

THE WEATHER.
MODERATE WINDS, WARM.
TOMORROW—WARMER.

61ST YEAR. NO. 24031

London Evening Advertiser

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1924. THIRTY-SIX PAGES.

GOOD NEWS
IN THE WANT ADS TODAY
ON PAGES 12-13.

THREE CENTS.

C.N.R. Train Turns Over In the Ditch Near New Hamburg

MATTHEWS DECIDES HE WILL FIGHT EXTRADITION

Former Deputy Provincial Treasurer Acts on Counsel's Advice.

PARTNER SPEAKS

"Jack Martin" Tells How the Ex-Official Revealed Deals in Ontario.

Associated Press Despatch.
San Francisco, Aug. 2.—After word late yesterday from his attorney, Toronto, Charles A. Matthews, Jun., former deputy provincial treasurer of Ontario, held here on a technical charge of illegal entry to the United States, announced he would fight extradition proceedings if any are brought by the Canadian authorities. Advice received here from Toronto said that Matthews was wanted there in connection with alleged irregularities in the disposition of bonds. Matthews was arrested at Santa Clara Wednesday and told immigration officials that he would not fight extradition. With receipt of word from Seymour Corley, K.C., Matthews retained counsel here and announced determination to fight extradition proceedings.

PARTNER BETRAYED HIM.

Special to The Advertiser.
Copyright.
San Francisco, Cal., Aug. 2.—Edwin Bennett, the "Jack Martin" who supplied immigration officials here with information that led to the capture of Charles Matthews, Jun., his partner and roommate, told a remarkable story last night of their life together, and how the fugitive, under the influence of liquor, admitted sensational facts that brought about his arrest. Bennett, who says he is the son of a wealthy family at Coronado, near San Diego, California, told Matthews told him that he cleared more than \$100,000 through illegal bond deals.

Matthews told Bennett that L. C. Mason, his stepson-in-law, who was also indicted on similar graft charges and who had fled from Canada about the same time as Matthews, was at the present time in Santa Clara County, possibly in San Jose.

Matthews has had regular meetings with his relation and alleged partner in crime, it is declared by Bennett.

It was through his love of detective stories and his lifelong ambition to be a sleuth that Matthews told him that Bennett attributes his disclosures regarding his associate in their lunch wagon venture.

Bought Lunch Wagon.
Matthews said, Bennett asserted, that he "was a relation of the King of England."

"I met Matthews on the streets in San Jose," Bennett said. "I thought we were talking. He said that he had just arrived in town—I did not ask him from where—and that he was looking for a job. He said that he wanted to do anything. He did not care what."

They met next day, and a very short time later bought the lunch wagon in San Jose at a "pick up."

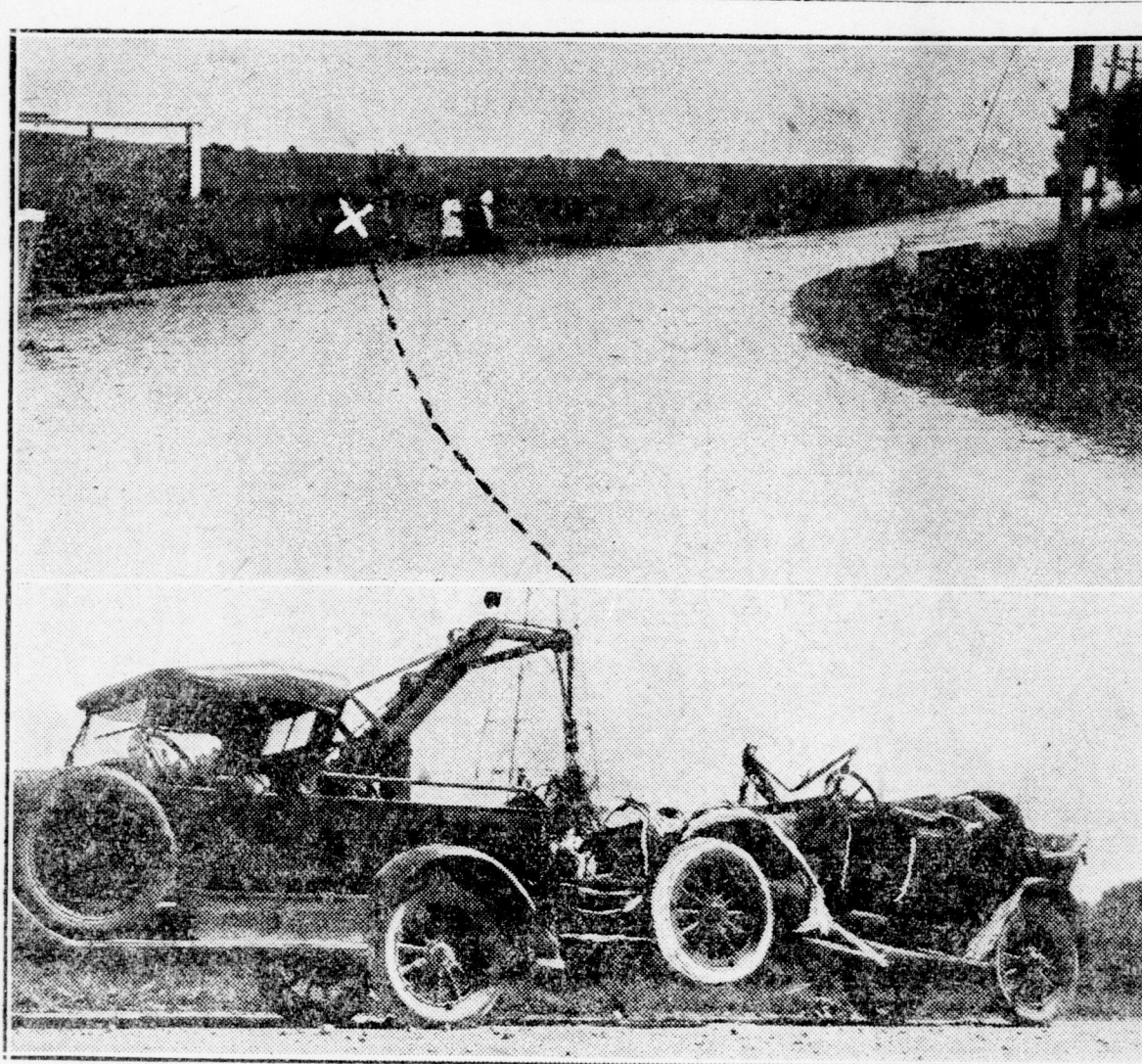
One day Matthews admitted that he had lived in Canada. Bennett communicated with an eastern police official and a friend who sent him the following letter:

Please See Page 10, Column 6.

The Weather
FORECASTS.
Today—Moderate winds; fine.
Sunday—South-east winds; becoming showery; likeable.
The pressure is high over the Great Lakes and over the Pacific coast while a trough of low extends from Manitoba to New Mexico. The weather has been mostly fair and cool from Ontario eastward, and showery in the Western Provinces.

Temperatures.
The highest and lowest temperatures during the 24 hours previous to 8 a.m. today were:
Stations. High Low Weather.
Victoria..... 52 32 Cloudy
Calgary..... 62 32 Rain
Winnipeg..... 60 35 Rain
Port Arthur..... 66 48 Cloudy
Perry Sound..... 70 46 Clear
Toronto..... 68 50 Clear
Kingston..... 66 52 Clear
Montreal..... 64 52 Clear
Quebec..... 66 48 Clear
Father Point..... 58 42 Clear
St. John..... 75 52 Fair
Halifax..... 48 38 Rain

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.
The highest and lowest temperatures recorded in London during the 24 hours previous to 8 o'clock last night were: Highest, 70; lowest, 46. The official temperatures for the 12 hours previous to 8 a.m. today were: Highest, 70; lowest, 45.
Barometric Readings.
Friday—8 p.m.—29.35.
Today—8 a.m.—29.35.



WHERE FOG CAUSED AUTO FATALITY.

Henry Johnston, 123 Fullerton street, London, was instantly killed at 1 o'clock this morning when the car in which he was riding with his brother and a friend crashed into a ditch during a dense fog on the Hamilton road near Nilestown, and two others were hurt. The top photograph shows the culvert that marks the spot where the Dorchester road turns onto the Hamilton road. Marks on the gravel road would indicate that Earl, who was driving, began to make the turn, but evidently misjudged the curvature on account of the fog, as the swung into the ditch on the left side of the culvert, barely scraping the stone. When the auto descended into the marshy depression it struck a heavy post which caused it to turn completely over. The dotted lines show the course of the car. In the bottom picture the wrecked machine being hauled out by a service truck.

Londoner Killed, Brother and Friend Hurt When Motor Crashes Into Deep Ditch; Former Mayor of Chatham Loses Life

Henry Johnston Is Instantly Killed—Neck Broken in Crash.

OTHERS ESCAPE

Roy Johnston and Edward Earl Are Removed to Homes.

Henry Johnston, 123 Fullerton street, is dead from a broken neck, and his brother, Roy Johnston, and his companion, Edward Earl, also of this city are injured, as a result of a motor accident on the Hamilton road early this morning, when, through a heavy fog, Edward Earl plunged his car into a ten-foot ditch.

The accident happened one mile east of Nilestown, six miles from London. The Johnston family, coming from Dorchester to Nilestown, and rounding a sharp corner in the road, Earl, owner and driver of the car, was prevented from a clear vision of the road by the fog which had arisen from a nearby marsh.

To the plunge down the embankment the motor struck a heavy post. The car somersaulted and rolled into the marshy ditch on its side.

Henry Johnston met death instantly, but his brother and companion were able to remove themselves from the car wreckage. Not knowing that Johnston was dead they hurried to a nearby farmhouse where help was summoned.

Dr. E. M. Copeland of Hamilton road was called. He administered first aid to Roy Johnston and Edward Earl. Oatman's ambulance removed the body of Henry Johnston to their funeral home in London, where an inquest will be held some time today.

The injuries of the other two occupants of the car were not serious enough to warrant hospital attention, and both of them were taken to their homes.

The accident occurred shortly after 1 o'clock this morning. At the head in the road at the point where the motor car plunged into the ditch the highway is well leveled and of a 20-foot width.

The automobile bears the license number 139-332, and is owned by Edward Earl. Roy Johnston was 25 years of age, and his brother is five years younger. Roy Johnston has been employed as a truck driver for Dickson Truck Company. Edward Earl is 30 years old. He saw service overseas during the war, and has lately been living on his pension. Roy Johnston and Edward Earl are not seriously hurt. Dr. Copeland reported this morning, Mr. Johnston is suffering from a broken rib, a deep cut in the head and his body is badly bruised.



HENRY JOHNSTON.
London motorist who was killed early this morning when the car in which he was riding missed a turn in the road and crashed into a post.

DOMINIONS DESERVE FIRST CONSIDERATION

Status Must Not Be Sacrificed For Other Powers, Review Declares.

Associated Press Despatch.
London, Aug. 2.—"We cannot diminish the status of the dominions merely to meet the convenience of other powers," declared the Saturday Review, with reference to the recent controversy on the question of dominion representation at the inter-allied conference now being held in London.

"Every allowance should be made for the inexperience of the colonial secretary (Hon. J. H. Thomas)," the Review adds, "but we trust that our kinsmen overseas will understand that if a more experienced government had been in office such an unfortunate blunder would not have been made."

The New Statesman, commenting on the proposed conference of the dominions with the mother country in October on the question of the dominions being consulted on matters of foreign policy, while welcoming the coming conference, says nobody is yet clear how to turn the blessed word "consultation" into practical politics.

William M. Stone Meets Death in Accident Near Tilbury.

INQUEST ORDERED

Defective Wheel Believed To Have Been Cause of Kent County Fatality.

Special to The Advertiser.
Chatham, Aug. 2.—William M. Stone, former mayor of Chatham, and member of the city water commission, was instantly killed and three others were injured and miraculously escaped death in a motor accident which occurred on the provincial highway two miles east of Tilbury, shortly after 1 o'clock this morning. A defective wheel on the automobile caused the accident, it is believed.

The machine was proceeding at only a moderate rate of speed on a straight road when it suddenly lurched and rolled over sideways. Commissioner Stone was killed outright. Harry Jacques, manager of the New Garner Hotel, sustained bad cuts about the face, necessitating many stitches. He is in the public general hospital. Beverly Kerr, proprietor of the New Garner Hotel, and Glen Campbell suffered bad bruises. Dr. McColl of Tilbury was summoned to the scene of the accident.

William M. Stone was one of the most widely known men in Kent County. For years he conducted a men's furnishing store in the Garner Hotel block. He was an ardent sportsman and interested in several organizations, but particularly in the Gun Club and as a member of St. Luke's Club, was one of the best duck shots in Ontario, bagging a large number each season.

He was actively interested in municipal activities and served the city for two terms as mayor and for several years as a member of the council. For some years he has been a member of the water commission.

In both provincial and federal politics he was a most active Liberal and was in the heat of every fray. The late Mrs. Stone was a sister of Senator A. B. McColg of Chatham.

The accident to render first aid. "Coroner J. C. Bell of Melville has ordered an inquest, which will be opened at Tilbury this afternoon."

PRIEST DISCOUNTS FOR HUMOR HE'S SLATED FOR HONORS

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, Aug. 2.—Right Rev. M. D. Whelan, pastor of St. Helen's Roman Catholic Church, tonight stated that he had absolutely no information bearing on the report published today that he would shortly be consecrated bishop and transferred to the Diocese of Hamilton. "There is nothing in it," he added.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.
Quebec, Aug. 2.—Arrived: Melita from Antwerp, Montrose from Liverpool. Mezanic from Liverpool.

YANK FLIER MISSING AS DENSE FOG HALTS TRIP

Lowell and Wade Return After Fruitless Search For Nelson.

PLANES SEPARATED

Third Aviator Believed To Have Continued Hop to Iceland.

Associated Press Despatch.
Kirkwall, Aug. 2.—The American army aviators on their world flight struck a heavy fog off the north coast of the Orkneys after setting out from here for Ireland early today and the planes became separated. Lieut. Lowell H. Smith and Lieut. Leigh Wade circled their machines for some time in a hunt for Lieut. Eric Nelson in the New Orleans, who was apparently in the rear, but not finding him, returned to Kirkwall. Lieut. Smith expressed his belief that Lieut. Nelson was continuing on to Iceland.

Lieutenants Smith and Wade returned to Kirkwall at 11:20 o'clock. Their machine flew over Kirkwall, and a message from Lieut. Smith was dropped reading:

"Send a message to the Richmond that we all became separated in the fog and that Wade and I have returned. Have not seen Nelson since we became separated on the course 25 miles from Birsay."

The flight commander said that just after clearing the Orkneys the three planes plunged into dense fog, extending up 3,000 feet. The fliers avoided it by dodging eastward, but were soon trapped in another and heavier fog. The fliers immediately lost sight of each other, but Smith and Wade, turning eastward, came together in a clear space 25 miles off Birsay in the Orkneys.

They searched half an hour for Lieut. Nelson and then abandoned the hunt.

MAJOR METCALFE HAS CHARGE OF HUNTERS

Associated Press Despatch.
New York, Aug. 2.—Major E. D. Metcalfe, an equestrian to the Prince of Wales, who will have charge of the hunters which will be used by the prince during his visit here, and the polo ponies of the British international team, arrived last night on the Aquitania.

Major Metcalfe said the prince was "one of the best men to handle in all England," and expressed regret that the several days he had to spend in the British throne had created a contrary impression in many countries.

LOBO POLICE ACTIVE.

Traffic police are active at Lobo. Several complaints have come into the rooms of the Lobo Motor Club in the last few days. The speed trap is located at the intersection at Lobo village, and the London Motor Club warns on the sign that the speed limit is twelve and a half miles per hour at that point.

MAIDENS REST ON ICEBERGS BATHING IN NORTHERN LAKE

Fair Swimmers at Berg Lake Establish Records in Cool Swimming.

AFTER LONG HIKE.

Thrill Is Provided on August 1 to Visitors at Western Resort.

Special to The Advertiser.
Berg Lake Camp via Mount Robson, B. C., Aug. 2.—There is a thrill yet in store for movie audiences if Mack Sennett and his bathing beauties can emulate the feat of two fair members of the Alpine Club of Canada, now in camp here.

Not content with an ordinary dip in an ordinary lake after a strenuous morning of hiking and mountain climbing, these two, one from Vernon, B. C., and the other a lady doctor from Henderson, North Carolina, took their afternoon dip in Berg Lake and finished by swimming across the lake to the foot of the tumbling glacier and then using an iceberg as a surf board, or rather sitting on the berg to cool off while they paddled themselves about with their hands.

However, while Aug. 1 may have been hot in cities further south, it was not so uncomfortably torrid here that other members of the club fought for places on the icebergs. There were but two candidates for the swimming championship in this particular lake.

TWO LONDONERS HELD FOR ATTACK ON GIRLS

Sylvadore Sansone and Thomas Fox Are Remanded Until Thursday.

GIRLS ARE SISTERS

Police Capture Men After a Chase in Ontario Hospital Grounds.

Although Sylvadore Sansone and Thomas Fox were charged with indecent assault, and a still more serious charge would be laid against Fox, court this morning, Crown Attorney Judd intimated that more serious charges would be laid against both young men as a result of disclosures made to him by two girls of fifteen and seventeen.

Mr. Judd stated in court that Sansone would be charged with indecent assault, and a still more serious charge would be laid against Fox. Fox and Sansone, the latter having a long court record, were captured by Detectives Bolton and Walsh at 7:30 last night after an exciting chase through the Ontario Hospital grounds.

The circumstances surrounding the charge are startling in the extreme, and will not be available to the press until next Thursday morning, when the case will be heard before Magistrate Gladman.

Albert Murphy, counsel for the young men, asked for bail, which was refused by the court on advice of Mr. Judd, who objected to any bail being granted.

The girls are sisters, and live in West London. It is said that they refused to dance with Sansone last Monday evening, which started all the trouble.

Warrants were issued for the arrest of both men, but it was not until late yesterday afternoon that the detectives were able to find out where they were.

From information received, the detectives motored to Oxford street, near the Ontario Hospital side road, and saw the men sitting by the roadside. As soon as they saw the officers they jumped over a fence and started through a corn field. Pursued by Detective Bolton, Detective Walsh motored along the road to head them off, and finally located Sansone hiding in an asparagus bed, while Fox was behind a bush. Both young men were so winded that they were unable to put up much show of resistance, and came along quietly to the police station.

FIVE ARE KILLED WHEN AUTO CRASHES OVER BANK

Associated Press Despatch.
Elmira, N.Y., Aug. 1.—Five persons were killed and three injured when an automobile dashed over a 20-foot embankment. Mr. and Mrs. Olo D. Patterson and daughter, Margorie, aged 1 years, Mrs. W. D. Husted and daughter, Miss Bessie Husted, aged 30, were the victims.

PLANT BEING USED.

The wood working plant at the Technical High School is being used now by the works department of the Board of Education. Special furniture for the special art classes which will be opened in September is being made.

More than 130 men, employed at the local car shops of the Canadian National Railway, have been laid off. Their dismissal came into effect Thursday, July 31.

This action on the part of the C. N. R. comes with a general reduction in forces. Many men were laid off several weeks ago, and at the end of the month a circular letter was distributed among them telling them that their services would no longer be required. When the first dismissal of men came, it was with the understanding that the lay off would be only a temporary one, it was stated today.

STEPS IN FRONT OF CAR, SERIOUSLY INJURED

Canadian Press Despatch.
Hamilton, Aug. 2.—About 11:30 o'clock last night John Casey, 25 Kirkland street, Oldham, stepped in front of an automobile on the Niagara and Hamilton highway, a mile and a half east of Stoney Creek, and was seriously injured. He was brought to the General Hospital here, where it was found that he was suffering with a fractured left leg, a compound fracture of the left arm and scalp wounds. His condition last night was regarded as grave, but this morning he was reported to have a chance of recovery.

CANDIDATE NOMINATED.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, Aug. 2.—William M. Birks, leading Montreal business man and a past professor of the Montreal Board of Trade, will stand as Conservative candidate in the St. Antoine by-election. Mr. Birks' decision was announced this morning.

GOVERNMENT CONTROL MAJORITY IS 9,552

Regina, Sask., Aug. 2.—With completed official returns in the Saskatchewan liquor plebiscite received from 54 out of 60 constituencies the majority against prohibition is now 34,536. The majority in favor of government control is 9,552. The figures stand as follows:

For prohibition, 32,216; against prohibition, 117,752. For government control, 89,631. For government control and beer licenses, 80,702.

PASSENGERS ESCAPE AS C.N.R. TRAIN IS DITCHED

Three Coaches Leave Rails Near New Hamburg Station.

INJURIES SLIGHT

Train Was Proceeding From Stratford to Toronto.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Kitchener, Ont., Aug. 2.—Canadian National train No. 28, from Stratford to Toronto, is reported in the ditch at New Hamburg, 12 miles from here. No further particulars are available at present.

According to gleanings over telephone, the three rear coaches of the train left the track and turned over on their side. No one was seriously hurt, although a number of passengers and members of the train crew suffered slight injuries.

WATER METERS SAVE CITY \$4,000 YEARLY

General Manager Points Out Advantages Derived Under New System.

Citizens of London, beside conserving the finest water supply on the continent, are saving \$4,000 a year through the installation of meters on the water works system. This announcement was made by the general manager of the public utilities commission today, who pointed out that in 8 years' time every home, office and factory using city water would be metered. In all 10,000 meters will be installed, and only homes without city water will be without meters.

"Is the saving in water paying for the installation of meters?" he was asked.

"Yes, it is," the general manager declared. "The saving in dollars alone will be \$4,000 a year. And conserving the great value of the water supply is a great saving."

"The cost of installing 10,000 meters is \$35,000. It will cost \$20,000 a year to maintain these. That maintenance includes interest, sinking fund, depreciation and general maintenance. It means paying \$13.50 for each meter installed and then costing \$2 a year to maintain it."

"We figure a million and a half gallons of water a day will be saved when the system is complete. Figure the system is now complete, the system partially completed indicates much. The saving will be easily this half million of water per day for a year is \$160,000. The interest, sinking and pumping order to get that extra supply of water would amount to \$24,000, which is \$4,000 more than our meter unkept."

"The saving in dollars alone will be \$4,000 a year. And conserving the great value of the water supply is a great saving."

RAILWAY EMPLOYEES LAID OFF TOTALS 130

Action Follows the General Reduction of Staff by Company.

More than 130 men, employed at the local car shops of the Canadian National Railway, have been laid off. Their dismissal came into effect Thursday, July 31.

This action on the part of the C. N. R. comes with a general reduction in forces. Many men were laid off several weeks ago, and at the end of the month a circular letter was distributed among them telling them that their services would no longer be required. When the first dismissal of men came, it was with the understanding that the lay off would be only a temporary one, it was stated today.

FIRES DURING JULY SET LOW RECORD, SAYS CHIEF

Fire Chief Aitken issued his report this morning on the fires in July. He pointed out the amount of damage caused by fires in the city was less than \$1,000, which he considers a good record for the month.

In all, there were 19 alarms turned in to the department making the smallest number in many months. Three false alarms, one chimney fire, and three false alarms. This is the largest number of false alarms in recent months, although in the case of the persons turning them in had just cause for their action.

Two alarms came in from boxes, 15 were phoned to the department and two were brought verbally to the fire hall.

CITY'S BUILDING TOTAL FOR JULY IS \$157,370

Building permits for July, 1924, number 159 and are valued at \$157,370. The figures for July last year were 164 permits and the value was \$359,615.

To date this year 968 permits have been issued by the building inspector at a value of \$1,314,230. In 1924 by the end of July the figures were 1,037 permits and the value \$2,244,107. Last year was London's record building year, however. There are no outstanding buildings on the list, or any, very expensive buildings.

Vote of Confidence Looms On Irish Question

LABORITES READY TO GO TO PEOPLE

British Government Would Make Vote On Treaty One of Confidence.

SEEK SETTLEMENT

Associated Press Despatch.
London, Aug. 1.—The government has decided to make a last attempt to secure a settlement of the Irish boundary dispute by consent, and in the event of failure of that attempt by next Thursday, when Parliament is scheduled to rise for the summer recess, it will introduce a bill which will set up the boundary commission, as provided by the Anglo-Irish treaty, and give it power to function without the Ulster government's consent.

J. H. Thomas, the colonial secretary, announced in the House of Commons today that this course will be followed "regardless of consequences," which means that the government will treat the bill as a question of confidence, and that if the bill is thrown out by the House of Lords it will dissolve Parliament and appeal to the country.

As such a bill clearly would be a contentious measure, the government does not intend to proceed with it until the autumn session. Any attempt to force the bill through Parliament hurriedly at the end of the present session would almost inevitably provoke the Lords to reject it and thus precipitate a conflict between the two Houses of Parliament, which the government particularly desires to avoid.

It is the government's hope that in the interval between the introduction of the bill and the reassembling of Parliament in October, the conciliatory counsels will have prevailed, and either Ulster consented to nominate a representative on the boundary commission, or the bill allowed to go through as a measure agreed upon.

At present both sides are maintaining a stiff attitude, but the negotiations will start tomorrow with the arrival in London of Premier Cosgrave of the Free State. Premier Craig of Ulster is ill, but the Marquis of Londonderry and other members of the Ulster government will represent him in the negotiations.

May Be Split.

The diehard section of the Conservatives, which always has disapproved of the Irish treaty, and which is strongly represented in the House of Lords, undoubtedly will make strong opposition to the proposed legislation, but as the bill is expected to be supported solidly by both the Labor and Liberal parties and also by a considerable section of the moderate elements of the Conservative party the government can carry it over the heads of the dissenters.

Should the lords be ruled by the Ulster irreconcilables and go to the length of rejecting the bill the result would be complete disruption of the Conservative Party. Political experts consider that it is justifiable to doubt whether the responsible leaders of that party, knowing the country generally supports the government on this question, will take such a risk.

DEMURE "YOUNG" DAMSEL NONPLUSSES TRAIN CREW

Golfers Ferry In Ancient Boat As Bridge Goes

The ancient ferry across the river at the Thames Valley golf course was pressed into service today, when the pontoon bridge was put out of commission. Mid-summer freshets proved too much for the cables at one end of the floating bridge early yesterday morning, and the structure became disconnected from its mooring when debris from up the river struck it.

While workmen are waiting until the river recedes to effect repairs, golfers will either journey to the Thames Valley course by means of the west road or come across the river on the boat provided there.

OXFORD POULTRY WINS ON BUFFALO MARKET

Highest Prices of Week Paid For Canadian Country Product.

Special to The Advertiser.
Woodstock, Aug. 1.—Oxford county culled poultry received the highest prices on the Buffalo market this week.

A striking feature of the shipment was the fact that the 4,500 birds shipped under the care of R. H. Marshall and J. S. Amos, showed a gain of 1.35 pounds, in weight, during transit.

The gain in weight paid for the feed and half the freight.

George Henry, M.A., graduated from McMaster University in 1923, has been appointed English master at the Woodstock Baptist College.

City Clerk John Morrison announced the vital statistics for the month of July: Deaths 12; births 17, and marriages 11.

The scholars of the Presbyterian Sunday Schools, Showers' Corners, Muir and Gables, turned out in full for their annual picnic held this afternoon at Southside Park.

An enthusiastically competed sports program which followed the noon luncheon was in charge of Roy Wilson, Showers' Corners.

A hard-fought softball game between the single and married men was an attractive feature of the Union Sunday school picnic of the Burgessville, Salem and Newark Baptist churches held this afternoon at Southside Park. The sports program, which followed an enjoyable dinner, was in charge of F. Braun, David Ferris, Emerson Chant, and Charles Burrell.

A considerable increase in building permits was noted during July. Permits to the extent of \$25,576 were issued by City Treasurer F. H. Down, as compared with \$9,197 for the same period last year.

William Badden, aged 76 years, passed away at his home on Ingersoll avenue last Friday.

The funeral, which is private, will be held on Saturday at 2 p.m. at the Presbyterian Cemetery.

The death occurred on Thursday of Evelyn Mary, aged 25, daughter of Charles A. and Mary MacRoberts, 115 Oxford street.

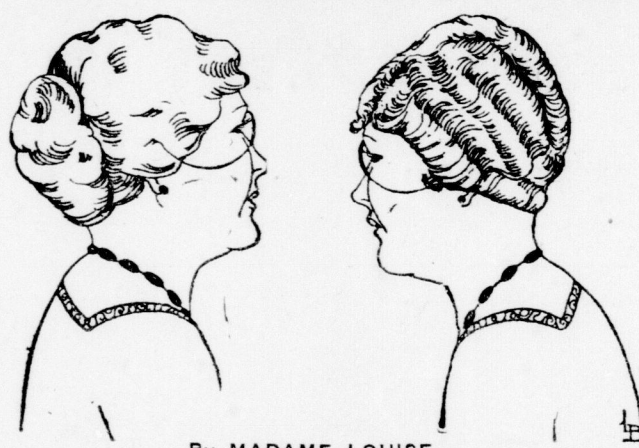
The funeral, which is private, will be held at 3:30 p.m. at the Methodist Cemetery.

BISLEY TEAM ARRIVES HOME FROM OLYMPIAD
Canadian Press Despatch.
Quebec, Aug. 1.—Private Desmond Burke of Ottawa, winner of the King's Prize and \$250, and the other members of Canada's Bisley team, arrived in Quebec on the Megantic this evening en route for their homes in various parts of Canada.

The party reached Quebec shortly before seven o'clock, and lost no time in leaving the ship to visit the city. They will continue on to Montreal on board the ship, which will arrive in the metropolis about 4 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

ARM IS FRACTURED.
Special to The Advertiser.
Listowel, Aug. 1.—While playing with other children, Ruth, small daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Randall, fractured two bones in her arm, just above the wrist.

Years May Be Taken Away By a Mere Changed Hairdress



By MADAME LOUISE.

In the picture on the left is a style of hairdressing adopted and clung to by many matrons who do not realize that as they have grown heavier the style has become unsuitable. In the first place, the heavy bun on the back thickens the line of the head and makes the wearer appear heavier. Her neck is shortened by wearing the hair low on it. The whole face would be softened and made more youthful by waving the hair softly and doing it up in the "French Twist" shown on the right. The hair is drawn up, and the surplus, which was borne in the bun at the back, is now tucked under along a line from the nape of the neck to the center of the forehead, keeping most of the hair on top. This makes a woman appear taller and slimmer, lengthening the neck line and adding delicacy to her features.

CITY POSTAL WORKERS FROLIC AT SPRINGBANK

Fine Program Enjoyed by the Members of Superintendent's Staff.

Thirty-four members of the office staff of the district superintendent of postal service journeyed to Springbank yesterday to enjoy a witty program crammed with humorous events.

The day was informal. Fun was the first event on the program and more fun was the last. The sports card announced that the softball game between the ladies and gentlemen would be carried along until the ladies were convinced that they were

beaten.

Results were: Three-legged race for ladies and gentlemen, A. S. Thompson and Stella Draper; chum race, R. F. Gray and Given Morgan; men's walking race, J. Flaherty; ladies' walking race, Gertrude Lockwood; married couples race, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Smith; championship race, Jos. Flaherty (inquiry dept.); ladies' 100-yard dash, Given Morgan; pie-eating contest, A. S. Thompson, as usual.

District Superintendent W. J. May was official starter. William Pearson, secretary. Officer Baron headed the sports committee.

Quality Vulcanizing Only.
ART WILKES
London Tire Repair Depot.
354 WELLINGTON STREET.
Opposite McCleary's. W.L.

Nothing Like It Anywhere For Rollicking Fun and Profit

CIVIC HOLIDAY and St. Thomas Old Boys' Celebration

PORT STANLEY, MONDAY, AUG. 4

Civic Holiday Program
An Unmatched Melange of Free Amusements!

FIRST HUSSARS BRASS BAND
Invererie Heights, 2:30 p.m.
Baseball Diamond, 4:45 p.m.

COMIC AND NOVELTY HOLIDAY SPORTS
All Events Open To World.

BIG PRIZES
Invererie Heights, 2:30 p.m.

Bring the Baby to the BABY SHOW

Silver Trophy and other big awards. Prize for every baby. Winners qualify for finals in race for \$500 Northern Life Bonds

International Championship
Return match between unbeaten girl champions of Ohio softball and London Brownies, star girl athletes.

CLEVELAND, O., Vs. LONDON
Those Favorite "The Brownies"

Game called at Beach Stadium, 5 p.m.
Added! Jersey Creams vs. Gorman-Eckerts, 6:15 p.m.

DAY FIREWORKS
L. & P. S. Beach, 6 p.m.

BEACH MOVIES
All-Star Bill, 8:15 p.m.

DAZZLING FIREWORKS FINALE

THE LONDON & PORT STANLEY RAILWAY

Here's the greatest opportunity you have ever known to turn your holiday's fun to profit! Ride the fast, clean and safe L. & P. S. Electric trains to Port Stanley. No advance over the regular cheap summer excursion rates: Round Trip — From London, Adults, 50c; Children, 25c. From St. Thomas, Adults 30c, Children 15c. Every patron receives a free numbered coupon for the great "It Ain't Gonna Rain" Contest.

\$1,000 IN PRIZES FREE IF IT RAINS

a tenth of an inch (just a shower) or more, in Port Stanley between 2:30 and 5:30 p.m. All Numbers issued in London or St. Thomas until 8 p.m. will be included in the drawing, if it rains. Winning numbers will be published in Tuesday's papers. All prizes must be claimed not later than Wednesday.

HERE'S WHAT THE RAIN WILL BRING!

\$450 McLagan Photograph from Heintzman & Co., London and St. Thomas.
\$150 Electric Seal Coat from Artistic Ladies' Wear Company, London.
McClary Electric Range or Krubs Washer from London Hydro Shop.
Gent's Blue Serge Suit from Dowlers', London and St. Thomas.
Boy's Suit from Dowlers.
Lady's or Gent's Fine Shoes from J. P. Cook & Co., London.
\$60 Brantford Refrigerator from Thomas Furniture Company, London.
40-piece English China Tea Set from Johnson & Barbour, London.
Diamond Ring or Watch from C. H. Ward & Co., London.
\$45 Set of Four BBB Pipes from J. R. Flynn & Co., London.
Model 1A Folding Kodak from J. H. Back & Co., London.
Ivory Mirrors, Ebony Brushes, Bonicils and Three Flowers Toilet Sets, Thomas Bottles, Parker Fountain Pen, etc., from Strong's Drug Store, London.
And Other Valuable Prizes.

SPECIAL NOTICE—Port Stanley Weather Bureau will rule on rainfall. If it rains draw will be held at Beach Moving Picture Theatre at 9 p.m. Numbers will be announced and bulletined outside.

Do You Like Oranges?

Then you'll like Orange-CRUSH as you've never liked a soft drink before. It's a sparkling, tingling beverage your appetite urges you to taste. It has a flavor that is inimitable. Just try it! There is none like it. There can't be. Its monopoly on deliciousness is a secret!

It's so pure and wholesome you can give it to the kiddies with the absolute assurance that it will bring nothing but the most beneficial results. It nourishes, refreshes, satisfies. It's wonderful!

Take it on the picnic. Get it at the club—at the game. Serve it at home at meal time. But look for the *Krinkly bottle* which identifies the genuine. You can buy Orange-CRUSH wherever you go—at confectionery stores, drug stores, fruit stores, delicatessen stores, grocery stores, in fact wherever drinks are sold there you will find Orange-CRUSH, and by ordering it by the case you will have it always on hand.



The CRUSHES were originally created to sell, and were first sold for ten cents a bottle. Only enormous demand allows you get it for five. It represents heaping value any way you look at it.

Genuine only in the Krinkly Bottle with the name Orange - CRUSH blown right into the glass as shown on this bottle.

Ward's Orange-CRUSH

Ward's Lime-CRUSH

Ward's Lemon-CRUSH

Orange-CRUSH Bottlers, Limited—TORONTO—HAMILTON—LONDON

Dealers: Telephone for Deliveries

Safety and 5½% "Ontario Loan" Debentures

These form an ideal investment for any funds coming in or for the excess of low rate bank accounts which have accumulated beyond current needs.

Issued in sums of \$100 and upwards for terms of one to five years. Interest payable half-yearly by coupons.

Call or Write for Particulars

The Ontario Loan and Debenture Co.
"41 Years of Service."

DUNDAS STREET AND MARKET LANE.

FUNERAL OF J. S. WELSH.

Special to The Advertiser.
Seaford, Aug. 1.—The funeral of the late John S. Welsh, aged 82, resident of Seaford for the past 33 years, who passed away July 27, after an illness of two weeks, took place on Tuesday afternoon from his late residence to the Maitland Bank Cemetery. Rev. R. Fulton Irwin officiated.

The late Mr. Welsh was born in Little York, and when a young man moved to Owen Sound, where he took up a farm and later engaged in the grocery business. He was married to Catherine Spirling of McKillop in 1865 and in 1871 they came to Seaford, where he engaged in manufacturing pumps until he retired ten years ago. The widow and two sons, James F. of Seaford and Hugh S. of Cobalt, survive.

ANNUAL HAMILTON REUNION IS CELEBRATED AT ETHEL

Special to The Advertiser.
Atwood, Aug. 1.—Upwards of 100 attended the annual Hamilton picnic held in the Memorial Park, Ethel. The afternoon was spent in sports and games and a short program enjoyed. George Lochead acting as chairman. Solos were rendered by Mrs. Lloyd Vallance, Master Jack McFarlane, Wat. Hamilton and George Hamilton. A quartet by Mesdames Pelton, Vallance and Messrs. George and Wat. Hamilton was much appreciated. Dr. Bert Turnbull gave an address.

Among those from a distance were Mrs. Dunn and Mr. and Mrs. Grey of Realto, California; Dr. Bert and Mrs. Turnbull of Vancouver, Mrs. Pelton of Toronto, Mrs. McMillan of New Liskeard and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan of Lebanon.

MATTHEWS CASE AWAITS OTTAWA

Action Delayed by Official Procedure Between Washington and Canada.
COUNSEL ENGAGED

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, Aug. 1.—Charles A. Matthews, Jr., former deputy provincial treasurer, now in the custody of immigration authorities in California, despite his expressed desire to return here at once, will have to wait for several days while Washington and Ottawa formally pass upon the official procedure in such cases. Before Washington can issue the warrant authorizing the deportation of Matthews from California, the United States immigration chief must first obtain from the immigration department at Ottawa, a statement setting forth that Matthews will be admitted to Canada upon his deportation.

This matter is now being arranged by the Ontario attorney-general's department and between Washington and Ottawa and as the arrangements are being carried out by correspondence, the passing of the mail between Washington and Ottawa will take several days. Meanwhile Matthews is being detained in California in the custody of the immigration authorities. In order to make claim to the full reward of \$2,500 for handing Charles Matthews into custody in Ontario, the mysterious Jack Martin will insist that the United States immigration officers bring Matthews to the Canadian border and hand him over to an officer of the Ontario provincial police. If Alfred Cuddy, deputy commissioner of the provincial police, is not especially instructed to do it, it is almost certain that Inspector Boyd will not go to the border point, where it will be arranged that Matthews may be handed over.

Reward Not Claimed.

So far there has been no claim for the reward, and none is expected until after Matthews is in the custody of the Ontario police. In order to prove that he is entitled to the reward, Jack Martin will have to produce the telegram sent by General Williams, commissioner of the Ontario police, in answer to the one signed Jack Martin, which promised to place Matthews in custody if a suitable reward were offered.

Demand Identity.

While the identity of Jack Martin may not be disclosed to the public in connection with the payment of the reward, the attorney-general will demand information as to who Jack Martin really is, in order to clear up reports of collusion on the part of certain persons in connection with the sending of the telegram asking that a reward be offered.

J. W. Seymour, Corley, K.C., has been retained by Matthews as counsel. Mr. Corley was engaged by wire from California, although he had been retained by Matthews before the former deputy provincial treasurer left the city on March 28.

Hon. W. F. Nickle, K.C., attorney-general, left this afternoon for Kingston, and will be away until Tuesday unless his presence is urgently required here in connection with the Matthews case.

"PEOPLE ALL NERVES"

What To Do If You Find Yourself in This Condition.

The sort of thing that specialists speak of as nervous debility is the rundown condition of the body, the workhouse of the nerves, the sufferer finds themselves tired, moose, low-spirited and unable to keep their minds on any one thing. The legs feel as if they would give way, following a walk or any exertion. The whole condition of such people may be described as pitiable. Doctoring the nerves with poisonous sedatives is a terrible mistake. The only real nerve tonic is a good supply of new rich blood. Therefore the treatment for nervousness and rundown health is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which promptly build up and enrich the blood. The revived appetite, the strong nerves, improved spirits and new strength which comes after a course of these pills will delight every sufferer.

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., Adv.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
SAILINGS
FROM MONTREAL
AND QUEBEC

Aug. 7, Sept. 4	Montreal
Aug. 14, Sept. 11	Marathon
Aug. 21, Sept. 18	Marathon
Aug. 28, Sept. 25	Marathon
Sept. 5, Oct. 2	Marathon
Sept. 12, Oct. 9	Marathon
Sept. 19, Oct. 16	Marathon
Sept. 26, Oct. 23	Marathon
Oct. 3, Nov. 1	Marathon
Oct. 10, Nov. 8	Marathon
Oct. 17, Nov. 15	Marathon
Oct. 24, Nov. 22	Marathon
Oct. 31, Nov. 29	Marathon
Nov. 7, Dec. 5	Marathon
Nov. 14, Dec. 12	Marathon
Nov. 21, Dec. 19	Marathon
Nov. 28, Dec. 26	Marathon
Dec. 5, Jan. 2	Marathon
Dec. 12, Jan. 9	Marathon
Dec. 19, Jan. 16	Marathon
Dec. 26, Jan. 23	Marathon
Jan. 2, Feb. 6	Marathon
Jan. 9, Feb. 13	Marathon
Jan. 16, Feb. 20	Marathon
Jan. 23, Feb. 27	Marathon
Jan. 30, Mar. 6	Marathon
Feb. 6, Mar. 13	Marathon
Feb. 13, Mar. 20	Marathon
Feb. 20, Mar. 27	Marathon
Feb. 27, Apr. 3	Marathon
Mar. 6, Apr. 13	Marathon
Mar. 13, Apr. 20	Marathon
Mar. 20, Apr. 27	Marathon
Mar. 27, May 4	Marathon
Apr. 3, May 11	Marathon
Apr. 10, May 18	Marathon
Apr. 17, May 25	Marathon
Apr. 24, Jun. 1	Marathon
May 1, Jun. 8	Marathon
May 8, Jun. 15	Marathon
May 15, Jun. 22	Marathon
May 22, Jun. 29	Marathon
May 29, Jul. 6	Marathon
Jun. 5, Jul. 13	Marathon
Jun. 12, Jul. 20	Marathon
Jun. 19, Jul. 27	Marathon
Jun. 26, Aug. 3	Marathon
Jul. 3, Aug. 10	Marathon
Jul. 10, Aug. 17	Marathon
Jul. 17, Aug. 24	Marathon
Jul. 24, Aug. 31	Marathon
Aug. 31, Sep. 7	Marathon
Sep. 7, Sep. 14	Marathon
Sep. 14, Sep. 21	Marathon
Sep. 21, Sep. 28	Marathon
Sep. 28, Oct. 5	Marathon
Oct. 5, Oct. 12	Marathon
Oct. 12, Oct. 19	Marathon
Oct. 19, Oct. 26	Marathon
Oct. 26, Nov. 2	Marathon
Nov. 2, Nov. 9	Marathon
Nov. 9, Nov. 16	Marathon
Nov. 16, Nov. 23	Marathon
Nov. 23, Nov. 30	Marathon
Nov. 30, Dec. 7	Marathon
Dec. 7, Dec. 14	Marathon
Dec. 14, Dec. 21	Marathon
Dec. 21, Dec. 28	Marathon
Dec. 28, Jan. 4	Marathon
Jan. 4, Jan. 11	Marathon
Jan. 11, Jan. 18	Marathon
Jan. 18, Jan. 25	Marathon
Jan. 25, Feb. 1	Marathon
Feb. 1, Feb. 8	Marathon
Feb. 8, Feb. 15	Marathon
Feb. 15, Feb. 22	Marathon
Feb. 22, Feb. 29	Marathon
Feb. 29, Mar. 6	Marathon
Mar. 6, Mar. 13	Marathon
Mar. 13, Mar. 20	Marathon
Mar. 20, Mar. 27	Marathon
Mar. 27, Apr. 3	Marathon
Apr. 3, Apr. 10	Marathon
Apr. 10, Apr. 17	Marathon
Apr. 17, Apr. 24	Marathon
Apr. 24, May 1	Marathon
May 1, May 8	Marathon
May 8, May 15	Marathon
May 15, May 22	Marathon
May 22, May 29	Marathon
May 29, Jun. 5	Marathon
Jun. 5, Jun. 12	Marathon
Jun. 12, Jun. 19	Marathon
Jun. 19, Jun. 26	Marathon
Jun. 26, Jul. 3	Marathon
Jul. 3, Jul. 10	Marathon
Jul. 10, Jul. 17	Marathon
Jul. 17, Jul. 24	Marathon
Jul. 24, Jul. 31	Marathon
Jul. 31, Aug. 7	Marathon
Aug. 7, Aug. 14	Marathon
Aug. 14, Aug. 21	Marathon
Aug. 21, Aug. 28	Marathon
Aug. 28, Sep. 4	Marathon
Sep. 4, Sep. 11	Marathon
Sep. 11, Sep. 18	Marathon
Sep. 18, Sep. 25	Marathon
Sep. 25, Oct. 2	Marathon
Oct. 2, Oct. 9	Marathon
Oct. 9, Oct. 16	Marathon
Oct. 16, Oct. 23	Marathon
Oct. 23, Oct. 30	Marathon
Oct. 30, Nov. 6	Marathon
Nov. 6, Nov. 13	Marathon
Nov. 13, Nov. 20	Marathon
Nov. 20, Nov. 27	Marathon
Nov. 27, Dec. 4	Marathon
Dec. 4, Dec. 11	Marathon
Dec. 11, Dec. 18	Marathon
Dec. 18, Dec. 25	Marathon
Dec. 25, Jan. 1	Marathon
Jan. 1, Jan. 8	Marathon
Jan. 8, Jan. 15	Marathon
Jan. 15, Jan. 22	Marathon
Jan. 22, Jan. 29	Marathon
Jan. 29, Feb. 5	Marathon
Feb. 5, Feb. 12	Marathon
Feb. 12, Feb. 19	Marathon
Feb. 19, Feb. 26	Marathon
Feb. 26, Mar. 5	Marathon
Mar. 5, Mar. 12	Marathon
Mar. 12, Mar. 19	Marathon
Mar. 19, Mar. 26	Marathon
Mar. 26, Apr. 2	Marathon
Apr. 2, Apr. 9	Marathon
Apr. 9, Apr. 16	Marathon
Apr. 16, Apr. 23	Marathon
Apr. 23, Apr. 30	Marathon
Apr. 30, May 7	Marathon
May 7, May 14	Marathon
May 14, May 21	Marathon
May 21, May 28	Marathon
May 28, Jun. 4	Marathon
Jun. 4, Jun. 11	Marathon
Jun. 11, Jun. 18	Marathon
Jun. 18, Jun. 25	Marathon
Jun. 25, Jul. 2	Marathon
Jul. 2, Jul. 9	Marathon
Jul. 9, Jul. 16	Marathon
Jul. 16, Jul. 23	Marathon
Jul. 23, Jul. 30	Marathon
Jul. 30, Aug. 6	Marathon
Aug. 6, Aug. 13	Marathon
Aug. 13, Aug. 20	Marathon
Aug. 20, Aug. 27	Marathon
Aug. 27, Sep. 3	Marathon
Sep. 3, Sep. 10	Marathon
Sep. 10, Sep. 17	Marathon
Sep. 17, Sep. 24	Marathon
Sep. 24, Oct. 1	Marathon
Oct. 1, Oct. 8	Marathon
Oct. 8, Oct. 15	Marathon
Oct. 15, Oct. 22	Marathon
Oct. 22, Oct. 29	Marathon
Oct. 29, Nov. 5	Marathon
Nov. 5, Nov. 12	Marathon
Nov. 12, Nov. 19	Marathon
Nov. 19, Nov. 26	Marathon
Nov. 26, Dec. 3	Marathon
Dec. 3, Dec. 10	Marathon
Dec. 10, Dec. 17	Marathon
Dec. 17, Dec. 24	Marathon
Dec. 24, Dec. 31	Marathon
Dec. 31, Jan. 7	Marathon
Jan. 7, Jan. 14	Marathon
Jan. 14, Jan. 21	Marathon
Jan. 21, Jan. 28	Marathon
Jan. 28, Feb. 4	Marathon
Feb. 4, Feb. 11	Marathon
Feb. 11, Feb. 18	Marathon
Feb. 18, Feb. 25	Marathon
Feb. 25, Mar. 4	Marathon
Mar. 4, Mar. 11	Marathon
Mar. 11, Mar. 18	Marathon
Mar. 18, Mar. 25	Marathon
Mar. 25, Apr. 1	Marathon
Apr. 1, Apr. 8	Marathon
Apr. 8, Apr. 15	Marathon
Apr. 15, Apr. 22	Marathon
Apr. 22, Apr. 29	Marathon
Apr. 29, May 6	Marathon
May 6, May 13	Marathon
May 13, May 20	Marathon
May 20, May 27	Marathon
May 27, Jun. 3	Marathon
Jun. 3, Jun. 10	Marathon
Jun. 10, Jun. 17	Marathon
Jun. 17, Jun. 24	Marathon
Jun. 24, Jul. 1	Marathon
Jul. 1, Jul. 8	Marathon
Jul. 8, Jul. 15	Marathon
Jul. 15, Jul. 22	Marathon
Jul. 22, Jul. 29	Marathon
Jul. 29, Aug. 5	Marathon
Aug. 5, Aug. 12	Marathon
Aug. 12, Aug. 19	Marathon
Aug. 19, Aug. 26	Marathon
Aug. 26, Sep. 2	Marathon
Sep. 2, Sep. 9	Marathon
Sep. 9, Sep. 16	Marathon
Sep. 16, Sep. 23	Marathon
Sep. 23, Sep. 30	Marathon
Sep. 30, Oct. 7	Marathon
Oct. 7, Oct. 14	Marathon
Oct. 14, Oct. 21	Marathon
Oct. 21, Oct. 28	Marathon
Oct. 28, Nov. 4	Marathon
Nov. 4, Nov. 11	Marathon
Nov. 11, Nov. 18	Marathon
Nov. 18, Nov. 25	Marathon
Nov. 25, Dec. 2	Marathon
Dec. 2, Dec. 9	Marathon
Dec. 9, Dec. 16	Marathon
Dec. 16, Dec. 23	Marathon
Dec. 23, Dec. 30	Marathon
Dec. 30, Jan. 6	Marathon
Jan. 6, Jan. 13	Marathon
Jan. 13, Jan. 20	Marathon
Jan. 20, Jan. 27	Marathon
Jan. 27, Feb. 3	Marathon
Feb. 3, Feb. 10	Marathon
Feb. 10, Feb. 17	Marathon
Feb. 17, Feb. 24	Marathon
Feb. 24, Mar. 2	Marathon
Mar. 2, Mar. 9	Marathon
Mar. 9, Mar. 16	Marathon
Mar. 16, Mar. 23	Marathon
Mar. 23, Mar. 30	Marathon
Mar. 30, Apr. 6	Marathon
Apr. 6, Apr. 13	Marathon
Apr. 13, Apr. 20	Marathon
Apr. 20, Apr. 27	Marathon
Apr. 27, May 4	Marathon
May 4, May 11	Marathon
May 11, May 18	Marathon
May 18, May 25	Marathon
May 25, Jun. 1	Marathon
Jun. 1, Jun. 8	Marathon
Jun. 8, Jun. 15	Marathon
Jun. 15, Jun. 22	Marathon
Jun. 22, Jun. 29	Marathon
Jun. 29, Jul. 6	Marathon
Jul. 6, Jul. 13	Marathon
Jul. 13, Jul. 20	Marathon
Jul. 20, Jul. 27	Marathon
Jul. 27, Aug. 3	Marathon
Aug. 3, Aug. 10	Marathon
Aug. 10, Aug. 17	Marathon
Aug. 17, Aug. 24	Marathon
Aug. 24, Aug. 31	Marathon
Aug. 31, Sep. 7	Marathon
Sep. 7, Sep. 14	Marathon
Sep. 14, Sep. 21	Marathon
Sep. 21, Sep. 28	Marathon
Sep. 28, Oct. 5	Marathon
Oct. 5, Oct. 12	Marathon
Oct. 12, Oct. 19	Marathon
Oct. 19, Oct. 26	Marathon
Oct. 26, Nov. 2	Marathon
Nov. 2, Nov. 9	Marathon
Nov. 9, Nov. 16	Marathon
Nov. 16, Nov. 23	Marathon
Nov. 23, Nov. 30	Marathon
Nov. 30, Dec. 7	Marathon
Dec. 7, Dec. 14	Marathon
Dec. 14, Dec. 21	Marathon
Dec. 21, Dec. 28	Marathon
Dec. 28, Jan. 4	Marathon
Jan. 4, Jan. 11	Marathon
Jan. 11, Jan. 18	Marathon
Jan. 18, Jan. 25	Marathon
Jan. 25, Feb. 1	Marathon
Feb. 1, Feb. 8	Marathon
Feb. 8, Feb. 15	Marathon
Feb. 15, Feb. 22	Marathon
Feb. 22, Feb. 29	Marathon
Feb. 29, Mar. 6	Marathon
Mar. 6, Mar. 13	Marathon
Mar. 13, Mar. 20	Marathon
Mar. 20, Mar. 27	Marathon
Mar. 27, Apr. 3	Marathon
Apr. 3, Apr. 10	Marathon
Apr. 10, Apr. 17	Marathon
Apr. 17, Apr. 24	Marathon
Apr. 24, May 1	Marathon
May 1, May 8	Marathon
May 8, May 15	Marathon
May 15, May 22	Marathon
May 22, May 29	Marathon
May 29, Jun. 5	Marathon
Jun. 5, Jun. 12	Marathon
Jun. 12, Jun. 19	Marathon
Jun. 19, Jun. 26	Marathon
Jun. 26, Jul. 3	Marathon
Jul. 3, Jul. 10	Marathon
Jul. 10, Jul. 17	Marathon
Jul. 17, Jul. 24	Marathon
Jul. 24, Jul. 31	Marathon
Jul. 31, Aug. 7	Marathon
Aug. 7, Aug. 14	Marathon
Aug. 14, Aug. 21	Marathon
Aug. 21, Aug. 28	Marathon
Aug. 28, Sep. 4	Marathon
Sep. 4, Sep. 11	Marathon
Sep. 11, Sep. 18	Marathon
Sep. 18, Sep. 25	Marathon
Sep. 25, Oct. 2	Marathon
Oct. 2, Oct. 9	Marathon
Oct. 9, Oct. 16	Marathon
Oct. 16, Oct. 23	Marathon
Oct. 23, Oct. 30	Marathon
Oct. 30, Nov. 6	Marathon
Nov. 6, Nov. 13	Marathon
Nov. 13, Nov. 20	Marathon
Nov. 20, Nov. 27	Marathon
Nov. 27, Dec. 4	Marathon
Dec. 4, Dec. 11	Marathon
Dec. 11, Dec. 18	Marathon
Dec. 18, Dec. 25	Marathon
Dec. 25, Jan. 1	Marathon
Jan. 1, Jan. 8	Marathon
Jan. 8, Jan. 15	Marathon
Jan. 15, Jan. 22	Marathon
Jan. 22, Jan. 29	Marathon
Jan. 29, Feb. 5	Marathon
Feb. 5, Feb. 12	Marathon
Feb. 12, Feb. 19	Marathon
Feb. 19, Feb. 26	Marathon
Feb. 26, Mar. 5	Marathon
Mar. 5, Mar. 12	Marathon
Mar. 12, Mar. 19	Marathon
Mar. 19, Mar. 26	Marathon
Mar. 26, Apr. 2	Marathon
Apr. 2, Apr. 9	Marathon
Apr. 9, Apr. 16	Marathon
Apr. 16, Apr. 23	Marathon
Apr. 23, Apr. 30	Marathon
Apr. 30, May 7	Marathon
May 7, May 14	Marathon
May 14, May 21	Marathon
May 21, May 28	Marathon
May 28, Jun. 4	Marathon

DAILY
STARDAILY
STARSTAR
WEEKLY

"AGAIN"—THE STAR leads all Toronto Newspapers in Total Display Advertising—

Sales and Advertising Managers the country over must be pleased at this vindication of their judgment in selecting The Star to carry their message to the people of the Toronto Market.

Sales and Advertising Executives know that the secret of sales success is the intensive cultivation of each sales territory. They know that concentrated mass circulation makes sales.

For this reason they used The Toronto Star with its circulation of 136,078 daily—over twenty-two thousand in excess of any other Toronto daily newspaper—to reach the 300,000 families in the Toronto Market.

The dominating lead of The Toronto Star in all important classifications of business shows that advertisers are buying space where it will give the greatest returns—in The Star.

SEE HOW THESE ADVERTISERS

Bought Toronto Newspapers in the First Six Months of 1924

	DAILY STAR	Second Paper	Third Paper	Fourth Paper	STAR WEEKLY	2nd. Sun. Paper
Business						
Boots and Shoes	58,755	40,935	20,940	22,875	3,810	1,365
Beverages	28,665	20,635	16,850	13,695	135	
Churches	66,360	55,730	24,575	31,885	230	375
Confectionery	26,625	20,655	22,905	19,995	14,665	14,315
Department Stores	1,755,085	1,629,895	442,455	436,138	10,010	7,120
Dyers & Cleaners	18,720	18,055	10,095	3,590	8,320	260
Druggists	87,580	60,120	2,240	120		270
Electric Fix. & Sup.	46,775	30,110	32,345	26,465	14,255	10,800
Florists	12,405	1,750	8,380	13,935	4,390	3,645
Food Products	380,040	356,115	151,835	117,925	22,240	3,920
Furriers	91,885	70,230	10,655	10,048	2,815	1,380
Gramophones	74,765	70,785	42,190	10,165	6,795	45
Jewellers	41,100	33,660	32,420	37,040	8,150	1,025
Legal	44,630	21,580	41,770	36,080		40
Men's Clothing	170,625	161,965	48,425	25,915	18,740	7,750
Men's Furnishings	132,015	84,238	33,135	19,560	6,890	1,610
Paints P.D. & Wall.	36,065	12,760	20,075	25,070	8,615	
Pianos	65,675	53,650	9,430	11,585	10,335	1,560
Radio	38,475	3,070	5,840	7,075	3,285	
Stoves & Heating	22,200	14,580	16,455	16,090	5,475	
Women's Wear	410,980	186,224	34,125	53,905	18,685	9,950
Rotogravures					47,520	12,210

Total Display Advertising lineage for this period in the four Toronto Dailies.

NO. OF LINES....5,421,893, 4,967,540, 2,738,856, 2,511,505, 873,590, 597,902

It is of great importance also to Advertising Agencies and National Advertisers throughout the Dominion to know that in the first six months of 1924 The Toronto Daily Star carried 423,593 more lines of Display Advertising than during the corresponding six months of 1923. The increases and decreases of the four Toronto dailies during this period are shown below:

TORONTO DAILY STAR Increase, 423,593 Lines
Second Toronto Daily " " 209,433 Lines
Third Toronto Daily " " 47,382 Lines
Fourth Toronto Daily, Decrease, 280,066 Lines

This phenomenal increase in Star lineage is a splendid recognition on the part of both local and national advertisers of the tremendous appeal of The Daily Star to men, to women and to the family.

Any Star representative will be glad to show you how the rich Toronto Market can be intensively cultivated at low advertising cost.



Montreal Representative: J. B. Rathbone, 1013 Transportation Building

U. S. Representatives—Chas. H. Eddy Co.; Chicago, Peoples' Gas Building; New York, 247 Park Ave.; Boston, Old South Building

THE TORONTO STAR

DAILY
WEEKLY

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN CANADA

Washington Golfer Leads Field In Opening Day of Canadian Title Play

Toronto Argonaut Rowers Stage Brilliant Comeback

Win Nineteen Points On Finals Decided At St. Catharines.

AMERICANS STRONG

Canadian Press Despatch.

Royal Canadian Henley Course St. Catharines, Aug. 1.—Today was Argonauts' day at the C. A. A. O. regatta. The Toronto Club staged a brilliant comeback, winning nineteen points on finals decided during the day. Dons of Toronto came next with ten points, but the Detroit Club, which of late has been annually annexing several of the stellar honors, had to be content with two seconds. The Undine Boat Club of Philadelphia today made the most determined bid of any of the competing American clubs for the honors at the Canadian classic. Out of three heats in which they had entrants they led in two and landed in third place once, their heat victories being in the two most important events of the regatta, the senior eights and senior singles.

The greatest race of the day was the first heat of the senior eights, a battle from gun to gun. The American national champions gained a quarter length lead in the first mile, with Lachine second and Hamilton less than three feet behind. Three-quarters of the distance gone the Philadelphians had a full length, and Hamilton had lost only half a length. All three crews started the last quarter of a mile. The light Lachine eight picked up considerable water and finished second by four feet with Hamilton less than two lengths in the rear.

The last race was not finished until nearly 7:30 o'clock this evening, notwithstanding the fact that the scheduled heats in the senior fours were not required because of the withdrawal of the Ottawa crew from the contests.

The following are the results in the afternoon events:

Final 140-Pound Fours.

1. Argonauts, Toronto; 2. Hamilton, Toronto; 3. West Side, Buffalo; 4. Dons, Toronto. Time, 8:10-1-5.

140-Pound Singles.

1. A. Blakely, Don R. C., Toronto; 2. R. Winton, Argonauts, Toronto. Time, 9:33-2-5.

Blakely went right out from the gun and earned a length in the first 100 yards, and decided the race in the last 200 yards, but came on fast, cutting Blakely's lead to eight feet, in which position they finished.

Navy League Gigs.

Only one starter, St. Catharines, Time, 8:06.

St. Catharines rowed over the course alone, unopposed, just as hard as though they had real competition. It was the third consecutive win for the local navy brigade.

Argos Win Easily.

In the 140-pound four finals, the West Side crew, which was behind with Hamilton second, Dons third, and Argonauts in the outside water, Hamilton caught first water, and went out in front, with Argonauts in second place, behind the lead, when the mile mark, when the Argonauts took the lead, West Side came up into second place, but could not hold it. Hamilton, planning the play at the three-quarter mile, West Side dropping back steadily and Dons trailed six open lengths behind Argos. At the end of the race, the Argos held a length lead and Hamilton trailing, made an effort to catch the Argos four. As the crews reached the last 200 yards, Argos drew away, to win handily by three open lengths. At the finish West Side came on fast, and for a while it looked like a dead heat.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.



VANCE TIES MARK FOR STRIKEOUTS

Benton Defeats Rixey in Fifteen-Inning Pitching Duel.

Associated Press Despatch.

Brooklyn, Aug. 1.—Vance won his 17th game of the season as against four defeats when Brooklyn beat Chicago today, 4 to 0. It was Vance's first shut-out. Aldridge pitched well for the Cubs. Vance tied the world record for consecutive strikeouts by fanning seven batters in a row. The record was established by Hod Eller of the Cincinnati Nationals in the 1919 world's series with the Chicago Americans.

Vance also tied his own 923 major league record of 14 strikeouts for a pitcher. He fanned seven batters in a row, except Hollocher, fanned at least one. Hartlett, slugging Cub catcher, was three times a victim of Vance's fast ball. The score: R.H.E. Chicago.....000 000 000—3 3 3 Brooklyn.....000 000 23—1 7 0

Aldridge, Mize and Hartnett; Vance and DeBerry.

PITTSBURG LOSSES EIGHTH GAME.

Associated Press Despatch.

New York, Aug. 1.—The New York Nationals broke Pittsburgh's winning streak here today, winning the third game of the series, 3 to 1. Vance pitched a strong game for the Giants, yielding seven scattered hits. Morrison and Stone also held New York to seven hits, but errors by Carey and Morrison defeated, each helping New York to an unearned run. The score: R.H.E. Pittsburgh.....000 000 000—2 2 2 New York.....101 001 003—3 7 0

Morrison, Stone and Smith; Barnes and Snyder.

BRAVES WIN IN 15TH CANTO.

Associated Press Despatch.

Boston, Aug. 1.—Bohne's error on Cunningham's grounder, with the bases filled and one out in the 15th inning today gave Boston a 3 to 2 victory over Cincinnati. It was the third straight win for Boston over Cincinnati. O'Neill, single, Shay's double and an intentional pass to pinchhitter Gibson set the stage for Boston's victory. The score: R.H.E. Cincinnati.....000 020 000 000—2 2 2 Boston.....100 100 100 001—3 8 0

Rixey and Hargrave; Benton and O'Neill.

Ernie Neitzke, star outfielder-pitcher of the Hamilton Clippers, and one of the most likable and energetic players in the Mint league, is to reap his reward at the close of the present season. He will go to the Cleveland Indians for a thorough trial just as soon as the curtain is rung down on the present series. This speaker being satisfied that the popular Hamilton player is worthy of another trial under the big tent.

Ernie was taken out by the Boston Red Sox two years ago from the London team, which was then managed by Wetzel, and he remained in that big show for some time. His return to form this year was delayed somewhat by reason of Manager Wetzel using him in the outfield for such a considerable time during the first half, when the team was hard up for good flycatchers. The Indians have been watching Neitzke for some time and his efforts, which have made him the leading hurler in the league to date, have not gone for nothing.

AUSTRALIAN TENNIS TEAM ELIMINATES CHINESE PAIR

Associated Press Despatch.

New York, Aug. 1.—Australian players won the third and deciding match against China in the Davis cup tennis matches in Brooklyn today, when Cyril L. Patterson and Pat O'Hara Wood clinched the first battles of the American zone series in this country by defeating V. Lock Wei and Huang in the doubles. The score was 6-2, 6-2, 6-2. The respective point totals were 35 and 23.

GOLF AS CHAMPIONS PLAY IT.

Associated Press Despatch.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior eights—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Final Junior Single—L. C. Turner.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

First heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

Argonauts, Toronto; 2. F. Burns, Don. Toronto; 3. J. Ingham, Don. Toronto; 4. E. J. Plinterman, Detroit R. C. Time, 9:43-1-5.

Second heat, senior singles—L. J. Blesand.

The London Advertiser

Founded 1863.
London Advertiser Company, Limited,
Publishers and Proprietors, London, Ont.
JOSEPH E. ATKINSON, President.
H. B. MUIR, Managing Director.
C. A. M. VINTING, Managing Editor.
Subscription rates: Delivered 15 cents weekly; 60 cents monthly. By mail: In Canada, \$5.00 yearly; in the United States, \$6.00 yearly.
Special Representatives:
J. E. RATHBONE, Toronto, 35 King Street East.
Montreal, 1015 Transportation Building.
C. H. EDDY COMPANY, New York, Park Lexington Building.
Chicago, Wrigley Building.
Boston, Old South Building.
The Advertiser is a Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulations.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1924.

Threatening Hansard's Life.

Senator McCole, speaking at a Liberal rally at Tilbury, advocated the abolition of Hansard. This publication is so sparsely read that the general public is not familiar with it. It is the report each day of what has been said by the speakers in the House of Commons; a Senate edition is also issued.

The cost of printing Hansard in 1923 was \$61,514; in 1922, \$62,400, and in 1921, \$64,892.

The chief value of Hansard is to the members themselves, who can have their speeches printed word by word; they have an opportunity to look over the proofs before the revised edition is printed, and then they can secure copies of these to send to their constituents, a practice quite generally followed. In this way they can secure campaign literature of a good sort, and it has the additional advantage of being an official record.

There are advantages, too, of having a complete record of statements made in parliamentary debate.

One way to modify Hansard would be to curtail the amount of talking that is done at Ottawa, much of which is for the purpose of getting a report of the address in print. It is not an exaggeration to say that the debates of the House of Commons could easily be cut by 50 per cent and none of the important points omitted or seriously curtailed.

The matter rests largely with the members themselves. The 1924 Hansard is too voluminous; it is an accurate mirror of the talkative state of the House. If members knew that their tonnage of speech might be the instrument that would stab Hansard and cause it to die, they might be inclined to talk less and say more.

System in County Councils.

Wellington County Council's payments to the reeves and deputy reeves of the various townships for 1923 are alleged to have totalled \$15,000. This amount has been named in a statement given out by Mr. Mendell, of Elora, a member of the council of that village.

There was a motion before the county council some time ago to publish the payments thus made, but it was defeated on a vote of 13 to 8. The reeves state that their objection to the publication was based on the fact that the proposed list gave only the total amounts paid, whereas they desired to have placed on record itemized accounts, showing in detail where the money had been spent.

This should not have been a difficult matter to arrange, and it is hard to see how a dispute over the publication of lump sums vs. detailed statements could be blamed for a decision to publish nothing at all.

It is highly advisable for any organization such as a council to be prepared, and to insist, upon presenting to the ratepayers a complete statement of all funds they have handled. It is better to err on the side of giving too many details than to allow the impression to grow that something is being suppressed.

Experience of other bodies has given ample proof of this. Where the people's money is being handled, the people are entitled to a complete statement, and these statements should, if at all possible, be given to the ratepayers prior to election day, so that the voters may intelligently judge the merits of the course adopted by the men they elected, and who, in many cases, are appealing for re-election.

It is difficult to understand where the reeves or deputies in Wellington County get authority to spend anything like \$15,000, assuming that figure to be approximately correct. A reeve, as such, has no right to spend money unless he is ordered to do so by the council. The same thing applies to his position in either his township council or the county council. In some adjacent counties reeves are named as foremen of roads, for that purpose the township being divided into wards.

Middlesex County reeves do not draw much money from the council. Apart from their pay for attendance at the three meetings each year, the reeves are not often called upon to do work that calls them away from their regular business. Middlesex County Council has the good business sense to appoint capable officials, pay them a decent salary, and expect them to do the work. It is doubtful if there is a better planned arrangement anywhere than exists right here in Middlesex.

The affair in Wellington County will no doubt be a good thing, although it will doubtless cause some sharp passages in the meantime. There is a need to adopt in every body that has within it the power to levy taxes a system that rigidly accounts for every dollar taken from the people in the way of taxation, and that couples with this the most approved method of spending the money so collected.

Looking For the Cup of Gold.

This year has witnessed a number of claims for estates, and Canadians have figured frequently in the search instituted to establish the right of possession to properties now in the hands of others.

The Toronto Star, using the case of a painter in that city who claims he is heir to an estate in Borneo, cites a number of similar instances since the first of the year.

The heirs to the Edwards estate have had several meetings in London. Western Ontario has 300, and United States almost 2,000 members of the family. They claim New York properties valued at \$305,000,000.

C. J. McGuire, of Los Angeles, claims to be

the son of the first settler in Calgary, and heir to property in the heart of the city worth "several millions."

Gustave Salomez, resident of a Kentucky poorhouse, claims property on Yonge street, Toronto, worth \$1,000,000, although a search at the registry office shows no such estate.

Wilfrid Kane, Vancouver, says he is a member of a family owning 1,200 acres in Limerick, Ireland, on which are large buildings, the estate being worth a billion.

There are many of the Baker heirs in Canada, claiming land in Philadelphia, worth millions of dollars. They have been organized for some years and prosecuted a fairly vigorous campaign for ownership.

Simeon Rouillard, Quebec, claims Pierre Gagnon estate in Boston, worth \$12,000,000, but Boston papers say it does not exist.

Thomas Gemmell, steel worker in Pittsburgh, claims \$200,000 fortune left by brother in Nainaimo, B.C., whom he had not seen in sixty years.

Stanley Prest, Manitoba, claims \$250,000,000 estate in England, on ground of being "a son of the late Baron Egerton."

John Reid, Regina mail clerk, "admits" falling heir to \$1,000,000 from an uncle in Jamaica.

Joseph Landry, Montreal clerk, claims his ancestors owned large sections of Quebec City, where Chateau Frontenac stands, and that the land was taken forcibly from them.

Mrs. S. Deslauriers, Quebec, claims Gagnon fortune, \$14,000,000.

Councillor Curtis, of Bridlington, Yorkshire, claims estate of John Curtis, formerly of Hull, estimated at \$4,000,000, mostly in silver mines "between Toronto and Manitoba."

Not many months ago a young mechanic in the C. N. R. car shops at Stratford was reported to have inherited a fortune from a rich uncle in United States, but he kept right on working.

Newspaper offices frequently receive letters from subscribers who want to know the best way to find out how to establish claims to money that they believe is waiting for them in the old land. The manager of a trust company in London admits that he frequently receives similar appeals, in some cases the letter stating that if the trust company can secure the estate a liberal commission will be paid.

There are publishing houses turning out books giving particulars of unclaimed estates held by the courts, and they find a very ready sale for their publications among those who want to ascertain if they happen to be on any of the branches from a financially strong family tree.

It is a perfectly legitimate desire that leads people to take up these quests, but the unfortunate thing is that hopes are apt to run too high, and large expenditures may be made in fruitless efforts.

Ten Years Ago and Now.

Bulgarian raiders and Greek soldiers are doing their best to stir up war in that world's hot-bed of trouble, the Balkans.

Groups of unattached Bulgarians have conducted raids into Greek territory, and Greece executed nineteen of these raiders by way of retaliation.

Official despatches from Jugo-Slavia admit nothing, and the same attitude is reported from Rumania. Reports from other sources say that both Rumania and Jugo-Slavia are ready to join Greece against Bulgaria.

It is ten years ago since the world was set on fire from the same corner.

Bulgaria and Greece have not learned the lesson. Otherwise, they would be spending their energies in a constructive way, instead of flirting with war.

They will find that the other powers which ten years ago were ready to look on with a view to participation are very far removed from that old position.

Russia is busy trying to fight her way back to a national standing on a new basis; Austria is but a section of her former self, powerless to fight even if she so desired; Germany is disarmed, and France is concerned chiefly with collecting reparations from Germany for the war that started in the Balkans ten years ago. Britain has problems that are greater than those of war, rebuilding her trade and commerce. Her mind is set on the League of Nations.

The Balkan trouble has not the ground of ten years ago on which to work. The nations have too many war scars not yet healed to lend their aid to a flame-fanning contest.

The troublemakers in the Balkans should understand that they are on dangerous ground, and that if they get hurt there will be few to rush to their rescue. The trend of the times has changed.

Note and Comment

Cutting down weeds on the side of the roads and on vacant property after they have gone to seed is about the most vacant gesture officialdom can make.

Staff of the district superintendent of postal service picnicked at Springbank. Surely they indulged in a couple of rounds of that thrilling old game of postoffice.

Thieves abandoned a car near London because they were afraid. There are also a few around town that they would abandon as soon as they tried to drive them.

There will be no importation of British harvesters for Canada this season. The work can be handled by the men already here. The experience of 1923 showed the folly of rushing in a lot of untrained men for a few weeks work.

Speaking of changing western conditions, while in London Hon. W. R. Motherwell said that farmers who left Ontario some years ago to get away from milking cows, were changing their viewpoint. They are doing in the west the very thing that caused them to leave Ontario—milking cows. It was the logical and sensible thing to do.

Dr. Frank Crane

THE SEA

I have been much troubled always by the passage of Scripture which says: "There shall be no more sea."

It was explained to me by a Quaker on ship-board who observed that whereas in former times the sea had been the barrier it had now become the common carrier of nations.

Time was when the crossing of the sea was a perilous event, one to be undertaken only by the more adventurous portion of the population; for this reason every nation was more or less provincial and self-contained.

Man, however, by his invention of steam, has conquered the seas and made them his roadstead. At present no one thinks more of crossing the ocean than he does that of crossing the ferry. This has brought foreign lands near to us.

It has been difficult for us to accommodate ourselves to this idea and we persist in conceiving of foreigners as being people totally different from us, whereas if we only see them often enough to find them much the same.

The sea, therefore, has taken down barriers and has not made them.

Someone has said: "We should study maps of the seas with the lands which lie around them, and not maps of the land."

On the surface of the globe, three-fifths are water. That is, the most part of our habitable sphere is made up of the sea. There is more life in the sea than on the land, so scientists tell us.

But it is a hidden life separated from us by a curtain which we cannot penetrate.

Man is a land animal and is not adapted for breathing sea water. Just as men drown in the sea, so fishes drown in the air.

What goes on in that immense republic of the sea, we can only guess. We know it has its monsters, its aminalcules, its whales and its minnows, its commonality and its grotesque gentry. As far as we can see there is no creature in the water that corresponds to man. There is no thinking fish. But there must be some purpose in the great plan for the water population or there would not be so much of it.

There are few experiences more refreshing to the soul than to be in the midst of the great waters, to look out for days upon an expanse of ocean with no land on the horizon. This makes one feel his littleness, his insignificance, in the order of things. It is as if one strayed amidst the immense distances of the stars.

Now, Mr. Mayor

Mayor Wenige believes that the playgrounds should be kept for children and not used by adults. — From the news columns.

Now, Mr. Mayor, you pause a spell, let's argue this here thing with you. We know folks voted you in power, to run the place like all mayors do.

We know you've got the right to sit upon the council chamber throne, and tell the aldermen around that they got ivory in their dome.

And when there's big men come to town it's you what's got to greet them all, and show to them our Springbank dam and lead 'em through the city hall.

Then, too, you've got to sit each day and meet the folks what come to you, and smooth 'em out and make them glad, that's what we lectured you to do.

But when it comes now, Mr. Mayor, to tellin' us to keep away from where the youngsters of the town they gather for to rompin' and play, we'll say nay, nay, to such a thing, we scoff at such a rigid rule, we'll take you, Mr. Mayor, we will, and duck you in the swimmin' pool.

There's lots of folks around this place, there's some too fat and some too lean, and they should be the ones to go and gallop on the village green.

Their joints is stiff and kinky like, they ain't slick like they used to be, they're busted in the wind a spell, and spavined somewhat in the knee.

Say, Mr. Mayor, now do you think it's proper like or even fair, to keep them folks from strikin' out to kick their hoofs up in the air? Why, let 'em go with breakin' joints, with flabby hide and slicky pore, and bones what squeak at each new move like hinges on an old barn door.

Yes, let them play leap frog and swim, and let 'em go and chin the bar, and let them stand upon the head, they shouldn't be like what they are.

Don't scowl at them now, Mr. Mayor, who seek to chase their double chin, nor at the fat men of the land who're chasin' round to get made thin.

And don't you go a-stickin' signs for adult folks to stay from here, for if you do that, Mr. Mayor, we'll stand you up upon your ear.—ARK.

Greeting Sir Wilfrid

(Ross Munro, in the Old Boys' Edition of the Port Elgin Times.)

"It must be 31 years since the visit of Laurier to Port Elgin, an occasion long remembered by the staunch Grits of the time. The Liberal chieftain was then in opposition, in the prime of his inspiring Canadian manhood."

"It was arranged that he should speak at the cricket grounds from a stand erected in front of the old pavilion with a favored few on the platform itself, while the ordinary electors, and those to be converted, sat on pine planks placed on blocks out under the blazing sun."

"However, the silvery eloquence of the great French-Canadian was not the thing that remained in one boy's memory of that day. The Liberals had arranged to give their leader a unique and tumultuous reception. Six hundred horsemen were to escort the great man to the cricket grounds."

"For weeks prior to the event the youths all over Saugeen, Bruce and Arden were teaching their best farm horses the ways and manners of dashing cavalry mounts. The whole countryside was searched for anything that would serve as a saddle. If my memory is correct the parade was in charge of Douglas Smith of Saugeen, and never was there a grander procession in the old town."

"Unfortunately the weather had been dry and hot. A modern water cart was not numbered among the municipality's assets, and so four times six hundred hoofs pounded into and stumbled through the summer's dust. Many of the horses, too, were of the Clydesdale or Percheron breed, with hoofs spread out like snowshoes. And the dust they raised! One could hardly distinguish the political leaders."

"It was referred to as the pillar of cloud by day beckoning the Liberals out of the political wilderness into the promised land. But many a Bruce County gallant rode that day in the conscious pride that he had helped to smite the wicked Tories."

"Years afterwards, Laurier, then Sir Wilfrid, laden with honors and ripe in political craft, remarked: 'Port Elgin, yes, that was where we had such beautiful horses and such smothering dust.'"

The Fun Shop

Capitulation.

I was afraid, Brunettes recalled to me Black crows, and night, and starless ways, And a silent ship through endless days Sailing the vistas of the sea.

While blondes recalled to me the brutal age Of Vikings plundering the world From ships that sailed with death-sign flags unfurled, And I saw strife forever raging.

But if you think I never did embark Upon the matrimonial sea, You're wrong. A red-head came and looked at me— And then I was an easy mark!

A Collegiate Fall.

A college student had the misfortune to fall heavily with his partner on the floor at a large dance. A suspicious chaperone descended on him at once.

"Young man," she demanded, "Have you been drinking?" "Madame," the mortified student replied, "I am not a drinking man, but I cannot deny that I just took a drop."

A nose is sometimes indicative of character, especially when a man's wife leads him by it.

Forceful Speaker.

Mrs. Blackstone: "Don't you think the new minister has a powerful voice?"

Mrs. Webster: "Yes, indeed. He certainly kept our husbands wide awake during the sermon."

Just One Iron.

Blake: "My wife never gets anything done around the house." Drake: "Maybe she has too many irons in the fire."

Blake: "No, just her curling iron. The electric iron is never hot."

Tales Are Useful Sometimes.

The comet has a tail For sailing through the sky. The monkey has a tail To help him climb on high. The donkey has a tail To swat the pesky fly. But the naughty husband's tale Seldom gets him by.

Flaming Youth.

Mary, aged six, and Jean, four, were discussing the future. "When I grow up," said Mary, "I'm going to be a school teacher."

"When I grow up," said Jean, "I'm going to be a mamma and have lots of children."

"Well," answered Mary, "when they come to school I'm going to whip 'em, whip 'em, whip 'em!"

"You mean thing," said Jean, starting to cry, "what have my children ever done to you?"

Bobber-Shop Talk.

Barber (to nervous young lady in his shop): "Well, Miss, what will you have, a hair cut?"

Nervous Young Lady: "Mercy no! I want them all cut."

This Side of Paradise.

Scribbler: "Have you ever read Lamb?"

Brayless: "Never. Every woman I know roasts lamb."

A stitch in time saves embarrassment.

Cupid's Gardening. He: "What would happen if I planted a kiss on your lips?"

She: "It would probably grow into a dozen more."

We'll Speak to Father About It.

Leslie: "Do you enjoy indoor sports?"

Mabel: "Immensely, but father, the mean old thing, never lets them stay very late."

The Fun's Shop's Hall of Fame.

We nominate for the Hall of Fame Mathilde Coffey for her remarkable self-restraint. For twenty years Mrs. Coffey has been going away in the summer, and never once on her return has taken off her hat, dropped into a chair, and said: "Well, after all, there is no place like home."

We nominate for the Hall of Fame

Isabel Louise McCarthy, because

she

is

the

only

one

who

has

been

in

the

Fun's

Shop's

Hall

of

Fame.

For

her

self-

restraint.

For

twenty

years.

Mrs.

Coffey

has

been

going

away

during the 25th anniversary sale of our best-known ribbon department store Miss McCarthy entered to buy a yard of ribbon, without having looked at another single item.

Waking Up.

Hoyle: "Did you realize anything on that oil stock you invested in?"

Shaw: "Well, I'm just beginning to realize that I've been swindled."

True Enough.

Nancy: "I don't approve of those one-piece bathing suits."

Peggy: "Neither do I, dear; but one has to wear something!"

Reverse English.

Flapper (conceitedly): "Am I not beautiful?"

Woman Hater: "Yes."

You Know Fellows Like This One, Don't You?

Dudley: "He certainly knows how to handle his English."

Jameson: "I should say so. Why, he can tell a girl in a dozen different ways how much he loves her, without actually proposing!"

(Copyright, 1924. Reproduction Forbidden.)

Readers are requested to contribute. All humor: Epigrams (or humorous mottoes), jokes, anecdotes, poetry, burlesques, satires and bright sayings of children, must be original and unpublished. Accepted material will be paid for. All manuscripts must be written on one side of the paper only, and should be addressed to the Fun Shop, The London Advertiser.

No manuscripts can be returned. The rates are \$1 to \$10 for accepted material, and 25 cents to \$1 a line for poetry.

WESTERN FAIR

LONDON, ONTARIO.

September 6 to 13, 1924.

Leading Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition.

The Western Fair is the greatest advertising medium of the Manufacturer, the Merchant and the Agriculturist. It is the most efficient means of reaching the public, and the Exhibition is recognized as an outstanding educational institution.

The 1924 Western Fair will surpass all previous Exhibitions for the attractiveness and educational value of displays in all buildings. Alterations now in progress will add to the convenience and attractiveness of both grounds and buildings.

PURE FOOD SHOW—AUTOMOBILE SHOW
DOG SHOW.

Manufacturers' Building filled to overflowing with outstanding exhibits by Canadian Manufacturers.

Unsurpassed Vaudeville and Fireworks Display in Front of Grand Stand.

Greatest Midway ever seen in Ontario.

J. H. SAUNDERS,
President.

W. D. JACKSON,
Secretary.

BUY ADVERTISED GOODS

They Must Always Give Full Value

Portland Cement

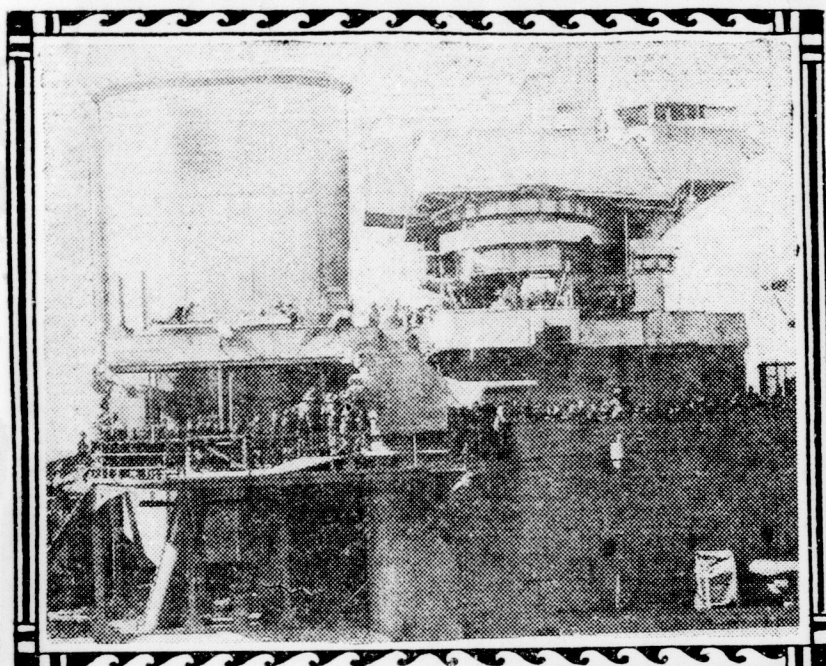
Is Cheaper Than It Has Been In Years

YOUR OPPORTUNITY! — GRASP IT! —

Right now is the time to put in your foundations, lay that sidewalk, cellar floor or do any other odd jobs which you have put off from time to time on account of high costs.

YOU WILL ALSO FIND OUR PRICES ARE LOW ON
LUMP LIME
HYDRATED LIME
PLASTER PARIS
PLASTER BOND
BEAVER BOARD

World's Mightiest Warship Has Power of Four Mauretanas Hood Hurls a Ton 20 Miles and Races 35 Knots an Hour



ONE OF THE FUNNELS BIG ENOUGH
TO ACCOMMODATE A TRAIN

**Pride of British Navy Heading
Squadron On Tour of Em-
pire Ports Is 860 Feet Long
and a Marvel of Fleetness,
Flexibility, and Complex
Equipment.**

By ARCHIE WILLS

I STOOD on the end of a massive concrete pier that jutted 700 feet out into the sea at Victoria, B.C.

I gazed seaward and bearing down upon me was a huge mass of grey steel, with flaring sides, great guns, inanimate but commanding, motionless figures on deck and a towering tripod mast with many unfamiliar attachments to it, and an admiral's flag flying from the truck.

The curved bow of this mammoth ship was abreast of me for a brief moment, then slipped passed at a speed which seemed almost dangerous in such a narrow slipway.

The side view opened up and more guns, fighting material, contraptions, boats and what-nots were exposed to my vision. There were also more motionless figures, here the blue-jackets, there the marines. There was little movement on the deck, because no man, except those engaged in the duties of berthing the ship, are allowed to move at stations when entering or leaving harbor.

Soon I heard bells jingle deep down in the centre of the ship and the answering chime on the bridge to denote that the signal had been received in the engine room. Out astern there was a violent suction of water. The greenish water became white and foamy. The propellers were going astern to check the way of the ship.

Heaving lines were flung ashore, and then came the heavy manila and steel cables with which to make the ship fast. I heard the cry "all fast," but could hardly believe it, as the stern was still two hundred feet clear of the end of the pier. I looked shoreward and sure enough the nose of the ship was close to the bulkhead.

"So this is the Hood," I thought to myself. I had read a great deal about this mammoth fighting craft which the naval genius of Great Britain turned out, but her tremendous length was not borne home to me until she docked at Victoria.

Eight hundred and sixty feet seven inches from stem to stern is the exact overall measurement of this queen of the naval world. No merchantman has ever sailed the Pacific or docked at any Canadian port that comes within a hundred feet of her length.

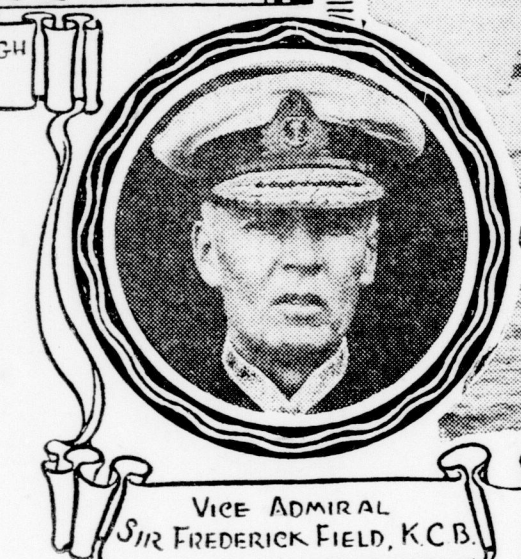
British Mastery of Seamanship

LESS fuss was made in bringing H.M.S. Hood into her berth at Victoria than some skipper's make of docking a tug-boat. The Hood must move at least five knots an hour to have steerageway. Coming into port there was the tide to figure, the lack of manoeuvring room and the fear that the 47,000 tons of steel coming into sudden and violent contact with the dock might cause trouble and damage, yet she snuggled into her berth as comfortably as a child nestles into its cot.

"That's the way they do it in the navy," commented a retired naval officer close to me who was reveling in the admiring comment made by landlubbers all around.

A few minutes later another great mass of grey steel, with more motionless figures, massive guns and towering tripod mast without the admiral's flag at the fore truck, got under way some distance off and began lining up for the berth opposite that occupied by the Hood.

"Surely they'll not try to put her alongside here," remarked an old waterfront acquaint-



VICE ADMIRAL
SIR FREDERICK FIELD, K.C.B.

ance. "Why, we never get two passenger ships half the size of the Hood in here together. They want the whole place to themselves."

But on came the Repulse, drawing thirty feet of water, and with her hundred-foot beam, two feet less than that of the Hood. She was making eight knots, and when opposite the flagman on the dock, acting as a marker, the signal was sent to the engine-room for "full-speed astern." The Repulse came to a dead stop and was tied up in rapid time.

The words of that retired naval officer came back to me: "That's the way they do it in the navy."

The berthing of these two gigantic craft in such small quarters and under such conditions was a great lesson to the merchant service skippers.

With the Hood safely alongside and my mingled feelings of awe, surprise, wonderment and pride somewhat subsided, I made haste to get aboard and make a personal inspection of what I had seen at a distance.

The trip around not only proves a test of one's walking and ladder-climbing ability and strength and durability of the skull and shin-bones, which are in constant contact with the steel fittings of the many bulkhead doors, but leaves one aghast at the colossal and ingenious devices for the destruction of mankind. Naval strategists, scientists and engineers have gone to the limit of their cunning, ability and genius in giving birth to the Hood. This fighting giant eclipses anything ever before placed afloat by any nation in the world.

The lessons of the Battle of Jutland have been worked into the construction of the Hood. She was laid down after that great naval engagement at the yards of the famous ship-building firm of John Brown on the Clyde. It took three years to turn her out, and by that time the war was over. In another five years she will be obsolete and ready for the bone-yard.

47,000 Tons of Steel

"WHAT," you say, "this tremendous machine useless in five years?" Yes. That's what the naval critics say. The Hood cost \$35,000,000 to build. The Panama Canal was constructed for the price of ten Hoods.

She weighs 47,000 tons. That's as heavy as 400 of the biggest locomotives made in Canada. She costs \$2,750,000 a year to maintain and operate. That's more than the Canadian government spends annually on its marine department, which maintains the hundreds of light-houses and other aids to navigation.

She steams 35 knots an hour, which is faster than any transcontinental train in Canada. The Hood has been in commission five years,

and if her life is spared for another like period she will have cost Great Britain \$62,500,000, of which amount \$35,000,000 is in construction and \$27,500,000 in upkeep for ten years.

She may go to the bone-yard without firing a shot in actual warfare—and it is to be hoped that she will. Such is the cost of preparedness!

Mars may decree that the Hood shall fire her guns at an enemy, in which case they will, no doubt, spell victory for the British Empire. Then those who belabor the admiralty for its gross extravagance in naval construction would have to tie their tongues.

On the Hood, as on all other war vessels, the three most interesting things are the blue-jackets, the guns and the engines.

There is no scarcity of sailors on the Hood. She has 1,440 officers and men, more able-bodied masculine beauties than any city of 6,000 in Canada can produce.

You'll see them doing all sorts of odd jobs. Some will be dangling over the ship's side on a scanty scaffold, chipping and painting. Others will be snatching forty winks on the iron decks. Some will be washing their clothes, others mending them, and those doled up will be leaning on the rails trying to catch the eye of a pretty maiden ashore. They're lots of brass to shine and steel to burnish aboard ship, and like in the army, jack-tar gets plenty of it. Most of the time he's shining, painting or washing something. They've got to find something for so many men to do, and it keeps a staff of wardroom and warrant officers busy figuring out jobs. These jack-tars are a happy lot. They haven't any comforts, but they sure see life. They sleep in hammocks suspended from the deck beams and stow all their belongings in a small locker, which must be shined every day.

Guns Weigh 100 Tons Each

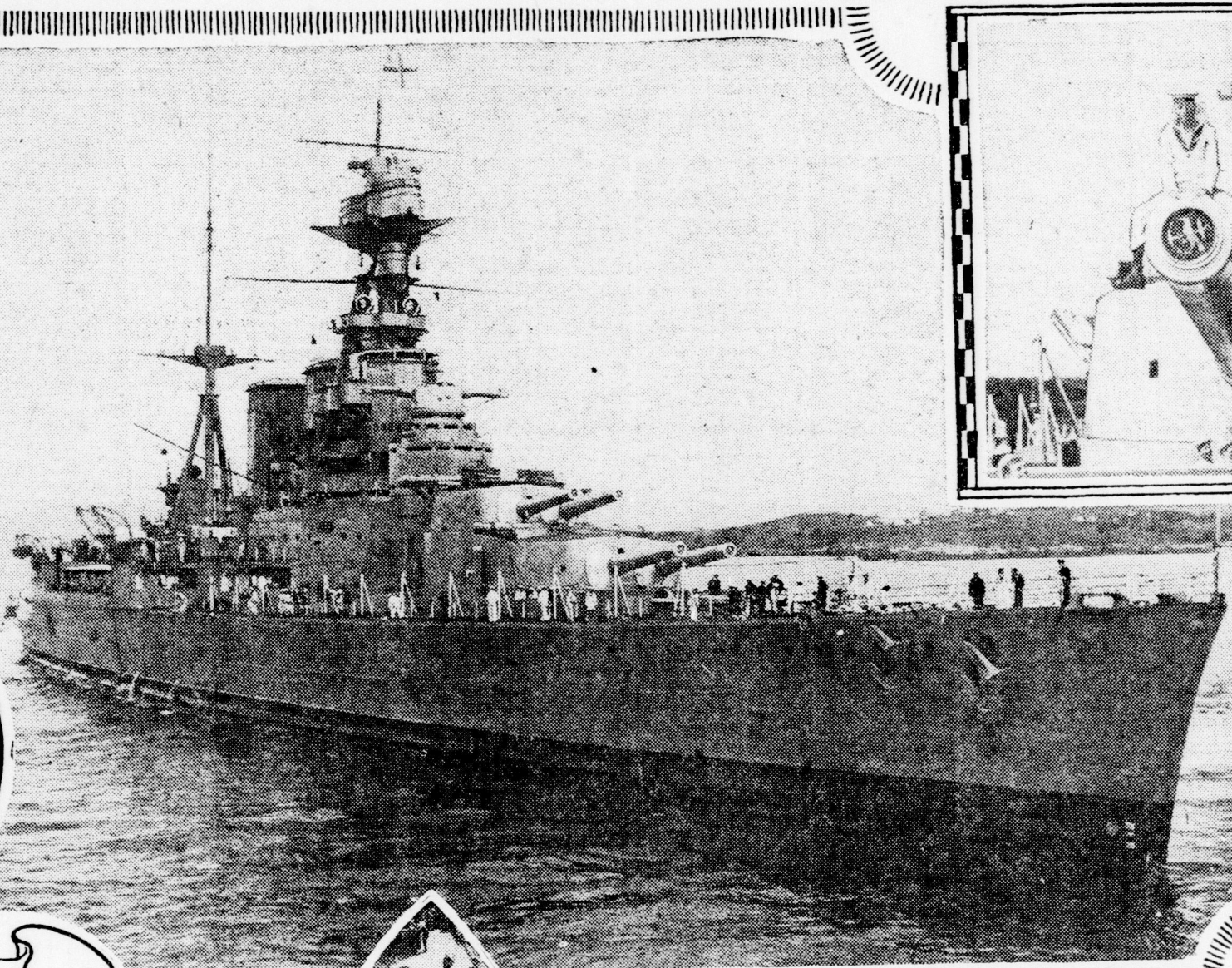
THE guns command respect. They stick their silent muzzles out at you and tell you that nothing within a range of twenty miles can live in time of war. You walk up to them and the impulse comes to pat them like you would a dog. The slightest pat, however, stings your hand. They are hard, cold and solid.

The outside of the turret is uninteresting, but if you are fortunate enough to squeeze in through the manhole at the base of the turret you will see sights that is seldom the privilege of people in this country to gaze on.

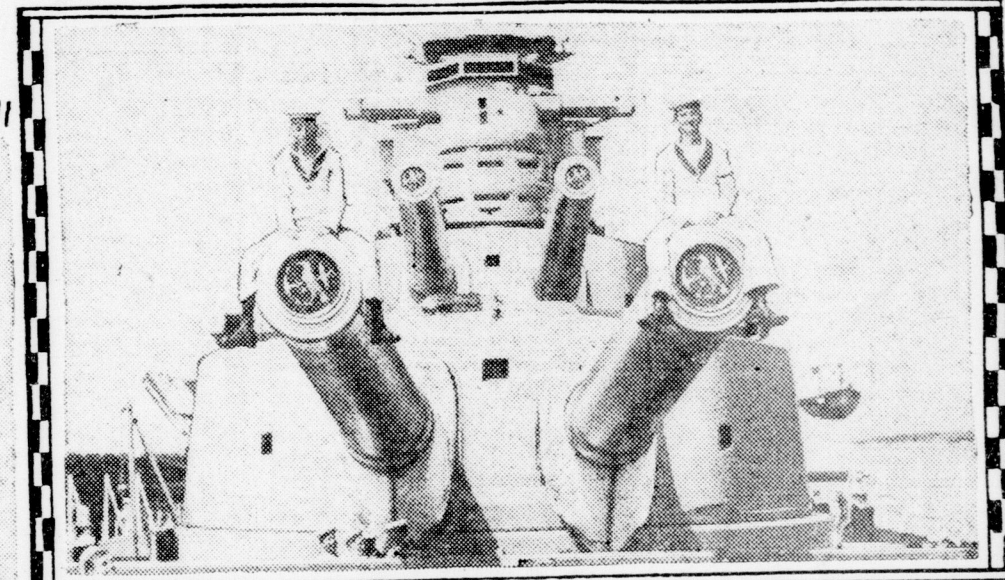
A chief petty officer who is on duty will tell you certain facts about the gun and its workings, but the secrets are not divulged.

In each turret are two 15-inch guns. Each gun is 60 feet long and weighs 100 tons.

The shell thrown by these guns weighs 1,920 pounds, and it will travel 20 miles when the full charge, 400 pounds of cordite, is fired. When the shell leaves the muzzle of the gun it is traveling 2,600 feet per second.



A GREAT MASS OF GREY STEEL —
H.M.S. HOOD ARRIVING AT VICTORIA, B.C.



THE GUNS THAT HURL A TON
20 MILES

give her 35 knots an hour. Part of her defense is her speed.

Engines 157,000 Horsepower!

THE greatest horsepower ever placed in a ship is in the engine bed of the Hood. It reaches the enormous total of 157,000 horsepower and approximately 40,000 passes through each gearing to a propeller, about the amount it takes to drive all screws on the Mauretania, queen of the Atlantic.

Each propeller that the Hood swings is 17½ feet in diameter, and the main shafts are 300 feet long and weigh 100 tons. The total weight of machinery in the Hood is 5,000 tons, which equals four times the net tonnage of the Toronto steamer Cayuga.

To provide the enormous steam pressure required for these tremendous turbines, there are 38 boilers, which hold 1,000 tons, or 288,000 gallons, of water.

Oil-burners heat the boilers and a full head of steam can be raised in an hour. The Hood carries 4,000 tons of oil.

Although the engine-room is a place of mystery and great interest, the stuffiness soon makes one long for the fresh air. So, mounting half a dozen ladders, you get back to the deck, and a trip up the many ladders of the foremast will reward one with a beautiful view of the racing lines of the ship. The Hood begins to taper away to her knife-like bow from the break of her superstructure, a distance of about 275 feet. The deck is clear of any obstacles save for the two lines of white anchor chains which run from the lockers to the hawse pipes, a few ring bolts and the capstan. Each link of the anchor chain is three and a half inches thick and each of the four anchors weighs nine and a half tons.

The quarter deck of the Hood, like the forward deck, is clear. There is nothing to carry away in action. When the Hood is driving at full speed her quarter deck is quite often awash.

Having seen the engines you will be anxious to make a more minute inspection of her lines. On the forward deck you look over the rail at the water but discover that in order to see where the side touches the water you must swing right over. The flare to the Hood's sides is the greatest ever put on a ship. At no place in her extreme length is the beam greater at the water-line than it is at the main deck. The enormous length is also for the purpose of increasing her speed.

World's Most Complete Wireless

THE flare to the sides is also for the purpose of reducing the chances of a direct hit on the armor plating. The shell will only strike a glancing blow on the Hood, whereas it would go through the armor of a ship with less flare.

The Hood is practically torpedo proof. Her engine-room, always the vulnerable part of a vessel, is not exposed to danger. Over almost the entire length the ship is protected by a double "skin." If the torpedo strikes this it detonates and the real side of the ship, made up of twelve inches of armor-plating, backed up with one and a half inches of tensile steel, is able to withstand the force of the explosion. The Hood is really a ship within a ship. This is one of the lessons of Jutland.

The armor plating on the Hood weighs 13,800 tons.

A striking thing about the Hood is that there are only 76 portholes in her entire hull. These things are done away with in order to make her armor-plating all the more effective. Owing to the thickness of the plating, very little light would get in anyway. The Hood is artificially lighted and ventilated throughout. Hundreds of fans circulate the air.

The wireless sets on the Hood are the most complete in the world. The public is barred from entering the wireless rooms owing to the many secret devices.

The Hood is never out of touch with land. She has spoken with stations 6,000 miles away. Forty-nine officers and men do nothing but look after this wonderful apparatus. There are seven different wireless rooms, the central one being on the bridge.

There are nine aerials which contain five miles of wire. There are eight transmitting sets and thirteen receiving sets, the latter ranging in wave lengths from 100 to over 25,000 metres.

There is a telephone exchange on board. There are phones all over the ship. You can pick up one and call central and then get your number. There are no "hello girls" on the ship's strength, however.

In the galley the Hood has many innovations. The cook stoves all burn oil. The bake ovens turn out 1,300 loaves of bread a day. All vegetables are peeled by machinery.

You see a man stagger into your house with two sacks of coal on his back and you say he is a strong man. Imagine, if you can, the number of men that would be required to provide the strength and power to toss the equivalent of a ton of coal 20 miles through space!

The turret which houses the guns weighs, complete, 600 tons. The front is made of 15-inch steel, while the overhead is 11 inches thick. The turret revolves on the base, which runs down to the bottom of the ship.

It takes four officers and 74 men to operate each turret in time of action. Eight men are actually in the turret when the guns are fired, the rest being down in the housing looking after ammunition and other details.

Although there is so much mechanism in connection with the operation of a turret, the whole thing is foolproof. There is a sequence of operation and nothing can be performed out of turn. Each turret is cut off entirely from the rest of the ship and can operate independently if the occasion demands.

The moment the shell and charge are placed in the carrier a man in the turret pulls a lever and the carrier brings its weighty and menacing projectile up to what is known as the loading position. The pull of another lever starts the intricate mechanism of the massive breech and slowly it opens. A third lever puts into operation the ramrod, which drives the shell into the barrel until it engages the rifling. The carrier moves up a little further and another push from the ramrod deposits the charge in the chamber. The carrier then drops down to receive another shell, while the breech closes and the breech-screw engages.

The gun-layer then adjusts the range and a lever at his side lifts the gun to the desired elevation as easily as one raises his arm. The turret then swings to the given angle and the turret is reported "all ready" to the control station, where the gunnery officer can fire every gun on the ship simultaneously by pressing a single trigger.

\$1,500 For Every Shot

THE operation of firing these gigantic guns can be performed twice every minute. Truly a remarkable feat!

So far the Hood has fired but 20 rounds per gun. It costs \$1,500 every time a service round is discharged from each turret. Owing to the tremendous strain on the gun its life is short. About 200 rounds is the limit. Service rounds,

however, have to be fired at stipulated intervals for test purposes.

The shock of discharge sends these guns back three feet. The recoil is taken up by glycerine and air, the latter being compressed 1,000 pounds to the square inch.

The greatest feature of these rifles, as the sailors call them, is their accuracy. At a range of 20 miles the shells can be dropped within 50 yards of the target. No better gun has been turned out by the British naval experts.

Owing to the immense amount of machinery in the gun turrets, there is very little room for getting about. But despite the lack of foot-room officers can direct the fire of their own turret. Should the control and conning towers be shot away and the turrets be told to carry on independently, the turret range finders are brought into play. There are three sets of controls for each turret should the action be hot and things be carried away. Even in the event of the supply of electricity from the main dynamos in the engine room being cut off each turret has storage batteries to carry on with, while should this in turn fail, there are the oil lamps.

All eight 15-inch guns can be fired from almost any angle at one time. In the gun turrets no noise is heard, but outside the air is split with the deafening roar, doors and glasses are broken and the giant ship reels over like a drunken man.

Now for the engines. You tell down several ladders—it is a toiling job, as there are no hand rails, elusive chains and ropes providing, but wavering support—and finally arrive where it is warm and stuffy. Instinctively you know you are near the engine-room.

A dear old lady who was feeling the stress of so many ladders and the closeness of the atmosphere, when shown the opening to the engine-room, remarked to her sailor guide:

"Well, surely there can't be anything down there! I've come down so many ladders I'm sure I'm at the bottom of the ship."

"Lor' bless my soul, madame, half the bloomin' ship's down there," laughed the sailor.

The guide was just about right. Down in the bowels of the ship, as the engine-room is so often described, there is a mass of instruments and gauges of all shapes and sizes. Being a turbine ship the engines are not as cumbersome or interesting as the reciprocating engines. If the engineering world still had to rely upon the old type of engines the Hood would never have been able to find room for the machinery to

Small British Force, Showered with Poisoned Arrows, Wage War Against the High-Priestess of the Kisii and Her Savage Hordes

A Hurried March Through Burning Heat of East Africa to Quell a Rebellion of the Tribesmen and Rescue Wounded British Police Officer From Thousands of Angry Natives

Outfitting and arresting single-handed two desperadoes who had terrorized a town in British East Africa, later leading a small force against thousands of Kisii warriors and quelling their revolt—these are some of the feats of Major Foran (now a retired English army officer) that have been related previously. The latest exploit described was his bold capture of the leader of the Nandi tribe, and, with only a dozen native policemen at his call, his holding at bay hundreds of tribesmen, resulting in their surrender. After a period of routine police work, he again plunged into danger, as told in this article, the concluding one of his present series.

By MAJOR ROBERT FORAN, F.R.G.S.

MY last tour of duty as a police officer in East Africa was spent at Kisumu on the Victoria Nyanza, and of all the posts open to the police in that country, this offered the most chances of adventure and action. My first experiences with the warlike and untutored Kisii people have been related already; but, as I was soon to discover, the lesson I had given them earlier was somewhat wasted effort.

Since that time, a young district commissioner, Stafford Northcote, had built a boma (government post) in the heart of that delightful little country on the border of Tanganyika (German East Africa before the war) and had ruled it well and wisely with the aid of some fifty of my native police.

On my next visit to that section, I had marched to Kisii boma, from Karungo on the Victoria Nyanza, to inspect my men there. As I traveled through the deep valleys, rich in crops and pasture, nestled between green grassed hills, it would have been difficult to conceive a fairer land of promise and plenty. As far as the eye could reach were to be seen innumerable brown, dome-shaped, thatched-roofed huts, some almost hidden from view by tall patches of maize and matama (millet).

When I reached Kisii boma I was welcomed by a messenger who had been seriously wounded by a spear thrown by the Kisii in an attack on his escort while patrolling the vicinity of his boma. The whole Kisii country was in open rebellion, and he feared that policemen on patrol duty and native traders had been murdered.

I was directed to start immediately to the relief of Kisii with all available men of my detachment of police, taking rations and supplies for a month. Dr. Boedeker, the provincial physician, had been ordered to hasten to Kisii by way of Karungo, the nearest route, to give medical attention to Northcote.

On my arrival at the boma, my instructions read, I was to put it in a proper state of defense, but I was advised to act only on the defensive, taking no offensive measures unless so ordered. A telegram had been sent to the governor at Nairobi asking that troops be sent immediately to the scene of the rebellion, but they could not be expected to reach Kisii in less than seven days.

In two and a half hours after the receipt of these orders, despite all unavoidable but none the less irritating delays, I was ready to march off to Kisii with eighty policemen, a Maxim machine-gun, a small army of native porters, thirty thousand rounds of ammunition, and sufficient food to last for a month. I had reduced the porters' loads to fifty pounds each, so that we might travel fast. I had eighty-four miles to travel, and had made up my mind to reach Kisii boma in two days.

All that day we tramped across the scorched Kavirondo plains, heading towards a ford which would save me many dreary hours of marching round a deep bay of the Victoria Nyanza. Here, so I had learned, were a number of native dug-out canoes to ferry us across the bay. Time was of the utmost importance, for every minute gained might mean the saving of a life. Night came on, but still I marched forward at a steady and uniform rate of speed by the light of a kindly moon. I halted at last to rest my weary porters on the banks of a broad river.

I could hear distinctly the snorting and splashing of the hippopotami as they emerged from the river to gaze upon the shore. From the distance came the monotonous beating and throbbing of the tom-toms of the Kavirondo people, through whose country we were now traveling; and, intermingling with these noises there was the angry buzzing of millions of hungry mosquitoes and the occasional call of a water-fowl disturbed from its nocturnal slumber.

At daybreak I reached the ferry on the lake shore. Here I found some dozen native dug-out canoes tied to the bank; and I had soon commandeered them and their owners to ferry us across the bay. To have marched round the bay would have taken me a full day, whereas the canoes could transport us to the other side in about six hours.

These native canoes were constructed out of tree-trunks or else

spears and shields in their hands. They were watching my every movement intently. Unmistakably there was trouble brewing; and the change of attitude that had taken place in two days was most disquieting.

I frankly did not like the look of things at all. So I sent back a messenger to Northcote to tell him which way the wind was blowing. I suggested that he should investigate the matter, and said that I would hasten back to Kisumu and send him up some more of my men to strengthen his garrison.

I had eighty-odd miles to cover before I could reach Kisumu. It was a hard march across a hot and flat land, bordering on the Victoria Nyanza, and through swamps and marshes where the mosquitoes and dreaded tsetse fly of sleeping sickness held undisputed sway.

The temperature was never much below 120 degrees in the shade, and all day the terrifically hot sun beat down upon us as we toiled across the plains. Each day we covered two of the ordinary marches, and arrived in Kisumu late on the third day after leaving Kisii.

Tired as I was, my first thought was to arrange for the despatch of fifty policemen to reinforce Northcote. I gave orders that these men should march to Kisii at daybreak next morning. Then I made a report of the situation to the provincial commissioner. I emphasized the unfriendly attitude of the Kisii, as I had observed it, and made it plain that I suspected that a rebellion was imminent.

"It—" exclaimed the provincial commissioner, pensively. "Looks bad, but one can never be sure such things will come to a head. I entirely approve of your plans to reinforce Northcote, but do not send off your men to him until I receive his report."

At dawn next morning, I was awakened by a messenger from the provincial commissioner. I tore open the envelope, with a sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach. The letter was brief, but to the point.

Nexus of a Rebellion

THE commissioner wrote me that a native runner had brought word from Kisii that Northcote had been seriously wounded by a spear thrown by the Kisii in an attack on his escort while patrolling the vicinity of his boma. The whole Kisii country was in open rebellion, and he feared that policemen on patrol duty and native traders had been murdered.

I was directed to start immediately to the relief of Kisii with all available men of my detachment of police, taking rations and supplies for a month. Dr. Boedeker, the provincial physician, had been ordered to hasten to Kisii by way of Karungo, the nearest route, to give medical attention to Northcote.

On my arrival at the boma, my instructions read, I was to put it in a proper state of defense, but I was advised to act only on the defensive, taking no offensive measures unless so ordered. A telegram had been sent to the governor at Nairobi asking that troops be sent immediately to the scene of the rebellion, but they could not be expected to reach Kisii in less than seven days.

In two and a half hours after the receipt of these orders, despite all unavoidable but none the less irritating delays, I was ready to march off to Kisii with eighty policemen, a Maxim machine-gun, a small army of native porters, thirty thousand rounds of ammunition, and sufficient food to last for a month. I had reduced the porters' loads to fifty pounds each, so that we might travel fast. I had eighty-four miles to travel, and had made up my mind to reach Kisii boma in two days.

All that day we tramped across the scorched Kavirondo plains, heading towards a ford which would save me many dreary hours of marching round a deep bay of the Victoria Nyanza. Here, so I had learned, were a number of native dug-out canoes to ferry us across the bay. Time was of the utmost importance, for every minute gained might mean the saving of a life. Night came on, but still I marched forward at a steady and uniform rate of speed by the light of a kindly moon. I halted at last to rest my weary porters on the banks of a broad river.

I could hear distinctly the snorting and splashing of the hippopotami as they emerged from the river to gaze upon the shore. From the distance came the monotonous beating and throbbing of the tom-toms of the Kavirondo people, through whose country we were now traveling; and, intermingling with these noises there was the angry buzzing of millions of hungry mosquitoes and the occasional call of a water-fowl disturbed from its nocturnal slumber.

At daybreak I reached the ferry on the lake shore. Here I found some dozen native dug-out canoes tied to the bank; and I had soon commandeered them and their owners to ferry us across the bay. To have marched round the bay would have taken me a full day, whereas the canoes could transport us to the other side in about six hours.

These native canoes were constructed out of tree-trunks or else



"They ran up the sides of the opposite hill, and stood there uttering blood-curling yells of defiance."

the back of trees sewn together by sinews from the legs of goats. The caulking of the seams was most ineffective and primitive; consisting mainly of plugs of grass or clay. The canoe in which I traveled was much overloaded, and leaking badly.

An Adventurous Voyage

TWO naked Kavirondos poled us down a narrow and muddy channel through papyrus reeds until we entered the open waters of the lake; and then they used their paddles. It was an adventurous voyage, watching the villagers on route to Kisii boma. By noon I had covered half the distance and we had crossed the lake side of the canoe and, despite all our efforts, reached our knees.

To add to our troubles, a stiff breeze sprang up and made the waters of the lake very choppy. I gave the order for the paddlers to keep close to the papyrus reed edge of the bay; and it was lucky I did so. A few minutes later, the canoe suddenly sank beneath us. We were left standing up to our neck in the water, with the loads held above our heads.

I struggled on to a floating island of papyrus reeds, but it gave way under my weight and left me in the water once more. The thought that there were many crocodiles thereabouts did not add to my cheerfulness. But rescue was near at hand.

An hour after we had halted, Dr. Boedeker joined me. He told me that he had found the Kisii barring his entrance to their country and so had turned back to join forces with me. I was furious with him, for this meant that his arrival would be much delayed at Kisii boma—and Northcote was badly in need of the services of a doctor. After telling him exactly what I thought of him, I gave orders for him to accompany me and that, if need be, we would fight our way through the Kisii to the aid of Northcote.

IT was obvious that we should encounter opposition on our march forward; but I was determined to reach Kisii next day. We determined our march shortly before four o'clock that afternoon. I had now placed the porters in the centre, and had formed my men in square formation around them with fixed bayonets. Our advance was much slower now, but we kept resolutely on our way. The Kisii occasionally threw spears at us and shot arrows into our midst, but a few rounds from the Maxim-gun soon put them to rout.

The Kisii now contented themselves with following us at a respectful distance until towards sunset, when they massed in the hills ahead of us in order to attack. I halted to face them, and set up my Maxim-gun for action. A stream of bullets from it changed their intended attack into flight. They had not entirely forgotten the lesson I had given them before.

By nightfall we had arrived within a few hours' march of Kisii boma. Fortunately, there was a bright moon. The war-drums were beating continuously all around us, and I

could hear the war-cries of the warriors ahead of us and on both flanks. They seemed to be closing up. Shortly after midnight, they delivered their first serious attack. A shower of arrows fell in our midst, but without touching any of us. It was time to get busy again.

"Halt!—Independent fire!—Commence!" I shouted, as I brought the Maxim-gun into action. For ten minutes we fired steadily in every direction, and then I ordered the bugler to sound the "Cease Fire." By the dimmed lights of dawn, I saw the hills in every direction all around us. I knew that we had given the warriors a sharp lesson. More arrows fell among us, and then all was still once more. We continued our march, ready to repel any more attacks.

Just before daylight, the Kisii delivered another attack, and we repeated our former tactics. But the warriors had become bolder and now came too close to be healthful. We could not see them, but could hear them distinctly. I halted and sprayed the spot where the noise seemed to come from with a few rounds from the Maxim-gun. The Kisii then promptly withdrew out of range. Again we continued our march, hearing loud shouts of lamentation and dismay on all sides of us.

At daybreak we could see the Kisii thickly covering the hills in every direction, but they were maintaining a respectable distance from us. They did not molest us again. Just an hour before noon, we topped a ridge that overlooked Kisii boma. To my intense relief, I saw the Union Jack floating gaily above Northcote's house. He was safe, and so was the boma.

We marched into the little post a few minutes before midday, having covered the eighty-four miles in forty-eight hours. It was a record march with porters for East Africa at that time.

A Match for Thousands

I FOUND that Northcote had been speared through the back, the long-bladed spear just missing his spine. It had penetrated through his back, just grazed his stomach, and had then imbedded itself in his groin. He was in a bad way, but still very cheerful. Leaving him to the care of Dr. Boedeker, I set to work immediately to prepare the defenses of Kisii boma.

The hills all around us were black with Kisii warriors, and we momentarily expected them to attack the boma; but I felt confident that I could hold them off until the arrival of the military force, for I now had eighty of my own men, twenty-five of Boedeker's and fifty of the native garrison. With my machine gun, and 155 policemen I felt a match for the ten thousand Kisii warriors who were armed only with spears and bows and arrows.

When I was satisfied that everything possible had been done for the proper defense of Kisii against attack, and that my men were on the alert, I threw myself on a camp cot to snatch a couple of hours' sleep. I was feeling pretty well worn out. It seemed only a few minutes after I had dropped asleep that I was awakened by the sound of heavy firing. I jumped to my feet and ran out of my tent to see what had happened.

The warriors on the surrounding hills were now crowding into the valley, steadily advancing to the attack. I could hear the war drums beating rhythmically and the battle horns booming. I ordered the bugler to sound the "Assembly," and then the "Alarm." The small force ran to take up their allotted posts, and I placed the machine gun in a good position to command the approach to the boma.

On came the black hordes of the

Before resuming the march, I set out to reconnoitre. On the opposite hill to where we rested I could see many manyatta dotted about the hill patches of maize. I watched them through my field-glasses, and could see the tribesmen running hither and thither in a most excited manner. Our advent was plainly known to them.

They were all wearing their great ostrich-plumed headdresses, their bodies were painted in grotesque designs; and in their hands they held their long-bladed spears and buffalo-hide shields. I walked down the hill towards the nearest village, and the warriors fled before me. They ran up the sides of the opposite hill, and stood there brandishing their spears and uttering blood-curling yells of defiance.

Advancing Slowly

IT was obvious that we should encounter opposition on our march forward; but I was determined to reach Kisii next day. We determined our march shortly before four o'clock that afternoon. I had now placed the porters in the centre, and had formed my men in square formation around them with fixed bayonets. Our advance was much slower now, but we kept resolutely on our way. The Kisii occasionally threw spears at us and shot arrows into our midst, but a few rounds from the Maxim-gun soon put them to rout.

The Kisii now contented themselves with following us at a respectful distance until towards sunset, when they massed in the hills ahead of us in order to attack. I halted to face them, and set up my Maxim-gun for action. A stream of bullets from it changed their intended attack into flight. They had not entirely forgotten the lesson I had given them before.

By nightfall we had arrived within a few hours' march of Kisii boma. Fortunately, there was a bright moon. The war-drums were beating continuously all around us, and I

could hear the war-cries of the warriors ahead of us and on both flanks. They seemed to be closing up. Shortly after midnight, they delivered their first serious attack. A shower of arrows fell in our midst, but without touching any of us. It was time to get busy again.

"Halt!—Independent fire!—Commence!" I shouted, as I brought the Maxim-gun into action. For ten minutes we fired steadily in every direction, and then I ordered the bugler to sound the "Cease Fire." By the dimmed lights of dawn, I saw the hills in every direction all around us. I knew that we had given the warriors a sharp lesson. More arrows fell among us, and then all was still once more. We continued our march, ready to repel any more attacks.

Just before daylight, the Kisii delivered another attack, and we repeated our former tactics. But the warriors had become bolder and now came too close to be healthful. We could not see them, but could hear them distinctly. I halted and sprayed the spot where the noise seemed to come from with a few rounds from the Maxim-gun. The Kisii then promptly withdrew out of range. Again we continued our march, hearing loud shouts of lamentation and dismay on all sides of us.

At daybreak we could see the Kisii thickly covering the hills in every direction, but they were maintaining a respectable distance from us. They did not molest us again. Just an hour before noon, we topped a ridge that overlooked Kisii boma. To my intense relief, I saw the Union Jack floating gaily above Northcote's house. He was safe, and so was the boma.

We marched into the little post a few minutes before midday, having covered the eighty-four miles in forty-eight hours. It was a record march with porters for East Africa at that time.

Before resuming the march, I set out to reconnoitre. On the opposite hill to where we rested I could see many manyatta dotted about the hill patches of maize. I watched them through my field-glasses, and could see the tribesmen running hither and thither in a most excited manner. Our advent was plainly known to them.

They were all wearing their great ostrich-plumed headdresses, their bodies were painted in grotesque designs; and in their hands they held their long-bladed spears and buffalo-hide shields. I walked down the hill towards the nearest village, and the warriors fled before me. They ran up the sides of the opposite hill, and stood there brandishing their spears and uttering blood-curling yells of defiance.

IT was obvious that we should encounter opposition on our march forward; but I was determined to reach Kisii next day. We determined our march shortly before four o'clock that afternoon. I had now placed the porters in the centre, and had formed my men in square formation around them with fixed bayonets. Our advance was much slower now, but we kept resolutely on our way. The Kisii occasionally threw spears at us and shot arrows into our midst, but a few rounds from the Maxim-gun soon put them to rout.

The Kisii now contented themselves with following us at a respectful distance until towards sunset, when they massed in the hills ahead of us in order to attack. I halted to face them, and set up my Maxim-gun for action. A stream of bullets from it changed their intended attack into flight. They had not entirely forgotten the lesson I had given them before.

By nightfall we had arrived within a few hours' march of Kisii boma. Fortunately, there was a bright moon. The war-drums were beating continuously all around us, and I

could hear the war-cries of the warriors ahead of us and on both flanks. They seemed to be closing up. Shortly after midnight, they delivered their first serious attack. A shower of arrows fell in our midst, but without touching any of us. It was time to get busy again.

"Halt!—Independent fire!—Commence!" I shouted, as I brought the Maxim-gun into action. For ten minutes we fired steadily in every direction, and then I ordered the bugler to sound the "Cease Fire." By the dimmed lights of dawn, I saw the hills in every direction all around us. I knew that we had given the warriors a sharp lesson. More arrows fell among us, and then all was still once more. We continued our march, ready to repel any more attacks.

Just before daylight, the Kisii delivered another attack, and we repeated our former tactics. But the warriors had become bolder and now came too close to be healthful. We could not see them, but could hear them distinctly. I halted and sprayed the spot where the noise seemed to come from with a few rounds from the Maxim-gun. The Kisii then promptly withdrew out of range. Again we continued our march, hearing loud shouts of lamentation and dismay on all sides of us.

At daybreak we could see the Kisii thickly covering the hills in every direction, but they were maintaining a respectable distance from us. They did not molest us again. Just an hour before noon, we topped a ridge that overlooked Kisii boma. To my intense relief, I saw the Union Jack floating gaily above Northcote's house. He was safe, and so was the boma.

We marched into the little post a few minutes before midday, having covered the eighty-four miles in forty-eight hours. It was a record march with porters for East Africa at that time.

Kisii. My men started to fire into the masses, and I turned on the machine gun. I could see that we were doing deadly execution, but the warriors still kept on relentlessly towards us. Two hundred yards—one hundred and fifty yards—and then one hundred yards divided us. Then, suddenly, the thick mass of black savages broke and ran for cover, being unable to withstand that deadly hail of lead. They did not halt until they reached the summit of the opposite hills once more, and no further attack was launched on us, for they had had enough.

The following afternoon Captain Bois, with a company of the King's African Rifles, arrived at Kisii from Lumbwa, having also fought their way through the tribesmen. They proved a very welcome addition to the garrison of Kisii boma.

Three days later the Kisii, having withdrawn in the meantime, we heard heavy firing in the direction of the Kavirondo country and could see columns of smoke arising from burning villages. Bois and I went off to investigate. From the top of a neighboring hill we could see the military expedition chasing the Kisii warriors and burning their villages. But there seemed to be no fight left in the tribesmen.

A Punitive Expedition

THE punitive expedition came into Kisii that afternoon and went into camp. The following day I was sent out with Captain Sullivan of the King's African Rifles to round up some of the Kisii live stock and burn their villages. We took the Maxim-gun and fifty men with us. At every manyatta we set fire to the huts and granaries, and took possession of the herds.

Suddenly, as we were marching back to Kisii by another route, we heard the war drums boom forth defiantly. By the dimmed lights of dawn, I saw the hills in every direction all around us. I knew that we had given the warriors a sharp lesson. More arrows fell among us, and then all was still once more. We continued our march, ready to repel any more attacks.

Just before daylight, the Kisii delivered another attack, and we repeated our former tactics. But the warriors had become bolder and now came too close to be healthful. We could not see them, but could hear them distinctly. I halted and sprayed the spot where the noise seemed to come from with a few rounds from the Maxim-gun. The Kisii then promptly withdrew out of range. Again we continued our march, hearing loud shouts of lamentation and dismay on all sides of us.

At daybreak we could see the Kisii thickly covering the hills in every direction, but they were maintaining a respectable distance from us. They did not molest us again. Just an hour before noon, we topped a ridge that overlooked Kisii boma. To my intense relief, I saw the Union Jack floating gaily above Northcote's house. He was safe, and so was the boma.

We marched into the little post a few minutes before midday, having covered the eighty-four miles in forty-eight hours. It was a record march with porters for East Africa at that time.

Before resuming the march, I set out to reconnoitre. On the opposite hill to where we rested I could see many manyatta dotted about the hill patches of maize. I watched them through my field-glasses, and could see the tribesmen running hither and thither in a most excited manner. Our advent was plainly known to them.

They were all wearing their great ostrich-plumed headdresses, their bodies were painted in grotesque designs; and in their hands they held their long-bladed spears and buffalo-hide shields. I walked down the hill towards the nearest village, and the warriors fled before me. They ran up the sides of the opposite hill, and stood there brandishing their spears and uttering blood-curling yells of defiance.

IT was obvious that we should encounter opposition on our march forward; but I was determined to reach Kisii next day. We determined our march shortly before four o'clock that afternoon. I had now placed the porters in the centre, and had formed my men in square formation around them with fixed bayonets. Our advance was much slower now, but we kept resolutely on our way. The Kisii occasionally threw spears at us and shot arrows into our midst, but a few rounds from the Maxim-gun soon put them to rout.

The Kisii now contented themselves with following us at a respectful distance until towards sunset, when they massed in the hills ahead of us in order to attack. I halted to face them, and set up my Maxim-gun for action. A stream of bullets from it changed their intended attack into flight. They had not entirely forgotten the lesson I had given them before.

By nightfall we had arrived within a few hours' march of Kisii boma. Fortunately, there was a bright moon. The war-drums were beating continuously all around us, and I

could hear the war-cries of the warriors ahead of us and on both flanks. They seemed to be closing up. Shortly after midnight, they delivered their first serious attack. A shower of arrows fell in our midst, but without touching any of us. It was time to get busy again.

"Halt!—Independent fire!—Commence!" I shouted, as I brought the Maxim-gun into action. For ten minutes we fired steadily in every direction, and then I ordered the bugler to sound the "Cease Fire." By the dimmed lights of dawn, I saw the hills in every direction all around us. I knew that we had given the warriors a sharp lesson. More arrows fell among us, and then all was still once more. We continued our march, ready to repel any more attacks.

Just before daylight, the Kisii delivered another attack, and we repeated our former tactics. But the warriors had become bolder and now came too close to be healthful. We could not see them, but could hear them distinctly. I halted and sprayed the spot where the noise seemed to come from with a few rounds from the Maxim-gun. The Kisii then promptly withdrew out of range. Again we continued our march, hearing loud shouts of lamentation and dismay on all sides of us.

At daybreak we could see the Kisii thickly covering the hills in every direction, but they were maintaining a respectable distance from us. They did not molest us again. Just an hour before noon, we topped a ridge that overlooked Kisii boma. To my intense relief, I saw the Union Jack floating gaily above Northcote's house. He was safe, and so was the boma.

We marched into the little post a few minutes before midday, having covered the eighty-four miles in forty-eight hours. It was a record march with porters for East Africa at that time.

"However clever you may be," I laughed, employing the Nandi proverb used in connection with a boast, "can you see the back of your necks?"

They looked somewhat abashed for a moment; then one of them retorted: "One of us will not kill a house, but we two shall accomplish your orders, Bwana."

An Enraged Priestess

AS the first rosy tints of dawn flicked the east, I was called from my tent. On going outside, I found my two policemen holding a very angry and fat native woman firmly by each arm.

"The Laibon!" they greeted me, laconically. "This very beautiful woman is the sister of many," added one of them, with a grin of amusement, as he glanced at the repulsive face of the high priestess.

It was with great elation that I escorted the Laibon to the tent of the military commander of the punitive expedition. He was not so pleased at my coup as he ought to have been. He was due to retire and this was his last war—and it had not lasted many days. Furthermore, this was the second occasion on which the East African police had scored off his military command.

There remained only the terms of peace to be arranged. These were soon settled; and the Kisii people were fined three thousand sheep and a thousand head of cattle for the murders of the native traders and for wounding Northcote.

On the following day, I was ordered to return to Kisumu as escort to the Laibon and captured stock. On the homeward march, I had many an interesting talk with the old Laibon woman. She told me that she had no idea that there were so many white men in the world, and that, if she had known there were so many and with such powerful magic, nothing would have induced her to pit her strength against them. She further informed me that she had believed that, if she got rid of Northcote, her former power would be restored to her.

Since then, the Kisii have never attempted to question the powers of civilization; and the she-Laibon dwells in exile in the coastal regions of Africa. If she harbors any ill-feeling in her savage heart, they are probably those of deadly hate for me. Qu'en savez-vous? I frankly neither know nor care. To-day, in Kisii, her name is never spoken. She is forgotten—forgotten by the very people over whom she once wielded such power. Memories are short, and an African's heart they are shorter than in anyone else's. Maybe she has forgotten, also.

Four months later I was homeward bound on six months' leave, at the expiration of my period of special service with the East African police. It was with feelings of regret that I said good-bye to my comrades. As the Nubians say: "He who shall once have tasted of the waters of the Nile will return again to drink thereof." I hope the future will prove this true in my case, for Africa is a land full of exciting attractions.

(Copyright, 1924)
NEXT WEEK:
"BATTLES SEA AND ICE IN A 30-FOOTER"
By
JOHN T. ROWLAND

Monkey Gland Surgeon Has To Turn Many Patients Away

Dr. Serge Voronoff Says His Operation Successfully Makes Old Men Young Again—Old Man in His Dotage, After His Recovery, Writes Season's Best Play

EVERYBODY has heard of the "monkey-gland" treatment introduced by Dr. Voronoff, of Paris, and a good deal of scepticism has been expressed with regard to the possibility of results of permanent benefit to mankind being obtained by such a method.

More than three years have now elapsed since the news of gland-grafting first startled the world, and during this period the pioneer of rejuvenescent surgery has been going on steadily with his work, the remarkable results of which he has described in detail in a recent interview.

"I should like," he began, "to put an end to certain reports which have gained currency with respect to the results of my operations, and I am anxious to take the opportunity of making known my final judgment on the success I have had in the grafting of monkey glands on human subjects."

Asked with what ultimate object he first devised and carried out his highly novel operation, he replied: "The restoration of failing health was the one and only objective I had in view. I aimed at the restoration of energy and vitality—of the patient's eyesight, his muscular powers, his memory, and, in fact, all his mental powers."

"I am satisfied beyond a shadow of doubt," he continued, "that the great success attending my operations entirely justifies the theories I had formed and the surgical technique I now adopt. I do not say that I have had no failures, but I have always been able to trace the cause of these. I maintain, without the possibility of contradiction, that rejuvenation can be accomplished by my operation, in the case of any man whose health is failing, provided he is not suffering from any organic disease."

Dr. Voronoff went on to say that he is unable to comply with the requests of the many people who are anxious to be made young again. He has operated successfully on quite a large number of Englishmen since he

first demonstrated his method to a gathering of representative surgeons in London more than a year ago. And in this special surgical operation he has now a large number of followers.

Asked for details of the kind of people who went in for this rejuvenating operation, Dr. Voronoff, an instance of authors, dramatists, poets, journalists, teachers—men whose very livelihood depended on the vigor and clarity of their mental processes. One of these he mentioned as being in such poor health that he could scarcely put pen to paper. Dr. Voronoff, with some misgiving, did his famous operation. Six months after this his former failing subject wrote a brilliant play which brought him a fortune. Memory and intellectual energy had become fully developed once again in a mind which had been all but blank.

Another remarkable case he adduced was that of a schoolmaster, who at the age of sixty-nine felt himself unable to go on with his scholastic duties, though it was imperative that he should do so until seventy in order to qualify for a pension. Two years ago he submitted to the operation. Not only did this result in his being enabled to carry on, but so perfect a recovery of his mental vigor took place that at the age of seventy he became not only the pensioner he had despaired of ever becoming, but a successful lawyer.

The necessary glands for Dr. Voronoff's operation being, of course, obtained from monkeys, about whose fate animal lovers have expressed some concern, he was asked if they suffered so much injury that they soon died. "By no means," he replied. "Certainly they become much more tractable and less lively, but that is the only change. I have quite a large collection of these interesting creatures, all in the pink of condition."

Done in London

IN London a record book is kept by officials in which the name of the first owner of each registered car, and all subsequent owners, are carefully listed. This, and the finger print, a system of quarterly licensing, and display of license certificate virtually eliminate the automobile theft

Hunting Canadian Birds and Animals With the Camera

Nests of Bobolink and Heron Almost Impossible to Find



The sport consists of a matching of human wits against the natural shyness of the subject

If You Think Photographing Wild Life Easy, Just Try to Get a Good Picture of the Common Street Sparrow.

By LYMAN B. JACKES

PHOTOGRAPHING wild bird and animal life is no more difficult than other branches of photography, provided the subjects are willing that their portraits should be secured. But as they are seldom willing the sport consists of a matching of human wits against the natural shyness of the subject and bringing into play the most modern of naturalists' cameras whenever an advantage is gained by the hunter.

It would appear to be a very simple operation to secure a good picture of the common street sparrow. Try it once. You will then be in a sympathetic mood to listen to the stories of failures and disappointment that fill in the long spaces between the successes in the pursuit of this hobby. But a good picture—one that really shows how a bird sits or how an animal appears when first alarmed—makes up for many failures. I have practised this hobby of camera hunting for some few years in various parts of the world, and although I have made exposures by the hundred, the really serviceable negatives that have resulted would not exceed more than a few score. Of course, in that summing up I do not include flowers, nests and young birds that cannot fly. I refer to adult birds and animals.

Some subjects are best secured by flashlight. Others by enticing the victim into a desired location by food, the operator and camera being concealed nearby. But with deer, herons, crows, and many more, you have to "go and get 'em." The nature photographer soon learns to divide the possible quarry into various classifications. Even within the limits of a town or city, and, in many instances, in the country districts immediately adjoining towns and cities, there are common forms of bird life which are almost impossible to photograph. Outstanding members of this classification include the common black crow and the nest of the bobolink.

Along the deserted highway of the old Belt Line that runs east of Yonge street there are numerous bulky nests of the common black crow. As is usual with this rascal, the nests are erected at a fair elevation, but one or two of them can be reached without difficulty from neighboring trees. From the special vantage points that I have in mind, the camera lens can be brought to bear on these nests from a distance of about fifteen feet. All the hiding and watching that I have been able to work out with a view of securing the adult birds at the nest has failed; and I have never heard of anyone who has ever secured a photograph of an adult crow feeding its young at the nest. I firmly believe that the adults would let the young ones starve to death before they would return to the nest while a photographer was in the close vicinity.

Only One Bobolink's Nest Found

THE bobolink, on the other hand, has no objection to sitting for his portrait. In fact, they rather like the performance, and I have often been enabled to approach as close as seven or eight feet from the adult birds with a camera equipped with a long range lens. But when it comes to securing a picture of the nest with eggs, the problem is an entirely different one. I have tried for many hours during three successive nesting seasons to locate the nest of the bobolink and have nothing but failure and some interesting stories for my trouble. The tantalizing point about the hunt is the fact that you know approximately the location of the nests; but so skillful are these birds at covering and hiding their home that the task becomes most perplexing.

The bobolink nests in the ground, always in the thickest of dense grass. But I know personally of only one man who has ever seen a bobolink's nest with the eggs in it.

Over to the north of Moore Park there is a

small field of about five acres, where every spring some forty or fifty pairs of bobolink have been in the habit of nesting. That would appear to be a simple problem to locate the nests on such a small piece of ground. But let us see what happens when the photographer draws near.

The assertion has been made that the bobolink, like the red winged black bird, is a polygamist. It is probably true as the number of females of a flock often appears to be greatly in excess of the males. The males spend much of their time during daylight searching for the approach of intruders. When one appears the warning call is the signal for all the families to cover the nests with grass and depart. That is why the usual first sight of a bobolink colony generally presents a few male birds chirping a challenge to you from a fence post or low tree, and a number of female birds flying in various directions just over the tall grass. The birds are most reluctant to return to the nest while a visitor is near.

I know of only one man in Canada who has succeeded in locating a bobolink nest with eggs. He approached a field, goaded almost to desperation by the cunning ways of the birds. He sank slowly down in the tall grass by the fence corner and then crawled through the grass to a point some distance away. Here he seated himself and took out his binoculars, and after half an hour he saw a female bird go into a certain patch of thick grass. The bird carried a grub each time to the spot and flew away without it. He was certain that a nest was there. Being a bit of an engineer, as well as a nature student, he took a bearing on the line of the nest from him and then crawled carefully through the grass to a point from which he could get a cross-bearing. After another half hour the bird came back and gave him the approximate

location of the nest. He sprang up suddenly and rushed toward the spot. He saw the bird dart from the grass and hurled his hat toward the spot from which she had darted. He searched the grass in the vicinity for more than an hour, knowing that he was not far from the object of his search by the excited action of the birds overhead. In telling the tale to me afterwards he

stated that he covered every inch of the ground on an area of twenty square feet, but could not find the nest. Disgusted, he picked up his hat, and there was the much sought for nest underneath it. He rushed back for his cameras and secured a picture of this rare find. He described it as a cunning little pocket of grass tucked in the roots of a thick clump of dank growth. A large spreading leaf completely covered the nest when the bird was not sitting. There were five young birds, just recently hatched, in the nest.

Red Feather as Bait
It has often been demonstrated that birds, and especially animals, are very poor judges of distance. Many animals of the Canadian woodland are also very curious, and it is sometimes possible to unite these two factors in the securing of a decent picture. I had an opportunity of demonstrating this up north recently. A party of visitors had sighted two deer feeding some distance away and were watching them with lenses on their cameras; so they sat on the edge of a clearing watching the subjects that they longed to photograph. It was thus that I found them.

A large red feather stuck into my hat was the bait used to attract the attention of the animals as I moved slowly forward, and at sixty-



The Cedar Warbler and its nest



A Deer photographed in N. Ont. Woods closer than 25 ft.



A Blue Heron by its nest

Lunch time with the field sparrows

Wild Goose on her nest.



A Heron sentry guarding a colony. Tree felled by weight of Heron's nest.

ried a grub each time to the spot and flew away without it. He was certain that a nest was there. Being a bit of an engineer, as well as a nature student, he took a bearing on the line of the nest from him and then crawled carefully through the grass to a point from which he could get a cross-bearing. After another half hour the bird came back and gave him the approximate

location of the nest. He sprang up suddenly and rushed toward the spot. He saw the bird dart from the grass and hurled his hat toward the spot from which she had darted. He searched the grass in the vicinity for more than an hour, knowing that he was not far from the object of his search by the excited action of the birds overhead. In telling the tale to me afterwards he

stated that he covered every inch of the ground on an area of twenty square feet, but could not find the nest. Disgusted, he picked up his hat, and there was the much sought for nest underneath it. He rushed back for his cameras and secured a picture of this rare find. He described it as a cunning little pocket of grass tucked in the roots of a thick clump of dank growth. A large spreading leaf completely covered the nest when the bird was not sitting. There were five young birds, just recently hatched, in the nest.

Red Feather as Bait

It has often been demonstrated that birds, and especially animals, are very poor judges of distance. Many animals of the Canadian woodland are also very curious, and it is sometimes possible to unite these two factors in the securing of a decent picture. I had an opportunity of demonstrating this up north recently. A party of visitors had sighted two deer feeding some distance away and were watching them with lenses on their cameras; so they sat on the edge of a clearing watching the subjects that they longed to photograph. It was thus that I found them.

A large red feather stuck into my hat was the bait used to attract the attention of the animals as I moved slowly forward, and at sixty-

The Blue Heron's Nest

THE herons never leave their colony unguarded. A sentry is always left when the adults go away to gather food. With the powerful binoculars I have often picked up the sentry as he stood on the extremity of the tallest tree, but I never saw him until after he had seen me. Before I could get to the colony he had his radio at work and from all directions the others were returning. During the nesting season the heron becomes very vicious and will resent anyone climbing his tree to leave his calling card. On occasions they will build at lower levels and in such cases will generally think twice before attacking the nature photographer, especially if he is armed with an axe in addition to his other equipment.

The nest of the heron is a huge affair composed of large sticks interwoven and plastered with a large quantity of mud. They return to the same nests year after year, and as the colony grows they build new ones. I have estimated the weight of some nests at five hundred pounds, and in a large colony it is not unusual to find several nests on the ground. If they fall with the young in them the parents do not seem to care anything further and will let the helpless ones starve to death or be eaten by foxes. This would tend to disrupt the popular theory that the stork cares about babies, but it is probably a safety first movement, as the fox is ever on the look-out for a heron dinner, and the heron cannot rise to the wing very quickly from the ground. His long legs trail out and tempt the fox to follow.

After the preliminary excitement of the arrival of a human visitor subsides it is possible to get some very decent pictures, especially if the camera is equipped with a long-range lens. The herons will stand by their nest and pose for several minutes, allowing the use of long exposures for detail. If you want to tempt them to the shore after you have your camera set and focused, choose an open spot and put a small supply of dead fish. You should not have to wait long from your place of concealment. The heron is a wonderful scavenger, and we do not think of his efforts in this direction to the tidy and sanitary condition of our northern lakes. We spend our vacation upon their glassy waters.

Canada is a favored land amid the nations of the North American continent for nature photography; for the reason that so many birds do their nest building here. Nature clubs and naturalists are only beginning to understand the great task that lies before the camera in the field of Canadian nature study, and I do not think it is venturing too far into the realm of prophecy to predict that within the next few years there will be Canadians who will become internationally famous through their efforts to develop this hobby.

Thankful for Radio

PARSON: Why don't we see you at church now?

Brown: I hear my sermons by radio now—and put fifteen shillings in the plate once a year.—Strix, Stockholm.

Ancient Ox-Carts Still Haul Loads of Cane In Sunny Cuba, the Sugar Bowl of the World

Mills, Called "Centrals," Are Up-to-Date Concrete Structures, But Some Aspects of Manufacture Are Romantic and Human—Cane Needs Replanting Only Every Third Year.

By VICTORIA HAYWARD

FAMILIAR as household words have become the old Persian poet's line, "A jug of wine, and—thou!" But if the renowned Omar had lived in Cuba he must have written, "A stick of sugar-cane, and—thou," and the "thou" conjugated or declined, to embrace any body in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. But chiefly, I think, it would have stood for the—sun.

And the "wine" would have been changed from the juice of the grape—to rum—juice of the cane—Bacardi, to be exact, without any loss whatsoever in strength, poetic or—otherwise.

Thus does the tale of sugar as it is written in Cuba play havoc with established lines of life. And sweeping them away write in place an epic of its own.

Eagerly have pens sought to limn the romance of sugar, knowing full well that the romance of sugar is the romance of Cuba.

Thus some pens starting out to write of sugar begin with the island, and yet others sworn to the tale of "The Queen of the Antilles" find themselves enmeshed in the web of cane.

But however it be, it is a sweet tale. A tale of the cool tropic mornings and evenings, with a long noon-day interval for potaje, Bacardi and—tobacco, for siestas and dreams in the deep cool shade of some lofty hacienda, or if that be unavailable—the leafy coolness afforded of the nearest ceiba tree—the tree that once was chosen of the Cuban people as "The Hall of Justice" in the instance of the Spanish surrender to the American troops.

That colorful novel of Hergesheimer's, "The Bright Shawl," is the soul and spirit of the Havana and the Cuba of the Spanish occupation. It is a charmingly written history, no less than an engaging novel. It is the Maria Chappelaine of the tropics.

It is no mere pun to say that cane was the root out of which sprang the whole attitude of dominating Castile toward the Cuba, which from richest colony by a system of political crushing, no less yielding in its way than the great crusher of cane in the Centrals, was reduced to poverty, rebellion, and strange and paradoxical as it may seem, eventually to freedom, Spain wanted the sugar of Cuba. And to get it she ground both Cuba and the Cubans—

It was a fatal mistake. And yet a fate that was eventually to prove itself beneficent, outwitted the lesser and self-evident fatalism of Spanish cruelty. In two words, this period of sugar history may be summed up—ignorance and absentee owners.

Fear ruled all life on the island at this period. What would you think, if no one lived in the country, the farmer away from his farm, in Canada? It would seem absurd from the human angle, and from the point of view of the land it would be a desolation and a throw-back. It was all this in Cuba.

There were no country homes whatever there, as we understand them. The owners of the vast

sugar estates lived in Madrid or Paris—at best in Havana. The workers, overseers, etc., lived in villages miles, more or less, away, as the different "estates" radiated in all directions. The sugar-mill was strongly fortified, as fortifications went in those days, with romantic, round white watchtowers against raids by pirates and others, no less piratical though not directly voyaging under "skull and cross-bones." And then the machinery at best was simple and old. It could not grind as the modern call for sugar demanded. And so, when Cuba got its freedom sugar got its freedom, too. The face of the country broadened into smiling fields. And modern business, which is just as romantic a figure as any knight of old, when it rescues a commercial maiden like sugar or azucar from the vice-like clutch of disintegration—took cane in hand.

Mills Run Only 6 Months—

SHOULD you wish to witness a commercial miracle the evolution which has taken place in Cuba in sugar is one. Cuba is now variously spoken of as "The Sugar-plum," "The Sugar-bowl of the World," "Miss Sweetness" and I know not how many more such terms.

The "mills," called "centrals," are of up-to-date concrete structure. The machinery, the latest and most-advanced world designs, and beside the staff of efficient engineers there are resident chemists, a spotless laboratory and office; and galleries for visitors; a restaurant for the men, with the menu embracing everything from soup to the finest European liquors. So that the American visitor out for the day from Havana may call for what fancy prompts and have it served indoors or on the verandah or in the garden. Houses of the manager and the employees cluster about to form a modern and charming village, with flower gardens and electric light. The mills run for six months of the year; in which time they grind that year's crop of cane. In

summer they shut down and the manager, the chemist and others are free to go north, as most of them do, to spend the summer in some cooler clime—Canada or the United States.

That is the straight, big sugar story—the story of the big estate efficiently planted and reaped, the big mill efficiently machined, scientifically manned, working like the works of a fine watch, from the moment the cane is received till the refined sugar in bags boards its own private cart that leaves from tracks at the door.

But sugar is still romantic and human, in many of its ramifications. Nothing has been invented to take the place of the ox-cart to haul the loads of cane to the "central" door, if the field be near, or to the waiting car for the sugar centrals, or many of them have their own short-line railroads, from mill to field and from mill to port—if the port is off the main-line of Cuban railroads.

Nothing stands the trying climate better than oxen, and food for them exists in the tops of the cane itself. And you see the ox tethered on the fields right behind the cane-cutters.

The cane, too, is cut by hand. No machinery has been invented like the harvester of wheat, with its sickle keen, and so the cutlass, suggestive blade of the heavy machete in the hand of a dozen or more native Cubans, native Jamaicans, possibly a sprinkling or two of the latest emigrants from Spain (for every week the big Spanish liners coming in to Havana have decks black with emigrants to Cuba or Mexico), swishes its way through and clears the field of the up-standing cane.

The cane that only calls for a replanting every three years, and not always then, thanks to the rich red earth of Cuba which seems to be the original source of "the life-blood of sugar"—the juice of the cane, on which Cuban children of the nearby villages, no less than the horses and oxen, seem to fatten.

The Man Who Kept His Form —By John Galsworthy

ILLUSTRATED BY P. F. WILFORD

The Story of a Gallant Soul Who Played the Game Right to the End Through Tough Luck and Adversity, Told By the Famous Author of "The Forsyte Saga" and Other Stories.

IN these days the old flavors of life are out of fashion, the old scents considered stale; "gentleman" is a word to sneer at, and "form" a sign of idiocy.

And yet there are families in the British Isles in which gentility has persisted for hundreds of years, and such gentilefolk often have a certain quality, a kind of inner pluck bred into them, which is not to be despised at all.

This is why I tell you my recollections of Miles Ruding.

My first sight of him—if a new boy may look at a monitor—was on my rather wretched second day at a public school. The three other pups who occupied an attic with me had gone out, and I was ruefully considering whether I had a right to any wall-space on which to hang two small oleographs depicting very scarlet horsemen on very bay horses, jumping very brown hedges, which my mother had bought for me, thinking they might be suitable to the manly taste for which public schools are celebrated. I had taken them out of my playbox, together with the photographs of my parents and eldest sister, and spread them all on the window-seat. I was gazing at the little show lugubriously when the door was opened by a boy in "tails."

"Hallo!" he said. "You new?" "Yes," I answered in a mouse-like voice.

"I'm Ruding. Head of the house. You get an allowance of two bob weekly when it's not stopped. You'll see the fagging lists on the board. You don't get any fagging first fortnight. What's your name?"

"Bartlett." "Oh, ah!" He examined a piece of paper in his hand. "You're one of mine. How are you getting on?" "Pretty well."

"That's all right." He seemed about to withdraw, so I asked him hastily. "Please, am I allowed to hang these pictures?" "Rather—any pictures you like. Let's look at them!" He came forward. When his eyes fell on the array, he said abruptly, "Oh, sorry," and, taking up the oleos, he turned his back on the photographs. A new boy is something of a psychologist, out of sheer fright, and when he said "Sorry!" because his eyes had fallen on the effigies of my people, I felt somehow that he couldn't be a beast. "You got these at Tomkins?" he said. "I had the same my first term. Not bad. I should put 'em up here."

While he was holding them to the wall I took a "squint" at him. He seemed to me of a fabulous height—about five feet ten. I suppose, thin and bolt upright. His hair was peculiar, dark and crisp, with a reddish tinge, and his dark-grey eyes were small and deep in, his cheekbones rather high, his cheeks thin and touched with freckles. His nose, chin, and cheekbones all seemed a little large for his face as yet. But he looked straight, and had a nice smile.

"Well, young Bartlett," he said, handing me back the pictures, "buck up, and you'll be all right."

Torn Between Loyalties

MILES RUDING was not brilliant, but pretty good at everything. He was not exactly popular—being reserved, far from showy, and not rich—but he had no "side," and never either patronized or abused his juniors. He was not indulgent to him-

self or others, but he was very just. He never fell off in "trials" at the end of a term, and was always playing as hard as the finish of a match as at the start. One would have said he had an exacting conscience, but he was certainly the last person to mention such a thing. He was greatly respected without seeming to care. In my fifth term and Ruding's last but one, there had been some disciplinary rumpus in the house, which had hurt the dignity of the captain of the football "torpid" eleven—a big Irish boy who played back and was the mainstay of the side. It happened on the eve of our first house match and the sensation may be imagined when this important person refused to play. The house rocked with pro and con. My sympathies, in common with nearly all below the second fifth, lay with Donnelly against the sixth form. His defection had left me captain of the side, so that the question whether we could play at all depended on me. If I declared a sympathetic strike, the rest would follow. That evening I was alone and still in two minds, when Ruding came into my room. He leaned against the door, and said: "Well, Bartlett, you're not going to rat?"

"I—I don't think Donnelly ought to have been—been whopped," I stammered.

"That as may be," he said, "but the house comes first. You know that." "Torn between the loyalties, I was silent."

"Look here, young Bartlett," he said suddenly. "It'll be a disgrace to us, all, and it hangs on you."

"All right," I said sulkily. "I'll play."

"Good chap!" "But I don't think Donnelly ought to have been whopped," I repeated manly. "He's—he's too big."

"One of these days," Ruding said slowly, "you'll be head of the house yourself. You'll have to keep up the prestige of the sixth form. If you let great iouks like Donnelly cheek little wunt six-formers with impunity, you'll let the whole show down. My old governor runs a district in Bengal, about as big as Wales, on the prestige. He's often talked to me about it. I hate whopping anybody, but I'd much rather whop a lout like Donnelly than I would a little fellow like you. He's a swine anyway for turning the house down because his back is sore! Shake hands, and do your best to-morrow, won't you?"

I put out my hand with a show of reluctance, though secretly won over.

We got an awful hiding, but I can still hear Ruding's voice yelling. "Well played, Bartlett! Well played!"

"I have only one other school recollection of Miles Ruding which lets any real light in on him. On the day he left for good I happened to travel up to town in the same carriage. He sat looking through the window back at the old hill, and I distinctly saw a tear run down his cheek. He must have been conscious that I had remarked the phenomenon, for he said suddenly:

"Jove! I've got a grit in my eye," and began to pull the eyelid down in a manner which did not deceive me in the least.

I then lost sight of him completely for several years. His people were not well off, and he did not go up to the Varsity. He once said to me: "My family's beastly old, and beastly poor."

Fruit Growing in B.C.

IT was during one of my Odysseys in connection with sport that I saw him again. He was growing fruit on a ranch in Vancouver Island.



Ruding said quietly: "Here you are; it's the genuine thing," and disappeared.

When I ran across Ruding in the club at Victoria and he invited me to stay with him, I expected rows of fine trees with large pears and apples hanging on them, a Colonial house with a broad verandah, and Ruding in ducks, among rifles and fishing rods, and spirited horses. What I found was a bare new wooden house, not yet painted, in a clearing of the heavy forest. His fruit trees had only just been planted, and he would be lucky if he got a crop within three years. He wore blue jeans, and worked about twelve hours a day, felling timber and clearing fresh ground. He had one horse to ride and drive, and got off for a day's shooting or fishing about once a month. He had three Chinese boys working under him, and lived rarely as sparingly as they. He had been out of England eight years, and this was his second venture—the first in Southern California had failed after three years of drought. He would be all right for water here, he said, which seemed likely enough in a country whose rainfall is superior to that of England.

"How the deuce do you stand the loneliness?" I said.

"Oh! one gets used to it. Besides, this isn't lonely. Good Heavens, no! You should see some places!"

Living this sort of life, he yet seemed exactly what he used to be. In fact, he had kept his form. He had English papers sent out to him, and read Victorian poetry, and history natural and unnatural, in the evenings over his pipe. He shaved every day, had his cold tub every morning, and treated his Chinese boys as he used to treat us new boys at school; so far as I could tell, they seemed to have for him much the feelings we used to have—a respect not amounting to fear, and a liking not quite rising to affection.

"I couldn't live here without a woman," I said one evening.

He sighed. "I couldn't ask a girl to marry me till the place is fit for her. This fruit-growing's always a gamble at first."

"You're an idealist," I said.

He seemed to shrink, and it occurred to me suddenly that if there were anything he hated, it would be a generalization like that. But I was in a teasing mood.

"You're keeping up the prestige of the English gentleman."

His teeth gritted on his pipe-stem. "I'm dashed if I'm keeping up anything except my end; that's quite enough."

It seems their families were old neighbors, and when Ruding came back after having been away in the New World for twelve years he was something of a curiosity. If not of a breed, he seemed superior to the rattle-pated young men about who—here daughter of Fulham gave me a side-long glance—and one day he had done a thing which toppled her into his arms. She was to go to a fancy dress ball one evening as a Chinese lady. Back in the morning a cat upset a bottle of ink over her dress and reduced it to ruin. What was to be done? All the elaborate mask of make-up and head-dressing, which she had rehearsed to such perfection, sacrificed for want of a dress to wear it with! Ruding left that scene of desolation possessed by his own great creative impulse.

It seemed that he had in London a Chinese lady's dress which he had brought home with him from San Francisco. No trains from Market Harborough could possibly get him up to town and back in time, so he had promptly commandeered the only neighboring motor car, driven it at a rate which must have been fabulous in those days to a fast train junction, got the dress, sent daughter of Fulham a wire, returned at the same furious pace, and appeared before her door with the dress at eight forty-five. Daughter of Fulham received him in her dressing-gown, with hair combed back and her face beautifully painted. Ruding said quietly:

"Here you are. It's the genuine thing," and disappeared before she had time to thank him. That night she accepted him. "Miles didn't properly propose to me," she said; "I saw he couldn't bear to, because of what he'd done, so I just had to tell him not to keep his form so awfully. And here we are! He is a dear, isn't he?"

In his dealings with her he certainly was, for she was a self-centred little person.

She Couldn't Stick

THEY went to Vancouver Island in September. The following January I heard that he had joined a Yeomanry contingent and gone out to fight the Boers. He left his wife in England with her people on his way. I met her once or twice before he was invalided home with enteric. She told me that she had opposed his going till she had found out that it was making him miserable. "And yet,

"And exactly the same thing," I murmured.

All that week of my visit I looked for some sign of deterioration—of the coarsening or softening, which one felt ought naturally to come of such a life. Honestly, I could not find a trace, save that he wouldn't touch whisky, as if he were afraid of it, and shied away at any mention of women.

"Aren't you ever coming home?" I asked when I was taking leave.

"When I've made good here," he said. "I shall come back and marry."

"And then out again?"

"I expect so. I've got no money, you know."

Miles Wins a Wife

FOUR years later I happened to see the following in the Times: "Ruding—Fulham, At St. Thomas' Market Harborough. Miles Ruding, of Bear Ranch, Vancouver Island, to Blanche, daughter of Charles Fulham, J.P., Market Harborough." So it seemed he had made good! But I wondered what "daughter of Fulham" would make of it out there.

Well, I came across Ruding and his wife that very summer at Eastbourne, where they were spending the butt end of their long honeymoon. She was pleasant, pretty, vivacious—too vivacious I felt when I thought of Bear Ranch; and Ruding himself, under the stimulus of his new venture, was as nearly creating as I ever saw him. We dined and bathed, played tennis, went riding on the downs together. Daughter of Fulham was quite "a sport"—though, indeed, in 1909 that word had hardly come into use. I confess to wondering why, exactly, she had married my friend, till she gave me the history of it one evening.

Then, of course, came that which a man like Ruding is the last to imagine possible. Daughter of Fulham met a young man in the Buirs or Greens or Blues, and went off with him. That happened early in 1906, just as he was beginning to see the end of his troubles with Bear Ranch.

He came home six thousand miles to give her a divorce. I never had more whole-hearted admiration for Ruding than I had that day, watching him, in that pretentiously crooked court among us tight-tipped, curly-minded lawyers, giving his unemotional evidence. It was not I only who was moved by the little speech he made to the judge. "My lord, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life, so far away." It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the judge made him, as if saying: "Sir, as one gentleman to another."

I had made to the judge. "My lord, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life, so far away." It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the judge made him, as if saying: "Sir, as one gentleman to another."

I had made to the judge. "My lord, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life, so far away." It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the judge made him, as if saying: "Sir, as one gentleman to another."

I had made to the judge. "My lord, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life, so far away." It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the judge made him, as if saying: "Sir, as one gentleman to another."

I had made to the judge. "My lord, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life, so far away." It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the judge made him, as if saying: "Sir, as one gentleman to another."

I had made to the judge. "My lord, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life, so far away." It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the judge made him, as if saying: "Sir, as one gentleman to another."

I had made to the judge. "My lord, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life, so far away." It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the judge made him, as if saying: "Sir, as one gentleman to another."

I had made to the judge. "My lord, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life, so far away." It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the judge made him, as if saying: "Sir, as one gentleman to another."

I had made to the judge. "My lord, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life, so far away." It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the judge made him, as if saying: "Sir, as one gentleman to another."

I had made to the judge. "My lord, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life, so far away." It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the judge made him, as if saying: "Sir, as one gentleman to another."

I had made to the judge. "My lord, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life, so far away." It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the judge made him, as if saying: "Sir, as one gentleman to another."

I had made to the judge. "My lord, I would like to say that I have no bitter feelings; I think it was my fault for asking a woman to share a rough, lonely life, so far away." It gave me a queer pleasure to see the little bow the judge made him, as if saying: "Sir, as one gentleman to another."

sale. Some enterprising gentleman, interested in real estate, had reported the discovery of coal seams which greatly enhanced the value of Bear Ranch and several neighboring properties. Ruding was offered a big sum. He took it, and had already left the neighborhood when the report about coal was duly disproved. Ruding at once offered to cancel the price, and take the agricultural value of the property. His offer was naturally accepted, and the disgust of other owners who had sold on the original rashness he bought another ranch on the mainland.

How he spent the next eight years I only vaguely know. I don't think he came home at all. Cunningham spoke of him as "Still the same steady-going chap, awfully respected; but no one knows him very well. He looks much as he did, except that he's gone grey."

The War Came

THEN, like a bolt from hell, came the Great War. I can imagine Ruding almost glad. He would see it as the inevitable struggle, the long-expected chance to show what he and his country were made of. And I must confess that on the evidence he seems to have been made of even better stuff than his country. He began by dyeing his hair. By dint of this and by shelling the eight of his age so that it sounded like forty he was accepted, and, owing to his Transvaal experience, given a commission in Kitchener's army. But he did not get out to France till early in 1916. He was considered by his colonel the best officer in the regiment for training recruits, and his hair, of course, had gone grey again. They said he chafed terribly at being kept at home. In the spring of 1916 he was mentioned in despatches, and that summer was badly gassed on the Somme. I went to see him in the hospital. He had grown a little grey moustache, but otherwise seemed quite unchanged. I grasped at once that he was one of those whose nerve—no matter what happened to him—would see it through. He dwelt quietly, without visible emotion, in that universal atmosphere of death. All was in the day's work, so long as the country emerged victorious; nor did there seem the least doubt in his mind but that it would so emerge. A part of me went with him all the way, but a part of me stared at him in curiosity, surprise, admiration, and a sort of contempt, as at a creature too single-hearted and uncomplicated.

I saw him several times in that hospital at Teignmouth, where he recovered slowly.

One day I asked him point blank whether one's nerve was not bound to go in time. He looked a little surprised and said rather coldly: "Not if your heart's in the right place."

"That was it to a 'T.' Whatever Ruding would have to blow him up bodily—there was no detaching his heart from the rest of him. And that's what I mean by an inbred quality, the inner pluck that you can bet on."

He went out again in 1917, and was out for the rest of the war. He did nothing very startling or brilliant; but, as at school, he was always on the ball, finishing as hard as when he started. At the armistice he was a lieutenant-colonel, a major when he was gassed, and at the age of fifty-three, with the various weaknesses which gas and a prolonged strain leave in a man of that age, but no pensionable disability. He went back to Vancouver, and said rather coldly: "Not if your heart's in the right place."

"That was it to a 'T.' Whatever Ruding would have to blow him up bodily—there was no detaching his heart from the rest of him. And that's what I mean by an inbred quality, the inner pluck that you can bet on."

He went out again in 1917, and was out for the rest of the war. He did nothing very startling or brilliant; but, as at school, he was always on the ball, finishing as hard as when he started. At the armistice he was a lieutenant-colonel, a major when he was gassed, and at the age of fifty-three, with the various weaknesses which gas and a prolonged strain leave in a man of that age, but no pensionable disability. He went back to Vancouver, and said rather coldly: "Not if your heart's in the right place."

"That was it to a 'T.' Whatever Ruding would have to blow him up bodily—there was no detaching his heart from the rest of him. And that's what I mean by an inbred quality, the inner pluck that you can bet on."

He went out again in 1917, and was out for the rest of the war. He did nothing very startling or brilliant; but, as at school, he was always on the ball, finishing as hard as when he started. At the armistice he was a lieutenant-colonel, a major when he was gassed, and at the age of fifty-three, with the various weaknesses which gas and a prolonged strain leave in a man of that age, but no pensionable disability. He went back to Vancouver, and said rather coldly: "Not if your heart's in the right place."

"That was it to a 'T.' Whatever Ruding would have to blow him up bodily—there was no detaching his heart from the rest of him. And that's what I mean by an inbred quality, the inner pluck that you can bet on."

He went out again in 1917, and was out for the rest of the war. He did nothing very startling or brilliant; but, as at school, he was always on the ball, finishing as hard as when he started. At the armistice he was a lieutenant-colonel, a major when he was gassed, and at the age of fifty-three, with the various weaknesses which gas and a prolonged strain leave in a man of that age, but no pensionable disability. He went back to Vancouver, and said rather coldly: "Not if your heart's in the right place."

"That was it to a 'T.' Whatever Ruding would have to blow him up bodily—there was no detaching his heart from the rest of him. And that's what I mean by an inbred quality, the inner pluck that you can bet on."

He went out again in 1917, and was out for the rest of the war. He did nothing very startling or brilliant; but, as at school, he was always on the ball, finishing as hard as when he started. At the armistice he was a lieutenant-colonel, a major when he was gassed, and at the age of fifty-three, with the various weaknesses which gas and a prolonged strain leave in a man of that age, but no pensionable disability. He went back to Vancouver, and said rather coldly: "Not if your heart's in the right place."

"That was it to a 'T.' Whatever Ruding would have to blow him up bodily—there was no detaching his heart from the rest of him. And that's what I mean by an inbred quality, the inner pluck that you can bet on."

He went out again in 1917, and was out for the rest of the war. He did nothing very startling or brilliant; but, as at school, he was always on the ball, finishing as hard as when he started. At the armistice he was a lieutenant-colonel, a major when he was gassed, and at the age of fifty-three, with the various weaknesses which gas and a prolonged strain leave in a man of that age, but no pensionable disability. He went back to Vancouver, and said rather coldly: "Not if your heart's in the right place."

"That was it to a 'T.' Whatever Ruding would have to blow him up bodily—there was no detaching his heart from the rest of him. And that's what I mean by an inbred quality, the inner pluck that you can bet on."

He went out again in 1917, and was out for the rest of the war. He did nothing very startling or brilliant; but, as at school, he was always on the ball, finishing as hard as when he started. At the armistice he was a lieutenant-colonel, a major when he was gassed, and at the age of fifty-three, with the various weaknesses which gas and a prolonged strain leave in a man of that age, but no pensionable disability. He went back to Vancouver, and said rather coldly: "Not if your heart's in the right place."

"That was it to a 'T.' Whatever Ruding would have to blow him up bodily—there was no detaching his heart from the rest of him. And that's what I mean by an inbred quality, the inner pluck that you can bet on."

He went out again in 1917, and was out for the rest of the war. He did nothing very startling or brilliant; but, as at school, he was always on the ball, finishing as hard as when he started. At the armistice he was a lieutenant-colonel, a major when he was gassed, and at the age of fifty-three, with the various weaknesses which gas and a prolonged strain leave in a man of that age, but no pensionable disability. He went back to Vancouver, and said rather coldly: "Not if your heart's in the right place."

"That was it to a 'T.' Whatever Ruding would have to blow him up bodily—there was no detaching his heart from the rest of him. And that's what I mean by an inbred quality, the inner pluck that you can bet on."

He went out again in 1917, and was out for the rest of the war. He did nothing very startling or brilliant; but, as at school, he was always on the ball, finishing as hard as when he started. At the armistice he was a lieutenant-colonel, a major when he was gassed, and at the age of fifty-three, with the various weaknesses which gas and a prolonged strain leave in a man of that age, but no pensionable disability. He went back to Vancouver, and said rather coldly: "Not if your heart's in the right place."

they could do for him. The government, education, and employment schemes, too, seemed all for younger men. He sat down on the "song" and the savings from his pay to wait for some ship or other out of his fleet of applications to come home. It did not come; his savings went. How did I know all this? I will tell you.

Driving a Horse Cab

ONE night last January I had occasion to take a cab from a restaurant in Soho to my club in Pall Mall. It was wet, and I got in hastily. I was sitting there comfortably from my good dinner when I had a queer feeling that I knew the cabbie. I called it a refined look. The man's hair was grey, and I began trying to recollect the profile I had glimpsed when bolting in. Suddenly with a sort of horror the thought flashed through me: Miles Ruding!

It was! When I got out and we looked each other in the face he smiled, and my lips quivered. "Old chap," I said, "draw your cab up on that stand and get in with me."

When we were sitting together in his cab we lighted cigarettes and didn't speak for quite a minute, till I burst out: "Look here! What does this mean?"

"Bread and butter." "Good heavens! And this is what the country—?"

"Bartlett," he said, through curious set lips with a little fixed smile about the corners, "cut out all that about the country. I prefer this to any more cadding for a job; that's all."

Silent from shame, I broke out at last: "It's the limit! 'What about the government?'"

"No go! All for younger men." "My dear chap!" was the only thing I could find to say.

"This isn't a bad life in good weather," he went on with the queer smile. "I've still got gassy lungs." "Do you mean to say you contemplate going on with this?"

"Till something turns up; but I'm no good at asking for things, Bartlett. I simply can't do it."

"What about your people?" "Dead or broke."

"Come and stay with me till your ship comes home."

I squeezed my arm and shook his head. That's what's so queer about gentility! If only I could have established a blood tie! Ruding would have taken help or support from his kinsfolk—would have inherited with a qualm from his second cousin that he'd never seen; but from the rest of the world it would be charity. Sitting in that cab of his, he told me, without bitterness, the tale which is that of hundreds since the war. Ruding could not be pitted to his face, it would have been impossible. And when he had finished I could only mutter:

"Well, I think it's shameful, considering what the country owes you."

He did not answer. Whatever his limitations Miles Ruding was bred to keep his form.

I nearly shook his hand off when I left him, and I could see that he disliked that excessive display of feeling. From my club doorway I saw him resume his driver's seat, the cigarette still between his lips, and the lamplight shining on his lean profile. Very still he sat—symbol of that lost cause, gentility.

(Copyright 1924)

last: "It's the limit! 'What about the government?'"

"No go! All for younger men." "My dear chap!" was the only thing I could find to say.

"This isn't a bad life in good weather," he went on with the queer smile. "I've still got gassy lungs." "Do you mean to say you contemplate going on with this?"

"Till something turns up; but I'm no good at asking for things, Bartlett. I simply can't do it."

"What about your people?" "Dead or broke."

"Come and stay with me till your ship comes home."

I squeezed my arm and shook his head. That's what's so queer about gentility! If only I could have established a blood tie! Ruding would have taken help or support from his kinsfolk—would have inherited with a qualm from his second cousin that he'd never seen; but from the rest of the world it would be charity. Sitting in that cab of his, he told me, without bitterness, the tale which is that of hundreds since the war. Ruding could not be pitted to his face, it would have been impossible. And when he had finished I could only mutter:

"Well, I think it's shameful, considering what the country owes you."

He did not answer. Whatever his limitations Miles Ruding was bred to keep his form.

I nearly shook his hand off when I left him, and I could see that he disliked that excessive display of feeling. From my club doorway I saw him resume his driver's seat, the cigarette still between his lips, and the lamplight shining on his lean profile. Very still he sat—symbol of that lost cause, gentility.

(Copyright 1924)

know, monsieur. Now, if monsieur desires, he may enter the pelouse—the oval portion of the ground inclosed by the track—where there are no special requirements."

"I won't, and you can —" explodes the Anglo-Saxon gent. His party, as of it fortunate enough to have left at home or not to have owned caps, are waiting inside the gates. He says to go in — somehow.

"If monsieur will permit, I will suggest a way," continues the racing committee's diplomat. "If monsieur will remove his casquette and place it under his coat as he enters the pelouse he may, once entered, place it back upon his head again."

Too High Taxes For These People

Angered by Tax Rate, 3,000 Armed Italian Peasants Storm Public Buildings

THREE thousand peasants, armed chiefly with cudgels and hatchets, made an organized attack on the little town of Teano, near Caserta. They stormed the municipal building, flung out the furniture, books and documents into the street, sprinkled them with benzine and soon had a gigantic bonfire blazing.

The royal commission, who was in charge, was seized and beaten, but managed afterward to make his escape and hide in a haystack until the worst was over. After the municipality came the turn of the customs office, and then the postoffice, but here the rioters were foiled by the courageous behavior of the postmaster and his daughter, who succeeded in barricading themselves in and did not leave the building until, by telephone and telegraph, they had called for help from neighboring authorities. There were only a few carabinieri in Teano. Most of them were presiding at the horse fair—the rioters had chosen their day advisedly—and the remainder were soon overpowered, one or two being rather severely wounded.

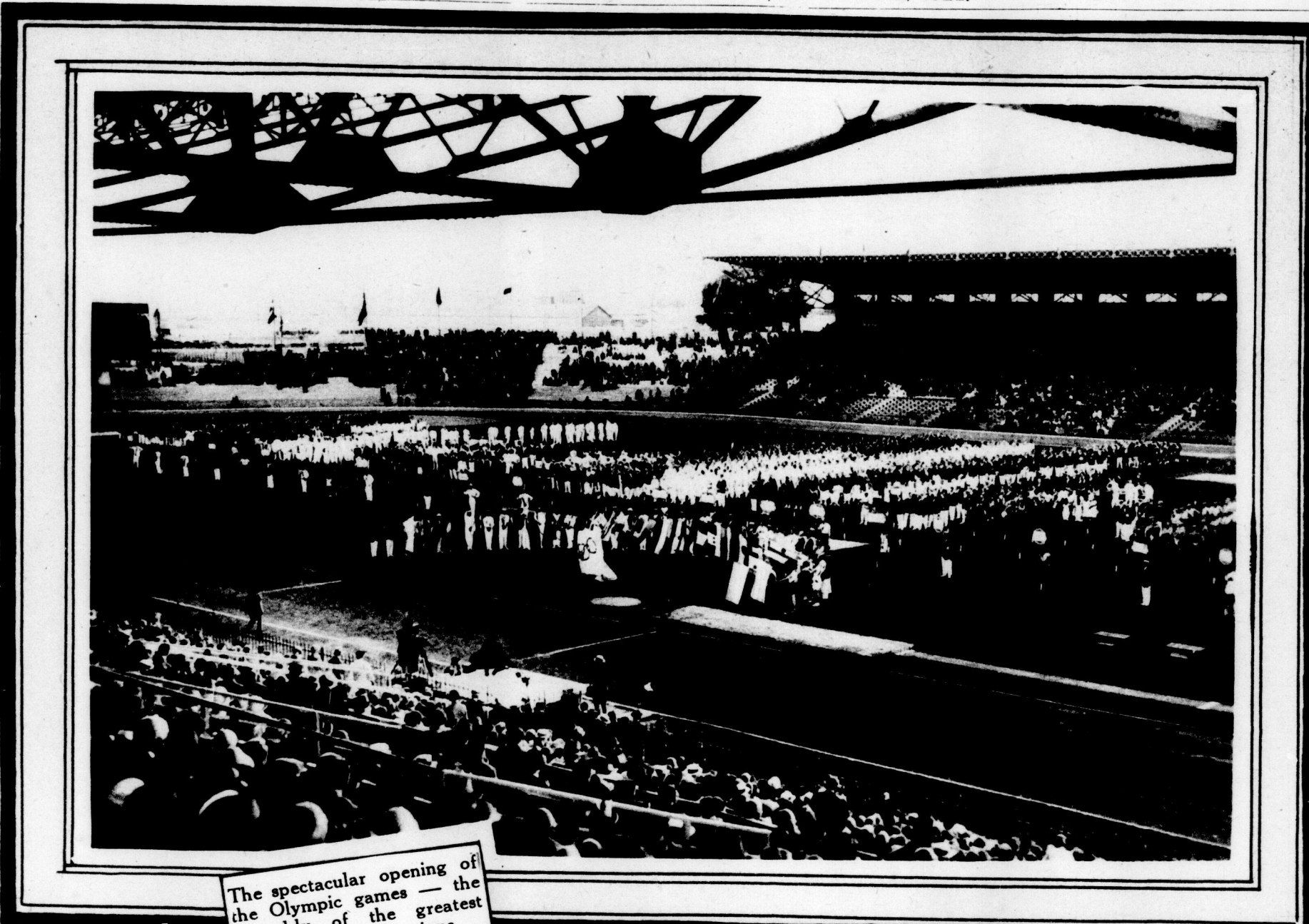
It would seem that the riot is the final explosion of popular wrath against the high local taxes and customs dues

The London Advertiser

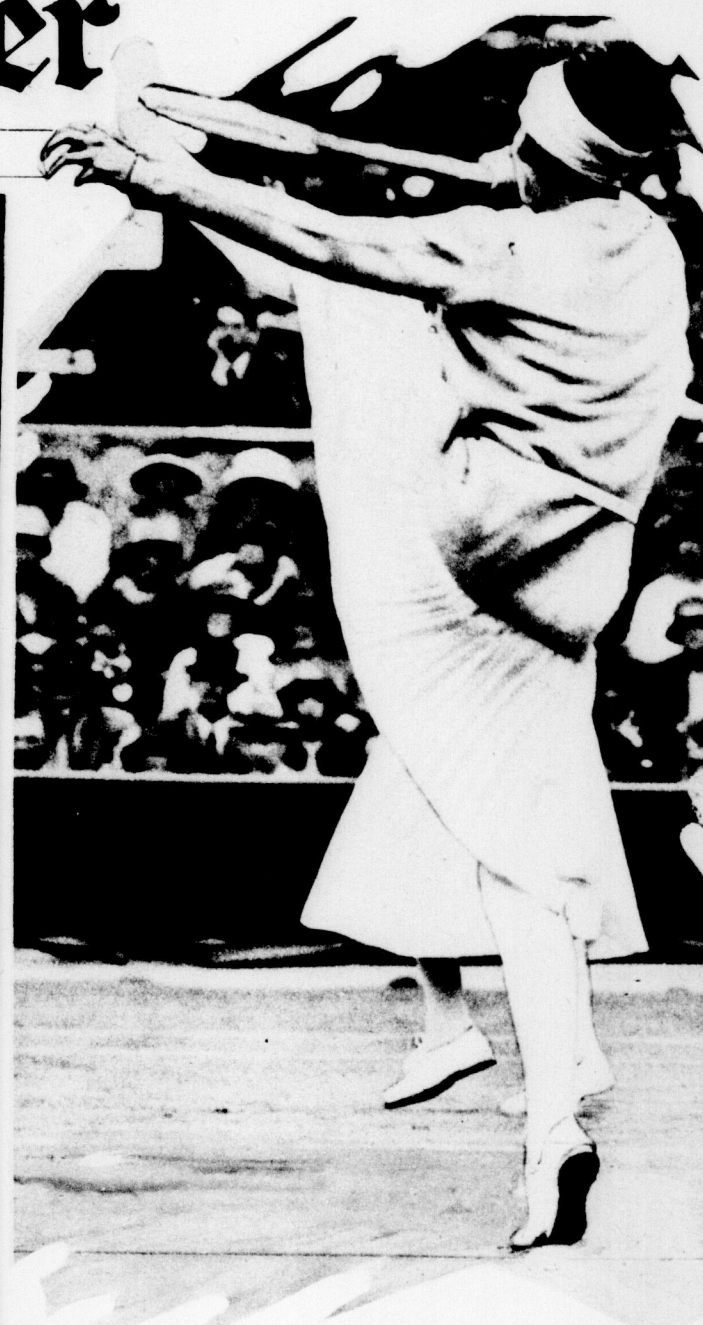
LONDON, ONT., SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1924.



The Hon. John W. Davis Democratic candidate for the presidency, is a keen and expert golfer



The spectacular opening of the Olympic games — the assembly of the greatest athletes of all nations



An extraordinary snapshot of Lenglen, the great French tennis star, playing at Wimbledon



Epinard, the famous French thoroughbred, with his trainer, Eugene Leigh, in America, to race against America's best



Mrs. Hagen embraces Walter Hagen, the great British golf champion, on his winning the British open golf championship



The Duke of York receives Ras Tafari, heir to the ancient throne of Ethiopia (Abyssinia) on his visit to England



The vast chain of punts at Henley during the great rowing regatta



Two of the actors in the filming of "The Lost World," a drama of the return to primeval ages



(Right) The Queen of Spain visits the Empire Exhibition and feeds the elephants



Mrs. Markham-McCann, wife of Dr. S. McCann of Ottawa and a god-daughter of the King, who was presented at court this season.
—Copyright by Bassano, Limited, London.



Children of the Bradford elementary schools dancing at their annual games school contest in Great Britain



Miss Dorothy Molson, of Montreal, who was presented to their Majesties at Buckingham Palace.
—Copyright by Bassano, Limited, London.



Natalie Kingston has been signed up to a long contract by Mack Sennett



(Left) Miss Norma Rogers, daughter of A. F. Rogers, of Ottawa, in her court dress in which she was presented at court.
—Copyright by Bassano, Limited, London.



(Right) Miss Gladys Rogers, who, with her sister, was presented to their Majesties at Buckingham Palace.
—Copyright by Bassano, Limited, London.



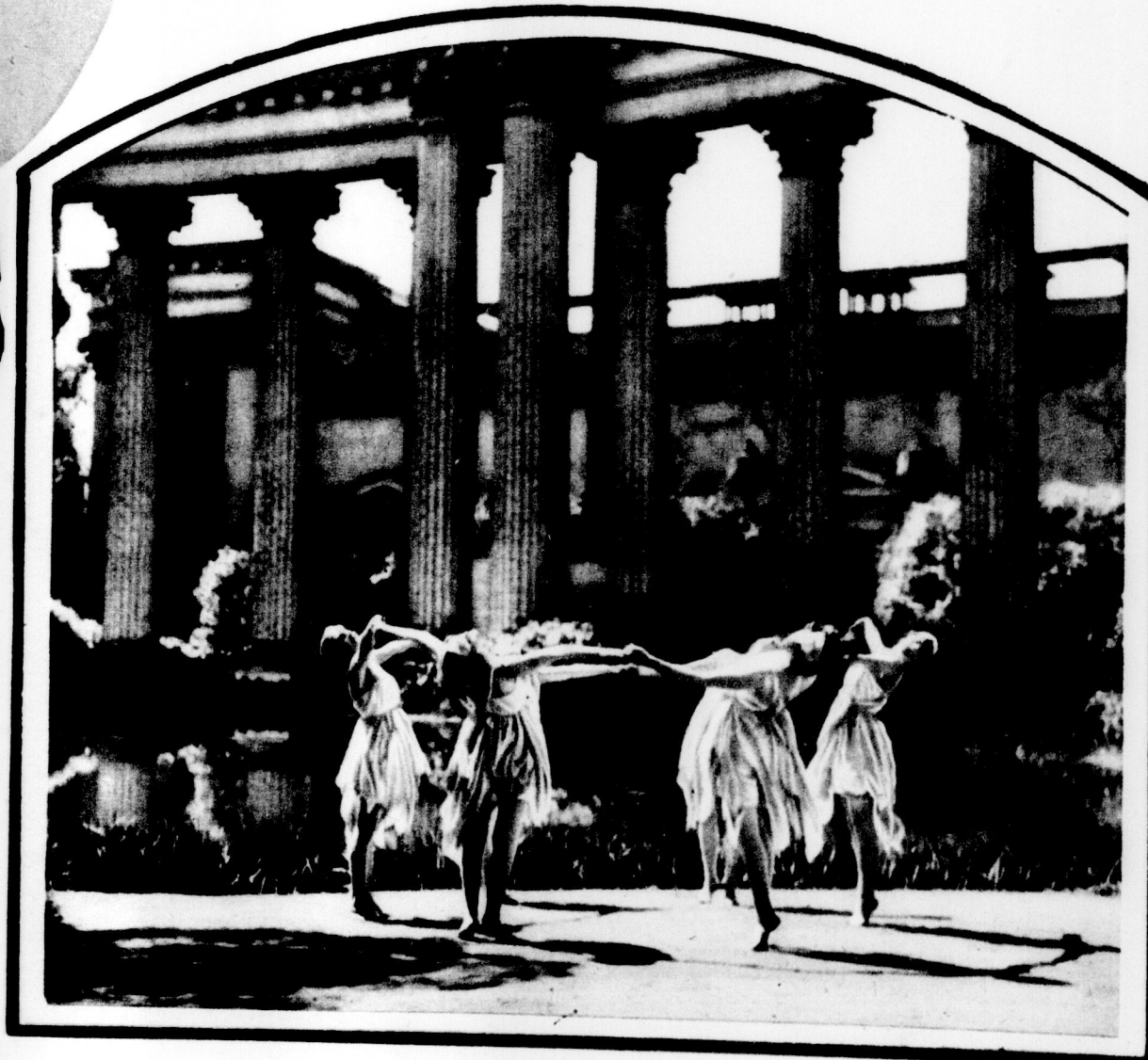
Dora Kaiser is said to be the most beautiful screen star of Austria



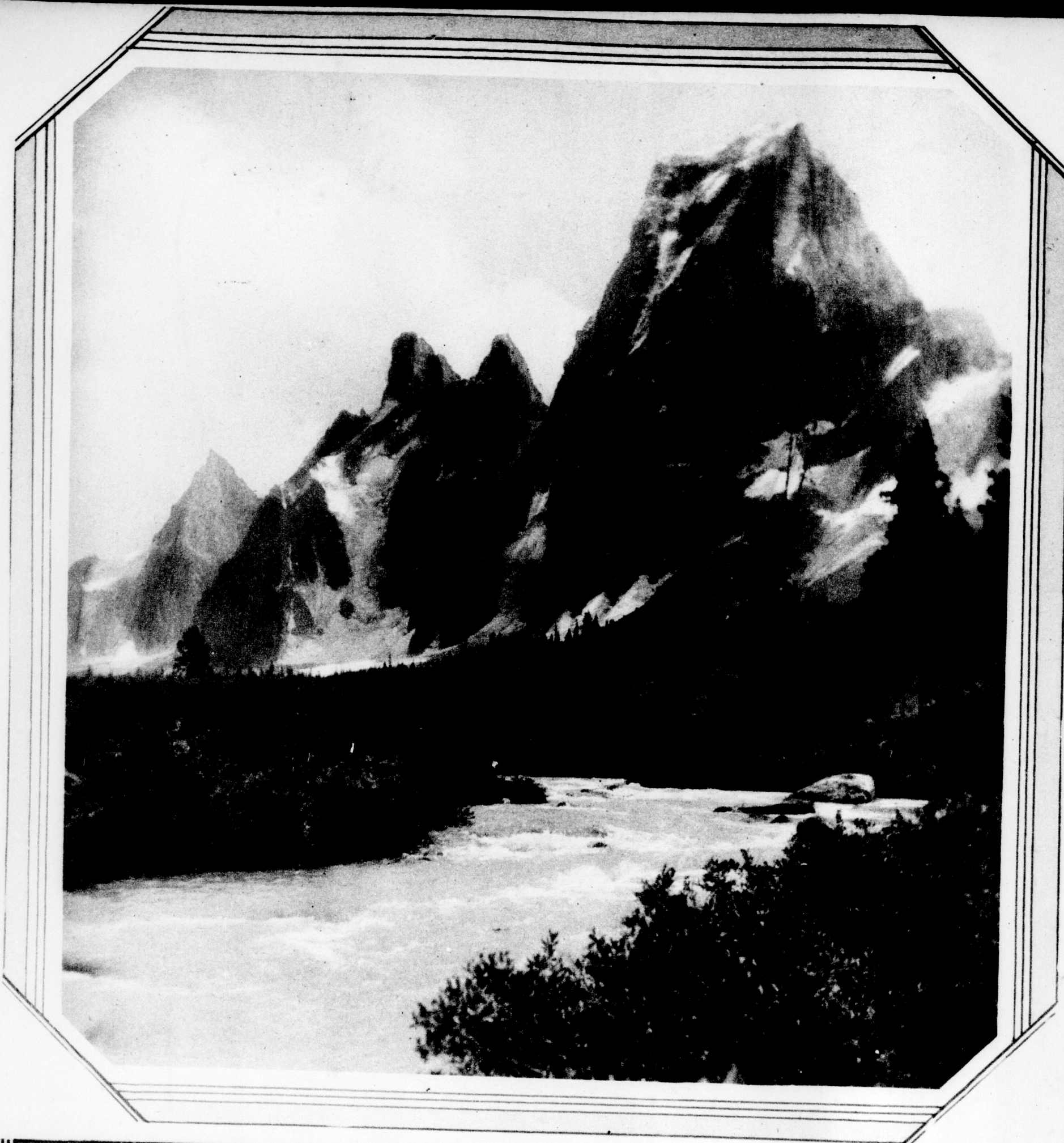
McAdoo, looking older after his defeat, sails for a holiday in Europe



Fokine, the great Russian dancer, performed some of the eighteenth century dances right in the historic gardens at Versailles



Some of the Byrne dancers of California dancing amid the ruins of Panama Pacific Exposition



The King and Queen of Denmark arrive to visit the British Royal family. The King is on the right

(Right) The littlest screen star in the world is Maurice Sigrist, a French actor just four years old



Speech day at Harrow found Ex-Premier Baldwin, with his wife and daughter reviewing old familiar scenes

Mount Geikie, in Jasper Park, amid the Canadian Rockies, has defied mountain climbers so far, but a party is making the attempt to scale it this month
—Photo by Cyril G. Waites, Edmonton, a member of the climbing party



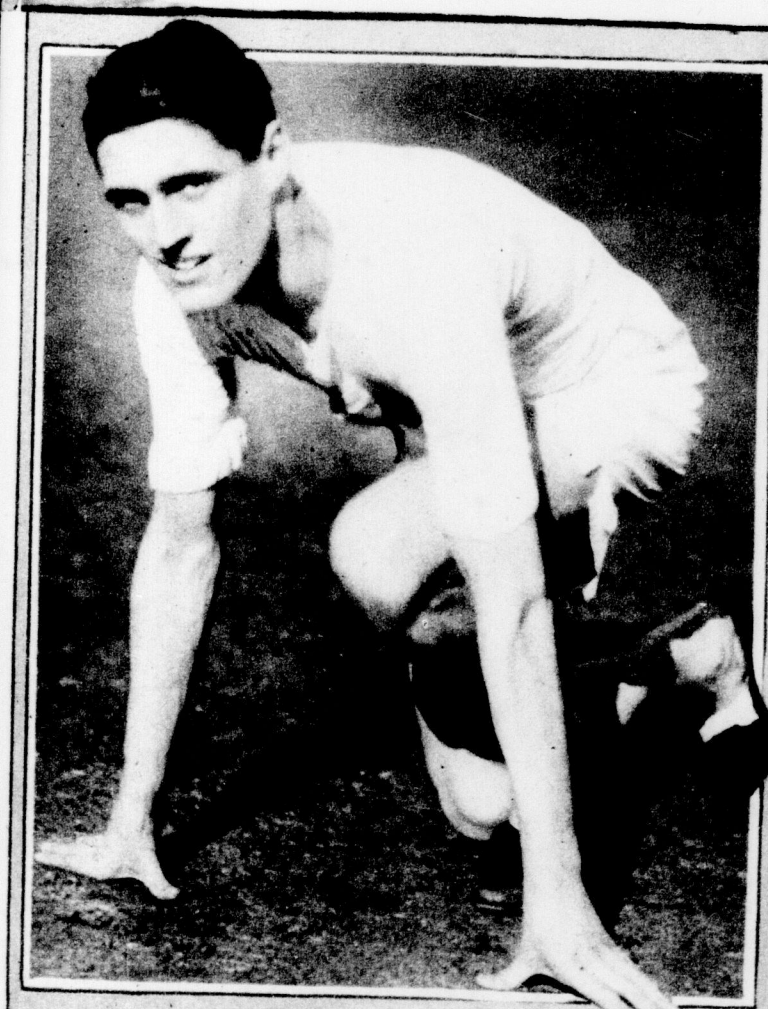
Sooner or later it had to come—the Mah Jong bathing suit, this one being designed after a Chinese coat —less sleeves



This is the Hood, the British flag ship of the fleet now touring the world, as she lay in San Francisco harbor



Marthe Regnier, besides being a successful Parisian actress and musician, has opened a millinery shop and poses for her wares



Another British win — D. G. A. Lowe, England, winner of the 800-metre race in the Olympic finals



Georgette Cohan, daughter of the famous George M., with her husband, William Souther, set forth for Europe to be there with the rest



Three guesses—who are these? Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford, as they appeared at the Fourth of July celebration at Dearborn, the old home town



(Left) Bert Albright, the world's champion post horn blower, much in demand as a herald announcer



Barbara La Marr, as she appears in "The White Moth," a new film to be shown early this summer



Looking down on the famous Kilauea volcano of Hawaii with two American army aviators who flew over seething crater.



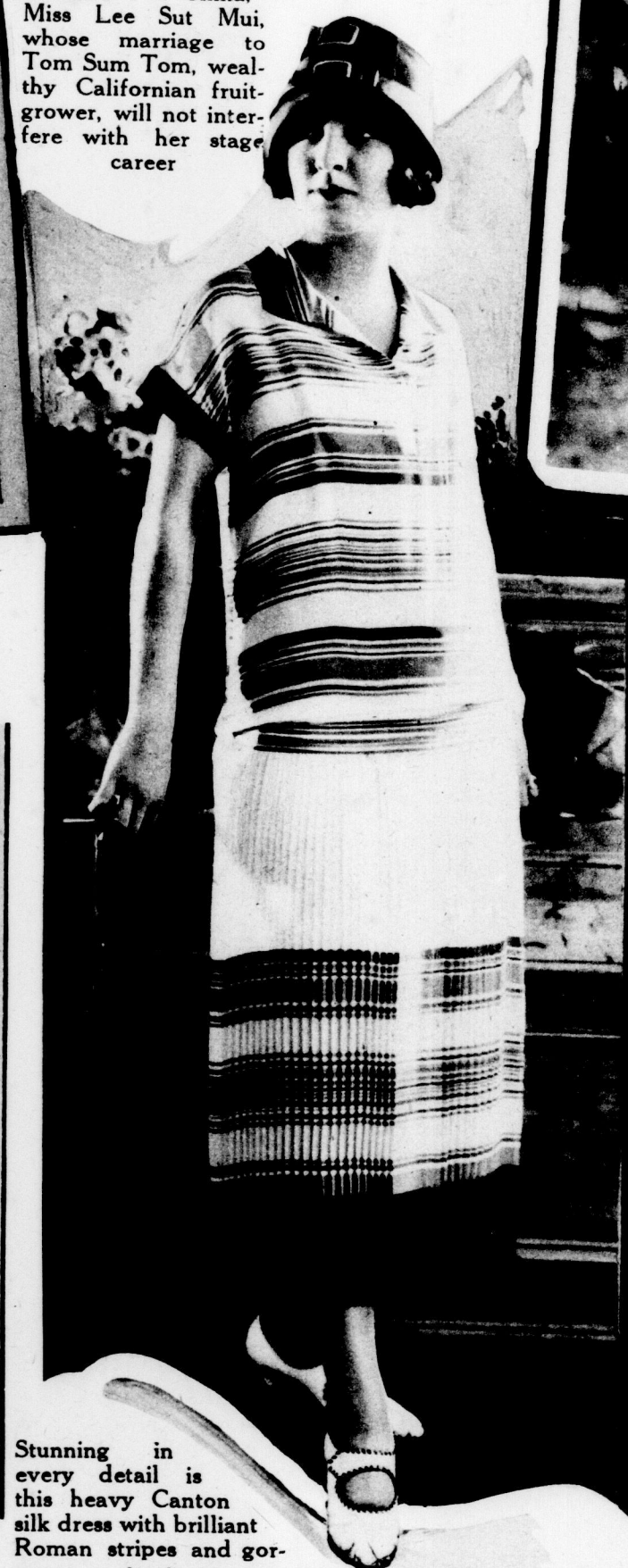
Here's the "Sarah Bernhardt of China," Miss Lee Sut Mui, whose marriage to Tom Sum Tom, wealthy Californian fruit-grower, will not interfere with her stage career



Preparations for the pageant at the British Empire Exhibition. Camels and elephants are in the procession



Miss Estelle Taylor just "dotes" on this hippopotamus. Every day at a certain hour, she goes to the Los Angeles Zoo to feed the gentle thing candies.



Stunning in every detail is this heavy Canton silk dress with brilliant Roman stripes and gorgeous cardinal red trimmings



Hamiltonians on top of the La Salle monument in Wabasso Park
—Photo by John Boyd

Life's Little Comedies ~ The Dining Room at Resty Nook



MAYO PREDICTS LONGER LIFE AND SAYS CANCER CURE WILL BE FOUND

"Man Will Soon Achieve Span of Life Allotted By Scripture" — Medical Science Has Already Mastered the Diseases Which Kill Mankind in Mass

By JAMES C. YOUNG

OUR big health problem lies on the mental side rather than the physical. Such is the conclusion of Dr. Charles H. Mayo, noted surgeon.

"Man will soon achieve the span of life allotted to him by the Scriptures. Already man lives to an average past fifty. Compare this with his expectation of life a century ago. In 1816 the average was only twenty years. In another quarter century, maybe a little longer, it should be close to the threescore and ten promised by the prophet.

"Medical science is directly responsible for this increasing length of life. We have learned how to prevent or mitigate so many diseases that mankind has ceased to die in the mass. We are dying individual deaths now, from causes peculiar to ourselves and largely controllable by ourselves. The study of children and their preservation in the first few years has extended the average period of life to its present figure. As mankind examines its ailments a little closer and uses more intelligence in preventing these ailments the course of life will be lengthened to the promised threescore and ten."

Dr. Mayo was asked if he saw dangers of mental deterioration in American life.

"Well, we have doubled the number of insane in thirty years," he answered. "In a period when medicine has made such splendid progress as a curative for the body we find insanity increasing at a surprising rate. The study of mental afflictions has been just as intensive as the study of bodily afflictions, and, broadly speaking, progress has been equal. Still the number of deficient or deranged persons is larger than ever. This leads to but one conclusion—that insanity has grown with our civilization.

"I might say that insanity is a peculiar result of civilization. We have few really insane persons among the primitive races. But the moment that man begins to worry he imperils his mind.

Fight Against Cancer

"At a moment when practically all of the major diseases are coming under control, cancer is increasing at the rate of 2½ per cent. a year," he said. "As yet we have been unable to isolate definitely the cancer germ in the human body, but many minds are at work on the problem and I am confident success is just ahead, perhaps within a year or two.

"We must not expect too much at once. If the germ were definitely discovered tomorrow, it would be some time, maybe five or six years,



Dr. Charles Mayo

before we could use that discovery to reduce cancer appreciably. It is not enough merely to find the germ. We must then devise methods of combating it. The process cannot be hurried, despite our eagerness. The fight has gone forward for years, and we must be prepared for many disappointments before success. But I am assured that we will find the way and thus conquer the last great malignancy which preys upon man."

Dr. Mayo said that about 500,000 people a year die of cancer in civilized lands. Although the rate of growth is increasing, certain forms of cancer have been brought under better control, and there is promise of still further progress in this direction. Publicity, said Dr. Mayo, has done much to help.

"We have seen what can be done through education in the reduction of tuberculosis," he said. "A few years ago this disease was gaining at a rate which earned it the name of the 'white plague.' Recently it has been reduced by 29 per cent, as a result of publicity in the first instance and intensive treatment in the second. What has been accomplished in tuberculosis work can be achieved again in the fight against cancer. But many difficulties must be encountered before we check this disease.

"Our first and most pressing requirement is an adequate blood test. Under present conditions it is possible for a person to be afflicted with cancer for some time, even in a malignant condition, without indisputable evidence of its presence in the blood. At least we have no test which will determine the fact.

Diet Very Important

ASKED about the causes of cancer, Dr. Mayo turned to another page in the full volume of his experience. He mixes potions with philosophy and has a theory of life that runs through all of his observations.

"Continuous overeating is the bane of our modern existence," he said. "Our foods are not well adapted to our condition of life. In a primitive state man ate largely to obtain sufficient sustenance. He lived to a considerable degree on foods in their natural state. Many of those are not palatable to us. We have refined them and 'improved upon nature' until we eat few things which include their natural husks, or what I may term the 'trash' that is combined with the more choice bits in the workshop of nature.

There is a theory widely accepted that vegetables are much the best sort of food, but Dr. Mayo subjected this to a scientific reservation, saying that it was possible to eat too largely of vegetables; that the digestive process was just the same as with a diet of meat or fowl.

The commonest form of cancer in women attacks the breast," he explained, "but in man it is the stomach. One-third of all men suffering from cancers are afflicted in this way. No, I would not say that men are constitutionally the greater eaters, but the fact remains. Now, as to meat or vegetables causing or counteracting cancer, I think we may decide that neither is at fault when used in the proper quantities.

"Cancer is distinctly a product of civilization. We have traces of it from the earliest history of the Egyptians. Apparently it has increased steadily ever since until it now is in the major class. It is one of the major ailments of which we know little. But we are learning a great deal about it these busy days. Irwin Smith of Washington has succeeded in isolating the cancer bacteria in plants. These bacteria can be removed and injected into other plants and cancer will result.

"These matters are of the first importance. They enable us to study the known bacteria of cancer in plants. It may be but another step to the discovery of the germ in the human body.

"It is doubtful if any person ever directly inherits a cancer, but it undoubtedly is true that children may receive from their parents certain tendencies which are likely to induce cancer."—New York Times.

SATIN AND CALICO

Nan Terrell Reed in New York Times

The Rose, of course, is made of silk Or satin and chiffon. And there's a bit of velvet in

The gowns that she may don, But poor Sweet William has to wear A different kind of clothes. For Nature always dresses him In figured calicoes.

The Rose is very beautiful But lasts a day or two, While poor Sweet William stands erect

And blooms a whole week through, I wonder if I'd rather be Of satin that was rare,

Or made of figured calico That's guaranteed to wear.

The bathing girl doesn't care a rap.—Columbia Record.

A Poor Testimonial

A MAN from the country wished to spend a week in London, but had great difficulty in finding accommodation. All the well-known hotels were full, and after spending a weary day searching for a room, he eventually found a small but quiet hotel in a small street.

He went up to the office and asked the clerk what the terms would be for a week's residence. "I—er—don't know," faltered the clerk; "I'll ask the manager."

"But, good heavens," said the prospective visitor, "surely you know your own terms?" "Well, you see, sir," exclaimed the clerk, apologetically, "no one ever stopped here for a whole week before."



A Costume Sure to Charm

THIS white flannel sport coat piped in red, that is sponsored by Arnold Constable of New York.

Current Wit and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs From the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

Some organs of the press do not seem to try to help us.—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

One way to get liquor out of politics is to get it out of the politicians.—Columbia Record.

Why waste money on a barometer? Let your rheumatism say when.—Ottawa Journal.

A third party couldn't be any worse than the two we now have.—Braun's Iconoclast.

We may be godless in some ways, but we have enough religion to start some very good fights.—Alliston Herald.

If I cannot manage to bring peace about it will mean that I have failed at my job.—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

Women are just like flowers—when they fade, they dye.—Orillia Packet.

I am not one of those who think that newspapers can govern the world.—Lord Riddell.

A man claims to be able to hear through his spine. We are surprised that it is not a woman. Judging by the present fashion in evening dress, she gives her spine every chance.—London Opinion.

We must get back to the hard work of our ancestors.—Sir W. Bull, M.P.

The common belief that it is difficult for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven prevents few men from trying to get rich.—Chicago News.

Seventy lamp posts have been smashed by St. Paul drivers this year, and the council is looking around for a strong, flexible rubber post.—Minneapolis Journal.

The greatest height to which some of our statesmen will attain is an upper berth.—Manitoba Free Press.

It's foolish to think you have royal blood in your veins just because your father happened to get stung by a queen bee when he was a kid.—Kitchener Record.

Brevity is the soul of politics in South Africa. At a campaign meeting in Cape Town the speakers said all they were allowed to say in 18 minutes.—Brookville Recorder.

The Oxford graduate is not a patch on the "hard knocks" graduate.—Lord Leverhulme.

New York's the city of opportunities. A man who went there broke now owes \$203,005.85.—Memphis Press.

In a nearby asylum is a man put there twenty-five years ago for saying that he was going to

build an airship and fly around the world. And still they won't let him out.—Ottawa Journal.

Things even up. Europe has finer art galleries, but she can't compare with us in the matter of billboards.—Medford Mail-Tribune.

It's all work and no play with lots of would-be dramatists.—Atlanta Journal.

Making a fortune is less unusual than knowing how to use one.—Youth's Companion.

A young bachelor with money to burn has difficulty in avoiding a match.—Canton Repository.

Dulness is very often only another name for slow development.—Sir Maurice Craig.

Practically every member of this house is a motorist to-day.—Viscount Curzon, M.P.

The public should learn to look on the kerb of a road as if they were on the edge of a precipice.—Dr. George Cohen.

Some of Canada's members of Parliament have been in Ottawa so long they'll need to go home armed with a letter of introduction to their families.—Peterboro Examiner.

A psychiatrist says that Nathan Leopold, Jr., shows singular manifestation of the thyroid, the pituitary and the adrenal. Poor Bobby Franks whom he murdered does not show any manifestations at all now.—Kincairdine Review.

A Channel Tunnel

From the New York Sun

In reviving the project of a tunnel under the English Channel, between Dover and Calais, it is noticeable that so far the usual objection that in time of war it would leave England at the mercy of Continental enemies, has not made its appearance. This may be due to the realization of the fact that water leaking through a hole in the roof of a tunnel takes only a little time to flood the whole structure. A well-placed charge of high explosive would discourage promptly and most effectively an invading army from thus attempting to penetrate to the shores of England.

Slowly it is dawning upon the people of the world that the size of an undertaking is not a sound objection. The enormous cost is only a valid reason for withholding indorsement when it is proved that the return on the investment is inadequate. Prior to 1914 considerable discussion seemed to favor the plan to tunnel the English Channel, but a fit of German blues hushed the agitators for the plan. In 1924 one of the arguments in favor of the tunnel is that the quick transportation afforded by it would be a means of promoting international understandings. Which proves the world does make progress.

The Clockwork Girl

—By G. B. Stern

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD DENISON

To Every Millionaire Comes the Illusion That He Is Loved For Himself Alone—This One Tried to Test Little Maria Annunziata With Rather Interesting Complications — But Love Triumphs at Last in This Pretty Story

AT twenty-one, Annunziata was perfect — and asleep. Oh, soundly asleep. Her beauty was demure, her disposition obedient. She was deliciously young and slim and fragrant. She spoke French and Italian and Spanish as nonchalantly as English. Maria Annunziata was for sale. The bidding was high, and would have been higher but for the slightly sinister background of Maria Annunziata's aunt.

Aunt Juana, gambling on a wealthy marriage, dressed Maria Annunziata much more exquisitely than she could afford during the Riviera season, and for the rest of the year retired with her into the cheap obscurity of some little foreign town. They were never in England. England was a place where Maria Annunziata might get ideas.

Her father had been an Englishman, who had died three years after his marriage with Consuelo, a beautiful dummy of comb and castanets and draped mantilla. Consuelo had lived languidly about the continent for a few years, with her elder sister, Juana, and the little Annunziata, and then succumbed to pneumonia.

To every Riviera girl comes her millionaire. And to every millionaire comes the snow-white illusion that he is loved for himself alone. Thus the world goes round-by clockwork.

"He will propose to-night at the Casino ball, and you will accept him," said Maria Annunziata's aunt. "That night Maria Annunziata wore an innocent little gown woven of dewdrops, and said 'yes' three times, and 'no' once, in her soft, shy way, in answer to the questions:

"Do you love me? 'Have you ever loved anyone else?' 'Will you marry me?' and 'Do you like pearls?'"

The clockwork was still in excellent working order. And the last question was not the one to which she answered "No."

"Darling—darling!" cried the enraptured Julius Rehan, and "darling—darling!" cried Maria Annunziata's aunt. "You have made me, oh, so happy! Fortunate little one that you are!"

A Stranger Enters

THE girl thought it was very easy, simply to do as she was told and be praised for it. And she really did adore pearls. Their circle of friends at Monte Carlo, when the glorious news was triumphantly announced, remarked in chorus that the whole affair was "so romantic," as, indeed, it could not be otherwise, in that setting of scented dusk, orange trees, distant orchestra, mimosa and moonlight on the blue Mediterranean.

Julius Rehan was a millionaire. His age was fifty-three, and his disposition solemn. He was a head, his nose was a tiny bit swollen, and of slightly deeper hue than his cheeks. The puffy skin under his eyes were intersected by a whole irrigation system of wrinkles. He was a millionaire.

Maria Annunziata, unchaperoned for once, allowed a stranger to speak to her, and did not snub him. The lapse was deliberate mischief and in defiance of all warnings. She argued that it could not possibly lead to awful results, now that she was safely engaged. But he looked clean and merry and attractive—oh, and young! And Aunt Juana was in bed with a cold. More, Julius was

away for six days on business. And though Julius would be undoubtedly a kind husband, she did not suppose he would think enough to let her—to let her—oh, he thoroughly, enjoyably a rogue and a rebel.

Dick Carrington thought she was lovely. He—fell in love. As heading as that. He was twenty-four.

The atmosphere of this romance was not romantic, like the Casino terrace by moonlight, mimosa-scented. The background of the obscure English tea-shop in which they sat had transported to Monte Carlo the faded gentility of similar tea-shops in Brixton, Clapham and Islington. A dusty aspidistra stood on each hambo-table, plush-framed, views of Marble Arch and Hyde Park Corner hung on the wall. The very buns were stale. Dick, being a fierce Anglo-maniac, came there every day for his tea, in order to smell the aspidistra; he did not like the mimosa. Maria Annunziata wandered in under the orders of fate.

Salt in His Tea

SHE and Dick sat sedately at right angles. Suddenly he wheeled round and politely asked her for the salt.

"There is no salt on my table," she replied, eyes demurely veiled. "But senorita here will doubtless get you some." She passed on his request to the proprietress with the stiff linen collar and the toothy smile, who just then entered with a tray. Miss Robinson was surprised, but brought him salt. Annunziata watched him, slantways, from under her curling dark lashes. He was eating damp currant cake and drinking tea. The salt, untouched in front of him, did not seem a necessary accompaniment to either of these things. Without looking, he became aware of Maria Annunziata's gently interested gaze, and flushed hotly. On an impulse he seized the heaped-up salt spoon, poised it, hovering, between cup and plate, then tilted it into the tea.

"There you are!" his blue eyes flashed defiantly at Maria Annunziata. The corners of her mouth quivered to an incredulous smile—he had not yet drunk the tea. But when she saw it actually at his lips, she screwed down her eyelids tightly, as though she were hiding about to swallow the nauseous draught. When she looked again, the cup was being set down empty. Dick's mouth was a trifle puckered.

"Oh!" she cried. "I—I always drink my tea with salt," he said, challenging her suspicion.

Maria Annunziata could not help herself—she broke into ripples of delighted laughter.

"Why, you can laugh!" exclaimed Dick, joyfully. "You were so beautiful I thought you must be clockwork!"

She could not resent his frank indignation; moreover, she was delicately flattered that he should have desired an excuse to speak to her, that he should have drunk tea and salt, as an excuse to achieve it. It was a knighthood.

"And I wasn't even sure if you were English or not," he went on. "Both," replied the clockwork girl, passing from laughter to mystery.

"You poor kid!" muttered Dick, in rather a husky voice. He had fallen in love with Maria Annunziata's beauty so swiftly that it seemed that magic had been spinning in that funny little back parlor, among the aspidistras, with Miss Robinson moving in and out with tea and buns, and Queen Victoria receiving the news of her accession to the throne on the wall just opposite him. But now pity and deep tenderness and a rush of boyish chivalry urged love on to mad, irresponsible ideas of rescue.

"All your life up and down between these beastly pineapples, or palms, or the promenade, and in white stucco hotels and casinos and talking to dressed-up people with high heels," he glanced disparagingly at her perfect little bronze suede and silk feet, at her equally perfect bronze crepe-de-chine frock, and the big bronze hat with the wide graceful curves drooping along her hair. Her fawn wrap lined in pale apple-green, silk was thrown over the chair behind her—fawn and bronze and apple green—the picture, with all its decorative artificiality, yet made him think somehow of an English spring. How he had taken it into his silly, bulging head to spend a month at Monte Carlo! A poor secretary had to be dragged along where his employer went, of course. And now, like a clear silver fanfare of trumpets, he knew why it had happened—it led right up to this very minute in this very room to this very girl, who was just saying, with that adorable, slightly foreign accent of hers: "Tell me about England, please. Is it—so different?"

"I'm not counting London," Dick began, eagerly, "but in the country where we'd go—"

"You Poor Kid"

NOW, indeed, Maria Annunziata opened wide her big brown eyes; it was the first time she had



"And I wasn't even sure if you were English or not," he went on. "Both," replied the clockwork girl, passing from laughter to mystery.

heard fashion's playground described.

"This 'fashion' is the sky isn't it?"

"But—don't you like Monte Carlo?"

"Well—look at it compared with England."

"I have never been to England."

"I'm guessing like a fool," he finished abruptly. "But you understand—don't you, Nan?"

When Maria Annunziata at length returned to her aunt at the hotel that afternoon, she still had not told Dick about her engagement to Julius Rehan. The simple reason was that the minute her fiancé returned to Monte Carlo he would be her fiancé, no longer. She would break it off, Maria Annunziata might obediently accept the dictate that a girl who is chosen by a millionaire must not say "no" to him; but this new Nan, daughter of an English father, realized how, in a tumult of rebellion and joy and shame and flaming rose-hued wonder, that the only thing that mattered was youth to youth, and love to love. She was one of impulse for her next meeting with Julius, to break away from encircling gold. He was traveling about, one she would have written, wired, gone to him—anything to get free quickly, and escape with Dick. Oranges and lemons and mimosa, even the blazing sunshine of the Côte d'Azur, all reminded her of gold. She was sick of the color!

ing of belonging to it—the sky isn't hard blue all over; it has fluffy white

clouds of cloud, and the sun will shine as though it loved you especially

and you'll wear an old short, faded dress that you can spoil as much as you please."

He stopped short in his incoherent raptures.

"I'm guessing like a fool," he finished abruptly. "But you understand—don't you, Nan?"

When Maria Annunziata at length returned to her aunt at the hotel that afternoon, she still had not told Dick about her engagement to Julius Rehan. The simple reason was that the minute her fiancé returned to Monte Carlo he would be her fiancé, no longer. She would break it off, Maria Annunziata might obediently accept the dictate that a girl who is chosen by a millionaire must not say "no" to him; but this new Nan, daughter of an English father, realized how, in a tumult of rebellion and joy and shame and flaming rose-hued wonder, that the only thing that mattered was youth to youth, and love to love. She was one of impulse for her next meeting with Julius, to break away from encircling gold. He was traveling about, one she would have written, wired, gone to him—anything to get free quickly, and escape with Dick. Oranges and lemons and mimosa, even the blazing sunshine of the Côte d'Azur, all reminded her of gold. She was sick of the color!

ing of belonging to it—the sky isn't hard blue all over; it has fluffy white clouds of cloud, and the sun will shine as though it loved you especially and you'll wear an old short, faded dress that you can spoil as much as you please."

He stopped short in his incoherent raptures.

"I'm guessing like a fool," he finished abruptly. "But you understand—don't you, Nan?"

When Maria Annunziata at length returned to her aunt at the hotel that afternoon, she still had not told Dick about her engagement to Julius Rehan. The simple reason was that the minute her fiancé returned to Monte Carlo he would be her fiancé, no longer. She would break it off, Maria Annunziata might obediently accept the dictate that a girl who is chosen by a millionaire must not say "no" to him; but this new Nan, daughter of an English father, realized how, in a tumult of rebellion and joy and shame and flaming rose-hued wonder, that the only thing that mattered was youth to youth, and love to love. She was one of impulse for her next meeting with Julius, to break away from encircling gold. He was traveling about, one she would have written, wired, gone to him—anything to get free quickly, and escape with Dick. Oranges and lemons and mimosa, even the blazing sunshine of the Côte d'Azur, all reminded her of gold. She was sick of the color!

ing of belonging to it—the sky isn't hard blue all over; it has fluffy white clouds of cloud, and the sun will shine as though it loved you especially and you'll wear an old short, faded dress that you can spoil as much as you please."

He stopped short in his incoherent raptures.

"I'm guessing like a fool," he finished abruptly. "But you understand—don't you, Nan?"

When Maria Annunziata at length returned to her aunt at the hotel that afternoon, she still had not told Dick about her engagement to Julius Rehan. The simple reason was that the minute her fiancé returned to Monte Carlo he would be her fiancé, no longer. She would break it off, Maria Annunziata might obediently accept the dictate that a girl who is chosen by a millionaire must not say "no" to him; but this new Nan, daughter of an English father, realized how, in a tumult of rebellion and joy and shame and flaming rose-hued wonder, that the only thing that mattered was youth to youth, and love to love. She was one of impulse for her next meeting with Julius, to break away from encircling gold. He was traveling about, one she would have written, wired, gone to him—anything to get free quickly, and escape with Dick. Oranges and lemons and mimosa, even the blazing sunshine of the Côte d'Azur, all reminded her of gold. She was sick of the color!

ing of belonging to it—the sky isn't hard blue all over; it has fluffy white clouds of cloud, and the sun will shine as though it loved you especially and you'll wear an old short, faded dress that you can spoil as much as you please."

He stopped short in his incoherent raptures.

"I'm guessing like a fool," he finished abruptly. "But you understand—don't you, Nan?"

When Maria Annunziata at length returned to her aunt at the hotel that afternoon, she still had not told Dick about her engagement to Julius Rehan. The simple reason was that the minute her fiancé returned to Monte Carlo he would be her fiancé, no longer. She would break it off, Maria Annunziata might obediently accept the dictate that a girl who is chosen by a millionaire must not say "no" to him; but this new Nan, daughter of an English father, realized how, in a tumult of rebellion and joy and shame and flaming rose-hued wonder, that the only thing that mattered was youth to youth, and love to love. She was one of impulse for her next meeting with Julius, to break away from encircling gold. He was traveling about, one she would have written, wired, gone to him—anything to get free quickly, and escape with Dick. Oranges and lemons and mimosa, even the blazing sunshine of the Côte d'Azur, all reminded her of gold. She was sick of the color!

ing of belonging to it—the sky isn't hard blue all over; it has fluffy white clouds of cloud, and the sun will shine as though it loved you especially and you'll wear an old short, faded dress that you can spoil as much as you please."

He stopped short in his incoherent raptures.

"I'm guessing like a fool," he finished abruptly. "But you understand—don't you, Nan?"

When Maria Annunziata at length returned to her aunt at the hotel that afternoon, she still had not told Dick about her engagement to Julius Rehan. The simple reason was that the minute her fiancé returned to Monte Carlo he would be her fiancé, no longer. She would break it off, Maria Annunziata might obediently accept the dictate that a girl who is chosen by a millionaire must not say "no" to him; but this new Nan, daughter of an English father, realized how, in a tumult of rebellion and joy and shame and flaming rose-hued wonder, that the only thing that mattered was youth to youth, and love to love. She was one of impulse for her next meeting with Julius, to break away from encircling gold. He was traveling about, one she would have written, wired, gone to him—anything to get free quickly, and escape with Dick. Oranges and lemons and mimosa, even the blazing sunshine of the Côte d'Azur, all reminded her of gold. She was sick of the color!

ing of belonging to it—the sky isn't hard blue all over; it has fluffy white clouds of cloud, and the sun will shine as though it loved you especially and you'll wear an old short, faded dress that you can spoil as much as you please."

He stopped short in his incoherent raptures.

"I'm guessing like a fool," he finished abruptly. "But you understand—don't you, Nan?"

When Maria Annunziata at length returned to her aunt at the hotel that afternoon, she still had not told Dick about her engagement to Julius Rehan. The simple reason was that the minute her fiancé returned to Monte Carlo he would be her fiancé, no longer. She would break it off, Maria Annunziata might obediently accept the dictate that a girl who is chosen by a millionaire must not say "no" to him; but this new Nan, daughter of an English father, realized how, in a tumult of rebellion and joy and shame and flaming rose-hued wonder, that the only thing that mattered was youth to youth, and love to love. She was one of impulse for her next meeting with Julius, to break away from encircling gold. He was traveling about, one she would have written, wired, gone to him—anything to get free quickly, and escape with Dick. Oranges and lemons and mimosa, even the blazing sunshine of the Côte d'Azur, all reminded her of gold. She was sick of the color!

ing of belonging to it—the sky isn't hard blue all over; it has fluffy white clouds of cloud, and the sun will shine as though it loved you especially and you'll wear an old short, faded dress that you can spoil as much as you please."

He stopped short in his incoherent raptures.

"I'm guessing like a fool," he finished abruptly. "But you understand—don't you, Nan?"

When Maria Annunziata at length returned to her aunt at the hotel that afternoon, she still had not told Dick about her engagement to Julius Rehan. The simple reason was that the minute her fiancé returned to Monte Carlo he would be her fiancé, no longer. She would break it off, Maria Annunziata might obediently accept the dictate that a girl who is chosen by a millionaire must not say "no" to him; but this new Nan, daughter of an English father, realized how, in a tumult of rebellion and joy and shame and flaming rose-hued wonder, that the only thing that mattered was youth to youth, and love to love. She was one of impulse for her next meeting with Julius, to break away from encircling gold. He was traveling about, one she would have written, wired, gone to him—anything to get free quickly, and escape with Dick. Oranges and lemons and mimosa, even the blazing sunshine of the Côte d'Azur, all reminded her of gold. She was sick of the color!

ing of belonging to it—the sky isn't hard blue all over; it has fluffy white clouds of cloud, and the sun will shine as though it loved you especially and you'll wear an old short, faded dress that you can spoil as much as you please."

He stopped short in his incoherent raptures.

"I'm guessing like a fool," he finished abruptly. "But you understand—don't you, Nan?"

When Maria Annunziata at length returned to her aunt at the hotel that afternoon, she still had not told Dick about her engagement to Julius Rehan. The simple reason was that the minute her fiancé returned to Monte Carlo he would be her fiancé, no longer. She would break it off, Maria Annunziata might obediently accept the dictate that a girl who is chosen by a millionaire must not say "no" to him; but this new Nan, daughter of an English father, realized how, in a tumult of rebellion and joy and shame and flaming rose-hued wonder, that the only thing that mattered was youth to youth, and love to love. She was one of impulse for her next meeting with Julius, to break away from encircling gold. He was traveling about, one she would have written, wired, gone to him—anything to get free quickly, and escape with Dick. Oranges and lemons and mimosa, even the blazing sunshine of the Côte d'Azur, all reminded her of gold. She was sick of the color!

ing of belonging to it—the sky isn't hard blue all over; it has fluffy white clouds of cloud, and the sun will shine as though it loved you especially and you'll wear an old short, faded dress that you can spoil as much as you please."

He stopped short in his incoherent raptures.

"I'm guessing like a fool," he finished abruptly. "But you understand—don't you, Nan?"

When Maria Annunziata at length returned to her aunt at the hotel that afternoon, she still had not told Dick about her engagement to Julius Rehan. The simple reason was that the minute her fiancé returned to Monte Carlo he would be her fiancé, no longer. She would break it off, Maria Annunziata might obediently accept the dictate that a girl who is chosen by a millionaire must not say "no" to him; but this new Nan, daughter of an English father, realized how, in a tumult of rebellion and joy and shame and flaming rose-hued wonder, that the only thing that mattered was youth to youth, and love to love. She was one of impulse for her next meeting with Julius, to break away from encircling gold. He was traveling about, one she would have written, wired, gone to him—anything to get free quickly, and escape with Dick. Oranges and lemons and mimosa, even the blazing sunshine of the Côte d'Azur, all reminded her of gold. She was sick of the color!

ing of belonging to it—the sky isn't hard blue all over; it has fluffy white clouds of cloud, and the sun will shine as though it loved you especially and you'll wear an old short, faded dress that you can spoil as much as you please."

He stopped short in his incoherent raptures.

For an instant she was tempted to

confess about Julius; but "No," she

reflected. "Anyhow, I shall have

ended it all by half-past nine, but

Dick, if I told him, might go on being

jealous for years and years, and I

should feel guilty in front of him

every time a millionaire was men-

tioned."

So she let Dick imagine it was a

teasing about Julius; but "No," she

reflected. "Anyhow, I shall have

ended it all by half-past nine, but

Dick, if I told him, might go on being

jealous for years and years, and I

should feel guilty in front of him

every time a millionaire was men-

tioned."

So she let Dick imagine it was a

teasing about Julius; but "No," she

reflected. "Anyhow, I shall have

ended it all by half-past nine, but

Dick, if I told him, might go on being

jealous for years and years, and I

should feel guilty in front of him

every time a millionaire was men-

tioned."

So she let Dick imagine it was a

teasing about Julius; but "No," she

reflected. "Anyhow, I shall have

ended it all by half-past nine, but

Dick, if I told him, might go on being

jealous for years and years, and I

should feel guilty in front of him

every time a millionaire was men-

tioned."

So she let Dick imagine it was a

teasing about Julius; but "No," she

reflected. "Anyhow, I shall have

ended it all by half-past nine, but

Dick, if I told him, might go on being

had said. Poor? With Julius Rehan?

She tried to tell him she had rushed

on to the terrace to waylay him on

his entrance for no other reason than

to break off her engagement—her en-

gagement with a millionaire—to con-

vince him that it was a mistake—she

did not care about money! But the

words choked in her throat—and all

the while Julius Rehan went on with

his pitifully futile story of huge

speculations, a strike at the mines,

money pouring away while he was

helpless—"you wouldn't understand

the details, my dear little girl"—till

now there was actually only enough

left for the needs of two people who

loved each other very much—more

or less the sum, in fact, on which

Dick and Nan had proposed to sub-

sist in poverty and happiness.

"And it is my duty, dear child, to

ask you if now, under the circum-

stances, you wish to be set free from

your engagement?" Rehan's beard

trembled with his chin's emotions.

"Though, of course, it can have been

with no—no—material consideration

that you consented to make me happy,

a month ago, yet—"

He paused, his eyes anxiously fixed

upon her face. Maria Annunziata

was gazing straight down the terrace,

towards the lower end, where the round

clump of orange trees proudly flung

up their golden love to the moon. Her

oval face was white as a camelia

petal, her delicate puzzled brows

were drawn straight and low across

her eyes. The air was reeling sweet

with vernal and other intoxicating

take place in a fortnight, she was

one beaming and expansive smile;

said, hoarsely, that she could not

too soon deliver the fatherless little

Maria into the sheltering care of

some kind of man! It had already been

settled that the wedding was to be

a quiet and informal affair, with the

date being kept secret, and before

as few witnesses as possible.

Aunt Juana regretted, of course,

that the alteration of date would

leave her no time to buy Maria An-

nunziata the elaborate trousseau she

had contemplated. But all was for

the best! Her wise Julius would no

ADMIRAL FIELD PREFERS GOLFING TO SPEECHES

Gallant British Sailor, Who Said Things at Victoria, Will Open Toronto Exhibition

At the Toronto Exhibition to press the opening button and make a speech will be Admiral Sir Frederick Field of the British fleet now touring the empire.

There is not much chance that he will say as much at Toronto as he recently did at Victoria. There, his personal opinion that Canada ought to have three battleships on the Atlantic and three on the Pacific was interpreted by some members of parliament to mean, to say the least, a personal indiscretion if not a national affront.

As a matter of fact, Admiral Field has no use for making speeches. He would rather play golf. He is more at home with naval than with rhetorical torpedoes, having been director of the torpedo branch of the service from 1918 to 1920. And, after all, there are places and places for speeches. At Victoria, they are used to naval men.

The visit of the British fleet in Victoria Harbor carries the minds of many of the older inhabitants back to the days when the first flying squadron of the royal navy to encircle the empire dropped anchor in Esquimalt harbor fifty-four years ago. Numerous men well known in the history of the navy have spent some part of their naval career at Esquimalt.

Away back in the sixties there was a young fellow named Beresford on the Clio. He was a wild lad, always up to pranks. One night, with some equally venturesome companions, he removed the sign from above the door of the United States consul in Victoria and put it up elsewhere in the city. The consul took this as a diminutive "threatening act" and stirred up trouble with the admiral of the fleet. When Beresford owned his fault he did penance one Saturday noon, when, in the presence of a detachment of sailors and of the consul and his staff as well as of a large number of laughing townspeople, he mounted a ladder and with his



Admiral Field

own hands replaced the sign in its proper place. When Admiral Lord Charles Beresford visited the Pacific coast many years afterwards he laughed heartily at the recollection of his youthful escapade.

There are still many people at Victoria who remember Lord Beresford as a middy at Esquimalt. Mrs. C. E. Pooley, member of a well-known British Columbia family, knew him when a girl.

"There was a pibald pony which the middies used to hire, and was known all over the countryside. Lord Beresford did not want to ride a horse that everyone knew, so he conceived the idea of painting him. He did so—a deep black. One day we saw him coming past in the rain with the paint running off in streams and Beresford's clothing getting its full share.

"Another time I recall seeing him on the same pony racing as if his life depended on it, with a fat goose clutched under each arm. After him came an irate farmer raining maledictions at the fugitive. At the turn in the road Beresford drew rein and let the geese go. He was laughing so much he was unable to hold them longer. The farmer was placated by an invitation aboard ship, where he was given a fine dinner and a gratuity.

"Years afterwards I met Lord Beresford in England again. He looked at me for a minute in his droll way, then said: 'Why, it's Lizzie Fisher; it must be months since we met.'"

"As a matter of fact, it was all of thirty years."

SOMETHING LIKE ROMANCE.

WHEN he visited Newport, his native town, recently, Mr. J. H. Thomas, the colonial secretary, who accompanied the Duke of York, drew H.R.H.'s attention to the drapery establishment where he was employed forty years ago as an errand boy.

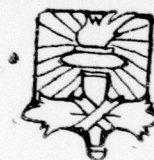
Later in the day Mr. Thomas mentioned the matter to a local audience, and declared: "One must feel proud to live under a constitution which enables a humble boy with a meagre education, limited opportunities, poverty surrounding him to return to his native town with a member of the royal family and at the same time to occupy the position of one of His Majesty's secretaries of state."

Mr. Thomas's chief recollection in connection with that draper's shop is the brass plate, on the cleaning of which he expended a considerable amount of youthful energy.



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Young Architect, in Secret, Designs Greatest Cathedral of Modern Times

Clerk's Plans Surpassed Those of His Master— Sometimes Rebuked for Being Late for Work— Romance of Liverpool's Great Cathedral—A New Wonder of the World.

FOR twenty years Liverpool has been building a cathedral which will be one of the wonders of the world. The first portion of it has just been dedicated in the presence of the King and Queen.

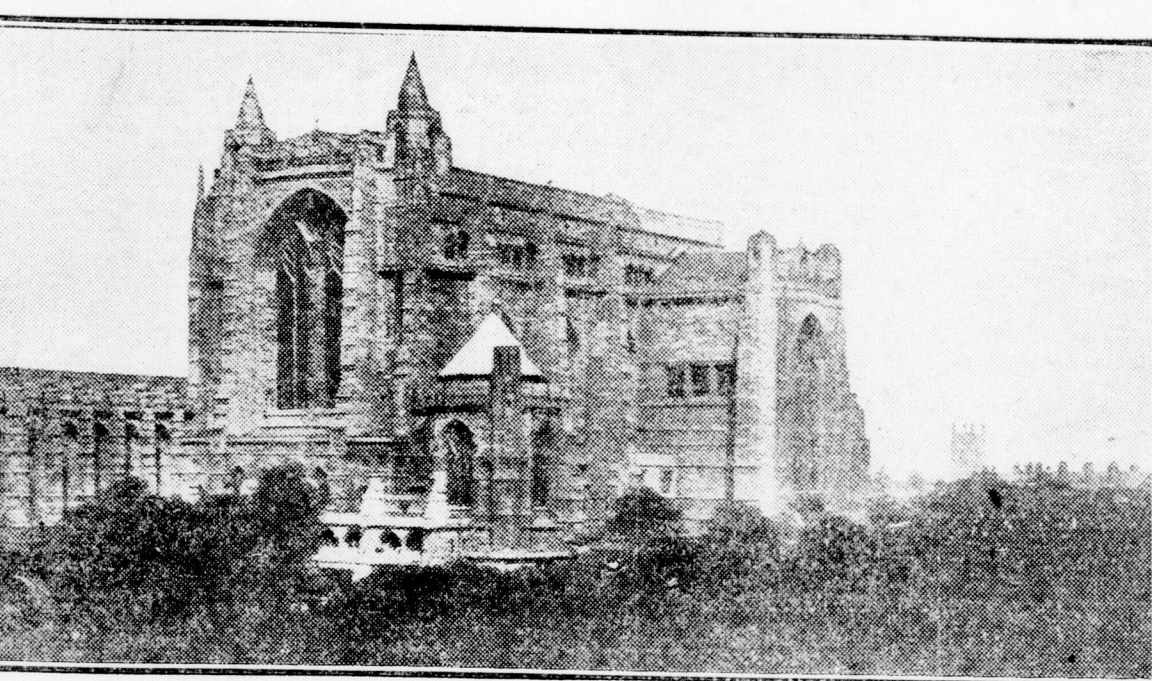
The edifice will mark an epoch in the history of the Church of England, for it will be the first Anglican Cathedral dedicated in the British Isles for over seven hundred years, and it is a striking tribute to the revival in religious belief that such a wonderful work can be carried out.

But there is something else which captures the fancy concerning Liverpool Cathedral, and this concerns the young man of twenty who designed the gigantic structure, and whose name will go down in history as one of Britain's greatest architects.

He is Giles Gilbert Scott, R.A. When the competition for the cathedral design was announced he was employed in an architect's office in Liverpool. His master decided to enter the competition, and so did the pupil—but without informing his employer. Scott carried out the immense drawings necessary during the short hours he was free from office work, and we are told that when his employer found it necessary to rebuke the young man for being late in the mornings he never for a moment imagined the cause was energy rather than sleepy-headedness!

When the results were declared and Scott's designs were announced as the winning ones, his master was, perhaps, even more surprised than the fortunate young man himself. The choice has been proved, now that a portion of the building is complete, to have been a wise one, and experts are agreed that the structure will be far and away the most important building of our time. The cost of the whole structure, it is estimated, will be about two million pounds, which is being raised by public subscription.

Next to the structure itself, one of the chief beauties will be the windows, which will be as striking as it will be possible to make them. Some of these will commemorate the deeds of women notable for their good works. One of the most remarkable of the memorials will be that dedicated to the memory of Kitty Wilkin-



Third Largest Cathedral in the World, Designed by Architect Only Twenty-One Years Old. Liverpool Cathedral consecrated in the presence of the King and Queen on July 19.

son, who, during the great cholera epidemic of 1832, played a noble part in helping the poor. It has been arranged, too, that a book containing the names of the 32,000 men from the Liverpool district who gave their lives for their country in the war will be placed in the cathedral.

Another interesting fact about the cathedral is that it stands on one of the highest points in the city, and its dome will be to Liverpool what the dome of St. Paul's is to London. It will be a landmark visible out at sea, and will be the first building to strike the eye of passengers arriving in the Mersey from Canada.

A comparison of the cathedral's dimensions as compared with those of other churches gives some idea of its size. It will be the biggest ecclesiastical building in Great Britain. At present this honor falls to York Minster, but Liverpool Cathedral will be half as large again. It

will be 100 feet longer than St. Paul's, 50 feet longer than Westminster Abbey. Indeed, the longer than Westminster Abbey. Indeed, the longer than Westminster Abbey. Indeed, the longer than Westminster Abbey.

It is interesting to recall that, although this is the greatest undertaking the Church of England has attempted since the Reformation, the architect is himself a Roman Catholic.

Mrs. Watt Makes Ice Cream In the Face of Tragedy

Popular President of the Federation of Women's Institutes Had Wheat Ruined by Blizzard

IN the hard school of adversity has Mrs. David Watt been tried and never been known to lose her sense of humor, even in the face of tragedy.

It was on her farm at Britle, Manitoba, that the popular president of the Federated Women's Institutes, so well-known in connection with the Women's Institute exhibits at Toronto Exhibition, was tested to the limit of endurance.

Sixteen years ago this summer there was a beautiful wheat crop, and the men were getting out the binders to start harvesting the following day, when a devastating hail storm came up suddenly. In a few minutes the heavy acres of grain were ruined. The fields looked as if the wheat had been ploughed under. Bits of straw were all that was to be seen after the hail had done its work.

Most people would have been paralyzed over the disaster, but Mrs. Watt simply said to her daughters: "Well, girls, this storm has taken all our crop! Let's have something out of it."

So she sent one daughter to gather up hail stones, which lay in heaps against the buildings, and the other girl for some cream, while she herself got out the freezer, and they made ice cream.

EINSTEIN COUNTS WRONG ARITHMETIC IS WEAK

Berlin Conductor Doesn't Think Much of the Great Mathematician as a Counter of Change

ALBERT EINSTEIN, discoverer of the theory of relativity, may have a world-wide reputation as a mathematical genius, but he failed recently to make an impression upon a street car conductor of Berlin Line No. 7.

Professor Einstein boarded a car at Bayerische Platz with his wife, who is a celebrated violinist. He was explaining to Mrs. Einstein his fear that the heat might harm her violin and paid little attention to the change given him by the conductor.

After counting it hurriedly, Einstein insisted that the conductor had made a mistake. The latter re-counted the charge deliberately explaining to Herr Einstein that it was correct, and then turned to the next passenger with a shrug of his shoulders and the remark: "His arithmetic is weak."

The really big men always listen to suggestions.—Mr. Godfrey Tearle, the actor.

Cocky Little Officer "My Mans" The Great Sherlock Holmes

In His Memoirs, Sir Conan Doyle Tells How He Organized Home Volunteer Force in First Days of the War—Found Life of a Private Soldier a Very Delightful One



"You have served before, my man," he exclaimed. "Good man!"

VERY few people know that Sir Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes, was the first man in England to organize a home volunteer force after the war began. How the war office sanctioned his scheme and how it spread throughout the country is told by Sir Conan in his Memoirs and Adventures now appearing in the Strand Magazine.

"We had frequent camps, field days and inspections," he says. "On one occasion eight thousand of us were assembled, and I am bound to say that I have never seen a finer body of men, though they were rather of the police-curable than of the purely military type. The spirit was excellent, and I am sure that if we had had our chance we should have done well in action. But it was hard to know how to get the chance save in case of invasion. We were the remaining pivots of national life and could only be spared for short periods, or chaos would follow. But a week or two in case of invasion would have been eagerly hailed. No doubt our presence enabled the government to strip the country of regular troops far more than they

would have dared otherwise to do. Twice, as Repington's Memoirs show, there was a question of embodying us for active service, but in each case the emergency passed.

I found the life of a private soldier a delightful one. To be led and not to lead was most restful, and so long as one's thoughts were bounded by the polishing of one's buttons and the cleansing of one's rifle, one was quietly happy. In that long period I shared every phase of my companions' life. I have stood in the queue with my pannikin to get a welcome drink of beer, and I have slept in a bell-tent upon a summer night with a Sussex yokel blissfully snoring upon each of my shoulders. Sometimes amusing situations arose. I remember a new adjutant arriving and reviewing us. When he got opposite to me in his inspection his eyes were caught by my South African medal.

"You have seen service, my man?" said he. "Yes, sir," I answered.

"Good man!" said he.

He was a little cocky fellow who might well have been my son so far as age went. When he had passed down the line he said to our C. O., St. Quintin: "Who is that big fellow on the right of the rear rank?" "That's Sherlock Holmes," said the C. O. "Good Lord!" said the adjutant. "I hope he does not mind my 'My manning' him!" "He just loves it," said St. Quintin, which showed that he knew me.

ENGINEER'S APT RETORT

A QUIET but very able engineer, F. C. May, had an unfortunate infirmity which caused him to shake his head continually. While he was one day waiting to see Sir Frederick Bramwell, some of the young men in the office thought to raise a laugh at poor Mr. May's expense, and one of them asked him:

"Mr. May, why does your head always wobble like that?"

He replied: "For the same reason, young gentleman, that your tongue wags so, from excessive weakness."

ICELANDERS ADDRESS BISHOP AS 'HIS WHISKERS'

Lord Archbishop of Rupert's Land Resembles Noah, Moses and Even Santa Claus

HIS GRACE THE MOST REVEREND SAMUEL PRITCHARD MATHESON, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Archbishop of Rupert's Land, and Metropolitan, Primate of Canada, Primate of All Canada, to give his full title to the executive head of the Church of England in Canada, is a man who, by his great administrative ability, his profound learning, his remarkable personality, and his many years of faithful ministry, has won the confidence of every party within his communion, and the respect of all outside with whom he has come into contact.

In the discharge of his duties, the archbishop has come into many interesting situations, about which some of the best stories are told by his grace himself. "Every place I go," he once remarked drily, "they have potatoes and 'The Church's One Foundation.'" At another time, he told how, once when he had had a railway company stop a continental express at a very small station where he had been confirming one evening, in order that he might keep an engagement in Winnipeg the next morning, he had boarded the train, and had been sitting in the smoker some minutes when he heard the conductor exclaiming impatiently outside: "Where is he—is that confounded archbishop?"

To his position the archbishop brings much inherent dignity, and a truly patriarchal beard, his "whiskers," as the Icelandic settlers in his diocese say. In his vestments he looks very much as one imagines one of the Old Testament prophets to have been. This fact was very recently brought to the attention of a local S.S. teacher. He had been describing the organization of the Anglican Church to a class of boys, all under ten years of age, and had brought along a picture of the Archbishop of Rupert's Land. Holding it up, he asked who it was. "Noah," said one hopeful. "Moses," said another, and "Santa Claus!" a third.

Canadian Woman Meets Three Kings and Queens

No Small Honor Has Been Paid to Mrs. Charles H. Thorburn, Who Represents Canada at Wembley

By R. E. KNOWLES
ONE of the most notable of the overseas visitors to London this summer is Mrs. C. H. Thorburn, of Ottawa, a Commissioner for the Canadian Government to the British Empire Exhibition, to whom, in her representative capacity, no small degree of honor has been paid. In a brief interview recently, I elicited from this well-known Canadian lady the information that since coming over here she has met three kings and queens, and been entertained by the Duchesses of Devonshire, Norfolk, Athol and Wellington, as well as by the Countess of Aberdeen and by Lady Astor. Miss Bondfield, M.P., has given her the most valuable assistance in carrying on her Canadian propaganda.

I cannot forbear, as a sample of Mrs. Thorburn's eloquence, to quote the conclusion of one of her speeches at a function which was marked by patriotic addresses from several ladies of the overseas dominions. "Come to Canada," concluded Mrs. Thorburn. "Come in a bright day in January and see our 'Lady of the Snows' decked in diamonds, glistening in the sun. Or come in the spring-time and see our millions of acres in their emerald-tint of blade and leaf. Or perhaps you prefer the topaz tint of the golden grain? Over four hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat harvested in 1923! But, and some of us think best of all, see Canada in the early autumn when the first frost has passed over the land of the Maple, turning her trees to deep blood-red rubies. Come, and see the brightest gem in His Majesty's crown!"

Mrs. Thorburn, accompanied by Miss Margaret Bondfield, M.P., has left for Geneva, where she will take her seat as one of the Canadian delegates to the Labor Conference there.

SORRY HE WAS ALIVE

ONE of the many unwritten laws that barristers are supposed to remember is that it is not permissible for counsel to cite a legal textbook if its author is still alive.

Not long since a case was being tried in the court of appeal, where Lord Justice Scrutton sits.

Now, he is the author of many ponderous law books, and one of them was cited by a barrister in a case he was trying.

Lord Justice Scrutton stayed him with a gesture.

"The author of the book you are quoting from is not yet dead," he said, gravely.

"Oh, I'm sorry, m'lud," stammered counsel; and a ripple of laughter—in which the lord justice joined—disturbed the decorum of the appeal court.

Only cowards pretend that consistency is a virtue.—Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P.

Can You Tell Any Good Yarns About Canadians?

At least two dollars for an anecdote. Often more.

This paper wants interesting yarns about Canadians. They must be well known and they must be living. And the stories must be true.

The anecdotes should not as a rule exceed three hundred words in length.

A minimum of two dollars will be paid for every anecdote accepted. For unusual stories regular space rates will be paid.

No unaccepted manuscript will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

Address Anecdote Editor, care of this paper.



Babe Ruth, the Embryo Detective, in Disguises He Might Use

BABE RUTH, studying to be a lawyer and a detective, is shown above in five different disguises he might affect during his sleuthing. From LEFT TO RIGHT, he is seen as: 1. A British locomotive, with a special headlight over his batting eye. 2. As Secretary Hughes, of the United States, with a full set of whiskers of the popular whisker style. 3. As Lord Ducreary, featuring a special type of wind-tenser. 4. As Senator Walsh of convention fame, sporting the long curled soustrainer that is typical of gate-crashers, who hasn't missed a big sporting event in the last 25 years. 5. And as one-eyed Connelly, the famous

Origin of "Go to Halifax."

Punishment was carried out in Halifax, not by hanging, but by a sort of guillotine, for which it became famous. And to tell anyone to go to Halifax is equivalent to bidding him "Go hang!"

VICTORIA REBEKAHS
HOLD MERRY PICNIC

Mrs. L. J. Perrett's Team Wins
Baseball Match From Mrs.
Austin's Team.

The members of the Victoria Rebekah Lodge, O. E. S., this city, held an enjoyable picnic at Springbank on Thursday. A lively baseball game featured the day's events, the team captained by Mrs. L. J. Perrett winning against the team led by Mrs. A. E. Austin.

The races resulted as follows:
Boys and girls 8 years and under—Jean Clements and Gerald Henderson.
Girls 8 to 12 years—Beatrice Juggins and Flora McRoberts.
Boys 8 to 12 years—Walter Evans and Gerald Henderson.
Girls 12 to 17 years—Gertrude Evans.
Snowshoe race—Mrs. A. Sheridan.
Peanut race—Mrs. Earl Evans.
Shovel race—Mrs. Osborne and Mrs. Haskett.
Blind man's race—Mrs. E. Evans.
Married ladies' race—Mrs. L. J. Perrett.
Committee ladies' race—Mrs. Harry Powell.

The committee in charge of the affair were as follows: Mrs. W. H. Evans, convener; Mrs. L. J. Perrett, Mrs. T. Hamblin, Mrs. M. Malone, Mrs. H. Powell, Mrs. A. E. Austin, Mrs. A. Sheridan, Mrs. P. Pawley, Mrs. R. Whitehead, Mrs. Stack and Miss Laid.

My Best Recipe

By Mrs. B. J. Dunlevy,
454 Quebec Street

SHRIMP ORLANDO.

Heap three tablespoons full of butter and mix with a teaspoonful of salt, cayenne pepper, one and a half teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and two cups of cream. When hot add two finely chopped hard-boiled eggs and two cups of washed and chopped canned shrimps. Bring to a boil and pour over a square of buttered toast. Garnish with potato chips.

WEDDINGS

PERKINS—HAYLOCK.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized at the Gospel Hall on Thursday, July 31, when Miss Mae Haylock of this city became the bride of Mr. Alfred G. Perkins, also of London. The ceremony was performed by Mr. Charles Innes of Brantford. The bride, wearing a charming gown of bridal satin trimmed with pearls, and carried a bouquet of white roses, was given away by her father, Mr. Frederick Haylock. She was attended by Miss Ella Grace, and little Miss Marjorie Matthews made a pretty flower girl. The groom was supported by Mr. A. D. Lockhart. Mrs. W. J. Perkins presided at the organ, while Miss Marion Peel sang "All Hail to the Victor." The signing of the register. The ushers were Mr. W. J. Perkins, brother of the groom, Mr. R. M. Winslow and Mr. E. Wilkins. The hall was beautifully decorated for the occasion.

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the newly-married couple. The bride and groom, where a delightful buffet luncheon was served. A large company of guests was present, and the gifts were numerous. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Perkins started for a motor trip to the Muskoka Lakes.

STANLEY—MOSSEY.

A quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Mossey, Granville, when their eldest daughter, Della Marie, was united in marriage to Albert Stanley, son of Mrs. Albert Stanley of Kintola. Rev. F. W. Langford officiated. The bride looked charming in a gown of gray canton crepe, trimmed with French blue, and carried a bouquet of maiden hair fern and Ophelia roses. Mr. and Mrs. C. Martin, a recent bride couple, attended the bride and groom. Mrs. Martin also wearing gray canton crepe. The groom's gift to the bride was a string of pearls, to the bridesmaid a bar pin, and to the groomsmen gold cuff links. After a wedding breakfast the happy couple left for London and Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Stanley will reside on the groom's farm, Durham road.

Baby's Great
Danger During
Hot Weather

More little ones die during the hot weather than at any other time of the year. Diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum and stomach troubles come without warning, and when a medicine is not at hand to give promptly the short delay too frequently means that the child has passed beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets should always be kept in the house where there are young children. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent stomach and bowel troubles, or if the trouble comes suddenly the prompt use of the Tablets will relieve the baby. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. William Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Adv.

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

A PURE, SAFE AND SIMPLE REMEDY FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF MAN AND BEAST. ON HAND AS A MORE SURE-ATTENTION FOR SUCH CASES. BE FOUND EVERYWHERE. IF YOU HAVE IT READY FOR THEM, WHEN YOU WILL NEED IT.

PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Richards of Chatham were recent guests in the city.

Mrs. M. Loneragan of Peterboro is visiting with Mrs. A. Young, Wellington street.

Miss Margery Sullivan of Stratford spent the week with friends in Windsor.

Mr. Harry Fair of Detroit is holidaying with his mother, Mrs. M. Fair, Byron avenue.

Miss Margaret Demaray, Stratford, has been visiting friends in the city for a few days.

Miss Mabel Garner of this city was a recent guest with friends in Chatham and Windsor.

Miss Jean Charlton of Toronto is visiting Mrs. Laura Harrison, William street, for a month.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. John Richards are guests with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Rhunke, Dover Township.

Mrs. George A. Adams and her daughter Anne of Belgrave Place are holidaying at Jackson's Point.

Mr. W. Friend of this city was a recent visitor in Chatham, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hudson.

Col. Francis B. Ware has left for Muskoka, where he will join Mrs. Ware and children at Brantford.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Dennis, St. James street, leave in a couple of weeks to visit friends in Toronto.

Miss Marion Snell of Galt is a guest with Miss Marjorie Tolhurst and Mrs. Tolhurst, Thorton avenue.

Miss Jane Blair of Detroit is spending her vacation with relatives in the city and surrounding country.

Miss Winnie Hudson of this city has returned after visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Hudson, Chatham.

Mrs. W. A. Tanner has returned to the city after a delightful visit with her cousin, Miss Harvey, in Hamilton.

The Misses Irene and Jean Isaac, Lorne avenue, and Miss A. E. Bates, Talbot street, are holidaying at Grand Bend.

Mr. A. E. Fitzgerald of Detroit was a guest this week with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Fitzgerald, King street.

Mr. George Parsons of Detroit, Mich., is holidaying with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. Parsons, Bruce street.

Mr. M. Pocock has returned to her home, Redan street, after spending several weeks with friends at Rodney.

Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Abbott and Miss Laid are spending the last week of the month of August at their cottage in Goderich.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Munro, Princess Apartments, have returned to the city after spending several days at Kingsville.

Mr. F. Blake Jones, Jun., Stanley street, leaves today on a motor trip to Cobourg, Montreal and other eastern points.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, of 781 Regent street, leave today to spend old boys' week in Seaford.

Miss Madeline Robinson, Elias street, is spending her vacation with friends in Geneva, N. Y., Rochester, and New York City.

Miss L. M. Gray, supervisor of nurses at Victoria Hospital, has returned to the city after a delightful holiday in Muskoka.

Mrs. R. G. Currie and children of Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, are guests with the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rogers, Rectory street.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. McCamus, Wharncliffe road, motored home from Toronto yesterday after having spent the month of July there.

Mrs. George Pocock, Redan street, has returned after holidaying with some weeks with her daughter, Mrs. W. H. Barber at Creemore, Georgian Bay.

Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Pearson and Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Pearson and children of Bedford, Pa., return home today after spending a week at Northcott Cottage, Port Stanley.

Rev. W. G. Richardson, Mrs. Richardson and their two children, Robert and Ruth, of Deseronto, made a brief visit with Mrs. J. B. Ireland, this city, on their way to Chatham.

Mrs. H. B. Trebilcock of Detroit and her sons, Jack and George, have returned after visiting the former's mother, Mrs. A. McLeod, and Mrs. Trebilcock this city.

Miss Bessie McCamus, Miss Marion McCamus, Miss Beatrice Brown and Miss Ida Minihugh left yesterday for New York and Boston and a delightful coast trip to Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Harris, Duchess avenue, and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bailey of Riverview, Chelsea Green, left this morning motoring to Windsor and Detroit for over the holiday.

Dr. G. G. Clegg of Victoria Hospital left Thursday night for a three-weeks' trip in the Canadian West, where he will be joined by his wife and family, who have been summering in the West.

Mrs. Orlando Taylor, Ridout street, is spending a week in Detroit where she is the guest at the marriage of Miss Florence Chandler of Detroit to Dr. Carl Badgley of Ann Arbor University.

Recent guests at the home of Miss Babe Penfold, the Allenby Apartments, Richmond street, were Miss Helen Siebert of Stratford and Mr. Paul S. Myers and Mr. Alvah Ellerhoeck of Alton.

Miss Marg. Karn of Detroit, Mich., is spending two weeks' vacation with her mother, Mrs. Karn, Craig street. In honor of Miss Karn, Miss Anna Blackwell, Clarence street, entertained at bridge yesterday.

Miss Nevada Best of Kingston and the Miss Dorothy and Gene Appleford of Port Nelson are guests with Miss Florence Barker of this city at "Idlewild," the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brenner, Orchard Beach Port Stanley.

Miss Margaret Fenlin, who has been visiting the past few weeks in

ENGAGEMENTS

A charge of 75 cents for one insertion, or \$1 for two insertions. Send for notices under this heading. Orders for insertion of engagement notices must bear the name and address of sender, and will not be taken over the telephone.

WOMEN and THE HOME

WOMAN SCIENTIST
GUEST IN LONDON

Brilliant Welsh Teacher Is in
Canada For Sessions of
British Association.



MISS LILLIAN MOSS
of this city, who was the week appointed general secretary of the Dominion Anglican Young People's Association at the executive meeting.

the city, the guest of Miss Edna Fletcher, Richmond street north, left last night to spend a few days in Montreal before returning to her home in Philadelphia, Pa.

Dr. H. H. Strothers and Dr. V. A. Callaghan of New York City Hospital are holidaying in the city, the latter with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Callaghan, Wellington street, and the former with his mother, Mrs. Strothers, at her cottage, Bayfield, Lake Huron.

Mrs. Melvin Major and family of Sarnia are motoring to the city today to spend a week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Willis, Dorinda street, where Miss Louise Major has been a guest for some time. Mrs. Willis and children will return with them to Sarnia for August.

Miss Margaret Hamilton, B. Sc. of Barry, South Wales, who was a guest this week with Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hunter, Wellington street north, will spend the week-end in Detroit before attending the conference of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in Toronto next week.

Miss Lily Phillips of Depeham, Norfolk, England, who has been visiting Mrs. Edgar Phillips since last October, sailed yesterday from Montreal on S.S. Montcalm, accompanied by Mrs. Phillips, who will spend a year in England with her. Mr. Phillips went with them as far as Montreal.

Little Miss Margaret Ingram and Phyllis Scott aged nine and ten years and both pupils of Alma College, St. Thomas, were successful in achieving 93 per cent at the recent piano examinations at the Toronto Conservatory.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Reid and daughter, Marguerite, Grey street, leave today to spend Old Boys' week in Seaford.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

The Plain-Spoken Woman Who Is Unpopular.
Hints for the Man Who Doesn't Make a Hit
With Girls—Should a Husband and Wife Who
Bring Out the Worst in Each Other Separate?

Dear Miss Dix—I am very good-looking and well educated, and seem to be liked on first acquaintance by the women I meet. Then I am no longer noticed. I have no women friends, and am never invited to make one of the little groups of women who have good times together, and, of course, every woman wants women friends.

Do you think that the reason that I am unpopular with women is because I am plain spoken and not double-faced?

Answer:
I do, indeed, L. W. I can think of no other one fault that is such an efficacious first aid to unpopularity as the fatal habit of telling every woman you meet just exactly what you think about her. That is something that human vanity cannot stand.

We are covered with little prickles of egotism that require to be handled with velvet gloves, and when an individual refuses to do this and tramples roughshod over our self love, why, we have as little to do as possible with her or him.

The people whom we like, whose society we enjoy and whom we choose for our friends are the suave, the diplomatic, those with these, those who say pleasant and gracious things to us, who put the loud pedal on our virtues and the soft pedal on our faults, at least when we are face to face with them. The people whom we avoid, and with whom we associate only under compulsion, are the unsmooth, the conversational blunderers, the brutally frank, who tell us the things that we would rather die than admit even to ourselves.

Plain-spoken people always account plain speaking unto themselves for righteousness and accuse those who are not guilty of it as being hypocrites, but this is a very lopsided way to look at the subject. If you are asked your opinion of a subject, truth compels you to give an honest answer; but when you are not asked what you think of a thing, it is no part of your duty to volunteer a criticism.

Yet the plain-spoken woman can never see her new hat without telling you that it is ten years too young for you, or your ring making a hit with the girls, and he said it was because I didn't have a dominant expression about the eyes and mouth. He said my eyes looked too kind. Do you think he is right?

Answer:
Nonsense. Women like men with kindly eyes. No woman wants to be scowled at and dominated, and any chap who tried glaring at a flapper would be more likely to get a hit in the eye than make a hit with his eyes.

As for a man's expression cutting any ice with his popularity, that's too silly to discuss. The only difference in expression that a girl ever notices is whether a man looks wide awake and intelligent, or like a fatuous fool. So my advice to you is to quit studying your reflection in the mirror and turn your attention to your characteristics to seek the cause of your unpopularity with girls.

Ask yourself these questions: Do you consider yourself a second-hand Valentino? Do you pose around and expect every girl to burn incense before you? Girls loathe the egotist. Are you condescending in your attitude toward all women? Do you sneer at their opinions and wear sarcastic over the way they drive an automobile? When you take a girl out, do you act toward her as if you thought she should be doing flipflops of gratitude before you for your kindness? There's nothing girls loathe like having a man patronize them.

Are you a tightwad? When you take a girl out, do you choose the cheapest place you can go to? Do you invariably order half portions at a restaurant and the least expensive drinks at the soda fountain? Nice girls are not gold-diggers, but they like to feel that a man values their company at more than thirty cents an evening.

Are you a bore? Do you spend hours monologuing along about yourself and your affairs, and think that a girl should spend a joyous evening hearing all about your flimsy, and what you said to the boss and the boss said to you? The tedious talker makes a girl mighty weary.

Do you stay too long when you go to see a girl? Do you linger on and on until the clock yawns in your face, and the girl has to get up and walk around the room to keep herself awake? There is no surer way for a man to make himself unpopular than to outstay his welcome.

Perhaps, among these suggestions, you will find the answer to the problem of why you are unpopular with girls.

Dear Miss Dix—Do you think it best for a man and wife to separate when there is no hope of peace in the home? My wife quits me periodically, and has done so during the last eighteen years. During these mad periods she tells scandalous and untrue tales about me, and tries to prejudice my children against me, and is most unkind to my dear old mother. There is no cause whatever for my wife's conduct, but I have put up with it for the sake of my children, whom I love dearly. But they are now grown and away from home and self-sustaining, and I do not feel that I can bear this any longer. What should I do?

Answer:
I believe that so long as people have small children they should endure almost anything from their husbands and wives for the sake of keeping a home together and giving the children the benefit of both a mother's and father's care and influence.

But after the children are reared and out on their own, this obligation ceases. Then I think that an uncongenial man and woman have a right to go their own way and seek their own peace and happiness. I do not see where any good purpose is served by a man and woman being tied together who have come to hate each other and who bring out all that is worst in each.

DEAR MISS DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—Do you think it best for a man and wife to separate when there is no hope of peace in the home? My wife quits me periodically, and has done so during the last eighteen years. During these mad periods she tells scandalous and untrue tales about me, and tries to prejudice my children against me, and is most unkind to my dear old mother. There is no cause whatever for my wife's conduct, but I have put up with it for the sake of my children, whom I love dearly. But they are now grown and away from home and self-sustaining, and I do not feel that I can bear this any longer. What should I do?

Answer:
I believe that so long as people have small children they should endure almost anything from their husbands and wives for the sake of keeping a home together and giving the children the benefit of both a mother's and father's care and influence.

But after the children are reared and out on their own, this obligation ceases. Then I think that an uncongenial man and woman have a right to go their own way and seek their own peace and happiness. I do not see where any good purpose is served by a man and woman being tied together who have come to hate each other and who bring out all that is worst in each.

DEAR MISS DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—Do you think it best for a man and wife to separate when there is no hope of peace in the home? My wife quits me periodically, and has done so during the last eighteen years. During these mad periods she tells scandalous and untrue tales about me, and tries to prejudice my children against me, and is most unkind to my dear old mother. There is no cause whatever for my wife's conduct, but I have put up with it for the sake of my children, whom I love dearly. But they are now grown and away from home and self-sustaining, and I do not feel that I can bear this any longer. What should I do?

Answer:
I believe that so long as people have small children they should endure almost anything from their husbands and wives for the sake of keeping a home together and giving the children the benefit of both a mother's and father's care and influence.

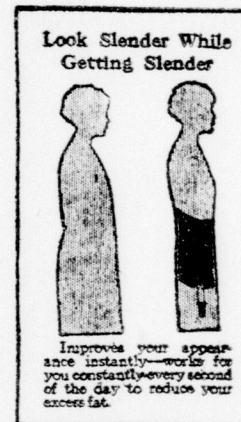
But after the children are reared and out on their own, this obligation ceases. Then I think that an uncongenial man and woman have a right to go their own way and seek their own peace and happiness. I do not see where any good purpose is served by a man and woman being tied together who have come to hate each other and who bring out all that is worst in each.

DEAR MISS DIX.

DEAR MISS DIX—Do you think it best for a man and wife to separate when there is no hope of peace in the home? My wife quits me periodically, and has done so during the last eighteen years. During these mad periods she tells scandalous and untrue tales about me, and tries to prejudice my children against me, and is most unkind to my dear old mother. There is no cause whatever for my wife's conduct, but I have put up with it for the sake of my children, whom I love dearly. But they are now grown and away from home and self-sustaining, and I do not feel that I can bear this any longer. What should I do?

Goldfish Victims of Automobiles.

Streams around the cities which have been known to abound in goldfish for years, are now depleted, because the oil which finds its way there from automobiles kills the fish.

Waist and Hips
Reduced With
New Kind of Girdle

This soft, supple, resilient girdle fits as snugly and smoothly as a kid glove, is worn over the vest and is so constructed that it touches and gently massages every portion of the surface continually! It is built on the latest scientific massage principles that have caused reductions of 5, 10, 20 pounds in an astonishingly short time. The resilient Para rubber of which it is made is especially designed for reducing purposes and is strong enough to really hold you in. Women usually lose 1 to 3 inches the very first week!

Besides driving away the excess fat, the Madame X Reducing Girdle supports the muscles of the back and sides, thus helping prevent fatigue. Makes you look and feel younger. The special cut away front insures perfect comfort while you sit, work or play. And the back lacing makes it easy to adjust the girdle as you become more slender.

Ask to see it and also the Reducing Brassiere. Come in today and try them on. You won't want to take them off!

Madame X Reducing Girdle
Makes You Look Thin While Getting Thin.
Leading Stores throughout Canada are now being supplied with the Madame X Reducing Girdle. Ask to see them and also the REDUCING BRASSIERES. If yours has not yet got them, write for photographic description and name of nearest agent.

COUPON FROM LONDON ADVERTISER
To the Dominion Corset Co., Quebec
Please send free photographic descriptive circular of Madame X Reducing Girdle to inside of each garment.
Address, Street and Number.....
City..... Prov.....

Sole Makers in Canada
Dominion Corset Co.
Quebec
Montreal Toronto

REGISTRATION
for
London Secondary Schools

All Rural Students wishing to attend any unit of the
London Collegiate Institute
or the
London Technical High School

for 1924-25 are required to apply for registration not later than AUG. 15. Kindly state grade of work and course desired. Send applications AT ONCE to the principal concerned.

E. A. MILLER, H. B. BEAL,
Principal Collegiate Institute Principal Technical High School
J19, 22, 24, 25, 26, 31, A2

BRIGHT LIGHTS, FLAGS
TO WELCOME OLD BOYS

St. Thomas and Seaford Are
in Gala Dress For
Reunions.

Special to The Ad

R. H. SMITH LUMBER CO.

ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER, LATH, POSTS, SHINGLES, DOORS, SASH, TORONTO ASPHALT ROOFING, HARDWOOD FLOORING.

11 ERIE AVENUE. PHONE 2998W.

COAL, COKE & WOOD

SCRANTON ANTHRACITE COAL

Well Screened, All Sizes.

Egg, Stove, Chestnut and Pea.

CHANTLER BROS.

Phone 347. 263 Bathurst St.

London Marble & Granite Co.

Designers and Manufacturers of ARTISTIC CEMETERY MEMORIALS

Phone 3569W. 493 Richmond St.

Terry's Garage

Fullerton St. Phone 534

Service All the Time

ANY CAR OR TRUCK

2 Service Cars for Your Benefit

Forest City House

Board and room, per week, \$8; double, \$7.50.

DINING-ROOM SERVICE.

Meals, 30c. 89-91 King St.

MACHINE BLACKSMITHING.

EALING WELDING WORKS

J. M. Lefebvre, Prop.

OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING AND CUTTING

Phone 7783. 551 Hamilton Rd.

SEE THE NEW GURNEY ELECTRIC RANGES

All Models at Popular Prices.

Cash or Terms.

ARCHER ELECTRIC

Phone 2110. 221 Dundas St.

STEWART & MORKIN

ALL WORK DONE BY EXPERTS.

ELECTRIC MOTOR REPAIRS

138 FULLERTON STREET. PHONE 3165

Loose Leaf Sheets and Devices

IS OUR SPECIALTY.

REID BROS. & CO., LIMITED

Nightingale Ave. Phone 303. Printing, Ruling, Bookbinding

DR. LEROY V. HILES

Foot Specialist

202 Dundas St. Phone 7308.

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS & Contractors

A. N. KNOWLES

Electrical Construction Company, Limited.

Estimates Submitted.

Phone 5742. 422 Richmond St.

THE BRICK MANUFACTURING AND SUPPLY COMPANY, LIMITED

Full Line of Builders' Supplies

PHONE 1244. AND PEDLAR PRODUCTS 609 WILLIAM ST.

D. S. PERRIN & CO., LIMITED

MANUFACTURERS OF BISCUITS AND CONFECTIONERY

Factory and Executive Offices, London, Canada.

RELIANCE GARAGE LTD.

Authorized Ford, Overland and Willys-Knight Service and Parts

Genuine Factory Parts Only.

RADIO DEALERS.

293 Dundas St. Phone 6400.

New Accessories

USED PARTS

Bargain Prices.

White Auto Wrecking Co.

749 Simcoe St. Tel. 6881.

J. CARSON & SONS

MACHINE SHOP AND GARAGE REPAIRS

OUR SPECIALTY.

Phone 5030W. 347 Ridout St.

Wilkins Audit Co., Ltd.

Public Accountants and Auditors.

Audits—Systems—Costing

ED. WILKINS, F.I.S.A.

Phone 4270-7811W. 8 London Loan Building.

SERVICE UNEQUALLED**ART WILKES**

LONDON TIRE REPAIR DEPOT

NEW TIRES AND TUBES

Phone for balloon tire demonstration.

VULCANIZING A SPECIALTY.

Phone 2334. 354 Wellington St.

QUALITY CAR PAINTING

Tops and Trimmings

General Body Repairs

A. B. GREER & SON

Cor. York & Talbot Sts. Phone 1023.

H. F. DAY

THE MOVER

REMEMBER DAY ON MOVING DAY

Phone 2887. 480 Maitland St.

MASSEY BICYCLES

J. A. BARNARD

LOCKSMITH.

GENERAL REPAIRS.

ALL MAKES OF MOTORCYCLES

Phone 2094M. 338-340 Talbot St.

LET US ESTIMATE**PARKER & ALLEN**

Plastering Contractors

No Job Too Big—None Too Small.

Stucco Work Specialty.

1197 FLORENCE ST. Phone 4739W.

KLEEN KWAITY KLOTHS

AND WASTE COMPANY.

Superior Quality. Sanitary and Sterilized Wiping Cloths—A Grade for Every Man.

Phone 2792. Nights, Holidays. 5422W. Cor. Bathurst and William Sts.

OSCAR HUDSON & CO.

CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS

Resident Partner, Wm. C. Benson.

C.A. Accounting dept. phone 1371.

Trustees, phone 1537W. Dominion Savings Bldg.

PEERLESS AND NEW ELITE

EVERYONE WHO SEES ONE WANTS ONE

SOLD BY BEST DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

HOUD & CO., LIMITED

PHONE 1064. QUEBEC ST.

FOLDING TABLES

QUEBEC ST.

CLOTHES WRINGING NOW UNNECESSARY

Machine Sold by Bowley Electric Does Work Inside Tub.

A wringerless washing machine. Sounds funny, but that is the term that exactly fits the Laun-Dry-Elite Electric Washer sold by the Bowley Electric 306 Dundas street. With this machine there is no separate wringer needed, as the process of wringing the clothes is carried out inside the machine itself. A cylinder with perforated sides is the receptacle in which the clothes are washed. When the process of cleaning is completed, a special attachment elevates this cylinder above the water. Then a button is pressed and the cylinder is revolved at a rapid speed. This swirling motion removes all the water from the clothes, and when they are taken from the tub there is no need for further wringing.

Any washing process must have sufficient action to remove the dirt from the clothes and yet must do so gently that the garments are not damaged or subjected to wear.

The vacuum process is the most direct mechanical method of washing clothes, yet at the same time the gentlest. It has been proved during long years of use and is as well known as any washing principle. Two sturdy, roll-eased, mottled copper vacuum cups on the Laun-Dry-Elite alternately flush the soapy water through the clothes and draw it back by suction. Like two strong hands they work up and down upon the clothes, strokes down and up and even strokes up and down.

The clothes rest in a perforated inner tub or dryer. The vacuum cups come straight down upon them and deliver extra energy after they submerge in the water. This extra punch revolves the clothes and the inner tub so that they pass under each vacuum several times each minute. The vigorous action of the cups brings the clothes on the bottom of the tub to the top and the garments on the top replace them on the bottom. In fifteen minutes the clothes are clean.

Perhaps one wonders what becomes of the gritty dirt, sand and other particles frequently found in soiled clothes. The vacuum cups flush them out of the garments and drive them through the dryer perforations. They settle into the sediment space between the tubs, and never again touch the clothes. This is an important and exclusive advantage in the Laun-Dry-Elite and it makes for cleaner clothes.

FOREST CITY HOUSE SERVICE HIGH-CLASS

Excellent Dining-Room and Barber Shop Conducted in Connection.

The Forest City House at 31 King street provides excellent rooming house requirements for persons wishing to live near the downtown district as it is but two minutes walk from the corner of Dundas and Richmond streets.

This house, which has been operated under a new manager, Patrick Barry, since April, at which time it was thoroughly remodelled and renovated throughout, includes 26 single and double rooms, a dining room, a first-class dining-room is operated in connection, as well as an excellent bar and barber shop.

"It is our constant aim," says Mr. Barry, "to make our service here something just a little better than the ordinary, and we believe we are providing the best that can be secured any place. Our rates are single board and room, per week, \$7.50; double, \$8; and rooms by the night, single \$1, and double \$1.50."

BATTERIES AND TIRES REPAIRED BY EXPERT

Bill Newman Has Had Many Years' Experience in Both Fields.

"Although I have been operating this shop for only three years our business has grown greatly in that time," said Bill Newman, battery and tire repair man of 91 York street, the other day.

In this shop there is complete equipment for vulcanizing automobile tires and inner tubes of all sizes and descriptions. Another important branch of this concern's activities is the battery repair department, which is becoming increasingly popular with the motorists of London and the surrounding district.

Mr. Newman recently added another feature to his business in the form of an automobile washing department, where machines are thoroughly washed and cleaned at reasonable prices.

Mr. Newman has had many years' experience, both in repairing batteries and vulcanizing tires and, because of this, patrons who seek his services in either of these fields can rest assured that the finished job will be something worth while.

Tires On Sale

\$1.00 off every tire in shop; new stock; fully guaranteed.

J. A. Barnard

Lowest prices on new and rebuilt bicycles.

Motorcycles, general repairs, locksmith.

Phone 2094M. 338 Talbot St.

ENGLISH AUTO WRECKERS

Largest and Most Up-To-Date Auto Wrecking Plant in Western Ontario.

Phone 432. 74 Fullerton St.

USE MAY'S PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM**HICKORY GROVE DAIRY**

Real Service and Satisfaction.

Phone 5156. 345 WHARNCLIFFE

THE HOLLINS PRESS

FINE PRINTING and STATIONERY

Phone 7812W. 761 Dundas St.

CHAS. CHAPMAN CO.

EST. 1855.

Bookbinders

LOOSE LEAF MFRS.

Phone 370. 91 Dundas St.

ESTIMATES SUBMITTED

EVANS BROS.

BRICK AND CEMENT CONTRACTORS

Jobbing Work Specialty.

Phone 2320. 7 ERIE AVE. Phone 2884W. 441 Woodman Ave.

Rigid Observance of Milk Diet Brings Children Real Health

Daily Quart Soon Changes Ailing Little Ones Into Happy, Robust Youngsters.

Modern food budgets are sometimes criticized on the seemingly excessive dairy foods item, but science and the findings of health authorities insist more and more upon the adding of every family's meals. A budget planned for a family with an income of \$2,000 annually, allows one quart of the best milk for each child, with butter and fresh eggs, freely used also. Out of this \$2,000 income, 25 per cent is advised for food. This, although higher than is generally allowed (from 15 to 20 per cent being the average), is due to the probable feeding of a delicate child, without whom most families do not exist. Twenty-five per cent amounts to \$500 annually, or \$41.67 weekly for a food allowance. This insures the children, especially the delicate one, plenty of health-building dairy foods, and a rigid observance of this milk diet should quickly work wonders on children who have heretofore been a problem. Especially ailing children and under-nourished persons of any age milk is a daily necessity and its widely increasing use is reacting with wonderful results on the composite health of the nation. It will do more to build up the system than any other food.

Modern food budgets include milk first and foods of lesser health-promoting abilities last. Ailing children who have their daily quart are soon able to hold their own on the scales or in the play yard or school room with children healthfully endowed from the beginning. If your budget is lacking in milk dollars and your children lacking in vitality and glowing health, the remedy is obvious. Then, with milk entrenched on the table, the mother of milk and wheat will bestir herself to serve that milk in fifty different guises so that her child will eat and enjoy and call for more—growing meanwhile like the young bay tree. Milk promises always to do its part if you do yours.

On this page appear advertisements of two local concerns which daily deliver to the homes of Londoners clean, safe, rich milk. They are the Hickory Grove Dairy, 315 Wharncliffe Road, and Silverwood's, Limited, Bathurst street.

FOREST CITY HOUSE SERVICE HIGH-CLASS

Excellent Dining-Room and Barber Shop Conducted in Connection.

The Forest City House at 31 King street provides excellent rooming house requirements for persons wishing to live near the downtown district as it is but two minutes walk from the corner of Dundas and Richmond streets.

This house, which has been operated under a new manager, Patrick Barry, since April, at which time it was thoroughly remodelled and renovated throughout, includes 26 single and double rooms, a dining room, a first-class dining-room is operated in connection, as well as an excellent bar and barber shop.

"It is our constant aim," says Mr. Barry, "to make our service here something just a little better than the ordinary, and we believe we are providing the best that can be secured any place. Our rates are single board and room, per week, \$7.50; double, \$8; and rooms by the night, single \$1, and double \$1.50."

BATTERIES AND TIRES REPAIRED BY EXPERT

Bill Newman Has Had Many Years' Experience in Both Fields.

"Although I have been operating this shop for only three years our business has grown greatly in that time," said Bill Newman, battery and tire repair man of 91 York street, the other day.

In this shop there is complete equipment for vulcanizing automobile tires and inner tubes of all sizes and descriptions. Another important branch of this concern's activities is the battery repair department, which is becoming increasingly popular with the motorists of London and the surrounding district.

Mr. Newman recently added another feature to his business in the form of an automobile washing department, where machines are thoroughly washed and cleaned at reasonable prices.

Mr. Newman has had many years' experience, both in repairing batteries and vulcanizing tires and, because of this, patrons who seek his services in either of these fields can rest assured that the finished job will be something worth while.

Tires On Sale

\$1.00 off every tire in shop; new stock; fully guaranteed.

J. A. Barnard

Lowest prices on new and rebuilt bicycles.

Motorcycles, general repairs, locksmith.

Phone 2094M. 338 Talbot St.

ENGLISH AUTO WRECKERS

Largest and Most Up-To-Date Auto Wrecking Plant in Western Ontario.

Phone 432. 74 Fullerton St.

USE MAY'S PASTEURIZED MILK AND CREAM**HICKORY GROVE DAIRY**

Real Service and Satisfaction.

Phone 5156. 345 WHARNCLIFFE

THE HOLLINS PRESS

FINE PRINTING and STATIONERY

Phone 7812W. 761 Dundas St.

CHAS. CHAPMAN CO.

EST. 1855.

Bookbinders

LOOSE LEAF MFRS.

Phone 370. 91 Dundas St.

ESTIMATES SUBMITTED

EVANS BROS.

BRICK AND CEMENT CONTRACTORS

Jobbing Work Specialty.

Phone 2320. 7 ERIE AVE. Phone 2884W. 441 Woodman Ave.

SPEEDOMETER SHOP GIVES BEST SERVICE

York Street Concern Attains High Standing With District Motorists.

"My speedometer doesn't seem to work just right," one motorist was heard to tell to another the other day, "and I am living in fear that as it doesn't register correctly I am liable to be fined sometime for going faster than I think I am according to it."

"Well," was the advice his friend tendered him, "why don't you let the Ontario Speedometer Service Shop at 91 York street look it over? They make a specialty of that sort of work, you know, and I am pretty sure they could fix you up."

The opinion of this motorist has come to be a general one with local and district residents since this shop is attaining growing prestige as a reliable speedometer service station.

This concern is the sole representative in Western Ontario for the A. C. speedometer, with which all General Motors machines are equipped, and it is being called upon to serve an ever increasing circle of auto owners in this district.

The Ontario Speedometer Service announces an entirely new speedometer designed especially for small cars. This device, which is an A. C. product, does away with the swivel joint which has always been a source of trouble. Instead of this system, the new device operates on a direct drive principle, which insures efficient operation under all conditions.

A. C. engineers have been working on it for the last four or five years, and now the result of their labors is offered for the approval of the automobile owners of America.

The Ontario Speedometer Shop has the exclusive sale in London and Western Ontario, and invites interested motorists to call for a demonstration.

BARNARD SHOP BEGINS HALF PRICE TIRE SALE

Good News For Bicycle Owners Comes From Talbot Street Shop.

Good news for bicycle and motorcycle owners comes from the shop of J. A. Barnard at 338 Talbot street, where for the next month a great sale of all tires in stock will be in progress. These tires are all brand new stock and are being sold at half price during the course of the sale.

The sale includes both bicycle and motorcycle tires of all the better makes. Mr. Barnard is the sole local agent for the Massey Silver Ribbon Bicycle, which is popularly conceded to be one of the best of its kind. It is a point of ruggedness, durability and low upkeep cost.

As well as handling bicycles and motorcycles, this shop conducts a special department for general repairs, where lawn mowers are sharpened, baby buggies retired and all similar work carried out.

This concern also makes and repairs locks and keys of all descriptions.

LONDON MILK PRICES LOWEST IN CANADA

Silverwood Service Assures Consumers of Rich, Clean, Safe Product.

It may be of interest to Londoners to know that today this city is enjoying the cheapest milk prices in Canada. However a fact far more important than this is that local residents are assured of rich, clean, safe milk when the Silverwood's Limited, inaugurated its home to home service and today it is supplying 2,500 homes in London.

"Every day the number increases as a result of our persistent efforts to attain our ideals of quality and service," says A. E. Silverwood, president of this concern.

"We always purchase milk on a quality basis. Our average test for butterfat is running almost 25 per cent higher than government or municipal requirements. We pay the producer accordingly, but charge our customers no more for this quality.

"We sell the cleanest milk procurable and we guarantee it by a constant system of supervision from farm to your home. Our milk is not only rich in butterfat and as clean as modern science assures of rich, clean milk, but it is safe milk. As a protection to our customers we maintain a splendidly equipped laboratory where exhaustive bacteriological tests are made daily.

"There is no other food going into your home that requires the same care to safeguard the health of your family. We give you this protection. Why not let us send you a sample of our product today? Our service covers every street in the city and includes milk, cream (coffee and whipping) and butterfat."

Chesterfields

Made to Your Order.

QUICK. The Upholsterer

523 Richmond St. Phone 3887J.

I. X. L. SPICE AND COFFEE MILLS, LIMITED

Sweetheart Jelly, Pure and Delicious.

Sweetheart Peanut Butter. Something Different.

JUST ARRIVED

Full line of under-the-arm, bags, canes and Tom Thumb umbrellas. High quality and low prices.

TECUMSEH LEATHER GOODS

344½ Richmond, Opposite Hobbs Hardware.

W. T. PACE & SON**PAINTING PAPER HANGING**

CONTRACTS SOLICITED.

Prompt Attention to Jobbing.

Phone 1772. 251 Ridout St. South

GENERAUX & MAY

Auctioneers and valuers for city and county.

City Auction Rooms, 98 Dundas St. Residence, Mr. Genereux, 3322J. Mr. May, 1366. Office, 1332.

ARTHUR MOULD

Roofing Contractor

Giant Shingles, Heaviest Weight, They Stay Down.

Ask for Giants. They roof best.

SEE OUR FIREPROOF WALL BOARD**BUILDERS' SUPPLIES**

Lime, Cement, Tile and Pressed Brick. Get Our Prices.

PHONE 1044. WILLIAM COPP 85½ YORK ST.

London's Largest Used Ford Car Sales

THE JACK WHITE MOTOR COMPANY

PHONE JACK WHITE FOR ALL PARTICULARS. 374-378 DUNDAS ST.

GEORGE WINTERBOTTOM & SON

Heating & Ventilating Contractors.

SHEET METAL WORKERS

Phone 5569W. 319 Richmond St.

FRENCH PASTRY

Prepared by a French chef who now has charge of our new kitchen.

OLYMPIA CANDY WORKS

186 DUNDAS STREET. PHONE 473.

EAT WHERE IT'S ALWAYS COOL**NEW SERVICE LUNCH**

362 RICHMOND STREET

NOTHING BUT THE BEST.

HEXTER TAXI

(Formerly Marley-Hexter)

PHONE 2859

483 RICHMOND STREET. 5 and 7-Passenger Sedans.

"Weddings a Specialty"

The EUREKA SHOP

Wife-Saving Station.

Phone 66 for Particulars. 231 DUNDAS STREET.

LONDON BUSINESS INSTITUTE

N. STONEHOUSE, Prin.

Successor to O'Brien College.

Students Placed on Graduation.

Phone 7380-5875. 381 Richmond St.

THE BETTER SERVICE STORE.

ART TANNER

BICYCLES, TRICYCLES, TOYS & ACCESSORIES

Phone 3426W. 665 Dundas St. Phone 1839F. 402 Clarence St.

SECOND-HAND TYPEWRITERS—At bargain prices

that are bargain prices. Machines to rent.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER CO., LTD.

481 RICHMOND STREET. Horace E. Robinson, Manager. PHONE 1344J.

GRIGG HOTEL CAFE

CHICKEN DINNER 60c

SUNDAY SPECIAL MENU

"BEST OF TABLE SERVICE."

From 11:00 a. m. to 8 p. m.

334 RICHMOND ST. PHONE 5675.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR CAKES BE SURE AND SAY**WILLIS CAKES**

609 DUNDAS STREET

Phone 2023

TO THE TRADE

PURE SPIRIT CIDER AND MALT VINEGAR

In Bottles or in Bulk.

LONDON VINEGAR WORKS.

36 King St. Phone 631W.

SICK SHOES CURED

Made like new with a manufacturer's finish by our latest approved machinery. Work called for and delivered.

MODERN SHOE REPAIR

505 Richmond St. Phone 2310.

B-H ENGLISH PAINT

70% Pure White Lead, 30% Pure White Zinc, 100% Pure Paint.

FOR SALE IN LONDON BY

Pudon Hardware

124 Dundas St. Phones 2800-2801

ELECTRICAL FIXTURES AND SUPPLIES

J. H. Pollock

GENERAL CONTRACTING.

Phone 5762W. Night, 3259. 397 CLARENCE STREET.

LEFF ELECTRIC CO.

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS

New Electric Motors at Second-Hand Prices.

316 Grey St. Phone 4626W.

ALLEN & POPE

Hot Water and Steam Heating Contractors

Estimates Furnished.

156 CHESLEY AVENUE. Phone 2293W-7839M.

RAPID ELECTROTYPE COMPANY, LIMITED

RAPIDS RIGHT.

Lead, Mould, Nickel Types.

Electrotype, Stereotype.

Phone 3700. 211½ King St.

BRIGHTON'S**O. K. BAKERY**

Some of Our Favorite Brands

Sun-Made Raisin Bread

Granny's Favorite Home-Made

AUTOMOBILES

AUTOMOBILES

USED CARS

Small wonder indeed we sold so many Used Cars this last week with prices so reasonable.

WE NOW OFFER FOR YOUR APPROVAL:

Hudson Coach, 1924 model. Oldsmobile, six touring. Ford Touring, 5 good tires. Chevrolet, 490 Touring, run less than 5,000 miles. Studebaker, light six touring. F. B. Chevrolet, touring. McLaughlin, master four sedan. McLaughlin, master four-touring (demonstrator). Reo, 5-pass. touring. McLaughlin, master six, 4-pass. coupe.

SMALL DOWN PAYMENT. BALANCE OVER 12 MONTHS.

McLaughlin Motor Car Co., Ltd.

RICHMOND AND BATHURST STREETS.

EXCEPTIONAL GOOD VALUES IN USED CARS

\$275.00 Cash—Balance in payments, buys a Chevrolet Superior Coupe, 1924 model, only 2,000 miles. Extra tire and bumper. Car in excellent condition and guaranteed.

\$450.00 Cash—Balance monthly payments, buys a Studebaker Coupe. Looks and runs like new. Extra tire, bumper, motor, automatic windshield wiper and stop pads are extra.

\$400.00 Cash—Balance monthly, buys a McLaughlin Five Passenger Sedan. Includes bumper and extra tire.

The above cars are being sold by our organization in co-operation with the Motorist for the next few days. Sales made will receive our personal guarantee.

FRANK McLACHLIN

86 - 90 KING STREET. 29c

BUSINESS CARDS

STEWART & MORKIN
134 FULLARTON STREET.
ELECTRIC POWER CONTRACTORS.
All classes electric power, repairs, installations, windings, etc. Prompt attention, quick service. When you have trouble with your motor telephone 2155.

We stock everything in Lumber—Posts, Scaffolding, Sheeting, Floorings, Sash, Doors and Trim, Wood and Asphalt Shingles, Hardwood Floorings, Roofings, Wallboard, Lath, etc.

L. H. MARTIN & CO.
1151 YORK ST. PHONE 5151.

MOTORCYCLES & BICYCLES

Best assortment of wheels in the city. Colors to suit all. Lowest prices and easiest terms. Buy a Perfect and you buy right. Easy terms. A. T. Tanner, 662 Dundas and 402 Clarence.

REAL ESTATE

OTTAWA AVE.—1 1/2-story frame house, 4 bedrooms and closets, 3-piece bathroom, storm windows. Lot 46x115 feet. Price reduced to \$3,200; \$1,000 down.

SOUTH LONDON—Red rug brick house, 6 rooms, fully modern, lot 40x115 feet. Price \$6,000.

OXFORD ST.—1 1/2-story brick house, 4 bedrooms and closets, double parlors, dining room, kitchen and den, hardwood floors, modern improvements. Garage. Lot 40x110 feet. Price \$6,000.

Lambeth, south side, near bridge, 1 1/2-story brick house, 3 bedrooms, 10 closets, veranda back and front, all modern improvements. Lot 58x165 feet. Price \$4,200. Cheap taxes for house and lots.

P. WALSH

Phone 4655. 425 Richmond St.

W. B. REID

Real Estate. 403 Richmond St. 37 acres, 7 miles from London, to exchange for house in city.

50 acres, near Eastwood. This will make a good truck farm and will exchange for house in city.

25 acres, near Stratford. Will exchange on house in city.

Brick cottage, south side, 3-piece bath, mantel 2 bedrooms. Price \$3,800. Easy terms.

Frame cottage, Florence St., 2 bedrooms, electric. Price \$1,700, \$500 down. A real home with big lot.

75 acres near Sparta. All house and barn. Price \$9,500. This is a good farm.

I have a full line of city and farm property for sale. Call and see list.

E. COOK

Special in five and six-room cottages, almost new, five-room, central location, frame hall, parlor, dining room, kitchen, pantry, 2 bedrooms and 2 closets, 3-piece bath, full basement, hydro, gas, veranda, drive. Price \$1,700, \$500 down. A real home with big lot.

\$2,500—\$1,000 Down. South, new rug brick cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining room, kitchen, 2-piece bath, full basement, lot 30x135 feet. Owner will take building lot up to \$200.

\$2,000—\$500 Down. East, 1 1/2-story frame in best condition, 3 bedrooms, 3 closets, parlor, dining room, kitchen, summer kitchen, toilet in bathroom, full basement, wired for stove.

\$7,000—\$300 Down. \$50 month, in the north end, 2-story square plan, solid French doors, oak floors, fully modern, 2 years old, chestnut trim and good fixtures, brick garage to match house, also cement runways in. This is a real bargain and can be had for \$48 monthly. Think of the terms.

Call to EXCHANGE.

\$550—Willis-Knight touring. Owner will exchange for house in London.

— BERT WEIR —

OVER OAK HALL. REALTOR. PHONE 6250.
J. H. REILLY, Manager. Residence Phone 1602J.
A. C. Ball 801.
Hert. Howkway 3613AW.
\$4,500—\$800 Down. St. James St., 1 1/2-story brick, 2 bedrooms, 2 up and 1 down, 2 living rooms, fireplace, dining room, kitchen, hot water, electric water heater, 3-piece bath, full basement, gas, veranda, drive. Price \$4,500, \$800 down. A real home with big lot.

\$3,700—\$400 Down. \$35 month. South, 1 1/2-story red pressed brick, 3 bedrooms, 2 closets, electric, living room, dining room, kitchen, shed, 3-piece bath, furnace, full basement, garage, veranda. Phone any of my associates to inspect this.

\$2,500—\$500 Down. South, 1 1/2-story new brick, parlor, dining room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, 2 closets, closets, 3-piece bath and furnace, full basement, porch, wired for stove, cupboards.

\$4,400—\$200 Down. \$28 month. East, in good renting district. New rented at \$35 month 1 1/2-story red pressed brick, 3 bedrooms, 3 closets, closets, parlor, dining room, kitchen, 2-piece bath, furnace, full basement, hydro, gas, veranda, drive. Owner will take building lot as part pay.

\$2,500—\$1,000 Down. South, new rug brick cottage, 2 bedrooms, parlor, dining room, kitchen, 2-piece bath, full basement, lot 30x135 feet. Owner will take building lot up to \$200.

USE OF KITCHENER PARK AS GARBAGE DUMP BANNED

Kitchener, Aug. 1.—The disposal of non-vegetable refuse in the low section of Woodside Park will be stopped at once by the board of health, because advantage has been taken of the privilege and the place used as a garbage dump.



PICKED BY LOEB AS VICTIM.

On the afternoon when Loeb and Leopold kidnapped and slew Bobbie Franks, they had at first intended to make ten-year-old John Levinson (shown above) the subject for their experiment in obtaining a new thrill by means of taking human life. The lad is the son of a millionaire Chicago corporation counsel, whom Loeb and Leopold believed would readily pay the \$10,000 ransom which they planned to extort from him after they had murdered his son.

MISCELLANEOUS

YOU WILL ENJOY DINING IN OUR CAFE.

The food is excellent and the prices are moderate.

ROYAL CAFE

403 RICHMOND ST.

Straw Tenders

Tenders will be received up to 12 o'clock noon, Aug. 9, 1924, addressed to the undersigned at the office of the Western Fair for the following supplies:

Forty tons, more or less, of good wheat straw, half in bales, of approximately 100 pounds each, and half loose.

Hay and grain for live stock exhibitors. Specifications may be secured on application at the Western Fair office, Dominion Savings Building.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. E. S. LITTLE, Chairman, Grounds and Buildings Committee; W. D. JACKSON, Secretary.

Notice to Creditors

PURSUANT to the Trustee Act, all claims against the estate of JEREMIAH McLAREN, late of the City of London, in the County of Middlesex, gentleman deceased, who died on or about the 15th day of May, 1924, are required to be filed in statutory form with the undersigned on or before the 25th day of August, 1924, after which date the executor will not be liable for any claim not then filed.

DATED at London, Ont., this 15th day of July, A.D. 1924. RUFUS GUNN & MURPHY, Bank of Toronto Chambers, London, Ont., Solicitors for Executors herein.

EGG LAW REVISION URGED BY GROCERS

Plan Presented at Chatham To Have Farmers Grade Eggs.

Special to The Advertiser. Chatham, Aug. 1.—Hon. W. R. Motherwell, minister of agriculture, was met here today by a delegation of county grocers and a delegation representing the farmers and farm women clubs for an informal discussion on the egg-grading laws, which have been the subject of much criticism in this vicinity of late.

The grocers presented largely signed petitions urging that the laws be modified to remove what the grocers claimed is a hardship on them. They urged that eggs should be sold by weight instead of by the dozen.

Members of the rural delegation expressed the view that the new laws are resulting in a better quality of eggs being marketed.

The minister viewed with favor a suggestion advanced by Mrs. McGregor of the farm women's delegation, that grocers buy their eggs through the circles operated by the farmers. In this way the farmers would be in a position to sell eggs of any grade direct to the grocer, and the latter would not have the worry of grading, which would be carried out by experts employed by the farmers.

In an address the minister reiterated his belief that the principle of egg grading is sound, expressing a wish to improve the system where possible to meet the approval of all interested parties.

SARNIA MAN BLAMES COMPANION FOR THEFT

W. R. King Alters Plea Regarding Chamber of Commerce Robbery.

Special to The Advertiser. Sarnia, Aug. 1.—Changing his plea made two days ago, William Roy King, charged with breaking and entering the Sarnia Chamber of Commerce and stealing \$1,950, admitted his guilt, but declared that Roland C. Jamieson, former assistant at the chamber, who gave evidence today, actually entered the office and took the money, later sharing with him. King alleged that Jamieson instigated the robbery to cover shortage in his accounts. Magistrate Henry Gorman reserved sentence.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and indorsed "Tender for Breakwater at Oshawa, Ont." will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon (daylight saving). Thursday, August 28, 1924, for the construction of a breakwater at Oshawa, Ontario County, Ont.

Plans and forms of contract can be seen and specifications and forms of tender obtained at this department, at the offices of the District Engineers, Public Works, Ontario, Ont., Royal Bank Building, London, Ont., and at the Postoffice, Oshawa, Ont.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on printed forms supplied by the department and in accordance with conditions contained therein.

An accepted check on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 per cent of the amount of the tender. Bonds of the Dominion of Canada or bonds of the Canadian National Railway Company will also be accepted as security or bonds and a check if required to make up an odd amount.

Plans and forms of contract can be seen and specifications and forms of tender obtained at this department, at the offices of the District Engineers, Public Works, Ontario, Ont., Royal Bank Building, London, Ont., and at the Postoffice, Oshawa, Ont.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on printed forms supplied by the department and in accordance with conditions contained therein.

An accepted check on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 per cent of the amount of the tender. Bonds of the Dominion of Canada or bonds of the Canadian National Railway Company will also be accepted as security or bonds and a check if required to make up an odd amount.

Plans and forms of contract can be seen and specifications and forms of tender obtained at this department, at the offices of the District Engineers, Public Works, Ontario, Ont., Royal Bank Building, London, Ont., and at the Postoffice, Oshawa, Ont.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on printed forms supplied by the department and in accordance with conditions contained therein.



GRAND BEND LAKE HURON'S FAMOUS RESORT

ELSIE'S

Lunches and Light Refreshments, Drinks and Ice Cream. Merry-Go-Round for the children.

Wm. Elsie
GRAND BEND - ONTARIO

Spend Your Vacation at

Lake View House

Right on water's edge.

Rates by day or week.

Harmon M. Gill, Prop.

GRAND BEND, - ONT.

STATTON'S ICE CREAM

Take some home or meet your friends here.

"Blue Bird" Service.

IMPERIAL POOLROOM
GRAND BEND - ONTARIO.

BRENNER'S GARAGE

Service on all makes of cars. Gas, Oil, Tires and Accessories for sale.

M. BRENNER, Proprietor.

Fresh Groceries

Delivered Daily

MRS. L. RAVELLE & SON
GRAND BEND - ONTARIO.

HILL'S ORANGEADE

Made from fresh fruit. So refreshing. Buy it only at the

Casino Booths

GRAND BEND, ONT.

ARSON SUSPECT LET OUT ON BAIL

Case Against James White of St. Marys Adjourned Until August 11.

Special to The Advertiser. Stratford, Aug. 1.—James White of St. Marys appeared in police court here today, charged that "on or about the seventh day of June he did wilfully set fire to a frame building in St. Marys."

The case was adjourned until August 11 and bail was fixed at \$10,000.

The case is the outcome of investigations made by Provincial Inspector A. B. Boyd of Toronto and Provincial Constable John Kirby of Stratford into the fire that occurred on Coupland Heights, St. Marys, on June 7. In that fire several horses and wagons belonging to Mr. White were destroyed, and the evidence given at the fire marshal's inquiry at St. Marys indicated that Mr. White was the last person to leave the barn.

In his report the fire marshal found that there was no direct evidence against anyone, and the matter rested there until Attorney-General Nicksle ordered an investigation by the police officials. The investigation has been going on quietly for the past week, and culminated yesterday in the arrest of Mr. White.

THOUSANDS DISCOVER JOY AND REST AT GRAND BEND

Although the Ford picnic at Grand Bend was postponed for two weeks due to a rain, a large number of people made the journey to the Bend last Wednesday. So as to make the people feel that their journey was not in vain, a large program of sports was put on by the officials of the Lake Huron resort. The crowd, estimated at 2,500, all took a part in the day's activities. The afternoon was one of sunshine and the spirit of the folks, although none were very well acquainted before the festivities began was invigorating.

The most important event of the day was a boxing bout between Evan Machlin and Paul Huston. The six rounds were full of pep, and when the time came to pick a winner, it could not be done, so it was declared a draw.

A baby show with 100 entrants proved most enjoyable from the spectator's point of view. The cries of infants who would not smile for the judges, and also the laughs of those who were in a better mood, all provoked smiles.

The program that was outlined for the Ford picnic will be enacted on August 13. There will be a large program of sports and dancing, and movies in the evening.

On Sunday night there was a concert in the Casino for the residents of the resort, and Paul Wilson's Orchestra proved that

It could dispense refined music as well as jazz. On Monday, Alice Dunbar of London, entertained at the Casino with a number of songs and a great line of patter.

The crowds at the Bend continue to increase and this proves that the more a place is advertised in total of wealth. The booth owners and other purveyors of amusement to the public are delighted with the recent crowds, and hope that the present rate of increase will keep up till closing season.

The tourist camp still continues to attract a large crowd of campers, and the increased facilities placed there this year by the town fathers are certainly paying back the community for the expense. The nearness to the water makes the camp all the more ideal as it is possible to take a morning dip when the camper rises at 5 o'clock.

The roads in the surrounding country become more attractive every day, and the trees seem to provide just the right degree of coolness.

The hotels are not forgotten, for many visitors are coming to the Bend and taking advantage of the splendid accommodation offered at the various hostleries.

Civic holiday will prove a great day.

A REAL PLEASURE TO DANCE IN

THE CASINO

these warm evenings, with the breeze off Lake Huron wafting across a perfect floor and Paul Wilson and his snappy orchestra delighting the crowds of pleasure-seekers, who enjoy a real dance.

SPECIAL DANCE PROGRAM AND ATTRACTION FOR MONDAY, AUGUST 4, LONDON'S CIVIC HOLIDAY.

"COME TO GRAND BEND FOR A REAL TIME."

Meadow-Gold Brand

Grand Bend Booths

can now supply you with this favorite delicacy. Ask for Meadow Gold and get the best.

Have the London Advertiser

Follow You To Your Summer Home.

PHONE 3670.

TECHNICAL AND HIGH SCHOOL IS APPROVED AT ST. THOMAS

Special to The Advertiser. St. Thomas, Aug. 1.—Expressing the unanimous opinion that the pressing demand for additional school accommodation in the city should be met immediately, members of the city council tonight gave their sanction to the erection of a new composite technical and high school, and agreed to issue debentures for the amount of contracts awarded, together with the cost of the site, now being held under option by the board of education, once the plans, specifications, and tenders are approved by the joint committee, representing the city council, the board of education and the vocational advisory committee.

Just before the resolution was carried, Mayor Sloggett expressed the hope that the committee would get busy at once and get work started on the school this fall.

Aldermen Jagoe and Burger submitted an amendment to the resolution, calling for the submission of the question to the ratepayers, after a decision had been reached by the joint committee. This was withdrawn after the mayor pointed out that no bylaw to this effect could be submitted to the people except on the request of the board of education, and the resolution was then supported unanimously.

Several aldermen pointed out the value of the employment that would be offered to local labor, if the school were started this fall. The chairman of the special committee, Ald. Raven, stated that the present was the most opportune time for the construction of the school, as materials are at their lowest price level in years.

Stewart Looks To Seat In West

Minister of Interior Expected To Announce Candidacy

Canadian Press Despatch. Edmonton, Aug. 1.—Opinion in political circles today seem to point to the fact that Hon. Charles Stewart, minister of the interior, may shortly announce his candidature for the new federal seat of West Edmonton, which covers considerable territory in the Stony Plain and St. Albert

district. Mr. Stewart was elected a member of the House of Commons from the seat of Argyll and Bute in 1922, and by a by-election held March 2, 1923. The minister of the interior is at present in Alberta, and is spending a few days on his Kilham farm before returning to the city, when some definite announcement may be expected.

FLOWER SHOW PLANNED. Special to The Advertiser. Listowel, Aug. 1.—The Horticultural Society is planning for their big fall show of cut flowers and plants. About 8,000 bulbs have been ordered from Holland and will be here shortly.

IMPERIAL HOTEL

GRAND BEND

Excellent rooms with running water. Finest meals in Grand Bend. Rates by day, week or month.

B. BOSSENBERRY, Prop.

IMPERIAL BARBER SHOP

Experienced Service. Sanitary Equipment.

GORDON CRUICKSHANK
GRAND BEND - ONTARIO

IMPERIAL GARAGE

16 Steel Fireproof Garages for Storage.

YOUNG BROS.
GRAND BEND - ONTARIO

J. W. HOLT

For FRESH GROCERIES. Special Summer Cottage Service.

J. W. HOLT
GRAND BEND - ONTARIO

STOP AT THE Brenner House

WHILE IN GRAND BEND. Special Fish and Chicken Dinner on Sundays.

Rates by day, week, or month. Special rates by week.

EZRA BRENNER, PROP.

RAVELLE'S General Store

Groceries, Hardware, Boots, Shoes, Etc.

Postoffice in Connection.

N. N. RAVELLE, Proprietor

SILVERWOOD'S ICE CREAM

"SMOOTHER THAN VELVET."

Sold by Most Good Dealers. ASK FOR IT EVERYWHERE.

CONSERVATIVES SEEK NOMINATION OF BURKS

Proposed Candidate Promised To Give Answer This Morning.

Canadian Press Despatch. Montreal, Aug. 1.—Representatives of all sections of the division of St. Antoine waited in a delegation on William M. Burks today and asked him to accept the official nomination as Conservative candidate in the Federal by-election to be held on September 2.

Mr. Burks expressed himself as gratified at the request and promised he would give his answer tomorrow morning.

The delegation was introduced by P. W. Stewart, president of the Liberal-Conservative Association of this city.

Leslie G. Bell, who to the present has been regarded as the Conservative candidate for the division, was nominated at a stormy party convention about two months ago. There was considerable dissent at the convention, but he was given the nomination although F. W. Stewart said at the time that he would accept responsibility for the choice of Mr. Bell.

STEAMER ARRIVALS. New York, Aug. 1.—Resolute, Hamburg; Britannia, St. Michael's; Aquitania, Southampton.

Montreal, Aug. 1.—Vardulia, London; Melita, Southampton; Montrose, Liverpool; Montcalm, Liverpool; Athenia, Glasgow.

\$12,000 LIQUOR MYSTERY CASE IN OAKVILLE COURT

Canadian Press Despatch. Oakville, Aug. 1.—Horton County's famous \$12,000 liquor mystery case was given a double airing before Magistrate J. H. Shields in Oakville police court this afternoon, and was more mysterious at the conclusion of the hearing than at the start. John Wynn, a young man who gave Hamilton as his place of abode, was convicted of having a truckload of whiskey in his possession, and was

fined \$500 and costs, but when, where and how the cases of liquor came into his possession still remained a secret.

USE OF KITCHENER PARK AS GARBAGE DUMP BANNED

Kitchener, Aug. 1.—The disposal of non-vegetable refuse in the low section of Woodside Park will be stopped at once by the board of health, because advantage has been taken of the privilege and the place used as a garbage dump.

Kitchener, Aug. 1.—The disposal of non-vegetable refuse in the low section of Woodside Park will be stopped at once by the board of health, because advantage has been taken of the privilege and the place used as a garbage dump.

ANGELICAN.

CRONYN MEMORIAL

Queen's Avenue and William Street.
 QUINTIN WARNER, Rector.
 RIDLEY PARSON, Assistant.
 8:30 a.m.—Holy Communion.
 11:00 a.m.—Holy Communion. Choral.
 Preacher—The Rector.
 No Sunday Evening Services During August.

St. James' Church

South London.
 Rev. W. L. Armitage, M.A., R.D., Rector.
 9:45 a.m.—Sunday School.
 11 a.m.—Holy Communion. Rev. L. C. Harrison, B.A.
 7 p.m.—Rev. L. C. Harrison, B.A.

St. John the Evangelist

Wellington and St. James St.
 Rev. A. L. G. Clarke, Rector.
 SERVICES AS USUAL.

BAPTIST.

BAPTIST.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST

REV. FLOYD TALMADGE HOLLAND, PASTOR.

REV. J. H. SLIMON, WALKERVILLE.

AT BOTH SERVICES.

11 a.m.—"THE FACE OF JESUS CHRIST."

3 p.m.—BIBLE SCHOOL.

7 p.m.—"THE SEALED BOOK."

O. LEO HERBERT, Musical Director.

Egerton Street Baptist

Rev. A. Burgess, Minister.
 The Pastor will preach.
 11 a.m.—"A Memorable Deed."
 Sermonette to Juniors. "Grab-Bags."
 7 p.m.—"Supper."

Maitland Street Baptist

Maitland Street at St. James St.

Rev. W. H. Howard

OF ACTON

will preach at both services.

Choice Song Service.

All Welcome!

Talbot Street Baptist

Preacher for August:

Rev. A. T. Sowerby, Ph.D., LL.D.

Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School at 12:15.

Evening Subject:

"The Game of Life—a

Study of the Book of Job"

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST.

Reform and Kent Streets.

Sunday, 11 a.m. only, July and August

SUNDAY SCHOOL, 11 A.M.

For students up to the age of twenty.

Subject for Sunday, Aug. 3.

"LOVE"

Wednesday Meeting, 8 p.m.

Including testimonies of healing through

Christian Science.

ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED!

PRESBYTERIAN

PRESBYTERIAN

UNITED SERVICES.

St. Andrew's and First Presbyterian Church

11 a.m.—Service in St. Andrew's Church.

Subject—"A MOST WONDERFUL BLESSING."

7 p.m.—Service in First Presbyterian Church.

Subject—"THE COMING OF THE NEW HEAVENS AND THE

NEW EARTH."

Rev. Dr. D. L. McCrae will conduct both services.

A CORDIAL WELCOME!

Musical by St. Andrew's Choir and Soloists, under direction of Ewart George.

Hamilton Rd. Church

M. Fraser Cree, B.A., Minister.

SERVICES AS USUAL

New St. James' Church

Corner Oxford and Wellington Street.

REV. JAS. MacKAY, B.D., Minister.

PERCY Q. KING, Musical Director.

SERVICES AS USUAL.

The Salvation Army

No. 1 Corps, Clarence St.

Sunday, Aug. 3, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School, 2 p.m.

Victoria Park, 3 p.m.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. URSAL.

No. 2 Corps, Edward and

Tecumseh

Sunday, Aug. 3, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School, 3 p.m.

ENGLISH CHITTENDEN AND STOKES.

No. 3 Corps, Rectory St.

Sunday, Aug. 3, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School, 3 p.m.

CONDUCTED BY THE BAND.

No. 4 Corps, Oak St.

Sunday, Aug. 3, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

Sunday School, 3 p.m.

ENGLISH AND MRS. LUTON.

International Bible Students'

Association

HYMAN HALL, 7:15 P.M.

Speaker, J. KUMPF.

Subject:

"God's Provision for the

Heathen."

Seats Free. No Collection.

HAMILTON ROAD

GOSPEL HALL

7 p.m.—MR. W. A. POST of De-

troit will preach.

EGERTON STREET

GOSPEL HALL

7 p.m.—MR. A. BARTLEY will

Preach.

Theosophical Society

212 DUNDAS STREET

MEETINGS AS USUAL.

Sunday, 8:30 p.m.—Public Invited.

First Spiritual Church

Rectory St. opposite Nelson St.

Leader—Mrs. M. Wilson.

Speaker—Mr. D. Mills.

Sunday services at usual

times, 2 and 7 p.m.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MEET-

ing Hall, over Gas Office, Sunday,

7 p.m. Subject: "The Visible Hand

of God." In Nature, History and

Prophecy. Mr. D. Martin of Ham-

ilton will deliver the above address.

No collection. All welcome.

YORK STREET MISSION HALL

Morning preacher, Deacon William

Harvey. Evening—Mr. Thomas Ken-

edy and Evangelist Belcher will

speak. Soloist, Mrs. Clara Collins.

Miss Viola McKellar, Deacon Harvey

Sunday school at 10:30 a.m.

CHARLES SILLS APPOINTED

SEAFORTH POSTMASTER

Special to The Advertiser.

Seaforth, Aug. 1.—Charles P. Sils

has been officially appointed to take

over the Seaforth postoffice on Sep-

tember 1st.

Mr. Sils received his public and

high school education here, and is a

graduate of Toronto University,

METHODIST

METHODIST

ASKIN ST. METHODIST

at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.

REV. J. E. J. MILLYARD

will conduct divine worship and preach the first sermons of a

new pastorate.

Dr. J. H. Smith, Organist and Choirmaster.

Class Meeting at 10 a.m. Sunday School at 3 p.m.

UNION SERVICES.

Centennial Methodist and King St. Presbyterian

Morning and Evening at King Street Church.

Morning worship at 11 a.m. Evening worship at 7 p.m.

Praise Services by Centennial Choir.

Centennial Sunday School at usual hour. King St. S.S. at 10 a.m.

A CORDIAL WELCOME TO ALL!

REV. WM. McINNIS, Minister.

MR. GEO. WINTERBOTTOM, Organist.

FIRST METHODIST

REV. BRUCE HUNTER, B.A., B.D., Pastor.

REV. E. W. JEWITT, B.A., Assistant Pastor.

10 a.m.—Class Meeting.

11 a.m.—"THE COMPASSION OF JESUS."

3 p.m.—Sunday School in Wesley Hall.

7 p.m.—"THE MIGHT OF RIGHT."

Rev. E. W. Jewitt will preach at both services. One Hour Services.

Soloist, a.m.—C. H. Telfer, tenor. P.M.—Frank Emery, baritone.

Organist, Kingsley N. Ireland. Choir leader, George C. Carrie.

DUNDAS STREET CENTRE

Corner Dundas and Maitland Streets.

11 a.m.—Sunday School and regular congregation in joint service.

7 p.m.—REV. D. N. MACMILLAN will preach.

Special Musical Service—Vocal solos by Mr. Lloyd Bullen and Mrs. Frederick

Schofield; organ solo, "Prelude and Fugue in B flat" (Bach); George Garbutt;

violin solo, "Slumber Song" (Dudley); Miss Dorothy Cahill; concerto in G minor

(Mendelssohn); piano, Miss Anna Ward; orchestral accompaniment on organ by

J. Farnell Morris.

STRANGERS WELCOME.

Colborne St. Methodist

Rev. Herbert J. Uren, Pastor.

Yes, it is true that "The Open Way"

"Do this in remembrance of me."

Come to Sacrament tomorrow

morning at 11 a.m.

Come again at 2:45 and learn how

the Master won men.

Come once more at 7 and hear Cap-

tain Saunders of New Jersey. He is a

great worker among boys. From his

experience he will tell how a reformed

boy made good. Do not miss it!

Empress Ave. Church

Rev. J. P. Chapman, Pastor.

Quarterly Board in charge.

Morning—Mr. Wm. Gibson.

Evening—Mr. Eli Smith and Mr. Fred

Fuller.

Miss Taylor, Organist.

Hyatt Ave. Methodist

10:30 a.m.—Subject: "The Closed

Door."

11:30 a.m.—Sunday School.

7 p.m.—Subject: "The Open Way."

Rev. George Jewett at both services.

Memorial Methodist

10 and 12:15 p.m.—Sunday School.

11 a.m.—Rev. John Veale.

7 p.m.—Mr. J. Wray.

E. W. G. Quance, Organist.

Everybody Welcome.

Ridout St. Methodist

J. A. AGNEW, Pastor.

SERVICES AS USUAL.

Strangers Welcome.

Wellington St. Church

Rev. Geo. T. Watts, B.D., Pastor.

10 a.m.—Men's Class Meeting.

11 a.m. and 7 p.m.—

Rev. George M. Hazen, D.D.

2:45 p.m.—Sunday School and

Bible Classes.

ST. THOMAS MAN DIES

WHILE ON HIS VACATION

Remains of Late Robert Heard

Reached Home City

Yesterday.

Special to The Advertiser.

St. Thomas, Aug. 1.—The remains

of Robert S. Heard, who died on

Thursday at Angliers, Quebec, where

he was taken ill while on his vaca-

tion, arrived in St. Thomas at noon

on Friday, and were taken to the

family residence, 76 Hiawatha street.

Mr. Heard was one of the best-

known residents in St. Thomas. He

was born in Lambeth, Ontario, in

1859, a son of the late John and

Maria Heard. In January, 1878, he

removed to Amherstburg, Ontario,

with his parents and resided there

until 1887, since which time he had

made his home in this city, being

connected with the firm of John

Heard & Co., manufacturers of car-

-riage and wagon woodwork.

At the time of his death he was a

member of the official board of First

Methodist Church and a member of

St. Thomas Lodge, No. 76, I. O. O. F.

Survivors are the widow (formerly

Miss Bessie McKellar), daughter of

he late Donald McKellar of this

city, an only son, Dr. Kenneth M.

Heard of Toronto; four brothers,

William, Samuel and Richard A.

Heard of this city; Thomas H. Heard

of London; three sisters, Mrs. D. M.

Camp and Mrs. C. M. S. Thomas of

Amherstburg, and Mrs. W. J. Powell

of Windsor.

The funeral, which will be private,

will take place from his late resi-

dence, No. 76 Hiawatha street, at

Saturday at 2:30 p.m. to the St.

Thomas Cemetery.

GALT BUILDING PERMITS

SHOW INCREASE OVER 1923

Special to The Advertiser.

Galt, Aug. 1.—During July only

fifteen building permits with a value

of \$13,290, were issued. Up to July

31, 123 permits with a value of \$86,092

were taken out, compared with 112

permits and value of \$85,316 for the

same period of 1923.

Free To Asthma and Hay Fever Sufferers

Free Trial of Method That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a method for the control of Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long standing or recent development, whether it is present as Chronic Asthma or Hay Fever, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with Asthma or Hay Fever, our method should relieve you promptly.

We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, plums, preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," have failed. We want to show everyone at our expense that our method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing, and all those terrible paroxysms.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do it Today—you even do not pay postage.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.
FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 361-B, Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to:

SANTAL MIDY
Easy to Take—Quick to Relieve
CATARRH OF THE BLADDER
Safe, Successful
Each Capsule (MIDY) Bears Name **DR. MIDY**
Beware of Counterfeits

WEAK, RUNDOWN AND AILING

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Brought Relief When Other Medicines Failed

Port Mann, B. C.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I was tired and run-down. I had headaches and no appetite and was troubled for two years with sleeplessness. I tried many medicines, but nothing did me any real good. While I was living in Washington, I was recommended by a stranger to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am stronger and feel fine since then and am able to do my housework. I am willing for you to use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. J. C. GREAVES, Port Mann, B. C.

Feels New Life and Strength.
Keene, N. H.—"I was weak and run-down and had backache and all sorts of troubles which women have. I found great relief when taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I am able to do my work and feel new life and strength from the Vegetable Compound. I am doing all I can to advertise it."—Mrs. A. F. HAMMOND, 72 Carpenter Street, Keene, N. H.



GUMP, GOOGLE & CO., Experts In Laughter

THE GUMPS—ANCHORED



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Goes On the War Path.

By BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

Casper Gets the Proof.

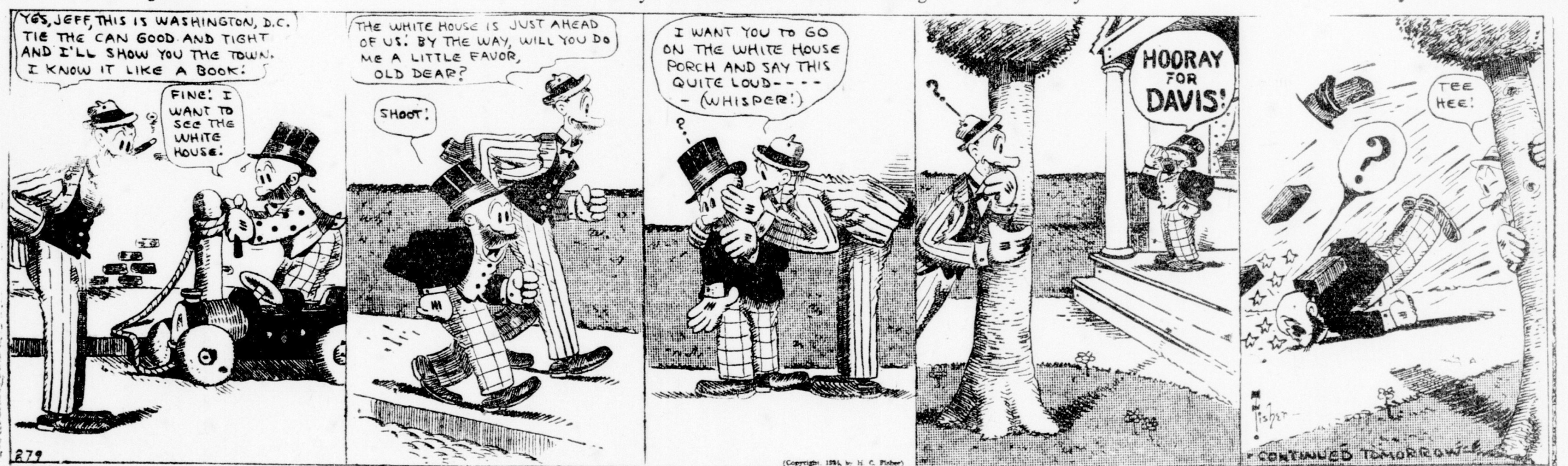
By JIMMY MURPHY



MUTT AND JEFF

Three Days on Tour and Mutt's Asking Favors Already.

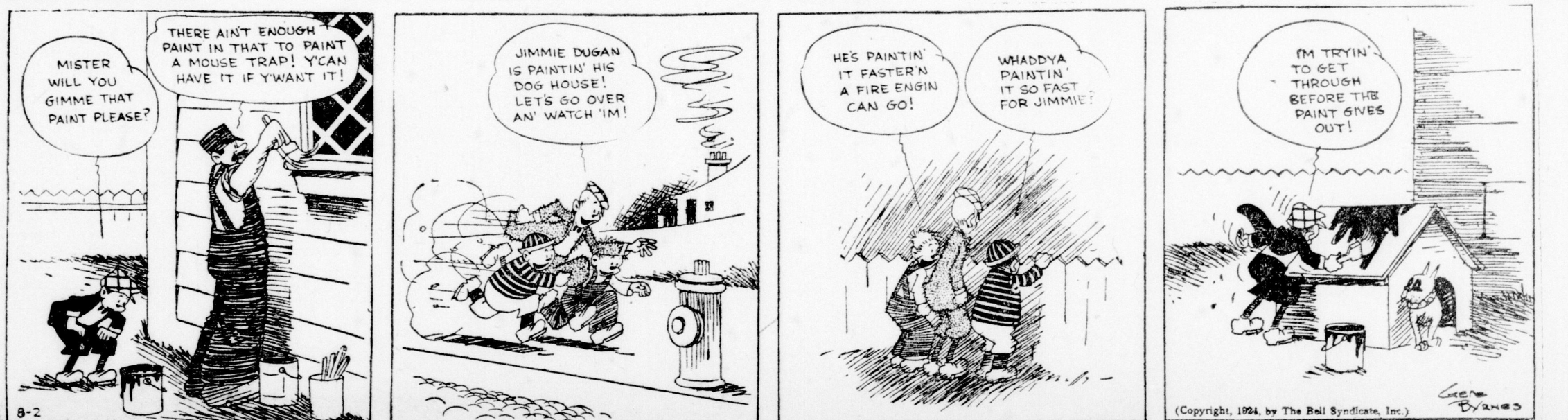
By BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

A Close Race.

By GENE BYRNES



MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of
Constipation Wind Colic To Sweeten Stomach
Flatulency Diarrhea Regulate Bowels
Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiumes
To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it



SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!
Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 24 years.

Safe—Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets. Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Rowat's Coffee

Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.
70c Pound.
Try a Pound Today.

T. A. Rowat & Co.
250 Dundas St. W. Phone 3051-3052.



YOU are an artist if you enjoy the beauties of nature. Your enjoyment of each day is curtailed if your eyesight is impaired. See your optometrist and know eye-ease.

"Not only the right lenses are necessary but the proper fittings in the style that suits yours."

Carlyle TREBILCOCK OPTICIAN
233 DUNDAS STREET, TEL. 2351.

J. FERGUSON'S SONS

R. R. FERGUSON, Manager.
174-180 KING STREET.
Funeral Directors and Embalmers.
Handsome Motor Hearses.
Day or Night Service with Promptness, Neatness and Quietness.
Phone: Office 545, Residence 2555W.

GEO. E. LOGAN

FUNERAL HOME
271-373 DUNDAS STREET.
PHONE 1963. ywt

N. J. GRIFFITH

FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER.
104 Dundas Street, London.
Residence on premises. Phone 453.

DR. JARVIS

DENTIST.
GENERAL PRACTICE
SPECIALTY—PAINLESS
EXTRACTION, PLATE WORK
AND X-RAY.
213 DUNDAS STREET. ywt

Banner's Barber Shop

417 TALBOT STREET.
Haircut, 25c. Shave, 15c.
Five Barbers and Lady Attendant.
Manicuring a Specialty. 12

STARTLING OFFER

To Help Boys and Girls

WIN BICYCLES

READ THIS CAREFULLY:

Starting today, to everyone purchasing \$1.00 worth of Parnell's Bread tickets, an extra premium of ELEVEN (11) LABELS WILL BE GIVEN FREE. Girls and boys get out amongst your friends and have them secure these labels for you. This generous offer will help you wonderfully in your effort to secure a Bicycle.



Tell your friends of the wonderful goodness of Parnell's Bread. Youngsters thrive on it—persons in the prime of life use it to keep fit—old age needs it for sustenance. Always the same unbeatable quality.

Parnell-Dean
Steam Baking Co., Limited



Preparedness

We are ready and prepared to give you the fullest service and attention at a moment's notice.

A. L. OATMAN
Director of Funeral Service
Phone 586. The Funeral Home,
Cor. King and Colborne Sts.

There is no charge made for the use of the Oatman funeral home.

FINISH HAS COME TO SOCIALS AT "U"

Summer School Students Enjoy Bowling This Afternoon.

IN FINE SPIRITS

An afternoon of bowling followed by an evening on the banks of the Thames, with a bonfire supper featuring the hot dog and the marsh-mallow, marks the last of the outdoor social activities of the summer school of the University of Western Ontario.

Friday the members of the faculty and the student body were the guests of the Thistle Lawn Bowling Club. They will play to their hearts content for the afternoon, and tonight a bonfire back of the old university buildings will cook a hearty meal for the nearly one hundred university people who attend.

Dr. H. R. Kingston, director of the summer school, stated today that Western was much indebted to the members of the Thistle Club for the generous hospitality accorded the university. The club made arrangements for out-of-town students and faculty members to use the lawns this summer and had presented them with honorary memberships. Today the entire student body are the guests.

Dr. Kingston states that the school has had a splendid summer. The students have entered thoroughly into the spirit of Western. They have stuck together in work and play, with the result that the social events were all successful and helped materially to add pleasure to hot weather study.

At noon nearly all of the students had signed up for today's event. Among those who will bowl and later have supper by the river are: Dr. H. R. Kingston and Mrs. Kingston, W. J. Squire, R. McGill, J. M. Kingston, G. H. Robinson, A. N. Beattie, B. S. Scott, C. S. Black and M. Black, J. S. Gemmell, W. Grant, D. Kingsborough, F. L. Carson, F. H. and Mrs. Galvin, George W. Hinder, S. M. Caverly, A. D. Caverly, A. R. Walker, H. B. Mitchell, R. S. Parsons, A. G. Morris, Mrs. B. S. Scott, W. P. Tamblin, H. Hughes, H. C. Springett, R. Johnston, J. J. Fenton, Harold Fox, E. McNoble, G. Godwin, Catherine Campbell, A. E. Smith, P. Creighton, J. E. Adams, E. Ennis, Mary Maylan, M. Bondy, B. R. Rivers, Lillian Kingsborough, C. E. MacKay, Mary Wilkie, D. Bowen, E. MacKellar, W. Manning, N. C. Wightman, R. C. Dearle, M. J. Lucas, R. D. Robertson and Mrs. Robertson, B. A. Rivers, Norma Nobles and Helen Lindsay, R. D. Bobson, Gertrude Ead, D. H. Carr, M. Durant, A. J. Dunston, D. Bowen, Norma Berry, Elsie Pickles, M. LaPiere, A. R. Walker, E. Lewis, W. J. Patterson, C. B. Routley, A. Ennis, I. Taylor and others.

Loew's

TODAY—"Babbitt," by Sinclair Lewis, the author of the famous book, "Main Street." An all-star cast.

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY—"The Heart Bandit," starring Viola Dana and Milton Sills. It's a story of a good bad girl, who is a heart-breaker as well as a law-breaker. Vaudeville—Bobolink Kiddies, 10 cute, clever little kids in a comedy song and dance review.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—Harrison Ford and Enid Bennett, in "The Fool's Awakening." A war hero loved her, a society gigolo attracted her, and she got swept into marriage by the fascinating, restless mountebank—Triona.

Dry Hardwood Slabs Now.

Also Coke and Coal.

GILLIES

Phone 1312, Cor. Adelaide and Bathurst. ywt

HAWKEN-LANG

COAL COMPANY

PHONE 522. ywt

COAL :: COKE

Alberta Coal. Orders placed now will be filled during August and September.

JENKINS FUEL CO.

Phone 1391. ywt

SCIENTISTS BOAST

NINETEEN HUNDRED

Membership Nears 2,000

Mark—British Party Arrives For Convention.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, Aug. 1.—Secretaries endorsed the 1,900th application this afternoon for membership in the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which will enter the 95th year of its activity here when Major General Sir David Bruce delivers his inaugural address next Wednesday night as president of the 1924 meeting.

Delegates from the universities of Great Britain with their wives and families numbering 540 in all arrived in Quebec today, and 200 prominent scientists from the United States will complete the body of savants and intellectuals with which the citizens of the province will have an opportunity to commune in the scientific meetings and discussions, popular lectures, and social events.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.

Over 1,000 Torontonians, busy in so far as science is concerned, will attend the sessions, and an additional 200 from neighboring cities in the province have signified their intention of participating in the meetings during the week of August 6-13. With the membership list growing each hour, it is anticipated that the 2,000 mark will be passed. This figure is considered a bumper attendance when the meetings are held in England, and members of the British Association say.



Viola Dana and Wallace MacDonald in "The Heart Bandit," at Loew's Theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of next week.

MONDAY'S RADIO

MONDAY, AUGUST 4.

Monday's Best Features.
W.L.W. CINCINNATI—Municipal opera.
W.C.A.P. WASHINGTON and W.E.A.F. NEW YORK—S. S. Marine Band.
W.I.Z. NEW YORK—New York Philharmonic Orchestra.
K.D.K.A. PITTSBURGH—United Concerts.
W.C.A.P. WASHINGTON—"Iolanthe."
W.O.C. DAVENPORT—Joint recital.
W.O.S. JEFFERSON CITY—State Prison Orchestra.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

W.E.A.F. NEW YORK—452.

5 p.m.—Dinner music from the Waldorf.

6:30 p.m.—Louis Fiegar, soprano; Josephine Emerson, violinist.

7:30 p.m.—United States Marine Band, direct from Washington, D.C.

W.I.Z. NEW YORK—455.

6 p.m.—Gotham Hotel Orchestra.

6:30 p.m.—Wall Street Journal review.

6:30 p.m.—Gotham Hotel Orchestra.

7:30 p.m.—Around the world flight.

7:30 p.m.—New York Philharmonic Orchestra, under direction of Fritz Reiner, guest conductor.

9:15 p.m.—Sport talk.

9:30 p.m.—Ernie Golden's Orchestra.

W.N.Y.C. NEW YORK—528.

7:30 p.m.—Sport talk, Thornton Fisher.

8:30 p.m.—Musical program.

11 p.m.—"Bobolink Kiddies."

W.O.R. NEWARK—405.

5:15 p.m.—Music While You Dine.

6:30 p.m.—Baseball news review.

7 p.m.—Ray C. Strang, artist.

7:15 p.m.—Newark Philharmonic Band.

8:15 p.m.—Ernie Golden's Orchestra.

9:30 p.m.—WOR Monday Nighters.

W.I.P. PHILADELPHIA—509.

6:30 p.m.—The Frisco Serenaders.

6 p.m.—Uncle Win's bedtime stories.

W.O.O. PHILADELPHIA—509.

6:30 p.m.—Candelieri's Orchestra.

7:30 p.m.—Mrs. Howard E. Gensler.

soprano; The Swan Quartet; Edward Berger and Horace Wade, tenors; Walter Trout and Frank Atkinson, basses.

8:10 p.m.—Fox Grand Orchestra.

9 p.m.—Organ recital, H. G. Ridley.

9:30 p.m.—Candelieri's Orchestra.

W.F.I. PHILADELPHIA—395.

5:30 p.m.—Medley Orchestra.

K.D.K.A. PITTSBURGH—326.