

London Evening Advertiser

COUNTY WILL PAY \$100,000 GRANT TO WESTERN

Hochelaga Bank Bandits Trial Ends In Disagreement

JURY FAILS TO REACH AN AGREEMENT ON SERAFINI

Men Report to Judge After All Night That They Cannot Find Verdict.

NEW TRIAL MONDAY

Seven Votes For Murder in Case of Hochelaga Bank Bandit.

Montreal, June 7.—The jury in the trial of Giuseppe Serafini, charged with the murder of Henri Cleroux, Bank of Hochelaga bank messenger, in the bank car holdup on April 1, reported disagreement this morning when the court of king's bench opened and were discharged by Judge Wilson. A new trial will commence Monday.

Seven jurors voted for a verdict of murder and five for a verdict of manslaughter.

The jury retired at 5:30 yesterday afternoon. At seven o'clock they had been unable to reach an agreement. Mr. Justice Wilson sent them back to their deliberations and stated that the court would sit till ten o'clock this morning.

"For myself, I believe Negro from the first to the last word of his evidence," in these words, Mr. Justice Wilson expressed his personal opinion as to the value of the evidence of Ciro Negro, self-confessed accomplice in the holdup, when summing up this evening at the close of the trial.

R. L. Calder, K. C., crown prosecutor in his address to the jury, emphasized his abhorrence for the character of the crown witness, Negro, but insisted that in its details, the man's story of the crime was correct. Lyon Jacobs and Alban Gervais, K. C. defense counsel, rested their case strongly on attacks on the character of the crown witnesses, Negro and Emma Lehou.

At seven o'clock the jury retired and were locked up for the night.

HEALTH FORCES MAYOR OF DETROIT TO RESIGN

Frank E. Doremus Closes More Than 25 Years of Public Service.

Detroit, June 7.—Frank E. Doremus resigned yesterday as mayor of Detroit, closing public service of a century of public health.

"The state of my health," was assigned by the mayor in his communication to the common council as the reason for his quitting office.

The resignation will formally be accepted by the council next Tuesday night at which time a resolution directing that a primary and election be held to choose Doremus successor will be passed.

The primary will be held Sept. 9 and the election Nov. 4, both dates coinciding with the general primary and election.

Acting Mayor Joseph A. Martin, when informed of Mayor Doremus' action, said he was not yet ready to state whether or not he would be a candidate for the office.

ORIENTALS TO VISIT BRETHREN AT DETROIT

On Saturday next, Thebes Lodge, No. 28, O. O. F. H. and P. will pay a return visit to Monius Lodge, No. 113, Detroit.

Thebes Lodge, headed by Deputy Supreme Monarchist Daniel Black, Grand Hyattsville W. J. Garbutt and Vice-Grand Hyattsville R. B. Whitehead will go to Detroit 65 strong. The Monius Lodge, which visited London on May 24 last, is preparing an elaborate program for the entertainment of the local lodge. It is expected that 1,000 candidates from all parts of the United States will be given the degree humility at the big convention.

COMMERCIAL FAILURES.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, June 7.—Fifty-seven commercial failures occurred in the Dominion during the week ended yesterday, compared with 64 for the same week of 1923, according to the report of R. G. Dun & Co. today.

Eighteen of these failures occurred in Ontario, 13 in Quebec, 10 in Manitoba, and eight in British Columbia. Saskatchewan reported four failures, Alberta three, and Nova Scotia one.



EARL OF ATHLONE, governor-general of South Africa, whose coolness and sure aim saved his life and that of Princess Alice when a wild bull, wounded, charged them.

BELLE RIVER GETS GRANT OF \$30,000

Considerable Debate Ensues in Committee Before Harbor Item Passes.

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, June 7.—Estimates of the public works department were considered by the House of Commons, in committee of supply at a late hour last evening. An item of \$30,000 for Belle River harbor improvements was first considered. Sir Henry Drayton and Donald Sutherland asked a series of questions about the results of dredging in previous years, and whether or not the expenditure was really justified at this point.

Mr. Sutherland said that the complete project involved in this vote would cost \$200,000.

Dr. King replied that the present item was a revote to pay the contractor for work done last year. The larger scheme to which Mr. Sutherland had referred had not been approved by the department.

Dr. King added that money had been expended on this work in 1913, 1915, 1920 and 1921.

Sir Henry Drayton said it was not much use to lock the door after the horse had been stolen. "But the horse was stolen, all right," he added, "although we did our best to stop it. We heard all about King needing Tim, and Tim needing King, and the price has been paid."

Hon. George P. Graham said that this work had been asked for when the late Hon. W. C. Kennedy was still living. It would have been done if there had been no by-election at all.

These things sometimes chime in, he retorted Sir Henry, "but there is no question of a corrupt offer being made to the electorate."

Before the committee rose it adopted new estimates for Ontario harbors and rivers totalling \$253,200, and revised \$125,100 from last year's estimates.

HYDRO INSPECTOR IS BURIED TODAY

Remains of Benjamin Campbell Laid to Rest at Komoka.

The funeral of Benjamin Campbell, who was an inspector of the hydro company, was held from his residence, 230 Hill street, this afternoon at Campbell's Cemetery, Komoka.

Mr. Campbell, who was an inspector of the hydro company, was electrocuted on Thursday afternoon when he touched a high voltage wire at the sub-station in London East.

He was employed by the hydro department for the last three years.

He was born in Komoka, but had lived in London most of his life.

He is survived by his wife and one daughter, Mrs. J. F. Pugh of St. Francis.

Services were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Woolatt.

CHANGES ARE EXPECTED IN SALVATION ARMY STAFF

Brigadier McAmmond of the Salvation Army, Clarence Street Citadel, went to Toronto yesterday to confer with the headquarters officers regarding the coming farewell ceremonies to be held in London next month, when it is expected there will be several changes in the field staff.

KIYOURA CABINET RESIGNS.

Associated Press Despatch. Tokyo, June 7.—The Kiyoura cabinet resigned tonight.

STREET CAR MEN'S WORK FOR PICNIC FINE RECORD

Nearly Twenty Thousand Children Carried Over Line Without Accident.

SPECIAL CREWS

Switch Turned 640 Times For Cars During the Day.

Face the Ontario Safety League! In all the hustle and bustle to get to Springbank Park yesterday, not one school child in nearly 19,000 was hurt. And all were returned to their homes, weary and sun-burned, but without one mishap.

The most careful crews were selected by the London Street Railway to convey the children and others connected with the picnic to Springbank. Besides 26 special cars there were the regular double-track cars running on the Springbank line.

Every Three Minutes. There was a car every three minutes, each way. One man had the arduous job of turning the switches at the corner of Richmond and York streets, and it had to turn one switch something like 640 times during the day. Every car going to the park during the morning, special trips being made from each school, was laden with good regulations for carelessness on the road from care as the flowers of May or any other month, and handled than polar bears in an ice cream parlor.

It needed a lot of attention to guard the welfare of these lovely troops. The street car crews had to be carefully selected by Superintendent Harry Humeaston, who conducted the job, as men of experience and with good reputations for carelessness.

They were practically all fathers. Please See Page 2, Column 6.

THREE AMERICAN FLIERS NOW AT AMOY, CHINA

Associated Press Despatch. Amoy, China, June 7.—The United States army aviators, flying over the world, arrived here from Shanghai at 4:30 p.m. today. All three planes, their pilots and the mechanics were in good condition after the 500-mile trip, which was completed in 9 hours and 45 minutes.

They were practically all fathers. Please See Page 2, Column 6.

FATHER STRAPPED DAUGHTER WHO HAD HER HAIR BOBBED

Quebec Man Takes Action Against Those Who Interfered in Punishment.

DOCTOR TESTIFIES Case Creates Lively Interest of People in Ancient Capital.

Special to The Advertiser. Quebec, Que., June 7.—For the first time in the history of the local courts the feminine fashion of wearing bobbed hair has brought the "bobbed" one into court, appears that some time ago the daughter of a local resident announced her intention of having her hair bobbed and upon this her father, according to the evidence presented, told her she "would catch it" if she carried out her plan. The girl did not answer at the time, but a few evenings later she returned to her home with her hair bobbed, and with a degree of confidence that aroused the ire of her father.

The father, according to the girl, and other witnesses, proceeded to administer the promised punishment by means of a strap and he did so with good purpose that the girl, whose desire was to keep up with her fellows in pursuit of fashion, had to receive the attention of a medical man.

Cooner J. H. McConnell pronounced death to be the result of heart failure.

ALBERTA RAINS COME AT OPPORTUNE MOMENT

Canadian Press Despatch. Calgary, June 7.—Soaking rains which were general over practically the entire province yesterday, will be a big aid to crops, which are just now showing well above the ground. The moisture will greatly facilitate germination, and it came at a most opportune moment.

TORONTO MAN DROPS DEAD AT DUFFERIN RACE TRACK

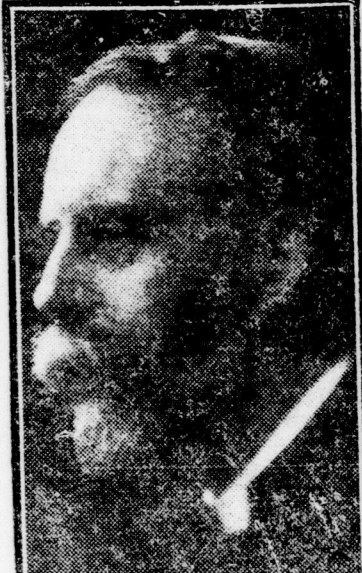
Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, June 7.—Thomas Sheehan, aged 65, of Toronto, dropped dead shortly after 6 o'clock last evening at the Dufferin race track, where he had been a spectator during the afternoon. Mr. Sheehan, who was standing near the rail, suddenly dropped to the ground without uttering a sound.

Cooner J. H. McConnell pronounced death to be the result of heart failure.

GEM THIEVES GET Sing Sing Term

Associated Press Despatch. New York, June 7.—Eugene F. Moran and Albert E. Hourwich, members of a gang which was active on the night of Dec. 17, 1922, robbed Mrs. C. P. Huggins of a diamond ring, a pair of earrings and a watch, valued at \$300,000, in an apartment in this city, were sentenced by Supreme Court Justice Tompkins yesterday to Sing Sing Prison for 2 1/2 to 5 years.

The two pleaded guilty several months ago to second degree robbery after having helped an author recover most of the stolen gems.



REV. DR. ROBERT JOHNSON, of Calgary, leading anti-unionist who will put up a strong argument against church union during the debate on this important question which was resumed at the Owen Sound Presbyterian Assembly this morning.

BLIND MAN SEES, DUMB BOY TALKS AFTER CURE

Rev. Robert Bell Is Credited With Doing Some Remarkable Things.

OTHER CASES CITED

Wonderful treatments by Faith Reported From West Orange, N. J.

Special to The Advertiser. New York, June 7.—Faith cures are reported to have been effected by the Rev. Robert Bell of Denver, a graduate of Trinity University, Toronto, who has been conducting a mission at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in West Orange. It was declared that a farmer who had been blind several years and who was unable to see after treatments; that a salesman, deaf for the past fifteen years, was made to hear distinctly; a 10-year-old boy, dumb since birth, to talk, and a lame boy to walk without his crutches.

Peter Denham of Livingston, N. J., the farmer, had been attending the mission for some time, but at first he was skeptical, and would not go to the altar. According to witnesses, when he was finally led to the altar by his wife, he knelt, while the Rev. Mr. Bell passed his hands over the blind man's eyes. Suddenly he rose and cried, "I see a light!"

Sight Is Restored. "No," he shouted, looking at a cluster of three lamps on each side of the altar, "I see three lights, but I can see one, two, three, four, and he began counting up to six."

Then he turned and started down the aisle of the church. His wife with tears streaming down her cheeks tried to hold him, but Denham pushed her gently aside, walked through the open door, and down the steps to the street. The story of the witness went on.

Howard Macdonald, of Hillsdale, N. J., who had been deaf for fifteen years, was able to hear distinctly, witnesses attested, after the Rev. Mr. Bell had passed his hands over Macdonald's ears.

Dumb Boy Talks. Arthur Houch, 12 years old, of 309 Valley road, West Orange, dumb since birth, was reported as able to repeat words after the faith cure. His mother said it was the first time he had ever been able to say anything intelligible.

A crowd of about 100 people was not obtained, but who walked into the church with braces on both legs and leaning on crutches, was able to walk unaided after the faith cure. Crutches after treatment, witnesses asserted.

Youngster Finds Artificial Water

Discovery Made on Way to Springbank.

And why not? "Go look at the artificial water!" exclaimed a 10-year-old schoolboy, from Lord Roberts School, as the car with its joyous crowd of kids passed by the city pump station on the road to Springbank Park yesterday afternoon.

"Aw, go on, that ain't artificial water," declared another young hopeful.

"Yes, it is. Why isn't it? They make artificial ice out of it in the city don't they? Then why isn't it artificial water?" The argument of alcohol took place at his office which is regarded as a part of the country, he represents and therefore immune from invasion of Canadian constables.

In the meantime, Mr. Malouquer in Bordeaux jail, no one having appeared with the \$5,000 bond fixed for his release pending trial. He will appear for voluntary statement on June 22.

MACDONALD TO RECEIVE FREEDOM OF EDINBURGH

Associated Press Despatch. Edinburgh, June 7.—Premier Ramsay MacDonald is to receive the honor of the freedom of this city. The town council, after a heated discussion last night on the question of conferring the freedom of the city on the Labor premier decided to do so.

The members of the council who opposed the resolution to thus honor the premier, urged that Mr. MacDonald's position in history had not been fully established and that his war record at times was disconcerting. Moreover they claimed that Mr. MacDonald did not represent the views of the majority of the citizens of Edinburgh.

However, those who objected to specially honoring Premier MacDonald were unsuccessful in their opposition.

OTTAWA LABOR TO FIGHT HYDRO RATE INCREASE

Ottawa, June 7.—A resolution emphatically condemning the proposed increase of the Hydro-Electric Commission to increase hydro-electric rates in Ottawa and to protest against any such increase to the proper authorities, featured the regular meeting of the Allied Trades and Labor Association held here last night.

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Cruel Third Degree Tactics Of Chicago Police Revealed By 'Goldfish Room' Victim

Modern Art of Wringing Confessions Worse Than the Spanish Inquisition.

SOCIETIES AROUSED

Admissions of Loeb and Leopold To Be Attacked by Defence at Trial.

By OWEN L. SCOTT. Special to The Advertiser.

Chicago, June 7.—The gentle art of wringing "confessions" from suspects, long known as the "third degree," has developed to such a high point by the Chicago police in their "goldfish room," efforts to solve the murder of young Robert Franks that it has turned into a boomerang in their hands.

So vigorous were the police tactics that human welfare societies are threatening action, while friends of Walter Wilson one of three instructors of the exclusive Harvard school which the Franks boy attended, are planning criminal action against certain police officials as a result of their efforts to make "confessions."

Meanwhile, it is being freely predicted that the confessions of Nathan Leopold, Jun., and Richard Loeb, the youthful "brill slayers" are to be attacked in court on the ground that they were not voluntary. Here, though, it is admitted the third degree was merely mental, and was fully justified by the results.

Seven Days' Gruelling. But Wilson and his two fellow instructors at Harvard school stand out as exhibits A, B, and C of what is going on in the way of the third degree. These now forgotten figures in the Franks case had once made some remark that sounded as though it might be incriminating, and as a result, they spent seven days in the "goldfish room," undergoing experiences which they assert make the tactics of the Russian Ceka appear humane.

The "goldfish room," he it known, derives its name from the fact that it is a small room, the walls of which are lined with sections of rubber hose. Please See Page 3, Column 6.

PROTEST ARISES OVER ARREST OF CONSUL

Montreal Police Nab Spanish Official—Alcohol Smuggling Charged.

Canadian Press Despatch. Montreal, June 7.—Official protest was made to Judge Cusson here last Monday, it was revealed today, by the Norwegian consul, as dean of the consular service in Montreal, against the arrest of the Spanish consul in this city, Miguel Malouquer, on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the Canadian customs by the smuggling of alcohol into Canada. Other consuls have also taken the matter up with their home governments.

The question at issue is whether a consul in a foreign land can be arrested by the police. He is regarded as an ambassador whose person may not be arrested. The main point is the sanctity of domicile. The arrest of the Spanish consul took place at his office which is regarded as a part of the country, he represents and therefore immune from invasion of Canadian constables.

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HEWITT NOT TO GET HIS SENTENCE TODAY

Contrary to expectations, Judge Talbot Macheth did not sentence Al Hewitt this morning. Hewitt was found guilty earlier in the week of being the possessor of stolen goods by a county court jury. He was found not guilty on charges of theft from a railway car at Strathroy in April, 1923.

After a short conversation with the judge, J. M. McEvoy, K.C., counsel for Hewitt, announced to the press that the London man would not be sentenced today.

TORONTO "U" WILL GET NEW \$125,000 BUILDING

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, June 6.—Announcement of a new building for the faculty of forestry will be granted to Toronto University was made today by Premier Ferguson. The province, said Mr. Ferguson, would guarantee a \$125,000 issue of bonds for the purpose of erecting the building.

\$80,000 IS TO BE PAID TO WESTERN BY COUNTY

Final Payment of Total \$100,000 Grant To Be Made in July.

SESSION IS ENDED

W. J. Fuller Is Appointed To Act On Suburban Area Commission.

One of the busiest June sessions in the history of the Middlesex county council came to a close shortly after noon today. There was much business to be disposed of that three night sessions were held. As a rule, one evening gathering is all that is necessary.

The University of Western Ontario will receive \$80,000 cash on deposit in the London and Western Trusts Company immediately. Five years the county granted \$100,000 to the university in four instalments of \$20,000, but none of this money was to be paid until arrangements satisfactory to the council had been completed regarding the reception of a tablet in the university to the memory of Middlesex soldiers who fell in the war. The council viewed the buildings yesterday morning and on motion of Councillors Sullivan and Holman decided to pay the \$80,000 at once. Warden Henry explained that the final payment of \$20,000 would be made in July.

W. J. Fuller Appointed. W. J. Fuller, ex-Secretary of London Township, has been appointed to act on the Suburban Area Commission in place of Archie Blackie, who has resigned. Mr. Fuller received a majority of one vote over ex-Warden John S. Cameron when the council voted on the appointment.

On motion of Councillor Boler a committee composed of the warden, county clerk, and Mr. Boler, chairman of the highway improvement committee was appointed to bring in a report at the December session on certain being allowed to run at large in county roads. Mr. Boler declared it was real nuisance and was backed up in his remarks by the county clerk, who said he had dozens of calls from people complaining of cattle allowed to run at large. Something should be done to stop this nuisance, Mr. Boler declared.

Reads Motion. Councillor Gordon with a serious expression on his face read a motion asking that Mayor Dorems be created a town and that Deputy-Reeve Boler of Westminster Township Township be appointed the first mayor. The motion was carried by a large majority of desks and Mr. Gordon finally consented to have it filed amid cheers for Boler.

The rest of the morning was spent in the reading of various bylaws regarding money grants passed earlier in the week. All the bylaws received a majority of votes and readings. The council then adjourned to meet the first Monday in December.

PRESOTT, BROCKVILLE HYDRO RATES DECREASED

Canadian Press Despatch. Brockville, Ont., June 7.—Hydro lighting rates for the towns of Prescott and Brockville are to be reduced 30 per cent, according to advances received here.

The Weather

FORECASTS. Today—Moderate westerly wind, fair. Sunday—Fair, not much change in temperature. The depression which was over Northern Ontario yesterday has moved eastward to Quebec, and another has developed over Colorado.

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

Stations.	High.	Low.	Weather.
Victoria	64	46	Cloudy
Calgary	64	42	Cloudy
Winnipeg	56	32	Clear
Port Arthur	54	36	Clear
Parky Sound	54	40	Clear
Thunder Bay	56	42	Clear
Kingston	60	44	Clear
Ottawa	72	44	Fair
Montreal	76	54	Fair
Quebec	68	46	Cloudy
Thunder Point	64	44	Cloudy
St. John	68	44	Cloudy
Halifax	58	44	Cloudy

LOCAL TEMPERATURES

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

Highest, 76; lowest, 46

County Council Fails In Efforts To Equalize Assessments

FAIL TO EQUALIZE ALL ASSESSMENTS

County Council's Intentions Good, But Members Refuse To Act.

Members of the county council yesterday afternoon, fired by flights of fancy by several of the members, decided by a vote of 17 to 13 that it has high time that the county assessment be again equalized. It had been twelve years since this was done, and some townships, it was claimed, were over-assessed, while others weren't high enough.

A resolution that A. C. Hodgins, A. L. McDougall and Dave Calvert be appointed to arrange for the equalization of the county assessment was sent to the equalization committee for approval, but Councilors McDougall and Hodgins flatly refused to act when the committee met between afternoon and evening sessions. The names of D. Gordon and T. G. Turnbull were then suggested, but these councilors also refused to act, which means that there will be no equalization of assessment this year.

At the evening session the council decided to adopt the original recommendation of the committee, that the assessment for 1924 be the same as 1923.

Smooth Sailing.

Everything was fairly smooth sailing in the afternoon until the equalization report was made. Practically every councillor expressed an opinion. The amendment to the amendment made by R. T. Revcraft that the whole question be reopened was supported by Councilors Hodgins, Winter, Butler, Revcraft, J. M. Ross, D. Lewis, Jones, Calvert, Watcher, Turnbull, McGowan, McDougall, McCullum, Gordon, Laflamme, Galbraith and Warden Henry. The other members of the council voted against it, and at the evening session had the satisfaction of seeing the majority of the above councilors committed to the original report of "leave well enough alone."

Councillor Winter's amendment provided for the same assessment with a reduction of \$3 an acre in London Township.

There was a storm of protest at the evening session to the recommendation of the finance committee, the motion being sponsored by J. M. Ross and R. T. Revcraft, that each township pay their own hospital bills for charitable patients. At the present time the whole county shares in the expense. Mr. Revcraft finally withdrew the motion, and all was serene once more.

Big Opposition.

Councillor Bill Boler of Westminster was the first to oppose the recommendation, stating it wasn't very broadminded. He was supported by Councilors Pike, Brown, Calvert and others.

Tom Elliott, West Williams, drew the wrath of a number of reeves, when he declared that if the municipalities had to pay for the patients the reeves admitted to hospital, they would be more careful in issuing permits.

Councilors Calvert, Pike and Boler all took Mr. Elliott to task for making such a statement. Chairman Lewis smoothing matters over by stating:

Splendid Laxative For the Baby

Mothers should constantly be on guard to keep baby's bowels working freely and his stomach sweet, for nine-tenths of the ailments from which little ones suffer are caused by derangements of the stomach and bowels. Baby's Own Tablets are a splendid laxative for the baby. They are mild but thorough, contain neither opiates nor narcotics, and are absolutely guaranteed to be safe and efficient for either the newborn babe or the growing child. By their action on the bowels and stomach they drive out constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers and make the dreaded teething period easy. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. J. C. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Adv.

SUPREME SINCE THE EIGHTIES

Strong's Baking Powder

Has stood the test of time. It's pure.

50c lb. 25c half pound

STRONG'S DRUG STORE

184 DUNDAS STREET, W. W.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE INTEREST ON YOUR INVESTMENTS?

You most likely do one of two things with the interest on your investments—you deposit it in a savings account at 3 or 3½ per cent, or you dribble it away on incidentals.

Both are not only wasteful, but extravagant.

With the purchase of Ontario Loan Accumulative Debentures the interest is left to accumulate and is compounded half-yearly, earning the same rate as the principal, viz:

5½% per annum

If you have \$76.24 or over you may become the holder of one of these profitable, safe debentures.

Let us send you our booklet giving full information of the safety and attractiveness of Accumulative Debentures.

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

THE ONTARIO LOAN AND DEBENTURE CO.

"53 Years of Service"

Dundas Street, Corner of Market Lane, London.

President, A. M. SMART. Manager, T. H. MAIN



Yesterday saw the first annual session of the grand council of the United Commercial Travellers of America held in London, where a large number of delegates attended. Here are the executive officers of the council just before the session started.

that he didn't think that Mr. Elliott meant the assertion in a personal way.

Mr. Turnbull thought the privileges were being abused and that some patients had been in hospital over a year. The proper place for them, if they could be moved, was the House of Refuge.

To Have Picnic.

Ex-Warden William Ross wanted to see a county council picnic and a picnic. This struck the council as a good idea, and there will be a picnic some time during the summer.

The same committee was appointed to act with the board of governors, University of Western Ontario, in the furthering of plans for "Middlesex Day," when the university opens next October.

A motion that County Clerk John Stuart be appointed as a commissioner on the suburban area commission, was referred to the highway improvement committee.

The council will meet again this morning and wind up the business for the June session.

Obituary

DR. DAVID MACNEIL.

Dr. David MacNeil, of St. Johns, died yesterday at his home in St. Johns. Dr. MacNeil formerly practised in London, but a number of years ago he moved to St. Johns. He is survived by his wife Janet, and three daughters—Mrs. C. L. Jones and Mrs. David Gray, both of this city, and Mrs. William Ewart of St. Johns.

The funeral will be held tomorrow at 2 o'clock from his residence to Woodland Cemetery. Services will be conducted by Rev. John Creasey of St. Johns.

WILLIAM DONOHUE.

William Donohue, well-known resident of this city, passed away at his residence, 273 Piccadilly street, last night following a short illness.

Mr. Donohue was born in London, 63 years ago and was formerly an employee of the D. S. Perrin Company.

In politics he was a staunch Liberal, and was a member of the Knights of Columbus and Catholic Order of Foresters.

Besides his wife, Mary, he is survived by four sons, William T. of Toronto, Martin and John of this city, and Gordon of Detroit, and one daughter, Leon, at home; also two sisters, Catherine Petrich of this city, and Mrs. E. Henderson of Toronto, and two brothers, Timothy of this city and John of Saratoga. There is also one niece, Daisy Dwyer.

E. S. PALMER.

E. S. Palmer of Hamilton died in Westminster Hospital yesterday afternoon, after a long illness. He was a well-known engineer before going overseas, but since he returned he has been a patient at Westminster Hospital.

His remains will be shipped to Hamilton from the D. L. Oatman Funeral Home this afternoon.

MRS. JOHN MASON.

Eileen Mary Mason, 201 Rectory street, died at her residence yesterday. Mrs. Mason had only been a resident of this country since last February, having moved here from England.

She is survived by her husband, John, and one daughter.

The funeral will be held from the Harrison Funeral Home on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock to Woodland Cemetery.

Services will be conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bice.

\$1,000 for a Name

For a new Medicated Soap. Other prizes, \$500, \$300 and \$200. Send stamp for rules. Sheffield Laboratories, Aurora, Illinois.—Adv.

taken outside the Imperial Bank building on Richmond street, where the meetings are being held. The mayor can be seen seated in the center of the front row, and in the picture are the following executive officers: Fred St. Lawrence, London, grand councillor; Gordon Bennett,

CONFERENCE COMMENDS NEW LIQUOR TREATY

Methodists of London District Approve King Government Action in Signing.

MEANS BIG STEP

Special to The Advertiser by a Staff Reporter.

Windsor, June 7.—The action taken yesterday by the Federal Government through its representative, Hon. Ernest LaPointe, in signing a treaty with the United States to stop the flow of liquor and narcotics across the border was made the subject of immediate commendation by the London Methodist Church this morning.

Rev. J. W. Hibbard, chairman of the Windsor district, read a new item dealing with this matter to the assembled conference asking an unanimous expression of approval.

"One of the greatest obstacles in the path of temperance," he declared, "has been the clearance of ships, ostensibly for Cuba and the Philippines, but which are in reality carrying their cargo to the United States and sometimes back to the province itself. This bit of treaty work is one of the best steps yet taken for temperance."

An announcement immediately followed that the matter had been taken up by the committee on social service and a resolution would be presented today.

All forms of gambling will be made the subject of a resolution and other matters considered by the conference as detrimental to the morals of the province.

EARL'S COOL AIM SAVES HIS LIFE

Wild Bull Charges Lord Athlone and Princess Alice.

Associated Press Despatch.

Messina, Transvaal, June 7.—The Earl of Athlone, governor-general of South Africa, and the Princess Alice had a thrilling adventure, if not a narrow escape from being killed, while on a hunting expedition in the Transvaal.

The earl shot and wounded a wild bull, which turned and charged straight at his excellency and the princess. The infuriated animal was bearing down on the vice-regal party and was only 30 yards away when the earl fired and killed it. The earl and princess were in imminent peril for a short time, but the cool and unerring aim of the earl delivered them from danger.

SUMMER CAMP PLANS ARE NOW UNDER WAY

First Work of Y.M.C.A. Was Organized in 1885 by S. F. Dudley.

The first boys' camp under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association was organized by Sumner F. Dudley in 1885 with seven boys in attendance.

Since that time boys' camps in the Y. M. C. A. have increased rapidly until now there are thousands of boys in the camps each summer.

A worth-while camp has definite objectives and ideals towards which every phase of camp life will be directed. These objectives include health, giving, nature acquaintance, wholesome fun, social adjustment, leadership training, altruistic service, religious worship, character making.

It is a program of this nature that the Young Men's Christian Association is striving to put across for the London boys in camp. A splendid site has been chosen for London camp at Silver Creek, about 35 miles from London.

INDUSTRIAL SURVEY.

J. C. Spencer, zone superintendent of the employment service, reports after a two-day industrial survey of the cities of Ingersoll and Woodstock that the manufacturing plants are in a fairly healthy condition, and that the positions on the farms are fairly well filled.

TRAVELLERS' EXECUTIVE.

Toronto, grand union councillor; H. H. Hannon, Hamilton, grand past councillor; R. A. Parrish, London, grand secretary; F. J. Venator, Toronto, grand treasurer; John Lockhart, Ottawa, grand conductor; A. L. Mason, Windsor, grand page; D. T. Williamson, Brantford, grand sen-

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DRIVER IS GIVEN A WEEK IN JAIL

Found Guilty of Driving Motor While Under Influence of Liquor.

THREE ARRESTED

A three-cornered party with a hired car, a bottle of ginger ale and another with a few spoons of whiskey ended with a bump for Robert Manning, 110 York street, when he was sentenced in court this morning to a week in jail for driving while intoxicated. David Donaldson was assessed \$10 for being drunk while Alfred Edgar, whose office testified, was the most gentlemanly of the three was freed.

Sergeant Last told of his attention being drawn to the car about 10 o'clock this morning at Wharncliffe road and Bruce street, when it rammed the south-east curb. After watching the machine career down the street for a little way, he and P. C. Clipperton jumped on the running board and placed the three under arrest. The back seat of the car was running with liquor, the sergeant asserted, while all three were under the influence of liquor.

The trial denied any knowledge of how the liquor found its way into the party, Manning explaining that he had partaken of the ginger ale.

Another charge, that of having liquor in other than a private dwelling, was dropped after the magistrate had viewed the evidence. Desk Sergeant McCullough and P. C. Langford also swore that the prisoners were rather unsteady when taken to the station and continued to show considerable uneasiness even after an hour or so in the cells.

JEWISH CHURCHES PLAN SPECIAL CELEBRATION

H. Wilder in London and Will Deliver Several Addresses.

Special services in the Jewish churches of the city will mark the celebration of Schabuoth, or the Feast of Weeks, tomorrow and Monday. Schabuoth commemorates the handing down of the law and celebrates the first fruits of the harvest.

An interesting visitor in the city for this occasion will be H. Wilder of Winnipeg, vice-president of the Zionist National Council, who arrived in London last night. Mr. Wilder is on a Dominion tour in the interests of the Zionist movement and will address a mass meeting tomorrow afternoon in the synagogue. His talk to young people will be given tomorrow night. On Monday afternoon he speaks to a meeting arranged by the Hadsash Chapter at the synagogue.

Last night Mr. Wilder was a guest with Mr. and Mrs. M. Fishwin, today he will be with Mr. and Mrs. Isadore Goldstick and tomorrow Mrs. B. Lewis will give a dinner in his honor.

Home Is Burned As Mother Dies

Tragedies Near Culloden Occur On Farms Mile Apart.

Special to The Advertiser.

Culloden, June 6.—The frame residence on the farm of John Hunsley, west of the town of Culloden, caught fire about 5:30 Thursday evening, while the family were in the barn milking, and was completely destroyed, with most of its contents. The loss is partially covered by insurance.

While the home was being destroyed, Mrs. Hunsley's aged mother died at the home of a son, Gordon Fentie, a mile distant. She was the widow of the late Kenneth Fentie, and was 85 years of age. She was a native of Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

JOHN WATSON AWARDED EIGHTEEN DOLLARS IN PAY

The wage troubles of George Pernokis, proprietor of the One-Minute Lunch, continue, and this morning he was again held to court by a former employee, charging that he had not received sufficient pay. After hearing the evidence of John Watson, the complainant, and the counter-charges of Pernokis, Magistrate Graydon decided that \$18 was due Watson in back pay.

HONOR CANADA'S CONFEDERATION

London Canadian Club Urges Annual Ceremony For July 1.

PLANS PREPARED

Making Dominion Day each year a time for general observance of the anniversary of Confederation is the aim of the Canadian Club of London. With this end in view the assistance of eighteen or more public organizations in the city has already been enlisted and committees are working on details of a great patriotic celebration at Victoria Park on the morning of July 1.

His Honor, Lieutenant-Governor Col. Harry Cockshutt has been invited to speak, and General King and the Royal Canadian Regiment will take part. The celebration will be short, just from 11 until 12 o'clock in the morning, and at 12 o'clock a salute of guns will be given by a rifle detachment of the R. C. R's.

School children will be invited and printed song sheets of patriotic choruses will be distributed in all the schools before they close for the summer vacation. Plans will be distributed among the children.

"Canada's own day" was passing swiftly into oblivion, one officer of the Canadian Club said today. "The Canadian Club's aim is to have confederation remembered by all, and this celebration will help."

The united organizations meet on Thursday at the Y. M. C. A. to lay further plans for the celebration.

RAILWAY MEN'S WORK FOR PICNIC IS RECORD

Concluded From Page One.

Men in Charge.

Motorists in charge were: F. Cowan, B. Chapman, J. Thompson, W. Newans, H. Boyce, B. Dixon, B. Miner, W. Handly, T. Howlett, C. Westman, B. Taylor, R. Gough, W. Kerr, G. Wood, J. Gray, J. Reid, J. Martin, S. McCrae, T. Southen, A. Paynter, W. Livermore, P. Crockett, A. Payne, L. Shaddock, S. Rickett, B. Doyle, W. Hancock, A. Yeo, J. Peers, H. Carless and H. Clark.

Conductors who worked the special trains were: J. Colbert, G. Parkinson, W. Nethercott, E. Wasseil, J. Maguire, E. Schmidt, W. Knight, J. Kew, J. Fleming, G. Edwards, A. Dowell, F. Saultor, R. Dale, H. Dodd, C. Watkin, Geo. Brooks, G. Southcott, W. Leonard, R. White, E. Gould, W. Whiteley, E. Menzie, F. Robertson, R. Broadbent, J. Harper, E. Walker, W. Rea, W. Connelly, J. Mason, R. Tuttle, N. McEachern.

The street railway organization was also to contribute to the company. Manager King was on the job, and made the trip to Springbank along with the school children.

Attention at Park.

At the park, trustees, principals, teachers and in some cases, mothers, looked after the various groups of children. There were committees in each case and the task of running off the races, feeding the hungry flocks, and looking after the little tots, wasn't easy, but then it wasn't hard either. In some cases mothers' clubs quite generously donated the lunch baskets with special treats.

Sergeant Oakley, P. C. Noulty, P. C. Miles and P. C. Harper made up the special detachments of police at the grounds. They acted as traffic officers for the street cars, linesmen for the ball games, and directors of the young public in most every way.

Under Miss Blanche Rowe, the public school nurses took turns in duties at the Red Cross booth, where some twenty minor ailments were treated. There wasn't anything serious at all, and the cases looked after were just scratches that worried the youngsters for a bit. It was a good service.

All of which is just another tribute to the efficacy of the proverbial "ounce of prevention."

CAREFREE TRANSIENTS ARE REMANDED TO JAIL

Five care-free transients faced Magistrate Graydon in court this morning, all charged with trespassing on C. P. R. property. John Connors and William and Thomas Woods were picked up a week ago and when evidence was given to show that they had the means of destination, Hamilton, they were discharged.

Frank Roche and Earl Jacques were on the last leg of their trip to Galt when they came to grief. They came all the way from Chicago and didn't make any noticeable impression on the court and the pair were remanded to jail for a week.

COULDN'T SLEEP HEART WAS BAD NERVES A WRECK

Mr. H. A. Reid, Upper Musquodoboit, N.S., writes:—"I am very thankful for the benefit I have received by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

When I came home from overseas, in 1920, my heart was very badly affected by concussion and my nerves were a dreadful wreck. I was very short winded, and could not possibly sleep at night; in fact, I was in such a condition I felt as if I did not wish anyone to speak to me. I thought I would try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and before I had taken two boxes I could enjoy a good night's rest as well as anyone.

There are lots of returned men who are suffering the same as I did, and I feel sure that if they would only try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they would receive the same relief that I have."

Price 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Adv.

Sound Development

Incorporated 1855
Twelve years before Confederation

Opened for Business
July 8 - - 1856

To-Day
Capital: \$5,000,000
Reserves: \$7,000,000

For the purpose of providing sound banking for the growing business of the farmer, miller and trader of those early days.

By men of foresight and vision who laid its foundations on conservative lines and started the building of its ample reserves.

We offer to business men and farmers and to all who carry a deposit account or who need banking accommodation, the facilities and experience gathered in our 67 years of banking operations, together with a courteous, efficient service by a capable staff.

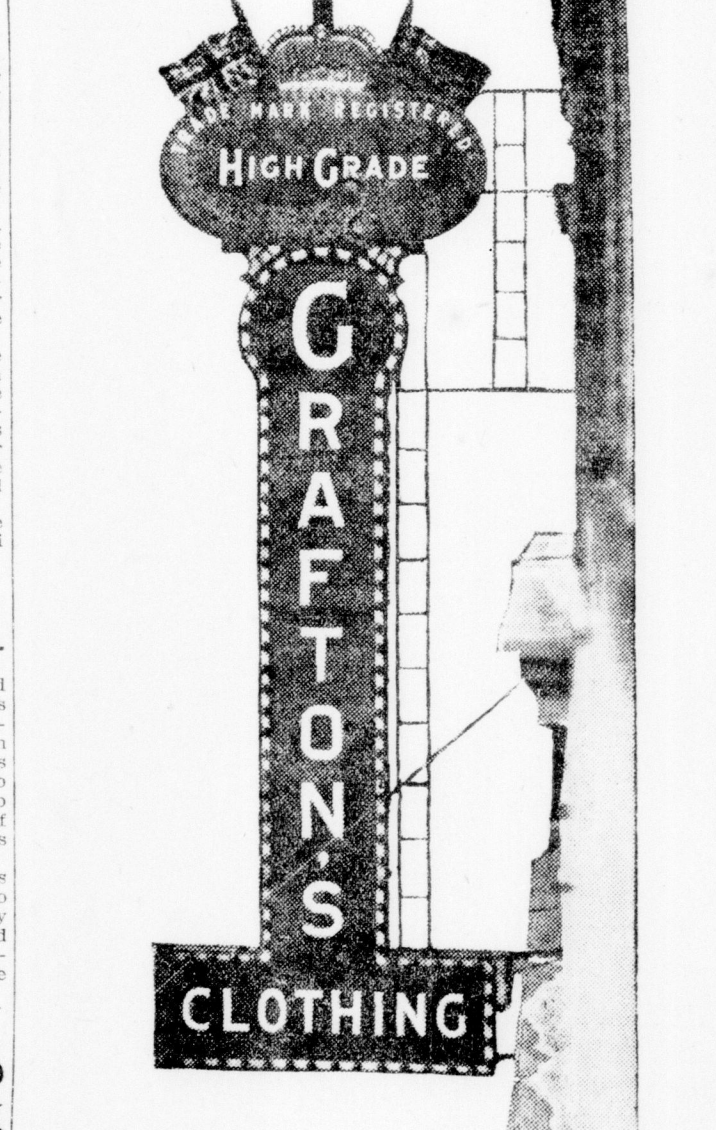
THE BANK OF TORONTO
Incorporated 1855

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

Put a Flexlume Electric Sign

—On Your Payroll

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



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

C. E. MARLEY-LIMITED

LONDON Sole Agents Throughout Western Ontario WINDSOR

POSTER ADVERTISING
PAINTED BULLETINS COMMERCIAL SIGNS

Greenland On the Toboggan.

Calculations seem to indicate that the entire country of Greenland is moving westward at the rate of 60 feet a year. In the course of time some of the cold countries will be shifted into warm locations.

TWEEDS AND FLANNELS ARE IN HEYDAY OF THEIR GLORY

Every Woman Wears Sport Clothes Whether She Plays or Not.

PLAIDS FAVORITES

Silk and Wool Knitted Suits of Wrap-Around Type Are Popular.

Special to The Advertiser.

New York, June 6.—Sports for the moment hold the center of fashion's stage and the old sporting injunction "play or pay," is bringing increased receipts to the purveyors of women's wear.

In consequence, for today practically every woman buys sport clothes. If she does not play herself, she pays to see others play.

As a consequence the knitted frocks, tweeds and flannels are in the heyday of their glory. Many of the knitted suits in silk and wool are of the wrap-around type, the skirts opening on the side. As is both sensible and proper, the costumes are designed along extremely plain, straight lines, the skirts and jackets both moderately short.

This restraint, however, does not apply to colors. No tricks of stage lighting have produced more varied and beautiful color effects than have been shown at the Olympic contests held so far in Paris, the British Exhibition events at Wembley, and the regattas, ball games, and track contests in America this year.

Plaids continue favorites in both one-piece frock and suits and similar designs are being worn in woolen and wool and silk sport hose. In the flannels, wool and silk crepes, jackets and pleats are frequently employed, while maize, and shades of yellow, light green, blue, tangerine and red are among the colors most frequently seen.

Since far more women watch sporting events than take part in them, the wrap this year has taken on particular importance. The cape of three-quarter length is one of the outstanding features of the season, with the shawl cape the newest development. This resembles a shawl loosely thrown about the shoulders but usually it is attached to the dress itself at the neckline.

Scarves have lost none of their appeal, but have lost something in length from the spring designs. One of the latest seen is a pleated scarf of woven silk worn with a coat frock of reversible plaid Kasha in red and brown with a white stripe.

Belts are broader and there is a marked tendency to pass both belts and scarves through slits in the material of the dress at waist and neck line.

Tweed coats in rich colors and the softest of textures rich the capes on the cooler days. These are frequently seen in gray, fawn, nut brown and light blue.

CEMETERY BOARD.

Special to The Advertiser.
Hyde Park, June 6.—At a recent meeting of the cemetery board the following trustees were appointed: Mr. Thomas Ramsey (re-elected), Messrs. Arnold, Fucney and MacDonald of London; secretary, treasurer, Mr. Barclay Fisher; caretaker, Mr. G. A. Routledge.

WOMEN and THE HOME

MISS MARION STARK IS TO GIVE DANCE RECITAL

Attractive Program Will Be Presented at Collegiate Next Wednesday.

An interesting dance recital will be held in the Central Collegiate Institute on Wednesday, June 11, when the pupils of Miss Marion Stark will appear in an attractive program which will be presented under the auspices of the Abbot Invidia Club, C.G.I.T. group of the First Presbyterian Church, Scotch dances, Oriental dances, a French ballet, Russian dances, Spanish dances and Irish dances all figure on the program, 32 dancers in all taking part with orchestra accompaniment. Miss Marion Stark herself will be seen in several dances.

Those taking part are Ivy Baldwin, Roy Baldwin, Nettie Clancy, Kathryn Davies, Freddie French, Helen Galbraith, Marion Galbraith, Elna Goodings, Rachel Graham, Bessie Grayson, Marion Hannam, Ella Johnstone, Hilda Johnstone, Donna Jones, Myrna McDonald, Dorothy Macintosh, Dorothy Merial, Dorothy Munro, Sam Munro, Vera Pounder, Frances Riddell, Jean Semple, Kenneth Smith, Marion Smith, Geraldine Smith, Constance Stothers, Jean Sutcliffe, Gladys Tulett, Isabel Wells and Dorothy Wassell. The orchestra will be under the direction of J. F. Fitzgerald, with Piper Mr. Soutar in attendance.

WEDDINGS

REYNOLDS—MCLEAN.

A quiet wedding took place this morning at Askin Street Methodist Church when Mary Margaret McLean, daughter of the late D. J. McLean, former district superintendent of postal service, and the late Mrs. Pitman Reynolds, son of Dr. and Mrs. S. P. Reynolds, Rev. J. T. C. Morris performed the ceremony. The bride wore a pretty gown of gray canton crepe with a becoming gray hat, and donned a navy blue wrap for traveling. Dr. and Mrs. Reynolds left on a motor trip and upon their return will reside at the corner of Queen's avenue and Colborne street. The bride was a former member of the Institute of Public Health and graduated from the University of Western Ontario in 1919.

MORGAN—LONG.

A quiet wedding was solemnized in Christ Church, Port Stanley, on Tuesday, June 3, at 2:30 p.m., when Martha Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mrs. and the late Rudolph Long, became the bride of William Morgan, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Morgan. The bride was attended by Miss Virtue Morgan, sister of the groom, and the groomsmen by Mr. Rudolph Long, brother of the bride. Rev. J. Reuben Bythell officiated, in the presence of the immediate relatives of the bride and groom. The bride wore a becoming gown of blue canton crepe, and the bridesmaid a charming dress of brown canton crepe. The happy couple left for St. Thomas, where the wedding dinner was held at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. William Wharry, leaving later for an extended trip to Detroit.

RUTH CHAPTER PLANS PICNIC AT SPRINGBANK

June 11 Has Been Set as Date For Annual Outing—Invited to Chatham.

Ruth Chapter, O. E. S., is planning a picnic to be held at Springbank Wednesday, June 11 with Mrs. William Bendle and Mrs. Douglas Allison as appointed conveners. A splendid program of sports is being arranged including a baseball game. The committee assisting the conveners include: Mrs. E. Russell, Mrs. G. Graham, Mrs. C. Phipps, Mrs. Chas. Legg, Mrs. Roland Munroe, Mrs. Charles Robertson, Mrs. J. Judson, Mrs. E. Bowman, Mrs. J. C. Doidge, Mrs. W. R. Thomson, and Mrs. E. Jackson; and Messrs. Guy Rowley, Hugh Griffith, W. J. Ward, G. Oliver, J. Carrothers, J. C. Doidge, W. R. Thompson, and S. McCoy.

The patrol team of Ruth Chapter has been invited to take part in the Masonic Day celebrations at the Old Boys' Reunion in Chatham, July 4. Among the chapter members who will attend the annual meeting of the Grand Chapter, O. E. S., taking place in Hamilton, June 17, 18 and 19 are: Mrs. E. Jackson, Mrs. C. Robertson, Mrs. Douglas Allison, Mrs. J. May, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Doidge, Mrs. Bert Logan, Mrs. Percy Duncan, Mrs. O. Brady, Mrs. A. Brigham, Mrs. E. Bowman, Mrs. R. Hornsby, and Mrs. Sam McCoy.

RUMOR PRESIDENT MURDERED.

Associated Press Despatch.

Milan, Italy, June 6.—It is reported that the president of the Albanian National Assembly has been murdered at Tirana by insurgents.

Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

Should a Girl Continue to Work After Marriage? And If She Does, Where Should Her Earnings Go? Is There Any Cure for a Wife's Bad Temper? Will Being Married on Friday the Thirtieth Bring Bad Luck?

Dear Miss Dix—I am a girl of twenty-two, and I am going to be married in September. I have always been a business girl, and I intend to continue working until we at least have a good start. My fiancé doesn't object. He wishes me to do as I please.



Now, Miss Dix, do you think a girl should continue working after she is married? If she does, how should the money be managed? Should it be in her husband's bank account or in her own? RUTH.

Answer:

Whether a girl should continue working outside of the home after she is married or not depends on the individual case, and I should say in yours it is a good thing for her to do so.

There are girls who are born business women, and others who have business careers thrust upon them.

The born business woman is never as happy anywhere else as she is in an office or a shop. She likes her part in the handling of big affairs, she enjoys the contact with the outside world and the excitement of barter and trade. That sort of a woman is never a contented housewife. She always feels that her energies are wasted.

A woman of this type who had really been the brains of a large retail grocery, and who married and gave up her job to keep house in a little two-by-four flat, summed up the situation to me once by saying, "For me to run a little house is like putting a thousand horsepower engine to pull a one horsepower load."

A crackjack business woman often makes a poor housekeeper, because her heart is never in her work and therefore it seems the part of wisdom for her to go on with the work that she likes best and use the money in hiring somebody to do the work for her at home that is distasteful to her.

There is no idea more absurd than that every woman is a born housewife and dotes on pots and pans. Not all women have a natural craving for cooking any more than all men happen to be carpenters or bricklayers. We don't expect a man to give up the occupation he chose for a life work when he gets married. Why should a woman do so?

It is a matter of fact, within the next twenty-five years only the women will give up their jobs when they marry men who are misfits in the business world, and who prefer housework to office work.

Certainly it is a great help to a young man who is trying to get a start in the world for his wife to be a wage-earner. It means that they can get a home, or a start in business, that will make their whole after life more comfortable.

Of course, when the babies come the question automatically settles itself, unless there is a mother or some elderly relative to take care of them. Raising her children is a woman's real big job in the world, and everything else must give way to that.

As to the disposition of the money where both husband and wife work, I should say that the fair thing would be to let it in a joint checking account, or to invest it in property that is in both names.

One thing, Ruth, I warn you against. Don't try to keep on with your job and do your housework at the same time. That will break down the health of any woman in the world and make her cross and irritable and unlovable. Either board or hire a housekeeper, so that you won't have to come home and get dinner after a hard day's work.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Dorothy Dix—I married a very pretty girl because I was very much in love with her, but I find she has the worst disposition I have ever known. Nothing I do pleases her. She is hateful to my family. She does not hesitate to make a scene if she gets angry at any place, and it surely is embarrassing and makes me feel and act like a whipped dog.

She has absolutely no control over her temper, and has never been able to get along with her own family. I can't see how I can go on the balance of my life with her, but she has some good qualities, and I don't want to break up my home. Is there any cure for her?

A WORRIED HUSBAND.

Answer:

The only cure for a temper like that is brute force, and unfortunately our civilization does not countenance using that. So the more of a gentleman a man is, the less fitted he is to deal with a virago wife.

The trouble with us all is that we are cowards. We loathe scenes and strife and arguments, and so we encourage the high-tempered to give full rein to their passions.

A child with a violent temper soon finds that it can get whatever it wants by kicking and screaming for it. It takes so much strength and nerve and courage to cope with a high-tempered youngster that the parents give up the attempt and let it go its way unchecked. When it is grown it has established a reputation for being hard to get along with, and everybody avoids rousing it as the easiest way of keeping the peace. Then it gets married and terrorizes some perfectly innocent man or woman, who will meekly submit rather than be in a perpetual wrangle or publicly humiliated.

It has been my hard lot to be intimately associated with several high-tempered people, and I never knew but one who was cured. This was a man who had literally killed two sweet, gentle, lovely women by his ferocious temper. He married a third wife, a red-headed woman, with a temper so much more violent than his that she literally terrorized him into becoming a mild and gentle individual.

If I were you, Worried Husband, I should tell my wife that I was convinced that she had a form of insanity, and I would have an alienist give her a thorough examination. Perhaps the prospect of being locked up in a lunatic asylum would make her control herself. Nothing else will.

DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—I am twenty years old and intend to be married on a Friday which comes on the 13th. Do you think this day and date will make any difference in our future happiness?

SUPERSTITIOUS.

Answer:

Certainly not. Any day is a good day to get married, provided you have picked out the right man. It isn't the day or the week or the month that counts. It is whether he is kind and generous and sympathetic and understanding, and you are broadminded and sensible and a good cook, and you are both very much in love with each other, and are determined to make your marriage a success. The signs and omens that count at a wedding are those that we make for ourselves, and we make or mar our own fortunes. There's no luck about it.

DOROTHY DIX.

INSTALL STOP SIGNALS WALLACEBURG CORNERS

Special to The Advertiser.
Wallaceburg, June 6.—The town council decided last evening that the trial of "Stop" signals at certain dangerous intersections in the business thoroughfares be put into effect immediately, and if found effective will be extended. Two new lights, one on the Chatham road and one near the Pere Marquette Railway bridge, were authorized. Reeve Hinneberg reported back taxes as coming in better, and that several errors and omissions made by the assessor in the preparation of his roll had been corrected. Councilor

Shirley complained about the service at the fire hall, which had recently been left at times without anyone to answer telephone calls. He was supported by the mayor. Permission was granted for the erection of a gasoline service pump at the Montreal Hotel.

A resolution was passed that the council meet every first Tuesday during the months of June, July, August and September.

STREET DANCE POSTPONED.
Palmerston, June 6.—The big street dance, under the auspices of the Palmerston Athletic Association, which had to be postponed on account of rain, has been set for Wednesday next.

THREE "MAMA" DOLLS PLEASE THREE GIRLS

Lyceum Theatre in Strathroy Scene of Happy Affair Yesterday.

Special to The Advertiser.

Strathroy, June 6.—The Lyceum Theatre was filled this afternoon by some 300 girls, all anxious to secure one of the three "Miss Advertiser" dolls. Three secured dolls, as they had the lucky numbers, and 297 left the theatre determined to secure the necessary subscriptions to The Advertiser so that they might also become proud "mothers" of the most attractive doll ever offered in this way.

Liella Bartholemew, Constance Pugsley and Eva Langford composed the fortunate trio today.

A pleasing feature of the afternoon was the piano playing of Miss Mary Purdy, who volunteered to act in that capacity in an emergency.

Window displays in the book stores of R. Wilson and Becketts, where the necessary subscriptions to The Advertiser for information are located, and in the Stepler drug store, Wright's boot shop and Wright Piano Company, attract much attention.

HOSPITAL IS PLANNED BY NORTH BRUCE W. I.

Institution May Be Erected At Lion's Head With Government's Aid.

Special to The Advertiser.

Warton, June 6.—At a convention of the North Bruce Women's Institute here on Thursday, one of the vital questions discussed was the establishing of a small hospital on the North Bruce Peninsula.

At the present time there is no hospital within forty miles from a doctor, and has no railway communication. The Women's Institute of the district hope, with the help of the government, to establish a hospital at Lion's Head, where there are two resident doctors and which would serve the outlying sections.

Who does it? How does he do it? Hence comes the mysterious force? Visit the Mystery House.—Adv.

UNION MEETING IS HELD BY W. M. S. AT LISTOWEL

Special to The Advertiser.

Listowel, June 6.—A union meeting of the Wallace, Britton and Listowel branches of the Women's Missionary Society of Knox Church was held this afternoon at Elmhurst, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Cleland.

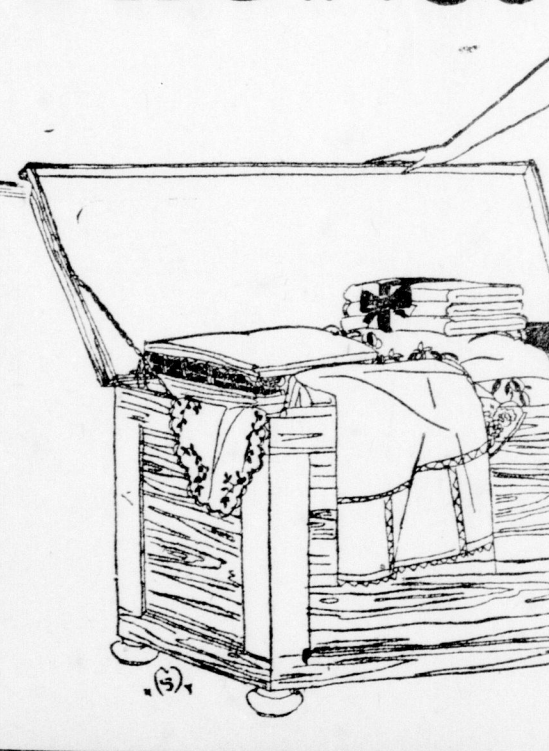
Misses Thelma Rennie and Dorothy Sproule gave instrumental selections. A paper on home missions was given by Miss Blanche Patterson and one on foreign missions by Mrs. S. Johnston; solos by Mrs. George Harron and Mrs. Ralph Jackson, duets by Mrs. W. Shearer and Mrs. Jas. Watt, Mrs. Lorne Hunter and Mrs. Ralph Jackson.

SCHOOL CATCHES FIRE.

Mildmay, June 6.—A large portion of the roof of the Fornosa school was destroyed by fire this morning. Sparks from the chimney are thought to have started the blaze.

H.P. sauce
makes all the difference to the meal, its flavor is unique and irresistible.

THE TIME of WEDDINGS



CEDAR CHESTS
Draperies
Chesterfields
Living Room
Dining Room
Kitchen

We invite your inspection.
WYATT
Furniture Co.
351 TALBOT ST. LONDON

Rubber Board Saves Knuckles

A scrub board with a rubber face has been made to take the dirt out of clothes on the same principle that a pencil eraser will rub out marks on paper. It will not cause sore knuckles.

WALLACEBURG RESIDENT HAS LEG BADLY FRACTURED

Special to The Advertiser.
Wallaceburg, June 6.—William McDougall, employed at the Dominion Glass Company's plant, met with a

painful accident Wednesday morning. It was found that two bones in his leg were fractured. He was immediately conveyed by ambulance to Chatham General Hospital, where he is resting nicely. McDougall is one of the most promising players of the Wallaceburg intermediate lacrosse team.

Quality and Charm

Distinguish

"SALADA"
TEA

"The most Delicious Tea you can buy"

British West Indies

The strumming of guitars and the crooning of plantation melodies is not the only music that one hears under the palms and tropical skies of the British West Indies.

Quite frequently one hears that clear, beautiful tone which is symbolic of Sherlock-Manning Pianos.

The
Sherlock-Manning
20th Century Piano
The Piano worthy of your home

which is to be found in nearly every corner of the globe, is being used very extensively in the British West Indies and is being acclaimed there with the same hearty approval that has earned for it the title of "Canada's biggest piano value."

Sherlock-Manning
Piano Company
LONDON - CANADA



BRIDES AND HOUSEWIVES WILL FIND VALUE HERE

Let us help you in your selection of useful articles.

CUT GLASS Special prices on beautiful Patterns.	APPLIANCES Electric Appliances that save labor.
FOR KITCHEN Aluminum utensils that will last a lifetime.	CUTLERY Rogers and other good flat ware.
ELECTRIC LIGHTS Do you need Bulbs... 4 for \$1.00	STOVES Gas, Coal Oil or Coal. Make your choice.
Screen Doors, Brooms, Lamps, Door Mats, Paints of all kinds, Tubs, Washers, Garden Tools of all kinds.	

WM. A. O'DELL

391-393 TALBOT STREET. OPPOSITE THE MARKET.

Pick out your Son—How High Will He Rise?

HE'S only a youngster now—but can you see him at 40?

If you live and keep your health, he's going to have a chance to be an agriculturist, doctor, executive, financier, lawyer, merchant—successful and prosperous—and will follow his natural bent:

But What If You Die?

The successful jobs demand education and they also demand a period of service when the boy will have to look to you for some financial help.

It will cost you little to protect his future. We'll gladly show you how if you'll send us the coupon below:

THE MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, CANADA.

BRANCH OFFICE: 201 ROYAL BANK BUILDING, LONDON
W. H. HUTCHINSON, B.A., Branch Manager

At present I carry \$..... insurance on the..... plan. I have a wife and

..... children dependent on me for support. What policy would you suggest my purchasing?

Name..... Address.....

The Sunshine Invites You to the Country—Motor

That Dunlop "Spare"

Gets Little Work



"Traction" Cord



"Clipper" Cord

Have you noticed the number of big cars with a Traction Cord spare which always looks new? It is new. Scores of car owners tell us that after equipping Dunlop Cords all around—including the spare—they have gone a whole season without ever needing to disturb that fifth tire. Hence its new appearance all the time. This is not an argument for abolishing the extra tire. Rather, it is proof that the "spare" is seldom called into action when the complete Tire equipment is Dunlop.

Is Your Car "DUNLOP" Attired?

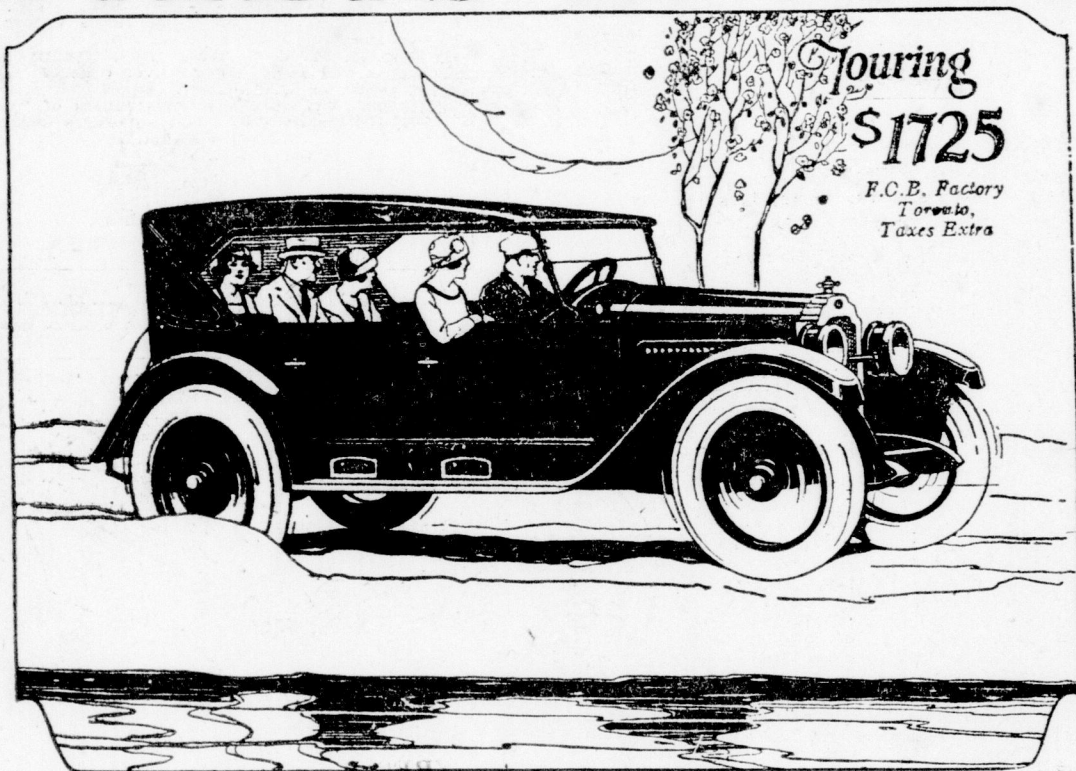
1894---Thirty Years of Dunlop---1924

Dunlop Tire & Rubber Goods Co. LIMITED

Head Office and Factories: TORONTO.

Branches in the Leading Cities.

WILLYS-KNIGHT



Tremendous Power— Tuned to a Whisper

LIKE velvet on velvet—so smooth and quiet is the Willys-Knight. It whispers into action at a touch—off like the breeze—gliding over the miles with an ease and zest thrilling to your senses.

You have a whole lot to look forward to in a Willys-Knight. A picture of beauty—a cradle of comfort—a rhythm of power. Its silky power stays silky. The Willys-Knight sleeve valve engine actually improves with use—keeps up its youth—keeps down expense—keeps you happy and proud. Owners report 50,000 miles and more without a repairman touching the engine!

The day of the Knight is here—and it is a wonderful day for the enjoyment of motoring. See the Knight—today. Ride in it. Experience a new joy in motoring.

There are seven beautiful Willys-Knight models, ranging from the roadster with its long, graceful, sweeping lines to the sedans, distinctive and luxurious, each priced within reach of the man of moderate means.

J. W. McLAUGHLIN
DUNDAS AND WATERLOO STREET, LONDON.

"Ask the Man With the White Hat."

MAH JONG: R. F. Foster Talks About Chance of a Hand To Woo.

By R. F. FOSTER.

As already pointed out in these articles, there are two principal objects in playing Mah Jong. The first, and the one more commonly aimed at, is to woo, because that collects from three players one hundred points.

The second, which requires more experience and judgment, is to get the big counts, regardless of the woo. Let us first take the player's chances for a woo. For the present we shall disregard the special limited forms of the game, in which the player is required to have a double, or a cleared suit to woo, and confine our attention to the fundamental game. The others we shall come to in later articles. Until one thoroughly understands the theory and practice of building up sets, as such, it is useless to teach one how to select certain sets in preference to others for a special purpose.

Chance Depends On Two Things.

If the object is to woo, success depends entirely upon the player's ability to complete his hand by getting together four sets and a pair, and the player's chances to accomplish this depend on two things. First, how far his original hand of thirteen tiles is already on the way toward completion; that is, how many of the four sets and a pair are already in his hand. Second, what are his chances to fill certain sets which are not complete; that is, to get the third to a pair or a sequence.

The most valuable hand one can hold, not already complete, would be one in which only one tile was needed. We saw in the last article that the Chinese consider such a hand so unusual that they allow it to be turned face down and declared for the limit if the player can get the tile he wants without discarding anything, and before any other player woos.

There Is Always a Chance.

Next in order would naturally come a hand which two tiles would complete, and then one that needed three tiles, and so on down the line to the hands in which there is practically nothing in prospect but the possibility of a series of lucky draws from the wall. That such a possibility exists is one of the charms of the game, in which it far surpasses its rival, bridge. It is impossible to pick out a hand so poor that it cannot woo in nine draws, chows, or pungs, and eight discards. As the average number of opportunities to draw or chow are 11 or 12 in the straight game, there is no hand that has not a chance to woo. All that is needed is the luck.

It can be mathematically demonstrated that the average hand of thirteen tiles should contain two pairs and one sequence. Upon the possibilities of the remaining six tiles depend the player's chances to woo. To illustrate the importance of this in influencing the player's decision as to what to do with his hand, let us take two cases as illustrations.

In this hand, the only complete set is the character sequence. If the hand is counted up, it will be found that with the best of luck, using every draw, chow or pung, it would be necessary to make five lucky "gets" and four lucky guesses at the discards, to woo on this hand, regardless of its final value. This means that not a single tile drawn would have to be discarded again; all five being usable.

Mathematical Chances.

Before going into the mathematical probabilities of a player's getting such a succession of lucky draws, let us look at what they would have to be. Suppose he drew either the 4 or 6 of Circles, he would then have to draw the 3 or 7 to complete the set. That is, he would be 8 tiles that would do for the first draw, and 8 for the second draw. This gives a better chance than if he drew a 5 or 1 Circle, and then another 5 or 1, as that would be only 1 tile out of 3, and then 1 tile out of 2 possible.

He would then have to do the same thing with the Bamboos. Let us say he got a 4, discarding the 8 Wind, and then a 2 or 5, discarding the 6. This gives us the same number of tiles to draw from as in the case of the Circles. There are 8 tiles that will fit for the first draw, and 8 that will fill the sequence. That is 16 out of the 122 unknown tiles, or about one-seventh. As these odds prevail against the second set, the odds against both are 7 times 7, or about 48 to 1. Then in 12 chows and draws from the wall you will fill the hand about once in 4 games, and be ready to woo by matching a pair.

Now let us look at another and apparently very similar hand, also containing two pairs and one complete sequence:

Among the six tiles that are not matched up are two open-end sequences. Any one of 8 tiles will fill 5-6 Character sequence, and give you a Wind discard. Any one of 8 tiles will fill the Bamboos, 4 5, and give you a complete sequence. Now this hand is on a par with the one in wanting one tile to woo, out of two

that will fill the hand. But the chances of getting this hand ready for the final call are very different from those in the first hand given, as can be readily seen.

The Best Sequences.

Take the 5-6 sequence. There are 4 tiles that will fit at each end, making 8 available. The same is true of the 4 5 sequence, and the two Wind discards are available without disturbing anything else. These 16 tiles are to be drawn from 122 unknown tiles, and you have a double chance to get them, because having two of the sequence, you are ready to chow. This gives you the usual 12 draws from the wall and 12 chances to chow. 24 chances to get one-seventh of the tiles that are available, as there are one-seventh that will fit.

In both these hands it must not be forgotten that you may draw certain tiles that would pair the odd tiles, and that while there would not be as many tiles that would fill the set as if it were an open-end sequence, it would be better to keep the pair than to try for the sequence.

It is also important to remember that tiles may be drawn that would convert two widely separated tiles into an interior. Holding the 1 and 5, for example, drawing the 3 and letting go the 1 or the 5 would leave you an interior sequence to fill, with only four chances, as against the eight for the open-end sequence which you would have if you were fortunate enough to draw a 4 or a 6.

In getting at the average value of a hand, therefore, when the object is to woo, we should find one in which the number of draws necessary to fill are equal to the number of draws necessary to fill are equal to the number of chances to get what will fill. Any player should be able to count up the number of tiles that would complete any given hand, and compare it with the number of chances that he will have to get it, on the average, taking good luck and bad as they come.

A Real Nerve Tonic

Is a Bountiful Supply of Rich Health-Giving Blood.

Sufferers from what medical men speak of as nervous debility and themselves tired, morose, low-spirited and unable to keep their minds on anything. Any sudden noise hurts like a blow. They are full of groundless fears and cannot sleep at night. Their hands tremble, they feel as if they will give away following a walk or any exertion, and the mind is greatly disturbed by the most trivial incidents.

Doctors who prescribe with poisonous sedatives is a terrible mistake. The only real nerve tonic is a good supply of rich, red blood. To secure this new, rich blood use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills which have a direct action on the blood and through it stimulate every nerve and organ in the body. Mrs. Alpheus Merritt, Penwick, Ont., gives her experience with this medicine as follows: "I had a nervous breakdown and was in the Weland County Hospital for some time. As I was not improving my husband took me out and took me up to my mother's. I doctored there but it did not help me. Then I returned home, and was again under a doctor's care, but with no better results. I would tremble and get numb all over, and the least noise would affect me. I was quite unable to do my housework, and was in a terrible condition. Finally I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and am thankful that I did so, as after taking about a dozen boxes I was again a healthy woman. I have used the pills since while nursing my baby, with equally good results, and I strongly advise other ailing women to try them."

You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.—Aunt

SORE THROAT

IS A COMMON AILMENT WHICH UNLESS CHECKED IN TIME MAY LEAD TO A SERIOUS CONDITION. SIMILARLY COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, DEVELOP AND REQUIRE RUSH TREATMENT BEFORE IT IS OVERCOME. BUT IF TREATED AT ONCE MUCH INCONVENIENCE AND SUFFERING MAY BE AVOIDED. AN OLD AND RELIABLE REMEDY IS FOUND IN

DR THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL

When you have work of any kind to be done about the house turn to the "Business Directory" heading in The Advertiser's Classified Section.

Profits Reduce Twenty Payments to Fourteen

Policy 4245, issued in 1909, called for 20 premiums, but Great-West profits reduced this to 14 payments.

Amount: \$7452.	Premium \$246.70
Earnings Credited 1914	197.85
Earnings Credited 1919	253.40
Earnings Credited 1923	157.45
Total end of 14th year	1108.70
Required to pay future premiums	1046.70
Cash Surplus to Assured	\$62.00

Although no further premiums are to be paid, the policy will continue to participate in profits.

Great-West Life
ASSURANCE COMPANY

REPRESENTATIVES IN LONDON:

J. J. CALLAGHAN
W. G. FRANCIS
G. A. GERALD
CHAS. T. GLASS
W. A. GLASS
F. K. HAMMOND
B. C. HIGGINS, INSPECTOR
F. G. PARSONS
J. J. SHEA
21st DOMINION SAVINGS BLDG. LONDON.



This One Thing Only

See the Brand New Oakland Six-54 before you choose your car. This one thing is all we ask.

Next to a home, an automobile is the average family's greatest single expenditure.

Surely your consideration of motor cars must therefore include a careful examination of every automobile that can possibly give you greater satisfaction for your money.

Only when you see it, examine it, ride in it, drive it, will you appreciate why the Brand New Oakland is the most advanced car in its class.

—most advanced because no limitation was placed upon Oakland engineers other than that they design a powerful, smooth-running, balanced six of extreme endurance.

To create such a car, Oakland engineers, in co-operation with General Motors experts, worked for two years.

Included in its construction are more worth-while improvements than in any other car in its class.

Name them over and you will not find one missing: Brand new engine with automatic spark advance, four-wheel brakes, bodies by Fisher, permanent top, centralized controls, special Oakland permanent satin finish, disc wheels, etc.

That is why we emphasize this one thing only. See the Brand New Oakland. Examine it. Ride in it. Drive it. That tells the whole story.

BEEMER & CO., LIMITED

131-133 Queen's Avenue.

Tel. 5670



Plan To Motorize Your Vacation

Genuine

BAYER
ASPIRIN

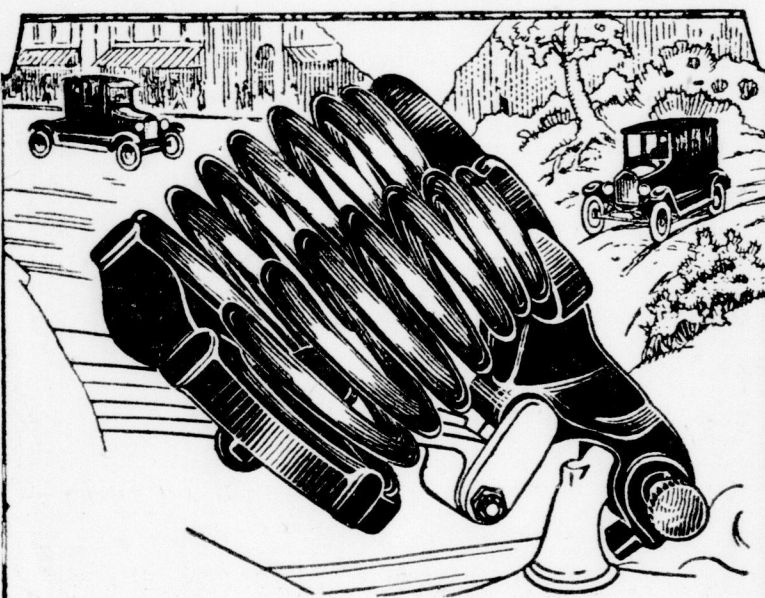
SAY "BAYER ASPIRIN" and INSIST!

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 Monocarbolic Acid. 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."



They control spring action

BUMP! How terrific the strain on springs! The more resilient they are, the more violent the up and down movement of the weighty car body!

It is the rebound that causes most breakages and discomfort.

Hasslers are the only shock absorbers that prevent not merely up-throw, but these vicious rebounds, so costly to your car. Hasslers absorb the shocks before they reach the springs!

Hasslers keep the body riding level—save the springs—and save your nerves! Besides, they repay their cost in tires, fuel and repairs saved.

Ten-day trial offer!

It's no trouble at all to try Hasslers; quickly installed—or taken off in a few minutes. No alterations on car. Ten-day trial if preferred. Your money refunded if you say so.

If your dealer does not have them write to

Robert H. Hassler, Limited,
Hamilton, Ontario.

Ride on
Hasslers



BUY ADVERTISED GOODS
Their Makers Guarantee Them

DIVING CONTEST WILL END TODAY

Grand Prize, Summer Cup, Will Be Presented to Winner.

EIGHT TO ENTER

One of the biggest indoor amateur sport contests in London for a long time will take place at Loew's Theatre this afternoon and evening. The two events will close a week of swimming contests for boys and girls, under the auspices of Loew's Theatre and the London Advertiser.

The big feature tomorrow night will be the elimination contest for the grand prize, the C. N. Summer & Sons Trophy, when all the boy winners who have taken cups throughout the week will compete for the final cup.

The following boys, Bentley Baldwin, George Tambling, Arnold Ramen, Sydney Tripp, Wm. Farquharson and Frank Shaw will do their stunts in the Berlin tank. These winners of the trophies, donated by Loew's, Mason and Risch, John A. Nash, and The Advertiser will compete for the Summer cup. There will be eight boys altogether, the six that have won throughout the week, plus those that win tomorrow afternoon's contest.

Madeline Berio and her troupe of diving girls have received such a splendid reception from their London audiences that they declared themselves delighted to have three extra contests on their program which will end for three in their contract.

Wright's Eczema Reliever sold and manufactured by Jos. Wright, 847 Lovett street, London.—Advt.



Miss Maude Fealy, the distinguished star, who will be seen at the Grand next week in "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Charles Major's famous romantic story, supported by the Garry McGarry Players and wonder augmented cast.



Douglas Fairbanks, who will be seen in the greatest picture of his career, "The Mark of Zorro," at Loew's Theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Paige-Jewett Sales Jump!

33%

Think of it! **33%** more people

Have bought **33%** more Paige and Jewett cars

In the first **33%** of 1924 than in the same period of 1923

Why?

1. Price and Value
2. Performance
3. Dependability

Jewett prices have NOT been advanced, although many cars in its price class have gone up. And Paige is this year \$950 lower in price, with even greater quality. Paige and Jewett cars represent good, old-fashioned value!

Paige cars have even better performance than ever. Jewett is the despair of others, on hills, in pick-up, over rough going. People today are buying cars for what they will do!

Paige and Jewett are known for their trouble-free service. In either you can go anywhere a car can travel—and back again—in serene security and comfort. Fine engineering; sturdy construction. (537-3)

PAIGE JEWETT

A. H. BURROWS

90 YORK STREET.

PHONE 2172-M.

At the Grand

TWICE TODAY—Matinee, 2:15; evening at 8:15. Miss Maude Fealy, with the McGarry Players, present "The Man Who Came Back."

ALL NEXT WEEK—Evenings at 8:15. Wednesday and Saturday matinees at 2:15. The most amazingly beautiful production ever staged. The Garry McGarry Players present "When Knighthood Was in Flower," from the romantic novel by Charles Major, with Miss Maude Fealy as Princess Mary Tudor.

FIFTEEN MEN DIE IN MINE BLAST

Fourteen Bodies Are Recovered From Colliery of Glen Alden Company.

MANY INJURED

Associated Press Despatch. Wilkesbarre, Pa., June 6.—Fifteen men are known to be dead and a score or more were injured in the Loomis colliery of the Glen Alden Coal Company in Hanover Township today. Fourteen bodies have been brought to the surface.

The explosion occurred in the bottom vein of number four slope, number two shaft, when sparks from a blast are believed to have ignited a heavy pocket of gas. Forty-one men were working in the section affected and some of these made their way to the foot of the shaft. All were more or less burned.

Rescue crews at once entered the workings, but their efforts were hampered by a serious fire and cave-ins that followed the explosion. The colliery premises were besieged immediately after the explosion by relatives of the victims and thousands of the curious. The crush was so great as to interfere with rescue work and guards were placed to keep them away.

MEMORIAL IS ERECTED TO ENGLISH EMIGRANT

Charles Bulpitt Took His Life When Abused by His Employer.

Special to The Advertiser.

Goderich, June 6.—The suicide of Charles Bulpitt, 16-year-old English home boy, last December, on the farm of his employer, Benson J. Cox, Colborne Township, five miles out of Goderich, roused a storm of intense indignation and publicity in the Canadian and English press.

Young Bulpitt was buried in Colborne Cemetery, in the portion of the cemetery set aside for "single" plots. The British Welfare and Welfare League interested itself in the case, and last week their efforts bore fruit in the erection over Bulpitt's grave of a simple monument, mounted with a cross. A beautiful wreath was also placed on the grave. Cox spent two months in the county jail, when found guilty on a charge of common assault preferred against him under the direction of Crown Attorney Charles Sanger, K.C., and the attorney-general's department because of the treatment accorded the lad.

The officials conducting the inquiry, and later the police court case, argued and pleaded for some closer and more personal supervision of young immigrant boys placed on Canadian farms by English and Canadian home institutions.

KENORA MAN DROWNED IN FALL FROM STEAMER

Canadian Press Despatch. Kenora, June 6.—W. Scotland of Kenora was drowned yesterday afternoon when he fell off the steamship Verben. Along with 32 Masonic brethren he left here in the morning on a visit to Rainy River Masonic Lodge. Encountering very rough weather crossing the lake his foot, it is thought, became entangled in a rope, which broke away, throwing him overboard. The body was not recovered.

DRY FORCES NAME MAN FOR U. S. PRESIDENCY

Columbus, Ohio, June 6.—H. P. Faris, Clinton, Mo., was nominated for the United States presidency today by the prohibition national convention on the first ballot.

Supernatural! That we cannot say. Just step into the Mystery House and see for yourself.—Advt.



Antonio Moreno in the Paramount picture, "Bluff," at Loew's Theatre next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

FRUIT TREATMENT FOR CONSTIPATION

Quick and Permanent Relief by Taking "Fruit-a-tives."

What a glorious feeling it is to be well! What a relief to be free of cathartics, salts, laxatives and purgatives that merely aggravate constipation and are so unpleasant to take and so weakening in their effect!

What a satisfaction to know that the juices of apples, oranges, figs and prunes will absolutely and permanently relieve constipation. By a certain process, the juices of these fruits can be concentrated and combined with tonics—and it is these intensified fruit juices that correct constipation, relieve headaches and biliousness, and make you well and keep you well.

"Fruit-a-tives" are sold everywhere at 25c and 50c a box—or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa, Ont.—Advt.

Radio Log Book

FREE TO RADIO FANS OPERATING TUBE SETS.

DICKS Flower Shop

CITY SALES DEPT. Peerless Radio Phone Co. 81c

SANTAL MIDY CATARRH of the BLADDER. Each Capsule (MIDY) bears name **SANTAL MIDY**. Beware of counterfeits.



Roger Pryor, the popular leading man of the Garry McGarry Players, who next week will be seen playing opposite Miss Maude Fealy (Princess Mary Tudor) as Charles Brandon, the commoner for whom the princess spurned a king in Charles Major's romantic story, "When Knighthood Was in Flower."

Ever try RED ROSE TEA?—Advt.

At Loew's

LAST TIME TODAY—The Cecil E. De Mille production "Triumph" with Leatrice Joy and Rod La Rocque and all-star cast. Madeline Berio and her diving nymphs; grand local diving final tonight, and other big acts.

MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY—Douglas Fairbanks in "The Mark of Zorro"; usual added photoplay features, and three acts of supreme vaudeville.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY—Agnes Ayres and Antonio Moreno in the Paramount success, "Bluff"; usual added film attractions, and three acts of supreme vaudeville.

LOEW'S
MONDAY, TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY NEXT

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

in



THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NEXT
AGNES AYRES and ANTONIO MORENO

in the Paramount Success, "BLUFF."

USUAL ADDED FILM FEATURES ON EVERY BILL

THREE ACTS **SUPREME VAUDEVILLE** THREE ACTS

TWICE TODAY **GRAND** Mat 2:15 Eve. 8:15

MISS MAUDE FEALY and THE GARRY MCGARRY PLAYERS in "THE MAN WHO CAME BACK"

NEXT WEEK The Most Amazingly Beautiful Production Ever Staged NEXT WEEK

GARRY MCGARRY PLAYERS

"When Knighthood Was in Flower"

From the Romantic and Colorful Novel by Charles Major With the Distinguished Star, MAUDE FEALY As PRINCESS MARY TUDOR

The world-famous romance of King Henry VIII's sister, who spurned a king to wed a gallant commoner.

AUGMENTED CAST, GORGEOUS COSTUMES BEAUTIFUL STAGE SETS

MONDAY NIGHT TWO FOR ONE
EVE'S—Orchestra 75c, few seats \$1; Balcony 25c, 50c, 75c

Wednesday and Saturday Matinees, 25c and 50c.

SCHOOL PICNIC WAS GREATEST SUCCESS IN YEARS

HAPPY SCHOOL OUTING MEMORIES WILL LINGER

Splendid Weather Aids in Making Picnic Great Success.

AFTERNOON SPORTS

Trustees and Principals Baseball Game Gives Many a Thrill.

The big annual picnic of London's public school children has come and gone and thousands of happy incidents are being remembered. It was a day in all the year to thousands of girls and boys, a day crammed with the very best fun and recreation imaginable. Sports were run off by each school early yesterday at Springbank Park or at the school grounds, and the joyous period after lunch was given over to interschool competition. Excellent weather prevailed and there was not one serious accident to worry over. It was a wonderful outing in every way.

Three big events held attention of the picnicers during the afternoon. Lord Roberts school girls captured the semi-final tilt by a score of 11 to 6. And in the umpire's annual resumption of the trustees-principals' ball game the teaching fraternity was fortunate enough to emerge the victors. It was a fine afternoon's sport, entered into with a great bally-hoo of cheers for every good play across. The girls staged the first encounter of the afternoon, and a rattling good game it was, too. The girls from Lord Roberts School showed better batting propensities than their opponents. They scored in every inning, getting two runs in the first, five in the second, two more in the third, and the necessary over in the last two frames. Some good play was witnessed, and it was anybody's game with so much good hitting.

The girls lined up as follows: Lord Roberts—Norman Hiscott, c.; Jean Howie, p.; Nenone Chamberlain, lb.; Mary Tambling, 2b.; Jean Bremer, s.; May McLeish, s.; Vera Stevens, l.f.; Grace Gamble, c.f.; Grace Tambling, r.f. Aberdeen—Georgina Duncan, c.; Bertha Stewart, p.; Mary Tully, lb.; Olive Purcell, 2b.; Rebecca Lipitch, 3b.; Irene Robinson, s.; Mary Gnatk, s.s.; Mary Sawyer, l.f.; Edith Bell, c.f.; Pearl Perry, r.f. Referees—O. Banks and Charles Dealey.

Enter Finals. Empress Avenue boys now go into the school finals with Ealing School, following the victory over Victoria. The game was snappy fielding, Pitcher Cliff Hay of Empress was in good form yesterday, and his team was only in danger once. That was in the third frame, when the Alexandra batters scored five runs in a row and temporarily went into a one-run lead. Hard hitting resulted in Empress School tying the score in the fourth round, and subsequently putting a good gap between themselves and their opponents. Catcher Laughton of the victors was put out for a time with nose bleed, but recovered and went on with the game.

The score by innings: Empress Avenue.....103 132 111 Alexandra.....905 100 0-6 The teams were: Empress—Bryce McLeod, r.f.; C. Bottrell, c.f.; G. Thompson, r.f.; Harold Walsh, 2b.; Doug Grigg, 2b.; Art Emigh, l.f.; Cliff Hay, p.; H. Wildgust, lb.; C. Laughton, c.; N. Hooper, l.f. Alexandra—Percy Snider, c.; Floyd Barton, r.f.; John Jackson, c.f.; Harry Burton, lb.; Vernon Sullivan, lb.; Neil McDonald, l.f.; Earl Taylor, l.f.; Tom Eaton, 2b. Umpires—Dr. Bryant and Mr. Galpin.

Win Moral Victory. Chairman B. N. Campbell could parade only nine of his warriors for the annual tilt with the public school trustees, and they put up a smart game while it lasted. The trustees scored a great moral victory, however, and would have continued for further innings had they been able to secure enough relief players. They finished far more gloriously than in former years, notwithstanding the home runs off Trustee Copeland. Messrs. Secord, McCamus and Brown were the hard hitters for the trustees. Principal Brown playing in his 18th consecutive game against the trustees and getting, as usual, a four-base hit.

Rev. Roy Mess was a sensation at stopping sizzling drives which came his way, but the pitcher failed to respond to his woozy throws to first. Architect Carrothers will likely be remembered by an official letter of appreciation at the next session of the trustees. He robbed one of the newly-manufactured principals of a sure three-base hit by leaping into the air and bringing down the pellet with one lone outstretched hand. The trustees had an official outfield in Messrs. Wright, Robinson and Greer, only the vast crowd of spectators closed in on them too

Mishaps Are Few At School Picnic

Ten thousand children, parents, uncles, aunts, grandmothers, trustees, cameramen and reporters transported by the street railway without a mishap.

Thousands of children were lost—in the land of happiness. Only a few little tots wandered far enough away from their guardians to feel badly about it. The nurses were there with plenty of apparatus for first aid, but outside of scratched hands and "tummyaches" there was nothing serious.

Principal Claude Brown of Aberdeen School in the baseball game made his eighteenth consecutive home run in as many years. "Enormous bizzness" sighed one ice cream man, gleefully, of course, when the day was ended. For decidedly impartial, accurate and scintillating decisions, the two lady umpires were presented with the ball and bat used in the final game of the day. The Teachers, the winners, treated them to ice creams.

much. All the safeties made by the teachers went over the heads of the trustees outfielders, so it wasn't their fault they were not caught. Chairman Bryden Campbell, holding down the initial sack, is a keen advocate of the game known as "baseball" as "hardball." He found the soft ball too hard at times, though. Trustee Lawrason, handicapped as he was by a thrilled bleacher around third base, and wearing a stiff hat, finished in a cloud of glory with a three-base hit that scattered the batting propensities of the trustees' battery worked to perfection at times and struck one man out.

Used Up Pitchers. Dr. Bryant, captain of the allied principals, roped in a flock of young batters, and promoted them. The teachers needed ten men to defeat the principals and used up two pitchers in the warfare.

Details of the game are shown here: Trustees.....A.B.R.H.O.A.E. Lawrason, 2b.,.....2 1 1 0 0 1 Mess, s.,.....2 1 1 0 0 1 Carrothers, 2b.,.....2 1 2 1 0 0 Robinson, c.f.,.....2 0 1 1 1 0 Johnson, c.,.....2 0 0 2 1 0 Thompson, r.f.,.....2 0 0 2 1 0 McCamus, r.f.,.....2 1 0 0 0 0 H. B. Galpin, c.f.,.....2 2 0 0 1 0 Wright, l.f.,.....1 0 0 1 0 0

Totals.....17 3 6 9 3 3 Principals.....A.B.R.H.O.A.E. Campbell, c.,.....3 2 3 3 0 0 Scott, p., 2b.,.....3 2 3 1 2 0 Bryant, 2b.,.....2 1 1 0 0 0 McWilliam, 2b.,.....2 0 0 0 0 0 Thompson, r.f.,.....2 1 0 1 0 0 H. B. Galpin, c.,.....2 1 0 0 0 0 McCamus, r.f.,.....2 1 0 0 0 0 H. B. Galpin, c.f.,.....2 2 0 0 0 0 Dewar, l.f.,.....2 2 2 0 0 0

Totals.....23 13 13 11 2 0 X—Hutchinson out; hit by batted ball.

Trustees.....R.H.E. 012 0-6 Principals.....175 x-13 13-0 Summary—Home runs, Secord, C. Brown, McCamus; three-base hits, Lawrason, Carrothers, Bryant; two-base hits, Robinson, Campbell, Galpin, Dewar; stolen base, Copeland; struck out, by Copeland 1, by Secord 1, by Robinson 1, by Copeland 1; earned runs, Trustees 3, Principals 9; left on bases, Trustees 2, time 37½ minutes; Attendance, 4,000; umpires, Messies Cook and Grant.

In spite of the great number of children present, no serious accidents were reported. Some twenty minor chafees occurred during the day, but the public school nurses attending the children in a tent loaned by the Junior Red Cross.

Three-legged race, boys—Clifford Hay and Gordon Thompson, David Johnston and Jack Bottrell. Chase race, girls—Marjorie Gilbert and Bessie Gamble, Agnes Massie and Helen Pratt.

CHelsea GREEN. Boys, 9-10—George Brash, Norman Rowley, Albert McCallum, Girls, 9-10—Annie Smith, Margaret Webb, Margaret Dudley. Boys' shoe race—Norman Rowley, Albert McCallum, George Brash. Girls' paper bag race—Winifred Tye, Florence Simms, Lillian Stone. Free-for-all—Jack Davidson, Dorothy Elliott, Mary Barker. Girls, 6-7—Elsie Swindall, Mary Bruce.

Girls, 7-8—Mary Brash, Gwen Brash, Mabel French. Girls, 8-9—Helen Finlayson, Dorothy Tiekron, Lucy Parker. Boys, 7-8—Lucy Reader, Leslie Bae, Willie French. Girls, 8-9—Frank Stone, Reginald Rollason, Ernest Pickett. Free-for-all—Verna Tye, Willie Haynes.

KNOLLWOOD SCHOOL. Girls, 5 years—Jean Gove, Mae Buttery, Margaret Grant. Boys, 5 years—Billie Bosding, Eddie Bennett, Sam Abram. Girls, 6 years—Marion Nixon, Helen Mould, Mary Hope. Boys, 6 years—Hugh Matheson, Donald Wood, George Bell. Girls, 7 years—Connie Hayes, Ellen Cook, Nellie Dixon. Boys, 7 years—Lorrie Lawrence, Freda Crab, Victor Bayley. Girls, 8 years—Dorothy Wimpers, Gertrude Grantham, Kathleen Rowlands.

Boys, 8 years—Bruce Buchanan, Tom Smith, George Arnold. Girls, 9 years—Mary Belcher, Dorothy Wooding, Rachel Masterson. Boys, 9 years—Robert McKeown, Harold Copeland, Jack Murray. Girls, 10 years—Marjorie Handley, Eva Moffatt, Mildred Horner. Boys, 10 years—Jack Skipper, George Denton, Fred Grant. Three-legged race, boys—Margaret Hazel Wimpers, Dorothy Gunn, Sack race—Marjorie Handley, Ida Aiken, Olive Oliver. Boys' shoe race, boys—Gordon Dixon, Charlie Jonghin, Frank Gunn. Chum race, girls—Gertrude Grantham, Hilda Hayes, Hazel Wimpers, Margaret Swick. Boys' shoe race, boys—Robert McKeown, George Denton, Harold Copeland, Bruce Buchanan. Mothers' race—Mrs. Edwards, Mrs. Jones.

RECTORY STREET. Kindergarten, girls—Mary McDonnell, Ruth Jenkins, Eva McDougall, Lillian Leung. Kindergarten, boys—Clarence Sharratt, George Clarke, Bruce Avery, Elmer McLeod. Girls, under 3—Marion Keene, Dorothy Clarke, Ethel Crouch. Boys, under 3—Allan Whitehead, Sidney Reely, Robert Peacock. Girls, under 3—Winifred Crouch, Freda Henshaw, Dorothy Moore. Boys, under 3—Ernest Sharratt, Morley James, Willie Cussey. Girls, under 10—Velma Cunningham, Freda Henshaw, Winnie Crouch. Boys, under 10—Ernest Sharratt.



THAT BASEBALL GAME.

Incidents during the thrilling softball game between the trustees and the principals at the great public school picnic at Springbank yesterday. It was a battle to the finish—the trustees, at the right, Cadet Brigadier Secord, the school teachers' winning hurler, is shown exercising his arm at the expense of the trustees. T. J. Thompson of Ealing School is shown playing just before the time he took three bottles of was completely relieved.

Mr. Secord's freak deliveries. Catcher Campbell of the teachers has the ball in his mitts, while Chairman B. N. Campbell and Trustee R. D. Mess, in shirt sleeves, appear to be enjoying their conferees' temporary chagrin. Subsequently Mr. Lawrason made a three-base drive.

tin Smith, Anson Holgate, John George. Girls' race, under 11 years—Mary Young, Margaret Wilson, Bessie Siskind. Boys' race, under 11 years—John Jackson, Jack Richardson, Clifford Hodgins. Girls' race, under 12 years—Linda Croot, Irene Gray, Edna McGarvey. Boys' race, under 12 years—George Metcalfe, Alfred Dillon, Frank Christie. Girls' race, under 13 years—Jean Last, Violet Garnett, Helen Christie. Boys' race, under 13 years—Adam Anderson, Wilfred Sullivan, Jack Whitton. Girls' race, 14 years and over—Gertrude McGarvey, Frances Hodges, Helen McDonald. Boys' race, 14 years and over—Vernon Sullivan, Percy Sniderman, Jeffrey Gordon. Chum race, girls—Gertrude McGarvey and Frances Hodges, Helen Christie and Marjorie Vincent. Boot and shoe race, boys—Franklin Walker, Ernest Young, Victor Walker. Three-legged race, boys—Stephen Grant and Chester Bester, Jack Whitton and Jeffrey Gordon. Boys' race, 15 years and over—Gertrude McGarvey and Frances Hodges, Violet Garnett and Irene Gray.

EAling SCHOOL. Boys, 6—Gordon McDougall, Arthur Thomson, Billie Slade. Boys, 7—Clifford Hooking, Albert Breton, Fred Gillette. Boys, 8—Jim Jenkins, Ernest Britton, Kensal Bayley. Boys, 9—Roy Hartopp, Walter Martin, Fred Scafe. Boys, 10—Stanley Barton, Wilfred Paeker, Fred Jolley. Boys, 11—Jack Hill, Lyle Robb, Clayton Muller. Boys, 12—Sam Lankin, Mervin Moxley, Leslie Vouden. Boys, 13—Milton Lankin, Harry Hill, John Markman. Boys, 14—Albert Jolley, Ellwood Stillwell, Jack Ripley. Boys over 14—Alfred Burgess, Albert Jolley, Malcolm Allison. Three-legged race—Alfred Jolly and Malcolm Allison, Alfred Burgess and Donald Ross. Girls, 6—Helen Morgan, Dorothy Heather, Audrey Carfrae, Violet Thorogood. Girls, 7—Leitia Yake, Mary Over, Violet Thorogood. Girls, 8—Helen Carfrae, Evelyn Jenkins, Evelyn Carfrae. Girls, 9—Gertrude Blackwell, Vera Boyle, Bessie Heather. Girls, 10—Margery Warren, Ethel Shaw, Nellie Joyce. Girls, 11—Nora Cannon, Kathleen Ellascott, Dorothy Bartlett. Girls, 12—May Torrens, Agnes Allerton, Edna Palmer. Girls, 13—Bernice Blackwell, Elizabeth Breton, Pearl Long. Girls, 14—Amy Dix, Violet Holst, Rose Pearce. Chum race, boys—Blackwell and Anna Parker, Agnes Walsh and Amy Holstead, May Wells and Elizabeth Breton.

ALEXANDRA SCHOOL. Girls' race, under 8 years—Jean Parsons, Vivian Peters, Winnie Arncliffe. Boys' race, under 8 years—Hinnie Shapiro, Edward Bouz, Charlie Eusby. Girls' race, under 8 years—Dorothy Kelley, Marion Sweetzart, Donella Salsburg. Boys' race, under 8 years—Gren Sherville, Ronald Orme, Jack Garnett. Girls' race, under 9 years—Kathleen Tiffin, Lillian Warner, Jean Pettig. Boys' race, under 9 years—Ronald Sutherland, Harold Carling, Mac Penton. Girls' race, under 10 years—Edna Last, Mary Baumbach, Anna Sniderman. Boys' race, under 10 years—Queen.

BAD BLOOD PIMPLES and BOILS Banished by Burdock Blood Bitters

Miss Irene A. Matthews, Stayner, Ont., writes: "I thought I would write and tell you of the experience and benefit I have derived from Burdock Blood Bitters. 'Some few months ago I was troubled with bad blood, which broke out on my face in the nature of pimples, boils and ringworm, and I got so bad I really did not know what to do. 'I was ashamed to go anywhere, and the itching and burning caused such a terrible sensation I could get no relief day or night. 'One day a friend advised me to use Burdock Blood Bitters. I used one bottle, and felt quite a relief, and by the time I had taken three bottles I was completely relieved. 'I cannot praise B. B. enough, and I hope anyone afflicted like I was will get the same benefit I received.' Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Company Limited, Toronto, Ont.—Adv.

TALBOT STREET. Kindergarten, a.m. girls—Corinne Brown, Barbara Tennent, Ellen Renton. Kindergarten, a.m. boys—Jack Linton, Bobby Har, Jack Helps. Kindergarten, p.m. girls—Elizabeth Harvey, Jean Hynd, Molly Arnold. Kindergarten, p.m. boys—Bruce Newman, Sam Grafein, Gerald Wyman. Girls' race, under 8—Mary Nutkins, Peggy Marks, Madeline Esseltine. Boys' race, under 8—Jennie Brown, Billy Lindsay, David Tennent. Girls' race, under 8—Vernie Nutkins, Irene Pratt, Helen Terry. Boys' race, under 8—Frank Reid,

Wallace Reid, Sam McNevin. Girls' race, under 9—Vernie Nutkins, Marjorie Bailey, Doris Palmer. Boys' race, under 9—Frank Reid, Norman Wong, Dickie Edwards. Girls' race, under 10—Helen Terry, Rhonda Harvey, Florence Padlock. Boys' race, under 10—Kenneth Williams, Billie Gibson, Jack Marks. Girls' race, under 11—Eleanor Reid, Evelyn Rogers, Myrtle Palmer. Boys' race, under 11—Garland Moran, James Forbes, Jack Henson. Girls' race, under 12—Madeline Mine, Eleanor Reid, Audrey Grele. Boys' race, under 12—Earl Shuler, Fred Christie, George Sanders. Girls' race, under 13—Edna Reid, Gladys Weston, Eleanor Reid. Boys' race, under 13—Herbert Chandler, Wilson Ross, Wilbert Plant. Girls' race, 14 years and over—Dorothy Cole, Welda Hebebrand, Kathleen Little. Boys' race, 14 years and over—Harold King, Gordon Lewis, Arthur Freeman. Chum race, girls—Venus Woods and Cecilia Brown, Dorothy Cole and Eleanor Squires. Three-legged race, boys—Gordon Lewis and Douglas Frele, Melvin Marlan and Jack Cowman. Boys' race, 15 years and over—Eleanor Reid, Madeline Muir and Gertrude Wallace.

Radicals Move To Starve Miller and Out of Office

Agree With Socialists To Try Strategy in Ousting Unwanted President.

SENATE MAY BLOCK

Members May Object To Step Which Would Empty Coffers.

Associated Press Despatch. Paris, June 6.—A starving-out procedure is going to be tried on President Millerand and the government if the president succeeds in finding a man who can form a new cabinet.

This method of procedure was decided upon today by the Radicals and Socialists, constituting the new majority of the Left, when they introduced a bill in the Chamber of Deputies, which, if passed, might have the "starving-out" effect. The measure repeals the biennial budget and replaces it by monthly provisional credits which would enable the majority of the chamber to cut off all money supplies for the executive mansion and other branches of the government except parliament. This action of the deputies who are trying to oust the French president followed a series of consultations at the Elysee Palace. Among those who conferred with M. Millerand were Charles Chaumet, senator and former government minister, and M. Franklin-Bouillon. At the same time news was received of the embarkation of M. Steeg, governor-general of Algeria, for London. He is one of the president's closest friends, and a cabinet minister.

The chamber will appoint a special committee to consider the bill tomorrow, and the majority will endeavor to pass through the house before President Millerand concludes the various consultations from which he hopes to evolve a solution of the crisis.

The senate must confer, however, and grave doubts were expressed in the lobby this evening as to its willingness to empty the coffers of the government as a political manoeuvre.

PAST MASTERS' NIGHT ENJOYED BY LODGE

Members of St. George's No. 42 Hold Interesting Event Last Night.

St. George's Lodge, A. F. & A. M. G.R.C., held a pastmasters' night in the Masonic Temple last evening about 150 brethren of the order saw a team of pastmasters exemplify the first degree in capable style. A number of pastmasters were present at the lodge, which was the degree team, which was composed of the following: W.M. E. G. Quantz; I.P.M. W. A. Tanner; S.W. T. S. D. W. E. E. Kyatt; D. O. D. W. C. B. S. D. W. C. B. S. D. R. H. Smith; I.G. L. A. B. S. S. Charles Ross; J. S. Robert Smyth. A highly humorous communication received from Temple Lodge accepted with alacrity the challenge of St. George's lodge for a friendly game of lawn bowling on June 20. An interesting and well-attended affair looked forward to by the members of both lodges.

W. R. Lutz, W.M., presided at lunch, which was served at the conclusion of the degree work.

DECORATION SUNDAY.

Special to The Advertiser. Wallace Reid, June 6.—The committee of various organizations met in the Oddfellows Hall to make arrangements for the annual Decoration Day. Representatives were present from the G. W. V. A., K. P., Orange Lodge and I. O. O. F. Lynn Askin was elected chairman, and C. O. secretary-treasurer. It was decided to hold Decoration Day on Sunday, June 22. The following committees were appointed: Printing, Shirley and Kronic, Grant, Warwick and Shirley; band, Gray and McIntosh; roads and gates, Askin and McPhail; ministerial association, E. A. Drader.

WILL SHORTEN SESSION.

Canadian Press Despatch. Ottawa, June 6.—In an effort to shorten the parliamentary session, the usual Wednesday night holidays in the Commons have been suspended. The motion that hereafter the House sit on Wednesday evenings was adopted today without comment.

Wallace Reid, Sam McNevin. Girls' race, under 9—Vernie Nutkins, Marjorie Bailey, Doris Palmer. Boys' race, under 9—Frank Reid, Norman Wong, Dickie Edwards. Girls' race, under 10—Helen Terry, Rhonda Harvey, Florence Padlock. Boys' race, under 10—Kenneth Williams, Billie Gibson, Jack Marks. Girls' race, under 11—Eleanor Reid, Evelyn Rogers, Myrtle Palmer. Boys' race, under 11—Garland Moran, James Forbes, Jack Henson. Girls' race, under 12—Madeline Mine, Eleanor Reid, Audrey Grele. Boys' race, under 12—Earl Shuler, Fred Christie, George Sanders. Girls' race, under 13—Edna Reid, Gladys Weston, Eleanor Reid. Boys' race, under 13—Herbert Chandler, Wilson Ross, Wilbert Plant. Girls' race, 14 years and over—Dorothy Cole, Welda Hebebrand, Kathleen Little. Boys' race, 14 years and over—Harold King, Gordon Lewis, Arthur Freeman. Chum race, girls—Venus Woods and Cecilia Brown, Dorothy Cole and Eleanor Squires. Three-legged race, boys—Gordon Lewis and Douglas Frele, Melvin Marlan and Jack Cowman. Boys' race, 15 years and over—Eleanor Reid, Madeline Muir and Gertrude Wallace.

Special to The Advertiser. "The housewife who has a Mrs. George C. Mitchell held a very fine at home at Avondale manse, which was very largely attended. Members of the congregation assisted at the door. In the program and the serving of tea, Mrs. Mitchell was assisted by Mrs. Norman Stewart of London and Mrs. Uter of St. Thomas.



HON. E. M. MACDONALD.

who introduced a bill yesterday to place the power for the calling out of troops in strike areas in the hands of the provincial attorney-general.

MACDONALD URGES CLOSER RELATIONS

British Premier Claims Time Is Opportune For Greater Co-operation.

Associated Press Despatch.

London, June 6.—The time has come to consider closer united action between the mother country and the dominions of the British Empire regarding imperial affairs and particularly foreign questions, Prime Minister MacDonald declared today in the House of Commons. The prime minister advocated setting up a commission of inquiry composed of representatives of Great Britain and the dominions to explore the conduct of foreign affairs to ascertain the best way to make rapid decisions and to remove possible misunderstandings.

The statement arose from a motion made by Sir Edward W. M. Grigg, Liberal, who criticized the signing of the Lausanne treaty, complained that the dominions had not been invited to send plenipotentiaries to Lausanne, and asserted that the treaty did not have the support of all of the dominions.

Mr. MacDonald said that times had changed since the war, and that there had been a great change in the minds of the dominions. He said that this country should have the power to make rapid decisions, and that, although events had justified each action, he thought that he should be safeguarded, the prime minister concluded.

Total receipts of the county, January to May 31, are \$161,764, with the expenditures of \$102,220. Donald McDugan, pioneer resident of Avondale Township, died today at the age of 83 years. He was survived by two sons and two daughters: Farquhar of Sombra, Neil of Weyburn, Sask., Mrs. Mary Munro of Avondale, and Mrs. Catherine Leach of Detroit. Funeral will be held Sunday to Duthill.

QUEBEC LIQUOR LAW ALARMS CONFERENCE

Montreal Methodists Laud O. T. A.—Hold Annual Reception Service.

Canadian Press Despatch. Gananogue, Ont., June 6.—The annual reception service of the Montreal Methodist Conference was held last evening. Five young men were received.

Today will be devoted largely to committee work and on Sunday ministers attending the conference will occupy local pulpits. Between now and Tuesday the stationing committee will have some strenuous sessions. Important changes are expected in the new drafts of the liquor commission, who are establishing an increasing number of government stores and licensed places. Our alarm is intensified by the fact of the increasing sale and consumption of liquors as shown by the two last annual reports of the Quebec liquor commission. We make with satisfaction the beneficial results that have come to the Province of Ontario by the operation of the Ontario temperance act. . . . and we deplore the efforts being made by certain elements in our communities to discredit the Ontario temperance act and hinder its effectiveness."

JOHN M. IMRIE HEAD OF CANADIAN NEWSPAPERMEN

Canadian Press Despatch. Vancouver, B. C., June 6.—John M. Imrie, of the Vancouver Daily News, was elected president of the Canadian Daily Newspaper Association, which at noon concluded its fifth, and one of its most successful annual meetings. Other officers elected were: George E. Scroggie, Toronto Mail and Empire, vice-president; N. T. Bowman, Toronto Telegram, treasurer.

AVONDALE MANSE AT HOME IS VERY LARGELY ATTENDED

Special to The Advertiser. "The housewife who has a Mrs. George C. Mitchell held a very fine at home at Avondale manse, which was very largely attended. Members of the congregation assisted at the door. In the program and the serving of tea, Mrs. Mitchell was assisted by Mrs. Norman Stewart of London and Mrs. Uter of St. Thomas.

CLEGG EXPLAINS DISMISSAL RUMOR

Statement That Student Nurses Were Discharged Very Misleading.

HAD LOW STANDING

Interviewed yesterday afternoon by The Advertiser with regard to the story that 20 student nurses had been "dismissed" from Victoria Hospital on Wednesday morning, Dr. G. G. Clegg, superintendent, stated that the information was quite incorrect and therefore very misleading.

Dr. Clegg said that as yet he had not received the complete list of results of the probation and first-year examinations in connection with the training school for nurses, conducted at the hospital under the direction of Miss E. B. Rose, principal and superintendent of nurses.

While admitting that a few of the student nurses had left the hospital during the week, Dr. Clegg explained that when students failed to measure up to the requirements they left the hospital automatically, and as a consequence, it was usually the way of a dismissal, as the term inferred.

By way of further explanation, Dr. Clegg pointed out that it was just the ordinary routine of examinations, the only fact that might in any way be remarked upon being that this year the number of failures was slightly larger than was usually the case. The number of unsuccessful candidates would not, he believed, be as high as in previous years.

The complete results will be available at the next meeting of the hospital trust, advised Dr. Clegg, which it is expected will be held next Tuesday evening.

LAMBTON COUNCIL REFUSES GRANTS

Four Organizations Denied Financial Assistance by County Solons.

Special to The Advertiser. Sarnia, June 6.—Preaching and practicing economy, the Lambton County Council, at today's session adopted the report of the finance committee recommending that no action be taken on a grant for the proposed Sarnia isolation hospital, the Lambton Beekeepers' Association, Poultry and Pet Stock Association and Corn Growers' Association.

The council, in action with the Wentworth County Council in protesting against the order-in-council discontinuing the grant of 10c a day to house of refuge inmates. Councillors Annett and Connolly were appointed to attend a meeting called at London by the highways department.

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QUEEN CITY ATHLETE KILLED IN BALL GAME

Edward Murphy Dies Soon After Being Hit On the Head With Ball.

Canadian Press Despatch. Toronto, June 6.—Edward Murphy, aged 21, of Mimico, a Toronto suburb, was fatally injured this evening when he was struck on the head with a baseball while playing for his team. Murphy expired shortly after in St. Michael's Hospital.

He was a junior player who was trying for a position on the senior team, and was to have taken part in tomorrow's game in the Western City Senior League.

Murphy was at bat when a ball pitched by Harry Barratt hit him behind the ear and he fell to the ground unconscious. His skull was fractured and he died in 15 minutes. The young man was employed as a clerk in the Canadian National Railway freight office. He was a well-known athlete, and a fast sprinter.

Makes Autos Go 40 Miles On a Gallon of Gasoline.

Sioux Falls, South Dakota: The Western Specialty Company of this city announces the perfection of an amazing device which is enabling car owners all over the country to more than double their mileage from each gallon of gasoline used, and at the same time remove 90 per cent of carbon from their motors. When the device is attached, automobiles have made over 40 miles on a gallon of gas, and increased their power and run tremendously, and eliminated all spark plug difficulties.

This inexpensive little device is entirely automatic and costs only one cent and can be easily attached by anyone in a few minutes without tapping or drilling.

The management of the company states that in order to introduce this startling new invention, they are willing to send a sample at their own risk. The sample is sent to each town who can show it to neighbors and handle the big volume of business which will be built up where it is shown. Just send your name and address to the Western Specialty Co., 1055 Lacatone Bldg., Sioux Falls, S. Dak., and get their free sample offer. Adv.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

THE PROVEN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, GRAVEL, DIABETES, BACKACHE

1087 THE PROVEN

Ordained at Nineteen; Open Labor Club; Find a "New" Grandad



Miss Susan Lurie, a friend of Nathan Leopold, Jr., one of the confessed slayers of Robert Franks, to whom Leopold joked about the crime. Miss Lurie is a co-ed at the University of Chicago



T. A. Stone of Toronto University, winner of a Massey Foundation scholarship valued at \$1,000



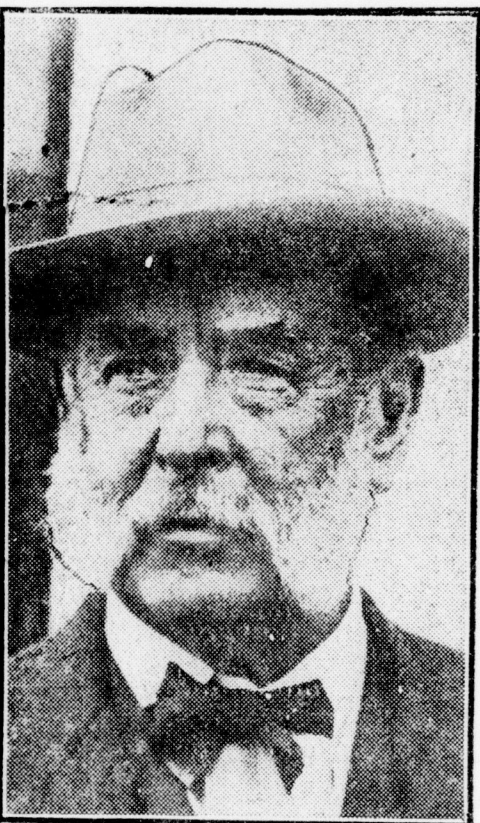
Little Danny Yarbrough of Atlanta, Ga., grieved so over the loss of his grandfather that a substitute granddad was secured for him and Danny is here shown with his new "Grandpa"



Joseph E. McCulley of Toronto University, winner of a Massey Foundation scholarship valued at \$1,000



Mrs. Arnold Ellsworth True, wife of an American officer at Manila, Philippine Islands, has been acclaimed the most beautiful girl in the Orient. She is a former resident of Seattle, Washington



George F. Baker who has given \$5,000,000 to Harvard University for a school of business



Mrs. Hezlet, age 77 years, took part in the women's golf championship games at Antrim, Ireland



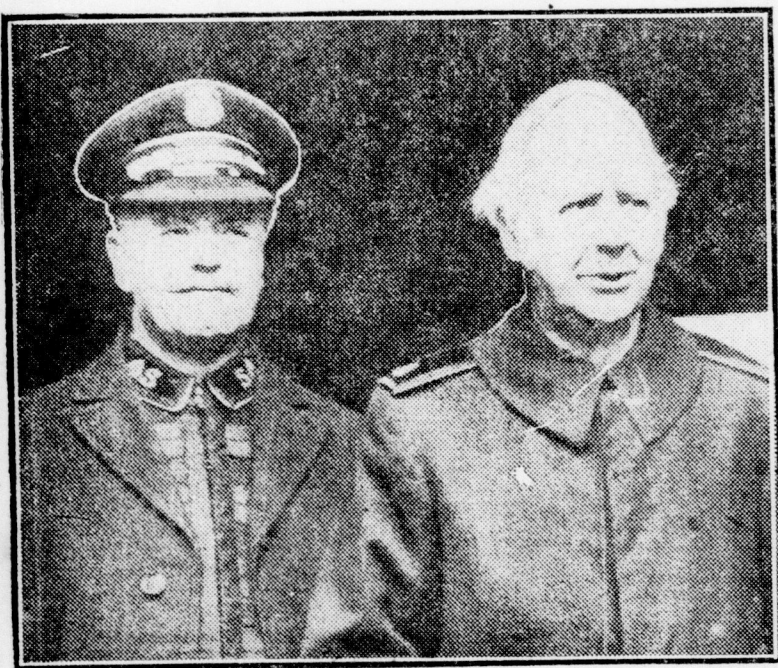
A photograph of the eruption of Kilauea volcano in Hawaii. The cloud pictured above is filled with fine sand and small pebbles



Gilda Gray, noted dancer, welcomes "Omar Khayam", the first white monkey to arrive in America



Mrs. Colin Campbell of Winnipeg is one of western members who attended the I.O.D.E. convention in Toronto



General Bramwell Booth (right) and another officer of the Salvation Army snapped by the cameraman on General Booth's one-day visit to Toronto



Lorraine Manville, stage star, displaying a beautiful scarf of crepe chenet



F. C. Coppicus, at present manager of Paul Whiteman, has directed the careers of many stars



Nineteen-year-old Emily Bishop of Chatham, England, who has been ordained a minister of the Primitive Methodist Church



Gideon Nelson is here shown nursing a serious wound he received at the United States-France Olympic rugby final when an excited Frenchman knocked him down with a cane because he cheered for the U.S.

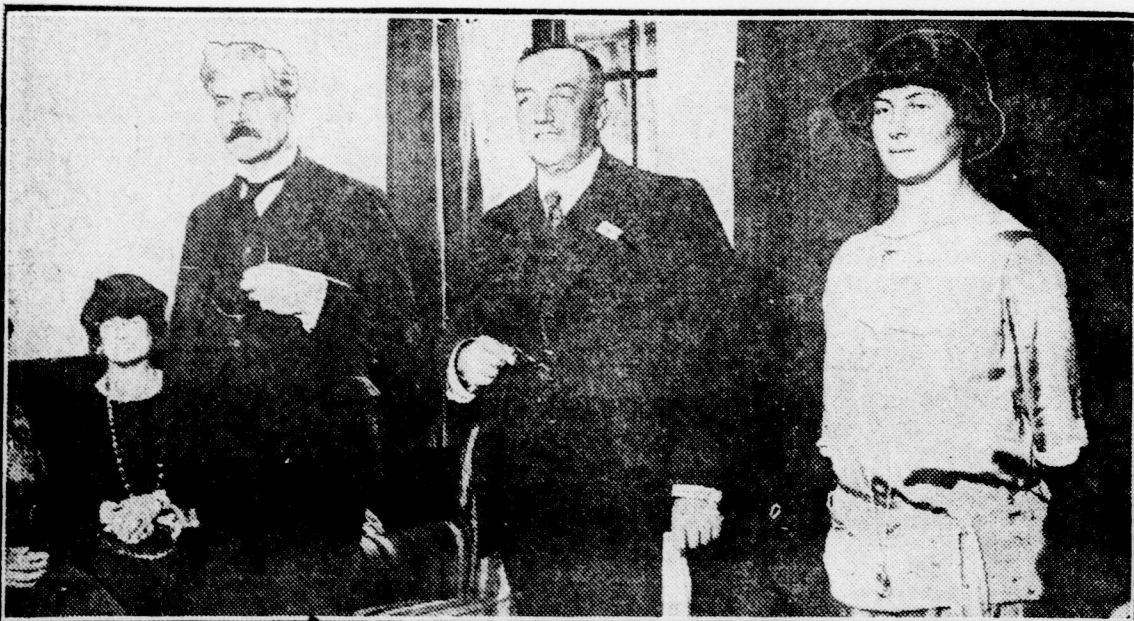


Photo shows Premier MacDonald, the home secretary and Miss Ishbel MacDonald at the opening of the new Parliamentary Labor Club at Tufton street, Westminster



The latest photograph of Miss Helen Wills, women's tennis champion of the U.S., who it is expected will be Miss Susanne Lenglen's opponent at Wimbledon



Standing on top of her car, Lady Astor is here shown addressing a large crowd at Glasgow in her support of Captain Elliott, Conservative candidate recently elected to parliament for the Kelvin Grove Division of Glasgow

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SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1924.

The Church Needs Power.

Rev. Dr. Gandier's sermon to the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Owen Sound ranks as one of the most important events of the week. It was a message to the whole church in Canada. A speaker does not often have so great a congregation, and seldom has one realized the possibilities of the occasion to deliver so outstanding an utterance.

To preach a great sermon a preacher must take a great text. Dr. Gandier did both, using the passage from Luke, "To make ready a people prepared for the Lord."

It might have been supposed that the retiring moderator, standing before the delegates from all over the Dominion, would have sensed an opportunity to urge greater organization, more imposing equipment, new societies to hold the bridge against new evils. But he did none of these things. He did not pose as a reviewer of statistics or as a man impressed or inspired by any outward evidence of temporal success. Rather was his sermon a tour of inspection over the power plant of the church. He sought to find out if there were still that vital, gripping force that can come only from contact with the spirit of the living God. His own words:

"The primary need of the hour is not a better organization, or another committee, or a new society in which to promote some new reform, or even church union itself as an outward act, but a new breath from God to come as a breeze from the hills and sweep through our stagnant lives, a new kindling of Heaven's fires upon altars that are cold and bare, a love that is not of earth to fill with new warmth the souls of men."

Dr. Gandier is so right that there is not even the chance of a good argument. The church as it stands today is organized to the last degree. It would be difficult to picture a field of activity within the radius of its passion for organization where a new organization could be thrown that would not find its cogs rubbing those of some other wheel. It is like a factory where machines have been added and additions built without taking stock of the amount of power available to drive them.

The ex-moderator of the Presbyterian Church can see no reason for believing that the church has finished its work. He surveys conditions past and present, marches in array all the agencies that men have devised to improve conditions. Scientific research, heralded as the way in which to solve mysteries, and take out the miraculous and the superhuman from the word of God, has "put the power of gods into the hands of demons." Education has not been a cure, nor has international law provided a bulwark against the forces of war and hatred. Dr. Gandier's arraignment of these agencies as substitutes for the spirit of God is that "when the cries came these things were swept away like cobwebs before the elemental passions of selfish greed."

Nor did the speaker look to any outside agency to come forward and break in upon the church. He was fearless enough to state that the quickening of spiritual forces, the fore-runner of a great awakening, must come from within the church as the ministers, the teachers and the members individually brought their lives into harmony with the will of the Almighty.

And there the responsibility rests. The world is weary today of watching an easy-going, complacent form of religion. It looks for something different—it anticipates sacrifice and even hardship as something to be gladly taken by the professing Christian. It even wonders at times where it will see evidences of the cross about which church people in song signify their willingness to bear.

Dr. Gandier's utterance was notable and searching, tolerant but not compromising. It was especially convincing because it recognized a weakness in the church and did not hesitate to say that the cure must come from within rather than from without.

Ill-Timed, Weak and Futile.

F. J. Doucet, Conservative member for Kent, N.B., was bound to have his little amendment to the budget put before parliament. The force of his amendment was shown by the vote of 114 to 26, with an adverse majority of 78.

The budget had been debated for weeks. More than sufficient had been said, and the vote of the House had been recorded. All that remained was that the provisions should become operative. Yet Mr. Doucet had to have his little fling. He had it, and it passes into history as the most futile gesture of the season.

It Was Great All Through.

London's great school picnic of 1924 has passed into history. Great in numbers, great in fun, great in the supply of lemonade and supplies, and great in the capacity of young London to deal with these details. Great! Greater! Greatest!

London has been at this thing for quite a few years. When the vote for the picnic is placed in the estimates it goes through without a sentinel on the civic chest calling out "Who goes there?" Opposition to it would mean that the opposer would be decapitated the next time he put his head on the civic ballot box.

The schedule of the street railway for taking the schools out to Springbank in turn runs like a clock. What's the use in trying to work when nearly every school in the city rides past the sanctuary door with its "Rah, rah!" bursting

from hundreds of happy tongues, tuned in some 23 varieties of school yells. It's no use—you might just as well look out the office window, grin and catch the spirit. Once more it's great. Ten thousand at Springbank, and yet the place wasn't crowded. London has a wonderful breathing place out there. Yes, it's great, too. The members of the board of education, the teachers and all who assisted—on behalf of young London we thank you. You were great, too.

Mr. Meighen's Fish Escaped.

U. S. Senate has ratified the halibut treaty made with Canada. This takes away the makings of a lot of speeches by Hon. Arthur Meighen. He has gone all over the country stating that there was no treaty because it was signed only by a Canadian minister.

Mr. Meighen had a fairly good time making those speeches. He was the champion of the fish, and from the lot he sorted out all the red herrings he could to show how the government was blundering along, kicking over its can of worms and getting the hooks caught in its fingers.

But now the U. S. Senate has gone ahead and ratified the treaty that Hon. Arthur said did not exist, and ratified it without reservation.

Mr. Meighen's big political fish has escaped. All he has left is a bent pin and a broken pole.

Fifty Years in London.

James Gray, parcel boy, cash boy, clerk, buyer and merchant, has been fifty years in London. The community he serves can rejoice with him.

"Jim" Gray has been and is a good resident of London. He has made a success of his business, but success has not spoiled him. As his business grew he saw in the increasing returns an opportunity to be of service to the community, and he has not hesitated to accept his full share of responsibility as the field opened before him.

No man can envy the success that comes to a man of this type. It is the result of facing life fairly, realizing its responsibilities, and pursuing the policy of live and let live.

"Jim" Gray is off to Britain with the Canadian bowlers. May his shots be many and as true as they are numerous. London will be ready to welcome him home again.

Canadian Missionaries in China.

The latest raid by Chinese bandits has a special interest to the people of Canada by reason of the capture of Rev. Robert Jaffray, of Toronto, and his subsequent release in order that he might make arrangements for the payment of a ransom for those who were captured with him.

The problem is made more difficult because appeals made to the Chinese government are addressed to a body that is not competent to handle the situation. China has soldiers, plenty of them; too many of them. They are seldom paid by the government, and banditry is the means employed at intervals so that they may secure their reward.

The work that Rev. Mr. Jaffray and those associated with him were doing is not an easy task. Recent events show that it is associated with hardship and menace to life. These elements have not driven these men from the field; rather have they, with their consecrated vigor, found recompense in looking into the sullen face of danger and remaining at their posts. They are enduring hardship, counting not the cost.

Is the Thing a Fake?

The "diabolical ray" has been declared a failure. One expert from the British war office is stated to have stood within ten feet of the thing, and it didn't even make him wink.

That report is interesting—if true. But it does not walk on all fours. The collapse is a little too sudden. Gindell Matthews could hardly have had the war offices of three world powers by the ears over an apparatus that was no more deadly than a fly swatter.

Granting the report of its failure is true, the fact remains that there was tremendous anxiety to secure the thing.

Would there be such wild competition to purchase, for instance, an invention or discovery that would cure cancer?

Note and Comment.

It's hard to tell whether a girl is wearing a new-fashioned coat or a bathrobe.

When a man gives you some advice he never seems to be in any great rush to have it paid back.

The best way to find out how civilized a country is is to take a yardstick and measure its national debt.

There's a controversy on as to who wrote "Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here." What's the idea? Is a lynching planned?

A Chinese junk is anchored in New York harbor, the first in 50 years. With mah jong, chop suey and junk, the invasion continues.

One expert has figured out that it will be three weeks and two days later than usual this year before the small boy has colic from eating green apples.

Ottawa citizens object to civic employees using city cars for pleasure purposes. Quite right. All the other joy riders in the city should have an equal chance.

One London citizen who picked all the dandelions around his premises states frankly that they are to be used in making dandelion wine. Such candor is unusual, as rare as a twinkle in a glass eye.

An American paper, after the Gibbons-Carpenter fight, boasts that the Americans are the greatest two-fisted fighters in the world. And listening to their pre-election combat let it be added that they carry the honors for the greatest triple-tongued lambasters.

Dr. Frank Crane

The Hidden Values of Good Will

THERE are all sorts of hidden values in Good Will that are not apparent to the naked eye.

Good Will seems to be a mere aerial, sentimental something, God-like, perhaps, but, like God, "without body or parts."

It takes judgment that has considerably ripened, experience that is rather mature, an insight beyond the ordinary, to appreciate the solid values of Good Will.

The successful grocer understands it. He knows that it is mere Good Will that obligates his customers to keep on trading with him even when they have moved to another part of town.

The clothier understands it. He knows that it is Good Will that repeats his name and urges his goods from mouth to ear. Good Will holds his old trade and drums up new.

Men in any business catering to the public soon find out that the very mudsill of permanent prosperity is this same airy nothing, this breath of faith, this flash of sentiment we call Good Will.

And Good Will is just as valuable in every home relation as it is in the buying and selling. Good Will makes the Church cohere and flourish; and when Good Will departs it is as if each stone of the edifice left its fellows and the building crumbled.

Good Will is the cement of any social group, such as the lodge, the club, the society, the association; also the company, the works, the factory, the organization; that is to say, any collection of human beings that hold together for the purposes either of play or of work, for study or for diversion.

Good Will is the centrifugal force of the race, holding men together in orderly unity; without it the centrifugal forces of ill will, Hate, Doubt and Suspicion would speedily reduce all our civilization back to the chaos of savagery.

Good Will is no less necessary among nations. It is no economic thing that has reduced Europe first to a shambles and following that to a quarrelling bankruptcy; it is nothing but ill will.

If some Pasteur could find a serum which would destroy the hate germ and inject it into the veins of Frenchmen and Germans, Polish and Russians and the other European nations, business would revive, starvation would cease, the franc and the mark would come back and all would be well.

All sorts of ingenious theories have been propounded to explain why nations do not get along with each other. The real explanation is very simple. It is plain as a pike staff. It is because they cling to Hate and other members of the Hate family, including Pride, Sensitiveness, Envy, the lust to rule and similar hallucinations of the distorted ego.

If French and Germans would devote one-thousandth part of the effort they now expend in hate toward making the other nation love, the situation would speedily clear up.

So, also, the intelligent labor leader seeks the Good Will of Capital; the capitalist who has common sense seeks the Good Will of Labor.

And those of our own country who spread distrust and enmity toward any other country are really traitors to the commonwealth.

To any country in the world the Good Will of other nations means trade, prosperity and peace and all good things.

While war and the preparation for war, tariff barriers, passports and all the other ill-formed and ill-smelling brood hatched from the egg of ill will are they whose effect constantly tends to make this world an indecent place to live in.

The Fats and Thins

A new ballet has been written called "Whipped Cream." And of course the press notices will be cream puffs.

I mind one time when Joe and Hank was living on the street by me—how Joe was pudgy like and fat and Hank as lean as man could be.

And they decided there and then to mend the style in which they grewed, Hank was to put on pounds of meat while Joe was plannin' to unload.

So Joe he started layin' off, the nose-bag he put by for keeps, selectin' only certain things to count within his range of ease—while Hank he planned to raid the shelf and heap his plate up wide and tall, he'd scoop and work upon his grub like fillin' silos in the fall.

He went to every place he could, to every dish he yelled encore, and when the rest was easin' off why Hank was passin' back for more.

I never saw a man who worked at any job as hard as Hank, the way he ordered up the chuck you'd swear he owned the village bank.

While Joe he kept his martyred way, a-sayin' nay to this and that, and makin' faces two feet long at things what laid on sheets of fat.

He never had no fun at all in battlin' down his flabby wreck, and tryin' to chase the rolls of fat that came and camped upon his neck.

Tea meetin's, no, box socials, no, he lived upon dog bread and cheese, hopin' to be like a real what-aways into the summer breeze.

But all this time Hank he stayed thin, and folks they used to laugh and shout, a-tellin' Hank it kept him thin from cartin' all his meals about.

And Joe stayed stuffy like and round, the less he ate the more he grewed, no matter how he starved himself he couldn't cleave his weight in two.

So Hank and Joe they give it up, once more Joe worked his cheery grin, decidin' some folks must be fat, while others was poured out too thin.—ARK.

Press Comment

Now, What Does This Mean?

The Elmira Signal quotes the bureau of municipal affairs to prove that a large amount of water is used by the citizens of that town. It surely must be for flushing purposes.—Milverton Sun.

Where They Laugh At Facts.

Race track gambling succeeds because it plays on vanity. The mathematics of the game are against the public, but what bumptious youth or discerning lady gives a hoot about mathematics?—Ottawa Journal.

Silver Lining In the Cloud.

A German lieutenant has been sent to prison for six years for assaulting an editor, indicating that justice is beginning to function again in that country.—Montreal Gazette.

Britain Out of Date.

The Boston Transcript complains that Great Britain is out of date. It had only one fatal railway accident in 1923.—Lethbridge Herald.

Who'll Supply the Figures?

Is the amount of money paid by the people of Canada in the form of deficit in C. N. R. operations any greater than the value of the land and other aids granted to the privately-owned C. P. R.—Ridgeway Dominion.

The Fun Shop

By IDA M. THOMAS.

The only thing he talks about is pitchers, bases and home runs. And all within the neighborhood. His very presence shuns. He's crazy on half-holidays. His slightest family never can see aught of him except at night—He is a baseball fan!

And I? You ask me what am I? To speak so sneeringly of these? Why, I'm in quite a different class. I represent the cooling breeze. That fails to come on scorching days: I am a valued friend of man. A benefit to all the world—I'm an electric fan!

Slipping Up On the Proprieties. It rained a little one night last March, and by morning the small pools of water in the hollows of the sidewalks were tiny, treacherous patches of ice.

A poorly middle-aged man, stepped on one of the slippery spots, and promptly hit the pavement, like the traditional thousands of bricks. That fails to come on scorching days: I am a valued friend of man. A benefit to all the world—I'm an electric fan!

Two women passed the pair, who were vainly endeavoring to struggle to their feet.

"Isn't that an awful disgrace," exclaimed the discussed brunette to the blonde, "and the whole country supposed to be dry?"

"Yes," murmured the blonde, "and so early in the morning, too!"

—Robert F. McMillan.

Modern Nursery Rhymes.

Little Mary had a Bob. They're all the style, you know. And everywhere that Mary went. Her Bob was sure to go.

You think, of course, her hair was bobbed. Oh, no! that isn't so. The Bob of which I'm speaking. Is little Mary's beau!

—Miss Lida Frey

Sisterly Love.

She—"No, John, you can never be more than a brother to me."

He—"Well, all right—kiss brother good-night!"

—Joe Gartside.

Self-Imposed.

The longest "sentence" in the world: "I do!" when uttered at the altar.

'At-a-Girl!

Last evening after I had given my

4-year-old daughter her bath, and was just about to put on her nightgown, she noticed she wasn't quite dry. "Oh! mother," she commanded hurriedly, "rub me good and dry, because I don't want to get rusty!"

—Mrs. L. W. Standke.

The Bootlegger's Daughter.

By BENJAMIN DECASERES.

I am in love with the bootlegger's daughter. I have to drink rum. I never drink water.

When I go a-courting. She is always sorting. The bottles of hooch from bottles of booze.

And I am kept busy hiding the corks. I am in love with the bootlegger's daughter. And learning the things I hadn't oughter.

We talk of labels and corks. Instead of bluebells and storks: She calls me "Red Eye," "Rum Hound" and "Stew."

While I call her my little "Home Brew."

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

They may fool you in the dark, but can they fool you in the light? Visit the Mystery House.—Adv.

Corns

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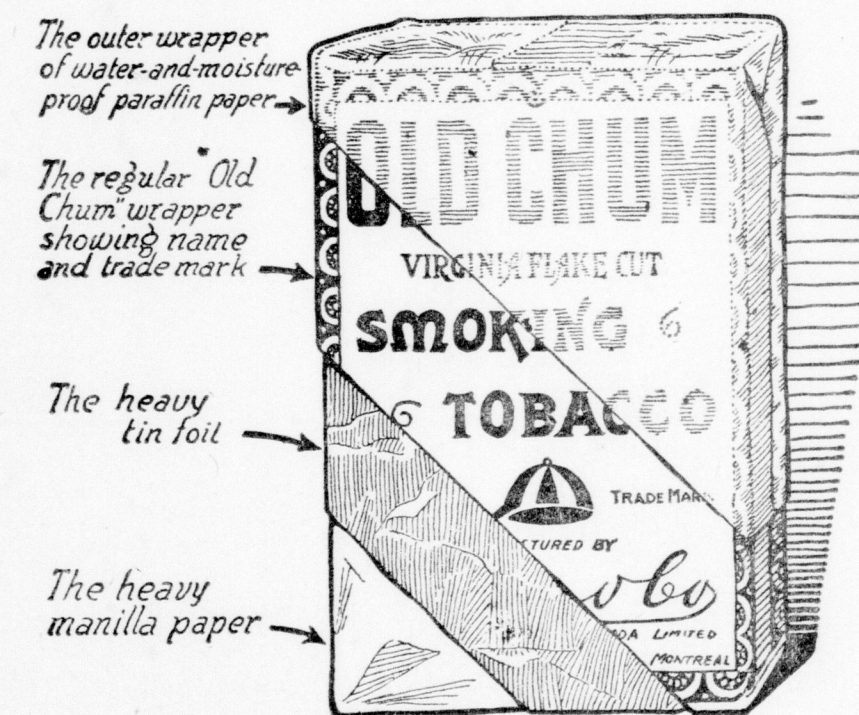
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Trawling, Banking, and Bootlegging in Fundy's Wild Waters Where a Man's Daily Work is the Most Dangerous in Canada

In Some Nova Scotia Ports Practically All The Fishing Boats Have Been Turned Into Rum Runners—Grisly Stories of Suffering By Winter Fishermen on the Banks

By BONNYCASTLE DALE

WE were bound from Yarmouth to Shelburne Islands with a load of fish crates. We were of the magnificent length of fifty feet and our power, beside that of the tremendous tides that sweep this noted bay, was about one in a million. It was November, drear and dark with occasional snow flurries. There was a fine bobble on as we swept out of the shelter of Cape Porcu with its tall white light a hundred and twenty odd feet above the sea. There it went flash for 25 seconds then all was dark, flash again 25 seconds. We lost that high light once in the trough of a roller, so I tell you the so-wester was driving that night. Every man was oiled from top to toe and soon he was iced too as the windchop swept off the waves soon coated us. Fish crates, gear, sail and boom and spar, galley door and lights—all—aw-ice. We were trying to pick Candlebox Light, miss Murder Island, and keep well inshore off those horrid Gannet Rocks, where the rusty hulls of the last few wrecks are added perils to the sea.

In and out of that wee cabin we had to pass, to pick up a light, to scan the rolling surface of the sea for dark forms of other motor boats. Our canvas by now was as white and as hard as marble and it dragged us over the crests of those boiling combers at a rate unbelievable. We could have left any Bluenose schooner that ever sailed that wild night's ride. In fact, no lofty schooner would have stood it. We wanted to lower that sail but the risk of sweep about into the sea that was running there in the dark prevented us. About midnight a snowsquall hid everything. We had picked up the lights ahead and set the course, luckily, and we had a clear bit of a two hours sail dead ahead for Bon Portage Light, as we were clear of Bald Tasket. Out of that wavering curtain of white came a dark form and red light, then she saw us and the green light showed. Where, oh! where was she! and just what was she doing. "Bootlegger," the captain howled in my ear as he sent the wheel over and slipped by under her tall black stern, so close that the white water from her swift propeller sprayed all over us. "I'll bet he's got hundred thousand dollar on that," growled the French partner. "I took in a fine big sheep full of rum, beat out Rum Row for one; two; three, days. By golly! then come pirate sheep, bump in, make fast, take all rum an we float like a cork-so I-igh-t" he finished as we slid down a trough that shut even the garrulous Louis up.

We had Cape Sable to round before we got into safety and the height of the waves made us consider as we pumped if we should jettison a few of those fish crates, as the ice on them made her loggy. Then the storm overhead passed and we picked up West Head with its steady white bar and then finally the five second flash of the Cape. We had to keep dead ahead of the frightful sea running here. Once it caught us and pushed us sideways for the length of its hissing roll and I made up my mind my natural history work was over.

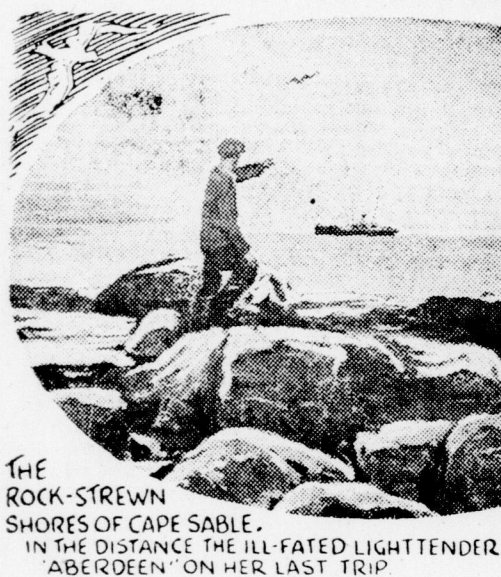
Rum Fish Crates

WE had to round So-west Ledges and I felt, as I knew the course, that he was too far in. He was, for we got the outside spray of the feather of surf that flew up off the outer rocky reef. We slipped about with a boat's width to spare and now sailed over smoother seas—in comparison. We made the automatic and heard its grumble and saw its wee lantern reeling in the surges. Then ahead was Baccaro, Cape Negro, and calmer water. Whisper, I heard afterwards that those harmless looking fish crates held odd fish, RUM ones indeed.

We went down the shore to see the New Light at Cape Sable. The old one still stands behind that wonderfully piled beachstone seawall, piled by the storms of centuries, unaided by man. There was a heavy So-wester on and as Laddie, my photographer, clad in oilskins crept out over the dark slippery stones I pictured him. The fury of the gale almost whipped the machines out of our hands. Far out to the horizon were the awful Ledges we had passed in the dark, throwing up that snow white feather still.

On those ledges, in a few fathoms of water, lie the hulls of the many wrecks looking underwater like discarded toys of some giant child. The divers have been down and taken many an odd thing. One day they brought up on deck the gold chain of the captain's watch that had lain there a score of years, and on another they brought up the watch itself. The old captain is alive and recognized his property.

These are cruel shores. Look well at the tall white light on Baccaro. One would think that a man, born and bred on the very point it stands on, could always find it. My landlord's brother went to the shore one clear fine day and pushed his little lobster skiff off and rowed out to "lift his traps." These lath cages with a rope and a buoy ("Booey" here) stretched out in a long line seaward. He got a lobster here, baited a trap there, and in an hour lifted his head to find that he was surrounded by a light fog that hid the shore. Almost instantly a regular "Wooley one" was all about him, but he remembered the wind had been offshore and he rowed into it.



THE ROCK-STREWN SHORES OF CAPE SABLE. IN THE DISTANCE THE ILL-FATED LIGHTTENDER "ABERDEEN" ON HER LAST TRIP

But the light wind had gone half way about the compass and poor Madden rowed straight out to sea. All that Monday afternoon he worked, all that night and all the next day, Tuesday, mechanically at the oars. Tuesday night the wind freshened and raised a heavy sea so he had to bail as well as row.

In the dark the white windchop on the crests of the seas seemed always falling aboard but he lived through that fearful night and, still in the fog, saw the dim light of Wednesday morning break in the mists. He was nearly all in as he had worked steadily for sixty odd hours. "Clack, clack" went the oars and he rowed right up beside another lobster man who was "tending" his traps some one hundred miles eastward along the coast from Baccaro. There was a joyful reunion when that weatherbeaten man got back to the beach we are working on at present.

Men Without Fear

LIKE one risen from the dead the little boat came sliding in over the water, almost from the direction he had been seen going out five days ago. A friendly steamer hand had given him a lift and he was at home, and today strikes out into the fog to tend his traps as unafraid as ever. These men have no fear in their hearts; they just work on in gale or calm until they die or land.

Look well at the picture of the Aberdeen—she was the Light tender along this coast. Laddie is pointing to her the last time we saw her come in. The department of marine decided to build the Cape Light anew and the good old Aberdeen started from St. John, N. B., with the lantern and some other parts. There is a reef we passed in the dark that night called Blonde Rock. Luckily too, far towards Seal Island for us to hit, but many's the captain ended his marine, if not his earthly career on those concealed ledges. On one the trawler Snipe had lately struck and sank and now she was but an added danger to the thousand and one along this wild coast.

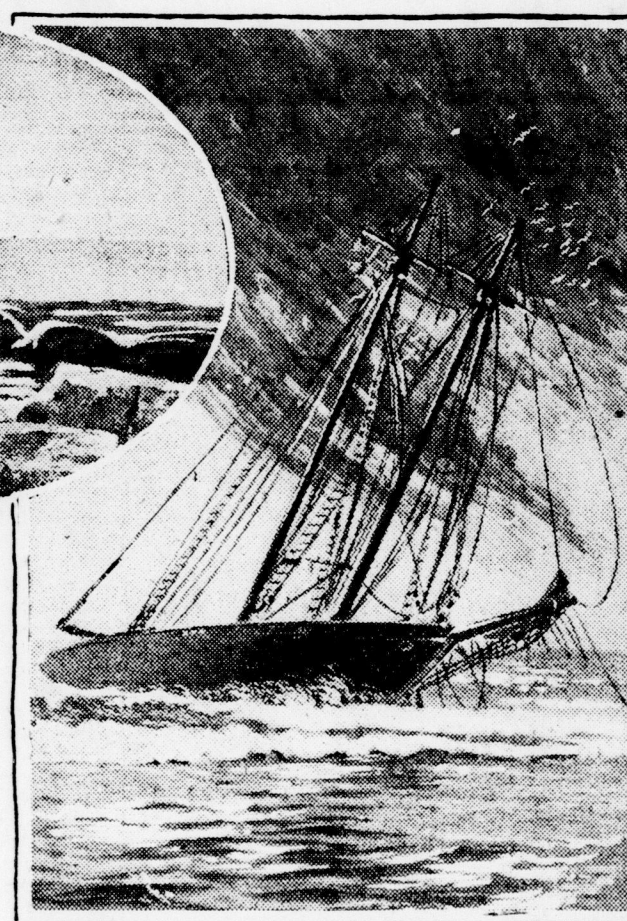
The Aberdeen made the trip out of Fundy in a smother of fog with lookouts everywhere. Suddenly, on Sunday, just as she was about to turn up along towards the Cape, the lookout on the bow yelled: "Wreckage ahead!" Before the wheelsman could swing a spoke the good old Aberdeen struck—evidently the boiler of the Snipe—and ripped a long gash in her stout side into which the clean green sea-water poured like a millrace. The steamer filled and settled on the reef by the time the men had leaped into the boats, but at low tide they managed to save the lantern that will shine forth from the new Cape Sable light.

It is remarkable what the seas do to the floating wrecks, let alone the sunken stable ones like the Aberdeen and the Snipe. Look at the mast and boom and cordage of a fishing schooner, lost on one of the outer islands, frayed by rolling on the beaches, snarled by tangling in the surf, salt encrusted by the sea, weed entangled by the fuca, broken and split and riven, it looks far different from the stately pine stick that grew along Clyde banks and was floated down while we trawled a few short years ago.



BASKETS MADE OF ELEPHANT HOOFS

HENRY B. DAY, president of the "Empress of Canada Rotary Club," with a few of the elephant hoof souvenirs he purchased at Rangoon, India.



A SCHOONER BEING POUNDED TO PIECES ON ONE OF THE OUTER ISLANDS

I can show you a daylight picture of the little gasoline and sail boat we made that wild run along Fundy In, at least one exactly like her. You see, if you were living here, it would be none of your business if, when the captain went to haul a codfish out of a crate, there was a musical tinkle of glass. You see you had not lost any glass?

On one of our trips to sea we came alongside a square rigged schooner. She said she had been "fishin' on t' banks" but she was as sweet and clean from fish smell as any boat I ever saw and her "bait" came from good old Scotland, for I saw it marked on a crate. Did you ever see a deepseaman furl a sail, a squaresail, I mean? Well, look up on the "—" I can't give you her name, for there was a board slung over the stern and men were busy painting something out and painting some other thing in.

A Suspicious Bundle

THERE was a bit of a sea on, one about as heavy as we call a storm in fresh water lakes like Ontario, and the way those very few men shinned up and reefed those big canvases was a wonder. Captain said to me: "An' I never give 'em a nip neither; any man as wants a drink goes ashore. He had a suspicious bundle in his pocket with a wooden butt on it. It may have been a revolver; I thought it was a cannon. There were some big, hulking-looking chaps on deck, and every one of them had a lump on his right hip. 'I had them pirates aboard on't. They came to buy, they said, an' when they got me in t' cabin out comes a gun or two; but, say, t' crew was alive wit guns then, an' we just drove them fellers right over rail splash plum into t' sea." The captain knew my captain and he was quite frank about it all. Not frank enough to let me snap a picture of those long rows of cases on the decks. There was, I heard later, over a million dollars' worth of Scotch on that square-rigger.

Why Marrying For Love is Risky Romance and Divorce Go Together

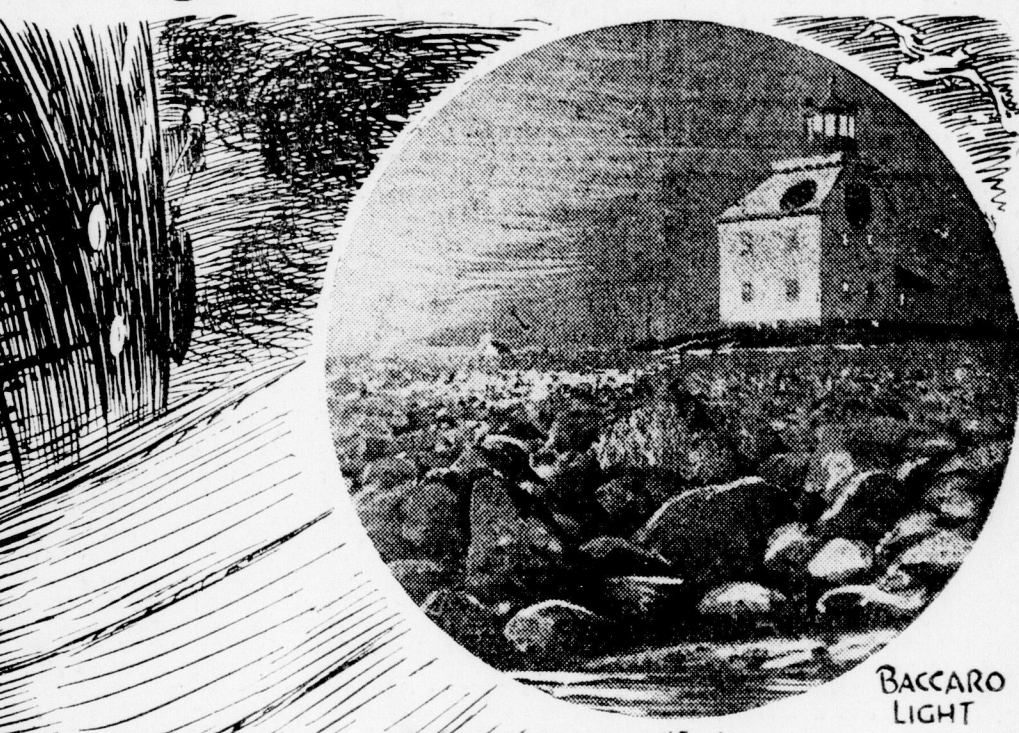
In Countries Where Marriages are Made by Prudent Third Parties There are Few Divorces—Where Marriage Is Founded on Emotion, Divorces are Numerous—So Observes the Smart New American Mercury

THE high divorce rate now prevailing in the United States has been traced by different authorities to the decline of belief in the literal authority of the Holy Scriptures, to the growing economic independence of women, and to at least a dozen other causes. It is chiefly if not wholly due, we are told in "Clinical Notes," that department of the new American Mercury for which its editors, H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan, are jointly responsible, to one single and simple cause—the custom of marrying for love. We are also told:

"In countries where marriages are made by prudent third parties the divorce rate is negligible. In countries where, though romance is countenanced, it is never permitted to outweigh common sense, the divorce rate is still within bounds. But in countries where it is regarded as somehow discreditable to marry for anything but love—in such romantic and idealistic countries divorce is a pestilence. Of the countries of the third category the largest and most conspicuous is the American republic, and it is precisely in the American republic, as everyone knows, that divorce is resorted to most scandalously often."

The immovable objection to marriage for love alone, according to the editors of the Mercury, is that it founds what is theoretically the most solid and permanent of relationships upon a not a conviction, but an emotion—and "even professors of psychology must be aware by this time that the chief characteristic of an emotion is that it cannot last." The argument proceeds: "True enough, it is apt to be followed, at least in those of emotional habit, by a series of other emotions, but there is not the slightest assurance that any of the series will resemble it in its effects upon practical conduct. It may happen, and it often does happen, that a woman, on ceasing to love her husband, begins to regard him with the genial fondness with which she regards her lap-dog, her pastor or her gossip, but it happens just as often that her love is followed by the quite foreign emotion of disgust, or even by that of hate. Then the marriage dies, and either the corpse remains in the house or there is a disorderly funeral in the divorce court."

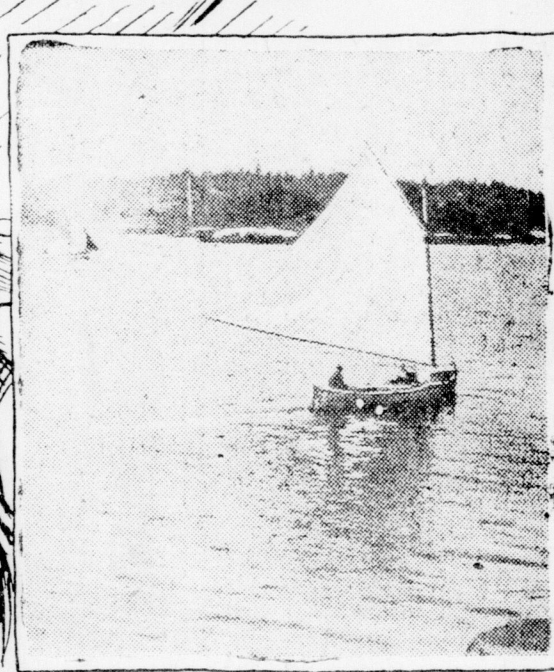
"In those countries where marriage is founded, not upon an emotion, but upon a conviction, or, at all events, upon a mixture of emotion and conviction, there is vastly less risk of disaster. For the considerations upon which the conviction is based may be demonstrated logically, and when they exist to-day it is pretty certain that they will also exist to-morrow. They are mainly, in practice, considerations of money, of family, of education, of position, of worldly prospects. These things, to be sure, may change in time, but it must be obvious that they are very much more apt to remain unchanged. Family is a fact that is virtually immovable; so is social position; so is education. Even money is more secure than any emotion ever heard of; it is enormously more secure than the fragile emotion of love, which is founded, at best, upon illusion far more than upon reality. A man in love is simply one who believes that his inamorata is more charming than she is in fact. To deceive him equally about her family, her education, her social traditions, her worldly means—in brief, about any of the durable qualities that lie outside her mere physical charm—would be as difficult as to deceive him about her color. If he kept his mind on these things, he would seldom make a mistake. But looking only at the gal, he is often led into a disaster which wrecks his happiness, dissipates his estate, and makes him a public laughing-stock."



BACCARO LIGHT



BOOTLEGGER! HOWLED THE CAPTAIN —



OFF TO THE FISHING GROUNDS IN A 10 H.P. 50 FT. MOTOR SAIL BOAT.

born and strained by the great seas and the pounding engines, hauling in the big nets heavy with fish, to sink on a calm night and "leave no trace."

Grim Stories of Suffering

THERE are also the trawl fishermen, who leave their vessel at daybreak—11 dories and 22 men—and row out in a great circle about the anchored schooner in thirty to a hundred fathoms, pounding on her cable, and set out their trawl lines like spider webs about that central vessel. Each dory sets two trawls, many tubs in each with thousands of hooks on them, throws a "kag" over at each end and later "hauls." They may get a dory load by night and they may also have a "woolly one" settle over them and have to row clean to shore if they miss the schooner—two hundred miles—if happily they ever reach it. When they do they are parched and starving, and oftentimes dead.

A book written on the few hundred boats that winter fish on the banks would contain the most grisly stories of suffering, danger and death ever penned by man.

I must record some of these sad scenes. In a neighboring village played two youngsters, sons of a hardy fisherman. They made wee single boats with match masts and sailed them on the lagoons; they built toy "traps" and set them for lobsters and "hailed" them up on a tiny raft. They absorbed all the simple teaching the little school gave, planted the potatoes, dug them in the fall and scampered down on ringing steps over the rude wharf to greet "dad home from the banks."

At sixteen these twin boys were "through school," and must make a living. Two clear eyed, sweet faced lads, real mother's boys—and alas! how those brave women went dry-eyed to the dory that took the two lads winter fishing to "Georges Bank." They were not dry-eyed when they climbed the hill again.

The boys learned to "head and throat" skin and salt and ice. They took a dory and steered out into the unknown deeps to them, and set their trawls and brought in dory loads of cod and haddock, cusk and hake.

They learned the strict seamanship of a "banker" and could haul or reef or tie with any man. Then came the time when they "looked a trick at the wheel." This was in November. There was nipping air out of the northwest and into the sea running high from that quarter sped a few "old seas" from some storm. The two boys kept her "full and bye" for she was running a bit, jockeying over the banks, no night for a vessel to strain at anchor.

Back and forth, a spoke at a time, they swung the wheel, twice a sea had boarded them in the darkness and sent its thin sharp cutting spindrift into their faces—Now! out of the deeps came an old sea. It shouldered skyhigh above those doomed boys and broke with a roar like thunder right on them. Tighter the fingers grasped the spokes. One hand was slipping now and the other had grasped for it and got it—again it slipped and a dark form went over the rail and another was swept inward. Men leaped to the wheel. One caught and carried the senseless boy down the companion. Alas! When he woke after a long frightful dream in which warm fingers slipped—slipped forever seaward, he but dimly realized his loss. But day after day, hauling trawl, or spinning wheel his whole soul reached out after that dark form that had gone to his Maker, sweeping aft up a great sea.

They were worth anything up to a hundred thousand dollars in wartime; now but a quarter of that long price. Well, last September I was in Shelburne and I stood admiring the long, rakish Dorothy Bill. She only lasted a few weeks more. She was coming in to harbor with 25,000 pounds of fish when a backfire turned her into a bonfire and the crew just managed to get ashore. Ten weeks is a short life, eh? But if they have a long one they may take in a small fortune for the owners, the captain and the crew, divided into "fifty for the vessel and share and share alike for the crew with two shares to the captain and another to the vessel." In that way a crew of 22 men and captain may divide big money. The Pauline B. Mosher is the highliner of the Lunenburg fleet. In 1923 she caught over 300,000 fish, sold them for \$31,000. If that was an even share each man would get close to a thousand for his summer's work and fed and lodged beside. Of course that one vessel did not divide quite so evenly, but there are those in the fleet that sail "with owners."

A modern trawler on the banks, with good luck, can take those 300,000 fish in the tenth of the time the schooner took. I have known a trawler to take over a hundred thousand pounds in a day's work, and I have known one of them,



Peggy Picks a Perfect Prize

MISS PEGGY WOOD, now starring in "The Bride," in New York, and tiny Agnes Haran, the baby that won first prize for good health at the New York nursery.

In the Sweep of a South Sea Waterspout Column of Water Roaring Like Blast Furnace

"We Felt Certain We Must Meet Death Under It in an Instant—Then Suddenly Out of the Gloom There Loomed a Spectre Ship Which Fancy Pictured With a Ghostly Crew."

Frederick O'Brien, one of the most successful of all the interpreters of the South Seas, described last week how, in making a voyage through the Paumotu Archipelago, the small boat on which he and his companions were attempting a landing was overturned in the surf. Mr. O'Brien was plunged beneath a coral reef and penned under the water, unable to find his way out. He was eventually rescued by a native, whom, in frantic alarm, however, he mistook for a shark.

This is the second of a series of four extraordinary articles describing the experience of Mr. O'Brien in the South Seas. The vessel upon which he had sailed from Tahiti was the schooner Marara, or Flying Fish, commanded by Captain Jean Moet, among the passengers who also figure in this series are Captain Moet's wife Virginia, Lying Bill, McHenry, Kopeke, and a brown pup, Chocolat.

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

FROM Kautuka, the Marara raced and lagged by turn. The glass fell, and I spoke to McHenry about it, pointing to the recording barometer.

"There's trouble comin'," he said, testily. "I know that. I don't need any barometer. We South Sea men have got enough mercury in us to tell the weather without any barometer."

The rain fell at intervals, but not hard enough for a bath on deck, the prized weather incident of these parts. With no fresh water in Niau, Anaa, or Kautuka, or not enough for bathing, and with only a dose on the Marara for hands and faces, I, with remembrance of Rupert Brooke's complaint about the effect of seawater on coral wounds, was about half-crazy for a torrential shower. But the rain passed, and the sunset soothed my sorrow.

Never had I known such skies. In the heaven's prism were hues not before seen by me. Manila, I had thought, was of all the world apart for the beauty and brilliance of its sunsets. Such repainted clouds as hung over the hill of Mariveles when I rode down the Malacan in the days of the Empire! But Manila was here surpassed in startling shape and blazing color.

A great bank of ochre held the western sky—a perfect curtain for a stage upon which gods might enact the fall of the angels. It descended in folds and fringes over stripes of gold—a startling magnificent design which appeared too regular in form and color to be accident of clouds. One had to remember the bits of glass in the kaleidoscope.

Wind of the Night

THE gold grew red, the stripes became a sheet of scarlet, and that vermilion and maroon, swiftly changing as deeper dipped the sun into the sea, until the entire sky was broken into mammoth fleecy white tiles, the tessellated ceiling of Olympus. The canopy grew grey, and night dropped abruptly.

A wind came out of the darkness and caught the Marara under full canvas. It drove her through the fast-building waves at eleven knots. The hull groaned in tune with the shrieking cordage. The timbers that were long from the forest, and had fought a thousand gales, lamented their age in moans and whines, in grindings and fierce blows. The white water piled over the bows, deluged the deck, and foamed on the barrier of the cabin rise.

I stripped and went forward to meet it. I could have danced in it for joy. Oh! the joy of sail! Steam and motor made swift the path of the ship, but they had in them no consonance with nature. They were blind and deaf to the wind and wave, which were the very life of the schooner. They brought no sense of participation in speed as did the white wings of the Marara, nor of kinship with the main. They were alive, those swelling and careening sheets of canvas, that swung to and fro with the mind of the breeze and cried and laughed in stress of labor.

The rain blanketed the ocean, the vessel heeled over to starboard until her rail was salty, the jibs pleaded for relief, but man was implacable. For hours we held our course, driving fast in the obscure night toward the home of the wondrous diver, the man without a nose, Maubui, the uncrowned king of the Dangerous Isles.

But when the moon lit the road to Takaroa, she lulled the wind. The eleven knots fell to seven, and to five, and at midnight we drifted in a zephyr.

Alarm in Sky

ALL next day, with half a gale we sailed past atolls and bare reefs, groves of palms and rudest rocks, primal strata and beaches of softest and whitest sand. The schooner went close to these islands, so that it appeared I could throw my hat upon them; but distances here

were deceptive, and I suppose we were never less than a thousand feet away.

Yet we were near enough to hear the smash of the surf and to see the big fish leap in the lagoon, to drink the intoxicating draft of oneness with the lonely places, and to feel the secrets of their isolation. I was happy that before I died I had again seen the thing I had worshiped since I began to read.

I slipped off the coat of years and was a boy on a pirate schooner, my hand on Long Tom, the brass gun, ready to fire if the cannibals pushed nearer in the canoes. Again I had trained my hand and eye so that I brought down the wild pigeon with my sling, and I outran the furious turtle on the beach, I dived under the reef into the cave where the freebooters had stored their ill-gotten treasure, and reveled in the bags of pieces of eight, and the bars of virgin gold.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the gale had almost died away. The sun was struggling to break through the lowering sky. McHenry and

we'll see who comes out of the bloody war!"

The roar was that of a blast furnace, and so close, so fearful. I ceased to breathe. Captain Moet crouched by the steadfast wheel, his hand on the spokes. Forward, I saw two Tahitians with their palms upon their ears.

Suddenly the Marara heeled over. The rail was in the water, and Kopeke, McHenry, and I, a tangled heap against the rail, as we struggled to keep our heads above the foam. Farther and farther the schooner listed. It was certain to me that we must meet death under it in another instant. Moet's feet were deep in the water, and now the wheel held him up. We clutched madly at the stanchions of the rail, as we choked with the salt flood.

Came the supreme moment. The waterspout rose above us on the port bow like a cliff, solid as stone. A million trumpets blew to me the call of Judgment Day.

Awe-Inspiring Phenomena

THEN the wall of water passed by a hundred feet to port. In another breath the Marara regained her poise and was on an even keel. The peril was over.

"Mais, tonnerre de Dieu!" cried Moet, excitedly, "zat was a cocho on a waterspout! Zere air many in zese latitude. Some time I see seex, seven, playin' round at wan time. I sink we make ze sail, and take wan drink quicck! Eh, Virginie, id! Donne-moi un balser, little cabbage! Deed you pray 'ard'?"

Over his petit verre, the captain



"Came the supreme moment; the waterspout rose above us on the port bow like a cliff, solid as stone."

Kopeke were engaged in their usual bonhomie of personal achievement with women and drink, and I, to shut out their blague, was playing with Chocolat. Suddenly Kopeke broke off in a sentence and shouted to Moet, who was in the traderoom.

"Capitaine! Capitaine!" he called loudly through the window of the cabin. "There is a flood, in air. Puahioho! On deck! On deck!"

His voice vibrated with alarm, and Moet made three jumps and was at the wheel. He looked ahead, and I, too, saw directly on the course we were steering, a convolute stem of water stretching from the sea to the sky. Well I knew what it was. I whirled McHenry around.

"Look!" I said, and pointed to the oncoming spectacle.

"A bloody waterspout!" yelled McHenry. "By cripes—here's where we pay up!"

I heard the native passengers and the sailors forward shouting confusedly, and saw them throwing themselves flat on deck, where they held on to the hatch lashings and other stable objects. Moet, with a fierce oath, ordered the sailors to the hatches.

"Off with every stitch!" he commanded, as he threw the wheel hard over. "Vave! Vave!"

"Trombe!" he warned his wife, who was in the cabin with another girl. "Hold on, Virginie, hold on! Pray, and be quick about it!"

The Rushing Peril

McHENRY, Kopeke, and I sprang to the main boom, and helped to take down the canvas and make it fast. The jibs were still standing, when the Marara turned on her heel like a hare pursued by a hound.

The waterspout was yet miles distant, but rushing toward us, as we made slow starboard progress from our previous wake. The daylight faded; the air seemed full of water. The sailors were again prone, and we, at the calm though sharp word of Moet, pulled over the companion cover. I shrank behind the house, and McHenry tucked his head into the bend of my body, while Kopeke, on his knees, held on to the traveler.

"Sacramento!" said Moet, as if to himself. "Maybe she no can meet zat!"

With pounding heart, but every sense alert, I watched the mad drive of the sable column. The Marara was now in smooth water—the glassy circle of the Puahioho—and so near was the terrifying twisting mass of dark foam and spindrift that it seemed impossible we could avoid it. Every inch the master, Moet alone stood up. Chocolat was huddled whimpering between his feet. I saw the captain pull up the straps that held the wheel when in light airs we drifted peacefully, and attach them so that the helm was fixed.

There was a dreadful roaring a short way off and nearing every second. The spout was bigger than any of the great trees I had seen in the California forests, and from its base a leaden tower of hurrying water seemed to wind in a spiral stream to the clouds.

"She's going to drop," said McHenry in my ear. "Now hold on, and

said to me, confidentially. "Moet, I was almost become a bon catholique again."

They are fearsome spectacles at their best, these phenomena of the sea, comparable only in awe-inspiring qualities to the dread components of St. Elmo's Fire, those apparitions of flame which appear on mastheads and booms on tempestuous nights, as if the spirits of hell had come to welcome the sailor to Davy Jones' locker.

Waterspouts had seen many times. They were common in these waters—more frequent, perhaps, than anywhere else—and to the native they were the most alarming manifestation of nature. Many a canoe had been sunk by them. There were legends of destruction by them, and of how the gods and devils used them as weapons to destroy the war fleets of the enemies of the legend-telling tribes.

When I went to sleep at ten o'clock that night, we were ranging up and down between Takepoto and Takaroa, steering no course but that of prudence, and waiting for the dawn.

I came on deck again at four. The moon was two-thirds down the steep slope of the west, a golden sphere vaster than ever before. The sea was bright and quaking, and shoals of fish were waking and parting the shining surface of the water.

"Paparai te pahi mata!" he announced in the even tone of the Maori sailor. "The ship wrecked in the cyclone!"

Moet came on deck in pyjamas, surveyed the spectacle of desolation, said "Bon jour!" to me, gave an order to the sailor to "Keep her off," and returned to snatch another nap. Kopeke stuck his head through the companionway to observe our bearings, squinted at the somber wrath through his heavy eyes—and replied to my query:

"I was below washing my hands

when the roar of the breakers came to my ears with the call of Moet that a boat was leaving. I rushed to the waist of the schooner and, catching hold of a belayed rope's end, dropped

on the dancing thwart. Moet swore but we were away.

Remarkable Dexterity

THERE was a high sea, and for a few seconds it was pith and toss whether we could keep right side up. However, we struck the gait of the rollers, and, with Piri a Tuahine at the long steering oar, moved toward the beach, urged on by rowers and breakers, but opposed by a strong outsetting current.

The dexterity of the steersman saved us a dozen times from capsizing. Often we climbed waves that, but for an expert guidance, would have crashed over us. Many and many a boat turns over in these "landings" and spills its life freight to dearing the passage, a white and brawling two hundred feet between murderous rocks, the boat had to be swung obliquely to enter, and we hung upon a comb's peak for a seeming age, the rowers sweating furiously at the oars, until Piri a Tuahine gave a staccato signal. Oars inboard, we rushed down the shore side of the breaker, and were at peace in a lovely lagoon.

Of the many miles of circumference of Takaroa, a tiny motu was inhabited by the hundred and fifty people, and on it they had built a stone quay for small boats. We made fast to it and sprang ashore.

The elders of the Moemua mission at Takaroa eventually took me to the house of Nohea, a small, neat cottage, at the end of the avenue leading from the mole, an avenue all shining white with coral sand. It reminded me of the shell roads of my native state, Maryland, in my childhood. It was lined with the shanties and huts of the inhabitants.

Nohea greeted me quietly. He was a dark man, six feet four inches in height, big all over, his muscles well insulated by deep fat, and with the placid glint of a Yeddo wrestler. He was taciturn, reserved, and melancholy.

A friend and some time partner of Mapuhi (called the king of the Paumotu, and who, of all his people in a hundred years had become distinguished among whites), and as devout a Mormon, Nohea was, next to Mapuhi, the foremost figure in the archipelago. He was not a trader, except that he sold his pearls, shell, and copra for money and merchandise; but he had dignity, strength, and personality—not quite as had Mapuhi, but more than any other Takaroan. Among Paumotuans few men showed distinctive character. Nohea possessed that, and also physical strength and skill for the diving, for the handling of boats, and for the making of copra.

Nohea's Ardent Zeal

WHEN there was no white missionary at Takaroa, he was the hierophant of the Mormon church. He conducted the services and advised the faithful, collected the tithes, and admonished the sinners. He did not fall in zeal for that task. Nohea painted a hell darker than a shob's jaws, a pit of horror, lit by black flames which burned the non-Mormons, and a heaven on earth where baked pig was a free dish at all hours. Foods and rills of fresh water, many beautiful and passionate wives, song and feasting, were promised the Paumotuian. Golden bars and streets of pearl would hardly have brought their tithes to the church treasury.

The very day I joined him I began to see things through his eyes. I was bathing at dusk in the clear waters of the lagoon near our home. The severe heat of the equatorial day had passed, and the still salt lake was as refreshing to my sun-stricken and coral-scratched body as the spring of the oasis to the parched traveler. The night was rising fast after the sunken sun, and driving the last gleam of color from the sky.

As I floated at ease upon the quiet surface of the pale-green lagoon, the sounds of the murmurous twilight—the rustling of the trees and the splash of the surf on the outer shore—were made discordant by a peculiar scraping noise near by. I turned lazily over on my face and raised my head from the water.

On the coral in the deceptive half-light of the crepuscule was a hideous, shell-backed monster, which had emerged from an unseen lair and moved slowly and lumberingly toward the coconut trees. Its motions and appearance, in the semi-obscure, took on the quality of a dream-beast, affrighting in its amazing novelty. It was like a great papier-mache animal in a pantomime.

I was beset by apprehension that it might advance to the lagoon and approach me in an element in which it would be my master. I swam swiftly to shore and called, "Nohea!"

My companion came from near our hut, where on the red-hot coral stones, which had been made to glow by a fire of coconut-husks, he cooked the fish he had caught that afternoon.

He looked at me inquiringly, and I pointed to the alarming creature now disappearing in the palm-grove. "Aue!" he cried in a shrill, and sprang after the nightmare. When I overtook him, he was standing the foot of a lofty coconut-tree and shaking his first at the object of his pursuit, which was climbing with unbelievable speed up the slippery grey trunk.

The Mysterious Wreath

"TEIENE! It is the kaveu, that devil of the night who robs us of our coconuts while we sleep. But wait! I made a vow to destroy the next one I found thieving!"

Nohea went a hundred yards to where a banana plant was growing in earth brought from Tahiti. He gathered clay and leaves, and with painstaking effort fashioned a wreath



"Climbing with unbelievable speed up the slippery grey trunk."

of the mixture six inches wide and several feet in length. I stood in wonderment, guessing that he was holding on to the slippery bark by the sharp points of his walking legs, and backwardly descended with extreme care.

Nohea took a length of coir, the rope the Paumotuans make of cocoanut-fiber,—from the tree which feeds them, clothes them, and houses them,—and, tying it into a girdle but little larger than the girth of the palm, put it about his wrists. The cocoanut-tree had, at regular intervals upon its trunk, projecting bands of its tough bark, and about the first of these above his head Nohea slipped the rope. He pulled himself up by it, and, clasping the tree with his legs, seized a higher holding-place. Thus he proceeded with ease until he had reached a point half-way of the lofty column. There he halted, and, taking from his shoulders his matted band, he plastered it firmly around the trunk.

He then slipped to the ground. I was as puzzled as a boy who was told at sailing that the ship was weighing its anchor, and saw no scale.

"That will do for him," said Nohea, "as the reef shatters the canoe when the steersman fails to find the pass."

He returned to the fire, and soon we were absorbed in the pleasant processes of supper. Nohea, his stomach full, sat contemplatively on his haunches. Now and then he cocked his ear toward the cocoanut-grove, but he said nothing. The crown of the tree in which the giant crustacean had vanished was lost in the gloom of the night. A slight breeze sprang up from the distance toward the Land of the War Fleet, and pandanus and miki-miki bushes nodded and gave forth little noises as their leaves and branches rubbed together.

Over all was an atmosphere of mystic aloofness which the white feels so keenly in these far-away dots—the utter difference of scene and incident from the accustomed one of the home land. I mused about my own future in these little known tropics.

Nohea cautiously raised himself to his feet, and, motioning me to be silent, directed my attention to the tree up which had gone the ugly marauder an hour before. We heard plainly a grating, incisive noise, and in a moment a huge cocoanut fell from among the swaying leaves to the earth.

Instant Action

A SMOTHERED exclamation of fury broke from the Paumotuian, but he made no step and continued pointing at the palm. Then I heard a scratching, and peering through the darkness with the aid of

my electric torch, I saw the colossal crab coming down the trunk. He held on to the slippery bark by the sharp points of his walking legs, and backwardly descended with extreme care.

Nohea watched intently as the animal neared the girth of clay and leaves. I noted his excitement, but still could not resolve his plan. It flashed upon me as its success was established in an instant of action.

The robber-crab, touching the clay, moved less carefully, and suddenly, to my astonishment, let go his hold, and with claws wildly beating the air, whirled downward from the height of forty feet, crashing on the rocks at the foot of the tree. In a second Nohea was upon him with a club of purau wood. But there was no need for further punishment. The drop had caused instant death. The immense shell was smashed, and the monster lay inert upon the coral stones.

The diver sprang in the air and clapped his hands rapidly, as might a winning boxer at a prize-fight. "The fool!" he said. "He has no koeke—no bowels of wisdom. He thought the clay was the bottom, and that he was already with the nut he had robbed me of, and which he could open and eat. Many I have killed like that one, but it takes time. I have had such a thief steal my purau for his house, and a bottle of kerosene for mere mischief. We will eat the flesh of this one's legs, and I will melt his fat against the rahui when I might have rheumatism."

This thievish crab seemed marked by his star—doubtless of the Cancer constellation—to play a deceptive part in the crustacean world, for not only had he practically abandoned the water as his element, learned to climb trees, and to eat food utterly foreign to his natural appetite, but he had a habit of holding his tail when the light of his body was in full view. He would stick it in any convenient hole, under a log, or even in the cocoanut-shell he had emptied. He was over-conscious of his own seeming shame of it, like an awkward man of his hands at a wedding.

The remarkable strength of this mollusk was proved when one was placed in an ordinary tin, cracker-box, which it could not take hold of, and a few hours later had twisted off the lid. Nohea said that they were not easy to trap, and that more than once a Paumotuian, who had climbed a tree in the night to procure nuts, to his great horror had had his hair seized by a crab.

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NEXT WEEK

"Among the Demons of the Sea."

Did You Ever Have Cat Asthma?

Even Feathers Cause Attacks

Some People are Sensitive to Dust Composed of Particles of Dead Hair, Scales, or Feathers—Physician Makes Simple Skin Tests

ANIMALS are constantly shedding dead hairs, scales or feathers. These become ground into dust and when the dust is inhaled by persons who are particularly sensitive to such substances, the person becomes afflicted with a condition known, according to the specific substances responsible, as horse asthma, dog asthma or cat asthma.

Some people who are particularly likely to notice the relationship between the petting of the domestic animal and the onset of an attack, discover for themselves the reason for their condition. In other instances the fact may not be so readily apparent.

Dr. Harry S. Bernton tells of a young woman who invariably had an attack of asthma on contact with the cat in the boarding house in which she lived. She moved next door, where her attacks of asthma promptly ceased. The new boarding-house possessed no cat.

Many queer instances are associated with specific sensitiveness to feathers. A certain class of asthmatics complain of nightly attacks which come on "just as soon as the head strikes the pillow." The wary physician discovers that the patient has been using a chicken feather pillow and is sensitive to chicken

feathers. A cotton pillow brings him immediate relief. In another case a child had distressing asthmatic attacks until the disappearance of a pet parrot.

The physician finds the particular dust responsible for the asthma by a simple skin test. A series of small scratches is made on the skin of the forearm with a sterilized needle. To each of these scratches a small amount of the suspected animal substance prepared as an extract is applied. If the person is sensitive to the particular dust a blister, somewhat like the ones that appear in hives, becomes noticeable.

Sometimes the person may be desensitized by a course of injections with an extract of the substance to which he responds.

Fortunately not every one is sensitive to all of these dusts, and the vast majority of persons are not sensitive to any of them. But when sensitivity appears, as demonstrated by an attack of asthma; when the air spaces in the lung shut down and breathing becomes difficult; when the patient suffers the distress that is associated with the feeling of suffocation or air hunger that is typical of asthma, it is time to learn from a competent physician what can be done to prevent or avoid the attacks.

Flying Along the Great White Way

THEATRE goes in Times Square, New York, rubbed their eyes with amazement when they saw gliding along Broadway what appeared to be an airplane. At closer inspection the freak machine was revealed as an old Ford chassis, with the wings, wheels and propeller of a plane built on it. A. H. Russell, of Nutley, N.J., was at the wheel of the strange machine, which he built entirely from the spare parts of a Ford and an old plane.

Remarkable Dexterity

THERE was a high sea, and for a few seconds it was pith and toss whether we could keep right side up. However, we struck the gait of the rollers, and, with Piri a Tuahine at the long steering oar, moved toward the beach, urged on by rowers and breakers, but opposed by a strong outsetting current.

The dexterity of the steersman saved us a dozen times from capsizing. Often we climbed waves that, but for an expert guidance, would have crashed over us. Many and many a boat turns over in these "landings" and spills its life freight to dearing the passage, a white and brawling two hundred feet between murderous rocks, the boat had to be swung obliquely to enter, and we hung upon a comb's peak for a seeming age, the rowers sweating furiously at the oars, until Piri a Tuahine gave a staccato signal. Oars inboard, we rushed down the shore side of the breaker, and were at peace in a lovely lagoon.

Of the many miles of circumference of Takaroa, a tiny motu was inhabited by the hundred and fifty people, and on it they had built a stone quay for small boats. We made fast to it and sprang ashore.

The elders of the Moemua mission at Takaroa eventually took me to the house of Nohea, a small, neat cottage, at the end of the avenue leading from the mole, an avenue all shining white with coral sand. It reminded me of the shell roads of my native state, Maryland, in my childhood. It was lined with the shanties and huts of the inhabitants.

Nohea greeted me quietly. He was a dark man, six feet four inches in height, big all over, his muscles well insulated by deep fat, and with the placid glint of a Yeddo wrestler. He was taciturn, reserved, and melancholy.

A friend and some time partner of Mapuhi (called the king of the Paumotu, and who, of all his people in a hundred years had become distinguished among whites), and as devout a Mormon, Nohea was, next to Mapuhi, the foremost figure in the archipelago. He was not a trader, except that he sold his pearls, shell, and copra for money and merchandise; but he had dignity, strength, and personality—not quite as had Mapuhi, but more than any other Takaroan. Among Paumotuans few men showed distinctive character. Nohea possessed that, and also physical strength and skill for the diving, for the handling of boats, and for the making of copra.

Nohea's Ardent Zeal

WHEN there was no white missionary at Takaroa, he was the hierophant of the Mormon church. He conducted the services and advised the faithful, collected the tithes, and admonished the sinners. He did not fall in zeal for that task. Nohea painted a hell darker than a shob's jaws, a pit of horror, lit by black flames which burned the non-Mormons, and a heaven on earth where baked pig was a free dish at all hours. Foods and rills of fresh water, many beautiful and passionate wives, song and feasting, were promised the Paumotuian. Golden bars and streets of pearl would hardly have brought their tithes to the church treasury.

The very day I joined him I began to see things through his eyes. I was bathing at dusk in the clear waters of the lagoon near our home. The severe heat of the equatorial day had passed, and the still salt lake was as refreshing to my sun-stricken and coral-scratched body as the spring of the oasis to the parched traveler. The night was rising fast after the sunken sun, and driving the last gleam of color from the sky.

As I floated at ease upon the quiet surface of the pale-green lagoon, the sounds of the murmurous twilight—the rustling of the trees and the splash of the surf on the outer shore—were made discordant by a peculiar scraping noise near by. I turned lazily over on my face and raised my head from the water.

On the coral in the deceptive half-light of the crepuscule was a hideous, shell-backed monster, which had emerged from an unseen lair and moved slowly and lumberingly toward the coconut trees. Its motions and appearance, in the semi-obscure, took on the quality of a dream-beast, affrighting in its amazing novelty. It was like a great papier-mache animal in a pantomime.

I was beset by apprehension that it might advance to the lagoon and approach me in an element in which it would be my master. I swam swiftly to shore and called, "Nohea!"

My companion came from near our hut, where on the red-hot coral stones, which had been made to glow by a fire of coconut-husks, he cooked the fish he had caught that afternoon.

He looked at me inquiringly, and I pointed to the alarming creature now disappearing in the palm-grove. "Aue!" he cried in a shrill, and sprang after the nightmare. When I overtook him, he was standing the foot of a lofty coconut-tree and shaking his first at the object of his pursuit, which was climbing with unbelievable speed up the slippery grey trunk.

The Mysterious Wreath

"TEIENE! It is the kaveu, that devil of the night who robs us of our coconuts while we sleep. But wait! I made a vow to destroy the next one I found thieving!"

Nohea went a hundred yards to where a banana plant was growing in earth brought from Tahiti. He gathered clay and leaves, and with painstaking effort fashioned a wreath

of the mixture six inches wide and several feet in length. I stood in wonderment, guessing that he was holding on to the slippery bark by the sharp points of his walking legs, and backwardly descended with extreme care.

Nohea took a length of coir, the rope the Paumotuans make of cocoanut-fiber,—from the tree which feeds them, clothes them, and houses them,—and, tying it into a girdle but little larger than the girth of the palm, put it about his wrists. The cocoanut-tree had, at regular intervals upon its trunk, projecting bands of its tough bark, and about the first of these above his head Nohea slipped the rope. He pulled himself up by it, and, clasping the tree with his legs, seized a higher holding-place. Thus he proceeded with ease until he had reached a point half-way of the lofty column. There he halted, and, taking from his shoulders his matted band, he plastered it firmly around the trunk.

He then slipped to the ground. I was as puzzled as a boy who was told at sailing that the ship was weighing its anchor, and saw no scale.

"That will do for him," said Nohea, "as the reef shatters the canoe when the steersman fails to find the pass."

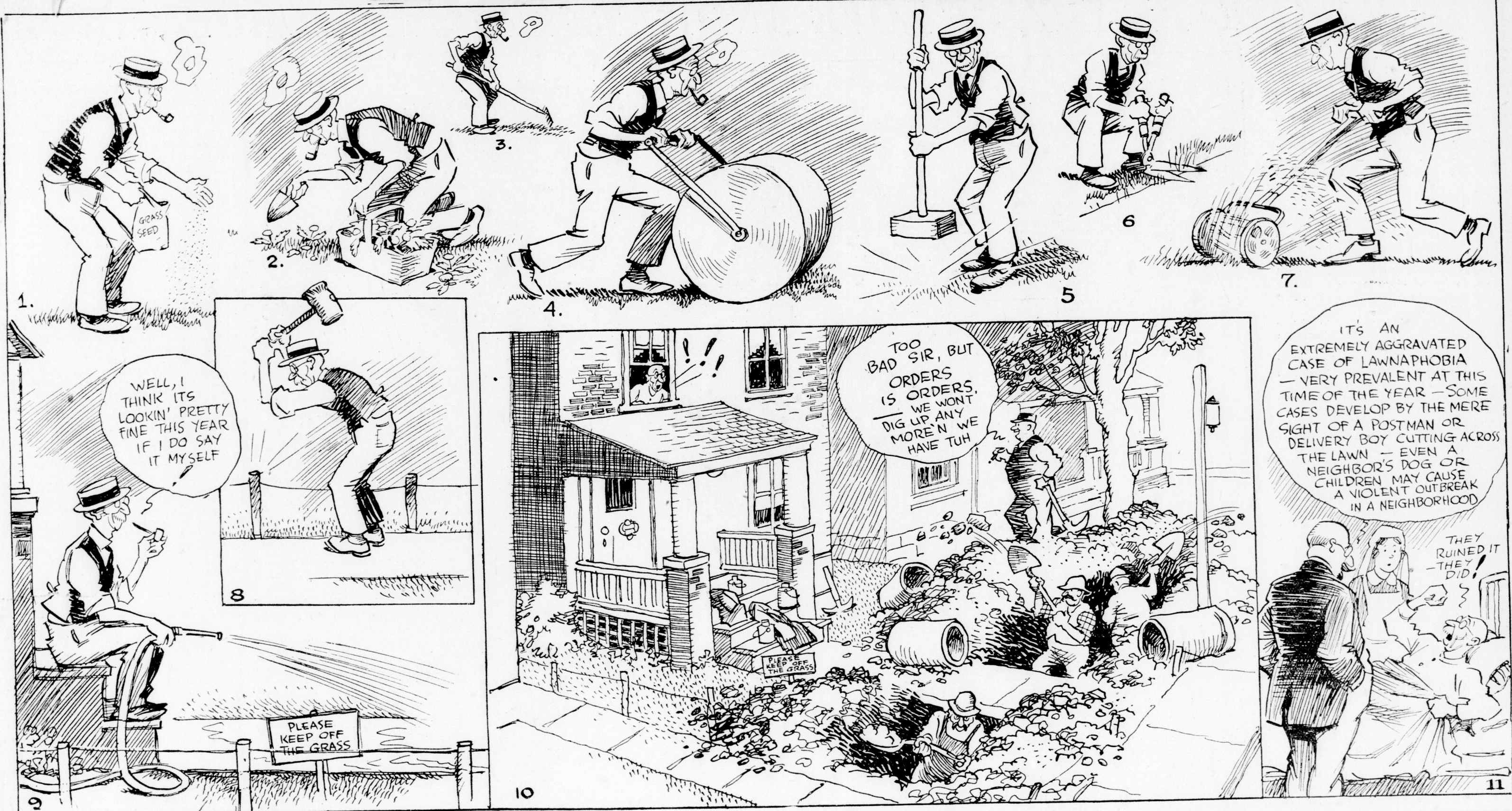
He returned to the fire, and soon we were absorbed in the pleasant processes of supper. Nohea, his stomach full, sat contemplatively on his haunches. Now and then he cocked his ear toward the cocoanut-grove, but he said nothing. The crown of the tree in which the giant crustacean had vanished was lost in the gloom of the night. A slight breeze sprang up from the distance toward the Land of the War Fleet, and pandanus and miki-miki bushes nodded and gave forth little noises as their leaves and branches rubbed together.

Over all was an atmosphere of mystic aloofness which the white feels so keenly in these far-away dots—the utter difference of scene and incident from the accustomed one of the home land. I mused about my own future in these little known tropics.

Nohea cautiously raised himself to his feet, and, motioning me to be silent, directed my attention to the tree up which had gone the ugly marauder an hour before. We heard plainly a grating, incisive noise, and in a moment a huge cocoanut fell from among the swaying leaves to the earth.

Instant Action

Life's Little Comedies ~ Lawnaphobia ~

TWO WIVES DANGEROUS
THREE OR FOUR SAFER

The Canadian Law's Penalty for Bigamy Is Much More Severe Than for Polygamy

LAWYER ADVISES CLIENT
TO MARRY MORE WIVES

By H. B. SELWYN

HOW many wives can a man have at once? Without breaking the law, of course, I mean. Either one, or none. That's simple enough. But suppose, through carelessness or forgetfulness, he oversteps the mark, and requires several? Strange as it may seem, the more he has, roughly speaking, the better he will fare at the hands of the law. Two is an absolutely fatal number; three or four, on the contrary—

But I had better tell you my story from the beginning. I am a young lawyer, fresh from Osgoode, and have recently joined the fine old reliable firm of family solicitors, Parkenbrough and Snoll. I had hardly been there a week when a client walked in, a fat man, who told me he was in serious trouble.

"What can they do to a fellow," asked he, "when he has two wives—two at once, like?"

"Why," I cried, "that's bigamy. The penalty is—I reached for the criminal code, and found the place—seven years' imprisonment."

"Seven years!" he exclaimed, horrified. "I thought it was only a fine."

"Seven years," I repeated, "the perfect number, according to the ancients. 'Ever been a bigamist before?' I asked carelessly.

"Look a-here, Mister," said my client, starting up.

"All right, all right," I said. "It would have been fourteen years if it had been a second offense. It doesn't say anything here," I continued, "about—"

"About what?" he cried, eagerly and hopefully.

"Lashes," said I.

My client covered his face with his hands, and moaned.

"As it says nothing about lashes," I went on, "I shall certainly ask the judge to give you the benefit of the doubt."

"Can't you get me off," he implored, "with less than seven years?"

Well, I thought for a while, and I read the book before me for a while, and I saw that I could get him off with a good deal less than seven years—on certain conditions.

"I can," I told him, "I can get your sentence lightened considerably, if you will do exactly as I tell you."

"Whatever you say," he replied.

"Go out," said I, and get married again.

Two Years Off for More Wives

"W HAT!" he roared. "I have two wives now. That's my trouble."

"That is just exactly the trouble," I answered. "Go and marry another one; two or three more if you like. Then come back and I will see you through. It won't be seven years, I promise you."

My client went out in a dazed condition, and I went in to the other office to report my success to my partners, Parkenbrough and Snoll.

"What!" yelled Parkenbrough. "A bigamist? Don't you know, young fellow, that this firm never touches anything criminal? Our practice—but what advice did you give the fellow?"

In a few simple and manly words I told him that I had sent our new client out to get married again.

"Snoll," yelled Parkenbrough, "come here quick!"

Mr. Snoll thrust his head in at the door.

"Just in time, Mr. Snoll," I said pleasantly. "I am handling a criminal case for the firm."

"Now," I continued, "this client of ours has two wives at present. That makes him a bigamist, doesn't it?"

"And," I went on, "the penalty for bigamy is seven years' imprisonment. You follow me so far?"

My partners groaned in chorus.

"But," I said, "if he marries one or more additional wives, he is no longer a bigamist. He becomes a polygamist. Am I right or wrong?"

"And the most a polygamist can get," I wound up triumphantly, "is five years. Five years' imprisonment is the maximum for polygamy. Here it is, right in the book. My client has, by marrying an extra wife or two, got two years knocked off his sentence."

"Snoll," said Parkenbrough faintly, "do you know anything about first aid? Somebody around here is going to need it."

"I am a boy scout, sir," piped up Oswald, the office boy.

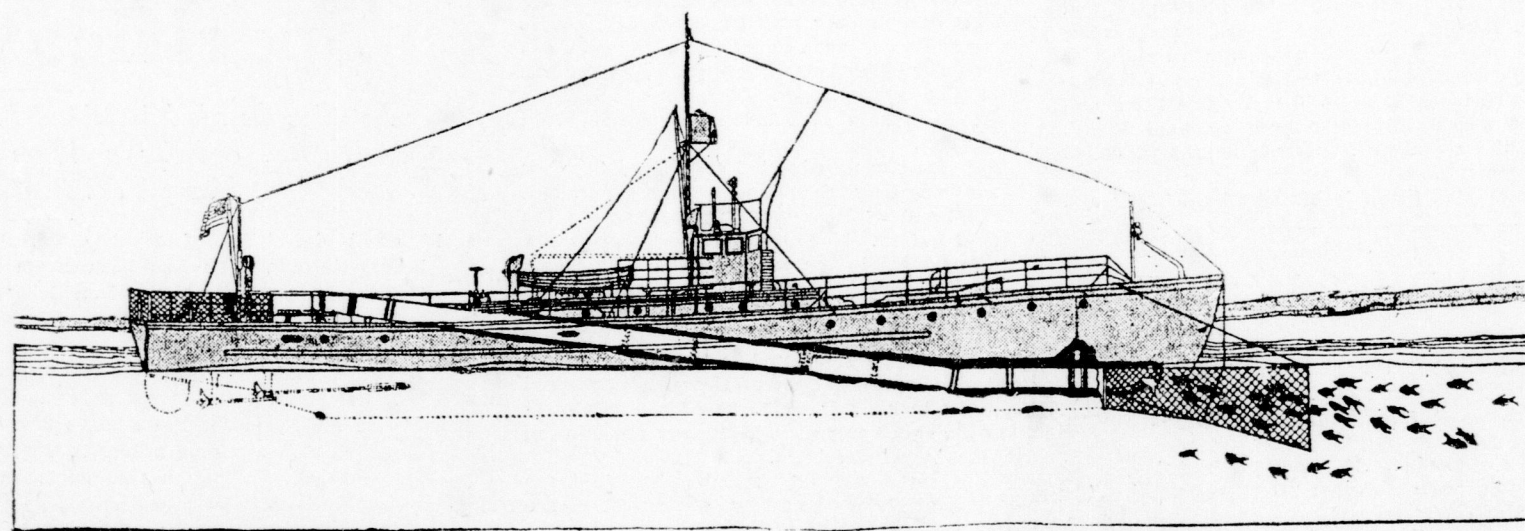
Two items appeared in the papers a day or two later. Here is the first:

"A patient at the hospital for the insane who escaped the vigilance of the guards last week returned voluntarily to-day, and surrendered to the authorities. He informed the superintendent that he was glad to be back, stating that while he had been out he had fallen into the hands of an unscrupulous law firm, where he had been swindled. The attorney-general's department is investigating the case."

Here is the other item:

"Situations Wanted.—Barrister, solicitor, notary public, and commissioner for taking oaths seeks employment. Active and energetic. What offers?"

Trapping the Finny Hordes By Suction



WHEN we think of fishing, we usually think of lazy, well-rounded individuals and lazy methods; of meditative cornob pipes, gently heaving, sunny decks, card games or chess or picnics to fill in the hours between nibbles at the lines, and the quietly genial philosophy of old Isaac Walton.

But a recent manifestation of the modern spirit of science and efficiency, a new method of trapping the finny hordes, is calculated to give a severe jolt to our corpulent spirited "compleat anglers"—and a still greater shock of dismay to the placid fish themselves. It is a plan for pumping up out of the sea vast droves, complete "schools," of fish and delivering them through an immense pipe upon the deck of a ship at the rate of five tons per minute.

This is to be accomplished by a specially built boat now under construction in New York. If its first test proves successful it will bid fair to revolutionize the fishing industry, doing away not only with the antiquated hooks, lines and sinkers but also with the more modern nets, winches and windlasses now employed in large scale operations. It is claimed that the new method and the new machinery will be far more economical than any now in use and will deliver fish from ocean to pier in unprecedented quantities.

The outstanding feature of the project is the building within the fishing vessel of a large tube extending from bow to stern. At the prow it will be connected with a large adjustable telescopic net, built of metal and so arranged that it may be adjusted to the various depths at which the fish "run." This net opens out cone-wise into the sea, and its narrow end terminates in two openings on either side of the bow which lead directly into the suction tube.

The tube extends through the length of the boat and rises up to the deck at the stern, where it empties its contents into a large wire trap. Water runs through the trap and over the stern deck into the ocean, but the hapless droves of fish are retained within it. The tube itself is made in detachable sections in order to facilitate necessary repairs, and a

gate valve is installed in the forward end with which the sea water can be shut out when fishing operations are not in progress.

How, now, does this tube convey a freight of water and fish from the ocean to the deck of the vessel? The problem is solved by creating an artificial current within the pipe by connecting it with an eight-inch centrifugal pump driven by a 75-horse power engine. When this machinery is set in operation it will suck up out of the sea at the bow approximately 66,000 pounds of water every minute and will deliver it, with whatever it contains, into the metal trap at the stern.

Every large-scale fisherman knows that "surface fish," swimming in schools, will travel from one to five feet from the surface and that these schools run from five to eight feet in depth. It will be easy to understand, then, that by starting the vessel into such a school, setting the machinery in action and continuing to travel into the school a tremendous quantity of fish can be secured in a very short space of time. Any one familiar with the habits of fish in schools knows that the matter of finding and sailing into a school is not a particularly difficult one, inasmuch as fish in schools as a rule do not stampede away in flight when attacked.

It has been estimated that out of 66,000 pounds of water delivered by the pump into the trap when the boat sails through a school, approximately 10 to 20 per cent. will be fish. If we take 15 per cent. as a conservative mean estimate, it will mean that about 9,900 pounds of fish (almost five tons) will be caught every minute. The trap is so situated and arranged that the water which does the work of conveying the fish will naturally flow overboard into the sea, leaving the freight of fish in the trap.

Whether or not this revolutionary fish gatherer will work as predicted still remains to be seen. The tests that are to be carried on this summer will tell. If they prove successful, there need never again be any lack of shad or codfish on any one's dinner table. And woe to the miserable ichthyophiles who venture in crowds within the reach of the voracious maw of this new devouring mechanical monster of hydraulic engineering! The fishes' loss, however, will be mankind's profit.—New York World.

Current Wit and Wisdom

Sparkling Paragraphs From the Columns of Our Clever Contemporaries

One trouble with the times is eight cylinder appetites coupled to one cylinder earnings.—Brantford Expositor.

A jilted paragrapher comes to bat with this: "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady, but many a fat-head has."—Halifax Herald.

So far the market gardener has raised more blisters than vegetables.—Ottawa Journal.

So beautiful she seemed to me, I wished that we might wed, Her neck a pillar of ivory— But alas so was her head. —Kingston Standard.

People who talk about peace are very often the most quarrelsome.—Lady Astor.

Some attribute the decline of the Roman Empire to the use of Turkish baths, and others to the great consumption of cherries.—Major Hore-Belisha.

China is having trouble with its pirates and in Canada we have the Home Bank case.—Manitoba Free Press.

Don't get too excited over the notice that a counterfeit bill is in circulation. It is a \$20.—Montreal Herald.

When England doesn't like her government she has to put it out of office. We can sit around and cuss ours for two or three years.—Portland Oregonian.

It is not hard to believe me at all.—H. H. Stevens, M.P. (Vancouver).

People learn by experience. A man never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh.—Good Hardware.

It is rather difficult to tell a man that he is on the wrong road unless you know where he is going.—Manitoba Free Press.

Funny how that shortage song on bananas has died out. Or perhaps the guess is premature, the song only awaiting until the summer camp season opens.—St. Catharines Standard.

You can't explain anything you don't understand.—Kingston Standard.

It requires courage nowadays to be a bank director.—Hamilton Herald.

It may be cold weather now, but wait until July and we'll be wishing for a gentle zephyr like yesterday.—Guelph Mercury.

Thoroughbred cow down in New Jersey gives 15 tons of milk and five-eighths of a ton of butter.

Not only that; the farmer still has the cow for such odds and ends as beef, glue, leather, and ox-tail soup.—Ottawa Journal.

There's a strong suspicion that those who are crying blue ruin for Canada merely want their own way.—Border Cities Star.

If we ever get some warm weather we may display those fancy suspenders the wife gave us last Christmas.—Brockville Recorder.

Things are come to a pretty pass in this country when it takes a whole bushel of wheat to buy one golf ball.—Manitoba Free Press.

It is one thing to rig up sleeping berths in those new British airplanes and quite another to make the passengers go to sleep in them when they do go to bed.—Ottawa Journal.

An auto ran into a horseman and as a consequence of the law suit which followed it may become necessary for horses to wear tail lights.—Kitchener Record.

Many of us live expensively to impress our friends who live expensively to impress us.—Columbia Record.

Between Jack Frost and cut-worms amateur gardeners are having a whale of a time.—St. Catharines Standard.

It won't be long before some of those British Labor leaders will be posing in new breeches for an oil painting.—New York Sun.

A calf with two tails born on a farm near Wakefield has a great future before it as a fly swatter.—Ottawa Journal.

The hardest thing about making money last is making money first.—Palm Beach Times.

IT WAS IN BELFAST

DESPITE their different political views, the man from Cork and the man from Londonderry had been the best of friends for many years. One day they unexpectedly met in a hotel in Belfast, and they greeted each other with the utmost enthusiasm. "Ah, me boy," said the man from Londonderry delightedly, "it's fine to see you in spite of the trouble the Ould Country has bin through. Now, thin, just mention what ye wud be after drinkin'." "That's kind av ye," replied the other with an expansive smile. "I'll just have, let me see, I'll just have a green chartreuse." The Ulsterman glowered suddenly and darkly at his friend, and then snapped out, "In that case I'll just have an orange bitters, and be damned to ye, O'Rafferty."—London Tatler.

ETERNAL TRIANGLE CALLS WHITE MAN'S LAW TO RIM OF ARCTIC

ESKIMO DRAMA OF LOVE AND HATE ENDS IN MURDER TRIAL

Canadian Judge Will Journey Three Thousand Miles to Conduct Court on Steamboat's Deck—Eskimo Will Stand Trial For Shooting a Jealous Husband.

By H. F. MULLETT

OLDER than recorded history is the Eternal Triangle—that three-sided human equation wherein the lives of two women and one man, or two men and one woman, touch and mingle for a brief space, to be torn asunder by elemental passions as deep as those which first caused the triangle.

The Eternal Triangle is common to all peoples and to all climes. It blazes forth in passion hotter than the sun-scorched sands paced by the swarthy Arab; it throbs and glows as vividly as the aurora borealis amid the ice hummocks where the Eskimo lives his hardy life.

Because of the Eternal Triangle and its consequent story of murder and death, Judge Dubuc, of the Alberta courts, with all the pomp and ceremony attendant upon a high court of justice, will this summer journey over three thousand miles of the inland waters of the northwest territories, to the icebound salt seas of the Arctic Ocean itself.

And Copper Eskimo Ikalukpiak, who never heard of the Eternal Triangle, must this summer stand trial for his life because he is the self-confessed murderer of Havougach, Khattia's husband. Native tribesmen, living far off in a land where the sun never shines for eight months out of the twelve, must hear the tale and learn the lesson of the white man, that in a land where once was no law but the law of the strong is now writ a new law, yet an old law, which says, "Thou shalt not kill."

Canada's most northerly post office, Aklavik, on the mighty Mackenzie delta, within sixty miles of the Arctic Ocean, will be the venue of a trial not surpassed in strangeness on the frontier line of civilization in any country. Three years ago, Aklavik was but a meeting place for wandering bands of Eskimos. Situated within the delta of the big river, it enjoyed shelter from Arctic gales which brooded almost without cessation over the bleak coast-line beyond.

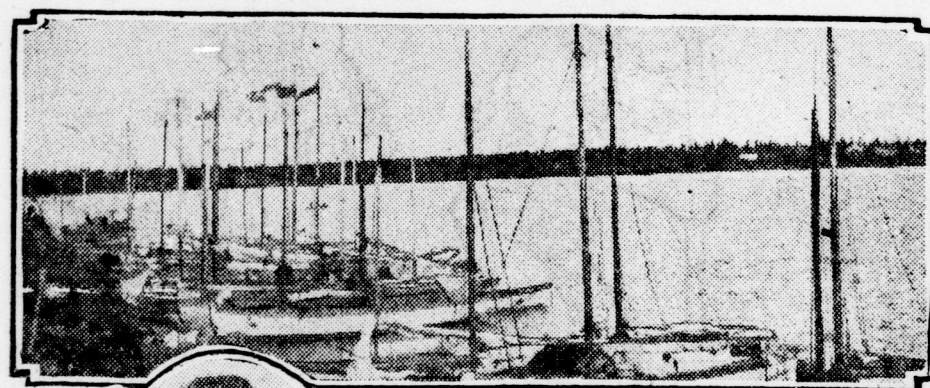
Whaling and trading schooners from Frisco, nosing into the delta for shelter, found Eskimo trade to their hands. Outward bound for the warm waters of the Pacific, through Bering Strait just ahead of the ice-pack of late summer, loaded to the hatches with raw furs worth untold millions, the news spread that Aklavik on the delta was the best trading place in all the wide Arctic.

An Amazing Frontier Trial

ANOTHER year found the enterprising fur trader coming in by the inland river route, building his little timber shacks behind the willow scrub on the river's bank, and gathering more and more of the wandering Eskimos and Indians into the new trading mart. So Aklavik on the delta became a post office and a place of great importance in the land of the great white spaces.

The big steamer "Distributor", churning the muddy waters of the Mackenzie river by all the historic trading posts from Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca, to Fort MacPherson in the delta, made Aklavik the turning point of its seventeen hundred mile run, and to-day, the little group of lumber shacks is an Arctic metropolis of half a dozen white men, including a Royal Canadian Mounted Police corporal, a hundred Eskimo and Indian families, several hundred husky dogs, and millions of bull-dog flies and fleas and mosquitoes.

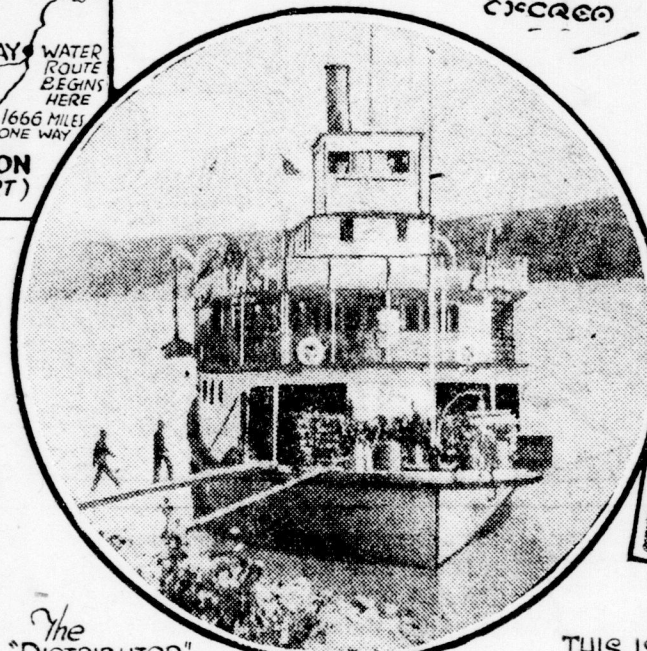
The largest board shack in Aklavik will not hold the court officials, the witnesses and their families, and the interested crowd of native spec-



A RIVER SCENE AT AKLAVIK ON THE MACKENZIE DELTA. THE MODERN SCHOONERS BELONG TO ESKIMO AND WERE BUILT AT EDMONTON



KHATTIA, WIFE OF HAVOUGACH, WHO WAS KILLED BY IKALUKPIAK, THE WOMAN'S SECOND HUSBAND



THE "DISTRIBUTOR" WILL CARRY JUDGE DUBUC AND PARTY TO AKLAVIK IN THE ARCTIC, AND IT IS ON HER DECKS THAT THE TRIAL WILL BE HELD



JUDGE DUBUC THIS IS THE JUDGE'S SECOND ARCTIC COURT AND MURDER TRIALS HAVE BEEN ON BOTH DOCKETS

by main force, and drags him in a rawhide noose, to the igloo, where the seal furnishes food, meat, drink, clothing, light and warmth for the huntsman and his family.

But Havougach was not a good huntsman. So on many days when the seal blubber bubbled merrily in all the igloos of the village, the iron pot of Khattia went empty until some neighbor, mindful of Havougach's laziness, sent over to Khattia a choice chunk of the oily sea blubber. And Khattia took the gift—but she thought on many things.

Then Ikalukpiak came. He was young—strong; had lived much with white men and was a famous hunter and guide. In the snow dance houses, when the dance drum swelled to the shuffle of seal hide moccasins, it was Ikalukpiak who footed it more blithely than the rest—and it was Khattia who most often answered, when the signaling finger of Ikalukpiak called for a partner.

Ikalukpiak threw in his lot with Khattia and



heart and give your body to the white foxes, if harm befall me at your hands. Put down the white man's rifle."

And Havougach, still with the red gleam of murder in his eyes, put down the rifle and turned back to his traps.

In that moment Ikalukpiak, a swelling tide of anger in his heart, snatched up the rifle and shot Havougach through the head, the high-powered rifle bullet dropping Havougach in his tracks like a thing of lead. The slayer, calling to his dogs, returned to the igloo, leaving the body of Havougach as it lay.

Here the tale is taken up by Khattia the woman. "I met the man returning with his sled," she says, referring to Ikalukpiak. "He was alone, and was crying very much."

"Where is Havougach, your partner?" I asked him.

"Alas, Havougach is dead," replied Ikalukpiak. "I left the cache with the load of deer meat, and then Havougach was quite well. He was setting traps when I left him. I found after a while I had dropped my whip at the cache, and I turned the dogs, and went back. Then I found Havougach was dead."

Other Eskimos from the village went out to see what had happened to Havougach. They went in fear, for death is always mystifying to the superstitious native. Nowhere did they find any mark in the soft snow, where the dogs of Ikalukpiak had turned to recover the lost whip.

"Havougach has indeed died," said they, "but none can say how death came to him. Some evil spirit may have done this thing." And they left the body of Havougach to the foxes. Ikalukpiak stayed with Khattia as usual; none protested, for there was no reason in their minds why protest should be made. "Havougach, the lazy one who is a poor provider, is dead," they would have said, if asked. "Khattia must live, and Ikalukpiak is a mighty hunter. Lucky is

Khattia to have the man Ikalukpiak to hunt for her."

Arrested by Mounted Police

BUT news of the death of Havougach leaked out, as the tribe broke up their camp and moved out on to the ice, and Corporal Boncher of Tree River detachment heard the details as given by the superstitious natives. He immediately placed Ikalukpiak under arrest, to await trial at the police post at Herschel Island, several hundred miles to the westward, round the shores of the Arctic ocean.

In the winter of 1922-1923 Boncher, having heard that Judge Dubuc would hold court at Herschel Island for the first time in the history of the Arctic, carrying white man's justiciary courts into the far north, set out with his prisoner, his witnesses, their wives, children, dogs and personal effects, on the long march across the ice, to reach Herschel in good time for the trial, which was to take place in July, 1923.

But storms delayed the journey, and time and time again the hazardous trip was essayed, only to see the strange party return once more to Tree River. When at last Boncher did get away, it was by boat over water in which the ice of a coming winter was already running fast, and on the very day that he and his party left Tree River, the Distributor was whistling its farewell to the lone shores of the Arctic, and was nosing upstream for civilization.

Since December last Ikalukpiak has been held a prisoner at Herschel Island. Now, with news from the northland that the ice is going out of the big lakes that connect up the inland water route, Judge Dubuc will be making ready for his long trip to Aklavik, and at the lone post in the Arctic, Ikalukpiak, in charge of his escort, will soon be journeying south for the same point, to stand trial for the murder which, in his preliminary examination, he admitted.

If Ikalukpiak is adjudged guilty, and the death penalty is accorded him, he will be the third Eskimo to meet fate on the gallows. Early this year, two natives, Alikonik and Tsamigana, were hanged at Herschel Island for murders committed previously. Sergeant Thorne, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, carried the death warrant from Ottawa, overland by the Yukon route, in the dead of winter, making the trip in and out by dog team, with only one native dog driver as company.

So shall the white man's law stand forth in the northland, to teach the Eskimo and the Indian that while the wheels of justice grind slow, they grind sure, and that he who takes life shall have to answer for it sooner or later.

And when the wheels of justice shall have ceased their slow turning, the northland shall know that the white man has held with even hand the same scales of justice which he applies to all men, white, black, brown or yellow, who come within his rule, that man may walk abroad in the wild places of the earth, unafraid of death at the hand of his fellows.

Laws against Women

DISCRIMINATIONS against women in the laws of to-day are not due to the men of today. They have been handed down through the ages. The Roman law gave the husband the power of life and death over his wife. Under the English law the wife lost her separate existence after marriage. Laws are not made for the best of husbands; laws are made for the worst of men.

All women were, according to the common law, inferior to men. The married woman's property, her services, her earnings and her children belonged to her husband.

We are working to remove these disabilities so that women, as mothers, as wives, and as citizens, will have the same protection under the law as men.—Mrs. Harvey Wiley.

Expert on Love Topics Gives Specifications of Beauty

Henry Letellier, the Flo Ziegfeld of France, Says He Has Seen Only Two Perfect Women and They Were Perfect Only Physically—And Henry Tells Exactly What Perfection Means

AN exact definition of what constitutes beauty in a woman has been given by Universal Service by Henry Letellier, the Flo Ziegfeld of France and one of the wealthiest men in the world.

Letellier has been married twice and has an average of three new fiancées per annum. His ownership of the Paris Journal enables him to hold beauty contests, which generally resolve themselves into an elimination race as to who shall be Letellier's next sweetheart.

Just at present the reigning favorite is a French classic dancer, Yola Henriquet. Before Yola, there was a succession of beauties, including Jacqueline Campbell and Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

Altogether, Henri has bought twenty-three engagement rings. It is his hobby. Fiancées are to Letellier what postage stamps or fireade terriers are to other folk.

Let a beautiful stranger set foot in Paris and before nightfall Henri knows all about her.

Letellier is not only owner of the second largest newspaper in France, beauty connoisseur, extraordinary and theatrical magnate—he is also the man into whose pocket goes the bank draft you changed over the gaming tables at Deauville.

In fact, it would be difficult to conceive of a "wiser guy" than Henri Letellier.

Thus anything he says on almost any topic is news—even when teapots spill their contents in the United States and MacDonalds ware their claymores over Downing street.

And here—you're waiting for it—is what he says about beauty:

To be beautiful a woman must:

Have a mouth only the teeniest bit wider than the base of her nostrils.

Have hair of a definite shade—either blonde, blonde, titian, russet-brown or jet-black; intermediate shades spoil the complexion and detract from the ensemble.

Have eyes placed widely apart, with large pupils. If she is brunette, she should have either brown or blue eyes; if she is a blonde, she should have amber or hazel eyes—china-blue eyes in a blonde make her pretty but not beautiful.

Have a firm, softly rounded chin—only one of them.

Have shoulders of equal height and without hollows—the rarest thing in a woman!

Have knee joints exactly in the middle of her thighs; she should be rangy, but not skinnily.

Have well-defined ankles, which should be at least four inches from the base of the heel.

Have not too small a waist—small waists make for large hips, and large hips are ugly.

Have a slightly concave back—absolutely straight backs have a tendency to emphasize the shoulder blades.

Have small hands, but long fingers.

Have absolutely even teeth, which must not be longer than half the circumference of a dime or a 50-centime piece.

Have a wide forehead, but not too high.

Have a complexion exactly suited to the shade of her hair—a brunette should not have too much color.

Have small ears—the smaller the better.

Have a melodious voice—and not use it too much.

Be graceful—beauty is useless without grace.

"In all my career," continued Henri, gazing moodily around the supper table, at which were six of the reigning film and stage stars of France and two particularly well-known American women, "I have seen but two really perfect women—and they were only perfect physically."

"Who were they?"

It was a natural question, but one Monsieur Letellier seemed not to hear.

"I think," he said, "that this champagne is not quite up to the mark—excuse me a moment."

His present fiancée, Yola Henriquet, was just opposite.

The Decision By G. W. Nelson

IN the room the three corners of the triangle stood gazing at each other like animals at bay.

Outside a little boy ran happily about the shrubbery. He knew nothing of the triangle. All his joyous attention was riveted on a wonderful balloon which flew at the end of a string. For the moment that balloon was his world, and nothing else mattered.

Inside the room nothing mattered save the triangle. To the two men and the woman, the world was not round. It had three corners and the corners were sharp.

They had come together to try and solve the solution of the triangle by some sane and definite process of reasoning, but they had reached a deadlock.

The wife and the "other man" were adamant. There was only one solution for them and they determinedly refused the husband's alternative. He stood alone.

"I have loved you—I shall always love you," he said to the woman. "I have devoted my whole life to you—served you, denied you nothing. Yet you would abandon me, our child, cast aside my love and protection, and bring misery upon our home. Do you realize all that?"

He tried to speak calmly, but the very effort of calmness revealed his suffering.

His wife nodded.

"I realize it all. So much so that you may be assured that if the realization fails nothing else that you can say or do will succeed. I follow where I love."

And she turned to the other man, who smiled wonderfully upon her.

"You are certain you truly love him?"

"As certain as I know that one day I must die. And I would rather die than give him up."

The husband made a weary gesture and turned to her lover.

"And you? Can you realize what you are doing?"

"I do. From my heart I am sorry for you, but I love her, and she loves me. Nothing else matters—can matter, and we are as fixed as the stars in our purpose. She is Life—She is everything. I have no desire to live without her."

The husband bent his head.

"Neither can I live without her," he said.

"She means more to me than I can ever tell. We have loved . . . with a real love. I love her still—She is the Mother of my child. I repeat, we both loved. I am convinced that not even Death could break that love. Consequently I am certain that she does not love you. At the moment she may think she does, but no. I cannot let her go."

"Ah," cried the woman from her narrow angle, "if you loved me as you say you do, you would wish for my happiness and let me go where my happiness lies."

"It is because I know you could not be happy with this man that I shall strive to keep you from him."

"You cannot keep me against my will!"

"I should not try," said the husband gently, "but now your will is blinded by lesser things. I want to try and guide you."

"You cannot. I am decided."

"It's a false decision. It does not reach to the end of things. I will help you to make a fresh decision."

He went to a drawer, took out a pack of cards and a revolver and brought them to the table.

"You love my wife. Then prove your love as I am willing to prove mine. Cut the cards."

High wins, but the loser must shoot himself within twenty-four hours. Do you agree?"

The "other man" drew back and the woman turned pale.

"It's a gamble. It proves nothing."

She echoed his words: "It proves nothing."

"Pardon me, but it proves everything. I love you sufficiently to risk my life on the turning of a card. Very well, he must do the same. And we have said, both of us, that life without you is impossible. We can't both have you. Therefore, one of us must die. In our love and resolutions we stand equal. Then we must stand equal chances. Cut!"

Trembling, the other did so, and turned a queen. He smiled and the woman's eyes lighted up.

The husband cut . . . The Two of Hearts. He, too, smiled, bowed slightly, put the revolver into his pocket and disappeared into the shrubbery.

"Hervico," said the other man easily. "Don't worry, dear. He'll never do it."

She laughed unsteadily.

"I . . . I know. But . . . he seemed . . . so . . ."

The quietness was shattered by a loud report. The wife closed her eyes and turned deadly pale, swaying on her feet.

"Dick . . . Oh, it's Dick . . ."

The man stammered, "Let me go."

She turned on him, white-faced and fierce.

"Yes, go . . . go . . . I never want to see you again . . . Dick . . . oh, Dick . . ."

She fled into the shrubbery and found her husband . . . soothing a crying child.

"Never mind, old man. I'll buy you another to-morrow."—Passing Show, London.

SHE BURNS HER NECK BUT SHE'S GLAD SHE BOBBED

Queer Feeling to Have Strange Man Running Clippers Up Back of Your Head

AND AWFUL TO SEE HAIR HANGING ON WASH BOWL

Electric Tongs Cut Down Overhead, But You May Marcel All Your Left Fingers and Both Ears

By GRACE LUCKHART

ONE day I read an account of an interview somebody had with the head of a well-known hairdressing establishment, anent the increasing vogue of the bob.

"Never," said I, piously and fervently, "never, though I am spared to my loved ones forever, will I have my hair bobbed."

Behold me, then, not a week later, awakening from what must be a horrid dream, to find myself sitting in a cubby hole, gazing petrified at the reflection of a strange, shorn creature, which in turn gazed back at me from the glass. And there, hanging limply on the edge of the wash bowl, were a few locks of what had been my hair. They couldn't have been farther away from me had they been on the other side of the world, and, last but not least, behind me was a strange man running a pair of clippers up the back of my neck.

"It's from eating all that beastly ice cream before I went to bed," thought I, waiting for the blind to flap again and wake me right up.

Instead came the voice of the strange man.

"You're not as nervous as some. Some ladies ask me to stop when I get it half off, and say they won't bother any more to-day. Then, like as not, they pin what I've cut off back on again, and go out. Now I'll send the girl for the shampoo and the marcel."

With that he had gone and I was left alone with my late hair and my reflection. I looked at myself with a stony stare. There was no doubt now about my identity. There, too, were my hairpins, all three of them, lying inert and useless, their sun set forever.

Again I looked at myself.

"And to think," I said in an awed whisper, "that with a face like that, I—with a competition of some twenty million—managed to cop a man."

I closed my eyes.

"C'en la fin," I murmured as the towels closed down upon me.

But the extraordinary part of it was that feeling of utter desolation was short-lived. No sooner had I been marcelled and curled—and I almost forgot—properly shingled behind—than I began to experience a sense of freedom hitherto unknown.

I didn't feel to think about my hair at all. Neither did I feel compelled by a waste-not-want-not feeling to pick up every hairpin I saw on the floor. Let them stay there. The sweeper would get them in time.

Marceling as a Home Art

BUT if the day brought its quota of madress enjoyment, the nights were marvelous. Shingled and shorn, my head rested where it would. And to think that ever since some descendant of Adam decided there was money in barbering, and man had stopped letting his hair hang down below his ears, he had been sleeping serenely through the night undisturbed by chunks of hair in his mouth, or by his braid getting tangled around his neck, or by a stray hairpin happening to pierce his brain, or without having to do his hair up in the morning before he allowed anyone to see him, and had never been cursed for getting his hair nets tangled in all the brushes in the place—all this, I say, he had been enjoying, and taking it all for granted without a word of thanks to the Fates for his good fortune.

Of course, I will admit my overhead increased alarmingly at first, as I was to learn during a few days of showery weather that brought the curl out. In the end I went back to the barber for advice and a marcel.

"You could," said the girl as she marcelled me, "get a pair of electric curling tongs, and you'd soon get on to doing your back hair your-



A Smart Summer Gown

A GOWN with scarf to match—in powder blue silk with straight lines and beltless. Open work embroidery and tiny blue buttons, shawl to match and grey kid shoes give a charming effect to the outfit.

self—or you could come down every week for a marcel—or you could have a permanent."

"How much would a permanent cost?" I asked.

"Twenty-five or thirty dollars," said she.

"My godfathers!" I exclaimed. "Two tons of coal!"

So on the way home I purchased a pair of electric tongs, and now you can find me almost any time, seated in front of my triple mirror, trying apparently to curl the back hair of the lady on the porch across the street, my greatest difficulty being in getting the right focus.

But I must admit I have had some real results. For instance, I have already marcelled all the fingers on my left hand, singed off all my back hair that remained after the last shingling, burned my ears, both fore and aft, and on the back of my neck there are scars that, to the uninitiated, look like a flock of Maeterlinck's blue birds in sudden flight.

MARTYRS OF THE MOVIES

DURING a rehearsal of the film "Quo Vadis" in Rome recently an actor was killed by a lioness which ran amok.

This is by no means the first time that screen tragedies have been turned into real ones. Only last year, for instance, Howard Young, known as the "human fly," fell to his death from the top of an eight-story hotel while performing for a film.

Some years ago, when a film was being taken of a Spanish bull fight, one of the toreros was suddenly attacked by an enraged bull, whose horns proved fatal to the man.

During the filming of a drowning scene in the Seine, the man in the water, a clever film actor, was attacked by cramp. He was believed to be acting very realistically, and the operator continued to turn the camera-handle until he sank to his doom.

chair, which was quite black with dust and dirt, and moreover was a little damaged; this latter being the work of the suffragets during the votes-for women campaign in 1912. Now the chair stands in all its original beauty, with its gilding and the birds and foliage painted on the oaks hundreds of years ago once again showing.

One of the most beautiful monuments in the Abbey, the tomb of the Earl of Lancaster, which sightseers have been accustomed to look on as black, has also just been cleaned by Mr. Quennell. Underneath the accumulated dirt of the ages, gilding and heraldic designs still retaining much of their original color and beauty have been revealed.

Incidentally, this workman made an interesting discovery while at work on the Lancaster tomb. Lodged in a little recess between two of the stone angels, he found a piece of dirt about the size of a large marble. He managed to get it out, and chipping it with a knife he split it open, revealing inside, like the kernel in a nut, a small piece of gilded stone. This proved to be a tiny portion of an angel's curl, which, experts declare, must have been broken off very soon after the monument was put up. For hundreds of years it had lain in the crevice with the dirt collecting about it. The gilding was in perfect condition, which seems to show that dirt is not such a bad preservative after all. The fragment has now been placed in the Abbey museum.

If This Man Is Not Elected What's the Use of Being Great?

Dr. Thomson, People's Candidate in New Jersey, Giant of Intellect Though He Is and Undoubtedly the World's Greatest Hero, Tires Himself Out Playing Santa Claus and Pumpkin Man With the Kiddies

HERE is the election announcement of an American statesman, Dr. J. S. Thomson, "People's Candidate," who aspires to succeed Hon. Walter E. Edge as United States senator from New Jersey. Dr. Thomson seems to have the edge, not only on Mr. Edge, but on the entire human race. He has these few things to say about himself:

"Dr. John Stuart Thomson, of 361 Bergen avenue, Jersey City, N.J., the China explorer, leading authority on the U. S. constitution and its history, literary executor of the famous Webster family that wrote the dictionary and the U. S. constitution (official history in U. S. Senate, doc. 461 of 1908 Congress); author of 'China Revolutionized,' 'The Chinese,' 'Fil of Philippines' and other books, is well known in Jersey as a zoning expert and defender of all that raises the tone and culture of our civil life. He is internationally known as a famous critic in cultural and scholarly matters. His street-zoning law, written two years ago at the public request of Commissioner Fagan, of Jersey City, was sent for and adopted by such cities as Albany, Atlanta. Dr. Thomson was the most widely reported speaker at the Great Clark University Conference of 1912 at Worcester, Mass., which gathered together statesmen, college presidents and experts on international matters, and he dominated that conference for official recognition of the new Chinese republic by the powers, overcoming Taft's opposition and securing Wilson's written promise from Bermuda in 1913, though Thomson is a Republican, but of the Webster-Lincoln-Roosevelt sort.

"Thomson has known what it is to be drugged at dinners, etc., by his opponents at international conferences, etc., a favorite method of old-style diplomacy; and he urges novices to do what Cardinal Gibbons used to do, take along your own hard-boiled egg! Thomson is a People's Constitution man entirely; he is not a machine tool, mannikin and exaggerated myth of the 'interests,' made and unmade by them at will. Even Roosevelt came from the rich, was rich and was always backed by a machine and its propaganda, and therefore he had to make that machine promises above the public interest. And Woodrow Wilson was named and entirely made by the Bob Davis machine of Jersey City and the Jim Smith-Nugent machines of Newark, N.J., both branches of Tammany Hall.

"Thomson is an editor's man, a people's free culturalist, working to enforce the nation's constitution on all. For over two years the Chinese, U. S. and Canadian press has been recommending him to the administration for U. S. minister to the Chinese republic; while others of his friends are urging him to run for U. S. senator from Jersey on a Constitutional progressive platform.

"He is a slim, middle-sized man of great force, alertness, individual initiative wide scholarship and travel, without any trace of the pedant, with red blood and not ice water in his veins. He was manager at Hong Kong, China, of the largest trans-Pacific steamship line (the Pacific Mail and Toyo Kisen Kaisha) before he was thirty; and he contributed to the leading magazines while still at college. He is of a loving democracy; warm, frank, boyish manner, full of humor, play and good spirits; in his athletic days he went in for nearly all the sports, winning prizes for track and snowshoe races. Children in his ward call him by his first name. He tires himself out on Christmas and Halloween, playing Santa and Pumpkin Man for kiddies' parties. He calls the natural acclim of children the 'purest thing in the world.' He scorns the rich malefactor, for he says that not only the foundation families, but any man could get rich on their basis of graft and privilege, if he were willing to debase himself and the nation.

"He passed through a three-day typhoon on the China sea on board the famous Japanese cruiser 'Nippon' that captured Admiral Rodzestvensky. With bare-footed, rope-girdled Carthusian monks in brown and Arabs in white he has gazed on sacred Sinai and the paths where Our

Lord, Abraham, Moses, the Pharaohs and Caesars and Joseph walked. He has sailed around the equatorial belt of the globe and viewed the remains of ancient civilization far more splendid than those of to-day. He has stood among epidemics and plagues and seen the dead burned and hurled into the sea. He is fearless. He saw a thief on Bergen avenue attack the lady treasurer of a Sunday school and take her bag of collections.

"Though unarmed, he chased the armed negro thief, caught him on Union street, and made him disgorge the loot (account in Jersey City Journal June 1, 1923). He loves soldiers and is popular with the police department of his city, because he praises them as 'Law in uniform.' He hates spies and the private secret service and card list system of the Big Bandit interests, and he proposes their control by Congress.

Fortune From One Whale Makes Man Millionaire

More Than Million Dollars' Worth of Ambergris From One Monster—Record Find

A FORTUNE of \$1,200,000 from the body of one whale savors of the most attractive get-rich-quick scheme ever evolved.

Yet, approximately, this sum will flow into the pockets of the fisherman who is reported to have captured, on the east coast of Africa, a whale bearing in its body that rare substance, ambergris, to the extent of 1,000 pounds.

With the market price of ambergris at \$70 or \$75 an ounce, this fisherman's future should cause him little anxiety.

A solid, fatty, inflammable substance, grey in color, ambergris is one of the mysteries of the deep.

It has a peculiar, sweet odor and is usually found secreted in the intestines of the sperm whale—an agile and elusive fellow frequenting the tropical seas, particularly the waters around the Bahamas.

The high price it commands is the result of the great demand for it in connection with the making of expensive Oriental perfumes, of which it is an important ingredient.

It is also employed in the highest forms of cooking in the East, while the Eastern pharmacist finds many uses for it.

The mystery which surrounds its origin has produced many absurd legends. Perhaps the most engaging of them all is that ambergris is a solidified form of sea foam.

But the scientific world, led by Dr. Swediaur, has satisfied itself with the explanation that ambergris is a substance formed in the inside of a whale, and to a certain extent owes its existence to the horny beaks of the squid, a fish much favored as food by the sperm whale.

One curious fact has emerged from these investigations. When ambergris is found in a whale the creature is invariably dead or in a sickly, wasted condition. The reason for this has never been definitely established.

Big finds of ambergris have been so rare that most of them are well known.

Many years ago an American fisherman at work off the Windward Isles captured a whale and became a rich man on the 130 pounds of ambergris he extracted from its body.

On another occasion the Dutch East India Company bought from the native King of Tydore a piece weighing 182 pounds, which they afterward sold to good advantage. But the present find of 1,000 pounds easily constitutes a record.

Many attempts have been made to produce synthetic ambergris, but with little success. Tests with boiling alcohol always reveal its fallings, while the Eastern perfumer ignores the man-made substance as useless for his purpose.



A Stunning Three-Piece Suit

THIS creation is of white suede cloth with mandarin figures applied on the coat in burnt orange, to match the lining of the revers and the monogram and piping on the dress. A white ermine collar finishes the neck and a white kid belt is worn on the dress.

Slight Misapprehension

Maud, when you chose to exercise The privilege that Leap Year lent you, You took me wholly by surprise. Of I'd have striven to prevent you, To save you from the blow you got. When, answering your fond petition, I sadly told you I could not Accept your proposition.

Of your design I really lacked A notion even microscopic, Or with my customary tact I might have sought to change the topic; And, even as it was, I tried To heal your spirit's wounds (or grazes) And pour upon your smarting pride A balm of soothing phrases.

But, Maud, I sadly note to-day (We're friends although we may not marry) How you're developing a way Of wanting me to fetch and carry. The tasks you heap upon my head Show how erroneous was the view you Took of my meaning when I said That I would be a brother to you.

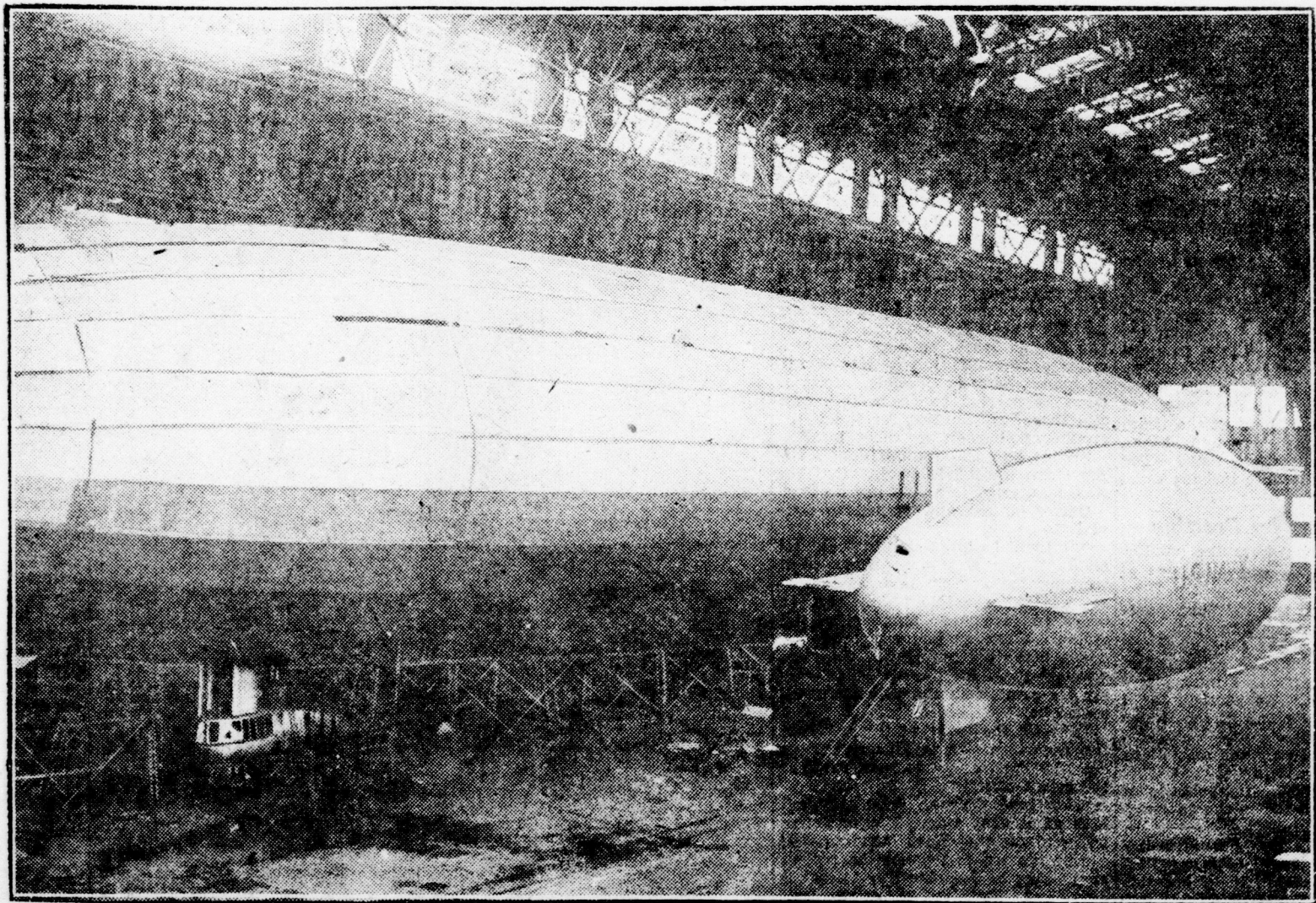
—London Opinion.

Water Versus Liquor

THE objector to prohibition spoke bitterly. "Water has killed more people than liquor ever did."

"You are raving," declared the teetotaler. "How do you make that out?"

"Well, to begin with, there was the Flood!" —Tit-Bits.



American Navy's New Blimp Beside the ZR-1 in the Hangar at Lakehurst, N.J.

ABOVE are shown the United States navy's two dirigibles, the larger one being the famous ZR-1, and the smaller one (non-rigid type). The Z-1 was recently purchased from the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Akron, Ohio. The smaller dirigible is said to be capable of cruising for a thousand miles. It is 185 feet long, and 40 feet wide and has two engines, and carries a crew of six.

YOUNGSTER BROUGHT UP NAKED CALLED PERFECT

Never Sick, Never Has Cold Hands or Feet, and Is a Model in Every Way

WILL NOT BE SENT TO SCHOOL TILL HE IS 16

Interesting Application of New Theory of Rearing Children—Education Imparted by Replies to Questions

LITTLE "Jimmie" Syracuse, physically one of the most perfect babies, now is about three and a half years old. He was brought up naked for the first fifteen months of life, then allowed what may be described as a "nightly" for another year. For street wear sandals and light weight stockings were added. At the age of three, when he accompanied his parents to Europe, but little more clothing was added.

Everywhere in Europe the child attracted attention, and in Italy, from whence his parents emerged in youth, the people were delighted with him. He and his parents have just returned to their home in upper New York and another residence in central Long Island, at which places the boy has resumed his usual pursuits of climbing rocks and trees and passing many hours daily in a cave, wherein he derives a form of nourishment from the earth.

Little "Jimmie's" real name is Lucien Syracuse, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Syracuse. The brother of Mr. Syracuse is a well known child physician and specialist of Palermo, Italy, and has formulated the rules for child bringing up which are now having a wide vogue abroad. James Syracuse, of New York, is so positive that he and his brother have the only correct method of handling children that the former is founding an institute to give free training to mothers on the methods thought to have been proved. I have taken down his story as he gave it to me. It is as follows:

"After three and a half years' observation of my boy, Lucien, and after clinical examinations of him by physicians here and abroad, I can state positively that Lucien is immune from all child diseases, such as mumps, measles, scarlet fever, tuberculosis, whooping cough, rickets (weak legs), infantile paralysis, adenoids, tonsils, etc. My brother's children, brought up in nearly the same way in Italy, never have been troubled with the above or other child diseases, but, like Lucien, have enjoyed perfect health. The oldest of my brother's children is twelve and the youngest eight.

"My brother is Dr. Joseph Syracuse, 34 via Macquada avenue, Palermo, Italy. His children are reputed to be the most beautiful boys in Italy and are known from one end of the country to the other. They have never been to school, nor have they been taught to read and write.

"Trainer" to Answer Questions

"THE boys have a trainer and live the outdoor life with him. His duty consists of answering their questions and satisfying their curiosity and investigative instincts, natural to all children, and which most parents and persons avoid as if they were a pest. Thus they get what may be termed eye training, while their physical functions are under formation. My brother finds, with other physiologists, that all the glands do not function until children reach the age of about sixteen years. Up to that time they are left free for full mental and physical development. I shall, because of the compulsory school law of America, take my son Lucien out of the country between the legal school age and the age of sixteen. He shall be brought up on the principles approved by modern science. I will show you why.

"All over the world, in fact, because of improper rearing and forcing schooling, children acquire in turn most of the diseases above scheduled and which mine and brother's children have escaped.

"Most children if they survive the first year of life, and nearly 200,000 die in the first year in America, show early decay. They have weak eyes, bad teeth, anemia and varied diseases and troubles, the cause of which is constipation and indigestion. A child should be fed not three times a day, but five times, with small meals only, and never be allowed to eat between meals. On the other hand, the children of the very poor suffer from the reverse, that of underfeeding and poor foods, and hence also weak eyes, bad teeth and impure blood. Show me a child's teeth and I will tell you exactly how he got them. Bring them up right, physically and mentally, and at about the age of sixteen they are prepared to enter school and fairly devour education. In a short time they will be better educated than the children who started in school at eight years of age. And really a man is not grown up until he is forty.

The boys are allowed to investigate any strange thing they see, satisfying natural curiosity about it. They ask all kinds of questions, which the trainer answers. Nor do they hesitate to question strangers.

Usual Diseases Avoided

"THEY are taught not to be timid, but intrepid; not to fear, but to speak out what they think; to be fearless both in asking questions and in answering them. They are punished, but not physically, in a way to make them understand the difference between right and wrong. Thus, if a boy gets hurt he has a lesson; is not comforted, but told to remember how he got hurt and to thereafter avoid danger.

"My brother states that the child should wear only white clothes in summer and only grey clothes in winter. He finds that white absorbs the violet rays of the sun, keeping children cooler in summer. The grey best absorbs the red rays of the sun, keeping children warmer in winter.

"Between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, children are 'grown up' sufficiently to reason correctly.

"Formation of physique and brain perfected, the child may be sent to school. The ordinary child does not know why he is sent to school, except that he is sent there to sit for hours. At the proper age he knows why, and having an open, developed mind, grasps learning quickly. My brother did not go so far as I did in bringing up Lucien practically naked for the first three years of his life, so Lucien is superior at his age to brother's children at the same age. —New York Herald Tribune.

Dirt of Ages Being Removed Reverently From Westminster

One Workman, With Utmost Care, Is Giving Historic Abbey Spring Cleaning—Glories Long Hidden—Gilding and Heraldic Designs on Tomb of Earl of Lancaster Now Revealed

FOR the first time in many years Westminster Abbey is being spring-cleaned, not, of course, with soap and water and mops, pails, electric sweepers or any of the paraphernalia used by the housewife in the annual upheaval, but with a little oil, a soft brush, a cloth, much patience and the labor of one man.

A London despatch to the New York Herald Tribune describes the work:

R. J. Quennell, who has undertaken the work of renovation of the old gates, tombs, shields and other glories in Westminster Abbey, is an enthusiastic workman and cleans and polishes with reverent care, not forgetting to step back every now and then to admire the beauties which are being revealed through his skill and craft.

This month Mr. Quennell is busy on the huge gates of Henry VII's Chapel, which have not been cleaned for a hundred years or more. These beautiful gates, which have guarded the tombs of the kings and queens for centuries, had become so dirty that it was difficult to see whether they were made of bronze or wood, or what were the badges which adorned them. Previously the only attention they had received was an occasional rubbing down with oil, and though this had kept them in a good state of preservation it has also tended to attract the dust which has concealed so much of their splendor.

One of the first tasks Mr. Quennell undertook was the cleaning of the famous old coronation

The Honorable Sylvia

—By Henry Kitchell Webster

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL W. BERTSCH

The British Governor of a Far-Away Colony Finds It Impossible to Pardon a Native Woman Who Has Stolen Something, Prompted By Vanity—Then the Wife of the Governor Is Found to Have Done the Same Thing.

FROM the foot of her table in the shabby, grandiose dining-room of the Raffleston Residence, the Honorable Sylvia could see, over her husband's shoulder and through the open window, a patch of brilliantly moonlighted lawn which had a grey stone in the middle of it.

She didn't mind the look of it so much in the daytime. It was at night, under the moon, that it had the power, sometimes, to fascinate her, to hold her eyes and not let them get away.

Carew himself was just an ordinary young Englishman with a genius for governing savage peoples that had taken him out of the ordered life of the Indian Civil Service, and caused him to be loaned here and there as the services of some such talent happened to be required. Certainly, Carew was no sort of match for an earl's daughter, and that is what Sylvia was, nevertheless Sylvia had not at all got over being wildly in love with him.

Carew had come back only the day before from a two week's excursion into the jungle upon an errand of peculiar danger and difficulty. He had come back to find the South Asiatic squadron of the British fleet at anchor in the Raffleston Harbor and the admiral and his staff being officially entertained at the Residency by his wife. He had stuck a couple of scratches together with adhesive plaster, got out of khaki into ceremonial white, and taken part in a lawn party, a dinner and an impromptu ball, at which the meager resources of the official society had been supplemented by a handful of planters and their wives, who had come down the river in their motor-boats, or along the little narrow gauge railway on their private hand-cars, pushed by perspiring coolies.

The squadron had steamed away only this afternoon and the planters had returned to their plantations. But there remained two wandering Americans, a man and his wife, who had come into Raffleston about the time the squadron was in a ramshackle launch which they had borrowed from the Brooks Mines, a hundred and fifty miles down the coast, and so there was nothing for it but to bring them up to the Residency for dinner.

Sylvia's Curiosity

SYLVIA was aware of them hardly more than as presences interposed between herself and her husband and keeping him a long way off. The thing that startled Sylvia was the realization that she was glad to have them there in that capacity. Even when the woman began talking about the General Reyes, Sylvia still felt that the subject was a respite in that it engaged her husband's attention.

The General Reyes was an American cable ship that was the hope of getting transportation on her, that these two guests of theirs had come to Raffleston themselves. As it turned out, the General Reyes had run into the harbor the day before the squadron arrived, and she had steamed away again, under urgent orders from Manila.

"We felt pretty blank about that," the man observed. "It seemed just at first as if we might about as well get a sarong and a kameja apiece and settle down here permanently. Forget that there was such a place as Illinois on the map."

"You can't expect us to be very sympathetic about things like that," the Honorable Sylvia said. "Because if they didn't happen, we'd hardly ever have any visitors at all. And as long as we've just missed Captain Burch, it is only right that you should be provided instead."

"The captain is a great friend of ours," Carew added.

Their guests had only just met Captain Burch. It was his two passengers, the Thorndyke-Martins, whom they knew. The four of them had come all the way around from Naples together.

The Honorable Sylvia expressed a mild curiosity to know what the Thorndyke-Martins were like.

"It's fortunate for us you don't know them," said the woman. "You'd never take us for substitutes if you did. She's lovely. Very simple, for all her clothes, and lots of fun."

"It would have been a treat to get a look at her," Sylvia admitted. "We order our clothes by mail, from London. They never get here, and when they do, they're all wrong. I haven't rather abruptly added, 'I suppose we think we've had it as much about them as she does.'"

"She likes to buy them," the other woman explained, "but after that, she loses interest. She bought some things in Paris that have been following her ever since and haven't caught up yet. She hadn't at Singapore, and she didn't seem to care. But of course, where anything is smart just because you've got it on, you don't need to worry."

Head Hunters

SYLVIA met her husband's eyes, and interpreted the affectionate, quickly suppressed smile. It said, she

knew, "That's true of you, too, you wonder, you delight!"

Carew wasn't articulate enough to have said a thing like that, but he could mean it and look it.

The American, evidently under the impression that the topic of clothes would keep the women amused for a while turned to the Resident, and asked a question about head-hunting. But his wife wanted to hear about the head-hunters, too.

Over her husband's shoulder, out there in the middle of the moon-silvered lawn, Sylvia deliberately fixed her eyes on that grim-looking grey stone. That other woman out there—if Sylvia could tell her the story, now she'd understand.

"There's one thing you've got to get firmly in mind," Carew said, "and that is that, from the Dyaks' point of view, head-hunting, if it's a crime at all, is a crime against property. A man has a property interest in his own head, of course, and equally in any other head he can collect. If he can show fifty of them—fifty human heads, hanging by the hair on poles outside his hut, he's a man of consideration in the community. Of course, in a country like this, where people's physical wants are very few, property is practically all trophies."

"You mean, then," asked the American, "that when a man cuts off somebody's head, it's simply a question of adding to the man's possessions?"

Carew nodded. "Here's an illustration," he went on. "One of the villages back here in the jungle, broke loose some time ago, raided another village. Twenty miles away, and took nine heads."

"They took them from the shoulders of the villagers and not from the poles in front of their houses, if that's what you mean," said Carew. "Well, the people of the second village, instead of attempting a direct reprisal, came down and complained to me, which is what I always try to get them to do. I went up to the first village, made them give up their nine heads, and then took them back to the village they had been taken from. That averted a feud between the two villages that might have gone on for years."

Property Before Life

"Do you mean," asked the woman, "that you behaved nine people in the first village?"

"No," said Carew. "I took the same nine heads, put them in a bag and carried them back to the relatives of the people from whom they had been taken."

"But you couldn't bring the murdered people back to life again," the American protested.

"That's the point exactly," said Carew patiently. "A human life more or less isn't worth getting excited about. You can't make these people regard life as sacred. When religion is a religion, it's the logic of the situation is against it, too. They don't work, so a life has no labor value. And in other respects, it's about the cheapest, commonest thing there is. But they have got a sense of property and the one hope to build it on that. As they begin to learn to want things, their property will take other forms than heads—finery and trinkets to begin with. But one has to go slow, and at present I respect their property in their heads—head-hunting just as I do any other theft."

"I should think though," objected the American, "that there'd be more glory in taking a live head than a dead one."

"Not so much," Carew explained. "Because you would defend any head he possessed just as enthusiastically as he would the one that grew on his shoulders. He'll guard a grave."

He broke off there with an apologetic little glance at Sylvia.

"Oh, yes," she said, smiling readily. "Tell them about it. They'll be interested."

Carew turned and pointed out through the open window behind him.

"It comes rather close home," he said. "My predecessor's wife died out here and is buried there in the middle of the lawn. He enclosed the grave in sheet-iron and put that big granite slab on the top of it to make sure that it wouldn't be rifled by Dyaks. He made me promise, when I came here to take the post (of course he was half mad at the time) to have it watched day and night. See the Sikh out there now? You can make out his white turban; there under the tree."

Governing by Prestige

HE turned back from the window again and seated himself at the table.

"It is rough on Sylvia," he repeated, "a memento mori like that. But I gave the poor chap my word, you see. And after all, the moral effect on the Dyaks is good. I must guard my own property as sacredly as I regard theirs. It's one of the things my prestige depends on. And my prestige is practically the only thing I have to govern with."

The Chinese butler had come in as he finished and stood in the doorway, awaiting recognition.

"Jalan," said Carew. "What is it?"

"Come one piece policeman," said the Chinaman.

Carew followed the Chinaman out. There was silence in the big dining-room for a minute or two. The American woman had been staring out at the grave on the lawn. Now she turned around and looked at



"They killed him, I suppose, before her eyes," Sylvia went on. "And you talk of punishing her?"

Sylvia with a wide wonder in her eyes—a look which flashed instantly into an understanding pity. She wasn't so very much older than Sylvia herself.

The warm gush of sympathy, coming unexpectedly like that, got over Sylvia's defenses. She gave an irrepressible shudder, and pressed her hands against her eyes, as if, for just a moment, to shut out a vision.

The man guest, who had risen when Carew did and had remained standing, moved quickly away to the window and stood there looking out. The two women might have been alone together.

"You're such a wonder," said the American woman unevenly. "You're so cool, and perfect, that one can't realize what it means, unless you let them see. But I understand now."

Her guest did not press the point. "Has he gone down to town?" she asked. "It isn't likely to be anything serious, is it?"

"Oh, just a murder or something," said Sylvia. "It's too quiet there for it to be anything very bad."

The man turned away from the window. "He is sending the policeman away and coming back," he said quietly, and took his place at the table.

A Crazy Drama

SYLVIA sat up straight again, and once more pressed her hands against her eyes. She hadn't cried enough to discolor them. She looked from one to the other of her guests with a shaky little smile.

"Thank you," she said, for each of them had done her a service.

Carew, coming back into the room, found everything just as he had left it.

"It was nothing after all, then?" asked Sylvia.

"I'll have to go down after dinner," said Carew. "but everything's all right for the present. The woman's locked up and both the men are dead."

He turned to the American.

"It fits in rather with what we were saying," he began. "A Sikh policeman tried to arrest a woman, and a Malay who was with her slipped a kris into him. The Malay is very excited, and once he lets his kris taste blood—once of those wavy-bladed daggers, you know—once his kris tastes blood, he's likely to turn perfectly irresponsible. Westerners call it 'running amuck.' It is really nothing but a feeling that, since he has broken loose, he may as well make a thorough job of it and kill as many more as possible. That is what he started to do in this case and there was nothing for it but for another policeman to shoot him."

"What had the woman done," the American wanted to know, "that the first man tried to arrest her for?"

Carew smiled and turned to Sylvia.

"You will be interested in that," he said. "She's a woman who's been working for you up here. She had her cap for this Malay and, in order to fascinate him, she had stolen. What do you suppose? A dozen brass curtain rings. She was wearing them for bracelets half-way up her arm when the policeman arrested her."

"There's the irony of things," said the American. "An absurdly trifling act like that, and two men dead as the result of it."

"No," said Carew. "You mustn't look at it that way. Not if you're going to get the East straight. Of course it's too bad about the policeman. But he lost his life doing his duty, and that's an ending we foreigners have to take more or less for granted. Of course, he's as foreign to this situation as I am. But the Malay doesn't matter. You can't blame him for what he did, and he'd

be the last person, provided you could consult him, to complain of the result. That's all in the day's work.

A Pitiable Case

THE thing you have got to treat seriously is the theft. The fact that the things she stole were perhaps worth about sixpence, and that we'd never have discovered the loss of them, doesn't enter into the case. They were very beautiful to her no doubt—highly polished and all, and tempting. Taking them constituted, from her point of view, a serious theft and it's her point of view that I've got to treat it from."

The point absorbed the interest of both men. But the American woman had only half listened. She had hardly taken her eyes from Sylvia's face since Carew had returned. Now she thrust her chair back from the table rather abruptly.

"No," said Sylvia. "It's all right. Sit still."

At that both men looked around at her and Carew sprang to his feet. "My dear!" he cried in consternation. "What's the matter?" For her face had gone as white as flour and she was clutching the edge of the table tightly with both hands.

She shook her head at him and said: "No," in a half inarticulate plea that he stay where he was. And, in a moment, she got command of her voice.

"I—I just want to be sure I understand what you mean," she said. "You don't mean that you're going to punish that woman seriously—for nothing? Because it was nothing. They weren't worth anything to us. We're using wooden rings in the place we got them for. And—and perhaps they meant—everything to her."

He brought his hands down softly, but solidly, on the table.

"Even as a matter of self-preservation," he went on, "the thing is important. Against a quarter of a million of them, I've got a hundred and twenty-five Sikh policemen, who would stand up and be butchered for my word. One of them lost his life that way to-night."

There was a silence after that. The

American drew in a long breath and let it out with a rush. Finally Sylvia spoke, doggedly and dully, not as one who hopes any more, but as one who plays his last card.

"You're right in general, I suppose. I hadn't thought of it that way. But, just for this once, I'm going to ask a favor, that you don't punish the woman who stole—the curtain rings."

For just a moment a blaze of cold fire lighted up Carew's blue eyes, and then it faded. He pressed his lips together before he spoke.

"We'll talk about it in the morning," he said gently. "And you won't ask me that favor again. You will have seen by then what it means."

Self Preservation

NOW it was Carew whose color faded out under his coat of tan. Their two guests, forgotten, stared at their empty glasses.

"If you want to debate it as an abstract proposition," said Carew slowly, "I'll say that if the woman is allowed to keep the spoils, she can probably attract another man who will suit her just as well. I think you'd recognize that, if she happened to be to somebody you knew as an individual. I have had to punish before. I've done it because I knew that the only hope for beginning to civilize these people is the justice that I hold in my hand. There are two or three hundred thousand of them up-country there, who are beginning to take my law. They don't know it as an abstract thing. It's something of mine. If they don't raid and murder as much as they did, it's because they are beginning to take my notion that it's better to leave another man's goods alone. And if they see I don't believe it myself."

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Now, the Honorable Sylvia had expected a box. She had come out to pore came into the harbor at Raffleston. The new monsoon was blowing at the one precise angle which gave it access to the harbor, and two big packing-cases, both addressed to the Residency, were dropped overboard in an attempt to land them. By the time they were rescued and got ashore, the consignee's marks were pretty well obliterated. But both of them were brought forthwith to the Residency.

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Sylvia's Confession

THESE'S—something else," said Sylvia. But Carew had pushed back his chair and risen from the table.

"I think I'd better go down to the town," he said, addressing his guests, "and see that it is really quiet. We don't want any more murders to-night."

Sylvia said: "Wait!" But it was only in a whisper and he was already gone.

The silence lasted until she had seen him pass the window and cross the lawn. Then she spoke. "You see—I am a thief, too," said the Honorable Sylvia.

"You don't mean literally?"

It was the man who asked the question. Her bare nod of assent was enough to answer him. He did not go on to ask what she had stolen. After all, it didn't matter.

And now she waited for her husband to come back from meeting out justice—logical, necessary justice, upon the little Malay woman who had stolen the curtain rings. He was all she had—all she loved or wanted in the world. And she was alone with him in that remotest corner of it.

It was a supposition like that are not uncommon. This one is getting told about because it just happened that my wife and I were the two guests at the residence that night, and that Sylvia told it to us—told it in many ragged little fragments, in a pressure of panic and desperation that forced her to clutch at anything that looked like a sympathetic hand.

The story was simple enough. Two days after her husband had gone off into the jungle to secure nine heads, the Mainz from Singapore came into the harbor at Raffleston. The new monsoon was blowing at the one precise angle which gave it access to the harbor, and two big packing-cases, both addressed to the Residency, were dropped overboard in an attempt to land them. By the time they were rescued and got ashore, the consignee's marks were pretty well obliterated. But both of them were brought forthwith to the Residency.

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They had been beautifully packed and the brief immersion of their box in the water of the harbor hadn't damaged them a bit.

For one delicious moment, Sylvia thought they were hers. But it didn't need, really, the discovery of the Partisan modiste's bill to convince her of her mistake.

Then she opened the other box, which contained her own purchases. She found them just as ghastly and provincial and absurd as she had pictured them. And it was while they were all spread out in her big shabby boudoir in the Residency, that the butler had brought in the wireless message announcing the prospective visit of the South Asiatic Squadron at Raffleston. You will have to think a minute to realize just what that visit imported to Sylvia.

Admiral Etheridge, who commanded the fleet, was an old friend of her mother's. And the young Flag-Lieutenant, who had signed the message, was a sort of second cousin of her own. Probably a dozen of her officers she would be expected to entertain, were boys she had danced and flirted with in the old days. The visit meant that Sylvia's old world was coming for a look at her.

Her old world had treated her badly, there was no doubt of that. It might have paid her a little for falling in love with Carew, but it had shown itself horribly, coldly implacable, and at last, insolently derisive, when she insisted on marrying him.

It had been fiercely satisfactory, to send the old world overboard, in the wonderful blaze of passion, and self-abandonment that had given her to Carew. And those fires were blazing still. He had never disappointed her once. The price she had paid for him weighed not a grain against the complete and poignant happiness he brought her. Her old world was welcome to come and look.

Stolen Finery

BUT—and here the bright red burn in her cheeks, and her finger-nails pressed hard into her small palms—but they must not be allowed to come and laugh, for their laugh would be at her husband rather than at her. "We remember the Sylvia made of her," this pathetically dainty little colonial, trying to dress as she imagines people are dressing back home."

She looked at things that had come in her own box from London. And then she looked at what Mrs. Thorndyke-Martins had brought, to pass the time in Paris. They must be nearly alike in size and figure, and clothes don't have to fit now-a-days any way. A half-dozen deftly placed pins would make everything right. Dressed like that, how she could face that old world of hers! How confidently could she bid them welcome and entertain them, and send them away again, wondering! Even if her husband did not return in time to see his triumph, and make it perfect.

For you can understand, can't you, that it would be his triumph rather than hers?

The Honorable Sylvia put on the hat, and a great resolution formed itself in her soul. The Thorndyke-Martins were expected to get in on the General Reyes along with Captain Burch, a day or two before the squadron arrived. Sylvia would go to Mrs. Martin and buy, or beg, or borrow plain, to beg nor offer to buy. The Honorable Sylvia could either wrap up Mrs. Thorndyke-Martins's clothes and send them aboard, or she could steal them, which latter act involved just letting the boat go back without them. And that is what she did.

Without at first, scrutinizing the quality of the act at all, she flushed and smiled at herself in the glass when first she saw herself fully arrayed in her spoils, with nothing

more than an amused sense of mischief. It was not until her husband came back, on the afternoon of the garden party, and she saw the look that came into his face, as he caught his first glimpse of her, that the first misgiving came.

One of the elements which went to make up her adoration for him was something akin to fear. At the very core of the man, accounting perhaps for his almost miraculous power over savage peoples, was a saint-like sort of austerity; an Ark of the Covenant, inaccessible to the intrusion of merely human loves or fears. Sylvia knew it was there, knew that even her hand might not be laid upon the veil before it. But it was only gradually that she realized how this act of hers would look when brought for judgment before that shrine.

Fearful Problem Solved

IT seemed like the mockery of a malicious fate that gave the subject of the talk the turn it had taken. Here was a deadly narrative that the prophet Nathan himself could hardly have improved upon. The poor, frightened little native woman who had had to steal in order that she might be finely arrayed. Would John Carew be willing to show one of those women thieves more mercy than he was prepared to show the other?

The sudden flare of cold anger that had come up into his blue eyes answered that question, if it had not been answered before. The man was a fanatic, of course; he had in him the quality of fanaticism, and a valid idea to remorseless and inhuman conclusions—a quality that has planted many a stake and set the torch to many a pyre.

There was a silence for a while after Sylvia had come to the end of her story.

I looked across at my wife. Luckily women have not our passion for abstract morality. They act on the particular event as it comes along.

"If you will pack up those clothes," said my wife, "I will take them back to Mrs. Martin and then, you see, you will only have borrowed them."

I saw my wife smile.

"For that matter," she went on, "I don't see why you haven't really borrowed them from me. I'll take the responsibility for Mrs. Martin. I've lent them to you and then, if you've finished with them, can take them back. There isn't anything wrong about that, is there?"

Sylvia sat up and gazed out through the window at the lighted patch of lawn with the big granite slab in the middle of it. Then she said:

HARD AS NAILS

—By Royal Brown

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GREGG

The Story of a Young Lochinvar With a Thoroughly Modern Steed—He Fell in Love With Two Girls, But Came to the Conclusion They Were Both Hard as Nails—Until a Certain Event Opened His Eyes.

ELEVEN thousand dollar roadsters are smooth-running and luxurious affairs. Yet even so, they need a certain amount of oil in their bearings to keep cool and collected, and of this Tucker DeWitt was as well aware as he should be.

Nevertheless, on this warm, sunny June morning when, working his way clear of the tangled traffic of upper New York, he settled himself down to an almost two hundred mile race against time, he gave as little heed to the matter of oil as the veriest tyro might have.

The roadster, almost new, was one of eight cars he owned at that moment, which gives an idea of his financial condition, and perhaps of his mental as well.

This last, Kitty Townsend had diagnosed for him when, in March, she had returned to him the pledge of their engagement.

"As near as I can discover," she had said in her smooth and lovely voice, "your idea of an ideal married life is to have me always about ready to hand you a wrench when you need it. Thank you, Tucker—I don't care to play second fiddle to your horrid old motors!"

Exquisite is a word that fitted Kitty perfectly. And with reason. She had made it the keynote of her campaign and she stressed it ceaselessly and exquisitely.

"Your greatest asset," her mother had assured her, "is your air of distinction. Society is full of young hounds who are trying to beat men at their own games. Be aloof, different—eternally feminine."

They talked things over together like that. They had a little money and a social background of sorts. By making the most of both they had accomplished much.

They talked Tucker over as coolly, with the same eye for the main chance.

"If we had money, I'd prefer a foreigner—of title, of course," her mother had admitted. "But we must have money. And Tucker has social position. We can live abroad, if you manage him."

Dainty Kitty

SO it had seemed. From the beginning Tucker had been blinded by Kitty's undeniable loveliness. She was so wonderfully, so—these days—unbelievably feminine.

Her beautiful hair was unobbed. She did not ride horseback. She smoked, but as one who performs a pretty feminine rite. She drank, but only famous vintages decorously served.

"And she's not—oh, hard as nails!" was his final tribute.

"I hate his hands," Kitty had remarked. "They look like a mechanic's!"

"You can manage about that after you marry him," her mother had assured her. "And he is charming in his way. Take my advice and take him!" And Kitty had taken him in December, only to shake him in March.

They had been motoring through Westchester. A dog of no pedigree and less manners had run out, snapped at the front tires. Tucker had swerved to avoid hitting him and then he had smiled at Kitty.

"Why didn't you run right over him?" she had demanded.

The smile had lingered in his eyes until he had realized that she actually meant it. He had recoiled, instinctively, and she, as instinctively, had promptly pressed home a purely feminine point.

"The way you swerved might have wrecked the car and killed me," she had insisted. "Which only proves that you care more for a dog than for me!"

And so on, to the return of his ring—and the end of the world. It made little difference to Tucker what he did then, and so he went off with Preston Colt. Preston Colt had insatiable curiosity about unexplored places; at the moment the headwaters of the Amazon fascinated him.

"I need a better mechanic than I can afford to hire to keep the scow I've chartered moving," he had assured Tucker. "We'll be back by June and she'll have plenty of time to miss you and be sorry!"

When Tucker returned to New York, he found it had not worked out that way.

"You look as if you'd had tropical fever," one of kind friends had assured him. "Are you going to Kitty's wedding to-morrow?"

"This is Miss Townsend," came, at last, her cool voice.

"It's me, Tucker, Kitty dear," he had begun. "I—oh Kitty—you aren't!" From that point he floundered along, until she hung up on him. Thereupon he flopped into a chair. "Oh gosh!" he groaned. "I've messed things up worse than ever!"

Yet Kitty, leaving the phone, wore an expression her mother could not fathom.

"It was Tucker," Kitty explained,

and her mother's eyes grew startled.

"Kitty!" she gasped. "You aren't considering—"

"Why not?"

"But the guests—the presents. You can't change your mind now—"

"I can be sick! I'm not an utter fool—I'm too much your daughter for that!"

And she was. Her dismissal of Tucker had been carefully calculated, coolly planned before the quarrel gave her the opportunity. Leonard Hood, with even more millions and a better social position than Tucker offered, had let his jaded eyes suggest things to her.

That he was much older had seemed to her of no moment. But now, with Tucker's impetuosity echoing in her ears and the memory of his boyish charm touching what heart she had, she made a swift, impulsive decision.

"The charming bride-elect is suddenly indisposed," she assured her mother, "necessitating the temporary postponement of the ceremony."

Of that Tucker had no inkling. He had paced the floor until dawn came. At that point the need of action became definite. He called up his garage. Twenty minutes later he was on his way to the Berkshires, a modern Lochinvar with a thoroughly modern steed.

The miles whirled behind him. At ten o'clock, without warning the roadster stopped. His nose, tardily, told him why.

The roadster had stopped almost abreast of a farmhouse. Before this stood a car which bore the imprint of its maker as unmistakably in its lines as it did on the radiator. The owner of this lifted his head from under its hood and greeted him.

"Out of gas?" he asked.

"Worse than that," Tucker assured him. "My bearings jammed out. And say, does that machine of yours run? I'll give you three hundred for it."

Just One Drink

THE owner had expected two.

"Make it three and a quarter," the man said automatically. "And—"

"Done!" Hitch a team to my car and drag it into your barn. I'll pay for that later."

"Sure!" said the other. He cast a cautious glance about and then produced a pint flask. "This," he announced, "ain't none of that bootleg stuff, but good corn whiskey. Help yourself—and luck to you."

Tucker took a swallow.

"I need it," he remarked, meaning luck.

"Take it with you," offered his benefactor, meaning the whiskey. "Plenty more where it came from!"

"The old boat has got a bit of life left in it at that," Tucker decided. "I wonder if it can beat forty."

In a few minutes he discovered that it could actually turn out fifty or thereabouts. And that fact, allied perhaps with the swallow of whiskey he had taken on an empty stomach, made him feel pleasantly exhilarated.

"I'll make it, all right," he thought. "Less than thirty miles now!"

The next instant he jammed his brakes, made an ineffectual effort to swerve to the right, and then amidst a wild splintering plunged through chaos into unconsciousness.

In a minute—so it seemed—he opened his eyes. Then he blinked rapidly. But the illusion remained. He was in bed, with the sun—bright, warm, benignant—streaming through dormer windows. He strove to fathom this mystery and then, as memory flashed back to him, he started to get up.

"I'd advise you to stay where you are," suggested a cool, uncompromising voice. "I've taken your clothes and hung them out to air. I only hope for your sake that no revenue officers use this road to-day."

Tucker turned. In the doorway stood a breeched and booted figure that nevertheless was as feminine as the voice that had given him pause.

"I remember hitting something," he began confusedly.

"Do you really?" Her voice mocked him. "I'm surprised. My chicken coop is pretty well demolished and so is your car, but I have an idea you were too drunk to remember anything—"

"Drunk!" he protested, utterly amazed.

"So drunk, I should say, as to have escaped injury altogether," she went on.

An All-Round Wreck

ENTERING the room with swift, assured step, she crossed to a chair, picked up a flannel shirt and a pair of faded overalls and tossed them to the bed.

"Now that you are feeling—better," she said, "you can put these on and start repairing the chicken coop."

Tucker stared at her incredulously. "One of us is crazy!" he assured her. "I haven't a minute to lose. I—Great Scott! What time is it?"

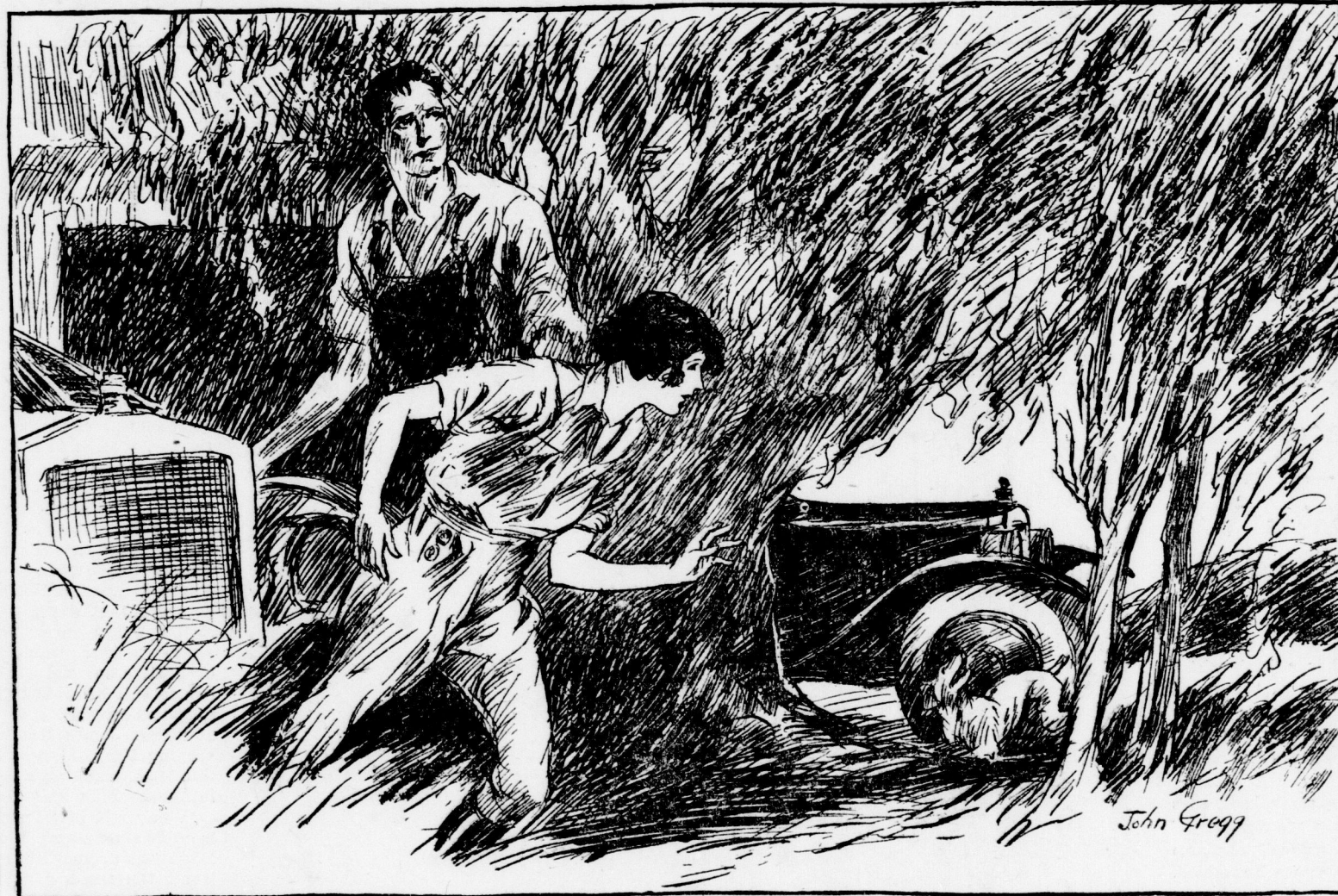
"Half past nine," he echoed and glanced about. "Why, it should be dark if it's as late as that—"

"You've been here all night," she explained. "I looked in last night and earlier this morning, but you were still unconscious. Shall we say?"

Kitty had been married. Tucker was utterly overwhelmed. A woman's intuition should have guessed that a woman's eyes could hardly have looked upon him save with pity.

But this vindictive young female was implacable.

"If you are handy with tools," she



It was Ann who reached the road first.

said, "it will take you possibly a week to repair the damage you have done. In any event, between that and going to jail—"

"Jail?" Tucker repeated.

"In Massachusetts that's where they are sending young men who insist upon operating automobiles when under the influence of liquor—"

"But Great Scott!" he exploded. "I wasn't! I hadn't even had a drink—Except, that is, just one," he concluded.

She shrugged skeptical shoulders. "You can tell that to the judge if you prefer."

"And anyway, I'll pay for the coop—"

"Oh, no, you won't. Labor is one thing money won't buy these days. Not on a farm. If you're a reasonable young man you'll do exactly as I say. Think it over!" And thereupon she departed.

After all, what difference did it make what he did or where he went? Life now stretched before him endlessly, emptily. And so he dressed and descended to the kitchen. There he found his captor waiting dishes.

Good Animal Trainer

TO some men, in spite of a cool hardness about her, she might have seemed not unattractive. She was young, straight and supple, and her bobbed hair was colorful, a warm chestnut with bronze glints in it.

Tucker, however, assured himself he had seldom seen any girl so utterly devoid of charm. As he finished his coffee the telephone rang. He could not escape hearing her end of the conversation.

"Absolutely no!" she said. "I've said that before and I mean it."

A regular little Tartar—hard as nails!" Tucker decided.

From the telephone she turned to him.

"There's some lumber stored in the barn. I'll show you where it is and you can start work at once."

His first glimpse of the damage he had wrought had startled him. Then immediately it became a challenge.

At noon, when she went to summon him to dinner, he had made famous progress. She noted that, but all she said was: "Dinner is ready. And don't pay any attention to Clem."

He was very faithful and true, but he is half-witted. Just now he resents you and is inclined to be suspicious."

Of the latter there could be no doubt. The loose-jointed, leathery-faced hired man gave Tucker a furtive, bristling glance.

"Clem," said his mistress sharply.

"The effect was magical. 'Haw!' muttered Clem, and subsided.

"She'd make a darn good animal trainer," thought Tucker. "I wonder how she gets that way?"

If, when Ann Duncan was twenty, her father had not surrendered to the sophistry that suicide was the only solution of the mess he had made of his life, Ann at twenty-four would not have been as she was.

She and her brother Bobby, who was five years younger, were already motherless. Bobby must continue in school and then go to Yale. That was absolutely final. But how?

While the problem still pressed, an abandoned farm and a still more abandoned real estate agent had suggested possibilities. So here she was, an abandoned farmette. If she had been less determined of spirit she would have quit long ago.

Instead, she made herself a match for the men she dealt with and she drove as hard bargains as they did. As for the rest—well, Bobby was in Yale anyway. To some that might have seemed a poor return for all her effort.

Ann Takes a Trip

TUCKER returned to the reconstruction of the chicken coop promptly, working the afternoon through, pausing only to fill his pipe now and then or take a trip to the kitchen for a glass of water. On one such trip he surprised Ann about to take a kettle of water from the stove.

And was surprised in turn because she had discarded her khaki and wore what seemed to be an ancient evening cape. This had once been a magnificent shade of green of some material both soft and rich, and there

were still bands of dusky fur at the wrists and collar.

Now, apparently, she used it as a bathrobe.

"Please don't bother," she commanded as he sprang automatically to relieve her. "I'm used to waiting on myself."

Yet even as she sneezed Tucker she turned back to him. "But there is one thing you can do for me," she said. "You can give me your promise to stay here and help Clem until I get back—"

"Until you get back?" he echoed.

"I've got to go to New Haven. My brother is at Yale and I'm afraid that he is—sick. Clem will take the milk to the station as usual, but he must have some help. Can you milk a cow?"

Tucker—before whom life stretched emptily and endlessly—actually grinned.

"I've never had any experience, but I might be able to achieve the art."

"It's simple enough, if you don't irritate the cow—"

"I'll try not to," said Tucker meekly.

"Thank you. I'll see that you are properly paid, of course."

"And anyway it will be much better than being sent to jail," he reminded her. And then, remembering her brother, he added hastily—being Tucker, "I didn't mean to rub it in of course I'll be glad to do whatever I can."

In a moment of less stress she might have pondered that. As it was she bathed, dressed and departed, all within the hour.

"Don't try to talk to Clem—it just confuses him," she advised Tucker. "He'll manage to make you understand what he wants done. He'll prepare supper as soon as he comes back from the station and then he'll go to bed. If you care to use it, the library is at your service."

More Complications

THE soft dusk swallowed her up, an engine whirled off and he was alone. He hesitated, and then turned to the library. This he had noticed before. The room had impressed him in spite of its snobbishness. The great old fireplace with its MacIntyre mantel was flanked by bookshelves. Over this, dimly luminous in the half light hovering beyond the lamp's shaded radiance, hung a portrait in oil. This was very good, though his surprise at that was submerged in a greater surprise, for it pictured a beautiful, smiling woman in a formal gown with train—English court dress, he thought.

Then, suddenly, it recalled Kitty to him—not that he had forgotten her, of course!—and abruptly he turned away.

Then he thought of Ann as she had

looked when departing. "She can look darn attractive when she wants to."

"Haw!" said a voice behind him.

"They supped together, in silence. And then Clem went to bed, while Tucker, who would have been wise to do likewise, returned to the library."

Presently the clock on the mantel began to strike. He glanced up. Eight o'clock. Last night at this time—no, two nights before at this time—he had just finished talking to Kitty. She was yet to be married then. Now—

"It would have been better if I had smashed myself up as thoroughly as I did that old filver," he decided.

The first rays of dawn were lighting the east as he and Clem finished breakfast. And the last glow of sunset was still streaking the west when he fell into his bed that night. He knew then why folks on a farm go to bed early.

"I hope," he thought, "that Clem will oversleep in the morning. I'm darned sure I will—that little red Jersey sure has a mean disposition. I—wonder—just what—she has—against—me?"

That was his last waking thought; the thought which should have been consecrated to Kitty. Especially as she, at that precise moment, was thinking of him—and with deep emotion.

"I trust," her mother was raving, "that you are satisfied. Everybody is talking. They know that Tucker talked to you over the phone and if you think Leonard Hood can be treated this way—"

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Kitty unflinchingly.

But she realized she had been foolish. She had counted on Tucker's rushing to her, making any and all concessions to regain her. She wondered where he could have gone to.

At the headquarters of the Amazon Tucker had not been able to forget Kitty. But at the headquarters of the Amazon there hadn't been twenty cows and a chicken coop.

A Ridiculous Newcomer

OF course he hadn't forgotten Kitty. Impossible! But there were moments when she—well, slipped from his mind. His activities seemed to him terrific. The moment one thing was finished, something else clamored to be done.

"I only hope," he thought, "that I won't be as half-witted as Clem by the time the young ogress returns."

A sound caused him to turn. In the sunlit doorway of the cowshed stood a dog such as may be seen almost anywhere save at a dog show.

Now he stood, one forepaw upturned, poised for flight should that prove advisable. But his ridiculous

tail and his floppy ears broadcasted hope and good will.

"Please, sir," queried his tail, "are you willing to boss me around?"

Then, caution to the winds, he flung himself upon Tucker. And that was not because Tucker had eight automobiles and at least as many millions. Or even because he looked kind. In fact, he looked like a pirate, for he had not shaved since he arrived. Yet the dog knew!

"Well, well," said Tucker. "Where did you come from?"

The dog was obviously half starved.

"I've got an idea," Tucker went on, in exactly the tone and manner every dog dreams of, "that you care more for milk than I do. How about it?"

"Anything," the dog replied—obviously, "that pleases you pleases me."

"Let's go to it, then," suggested Tucker. "I don't know what the lady who runs the place would say about it but we should worry—she's away until further notice."

But she wasn't. She was talking over the telephone in the kitchen. "You can have the pair of them for four hundred dollars—cash," she was saying. "I must have the money at once."

Then she hung up the receiver and turning, saw him.

"I didn't know you had come back," he said inanely. "And I brought the dog in. He's hungry. Do you mind if I give something to eat?"

"Of course not," she assured him.

Yet he felt a swift anger against her. She had barely glanced at the dog. He could not understand how any woman could be so utterly devoid of sympathy.

"Thanks," he said and hoped she'd catch the sarcasm.

But she missed it altogether. She had already changed back to her masculine gear. As Tucker poured some milk into a saucer she moved swiftly about the kitchen. She looked pale and very tired. When she suddenly turned to him, he noticed the lilac shadows under her eyes.

"I should have told you at once how much I appreciate your staying and helping. Please forgive me. I've had a hard trip and—many things to think of."

"Your brother"—Tucker wondered suddenly if in his interest in the dog he had not seemed unsympathetic to her. "Did you find him very ill?"

"Not very," she said, her lips tightening.

Everybody Crazy

TUCKER stared as she turned away.

"Good Lord," he thought.

"Does she resent his sending for her for anything less than a deathbed scene?"

Later he was to be still more puzzled when he came suddenly upon Clem standing before a silver framed picture which Tucker had noticed and which he had guessed was of Bobby.

"Haw!" Clem exclaimed, and then shook his fist violently at the picture.

"Everybody is a little bit crazy here," murmured Tucker. "I'll be slipping next, Joseph, old top." Joseph was his new friend. Then abruptly, "By George," he thought, "I'll bet a hat Bobby has gotten himself into a scrape."

He had been to Yale himself. Besides, that would explain the mystery—Ann's return and the sale of two valuable cows, Clem's pantomimic assault upon Bobby's picture.

"Well," Tucker decided, finally and wisely, "it's none of my business anyway."

Nevertheless, when he came into the kitchen just before supper he did study Ann with quickened interest.

"By the way," she remarked, breaking in on this, "I'll not hold you before longer, of course. The destruction of the chicken coop did seem wanton and inexcusable at that time, and I was determined to make you fix it. But I imagine I may have been unfair. Your family and friends—"

"I'm going to finish the chicken coop or bust," Tucker cut in forthrightly. "As for family and friends, I haven't much of the first and I imagine the rest are busy with their own affairs. I—"

There he paused, his nice young mouth tightening as he thought of Kitty. As for Ann, she gave him a quick glance but said nothing.

"I really might as well be here as anywhere," Tucker finished. "That is, if I earn my board and Joseph's."

"Of course you do," she agreed, almost warmly. "In fact, if you really want to stay I'll pay."

"Wait until I finish the chicken coop before we talk about that," he protested.

Now she might have wondered about that. He actually was too tired, and such thought as she had was for Bobby.

Tuck Makes a Hit

HOW could he? she still wondered. "If he only realized!"

Tuck wondered, too.

"I'd as soon suspect a marble statue of tears," ran his thought. "But she did look as if she had been crying. I might as well try to win her. If there is anything wrong with Bobby he can help a pile."

The letter to Bill, who had been a roommate of Tucker's at Yale, and was now an instructor, went out on the morning mail.

Sunday came the sixth day of his stay at Forty Acres. Clem shaved before breakfast. As he re-entered the kitchen, Ann gave him a quick glance—this was the first time she had seen him so.

"I hardly knew you," she confessed.

"I thought it about time to renew old acquaintance with myself," he laughed.

When the mail came Monday Tucker was rendering first aid to the motor truck.

"Do you—by any chance—know anything about motors?" Ann had asked Tucker after breakfast.

"Why—a little," he had answered. "The garage man said the truck ought to be overhauled. I suppose it had, but I couldn't spare it for four days."

"If he said four days I'll have it ready for you in four hours," interrupted Tucker.

This had seemed to her highly unlikely. But Tucker was a genius at such things, and there is never any mistaking those who possess genius. When he started operations she hovered about like a worried mother with an ailing child, handing this tool or that as he requested it.

The picture that made this warm morning suggested to him the idea of an ideal marriage—a woman to wait upon him while he devoted himself to his only real love. Presently Tucker cried out her car. The response was immediate. The truck shook and so did the shed.

"You've fixed it!" Ann paeaned, and her voice for once was warm.

"Tuck said, 'I'm glad.' Why, it seems to be going better than it has for a long time—"

"I'll say it is!" he retorted.

"There's the small car—saw," she remarked and went to meet him.

Tucker was still eyeing the truck proprietarily when she returned.

"A letter for you," she said.

"Tuck said to come from New Haven. He murmured an excuse and, opening it, found that as he expected it was from Bill.

More Dizzy News

"THE info," began Bill, the English instructor, relapsing into the lingo of a roommate, "that your royal highness craves was not hard to get. The old campus rather rings with it. The young man, a sprightly and engaging youth, had the bad luck to lose at various games of chance and the exceedingly bad taste to proffer a bad check in payment. He was periously near to being canned when his sister, rather a charming and witty person, came to

ONLY WOMAN MASON DID NOT HIDE IN CLOCK CASE

Lord Castletown Tells Authentic Story at Last of Lady Who Was Working in an Alcove

MOST people remember more or less vaguely the story of the only woman Freemason. The usual version is that a certain Miss St. Leger, impelled by curiosity, hid herself in a clock-case in a room where a lodge was being held, and was discovered because she could not repress a sneeze.

The true version has now been given to the world for the first time by Lord Castletown, whose wife is a descendant of the heroine of the story in question.

Lord Castletown's Irish seat is Doneraile Court, and it was here that the affair took place in the year 1721. The story is, he tells us in his book of reminiscences entitled "Ego," quite authentic, and the room where the scene occurred is exactly as it was in those days.

According to the author, however, the lady did not hide in the clock-case, but was working unseen in an alcove at the far end of the room where the lodge was being held. When she realized what was happening she tried to escape, but was arrested by the tiler at the door and brought back.

Naturally, consternation reigned, and some members of the lodge were in favor of a drastic penalty. But eventually, at the instance of her cousin, whom she afterwards married, it was decided that she must become a Mason as the only way out of the difficulty.

She was accordingly initiated into the craft there and then, and she evidently progressed in it, as there is a picture of her in the room in full Master Mason's regalia.

Lord Castletown has traveled extensively all over the world, and some of his adventures make interesting reading.

For instance, in one of the far western American states in the pre-railroad days, a big, bearded man, with two revolvers strapped to his hips, swaggered into the bar of a saloon where Lord Castletown was, and asked him:

"You are a Britisher?"

"Yes."

"Can you shoot?"

"No," said Lord Castletown. "I am no good with a revolver, and never carry one."

"Would you like to see me shoot?"

The author replied in the affirmative, and accordingly they adjourned outside to the back of the saloon, and the big man drew one of his six-shooters. "Here," he said, "take this five-dollar bit and chuck it up in the air pretty high."

The author did as he was told, bang went the revolver, and when the coin was picked up it was seen to have been hit plump in the centre. This was repeated three or four times.

On returning to the saloon Lord Castletown called for drinks, and the big man presently departed with a cheery "So long."

Everybody seemed mighty glad to see the back of him, and the bartender, calling the author on one side, said:

"By gum, stranger, you had a mighty lucky escape. That chap was Jesse James, the most notorious train-robber and outlaw in America. He might have shot you any minute, and if you had been armed he sure would. He hates Britfishers, and likes to wing them even if he don't plug them."

'Twas Too Quick Work, Countryman Blink'd

THE latest by that inimitable teller of funny stories, Mr. Billy Merson, concerns a townsman who was waiting at a country railway station.

At last a train was signaled, and the station-master and his staff of three lined up on the platform.

The train, however, passed straight through and the townsman noticed a man leaning out of the carriage window with a notebook in his hand.

"Was that an official looking to see if you are on duty?" he inquired.

"No," replied the station-master, "that was the company's tailor measuring us for new uniforms."

DRY YARN FOR SAVANT

"WHAT'S in a name?" Mr. John Drinkwater, the world-renowned poet and playwright, has answered the question. He said the other night he was at a dinner given by a famous woman well-known for her prohibition activities. There were no wines, of course.

"Please ask for Mr. Drinkwater's car," said the poet to a servant, as he prepared to leave. "Ha, ha! Very good, sir!" laughed the man, without stirring.

"Will you call Mr. Drinkwater's car?" demanded the poet, sternly. "Very good indeed, sir," chuckled the servant, grinning but not going to the door.

"Will you or will you not call my car?" snapped Mr. Drinkwater. "Certainly, sir," said the man, "What name, sir?"

EX-TRAM DRIVER PREMIER

IT now seems to be certain that Mr. John Gunn will be the new premier of South Australia, and he has had a romantic career.

He is only thirty-nine, and the son of an Orkney Islander, who emigrated to the goldfields of Victoria, where his distinguished son was born in 1885. The father died, leaving a widow and nine children. John, who had little education, began work as a village butcher's boy. Afterwards he became a tea-packer, and, later, a tram-driver.

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A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Is the Prince of Wales Weakening At Last? Bachelors, Launch a Chain Prayer for Him

Prince Keeps a Scrap-Book of All His "Brides"—Did Propose Once — Gipsy Queen Encourages Ileana By Prophecy — Ramsay MacDonald Smokes Very Wicked Cigar With the King

THE Prince of Wales has a book which always gives him a laugh," says an English news item. "He calls it 'My Brides'." It is a scrapbook containing clippings of newspaper articles concerning his 'forthcoming marriage'.

Away back in 1912, our own scrap book says that the event was immediately "forthcoming." That was the year the prince officially became of age, at 18, and was given his own household.

The headline of the article read: "Europe's greatest Marriage Question." Who shall be the bride of the Prince of Wales? The Grand Duchess Olga of Russia was favored by the court gossips at that time. The Kaiser's daughter, Princess Victoria Louise, they considered, was too old and headstrong, and would scarcely play second fiddle to Queen Mary, the way Alexandra did to Queen Victoria for so many years.

Even then, Queen Mary is supposed to have given much thought to the eligible princesses. There are, strangely enough, in the light of recent rumors since the King and Queen of Rumania have been visiting England, the elder daughters of Queen Marie, the Princess Elizabeth and the little Princess Marie, or "Mignon," then the prettiest princesses in Europe, but long since married. But their sister Ileana is still eligible.

The prince must smile when he reads that article. It was the same advice then as it is now. "There is a feeling in high places that the Prince of Wales should consider his choice as soon as possible."

At that time, of course, there were the four daughters of the Czar of Russia. Olga was seventeen, and Tatiana, fifteen. It was thought that Queen Mary wanted Olga for a daughter-in-law, because the Russian princess was said to be somewhat after the style of Queen Mary herself; that is, her brains were of the practical, commonsense variety, though she had no lack of feminine charm. Rumor was probably true when it attributed a genuine fondness between the Russian grand duchess and the prince, and his deep grief when the news of her tragic death by the Bolsheviks was authenticated in Europe.

As a matter of fact, the Prince did propose once. The object of his choice is said to have been one of Princess Mary's best friends, of an ancient and honorable English family—but seven years older than the prince. It was at Marlborough House one day that the Prince stammered out: "I think I should like to marry you when I grow up." That is the last we hear of this phantom young lady.

That was about the time the Prince of Wales was beginning to realize his future responsibilities and show the same determination of spirit that has guided him in his refusal of a wife.

"You must do what I tell you—one day I'll be king," he said to Albert, Duke of York, according to Warre B. Wells, in the New York Herald. Albert said nothing. He just launched a straight left to Edward's jaw, and when the combatants were finally separated by King George and Queen Mary honors were about even.

It was about 1917 that the prince began to feel slightly pugilistic again, towards the gossips and matchmakers. That was the year when the rumor was revived in "inspired" circles that



Latest picture of the prince, in a reflective mood. Which is it to be, Princess Ileana, of Rumania (above) or Lady Mary Thynne (below)?

the prince was about to marry his first cousin, the beautiful Princess Maude, the youngest daughter of the Princess Royal and the Duke of Fife. Lord Northcliffe began the boom in his papers for a British wife for the prince. "Great Scott!" said that prospective husband. "Can I not dine twice with a girl without people saying that I am engaged to her?"

It is probably about this time that the prince, becoming a confirmed humorist, began his scrap book "My Brides". For although from his childhood days he had been seriously impressed with the responsibilities of his rank, he carried the burden with the notable indifference that has since distinguished him. "I've been reading the story of Perkin Warbeck," he once told his grandfather, King Edward, to the latter's huge enjoyment, "he pretended to be of royal descent, but really was born of respectable parents."

The year 1922, really begins the modern avalanche of the matrimonial future of the Prince of Wales. Only a few weeks after New Year's you see the prince sitting in a great picture gallery, gazing towards the portraits of eligible young ladies on the walls. From left to right, they are Lady Mary Thynne, Lady Doris Gordon Lennox, Lady Rachel Cavendish, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon and Prince Maude of Fife.

"Readers will note that Albert Edward seems to be looking with keen attention at No. 3," read the cut lines. Number three happens to be Lady Rachel Cavendish. She is only 19, and

extremely good looking. When the prince reached Canada on his way to the United States, did he not stay a long time with the Duke of Devonshire, his father, who was the governor-general at that time? Wasn't he often in the company of Lady Rachel? Wasn't he obviously smitten?

One year afterwards it is the Princess Radziwill who is telling us that Lady Rachel was not jilted but that it was her father who forbade the alliance. "The Duke of Devonshire is such a powerful personage, explains the princess, 'that his becoming father-in-law of the sovereign of the British realm would have aroused the indignation of the advanced liberal and socialist parties, who are supposed to abominate him, as one of the staunchest supporters of constitutional monarchy.' Instead, the princess thinks, the prince has in mind his little cousin, Princess Ingrid of Sweden, who is only thirteen. That will give him plenty of time to enjoy his bachelorhood."

It is the Mail and Empire that definitely settles the question once for all in April, 1922. "Wales and York are betrothed," was the headline. "Soon after the return of the Prince of Wales from his visits to India and Japan his

betrothal to Lady Mary Cambridge will be officially announced. It is not long afterwards that the prince is supposed to be busy denying his engagement.

So it goes on. Just now the field seems to have narrowed down to Lady Mary Thynne and the Princess Ileana of Rumania. Lady Mary is the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, a beautiful young lady of twenty, who, it is said, is to be lady in waiting to Princess Alice, whose husband, the Earl of Athlone, is now governor-general of South Africa. The significance of all this, of course, is that Lady Mary will be in South Africa when the prince makes his postponed visit. But that shrewd Queen Marie, of Rumania, is visiting England. And didn't she hint to a certain ambassador that she was going to "do it." Didn't an old gypsy queen tell Ileana that she would marry "a fair prince whose kingdom shall be over all seas and in all lands?" Didn't the prince call his Rumanian cousin "a jolly little kid" and "a good sport?" And isn't it remarkable that James Ramsay MacDonald should be visiting King George at Windsor Castle just at this time, smoking a meditative cigar with him in the evening and looking mysterious?

Who could help from agreeing that the prince is probably making his last fight for freedom? Nobody is urging him now. That is what makes it all the more dangerous. King George and Queen Mary, having failed to drive their son and heir to the altar, have now been advised to treat him with calculated nonchalance and indifference. It is in just such an atmosphere that little darts from Cupid's munition factory do their most harm.

It behoves every bachelor to say a little prayer before the last blow falls on the strongest fortress of bachelorhood in which celibacy has ever been entrenched.

FIFTY YEARS A DUKE, CONNAUGHT 74 YEARS

FIFTY years a duke! This month marks the half-century since the Duke of Connaught was raised to his present rank by Queen Victoria, whose third son he is; and he has thus been a duke longer than any of his contemporaries.

Termed the "Soldier Duke," he has won an abiding affection in the hearts of the British people for his work for the empire here, in Canada, and South Africa. He is now seventy-four years of age, and has been connected with the army for fifty-six years.

Perhaps the best index to the duke's character was provided by an old resident of Bagshot, where the duke resided, who once declared: "There's no la-di-da foppiness about our Dook. 'E'll stop and talk to you in the street, and you can talk to 'im pretty straight, as man to man, without being ate up!"

CONVERSATIONS OF GREAT

WHAT do the great people talk about?

In Mr. J. A. Spender's recently published life of Campbell-Bannerman there is a passage which sheds an amusing light upon that oft-asked question. It was at a time when it seemed as though England might go to war with Russia. And so, when Campbell-Bannerman was snapped talking to King Edward in the gardens at Buckingham Palace, the London newspapers all featured the picture under the interrogatory caption: "Peace, or War?"

Next morning Campbell-Bannerman looked at the picture, smiled, and said to his private secretary: "Do you know what he was saying to me? He was asking me whether I thought halibut was better boiled than baked."

MAY RULE KING'S NAVEE BUT NOT HIS DAUGHTER

THAT even a minister of the crown has his limits at home is evident from the story which Mr. C. G. Ammon, parliamentary secretary to the British Admiralty, tells against himself.

Not long after his appointment his daughter turned to him at home and said: "You might rule the king's navy, but you don't rule this show!"

HALDANE PUTS UP HANDS CONVERTED BY A THREAT

Smillie Tells How New Lord Chancellor Supported Eight-Hour Day Rather Than Lose His Seat

HOW Lord Haldane, the lord chancellor of the new Labor government, was converted on compulsion to the eight-hour day for workers, is now told by "Bob" Smillie, M.P., in his fascinating reminiscences in Answers.

"Older politicians will recall that Haldane became M.P. for Haddingtonshire a few years after Gladstone's famous Midlothian campaign," says Mr. Smillie. "I recall that my very dear friend and colleague, Mr. Robert Brown, for many years secretary of the Scottish Miners' Union, was one of his greatest supporters, as he had formerly been of Gladstone."

"I have reason to believe that Mr. Brown's support was largely instrumental in securing Lord Haldane's—then, of course, Mr. Haldane's—return as member for Haddingtonshire, and Lord Haldane was not unaware of the fact. He was at that time, however, an opponent of the eight-hours act for mine workers, upon which we had set our hearts, and even at election times we had always failed to obtain his pledge to support the measure in the House."

"On one occasion, when the bill had reached a critical stage in the Commons, Mr. Brown and I went to the House and asked for Mr. Haldane. When he came to us in the outer lobby Mr. Brown said on one side of him and I on the other, on the seats provided for visitors, while we argued on the merits of the bill."

"All our eloquence seemed to be in vain. He reiterated his inability to see any reason in legislating for the fixing of the hours during which grown men should be required to work and rest from working. The idea did not appear to appeal to his forensic mind."

"Finally, Mr. Brown arose from his seat and, looking down at Mr. Haldane, said: 'Look here, Mr. Haldane, I helped to put you in this House, and unless you promise to vote for this bill I am going straight home to do everything in my power to keep you out next time, and I think you know as well as I do that you won't stand a chance in Haddingtonshire if the miners oppose your candidature.'"

Mr. Haldane decided at once to vote in favor of the Bill, and he gave us that assurance before we parted with him."

"Many years later—as recently, indeed, as the end of 1921 or the beginning of 1922—I was speaking in Mr. Sidney Webb's constituency in Durham county, in connection with his candidature, when Lord Haldane was also of the company. Mr. and Mrs. Webb, Lord Haldane, and myself were staying at the same hotel. Naturally, we had a long and interesting chat about Mr. Webb's chances of success, and, generally, about the whole position of the Labor party and its prospects in the future."

"Lord Haldane, in the course of conversation, turned to me and said:

"Mr. Smillie, you have had a long experience of politicians, and know them fairly well; don't you think that the modern politician is more difficult to deal with on social questions than his predecessors were in bygone years? It appears to me very difficult to persuade the leading men nowadays that the condition of the working classes requires amelioration, and that it was not the case formerly."

"I told him that I thought the older men were just as difficult to deal with as the newer generation, but he could not agree with me. So I remarked:

"Do you remember, Lord Haldane, that Robert Brown and I met you on one occasion in the lobby of the House of Commons, at the time you were a member for Haddingtonshire, to discuss the question of the eight hours bill?"

"Lord Haldane said he recalled it very distinctly. "Do you also remember," I went on, "that we urged you, for a full half hour, to vote for that measure, but when all our arguments had failed, Mr. Brown rose from his seat and said he had helped you into parliament, and that if you would not vote for this measure he would take care that you were unelected at the next election? And do you remember, lastly, that you came to the conclusion that you would vote for the bill after all?"

"Lord Haldane laughed heartily as I asked these questions at him, and said: "Yes, Mr. Smillie, I remember the occasion perfectly well, and I admit my conversion on compulsion on the eight hours question."

CRUSOE A JUGGLER

THE well-known movie actress, Miss Agnes Ayres, now being featured in the new film play, "Borderland," tells the following delightful little anecdote of studio life.

The story of Robinson Crusoe was being filmed for the screen, and one of the actresses had brought her little son with her, a lad of eight, or thereabouts.

In order to while away the time of waiting, his mother had given him the books to read, and he soon became deeply engrossed in it.

Presently, however, he looked up and said: "Mother, was Robinson Crusoe a juggler or something like that?"

"Good gracious, no!" answered his mother, "whatever makes you think that?"

"Well," he replied, "it says in the book, 'and Robinson Crusoe thereupon set down on his chest.'"

NOT ENCOURAGING

WHEN Sir Harry Lauder first sprang from the bottom of a coal mine to the top of the entertainment world, a friend persuaded him to start to learn golf.

Accordingly he got an old Scottish player to go round the links with him.

The old chap was noted no less for his enthusiasm for the game than for his blunt outspokenness, and it was with some trepidation, therefore, that at the finish Harry ventured to ask him what he thought of his game.

"Na, ye'll no mak' a gowfer," he replied, "Ye've begun ower late. But it's just possible, if ye practise hard, verra hard for two, three years, ye might—"

"Yes?" questioned Lauder hopefully. "Ye might begin to hae a glimmer that ye'll never ken the rudiments o' the game."

LADY ASTOR has gone to Palestine. It is rumored that she means to try and take the Beer of Beer-Sheba.—London Opinion.



Only Woman Freemason

A RELATIVE of Lord Castletown, she escaped a drastic penalty through the pleading of her cousin, and was initiated into the craft on the spot. In the same year, 1721, she married him.

Is Beaverbrook King-Making Again? May Be Moving "Winnie" Into Place

But Plans This Time Did Not Quite Succeed—Planning to Change Winston Churchill Into a Conservative to Lead a Crusade Against Socialism

IS the hand of Lord Beaverbrook moving behind the scenes in England once more? Has it ever ceased moving since the Canadian merger expert went to England in 1910, they are asking over there?

Lord Beaverbrook has now reached a position in English political life when he is caricatured on the stage. Among the characters in a Canterbury skit was a certain Lord Beaverbrook, who was always acting as intermediary and interpreter in negotiations which had to take place.

The Manchester Guardian thinks it has exposed the "king-maker" again at work with Winston Churchill as the favorite this time. Defeated by only a few votes in the Abbey by-election, Winston is far from squelched. And now Lord Beaverbrook seems to be at the head of the movement to bring him over from the Liberal to the Conservative fold to lead a crusade against the socialistic doctrines of the Labor government.

Down in Ashton-under-Lyne, in Lord Beaverbrook's old constituency, the plot was hatched. Sir Walter De Frece, the Unionist, had warned his constituents that he was not going to be a

candidate at the next general election. "The Unionist association decided, a little prematurely, as it turns out," says the Manchester Guardian, "to ask Mr. Churchill to become their candidate, and went so far as to tell him that they would arrange a by-election for him."

"A letter had been sent to Mr. Churchill, asking him to receive a deputation of Ashton Tories, that deputation had been appointed, and Lord Beaverbrook, who sat for some years for Ashton as Mr. afterwards Sir Max Aitken, had been asked to apply the pressure of a friend on Mr. Churchill in the interests of the Ashton Tories. Mr. Churchill would, so to speak, be member for Ashton from the instant he promised to stand."

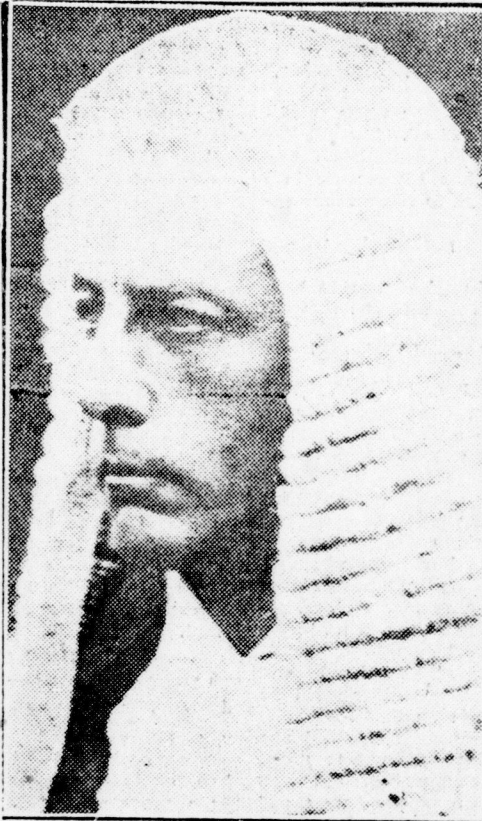
But Sir Walter De Frece? Sir Walter wouldn't give up his seat for Winston Churchill. He said so publicly. He would keep his seat till the general election.

English politicians have not forgotten two other occasions when Beaverbrook played the part of Warwick the King-maker. Northcliffe may have uprooted Asquith, but he did not make Lloyd George premier. Beaverbrook did that. When it became a question again whether Walter Long or Austen Chamberlain should be the leader of the Unionists Beaverbrook felled both of them with Bonar Law.

In a book, "Lloyd George on the War," published anonymously in 1917, a picture of how Beaverbrook works behind the scenes directing politics, in this case the coalition government during the war, is described. "Aitkin, with the secret of personal diplomacy, brought Lloyd George, Bonar Law and Carson together. There were breakfasts, dinners, suppers and numerous conclaves with Aitkin as host, go-between and intelligence officer."



Lord Beaverbrook



Great British Juror

LORD BUCKMASTER, who has accepted the appointment to serve on the commission of jurists, appointed by the League of Nations, to advise them of certain vital questions arising from time to time.

NOTHING LIKE HER HERE OR ABROAD

Search where you will, you cannot find a Mama Doll to compare with "Miss Advertiser." There are other dolls that talk and walk and sleep, but they lack "Miss Advertiser's" distinctive characteristics.

Four Subscriptions Wins Greatest Mama Doll!

If you were asked to get 10 subscriptions to win a "Miss Advertiser" you would be required to put forth much greater effort. But when only 4 subscriptions are necessary, it is only a matter of calling on four of your best friends.

Plenty of Time To Win Her

No time limit has been set for closing our Mama Doll campaign. Girls who have not yet obtained subscription blanks can obtain same at The Advertiser office or any of the branches from which the newspapers are distributed. Just walk in and ask for them.

*MISS ADVERTISER
IS MORE THAN A
MAMA DOLL*



"MISS ADVERTISER"

There Will Be 500 Pleased Kiddies Tonight

Saturday is the day to make sure of your Mama Doll, and the girls of London who are out to win a "Miss Advertiser" will take advantage of the holiday to get the required number of subscriptions. If today's record is as big as previous, tonight over 500 girls in London will have a "Miss Advertiser."

See How Easy It Is!

That it is easy to get "Miss Advertiser" is proven by the large number of girls who already have her in their homes. You will never know how readily your friends will respond until you ask them. To try is to succeed.

DOLL SUPPLY UNLIMITED

Every girl has the assurance that we have a doll for her. The Advertiser has contracted for enough dolls to supply every girl who is willing to spend the little time necessary to get four subscriptions to The Advertiser.

*SHE IS STRIKINGLY
DIFFERENT AND
FINER*

Money Can't Buy a More Beautiful Doll

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
DELIVERED BY CARRIER BOY,
15c PER WEEK.

BY MAIL, PAID IN ADVANCE,
\$2.50 FOR 6 MONTHS.

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COUPON FOR OUT-OF-TOWN
GIRLS AND BOYS

Please set aside a Mama Doll for me
and send me at once order forms and
all particulars.

Name

Address

Beattymen Hitting Stride With Vengeance :- St. Thomas Meets Orients Today

FREE HITTING FRAY GOES TO HAMILTON

Roper, Neitzke, Harris and Tomer Hit Home Runs.

Special to The Advertiser.
Hamilton, June 6.—In a free hitting fray this afternoon Hamilton took the third game of the series from Bay City 11 to 10, with the final result being in doubt until the last man was out. The locals used three pitchers, Schelberg, Reals and Adams, all being fairly effective. Roper, Neitzke, Harris and Tomer hit home runs. Neitzke got a triple and Roper got the only double. Gleich made two sensational catches in left field. Second baseman Riley scratched his ankle while home early in the game, and will be out for a week or ten days.

The box score:

Bay City	A.B.R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hughes, cf.	4	1	2	2	1
Connelly, 2b.	4	1	2	2	0
Hauger, 1b.	4	1	2	2	0
Tomer, 3b.	5	2	4	7	0
Harris, cf.	3	1	1	2	0
Frydock, 2b.	3	1	0	6	1
Ashley, 1b.	3	1	0	6	1
Lahale, p.	1	0	0	0	0
Holtzman, p.	1	0	0	0	0
XKroll	1	0	0	0	0

Totals

Bay City	A.B.R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hamilton	38	10	11	24	12

Runs in Toronto today.
Perrin Gorman, London East A. C. 220 and 100 yard sprinter, who will contest in the Ontario championships in the Queen City today, is conceded a good chance of making the Canadian Olympic track team.



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How They Stand

MICHIGAN-ONTARIO LEAGUE.

Team	W.	L.	P.C.
Flint	24	9	.727
Bay City	19	13	.594
Grand Rapids	19	14	.571
Saginaw	18	15	.545
Hamilton	14	17	.452
LONDON	13	18	.420
Muskegon	12	18	.400
Kalamazoo	12	25	.324

London 12, Saginaw 6.
G. Rapids 10, Kalamazoo 3.
Muskegon 5, Flint 4.
Hamilton 11, Bay City 10.

Games Today.
Saginaw at London.
Kalamazoo at G. Rapids.
Bay City at Hamilton.
Flint at Muskegon.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.

Team	W.	L.	P.C.
New York	25	18	.581
Chicago	25	18	.581
Cincinnati	23	20	.535
St. Louis	23	20	.535
Pittsburgh	19	22	.462
Boston	18	21	.462
Philadelphia	14	25	.359

Games Yesterday.
Philadelphia 7, St. Louis 6.
Pittsburgh-Brooklyn, rain.
Chicago-New York, rain.

Games Today.
Cincinnati at Philadelphia.
Pittsburgh at Brooklyn.
Chicago at New York.
St. Louis at Boston.

AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Team	W.	L.	P.C.
New York	24	15	.615
Boston	23	16	.590
Detroit	23	20	.535
Washington	20	22	.476
St. Louis	20	22	.476
Philadelphia	18	21	.462
Cleveland	15	24	.385

Games Yesterday.
Washington 7, Detroit 6.
Philadelphia 11, Cleveland 7.
New York at Boston 4.

Games Today.
Philadelphia at Cleveland.
Washington at Boston.
New York at St. Louis.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE.

Team	W.	L.	P.C.
Baltimore	24	16	.595
Toronto	23	17	.573
St. Paul	21	20	.512
Newark	21	20	.512
Rochester	21	20	.512
Syracuse	19	20	.488
Jersey City	13	29	.310

Games Yesterday.
Toronto 8, Buffalo 4.
Jersey City 7, Newark 7.
Rochester 11, Syracuse 1.

Games Today.
Baltimore vs. Reading 6.
Buffalo at Newark.
Jersey City at Toronto.
Reading at Baltimore.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION.

Team	W.	L.	P.C.
Indianapolis	24	16	.595
Louisville	24	16	.595
St. Paul	21	20	.512
Minneapolis	21	20	.512

Games Yesterday.
Indianapolis 6, Columbus 5.
Louisville 6, Toledo 7.
St. Paul 7, Kansas City 6.

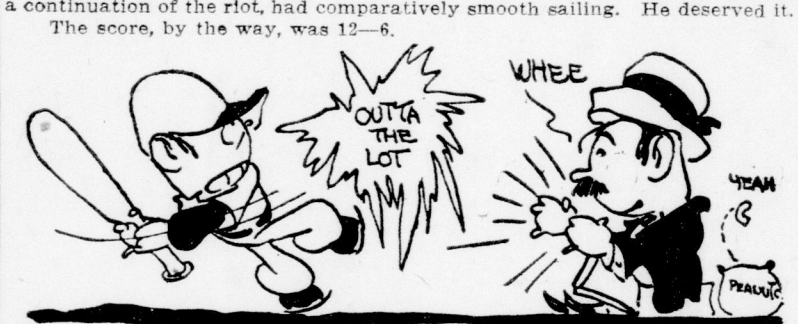
Games Today.
Minneapolis 2, Milwaukee 11.

NASON'S 2nd HOMER OVER FENCE FEATURES TECS' BATTING RIOT

Nineteen Hits, Among Them Gehring's Homer, Give Locals 12-6 Victory Over Aces.

CONCENTRATE ELEVEN HITS IN TWO FRAMES

G CHIEF NASON'S second homer in two days over the left field fence over at the ball yard yesterday in the sixth was merely his third of the week and the signal for the diminution of the loud crashing of 19 hits pounded out during the game, 11 of which had been concentrated in the second and third innings on Pitchers Messenger and Matuzak, and had yielded the same number of perfectly good runs. Tice, after the Chief added London's twelfth run, got his second of two triples, but went to waste, and from then on Horne, who had taken over in the third with two runs already across, two on, and his own support disorganized, and had in the fourth, with a little tighter defence, quelled a continuation of the riot, had comparatively smooth sailing. He deserved it. The score, by the way, was 12-6.



The Londoners, in the riotous third, added abandon on the bases to their free and easy toying with the timber. Baker on third and Beatty on second cast more confusion among the nearly frantic Aces by pulling an unusual steal of home and third, the diminutive shortstop getting into the home plate so fast that the Aces only discovered him when he came out of a cloud of dust.

Eruption Muzzled.
In the fourth, the first of two freak hits bounced so high in front of the plate that the runners were safe before they came down into the pitcher's hands, started another intelligent eruption, but infield choices unloaded the Londoners off first so fast that the base umpire didn't see it, saving him trouble, as an error followed, and it might have called for a hit.

Messenger got by the first inning, Gehring's smacking homer to right center following closely upon Baker's triple in the second frame made the last pair of five hits, shoving over four runs, and the tall submergic thrower Matuzak mounted the hill, and after Beatty had singled and stolen second, he evaded trouble temporarily until the storm broke on him in the third, bringing the fragile Burchfield center fielder down.

He was lacerated to some extent, and Curran was hurried into the bull pen to get his feet and arms in readiness in the fourth, but Horne got out of a cramped situation, and if he couldn't do it, he saved the Saginaw string of pitchers from forming up in the pro-Chicago count.

The Londoners were the same hitting fools they were the day before, only more so, and a couple of strings of pitchers couldn't have done any more than the Ace hurlers did, as the Aces were doing their best to keep their heads clear, even in their own noise-making, and every move was made to count.

Defensively they looked the best yet. Today they should look better if Nason's homer had been kept off a win ration for so long.

First Inning.
SAGINAW—Bashang doubled to right; Gerald pitched to Beatty; Vermilyea singled to right; Bashang scored from second. Vermilyea went to second on a passed ball. Baker squeezed Cozington's hit in deep short. Vermilyea scored on Yoter's triple to the score board. Hammond bounced a hit off Gehring's knees. Yoter scored. Gehring made a running back-handed stab of Boyle's curving line drive for the third out.

Second Inning.
LONDON—Stimpson singled to right. Nason's high fly fell fair by inches in left field. Nason chasing Stimpson off second, almost being caught at first, but Stimpson after starting back to second made third on the throw-in. Tice singled to center. Stimpson scoring and Nason sliding in third. Einfeld at third. Einfeld fouled to Stanley. Nason scored on Morgan's sacrifice fly to center. Baker tripled to right, scoring Tice. Gehring's hit to center went as a homer when the ball is lost in the grass at the fence. Baker scoring.

Third Inning.
LONDON—Stimpson smashed one down at Matuzak and is out. Nason doubled to right field. Tice singled to right center. Nason scoring. Einfeld singled to right, crossing up the infield. Stimpson, scoring Tice. Gerald booted Morgan's hard hit smash and everybody safe. Baker allowed no hits from that on until the sixth, after which he let down slightly. In the fifth Stimpson, by doubling Stimpson off first so fast that the base umpire didn't see it, saving him trouble, as an error followed, and it might have called for a hit.

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Third Inning.
LONDON—Stimpson smashed one down at Matuzak and is out. Nason doubled to right field. Tice singled to right center. Nason scoring. Einfeld singled to right, crossing up the infield. Stimpson, scoring Tice. Gerald booted Morgan's hard hit smash and everybody safe. Baker allowed no hits from that on until the sixth, after which he let down slightly. In the fifth Stimpson, by doubling Stimpson off first so fast that the base umpire didn't see it, saving him trouble, as an error followed, and it might have called for a hit.

Messenger got by the first inning, Gehring's smacking homer to right center following closely upon Baker's triple in the second frame made the last pair of five hits, shoving over four runs, and the tall submergic thrower Matuzak mounted the hill, and after Beatty had singled and stolen second, he evaded trouble temporarily until the storm broke on him in the third, bringing the fragile Burchfield center fielder down.

He was lacerated to some extent, and Curran was hurried into the bull pen to get his feet and arms in readiness in the fourth, but Horne got out of a cramped situation, and if he couldn't do it, he saved the Saginaw string of pitchers from forming up in the pro-Chicago count.

PADEMONIUM

Team	A.B.R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Saginaw	4	1	2	2	0
Bashang, cf.	4	1	2	2	0
Gerald, ss.	5	2	4	7	0
Vermilyea, 2b.	4	2	0	3	2
Carmen, rf.	1	0	1	0	0
Cozington, lf.	5	2	2	1	0
Hammond, c.	4	1	3	3	2
Boyle, lb.	4	0	3	8	0
Stanley, 3b.	2	0	2	5	2
Messenger, p.	1	0	0	0	0
Nason, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Horne, 3b.	3	0	0	1	4

Totals

Team	A.B.R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
London	37	9	13	24	15

Score by Innings.

Inning	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Saginaw	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
London	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Summary:
Two-base hits—Bashang, Boyle, Nason, Beatty.
Three-base hits—Yoter, Cozington, Hammond, Tice.
Home runs—Gehring, Nason.
Sacrifices—Morgan.
Stolen bases—Baker, Beatty 2, Sandquist, Nason.
Double plays—Stimpson to Beatty, Baker to Gehring to Beatty, Horne to Hammond to Beatty.
Struck out—By Messenger 1, Morgan 2, Matuzak 1, by Horne 1, by Morgan 3.
Hits—Off Messenger, 6 in 1 2-3 innings; off Matuzak, 4 in 1 1-2 innings; off Horne, 9 in 5-6 innings.
Loin pitcher—Messenger.
Bases on balls—By Saginaw 7, London 8.
Passed ball—Effert.
Umpires—Ward and Harper.

HUNTINGFORD PLAYS DRAW WITH COLLEGE

Woodstock Fans Set Fought Scoreless Soccer Tie.

Special to The Advertiser.
Woodstock, June 6.—The Huntingford and College soccer eleven played a scoreless tie in their city league engagement here this evening. The students are tied with the Oxford Rifles for the leadership of the series, and the Huntingford eleven have helped them along their way to the championship, but the rural team gave them some-thing by the college team in a previous affair.

The line-ups:
College—Goal, Lanes; backs, Fisher and Wall; half backs, Oultram, Cohen and Johnston; forwards, Linton, Ferris, Walthe, McIntyre, Ludgate.
Huntingford—Goal, Burgess; backs, Osmond, and Meadows; half backs, Colles, Wilks and Hallcock; forwards, Ohallock, Lancaster, Wilks, F. Cole and A. Will.

Referee—A. Young.
WABASH TAKES THREE FROM CROTON, KENT BRIDGE

Special to The Advertiser.
Wabash, June 6.—During the past week Wabash has played three ball games, and in each case has been the winner.
The first game was played at Croton, and the score stood 2 to 1 for Wabash. The second game, with Kent Bridge, was won by Wabash 13 to 12.
The third game with Croton here, was won by the locals 10 to 6.

PURITY FLOURS WIN.
Special to The Advertiser.
Goderich, June 6.—Goderich Purity Flour won their first game in the Huron County Baseball League when they defeated Wingham yesterday at Wingham, 8-4. The score:
Goderich..... 8 R. H. E.
Wingham..... 4 0 1 0
Summary: Two-base hits—Melrod, Mason, Drake, White. Struck out—By Omomone 1, off Rumble 3. Stolen bases—Nichols, White, Drake. Wild pitch—Rumble 1. Double play—Nichols to Hendrie.

OUR BOARING HOUSE

I WAS OUT AT THE BALL PARK TODAY DOING SOME PRACTICE PITCHING—TH' FIRST BATTER UP SPRAWLED A JOINT IN HIS CHEWING TOBACCO, TRYING TO HIT MY CURVES!—TH' COACH MADE ME SLOW UP MY SPEED BALL—SAID TH' ONLY MAN WHO COULD STAND UP TO TH' PLATE WHEN THEY WENT BY, WOULD BE A CROSSING WATCHMAN!

I THINK THIS IS YOUR BANNER YEAR, RED! YOU'LL LAND A STEADY BERTH ON TH' TEAM!

MORE LIKELY HELL GET AN UPPER BERTH BACK TO YADVILLE! THEN HE CAN FINISH TH' SEASON PITCHING HAV AN HORSESHOES!

I SAW HIM PITCH ONE KUNING LAST YEAR—IF HE EVER FAUG ANYBODY, ITLL BE SOMEONE OVERCOME WITH TH' HEAT!

RED LAWSON'S TONGUE TWIRLS SOME FAST ONES—

CYRIL WALKER IS NEW OPEN CHAMP

Little Englishman Defeats Bobby Jones by Three Strokes For Title.

Associated Press Despatch.
Detroit, June 6.—Cyril Walker, New York, today won the national open golf championship at Oakland Hills, with a score of 257, three strokes better than the score returned by Bobby Jones, Atlanta, defending his title.

Walker had three rounds of 75 each and was tied with Jones for the lead at the end of the fifth hole with 222. After trailing one stroke at the end of the first two rounds, Jones slumped on his final nine, taking 40 for a seventy-eight, while Walker shot par on the last lap and scored a 75.

Billy Mehlehorn, St. Louis, finished third with 301, while Bobby Cruikshank, runner-up to Jones last year, MacDonalld Smith, San Francisco, and Walter Hagen, twice champion, tied for fourth place with 303.

The tournament probably was the most thrilling contest ever participated in by players for the U. S. open championship. Walker, victor in the St. Marys Holy Name League team was the first one by a foreign born professional since Jim Barnes captured the title at Washington four years ago. While the Englishman has always been a consistent player he has never before won an important title. He was runner-up last year to Walter Hagen in the north and south open championship.

The new champion came to the United States ten years ago. He is slight in stature, weighing less than 130 pounds, but he outfoiled such sturdy individuals as Jones and Hagen without any trouble. He made a number of brilliant shots, including his second over the lake on the 348-yard thirty-four hole, where he holed a nine-foot putt down hill for a thirty-three, virtually clinching the victory at that point.

Pirates Lose To Tecumseh

Victory Takes Winners Out of Last Place in Juvenile Loop.

JUVENILE CITY STANDING.

Team	W.	L.	P.C.
L. A. C.	3	1	.750
Pirates	2	3	.400

In the closest game this season in the Juvenile City League, the South London Tecumsehs won from the Pirates 2 to 1 last night.
This win takes the Tecumsehs out of last place, where they have been all season, and puts the Pirates in the cellar.

Osmond, who pitched for the Tec's, held the Pirates to five hits, while Rumble pitched for the Hamilton Road.

Doubles by Mason and Drake brought in the first run for the South Londoners, and the second run was scored when Graham, Osmond, Mason and Drake singled.

Box Score:

Team	A.B.R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pirates	2	0	0	3	0
Evans, lf.	2	1	0	2	0
Biggs, 2b.	2	0	2	1	1
McLeod, c.	3	0	1	4	1
Rumble, 3b.	0	0	0	0	0
Higgins, rf.	2	0	0	0	0
Nichols, cf.	3	0	2	1	1
Elliot, 1b.	3	0	0	5	0
Elliot, 2b.	0	0	0	1	1
KLlvens	1	0	0	0	0

Totals

Team	A.B.R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Pirates	21	1	5	17	6

Box Score:

Team	A.B.R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Tecumsehs	4	0	0	3	2
Mason, cf.	3	1	2	1	1
White, 2b.	3	0	1	1	0
Drake, ss.	2	0	2	1	0
Petrie, 1b.	0	0	0	0	0
Norris, 2b.	2	0	0	2	0
Rusnick, rf.	2	0	0	0	0
Graham, lf.	3	1	0	0	0
Omomone, p.	3	0	1	0	3

Totals

Team	A.B.R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Tecumsehs	25	2	7	21	11

Score by Innings:
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12
Pirates..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Tecumsehs..... 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0
Summary: Two-base hits—Melrod, Mason, Drake, White. Struck out—By Omomone 1, off Rumble 3. Stolen bases—Nichols, White, Drake. Wild pitch—Rumble 1. Double play—Nichols to Hendrie.

ALPHAS BEAT C. N. R.
Special to The Advertiser.
Paris, June 6.—In the regular town football league game played here on Tuesday evening, when the Rovers defeated the St. Columban team by a score of 2 to 0. Reg. Reid of Seaford acted as referee in a satisfactory manner. Football fans will have an opportunity of seeing a good game here on Tuesday, June 10, when Kinross and the Rovers will meet for the first time this season.

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MOLSON'S BANK GAINS POINT AT MONTREAL

Brompton Is Most Active Stock, Closing At New Low.

Canadian Press Despatch. Montreal, June 6.—Expansion in bank trading, accompanied by a sharp reaction in prices, marked the closing of the Montreal stock market today. The paper market taking up most attention. Forty-seven issues came out of which only 4 gained ground, 14 suffered losses, 29 were unchanged, and 29 came out in odd lots only.

Brompton was the most active stock of the day, and closed at the new low of 25, down a point. Abitibi came off 1/2, and closed at 25, down 1/2. Spanish common was third, and was off 2 1/2 points at 12 1/2.

Molson's Bank made the greatest advance of the day, being up a point at 2 1/2. The greatest loss was in Waga-waga, down 1/2 point.

Other issues in addition to Waga-waga and Brompton, which were down, were Canada Cement at 3 1/2, which recovered later to 3 1/2, down 2 points; Canada Iron at 1/2, down 1/2; and Detroit Railway at 3 1/2, down 1/2.

Trading in bonds was mainly in government securities, and showed no important changes.

Total sales, listed, 7,543; bonds, \$154,350.

GOVERNMENT LOANS

The following is the Victory Bond market, as reported by Cohan, Hay & Co., Ltd., bond dealers, 215 Royal Bank Chambers.

Friday, June 6.

1924.—100.50, from Thurs., 100.50.

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METALS

Associated Press Despatch. New York, June 6.—Spot and futures, 32.50c.

1924.—100.50, from Thurs., 100.50.

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COTTON

Associated Press Despatch. New York, June 6.—Cotton futures, 22.50c.

1924.—100.50, from Thurs., 100.50.

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1924.—100.50, from Thurs., 100.50.

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DETROIT DISCOUNT RATE

Special to The Advertiser. Detroit, June 6.—The Detroit clearing-house banks' uniform rate of exchange on Canadian currency for Saturday will be at a discount of 1/4 per cent.

DETROIT, June 6.—Beans, immediate and prompt shipment, 14 1/2 to 15 1/2 per cwt. at shipping points.

C. N. R. EARNINGS. The gross earnings of the Canadian National Railways for the ten days ending May 31, 1924, were \$1,212,814, being a decrease of \$153,212.81, or 11.5 per cent, from the corresponding period of 1923.

COFFEE

New York, June 6.—The market for coffee futures today closed 15 to 24 points net higher. Sales were estimated at 10,000. Close, July 12 1/2; Sept. 12 1/2; Dec. 11 1/2; March 11 1/2; May 11 1/2. Spot coffee quiet.

OLDS. Liverpool, June 6.—Kerosene—No. 1, 3d; No. 2, 3d. Turpentine—No. 1, 3d. Rosin—Common, 1d.

A. E. REASON

INVESTMENT BANKER. 1214 DUNDAS ST. (Over Strong's Drug Store).

We serve Western Ontario with Gilt-Edge Investments.

Victory Bonds. Bought Sold Quoted.

We have a special department to take care of the loan trading. We shall be glad to have you call, respond, telephone or telegraph for latest quotations received instantly from our Toronto office. Bonds will be delivered direct or to any bank.

JONES, EASTON MCALLUM CO. LIMITED. 315-317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 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1093, 1095, 1097, 1099, 1101, 1103, 1105, 1107, 1109, 1111, 1113, 1115, 1117, 1119, 1121, 1123, 1125, 1127, 1129, 1131, 1133, 1135, 1137, 1139, 1141, 1143, 1145, 1147, 1149, 1151, 1153, 1155, 1157, 1159, 1161, 1163, 1165, 1167, 1169, 1171, 1173, 1175, 1177, 1179, 1181, 1183, 1185, 1187, 1189, 1191, 1193, 1195, 1197, 1199, 1201, 1203, 1205, 1207, 1209, 1211, 1213, 1215, 1217, 1219, 1221, 1223, 1225, 1227, 1229, 1231, 1233, 1235, 1237, 1239, 1241, 1243, 1245, 1247, 1249, 1251, 1253, 1255, 1257, 1259, 1261, 1263, 1265, 1267, 1269, 1271, 1273, 1275, 1277, 1279, 1281, 1283, 1285, 1287, 1289, 1291, 1293, 1295, 1297, 1299, 1301, 1303, 1305, 1307, 1309, 1311, 1313, 1315, 1317, 1319, 1321, 1323, 1325, 1327, 1329, 1331, 1333, 1335, 1337, 1339, 1341, 1343, 1345, 1347, 1349, 1351, 1353, 1355, 1357, 1359, 1361, 1363, 1365, 1367, 1369, 1371, 1373, 1375, 1377, 1379, 1381, 1383, 1385, 1387, 1389, 1391, 1393, 1395, 1397, 1399, 1401, 1403, 1405, 1407, 1409, 1411, 1413, 1415, 1417, 1419, 1421, 1423, 1425, 1427, 1429, 1431, 1433, 1435, 1437, 1439, 1441, 1443, 1445, 1447, 1449, 1451, 1453, 1455, 1457, 1459, 1461, 1463, 1465, 1467, 1469, 1471, 1473, 1475, 1477, 1479, 1481, 1483, 1485, 1487, 1489, 1491, 1493, 1495, 1497, 1499, 1501, 1503, 1505, 1507, 1509, 1511, 1513, 1515, 1517, 1519, 1521, 1523, 1525, 1527, 1529, 1531, 1533, 1535, 1537, 1539, 1541, 1543, 1545, 1547, 1549, 1551, 1553, 1555, 1557, 1559, 1561, 1563, 1565, 1567, 1569, 1571, 1573, 1575, 1577, 1579, 1581, 1583, 1585, 1587, 1589, 1591, 1593, 1595, 1597, 1599, 1601, 1603, 1605, 1607, 1609, 1611, 1613, 1615, 1617, 1619, 1621, 1623, 1625, 1627, 1629, 1631, 1633, 1635, 1637, 1639, 1641, 1643, 1645, 1647, 1649, 1651, 1653, 1655, 1657, 1659, 1661, 1663, 1665, 1667, 1669, 1671, 1673, 1675, 1677, 1679, 1681, 1683, 1685, 1687, 1689, 1691, 1693, 1695, 1697, 1699, 1701, 1703, 1705, 1707, 1709, 1711, 1713, 1715, 1717, 1719, 1721, 1723, 1725, 1727, 1729, 1731, 1733, 1735, 1737, 1739, 1741, 1743, 1745, 1747, 1749, 1751, 1753, 1755, 1757, 1759, 1761, 1763, 1765, 1767, 1769, 1771, 1773, 1775, 1777, 1779, 1781, 1783, 1785, 1787, 1789, 1791, 1793, 1795, 1797, 1799, 1801, 1803, 1805, 1807, 1809, 1811, 1813, 1815, 1817, 1819, 1821, 1823, 1825, 1827, 1829, 1831, 1833, 1835, 1837, 1839, 1841, 1843, 1845, 1847, 1849, 1851, 1853, 1855, 1857, 1859, 1861, 1863, 1865, 1867, 1869, 1871, 1873, 1875, 1877, 1879, 1881, 1883, 1885, 1887, 1889, 1891, 1893, 1895, 1897, 1899, 1901, 1903, 1905, 1907, 1909, 1911, 1913, 1915, 1917, 1919, 1921, 1923, 1925, 1927, 1929, 1931, 1933, 1935, 1937, 1939, 1941, 1943, 1945, 1947, 1949, 1951, 1953, 1955, 1957, 1959, 1961, 1963, 1965, 1967, 1969, 1971, 1973, 1975, 1977, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1985, 1987, 1989, 1991, 1993, 1995, 1997, 1999, 2001, 2003, 2005, 2007, 2009, 2011, 2013, 2015, 2017, 2019, 2021, 2023, 2025, 2027, 2029, 2031, 2033, 2035, 2037, 2039, 2041, 2043, 2045, 2047, 2049, 2051, 2053, 2055, 2057, 2059, 2061, 2063, 2065, 2067, 2069, 2071, 2073, 2075, 2077, 2079, 2081, 2083, 2085, 2087, 2089, 2091, 2093, 2095, 2097, 2099, 2101, 2103, 2105, 2107, 2109, 2111, 2113, 2115, 2117, 2119, 2121, 2123, 2125, 2127, 2129, 2131, 2133, 2135, 2137, 2139, 2141, 2143, 2145, 2147, 2149, 2151, 2153, 2155, 2157, 2159, 2161, 2163, 2165, 2167, 2169, 2171, 2173, 2175, 2177, 2179, 2181, 2183, 2185, 2187, 2189, 2191, 2193, 2195, 2197, 2199, 2201, 2203, 2205, 2207, 2209, 2211, 2213, 2215, 2217, 2219, 2221, 2223, 2225, 2227, 2229, 2231, 2233, 2235, 2237, 2239, 2241, 2243, 2245, 2247, 2249, 2251, 2253, 2255, 2257, 2259, 2261, 2263, 2265, 2267, 2269, 2271, 2273, 2275, 2277, 2279, 2281, 2283, 2285, 2287, 2289, 2291, 2293, 2295, 2297, 2299, 2301, 2303, 2305, 2307, 2309, 2311, 2313, 2315, 2317, 2319, 2321, 2323, 2325, 2327, 2329, 2331, 2333, 2335, 2337, 2339, 2341, 2343, 2345, 2347, 2349, 2351, 2353, 2355, 2357, 2359, 2361, 2363, 2365, 2367, 2369, 2371, 2373, 2375, 2377, 2379, 2381, 2383, 2385, 2387, 2389, 2391, 2393, 2395, 2397, 2399, 2401, 2403, 2405, 2407, 2409, 2411, 2413, 2415, 2417, 2419, 2421, 2423, 2425, 2427, 2429, 2431, 2433, 2435, 2437, 2439, 2441, 2443, 2445, 2447, 2449, 2451, 2453, 2455, 2457, 2459, 2461, 2463, 2465, 2467, 2469, 2471, 2473, 2475, 2477, 2479, 2481, 2483, 2485, 2487, 2489, 2491, 2493, 2495, 2497, 2499, 2501, 2503, 2505, 2507, 2509, 2511, 2513, 2515, 2517, 2519, 2521, 2523, 2525, 2527, 2529, 2531, 2533, 2535, 2537, 2539, 2541, 2543, 2545, 2547, 2549, 2551, 2553, 2555, 2557, 2559, 2561, 2563, 2565, 2567, 2569, 2571, 2573, 2575, 2577, 2579, 2581, 2583, 2585, 2587, 2589, 2591, 2593, 2595, 2597, 2599, 2601, 2603, 2605, 2607, 2609, 2611, 2613, 2615, 2617, 2619, 2621, 2623, 2625, 2627, 2629, 2631, 2633, 2635, 2637, 2639, 2641, 2643, 2645, 2647, 2649, 2651, 2653, 2655, 2657, 2659, 2661, 2663, 2665, 2667, 2669, 2671, 2673, 2675, 2677, 2679, 2681, 2683, 2685, 2687, 2689, 2691, 2693, 2695, 2697, 2699, 2701, 2703, 2705, 2707, 2709, 2711, 2713, 2715, 2717, 2719, 2721, 2723, 2725, 2727, 2729, 2731, 2733, 2735, 2737, 2739, 2741, 2743, 2745, 2747, 2749, 2751, 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WEDDING DAY NEEDS**East London Confectioners
Supply Daily Household
Requirements.

With the coming of June, the month when wedding bells are sounding through the land, persons arranging nuptial ceremonies are often dismayed at the prospect of taking care of perhaps scores of guests and having all the details run off in a smooth manner that will make the occasion one to be long remembered. However, this worry is eliminated by the service provided by E. Willis & Son, confectioners, of 609 Dundas street, who make a specialty of supplying everything needed at a wedding banquet.

For more than 25 years this shop has been supplying Londoners with daily domestic needs in the way of bread, cakes and other confections, and it is their aim to always maintain the highest quality in their products.

Picnic supplies of all descriptions also are a leading line with the Willis firm.

**BEST PAINT NECESSARY
IN DECORATION WORK**Purdum Hardware Company
Handles Widely Famous
B.-H. Line.

Now that the time of year has come when the thoughts of nearly all house owners are turning to the ever-present need of renewing the beauty of the exteriors and interiors of their residences, the consideration of the best type of paint to use is paramount.

The Purdum Hardware Company of 124 Dundas street, handles the widely famous Brandram-Henderson English paint, which is made from the best materials it is possible to obtain. The only white lead used in its manufacture is the world's standard—Brandram's genuine B. R. It is scientifically combined into a mixture embodying the maximum of uniformity, ease of working and beauty and durability—the essentials most necessary in paint.

In B.-H. English Paint the white base consists of 70 per cent. Pure White Lead and 30 per cent. Pure White Zinc. The base is mixed ready for use with pure linseed oil, pure turpentine and drier, and pure tinting colors. The only exceptions from this formula are the colors that cannot be made on a white base.

The various shades are arrived at by adding pure tinting colors, and mixed ready for use with pure linseed oil, turpentine and drying oils.

**Sleeping Sickness
Cure Discovered**
Associated Press Despatch.
Atlantic City, N. J., June 6.—Discovery in an antiseptic developed in the late war of a drug which promises to prove a positive cure for sleeping sickness, until now one of the most baffling of diseases, was announced by the convention of the American Psychiatric Association at the Marlborough-Blenheim Hotel yesterday by Dr. E. A. Strecker and Dr. G. F. Wiley, both attached to the Pennsylvania Hospital for Mental Diseases at Philadelphia.**WILKINS Audit Co., Ltd.**
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EVANS BROS.
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PHONE 2329. 7 ERIE AVE.
Phone 2884W. 441 Woodman Ave.**Accounting Science Goes
Back To Romance of Past**

Modern System Outgrowth of Methods Used by Roman Merchants in Misty Years of Early History.

From the days when barter and exchange gave place to a system of buying and selling with currency as a basis of value, the keeping of books in which financial transactions were recorded, has continued to develop as an art until now it is recognized as a science and the book-keeping which in those early days was usually performed by an educated slave and for centuries was looked upon as more or less of a drudgery has now been elevated to the dignity of a profession.

One of the earliest works on book-keeping of which we have any record was published in 1495 by Friar Luca dal Borgo at Venice. In 1513 John Gough published in London the first English book on the subject. There is evidence, however, that a system of double entry book-keeping existed in some form in Rome even before the time of Julius Caesar, and possibly also in Greece.

In the 17th century the science of accounting was revived in Italy, continuing to be in advance of other nations. About this time, when the Dutch and English began actively developing their foreign trade, accountancy began to make greater strides in these countries, though it was not until the beginning of the 19th century when, with the application of water and steam power to manufacturing in Great Britain, men of scientific training and capacity began seriously to take up accountancy as a profession.

Strangely enough the professional accountant was at first largely employed in the capacity of trustee and liquidator. The Institute of Chartered Accountants of England and Wales was formed in 1880, and incorporated in 1890. In this charter there are five capacities stated in which members were employed, and the first three

**NEW LUNCHEONETTE
SERVICE IN OPERATION**Olympia Candy Shop Innovation
Proving Popular
With Patrons.

After a month or more of reconstruction and renovation, the new kitchen and luncheonette service in the Olympia Candy Shop at 186 Dundas street, is now in operation. Here Londoners will find luncheon and dinner service that possesses that intangible but always desirable quality of being just a little different.

Cosy little stalls that, although they are new, still tend to patrons a feeling of being in a familiar place. The line that with its consistent goodness brings a glow of well being and contentment with the world at large, a grade of French pastries, made by master hand, and which brings back memories of the good things a smiling aproned mother once gave to her clamoring little ones on "teasing day" are all integral parts of the luncheon and dinner service at the Olympia.

Since Mandas brothers, proprietors of the Olympia, first entered business in London it has been their constant aim to provide the best in confectionery and soda fountain dispensing, and in inaugurating their luncheonette service they are adding what bids fair to prove a highly popular feature with their hundreds of customers.

**UNKNOWN MAN FOUND
DEAD ON C. N. R. TRACKS**

Toronto, June 6.—The body of an unknown foreigner was found on the C. N. R. tracks, between Port Credit and Lorne Park, early today by sectionmen. The body was badly mutilated and it is thought the man was struck by a train some time during the night. The remains were brought to Port Credit for identification, where an inquest will be held.

**SUCCESSFUL WORKERS.
Special To The Advertiser.**

Blenheim, June 6.—The Springs and South Harwich Women's Institute have shown themselves active and successful in their various activities, according to their annual statement, just issued by the secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Edith Wetherald. They raised last year, together with grants of \$292, a total of \$807.14. Besides keeping up the maintenance of the rest room for women in the Memorial Hall in Blenheim, they paid \$295.85, their share of the Memorial Hall debt. They have \$171.83 cash on hand, and their membership is 61.

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CANADA RUG COMPANY,
Phone 2485. 98 Carling St.**JOHN M. MOORE & CO.
COMPLETE PARISH HALL**Local Firm Now Working on
Several Construction
Undertakings.

John M. Moore & Co., architects and engineers, report that while the building industry is not particularly active at present, a considerable amount of construction work is being carried out. This firm has just completed the erection of the new St. George's Parish Hall in West London, and is at present working on several other construction undertakings. These include the addition and alterations to the Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Company's building, the addition to the store of Hubert Ashplant & Sons, including the new store front and show windows. This new front when completed will be a decided asset to the business district.

Mr. Moore reports also that the construction work in connection with the University of Western Ontario is rapidly nearing completion, and that it is expected everything will be in readiness for the opening of summer school the end of next month.

**VALUE OF BUSINESS
EDUCATION STRESSED**Local School Will Conduct
Short Courses During the
Summer Months.

We are now in what may justly be called the commercial age, and there are thousands of opportunities open to the young man or young woman who has a practical education. In London alone several hundred stenographers and bookkeepers are required each year. This should be a great inducement to secure a business education, which can be acquired in less time and with less expense than any other reliable means of livelihood. The work of the London Business Institute is to train young men and women for the work businessmen want done. A thorough training in shorthand, book-keeping and typewriting opens the door of opportunity and places ambitious young men and women on the road to success.

Businessmen are requiring more efficient office help than ever before. They expect their stenographers not only to look after the correspondence, but also to bill, file and get out circular letters, etc. The London Business College trains its students to meet this demand, and it is now represented by graduates in practically every large business office in London. The school is in a position at present to supply business houses with efficient office help—either with students who have just graduated or with experienced help.

Classes will be conducted during the summer months. Students desiring a short course in shorthand, typewriting, or book-keeping are invited to register now. The college office is open each day from 8:30 a.m. to 6 p.m., and from 7 p.m. till 9:30 p.m. every Monday and Thursday.

**BARNARD SHOP INSTALLS
LOCK REPAIRING EQUIPMENT**

An addition to the service rendered by J. A. Barnard of 338 Talbot street, has been made recently in the installation of equipment for repairing locks and keys of all descriptions. This work, as well as motorcycle, bicycle and general repairing, is now keeping the staff of this establishment busier than for some time past.

Mr. Barnard is the sole local agent for the famous Massey Silver Ribbon brand, and reports that sales of this widely popular Canadian machine are showing a steady increase. Full line of motorcycles is in stock at all times, and the Barnard shop makes a specialty of repairing motorcycles and side cars. Besides the accessories of every description for bicycles and motorcycles are carried, as well as a full line of automobile tires.

**DR. BUTLER DENIES HIS
RELATIVES SERVED TIME**Associated Press Despatch.
New York, June 6.—Dr. Nicholas Butler, president of Columbia University, yesterday denied that "four of his brothers-in-law have served time in the Essex county jail in New Jersey for bootlegging," as alleged by H. P. Paris in a speech as temporary chairman of the national prohibition convention in Columbus, Ohio.**LONDON BUSINESS
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ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS**
New Electric Motors at Second-
hand Prices.
316 Grey St. Phone 4626W.**ALLEN & POPE**
Hot Water and Steam
Heating Contractors
Estimates Furnished.
155 CHESLEY AVENUE.
Phones 2291W-7639M.**RAPID ELECTROTYPE
COMPANY, LIMITED**
RAPIDS RIGHT.
Lead Mould, Nickel Types,
Electrotype, Stereotype.
Phone 3700. 211 1/2 King St.**BRIGHTON'S
O. K. BAKERY**
Some of Our Favorite Brands
Sun-Made Raisin Bread
Granny's Favorite
Home-Made
Saturday's Special Nut
Bread
Have Our Driver Call.
Phone 2160. 479 Emery St.**The Mysterious Brick
It's Ice Cream**
Meadow-Gold
A Delicious Product of
**THE ONTARIO
CREAMERY, LIMITED**
Ask your dealer or phone us.
Phone 782-5810. 129 King St.**SEE OUR FIREPROOF WALL BOARD**
BUILDERS' SUPPLIES
Lime, Cement, Tile and Pressed Brick. Get Our Prices.
PHONE 1044. **WILLIAM COPP** 85 1/2 YORK ST.**London's Largest Used Ford Car Sales**
THE JACK WHITE MOTOR COMPANY
PHONE JACK WHITE FOR ALL PARTICULARS.
PHONE 95J. 374-378 DUNDAS ST.

ANGLICAN.
CRONYN MEMORIAL
QUEEN'S AVENUE AND WILLIAM STREET
QUINTIN WARNER, RECTOR
RIDLEY PARSON, ASSISTANT
WHITSUNDAY.
8:30 a.m.—HOLY COMMUNION.
11:00 a.m.—MORNING PRAYER.
Preacher—REV. G. O. LIGHTBOURNE.
2:00 p.m.—THE CHURCH SCHOOL.
7:00 p.m.—EVENING. PREACHER—QUINTIN WARNER.

St. James' Church
LONDON SOUTH.
Rev. W. Leslie Armitage, M.A., Rector.
8:15 a.m.—Holy Communion.
11 a.m.—The Rector.
3 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.
7 p.m.—The Rector.
St. John the Evangelist
Wellington and St. James Sts.
Rev. A. L. G. Clarke, Rector.
Whitsunday.
11 a.m.—Morning Service and Junior Congregation.
2 p.m.—The Church School.
7 p.m.—Evening.
The Rector at all services.

METHODIST
ASKIN ST. METHODIST
REV. J. T. COSBY MORRIS, B.D., MINISTER.
10 a.m.—The Brotherhood. Major G. J. Murphy.
11 a.m.—REV. R. B. STEVENSON, B.D., of Stratford.
7 p.m.—WILL J. GREEN, of Toronto.
Subject—"THE GIDEONS"
Full Choir.

DUNDAS STREET CENTRE
REV. (CAPT.) JOHN GARBUTT, MINISTER.
Rev. D. N. McCamus will preach at both services.
2:45 p.m.—Sunday School, Bible Classes and Men's Club.
Soloists, Mrs. Frederick Schofield and Lloyd Bullen.
J. Parnell Morris, A.C.C.O., Organist and Choirmaster.

FIRST METHODIST
REV. BRUCE HUNTER, B.A., B.D., Pastor
REV. E. W. JEWITT, B.A., Director of Religious Education
10 a.m.—Brotherhood and Class Meetings.
11 a.m.—"Pure Religion and Undefined"
—The Pastor.
3 p.m.—SUNDAY SCHOOL IN WESLEY HALL.
7 p.m.—"To Him That Overcometh—A New Name"
—The Pastor.
The fourth in a series on "The Threefold Temptation of Jesus".
George C. Carrie, Choir Leader. Kingsley N. Ireland, Organist.

Centennial Methodist
A. E. M. THOMPSON, Pastor.
GEO. WINTERBOTTOM, Organist.
SERVICES AS USUAL.

Colborne St. Methodist
REV. HERBERT J. UREN, Pastor.
11 a.m.—Rev. C. J. Colgrove, B.A., "THE LORD'S DAY IN DANGER".
2:45 p.m.—Gospel Sing-Song and Bible Study.
7 p.m.—YOUNG PEOPLE'S RALLY.
Young people in charge of entire service.

Empress Ave. Church
Rev. J. F. Chapman, R.A., Pastor.
Miss Taylor, Organist.
SERVICES AS USUAL.

Hyatt Ave. Methodist
10 a.m.—Brotherhood—S. H. Shaw.
11 a.m.—Edward J. Jenkins, secretary Y.M.C.A.
7 p.m.—Rev. W. J. Colgrove.

Memorial Methodist
W. D. Yeo will have charge of both services.
Sunday school from 12 to 1 p.m.
Good Music.
Mr. Quance, Organist and Choir Leader.
Everybody Welcome.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST SCIENTIST.
Richmond and Kent Streets.
Sunday Services
11 a.m.—7 p.m.
Sunday School
11 a.m.
For Students up to the Age of 20.
SUBJECT FOR THIS SUNDAY:
God The Only Cause and Creator
Wednesday Meeting, 8 p.m.
Including Testimonies of Healing Through Christian Science.
YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND THESE SERVICES AND MAKE USE OF THE
Free Public Reading Room
Where the Bible and all authorized literature may be read, borrowed or purchased.
ROOM 55, BANK OF TORONTO CHAMBERS, CORNER RICHMOND AND KING STREETS.

St. Paul's Cathedral
Rector the Very Reverend Dean Tucker, D.D., D.C.L.
Assistant—Rev. G. O. Lightbourne, B.A.
Organist and Choirmaster—Harry T. Dickinson.
Whitsunday.
8:30 and 11 a.m.—Holy Communion.
11 a.m.—Morning Prayer and Holy Communion.
Offering Anthem—"But the Lord's Anthem"—Mendelssohn.
Preacher—Rev. G. O. Lightbourne, B.A.
Offering Anthem—"Hark, Hark, My Soul!"
Soloists—Mrs. Innes Carling and Mrs. MacDermott.

METHODIST
ASKIN ST. METHODIST
REV. J. T. COSBY MORRIS, B.D., MINISTER.
10 a.m.—The Brotherhood. Major G. J. Murphy.
11 a.m.—REV. R. B. STEVENSON, B.D., of Stratford.
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3 p.m.—SUNDAY SCHOOL IN WESLEY HALL.
7 p.m.—"To Him That Overcometh—A New Name"
—The Pastor.
The fourth in a series on "The Threefold Temptation of Jesus".
George C. Carrie, Choir Leader. Kingsley N. Ireland, Organist.

Ridout St. Methodist
J. A. AGNEW, PASTOR.
Residence, 87 Windsor Ave.
11 a.m.—S. H. SHAW will preach.
7 p.m.—J. M. THOMPSON will preach.
10 a.m.—Men's Brotherhood.
Wm. C. MacArthur will speak.
W. Gordon Scott, Organist.
STRANGERS WELCOME!

Wellington St. Church
REV. G. T. WATTS, B.D., PASTOR.
10 a.m.—Men's Class meeting.
11 a.m.—REV. W. H. COOPER.
2:45 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.
7 p.m.—J. DOUGLAS WOOLATT.
Miss Doris Werner, Organist.
E. E. Werner, Choir Leader.

The Salvation Army
NO. 1, CLARENCE ST. (South of Dundas).
Sunday, June 8—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
2 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.
Staff Captain Lewis and Adj. Hollande.

NO. 2, TECUMSEH AND EDWARD. (South London).
Sunday, June 8—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
3 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.
Ensign Chittenden and Ensign Stokes.

NO. 3, RECTORY ST. (South of Dundas).
Saturday, June 7, 8 p.m.
Sunday, June 8—11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
3 p.m.—Sunday School.
Ensign and Mrs. Foster.

NO. 4, OAK STREET. (North of Trafalgar).
Sunday, June 8, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
3 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Class.
Ensign and Mrs. Luxton.

First Congregational
Rev. Percy C. Jesson of Detroit
11 a.m.—"PRAYERS"
Unanswered, But Not Unheeded."
7 p.m.—"MY SHEPHERD"
Biblical and Eastern Interpretation.
COME TO CHURCH!
First Spiritual Church
Rectory St. opposite Nelson St.
Leader—Mrs. M. Rawson.
Speaker—Mr. T. Smith, Hamilton.
for June 7, 8 and 9.
Sunday Services, 11 a.m., 3 and 7 p.m.
A notable medium and message bearer, worth hearing.
Saturday, 8 p.m.—Message Meeting.

BAPTIST.
ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST
FLOYD TALMADGE HOLLAND, PASTOR.

7 p.m.—"Is There a Second Chance?"
How does the man in a wreck, cut off instantly? The man who was stricken suddenly? Is God love? This Church Always Crowded—BETTER COME EARLY.
SPECIAL MUSIC. SONG SERVICE. BAPTISM.
11 a.m. "Go" "Who?" "Where?" "How?"
3 p.m.—Wonderful Bible School. Classes For All.
O. LEO HERBERT, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

Egerton Street Baptist
Rev. A. Burgess, Minister.
11 a.m.—C. G. I. T. Service.
Sermonette to Juniors—"Beast or Best?"
3 p.m.—Bible School.
7 p.m.—"If a Man Die"

Maitland Street Baptist
Maitland Street at St. James St.
11 a.m.—Rev. Dr. A. T. Sowerby will preach.
Choice Song Service.
7 p.m.—Rev. C. M. Carew of Fenelon Falls, a former pastor of the church, will preach.
Baptism.
"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."
Monday evening, the 9th, the burning of the mortgage.
Everybody welcome!
Come and Rejoice with Us!

YORK STREET MISSION HALL
Morning, workers' service; evening, Mr. James Gibson will preach. Soloists, Miss Viola McKenna and Mr. Joseph Henry. Evangelist, Belcher, Pastor.

PRESBYTERIAN

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN
Rev. J. M. Nichol
OF LISTOWEL
Will Preach Morning and Evening.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH
REV. D. C. MACGREGOR, B.A., D.D., MINISTER.
REV. F. W. K. HARRIS, B.A., DIRECTOR OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
MR. C. E. WHEELER, F.C.C.O., ORGANIST AND CHOIR DIRECTOR.
Public Worship Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
conducted by Rev. F. W. K. Harris.
Morning Subject: "REVERENCE."
Evening Subject: "LOVE."
12:15 and 3 p.m.—CHURCH SCHOOL.
A CORDIAL WELCOME.

Hamilton Rd. Church
M. Fraser Cree.
11 a.m.—"The Curse of Merod."
3 p.m.—Sunday School and Bible Classes.
7 p.m.—"Go Thou and Do Likewise."

Knox Presbyterian
Wortley Road and Bruce Street, London South.
Rev. T. A. Symington, M.A., Minister.
Chas. E. Percy, Director of Music.
Sabbath Services.
11 a.m.—Public Worship.
3 p.m.—"THE INSIGHT OF FAITH."
7 p.m.—Public Worship.
The Minister at both services.

New St. James' Church
Corner of Oxford and Wellington Sts.
REV. JAS. MACKAY, B.D., MINISTER.
11 a.m.—"The Penitent Thief."
3 p.m.—THE CHURCH SCHOOL.
7 p.m.—"The Power of Sin."
Percy Q. King, Musical Director.

HAMILTON ROAD GOSPEL HALL
7 P.M.—SERVICES AS USUAL.

EGERTON STREET GOSPEL HALL
7 P.M.—MR. THOMAS BUSBY, returned missionary from Bahamas Islands, will preach.
Mr. Busby will also address missionary study class in this hall Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

International Bible Students' Association
HYMAN HALL, 7:45 P.M.
Speaker: G. J. GLOVER.
Subject: "Is future probation Bible doctrine? Are all sinners doomed to death?"
Seats Free. No Collection.

Theosophical Society
212 DUNDAS STREET
MEETINGS AS USUAL.
Sunday, 8:30 p.m.—Public Invited.

Latter Day Saints'
Maitland St. near York St.
SERVICES AS USUAL.

CHRISTADELPHIANS MEET in Usher Hall, over Gas Office, corner Dundas and Clarence Sts., Sunday, 7 p.m. Subject: "An Apostle's Farewell Charge."

BAPTIST.
FIVE ARE ORDAINED IN OPEN SESSION
Reception Exemplifies Task and Ideals of Methodist Evangelistic Ministry.

CROWDS ATTEND
Special to The Advertiser by a Staff Reporter.
Windsor, June 6.—The outward evidences of Methodism were at their highest and best in the open session of the London Methodist Conference in the Central Church last night. Five young men about to be fully ordained were publicly received at a service, which exemplified the task and ideals of the evangelistic ministry of the Methodist Church. The service was conducted before an audience which packed the Central Church to the utmost.
The five men will be fully ordained on Sunday morning in the conference church by Rev. Dr. Chown, general superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, who was assisted by the president of the conference, Rev. H. J. Uren. The names are the following: W. T. Eddy, Wesley John Moores, E. A. Pulten, Herbert C. Dickinson and Alvin J. Smale.
Rev. Mr. Uren, who received them, was himself ordained in the Central Church 25 years ago by Rev. Joseph Edge. He recalled this as the young men, when he impressed upon them the duties and ideals of their chosen calling. The address to them was given by Rev. Egerton Armstrong, B.A., B.D., of Wallaceburg.
Ideal Held Up.
From the familiar passage, "And they replied concerning Jesus of Nazareth," Mr. Armstrong delivered a stirring message to the young men. His subject was "The Prophetic Minister in the Modern World," and he urged that they be like the great-est of all prophets, strong in action and in utterance. This ideal he held up for the modern minister, that they be revealing in utterance and inspiring in action.
The men to be ordained were present on the platform, and each in turn recounted his religious experience, his conversion and his decision to enter the ministry.
Eight years ago the inaugural session of the laymen's association of the London conference was held in the Lincoln Road Church, Walkerville. Last night, in greatly increased numbers, they revisited the church where they were launched upon so successful a career for the annual conference banquet. This, the grand event of the conference, was the most delightful yet held. Practically every delegate to the conference was present and an inspiring address was given by Rev. Egerton G. Chapple of Memphis, Tenn. Mr. Chapple's subject was, "Capitalizing Your Calamities."

Wortley Road Baptist
REV. W. J. THOMPSON of Toronto during June.
11 a.m.—"The Holy Spirit; His Ministry and Presence."
3 p.m.—Bible School, Classes for all.
7 p.m.—"Forgiveness of Sins."
Rev. Mr. Thompson's address while in the city is 114 Bruce street. Phone 3733-W.

PRESBYTERIAN

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN
Rev. J. M. Nichol
OF LISTOWEL
Will Preach Morning and Evening.

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH
REV. D. C. MACGREGOR, B.A., D.D., MINISTER.
REV. F. W. K. HARRIS, B.A., DIRECTOR OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.
MR. C. E. WHEELER, F.C.C.O., ORGANIST AND CHOIR DIRECTOR.
Public Worship Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
conducted by Rev. F. W. K. Harris.
Morning Subject: "REVERENCE."
Evening Subject: "LOVE."
12:15 and 3 p.m.—CHURCH SCHOOL.
A CORDIAL WELCOME.

King Street Church
W. R. McIntosh, Minister.
11 a.m.—Rev. C. H. Cooke.
3 p.m.—Sunday School and Young People.
6:45 p.m.—Organ Recital.
Miss K. Moore.
7 p.m.—Rev. C. H. Cooke.
WELCOME

GAS RATES FIXED BY ZONE SYSTEM
Board of Reference Announces Decision—Higher Rate On Larger Users.
Special to The Advertiser.
Chatham, June 6.—Natural gas rates to apply in the zone system arranged by the Natural Gas Board of Reference were announced here today as follows: zone one, a 70 cent net summer rate, and in the winter, 40 cents net for the first 10,000 feet, 45 cents for the second 10,000, and then 55 cents a 1,000. Municipalities affected: Dover, Tilbury, Dawn, Raleigh and Merlin. Zone two, a 75 cent summer rate, and in the winter, 50 cents for the first 10,000 feet, 55 cents for the next 10,000, and then 65 cents a 1,000. Municipalities affected: Tilbury West, Tilbury North, Conibier, Harwich, Howard, Chatham Township and Camden. Zone three, 80 cent net summer rate, and in the winter, 55 cents for the first 10,000, 60 for the next 10,000, and then 70 cents. Municipalities affected: Sombra, Inniskillen, Sandwich, South, Rochester and Maldstone.

AMENDMENT IS SOUGHT BY MINISTER TO B. N. A.
Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, June 6.—A notice of motion stands in the name of the minister of justice asking for amendment of the B.N.A. Act. The amendment would give effect to a resolution passed by the senate and house of commons in 1920 to give extra territorial operation to an enactment of the parliament of Canada "in so far as it is a law for or ancillary to the peace, order and good government of Canada."

MANUFACTURERS NOW ON WAY TO WEMBLEY
Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, June 6.—Two hundred members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, headed by the president, Col. A. F. Hatch, Hamilton, Ont., sailed this morning on the S.S. Montcalm en route to the British Empire Exhibition at Wembley. The travellers were given a rousing send-off by a party of Montreal manufacturers headed by J. Howard Smith, ex-president of the association.

TORONTO UNIVERSITY GETS LARGE DONATION
\$650,000 Donated by Rockefeller Foundation For Public Health Work.
Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, June 6.—A notable gift to the University of Toronto, by the Rockefeller Foundation, of \$650,000, was announced this afternoon at the convocation by Chief Justice Sir William Mulock, chancellor of the university. The money is to be used for the development of public health work.
The gift is to be divided as follows: \$400,000 to be devoted to the construction and equipment of the necessary building for the new work and \$250,000 for endowment purposes.
There will be three departments in connection with the gift, one being the Connaught Laboratory, already a noted feature of the University of Toronto, the other two are hygiene and public nursing.

DROP IN TORONTO HYDRO SIR ADAM BECK ANNOUNCES
Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, June 6.—Sir Adam Beck stated today that as a result of Toronto city council's protest against the proposed increase in hydro rates, the charge will be reduced to two cents per kilowatt hour, up to thirty, instead of 40 k.w.h., and one cent per k.w.h. thereafter. The same will apply to Hamilton.

SENATE BILL IS PASSED TO AID SPAWNING SEASON
Associated Press Despatch.
Washington, June 6.—Halibut fishing in the North Pacific would be prohibited each year between November 16 and February 15, inclusive, under a Senate bill passed today by the House. It is designed to protect the spawning season in the territorial waters of Canada and the United States, as designated by treaty.

GEO. HENDREE SUCCEEDS BROTHER IN BUSINESS
Canadian Press Despatch.
Hamilton, June 6.—George M. Hendrie was this morning elected president of the Hendrie Carriage Company in succession to his brother, the late Col. William Hendrie. It is understood that he will also succeed his brother as president of the Hamilton Bridge Works Company.

Genuine Paint Bargains
Join the large number of satisfied customers who are making their dollars count in securing the outstanding paint values in years. Note our prices and quality, compare anywhere, then see us about your paint requirements—we'll have it. Now is the opportune time to paint your home or summer cottage. We are open evenings to discuss your painting problems with you.

WHOLESALE THE PAINT SHOP RETAIL
"The Red Front Store Saves You Money!"
258 Dundas Street West of Wellington. Phone 2240W.
WE HAVE THE QUALITY, PRICE AND QUANTITY.

Poultry range and profit
MAKE your farm poultry pay by keeping them in good-sized runs, where they can have the needed range without damaging crops and garden, or fouling the barns and other buildings—where they are under control and their production can be regulated.
You can do this effectively and economically by building your runs with Frost Poultry Fence—Plymouth Rock brand or Bantam brand.

Plymouth Rock Brand
A heavy fence that will give years of service—as well built as a Frost Farm Fence.
Cross wires are 13-gauge and top and bottom wires are 10-gauge, while each intersection is locked with the famous Frost ring lock. Spacing is the same as the Bantam fence. It is made 48 to 60 inches high, 18 and 20 bars.
This fence will outwear several netting fences and the cost makes it an economy on every farm where poultry is kept.

Frost Poultry Fence
Plymouth Rock Brand
Bantam Brand
W. A. O'DELL, Distributor, Market Square, London

Guinea Gold CIGARETTES
Mild and Extra Fine 20 for 25¢

PAINT
HOUSE PAINTS—Splendid quality, all colors. Qts. 1/2-Gals. Galz.
In tins containing 5-6 Imperial Measure \$1.00 \$1.80 \$3.50
INTERIOR FLAT PAINTS—Also used as Undercoatings—In tins containing 5-6 Imperial Measure .65 1.30 2.50
PORCH FLOOR PAINT—Covers well and sets hard 1.00 1.80 3.50
ENAMELS—All colors for house or auto—In tins containing 5-6 Imperial Measure..... 1.30 2.50
VARNISH STAIN—3 colors, beautiful finish..... 60c Pint; \$1.00 Quart
CLEAR VARNISH—For floors and trim..... 60c Pint; \$1.00 Quart
PAINTS FOR ALL PURPOSES—In all size tins, brushes, oils, turps, etc., at lowest prices.

WHOLESALE THE PAINT SHOP RETAIL
"The Red Front Store Saves You Money!"
258 Dundas Street West of Wellington. Phone 2240W.
WE HAVE THE QUALITY, PRICE AND QUANTITY.

Bantam Brand
Can be stretched tightly, has ample provisions for "give and take", resulting in a straight and neat-appearing fence, which will not sag and become untidy.
The wires in Bantam brand have the strength to carry the weight of the fence, avoiding the need for top scantlings to support it. It is made with 12 gauge top and bottom and 15 1/2 gauge filler. The bottom spaces are 1" apart, close enough to stop the smallest chicks; the uprights are spaced 6" apart, and this fence can be furnished in heights either 24, 36, 48 or 60 inches, having thirteen to twenty wires, according to the height.

Frost Steel and Wire Co., Limited,
Hamilton, Canada.

Frost Poultry Fence
Plymouth Rock Brand
Bantam Brand
W. A. O'DELL, Distributor, Market Square, London

Nerve Pressure Reason of Constitutional Disorders

Constitutional "weak spots" are the bane of the human race. Few people pass the years of maturity without being conscious that they have a "weak stomach," a "weak heart," a "sluggish liver," or a "weak throat," or poor circulation. Many have "weak constitutions" and tire easily.

Chiropractors grant this to be a fact, but scout the orthodox explanations offered it. Careful study and observation of thousands of cases have brought them to believe that the basic cause of such conditions lies in lack of perfect control by the nerves of the organs which are affected. This lack of control arises from the accidental displacement of one or more bones of the spine by falls, jars, twists and strains, thus pinching or pressing the nerve that passes between these bones or vertebrae.

Thousands of applications of the Chiropractic science in given cases have produced the same beneficial results in organs which were diseased or abnormal; hence, for virtually all the ills to which the human being is heir, Chiropractors have evolved scientific methods which have produced beneficial results.

The "weak spot," whatever it may be, is found to be strengthened and eventually to return to its normal, healthy condition when adjustment of the spinal vertebrae, through which the nerve controlling the affected organ passes, relieves the nerves from pressure. It is found that resumption of healthy control by the nerves dissipates the diseased condition of the organ which it serves.

The pet abomination of the American people is indigestion. It seems that the majority of Americans have something wrong with their digestive apparatus. Some doctors ascribe it to eating certain foods, and other experts find some grave organic trouble at the bottom of it.

Digestion is simply the process in which food, taken into the stomach, is chemically treated by certain juices, secreted in glands of the stomach and prepared for assimilation into the body. The action of the glands is controlled, of course, by the nervous system and the particular trunk nerve serving the stomach passes into the main nervous cable in the spine and thence to the brain, where all impulse originates.

The Chiropractor finds that pressure upon this nerve, as it passes between the bones of the spine, retards its healthy growth, weakening its control over the stomach glands. Their function, it follows, is impaired and the process of digestion is hindered and made incomplete; hence indigestion.

In cases observed under Chiropractic, readjustment of the vertebrae between which the nerve controlling the stomach passes, causes the indigestion to disappear. The result is brought about by practically painless methods, without the use of drugs or instruments.

Any Chiropractor will gladly refer you to scores of cases of his own observation in which Chiropractic has succeeded where other efforts failed. These are cases of substantial people whose positions put their credibility beyond question, many of whom have scoured the world in search of health and found it in Chiropractic.

The Chiropractors identified with this educational campaign bear the stamp of reliability, educational qualifications and indorsement of the Chiropractic profession. Chiropractic articles will be published in this newspaper each Saturday.

As a protective measure for the public, a booklet has been prepared and printed, giving only the names of the reliable and indorsed members of the Chiropractic profession.

We have informative Chiropractic literature that will be mailed to you on application, without cost or obligation. Before employing the services of a Chiropractor, inquiry should be made for your convenience to The Chiropractic Educational Bureau, Address Box No. 1, London Advertiser, London, Ont.

Associated Chiropractors, London, St. Thomas, Stratford, Watford, Stratford, Galt, Simcoe, Hagersville, Jarvis, Waterford, Petrolia.—Adv.

MOTHER OF LARGE FAMILY

Recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to Other Mothers

Hemford, N. S.—"I am the mother of four children and I was so weak after my last baby came that I could not do my work and suffered for months until a friend induced me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Since taking the Vegetable Compound my weakness has left me and the pain in my back has gone. I tell all my friends who are troubled with female weakness to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, for I think it is the best medicine ever sold. You may advertise my letter."—Mrs. GEORGE I. CROUSE, Hemford, N. S.

My First Child
Glen Allen, Ala.—"I have been greatly benefited by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for bearing-down feelings and pains. I was troubled in this way for nearly four years following the birth of my first child, and at times could hardly stand on my feet. A neighbor recommended the Vegetable Compound to me after I had taken doctor's medicines without much benefit. It has relieved my pains and gives me strength. I recommend it and give you permission to use my testimony."—Mrs. IDA RYE, Glen Allen, Ala.
Women who suffer should write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Cushing, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Text-Book. C

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, opium preparations, fumigations, "cough drops," etc., 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 201, 1111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
Send free trial of your method to: _____

FACE TERRIBLE FROM PIMPLES

And Blackheads. Irritation Intense. Cuticura Heals.

"I suffered terribly with blackheads and pimples. The pimples were large, itested and scaled over. They burned causing intense irritation. After washing my face the scales would fall off causing eruptions. I had to dispense with all pleasures because my face was terrible.

"I tried numerous remedies but all failed. I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using one box of Ointment and one cake of Cuticura Soap I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Felicia E. Smith, 2271 E. 46th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are ideal for daily toilet uses.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Import: "Cuticura," P. O. Box 2615, Montreal. Price: Soap 50c, Ointment 25c and Talcum 50c. Try our new Shaving Stick.

What is It?

What is it that's small,
Covers many a mile,
Costs but a few cents,
And always in style?
A "Want Ad."

What is it tells
What you'd like to say
To buyers of what-nots,
And able to pay?
A "Want Ad."

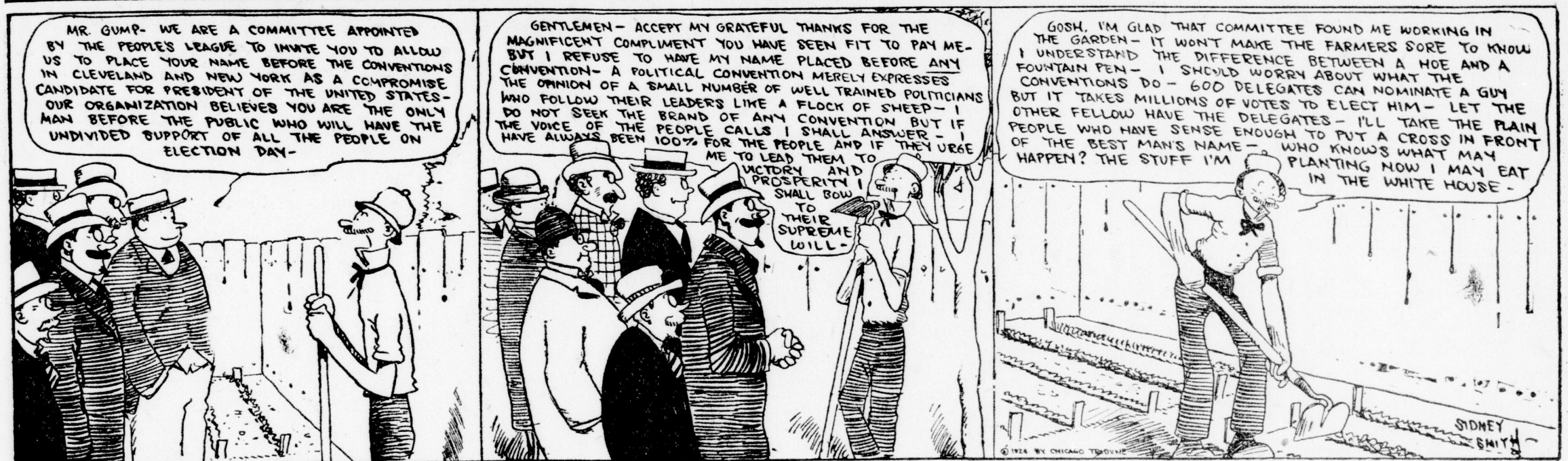
What is it that finds you
A house, farm or lot,
An auto to ride in,
A chair, or cot?
A "Want Ad."

Or if you should lose
A purse from your pocket;
What finds your lost pet,
Your lost watch or locket?
A "Want Ad."

And when you are idle
And looking for work,
What tells the employer
You are a good clerk?
A "Want Ad."

GUMP, GOOGLE & CO., Experts In Laughter

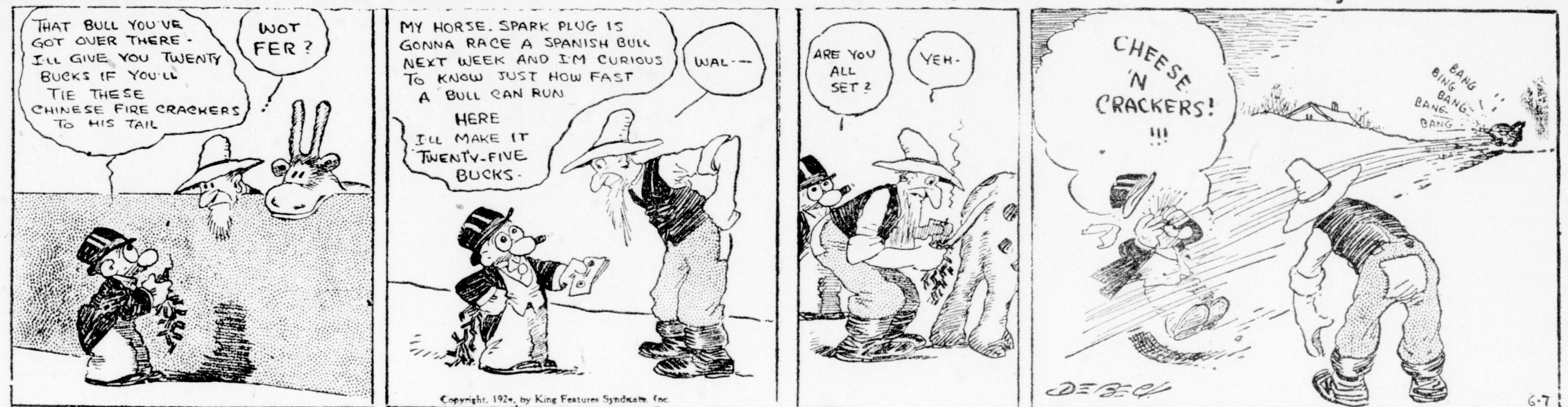
THE GUMPS—UNCONVENTIONAL ANDY



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

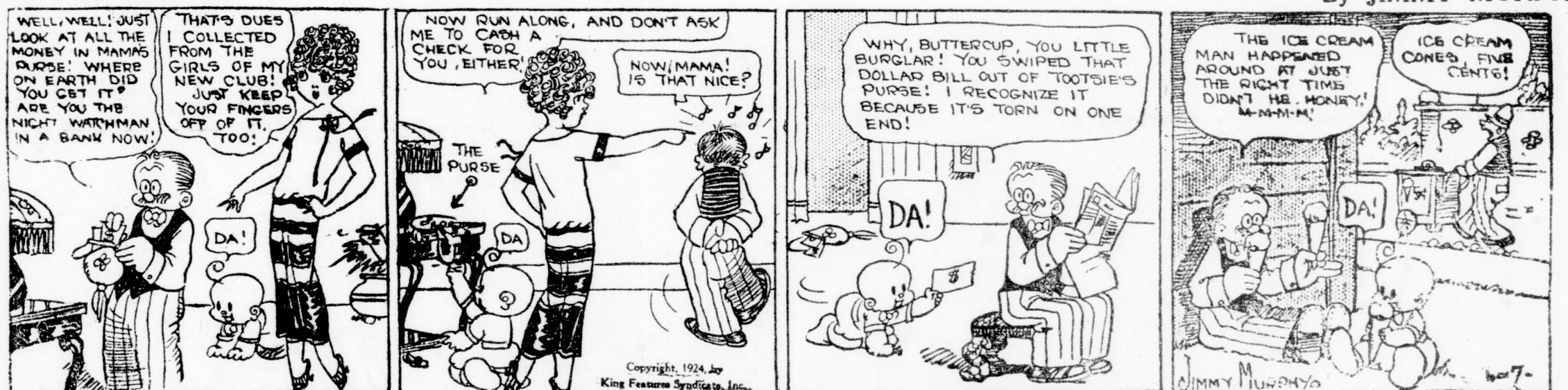
Barney Knows What to Expect Now.

By BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

By JIMMY MURPHY



MUTT AND JEFF

Mutt Slips the Papers a Front Page Story.

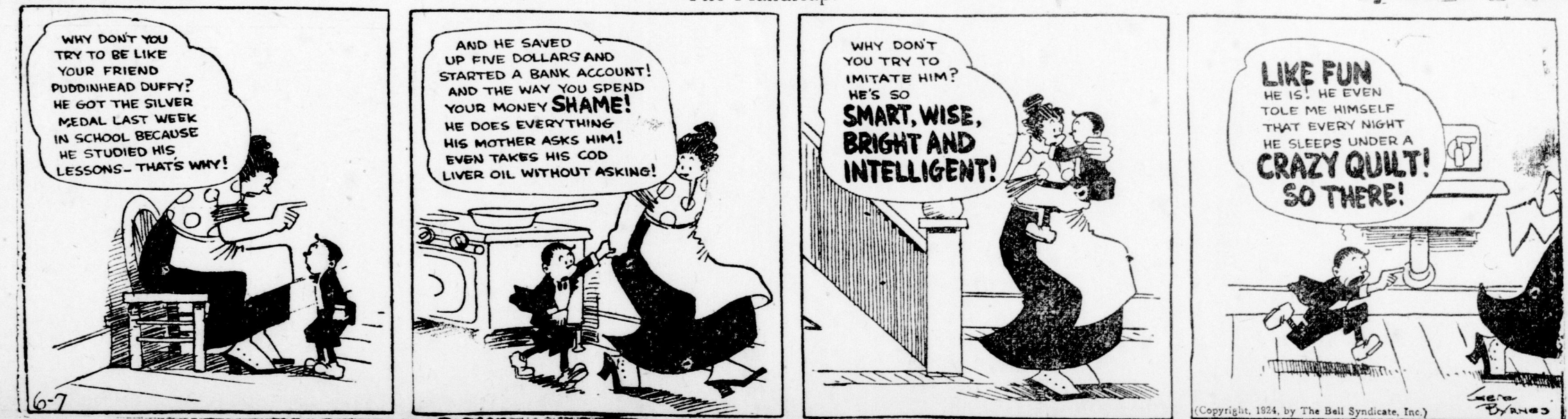
By BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

The Handicap.

By GENE BYRNES



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Its Popularity Proves Its Worth.
70c Pound.

Try a Pound Today.
T.A. Rowat & Co.

250 Dundas St. Phone 3551-3552



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YOU keep strict account of your money—why neglect the vision that you are dissipating? Learn the truth about your eyes—have us thoroughly examine them and advise you.
"You should not be prejudiced against wearing glasses. Think of your good-looking friends who wear them with ease and dignity."
Says Mr. Foresight

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MADE IN CANADA
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EXPERT EYE EXAMINATION
Office in Johnston Bros' Jewelry Store,
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Our flowers are experts, \$1.50 to \$10.00. We have trusses to fit all needs.
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in standard sizes to
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AWNING CO.

We make everything
made of canvas.

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Death is bound to come, then why not make it beautiful? Under our management the funeral of your departed one will be a lasting tribute.

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At every meal the good housewife should supply her family with the best bread made.

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Handsome Motor Hearses.
Day or Night Service with Promptness, Neatness and Quietness.
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Smoking of Cigarettes, By Modern Youth, Scored By Congregationalists

Rev. Pollock Calls Upon Members To Wage War Against Evil.

DEALS WITH DIVORCES

Union Alarmed With Rapid Increase in Number of Separations.

Special to The Advertiser.
Toronto, June 6.—"We deprecate the large increase in cigarette smoking among the young, especially since the war, and in view of its detrimental effects on the physical, mental and moral life of youth, we call upon our leaders to emphasize its harmful effects, and to carry on an active propaganda against its subtle influences in a most earnest endeavor to enforce existing laws for the protection of childhood and youth." This was one of the many strong statements made in the report of the social service committee, presented by the Rev. A. F. Pollock, B.D., to the members of the Canadian Congregational Union at their annual meeting today.

One of the principal questions with which he dealt was that of divorce. The Congregational Union viewed with alarm the rapid increase in the number of divorces granted in Canada in recent years, and would reaffirm their conviction that this should only be granted on the ground of infidelity, and further recommended their ministers that they should exercise the utmost care in ascertaining the legal status of divorced persons seeking re-marriage.

Turning to home life, however, it was a matter of regret to them that parental authority seemed to be on the decline in the average family. This was partly due to post-war influences, which tended to lessen their devotion to the ideals of the home. They believed that both the home and industry had been greatly benefited by prohibition, and they would urge upon the Dominion government the wise and economy of a nation-wide measure prohibiting the transportation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor, and that in those provinces where prohibition was in force, they should be given the enforcement of such laws by such legislation as was within the power of the Dominion government to grant.

They recommended the O. T. A. as the best possible measure to temperance reform yet accorded, and were opposed to another plebiscite until the act had been fully tested on the grounds of economy.

BILL TO CONTROL CALL FOR TROOPS

Measure Introduced Aims To Solve Problems of Strike Areas.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, June 6.—A resolution to amend the militia act in regard to the calling out of troops in aid of civil power, was moved in the House of Commons this afternoon by Hon. E. M. MacDonald, minister of national defense. The resolution provides that the attorney-general of a province may call out the militia upon requisition by a judge that after so doing the attorney-general may cause an inquiry to be made into the circumstances within seven days, and that the cost of calling out the troops shall be charged to the province.

Following discussion, lasting practically the whole afternoon, the resolution passed its various stages and a bill thereon was introduced. Under the existing law, which was passed in 1904, Mr. MacDonald said, the troops might be called out by a mayor or warden of a municipality or by a county or district judge. The financial liability, under this law, rested on the municipality to which the troops were called, but it had been exceedingly difficult for the Dominion authorities to recover from municipalities funds expended in this connection. As a matter of fact in the long period covered by legislation on this subject, while the Dominion had expended some \$556,000, it had been able to recover about \$40,000.

The result of the proposed legislation would be that the federal treasury would be compensated when troops were called out. The system at present in vogue had resulted in litigation, and a number of cases were now in the hands of the minister of justice. Mr. MacDonald said that the provision for the attorney-general of a province to requisition troops on request of a judge followed along the lines of the recommendation of the Robertson commission which investigated the Cape Breton coal troubles. G. W. Kyle (Liberal, Cape Breton South) objected to the proposed amendment. It involved a very drastic change. It constituted the attorney-general of the province in which the difficulty occurred as a court of appeal.

Make Calls Difficult.
R. B. Hanson (Conservative, York-Sudbury) said there were grave ob-

WEGNER OFFERS 200 DOZEN

STRAW HATS
Less Than Factory Prices.
25c TO \$3.95
Don't Miss the Opportunity.
Wegner Clothing Co.
371 Talbot St. Opp. Market.

Dry Hardwood Slabs Now.
Also Coke and Coal.

GILLIES

Phone 1312, Cor. Adelaide and Bathurst.



BULPITT MEMORIAL.

Monument erected by the British Welfare League in memory of Charles Bulpitt, who took his own life last December.

jections to putting the responsibility of calling out troops in the hands of the provincial attorney-generals, who were political officials, rather than judicial officers. Hance Logan (Liberal, Cumberland) thought it should be made as difficult as possible for the militia to be called to settle civil disputes.

Mr. Meighen asked whether, under the proposed legislation, the federal government had any discretion as to the calling out of troops.

Mr. MacDonald replied that it was not proposed to change existing law in that regard, and he doubted whether under that law the federal government was subject to revision in committee.

Hon. G. P. Graham, formerly minister of national defence, defended the proposals on the ground that they put responsibility upon the civil authorities, who should be responsible for the maintenance of the peace.

The municipality was responsible in the first place, and after the municipality came the next civil power, the province. The present legislation merely proposed to put the responsibility on the shoulders of these authorities.

Defence Proposals.

William Irvine (Labor, Calgary), preferred the proposed resolution to the existing laws, though he did not think the new proposals would provide an adequate solution. J. S. Woodsworth (Labor, Center Winnipeg) said that under the existing law militia had been called out in spite of the wishes of the municipal authorities. That seemed intolerable, especially when the municipality was called on to pay the bill.

Right Hon. Arthur Meighen objected to the legislation because it deprived the municipality of the right and responsibility which belonged to it. He disapproved also of the powers which would be granted to a province to call on the whole militia of the Dominion, taking active militia from any and every part of the country and keeping them in one district as long as the province saw fit. If disorders occurred in Alberta while the troops of that district were in Nova Scotia, the volunteer militia would have to be called up and drilled and equipped at great expense to do what the regulars of that district should be doing.

He was not in favor of the new legislation unless it specified that provincial authorities should have only the right to draw on its own military district.

Mr. MacDonald said there were provisions in the new legislation which might meet Mr. Meighen's objections. He thought that in any case this bill would be followed by provincial legislation, placing the responsibility for calling out troops on the municipality affected, and there would be a tendency to restrict the scope of their demands.

The bill, in any case, would be subject to revision in committee.

HYDRO SELLS LACO LAMPS AT HALF PRICE

The Hydro Shop will place on sale Saturday morning a second consignment of Genuine Laco Tiltless Lamps at the extraordinary price of five for one dollar. This dollar package includes three of the 40-watt size, worth 37 cents each, and two sixties, worth 42 cents each, or a total value of \$1.95. Hydro users are advised to take advantage of this special opportunity and to purchase a year's supply.—Advt.

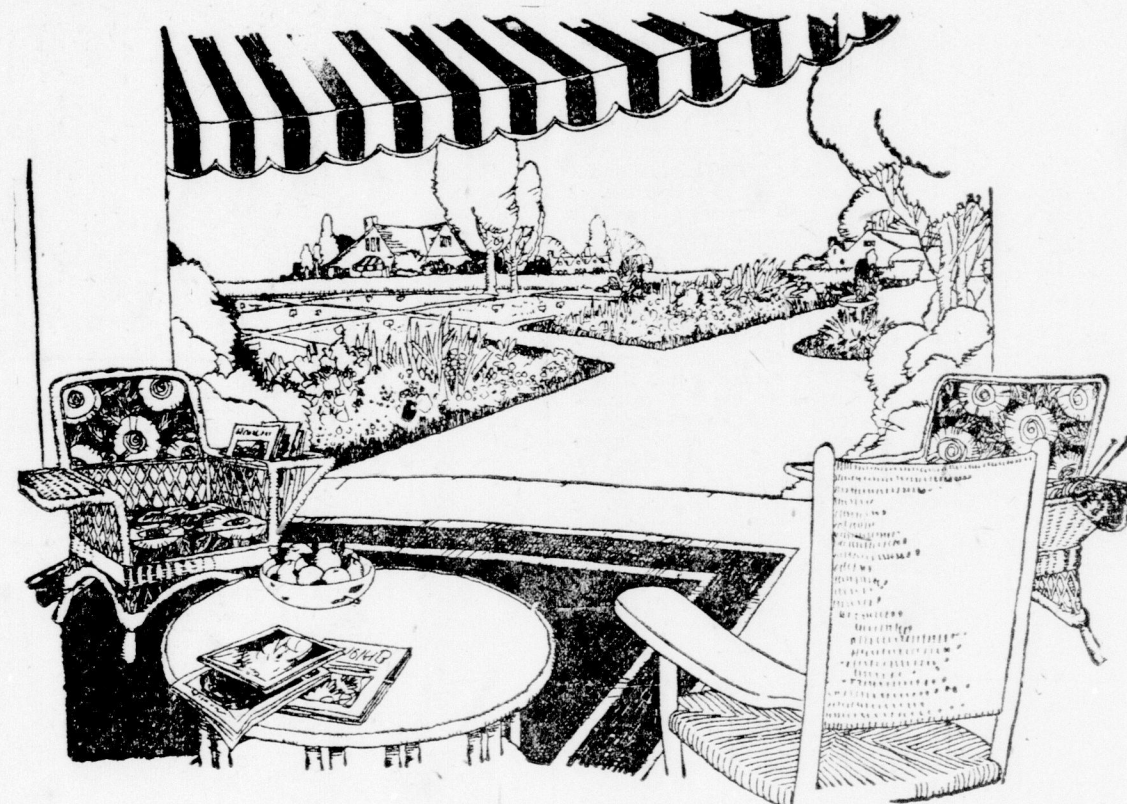
IMPERIAL RESOLUTIONS TO BE DEBATED IN JUNE

Articles Passed by Imperial Economic Conference Last Autumn.

Associated Press Despatch.
London, June 6.—J. R. Clynes, lord privy seal and deputy leader in the House of Commons announced in the House today that the imperial preference resolutions, passed by the Imperial Economic Conference last autumn, would be debated on June 17 and 18. The two days' debate on the resolutions, he said, would be by way of fulfilling Premier MacDonald's assurance to the House, and meeting the wishes of the opposition the two days being set aside in view of the great interest of the Dominions in the matter.

BEAUTY TREATMENTS FOR SUMMER HOMES

June breezes—June sunshine—and summer! Away with the heavy hangings, the thick pile rugs, and overstuffed furniture of winter. Give your home a summer beauty treatment with grass rugs, gay chintz hangings and slip covers, sheer ruffy curtains, and reed furniture. Here are suites and occasional pieces of artistic design, woven in ingenious patterns. You will find economy, too, in these new appointments for the home.

**REED FURNITURE FOR EVERY ROOM**

For your living-room, your bedrooms or your sunroom, you will find attractive suites and individual pieces of Reed Furniture. They are cheerful, comfortable and durable, while their soft shades of putty, brown and natural blend with any color schemes.

LIVING-ROOM SUITE, \$179

Reed Furniture of dull grayish blue in a six-piece suite which includes an oval desk and straight chair, an oval center table, two arm chairs with upholstered seats, and a fernery \$179.00

BROWN REED FURNITURE

Rocking Chair of brown reed, with upholstered seat and back \$10.95, \$15.00 and \$18.50
Ferneries of brown reed in rectangular shape, with zinc lining \$8.50, \$12.50
Small Round Ferneries \$5.75, \$6.00 and \$6.50
Brown Reed Tray with chintz of colorful patterns \$6.00
Children's Chairs, with cushions printed in Mother Goose designs \$5.50

JAPANESE SEA GRASS

Tea Wagon, with a double shelf and separate tray \$13.50
Tea Cart of three tiers \$3.00
Living-Room Table, with lower shelf, sturdily built, and of good design, round or rectangular \$12.50
Table and Book Rack, with double lower shelf \$17.50
Settee \$21.00
Fernery \$12.50

Third Floor.

Grass Rugs For Summer Floor Coverings

Cool and practical and attractive are these new rugs of finely-woven Japanese grass. The neat conventional patterns are worked in soft, dull shade of brown, and green and blue.

1x2 yards \$1.00 2x2½ yards \$4.50
1½x2½ yards \$2.50 8 ft. x 10 ft. \$5.00
2x3 yards \$3.00 3x4 yards \$7.00

Japanese Rag Mats for the veranda. Choose the serviceable "hit or miss" pattern, accented by colored borders; 3x6 feet \$2.50

Third Floor.

WINDOW SCREENS

Well constructed hardwood Window Screens, wired with fine screen wire to keep out the smallest fly. It's the early fly that causes the trouble—keep him out!

Screens, 10, 14, 18 and 22 inches deep; 15, 22, 24 and 26 inches wide; extends to 22½, 36½, 40½, 44½ and 60 inches. Prices \$40c, 50c, 55c, 60c, 65c, 70c, 75c and 85c each

Basement.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM LIMITED

Your Shopping Service

In front of the door to your Shopping Service there lies a figurative doormat, suitably inscribed with a large "Welcome" sign. And the door stands wide open to every one of you!

Whenever your shopping problems come through that door to me, you may depend on it, that your samples will be matched as exactly, your shopping commissions will be executed as promptly and economically, and your selections made as carefully as if you were shopping in person.

A special invitation is extended this month to the busy people who are

1. Moving to the beaches.
2. Travelling.
3. Getting married.
4. Going on motor trips.
5. Vacationing at summer resorts.
6. Carrying on "business as usual."

Sample requests will be answered carefully and fully, and orders will be sent forward promptly by prepaid parcel post.

When you are overwhelmed with a hundred and one last-minute needs, please remember your Shopping Service.

Judith

For Summer Cottage

Lakeside home, or city home, a "Meritas" table cover is useful, inexpensive and pretty. They are made of a good quality cloth, pebbled surface, sponge clean, white grounds with dainty blue patterns, round and fancy styles. Cut down laundry bills and work. A "Meritas" Cloth helps you.

50x50 inches \$1.00 each

58x58 inches \$1.35 each

"DAMASCENE" looks just like damask, costs little more than table oilcloth. Hot dishes won't hurt it and won't crack at corners; nice patterns in all white; 50 inches wide. Another saving on the laundry \$1.65 yard

"DAMASCENE" Trays, a nice size for children's use or picnics, made in the pretty all white damask patterns with hemstitched borders. It's hard to spoil them; just sponge clean in all white varied patterns 65c each

In all white, varied patterns, with colored nursery rhymes 75c each