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# NEW COLLEGIATE IS DEMANDED FOR SOUTH LONDON

## BECK WELLS SHOW BIG INCREASE IN WATER SUPPLY

Engineer Curd's Recommendations Result in Half Million Gallons More a Day.

### TO CONSIDER REPORT

An increase of half a million gallons of water per day has been the result of the renovating and overhauling of the Beck wells by the public utilities commission, according to General Manager E. V. Buchanan. Following the visit and survey of Engineer W. C. Curd last October, when the ground water possibilities of London were thoroughly investigated, the commission, acting on Mr. Curd's recommendations and using an invention of his, started in to see what could be done in increasing the water supply of the existing wells. That they have been successful is borne out by the statement of Mr. Buchanan, who said that in practically every well where the work was done an increased flow resulted, the total being approximately 500,000 gallons per day.

Referring to the sinking of test holes, Mr. Buchanan said that this work had been discontinued for the time being, owing to the weather, but that the work carried out before the cold spell had been highly satisfactory.

Next Thursday the complete report of Engineer Curd will be considered by the commissioners. Prominent in his report is the statement that there is an adequate supply of ground water in the vicinity of London to last for many years, and that it is located in the eastern section of the city.

## MEMBERS OF STAFF HONOR GORDON SUTTON

Smallman & Ingram Employees Gather at Home of Bruce Minor.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Minor, Dufferin avenue, was the scene of a most enjoyable gathering on Thursday night, when the staff of the fourth floor of the Smallman & Ingram shop assembled there to honor Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Sutton. During the evening Mr. Sutton, who is severing his connection with the staff, was presented with a handsome silver basket filled with flowers, and accompanied with the good wishes of the staff.

The guests included Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. H. Burch, Mr. and Mrs. A. Sutton, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Down, Mrs. McLean, Miss M. McInnis, Miss G. Williams, Miss M. Blake, Miss F. Pittaway, Miss E. Johnston, Miss E. Anderson, Miss E. Miller, Miss H. Fair, Miss D. Horwood and Charles Sutton.

It looks like a big year for local real estate. The local assessment department shows today that realty transfers, always a safe indicator, totalled 103 during the month of January.

February is starting well. Building Inspector Phipps reports construction permits already issued yesterday for work at a cost of \$7,000.

## SOUTH LONDON PARENTS TO ASK NEW COLLEGIATE

Deputation Will Wait On Board of Education For Relief in Situation.

### MAYOR WENIGE SPEAKS

Action Follows Meeting Held Last Night in Victoria School.

Still another deputation will wait on the board of education at the meeting next week in connection with the London South Collegiate Parents' Association held in Victoria School last night, when after listening to addresses on the subject from Mayor George A. Wenige, Principal T. S. H. Graham, Principal E. A. Miller, T. D. McCullough and others, E. R. Dennis, vice-president of the association, moved that a deputation be appointed by the executive to lay before the board of education and the city council, the needs of London South in the matter of a new collegiate.

Following an inspection of old Victoria School, now the London South Collegiate, Mayor Wenige addressed the ratepayers, stating that there were many things he, as a citizen, would like, but that the price was prohibitive. The mayor said that whether new colleges were needed in the east and south of London was a matter for the board to decide and that the citizens should have some say in the question.

Referring to figures, he declared that while the population of London had increased but 10 per cent since 1912 the expenditures for education had gone up 300 per cent, and in his opinion the one did not warrant the other. He declared that the boards of past years had made a mistake in not having constructed a central high school large enough to take care of the school population. He also referred to the high tax rate in London.

Must Get Taxes Down. "If we can get the tax rate down to 32 mills," he concluded, "I will support the new colleges, but if not I will oppose them."

"I, for one, would be willing to pay more on my taxes in order to get better schools for my children," declared the chairman, Wendell Holmes, president of the association, at the conclusion of the mayor's address. Referring to the mayor's figures and the increased costs of education, Principal Graham stated that he would like to know the percentage of increase in high school students during the same space of years, also how the building accommodation in 1912 compared to what it should have been.

"There have been great expenditures from then on because prior to then they lagged in the matter of schools," he declared. "Before the old Collegiate burned, you had a building of 30 rooms, now you have one of 21, so that while the number of students has increased greatly the seating capacity has dropped two-thirds."

He concluded by outlining the situation at the London South Collegiate, stating that upper school students were being sent to Central Collegiate, where they could not do their best work, owing to being in charge of a different staff and environment. He expressed the opinion that the increase in high school students was due to the increased desire for education.

Disagrees With Mayor. Stating that he disagreed with

## Brings \$300,000 Cargo of Liquor

Associated Press Despatch. New York, Feb. 2.—The British steamer Butetown has dropped anchor off "rum row" with a \$300,000 cargo of liquor, the biggest cargo ever reported on the row. Alongside the Butetown is the British steamer Papyrus—formerly the United States tramp Susquehanna—laden with alcohol. Reports that she had fouled at sea originated at Halifax Wednesday because the Papyrus, bound from Antwerp to the Canadian port with alcohol, was six weeks overdue.

Mayor Wenige's figures and statements relative to the earning power of man, Principal E. A. Miller said that "his worship and himself had not taken their courses in political economy at the same institution."

In opening his address he dealt with conditions at Central Collegiate, stating that that building was already filled to capacity and incapable of housing any more.

"If the present situation of secondary school accommodation continues in London East and South," he said, "the city will be disgraced for years to come. Not only that, the provincial inspector of education, whose remarks on this subject have been caustic enough in the past, will become even more so, and it is possible that he may recommend to the department that the grants be cut down."

Board Accused. "The board has been accused of extravagance and of putting money into the pockets of any other college in the province built for \$350,000. They have all cost more, up to as high as \$500,000. Many people think that a central high school for the whole city would be the most economical, but I doubt whether a knowledge factory such as that would be the best thing for the city."

"The mayor has the idea that the earning power of man has decreased because the price of wheat is down. This is not the case. Man's earning power is just as great, but the value of the dollar has depreciated. The price of wheat is no criterion, it is the value of the dollar. Under the present conditions the increase in costs from \$250,000 to \$500,000 is only equivalent to an increase of from \$500,000 to \$800,000, owing to this depreciation of the dollar value. There is no doubt but that new colleges are needed and the amount on the tax-rate would not amount to more than three-quarters of a mill, and I do not think anyone would begrudge that for better educational facilities for the children of the city."

Favors London East. "In conclusion, I think that if the board decide to ask for only one college in the east or for one in the east, it is difficult to say what will happen. In any case meetings like these will give the trustees encouragement, knowing that they are behind them and the work will be all the easier."

Rev. T. D. McCullough declared that the dollars and cents were not to be compared with the value of children and their education. He stated that for 100 pupils going from London South to Central Collegiate 200 school days, the street car bill to the parents would be \$4,000 and that the parents would much rather put this on their taxes in a new school than spend it this way. E. R. Dennis, vice-president, then put the resolution calling for the appointment of a deputation, which was carried unanimously.

## MAY QUEEN REBEKAH'S GUESTS IN ST. THOMAS

Degree Team Puts On Initiation Work For Supreme Rebekah Lodge.

The members of the May Queen Rebekah Lodge, No. 251 of this city, journeyed to St. Thomas last night and were the guests of Supreme Rebekah Lodge, No. 251 of that city, putting on the initiation work there. Following the meeting of the St. Thomas Chapter, the members of the London team were entertained at supper in the new lodge rooms. Those who went to St. Thomas were: Mrs. Arthur Borland, captain of the degree team; Mrs. W. McKay, Mrs. A. Dundas, Mrs. C. Dundas, Mrs. F. Hall, Mrs. Proctor, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Robert, Mrs. Waugh, Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Burch, Mrs. L. G. Kindree, Mrs. Lucas, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Connor, Mrs. Spittell, Mrs. Clark, Mrs. Pike, Mrs. Peacock, Miss Ford, Miss Oliver, Miss Williams, Miss Salter, Miss Swanson, A. Dundas, B. Dundas, W. Scott, and F. Mason.

WILL ARRANGE DATE. The finance committee will arrange a date for a gathering of representatives of those municipalities interested in the Alberta coal question. Toronto has appointed a delegate at London's suggestion. It has not yet been decided, however, where to hold the session.

DISAPPROVE BYLAW. Mayor Wenige's famous "buckster" bylaw was considered at last night's session of the Labor Party. Opinion was general that the measure was detrimental to the interests of the consumer, and that it was not being enforced. Ald. Frank McKay alone lifted his voice in defence of the bylaw.



MRS. LOUISE WINNINGTON-INGRAM, widow of the Rev. Edward Winnington-Ingram, rector of Stanford, Worcestershire, England, who died recently at the age of 96, is survived by 55 grandchildren and 20 great-grandchildren, several of whom reside in Canada.

## DR. SOWERBY SPEAKS AT MAITLAND CHURCH

Splendid Concert Given Under Auspices of the Ladies' Aid.

Under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid, a splendid concert and lecture was given Thursday night in Maitland Street Baptist Church, when Rev. Dr. A. T. Sowerby delivered his new lecture, "The Adventures of Jiggs, Jr." to a large audience. In a most entertaining way the doctor, after a short introduction during which he most ably and completely disposed of the theory that the human race has evolved from the lower orders of life, sketched the career of the average man under the appellation of Tom Jiggs, Jr., starting at the cradle and going into the creeping and walking stages, the school period, college life, early married life and so on.

Under the chairmanship of A. J. Morgan, the program moved along with a pleasing selection by Mr. Smale, followed by a solo, "The Wasted Crust," by Miss Gertrude Morgan. This was followed by a musical selection on the mandolin by Professor Maurice Summerfeldt.

Mrs. Fred Manning then sang "Humoresque," after which Charles Burnett rendered "The Song That Reached My Heart." Following the lecture, which was the main event of the evening, Mrs. M. Fenton sang very daintily, "The Little Pink Rosebud," and the versatile Professor Summerfeldt played two compositions on the banjo, accompanied by Miss Isabel Rooks.

## DUNDAS CENTRE CHURCH WILL GIVE FINE CONCERT

Jessie Alexander of Toronto, who has returned to Canada with new and interesting selections from Europe, will be at Dundas Centre Church Thursday evening next. Mrs. Schofield is already well known as a concert artist of high merit, but the public will be eager to hear Miss Jessie Alexander and Lloyd Bullen in concert. J. Parnell Morris will act as organist and accompanist.

## MURDERER IS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT

Associated Press Despatch. Grand Forks, N. D., Feb. 2.—Theodore Larson, slayer of four persons near Linton, N. D., on Thursday, pleaded guilty yesterday and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

## BAD BLOOD PIMPLES and BOILS Banished by Burdock Blood Bitters

Miss Irene A. Matthews, Stayner, Ont., writes: "I thought I would write and tell you of the experience and benefit I have derived from Burdock Blood Bitters."

"Some few months ago I was troubled with bad blood, which broke out on my face in the nature of pimples, boils and ringworm, and I got so bad I really did not know what to do. I was ashamed to go anywhere, and the itching and burning caused such a terrible sensation I could get no relief day or night."

"One day a friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I used one bottle, and felt quite a relief, and by the time I had taken three bottles I was completely relieved."

"I cannot praise B. B. B. enough, and I hope anyone afflicted like I was will get the same benefit I received."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Company Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Adv.

## News From City Churches

### KING STREET MANAGERS.

Meeting last evening the board of managers of King Street Presbyterian Church elected officers for the coming year. They are as follows: Chairman, Dr. L. A. Orr; secretary, Kenneth McIntyre; treasurer, R. S. Morrison; financial secretary, Harry White; steward, G. E. Kerry; auditor, R. J. Blake.

The work of the past year was reviewed with satisfaction, and business administered in connection with the new year.

### EMPRESS AVENUE LADIES' AID.

The regular meeting of the Ladies' Aid of Empress Avenue Methodist Church was held in the Sunday school rooms yesterday afternoon. Mrs. R. Bowie presiding. Miss E. Woodward opened the program with the Bible reading. The free-will offering, which had been asked for, met with a generous response from all present. During the business hour it was decided to hold a rummage sale in the Sunday school rooms on Monday, Feb. 4, from 1 to 3 o'clock, and a grocery store on the following day, both in aid of relief work. A program and refreshments have been arranged for Tuesday afternoon. Following the business, there was a social hour, during which the members enjoyed greatly the two solos by Miss Gwen Ware, and a reading by the pastor, Rev. J. F. Chapman. At the conclusion, tea was served, the hostess being Mesdames Mitchell, Manuel, McLean, McKinley and McPherson.

### BANNER BIBLE CLASS.

The Banner Bible Class of Empress Avenue Sunday School held a social in the Sunday school rooms last Thursday evening. The class members, under the chairmanship of their president, Mr. Harry Manuel, enjoyed together a splendid program of music and games. Later in the evening, refreshments were served and of this feature the class members enjoyed greatly. The convener was Mrs. Manuel and Mrs. Nealy.

### CRONY MEMORIAL W. A.

The Women's Auxiliary of Cronyn Memorial Church held their weekly sewing and study meeting yesterday afternoon in the parish hall. The study class at the present time are dealing with Japan. Sewing is being done for the Indian missions in the North West and also for the foreign stations.

### KING ST. CRADLE ROLL.

The cradle roll department of King Street Presbyterian Church held its regular monthly meeting yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Warren Brooks, King street. The meeting was in the form of a shower for relief work being done by the organization. The afternoon was spent in sewing for a similar purpose. Tea was served at five o'clock.

### ROVERS' CLUB BANQUET.

Following a banquet in the Parish Hall, the Rovers' Club of Cronyn Memorial Church held a successful theatre party last evening. Their president, Reginald Blay, was in charge.

### KNOX BOARD OF MANAGERS.

The board of managers of Knox Presbyterian Church held their first meeting on Tuesday evening last. Rev. T. A. Symington, pastor, presided, and gave a short introductory address. Mr. O. H. Gilday was appointed the new chairman, with Mr. Howard Philip as secretary, and Mr. H. G. Greer as financial secretary. Committees for the various departments of church work were also appointed.

### GIRL GUIDES.

The Girl Guides of St. George's Church held a sale of home-made cooking this morning in the market house.

### HALE ST. BOX SOCIAL.

The choir of Hale Street Methodist Church replaced their weekly practice last evening by an enjoyable box social. Held in the basement of the church, the social was attended by a large number of the choir members and their friends. Group games were enjoyed during the evening under the direction of Miss Elsie McLeod, assisted by Miss Stella Barons. Under the banner of Mr. Brown who acted capably as auctioneer, the boxes realized a neat little sum for the church fund. Mrs. C. Hoskins, assisted by Mrs. Briggs, was in charge of supper arrangements.

### JUNIOR PATHFINDERS.

"My Idea of a Good Sport" was the extremely appropriate subject dealt with last evening by four members of the Junior Pathfinder group of St. Andrew's Church at their regular weekly meeting. The girls who gave their interesting views on this subject were: Victoria, McPherson, Anne Stone, Lorna Asplands, and Irma McLurg. A guest of the occasion was Rev. F. W. K. Harris who added his own timely remarks on the subject to those of the four pathfinders. Of the supper which preceded, Miss Jean Hair's group were in charge. Later in the evening, the girls assembled in their various groups for study and devotional exercises. There were about 40 present.

### GET-ACQUAINTED PARTY.

A "get-acquainted" party was held

## Keep Little Ones Well in Winter

Winter is a dangerous season for the little ones. The days are changeable—one bright, the next one cold and stormy, and the children are taken to the children out for the fresh air and exercise they need so much. In consequence they are often cooped up in overheated, badly ventilated rooms and are soon seized with colds or grippe. What is needed to keep the little ones well is Baby's Own Tablets. They will regulate the stomach and bowels, drive out colds, and by their use the baby will be able to get over the winter season in perfect safety. The new sales tax will not increase the price of Baby's Own Tablets, as the company pays the tax. You can still obtain the Tablets through any medicine dealer at 25 cents a box, or by mail, post paid, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Adv.

## HOBBY FAIR PRIZE LIST AND PROGRAM NOW COMPLETE

Big Annual Event For Boys and Girls To Open on May 12.

### NOVEL CONTESTS

The complete program and prize list of the Hobby Fair, to be held in May under the auspices of the Rotary Club, has been completed and received from the printers and next week will be distributed in all the schools of the city.

In addition to printing the complete prize list by sections, both for girls and boys, the booklet includes several small contests, such as the program of the fair, day by day.

Although not opening till May 12, the Sunday previous, May 11, has been called Father and Son—Mother and Daughter Day at the churches and efforts will be made to have special sermons preached on that day. Monday evening the fair officially opens. Dean Sherwood Fox of Western University, president of the Rotary Club, will officiate and although final details of the event have not yet been made public, it is expected that the affair will exceed that of 1923.

Cooking contests will feature Tuesday night. From 7 to 8:30 p.m. the contests will be open to all public school girls while from 8:30 to 10 p.m. the girls of the Technical School will try their hands at the culinary art. Miss H. Stevens of the Tech will be in charge during the evening. Girls will also have their way on Wednesday afternoon, the sewing contests will be held, the evening being apportioned in the same manner. Miss I. Craig, supervisor of the public schools, will have charge.

Thursday evening will see the boys take over their share of the program, the woodworking contests having been scheduled for that night. From 7 to 8:30 the public school boys will show what they can do while from 8:30 to 10 p.m. those from the Tech will have a shot at it. Mr. W. J. Craig, supervisor of the public schools, will have charge.

Friday evening is set aside as musical night and for the occasion the executive have secured the services of the St. Peter's Church, with Brother Steven in charge. In addition to this contest, there will be piano, violin and singing contests, conducted under the direction of Mr. Charles Wheeler.

Saturday afternoon there will be a demonstration by Boy Scouts, Girl Guides and Naval Brigade while the evening will be given over to amateur stunts, in which all boys and girls under the age of 18 years may compete. Kenneth Greene has charge.

During the week the armories will be open from 7 to 10:30 every evening and on Saturday afternoon from 7 to 8:30 p.m.

The committee in charge of arrangements is: R. H. Cunningham, chairman; W. L. Baragar, exhibitors; displays and advertising; T. Faust, exhibitors; J. M. Watt, building; W. E. Ginn, publicity; V. K. Greer, art, photography, natural history, and collections; William Forbes pet stock, mechanical and woodwork, electrical, school products; W. J. Jarmain, school products; sewing, primary department and pushmable.

Among the judges are: Peter Green, R. H. Blay, A. R. Cairncross, E. M. S. Dale, C. G. Watson, Dr. L. S. Holmes, Col. W. S. Lawless, W. H. Wilkey, William Moffatt, C. Lunn, Charles Webster, G. Perry, W. McNell, W. H. Henderson, Prof. Robert Angus, University of Toronto, C. B. King, Charles Ivery, W. J. Jackson, Burwell Graham, W. Coats.

## Obituary

MILDRED EVELYN FOSTER. Mildred Evelyn Foster, 14-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Foster, Lot 31, Concession 1, Westminster Township, died yesterday following an operation in St. Joseph's Hospital. Besides her parents she is survived by her brothers, Shirley Agnes and Eileen Irma, both at home. The funeral will be held at 2:30 o'clock on Monday afternoon to Woodland Cemetery. Rev. Mr. Sutcliffe of Byron Methodist Church will conduct the services.

JAMES MACPHERSON. James Macpherson, for the past 17 years a resident of this city, died yesterday at his home, 513 Pall Mall street, following an illness of two months. Mr. Macpherson was born in Scotland 70 years ago, and had been employed at the C. N. R. car shops.

He is survived by his wife, six daughters: Mrs. H. Maxwell, Mrs. G. Garrow, city; Mrs. J. Lockyer, city; Mrs. E. Dingle, Detroit; Mrs. L. James, Toronto, and Mrs. W. Barr, Guelph; three sons, William of Toronto, Daniel and Robert of Scotland. The funeral will be held Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock from his late residence to Mount Pleasant Cemetery. Rev. Bruce Hunter of the First Methodist Church will conduct the services.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY BORN. GOODBURN—At 90 Walnut Ave., St. Lambert, Que., on Jan. 30, 1924, to Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Goodburne, a daughter.

DIED. CAMERON—John M., in Strathroy, on Friday, Feb. 1, 1924, in his 72nd year. Funeral on Sunday afternoon at 2:30, from family residence, 4th line, Strathroy. Service at 2 p.m. Interment at Strathroy Cemetery.

HASKITT—At Victoria Hospital, on Friday, Feb. 1, 1924, Ida Dora Louise, aged 24 years.

Funeral will leave Geo. E. Logan's Funeral Home, strictly private.

USE THIS—TODAY

Here is the form by which you may enter yourself or a friend in The Advertiser's \$20,000 circulation drive.

THE LONDON ADVERTISER, London, Ontario.

Gentlemen:—Please enter my name in your \$20,000 Prize Contest, and send me all particulars.

Name .....

Street .....

Town or City .....

Mail this coupon to the office of The London Advertiser today.



If you had a son who asked you this question: "Shall I save my money or spend it?"—what would you advise? Of course, you would tell him to SAVE! And if he replied, "Are you saving YOURS, Dad?"—could you say "yes"?

If not—for the same reasons that you would give your son—start your savings account now in our nearest branch.

Think of the future!

THE BANK OF TORONTO

Incorporated 1855 Capital \$5,000,000 Reserves \$7,000,000

BRANCHES: Cor. Richmond and King Streets (Main Office). Cor. Dundas and Talbot Sts. Cor. Dundas and Wellington Sts. Cor. Richmond and John Streets. Cor. Dundas and Adelaide Sts.



# Big Extra Vote Offer Starts Today

## 300,000 EXTRA VOTES

What does this mean? It means that the greatest inducement in extra votes that will be given at any period during the contest is now, and that it will not be repeated.

It means that for each and every TWO YEARLY SUBSCRIPTIONS to The Morning Advertiser or The Evening Advertiser (back subscriptions, renewal subscriptions and new subscriptions), sent in by Monday, Feb. 25, a bonus of 300,000 extra votes will be given, in addition to the regular votes.

Two yearly subscriptions count 300,000 extra votes.

Four yearly subscriptions count 600,000 extra votes.

There is no limit to the number of yearly subscriptions you may send in.

This is the greatest extra vote offer that will be given at any period of the contest, and will not be repeated.

Remember that two renewal (yearly) subscriptions count the same as two new (yearly) subscriptions.

## 4 Special Cash Prizes 4

**\$200 In Cash**

will be given to the candidate who sends in the greatest number of yearly subscriptions (renewal and new) in all the districts by Monday, Feb. 25. This special prize will be known as the Grand Prize. The second highest in the district, winning the \$200 cash prize, will be entitled to the \$100 cash prize.

**\$100 In Cash**

will be given to the candidate that sends in the greatest number of yearly subscriptions (renewal and new) in District No. 1, by Monday, Feb. 25.

**\$100 In Cash**

will be given to the candidate who sends in the greatest number of yearly subscriptions (new and renewal), in District No. 2, by Monday, Feb. 25.

**\$100 In Cash**

will be given to the candidate who sends in the greatest number of yearly subscriptions (new and renewal) in District No. 3, by Monday, Feb. 25.

### HOW THE PRIZES WILL BE DIVIDED

#### DISTRICT NO. 1

City of London.

#### DISTRICT NO. 2

Counties of Middlesex, Lambton, Kent, Essex, Huron, Elgin and Oxford.

#### DISTRICT NO. 3

Counties of Bruce, Grey, Perth, Wellington, Dufferin, Peel, Waterloo, Brant, Norfolk and Haldimand.

The person who secures the greatest number of votes in Districts Nos. 1 and 2 will have his or her choice of a Hudson coach or \$2,000 in cash. The winner of the Grand Prize will be barred from winning any other district prizes. The person who secures the second greatest number of votes in the district in which this grand prize is won will be entitled to the first prize.

GRAND PRIZE—Your choice of McLaughlin Double Service Sedan or \$2,000 in cash.  
FIRST PRIZE—Your choice of a Five-Passenger Durant Touring Car or \$1,000 in cash.  
SECOND PRIZE—Your choice of a Five-Passenger Chevrolet Touring Car or \$600 in cash.  
THIRD PRIZE—Your choice of a Five-Passenger Ford Touring Car or \$500 in cash.  
FOURTH PRIZE—Cabinet of Silver, value \$300.

FIRST PRIZE—Your choice of a Five-Passenger Maxwell Touring Car or \$1,000 in cash.  
SECOND PRIZE—Your choice of a Five-Passenger Chevrolet Touring Car or \$600 in cash.  
THIRD PRIZE—Your choice of a Five-Passenger Ford Touring Car or \$500 in cash.  
FOURTH PRIZE—Cabinet of Silver, value \$300.

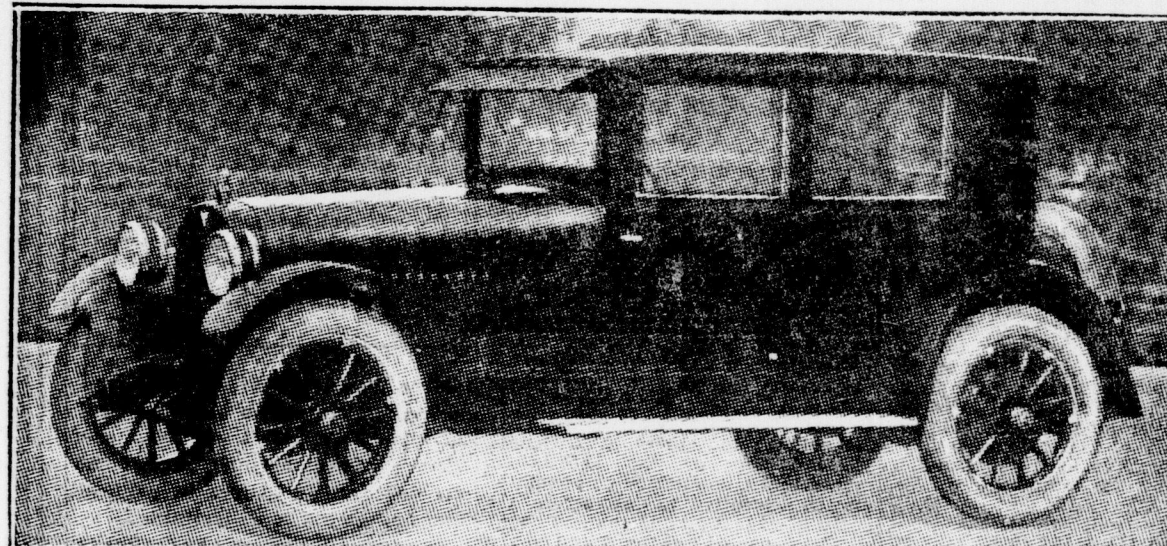
FIRST PRIZE—Your choice of a Five-Passenger Light-Six Studebaker Touring Car or \$1,000 in cash.  
SECOND PRIZE—Your choice of a Five-Passenger Chevrolet Touring Car or \$600 in cash.  
THIRD PRIZE—Your choice of a Five-Passenger Ford Touring Car or \$500 in cash.  
FOURTH PRIZE—Cabinet of Silver, value \$300.

### HERE'S YOUR CHANCE

Plunge right into the game and get your share of the \$20,000 worth of cash prizes The London Advertiser is giving away.

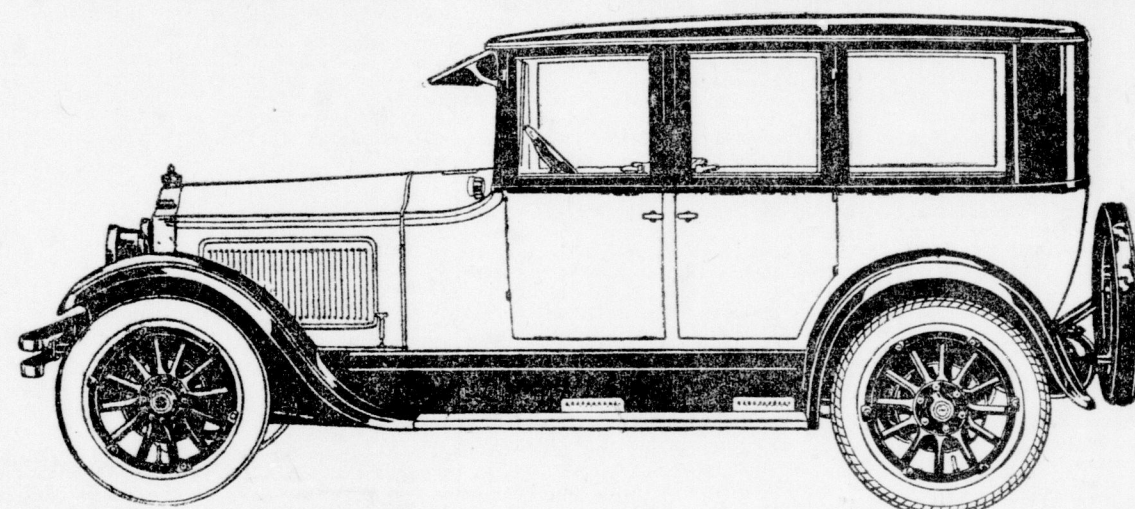
**YOU CAN WIN**

YOU CAN WIN THIS HUDSON COACH



HUDSON COACH—The person who secures the greatest number of votes in Districts Nos. 2 and 3 will have his or her choice of this handsome Hudson Coach, or \$2,000 in cash. The winner of this Grand Prize will be barred from winning any of the district prizes.

YOU CAN WIN THIS McLAUGHLIN SEDAN

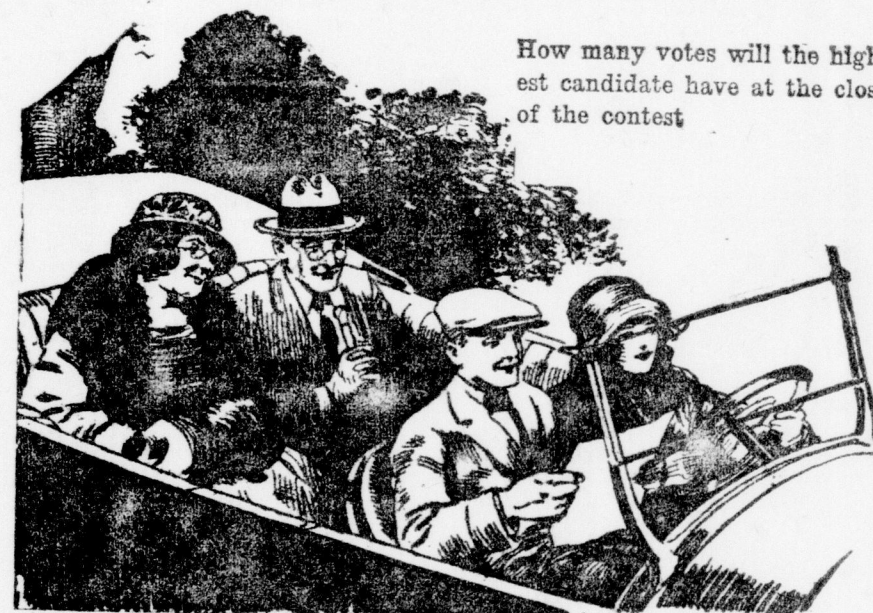


McLAUGHLIN MASTER SIX DOUBLE SERVICE SEDAN—The person who secures the greatest number of votes in District No. 1, which is the City of London, will have his or her choice of this McLaughlin Master Six Double Service Sedan, or \$2,000 in cash. The winner of this prize will be barred from winning any of the district prizes.

You Have Your Choice of  
— 11 —  
AUTOMOBILES  
— 11 —  
or  
CASH

### The Family Car

Are You Good at Guessing?  
A Test of Real Skill



How many votes will the highest candidate have at the close of the contest?

This Ford Touring Car or \$500 in Cash will be given to the subscriber who guesses the correct or nearest correct number of votes that the highest candidate will have at the close of the contest. One guess will be allowed for each dollar paid in on subscription, whether it is given to some candidate or mailed direct to The London Advertiser.

Suggestions from which a subscriber may work out his or her guess:

One year's subscription to The London Advertiser by mail (new), \$5.00 a year, counts 10,000 votes.

One year's subscription to The London Advertiser by carrier (new), \$7.80 per year, counts 16,000 votes.

A bonus of 300,000 extra votes is given for two yearly subscriptions up to Feb. 25, in addition to the regular votes.

There will be extra votes given throughout the contest.

The contest was announced on January 16 and will close end of March.

Any candidate should secure from two to five subscriptions a day.

One year's subscription by mail (\$5.00 a year) entitles a subscriber to five guesses. One year's subscription to The Advertiser delivered by carrier in the city of London entitles the subscriber to seven guesses.

**CLIP THIS COUPON!**

And mail with money for subscription, or you may secure guessing blanks from a candidate or by applying to The London Advertiser Contest Office.

To The London Advertiser, Contest Department.

Gentlemen: My guesses on the number of votes the highest candidate will have at the close of the contest are:

Name .....

Amount money .....

Address .....

Credit my Votes to .....

USE THIS BLANK—IT STARTS YOU

### Entry Blank

TO THE LONDON ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

Gentlemen:—

I Nominate .....

(As a candidate in your \$20,000 Prize Contest, according to the Rules and Regulations thereof.)

Street .....

Town or City .....

Signed .....

Address .....

Names of persons sending in names of candidates will not be divulged if so requested.

CALL  
**7352**

FOR ALL INFORMATION.

**London Advertiser Contest Office**

Corner Richmond and King Streets, London.

Be Sure and Save All These Free Votes.

### Good for 200 Votes

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

Name of Contestant .....

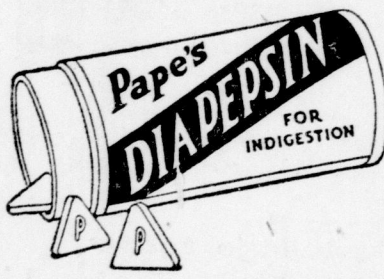
Address .....

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



## ACID STOMACH!! GAS, INDIGESTION

Chew a few Pleasant Tablets  
—Stomach Feels Fine!



Instant stomach relief! Harmless! The moment "Pape's Diapiesin" reaches the stomach all distress from acid stomach or indigestion ends. Immediate relief from flatulences, gases, heartburn, palpitation, fullness or stomach pressure.

Correct your digestion for a few cents. Millions keep it handy. Druggists recommend it.—Adv.

## Home Made Cough Mixture Considered Best

Spreads Over Membrane,  
Soothes, Heals and Stops  
Cough Almost Instantly.

## Costs But a Trifle

Make your own cough syrup in two minutes at home if you want the best.

Simple coughs or stubborn coughs, it doesn't matter which, this home made mixture will stop them quicker than any expensive cough syrup you can buy ready made.

Use it for chest colds too and for acute nasal catarrh.

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

Like a soothing, healing poultice one costly substance in this home-made cough mixture spreads itself completely over the membrane of the throat. This causes the most stubborn hang-on cough to cease almost instantly. No ordinary slow-acting cough syrup contains this expensive ingredient.

And remember—any remedy that overcomes catarrh, partially or wholly, is bound to be of benefit to those who are troubled with head noises and catarrhal deafness.

Get Parment and get better.—Adv.



## Robust Men Like BAKER'S COCOA

The cocoa of high quality.

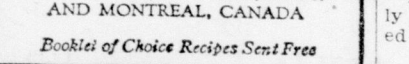
Baker's Cocoa is invigorating, stimulating only in the sense that pure food is stimulating, it has a delicious flavor and aroma, is a great addition to meals and a wonderful between meals stay.

Made In Canada By  
Walter Baker & Co., Limited

Established 1783

MILLS AT DORCHESTER, MASS., AND MONTREAL, CANADA

Booklet of Choice Recipes Sent Free



## EUROPE

—via the famous Canadian Pacific fleet. Equipment and service strictly to Canadian Pacific standard—the utmost in travel comfort. Frequent departures from St. John, N.B. Further information from local Agent.

H. B. BEAUMONT, Gen. Agent, Passenger Dept., 1 King St. E., Toronto.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC

## NORWEGIAN WINS SKI SPEED RACE

Switzerland's Entry Takes Bob-sleigh Race, With Britishers Second.

Associated Press Despatch.

Chamonix, Feb. 2.—The Olympic ski speed race over 18 kilometers this morning was won by Haug of Norway, whose time was 1 hour, 14 minutes, 3 seconds. The distance is approximately 11-1/2 miles.

Norway and Finland took every place. Grottnusbraaten of Norway was second; Niku, Finland, third; Maardalen, Norway, fourth; Stronstad, Norway, fifth; Landvik, Norway, sixth.

Switzerland's first entry in the bob-sleigh race made the best time for this event, covering the distance of 1,444 metres (1,575 yards) in 1 minute, 27.39 seconds. The chute has an 11 per cent grade with 18 sharp turns.

Major Broome's British entry was second. Alfred Guldener, a member of the second Swiss crew, broke a leg when the bob overturned. It was the fifth accident on the chute. Four mishaps occurred while the crews were training.

Twenty-four skiers representing 11 nations—the largest number of competitors in any single Olympic event—disputed this far-started at intervals of one minute in the 18-kilometre speed race.

The entries of the United States were John Carleton, Rhodes scholar from Dartmouth; Anders Haugen of Minneapolis, the United States champion; Sigurd Overby of St. Paul, A. Omitov of Brand Beach, Minn. All failed to place. The weather was very cold, thermometers registering 4 degrees below zero, Fahrenheit. The snow was hard and dry.

## HORSE TRADER WARNED TO GIVE UP BUSINESS

Court Is Lenient With W. Bell Because Wife and Children Are Ill.

When Humane Society officials inspected the barn belonging to William Bell, local teamster, they found six horses in it and one without teeth. The latter was a rack of bones and starving. The barn had not been cleaned for a month and one of the steeds was suffering from old age and neglect.

This evidence was submitted in police court this morning by Inspector George H. T. and one of the Humane Society. He said Bell dealt in old horses, but his financial condition did not warrant him keeping a single horse.

Bell told the court he had six children, all of which were stricken with measles. His wife was also ill. Inspector Tustin recommended leniency for this reason. The court warned Bell not to buy old horses again and dismissed him on payment of costs.

## NEW MAGAZINE ENTERS DISTRICT FARM FIELD

C. G. Higman Is Editor of "The Canadian Fruit and Vegetable Farmer."

A nicely-arranged and entertaining agricultural magazine has entered the publishing field in Western Ontario. It is called "The Canadian Fruit and Vegetable Farmer," a weekly periodical of which C. G. Higman is editor, and W. B. MacPherson, advertising and business manager.

Both Mr. Higman and Mr. MacPherson were former members of The Advertiser, the former being on the editorial staff, and the latter in the advertising department.

The first issue of "The Canadian Fruit and Vegetable Farmer" is just off the press. It is published for the farmer, and aims to lend valuable advice and assistance toward the solution of production and marketing problems of the horticulture industry.

Interesting editorial matter and articles of much new value are contained in the magazine. It is non-political and devoted exclusively to the interests of the fruit and vegetable-growing business.

This new magazine is edited weekly at Elmhurst, Lambeth, and printed in London.

## HOCKEY STICKS RECOVERED BY ST. MARYS MANAGER

The manager of the St. Marys hockey team called round at the police station today and carried away the 14 hockey sticks stolen from their dressingroom the last time the team played here.

The manager of the St. Marys Wood Specialty Company learned of the loss of the hockey team when the boys were returning to St. Marys via a freight train after the last game and immediately wrote out an order for two dozen sticks for the St. Marys puck chasers. The recovered sticks will be used for practice purposes, the manager stated.

## APPROPRIATION IS SPENT FOR CITY UNEMPLOYED

The public utilities commission has notified the city council that the appropriation of \$3,000 made in respect of tree trimming for unemployment relief, has been used up, according to General Manager Buchanan.

This is the second grant made for this purpose, the first having been \$5,000. With this money work has been afforded to 130 men during the winter months and some 8,000 trees have been trimmed, while probably 200 have been cut down as being dead, decaying or a menace.

## Questions Whether Women Appreciate Right To Vote

Municipal Review Points to the Lack of Interest in Elections.

## MAYORALTY RACE KEEN

Are citizens everywhere losing interest in their own affairs? No majority election has been given as the chief reason why so few voted here in December.

But the same happened in Toronto despite the fact that the people of the provincial capital were treated to a snappy majority contest. From this it would seem that if the people show any interest they will come out to vote whether there is a fight on for the mayor's chair or not.

The Municipal Review of Canada points out:

The vote at the Toronto election shows the lack of interest in general. Although there was a spirited contest for the mayoralty and it was expected that at least 125,000 votes would be polled, the number cast was only 82,432. A curious feature is that although 70,000 names were added to the voters' list, of which 95 per cent are women, yet the total poll was only two thousand more than last year. So, apparently, some thirty thousand of the women voters did not appreciate the franchise sufficiently to exercise it. Or, if this did, then the same number of men who had voted last year, stayed at home this year.

## ST. ANDREW'S EXPERIENCE MOST PROSPEROUS YEAR

The second session of the annual meeting of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church was held in St. Andrew's Hall last evening, with A. Robinson, chairman of the board of managers, presiding. Reports showed that the past year had been the most prosperous in the history of the church. The amount which had been contributed for all purposes was \$42,500. Of this \$19,682 was contributed to missions and \$13,142 for current revenue.

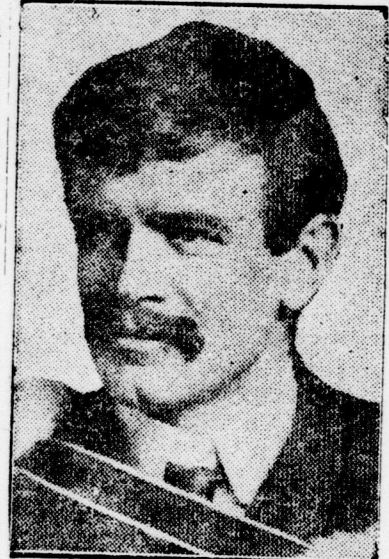
As the result of the election, the board of managers for 1924 will be composed of the following: R. A. Anderson, Alec. Gillean, Dr. B. L. P. Smith, George T. Hair, D. A. Curie, J. McVicar, R. Munro and C. P. Eberhart.

Rev. Dr. D. C. MacGregor gave a short resume of the year's work.

## CUT ESTIMATES.

Mayor Wenige was asked today how he proposed to bring down a 32-mill rate for 1924.

The mayor stated that it could be done with a 20 per cent reduction in the estimates submitted by every city spending board.



STEPHEN LEACOCK.

Reversion to the gold standard and restoration of currencies are the world's most urgent needs today, according to Prof. Stephen Leacock of McGill University, Montreal.

## ADVERTISER IS GIVING 300,000 EXTRA VOTES

Continued from page one.

touring automobile—which is offered for the correct or nearest the correct guess on the number of votes the highest candidate will have at the close of the contest. The winner may have the alternative of \$500 in cash. One guess is allowed for every dollar paid in on a subscription.

Gets 14 Subscriptions.

"How many subscriptions is it going to take to win the McLaughlin Double-Service Sedan?" asked a very prepossessing young woman, as she seated herself in the office of the Contest Manager yesterday afternoon. "Here are fourteen subscriptions to The Morning Advertiser which I collected yesterday and today. That will give me a good start won't it? I want to win the McLaughlin Sedan as a number of us girls are planning on an automobile trip this summer."

The contest office is at King and Richmond streets. The phone number is 7352. If you like one of our representatives will call on you and explain everything.

## MINERS TO INSIST ON HIGHER WAGES

Provisional President Barrett Declares 1923 Schedule Is Not Acceptable.

Associated Press Despatch.

Sydney, N.S., Feb. 2.—The United Mine Workers' executive, through Provisional President Silby Barrett, reply to press notices wherein President Wolvin is quoted as saying that the board of directors of the British Empire Steel Corporation state that "the limit of generosity has been reached" and that there is no prospect of any concession being made by the company above the 1923 rates, said that it was not a question of "generosity" which was to be considered, but it was a question of allowing a living wage so that the miner and his family would be able to live decently and comfortably.

"On no consideration will the miners' representatives make any contract with the British Empire Steel Corporation unless it carries with it an increase over the 1923 rates," this statement declared.

## TOWNSHIP MOVES TO STOP SPREAD OF SMALLPOX

Reeve A. C. Hodgins and Dr. C. C. Ross of Hyde Park have been appointed a committee of two to see that every precaution is taken against the spread of smallpox in London Township. The township board of health met this morning and after talking the affair over decided to leave everything in the hands of the reeve and Dr. Ross.

The committee will see to it that every person who has been in the Broughdhouse, where the disease was discovered, is properly vaccinated. They will also take any other precautions deemed necessary.

## NEW FRENCH PLAY CREATES FUREUR OF EXCITEMENT

Associated Press Despatch.

Paris, Feb. 2.—Paul Raynal's play, "The Tomb Under the Arch of Triomphe" caused as much of an uproar at its opening at the Comedie Francaise last night as at its dress rehearsal last Wednesday. The play, as well as invited patrons of the theatre came armed with whistles and horns, and at the climax of the third act, when the returned soldier proclaimed his heretical doctrines concerning the family, the arguments became so heated that the management thought it prudent to turn on the lights. The play, however, was carried on to the end, thanks to a strong-arm squad of ushers, who spent a large share of the evening removing or quelling the more vociferous partisans.

## BRITISH FARMERS ARE TOLD NOT TO EXPECT ANY SUBSIDIES

Premier MacDonald Meets Special Committee To Deal With Agricultural Problems.

## Airship Cause of Conjecture

Special to The Advertiser.

Owen Sound, Feb. 1.—The people of Oliphant and Howdenvale are very curious to know where the airship came from that they saw hovering about the shore of Lake Huron about 9 o'clock on Thursday evening. It had a very peculiar shape and was decorated with red lights.

## CAMPAIGN IS PLANNED FOR REDUCTION OF TAX

Associated Boards of Trade Will Launch Drive Within Next Few Weeks.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Regina, Sask., Feb. 2.—A campaign aiming at the reduction of taxation in Canada, to be followed possibly by a Dominion-wide campaign supported by all the provinces, will be launched by the boards of trade of the prairie provinces, it was decided at a conference held here yesterday by boards of trade representatives from ten Western Canadian cities.

The campaign, delegates declared, was necessitated by public extravagance. The machinery by which the campaign will be kept in motion was decided upon by the conference, utilizing the services principally of the public speakers. For these purposes, provincial committees will solicit the co-operation of the provincial press, provide press and speakers with suitable material, and provide for the interchange of publicity between provinces. Cartoonists are also to be taken into the service of the campaign, in which pictures and caricature will play a prominent part.

## BRITISH MAILS

Monday, Feb. 4, at 10 p.m.—Letters and registered mails only, via S.S. and Europe will close as follows: Paris, from New York, Feb. 6.

Wednesday, Feb. 6.—Letters and registered matter at 10 a.m. Parcel post and newspapers at 2 p.m., via S.S. Montreal, from St. John, N. B., Feb. 8.

Thursday, Feb. 7, at 10 p.m.—Letters and registered matter only via S.S. New Amsterdam, from New York, Feb. 9.

## INSPECTOR W. H. STRINGER OF ONTARIO POLICE CONFERS WITH OFFICIALS HERE.

There will be three new crown witnesses in the Murrell murder trial, which commences at the court house Monday afternoon, it was learned today. One of the witnesses will be W. H. Stringer, of the criminal investigation department of the Ontario provincial police.

Inspector Stringer arrived in London last night and with Provincial Constable T. V. Stratton was in conference with Crown Attorney Albert Judd most of the morning.

It is known definitely that the efforts of Inspector Stringer to locate the missing clothes of Russell Campbell have been fruitless, and the same may be said of the revolver bullet taken from the body of Campbell at the postmortem held in the village of Melbourne. The piece of lead was in the possession of Dr. Woods of Mount Brydges, for some time, but was lost out of his vest pocket and was never recovered.

The clothes mysteriously disappeared from behind the door in the sheriff's office. They were placed there by some person after being viewed by the grand jury in 1921.

## BENNETT TO RECOMMEND APPEAL OF C. N. SUIT

As the members of the finance committee have referred the question to him for a report, City Assessment Commissioner Bennett stated today that he would recommend that they appeal the recent decision from Judge Talbot Machin, exempting the C. N. R. Express Company from business tax.

The expense will be light, the commissioner stated, and he feels that the case should not be passed by without a fight to the last ditch.

## FRENCH ARE UTILIZING EVERY MEANS OF REVENUE

Associated Press Despatch.

Paris, Feb. 2.—Determined that no possible source of revenue shall remain untapped, the government is selling advertising space on telegraph blanks. Receivers of messages now find the text bordered with eulogies of a famous soap, while on the back is a "coupon" for a "trial ride" in an automobile of a particular make.

## DENFIELD RESIDENT DIES.

Denfield, Feb. 1.—Mrs. W. Thompson died on Thursday morning in Victoria Hospital, London, after a lengthy illness, suffering from nephritis. Her remains were brought to Denfield on the C. N. R. train Friday morning, and will be buried from her late residence on the Denfield road Saturday afternoon to Carlisle Cemetery. Survivors are the husband, five daughters and four sons.

# You'll Have To Hurry IF YOU WANT TO Save \$100

NO PUZZLES TO COUNT.

## BUY A MASON & RISCH PIANO OR GOOD USED PIANO AND SAVE \$100 Or \$25 On a Mason & Risch Phonograph

Our sensational 10-day offer, as announced Friday last, will come to a close Wednesday, February 6. We will accept any CREDIT NOTE or GOLD BOND (par value up to \$100) issued by any piano firm in Canada on the purchase of any new Mason & Risch piano or any good used piano, or \$25 on a Mason & Risch Phonograph. There are no strings to this offer—no catches—no puzzling problems to solve—no dots to count—JUST \$100 OFF YOUR purchase of any piano in our store.

The public know the good reputation behind the Mason & Risch organization, maintaining an enviable position in the piano industry of Canada for more than fifty years—selling the world-famous Mason & Risch Pianos and Phonographs for ONE PRICE ONLY. Needless to say when an offer such as this is presented to the public there can be no question as to its validity.

## Used Pianos Now On Our Floor

WORMWITH UPRIGHT MENDELSSOHN UPRIGHT CLASSIC UPRIGHT

STANDFORD UPRIGHT MORS UPRIGHT MASON & RISCH UPRIGHT

Gold Bonds and Credit Notes Will Be Accepted on Any of the Above Pianos.

## COME IN AND SEE US! You'll Save Money, and Make Your Own Terms, Too.

HERE'S A BONA FIDE OFFER TO SAVE \$100 ON A MASON & RISCH PIANO OR \$25 ON A MASON & RISCH PHONOGRAPH.

## MAKE YOUR OWN TERMS!

NO PUZZLES TO COUNT.

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## New Gypsum Bed in Canada

One of the world's most important gypsum beds has been discovered by an Ontario prospector. The deposit, which we are told is 99.8 per cent pure, stretches for a mile along a branch of the Moose River.

PROMINENT SPEAKERS  
FOR CANADIAN CLUB

Rev. G. Q. Warner, Rev. A. W. Stanfield and Prof. Coleman Scheduled For Talks.

Interesting lecturers are promised for the Women's Canadian Club during February. As early as Thursday next week the Rev. Quintin Warner will address the club on the operation of the juvenile court. This lecture will be followed up on February by an address on "The Greatness of Africa" by the Rev. A. W. Stanfield, who has spent many years in that country. Prof. Coleman of Toronto University comes as the third speaker of the month. He will address the club on some geological subject. Prof. Coleman is being brought to the city through the combined efforts of the Women's and Men's Canadian Clubs and the Western University Extension Course.

Mr. Stanfield, the second speaker, who is in Canada on furlough, has labored for years as secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. He has translated the New Testament and almost two-thirds of the Old Testament into the language of the African tribes. The territory which he covers in West Africa extends over 2,000 miles and embraces some 52 missionary parishes, 300 mission stations and more than that number of different tribes and dialects. To cover this vast territory Mr. Stanfield has to go mostly on foot or by canoe.

"The record of his journeys reads like a chapter from the life of the Apostle Paul," says a press notice.

## CLUB NEWS

**LOCH LOMOND CHAPTER.**  
The first meeting of the Loch Lomond Chapter, L. O. D. E., for this year will be held at "Lomond" Monday afternoon. Plans for a euchre to be held in the near future will be among the business taken up.

**TRINITY CHAPTER O. E. S.**  
Routine business and initiation of new members will feature Monday night's meeting of Trinity Chapter, O. E. S. The chapter is planning a novelty evening for the night of Feb. 18. Mrs. H. S. Easton being the convener. Her committee includes Mrs. Ruth Dodge, Mrs. R. Elford, Mrs. Mitchell, Mrs. Hargreaves, Mrs. Wootton, Miss Waugh, Mrs. William Taylor, D. MacArthur and F. Jones.

On March 15 the chapter will celebrate its first birthday with a past masters' night.  
**SUNSHINE CLUB COMMITTEE.**  
The sewing and relief committee of the Sunshine Club met at the home of Mrs. Thomas Rowe this week to make further plans for their work in aid of the Victoria Order of Nurses. The committee conveners are Mrs. W. W. Gammage and Mrs. M. Aikenhead.

MEDICAL SCHOOL PLANS  
BARBECUE FOR MARCH

Students Prepare To "Take Off" Local Doctors at Coming Event.

An important event at the Medical School during the first week of March will be the great barbecue which is now being arranged. A similar barbecue was held last year at the school with great success. All the doctors of the city and members of the Medical School faculty are very special guests of the occasion. They sit in the audience while the students proceed to "take them off" on the stage. Every year is responsible for a skit and there is great excitement ahead of time when these skits are under preparation.

VARSITY ARTS CLASS  
HOLDS DANCING PARTY

Students at Western Provide a Splendid Evening's Entertainment.

The social activities of University of Western Ontario so rudely interrupted by the mid-year examination period, commenced again last night with Arts '24 class party at the Arts building.

A combined skating and dancing party had been planned, but the ice being too soft, it was decided to turn en masse to support the inter-faculty basketball league game between Arts '24 and '25 and then go to the university for dancing afterwards.

An additional attraction was the palm fortune telling by Mrs. John Russell who did not disappoint the co-eds, blondes or brunettes, for the blondes were soon to meet dark gentlemen and the brunettes to have happy homes with red-headed husbands.

The program committee consisted of: Alice McLean, Georgina Brien, and C. Harding, while music was furnished by a six-piece orchestra consisting of: F. C. Harding, Arts '24; G. McGee, Miss Norma Nobbs, C. Rose, C. Fitzgerald, G. Wootton, and S. Bigelow.

Professor and Mrs. J. Russell acted as chaperons.

**VICTORIA ALUMNAE.**  
Dr. Hill will address the regular meeting of the Victoria Hospital Alumnae to be held on Tuesday night of next week.

## WOMEN and THE HOME



CHELSEA GREEN GIRL GUIDES WIN CITY BANNER.

This little company of Girl Guides from Chelsea Green Presbyterian Church, won the banner offered by Mrs. McLean, deputy commissioner for Ontario, for making the best all-round appearance at the rally held in Croydon Hall last night. The Advertiser photographed the

company just after the presentation of the banner by the deputy commissioner. Mrs. McLean can be seen in the center of the group in her commissioner's uniform. At the extreme right, Miss Mary Snow, captain of the company, is proudly displaying the new banner, while at the

## Social and Personal

Mr. and Mrs. Burwell of Listowel are visiting in town.

Miss Lillian Richardson is spending the week-end in Hamilton.

Miss Alice Booth, who has returned home.

Miss Kathleen Dudley, Thornton avenue, was a bridge hostess Wednesday evening, entertaining at six tables.

Mrs. J. J. McHale entertained at a bridge this week at her home in Craig street.

Mrs. John Stevely, Queen's avenue, is enjoying a delightful winter in California.

Mrs. Stanley Moore, Cheapside street, is entertaining at a bridge party next Friday night.

Mrs. Milton Jackson entertained at

a military euchre on Thursday night. Five tables were in play.

Mrs. R. M. Burns was the hostess this week of a bridge given at her home in Wellington street.

Mrs. John Atcheson, Evergreen avenue, will be the hostess of a bridge dinner early in February.

Mrs. John Cooper of Dundas is visiting in town the guest of Mrs. T. J. Charlton at St. Matthew's rectory.

Miss Agnes Malloch, who has been spending the past month in Detroit, is expected back in the city today.

Miss Kathleen Lashbrook, Richmond street, is making a brief visit in Toronto, returning to the city tonight.

Dr. W. F. Babb and Mrs. Babb are leaving on Monday for California, where they will spend the next few weeks.

Miss Alberta Mahon of Port Stanley was the hostess of a happy little card party this week. Three tables were arranged.

Miss Doris Smith of Toronto arrived in town yesterday, and will be the guest of Miss Marion Beck at "Headley."

Mrs. John D. Buchanan entertained Thursday afternoon and evening at three tables of bridge at her home in Erie avenue.

Mrs. Donald A. Graham was the hostess last evening of a bridge of two tables given at her home in Renwick avenue.

The Medical School fortnightly dances begin on Friday night next, when an informal dance will be held in the gymnasium.

Mrs. Frank Reid, Wellington street, is lending her home for the meeting of the Overseas Chapter, L. O. D. E., to be held on Tuesday next.

Mrs. J. L. Huffman was the hostess this week of a charming tea given at her home in Waterloo street in honor of Mrs. B. F. Justin of Brampton.

Mrs. George W. Yendall, formerly Miss Velma Wylie, is receiving at her home, 837 Waterloo street, Friday afternoon, Feb. 8, from 3 to 6.

Mrs. Gordon Wright of this city was made a vice-president of the Social Service Council of Canada at the annual meeting held this week in St. John, N. B.

Chief Justice Riddle will be the guest of honor at a banquet which is being tendered him by the Midwestern Bar Association in the Tecumseh House on Monday night next.

Miss Grace Braund, London South, was among the Londoners who attended the Rose Ball given by the Brant Chapter, L. O. D. E., at the Kerby House in Brantford last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Israel Taylor, Wellington street north, left this week for Florida, where they will spend the rest of the winter. They were accompanied by Mrs. J. Taylor of Toronto.

Miss Mildred Baker, who is studying music at the Toronto Conservatory of music, is spending the week-end in town, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Baker, Central avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Heard, Adelaide street, have just returned home after a tendered visit with Mr. and Mrs. John Watson in Listowel. They now have as their guest, Mrs. S. Sherbrook of Chicago.

Mrs. James Y. Foster, wife of the auditor at the Tecumseh House, has returned to London on Thursday, Feb. 7, at her home, 276 Ridout street south. Her mother, Mrs. W. H. Stapleton, of St. Thomas, and Mrs. Robert Ironside of this city, will receive with her.

Lady Tsen Mei was an interesting guest at the tea given yesterday afternoon by the Soldiers' Wives League at the home of Mrs. T. J. Murphy in Hyman street. Lady Tsen Mei gave an original song poem during the tea hour which was greatly enjoyed.

Mrs. J. B. P. Tanton was the

hostess this afternoon of a charming tea given at her home in Waterloo street. At the tea hour, Mrs. Frank White and Mrs. C. E. Gerstein presided over the tea table. Mrs. Tanton is giving another tea within the next few weeks.

Miss Margaret Kennedy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Kennedy, Richmond street north, has returned to her home from St. Joseph's Hospital, where she was operated on for appendicitis some days ago. It is a peculiar coincidence that just a year ago her sister Jean was operated on for the same trouble.

The Sunshine Club, of Trinity Chapter, O. E. S., is arranging a court whist to be held in the De Luxe Cafe next Friday afternoon in aid of the Eastern Star Home building fund. Mrs. H. S. Easton is convener, her committee including Mrs. C. Noble, Mrs. H. Luney, Mrs. S. Jones, Miss Upshall, Miss Bailey, Miss Pulling, Mrs. G. Gammage, Mrs. Ballantyne and Mrs. O. L. Cunningham.

Mrs. T. D. Patterson, Waterloo street, entertained at a jolly children's party yesterday afternoon in honor of her two children, Betty and Roy. The little guests, numbering sixteen, enjoyed games during the afternoon, and later supper was served at a table gayly decked with Valentine decorations. The young guests were: Nora Grant, Nora and Marjorie Fetherston, Betty Wood, Alice Lethbridge, Mary and Isabel Young, Ellen Grey, Billy Buchanan, Alexander and Fanny Grange, Jimmie Sutherland, Fergus Wood and Tommie Orr.

A successful affair of this afternoon was the euchre and bridge given at Wong's Cafe under the auspices of the Janey Canuck Chapter L. O. D. E. Sixty tables were arranged and following cards tea was served. Charming solos were given by Miss Edith Vann and Miss Carrie Fithett, and brilliant piano selections by Miss Mildred Baker, were also enjoyed. Miss Florence Jackson acted as convener of the affair which was given in aid of the chapter's endowment of a room in the War Memorial Hospital. The committee who assisted Miss Jackson included the regents, Mrs. W. J. Glassford, Mrs. W. Parkinson, Mrs. George Elliott and Misses Mable Dexter, Inez Sutherland, Ruby Alexander, Florence Widdien, Eva Arcott and E. Liddle.

An enjoyable affair of last evening was the social given in St. Peter's Parish Hall under the auspices of the Catholic Women's League. The president, Mrs. R. M. Burns, assisted by the members of the executive, welcomed the guests, who numbered over four hundred. Euchre and

bridge were played, the prizes for bridge going to Mrs. B. C. McCann and Mr. R. H. Dignan, and Mrs. W. Flannery and Mr. M. Croke won the euchre prizes. Dancing followed cards, and splendid music was provided by Lethbridge's orchestra. Several novelty dances were introduced. Miss Josephine Ewing won the prize in the Leap Year dance, and Mr. George La France and Miss Molly Gleeson carried off the prize for the solo waltz. The proceeds of the affair are in aid of the Catholic Club.

## SEVENTH REGIMENT CHAPTER.

The annual meeting of the Seventh Regiment Chapter, L. O. D. E., will be held in the officers' quarters at the armories on Tuesday night next, the chief business to be the election of officers and the reading of annual reports.

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There is one county in Pennsylvania—Lancaster—whose farm products are worth \$32,191,568, which is the largest valuation of farm production for a similar area on the face of the earth.

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## "We got our Exercise at the Wood Pile"

In the good old days when we were boys in the country there was no lack of exercise.

When other jobs ran out there was always wood to be cut and there is no denying that pushing the buck saw and swinging the axe are real exercise.

Rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes told of pure blood and an active liver. There was no lack of appetite those times and no complaints of indigestion.

But wood piles are not so plentiful now as they used to be and the tendency to avoid exercise is continually on the increase.

For this reason it becomes absolutely necessary to resort to other means of keeping the liver active and the bowels regular.

Particularly in the cold season when we live so much indoors with too little pure air to breathe and too much artificial food to eat do we require the use of medicine to regulate the vital organs.

In the great majority of homes Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are constantly kept on hand for this purpose because they have proven to be the most dependable regulator and suitable for all the family.

Neglect to keep the liver, kidneys and bowels in healthful activity is only courting trouble from such ailments as appendicitis, Bright's disease of the kidneys, diabetes, high blood pressure or other dreaded diseases.

By the use of one pill a dose at bedtime once or twice a week you can be sure of the healthful action of these eliminating organs and the prevention of such ills as naturally develop in a poisoned system.

Please note that while the price of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills is increased to 35 cts. a box the number of pills in a box is increased in the same proportion. Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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25¢

**DR. CHASE'S  
KIDNEY LIVER  
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ONE PILL A DOSE  
ONE CENT A DOSE

NEW BOX  
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## 3,000 Feet a Second.

The shell of a 15-inch gun of a battleship weighs a ton, but the enormous force behind it sends it on its way at more than 3,000 feet a second.

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Desperate Husband Whose Second Wife Is Wrecking His Home—The Girl of Nineteen Who Is Bored by Boys—The Engaged Girl Whose Fiance Is a Tyrant

Dear Dorothy Dix—I am a man fifty years of age. My first wife died when our last baby was born, and I raised the child through a harrowing period of housekeeping, and now have two little girls aged thirteen and nine. I was a widower for three years. Some six years ago I married a woman who was twenty years younger than myself. She has a terrific temper, and our home life is nothing but a series of fights and quarrels, devastating and miserable. She resents any little attentions I pay my little girls, and takes it out on them when I am at the office. Twice she has struck my youngest girl on the mouth with the back of her hand, and made it bleed profusely.

With all this distraction and worry I can't put my mind on my business as I should, and I have steadily gone back in earning power, until I am deeply in debt. My wife constantly upbraids me for my lack of money-making power, and tells me that I am an old man, a has-been. I have tried in every way to get her to see that our interests are one, and that together we could build up our home, that we should spend our energies fighting the outside world, not fighting each other, but she seems to be impervious to argument or appeal. Is there anything we can do to improve conditions, or should we smash up the whole works and call it all off?

Answer:

The only thing that can save a situation such as this is for the woman who is wrecking a home to have a change of heart and become a good angel instead of a domestic fiend.

All would be well if she would become a kind and loving mother to the helpless little children in her care instead of being a brutal stepmother; if she would become a loving and tender wife who stood back to back with her husband in his struggle with the world and breathed fresh courage into him; if she became one of the women who bring the spirit of peace instead of strife into the home. But I am afraid that this miracle never happens in real life. It is only in story books that people change their natures.

Personally, I have never known a woman who was a virago who ever learned to control her temper. I have never seen a selfish one become considerate of other people. I have never known a woman who nagged to cease from nagging, nor one who was tired of her husband and who regretted her marriage who fell in love with him again.

This is cold comfort to you, poor man, but we gain nothing by trying to deceive ourselves and believing that the impossible will happen. And I think you had better face the fact that your wife no longer cares for you and no longer regards you as a valuable matrimonial asset, you do not make enough money to gratify her. So she takes out her futile rage on you and the children, and there is nothing more unlikely than that she will reform her ways.

Your first duty is to your children. Your obligation to them is infinitely greater than it is to the woman who does not even try to make you a good wife, and you should remove them, as soon as possible, out of the power of a cruel stepmother.

You have my profoundest sympathy. Surely a man can be in no more harrowing position than to know that his defenseless little children are being mistreated by the woman he gave them for a mother.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl of nineteen, and I don't like boys. I mean they don't interest me. I go out with a boy a few times and then I get so tired of him I can't stand him any longer. I am so bored. I have had a lot of proposals, but I cannot endure the idea of marriage. Is there something wrong with me?

Answer:

Perhaps you are celibate by nature and were predestined to become a bachelor girl. Many men are born old bachelors, you know, and no woman ever appeals to them. And there are also women who are old maids in the cradle and in whose breast no man ever inspires a flutter.

It used to be that every woman considered it a reflection upon herself if she were not accompanied everywhere by a man, and it was little short of a disgrace for her not to marry. Now there are hordes of wealthy or self-supporting women who set up their own establishments and live their own lives, without any male encouragement, and who frankly proclaim that they prefer women's society to men's, and do not wish to marry.

But at nineteen I wouldn't be too certain that I was a man-hater. The reason you are not interested in men is most likely because the right man hasn't come along.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I have been engaged to a young man for the last two years, and we are always quarreling. I do everything he wants me to do, but still he is never satisfied. He says I must not talk to any of my friends because he calls that gossiping. If I differ with what he says, he says I am piking. He won't let me dress the way I want to, or use any cosmetics. If I happen to meet any of my friends when I am out with him, he gets angry and won't speak. He takes other girls to dances and says he does it because I make him mad, but I stay at home all the time, and never go anywhere without his knowing it. What shall I do?

PHYLLIS.

Answer:

If you have got any sense at all, Phyllis, you will break off with him while the breaking is good. He is nothing but a mean, grinding, domestic tyrant, and if you marry him your life will be one of abject slavery. Don't do it.

DOROTHY DIX.

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Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Wm. A. Fletcher*  
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

## WOMEN and THE HOME

## DENNY BROOKS

A STORY OF COURAGE  
By ELENORE MEHERIN.

CHAPTER LXXXVI.

Joan's Vigil.

He walked with breathless rapidity, repeating—and each time with fresh astonishment—"It's done. I've done it."

Images, colors, fragrance crowded about him. Snatches of Peter's warm "I love you, love you! Kiss me as much as you wish," whispered against his face. He heard her, saw her, felt her. . . . echoes following him like scent of exotic flowers or notes of enchanting song.

He laughed. I wanted to do this. I've wanted to do it all along. It's what I wanted to do.

A note of challenge rang through his thought. Faint, but with relentless persistence voices rose against it as though another argued with him. His mind was a stage. Thoughts jumped up and shook their fists at each other in an odd dialogue.

"I asked her to marry me. It's all settled now." This was the first word. Another answered:

"Yes, but you're not ready to get married."

"Not now." But in two years I will be.

"She won't wait two years."

He smiled. "She loves me. She'll wait."

"But she asked you to quit. You know she'll ask it again. That's her way. She'll tell her father she is to marry you and he'll get you another job. She said so. She won't wait down here two years."

"She knows I'll not quit. She knows that!"

"Does she? But she hopes the resignation will be accepted."

This thought went with a thud over his lulled senses, aroused them. Yes—Peter's face was radiant when she said, "Maybe they'll accept the resignation."

If they did and he had to return to the city? He grew hot. She would want to be married soon. The thing that was deepest in his heart now opened—Katy.

But it wouldn't make any difference to Katy. He'd have money enough—plenty for the operation. That would come first—before anything else on earth. He wouldn't dream of marriage until after that, until after Katy was cured.

The excitement that had been vague disquieting, came now and clamped about him with a throbbing heaviness. He could have waited. Why hadn't he? But nothing would change things between him and Katy.

Nothing.

He said this through his teeth, squared his shoulders. Well—what a fool he was worrying about this. The resignation wouldn't be accepted. He was certain of it. And in two years—why, he'd be rich! In two years Katy would be free as a bird. She'd be walking. Everything would be fine. Of course it would.

His feet raced to keep pace with his thoughts. He was at Taylor street and just turning north when he suddenly remembered the contracts and papers he needed. Joan was to leave them on his desk. He had intended reaching the city early because he wished to see Joan; he wanted to talk to her about James Dunlap; he wanted to hear all she had to say about the dam. But it was seven before he had arrived and he knew she would be gone.

When he reached the office building the elevators were stopped. He had to walk to the fifth floor. He turned down the darkened corridor. A light streamed into the hall. This light came from his own office.

He halted, then moved cautiously. The door was locked. Steps hurried over. "Is it you, Denny?"

"For heaven's sakes, Joan, what are you doing here?"

"I waited to see you. I had to see you. But everything is all right, is it?"

"It will be. But say, Joan, how long after eleven. You should never have stayed."

A faint color brushed over her cheeks. Her hair was drawn softly from her clear forehead, strands of bronze glinting through its shadows. She looked white and tired; an appealing, child-like weariness about her chin, but the gray-green eyes with their black, exaggerated lashes shone as though lights burned in their depths.

"Gee, I'm glad you did stay, Joan. You're a peach!"

"But I wanted to hear. And then I have to find out about this," she unfolded a paper. You see, the man is coming in the morning. But you don't seem worried at all, and I've half broken my heart wondering. But I knew you'd come out all right."

"Did you, Joan?" There was a comfort listening to the fine, clear voice. He didn't realize how much he had wished to see her.

"Yes—but it must have been terrible. I'd like to have been there."

"What would you have done, Joan?" Little purpose to his questions. He only wanted Joan to keep saying, "I knew it would come out all right." He wanted to see her face glow as he talked. There was in her now a warmth and sympathy that heartened him like the tenderness in Katy's eyes. Darn nice in her to wait till this hour!

And Joan caught the vibrant excitement in his tone. Gladness laughed in her. "He's not going to quit!" She didn't coax him to it.

"What do you make of that fellow Dunlap, Joan?" he asked finally.

"I'm afraid of him, Denny."

A chill clutched him. "What do you mean? Does he come around here much? Does he annoy you?"

"The mere fact that he's alive annoys me," she laughed. "I don't mean that I'm afraid for myself, although he's so insinuating with that whisper of his. I mean I don't trust him. Why should he have made that report against you?"

"He believes it. He thinks I bungled the labor affair."

"Well—the farmers don't, do they?"

"Oh, they'll never accept that resignation!"

"How do you know, Joan? They may."

"They won't! They won't! They wouldn't dare! They know it would have happened no matter who was on the job." She had flung her head back, her eyes passionate in the white purity of her face. There were little trembling movements about her

lips that touched him, that drew a gratitude melting through him. He felt like saying again, "You're a peach, Joan." He felt like laughing. "They won't accept it, Denny?"

"I hope not."

"Well, it's your job, Denny. You have a right to finish it." She smiled whimsically. "Isn't Katy praying for you, Denny? I felt as though no one could refuse what she might ask."

"You like Katy, don't you, Joan?"

"A little. That package is for her. Don't forget it. Well, I have to go or else I'll be put out of my austere boarding house."

"Wait a second." He was gathering up papers at his desk. In a corner was a handkerchief—lavender with tiny gold flowers embroidered in the corner. "Is this yours, Joan?"

"No, Miss Channing dropped it there."

Denny wished she would talk of Peter. He wanted to hear Joan's opinion—wanted to hear her say, "She's beautiful, isn't she? I never knew anyone so charming. Isn't she an angel?" Joan said things like this of Katy.

"Was she in today before you left? Did she stay long?" He was carefully folding the handkerchief. Joan noticed the deliberate quiet of his tones. "He loves her," she thought. And as she put on her hat and pretended to be pulling it over her face, she watched him. "Yes, he loves her. He thinks she is perfect—"

She picked up the all over her face, wetting her fingers to wipe the white from her eyes. Then she answered him:

"She stayed about an hour, Denny. She thought you'd come here first."

"I meant to, but it got so late." The expression of his face had changed. It was flushed, a touch of recklessness about the eyes.

"Oh, you love her," Joan thought. "You love her, and she'll tear the heart out of you." With a sudden impetuous tenderness she moved toward him, as though she would protect him.

He looked up, smiling, saying absent-mindedly, "Pretty little handkerchief, isn't it?"

Joan bit her lip. "Yes; it should be." She turned suddenly and closed a drawer in the filing cabinet. "She's wonderfully pretty, too."

He laughed. "Isn't she?"

Joan knew that she had lost.

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Washington, D.C.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which a physician said I would have to have for a very bad case of female trouble. My system was all run down for two years after my little girl was born. Then I read of your wonderful medicine and decided to try it. I could hardly drag on foot after the other, and after taking six bottles of the Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I now do all my housework, also washing and ironing, and do not know what real trouble is. My health is fine, and I weigh 140 pounds. When I started taking it I weighed 90 pounds. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any one who is suffering from female trouble or is run down. You may use this testimonial for I am only too glad to let suffering women know what the Vegetable Compound did for me."—Mrs. IDA HEWITT, 1529 Penna. Ave. S.E., Washington, D.C.

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Washington, D.C.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound saved me from an operation which a physician said I would have to have for a very bad case of female trouble. My system was all run down for two years after my little girl was born. Then I read of your wonderful medicine and decided to try it. I could hardly drag on foot after the other, and after taking six bottles of the Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I now do all my housework, also washing and ironing, and do not know what real trouble is. My health is fine, and I weigh 140 pounds. When I started taking it I weighed 90 pounds. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to any one who is suffering from female trouble or is run down. You may use this testimonial for I am only too glad to let suffering women know what the Vegetable Compound did for me."—Mrs. IDA HEWITT, 1529 Penna. Ave. S.E., Washington, D.C.

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## Trader's Castle Is a Heap of Ruins After the Visit of the Men

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Trader the Wood Rat was perfectly happy. Never in his short life had he had so many treasures. The best part of it was most of them were bright, shiny treasures. Trader dearly loves anything that is bright and shiny. Safe in his castle, which not even Yowler the Bob Cat could tear open, he had played with them all night, and when as daylight approached he curled up to sleep he dreamed about those treasures.

He was awakened by a great noise. He didn't know what to make of it. For a few moments he lay still and listened. He heard the creak of his bed and stole to the entrance to his house and looked down. Around the foot of the tree were several of those two-legged creatures called men, and they seemed to be greatly excited about something. Trader wondered what it was all about.

Two-legged creatures hunted about carefully on the ground and finally went off. They seemed to be in the best of spirits. As soon as they were out of sight Trader hurried back to the ruins of his house. The first thing he did was to look for those bright, shiny treasures. Not one was to be found. Then he understood. It was for those treasures that his home had been torn to pieces. Mournfully Trader sat in the midst of the ruins of his home and wondered what it was all about.

(Copyright, 1924, by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "The Man-Bird's Secret."

When two of the men began to climb the tree Trader went back to his snug bedroom. "I guess," said he to himself, "this is the best place for me. I'll stay here until those two-legged creatures go away."

Of course, he could hear those two men scrambling up in that tree. He could hear them talking to the men below, and the men below answering back. Then he heard a sound that really startled him. Those men in that tree had begun to tear his castle apart. He could hear the sticks being pulled out. His heart began to thump with fright. For the first time in his life he suspected that there might be someone who could tear that castle of his apart.

He couldn't understand why they kept tearing that castle of his apart. He had supposed at first that they were after him, but he knew that they knew that he was no longer in that nest.

Every moment or two there would be a shout of "I've found another!" which, of course, Trader didn't understand.

At last his castle was in ruins on the ground. Then those dreadful





# GRAND

Devoted to Highest Standard of Entertainment

MATINEE 2:15. TWICE TODAY. EVENING 8:15

MR. ANTHONY GORDON

And His Distinguished London Company in SIR ARTHUR WING PINERO'S Fragrant Comedy Classic

## 'Sweet Lavender'

Specially Selected ALL-STAR LONDON COMPANY.

Prices—EVENINGS 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00  
SEATS NOW! SAT. MAT. 50c, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

MATINEES 2:15 TWICE DAILY. EVENINGS 8:15

JOSEPH LEVITT ATTRACTIONS (INC.)

PRESENTS

A RIP-ROAROUS  
COLUMBIA REVUE

## 'GIGGLES'

WITH

HARRY EVANSON

'THE FUNNIEST COMIC  
IN BURLESQUE'

AND

WILLIAM DAVIS

AND ALL-STAR CAST



Harry Evanson (Himself)

EXTRA! EXTRA!

### 'La Danse du Mort'

The European Sensation

A SENSATION!

St. Clair, Dotson  
& Millard McConn

Whirlwind Dancers

24—Bouncing Baby Dolls—24

EVENINGS — 25c, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

DAILY MATINEES — 25c and 50c.

DAILY BARGAIN MAT.—PRICES FOR LADIES.

25c

SEATS NOW

Next Thursday, Friday, Saturday

EVENINGS 8:15 SATURDAY MATINEE 2:15

The Theatrical Event of This or Any

Other Season.

FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON OF SCREEN-

DOM'S BIGGEST STAR

Coming  
Direct to  
the Grand  
From a  
Phenomenal  
Week at  
His Majesty's  
Theatre,  
Montreal.



Remember,  
This is  
Not a Moving  
Picture. You  
Have seen  
Him on  
The screen,  
Now see  
Him in  
Person.

Smiling

## TOM MOORE

The Idol of Stage and Screen

(HIMSELF)

In Eugene Walter's New Comedy Drama Success

'THIEVES IN CLOVER'

DISTINGUISHED ALL-STAR SUPPORTING CAST!

Note: At the request of Mr. Moore himself, the Saturday Matinee is set aside as a personal matinee for ladies. Mr. Moore will personally meet all ladies attending the Saturday Matinee immediately after the performance.

Prices

EVENING—Orchestra, \$1.50 and \$2.00. Box Seats, \$2.50

Balcony, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Gallery, 50c

SAT. MAT.—Orchestra, \$1, \$1.50, \$2.00. Boxes, \$2.50

Balcony, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

MAIL ORDERS NOW! You Have Seen Him Smile, Now Laugh With Him!

THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, FEB. 14, 15, 16

With Popular Saturday Matinee

JACQUES PIERRE OFFERS

## Julian Eltinge—Tom Brown

—AND—

SIX BROWN BROTHERS

With "BLACKFACE" EDDIE ROSS

In the Most Unique Entertainment in the World.

## 'BLACK and WHITE'

SIXTY TALENTED ARTISTS

REVUE of 1924

Biggest Saxophone Band in the World.

Headed by TOM BROWN.

MAIL ORDERS NOW

EVENINGS—Orchestra, \$2.50, \$2.00. Balcony, \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 75c. Sat. Mat.—Orchestra, \$1.50

Balcony, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75c, 50c. Gallery, A

Performances, 50c.

BURLESQUE  
DRAMA  
VAUDEVILLE  
PICTURES  
and MUSIC

# THEATRES NEXT WEEK

BURLESQUE  
DRAMA  
VAUDEVILLE  
PICTURES  
and MUSIC

## 'GIGGLES' IS HALF OF WHAT'S COMING

Fun by the Barrels Promised  
at Grand on Monday.

A visit to Columbia burlesque at the Grand Theatre Monday should be planned by lovers of light entertainment and admirers of pretty girls. "Giggles" is the name of the attraction scheduled for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and its producers give assurance in advance that this little only half conveys the amount of fun that will be found in its nine attractive scenes.

It is reported from other cities where "Giggles" has played, that while there are plenty of giggles as the show proceeds, there are lots more real hearty laughs. Producers Harry Evanson and William Davis, the authors of the book, have striven for comedy and are declared to have been unusually successful. An organization that knows how to set the most out of the amusing lines and situations is said to have been assembled.

This aggregation of fun-makers is headed by Harry Evanson, the featured comedian, and includes William Davis, Joe Lang, Sid Rogers, Olive DeCovney, Mildred Simmons, Kitty Warren, Zoe North, the Burley Jazz Band and La Penly and Kaney. Harry Evanson is well known to local theatregoers as a book comedian and is said to be funnier than ever. William Davis, a very clever straight man, is the foil for Evanson's comedy undertakings.

Kitty Warren is noted in the world of entertainment for her impersonations of male types as well as for the facility and grace of the style of entertaining she does as a singing and dancing soubrette. Sid Rogers and Joe Lang are character comedians who will assist Harry Evanson in perpetuating waves of laughter to the last ripple.

Mildred Simmons and Zoe North are both ingenues who possess pleasing personalities and fine voices. La Penly and Kaney are marvellous dancers who come from far off Argentina, while the Six Burley Jazz Band is composed of women who are declared the best instrumental interpreters of syncopated tunes heard in many moons. Costumes of rare and beautiful design are changed ten times in the twice-daily presentations of "Giggles" by a chorus of girls favored with good looks and talent.

## TOM MOORE WILL APPEAR AT GRAND

Famous Screen Star Comes in  
Person in a Gripping  
Play.

Lovers of the spoken drama and fans of the silver screen alike will

## NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE



### WHO THEY ARE—

- 1—TOM MOORE, the idol of stage and screen, at the Grand Thursday, Friday and Saturday next.
- 2—KITTY WARREN, one of the charmers, with Joseph Levitt's Columbia Revue "Giggles" at the Grand Monday.
- 3—Harry Evanson, that funny cut-up, with "Giggles" at the Grand Monday.
- 4—OLIVE DE COVNEY—whose charm and grace will delight Grand patrons on Monday in the Columbia Revue, "Giggles."
- 5—MILDRED SIMMONS, who will be seen in the Columbia Revue "Giggles" at the Grand Monday.

## ELTINGE, BROWN COMING TO GRAND

Gorgeous Show Accompanies  
Famous Musicians in Great  
Comedy.

Elaborate costuming, gorgeous staging, tuneful music, good dancing and many girls—all the features that go to make a whirlwind success of a musical comedy—are found in full measure in the Julian Eltinge and Tom Brown Black and White Revue of 1924, with "Blackface" Eddie Ross, which opens its engagement at the Grand Thursday, Feb. 14, for three nights and Saturday matinee.

If you love music—the hitting sort that sings itself into your memory and stays there; if your feet just won't behave themselves when you hear jazz, then the place for you is in the Grand Theatre at the Black and White Revue, with its saxophone band of thirty pieces, and its jazz orchestra.

This is a real metropolitan production, with no expense spared to bring to the city all the latest and most original touches, and the most beautiful maidens to adorn them. There are sixty entertainers in the organization, and among them are Theresa Valerio, former star of Tip-Top, who is at her best in the Black and White Revue, and supporting her are those dainty sprites, Zella Walton, Pauline Lorraine and Babetta Fuller, and that quartet.

And the chorus—you'll have to see and hear it for yourself—the girls are not the least bit hard to look at.

## 'CALL OF CANYON' HAS GREAT APPEAL

Famous Picture From Zane  
Grey's Novel Coming  
to Loews.

The inspiring contrast between traffic-crowded streets in New York and magnificent open spaces of mountainous Arizona are shown in a manner never before presented on the screen in "The Call of the Canyon," a Paramount picture adapted from Zane Grey's latest novel, which will be on view at Loew's Theatre next Monday. Mr. Grey is said to have accomplished one of the greatest achievements of his career in this novel.

The picture retains the spirit of the story. The scenes in Arizona described in the story were used as a background for the picture, as was the case in filming "To the Last Man," the first of Mr. Grey's stories to be picturized for Paramount.

Featured in the cast are Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and Marjorie Daw. The picture was directed by Victor Fleming. Heading the supporting cast are Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez and Fred Huntley, men at the top of their profession. Doris Schroeder and Edith Bingham adapted the story for the screen.

The picture deals with that phase of current American history immediately following the great war, when the world went mad over jazz music and wild extravagance. Richard Dix as Glenn Kilbourne, a war hero, returns to his sweetheart Carley Burch, who is living a gay life like the rest of young America. Carley, played by Lois Wilson, is unwilling to give up city luxuries to go west with Kilbourne. In Arizona, meanwhile, Glenn meets Flo Hunter (Marjorie Daw). He is about to marry her when Carley Burch arrives from the east.

A series of dramatic scenes follow in which the girl from New York wages a battle of wits against Flo for the affections of Kilbourne. The bigness of the spirit of westerners is shown in the final scenes, which are filled with suspense to the close of the picture. It is a picture that none can see without enjoyment and profit.

REBEKAH EUCHRE.

Special to The Advertiser.

Wallacaburg, Feb. 1.—The members of the Rebekah Lodge, I.O.O.F., entertained to twelve tables of euchre and dancing and music at the home of Mrs. Fred Pettifer, Wallace street, on Wednesday evening. About 75 guests attended and a real enjoyable time was spent. The prizes were won by Lorne Haggerty and George Whelan, and the consolation prizes by John Wager and Millard McConn. Refreshments were later served by the ladies.

Beauties," in the biggest Columbia success of the circuit.  
Coming Three Days, Feb. 14, 15 and 16, with Saturday matinee—Julian Eltinge, the greatest impersonator in the world, with Tom Brown and the Six Brown Brothers, and Blackface Eddie Ross, in "The Black and White Revue of 1924."

# LOEWS

"LAST TIME TODAY  
West of The Water Tower"  
with Glenn Hunter

DRAWN BY — HAV NASH

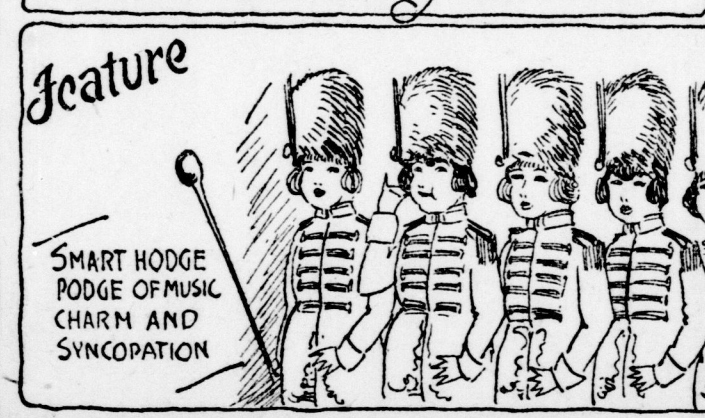
"LAST TIME TODAY  
LADY TSEN MEI"  
The Chinese Nightingale

MONDAY TUESDAY &amp; WEDNESDAY

February 4th 5th and 6th

THURSDAY FRIDAY &amp; SATURDAY

February 7th 8th and 9th





# THEATRES

## ATTRACTIONS NEXT WEEK

### "REG'LAR FELLER" TELLS HIS STORY

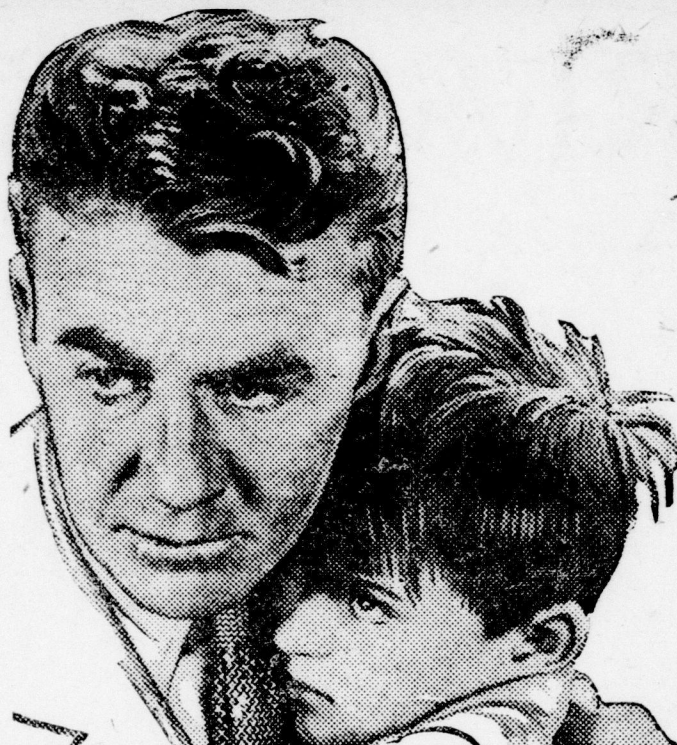
Review of "Big Brother" Written by Reformed New York Gangster.

Went down to the Theatre last night to see dat Tommy Moore feller in "Big Brother." Rex Beach wrote de story, a reg'lar guy I understand. It sure is a beaut. All about a bozo as white as dey come, Jimmy Donovan's his name, king o' de Car Barn Bandits. Accordin' to de story, a bloke named Navarro, wised up by Cokey Joe Miller, who Jimmy had beat up fer insultin' Kitty Costello, de only

skirt Jimmy pays any attention to, bumps off Big Ben Murray, Jim's side-kick, at a jig, mistakin' him fer Donovan.

Now Murray had a kid brudder, Midge, what Jimmy promised he'd take care of. Jim tries to toin over a new leaf, but de bulls are always on his neck pesterin' and den when dey takes Midge to a orphan asylum way Donovan jes naturally threatens to tear de whole town up by de roots. But Kitty gets him to take a job in the place where she works and he kinda cools down a bit.

Some yeggz relieves Kitty o' de plant's payroll and her and Donovan is blamed. But Jimmy loins tru de Car Barn boys dat Cokey Joe got de coin. He logs it to de hangout o' de hophead and shoots up de whole bunch, bein' plugged a couple o' times hisself, so he has to be took to de hospital. But he gets de cash. Father Dan Marron goes to de judge in juvenile court and tells him of Jimmy's noive and impresses de old brain so much dat Midge is



TOM MOORE COMING.

Tom Moore, the most popular star in screenland, who will be seen at Loew's Theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday in Rex Beach's Paramount success, "Big Brother."

let out, bein' brought where Donovan is layin' in de bone factory. Midge tells Jim he ain't gonna croak. All he's gotta do is cooperate. Den Kitty chimes in wit' "And dere's me, too, Jimmy."

And dey all lives happily ever after. Believe me dis is some fillum. And dat kid's a whiz.

"Big Brother" is the feature attraction at Loew's next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

#### PRESBYTERY MEETING.

Special to The Advertiser. Paisley, Feb. 1.—A special meeting of Bruce Presbytery was held in the Knox Church, Paisley, to deal with the translation of Rev. Mr. Mooney of Port Elgin, who has accepted a call to a Woodstock church.

#### APPOINTED HIGH CONSTABLE.

Special to The Advertiser. Paisley, Feb. 1.—Arch. Ferguson of Walkerton was appointed high constable of Bruce at the recent session of Bruce County Council.

### At Loews

Today—Glenn Hunter, in "West of the Water Tower," with Ernest Torrence and May McAvoy and all-star cast. Comic, Loew's Pictorial and vaudeville.

Extra Extraordinary Vaudeville Attraction Today, Friday and Saturday—Lady Tsen Mei, the Chinese nightingale, the Mary Pickford of China's screen, and the Nora Bayes of their stages, in a unique vaudeville offering.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next, Feb. 4, 5 and 6—Zane Grey's "The Call of the Canyon," with Richard Dix, Lois Wilson and all-star cast. Added film features and three acts supreme vaudeville.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7, 8 and 9—Tom Moore, the popular screen star, in "Big Brother." Comic, Loew's Pictorial, and three acts supreme vaudeville.

## The Farmer's Wife:

Likes Geraniums, But Cold Her Pet Aversion.

If a woman loves a garden. Have one she always will. If it's only for geraniums. On the kitchen window sill.

Is there anything more cheery-looking on a dull winter's day than a row of scarlet geraniums with their bright faces pressed against the window pane? If I were asked to choose a national flower for Canada I think I would name this adaptable plant that is as much at home in a farm-house as in a millionaire's conservatory and that blooms just as happily in a little log shanty on the northern fringe of civilization as it does in a city park. Our window gardens are a great pleasure to us in the country and it is quite a heart-break when very cold weather comes and ruins them. Just now we are having the snappiest cold snap we have met this winter, and the continuous complaint over the telephone today is, "I lost all my plants last night." I was telling one of my neighbors this morning that this is the first time I have ever got ahead of her in anything—all my plants were frozen two weeks ago when we were away. I hated to lose them, too, as I had some of them for years, but it was a small price to pay for the good time we had in the city. Then when it got so cold yesterday we could say with a resigned air, "Well, we haven't the plants to worry about anyway."

#### Need More Care.

As proud as I was of my flowers, I could not give them quite the care they needed. One woman, who has no small children to look after, puts her plants in a sort of fireless cooker arrangement on extra cold nights—a big packing box lined with old blankets. She lives in a little log house with two tiny south windows which are so full of bloom all winter that it is a wonder there is any light inside the room at all. Another of my neighbors actually sits up all night to keep the fire going, and anyone who takes all that trouble deserves to have the finest plants in the countryside. I am sure they will both be generous and set the rest of us up again with geranium and begonia slips. If you want geraniums to bloom in the summer you must start them at the time of the new moon in April—or perhaps it is the full moon, or the last quarter. I'm not sure which time the sign is right, but the lady who gives me the cuttings will let me know.

The oldest inhabitants who talk about the good old-fashioned winters should be satisfied with the sample of weather we have had yesterday and today. Twelve below zero and a wind blowing that rattles the bones of this loose-jointed old house and makes the upstairs rock in an alarming manner. It is reassuring to remember that the house has been through a good many windstorms in the course of the last seventy years and has never been blown away yet. And besides, these old houses are

made with a frame like a barn with heavy twelve-inch beams fastened together with stout oak pins. In those days there was no scarcity of wood. It was all grown on the farm, and practically the only cost of a house was the price of having the logs cut into rough lumber at the nearest mill. All the planing and dressing was done by hand, even the laths were split with an axe.

#### Breezy Spot.

The kitchen is a breezy spot these days, as it gets all the benefit of the west wind and the frost has crept through the west wall and formed lumps of ice on the nail heads and the door latch. If any water is spilled on the floor beside the door it quickly forms a miniature skating rink, much to the delight of the children. And when we brought the coal oil can in from the woodshed it was soon covered with artificial ice a quarter of an inch thick.

Fortunately we have plenty of fuel and can keep the furnace and the stove going full blast. Lest we should feel too snug about it, however, the furnace wood is wet and the moisture

condenses in the long horizontal pipe and drips into a row of basins on the floor. Anyone who has had experience with a leaky stove pipe knows this sticky brown liquid and the indelible stain it makes on anything that happens to be in its way. Possibly the pipe needs cleaning too, but we won't take it down to investigate until the weather moderates.

#### Pump on Strike.

Jack Frost thought he was playing quite a trick on us when he froze the sink drain, but he can't make us mad that way, as we haven't any water to put down the sink anyway. The pump has gone on strike again and the delicately constituted pump man can't do any work in the country in the winter. So one of the Farmer's outdoor sports these days is hauling water from the next door neighbor's, and after we have used our share in the house we save it for the pigs. I melted snow one day, but it was a tiresome job, a boiler full of snow shrieks to about a quart of water. Yet if the children bring a little snow in on their feet it floods the whole kitchen.

Isn't this a cheery little article? Frozen plants—cold kitchen—driving furnace pipes—frozen drain! I should have waited until the sun came out, as it is sure to do tomorrow.

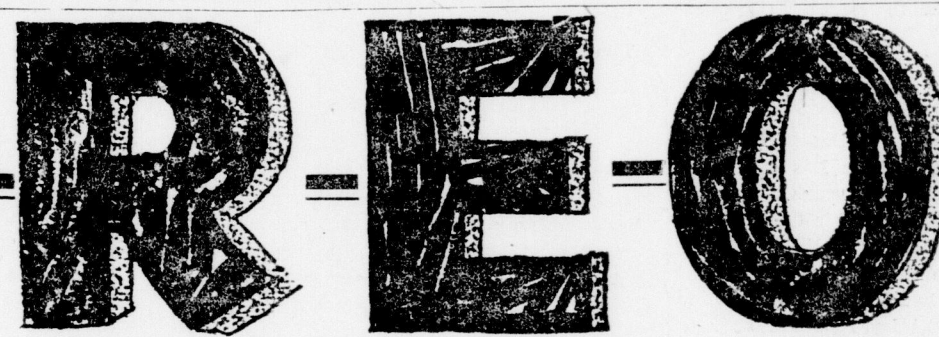
## YOUR NEIGHBOR DRUGGIST

No matter where you may buy

### SCOTT'S EMULSION

your druggist guarantees its purity and goodness absolutely. Ask your druggist for Scott's Emulsion.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont.



announces the appointment of a New Representative for

## MIDDLESEX COUNTY

### Mr. A. H. Burrows

90 YORK ST. LONDON

### HUDSON and ESSEX DEALER

Will hereafter represent the Reo line of automobiles and Speed Wagons in this favored territory. No need to tell you who he is, for his sterling personal qualities and high business code are well known in this community. None stand higher; none are more trustworthy; none more progressive or capable.

REO PRODUCTS have long enjoyed a splendid patronage throughout London and Middlesex County—their reputation everywhere is second to none—but at no time in their nineteen years of unparalleled success has so much durability, craftsmanship and beauty been built into

PASSENGER CARS TAXI CABS  
SPEED WAGONS MOTOR BUSES



BROUGHAMS, SEDANS, COUPES, PHAETONS, TOURING CARS embody all that foremost engineering has produced—the new closed body jobs unquestionably offer the greatest values in the market today—they are the last word in modern coach building and are priced surprisingly low.

SPEED WAGONS are known to every man who has anything to haul—100,000 of them are successfully serving every line of business in town or country—1,000 of these are known to have run 50,000 to 600,000 miles—nobody knows how far Speed Wagons will run.

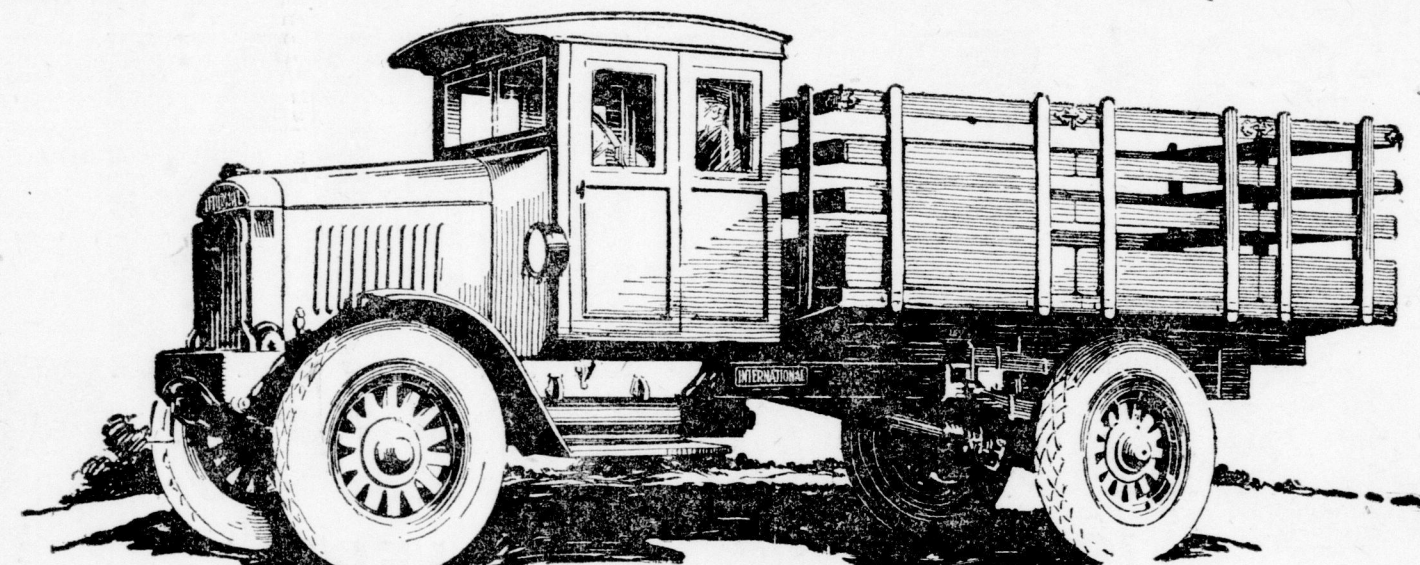
MR. BURROWS is wholly in accord with Reo's policy of rendering prompt, efficient and intelligent service—his unsurpassed facilities and resources enables him to serve you most efficiently. Skilled mechanics, backed up with an adequate stock of parts and modern equipment, are here to serve you.

WE TAKE a justifiable pride in making this announcement—we urge every Reo owner to visit him soon. Mr. Burrows joins with us in a cordial invitation to the trade to inspect Reo models now on display in his showrooms.

## Reo Motor Car Co. of Canada, Ltd.

WINDSOR : : : : ONTARIO

# International



## Announcing a NEW Line of Heavy-Duty Models

**N**EAR after year International Motor Trucks have been improved; changes made where such improvements would add to the accessibility, convenience of driving, and reduce the cost of upkeep. Now we introduce to you the 1924 models, which incorporate all previous superior features of International construction, to which are added some changes in design that we feel sure will meet with approval everywhere.

### Ball-Bearing Crankshaft Guaranteed for Life

The engine used in all heavy-duty Internationals retains its simplicity, accessibility, and the standard International feature of the removable cylinders. In addition, the big, sturdy two-bearing crankshaft is guaranteed against breakage, and its oversize crankshaft ball bearings are guaranteed against breaking, wearing out, or burning out, for the life of the truck. Here is smoothness of operation, plenty of power and strength—all backed by a warranty which is unequalled in the history of motor truck manufacture.

equalled in the history of motor truck manufacture.

### New Steering Gear

A new steering gear has been adopted. It is International designed, of the worm-and-gear type, and so placed that powerful wheel leverage is given the driver. There is plenty of foot room, and the worm-and-gear is located above the foot boards, where adjustments may be made easily and quickly.

### Powerful Brakes

Good brakes are essential in present-day traffic conditions. When the driver applies the brakes on an International he can feel sure that he has his load under control.

### Internal Gear Drive Rear Axle

All International motor trucks are built with internal gear final drive, special International design. The reliability, efficiency, and endurance of this drive have been proved beyond question by the many thousands of Internationals in actual daily use.

The line is complete, starting with the 2,000-lb. capacity Speed Truck, and including five heavy-duty models up to 10,000-lb. maximum capacity. See the new Internationals at any International dealer's showroom or at the nearest Company branch house.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY of Canada, Limited.

217 YORK STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO.

# Motor Trucks

## DEALERS CHEATED THE GOVERNMENT

Official Alleges Petite Cote Liquor Exporters Forced Closing Order.

### TROUBLE IS PREDICTED

Special to The Advertiser. Windsor, Feb. 1.—The last load of beer has gone from Petite Cote, Ont., to Ecorse, according to a government official, who said today that the privilege of using docks at Petite Cote as a base for liquor operations was withdrawn because the dealers cheated the government out of excise taxes. His report said more liquor was being seized by United States officers than the government was getting customs fees for clearing. Exporting will have to be done from the docks at Sandwich, where they will be under surveillance.

Predict Trouble. Some dealers predict a return of the lawlessness which prevailed when the crack of the rifle was heard in marshes; gun fights between the runners and the police were common and motor cops laden with liquor raced along river roads to secluded spots.

Police Check Stocks. A squad of provincial police was sent from headquarters in Windsor today to Petite Cote to check stocks of beer held there for shipment. Inspector M. N. Mousseau said no irregularities had been found. No seizures were made.

## C.P.R. EMPLOYEES SIGN AGREEMENT

Request For Increase Postponed But Certain Rules Are Revised.

Canadian Press Despatch. Montreal, Feb. 1.—A new schedule agreement was arrived at and signed today in Montreal between the Canadian Pacific Railway and certain classes of its employees on eastern lines covered by the International Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks, Freight Handlers, Express and Station Employees. The agreement, which involves some 2,000 men, is the culmination of negotiations which commenced in October last. It comes into effect as from today.

FEDERAL JUDGE DEAD. Associated Press Despatch. San Francisco, Cal., Feb. 1.—Judge Norton Parker Chipman, former presiding justice of the state court of appeals for the third district, died here today.



## London Advertiser

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

The Advertiser is represented in Toronto at 55 King street east, and in Montreal at 317 Transportation Building, by J. B. Rathbone, in New York at 247 Park avenue, in Chicago at 122 South Michigan avenue, and in Boston at 294 Washington street, by C. H. Eddy Co.

SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2, 1924.

### At Death's Door.

Canada has a sympathetic interest in the battle being waged by ex-President Wilson against man's last enemy, death.

Broken by years of office under a strain that was too great for any man to bear; turned upon and denounced by his own people for an honest effort to establish a world court, his physical strength was not as great as his moral courage, and the process of breaking up commenced.

The ex-president knows that the end is near, and he has consciousness enough left to assure his watchers that the hour of his departure is at hand and all is well.

It may be that before this paper is distributed the distinguished American will have passed over to the great majority. He played his part according to his light; no man can do more; none dare do less.

### The Decision Needed.

One firm in the east end of London has paid its taxes on the basis of the city being able to collect the taxes on the area now under dispute.

In case the courts rule that the city has not the right to so collect, a rebate will be allowed.

This suggests that the finding should be handed out by the trial judge who heard the case. All the arguments were presented a couple of months ago, and whatever precedents may have a bearing on the case existed prior to that time.

The council will soon be asked to strike its rate for 1924 and it should be in a position to proceed intelligently in the matter.

If the city loses, it means that in 1923 we spent \$15,000 which we did not own, and therefore will have to replace it by another \$15,000 in the 1924 estimates.

It would facilitate matters very much to have the decision of the court on the point.

### "That They Go Forward."

Sunday school lessons of recent weeks have dealt with the travellings of the children of Israel after leaving the bondage of Egypt. The average student is liable to pass too lightly over the full importance and the tremendous scale on which this movement was carried on. Even one well versed in the moving of large bodies of men by present-day methods must stop and admit defeat at the thought of taking 600,000 men, besides women and children, out of the hand of their slave masters at a given moment, and leading them through a land that was strange and in many cases barren.

There are lessons in it for the leaders of Christian activity in this day and generation, when there is so much talk and argument; when there are leaders saying "this is the way out," and on the other corner those who proclaim that "this is the only way."

The church cannot rely on human leadership, although in too many cases it does. It is a divinely ordained institution, and has no right to claim to be anything else. It has no right to look to anything else for its guidance.

The children of Israel, as they fled with the armies of the Pharaoh behind them, came into a peculiar position. The sea was on one side, the desert on the other; ahead were the mountains that they could not attempt, and behind the Egyptian pursuers. What a time for the critics and the advisers to get in their work; what a chance for the human advisers to act as finger posts pointing out what should be done. Surely there was need for appointing some more committees from among the children of Israel, some advisory boards, some experts who could bring in a report showing how best to solve the situation.

Then, as now, there would be the numerous voices of those who in their own strength sought to solve the problem. No pastor in the year 1924 ever faced a problem such as confronted Moses on this occasion. And what happened? Moses took the matter back to the Lord, and the answer stands out as one of the mountain peaks in the Old Testament. There was no argument; there was no request for more organization work; there was no lengthened explanation. Simply that one, sublime command, "Speak to the children of Israel, that they go forward."

And that one command, divine in its concise authority, and god-like in

its power to meet the situation, turned the faces of the children of Israel all in the one direction.

That was years and centuries ago, but that command has had and still has the ability to live without diminishing, and the power to speak today as it spoke to that sorely-pressed procession under the Mosaic command.

Turn it around a bit and make it read, "Speak to the Christian Church of 1924 that it go forward." Forward to do the work it was sent to do in the first place; forward from the by-paths into which it has turned; forward to tell the story of salvation; forward to give the gospel to the thousands and the tens of thousands who have never heard it.

Let the multitude of advisers be still and listen for the divine command, and, hearing it, face the task with a determination born of a God-given inspiration.

### Public Speaking.

The oratorical contest in the Central Collegiate in London on Friday night gave a concrete example of the good work that the inter-school competition in this district is doing.

It is quite a trip from the stage where the boys makes his first faltering utterances to the place where he can stand up, without notes, and without hesitation discourse fluently and well on a given subject for a period of fifteen minutes.

It is a training and a schooling not to be lightly passed over. Many a man today makes the remark, regretful and reminiscent, "I wish I could stand up and say what I want to say." These inter-school debates are solving the problem for the boys of today.

### An Unusual Woman.

A Woodstock woman was confronted by a burglar, who threatened to shoot her if she did not throw up her hands.

Instead of complying, she used her hands to grapple with the intruder, and finally succeeded in ejecting him from the house.

There are not many women who would have followed this course. They are supposed to be afraid of armed men.

The weak spot in the occurrence is that the brave burglar escaped.

He is of that miserable, sneaking class who respond to the lash and to nothing else.

### The Great Contrasts.

A special cable from Berlin points out that while the world at large is being asked for money to feed German children there are places of amusement and wine gardens where as high as \$150,000 a night is taken in.

It is the old story of the uneven distribution of wealth, and the folly that is shown in its use.

It was so in the days of Solomon, and it was so in the days of Pharaoh; it has been true ever since, and it is true today.

A vulgar display of wealth, a deliberate refusal to recognize stewardship or responsibility in its distribution—these things make anarchists or agitators out of decent, normal men.

Germany may be making an exhibition of this sort in certain places, but we can look much closer home and get a glimpse of the same thing.

### Making His Salary.

Canada is to have a new auditor-general at \$15,000 a year, being \$9,000 more than the amount paid to his predecessors. Mr. Gonthier, of Montreal, is the new official.

Some criticism is leveled at the government for paying an amount that is in excess of that previously paid. The wisdom of the move will be demonstrated by Mr. Gonthier's ability to justify the larger amount.

An auditor-general is not a mere bookkeeper, nor an overseer of the system of keeping accounts. He can ask questions, probe into this corner and that, and if he has spine enough it should not take him long to make himself worth \$15,000 a year.

It is up to the new official to justify the price the government has put on his services.

### Note and Comment.

Karl Homuth's appeal in South Waterloo has been thrown out. The reasonable thing is for the government to order a by-election at once; there is still time to have it over so that South Waterloo may be represented in the legislature. If the writ is not issued an injustice will be done to the riding.

Kitchener Record: "It is a noteworthy fact that a large number of the chief industrial centers of Ontario are represented by Liberal or Independent Liberal members. Among these are such important manufacturing towns as Windsor, Brantford, Chatham, Stratford, Peterboro, Oshawa, Welland, Woodstock and Kitchener. It is putting it mildly to say that none of these members are free traders."

## Rarebits By Rex

### MODERN LOVE SONG.

Come, darling, my sweet, by beloved  
Let's seek out a judge or J. P.  
For I'm really crazy about you,  
And you say you're nuts about me:  
I never could love, dear, another,  
To no other maiden be true;  
The all of my world, dear, is wrapped  
up and furled, dear,  
In the neat little bit that is you.

To think, oh, my dear, it was only  
This evening the first time we met;  
But true love is swift as the arrow,  
And we'll never have cause to regret.  
So, sweet, let us hasten and marry;  
Before us lies happiness, life—  
But first, dear, of course, you must  
get a divorce  
From your hubby, and I from my wife.

Most men would rather have beer  
than either water or whiskey. They  
prefer the hoppy medium.

Photographs taken at Palm Beach  
and other resorts are apparently to  
illustrate "what the women won't  
wear."

If a man stamps his foot with indignation  
when he receives a wallop  
over the eye it means that he wears  
a 13 collar.

A parade of 12,000 Ford cars was  
put on in Detroit. Would you call  
that the far-flung rattle line!

Egyptian mummies recently found  
indicate the women of that time  
dressed just as they do today. The  
immodest creatures!

The groundhog may not come out  
of its winter quarters today, but the  
roadhog will be in his accustomed  
place.

A sponge is not usually deaf and  
dumb, yet he is an expert on the  
touch system.

### THE LOWBROW.

"Say, have you read 'The Flaming  
Young Smith' remarked to Tuff.  
"No," Tuff returned, "I never yearned  
to read that sort of stuff."

"Well, have you tried 'If Winter  
Comes,'  
By A. S. Hutchinson,  
Or 'Wild Girls of the London Slums,'  
And 'Spanish Love,' by Brun?"

Tuff smiled. "I only read," he said,  
"Such trash as Ibsen wrote.  
I even dare to try Voltaire."  
And on John Keats' I dote:  
I've read all Shakespeare, Dickens  
too.

Rousseau and Maeterlinck;  
I spend an hour with Schopenhauer.  
His essays make me think.  
Smith walked away. "Good gosh,"  
cried he.

"Poor Tuff ain't read a bit;  
I never knew a guy could be  
So blameworthy!"

De Wolf Hopper's fifth wife has  
left him, and now, we suppose, he is  
a grass hopper.

You can't blame people for getting  
angry when told they are descended  
from monkeys. Our children will be  
just as angry when informed they  
are descended from movie fans.

### To the Editor

#### East End Collegiate.

Mother Points Out That Distances  
Are Too Great For Many of the  
Children.

Editor of The Advertiser:  
Sir: I hope the residents of the  
east end of London, especially the  
mothers, are making it plain enough  
that they do not desire to have the  
East End Collegiate housed in a  
corner of the Technical School. The  
distances from the school are too  
great for children in the more remote  
parts of the east, and besides it was  
distinctly understood that there  
should be a school in this section.  
If the members of the board of  
education had it in their minds to  
switch matters as they want to do  
now, they should have stated it at  
the time of the election. They did  
not, but all agreed that a school for  
the east end was a necessary matter  
that would be dealt with.

RECTORY STREET MOTHER.

#### Sees No Justice.

Reader Points Out That Mine Leader  
Was Taken Away From Home for  
His Trial.

Editor of The Advertiser:  
Sir:—In your issue of the 31st  
ult., appears a letter by one calling  
himself "Another Lover of Justice."  
He admits having noticed in the  
press lately a series of letters concern-  
ing the case of James McLachlan.

This of itself should convince him  
or any intelligent person that Mc-  
Lachlan was unjustly dealt with;  
but here again, as I had occasion  
to remark in a recent issue of your  
paper, the old saying, "Convince a  
man against his will, he is of the  
same opinion still," would apply.  
"Another Lover of Justice" in his  
letter says, "McLachlan was tried by  
a jury of twelve honest men in a  
place where the population would not  
be prejudiced."

Now, McLachlan was condemned  
not by a jury of his peers, but by a  
jury picked hundreds of miles away  
from the scene of the strike.

Note, too, that the panel from  
which the jury was drawn contained  
only one trades unionist.  
I do not wish to trespass further  
on your space, and will conclude,  
advising "Another Lover of Justice"  
to stare facts straight in the face  
like a man, and be of some use to  
humanity. Yours truly,  
D. Mc.

### A Tree

I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree.  
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing  
breast.

A tree that looks at God all day  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray.  
A tree that may in Summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,  
Who intimately lives with rain.  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.  
—JOYCE KILMER.

## The Guide Post—By Henry van Dyke

### THE IMPULSIVE PETER.

So when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his coat  
about him and cast himself into the sea.—St. John xxi, 7.

The Apostle Peter seems to have been almost more human than  
the others, and so more liable to error.

There is no possibility of taking him for a mythical character, a  
demigod, or a legendary hero. He is too much like ourselves.  
Peter is so full of human nature that, whenever he is excited or  
arrogated, it seems to overflow, and some word or deed comes out, which  
would be almost childish in his impulsiveness if it were not for the  
virile force of the great strong love behind it.

The consequence of this is, that he is more often in trouble, more  
frequently rebuked and corrected, than any other of the disciples.  
And yet we love the Apostle Peter.

The very impulsiveness which so often led him into a false position  
was a quality which, under proper discipline and restraint, fitted him  
to become the chief of the apostles, and the leader of the aggressive  
work of the church.

There was one thing of which you could be always sure with Peter  
—he never would profess to love you while at heart he was indifferent  
or hostile to you.

He never would put his arm over your shoulder and call you "dear  
brother," while he was secretly endeavoring to get hold of your money,  
or circulating vague reports to discredit your reputation or undermine  
your influence.

You could rely on seeing the worst and the best of Peter at once.  
He had not much tact, but his stock of candor was large.

And it seems to me that in all his errors, with one possible excep-  
tion, there was a root of true and noble feeling.

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## Pioneer Schools In Williams

By J. B. McLACHLAN.

By J. B. McLACHLAN.

THE schools in pioneer days  
were maintained either by a  
tax on the property owners of  
each section, which were designated  
free schools, or by a rate bill of so  
much per scholar, and the deficiency  
if any was raised by tax. The latter  
was designed a rate-bill school. The  
question of free school or rate-bill  
which was held on the first Wednes-  
day in January. In the case of a  
large family a rate-bill of 25 cents a  
month for each scholar was often  
very heavy, and children would be  
taken out of school, and instead of  
admitting the real cause, the teacher  
would have to bear the brunt, and  
was often blamed for one thing or  
another rather than admit the want  
of cash. Dr. Ryerson, realizing this,  
and for other reasons, had the school  
law amended, making all schools free  
in Upper Canada.

### The Glasgow Street School.

RICHARD SANDS was the first  
teacher in Glasgow Street  
School. Then followed Neil Camp-  
bell, Daniel Clune, Charles Mc-  
Kenzie, James McDonald, William  
McLean, and others. James McDon-  
ald was educated in the parish school  
in North Uist; he was versed not only  
in English and Gaelic, but in Hebrew,  
Latin and Greek. He was a brother  
of Angus McDonald, the author of  
certain glowing letters written in  
Gaelic, which induced so many of his  
countrymen to emigrate to Williams  
in the fifties.

In a former letter I referred to  
some of the difficulties we had to con-  
tend with in our school days seventy-  
five years ago, yet in summer and  
winter we had our "spore" peculiar  
to the season, for when the Wells,  
Wyatts, McDonald, Campbells,  
Covies, Millikens, McKearns, Mc-  
Gregors, McLeans, McCraigs, Mc-  
Leishs, Waters, McLachlans, Gal-  
braiths, McIntoshes, Buchanans,  
Powells and McTaggarts got together,  
a sturdier lot of youngsters could not  
be found on the continent.

### A Memorable Winter.

THE winter of 1854-1855 was very  
severe, and the snowfall was  
very heavy. It was during the time  
of the Crimean war. An unusual  
number of large boys attended the  
Glasgow Street School that winter.  
The snow drifted and was piled solid  
12 and 15 feet deep along the sidewalk  
and extending into the field east of  
the school. The siege of Sebastopol  
was carried out. The Malakof, the  
great Redan, and other fortifications  
of the city were built from the snow-  
banks. Trenches were dug in the  
snow and a mimic warfare was waged  
with energy. The city was assailed  
and defended with vigor and tenacity  
which was kept up for two or three  
weeks, and the siege was only  
raised on the approach of a thaw,  
when not only the trenches and re-  
douits of the allies, but the fortifica-

## Tortures of Sciatica

Relieved By Enriching and  
Purifying the Blood.

Sciatica is neuralgia of the sciatic  
nerve and the treatment should be  
the same as for other forms of neu-  
ralgia. Sciatica is stubborn in re-  
sisting treatment and the patient  
frequently suffers for years.

So many cases of sciatica have  
been helped by Dr. Williams' Pink  
Pills that every sufferer is justified  
in giving this treatment a thorough  
trial. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do  
not simply relieve pain—they correct  
diseases caused by weak, watery  
blood. Thus they are beneficial in  
the treatment of even the most se-  
vere disorders. Their value in cases  
of this kind is shown by the experi-  
ence of Miss Lizzie Freeman, Nogies  
Creek, Ont., who says:—"I was con-  
fined to bed for seven weeks with  
sciatica. What I suffered is almost  
impossible to realize. The doctor did  
all he could for me, and yet I was  
not getting any better, and no told  
me the trouble was likely to leave  
me crippled. A neighbor who was  
in to see me, strongly advised me  
to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I de-  
cided to do so and after taking them  
for a while found they were helping  
me. I continued taking the pills until  
I had taken nine boxes, when I was  
able to walk as well as ever, and felt  
that I was fully restored. In view  
of what these pills have done for me  
I strongly recommend them to all suf-  
ferers."

If you are suffering from any  
condition due to poor, watery blood,  
or weak nerves, begin taking Dr. Wil-  
liams' Pink Pills now and note how  
your strength and health will im-  
prove.

The new sales tax will not increase  
the price of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,  
as the company pays the tax. You  
can still obtain the pills through any  
medicine dealer at 50 cents a box, or  
by mail, post paid, at this price, from  
The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,  
Brockville, Ont.—Adv't.

## Tavish Mactavish

To His People At Home

Dear Jack,—It seems sometimes  
that if we don't know how the other  
half lives it is because we don't want  
to find out or don't care.

It's funny how small things start  
long trains of thought. In a stock  
broker's office yesterday I noticed on  
the board, Dome "19." Dome wasn't  
busy and there wasn't much dealing  
in the stock. I paid very little at-  
tention to it as I am not interested in  
mining stocks. But later on, in the  
evening, in fact, when reading the  
paper I came across a small item, the  
story of a fatal quarrel between three  
men down in the 600-foot level of a  
mine in Porcupine, and the mine was  
the Dome.

According to the story, Mike Bar-  
ney, who was killed, and Pete  
Ignatinn, who is dying, were attacked  
by John Primak, who used a steel bar  
and a shovel. As Barney is dead and  
Ignatinn unconscious, the real facts  
of the case may never be known, nor  
what the motive may have been. Per-  
haps John Primak, who is probably a  
Pole, held some old grudge against  
the two men and attacked them un-  
aware with the only weapons he  
could carry to the level. Perhaps it  
was a real stand-up fight with every-  
one prepared and having a fair  
chance for life. Maybe international  
affairs were part of the cause leading  
up to the killing. Ignatinn may be an  
Assyrian or a native of some of the  
Balkan states, and it may all have  
been an echo of the war fought out  
to its logical conclusion in this gruesome  
fashion, in a hole in the earth.

The facts leading up to the bloody  
finish and what happened in the few  
terrible minutes in the 600-foot level  
of the Dome matter little to the  
shareholders. The men in that bro-  
ker's office probably know nothing of  
it and never will. It made no dif-  
ference to Dome stock. Two lives  
snuffed out—one man in prison  
charged with murder—and the bro-  
ker's clerk writing in white chalk on  
a blackboard, "Dome 19." So the  
world wags, Jack. It may be that we  
all go home the same way, but we  
live differently don't we?

TAVISH.

### BANQUET BALL TEAMS.

Special to The Advertiser.

Woodstock, Feb. 1.—Last evening  
over 80 guests sat down to a ban-  
quet tendered at the Y. W. C. A. to  
the Oxford Knit Hoosiers, Harvey  
Knitting, and Business Girls' ball  
teams by the Y. W. C. A. board.

The following toasts were given:

"To the King," proposed by Mrs. W.

"To the Queen," response by singing  
"God Save the King"; "Our Coun-

try," proposed by Olive Phillips; re-  
sponse by Grace Hill; Mrs. Clynick  
gave Henry Drummond's, "Little  
Canadian"; toast to the Y. W. C. A.,  
proposed by Janet McDonald, re-  
sponse by Mrs. J. A. Mathews; "Our  
Girls," proposed by Miss Gertrude  
Morson, response by Anna J. J.  
Murray.

The house girls sang heartily the  
Y. W. C. A. song which was loudly  
applauded.



## A Gambler's Chance

WHEN a man delays taking insurance he is gambling on his chance of living and his expectation of life.

When a man with a wife and children gambles on his chances of life and death, he should remember that the safety of his helpless dependents constitute the stakes. If he loses, it is they who will pay. And every day adds to the risk.

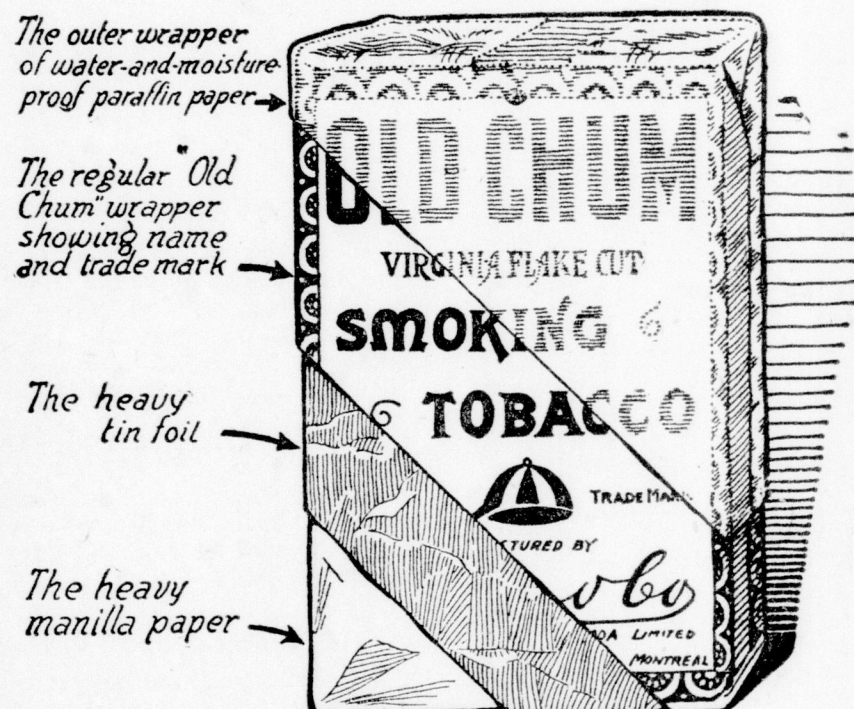
There is no better time to study your insurance situation and come to a decision than today. You will never be younger than you are now. Why not go to the telephone, call up the nearest Mutual Agent and make an appointment? Let him explain the principle of Mutual life insurance. Let him give you all the details about our leading policies. Mutual insurance is insurance at net cost. The Mutual Life of Canada is a strong company—one of the strongest and most efficient insurance companies in the world. Write us for Mutual literature, and make that appointment—now.

## The MUTUAL LIFE OF CANADA

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LONDON, ONTARIO.

# OLD CHUM SMOKING TOBACCO

## IS FOUR TIMES SEALED



to bring you the full richness  
and mellow sweetness of this—

# "Tobacco of Quality"

Manufactured by

IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. OF CANADA LIMITED



# Class Distinctions Strict Among Seals The Hoods and Harps Never Mix

A Male Hood Is An Ideal Family Man—Defends His Young and Takes Any Punishment—Harps Have Queer Ways of Their Own and Are Vastly Numerous.

By A NEWFOUNDLANDER

THE seals which the Newfoundland fishermen risk their lives each year to hunt are divided into two species, separate and distinct, the hoods and the harps. Although they resemble each other in many ways: they make their home on ice floes, they live on fish, their young are born within a week of each other and may be found on the same floe though ten or twenty miles apart—yet they never mix. I have never seen a hood seal and a harp on the same ice pan unless it was more than a mile wide.

The hood or hooded seal is so called because the male carries a large bag of loose skin like a monk's cowl on the top, part of its head. When he is enraged he can swell this bag to the size of a football. This hood is so thick that buckshot unless fired at extremely close range will not penetrate it. It is thus a protection for the head and may be used to impress and frighten an opponent in private quarrels. The sealer with his iron shod club may hammer as hard as he likes at the hood without hurting the seal much. In the meantime he will be in danger himself from the bellicose animal, for the seal, though clumsy in appearance and action, is really remarkably quick and can twist and scramble over the hummocks in unbelievably fast style.

Killing an old hood without a rifle has some of the thrills of bullfighting. The usual method is for three or four sealers to surround him. One will strike at his hind flappers and jump aside as the old warrior swings round with bristling teeth, while the others rain blows on his neck and the side of his head. Even with the odds four to one, it is a highly exciting and dangerous job thus to kill an old hood.

The hood never appears on the female and does not come to the male until his third year when he reaches maturity and seeks a mate.

In his family relations the hood is an admirable animal. He is a model husband. Once paired, he regards the knot as tied for life. If hoods are met between the 10th and 20th of March when the young are being born they will always be in pairs. Kill a female and the male, if absent at the time, will invariably return to the spot to seek her. After the young are born and on the ice, the male becomes even more devoted to his family. For the first week of the young hood's life his parents seldom if ever leave him. Little families of hoods, male, female and young, may be found housekeeping on their own ice pan. Another family may be within ten yards on another pan. A hundred families may be within half a mile, many on the same pan if it is a big one, but they do not mix. Each family is a sedate, self-contained unit.

If the sealer seeks hoods now, and he usually does, he must reckon on the fighting male. The defenseless mother may be killed with a stroke of the club as easily as her young, but at the first sign of danger, be it man or polar bear, the male hood shuffles swiftly across the ice to meet it. He might easily slip into the safety of the water, usually within a few feet, but he prefers to die in defense of his family. In animal life, the mother is usually ready to defend her young, but the hood seal is the only male I have ever heard of who will do so. I will say, however, that the motive in his case is probably not so much affection as his pugnacious nature. The young male will show the same spirit when only a week old, snapping savagely at the club which kills him.

If not killed, the young hood is left to look after himself when two weeks old. But in this time he has grown enormously on his mother's rich milk, his pelt increasing from ten to sixty pounds in weight. He has a layer of clear fat an inch and a half thick, all over his body between his flesh and his skin. This keeps him warm and helps him to float, for it takes at least another month to learn to swim and dive properly, and to catch fish. In the meantime he lives on his fat. If he met his parents he would not know them or they him.

## Pelt Weighs 200 Pounds

HE has usually by this time been carried far south over the banks of Newfoundland. His instinct tells him to strike north. He does so. He travels alone at this time, though less than two months old, voyaging north. He is now dark grey on the back and sides with white underneath. He leads this lonely life until his third year, when he becomes an adult and assumes a family.

The harp seal is different entirely from the hood. The experienced sealer can tell the difference even when the seal is far away. The harps are much more numerous and it is the patch of harps that is the objective of every sealing steamer. Their name comes from a black band that runs from a point at the back of the neck down each side, somewhat resembling a harp. The pelt—that is the fat and skin of an old harp—will weigh from 150 to 200 pounds; that of a hood nearly 100 pounds more. The adult male hood is considerably larger than the female, while the male and female harps are about the same size.

The harps appear to like company and during March and April will be found in immense companies of tens and even hundreds of thousands. Their young, born during the last week of February and the first of March, are perfectly white. They lie so closely together that a steamer's crew have often gathered up 25,000 or 30,000 within a space of eight or ten miles.

Unlike the hood, the male harp takes no responsibility whatever in family matters, while

the female seems continually consumed with anxiety about her beautiful white baby. She is apparently never at rest, one moment diving into the water, the next bobbing up to look at her offspring on the pan, and then climbing out and waddling over to it. I have often heard experienced sealers remark on the amazing instinct of the mother seal. She will dive through a small hole in moving ice, swim far in the dark waters, and yet come back unerringly to her own young. Mother seals have been met in the waters eight and ten miles from their young.

The mother knows her young by her sense of smell. There is no other way, for young seals of the same age are exactly alike. I had a good opportunity to observe this once when our steamer lay one Sunday in a patch of ice surrounded by seals. We were waiting for Monday

Killing an old hood without a rifle has some of the thrills of bullfighting. The usual method is for three or four sealers to surround him. One will strike at his hind flappers, while the others rain blows on his neck and the side of his head.

morning to commence the slaughter, for the Newfoundland law does not permit it on Sunday. On a pan about 200 feet away lay three white coats, baby seals. Presently an old female

# The Forehanded Finches

WE regret to report that Mrs. Sam Whiffle, one of our social leaders here in Mud Center, tripped over a rug while chasing the cat yesterday, landing on her nose and badly damaging the organ.

This item from the Mud Center Jottings in the Orillia Packet was of such an arresting nature as to cause the Old Timer to neglect the rest of the column and allow the paper to drop unheeded to his knees.

"Well, well! I s'pose it's that same organ they bough' at 'Bijah Finch's auction," he observed as a wave of reminiscence enveloped him. "I mind me an' Sarah was bidding on it, too. Sam Whiffle's right handy with carpentry tools, though, an' I guess he'll soon patch her up. That organ's seen a lot o' wear and tear in its day, what with revival meetin's an' Mrs. Finch usin' it for keepin' her preserves in an' all."

Outside the winter wind whistled round and round the little station. The blackboard announced that the train to Toronto was forty minutes late. Inside, half-a-dozen prospective passengers huddled about the fat and glowing little stove and paid the Old Timer the homage of an attentive silence. So he continued:

"The Finches had the biggest auction sale ever known in this neck o' the woods, an' it was the first one that poor 'Bijah ever missed—him bein' dead an' so unable t' be among those present. 'Bijah had the auction sale craze. It kep' comin' back on him at regular intervals, like malaria or the harvest itch, till if he couldn't find a sale in the district he'd bitch up an' go an' hunt for one all over the country. An' the junk that man'd come home with—stuff that nobody else had any use for or ever would!"

This obsession of Mr. Finch's, it appeared, was all of a piece with his native, ingrained forehandedness. Mr. and Mrs. Finch were models of thrift and foresight. They had a reputation far and wide for these excellent virtues and practised them unceasingly. In the spring they began to get ready for winter and in the winter they started odd jobs that really belonged to the following autumn. They lived about nine months ahead of the almanac, and their barns and storehouses were always full to bursting, while every available nook and receptacle in and about the house was crowded with canned fruit and vegetables.

Mrs. Finch had a mania for preserving and pickling. It just seemed as though she couldn't bear to see a berry unless it were in a glass jar, and the grocer at Mud Center used to order several extra cases of jars every season just on her account.

'Bijah went to a sale in town at a marble-cutter's and bid on two blank gravestones and brought them home.

"Never can tell when they'll come in handy," he said, cheerfully. "Keep a thing seven years, y' know—"

Mrs. Finch, though momentarily shocked, couldn't dispute this philosophy. They spent the evenings of that next winter, thinking up suitable m'toes and carving them on the stones. Mrs. Finch did most of the thinking and 'Bijah executed the carving. There were their names and birth-dates with verses of scripture or poetry, everything in fact but the dates of death. The mottoes insinuated that 'Bijah and his wife were resting in peace in heaven and soon—which made the neighbors sniff and remark that this was a pretty cocksure kind of foresightedness.

Then, strangely enough, shortly after the purchase of the stones there was a big fire sale in town in a block where an undertaker's stock had been damaged, and Mr. and Mrs. Finch bid on a couple of scorched coffins.

"Scorched coffins are not to be picked up every day," they said to each other, and



Mrs. Finch did most of the thinking and 'Bijah executed the carving.

The coffins were exactly alike, and a good thing, too, as 'Bijah said, for then there could be no hard feelings. They put them in the parlor and covered them with Navajo blankets and some cushions, and they made fairly good sofas, though there wasn't much "give" to them, to be sure.

"I'll stow my peaches in one," Mrs. Finch said, "an' my huckleberries in the other. Being nice an' wark in them coffins the fruit won't work."

She'd already filled the organ with jelly and canned plums, and it was so crowded that when the missionary circle met at 'Bijah's they had to cut out the hymns because the peaches wouldn't work.

Mrs. Finch had fruit stored everywhere on the premises and some of it in places she'd forgotten all about. One night they were awakened out of a deep sleep by hearing a couple of shots fired somewhere in the house—or what sounded like shots. Mr. Finch thought he was back in the Boer War again till he was roused by his trembling wife and ordered to take the shotgun and go and look for the burglars or chicken thieves or whatever they were. 'Bijah traced the disturbance to the spare bedroom off the

parlor, where on opening the door a renewed fusillade greeted him.

"Hands up!" he squeaked, as he shakily lifted the shotgun and took determined, if blind, aim, in'to the gloom.

Something struck him in the eye and he fell where he stood. But when his wife rushed up with a lamp he was still alive.

"I couldn't get them if they hadn't got me first!" he declared. "I guess I've lost a lot o' blood—" he groaned and closed his eyes again. But it wasn't a bullet that had hit him and the sanguinary fluid running down his face and over his nightshirt was merely five-year-old tomato ketchup.

The Old Timer paused midway in his tale and took a fresh grip on his pipe. He stretched out his legs to the footstool of the stove, leaned back and blew a long, smoke spiral aloft.

"Mebbe you think I'm exaggeratin'," he said, "when I tell you that 'Bijah had filled the hopper of his grain-seeder one fall so's he'd have it all ready for the spring planting an' he drove out into the field one fine April mornin', without takin' a look into that there hopper an' when he'd gone halfway across the field he happened t' look back an' what he saw made

crawled on the pan and waddled towards them. The three babies, scenting breakfast, immediately made towards her. She put her nose to the first one, snapped angrily and shuffled on to the next. Again she sniffed and again she snapped and shuffled on. The third was evidently her own, and in a very short time was enjoying a hearty breakfast. I am quite sure she knew her own baby, and I am equally sure any one of the three would have claimed her as mother and never known the difference.

Another case on the same day showed that the mother seal has considerable shrewdness or intelligence, call it what you will. A young seal was crawling about on a pan not more than fifty feet from the steamer's side. It appeared hungry and kept up a continuous wailing. The mother kept bobbing up in the water, flopping

—By Edith G. Bayne  
ILLUSTRATION BY J. L. FRISE

his eyes stick out. Mrs. Finch, it seems, had stored a lot of her fruit in the hopper and most o' the cans had burst. 'Bijah was sowin' raspberry jam all over his nice plowed furrows!"

But in due time Mrs. Finch's canning and other operations ceased. An epidemic of something came round and Mrs. Finch was "took down." The doctor said it was her stomach and that she'd been eating too much canned fruit.

"Oh doctor," she moaned, "I only eat it to save it!" But the doc looked stern and shook his head.

Mr. Finch had laid in supplies of medicines of various sorts throughout the years—he had everything from dandruff remedy to spavin cure—and he dismissed the doctor and set out to prescribe for Mrs. Finch himself. He dosed her religiously, reminding her of how much they were saving, and assuring her that she'd soon be feeling chipper again.

But the poor soul just wouldn't cheer up. "No 'Bijah, I ain't long for this world," she said, prophetically. "Take the huckleberries outa the coffin an' make ready. Nothin' like bein' forehanded!" But don't mourn too much, partner; keep your thoughts on how much we saved by buyin' 'em them coffins—remember that Perkins an' Green would've charged us fifteen dollars more if they'd been reg'lar stock."

And she passed on to her reward.

The funeral was well attended. 'Bijah fed the folks before and after, mostly on huckleberry preserves. There was such a crowd that there weren't seats enough to go round and they had to take the two chairs from under the coffin an' lower it to the floor. The pall-bearers who had been out in the kitchen, eating a snack, were late getting back to the parlor and when they went to get the coffin they found the rooms deserted and all the folks out front in the yard or around the hearse. So they hurried a little and thus missed an invitation to come back and eat canned gooseberries.

'Bijah said when everything was over that it was a comfort to know every little thing had been arranged for beforehand, and that there was no hitch or confusion. He bragged quite a bit about his besetting virtue and advised all his friends to practise foresight.

"Most people think we caught it from each other," he said, "but it was her taught me. She was the longest-livedest woman on earth. She never forgot nothin'. Everything's all ready for me when my time comes—'cept the grave dug. But I don't hardly know what t' do 'bout all this here fruit an' stuff. Guess I'd oughta will it to an asylum or some place."

Three days later 'Bijah came down with the same illness and in a week he was dead.

"Who says forehandedness don't pay!" said all the neighbors at last willing now to give him his due.

"Clear them pickled peaches outen his coffin," ordered his lifelong friend—none other than he was telling the tale—"an' notify the pall-bearers t' be ready; call up the preacher an' see that Bill Whiffle gets the grave dug. Oh my friends, no matter how forehanded a man may be there's always a few last little chores he just natchurly can't do for himself!"

But a grim surprise awaited them, for when 'Bijah's mortal remains were ready for his casket it was found to be already pre-empted. They had buried the wrong coffin a week before. Mrs. Finch was still in the parlor, and resting under the gravestone beneath the cypress in the churchyard were Mrs. Finch's pickled peaches.

From far away in the frosty distance came the whistle of the train and the Old Timer sat up and knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"If so be any o' you folks might happen round 'gitt some time," he said cordially, "I might mebbe tell a better one than that."

on the ice, and then, frightened at the proximity of the steamer, plunging overboard again, repeating the whole maneuver again and again. I watched intently to see what she would do. After half an hour of such fruitless attempts she evidently made up her mind that the young one must be fed. She scrambled over the ice directly away from the steamer, brushing by him on the way. He immediately followed her but proved a very slow traveler. She would go about ten feet ahead, wait until he had crawled close, then wriggle forward again, in spite of the wailing of her offspring to be fed. She kept this up until she was at least three hundred feet from the steamer, which she evidently considered a safe distance, as she then settled down and let him have a full meal.

## Seals Hard to Shoot

BUT in spite of their very evident affection for their young, it is safety first with the harp seals every time. Unlike the hood which will die for her young on every occasion the harp on the first sign of a hunter's approach will look for a chance to slip into the water and leave her young to its fate.

The young harp, like the hood, puts on fat very fast. A baby which a sealer would pass as too small to kill will be considered a good pelt two days later. When the young harp is a month old he loses his white fur and dons a coat of coarse hair, dark grey with black spots. Like the young hood, as soon as he takes to the water he keeps going north, and attains maturity in his third year.

Where has the male harp been during the infancy of his offspring? He is away on the outskirts of the herd of young, enjoying the company of the flappers and one young buck of the seal tribe. He shows no concern whatever about his family. There must be a great preponderance of males among the harps, as the female is constantly exposed to danger and killed in vast numbers, for the sealer has no sentiment, and all is seal that comes to his gaff. Unless the female can slip to safety he will always kill her with her young.

When the young harps have taken to the water the elders, male and female, gather in immense herds again. There is no pairing off as among the hoods.

Shooting seals in the water is good sport, but it is slow business and not often resorted to unless the steamer is jammed with ice. You take a rifle and tramp off to a hole that looks likely. It may be a hundred yards across or smaller. Here you build a shelter from blocks of ice, sit down and wait with your rifle ready, watching the surface of the water. Suddenly there is a seal there. You did not see him come. There was not a ripple. There was no warning. He will not be there long. He will go as suddenly and as swiftly as he came. You have to get a bead on him in a few, a very few, seconds.

If the seal is a harp he emerges to a height of some eighteen inches, takes a quick look round, draws down quickly to the tip of his nose, and rises a second time. He will come up again nine times out of ten unless he sees you and is frightened. In fact, he will occasionally come up a third time.

The first time he comes up you get a bead on his nose. The second time is the gunner's chance. When he rises over your sight—shoot. If you hit him fairly, his body will hold its position for a few seconds, and then fall over on its side. There is always fat enough on the body to keep it afloat, although more than half of them will sink before being retrieved after the middle of April.

You must shoot when the seal is rising. If you are a second late and fire when his head is drawing down you will likely miss, for the bullet itself is not quicker than the seal. It is good sport, far superior to ordinary target shooting. A marksman accustomed to make 95 out of a possible 100 at an ordinary target would likely disgrace himself if given the task of shooting at a seal's head.

In locating yourself at the hole you have no doubt selected the windward edge of the ice, with the cold wind blowing on your back instead of in your face. You shoot and kill. Your dead seal floats on the water fifty yards away. You expect to see him drive with the wind to the other side of the hole. Instead, he comes drifting steadily towards you against the wind. In a short while you are able to hook your gaff in his body and pull him out. The fact is that the ice is really drifting with the wind and the seal, low in the water, is not affected, and lies still till you reach it. You did not notice the motion of the ice until you saw the seal coming towards it.

If, as sometimes happens, it is a calm day, and the ice and seal are moving equally with the tide, the sealer will have to break up a piece of ice, use it as a raft, and his gaff as a paddle, and float out to secure his seal in that way.

## My Diary

I ALWAYS start my diary

On January one,

And enter there religiously

The things that I have done,

I note down all the money spent,

The balance in my cash,

And finish up the day content

I have done nothing rash.

The book of books is going strong

On January two,

The notes are only half as long

But still—that half will do.

On January three I find

The entry very poor,

And there is nothing underlined

On January four.

Bear with me but a little

And, though a trifle tedious

I'll try to cram the rest of

Into a single verse.

On January five appears:

"An overdraft at bank,"

And so—at once dispel your fears—

The other days are blank!

F. B. in "The Happy Mag."

## The Law's "Lighter" Side

SPARKS was arrested for causing a disturbance

in the street, during which he struck a constable and gave him a black eye.

He was promptly arrested, and the next day he appeared before the magistrate.

"What is your name?" asked his worship from the bench.

"Sparks," replied the prisoner.

"And your occupation?"

"An electrician, sir."

"And what is he charged with?" asked the magistrate, turning to the constable.

"Battery, your worship," was the answer.

The magistrate looked rather astonished, but nevertheless he commanded in stern tones:

"Officer, put this prisoner in a dry cell."—Pearson's Weekly.



# Into the Deadly Maw of a Jungle River's Whirlpool

## How It Feels to Go Spinning Down Into Eternity

Breath Held "For a Million Years"—Battling With Torrential Currents—Encountering Wild Indians—Finally Rushing Nearer and Nearer to Swirling Vortex.

Returning toward the coast of Peru from an expedition into the vast wilderness which covers the upper reaches of the Amazon, the author, Mr. G. M. Dyott, an Englishman, and Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, under the remarkable experiences he here recounts.

The journey had been undertaken at the behest of Dr. Augusto B. Leguia, now president of Peru, "with a view to ascertaining the feasibility of an aerial transport into these remote but exceedingly rich sections of the republic where it is obvious that railways cannot penetrate for many years to come."

Having crossed the Andes before eventually arriving at Iquitos, the great inland capital of Peru (and its second largest seaport, notwithstanding that it is 2,000 miles up the Amazon from the Atlantic ocean), Mr. Dyott started back up the Marañon river intending this time to pursue another, and distinctly more perilous, course through the jungle to the divide of the Andes.

At the Baranca, 300 miles up the Marañon above Iquitos, one Don Eracito Munoz was engaged to accompany him as guide to Bellavista and to provide a canoe with three bogs, boatmen, to handle it. The party was fortunate enough to be towed a portion of the distance by the Meteor, a launch owned by one Señor Otiel Vela of Iquitos, to the river Marañon's great barrier "of mystic portals—of cataracts and whirlpools," the Pongo de Monserriche.

By G. M. DYOTT, F.R.G.S.

APPROACHING the foot of the Pongo by river the hills rise up abruptly like a great wall, and out of this the waters come swirling along round a sharp bend, as if from the very bowels of the earth. On my arrival the river was low, yet it gave forth an incessant booming that could be heard for a long distance away.

It was not surprising that the place was regarded as an impassable barrier, beyond which existed all the evils known to man. The frowning hills, scarred rocks, and seething waters were all calculated to make one hesitate and think twice before venturing near it. To anyone who had determined to defeat such an obstacle was irresistibly attractive.

Don Eracito did not share my sentiments; he took a more serious view, and had no wish to face battle in the whirlpools if he could avoid it. For several days past he had been taking a good deal about his head, and now, and now a man on the launch told him of some one who had recently been murdered by the Indians; this was the last straw.

With such stories in his mind and the shriek of the rising waters in his ears, he approached with a wife and family, and had been away from them such a long time, so would I allow him to go back on the launch Meteor if his half-brother, Munoz, would take his place as far as Bellavista?

I accepted his expressions of regret, but in reality was very glad indeed not to be saddled with his company any further, and thanked Sr. Vela profusely for taking him off my hands.

Even Sr. Vela was inclined to look upon my proposed journey as extremely risky, and before he set sail made a final offer to take the lot of us back on his launch. Munoz and the two bogs were anxious to accept, as Eracito had given them to understand that their services would be required only up to the Pongo, and that their places would then be taken by Indians whom he would meet there.

Of the Indians we had seen so far only one would come with me, and his canoe was much too small to be of any use. His name was Shamika, and he told us of a large Indian settlement not many days up river, where we could get another canoe and all the men we wanted. On the strength of this, and by dint of much personal persuasion, I was able to instill a little life into my men and get them to agree not to turn back.

Cut Off From World

THIRTY-EIGHT hours after our arrival at the Pongo, Sr. Vela had stowed away on board all the limestone his launch could carry, and was on his way back to Iquitos. The small handful of us that remained behind watched him go; it might have been yesterday, so well do I remember the scene. The launch was shrouded in the filmy mist of early morning, shouts of "Felicidades" from a dozen throats, the waving of hats, the launch carried swiftly down-stream, the last host of its whistle as the hull vanished behind the trees, and then—the final threat which tied us to the outside world snapped.

With Sr. Vela's departure there was nothing for us to do but wait patiently for the river to subside. I kept a constant record of its variations; during the time we were encamped on its banks it rose and fell within the limit of ten feet, and this was the dry season! Shamika's judgment seemed infallible; several times when the water was low and stationary, I would call his attention to it, and he would say that it was not a matter of life or death, but that he would wait until the water was high enough another rise would set in before a couple of hours had elapsed.

Although not exactly suspicious, I wondered what was at the back of this fellow's mind in going up river with us; it evidently suited his purpose admirably, or he would not have been so keen; furthermore, he was very emphatic about not passing beyond the Indian settlement which he spoke about, for the reason that he had stolen a woman from a house near there last year and was at war with the family as a result.

It looked to me very much as if this habit of stealing wives was becoming a hobby with him, for he had three already, and on this journey he was after a fourth. Whatever his propensities were it made little difference so long as he did not use us as a cloak for carrying on another

raid amongst his neighbors, and so embroil our party in a feud. Although this looked highly probable he was too good a man to lose, and we had to take the chance, when it came to handling a canoe he was a marvel, and I was convinced that if he could not land us safely through the Pongo no one else could.

The psychological moment now came, it was the fifth day after our arrival, and I woke to the sound of heavy rain. Curiously enough, the river was falling rapidly, and by five o'clock the air had cleared and the local wind was blowing up fresh in our faces. At noon precisely we set out, Shamika in the bow taking charge of operations, Munoz in the stern, the other two bogs and myself amidships with the cargo.

Our progress was naturally slow; striking the back eddy of a whirlpool the canoe was propelled up-stream near the bank at a lively rate till a promontory was reached; here everybody would clamber out on to the exposed rocks, remove the cargo, and tow our fragile craft around the point eddy away from the shore, too late we would get drawn into the next whirlpool ahead of us; if too early, we would be carried down-stream too far and get wrecked on the rocks of the opposite shore. In other words, there was but one place where we could get clear from the back bank, and one spot on the south bank where we could strike a back current of the whirlpool that would draw us inshore, and not to the center of the vortex.

Miracle of Boatmanship

IN mid-stream we had also to be careful that the canoe did not get beam on to the current, or it would have been swamped; on the other hand, if it lay parallel to the current, we would have been carried down-stream too far in spite of our efforts. We actually lost some two hundred yards in the operation, and worked like demons the whole time. Deep water, churned up into foam, rushing and hissing by, could not be treated lightly with a heavily-laden canoe, and I was glad when we were over, in safety. Within five hours from starting we were through the worst part of the gorge, by six opposite the Canusa Yacu, or Santiago River, and half an hour later snugly camped on a large levee bank for the night. Thanks to Shamika, and the untiring energy of the bogs, a miracle had happened—the Great Barrier was behind our backs.

I labored under the delusion that once through the Pongo all would be well, but fate arranged otherwise. Our troubles had barely started.

In a blissful and contented state of mind, born of ignorance of what was to come, I stretched myself out for the night in a saucer-like hollow on a sand-bar, at peace with the world and happy to think that in our first bout with the foe we had won hands down.

There was no mosquito to make our morning, while cautiously making our way along the banks, we were surprised to see human footprints leaving the water's edge and leading off into a thicket of wild cane. We stopped to examine them, and wondered what kind of man it could be, here in this uninhabited region who had apparently walked



"The world spun round, up went our bow in the air . . . I went spinning down to eternity."

night hideous, the air was not the least oppressive, and I slept soundly, in consequence, dreaming of canoes and rushing waters, of upsetting and drowning, but yet dreams have a way of being vividly realistic at times, and when they deal with such things as drowning they are apt to be rather terrifying. I made an effort to wake up to throw off the nightmare which troubled me, and make a fresh start. What was the matter? I was soaking wet—actually in the water; surely it was all part of the ghastly dream—but there was no dream about it, it was a cold fact.

A Startling Interruption

WE were paddling now over a large expanse of quiet water almost like a lake; my thoughts had turned to flying-boats, and I was marking the locality on my sketch-map as an ideal seaplane station, when a piercing scream rent the still air. It was followed by others in quick succession.

A moment later a large dug-out canoe shot out from the opposite shore, in it crouched three naked savages, yelling at the top of their lungs; they were gesticulating and paddling frantically, making desperate efforts to head across our bows. It looked as if we were in for it properly this time, and the last words of my friends in Iquitos about Indians shrinking the heads of their enemies came back to me with renewed significance.

The dismay shown by the bogs gave me no assurance for our safety and even the imperturbable Shamika in the bow was like a wild man, and tried to turn our canoe down-stream to get out of harm's way. I realized that such a manoeuvre would be fatal, so I seized my paddle and kept the canoe on its course pointing up river, at the same time shouting to the men to keep on paddling as if nothing had happened.

It was well to be prepared for any eventuality, so I laid my rifle alongside of me; then I remembered the beads in my waterproof bag, and hurriedly got out a bunch of white ones; thus fully prepared, I awaited developments.

It was a curious sensation I experienced during these few minutes while the enemy approached; nearer and nearer they came, shouting all the time. Whatever their mission was, it certainly was not friendly—Shamika's manner told me that—yet what did they take us for, what was their idea of attacking in the open? As the canoe came closer I saw there was a bunch of bananas in it; this was my cue, and I was quick to act upon it. Holding up the beads I pointed alternately to them, the bananas, and my mouth, as if I wanted something to eat and was prepared to give them the beads in exchange for their fruit.

The effect was electric; they stopped shouting, hesitated, and then came alongside, the bananas and beads exchanged hands, along with a few odds and ends to show the Indians that we were perfectly friendly. Shamika and the men appeared

greatly relieved, cordial relations were soon established, and we all repaired to a convenient sand-bar for a pow-wow.

The conference was short and animated, accompanied by an amount of side play and gesticulating, from which we deduced that there had been a fight somewhere and events of importance had taken place further up the river, which made Shamika anxious to move on, I was not sorry when he joined forces with the other Indians in their canoe and left us to ourselves; he was evidently on the warpath, and with such a fire-brand in our midst there was no telling what complications we might not let ourselves in for.

The river was rising steadily, yet still we groped, pulled, and pushed our way doggedly ahead.

The Fatal Whirlpool

AT three o'clock we approached a whirlpool of unusual size formed behind a mass of high rocks that stuck out uninvitingly into the stream. Under normal conditions we would have landed and towed the canoe empty round the point; unfortunately the nature of the banks prevented this, but we had no misgivings as to what the outcome would be if we remained in the canoe, since the vortex of the pool was some distance away and the current round the point was not very turbulent. At the most critical moment one man lost his hold on the shore and the pole of the other broke; we drifted away rapidly, and by the time paddles were brought into play the current had taken charge and we were powerless against it.

Round and round we went, paddling desperately in the hope that some accidental shift of the current might release us at the last moment, but the circles we described became smaller, our motion more pronounced, our hope of escape less. No mercy could be expected of our enemy the river; he had us in his grip, and was not to be cheated of his prey; we had defied him too long, the penalty had now to be paid.

For what seemed a century we battled with the inevitable, all the time getting sucked nearer and nearer to the swirling waters in the center of the pool.

I was too intent on the struggle even to think, but I saw everything. A floating log, caught like ourselves in the maelstrom, collided with us, and the end had come. A lip of green water curled over the edge of the pool, the world spun round, up went

vegetation, but the exertion brought me to my senses, and I stopped to figure out a plan of action. We had come round a very sharp bend in the river, therefore it would be best to cut across through the forest and make for the camp where we had lunched. There was just the possibility that on the gravelly floor some of my valuable belongings might have come to rest.

With the aid of my pocket compass I set out, slowly at first, picking my way with care, but gradually my pace quickened and I tried to hurry. There were many mud-holes into which I would flounder up to my knees, I would be tripped up by beech or creeping vines, that I had trailed over the ground; then grabbing at some nearby branch to keep myself from falling, my hands would be cut and slashed by innumerable thorns, boughs and twigs would fly back in my face, and when I would push some branch out of the way that hindered my progress a shower of black ants would fall down on me, biting me vigorously. In my haste to get on I stepped up on to a large fallen tree-trunk, only to have my feet go right through it, since it was rotten with age and nothing but a shell.

In this position I stopped, short of breath, and bleeding from wounds inflicted by the thorns and spines with which every tree seemed to be armed. I must have presented a wild spectacle, cut and scratched, the river as leisurely as possible. An echoing response seemed to come from somewhere inside of me, and whether I wished it or not I found myself walking due compass in hand, quietly selecting my way amongst the entanglements of plant-life.

All was stillness about me except the noise made by some animal running away in the bush, or the whirr of some bird's wings as it flew off at my approach; so quiet did everything seem that the noise I myself made sounded like an elephant crashing through the forest. The water was falling, but I kept straight on, imbued with a sense of direction and energy difficult to account for.

It seemed impossible that this could be anything else than a dream; here only a few hours ago, I was traveling in a canoe with three other human beings, and then the rippling swash along the canoe's side, the sound of running water, and everything disappeared.

It all seemed real enough and yet so absurdly impossible. The reality of it, however, came back as I caught the sound of running water, and realized that I must be near the river once more.

Parting some branches I found myself on the bank, and there, to my great astonishment, twenty feet below me alongside the shore was my canoe and in it my three men.

One had my sun helmet in his hands, and I heard Munoz say, "Let us get back, the patron is evidently drowned."

They must have had the shock of their lives when my voice came from above. "No, no, let us go on higher up the river, the water is rising." They certainly looked surprised, and in Munoz's face I seemed to catch a shadow of disappointment.

Favoring Luck

WITHOUT further ado I scrambled down into the canoe; the rain had once more started, and we crossed over to the opposite place to camp. Luck favored us; a small but recently made tambo was dis-



The Path of Adventure.

covered on the shore, evidently made by the Indians who had been on the warpath, as it was not more than forty-eight hours old. Here we settled down for a long, wet, and dreary night.

I at once questioned Munoz as to what had happened. It seemed that when the inevitable occurred all three men had clung to the canoe like so many leeches, and being thus buoyed up had not been carried down into the whirlpool, but had floated yards from where I had started in the first place. It was three-thirty when we struck the whirlpool, as my wrist-watch, which was full of water, ceased duty at that hour, so I must have been wandering about in the forest two hours or more.

Before darkness came to our relief and obscured the miserable river from our view, I made a note of the packages that had been rescued by the men. Every particle of food had gone—there was no need to look further; that one loss in itself would probably mean our returning to Iquitos in the morning; it seemed inevitable. The fortunes of our party were certainly at a low ebb.

Discouraged at the sudden turn events had taken, I entered a few bare facts in my diary, and in my diary, which luckily had been preserved in its waterproof covering, the date, of course was the first thing to write down, and so it began—Friday, the 13th, a Friday. "Good gracious!" I exclaimed to myself, "the 13th and a Friday at that. What a combination to please the superstitious. No wonder we came to grief, and yet Friday is my lucky day."

How could I reconcile myself to that? In thinking it over, I came to the conclusion that my good luck in getting out alive from the whirlpool was greater than my bad luck in getting into it, and so my good fortune predominated.

Next Week: "WATER, WILDS AND TREACHERY."

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## Animals Make Paper and Cakes Are Balloonists and Builders

By PROF. J. A. THOMPSON

ANIMALS often do things that are like anticipations of human activities. The wasp makes paper out of wood-pulp; the water-spider weaves an aquatic cradle and fills it like a diving bell with dry air; the little gossamer spiders, carried through the air on their silken threads, are in a sense balloonists; the trapdoor spider is a hinged-maker; one of the agricultural ants makes biscuits and dries them in the sun; the shrike hangs its meat on the thorns of the hedge; the young ant-lion makes a pitfall in the sand for unwary insects; the termites build an Eiffel Tower of many stories; many ants keep domestic animals; the weaver-birds interleave long leaves of grass in fashioning their pendant nest. And so we might continue—and it would be an interesting parallel—for the rest of this article. But our immediate inquiry is on another line.

In many cases animals anticipate man, not in what they do, but in having structures which are like human tools. In some cases the animal structure may have suggested the human tool, but there is not much evidence of this. In the construction of aeroplanes and gliders, some experimenters have been humble enough to study the flight of insects and birds, or the "sailing" of the dragon-fly and the albatross; but there are not more than a few human inventions which can be shown to have been suggested by natural history. Perhaps there would have been more if the study of animal life had come to its own at an earlier date. We firmly believe that there is fame and fortune awaiting the man of inventive genius who will condescend to study animal achievements. Why should the fire-fly beat us in solving the problem of the most economical illumination?

Animals' Tools

MANY animals have tool-like parts of the body; the lobster has its forceps, the wood-wasp has a very effective "borer," the sea-urchin has little snapping organs like scis-

sors with three blades, the leech has its adhesive sucker, the sawfish its saw, the beaver its chisel-edged teeth, the otter fish its rod and baited line. All the snails have a flexible file in their mouth; the cobra injects poison as if from a syringe; the eye like a camera; the spring-tails jerk themselves into the air by letting go an elastic spring which is kept taut by a "catch" suggesting that of a cross-bow.

A bird has an interesting pulley by means of which a muscle on the breastbone raises the wing above the back. It seems strange that a muscle on the under surface of the body should by its contraction raise the wing, but we see the same when a sailor on the deck of a ship raises the sail by drawing a rope downwards. In both cases the explanation is to be found in the presence of a pulley. The rope in the bird is the tendon of the muscle, and it works through a hole where three bones meet.

There are not any wheel-like mechanisms among animals; but there are plenty of levers. We suppose that they simply had to be, for, in moving the body and in moving other bodies, levers are as effective as they are essentially simple. No doubt they were somewhat rough and ready to begin with in the animal body, but in the course of millions of years of varying and sifting they have become very perfect.

As everyone knows, levers are divided into three classes according to the position of the fulcrum. To move a felled tree we may press the lever down on a fulcrum resting on the ground near the tree. We are familiar with the same leverage when one child lifts another on a seesaw. The fulcrum is between the weight and the power. We illustrate this in our body when we use the foot to work the pedal of a harmonium or a sewing-machine. Or when we nod the head backwards and forwards on the first vertebra or atlas which serves as the fulcrum.

In raising a large flat stone the workman sometimes gets on the end of his lever, and pressing against the hard ground, lifts up the other

end. The fulcrum is at one end of the crowbar, where it is pressed against the hard ground; and it is nearer to the weight than to the power. We illustrate this in our body when we stand on tip-toe. The weight of the body, falling on the ankle, is raised by the contraction of a group of muscles, mainly the hamstring or calf muscles, above the heel. The fulcrum consists of the balls of the toes, which press against the ground. Another lever of the second class is illustrated when we keep one thigh bent up towards the body in hopping. The fulcrum is at the hip-joint; the power, due to the contraction of muscles in front of the thigh, is applied at the knee; the weight of the limb falls between the two.

In whipping a trout out of the water with a fishing-rod, the fulcrum is the heavy end of the rod, which may be pressed against the angler's body. The power is applied by the hands a little higher up; the weight is the trout. In levers of this third class, the fulcrum is at one end, but nearer to the power than to the weight. When we lift a cup of coffee to our mouth we illustrate this kind of leverage. The fulcrum is at our elbow-joint. The weight is the forearm and the hand and the cup the hand carries. The power is due to the contraction of the biceps muscle, lying in front of the upper arm, but this power is exerted a little below the elbow, where the tendon of the muscle is fastened to the radius bone of the forearm. This kind of lever allows of great rapidity of action and is familiarly exerted in striking a tennis ball. When a dog bites, it illustrates the same third-class leverage. The fulcrum is at the posterior end of the mandible, where the bone fits deeply into its socket. The power is exerted by elevator muscles, which are fastened to the jaw in front of the fulcrum. The weight is that of the jaw, but there is also to be included the resistance which the object bitten offers to compression. We have given very simple instances, but enough to show how more complex leverage in our body may be tackled. — John O'London's Weekly.



"A large dugout canoe shot out from the shore . . . with three naked savages yelling at the top of their lungs."



# Watch Canada's Smoke! She is Burning Up Her Forests Carelessly Throwing Away Two Billion Dollars a Year

When Will Public Wake Up to the Frightful Toll Which the Fire Fiend Exacts Continually in Our Northern Wilderness? — Aeroplane Patrol to the Rescue.

By O. C. PEASE

"WATCH Canada's smoke!" From the vaulted, blue dome of the sky which arches above the immensity of Canada, this is the warning, in purport, which Canadian airmen have been bringing down for several years past, and which only careless and unthinking people will fail to heed. From the rockbound Straits of Belle Isle to the salted mists that breathe above our British Columbian coast, this ominous message is being repeated with ever increasing emphasis as the months go by. There is never a seaplane that returns from a reconnaissance flight over our wilderness areas, and foams to quiet anchorage on river or lake, but the Sidcote suited pilot and observer have a tale to tell of the hideous depletion of Canadian forests through the agency of forest fires.

No human eye can ever encompass Canada in a single glance. An aeroplane would have to rise to a height of five hundred miles above some central point such as the Lake of the Woods, for instance, before its occupants could catch even a glint of the mighty oceans that lie to the east and the west,—granting, of course, that it would be possible to remove the atmospheric conditions that limit mankind's vision to within a radius of fifty or sixty miles. This latter circumstance was somewhat indignantly explained to me by the gentleman in charge of the meteorological office to which I phoned for the information. I have therefore every reason to believe that my statement is correct!

On this account, one may only try to visualize, in imagination, the enormity of Canada, shrouded in the bluish haze of that great envelope which encompasses the earth, and endeavor to picture, as upon a gigantic bas-relief map such as we were accustomed to in school days, the inconceivable vastness of the three million, six hundred thousand square miles of land area which comprises its surface. With an imaginary pointer let us now block out the great areas of forest land that cover, or are popularly supposed to cover, approximately one third of the dominion.

Let us keep the picture before us a moment, steady,—and then consider what Canada's foresters are now telling us,—that, of this total forest area, comprising roughly one million two hundred thousand square miles, at least seven hundred thousand square miles have already been destroyed by forest fires.

This picture and this statement, considered together, veritably screech a warning at us which is both peremptory and pleading. Even as two and two make four, we may accept as logical the answer which comes to us when we combine two other authoritative statements,—first, that the forest lands of Canada at the present time yield us products valued at \$400,000,000 annually,—and secondly, that, for every tree which is cut by the axe of commerce in Canada, at least four are destroyed by fire.

A potential, national loss of two billion dollars a year is one that we, as Canadians, should make every possible effort to overcome!

The history? For the last forty years, the foresters of Canada have been striving to bring Canadians to a realization of the frightful toll which the fire fiend exacts every year in our northern wilderness. Until the last few years, however, the foresters themselves had no facilities or methods by which they could even approximately estimate the actual extent of the damage which was being done. Meanwhile, in every province, each summer and autumn, whole battalions of men were equipped with canoes and picks and shovels, and were sent paddling up and down the waterways which traverse the accessible southern fringe of our gigantic forest area.

## Countless Careless Camp Fires

THESE men worked valiantly. They brushed out their portages religiously. Spirit-like, they haunted the wilderness trails of fishermen, hunters and other woods travelers and woods dwellers, dousing with pails of water countless smudges of camp fires which had not been thoroughly extinguished by those who lighted them.

Mr. John R. Booth's statement to the effect that twenty trees have been destroyed by fire to every one cut, refers more to a period of years rather than any general annual devastation.

They placarded landing places and camping grounds with exhortations to watch all fire. By precept and example they taught thousands of lessons in forest safety to those whose business and pleasure brought them to the woods of Canada. On countless occasions they fought fires, large fires, days and night on end, until, seared and blistered by flame, half suffocated with smoke and completely worn out with fatigue, they were forced to stop.

The years went on, and still the menace grew. Few people in Canada gave serious thought to these fires except the foresters themselves who constantly faced the almost unmountable obstacles of national apathy and scanty appropriations from their various governments. The city man read in his morning paper of bad fires in various parts of Canada, and commented idly to the effect that something should be done to stop them. In his heart, probably, he longed for a whiff of the aromatic smoke that arose from them. The dwellers upon the threshold of our civilization, noting a red haze upon the sun, would mutter, "Bush fires somewhere," and promptly forget about them. Such has been our nation-wide indifference, inherited by us honestly, perhaps, from our pioneer forefathers who found the all-pervading forest of aboriginal times at once an obstacle to farming and a hindrance to travel.

Then the war came, and with it the development of the aeroplane. Eventually the war ended, and aircraft were released for such peace-



Nature's handwriting, scrawled across the Canadian wilderness, as seen by the air patrol in the above picture by the R. C. A. F.



A light type of plane which will be most valuable in fire patrol work.

time pursuits as might be found for them. The foresters seized the opportunity and began immediately upon a reconnaissance of the wilderness areas of Canada.

Within the last three or four years, the air patrols of Canadian foresters have been pushed forward almost unbelievable distances into our vast hinterland,—and yet, even to date, it may roughly be estimated that the drone of a seaplane motor has never been heard above two-thirds of our forest area. From the very beginning these explorations brought back report after report of giant fires that had swept the north country. Consequently upon the first glimmerings of this intelligence the foresters commenced to experiment upon the use of the seaplane, the vehicle of their reconnaissance, as a means, also, to check the evil itself.

That these experiments have been found successful is now the conviction of Canadian foresters. In addition to discovering and reporting fires, the planes have been able to follow the subsequent progress of those fires, and have transported fire-fighters, tents and supplies, and tools and pumps to a large number of conflagrations, landing oftentimes at the point of danger within two or three hours as compared with an equal number of days of travel had it been necessary to carry on this transportation by means of canoes and woods trails. Furthermore, fire-rangers have been frequently flown over the fires in order that they might determine the best possible means of fighting them. And finally, once the fires were out, the entire personnel and equipment have been returned by plane to the base of operations from whence they came, or were removed to the seat of another fire.

If one can forget, for a moment, the serious nature of this whole problem, the fascination of this method of dealing with it makes an instant appeal. While many thousands of feet in the air, the homely familiarity of a camera, of the cross-grained texture of grey painted canvas, of the woven wire of struts, or of the contours of a very ordinary knot-hole in the floor boards at one's feet, is a matter of great reassurance,—so much so that, during the first hours of flight, one is apt to consider such things gravely, from time to time, as a relief from the almost too heady wonder and beauty of the vast landscape which seems to slowly glide below. It is only while close to the earth that one receives any impression of speed. From the air, the world beneath appears to be absolutely level, as it is impossible to distinguish hills or valleys. The progress of rivers and streams is marked by curling ribbons of dark, steely blue,—the color of a service revolver. The motionless white flecks which occasionally appear against this blue are tumbling waterfalls or rapids. The lakes and ponds are of the same blue and seem to stand out in strong relief against the mottled greens of woodland areas or the squared, brown-

ish patches of tilled land. Upon the blue lakes green islands float, their delicate shorelines etched in white in a manner which brings them into curious prominence. Outside of this white etching, again the under-water contours of the islands and shores are plainly discernible until they disappear, sometimes gradually, sometimes abruptly, into the steel blue depths. Canoes and rowboats are usually unnoticeable, but larger craft such as motor boats appear like tiny black or white beetles dragging inverted V's behind them.

## Seen From the Air

RAILROAD tracks, again, are fine white lines, distinguishable by their straightness. On these, occasionally, a short black line is superimposed, blotting out the white and moving with incredible slowness, headed by a faint plume of vapor. Wagon roads are also white, but these curve and wander about so indeterminately, so aimlessly, and so utterly without apparent reason, that they seem to be nothing of more moment than larvae tracks upon the green scum of a meadow swamp. And constantly, with recurrent rushes, one realizes the enormity of this Canada of ours, and becomes imbued with the thought that it would be possible to give every family in the dominion an entire lake for their own personal property, and a whole island to each child for a plaything.

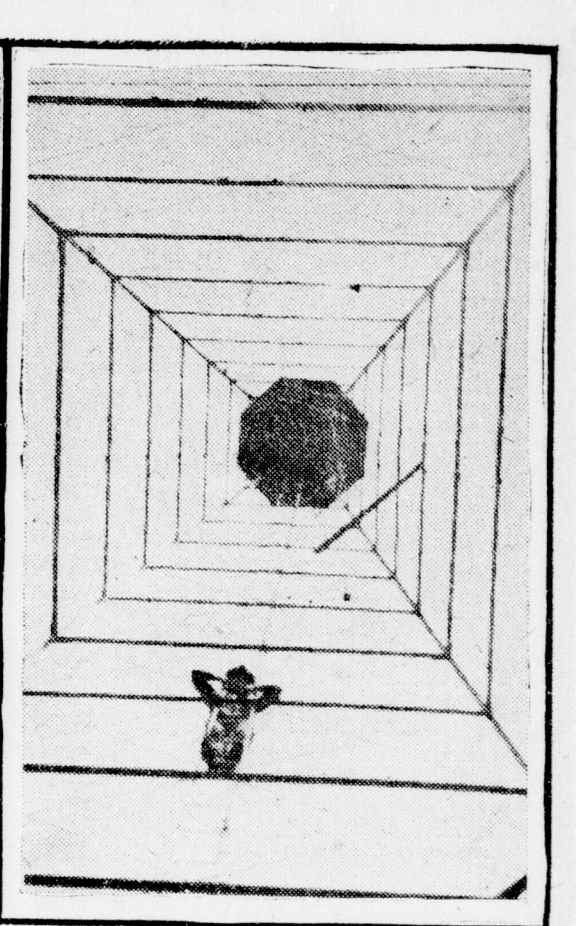
As for life in an air-camp, it is different,—different from all other forms of camping out because of the air-harbor so close by and the winged boats that lie therein. Camps in the forest, and those by the sea and even on the open prairie, are, shall I say, "centralized" by the limitations of travel on foot, or by sailboat or pack-train. In such camps, the forest hems you in, or the cliffs, or, comparatively speaking, the distant prairie ridges. In an aviation camp, on the other hand, the rushing winds of heaven and the vast blue vistas of earth seem to be always with you, at your beck and call, and the great bowl of space seems to ever offer to your lips the wine-like air of high altitudes.

A description of the flying headquarters in one part of the dominion may serve to illustrate the manner in which forest fire patrol by air is now being carried on at several points in Canada, and may also indicate, to some small extent at least, the wisdom of broadening out and developing this form of national service for the protection of our forest wealth.

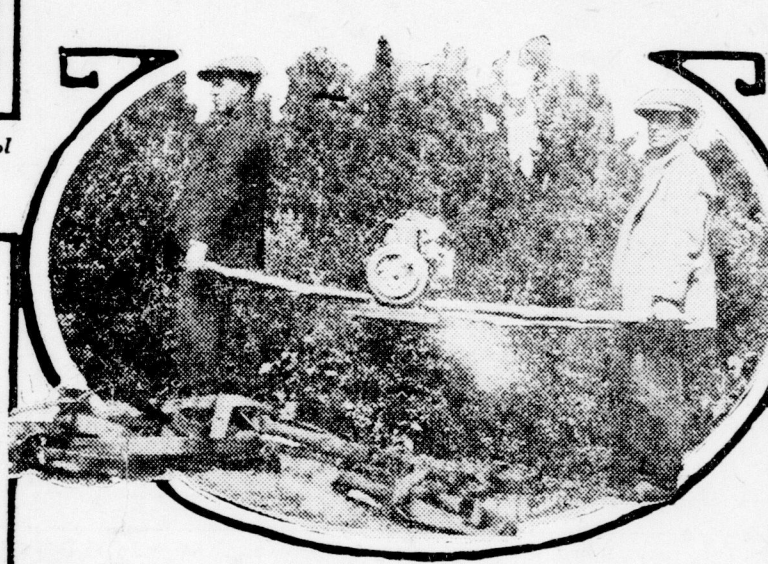
The camp in northern Ontario has lately been situated upon a rocky, sparsely wooded point which thrusts outward into the blue waters of Ramsay Lake, near Sudbury. All this last summer and well on into the autumn, white tents gleamed among the birches, and there lived upon the point a little colony of sun-tanned men whose knowledge of the wilderness areas in that portion of the country had come to be little short of phenomenal when judged from the view-



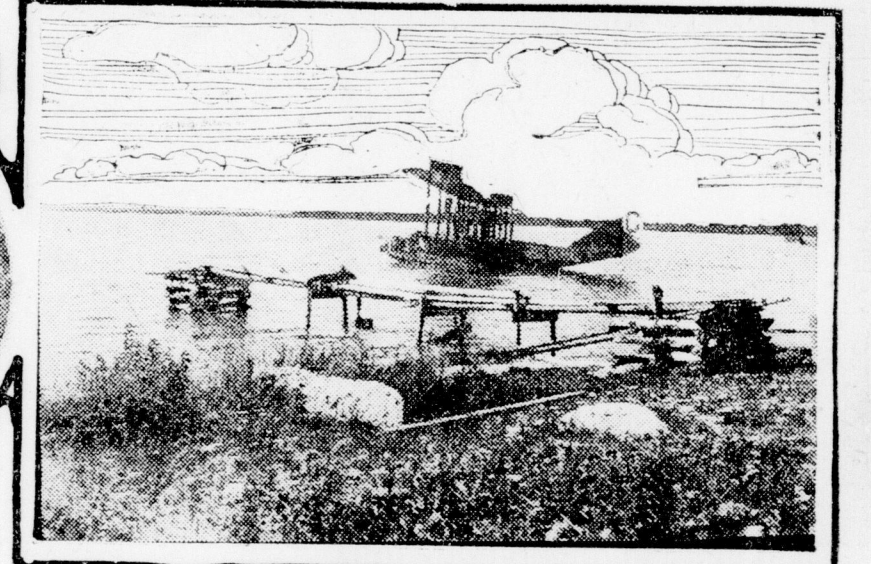
The commencement of a typical forest fire—photo by R. C. A. F.



The web-like structure of a forestry observation tower in Eastern Canada, as seen looking upward from its base.



One of the new portable pumps which are proving most effective in dealing with forest fires in Canada.



Forestry plane at anchor off fueling station in northern Manitoba.

point of the ordinary woodsman. The woodsman, mark you, may know the forest, a small section of it, from "the ground up," and may possess all the skill, all the accomplishments and all the knowledge of woodcraft that is essential to life therein. On the other hand, the forest aviator quickly acquires a remarkable familiarity with a stretch of country which is infinitely extensive—and his knowledge is "from the sky down."

After the planes had come droning home at the end of a summer day, there would gather about the white, oil-cloth covered tables in the mess tent, a group of men, each one of whom had something to tell of his experiences that day. Individually, these stories were remarkable; collectively they were positively bewildering, and it is safe to say that never before in the history of Canada have men, foregathered in evening camp, been able to recount to each other daily such tales of extensive wilderness travel. The official typewritten report which each observer turns in at the end of a flight will cite large lakes or whole townships as indices of the route traveled. These points may be fifty or seventy miles apart and to duplicate, by canoe or woods travel, the whole distance covered in the day might take from two to three weeks; yet the report, brief and cold as such records usually are, would give no accounting of divergencies from the main route covered, nor reveal other unmentioned lakes and streams, mountains and valleys and countless other townships which had been thoroughly scrutinized or "air-combed" during the same flight.

The average detailed knowledge of enormous stretches of country which these observers possessed was positively astonishing, and so it happened that these evening conferences were stupendously illuminating from a forestry point of view. While Lee, the Chinese chef, was blandly preoccupied in clearing the tables and washing the dishes, maps would be spread out and pipe-stems or pencils would trace the flights of the day. The verbal explanations which accompanied these demonstrations usually formed the basis of the instructions regarding the routes to be covered the following day, and the liaison officer whose duty it was to direct the flights from the forestry viewpoint would lead the discussions with that idea in mind.

## How Patrols Work

THAT fire working north from Gogama has burned clear through to the Windigo," might be the comment of one observer. "If the wind doesn't freshen up, those two little rivers will hold it." Or, "Hindson has had his men into Gull lake and the fire there is black out." Or, "We spotted a bad smudge on this point which runs out into the centre of Three Mile lake, and dropped a note to the ranger." Ergo, if the wind next morning was strongly from the south, it would be a fair surmise that a plane would be presently flying north from Gogama: that as the Gull lake fire was out, no check would be called for in that direction; and that elf-like, helmeted and goggled heads would peer down upon Three Mile lake some time within the next twenty-four hours.

These talks might last well on into the hours of darkness in the tents, which would then gleam like glow-worms among the spectral birches. Sometimes they would be continued throughout

a stroll which would cover the environs of the camp and be prolonged for a spell down at the floating dock from which the planes could be seen at anchor, half shrouded in the mists of evening. Usually, however, the liaison officer returned to the Sudbury office for an hour or two of nightwork, and the discussion would be punctuated by the "swish" of paddles as the canoes crossed Ramsay lake.

At the headquarters of the provincial forestry branch some of the foresters actually had their beds in the offices, so that they could virtually tumble into them from their office chairs. Incidentally, these foresters would be on hand in case of an urgent 'phone call. Here the walls were covered with maps of the forest areas, and on these every flight was duly plotted and all fires were marked by colored pins. Here, also, were kept the archives of the department, which included the progress reports of every flight, of every fire, the time-books of the fire-fighters, and a record of the location of all the canoes, picks and shovels and pumps and general equipment possessed by the department as essentials for the fighting of the tireless enemy of Canadian forests. Amid such surroundings the discussion and planning for the morrow would still be carried on—and, indeed, this seldom ceased until the party had paddled back to the air-camp and its members were individually tucked away in their cots and snugly entrenched beneath their mosquito-bar coverings.

A wild tattoo from the Chinaman's kitchen would awaken the camp the next morning at six-thirty. Immediately after breakfast, the liaison officer would return to the office in Sudbury, and from there, as soon as he had received the weather reports which were flashed to him from the various quarters under his jurisdiction, he would 'phone his final instructions to the several planes. Presently, there would be a spluttering of engines down by the bay, and then a furious roar from each as it sped madly up the lake, bound upon its assigned flight.

During the day, at perhaps a dozen widely separated and lonely lakes in the northern part of the province, there would appear above the serrated, wilderness skyline a tiny black speck which would grow rapidly in size. Almost within the time it takes to tell, a plane would glide swiftly down from the sky, and, with its propeller still rotating, foam gently up to a beach or a tiny dock. Several huge gas cylinders would then be rolled into position close to the nose of the plane, a hose would be strung out, and there would ensue ten or fifteen minutes of pumping. Finally, with a swirl and a rush, the plane would take to the air again, and disappear down the sky. For this is what science has done to reduce time to a minimum in forest travel.

## Forestry Air Service Needed

TWO things are necessary if we are to preserve the remnants of Canada's forest wealth, the establishment of a forestry air service to protect at least our inlying areas, and the inauguration of a system of reforestation. When I think of reforestation, I think of Bishop's College School at Lennoxville, Que. Many years ago, some small boy tied a knot in the soft, tender green top of a small evergreen. A few years passed by, and the pine knot was discovered by some other urchin to have grown into a splendid little club that served admirably

to hammer his friends' knuckles with—or heads. From that beginning, forthwith, there evolved the practice among the small boys of that school of tying knots in the tender tops of evergreens. Only—and please note this point—it was an absolute law among those boys, unwritten, it is true, but passed on by word of mouth to every "new kid" who donned the school cap, that for every knot cut, two must be tied. I believe that to-day it would be quite possible to arm a whole battalion with fair-sized shillelaghs, cut from the immediate vicinity of that school.

As far as forest fires are concerned, it is a tremendously difficult thing to appreciate the enormity of the task of mastering them—not that the fires cannot eventually be reduced to a positive minimum within the areas which are more or less adjacent to civilization, but that the thought of attempting to patrol our entire forest area is almost inconceivable at the present time. Even Lord Lovat, who acted as chairman at the recent British Empire forestry conference held in Canada, is reported by a cable despatch to have stated, after his return to England, that it is a pity that Canada could not institute some such forestry service as the one which is maintained in Switzerland. The area of Switzerland is 16,000 square miles—less than three-quarters that of Prince Edward Island!

In fairness to ourselves and to the present sparsely scattered population in Canada, we need not consider it necessary or even possible for us to take upon our already tax-laden shoulders the terrific expense which would be involved in an aerial fire patrol system for the whole of the forest area in Canada. While it is true that terrific holocausts do occur in the far-removed hinterlands, it is also true that areas which are not subjected to second and third burnings will reforest themselves naturally in a period of approximately fifty years. There is a measure of comfort in that fact.

The inlying areas of forestland, however—those, for instance, which lie within a hundred miles or so of railway lines or seaboard—unquestionably require a fully equipped forestry air service. Such an organization would not be frightfully expensive, but it is far beyond the scope of the appropriations which our governments of to-day in Canada are allowing to their forestry departments. Even if this question is not looked upon from the standpoint of national duty or with an eye to future generations, it is incumbent upon every Canadian who would protect his own pocket to use whatever influence he may have, even if it be only his prerogative as a voter, to see that the foresters of Canada are given the support they undoubtedly require. We have seen or have known of other nations in the world which, through carelessness and lack of foresight, have become deforested, and who have had to go begging, as it were, for a match. Other countries have become devitalized, in agriculture, in water power and in a hundred different ways through the destruction of their forests by fire. We know of the tremendous expense such countries have been put to in the effort to reforest their lands, and appreciate the fact that this artificial process is one of exceeding slowness. The handwriting which predicts our own destiny in this respect, if we persist in our present attitude, is now scrawled in large letters across the broad skies of Canada, warning us to "Watch Canada's Smoke."



# Life's Little Comedies ~ Our Ladies of the Snow ~



## About "Home" Boys and Girls Do They "Fit" in Ontario?

A Trip With a Barnardo Inspector on His Visits to Wards of the Institution Within Fifty Miles of Toronto Throws Light on the Question Raised by the Bulpitt Case

By ARTHUR HAWKES

NEAR Godrich a "Home" boy, five months in Canada, has hanged himself; and his farmer-employer has admitted physically punishing him. It would seem that young Bulpitt, who was a brilliant French scholar, would never have been put on a farm if the people who sent and received him had really understood the possibilities in Canada for English youths who can speak French like a Parisian. Hard on the Bulpitt case comes another of a lad who took Paris green because he was rebuked and lightly slapped. This looks like a melancholy freak in psychology, partly induced by the Huron tragedy. One is just now interested in these cases rather from the point of view of the Kelso proposal to turn over the inspection of immigrated "Home" children to the Ontario government.

Without criticizing the Kelso scheme, it may be as well to relate the experience of one day's visiting of "Home" wards, with an inspector of the institution which was responsible for these additions to Canadian citizenship. The vital factor in the long-distance guardianship of boys and girls who are placed with Canadian employers is the personal, affectionate touch which comes only from a high quality of humanity in the inspectors, from a pride in the Home they serve, and from a care for the reputation of all parties to this phase of the populating of Canada.

I spent a day with Mr. Kidner, who visits "Home" boys to see that they serve well and are well treated. Mr. Kidner is a Canadian. He has none of the old-world ideas of "charity" children; but is a natural-born father and friend to every youngster he meets. He took me to see two girls who are placed with Hamilton families. He had never seen either of them before—the girls are visited by women inspectors, three times as often as the boys. He can call a girl of seventeen he has never before seen by her Christian name and make her feel that an old friend is speaking. That sort of fatherliness is a natural gift, not acquired with a salary. Where this quality goes into every day's work the question of governmental inspection does not arise, though the question of government support for this oversight of thousands of potential Canadian citizens might well become an affair of practical politics. But to the visitation of boys, the other side of Hamilton.

We drove first through the snow to an old boy from the Home, who has a young boy from the Home working for him. The old boy owns his farm of a hundred acres, has a small family of his own, is highly respected in his neighborhood, and talks all the way like an Ontario farmer of the kind who becomes secretary or president of his U.F.O. club. He is one of seven children, whose father died in Berkshire, and whose mother could not support them all. Four are on this continent, all doing well; three in Ontario, the two brothers with farms of their own and their sister married to a farmer.

This one—call him Mr. Wellband—keeps ten cows, two teams of horses, has a Ford, and stands gladly and boldly by the Home that stood by

him. He gets his help from the Home, and the young Londoner he now has told me he is perfectly happy—as, indeed, he ought to be in a house of plenty, with a boss who has gone through his own experience, and whom it is an honor for any man to count among his friends. Mr. Kidner planned our trip so that we would land at the Wellband farm for dinner—the first time in years he had managed to appear at meal time. It was a means of grace to see this example from the romance of salvage which is the true charm of the scientific, Christian immigration of the children of calamity to the land of hope.

### Young Boy Works For Old Boy

FROM Wellband's we went to a place two or three miles down the road, and found a farmer feeding his Shropshires in the yard, whence he sent us to the barn to find Fred, his "Home" boy, who has been with him three years—two of which were school years. Fred was busy in the cow-stable, a cheerful little chap who had once been a Cockney, but had picked up his aitches and generally had gathered the lingual flowers of the little red school house. You know whether a boy is in pretty good interior shape if you talk to him ten minutes and try him out with questions that he doesn't recognize for inquiries. It was obvious that Freddie didn't regard either the visitor, whom he knew well, or the one he had never seen before, as inspectors. Mr. Kidner was his old friend come to give him a call—and what more could an onlooker wish to observe?

Thence we drove three or four miles further, to find Charlie Wellband's brother, unhappily now a widower, and "baching" it with his "Home" boy, across the road from his sister, who had gone to town. We heard that they were drawing firewood from the bush half a mile away, and found them there. The junior was another Freddie, announcing that he liked Canada, and was well satisfied with his place. Here again one could see easily that the relationship between boss and boy was extremely good. Sometimes over in London, when the "Home" managers hear that a landowning farmer in this province requests his hired boys to call him by his given name, they cannot hide their astonishment, and maybe a little fear that the dignities of life are in some danger in this free and lucky land.

Working on the adjoining farm was an old "Home" boy, but long since passed beyond the legalized jurisdiction of the "Home." He was in good standing, had come back with distinction from the war, and was a Kidner intimate, like the rest. For, in this "Home" economy, touch is maintained to the utmost possible extent. Kidner is always seeing or telephoning to his old boys as he goes through eight counties seeing the young boys.

Our last country call was at a farm which, in summer, nestles below a high and sylvan escarpment, must be a beauty spot indeed. At the house we enquired for Percy. The farmer's daughter—the very best specimen of young On-

tario womanhood—greeted Kidner as an old friend and said Percy was some place around. In a few minutes Percy drove in with a team. "Hello, Percy," from Kidner—and the talk was intimate and free, with a joke from Kidner about the imminence of a razor, and a serious inquiry from Percy as to whether the "Home" had heard from his brother over in Haldimand, who had been remiss in answering a letter. Next summer Percy would be eighteen, and perfectly free to make his own bargain where and with whom he chose. He didn't know whether he would stay where he was, but most likely he would, as they wanted him to remain, and he was having a good time with the folks around.

Perhaps one should say something about the girls we saw. The first had been in the "Home"—or, rather, under the "Home," for she had been boarded out—since she was nine months old, and had had a year's training before leaving England. I saw her in the drawing room, so that she might be free to say all her mind to the father of a bevy of girls. Why did she come to Canada? Some friends of hers had come and she heard from them, and of course "the opportunities are much greater here."

### Girls Happy on Farms

DID she like Canada? Rather. The winter was lots of fun, and the summers lovely. Friends? A few—it wasn't good to have too many. Did she read much? As much as possible, for she hoped later to go to Hamilton hospital for her training. Happy? Of course. Did she keep up any communication with England? Oh, yes, she wrote to mother regularly, and her brothers and sisters, too.

Thus the girl—and next the mistress, Mrs. Barnstead had had "Home" girls before, and hoped for another when Mary had gone to the hospital. The last letter from Mary's predecessor was written in New York, where she had gone for special training in one of the larger hospitals, after graduating from Hamilton.

The other girl we found with the parents of two small children who are her especial care. She came in—a little bit of a thing, though of sturdy shape and cheerful, unaffected mien. Her speech, even after three years in a Canadian home, showed that Winnie had been a Londoner all right. But she was now a Hamiltonian of Hamiltonians. Quite happy in her place, thank you very much. Getting books from the library, but buying more than she used to do. Everything just fine—and not a word about what it was delightful from the head of the house to hear. At Christmas-time, he said, Winnie was sending cards and little presents to England, and consulted his wife about sending something to the Homes, as a little token of her gratitude for what they had done for her. She sent five dollars—and it was just like her.

"Oh, yes," he said, it was a pleasure to see Winnie getting along physically, as well as financially. "My wife had wanted a girl for some time; but her application was a long way behind, when the spring party of girls came to Peterboro three years ago. She telephoned to the matron, though, who told her that all the girls had already gone but one, and she was so small that nobody would take her. Would she try this one? Well, my wife said to send her along, for she thought that perhaps a smaller girl would be easier to train. I went to the station to meet her. It was a wet day and she looked like a little drowned rat, when I found her on the platform.

"By the way," he went on, "is my memory

right that at eighteen they make their own bargains? You see, we don't want to lose her; I don't think there's much danger; because we like to think she's happy here. She's a little wonder."

This is a conservative story of a day seeing the wards of a "Home" within fifty miles of Toronto. It is recorded merely as a small contribution to the solution of a question which poor Bulpitt's case has thrown into acute relief on both sides of the Atlantic. The facts, as they were seen by one who, after all, is pretty well seasoned by over thirty years of delving into all sorts of public and semi-public affairs, surely intimate clearly enough that where the milk of human kindness flows through an institution that was founded on "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these," the state may support and does not need to supplant those who are doing a social service of incalculable benefit to the future of Canada.

### Why He Had to Smoke

THE visitor sniffed. "Excuse me, dear," she said, "but what a smell of smoke there is in this room. You surely don't allow your husband to smoke in the drawing-room?"

"Well, not as a rule," replied her hostess; "but this morning—"

"My dear," exclaimed the visitor, "you should never make exceptions in cases like this. I never do. My Freddie never smokes in our drawing-room."

"Yes," began the young wife, "but—" "Nonsense, darling! There are no 'buts' at all! In the first place, it's for the sake of discipline. In the second, the ashes ruin one's carpets."

"I quite agree," exclaimed the lectured one. "But this morning my husband simply had to smoke."

"Indeed!" said the visitor. "And why?" "Because his coat was on fire!"—Tit-Bits.

### The Stuff of Heroes

A LUMBERJACK, while working on a log-drive, fell into the water. He struggled at the bottom for a while, and finally got up, and, grasping a big log, held on for life.

The current was so swift that it carried his body under the log, and his feet stuck out of the water on the other side. Just as a comrade was about to grasp him by the shoulder, he gasped, looked at his own feet pityingly, and said to his rescuer:

"Don't mind me; save that fellow on the other side that's in head first!"—Pearson's Weekly.

### All in the Meaning

MRS. PECK: Oh, Henry, what does the word "contract" mean?

Mr. Peck: It means to make smaller, my dear. For instance, heat expands and cold contracts.

Mrs. Peck: Then it's all right. Harry told me he was contracting some heavy debts, and I was nervous till you explained it.—Answers.

### Meanest Man in the World

PHYLLIS: "My history-teacher is the meanest man in the world."

Father: "How's that?" "He borrows the pearl-handled penknife I got for Christmas to sharpen his pencils to give me bad marks."—Answers.

## CANADA HAS 242 SECTS LIKELY TO HAVE MORE?

Will Controversy Between Fundamentalists and Modernists Result in Still More New Denominations?

SOME CHURCHES HAVE ONLY A DOZEN MEMBERS

"Big Church" Has 17 Adherents—Confucians, Buddhists, and Mormons are Fairly Numerous Out West

By JOHN LANDELS LOVE

WHEN the dust and din of the present religious controversy have died down, and dwellers on the fundamentalist mountains have ceased hurling rocks in an effort to drive the inhabitants of the modernist valley to cover, will the net results be the formation of several new denominations?

Canada is already up to the eyes in religious sects and bodies, embracing practically every "ism" and "ism" under the sun. No less than 242 organized sects exist in the dominion. Nearly one-half, or 119, of these bodies are negligible both in influence and numbers, having but ten or less adherents each, although many of them rejoice in quite pretentious and often resounding titles. They have no headquarters, and their signatories are scattered indiscriminately across the country. They never hold conventions, publish no denominational paper, and they do not force themselves into the limelight in fanatical defense of their creeds or denunciation of those who disagree with them. Having found it impossible to live at religious peace with their fellowmen, they have "lived off," formed toy denominations of their own, and left it at that. After all, there is a whole lot of philosophy in their point of view and practice.

Denominations numbering more than ten adherents exist in Canada to the extent of 123. Their grand totals range all the way from 11 to well into the millions. The Roman Catholics lead with 3,383,663, the Presbyterians, Anglicans and Methodists following in the order named with over a million each. Well down the line, and below the half-million mark, the Baptists hold fifth place.

Canada has long been a favorable field for the propagating of religious cults. Not only do its 242 sects embrace nearly all known forms of faith, but less than one-quarter of one per cent. of the entire population were returned in the 1921 census as having no denominational affiliations, according to a bulletin just issued by the dominion bureau of statistics at Ottawa. This is an improvement on the census of 1881, when 2.07 of the population was so returned. With an environment so favorable to denominationalism, the chances of fundamentalism versus modernism issuing in the status quo, and without any further addition to the already sufficiently long list of "bodies," do not seem too bright—despite the stabilizing influence of church union, if and when that takes place.

Meantime, while waiting for new constellations in the denominational firmament, it is interesting to form a more general acquaintance with those already there, twinkling or effulgent. Passing over, for the nonce, the suns, moons,

and revolving planets of Canada's world, we come to the dark stars at the tail of the list upon which their creators bestowed titles indicative of their faith in a great and glorious future. What faith for example, must have been exercised in the naming of the Big Church, and how far short must anticipation have fallen with only 17 adherents! Even worse is the case of the Brothers of Man denomination, 10; the Workers with 11, and the followers of Esoteric Law with 12. Saved by Grace and Lot of Jesus also muster a round dozen each, both being beaten by the Schismatics with 13. Also among the even dozens must be included Testimony of Jesus and the Bahais.

Proceeding upwards to the 'teens, we find, in addition to those already mentioned, the Roserucians and Temple Society with 15 each; Christ's Church of China, Metropolitan, Temple of God, with 16. Two denominations number 17 faithful men and true, namely, Body of Christ and Holy Cross. Top of this group is the Children of God Sect with 19 members.

Footed the "twenties" are the Sabbath Keepers and Zion Chapel, with 21. A step higher are Interdenominational with 23 and the Proverities with 24, while Armenian, Assembly and Solomon Reformists tie with 25 each. Taoists and Nationalists contain 27 in each fold, as does Church Community. Philosophists fall one short of thirty.

The "thirties" possess some intriguing titles, and are headed by 39 Holy Workers, who are not to be confounded with the 88 Holy Rollers. Sectarists and Golden Rulers number 37 each, Materialists and Dissenters 34, Truthites 33, the group fittingly rounding off with the Round Church, numbering 30.

Daniel's Band with 45 adherents presses hard on the heels of 50 Socialists, who are in close numerical company with 57 Rationalists. Communists and Shilohites call for sitting accommodation for 76 each, assuming that in both cases every member of these two flocks puts in an appearance at meeting.

The foregoing constitutes an analysis of what are returned under the general heading "Various." Among the denominations large enough to be given returns by provinces are several of which little, hardly even the name, is known. The Shintos, for example—who, what, where are they? And the Pagans? Did the 7,226 Canadians so denominated in the census returns describe themselves in sincerity or sarcasm? One wonders! And why is it that this small army of Pagans is located chiefly in Ontario and Saskatchewan, while Prince Edward Island has but one? The Confucians number almost as many as the Congregationalists, but they are largely concentrated in British Columbia. Buddhists are also strong in this quarter, numbering 10,599 out of a total for Canada of 11,288, the Maritime Provinces having but 7 all told, and all in Nova Scotia. To British Columbia, also, goes the distinction of harboring nearly half of the dominion's Agnostics, and 30 per cent. of the Free Thinkers. When it comes to Mormons, however, Alberta is well in the van, the disciples of Joseph Smith in that province numbering 11,373 out of a Canadian total of 19,656. This sect has also done pretty well in Ontario with nearly 6,000 adherents, but they have found the Maritimes stony ground.

### A Man They All Love

I KNOW a little man:  
He plays a little flute.  
I know why all the neighbors  
Are learning how to shoot.—Pearson's Weekly



# Toes and Talons Terrible Weapons, Wonderful Tools Every Animal and Bird Tells His Character By His Feet

At Riverdale Zoo, Feet Afford an Amazing Study of Nature's Ways of Meeting the Needs of Every Creature—Feet For Swimming, Wading, Digging, Climbing, Killing, or Cracking Nuts.

By F. G. G.

THE original Flannelfoot is to be found in Toronto zoo. A Mr. and Mrs. Flannelfoot, in fact. The cassowaries. These birds, which are built somewhat after the ostrich fashion, have surely the ugliest feet in the bird world. Most birds have feet which excite the wonder of the observer by their delicacy, grace, strength, cruelty or utility as the case may be; but the cassowary has simply feet that are something to stand on, useful but not in the least ornamental.

The cassowary's legs have the gnarled look of a couple of healthy Irish shillelaghs. On the other hand, his garters always seem to have broken and his stockings to have fallen down round his thick ankles. His pancake feet have a suggestion of gout, chilblains and sloppy slippers. Each spreads out into three ugly swollen toes. From all of which you may gather that the cassowary's feet are anything but graceful or beautiful.

The cassowary's cousin and next door neighbor at Riverdale, the emu, has feet and legs which follow the same general plan though they are somewhat more shapely. Both birds are powerful runners. That is why their legs have this tremendous development. Their wings are practically minus quantities after generations of disuse.

Feet at Riverdale zoo afford an amazing study of nature's ways of meeting the daily needs of each particular animal or bird. There are feet for swimming, feet for wading, feet for fighting, feet for climbing trees, feet for digging, feet for killing, feet for cracking nuts and feet for picking up insects. Man may use artificial tools and weapons, but the feet of many animals and birds are tools and weapons themselves.

Take the feet of Cap, the several-ton elephant, as an example how nature meets the need. Cap has the world's original rubber heels. If Cap had hard hooves like the horse or the moose every step that moved her great weight would be a mighty jar that would crash and echo like a Japanese earthquake through the nerves of her sensitive system. And Cap is most sensitive. A mouse has been known to make her tremble like a mountainous piece of blanc manne. So her feet have been made by nature into big, flat, soft shock absorbers. And Cap just goes shuffling along.

The bears have interesting feet which have a wide variety of features. The polar bears in the zoo have feet like moccasins. The soles of the smallest polar bear's feet are entirely covered with hair, unlike those of most animals which are free from hair. This hair not only keeps out the cold like thick woollen socks but acts as a non-skid on the slippery ice. In this hair the strong claws of the polar bear are practically hidden.

## Cat Family's Retractable Claws

ON the other hand the nails of the grizzly bear, long curved hooks, are at once evident, three or four inches long. The Indian in the



Note the terrific claws of the big grizzly bear at Riverdale zoo.

old days who could boast of a necklace of grizzly bears' claws was considered a brave man. For a blow of those terrible weapons could it was said rip a man from head to foot. Although the grizzly's usual prosaic use for them is as a lever for turning over stones to hunt for ants and other succulent insects.

Longer than the grizzly bear's claws but less cruel, are the claws of the Malayan sun bears, two humorous, wrinkled, loose-skinned bow-legged fellows who wrestle and romp in a ridiculously human way. Their forepaws are grotesque brothers of the human hand. The palm is very similar to the palm of a man's hand, even more similar than that of most monkeys. The sun bear walks on the heel of the hand with the long fingers, tipped with their long claws, hanging loosely and giving little suggestion of the strength which they evidently have.

The sun bear has frequently to be manacled. His nails grow so long that they curl inwards and scratch him. So that it is necessary for the zoo people to catch him in a net, a ticklish operation, and clip his nails. Multiply a youngster who squirms when he gets his ears washed by a thousand times, and you get an idea of the sun bear in a net having his toe nails trimmed.

Members of the cat family in the zoo have what are called retractile claws. The lion is the most striking example. If you look at his feet you will not possibly see the nails at all. They have been withdrawn by ligaments into horny sheaths which protect them from wear. Sometimes when he yawns and stretches his feet out like the great cat that he is, the claws will appear to the end of his toes like vicious spikes. Nature has given the lion, and other members of the cat family as well, this power to withdraw the nails from the wear and tear of ordinary travel when they are not needed for offensive purposes. Everyone who has ever handled the ordinary domestic tabby cat knows how quickly she can flash out her claws when the occasion demands from the scabbards in which they lie within her feet.

While on the subject of offensive claws, those of the carnivorous birds, the eagles, the vultures and the owls are worth mentioning. All of them



Little Johnny Otter tries to grasp a piece of handkerchief with his webbed forepaws.

use their talons for clutching their prey. The favorite food of the great horned owl, for example, is the skunk, which the bird seizes by driving its talons into its vitals. Often the owl, when caught, reeks with the nauseating smell

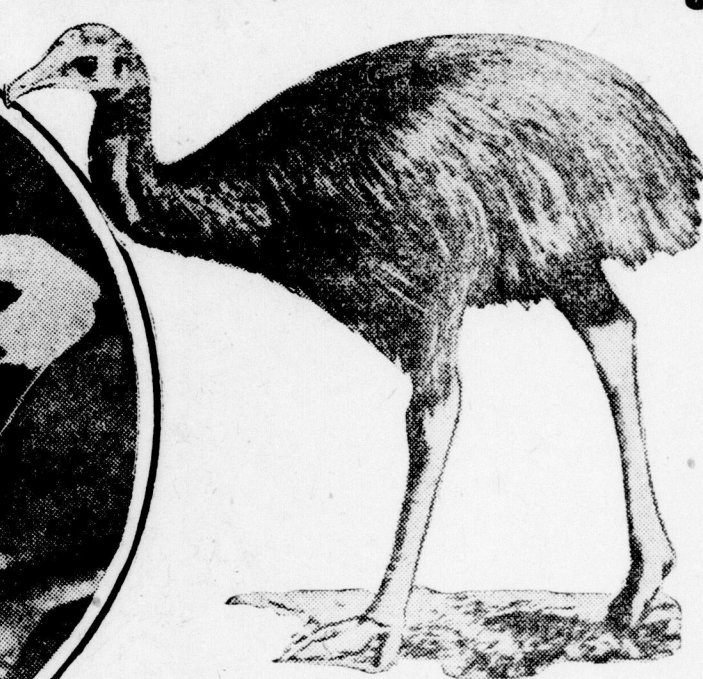


The white pelican, with its soup plate feet, is king of the web-footed birds.



The stil-legged spindleshanked flamingo finds its webbed feet useful when it stands in water.

of this otherwise pleasant beast. Needless to say, the great horned owl at Riverdale is not



The original Flannelfoot—one of the cassowaries.



The funny sun bear has forepaws that bear a grotesque resemblance to the human hand. His nails are like long hooks.

fed on skunks. It has to be satisfied with beef tenderloin and spare ribs.

The black claws of the bald-headed eagle are the claws of a thief. This eagle likes fish, but it is not a good fisher. So it watches the fish hawk until the latter has made a catch, when it swoops down and worries it until it drops the fish. Then the eagle swoops down and clutches the falling fish before it hits the water.

On the other hand the yellow claws of the golden eagle are those of a bona fide hunter. This cruel bird will volplane down, and with its harsh, rasping scream, drive its talons into some unwary rabbit, rodent or bird the way you drive a pronged fork into a pickle, and carry it off dead. Then the curved, cruel claws and hooked, equally cruel beak will combine to tear the flesh apart.

The Griffin vulture, as it squats with its fawn head of soft down and its panicles of down peeping from beneath its body like the modest frills of an early-Victorian maiden, gives no hint of its carrion nature. But from its downy pants stick two green, gaunt, bony feet, and at the ends of the toes, hanging like hooks, cruel hooks, black as the bird's black nature. Of all the talons in the zoo, these curved, shining, ebony hooks give the greatest impression of cruelty. Curved scimitars that speak of death.

The black vulture, another variety, black as a denizen of the nether regions, for even its eyes are black, has smaller, sharper, quicker looking talons, which, peculiarly enough, are attached to feet and legs which are white. The Egyptian vulture, smallest of all, whose rakish feathers make it look like a barnyard cock on a spree, has very small talons in comparison to the other. They are not much bigger or more deadly looking than a hen's scratchers.

## Pecary Has Neatest Feet

OF the ungulates or hoofed animals there are many examples in the zoo and in High Park from the big, broad-footed moose and the neat feet of the zebu to the tiny hooves of the peccary. The feet of the moose are not suited to hard ground. They will split and crumble unless the big animal has swampy ground in which to stamp and run.

Of all the feet at Riverdale zoo those of the peccary are probably the neatest. This piglike grey speckled animal has hooves as dainty as the French heels on a lady's shoe, black and tapering, especially those on its hind legs, which it lays down with the short, precise steps of a girl who does not want to turn over on her ankles.

For neatness and delicacy the peccary's feet are only approached by those of a bird, the little silver gull with a round soft body that is like silver snow, thin straight legs, and the daintiest of webbed feet. And of webbed feet in the zoo there are a very great variety. Birds of the stork variety, who are waders, the white European stork, for example, with its reddish legs, has feet that have still traces of a web between their toes as if this was departing with the passage of time. Ducks, swans, geese, cormorants, gulls, gannets—all of them have the webbed feet of swimmers. Their feet, with the supple delicate membrane joining the toes, were never meant for walking. You have only to compare them with the hard knobby feet of the hen and the guinea fowl, great walkers, or with the oak-legged, club-footed, splay-toed cassowaries, to see how differently the feet of the swimmers are made from those of the walkers.

But of all the palmipedes, that is web-footed birds, in the zoo the white pelican is easily king, with the brown pelicans forming his aristocracy. The white pelican has webbed feet that are all spread out like a plate of soup. They look enormous even when he stands flat on the ground, but let him waddle into the top of a

round stone and you get the full benefit of the size and elasticity of his webbed extremities. The soft skin stretches like a rubber glove. It is an irregular splash of several square inches.

Among the wading birds the legs are more striking than the feet. The different varieties of herons, cranes and storks afford examples of how nature supplied stilts, long, thin, spindly legs, on which they might negotiate marshy ground in a search for the wriggling eel or the succulent frog. All these birds are beautifully feathered and formed, especially the Sarus crane, with a slate grey body, a salmon colored throat and dark red legs. But of all the still legged birds at Riverdale the recently arrived flamingoes are easily the most striking. They have the thinnest of long spindle legs, so slender that you almost expect them to snap at the knee joint. They bear a ridiculous resemblance to the immature props of an overgrown boy. The flamingo has webbed feet in addition to its still legs. The legs and feet are pink, of a tone to match the wonderful pink bills and the delicate pink of the body feathers.

Other notable feet which may be mentioned are those of the otter, which has all its feet webbed, and the beaver, which has only its hind feet webbed, while the forefeet are free for uses similar almost to those of the human hand. The almost human character of the paws of the different monkeys needs no description. But the wallaby has a strange equipment fore and aft. Its fore feet on its short fore legs have fingers and nails, which give it a capacity for handling things like a squirrel or a beaver. But its hind feet are long and flat, extending almost to the knee joint of the leg in a way that acts as a spring board for the wallaby's swift loping jumps.

It would be unfair to conclude without mentioning the powerful pipe clayed legs of the marabou stork, like those of a line soldier of Wellington's day. The middle toe of the marabou's foot is fully five inches long, a strong, bony, blue-grey pointer jutting from the button base of his speckled foot.

## RARE BIBLICAL FIND IN OLD EGYPTIAN GRAVE

Coptic Manuscript of St. John Ranks  
With Oldest Authorities in  
the Greek Text

By THE REV. R. KILGOUR, D.D.

LAST winter, when members of the British School of Archaeology in Egypt were exploring at Qau-el-Kebir, a headland of the eastern cliffs up the Nile, about thirty miles south of Assiut, and over a hundred miles north of Thebes and Luxor, they made many fresh discoveries. Most of these have reference to the early Egyptian dynasties and revealed specimens of vases, amulets and scarabs and ivory work.

Interesting as these records of ancient Egypt are, the most remarkable find of the year was an early Coptic Biblical manuscript. Mr. Guy Brunton, the representative of the British school, who was directing the operations, was at work in an old Christian cemetery containing Coptic tombstones and Roman graves which had evidently lain undisturbed for some thirteen centuries.

There was dug up a rough jar, unfortunately so much broken that not even the pieces now remain. Inside the jar was found a small bundle about the size of a man's fist. This bundle had as an outer wrapping some linen cloth, and a peep inside the cloth revealed a bundle of papyrus leaves, containing evidently some Christian Scripture in Coptic writing. Mr. Brunton packed the whole lot, linen rags and all, very carefully, and brought it to England for further examination.

WHEN the package was opened and examined by the hon. director of the British School of Archaeology, Sir Flinders Petrie, he found that it contained a tall, narrow book of papyrus doubled across the hinge and tied tightly in a cloth. He describes it as "therefore much strained and skewed. On one side it was partly rotted and the rest of it was extremely brittle."

With all his practised skill Sir Flinders Petrie treated the papyrus so delicately that within a fortnight he was able to separate the fragile leaves one from the other, and also to preserve the linen rag in which they had been tied so long. To his joy he found that the leaves numbered no fewer than 43, most of them in good condition, a few injured, and fragmentary scraps of two or three more. The largest leaf measures about 10 inches high by 4 1/4 inches broad.

A preliminary examination showed that the papyrus contained the text of St. John's Gospel in Coptic written in a regular and scholarly hand.

The two main questions which arise concern (1) the date when this manuscript was written and (2) the actual text which it contains.

The conclusion to which Sir Flinders Petrie and his colleagues have come is that the date of this papyrus-writing must be placed towards the close of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century—that is, somewhere round about A.D. 400. It will therefore rank in age with the oldest authorities we have for the Greek text. It will then be the earliest extant manuscript of St. John's Gospel in Coptic, one of the oldest manuscripts of the text of anything like the complete Gospel in any tongue, and the earliest specimen of a manuscript of the Gospel of St. John in any public library in Britain.

AS to the text, we must await the result of the full examination which is being made by the Coptic scholar, Sir Herbert Thompson, who is editing the volume which the British School of Archaeology in Egypt is publishing in connection with this manuscript. Already Sir Herbert Thompson has found that its readings agree in the main with those of the Sahidic (or southern) version of the Coptic text, though they contain a primitive form of that version with many interesting variants. He will deal with this and all kindred topics in the book which the British School of Archaeology in Egypt hopes to issue next year.—London Times.

## Lord Birkenhead's "Common Sense" Questioned

THE echoes of Lord Birkenhead's address have not yet died away in Great Britain.

As lord rector of Glasgow University, he delivered last November an address to the students on "Idealism in International Relations," in which he scoffed at idealism, roundly asserted that "the motive of self-interest must be, and ought to be, the mainspring of human conduct," damned the League of Nations with faint praise, and closed by affirming that "the world continues to offer glittering prizes to those who have stout hearts and sharp swords; it is therefore extremely improbable that the experience of future ages will differ in any material respect from that which has happened since the twilight of the human race."

The cynicism of the address did a great service in calling forth a storm of disapproval from pulpit and press. "A Student" in the British Weekly speaks of "the blazing indignation" the address had evoked.

Dr. Hutton, of Westminster Chapel, perhaps the most virile preacher in England, sent to the Glasgow Herald a protest which closed with the suggestion "as the least that the students of my old university can do, with the accompaniment of a solemn ritual, to burn the speech in some public and uplifted place."

Yet though less vocal, all may feel sure there are those to whom Lord Birkenhead's frank cynicism has seemed honest and manly commonsense. After all, they think, is not Lord Birkenhead right, or, at any rate, is it not wise to steer clear of unreal pretensions? Is it not to profess devotion to ideals so high as to be nearly or altogether impracticable? That way hypocrisy lies. Surely the straightforward avowal of a reasonable and decent selfishness is less unlovely than a fitful, inconsistent, overstrained effort to follow ideals to which no human being can be wholly true?

"Sensible, manly speech, that of Birken-

Is It Hypocritical to Aim at What It Seems Impossible to Attain?—Are Britons Hypocrites?

—By SALEM G. BLAND, D.D.

head's," I can fancy someone saying. "He keeps his feet on the ground. He does not believe in attempting the impossible nor in pretending one is attempting the impossible."

And just as logically one might have said in the early days of aeroplanes, "Why think of flying? Man is heavier than the air. That is the long and short of it. He can only stay up in the air with difficulty, and for a very little while, and he is liable to get a very hard bump when he comes down, as come down, sooner or later, he must. If we keep on solid earth we escape these humiliating and disastrous tumbles."

Perhaps if our imaginations are active enough to go back (pace Mr. Bryan) much farther than that we can, perhaps, fancy something similar when our arboral ancestors, if a certain theory of human development be correct, first began to stand erect and use their forelegs for other purposes than locomotion. Can one not imagine how plain, matter-of-fact, honest folk would flout the whole effort to get about in such an idealistic fashion? They would point out with engaging honesty that men had always gone on all fours, and that such a method was quite practicable and safe, whereas to get up on one's hind legs only and attempt in unsteady and precarious fashion to make progress simply meant the disintegration of human morality by the effort to uphold standards that were impracticable.

Yet, despite the protests of the practical idealists learned to fly and idealists learned to walk, and eventually walking on two feet was found easier and safer and pleasanter than walking on four.

To abandon all ideals that are found difficult and to reduce one's standards to what is easy simplifies life attractively. But, after all, it is a deadly simplicity. Lord Birkenhead is quite unanswerable when he says self-interest is a powerful motive, and people have always fought one another, and so seems difficult to answer when he says: "No sensible person with the

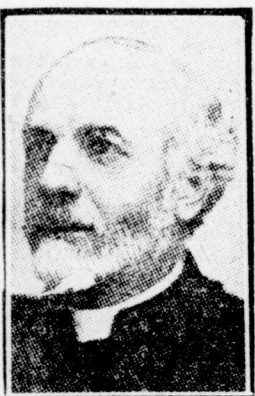
slightest knowledge of history will believe that human nature has so profoundly altered as to afford the most remote prospect that this dream (of the end of war) will ever be realized." Only he forgot that all the moral progress of the race and much of every kind of progress has been by attempting the impossible.

If he had preached a gospel of patience instead of despair he would have spoken more helpfully, though even then not very inspiringly, for the patience that is acquiescent in very slow progress or in no progress at all is much more abundant than even the faith that might move mountains.

The man who clings to difficult and exacting ideals will often fail. He may even fall into inconsistencies that suggest hypocrisy. It is questionable if the people at the farthest remove from hypocrisy are the finest people.

We have made of late years, and with too much reason, so many comparisons unfavorable to Germany. I hesitate to refer to what I yet believe has been a real difference between German and English ways of thinking. And to guard against prejudice or limitations of knowledge I will confine myself to one word of one who, neither Englishman nor German, knew and esteemed both, the American, Price Collier. In his "Germany and the Germans," he discusses the common German sneer of English hypocrisy.

"The German licenses vice, lotteries and gambling; the Englishman refuses to recognize the existence of any of the three. The German does not understand the Englishman's point of view in these matters, which is that, though he knows these things to exist, and that he is no better in actual practice than other men, he refuses to accept these things as his ideal. . . . He might have run away from danger himself, but none the less he scorns the man who did so. The shipwreck, the fire, the test of moral courage and endurance, may have found him a coward, or weak, or a deserter, but he holds that he must none the less measure the coward, the weakling, and the deserter, not by his own pos-



S. G. Bland, D.D.



# Success in Seamanship

—By Albert Richard Wetjen  
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM FISHER

The Old Captain of the Carroway Gives a Demonstration of the Rule of Seamanship, Which Says: "Masters and Crews of Stranded Vessels Should Bear in Mind That Success in Landing Depends in Great Measure On Their Coolness."

HIS oldskins glistening with nodules of water, the tall quartermaster entered the captain's cabin in response to a sleepy "Hello!"

The captain sat up in his bunk. He snorted, rubbed his eyes, ruffled his short-clipped white beard with the palm of his hand, and peered through the dim light from the overhead electric globe. "Elm," he mumbled, "just a minute, quartermaster," he called.

The quartermaster said: "Fog, sir." Then he added: "Sea's dropped considerably, sir."

"Is that so?" grunted the captain. Then he hopped out of his bunk, flinging back the warm blankets. He groped for his trousers. "Just a minute, quartermaster," he called.

"Give me a cigar from that box on my desk." Then, louder, as he straightened up and pulled his trousers on: "Happen to have a match about you? Seems I can never find a blasted light on this ship."

The quartermaster unbuttoned his oldskin coat and fumbled in his jacket pockets. Eventually he found a match.

"That'll do," said the captain as he puffed the cigar to a glow.

"Aye, aye, sir,"

The quartermaster went from the cabin and closed the door softly.

A strange whirling came from the big-faced clock over the captain's desk. A tiny hammer beneath the clock lifted and fell four times on a tiny bell. Almost immediately afterward the sound of the clock in the chart house could be heard. Then the deep-toned ship's bell over the helmsman's head, on the bridge above, took up the tale. The notes reverberated, muffled, through the encircling white.

"Six," the captain mumbled out of lips closed tight over his smoldering cigar. "And still dark!"

He shuffled back to his bunk, a little wisp of a man with bright blue eyes. His face was dusky red, still unlined despite his white hair. He pulled on thick wool gloves before leaving the cabin.

When he opened the door, a waft of fog drifted in on him, and he coughed gruffly. "Brrrrrr!" he said, and thrust his hands into the pockets of his oldskins, pockets he had specially made for few oldskins had then.

He made his way up the steep companion to the navigation bridge. He peered into the glowing compass bowl. Then he turned to the sailor who was steering, a giant Norwegian, stolid faced, big-boned, ceaselessly chewing Copenhagen snuff. "You're off your course, me," he snarled. The Norwegian dropped his eyes to the compass, moved the wheel a spoke or two, and took no further notice.

**The Snorting Liner**

THE mate stood at the tight-hauled dodger, looking forward into the white-ness.

He turned as the other approached. "Pretty thick, sir," he said. "Come down about half an hour back."

"Is that so?" responded the captain in an aggrieved tone. "Happen to have a match about you? Seems I can never find—"

The mate held out a box. "Here you are, sir." Then impatiently, worried: "Hear that liner snorting away?"

Above the beating hand horns from small fishing schooners came the coughing bellow of a deep-sea ship, a monster by the sound. The captain grunted as he removed one glove, lit his cigar, and handed the match box back. "Good matches," he said.

The mate stared away into the murk. He was a young man. It was his first voyage as mate. "I've got a lookout on the foc'sle-head, and in the crow's-nest, and one here in the bridge," he said. He pointed to where the tall quartermaster stood in the glass-windowed crow's-nest, on the bridge, and stared out on the beam.

The captain squinted at the telegraph near him. It was at half-speed. He grunted. Then he rang for slow. The engine's pulse dropped a tone or two. The Carroway barely drifted along the glassy sighing sea.

"That liner," the captain grunted. "Too near. Probably making twenty knots. Never slow down. I know. Carried mails 'mself once. Rules says slow down in fog. Owners says get mail on time or get fired. I know."

The mate, who had caught part of it, said "Yes, sir," still more moodily. He wondered what the fishermen of the fleet of tiny ships around the Carroway were thinking about. Probably uneasily waiting for the great steel bow to tower above them and cut them down.

The captain shouted suddenly: "Hard astarboard!" He jammed the telegraph full astern. One hand he kept in his pocket. His lips still chewed his cigar.

Out of the fog and dark forward came a roiling glare of the liner's siren. Her lights gleamed mistily. The wash of her keel prow could be heard, muffled. The loom of her was great, awesome. The Carroway's siren shrilled and coughed.

There was a confused shouting. The man in the crow's-nest shouted. The man on the foc'sle head shouted: "Ahead! Ahead! Ship dead ahead!" The quartermaster in the bridge wing faced inbound.

"We get it," he observed calmly. The helmsman tore the wheel round with nervous haste. The mate screamed for all hands on deck. Slowly the Carroway answered her helm and began to swing clear.

But the liner's speed was too great. Her wall-like sides grazed midships.

Her prow cut into the Carroway's stern, and the Carroway shuddered from keelson to truck, and heeled far over on her beam. On the liner's great white bridge, far above the Carroway's bridge, several great-coated officers looked down, white-faced. They shouted, waved. A shrill whistle cut the fog.

"Sorry!... We'll pick you up!" shouted one of them. The liner was gone. The sea boiled about her. A great jangling of bells came muffled from where she had disappeared. Then the fog swirled into the passage she had made.

**Rushing the Boats**

THE second and third mates, aroused from their bunks by the shock, came running half dressed to the bridge as the Carroway settled sashingly back on an even keel.

"Keep the siren going, mister," said the captain calmly to the white-faced mate. "The second mate he said: 'Go aft and look at the damage. To the third mate: 'Get the boats swung outboard.'"

The officers raced away. The captain put the telegraph to stop, and then to slow ahead. There was no answering jangle. The ship drifted. The engine pulse had gone. A whistle came from the brass speaking tube to the engine room. Came the voice of the second engineer: "May Ah ask what th' dell's wrang oop on deck?"

The captain mumbled: "Ah, McDee, collision. Give me a few turns of the screw."

"Impersonal voice," came the second's impersonal voice. "Ah'm bringing 'ma' men on deck. We'll keep steam up for the winches and siren."

The captain said mildly: "Is that so?" He beckoned the carpenter, who had just come up the companion with his sounding rod and line in his hand.

"Ah, Chips. I see you're on the job. Sound the bell. And, by the way, happen to have a match about you? Seems I can never find a blasted light on this ship."

When he opened the door, a waft of fog drifted in on him, and he coughed gruffly. "Brrrrrr!" he said, and thrust his hands into the pockets of his oldskins, pockets he had specially made for few oldskins had then.

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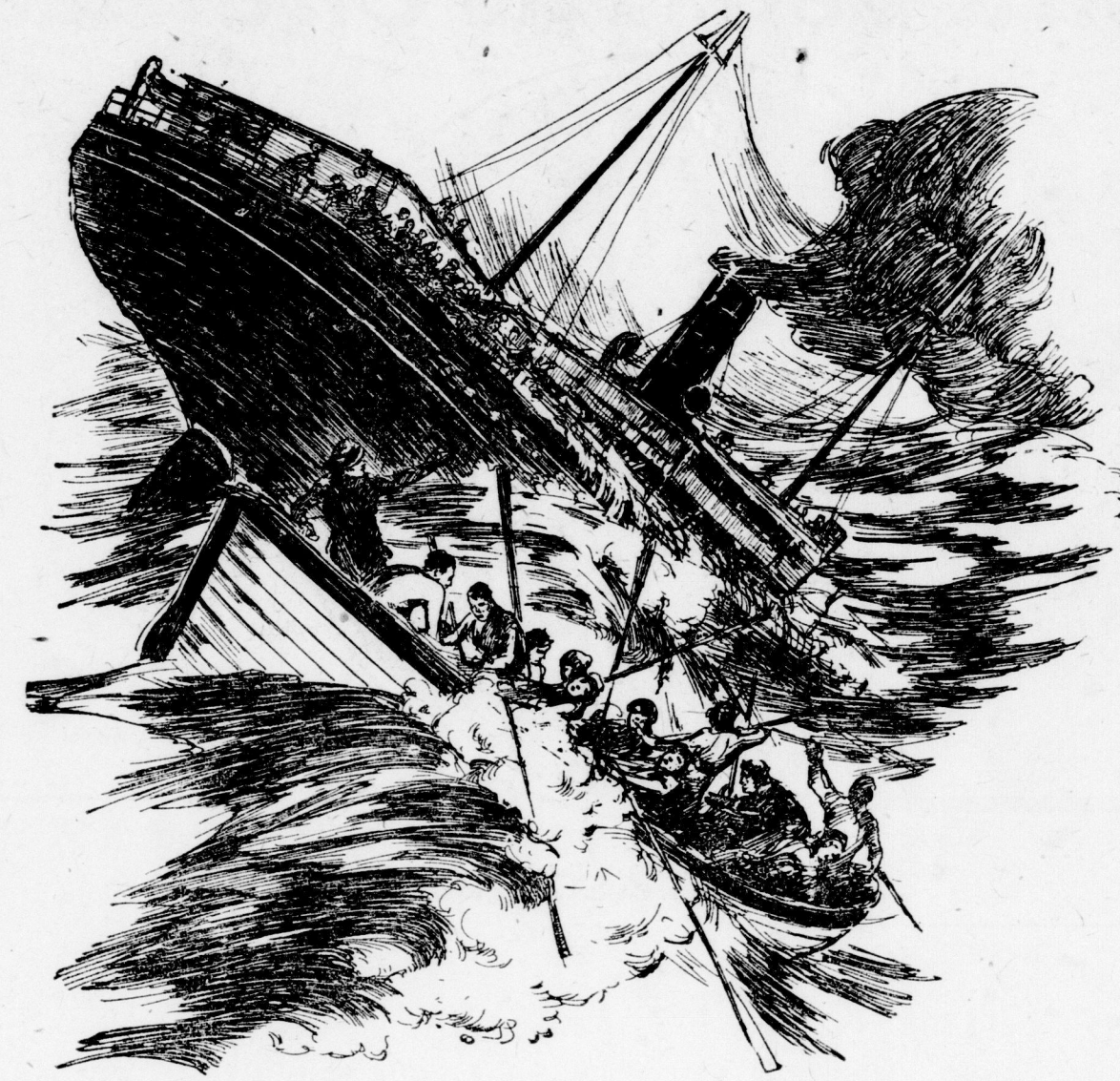
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Shouts came against the rising wind. The angry surf smashed the oar butts against the rowers' chests.

carrying square-heads. Get your gun and go to the third mate. Mr. Larson!" he called as the second mate disappeared in the murk. The mate swung from the dodger and came to his captain.

"They're rushing the boats, sir," he stammered. The captain touched his arm gently.

**Panic at Sea**

"CALM, Mr. Larson, calm. . . . That's better. You'll get used to this stuff if you sail the Western Ocean for long. Don't get excited. . . ."

Rushing the boats? I know. Got your gun in case of trouble. Take a couple of men aft, if you can find any. See if the sounding machine's still there. If so, take a cast."

With a gulp the mate left. The boy the carpenter had taken with him came on the bridge to report. "Carpenter says ten feet in the afterhold, sir," he piped. "No 4 hold's pretty dry. The chief engineer told me to say he's shut the bulkhead doors between four and five holds, sir."

"All right. Run along," commented the captain. The boy darted away. The captain went into the chart room to see if he could find a light. In the grip of the fierce coast currents, blinded by the fog, the ship drifted.

The few saloon passengers the Carroway carried, half a dozen women, a dozen men and some children, huddled on the boat deck near the warmth of the fat smokestack and watched with fear-widened, sleep-clogged eyes as the third mate and a handful of seamen hoisted out the boats that rested in their checks on the fiddleys.

The Carroway began to take a decided slant as her afterhold filled. There was no immediate danger. But the commoner seamen and the few steerage passengers only knew that S.O.S. was being sent out, and they were afraid.

Coal-blackened firemen, excited sailors, bearded laborers—like a torrent they poured up the iron monkey ladders from the main deck to the fiddley. The third mate and his men were swept fighting back from the boat they already had clear of the checks. The boat rapidly filled. Five or six men remained on the deck to lower away.

The second mate came. He gestured the bleeding third mate and

his men, and led them to the attack. The panic-stricken seamen, fumbling with the boat falls, were torn away. Angriest, men leaped back from the boat to rescue their comrades. Another free-for-all fight raged over the fiddley top. The fog lighted as the dawn rose.

The noise, sounding even above the blaring siren, attracted the captain. Mumbling to himself, he went down the bridge companion and entered his cabin. From a drawer in his desk he took an old ugly Colt's revolver. He loaded it carefully, slipped some extra cartridges in the pockets of his oldskin coat. Then he went down to the main deck.

**The Captain in Action**

HE walked along till he came to the break of the fiddley. He shinned hand over hand up the spider ladder. Trotting to the scene of conflict he dragged a bulky, garlic-breathed Austrian from the outskirts and swatted him across the temple with his revolver barrel. The man went down and out, and stayed there.

Another man the captain seized and treated similarly. The third mate followed. The captain seized and treated similarly. The third mate followed.

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a match about you? I never seem to be able to get—Ah, thanks. Stay here with the third mate."

He moved away to where the saloon passengers stood, tucking his big gun in his pocket, but first Ruffling his gaudy wet feathers, the ship's mascot and the captain's pet, a small parrot, was perched on the top of a lifeboat box.

"Pretty Polly," chuckled the captain, stopping and ticking the bird's poll.

"Awk!" the parrot said indignantly. "Is that so?"

**S.O.S. Fails**

THE captain chuckled again and turned to the passengers. "I'd go below," he said mildly, growing serious. "Rather cold up here."

"But—the danger?" shrilled a woman.

The captain shrugged. "None. The bulkheads are holding all right. We'll have another ship along here in an hour or two. Go along below. I'll call you if anything's liable to happen."

He ushered them down the monkey ladder as he would have ushered a flock of obstinate sheep, with waving arms and a succession of soft clicks.

Following the passengers down to the main deck he ran across the harassed saloon steward and talked to him severely for allowing his charges to get panic-stricken enough to leave their rooms. Protesting, the steward was waved away. The captain went back to the bridge.

The wireless operator came to him, his young face haggard. "Can't get any answer, sir," he said despairingly. "It must be this fog. It does sometimes block signals. I can't get in touch with a single ship or a land station. What shall we do?" "I'm sorry, sir."

"Do? Say, do you happen to have a match about you?" The captain removed his glove. "Do? Why, you can't do a thing if your master's on the bum. Don't take it to heart. . . . Match? Yes, thanks! Run along and keep trying, m'boy."

"Thank you, sir." The operator went away with a lighter heart. The mate came on the bridge, wet with perspiration.

"Most of the poop's smashed up," he said. "The sounding machine wasn't damaged too much, and I found it workable. But the fair lead was gone, and the cant of the deck makes it impossible to take a sounding from where the machine is. I've got the boat's aft now with a man and some spanners getting the machine loose. I think I'll set it up midships somewhere and run the wire through a block on the end of a boom."

"Might work," grunted the captain, ruffling his beard with the palm of his gloved hand. He pulled on the glove as he spoke again. "This current must be settin' us down on the coast, Larson. While the boat's busy on the machine, you might see the life-belt boxes are unlocked. Cut the rafts adrift, too. Send me a man up here to run messes."

"Aye, aye, sir." The mate turned away, wiping his brow and feeling easier in his mind. The captain was as carelessly impersonal as if the Carroway was just steaming into harbor on a fine day with all clear ahead.

**Breakers Ahead!**

AN able seaman came on the bridge some few minutes after the mate had gone. He reported for duty. "Happen to have a match about you?" the captain inquired. The man had. The captain lit a fresh cigar and puffed away.

Through the fog a dull moaning noise became apparent. Dimly on the port bow, through the lightning fog, a thin line of white appeared. A man shouted from the foredeck. The mate of the broadened and spread ahead. The cry was taken up by the men on the fiddley. Knowing that the Carroway was helpless, each man still, in this emergency, appealed to the little grey-bearded figure on the bridge with a cigar sagging from one corner of his mouth.

and his hugely gloved hands rubbing at his chin.

"Breakers! Breakers on your port bow, sir!"

"Ahead, sir! Breakers ahead!"

"Gott in Himmel! To der boats. . . ."

"Man overboard!" came the second mate's shout above the mingled cries as a man slid overboard from the fiddley deck, slippery with continuous spray. "Shall we lower a boat, sir?"

Emergently the captain ruffled his beard. "Never seem to be able to find a blasted light on this ship," he murmured as he became aware his cigar had gone out again. He shouted aloud: "No!" Then he added: "Women and children first, mister. If it comes to that."

The Carroway struck on the port beam, broadside on. She shivered back from a shingle bank and then struck again. Her keel rasped. A sea smote her on the starboard side, her weather side, and canted her over. Sprays showered across the deck. With a despairing cry another seaman lost his footing and his grip on a funnel stay and went overboard. The passengers surged on deck from below again. Women screamed.

As though drawn by a great vacuum cleaner, the fog trickled away, rolled back to seaward and left the Carroway naked to the rising sea and the shingly coast.

Another swell wanted the ship, and this time she stayed canted, her stern deeply aground, her bows still raised a little, but also touching bottom. She moved up and down uneasily.

The captain, very calmly took in the shore line as he wiped spray from his eyes and chewed his cigar.

The coast line was low and hilly. A broad shingle beach ran from the cliffs to the sea. High surf broke where shingle and water met. The Carroway had grounded some three hundred yards from the shallows.

Boat falls shrieked as they were let go in haste. The second and third mates' profane voices came to the captain. A boat smashed into the water on the side facing the shore, where the water was smooth in the sheltered lee. It was loaded to the gunnel with seamen and steerage passengers.

**"Have You Got a Match?"**

OARS came out in ones and twos. All lengths, and in different attitudes. Plain it was that they knew how to handle a boat. The falls were unhooked. Bloody-mouthed, bruised of face, the two young mates stood on the edge of the fiddley deck and shook their fists. The second mate raised his revolver and took one shot. The bullet skimmed over the boat after striking the water.

"That'll do," called the captain mildly. The second mate looked up to the bridge, swore, nodded, said: "Yes, sir," and pocketed his revolver.

Then with the third mate he moved along to another boat, a woman carrying a baby plucking at his arm and imploring him to save her child.

The boat carrying the mutineers rode low in the water, with its excessive weight. Its oars splashed erratically. It got from under the protection of the slanting Carroway's hull and into the first of the surf.

It was tossed skyward, earthward, sideways. Shouts came against the rising wind. The angry surf smashed the oar butts against the rowers' chests. Finally they drifted ashore an upturned boat. A few heads dotted the surf for a while. They disappeared. That was all. The passengers, left on the Carroway, shuddered and broke the silence they had kept while watching. They raised their eyes to the bridge and whispered to each other: "See what the captain does."

It was plain no boat would live in the surf. It was also plain the Carroway was precarious. Shallow water cascaded across the fiddley. The cook had long since deserted his galley, the last seaman the foc'sle. The engine room was filling with water. The siren would cease to bellow when the last of the steam came.

The mate mounted to the bridge. He had ceased bothering over the sounding machine. The water depth was now apparent.

"I see there's some one moving about ashore, sir," he said hopefully, quite over his excitement.

The captain looked up at the sky, now peering blue with the dawn through the thin shreds of the fog. He looked to seaward, where the fog was still unpeccable. He looked forward and aft, where the seas were breaking monotonously over the Carroway's main deck. He sighed. "Is that so?" he said. Then, stepping to the glass box, he secured a pair of binoculars. He focused them on the beach.

"Yes," he said at last, "they'll rig a breeches buoy. That's the coast guards. I see they've a rocket apparatus there. Tell the men to stand by and grab the line when it comes shooting across. . . . If we don't get off this ship in half an hour, we needn't bother."

"Do you think so, sir? Do you really think so?"

The mate grew nervous again. The captain grunted.

"Sure. . . . Happen to have a match about you? Thanks. . . . Remember your signals for receiving rockets."

The mate gulped. "I think so, sir."

**The Life Line**

THE last passenger had gone. The crew started to land. The crowd on the beach grew greater. From over



# The Coincidence

—By Booth Tarkington  
ILLUSTRATED BY CLYDE SQUIRES

Which Will a Girl Choose as a Husband—A Likeable Grasshopper or an Acquisitive Ant? The Cold-Blooded Successful Type—or the Warmer, Unselfish Kind Who Will Never Do Much in Business?

AMONG the girls who were fond of young Harry Keyes it was thought the knowing thing to say that he had "the Latin touch."

By this they meant that he was a lightsome spark, flexibly expressive and of a contagious gaiety.

He could do "positively anything" they said, for this tall gentleman was a master of light accomplishments. He was a willing player upon the piano; being one of those dashing young amateurs whose hands sweep the keys like sea-birds rising from the water. He improvised and composed; he had written several charming little songs. Of course he "danced like an angel" and he drew recognizable caricatures but not malicious ones.

Moreover he had a light baritone voice with touchingly wilful tones in it.

Holly had no vanity at all. He took his accomplishments and himself not seriously but carelessly; he was the friendliest soul alive and would do anything he could for anybody.

Consequently he was asked to do a great deal, and the general impression about him was that with all his gifts he would "never amount to anything."

"Why don't you?" a girl asked him one afternoon on the County Club veranda. She was a visitor from out-of-town. "Why don't you amount to something and fool 'em?" she urged him. "Anyhow, why don't you try?"

"I've thought of it sometimes. Why do they think I won't amount to anything? I don't mean I think I shall, myself; I only mean I wonder why they think I won't. What reasons do they give?"

"They don't give any," the girl replied. "They just say, 'Oh, yes; Holly's charming but of course he'll never amount to anything.' They don't stop to analyze why they think so, you see. They just have that impression of you and let it go at that."

"Well, why do you think they have it?" he asked.

She looked thoughtful, concentrating. "I think it's because they all use you," she said. "You know you'll do everything they ask you to, and a lot of polite, thoughtful things, besides. They don't ask you to. On top of that, you're always the life of the party—you've certainly been the life of every party I've been to since I came here. The trouble is you don't charge anything for it. I mean by that, you don't act as if you were charging a favor. You let 'em take it for granted you'll do it for 'em—entertaining, and carry all the baskets, too. They love you, of course; but they know that they use you and that they don't have to make any return for it; so they really feel you'll let 'em use you else treat you the same way, wherever you go and whatever you do."

**Miss Peel's Prophecy**

"So that's it," Holly laughed. "Amounting to something is just getting returns, is it?"

"Well, isn't it? Look at the handsome little man with the 'strong jaw' Thompson Rennett. He makes everybody feel that he's out to get returns for himself, and they all think he has a great future before him. If you and he both were to fail, papa that your intentions were fair, honorable, and if papa had to take one of you, it would seem much wiser to let it be the good-looking little Rennett man with the jaw."

"I see," Holly returned, nodding. "You're ambitious."

"Not very, but your wife would have a poor time of it, my friend. When you were a star in theatricals she'd hear 'em say, 'He ought to have gone on the stage!' When she'd sit in the gallery to hear you make an after-dinner speech she'd have to listen to everybody whispering. He ought to have been an orator! And when you'd been a musician! Your wife'd always be hearing what you ought to have been; and that's the painfullest thing a wife can hear about her husband."

"Whereas," said Holly, "Tommie Rennett—"

"Whereas, with little Tommie, she'd have a husband with a lot of selfish energy, and she'd get to be prosperous and important some day," said the visitor. "Little Tommie Rennett is rather a narrow-minded, but he's good; he's affable, he's devoted to business, and he wouldn't do anything for anybody unless he got credit for it. He sent me some sensible flowers—just about a third as many as were in that enormous stack you sent me yesterday—and at the dance last night he expected me to make a fuss over him for a dance. You sent me a bouquet for a dance; you couldn't go to, yourself. No; I'd take Tommie, because he'll get on in the world, and you'll probably be working for him some day."

Holly shook his head ruefully. "Lordy!" he said. "What did you give that idea? Are you a good prophet usually?"

Miss Virginia Peel, of Lemington, the visitor, looked at him thoughtfully. "I think I'm a good prophet in this case," she said. "I'll tell you why. Whenever you go you find more or less the same types, don't you? Of course everybody's an individual, and in some things different from any other person in the world; but when you go from one

town to another you're pretty apt to find people that correspond to people you know where you came from. The way it is with me when I'm visiting in a place like this, I meet a woman, for instance, and pretty soon I begin to think, 'Oh, yes! I know a lot about you. You're another Mrs. Calvin Jones; that's what you are.' You see, Mrs. Calvin Jones is a type. I've always known in my own town."

"I see," Holly said. "And when you meet me, you said to yourself—"

**Charm or Success**

SHE nodded. "Yes, I said to myself, 'I know him because he's another Harry Loyd.'"

"Oh, then the Holly Keyes of Lemington is named Harry Loyd?"

"Well, our Harry Loyd isn't quite a Holly Keyes," she said. "Yes, he is a lot like you in a great many ways. He's—well, if you'll please, how I'll tell you one thing about him. Mr. Keyes; he's charming."

"Thank you."

"You're not very enthusiastic," she said. "Of course we none of us like to be told that we're like some one else, and yet most of us really are. Harry Loyd is like you in other ways than being gay and charming. He plays and sings and tells stories wonderfully. He's been the life of the party for years, and carried the baskets and changed the tires and done everything for everybody, and let people use him and walk all over him, and he's always been friendly and ready—and never got any returns for himself."

"Why, you think you think I'd be a hired man of Tommie Rennett's some day?"

"I know," she interrupted. "That's what I'm explaining. You see we have a Tommie Rennett in Lemington, too. Ours is named Lohrman, Theodore. Like Mr. Rennett, he doesn't look a bit like Mr. Rennett—but he's the same type; the aggressive, successful business man and not much else. He started with very little and he's already at the head of what my father calls a 'tremendously rising industry.' Isn't that like Mr. Rennett?"

Holly frowned. "I see," he said. "Ah—which do you like best?"

"Do you mean which do I like best: you or Mr. Rennett?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as to ask that just yet," said Holly. "I'd be afraid to especially since you've already told me you'd rather marry Tommie Rennett."

"Oh, no, I didn't; I only said it would seem wiser."

"But you say this Harry Loyd is your town's like me and a Mr. Lohrman is like you. Tommie Rennett, which one do you like the most: of Loyd or Lohrman?"

"Mr. Lohrman."

"You do?" Holly said, and he looked depressed. "You see like Lohrman more than the one that's like me?"

"Yes, Mr. Lohrman married my cousin."

"Well, that's quite a relief," the young man assured her. "That's some comfort, anyhow!"

"They're both married," Miss Peel said demurely. "Mr. Loyd, too."

"That's some comfort," Holly returned, brightening still. "I'm glad Mr. Loyd's married, too—though, of course, he's never had any chance with you."

"He's quite a lot older," she explained. "So is Mr. Lohrman. They're both about forty now, I suppose. That's why it seems to me I can see that you and Mr. Rennett will be like when you are about forty."

At this Holly's expression became one of dismal foreboding. "Oh, murder!" he said. "I see! That's why you think I'll be working for Tommie Rennett, some day. My prototype, Loyd, works for Tommie's prototype, Lohrman. Don't tell me it's true!"

"Yes, I will," she said, and laughed at his burlesque gesture of dismay. "They grew up together, just as you and Mr. Tommie Rennett did, and in their youth Harry Loyd and Theodore Lohrman lived the fable of the grasshopper and the ant, just the way you and Tommie are living it now. Theodore had his nose to the grindstone every day while Harry Loyd was out at the Country Club making things lovely for some 'visiting' girl—the way you're doing that for me to-day. You see it was the summertime of the grasshopper and the ant. Well, when winter came, and Harry Loyd and Theodore were middle-aged, the grasshopper singing and amiable hadn't laid by any stores. Theodore and his wife, my cousin, Judith, have a beautiful big house, and their children go away to the best schools; but Mr. and Mrs. Harry Loyd live in a little frame house, and their children make things lovely anywhere except at home. They're not on poor Harry Loyd's twenty-two hundred a year! They say Theodore pays him that just for his popularity, though Harry isn't much use to him as a business man. Couldn't you take it as a warning, Mr. Keyes?"

**Getting Serious**

"DON'T suppose so," he said. "Grasshoppers can't be anything but grasshoppers, can they? It's a pretty dismal prospect, though—the winter!" With that he shivered, then laughed. "Well, it's summer still," he went on, "overturning up. And besides, you aren't a type, and that's a comfort!"

"Why, of course I'm a type!" she returned. "Every twp in the world has a girl like me—dozens of 'em!"

"No," he said earnestly. "Lemington is the only place that's got the one. There's only one of you."



She gave him her hand with what seemed to the other person present a little too much heartiness.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because there couldn't possibly be anyone else anywhere who could look so warm-hearted and be so cold-blooded!"

At this her charming color heightened. "What makes you think I'm cold-blooded?"

"My goodness!" he exclaimed. "Why, you discuss Tommie Rennett and me! You figure us out as if you were a mathematician with chalk and a blackboard!"

He had become so earnest that she looked at him gravely. "I don't—quite," she said. "Don't you see I was just wringing you?"

"You mean you were trying to stimulate me out of being a grasshopper," he said. "And at the same time you're sharp enough to see it can't be done."

"You really think it could?" she said, and gave him a clear, full look, wholly serious.

As serious as she was, he returned her look, but shook his head. "I'll never make a 'good business man,'" he said. "It just can't be done. I think I'll probably be lucky if I'm getting twenty-two hundred a year at this time."

For that matter, she liked Rennett, too. She had the pleasant infirmity of being unable to be cold to anyone who was warm to her. When anyone showed that he liked her, she was inevitably pleased with him—when anyone showed that he loved her, she was more than pleased, she was profoundly touched.

If she had not known the Harry Loyd at home who was so like this Holly Keyes and if she had not so often seen Mrs. Loyd patching the children's clothes and "turning" skirts for another year's wear, Virginia might have felt herself to be more impulsive with Holly; for of course, as he became more and more serious in his feeling for her, she could not prevent herself from being moved by it. Indeed, she finally became distressed by it, and told him so. That was the evening before she went away.

They had been dancing indoors at the Country Club, and for a little while he had persuaded her to walk with him in the strip of forest grove outside, where they could not be seen. "Please, let's not talk any more about it," she said, in a voice tremulous with her great earnestness. "I just can't say 'yes' to you, Holly. I can't!"

If you get that far away from me I know I'll lose you. He laughed sorrowfully.

"Listen," she said. "I never meant to go this far. At first I enjoyed having you seem interested in me; I can't deny it. But honestly, I thought you were such a light sort of person—"

**Parting Gifts**

"YES," Holly interrupted, with a little bitterness. "You made it pretty plain you're familiar with my type—I'm just 'Harry Loyd,' I know. We're only minstrels, of course; the light comedians that were never meant to be taken seriously. But we do feel a little ourselves sometimes. We really do, you know."

"I do know," Virginia said, in a low voice. "Don't be afraid you haven't made me understand that. I've seen that you care for me in a very real and lovely way, and I appreciate it more than you guess. But not enough to think I want to marry you."

"Well," he said, "it doesn't seem to me I can stand it, but I suppose I've got to. Then, for a moment, in the darkness he walked away from her, but turned quickly and came back where she stood, grieving. "I've all that confounded Harry Loyd!" he said. "I believe if it weren't for him I'd have had a better chance to make you like me."

She echoed his unhappy laughter and her response came to him in a whisper. "Like you? You don't know how much I like you! But—"

"Yes—I hear the 'but,'" he said. "Do you think you'll say 'yes' to Rennett before you go?"

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"Can I come to Lemington, to see you?"

"No—no."

"Will you let Tommie Rennett come there?" he asked, huskily. "I don't know."

Holly laughed again, and his bitterness returned. "I see. You want to make it clear that there's no chance at all for me. Though you won't say 'yes' to Tommie definitely, you're going home to think it over about him, because maybe you will

composed of dozens of little scenes. The settings shift continually. The three roles are played with fervor, and though the heroine of the other two is infrequent and never genuine. Certain of the scenes, however, were enacted at the house of the heroine's aunt, Mrs. George Peel, where Virginia was staying, and it was Mrs. Peel's opinion that Holly Keyes "had a chance." True, Virginia usually arrived at the Country Club with Rennett in his car, while Holly went out there by trolley, but Mrs. Peel was naturally aware that when Mr. Rennett came to her house for her niece he seldom failed to find Holly taking a most temporary leave of her upon the veranda steps. Moreover, Virginia had said she "liked" Holly.

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"Listen," she said. "I never meant to go this far. At first I enjoyed having you seem interested in me; I can't deny it. But honestly, I thought you were such a light sort of person—"

**Tragedy**

"I THOUGHT you—that is, I understood you—to imply," he stammered; "I understood you'd implied to Holly Keyes—"

"Yes," she said sadly, her arms full of Holly's farewell. "I did. I did imply."

"And about me, you implied—"

"I only implied, though," she protested defensively. "You mustn't make any more of it—yet."

"But when I come to Lemington—"

"If you do come," she said.

"I told me—"

"I said I'd write to you that you can, if I decide that you can."

"But you will decide that way, won't you?" he begged as they reached the gate where her porter waited. And he looked so earnestly her lover, and so handsome, and so troubled, that she was unable to repress an impulse that brightened him magically. "At least," she said hurriedly, "I hope I will!"

Then she ran through the gate, following her porter; and on the train she thought of how Tommie Rennett would look the next time he met Holly Keyes. Tommie would win a little when she thought of that: her journey was not a happy one. All the way she accused herself, defended herself, acquitted herself and convicted herself; the principal charge being that the prosecution being that she was mercenary.

But whether she was guilty or not depends on the definition of the word "mercenary"; and many intelligent people would have thought her merely sensible. She was one of a large family, and a happy enough family, too, though the head of it was only a country court judge with a salary of four thousand dollars a year. Virginia had "scraped along on nothing" and was tired of doing it; she liked "pretty things" and hoped to be able to buy them, some day.

decide to say 'yes' to him later. Isn't that the way of it?"

That was, indeed, "the way of it," but Virginia could not admit it. For some reason she felt that it would be shameful to make such an admission, and the unhappy young man heard a premonitory sound of approaching tears. "I just can't talk about it any more, Holly," she said. "I—you don't know how it all hurts me!"

This had the right effect at once. "For heaven's sake don't cry!" he said, of course; and patted her shoulder lightly. "There's nothing for you to really worry about. You're weight, and I'm not going to be in such a bad state of mind. Cheer up, d'ye hear?"

"I—I can't," she whimpered. "I know you do care, Holly!"

"Well, what of it?" he said brusquely. "Listen!"

From the clubhouse veranda, two hundred yards away, there came a chorus of boys' and girls' voices calling: "Holly! Oh, Holly! Oh, Holly!"

"How about 'Spaniard O'Reilly'?" "Everybody's waiting!"

"I'm coming!" he called. Then he turned to his agitated companion and laughed. "It's that fool new song," he explained. "I promised 'em I'd sing it with the orchestra. Don't worry, more about us Harry Loyds. We're all right so long as it's summertime, you know."

She came along, but she knew it wasn't "all right" with him; and she wept to her pillow that night when she thought of how gayly he had sung "Spaniard O'Reilly," and had been the "life of the party," as usual, for her sake—to keep her from "worrying." And the next morning she said good-bye over the telephone to a "four-year-old" prevented him from coming to the station. Orchids, candy and a copy of "Vestition Letters," bound in leather, with her initials stamped on the cover, were waiting there for her, however, in the hands of a messenger, when she arrived with the troubled Mr. Rennett in his car. Mr. Rennett was so troubled when he beheld these parting gifts.

**Revelation**

TWO hours later, she passed this corner where she had parted with her motor, and she seemed to have a long, long time since she had been there. Her face was that of one who had been looking on helplessly at a tragedy, and when she came home she ran the whole thing over in her mind, and she found even taking off her hat. "You're getting your poor hat all out of shape," she said. "You tell her everything for me, if she can listen to you. I think I'll go home, dear. The truth is I—well, I dread seeing her, and well—just feel as if I couldn't go in poor Harry's house without breaking down, myself."

She stopped and fumbled for a handkerchief, whereupon her daughter, who had been waiting for her, moved her a step toward home. "For heaven's sake go home and don't let's cry on the street, mamma!" she said brusquely, and went on to Ruth Loyd's alone.

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Morever, she liked the hard-working, scrupulous Rennett. He was a dry little man, mentally; and not open-handed; but neither was he so "close" that he would be stingy as a husband. She reached her destination, a little before midnight, in a state of depression. But the startling and terrible thing that had just happened in Lemington made her own trouble seem in nothing.

She had not let her family know by what train she would arrive, so no one met her at the station; whereupon she was more depressed than ever. She tried to prepare a bright face for the meeting with her mother, but failed completely. Her mother, hurrying downstairs, as the daughter entered the front door, cried, "Virginia!" excitedly, embraced her, and then stepping back from her, said: "So you've heard it! I can tell from your face that you have!"

"Heard what, mother?"

"About poor Harry and Theodore!" Virginia stared incredulously. "Did you see it in the paper on the train?" her mother asked.

"I don't know what you're talking about, mamma. What is it?"

"They were killed this morning. Both of them," said Mrs. Peel. "I thought from your face you must have known it."

**"Will Make No Difference"**

A LITTLE later she brought Virginia a newspaper with an account of the accident.

"Shocking accident kills prominent manufacturer," Express crashes into limousine. H. P. Loyd also victim, dies with employer.

"At 10:15 o'clock this morning Theodore Lohrman, one of the most important figures in the financial and industrial life of the city, was crossing the L. B. and C. tracks in his limousine on the Southport turnpike, when his car was struck by the eastbound express, traveling at a high rate of speed. The body of the limousine was thrown at least sixty feet by the shock and both of the occupants, Mr. Lohrman and H. J. Loyd, who was accompanying him to inspect Mr. Lohrman's Southport mills, were instantly killed. The chauffeur was taken to a hospital badly hurt and unable to tell how the accident occurred. The shock to Mr. Lohrman's business associates is particularly severe at this time, as a member of the Lohrman firm stated to a representative of this paper. A far-reaching enlargement of the Lohrman Industries had just been planned, and although Mr. Lohrman's death will make no difference in these plans, which will be carried through immediately—"

Virginia stopped reading to stare pallidly at her mother. "What a horrible way to put it!" she said. "Although Mr. Lohrman's death will make no difference—"

"It only means it won't make any difference in the plans for carrying out the enlargement," said Mrs. Peel gently. "Naturally it makes a dreadful difference to poor Cousin Judith. Of course, though, she has a great deal to live for. She's lost him, but she has the children and—other things. She'll be immensely well off."

"Poor Ruth! Lloyd has children to live for, too," said Virginia. "The paper scarcely mentions Harry; it seems to think Theodore's death so much more important!"

"Well, in a way it is," her mother returned sadly. "But as your father tried to say when he telephoned me the news, it'll never seem like the same town again, without poor Harry."

"A father tried to say?"

"Yes," Mrs. Peel explained. "He choked up and I could hardly understand him, but that's what he meant. Everybody seems to feel the same way about him."

"Everybody except the newspaper!"

"Of course, poor Theodore's death will be greatly felt in a business way," the mother said. "But the newspaper says that's just where it won't be felt. The 'enlargements' and everything else will go on just the same. Why, that's awful!"

Mrs. Peel sighed. "I haven't been to see poor Cousin Judith, but sister Amy says she's being so brave! I

thought I'd let her get the first shock over, and so I waited for you to go with me to-morrow. The funeral isn't until Thursday, and neither is poor Harry's. We'll go to-morrow after lunch, shall we?"

Virginia assented wistfully; adding that she would then go to see Mrs. Loyd. And the next day, early in the afternoon, they set forth upon these painful errands of condolence. They found the effect of the shock well dispersed when they arrived at Mrs. Lohrman's. She kissed them sorrowfully, showing some emotion, then she sat with them in her spacious and luxurious drawing-room, and spoke resignedly of her loss.

"Everything will go on just the same," she said. "Theodore Junior enters the technical school in the fall, and both Judith and Mary will go to Mrs. Bursley's in Boston—all the children are leaving so splendidly. Theodore's trust company will have charge of the estate's interests, and we can all feel that my dear husband is still taking care of us."

**The Old Man's Death**

"JUDITH, dear," Mrs. Peel said impulsively, "I can't tell you how glad we all are to see you keeping such splendid control of yourself. I do hope poor little Ruth Lloyd has something like your serenity of spirit!"

"Poor Ruth!" Mrs. Lohrman said, and she shook her head sadly. "I hear she has no resignation at all. Of course it makes things just a little harder for her to realize that Harry isn't still alive if Theodore had not taken him with him, and the terrible part of it is that he didn't take him because he needed him. Theodore told me the night before, that he was going to run down in his car to look at the Southport Mills."

"I think I'll take Harry along," he said. "It's quite a drive and he may know a new story or two. He never counted on poor Harry for business, of course; though he said Harry's personality helped to make business for him. I can't bear to think of Ruth; they say she's about crazy. If she could only show more bravery!"

Mrs. Peel said admiringly, when she and her daughter had come out of the house and reached the sidewalk. "Did you ever see such courage? She's so wonderfully serene and resigned, I think she must have a perfect faith."

Virginia looked profoundly thoughtful. "Do you think it's faith?" she asked. "Do you think it's a great deal? I don't think she's still got what she really cares most about: her children—and the rest of it?"

Her mother was shocked. "Virginia!"

"You wouldn't call her 'stricken,' would you?" Virginia said. "I don't think the children are precisely that, either."

"My dear, people can't just sit down and cry all the time."

"I know," said Virginia gravely. "But he died only yesterday."

"Well, but—"

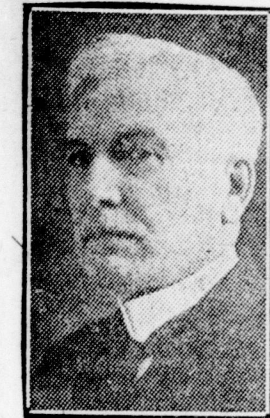
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## NEVER FORGETS FACES, JUST MISTAKES THEM

How Hon. George P. Graham Made One of His Rare Oversights at the Imperial Conference

THEY'll tell you at Ottawa that there's one man at least who never forgets faces. He's Hon. George P. Graham, minister of railways and canals.



Hon. Geo. P. Graham.

Even Mr. Graham had heard it so often that he himself began to believe that it was impossible for him to make a mistake.

This is the story of his mistake. Some years ago, Mr. Graham commenced what proved later to be a lasting friendship with Mr. Gardiner, of the Australian federal house, who, incidentally, greatly resembled Premier Baldwin of England. They had met only once, but the gap of three thousand odd leagues of sea had been no barrier to the spirit of "aud lang syne," which persisted in spite of time.

At the Imperial conference last fall, Mr. Graham received the welcome news that his old friend, Gardiner, was one of the Australian delegates, and was to be one of the guests at the colonial representatives banquet.

As a result of some preliminary business which necessitated his presence, the Canadian minister of railways and canals arrived ahead of time. But as soon as he could be hurried into the assembly hall, eagerly looking for his old friend from the Antipodes. Almost instantly, he spied him. Strange to say, he was "receiving" at the door.

Without hesitation Mr. Graham ploughed resolutely through the crowd, and, with an exuberance of spirit which was as sincere as it was emphatic, landed a resounding thwack on the back of the Australian, exclaiming as he thrust out his hand: "How are you, Gardiner? I'm glad to see you again."

The violence of the greeting did surprise Gardiner, but was in no way comparable with the reflex of astonishment which came over Mr. Graham. Premier Baldwin turned a wondering countenance on the minister of railways and canals, then smiled calmly, remarking, as he grasped the outstretched hand, "I'm very glad to meet you."

## Kaiser Couldn't Forgive Like Small-Minded Men

British General Corrected the Kaiser in His Interpretation of the Battle of Waterloo

IN revealing for the first time the late General Gordon's lamentable weakness for stealthy brandies-and-sodas, it was no love of scandal that induced Lytton Strachey to bring out that deplorable failing in the great man, but a love of truth.



William II.

Discussing the legends about great men, Professor J. H. Morgan, professor of constitutional law at University College, London, throws his weight and influence behind the modern view that the essential of a good autobiography or biography is that "the very soul of the sinner is revealed."

How many great men ever really said the great things that an adoring generation attributed to them? Most of them are myths, according to the professor's judgment, backed up by a collection of specific instances in which the Kaiser even figures.

It was Lord Rosebery that shattered the cherished belief of the British public for a hundred years that the great Pitt's last words were: "My country, oh, how I leave my country." What he really said, according to Lord Rosebery, was: "Fetch me one of Bellamy's pork pies."

There is also, the celebrated question of what Blucher really said to Wellington when he arrived in the fateful twilight on the field of Waterloo. Was it: "Am I in time?" No, it seems he grunted: "Excuse me, I've taken a blue pill," the rest of his remarks being so Prussian as to be unprintable.

In an admirable biography of the late General Grierson, one-time military attaché at Berlin, the biographer is at great pains to account for the coolness which grew up between the Kaiser and Grierson, ending in something like estrangement. If Prof. Morgan recollects correctly, he now here tells a story which is still current in Berlin, and accounts for much.

It is this: At a banquet of the Guards regiments in Berlin, to which Grierson was invited the Kaiser gave the toast of "The immortal memory of the German army which won the battle of Waterloo."

Grierson joined in drinking it, and, subsequently, having to reply to the toast of his own health, quietly remarked: "Gentlemen, I would have liked to have given you yet another toast: 'To the immortal memory of the British army which fought the battle of Waterloo.'"

The story, which I have some reason to believe authentic, not only illuminates the estrangement—for the Kaiser found it as difficult as other small-minded men to forgive those whom he had injured—but lights up as with a flash the characters of the two protagonists: the Englishman, imperturbable with that imperturbability which always at once mystifies the German and exasperates him to further asperities; and the German, arrogant, and tactlessly arrogant, with that arrogance which has made him the most unpopular man in the world. Such stories belong to that class of traditions which are not merely anecdotal and are not irrelevantly scandalous, but have the same intrinsic worth for the literary biographer as the detail of a characteristic gesture for the painter—they at once illustrate and reveal the man.

# A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye

## Canon Had Fiery Blush Leap Year Being So Near

Celebrated Padre - Preacher Began to Wonder Whether Fate Was Sending Him an Unmistakable Sign

PROBABLY no one enjoys a joke more than the big-hearted rural dean of Toronto, the Rev. Canon Baynes-Reed, especially if it happens to be on himself. As a matter of fact it is not very often that his parishioners are able to fasten one on him. But on the third Sunday in Advent, quite a number of coincidences transpired that positively made the canon blush.



Canon Baynes-Reed

Things began early in the morning. To a big congregation the canon read the lesson. "What went ye out to see, a REED shaken by the wind?" he chanted, hesitating, surprised at the pun.

After the Nicene creed, and the publishing of the banns of marriage, he then ascended the pulpit and gave out his text: "It is not good for man to be alone."

Some of the spinsters in the congregation who manifest designs upon their eligible widower minister vividly took fresh-courage, realizing how near leap year really was.

His sermon, one of the best he ever preached, lasted forty-five minutes, then he announced the closing hymn: It seemed the climax of a widower's change of heart: "Art thou weary, art thou languid, art thou sore distressed?"

It was only a few days afterwards that the canon was embarrassed again.

He had engaged an Irishman to assist in cleaning up the basement of the church. In one corner were piled up a number of bottles which formerly contained sacramental wine. On going down to see how the work was progressing, he found Pat holding up a couple of bottles to the light.

"Pat, they are all dead ones," said Mr. Reed. "So I perceive, your reverence," he replied, sighing, "but there's one consolation: They had the clergy with them to the last."

## LYDD GEORGE EXPLAINS

"Lee's stupendous blunder" (referring to the American Civil War) leaves one wondering whether even the greatest men are not the blind agents of destiny and have to obey when the order comes from beyond the veil.—Mr. Lloyd George in a recent article.

## Pierre Reads Riddles of the Stars Weird Serpent Guards Front Lawn

By CHARLOTTE GORDON

IN Vancouver, they have a queer man who sees visions and casts horoscopes.

A line of waiting motors, near a prominent corner on Marine Drive in West Vancouver, leads you to the little house of Napoleon St. Pierre. The house is a mere shack, but the grounds are full of "mysterious" decorations. It is, perhaps, the weirdest garden in Canada.

Mr. St. Pierre is original himself. He is a French-Canadian, born near Montreal. He has always been an admirer of the late Sir Wilfrid Laurier. He has a life-size painting in oils of Laurier, which occupies a prominent place in his bungalow and is very proud of two letters, received from the great statesman. So it is quite fitting that his home should be known as the "Chateau Laurier."

The most unique "decoration" of the gardens is the "mysterious snake" which occupies the front lawn. The centre is of grass while the edges are formed of shrubbery. Great glass eyes adorn the face, giving it a sinister appearance, very realistic—one of those works of art that sends a chill down the spine.

At one corner of the grounds is a cement was an ardent admirer of Lillian Russell, was an ardent admirer of Lillian Russell, was inspired to build it the day she died, knowing that her favorite hymn was "Rock of Ages." St. Pierre has built his three houses with an axe, hammer and saw—entirely alone. He has no money and picks up lumber on the shore of the inlet while various people give him old sheds and shacks.

A deep student of horoscopes, he seems to be able to determine a person's destiny with

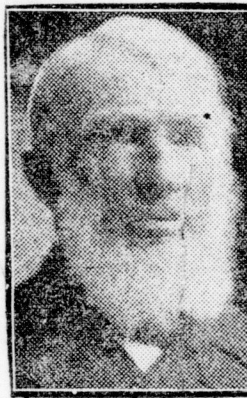


England's Best Marksman—Beats the Men of Her Club  
THIS is Mrs. Maurice Goodchild, shooting in the recent British Women's rifle championship meet, won by the Lewisham Volunteers Rifle Club, of which she is the champion shot. She even beat most of the men of the club in club championship shoots.

## Booth, Asked About Initial Capital, Points to His Two Strong Hands

Veteran Lumber King's Granddaughter Will Marry Prince Erik of Denmark—T. P. O'Connor Recalls Dramatic Incident at Luncheon—Modest About His Achievements

"I DON'T know whether he is still alive, but I met more than once the grandfather of Miss Lois Booth, whose engagement to Prince Erik of Denmark has just been announced," writes T. P. O'Connor in the Sunday Times. He was a short, robust, rather good-looking old gentleman, with rather a handsome face, a very simple manner—altogether a very sympathetic personality. At the time I met him he had already reached his great position as practically the head of the timber industry in Canada.



J. R. Booth

I asked him to tell me something of the story of his life and what he had when he came to Ottawa. He showed me his two strong hands. "That's all," he said. He was quite modest about his achievements. He was then upwards of

80 years of age, and everybody was remarking upon his splendid vigor, for he looked robust, his cheeks had the rosy complexion of youth, and his eye was bright and clear.

Beside him at the luncheon table there was a gentleman compared with whom Mr. Booth was merely a youth, for this gentleman was either 95 or 97. He was Mr. Scott, who was for many years one of the most prominent and powerful of the Liberal politicians of Canada, and who is made immortal by the Scott law and the first attempt at Pussfoot legislation in Canada. Mr. Scott lived on a diet of something like nuts and water, and was, of course, an ardent advocate of the principles of teetotalism.

Mr. Booth, on the other hand, took his small drop of whiskey and water with gusto and without any shame. The two men were an extraordinary contrast in appearance, the one man, as I have said, rosy-cheeked and blooming, the other man with a face as white as his long white hair and his splendid white beard. But his debility was only in his appearance. I saw him rushing across the street in Ottawa to catch a tram like a youngster. His son, Mr. D'Arcy Scott, who is a well-known and prominent man, is in the same community as his father.

## AS CUPID FALLS DOWN LYDD GEORGE STEPS IN

Statesman Snips Red Tape That Holds Two Loving Welsh Hearts Apart

HOW David Lloyd George cut the red tape which separated two loving hearts was told this week at a meeting of the Montreal Presbytery.

A young Welshman engaged to a girl in the old country arranged for her to come to this side and be married. He proceeded from Chicago to Quebec to meet her, but found the quota was exhausted and she was barred from the United States.

In vain he appealed to the local immigration authorities. On their refusal he appealed to Washington and was turned down.

It was his good fortune that Lloyd George was in Quebec. In desperation the fiancée laid the case before the celebrated statesman. Lloyd George telegraphed a personal request to Washington and the marriage took place.

## THE GLOOMY PRINCESS

THEY talk, especially in England, of Dean Inge, of St. Paul's, as the "Gloomy Dean," but now it seems that Princess Karadjia, of Sweden, is qualifying for feminine honors in the direction of gloom. She suggests, in her most recent predictions, that the world is growing old, and that we may look forward to the following pretty little list of happenings:

Volcanic action will submerge one-third of the present earth.

In the final catastrophe, part of the American continent will be saved. (The tops of skyscrapers, with all those who seek sanctuary thereon?)

A tidal wave will rush up the English channel, destroying Holland and parts of Germany. After one ray of hope is that, when other portions of the globe become uninhabitable, the frozen north will open to give us an icy welcome. We should all have hot water bottles ready to take with us.

## DOCTOR AT LAST SEES ENORMITY OF HIS FEE

DR. H. O. HOWITT, the well-known physician of Guelph, Ontario, says that it never occurred to him to doubt the equity of the usual charge of two dollars per visit, until one day he was called in by a German farmer on the outskirts of the city, to attend his four-year-old boy.

The youngster had swallowed a 25 cent piece and was in a bad way, having nearly choked to death before I got to him. I recovered the quarter and saved the boy. Nevertheless, the parent entered a vigorous protest when in answer to his query I put my fee at the rate above quoted.

"Dot's robbery!" was his prompt response. "Two dollars for recovering a quarter! Vy, doctor, I am surprised at you."

## Has a Way With the Babies, Nickle Makes Them Coo

A Mother Wishes She Had Ontario's Attorney-General for a Husband Instead of Her "Old Man"

IF there is one thing Ontario's attorney-general Hon. W. F. Nickle, K.C., values above his hold upon the electors' confidence it is his popularity with the babies.

About a year ago Mr. Nickle was traveling on a train when he noticed a young married couple struggling with their first baby. Their inexperience was manifest. The mother was red-faced with embarrassment because of the child's squalling and the mortified father was cursing under his breath.



Hon. W. F. Nickle.

"Excuse me, will you let me try my hand with the child; I'm considered to have a way with babies" volunteered the coming attorney-general.

Rather than throw the child out the window, which the parents were almost ready to do, the babe was turned over to Mr. Nickle, who promptly pulled down its waist band and cast over it a hypnotic spell. Presently, he had it cooling and when not cooling chewing on his eyeglass case.

The time came for Mr. Nickle to return the child to its owners. But would it go? Certainly not. All Mr. Nickle's wiles were not enough to persuade the child to go willingly where it belonged. Mr. Nickle had to forcibly disengage himself, much to the amusement of his fellow passengers. The gratitude of the mother did not relieve the situation.

"I wish I had you for a husband," she said. Mr. Nickle is lucky so far in escaping a suit for alienation of affection.

## Did Not Know of Sin Till New Minister Came

Congregation Congratulates Rev. H. P. Charters on Preaching Like Archbishop of Canterbury—Convincing Sermon

THE Rev. Harry Pearson Charters, rector of St. Agnes' Church (Anglican), Long Branch, son of Mr. S. Charters, M.P. for Peel County, shortly after his ordination to the diaconate, was assigned to St. John Baptist Church, Norway. Like all newly made deacons, he was very anxious to learn what kind of an impression his initial sermon made upon his hearers. He rather timidly asked one of the parishioners after his first effort what he thought of it.

"Excellent, sir, excellent; his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury could not have done better. But without imputing to you the sin of plagiarism, I happen to have at home a book that has in it every word which you uttered."

Mr. Charters' face turned scarlet.

The next morning the young deacon received through the post a pocket dictionary. Upon another occasion he preached a logical and convincing sermon on "Sin." Evidently it gripped some of his hearers. After the service, several of the parishioners congratulated him upon the splendid, helpful sermon, remarking that they did not know what sin was until he came amongst them.

## THE ASTOR TOUCH

AT one of Lady Astor's meetings at Plymouth, a country yokel, thinking he would floor her on a farming problem, suddenly called out: "Say, missus, how many toes are there on a pig's foot?"

Lady Astor flashed the reply: "Take off your boots, my man, and count for yourself."



She Tends to the King's Feet

THIS is Miss Kelly, a chiropodist who holds a Royal warrant and is special chiropodist to King George and the royal family.

## MILLIONAIRE BACHELOR KISSES CARNIVAL QUEENS

There Were Six of Them at Calgary—But Mr. R. B. Bennett Was Not Dismayed

ON R. B. BENNETT, K.C., LL.D., member of Justice for Canada, Millionaire bachelor, who is commonly looked upon as hopelessly confirmed in his state of single blessedness, has proved conclusively to a Calgary audience, that in the matter of paying tribute to beautiful young ladies he is the peer of any of the young bucks of the day.

Calgary is staging a winter carnival for February. Among the many attractions is the contest for carnival queen put on by the Kiwanis club of which Mr. Bennett is a member. Six beautiful young ladies have been chosen as queens respectively of England, Ireland, Scotland, the Maritime Provinces, Western Canada and Ontario. These six young ladies were introduced at the annual dinner-dance of the Kiwanis club by six prominent speakers, five of them lawyers and the sixth a newspaper editor. Then Mr. Bennett gave a summing up.

A reporter in writing the advance story said that, "these six speakers would each introduce a queen after which Mr. Bennett would give the summing up, embracing the whole six queens." The editor noticed the reference but passed it and Mr. Bennett was the subject of considerable good natured ragging as the result.

As the queens were introduced they were escorted to seats on the right or left of Mr. Bennett and after making his speech he called the bluff by embracing all six, not collectively but individually and bestowing at the same time on each a paternal kiss. This added much to the interest of the gathering and needless to say, to the embarrassment of the blushing beauties. One of them remarked afterwards, "what we have to go through in this contest is awful, but we have started so we must go through."

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## GALT'S NEW MAYOR "AB," IS WHIRLWIND CURLER

AS the result of a vigorously carried on campaign, A. E. Willard, better known as "Ab" among his legion of friends throughout western Ontario, has been elected mayor of Galt, the gem city of the Grand river valley.

Mayor Willard, besides being the proprietor of a large furnishing business and a dry goods store in Galt, has large property interests in his home city. He is also an ardent curler, lawn bowler and motorist.

In the mayoral campaign just closed the chairman of one of his public meetings quite innocently "pulled a good one" on Galt's new mayor, introducing him as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, I ain't going to bore you with no long speech myself, but I will now introduce you to a man who will."

That he "bored" in well must be admitted by the fact that he was elected by the largest majority ever polled for a mayor in the long history of the town, now city, of Galt.

## GIRL MAKES \$50,000 A YEAR

ONE of the world's luckiest girls is at present in London. Her name is Caroline Nunder, and she is New York's leading dress designer. At the age of twenty-four she is earning \$50,000 a year.

Left at the death of her father with less than \$500 instead of a fortune which she had always believed would be hers, and with an ailing sister to support, Miss Nunder entered upon the battle of life with wonderful courage. She started a tiny shop in a back street, and from that worked up in the space of three years the enormous business she controls to-day.

Miss Nunder is a radiantly pretty girl with fair bobbed hair and large, hazel eyes. Every frock she designs she wears, usually at the theatre. As a rule she sells each one next day. In this way she wears about five hundred frocks every year!

## "MOVE THEM ON" MAN

A JOB not particularly enviable is the new one given to Superintendent Arthur Bassom, of Scotland Yard. He is to tackle London's traffic puzzle, and unravel the knots Londoners see tied in the streets every day in the week.

As Mr. Bassom has been in charge of the public carriage department ever since the first motor-omnibuses appeared in London, he knows all there is to know about the problem. People wonder if he regrets the passing of the old caddy, to say nothing of the horse-bus driver—and their store of repartee?

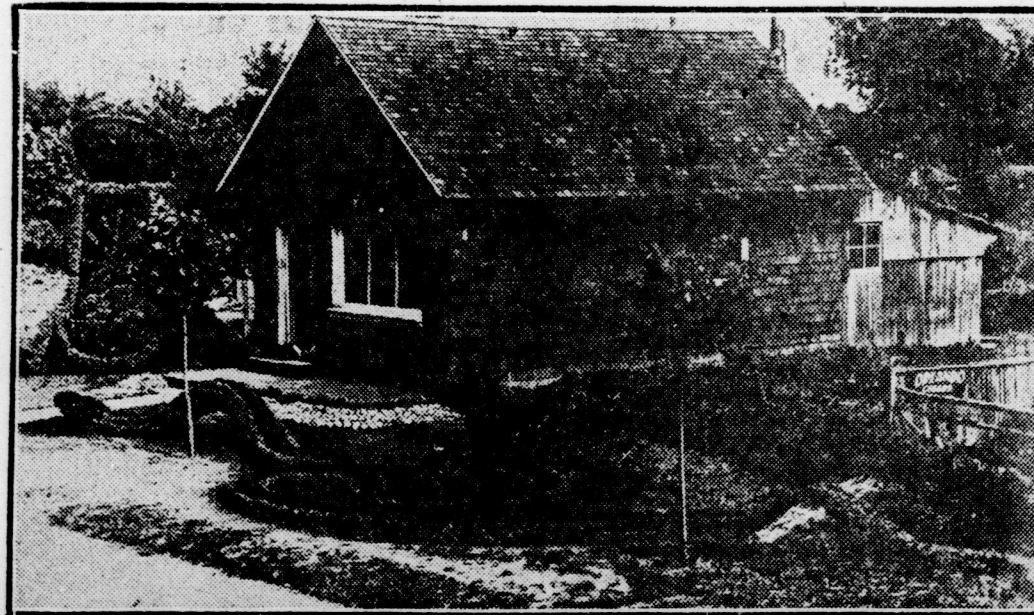
"D'you want all the road?" roared a bus-driver to a caddy.

"No, only the bit you're on!" came the retort.

## MOST WONDERFUL PEOPLE

DR. A. A. BRILL, the famous psycho-analyst, gives the following as the best story he has heard a patient tell:

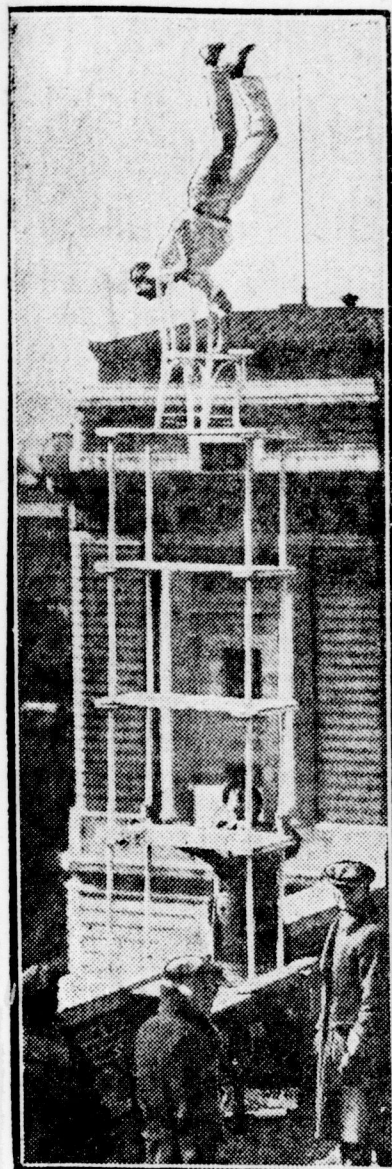
"A Jew and a Greek are in a cafe, enjoying their coffee and talking. Says the Greek: 'You know, Jacob, the old Greeks were the most wonderful people that ever lived. They knew everything. Just recently they were digging around the Acropolis in Athens and they found wires, which shows that the old Greeks used telegraphy.' Then the Jew: 'That's all right, but I tell you the Jews were the most wonderful people. They recently dug around the walls of Jerusalem and did not find anything, which shows that the old Jews used wireless telegraphy!'"



Serpent-guarded House of Napoleon St. Pierre



# Blames Social Whirl; Daring Hand-Stand; Decorated For Bravery

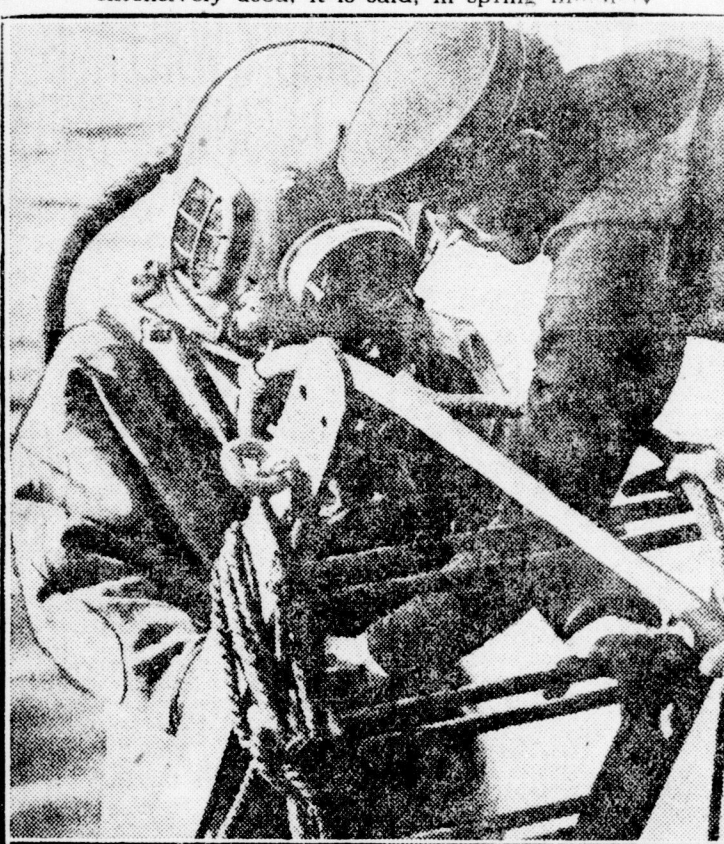
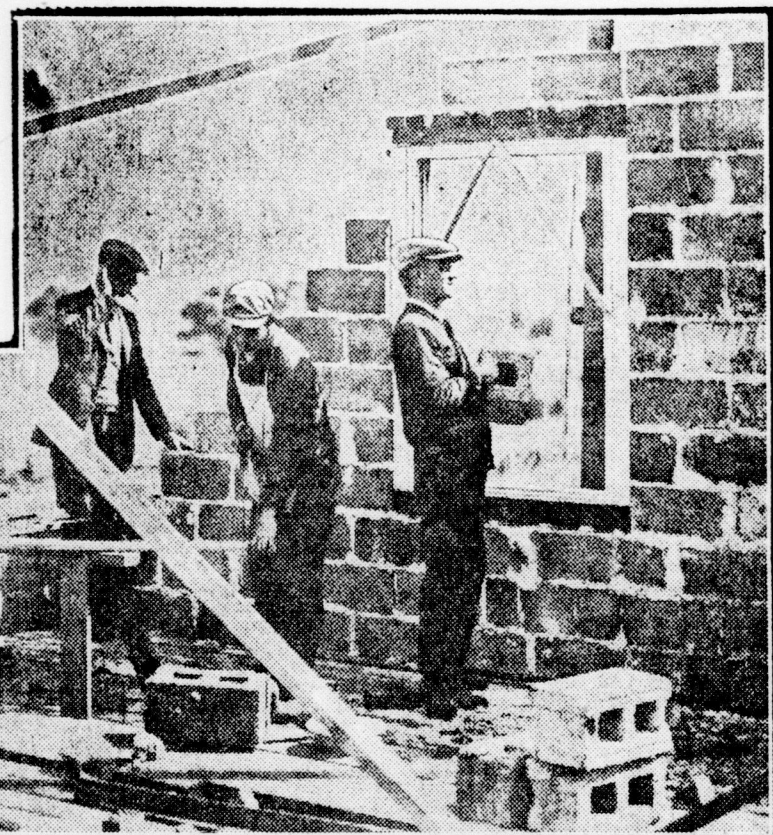


The picturesque Dutch dress of these children in Holland has not changed a bit since the days of Nieuw Amsterdam. The youngsters are enjoying winter sport in the little fishing village of Volendam

Eileen Sedgwick, who has been co-starring with William Desmond, is gradually recovering from severe burns, received while she was filming in a recent production

The crown of this simple model is composed of small wheels of narrow ribbon, giving the hat a floral effect. A silk cord which surrounds the base is terminated in a novelty. Ribbon will be extensively used, it is said, in spring millinery

Daredevil Johnny Reynolds scaled the side of a tall building in Washington recently, and then to show that he still wasn't "scared" he did hand-stands on the top of a pile of tables and chairs perched on the edge of the roof

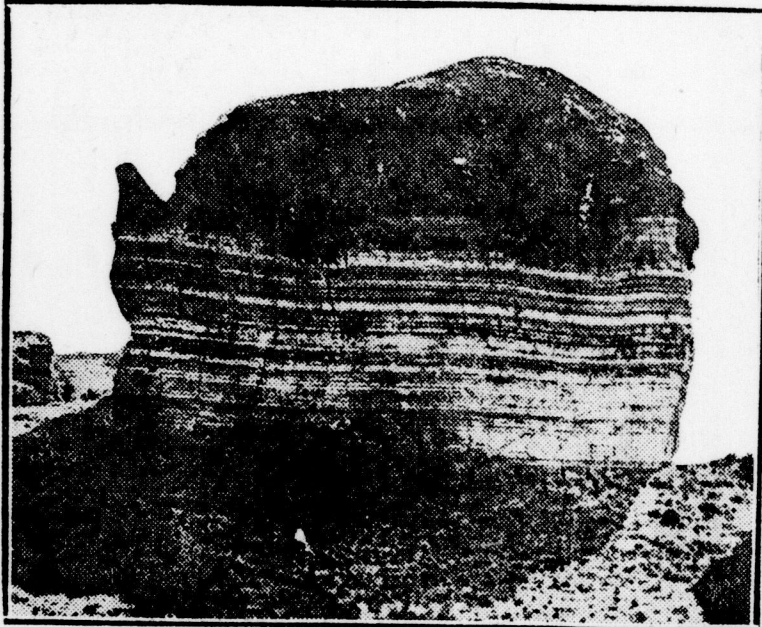
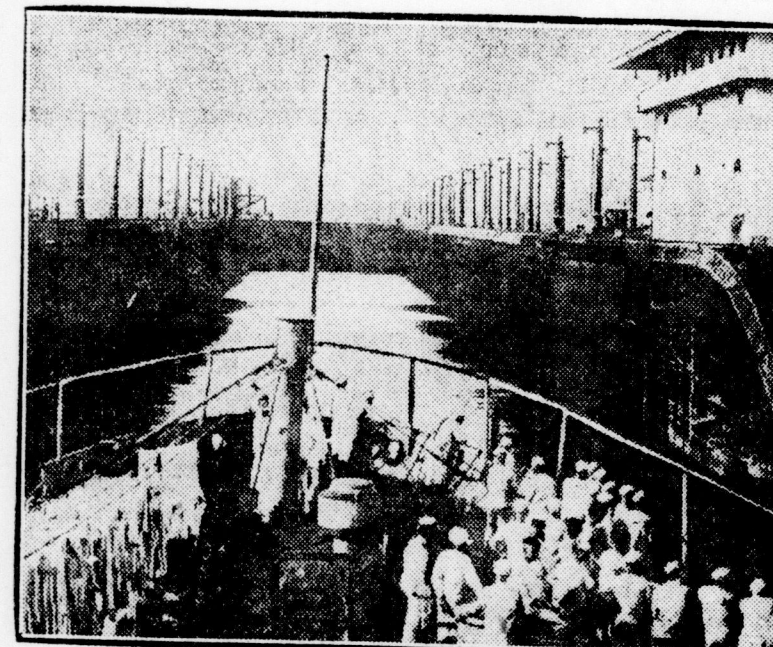
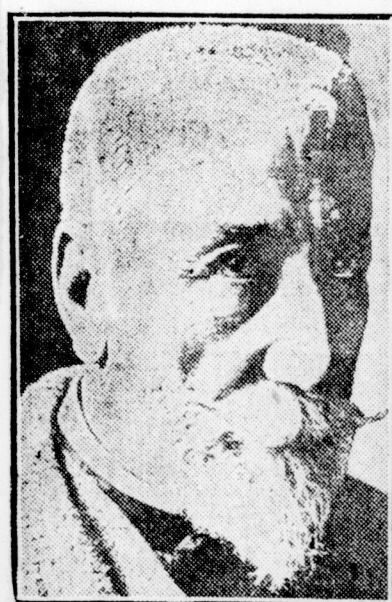


"Dancing every night and smoking cigarettes", is blamed for the death of Margaret Harding by her father, W. P. G. Harding, former head of the Federal Reserve Board at Washington. A nervous breakdown, he says, led his daughter to take her life

The newest innovation for the radio is entertaining mechanics and carpenters during the building of a house. The contractor who has installed this loud speaker says the music speeds up construction. "No radio, no work," has become the slogan of the workmen

The graceful skating exhibitions of Miss Katie Schmidt, a visitor at St. Mortiz, are one of the attractions of the popular Swiss resort. She is shown in a remarkable pose

Diver Frederick Maskell is pictured about to descend into the waters of the English Channel where he found the sunken submarine L-24 at a depth of 187 feet. The submarine was rammed by a battleship during recent maneuvers



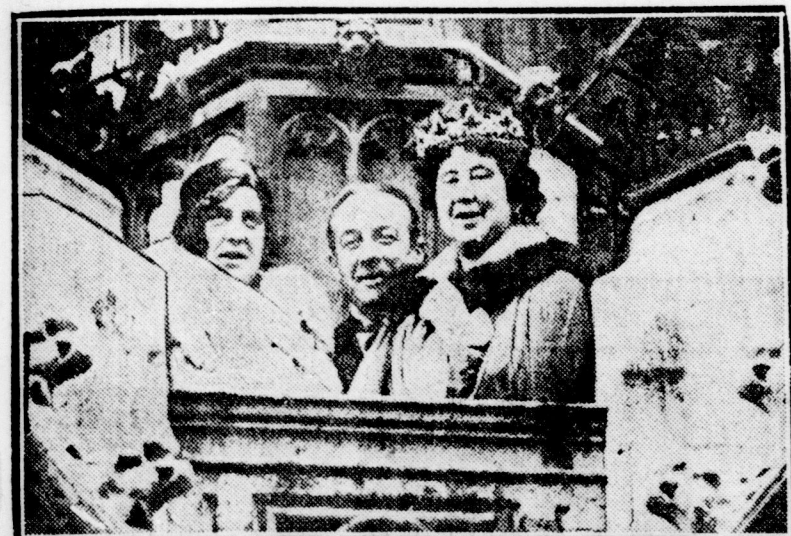
Above is the most recent photograph of Anatole France, world-known French author and dean of letters, who is convalescing from a serious illness

Here is the point where man split two continents. Photograph shows one of Uncle Sam's warships entering the Panama Canal during their recent maneuvers on the Atlantic side of the cut

Here is the watched pot that's boiling now. This is the extraordinary bit of nature's sculpture which gives the name to Teapot Dome in Wyoming, the site of the former naval oil reserve leased to the Sinclair interests

These two Indian chiefs of the South Cheyenne tribes called on their big white chief, President Coolidge, recently, to see that legislation favoring them will receive proper consideration

Miss Betty Blythe, noted screen star, is back on this continent after filming a picture in Rome, Italy. She is showing how she jumped into her life preserver during a stormy day at sea. It was "reel" action, she says



Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin and their daughter occupied a point of vantage on the balcony of the House of Lords to watch the Royal procession at the opening of parliament in London recently

One of the wings weakened on this great ski drive on the High Park front, Toronto. The objective wasn't reached, but the line will most likely fall back and renew the attack

Sir Harry Armstrong, British consul-general to the United States, is shown presenting Capt. Samuel Robinson, of the S.S. Empress of Canada, with the cross making him a Commander of the British Empire. E. W. Beatty, president of the C.P.R., is with him



# Southern Baseball Loop Joins Chorus For Later Residence Date

## SOUTHERN LOOP TO ASK CHANGE RESIDENCE RULE

Will Sponsor Request To Move Present Date On To April.

MEETS FEBRUARY 20

The Southern Ontario Amateur Baseball League representatives, in session here last night, unanimously swung into a line for a later residence rule than Jan. 1, and the local loop, sponsored an amendment asking for a residence rule which will go into effect as soon after the annual meeting of the O. A. B. A. as possible. The O. A. B. A. meets the first Saturday in April, the 5th, and this would probably mean an April 15 rule.

The general demand has been for a March 1 residence rule, so the demand of the local league will look drastic when presented to the O. A. B. A. Last night representatives from Brantford, Stratford, St. Thomas, Sarnia, Strathroy and London supported the idea.

**Will Meet Again.**  
The meeting was called to consider the advisability of including Sarnia, Strathroy and Brantford in the loop, but no definite step was made along this line, and the meeting finally adjourned to meet here again on Wednesday, Feb. 20, at 8 o'clock in the chamber of commerce. The meeting was strongly in favor of including Brantford, said Norman Seigel, Classic City representative, on the grounds that train connections between these two centers is very good. He pointed out that if Strathroy or Sarnia were taken in the jump to either two places would be too expensive from the Stratford standpoint.

It was explained by Stan Reid, London representative, that it would not make much difference whether Sarnia or Brantford were taken in if it is decided to make a four-team loop, but he stated also that the jump from the tunnel to the telephone city would be almost prohibitive.

R. Cottrell, St. Thomas, moved that the circuit should comprise Stratford, Stratford, St. Thomas and London, but when he looked for a second opinion from the Stratford and Sarnia delegates greeted him.

**Want Six-Club Loop.**  
The general feeling seemed to be that a six-club league, with Sarnia, Brantford and Strathroy in as new teams, would be the best possible plan to follow. The six-club league would be adopted several long jumps would be necessitated seemed to be a great stumbling block.

However, the decision will come with other baseball officials in their respective home towns in the next two weeks in an effort to see some way out of the difficulty before the meeting on Feb. 20.

The representatives were: Brantford, Bob Long; St. Thomas, Bob Cottrell; Stratford, N. Seigel; Strathroy, H. E. J. J. Sarnia, A. W. Tennant; London, Stan Reid.

## WESTERN TO MEET OSOODE HERE TODAY

Local Students Determined To Turn in Win Before Season Ends.

A good deal of talk is going around at the local university, and it is of the right sort. The Western students are going to turn out in a body to support their team this afternoon against Osgoode. The Osgoode team, with Fisher and Gordon starring for a wing, are rated as the winners of the Intercollegiate series. So far as the local university is concerned it will be a case of Custer's last stand. It will be the one remaining last chance for Western to figure in the championship, and Captain Mowrey, while somewhat disheartened about the result of the McMaster game, is drawing out his squad full of pep, ready to battle to the last ditch, and the general public will be treated to a real smart mix-up. The game commences sharp at 2:45. The line-up for Western is as follows:  
Goal, Coleman; defence, McTague, Charlebois; centre, Mowrey; wings, Auld and Grace; substitutes, Hartwell, Falk and Blackwell.

## INTERNATIONAL CURLING MEET HELD BY WEATHER

Associated Press Despatch.  
Utica, N.Y., Feb. 1.—Unless colder weather arrives it is probable that the Gordon International curling match in which 15 Canadian rinks compete against a like number of United States rinks, may be cancelled. The match was scheduled here for Friday, but has been put over until Saturday and may not be played at all, following warm weather which upset the bonspiel schedule and only permitted the first curling matches, sponsored by the United National Curling Club of America, to be started here last night.

**After-Shave**  
Lotion and Talcum

For Sale at the Better Drug Stores

## On the Side Lines

With C. S. G.

**FANS ARE THOUGHTLESS.**  
These are the days of the super-critic in sport. It shows itself in the broader way on this continent when admission prices are now taken to include the privilege of seeing the game, criticizing the team and heaping abuse on the umpire or referee. The poor referee or umpire, whichever it happens to be, has no comeback. He's paid for the job, and taking the job usually carries with it the onus of taking all the abuse.

Amateur hockey fans follow the usual rule. It's the officials and the coach who usually come in for a lot of hard and unnecessary criticism. It would surprise some of the fans the amount of time and work running an amateur hockey club takes up. There is little glory in the job, hard work, financial loss more often than not, and almost certain abuse is the portion. And yet, to the everlasting credit of sportsmanship, there are always men who will fill these positions, knowing what's in store for them.

### A PAINFUL CLIMB.

Pugilism has had a tortuous climb from the days of John L. to Dempsey doing a tug-of-war with a bevy of bathing beauties, but it has only affected the externals. Inside the ring aesthetic progress isn't so noticeable.

### WHO'S CHASIN' WHICH AND WHAT?

Whether the hockey players are chasing the dollars harder than the puck or are the dollars chasing the players? Nobody knows yet whether the U. S. H. A. will take the affirmative or the negative.

The Canadians will have a ready-made alibi if beaten on Sunday.

"Roy Schooley's wise remark that U. S. hockey has reached the point where it does not need Canadian teams but it does need Canadian players is the rule rather than the exception in the American circuit, so there is no reason to doubt that amateurs will be the exception rather than the rule on the teams."—Toronto Telegram.

### THAT EXTRA BIT OF CONDITION.

The training grind irks most athletes once they have reached a certain stage of physical fitness. However, defeat usually acts as a spur. A local boy who met with two defeats partly traceable to lack of condition has settled down to daily training as well as his usual work.

Cy Pook's defeat on a decision the other night was traceable directly to condition. Henning was stronger and had greater recuperative powers when the pinch came than Cy. It was fractional, probably, but fighting minutes and second tick off smartly.

## SARNIA TO HAVE JUNIORS IN 1925

Will Recruit O. H. A. Sextet From Present City League Teams.

**Special to The Advertiser.**  
Sarnia, Feb. 1.—After a lapse of several years Sarnia will be supporting a junior team in the O. H. A. in 1925. So pronounced has been the class shown by some of the youngsters this winter that Wm. Richardson, manager of St. Andrew's arena, and Geo. Stephenson, manager of the intermediates, have been casting about for players for their team next year. The juniors may take the place of the city league as two series will give the fans as much hockey as the intermediates and city league do this year.

Sarnia intermediates will entertain Art Davenport's Glencoe sextet here Saturday night, and have every hope of making their position at the head of the district wheel still more secure. The Blue and White will likely put the same players that sufficed at London on the ice, but the sheet in fair condition and Davenport and his crew always draw a pretty good gallery here. The intermediates are becoming anxious for a decision concerning the date of the postponed tilt with the Forest City.

## BRAMPTON LOSES TO GUELPH CREW

3-1 Win For Royal City Intermediates Ties Up Group.

**Special to The Advertiser.**  
Guelph, Feb. 1.—Guelph intermediates tied up their group tonight when they beat Brampton 3 to 1. There was no scoring in the first period, and both goal tenders were tested many times. In the second, Guelph scored the only goal, Bourgault bulging the twine. In the final period, Anderson scored the equalizer in less than a minute. With three minutes to go, Craven shot a wicked one past Core for Guelph's second goal. They kept up the bombardment and only Core's fine work in goal saved Brampton from a worse defeat, but in another minute Bourgault again took an excursion up the ice, passed the defence, drew Core out and shoved the rubber into the nets. It was the ferocious day of the light.

**Line-ups:**  
Brampton—Goal, Core; defence, Zimmer and Ingoldby; centre, Hillis; wings, Bishop and Anderson; subs, Doodhead, Burrell; sub-goal, Teasdale.

Guelph—Goal, Hollands; defence, Jones and Bourgault; centre, Mitchell; wings, Roque and Craven; subs, Brill, Corrigan; sub-goal, Hydes.

Referee—H. Matthews, Toronto.

## MILDMAY WINS FIFTH IN NORTHERN LEAGUE

Defeats Southampton Tail-Enders 12 to 2 in One-Sided Exhibition.

**Special to The Advertiser.**  
Mildmay, Feb. 1.—Mildmay won its fifth consecutive game in the Northern Hockey League by defeating Southampton, 12 to 2, here last night. After four minutes of play Southampton tallied the first goal on a neat play. Mildmay then lived up to the situation, and Pletsch, the defence man, scored two in individual play. Before time was called

## TOMMY WALLACE PLANNING SHOW

Two Peterboro Boxers Will Appear Here On February 12.

Tommy Wallace is staging another boxing card at his own gym on February 12, and it threatens to rival some of the more pretentious efforts. Two Peterboro boys are coming up for this card. One of these is Alf Johnston, and he takes on Spider Woodham, who is fast making a name for himself in the local bantam division. Alf Williams, another good boy, comes down east to meet Bern Murrell. Red Melville, the St. Thomas boy, is coming back for another crack at Charlie Beag, and this promises some action.

**Line-ups:**  
Kitchener—Goal, Woods; defence, Karges and Master; centre, Sherki; wings, Molson and Erb; subs, Maloney and White.

## WOODSTOCK KIDS BEAT INGERSOLL

Cheese Town Juniors Suffer 6-1 Defeat At Hands of Leaders.

**Special to The Advertiser.**  
Woodstock, Feb. 1.—The Red and White Juniors continued their winning streak by handing Ingersoll a 6-1 defeat in the O. H. A. game here. Jemmett, Pascoe and Jimmie Smith tallied for the locals, while Stewart Smith batted Ingersoll's only tally. There was no score in the first, and the second ended 4-0.

**Line-ups:**  
Woodstock—Goal, Coulter; defence, McCartney and Pascoe; forwards, Jemmett, Pascoe, Smith, Whitehead and Roadhouse.

Ingersoll—Goal, Noe; defence, Filmore and Colburn; forwards, Smith, McMillan, Vallee, Weeks and Houder.

Referee—"Corker" Legg, London.

Kitchener Collegiate has defaulted its W.O.S.S.A. tilt scheduled to be played here tomorrow to Woodstock College. The local students put the Classic City collegiate gang out of the running, and a sudden-death game was ordered with Kitchener.

For Mildmay Kunkel and Sauer stood out, each tallying three times. Pletsch on defence was hard to beat, and broke up the visitors' chances on scoring.

**Line-ups:**  
Mildmay—Goal, Diebel; defence, Kunkel, Pletsch; centre, Sauer; wings, E. Schmidt, Wendt; subs, A. Schmidt, P. Lobstner.

## TERRIERS, PRESTON BIG FOUR VICTORS

Win Over Green Shirts Puts Riversides in Second Place.

BOTH SCORES CLOSE

**Special to The Advertiser.**  
Galt, Feb. 1.—The Terriers tonight lower the cover of the Stratford Indians and smashed their old goose egg when they registered a 2 to 1 victory in the Big Four here.

Galt turned in their best game of the season. Galt's first goal came in the second, when after seven minutes Himes took a long shot, and Dolson was fooled by the rolling puck. In the final period, after six minutes, Woods, on a shot back of the goal, scored. With only half a minute to full time, Berger beat Wilkinson with a shot from outside the defence line.

**The teams:**  
Stratford—Goal, Dolson; right defence, Ashley; left defence, Berger; centre, Breckman; right wing, Carson; left wing, Kelterbourne; subs, Brickman and Battersby.

Galt—Goal, Wilkinson; right defence, Watts; left defence, Belcher; centre, Himes; right wing, Hoffman; left wing, Woods; subs, F. George and Trump.

Referee—Lafamme, Toronto.

### PRESTON WINS.

**Special to The Advertiser.**  
Kitchener, Feb. 1.—In a game of individual play that more resembled shinny than hockey, owing to the heaviness of the ice, Preston Riversides tonight defeated Kitchener Green Shirts here 2 to 0. The victory puts Preston in second position in the Big Four. For two periods the teams battled on even terms, and when the third started there were visions of overtime. Gunner Arnott electrified the crowd by whipping in a long low shot from center ice immediately after the face off. Kitchener's defence was unable to stop the play, but Arnott carried the puck to his opponents, but Schmalz handled the last ones in great fashion.

The last period was terrible, with both teams giving all they had. A dozen times it appeared as if the Green Shirts were going to land the equalizer, but they were held off and finally with less than three minutes to play, Clarke broke away from a scramble and with no defence to beat walked in on Woods, only to have the latter make a spectacular save while on his stomach. Arnott picked up the rubber and slipped it in.

Allan Sherki, Green Shirt center, had his clavicle fractured in the first and Kitchener had to play with seven men after that.

**Line-ups:**  
Preston—Goal, Schmalz; defence, Skelly and Bowman; centre, Arnott; wings, Krauss and Clarke; subs, Roth and Egerton.

Kitchener—Goal, Woods; defence, Karges and Master; centre, Sherki; wings, Molson and Erb; subs, Maloney and White.

Referee—Harold Farlow, Toronto.

**Canadian Press Despatch.**  
Toronto, Feb. 1.—St. Mary's seniors rallied too late, and Kitchener Twin City finished on the long end of a 5 to 4 score. The visitors set the pace until the last period, when the locals finally decided to play combination, and came with a great rush to score three goals.

Schmalz brothers were prominent for the winners and Werner especially was effective on the attack. He showed good judgment when nearing the defence, and gave Tommy Clark some hard shots to stop. Gerald also had the range, and tested St. Mary's new net guardian repeatedly.

Fries played well in front of the Kitchener net. The defence, with Kiebert and Hemphill as the regulars and Hillman as relief man, was not unbeatable by any means, but these players were dangerous when they rushed. St. Mary's was very closely checked, with the result that he was not as effective as in former appearances here.

**Line-ups:**  
Kitchener—Goal, Diebel; defence, Kunkel, Pletsch; centre, Sauer; wings, E. Schmidt, Wendt; subs, A. Schmidt, P. Lobstner.

Southampton—Goal, Arkel; defence, Whipple, Short; centre, Burgess; wings, Montgomery, Knowles; sub, Mool.

Referee—Dick Ward, Harrison.

## "Y" AGES DEFEAT L. A. A. A. QUINTET

First Meeting Between Two Local Rivals Gives Fans Good Game.

GILLIES GETS FIRST

"Y" Aces defeated the London A. A. basketballers, 13 to 11, in an intermediate O. B. A. contest last night in the first meeting of the two local rivals. A decidedly rough mix it was at times.

Harold Gillies opened the scoring for the L. A. A. A. after the first few minutes of play on a pass from Wanless. A few passes later he counted again to close the scoring for the first period. The next frame was a series of the scores and breaks, first L. A. A. A. leading, and then the Aces. Smith was the best for the "Y" scoring twice from center. Price came next, getting a basket and holding down the efforts of Gillies and Wanless.

The big surprise was the way the Aces came up from behind in the last period, being outclassed in the first frame, 5 to 1.

Referees A. T. Taylor and Dinsmore handled the game very satisfactorily, Taylor watching the first frame and Dinsmore the last.

In the preliminary the "Y" Juniors went down to defeat before the Comex Club, 34 to 15.

### THE LINE-UPS:

Comex Club—Forwards, Barbour, Pitt; center, Logan; defence, Brown, O'Hara.

"Y" Juniors—Forwards, Finlayson; center, McConvery; center, Boughner; defence, Cowley, Chapman; sub, Barr.

L. A. A. A.—Forwards, Gillies, Wanless; center, Duffield; defence, Goodman, Johnston; subs, Balkwell, Douglas, Lightfoot, Jackson.

"Y" Aces—Forwards, Smith, Young; center, Shaw; defence, Dewler, Quick; subs, Pierce, Price.

The Wossa group hockey winners will be known at the first of the week. They were to have been declared by Feb. 1, but so far, soft weather and protests have held the orderly march up.

In the local groups, St. Thomas and Central C. L. who are staging a two-game series, will declare a winner Monday afternoon in St. Thomas. St. Thomas beat the Londoners 2 to 1, but the locals are confident they'll reverse the decision on the Saints' ice.

Several of the teams in the surrounding groups have been using ineligible players, and these have been the cause of protests.

The play-offs are being arranged as quickly as possible, so that the outside towns won't run into still warmer weather.

With artificial ice in London, the finals will be staged here, no matter how long it takes to get the finalists declared.

Monday, Jan. 14.—The sudden rejuvenation of Hooley Smith and the resultant food famine at his table. Hooley eats everything but the tableware. Beattie Ramsay, his mentor and confidant, is inoculated by Hooley and has a battle on his hands to keep his feet on deck. The shuffleboard diversion saves the situation and the tournament ends with Harry Watson (a born mariner) and his partner as winners. Beattie and

## For the First Time In His Life Hooley Asks For a Sub, And the Montcalm Rolls On

Canadian Hockey Stars Have a Gay Time on Trip Across to Olympiad.

ALL ARE OFFSIDE

Squad Again Intact After Few Days of Sailing—Fiddle Solo by Ernie.

Friday, Jan. 11.—Went aboard the good ship Montcalm, buoyant in spirit, light of heart, laden down with flowers, good wishes and the remnants of a St. John rainstorm. Wet skies only moistened the ardor of Canada's Olympic hockey team. Nothing could dampen their spirits. The last good-bye, the final handshake, the "all-ashore" bugle, the puffing tug, the waving handkerchiefs, the receding decks. A sailor's life is a merry one, no dodging of motor cars, no traffic officers, no parking bylaws, no office to go to, no late-for-work calls—nothing to do but (perhaps) sleep and eat.

7 p.m.—The first meal. All present with healthy appetites created by the morning exercise, the five-callen for those who like it, the charming Belgian, the French lesson, the volunteer interpreters (many called but few chosen), the wistful looks, the helpful advice, the spreading of the news. The concert by the ship's crew with violin obligato by Ernie Collett. Many shots but no goals scored. The sale of the Olympic team photograph for \$25 for the seamen's fund. Captain Rennie, O.B.E., talks to Captain Munro; seasickness is nothing but mental suggestion. The magical words, the tuxedo and the team is complete.

Thursday, Jan. 17.—The glorious sunning, the balmy weather, the quick recovery of all the sick, the distribution of landing cards, the first tip that the journey is nearing an end, the collection for the orchestra taken up by the ladies of the party, the progressive bridge with a full attendance, after a day's hard workout. Frank Rankin reports that the captain is now down to his best playing weight, having lost just 15 pounds. Hooley asked the dining-room steward what made the ship tip so much. "A good example to the passengers, sir," was the polite reply.

Friday, Jan. 18.—Land in sight. Pastnet light, the usual rain, the south coast of Ireland, the graveyard of the Lusitania, the trip to the baggage room, the suppressed excitement, the tagging on luggage, the exchanging of money, the frequent visits to the purser's office, the tipping of the stewards (Hooley says they get their money easy); the "last awful night" on board, the dance, the frivolity, the new friends, the farewell, the list of addresses, until the lights are dimmed.

Saturday, Jan. 19.—The Mersey, the landing stage, the great docks, the line-up, the passports, the inspection, the trail down the gang-plank, the rush for the baggage section, the customs officials, the high sign, the train with the funny little engine. All aboard for London in the special. Toot! Toot!

**LISTOWEL INTERMEDIATES TAKE DISTRICT HONORS**  
**Special to The Advertiser.**  
Listowel, Feb. 1.—Listowel intermediate won District 17 O.H.A. intermediate from Chesley by 2 to 1. In the first period Chesley scored one and in the second Listowel got even. Cavell being the one to make the count. In the third, Creighton put one in for the home team.

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## CANADIAN SEXTET DEFEATS BRITISH 19-2 AT CHAMONIX

Dominion's Team Will Meet the U. S. Hockey Players For Championship.

GAME WAS SURPRISE

**Associated Press Despatch.**  
Chamonix, Feb. 1.—The immaculate goal line of Canada's hockey representatives today the Olympic games received its first smudge today when the right wing of the team from Great Britain slipped two unexpected shots past Cameron, the Dominion goalkeeper. But for the slight fall down in the defence, the Canadians maintained the reputation which they have held since the hockey began, and the perfection of the "Lead" offensive machine resulted in 19 tallies being registered against Great Britain.

The United States team, displaying the best stuff they have so far put up, snowed under Sweden with a 20 to 0 triumph. The U. S. goalkeeper was never once threatened, and the team thus goes into the final event with Canada Sunday with a record of no goals scored against them. The U. S. team has scored 72 goals against Canada's 104.

McCauley led the scoring for the Canadians today, netting three in the first period and one each in the second and third. Smith and Munro came next with four each. Watson and McCann collected tallies in the second period. Captain Rennie, O.B.E., talks to Captain Munro; seasickness is nothing but mental suggestion. The magical words, the tuxedo and the team is complete.

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# Intermediates Share Top Rung of Group After Beating St. Marys

## NEW LOCAL COMBINATION TOO MUCH FOR ST. MARYS

Intermediates Tie Lead by  
Troughing Stone Town  
7 to 3.

### MONAHAN SHINES

Recruit From Junior Sextet  
Shows Speed All  
Around.

	W.	L.	T.	F.	A.
London	7	2	1	49	24
Sarnia	7	2	0	44	24
Glencoe	7	2	0	40	26
St. Marys	0	8	1	28	58

Coach Ferguson slipped a new combination of players over the boards last night and picked them at St. Marys. They delivered a 7 to 3 win over the Stone Town. A large, uproarious crowd watched the new machine perform, and they'll be solidly behind it in its uphill struggle to win the next three games and cop the group title. Monahan, the junior, was used as a regular on the front line, with McLachlan, a former Glencoe boy, as sub, and Doolittle was back on the London defence. Young Monahan came nearly being the best player on the same wing, for the honors. Monahan looked better than he did in the junior games, broke away like a young whirlwind, and had a pretty flip that hooked the puck away from the St. Marys forwards, and on the offensive he not only shot over quick passes, but when he had to, waited his way in among the heavy-checking Stone Town men in quick little side-steps, and on two occasions he slipped through the whole visiting line and right in on top of Simms, fooling him completely as he gently deposited the puck in the nets.

"Dub" Louch and his brother Bill came nearly being the whole St. Marys team. "Dub" Louch got two of St. Marys' tallies on ghost rushes right through the London defence. With the defence tightly squeezed together, he spirited and squeezed his way through about two inches of light numerous times, while Brother Bill, skating faster, out-generalized the local defence at other times, and gave Reuter nasty shots to handle.

**Simms Good in Nets.**  
Back of all this display, though, was that cool, veteran Simms, who handled them from all angles, and especially in the second and third periods, when London staged fast rallies and shot in a hail of pucks. Tuer, another veteran, brought his stick down like a yard of square timber, and stepped right into the London attackers, and scored a goal himself in the third period, before he became wobbly and winded from his heavy efforts.

The London team was a totally different outfit than the one that met Sarnia. There was snap and pep to everything they did. Somers did some great rushing, but had hard luck near the Stone Town defence. Several times he circled with his own rebounds and tore down for a great defence game and rushed well. Doolittle, when the going was getting more strenuous and the bumping more frequent, was in his element.

He crashed down alone for a counter in the second after he had started down for a free time, been checked to a halt and then gone back and done his own back-checking to get the disc. Gowdy looked better than ever. He back-checked persistently, and with his elusive circling dodge, outtraced the St. Marys defence four or five times for a hard shot on Simms.

St. Marys certainly laid on the

## HOCKEY SCORES

Senior O. H. A.  
Kitchener T. C. S. St. Marys 4.  
Galt 2, Stratford 1.  
Preston 4, Kitchener G. S. 0.  
Tigers 4, Aura Lee 1.  
Intermediate O. H. A.  
London 7, St. Marys 3.  
Listowel 2, Chesley 1.  
Guelph 3, Brampton 1.  
Cornwall 3, Queens 1.  
Oshawa 5, Trenton 2.  
Dunnville 4, Hamilton 0.  
Port Colborne 5, Welland 2.  
Gravenhurst 3, Port Perry 2.  
(Gravenhurst wins round by one goal.)

Junior O. H. A.  
U. T. S. 1, St. Andrews 0.  
Owen Sound 9, Collingwood 3.  
Woodstock 4, Ingersoll 1.  
Bowmanville 5, Whitby 4.  
Bradford 2, Barrie 1.  
Niagara Falls 7, Grimsby 2.  
National League.  
Hamilton at St. Pats.  
Ottawa at Canadiens.  
Intermediate O. H. A.  
Markham at Varsity II.  
Milton at Burlington.  
Glencoe at Sarnia.

timber, but Glencoe for the most part, although some had hooking, went over in the third period. The game very seldom halted, and it was top all the way with lots of open rushing and passing, despite the back-checking both teams pulled off. After five minutes of the first period, McGeech opened the scoring for the locals, taking a pass out from Gowdy. "Dub" Louch evened it up a minute afterwards after getting right through the defence. Gowdy put London ahead five minutes later on a pass from young Monahan lost in a scramble of St. Marys players behind their own nets.

Monahan after three minutes opened the tally sheet of the second period by sneaking his way through solo and lobbing the puck in the nets. Nine minutes later, Louch made another of his ghostly disappearances through the sandwiched London defence and beat Reuter on a clean shot. Three minutes later Gowdy was cruising right in front of the nets for a Somers-Monahan pass when he slipped in for London's fourth. Doolittle made it an even five on his lone effort in the last minute of play.

**Monahan Gets First.**  
The St. Marys crew held London to a 2—1 edge in the third, and were trading rush for rush in about the same ratio. Monahan got the first in nine minutes, his second pretty trick of the night, a minute after, towards with Louch got a rest for stealing Dempsey's stuff on skates. Gowdy's back-checking was rewarded a few moments after when he checked B. Louch to a walk, grabbed the puck, half circled like a lacrosse home man and beat Simms with a hard one. At 12 minutes, Tuer got his goal, and if he hangs up his stick after this season, this notch will be the freshest looking one of the lot. Somers had to be helped off the battle kept going right to the last second. Monahan was put off for a few seconds loaf, which was only half a one just before Doolittle made a last rush on goal, the St. Marys defence and the goal pulling it to a walk.

Sid Rankin handled the game well. His bell handle broke in the first moments of the game, and after that he treated it tenderly, and the crowd seemed to like the result.

London—Goal, Reuter; defence, Mitchell and Tuer; centre, Hobbs; wings, Monahan and Gowdy; subs, Doolittle and McLachlan.

St. Marys—Goal, Simms; defence, Somers and Loughheed; centre, McGeech; wings, D. Louch and B. Louch; subs, Ruch and Smith.

Referee—Sid Rankin.

## ALL WESTERN FIVE FIGURE IN SCORING

London University Cagers Have  
Good Chance in Inter-Collegiate.

The win of the local university against the fast-going basketball quintet at Guelph on Wednesday has stirred up unusual interest in a game that is becoming more and more popular as a major intercollegiate sport. What has pleased the followers of basketball at Western this year more than anything else is the fact that all members of the team are figuring in the score sheet. Team work is the slogan, and every one of the ten playing members is enthusiastic, turning out to practice regularly and giving his very best throughout the entire season both for preparation and for playing.

Western's chances are better than they have ever been for years in the intercollegiate basketball series, but on Saturday night in the armories at 8 o'clock sharp they will meet what is said to be the fastest team in the C. P. R. The game will commence at 8 o'clock sharp at the armories. The referee is Mr. Dinsmore. The lineup for Western is as follows: Forwards, McHaffie, Wainwright, Wilson and Newell; center, Hungerford and Sifton; guards, Howell, McLennan and Coles.

The manager of the Western team, Mr. B. Johns, is fast recovering, and it is hoped that he will be in the game in another week, the small bone in his hand which was fractured in the first match against Varsity having repaired sufficiently to enable the split to be removed.

A match will also be played at 7 o'clock between the C. O. T. C. team of the Western University (also junior O. M. C. A.) and the Tigers of the Y. M. C. A. The Western team is presenting a good sturdy lineup, and while they have not had sufficient team work, will give the "Y" champions a real tussle. The armories will be open at 6:45.

## WESTERN GYM SEES THREE FAST GAMES

Huron College, Arts '25 and  
Arts '27 Win Cage  
Tills.

Three fast cage games were the order of the evening at the Western gym last night, when Arts '25 went under to Arts '26 by the score of 12 to 3, Meads '29 lost to Huron College, 12 to 8, and Arts '27 defeated Arts '26 by 24 to 21.

The teams:  
First game:  
Arts '24—James, Walker, McCallum, Hale, Talbot, Callaghan, Hamblin.  
Arts '25—C. Rose, Andrews, Burton, F. L. Rose, Ollerhead, Morris.  
Second game:  
Meads '29—O'Hara, Perry, McFarland, Savage, Kilpatrick.  
Huron College—Brownlee, H. Blackwell, Appleyard, Garland, Myers, Smith, J. Blackwell.  
Third game:  
Arts '27—J. Simpson, G. Simpson, Lucas, Allen, Patterson, Ward.  
Arts '26—Fox, Stevens, McManus, Kennedy, Crawford, Owens, McRae.

The National League was represented by 257 players during the 1923 season.

## JOHNSON'S SCIENCE BEAT JEFF, SAYS TEX

Both Heavies Fought Fairly At Reno and Slipping Champion  
Battled Gamely On When Defeat Seemed Certain.

By TEX RICKARD.  
CHAPTER XV.

It was in the Reno fight between Jeffries and Johnson that I began to learn the basic principles of promoting a making a big affair like that.

An editor in the west has written to ask me if I ever knew of a real grudge fight. Frankly I never did. Moreover, I don't believe there ever was one.

In the old days it used to be accepted as the proper form for one fighter to refuse to speak to his opponent while training. There were stories, probably untrue, of a fighter being so angry with his opponent that he would not even look at him, and would take any sort of chances.

And That Bull Fiddle.  
Johnson also knew how to play that big bull fiddle. It was his delight to arrange a fight, how to build a stand and how to avoid confusion have been of a value to me that could not be estimated in dollars and cents.

Total .....\$117,066  
Johnson—Purse .....\$ 60,680  
Bonus ..... 10,000  
Pictures ..... 50,000  
Total .....\$120,680

I made a profit of something like \$100,000. The pictures paid altogether something around \$300,000.

No sooner had Jack Johnson got his money than he came around and paid me back the \$2,500 I had loaned him on the train that day going from Pittsburgh, New York, and his training expenses as well.

The fight was of more profit to me than the money I made out of it—and that was considerable. The less

sons that I learned there about how to arrange a fight, how to build a stand and how to avoid confusion have been of a value to me that could not be estimated in dollars and cents.

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There were frequent reports that Jeffries was acting ugly and surly, while Johnson was happy-go-lucky and friendly.

As a matter of fact, Jeffries is a big, friendly fellow. He was suffering from that stomach trouble. Try as he would he could not entirely get over it. That's why he was surly.

I watched these fellows train because I wanted to learn as much as possible about my job of referee. As the Fourth of July approached that refereeing business made me sit up and think.

CHAPTER XVI.  
Jeff and Johnson in the Ring.

Jim Jeffries was not actually knocked down and out by Jack Johnson. In fact, as referee, I did not count him out—made him count it all.

This statement is made in answer to several requests I have had to tell just how Jack Johnson knocked out Jeffries on that memorable Fourth of July in Reno.

The end came after it was very apparent that Jeffries was beaten. Johnson was entirely too clever for Johnson and seemed to have more physical strength. Jack was gradually wearing the fellow down, and had him, to the twelfth round, after Jeffries had been knocked down and laid up against the ropes.

Sam Berger was very wise and sensible in stopping it when he did. "That's enough," he said to me.

Just as he said it Johnson had drawn back for a final blow and I caught his arm. That arm, I found of the fight, Jeffries was standing on his feet. It was scored a technical knockout, of course. In a few minutes Johnson would have had him out. Sam Berger was very wise and sensible in stopping it when he did.

The greatest relief, though, was that the fight at last had been successfully pulled off. I knew it was a financial success before we entered the ring. Hundreds of those holding tickets for the fight in San Francisco had exchanged their tickets for seats at Reno. The arena was full.

At the very start of the fight Jeffries made the mistake of trying to box with Johnson. The drake was entirely too clever for him. In the first round, however, Johnson was extremely cautious. He feinted around to be sure of his ground. For three minutes he took no chances whatever. Johnson was a very clever general. He was trying to see how far he could go. When Jeffries tried to box him Jack began to grin.

Johnson Starts Jostling.  
As the fight progressed Johnson knew quite well that he was going to win. Then his boyishness came to the surface. He could not resist making jokes. In one mixup Jeffries missed and Johnson socked him a good one.

"Mr. Jeffries," said the drake, his lips parting in a big grin, "ain't no use in talking. Dis is one time you're met yo' Waterloo! Jes' go an' tell 'em I said so. Yas, dis winn' is right!"

The Jeffries crowd still had hopes and were yelling encouragement from all parts of the arena. Jim Corbett, second to Jeffries, was following every move of the fight with his eye. Again he smiled, showed those gold teeth.

"Mr. Corbett," he remarked, looking over the edge of the ring, "you better come up here and help out Mr. Jeffries."

A few minutes later he spoke to Corbett again.

"Can't do no good out there, Mr. Jim," said the grinning drake. "This Mr. Jeffries needs somebody up here—and right now!"

There was never a gamer fighter than Jim Jeffries. He gave all he had but he was up. I don't know if anything could have saved him; there is no doubt in my mind that the stomach trouble weakened him. He appeared heavy and slow moving from the start.

When it was all over I hurried to find out just how we stood financially. The receipts for that fight were \$270,715. I suppose my smile would have been as golden as that of Jack Johnson if I had had the gold teeth.

After all the troubles and irritations I was a big winner. Including the \$101,000 and the bonuses I had agreed to give Johnson and Jeffries the total amount I had to pay the fighters was about \$125,000. They got a great deal more than that, though. The picture rights were a bonanza to them.

The total expenses of that fight were within a few dollars of \$160,000 and this takes into consideration all the difficulties we had in California. It might be interesting to show just how much each of the fighters got:

Jeffries—Purse .....\$ 40,400  
Bonus ..... 10,000  
Pictures ..... 66,666



PREPARING FOR JOHNSON.  
Jim Jeffries training for his match with Jack Johnson at Reno. His sparring partner is Jim Corbett.

Total .....\$117,066  
Johnson—Purse .....\$ 60,680  
Bonus ..... 10,000  
Pictures ..... 50,000  
Total .....\$120,680

I made a profit of something like \$100,000. The pictures paid altogether something around \$300,000.

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game that the free use of printed signs is of immense value. I have them printed by the hundreds. Anywhere there is a turn, a gate, a stairway, or even an alley, I have signs put up so that the people can't go wrong. It saves them the trouble of asking questions. Too many questions would get the whole thing in a mess. Once a man has to wait for information a hundred more get jammed in behind him.

A Crowd Is Like a Herd.  
The main idea is to have a gate and a runway leading into each section. For example, there must be a gate for the five-dollar tickets. That gate opens into a walkway which leads directly into the five-dollar section. In other words, the spectator must never be compelled to cross another section to get into the one shown on his ticket. Right there most of the trouble occurs.

If a man, for instance, should hold a ten-dollar ticket and be compelled to cross the \$25 sections to reach it, he may stop at the first empty seat. In a few minutes the twenty-five dollar fellows, then ten-dollar fellows and then five-dollar boys will be all mixed up.

To handle a crowd successfully I have found that the secret is to keep the people going straight ahead. Never give them a chance to mill around. A panic among human beings is just as bad and just as fatal often as among the dumb beasts. Man's intelligence, I find, often adds to his confusion. Without a definite idea of what is going on he starts thinking. It's pretty hard to outguess an arena.

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SCOTTISH TEAM LOSES GRACIE THROUGH INJURY

Associated Press Despatch.  
London, Feb. 1.—A. L. Gracie, who today injured in a practice game, and had to retire from the Scottish international rugby team, which tomorrow meets Wales at Edinburgh. He will be replaced by G. Aitken, Oxford University.

RACE RESULTS ON PAGE 17.

for Economical Transportation



# Buy Your Chevrolet Now

## The Price Will Advance

### Feb. 15th, 1924

**EVEN** if you had not intended purchasing a new motor car until Spring, it will pay you to buy now the Chevrolet Superior model which meets your needs.

Our dealer organization has quoted present prices to many hundreds of prospective Chevrolet owners in all parts of Canada. Our announcement that prices will advance on Feb. 15th., gives you the opportunity of owning a Chevrolet at the present low price if you act promptly.

See your nearest Chevrolet dealer today.

The G.M.A.C. plan for deferred payments makes buying easy.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited  
(Subsidiary of General Motors of Canada, Limited)  
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## CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an itching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.—Adv.

Easy to Take—Quick to Relieve  
**CATARRH of the BLADDER**  
MIDY  
Each Capsule Bears name MIDY  
Beware of Counterfeits  
XT-F27

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY.  
**THERAPION NO. 1**  
**THERAPION NO. 2**  
**THERAPION NO. 3**  
No. 1 for Bladder Catarrh. No. 2 for Gonorrhea. No. 3 for Chronic Weakness.  
Beware of Counterfeits. Price in England 3s. 6d. In Canada 4s. 6d. In U.S.A. 5s. 6d.  
Sold by druggists or mail \$1.00 from  
11 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE



THE MAJOR RELATES HOW HE BECAME "CHIEF FLYINGBEAR"

BY AHERN.







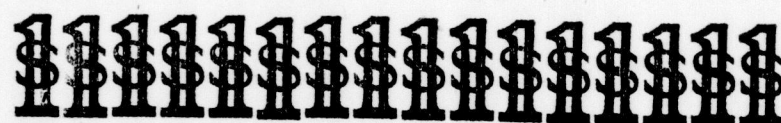


HERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE YOU HAPPY,  
THERE ARE SMILES THAT MAKE YOU SAD,  
BUT THE SMILE YOU HAVE ON DOLLAR DAY  
IS THE SMILE THAT MAKES YOU GLAD.

Set Your Clock Early  
For the Mid-Winter

# DOLLAR DAY

Thursday, February 7, 1924



Another season — and another Dollar Day. London merchants hold "open house" to you, on Thursday, Feb. 7, and every merchant taking part has put decisive reductions on all stocks. Dollar Day is Smile Day! Get ready!



**Get It Right!**

Dollar Day  
Is a Planned  
Event.

**Rome Wasn't  
Built In a Day!**

And Dollar Day  
Takes Weeks of  
Planning.

SHOP AT THE STORES  
WITH THE DOLLAR  
DAY PENNANTS.

READ THE  
ADVERTISEMENTS  
FOR THE BARGAINS.

EARLY SHOPPERS  
HAVE THE BEST  
SELECTIONS.

Published by the London Dollar Day Merchants













## ANGELICAN.

## ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

Rector—The Very Reverend Dean Tucker, D.D., D.C.L.  
Organist and Choirmaster—Harry T. Dickinson.  
FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.  
Holy Communion—8:30 a.m. and 11 a.m.  
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer.  
Preacher, the Lord Bishop of Keewatin.  
Offertory Anthem—"There Is a Green Hill Far Away." Gounod.  
Soloist—Mrs. Innes Carling.

## Christ Church

Corner Wellington and Hill Sts.  
C. R. Gunne, Rector.  
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Holy Communion.  
3 p.m.—Sunday School.  
7 p.m.—Evening Prayer.

## Cronyn Memorial

Corner Queen's Ave. and William St.  
Quintin Warner, Rector.  
11 a.m.—Holy Communion.  
3 p.m.—Holy Communion.  
7 p.m.—Evening Prayer.  
Preacher, the Lord Bishop of Keewatin.  
Offertory Anthem—"There Is a Green Hill Far Away." Gounod.  
Soloist—Mrs. Innes Carling.

## ANGELICAN.

## ST. JAMES' CHURCH

Rector, Rev. W. Leslie Armitage, M.A., Rector.  
11 a.m.—St. Paul's Reading Passion.  
Holy Communion.  
3 p.m.—Rt. Rev. Bishop Dewdney, D.D.  
7 p.m.—"Canada's Problem."  
Rev. R. J. Bowen on Bible Society.

## St. John the Evangelist

Wellington St. and St. James St.  
Rev. G. Clarke, Rector.  
11 a.m.—Holy Communion.  
3 p.m.—Morning Service.  
7 p.m.—The Church School.  
4 p.m.—Address by Bishop Dewdney of Keewatin. All invited.  
7 p.m.—Evening.  
Rector at all services.

## METHODIST

## ASKIN ST. METHODIST

10 a.m.—The Brotherhood.  
11 a.m.—REV. J. T. COSBY MORRIS, B.A., B.D.  
"THE FELLOWSHIP OF SAINTS."  
7 p.m.—THE REV. COSBY MORRIS.  
Subject "A Wife's Transgression."  
Full Choir under Dr. Smith.

## METHODIST

## COLBORNE ST. METHODIST

REV. HERBERT J. UREN—Pastor.  
10 a.m.—Brotherhood.  
11 a.m.—COMMUNION AND RECEPTION SERVICE.  
2:45 p.m.—Bible Study for Y.O.U.  
7 p.m.—"SEEKING GOODLY PEARLS."  
Join us in the Wednesday night study of S. S. Lesson.  
W. H. Liddicoat leads.

## DUNDAS STREET CENTER

REV. JOHN GARBUTT, Minister.  
11 a.m.—Service for League of Young Workers.  
Goss Anthem—"O Saviour of the World."  
Solo—"O Divine Redeemer."  
Mrs. Frederick Schofield.  
2:45 p.m.—Sunday School, Bible Classes and Club No. 8.  
7 p.m.—The Minister, subject: "METHODISM AND CHURCH UNION."  
Anthem—"Spirit Immortal."  
Verdi Quartet—"Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee."  
Mrs. Schofield, Jessie Sinclair, Emma Morris and Lydia Hosmer.  
Hear Dr. Trevor H. Davies, Bible Society meeting, First Methodist Church, Tuesday Night at 8 o'clock.

## FIRST METHODIST

REV. BRUCE HUNTER, B.A., B.D., Pastor.  
Rev. E. W. Jewitt, B.A., Director of Religious Education.  
10 a.m.—Class Meetings and Brotherhood.  
Brotherhood—"Personal Work." A discussion by members.  
(Special Music.)  
11 a.m.—"Communion Meditation"—The Pastor.  
Sacrament of the Lord's Supper and Reception Service.  
3 p.m.—SUNDAY SCHOOL IN WESLEY HALL.  
7 p.m.—"The Choice of the Highest"—The Pastor.  
(This concludes the series of sermons on Practical Themes to Young People.)  
8:30 p.m.—SOCIAL HALF HOUR.  
Choir Leader, George C. Carrie. Organist, Kingsley N. Ireland.

## Centennial Methodist

10 a.m.—Fellowship Meeting.  
11 a.m.—The Pastor, subject: "THE LIGHT OF MEN."  
Communion Service. Reception.  
3 p.m.—Sunday School.  
4:45 p.m.—Song Service.  
7 p.m.—The Pastor, subject: "WHO IS YOUR BARBER?"  
A sermon to young men. All barbers invited.  
STRANGERS ARE ESPECIALLY WELCOME.  
A. E. M. THOMPSON, Pastor.  
Theodore Gray, Organist.

## Empress Ave. Church

Rev. J. P. Chapman, B.A., Pastor.  
10 a.m.—Fellowship Meeting.  
11 a.m.—Sacrament Service.  
2:45 p.m.—Sunday School.  
7 p.m.—"The Man of the Hour."  
Miss Taylor, Organist.

## Hyatt Ave. Methodist

10 a.m.—Brotherhood. C. M. Trace.  
11 a.m.—"Isaac, the Well-Digger."  
7 p.m.—"Another Business Collapse."  
Next Sunday is "Boys' Day."  
Judge Mott, Justice of the Peace, Toronto, is coming.  
J. McALPINE, Choirmaster.  
R. J. McCOORMICK, Pastor.

## Ridout St. Methodist

J. A. AGNEW, Pastor.  
Res. 87 Windsor Avenue.  
11 a.m.—Holy Communion and Reception for new members.  
7 p.m.—"Surprises of the Final Judgment."  
10 a.m.—Men's Brotherhood.  
Rev. W. H. Cooper will speak.  
Ridout Street South Cars stop at the church.  
W. Gordon Scott, Organist.  
STRANGERS WELCOME.

## Robinson Memorial

11 a.m.—Dr. Paul Harrison of Arabia.  
7 p.m.—"Jesus—Terrible, Tender."  
10 a.m.—The Brotherhood. Professor Bowman.  
Geo. Winterbottom, Organist.  
W. L. Hillie, Minister.

## Wellington Street

REV. GEO. T. WATTS, B.D., Pastor.  
10 a.m.—Fellowship meeting.  
11 a.m.—Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.  
2:45 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.  
7 p.m.—The Pastor. Subject: "A Converted City Official."

YORK STREET MISSION HALL—  
Morning: Preacher, Mr. Joseph Henry. Evening subject: "Hell As It Is." Preacher, Mr. W. J. Wray. Ladies of the Royal True Blue will be present.

## PRESBYTERIAN

## FIRST PRESBYTERIAN

Corner Clarence and Dufferin.  
A NIGHT WITH THE ARABIAN KNIGHT.  
DR. PAUL HARRISON, F.A.C.S.  
When the university students from London attended the great convention in Indianapolis recently they were so captivated by the story of Arabia that they immediately arranged for his visit to London. He will speak in First Presbyterian Church at 7 p.m. This church should be crowded to hear the man who bears the distinction of being called the Apostle of Arabia. He is a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons and a distinguished graduate of Johns Hopkins.  
Mrs. Charles A. Wilson, also an American citizen, but now resident of London, who has been charming London people with her playing on the violin, has kindly consented to play at that service a selection from Schubert's "Ave Maria."

## ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH

REV. D. C. MACGREGOR, D.D., Minister.  
Rev. F. W. K. Harris, B.A., Director of Religious Education.  
C. E. Wheeler, F.C.C.O., Organist and Choir Director.  
Public Worship at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.  
Morning—REV. R. J. BOWEN, B.A., Secretary of the Bible Society.  
Evening—REV. D. C. MACGREGOR. Subject: "THE NEW TESTAMENT."  
10 a.m.—Brotherhood—Rev. R. J. Bowen, Speaker.  
12:15 p.m.—Church School.  
3:00 p.m.—Young People's Classes.  
A CORDIAL WELCOME.

## King St. Presbyterian

W. R. McIntosh, Minister.  
10 a.m.—The Brotherhood. Mr. A. R. Kennedy, editor of The Advertiser, speaks on "Citizenship."  
11 a.m.—"Broadening Out in Religion." Studies in the Acts.  
7 p.m.—Fundamental Questions—No. 4.  
"WAS JESUS THE SON OF GOD?" The Virgin Birth controversy explained in this sermon.

## New St. James'

Cor. Oxford and Wellington Streets.  
Rev. JAS. MACKAY, B.D., Minister.  
Percy Q. King, Musical Director.  
Morning—"THE PILGRIM'S LIGHT."  
Evening Subject: "THE THRONE AND THE SEALED BOOK."  
Third of Series on Book of Revelations. Sunday School and Adult Bible Study. Class at 3 p.m.

## BAPTIST

## Adelaide St. Baptist

Morning:  
REV. S. EVERTON, M.A., B.D., of Woodstock.  
Sunday School at 3 p.m.  
Evening:  
REV. S. EVERTON, M.A., B.D.

## Egerton Street Baptist

Rev. A. Burgess, Minister.  
11 a.m.—"Upon What Creed Do We Stand?"  
3 p.m.—Baptism.  
7 p.m.—"Can We Communicate With the Dead?"

## Maitland Street Baptist

REV. DR. A. T. SOWERBY will preach.  
11 a.m.—"Mighty Oaks From Acorns Grow."  
7 p.m.—"What the New Heaven and the New Earth Will Be Made From."  
Choir Song Service.  
ALL WELCOME!

## Talbot Street Baptist

REV. DR. BOWLEY GREEN, Pastor.  
11 a.m. Subject: "THEN JEZEHEL."  
12:15—Observance of the Lord's Supper.  
3 p.m.—Sunday School. Decision day.  
7 p.m. Subject: "HOME AGAIN." Baptismal service.  
Special Meetings every night this week at 7:45, conducted by Dr. Green. COME AND WELCOME.

## Wortley Road Baptist

"The Church With a Message."  
R. J. MURPHY, B.D., Pastor.  
11 a.m.—Subject: "CALVARY."  
7 p.m. Subject: "A NIGHT OF WRESTLING."

## CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

First Church of Christ, Scientist  
Richmond and Kent Streets.  
SUNDAY SERVICES, 11 IN THE MORNING, AND 7 IN THE EVENING.  
THE SUBJECT OF THE SERMON FOR THIS SUNDAY IS: "LOVE."  
Wednesday evening meeting, at which testimonies of healing through Christian Science are given, is held at 8 o'clock.  
THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND THESE SERVICES.  
SUNDAY SCHOOL, 11 A.M.  
This church maintains a FREE READING ROOM, located in the Bank of Toronto Chambers, corner Richmond and King streets, open daily except Sundays and holidays, from 10 to 5, where the Bible and all authorized Christian Science literature may be read, borrowed or purchased.

## SPECIAL SERVICES

CONDUCTED BY  
REV. H. A. KOEHLER  
OF BOSTON.  
9 a.m.—PRIESTHOOD MEETING.  
10 to 12 a.m.—SACRAMENTAL SERVICE.  
7 p.m. Subject: "GOD SPEAKS TODAY."  
SAINTS' CHURCH  
Maitland Street, Near York.  
EVERYBODY WELCOME.

## PRESBYTERIAN



RIDOUT STREET CHURCH.

The handsome red-brick structure at the corner of Ridout street and Garfield avenue, which is known as the Ridout Street Methodist Church. This is the newest completed church in the London Methodist district, and the congregation has greatly increased during the past few years.

RIDOUT STREET CHURCH  
RISING IN PROMINENCE

Rapid Development Has Proven Source of Pleasure to South Londoners.

## LADIES' AID FACTOR

Rev. J. A. Agnew, Popular Pastor, With Congregation For Five Years.



REV. J. A. AGNEW.

pastor of Ridout Street Methodist Church, and now in his sixth term there.

Of the Methodist family in London there is one member which has passed a lusty infancy and now bids fair to become as tall and strong as the eldest of its brothers. The newer residents in South London have become accustomed to the handsome red brick church which stands at the corner of Ridout street and Garfield avenue. Among the older, there are those who remember a drab wooden building, stood on a acreage of vacant lots, a combined church and Sunday school which in but a few years was to become Ridout Street Methodist Church, one of the strongest factors of its denomination in the city.

The older churches of London have a history which is interwoven, warp and woof, with the romantic early days of the city. The names which are to be found on their records are the names which are identified with the development of the city, from a village into a town, and from a town into a place rapidly nearing its 75,000 citizens. Interest lies equally in the churches themselves and because they form an integral part of London's development.

On the other hand, the interest in Ridout Street Church belongs to the future. It has only a brief past. First a Sunday school attached to Wellington Street Methodist, it then became a mission, and a few years ago the mission became sufficiently strong to transform itself into a church, and the congregation housed themselves in a church which ranks with the best in the city.

This rapid development of Ridout Street Methodist Church in the southern part of the city has for all citizens a particular significance. It is indicative of the growth of this particular section of the city, not so long ago a wind-driven sweep of land, and now a residential section where property commands as high a figure as in almost any other part of London. All this has come in a space of a few years. Few districts of London have experienced anything like the growth of South London. Before the war, either side of Ridout street, all the way from Windsor avenue to Elmwood, there was but a scattering of houses. The rest was vacant property where daisies grew and very little else. The whole today might be a section from a model town, with the very best that modern architects can do in the way of cozy, compact homes lining either side of Ridout street and cross streets running through to Wortley road and eastward on the other side.

All this development has meant an increase in the Methodist population of the district. And step by step, as their district grew, the congregation themselves to keep pace with it. At the present time the congregation numbers over six hundred, and during the past five or six years the attendance at the Sunday school has just doubled. Until now it reaches an average of nearly four hundred attendants a Sunday.

Ridout Street Methodist Church had its origin when the Wellington Street Church decided to erect a Sunday school for those of its number who lived at too great a distance to be regular attendants at the church. A small frame building was erected on High street, and in this the Sunday school found accommodation. Its first superintendent was Mr. George Hickson, whose death took place only a few years ago.

Demands Increased.  
It was not long until the demands in the Sunday school church of the future, the Ridout Street Church, were made. The present superintendent, Mr. Agnew, who succeeded Mr. Holmes, the congregation have made steady progress. Mr. Agnew has enjoyed with them an unusually long term. Four years in the customary period for a Methodist pastor to remain with his congregation, but Mr. Agnew has been five years at Ridout Street, and has been invited to stay for a sixth. Since the commencement of his pastorate the congregation has increased at the rate of one hundred a year, and is still growing.

Mr. Agnew came to London from Clifton, having spent the greater part of his ministry in the London Conference. While in Clifton he was chairman of the Godefrich District, and on coming to London was made chairman of the London district, an office which he held until just a few months ago. Born at Lucknow, he was educated at Kincardin Collegiate and at the Wesleyan College, Montreal.

Like every other church which sees in the Sunday school the church of the future, the Ridout Street Church pays strict attention to the progress and development of this department. It is organized along the most modern lines and methods, with a scheme of separate grading to cover pupils of all ages. The average attendance at present runs between 250 and 375 a Sunday, but a campaign which is on at present practically assures the commencement of an average attendance of 400 within a month.

For many years the Sunday school was under the superintendency of Thomas Spettigue, a man prominently identified with the early days of the church, and its present superintendent is A. D. Hone. Its officers are, in addition to Mr. Hone, the following: Assistant superintendent, M. Trace; superintendent of home department, Mrs. Dennison; superintendent of senior department, I.

Canadian Press Despatch.  
Winnipeg, Feb. 1.—Preparing for an immense wave of American immigration to Western Canadian farm lands, immigration and colonization officials of the Canadian National Railways will confer here Monday and Tuesday. Thousands of United States farmers, finding land expensive or hard to obtain in the middle western states, are turning their eyes to Canada, railway officials declared today.

CLASS ENTERTAINED.  
Special to The Advertiser.  
Wallaceburg, Feb. 1.—Miss Bessie Scurr entertained her Sunday School class at her home on Tuesday evening. The evening was spent in working on a quilt which will be disposed of in the near future. The hostess served a lovely luncheon.

## Chiropractic

## A Natural Method for Correction of the Cause of Disease

Hundreds, yes thousands, of persons suffer from a variety of diseases, which they attribute to "colds." So many people are susceptible to sudden changes in the weather that colds—so called—and resultant and more serious disorders, become epidemic.

Among the painful and frequently serious afflictions which are widespread at this time of year are Lumbago and Sciatica, Headache and Facial Neuralgia, Rheumatism and Neuritis. Any one of these is bad enough. Lumbago and Sciatica may become very painful; Neuralgia frequently drives nervous victims to the verge of insanity and Rheumatism, once seated, lasts a lifetime, and spreads through the entire system, if not promptly arrested.

Various schools attribute various causes and attempt to counteract them with a diversity of methods. Chiropractic looks not so much to the result, which is the disease itself, as to the origin.

Lumbago and Sciatica Rheumatism is caused by nerves in the lower part of the back becoming pinched between the bones of the spine, which have been forced out of alignment. Generally it is not exposure that causes these painful diseases, but probably a fall, or a jar—just enough to joggle the bones of the spine out of their proper alignment.

Adjustment of these bones by Chiropractic frees the nerves of the pressure, and Lumbago and Sciatica disappear.

In the case of headache and facial neuralgia the nerves which serve the head are caught by misplaced bones in the region of the neck. This displacement may even be caused by an apparently trivial toss of the head or other sudden movements, which throw the head and neck quickly out of normal position.

Boxing is a prolific cause of such misplacements. A jolting, jarring blow to the jaw or side of the face frequently causes a condition which becomes chronic unless recognized in time and properly checked.

Rheumatism frequently results from a pinching between the bones of the spine of nerves that control muscular structure. Pressure of different degrees and involving various nerves will cause what is known as general rheumatism, when it seems the whole body is racked with rheumatic pains.

Chiropractic simply locates the point of pressure and removes it. The rheumatism disappears as a matter of course.

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

Chiropractic articles will be published in this newspaper each Saturday.

As a protective measure for the public, a booklet has been prepared and printed, giving only the names of the reliable and indorsed members of the Chiropractic profession.

We have informative Chiropractic literature that will be mailed to you on application, without cost or obligation.

Associated Chiropractors, London, St. Thomas, Strathroy, Watford, Stratford, Galt, Kitchener, Simcoe, Hagersville, Jarvis, Waterford.

IF CONSTIPATED  
SICK, BILIOUS

Harmless Laxative for the Liver and Bowels

10¢

CATHARTIC

WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

10¢

Feel fine! No griping or inconvenience follows a gentle liver and bowel cleansing with "Cascarets."

Sick Headache, Biliousness, Gas, indigestion, and all such distress one by morning. For Men, Women and Children—10¢ boxes, also 25¢ and 50¢ sizes. Any drug store—Adv.



## BAD PATCH OF ECZEMA ON CHIN

In Rash, Itched and Burned. Cuticura Healed.

"I had a very bad patch of eczema on my chin. It broke out in a rash and was very troublesome, itching and burning a great deal. I lost my rest at night on account of the irritation, and my face was disfigured for the time."

"I tried many different remedies without success. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which brought relief right away, and after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Mary Campbell, Big Pond Centre, Nova Scotia.

Use Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum exclusively for every-day toilet purposes.

Sample Pack Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Sales," Dept. 244, 145 St. W. Montreal. Sold every-where. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shares without msg.

## COULDN'T SLEEP HEART WAS BAD NERVES A WRECK

Mr. H. A. Reid, Upper Musquodoboit, N.S., writes: — "I am very thankful for the benefit I have received by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills."

When I came home from overseas, in 1920, my heart was very badly affected by concussion and my nerves were a dreadful wreck. I was very short winded, and could not possibly sleep at night, in fact, I was in such a condition I felt as if I did not wish anyone to speak to me. I thought I would try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and before I had taken two boxes I could enjoy a good night's rest as well as anyone.

There are lots of returned men who are suffering the same as I did, and I feel sure that if they would only try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they would receive the same relief that I have.

Price 50c a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Adv.

ported some time ago, following her arrest in a Monroe avenue coffee-house, when it was discovered she had paid no head tax on entering the country.

## THAMESVILLE SISTERS ARRESTED IN DETROIT

Detroit, Feb. 1.—Two attractive sisters, found guilty of shoplifting, were fined \$30 each by Judge Stein today, with alternative of 30-day terms in the House of Correction.

After paying their penalties they were rearrested and turned over to immigration officials. The girls are Alta Orr, aged 20, and Vera, aged 17, of Thamesville, Beryl Landaur, a store detective, arrested them as they attempted to leave a department store with two dresses, according to testimony. Alta was de-

## Beauty

A Gleamy Mass of Hair

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

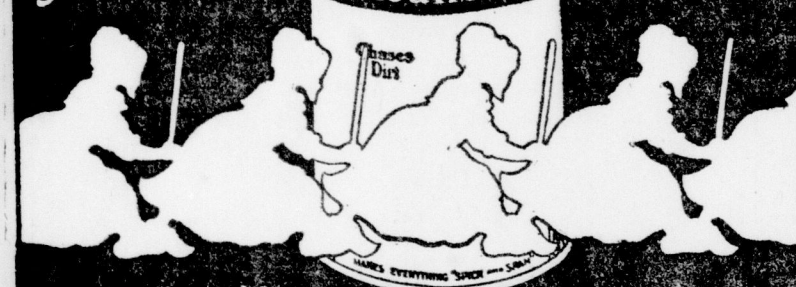


Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy — a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears. Get a bottle of delightful, refreshing "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair becomes.—Adv.

## Old Dutch

Soft and flaky—wont scratch. Contains no lye or acids. Goes further—does better work.



Made in Canada For all General Cleaning.



## GIVE "CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP"

Dependable Laxative for Sick Baby or Child—Harmless!

Hurry, Mother! Even a fretful, constipated, feverish child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup," and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.—Adv.

# HERE'S A PAGE that puts "U" IN HUMOR

THE GUMPS—THE NEXT DAY



## BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARKY PLUG

Rudy Decided to Sleep it Off.

BY BILLY DE BECK



## TOOTS AND CASPER

Casper Can't Stand Competition.

BY JIMMY MURPHY



## MUTT AND JEFF

Quite So, My Dear Watson, Quite So.

BY BUD FISHER



## REG'LAR FELLERS

The Disappointed Job Hunter.

BY GENE BYRNES





**Rowat's Coffee**  
Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.  
70c Pound.  
Try a Pound Today.  
**T. A. Rowat & Co.**  
250 Dundas St. Phone 3051-3052.



YOUR appeal to the world will show understanding if your vision is unimpaired. Otherwise you need an examination that will point out and remedy your eye defects.

"Don't guess at the condition of your eyes—let us tell you the exact ophthalmic truth about them."

**Carlyle TREBILCOCK OPTICIAN**  
233 DUNDAS STREET, TELEPHONE 2351.

**BUY** Your Magazines at **Red Star News Co.**  
10 MARKET LANE.  
WE SELL THEM AT REGULAR PUBLISHERS' PRICES

**Shanghai Cafe**  
260 DUNDAS STREET.  
Businessman's Lunch, 40c.  
Sunday Chicken Dinner, 50c.  
THE BEST PLACE TO EAT AFTER ALL.

Our fitters are experts, \$1.50 to \$5.00. Trusses to fit all needs. **ANDERSON & NELLES**, 288 Dundas St.

"Say it with Flowers!"  
**DICKS FLOWER SHOP**

**WEGNER'S**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Overalls, Sweaters, Coats, Gloves, Mittens and Raincoats.  
LONDON'S LARGEST HIGH-CLASS WORKINGMEN'S OUTFITTERS.  
Exclusive Manufacturers' Agent for the Best Canadian Makes of Overalls.  
WEGNER, The Heart of London, 571 Talbot St. Phone 1849J.  
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**HOTEL STRAND ATLANTIC CITY**  
FIREPROOF AMERICAN PLAN ON THE OCEAN FRONT.  
Open throughout the year.  
Hot and Cold Sea Water in all Baths.  
Orchestra of Soloists. Golf Privileges.  
OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT.

**MOTORS**  
OVERHAULED—REPAIRED.  
ELECTRIC MOTOR REPAIR CO.  
349 Talbot. Phone 7174.

Quality Vulcanizing Only.  
**ART WILKES**  
London Tire Repair Depot,  
354 WELLINGTON STREET,  
Opposite McClary's.

**COAL JENKINS**  
Special Domestic  
FOR RANGES, HEATERS  
AND FURNACES. \$14.00  
Price. PHONE 1391.

**J. FERGUSON'S SONS**  
R. R. Ferguson, Manager.  
174-180 KING STREET.  
Funeral Directors and Embalmers.  
Handsome Motor Hearse.  
Day or Night Service with Promptness, Neatness and Quietness.  
Phones: Office 543, Residence 2056W.

**GORDON L. FERGUSON FUNERAL SERVICE**  
Private Funeral Apartments,  
350 William Street.  
Personal attendance; lady assistant.  
Phone 666J. Day or Night.

**N. J. GRIFFITH FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER**  
104 Dundas Street, London.  
Residence on premises. Phone 458.

**GEO. E. LOGAN FUNERAL HOME**  
371-373 DUNDAS STREET.  
PHONE 1988.

## PARNELL'S BREAD

The Ideal Bread  
—For—  
Every Spread

Try it and be convinced of its Goodness.

At Your Grocer's or Phone 929 and have our wagon call.

**PARNELL Bread Co.**

**Merryweather's Roses**  
FROM  
Southwell Nurseries, England

Orders from this celebrated nursery can be received until February 15 for delivery about April 15.

A descriptive catalogue containing over 600 varieties free on application to

**M. A. BRUSH**  
32 LOWTHER AVE., TORONTO.

## PREMIER CHARGES FACTS DISTORTED

Declares Actual Reduction Shown in Cost of Civil Service.

Canadian Press Despatch.  
Ottawa, Feb. 1.—"Misleading figures are being published by a Canadian publication in a series of articles on the expenditure on the Canadian civil service," Right Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, prime minister, asserted tonight, in the course of a discussion of the government's policy on civil service reform.

The premier said that the articles did not publish all the facts, and thereby conveyed the impression that the increases in personnel and cost of civil servants had occurred only during the present regime. For instance, a comparison in figures showing an enormous increase in the last ten years.

The article did not, however, Mr. King pointed out, mention that there had been an actual decrease of \$3,000,000 in expenditure on civil service since the present government took office, or between 1920-21 and 1922-23. The prime minister felt that comparisons should be made clear at this time when civil service organization was on the tapis.

## BENNETT OUTLINES WORKING SYSTEM OF BUSINESS TAX

Points Out If Tax Not Imposed Other Assessment Needed.

PRESENTS REPORT

In his report to the city council, City Assessment Commissioner H. J. Bennett shows that the business assessment as returned in 1923 was \$6,509,140, but points out that if this tax was not imposed, a like amount of assessment would have to be added in some other direction to keep the assessment over the \$6,000,000, or a mill rate imposed to balance the revenue that would be lost.

The commissioner's report, in part, follows:

"Business assessment is all based on the value of the premises occupied. Wholesalers pay on a 75 per cent basis, manufacturers 80 per cent, retailers 25 per cent, with other businesses varying in between these amounts. For instance, a retail store assessed for \$4,000 as the value of the real estate, would pay a business tax on 25 per cent of that amount, viz., \$1,000, assessment at the current rate of taxation. If it was a large building, occupied by various tenants, each tenant would pay on the value of the portion they occupied of such building.

"From the city's standpoint, the percentage method is easier of application. The assessor does not, as formerly, have to find out the amount of the capital invested in the business and no one carrying on business escapes taxation, all contribute in a more or less degree to the burden of taxation, as the smallest business can be assessed at a minimum assessment of \$100.

"An objection against business tax was the earning power of certain businesses was larger than others. This has now been remedied to a certain extent, as profits from businesses are now assessable as income after the business assessment has been deducted.

In regard to the resolution re business tax, I might state that when you improve your property and you make it more valuable, the assessment naturally will increase. The businessman, however, has a double increase in that his improved property is increased in assessment and automatically his business tax is increased.

"The amount of business done has nothing to do with the business assessment. It is the value of the property occupied for such business."

### HACKETT BENEFIT LODGE HAS SPLENDID "AT HOME"

Hackett, Loyal Orange Benefit Lodge, No. 805, held a successful "At Home" in Uster Hall at the corner of Dundas and Clarence streets, last night. Rev. R. D. Mess was the chairman for the evening, and Rev. Prof. Anderson and E. T. Essery were the speakers.

The London Orange Blue brass band provided the music for the evening. Mr. Luscombe, Mrs. J. Lucas, J. Price, C. Burgess and T. Howe provided entertainment in the form of songs, recitations and piano and violin solos.

### OFFER DEBENTURES ON MONDAY.

City Treasurer James Bell expects to place his remaining block of city debentures on the market on Monday, to the value of about \$1,000,000.

## HUNDREDS MORE COUNTY HOMES RECEIVE HYDRO

New Westminster Power Line Opened Friday—22,000 Volts Flow In.

MISS M. GRANT OFFICIATES

Hydro power is now available for more than 200 residents of the southern section of Middlesex County as the new Westminster power line was officially opened at 9 a.m. yesterday at the Westminster township power distribution station.

Miss Mary Grant, clerk of London Township, turned on the power, closing the switch which sent 22,000 volts of Niagara power over the new lines, already connected with 200 farms.

District Superintendent R. E. Hughes and Robert Doberman, head of the construction staff, were in attendance during the ceremony.

The new lines extend through 22 miles of Middlesex County, and were constructed during the past three months.

R. E. Hughes, formerly of Woodstock, has been appointed superintendent of the district and he has taken desk space in the office occupied by the district electrical inspector, W. E. Rider.

Mr. Hughes declares in an interview that every resident who is light and power as rapidly as lines are built and that the rates—of necessity somewhat higher than in the city—will yet be amazingly reasonable as compared with electricity generated by steam.

In order that citizens in the district may be thoroughly informed of the meaning of the change of administration, mass meetings are to be held at different points. Next Tuesday evening residents of Manor Park will be given a thorough explanation. Many there, Mr. Hughes understands, have the impression that their rates are to be doubled under suburban district distribution. This supposition will be cleared away and the advantages of the new system explained.

Applications to the H. E. P. C. to have hydro distribution in Broughdale transferred to the new district have already gone forward and will be approved at an early date.

Immediate advantages of the step taken in bringing hydro to Middlesex farms are greater economy. For five miles outside the city limits every farm home may be lit by electricity and the farm wife may use electricity in cooking, ironing and washing.

Last night Miss Grant told The Advertiser just what the innovation of the hydro would mean to the farmer.

Stating that the residents of the township, together with the township council, had been working on the idea since July 1921, she said that they might have need of it to the benefits it would bring, Miss Grant declared that it was with gladness that she turned the switch that drew the 22,000 volts from the high tension line and stepped them down to 4,000 in the transformer station.

Prior to July, 1921, the farmer of the township was able to secure power only if he resided within a mile and a half of the city. This inflicted a hardship on many who wanted the power, but could not get it, as the only means of supply at that time was the Springbank line. The power is taken off the high tension line to Glenora and does not come from London at all, being transformed to 4,000 volts in the township.

All farmers can now get it, providing they sign the contracts, and while lines have not yet been placed along all the roads, it is hoped that they will be before long.

The rates, according to Miss Grant, are \$84 per year for the farmer with a 100-acre farm, this rate permitting him to utilize three-horsepower for every purpose except that of an electric stove. For this latter, she stated, an extra charge of either \$4 or \$5 per month would be made.

## LONDONER EXPERIENCES GREAT STORM ON OCEAN

Mrs. J. Y. Foster Returns From Visit to England—Hopeful of Future.

Having passed through one of the worst storms in recent years on her way home from a holiday spent in England, Mrs. J. Y. Foster of Edward street, has returned to the city. Mrs. Foster sailed on the S. S. Metagama, the captain of which she reports claims the storm of last week to have been the worst he has experienced in a career of over 25 years. At one period, indeed, Mrs. Foster says, the passengers feared for their lives.

Arriving in England last December, at a period fraught with greater intensity than almost any other time in British history, the London woman visited large English cities during the pre-election days. While there is the gloomy side of widespread unemployment, there is, however, according to Mrs. Foster, a brighter feeling of hopeful expectancy on the part of great numbers of the people, who feel a triumphant faith in the first Labor government of their history.

### OFFER PRIZE FOR POSTER TO WAR ON ACCIDENTS

Another prize contest is now open to the local university students as well as the general public, according to an announcement posted yesterday at the university.

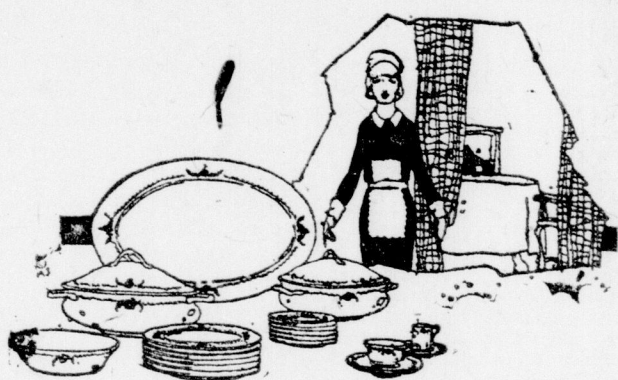
The American Railway Association through a committee on prevention of highway accidents offers prizes aggregating \$200 for the best design of a poster and the most suggestive slogan illustrating the 1924 campaign for prevention of railway crossing accidents.

The contest according to the announcement was inaugurated so as to create a more widespread interest in reducing the alarming number of highway accidents.

## China of Distinctive New Patterns

A quaint little breakfast set, dinner dishes of an attractive new pattern, salad bowls, compotes, individual cups and saucers. New china will add beauty and variety to the dinner table around which your family gathers three times each day.

You are cordially invited to view the display of China in our basement. Here are new sets of Johnson's semi-porcelain, in open stock patterns—Rosene, Biltmore, and the new Irene; as well as French Limoges at a real price concession.



## New Arrivals In the China Shop

**JOHNSTON BROS.' NEW IRENE**, a dainty Minton decoration.

Cups and Saucers, complete ..... 40c  
Bread and Butter Plates, each ..... 25c  
Tea Plates, each ..... 30c  
Breakfast Plates, each ..... 35c  
Dinner Plates, each ..... 45c  
Fruit Plates, each ..... 15c

**ROSENE**, a basket floral design, in powder blue and rose color combination.

Cups and Saucers, complete ..... 45c  
Bread and Butter Plates, each ..... 25c  
Tea Plates, each ..... 35c  
Breakfast Plates, each ..... 45c  
Dinner Plates, each ..... 50c  
Fruit Plates, each ..... 15c  
Casserole, each ..... \$3.25

**PYREX TRANSPARENT OVENWARE**.

Pie Plates ..... \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.60, \$1.75  
Casserole ..... \$2.50, \$3.50, \$3.75  
Casserole in Nickel Frames ..... \$4.00, \$5.25 and \$6.75  
Utility Dishes ..... \$1.75 and \$2.50  
Bread Dishes ..... \$1.50 and \$2.50  
Teapot Tiles, each ..... 70c  
Bean Pot, each ..... \$3.50  
Custard Cups, each ..... 30c, 35c, 40c  
Fish Platter, each ..... \$2.75, and \$3.75

A complete assortment of **CUT GLASS**, in many beautiful pieces, such as bonbon, fruit bowls, water sets, vases and compotes, ..... \$2.25, \$3.75, \$6.95 to \$35.00

## Three Simmons Beds That Are Outstanding Values

Walnut Finish Steel Beds, with two-inch continuous post pillars, and with 1/2-inch round center fillers, in sizes 3 ft. 3 in., 4 ft., and 4 ft. 6 in. wide. Price ..... \$15.00

Walnut Finish Steel Beds, 1 1/2-inch continuous post pillars and heavy rectangular center fillers. Sizes 3 ft. 3 in., 4 ft., and 4 ft. 6 in. wide. Price ..... \$15.00

Simmons White Enamel Beds, 1 1/2-inch continuous post pillars, with heavy center fillers, all standard sizes. Price ..... \$9.00

Coil Springs of the best quality, made of best tempered steel, sizes to fit either wood or metal beds. Price ..... \$10.00

Furniture Dept., Third Floor.

**BILTMORE**, another new Johnson's design, in spring-like colorings, primrose, yellow, violet and green.

Cups and Saucers, complete ..... 85c  
Bread and Butter Plates, each ..... 20c  
Tea Plates, each ..... 25c  
Breakfast Plates, each ..... 30c  
Dinner Plates, each ..... 35c  
Fruit Plates, each ..... 15c  
Covered Casseroles, complete ..... \$2.50

**SOLID COLORS, BREAKFAST OR TEA SETS**, in canary and mother-of-pearl colors; also a bird design with a solid yellow background.

Cups and Saucers ..... 50c  
Bread and Butter Plates ..... 20c  
Breakfast Plates ..... 40c  
Cereals ..... 25c  
Eggcups ..... 25c

**BIRD DESIGN**.

Cups and Saucers ..... 85c  
Bread and Butter Plates ..... 40c  
Breakfast Plates ..... 75c  
Cereals ..... 50c

A large assortment of **PORTABLE TABLE LAMPS** in the popular panel effect and many beautiful hand-painted shades, ranging in prices ..... \$13.50, \$16.50, \$19.50, \$22.50 up to \$35.00

**TORCHERE**, with substantial polychrome base, in many dainty colors, especially suited for the mantel. Complete ..... \$11.50 pair

## SEWING MONTH

All through January, energetic needles have been busily flashing in and out of table cloths and pillow slips and tea towels.

With the beginning of the next short but important month, these same industrious needles are ready to turn their attention from the replenished linen closet to the depleted wardrobe.

At first I thought that the fascinating new fashions were the most convincing arguments in favor of the Home Sewing with which February begins.

But when I saw the dainty new lingerie materials, of white, and a bewitching rainbow of pastel tints; the soft sheen and rich colorings of the spring silks, and the crisp, cheerful gingham, I realized that even a tired and rather discouraged old needle would regain its youthful enthusiasm!

Among the conveniences of the Notions Counter, and at the Silk and Wash Goods Department where the vanguard of the new materials are already displayed, you will find many attractive reminders that this is Sewing Month.

The gingham must have a column of their own—you can just SEE the attractive porch rocks, and children's dresses they will make.

Judith

Way Sagless Springs, made with hollow twisted cable and fitted on tubular steel frames. A Spring you may thoroughly depend upon. All standard sizes. Price ..... \$12.00

Simmons Link Fabric Springs will not sag, fitted to strong tubular steel frames, all standard sizes. Price ..... \$7.50

Keep their shape—Cannot sag

**Marshall**  
SANITARY MATTRESS AND CUSHIONS ARE GUARANTEED

Always look for the Marshall logo

**SILK AND WOOL HOSE IN COLORS.**  
Size 8 1/2 Only.  
\$1.19 Pair.

**SMALLMAN'S INGRAM**

**ELECTRIC APPLIANCES**  
Heaters, Toasters, Irons, Etc.  
Basement.

## COMPANY AND FRIENDS HONOR D. F. CAMPBELL

Engineer Leaves Labatt's To Take Up New Duties.

In recognition of 15 years' faithful service as chief engineer of the Labatt Brewing Company, D. F. Campbell, 125 Horton street, was presented with a silver tea service from the employees of the company and a substantial check from the firm itself. Mr. Campbell, past president of the local branch of the Canadian Association of Stationary Engineers, is probably the only man in London holding a first-class engineering certificate.

## URBAN SCHOOL TRUSTEES WILL MEET AT KINGSTON

The Urban School Trustees Association will hold their annual convention in Kingston on the evening of Feb. 26, and the following days Feb. 27, 28 and 29.

This association was formed in St. Catharines in 1919, and held their first meeting at Ottawa in 1920. Since that time the association has achieved many changes which are beneficial to the educational system of the province. Last year the convention was held in Brantford, and every city in the province was represented with one exception.



### A Growing Custom

More and more people are making use of our Funeral Home with its conveniences and appropriate surroundings.

### A. L. OATMAN

Director of Funeral Service  
Phone 586. The Funeral Home,  
Cor. King and Colborne Sts.

## NEWSPAPER TAKES OPTION ON PROPERTY IN WINDSOR

Special to The Advertiser.  
Windsor, Feb. 1.—A new daily newspaper for the Windsor City was foreshadowed by the signing of a six months option on a building on Chatham street on Thursday by the agents for an eastern newspaper.

## GUELPH PLANS FOR CARE OF HER UNEMPLOYED

Canadian Press Despatch.  
Guelph, Feb. 1.—An extensive program of work has already been started in Guelph to take care of the unemployed. The city council has authorized the beginning of many new sewers, which is expected to take care of some hundreds of men who have been idle for the best part of the winter. The work now in hand will cost about \$55,000 and it is likely that an additional trunk line to cost around \$55,000, will be found necessary by the time the present work is completed.

## Notice!

In order to introduce to our many satisfied customers our New System of Cleaning and Blocking Men's Felt Hats, we will clean and block any man's Felt Hat (pick out the worst one you have), next week for 75 cents.

We can also supply new ribbon bands and new leather sweats for a small amount.

Yours for service,

## JACKSON CLEANER and DYER

—PHONE 4680—