

THE WEATHER:
SHOWERS, SOUTHWEST WINDS.
SUNDAY—THUNDERSTORMS.

London Evening Advertiser

GOOD NEWS
IN THE WANT ADS TODAY
ON PAGES 16-17.

61ST YEAR. NO. 24001

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1924. —FORTY PAGES.

THREE CENTS.

BLAZE IN NIGHT CAUSES DAMAGE OF \$100,000

Eight Persons Killed, Scores Injured In Illinois Tornado

INSANITY IS ON INCREASE ANNOUNCES JAIL DOCTOR

Dr. James D. Wilson Has Examined Scores in Few Months.

LIVING TOO FAST

Some Drastic Action Will Have To Be Taken To Alleviate Conditions.

Declaring that insanity was most alarmingly on the increase, Dr. James D. Wilson, jail physician, stated this morning that outside of jail prisoners committed to the Ontario reformatory, he had examined over 60 insane persons from city and county jails in the last few months and ordered them confined to hospital.

"I have had eight from the jail this morning," Dr. Wilson said, "and recently," stated Dr. Wilson, "only this morning I put through an order for a young man from the county who threatened to kill his sister. He was down in Woodstock, then confined to hospital."

"What's the reason?" he asked. "This thing is growing at an alarming rate, and I hate to think of what the country will be 50 years from now at the present rate. Some drastic action will have to be taken to keep mentally unfit people from marrying."

"People come to me all the time about such cases, and I am getting more and more of them each month. Recently there have been more from the county than the city, but as a rule we get more from the city."

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WHERE FIRE CAUSED \$100,000 LOSS.
Fire at an early hour this morning caused damage that is estimated at \$100,000 to the plant of the Battle Creek Corn Flakes Company on Dundas street east. Here an Advertiser photographer shows the rear and east side of the fifth and sixth floors of the corn products annex of the building as they appeared today. The interior of the upper portion of the building was badly burned and the roof fell in while the firemen worked.

CORN FLAKES PLANT SUFFERS GREAT LOSS BY SPECTACULAR FIRE

Loss in Blaze Is Placed by the Officials at \$100,000.

CONFINED TO ANNEX

Whole City's Fire Department Called Out To Fight Flames.

Charred by a \$100,000 conflagration that broke out shortly after 2 o'clock this morning, the six-story brick annex of the Battle Creek Corn Flakes Company plant on East Dundas street, was still smoldering early today. Two companies of city firemen, under Chief Aitken, were working on the debris of the structure up till noon today.

It was a spectacular, costly blaze that took the entire force of city firefighters two hours to put under control, and then kept companies of the men busy for hours afterwards.

Flames and clouds of pungent smoke poured from every opening in the building during the early hours of the morning, and it was only with the great difficulty that the fire department was able to locate the seat of the blaze with streams from a dozen lines of hose.

Chief Aitken and 50 of his men, practically the entire night and day shifts, were called out. There was only a few men, on vacation chiefly, who could not be located. Defective wiring is thought to be the cause of the fire.

While insurance underwriters were not expected here until Monday morning to take an inventory of the damage, it was today estimated that the loss would be around \$100,000. The entire plant was fully insured.

No lay-off will be caused. While some 400 employees are on the payroll, most of these are connected with the corn flakes department of the main building, and they will be at work as usual on Monday morning, and the men in the gutted corn products building will be kept on.

Night Superintendent Macdonald, 136 Langarth street, was struck by the heavy fall of smoke which filled the interior of the third story of the annex. Others of the night staff were affected, but none of them were affected as badly as Mr. Plewes. He, however, is resting at his home and no serious consequences are expected from the experience.

At 2:30 o'clock this morning there appeared to be not the slightest trace of fire. The policeman on the beat had just passed, and saw no indication. Scarce five minutes had elapsed when flames suddenly shot through the building at the rear of the main plant and lighted the sky in spectacular fashion.

Annex in Flames.
While the night staff were engaged in their work about this time, the lights suddenly went out, and going to investigate in the annex, they found flames suddenly shot through the building at the rear of the main plant and lighted the sky in spectacular fashion.

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House To Soon Sit In Morning

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, June 28.—Morning sittings of the House of Commons, predicted for next week, will not begin on Monday. When the week closed, no formal motion had been put by the government, and the Speaker duly adjourned the House on Friday night until 3 p.m. Monday. Morning sittings, it is expected, will begin very soon.

TORNADO LEAVES TRAIL OF DEATH

Eight Are Killed, Scores Injured In Illinois Storm.

Associated Press Despatch.
Peoria, Ill., June 28.—Eight persons were killed and scores injured in a tornado which broke over Peoria and surrounding territory early this morning, according to available reports. The bodies of a woman and her baby were found in a field far from their home at Cloverdale, and at Morton two are reported killed and many injured.

Lightning Stops Family's Clock

Bolt Pauses at Curtain, Set On Fire.

A bolt of lightning struck the telephone wire leading into a house on Grey street yesterday afternoon and blew the fuse off the wall. It flashed across the room and hit the clock. The clock stopped. Next it banged against the window frame and smashed a piece of it. When last seen it had set the top of the curtain on fire. As this happened in the home of a fireman he did not call the department. One of the hooks that supports the curtain pole disappeared, and it is believed that it was melted by the heat of the blaze.

PRAIRIE CROP PROSPECTS ARE REPORTED FAVORABLE

Winnipeg, June 27.—With the exception of scattered districts in Northern and Southeastern Alberta, where rain is badly needed, the crop prospects of the prairie provinces are favorable according to reports received today.

CONGRATULATIONS

The London Free Press today is celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary with the publication of a large special edition. The Advertiser extends to the Free Press hearty congratulations, both on achieving seventy-five years of service as a newspaper and on the creditable and interesting edition which it has published today.

DEMOCRATS HESITATE TO INCLUDE KLAN PLANK

Convention Recedes Until Three This Afternoon To Give Committee Chance.

SIXTEEN IN FIELD

Final Selection of Candidate Will Be Made Before Day Ends.

Associated Press Despatch.
Madison Square Garden, New York, June 28.—Responding to appeals of the party leaders to give more time for the platform committee to work on the Ku Klux Klan plank, the Democratic national convention, after a brief morning session, recessed until 3 o'clock this afternoon. Eastern daylight saving time.

MAKING CHOICE TODAY.
Associated Press Despatch.
New York, June 28.—In an atmosphere darkened by uncertainty and electric with dissension, the Democratic national convention came today to its major task—adoption of a platform and selection of a presidential ticket.

As the delegates assembled, however, the day's procedure was in considerable doubt, with the platform committee still unable to agree on a Ku Klux Klan plank in recent action. At 1:30 p.m. H. S. Cummings, of Connecticut, chairman of the committee, was ready to ask the convention which had been called for 3:30 a.m. to take up the platform to recess until 3 p.m., when he hoped the report would be in shape for presentation.

The committee had struggled until 5:25 a.m. with the Klan issue before yielding to the necessity of rest, and even then had been unwilling to give up the effort to find some compromise that would redress the indignity of a highly explosive fight on the convention floor.

Fear of Klan Fight.
The threat of a Klan fight in the convention also kept other leaders up most of the night in a number of small conferences seeking the way out of the difficulty, which had almost completely overshadowed the controversy over the League of Nations plank.

Whether the League of Nations declaration would be carried to the floor depended on the decision of Newton D. Baker, secretary of war in Woodrow Wilson's cabinet. The committee had adopted 34 to 16 a composite plank calling for a national referendum on United States membership in the league. Mr. Baker, however, had stood firmly, though practically alone, for an unequivocal declaration pledging the party, if given control of the government, to take immediate steps to bring the United States into the league, and had prepared a minority report for presentation to the convention, but had not, at an early hour made known definite intentions.

At the time came, take such a course. Sixteen Nominated.
The last of the preliminary formalities of the convention were cleared away yesterday when the roll call of states for nominations was completed, and as a result sixteen names were formally before the delegates today as candidates for the presidential nomination. It was known also that several others would receive votes during the early balloting at least.

The week of steadily accelerated maneuvering apparently had brought matters to a point where a change in the deadlocked situation involving the vast fields of candidates, William G. McAdoo of California, and Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York, retained the lead in the number of pledged votes for the opening ballot and managers of each maintained claims of accessions. Sponsors of dark horse candidates meanwhile continued to express pleasure over the situation and confidence in the outcome.

PROVISIONAL COMMITTEE IS BEING ENLARGED
Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, June 28.—The provisional committee representing Women's Liberal organizations throughout Canada is being enlarged from the original number of 64. Sixty names will be added from the four western provinces, and representatives from the other five provinces will be on the basis of three women from each federal constituency, as well as two from the Women's Liberal Club or organization in each province. In all provinces the wife, daughter or sister of any Liberal candidate in the elections of 1911 or since will be eligible for the provisional committee.

GERMANY ADMITTED.
Associated Press Despatch.
Paris, June 28.—Germany has been admitted to membership in the International Chamber of Commerce.



MARSHAL FOCH, famous war general who welcomed visiting Canadian journalists at a banquet extended to them in Paris by the Inter-Allied Club.

YOUTH REMANDED ON FRAUD CHARGE

E. W. Francis Pleads Guilty to Three Cases in Police Court.

E. W. Francis pleaded guilty to three charges of obtaining money by false pretences, before Magistrate Graydon this morning, and was remanded a week for sentence.

There are several other charges pending, but it is not likely they will be pressed. Crown Attorney Judd stated after court was over. Francis did not want to plead guilty at first, stating he felt he had probably made a mistake. Finally he pleaded guilty to obtaining \$85 from R. H. & J. Dowling by giving a check that was no good, and also pleaded guilty to passing a check on W. S. Lashbrook for \$45, and the Imperial Blend Tea Company for \$81.

The prisoner explained to the court that he expected to have the money in the bank when the checks came due but failed to have it there.

"You might be charged with forgery," declared Mr. Graydon after the crown attorney stated that checks had been signed on Windsor bank, using the name Francis, but with different initials.

The Lashbrook check had been drawn on a Windsor bank, the crown stated. Four other checks had been signed by a George E. Henderson.

"It was a forgery," declared the court; "in fact, two forgeries."

Francis said he couldn't explain about Henderson, as the checks hadn't come to him direct.

"You ought to know him; you had four checks signed by him," interposed the crown attorney.

Francis asked to be remanded a week in order that restitution might be made. The court agreed, but stated this would not mean he would be allowed on suspended sentence by any manner of means.

2,500 ARRIVALS EXPECTED INCANADA OVER WEEK-END

Special to The Advertiser.
Montreal, Que., June 27.—There will be approximately 2,500 arrivals in Canada, over the week-end, through the ports of Quebec, Montreal and Halifax, according to a statement given out today by James Morrison, general passenger agent in charge of steamship traffic, Canadian National Railways. The majority of these are immigrants, including five special parties being brought to Canada by the Salvation Army, Annie McPherson's Home, Liverpool, and the Liverpool Sheltering Home.

How the War Started

June 28 . . . Ten years ago. An Austrian archduke raced through the streets of a little Balkan city. At a turn of the road his car slowed. A shot . . . That was the start of the World War.

HOW WE STRUCK THE SPARK.
By Jevtic, one of the leaders of the terrorist band that killed Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo. The full story—from the inside—told by Jevtic for the first time.

Today in The Advertiser on Page 4.

Brother and Sister Found Living In Little Dirty House With Custard Only Food

Sanitary Inspector Discovers Pathetic Case, Both Mentally Unsound.

FLOCK OF GOATS

Animals Believed To Have Lived In House During Winter.

The sanitary inspector in the course of his wanderings in the city came across a strange and pathetic case the other day, where a brother and sister lived in a small house on custard, made from the milk of goats, which they kept at the back, in a two-acre pasture.

The brother, a man of fifty, has been for varying periods an inmate of the Ontario Hospital, and is almost an imbecile, though to the sister he is the most perfect brother in the world. There are some twenty goats in the herd, and the woman milks them and makes the custards. She has to look after the brother like a child and in spite of the work that this entails, when the inspector threatened to have the brother removed to the hospital again she fell on her knees, imploring him not to take him away.

There were, says the inspector, evidences that the goats had been kept in the house all winter, and the inside of the house was in a very insanitary condition.

Neither of the inmates are in sound mental condition, he says, and they both sleep on the same, and in fact the only bed in the house. This was explained by the women with, "Well, we've only got one bed in the house and I sleep at the foot because my beloved brother is cold and sick. He needs some one to look after him. He is just a child really, and he's not responsible."

The inspector is taking the necessary steps to have the house and the inmates properly taken care of.

FOCH GREETING VISITING EDITORS FROM CANADA

Journalists Touring Europe Are Feted by Inter-Allied Club of Paris.

Associated Press Despatch.
Paris, June 28.—Canadian journalists, members of the Canadian Weekly Newspapers Association, who are touring Britain and the continent, were guests the night at a banquet at the Inter-Allied Club, presided over by Marshal Foch.

The visitors were received at the club by the French committee of welcome, and by Commissary General Benazet, on behalf of the government of France. In his address of welcome the general declared that in the event of another war, which no one desired, Canadian soldiers would again be found by the side of the defenders of justice and civilization.

REPORT OF DETERDING DEATH NOW DENIED
Associated Press Despatch.
London, June 28.—The report printed in London last night of the death in Holland of Sir Henry Deterding, director-general of the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, was denied today. The deceased, it was explained, was a brother of Sir Henry.

JUDGE MATHERS SWORN IN AS ACTING ADMINISTRATOR

Canadian Press Despatch.
Winnipeg, June 27.—Chief Justice Mathers was sworn in today as administrator of Manitoba to act during the absence of Lieutenant-Governor Sir James Aikins, who left for London to attend the meeting of the British Bar Association.

The oath was administered by G. G. Keglar, of Ottawa, assistant clerk of the privy council.

Manitoba Free Press Starts a Crusade To Lower Rates on Cattle.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, June 27.—A 50 per cent reduction of the present ocean rates on cattle from Canada to England is advocated in a pamphlet which has been circulated among the members of parliament here by the Manitoba Free Press of Winnipeg. The pamphlet quotes figures to show that the cost of marketing Canadian cattle in the United Kingdom today costs approximately 75 per cent more than it did in 1914.

The shipping companies "in the North Atlantic conference or combine," says the pamphlet, "are demanding just about double the amount the railways ask to carry a steer from Winnipeg to Montreal, to carry the same steers from Montreal to Liverpool. Accepting the old rule that seven miles of water haul should equal one mile of rail, it is pointed out that the shipping companies ask twice as much for carrying the steer an equivalent of 330 miles as the railways get for carrying it 1411 miles.

"The only means whereby the North Atlantic conference or combine can be brought to time," the pamphlet states further, "is by the Canadian government securing ten or a dozen tramp ships, having them properly fitted and putting them into the cattle trade with a rate of \$10 per head to any British port."



SIR ERIC GEDDES, formerly first lord of the admiralty and minister of munitions and transportation, who has arrived in New York on a brief business trip.

SOCIAL WORKERS TAKE RESPITE

Delegates to Big Toronto Convention End Strenuous Week.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, June 28.—Today is the first since the opening of the National Conference of Social Work, when the delegates may be said to rest awhile from their labors. It has been a strenuous week, devoted to working out a large and comprehensive program.

The first three days, given over to group gatherings imbued with the spirit of getting through their own special program in order to take part in the general conference which opened Wednesday, then the great together sessions of the three remaining days, have all given demonstration of one of the greatest exhibitions of study and inquiry into social service methods and endeavor for development and betterment that has ever taken place on the American continent.

This morning addresses and business sessions are in order in some of the divisions. This afternoon a varied list of sports and entertainment is scheduled to take place in the park and transportation building of the Canadian National System.

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Principals and Teachers Will Give School Results

Examination results in the public schools are now complete. The examiner's pencil has done its work and children may now learn the outcome of their efforts in the past school year.

Senior Public School Inspector V. K. Greer has made arrangements with the principals and teachers in the various schools to furnish the results desired by the pupils.

Those from each school are asked to get in touch with their principal or teacher and find out how their standing may be obtained.

Plans are being completed to place the results on the front door of certain school buildings, as in the case of Aberdeen, where the names will be placed on Monday.

Other systems may be employed and pupils are urged to consult their teachers as to the method in their unit.

AUSTRALIA WILL BUILD TWO LIGHT CRUISERS

Premier Bruce Introduces Defence Bill For \$12,500,000.

DEFENDS PROGRAM

Battleships Required in Event of Danger, Claims Premier.

Associated Press Despatch.
Melbourne, Australia, June 28.—In the House of Representatives yesterday afternoon Premier Bruce introduced the defence equipment bill, which authorizes a grant of \$10,000,000 for the construction of two light cruisers and a grant of \$2,500,000 for the defence reserve fund. Full defence proposals will be brought up later in the House.

One of the cruisers will be built in England immediately, but it has not been decided where the second one will be constructed, although the government is anxious to have it built in the Antipodes.

In introducing the bill into the House Premier Bruce stressed the necessity of Australia having protection for her own shores. It should not rely solely on Great Britain for defence. The cruisers, he added, were needed as scouts in the event of danger.

YOUTHS ARE INDICTED BY CORONER'S JURY
Grand Jury Verdict Concurred With in Franks Murder Case.

Associated Press Despatch.
Chicago, June 28.—A coroner's jury investigating the death of 13-year-old Robert Franks concurred yesterday in the action of the grand jury indicting Nathan Leopold Jr. and Richard Loeb, millionaires' sons, for the kidnapping and murder of the boy.

The investigation of the coroner's jury was re-opened after it had been continued previous to the time Leopold and Loeb had confessed that they had abducted the son of a neighbor and killed him.

Two alienists again visited the county jail and subjected the boys to an examination today in preparation for the contest of the defense that they were insane when the Franks boy was slain.

BAR ASSOCIATION WILL HOLD QUEBEC MEETING
Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, June 28.—All arrangements for the meeting of the Canadian Bar Association at Quebec prior to the departure of the delegates to the meeting in London of the Canadian and American bars have finally been arranged. On Monday, July 7, the council of the association met in the afternoon, with the opening session of the annual meeting of the association taking place at night.

The sessions conclude on Tuesday, when election of officers and council for the ensuing year takes place. The delegates of the association to the meeting in London will sail at 11 p.m. Tuesday.

Monday At Kingsmill's DOMINION DAY SPECIALS

A New Sport Hat, \$2



Jaunty Sport Hats of white taffeta and straw or of white straw; many desirable models. From

\$2.00 to \$6.00

Children's Hats

Suitable for summer wear; all reduced in price. Kingsmill's—Second Floor.

Ladies' Hose

Ladies' Silk Hose, in all the fashionable shades, ribbed tops. **\$2.00** Pointex heels

Children's Socks

Children's three-quarter or half Socks, all shades with fancy striped tops; all sizes **40c**

Children's Hose

Children's Lisle Hose, all shades, with wide rib; sizes 8 1/2 to 10; pair **85c**

Chiffon Scarfs

Beautiful filmy Silk Chiffon Scarfs, plain colored centers, with contrasting border. **\$6.00**

Silk Scarfs

Silk Knit Scarfs, excellent for vacation wear; all colors. Formerly \$2.95, now **\$1.95**

Handkerchiefs

Ladies' Handkerchiefs, in a variety of colors. Priced, Monday **10c**

Silk Gloves

Ladies' 2-Done Silk Gloves, with double tips, in gray, mastic, white and black **\$1.00**

Elbow-length Silk Glove, with double tips, in pongee, mode silver, gray, white and black **\$1.50**

Extra Long Silk Gloves, double tips, in mode, sand, gray, platinum, navy, white and black **\$2.00**

Ladies' Underwear

Ladies' Summer Combinations, with or without sleeves, tight knee. Monday, at **69c**

Ladies' Vests

Ladies' Vests, for summer wear, comfy cut, excellent value at Monday's **29c**

Ladies' Ratine Dresses

Excellent for vacation wear; very fashionable; in pretty colors; fine assortment to select from, at **\$8.50**

LADIES' VOILE DRESSES

Ladies' Bodora Voile Dresses, in all shades, dainty designs, beautiful colors. Remarkable values for Monday, priced from **\$10.75**

BATHING SUITS

Ladies' All-Wool Bathing Suits, the newest styles and in the most fashionable colors. **\$3.95** At **\$2.95** Misses' All-Wool Bathing Suits **\$2.95** Kingsmill's—Main Floor.

Special Ladies' Corsette

Ladies' Fine Corsette, pink, fastening on side, elastic gore, four horse supporters, tape straps, all sizes. Only **\$1.00**

Corsets

Brocaded wrap-around, elastic top, in pink, with two horse supporters; all sizes **\$1.50**

Bandeaux

Brocaded Bandeaux, with strap shoulders, elastic waist band; pink and white **59c**

Couch Hammocks

Comfort in every inch of them! Good springs, comfortable mattress, covered with good duck-lin, in summer colors **\$14.95**

Porch Shades

Aerolux Shades keep out the sun's glare, but let in the cool breezes; many sizes; in tan, green or green and tan; as low **\$4.75**

Old Hickory Chairs

Unexcelled for veranda or lawn; guaranteed weatherproof; well made and comfortable. Priced from **\$6.75**

Grass Rockers

Extremely comfortable, with broad backs and square arms; good looking and serviceable. Now **\$10.50**

Grass Rugs

Plain centers with decorative borders; sizes from 2 feet, 6 inches by 5 feet to 9 by 12 feet. Priced at **\$1.00 to \$7.50**

Polar Cub Fans

Keep cool with a Polar Cub Electric Fan! A strong, refreshing breeze; very economical to use **\$7.50**

CONVENIENCES FOR PICNICKERS

Luncheon Sets

Outcloth Luncheon Sets, 13 pieces; one large center, six small pieces of two sizes; different patterns **\$1.98**

Camp Stools

Folding Camp Stools, canvas seats, wooden frames. They make an excellent extra seat for the automobile **89c**

Lunch Baskets

Good-Size Lunch Baskets, light and well made, in fancy weaves; Monday **79c**

Sand Sets

For Kiddies Consisting of shovel and pail, with painted pictures on sides, **15c, 20c, 25c**

Rubber Balls

All colors and sizes; on sale on Monday. Priced as low **25c**

WATER SETS

Quart pitcher and six tumblers, grape design **\$1.29**

Kingsmill's

128-132 DUNDAS STREET - LONDON

CREAM AND SUGAR SETS

Of etched glass. Complete set **49c**

FAIL TO IDENTIFY C.N. DEATH TRAIN

Officials Unable To Find Which Train Killed Leathorne—Inquest Held.

"That Richard Leathorne came to his death by being struck by a C. N. R. train on the night of June 20," was the verdict of the coroner's jury at the inquest held last night at the police station.

The inquest was in charge of Detective Bolton and Coroner Cameron Wilson. The witnesses were examined by Crown Attorney Judd. It was one of the shortest inquests in the annals of the city, taking only 30 minutes to complete the evidence and decide on a verdict.

Dr. Homer Black, who performed the post-mortem, said that death was caused by hemorrhages of the liver and a broken pelvis bone. He also stated that the shock received in the accident helped to cause death.

Walter E. Stanley of London, freight conductor on the C. N. R., who was the first man to discover the body, said that he was standing on the back of his train coming west through London, when he noticed something laying on the track. He stopped the train and went back and discovered the dead man. He was lying on the westbound track with his head on a tie about six inches from the rail. He said that the body was a small cut on the head.

The only visible mark on the body was a small cut on the head.

Two Trains Pass. He said also that both C.N.R. fliers



A scene from "Code of the Sea," to be shown at Loew's Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday with Rod La Rocque and Jacqueline Logan.

At Loew's

Now Playing—"The Fighting Coward," with Ernest Torrence, Mary Astor, Noah Beery, Phyllis Havers and Cullen Landis. Added features and three acts of Loew's supreme vaudeville.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 27, 28 and 29—A picture of thrills and action, "The Code of the Sea," with Rod La Rocque and Jacqueline Logan. In vaudeville—Arthur Ashley, late star in "The Man Who Came Back," and two other big acts.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, July 3, 4 and 5—William De Mille, "The Bedroom Window," a fast comedy-mystery even better than "Grumpy." In vaudeville—Jan Rubini, concert violinist and composer. Two other supreme acts of vaudeville.

to and from the city had already passed his train, and that he thought the body was lying one-quarter mile east of Hale street.

Detective Harry Down, who was called by the coroner to take charge after the accident had been reported to him, found the body in the same position as described by Mr. Stanley. He said that the man's dinner pail was lying about 15 feet east from where the body was found. There were also two loaves of bread found on the ground six feet from the body.

Frank Pollard, a truck farmer and a friend of the deceased, was the last witness called by Mr. Judd. Mr. Leathorne had been visiting him and he had left for home about 7:30. He said that he had several business deals with Mr. Leathorne, and he had been selling him some plants that night. Mr. Pollard's home is about 20 yards from Hale street. He said that when Mr. Leathorne had been to see him two weeks before, and he started home he had taken a short cut across the tracks. When he left last Friday night he said that he did not notice if Mr. Leathorne had taken a short cut or not. He was able to say positively that the victim was a deaf mute.

Train Crews Absent. Train crews of the trains in question were not present, but they had been cross-examined in Toronto by C.N.R. officials. They swore they knew nothing about the accident until told of it in Toronto. A letter was read that was sent to Superintendent Forester by C.N.R. officials in Toronto, and it stated that they were not able to ascertain which train had struck the man.

It was plain that the man had been struck a glancing blow by a locomotive. If struck by an eastbound train, he would not be visible to the engineer, because his body was thrown to the opposite side of the locomotive from the engineer. It was a very dull night, and it was very likely that the man did not see the approach of the fast train.

The jury consisted of Benjamin Watterworth, 81 Askin street, foreman; Perry Rice, 81 Askin street; Harry Kew, 380 Maitland street; Charles Summers, 38 Belgrave Place; Robert Robertson, 577 Hamilton road; Harry O. Hunt, 41 Euclid avenue; Hammond McLaren, 40 Emery street; T. W. Thomas, 55 Wharncliffe road; Richard Morgan, 255 Wortley road.

WOMAN HANGS SELF AT KITCHENER HOME

Lena Schwartzentruber Found Dead in Room of Employer's House.

Special to The Advertiser. Kitcheners, June 27.—The body of Lena Schwartzentruber, a domestic was found hanging in her room today at the Roschman residence, West King street, where she was employed.

A discovery of the body was made this morning when she failed to appear for breakfast. The woman was about 45 years of age, and had been suffering from depression. Coroner Honsberger decided an inquest would not be necessary.

Former Manager of L. R. Steel Company To Be Retired in Fall.

Associated Press Despatch. Buffalo, June 27.—The first trial on a criminal charge growing out of the collapse of the \$26,000,000 L. R. Steel enterprise ended in a disagreement tonight. The jury, after eight hours, was unable to agree as to the guilt of Paul L. Chase, former general manager of the steel stock-selling corporation, who was accused of fraudulent representations in making a stock sale, and was discharged.

The first ballot was 8 to 1 for acquittal, but the last several ballots stood eight for conviction. Chase was released on bail and will be retried this fall.

Chase was charged specifically with having induced John F. Burke, hotel waiter, to invest \$1,000 in Steel stock by falsely stating that he himself had planned to dispose of all the indictments in the Steel cases next fall.

C. N. TO AID FARMERS IN INFANT INDUSTRY

French Process For Turning Straw Into Paper Pulp To Be Tried Here.

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, Ont., June 27.—Sir Henry Thornton, president of the Canadian National Railways, told the special house committee on national railways and shipping this morning of a new industry for the west. A new process for manufacturing paper pulp from straw had been discovered in France, and French interests had practically completed arrangements for construction of a mill at Winnipeg.

As it was an infant industry, and would prove beneficial to western farmers by utilizing waste straw, the railway felt justified in making quite a low rate.

STRIKE-BREAKERS CHASED BY WOMEN

Toronto Letter-Carriers Are Boomed and Heckled While On Beats.

GO OUT UNGUARDED

Special to The Advertiser. Toronto, June 27.—After the failure of yesterday's peace negotiations in the Toronto postal strike, both sides are apparently more firmly resolved than ever not to give in.

Postmaster Lemon has resumed the placing of new men, extension of services in postal stations, and in two cases stated actual delivery by carriers.

A total of about 150 men may be on the carrier routes by tomorrow. Officials at the main postal station said today that 110 men were being added today to the force of carriers already at work.

Carrier service has been given for two days now from stations at Bay and Front streets. The carriers are also going out from station G at Queen and Spadina and this afternoon it is expected to start them from the Yonge and Charles street station.

Chased by Women. The letter carriers, according to information received, have not been subject to any violence from the men on strike, but on Ashdale avenue and some other streets they were booed, heckled and chased by the women. People on some streets refused to accept mail from them. It was reported that this happened on Beech, Willow and some other streets.

The police in the districts, on foot and motorcycle, were keeping a sharp lookout for any violence from the women. People on some streets refused to accept mail from them. It was reported that this happened on Beech, Willow and some other streets.

Without Uniforms. The new men went out without any uniform and without any personal guard.

Unfamiliar with their work, delivery was slow. A postman in the Scarborough Beach district invariably rang the doorbell and waited for the occupant to answer before delivering the letters. In some cases mistakes were made, and the postmen had to go back over their route. Some appeared very nervous, but others, despite the risk were calm, cool and collected.

Apparently their loads were not very heavy.

SUICIDE VERDICT GIVEN BY JURY IN GALT PROBE

Thirteen Witnesses Called At Inquest Into Death of Roy S. Wilson.

Special to The Advertiser. Galt, June 27.—A verdict of suicide was returned by the jury investigating the death of Roy S. Wilson, 17, whose body was found Tuesday morning in a bush on the west river road. Thirteen witnesses were called.

The youth had been a ward of the Children's Aid Society since 1922, and Inspector A. Pullam, Hespeler, said the youth called on him Monday night, and said he could not work for two bosses.

He advised him to go back to the Bechtel farm. Nelson Bechtel, son of Jesse Bechtel, of near Hespeler, with whom Wilson had worked since April, said they had always got along well with Wilson, and could not give any reason for his action. The jury was only a few minutes in reaching its verdict.

GOLD EXPORT PROHIBITION IS EFFECTIVE IN CANADA

Associated Press Despatch. Ottawa, June 27.—Export of gold coin, gold bullion and fine gold bars from the Dominion of Canada has been prohibited until June 1925, except in such cases as may be approved by the minister of finance and under licenses issued by him. Notice of the prohibition is given in the current issue of the Canada Gazette.

A Severe Attack of Heart Trouble Was Relieved by MILBURN'S Heart and Nerve Pills

Mr. S. E. Barnes, Athens, Ont., writes: "Four years ago I had a very severe attack of heart trouble. I consulted my doctor, he treated me for some time, but I only seemed to be getting worse. I finally went to our druggist and purchased three boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and derived immediate relief from their use, and I can truthfully say they are a wonderful medicine. I always keep a box on hand, and if I feel out of sorts I take a few pills and feel all right again."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Company Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Advt.

SORE THROAT

IS A COMMON AILMENT. WHEN NOT CHECKED IN TIME MAY LEAD TO A SERIOUS CONDITION. SIMILARLY A COLD OR ALLERGY MAY DEVELOP AND REQUIRE SURGERY. IT IS OVERCOME BY TREATMENT AT ONCE MUCH INCONVENIENCE AND SUFFERING MAY BE AVOIDED. AN OLD AND RELIABLE REMEDY IS FOUND IN

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

Smoke OLD CHUM The Tobacco of Quality



Sealed Package (which keeps the tobacco in its original condition) **15c**

also in 1/2 lb. tins

Manufactured by Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada Limited

FOREST FIRES ARE SWEEPING CALIFORNIA

Associated Press Despatch. San Francisco, June 27.—Four forest areas in California are burning out of control. The biggest is in Santa Clara County, 75 miles from San Francisco, where flames have destroyed 125,000 acres of forest grazing land.

After being considered under control for 24 hours the flames which in the week threatened Giant National Park, 50 miles

east of Fresno, escaped their bounds late yesterday and were reported spreading rapidly despite augmented fire fighting crews.

Other forest fires which have called forth hundreds of fire fighters since last Sunday in half a dozen parts of the state were reported controlled last night.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENTS. Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, June 27.—Notice of thirty-seven assignments under the bankruptcy act appears in the current issue of the Canada Gazette.

APPEAL ENTERED TO SAVE SLAYERS

Counsel For Six Condemned Men At Montreal Files Protests.

Canadian Press Despatch. Montreal, June 27.—Appeal has been entered on behalf of Giuseppe Serafini, Mike Valentino, Frank Gambino, Tony Frank, Leo Davis, and Louis Morel, sentenced to death last Monday for the murder of Henri Cleroux, Hochelaga Bank collection car chauffeur, who was shot to death in the hold-up of the car here April 1.

Joseph Cohen, one of the defence counsel in their trial, stated this afternoon that the appeal had been made on various grounds, among which were the joining of the trial on two indictments, the alleged illegal admission of testimony, and alleged misdirection in the judge's charge to the jury.

REAL SPORT FOR THE ANGLER. Those anglers who love to prove their rod against a convenient stump and doze while their line dips uninterested in the placid water, will find no amusement in a vacation at Lake Nipigon or surrounding region. The waters of Lake Nipigon, Nipigon River and Orient Bay abound with large finny beauties, which warm the hearts of fishermen who find no satisfaction in landing a prize without a battle.

For the canoeist, too, Nipigon promises plenty of adventure. Lakes to cruise, with constantly changing scenery. Rock-strewn rivers where the craft buoyantly rides the swift currents. There are rapids to shoot, taxing the dexterity of the most expert to guide the canoe through the maddened, boiling waters without a spill.

Nipigon Lodge is a luxurious lodge of rustic design on the shore of Orient Bay. Deep set amidst pine and cedar trees, it offers most comfortable quarters for a quiet pipe or game of cards before retiring.

Here it is that real sportsmen rather and discuss their chances of winning the coveted Nipigon trophy which the Canadian National Railway awards annually to the angler who catches the largest true speckled trout in the Nipigon district.

An illustrated folder and complete information is obtainable from any Canadian National Agent—Advt.

GRANT REDUCTION IN FEED CHARGES

Two Dollars Per Ton Decrease Agreed On At Toronto Stockyards.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, June 27.—As a result of representations made by Ontario's agricultural committee, the department of agriculture has taken up with the Toronto stockyards the question of feed charges, and a reduction of \$2 per ton has been agreed upon. This reduction will apply consistently on the margin allowed as between the buying and selling price of feed at the stockyards.

Respecting commission fees, the authorities at Ottawa are understood to have admitted, in response to the committee's submissions, that these also are too high, and this phase of the stockyards situation is also under review. A substantial lowering of the fees is expected in consequence.

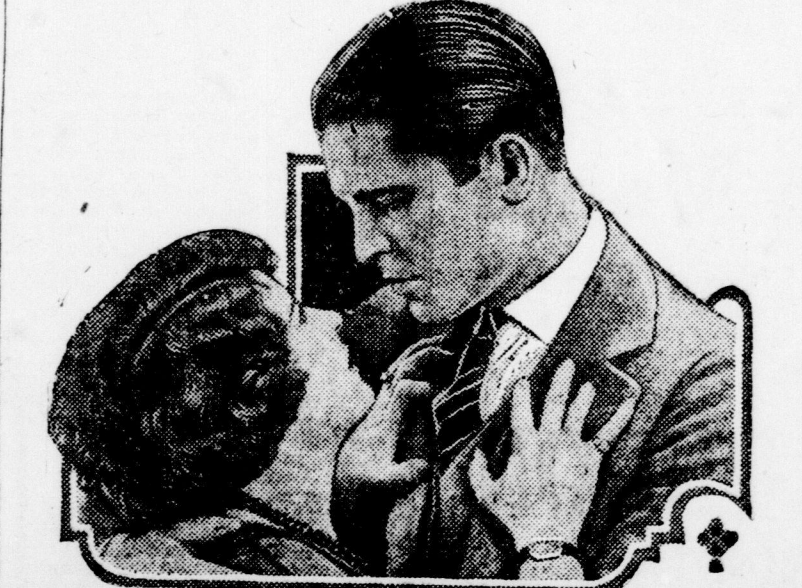
In its general line of inquiry the agricultural committee will obtain access to the financial affairs of the stockyards companies in Canada, so as to be in a position to obtain comparative information about the services rendered and the operating fees.

RING THEFT ALLEGED, WOMAN IS ARRESTED

Prisoner Gives Her Address As London—Bail Is Allowed.

Special to The Advertiser. St. Thomas, June 26.—A woman giving the name of Mrs. C. Hill was arrested today and allowed to remain in custody on Saturday morning before Magistrate Maxwell, following a charge that a ring had disappeared from Finch's jewelry store.

The clerk alleged that a woman had asked to be shown expensive rings, and that when his back was turned she disappeared, and that the ring was later discovered to be missing.



May McAvoy and Malcolm MacGregor in William de Mille's Paramount picture, "The Bedroom Window," at Loew's next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.



"VACATION LAND" INVITES YOU!

HINTS THAT ADD PLEASURE TO OUTDOORS



MAH JONG: R. F. Foster Estimates Calling of Value Hands.

By R. F. FOSTER.

One of the most important things in playing Mah Jong is in getting the hand into such shape that it has the greatest possible number of chances to win. We saw in the last article that a hand which might be calling for some special tile might, by a shift in its make-up, be changed into a hand that was calling for three, four, or even five different tiles, any of which would win.

But this is after the hand has been built up to that point by getting rid of all the useless or disconnected tiles that were part of it at the start. We have already seen how this is accomplished by gradually eliminating inferior sequences. In favor of those open at both ends; of taking pungs in preference to chows; and keeping one suit instead of two or three.

Two Points To Watch.

In estimating the possibilities of a hand for a woo, there are two ends to the question. What the hand is worth at the start, and what it is worth when the game is near the finish. The difference is that between how many places you want to fill up in your original thirteen tiles, and how many different tiles you can use to fill up just one place to complete your hand for a woo.

Many players make it a practice to count up their tiles at the start, arranging them in order to see how many partially-formed sets there are, and how many disconnected tiles there are to be got rid of. The proportion between the two will give one a pretty good line on the value of the hand as better or worse than average.

In order to become familiar with this, while not having to pay such close attention to the play of others, it is excellent practice to draw a set of 136 tiles, leaving out the Flowers and Seasons, and to draw several hands of thirteen at a time, with a view to counting up the possibilities.

of discarding and drawing. As an example, suppose you find two pairs of any kind, one complete sequence, one open-end sequence of two only, and four tiles that connect with nothing, odd Winds or Dragons among them. Four draws from the wall or the discards would complete this hand for a woo; three will get it in shape. If you fill your two pairs by pungs, and your open-end sequence, you will have three "free discards," as they are called, from your disconnected four tiles. Then, if you match the one you have left for your pair, you are out. It is quite possible that you may match one of these four tiles while making up your sets. Then you have your eyes all ready.

Too Many Partial Sets.

But when you have too many partial sets, or pairs, you are shy on free discards, and often have to choose between two or more of these possible sets, which to break up when you fill others. For this reason good players do not consider it any advantage to have more sets to fill than they have free discards, because some of the partially formed sets will have to be thrown away, with the annoyance in many cases of finding that you have picked the wrong one.

It is after the hand sets into shape that many players find it difficult to see all its possibilities, and many a game has been lost through the player's inability to see quickly that a certain tile would complete his hand when he was looking for something else that would do so. Every one must have had the experience of not being able to decide whether a certain tile discarded would complete his hand or not, especially when he has quite a number of the same suit.

In order not to overlook any opportunities to woo, when there are several tiles that would do so, it is important for anyone who is ambitious to be a first-rate player to practice by one's self, picking out the

various groupings of tiles that are most commonly undervalued, and which are usually seven or more in number, and in the same suit. This is supposing that there are two sets already complete or grounded.

The player invariably knows that he wants a certain tile or tiles to woo, but he is apt to overlook others that would do equally well. Shuffling the tiles about in the rack before the hand to the opponents, takes time, and is often inconclusive, because it follows no rule.

Simple Rule to Follow.

All groupings that depend on filling pairs may be dismissed as obvious. The difficulties arise with mixed pairs or triplets and sequences. With pairs or triplets that could be transposed into sequences. There is a simple rule for studying these combinations which does not require any rearrangement of the tiles in the rack. This rule is an example of method, and from its application one may deduce rules to fit all the various combinations of pairs, triplets, and sequences that can be held in seven tiles of the same suit.

As an example, take these seven tiles: Look over any assortment like this to see how many open-end or interior sequences you have that are incomplete. In this hand the 4 and 5 form an open end sequence, which either the 3 or the 6 would fill, completing the hand for a woo. This will leave you the triplet of 7s, which is a complete set. Going further along you will find that the 6 and 7 form another open-end sequence, and the pair of 7s for your eyes. You must, therefore, be calling for four different tiles, any one of which would complete your hand for a woo.

If you will examine a number of similar hands, you will find this rule to hold good. If you have seven tiles in one suit, among them a pair, a triplet, and a sequence, if the triplet is at one end and the sequence at the other, you are calling for four tiles to woo. Take this arrangement:

Either the 4 or the 7 will complete the 5 6 sequence, leaving two 5s for the eyes, or either the 6 or the 5 will complete the 7 8 sequence, leaving the triplet of 5s and the pair of 6s for the eyes.

But if the sequence is in the middle instead of at either end, as in the following example, you are calling for two tiles only, in spite of the fact that you still have a pair, the triplet and the sequence, all in the same suit:

If you will examine this holding carefully, you will find that the only sequence you can complete, and leave a pair for the eyes, is the 6 7 sequence, and either a 5 or an 8 will do it, but no other tile will complete the hand for a woo.

There are, as we saw in the last article, a number of cases in which you may not draw the tile or tiles you want, but may get others that are better suited to the combination than the ones you have. In this example, for instance, can you suggest any single exchange that would improve your chances for a woo?

Cheap Teas Now Very Dear

Cheap tea is dear. This is easily proved. If you've been using, say, a 5c tea, and now only 30c, you have only to buy a 1/2-lb. package of RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE TEA, the finest of teas for 45c, and you'll find it goes as far as the other pound.—Adv.

THE ISLAND OF DEATH

A Weird Tragedy of a Man Who Called Himself "Monsieur the Devil."

By H. BEDFORD JONES.

INSTALLMENT VI. CHAPTER XI.

Landing.

"Quarrel?" he responded. "I remember now—why, there was no quarrel! He drew a knife, and struck: I shot him."

"Ah!" said Lebrun calmly, regarding him. "Well, let it pass. You are thirsty. There is water beside you. No more was said. None the less Smith was subtly aware that he had not given the right answer. He felt intuitively that he had bungled somehow; yet he was too thirsty to care. He had not the water and drank. Lebrun went to sleep again.

After some time Lebrun awakened and took the tiller while Le Morpion crawled up forward, munching some biscuit and curled up in slumber. Smith stared up at the calm ease of Monsieur the Devil, and voiced the question that was bothering him.

"Where are we going?"

Lebrun's black eyes glittered on him reflectively.

"To an island. To a place of vengeance. There is a man whom I hate, whom I shall kill; there we take his possessions. His name, Des Gachons."

The eyes of Smith widened a trifle.

"Des Gachons?" he repeated in a low voice.

Lebrun regarded him attentively.

"What? You know him?"

Smith feebly shook his head. "No. But he may know me."

"No. He has been out of official affairs for quite a long time. He will not know that you are wanted; that there is any reward for me, since he never saw me; although he might have seen my picture. We must chance that."

"I'm not worried about you," said Smith. "But when he knew me, I was employed by the government."

"Ah!" said Monsieur the Devil calmly. "This is news. In what capacity?"

Smith allowed his head to droop for an instant. He was lying now, and lying artistically. He was not so weak as he seemed. Still, there was not great strength left in him.

"If I told you, then you would consider a lie," said Lebrun, regarding him. "I would advise you to tell me."

There was something deadly in these words.

"I was an engineer—of construction. With the new railroad. Not long ago, I need money—I made a mess of things, but got away."

Lebrun nodded. "Then you got the money?"

"I have five thousand dollars in my belt."

Lebrun had discovered this money in his search. He nodded his head. "Very well. Now go to sleep—there will be no difficulty about Des Gachons."

However, there was nothing to be done about it now, and he dropped off to sleep.

J. Hudson Smith, lying in the boat or sitting propped against his rolled jacket, spent several uncomfortable, painful and reflective days. His wound was developing badly; he had taken on a touch of fever which made Lebrun frown over the dressings. Lebrun was a good surgeon, deft and cunning in the fingers. This man seemed a good everything.

A good navigator, certainly. He guided the whaleboat over the waste of waters without help from Le Morpion, and with unerring certitude. There were charts and instruments in the boat. During these days, Smith learned for the first time from conversation and scattered hints, how Lebrun had come to find the island owned by Des Gachons.

The American could guess at much of the story that remained untold—much at which even M. de Diable himself seemed now to reluctant in thought and word. It was an odyssey fit for the devil himself. Bad enough was the escape from that infernal paradise, Noumea; the escape, tintured with blood and desperation, imbued with images of savage, naked brown men, old weary-eyed guards of the night swim past the ships and that little island which sits in the jaws of the harbor and vomits the shrieks of tortured humanity. Worse yet was the sequel, the tossing for days and nights upon a crazy raft of brush, the finding of a life-buoy lost from some ship or some corsair, the savage persistency of spirit which held the falling body ever to its work. After this, the island: the last flickering effort of the iron will and safety. Following upon these, the flame of vengeance toward the man who had finally succeeded in sending him to the penal colony.

Smith realized that he was going to be in a bad way unless his wound quickly received antiseptic treatment; but he fought down the fever and held his peace.

Then at last, the unceasing monotony of sky and sea was broken; in that long word-like line of the horizon appeared a slight nick. This came at sunset. With dawn, the nick had grown into a green smudge, and by noon the whaleboat was off the entrance to the island harbor.

Here Lebrun delayed purposely. There was evident commotion ashore; the small cruiser taken to Saigon by Beranger had not yet returned. The whaleboat came slowly in toward the curving crescent of beach, where, in obvious agitation, Jean Marie Auguste des Gachons was marshalling his forces to receive the unexpected visitors. The escalier was working fast; the two secretaries, the gardener, the chef and several native servants appeared on the beach, and Des Gachons stood at their head. Lebrun, smiling thinly, directed the boat to the sand at his very feet.

Smith watched and listened sardonically. Was it possible that the hudge would not recognize the criminal? True, Lebrun was changed

now; the reddish moustache altered his entire appearance, nor was there anything of the criminal in his bearing. Quite the contrary.

"Who are you?" boomed out Des Gachons, theatrically. His pose was majestic.

CHAPTER XII. Welcome.

Lebrun leaped out to the sand, drew in the prow of the boat, turned and rendered an elaborate bow.

"Monsieur," he said gravely, "you see before you three shipwrecked unfortunate. I am a humble devotee of ethnology, mineralogy and the scientific arts; Paul Lebrun by name, an unsuccessful aspirant for the Prix Concord in times past, and for some years a student of the sciences of China."

Before he could proceed further Des Gachons advanced with open arms and tendered him a warm Gallic embrace.

"Colleague, I welcome you!" he exclaimed sonorously. "You have come to a good house of hospitality. I, too, am something of a savant in my unworthy way; Des Gachons by name."

"What!" exclaimed Lebrun, drawing back in astonishment. "Not the author of that admirable and learned treatise upon the ethnological significance of the lamais rosaries?"

"The same," admitted Des Gachons modestly.

Then it is a kindly fate which has drawn us to the shore!" cried Lebrun. "To think that I have touched the hand of this master! I am overwhelmed. But I forget our friends. Allow me to present to you an American gentleman, a fellow-passenger on our hapless coasting steamer—Monsieur Smith. He was hurt during a will scramble for the boots, you comprehend. And this is one called Le Morpion, an excellent seaman, to whose care and skill we all owe our lives."

"Ah!" said Des Gachons briskly. "A wounded man? Monsieur, have no fear. We shall care for you excellently. We have guests; that is admirable! I welcome you."

It was at this point that Smith gave way suddenly; the overstrained nerves, the overtaxed muscles, the collapse of his fever, and fell asleep. The words that had formed upon his lips remained unuttered.

When he awakened, it was to find himself lying in a bed. The room about him was, to his disordered senses, a room of some eastern palace. Real furniture, real paintings on the walls, real flowers at the window! He was in a guest room, of course. What made it more terribly real was Le Morpion sitting beside him, watching.

And Le Morpion stayed there, as though he had had orders to this effect.

A day had passed, thought Smith; it was another morning, and the fever was gone out of him. He did not try to speak. He lay silent and unmoving; as he lay, there came voices from outside the open window, which in fact overlooked the garden. They were the voices of Des Gachons and Lebrun.

Their host, gathered the American, was about to show Lebrun over his island estate. To this M. de Diable objected for a moment.

"One thing, dear colleague," he protested. "I wish your opinion upon a vexed point. For some time I have been studying the question of turquoise in China—a most interesting problem!"

"Most interesting, indeed," agreed the voice of Des Gachons. "Well?"

Awnings For Porches



IT'S LOVELY HERE—

Is what your guests will say when you serve tea on a porch protected with an awning.

The latest designs in porch awnings show many new ideas, and now is the time to get your choice of materials and the best service.

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LONDON, ONTARIO

"You are aware that the stone is unknown in many provinces of China," pursued Lebrun, proving himself master of some astonishing knowledge. Yet we know that Marco Polo—

"Exactly!" exclaimed Des Gachons eagerly. "He spoke of the monopoly of the stone is this—

"I am coming to that. My theory is that the stone was introduced under the Mongol emperors, and that its mining and use was broken up during Ming times, not to be revived until the recent K'ien-lung period. I base this theory on the fact that the ear—

"The voices drifted off and became indistinct. Smith saw Le Morpion glance at the window, a dark smile hovering about his ugly lips.

Smith saw nothing of his host. As the hours passed, native servants appeared, but Le Morpion never left the room. One would have fancied this man utterly devoted to the wounded American; but in this devotion, Smith read a sinister significance. Very possibly Le Morpion was here to guard against any delicious babbling.

The native servants of the establishment numbered three. They were a man and two women, brown creatures who spoke French after a fashion, and who had been fetched from the mainland. They were ignorant and timorous creatures, quite devoid of any traces of civilization; the man and his two wives had been brought here to serve and they served—that was all. As for the polygamist aspect of the case, in these days when one can get servants at all, one does not inquire too closely into their private lives, does one?

Lebrun, on this fine morning, had terminated his argument about turquoise, and was accompanying his host upon a walk about the place—a walk which was destined to terminate very unhappily for Jean Marie Auguste des Gachons.

This simple and honest-hearted fat man was supremely happy. To have his little paradise invaded by three unfortunates to whom he could give shelter and aid, was a pleasure. To find that one of the men was a fellow-savant, a person of discernment and much ethnologic lore, was as a master, deferred to, regarded with awe and honor, was a supreme happiness.

So Des Gachons accounted himself fortunate, and devoted his energies to showing Lebrun about the place. First came the house itself, a house built not for show, but for living in.

After the house, the exterior, with the old gardener proud of his work; the establishment was on display, and all recognized it. And at last, ignorant that his visitor knew the way no less than he, Des Gachons took Lebrun down the avenue of palms to the swimming pool.

This was now the same as when he had first looked upon it, except that there was no golden figure adorne in the sunlight. The two men circled that pool of cerulean blue. Des Gachons opened the gate in the wall, and they passed to the fantastic little orchard, with the cliff and the sea beyond.

Here Des Gachons paused, and sighed as he surveyed the place. (Copyright, 1924, by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)

Tomorrow—Pure Deviltry.

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JACKSON

Girls! Just to know that you are ready for the vacation you know is coming—say, "Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feeling?" Nothing more to do but go—get away from the city and enjoy one's self!

The Jackson cleaning and dyeing service will brighten your holiday one hundred per cent. You will go away with the satisfaction of knowing that your clothes are ready for every occasion.

That is the service Jackson will give to everyone desiring it. Sweaters dyed, suits cleaned and pressed, skirts pleated, hats cleaned and re-blocked—and any one of a multitude of things that only a reliable firm can take care of.

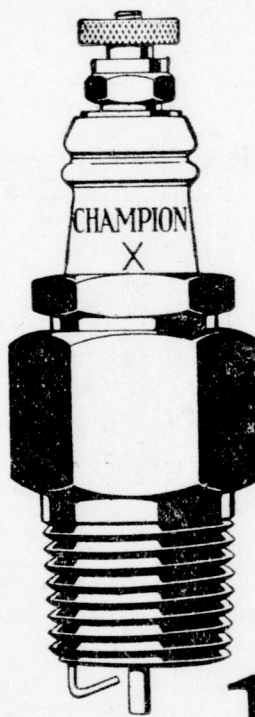
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That Champion has held Ford confidence for more than a decade is of very great importance to every one of the millions who drive Ford cars.

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Champion X is 80 cents. Blue Box, 90 cents. You will know the genuine by the Double-Ribbed siltimanite core. They are fully guaranteed.

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Bon-Bon Dishes

These pieces come in shades of horehound, iridescent, yellow—all trimmed in black.

Something new, unique and beautiful.

WILLOW HALL
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SUGGESTION OF MAYOR WOULD SAVE EXPENSE

Works Board, Suggests Inspectors Be Placed Under Engineer.

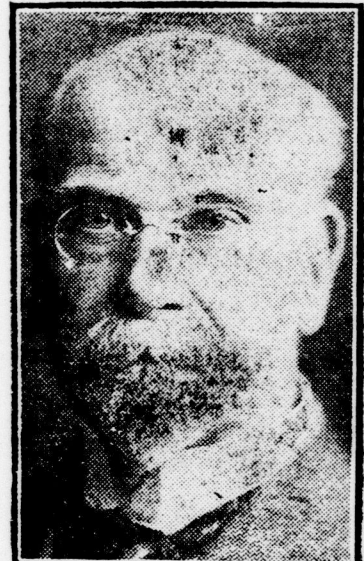
REFER TO COUNCIL

Lowest Tenders Accepted For Steel Work On Vauxhall Bridge.

When Mayor Wenige suggested at yesterday's meeting of the board of works that in the interests of economy and efficiency the work of the building inspector be included in the engineer's department, Mr. Near said that in St. Catharines he had had both the building inspector and the plumbing inspector under his department and that the arrangement had worked out well.

The mayor then proposed that the plumbing inspector, as well as the building inspector, be placed under the city engineer. He thought it would save some overlapping and expense to the city. The committee viewing the suggestion favorably, it was referred to the council.

The need of building the Quebec street storm sewer was realized by the board and its construction was recommended to the council providing it could be built as a local im-



HUGH BLAIN.

honorary president of the Canadian wholesale grocers' guild, in convention at the Lake of Bays, Ontario, has just passed his eightieth birthday.

provement and financed on that basis.

Near Defends Himself. The city engineer defended himself from charges made on Thursday that he had neglected to have the horse trough at Rectory and Dundas filled with water and ready for use. He said that he had asked the public utilities some time ago to turn the water on, and that in his opinion there had been unnecessary waste of time in supplying it. Water was now being turned on in this trough.

Alderman Bottrill asked for a horse trough and a drinking fountain at the corner of Wharncliffe road and Oxford street in view of the large number of thirsty tourists and teamsters arriving at this point. This was agreed to.

Lowest tenders were accepted for the steel work in the Vauxhall bridge and the municipal garage. The tender of the Sarnia Bridge Company for \$2,001.77 for the steel for the bridge was accepted. The county of Middlesex pays half the cost of the bridge, and this was instrumental in the lowest tender being accepted for this work. Alderman Haydon declared that it was not always necessary to accept the lowest tender for city work without considering other conditions of the work to be done.

Will Pay Contract. The committee agreed to pay Robert Greene \$1,000 as arranged in a contract entered into with him by the city council of 1922 for the construction of a twin trail road on Alexander street, providing it proved satisfactory at the end of two years. Mr. Greene built the road at his own expense, plus and additional \$250 for

certain repairs. He, however, asked only for the price of the original contract.

The engineer and the building inspector were instructed to see what could be done to stop an alleged smoke nuisance on Adelaide street near Princess avenue. Several ratepayers stated that the smoke came from the Taylor Electrical Manufacturing Company.

More than \$1,500 has so far been received by the engineer's department as payments for survey plans this year. Engineer Near recommended the institution of a garbage collection which would entail the use of another wagon in the following districts which have petitioned for this service: North William street and Regent; the Hillcrest section near Quebec and Rattle; on Florence, between York and King, and on Dundas east, in the Hale street section; also on the Hamilton road in the Pine Lawn area, in the Chelsea Green area, on the Fox Bar survey, and in London West to the city limits. The engineer's plan will give these districts a weekly garbage service.

ATTEMPT TO RUIN PARLEY OF ALLIES

British Suspect Hatred Directed Against Meeting in London.

RUMORS ARE FALSE

By HAL O'FLAHERTY.

Special Cable to The London Advertiser and Chicago Daily News, Copyright. London, June 27.—Seldom in the course of the six years' fight over war reparations has the European press carried so many false rumors, mis-statements and malicious untruths as have appeared following the meeting of Premier Herriot and Prime Minister MacDonald at Chequers last week-end.

The British foreign office is deluged with inquiries arising from insinuations printed on the continent, ascribing to Mr. MacDonald ideas of a military pact with France, threatening notes to Germany and even plans for turning the League of Nations into the old game of alliances under new guise.

Since the French and British premiers met every force of hatred, vengeance and perversity has worked ceaselessly to bring disaster upon the forthcoming allied conference. To some extent their explanatory statements to their respective parliaments have served to defeat the obstructionists, but there remains considerable anxiety over points raised in the expert committee plan for economic control within Germany. British official opinion holds firmly to the main thesis of applying the Dawes scheme to Germany's internal economy before any contentious points, such as French security and inter-allied debts, are allowed to come up for settlement.

M. Herriot's statement strikes British minds as a refreshing contrast to M. Poincaré's oft-repeated formula. He displays an open mind and a freedom of prejudice which, if they do not denote a change in French policy, at least leave discussion possible. He is the first French statesman since the war to admit that Germany needs security as well as France, and it is evident that this admission comes directly as the result of Herriot's conversation with MacDonald, who impressed upon him the necessity of making the pact for security bi-lateral, giving Germany a full share of any protective arrangement.

Germany no longer occupies the position of a hated and distrusted enemy, but enters more into the comity of nations, provided only that she is disarmed morally as well as physically. Herriot's acceptance of Germany's new status brings him into close and sympathetic agreement with MacDonald.

DR. L. H. GUEST CHOSEN MINISTER TO RUSSIA

Labor Member of British Government New Ambassador to Soviet.

Associated Press Despatch. London, June 27.—Dr. L. H. Guest, Labor member of the government, has been chosen British minister to the Soviet Russia, according to the Daily Mail. Dr. Guest was secretary and physician to the Labor delegation to Soviet Russia in 1920.

WITH FISTS AND HOT WATER WOMEN ASSAULT POSTMEN

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, June 27.—Women sympathizers of the strikers caused a demonstration this afternoon, when a number of them mauled a strike-breaker attempting to deliver mail. As the postie handed a number of letters to a woman they were flung back in his face, and he was pushed from the doorstep to the lawn. A number of other women took a hand in the assault, and the police reported that a woman rushed from a house with a pan of boiling water and potatoes, and threw the contents over the letter-carrier. By the time the

ST. MARYS BLAZE IS INVESTIGATED

Decision Is Reserved After Many Witnesses Are Heard.

BARNES BURNED

Special to The Advertiser.

St. Marys, June 26.—Fire Marshal Heaton tonight reserved his decision in the investigation regarding the fire which destroyed the barns owned by Dr. P. T. Coupland on Coupland Heights. Evidence taken at the hearing will be transcribed and considered before any decision is reached. At the close of the hearing, Fire Marshal Heaton said that the evidence was the most contradictory he had ever experienced.

On June 7, the barns were destroyed by fire, and in the fire, horses and equipment owned by the owner of the buildings, and also by Dr. F. R. Page and James White were burned.

James White, at the morning session, testified that he had left the building about 9:20 p.m., and he had walked about half a mile when he heard the fire alarm sound. He declared that his drivers, Kelly, Seaton, Lang and Dummel, had left the barns some time before he did, and that everything was O.K. when he left. He could not give any explanation of the outbreak of the fire. He said there had not been any smoking about the barn that night by himself or his employees.

Questioned about insurance he said that he had placed \$1,500 insurance on his horses and wagons the latter part of May. When questioned further he said he had not made any inquiry as to the possible cause of the fire, although he had heard that some rumors were being circulated.

Albert Ogilvie, an employee of Dr. Page, testified that he had left the barns about 7:30 and left the place unlocked, as White was in the habit of coming at a later hour to take care of his horses. At the afternoon session Charles Kelly and W. L. Seaton corroborated evidence of White as to the time they left the building.

Dr. Coupland testified that the barn was insured for \$5,000 and that the time of the fire he had two prospects for sale of the property at \$12,000. He declared that following the fire Charles O'Hara had demanded money from him on a threat that he would go to the insurance company and tell what he knew. He heard also that O'Hara had been making statements to other people, but after consultation with his lawyer he did not take action against O'Hara. He said he notified the fire marshal, the mayor, and the pastor of his church of what had happened.

Charles O'Hara gave sensational evidence alleging that there was incendiarism connected with the fire and that he had several conversations with the owner of the property.

Dr. Coupland, recalled to the stand, denied the allegations of O'Hara as to conversations and evidence was submitted on his behalf showing that it was impossible for certain meetings to have been held as alleged by O'Hara. Principal among the witnesses in this connection were Miss Ethel Marriott and Fred Howald, as well as the board of managers of the Presbyterian Church.

RAILROAD EMPLOYEE IS STRUCK BY ENGINE

George Kordes, C. P. R. Brakeman, Falls in Front of Shunting Engine.

George Kordes of 72½ Oxford street, an employee of the C.P.R., was struck by the C.P.R. shunting engine at Colborne street yesterday afternoon. Dr. Cameron Wilson, who was called, stated that the man was not injured seriously, unless some internal injuries develop in the next few days.

Mr. Kordes was on duty at the time, and had just signalled for the train to back up. He attempted to climb on the back of the train, but because of the slippery condition of the ground after the rain, he missed his footing. The engine saw him fall and was able to stop before he was run over. He received several bruises and some smaller cuts.

FLAG POLE AT EALING DESTROYED IN STORM

The flag pole of the Ealing school was struck in the height of the electrical storm yesterday. The pole was split from top to bottom. It started to burn and the school authorities called the fire department. The heavy rain extinguished the flames before the firemen arrived. There was no one injured.

NEWCOMBE MAY REPRESENT CANADA AT BANK APPEAL

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, June 27.—Although the Dominion Government has been given the right to be represented by counsel at the Home Bank appeal before the privy council, no appointment is announced. E. L. Newcombe, K.C., deputy minister of justice, is however, in London on other business. Should the Dominion Government desire to be represented in the appeal, it is likely that Mr. Newcombe will appear.

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SALE OF

Remnants

1,000 yards of remnants—Silks, Woolens, Ratines, Voiles, Gingham—must be sold at any price on Monday, June 30.

Imported Lace, 1½ up to 6 inches in width. To clear, 1,000 yards at 5c and 10c.

LONDON SILK & WOOLLEN HOUSE

259 DUNDAS ST. PHONE 1123

have been patrolling these roads warning more than 100 automobilists nightly, parked at the road side, of the open invitation they give to robbers," the sheriff said. "The warning seems to do little good, as they seem to prefer being alone in the dark to safety from a highwayman's attack."

There are now six patrol cars. Fourteen more will be added Saturday night. The suburb roads in the Palmer Park districts have been the particular haunts of the highwaymen for the last several days.

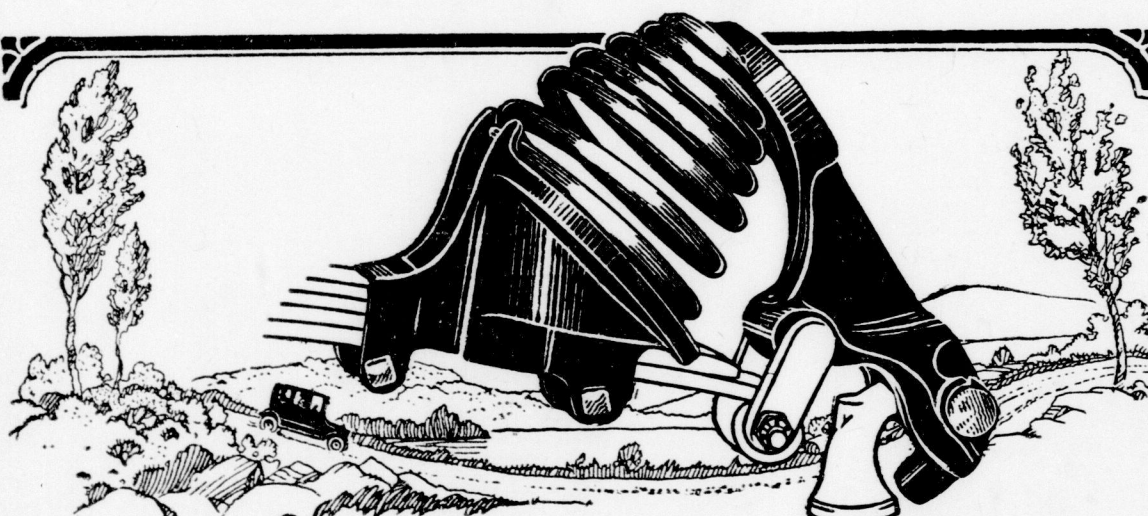
Middlesex county was recently confronted with a problem caused by petting parties, but it was with a different aspect. Here, unlike in Detroit, where protection was the aim, police went forth to stop the petting parties.

Special to The Advertiser. Detroit, June 27.—Twenty speed cars packed with heavily armed deputies have been ordered to patrol Wayne county roads where the bandits have been robbing spooners in parked cars. Sheriff George Walters today said that every night reports of road robberies reach him. "Six patrol cars filled with deputies petting parties."

Appeal Entered in B. O. T. A. Case. E. B. Wood of London Fined by Magistrate in St. Thomas.

Special to The Advertiser. St. Thomas, June 27.—Convicted on a charge of having liquor in a place other than his private dwelling on the evening of May 26, E. B. (Peg) Wood, of London, was fined \$500 and costs, with the option of five months in jail, by Magistrate Maxwell in county police court Friday afternoon. An appeal has been entered, and Wood is at present in Elgin county jail awaiting to be released on \$1,000 bail.

Wood was arrested in a Port Stanley garage by Provincial Constable Felix Devlin, who had followed him from St. Thomas. A club bag containing six bottles of gin and whiskey was found in Wood's car, while a search of his person revealed a seventh under his coat. Wood claimed that he was merely carrying the liquor from his London home to the family cottage at Port Stanley.



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"Headaches, Bilious Spells, Are Now All Gone"

Mrs. John Ireland, Nobleton, Ont., writes:

"I was a great sufferer from severe headaches and bilious spells. I tried a number of remedies without obtaining any benefit until I was advised to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. These completely relieved me, and made me feel like a new person. I am very grateful to Dr. Chase's Medicines for what they have done for me, and you may use my letter for the benefit of others."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
35 cts. a box of 35 pills, Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto

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PHONE 1064. HOURS & CO., LIMITED QUEBEC ST.**WORNOUT CARPETS
MADE INTO FINE RUGS**Local Company Does Coast-to-
Coast Trade Throughout
Dominion.

In days gone by when a carpet was worn out it was worn out and that was all there was to it. It was thrown out in the back shed until a rag peddler came along and then it was sold for a few pieces of silver and the family was faced with the need of purchasing new material. But today old carpets are not thrown away. They are sent to the Canada Rug Company of 98 Carling street, this city, to be made into rugs, and these rugs are equal in quality and longevity to the most expensive imported ones. "Velvetex" is the name given them by the Canada Rug Company and this name has become a household one from coast to coast in the Dominion. This firm says: "No matter how worn or dilapidated your carpets or rugs are, write us, and we will send you a tag, so that all you have to do is to tie a rope around your old carpets, and attach tag to bundle, and phone for the freighman or expressman to call and get it. We pay freight or express both ways on all orders, and will notify you on receipt of bundle the exact weight, so that you can decide the size rug you want. Velvetex rugs are excellent for use on hardwood floors—they do not slip or slide on the polished surface like smooth back rugs do."

**J. A. BARNARD SOLE AGENT
FOR MASSEY SILVER RIBBON**

There is just one place in London where the famous Massey silver ribbon bicycle can be bought, and that is at the shop of J. A. Barnard, 338 Talbot street. Mr. Barnard points to the fact that the Massey is one of the really outstanding Canadian-made wheels as the reason why his business has shown a steady yearly increase since the time the shop was first started. Mr. Barnard has had 25 years' experience in the bicycle and general machine repairing field and because of this his patrons have come to realize that here they can find service of the most dependable order.

AYLMERSpecial to The Advertiser.
Aylmer, June 27.—The gang of linemen for the hydro power commission of Ontario have completed the new power line from St. Thomas to Aylmer. The first power line was built some ten years ago and was constructed of steel wire which had badly rusted and was considered unsafe by the commission. A new three-wire line of aluminum wire has been put up. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sturges have been visiting friends in Hagersville. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Martindale are visiting friends in Hagersville and Caledonia. Miss Rheta Raymond of the Molsons Bank staff is spending her holidays in Hamilton and Toronto. An inspiring meeting of all W. C. T. U. members and temperance workers in this district was held in Baptist Church Sunday afternoon. Miss Alta Bates of Toronto, and George Bates of Windsor, attended the wedding of their sister, Nettie, to William Wood of Toronto on Saturday afternoon. Milo Edison has returned to his home in Grand Rapids, Michigan, after visiting relatives in Aylmer and vicinity. Mrs. L. Bixby of Swickley, Pa., is visiting relatives and friends here. Mrs. Annie Barnett has returned home after spending the past six months with her daughter, Mrs. F. Sandy at Lindsay.**SPRINGFIELD**Special to The Advertiser.
Springfield, June 27.—Miss Blanche Heather of Kalamazoo, Mich., spent Wednesday in the village. She is on her way to Saskatchewan. Clara Anderson of the Royal Bank, Guelph, is visiting with her parents here. Dr. Grant Black, who was recently successful in obtaining his M. D. at Toronto University, is spending a few days with his parents here, before leaving for Buffalo, where he will take a post-graduate course.**Wilkins Audit Co., Ltd.**
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Phone 2329. 7 ERIE AVE.
Phone 2884W. 441 Woodman Ave.**Adam Didn't Need Eavestroughs
But We Poor Modern Folks Do**Centuries Old Romance of Evolution From Pre-Historic Times
Lies Behind Sheet Metal Industry of Today.

Adam never had any trouble such as we moderns experience with eavestroughs and neither had his children or his grandchildren, but when the human race had attained seven generations, Tubal Cain knew all about the material with which to make eavestroughs, although it is doubtful if he ever took the trouble to construct one. Today, when the average person needs the services of a sheet metal worker, he calls him on the phone and says: "Say, Jim, slide over some time soon, will you? We need some work done." Seldom does he stop to think that the stuff with which Jim builds new drain pipes and eavestroughs has a romance behind it that goes back to the misty days of the earliest civilization. Herodotus mentions the use of iron tools in the construction of the pyramids. Iron was known also to the Chaldeans, Babylonians and Assyrians, contemporaries of the early Egyptians. Marked Advance. The annals of the patriarchal period, the Jewish and the Moslem, contain many references to "bars of iron," "the bow of steel," and so forth. The process of rolling sheets was invented in England in the eighteenth century. This was a marked advance step in that it not only produced sheets of more uniform thickness, more pliable and of larger dimensions, but also materially reduced the cost. In the course of time many labor-saving devices in auxiliary machinery and in detail work were invented, but the fundamental method of rolling has not been changed materially. Galvanized iron and tin plate, two of the principal products used by the modern sheet metal worker, did not happen all at once, but were the outgrowth of earlier inventions in the field of iron and steel. Fights Corrosion. The invention of galvanizing—that is, the process of coating iron and steel with a thin layer of zinc and thereby protecting the material against corrosion—has broadened the field of usefulness of sheet iron and steel. The process of coating iron with tin was invented about 400 years ago in the ore mountains, in Germany, where ores of both metals existed. The people in that country kept the process a secret for nearly a century, but after a long and diligent search English manufacturers, who were aware of the value of the discovery, learned the secret. In England, where soon after this discovery the process of rolling iron sheets was invented, the plate industry grew rapidly and for nearly two centuries England maintained its supremacy in this field.

**LAUNDRY RETURNED
WITHOUT MARKING**Housewives Find Service of
London Steam Highly
Satisfactory.

"Do you know," said Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Jones over the back fence the other day, "I have been sending my washing to the London Steam Laundry at 10 Front street of late and I find their work far more satisfactory." "Isn't it just the same as the others?" asked Mrs. Jones. "Well, I like it better myself, and the feature which in particular appeals to me is that they do not mark your clothes up with ugly old laundry marks. Goodness knows how they manage to tell them apart, but that's just what they do not mark, and a satisfaction to receive your things back without having them all marked up." S. Anderson and E. Froggett, proprietors of this plant, are both local men of wide experience in the laundry business. Every piece of machinery in their plant is of the most modern type, and further, every employee of the firm is a bona fide Londoner. Although the London Steam Laundry is comparatively new to the city, its standard of high-grade work at all times has won it a London-wide clientele that is growing larger month by month.

GODERICHSpecial to The Advertiser.
Goderich, June 27.—Miss Lillian Spears, B.A. of Winnipeg, has been appointed as teacher of the commercial department of the Goderich High School. She succeeds N. D. Reid, who has been on the staff for the past year. Cour de Lion McCarthy, of Montreal, sculptor of the soldiers' memorial which is to be unveiled here on July 1, arrived in town on Friday. The bronze figure was placed in position the same day. The memorial is about 20 feet high and is a very handsome one. It is on the east side of the court house park. The principal streets of Goderich have been treated to a coat of tar, and they are now in first-class condition. The Goderich public library board has decided to close the library on Wednesday afternoons during the summer months. Some good catches of black bass in the Maitland River are reported. The Menesetung Park Hotel will be opened on Saturday, June 28. J. E. Jackson, of Toronto, is the manager against this year. A baseball game between Lucan and Goderich Purty Flours will be staged here on July 12th. The Menesetung Canoe Club will hold its annual picnic on Wednesday, July 9th. Repair work on the piers at the harbor was commenced this week. The work is under the supervision of A. M. Kirkpatrick, government engineer.**SHOW CASES, BOOK CASES**
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PLEASES PARTICULAR PEOPLE
PHONE 6100 FOR SERVICE OR SAMPLE.
You Will be SURPRISED at its RICHNESS and PURITY.**EVER MISS HOT WATER
WHEN THE FIRE'S OUT?**J. H. Pollock Explains Value
of Electrical Heating
Unit.

Plenty of hot water in the home is a necessity, yet thousands of people deprive themselves of an adequate supply directly they allow their furnaces to go out, but this problem can be overcome in a simple manner, points out J. H. Pollock, 397 Clarence street, one of London's leading electrical dealers and contractors. "With the introduction of the Hot Point sheathed wire water heater," says Mr. Pollock, "one can have an abundance of hot water in a very few minutes simply by turning a switch. The Hot Point circulation type heater may be attached to any domestic tank, irrespective of its location, in the house. The sheathed wire element is entirely immersed in the water with the result that one hundred per cent of the heat is utilized, thus producing the highest degree of efficiency possible in a water heater. With reasonable care the life of the element is practically unlimited." The Pollock shop carries a complete line of all electrical appliances, large and small. Many of them are particularly suitable as gifts to brides in this season, when this special occasion is perhaps more to the fore than at any other time of the year. They include electrical curling irons, percolators, boudoir sets, toasters, vacuum cleaners, washing machines and many other articles, any one of which would prove an ideal gift to a newly-married friend.

PORT STANLEYSpecial to The Advertiser.
Port Stanley, June 27.—Mr. and Mrs. P. L. Glover, and Mr. and Mrs. Riley and baby of Ridgeway were Sunday guests with Mr. Glover's mother, Mrs. K. Glover, Colborne street. J. E. Tanton and family of London are occupying their cottage on Orchard Beach. Rev. L. C. Hammond, pastor of the Church of Christ, St. Thomas, and Mrs. Hammond are spending their vacation on Hillcrest. Rev. J. H. Kirkland, superannuated Methodist minister of London, is holidaying in town. D. C. McNaughton and family of London are occupying their cottage at Erie Rest. Charles Lanning, local contractor, is erecting for Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Roush, a fine new residence on Heston street, opposite the public library. Miss C. M. Kier, city nurse of Calgary, Alberta, arrived on Saturday evening to visit with her sister, Mrs. J. W. Sharpe. Miss Kier will attend conventions of nurses at Toronto and Hamilton, and Detroit, Mich. Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gould, Mr. and Mrs. George Gould and their families, Stratford, Ont., spent the week-end with their brother, Rev. J. N. Gould, and Mrs. Gould, at the Methodist parsonage. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Downing and Mrs. Downing's mother, Mrs. E. Knight, motored to Eagle on Sunday, and spent the day with Mrs. Downing's sister, Mrs. Early. Mrs. Knight will visit with relatives and friends in Eagle and West Lorne for a couple of weeks, before returning to her home. Miss Audrey Springate of Paris will assist with the musical program at the Methodist church services next Sunday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bronson and Miss Cora Bronson of St. Thomas, Ontario, arrived in London on Sunday evening, having been called there by the severe illness of Mr. Bronson's grandmother. A very successful sale of home cooking was held in the grocery store of Wm. E. Eastwick on Saturday afternoon, under the auspices of the ladies of the Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Herbert Dunn was convener of the sale, and was ably assisted by Mrs. F. O. Campbell and Mrs. S. A. Dudson.**CEDAR SPRINGS**Special to The Advertiser.
Cedar Springs, June 27.—Messdames Belson, Findley, Williams, and Adair of Detroit spent last Thursday with Mrs. J. C. McGuigan. Mrs. Cramb left for Toronto on Saturday to visit indefinitely with her daughter, Mrs. (Dr.) Elliott. Mr. and Mrs. H. Mooney and Miss M. Mooney of Point Pelee, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Moody of Wheatley, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Dent and family of Comber, and L. E. Dent of Comber, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bickford of Windsor, and Mr. and Mrs. Dexter Goodison returned Sunday after visiting during the past week at various points on the American side of Lake Erie. Millard George visited during the week-end with his grandmother, Mrs. Heath of Dover. Miss Pearl Downing of Detroit, Mrs. D. Broadwood, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Claus on Sunday. Saul Dean of Windsor, returned home on Sunday after spending a week with his brother, Mr. Purvis Dean and niece, Mrs. Lewis Ransom. The W. M. S. of the Grace Church held a special service in the interests of the work on Sunday evening last. Mrs. (Rev.) Sterling of Cedar Springs being the speaker. Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Banner, and Mr. and Mrs. James Prescott left on Saturday on a motor trip to Hamilton to attend the wedding of their niece, Miss Pearl Maddock. Mrs. M. Paisley and daughter, Emma, Miss Jean Dunbar, and Mr. Andrew McLatchie motored to London on Sunday and spent the day with Mr. and Mrs. John Guthrie.**MELBOURNE**Special to The Advertiser.
Melbourne, June 27.—Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Jones of Detroit are visiting relatives here. Dr. Young of New York is visiting relatives here. James Carter of Port Huron is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Wm. Tanner. The Baptist big meeting was held on Sunday. **Chesterfields**
Made to Your Order.
Any Size—Any Shape.
QUICK, The Upholsterer
523 Richmond St. Phone 387J.**I. X. L. SPICE AND COFFEE MILLS, LIMITED.**
Sweetheart Jelly, Pure and Delicious.
Sweetheart Peanut Butter, Something Different.**JUST ARRIVED**
Full line of under-the-arm bags, canes and Tom Thumb umbrellas. High quality and low prices.
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Olympia Candy Works
186 DUNDAS STREET. PHONE 473.**EAT WHERE IT'S ALWAYS COOL
AT THE
NEW SERVICE LUNCH**
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NOTHING BUT THE BEST**HEXTER
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bargain prices. Machines to rent.**
ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.
481 RICHMOND STREET. Horace E. Robinson, Manager. PHONE 1344J.**GRIGG HOTEL CAFE**
CHICKEN
DINNER
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SUNDAY
SPECIAL MENU
"BEST OF TABLE SERVICE."
From 11:00 a. m. to 8 p. m.
334 RICHMOND ST. PHONE 5675.**THE JUNE BRIDE**
Before deciding on your wedding cake, consult us. Our prices are moderate.
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EMBLEM'S
PURE SPIRIT CIDER
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In Bottles or in Bulk.
LONDON VINEGAR WORKS
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Made like new with a manufacturer's finish by our latest approved machinery. Work called for and delivered.
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It's Ice Cream**
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They Stay Down.
Ask for Giants. They roof best.**London's Largest Used Ford Car Sales**
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Bobbed Hair Not Wanted; Third Plunge; Sell Babies on the Streets



On the right in the picture above is shown J. L. Harper, chief engineer of the Niagara Falls Power Co., explaining particulars of the water diversion scheme to the Hoover party at Niagara. To the left is Engineer Gibson who supervised the test of the Niagara Falls model



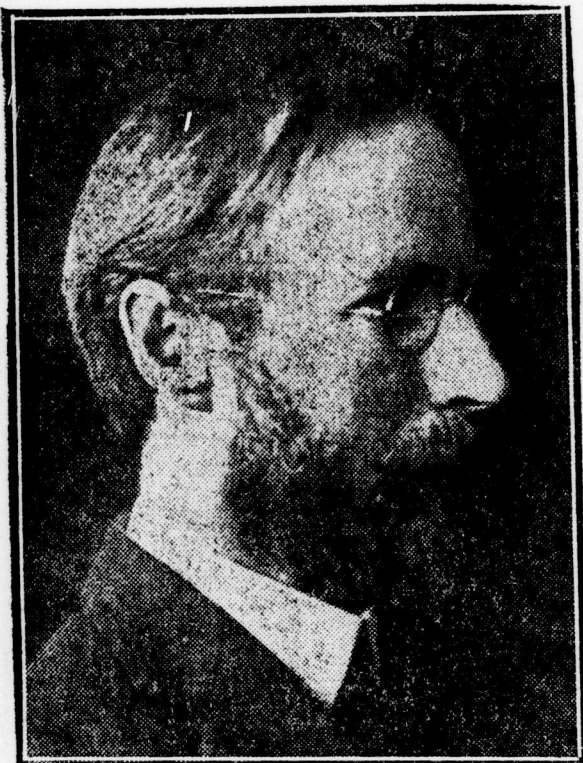
Three cheers and a tiger! Oscar Shaw has been on the warpath for some time in the interests of Philip Goodman's new show trying to find a girl with hair not bobbed, and (above) Shaw is shown with Miss Emily Marth, who came along just when he was about to give up hope



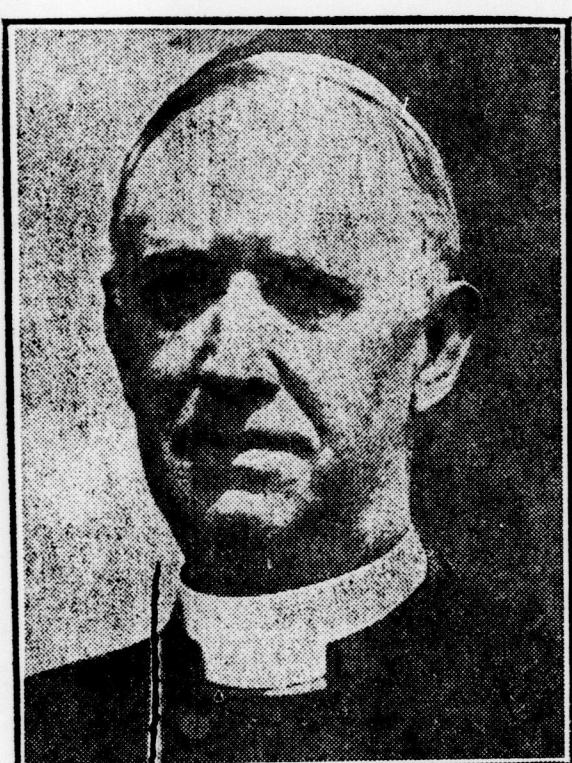
Swollen rivers having caused a food shortage in remote parts of North China, babies are being offered for sale on the streets. They are marketed in the fashion shown in the above photograph



Johnny Dooley, Broadway comedian, has made his third plunge into the sea of matrimony. The above photograph shows (from left to right) the bride, Maria Fruscella, Mayor Breidenbach, who performed the ceremony, and Dooley himself



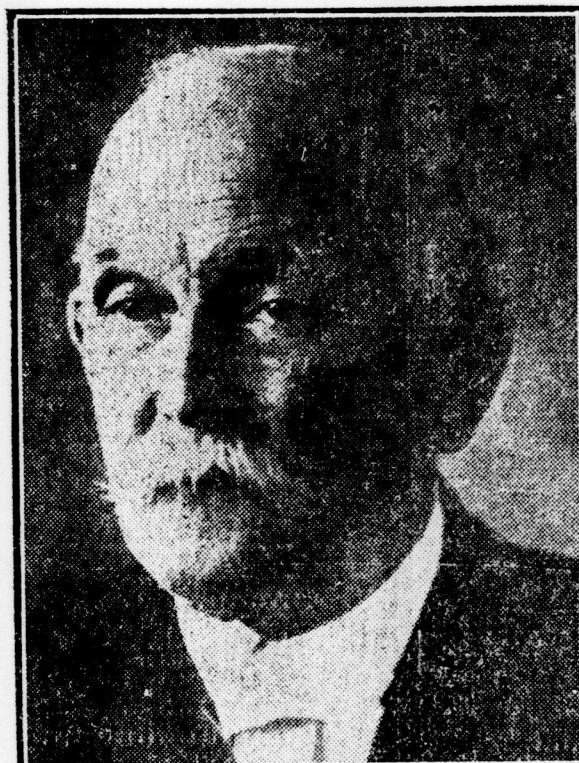
A photograph of Prof. J. C. Scammell, of Boston University, who is directing the new course in the college school of business administration on proper talking over the telephone



Bishop John J. Dunn, of New York, photographed as he sailed for Europe on the S.S. Duilio



A photograph of Mrs. May Muir, of New York, mother of young Walter Muir, sentenced to hang on July 11th in Valleyfield, Quebec, for murder. Muir's case won the support of the Duchess of Richelieu



Disappointed because books he has written brought him practically nothing, Prof. Larkin, head of Mt. Lowe Observatory, is berating everyone for allowing him to live while recovering in Los Angeles from illness



Above is shown Archbishop Nicolai, who, like his predecessor, Archbishop Tikhon, has resigned as head of the Russian Church, having sworn allegiance to Tikhon



From left to right in the picture above are shown: Dr. K. M. Bowman, Dr. J. J. Moore and Dr. H. S. Hulbert, three of the alienists who recently examined Richard Loeb and Nathan Leopold



Gov. R. J. Cluff, one of the prominent shriners of Canada, photographed at a recent garden party



When Wood Lane Power Station closed down as a result of the tube strike in the old land, the men took to cricket to pass the time



A photograph of Wendell P. Lawson, clever young Canadian and winner of the provincial government architectural scholarship, who sails for England on Saturday with the University Educational League



"Duke" and his brother, Sam Kahanamoku, dusky swimmers from the Philippines, photographed after showing their ability at the Olympic trials at Long Beach, N.Y.



Mme. Amelita Galli Curci photographed while listening to Beatrice Fenner, 15-year-old blind pianist, who is said to have remarkable talent



The photograph shows a few of the 125 Japanese brides that form a part of the 2,700 Japanese reported to be on their way to the United States before the Japanese Exclusion Act goes into effect on July 1st



The former Loranda Bachelder, of Chicago, is here shown with her husband, Gen. Pierre Piccio, ace of Italian airmen, whom she is suing for divorce. An international tangle may result, it is said, over efforts being made by Gen. Piccio to obtain custody of their child

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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1924.

It Was Ten Years Ago Today.

The date of the starting of the world war is generally named as August 4, 1914, but the flame that set the world on fire was ignited by a fatal bullet fired by Gavrilo Princip, a Serbian patriot, who, although a mere stripling in stature and immature in years, had his young mind fired with the traditions of his country and turned to bitterness by the encroachment and domination of Austria, one of the wings of pan-Germanism.

Princip was the assassin of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand. The story of his career, of his imprisonment after the assassination because he was too young to be hanged, and of his death in a dungeon, is told for the first time in today's Advertiser by Borjivo Jevtic, a member of the same band of terrorists, who was imprisoned next to Princip.

The whole chapter tells of the way in which the plot was conceived. It gives the staging as being in a humble, gas-lit cafe in Belgrade, far removed from any intrigue with officialdom. It is more human, even if more sordid, than the official papers over which the world poured late in August after the world war had become a reality.

Ferdinand was to visit Sarajevo, the capital of Bosnia, on June 28, to conduct military manoeuvres. June 28 is a day dear to the heart of the Serb; it is the day when the old kingdom of Serbia was conquered by the Turks in 1389, and it is also the day on which in the second Balkan war the Serbian army had its full measure of revenge on the Turk.

So, in that dim-lit room in Belgrade the visit of Ferdinand on that day, when the Serb would be remembering the victory over the Turk and his emancipation from years of oppression, was interpreted as meaning only one thing, a studied insult to the Serb.

The determination of this small band of plotters to kill Franz Ferdinand also served to provide the opportunity for which Germany was looking to launch her armies on a quest for world power.

The plotters had one idea only, that their act would bring about a war in which Serbia might be freed from Austrian oppression. Yet that shot fired by an unknown Serbian terrorist, now regarded by his fellow-countryman as a patriot, brought events crashing and tumbling on each other in such appalling sequence that the world was stunned and horrified by the stupendous horrors of each.

Austria-Hungary was quick to seek revenge; it served an impossible ultimatum on Serbia for an act of which official Serbia had no knowledge and which it was powerless to prevent. Then came Russia with its assistance for Serbia; Germany with her warning to Russia to stay out; France acted on a well-grounded fear that Germany would attack her, and finally Britain as a protest against the violation by Germany of the neutrality of Belgium. It was a long cry from the crack of Princip's revolver to the days of 1914-18 when the path of a world war sprawled its way across the face of Europe and called armed men from the corners of the world to the most awful carnage the world has ever seen.

Today, June 28, 1924, ten years after that studied shot in the city of Sarajevo, Europe is still struggling in the throes of post-war chaos. There are nations that were great which have drained the cup of bitterness to the last dregs, and there are those who were mighty who today are obscure and walking hand in hand with poverty. The bitterness that found its vent in the pulling of the trigger to snuff out the life of Ferdinand has found lodging places in many councils.

Yet today men sit in one common council from nearly all the nations of the world; they are serious, capable men, and determined that there shall come into existence a world court where justice will be given its rightful place, and where it can be secured without the price of life and the destruction of property. It has had to battle for its existence against hatred; those who profit from the carnage of nations must be set aside as the common enemies of a common humanity, because they would wreck this court if it were within their power to do so. The world court, the League of Nations, must succeed; it must accomplish that for which it was planned. Any move that blocks or hinders it can only be regarded as a painful gesture showing that we have not learned the lesson of the world war.

Two Sides of the Fence.

A board fence does not often figure as the line between things that are legal and those that are considered so illegal as to draw fire from the police guns.

Yet Hamilton has just such a fence, and it surrounds the Jockey Club premises. It is the difference between the inside and the outside. Inside a man can bet until he has not a nickel left to pay his car fare downtown; he can bet his watch, his car, his shirt or his socks, and he is quite within the letter of the law. On the other side of the fence a couple of men were having a game of "craps," and real bullets from real guns carried by a squad of police broke up the gathering.

On one side the men were gambling, on the other side they were doing the same thing.

It looks like the distinction between this and that, and the difference that separates here from there.

Once more Mr. Bumble's remark fits in, "The law is an ass."

May We Be Delivered.

The rest of the world must stand back and gaze while the Democrats of United States put all their prospective candidates through the fanning mill at the New York convention.

A political convention in United States is a different plant to that grown in this hardy land to the north. It is a bigger breed; those who tend it have squeaky boots and high-pitched voices; its limbs crack with the crescendo of a horrible catastrophe and those who come to play around it kick each other on the shins.

The accounts of the New York gathering raises the question if it is the civil war or the world war that is being fought over again.

One engagement ran something like this: Fordney Johnson, a lawyer from Alabama, placed the name of Senator Underwood in nomination. In so doing he launched an attack on the Ku Klux Klan. In the demonstration that followed Governor Sweet of Colorado was knocked to the floor by the fist of a labor leader of Pueblo. Another attendant was piled over the prostrate governor. Governor Fields of Kentucky was being held back by three men as he had his fist swinging round like a travelling trip hammer looking for a convenient target.

All this in the name of good government in a land where all men are free and equal. The foreigner, new to the country, if he had squeezed in through the door might well look on and wonder if the Indians of America were selecting a chief by the process of elimination.

We may be a trifle slow in this country, and our political outbreaks may be few and confined to serious matters of policy. May we be delivered from the sweat, the noise, the hubbub, the frenzied insanity and the utter nonsense of an American political convention.

The Free Press Anniversary.

Seventy-five years is a long time to serve a community. That is the record of achievement which The London Free Press is commemorating today, and The Advertiser congratulates its contemporary upon the attainment of a standing of three-quarters of a century.

During that time The Free Press has kept pace with the development of the community; it has assisted in giving this section of the province its proper perspective in the affairs of the Dominion, and has added its quota of service to the community in which it is published.

The publishers have good cause to feel a pardonable sense of pride in marking the arrival of three-quarters of a century in the field of Canadian journalism.

The "Untouchables" of India.

Every missionary who returns from India says that the great chance for that land lies in the breaking down of the caste system. Mahatma Gandhi, a high caste man himself, with a genius for leadership, says the same thing. The missionaries see in the caste system a stone wall in the path of the spread of the gospel; Gandhi sees in it an evil that must be corrected from the standpoint of national interest. Thus he and the missionaries, from different angles, face a common problem.

Mahatma Gandhi refers to the low caste natives of India as the "untouchables." The difference in rank was instituted to preserve distinctions without bloodshed. The high caste Hindus abhorred such work as leather tanning and scavenging, so it fell to the lot of the low caste; their methods of living became more repulsive, and in the end it was regarded as positive pollution to touch them. The most reliable census places their number at sixty million, or one-sixth of the entire population of India.

Gandhi is not a new convert to the cause of the "untouchable." He has long since declared that a people who oppress a section of their own population have no right to complain of oppression from a foreign race.

It is hard for the people of Canada, among whom class distinctions are so loosely drawn, to realize what the "untouchable" in India has to endure. There are streets on which he must not walk, places where he dare not go, civil rights which he dare not exercise. He is an outcast in every sense of the word.

Mahatma Gandhi belongs to one of the higher castes; his wife, a woman of talent and accomplishment, is of the same caste. In order to show that he was in earnest in his campaign for the "untouchables" Gandhi felt called upon to demonstrate his views in a way that threatened himself and his wife with social ostracism—the adoption of a child from the low caste, the "untouchables," into his own home, and in this way giving his full recognition to the idea of human brotherhood. It was a courageous thing to do, and marks Gandhi as a leader who is willing to defy traditions of centuries in order to right what he believes to be a great national evil.

Note and Comment.

Strawberries are giving a very creditable performance. The better they get the cheaper they become.

Kentucky now has a tax of three cents a gallon on gasoline. Stepping on the tax becomes the popular sport.

There's not much demand for seven-passenger automobiles because people don't go in for that sort of families now.

Safe drivers' clubs are being organized. Will the safe crackers consider this an infringement on their premises?

Algebra examinations are over in London. So if A B does not make enough marks to pass, Y, what will he D O about it?

Counsel for Home Bank depositors told Ottawa that talking time was over, and the time for sheer exhaustion. Must have been his first trip there.

At the Democratic convention in New York participants in demonstrations had to quit from sheer exhaustion. They should make the Democrats safe for democracy.

Dr. Frank Crane

PHAGOCYTE IDEAS.

Among all the microscopic beings modern science has revealed one of the most interesting is the Phagocyte.

He is supposed to be an inhabitant of the blood. Disclaiming all scientific accuracy, we can at least say that he is some sort of a small and swarming creature that inhabits our life fluid and that he seems to be a sort of home-guard. That is to say, it is his business when any sort of murderous microbe enters the system, to pounce upon said offender and devour him.

A man's vitality, his health, depends upon the number and vigor of his Phagocytes.

Of course, all this is more or less loose and inaccurate. But, in a general way, it is scientific truth.

And what is true of matter, is true of the spirit. For, after all, the material world is but the mirror of the realities which are spiritual.

So, therefore, there are phagocyte ideas, phagocyte thoughts; that is to say, there are certain thoughts that have a belligerent efficiency to chase away noxious thoughts. When the burglar enters the house and, by raising the window, sets off the alarm at the police station, a swarm of bluecoats surround the place, nab the crook and take him to jail. He is eliminated.

We have thoughts like this. For instance, there is the Worry Thought, the criminal intruder that worms his way into our mind, interferes with our business, upsets the peace of the family and keeps us sleepless at night. If left alone to do his dirty work, such a thought may drive us to melancholy or to madness.

But in the healthy mind there are Phagocyte Thoughts, such, for instance, as the calm conclusions of philosophy or the comforting assurances of religious faith. These friendly phagocytes attack the Worry Thought and drag it away.

Almost every kind of thought which attacks us as a destructive microbe is some kind of fear. Fear seems to be the common denominator of all the noxious ideas that distress and destroy the spirit.

And Fear only has its way with us when we are deficient in vitality, just as the poisonous germ cannot flourish and multiply in blood where there are plenty of Phagocytes.

You can test your degree of vitality, therefore, by the ease with which you overcome Fear. If little superstitions linger, if senseless premonitions bother you, if morbid fancies will not down, you may know that your spiritual blood is thin.

Ye Rhubarb Season

Why can't we have the things to eat spread further out upon the map, so just one thing won't hog the road and crowd the others from the gap?

For weeks whenever we go to eat, we've known this phrase was sure to pass, the waiter hollers in your ear, "Say, will you have some rhubarb sass?"

We try another place at which to park our frames at filling time, a spot where shady lights turn low, a squashy joint in which to dine.

And when you've run the race all through, you've tackled all and passed none by, they ask you if you want to eat another slab of rhubarb pie.

Nay, nay, we'll try some other 'ole where rhubarb never crossed the door; we find a place where full-dress gents they bow and scrape most to the floor.

'Tis there we nibble at the fish, inhale the soup in proper style, a-feeelin' that the rhubarb patch has never come within a mile.

It is a pleasant thing, it is, to dine away far from the mob, when bands play 'neath a potted fern, where saxophones they cough and sob.

An in such settin' there we sit, five-sixths the way gone through the meal, at peace with all the world around, contented feelin' o'er us steal.

And when the last round's comin' on she prods me with a wicked start, and says to me if what I want is a helpin' of their rhubarb tart.

'Tis rhubarb this and rhubarb that, in sixteen styles it's stewed and cut; they serve it in the white-tiled den, they sling it in the humble hut. Why can't there be a law come out to say the thing has been disposed, and stick a sign upon the wall, "The rhubarb season's now been closed."—ARK.

Wealth vs. Riches

(From the Brantford Expositor.)

The New Orleans Times-Picayune says that a wealthy citizen of rural New York died a few months ago, leaving a will that because of its oddity won mention in the metropolitan newspapers. Only small cash bequests—in no instance exceeding \$5,000—were made to his children. His action was prompted, as explained in his will, by his desire that "my children shall be strong and sturdy and courageous; that my boys shall strive for honor, fame and a reasonable competency rather than great fortunes; that they reverence women; that my daughters may have the ambition to be happy, helpful, true and loving wives and take for their husbands men of character, thrift and industry rather than of fortune and title." Was this father a wise man or only a crank? Some recent happenings, notably the biographical murder of a Chicago boy by a couple of university graduates, sons of rich parents, would seem to afford a sufficient answer.

Press Comment

A Detective's Wealth.

Those who say that crime does not pay are invited to note that the estate of the late William Pinkerton amounts to more than \$2,000,000.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

They Played a Sure Thing.

If a prophet is without honor in his own country, it is likewise true that a lot of them who attended the races yesterday are today without money.—Hamilton Spectator.

Our English Language.

The man who with pride and no little assurance employs the word meticulous to impress the world with his erudition merely identifies himself as an educated guy of a former generation.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Looking Over the Backyard.

"Growing like a weed" is an expression the full force of which is appreciated by every gardener these days.—Ridgetown Dominion.



OUR OWN LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT.

LILLIAN PAGETT—How about that tear-compelling thing that brings tears?

"Tell me not in mournful numbers." Dear Lil—It's called "A Maiden's Prayer," and it's a real sob stuff, all right, all right.

"Thou Bathroom Scale of Truth and Justice." She cried in misery profound. "Oh, tell me not in mournful numbers that I have gained another pound."

JOSEPH S. BENDER—Do you know the title of the poem. "She was a miller's daughter?"

Dear Joe—The poem is entitled, "She was always good to her folks," and rambles along as follows:

She was a miller's daughter. This queen of the footlights, but she Promote you, and to the banker In her auto-biography.

Faithful Ethel!

Little Ethel had received a teddy bear for her birthday, and had great difficulty in finding a suitable name for it. An error in manufacture had given the bear a cross-eyed appearance, which complicated matters still further. Finally Ethel decided to call it "Gladly."

"But, Ethel," said her mother, "whatever did you get a name like that for your teddy bear?"

"Sun's school teacher told me that name," confided Ethel. "She taught us 'bout a song which said somp'n 'bout 'Gladly' the cross I'd bear."

A Man's Idea About Marriage.

Burr—Swimming around. After—Forking over.

Hard to Cure. Burr—"How's your cold, Donald?" Donald—"Verra obstinate." Burr—"How's your wife?" Donald—"About the same."

THE JINGLE-JANGLE COUNTER. The little clock goes tick, tick, tick. All my money goes quick, quick, quick.

After Winter comes the Spring— Sister slaps like everything! He kissed her in the morning, he kissed her at night, She was his youngest daughter, and he had a perfect right.

In summer kids bare their feet; Goldfish never mind the heat.

The Bright Clerk.

Helen (to new drug clerk—"How many bottles of soda?" "New Drug Clerk—"I'm not sure, but I think it's the same as the day rate."

TIMES HAVE CHANGED. A decade ago detectives picked up the trail of a woman by following hairpins; today it is matches.

Not a Gopher.

First Caddie—"It says in his pointer, nearly all de presidents played golf. I wonder if George Washington did?"

Second Caddie—"Naw, he was the guy what never told a lie."

Tragedies.

What is it makes the blue-point blue? Is it the thought of oyster stew, Or does he fear some hungry zuy? Will squirt tucker in his eye?

"It looks to me," said the cauliflower, "As if we were in for a good, hard shower."

"That's so," said the best. "I guess you're right. The corn complained of aches last night."

A Miracle.

Miss Gush—"I want you to see my new hat. My friends all say that I look well in it."

Miss Catt—"I am anxious to see it. It certainly must be a wonderful hat."

Ready for Action.

Mrs. Johnson—"I've heard it said that Mr. Jones has a poker face. What do they mean by that?"

Mr. Johnson—"Well, he has a straight chin shaped like a snide, a roval expression and a flushed forehead. His eyes shine like diamonds and he has his heart in his mouth."

The only way you can string some women is with pearls.

The Model Wife.

I left my tracks upon the floor. You know that makes some women sore. My wife—I'll say she is a bird—She didn't even say a word.

I threw my clothes down anywhere. I put my feet upon a chair. Now that, of course, makes some wives ever.

My wife didn't turn a hair. I filled the room full of smoke—I would have made some women choke. And open up the doors for air. My wife was calm—she didn't care.

I gave my maid a meaningful look. I even flirted with the cook. My model wife did not complain—You see, she's far away in Spain.

The newly-fledged father looked at the triplets in consternation. "If that don't eat all," he remarked slowly. "That fortune-teller told me to beware of some small bald-headed people I was going to meet."

Demands Her Share!

Hoyle: "I have hard luck at poker!" Shaw: "Nonsense. Why I know you've been winning right along!" Hoyle: "Yes—but my wife knows it too!"

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

LONDON AND ITS GOSSIP

THERE must have been many hundreds of Canadians visiting London who went to see the Derby. Those who did so paid dearly in discomfort, though perhaps they thought the experience was worth it. Derby Day on Epsom Downs shows, perhaps the highest democratic spectacle of human variety on earth. The fashionable man about town, with silk hat, spats, monocle and binoculars, jostles the swartzy gipsy hawkers. The King and Queen and most aristocrats are there, but also the most plebeian. The quickest, most comfortable and cheapest way of getting to Epsom from London is by train, but by some freak of fashion or tradition the majority, especially dominion and overseas visitors, prefer to go by road. It is certainly a remarkable sight to see the procession of vehicles along the road. There are not only Rolls-Royces and Fords, but buses, trams, charabancs, carriages-and-fours, and tiny two-wheelers drawn by donkeys. All along the miles of road there is a line of beggars. Most of the beggars are street urchins who cry: "Give us a penny for luck." The racegoers are generally in a liberal and a merry mood. They have drums and other musical instruments to cheer them from time to time, and they enjoy the fun of throwing coppers. It is not only small boys who beg. The hospitals and other charitable institutions which happen to be along the route take advantage of the occasion to put out large poster appeals, and they have sheets as receptacles for any donations that may be made. "Nurses in uniforms stand by to say 'Please' and 'Thank You.'"

The most popular way of going to Epsom nowadays seems to be for a party to hire a bus. As the advertisements inform you, if you go by bus you can travel inside if it is rainy, and when you get to the racetrack you can get on the top of the bus and use it as a grandstand for watching the races. But something happened at this year's Derby that had not been calculated for. The buses, some hundreds of them, got stuck in the mud on the Downs, and they had to wait till next day to be dragged out by traction engines. Up till noon of Derby Day the rain had held off, and the hundreds of thousands who went by road were mostly at Epsom by that time. The rain then commenced to pour, and pitilessly it kept on for hours. The cars and buses parked in thousands on the Downs, sank into mud. The lighter vehicles could be got out, but not so with the heavy buses. Ex-soldiers said it recalled the wettest days in Flanders.

Stories of Luck. There are always stories of wonderful good luck—and bad luck—after a Derby. A Liberal member of parliament, Mr. Harcourt Johnstone, for East Willesden, won £21,000, being half of the second prize in the Calcutta sweepstakes. Mr. Johnstone was in the House of Commons last night, and all members were congratulating him. He is one of the youngest members, being only 27 years of age. A Nottingham man, Mr. P. S. Millard, won £27,750 in the London Stock Exchange sweep. He said he dreamed during the night of the draw, that he had drawn "Santovino," and had backed it. It was not until the next morning that he learned the result. He had won £27,750. The man who can tell a story of bad luck is Lord Astor, who has owned the horse second in the race five years out of the last seven. Lady Astor is as disappointed as her husband. The owner of this year's winner, Lord Derby, is undoubtedly the most popular sportsman in England. His family has been trying vainly to win the race for 137 years. At a

Press Club dinner two days before the race, he broadcast a pretty straight tip for his horse. He did not actually say it would win. Had he done so, and it lost, he would have had widows coming to him and telling him they had lost their all on his advice. But he said: "I have a good horse and a good jockey and the best trainer in England, and those who back Sansovino will have a good run for their money. He is a very good horse and his winnings will have helped to console the public for the abominable weather."

A Question of Clerical Celibacy. The congregation of St. Paul's Church, Brighton, are very Anglo-Catholic in their ideas, so much so that they have refused to accept a clergyman who had been nominated as their vicar because they saw in the press an announcement that he was to be married.

The vicar in dispute is the Rev. K. Olivier, a widower. It is understood that in view of the objection of the congregation Mr. Olivier wishes to have his nomination to the parish withdrawn. The bishop, however, wishes him to stand for the vicarage. There has been the inevitable discussion in the press as to the advantages and disadvantages of a married clergy. It is generally agreed that the wives of clergymen show themselves splendid women and give great help in the ministry to their husbands. The vicarage is a social center for the parish when the vicar is married, and this is regarded as a valuable element in parochial life and work. The preference for a celibate clergy is strong among the very high church Anglicans, who have the confessional, and who have the utmost confidence in confessing to a clergyman with a wife. To this it is answered that people have the utmost confidence in entrusting their most private affairs to married doctors and lawyers.

The C. N. R. Vice-President. Mr. J. E. Dalrymple, vice-president in charge of traffic on the Canadian National Railway, has done a lot of work and made himself many friends during his stay in London. On Monday the port of London authorities placed a motor launch at his disposal and he inspected the London docks, sheds, grain storage and warehouses. He has also been to the ports of Manchester, Liverpool and Southampton. At the latter place he saw the world's largest floating dry dock, which is to be opened by the Prince of Wales on June 22. There is much interest in Mr. Dalrymple's career. He has been a railway worker for 41 years, commencing at the age of 14 as a junior clerk on the Grand Trunk. Step by step he has worked his way up, and has now the reputation of being one of the greatest authorities in the world. During the visit of the King and Queen to Wembley, it was Mr. Dalrymple who showed their majesties round the splendid pavilion of the C. N. R. and took great pride in explaining the features of the world's longest railway to them.

To the Editor

About Petting Parties.

"Andy Gump" Thinks Reports Have Been Exaggerated, and Really Favors a Little Spooning.

Editor of The Advertiser: Sir—I note the great tempest in a teapot over the so-called "petting parties," and I feel certain it is grossly exaggerated. No doubt these good

people in the country do see cars parked on the country roads, and why shouldn't campers enjoy the country roads freely, the bright moonlight, even to make love if necessary? I'm sure there is not any great harm in sitting in a car at night, in the country moonlight, even if they do spoon a little.

It's a perfectly natural function of we humans and to see harm and evil in the minds of those folks who oppose it so strenuously, and who see nothing but evil. Is this a true Christian spirit, according to the teachings of God? "Evil to him who evil thinks."

I feel certain that the same enthusiasm and energy could be used to better purpose in trying to catch the vandals and sneak thieves who consistently pilfer the automobiles parked at Springfield of spare tires, tools, and wearing apparel left in seats, and anything else they can lay their hands on. There have been no less than three of my friends whose cars have been rifled this season already in and around the old pavilion. Yours truly,

ANDY GUMP.



Corns

Don't Pare Them!

Cutting a corn is always dangerous. Blue-jay ends corns. Kills the pain instantly, then the corn loosens and comes out. No risk, no constant trouble. Get Blue-jay at your drugist.

Blue-jay

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Dandruff, itching and scalp irritation point to an unhealthy condition of the scalp which leads to falling hair and premature baldness. Frequent shampoo with Cuticura Soap do much to prevent such a condition, especially if preceded by a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment.

Sample Pack Free by Mail. Address Canadian Agents: Cuticura, P. O. Box 2114, Montreal, P. Q. Try our new Shaving Stick.

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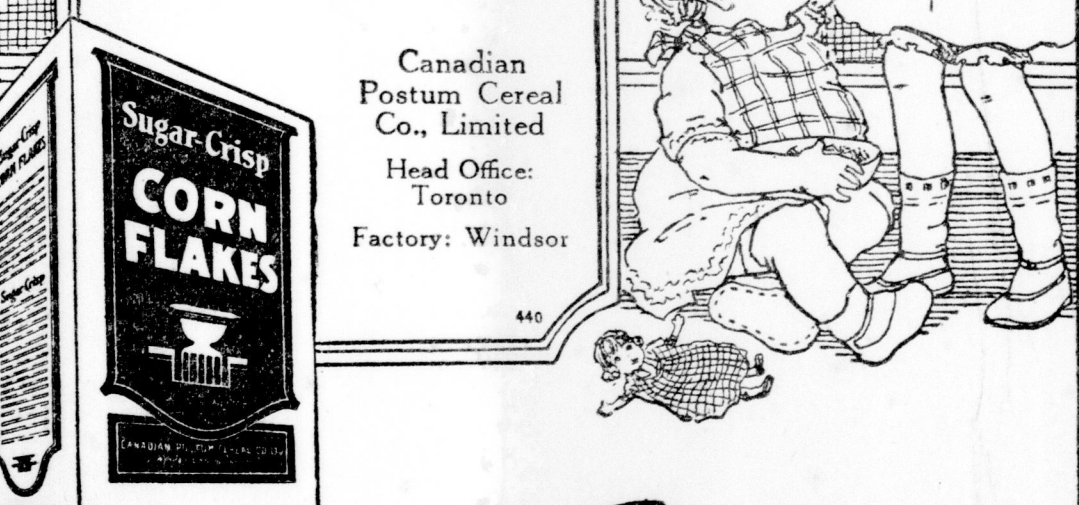
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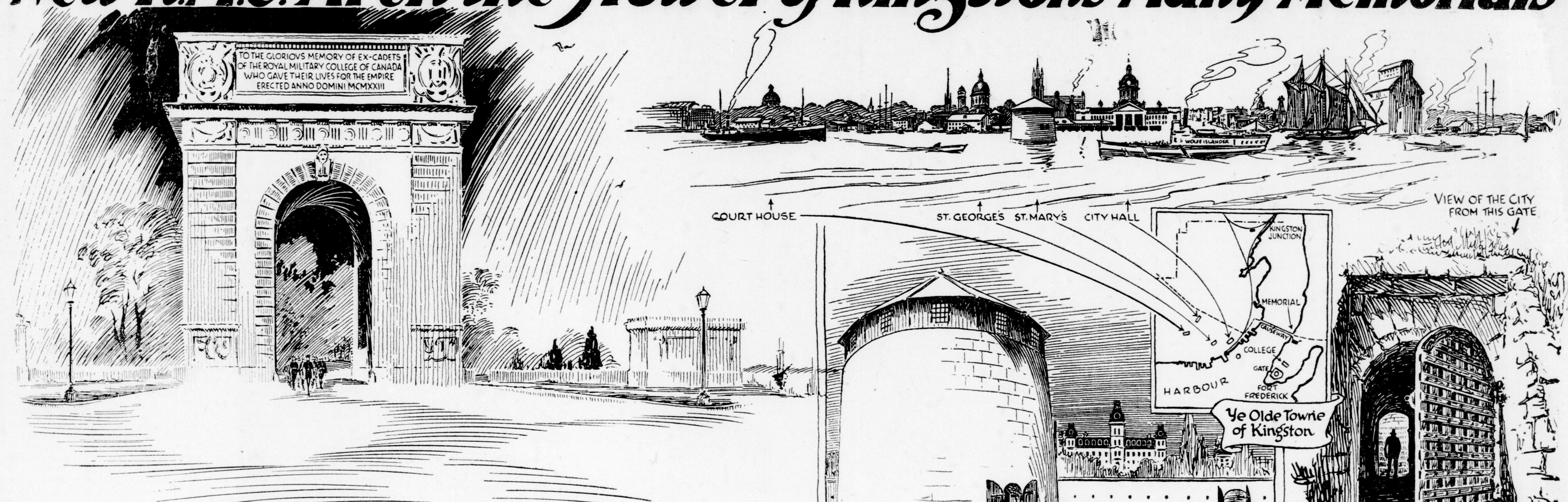
Deliciously Sweet and Crisp



GOLDEN flakes of the sweetest corn—thin, crisp, wonderfully flavored—sealed tight till you open the wax-wrapped package at the table. These are Sugar-Crisp Corn Flakes. Try them. Made in Canada.



New R.M.C. Arch the Flower of Kingston's Many Memorials



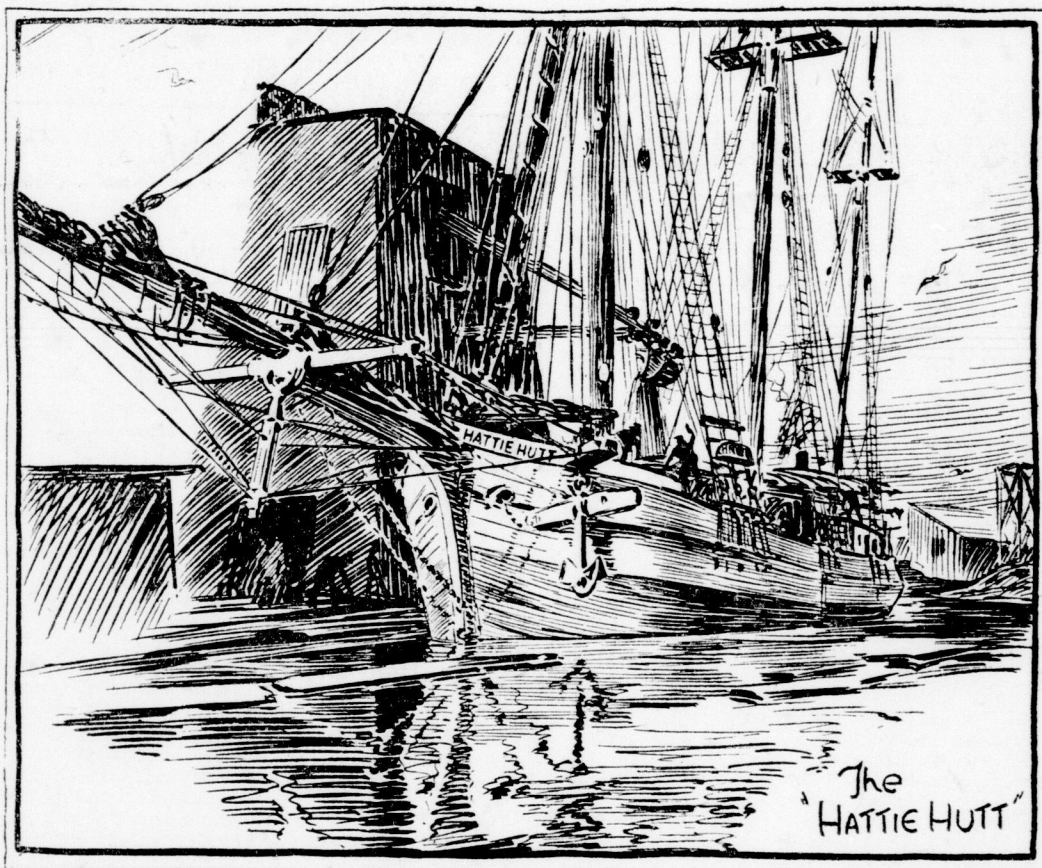
Will Stand For Ages to Be Gazed Upon By Thousands to Whom the War Will Be a Monstrous Myth of the Past—Set in a Historic City That Looks Like a Fortress With Old Cannon at Almost Every Corner.

Written and Illustrated
By GALBRAITH O'LEARY

EVEN from Kingston Junction where the main line dips into the northern limits of the city the new R. M. C. memorial arch can be distinctly seen at the southern end of the harbor. Relieved by a mass of foliage it forms the centre of a varied scene. To the left are the green humps of Barrie Field crowned with the slanting bulwarks of Fort Henry. Peeping over the trees immediately behind is the tower of the Royal Military College, a little to the right Fort Frederick, across the harbor runs the La Salle Causeway to the city on the extreme right. In the foreground a tangle of shipping including many veteran freighters with rusty funnels and gaping planks. The blunt nose of a sunken vessel protrudes from the water.

The dignity of Kingston could not permit the frantic bustle of express trains. You must approach the city proper in the hesitating respectful manner of a little one-coach "train", or on the silent wheels of an automobile. At the end of the causeway, which carries the Toronto-Montreal highway, we approach the memorial arch from its left. Set back from the roadway it commands the attention of all passing travelers.

Massive and imposing as only an arch can be, it looms up white against the azure above and the juicy green below. It is built of Indiana stone similar to the "new" Union Station and set on a stylobate of granite, the bluish tone of which prevents it from starting too suddenly from the blue-gray of the road. Upon the entablature between two coats of arms, and above the doric frieze, are incised the words: "To the glorious memory of ex-cadets of the Royal Military College, of Canada, who gave their lives for the empire." On the die of each pedestal are ancient armorial designs in low relief. On the inner faces of the arch two large brass tablets containing the names of the ex-cadets who have fallen in battle; one in the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition, one in West Africa, five in South Africa, and in the great



Bits of the waterfront have a seafaring flavor. Here's the old Hattie Hutt gorging a cargo.

war one hundred and forty nine. On the eastern tablet the words: "Erected by the Royal Military College Club of Canada." On the western tablet the words: "Hark how the drums beat up again for all true soldiers, gentlemen."

To Stand For Ages Yet to Be

HOW typical! How perfectly those lines embody the spirit of military officialdom—the dash, the flourish, the queer commingling of pomp and politeness. On the stone below the tablets are two more designs in low relief. On the outer sides of the arch are engraved the names of the various battles. The south side of the entablature contains the words: "Truth Duty, Valor. Blow out your bugles over the rich dead. There's none of these so lonely and poor of old but dying has made us rarer gifts than gold." Just below a face in bold relief has its lips parted as though delivering the message. And there it is, big, strong and substantial, to stand for ages and be gazed upon by thousands to whom the war will be a monstrous myth of the past, and gaped at by little boys regretting they weren't born in the good old bloodthirsty days.

Across the highway and directly confronting the memorial are two cannons which it is hoped may be replaced by a supplementary stone edifice when funds permit.

The main difference between this college and Sandhurst is of course a matter of size and grandeur. But if the same proportion of Sandhurst's wealth were given to the memory of its dead as has been given here at Kingston they would have the grandest memorial in the world. Sandhurst college is palatial and its grounds elaborated with the shrubs and pools and statues of a royal estate. The Canadian college reminds one somewhat of Toronto's old Knox College on Spadina Crescent. This, however, will be replaced by a modern building a section of which is already completed and in use.

Passing beneath the memorial we approach the college and Fort Frederick via Frontenac avenue. The avenue receives its name from Comte de Frontenac, governor and lieutenant-general in La Nouvelle France who founded Cataragui (Kingston), 251 years ago. Through

the trees to the left and on Queenston Heights road are the married quarters. Every roadway is a memorial. Here comes a squad of cadets off to the city in advance of the morning church parade. They make a brilliant spot of scarlet, white and gold against the green bushes.

The sentry at the guard room stands stiff as a poker with his rifle at the slope and balancing a funny pillbox hat on his bean. What jester invented those hats anyway? Perched on one side as they are, they would just about keep the rain off one ear. Why not strut about with one boot on? But there—the army is necessarily an unreasoning machine. "Theirs but to do and die."

On either side of the parade ground are the cadets' quarters, and right ahead is Fort Frederick. The fort has recently been embellished with a large flagpole and numerous repairs. One realizes at once its strategical value, commanding as it does the entrance to the river. Enormous cannons thrust their snouts over the massive earthworks wherever there might be a chance of pumping iron at a boat. Some are



Irate Motorist, (after the smash): "Confound you! Why the deuce didn't you sound your horn?"

Four Great Gleaming Stars

IN the educational building is the Sir Arthur Currie Memorial Hall. This was originally intended for a lecture room but has now been decorated as an entertainment hall. It has a very pleasing effect of bronze and gold with brilliant decorative devices. All around the front of the gallery are the badges of the various Canadian units, and on the under side the coats of arms of the places in which they were billeted. Everything is executed in a first-class decorative fashion.

Opposite this is a baronial hall bristling with cannons, automatic guns, machine guns, Belgian rifles, pistols, flags and bayonets grouped to form great gleaming stars. On a landing between the two halls an ugly German minenwerfer, two weak paintings of Wolfe and Montcalm, and an exquisitely beautiful figure carved out of white marble. The latter is a gift from France. It is the gentle soul of France incarnate in the midst of all this barbaric clutter.

Through the window we see the parade ground where the church parade is ready to move off. There is the old inspection of which many of us have amusing recollections. The red lines move not a whisker as the dark slim figure of the O. C. passes. Then one segment of the line steps back, adjusts something one-hundredth of an inch and steps into place again. The two scarlet lines breaking into four, twist, and move off. Instead of the pill boxes, they are wearing white helmets with gold chains and spikes.

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mounted on recoil grades and circular tracks, though it seems unbelievable that they could ever move on them.

Two tunnels lead beneath the ramparts to the shore, and from the mouth of one of these we get a view of Kingston's waterfront as shown in the sketch.

Imposing and dangerous as this fort appears, it is now a visitor's curiosity and a lover's walk.

A Chain of Martello Towers

ACROSS the inlet to the east is Fort Henry. It is one of the chain of martello towers which almost duplicate those along the south coast of England.

Returning along the causeway towards the city we cross a swing bridge with a monstrous counterweight of concrete slung up in the air as at Cherry street, Toronto, and outside Dearborne station, Chicago. It is now swinging up to pass the steamer Concretia which is bringing in the great bell buoy from the mouth of Niagara. These buoys are all being replaced with lights. The Concretia is built of reinforced concrete—decks, hull and all. She moors alongside a strange type of all steel freighter with bows and stern like a punt, two screws and two rudders.

On our left at the end of the causeway is the old Fort Frontenac, the old Fort Frontenac built in 1673.

The lower part of the city itself looks like a fortress. Thick-walled stone buildings give it an ancient European effect. The docks have a seafaring flavor. The city hall is very properly situated, and its dome is almost exactly repeated on St. George's cathedral and the court house. Even Toronto could not show anything like the proportion of churches to population.

One cannot go far in one direction without reaching the country. Even Princess street, the main drag, breaks into an avenue of large shade trees after half a dozen short blocks and soon reaches the open fields. There are still some open areas, and the conductors climb around as in Toronto of old. One thing worth noting is the lighting of Princess street. The lamps are of a large torch design and attached to the upper part of the trolley poles, thus saving extra posts, and yet having a very attractive appearance.

Memorials Everywhere

EVERYWHERE one encounters memorials of some description. In the city park we have a memorial to Macdonald on a red granite base between two cannons. On the opposite corner a white granite memorial to those of the R.C.H.A. who fell in the war. Across the road a beautifully simple cross of white granite with a dark wreath of laurels at its foot keeps fresh the memory of Kingston's men and women who gave their lives in the war. In this riverside park which is itself a memorial is another tower similar to Fort Frederick but not as high. Here Frontenac landed July 13th, 1673. Some more cannon is scattered around.

The large elaborate fountain in front of the ionic columns of the court house is a memorial to Sir G. A. Kirkpatrick, K.C.M.G.

The streets read like memorials. Between Alma street, Ordnance and Balclava streets is another park with a cenotaph to a merchant and one to a minister, and an old cannon at every corner. Another two-block area of grass or rather dandelions is called Victoria park and is decorated with cannons. The fair ground in the northwest corner of the city is about the only open space without a cannon. If all these cannons went off together there wouldn't be one stone left upon another.

Along Union street the New Queen's University library under construction adds a refined

gothic influence to the imposing group of buildings.

St. Mary's Cathedral is a wonderful gothic dream with every buttress aspiring in a pinnacle and the tower tipped with a golden cross.

Chinese restaurants are thick in Kingston, in some instances two to a block. And all fitted out alike with separate compartments for each table. Yes, the Chinese are doing things in style. Here are the rooms of the Chinese Nationalist league.

The Kingston Kiwanis Carnival

WE are just in time for the K.K.K.—no, not the Ku Klux Klan, but the Kingston Kiwanis Carnival being held at the armories. All Kingston turns out. There's a procession from the city hall square with gaudy costumes and the everlasting bicycle with colored ribbons threaded through its wheels. The front of the armories is lined with autos. Within is a miniature exhibition. That is, miniature as compared with the Canadian National and Wembley. But it's big enough to get the crowd together and it's not so big as to neutralize its crowd and obliterate its character. This crowd is out for a good time. Groups of cadets chatter with flappers, all waiting anxiously for the dancing to commence. The crowd responds en masse to everything that happens. There is a mad rush when the jazz band starts. Everybody's happy, not tired as at the Ex. Now they're off—old King Jazz as wild and woolly as anywhere. The stately, aged parents in the gallery look down with wondering eyes upon their swirling progeny. Never is a dance so dazzling as when sprinkled with scarlet coats.

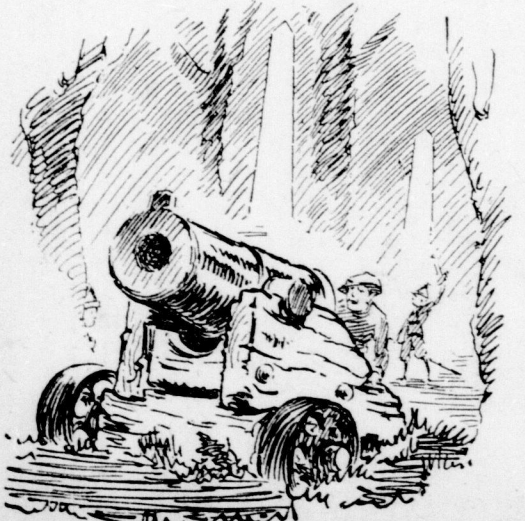
"Where's the teddy bear? Where's the teddy bear?" yells a stout perspiring gentleman as he rushes about with a 5 foot megaphone. He is one of the supervisors seeking the small boy we saw wandering through the crowd with the bear's skull on his head. Never mind the teddy bear! roars the stentorian noise of another trumpeter. "Come and see the wonderful picture gallery—finest collection of pictures in Canada!"

Outside on the main street the evening crowd parades around the stores in a strolling gait. Nothing much to do and lots of time to do it in. The rest of the city is very peaceful.

Across a wide avenue of various houses the fallen sun glows yellow on the big, strong maples bringing them up lighter than the blue of the sky. Deep blue shadows pattern the macadam paving, and the shadowed tree trunks loom in silhouette. The housefronts are spattered with light and shade, and mothers fondle their babies in the doorways. One silent auto, still at the curb, birds gossiping above, the faint tinkle of a piano—"Somewhere a voice is calling—Night and the shadows falling over land and sea." Yes that's Kingston—calm, quiet, and reserved like its many memorials.



The ordinary sheik stands no chance against the scarlet-coated species.

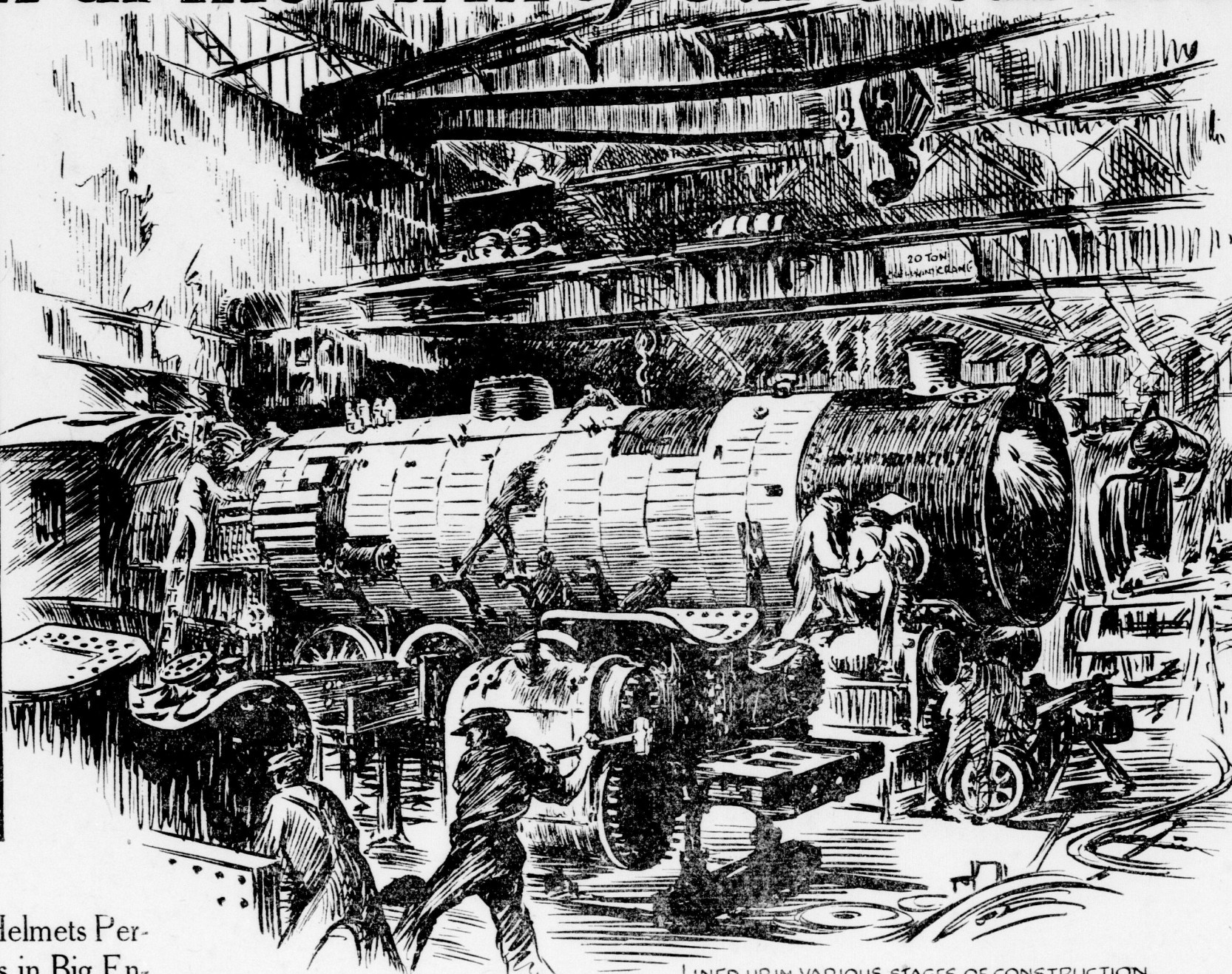


These things crop up all over the city. The cenotaphs are to the memory of a merchant and a minister.

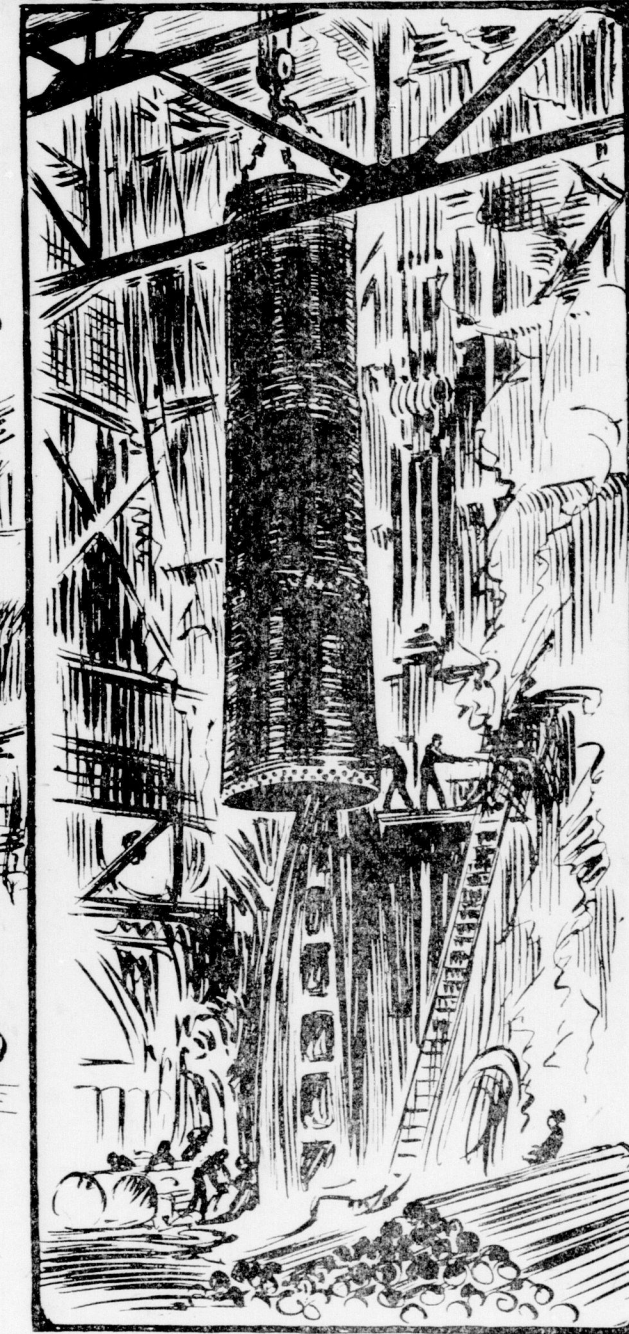
Toil and Travail at the Birth of Our Greatest Locomotives



JUST PUTTING HER BONNET ON —
ALMOST READY FOR THE ROAD



EVEN A SLEDGE IS A MEAN LITTLE TOOL
WHEN IT COMES TO ADJUSTING THESE
MONSTER CYLINDERS



A BOILER HAULED UP FOR THE VERTICAL RIVETER

Men in Plush Hats, Iron Hats and Air-Pumped Helmets Perform a Hundred Freakish and Strenuous Tasks in Big Engine Works in Kingston, Where Railway Giants Are Produced—Shooting the Scales Off Steel With Blasting Hose—Gigantic Masses of Steel Tossed Playfully About.

Written and Illustrated
By GALBRAITH O'LEARY

"GUESS you're laughing at my funny hat, eh?" said the shot-blaster. Well, we weren't, but since he mentioned it we took notice, and it certainly was peculiar. It was made of green plush and was closely tucked around the ears. Pushed up over it were a pair of red goggles. The wearer had a lean, drawn face and a pair of the frankest twinkling eyes.

The way he had been peeping between those great doors was enough to arouse anybody's curiosity. Stealthily he would wrench them apart, peer within and hastily close them again, but not before a puff of smoke escaped through the slit. Beneath the doors ran the rails of a wide-gauge track.

At last he opened a door sufficiently to let us pass, and then closed it behind us.

We stood in a lofty, square chamber some thirty feet across, with walls part concrete and part brick. The cement was eaten out of the concrete, leaving the aggregate roughly protruding. The bricks were hollowed out between the mortar as though weathered by a thousand years. The air was thick with dust which hung overhead in heavy clouds.

"Yes, this is where we blast the rust and scales from the steelwork," said our gaunt companion of the green hat, his voice echoing through the gloom.

"Scales?" we queried, scenting a fish story. "Yes, scales. Here, come and look at this," he said, leading the way through a little door in the great wall. He indicated some ugly, massive steel castings which sure enough were covered with scales tinted like poisonous fungus.

Returning to the chamber we approached a grotesque shape which stood on a sort of dais in the centre. Probably a giant engine's knee-joint or jaw-bone or something.

"There you are, that's the job I just finished—yes, that was the same as the rest." The scales were gone and the surface was smooth and polished.

"I go over every inch of it with this here nozzle, and blast shot at it under 100 pounds pressure. See, there's the shot on the floor—all that's to be shoveled up and sifted again." The heavy mounds we had been scuffling through were indeed countless pellets of metal. Through the dull grey heaps wound the snaky line of the

blasting hose, at the end of which was a long iron pipe.

"But you don't work in here yourself?" we asked.

"Oh, yes, I wear a helmet—no man could live in here when I've got the old kicker going unless he had a helmet and a supply of air." The helmet looked like a diver's equipment and had an air supply valve.

"The tender is the big job," he continued. "She's run right in here on the track and I go over every bit of her. Half the job is shoveling up the shot and sifting it."

Whirlwind of Steel Dust

WE looked up through the dust, which still hung in thick clouds.

"Isn't there a fan or draught of any kind up there?"

"Oh, no—of course it would settle in time, you know." And there was the twinkle in his eye.

We were just trying to imagine what it must be like working every day in that stifling helmet amid that metallic roar, grappling with that kicking hose, alone in a whirlwind of shot and steel-dust.

"Is that the kind of work you do?" he asked suddenly, his eye lighting up as it glanced on the sketch of the locomotive. He scanned it eagerly.

"You, the soul of honesty," we thought, "working your heart out here and wasting away on it, speak, to us of the fat head, the intellectual aristocracy, the modern feudal barony safe behind our defenses of pens and paper—speak to us of work!"

We retreated for shame. This is just one of the many freakish and strenuous tasks involved in the construction of a large modern locomotive such as the new "6000" series being built by the Canadian Locomotive Company of Kingston for the Canadian National Railways.

A locomotive shop is the last thing one expects to find in the sedentary city of Kingston. It radiates a muffled thunder and a quivering of the earth. Its many departments are vast and lofty, filled as with the furniture of a giant.

Of a sudden a gigantic mass of steel on the floor will stir up as in sleep, and then get up on its haunches and quiver and go up—way up in the air hanging by the steel cables of a traveling crane. Do you require your electrical tool bench—the one on wheels?—allow me! Up it goes flying through the air and alighting by your side, on your knee or wherever you choose. These great steel monsters frown down at one. "Who is this worm?" they seem to say as they pick up a few boilers and locomotives to throw

at you. Their big black hooks creep and grope about everywhere.

Day and night the shops are alive with an army of grimy men. In the casting department we find them pouring scorching liquid metal into the clay molds. Castings of glowing scarlet mottled with mauve gleam upon the strained and smutched visages that bend over them momentarily as the forms are removed. All over the vast floor smoke arises from the smoldering molds like incense from a host of altars. "Mud pies," they are called.

But the blacksmiths are the mighty men of this place. Big sledge-hammers with hairy chests, their teeth gleaming white from their blackened faces, cluster around a dozen great, hissing furnaces more terrible than Nebuchadnezzar's. From one furnace four men draw a huge iron bar 25 feet long and bend it to a semi-circle on a round table, working as on a capstan. Reflections of the red flames flit through the dark recesses. Through the windows shines the blue of the St. Lawrence which is fortunately just outside.

Enormous Steam Hammers

THE water fountain in every department is a welcome oasis and the water can't run too fast for the parched throats. At the enormous thumping steam-hammers the smiths shape big lumps of metal as dexterously as with the sledge. Above them is a tangle of spinning wheels and flapping belts.

We come to the plate department, which is strewn with stacks of sheet iron. It's a kind of sheet-iron tailoring shop. Iron is clipped up and perforated like so much cloth. No doubt one could get quite a neat suit here that would never need pressing—just a little filing up the edges, perhaps. Or how about a half-inch steel patch for a pair of pants?—or three-quarters or one inch if preferred.

Did you ever get a peak inside a tender, or tank, as it is called here? Of course you know a locomotive has a tender behind. Well, these tanks are far more complicated than they appear on the railroad. Inside they are divided into small compartments, thus splitting the volume of water which would otherwise tear open the outer joints by its surging. The cabs also are made in this department, even to the painting and lettering in gold leaf.

Across the floor of another thundering vault are monstrous steel castings or frames which form the whole base of the locomotive. These were formerly made up with girders, but are now cast in one piece. Rough from the mold, they are hauled up on to a planing machine. Here, slowly but relentlessly, they are forced back and forth against the two cutting edges, which peel off the surplus steel like butter. The air is filled with the pungent odor of grinding steel.

Another department is given over to smaller parts, turning, etc.; another to small fittings.

Here and there one finds a detail like the 500-ton flange press which will shape a dome out of a first piece of steel. Then there are the automatic stokers which do away with coal-shoveling. A man passes with an iron hat on. He climbs up on to a firebox where other men are riveting. With a blazing acetylene torch he calmly nips off the protruding ends of steel bolts one after another. The firebox seems to have more bolts than plate. In the assembling department the locomotive begins to take on its familiar shape. Its various parts are continually gliding about through the air and pitching here and there like flies. The great frame is lowered on to jacks. Then the cylinders. Somebody gets busy making little adjustments with a sledge-hammer—yes, even for a hair's breadth adjustment a sledge-hammer is a mean little tool. When he's exhausted, two or three other men take a turn before those cylinders are just where they should be. On the next track the boiler is set on the cylinders and some men are applying the asbestos insulation. These gentlemen contrast with all the rest in that their overalls are covered with white dust instead of black. No doubt they feel quite superior. Along come all the dinky fandanglers which even a snorting locomotive likes to wear—little brass fittings and other fripperies.

A locomotive is a wonderful combination of delicate precision and giant strength, like a skilled heavy-weight boxer.

But they are precise because of the exacting labor that goes into them in the first place. They are strong because of the human brawn that strained and sweated at their birth.

Ten Jumps to the Moon If Man Equaled Flea

SIR ARTHUR SHIPLEY, master of Christ's College, Cambridge, has lately been examining anew the jumping powers of fleas, and comparing their jumping muscles with those of men.

He had the fleas carefully weighted in a chemical balance, and found that the average flea weighed something less than one-fiftieth of a grain, or, to be exact, 38-hundredths of a milligram. The average weight of a man he put down at about 70 kilograms.

The record jump of a flea is, on the other hand, rather less than expected. It is only 13 inches long, and less than eight inches high. But if a man, when his weight is compared with that of a flea, had a similar jumping power, he could leap 21,900 miles in the air, and horizontally could jump 36,800 miles, or one and a half times round the world.

Ten upward leaps would take him to the moon; but his velocity would be so terrific that at the first jump he would burst into flame, and disappear like a shooting star.—Tit-Bits.

Terrible Export Trade in Worn-Out British Horses

These servants worked for you; some fought for you. For the sake of honor, and in the name of gratitude, heed their mute appeal. Ask your member to support the Exportation of Horses Bill, and to promise to use, in parliament and out of it, his unceasing efforts to stop—absolutely—the live export of our British work-worn horses, asses, and mules for butchery purposes. This entails upon great numbers hideous maltreatment, hunger, and a fiendish death overseas for profit to foreigners. Ask your member to insist that these animals shall be slaughtered humanely in this country, and their carcasses only exported abroad.

THE foregoing is a striking quotation with which "Sabretache" writing in the London Tatler makes out a case for the discontinuance of the export of old worn-out horses from England for butchery. The heading on the article is "A Terrible Trade."

The Exportation of Horses Bill, which is fathered by the National Equine Defense Association and is intended to prevent aged horses being sold to be killed for human food in Holland, Belgium and Germany, was introduced in the British House of Lords in 1922, but amendments were made which would have rendered it inoperative, and it died at the dissolution of parliament. It is to be introduced again.

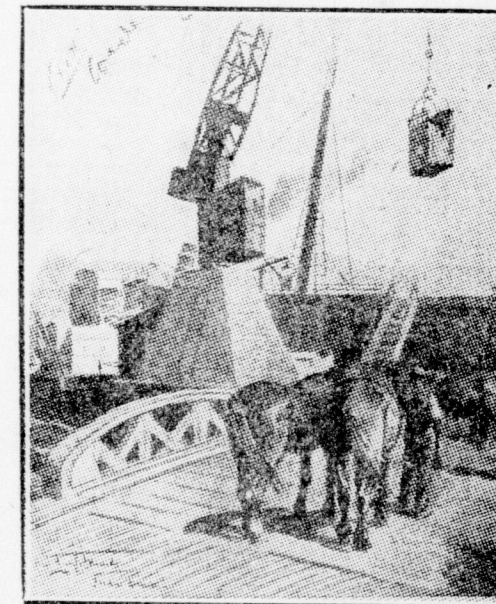
The bill is destined to have a deterrent effect on such export by providing that there shall be a fee of twenty pounds paid for the examination of all horses exported alive from any port in Great Britain to any port outside, which have a value of less than forty pounds and are over six years of age or not registered in a stud book.

It further provides, with a view to preventing the suffering of aged animals, that all unfit horses rejected at the ports of shipment shall be slaughtered by a humane killer, without compensation to the owner.

"Sabretache" makes out a strong case against the cruel exportation of these old, worn-out servants of man. He charges that on an average 200 partly worn-out horses, only fit for slaughtering in England before being shipped for food on the continent, are shipped every week to suffer terrible hardships en route and to suffer a cruel death at the hands of brutal European butchers.

He quotes witnesses to prove his statements. Here, for example, is testimony given by Miss A. F. M. Cole, of the Royal Humane Society.

"Now, as always, there are three causes of suffering inseparable from this traffic. (1) The



The Last of England

sea passage—The main traffic is in winter, and over the North sea. These are not valuable horses that have constant attention. In rough weather some fall, some die, some have to be killed at the port. If a boat is caught in a gale the horses will arrive in a heap. This has happened often in the past, and nothing can prevent it happening again. The worst massacre happened on one of the best boats, when 110 horses arrived at Antwerp in a heap of dead and fatally injured. (2) Hunger and thirst—There is hay on the boats, but in rough weather horses cannot eat. They suffer from an aggravated form of sea-sickness. Once they are landed, their feeding depends generally on the dealers. I have been followed about by ravenous horses; and I have seen one, on its way to slaughter in a village, go down on its knees to snatch at a bit of grass. They are all supposed to have one drink at Antwerp on land. That is the last, for many, before death. (3) Cruel killing—The greater number of horses exported for butchery are cruelly killed. At Ghent they are blindfolded, and knocked on the head with a blunt hammer. Some receive several blows before they are stunned. At Antwerp and Rotterdam they are killed with a pole-axe, not always skillfully. In small butcheries round Antwerp some are killed with the knife. Now, as always, if a horse falls in a float, on its way to slaughter, it is dragged out by chains fastened to its feet on to the floor of the slaughter-shed, and there killed with the pole-axe. When I enquired last, since the war, English horses were still being sold to the veterinary college at Brussels for vivisection for the instruction of students. No anesthetic is given. Every Monday towards evening you may see English horses start for the small butcheries in villages round Antwerp. There are some still killed with the knife."

YELLOW SPOTS AT THAT

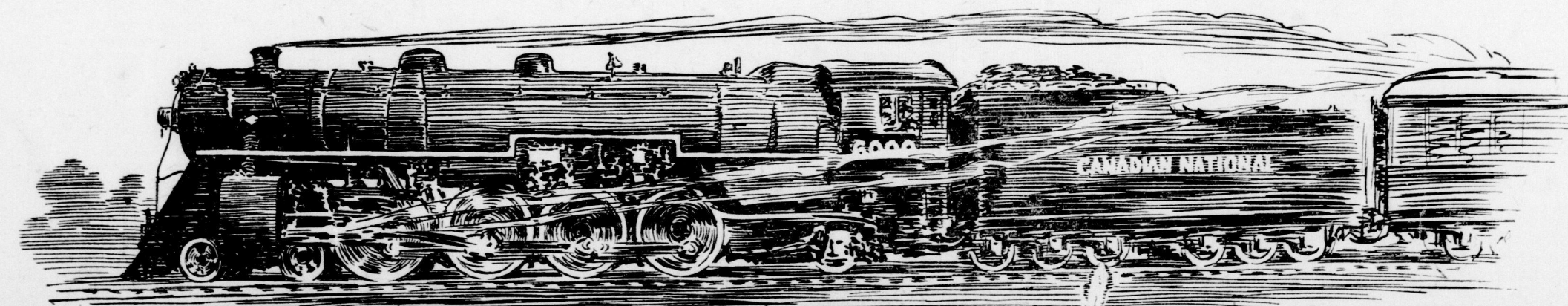
A PESSIMIST is a man with liver spots on his disposition.

NOT THAT SHE'S DEAF

NO regular woman ever listens to half the things she says.

BRINGING FORTH REMORSE

SET your mind on the eggs of pleasure and you will hatch remorse.



OFF SHE GOES!

GRACEFUL TO LOOK AT — POWERFUL TO PULL — LARGEST PASSENGER ENGINE IN CANADA — TOTAL WEIGHT 290 TONS

WILL PULL PASSENGER TRAIN OF 15 CARS AT AVERAGE SPEED OF 73 MILES PER HOUR.

LINES TO A MODEL

LADY, lady, look at me;

Eyes of sparkling brilliancy,
Cheeks of luscious peachbloom hue,
Soft as pansies touched with dew;
Lips a carmine Cupid's bow,
Teeth of perfect pearls a row.
Lady, smile one glad some ray,
Shoot a gleam of joy my way.
Gaze I here in ecstasy,
Lady, lady, look at me.

Lady, lady, look my way;
This my poetastic lay,
As I watch you standing there,
See your gown, observe your hair,
Neck and arms of lily white,
Ankles trim—a thrilling sight!
Could you be my own, my bride,
Not like fickle husbands, I'd
Wager all my love would be
Deathless through eternity.

Take my bet, how can I win?
She's a window mannequin.

N. B. Dinkel in N.Y. Herald Tribune.

Talk About Atmosphere! There's Too Much of It In the Old World Sponge Markets at Nassau

Even If the Old School Slate Has Vanished, the Sponge Is Still Here—Little Bahama Sea Port Thick With Dreams of Bootleggers and Buccaneers

By VICTORIA HAYWOOD
Photographs by Edith S. Watson

MILES of liquid crystal. Under it, "Fadoms deep," quoth the negro-sponger of Nassau, lives the curious—half-animal, half-plant—product known in the commercial world as a sponge.

It is difficult to realize, as at dawn one drops into the sponge market and sees the growing daylight reveal bed after bed of classified sponges lying as it were on palm-leaf mattresses, that behind this big industry and this market with its so keen bidding, beginning at daylight and closing promptly at ten or thereabouts of the tropic morning, that behind this is a fleet of seventy or eighty down-at-heel piratical looking sailboats of leg-o-mutton rig that owe their being to this curious product of the underseas, and that projecting ahead of this market-place are other market-places as it were in London, Paris and New York waiting as it were on the tide that here ebbs and flows.

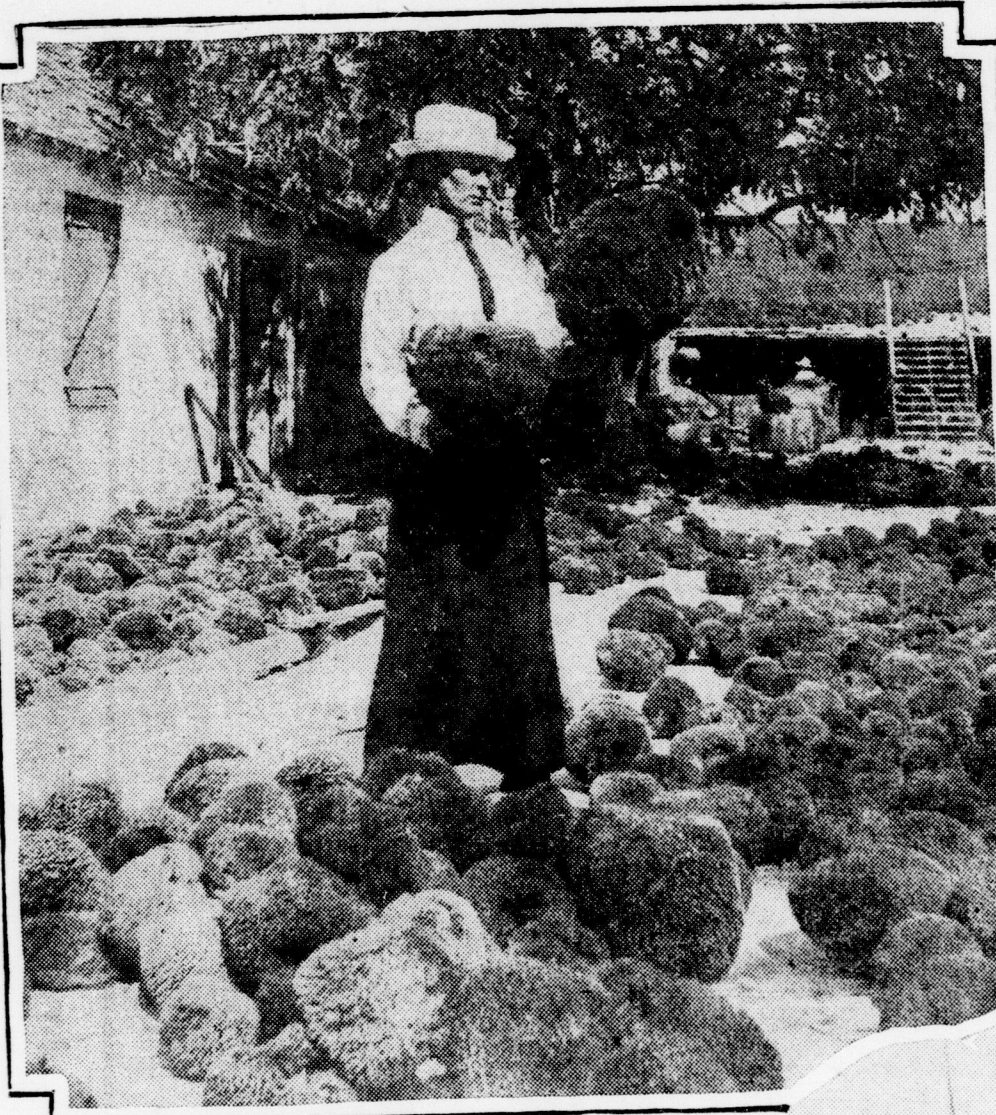
The sponge is a twin of the bath. It would be interesting to know who first discovered the relationship. But however that may be it is certainly long established. For several centuries now the sponge banks of the Bahamas have been drawn upon. And still the well has not run dry.

Among those outlying, romantic days, whose atmosphere is thick with dreams of pirates, cut-throats, Jolly Rogers and the what-not of privateers and buccaneers, the atmosphere of that age on the high-seas when the romance of piracy, not to speak of its outlawry, was like a well-thumbed volume which must perform form part of the knowledge of all sea-dogs—among these days the sun-warped sponge boats drift week after week for months, with interruptions only to sail away to the market at Nassau.

Like wraiths of Blackbeard, Kidd and Morgan craft they seem. These skeleton-like white boats, sails hanging by the thirds, decks open, wood-ends agape, and big, dirty, smoking chimneys on deck over which black pots of who knows what kind of tropic messes of conchs and cuttle stand a-boil.

Lanterns Rusty From Sea-voyagings

THE stench of the rotting flesh is taken of some lone, outlying island. For a week at a time it rots in the sun, and then is washed of the long black arm, skinny from years of nipping and leaning deep and tugging over boats' gunwale. The stench is taken by the cay—but not all of it. Still that sickening freshness and fleshiness clings permeatingly to the old boats,

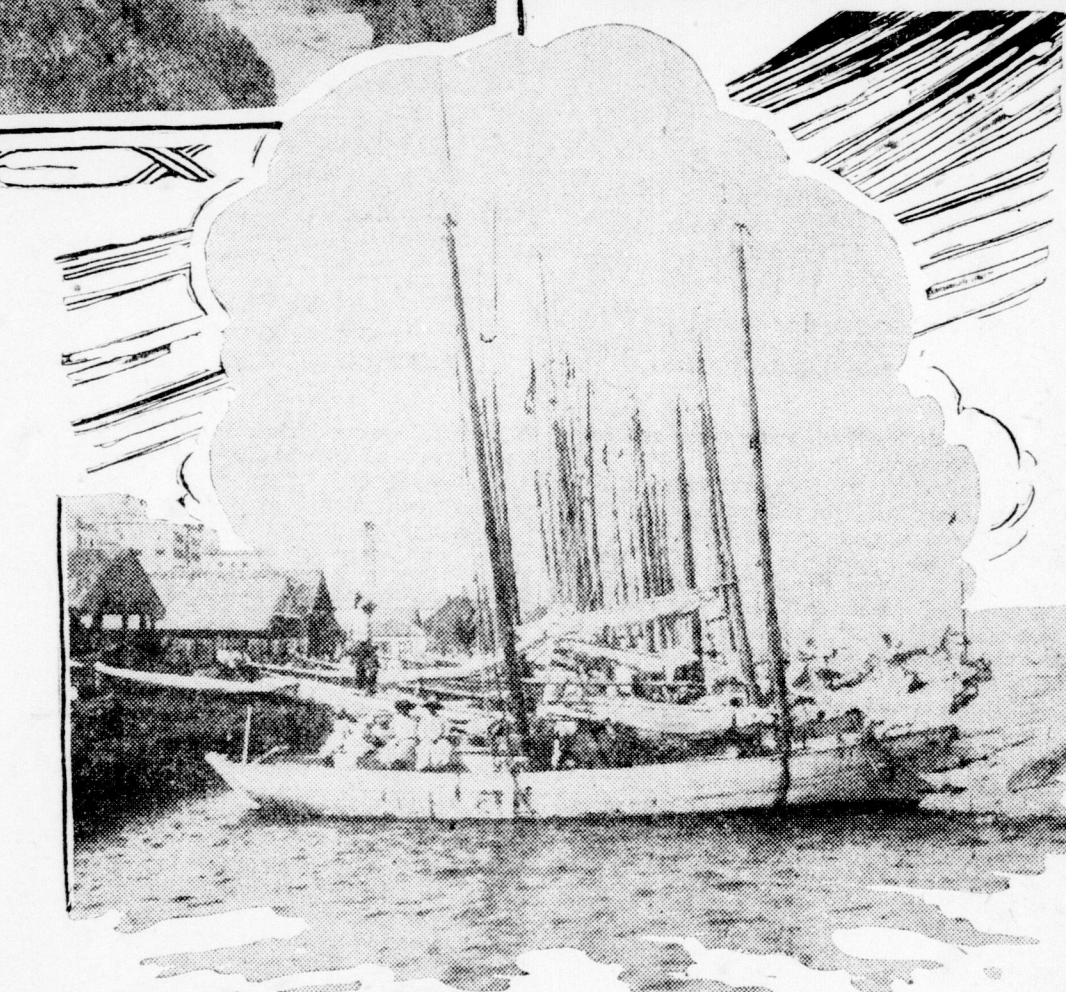


The "guillotine" and Celestials compress the sponges into huge bales for shipment to London, Paris or New York.

so that men except they be driven by the reporter's sense of an adventure and a story pass them afar off when their low rakishness moors at the quay in Nassau. But to the man sensing their story the sea and brine is blended in that smell which is to nostrils attuned as the blend of some sweet perfume. All through the succeeding stages the odor follows in ever-lessening whiffs but in unmistakable assurance from boat to market-bed as the sponges are laid out on the palm-leaves often by the flickering flare of old lanterns, salty and rusty from sea-voyagings under the tropic suns. For the sponge market opens early, far into the night the men work spreading, if per chance the boat in which they sailed met with light winds or was becalmed and late in getting in. Talk about atmosphere. It fairly drips from those gaunt figures and lean arms, now flashing, now lost between the dull flare of the lanterns and the "darkness visible" of the tropic night.

At mid-day the jaunty carts, after the close of the bidding, which is very spirited and short, go to the market and load with the sponges for this sponge-yard or that, according to who bought. The carts are especially made as sponge-carriers. From the cradle to the grave they daily jaunt back and forth along Bay street.

Once in the yards, an army of "clippers," all black women, take the sponges in hand and the snap of the sponge-clippers' shears, now sharp, now faint, mingles with the rattle of seeds in the pods of the "women's tongues" as one of the established street sounds of Nassau. A curious old tropic capital, whose commercial fire leaps up from time to time like the flame from sleeping embers. Fifty years ago it was "The Blockade" which was the God-send of "The Isles of June"; now it is "smuggling." Or if not that the business which arises in entrepôts of



The fleet of "spongers" lying at the quay in Nassau. However they may be divided when at sea, they all meet here at Christmas.

"hooteh" next door to the Garden of Forbidden Fruit.

And when the sponges have passed through the clippers' hands and have had their final drying on the housetops and the last bits of coral have been crushed out of them with wooden

Seven Varieties of Sponges

THERE stands in every sponge-yard an instrument comparable in its lines and sinister bleaching to nothing so much as the guillotine. The sponges are as fair necks of ocean-

life brought here to final ignominy and death for the weight of the descending fourth side in the hands of the Chinamen turning an endless screw is like a movie blood and thunder serial, like fate it crushes out hope if there be any lingering hope or remembrance left in the poor beaten bodies that once swam so freely these crystalline seas, and then anchored so hopefully to some stone or coral to bring up a family. Crush! Crush! Till the Celestial can turn no more. And lo, the sponge is baled. And sewed up in a gunny sack.

And then the gentleman in white linen and a straw hat who is the shipping clerk to the sponge house comes out and jots down in a book whether it is grass sponge or velvet or some other of the seven varieties. And he reads the scales, the Celestials standing by, and jots down the weight of the bale and figures on the value and sets that down over against the pounds, shillings and pence column. And then he calls to some hanger-on of the trade within doors and a boy—black, one leg of trousers up, the other down—fetches a stencil and a blacking brush, upon which he spits at quickening intervals while he awaits dictum of the master in white as to whether he shall stamp "London," "Paris" or "New York" upon the valuable cube which the Celestials have now roped and rolled out to be picked up of the tender that shall carry it to the waiting out there around the point beyond Hog Island.

If the reporter makes the voyage to New York with the bale, as some do, its final destination will lead him to some bleaching house along the Gotham waterfront of the East river. Where the fumes arise as from crater of erupting volcano and the sponge eventually emerges from sulphurous baths as bleached and clean as it comes into our hand when we take it in hand to bathe or to carefully wash some treasured automobile. Or in fact any of those many commercial uses to which the sponge is put in the United States and Canada.

The Breaking Point

By W. M. LETT

OFTEN at night I've passed her in the street,

Poor stunted Ellen in the beaded cape That once was velvet; rusty dragged crape Around the hat that crowned her grizzled head And broken widespread boots upon her feet; But "that's the lovely night!" was all she said. Although the north wind brought the stinging rain

If she was chilled and sad she made no sign, For if you asked her of her health—"I'm fine, New glory be to God! I can't complain."

They say her man is just a porter shark, Who drinks the money if it comes his way. You'll see him propping walls up every day, Or with drink taken reeling home at night. For many times I've passed him in the dark, And pitied her, poor woman, for her plight. All day she must contend with work to earn The scanty wage that goes to pay the rent And feed the children, yet no discontent Shadows the face her neighbors see return.

We thought she would lose heart when Josie left And joined the army, leaving her for good, Her eldest boy and best. But "now his food Will never fail, he'll grow a man," said she, And waved farewell, though with a heart bereft She went to work each morning steadfastly. The younger lads were idle, for a strike Had stopped the work they'd sought so long in vain.

"No matter, so," said she, "they'll work again. The Ganger sure can seldom get their like."

When "Stasia" died, the youngest of them all, She set her face and had no tears to shed. "Maybe the child is lucky being dead," She muttered and went out to seek the price Of coffin, grave and decent funeral. She had to beg, her pride made sacrifice. Sickness, it seemed, was ever at her door. But she had never time to heed her health. "Let them go sick," she said, "that have the wealth, The like o' that comes hard upon the poor."

So on a sea of sorrow did she toss Like some forlorn and shabby little boat Storm beaten, drenched with spray, yet still afloat

Until the day when Fortune for surprise Gave gold for cargo where there had been dress. Ellen was dazzled by the radiant guise Of Death who came to her while she slept. She woke to new life with an angel's kiss That bade her welcome to unending bliss. "Tis joy that breaks my heart," she said—and wept. —W. M. Lett in the Irish Statesman.

New British Cathedral Makes Abbey Look Small

THE biggest British cathedral is under construction at Liverpool, and will break all records, so 'tis said. The tower, the ambulatory, the choir, the nave and the aisles are all so huge that this monster edifice will dwarf York Minster and make even Westminster Abbey look insignificant. £50,000 has been spent on the Lady Chapel, £500,000 on the main body of the building, and millions more will be lavished to prove the civic pride as well as the ecclesiastical loyalty of Merseyside. The Empire Review of London finds fault with the new cathedral in these terms:

"And this while the stipends of the local clergy of the Church of England remain beggarly and inadequate. Yet the cathedral is called the Church of Christ, after One Whose values were qualitative rather than quantitative."



A Dainty Summer Dress

AN unusually attractive summer dress in which service as well as style is advocated in this striped tub silk from Melville A. Gunst Costume Company. A vest, collar, cuffs and bands on both pockets are of plain white tub silk finely tucked.

Numerals Now Identify Fingerprints New System Catches Fleeing Criminals

ALL of us know what an important part fingerprints play in the identification of criminals by the police. But how many know, about a certain mysterious little book, copies of which now exist in many of the world's most important police stations, which is called Hakon Jorgensen's Register of International Criminals? Few, probably. Yet that little book is one of the most valuable weapons in the whole arsenal of the police, since it enables a police officer to do the following uncanny piece of long-distance criminal detection:

A prisoner is brought before him. The man is suspected of being an old offender, who has committed crimes in various lands. He denies this. His fingerprints are taken, according to the regular, well-known police method. Then, according to a new method, a description of the fingerprint is made, in which only numbers from 1 to 50 are used. It is a well-known fact that no two fingerprints in the world are absolutely alike; therefore it follows that, in a minute description, by means of a certain arrangement of numbers, of a given fingerprint, the resulting numerical sequence will apply to only one fingerprint in the whole world.

Having thus worked out the description of the fingerprint of the suspected person, the police officer takes down the mysterious little book. In it are hundreds of numerical sequences, each describing the fingerprint of a criminal of international disrepute. Suddenly the police officer gives a satisfied nod; a smile comes over his face. He has found in the book a numerical sequence corresponding exactly to the one just worked out to describe the fingerprint of the man before him.

Alongside this sequence is printed a complete description of the criminal: Name, birthplace, age, height, nationality, distinguishing marks,

Jorgensen Register of Fingerprints Enables Detection of International Crooks—Danish Police Official Thus Makes Records Available—Numbers in Certain Sequences Describe Marks on Each Finger

crimes committed, etc. Now the officer knows that, despite the prisoner's denial, he has before him a dangerous old offender—one "wanted" perhaps in some other city. All the officer has to do in order to ascertain this is to telegraph to the chief of police at the city where the prisoner was born, or where he committed crimes. All he needs to put in the telegram is the numerical formula describing the man's fingerprint.

Scotland Yard Uses It

PERHAPS the answer to that telegram will be the news that the man is wanted, and wanted badly, in the other city, whereupon the officer may smile with even more satisfaction than before, for he will know that he has caught a really dangerous bird of prey. Hakon Jorgensen's long-distance system of international criminal detection will have another triumph to its credit.

Hakon Jorgensen is a Dane. His Register of International Criminals first appeared in 1921. It contained 1,300 combinations of numbers from 1 to 50, each describing the fingerprint of an internationally known criminal. The author is now at work on a second edition, which will contain many more numerical descriptions of these dangerous gentry.

Since the book's first appearance use of the Jorgensen system has increased steadily until it now looks as if its inventor's dream of seeing it one of the regular weapons of the world's police would be realized. At Copenhagen, capital of

his native Denmark, there is now an international central long-distance identification bureau. To further its work the Danish government has contributed 100,000 Danish crowns (about \$30,000).

The system is already known to the police authorities of many countries. In 1920 it was brought to the attention of Scotland Yard. Soon afterward the system was discussed by police experts of Boston and New York and in 1923 at Vienna and Brussels. The Germans are proud of the fact that the first real international forward impulse was given to the system at Berlin, in 1922, when, under the auspices of the German ministry of the interior, a permanent committee for developing Jorgensen's ideas was established, with representatives from Germany, Austria, Poland, Holland, Switzerland and Denmark.

Jorgensen's system may be considered a third important step in the identification of criminals. The first step was the Bertillon system of measurement. The second was the system of taking fingerprints, as developed all over the world within the last few decades. When Jorgensen was a student at Copenhagen he became immensely interested in criminology, especially in fingerprinting, and was struck by the idea that fingerprints were not sufficiently exploited as a means of identification. There were enormous numbers of fingerprints preserved in the police station of the world but, after all, what a waste of material much of them represented!



A Distinctive Sports Frock

SPORT frocks of all sorts are being shown for this summer's wear. Scarfs, pleatings and embroidery are the keynote of summer fashions. All combine to make this an especially distinctive dress, a leader among its own. Heavy quality yellow crepe de chine is combined with white.

The London Advertiser

LONDON, ONT., SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1924.



Princess Ileana of Rumania, who was in the palace at the time of the great arsenal explosion in the capital, but escaped injury



The Queen with the Queen of Italy visit the great Wembley show



The ostrich feather trimming of this ivory crepe evening wrap shades in color from flesh to deep rose



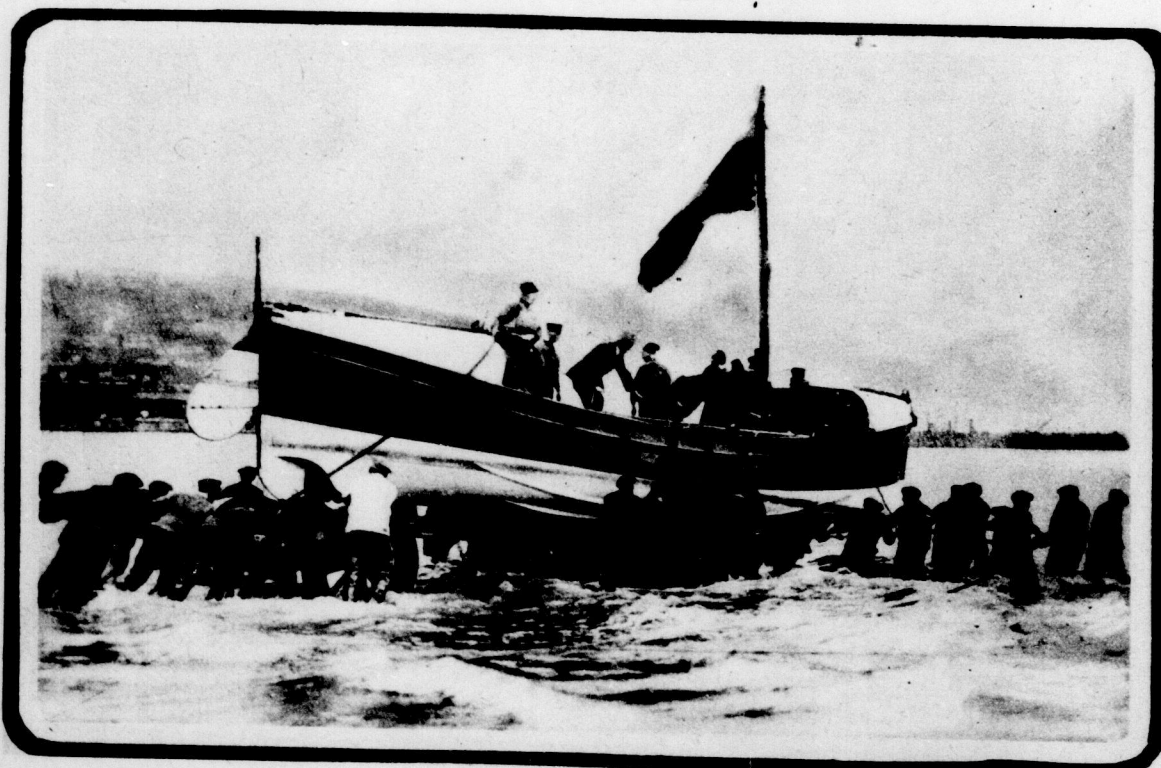
Princess Patricia's son, the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, on the right, and Hon. Michael Broderick, son of Lord Middleton, greet the King of Italy



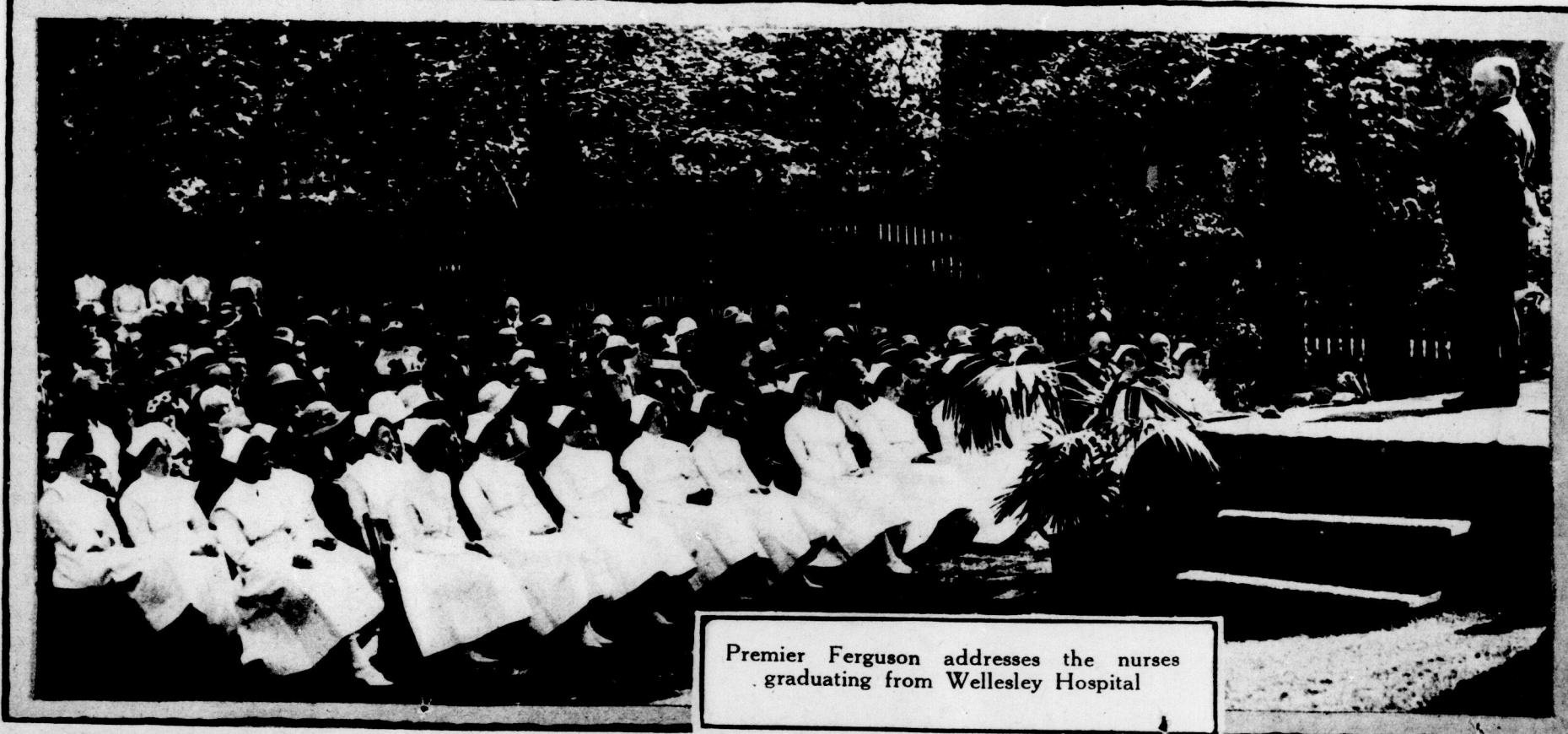
Nobody over seven years of age is permitted to set foot in this particular pool at Sunnyside



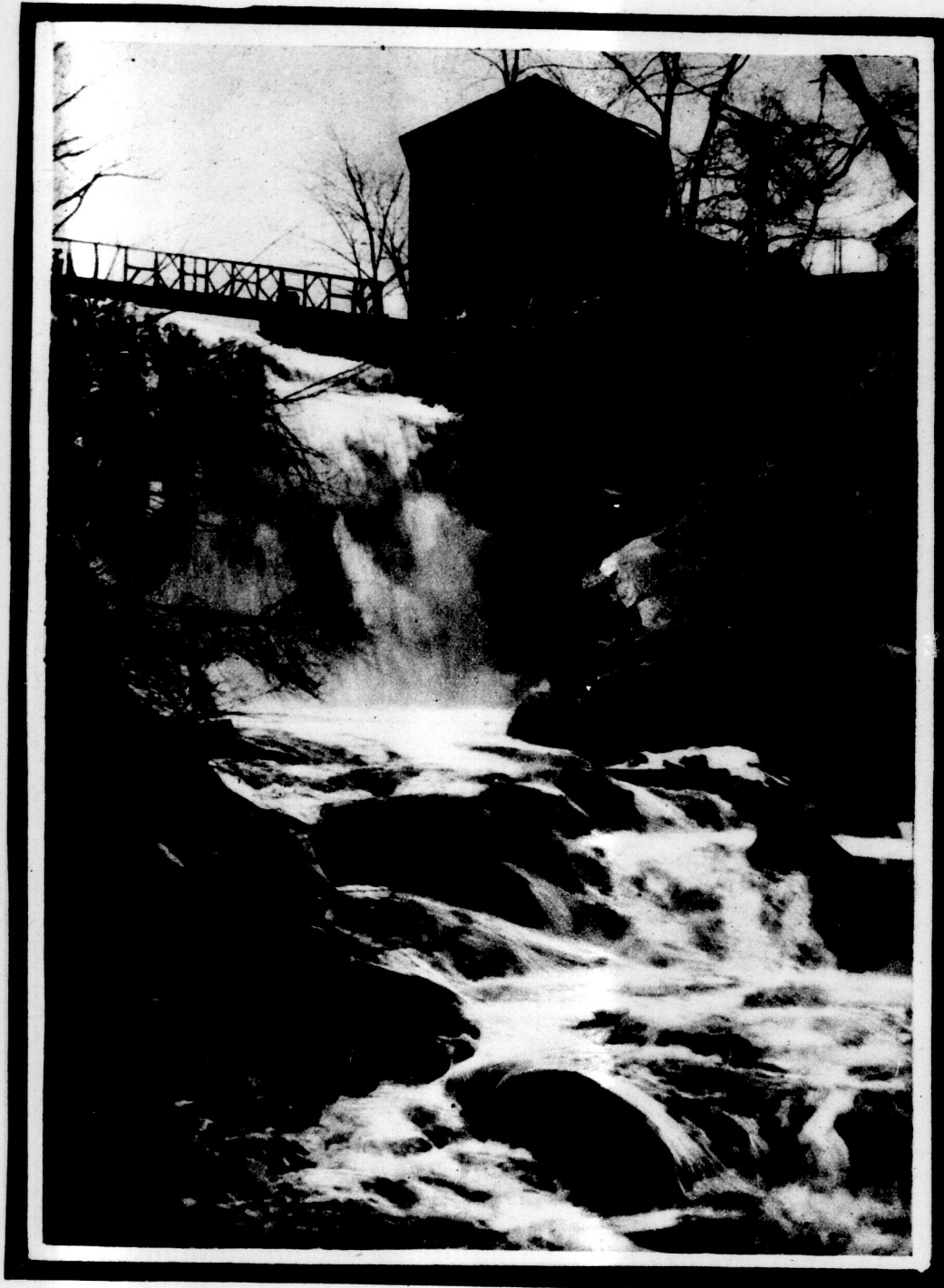
(Right) Cyril Walker captures the American open cup championship cup from Bobby Jones



At Scarborough, England, a lifeboat of the latest design was launched with great ceremony

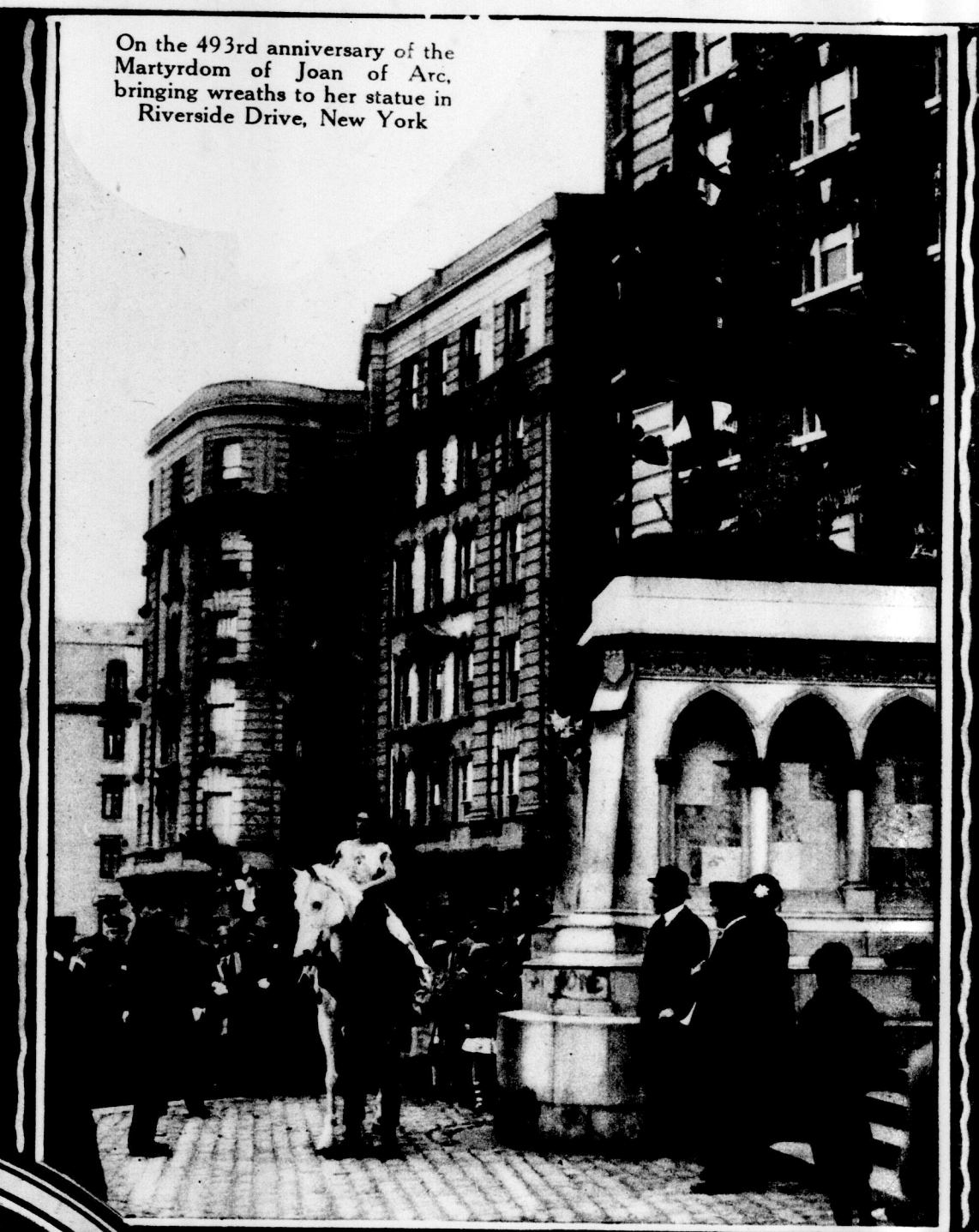


Premier Ferguson addresses the nurses graduating from Wellesley Hospital



(Left) Handsome rapids when the Waterdown creek is in flood

Lady Diana Manners returns to London after appearing in "The Miracle" in New York



On the 493rd anniversary of the Martyrdom of Joan of Arc, bringing wreaths to her statue in Riverside Drive, New York



A West Indies Iguana has been added to the scares of the London Zoo



Helen Wills, America's Olympic tennis Champion, in action



(Right) The one that didn't get into The Star Weekly's trout competition



Madame Monnier, France's champion in the Olympic fencing contest



Captain Cook, who patrols the Department of Agriculture building at Washington, was appointed by Abraham Lincoln



Those things do upset, as is proven by this picture of the Oxford crew after their shell was bumped



Among the entries from Ontario in the Empire's Bonniest Baby competition, conducted by The Toronto Star, are (left) Patricia Aileen, 29 Mu- lock Ave., West Toronto, and (right) Dorothy Jean McEwen, 98 Eastbourne avenue, Hamilton



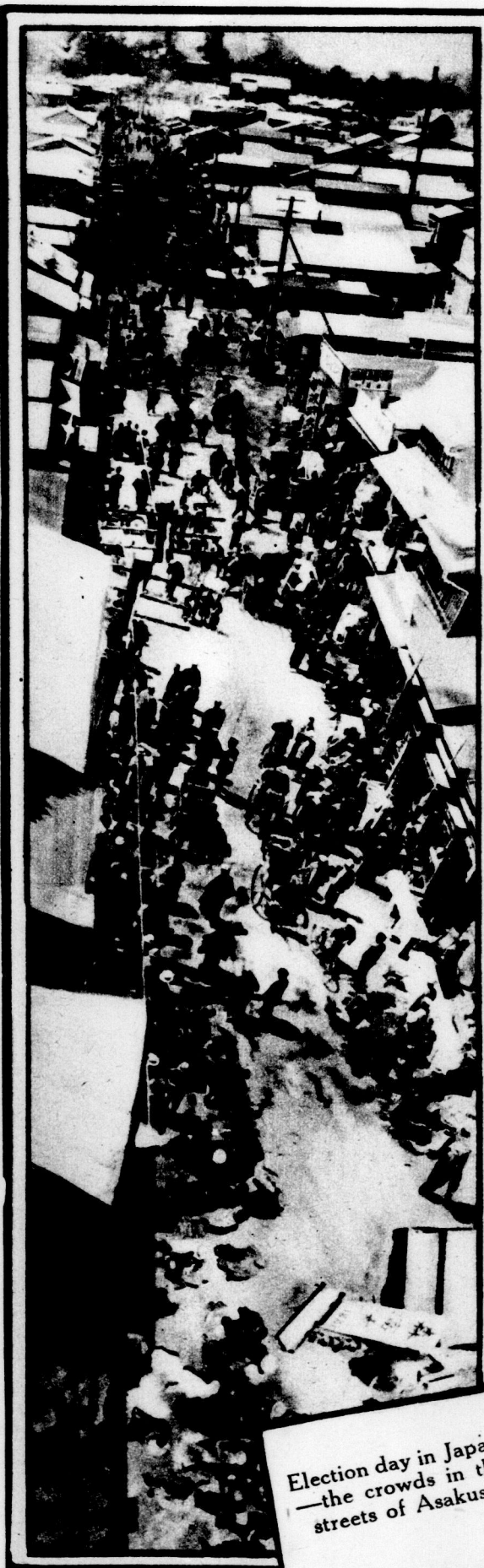
Oshawa triplets entered in Empire's Bonny Baby competition, sons of Mrs. Ruth Carlyle. From left to right, Alan Talbot Frederick Carlyle, John William Mackay Carlyle and Henry David Brainerd Carlyle, all 9 months old when this picture was taken. With them is their sister, Isabel Ruth, 3 years and 3 months.



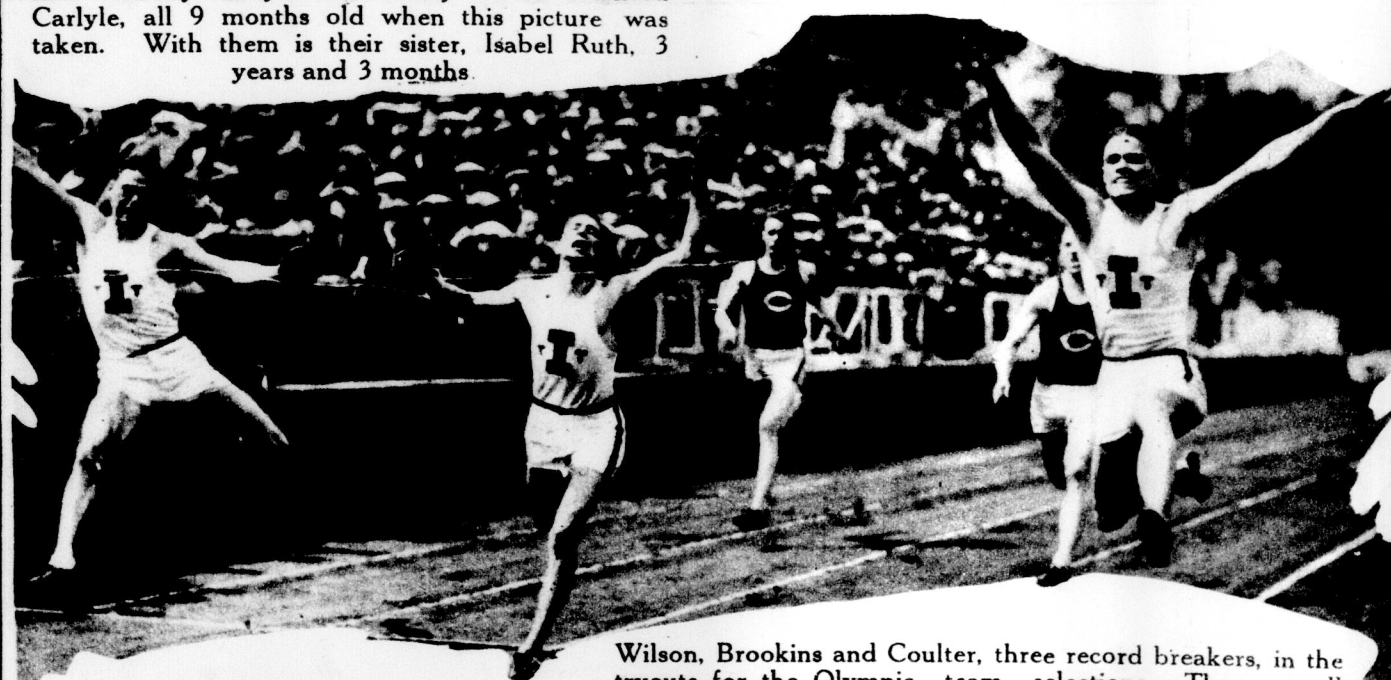
A multicolored tub silk dress set off by a plain black tie



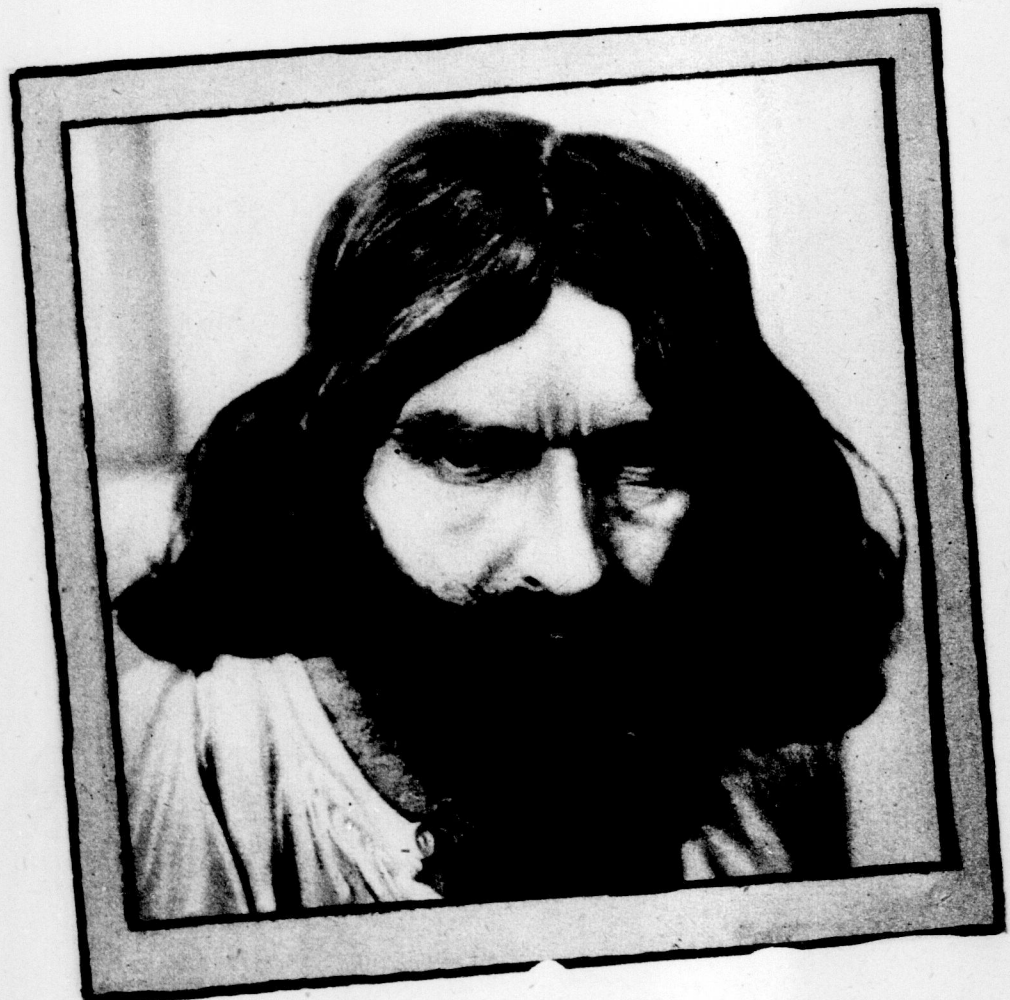
King Victor Emmanuel of Italy, with his Queen and family, being welcomed at Dover on his arrival in England



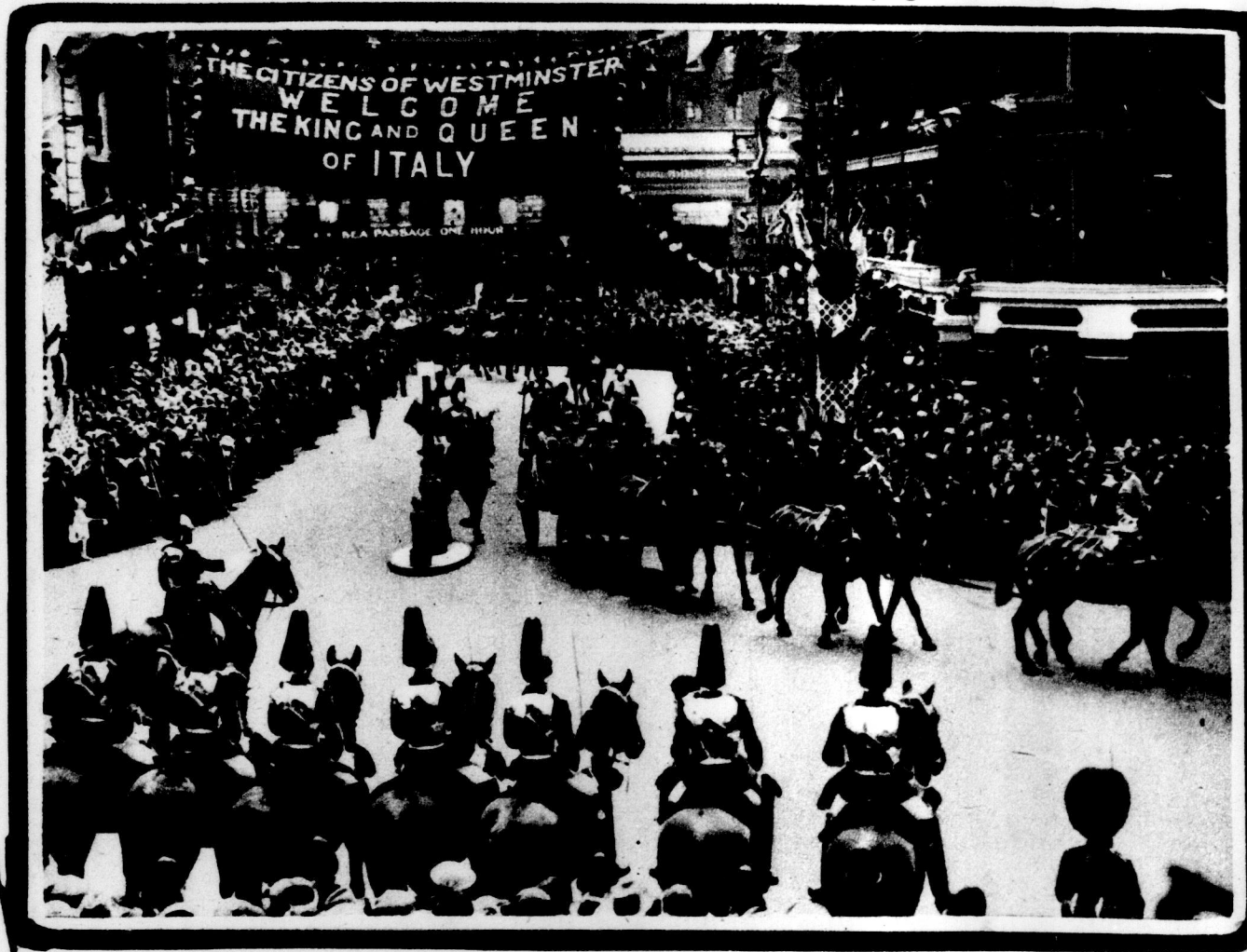
Election day in Japan—the crowds in the streets of Asakusa



Wilson, Brookins and Coulter, three record breakers, in the tryouts for the Olympic team selections. They are all trying hard



Marcel Lenoir is regarded as the foremost painter of sacred subjects living



The Kings of Britain and Italy, with their heirs, the Princes of Wales and Piedmont, drive through Westminster



Hungarian immigrants coming to make their homes in western Canada



Wanda Winer, idol of Vienna, who has fallen for the lure of America



The Ridgeway volunteers' monument in Queen's Park and in the distance the beautiful new memorial tower in the University grounds



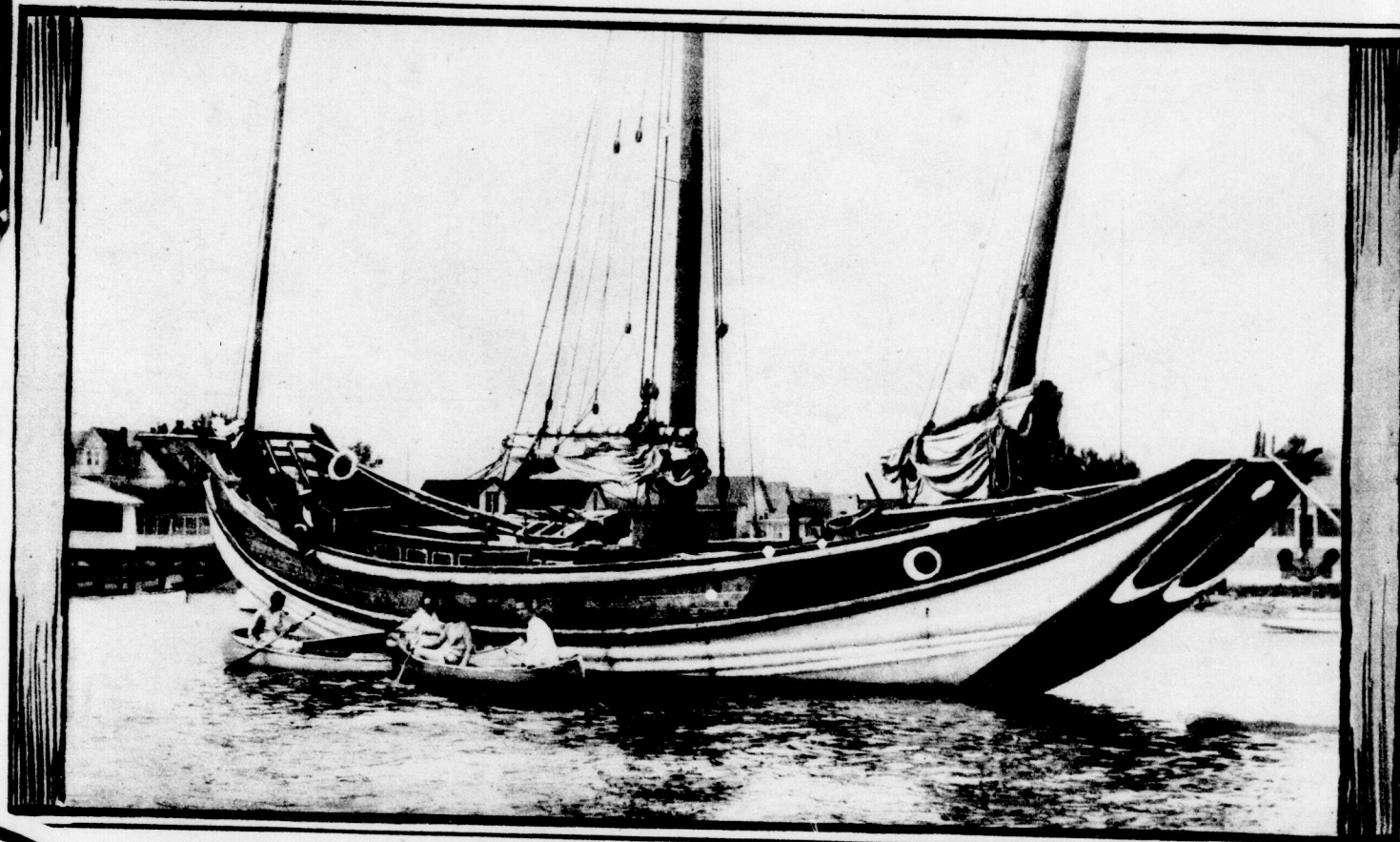
A splendid type of Russian girl heading for western Canada



A little Hungarian lass, in native dress, viewing the shores of Canada, her new home
—Photos by P. G. Griffin.



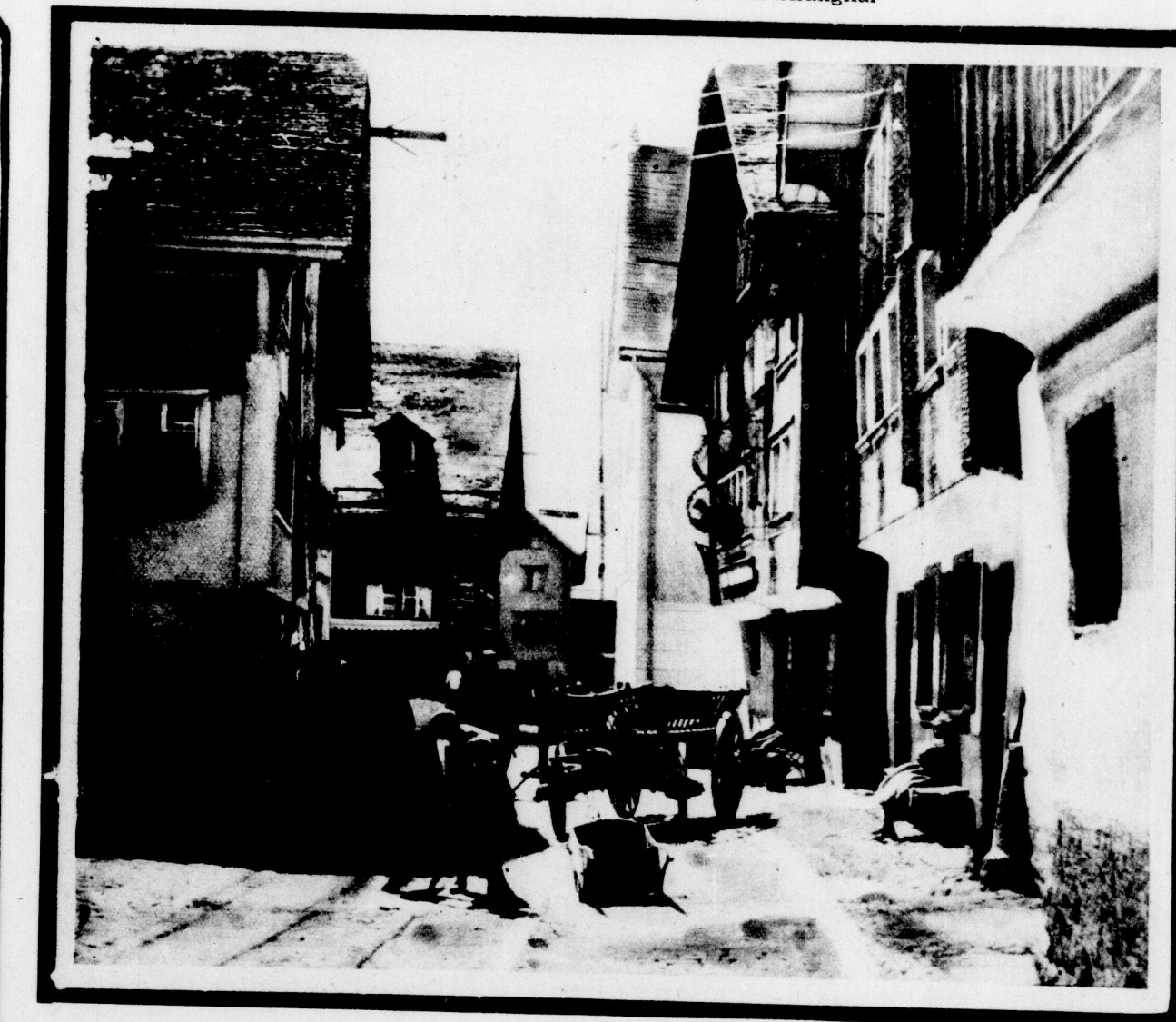
Fashions in boudoir caps from London



This is the Chinese junk which Captain Waard, a Canadian of Dutch birth, is sailing around the world. It is in New York harbor now, from Shanghai



They cut the vast lawns of the Toronto Exhibition grounds with a pair of motor mowers, an old hand-mower following to trim up



(Left) Red, black and white plaid fashioned into a striking street dress

A quaint street in the old village of St. Gothard, Switzerland, lighted, however, by electricity

Life's Little Comedies

The Barn Raising at Birdseye Center



FISHTORIES - by G. C.

MR. JIM MCGILL of the Massey Harris Company caught an eighteen and a half inch speckled trout near Lake Scugog which on being opened contained as follows:

"Three fish hooks, nineteen minnows, one small purse containing \$1.14 and an unpaid gas bill."

No affidavits accompanied this story.

ON Mr. Mossop's beautiful trout preserve near Horning's Mills, there is a falls twenty feet high which drops a volume of water into a deep pool at least twenty feet in diameter. This pool is at the bottom of a splendid glen, filled with trees and shadow and coolness.

They have always looked for a monster trout in this pool, one that made a regular diet of ground hogs. But no one had ever seen it, until one afternoon a friend fishing the pool beheld something shining and gleaming in the midst of the foaming water, and he crept close to see. He saw a giant trout in the act of swallowing an eight inch brother trout. The exertion or ecstasy of swallowing the smaller trout had caused the big one to lose its great caution and to roll to the surface to shake and gorge more freely.

He watched this performance for several minutes, until the big trout, coming out of his orry, sank into the depths of the pool.

The following morning early the witness to the existence of the ground-hog eating trout went down to the pool with worms impaled on the gaudiest salmon fly the party could produce out of well-filled fly books, and on the first cast hooked the big one, and after a furious hand to hand conflict dragged him out on the boulders that border the pool.

AT this same falls, I stood watching little trout, about five inches long, leaping up in the vertically falling water, in vain attempts to pass the falls. The water out of which they took their leap was white foam, and must have been pretty soft matter out of which to take a leap for at least a foot. But by actual measurement, with a piece of fish line, those little trout were leaping six times their length, to wit, thirty inches, up into that white-falling water.

MR. Billie Milne, of the Toronto Asphalt Roofing Company, with a brother angler, were fishing for speckled trout in a lake from a boat. Both were using worms. Their baits were at least twenty feet apart, when Mr. Milne's rod bent violently to a strike, and then the partner felt a strike. When they reeled up, they found both had the same trout. Yet to take the second bait, it had had to pull against the first line and make the reel sing.

Who said trout were wary?

HIS same Mr. Milne was fishing from a canoe in a certain lake in from Georgian Bay, but as the day was hot and the water



still, the bass were not biting. So, reclining back in the canoe, with his rod laid over the side, he dozed off to sleep.

One hand was trailing in the water. A large bass rose to his little finger, bit it savagely and wouldn't let go. Mr. Milne was so taken by surprise in his sleep that he failed to haul the bass aboard, but had a fine battle with it for several minutes.

As proof of the truth of this story, Mr. Milne points to the fact that when he woke up his fine steel rod had fallen overboard in the struggle and was lost.

A CERTAIN reporter on the staff of The Star is an ardent fisherman. Last summer he was trying to prove that bass will rise to the artificial fly like a speckled trout.

He had a ten foot, seven ounce fly rod, with which he could place a fly, very accurately and lightly, a distance of fifty to sixty feet.

On a perfectly still evening, he was drifting along the shore of a certain bay on Lake Scugog, placing the fly at all likely looking stumps, points and lily pad patches, when a perch unexpectedly struck at the little fly and was hooked. While reeling it up to remove it from the hook, a large sunfish, as big as a porridge plate, seized the perch and half swallowed it.

The reporter let the sunfish run, just for the fun of it, when suddenly there was a great upheaval and the largest bass he ever saw grasped the sunfish so far forward that it couldn't let go the perch, with the result that the reporter was hooked to the three.

He was having the greatest sport of his life playing this great bass, for the bass, not feeling any hook, and believing it was just the most powerful sunfish it had swallowed, was acting in a more than usually sporting manner, leaping, rushing long distances and generally determined not to give up its meal at any cost. It felt the honor of the bass family was at stake.

The fight waxed fast and furious as darkness fell. And the canoe, drifting at will, was dragged by the bass well out into Lake Scugog, so that the lights of Port Perry were in sight.

It was out in this deep water that the next chapter of the drama was enacted, for a lunge, later discovered to weigh thirty-seven and a half pounds, suddenly grabbed the nearly exhausted bass and with a whoop and a hurrah started for the middle of the lake.

The reporter knew, by the sounds in the dark of the leaping lunge, that he was now hooked to the king of all Canadian fresh water game fish, for it leaped and smashed in the water in a vain effort to disgorge the bass. But the bass's spiny back fin prevented that. It even, so says the reporter, shouted as it leaped, a thing lunge rarely do. The word it said, as it came hurtling up out of the water, was, as nearly as can be transcribed into English "Unk! Unk!"

Well, this reporter is a real sportsman, and he was determined, whatever the cost, to fight this thing to a finish. His line was a very strong, heavy English fly line, and his rod, in expert hands, would hold a horse. So there in the dark, his canoe pulled this way and that, he hung to his quadruple prize and watched the lights of Port Perry go out one by one.

It must have been nearly morning when, the lunge lying gasping on the surface at the full extent of the line, one hundred and fifty feet away, the last chapter in this extraordinary drama occurred.

The lunge was lying on the surface in the still night. The slap of its huge tail and fins on the water made a distinct sound. And it was feebly uttering its peculiar cry of "Unk! Unk!"

The reporter had just decided to start to reel in and gaff the monster when there was a peculiar sound over in the neighborhood of the fish. The reporter sat up to listen. Then he felt a violent jerk on the line, a terrible splashing and banging, then dead silence for a moment, and away went something with that lunge that simply dragged the canoe through the water as if it were being towed.

The reporter by this time was thoroughly terrified. The darkness may have unnerved him. But the thought of what monster had in its turn seized that lunge, with the bass, sunfish and perch within it, filled him with horror. What monster had risen from the marshy depths of Scugog to swallow a thirty-seven and a half pound lunge?

He was half minded to cut his line. But his sportsmanship prevailed. Mile after mile, the monster towed him at a good clip through the lake. He could tell by the position of the stars, and the first crack of dawn which sounded to the eastward, that he was nearing the far end of Lake Scugog and the village of Caesarea.

You can well imagine his alarm when the thing that was towing him did not stop when it reached the shore of Caesarea, but went right

ashore and headed for the hills.

The reporter, nothing daunted, leaped from the canoe and followed, keeping a fairly taut line. It led him nearly a mile up the road from Caesarea and into a barnyard, just as dawn broke loudly in the east.

He reeled up, for the thing was stopped. He took in his line and came around the corner of a barn to find two natives of Lake Scugog bending over the lunge which was lying on the ground.

They had been out poaching with a spear on the lake, and hearing the cries of the exhausted lunge on the surface, had paddled quietly over, speared it and hauled it aboard their canoe without knowledge that it was attached to another angler.

The truth of this story can hardly be doubted, since it was a reporter, trained to collecting facts, who told it.

The only doubt in my mind is that he told it on his return, three days late, from his summer holidays.

It might have been an alibi.

HUMAN OSTRICHES' MANIA FOR SWALLOWING THINGS

THERE are on record amazing feats of people who can swallow almost anything with absolute impunity, who glory in it, make a mania of it, and some who even earn a livelihood by it.

A Stratford telegraph operator died some years ago in the Essex county lunatic asylum from asphyxia. He had swallowed stones, grass, leaves, wood, and scrap iron.

Even more voracious was the individual who died at the London hospital at a later date, and who gloried in the title of "The Champion Ostrich."

He had in him forty pieces of cork, thirty pieces of tinfoil, nine pennies, one iron ring, three pieces of leather, a leather strap five long, 12 in. of string with bits of cork attached, and an immense quantity of odd lengths of string, cotton and paper.

Another human ostrich made his stomach a veritable dustbin by consuming over 2 lb. of broken lamp chimneys, nails, tacks, screws, and tumblers.

And a young girl, being disappointed in love, tried to assuage the pangs of unrequited affection by devouring a miscellaneous assortment of pins, needles, hairpins, nails, screws, pieces of wood, pieces of iron, rolls of hair, and quantities of rags.

It was another youthful member of the fair sex who, on complaining of a severe pain, admitted under pressure that she had swallowed a nail—a nail factory would have been nearer the truth! Her stomach was opened, and in it were found forty-two nails, ninety-three tacks, nine large brass-headed nails, three collar studs, a needle, a safety pin, and a J pen.

Condemned murderer spends time writing poetry, says a New York news item, which suggests that he is going from bad to verse.—Washington Post.

Current Wit and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs From the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

Every girl likes to wash dishes until she gets to be five or six years old.—Kitchener Record.

One of the most striking differences between a cat and a lie is that a cat has only nine lives.—Mark Twain.

The difference between a success and a failure is that one gives reasons while the other gives excuses.—Ex.

A genius is a man who can teach a child to hate war and to adore war heroes.—Kingston Standard.

Books are faithful repositories, which may be awhile neglected or forgotten; but when they are opened again will impart their instruction.—Samuel Johnson.

Would it not be a mistake to encourage the idea that aldermen know what the citizens want better than the citizens know?—Hamilton Herald.

When a married man does get the last work it usually is, "Well, I did the best I could."—Frankport Times.

The country cannot expect intelligent legislation from congress unless it first elect an intelligent congress.—Detroit Free Press.

The ten millionth Ford car has just been assembled. This announcement will be taken as a warning by pedestrians.—St. Catharines Standard.

It won't be long before those who are grumbling about this June coolness will be longing for it.—Hamilton Herald.

Just think what might happen were the country to discover that Cabinet ministers go to cabinet meetings.—Ottawa Journal.

Life is a one way street, so see what you can while you pass over it the first time.—Brantford Expositor.

It is better to have loved and lost than to have married and been shot by a jealous spouse.—Roanoke Times.

There is no greater punishment of wickedness than it is dissatisfied with itself and its deeds.—Seneca.

I fought in the war to stop aliens from having advantages in this country which they ought not to possess.—Earl Winterton.

Perhaps it was part of the German scheme of world conquest to let us win the war and worry over what to do with it.—Columbia Record.

A boy who started life in a grocery store at \$2 a week has given \$5,000,000 to endow a busi-

ness school at Harvard. Which shows that he must have had a raise in pay from time to time.—Ottawa Journal.

As soon as people find that they can't live Rolls Royce lives on 'Tin Lizzie' salaries, times and conditions will soon be all right.—Kitchener Record.

Dyes "Keep Cool With Coolidge" necessarily mean a continued frigidity towards the League of Nations idea?—Border Cities Star.

Statistics show that in recent years the plays most favored by a public supposed to demand sunshine in its drama have been "Rain" and "Lightning."—Detroit News.

Girls with natural peach-bloom complexion who criticize their sallow sisters for rouging, are poor sports—anybody would win with a straight flush.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

The Noxious Drug Traffic

Dr. C. W. Saleeby in Overseas

The abuse of drugs like morphia and cocaine occurs wherever such drugs are obtainable. It has spread most lamentably since the war, for various reasons. Governments of all nations have striven to deal with it, and their efforts hitherto have been signally unsuccessful. Studying the subject in Montreal late in 1922, I observed the hopeless nature of the problem whilst cocaine is available in what are practically unlimited quantities. For years I have urged that the only really effective way in which to deal with this problem of noxious drugs is to find innocuous substitutes for their legitimate medical and surgical uses, and to limit their world production by international agreement. In a series of letters to the Times Sir William Bayliss, the world-famous physiologist, who studied the question on the official committee during the war, and myself have urged that the British authorities should unite with those of other countries to reduce the world cultivation of the opium poppy and the coca plant to such a measure as shall suffice for legitimate uses of opium and cocaine, but no more. Is it not commonsense that thus—and thus only, as experience teaches—we can solve the noxious drugs problems?

If this is to be accomplished, we must have imperial agreement. England and India must confer and agree about the opium poppy, for instance; and then, at the meeting of the League of Nations' opium committee at Geneva in November, something may be effectively and finally done for the protection of all mankind.

Cow Bones for Mah-Jongg

THREE carloads of shinbones from cows slaughtered at a Chicago packing plant have been shipped from Galveston to China, where they will be used in the manufacture of Mah-Jongg sets.

In the New York Manner

—By Lucian Cary
ILLUSTRATED BY E. CUNEO

What Is The Secret of Attractiveness?—Is It a Metropolitan Manner and Suave Clothes Cut in the Finest Taste?—Joe Thayer, Who Was in Love With a Distinguished Girl, Learned the Answers to These Questions in a Surprising Way.

JOE THAYER came down Fifth Avenue swinging his stick as if he owned the street. It was that morning in April when spring boldly announces herself; that morning when the myriads of buds on the trees in Madison Square actually burst into myriads of tiny leaves. On such a morning it occurs simultaneously to thousands of young men that New York is full of pretty girls.

Joe arrived at the offices of Shotwell and Orme just in time to see Miss Robinson disappear through the door that led to the art department. She hadn't seen him. Joe walked into his office frowning thoughtfully and merely nodded to his secretary.

On his desk was a booklet entitled "In the New York Manner." Joe picked up the booklet and read it through from cover to cover. Then he walked over to the window and looked down on Madison Square.

It was six months since he had come on from Indiana to make a place for himself in the offices of Shotwell and Orme. In that six months he had succeeded. That is, he had succeeded with Shotwell and Orme. But he was exactly where he was in the first place with Miss Robinson.

Joe had never said anything to her but "Good morning, Miss Robinson." Not even, "Isn't it a nice day?" And especially not, "Where are you going to lunch?" Why hadn't he?

It was because she was so extraordinarily pretty in such a quiet, distinguished way. And because of the air with which she carried herself, of the way she wore her clothes. She was simply dressed always. But her clothes so exactly suited her. It was because she had the New York manner.

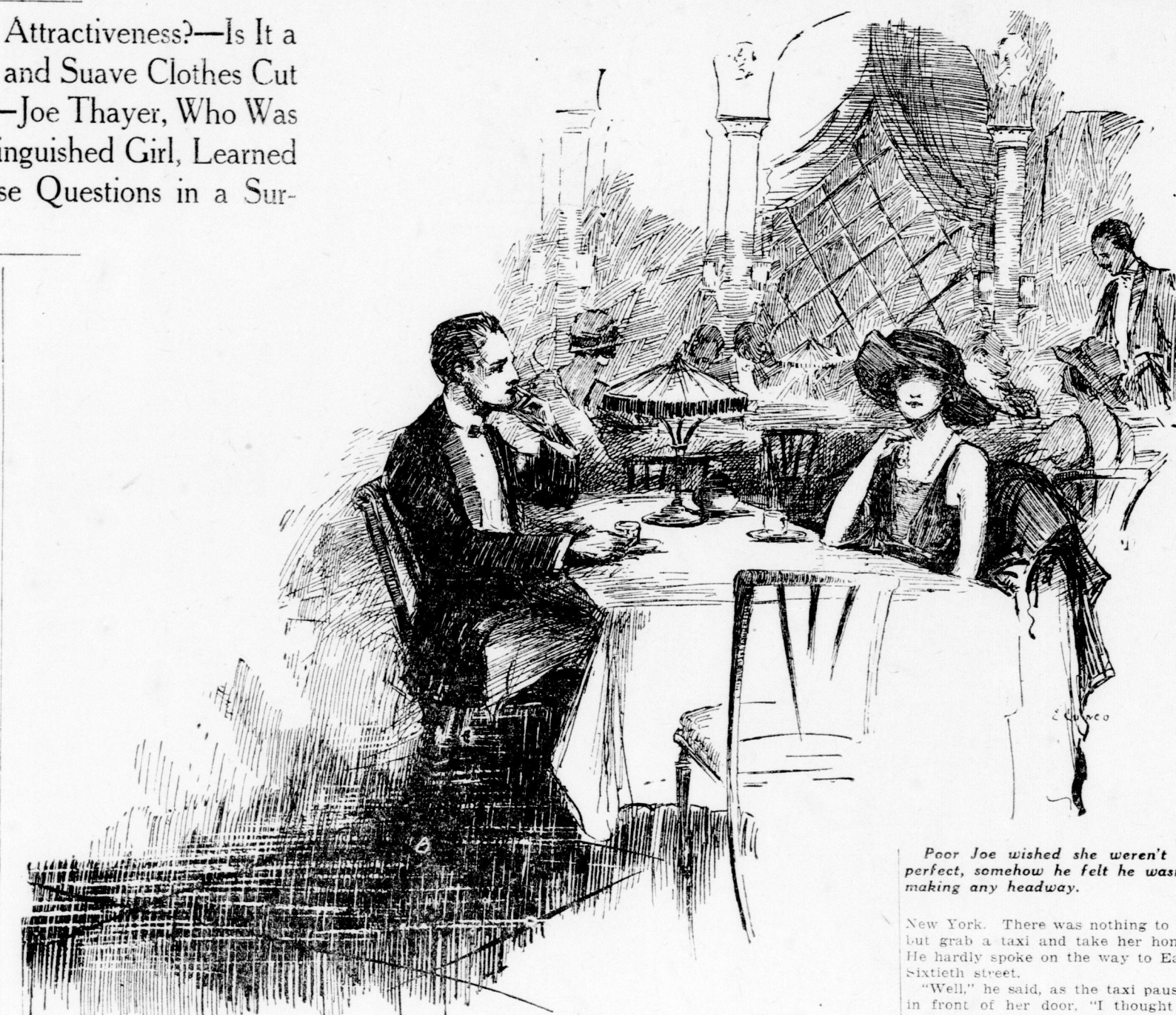
That Assured Ease
JOE sat down at his desk and idly turned the leaves of the booklet. It was printed to advertise the wares of a dealer in men's furnishings. It raised, and answered in detail, the question of how a young citizen of the metropolis ought to dress in order to say quietly but unmistakably that he belonged. It spoke of simplicity and distinction and ease.

"What is it that gives a man that assured ease, that secure self-confidence?" the booklet asked. And it proceeded to answer: "Above everything else it is the knowledge that he is appropriately dressed for the occasion."

It distinctly implied that if you were appropriately dressed you would have assured ease, secure self-confidence. Indeed, he had intended to simply that when he had written it. He had believed it was so. When he had invented that slogan—"In the New York Manner"—he had been convinced that the right clothes were a sure way to achieve the New York manner. But there seemed to be more to it than just clothes.

Suppose you were from a small city in Indiana. Suppose you knew the ways of that town backward and forward, so you were never in doubt as to what was what. Suppose you knew exactly how to proceed from the stage of "Good morning, Miss Robinson" to the stage of kissing her good night just before you left her at her own front door? Suppose you could do all this quite perfectly in Indiana—what would you do in New York?

But supposing he did get up his nerve to wait for her and ask if he might walk up the Avenue with her, and that she acquiesced. What would you do then? You couldn't very well ask her to step in and have a soda. That would be small town stuff. You could ask her out to lunch. But you didn't do that kind of thing at Shotwell and Orme's. What he really wanted to do was to ask her out to



dinner. But he could hardly do that right off. And besides, what kind of a place would he ask her to? The truth was he didn't know enough about restaurants to choose. He had been so busy holding his job since he'd got down to New York that he hadn't been around. Now he recalled the story somebody had told him of the young man from the middle west who had met the perfect girl and wanted to do the perfect thing and so he had taken her to dinner at the Pennsylvania Station.

A Social Problem
JOE considered that he might ask her to go to the theatre. He could casually mention the fact that he had complimentary tickets to something, and if she expressed interest he could go and buy tickets. And if he should manage to ask her to the theatre what would he wear?

His dinner jacket, of course. That reminded him of something he had written about dinner jackets in the booklet entitled, "In the New York Manner." He had called special attention to the backless white waistcoat, cut in the new short-waisted fashion. He'd have to get one himself right away. It had been designed in London—for dancing—cooler.

Joe went out at lunch time and bought the white waistcoat and had it sent home. At a quarter to five he put on his hat and said goodbye to his secretary, went down to the lobby of the building and waited for Miss Robinson. When she came out of the elevator he followed her. When she reached the door he was beside her. He lifted his hat and said, "Why, good afternoon, Miss Robinson." Just like that.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Thayer," she said and smiled.

"I hope," Joe said, "I hope you're walking up the Avenue."

"Yes," she said, "I am."

He fell into step with her. He couldn't think of exactly the right thing to say next. But he was glad he was carrying a stick and that he carried it as if he were used to carrying it.

"I heard to-day," Miss Robinson said, "that your booklet on men's furnishings has made a hit with the client."

"I had a lot of fun doing it," Joe said modestly.

"That's a good slogan," Miss Robinson added. "I mean, 'In the New York Manner.'"

"Well," Joe said, "I'm not going to pretend that I don't rather fancy it myself."

Up the Avenue
THEY walked on a block in silence and then Joe asked her what she was working on.

"Furniture," Miss Robinson replied, with a touch of bitterness. "It's an impossible job. The client wants sketches of rooms with his period furniture. But he insists that every detail of his product must be drawn to scale. And that throws the whole drawing out."

That started them off talking shop. Which was good for many blocks. Joe didn't realize he had passed Forty-fourth street, which was where he lived, until they were opposite Hicks, half a mile north on the Avenue. Miss Robinson called his attention to the Hicks window.

"Isn't that gorgeous?" she asked. "Hicks' window was full of fruit—every known kind of fruit. Yellow and reds and greens."

"They have marvelous fresh fruit sodas," Miss Robinson remarked as they walked on.

It was all Joe could do to keep from saying, "Shan't we try one?" But he did keep from saying it.

"I go east here," she said.

Joe decided instantly that he would let her assume that he went further north. He didn't want her to know that he had walked a mile past his street. He raised his hat. "Good night," he said.

"Good night," she answered, and was gone.

He would have to ask her to dinner, he decided, as he rode down the Avenue on a bus. And in the meantime he would look up places.

He went home and tried on the new waistcoat. It fitted. But it was short-waisted and so were his trousers. The two met but by a dangerously small margin. He hunted up two small safety pins and after much pinning and re-pinching, he secured the waistcoat to the trousers.

Then it occurred to him that he'd better go out and try a restaurant—Cyrano's, of course. He would dress and go there.

Ordering a Dinner
DRESSING involved unpinning the union between his waistcoat and trousers, in order to put on a dress shirt, and then re-pinching. In half an hour he was in a taxi. In forty minutes the waiter was suggesting a cold consommé and Joe was accepting the suggestion.

"And after that," he said, "I'd like the supreme of Guinea Hen Jeanne."

He had no idea what it would be like but he intended to find out.

"Very good, sir," said the waiter, and departed.

Joe affected a slightly bored smile while he studied the room. It was, he decided, quietly exotic. The tables were small, the lights were carefully shaded, the carpets were thick. There was no music. At least a third of the patrons were not in evening dress. Joe wondered if the crowd at Delmonico's was any more distinguished.

The cold consommé was refreshing but not exciting. He awaited the supreme of Guinea Hen with interest. It proved to be cold also—it was in fact cold jellied chicken. While he ate it Joe wondered what kind of salad a habitué of such a restaurant as this would order. He considered endive, which he had always thought unnecessarily bitter. He considered watercress, which he

happened to like very much. He decided in favor of the endive.

"Sir," said the waiter, "I regret to say we have no endive."

"Hmmm," said Joe, and frowned reproachfully.

"Have you—by any chance—some watercress?" he asked.

The waiter bowed.

"Yes, sir."

When he had eaten the watercress, Joe ordered a demitasse but continued to study the menu. The truth was he was still hungry. But he didn't want a sweet. He considered cheese. He found cheese à la Cyrano.

"What," he asked, "is that—cheese à la Cyrano?"

"That, sir, is a specialty of the house," the waiter said. "Very good, sir."

"Bring me some," Joe said.

Social Progress
THE cheese was very good. It seemed to be a mixture of cheeses, made into little balls, like butter balls. It had distinction. Cyrano's would do. The check was seven dollars.

Joe reflected that there was one advantage in staying at home nights and working for six months. He had money in the bank—enough so he could easily spend some on a pair of dress trousers designed for a short waistcoat. He would order them the next day.

He got the trousers, by insisting, in a week. But the moment he tried them on he perceived that they demanded a new jacket. That took another week. So it was two weeks before he waited for Miss Robinson in the lobby again.

This time he said, "Hello, there," most informally when he raised his hat. And she responded as informally with a "Hello."

She was wearing a new dress, with a cape and a hat to match—a cape that rippled as she walked. His elbow accidentally touched hers. And for two blocks he couldn't think of anything to say. What if he said the wrong thing? And how could he ask her to dinner?

But coming to Sixtieth street she happened to say something about the theatre and Joe said why didn't he get tickets for something.

"I'd like to go very much," Miss Robinson said.

"Shall we make it to-night?" Joe asked.

Miss Robinson shook her head.

"No," she said. "I don't believe I could before next week."

"Monday then?"

"Yes, Monday will be fine," said Miss Robinson, and smiled her most gracious smile.

Joe got tickets at an agency on the way home.

She lived in a brown-stone house in East Sixtieth street—one of those houses which fails to reveal in any outward way whether it has been remodeled into apartments or not. A white-capped maid opened the door and a second later she came down the stairs in a lovely little frock of green and silver that showed her throat and her arms to advantage, and in a third second there were in the taxi and on their way to the theatre.

After the Play
FOR the first time, as he sat beside Miss Robinson, Joe felt that possibly he hadn't stretched the truth—much—when he had implied that the appropriate clothes gave a man that secure self-confidence. He kept it until the finale. And then he realized that almost any place he might choose to suggest supper would have dancing. His dancing had done well enough in Indiana. But he didn't know how they danced in

ing and observe yourself in the glass."

Dancing à la Mode
JOE did it. Miss Ponsonby-Smith corrected carefully the manner in which he grasped her right hand with his left. Then she corrected with equal care the way he had placed his right hand.

"Now," she said, "you will see in the mirror that there is at least four inches of clear space between us."

There was.

Nevertheless, under any circumstances, reduce that distance," Miss Ponsonby-Smith said. "To do so is vulgar."

"Yes," said Joe.

Miss Ponsonby-Smith released herself and put a record on the machine and started it.

"Of course," she said, "if the girl puts her arm around your neck, in the fashion that one occasionally sees among flappers, you have no recourse—you simply cannot dance properly. You can only avoid dancing with her again."

"Yes," said Joe.

"Now," said Miss Ponsonby-Smith, "we will dance. A perfectly plain, fox-trot walk."

Joe started off with her. Miss Ponsonby-Smith could dance and the moment he discovered that, the rhythm of the music got hold of his feet.

"Why," she said, when the piece was finished, "you dance quite decently. With half a dozen lessons you would pass muster anywhere. Come to-morrow at the same hour."

Joe gave her a ten-dollar bill. But he had mental reservations about any more lessons. He had found out what he wanted to know.

When next he waited for Miss Robinson in the lobby at five o'clock he had decided to ask her to dine with him. He walked all the way up to Sixtieth street without asking her, but at the last moment he got the courage.

A Dinner Engagement
"I'd like it awfully if you'd go to dinner with me some night," he said.

Miss Robinson smiled. Her smile was an acceptance.

"Could you by any chance go to-night?" he asked.

"Why—" she hesitated.

"We'll go to Cyrano's," he finished.

"Why, yes," Miss Robinson said. "I'd like to."

"Shall I call for you at seven-thirty?"

"Yes," she said. And again the delicious curve of her cheek out of her smile as she turned to go home.

Joe rushed back to Forty-fourth street to put on his new dinner clothes. No need to insure the meeting of these trousers and that waistcoat with safety pins. The new trousers were reassuringly long-waisted. Joe surveyed the final effect with a profound satisfaction. He was impeccable.

She came down this time in a little dress of black silk with a big black hat, that framed her face and earrings of coral. She was perfect. Joe entered Cyrano's that night as if it was his habit to dine there.

"Cold consommé, sir?" asked the waiter. It was the same waiter who had served Joe two weeks earlier.

Joe glanced at Miss Robinson. "Oh, quite," said Miss Robinson.

Joe studied the menu.

"How would you like the supreme of Guinea Hen?" he asked. "They do that rather well here."

Miss Robinson acquiesced. And after the supreme she acquiesced in a watercress salad. And then she acquiesced in a demitasse.

Some Real Fun
THE big orchestra was striking up again, when they reached the floor. Joe put his arm around Miss Robinson. They danced. They danced the dance the music called for. Joe forgot all about Miss Ponsonby-Smith's four inches of space. They finished in an absolutely middle-class kind of whirl.

"Gee," she said, "that was fun."

When they reached the door of her house an hour later he had to say something.

"Look here," he said, "won't you go dancing with me to-morrow night? We'll go to dinner first."

"At Cyrano's?" she asked.

"Of course," he answered.

Miss Robinson looked thoughtfully down at the toe of her shoe. They were standing under her umbrella. That is, she was standing under it.

"No," she said.

"I—I'm sorry," Joe stammered.

Miss Robinson continued to study the tip of her shoe.

"I'm sorry if I've presumed," Joe continued. It was the flattest refusal he had ever experienced. And ten minutes before she had been so jolly. What could have happened?

"Oh," she said, "you haven't presumed. Not in the least. You never would—conceivably."

She paused.

"I must go in," she finished. "Won't you keep my umbrella? You can bring it to the office in the morning."

"But I don't understand," Joe said. "I—I—" he stammered.

She flashed a look at him.

"I've half a notion to tell you the truth," she said.

"Please do," Joe said stiffly.

Change of Manner
"WELL," she said, "you are a New Yorker—you've been used to it all your life—you won't understand what I mean. But I'm

"I can recommend the cheese à la Cyrano," she said, with a quiet case. "It's a specialty of the house."

Again Miss Robinson accepted his suggestion. She was polite, even agreeable. But she wasn't—well, she was almost too calm, as if she were a bit bored. Somehow he just didn't get a further with her.

Joe lit a cigarette slowly, while he gathered himself for speech.

"You know," he said, "I'd like to dance. Why don't we stroll down to the Biltmore or the Astor?"

"Why don't we?" Miss Robinson asked. So they did. That is, they took a taxi.

When it Rained
THE music was good, and she was a beautiful dancer, after the entirely restrained fashion recommended by Miss Ponsonby-Smith. But somehow, Joe felt that she didn't specially enjoy dancing with him. It was as if some pall of formality hung over the occasion. That was the trouble with the New York manner. It was impeccable, but it was also a little impenetrable. It was a smooth and glassy surface.

And yet he knew she wasn't just a surface. She was a keen workman, drawing every day, from nine to five in a fashion to satisfy one of the most exacting advertising firms in the world. And she was human, too. She was capable of warmth and friendliness and laughter. He knew it. Only somehow he failed to stir all that in her.

Joe made a desperate effort to find a subject that would arouse her interest. But he couldn't. There was just nothing to do but go home.

Joe had the impulse every afternoon at five o'clock to wait for her in the lobby. He repressed that. But he found himself taking long walks after dinner. Twice he walked all the way up Fifth Avenue to One Hundred and Tenth street. He found himself wishing she wasn't so perfect. If she were only a little more ordinary he'd feel more at home with her. But, of course, she never would be ordinary. Anything she did or said, or wore would be a distinction.

He had reached this point in his reflections about her for the third or fourth time, when he realized that he was actually walking across Sixtieth street. He was almost exactly opposite her house. He hurried.

He turned south on the first corner—he could get the subway at Fifty-ninth street. And then it began to rain hard all of a sudden without the slightest warning—at least without any warning, he had observed. Joe instinctively ran.

Miss Robinson's Suggestion
HE reached Fifty-ninth street, but the subway was a block east, at Lexington Avenue. He kept on running. The rain came faster. He dodged into the doorway of the drug-store on the corner. And then it came. He turned south on the first corner—he could get the subway at Fifty-ninth street. And then it began to rain hard all of a sudden without the slightest warning—at least without any warning, he had observed. Joe instinctively ran.

GOOD INSULATION
A FACTOR IN RADIO

Unless Your Receiving Antenna Is Perfectly Insulated Your Results Will Disappoint

TIPS FOR AMATEUR

ONE of the most important things to remember when installing the receiving or transmitting antenna is that it should be insulated as nearly perfectly as possible. After looking over the various aerials which have been put up during the last two years the writer has come to the conclusion that radio fans never give insulation a thought. It is true that with the receiving aerial high voltages are not employed, but it must be remembered that we are dealing with high frequency currents, which have a great affinity for escaping off to the ground before they actually reach the receiving set. It is therefore logical that as much of this current as possible be protected, so that its full force will pass down the antenna lead-in and reach the set without loss.

The usual form of aerial insulator used is the small unglazed porcelain cleat. While porcelain is considered as one of the best insulators to high voltage and radio currents, the unglazed cleat is a poor insulator and its use should be discouraged. This type of insulator absorbs moisture due to its unglazed surface and gets dirty with soot, forming a good short circuit path to the ground. The proper form of porcelain insulator is one that is about three or four inches long and which is glazed. The surface need not be in ripple form as long as the insulator is glazed over its entire surface. In the better stations the eight or ten inch type of glazed porcelain insulator is used, one at each end. If the shorter type is employed two of them should be connected in series.

This will afford ample insulation for the aerial of the one-wire type. If the aerial is a one-wire affair, the first drawing shows where the insulators should be placed. The lead-in in this case is taken off one end.

The aerial wire may be made continuous so as to include the lead-in. A soldered joint will be satisfactory, but a wrapped joint should not be used for any length of time.

In B is shown the two-wire aerial with a spreader at each end. In this case the insulators are not put in parallel on the spreader, as is most always practised. Parallel insulators on a spreader reduce the resistance and create a double path for leakage. It is best to use a long insulator at the V in the spreader rope, or two insulators in series at this point will be more satisfactory. The aerial wires are fastened to the spreader by means of eye bolts screwed into the wood.

C shows another form of aerial. The far end is generally spaced for a distance of ten to twenty feet and is fastened to the side of a house. The near end comes together to a point. The lead wire may be taken from this end. One or two insulators may be placed at the point or lead-in end.

The single wire aerial shown in D, with a center tap is often put up. If the aerial is exceptionally long it is best to take the lead from the center. In this case the insulators are placed at both ends of the aerial. Such an antenna is said to pick up stations equally well in all directions. The long one-wire aerial has slight directional effects.—New York Herald-Tribune.

Speaking for Himself
POLICE Court Comedy: Several women had complained of the bad behavior of another of their sex and the magistrate asked what sort of a husband she had.

A man stepped forward and said: "One of the very best—a kind husband and a good worker."

Magistrate: "Is he in court?" The Man: "Yes, I'm him."



Musical Celebrities Return Home

LEFT TO RIGHT: T. Kemrin, violinist; Feodor Chaliapin, celebrated Russian bass; and R. Polk, pianist, as they left New York to spend the summer in Europe.



Joe didn't realize he had passed Forty-fourth street, which was where he lived.

MIGHTY TIGHT MONEY

—By Ellis Parker Butler

ILLUSTRATED BY BERT N. SALG

Should a Business Man Engage a Very Pretty Stenographer to Interview Creditors?—Read the Thrilling Experiences of Mr. Bipps, a Busy Builder, Who Is Vamped and Re-Vamped.

MRS. BIPPS stopped at the Savings Bank and drew out \$2,342.98, and as she turned away from the paying teller's window she shed two tears, one from each eye. For she had hoped never, never to draw out that money, which she had saved dollar by dollar. On entering the bank she had meant to draw out \$2,343.98, but the teller had advised her to leave \$1.00 on deposit, so that the account would be "open." The teller hated to "close" an account.

Mrs. Bipps walked three blocks up Hutter street, which is the business street of Glen Hutter, New Jersey, and turned down Willow street for two blocks. There she came to the yellow frame building that was her husband's "office."

Mr. Bipps was a builder, a "speculative builder." Mr. Bipps bought lots and erected houses on them, and made, he hoped, a profit. Mrs. Bipps also hoped he made a profit.

Unfortunately, Mr. Bipps was doing business, as the saying is, on a shoe-string. He never had had enough capital, and it seemed that he never would have enough, to do business comfortably. If he built a house he had to owe money to all the dealers in lumber and lime and nails and cement and heating apparatus with whom he traded. Then, if he began by giving a mortgage for \$2,000 to pay for the lot, he usually received from the purchaser of the house \$600 to \$1,000 in cash, and a second mortgage for \$7,000, which the purchaser was supposed to pay "the same as rent," in easy monthly instalments. Sometimes the purchaser did pay, and sometimes the purchaser said, after a short period, "Oh, fudge!" and threw the house back on Mr. Bipps' hands. Then Mr. Bipps had to sell it again. The result, what with trying to pay more or less to the dealers in materials, build his houses, keep them sold, and worry about the inevitable strikes, was that Mr. Bipps had a brow deeply creased by care, and was always cursing here or there in a distracted manner.

The Office Vamp

At times, because money was always so tight with him, he was a little short with his wife, speaking too abruptly, but he did mean well. Mrs. Bipps appreciated his troubles and allowed for them. And for one thing she was wholly thankful; Mr. Bipps was not the sort of man who goes astray. Pretty faces, neat ankles, come-bither eyes never interested Mr. Bipps. He was Mrs. Bipps was sure, the sort of man that could not be vamped. Pardon the word; it is used in Glen Hutter.

Mr. Bipps, feeling that the housing situation was acute, had undertaken to build three houses at a time. Instead of the usual two. For this reason his usual condition of suffering from mighty tight money had changed, and he was suffering from mightily tighter money. He had borrowed every cent his bank would lend him. In the crisis he appealed to Mrs. Bipps, and she was helping him out by putting her savings in his hands.

Mr. Bipps was always bumping up to his office door in his old rattletap of a one-ton flivver truck, dashing into the office, grabbing a blueprint or a keg of nails, and dashing away again. It had been that on these visits he would give an order or an instruction to the long, lean, lank Miss Cammer, but this was no longer so. Miss Cammer had gone to California, and now Mr. Bipps gave his order and instructions to Miss Kitty Clark. She was his new office help.

Frequently, when Mrs. Bipps was "downtown," she stopped for a moment or two at Mr. Bipps' office, usually it was to get from Miss Cammer a five-dollar bill she had arranged with Mr. Bipps to leave there. Then she would converse a while with Miss Cammer. A pleasant break in the home monotony of Mrs. Bipps' life. Mrs. Bipps hoped her husband's new office help would be someone with whom she could converse a while when she stopped at the office.

As she opened the office door she

saw Miss Kitty Clark for the first time.

Mrs. Bipps Overpowered

At her first glance Mrs. Bipps felt as if someone had struck her a sudden and irresistibly heavy blow on the heart. It was merely that Kitty Clark sat there, possibly the most come-bither beautiful girl in the world, with lip paint, eyebrow blackening, rouge on cheeks, legs in breath-of-silk, ear danglers, and the limit in man-catching clothes. And there were, possibly, in Glen Hutter, New Jersey, and the adjacent city of New York, several hundred thousand girls willing to take this office job. Mrs. Bipps could not have wept. She had not thought this of Henry.

When she was out in the air again, away from the overpowering odor of Equatorial Tuberoso perfume, she could not think even that of Henry. She would not! But she never entered the office again. She never willingly came face to face with Kitty Clark again.

Mrs. Bipps did not leave the \$2,342.98 at the office, although Mr. Bipps had needed it immediately.

"My husband is not here—I'm Mrs. Bipps," she said. "Very well; if he does come in and asks if I have been in please tell him I have. Tell him I'm going straight home from here, and that I have what he asked me to get. Tell him that if he needs it before night he can drive out for it."

"Oh, the money?" said Miss Clark. "All right, Mrs. Bipps. I'll tell him, but I know he expected you to leave it here. The lumber man was going to stop in before lunch."

"Yes, I'll be at home, tell Mr. Bipps," said Mrs. Bipps. The girl showed no sign of resentment.

"All right," she said, glancing at a wrist watch that must have cost ninety dollars at least (and she getting, officially, fifteen dollars a week) but it was the glance she cast at Mrs. Bipps' coat that made Mrs. Bipps decide she would never enter the office again. The girl was wearing a coat that made Mrs. Bipps decide she would never enter the office again. The girl was wearing a coat that made Mrs. Bipps decide she would never enter the office again.

Mr. Bipps was waiting at the house when Mrs. Bipps reached home. He had taken a taxi, and he was waiting for her. He had to have that money quickly; the lumber dealer's salesman was waiting at the office for it. Tight money!

Mrs. Bipps felt better when she'd seen him. You could not look at Henry and think he was the sort of man to fall prey to a Kitty Clark; you could not look at him and think he was a man to pay attention to any outside woman.

Chased by Creditors

JOURNONG over the roughest of his home street, rattling over the smoother streets of downtown, Mr. Bipps cast his one-ton flivver and himself at his office, shut off his engine with a jerk, and leaped into the office. He was not too late. The salesman for the Glen Hutter Lumber Company was still there; he had not gone back to tell the Glen Hutter Lumber Company to "shut down" on Mr. Bipps and to advise them to "take proceedings to collect this overdue account, which is far too large and has been running longer than it should." He counted the thousand dollars Mr. Bipps handed him, wrote a receipt and departed.

"Bank and then the Clay street house," Mr. Bipps told Miss Clark, and dashed out of the office. He did not return to the office until three days after, coming then for a bundle of hinges, but the salesman from the Glen Hutter Paint Company was waiting for him.

"Ah—our account," said the Glen Hutter Paint man.

"Oh, yes, yes, hang it!" cried Mr. Bipps. "I'll give you three hundred on account."

The door opened and the agent for the Eagle Shind Company came in.

"Ah—now this," he said, reaching into his pocket for a statement.

"All right! All right!" said Mr. Bipps. "My lord! you folks don't give me a minute to turn around in. Miss Clark, make a check for two hundred for this man. That do, today? Money's tight."

"Well, we don't want to crowd you, Mr. Bipps," said the sandman. "If a hundred dollars would be easier for you—"

"Make that check a hundred, Miss Clark," said Mr. Bipps. "Tassey? You want to ruin me—wreck me! I—"



"I won't pay you another dollar for a month," Mr. Bipps shouted. "You can tell old Granger that."

Caggerty, I'm worth quite a lot. Second mortgages. But if I have to chuck my second mortgages into the market, with money so mighty tight, I won't get much for them. I'm busted then, I guess, Caggerty."

"Well," said Caggerty, "Well, I'll tell you, Henry. The thing for you to do is not to go along like this, worrying yourself into a breakdown. The thing for you to do is to let me call a meeting of your creditors. You let me get them all here, in this office, and you give them a clear, straight show-down. We'll have them all in, and lay our cards flat on the table. We'll say 'Gentlemen, here it is! Here's what I've got. Do you want to bust me and get ten cents on the dollar, or no matter how bad—'

"Never mind that! We won't have all our cards on the table," said Caggerty. "We'll have something up our sleeve. We'll have ace in the hole. If it looks too much like fifty cents on the dollar, or ninety, they may say, 'Well, take it and be happy, Henry, but if it looks more like ten cents, they may say, 'Well, let's let him try to work out, ten cents ain't much to get.' You see, Henry, you let me do that. You let me call them together and you let me talk to them, huh?"

"Well, maybe," said Mr. Bipps. "Would you buy another of these seconds, Caggerty?"

"Yes, I can handle another; have a man will take another."

"Then that ought to tide me over a couple of weeks," said Mr. Bipps; "that and what I can collect in advance from my buyers."

"You never did collect up very close, did you?"

"No; but I am now," said Mr. Bipps. "I have to, with everyone pressing me so hard for money."

Selling His Mortgages

"How's the bank treating you?" he asked Caggerty.

"All right, I guess," said Mr. Bipps. "I've got the bank almost cleaned up. I've been paying off my notes. I've got to keep my credit good there, if I ever want to build any more."

"Yes, that's right," Caggerty said. "I only thought if I said something to Hammerhaugh it might make it easier for you."

"So, the next day, Mr. Bipps went to his safety deposit box again and sold another of his second mortgages. It was for \$4,000 and he had to sell it for \$3,600, which left him a profit of only \$1,600 on that house, but it had to be done. And he hated to have Caggerty call the creditors together. A man hates to sit and face thirty or forty men who can ask questions that makes one squirm and turn red and sputter."

So January dragged into February, and February dragged into March. Mr. Bipps paid a little here and a little there, begged his buyers to pay a little this month and a little next month, sold a second mortgage now and a second mortgage a little later, and the three houses he was building neared completion. By mid-March

"You look sick, Henry," he said. "You look just about all in. You are working under a strain that would kill any man."

"I know it," Mr. Bipps said. "I am about all in—every way. I don't know how I'll pull through. The worry and all."

"How about it—as man to man—are you insolvent? Are you busted, Henry?"

"No," said Mr. Bipps. "No, I ain't. Caggerty. Not if I can pull through; not if they don't crowd me into the ditch. You know how it is if any man is crowded and has to chuck everything he owns into the ditch. Nobody gets anything, much. If they don't crowd me into the ditch, and give me time to work out, I'm not busted. I'm worth well, on paper,

the frost was entirely out of the ground and it was time to begin cellar excavations if a man meant to remain in the building business, but Mr. Bipps had no excavating under way. He went to see Caggerty and put the three new houses in his hands for sale. For one, Caggerty said he ought to get \$10,000, for the other two \$12,000 each, if there were any buyers; spring might bring buyers.

"I know them outside," Caggerty said. "You bring around the floor plans, and I'll look them over inside to-morrow."

It was late in the afternoon and Mr. Bipps was very tired. He knew he ought to run out to the Barminster street house, but he felt too heavy and worn-out to do it. He drove his jangling truck toward his office and as he turned into Willow street, something separated itself from the truck and fell with a clang. Just what it was he did not know; it may have been the truck's differential calculus or its Einstein theory, engine wheezed once, and Mr. Bipps got out, cursed once, and started for his office. As he passed the book-keeper of his office he glanced in and stopped short. The man from the Glen Hutter Lumber Company was there, waiting for him. A sudden rage at the injustice of Fate flooded Mr. Bipps' soul and he wrenched the knob of the door and stormed into the office.

"By heaven!" he cried. "By heaven, this is too much! I've worked your account down to next to nothing, and I paid you two hundred last week, and you're back here hounding me again already! For a dime I'd throw you out of—"

The lumber company's man got to his feet and backed toward the door.

"Now, that's all right, Mr. Bipps," the young man said. "If it's not convenient to make a payment to-day—"

"It ain't!" shouted Mr. Bipps. "And I won't make one! I won't pay you another dollar for a month. You can go back and tell old Granger that."

The Last Straw

THE lumber company's young man backed out of the door and closed it. Mr. Bipps dropped into a chair and put his arms on his desk and let his head fall forward. He was through! His bones were jelly and his marrow was water.

"I'm going home," he said presently, raising his head. "I feel sort of sick."

His eyes fell on the telephone and he went to it and called up Caggerty. "This is Bipps, Caggerty," he said wearily. "I guess you'd better call the creditors, like you suggested."

He turned to Miss Clark. "Make out a list of all I owe," he said. "And figger up how much ready cash I've got. And make a list of my mortgages and what's yet to be paid on them."

In his own front hall he seated himself at the little table holding the telephone, and called a number.

"I want to talk to N. P. Granger," he shouted. "Well, if you want to know who this is, it's Henry Bipps, and you can tell him so! And if he don't want to talk to me you can tell him to go to Hades! I said Hades! Hades! Spell it? I don't have to spell it, and he can't make me."

"Yes, I can handle another; have a man will take another."

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ness and go to Hades with it, that's what you can do for me! Yes, I am mad! You've got that just exactly right. And if I stay in this town a thousand years and build ten thousand houses and live to be a million years old I'll never buy another stick of lumber from you, never!"

"Why, Henry," said the voice of Mr. Granger, "you must be drunk. I never sent a collector to ask you for money. Your account has always been one of the accounts we've never had to give any attention. I don't know what you're talking about, Bipps. We never pressed you to pay a cent; you could have had another two thousand dollars' worth of lumber from us any time you wanted it, Bipps."

"Haven't—haven't you been sending young George to my office every—"

Astonishing Discovery

"No, indeed, Henry. But I'll tell you what I did do this very afternoon. I called George onto the carpet and gave him a good ragging for spending half his time in your office, chinning that flossie book-keeper of yours. What made you think we were nagging you for money, Henry?"

"Why, every time I went into my office he pulled out a bill or a statement—"

"A silly dog, Henry," chuckled Mr. Granger. "A young fellow has to have some excuse when he gets caught in another man's office too often."

Mr. Bipps hung up the receiver, and then tried Mr. Farnum, of the brick company. Farnum had never asked to have Mr. Bipps' account reduced. Neither had the sand company, nor the paint company, nor the hardware company. Neither, it seemed, had anyone. The doorbell rang and he went to the door. It was Caggerty.

"I went around to your office, Bipps, to talk over with your creditors meeting, but you were out there. But, say, I ran into something funny. I met your sporty little vamp of a bookkeeper coming out all dolled up, and there was young Frank Mackenson, of the Mackensons Lima Company, waiting for her with his dad's limousine."

"Yes," said Mr. Bipps, "he's been collecting from me, too."

"I just thought I'd tell you," said Caggerty. "I like homey ones in the office, myself. Now, about this meeting."

Mrs. Bipps, very tired, for she had walked all the way from downtown with her arms full of heavy bundles, entered. From under them she held a folded paper toward Mr. Bipps.

"Your bookkeeper," she said, "handed me this to give to you, Henry," and she tried to keep her voice calm and unbetraying. "She was in a limousine."

"Quite a vamp, quite a vamp," said Mr. Caggerty. "I've been trembling for Henry here. Hey, Henry?"

He slapped Mr. Bipps on the back, but Mr. Bipps was studying the paper Mrs. Bipps had given him. He owed nothing to the bank; and the creditors, instead of some \$20,000 that he had owed at the time he hired Miss Kate Clark, less than \$2,000. He owned two houses worth \$12,000 each, and one worth \$10,000, with mortgages on the lots for \$6,000 total. He owned eight second mortgages, now worth \$16,000.

Nel, he owed nothing that he must pay at once, and was worth well over a clear \$40,000, and his credit was golden edged at his bank and with every concern with which he needed do business.

"Yes," said Henry Bipps, "I've been vamped, sure enough. Vamped—and re-vamped."

(Copyright, 1924)

Feats of Memorizing Music How Do Big Artists Do It?

There are Eye, Ear and Finger Memories, and Players and Conductors Have Different Ways of Mastering Long and Intricate Scores

MEMORIZING a hundred pages

of a concerto may not appear so much of a task to the layman, to whom a half hour of music is only part of an evening in the concert hall. Yet the greatest exponents of their instruments possess in the memory many such works, and most amazing are those of conductors who lead complex orchestral and choral works, as well as opera, without score. Toscanini, the Italian conductor, is cited by R. M. Knerr, in Musical America, as frequently conducting whole operas without the score, and Leopold Stokowski never has recourse to the page in the concert of the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Marcel Dupre, organist of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, who performs prodigious feats of memory, is accustomed to practise an hour on a new work before sleeping overnight and finds that his memory is stronger in the morning than if he were to play several hours after arising. The reason, he explains, is that few sense impressions enter the mind during sleep, and it is refreshed by rest. He adds:

"Of the different kinds of memory—those of the eye, the ears and fingers—the last is very important in quickly securing proficiency in performance, but it is least dependable in retaining that place in the memory. The visual sense of the written score, however, remains over periods of years, after other types of memory have faded one. So, if you want to learn music in the quickest possible time, I should suggest practising until it becomes 'second nature' for the hands. But if you want to learn a piece for a definite, lasting place in your repertoire, study the score."

Olga Samaro, pianist, former wife of Leopold Stokowski, believes that the better one understands a work, the more vivid will be one's memory of it, the explanation being the greater number of associations. She says:

"Complete understanding and sufficient retention, which, by the way, automatically develops both the ear and finger memories, should in any normally intelligent and musical person insure memorizing music. The operative artist has his cues and a prompter. We cannot have a prompter, but we can provide ourselves in a certain sense with cues by learning a composition in the following manner: Divide it into small sections and practice each section in conjunction with a few bars of the preceding section. Thus the transition between two sections gets double practice and it becomes 'second nature' to come to the next section without working far more helpful than visualizing pages or any of the more artificial procedures sometimes advocated."

Contrariwise, Felix Salmond, the English cellist, never consciously tries to learn by "heart," nor does he divide up the work into small sections. In his opinion, quick preparation of any important work is a mistake.

To Carlos Salzedo, a master of both the piano and harp, "memorizing by force is really harmful, if the brain is 'overstrained' and 'remembering' is more a result of absorption than of volition. . . . The best way of memorizing is to spend a great amount of time on a piece, if it is not accomplished naturally the mind won't retain it. I have on several occasions had to learn works on four or five days' notice. I did so, but I discovered after some time that I had forgotten them."

Milk, Tea, Coffee, Thin Beer Become National Drinks for Dry Finland

HOW prohibition operates in Finland is told in The Grande Review. Paris, by a member of the international "dry" delegation which recently toured the country to observe the workings of the law:

"We were determined to see whether alcoholism flourished in Finland," the correspondent writes, "and several friends of mine therefore made a personal enquiry or research. They went everywhere, into all public enterprises, from the smartest to the lowest. They found out that in certain highly expensive restaurants it was possible to get a tiny glass of liquor, mostly served in a coffee cup, at an incredible price."

"Finland went dry while it still was controlled by the Tsars, even earlier than the United States. Prohibition in Finland was voted by 75 per cent. of the voters, particularly in the country, where the mode of life is cleaner than in the cities."

"However, the leaders of Finnish prohibition do not pretend that Finland is strictly dry. A great deal of work is still to be done in Finland in the way of enforcing prohibition. Yet it may be said safely that Finland's drinks are milk, tea, coffee and 2 per cent. beer. If a person wants water at the dinner table he has to ask for it."



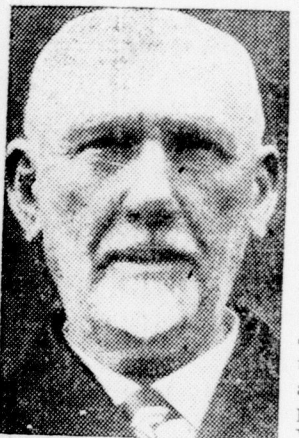
Mrs. Bipps saw Miss Kitty Clark for the first time. Mrs. Bipps could have wept. She had not thought this of Henry.

NOT FOR THEM ANY MORE DO THE CAMERAS SNAP

Hon. Thomas Crawford and Rev. C. Buckland Heard Reminiscing the Day Varsity Memorial Tower Unveiled

IT was the afternoon on which the University of Toronto memorial tower was unveiled in eternal memory of her soldier dead—an hour before the ceremony. University avenue leading to the campus was thronged with hurrying people. Down near the South African monument soldiers moved forward and fell into parade order, while newspaper photographers waited impatiently for them to move off.

In the building of the Children's Aid Society overlooking the army grounds stood two philosophical veterans of battle, but not veterans of the war.



Hon. Thos. Crawford

When that dignified memorial was officially unveiled by the King's representative in Ontario, it would bear the name of Thomas Crawford, Jr., the veteran politician's student son who fell in the war, but the father would not be there when the silk cord was pulled, another duty, a philanthropic one, having to do with unfortunate children, keeping him from joining with those who mourned the loss of the students who had gone out from her largest institution of learning never to return.

With him was Rev. C. H. Buckland, another champion of Conservative policies in former governments of the province.

The bands struck up and a medal-breasted corps of war veterans passed the window of the children's shelter. Then came the thrilling wall of the pipers, as the highlanders fell in behind their less picturesque but equally gallant comrades in arms, and began their short march to the crowded campus. The newspaper photographers, spurred to action, focused and exposed plates in a few seconds and unknowingly gained a smile of admiration from the registrar.

Turning to his companion, Mr. Crawford said: "Well, sir, the picture men are still at it, but they are no longer interested in you and me, are they? I can hardly realize that we are out of the public eye—neither can some people who want things done. Having one's picture taken for a paper is considered by some to be a compliment. Well, perhaps it is, but they are not showering any compliments on us now. Instead, it is our turn to give out the compliments. We are invited to decorate the platforms and applaud at the proper moments, then shake hands and say nice things afterwards. I can hardly realize it."

Rev. Mr. Buckland agreed that it was different. "But there is one other thing," continued Mr. Crawford. "Ferguson is having a pretty hard row to hoe up there trying to satisfy everyone, but I have long ago concluded that it can't be done."

When the meeting was over the reporter looked about for the former speaker, but he had gone. With bare head he stood with thousands of others in respect to those who sleep in Flanders Fields.

HE MADE NO DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE SEXES

W. W. JACOBS, the prime humorist, who doesn't seem to tell many funny stories, has broken the rule on his sixtieth birthday to produce the laughter of youth—here it is.

A doctor went out to dinner, and was parted by a rushing young lady.

"Is it true, doctor," she asked, "that you are a lady-killer?"

"Madam," replied the doctor, "I make no distinction between the sexes."

The optimist is a barometer stuck "set fair"; the pessimist is a barometer stuck "set stormy."

No sensible man would pay sixpence for either.

—Dean Inge.



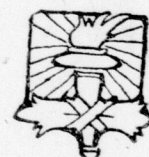
Titled English Laay Starts a Duck Farm

LADY BRAITWAITE has started a duck farm on her English country estate at Buckinghamshire, England, and she personally supervises the work herself.



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



There's Money in Chickens, Says Erik Prince Is Fed Up With Social Life

Danish Prince With His Canadian Princess Are Now Settled in Their Pink Stucco Bungalow in California—"It's Foolish to Say They Are Immensely Wealthy," Says the Princess—"She Is a Fine Girl and a Good Sport," Says the Prince.



being worth millions and having our valuable personal belongings brought in here under heavy guard, and all that rot. Oh, it was dis-GUST-ing. Now, I wish that you would make it clear to your readers that this stuff about our being immensely wealthy is absolutely untrue. All we have is right here. Such statements merely give the wrong impression.

"Yes, it is foolish to say things like that," the prince put in.

"We are just living in this ranch house—it's only a ranch house. You can call it that if you write anything about it."

The reporter's eye swept the dining room, with its suite of heavy hand-carved English oak furniture, high backed chairs with fancy scrolls and curlicues, beautiful silver pieces, glassware, embroidered linen centre-piece.

"Some ranch house," the reporter murmured audibly.

"Well, it's only a ranch house," the princess protested, her large brown eyes flashing.

"How many rooms?"

"I never counted them," she said.

Ranch House is Big Place

THE "ranch house" is a large, pretentious affair, standing about 250 yards back of Santa Anita drive, with its long line of towering, graceful eucalyptus trees. The house is done in a dark pink stucco trimmed in blue. It is not quite finished yet. There are shutters to put on, ornamental ironwork to put on, and a hundred other details to be completed.

The Princess is busy setting the place in order and getting established. She is doing it in the most of the work right now because she likes with her mother, Mrs. J. Fred Booth, is visiting. Should you drop in on her during work hours you would find her hard at it, clad in grey "knickers," a white sport shirt, silk stockings,

In this pretentious California ranch house of pink stucco, trimmed with blue, Prince Erik and his bride, formerly Miss Lois Booth, of Ottawa, are raising chickens in earnest, to make money.

low shoes, her heavy brown auburn hair tied with an orange ribbon, hidden except as it passes over the forehead.

Out in the yard is the prince. He wears a blue sport shirt and tie, grey trousers, brown shoes, and a soft dark hat that he doesn't have to be careful about. He just slaps it on his head, and there he is. The prince is six feet tall, weighs 150 pounds, every bit of which is muscle, has the Danish high cheek bones, ruddy cheeks and blue eyes.

The prince expects to make a success of this chicken raising business. Before long he will have about 600 hens.

"I am in it to make a success and to make

money."

Not help exchanging anxious glances with M. Clemenceau.

"The council of war took place, and according to custom the discussion was opened by the most junior officer; one after another each man expressed the same opinion; it was impossible to resist the German push, we would have to retreat to the other side of the Seine, abandon Amiens and possibly Rouen, to the Germans, and leave Paris uncovered."

"According to custom, Marshal Foch was the last to speak, and he was of quite a different mind from his subordinates. With the gravity and strength which are a part of him, he said that what we ought to do was to fall back, if we must, step by step, that one was only beaten when one believed one was, and that victory ought never to be given to the enemy without a fight. Amiens had not yet been taken; Amiens should be defended."

"Those few soldierly words were enough. There was a general rally to the marshal's opinion, and the English as well as ourselves admitted that he was right and placed entire confidence in his judgment. Foch, in those few minutes, had made himself felt as a great soldier and true leader of men. And it was during the informal conversation that followed the council, in the little garden I mentioned in my speech, that the idea of the single communique was conceived; Foch at the head of the allied armies. From that instant, not only was the German offensive foredoomed to failure, but the war itself was won."

"A few days later we had occasion to visit the ex-president of the republic, and having disposed of the business we had come to discuss, we asked permission to put a question to him; this he willingly granted."

"Then, what did you mean, M. le President," we said, "by that reference in your speech at the academy to certain 'mysterious circumstances'?" You and the marshal seemed almost the only ones who caught the allusion, and I confess I was no less curious than the rest of the audience."

"M. Poincaré did not have to be persuaded, and in his habitual, clean-cut, precise manner he related the following story:

"That is one of the things I shall go more fully into in my memoirs if I ever get time to write them. It was in March, 1918, the most critical month in all the war; Ludendorff had just launched his offensive, bent our lines and forced the allies back. A serious menace hung over our front, and it was imperative that we decide at once whether to meet the attack or beat a retreat."

"So it was resolved to call a council of war to be held at Doullens and at which the representatives of the government should be present. M. Clemenceau and I left for the appointed place, each in a different car. On the way we passed the Fifth British Army retreating, an ill-omen, indeed, and when we arrived at Doullens I could

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Marshal Foch

SON OF CHARLES DICKENS MADE SMART RETORT

THE premier of New South Wales, the Hon. Sir George Fuller, recently told the story of what he characterized the nearest retort he ever remembered to have heard uttered in the parliament house there.

An M.P., whose name was Willis, made a violent harangue against a measure sponsored by Mr. Dickens, a son of the famous novelist.

After listening patiently to the diatribes of Mr. Willis, Mr. Dickens rose to reply:

"My father," he said, "made famous a phrase, 'Barkis is willing.'—Had he been here to-day the phrase would have been altered to 'Willis is barking.'"

money. I have had enough of the social life for the present and I'm now raising chickens. I'm doing it because I like it—and because there is money in it in California. It is a lot of work and it keeps me busy, so busy, in fact, that I could not take time off to go to New York and attend the wedding of my brother, Prince Viggo, recently."

Saying good-bye to the reporter at the gate, the prince said:

"The princess has been telling you a lot about me. If you print anything at all about us, just say that she is a fine girl, just say that she is a good sport, for when you have said that you have said everything."

DUKE GAINS REPUTATION AS FIRST-CLASS COOK

Owner of Vast Possessions Forced to Live in Little Cottage With His Wife

THE Duchess of Atholl says her husband is a first-rate cook.

Probably the duchess had other reasons for marrying his grace. "But it is astonishing," says an English paper, "what a large number of men, though they don't brag about it, can now turn out a good dinner by their own unaided efforts. When a man takes to pots and pans a woman simply isn't in it!"

The duchess is in parliament. And the duke is, according to his own statement, keeping house in a little cottage. He made the confession somewhat humorously on the hustings, campaigning for his wife.

In the whole range of dukedom there is, perhaps, none more land-poor than Atholl and his wife, with their 200,000 acres and their mansions all closed up. The owner of a cathedral and the head of a private army, the duke has to watch the shillings to make both ends meet.

Bottomley, not long before he went to prison, enquired about the duke's army from an economical point of view, and was disappointed to learn that it was not kept up by the state. An old feudal custom allows the duke to retain his own armed men, merely 250 tenants now, tall highlanders, most of them veterans, like their master, who collect on state occasions, usually at the annual games.

The Duke has no more money for private armies, not even for Atholl Brose, the famous drink of the estate, made up of whiskey, strong and plentiful, honey, cream and several other seductive in its ingredients but extremely wicked in its effects, they say. Only a wonderful race could have survived it, according to some authorities.

Offered a few months ago the throne of Montenegro, the Duke of Atholl feels more homelike in his cottage with the reputation of being a first-rate cook.

JUDGE QUOTES POETRY BARRISTERS ARE TICKLED

OF Nova Scotia, there is none with a greater reputation for wit than Judge Humphrey Mellish, K.C. of Halifax.

The president of the Halifax Barristers' Society himself in 1912-1913, he was attending one of their dinners after the war when one of his most lively sallies took place. Quoting Tennyson's well-known lines from "Crossing the Bar," Judge Mellish opened his speech by hoping that "there would be no moaning of the Bar when he put out to sea."

To me the modern girl is very attractive and very mysterious.—Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, M.P.



Rises High in Her Profession

ENGLAND'S much talked of steeplejack, Miss Florry, of Lincoln, England, who climbs chimneys 160 feet high and seems fearless.

GEN. DAWES INAUGURATES ABSOLUTELY DRY SMOKE

World Exponent of Long-Draught Black Briar Pipe Buys Them in Dozen Lots for His Friends

THE flat-bottom, long-draught black briar pipe, made famous the world over by its principal exponent, Charles G. Dawes, Republican vice-presidential nominee and international reparations expert, is an institution of ten years' standing in the Dawes family. An eccentric Scandinavian cigar maker of Chicago, who conceived the idea of "an absolutely dry smoke" a decade ago, brought one of the first working models of his conception to Mr. Dawes for experimental purposes.

"You smoke here for a year and tell me how she goes," said the donor.

The general agreed, was satisfied with the result, and, in the language of the old-fashioned testimonial, has "never since been without it in the home."

Dawes buys the pipes in dozen lots and gives them to his friends when they get beyond the point of reclamation with an ordinary pipe cleaner.

Marshal Ferdinand Foch, who was the recipient of one of the "cast-offs" five years ago, recently wrote a letter of several hundred words to General Dawes telling of the continued faithful service of the "old waterproof furnace."

The pipe maker, making the most of his opportunities for trade, called at the Dawes bank the afternoon following his farming out of the first experimental model. Moving among the bank employees, he told of the bank president's acceptance of the first-run—and sold three dozen more on the bank floor.



Gen. Dawes

"Carpenter's the Name" 'Twas Zeebrugge Hero

Modest Sailor Just Tells News Stand Clerk He's Been in Navy All His Life

IT was during the last visit to Toronto of the Flonzaley String Quartet—the scene the King Edward news stand, and the dialogue between the vivacious lady clerk and a tall, ascetic-looking guest of the house, English unmistakably.

"Could you find out for me what hour tonight's concert begins?" he had asked.

"She told him."

"Ah, thanks aw'f'ly," said he. "You've a couple of seats here for me; you might let me have them—Carpenter's the name."

"Tickets were forthcoming."

"You're not Carpenter, the fighter?" the saleslady smilingly challenged.

"My word, no!" the tall young mustelover assured her, returning the smile with interest. "I've been in the navy all my life."

He was Captain Carpenter, V.C., the hero of Zeebrugge.

WELLS COMES TO GROUND LAST SEEN IN A POOL

CHARLES MERZ relates a visit to H. G. Wells in these terms in the New Republic.

"Mr. Wells was lying on his stomach. At first he'd had an armchair. Three of us were sitting in the library of the house at Easton Glebe, listening to him discuss a new world order: Peter Guedalla, a young airman who had played a part in Joan and Peter, and myself.

There was a garden just beyond the windows. It had a pool. We heard the voice of a younger Wells.

"Father, my boat won't run!"

The boat was some six inches long. It derived its motive power from a clock spring. Mr. Wells went on with his discussion. We were at a dramatic phase in the history of man. The story of life had risen to a crisis in an immense interrogation.

called the voice. "For I've looked at the spring, and it isn't broken." Compulsion and servitude, said Mr. Wells, had given way to ideas of associated freedom. Sovereignty—And the strange thing, father, said the voice, is that while it won't run forward, it runs backward as well as it ever did."

"There are some temptations not to be resisted. Discussion of the new world order stopped. The Mr. Wells of Men Like Gods yielded to Mr. Wells the chronicler of great invention. When I saw him again he was lying so much in the pool that a man from Mars might have taken him for drowned."

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

Rousing Struggles Promised In Western Ontario Tennis Finals Today

CUMMINGS IS LIKELY TO FACE CALIFORNIA STAR IN FINALS

He Put Out Coles of Woodstock Yesterday in 6-1, 6-1 Sets.

DOUBLES FEATURE

Special to The Advertiser.
Windsor, June 27.—The outstanding matches of today's play in the Western Ontario Lawn Tennis championships, being run off on Elm Court Country Club, were Habermahl's defeat of Stone, 6-1, 6-4; H. Crompton's defeat of R. Selley, 6-3, 6-4; and Cummings' defeat of F. C. Elwell, 6-1, 6-1, in the men's singles. Elmer Griffin, the California star, had a big day, disposing of Nicou in the men's doubles, and with Elwell in the men's doubles, defeated Hodges and Habermahl, and later Brick and Frederick. The most exciting match, at which the cups will be presented to the winners.



The final tomorrow will probably bring together Elmer Griffin and J. D. Cummings in the men's singles, which will be the feature event of the day. In the ladies' singles, the finals see Mrs. E. C. Johnson and Mrs. M. S. Brooks, which promises to be a real match. In the evening, following dinner, the players of the tournament will be entertained by the members of the club with a dance, at which the cups will be presented to the winners.

Men's Singles.

E. E. Crompton, Elm Court, defeated H. A. Scott, Elm Court, 6-1, 6-5.
C. A. Wagner, Detroit, defeated E. E. Crompton, Elm Court, 6-4, 6-4.
E. Griffin, Elm Court, defeated B. H. Micou, Detroit, 6-0, 6-3.
H. Stevens, Detroit, defaulted to R. Selley, Walkerville, 6-0, 6-3.
W. Habermahl, Detroit, defeated A. R. Stone, Woodstock, 6-1, 6-4.
J. D. Cummings, Elm Court, defeated J. L. Cole, Woodstock, 6-1, 6-1.
W. Habermahl, Detroit, defeated C. A. Wagner, Detroit, 6-1, 6-1.
F. C. Elwell, Detroit, 6-1, 6-1.
H. Crompton, Elm Court, defeated R. Selley, Walkerville, 6-3, 6-4.

Men's Doubles.

Brick and Griffin defeated Barcus and Wagner, 6-1, 6-1.
Elwell and Griffin defeated Hodges and Habermahl, 6-3, 6-4.
Fleming and Schade defeated Donovan and Stevens, 6-3, 6-4.
C. A. Wagner and Hobs defeated Muel and Birch, 6-2, 6-0.
Crompton and Crompton defeated Coles and Coles, 6-2, 6-1.
C. A. Wagner and Hobs defeated Fleming and Schade, 6-3, 6-4.
Elwell and Griffin defeated Brick and Frederick, 6-1, 6-1.

Ladies' Singles.

Miss D. Kershaw, Elm Court, defeated Mrs. R. Brown, Detroit, by default.
Miss C. McKay, Elm Court, defeated Miss H. Daniels, Detroit, 6-3, 6-4.
Mrs. E. C. Johnson, Detroit, defeated Miss D. Kershaw, Elm Court, 6-4, 6-4.

Ladies' Doubles.

Mrs. McGill and Mrs. Brooks defeated Mrs. Sullivan and Miss C. Wheeler, 6-3, 6-3.
Mrs. E. C. Johnson and Miss Cansfield defeated Mrs. E. C. Johnson and Miss Stefanowski, 6-0, 6-3.

Mixed Doubles.

Miss H. Cansfield and F. Judd defeated Miss L. Briggs and H. A. Scarff, 6-4, 6-1.
Miss D. Kershaw and A. J. Forster defeated Miss V. Richards and O. E. Fleming, 6-2, 6-2.

Boys' Junior Singles.

P. Harwood, Walkerville, defeated E. Aulin, Elm Court.
L. K. Coles, Woodstock, defeated H. Wilson, Elm Court, by default.

KITCHENER GOLFERS ARE 5 UP ON WOODSTOCK

Special to The Advertiser.
Woodstock, June 27.—Twenty members of the Woodstock Golf Club paid a visit to the Oxford County Golf Club yesterday afternoon and engaged a friendly game which resulted in a win for the visitors by 11 games to 7 on the aggregate score. The summary: Woodstock: K. W. Harvey, 0; A. C. Stewart, 1; W. Nesbitt, 1; H. A. Moyer, 0; E. L. Whitty, 1; H. A. Moyer, 0; V. L. Heath, 0; S. Fingard, 0; C. W. Yarker, 0; S. Fingard, 0; G. E. Plinkett, 0; T. A. Wetzell, 0; H. A. Little, 0; D. R. Hutchings, 1; Col. Wood, 0; J. H. Lane, 0; Jas. Carnwath, 0; J. H. Lane, 0; J. W. Kirkpatrick, 0; P. A. Stewart, 1; Dr. McKay, 0; J. Deschamps, 0; Dr. H. Sutherland, 1; Dr. Shields, 0; Dr. Rogers, 0; J. Mackay, 0; Dr. Brown, 0; J. Deschamps, 0; J. Dunlop, 0; J. Judge, 1; W. J. Craig, 0; Dr. Harvey, 0; H. McIntosh, 0; T. W. Anderson, 1.

ON THE QUALITY OF THE TACKLE

depends the success of the fisherman. We supply the best procurable, and at lowest possible prices. See our goods and get our prices.

BROCK'S

The Sporting Goods Store of London.

111 Dundas St. Cor. Talbot St.

DEATH OF BERGER IS MOURNED HERE

Speedy Stratford Hockey Star and All-Round Athlete Dies.

Death has cut short the career of one of the foremost athletes of Ontario in the person of Larry Berger, defense man of the Stratford senior hockeyists and all-round athlete. London sportsmen join with hockey lovers over the province in mourning his death, which came as a great shock today to those who knew him.

He was one of the most promising players in hockey in this part of the country. Only 24, he showed the best development of his career during the past winter, and was expected to go even better as he continued to play in fast company.

Here in London he appeared often in practice, in exhibitions and in league games last winter. Against the Kitchener-Waterloo seniors, the Granite seniors and the Grimby Peach Kings, he impressed Londoners with his surprising dash and speed.

After the Indians won the "Big Four" Senior O. H. A. title, they came here for the first of the O. H. A. senior finals against Hamilton Tigers, and won out by a 2 to 1 count, only to lose on the round by a single tally in Hamilton.

The popular Larry was seen to advantage on the left defense position of the team. He was never substituted during the entire winter, and his clean playing in all kinds of games made him popular with all.

He was a tough defense worker and a dashing lone rusher on the offences were of great advantage to the team. He was the speediest skater on the team, and his former team mate, Howie Morenz, was the only player to show such brilliance in Stratford during recent years. Larry was perhaps the best-conditioned, year-round athlete in the Classic City.

He wasn't merely a hockeyist. He played a lone hand in trying to revive rugby in Stratford last fall. He was on the city championship football team there last year. He played baseball, was on the fast-traveling Stratford soccer eleven this season, one of two Canadians amongst some of the good country players.

He was a good lacrosse player, turned out with the lacrosse crew. He was an all-round, peppy, well-conditioned sportsman, admired by opponents as well as his home town friends. His death has created a gap in the ranks of amateur hockey that will be hard to fill.

His Career.

Berger started his hockey career in New Hamburg, afterwards going to Kitchener, where he played for two seasons with the Junior Union Jacks. Going to Stratford, he quickly won a place on the junior O. H. A. and N. H. C. squads, which he played for two seasons. He was on the team when it went into the finals of the O. H. A. junior series in 1920 against the Toronto Canoe Club.

In 1921, Berger played three seasons with the intermediate Indians of Stratford and helped the sextet to finally gain the John Ross Robertson pot in 1923. Since going to Stratford he was on two junior N. H. C. championship teams, and helped the senior N. H. C. crew to win the title once.

Some of his critics used to flay him as too light for effective defence work, but the flashy lad showed them last year that he could more than hold his own in taking and giving healthy body checks.

TWO ELECTROCUTED.

Associated Press Despatch.
Little Rock, Ark., June 27.—June Spurgeon Ruck and Will Betts, negroes, convicted of first degree murder in connection with the slaying of Mrs. Effie Latimer, a white woman, at her home near Collier, December 23, were electrocuted at the state penitentiary today.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

Little Rock, Ark., June 27.—The boarding house of the London Colliery, at New York, June 25, from Southampton, Madison, Yokohama, June 24, Seattle.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

New York, June 27.—Mauretania, at New York, June 25, from Southampton, Madison, Yokohama, June 24, Seattle.

LEAVES FOR BANGKOK.

Associated Press Despatch.
Rangoon, Burma, June 27.—The British round-the-world aviator, Stuart MacLaren, left here for Bangkok this morning.

BY AHERN.

EGAD!—THAT IS PREPOSTEROUS!

NOT A CLEAN BIT OF LINEN TO MY NAME BY JOVE, I WILL USE MY INFLUENCE WITH GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS TO PUT AN ABSOLUTE BAN ON ASIATIC IMMIGRANTS!

WHY—I COULD HAVE HIM DEPORTED!

SAV MAJOR—I COULD ONLY GET MY LAUNDRY FROM HOP TOAD, HE SAID YOU OWE HIM SICKLY FLI CENT LONG TIME NOW, AN' HE'S GOT YOUR SHIRTS IN CHECK UNTIL YOU KICK OVER TH' MONEY!

I WOULDN'T GO THAT FAR MAJOR, IF YOU USED YOUR POWERFUL INFLUENCE TO HAVE HIM DEPORTED, HE MIGHT TAKE TH' SHIRTS BACK WITH HIM! WHY DON'T YOU PUT TH' GNPSV TOUCH ON ONE OF BUSTERS' SHIRTS, YOU KNOW TH' COMBINATION OF HIS DRESSER!

WHY—I COULD HAVE HIM DEPORTED!

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Moorehouse Is Sarnians' Choice Against L.A.A. Today

Either Chet Johnson or Balkwell Will Be Assigned Job of Hurling Invaders Back in First Series.

Today's mingle between the L. A. A. and Sarnia "B" group seniors over at Tecumseh Park will probably draw the record amateur crowd of the "A" group teams, the fans apparently want a comparison between the base-ball players in each season of the Southern League. They can get it first hand this afternoon.

A victory for L. A. A. will chance the race for the first series, which is scheduled for July 1 with a double-header no-take Sarnia as a one-man team in the nine heading the ladder. Baseball enthusiasm here is very high, and a large gallery will likely accompany McBury and his team. Sarnia is banking on a win for Moorehouse.

Whoever draws it to turn the border slugs back. The game starts at 3:15 sharp.

MOOREHOUSE IS CHOICE. Special to The Advertiser. Sarnia, June 27.—"Smoky" Allen will make way for Bill Moorehouse on the London mound for Saturday's important Southern Counties League game against London A. A. A. This was definitely decided by Manager Locke McBury to-day. There will also be a revision of Sarnia's batting order. London fans who took Sarnia as a one-man team in the nine heading the ladder. Baseball enthusiasm here is very high, and a large gallery will likely accompany McBury and his team. Sarnia is banking on a win for Moorehouse.

TO BE CONTINUED. The Mint League scrap, which the split schedule will be continued. London's vote, had one been taken, which it was not despite circulated stories to that effect, would favor a split schedule.

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HAMS WIN WHOLE SERIES IN KAZOO

Wetzel's Men Produce Longest Win Streak Yet—Four Games.

Special to The Advertiser. Kalamazoo, June 27.—Hamilton made a clean sweep of the series by taking the final game today, 7 to 6. Shellenberg received better support than Shellenberg's home run was the deciding factor.

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Tatum Blanks Indians 4-0 3 Homers Harris' Undoing

Ump Put Himself Out of Game

Special to The Advertiser. West Lorne, June 28.—Last evening in West Lorne League fixture the game was called in the fourth inning.

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DELEGATIONS MUST AWAIT REPORT

Hon. Charles Stewart Makes Ruling on Further Postal Interviews

Canadian Press Despatch.
Winnipeg, June 28.—Replying to a request of the Amalgamated Civil Service Workers' executive suggesting that their association act as mediators between the striking postal workers and the government, Hon. Charles Stewart, acting postmaster-general, states that no delegations will be resolved to discuss the salaries of postal workers until the final report of the civil service commission has been received.
Fred Knowles, of Vancouver, the president of the association, and Charles Gardner, of Regina, secretary, were here conferred with local postal officials, left for the west last night, following the receipt of Mr. Stewart's wire.

Official Should Have Sought Advice.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Ottawa, June 23.—The lieutenant-governor of Prince Edward Island should have reserved judgment on provincial legislation which he is about to sign, until he had obtained a final decision to the governor-general is the opinion expressed by the department of justice in a report submitted to the governor-in-council and tabled in the house today.

The report was prepared by the Hon. Murdoch MacKinnon in vetoing the provincial legislation incorporating the United Church of Canada.

On April 21, 1911, the lieutenant-governor reported to the governor-in-council that he had withheld his assent to the church bill, because it was a private bill. He expressed the conviction that the interference with private bills was a serious error. He added: "Freedom in all matters of public worship is so jealously guarded

the matter was referred to the minister of justice, who ruled that the lieutenant-governor should either approve provincial legislation or refer his doubts therein to the governor-general for advice. The department advises that the matter be referred to the lieutenant-governor of Prince Edward Island for consultation with his government.

**TWO PERSONS KILLED
IN AEROPLANE SMASH**

Akron, Ohio, June 23.—Miss Elwida Wickersheim, 21, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, and Howard R. Calvert, Medina, Ohio, were killed last night when an aeroplane the girl was piloting, crashed 1,000 feet to the ground near here. Calvert, a civil aviator, had been giving Miss Wickersheim instruction in flying. The cause of the crash was not discovered.

No. 2 white at 16½¢ per pound; 500 boxes No. 1 colored at 17-18¢ per pound; 500 boxes No. 1b colored at 17-18¢ per pound, and 400 boxes No. 2 colored at 15½¢ per pound.

Montreal, June 27.—Cheese, finest westerns, 17-11-16c.

Associated Press Despatch.

New York, June 27.—Cheese firm. receipts 346,264 pounds; state whole milk flats, fresh average 19-18c to 19-18c; state whole milk twins, fresh fancy, 20-

Associated Press Despatch.
Liverpool, June 27.—Cheese—Canadian
finest white and colored, cwt, 94s.



NT BUILDING, WINDSOR
for an issue of 7% United First
Gold Bonds.

The Work of \$5.00

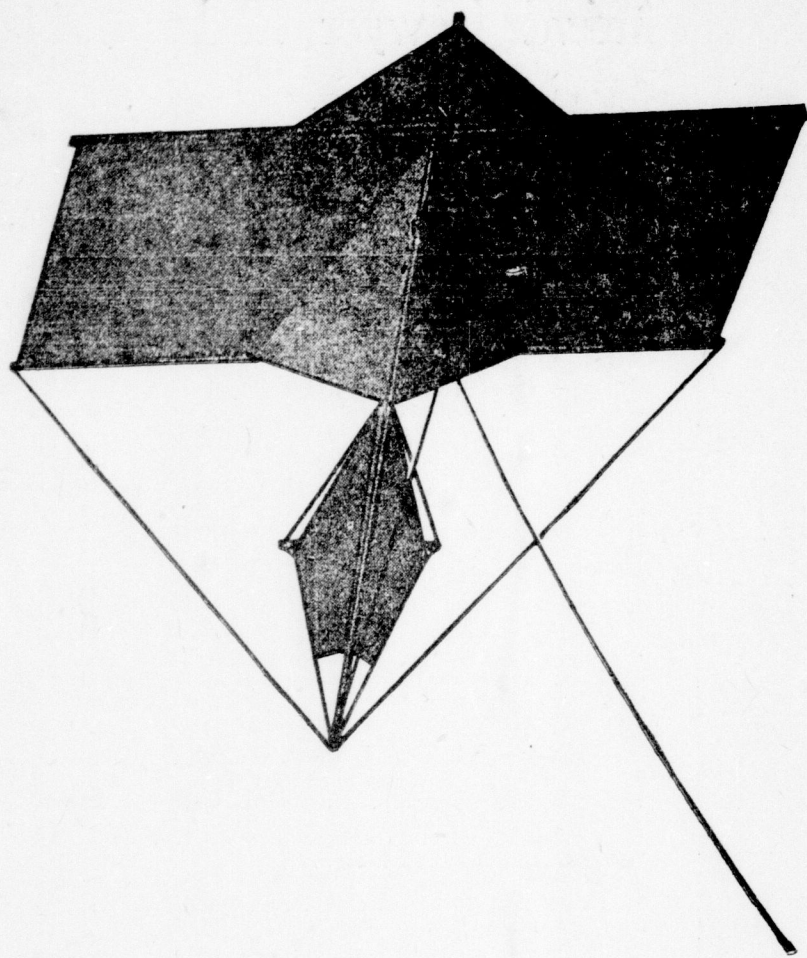
cent yields yearly \$22.00

cent yields yearly \$27.50

the \$500 invested at the lower

ty value securing them, and
safeguards by which we sur-

Wade, President
BANK BUILDING



BIG FIELD DAY

For Boys and Girls

Tecumseh Park, 2 p.m.

MONDAY, JUNE 30

FREE—Every Girl and Boy Admitted—FREE

GLIDERS GIVEN AWAY

Every boy attending this field day will be presented with a numbered ticket at the gate entitling him to a draw for one of the

5 DAHL GLIDERS

that will be given away during the afternoon

DOLLS GIVEN AWAY

Every girl attending this field day will be presented with a numbered ticket at the gate entitling her to a draw for one of the

5 "MISS ADVERTISER" Ma-Ma Dolls

that will be given away during the afternoon.



24 Inches Tall
She Walks—
Talks—
Sleeps!

—SPORTS PROGRAMME—

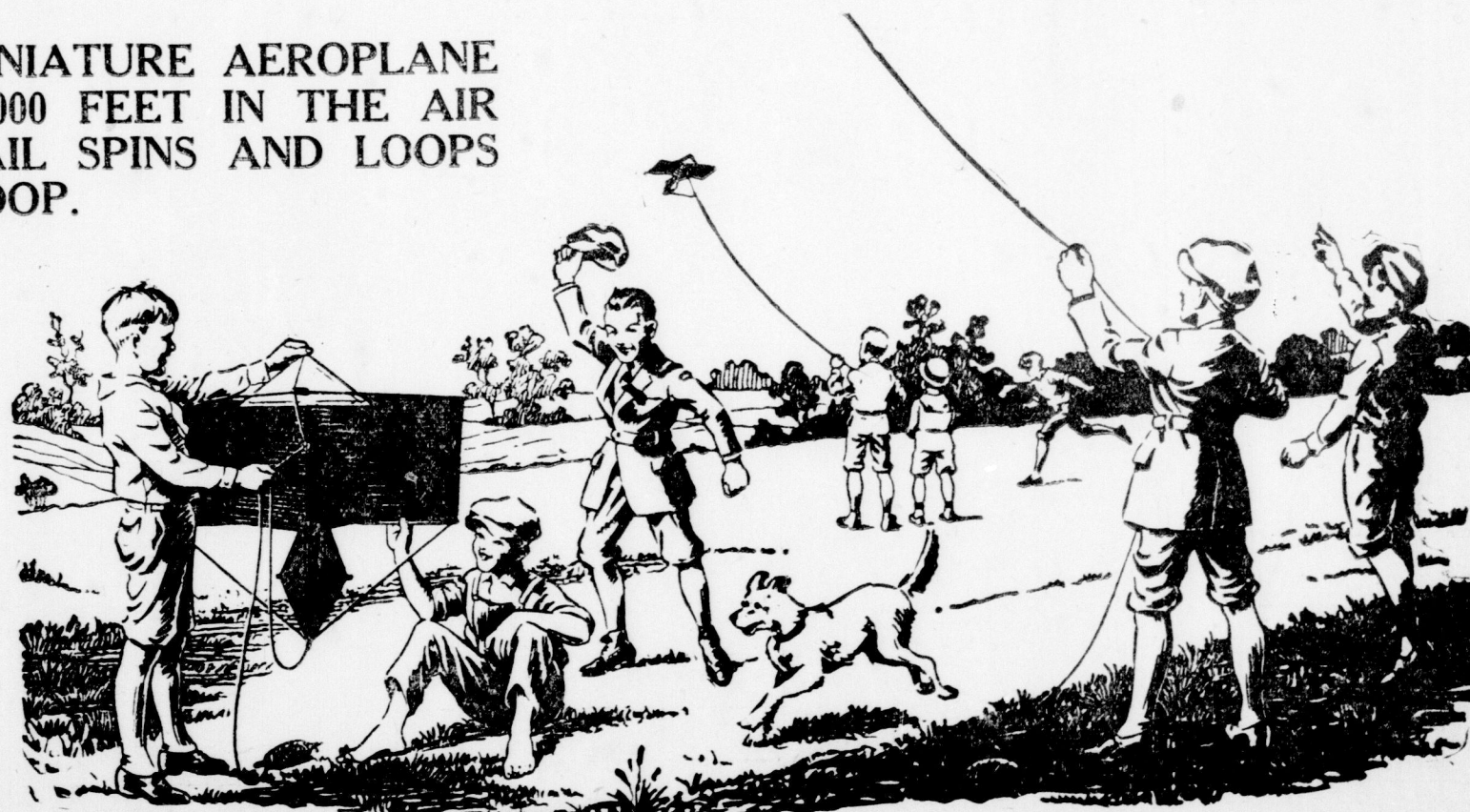
Flying Contests—Races For Boys and Girls
BASEBALL MATCHES

Other Athletic Events

Valuable Prizes Awarded To Winners

The Thrill of Your Life Will Be When Your Turn
Comes To FLY THE DAHL GLIDER

THIS MINIATURE AEROPLANE
FLYS 2,000 FEET IN THE AIR
AND TAIL SPINS AND LOOPS
THE LOOP.



The
London
Advertiser

AMUSEMENTS

COOLEST
SPOT IN
TOWN

LOEW'S

ALWAYS
A GOOD
SHOW

Mon., Tues., Wed.

"CODE OF THE SEA"

Starring Jacqueline Logan
and Rod. La Rocque

IN VAUDEVILLE
Arthur Ashley

Late star of the famous play,
"The Man Who Came Back"

2 OTHER BIG ACTS

AMUSEMENTS

THURS., FRI., SAT.

"The Bedroom Window"

With May McAvoy and
Malcolm MacGregor

Attraction Extraordinary
Jan Rubini

Concert violinist and composer,
with Sylvia Newman at the piano.

2 Other Acts of Supreme
Vaudeville.

MEETINGS

ACACIA Lodge, No. 580, A. F. & A. M. G. R. C. Regular meeting at the Masonic Temple, Queen's Ave., this (Saturday) evening, 7:30 o'clock. General business and entertainment. Refreshments served. J. H. Langford, W. M.; W. G. Harding, Secretary.

LANGEMARK L. O. B. A. No. 258, will hold the regular meeting on the 30th inst. of the 1st. Mrs. R. H. Barry, recording secretary; Mrs. Olive Barry, W. M.

NOTICE—The adjourned Court of Revision of the Township of Westminster will be held at the Municipal Council Room on Wednesday, July 2nd, at 2 o'clock p.m. The regular council meeting will convene at 10:30 a.m. E. S. Hunt, Township Clerk.

MYRTLE No. 2, Knights of Pythias, meets Tuesday evening, 110 Dundas St. All members attend.

AGENTS—Don't answer this ad. if you don't mean business. But if you do for money and want a fast-selling article, see me at once. I have a car, get particulars of your agency. Fan Fine, Park Pl. C. 3070 St. Lawrence, Montreal, Que.

A "WATCH STRATFORD GROW" Manufacturers and others desiring information, write Thornton Park Ltd., London, Ont.

BAKERY in town of Dorchester, no opposition, good business, fully equipped. Will sell or rent. Owner going to Detroit. Terms easy. Barry Barr, 139 Egerton St., London, or Dorchester, Ont.

STOCK of stationery, with magazines, newspapers, tobacco, candles, soft drinks and ice cream, with small wares, Sydney Smythe, Market Lane, London.

LAYMAN CHAPMAN, President, HAROLD CURRIE, Secretary.

LEGAL CARDS

BARTRAM, W. G. R.—Barrister, notary etc., 59 Dundas St.

BUCHNER & RAMSAY—Barristers, solicitors, corner Talbot and Carling, Phone 502, Money to loan.

COLORIDGE, THOS.—Barrister, solicitor, 26 Bank of Toronto Chs., Phone 535.

CROXSON & BETTS & BLACK—Fred. E. C. Betts, K. C., F. C. Betts and J. D. K. Black, Hume & Erie Bldg., 10 Dundas St. Ont.

DOUGLAS, R. C.—Barrister, solicitor, notary public, Oak Hall Building, 110 Dundas St. Ont.

FITZGERALD, W. C.—Barrister, notary, 110 Dundas St. Ont.

GIBBONS, HARPER & BRADEN—Barristers, solicitors, Imperial Bank Bldg., 10 Dundas St. Ont.

GRAYDON & GRAYDON—Barristers, Market Square North, Bank of Montreal Bldg.

GREENLEE, F. HARRY—Barrister, Moore Bldg., cor. King and Talbot.

MACPHERSON & PERRIN—Barristers, 57 Dundas St. Ont.

MAJOR C. N. WEEKES—Barrister & Solicitor, 10 Dundas St. Ont.

MCCOY, JUD & HENDERSON—Barristers and solicitors. Money to loan. Bank of Toronto Chambers.

MENZIES & CLIFFE—Barristers, solicitors, 404 Talbot St. Ont.

MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY—Bank of Toronto Chambers, Phone 170.

RIDOUT & MAYBEE—154 Yonge St., Toronto, solicitors of patents and all patent law. Send for our handbook.

SCANDRETT, T. W.—Barrister, solicitor, notary. Money loaned. 95 Dundas St. Ont.

SPENCER & BRAUND—Barristers, solicitors, 211 Donm. Sav. Bldg. Tel. 750.

TENNENT & TENNENT—Barristers, notaries, etc., 78 Dundas St.

BORN, MARRIED, DIED

MARRIED.

TUCKER—GOODHAND—On Thursday, June 26, 1924, by Rev. W. H. McIntosh, Myrtle Annie, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Goodhand, to Donald Frederick, eldest son of Mrs. Tucker and the late J. A. Tucker, of this city.

DIED.

CALHOUN—At Harrisville, Ont., on Friday, June 27, 1924, Sarah Calhoun, 78 years of age, wife of the late John Calhoun, died at 2 p.m. Interment at Dorchester Union Cemetery. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

CARRUTHERS—In Stratford, on Friday morning, June 27, Annie Thompson, beloved wife of the late John Carruthers.

Funeral services will be held at the family residence, Elfric street, Sunday afternoon at 2:30, service at 4 p.m. Interment at Stratford Cemetery. Funeral private.

CHAPMAN—In Lobo, Friday afternoon, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lyman Chapman, in her 23rd year, died at 2 p.m. Interment at Dorchester Union Cemetery. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

CHITICK—At the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. George Manbridge, 105 Bruce St., on June 25, 1924, George, beloved husband of Margaret Chitick, in his 33rd year.

Funeral services will be held at the above address on Saturday at 2:30 p.m. Interment at Woodland Cemetery. Friends and acquaintances please accept this intimation.

MARTIN—At her late residence, 214 Windsor Ave., on Friday, June 27, Jean, beloved wife of Reginald Martin.

Funeral services from above address on Monday, June 30, at 2 o'clock. Interment at Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

IN MEMORIAM.

McNIGHT—In loving memory of our dear mother, Sarah B. McNight, who died one year ago today, June 28, 1923. The world may change from year to year, but never will the one I love in memory pass away.

—Her Loving Family.

MALE HELP WANTED

BIG MONEY for you in electrical repair, battery welding, auto mechanics, let us show you how; guaranteed practical training; largest chain schools in America. Hemphill, 436 King West, Toronto.

EARN UPWARDS of \$25 weekly growing mushrooms for us all summer; illustrated booklet, and full particulars for training. Canada Mushroom Company, Toronto.

TEN GOOD MEN to hoe and cultivate. Apply U. G. Gee & Sons, Chelsea Green.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

COOK—GENERAL, no washing, good wages. Box 78, Advertiser.

EARN \$3 to \$25 weekly, the pleasant home work way, making socks on the fast, easily-learned auto-knitter; experience unnecessary; distance immaterial. Particulars, 30 stamp. Dept. 730, Auto-Knitter Company, Toronto.

MAID—General, references, good, plain cook. Apply evenings, 753 Richmond St.

PETIT NURSES wanted on the Ontario Hospital for Mental Diseases, London, training course lasting three years, salary including all perquisites first year, \$5 per month, second year, \$9 per month, third year, \$35 per month; qualifications, one year in high school or its equivalent. Apply to Medical Superintendent.

WANTED—Experienced stenographer with general knowledge of bookkeeping. Apply to owner, handwriting to Advertiser, Box 4.

WANTED—Pupil nurses for Niagara Falls General Hospital, 3-year course, uniforms and allowances, 1 year of high school work. Apply Superintendent, 500 GOOD strawberry pickers. Apply U. G. Gee, Chelsea Green.

TEACHERS WANTED

EXPERIENCED Protestant teacher for S. S. No. 5, Dawn Township. Apply, stating qualifications and salary expectations, to Mr. Samuel McTaggart, Florence, Route 3.

EXPERIENCED Protestant teacher for S. S. No. 13, Sarnia Township, piano in school, Petrolia-Sarnia bus passes school, salary \$1,000 per annum. Apply Silas M. Miller, Route 3, Petrolia.

EXPERIENCED teacher wanted for U. S. No. 2, E. R. C. near station. Apply, stating qualifications and salary expectations, to Tom Warren, Longwood, R. E.

PROTESTANT teacher for Section 2, Sarnia Township. Apply to Robert Sharpe, R. C. Sarnia, phone 911-4. Personal applications preferred.

PROTESTANT TEACHER for S. S. No. 1, Carleton Place and Lobo; state experience, qualifications and salary expectations. Write to Mr. J. R. Brinkley, Mount Brydges, Ont.

PROTESTANT teacher, S. S. No. 3, Lobo. Apply, stating references and salary expectations, to Mr. Arthur Lobo, Stratford, Ont.

PROTESTANT teacher for S. S. No. 12, Dover, with second-class certificate, or equivalent, to teach English, music, and church, store, 15 miles from C. W. and L. E. Railway 8 miles to school. Apply David Hind, Secretary-Treasurer, Beattie, Ont.

TEACHER wanted for S. S. No. 6, Carleton Place. Apply, stating references and salary expectations, to Mr. J. R. Brinkley, Mount Brydges, Ont.

TEACHER for S. S. No. 3, E. R. C. near station. Apply, stating qualifications and salary expectations, to Mr. J. R. Brinkley, Mount Brydges, Ont.

TEACHER for S. S. No. 10, Sarnia. Apply, stating qualifications and salary expectations, to Mr. J. R. Brinkley, Mount Brydges, Ont.

TEACHER for Union School Section No. 4, Derham, and No. 3, North Norwich. Apply, stating salary and references, to Mr. J. R. Brinkley, Mount Brydges, Ont.

TEACHER wanted for School Section No. 3, Adelaide. Must be Protestant. State salary and references. Address: George Emmons, R. R. 3, Kerwood, P. O. Ont.

TEACHER for S. S. No. 6, Plympton. Apply, stating qualifications and salary expectations, to David Richardson, Wyoming, Ont. Route 1.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—Opening for a few high-grade men, Studebaker watches, 21-level timepieces, of highest quality. Apply to agent, 50 Dundas St. W., consumer at saving of 50 per cent. easy payments. Nationally advertised. Cash on delivery. No experience necessary. Make sales easy. Write fully, stating age, experience, etc. Catalogue free. Address: Watch Company of Canada, Limited, Windsor, Ont.

DISTRIBUTORS quickly develop own independent business handling Scotch Whisky. No experience necessary. Earn \$25 to \$50 weekly; state age and church connection. Mr. Conrad, Spadina Building, Toronto.

HELP WANTED

LEARN BARBER TRADE—Few weeks' training, you learn to cut hair, 21 years' established, 42 branches; write for catalogue and full particulars. Donald Frederick, College, 138 Queen East, Toronto.

SITUATIONS WANTED

MARRIED couple desire position; man, good all round farmland; wife, experienced in housework. Kitchen, C. W. J. Smith, Parkhill, R. R. No. 8, East, Toronto.

WANTED—Good farm, clear of encumbrance, for good-revenue city property. Apply Box 50, Advertiser.

12 ACRES, well built, on close in, sell or exchange for local property. Kitchen and bath. J. C. Patterson, 359 Richmond St.

LOST AND FOUND

AVOID loss when sending money by mail. Use Dominion Express Money Order, the safe, convenient, inexpensive way.

LOST—Blue suit coat, white collar attached, somewhere between Warwick and Stratford, on London Rd. Finder please communicate with Mrs. D. R. Mich. U. S. A.

MOVING AND STORAGE

BIGGS Furniture Storage—Moving, packing, storage, 112, 112.

DAY, H. F.—Covered motor vans, fireproof storage, reasonable rates. 430 Maitland, Phone 2857.

E. C. KNOTT, 160 Delaware St., local and long distance carriage, undertaker for concert parties, etc. Phone 7452.

FREEMAN & WHITING—Auto truck, local and long distance, 1036 Florence, Phone 5023.

J. LANGDON—Drawing and moving, local and long distance, 2-ton truck. 214 Dundas St. W., Tel. 2059W.

SKEGGS BROS., local and long distance, 4447 W-145W.

ACCOUNTANTS

DOUGHERTY, A. J.—Chartered accountant, 91 Tecumseh Ave. Phone 5330.

J. LANGDON, F. W.—Accountant, auditor, authorized trustee, assignee, liquidator. Room 10, Greene-Swift Bldg., London, Ont.

REAL ESTATE

A LIST of properties for sale. List your properties with the well-known agent, R. Reily, 755 York St. Tel. 3392.

ASK WHEELER the Homefinder, 1825 Dundas St. W. Phone 5264.

ENGAGE, most modern, of Buttrick, all in concrete, in centre, all adorned with oak finishings, fireplace, tub, motor pump, the shape, choice lot with garden, 1825 Dundas St. W. location ideal and joining a small street; beauty, homes about. Where is it? At 1825 Dundas St. W. Early sale will mean a bargain to the lucky buyer. Easy terms. See it today.

CHARMING bungalow at 217 Kidston St. South—Red brick, 7 rooms, all very modern in classy condition; veranda and balcony, above is complete; oak floors, fireplace, glass doors, laundry tubs, motor pump, sleeping porch and choice lot and garage; location the very best home-seeker's ideal. Price to meet you. May rent. See it today. Sam D. Campbell, realtor, "The Hub."

4,700—1 will exchange my house on Rectory St. for a good car and small amount of cash. House contains living room, dining room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 porches, 2-piece bath, furnace, large veranda. Phone 7085W.

HERE'S a real bargain—South, close in, 13-story frame home, 12 rooms, large lot set out with fruit and shrubs. House contains well living-rooms and kitchen with very best home-seeker's ideal. Price reduced \$500 for quick sale. Owner will now sell for \$3,500, about \$1,000 below market value. See it today. Talbot streets. Phone 7041W, evenings 6339J.

NEW HOUSES FOR SALE.

Six two-story rug brick houses, just completed, fully up to date, close in. Also one bungalow, best in the city. Easy terms. Will call for intended purchaser. See it today. 1044, or evenings 1725W. 1000 QUEBEC ST.—Red brick, 7-room bungalow, fully modern, choice locality; will sell at a bargain; apply owner. Phone 2477M.

SOUTH—Lot on Belgrave Ave., 36x85 feet. Apply Fraser & Moore, solicitors, London.

ST. JAMES ST.—Two-story white brick, reception hall with fireplace, living-room with fireplace, dining-room with fireplace, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 porches, 2-piece bath, furnace, large veranda, white enamel kitchen, tiled floor, and with main built-in cupboard, extra stairs, second floor, bedrooms, sitting room, fireplace, bathroom, and extra stairs, woodwork all ivory enameled. Third floor, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 porches, 2-piece bath, furnace, large veranda, and garden with many shrubs. Phone 4880.

YOU KNOW 111 Elmwood Ave. is about the cheapest house in London at \$12,500, and one of the best; 12 large rooms, tiled floors, central heating, shower, 3 toilets, laundry, with fireplace, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 porches, 2-piece bath, furnace, large veranda, white enamel kitchen, tiled floor, and with main built-in cupboard, extra stairs, second floor, bedrooms, sitting room, fireplace, bathroom, and extra stairs, woodwork all ivory enameled. Third floor, 2 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 2 porches, 2-piece bath, furnace, large veranda, and garden with many shrubs. Phone 4880.

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BAPTIST. — BAPTIST.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST

PASTOR FLOYD TALMADGE HOLLAND PREACHING

7 P.M.—"SIMON PETER, M.D."

A gripping message for the sick afflicted and distressed. No money, no friends—BUT? Better come EARLY! BAPTIST.

11 a.m.—"Picture of a Christian"

3 p.m.—Bible School, Classes For All. SPECIAL MUSIC AT ALL SERVICES. O. LEO HERBERT, Musical Director.

Egerton Street Baptist

Rev. A. Burgess, Minister. 11 a.m.—"SEEKING JESUS." Sermonette to "THE BEGINNING." 7 p.m.—"IN THE BEGINNING."

Maitland Street Baptist

Maitland Street at St. James St. REV. DR. A. T. SOWERBY will preach.

"Special Help for Special Times"

11 a.m.—"The Riddle of Human Life" Baptism at Evening Service.

"Sufficient Help When Down and Out"

Helpful Services. All Welcome!

CHRISTADELPHIANS MEET in Usher Hall, over Gas Office, corner Dundas and Clarence Sts., Sunday, 7 p.m.

Subject: "Christadelphians. Who They Are and What They Believe and Teach."

METHODIST

METHODIST

DUNDAS STREET CENTRE

REV. (CAPT.) JOHN GARBUTT, Minister. 11 a.m.—Subject: "REGAL MANHOOD."

2:45 p.m.—Sunday School Bible Classes and Men's Club. 7 p.m.—Subject: "The true greatness of a Nation's Life."

1867—Patriotic Service—1924. J. PARNELL MORRIS, A.C.C.O., Organist and Choirmaster.

FIRST METHODIST

REV. BRUCE HUNTER, B.A., B.D., Pastor. REV. E. W. JEWITT, B.A., Assistant Pastor.

10 a.m.—Class Meetings and Brotherhood.

11 a.m.—"THE SHEPHERD PSALM"

—The Pastor.

7 p.m.—"THE GOD WE FORGET"

—The Pastor.

George C. Carie, Choir Leader. Kingsley N. Ireland, Organist.

Askin St. Methodist

10 a.m.—The Brotherhood will meet with the men of Lambeth.

11 a.m.—Rev. J. T. Cosby Morris, B.A., B.D., Subject: "OUR PAST."

7 p.m.—Rev. J. T. Cosby Morris, B.A., B.D., Subject: "OUR FUTURE."

Full Choir. STRANGERS WELCOME.

Centennial Methodist

10 a.m.—Fellowship Meeting.

11 a.m.—"VISION OF CHRIST." Communion. Reception.

3 p.m.—Sunday School. 7 p.m.—REV. J. S. CHAPMAN.

YOU ARE INVITED. A. E. M. THOMSON, Minister.

George Winterbottom, Mus. Bac., Choir Leader.

Colborne St. Methodist

REV. HERBERT J. UREN, Pastor. 11 a.m.—"Happy Is That People Whose God Is the Lord."

7 p.m.—"Vesper Service—A Message of Hope."

Bright, Brief Services for summer months. Sydney Martyn, Organist and Leader.

Empress Ave. Church

Rev. J. F. Chapman, B.A., Pastor. 11 a.m.—Fellowship meeting.

11 a.m.—"Perfection of Manhood." 2:45 p.m.—Sunday School.

7 p.m.—Rev. A. E. M. Thomson, M. A., B.D., Subject: "OUR FUTURE."

Full Choir. STRANGERS WELCOME.

Hyatt Ave. Methodist

11 a.m. Subject: "THE ELEVATED TABLETS."

7 p.m. Subject: "EXCELSIOR."

In Song, Verse and Sermon. Mr. T. Spettigue at Brotherhood. Full Choir under Mr. McAlpine.

Ridout St. Methodist

J. A. AGNEW, Pastor. Residence, 87 Windsor Ave.

Flower Sunday. 11 a.m.—A. D. Hone, M.A., will speak.

Special Musical Program by the Sunday School.

7 p.m.—The pastor will preach.

10 a.m.—Men's Brotherhood. W. Sparling will speak.

W. Gordon Scott, Organist. STRANGERS WELCOME.

Latter Day Saints

Maitland Street Near York Street. 10 a.m.—Young People's Meeting.

10 a.m.—Adult Prayer Service. 11 a.m.—Sunday School.

7 p.m.—Special Children's Program.

PRESBYTERIAN — PRESBYTERIAN

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN

Corner Clarence and Dufferin. COLONEL THE REV. WILLIAM BEATTIE, D.D., C.M.G., MINISTER. GEORGE LETHBRIDGE, DIRECTOR OF MUSIC. The services on Sunday will have a special bearing on our national holiday. At the evening service there will be a special program of music by the very excellent choir of this church. Dr. Beattie will give a brief review of "Our Flag." The subject for the morning sermon is "Some Things That Make a Great Nation."

A feature of this church is the nursery for the care of infants while their mothers worship. Bring the little tots to the nursery in the S. hall at 10:55. They will be in good capable hands. No infant is too young.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

REV. D. C. MACGREGOR, B.A., D.D., MINISTER. REV. F. W. K. HARRIS, B.A., Director of Religious Education.

MR. C. E. WHEELER, F.C.C.O., Organist and Choir Director. PUBLIC WORSHIP SERVICES AT 11 A.M. AND 7 P.M. CONDUCTED BY THE MINISTER.

Morning: "GOOD CITIZENSHIP." Evening: "THE MESSAGE OF THE REVELATION."

12:15 P.M.—CHURCH SCHOOL. A CORDIAL INVITATION TO ALL.

Hamilton Rd. Church

M. Fraser Cree, B.A., Minister. SERVICES AS USUAL.

King Street Church

W. R. McINTOSH, Minister. 11 a.m.—REV. R. B. STEVENSON of Stratford.

7 p.m.—REV. D. STEWART of Dorchester. Annual Congregational and Sunday School Picnic at Springbank Park (East of Pavilion and Main Diamond) Tuesday afternoon, July 1.

Wortley Road Baptist

REV. W. J. THOMSON of Toronto will preach.

11 a.m.—"GOD'S ARMY." 7 p.m.—"THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST."

Communion after the morning service.

Theosophical Society

212 DUNDAS STREET. MEETINGS AS USUAL. Sunday, 8:30 p.m.—Public Invited.

ANGLICAN.

ANGLICAN.

CRONYN MEMORIAL

Queen's Avenue and William Street. QUINCY WARNER, Rector. RIDLEY PARSON, Assistant.

8:30 a.m.—Holy Communion. 11 a.m.—Morning Prayer. JUNIOR CONGREGATION. (No Church School until September).

7 p.m.—EVENSONG. The Rector at all services. Parish Picnic at Springbank, Saturday, the 28th. Cars leave Dundas and William at 2 p.m.

St. James' Church

LONDON SOUTH. Rev. W. Leslie Armitage, M.A., Rector. 8:15 a.m.—Holy Communion.

11 a.m.—The Rector. 2 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.

7 p.m.—The Rector. Congregational picnic, Springbank Park, July 1, 10:30 a.m.

St. John the Evangelist

Wellington and St. James Sts. Rev. A. L. G. Clarke, Rector.

8 a.m.—Holy Communion. 11 a.m.—Children's Flower Service and Presentation of Sunday School Certificates.

3 p.m.—Open session of the Church School. 4 p.m.—Holy Baptism.

7 p.m.—Short evening sermon. St. Paul's Cathedral.

Rector—The Very Reverend Dean Tucker, D.D., D.C.L. Assistant Minister—Rev. G. O. Lightbourne, M.A.

Organist and choir-master—Harry T. Dickinson. Second Sunday of the Trinity.

8:30 a.m.—Holy Communion. 11 a.m.—Morning prayer. Preacher, Rev. G. O. Lightbourne, M.A.

7 p.m.—Evening prayer. Preacher, Rev. G. O. Lightbourne, M.A.

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LITTLE MISSION GROWS TO GREAT CITY CHURCH

Colborne Street Methodist Church Has Record of Achievement.

POPULAR PASTOR

Rev. H. J. Uren Is Present President of Methodist Conference.

The old North Street Church was the starting point of Methodism in this district. Among other churches which owe their origin to the earnest endeavors of its congregation is the Colborne Street Church, now one of the leading and most prosperous churches in the city. Nearly 75 years ago Colborne Street Church commenced as a mission on the edge of the town. It was located on St. James street, between Colborne and Waterloo, and the land adjoining the church lot to the north was densely wooded. The mission itself was a frame building, neat and well-kept, but small and inadequate for the growing congregation. Year after year progress since that time have left the church in the splendid position it holds today. The congregation numbers more than 500. It is housed in a modern and very handsome structure. The church itself has the unusual distinction of being altogether free from indebtedness.

Early days were not free from trouble. On July 12, in a year of the early 50s, the mission house was totally destroyed by fire. Services were held temporarily in St. George's school, then only a two-roomed building. When it became possible to erect a new church, the thought was advanced to seek a more populous district.

Accordingly a lot was selected on Pall Mall street, and the new building was completed in 1857. It was supplied as an appointment of the old Queen's avenue circuit, principally with probationers, and local preachers, who earnestly worked to build up the early Methodist church.

One probationer who was in charge here for a term was the Rev. Dr. James Allen, who afterwards gained considerable importance in the missionary department of the Methodist Church.

The growth of the congregation from this time on was particularly rapid, and in 1875 it was decided that Colborne Street should be made a separate charge. Rev. J. H. B. Reed was made the first pastor. Among his successors were Rev. J. A. S. Ross, Rev. J. M. Hodson, Rev. Lewis W. Lewis, Rev. B. Stacey, Rev. W. Godwin and Rev. E. E. Lanevele. The present church was built in Mr. Lanevele's pastorate.

The names of those who formed the trustees board at this period of the congregation's history are of men prominent in civic life as well as in the church. They were: William Bowman, George Robinson, Dr. F. R. Eccles, Wm. R. Hobbs, T. B. Escott, W. D. Buckle, F. B. Maness, Alex. like Moses, the people did not even expect to see it. Those who will celebrate Dominion Day in Victoria Park on Tuesday do not expect to see Canada's vast and populous and productive. Yet no one doubts that the future holds for the Dominion a development which will keep her miles upon miles of railroad, and thousands of other rails yet to be laid.

On the first day of July in 1867 the Fathers of Confederation signed a long table and signed a remarkable document. They had a great vision, but, unlike Moses, they didn't live to see its fulfillment; unlike Moses, they perhaps did not even expect to see it. Those who will celebrate Dominion Day in Victoria Park on Tuesday do not expect to see Canada's vast and populous and productive. Yet no one doubts that the future holds for the Dominion a development which will keep her miles upon miles of railroad, and thousands of other rails yet to be laid.

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Rowat's Coffee
Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.
70c Pound.
Try a Pound Today.
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Less Than Factory Prices.
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In newspaper offices, in other business houses and in the homes perfect eyesight encourages accuracy. Our optometry is a science of perfect accuracy.

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At every meal the good housewife should supply her family with the best Bread.

Parnell's Split-Top Bread

There's a wholesome crispy goodness in every bite of Split-Top Bread which you eat which distinguishes it from every other variety of Bread.

Phone the Bakery for a sample loaf.

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Haircut, 25c. Shave, 15c.
Five Barbers and Lady Attendant.
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WOODSTOCK LODGE VISIT CITY MASONS

Rt. Ex. Comp. Edwin Smith
Honored On Recent High Election.

PRESENT TROWEL

Oxford Chapter, No. 18, Royal Arch Masons, Woodstock, paid a fraternal visit to St. George's Chapter, No. 5, R. A. M., G. R. C., last night. Ex. Comp. Ed. Lee, first principal of the Woodstock lodge, presented Ex. Comp. W. M. Noble of the local lodge with a silver trowel, in token of the visiting lodge's appreciation of the courtesy shown them by the London lodge, and as a souvenir of the visit. Rt. Ex. Comp. Edwin Smith was taken by surprise when he was presented with an illuminated address bound in red morocco, congratulating him upon his recent election to the office of Grand Third Principal of the Grand Chapter of the Royal Arch Masons of Canada. The presentation was made by Rt. Ex. Comp. John S. Bernard, on behalf of St. George's Chapter. Rt. Ex. Comp. Smith expressed his deep appreciation of the gift in a brief speech.

The text of the address was as follows: "Your fellow companions of St. George's Chapter desire to offer you their sincere congratulations on your election to the high office of grand third principal. Since you were exalted to the supreme degree of the holy royal arch in this chapter you have been active in all that pertains to its welfare. Your companions quickly recognized that you were endowed with qualities which fitted you for office, and you were advanced without interruption to the first principal's chair. When you became an officer of the grand chapter all these qualities were placed at the disposal of that body, and, having served faithfully in several subordinate offices, you were elected to the grand council.

"Your mother chapter is naturally proud of you and realizes that the distinction you have won, has brought great honor to her. "We share with you the consciousness that the office carries a very heavy responsibility, at the same time, our intimate knowledge of your character and abilities assures us that the future of Capital City Masonry in this province is safe in your hands. "We repeat our congratulations and reiterate our belief and confidence in you, and assure you that your future progress will be watched with the deepest interest and sympathy by the companions of this chapter, and your many friends of London. "Signed on behalf of St. George's Chapter.

"W. M. NOBLE, Z. W. ELLIOTT, S.E." Exemplify Degree. The Royal Arch degree was exemplified by the visiting lodge under the able direction of Ex. Comp. Lee. About 60 members of the Woodstock lodge were present. Following the degree work, adjournment was made to the banquet hall, where Ex. Comp. Noble presided for a program of toasts as follows: "The King," responded to by all singing the National Anthem; "The Grand Chapter," proposed by Rt. Ex. Comp. Edwin Smith, and responded to by Rt. Ex. Comps. M. Sherwood, Woodstock, and H. C. Ives and O. Ellwood, London; "Oxford Chapter," proposed by Rt. Ex. Comp. R. Y. Morrison, Ex. Comps. Ed. Lee, R. D. and Montgomery, and Rt. Ex. Comp. Robert Reid, all of Woodstock. "The Visitors," proposed by Comp. T. Essery, K. C., was responded to by Ex. Comp. Howard, Ottawa; Rt. Ex. Comp. D. J. Turner, West Lorne; Ex. Comp. O. Elgie, London, and Rt. Ex. Comp. John Graham, London. There was music by the St. George's Chapter fourteen-piece orchestra, under the leadership of Comp. Fred Weeks; a quartet by Comps. Fred Weeks, Albin Henry, Frank McLaughlin and Len Barr, and a solo by Comp. J. A. G. Webb of Woodstock.

LAD IS UNINJURED AFTER CAR HITS HIM
Four-Year-Old Son of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Van Struck While Playing.

The four-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Van, 370 Adelaide street, was slightly injured Friday afternoon when struck by an automobile at the intersection of King and Adelaide streets. The front wheel of the car ran over the boy's arm, but his physician, Dr. P. J. Sweeney stated that he was not hurt. The boy was playing on King street with some other children when he ran out into the street, apparently to pick up something. A car was coming along King street, driven by George Colbert, at a moderate rate of speed and the driver, it is said, could not avoid hitting the lad. The police were called, but when it was found that the boy had no serious injuries, Mr. Colbert was permitted to go.

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GENERAL PRACTICE
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Requisites for Porch and Summer Cottage

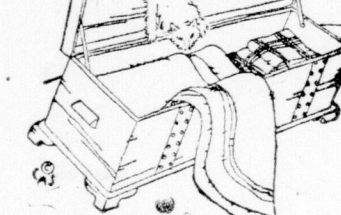
Make a living-room or sleeping-room of your porch by using VUDOR PORCH SHADES. The Vudor Shades are made of tough wood slats and are strongly woven together with seine twine. Vudor Shades are ventilating, self hanging and make a perfect screen. You can see out, but outsiders can not see in. Vudor Shades are 7 feet 6 inches from top to bottom.

Prices as follows: 4 ft. wide, \$4.00; 5 ft. wide, \$5.00; 6 ft. wide, \$6.00; 8 ft. wide, \$8.00; 10 ft. wide, \$10.00; 12 ft. wide, \$12.00
Settees made of strong round cane, securely woven and painted a grass green. Price..... \$17.50 each
Chairs \$8.00
Old Hickory Chairs, two designs, priced at \$5.50 and \$8.00
Sea Grass Chairs, made in China, closely woven on hardwood frames. Priced at \$6.00, \$9.00, \$10.00 and \$11.00
Furniture and Carpets, Third Floor.

Do Not Forget a New GRASS RUG

These Rugs are so inexpensive you get their worth in one season—1x2 yards, price \$1.00; 1½x2½ yards, price \$2.00; 2x3 yards, price \$3.00; 2x3½ yards, \$4.00; and 2x4 yards, \$4.50.

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Put Them In a Cedar Chest

Thorough tests have proven that moths cannot live in the chests made of genuine Tennessee red cedar. See them on our Third Floor. Priced at \$18.50, \$21.50, \$24.00, \$28.00, \$30.00 and \$40.00 each

BEAUTIFUL SILVERWARE

When a gift is chosen for enduring worth as well as beauty, silver is an exquisite and satisfying medium. Unusual pieces for the table, fruit baskets and massive candlesticks, interestingly wrought—all these are included in our choice collection. And for the very new home, there is flat ware of graceful design and moderate price.

A Butter Dish of Rogers' Heirloom Plate is placed in an attractive pattern, and equipped with a butter knife and a removable glass container \$4.75
In the same ware there is an oval Roll Tray with a border design of pierced silver to match the motif on the handle \$5.50
A Fruit Basket in pierced silver has a rigid handle and four rounded sections which are uplitted in a graceful curve \$7.75

Tall, shining Candlesticks, with a massive hexagonal base, are priced at \$9.75 pair
A beautifully designed Tea Service, consisting of a chibby teapot, cream and sugar; has a rim of engraving around the top of each piece \$14.50
A set of Tea Knives and Forks with pearl handles have a bit of engraving on the knife blade. A case containing half a dozen each of knives and forks is priced at \$18.00

SPECIAL

Course Dinner in the Restaurant, 11:30 to 2:30, Quick service, 40c.

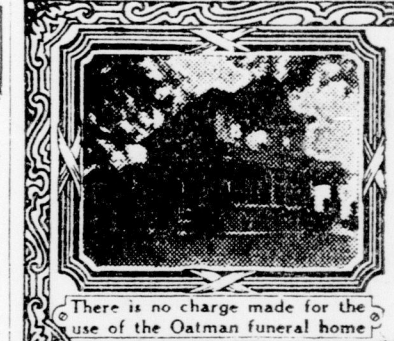
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Afternoon Tea
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MONDAY'S RADIO

MONDAY, JUNE 30.

Monday's Best Features.
WJZ, NEW YORK—Goldman's Band.
WOR, NEWARK—Newark Oratorio Society.
WIC, CINCINNATI—Municipal Opera.
WDAF, KANSAS CITY—WDAF Minstrels.
KFO, SAN FRANCISCO—Evening concert program.
(Eastern Standard Time.)
WEAF, NEW YORK—492.
6 p.m.—Dinner music from the Waldorf.
6:40 p.m.—Bob Fricklin's Orchestra.
7:10 p.m.—Helen Bard Nixon, contralto.
7:20 p.m.—Walter Scott, violinist.
7:40 p.m.—Edwin Otto Albrecht, pianist.
8:05-8:30 p.m.—Continuation above.
8:30 p.m.—Howard Gilbey, tenor.
9:05 p.m.—Anca Siedlova, pianist.
9:15 p.m.—WEAF Concert Group.
10 p.m.—WJZ, NEW YORK—455.
6 p.m.—Safe Savarin Ensemble.
6:20 p.m.—Financial Developments.
6:30 p.m.—WDBZ Springfield Ensemble.
7:15 p.m.—Edwin Franko Goldman's Concert Band, direct from The Mall, Central Park.
9 p.m.—Frank Bannister's Revue.
10 p.m.—Dance program.
WJY, NEW YORK—405.
(Silent night for WJY.)
WHN, NEW YORK—360.
6:30-10 p.m.—Vocal and dance hits.
11 p.m.—Midnight Bohemia Show.
WOR, NEWARK—405.
1:30-3 p.m.—Marie Outayer, tenor. The Manhattan Serenaders.
3:15 p.m.—"Music While You Dine."
6:20 p.m.—Daily sports resume.
7 p.m.—Oratorio Society of Newark, assisted by Jessie Marshall and Doris Shuba, soprano soloists.
8:45 p.m.—"I See by the Papers."
9 p.m.—"Fidelity Revue of 1924."
WIP, PHILADELPHIA—509.
2:30 p.m.—Comfort's Philharmonic Orchestra, assisted by Jenny Kneeder Johnson, soprano.
8:05 p.m.—The Frisco Serenaders.
9 p.m.—Uncle Wags and dance stories.
9:30 p.m.—Vincent Rizzo's Orchestra.
6:30 p.m.—A Candeloro Orchestra.
7:15 p.m.—Weekly health talk.
7:30 p.m.—Mae Mackie, soprano. Florence O'Brien, contralto; Eleanor Hamilton, pianist.
8:10 p.m.—Orlando Rapp's Concert Orchestra.
9 p.m.—Organ recital, Mary E. Vogt.
9:30 p.m.—Vincent Rizzo's Orchestra.
WOF, PHILADELPHIA—395.
2 p.m.—Matinee song recital.
5 p.m.—Sunni Jim, the Kiddies' Pal.
5:30 p.m.—Chicago Theatre organ.
6 p.m.—Music lessons for children.
WCAF, WASHINGTON—469.
6:15 p.m.—Major league scores.
7-10 p.m.—Program from WEAF.
WRC, WASHINGTON—469.
2-6 p.m.—WRC matinee features.
6:30 p.m.—Chicago's hour, Peggy Alblon.



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(Pacific Coast Standard Time)
KGO, OAKLAND—312.
3 p.m.—Musical program; address.
4 p.m.—St. Francis Dance Orchestra.
8:45 p.m.—Final news and stocks.
KPO, SAN FRANCISCO—423.
1 p.m.—Rudy Seiger's Orchestra.
2:30 p.m.—Aileen Combs, soprano.
4:30 p.m.—Rudy Seiger's Orchestra.
5 p.m.—Chicago Theatre organ.
6 p.m.—Theodore Kain's organist.
7 p.m.—Rudy Seiger's Orchestra.
8 p.m.—Lenore Solender Campbell, soprano; Antonio Ruiz, baritone; Antonio Blah, violinist; Belle Jacobs Lewis, contralto.
10 p.m.—Brandfield's Versatile Band.
KFI, LOS ANGELES—469.
8-10 p.m.—Concert program.

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