestige in the world.

Strange, is it not, that when these billion and a half loans are sought, the borrowers still make tracks toward old London.

Good Piece of Work.

Bandits visited a bank in Bay City, Mich., at 2 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

Tactics much the same as elsewhere. Revolvers were used, and bank teller told to hand over nothing less than \$5 bills.

At 3 o'clock the same afternoon the bandits, in spite of guns and high-powered cars, were in the hands of the authorities.

A fine piece of work—one calculated to make robbery less popular.

No Partnership Wanted.

The chief reason why the temperance forces of Ontario object to government sale or a system of government control of liquor can be stated in a few words.

They object to being made partners in a business of which they do not approve, and to which they are unalterably opposed.

Note and Comment.

A balanced budget and a decrease in taxation is a grand black eye for the Montreal Star's "Whisper of Death."

In case there is a dispute later on, be it remembered that March came in like a well-behaved, very humble little lamb.

Premier MacDonald has written a plain letter to Arthur Henderson, a member of his cabinet, rebuking him for his suggestion of revising the peace treaty. Mr. MacDonald is not only leader of the Labor party, but prime minister in the real sense of the word.

Tavish Mactavish

DOCTORS ARE THE SAME.

The chap who took a medical degree from the university supported by King Tut's royal line was almost as much a medicine man as his present-day follower in the mystic rites of temperature and pulse. According to an old papyrus found recently near the tomb of the king, he believed—amongst other things—in hot and cold water as a cure for head-aches. The report, to be sure, doesn't say whether this was taken internally, first a hot and then a cold drink, nor whether it was to be an outward application. But kinship with the witch doctor of today is established in a long list of questions to be asked of patients, one or two prescriptions which were given accompanied by the magical formulae. It is incongruous to hear an extremely learned man with a jargon of terms beyond the layman and heavy locks whitened in sick rooms, speaking gravely and solemnly about the "magical formulae" of the chaps who waited on King Tut.

"LOMI-LOMI."

While on the subject of the affinity between savage and civilized man, I wonder what is the exact point of contact, as it were, between the somewhat tired young man of today, who after a boisterous night, resorts to a barber for a face massage, and the savage of the South Sea Islands, who, feeling a little below par, gets his light of love to rub his head—going Lomi-Lomi, as they call it—until he either falls into a quiet, dreamless sleep, from which he wakes refreshed, or finds complete relief under the pressure of the soft hands. I have tried face massage, been rubbed by a chiropractic physician, and experimented with Lomi-Lomi. They are all closely related, but I think the native plan gives the best effects, and it certainly costs less than the other two.

THE CURSED SHEIK.

What a hold the word Sheik has gained on people in the last few months. Ever since the baleful flicker of the screen has fallen on the very decent and gentlemanly knight of the deserts his name has become a by-word for every kind of amorous villany, and, indeed, latterly, it has been extended to other fields. We now hear that "Sheik" Bandits have robbed a bank, that "Sheik" directors have betrayed their shareholders, "Sheik" politicians have done this or that, in fact, we are so poverty-stricken in the matter of words that we have to "Sheik" everything we disapprove of. There is this coming can at least fasten the guilt on something if not use more body. We can thank Hollywood for this dumb habit.

On Eatin' Things

I'VE just scanned up and down a list that decorates a dreary page of what to eat and what to do to dangle on a ripe old age. You must take water bolin' hot just as the night has turned to dawn, and pour it down your pipes red hot to wash your 'tummy free from wrong.

Upon arising from your couch you bend a dozen times or more, and bump your head upon the door, and scratch your slats upon the floor.

When this is done you have a bath in water neither hot nor cold, and for your morning meal you eat just what the family doctor told.

On humble fare you dine at noon and humbler still is set the spread, that taketh place two hours before they ring the bell for going to bed.

And thus you pass your days along, a dodgin' this here thing and that, and turnin' up your nose at pie, or Christmas pudding round and fat. Ah, well, perhaps there be some folks about who will pursue this daily score, and stake their fun upon the chance of hangin' round a few years more. Again there's many common shrubs what's planted just like me and you, who'd rather fuss a good deal less and take the count when we get through.—ARK.

Press Notes

WILD AND WOOLY WEST.

Out in Alberta, near Tabor, they are double digging the land for the spring crop. We are going to start here just as soon as we get rid of those 15-foot snow banks.—Milverton Sun.

KNOCKING THEM OVER.

An expert statistician figured out that the world's population increases 20,000,000 each year. It is to be hoped that knowledge of this fact will not tend to make the speed fiends any more reckless.—Hamilton Herald.

EXTRA, MISTER, EXTRA!

Col. Currie, M.P.P., said yesterday in the legislature that if he were to make a good speech The Star would credit it to someone else. He is in error. If he should ever deliver a good speech we should feel disposed to get out a special edition.—Toronto Star.

FOR ALBERTA COAL.

The London Advertiser is doing a real service to Canada by its agitation for bringing Alberta coal to this province. We have never had a great deal of respect for the coal barons of the U. S. since they sold us shale for coal during war times and to make matters worse our money was taken at a discount. The Advertiser's move appeals to us because it comes east and west on an enduring business basis. Petitions for signature are at the Enterprise office.—Chesley Enterprise.

AN INNOVATION OF THE CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Lunch Counter Service Between Toronto and Winnipeg

For the convenience of its patrons, the Canadian National Railways are now operating Colonist Cars equipped with lunch counters on "The National" between Toronto and Winnipeg, leaving Toronto 10:45 a.m. daily, arriving Winnipeg 4:10 p.m. the third day, and from Winnipeg to Toronto leaving Winnipeg 12:30 p.m. daily, arriving Toronto 7:20 a.m. the third day. Hot tea, coffee and bread, butter, baked beans, etc., may be purchased at the lunch counter at any time during the day.

This service is of course in addition to the regular dining car service operated on the above-mentioned trains.—Adv.

The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

THE SECRET THINGS.

The secret things belong unto the Lord our God.—Deut. xxix., 29. Modest ignorance is a necessary element of true theology.

Bishop Butler says:

"The monarchy of the universe is a dominion unlimited in extent and everlasting in duration; the general system of it must therefore be quite beyond our comprehension."

Richard Hooker says:

"We know not God as he is, neither can know him. His glory is inexplicable, his greatness above our capacity and reach."

It is a simple fact that we cannot know all about God.

Natural theology, of course, is limited. Revealed theology widens the boundaries of our knowledge, but does not abolish them.

The Bible does not profess to make men omniscient, but simply to tell them enough to make them happy and good, if they will believe it and live up to it.

It does indeed lift man above the level of his natural ignorance; but even as one who has gained a wider view of the world by ascending a lofty mountain still finds his sight circumscribed by a new horizon, so those who receive the revelations which are contained in Holy Scripture still discover a verge beyond which their thought cannot pass, and find themselves shut in by the secret things which belong unto God.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Advertiser welcomes letters discussing matters of public interest. It is necessary that the name of the writer be sent as an evidence of good faith, but not necessarily for publication.

The Retired Farmer.

One In London Says The Advertiser Made a Fair Statement About His Position.

Editor of The Advertiser:

Sir,—I would like to have a chance to thank your paper for the article on the retired farmer that was in your paper on Friday evening because it is the truth. I gave up the farm some years ago after having worked until I was 63 and could not carry on the work their alone any longer.

We had saved a little every year for almost 40 years, and had the idea that when we were through we would be able to spend a few years in quietness. Ever since the baleful flicker of the screen has fallen on the very decent and gentlemanly knight of the deserts his name has become a by-word for every kind of amorous villany, and, indeed, latterly, it has been extended to other fields. We now hear that "Sheik" Bandits have robbed a bank, that "Sheik" directors have betrayed their shareholders, "Sheik" politicians have done this or that, in fact, we are so poverty-stricken in the matter of words that we have to "Sheik" everything we disapprove of. There is this coming can at least fasten the guilt on something if not use more body. We can thank Hollywood for this dumb habit.

London, March 1.

Here's One Idea.

Citizen Wishes Birds, Squirrels and Pigeons Banished From the City Limits.

To Editor of The Advertiser: Sir,—I see that the pigeons must go at last. It is high time that these birds should be done away with. It has been said that because they are tolerated in Venice, we should preserve them here. I was discussing this matter with one of the aldermen the other day, and he asked "Where is Venice anyway," and quite agreed with him when he said because a semi-savage people liked to have these birds about their streets, that was no reason why we, a cultured people, should follow their example. If these birds could be made of some commercial value, that is to say killing some off each year and sold thereby reducing our taxes, I would say by all means preserve them, but as it is they are allowed to multiply, and have become a nuisance, and so bold have they become I nearly stepped on one the other day in the market. There is another nuisance I would like to draw the attention of the council to, that is the squirrels I see running about; I am told they spread disease, my neighbor will persist in feeding these pests; he tells me he buys 25c worth of nuts every month for them. I wish he would let some one further away do this; I hate to see these nasty things running along my fence, the first thing I know they will get into my attic, and it will cost quite a lot to get them out.

While walking about our streets I observe quite a number of birdsnesses stuck on trees and posts. I cannot make out why people in a city should encourage birds, such destructive and noisy things. Very shortly, we will have the robins here digging up our lawns and carrying off our fruit; last year I had to buy a four-quart basket of cherries to make up for what these birds carried off my tree, and such a noise do they make I cannot sleep in the morning. I asked my neighbor what kind of a bird it was that made such a noise just outside of my window last summer; he said it was a wren. They say that birds return to the same place each year—well, if that fellow comes back to the same place this year, I'll very

Cuticura Heals Face Disfigured With Itchy Eczema

"Eczema broke out in watery pimples on my face and head. After my cheeks and head became so bad that they were covered with large scales. The itching and burning were so severe that I could not sleep at night. My face was badly disfigured. My hair became dry and lifeless and fell out so that I had to have it cut off close to my scalp."

"A friend advised me to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment so I purchased some, and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Mrs. Elmer King, Box 278, Jackson St., Oxford, Nova Scotia.

Make Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum your daily toilet preparations. Sample each free by Mail. Address: "Tyrman, Limited, 245 St. Paul St., W., Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c, Ointment 25c and 50c, Talcum 50c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mus-

themselves for a couple of years to comply with this act, are made time-killers, or worse. They are quite often a menace to the younger scholars and a real nuisance to the teachers. Further, I claim that during these two years, between ages 14 and 16, the average boy and girl is highly receptive, and if engaged in learning some branch of industry, would learn more during this period than in twice the time when older. Do not mistake me, Mr. Editor, I do not advocate the marketing of child labor that manufacturers or others might exploit it as in the past. My idea is that these two vital important years should be utilized fully, not wasted.

Next, we will take the college institutes. En passant, I suppose, "College" or "High School" is not grandiose enough for this generation of officials. Fortunately, the curriculum in these schools is fairly sound. My quarrel with the system is the colleges are apt to become crowded, not by reason of a shortage of rooms, but from the fact that parents, in large numbers, send their children to spend their adolescence in them, rather than see it entirely wasted in the public schools.

Will some enlightened person (non-parent, please) who has had the charge of high school pupils find any real use for their expensively acquired "book larin'?" The teaching profession is rapidly becoming overcrowded, and only a small number of citizens can afford to send their children to university. For the sake of these adolescents, let sanity prevail. We do not need more colleges. We do not need inspectors at \$5,000 a year. Nor do we need a technical school run on present lines.

The three immediate results of the present system are: (1) A heavy burden of taxation, which the scholars of today will soon have to carry—our legacy to them. (2) A voracious ever-growing bureaucracy; and (3) An army of boys and girls with small hope of earning a comfortable living, having a smattering of everything and practical knowledge of nothing.

I almost forgot the army of self-sacrificing parents whose sacrifice will too often have proved vain. God pity this fair land if drastic change is not soon made. It cannot maintain its hard-earned position if we are to see our book-crammed youth slip across the border to become automatons in the motor industry, while the gaps they leave are filled by the unlettered but industrious European immigrant. Please excuse if I have encroached on your space, but the subject is of much importance.

I enclose my identity, and beg to subscribe myself, very truly yours, MENS SANA.

London, Feb. 29, 1924.

A MUFF, IF YOU PLEASE.

Paris, March 1.—An incongruous little muff is part of the spring costume. It is a tiny, barrel-shaped affair, of a fur calculated to give more in chic than it does in warmth.

SIR ARTHUR WATSON RETIRES FROM BUSINESS

Associated Press Despatch.

London, March 1.—Sir Arthur Watson has retired from the general management of the London, Midland & Scottish Railway because of ill-health and has been succeeded by Henry Burgess. During the war Sir Arthur was director of Irish transport and was also coal controller for Ireland.

OBREGON FORCES AGAIN IN CONTROL OF JALAPA

Vera Cruz, March 1.—Jalapa, capital of Vera Cruz State, is again in the hands of the Obregon government, the forces under Gen. Almazan having taken over the city without resistance. Americans arriving here overland from Guadalupe, sugar center in Southern Vera Cruz, report meeting few rebels on the road. The Americans closed their mills, lacking fuel and provisions.

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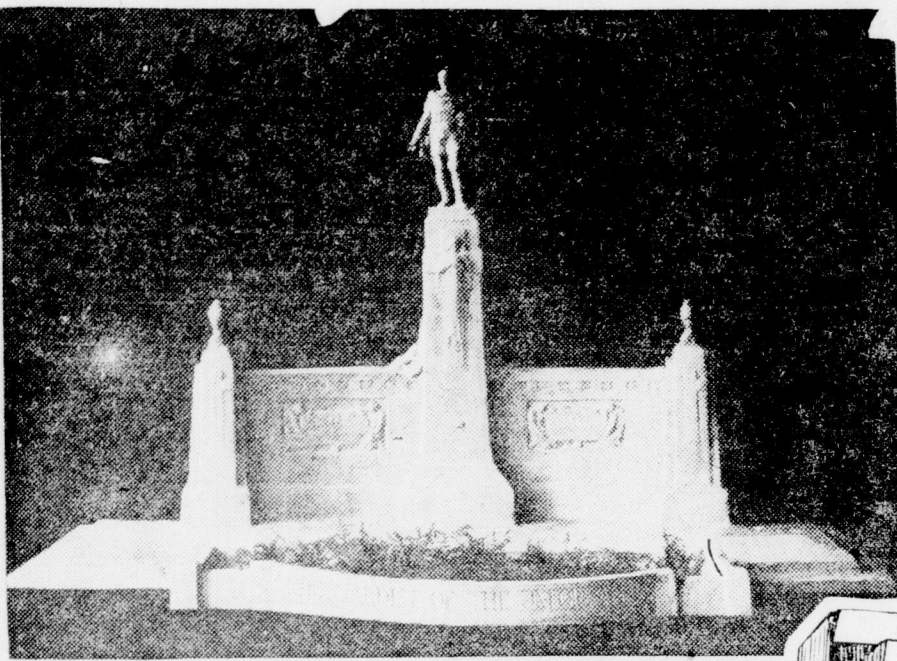
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LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1924.

Will Posterity Shudder at Our War Memorials?



Oshawa's memorial, employing the soldier figure in a new way, is called "The Garden of the Unforgotten."

Lengthy Reflection the Most Important Consideration in Planning a Memorial, Says Toronto Designer—Ontario Architect and Artists Protest Against Public Sites Being Given to Private Bodies.

By GREGORY CLARK.

"MANY of the war memorials being erected in Canada to-day," says Sir Edmund Walker, dean of bankers and patron of the arts, "will cause posterity to shudder."

"The most important ingredient that goes into a war memorial," says Alfred Howell, art director of the Technical school and designer of some of the most beautiful memorials in the province, "is lengthy reflection."

"The Ontario Association of Architects," says H. E. Moore, member of that association's committee which voluntarily appraises values on submitted war memorial designs for public bodies, "in co-operation with the Ontario Society of Artists, has started enlisting their own and other professional and business men's associations to this end; that the municipal act be so amended that public sites cannot be given away to private bodies for the erection of private war memorials."

This agitation has reference to the province as a whole, but is focused on the fact that the two choice locations for public memorials in the city of Toronto have been given to the 48th Highlanders and the Sons of England Lodge. With all due honor to these two organizations, both of which, in their respective spheres, are not excelled in their war records by any other, the point taken by business men, architects and artists is that public memorial sites, of the greatest value and prominence should be jealously preserved for public monuments representative of the community as a whole rather than for private memorials to any section of the community however worthy.



The simple type of memorial springing up all over the province.

Canada's memorial, designed by Walter Allward, on the crest of Vimy—a sublime symbol on a lonely hill.



The modest memorial at Malvern Collegiate Institute uses an allegorical soldier figure.

Sir Edmund Walker, Alfred Howell, the sculptor, F. H. Marani, an architect and soldier, H. E. Moore speaking for the Architects' Association, all find the root of the war memorial problem of the moment to be in the total lack of a well-formulated general principle with regard to memorials, and to the haste and absence of "lengthy reflection" on the part of the few who are anxious to get their memorials up.

Toronto is going ahead with its memorial—money has been voted, ten thousand this year, and ten to be voted next year, for a cenotaph. Designs have been called for. Something to be erected in front of the city hall, something that "will not detract from the beauty of the city hall."

But nothing has been definitely decided by council. No design has been accepted, no contract let, nothing irrevocable done. It was the idea of the ex-mayor, Alfred Maguire, that Toronto should erect a cenotaph in front of the city hall. It is possible that before the question has gone much further, bigger and better ideas for a memorial in keeping with what Toronto did in the war will be forthcoming.

Mayor Hiltz says: "My own idea with regard to a war memorial in Toronto is that it should be something useful as well as commemorative. I have no specified ideas on the matter, and I do not think we should rush into it. It deserves long and studious consideration. Council has gone ahead with the voting of funds and calling for ideas; but nothing has been done that commits us to a line of action."

Meanwhile, it appears from recent action by the city council, that any private organization that wishes to erect a memorial commemorative of its war service and its dead can have any public site it desires merely for the asking. It



The Sons of England monument at the head of University avenue.

may be ten years or more before Toronto feels free to enter upon its memorial plans. Ten years will give the regiments, societies and lodges of Toronto ample time to demand—and be granted—all the best public sites that remain.

Question of Sites

THERE was not the slightest difficulty experienced by the Highlanders and the Sons of England lodge in securing the sites on which their memorials stand. The Highlanders' is at the north end of the Queen's Park, facing up towards Avenue road. The Sons of England's stands at the head of University avenue, at College street, facing the parliament buildings, and is in the corresponding position, on the city's one ornamental public thoroughfare, to Allward's splendid South African memorial at the foot of the avenue. It is difficult to think off-hand of two more likely sites for public memorials.

Asked about his attitude on the giving of these sites to the private bodies, Alfred Maguire said:

"The council were all agreed that the cause was worthy. There was no objection to these sites being given."

"Did you have in mind the possibility of the site being required at a later date for a public monument?" he was asked.

"No."

"There being numerous other public sites of less prominence for the use of private memorials, did you not suggest the use of these for private memorials?"

"No. My idea of the city's memorial is a cenotaph in front of the city hall," said Mr. Maguire.

The Sons of England lodge memorial, which now stands at the head of University avenue, was designed and executed, according to Mr. David J. Proctor, supreme secretary of the lodge,

by Creber Brothers, monument and tombstone manufacturers, of Toronto. It cost \$10,000. It consists of a figure of a soldier standing on a pillar, on which are recorded the names of the two hundred and seventeen members of the Toronto lodges who gave their lives in the great war. The whole stands upon a wide base, guarded by lions couchant.

"We met opposition," said Mr. Proctor, "from the parks commissioner, Mr. Chambers. But we had no difficulty whatever in securing the site when we went before the board of control. It is certainly a splendid site. It is a great thing for the order."

A Considered Policy Essential

On enquiry at the city hall whether any more sites had been granted since the Sons of England, City Clerk Littlejohn stated that there were none, and that as far as he was aware, no further applications were in hand.

Throughout the province, municipal councils are passing by-laws for the erection of municipal memorials, some of which are seeking the best talent in the country for the designs, others, for the needs of economy, placing the work in the hands of granite companies who employ stock designs, with the result that most small memorials in the province bear a speaking likeness to one another.

One Ontario town had the misfortune, in this respect, to award the contract to a monument company which used an American model for the figure. The result is that the town now has an American soldier—complete American uniform and equipment—standing in the place of honor in its midst.

Guelph encountered a stiff problem with regard to its memorial, which is one of the finest Alfred Howell has produced. The city wished to erect it in the centre of the city square. Sir Adam Deek insisted that the memorial could not go there, because his new radials had to pass right through the centre of the square. Guelph

protested that the car tracks could very easily be deflected in a curve through the city square, to permit the erection of the fine statuary piece. But the rails won. They will have right of way and Guelph's memorial to the fallen will take second choice position.

The two essentials in the consideration of war memorials, in the opinion of those interviewed, are a considered policy and time.

An effort was made four or five years ago by certain influential Canadian business men to organize some sort of advisory board to which communities could go for ideas and facts and figures in the building of memorials. The scheme got no further than the effort, because it was learned that for one committee that would avail itself of such a board, there would be two that would prefer to have the whole matter entirely in their own hands.

Proper Symbolism Will Come

"O my mind," said Mr. Howell, art director of the technical school, "lengthy reflection is the great need in considering memorials at this time. The occasion will not pass. There is no likelihood of our forgetting our obligation to the dead as the years go by; rather, the reverse."

"And with each year that passes, with fuller reflection and wider experience, memorials will become the fine things they ought to be."

"The ultra-realism expressed in so many of the memorials being now erected, in which the dominant figure is a realistic representation of a soldier, will pass. A proper symbolism will follow. The highest Greek art, expressed in the Necropolis at Athens, followed the wars between the Greeks and the Persians. The great cathedrals of England were built after, and under the spell of, the Crusades. There is bound to come, after this great war and period of spiritual stress, an art phase symbolizing the further experience of humanity."

"Memorials that are expected to speak to posterity had better wait for that phase to brush us with its edge."

F. H. Marani, architect and soldier, speaks for co-operation in the matter of memorials.

"In England, when designs are called for in a public memorial competition, a sculptor and architect are asked to work together. In this country, the sculptor submits his designs and the architect his, and every competition brings forth two distinct types of design—the sculptured groups of the artists and the columnar figures of the architect. Neither alone seems adequate. If they collaborated, we would get better memorials."

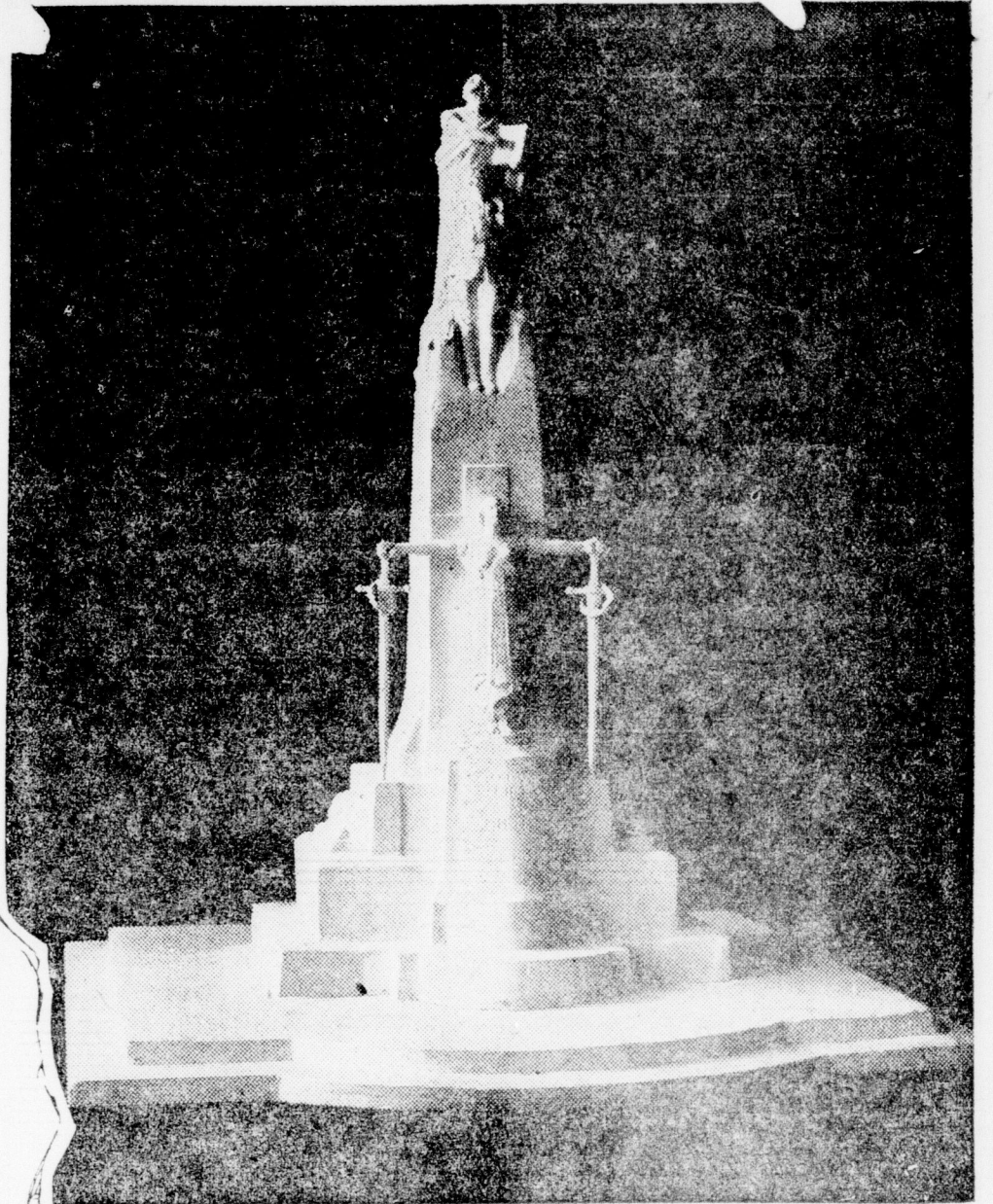
So often the sculptor lacks the knowledge of position and base which are principles of architecture. And so often the architectural masses of the architect lack the artistic and symbolic features which a memorial requires.

Arts Should Co-operate

"I THINK we can go too far with symbolism just as we can with realism. The type of memorial which preserves the brutal aspect of war—groups of soldiers advancing over the top and hurling bombs and so forth—is no worse than a group of figures the allegory of which is so obscure as to be missed entirely by the populace."

"If other cities beg for time and lengthy reflection, I beg for co-operation between the arts."

The I.O.D.E., the strongest patriotic women's organization in Canada, demonstrates, with its memorial activities, another aspect of the whole



Guelph's beautiful memorial by Alfred Howell.

question. No I.O.D.E. monument has been erected to the memory of the dead. No fine, useful buildings erected to serve a double purpose. The order has established a series of scholarships in Canadian universities, worth \$300 per annum for four years to the sons and daughters of soldiers who were killed or totally disabled in the war; and overseas scholarships to the value of \$1,200 for one year enabling graduates of Canadian universities to attend British universities. Of the seventeen young Canadians who have been awarded these overseas scholarships, eight were soldiers who had served in France, and some of the remainder were connected with soldiers.

The I.O.D.E. has also purchased over a thousand sets of reproductions of the war memorial paintings which they are distributing to the public schools throughout the dominion.

The order regards these scholarships as a far greater and more lasting memorial to the war dead than any monument they could raise. The bursaries in Canadian colleges will last as long as there are children of soldiers available. The overseas scholarships will be permanent.

My Mother's Gown

My mother wore a cotton gown;
It brushed the ground, where she did pass
It cast a shadow round about
And touched caressingly the grass.
I used to watch that cotton gown
And clutch with little loving hands,
Oh, would that it could pass again
Across the grey cold winter lands.

The world goes by in silken frocks,
The hurrying world bent on its way;
Yet all my dreams are centred in
Her cotton frock of yesterday.
And when my years come to an end
And greater roads I'm turning down
I guess I'll find my mother there
Dressed in her simple cotton gown.

—Ursula Bloom in Answers.



French group, ultra-realistic, preserving the savage aspects of war.

Can Man Conquer Mount Everest?

Apex of World Defies First Attack

First Attempt, Though Not Entirely Successful, a Mighty British Achievement Hitherto Unequalled in History of Mountaineering—Pushing Up to 26,985 Feet After Pitching Camp at 25,000 Feet—Higher Than Any Other Peak in the World—a Slip and Tragedy in the Balance.



By GEORGE LEIGH-MALLOY,
Of the Expedition Commanded by
Brig.-Gen. Hon. C. G. Bruce,
C.B., M.V.O.

THE night, in spite of everything, was endurable. For distraction to pass the sleepless intervals engaging thoughts were not far to seek; we were able to feel some little satisfaction in the mere existence of this camp, the two small tents perched there on the vast mountain-side of snow-bound rocks and actually higher, at 25,000 feet, than any climbing party had been before. "Hang it all!" we cooed, "it's not so bad."

I do not propose to emphasize the various agonies of an early-morning start or to catalogue all that may be found for fumbling fingers to do; but one incident is worth recording. A rucksack escaped us, slipping from the ledge where it was perched, and went bounding down the mountain. It contained our provisions; our breakfast was inside it.

From the moment of its elusion I gave it up for lost. What could stop its fatal career? What did stop it unless it was a miracle? Somehow or another it was hung up on a ledge 100 feet below. Morshead volunteered to go and get it. By slow degrees he dragged up the heavy load, and our precious stores were recovered intact.

At 8 a.m. we were ready to start and roped up, Norton first, followed by myself, Morshead and Somervell. We had moved upwards only a few steps when Morshead stopped. "I think I won't come with you any farther," he said. "I know I should only keep you back."

We understood very well the spirit of the remark; if Morshead said that, there could be no longer a question of his coming on, but we wondered whether one of us should not stay behind with him. However, he declared that he was not seriously unwell and was perfectly capable of looking after himself. Somervell's judgment as a doctor confirmed him, and it was decided he should remain in camp while we three went on without him.

It was our intention naturally in setting out this day to reach the summit of Mount Everest. Provided we were not stopped by a mountain-er difficulty, and that was unlikely, the fate of our expedition would depend on the two factors, time and speed. Of course, we might become too exhausted to go further before reaching our goal; but the consideration of speed really covers that case, for provided one was capable of moving his limbs at all he would presumably be able to crawl a few steps—only so slowly that there would be no point in doing so.

400 Feet an Hour

FROM the outset we were short of time; we should have started two hours earlier; the weather prevented us. Fresh snow was an encumbrance, lying everywhere on the ledges from 4 inches to 8 inches deep; it must have made a difference, though not a large one. In any case, when we measured our rate of progress it was not satisfactory, at most 400 feet an hour, not counting halts, and diminishing a little as we went up.

It became clear that if we could go no farther—and we couldn't without exhausting ourselves at once—we should still at the best be struggling upwards after night had fallen again. We were prepared to leave it to braver men to climb Mount Everest by night.

By agreeing to this arithmetical computation we tacitly accepted defeat. And if we were not to reach the summit, what remained for us to do? None of us, I believe, cared much about any lower objective. We were not greatly interested then in the exact number of feet by which we should beat a record. It must be remembered that the mind is not easily interested under such conditions. The intelligence is gradually numbed as the supply of oxygen diminishes and the body comes nearer to exhaustion.

Looking back on my own mental processes as we approached 27,000 feet, I can find no traces of insanity, nothing completely illogical; within a

back along the north-east ridge, was not impressive, and we were too near up under this ridge to add anything to former observations as to the nature of its obstacles.

Overlooking Huge Mountains

THE view was necessarily restricted when Everest itself hid so much country. But it was a pleasure to look westwards across the broad north face and down it towards the Rongbuk Glacier; it was satis-

We saw his black, plebeian head rising from the mists, mists that filled all the valleys, so that there was nothing in all the world as we looked from north-east to north-west but the great twins Gyachung Kang and Cho Yuo; and even these, though they regarded us still from a station of equality, were actually inferior. The lesser of them is 26,000 feet, and we could clearly afford to despise him; the greater Cho Yuo we had to regard respectfully before we could be-

way down by a continuous snow-slope to the west of the ridge. We found more snow on this new line, as had supposed; but it was not to our liking; it lay not on a continuous slope, but covering a series of slabs and only too ready to slide off. We were obliged to work back to the ridge itself and follow it down in our morning's tracks.

At 4 p.m. we reached our camp, where Morshead was waiting

between the moving figures, and the rope showed what it was worth.

From one of the bodies which had slid and now was stopped proceeded an utterance, not in the best taste, reproaching his fate, because he must now start going up hill again when he should have been descending.

The Buried Rope

THE danger had passed. The weight of three men had not come upon the rope with a single jerk. The two lengths between the three as they slipped down were presumably not stretched tight, and the second man had been checked directly below the leader before the other two. Probably he also did something to check those below him, for he was partly held up by projecting rocks and almost at once recovered his footing. We were soon secure again on the mountain-side, and not the least surprising fact—no one had been hurt.

I suppose we must all have felt rather shaken by an incident which came so near to being a catastrophe. But a party will not necessarily be less competent or climb worse on that account. At all events we had received a warning and now proceeded with the utmost caution, moving one at a time over the snow-covered ledges. It was slow work.

I had been aware for some time that Morshead, though he was going steadily and well, was more tired than the rest of us. His long hair, and a high camp can have done him little good. He had not recovered. One of us, and it was usually Norton, gave Morshead the support of his shoulder and an arm round his waist, while I went first, to pick out exactly the most convenient line, and Somervell was our rear guard in any steeper place. So we crawled down the mountain-side in the gathering darkness, until as I looked back from a few yards ahead my companions were distinguished only as vague forms silhouetted against the snow. We had a lantern with us and a candle too, in Somervell's rucksack, and we should now require a light.

Two hundred yards, or little more in a direct line, now separated us from our tents, with the promise of safety, repose, and warmth in our soft eiderdown bags. Looking back, I never can make out how we came to spend so long in reaching them. We had but to go along the broken, jagged line of snow and ice where our tracks lay, and then drop down to our camp on the shelf.

We felt we were all very near the end of our journey, for we had dimly made out from the highest level we had just quitted the neat rank of our tents still standing on the shelf below and ready to receive us. We had only to find the rope which had been fixed on the steep slope below us and we should be at the end of our troubles. But the rope was deeply buried, and we searched in vain, dragging the snow with our picks along the edge of the fall. We were still searching when the last of our candle burnt out.

In the end we must do without the rope, and began the abrupt descent tentatively, dubiously, uncertain that we had hit off just the right place. The situation was decidedly disagreeable. Suddenly, however, our hands hit upon the rope from under the snow. It may be imagined we were not slow to grasp it. The blessed security of feeling the frozen but helpful thing firmly in our hands was positively made some sort of noise; unrecognizable, perhaps, it would have been to sober daylight but the proper effect, that of a relief, was not asked what the noise resembled, but without mistake it was like a cheer.

Groaping for Breath

HAD we known what was yet in store for us, or rather what was not in store, we might have waited a little longer for so sympathetic an exclamation. We were in need of food, and no solid food could be eaten until something had been done towards satisfying our thirst. It was not that one felt, at least I did not feel, a desire to drink; but the long effort of the lungs during the day in a rarefied atmosphere where evaporation is so rapid had deprived the body of moisture to such an extent that it was impossible to swallow, for instance, a ration biscuit.

We must first melt snow and have water. But where were the cooking pots? We searched the tents without finding a trace of them. Presumably the porters whom we expected to find here had taken them down to Camp III. In any case, we were unable to melt the snow within the tents, and it was impossible to believe in this misfortune. We waited for a brain-wave; but no way could be devised of melting the snow without a vessel. Still supperless, we wriggled into our sleeping-bags.

And then something happened in Norton's head. In his vision of all that was successful and July 3 as it were, there had suddenly appeared an ice-cream. It was this that he now proposed to us; we had the means at hand to make ice-cream, he said. A tin of strawberry jam was opened; frozen Ideal Milk was hacked out of another; these two ingredients were mixed with snow, and it only remained to eat the compound.

To my companions this seemed an easy matter; their appetite for strawberry cream ice was hardly nice to watch. I, too, managed to swallow a little before the deadly sickness of the stuff disgusted me. My gratitude to Norton was afterwards completely forgotten. I was convulsed by shudders which I was powerless to control; the muscles of my back seemed to be contracted with cramp; and short of breath, I was repeatedly obliged to raise myself on my elbows and start again that solemn exercise of deep-breathing as though the habit had become indispensable.

However, our welcome in Camp III



"Looking back over my own mental processes as we approached 27,000 feet I can find no traces of insanity, nothing completely illogical; within a small compass, I was able to reason, no doubt very slowly."

is a pleasing memory. The supply of tea was inexhaustible. Somervell confesses to having drunk seventeen mugsful; he can hardly have been so moderate. Morshead probably needed more than any of us; he ascribed his exhaustion on the mountain to want of liquid, and medical opinion was inclined to agree with the suggestion. However that may be, I must not know what I ever found had largely restored his strength, and Morshead arrived at Camp III, no more fatigued to all appearance than

the rest of us. But he bore the marks of his painful ordeal. His condition had made him a prey to the cold, and we only began to realize how badly he had been frost-bitten as we sat in camp while Wakefield bound up the black swollen fingers.

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(NEXT WEEK: "The Highest Human Footmark.")

My Wife Thinks I'm a Wonder When It Comes to Machinery

And Don't I Treasure the Illusion?—Great Thing to Do When You Have Motor Trouble Is to Assume a Napoleonic Attitude and Don't Say or Do Anything

By HOMER CRODY

I AM a perfect gump around machinery—anything more complicated than a screwdriver makes my head swim.

But my wife doesn't know this. She thinks I am gifted in regard to machinery and I treasure this illusion . . . you know how hard it is these days to get women to look up to us.

The way she came to have such confidence in me is this. We had hardly got back from our honeymoon before the cold water faucet in our bathroom began to leak. I went down to the basement and came up with some tools. I had seen them down there when we took the house, and wondered what they were for, but now I brought them up with a confident air. With my thumb I worked that slipping along the screw-thread and soon got the wrench so that it would fit the faucet, while my wife stood there admiring me. It was wonderful, so her expression said, to have a husband who could do things around the house.

So I took off my coat and rolled my sleeves. Then I gave the wrench a yank, but unfortunately it slipped. I blew the nickel ratchet off quickly, and she had not seen. I gave the wrench another pull and the water spouted . . . then I went down in the basement and turned the water off.

While I was gone she wiped up the floor and when I came back she had picked up one of the wrenches and was trying to turn the faucet.

"You're turning in the wrong direction," I said. "To take a nut or anything off you should turn it from right to left—that is, from your little corner toward your thumb!"

It made a profound impression on her. Just think—I could look at a faucet and tell which direction it had to be turned. I never since have I had the slightest trouble with her about mechanics.

I did not tell her that my father had talked with me about the complicated matter of family driving. When anything goes wrong with the car, I leap out, lift the hood and say, "Hm! Hm! Hm! Just as I suspected."

It's not hitting right. When I have a car full of ladies and want to be unusually impressive I say "functioning." But a fellow has to be careful of his audience. If you think they know anything at all, assume a Napoleonic attitude. Remain silent, say nothing.

Napoleon was a wise man. "When we left the garage I thought

I noticed a little knock, but I didn't think it would amount to much—it must be a loose loose'n I thought." I say. Then I look intently at some part of the car.

"It's one of the connecting rod bearings working loose," I observe thoughtfully.

If there's one thing in a car I know less about than another, it's a connecting rod. Why, I am so ignorant that I don't know what it connects. And if by some chance I ever found out what it connected I wouldn't know why it connected with it instead of some other gadget.

But there's the domination of the female which must be kept up. So I take the largest monkey wrench, hit three sharp blows on the left side of the engine, two on the right, give the spark plug a twist and say: "Now, I guess it's all right."

Of course, the knock's still there, but usually I manage to get home and the operation is considered a success.

As soon as I get the car back to the garage I turn it over to the man and my wife still has one thing in which she can look up to me. Husbands who blurt out that they don't know a damned thing about what is the matter with the car, and who stand around helplessly, hoping that some kind motorist will stop and tow them in, are making a mistake. Remember that I am a motorist, and I am the last stand, and we must take advantage of them.

But whatever happens don't let your wife get the idea that she knows more about the car than you do. If you do, you are a "goner." You won't have anything left but the furnace—Motor.

Punishment De Luxe

LITTLE WILLIE arrived at school and with him brought a letter addressed to the teacher. It was from the boy's mother, and read as follows:

"Dear Teacher—My son Willie is a very delicate, nervous and timid child, and if he should be naughty—a thing that has occurred more than once—I wish you would punish the boy next to him, for that will frighten him so much he'll behave himself."

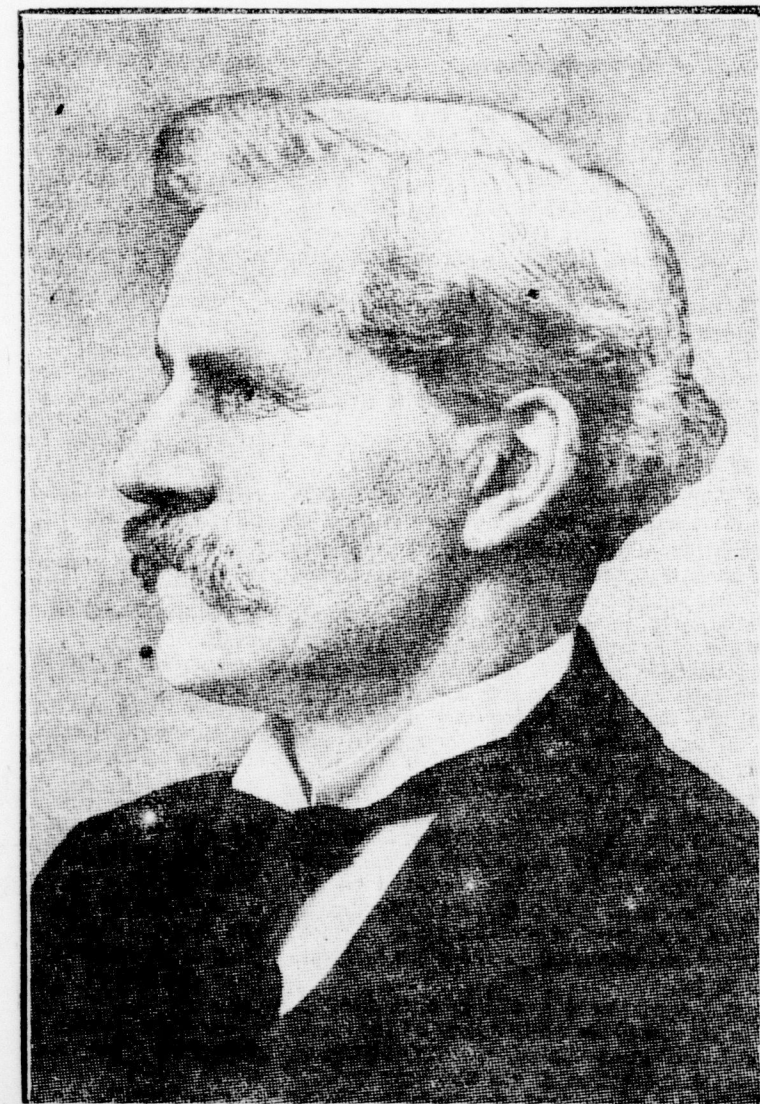
A Girl With Money

THEY say that people with opposite characteristics make the happiest marriages.

Alarming

NORTH London Magistrate (in fortune-telling charge): "Did defendant say anything to alarm you?"

Policewoman: "She said I should be married soon."



A new portrait of Britain's First Labor Premier, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

Canada Blotted Out By Ice and Snow For 50,000 Years Ontario's Hills and Valleys Shaped By Gigantic Glacier

Billions of Tons of Boulders and Clay Swept From Hundreds of Miles North and Strewn Over Ontario—This Explains Presence Throughout Province of Rocks Foreign to the Region.

By A. P. COLEMAN

IN zero weather of mid winter, especially if the furnace is not doing its duty, one is apt to think of the ice age, though the thought of it does not worry us much. In July, when the thermometer is in the nineties and we are looking for cool spots and iced drinks, a glacial period sounds very alluring but quite incredible. The block the ice man leaves does not last long if left in the sun.

The nearest point where one can find the permanent ice of a glacier is 1,200 miles away as the crow flies, in the Torngat mountains of northeast Labrador, and there the patches of snow and ice are insignificant in size. To see a real ice sheet the crow would have to fly 500 miles farther, to the interior of Greenland, which ought to have been called Whitteland. Greenland is still in the ice age.

The idea that ice should linger all the year in Canada in spite of the wilting heat of dog days, and that the forests and fields, the apple and peach orchards and the vineyards to the south of us should be buried under ice seems ridiculous; and yet it is a fact much of Canada was once hidden beneath a vast glacier; and this took place quite recently. The ice-cap departed less than 25,000 years ago.

The proofs of this statement are not hard to find; they are all around us and beneath us almost everywhere in the province of Ontario and in the other provinces of the dominion.

Thirty years ago there were plenty of boulders scattered over the fields of south Ontario, where now only streets and houses are to be seen. Most of them were of pink granite and gneiss, but some were greenstones, and a few white marble; you can still find big blocks of the same sort along the great lakes beneath the cliffs when you take a walk along the shore. These masses of granite and other rock are called erratics; and they are evidently far from home.

Though these strangers have nearly all disappeared in the cities there are plenty of them left in the country. There are places where the farmer and his sons have toiled for a lifetime to load these erratics on a stoneboat and drag them to the sides of the fields, where they are piled as stone fences. Some of the blocks weigh tons and are too heavy for the team to handle. There are places in the north where monster boulders are perched on top of a ridge or at the very edge of a cliff. Evidently some overwhelming, powerful machinery has torn these masses of stone from their beds in Muskoka or Georgian Bay or Stony Lake and dumped them here and there over southern Ontario; and if you motor southwest you will find them scattered 500 miles farther near Cincinnati in the Mississippi valley.

World's Mightiest Machinery

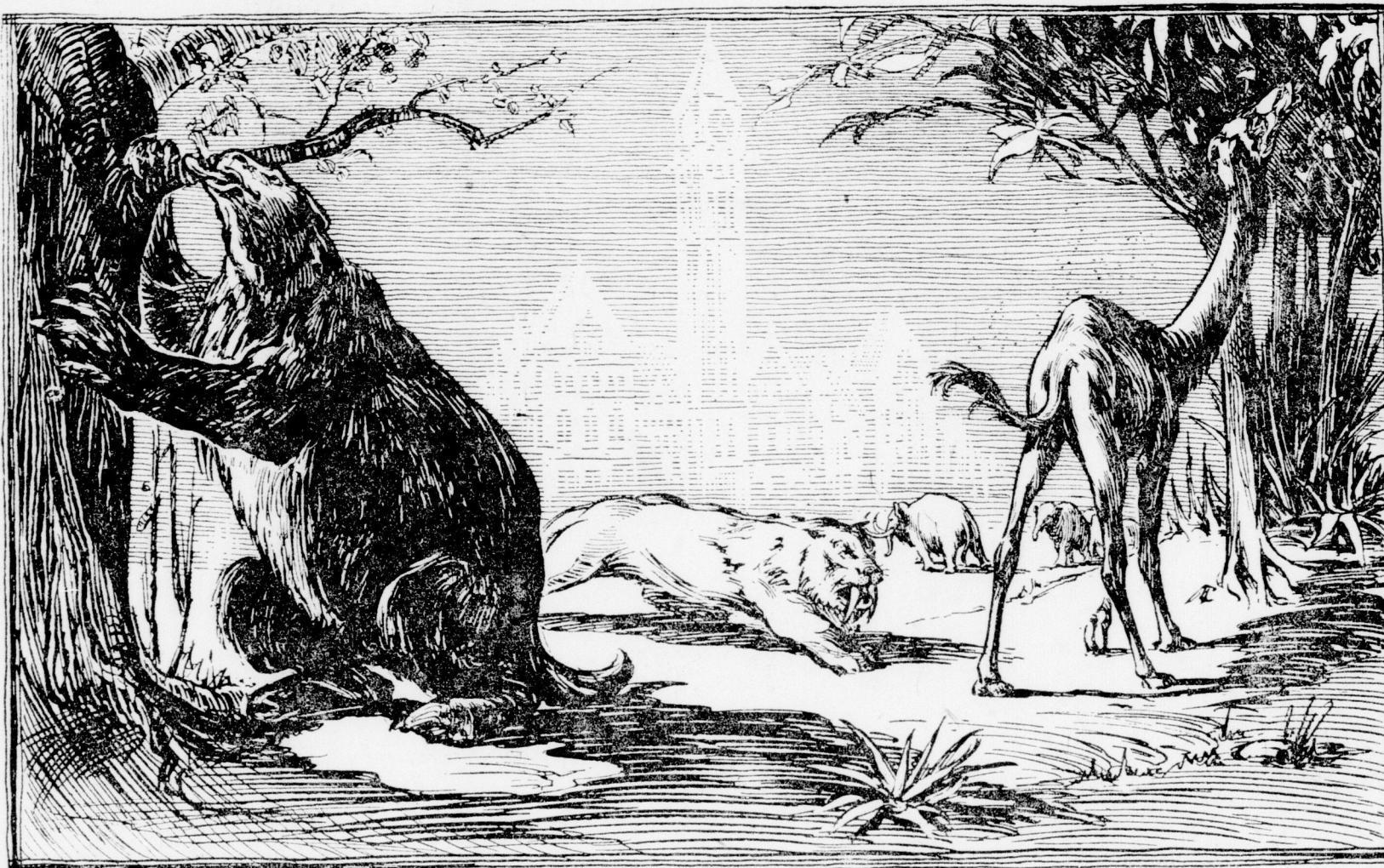
THE kind of machinery that accomplished this amazing work is easily determined in places. Next time you hear a steam shovel preparing the way for the foundations of a skyscraper go and see how it works. As it tears mouthfuls of blue clay from the bottom of the pit and dumps them into a wagon a few feet away it really looks quite impressive.

If you examine the blue clay you will find boulders in it, pink granites, greenstones, etc., like the erratics just mentioned, and also fragments of shale and limestone. Wash off some of the smaller stones and you will see that they are smoothed and polished and often covered with scratches. They are "striated stones," the handiwork of a glacier. Some of them are beautifully finished, well worthy to be on the mantelpiece as perfect specimens of lapidary work.

The steam shovel makes a great display of working hard as it handles a few hundred cubic yards of clay and stones per day, but what unimaginable powers of transport must the glacier have had which brought all these billions of tons by boulders and clay from a hundred or five hundred miles to the north! The whole surface of the country, hills and plains and valleys, in southern Ontario and far to the south, has been shaped by the tremendous machinery of the ice sheets which swept the debris from half a million square miles in the north and piled it up as sheets of clay and bands of moraine in the south. Nothing but an ice sheet covering most of eastern Canada could have done the work.

Two million years ago the gathering of the ice had not begun and our part of the world was very different from the present. The land stood higher; there were no lakes, but there was a great river; there were no men; but there was an extraordinary assemblage of animals in eastern America, and they probably roamed over our region, though we have no positive record of them. There were horses and buffaloes and camels and saber-toothed lions to cut their throats. There were ground sloths which had wandered up from South America, gigantic animals that pulled down trees or dug them up by the roots to feed on the leaves; and there were two kinds of elephants, the mammoth and the mastodon. The herds of animals that fed on the plains or browsed in the forest suggested Asia or Africa rather than North America; but the climate was far from tropical.

It had been growing colder for a million or



Before the ice came the site of many eastern Canadian cities was the haunt of gigantic ground sloths, sabre-toothed lions and mastodons.



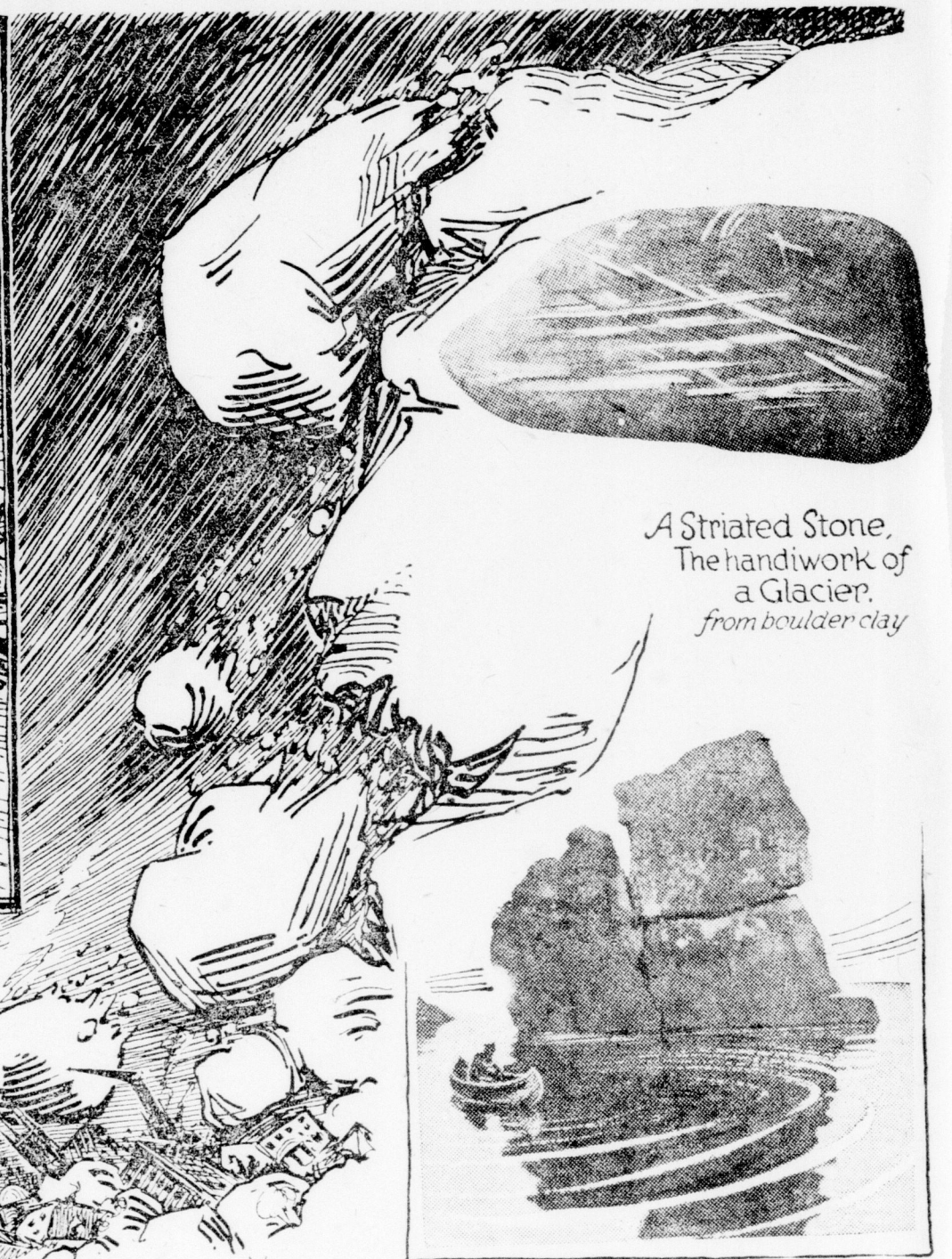
Map showing area covered at maximum stage of glaciation.



Strangers from the North. A fence near Madoc built of boulders carried south by the ice.



A repetition of the Ice Age would bury our cities beneath a mass of ice a mile deep.



A Striated Stone, The handiwork of a Glacier, from boulder clay

An Erratic, dropped by a Glacier, in one of the northern lakes.

two years, but very slowly, so that the elephants and other animals were gradually adjusting themselves by increasing their clothing. A thick coat of fur was very comforting in the cold winters.

The winters were growing more severe and the snow came earlier in the fall, and departed later in the spring, and there came a time when snow lay all the year round to the west and east of Hudson Bay.

Two great patches of unmelting snow gathered in these northern regions, growing thicker year by year until the lower layers turned to ice, and the ice became thousands of feet thick and spread out in all directions, but especially toward the south, where the moist winds from the Gulf of Mexico heaped up the snow.

The heart of Canada was white and dead, and the ice sheet, the slow relentless messenger of death, was all the time spreading, moving on towards one or two hundred yards a year; then halting for a time, perhaps even retreating a little; but soon taking another stride southwards.

Forests Killed by Frosts

THE ice invader had crept stealthily on for 20,000 or perhaps 30,000 years when it reached and passed the height of land and be-

gan its march across southeastern Canada. Splendid forests had long before been killed by the summer frosts sweeping down from the north, but now the grim blue front of the ice moved down the bare trunks with a crash, trampled upon them and buried them.

The great herds of horses, camels, buffaloes and elephants, the mylodons and tigers, had long before this either perished of cold or moved southwards for better pasture and milder winters, but their places had been taken by the caribou, first the woodland kind, but later the kind that lives on the barren lands, for the reindeer lichen and the low arctic grass and trailing bushes threw well enough in spite of the ever-advancing cold. With them, or soon after, appeared the long-robed musk ox, the arctic hare, the white fox and the white bear. The winter began so soon and stretched so far into summer that a white coat was a good protection.

Southern Canada then had conditions like those of the arctic islands 1,500 miles farther north.

The ice front entered the Ontario basin, filled it and moved into the United States, and all life ceased in our region. It reached the highest points in the Adirondack mountains, which rise 5,000 feet above the sea; so that we must imagine

at least a mile's thickness of blue ice as covering the earth in this part of Ontario and a much greater thickness in the northern part of the province.

Canada, except for part of the Yukon territory and a few mountain peaks and tablelands near the Atlantic and Pacific, was completely blotted out by a desert of snow. Sometimes the sun shone on a glittering white surface, but at others the worst blizzard of the worst winter on record will give you little idea of the conditions of affairs in our dominion when the ice age reached its climax. To understand what it was like read Peary's or Nansen's travels in Greenland or the history of Scott and Shackleton in the Antarctic.

For perhaps 50,000 years there was an endless winter without a hint of summer in this region, where now we long for cool breezes, cold drinks and ice cream to make life endurable in July.

About 4,000,000 square miles of North America were covered with ice, fully half the continent. In Canada only a part of Yukon territory and a few mountain regions were for two or three months in the year free from snow, a chilly refuge for a few subarctic plants and animals. It is very fortunate that the whole continent was

not covered, that in the south there was warmth enough for a plentiful growth of plants where the surviving animals could outlive this terrible catastrophe.

In the old world the northern half of Europe was ice covered and the southern half was greatly cooled. Luckily there were land bridges across the Mediterranean at that time, so that animals had a way of escape.

Even the tropics were cooled down, and mountain glaciers all over the world crept far lower in their valleys than before, so that it was a wide spread time of testing for all living beings. The world of life was bracing itself against hardship and disaster and was unconsciously preparing itself for a fresh expansion when the white of snowfields gave way to the green of vegetation.

Staying Under Water

OLD gentleman at swimming baths: "I say, attendant, what is about the longest a man has stayed under water?"

Attendant: "Oh, about five minutes, sir." "Well, there's a man over there who's breaking the record. I've been timing him. He's been down for seven minutes now, and he hasn't come up yet."

Mad Adventures of Rum-Runners of the Air American Planes Are Not Even Licensed

By HOWARD MINGOS

OUT of the west they come, these flying pilots of the rum fleet, to rest a while among their fellows in New York. And with them they bring such tales of gunfights, accident and stark adventure that, listening to them spin their yarns, one forgets that they are virtually outlaws.

At two or three rendezvous in Greater New York they keep in touch with one another or replenish supplies.

The yellow Rio Grande and the terrestrial barricades held by law enforcement agents on the Canadian border are all the same to these rum-runners of the air. They hop north, south, east and west at mile-a-minute speed, scorning the minions of the law who may be plodding along on their trail, but rarely get within sight of their quarry.

There is no law in the United States compelling registration of aircraft. And nearly all the American bootlegging planes have been acquired from the government. They have been sold at bargain-counter prices from the surplus war equipment.

Not long ago a pilot volunteered his services and machine to aid in running down aircraft bringing the stuff to Florida and the Carolinas from the Bahamas. When he sent out a yarn about wrecking another machine by riddling its wings with machine-gun bullets the aviation world laughed heartily, for it was recognized as a smoke screen to hide his own activities.

A New York pilot picked up an old army training plane for a few dollars, and for several weeks ran back and forth over the Canadian border. He flew at night, using a vacant field on Long Island for his southern terminal, where, on arriving, he was met by motor cars, which

Outlaw, Crashing in a field, Just Walks Off, and Can't Be Identified—Strict Canadian Regulation of Aviation Difficult Here—Inducing Rural Constable to Drive to Town For Gasoline For Flying Bootlegger.

rushed the cargo into Manhattan. Sometimes it would be a limousine, and at others an undertaker's ambulance.

His greatest risk was in Canada, where a pilot must be licensed, his machine examined at intervals, and the numbers of its registry painted on the sides big enough to be seen at a distance. On each occasion that he landed in the dominion he chose a different field in the vicinity of Montreal, his agents met him, and the machine was loaded and re-fueled in a few minutes, so that the risk involved was of brief duration.

ONE dark night, while flying down the Hudson, his motor commenced failing, and he was compelled to seek a landing. He glided down into what he hoped was a field. Farmers who had been startled by the noise of the engine and the hot exhaust which was spitting sparks for fifty feet behind the machine, heard its crash. Then silence. They found the wreckage and the remains of the hundred quarts that made up its cargo. The pilot, after brushing off a wing on the tip of a tree, had found everything ruined except himself. Without waiting to explain, he disappeared. The agents worked for weeks trying to trace the owner. They failed. He could not be identified.

Another appeared in New York recently trying to buy a second-hand machine to replace one lost in a North Dakota escapade. He had been hired to fly into Canada for a load. On his return he was forced down fifty miles from his destination. As he rolled through the tall grass in a field on the outskirts of a small town he

saw a crowd running in his direction, and without waiting to learn whether they might be friends or foes, he jumped out and kept on going—leaving his machine and its freight at the mercy of the community. It is one of the hazards of the business.

One of the youngest pilots in the country came out of the southwest to buy himself a new machine, or, rather, another second-hand one. His proudest possession was a batch of newspaper clippings explaining that he was wanted by prohibition officials in Texas. In San Antonio he fell in with a bootlegging outfit led by an ex-serviceman pilot who was running a dozen machines across the border. In Mexico they exchanged explosives, bullets and money for the wicked concoctions which the Mexicans sell as "hard liquor." Our hero was taken on. He was scheduled to make a trip one night, and, in fact, was crossing the border with the cargo when his gasoline supply gave out. As he landed a village constable ran up to him and exclaimed:

"I bin tipped off that you're a bootlegger, and you gotta come with me!"

"NOT yet," replied the pilot. "Do you see that green-painted tail there? Well, that means that this is a mail plane, and if you as much as come too close to this machine I'll have you arrested for obstructing the mails. Get me some gasoline."

It worked. The constable drove his flivver into town and brought out the gasoline. The pilot took off just as a squad of prohibition agents rushed on the field.

At various points along the coast there are aviators with small flying boats who will take a chance for \$50, flying a spotter out to the fleet and back, without stopping. The pilots say that there is nothing dishonest about it, that they are not supposed to know what is going on.

Recently a pilot boasted that he was making three runs a week off Atlantic Highlands, N.J., for which he received \$150 a trip. He was doing for himself until he went in business on his own account, and undertook to bring a dozen cases ashore, all that his small craft would hold. Once cast off from the schooner where he bought the stuff, he found he could not get into the air. The machine was overloaded. He spent the night taxing into port. His plane was ruined and he was compelled to abandon it finally and swim ashore.

Another undertaking the same stunt arrived at the dock and was greeted by a group of strangers, one of whom stuck a gun against his ribs and told him they would take care of cargo and plane. He was marched several hundred yards down a country road and permitted to go free. He turned back in time to see his machine set afire and a motor car with the hi-jackers in it sped past him. It was his third and last attempt. Another was rescued by a fishing crew in December after an all-night battle with the waves. Still, they carry on.

There is more talk about what government enforcement agents are doing with aircraft than the facts warrant. The coast guard which is empowered to enforce the prohibition laws has no aircraft. The navy with its depleted forces has all it can do on routine work. The army air service has not been ordered to patrol for prohibition. And the dry forces have not yet taken to the air.

While there are many airplanes still bootlegging, chances are they will be forced to abandon that activity before long. It does not pay. Aside from the risk and danger involved, it is becoming a difficult matter to procure machines at low prices.—New York Times Magazine.

Fishing By Seaplane Air Scouts Spy Schools

Pacific Coast Fishermen Greatly Increase Catch—Radio Message From Planes Is Telephoned Along Coast

MODERN methods, especially the very latest innovation of using airplanes in locating the fish in the sea, are simplifying the task of the fishermen and making it more profitable, according to a report issued by the bureau of fisheries of the department of agriculture.

A seaplane moving 3,000 feet above sea level, following the coastline about eight or ten miles out from shore, can locate schools of fish at times when the fish are not running normally in their usual seasons. An observer in the seaplane, when he tracks such a school of fishes, by peering through the floorless bottom of the cockpit, suddenly reaches over to a switch and a radio message crackles into the air, the plane swings into an elliptical course, two miles north and south and a half mile wide.

At North Island, one of the aviation stations on the Pacific coast, a wireless operator who receives the message sent by the observer in the seaplane, speaks clearly and slowly into a telephone.

"Sardines, two by a half; one mile South-West Coronado Islands."

One minute later at the other end of the wire, on the water front of San Diego, a shrill whistle cuts the air and a squadron of modern, motor driven fishing boats puts to sea in battle formation, running full power toward the Coronados. Arriving there a few minutes later they sight a seaplane slowly circling above them. The leading boat runs up a flag, the plane drops almost to the surface of the water and directs a course for the fishing fleet spread out fanshape behind it. The great fan spreads out farther and farther as the fishermen near their goal. Then at a quick signal from the leader the men cast their nets overboard and the boats begin closing in to a common centre. Again and again a boat must stop, haul in the nets with their heavy catch and recast, moving in toward the centre again. The plane has fulfilled its purpose and it rises to join the rest of the scouting flotilla.

When the boats reach their full capacity they turn shoreward with the fish piled high on the decks. Finally, tied to the wharves they discharge their cargoes and await the next message from a scouting plane.

The increase of production of fisheries along the coast of San Diego since the planes have been used is sufficient proof of the effectiveness of this completely modern method of fishing. Last year approximately 10,000 tons of fish were landed without the use of aircraft. This year it is believed that there will be about 25 per cent. increase.

Even Waves Obey Him

THEY were on their honeymoon, and she regarded him as the most wonderful being in the whole world.

They strolled along the seashore. Suddenly he stopped and, in a fine poetic frenzy, declaimed: "Roll on, thou deep and mighty ocean, roll!" "Oh, look George!" she cried in ecstasy. "It's doing it!"—Tit-Bits.

Kootenai Brown's Grave and Its Woman Mourner Pathetic Link With Romantic Old Canadian West

Brown, Whose Colorful Deeds Are Famous, Was First Squatter On Our South-West Plains, and His Indian Widow Still Caresses Unresponsive Earth That Covers Him, and Sings of His Exploits.

By MADGE MACBETH

TUCKED away in an inconspicuous corner of Waterton Lakes Park, there lies a mute and pathetic link between the careless present and the disappearing west. A casual visitor might easily overlook it, and thereby lose contact with a real and living romance.

It is a cemetery—a crudely fashioned refuge for the dead. To reach it one must scramble down a pathless hill that in summertime is purple with an astounding profusion of huge Saskatoon berries. Within a small enclosure encircled by ordinary wire netting two somewhat unsymmetrical mounds rise beneath a growth of brush and scrub. They are outlined by shapeless stones of varying size and save for their neglected appearance are reminiscent of a child's playground. One is marked by a primitive cross composed of two hand-chiseled stones, on which the words, "Olive Lyons," can be deciphered, and the other wears a more conventional monument, upon which the inscription is clearly visible: John George Brown.

The history of "Kootenai" Brown is more than a twice-told tale. There can be few students of Canada's early days who are unfamiliar with his colorful exploits. The first squatter in the southern plains of western Canada, he traded, raised cattle, engaged in the "wolfing" industry and, incidentally, hunted the last of the buffaloes. His life might well have been the inspiration for an Alger novel. Perhaps it was. Such continuous hair-raising adventures as he experienced would have satisfied the most exacting motion picture producer. Action never ceased until Kootenai was gathered to his last long sleep, and those who knew him best are doubtful that he is resting now. It is easy for them to believe that he has merely transferred his adventuring to another sphere.

Not long after his arrival in America he married Olive Lyons, a beautiful half-breed living in Dakota. Seeing her photograph, one sympathizes with the ardent young husband for his periodical paroxysms of flaming jealousy. To the end Kootenai was a ladies' man, happily susceptible to feminine charm. He observed, however, to a close friend—another old-timer, well known throughout the Waterton Lake district as "Frenchy" Riviere—that pulebitude, in a wife, had its disadvantages, and when he emerged from the sorrow occasioned by Olive Brown's death, he substantiated his observation by taking unto himself a full-blooded Cree—Che-pay-tha-quaka-soon (Bunch of service berries)—whose womanly virtues were of the spirit rather than the flesh.

A Visit to "Bunch of Berries"

HIS emotions were never disturbed by finding amorous braves skulking near her door. If male visitors there were they were usually members of her expansive family whose interest was concentrated upon the venison pot.

I went to call upon Che-pay-tha-quaka-soon. She had come to the park on her annual sad pilgrimage—to mourn beside the grave of her husband. With the dumb stoicism that is native to her race, she makes no protest against his sleeping by the side of his first wife, nor the fact that in the tiny enclosure there is no room for her. She loved him profoundly, with a one-man love, and in most cases believed his will to be a just law. "And he was good to her," the old-timers declare, loyally omitting to mention his numerous defections.

The most glaring of these occurred in connection with a girl of his own race to whom he became deeply attached and whom he wished to marry. Naturally, the girl and her parents regarded Che-pay-tha-quaka-soon as an obstruction and refused to consider his suit unless he disposed of his encumbrance.

Mrs. Kootenai saw the case from a different angle. She refused to release her husband. With rare obstinacy, she refused.

Baffled, but by no means discouraged, Kootenai's impetuous nature prompted him to undertake a romantic abduction, and to this end he rounded up his horses, collected everything movable in his way of treasures and made an inconspicuous exit from his mountain home.

His flight was soon discovered, and Che-pay-tha-quaka-soon set off in hot pursuit. Arrived at the town where her rival lived, she located the horses without any trouble, and while her enamored husband was pleading his cause and planning the elopement, she drove the horses back to the mountains again, thus leaving Kootenai stripped of all possessions save the ardor of his affections.

Kootenai had no alternative but to follow her, and, failing to convert her to his wishes, he begged forgiveness and was reinstated.

The old squaw gives a touch of tender romance to the whole Waterton lake district. Everybody knows her and respects her dumb sorrow. Unsympathetic, indeed, is the eye that can watch her plucking weeds from the graves, rearranging the dull stones and caressing the unresponsive earth that covers the husk of the man she loved, without a film of tears. During her annual visit to the park she spends most of her time at Kootenai's grave performing her loving services impartially, but crowning the while to her husband the piteous death song of her people.

Squatting beside his resting place she talks to him as though he were still alive, re-



Mrs. "Kootenai" as she took pride in being seen. Her husband generously gave her the doorway of the original cabin—the first residence erected in what is now Waterton Lakes Park.

calling to him incidents that illumine the past—his prowess with the rifle, his success in the chase, and doubtless many tender happenings in which she played a more prominent part. And her husky voice falters and breaks; her lined face is wet with tears; she rocks back and forth in an agony of loneliness and at last flings herself upon the grave, abandoned to grief and unashamed.

She is not a particularly inspiring companion, speaking no English and staring at one in the sombre, unblinking manner peculiar to her race. She is an unreclaimable smoker and failing the comfort of a fat black cigar she will consume any given number of cigarettes. It is somewhat disconcerting to offer her one's box and find that instead of taking a single weed she pockets the whole affair. And when one opens a fresh supply she waits to receive that also instead of drawing upon her own recent acquisition. Animation attacks her at rare intervals, but it is possible to break through the

melancholy of her usual demeanor by speaking of the buffalo. It is then that a gleam comes into her eyes (dulled now with cataract) and she begins to tell with increasing excitement how she used to wait for the hunters to return, how she skinned the mighty bison with her own squaw hands and how she made great piles of pemmican.

Her talents, however, are not confined to mere material expression. Mrs. Kootenai is said to be a highly intelligent woman and is awesomely regarded for her poetic gifts. She is not

exactly prolific, her output numbering just one poem which consists of a single line. This she has set to music—the tuneless melody of minors and quarter tones that constitute the Indian song—and sitting in the midst of an admiring group who smoke uncountable pipes she chants the monotonous refrain again and again, literally hour after hour.

"Coy-oteh ne-napa-mah," and a chorus of guttural grunts accord her a rhapsody of appreciation that is seldom given to one of our poets.

As this is written Mrs. Kootenai is being cared for in a hospital to which she went after some

—And at last flings herself upon the grave, abandoned to grief, and unashamed.

little persuasion for an operation on her eyes. She had no fear of the scalpel, her only anxiety lay in the fact that she dreaded incarceration, a sort of beneficent imprisonment which would prevent her yearly visit to Kootenai's grave.

City of David Located With Bible as Guide Old Walls Show Breach Made by David's Army

Archeologists By Following Old Testament Passages Find the Original Fortifications Built By Solomon, and Other Landmarks of Great Interest.

THE announcement that excavation in Jerusalem definitely has located the site of the city of David brings out an amazing record of scholarly research, almost unworried patience and shrewd deduction. While the magnificence of Egypt of the 13th century B.C. is being slowly and impressively revealed at Tutankhamen's tomb, Professor R. A. S. Macalister, supported by the British-Palestine Exploration Fund, by painstaking examination of pottery fragments and building stone, has established that Jerusalem existed as a city 3,000 years before Christ, or 500 years further back than archeologists' previous calculations.

His investigation among the debris of fifty centuries resulted in the discovery of the original walls of the Jebusite city, at least 4,000 years old; the probable breach made in them by the army of David when it captured Jerusalem, about 1000 B.C., and the walls of Millo, built by Solomon, as well as those of Zion, city of David.

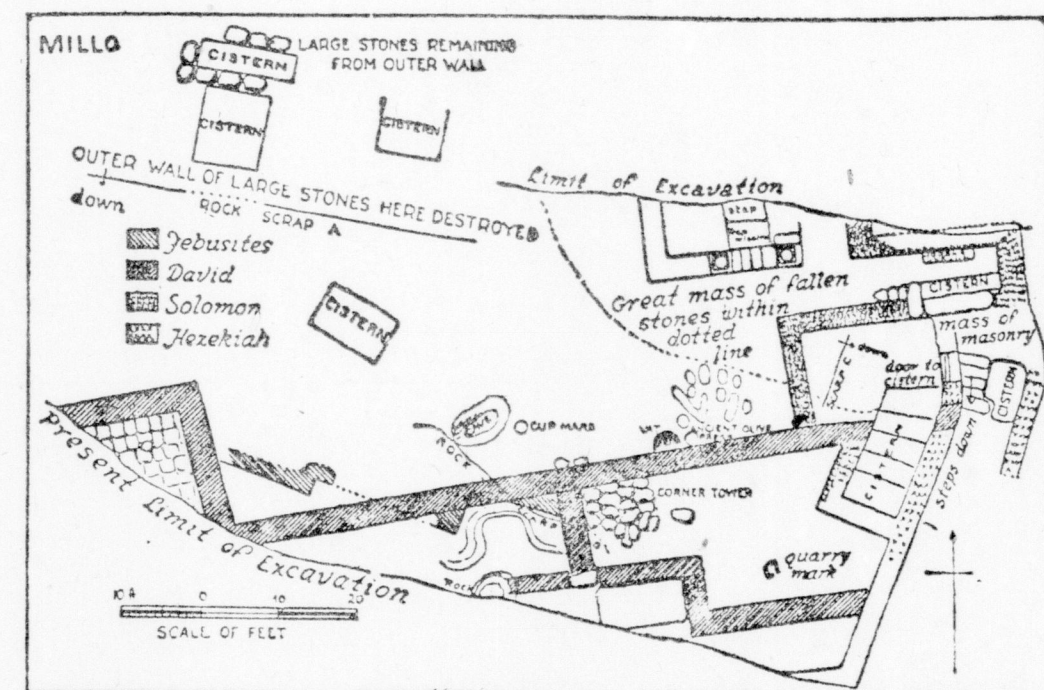
Thus a great problem of biblical history appears to be solved. The city of David has been found on Mount Orphel. "Once and for all," Professor Macalister announces, "it was on the eastern hill, and the claim of the western hill to be Zion disappears forever."

Equally remarkable is the fact that, despite its apparent contradiction, Professor Macalister's discoveries substantiate biblical evidence. The entire documentary evidence available upon the site of the city of David and Millo is contained in the following passages from the Old Testament:

1. "David (having taken the stronghold of Zion and occupied it) built round about from Millo and inward."—II. Samuel, v. 9.

2. "This is the reason of the levy which King Solomon raised: for to build . . . Millo."—I. Kings, ix. 15. "Pharaoh's daughter came up out of the city of David unto her house which Solomon had built for her; then did he build Millo."—I. Kings, ix. 24.

3. "Solomon built Millo, and repaired the



The excavated City of David.

breach in the city of David his father."—I. Kings, xi. 27.

4. "His servants arose and made a conspiracy and shot Joash at the house of Millo."—II. Kings, xii. 20.

5. Hezekiah, at the approach of Sennacherib, took courage, "and built up all the wall that was broken down and . . . repaired Millo in the city of David."—II. Chronicles, xxxii. 5.

Jar Handle of 3,000 B.C.

THESE passages, taken together, make it uncertain whether Millo existed before David's time or whether it was built by Solomon. The extract quoted from II. Samuel indicates that Millo existed when David captured Jerusalem from the Jebusites. Professor Macalister denies this interpretation and says that the passage in question should be accepted as description of location rather than as history. That David "built from Millo and inward" does not indicate the existence of a Jebusite Millo, according to Professor Macalister's contention. It is merely the location of one landmark by another.

With such an interpretation, all contradiction in the biblical evidence disappears, and Professor Macalister's discoveries tally with the historical documents.

"Reviewing the whole subject," he wrote to the London Daily Telegraph, "the archaeological evidence accords almost uncannily with the literary. We should find a fortress built, filling in a breach in the wall, and we have found it. That tower should show signs of a later repair under stress of imminent danger, and it does. There should be a fortification wall built 'inward from' the tower, and there is. There should be no con-

spicuous fortification here earlier than the time of Solomon, and there is not. Absolutely everything we know about Millo—except the murder of Joash, which could hardly be expected—is reflected in the structures. In the absence of inscriptions, none of which has come to light, I venture to say that these coincidences constitute the strongest possible argument in favor of the claim that Millo has been discovered and a hitherto unsolved problem of biblical topography of Jerusalem settled."

Professor Macalister's excavations of about 120 by 60 feet were made in a field that for centuries has been the source of building stone, quarried and loose. The builders of one century drew upon the ruins of an earlier age which, in turn, had taken its building materials from the rubbish of remoter eras. The debris of fifty centuries lay there. Below, upon the natural rock surface, lay the fortifications of Zion. In the upper sections of the earth were interesting remains of houses of the Roman and Byzantine periods of the Christian era.

Every stone, therefore, had a history that could be read only by the trained eye of the archaeologist. Moreover, the ruins did not consist of separate layers of one building upon another. Some portions of the excavation to the rock surface were but seven feet below the present level of ground—seven feet of overlying earth with which was mingled the dust of 5,000 years!

Why Jerusalem was Established

ONE important feature of the rock surface uncovered by the Macalister excavations was the number of cisterns found with arched vaults. This discovery indicates the use of the arch in

Palestine at a time more remote than had previously been suspected by Oriental scholars. It also means that the cisterns must be older than the fortifications of the Jebusites which overlie them. The oldest relic of human handiwork on this section of the rock is a cemented vat five feet deep and a little over three feet in diameter. Near by are saucer-shaped hollows cut in the rock. Of these Professor Macalister writes in the Daily Telegraph:

"There can be no doubt that we have here the crushing vats and the receiving vat of a very ancient wine or olive press such as abound in the rock surfaces of Palestine. They are of all possible dates; this example must antedate most, or all, of the fortifications on the ground."

These vats are indicated on the diagram at the foot of Rock Scarp A. Just below Rock Scarp B, about twenty feet below ground, is another important discovery—an eighteen-inch depression in the rock, which Professor Macalister describes as a dried-up spring with evidences of a stream having flowed westward from it.

Here, according to Professor James A. Montgomery of the University of Pennsylvania and president of the American Schools of Oriental Research, who commented upon the Macalister excavations, is the reason for the establishment of Jerusalem as a city. It was vitally necessary for the pastoral people of that semi-arid surrounding country to have a walled city with a plentiful water supply to which they could withdraw when threatened by an enemy. And it was up one of these water courses, but a stone's throw from his excavations, Professor Macalister believes, that David's soldiers gained entrance to the city.

"There is no special fortification, other than the city walls, that can be associated with the Jebusites," Professor Macalister continues. "The excavation has uncovered stretches of two great walls, now ruined to their foundations. Their date is given by the pottery found associated with the inner wall. In the accompanying debris south of it, inside the city, shreds of some of the oldest pottery found in Palestine came to light. Fragments of well-known types of early Canaanite were found, among them a jar handle stamped, faintly but recognizably, with the device of a Twelfth Dynasty Egyptian scarab (about 3000 B.C.). Between the walls practically no ancient remains were found. There was no trace of Jebusite occupation, and there was a singular lack even of waste potsherds. These facts point to the conclusion that when an ancient Palestinian city was protected by two walls care was taken to prevent the accumulation of rubbish between them, in order to guard against the space being filled up and so made useless for defensive purposes.

"The outer wall must have been of enormous strength. We can well understand the taunt which the Jebusites hurled over the battlements at David to the effect that blind and cripples could keep him out. This wall ran along the top of the upper scarp (Scarp A) and was constructed of great blocks of stone. The labor must have been prodigious, as I can personally estimate, having seen five or six strong men straining with a huge crow bar to turn one of the

stones over when the work of excavation required it.

Find Tower of City Gate

THE inner wall is associated with, but not wholly conformed to, Rock Scarp B. The eastern section at present exposed begins with an irregular heap of stones, which looks like the relics of a demolished corner tower, almost completely despoiled by later builders. The stones tend to be polygonal, roughly hammer dressed, and presenting no sign whatever of later tool dressing. No mortar is used, the stone being set in mud. The wall is masked by the great later (Davidic) wall that runs over and in front of it, and without destroying the latter, which cannot be permitted, it would be impossible to follow it. Passing over a part of the wall we come to another section of the west end, where there is another set-off."

It is obvious to Professor Macalister that the great wall blocking out the Jebusite fortification was built by David, because, according to the passage in II. Samuel, he built "from Millo and inward." Since he located Solomon's Millo north of the city of David, he assumes "inward" to be to the south.

"When in the place indicated," he continues, "we find a large and conspicuous rampart; other indications agreeing, it is reasonable to identify this with the fortifications of David. And the purpose of the rampart is obvious when we examine the site. It is a blockade, rather rapidly erected, in order to stop a great breach in the outer wall.

"The wall which we call David's begins at the west end in a square tower. It is the extreme limit of the excavations, and contains a chamber, the floor of which is paved with flat, broad stone slabs at a level of about four feet above the rock surface. I strongly suspect excavation will show that this tower is one side of a city gate. The long wall running eastward from the tower is now 80 feet in length, after which it has vanished completely. A miserable mediaeval Arab factory of some kind, with huge cisterns hollowed in the rock, has been planted at the eastern end of our field and has literally devoured indiscriminately all ancient buildings that may have formerly existed on this part of the site.

"Solomon built Millo and repaired the breach of David his father." What was the breach of David—a breach which he had made, or which he had suffered? Undoubtedly the former, for David captured the stronghold, and there is no record that anyone succeeded in capturing it from him. Look back at the description of David's capture of Jerusalem, as it is related in II. Samuel, chapter V. David sent Joab and his men up "the gutter"—that is to say, according to the ancient and most probably theory, up Warren's Shaft, which opens on the hilltop hardly more than a stone's-throw from the place now being explored. Joab can scarcely have had many followers in his daring enterprise, but they were enough to keep the defenders at one part of the wall engaged while David breached the wall at this place and entered the city.

"The most likely place for such an attack is the uppermost end of the city, where the invaders would have had the advantage of operating from a higher level. And just here we find that the Jebusite outer wall has been violently thrown down. This chaotic ruin, I feel, there is every reason to regard as the 'breach.'

The Ruins of Millo

SOLOMON built Millo and repaired the breach; that is, he built the filling which stopped the gap. And when we find a fortification erected on the stone heap, using, in fact, the stone heap as a strong foundation, we may reasonably infer that this fortification is actually Millo. The most striking feature of the structure was the public portico and staircase. Two pillars bases remain on a stylobate, which is formed of long narrow stones after the fashion of the construction in the palace of Omri at Samaria. The public entrance to this portico was not, however, between the pillars that are visible, but from the west, between the western pillar and another which we may postulate to the north. The stylobate is prolonged in this direction, and there seems to have been a ramp beside it, leading up to the lowest step; below the ramp there are rock-cut steps, after which we lose the path, but it seems to have led on to the Davidic gateway, which is yet a matter of theory.

"Thus, Millo was not only a repair of the breach, but an ornamental portico, like the Propylaea of the Athenian Acropolis on a small scale, leading upward to the newly added suburb on which Solomon set his own house and the temple.

"In the above description we have said nothing about the east wall of the tower. The omission was intentional, for it is probable that this part of the structure is later than the rest. The Book of Chronicles records that among the works undertaken by Hezekiah in anticipation of the coming of Sennacherib was the strengthening of Millo. I am inclined to regard the east side of Millo as showing evidence of this operation. The east side of the tower is composed of two parallel walls, which, though set in strong cement, have all the irregular, clumsy appearance of walls built in feverish haste. A staircase with very rough steps leads up from the rock floor to a narrow postern door in the westernmost of these two walls. This vault may possibly have been used as a prison. The easternmost of the two walls has been injured by being subsequently adapted as a wall in the Arab factory.

"At the time these lines are in print the ruins of Millo will once more repose safely under the covering mantle of earth which has hidden them from the eyes of Bible students for at least forty generations. It would be a pleasure for all concerned if the structure could be preserved and exposed as a national monument of the first importance. This, alas! is impossible. The land is the property of folk who would tear every stone from its bed for the sake of a few dirty pounds which they would get by selling them to the builders. I have had a very considerable amount of unpleasantness at the hands of these persons, from the time when I informed them that I had no intention of allowing the walls to be destroyed, and that I proposed to fill in the pit—an operation which as I write has already begun. Millo can no longer be seen, except in photographs and drawings that are being made of it; but it will await in safety the coming of the far, far distant time when civilization will touch even the Palestinian fellah, and will teach him that there are pursuits nobler than money-grubbing."—New York Times.

A Chicken Riddle

SHE: "Why do you paint the inside of a chicken coop?"

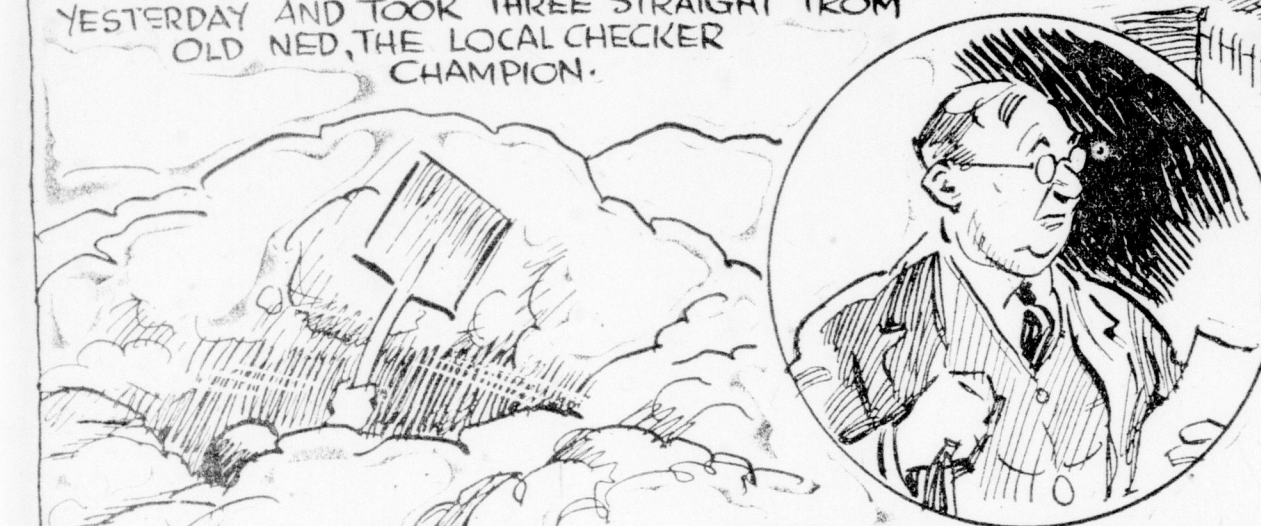
HE: "To keep the hens from picking the grain out of the wood."—Answers.

Life's Little Comedies

Events of the Week
~ Birdseye Center

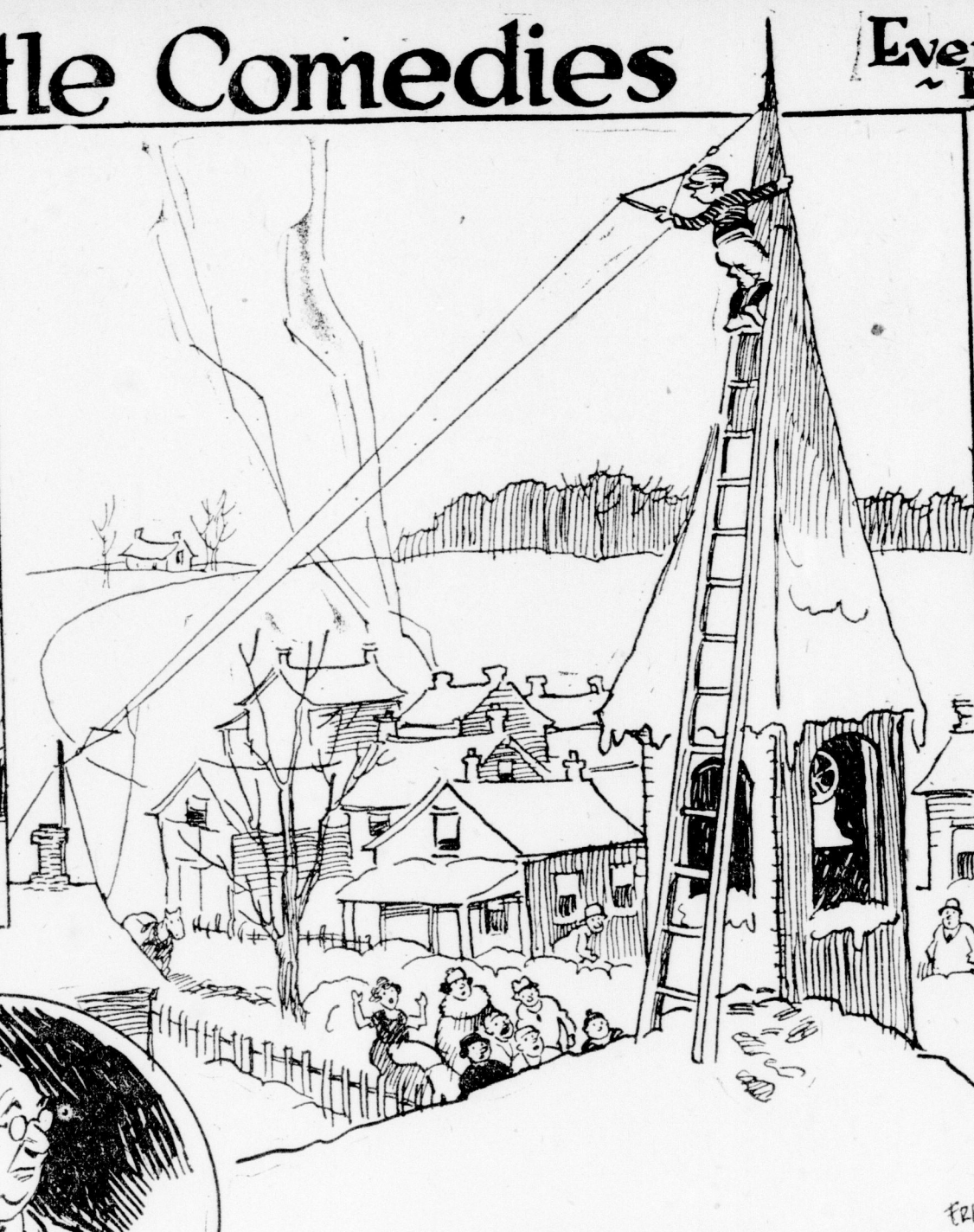


THE NEW SCHOOL MAM DROPPED INTO THE STORE YESTERDAY AND TOOK THREE STRAIGHT FROM OLD NED, THE LOCAL CHECKER CHAMPION.



MR. WES. HOOVER HAS STARTED EXCAVATING FOR THE RELIEF OF HIS SNOW ENTOMBED LEGHORNS

DEPUTY REEVE DOOLITTLE WOULD ABOLISH THE BY-LAW REQUIRING CITIZENS TO SHOVEL SNOW FROM SIDEWALKS — THE DEPUTY REEVE HAS SOMETHING LIKE A 500 FOOT FRONTAGE ON CENTER AVE.



THE CITIZENS GOT A REAL THRILL THE OTHER DAY WHEN THE MINISTER'S SON PUT UP HIS RADIO AERIAL



BEFORE NEWT SOAPER COULD GET THE HOLE CUT LARGER HE LOST THE BIGGEST FISH EVER HOOKED IN TURTLE CREEK

WHEN OLD MAN PINCHALL REFUSED TO COME ACROSS WITH MORE THAN FIVE CENTS FOR THE SHOVELLING OF HIS SIDEWALK, ELMER JUST TURNED ROUND AND PUT IT ALL BACK.

World's Freest People, Bedouins Pay No Tax

Laugh at Our Pretensions to Freedom—When British Tax Collector Demands Money From Sheik the Latter Simply Shoots His Visitor and Rides Away

By BURT P. GARNETT
WE think we are free. So we are—as free as civilization will permit—but a Bedouin chief would smile in derision at our boast. His contempt for our freedom would match his contempt, like as not, for his cousin of ancient times, the Jewish bazaar-keeper of Jidda or Jaffa or Jerusalem.

"Free? When we pay taxes, rent, obey laws, fear the police, go to war and fight under the strictest sort of discipline—against enemies not particularly of our own choosing? Ha! The sheik, he laughs a wild, barbaric laugh.

He pays no taxes. He shoots tax collectors. He knows no landlord. He has no house to enslave him. He lives in a tent, on the lands given to him years ago. Sometimes foreigners try to interfere with him and make him conform but they learn, without delay and unmistakably, that the Bedouin does not conform to anything aside from his tribal traditions.

When the Bedouin fights, he goes after enemies of his own choosing, and does so with courage and despatch and efficiency. But when fighting bores him or becomes tedious, he mounts his Arab horse and is off.

This, as the Bedouin sees it, is freedom—real freedom; freedom beyond the offerings of the veriest modern poet.

Moreover, the Bedouin lives. He lives magnificently. He has his camels, his goats, his horses—mobile property and dignified, property that multiplies and provides a living and more, property that takes care of itself, largely, or can be entrusted to those slavish creatures, women. He demands and gets fees from travelers in the desert, timid fellows who are willing to pay and thus protect themselves against robbery. And so the Bedouin gets money, whereupon he goes to Jerusalem and swaggers through the streets. He enters a shop and bawls loudly for a nargile and tobacco and coffee. His tip to the waiter is a look of proud disdain, and the innkeeper is a pleased man if his guests do not break the nargile over his humble, landlordish head.

A Child of Kismet

ON a shopping tour the Bedouin is equally magnificent. What money he has he spends, and with it

he buys silks and jeweled trinkets and whatever catches his fancy, but always drives a close bargain. He scowls, threatens and beguiles the merchant, and perhaps does not steal more than two or three minor articles.

He stalks through the streets proudly and without fear. Indeed, what has he to fear? The hate and resentment of a lot of shopkeepers? Bah! Hate and resentment are what he wants. He would scorn their friendship. But might they not harm him? The sheik's eyes narrow dreamily but with a peculiar gleam in them. True, they might attempt to do him harm, but these shopkeepers have learned that molesting a Bedouin is dangerous business. You see, there are so many other Bedouins to avenge an injured brother in a very violent and disagreeable manner.

Besides, it is not the Bedouin nature to be fearful. He is a good Mohammedan and a child of Kismet. If Allah wills that the end of his days is come, so be it.

This seems to indicate a deep religious strain in the fellow. Religious? Of course he is. He is a good Mohammedan. He knows his Koran, learned it by rote in his childhood, but he does not let his religion restrict him in his sense of freedom. He is as free in conscience as he is otherwise, and does not worry about the Koran's rules or whether his conduct might be approved of by the prophet.

When he reaches early manhood he marries. If his wife nags him or bores him or does not prepare his meals according to his taste, he divorces her and takes another, according to his pleasure.

The Bedouin's physical prowess, his courage, his intelligence and his high spirit all command respect from other races. His laziness, his loose ideas of honesty, his rudeness and disregard of the opinion of other races, and his utter refusal to settle down and be a peaceful, law-abiding person has for centuries been the despair of all who have come into contact with him.

The Bedouin does not rebuff friendly overtures. He is even agreeable, sometimes cordial, toward the Englishman, Frenchman, German or American. He may listen with interest to what they have to say, but if they bore him or suggest that he reform, he is first amused, then annoyed. Persistence on the part of those who have tried to reform him has usually ended in disaster for the reformer.

The Bedouin asks only to be left alone. If necessary he rebukes interference very decisively. He has proved

his right to freedom by survival. It is interesting to compare the Bedouin to the North American Indian. The Indian gave way before the white man, and his numbers and his glory dwindled. He lost a continent—two continents, indeed. Civilization caught and enslaved him, tamed him.

Descendants of Ishmael

THE Bedouins, almost from the beginning of history—they claim direct descent from Ishmael, son of Hager and Abraham, who with his mother was cast out of Abraham's house—have held their lands and their identity, their dignity. Now, as then, they roam all over Arabia, from the Arabian Sea as far as Mesopotamia and Syria, a distance of about a thousand miles. The land over which they roam and call their own is from three hundred to six hundred miles in breadth. They are men of the great, open spaces, indeed.

Since census-taking is a function of government—the sort of government that collects taxes—one guess is practically as good as another as to the number of Bedouins. Frederick Simplic, writing in The National Geographic in 1919, estimated that there were ten million Arabs, divided into two groups—Al Bedoo, or "The Dwellers in the Open Land" and Al Hadir, or "Dwellers in Fixed Localities."

Mr. Simplic ventured the opinion that the Bedouins are nomads from necessity rather than choice, but W. H. Porterfield, an American newspaperman, who has just returned from Arabia disagrees with this view.

Mr. Porterfield says that the Bedouin dislikes cities and a settled life. They look with scorn upon agricultural workers and industrial workers, excepting those industrialists—if they may be called such—of their own tribes who weave cloth of camel hair and goat wool, make saddles and other simple tools and accessories such as their nomadic life requires.

With their strength of numbers and their fighting ability they could easily go into farming districts, put the peaceable farmers to rout and usurp their places. Instead of this, however, they prefer to let the farmers alone, since they provide certain foods that the Bedouin relishes, and which he can get by shrewd trading and the money he exacts from travelers.

Shooting Tax Collector
MR. PORTERFIELD tells this story of one sheik, in particular, who greeted an English officer in a friendly manner at his camp one day, invited him in and, in his native politeness, extended him coffee, the nargile and what other courtesies he could.

The visitor explained as tactfully as he could that he had come on a mission of tax collecting. The sheik could hardly believe it. He laughed and told his caller that he was a droll fellow. The tax collector protested that he was not joking—that he was quite serious in demanding taxes.

"But I pay no taxes!" exclaimed the sheik. "Of course I pay no taxes. You are a pleasant fellow, and I am friendly toward you, but I pay no taxes."

The collector good-humoredly said that of course the sheik must pay, tried to explain the theory of the matter, the "justice" of it and departed.

The following night he was called to the gate of the city by a messenger who said the sheik wanted to see him. The Briton set forth, accompanied by a guard. The sheik, mounted and accompanied by a small band of

men, inquired again if the British Government was serious in demanding taxes from him. The officer said that the British Government was.

The sheik was annoyed and grieved. He presently became abusive and shot both collector and guard. Whereupon, the Bedouins wheeled their horses and their white robes flying behind them, galloped away into the desert.

What can be done with such a people? Collect taxes by force? Those who know the Bedouins are skeptical as to whether the British will ever be able to make these desert men pay.

Meanwhile, the Bedouin lives as he has lived for centuries, indifferent to what the outside world thinks of him, knowing that he goes at his own bidding and at no other person's, and remains a free man—an exceedingly free man. He is free of civilization's bonds, but he is free of civilization's comforts too.

If you told him that, he probably would answer, "But that is none of your affair. My life, as it is, suits me." —Dearborn Independent.

The Helpmate

"WHAT assistance does your wife give you?" a witness was asked at Marylebone county court.

Witness: "She always chooses the color of my ties and shirts and that sort of thing."—Tit-Bits.

Telling Him!

THE Author posing: "When I write far into the night I find great difficulty in getting to sleep."

The Friend: "Then why don't you read over what you've written?" —Klois Hans, Christiania.

Wisdom for Wives

BOW Woman: "The sensible wife is the one who does not inquire what work keeps her husband late at the office."

WHAT SURPRISES ARE JUST AHEAD IN MOTORDOM?

C. F. Kettering, American Research Expert, Makes Interesting Predictions

ETHYL GAS WILL STOP KNOCKING

New Paint Developments and Outlook of Balloon Tires and Four-Wheel Brakes

WHAT new surprises are coming in motordom?

One of the men best able on this continent to answer this question in an interesting way was in Toronto this week—Mr. C. F. Kettering of Dayton, Ohio, who addressed the Canadian Club here on Tuesday on automobile progress.

Mr. Kettering is with the research department of General Motors, the corporation which produces a long string of well-known automobiles and which goes into research and experiment in connection with every conceivable detail entering into the making of motor cars.

When asked by The Star Weekly what motorists might next expect to see them talking, Mr. Kettering first spoke of ethyl gas. This new product "takes the knock out of the motor."

It is now being introduced in the United States, and The Star Weekly asked when we would get it in Canada, how it would be served, and so on. Mr. Kettering said we would have the new fuel about next autumn. The oil companies regard it with favor. No separate gasoline tanks are required to serve it.

Only one gallon of ethyl gas goes into 100 gallons of gasoline. A comparatively small reservoir containing the new element is attached to the regular filling station tank. If a motorist wants ordinary gasoline he gets it, and if he wishes the ethyl he asks for it, and the attendant, pressing a lever, releases the required amount into his gasoline.

What Ethyl Will Do

THE price of the mixture in the United States is three cents a gallon more than for regular gasoline.

Now what will ethyl gas do? No sensational claims are made for it. It will increase mileage by two, three or four miles to the gallon. It greatly reduces carbon. With a car which has had some wear its effect in producing smoother operation and snappier pick-up is most noticeable. But in the long run the economy and satisfaction obtained from ethyl is probably in the reduction of repair bills resulting from carbonization, excessive vibration, etc.

"Is there anything on the horizon

Deadlier Gas In Next War Can't Prevent Manufacture

PROF. CHARLES STANLEY GIBSON, who during the war was one of the chief advisers to the British ministry of munitions on chemical warfare, believes that the gases used in the next war will be far more deadly than those used in the world war, and contends that no international ban could prevent their manufacture. Prof. Gibson's opinions bear unusual interest because soon the Labor government may be called upon to make appropriations for gas research. In 1922 and 1923 the sum of £169,700 was appropriated for that purpose.

As long as there is no agreement among the Powers definitely banning gas as a weapon of war, the chiefs here will surely advocate such research and they will have much support in parliament.

Dr. Gibson, who is one of the professors of chemistry at London University, said:

"Gas is a country's most effective weapon, as proved in the world war. It is more humane by far than high explosives, as gas, while putting combatants hors de combat, kills far less. I am opposed to an international agreement to prohibit the manufacture of gas for warfare because I consider it impossible to carry out. How can you distinguish between

gas made for military purposes and gas made in the manufacture of dye or other industrial products. Gas in the next war will be far more deadly than in the last and the best chance for peace is that this weapon will be so frightful that nations will be deterred from going to war."

Commenting upon John Galsworthy's plea for a conference of scientists to eliminate the use of new discoveries for destructive purposes, Prof. Gibson said: "I believe any restrictions on scientific research are detrimental to the best interests of mankind. If you limit the scientist's freedom, you handicap the man who has originated most of the comforts and conveniences of civilized life."

When Lloyd George obtained parliamentary sanction for large expenditures on gas research he insisted that poison gas was not being manufactured here save for such purposes.

It is contended in the Naval and Military Review to-day that the Washington naval treaty is stimulating designers to concentrate on the utmost measure of efficiency in every ship built within the limits laid down by that treaty, the journal observing: "This striving for perfection promises to result in cruisers, destroyers and submarines of greater power in proportion to tonnage than any hitherto built."—New York Herald.

When the subject of price was mentioned—the outlook for even cheaper cars—Mr. Kettering referred to the Canadian tariff. "When you buy a car in Canada you get it cheaper than if you bought the same car in the United States and drove it over, paying the duty. But I think it is a question for Canadians to consider whether the value of cheaper transportation would not be worth more to the country than revenue obtained from the high duties collected on automobile imports."

On Hypocrites

"I DESPISE a hypocrite." "So do I." "Now, take Jackson, for example; he's the biggest hypocrite on earth." "But you appear to be his best friend." "Oh, yes; I try to appear friendly towards him. It pays in the end."

SHE LOVES PINS

A WOMAN is so used to pinning things that she can't understand why a man should make so much fuss over a missing button.



Farmer: "Jump down, Sarah Jane, and carry the luggage. I can't bear to see th' old mare overloaded!" —Passing Show, London

Draw One in the Dark

—By Walter DeLeon
ILLUSTRATED BY JEFFERSON MACHAMER

From the Moment That a Queer Young Stranger Appears at T-Bone Mahoney's and Makes a Favorable Impression on Jane, the Pretty, Popular Waitress, This Story of Love, Jealousy and Mystery Moves With Lightning Speed to a Surprising Conclusion.

JANE ran the late shift at T-Bone Mahoney's, down near the Plaza in Los Angeles, every night from seven-thirty till two. When was why almost any night you'd see Flash Fanchon, the feather-light, Spider Welsh, the Jockey, and Silent Sam Simmons, who ran the poolroom up the street, dropping in for a cup of Java and a kidding match with Jane. And always standing outside between trips was the taxi belonging to Louis Spinoza, whose mother was still banking his savings only because Jane had had a pint of blood to spare the time the old lady was in the hospital.

Big Bill Wyse, the Headquarters detective, who picked himself to marry Jane, looked at the cup of coffee she gave him one night and shook his head.

"Don't give me no cracked cup," he said, shoving it away. "It's bad luck. I ain't going to drink out of no cracked cup for a couple of weeks anyway. I got a hunch about five thousand berries is going to fall my way and I don't want to disconcert it none."

"Where's it going to fall from?" asked Jane, filling up another cup for him.

Big Bill lowered his voice. "The K guy. A yegg the Bankers' Association is offering five thousand to meet."

"Check-passer?" I asked.

Big Bill nodded. "Cashed four thousand dollars' worth of checks on the First National Bank of Lullston, West Virginia, before anybody thought to ask was there a First National in Lullston. There wasn't. He was J. K. Kirkwood on them checks. That was in New York. Pittsburgh donates about three thousand to M. M. Milliken. On his way to Chicago he stops off at Cincinnati and collects ten thousand on doctored certified checks payable to R. K. Keane. Always a K in the name somewhere, see?"

"What does he look like?" Jane asked.

"He don't look the same in any two towns," Bill grinned. "In New York he was a banker in town for the Bankers' Convention. In Pittsburgh he was a salesman for a Confectionery Hardware concern. In Cincy he showed pretty letters of credit and Spanish introductions from Buenos Aires. He spent two weeks in New Orleans waiting on table in the restaurant across from the jail, listening to the plans the Chief of Police and the dicks were making to capture him. He left a note thanking the boys for the information."

"What makes you think he's coming this way?" Jane asked.

"They almost got him in San Antonio, Texas, a month ago, but he gaily jumped into the river and swam a pet away in the dark. A week later some K checks appear in El Paso, but when they go for him he ain't there. New Orleans, San Antonio, El Paso—the next stop is Los Angeles, ain't it?"

A Queer Customer

BILL eased down off his stool. "Night, Pete. I'll drop you a postal card from San Diego, Jane. I'm going down there on a week's job," and he walked out.

"Talking about jobs," I said, "my helper quit me this afternoon. Find out if any of the boys need a couple of weeks' work, Jane."

As Jane walked toward the other end of the counter I turned toward the door. Outside was a little chap, maybe twenty-five or so, his big brown eyes following Jane. As I watched him, he took off his cap, opened the door and dragged himself in. His eyes were sunk back into his head and his cheeks a little feverish. His face and hands were clean, but I saw the red and black rim under his collar that comes from the drive and sting of dirt and pebbles chucked at a bo riding the rods of a fast-moving Pullman. He sat down at the long counter.

"May I share your table, mister?" There was a quiver in his eyes and a comical break in his high-pitched voice that would make anyone grin. I offered him a cizear. Refusing it, he waited for Jane to finish talking to Flash Fanchon. Then he spoke up in his funny way.

"Ah! Tis a good idea! They keep you waiting here and anything they serve you tastes good."

Jane turned around and gave the little chap a calm and cool look. He smiled.

"I beg your pardon, but is there a waitress around the place that could give me a little service?"

Jane's lips twitched. "Where do you think you are—in a restaurant?" Jane inquired. "What would you like?"

"I'm not very thirsty; just give me a veal cutlet breaded, in a long glass."

Jane's eyes snapped. "How will you take it—with a straw or a spoon?"

"Neither," he answered. "M-k-e it a by"—He suddenly swayed and

lurched over against me. I straightened him up and flipped a little water in his face. He opened his eyes.

"Make it a hypo, so I can inject it," he finished.

But Jane had a bowl of soup in front of him and milk toast, chicken and tea ordered before the little bo had the water wiped off his face.

A crowd came in and Jane was kept hopping for awhile. Only one question did she get time to ask. "Sick, buddy?"

He shook his head. "Not any more. I caught the flu in Syracuse a month ago and the Doc advised the sun-kissed beauties of southern California for six months. So I came straight to you."

"You could of done worse," Jane said, walking away. I knew she was thinking of the K guy.

Kid Walker's Luck

"MORE tea?" Jane asked him when the crowd thinned out.

"No, thanks. Where's your bounce?"

"What do you mean?"

"I could walk out of, of course, but I believe in making bouncers earn their money."

"You mean you're not going to pay for what you've eaten?"

"If the check was a nickel I couldn't pay a deposit on it," he grinned.

Jane rang up the amount of the stranger's bill; from her apron pocket she took the money and tossed it into the till. Pulling out the receipt stub, she showed it and a pencil toward the little fellow.

"Can you spell your own name?" she asked, easy. The little fellow looked at her then.

"K. A. Walker," he wrote.

"Thanks," said Jane. "What's the K for?"

"Kid," to you," said the little lad.

"All right, Kid," she said. "Now, listen, I'll leave word with Jane to give you a cup of coffee in the morning."

He looked up at her quickly, then grinned. "Much obliged, Miss Jane. But I'll have me a job before a pet hungry again."

"A job?" Jane flashed me a look.

"You've got a job, Kid, if you want it," I said, "helping me shoot film on the idol lot. There's a hot bath and a cool bed waiting for you at my hotel, too. How about it?"

"I've taken," said the little fellow, softly. "I've croaked and gone to heaven. Come on, St. Peter, good-night, angel. I'm going to dream about you."

Out he went, shaking his head, puzzled-like.

"I've located Big Bill or one of the boys from Headquarters," I whispered to Jane. Her gray eyes turned dark and hard as slate. "If I hear of you tipping off anybody that the Kid is the K guy, you're going to change eating places or suffer an autopsy." Her voice softened. "I'll take care of the Kid, Pete. Leave him to me."

"How's the Kid making out with the company?" Jane asked me after the Kid's first week.

"Aces. Tom Kush says he's going to make a director out of him and the boss threatens to put him in the office."

Jane's eyes glanced at the Kid chinning with Louis Spinoza.

"He's getting real plump, don't you think?"

I grinned. "He's fatter than this here old Egyptian mummy the papers have been printing so much about."

Bill Murray, the demon reporter, coming in for his usual cup of coffee, told us. "I interviewed a decadent of his this afternoon."

He pointed to an article on the second page which announced the fact that Prince Ptolemy Ptarmigan, etc., etc., would be making a picture of the mummy had stopped off for a few days in our beautiful city on the tour of the world he was making following his graduation from an English university.

A Prince Arrives

WELL, naturally, Monday morning there were nineteen a.m. drawn up in front of the Prince's hotel. Outside was a little chap, maybe twenty-five or so, his big brown eyes following Jane. As I watched him, he took off his cap, opened the door and dragged himself in. His eyes were sunk back into his head and his cheeks a little feverish. His face and hands were clean, but I saw the red and black rim under his collar that comes from the drive and sting of dirt and pebbles chucked at a bo riding the rods of a fast-moving Pullman. He sat down at the long counter.

"May I share your table, mister?" There was a quiver in his eyes and a comical break in his high-pitched voice that would make anyone grin. I offered him a cizear. Refusing it, he waited for Jane to finish talking to Flash Fanchon. Then he spoke up in his funny way.

"Ah! Tis a good idea! They keep you waiting here and anything they serve you tastes good."

Jane turned around and gave the little chap a calm and cool look. He smiled.

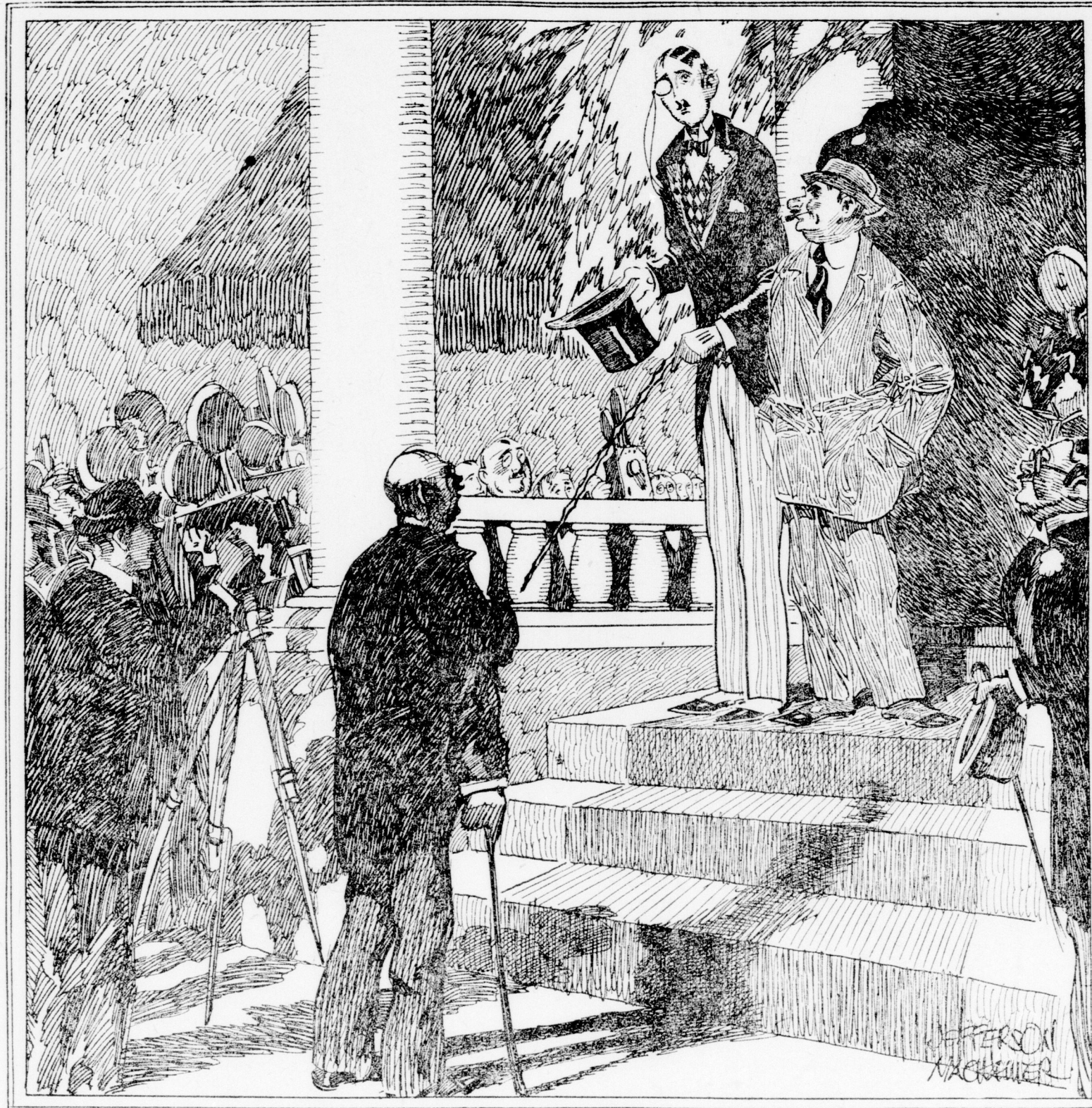
"I beg your pardon, but is there a waitress around the place that could give me a little service?"

Jane's lips twitched. "Where do you think you are—in a restaurant?" Jane inquired. "What would you like?"

"I'm not very thirsty; just give me a veal cutlet breaded, in a long glass."

Jane's eyes snapped. "How will you take it—with a straw or a spoon?"

"Neither," he answered. "M-k-e it a by"—He suddenly swayed and



The prince finally emerged with my boss.

suppose the boss beat the bunch by asking the Prince for his personal advice and suggestions."

"Kidding himself or the Prince?"

"Kidding nobody. The film we'll shoot to-day, following the Prince all over our lot, will bring heavy money from aforementioned news weekly companies."

The next afternoon we escorted our distinguished visitor into the projection room to show him how he looked to others. I was surprised to hear behind me in the dark room the boss' voice while the film was being run.

"I wish I knew some way to persuade your Highness to play the leading part in my new picture. I realize that money is no object."

"My dear sir, the amount of money you offer would always be an object. But it is the time, as I have explained, I am due to sail upon there. I forget the exact date. My secretary would know."

"Couldn't you postpone sailing?" the boss urged. "It will take our Mr. Kush not more than three weeks to complete the scenes you appear in. Three weeks; two here and another in Mexico."

"There is a location a few miles from Tia Juana which is ideal for our purpose. It has the heat haze noticeable in all genuine Egyptian desert film."

"Fascinatingly interesting, of course. But Mexico—it's dirty, I've heard."

"I assure you, your Highness would not be uncomfortable. It would require no more than five days—and of course all expenses including a special pullman, or two for the east will be borne by the company."

"By Jove, it would be rather a lark. I think—yes, I'll do it. I'll get a telegram out to Lord Moncton immediately."

"Of the British Legation at Washington. He's his way of being my sponsor here in this country, do you see?"—furnishes the wheelchair and that sort of thing. By Jove, I mustn't neglect to inform my secretary to change sailing arrangements. Oh, I say, you mustn't expect histrionic ability of me. I utterly haven't any."

His Royal Joblots

FOUR or five days later he showed up. He utterly hadn't something else. But in the meantime Big Bill had returned to Los Angeles and found how thick the Kid and Jane had become.

"Last night there's some trouble in the kitchen and Jane goes out to fix it," according to Flash Fanchon. "The Kid hops back of the counter, takes off his coat, ties an apron under his arm when in bloom Big Bill."

"Where's Jane?" he asks.

"Behind the clock in Minnie's room," cracks the Kid.

"That'll be about all of that," Big Bill growls. "Tell her Detective Wyse would like to see her."

"Ch. Detective Wyse? Yes, sir. Can I give you a cup of coffee, Detective, while you're waiting?"

"Bill grunts. The Kid rattles around in the crockery and comes up with a prize. The cup has a rouge in the rim like somebody has taken a bite out of it. And the saucer—your check from Lord Moncton. He's trying to arrange that now, over the wire. I insist upon your taking these

"Bill looks at it—once. 'Hey!' he yells. 'Do you think I'm going to drink out of this cup?'"

"Drink out of the saucer if you want," the Kid fires back. "We ain't particular here."

Jane comes out in time to hear the first choice thing Bill calls the Kid on the rail.

"Oh," says Wyse, when Jane explains it's a joke. "Pete Stevens' new helper, is he?"

"Yes," says Jane, "and believe me, a grand little kiddie."

"Grand little kiddie," repeated Big Bill slow. Then, for no reason at all, he smiles and holds out his hand. "All right. No hard feelings. But you ought to be careful about fooling with cracked cups, Kid. It's bad luck."

"A minute later Jane chases the Kid out with a bunch that's going down to the beach, which gives her the chance to tell Big Bill, quiet, that she's thought over his marrying idea and it leaves her cold. Listen, Pete, tip off the Kid not to be pulling any funny stunts for Big Bill until he gets over his peeve."

I didn't get a chance to warn the Kid that he'd acquired an enemy until it was too late.

The day's work called for some tense melodrama and around an Egyptianized scow anchored near Santa Monica. Tom Kush had run things right up to the last scenes, an exciting rescue stunt, and decided he had time to finish up with the ship stuff that day. That would let us leave for Tia Juana early Tuesday morning.

"Now, Prince," Tom explained to Ptolemy Ptarmigan. "Your sweet-heart, Miss Morris here, jumps overboard to escape the villain. You break away from the slaves holding you, rush over to the rail here, jump up on it and dive in after her."

The Prince looked down at the heaving ocean twelve or fourteen feet below him.

"My dear chap, I can't dive," he said. "I don't make much difference."

"But I—I can't swim, you see," announced his Royal Joblots, feeling for his monocle and not finding it. "That's all right," Tom insisted. "I've got a couple of men down there in a rowboat for safety's sake. As soon as you hit the water, I'll cut off my cameras, throw you a flock of life-preservers and you can hang on till the boat picks you up."

"Well, then, jump in," said Kush. "It doesn't make much difference."

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"Well, then, jump in," said Kush. "It doesn't make much difference."

"Is—really, you know—is the scene absolutely necessary?" He coughed.

"I've a touch of cold."

"Very well, your Highness," said Tom. "I'll get someone to double for you. All you'll have to do is run across the deck and jump on the rail."

His eye fell on the Kid. "Can you swim?"

"Sure."

The Kid in Trouble

"Want to double for the Prince?"

"Sure," the Kid grinned.

Later he appeared on deck in the Prince's costume, a little black false mustache on his lip contrasting comically with his light hair.

"Oil your hair and part it in the middle," Tom told him. "When it's oiled and wet it will photograph as dark as the Prince's."

"Take your places," Tom called. "Ready, everybody? Camera!"

Up and over went Morris. The Kid didn't jump—he just lifted himself off the rail and floated far out in a swan dive. The little side rail he gave himself took him under without a splash.

Up bobbed the Kid's head. In long, strong strokes he cut through the swells toward Morris. They splashed around terrifically for a minute before starting toward shore.

But when the rowboat pulled out, the Kid helped Morris in and then started swimming alongside it. Only he wasn't swimming. It was all the water stunts and clowning I'd ever seen and a lot more.

I was telling some of the boys about it early that night at T-Bone's—the Kid volunteering to take my camera out and turn in my film for me, when Big Bill Wyse dropped in.

"A water-dog, eh?" Bill quietly left the place. Then I remembered about the K guy jumping into the river in San Antonio.

"Where's the Kid?" Jane asked when she came on duty.

"He should have been here twenty minutes ago," I said. Something in my expression made her ask, sharp, "Is the Kid in trouble?"

"He wasn't the last time I saw him. He—It was no use. I told her about Big Bill and everything as soothingly as I could."

Eight o'clock—half-past-nine o'clock. Still no sign of the Kid.

I rang up the studio. The Kid had come in about six and left fifteen or twenty minutes later. By eleven there wasn't any color in Jane's face.

"Don't be silly Jane," I told her. "Everything's all right."

"Is it?" she asked. "You know my little sister—worked at the switchboard at the C-Hotel?" I added.

"They let her out this afternoon, without giving her any reason at all."

"Well?"

"Big Bill's cousin is the house detective there."

A few minutes before twelve, Jane whispered, "Listen, Pete, will you ring up headquarters and—"

She stopped dead, her eyes glued on the door. Lurching through it, stumbling and feeling around like a blind man came the Kid.

"Kid!" Jane had him in her arms before any of us moved. "What happened you?"

"They gave me the works—at headquarters," mumbled the Kid. "Jane, dear would you get a cold towel for my eyes? I've been looking into a hundred watt lamp for three hours."

"For what?" Jane asked as a couple of the boys leaped for the towel pile.

"They said the writing on the check I signed looks like the K guy's writing."

"Who said so?"

"Big Bill."

"Sadie," she called to the other waitress. "You take my place behind the counter, Louis—to Spinoza—get your taxi, Pete, you'll stay here with Sadie till closing time, won't you? I'm going to take the Kid home with me to my mother."

Royal Generosity

THE next morning I was thinking about Jane and the Kid when I entered the studio. The girl at the switchboard stopped me.

"Some woman phoned a few minutes ago for you. She left word that the Kid wouldn't be out to the studio to-day," she said.

In the office with the boss was the prince.

"Good morning, Pete," the boss nodded. "The prince wants to ask a favor of you."

"It's this way, old chap," the prince stammered, embarrassed. "I couldn't avoid hearing the message that came for you. Rotten luck; what? Extremely likeable little fellow. I hope it's nothing serious."

"Oh, I don't imagine so," I said. "The exposure—his long immersion in the water—and he but recently recovered from flu—he broke off. I feel a keen sense of responsibility; he was substituting for me, do you see? Do you think he might accept from me at least his doctor and nurse fees?" He drew a wallet from his pocket.

"Sure," I said.

The prince extracted from the wallet a few small folded papers and some large bills. Laying the papers on the desk he counted out two hundred and fifty dollars and held it toward me.

"You're too generous," I said, looking pointedly at the two ten-dollar bills which were all that was left of his cash.

He shrugged his shoulders. "That's quite all right. My secretary—silly beggar—settled and closed all my accounts before cashing the usual check from Lord Moncton. He's trying to arrange that now, over the wire. I insist upon your taking these

few dollars for the Kid. Stevens, I'll make out somehow, I'm sure."

"You don't need to worry," the boss smiled. "What was the size of the check Lord what's-his-name sent? I might be able to cash it for you."

The prince unfolded one of the papers on the desk, stamped with the British Embassy seal. "Twenty-five hundred dollars."

"Oh, that's all right," the boss said. "Endorse it and I'll send a boy right down to my bank with it."

"Oh, I say, please don't trouble—"

"No trouble at all, your Highness," languidly the prince started writing his catalogue of names on the back of the check. "The old fossil should have telegraphed it instead of putting me under obligations."

The boss interrupted with a laugh. "There's no obligation, prince. The amount of this check is just about what I'll owe you after your week in Tia Juana. That's all the protection I need."

From the expression on the prince's empty face you couldn't tell, as he stared at the boss, whether she was going to be insulted or not when the boss' words should finally sink in.

"By jove," he said after a moment. "I didn't think of that. Our contract, of course. Wierdly practical, you Americans; what?"

I rang up Jane's house during the lunch hour. I'd saved my conscience for taking the money by convincing myself that the prince would never miss it and really wouldn't care whether it was spent for the Kid's doctor or lawyer bills.

Jane's sister answered the ring. "Oh, yes, Mr. Stevens," she said. "Jane left for Frisco this morning on business for you know."

"How is he to-day?"

"Kidding my mother into hysterics."

"Tell him I'll be out to-morrow with—"

Then I spilled the welcome tidings.

A Circus Acrobat

BUT Sunday I had the feeling that someone was following me, so Jane's house was about the only place in Los Angeles I didn't visit.

Late Monday afternoon, just as a few of us were going into the projection-room, Jane appeared.

"Come on in with me," I said. I've got to look at some film. What's new?"

"Just this Pete. There isn't a thing to keep them from railroading the Kid. He's a vaudeville and circus acrobat. But the vaudeville troupe he was with—the only men who can really identify and alibi him—who sailed for Australia last Saturday."

I told her about the two-fifty gift. "Listen, let's retain a good lawyer with that jack; and go straight to Chief Rogers. He's square and fair and—"

"And in the hospital waiting for an operation. Nobody can get to him."

In silence we looked at the film. It was Sid Hockins' take.

"That's the prince," I told Jane, "trying to register Occidental surprise and horror not unmixed with love."

Jane leaned forward in her seat. "That—the prince?"

As she looked the film jumped to the shot of the Kid standing on the rail of the ship.

"Watch his dive," I whispered. Then came the footage showing him cutting through the swells, reaching the shore, and starting with her towards shore. Then flashed on the screen a fairly close-up shot of the Kid. He was lying on his back in the water, his head stuck up so his wet hair was plastered tight to his scalp, his eyes staring out with a silly vacant expression, his mouth hanging open.

"I thought you said the prince couldn't swim," said Jane.

"The prince? That's the Kid," I

The PHANTOM WOMAN.

—By Melville Davison Post
ILLUSTRATED BY J. G. STEPHENSON

Do the Dead Ever Play a Part in Human Affairs?—Priceless Jewels Are Stolen—The Footprints of the Thief Are of Those of a Woman of No Weight, and They Are Hidden Miraculously—How Was It Done?

SIR HENRY MARQUIS, chief of the criminal investigation department of Scotland Yard, has a monograph on this case. He said we were accustomed to believe that the dead were impotent in human affairs; but it was a thing of which no man could be certain. How could we know whether the sleep of those gone out of sight and hearing waxed or waned or ceased; or by what means, or in what manner, they might be able to move the living to their will.

He said this case profoundly interested him.

We stopped in the pine woods to listen. The music seemed to fill the world; it was low and soft, a sort of vague elfin music; appearing as by some enchantment.

There was this strange quality in it; that it appeared to emerge from the wood itself.

I stopped beside Sir Henry Marquis on the path; behind us was the village and its inn, where we had gone for luncheon at the end of our motor journey from London that morning. And before us, at the end of the path through the wood, was the lovely artistic house that my father's wife had built here for this romantic marriage after my father's death. Now that she, too, was dead it remained in the possession of this Hungarian fiddler. When one considered the man alone, when one looked coolly at him it was past belief that my stepmother should have been so infatuated with the Count Andreas. It must have been this music that had entranced this woman. Out of the spell of it she seemed to be, also, out of the spell of this strange creature. For when she lay dying in her London house she expressed the wish that a bracelet of Burma rubies in the count's possession should be given to me. And when her solicitor pointed out that her verbal wish could have no effect against the count's resistance, she said, "I will return and make him do it."

Count Andreas would make no reply to my solicitor. And so, on this morning, I went with Sir Henry Marquis, chief of the criminal investigation department of Scotland Yard, to this interview with him. My side, the rubies had come from my American mother, had been passed on by my father to his second wife, and now, by operation of the English law, this Hungarian fiddler took them.

The Hungarian Fiddler

I HAD gone from my solicitor to Sir Henry Marquis, for he had known my mother in the old days, and remained a friend. He promised to help me.

"We shall go down and see this Count Andreas; I know something of him."

And so we had come down, on this August morning. We could see the grass terrace before the house, for the house stood on a shelf of the moor—a space had been cut out of the pine woods for it—and this green terrace, flanked by the wood on either side; and the house behind looked down on the sea. It was two hundred feet above, but one could have cast a stone into the water. The brow of the moor here dropped like a plummet into the ocean. The music came from the terrace. We could see a man walking about on it, a violin at his shoulder, his bow hand flying. And in the glimmer of the melodies he was a sylvan creature—but when he stepped out of it he was the Hungarian fiddler.

He stepped out of it as we came up; but he was a very clever person, carefully dressed and with a suave demeanor.

"It is Sir Henry Marquis," he said, "and Miss Sarah Whitney. I am honored."

Then he spoke directly to Sir Henry Marquis.

"You arrive quickly. My telephone to Scotland Yard could not have reached London before an hour of noon."

I caught the fleeting evidence of surprise in Sir Henry's face but there was no surprise in his voice or manner. He had not journeyed here at the call of any telegram from the count to Scotland Yard; but his profession was not one permitting of surprises. I wondered what Delphic answer he could make.

"What are the details of this matter?" he said.

It was a key that would fit any lock.

The count put his violin down carefully on a stone seat and went with us toward a window on the first floor of the house on the farther side. The house sat parallel with the terrace in its longest direction; there was a hall in the centre and a stairway going up, and on one side the drawing-room with the dining-room on the opposite side across the hall. It was not a large house, but it was beautifully designed and its furnishings were artistic.

Her Mother's Rubies

BUT Count Andreas did not go on directly to the window. He stopped.

"It was all very cleverly done," he said; "there was no sound—I am puzzled to know if the woman was alone, or had an accomplice."

Again it was a key for any lock, for he did not know what was before him and whether it had happened in the night or day, or, in fact, what it was in which a woman had been concerned.

"I am very careless," Andreas said; "I sleep here alone. The servants come out from the village of a morning, but I have no fear."

"It is very dangerous," said Sir Henry, "to have no fear."

"I am not a practical man," said the count, "or else I would have taken my wife's jewels to London and a bank vault; but I wished her room in this house to remain as she left it—nothing has been changed or moved in it; the dust and the spiders have their way—I had forgotten that her jewels remained in a little drawer of her writing table."

Then he turned quickly about as me, as though some sharp, amazing thing had suddenly occurred to him.

"Alas! Miss Sarah," he cried, "you will be a loser with most for the ruby bracelet about which you wrote is gone with the other jewels." The words were like a blow to me, for I had hoped to recover this new-found mother's—this bracelet of rubies set in a goldwork that hung between the stones. It was of great value, and had been in my mother's family for a hundred years.

Queer Faint Footprints

"HERE," he said, "the thief entered; the bolt fastening the window was probably turned from the inside for a long time, or by collusion with one of the servants. You will observe that when the window is unfastened the knob stands perpendicular; in precisely the same position as when it is closed; so the fastener, you can see that the thief was a woman, a woman about the size of Miss Whitney. There are her tracks, quite clearly marked in the soft earth of this flower bed below the window."

Sir Henry examined these footprints.

"The lady," he said, "has been very considerate of us. These faint footprints are in the very best position on the soft earth to remain clear."

Then he turned to Count Andreas:

"But why do you say a woman about the size of Miss Whitney?"

"The man hesitated, as though puzzled to find a reply, then he gave the reason."

"I was thinking of my wife's maids," he said; "they have all been women of about Miss Whitney's size; and this robber will be the work of someone familiar with the house."

"On the contrary," replied Sir Henry, "these footprints were made by a thin woman—Miss Whitney will weigh ten stone—an incredibly thin woman."

The count was astonished.

"Look at the print," he said; "these footprints might have been made by Miss Sarah Whitney."

Sir Henry turned to me.

"Quite so," he said; "the prints here might have been made by Miss Whitney's slipper if there were no such thing as gravity." Then he addressed me directly.

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Sir Henry turned to Count Andreas. "Gravity has been negated here," he said. "This will be a sort of miracle."

dressed me directly. "Sarah," he said, "will you kindly walk from the flag path of the terrace to this window and stand a moment before it."

I did as he directed, although I was puzzled to understand what it meant; was I perhaps to be indicated as the thief?

Count Andreas cried out in confirmation of Sir Henry:

"Ah, so!" replied Sir Henry, "but you fail to note the important feature. You will observe that the heel of Miss Whitney's slipper sank into the turf on her way from the flag path, and here in the flower bed it makes a deep footprint; while the heel of this other woman's shoe cannot be seen on the turf, which she must have crossed from the path, and here in the flower bed where she stood the footprints are clear but mean absence of weight!"

A Sort of Miracle

THEN he stooped suddenly over as though to look closely at the footprints; but he was looking, rather, I thought, at the grass beside the flower bed; it appeared, even to my unpractised eye, pressed over faintly, as though something long and heavy, and of some bulk, had been put down there.

But he made no comment, and presently turned to Count Andreas. His face was strange.

"Gravity has been negated here," he said. "This will be a sort of miracle."

The astonishment in Count Andreas' interest in physical evidences seemed to re-assert itself.

It was a lovely room, done in dainty shades of blue. There was an inlaid writing desk near a window; a dressing table with a great mirror, and two clothes presses in the wall, with double door. There was a thin partition between this room and the one occupied by Count Andreas, as though this space had originally been a single room; there was a door, of which the whole face was a mirror, standing closed between the two rooms. There was a severity of good taste about the room; the only picture on the wall was a painting of Count Andreas by a famous Italian, in a simple frame. It hung over the mantel.

The room gave evidence that it had been long closed; the dust lay in it and a great spider web stretched along the bottom of the frame to the wall below it.

But the room was in disorder; everything in it had been opened, pulled out, and searched. This search had been minute and thorough. It was the work of someone going carefully, to be sure, that no place of concealment would remain unopened.

Count Andreas made a gesture to indicate this disorder.

"It is I," he said, "who have searched the room. I took this robbery to be the work of some discharged maid, or her accomplice; such a one would know that I am leaving England, and that the house

will be presently closed. She might, therefore, conceal the jewels about the room here, in some other place, intending to return later when the house was closed and regain them. This would greatly reduce the risk in the robbery; first, because, so large and of so pure a color could not be accounted for if found in her possession, and the gold work about them is distinguished. And, in second place, I wished to be certain that my wife had not, in certain hall at the head of the stair into his wife's room.

"I have not permitted this room to be disturbed," he said; "it remains as my wife left it. I preferred to think of her, here, in this setting, where she was in loving sympathy with me, and not in the London house, where she had the strange delusions against me."

Count Andreas looked puzzled; and, indeed, I was puzzled at this speech. But Sir Henry Marquis was not pausing to consider us. He was going on into the house. Count Andreas overtook him and led the way up the stairs, to the room which his wife had occupied, and from which the jewels had been taken. It added to the evidence, and when he joined the room which the countess occupied, separated only by a thin partition. Count Andreas stopped at the door leading from the hall at the head of the stair into his wife's room.

"I regret, sir," he said, "that I am unable to say whether this door was locked, or unlocked, when the thief entered last night. If it were locked then the thief had a key to it, which is in line with the evidences that this is the work of some discharged servant familiar with the house." Then he turned about to Sir Henry: "Perhaps you can tell this by an examination of the lock."

But Sir Henry Marquis declined to give the door the slightest attention.

"Do you, perhaps, conclude that the thief did not enter through this door?"

"Oh, no," replied Sir Henry, "the thief entered by this door; but I have a theory that this door was not locked, or unlocked, when the thief entered last night. If it were locked then the thief had a key to it, which is in line with the evidences that this is the work of some discharged servant familiar with the house."

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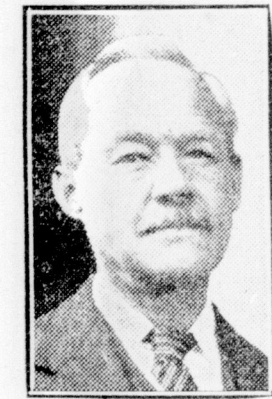
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THEY WON'T SEE YOU STUCK FOR A FINE IN LABRADOR

Even Dr. Grenfell Suggests Paddy Murphy's Line of Defense When Prohibition Was Introduced

CONTRAST is nature's one great law; all the others are but part and parcel of it. Possibly the thought may have occurred to Dr. W. T. Grenfell when he was writing "Northern Neighbors," for it is a series of studies of warm hearts in a chilly place. The priceless possession of the isolated fishermen and trappers of Labrador, he truly tells us, is simplicity, humility and gentleness.



Dr. W. T. Grenfell

Justice is delightfully elementary. When prohibition was introduced, a policeman arrived in the district; presumably one had not been required before. He got to work, and applied to Dr. Grenfell for a warrant against one Paddy Murphy for moonshining. The minimum penalty for the offense was a hundred dollars fine or three months' imprisonment. Paddy had not so much as a hundred cents. His worldly goods consisted of a tiny shack, a wife, and eight children.

Dr. Grenfell, who was the presiding magistrate, had a great regard for Paddy, and before the trial began suggested to the prisoner his best line of defense.

Unfortunately, Paddy proved too talkative and was duly sentenced. He was given a day or two in which to find the money, and returned with forty-nine dollars, fifty-three cents, and odd coins of ancient vintage, "all the neighbors had." The magistrate told the culprit that he wanted as much more in half an hour, and somehow or other the maker of a "drop o' the crature" brought it.

"A day or two later the mystery of the treasure was unearthed. A young married fisherman, an unimpeachable prohibitionist, and a prominent leader of the church, with the tender sympathy of the people 'who go down to the sea in ships,' having just the necessary balance stowed away in a stocking, had been unable to endure the idea of hungry and cold children. So he had literally emptied the stocking into the red handkerchief."

CONTRADICTED QUEEN

THAT veteran journalist and prince of raconteurs, Sir Henry Lucy, delights in telling the story of a certain old admiral who had an extraordinary habit of contradicting anyone with whom he conversed. In fact, he once flatly contradicted the Queen.

He attended a royal reception and was presented to Her Majesty, who had heard something of his propensity.

"I hear, admiral, you contradict everyone who speaks to you," said the Queen.

"Your Majesty is misinformed," replied the admiral gruffly. "I do nothing of the sort."

MACKINTOSH BOOKS FOR THIS POET'S BATH

"DID you know that d'Annunzio, the Italian poet, has books printed on mackintosh for his bath? I saw it in the Courier, the other day, at the club. He reads the Little Flowers of St. Francis by preference in his bath. And he has a fountain pen with waterproof ink in the soap-dish, so that he can add a few stanzas of his own whenever he feels like it."—Aldous Huxley, in Antic Hay.

King of Stogy Smokers is Dr. Lamb Wins Foggy Fight in Tenth Round

Little Man Who Guides McGill Athletics and Coaches Olympic Team Ready to Defend His Title Against All Comers—One Cigar for Every Hole in a Golf Game—and Makes Eighteen

DR. ARTHUR S. LAMB, director of the department of physical education of McGill University, Montreal, and himself an athlete of note in other days, who is acting as one of the coaches of the Canadian Olympic team, had the unusual experience of going through college as both undergraduate and instructor. When he was not attending a lecture or a clinic, he was either acting as an instructor in the department which he now administers or presiding at a meeting connected with the numerous student undertakings in which he took the leading part at the university. Such was, however, his capacity, that, notwithstanding this triple responsibility and the additional burden of being the head of a family, he completed a course in medicine of singular merit, and now ranks among the foremost physical educationists of the dominion.

But it was because of his partiality for that form of cigar known as the "stogy" that Dr. Lamb as a student earned his chief claim to fame. On the campus "Dad" Lamb and his stogy were as familiar as Principal Peterson and his justly-celebrated dog, and his consumption of the elongated, ill-flavored "weed" reached astounding proportions. Not a meeting might be held at which he presided without the appearance inevitably of a handful of stogies, to the alarm of those possessing super-sensitive nostrils and the disgust of others who prided themselves upon their standing as cigar connoisseurs. No matter how protracted the session might be, it



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Emotional Actress Lost When She Became Author

Witness Early Episode in Life of L. M. Montgomery

WHEN L. M. Montgomery, author of "Anne of Green Gables," lived as a child at Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, she had not then decided whether to be a great writer or a great actress. The actress career had a little the best of it owing to the copy of a thrilling melodrama having fallen into her hands.

One day a citizen heard the most blood-curdling screams coming from little Miss Montgomery's father's woodshed. Now the Canadian woodshed had long enjoyed a prominent place in the correction of children's misdeemeanors, so that such sounds from such a place were not unusual. But so awful were the shrieks of terror the man was sure no childish crime required such punishment. Hurrying, bent on interfering,



L. M. Montgomery

you can imagine his surprise at seeing a little girl of twelve alone in the shed.

The villain had dragged the ragged heroine to the precipice and was about to cast her over so that he could inherit the Montmorency millions. So intent and wrapped up in the part was the maiden that she never noticed the intruder. He retired, amused instead of horrified, but ever since has felt that even if literature gained a successful author, the stage lost a wonderful emotional actress.

INSURED AGAINST MARRIAGE

MOST things connected with Pola Negri are out of the ordinary, and her insurance policy is no exception to this rule. Famed as a beauty, a temperamental actress and a vamp of the first order, this lovely star is insured against the tiniest facial blemish that would prevent her from appearing before the camera.

Originally her insurance was taken out in Germany for one million marks, but as the value of this policy at the present rate of exchange is nil, her beauty is now adequately protected by an American insurance company.

When "The Negri" first reached America it was stated that her management took out a policy against her marriage, arguing that it would spoil her value as a vampstar. Pola said this was not the case, but insurance men showed considerable alarm over her romantic engagement to Charles Chaplin, now, apparently, at an end.

THOUGHT HE WAS MAD

ALTHOUGH he plays tennis and golf, Mr. Baldwin's favorite recreation is walking.

A short while before he became premier he was indulging in this form of exercise when he was met on the road by a laborer.

"Where be ye goin' in such a hurry?" asked the laborer.

"To Malvern and back," replied Baldwin.

"Oh! Doin' it for a wager, I suppose!" said the laborer.

"No! For pleasure!"

For a few seconds the man gazed in blank amazement at the future premier. Then, suddenly, his face was lit up by an understanding—and pitying—smile.

"Dotty!" he exclaimed in a sort of stage whisper. "Clean dotty!" And he passed on his way.



Father and Mother of the British House of Commons

LADY ASTOR and the veteran journalist, T. P. O'Connor, share the honors between them. The former American was the first of the eight women members, and Mr. O'Connor has been in the House of Commons longer than any other M.P., and has, perhaps, wider knowledge of party history than any other living man.

Disinherits Grown-Up Children Marries Old Woman to Get Heiress

Anatole France, Master of the Unexpected—Has Statue of Female Figure by Rodin Mounted on Revolving Pedestal—"Is Woman Not Continually Turning?" Asks Anatole

ANATOLE FRANCE is reported to be seriously ill. He is nearly eighty years of age and is at the end of his mortality, but, perhaps, just at the beginning of his literary immortality. In spite of all his rich experience of life, there is one experience he has missed, or, rather, has refused to submit to.

He has never been in a motor car. His prose reads like that. There is never a jolt in it. It has the charm of a leisurely saunter on springy old turf in an old-world garden.

He has stamped, or, rather, delicately dusted his genius like fertilizing pollen on the modern world, but he likes old things, old manuscripts, old paths, old clothes and old cabs.

This writer, who is the very antithesis of a hack writer, to motor cars prefers "fiacres" or hacks. But he does not write in them, though he rides in them.

He has many eccentricities, beside an aversion to the productions of Henry Ford. He is accustomed to wear a huge black cloak like a Spanish conspirator. He has disinherited his grown-up children, whom he has not spoken to for years.

That is why he married again a while ago, after long widowhood. It was not to get a nurse but to get an heiress. He married not a young girl but an old woman he scarcely knew. She is to receive his property, which is considerable, for his literary income is over half a million yearly. But his children will receive his royalties.

Not long ago he met a young lady in a bookshop. He said to her: "Why do you read those wretched modern books?" The book in her hand



Anatole France

was France's masterpiece, "The Red Lily." She held it up and replied indignantly: "This is not a wretched modern book. It is a modern classic. Have you ever read it?"

"No," said the author, without revealing his identity. But he spoke the truth. Once his books are written he never looks at them.

There is another interesting story about "The Red Lily." In 1905 Anatole France was at a literary dinner in Berlin in honor of Gerhard Hauptmann, the author of the "Sunken Bell." France congratulated him. Hauptmann replied: "It is not I who should have received the prize, but the author of 'The Red Lily.'"

France's novels are a great literature of anti-quarianism. When fortune came to him he began to spend it on antiques: One of his later treasures was a female figure by Rodin. It was placed on a revolving pedestal. A visitor once expressed surprise at this novelty.

"It is natural that it should be so," observed Anatole. "She is a woman, and woman is continually turning."

His philosophy is a philosophy of change. He once said "The wisdom of all human affairs is in the nursery rhyme, 'The little dolls go round and round and round and round.'"

Perhaps that was why he walked in the May Day procession in Paris in 1919, as a declaration of belief in Russia. He may have felt that it was communism's turn on the world's merry-go-round. It was from a belief not in equality but in fraternity, for he has said "Never tell me that revolution is going to bring equality. Men will never be equal. The only thing certain is that men will always love women."

He might have added "good wine and good books." His own books are like beautiful shrines to that trinity of cults. He may be on his death-bed, but he should last as long as French literature lasts. From his first to his latest line his style has been perfection.

Wild thought it too perfect. He had a theory, which he did not live up to, that an author should change his style and personality with each new book. After he read his second novel, he flung it away with a yawn, saying: "This is utterly unutterably perfect and boring. It is too like Anatole France."

USHERS SENT TO ENQUIRE
WHY MASTER DID NOT PLAY

Whole Audience Sat Tense, Waiting to Hear De Pachmann's Chords

VADIMIR DE PACHMANN, the eccentric old master pianist, about whom more amusing stories are told than about any other musical artist, at the age of 75, is coming back for still another tour of Canadian cities in April.

The inimitable De Pachmann was booked recently for a concert in one of the large halls. The house was crowded with an enthusiastic audience which waited impatiently for the great artist's appearance.

Presently he came, bowing his way to the piano in the intervals of one of his reminiscent, comical orations which shook the house. Then the applause subsided, and every one waited expectantly for the opening bars which, for some strange reason, did not come.

After an unreasonable pause an usher was sent to ask why the old master did not play. "I cannot play," said De Pachmann. "Why not?" he was asked. "The keys are dirty," he replied, seemingly paralyzed.



De Pachmann

THE DUETTISTS

THE famous pianist, Ignace Paderewski, recently told a story reminiscent of the days when he was prime minister of Poland.

At that time there was much poverty in the land, and many people were driven to beg their bread from door to door.

Two of these unfortunates met at a wayside tavern at the end of a long and unsuccessful day's begging. Both were tired and hungry; both gazed with longing eyes at their empty plates and unfilled glasses.

"Didn't you have any luck?" inquired one. "What about the house I saw you looking at—the big one with the open window?"

"Didn't trouble to ask," was the reply. "I looked in the window and saw two girls playing on one piano, so I guessed that the people living there were too poor to be able to afford to help me."

PATRICK CAMPBELLISMS

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL compares a fine, heated discussion with a game of tennis. She also declares: "A child speaks the truth from want of guile. Men and women speak it in despair."

And here are two more extracts:

"I insist that I have found the manners of American men more kindly; of Frenchmen more courteous; of Englishmen more sincere; and of Irishmen—God defend us!"

"I once asked a kind veterinary surgeon why dogs were so much nicer than people. His answer was: 'Nearly all bad dogs are drowned; all mad dogs are shot.'

Mussolini Gets Even With Mother-in-Law

Revokes a Privilege Which Permitted Mothers of Senators to Travel Free on Italian Railways

THE Italian dictator who has done so much to restore law and discipline in his country, altered a law the other day, which hitherto permitted the parents of senators to travel free on the Italian state railways.

Until now senators, their family and the parents on both sides were allowed this advantage, but from now on the ladies will be an exception.

It is whispered that the cause of the change may be attributed to Mussolini's old hatred of his mother-in-law. When as a young man he was engaged to his present wife

he had to put up with much resistance on the part of his mother-in-law, who at last chased him out of the house and forbade him to have anything to do with her daughter. She did not consider Mussolini good enough to be her son-in-law. But one day the young people who loved each other disappeared from home and got married. Mussolini cannot forget his mother-in-law's behavior, and because of it all Italian mothers-in-law have now to pay their railway tickets. At least so the story goes!



Mussolini

TIME PRINCESS PATS LOST THEIR GROUND

Pretty Wit of Lady Patricia Ramsay Tells of the Only Occasion in Regiment's History

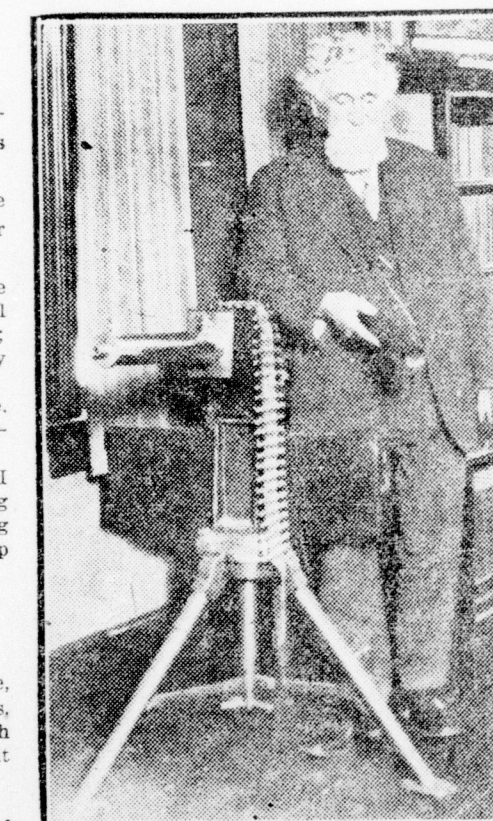
THE thrilling tale of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry in the war, which one of its officers, Ralph Hodder Williams, formerly in the history department at

Toronto University, has written in two volumes, is an epic of heroes. It fully deserves the honor of the preface, which Princess Patricia, or Lady Patricia Ramsay, as one must now call her, has written for it.

The story of the fearful fight in Sanctuary Wood in the first days of June, 1916, is extraordinarily moving, and though the regiment was only raised for the war, it has now an abiding life in the Canadian militia force, and the color which came safely through so many actions is guarded there.

Incidentally Princess Pat shows herself possessed of a pretty wit. A few days after the wedding, for which the regiment, and of which the Princess was Colonel-in-Chief, naturally furnished the guard of honor, she wrote to Colonel Hamilton Gait a letter, saying: "My only regret is that the crowd pushed themselves in front after the ceremony and so prevented the King from inspecting them, as he had intended doing. It is, indeed, the only occasion in its history on which the regiment lost its ground." That is a proud boast to be able to make after four years of war with the Kaiser.

LORD CURZON has been trying to cure a cold by talking to himself on the Cone system. Next time, he might follow the example of the man who tried to cure his by exclaiming at intervals—"My nose be blown!"—Passing Show.



Young at Seventy-One

HUDSON MAXIM, the noted inventor of the Maxim machine gun, silencer, and high explosives, at the age of seventy-one, is still actively at work on a number of new inventions that he thinks may revolutionize warfare. He is shown here in his studio, holding in his hand a new projectile which he has just invented.

DISCRETION MIDDLE NAME OF F. BILLINGS KELLOGG

But Fervid Eloquence Once Lost New United States Ambassador to England a Divorce Case

THERE is a new United States ambassador in London—Frank Billings Kellogg. But he has a middle name.

This is the explanation by the London Times Washington correspondent of the middle name:

"Mr. Coolidge turned to the west, and selected Mr. Kellogg as best among those men available for the post. He has wealth, he has wide social experience, he is versed in affairs, and—last, but not least—he has the priceless gift of silence. It has been half-humorously said that the secretary of state, Mr. Hughes, 'never woke in the morning without a shrinking fear that George Harvey had made a speech'; but nothing like this (whether true or untrue) will ever be said about the new ambassador. 'Discretion,' as the American phrase has it, 'is his middle name.'"

The new ambassador to the court of St. James' was chosen, it is said, because President Coolidge desired to recognize the west.

Mr. Kellogg was born in Potsdam, New York state. He is 67 years old, and sixty of these years have been spent in the state of Minnesota. First it was Olmsted county, and later it was Rochester, a town made famous by the Mayo brothers, the great surgeons.

At Rochester the young Kellogg won recognition in politics and at the Bar. There he formed a partnership with a Democrat, Mr. Burt W. Eaton, and it is related of the partners that they used to hold the office of county attorney alternately, running amicably but ruthlessly against each other. There he met and married Miss Clara Cook, the daughter of a pioneer, whose relatives were scattered on farms for many miles around. And from Rochester he eventually moved to St. Paul, where he laid the solid foundations of the comfortable fortune and the legal reputation he now enjoys.

He became a law partner of the famous Cushman K. Davis, once governor of Minnesota and later United States senator. Davis was a great orator in a generation which bent the knee to the orator. The young Kellogg sat at the feet of this master, and if he cannot match him in oratory, he is at least as keen and persuasive a lawyer, about which a certain story comes from London.

Mr. Kellogg once lost a case, it seems, as the result of his own too fervid eloquence. That was before he got his middle name.

His client was being sued for divorce by her husband, and he was trying to get her as much alimony as possible.

Right in the middle of a flow of eloquence, he was interrupted by the husband, who said to the court:

"Your honor, I have suddenly decided to withdraw my suit, and, if my wife is willing, I would like to have her come back to me."

Pressed for an explanation, he said:

"Mr. Kellogg has presented her in such an attractive light that I've fallen in love with her all over again."

The firm was called Davis, Kellogg and Severance, and it rapidly developed a large and lucrative corporation practice. Mr. Kellogg was retained by the United States Steel Corporation—it is this which the "Progressives" cannot forgive him—when Roosevelt began that period of "trust-busting" which made his administration famous, and he sent for the St. Paul lawyer.

Acceptance of the post of special counsel of the government meant the loss of \$100,000 a year, but Kellogg made the sacrifice, and it is, perhaps, as Roosevelt's official "trust-buster" that he is best known. He was alert, he was untiring, and he was eminently able. He conducted the prosecution of the Standard Oil Company, which resulted in the dissolution of that vast corporation, and, in the eyes of his fellow-lawyers, he acquired enduring merit. His practice outgrew the community in which he lived, and there began those innumerable trips to Washington which were to make him familiar with the capital before he went to live there as senator.

His six years in the Senate did not make him a national figure—he has not the flamboyant qualities which are necessary if a man is to move upon a stage as wide as the country—but they won him many friends, they widened his experience, and they left him entirely unspooled. He was defeated in the election of 1922, largely because the American people were voting against, rather than for, something in that time of indecision and unrest. Then came the appointment to London.

Mr. Kellogg is a man of middle height, white-haired, spare and alert, with a sort of nervous alertness. He has lost the sight of one eye, but it does not interfere with his golf, and in Washington (often with his friend, the late President Harding, as a partner) he was a frequenter of the links. He likes riding, and he carries his belief that there can be no healthy mind without a healthy body far enough to use a skipping-rop, and to be able modestly and truthfully to state that he can place hands and feet on the floor and raise and lower his body 100 times in succession. He has traveled more than most. The continent has seen him five times, and he has crossed the Atlantic 19 times. He is familiar with London, Paris and Berlin.

Altogether, he will make an ambassador in whom his own countrymen will have entire confidence and in whom the people of Great Britain will recognize a friend. There is no more staunch American, yet equally there is no man more warmly sympathetic with the ideals and aspirations of the British nation, or more profoundly convinced of the weight and importance of the responsibility which rests upon both branches of the English-speaking people.

ZANGWILL FIXES BORES

MR. ISRAEL ZANGWILL, the famous author, succeeded well in dealing with a bore on his trip to the United States. This is how he did it.

First he disclaimed all knowledge of the horse Zev, so the bore asked him if he thought President Coolidge was right on the drink question.

"Coolidge? Who's Coolidge?" asked Mr. Zangwill. "What! You'll be saying next you've never heard of Adam!" howled the bore. "Adam?" murmured Mr. Zangwill, sweetly. "Adam who?" That finished the bore!

Lives by Love Letters; Advertise in Ice; Girl Psychic Wonder



Is this another hazing outrage? These young ladies of the "Grass Cops" class of 1925, attending Smith College, Northampton, broke certain rules that displeased their seniors. Now they are removing snow by means of a watering can and a rake



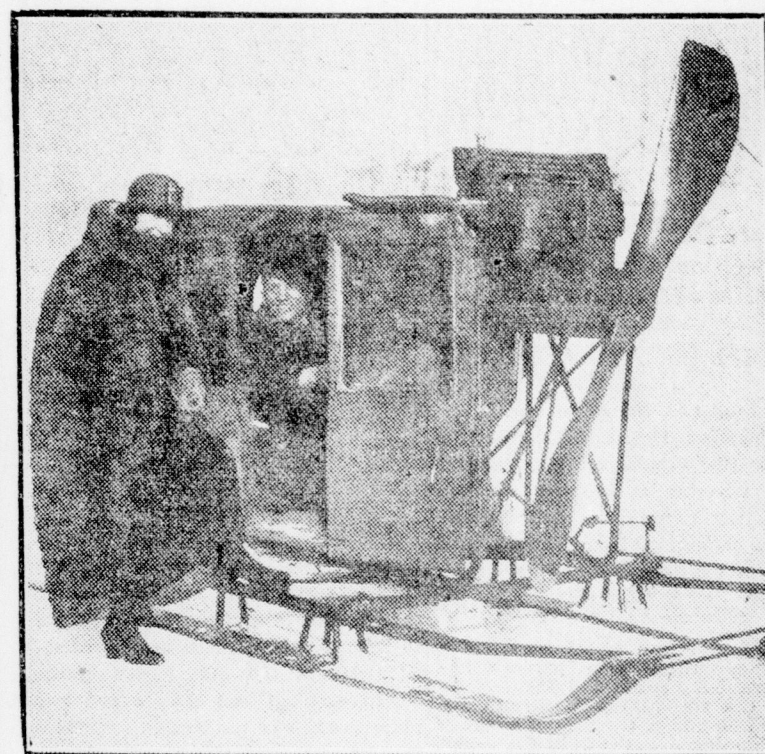
Miss Margaret McGinnes, of Chicago, youngest practising lawyer, has been granted an additional honor in the legal world, that of exercising in the Illinois supreme court. She is considered an expert on municipal legal matters



Miss Florence C. Crane, of New York, former Follies girl and now a movie actress, won the admiration of George F. Leavitt, who left her the income from a \$75,000 trust estate bequeathed him by his late father. A half-brother contested the will recently, claiming undue influence, and lost



The second Mussolini! The Marquis de Comillas is the leader and outstanding figure of the newly-organized Spanish Fascisti, which was recently dedicated in Madrid under the patronage of King Alphonso and Queen Victoria



This new motor sleigh, tried out for the first time on the ice at Quebec with successful results, ought to bring joy to the hearts of all winter sport enthusiasts



The little daughter of the famous English trainer, James Canty, is assisting her father feed the race horses during the strike of stable lads recently. The guard looks on to prevent interference



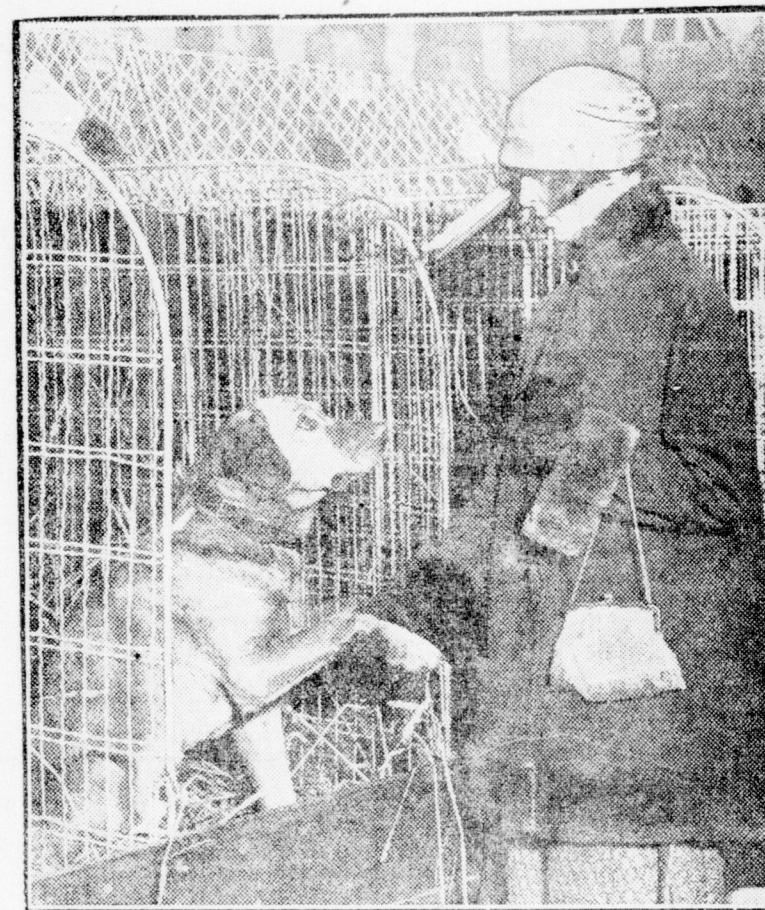
Baroness Royce Garret, operatic soprano, and her husband, arrived in New York recently practically penniless, but ready to start all over again. Their home was in Russia where they lost everything to the Bolsheviks



These four young ladies are the first to have the distinction of winning a radio beauty contest, which was conducted by means of broadcasting their description. The listeners in mailed their selection to the broadcasting station



Declaring that the best plan was not selected by the committee on award in the Bok peace plan contest, Frank Hendrick, prominent New York lawyer, has filed suit against Edward W. Bok for \$1,100,000 damages



"Aw, come and take me out of here," says this poor old "fed-up" canine, greeting his mistress at a dog show held in London recently. "Pomme de Terre" took first prize in the open yellow Labrador's competition



Above is picture of Miss Lillian Whippler, a public stenographer in New York who has made a profitable business from her ability to compose the correct sort of love letter a man would like to send his lady fair. Those who lack confidence and the bashful seek her aid



Ice advertising is now the rage at Quebec. This gigantic figure of a beaver is twelve feet long, fifteen feet high and weighs twelve tons. It is made of blocks of ice chiseled down by an experienced sculptor



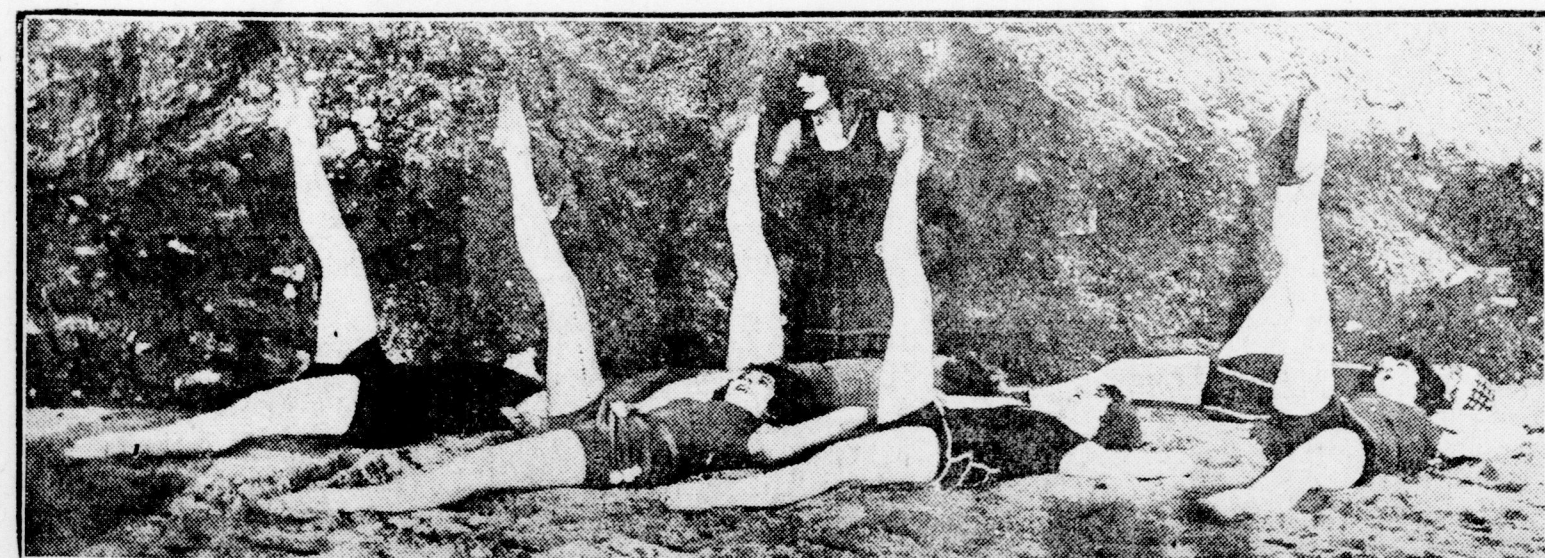
Chairman Sir James Stevenson, Deputy-Chairman Sir Travers Clarke and the Duke of Devonshire are shown inspecting the Canadian section of the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley recently



The psychic demonstrations of Miss Eugene Dennis have amazed her critics. They say she just thinks for a minute and tells you past so accurately that you are either loud in your praise, or extremely fidgety when she mentions things better left unsaid



Robert H. White and Harry H. Dow are hiking across the continent from Boston to San Francisco, soliciting signatures for the bonus. The veterans are shackled together with handcuffs



Miss Annette Kellerman, world-famous diver, is shown in the centre instructing a class of future movie bathing girls at Venice, California. She says the development of the leg muscles is an important factor in graceful diving



Earl Brydges, the 17-year-old youth of Le Pas, Manitoba, winner of the Eastern International Dog Derby, is shown being presented with the \$1,000 cash and trophy after the race at the exhibition grounds, Quebec

New Hamburg Takes Fourth Round: Hamilton Eliminates Varsity

CYPOOK'S VICTORY IN ST. THOMAS BOUT

Flower City Hope Awarded Decision Over Henning of Toronto.

DEITCH BBEATS "SMILER"

Special to The Advertiser.
St. Thomas, Feb. 29.—Cy Pook, the Flower City's hope for the Olympic trials, won an undisputed decision over Harry Henning, amateur middleweight champion, from Toronto, and also an aspirant for the Olympic team, at the tournament staged by the Elgin Regiment at the armories tonight.

The first round ended in a draw, Henning perhaps a trifle more aggressive, but neither tallying.
In the second Pook carried the fight to Henning, Cy missed a stroke and Henning drove him to the ropes, where he had his own way for a second, but it was for short duration Cy came back, and when the bell sounded the local boy's arms were beating a tattoo on Henning's ribs.
The third was really the deciding one. Henning continually failed to break clean and was warned by Referee Marsh, and then the battle started fast and furious. Pook drove Henning to the ropes and knocked him again and again into the corner. Henning scored a few blows in the break, but they were lost in the storm that Cy showered on him. When the bell sounded the judges had no difficulty in giving the decision.

Gardner Loses.
The home fans received a slight jolt when Frankie Deitch of Toronto on the decision from "Smiler" Gardner. Gardner was quite willing to mix it and stuck right to his man. They were both groggy after the first, but kept up the pace through the second and third.
Pete Laine, Ontario bantamweight wrestling champion, was given the decision after two 10-minute periods with N. Dillon of Stratford.
C. Watson made his initial fight with Jack McFarquhar of London. McFarquhar led the fight throughout and got the decision for aggressiveness.

"Bumps" Wright Wins.
Herby Cabot of the Elgin Regiment lost to "Bumps" Wright of the U. V. A.

Art Woodham of London won a decision over J. Redson of Toronto, and "Curly Murrell" of London lost to Frenchy Bellenger of Toronto. Curly fought a good fight, but like Gardner was simply a little outdistanced by his opponent.

George Smith of Toronto won a decision from Barber, also of Toronto, in a short but fast bout.

Lou Marsh handled the bouts, while Jack Judson, former champion of the U. S. Navy, and T. Cook of London acted as judges.

AURA LEE GIRLS WIN FROM PRESTON IMP

Special to The Advertiser.
Galt, Feb. 29.—The Aura Lee girls' team of Toronto defeated the Imps in an exhibition hockey match here tonight, 4 to 1. The local girls got all three goals in the first period, Dorothy Raffay getting two and Teddy O'Neill one. The visitors tied the count in the second, and scored the winning goal, a back-scoop shot by Janet Allan, in the final period.

The teams:
Aura Lee—Goal, Tena Davis; right defence, Conny Hennessy; left defence, Molly Trunnell; center, Janet Allan; right wing, K. White; left wing, C. Mauss; subs, Hazel Rutter, Bessie Tipping.
Galt—Goal, J. Postor; right defence, K. Pettigrew; left defence, M. Harvie; center, Dorothy Raffay; right wing, Mildred Legg; left wing, K. O'Neill; subs, Dorothy Webb, Rita Loyes, Irene Simmons, M. Pettigrew. Referee—G. Hogan.

SOO TO PLAY IN GALT.
Special to The Advertiser.
Galt, Feb. 29.—The local arena announced tonight that Soo Greyhounds will be here Tuesday for an exhibition game with the Terrers. The players will be strengthened by players from the Kitchener and Preston teams of the Big Four.

Says He Is a New Man

That's Why Nova Scotia Man Prescribes Dodd's Kidney Pills
Mr. J. J. Comeau who suffered from kidney trouble, found relief in Dodd's Kidney Pills.
Lower Sackville, N.S., Feb. 29.—(Special).
Mr. Comeau, a well known and respected resident here is a staunch friend of Dodd's Kidney Pills. He has tried them and found them good. This is what he says:
"I am over 60 years of age, and have suffered so much from kidney troubles. I took several boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and now I am exactly a new man. I shall always remain a friend of Dodd's Kidney Pills."

It is wonderful how some people will go on suffering day after day, with aches and pains, backaches and rheumatism. They suffer because they are not aware of the fact that they can get relief. Strengthen the kidneys, which are the source of the trouble, and these pains vanish.
Dodd's Kidney Pills stimulate and strengthen weak kidneys. They are used and recommended all over the world.—Adv.

SANTAL MIDY
Easy to Take—Quick to Relieve
CATARRH of the BLADDER
Each Capsule (MIDY) bears name of Dr. J. C. Santal.
Beware of counterfeits.
xt-M29

GUELPH GOES UNDER TO NEW HAMBURG SIX

Villagers Run Away From Royal City Intermediates, Winning 6 to 1.

MEET FALLS NEPT

First Game of Fifth Round Will Be Staged On Monday.

Special to The Advertiser.

Kitchener, Feb. 29.—New Hamburg Intermediates romped away from the Guelph team here tonight, winning 6 to 1, and taking the fourth round, 10 to 3. The New Hamburgers counted twice in the first period before Guelph replied and they added two more in each of the second and third periods.

It was only average intermediate hockey. Guelph did not show any signs of team play at all, their offensive being practically all of the one man variety and New Hamburg had little difficulty breaking this up. The latter were inclined to team, while New Hamburg stuck pretty well to their positions and played combination hockey.

Sixteenth Straight.

It was the New Hamburg's sixteenth straight victory this season, and they will now meet Niagara Falls in the second round of the first game in the Falls Monday.
The game was witnessed by 3,500 people, it being the largest crowd that has attended a match here this year. Guelph sent a special train with 600 aboard and a brass band, while New Hamburg and Baden fans came on another special, 400 strong. Both sides played a prominent part on the game, eleven being issued and the Guelphites getting seven of them. Three of the New Hamburg goals came when the Royal City team was playing with a man shy.

Roth Starts It.

Roth opened the scoring midway through the first when Bourgault was off, and a few minutes later Bowman counted on a wing shot. The lone Guelph tally came with but two seconds to go in the period from the stick of Craven. Heinbecker netted another early in the second, and a Roth to Bowman combination made the count 4 to 1 for New Hamburg with less than 10 minutes to go in the second period.

Midway through the third a Bowman to Lederman combination added another to the total of the Waterloo Colts, and the game was over by the way through Roth tallied on an individual effort.

The teams:
New Hamburg—Goal, Oliver; defence, Lederman and Trushinski; center, Roth; wings, Bowman and Heinbecker; subs, Hamel and C. Berger.
Guelph—Goal, Hollands; defence, Little and Bourgault; center, Rogey; wings, Corrigan and Craven; subs, Mitchell and Brill.
Referee—Harold Farlow.

CHURCH BASKETBALL BEGINS WEDNESDAY

All Teams in Loop Will Be Seen in Action First Night.

The Church Basketball League will launch out at the "Y" gym Wednesday night, with the whole roster of teams of the loop in action in a three-way program.
At a meeting last night, at which officers were elected, it was decided to limit the league to six teams, and those which had entered first.
All games will be played at the "Y" Wednesday nights, and the league promises to show some fast basketball.
The officers elected were: President, Frank Gray; vice-president, W. Jewett; secretary-treasurer, George Sinclair; physical director at the "Y," C. Askin Elks vs. All Saints Hurons.
8:15—Latter Day Saints vs. First Methodist.
9—St. Andrews vs. Cronyn Memorial.

VICTORY FOR SOUTH GIVES CENTRAL GROUP

St. Thomas C. I. Quintet Loses Close Wossa Engagement 21 to 18.

When the South C. I. "Wossa" quintet administered a 21 to 18 defeat to the St. Thomas team at the south end gym yesterday afternoon they handed the group title to Central, as a win for the visitors would have meant the championship for the Pioneer City squad.
It was a nip and tuck engagement all the way through, with the winning team having a slight edge in split and combination.
Lang was outstanding on the St. Thomas team, while every man on the local five worked commendably throughout.
The teams:
South—Chapman, Haddfield, Gordon, Vollick, J. Ferguson, R. Ferguson, McLean, Sinclair.
St. Thomas—Lang, Udell, Hynd, Small, Scott, Fenwick.
Referee—O. Seales, St. Thomas.

Girls' Cage Body Is Now Assured

Next Thursday night a new association governing all girls' basketball in Ontario will be launched in Toronto at the office of the Ontario branch, A. A. U. of C. Officers will be elected and arrangements for the first play-offs, which give every girls' team a chance at provincial honors, will probably be made at the same meeting.
The L. O. B. A. play-offs will be finished in a few weeks, and the deciding game in the Toronto Ladies' League will be played tonight between Y. W. H. A. and Athenaeums.
The L. A. A. girls' team will be assured of a place in the play-offs.

M. O. CLUB OWNERS IN CONCLAVE TODAY

League May Take Over Rapids Team If Forfeit Not Posted Sunday.

Special to The Advertiser.

Grand Rapids, Feb. 29.—William T. Morrissey, president of Grand Rapids baseball team of the M. O. League, must post his \$1,500 forfeit Sunday or permit the league to take over his team with a resultant personal loss of \$10,000.

Club owners will meet in Detroit Saturday to put up their forfeits and complete business details of the league.
Morrissey has insisted since the close of last season he is through with Minto league baseball, but has been unable to dispose of his team at a figure which would permit him to recover his investment. He says: "Discussing the matter today, Morrissey said: 'There may be someone willing to buy me out when I get to Detroit. I am not sure, in my own mind whether I can afford to give it up without making some effort to get some of my money out of it.'"

"I do not want to keep in baseball this year. I am president of the West Michigan Fair and that will keep me busy. My other interests are growing. If I post my forfeit I will take the club another year. If I do not, I am through and honestly I do not know what I want to do."

THIRD AND FOURTH YEAR TO PLAY FOR SOUTH TITLE

South C. I. students are awaiting with real interest the outcome of the first game of the play-off to decide the inter-form basketball title, which will be staged between 3B and 4A-4B in the school gym Thursday afternoon, as the outcome should give some indication as to the probable finalists.
The title will be decided by a two-game series, the second to be played a week from Tuesday, points to count on the round.

STRATFORD GETTING LINE ON NEXT ROUND RIVALS

Stratford, Feb. 29.—The Stratford Indians, Big Four winners, left the city for Toronto today, where they will view the Varsity-Hamilton fixture to night to get a line on their opponents for the senior O. H. A. final. The team is staying over tomorrow to watch Howie Morenz, their former teammate, in action with the Canadiens against St. Pat.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

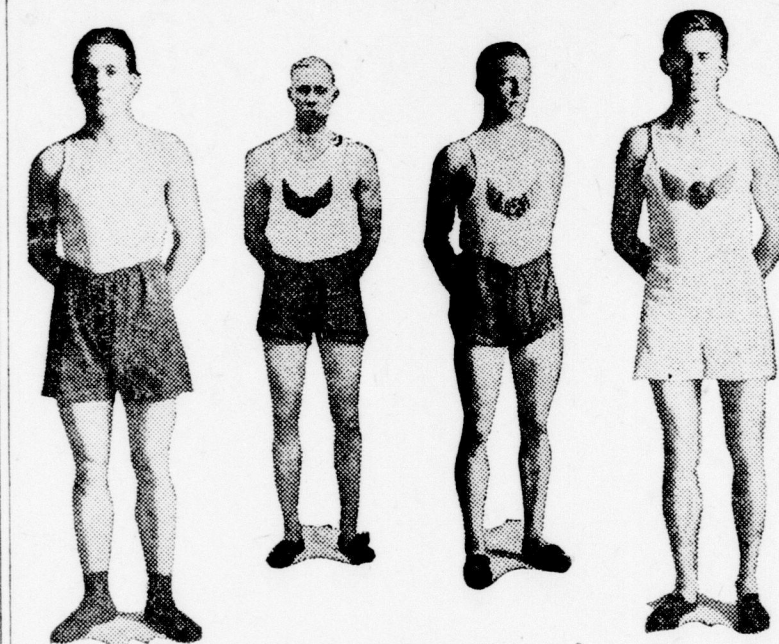
HAW—AND AFTER FRUSTRATING THE PLANS OF THE BRIGANDS, THE SULTAN PREPARED A SUMPTUOUS REFECTION THAT EVENING IN MY HONOR!—HAW, BY JOVE, TO SHOW HIS GRATITUDE, HE EVEN WANTED ME TO MAKE MY STAY WITH HIM IN THE ROYAL PALACE, BUT OF COURSE I DECLINED WITH THANKS AND LEFT FOR AFGHANISTAN!

GOSH HOOPLE, IF I SAID YOU, I'D A STAYED WITH HIM—! THEN SULTANS GET TH' BEST THERE IS IN WINES, AN' NO WORK EITHER!—

WHY DIDN'T YOU BRING HOME SOME OF TH' JEWELS?—EMERALDS IS MY FAVORITE!—

I'LL BET YOU CAN PICK UP RUGS PRETTY CHEAP OVER THERE, HUH?—I'D BE SOLID WITH MY HANDCUFF IF I GAVE HER ONE OF THEM TURK CARPETS!

SAV MAJOR, TAKE THAT HOLSTEIN OUT FOR A WALK!—YOU OUGHT TO HANG A GAG METER ON YOUR CHIN!



RUN SECOND IN HAMILTON.
Riddell, Wanless, Hunter and Flood of the local collegiate track team took second honors in the relay event staged in Hamilton last night.

On the Side Lines

With C. S. G.

Referee Hughie Hayes Thursday night did a bit of quick thinking that might not have reached a legal decision, but was good sporting instinct, and brought forth some good sportsmanship from boxers and managers alike when Greene butted Eber and the referee gave the champion a moment to recover.

The usual procedure should have been a howl from the champion's corner for disqualification of Greene for "butting" and a louder howl from the position where Greene could butt him with his head, and Hayes realized that it was unintentional on the part of Greene. At the same time, Eber was hurt badly by the foul blow to his nose and in such shape for the moment that he was a ready victim for Greene. It's something that doesn't crop up in a fight once in a thousand years, but Hayes' quick decision apparently struck fighters, managers and public as the right thing, for there wasn't a murmur even from the "money" fans.

NOT PAID YET.

While the proposed pro hockey league in Western Ontario seems a feasible idea in many respects, it might be just as well to pause and remember that some of the salaries due in the old Trolley League have not been paid yet.

The idea would work out better on a semi-pro basis. Lots of players would prefer to take their money in the open way.

GOING OUT? NO; COMING IN!

Far from leaving Europe, the Turk is now going into athletics.

TWO ALUMNI TEAMS LOSE AT COLLEGIATE

Alumni teams of the L. C. C. I. girls and boys were beaten last night by the students. The girls lost 19 to 11 and the boys lost 30 to 9. Though at half-time Alumni had the present-day outfit beaten 9 to 0.
The line-ups:
Girls.
L. C. C. I.—M. Hayden, D. Thorne, B. Dickinson, P. Bick, J. Rose.
Alumni—I. Duncan, M. Goodwin, M. Drew, F. Talbot, J. McIntosh, E. Hardy, M. Hart.
Boys.
L. C. C. I.—Barbour, Murray, Logan, Cummings, Foote, Obeye, Bice.
Alumni—Fitzmaurice, Morris, Hill, Ardell, Brown, Warren.

OWEN SOUND HOCKEY CLUB DROPS OUT OF NORTHERN

Special to The Advertiser.
Owen Sound, Feb. 29.—The Owen Sound Hockey Club has decided to drop out of the Northern League. Drawn with Warton Juniors the latter decided against playing, and the Greys won the round by default. O. H. A. arrangements make it impossible for the locals to play Monday and Wednesday of next week against Paisley as ordered by the league, and they have decided to pass up the league this winter.

BY AHERN



TIGERS WILL MEET STRATFORD TUESDAY

Brackenborough May Lose Out

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, Feb. 29.—Tigers' victory tonight was costly. Their star center man, Johnnie Brackenborough, one of the best players in the amateur ranks and with an injury which specialists say will cost him the sight of his left eye. Four minutes after the game started Lou Hudson, Varsity center, shot and dashed in to grab the rebound. Brackenborough, playing back to stop the rush, checked Hudson.
Hudson's stick hit the Tiger player in the left eye. Brackenborough collapsed, and was carried to the dressing-rooms, where four specialists worked over him. They said there was no hope of saving the sight. The injury was entirely accidental. Brackenborough is in the Toronto General hospital.

WOODSTOCK BLANKS SIMCOE SENIORS SIX

Red and White May Now Meet New Hamburg in Northern Series.

Special to The Advertiser.

Woodstock, Feb. 29.—Simcoe came to Woodstock tonight for the return senior N. H. L. tilt with 310 supporters and a two-goal lead, but returned by their specialist train after getting the whitewash brush rubbed into their skin, as the final count read 9 to 0 in favor of the locals.
The junior forward line was used at times to good effect.
A young free-for-all, the first in the local rink for several seasons, threatened in the last five minutes. Osborn, Simcoe wing, who showed a tendency towards rough play, slashed "Red" Richards across the legs; the Woodstock man turned and hit him. Many Simcoe fans rushed out, but scurried back to their places after Referee Stewart banished both players for the remainder of the tilt. Mitchell and White starred for the visitors, while Watts, despite injuries received in the first tilt of the series, also did well.

Woodstock will possibly clash with New Hamburg in the next round.
The line-ups:
Simcoe—Goal, Watts; defence, Whiteside and Peachey; center, Mitchell; wings, Osborn and Armstrong; subs, Ramey and Barry.
Woodstock—Goal, Lynch; defence, King and Garvey; center, Douglas; wings, Richards and Goyer; subs, Jamnack and Whitehead.
Referee—Stewart of Hamilton.

INTER-COUNTY CIRCUIT TO MEET ON MARCH 11

Special to The Advertiser.
Kitchener, Feb. 29.—The annual meeting of the Inter-County Baseball League will be held in the Kitchener and Waterloo Y. M. C. A. Tuesday, March 11, at 4 p.m. Notices to this effect were sent out to all clubs today by Secretary Jack Scott.

At this gathering it is hoped to draw up the senior schedule and receive intermediate and junior entries. The senior circuit entries were received last fall, and Galt, Guelph, Preston and Kitchener will again compose the circuit.
This year's term is Western's first entrance into Intercollegiate basketball, and with an entry in senior O. A. B. A. ranks, this looks like the Purple and White's big cage year.

OWEN SOUND HOCKEY CLUB DROPS OUT OF NORTHERN

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FERRY COMPANY DOCK PLANS BEFORE COUNCIL

Windsor Council Will Meet On Monday Evening To Name Committees.

Special to The Advertiser.
Windsor, Feb. 29.—A special meeting of the council was ordered today by Mayor Frank Mitchell to be held Monday morning, when committees are to be appointed and plans of the Detroit and Windsor Ferry Company submitted for approval. The same committees chosen and endorsed by Mayor Mitchell before the council were ousted three weeks ago are to be appointed again, according to members of the council.

A bylaw is being prepared so this action may be taken in an effort to make up for lost time by the council, when Windsor was without municipal government. The estimates still must be prepared, and a considerable budget of business is waiting the council when it sits again.
Mayor Mitchell said today the plans of the ferry company for construction of docks at Windsor probably will be indicated at Monday's meeting, so the contractor can commence construction. The docks will not be ready for use until about October 1, according to J. Fred Reid of Considine-Reid Company, who have charge of the work.

WALKERVILLE MOTORIST DEPRIVED OF LICENSE

Windsor, Feb. 29.—Found guilty of driving his automobile at a racing speed, Kenneth Irving, Walkerville, today was fined \$25 and \$5 costs, and was deprived of his driving license by Magistrate W. E. Gundy.

FAILURE TO AFFIX STAMP TO RECEIPT BRINGS FINE

Exeter, Feb. 29.—For failing to affix a stamp to a receipt as required by law, Gordon Hanlon and Harold Kennedy, canvassers of Stratford, were fined \$25 and costs here today.

Varsity Goes Down 4-3 in Last of Senior Play-Offs.

MAY MIX IT HERE

Indians Consider Staging Home Game in London Arena.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, Feb. 29.—Hamilton Tigers and Stratford Indians will next week fight it out for the senior championship of the O. H. A. The Tigers won the round with Toronto Varsity, beating the students here tonight, 4 to 3, and winning in Hamilton on Tuesday night by 5 to 1. As the result of the draw tonight and Tuesday, and the Indians have until Sunday night to decide on playing their home game in London.

Tigers, though badly handicapped by the loss of their pivot man, Brackenborough, outplayed the University of Toronto team.
Stanley and Nelson, relief men, did good work for the winners, the former going nearly the whole route at center and playing his best game of the season. He scored one and assisted in another. He checked well, and was tireless in his efforts to stop the local attacks.

But even with these two players doing better than expected, it could only be expected that with one man short and Brackenborough out, action the Collegians would win the game. This they failed to do, and the close score more than does them justice as the visitors were always the better team. They had the advantage defensively and offensively.

Over-anxiousness, which at times caused the locals to repeatedly over-slate the puck and at others resulted in long forward passes, prevented the Queen's Parkers from gaining the ascendancy every time the Tigers showed signs of exhaustion. Individually the locals did not lack aggressiveness, and every one gave his best, but they fell down badly in team play, and the weary Tigers, after recuperating by playing a six-man defensive game, would suddenly launch swift attacks, which took away all the honors from the locals.

The line-ups:
Tigers—Goal, Stewart; defence, Day and Redding; center, Brackenborough; left wing, Mitchell; right wing, Cooper; subs, Nelson and Stanley.
University of Toronto—Goal, Sullivan and Thompson; center, Hudson; left wing, Wright; right wing, Westman; subs, Grey and Somerville.
Referee—Donald Smith, Montreal.

RHODE ISLAND WANTS DEMPSEY AND WILLS

Man-Killer and Pride of the South May Clash After All.

Associated Press Despatch.

Cumberland, R. I., Feb. 29.—Rhode Island promoters are behind the proposal to stage a world's championship bout between Jack Dempsey and Harry Wills in Cumberland on July 4 or July 12. A license to hold the contest was voted yesterday by the Cumberland town council. The voters of foreign wars of Rhode Island and John J. Griffin of the Rocky Point Amusement Company, to whom the license was granted, assert that they have guaranteed sufficient financial backing.

Griffin said today that he did not represent Tex Rickard, the New York promoter, as reported last night.
OWEN SOUND GREYS BEAT TORONTO SIX IN EXHIBITION
Special to The Advertiser.
Owen Sound, Feb. 29.—A Toronto team, composed mainly of St. Marys players, was beaten 12 to 4 here tonight by the Greys in an exhibition. Baillie was the outstanding star for the visitors, with the whole Grey team playing nice hockey. Both scorers made sensational saves. There were no penalties.
The teams:
Toronto—Goal, Humphries; defence, M. Barker, Callaghan; center, Baillie; right, Hall; left, Heintzman; sub, Cook.
Owen Sound—Goal, Smith; defence, Cain, Graham; center, Welland; right, Elliott; left, Keeling; subs, Wright and Flarity.
Referee—J. H. Jones.

ST. MARYS COLLEGIATE TAKES WOSSA GROUP

Special to The Advertiser.
St. Marys, Feb. 29.—St. Marys C. I. boys' five won the "Wossa" group title here tonight, defeating St. Marys 23 to 21. St. Marys girls defeated Stratford girls 17 to 15. Miss Watson of East C. I. refereed the girls' game.

The boys' line-ups:
St. Marys—McIntosh, King, Ready, Brown, Bell, White.
Stratford—Snyder, Peterson, Murray, Cook, Fisher, Muller, Pettit, McFadden.
Referee—Ralph Smith, Stratford.

A Starched Collar Is a Symbol

For a distinctive appearance and a finished touch of dignity—wear a starched collar, laundered as it ought to be.

During March we have reduced the laundering charge of all collars ½ cent when accompanied by other articles to be laundered, whether in our starch work department or our family laundry plans.

We welcome two collars as well as fifty. Call 558. Our route salesmen are on your street every working day.

SOMEWAY AND SOMEHOW.

The Parisian Should Be Your Laundry

LAUNDERERS, DRY CLEANERS, DYERS AND RUG CLEANERS.

LANDIS WILL VISIT CITY IN SUMMER

Czar of Baseball Promises To Come Here During Season.

FIRST TRIP TO CANADA

A few days ago it was reported in these columns that President Heald of the London Tecumseh Baseball Association would have a startling announcement to make in the near future; something that would be of interest not only to the baseball fans of the city, but to the city as a whole.
Many fans thought the announcement from club headquarters regarding the stock selling campaign now in progress was what Mr. Heald referred to, but when the announcement startled a number of the fans, it was not what the prey had in mind. He really intended to keep his secret until later in the year, but has decided to report out the news to the fans, so here it is:
JUDGE LANDIS WILL VISIT LONDON NEXT SUMMER. While in Chicago at the big baseball conference last month, Mr. Heald had a long chat with the supreme baseball head, and the judge intimated that he would visit Canada this year. It did not take the local magnate long to extend the necessary invitation and the judge promptly accepted.

Judge Landis is now recognized as one of the outstanding men of the world. During the last two years his name has become a household word. As the supreme head of organized baseball, he occupies one of the most important positions on the American continent today.

The judge has one hobby and that is to see that the Dough Boys of the American army are given a suitable bonus for their services in the great war. He speaks on this question at every opportunity, and invariably points with shame on the part of the American government, to the sister nation, Canada, and what she has done in a way of gratuities to her ex-service men.

The judge evinced a very keen interest in the progress of baseball in Canada, and was deeply interested in Mr. Heald's description of the twenty-nine battle played between London and Hamilton in 1921, and which the Tec. won, 5 to 4. Since returning, Mr. Heald has sent the judge a photo of the two teams that took part in that memorable game, as well as a photo of the Tecumseh home park, where he was joyfully informed he could cavort round to his heart's content on his visit here.

Judge Landis has never been in Canada, and in selecting London for his first visit to our great country, he is conferring a great honor, not only on this city and Western Ontario, but on the Middle West. It is a fact that there are several of the big fellows who have not as yet had the pleasure of entertaining him.

The judge's visit to London will be a memorable day for this city and surrounding country, and it is certain that an enormous civic reception will be tendered the distinguished guest by the city, the details of which will be worked out later when the definite date of his visit is made known.

PAMPAS BULL FLEES FROM BLACK PANTHER

Firpo May Be All Bull, But Wills Has His Goat.

Associated Press Despatch.

Buenos Aires, Argentina, Feb. 29.—Luis Firpo tonight fought that henceforth he would ignore Harry Wills, the negro heavyweight fighter, as regards a fight with him. He declared that his own grand old battle would be with Jack Dempsey, although nothing definite in this direction had been arranged. Firpo added that William McCarty, his representative in New York, had called off the negotiations with the Raymond syndicate for a fight with Wills with his consent, as he could not meet the conditions the syndicate desired to impose.

ST. MARYS COLLEGIATE TAKES WOSSA GROUP

Special to The Advertiser.
St. Marys, Feb. 29.—St. Marys C. I. boys' five won the "Wossa" group title here tonight, defeating St. Marys 23 to 21. St. Marys girls defeated Stratford girls 17 to 15. Miss Watson of East C. I. refereed the girls' game.

The boys' line-ups:
St. Marys—McIntosh, King, Ready, Brown, Bell, White.
Stratford—Snyder, Peterson, Murray, Cook, Fisher, Muller, Pettit, McFadden.
Referee—Ralph Smith, Stratford.

PAPER PROMINENT ON TORONTO MART

Quiet Demand For Investment Stocks, and Bank Shares Feature.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, Feb. 29.—Business on the Toronto stock exchange today differed in no important respect from the earlier markets of the week. The paper stock remained fairly prominent, and prices were firm in each instance. Brazilian was considerably less active than it has been recently, and prices were easier in the afternoon trading. Abitibi was the most active of the listed stocks, for a net gain of 1/8 to 5/8, closing at the latter price. Spanish River common was second from the standpoint of activity, and the close at 109 represents a net gain of 3/4 point on a turnover of 500 shares. Brompton was inactive at 42 1/2, and the close at the former price represents a gain of 3/4.

Brazilian was comparatively inactive, with a turnover of 460 shares, and the closing price at 52 1/2, was at the low point of the day, and represents a net loss of 3/4.

There was a quiet demand for some of the investment stocks at firm prices. Bell Telephone moved up 1/2 point to 136. Brierley was steady at 47 1/2. Canadian General Electric preferred was in good demand, and it closed at 42 1/2, and the close at 53 1/2. C. P. R. gained 1 point to 130 1/2, and the City Dairy issues were steady at 149 1/2 for the common and 105 for the preferred.

There was a fair demand for bank shares and minor issues on the Toronto market.

The largest gain was in the case of Nova Scotia, which moved up 3 points to 265. Canadian National Bank common gained 1 point to 41, and 48, respectively. Toronto was 1/2 point higher at 70 1/2, and Commerce was 1/4 up at 134.

The irregular price movement among mine shares continued. Keady, which was ex-dividend 8 per cent, plus 4 per cent bonus, actually had a net gain when it closed 1/2 point down from Thursday's close at \$23.35. Hollinger ranged between \$11.45 and \$11.60, and closed at the low price, and the net decline of 1/2.

Tough Oakes was fairly active at 70 1/2, and the net gain of 1/2.

Total sales for the day numbered 4,116 listed and 76,747 unlisted shares.

Associated Press Despatch. New York, Feb. 29.—No new developments occurred in the sugar market today. Prices were quiet at \$22 for Cane, duty paid, with no sales reported.

After opening 3 points higher to 3 points lower, the market for sugar futures closed net unchanged to 5 points below the previous close under scattered liquidation, with May declining to \$11.45 and \$11.60, and closing at the low price, and the net decline of 1/2.

Offerings were well taken, however, and prices rallied later on covering and buying by Cuban and other houses, with last prices 2 points lower to 1 point net higher. March closed at \$11.45, May steady at \$11.60, and June at \$11.80.

Business in refined sugar continued high, and prices were unchanged, at \$8.50 to \$9.00 fine granulated.

Refined futures nominal.

Associated Press Despatch. New York, Feb. 29.—The market for coffee futures closed net unchanged to 10 points lower. Sales were estimated at about 27,000 bags. Closing quotations: March, \$13.30; May, \$13.31; Dec., \$13.30; Sept., \$13.37; Oct., \$13.31; Dec., \$13.12. Spot coffee dull, but firm.

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How Stocks Close At Noon

Reported For The Advertiser by Jones, Easton & McCallum, New York, March 1.—Noon.

Beet Sugar	41	41	41	41
Am. C. & O.	11 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2
Am. Hide	11 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2	11 1/2
Am. Locomo	74 1/2	75	74 1/2	74
Am. Smelting	68	69	68	69
Am. Sugar Refn.	57 1/2	57 1/2	57 1/2	57 1/2
Am. Sunamta	33 1/2	33 1/2	33 1/2	33 1/2
Am. T and T	129	129	129	128
Am. Woolen	73 1/2	73 1/2	73 1/2	73
Anacostia copper	33 1/2	33 1/2	33 1/2	33
Baldwin loco	123 1/2	123 1/2	123 1/2	123
Bethlehem Steel	57 1/2	57 1/2	57 1/2	56
Can. P. R.	14 1/2	14 1/2	14 1/2	14
Central Leather, p	38 1/2	38 1/2	37 1/2	37
Cerro de Pasco	46 1/2	46 1/2	46 1/2	46
Chandler Motor	80	80 1/2	59 1/2	60
Chicago North	50 1/2	50 1/2	50	50
C. R. I and P	23 1/2	23 1/2	23 1/2	23
Chicago & Alton	4 1/2	4 1/2	4 1/2	4
Chile Copper	27 1/2	27 1/2	27 1/2	27
Chino Copper	17 1/2	17 1/2	17 1/2	17
Consolidated Gas	63 1/2	63 1/2	63 1/2	63
Cosden Copper	35 1/2	35 1/2	35	35
Cuba Sugar, pfd	68 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2	68

THE VOTE STANDING PUBLISHED TODAY SHOWS ONLY THE VOTES COUNTED BY THE AUDITORS UP TO 4 O'CLOCK, THURSDAY. EXTRA VOTES ARE NOT SHOWN IN THIS LIST. MANY THOUSANDS OF VOTES YET TO BE COUNTED.

List of Candidates in the City of London.

Gavin Monahan, 105 Langarth street... 825,000	J. Willoughby, 943 Colborne street... 1,115,000
George E. Johns, 488 Pall Mall street... 1,100,000	Mrs. K. Ballantyne, 407 Dundas street... 1,450,000
W. Gerry, 37 Craig street... 51,000	Mrs. James Hendry, 31 Vauxhall st... 1,440,000
Miss E. White, 1315 Dundas street... 965,000	Mrs. Wallace Harte, 202 Egerton st... 1,110,000
W. A. Waugh, 2 Thornton avenue... 1,000,000	Mrs. Carrie Glintz, 89 Chesley avenue... 1,390,000
Chester Corbin, 5 York street... 37,000	Miss Dora English, 435 Woodman ave... 38,000
E. L. Eady, 969 Colborne street... 760,000	Charles Durden, 11 Wharncliffe road... 1,430,000
J. H. King, 771 Colborne street... 1,200,000	Julius Tovies, 18 Horton street... 17,000
Miss Maud King, 245 Nelson street... 31,000	Miss Muriel Land, 2 Oxford street... 1,335,000
G. H. Gornish, Grey street... 31,000	Silas Brown, 23 Elmwood avenue... 910,000
Miss Gladys Marsh, 769 Dundas st... 1,300,000	Joseph H. Midaugh, 215 William st... 48,000
M. McKenna, 585 Princess avenue... 22,000	Mark Marhick, 63 Maitland street... 515,000
James Ingles, Westminster Hospital... 31,000	Harry Humeston, 425 Emery street... 1,445,000
Mrs. Bert Darch, 131 Inkerman st... 1,400,000	Douglas Coleman, 1076 Frances street... 970,000
Mrs. C. H. Graham, 87 Anderson ave... 1,200,000	Mrs. B. J. Dunlevy, 454 Quebec st... 1,115,000
Miss Yvonne, Whiting, 35 Ridgeway... 1,090,000	Michael Quirk, 69 Orchard street... 740,000
Frank Gray, 612 Dundas street... 945,000	Mr. Chapple, 1094 Dundas street... 1,000,000
Louis Haddad, 6 Wilson avenue... 41,000	A. Hessel, 34 Tecumseh avenue... 1,105,000
Naurice George, 55 Bruce street... 37,000	John English, 38 Bruce street... 53,000
Mrs. F. G. Tulett, 666 Elias street... 1,295,000	Irene May Sinclair, 350 Ashland ave... 1,110,000
Miss Eleanor Squires, 430 Ridout st... 1,105,000	A. R. Vantassel, 11 Alexander street... 150,000
T. Sabin, McCormicks Home... 1,300,000	Mrs. G. T. McDonald, 240 Hyman st... 1,390,000
Charles Stevens, Queen's avenue... 1,215,000	Mrs. R. Janman, 11 Empress avenue... 1,400,000
J. C. Day, 328 Hamilton road... 190,000	Mrs. Frank Sinclair, 5 Surrey avenue... 1,275,000
Miss Rose Catalano, 73 Maple street... 875,000	D. J. Friend, Richmond street... 995,000
Miss Mary Reid, 25 Victor street... 1,390,000	Mrs. E. Boyce, 637 Elias street... 1,300,000
R. Brower, 84 Pipe Line road... 34,000	E. Arnold, 417 Talbot street... 1,410,000
Harold Hicks, 12 Pipe Line road... 315,000	Mrs. P. G. Newans, 129 Tecumseh ave... 1,290,000
J. H. Ralph, 415 Ridout street... 890,000	J. L. Skinner (McCormick Mfg. Co.)... 1,450,000
P. Murphy, 342 Adelaide street... 1,405,000	Mrs. Jack Coleman, 195 Wortley road... 1,305,000
Robert Gordon, 149 Wortley road... 1,290,000	Miss Jessie B. Russell, 53 Hydro street... 580,000
Mrs. F. G. Boath, Gray's, Ltd... 1,100,000	G. F. Gunn, London... 1,360,000
Miss Blanche Flood, 301 Egerton st... 980,000	A. B. Niles, 617 1-2 Dundas street... 1,053,000
Frank Love, 40 Craig street... 1,105,000	
Francis Sims, 452 Victoria street... 180,000	

List of Candidates in the Country Districts.

Miss Roberta McEachran, Northwood... 1,400,000	Jim Aulsebrook, 33 Marlborough St., Brantford... 1,000,000
Miss Ada M. Hall, R.R. No. 4, Warwick... 690,000	Fred Portsmouth, Petrolia... 1,410,000
Charles Bishop, Wallaceburg... 1,270,000	Adam Reichat, Richmond St., Hensall... 1,200,000
Chas. W. Harris, R.R. No. 6, Parkhill... 1,310,000	G. McGinnis, 77 Tawson St., Woodstock... 37,000
Gordon McNair, Denfield... 1,405,000	Mrs. E. O. Lewis, Huron St., Watford... 1,420,000
Mrs. Verna Pitt, Thorndale... 1,050,000	Percy Hepburn, King St., St. Marys... 1,200,000
Mrs. George Kay, Kincardine... 1,385,000	Charles Francis, R. R. 3, Shedden... 1,290,000
Miss M. Murphy, R.R. 2, Thamesville... 195,000	Orlo Dent, Bothwell... 1,430,000
Mrs. C. Kaiser, St. Agatha... 1,110,000	Patrick Maxwell, 12th Line, Petrolia... 20,000
Harley L. Stilwell, Tillsonburg... 1,110,000	Bruce Thompson, R. R. 2, Theford... 1,295,000
John MacPherson, Belmont... 1,385,000	Clifford McDonald, R. R. 2, Appin... 30,000
Jacob Swartz, Crediton... 26,000	Wilford Wilson, Port Burwell... 1,110,000
Harry Caldecott, Innerkip... 430,000	W. O. Thorman, Parkhill... 1,200,000
Miss Flora Giroux, Tilbury... 1,390,000	Lockie Bassett, R. R. 2, Turnerville... 1,310,000
Mrs. G. Bell, 104 Bruce street, Windsor... 1,405,000	Mrs. C. Irwin, 28 Ontario St., Stratford... 15,000
Mrs. R. D. Campbell, R.R. 2, Glanworth... 1,380,000	Maurice E. Brown, Sebringville... 20,000
T. Osborne, St. Thomas... 980,000	C. J. Mullin, Box 22, Ingersoll... 1,420,000
S. White, R. R. No. 3, Croton... 1,275,000	Claude Lewis, 209 Dennis St., Sarnia... 1,395,000
Russell Parker, R.R. No. 8, Watford... 1,360,000	Lyle Pardo, R. R. 1, Blenheim... 980,000
R. M. Barney, 163 Hunter St., Woodstock... 500,000	Frank Wark, Box 830, Simcoe... 43,000
Donald C. McNeil, Wyoming... 1,290,000	Miss Hazel Brandon, Wingham... 1,270,000
Eric A. Smith, R. R. No. 4, Forest... 980,000	Lloyd Barnes, Alvinston... 600,000
Newton Metcalfe, R.R. No. 1, Wheatley... 1,315,000	Gordon E. Miller, R. 3, Petrolia... 1,050,000
Allan McNaughton, Watford... 1,410,000	Marjorie Goode, Arkona... 1,345,000
Sadie Smith, R. R. 3, Ailsa Craig... 1,410,000	Mrs. Albert Esselene, Kingslake... 1,350,000
Ashton A. Calvert, 29 Nelson, Petrolia... 20,000	John Douglas, 320 Hay St., Woodstock... 10,000
Robert A. Auld, R. R. 3, Watford... 1,390,000	J. E. Smith, Box 296, Thamesville... 1,390,000
George H. Penfold, R.R. 1, Leamington... 1,430,000	Grey Fuller, R. R. 4, Aylmer... 1,435,000
Fred J. Regan, 149 Wellington street, St. Thomas... 1,425,000	E. Grace Hedge, South Woodlee... 1,210,000
Frank L. Rosetree, R. 1, Preston... 41,000	John F. McDougall, Wyoming... 1,280,000
Kenneth McCormick, Wyoming... 1,420,000	Mrs. C. E. Lightfoot, 35 Railway Ave., Stratford... 975,000
Kenneth Hagan, R. 1, Mooretown... 1,315,000	Russell Sample, Wheatley... 1,300,000
Evelyn Bruner, Coatsworth... 515,000	Vivian Burrey, R. R. 1, Wilton Grove... 1,360,000
George T. Watson, Thamesville... 1,210,000	Mildred Elliott, Centralia... 1,350,000
Mrs. Hiram Hill, Clinton... 1,335,000	Frank Ladell, R. R. 2, Ilderton... 790,000
Ira H. Sapling, Shakespeare... 1,400,000	Mrs. John Phillips, Box 10, Alvinston... 1,425,000
Maxwell J. McIntyre, Belton... 66,000	Mrs. Allan M. Smith, Delhi... 1,420,000
Harry D. Bodkin, R. 2, Croton... 1,395,000	Mrs. John Swartout, Avon... 1,415,000
Mrs. G. E. Wenzel, Crediton... 1,440,000	Mrs. John Kilpatrick, R.R. 1, Bright... 1,265,000
Mrs. E. Roesch, 64 Wilson Ave., Chatham... 15,000	Mrs. G. W. Mack, 14 Oxford St., Woodstock... 1,195,000
Grace G. Hammond, R. 2, Wallenstein... 1,275,000	Charles R. Watheer, Ailsa Craig... 1,395,000
John R. Scott, Clifford... 1,235,000	John Hodgins, Lucan... 245,000
Mrs. M. Beaupre, 185 Walker road, Walkerville... 1,280,000	Mrs. George Edwards, Komoka... 1,380,000
Miss Fannie Rich, Dover Center... 580,000	Miss E. McBrien, Ripley... 715,000
Miss M. Teller, St. Joseph... 1,270,000	Mrs. A. Eagan, R.R. No. 2, Springfield... 1,415,000
Hyram Smith, R. 2, Gads Hill... 1,435,000	W. H. Gurney, Box 49, Wallaceburg... 18,000
Robert Untail, 38 Woolwick, Guelph... 19,000	Mary J. Downey, Manor Park... 1,000,000
Miss A. Chynick, 144 Dundas street, Woodstock... 10,000	Miss Edna Cole, R.R. No. 3, Komoka... 1,295,000
Sadie L. Patterson, R. 3, Bothwell... 1,280,000	Mrs. T. Bateman, 155 Norfolk street, Stratford... 1,315,000
Charles Bannister, R. R. 1, Ailsa Craig... 1,310,000	Alma Schiel, R.R. No. 1, Britton... 1,320,000
Russell Preeter, Zurich... 1,420,000	Mrs. S. Potter, R.R. No. 8, Parkhill... 1,310,000
George H. Cruickshank, Corunna... 1,265,000	Harvey Darling, R. No. 4, St. Marys... 985,000
Frank Boughner, Simcoe... 1,200,000	A. A. Willisie, Mount Brydges... 1,415,000
J. C. Dietrich, Chesley... 985,000	Dr. E. A. Irwin, Ridgetown... 1,420,000
Miss Ida M. Richards, R. 8, Watford... 1,000,000	Alfred Lapham, Forest... 1,410,000
Mrs. W. Safford, Box 15, Courtland... 1,415,000	Geo. F. Huggins, Box 28, Komoka... 1,200,000
John H. Butler, R. R. 3, West Lorne... 1,395,000	Edward Ash, 192 Durand St., Sarnia... 10,000
David E. Anderson, R. R. 3, Petrolia... 1,300,000	Mrs. A. L. Bart, 170 Albert street, Stratford... 1,395,000
W. L. Pack, R. R. 1, Byron... 585,000	Arnold Mason, Grand Bend... 185,000
Lyla Warren, Courtwright... 1,410,000	Wesley Douglas, Alvinston... 15,000
J. A. McKellar, R. R. 3, Glenora... 700,000	C. P. Welter, Middlemarch... 1,195,000
Miss M. McCallum, Drayton... 985,000	Mrs. H. F. Melville, R.R. 3, St. Marys... 1,430,000
Herbert Foster, Box 92, Kerrwood... 1,350,000	Miss Phyllis Hastings, Elora... 1,290,000
Grace Whale, Sombra... 1,210,000	Thompson McLearn, Hespeler... 385,000
Hazel Hilborn, R. R. 2, Theford... 1,355,000	Miss Grace Martin, R.R. 1, Fergus... 35,000
Donald Campbell, R. 1, Strathroy... 1,360,000	Edward Pincombe, Mount Brydges... 1,390,000
Berton Bassett, Garfield Ave., Petrolia... 1,360,000	Leonard J. Goforth, Russeldale... 20,000
Mrs. Sarah J. McFarlane, Forest... 10,000	Mrs. John Lewis, R.R. 6, Hagersville... 1,385,000
Alberta Griffith, R. 3, Lambeth... 1,425,000	Miss Grace Sterling, R.R. 2, Bayfield... 1,375,000
Ernest McKay, R. R. No. 2, Watford... 1,385,000	J. W. Langford, Thorndale... 990,000
Mrs. C. R. Bunt, R. 3, Woodstock... 1,265,000	Bruce Preece, R.R. 2, Bridgen... 1,380,000
Mrs. Edward C. Clark, R. 3, Shedden... 1,110,000	Miss Gladys Stirling, Blenheim... 1,110,000
Ernest Pope, Delaware... 1,390,000	Roy Truax, Blenheim... 180,000
Herbert V. Shannon, Simcoe... 1,385,000	E. R. Westbrook, Komoka... 1,215,000
Alfred Malsen, 378 Nelson St., Stratford... 1,215,000	Mrs. E. P. Woodley, R.R. 4, Waterford... 1,410,000
Hiram Alexander, Muncy... 1,360,000	M. C. Jones, R.R. 5, Strathroy... 1,375,000
Eva Watson, Corunna... 1,220,000	Mrs. Dorland, 200 Huron street, Stratford... 1,430,000
Jack McKenzie, Clinton... 15,000	Robert McCallum, Lucknow... 390,000
Harry J. Moran, Oil City... 615,000	Mrs. Vera Joynt, Wingham... 54,000
Lloyd England, Crediton... 25,000	Albert Fryett, Hagersville... 1,315,000
Garnet F. Griffith, R. 1, Chatham... 915,000	Mrs. Joseph Harper, Tupperville... 1,390,000
L. Buchanan, 226 N. College Ave., Sarnia... 1,440,000	Albert McArthur, R.R. 2, London... 1,435,000
Miss A. Anderson, Exeter... 1,275,000	Mrs. Eva G. McLean, R. 1, Melbourne... 1,430,000
Miss Ruth Hoover, Rodney... 1,300,000	Mrs. A. Lang, 128 Samuel St., Sarnia... 1,395,000
Harold Oppershauser, Listowel... 1,295,000	Edward Steurnagel, R. 1, Dublin... 1,385,000
Mrs. W. A. Smith, Kitchener... 1,415,000	Haman Thornton, Bower street, Woodstock... 1,290,000
C. J. Jordan, R. R. 1, Mitchell... 1,420,000	Mrs. A. Benedict, Corunna... 1,315,000
E. A. Edwards, R. R. 2, Theford... 1,410,000	John Radloff, Paris Station... 1,395,000
Robt. S. Landers, 60 Jones St., Stratford... 670,000	Wilfrid J. Walters, R.R. 6, Embro... 980,000
Joe Wade, Ingersoll... 765,000	Miss Vera Wilcocks, R. 1, Wyoming... 1,185,000
Mrs. Earl McNally, Inwood... 1,400,000	David C. Donnelly, R.R. No. 2, Delhi... 1,205,000
S. C. Wallace, Strathroy... 1,290,000	
Allan McDougall, Melbourne... 700,000	
O. H. Hale, R. R. 2, Croton... 1,280,000	
R. E. Dawson, Thorndale... 10,000	

4-Special Cash Prizes-4

REPEATED UNTIL MONDAY, MARCH 17

\$100 IN CASH

will be given to the candidate that sends in the greatest number of yearly subscriptions (renewal and new), in District No. 1, by Monday, March 17.

\$200 In Cash

will be given to the candidate who sends in the greatest number of yearly subscriptions (renewal and new), in all the districts by Monday, March 17. This special prize will be known as the Grand Prize. The second highest in the district, winning the \$200 cash prize, will be entitled to the \$100 cash prize.

\$100 IN CASH

will be given to the candidate who sends in the greatest number of yearly subscriptions (new and renewal), in District No. 2, by Monday, March 17.

\$100 IN CASH

will be given to the candidate who sends in the greatest number of yearly subscriptions (new and renewal), in District No. 3, by Monday, March 17.

One 2-Year Subscription to The London Advertiser (New) by Mail (\$10.00) Counts 275,000 Votes if Sent in by Monday, March 17.

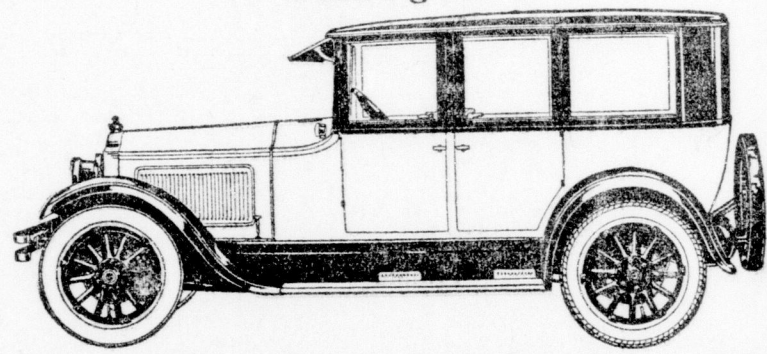
One 2-Year Subscription to The London Advertiser by Mail (Renewal) (\$10), Counts 268,000 Votes If Sent in by Monday, March 17.

250,000 Extra Votes

This is the second Extra Vote Offer, and will not be repeated. For every two yearly subscriptions to enter the Morning or Evening Advertiser, sent in by Monday, March 17, 250,000 Extra Votes will be allowed, in addition to the regular votes. Yearly Subscriptions may be made up of three months and six months' subscriptions. One subscription paid for two years, will count as two single subscriptions.

This Is the Grand Prize

that Candidates in the City of London are working for



This Elegant 1924 McLaughlin Double Service Sedan Or \$2,000 IN CASH

Three Cabinets of Silver costing \$300 each.

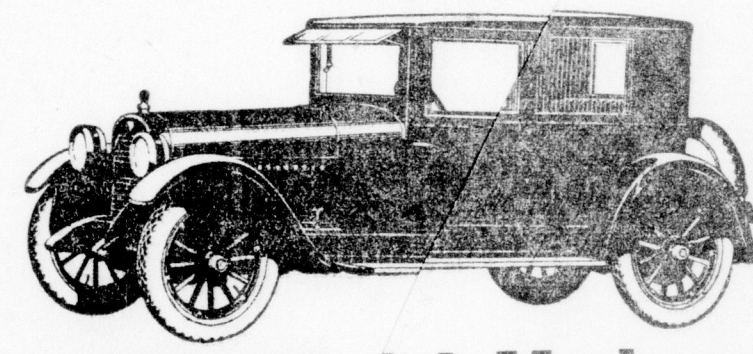
One for each of the three districts.



Address All Communications to The London Advertiser Contest Department. Phone 7352.

This Is the Grand Prize

that Candidates outside the city are working for



1924 Model Hudson Coach Or \$2,000 IN CASH

11 AUTOMOBILES 11

Three Automobiles awarded as first, second and third prizes in each of the three districts.

2 Districts Will Win 8 Automobiles

15% Cash Commission

Everybody wins in The London Advertiser \$20,000 Prize Contest. It is going to take votes to win the eleven automobiles. Secure the votes by securing subscriptions to The London Advertiser.

BUSINESS CARDS

CAKE, L.—Elevator repairs and inspection, parts supplied, 622 Princess Ave., London, Tel. 67221.

CAIPENTERING and electrical jobs undertaken promptly and cheaply. Winter months, 30 Pipe Line Rd. Phone 7555F.

CITY chimney sweep, yards and cellars cleaned, whitewashing. Phone 1834, W. G. Gentry.

EALING—Welding Works—Acetylene welding and brazing. No job too bad to mend, 551 Hamilton Rd. Tel. 7783.

FULL LINE of feather pillows. Mattresses renovated. Phone 121, J. W. Hunt & Sons, 503 Richmond St.

GET YOUR electrical work done now by Fred Mason, Tel. 2210.

HAVE your chairs, couches, etc., sent to 59 Wilmot Rd., to be upholstered. Phone Mr. Pugh, 3554.

MAKE your visit to London an enjoyable one—enjoy the good home cooking at the London House, Dundas and Talbot Sts. Clean, healthy rooms with hot and cold water. Ideally located for shopping.

MARINELLO Systems for faces, scalp, Chirophy. Removal of superfluous hair permanently. Miss Beattie, Talbot and Fuller, Tel. 3012.

PAY your out-of-town accounts by Dominion Express Money Orders.

PHOTOGRAPHS repaired, all makes. Mason & Risch, Limited, Phone 1283.

PIANOS tuned and repaired. Fred Montague, formerly with Heintzman & Co., 317 Pall Mall St. Phone 7725J.

SLATE Roofing—Our specialty is slate blackboards. J. Whitaker, 551 King St.

WATCHMAKER—Clocks, watches and jewelry repaired. D. Pollard, Phone 4611M, 555 Richmond St.

WARRIN BROS., Machinists, welders, formerly 314 Talbot, Hamilton Rd., near Rectory. Tel. 3072.

BAER, 218 Hamilton road. Hardwood flooring a specialty.

JOE BEER, building contractor; estimates given. 319 Wilmot Rd., Phone 4202W.

NOXELL, 200 St. Julien St., can build a 6-room bungalow, \$2,200; 6 rooms, \$2,400; red brick, Tel. 3461.

WEEKS, A.—Builder, contractor, jobbing a specialty. 553 Colborne St.

PLUMBING AND HEATING. CHAS. HOE, tinSmith, furnace repair work. Agent for Gilmour Furnace. 37 Euclid Ave. Phone 6594J.

CHAS. WILLIAMS, the plumber with the repair shop on wheels. Phone 3277J.

DON'T hesitate but send for H. R. Dixon, the Plumber, 300 Cheapside. Tel. 174W.

LET US attend to your plumbing and steamfitting. We give service, satisfaction, and can guarantee all our work. Allen & Pugh, 155 Chesley, Tel. 2293W and 7359M.

PLUMBING and Repairs—W. O. Ellwood, 69 Becher St. Phone 4343W.

THREAPLETON, G.—Furnaces repaired and overhauled, evening through work guaranteed. Tel. 2755J.

T. WELCH, plumber and steamfitter, 573 Central Ave. Tel. 7211W.

WRIGHT-TEALE CO., plumbers and steamfitters, 60 Dundas St. Tel. 7884.

PRINTING. THE Hollins Press for fine printing, stationery and service. Call or phone 7312W, 751 Dundas St.

TAILORING AND REPAIRING. ADVICE—Send it to Greenwood at our new store, ladies and gents wearing apparel dry cleaned and repaired. 245 Dundas St., next to Chapman's. Tel. 4071J. Work called for and delivered.

ARMOUR—Cleaning, pressing and repairing. Tel. 2379W, 669 Dundas St.

BERT RAY, ladies' tailor, 201 Wellington St. Phone 7088J. Style and satisfaction.

LADIES! Have your clothes made by an expert ladies' tailor and dressmaker. Wilmer, 229 Hamilton Rd., Tel. 6401W.

SUITS cleaned, pressed and repaired. Tailoring to measure. Customers' own material made up. R. Tatham, corner Lorne and Elizabeth St.

AUTOMOBILES

OUR SUCCESS tomorrow depends on our treatment of you today. We offer the following for your inspection:

JEWETT, 1923, sport model, seven months old, looks and runs like new. \$1,500.

DODGE Businessman's Coupe, 5 months old, three paint like new, run less than 7,000 miles. \$1,400.

McLAUGHLIN—BUICK 5-Pass. Touring, cord tires, newly painted and overhauled. \$875.

FORD Touring, like new. \$350.

CHEVROLET Touring, 1922 model. Two good MAXWELLS, \$350 and \$450.

Two OVERLAND Specials, \$450 and \$550.

DURANT 1923 Sport Roadster, McLAUGHLIN D-44 Roadster, 24-25 McLAUGHLIN—BUICK Demonstrator. Special inducements on above three cars.

TERMS—\$25 cash; balance arranged.

McLAUGHLIN Used Car Exchange. Richmond St., at Cor. of Bathurst.

WINDSHIELDS. We have special windshield plate glass and modern facilities for fixing your broken windshield. THE HOBBS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, LIMITED.

Motorists, Attention! On and after March 1, 1924, all repair work, gasoline, oils, accessories, etc., absolutely cash at all garages in Melbourn, Mount Brydges, Delaware and Lambeth.

AUTO RADIATOR SERVICE STATION. G. M. MURRAY. 55 KING STREET. Tel. 237J.

ARE YOU LOOKING FOR A We have cars of every description. Lowest prices and best quality. ONTARIO CAR & AUTO MOTOR SALES LIMITED.

S. H. Rowed, Manager. Phone 542-443. Tel. 7346J. "The Home of Satisfactory Service."

One Ford Coupe, one Oakland Six Coupe, one Studebaker Special Six Coupe, one Buick. Tel. 4343W.

TEKKY for Bargains. 144-146 Fullarton St. Phone 534.

FOR SALE. McClary's ENAMEL POTATO POTS. A REAL BARGAIN—GUARANTEED FIRST QUALITY.

Pot, complete with cover, regular values \$1.25 and \$1.75. On Sale, 95c and \$1.39. Wm. A. O'DELL.

353-355 Talbot St., opp. the Market.

J. A. BROWNLEE. 355-357 TALBOT ST. HARDWARE, ROOFING, SHEET METAL WORK. ESTIMATES GIVEN.

WE HAVE SEVERAL HOMES FOR SALE in different parts of the city. See us before buying.

R. H. Smith Lumber Co. 11 Erie Ave. Phone 2935W.

CHOICE GLADIOLI BULBS. Price list for spring now ready. Your name and address on a postal card will bring one.

J. GAMMAGE & SONS. 207 DUNDAS ST. ywt

THE BEST LUMBER AT THE LOWEST PRICES. GEO. H. BELTON LUMBER COMPANY. RECTORY STREET AND G. T. R. zt

MISCELLANEOUS. YOU WILL ENJOY DINING IN OUR CAFE. The food is excellent and the prices are moderate.

ROYAL CAFE. BUSINESS CARDS. We stock everything in Lumber—Posts, Scantlings, Sheetrocks, Floorings, Sash, Doors and Trim, Wood and Asphalt Shingles, Hardwood Floorings, Roofings, Wallboards, Lath.

L. H. MARTY & CO. 151 YORK ST. PHONE 515J.

STEWART & MORKIN. 134 FULLARTON STREET. ELECTRIC POWER CONTRACTORS. All classes electric power, repairs, installations, windings, etc. Prompt attention, quick service. When you have trouble with your motor telephone 515J.

MOTORCYCLES & BICYCLES. BICYCLES. Best assortment of wheels in the city. Colors to suit all. Lowest prices and easiest terms. Buy a Perfect and you buy right. Easy terms. 663 Dundas and 4th Clarence. ywt

INSURANCE. J. A. NELLES & SON. Fire, Life, Accident, Marine, Plate Glass, Rent and Automobile. zt

B. N. CAMPBELL. Insurance Counselor. Fire, Auto, Accident, Sickness and Plate Glass. Dominion Savings Bldg. Phone 1611. yf

WANTED TO PURCHASE. POULTRY AND EGGS WANTED. Highest price paid for Eggs and Poultry of good quality, according to grade.

C. A. MANN & CO. 78 King Street, London. ywt

REAL ESTATE

BERT WEIR. REALTOR. OVER OAK HALL. L. H. REILLY, Manager. Res. Phone 1802J. A. C. Dalrymple, 4362F. Wm. Taylor, 1908. Wm. Hookway, 3612W.

THE REAL ESTATE SEASON IS HERE. YOU HAVE HESITATED LONG ENOUGH.

\$4,800—\$700 down, 1½-story white brick, east, 3 bedrooms, 3 clothes closets, full living-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, 2-piece bath and new furnace. Hydro, gas and water. Large lot.

\$2,200—\$800 down, 2-story white brick, east, 4 bedrooms, 4 clothes closets, hall, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, 3-piece bath and furnace with hot water. Front and back veranda. Full basement in two parts. Frame garage.

\$2,200—Solid brick cottage, close to business district, 3 bedrooms, hall, double parlors, dining-room, kitchen, hydro, gas and water, 3-piece bath and furnace. Basement in 2 parts. Porch. Large lot with drive.

FRAME COTTAGE WITH EXTRA LOT. \$2,300—Frame cottage, east, 3 bedrooms, hall, living-room, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen. Lot 66 feet by 133 feet. Will exchange for modern house.

REDUCED \$200. \$4,600—New red brick cottage, west, 2 bedrooms, 2 clothes closets, parlor, dining-room and kitchen, 3-piece bath and furnace with hot water, full basement. Wired for stove, veranda. Built-in cupboards. Everything the very best.

\$2,200—\$1,000 down, frame cottage, southeast, 3 bedrooms, hall, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and summer kitchen, hydro, gas and water. Basement. Extra large lot with garage and low taxes.

GROCERY STORE, SOUTH. \$10,500—2-story cement brick store and dwelling, south, 2 bedrooms, 2 clothes closets, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, 3-piece bath and furnace, full basement, \$800 for fixtures. Stock about \$3,000. Will reduce stock if wanted.

P. Walsh's Bulletin. THORNTON AVE.—Two-story red pressed brick house, slate roof, large veranda, 3 bedrooms, 3 clothes closets, mantel in one bedroom, and one in dining-room, attic floored. Lot 33x148 feet. Price \$8,000.

QUEBEC ST.—1½-story brick house, 3 bedrooms, 3-piece bathroom and heater, all modern, full basement, \$1,700. Down balance at \$40 per month.

BAKER ST., South London.—1½-story red rug brick, 6 rooms, \$4,000. Down \$1,000. Balance at \$40 per month.

DORINDA ST., East London.—1½-story brick veneer house, 3 bedrooms, 2 parlors, dining-room and kitchen, full basement, fully modern, lot 33x146 feet, 11-foot lane to side. Price \$4,500.

P. WALSH. Phone 465J. 425 Richmond St.

The Western Real Estate Exchange Limited. "What have you to trade? We have many splendid properties on our lists. Write or call us at once. Dandy stock of goods located in East London, to exchange for small machine shop, either in London or some similar St. Two-story frame house in north end, splendid location, semi-modern. Price \$1,700. Owner will consider exchange for good 75 or 100 acres near London.

Gravel pit, Price \$1,000. Will exchange for 100 acre house. 75 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 695.

W. B. REID. Real Estate. 403 Richmond St. Cottage, 2 bedrooms, 3-piece bath, electric mantel, furnace, full basement, also garage. Goes at \$3,800; \$1,300 down, balance easy terms at 5 per cent. Come in and look over my strong listing, better farms and city property, as I always have good bargains to offer.

SAM. D. CAMPBELL, Realtor. Specializing in city homes, all other real estate sales, listings, rentals, loans, insurance, etc. My large list at YOUR disposal. Own a home if possible. London is GOOD.

"THE HUB." 422 Richmond St.

IMPORTANT AUCTION. CONTENTS OF RESTAURANT. TUESDAY, MARCH 4, AT 1:30 SHARP—101 KING STREET.

Large range, cost \$150; 25 chairs, 3 sideboards, 2 cupboards, 5 kitchen tables, 3 round tables, hall tree, electric fan and drops, table linen, cutlery, granite ware, tubs, a lot of good dishes and glassware, clock, refrigerator, stepladder. This is a good sale. So come.

JOS. BROWN, AUCTIONEER. 3 Horn Street.

AUCTION SALE. 2 P.M., MONDAY, MARCH 3, AT 612 COLBURN ST.

I have been instructed by Mr. Fred Morra to sell the contents of his home, consisting of 2 tapestry rugs (8x12 ft. and 10x12 ft.), walnut bedroom suite, morris chair, beds, writing desk, camp cot, 3 rocking chairs, Wilshire rug (8x12 ft.), large Royal Oak heater, small tables, dining-room table, chairs, sideboard, Happy Thought range, 2 kitchen tables, linoleum, leather footstool, 15 yards Brussels carpet, wringer, tubs, and numerous other articles. This is a sale of good, clean furniture. Thank you.

GEORGE R. GARDNER, Auctioneer. Phone 4833W for Service.

JULIUS SISKIND. Auctioneer, Valuator and Appraiser. Auction sales conducted in any part of city, also in our auction rooms in WAREHOUSE, 115 DUNDAS ST.

Call up for appointment or arrangement to sell for you. Real estate and merchandise sold by auction on small commission. Phone 4970 or 7255W.

AUCTION SALE. 25 new milkers, springers and heifers, wheat and implements. ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5.

At 1 p.m., at north half lot 25, con. 2, London Township, 1 mile south of Hyde Park, at C. N. station. Terms: 8 months credit. Fisher Bros., props.: A. Winter, auctioneer. 89u

ANTIQUES—PRIVATE SALE. Antique grandfather clock, a beauty, antique walnut chest of drawers or dresser, antique brass card and cardholders, old violin, pictures, oil and water, won by Judson; leaving city, must sell. Phone 4463F.

Auction Sale—Farm Stock and Implements. Hay and grain, household furniture, lot 23, con. 8, London, Thursday, March 6, at 1 p.m. Austin Winters, auctioneer. 10000 to 100000, properties.

The Northern Life Assurance Company of Canada

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made by The Northern Life Assurance Company of Canada to the Parliament of the Dominion of Canada at the next session thereof for an act.

(1) Declaring that the premiums paid on account of shares, under bylaw number 12 of the company, form a part of the company's assets without prejudice to the company's right to call the unpaid balances of shares on which premiums have been paid;

(2) Authorizing the company to authorize the amounts paid up on the issued shares of its capital stock by repaying to the holders of shares on which more than twenty-five dollars (\$25) per share has been paid the excess over twenty-five dollars (\$25) per share, on which less than twenty-five dollars (\$25) has been paid the amount required to make same paid up to the extent of twenty-five dollars (\$25) per share, thereby reducing the amount paid up on the company's capital to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$250,000), but without taking away the liability of shareholders for the unpaid balances due on their shares;

(3) Repealing the 15th section of the company's act of incorporation, being statutes of Canada, 1894, 57-58 Vict. Ch. 122.

DATED at Toronto this 27th day of February, 1924. LONG & DALY, 38 King St. West, Toronto, Solicitors for the Applicants.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE OF GEORGE ALBERT ROUTLEDGE, late of the Village of Lambeth, in the County of Middlesex, physician, deceased.

ALL PERSONS having claims against the above named deceased who died 3rd of January, 1924, are notified to deliver full particulars thereof, duly verified, to the undersigned, solicitors for the executor, on or before the first day of April, 1924, after which date the executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the estate, having regard to the claims only of which notice shall have been received.

DATED at London the 23rd day of February, 1924. JARVIS & VINING, 101 Dundas St. W., London, Solicitors for the Executors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS. All persons having claims against the Estate of LIZA JANE STEEDMAN, late of the Village of Thorndale, in the County of Middlesex, widow, deceased, are hereby notified to deliver full particulars of their claims, duly verified, to the undersigned, solicitors for the executor of the estate, on or before the 15th March, 1924, after which date the executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the estate, having regard to the claims only of which they shall then have had notice.

DATED at London this 16th day of February, A.D. 1924. JARVIS & VINING, 101 Dundas St. W., London, Solicitors for the Executors.

PROSPECT HILL. Special to The Advertiser. Prospect Hill, Feb. 25.—The February meeting of the Women's Institute was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wilson. In spite of the bad roads, about ninety were present. The main feature of the evening was a box social. Mrs. Weldon Westman entertained a number of friends on Friday evening. Jack Metters, who was hurt recently, underwent a slight operation for his eye, and is reported as doing nicely.

Mrs. Frank Wilson is spending a few days with Mrs. Reg. Wilson. Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Metters were in Stratford, visiting the former's father at the hospital.

Mrs. E. B. Kennedy and Mrs. H. Mitts of Detroit have been visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Peckham.

The Sunshine Circle Class of young ladies of St. Paul's Church will meet at the home of Miss Bianca Harp, Talbot street, on Thursday evening.

Mrs. Gerald Tigh, who has been spending the past three months with her parents here, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Emmett, returned to Detroit on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Campbell, St. George street, entertained on Monday evening.

Walter Knott of Flint, Mich., spent the week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Knott.

Rev. W. A. Ashmore of the Baptist Church, and Rev. H. T. Ferguson, pastor of St. Paul's Church, exchanged pulpits last Sunday evening, and gave addresses in the interests of temperance.

E. C. Monteith spent the week-end with his daughter, Mrs. George Brown, London, who has been critically ill for the past month.

Miss Gladys Johnson spent Sunday with friends in Burford.

Mr. W. Z. Hunt of Mt. Salem suffered a paralytic stroke last Friday night, and is in a serious condition. His son, Rev. M. Hunt of Thamesville, and Fred Hunt, manager of the Provincial Savings Bank, Aylmer, are at his bedside.

A meeting of the King's daughters was held at the home of Mrs. J. H. Glover, Wellington street, recently.

OSTRANDER. Special to The Advertiser. Ostrander, Feb. 23.—The miscellaneous shower held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. Langrell in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Langrell was splendidly attended in spite of the disagreeable weather. Mr. and Mrs. Langrell received many guests.

Mrs. Havelock Hockley is visiting at Port Huron.

Miss Vera Harvey spent Monday with Mr. Frank Allen.

The winter conference of the Norwich Young People's League, which was to have been held at St. Paul's Methodist Church, Tillsonburg, had to be postponed owing to blockaded roads.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wesinger celebrated their twentieth wedding anniversary on Feb. 16 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Pearson.

Church of Sunday will be held in the afternoon.

Choir practice was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wesinger on Friday evening.

Miss Bessie Gale of St. Thomas is visiting with her cousin, Mrs. Harry Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilford Forman and family of Springfield spent Friday with Mr. and Mrs. Foyntz.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tupper and family of North Bayham visited with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Allen on Sunday.

Miss Gladys Hall visited with Miss Eliza Slaght on Sunday evening.

Mrs. Frank Burn and Harry left on Monday for the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, where Harry is taking treatment.

Charles Shiden and sister are moving to Mount Elgin.

Mrs. Warren Smith is making rapid progress after her serious operation of a week ago.

Miss Beatrice Boettinger has secured a position as milliner at Whiteby, Ont.

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High Quality has distinguished "SALADA" TEA

for over three decades. Pure and Delicious Always. — Try it.



Don't let child stay
bilious, constipated

GIVE "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Dependable Laxative for Sick Baby or Child — Harmless!

Hurry, Mother! Even a fretful, constipated, feverish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup," and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Adv.

Marlborough-Blenheim
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.
The Leading Resort House of the World
is particularly attractive, with its two blocks of ocean frontage, facing south on the sunny Boardwalk, during
**ATLANTIC'S FAMOUS
SPRING SEASON,**
extending from FEBRUARY to MAY inclusive. It has 400 private baths, each with sea water, and its exquisite music, every night throughout the year, with special solo week-end features, is justly celebrated. White service in both American and a la carte dining rooms. Theatre, rolling chairs, golf, horseshoe riding and other amusements in full swing.
Ownership management. **JOSIAH WHITE & SONS CO.**

**Children
Cry for
Fletcher's
CASTORIA**

MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of
Constipation Wind Colic To Sweeten Stomach
Flatulency Diarrhea Regulate Bowels
Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates
To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Dr. H. Fletcher*.
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

**WRIST FREE
WATCH**
Small and dainty nickel-plated silver case, stem wind, guaranteed movement. GIVEN for selling only 75 packets of Gold Medal Government-tested, "Guaranteed-to-grow" Garden Seeds at 10¢ a packet. SEND NO MONEY—we trust you.

RADIO RECEIVING SET GIVEN
Genuine, up-to-date Crystal Set, FREE for selling only 75 packets of Gold Medal Government-tested, "Guaranteed-to-grow" Garden Seeds at 10¢ a packet. SEND NO MONEY—we trust you.

93 Pc. School Outfit Given
24 prizes—93 separate pieces ALL GIVEN for selling only 50 packets of Gold Medal Government-tested, "Guaranteed-to-grow" Garden Seeds at 10¢ a packet. SEND NO MONEY—we trust you.

DEBATE IS STAGED.
Special to The Advertiser.
Dutton, Feb. 28—Over 100 attended a joint meeting of the Methodist and Presbyterian Young People's Societies, held in the Methodist Church. The feature was a debate. "Resolved, that Success in life is due more to character than to circumstance." Eugene Saunders and Archie Kendall took the affirmative and Donald Black and Roy McNeil the negative. The judges, E. Cantelon, K. McEwen and Rev. H. Godfrey, awarded the decision to the affirmative.

GUMP, GOOGLE & CO., Experts in Laughter

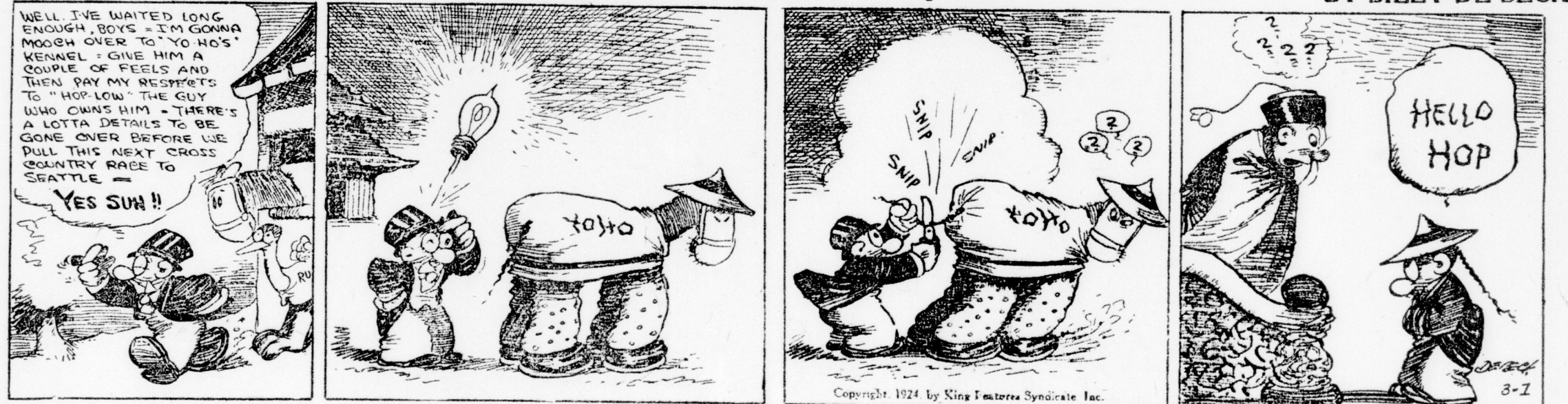
THE GUMPS—ONE DOLLAR DOWN, ETC.



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Nothing False About Barney's Hair-Raising Stunt.

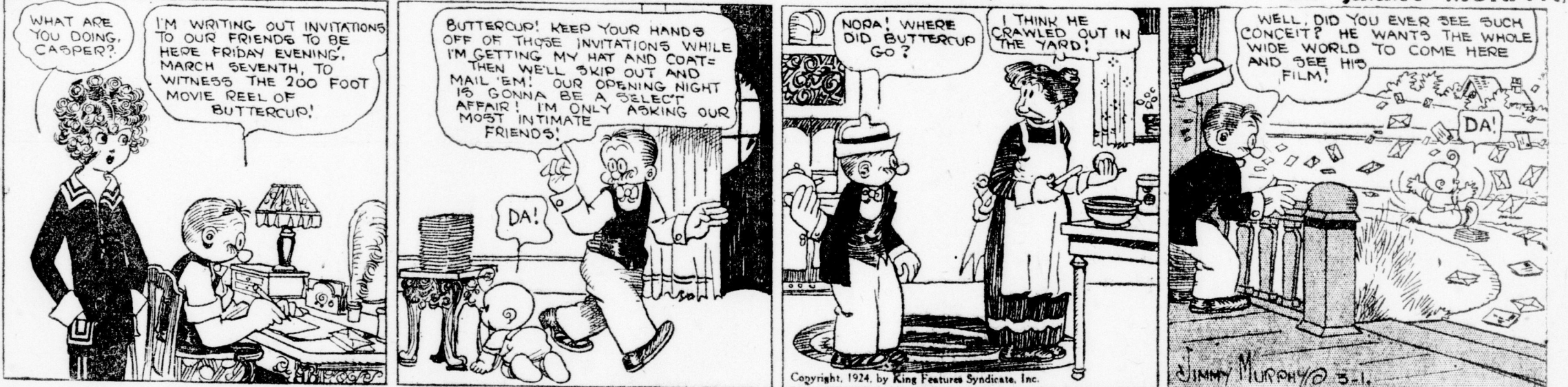
BY BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

Buttercup Evidently Wants "Standing Room Only."

BY JIMMY MURPHY



MUTT AND JEFF

Jeff's Mistake Was a Perfectly Natural One.

BY BUD FISHER



REG'AR FELLERS

A Suspicious Practice.

BY GENE BYRNES



Rowat's Coffee
Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.
70c Pound.
Try a Pound Today.
T. A. Rowat & Co.
250 Dundas St. W. Phone 3051-3052.



"IT'S your eyes, dear."
Advise your husband, if he complains of headaches and other ailments that it may be his eyes and that he should consult with our able optometrist.

Carlyle TREBILCOCK OPTICIAN
233 DUNDAS STREET.
TELEPHONE 2351.

COAL
ANTHRACITE, SCREENED, EGG, STOVE, NUT AND PEA.
WOOD
We have reduced the price of wood and giving the same size load.

GILLIES
PHONE 1312.
COR. ADELAIDE AND BATHURST.

WEGNER'S
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Overalls, Sweaters, Coats, Gloves, Mittens and Raincoats.
LONDON'S LARGEST HIGH CLASS WORKINGMEN'S OUTFITTERS.
Exclusive Manufacturers' Agent for the Best Canadian Makers of Overalls.
WEGNER, The Heart of London.
371 Talbot St. Phone 1549.
OPEN EVENINGS.

THE BIG BATTLE OF THE CHURCHES
Is raging. Have you read the latest news from the front? Get your reading supplies from
THE RED STAR NEWS CO.
10 MARKET LANE.

DICKS FLOWER SHOP
Our fitters are experts, \$1.50 to \$10.00. We have Trusses to fit all needs.
ANDERSON & NELLES, 288 Dundas St. W.

Shanghai Cafe
260 DUNDAS STREET.
Businessman's Lunch, 40c.
Sunday, Chinese Dinner, 50c.
THE BEST PLACE TO EAT AFTER ALL.

MOTORS
OVERHAULED—REPAIRED.
ELECTRIC MOTOR REPAIR CO.
349 Talbot, Phone 7174.

WOOD, per cord \$17.00
WOOD, half cord \$8.75
WOOD, quarter cord \$4.50

Jenkins Fuel Co.
PHONE 1391

GEO. E. LOGAN FUNERAL HOME
271-273 DUNDAS STREET.
PHONE 1968.

J. FERGUSON'S SONS
R. R. Ferguson, Manager.
174-180 KING STREET.
Funeral Directors and Embalmers.
Handsome Motor Hearse.
Day or Night Service with Promptness, Neatness and Quietness.
Phones: Office 543, Residence 2056W.

N. J. GRIFFITH FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER
104 Dundas Street, London.
Residence on premises. Phone 459.

Modern Standards
The use of our Funeral Home costs you no more than a service conducted from your own residence—and is much more satisfactory.

A. L. OATMAN
Director of Funeral Service.
556, The Funeral Home.
Cor. King and Colborne Sts.

CAREFUL MANAGEMENT NETS \$24,000 SURPLUS

"Tech" Principal Springs Pleasant Surprise At Vocational Advisory Session.

BELL SAVES \$10,000
Year's Estimates Total \$93,347, Decrease of \$6,653 From 1923.

As a result of efforts made by Principal H. B. Beal, Technical School, and City Treasurer James Bell, the accounts of the vocational advisory committee at the end of 1923 show a net surplus of \$24,000 to be used in reducing the estimates for 1924, which total \$93,347, a decrease of \$6,653 from 1923.

This was the pleasant surprise springing from Mr. Beal at last night's meeting of the committee when the estimates for 1924 were considered. Of the surplus, \$14,000 was saved by the careful management of Principal Beal in the running expenses of the school while \$10,000 was saved by Mr. Bell by careful financing in the sale of debentures, etc.

This year the city will be asked for a net sum of \$93,347 for the Technical School as against \$100,000 last year. Of this \$59,900 is for maintenance and \$33,446 for capital account. Last year these two were \$72,560 and \$27,439 respectively.

Although the city will contribute \$59,900 for maintenance, the total charges under this head are \$129,758, of which a maintenance surplus of \$26,508, tuition fees of \$2,000, county fees of \$7,393, and government grant on salaries cover more than half, or \$60,857. Last year the maintenance surplus was \$9,015.

In mentioning the large surplus this year, Principal Beal remarked that there had never been a deficit in the accounts of the Technical School. In the capital account a deficit of \$2,400 is noted, making the net surplus, as noted, \$24,000.

Prior to the discussion on the estimates, the routine business of the committee was taken up and dealt with. Prominent among this was the recommendation of a special committee on physical culture and training, that the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium be engaged one-half day per week, at a cost of \$16.50 per half day, and suggested that \$1,716 be inserted in the estimates for this purpose. The solution of the difficulty occasioned by lack of gymnasium at the school met with the hearty appreciation of the committee.

A short discussion centered on the question of paying Wait & Blackwell and H. P. Elliott the balance of the architect's and engineer's fees on the proposed gymnasium addition, which was never completed. On the advice of the solicitor, it was ordered paid.

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REV. WILFRED F. GAETZ.

who has accepted a unanimous invitation to remain a fourth year pastor of First Methodist Church, St. Thomas. Rev. Mr. Gaetz has an enviable reputation in the Methodist ministry as an outstanding preacher and speaker, and is very popular. He is a prominent Kiwanian.

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GRAND PATRONS TREATED TO FINE VAUDEVILLE ACTS

Special Program Proves Popular—"Gossip" Is Delightful Film.

GOVERNMENT SCENIC

"Little Nellie Kelly," which stayed here only one night, interrupted the usual policy of the Grand Theatre, leaving a Friday and Saturday vacancy which has been filled admirably with moving pictures and a live-act bill of vaudeville, specially secured from Detroit. The program was popular with large audiences at both afternoon and evening performances yesterday, and will be repeated at evening and matinee today.

The vaudeville is of a sort which makes it regrettable that it will only be here for one more day. Van Gordon opens the bill with his acrobatic act, Stevens and King demonstrate cleverly what can be done with "A Twenty Century Honeymoon," and their act is followed by "Colleta and Zolors." Songs and dances of this act are quite up to the minute.

"Allan and Mann" introduce the cleverest comedy of the program with their bawdy act and eccentric dancing. Eddie Morrice and Beech Daisy are the headliners. Following the feats of unusual strength by the two Morales, the lady accomplishes the most sensational feat.

There are three features on the picture program. The main feature is Gladys Walton in a delightful serio-comic picture, "Gossip." Given an asset in the first place in the person of the attractive star, "Gossip," has also the merits of a plot, sufficient dramatic to hold interest, and yet not so severe that it does not provide interludes of comedy.

"Gossip" is based upon a story by Edith Barnard Delano, and this speaks for itself, as do the cast, Ramsey Wallace, Carol Holloway, Freeman Wood.

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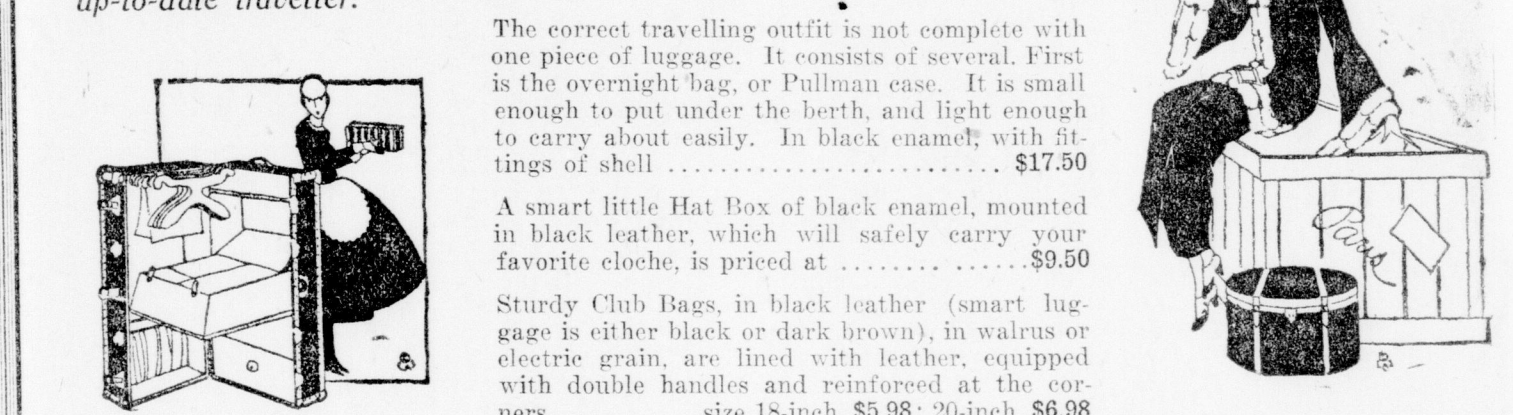
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For Travellers and Home-Keepers

The first of March is a prophecy and a promise that spring is just around the corner. Does the first hint of spring invite you to go travelling? A word to the wise traveller is a sufficient reminder that there are other things to take besides the train! And foremost among the traveller's aids is this luggage which combines smartness and utility. If, on the contrary, you are a homekeeper, the originality and beauty of these occasional chairs will appeal to you. Home-keepers and travellers meet on common ground in their enthusiasm for a game which is centuries old, and a fashionable whim of the last few months.

Luggage for the Smart Traveller

Club bags and suit cases, trunks and hat boxes! The very sight of them is enough to stimulate the wanderlust which is latent in all of us. They remind us that there are business trips, pleasure jaunts, and week-end visits to be made. And they offer a variety of conveniences for the up-to-date traveller.



The correct travelling outfit is not complete with one piece of luggage. It consists of several. First is the overnight bag, or Pullman case. It is small enough to put under the berth, and light enough to carry about easily. In black enamel, with fittings of shell \$17.50
A smart little Hat Box of black enamel, mounted in black leather, which will safely carry your favorite cloche, is priced at \$9.50
Sturdy Club Bags, in black leather (smart luggage is either black or dark brown), in walrus or electric grain, are lined with leather, equipped with double handles and reinforced at the corners. size 18-inch, \$5.98; 20-inch, \$6.98

Well-made Club Bags of cowhide, with full leather linings, covered frames, leather corners and double handles. \$17.50, \$23.50, \$25.00 and \$27.50
Fibre Suitcases, on strong frames of steel, with steel corners, fancy linings and leather handles \$1.75 and \$2.50