

FIFTY THOUSAND U.S. 'SMOKES' SEIZED ON FARM

Tragedy Averted As U.S. Vessels Collide in Toronto Bay

CIGARETTES LOCATED, PRISONER REMANDED

Officers Swoop Down on Farm of Morris Goldenberg—Make Big Haul.

PLEADS GUILTY

Charged Also With Having Liquor For Sale on Place.

Two hours after License Inspector Walter Bolton, Provincial Constable T. Y. Stratton and High Constable Wharton raided his farm this morning, on the third concession of London Township, Morris Goldenberg pleaded guilty to having 50,000 American cigarettes in his possession minus the Canadian government inland revenue stamps. He was remanded for sentence by Magistrate Graydon in county police court. The cigarettes were worth \$875, Canadian prices.

Goldenberg pleaded not guilty to a charge of having liquor for sale, denying that the 21 bottles of Seagram's Three-Star whiskey found in a potato sack were kept for anything but his private use. The labels over the cork were 1921 excise stamps.

It was just 8 a.m. when the officers arrived at the farm. Inspector Bolton read the search warrant, and Constables Wharton and Stratton walked right into the house and peered into a cupboard and the stairs where the cigarettes were packed away in five potato sacks. They proved to be "Lucky Strikes" and "Omars" in the usual cartons. Goldenberg was hustled into an auto and brought to the Carling street court, where the O. T. A. charge was laid by Inspector Bolton and the cigarette charge by Inspector Cecil Webbe of the inland revenue department.

You are charged with having cigarettes not stamped by the inland revenue department. Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the court.

"I guess I'm guilty," replied Morris, smiling and rolling his eyes.

"You know the law," replied the magistrate, after which Morris pleaded guilty.

"I don't keep no liquor for sale," denied the accused when the O. T. A. charge was read by the court. "I have nothing to do with it."

Goldenberg said he could not raise the \$500 cash bail desired by the court and would think over the charge while he was in jail. He was remanded to proceed with the case on Monday, he declared.

SONG BIRD NOT READY TO VISIT MAGISTRATE

A well-known citizen, who has a fondness for song after he has stowed away a considerable quantity of liquor, made the welkin ring in police court this morning, although he was far away in the cells below.

Arrested for being drunk he was not in a condition to appear before the court today, and was remanded to jail till Monday without making a police court bow.

"Who is the prisoner, chief?" inquired reporters after court, as the man whooped out popular songs of yester year from his iron-bound cage. "You know," replied the chief significantly. "You've heard that voice here more than once."

The Weather

Light to moderate winds; fine and warm today and Sunday.

The barometer is high from the Great Lakes eastward and relatively low in the western provinces. The weather is fair and warm throughout the Dominion.

Temperatures.

The highest and lowest temperatures previous to 8 a.m. today were:

Stations	High	Low	Weather
Victoria	68	50	Fair
Calgary	80	54	Clear
Winnipeg	84	62	Cloudy
Port Arthur	72	52	Clear
Perry Sound	74	52	Fair
Toronto	78	60	Cloudy
Kingsland	74	62	Cloudy
Ottawa	76	56	Rain
Montreal	74	61	Cloudy
Quebec	80	54	Clear
Father Point	74	52	Clear
St. John	72	52	Clear
Halifax	74	64	Cloudy

LOCAL TEMPERATURES.

The highest and lowest temperatures recorded in London during the 24 hours previous to 8 o'clock last night were: Highest, 77; lowest, 62.

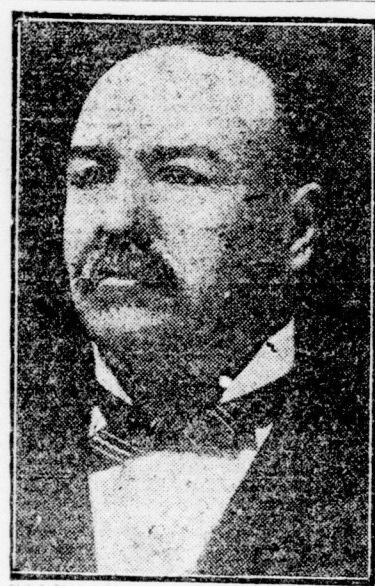
The official temperatures for the 12 hours previous to 8 a.m. today were: Highest, 67; lowest, 55.

Barometric Readings.

Friday, 8 p.m.—29.40.

Today, 8 a.m.—29.37.

PICNICKERS IN DANGER WHEN SHIPS CRASH



CAPT. J. E. BERNIER, famous Canadian sailor, who will sail the equally famous government ship Arctic on an exploration trip into Canada's northern empire in a few days. Capt. Bernier has conducted research work for the Dominion for more than twenty years.

TWO-THIRDS RULE TIES UP PARLEY

American Consul Explains Difficulties at Democratic Convention.

No deadlock would exist today after 70 ballots have been cast at the Democratic convention in New York City if the party followed a similar procedure to the Republicans. That was brought out today by T. G. Taggart, American vice-consul here, who said that the Republicans have a majority vote of 72 out of 109 votes after a unanimous choice is finally made by their standard-bearer. Voting power in national conventions is given according to the strength of the individual states in Congress. Delegates are named in state conventions. A state may send 20 delegates when its quota is only 25. They are all accredited delegates, but are given only the half vote each. That accounts for the half votes cast in the present record-breaking Democratic convention.

There is no leader named at the start of a national convention. An ordinary clerk takes charge, and calls for a temporary chairman, who in turn calls for the election of a permanent chairman. The two-thirds vote rules all through Democratic procedure, while the Republicans maintain the majority rule. When a standard-bearer is finally chosen a unanimous vote is cast for him.

The nominee is then notified very formally by letter and asked, with every sincerity, if he will accept. In voting, the franchise holders have lengthy ballots, showing presidential nominees and all others, right down the line. In some cases a single ballot will indicate a voter's desire to vote for his party all the way, while in the various congressmen, his ballot will look like an income tax paper.

So far as presidential nominees are concerned, any party may name a standard-bearer. The third party naming a candidate in much the same manner as the Democrats or Republicans.

NURSES' SUPERINTENDENT IS SOUGHT BY TRUST

There will be a meeting of the hospital trust on Tuesday night at Victoria Hospital. The most important problem before the trust at the present time is the finding of a successor to Miss E. B. Ross, who leaves the hospital on July 15. Miss Ross was superintendent of nurses and principal of the training school. She has been connected with the hospital for three years, and during that time the course of instruction has been greatly improved under her leadership.

TWO OF OLD HORSES ARE GIVEN REST JOBS

Two old horses of the public utilities department have been given temporary jobs before taking a long rest and more or less well deserved retirement. One of the nags goes to the Victoria Park to fill the shoes of the first to have a regular job at the Thames Valley Golf Course, where a staff of workmen from the parks department is engaged regularly in the maintenance of the golf course, professional, in keeping the greens in shape.

The utilities commission is looking for two horses to do this work, as the equines now on duty haven't long to go in the services of the department.

Near Panic Results as Toronto and Modjeska Collide in Toronto Bay.

RUSH FOR SAFETY

Hamilton Steamer Badly Damaged, But Is Able To Return To Dock.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Toronto, July 5.—When the steamer Toronto collided in Toronto Bay with the steamer Modjeska, bound for Hamilton with a picnic party of women and children, a panic was nearly caused shortly after 8 o'clock this morning. Passengers rushed for life preservers, and their screams could be heard ashore, but quiet was quickly restored when it was seen that the Modjeska, hitting her bow into the Toronto, had not done considerable damage was done. Both vessels are owned by the Canada Steamship Lines.

The Hamilton vessel was backing out from the slip at the foot of Yonge street. The Toronto was turning about to proceed to the coal dock, some distance west, when she ran into the Modjeska, hitting her about fifteen feet from the stern, the bow of the larger ship driving in the timbers of the Modjeska and denting the side from the top to a point near the waterline. The boat was rocked to one side, women and children thrown about, and the crew working in the holds were also tossed by the force of the impact. Both vessels stopped, the Toronto reversing and backing away from the Modjeska, which proceeded to her slip under her own power.

Eye-witnesses of the collision say that the Hamilton boat was shoved overboard in a dangerous angle when struck by the larger boat, the prow of which was stove in from the top to a point near the waterline. Captain Bruce declared that the Toronto would make her regular trip to Montreal this afternoon after the damage had been repaired.

The passengers of the Modjeska, none of whom were injured in the collision, were transferred to the Toronto, which carried them to their destination. The Toronto had no passengers on board.

Captain Arthur Booth was in charge of the Toronto and Captain J. A. Henderson, the Modjeska.



LORD HALDANE, lord chancellor in the Laborite ministry, whose proposal to remove the name of Magistrate Deni from the rolls on the ground that he is a passive resister, has caused strong opposition in the British House.

Two Persons Die As Vessel Burns

Three Hundred and Fifty Are Rescued Off Cove Point.

Associated Press Despatch.

Baltimore, Md., July 5.—Two persons, a negro man and woman, are known to have lost their lives when the bay steamer Three Rivers, was burned at Cove Point early today, a wireless dispatch from a newspaper reporter on board to his paper stated.

Three hundred and fifty passengers were rescued and are proceeding to Baltimore on the Middlesex. The steamer was bound for Baltimore.

VETERAN CUSTOMS MAN DIES AT WOODSTOCK HOME

Canadian Press Despatch.

Woodstock, July 5.—V. H. Vanier, for 63 years in the Canadian customs service, 50 years of which he spent as collector at Woodstock, died last night, aged 92 years. Mr. Vanier was born in New York State, but spent his early years in the town of Cobourg. In 1858 he entered the service of the government, and continued without a break in the customs department until his retirement in October, 1921. He served as customs officer first at Cobourg, then at Bowmanville, Prescott and Paris before coming to this city.

POSITIONS OF LEADERS UNALTERED ON 72ND

McAdoo and Smith Factions Are Unyielding in Attitudes.

PROPOSALS MADE

Delegates Show Weariness As Nomination Battle Is Renewed.

Associated Press Despatch.

New York, July 5.—Weary but unyielding after seventy rounds of bargaining for a presidential nominee, the Democratic national convention was called at 10:30 a.m. today to begin a desperate tug-of-war that has carried it to the end of its second week of sessions.

The delegates forming closely matched on one point, that despite the measures were needed to break the deadlock between William G. McAdoo and Governor Alfred E. Smith, they were not agreed, however, on any of the numerous schemes advanced in frenzied efforts to bring about this end, nor was it known how any of these plans might be put into effect.

Party leaders scurried about to conferences as soon as the convention adjourned at 12:20 this morning, but their ideas were so diverse and their objectives appeared so diametrically opposed that a few of the delegates, tugging off to bed, saw no likelihood of a solution. They were hopeful, but they had grown wary of expecting.

Leaders' Positions Unaltered.

The four of July ballots the leaders remained in practically the same positions they have occupied throughout the week. Each had demonstrated a veto power over the other and neither camp was willing to concede that its maximum strength had been called out or that its lines had shown signs of crumbling. On the contrary, both claimed to be more solidly entrenched than ever.

McAdoo reached his highest point in a speech on July 4, when he declared that the Toronto would make her regular trip to Montreal this afternoon after the damage had been repaired.

Please See Page 2, Column 2.

AGREEMENT BECOMES EFFECTIVE MONDAY

Crow's Nest Pass Arrangement Provides For Special Rail Rates.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Ottawa, July 5.—There is a general expectation here that the Crow's Nest Pass agreement will go into full force on Monday next. The agreement, which was made with the C. P. R. in 1927, provides for special rates eastbound from the prairie on grain and grain products and westbound on lumber.

Three hundred and fifty passengers were rescued and are proceeding to Baltimore on the Middlesex. The steamer was bound for Baltimore.

SPANISH KING GRANTS AMNESTY IN MOROCCO

Associated Press Despatch.

Madrid, July 5.—King Alfonso yesterday signed a decree for general amnesty to all persons sentenced in connection with the Spanish disaster in Morocco in July, 1921, and political offences and persons imprisoned for newspaper libel.

Gen. Primo De Rivera drafted the decree and urged the king to sign it.

LIFE-SAVING SCOUTS GIVE VARIED PROGRAM

The new body of Life Saving Scouts of No. 3 Citadel, Salvation Army gave a varied program at the Rectory street building last night. Sixteen members of the scouts, who were formed only a month ago, demonstrated the methods of scout troops in action.

An interested audience was shown methods of tent pitching and the making of camp fires. The program included a variety of songs and recitations of the scouts.

In the first aid department, demonstrations of life saving and bandaging were given. These were applied to cases of street accidents.



MISS MARION SHARPE, who recently passed the chair, A. T. C. M. examinations with honors. Miss Sharpe has been studying violin at the Toronto Conservatory of Music as a pupil of Ferdinand Fillon.

FRANCIS TO FACE CHARGE OF THEFT

Case Against Man Convicted of Fraud Adjourned Until Monday.

E. W. Francis, who was to have been sentenced on three charges of fraud by Magistrate Graydon this morning, had the case adjourned till Monday on the request of Frank Curran, his solicitor.

Another charge will be laid by Crown Attorney Judd, who stated in court that Francis would also be charged with the theft of a rifle. The crown charged that Francis borrowed the gun from a local citizen and then sold it.

Francis pleaded guilty last week to issuing three checks with no funds behind them, and asked the court to remand him until restitution could be made. It is understood that this will be done before he appears Monday.

Mr. Curran asked for an extra day or two, but the court stated an extra adjournment would make no difference to the case.

The amount involved in all the checks, including one on which a charge was not laid, is \$150.

MANY AMERICAN TOURISTS VISIT LONDON ON HOLIDAY

American tourist traffic has quickly reached a high peak through London, and motorists are passing through from practically every street in the union. Some are from the far southwest, and a great many come from Michigan, taking the trip around Lake Ontario and Lake Erie, returning through New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio to their homes.

Last night in ten minutes 84 American cars were counted at the corner of Richmond and Dundas streets. Some came from the east and some from the west, most of them bearing Michigan state license plates, and some the licenses of the Empire State.

CANADIAN POULTRY GIVEN HIGHEST AWARDS IN SPAIN

Next World Exhibition Will Be Held in Canada in 1927.

SENT TO WEMBLEY

Pen of Barred Rocks Will Be Presented to King George.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Ottawa, July 5.—Canada's exhibition in the world poultry congress recently at Barcelona, Spain, stood high in the estimation of the judges. It was reported by F. C. Elford, Doct. of Poultry Husbandry, who has just returned to Ottawa from Spain.

Despite the fact that some of Canada's representative poultry traveled 7,000 miles before the show, there was but little sickness in the Canadian camp. Canada's poultry was the source of much favorable comment. Twenty-six countries were represented.

Canada was chosen for the next congress in 1927, which will mean the attendance of poultry experts from every part of the world. A good part of Canada's exhibit in Spain this year are on exhibition at Wembley. After that exhibition closes, a pen of Barred Rocks will be accepted by His Majesty King George and the boards of agriculture of England, Scotland and Ireland will receive the rest. A part of the exhibit already has been presented to Spanish royalty and Spanish boards of agriculture.

MORAL PACT OF BRITISH AND FRENCH GETS JOLT

Two Governments at Variance On the Reparations Problem.

PREMIERS EXPLAIN

MacDonald and Herriot Maintain Respective Attitudes Are Justified.

Associated Press Despatch.

Paris, July 5.—The moral pact of continuous collaboration which Premier Herriot announced he had brought back from his Chequers conference with the British prime minister seems to be already in a bad way. The most serious point of difference between the British and French viewpoints concerns the identity of the body which is to decide when Germany shall have defaulted in her engagements.

The French newspapers refuse to admit that the proposals of the Dawes plan are outside the Versailles Treaty, and declare that the British intention to replace the reparations commission by another body is unjustified, as is the British argument that the French cling to the reparations commission because they control it.

Conference in Doubt.

Some of the opposition papers question the possibility now of holding the proposed inter-allied conference on July 16. They argue that if the French and British cabinets cannot adjust their views before that date they would be unable to do so during the conference, and France would run the risk of being exposed to collective pressure, and placed in a position of isolation to which the present situation is preferable.

Premier Herriot's appearance before the finance and foreign relations committees of the Chamber of Deputies yesterday lasted three hours. He read the official minutes of the Chequers talks and also the telegram he sent to the British premier, expressing the surprise he felt at the nature of the memorandum sent by Mr. MacDonald along with the invitation to the proposed inter-allied conference.

Former Premier Briand suggested that Mr. Herriot try to resume the negotiations for signature of a guaranty pact which Briand undertook at Cannes. The premier replied that he had made every pressing effort in that direction, but that the political situation had been deeply modified since the Cannes conference. British public opinion and the French cabinet were being hostile to any military agreement.

VESEL MOVEMENTS.

At Port Dalhousie—L.P. Holcomb, Saskatchewan, Clinton, Baird, Aragon, Palmero, Fields, Lehigh, Yorkton, Locelle, Maplebrook.

Down: Hilda, Edmonton, Glenely, Glenelva, Brockton, Glendochart, Glenelg, Keystate.

KELLOGG ENTERTAINS FRIENDS IN LONDON

U. S. Ambassador Delivers an Appeal For Unity at Anglo-American Function.

Associated Press Despatch.

London, July 5.—An Anglo-American love feast to gladden the hearts of any "hands across the sea" advocates ended a day crowded with Fourth of July festivities. United States Ambassador Kellogg entertained several thousand British and United States citizens at the embassy. Among those who attended the annual dinner of the American Society last night were some of the cabinet members, including Arthur Henderson, Philip Snowden, Lord Oliver and J. H. Thomas.

Washington, July 5.—The condition of Calvin Coolidge, Jun., son of the president who is seriously ill with septic poisoning, remained serious today, although it was said he had held his own during the night.

U. S. PAIR WINS.

Wimbledon, Eng., July 5.—Miss Helen Wills and Mrs. George Wrightman of the United States, won the championship in the women's doubles of the Wimbledon lawn tennis tournament today, defeating the British pair Miss Kathleen McKane and Mrs. Phyllis Kovell, in the final match.

CAR WHEELS STOLEN.

Leslie Griffith of Byron reported to High Constable Wharton this morning that thieves entered his drive shed Thursday night and stole the two front wheels off his car as well as a spare tire.



LORD BYNG, governor-general of Canada, who will make an official visit to Northern Ontario this month. His excellency will leave on July 17, and plans to visit all the principal centers in the north country.

OLYMPIC GAMES OFFICIALLY OPEN

President Doumergue Is Present at Opening of World Event.

Associated Press Despatch.

Colombes, France, July 5.—The eighth Olympic games in the modern series were officially opened in the Colombes stadium today by Gaston Doumergue, president of the French republic. The formal parade, which featured the colorful ceremonies, was started shortly after 3 o'clock with the South African representatives leading.

Plan on Disarmament Drawn Up by Americans To Be Submitted.

DRAFT TREATY WILL COME BEFORE LEAGUE

Associated Press Despatch.

Geneva, Switzerland, July 5.—The draft treaty on disarmament and security recently prepared by a group of prominent Americans may form a subject of discussion at the next assembly of the League of Nations in September. The disarmament section of the league has decided to print the treaty as an annex to the official report which it will submit to the assembly, and this action automatically throws the subject on the agenda, making debate on the floor possible.

The officials of the disarmament department are greatly impressed by the American draft, which in many ways they deem a distinct improvement over the league pact of mutual assistance which is now before all the great powers for their opinions. They especially commend the juridical features and the utilization of the world court of justice.

CANADA IN THE MAKING

By John F. Sinclair, author of "Can Europe Hold Together?" A series of enlightening articles, appearing daily, by an economist who has the knack of making you understand. The first installment today. Turn to the editorial page.

SOMERVILLE SQUARES UP MATCH ON THE 14TH

London Golfer's Play of Yesterday Created a Strong Impression With Experts.

WEATHER IDEAL

Thompson Expected To Extend Himself To Limit To Gain Title.

FLASH.

Somerville, after being down three on the eleventh, squares the match on the fourteenth, taking three in a row.

Canadian Press Despatch.

Rosedale Golf Club, Toronto, July 5.—In his effort to be the third player to win the Canadian amateur golf title for the second time, Frank Thompson of Mississauga, the 1921 title holder, is opposed today by Ross Somerville of London, and while the star varsity football and hockey player has not the experience of the Mississauga man, there are many who expect him to win. Somerville has been steadily improving for the last two seasons, and at present there is not a longer hitter in the Dominion, and he has the ideal temperament, as his win, after being three down at the eleventh at Lauren's park, yesterday signifies if he can duplicate his game of yesterday afternoon and Thompson also shows the form that he did in the final match, the match today will be a classic.

Somerville will likely be the favorite. He with the gallery owing to the fact that he is a dark horse. On Monday night he was one of the seven extreme outsiders for the title, and yesterday he eliminated the third favorite, and the day before another who was considered a strong possibility for the 1924 title.

Once again the weather is ideal, although the sun is very warm. Thompson, who is the honor representative of the Dominion, is well down the fairway, while Somerville sliced to the draw of the hill, and was in the grass on the slope beyond the green. Thompson was on with his second 20 feet short of the pin. Somerville's chip was weak, but reaching the green, Thompson was dead and laid. Somerville was a stymie. The latter almost negotiated it on his first putt but was still away. He sank his second for a half in four, birdies.

Match Squared at Fourth.

Third hole: Somerville outdrew Thompson by 20 yards and was on pin high 12 feet to the left with his second. Thompson just short with his iron, but was 12 feet from the pin with his third. Somerville ruffled his first putt and Thompson did the same. Somerville needed an 18-inch putt for the hole, but missed it, and it was halved in five.

Fourth hole: Thompson drove into long grass beside bunker, but Somerville on green 12 feet short of pin. Thompson 10 feet over pin. Somerville putted a few inches from hole. Thompson's putt hit Somerville's ball. Please See Page 2, Column 3.

Canada—

TAXES, RAILROADS, HISTORY, PROBLEMS.

Canada In the Making

By John F. Sinclair, author of "Can Europe Hold Together?" A series of enlightening articles, appearing daily, by an economist who has the knack of making you understand. The first installment today. Turn to the editorial page.

Church Union Bill Goes to Senate After Commons Gives Measure Third Reading

BATTLE OVER UNION ENDS IN COMMONS

Two Amendments Are Defeated and Third Reading Is Carried.

BATTLE TO THE END

Canadian Press Despatch.

Ottawa, July 4.—The church union bill has passed the House of Commons and gone up to the Senate.

The final stage took place this evening, when, after the rejection of two amendments, the third reading was carried. No vote was recorded on either of the amendments, or on the third reading, but William Duff of Lunenburg asked that the minutes contain the statement that these decisions were reached only "on division." This implies a formal recognition that opposition was continued to the end though no division lists appeared in Hansard.

A division was recorded last Tuesday night on the Duff amendment to change the name of the new church to "The United Church of Canada." This amendment was defeated by 39 to 53.

When the bill was called this evening, Alfred Stork (Liberal, Skeena) moved, seconded by W. G. Raymond (Liberal, Brantford) that the bill be amended to provide that it should not apply to the Presbyterian Church until all doubts of the powers of the general assembly to agree to union question be referred to the supreme court of Canada. There was no discussion, and this amendment was declared "lost on division."

Mr. Duff then moved, seconded by Mr. Stork to amend the bill to provide that the vote on union in the congregation should be taken by a circulated ballot instead of at a meeting of the congregation.

T. W. Caldwell (Progressive, Victoria-Carleton) raised a point of order on the ground that the House had already voted on a similar amendment.

The speaker ruled that there was some difference between this and the previous amendment, but that it could not be moved in its present exact terms.

"Do you want us to talk until 9 o'clock?" asked Mr. Duff.

The point of order was then tacitly waived, and this amendment, like the previous one, was declared "lost on division."

Without further debate the third reading was then carried on division, and the long struggle over this bill in the House of Commons, which began nearly three months ago, was over.

When this measure had been disposed of, another bill of a religious nature was taken up in the proposal of E. B. Ryckman (Conservative, East Toronto) to introduce the bill to incorporate the University, which met with some opposition and eventually had to be laid over.

ORIGINAL PEONY SHOW AS LONDON ROSE SHOW

Exhibition of Horticultural Society Proving Splendid Success.

The annual rose show, conducted by the Horticultural Society in the Dickson-Nicholson building, until 10 tonight, was augmented this morning by another flower from the garden of S. F. Wood. It is a specimen of the original peony, from which the huge, perfumed roses of today have been developed. In color, it is yellow like the marsh marigold, and not very much larger in size. It distinctly resembles, except for its color, the white May-apple found in Canadian woods, and its color is reminiscent of the original peony. Pretty in itself, the original peony is none the less almost insignificant when placed beside its modern sisters.

This peony has been crossed by a French grower with the tree peony, resulting, Mr. Wood says, in a splendid bronze variety.

Last night the accommodation given the show was taxed to the full. This morning again, visitors were numerous, and the continued fine weather promised many for the afternoon and evening. Members in charge are more than delighted with the interest evinced by Londoners, encouraging them to the belief that the rose show will become still more an important part of the Horticultural Society's year.

Jack and Jill Reached Library

Two Lovely Little Turtles Create Interest.

Jack and Jill arrived at the public library yesterday. The new additions to the children's room are two little live, wiggly turtles, no bigger around than a 50-cent piece, but far more interesting.

Jack and Jill were brought to the library by one of the stack boys who picked them up during a ramble in the country. They lacked the pall of water, credited to them in the old story, but were at once given a bowl of fresh water to play in, and are now stealing the popularity the gold fish have enjoyed.

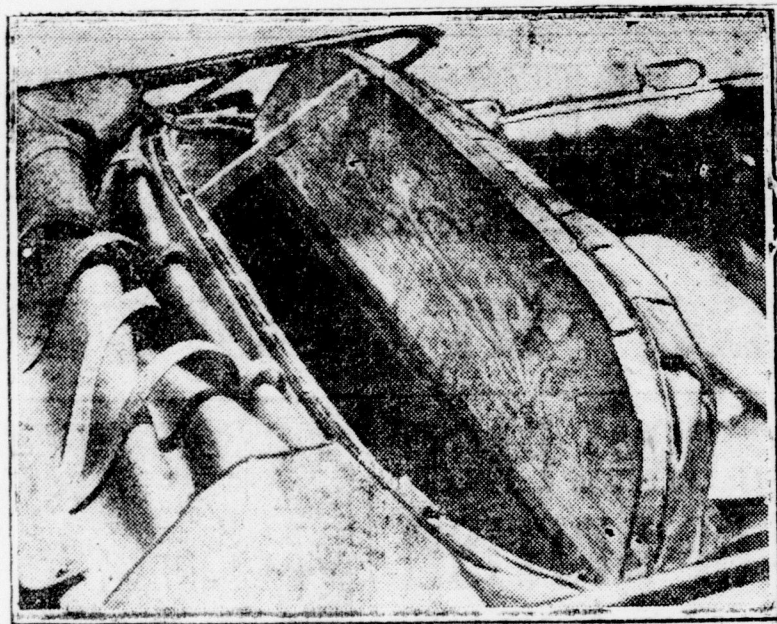
The little newcomers are attired in olive green shells, with black markings all worked out in pretty patterns.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY

LAST-MINUTE order, \$12.29 and about \$52 in bills, Friday, on Wharncliffe Rd., or Mount Pleasant, Reward, Phone 1753.

GIRL who can cook, for general housework. Mrs. J. E. McConnell, 1165 Richmond St. Phone 485.

COOK GENERAL, good wages, with possibility of increase. Box 100, Advertiser.



Additional School Results

Pottersburg.

Promoted to Grade VIII.—Aleatha Ogden, Arthur Ward, Clarence Brunner, Isabel Wells.

Promoted to Grade VII.—Verna Hillson, Wilfred Poole, Jean Michie, Vera Prince, Alma McClelland, Tom England.

Promoted to Grade VI.—Pearl Prince, Harry Keating, Grenville Sinclair, Arnold Rush, Clifford Sinclair, Ruth Bonnich, Mattie Wollon, Eric Bruner, Mary Metcalfe, Marjorie Prestwick, Minnie Prince, Grant Denley, Martin Rush, Allan Guenther.

Promoted to Grade V.—John Morrison, Howard Arnold, Robert Rose, Percy Dobson, Laurence Henderson, Sam Rae, George Harding, Jardine Dixon, Bert Lashbrook, Willie Coleman, Eleanor Dunkin, Given Barnfield, Jack Colman, Given Barnfield, Helen Kelly, Meredith Marshall, Gordon Hodgins, Dorothy Williams, Gladys French, Norman Edwards, Laura Thomson, Virginia Dissing, Florence Rush, Mabel Baker, Madge Brown, Annie Rae, Nellie England, Billie Duncan, Joe Lightfoot.

Promoted to Grade IV.—George Miles, Jack Talbot, Reggie Smale, Lloyd Bruner, Richard Lasker, Dorothy Crouch, Muriel Smith.

Promoted to Grade III.—Cameron Hardie, Ruth Tomlin, Hilda Ballingall, Billie Geofrey, Patricia Clark, John Ogden, Billie Ellwood, Bert Garrett, Alfred Edwards, Nathalie Belt, Reggie Lovell, Fred North, Ralph Yull, Norma McDonald, Fred Hutchinson, Dorothy Hodgins, Valee King, Willie Morrison, Kenneth Lawrence.

Promoted to Grade II.—Lillian Baker, Harold Colbert, Eric Dissing, Josie Dobson, Elmer Demerling, Marjorie Hutchinson, Marian Henderson, George Lill, Flora McNiven, Leonard McDonald, Clodagh Pendleton, Edna Parker, Lloyd Pace, Robert Rush, Rhoda Rae, Renwick Scott, Florence Webb, Arleen Williams.

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DECLARES CITY SEWER SYSTEM NOT TO BLAME

Engineer Points Out Flooding Not Due to Any Material Defects.

While there may be some trouble resulting from the present sewer system in the central districts of the city, all the flooding that took place last week was not caused by any defects in the system, says the city engineer. In many cases the flooding was the result of a local sewer connection that is too small.

The changing of the present storm sewer to a larger size would be, he states, a matter of considerable expense, but it might be a necessary change in view of the growth of the city. That is a matter for the council to decide.

He points out that it is not always wise to install larger equipment than a city needs at any time as the cost of this may be more than the city can reasonably stand at the time. It may be better business in some cases to build only what the community needs, and then to either enlarge or build again at a later date when perhaps there is more money at the command of the community. This is in answer to some criticism that the storm sewers in the city might have been made larger and placed deeper at the time of their construction.

SOMERVILLE IS DOWN TWO AT NINTH HOLE

Concluded From Page 1.

and stopped, the match being squared.

Fifth hole: Somerville outdove his opponent by 15 yards. Thompson, using a brassie, was just off edge.

Sixth hole: Thompson to the left and Somerville to the right. Thompson played his second six foot from pin, and won the hole easily when Somerville took three putts. Thompson 3 up.

Ninth hole: Thompson straight but 75 yards short of pin on drive. Somerville in bunker. Thompson played two feet off pin and Somerville made a beautiful blind shot 18 inches.

Tenth hole: Thompson missed his first putt, hanging on the lip. Somerville sank his first for a birdie three and the hole, making it two down.

Eleventh hole: Somerville just short of river on drive, but both were on in two. Thompson missed his second putt and hung on the lip. Somerville had an 18-inch putt for the hole, but missed, the hole being halved.

Twelfth hole: Somerville long drive, on in three. Thompson in rough well out and on in three. Thompson missed first putt; Somerville missed for the hole. Thompson 2 up.

Thirteenth hole: Somerville was just short and rolled to foot of knoll. Thompson overran green into bunker, getting out with his third. Somerville played to four feet off with second, and Thompson missed first putt. Somerville sank his for the hole. Thompson 1 up.

Fourteenth hole—Somerville's nice drive. Thompson on roadway. Both topped seconds. Thompson lifted third into left of green and Somerville on in three; Thompson in four. Somerville was away and rimmed up to six inches away. Thompson missed his putt and Somerville squared match.

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Seventeenth hole: Somerville's nice drive. Thompson on roadway. Both topped seconds. Thompson lifted third into left of green and Somerville on in three; Thompson in four. Somerville was away and rimmed up to six inches away. Thompson missed his putt and Somerville squared match.

Eighteenth hole: Somerville's nice drive. Thompson on roadway. Both topped seconds. Thompson lifted third into left of green and Somerville on in three; Thompson in four. Somerville was away and rimmed up to six inches away. Thompson missed his putt and Somerville squared match.

Nineteenth hole: Somerville's nice drive. Thompson on roadway. Both topped seconds. Thompson lifted third into left of green and Somerville on in three; Thompson in four. Somerville was away and rimmed up to six inches away. Thompson missed his putt and Somerville squared match.

Twentieth hole: Somerville's nice drive. Thompson on roadway. Both topped seconds. Thompson lifted third into left of green and Somerville on in three; Thompson in four. Somerville was away and rimmed up to six inches away. Thompson missed his putt and Somerville squared match.

Twenty-first hole: Somerville's nice drive. Thompson on roadway. Both topped seconds. Thompson lifted third into left of green and Somerville on in three; Thompson in four. Somerville was away and rimmed up to six inches away. Thompson missed his putt and Somerville squared match.



POLICE GET NICE NEW CAR WITH CUSTOM-BUILT BODY.

Makers of custom-built bodies do not show anything quite like this in their catalogues. The Ontario provincial police gave it more than the once over when they met it on the highway near Cobourg. Close examination revealed three fine storage places for liquor, lunch or milady's purchases. The cabinets behind the seats and under the floor of the tonneau carried a large cargo of liquor. Hence the car, with its Michigan license and all, is now the property of the province. Having only gone 1,795 miles, it will give the provincial police a lot of mileage before it is auctioned off as a used car. The car was "inherited" from a Detroit gent.

MOCHA PATROL BAND GIVES FINE CONCERT

Big Delegation of London Shriners Attend Chatham Reunion.

Mocha Patrol, accompanied by its brass and drum bands, went to Chatham yesterday by special train, 125 strong, to participate in the Masonic Day doings in connection with the Old Boys' reunion in that city.

The patrol put on two fancy drills during the day, while the brass band gave a very acceptable concert in the evening. The band consisted of about thirty pieces, and was under the direction of Rosalie Pocock. The delegation was entertained at evening dinner in the Baptist Church.

Ruth Chapter, Daughters of the Eastern Star, and other officers of the lodge.

CITIZENS LEAVE TO CHEER 'SANDY'

A party of Londoners left the city this morning for Toronto where they will follow the flight of Ross "Sandy" Somerville, son of C. R. Somerville, this city, in his bid for the Canadian golf championship being fought out on the Rosedale golf course.

Should Somerville win he will be the youngest golfer ever to have captured the coveted trophy. His opponent in the finals being played today is Frank Thompson.

In the gallery, which will follow the players around the course to watch the championship honors will be included the following Londoners: Geo. Gordon, Dr. Norman Alexander, Geo. Little, Ken Marsh, Dr. W. J. Brown, Dr. A. Scott, Dr. Claude Brown, A. M. Tillman, F. A. Riddell, Frank A. Reid, W. Duffield, Kent Campbell, members of the Somerville family, and others.

alone to speak from the convention platform was similarly rejected.

Then, at the opening of the night session, a letter from Mr. McAdoo was produced suggesting that, the refusal to extend a speaking invitation to his principal rival be considered, but when consent was asked for, it was refused by the Smith men.

Nevertheless, the leaders of the groups which are outside both the McAdoo and Smith camps believed they might succeed tomorrow in convincing the managers for both candidates that further balloting would be futile under the present lineup, and that it was too late now to smooth over the incident.

RIOT BREAKS OUT.

When Gavin McNab of San Francisco, a McAdoo man, asked unanimous consent that this afternoon's action on the request for speeches be reconsidered, he immediately precipitated one of those riotously stormy scenes which have been characterized by hundreds of men shouting at one time, and Chairman Walsh banging the heads off gavel as fast as they could be supplied. The Smith people shouted down the suggestion with such cries as:

"You've insulted the governor of this state, and now you want to do it again," and, "Who's running this convention anyway; the convention or some outsider out in California?" Finally, on demand for the regular order, Chairman Walsh ordered resumption of balloting.

During the following balloting, Smith delegates in Pennsylvania delegation became aroused when a delegate tore down two pictures of Governor Smith and threw them on the floor. In a fight that followed over the state standard, Mrs. Maidee B. Renshaw of Pittsburgh, was struck on top of the head by the standard. She was slightly wounded and was removed from the hall after the wound had been dressed.

Reach High Level.

With 530 votes, William McAdoo reached a new high level on the 69th ballot, when his vote was 505 1/2, or the 40th ballot.

On the 69th ballot they stood: McAdoo, 530; Smith, 235; Davis, 64; Scattered, 169. Total, 1,097.

This represented a gain of 41 1/2 for McAdoo; a loss of 1 1/2 for Smith, and 8 1/2 for Davis.

McAdoo was only 22 short of a majority, but 202 below the necessary two-thirds.

William G. McAdoo slipped a vote and a half on the seventeenth ballot, the standing being:

McAdoo, 528 1/2; Smith, 235 1/2; Davis, 67 1/2; Scattered, 167 1/2. Total, 1,097.

Smith lost half a vote, while Davis gained three votes.

The convention adjourned until tomorrow at 11:30.

UNEMPLOYMENT SCHEME BACKED

Ald. McKay Urges Government Aid Be Sought Before the Winter.

MAYOR AGREES

The warning issued recently by Frank McKay, the Labor representative in the city council as to the probable cost of taking care of the unemployed in the city next winter and his recommendation that some immediate action be taken by the city towards getting a measure of financial relief from Ottawa and Toronto finds backers in several aldermen and the mayor. Rev. T. D. McCulloch, secretary of the London Social Service Council, is also in agreement with the proposal.

McKay states that it is not fair that the Dominion authorities as well as the provincial immigration officials should operate in Great Britain and Europe urging immigration, that they should even grant a small bonus of \$15 to qualified immigrants when they get them here, and then in the winter when they bring out or in the way of making them take back free of charge any immigrant who within a certain time is out of work, through no fault of his own.

The question will come up before the city council on Monday night and Alderman McKay will ask that the council and the Immigration Board be acquainted with the situation as it affects London and with a request for financial help to deal with the matter in the winter.

The first resolution passed by the present council this year was one urging a great reduction in the number of immigrants admitted to the country. It was sent to both legislative and provincial houses.

Mr. Smith is in favor of a limited immigration, restricted absolutely to those few enterprises which can absorb help and to the number that they can take. He suggests that the city should take care of all hired men on the farms who are out of work in the winter, and that they should not be allowed to return to the city for relief when work in the country is slack.

Mr. McCulloch says: "The present policy," is to my mind a weak and foolish one. There is absolutely no justification for bringing immigrants into the country at the present time.

Trade of all description is slow. There is not a center that I know of that needs labor. The only place where they might be absorbed is on the land, and the type that we need for that work is not the kind that our present immigration policy will bring to us. We need an independent class, with capital enough to buy their land and stock it, not a class who will come here and live on the other side of the water. We can produce enough failures of our own without having them brought in ready made.

"Carrier companies who lure the immigrants to this country are much to blame and their practices should be stopped."

Strict Rules.

"As far as child immigration is concerned, I would impose the very strictest regulations. In 1922, the latest statistics we have, there were 11,000 children brought out by different organizations. Applications were made for 17,000 within the country and there were only six supervisors to see with what conditions these children are faced. Ninety per cent of all applications come from people who just want to come and grudge out of them. The adolescent school act provides that the children must continue at school until they are 16 years of age, so children under this age are not of any great help to that class of people."

"Last year we brought into the country 68,000 immigrants, while we lost 170,000 of our population to the United States. The emigrants were, moreover, a far better type of citizens than the immigrant."

COUNCIL TO MEET.

The monthly meeting of London Township council will be held on Monday, Miss Mary Grant, clerk of the township, announced today.

Several Londoners complain that their friends from the American side coming over for the holidays on July 4 were subject to an exceedingly disagreeable wait and great discomfort on the other side occasioned by the slowness of the Canadian immigration officials.

In many cases these motorists had to wait for four and five hours before they could get across the border, and at Port Huron some of them had to wait all night. The immigration officials who had had a busy day having gone to bed, and had no one to substitute for them.

They suggest that extra help should be given the officials from headquarters on holidays, and when there is likely to be an unusual number of people coming over.

IMMIGRANTS ARRIVE.

Seventy immigrants from Ireland arrived in the city Thursday night and were sent out to farm position yesterday morning by R. A. Finn of the department of agriculture.

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OSCAR W. UNDERWOOD, of Alabama, considered as a possible candidate for the Democratic presidential nomination.

ENTRANCE EXAM BOARD MEETS HEAVY RUSH

Over 300 Papers Are Already in the Hands of Examiners.

The entrance examination board is already working on over 300 papers submitted by Grade VIII pupils during the written tests of this week. It is expected reports can be made within ten days' time.

Inspector V. K. Greer, Inspector Wheatley, Principal E. A. Miller and Attendance Officer Sims are the committee in charge. Practically every candidate given the opportunity wrote on the examinations, and there is a great batch of papers to be gone over each pupil writing on eight subjects.

With the examinations completed, attention will be turned to registration matters at an early date. Lists of registrations for secondary school classes next year will be checked over this month, and arrangements for class accommodation furthered.

During the next week the board of education will advertise for registration of county pupils, no move in this direction having yet been made.

LONDONERS COMPLAIN OF BORDER CONGESTION

Declare Extra Staff Should Be Supplied on Big Holidays.

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Morrison Hurled Defiance at Old Line Parties and U.F.O. Foes in North Bruce Speech

START TO REVEIVE HIGHLAND GAMES

Extensive Plans Under Way
For Caledonian Picnic
July 23.

PIPING CONTESTS

It is the hope of the executive of the Elgin and Middlesex Caledonian Society that the Highland games this year being held at Port Stanley on July 23 will be the forerunner of a general revival in Western Ontario of the old Union of Caledonian Societies of the late 50s, when West Elgin went to Chicago and won the world's championship in the sports of the Highland games three.

The officers believe that in a district such as Western Ontario settled so largely by men and women from the purple Scottish hills, there should be no difficulty either in stimulating interest in Highland games themselves or in getting a membership in the various Caledonian Societies.

A fine program has been arranged for the games of 1924, which will include piping, dancing, throwing the hammer, putting the shot, tossing the caber, and it is hoped a championship of Ontario quoiting contest.

J. C. Elliott, K.C., president of the society, at present in England, is making arrangements for an interchange of trophies between the London Caledonian Society, the Highland Society of Inverness, Scotland, and his own society, which will give the games here an added stimulus.

Trophy for Pipers.

It is proposed to have a trophy for pipers, playing a pibroch, perhaps a set of pipes, which will be presented by the old country societies and carry the provincial championships with it. The Advertiser Trophy for the provincial championships for pipe bands and for individual pipers will be competed for, and both bands and pipers here and in far-away cities and villages are getting in time for the day.

Another feature of these 1924 games is the re-introduction of the caber, one of the truly Scottish sports, and an old winner of many competitions, has been engaged to give an exhibition of the feat.

The events in the piping contests, perhaps the most attractive, together with the Highland dancing, of all events in the program have been drawn up by the piping committee as follows:

Individual piping competition, 2.30 p.m.—March, own selection. Three cash prizes.

Individual piping competition—Strathspey and reel, own selection. Three cash prizes.

Champion contest—The London Advertiser Trophy, emblematic of the championship of Ontario, to be awarded to the best piper in competitions 2 and 3.

The competitors in the individual competitions are required to play for the dancers when called upon by the announcer.

No entrance fees charged for any of the competitions. Entries will be received at the main platform on day of picnic and competitors will play in order of entry.

Band Competition.
Pipe band competition, 4 p.m.—The London Advertiser Trophy is offered for the best Highland pipe band, to become the champion of Ontario, to the band winning it twelve (12) men. Points to be awarded for marching, but not for dress. Bands will draw for the order in which they will compete. Each band will play a march, strathspey and reel, and a selection of their own tunes. Caledonian rules to govern the competition.

Immediately after the competition, the bands will be formed up in the east side of the grounds in massed band formation under direction of the judge and will play "Highland Laddie" as a march.

The pipers of each band will be in two files with pipe majors in front. Bass and tenor drums in line behind and side drums in rear of these. Drum-major will direct the line of march.

Juvenile pipers' competition—Open to boys and girls under 17. Chieftain P. J. Watt offers three medals: 1st, silver medal; 2nd, silver medal; 3rd, bronze medal.

Consolation prize in cash is offered to visiting piper not having previously won a prize in 2 and 3.

POSTPONED PETROLIA RACES BILLED FOR 23RD

Special to The Advertiser.
Petrolia, July 4.—The Petrolia races which were postponed on account of rain on June 23, will be held here on July 23rd. This was announced today by the executive of the Petrolia Racing Club. The races will be held on the track after numerous requests from horsemen and the public. The committee expect a record entry and the best horses now racing in the Ontario event will perform here. There will be three classes, 218, 225 and 250, on the program with prizes totalling \$1,000.

Horsemen who were here for the last meet stated that the local track is the best they have struck this year.

L. R. C. TO STAGE DOUBLES ON WEDNESDAY NEXT

On Wednesday, July 9th at the London Bowling Club, Scotch doubles tournament will be held. Six pairs are taken; the greens are at present in great shape. Bowling will commence at 4 p.m. sharp, ending at 8 p.m. Three sets of prizes. Phone entry to Secretary Farrow 3153, or to club house 257.

CHARLES KEENE WINS HIGH HANDS HANDICAP

Yesterday Charles Keene defeated W. E. Greene for the spring handicap honors at the Highland Golf Club. Keene was three up and two to go when the match finished.

AMEND C. N. R. BILLS.

Ottawa, July 4.—Senate amendments to 16 Canadian National Railway bills passed the House of Commons this afternoon with practically no discussion. The amendments were accepted by the government and the adoption moved by Hon. George P. Graham, minister of railways and canals.

DRURY, SMITH AND BIGGS ATTACKED BY MORRISON

Farmer Government Cabinet
Declared to Have Been
Autocratic.

BARNACLES REMOVED

Declares U. F. O. Party
Stronger Than Ever and
Power in Politics.

Special to The Advertiser.
Windsor, July 4.—Severe criticism was hurled at members of the U.F.O. government, individually and collectively, by J. J. Morrison, speaking at the annual picnic of the Amabel U. F. O. Club of North Bruce in Stacey's grove. He attacked most bitterly those who he held were responsible for the disruption of the U.F.O. party, and declared that the party was not dead, but would yet be a positive force in political matters in the province. He hurled defiance at the old-line parties and at foes both within and without the party.

After commenting generally on the depressed state of agriculture, as a result of which all business was poor, he referred to political matters. Commenting on the disastrous results of the last elections, he blamed it on three things, first, the cabinet was autocratic in its operation, simply following the old-line party press at dictation, whereas they should have co-operated with the organization of which they were servants; secondly, the cabinet was not united, and third, their attempt at a rapprochement with the Liberal party as a result of which they had suffered the same fate as the Farmers' Party in the elections in 1919, and incidentally, he said, injured the Liberal party. He declared bitterly that the Farmers' Party was a deliberate falsehood as every man with the treatment it had meted out to him personally, and in the methods used in the campaign against the U. F. O. party.

Scores Press.
"The party press set out deliberately to wreck the movement by misrepresentation and drove a wedge into the vitals of the U. F. O. party," he declared. It had claimed that I personally wanted to control and dictate to the government, which was a deliberate falsehood as every man with the treatment it had meted out to him personally, and in the methods used in the campaign against the U. F. O. party.

"The late cabinet was only one-sided, and it was not an organization and to that extent only was it in sympathy with the aspirations of U. F. O. men. Peter Smith, guilty or not guilty of the crime of which the Farmers' Party had capitalized the opportunity that the Farmers' Party had afforded him only for the benefit of Peter Smith."

Mr. Morrison complained bitterly of the lack of co-operation which the U. F. O. co-operative company had met from the Drury cabinet.

"Biggs had never bought a dollar's worth from the company in his department," declared the speaker. "He had bought a dollar's worth of hats and dozens of other materials which the highway department used in abundance, and Biggs never bought a dollar's worth from us. At Kemptonville, the home of Howard Ferguson, we had one of the best stores in the country, but when Biggs was expelled from the Drury cabinet, he bought all his supplies from private individuals and never gave us a look in. How could the co-operative company have done such a thing to its own friends?"

"However, notwithstanding all the U. F. O. has done, and coming back stronger than ever, purged of its barnacles, and so long as farmers maintain the principle of co-operation, they will win, for they are the producers of the country and in the great majority."

"The co-operative company stock is down from \$25 a share to \$15.00, but last year we had a surplus of \$50,000."

Urges Co-operation.
He urged all farmers to give the co-operative company support, as it had been instrumental in curbing the business interests in many instances from multiplying them of thousands of dollars," he said.

"Last year we bought twine in Ireland, and kept the price of Canadian twine down, when otherwise it would have been six cents higher," he declared. "We have been successful in getting so exorbitant that some even talk of rebellion. That would be of no use, the ballot will get us anything we want, and this must be the means used to get economic justice for the farmers of the country. We have played politics in the same old way as the old-line parties, amateurs against professionals, and we were licked. We instituted a new idea in politics, government by the governed, and we departed from it. Now we must go back and stick to our principles."

Other speakers were W. H. Fenton, M.L.A., North Bruce; J. D. Taylor, M.L.A., North Grey; and J. E. Bothwell, president of the U. F. O. Co-operative Company.

**SHOPMEN TO VOTE CUT
IN STAFF OR SHUT DOWN**

Canadian Press Despatch.
Montreal, Que., July 4.—Ballots will be taken next week in the main shops of the Canadian National Railway, central region, on the question of whether a reduction of staff or a periodic close down shall be the policy of the region in slack periods.

The question on the ballot papers which will be in the mail on Monday are:

Are you in favor of reduction, or are you in favor of shorter hours to keep the staff employed?

Shops balloting are: Montreal, Stratford, London, St. Malo, Que., Ottawa, Carleton Place, Leaside, Ottawa motive power, and the Spadina shops, Toronto.

British Mails

The next mails for Great Britain and Europe will close as follows:

Monday, July 7.—10 a.m., letters and registered matter; 3 p.m., parcel post and newspapers, via steamship Montrose, from Montreal, Quebec, July 10 p.m., letters and registered matter, via steamship Aquitania, from New York, July 9.

Tuesday, July 8.—3 p.m., parcel post and newspapers, via steamship Melita, from Montreal, July 9.

Thursday, July 10.—3 p.m., parcel post and newspapers, via steamship Montrose, from Montreal, July 11; 10 p.m., letters and registered matter, via steamship Berengaria, from New York, July 12.

Friday, July 11.—3 p.m., parcel post and newspapers, via steamship Melita, from Montreal, July 12.

FORMER SARNIA GIRL HONORED BY GREECE

Mrs. Emma Wood Lowe
Presented with Croix
de Guerre.

Special to The Advertiser.

Sarnia, July 4.—Mrs. Emma Wood Lowe, nursing supervisor for the American Near East Relief, who is described in press reports as the bravest nurse since Florence Nightingale on account of her intrepid work amongst typhus-stricken Armenian and Russian refugees on the island of Corfu, was before her marriage Miss Emma Wood of Sarnia, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elgin Wood, of this city. Mrs. Lowe is the widow of a Greek, and has received the Croix de Guerre.

She was educated in the public schools and collegiate here, and later at the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby. She was gold medalist of her year, and having considerable talent for drawing and painting, was before the appeal of service in the nursing profession, she graduated from a nursing school at Buffalo.

Her wedding to Col. Lowe of the American Near East Commission had to be postponed for some time on account of the Italian bombardment of Corfu.

A product has just been placed on the market which combines iodine in a minute quantity with ordinary table salt. This new salt, marketed by medical authorities that the use of the "iodized salt" in cooked food and for table use will practically end the sinister inroads of this malady.

Long research on the part of the medical profession established beyond any doubt the fact that iodine was a preventive of goitre. Wherever this salt existed in the soil, there was little trouble from the disease. The disease is rare in sea-coast area, but malignant in the fresh water lake areas, where the soil lacks iodine salt and the vegetation received none of the element that the thyroid gland must have.

Between the ages of 10 and 18 there is a very large proportion of the population of certain areas afflicted with goitre. A recent examination by Dr. H. W. Hill, director of the Provincial Institute of Public Health, revealed that in a school with 322 girl students, 59 showed enlargement of the neck in the situation of the thyroid gland. Thus, 17 per cent, or one in six, of the total 322 were affected.

**DISCOVERY OF MURDER
IS SEQUEL TO SUICIDE**

Mrs. Mike Lashuk Kills Husband, Then Jumps Into River.

Associated Press Despatch.
Timmins, July 4.—Almost simultaneously with the discovery of the head body of Mike Lashuk in his house at Moneta, Mrs. Mike Lashuk was found to have committed suicide by throwing herself into the Matagoni River.

Mrs. Lashuk is believed to have killed her husband on Wednesday night. About 10 o'clock last night she was seen on the high bridge at Matagoni River Landing by James Kane and S. Mulveney. Shortly after they noticed the woman's hat in the water, but Mrs. Lashuk had disappeared. They notified the police, and this morning the body was found in the river.

On going to Lashuk's house to investigate, the police found the body of Lashuk lying across a pile of blankets, the legs tied together with a rope, and his head cut open in a dozen places, the skull being crushed. His clothing and the blankets were saturated with coal oil, and a lighted candle had been placed between his knees. This had less than two inches to burn when found by the police.

**PUBLIC SCHOOL REUNION
CELEBRATED AT HOWICK**

Special to The Advertiser.
Midway, July 4.—The Old Boys and Girls' Reunion at P. S. No. 1, Howick, was held yesterday and drew an immense crowd. Many of the former teachers and scholars were present. An excellent program was rendered, and supper was served on the grounds.

BANK BRANCH CLOSED.
Special to The Advertiser.
Exeter, July 4.—The Bank of Commerce in Dashwood has been closed, and the manager, Mr. Rutherford, will move to the Exeter branch to assist M. C. Manier.

Bedtime Stories. Listening The Neighborhood To Bed

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate

WONDERS WHY THE GILLINGS HAVEN CALLED THEIR CAT IN YET-ITS PAST THEIR USUAL BEDTIME REMEMBERS THIS IS THE NIGHT THEY ALWAYS DINE

WITH THE MELCH'S HEARS SAM WILLIS LOCKING UP- WELL, WELL MUST BE HALF PAST TEN ALREADY

USUAL THURSDAY NIGHT DEBATE WHETHER THE MAID HAS SURELY TAKEN HER KEY ENDS BY SAM LEAVING BACK DOOR UNLOCKED UNDER PROTEST

LISTENS TO FOOTSTEPS COMING DOWN STREET-NOW WHO-YES, SURE THAT'S JOE ERLMAN PROBABLY BEEN OUT PLAYING POKER AGAIN

HEARS ED CRACKETT ARGUING ON FRONT PORCH THAT SURE HE FORGOT TO WATER THE FLOWER BED BUT ANYBODY'D KNOW ITS GOING

TO RAIN SO WHAT'S THE USE AFTER INDISTINGUISHABLE WORDS FROM MRS. C. HEARS THE WATERING POT BEING FILLED

HEARS FRED BEEMING HAVING HIS NIGHTLY STRUGGLE TO MAKE HIS BEDROOM WINDOW STAY UP HEARS FRED ADDRESS

HIS USUAL REMARKS TO THE WINDOW, APOLOGIZE TO HIS WIFE AND PROMISE TO FIX THE BROKEN WINDOW CORD TOMORROW

HEARS LOU HIT HIS ANKLE ON PORCH ROCKER, AS USUAL, KICK ROCKER, FLING CIGAR ON LAWN, GO DOWN TO STEP IT OUT AND RETIRE GRUMBLING WITHIN

IN MIDDLE OF YAWN HEARS GILLINGS RETURN, AND FIND THAT FRANK AS USUAL HAS FORGOTTEN KEY, HEARS MRS. C.

WITH MANY GRUNTS BEING BOGGED THROUGH PANTRY WINDOW, HEARS THEM CALL THEIR CAT, AND SO TO SLEEP

THE CITY COUNCIL HAS NO MONEY TO GRANT THIS YEAR, AND IN ANY CASE WITH SOME UNEMPLOYMENT PROBABLE NEXT WINTER IT WOULD NOT BE ADVISABLE TO MAKE A LARGE GRANT, BUT THE COUNCIL MIGHT, PERHAPS, MAKE A SMALL GRANT AS A START FOR SUCH A FUND, AND THEN THE COUNCIL WOULD BE IN FAVOR OF IT, BUT I DON'T THINK IT TOO LATE NOW, AND I HOPE IT WILL MATERIALIZE IN THE NEAR FUTURE.

The silver cup donated by the Federal Advertising Agency was presented to the London Marines at a banquet of employees of the Neel Baking Company at Wong's Cafe last night.

The Marines were the winning teams in a recent salesmanship contest among employees of the baking company. The silver trophy was presented to the London Marines at a banquet of employees of the Neel Baking Company at Wong's Cafe last night.

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MAYOR URGES WAR MEMORIAL

Declares Lack of Action in
London on Question
Disgrace.

The time is ripe for the starting of a war memorial in the city, in the opinion of Mayor Wenze.

"Now that we have just celebrated Dominion Day it is appropriate that we should think of the lack of a war memorial in the city," he says. "London is one of the very few, in fact almost the only city in Ontario, without a war memorial, and it is a disgrace. It seems as if after the war everyone who wanted to get anything done or built used the war memorial theme for all it was worth, and that now the idea has lost strength and interest."

There is a very fine position for a memorial at the intersection of Richmond and Central avenue, where the circular flower bed now stands. It would be an ideal spot, and would be seen by everyone entering the city from the north as well as by the citizens. I don't know what kind of memorial might be best, but the subscribers to the fund could decide on that.

The city council has no money to grant this year, and in any case with some unemployment probable next winter it would not be advisable to make a large grant, but the council might, perhaps, make a small grant as a start for such a fund, and then the council would be in favor of it, but I don't think it too late now, and I hope it will materialize in the near future.

The city council has no money to grant this year, and in any case with some unemployment probable next winter it would not be advisable to make a large grant, but the council might, perhaps, make a small grant as a start for such a fund, and then the council would be in favor of it, but I don't think it too late now, and I hope it will materialize in the near future.

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Tecs Divide With Aces After Eiffert's Homer In Second Settled Morning Game

HAMS BREAK EVEN IN WOLVES' DEN

Won and Lost By One Run in Late Parts of Both.

BUNCHED HITS OFF FIELDS PROVE FATAL IN 2ND GAME

How They Stand

MICHIGAN-ONTARIO LEAGUE.

Team	W.	L.	P.
Flint	47	17	34
Bay City	47	17	34
Saginaw	41	27	50
Grand Rapids	34	33	50
Kalamazoo	34	33	50
Flint	26	44	37
Kalamazoo	26	44	37

Yesterday's Results

Flint 2, Saginaw 1, 9.

Bay City 5, 2, Hamilton 6, 3.

Games Today

Hamilton at Bay City.

Flint at Grand Rapids.

Kalamazoo at Muskegon.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Washington 41, 30, 577.

Detroit 39, 35, 551.

Chicago 35, 33, 515.

Cleveland 34, 36, 493.

Philadelphia 32, 37, 484.

Yesterday's Results

Cleveland 5, Chicago 4, 4.

Boston 3, Philadelphia 8, 6.

New York 2, Washington 0, 2.

Games Today

New York at Washington.

St. Louis at Philadelphia.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

New York 41, 24, 657.

Chicago 37, 32, 536.

Pittsburgh 36, 38, 507.

Philadelphia 28, 40, 420.

St. Louis 26, 44, 371.

Yesterday's Results

Cincinnati 3, New York 2, 1.

Brooklyn 2, Boston 5, 2.

Chicago 0, St. Louis 11, 5.

Games Today

Brooklyn at Boston.

Philadelphia at New York.

Cincinnati at Pittsburgh.

INTERNATIONAL LEAGUE

Baltimore 46, 22, 676.

Toronto 39, 30, 555.

Newark 41, 24, 547.

Reading 39, 33, 515.

Jersey City 21, 44, 330.

Yesterday's Results

Buffalo 7, Toronto 2, 5.

Reading 4, Baltimore 4, 11.

Toronto 4, Newark 7, 3.

Games Today

Toronto at Buffalo.

Reading at Baltimore.

Jersey City at Newark.

FLINT TAKE BOTH

Special to The Advertiser.

Grand Rapids, July 4.—Flint took both ends of a double-header from Grand Rapids today, 2 to 1 and 10 to 7.

In the second game, Regan with four hits at bat, and two home runs, a triple and a single, scored four times himself and ran two other scores.

First Game

Flint A.B.R.H.P.O.A.E.

Morehart, 2b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

Wetzel, cf, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

Lucas, 1b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

Dodson, 3b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

Hodges, 2b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

Knapp, 1b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

Bonnelly, 3b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

McCauley, 1b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

Knapp, 1b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

Bonnelly, 3b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

McCauley, 1b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

Knapp, 1b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

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Knapp, 1b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

Bonnelly, 3b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

McCauley, 1b, 4, 0, 1, 3, 0.

Coogan Cheated Out of Shut-Out in Morning With Bad Break.

RALLY USELESS.

Special to The Advertiser.

Saginaw, Mich., July 4.—Saginaw earned an even break for the holiday double bill by pounding Fields hard and often in the afternoon game and winning 2 to 3, after losing the morning game 2 to 3.

Messenger was in good form and held the Tecs with ease until the ninth when he was thrown out by a single by Vermilyea.

The Aces started after Fields from the outset. With Bashing out, Gerald doubled and Yoter drove a home run.

Saginaw's left-handed pitcher, Vermilyea, singled, Cuzzington sacrificed to deep left.

Fields held the home team from then to the fifth, where doubles by Boyle and Basing and a single by Vermilyea accounted for two more.

The Tecs held to two hits for five innings, broke through in the sixth for a run on Sanguet's triple to deep center.

Beatty's single through short, Sanguet's double and matched these runs on Cuzzington's double and Hammond's hit through Gehring.

Orme forced Hammond and went to third on Boyle's single, but was thrown out at the plate attempting the double steal.

The Aces removed all doubt with a fourth-inning rally in the seventh.

Messenger, who had walked, got a double, Vermilyea and Cuzzington singled.

Cuzzington, by Gehring, threw to Cuzzington for a double play, permitted Vermilyea to walk.

Orme doubled, Yoter, home, Boyle ended it by rolling to Gehring.

London put on a belated rally for two runs in the ninth. Tice and Kerman singled, and Gehring doubled.

Scoring: Horne, Effert counted while Kerman was being thrown out.

Won In Second.

Although they could gather but three hits off Horne, the Tecs took the morning game 2 to 1.

With two out in the second, incoming Tice Effert slammed a home run.

Through his center field fence, Gehring walked and, Yoter, home, Kerman doubled down the line and fanned inside first base.

London put on a belated rally for two runs in the ninth. Tice and Kerman singled, and Gehring doubled.

Scoring: Horne, Effert counted while Kerman was being thrown out.

BEARS SPLIT.

Newark, July 4.—The Newark Bears divided today, the home club winning the morning game 7 to 2, because of the hard working by Zimmon and Sheehan, and losing the afternoon game 4 to 3.

The first game: The scores: R.H.E. Newark 7, 2, 0. Reading 4, 10, 3.

Reading: 100 000 102—4 R.H.E. Newark 4, 3, 0. Newark: 000 110 113—3.

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Reading: 100 000 102—4 R.H.E. Newark 4, 3, 0. Newark: 000 110 113—3.

Reading: 100 000 102—4 R.H.E. Newark 4, 3, 0. Newark: 000 110 113—3.

Reading: 100 000 102—4 R.H.E. Newark 4, 3, 0. Newark: 000 110 113—3.

LEAFS WIN FIRST, RAIN HALTS NEXT

Former Behind 5-0 When Dampness Ends Last Game at Third.

RALLY USELESS.

Special to The Advertiser.

Saginaw, Mich., July 4.—Saginaw earned an even break for the holiday double bill by pounding Fields hard and often in the afternoon game and winning 2 to 3, after losing the morning game 2 to 3.

Messenger was in good form and held the Tecs with ease until the ninth when he was thrown out by a single by Vermilyea.

The Aces started after Fields from the outset. With Bashing out, Gerald doubled and Yoter drove a home run.

Saginaw's left-handed pitcher, Vermilyea, singled, Cuzzington sacrificed to deep left.

Fields held the home team from then to the fifth, where doubles by Boyle and Basing and a single by Vermilyea accounted for two more.

The Tecs held to two hits for five innings, broke through in the sixth for a run on Sanguet's triple to deep center.

Beatty's single through short, Sanguet's double and matched these runs on Cuzzington's double and Hammond's hit through Gehring.

Orme forced Hammond and went to third on Boyle's single, but was thrown out at the plate attempting the double steal.

The Aces removed all doubt with a fourth-inning rally in the seventh.

Messenger, who had walked, got a double, Vermilyea and Cuzzington singled.

Cuzzington, by Gehring, threw to Cuzzington for a double play, permitted Vermilyea to walk.

Orme doubled, Yoter, home, Boyle ended it by rolling to Gehring.

London put on a belated rally for two runs in the ninth. Tice and Kerman singled, and Gehring doubled.

Scoring: Horne, Effert counted while Kerman was being thrown out.

Won In Second.

Although they could gather but three hits off Horne, the Tecs took the morning game 2 to 1.

With two out in the second, incoming Tice Effert slammed a home run.

Through his center field fence, Gehring walked and, Yoter, home, Kerman doubled down the line and fanned inside first base.

London put on a belated rally for two runs in the ninth. Tice and Kerman singled, and Gehring doubled.

Scoring: Horne, Effert counted while Kerman was being thrown out.

BEARS SPLIT.

Newark, July 4.—The Newark Bears divided today, the home club winning the morning game 7 to 2, because of the hard working by Zimmon and Sheehan, and losing the afternoon game

Ross Somerville Meets 1921 Champion In Canadian Amateur Golf Finals

SOMERVILLE WINS WAY INTO CANADIAN AMATEUR FINALS

Lost Morning Round to Californian But Led All Afternoon.

THOMPSON EX-CHAMP

Canadian Press Despatch.
Rosedale Golf Club, Toronto, Ont., July 4.—The final for the Canadian amateur golf championship, sponsored by the Royal Canadian Golf Association, was played today at Rosedale Golf Club, where Ross Somerville, of the London Links Club, as these two players emerged victorious in the semi-finals today over Seymour Lyon of Vancouver, and Laurence Thompson of Sacramento, California, respectively. Thompson, who won from Lyon 5 and 4, while Somerville repelled the American invasion by 4 to 3. The result of the Thompson match was not a surprise in the fullest sense of the word, although the pair were even terms at the halfway mark, but Thompson set a better than par clip in the afternoon and quickly secured a commanding lead. The first hole was halved, and then Thompson won three in a row, halving the next three, and then won two more to make the turn five up. Lyon won the tenth, the only hole he secured in the afternoon, and the match terminated at the fourteenth.

The cards for the two games:
Thompson, out 44,353,443-24
Lyon, out 53,453,454-40
Somerville, out 44,353,453-39
Thompson, in 44,353,453-39
Somerville, in 55,345,543-41
In the afternoon, the match was considered the most important of the day, owing to its interest in the fact that the players followed by large-sized galleries, and the match was fought on a green which was gradually growing larger as Somerville gradually forced to the front and Frank Thompson drew away from Seymour Lyon. The match was well worth watching, (Lyon going out in 24 two under par) in the morning, while Somerville played the 16 holes in the afternoon in one under par.

During the morning, Lyon played a straight game, while Somerville was off the line several times, but the difference was that the Londoner was always too cautious approaching and on the green, and always too conservative in his putting. Upson had his putter working well, and took advantage of every lapse on the part of Somerville.

In the afternoon, showing that he had lost the putting touch, and on only one hole, the 14th, did he show anything like the accuracy of his putting. The refusal of his putter to do his duty, and the fact that he was apparently worried most of the afternoon, and dubbed more shots in the 15 holes than in the 12 he had played before. He made a good start, however, and played just a little better than par golf all the afternoon, Somerville took the first three holes, squaring the match, and then he took the lead and never relinquished it.

Beaten Sixteen.
J. E. McLaughlin, defeated C. M. Sheppard, Branford, 6 and 4.
Jack Cameron, Mississauga, defeated Joe Sullivan, Rosedale, 3 and 2.
Final.
J. H. MacLean defeated Jack Cameron, 4 and 2.
George S. Lyon, Vancouver, defeated S. H. Fallowell, York Downs, 2 and 1.
A. B. Hannay, Rosedale, defeated A. A. Adams, Hamilton, at nineteenth hole.

Hole By Hole With Londoner

MORNING ROUND.

First hole—Upson had slightly the longer drive and Somerville was short with his second while the American was on the green in two. Somerville approached to within three feet of the cup while Upson was within six feet of his first putt. Upson sank his second while Somerville dropped his first for a half.

Second hole—Somerville had a slight hook and went to the left of the hole while Upson was straight down the fairway. Somerville was short with his third putt, but he was within three feet of the hole. Upson used an iron for his second and found the bunker and was eight feet from his third. Somerville was short with his first putt and Upson took the hole by sinking his eighth putt.

Third hole—Somerville was in the river with his drive and had to play his third after dropping and was short of the green. Upson was in the rough with his drive, but he was within three feet of the hole. Somerville took four to get out and Upson easily made his third putt. A fourth hole—Upson was 15 feet from the cup with his drive while Somerville was to the left of the hole. Upson made a good approach and secured half when Upson overran the hole on his first putt.

Fifth hole—Upson had slightly the longer drive and was on the fairway, while Somerville was just off. The latter was over the green in the rough with his second, while Upson was well over and down hill. His third brought him out, but he took four to the green, being ten feet over the pin. Somerville played his third four feet from the pin and Somerville sank his first putt for the hole.

Sixth hole—Both were on in one. Somerville pin high four feet to the right, while Upson was 45 feet away. Upson was 12 feet short with his first putt and ten inches with his second. Somerville sank his first putt for a half to square the match.

Seventh hole—Upson was on the edge of the green in two, and Somerville was short with his chip, but eight feet off in three. Upson played up to a foot from the pin with his first putt and took the lead after Somerville had rimmed the cup.

Eighth hole—Somerville had the advantage on the drive, but sent his second into the trees at the left of the green and took a total of four to get on the green. Upson reached the green with a beautiful brassie, chipped the hole with his third and sank his first putt for a birdie, making him two up.

Ninth hole—Both were just short of the green on their drives, both chipped up close and sank their first putts for a half in par three.

Tenth hole—Both were short with drives, while Upson got on in two. Somerville being a little short. Upson's putt hung on the lip after Somerville had played two feet from the hole. This left Somerville a styne. He tried to jump his opponent's ball and failed, losing the hole.

Eleventh hole—Upson reached the eleventh green with his second and Somerville was again short. Somerville was eight feet short with his chip and Upson did likewise with his first putt. Somerville overran the line with his first putt, and Upson won the hole by dropping his second putt, making him four up.

Twelfth hole—Somerville was again short with his third. Upson hit the lip of the cup with his first putt, a twenty-footer, and Somerville overran the hole and secured a half.

Thirteenth hole—Somerville was on the green with an iron, while Upson



DEFEATS MISS WILLIS.

Miss Kitty McKean defeated the U. S. crack in three sets and is now the world's champion.

found a lie, between two tree roots short of the green, and took four to get on Somerville sank his second putt for the hole.
Fourteenth hole—Somerville was below the green with his second, while Upson was just over. Upson was pin high, a foot off the hole, with his third. Somerville passed up, reducing the lead to three, and tried hard for a half, rimming the cup.

Fifteenth hole—Both got good drives and Somerville was on the green with his second, while Upson missed. Upson failed to get off, but his fourth putt, a bunker shot, was within three feet of the hole by his third putt, and then Upson missed his first putt. Somerville was on the green with his second putt, and he sank his second putt, the hole being halved.

Sixteenth hole—Upson was short across the gully and the ball was buried in the sand. Somerville was four feet from the hole and Upson conceded the hole when he failed to get his ball out with his second.

Seventeenth hole—Both had good drives, but encountered no luck with their second putts. Upson gave a kick off the back of the green and going on into the rough, while Somerville just came to the edge of the green and took a bunker shot. Somerville was twelve feet off the pin with his third, while Upson was within three feet of the hole by his third putt, and he sank his first putt.

Eighteenth hole—Upson was on the path to the right of the fairway, while Upson was straight down. Somerville found a bunker with his second, and his opponent did likewise. Somerville played his third twelve feet from the cup, and Upson was six feet away. Both took two putts and finished the morning round with Upson three up.

AFTERNOON ROUND.
First hole—Somerville with his honor sent away a nice drive, and then went to the hole and then went to the hole to the left and short of the green. Upson was within six feet of the green with his second putt, and he sank his second putt, the hole being halved.

Second hole—Somerville had a good drive, while Upson drove behind the hole. Upson was within three feet of the hole by his third putt, and he sank his first putt, the hole being halved.

Third hole—Somerville was short of the hole with his second, while Upson was on the green with his third putt, and he sank his third putt, the hole being halved.

Fourth hole—Upson was on the green with his second putt, and he sank his second putt, the hole being halved.

Fifth hole—Both were short with their drives, but Upson was within three feet of the hole by his third putt, and he sank his first putt, the hole being halved.

Sixth hole—Somerville was on the green with his second putt, and he sank his second putt, the hole being halved.

Seventh hole—Upson was on the green with his second putt, and he sank his second putt, the hole being halved.

Eighth hole—Somerville was on the green with his second putt, and he sank his second putt, the hole being halved.

Ninth hole—Upson was on the green with his second putt, and he sank his second putt, the hole being halved.

Tenth hole—Somerville was on the green with his second putt, and he sank his second putt, the hole being halved.

217-TO-1 SHOT WINS TAVERN STAKES

Fritz Mac and Etta Druen Wins Feature Circuit Card.

Associated Press Despatch.
Ninth Randall, Cleveland, July 4.—The victories of Fritz Mac and Etta Druen in the "Tavern Steak" and Fritz Mac in the "Tavern Steak" marked today's grand circuit racing (see page 1).
The Grand Rapids, Mich., man who held the only \$100 result, the "Tavern Steak" 217 to 1 shot, won the classic in seven years.

The summary:
216 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

212 Class Trotting, Purse \$5,000. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

210 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

208 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

206 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

204 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

202 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

200 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

198 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

196 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

194 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

192 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

190 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

188 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

186 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

184 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

182 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

180 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

178 Class Trotting, Purse \$1,200. (Three-Heat Plan.)
Fritz Mac (McGee) 3 1 1
Lincoln, b.g. (McGee) 2 1 2
Judge Blair, b.g. (McGee) 4 2 2
Parentway, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
Suzanne, b.g. (McGee) 2 4 4
May Volo, Axson, Black Law, Silver Bergen, Fred M. also started.

Race Results

WINDSOR RESULTS

FIRST RACE, 6 furlongs:
Polly Mura, 93 (Howard), \$14.60.
Fleecy, 108 (Clark), \$8.40, \$8.80, second.
Previous, 108 (Harvey), \$8.45, third.
Time, 1:13.
Black Hackle, Mountain, Rose, II, Sister, Josella, Gordon Shaw, First Blush, Merryland, County Times, Pall, Achaia II.

SECOND RACE, 6 furlongs:
Kidnap, 104 (McCoy), \$27.90, \$8.40, \$8.60, won.
Polynest, 113 (Harvey), \$4.45, \$4, second.
Little Clair, 113 (Sharpe), \$6.10, third.
Time, 1:12.
John Kelly, Lieut. Farrell, Thomassin, Elkhart, Aunt Jane, Back Art, Time's Up, Brian Sweet, Firah ran.

THIRD RACE, 5 1/2 furlongs:
Protestress, 102 (Harvey), \$32.40, \$10.40, \$5.10, won.
Traymore, 109 (Smallwood), \$3.20, second.
Shuttle, 106 (Sharpe), \$3.20, third.
Time, 1:07 1/5.
That's the way, Betty Maloney, Sea Tide, Todd Renner also ran.

FOURTH RACE, mile:
Delamit, 113 (Sharpe), \$11.35, \$4.45, \$4.20, won.
El Jesmar, 113 (Zucchini), \$4.60, \$3.05, second.
June Fly, 115 (Anderson), \$2.90, third.
Time, 1:41.
Bobby, 115, Malwood also ran.

FIFTH RACE, mile and eighth:
Dixie Smith, 109 (Lee), \$6.10, \$4.05, \$3.20, won.
Best Pal, 112 (Merzler), \$5.50, \$3.65, second.
Greta Mayers, 97 (Clark), \$3, third.
Time, 1:51 1/5.
Opberman, O'Henry also ran.

SIXTH RACE, mile and 70 yards:
Turbulent, 100 (Clark), \$27.40, \$12.45, \$6.50, won.
Gath, 107 (Smallwood), \$7.70, \$5, second.
Jolly Leighton, 101 (Merzler), \$3.50, third.
Time, 1:45 2/5.
Coe, West Pittman, Finelast, Walk Up, Midnight Stories and Wee Dear also ran.

SEVENTH RACE, mile and 70 yards:
Waywastance, 102 (Zucchini), \$18.55, \$9.10, \$5.30, won.
Dei, 102 (Merzler), \$10.55, \$6.70, second.
Murray, 107 (Arson), \$4.40, third.
Time, 1:45.
Dentary, Cautious, Daddo Wolf, Dan, Zanzibar, Servitor also ran.

EIGHTH RACE, 5 furlongs:
Fair Myrtle, 112 (McTaggart), \$7.65, \$5.10, \$3.20, won.
St. Nicholas, 115 (Scobie), \$4.35, \$2.45, second.
Runyon, 115 (Walls), \$2.10, third.
Time, 1:02 1/5.
Lionel Drew, Sun Los, Starmaria ran.

NINTH RACE, 6 furlongs:
Sternay, 100 (Church), \$4.85, \$3.35, \$2.10, won.
Honey Dear, 102 (Macelver), \$4.80, \$3.25, second.
Tiger Tim, 104 (Stevens), \$4.55, third.
Time, 1:14 2/5.
Beginnings, Moon, Speyroyal Blooms, Rex Gaiety ran.

TENTH RACE, 5 1/2 furlongs:
Helen Buck, 101 (Randall), \$28.55, \$10.10, \$5.10, won.
Trigler, 98 (Harvey), \$5.15, third.
Revolt, Spanish Name, Aseket, Master Blue ran.

ELEVENTH RACE, 5 1/2 furlongs:
Wraith, 104 (Walls), \$10.45, \$5.70, \$3.50, won.
Radiant, 96 (Randall), \$4.60, \$3, second.
Elemental, 97 (Harvey), \$4.40, third.
Time, 1:08 2/5.
Real Artist, Will Land, Strut Miss Lizzie, Balmage, Miss Domino, Mary Rose, Belle, also ran.

Twelfth RACE, 1 1/16 miles:
Golden Rule, 118 (Walls), \$4.35, \$2.30, second.
Calcutta, 102 (Wallace), \$3.65, third.
Time, 1:40 4/5.
Lang and Recond, Delusive also ran.

Thirteenth RACE, 6 furlongs:
Shine, 108 (Rensett), \$55.55, \$27.45, \$12.55, won.
Azedal, 118 (Walls), \$12.75, \$9.15, second.
Balsam Lake, 103 (Harvey), \$4.55, third.
Time, 1:17 2/5.
War Tank, Lady Heart, Sir Clarence, Honey's Jewel, Larry On, Caledon ran.

FOURTEENTH RACE, 5 1/2 furlongs:
Tranquil, 111 (Church), \$11.75, \$7.05, \$5.10, won.
Norman, 106 (Harvey), \$6.75, \$4, second.
Boford, 104 (Wallace), \$4.45, third.
Time, 1:51 2/5.
Allisimo, Tilday, Toscanelli, All in, Elbidge also ran.

FIFTEENTH RACE, 5 1/2 furlongs:
FIRST RACE, 1 1/16 miles:
Mies Mazie, 110 (Long), \$67.70, \$30.70, \$14.30, won.
Alard, 112 (Heapel), \$8.40, \$4.70, second.
Jupiter, 115 (Loye), \$5.40, third.
Time, 1:46 1/5.
Champion, Stump Jun, Fanchette Sway, Repetier, Chaplet, Blanche Mac, Nyakka, Flowershop ran.

SIXTH RACE, 5 1/2 furlongs:
Son of John, 118 (Kelsay), \$4.10, \$3.90, \$3.50, won.
Purton, 113 (Taylor), \$7.60, \$5.20, second.
Monarchist, 118 (Bruder), \$7, third.
Time, 1:07.
Barrage, Surprise, Mamoud, Thunderbolt, Hobson, Sir, Uncle Jay, August, The Smasher ran.

THIRD RACE, 6 furlongs:
Floating On, 104 (R. Williams), \$13.90, \$6.80, \$5, won.
Poland, 107 (H. Long), \$7, \$5.50, second.
Queen Charming, 100 (F. Hastings), \$4.40, third.
Time, 1:12 2/5.
John Harger, Frank Gailor, Volt, Miss Mischief, Escapade, Auntie Millie, and Watchdog also ran.

FOURTH RACE, 5 1/2 furlongs:
Broadbent, 113 (W. Kelsey), \$21.10, \$9.20, \$5, won.
Beginnings, Luck, 95 (Williams), \$8.20, \$5, second.
Pegasus, 109 (Kennedy), \$9.50, third.
Time, 1:11 1/5.
Crayon, Tenel, Great Jazz, Goshawk, Pinder Peel and Exodus ran.

FIFTH RACE, 5 1/2 furlongs:
Audacious also ran.
Headley also ran.
SIXTH RACE, 5 1/2 furlongs:
Captain Hal, 103 (Kelsay), \$6.50, \$3.70, \$3.20, won.
Battledie, 110 (Garner), \$3.10, \$2.50, second.
Bendict Vow, 110 (Lyko), \$2.50, third.
Time, 1:05 4/5.
Kubal Kan and Capt. Martin ran.

SEVENTH RACE, 5 1/2 furlongs:
Odalia, 102 (Williams), \$15, \$8.30, \$3.50, won.
Say No, 97 (O'Brien), \$5.50, \$4, second.
Court, 109 (Hastings), \$4.20, third.
Time, 1:51.
Fancy Free, Bluenose, Untried and Pequot also ran.

EIGHTH RACE, 5 1/2 furlongs:
FIRST RACE, 6 1/2 furlongs:
Buck Pond, 116 (Callahan), 3 to 1, won.
Tropical Water, 111 (McAtee), 4 to 5, 2 to 5, second.
Passport, 111 (Raile), 4 to 5, third.

SECOND RACE, 6 1/2 furlongs:
Buck Pond, 116 (Callahan), 3 to 1, won.
Tropical Water, 111 (McAtee), 4 to 5, 2 to 5, second.
Passport, 111 (Raile), 4 to 5, third.

CITY PLAYGROUND LEAGUES ALL START OFF NEXT WEEK

Keen Competition Already in Sight in Competitive Games.

GIRLS OPEN FIRST

Next week the various city playground competitive games get started in full swing. Softball will again be one of the most popular games, and groups have been arranged for both girls and boys in senior and junior divisions. The rules pointed out to the supervisors in a memorandum issued from the chief supervisor's office follow: All senior games will start at 2 o'clock sharp. Supervisors will please make an effort to get these games started on time. It is necessary to play at least five innings to count a game.

Girls' games will start at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Neutral umpires will be in charge of all senior games. In junior games the supervisor with the visiting team will be in charge of the umpiring. The age limit for senior girls and boys is 15. The age limit for junior girls and boys is 14. Same conditions applying.

The games will not be played off unless the visiting team has at least five innings. The umpire will decide whether the game will go the full seven innings or not. In any case five innings must be played to constitute a game, and should the umpire decide it is too dark, the score will revert to the end of the preceding inning.

SENIOR BOYS.
First Series.
July 8—Thames vs. Bottrills.
July 15—Thames vs. Bottrills.
July 22—Thames vs. Bottrills.
July 29—Thames vs. Bottrills.
July 5—Thames vs. Bottrills.
July 12—Thames vs. Bottrills.
July 19—Thames vs. Bottrills.
July 26—Thames vs. Bottrills.
July 3—Thames vs. Bottrills.
July 10—Thames vs. Bottrills.
July 17—Thames vs. Bottrills.
July 24—Thames vs. Bottrills.
July 31—Thames vs. Bottrills.
August 7—Thames vs. Bottrills.
August 14—Thames vs. Bottrills.
August 21—Thames vs. Bottrills.
August 28—Thames vs. Bottrills.
September 4—Thames vs. Bottrills.
September 11—Thames vs. Bottrills.
September 18—Thames vs. Bottrills.
September 25—Thames vs. Bottrills.
October 2—Thames vs. Bottrills.
October 9—Thames vs. Bottrills.
October 16—Thames vs. Bottrills.
October 23—Thames vs. Bottrills.
October 30—Thames vs. Bottrills.
November 6—Thames vs. Bottrills.
November 13—Thames vs. Bottrills.
November 20—Thames vs. Bottrills.
November 27—Thames vs. Bottrills.
December 4—Thames vs. Bottrills.
December 11—Thames vs. Bottrills.
December 18—Thames vs. Bottrills.
December 25—Thames vs. Bottrills.
January 1—Thames vs. Bottrills.
January 8—Thames vs. Bottrills.
January 15—Thames vs. Bottrills.
January 22—Thames vs. Bottrills.
January 29—Thames vs. Bottrills.
February 5—Thames vs. Bottrills.
February 12—Thames vs. Bottrills.
February 19—Thames vs. Bottrills.
February 26—Thames vs. Bottrills.
March 5—Thames vs. Bottrills.
March 12—Thames vs. Bottrills.
March 19—Thames vs. Bottrills.
March 26—Thames vs. Bottrills.

The London Advertiser

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SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1924.

Trying to Face Both Ways.

Premier Ferguson has found it necessary to have something to say about the attempt of Dr. Forbes Godfrey and his election partner McCausland that there was to be a referendum on the O. T. A. in the near future.

Dr. Godfrey took the issue right into the midst of the by-election in Toronto, holding out as a reason why they should vote for the Conservative candidate that it would mean the bringing on of the plebiscite.

The premier's statement is: "I have sought to keep this issue out of the political arena by refraining from making any statement on it. If we are to get a fair representation of opinion on any vote we should get it without political partisanship being injected into it."

The sentiments are very fine, but fail to carry conviction, and the inference is that the premier is talking with his tongue between his teeth.

"I have sought to keep this issue out of the political arena by refraining from making any statement upon it." At the same time the premier is giving sound to such high motives, what is one of his cabinet ministers doing?

Dr. Godfrey is out on the platform for the Conservative candidate, and he is saying:

"You have been promised a plebiscite, and you are going to get your plebiscite. Just hold your horses and keep cool and elect W. H. Edwards in Northwest Toronto by a resounding majority and the government in Queen's Park always will carry out its word."

Has Premier Ferguson any word of rebuke for Dr. Godfrey? Has he one word to say to J. A. McCausland, who tells the electors from a political platform, and for political advantage, that the plebiscite will be before them by the end of October?

No, he has not, and yet he makes a high-sounding statement that he has sought "to keep the issue out of the political arena." In view of the way in which his followers, unrebuked by the premier, are waving the prospects of an early chance to lay hands on the O. T. A. before the voters, the premier's statement takes on the form of beating upon sounding brass.

Getting Funds From Public Men.

A member of the British House of Commons, Major Hore-Belisha, has given notice of his intention to bring in a bill to limit the giving of donations and subscriptions to various objects by members of parliament. The speaker, in giving his notice, was frank enough to state his belief that many of these subscriptions were given with the hope that votes already secured might be retained for the next election.

There are two sides to this question, and it is not necessary to go outside of Canada to find the two sides. Members of parliament are bombarded with requests for donations. Of that there is plenty of evidence. A glance through the files of one of the cabinet ministers at Ottawa a few months ago revealed thirteen veiled and open requests for financial assistance. This minister had been elected honorary president of several baseball teams, made a director of some agricultural society, and in each case the notification of the newly bestowed honor contained an intimation that funds were low, and that it was necessary to have them reaped. Then there was the other class that wanted the minister to sell tickets for a drawing to members of the House; the people behind this money-raising scheme were certain that the representatives of the people at Ottawa would be glad of a chance to help along the good work, etc.

This particular minister had not been singled out as the one target at Ottawa; members from all parts of the country get the same sort of material in their mail. It seems to be taken for granted that the member of the federal or provincial House wants to be identified financially with every movement that is launched. And many of them do contribute, possibly because they want to keep in the good graces of their constituents, and because they lack the backbone to cut loose from the old system.

Members of parliament could stop the thing in short order if they cared to do so, and the way to stop it would be to stop it.

The other side is that of the public. They have come to know from actual performance that men in public life who depend on the votes of the people for their seats are willing to make contributions to various objects. So the dear collecting public simply follow the line of least resistance, and send their appeals where they have cause to believe they will bear fruit.

The proposed introduction in the British House of a bill to make the practice illegal is simply an acknowledgment of the fact that the members have not the backbone to assert their independence and refuse to allow the public to continue the erection of derelicts on their pocketbooks.

Get Off the Road.

The program of extending the Canadian National Railways by adding branch lines that would tap profitable territory has been sadly mutilated by the Canadian Senate.

The purpose of the obstructionists was plainly apparent when Sir James Lougheed, leader of the Conservatives, stated that one Alberta branch planned by the National lines would cover the same ground as a branch which the Canadian Pacific proposed to build, therefore the National Railways, owned by the people who

are paying Senator Lougheed's salary, should not be allowed to build the branch.

The C. P. R. would not consider the erection of that branch if they were not satisfied that they could make revenue from it; that is quite sufficient evidence that the plan of the National Railways to build there was sound and based on good railroad practice, exactly the sort of business that would make the road profitable.

Yet in the face of this the Senate, knowing the extreme urgency of making the National Railways a profitable undertaking, deliberately shut them out of that district because the C. P. R. plans to build in the same district.

Not satisfied with this form of injury to the property of the Canadian people, Senator Lougheed proceeded to create in the minds of the people the feeling that the management of the National Railways was miserably inefficient, and that no attempt was being made to curb extravagance.

To him the figures showing increased earnings mean nothing at all. He pursues a cunningly-devised plan of creating suspicion and distrust about the way in which the property is being managed. It is one of the meanest instruments on which a public man could lay his hand to batter down public confidence in a publicly-owned enterprise.

But these senators will fail. They must fail, because the prosperity of the Dominion depends on getting the National Railways to a position where they will cease to draw millions each year from the ratepayers of Canada to make up for deficits.

It is a preposterous challenge to shake in the face of the Canadian people that a project in which they are so heavily involved as to mark the turning point between decreased taxation and a greater public levy, shall be choked and hampered because a handful of senators have set their face against its success.

If there is not a way open now to let the people deal with these men in the upper chamber, whose appointment is the insignia of political servitude, then it is high time to change our ways.

New Form of Punishment.

Major Brunton of the York county court has a way all his own of dealing with motorists who are charged with speeding. Peculiar as it may seem, he is willing to harken to the motorist who claims the constable must have been mistaken.

The major has an officer whom he reckons is a pretty fair driver, and so it was when a motorist charged with going 34 miles an hour threw up his hands and said the old cart couldn't do it, the case was turned over to the official tester, who took the chariot out on the road.

The driver took the car to the race track, tuned it up where there was none to stop, threw the throttle open and tossed discretion to the winds, and found that he could get 38 miles out of it, but no more.

The news that there was a car in existence in this year of 1924 that couldn't make 50 miles an hour was too much for the major, and this owner of the humble conveyance was allowed to puff away in it without paying a fine.

Having it officially declared that his car could do only 38 miles an hour in this age of speed was probably considered sufficient punishment.

No Trifling Matter.

E. Guss Porter, who resigned his seat in the Commons over the Murdoch charges, chafes to get the by-election under way.

Hon. Arthur Meighen asked the prime minister when the new election was going to be held. Premier King did a dangerous and a serious thing. He informed Mr. Meighen "that no one in Canada took the election very seriously."

It will now be in order for some member to move for a court of inquiry into the premier's statement.

Does he not know that Mr. Porter is taking his political life in his hands and going back to a riding that has been Conservative, with one exception, ever since Confederation?

Surely the premier is willing to applaud political chivalry and election courage when such an outstanding case presents itself.

Note and Comment.

Mr. Deadlock has been the most conspicuous figure in the Democratic convention in New York.

Medicine Hat reports a temperature of 104. Perhaps they will tell us that the heat is like the cold, they don't feel it.

Brant county officials are out after the road hogs, and some of the fines suggest that they are bringing home the bacon.

The automobile has not displaced the horse yet, because U. S. papers are full of references to dark horses in the political stew.

The discussion of inter-allied debts is going on again. The British adopted the best and most honorable plan—paying them.

Harry Thaw has bought an orchard, and is going to raise peaches and apples. The only thing he ever raised heretofore was a stench.

St. Catharines Standard has an editorial about "The Oille Scandal." Nothing to do with U. S. politics, or the price of gas, but with a lacrosse player.

In Los Angeles 178 budding lawyers were graduated in one day. The people there will have to get into a peck of trouble or these new recruits will starve.

The car makers are telling now of 1925 models, putting another wrinkle on the brow of the owner of a 1920 sort who still believes his cart has a big resale value.

The small boy who attends one of those picnics where he gets seven cones, six drinks of pop and four bags of peanuts, all for nothing, is willing to vote the affair an unqualified success.

Dr. Frank Crane

WHAT NOT TO KNOW.

A cultured, truly educated person is not one who knows as much as is in the encyclopedia; he is one whose knowledge great or small, is in order.

Education is not amassing facts, it is learning to classify them.

The man with the most efficient education is not the one who knows things; he is the one who knows where to go to find out about them.

I am proud to state that I cannot boast West Virginia. I do not know what selenium is, and I do not know the names of the bones of the human body. Why should I mess my intellect up with this knowledge for which I have no use?

My fight is to keep books out of my library, to keep papers off my desk, to keep new furniture from being brought into the house, and to keep from eating what I cannot digest.

The eternal struggle is against the superfluous.

For superfluity kills more people than poverty. I do not want to know how to operate a typewriter, build an automobile, speak Chinese, name the Presidents, repeat the words of Shakespeare by heart or work problems in trigonometry.

Why should I? It takes all my time and energy to know the trade at which I make a living.

I once made a silly remark to a professor of mathematics to the effect that I did not understand certain intricate calculations. He properly rebuked me by asking: "Why should you?"

It is as good a plan not to learn more than you can use as it is not to bite off more than you can chew.

Efficiency is only half-earned when you know the essentials and do them; the other half is to know what things are non-essential and let them alone.

Bob, Bobber, Bob

When the women stop to talk when rest in the evening air, their topic turns as sure as mud into the bobbin of the hair, and to each sister what has gone and mowed the locks from off her head, a chapter and a verse beside is duly passed upon and read.

They meet a dame upon the street, they tell her that the cut looks slick, and thereupon they saunter forth to find upon the road a brick.

Ah, gentle sisters how you love to take each other's hair, and how you love to take the bobbed head in your lap, and gather in the neighborhood to gently knock and rap and rap.

"There's Mrs. Blink, she's forty-six, how come she with a bob like that, a-runnin' round the streets like a wearin' a new bob hair hat."

"She seems to think it makes her look like she was in the sixteen ring, her hair ain't of the bobbin' sort, it's straighter than a piece of string."

Yet when they meet this Mrs. Blink they change their conversation pace, and vote as how she is a peach, and call her things like angel face.

There's Mrs. B. and Mrs. A. who went and hacked their tuft away, they swear they are a sight to see like leaden, fresh-cut clover hay.

But when they greet this B. and A. it's petals 'neath the morning dew, "You look so sweet I think I'll go and get my hair shaved off like you."

Ah, sisters, you're a fickle lot, we cannot tell which way you'll flop; you're knocking at bob heads today, the next you're at the barber shop.—ARK.

Poison In Plants

(From the Los Angeles Times.)

This is the season to beware of poison oak and poison ivy. In the laboratories at Harvard, however, it has been conclusively demonstrated that one is safe so long as the poisonous plant, or something with which the plant has been in contact, is not touched. For the poison is a non-volatile oil; it does not evaporate and carry in the wind. If a dress swish one of the vine, susceptible persons, touching that dress a week later, may become poisoned, for drying does not destroy the poison in the oil. Immune persons may carry the poison, and poison pollen may be carried in the wind.

One further fact has been discovered, though the cause of it is not understood. Persons who are not susceptible to plant poison are immune to flea bite. Grazing animals seem to know what plants to leave alone. Cows are not affected by the deadly buckeye; they eat it with impunity to themselves, but the poison gets into their milk, and sickens their calves and persons who drink the milk. There are about 500 kinds of poisonous plants in the United States, but man comes in contact with only about thirty kinds.

Press Comment

Rather Historic.

That new expression on the face of Mussolini looks like the map of St. Helena.—Ottawa Journal.

The Score That Counts.

If you win in the ninth people will forget what you did in the other eight.—Gates Centre (Kas.) News.

Only a Paid Attendant.

No wonder girls learn to swim more easily than men. Who wants to teach a man to swim.—Petrolia Advertiser-Topic.

The Tired Businessman.

A golf ball leaves the club head at about 135 miles an hour, which is about as fast as a golfer leaves the office.—Kitchener Record.

Must Punish New York.

New York hasn't had a Democratic convention in 55 years and isn't going to get another one for 158.—Ottawa Journal.

A Wild, Fervent Search.

After floating in the Atlantic ocean for forty-two years, sealed bottles have been washed up on the American coast. We understand that the country is being ransacked for a corkscrew.—London Humorist.

Those Popular Songs.

A census discloses there are about 5,000,000 persons in this country who can neither read nor write. What is particularly a mystery is why they have all taken up song-writing.—Detroit News.

Meantime He Takes a Chance.

There are two million laws in force in the United States. If a man could familiarize himself with ten of them each day he would be qualified to act as a law-abiding citizen in the short space of six thousand years.—Exchange.

No Three-Times Trying.

Motorists who contemplate knocking a railroad train off the track should bear in mind that they get only one chance.—Toledo Blade.

Guss Takes a Big Chance.

It should scarcely be necessary to hold a by-election to know what the answer will be. Mr. Porter's majority at the last election was 1,179, and only once in history, and that long ago, has his constituency returned anything but a Conservative.—Woodstock Sentinel-Review.

"Canada in the Making"

By JOHN F. SINCLAIR.

The following is one of a series of eleven articles appearing daily in The Advertiser. As a whole this series forms a remarkably penetrating and informative study of the history of Canada and the Dominion's economic and social problems. Where opinions on controversial matters are expressed in these articles, they are necessarily the opinions of this paper but those of the author, John F. Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair is one of the foremost political writers on economic subjects now alive, and will be remembered by those who read his series, "Can Europe Hold Together?" published in The Advertiser several months ago.

CHAPTER I—PIONEER STRUGGLES.

The Dominion of Canada contains 28 per cent of the total area of the British Empire. It comprises an area of 3,729,000 square miles. It is about the same size as the United States. It could swallow France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria, Rumania, Jugo-Slavia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Norway, Sweden, and the British Isles, without letting Ontario know about it. It is more than twice as large as India, which supports 300,000,000 people, and over thirty times as large as the British Isles. Yet it contains only 3,600,000 of people.

Many of the present day problems of Canada have their roots in the early history of the nation. At the beginning we should understand some of the chief events in the amazing history of this new nation.

From 1605, the year when Samuel de Champlain started a French colony of thirty peasants right under the great rock of Quebec, to 1867, when the British North America Act combined the struggling provinces into a permanent union, Canada passed through the sufferings, trials and hardships which the hardy people of all new countries endure in the slow process of hammering out a nation.

First came the fur traders, who as usual combined their work with missionary zeal among the Indians. But pioneers were scarce. The average man here did not come home. It took several months to cross the Atlantic. By 1666 the population of the country was less than 3,500 people.

The company of New France, backed with the great Cardinal Leclerc, went bankrupt trying to settle Canada. Then the Company of the West Indies, backed by the great Finance Minister Colbert, came on. It, too, failed. France was still in control. For nearly a century there was constant rivalry and warfare between the French and the British for the control of Canada. Finally, after the capture of Quebec by General Wolfe, all the French interests in Canada were ceded to Great Britain, through the Treaty of Paris, signed on February 10, 1763. Great Britain was now in supreme control of a vast continent.

THE QUEBEC ACT—1774.

In 1774 the Quebec Act was passed by the British Parliament. It created a nominative council, but not a representative assembly. It sanctioned "the use of French law in civil matters, confirmed the religious orders in the possession of the estates, granted full freedom for the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, and authorized collection of the customary tithes by the clergy." It is interesting to note that the act also defined the limits of Canada as "extending south to the Ohio River, and west to the Mississippi River."

This was the beginning of the modern French problem in Canada. Now came the British, Scotch, and Irish immigrants. They chafed under the Quebec Act. Racial antagonisms grew up. The British governed under the Quebec Act. The Province of Quebec, as it was then called, into the two provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. Each was given a legislative assembly, consisting of two houses—a nominative council and an elective assembly. At this time (1791) the population of Lower Canada was about 165,000 and that of Upper Canada about 15,000.

Nova Scotia by this time was already British. But the demand for "responsible government" soon began to be heard again. Taxation was very unpopular everywhere. Public works lagged behind the public imagination.

THE CONTROL OF REVENUES.

As far back as 1774 the government of Upper and Lower Canada had jurisdiction over certain revenues collected, under an Imperial customs act. It was to give them a permanent means of carrying on the civil government. The Liberal party in both provinces now demanded that the revenues in question should be placed under the control of the local legislature. In Upper Canada the plan was agreed to—the legislature took over the revenue, and in return voted a small permanent civil list.

In Lower Canada the legislature took over the revenue, but refused to vote the civil list. The deadlock was only broken in 1837, when the British Parliament suspended the constitution of Lower Canada. In its place a special council with limited powers was appointed.

Still the troubles would not down. In 1837 armed rebellion in both the provinces was attempted, but was vigorously repressed. The British government now decided to send out a special fact-finding commissioner for all the North American provinces. The Earl of Durham was sent. It was a fortunate choice. He was a man of real ability and of advanced liberal views. In January, 1839, he made an exhaustive report to the British government. It is regarded now as the greatest political document in Canadian history.

He championed a reunion of the two provinces, along with more responsible government, as the real cure for the unrest and growing difficulties. In 1840 the British Parliament approved the reunion bill.

UNION OF TWO CANADAS.

General elections were held in Canada in February, 1841. The legislature of the United Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada met in June. Both provinces had been given forty-two members each. Three months later the resolution of the legislature approving the principle of responsible government was passed. Thus the building of a nation progressed. Montreal was the capital. The French-Canadians almost unanimously were opposed to the union. Much friction resulted. Finally the legislature buildings were set on fire, on April 25, 1849, and were totally destroyed. The seat of the government was removed to Toronto, with an agreement that that city and Quebec were alternately, every four years, to be the seat of the government.

In 1851 Mr. Francis Hincks became prime minister. He championed two policies: (1) The building of a railroad system in Canada, and (2) the adoption of a reciprocity treaty between Canada and the United States. Hincks even went to Washington, and through his skill and persuasion the treaty became a fact. The Hincks government lasted three years and was succeeded in 1854 by a coalition of Conservatives and Reformers, with Sir Allan MacNab as prime minister. He championed two policies: (1) The secularization of the clergy reserves, and (2) the abolition of what was known in Lower Canada as seigneurial tenure.

The capital was moved in 1857 from Toronto to Quebec. In 1855 it was moved back to Toronto. In 1859 Queen Victoria was asked by the Canadian Parliament to decide the question of the location of a permanent capital. She chose Ottawa.

JOHN A. MACDONALD APPEARS.

Now comes a character upon the political stage of Canada destined for great leadership. Sir Allan MacNab was succeeded as premier by the young attorney-general from the west, Mr. John A. Macdonald, who had been the most influential member of the MacNab coalition ministry. But the Macdonald government lasted but a year. It was reorganized under George Cartier, with union of the provinces as its policy. But Eastern and Western Canada were just getting along. Remember both sides had an equal number of members in parliament.

Goldwin Smith once declared that the parent of confederation was deadlock. The situation was an impossible one. The deadlock between the two parts was killing Canada.

Then another Scotchman appeared on the scene from the west. It was George Brown, an uncompromising Presbyterian. If Canada was to grow, a larger union was necessary. This was Brown's position. So a new government was formed under the leadership of John A. Macdonald, working closely with George Brown as the president of the council.

The little provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island—were considering at this same time a federal union of their own. It was decided to meet again a month later, in joint convention with delegates from Canada, at Quebec, to perfect the union.

The ground work thus was completed. The Dominion of Canada, as now understood, grew out of this historic Quebec meeting in October, 1864.

Next: HAMMERING OUT A NATION.

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To the Editor

Objects to System.

Thinks Income and Assessment Notices Should Be Treated as First-Class Mail.

Editor of The Advertiser:

The writer was much surprised upon returning home one evening recently to find that his assessment notice re income tax for 1923 had been left at his residence, open and unfolded, and was in the hands of the ladies with whom he boards. This, obviously, was exceedingly annoying, and should like to voice a protest regarding the method used by the assessment department in distributing their notices.

My tax notice for this year was handed in the same condition of openness to the business firm with whom I am employed.

Have the assessment and tax departments any right to hand these

notices to anyone but their rightful owners? Of course, no objection could be made were they delivered in sealed envelopes, but if, to save a paltry two cents postage on each notice, they must be delivered by hand, open to the public gaze, should they not be handed directly to the person for whom they are intended, and to no one else? When the Dominion government can take the necessary steps to protect information of even the boot-legging portion of our communities, cannot the law-abiding citizens expect the same consideration?

Are the businessmen and women of this city going to stand for such indecent treatment? We pay the taxes demanded of us, and surely have the right to expect that our information furnished these civic departments will be treated as private and confidential. Will some other interested parties in the same matter in an effort to see if some businesslike manner of distributing the notices cannot be adopted?

Thanking you for the space which you have allowed me, A READER.

London, July 3.



EXCESS WEIGHT

Not Health Criterion Chiropractors Claim

Rex Beach wrote a story entitled "Too Fat to Fight." It was about a persistent, plump individual who wanted to enlist in the army and who was turned down because of his excessive avoirdupois.

Too fat to fight? Life itself is a fight—a constant struggle for the prizes that go with efficient work. How many men—and women, too—are too fat to fight efficiently in the battle of life?

Excessive avoirdupois is disease. Any abnormal body condition is disease. All disease is removable—that is, the CAUSE of disease—is removable. And without cause there can be no disease.

The body of man is a machine. It was never intended that this machine should be clogged up with excessive fatty tissue. When it is so hampered it is because the machine is not perfectly adjusted.

The motive power of the body machine is vital energy. The vital energy is transmitted, normally, to every body part along the nerve system.

Every standard text book on physiology will tell you that growth processes are under control of the trophic (nutrition) fibers of the nerves. When abnormal fatty tissue develops it is proof that vital energy is not being properly distributed by the nerves throughout the body.

If distribution was normal the body activities would be kept in normal bounds. There would be no excessive storing of fat. The excess would be dissolved and removed.

The science of Chiropractic concerns itself with adjusting the body machine to normal. Of course, Chiropractic cannot change the naturally plump and heavy-set person to the slim and wiry type. But the tendency of Nature is toward a middle ground. You can get rid of the EXCESS fat by means of Chiropractic. You may still remain plump and well rounded.

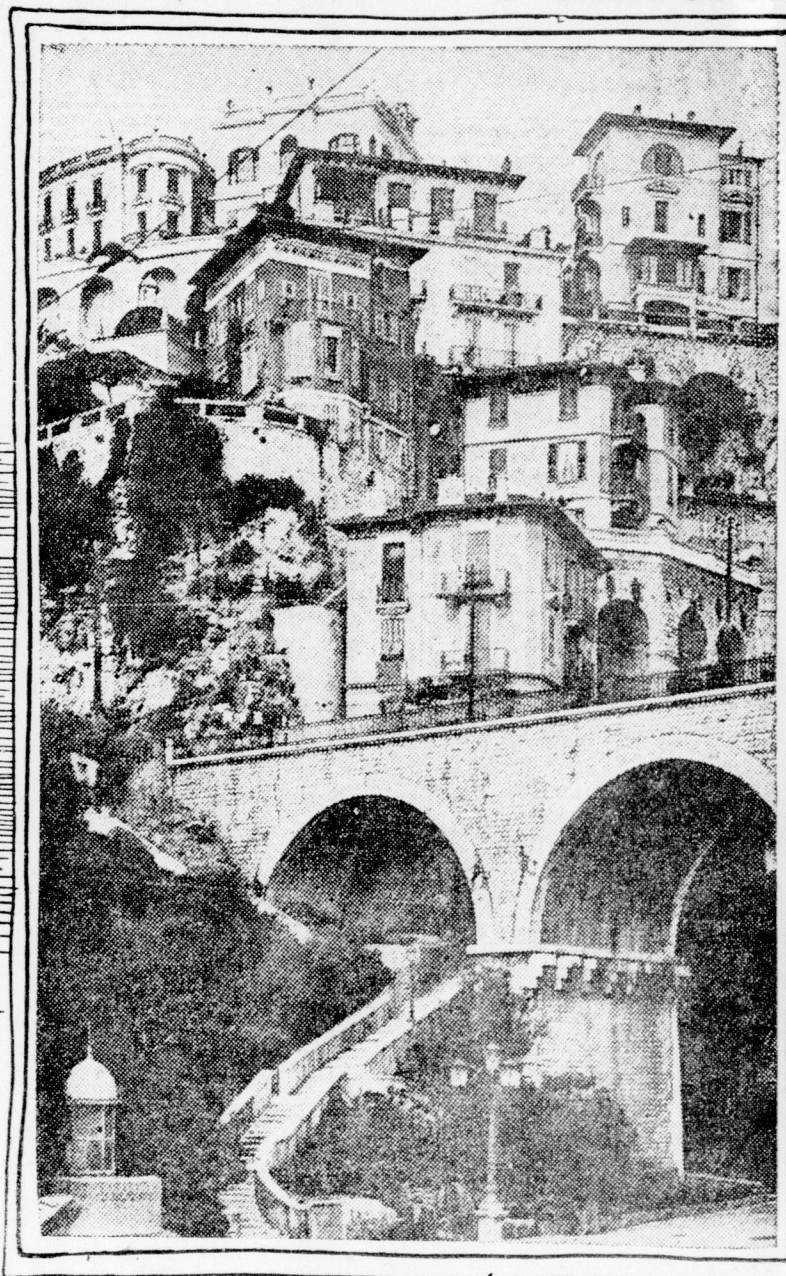
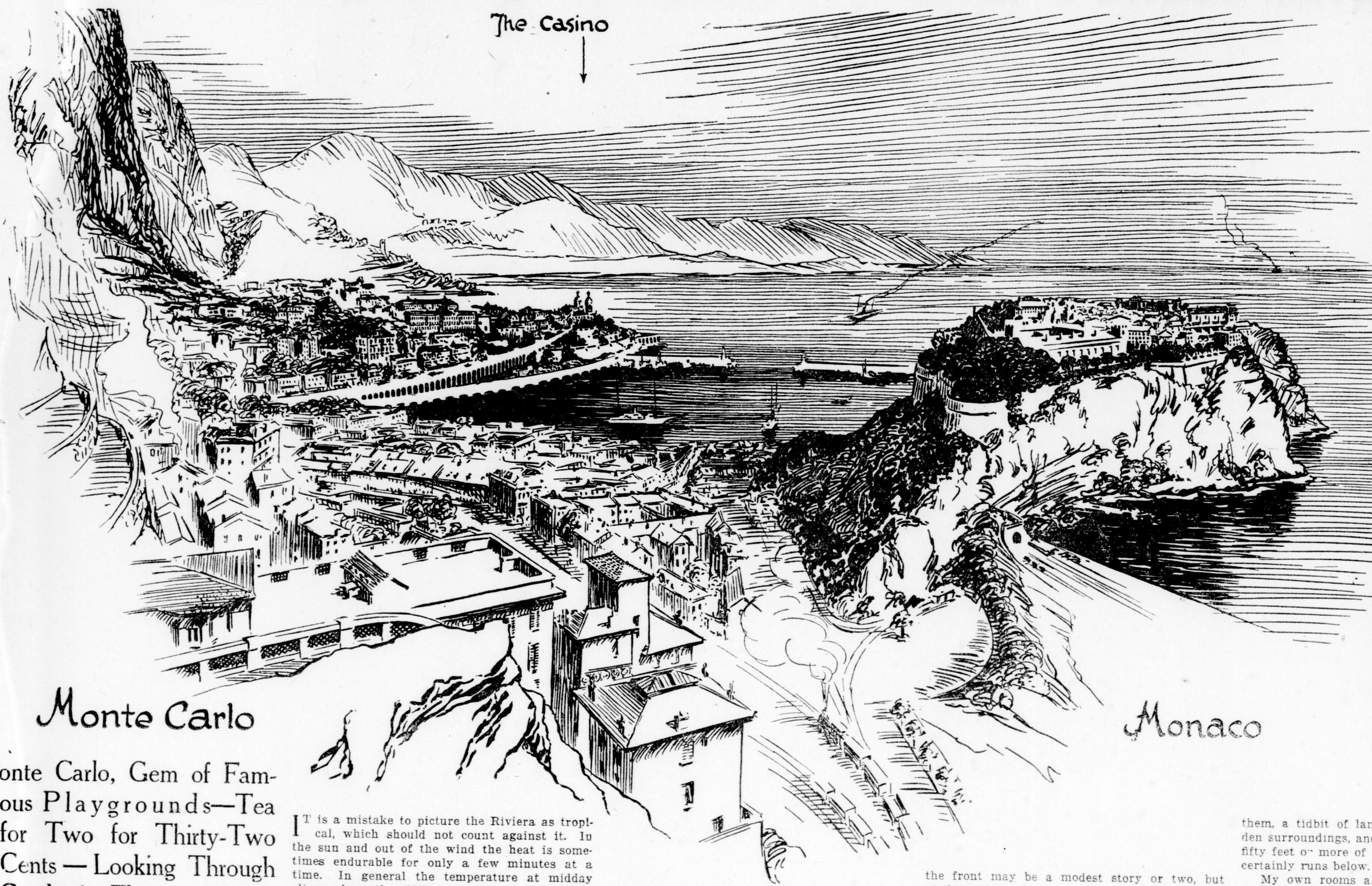
If you are "too fat to fight," have a Chiropractor adjust your body machine to normal. Of course, Chiropractic cannot change the naturally plump and heavy-set person to the slim and wiry type. But the tendency of Nature is toward a middle ground. You can get rid of the EXCESS fat by means of Chiropractic. You may still remain plump and well rounded.

Go to a Chiropractor today. Get your body back to normal.

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.

Riviera a Mountainside With Terraced Towns Pasted to It Everything is Blue Even to Fences and Horses' Collars



THE CLIMBING HOUSES OF MONTE CARLO

Monte Carlo, Gem of Famous Playgrounds—Tea for Two for Thirty-Two Cents—Looking Through Cracks in Floor at Motors 600 Feet Below

By LACEY AMY

HOWEVER intangible the Riviera may seem from the distance of Canada, to all Europe, and especially to Londoners, it is a fond winter dream—a dream often made a reality to the jeopardy of business and finances. Even Americans are coming in great and increasing numbers. To me, a Canadian—though with many London years behind me—the sunshine of it, the promised mildness and freedom from fog, the glamor of travel and of foreign lands, held out hands too inviting to be ignored.

Within the hour a letter has reached me from another Canadian who has caught the fever, and the hotel lists reveal the presence of many more. With exchange soaring around twenty-two francs to the dollar there is an irresistible appeal about it.

The Riviera, or the Cote d'Azur, as the advertising literature prefers to call it, is not quite what I pictured, and the information I send my friend may be of interest to other Canadians.

The Riviera is a stretch of Mediterranean coastline extending a hundred miles in France and an even greater distance in Italy, and confines itself, except at isolated parts, merely to the depths of the towns that skirt the sea, largely made what it is in mildness of climate by the mountains that overhang it to the north. The French Riviera commences about Hyeres, fifty miles east of Marseilles, a hundred miles of villas where the towns and villages of ten merge into each other with only a post to mark the division.

The approach by rail from Marseilles is the finest of its kind I have ever seen, the configuration of the shore often enabling the traveler to include at a glance a dozen miles of town-filled coast, of villa-dotted mountainside; and away in the rear, like a painting set up to soften the skyline, a range of snowclad peaks, the French Alps.

The Riviera is really only a mountainside, the slope east of Nice dropping to the precipitancy of a cliff, where the rear roofs of the houses sink into the rock, while the front stares down a half dozen stories of straight drop. Most of the villas are mere breaks in a cliff, with the gardens built-up terraces. Rising to a thousand feet is a succession of stone walled terraces that provide a living for the Provencal in olives, oranges, figs, and lemons.

Each Riviera town makes its own appeal to notice. Hyeres, the city of palms, claims to have originated the Riviera idea. St. Raphael is backed by a great national forest where the wolf and the bear and the deer still run wild. Cannes prides itself on its social advantages. Nice on its gaiety, Antibes on its health-giving pines. Grasse on its flowers and perfumes. Menton on its extreme mildness. Monte Carlo, the most beautiful of all, needs little but the Casino to talk about.

It is a mistake to picture the Riviera as tropical, which should not count against it. In the sun and out of the wind the heat is sometimes endurable for only a few minutes at a time. In general the temperature at midday clings about the fifties in winter and at night it is always cool, with occasional light frost. The sun idea is the foundation of the Riviera. The remarkable blue of the sky and the sea is continued in the shutters of the houses, in the ornamental tiling that decorates their facades, in the balcony balustrades and fences, even in the collars of the horses that draw the public carriages. The train de luxe—one of the finest in the world—is painted dark blue and called "The Blue Express." The outdoor chairs and tables of the Cafe de Paris, facing the Casino, are painted sky blue.

In general prices are appreciably lower here than in England, though there are surprising exceptions. (I am figuring at twenty-two francs to the dollar, as it stands at the moment of writing.) Board can be had at the very best hotels, on pension, for the equivalent of less than four dollars a day; at good class hotels for two dollars; at entirely satisfactory ones for as low as a dollar and a quarter, with tips and sometimes tax (varying from two to ten per cent.) extra. These prices fluctuate according to the period. And it is wise to bear in mind that the Riviera landlord is a law unto himself in the matter of stability of prices.

The Riviera really has two seasons, though the winter is the time for foreigners. Then as much English is heard as French, though the merchants cling with surprising unanimity to their own language.

Some of the prices, considering exchange, are ridiculously low. The other day in Nice I was served a four-course lunch in a famous old cafe for twenty cents; and I know a restaurant here in Monte Carlo that serves for twenty-seven cents a better meal than does the Hotel de Paris for two dollars. On the other hand, dining to lunch in an isolated rock village clinging to the side of the mountain far from any town, I was asked sixty-five cents for a miserable meal.

Monte Carlo is the heart of the Riviera. I am not one of those who insist that all the graves are centred in one place or one person, and I have not the least intention of detracting from the beauties and pleasures of Nice, of Cannes, of Mentone, or of Hyeres, but it is undeniably true that Monte Carlo alone of all the Riviera possesses an attraction to which every Riviera visitor sooner or later succumbs, whether it be to condemn or to enjoy.

I refer, of course, to the famous Casino. But it is not of the Casino I would write in this article. Monte Carlo means much more to me, on of its many admirers, than the gambling it offers. On the whole coast it is the most beautifully situated town, and it provides in concentrated form more interesting type studies than any other place in the world. As everyone sooner or later, comes to the Casino, so the gambling tables tend down with ruthless fingers tie mask of self-control that makes the world possible elsewhere and Monte Carlo more entertaining.

The town is built on a mountainside so steep that an olive tree has to be buttressed up by a terrace that only hard-working peasants would undertake and only home labor make profitable. To transport oneself even a dozen yards northward means a stair climb as definite as between the stories of a house, or a

zigzag roadway that calls for hand brakes on every vehicle. No two east and west streets are on the same level, and their distance apart horizontally is only the width of a building that at

the front may be a modest story or two, but at the rear is a precipice like a skyscraper. The palm-filled gardens that loom up at seemingly inaccessible heights are entirely artificial to the last spadeful of earth; they are built as carefully and extravagantly as the villas that own

English Girls World's Peaches Why They Are First in Beauty

By SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER
The Distinguished English Traveler, Explorer,
Lecturer and Author.

THE Englishwoman is emerging from a cloud of unappreciation. She is no longer constantly represented in foreign periodicals as a curvaceous, lanky creature with flat feet and buck teeth.

The Englishman takes the blue ribbon of her sex. Not only has her athletic life made her lissome and happy, but a genial shrewdness marks her relationship with the outer world. She is interested in politics, passes her opinion on Mrs. Asquith and on Mr. Churchill, knows about eugenics, and can—well, some of her, not all—actually find a train for herself in the timetable.

London and not Paris is the arbiter of fashion. Women of other lands dress as exquisitely as do our dames, but they lack the distinction which only a cultured, self-reliant Englishwoman can give a gown—just as the Englishman is the only man in the world who can wear old clothes and still look a gentleman.

I have roamed and vagabonded in over half a hundred countries. The characteristics of the Englishwoman are her out-of-dooriness, a lack of consciousness about her dressing, and a genial light in the eye, telling of content and smooth happiness. Take a walk up Regent street on a sunny afternoon and you will see what I mean.

If you are over in New York stroll along Fifth avenue, from Forty-second to Fifty-ninth street, and you will behold a procession of the most expensively costumed women on earth.

The evidence of radiant luxury is everywhere. There is no dowdiness; there is taste. But there is a sort of convention, a standardization, an absence of individuality which has made a mere man like me wonder whether this is not due to nervousness, a fear that the slightest departure from the generally accepted style may be considered eccentric.

You will find better dressed women in Fifth avenue than in Bond street, but the individual variety is not so interesting.

American women have artistic hands, small feet and delicate ankles. I have often thought that the United States has the prettiest little girls and the most lovable old ladies. In between these is a long stretch of womanhood, of social aspiration and, in some cases, thwarted endeavor to penetrate what are called in American newspapers "exclusive circles."

MAYBE this is why one notices a hardness of line and a tinge of discontent in the countenances of many exquisitely draped ladies one passes in Fifth avenue—a contrast to the smiling ladies you see dawdling past the shop windows in Regent street in London.

In the bad old times of czarism—before Russia was illumined with the blessings of bolshevism—I used to think that the most intriguing of damsels were those of Muscovy.

They are temperamental creatures. The lady who fascinates with the sparkle of her conversation at a dinner party may be met next morning pessimistic, declaring the bottom has been knocked out of everything and contemplating suicide!

The Russian woman is an idealist and therefore impracticable. Generally she is sad. All people who live on plains are sad.

I have never been able to babble enthusiastically over the women of the Near or Middle East. Their charm to the Turkish-minded is bulk, and my personal inclination is toward lean kine.

Swaddled in voluminous garbings, and veiled, the Oriental lady, when taking her promenade, is an enticing conundrum of the Occidental idler. One safe indication, however, is that if the pantaloons clothing is expansive the lady is youthful. As she trips through the years the dimensions of her bifurcated nether garment proportionately shrink, so that when it is reduced to the dimensions of under-sized pyjamas she will have reached a time when discreetness is not necessary.

The Prophet Mahomet was a kindly gentleman in directing the lower part of the female face should be hidden. For the seen eyes of the ladies of Arabia are large, gazelle-like, appealing, while the veil hides a nose that is often unromantic and lips that are profuse but unattractive.

When sipping sherbet in tawdry eastern palaces, however, the thought has occasionally come to me that it would be rather jolly to be a pasha with troops of willowy, dusky Karsavinas undulating in dance to please my jaded eyes.

Yet, on second thought, I knew I would be disappointed. Even now I remember the shock of disillusion in India when I saw a nautch dance. The girls were neither slim nor sprightly; they looked to me the antithesis of the terpsichorean artist.

In the nearer east the abdominal wobbings called dancing, and which one sees in cafes largely patronized by Europeans, are not artistic and are boring. And the dancers, poor things, look as "fed up" with life as apparently are the sad-visaged London young women whom one catches a glimpse of at what I believe are called the dansants.

It is a frequent declaration of the plain person that beauty is only skin deep. The female,

them, a tidbit of landscape, an illusion of garden surroundings, and on the lower side perhaps fifty feet or more of stone wall to the road that certainly runs below.

My own rooms are on the third floor of a large apartment house, measuring from the front, and the lower front story then is only a five-foot passage to a twelve-foot wall that supports the garden. So that I am really only two stories up at the front. From my balcony at the rear

as such, is not necessarily beautiful. Female beauty, as we understand it, is an evolution consequent on long ages of selection by the male.

What, however, is always a mystery is the change of fashion in regard to the physique of woman. Individuals have their personal inclinations, but there are periods when the fine, statuesque, Juno-like matron is the favorite, when the bright-eyed little brunet is all the rage, when the tall, fair and flaxen-haired woman is most adored. The popular model of the day is always just about right.

So the Englishwoman with her easy, corset-less carriage, her glow of health, and her spirit of comradeship—happily softened from the brusque and rather crude camaraderie of the immediate post-war years—has stepped into the limelight of the world's admiration.

It is my opinion that a lot of unctuous rubbish has been written about the famous beauties of the past.

Whenever I am down at Hampton Court and look at the gallery of Restoration Court ladies painted by Peter Lely and Godfrey Kneller, I cannot resist the ungallant wonder when and how often they bathed. Is not the bath a modern invention?

And the world reminds me of the ecstatic descriptions of society in the languid city of Bath when Beau Brummell reigned. No doubt the women who gathered in the assembly rooms suited the port-drinking fops of the day, but I suspect their empty-headed, skittish chatter would drive us to sarcasm in these much more resplendent, entertaining and intelligent times.

And now at the great exposition at Wembley, with its thousand-and-one exhilarations, next to the Queen's Doll's House the public crush is in the Palace of Beauty, where English girls give challenge to all nations for loveliness.

Twenty British girls represent twenty famous women in history, from Helen of Troy to Miss 1924.

The alluring but vagrant Troy lady, despite the poetical ravings of gaudy-minded Greeks, would take second class alongside the English lass who represents her. If Dante's Beatrice were as captivating as her representative at Wembley, Dante would have been more courageous than he was.

A New York theatrical manager has kissed the hem of the skirts of the beauties and rustled greenbacks to their dainty ears to induce them to go right over next fall and reveal to American women poise and the art of walking gracefully.

Visitors to the Palace of Beauty at Wembley may think they are gazing upon gorgeous dames who give lustre to past ages. They will really be gazing upon choice specimens of the modern young Englishwoman.—The American Weekly.

POINTERS TO PROVIDENCE

SOME men believe that they could give Providence pointers well worth considering.

I look straight down four stories to the roof of a four-story building. The wide blue of the Mediterranean is not more than a couple of hundred feet distant horizontally. Vertically it is at least as far.

Monte Carlo is practically the Principality of Monaco, that shoeing country that plumes itself on an artificial independence that exists, I make bold to say, for the sake of the Casino. To all intents and purposes Monaco is French, but that great monopoly, the greatest autocrat of modern times, the Casino, would be impossible in its present form in a great country.

Monte Carlo is really a cluster of towns that meander through Monaco into France with no visible dividing line between the countries except a riband of flat stones zigzagging across a certain roadway. The town of Monaco—drawing the local distinctions—is the shabby, narrow-streeted part located on a point to the west before the palace of the prince. La Condamine fills the lower level back of the neat little harbor. Monte Carlo extends out from the Casino, and is little else than shops, hotels, and apartment buildings. Beausoleil is applied to the section across the border in France. And the principality is at no place more than about three hundred yards wide. St. Romain and Roquebrune are the eastern end.

Beausoleil is as much a part of Monte Carlo as the skin is part of the dog, and like the skin is definitely distinguished in character and reputation. One of its distinguishing features was brought home to me when, looking for a letter box, I stumbled on a large postoffice with a couple of hundred yards of my rooms. But the letter I posted has neither reached its destination nor been returned to me. For that was France, and I had used a Monaco stamp.

MONTÉ Carlo centres a small but absorbing district. I doubt if the world offers elsewhere a motor road of such unending beauty as the Grand Corniche, constructed by the French government under the crest of the mountains from Cannes to Mentone. Back of Monte Carlo it is a thousand feet above the sea, following the wavering line of the mountainside, always within sight of the Mediterranean and the towns that line it. I have walked fifteen miles of it and wished for a week at each mile. The men who drive the cars are less enthusiastic, for it is full of hairpin bends, and for ten miles drops or rises steadily.

Yesterday I discovered a new restaurant—or rather the way to it, for it has stood before my eyes every time I looked from my balcony, perched high on a mountain crag. Enquiry brought nothing but the promise of a seven mile walk by zigzag climbing roads. But, tackling the mountainside and trespassing on olive-lined terraces, I at last reached it. There, on the old boundary between Italy and France, I drank tea on a flimsy platform from which I could see the mountain peaks of Corsica, fifty or sixty miles away, while through the cracks of the boards at my feet, my eyes fell on motors flitting about six hundred feet below. Under such conditions, tea for two at thirty cents is not extravagant. Still, when I recall that friends of mine lived most of last year, the best hotel in Wiesbaden for about two dollars and forty cents a week!

The one thing Monte Carlo lacks in the eyes of some visitors is a street life such as Nice and Cannes provide. Here everyone is at the Casino after dinner—or supposed to be.

Apart from the Casino, the daily life of Monte Carlo is tea and dinner dances, gala dinners, strolling the terraces, or supping to the orchestra of the Cafe de Paris before the Casino.

RAISE GERMAN FLEET AS JUNK FROM SCAPA FLOW

English Salvage Firm Undertakes Huge Task of Bringing Up 500,000 Tons of Steel

SUCCESS IS DOUBTFUL
\$2,000,000 IS THE PRIZE

74 Ships Lie Rusting at Bottom of British Harbor Since Being Sunk in June, 1919

THE shrouds of seaweed that cover the proud vessels of the German war fleet, scuttled by their own crews and sent to the bottom of Scapa Flow, are being removed by the salvage firm which has undertaken the task of bringing to the surface these rusting relics of frustrated ambition. Experts look upon the operations with dubious expressions, for the cost is tremendous and the only profit will come from the junk market, where scrap steel is quoted at \$40 a ton.

There was 500,000 tons of floating steel sunk almost simultaneously by order of Rear-Admiral von Reuter, who sought to fulfill the early order of his imperial master that no German man-of-war be surrendered to the enemy. Before the waves washed over these ships they were valued at nearly one-third of a billion dollars. When Cox & Danks, English shipwreckers, buoy them to the sea's level more than they will command no more than \$2,000,000, according to estimates of other salvaging companies.

There are seventy-four ships in all that surrendered to the British Grand Fleet ten days after the signing of the armistice. These prizes, including nine battleships, five battle cruisers and seven light cruisers, steamed into internment at Scapa Flow, one of the world's largest and safest harbors, which served as the base for the British fleet during the war. The ships were manned by their own German crews and steamed to their prison shelter under their own war-time officers.

They remained at anchorage until June 21, 1919, when at noon the sea cocks of all the vessels were opened. The naval wardens of this prison were outside the harbor at the time and before the First Battle Squadron of the British fleet returned the giants of the German sea machines were beneath 20 fathoms of water. The battleship Baden and three destroyers dropped to a depth insufficient to hide them, and these the British brought to the surface. The Emden and the Frankfurt, both light cruisers, were beached and later floated, the Frankfurt being sent to the United States for destruction by airplane bombs.

The simple folk of the Orkney Islands still believe that the German ships are sharing the bottom of the harbor with the kraken—a mythical sea monster born of Viking imagination, which is supposed to sleep in Scapa Flow. According to report, this beast measures a mile and a half in circumference and causes a terrific whirlpool when he stinks.

Saw the Germans Sink

THESE people, still speaking a queer combination of Norse and Anglo-Saxon words, were privileged to witness what was probably the greatest ship loss in the world's history. It is a constant subject of conversation, and no visitor can escape hearing it told and retold time and again.

They have seen the rust accumulate on the great Hindenburg, which drifted to comparatively shallow water and still rests on an even keel on the sandy bottom. When the tides flow out from the harbor the geysering gulls of the cruiser, no longer threatening, stick up above the low level, their uselessness evidenced by the gulls and cormorants which visit them. Nearby is the sister ship of the Hindenburg—the Seydlitz—lying on its riveted side like a stranded whale. Still farther up the beach the reddening light cruiser Bremse lies waiting attention from the salvagers.

The operations to recover these ships for scrapping require appliances never used before. A large floating dock, formerly used for testing submarines, has been brought from Germany. Using this and devices of recent invention, the company believes the work of raising the sunken vessels can be accomplished in less time than competing companies estimate.

The work is under way without the public knowing "or whom the scrap steel is intended. Because Germany has of late been the largest buyer in this branch of the junk market, it is thought that the most of the tons of rusting metal will be sent there, but none knows. The formulas for alloying the steel used in the German warships are still secrets of the country of origin, and this fact, too, makes it seem certain that the country which sent out the armada will get it back in unattractive chunks of seemingly useless, cumbersome and rusty plates.

Scapa Flow is an extensive sheet of water and provided ample accommodations for "Britannia's Might" during the war—the naval hub of the world for the time being.

The largest fleet ever gathered together assembled in those waters, and adequate protection was afforded by the island barriers which surround it. It formed an ideal harbor as well as a good starting point for any naval adventures which might develop in the North Sea.

It is surprising that enemy submarines did not take advantage of the open gateways during the earlier period. True, an attempt was made in the early days and civilians were started to hear a promiscuous firing of guns in the early morning. It indicated that something unusual was happening. Just before the armistice another attempt was made to find an entrance through the mined gateway of Hoxa Sound; but alert watchers discovered that a fish was in the net and the electric current did the rest.

The brave shown by the victims in that forlorn hope will commend itself to all brave men. Late one evening in July the Vanguard was blown up from some unexplained cause, and practically the whole ship's company were killed by the terrible explosion.

It was from Scapa Flow that Lord Kitchener embarked on the Hampshire on his mission to Russia, on which he met his death when the ship struck a mine.

The Orkney Islands have many interests, scenic, historic and prehistoric. They were referred to during the Roman occupation of Britain as the Orades, but there is no definite story to relate. After the Norse vikings had taken possession history of a kind has been handed down. Their remoteness, in those days a safe retreat for the daring sea kings, whose aim was plunder, and they spent the winter in rest and carousal after their strenuous summer outings.

Wanted—A Wife for John Daniel II, Is the Only Gorilla in Captivity

Gorillas So Temperamentally Constituted That They Must Have Companionship—Young Gentleman From Africa Being Brought Up By English Woman in the Ways of Civilization.

By COURTENAY SAVAGE

"NOW go to sleep—that's a pretty boy." A woman stood by the side of a big four-poster bed, and with crooning words tried to urge sleep on—no, not a child—but a gorilla. A beautiful hotel bedroom at the Hotel McAlpine, New York, furnished in the fashion that would attract the most feminine of fancies, and there by the mahogany bed a woman standing looking down on the tired, restless form of one of the fiercest beasts that ever roamed the jungles of the faraway places of the earth—a gorilla.

The woman was Miss Alyce Cunningham, of London, and the thing that impresses you at once is that she is in no sense a seeker of notoriety—in no sense an "animal trainer," but just a cultured woman who is busy conducting one of the most interesting experiments of modern times, one that scientists all over the world have watched with great interest, for she has taken a beast that has never been known to live in captivity, a beast long considered closely related to man—and she is watching the effect of civilization on the jungle-born mind.

John Daniel II. is really a study in environment.

"The history of John Daniel really goes back several years, to the day when I found the first John Daniel." Miss Cunningham left her place at the foot of the bed and found a chair. The gorilla on the bed had settled himself comfortably, but he was not asleep. Far from it. His large dark eyes were watching us: brooding eyes that seemed to read our very thoughts. One hand was raised to his forehead, as if shading off the light, while the other was clasped about his ankle.

"The first John Daniel," Miss Cunningham went on, "was in a London department store when I met him. He was in a big cage, and was advertised as the only gorilla in captivity, a special treat for the children." He was about the most unhappy beast I had ever seen, and I felt sorry for him at once. But just the same I took occasion to remark that it seemed a shame to advertise the gorilla as the only one in captivity. I felt sure that I had seen many in the zoos of the large cities of Europe. I discovered, however, that I was wrong. I had seen chimpanzees, orang-outangs and baboons—not gorillas, for gorillas lived but a short time in captivity—pining away when caged.

"The more I thought about that gorilla, the more it seemed to me that it would be rarely interesting to own the beast—and finally my nephew, Mr. Penny, and I decided that we would buy the gorilla, and see if we could keep him alive. The department store people thought we were crazy, but were quite willing to sell. So we took the gorilla home, and named him John Daniel.

Sleeps in Real Bed

"ALMOST from the very minute that gorilla was brought into my home it was possible to observe the effect of close contact with humans on his mental and physical condition. He lost the melancholy air he had worn, he showed great interest in people, ate well, and thrived physically. In six months we opened the cage, and began to treat him as you would treat a child of about the same age. His intellect was remarkably keen, and his actions those of a child. I was persuaded to bring him to this country so that he might be exhibited publicly. I left him in the United States while I returned to England on business, and he actually died of a broken heart.

"The next gorilla I owned was Chula. I had become so interested in gorillas that with my brother I went to the French Congo, a division of the French Congo, and obtained my second gorilla. Chula never appeared to be normal, and he died shortly. An examination showed that he had suffered from an abscess on the brain. Of course, I am not sure of this fact, but I have always felt that in capturing Chula the natives had struck him on the head, and the abscess was the result.

"My third gorilla is that fellow on the bed. I've had him about ten months, and I should judge that he is between three and three and a half years old. He is by far the brightest of the three, and he has accustomed himself to civilization very quickly."

By this time John Daniel was asleep. He had rolled over during Miss Cunningham's description, and was quiet. Once he whimpered. Perhaps he was dreaming of other days when his bed was a heap of leaves, and when he had not known the luxury of gaily colored blankets, taxicabs, and chicken a la king, which is his favorite dish.

John Daniel II. was about three years old when he was captured by the natives. That is the age when it is possible to take a young gorilla. Before that time they are kept under close surveillance by the mother, practically never out of her sight. By the time the young animal is between two or three, however, the mother usually has a younger baby to take her attention so that when the family is on the march the three-year-old may lag behind unnoticed. It is then that the waiting natives effect a capture. A heavy cloth is thrown over the gorilla's head, and while the beast is wondering what it is all about, the natives pick it up and run like mad. That was the way John was captured.

The first few months were naturally spent in a cage, but John very quickly demonstrated the fact that he understood that Miss Cunningham wished him to be a gentleman. When he was first allowed his freedom he naturally took advantage of his liberty and misbehaved—but he



John Daniel II., of the Congo, the most talkative and only gorilla in captivity, in the arms of Miss Alyce Cunningham, who is conducting one of the most interesting scientific experiments in attempting to see how far he can be civilized.

soon learned that humans were not meant to be bitten by gorillas, and that if gorillas did not attempt to smash up a room they were allowed greater privileges.

Doesn't Like Men

COMPARED with his native jungle life John's whole existence is decidedly original. Morning finds him waking up in his cage, which is not really a cage, being more like the "kiddie-coops" one sees in the modern nursery. He is placed in this "cage" when Miss Cunningham is ready for him for the simple reason that he is apt to roam in the night, and might accidentally do harm to himself or his mistress. The "cage" is equipped with a hammock, and there are blankets so that if John feels cool he can cover himself.

"Of course, I have always slept with my windows open," Miss Cunningham explained, "and I decided that if it was good for me to get the cold night air it would also be good for John. I really am doing almost everything that zoologists have told me not to do, but John thrives under the treatment. I was told that a gorilla would not live in any climate that he is not tropical. However, my idea was that if John could be warm when he wanted to, he would be hardened by the cold air. When he

A Regular Noah's Ark is This Mountain Town of California

Animal Quarantine at the Border Has Turned Cottonwood Into a Menagerie—Misadventure of Two Women Tourists

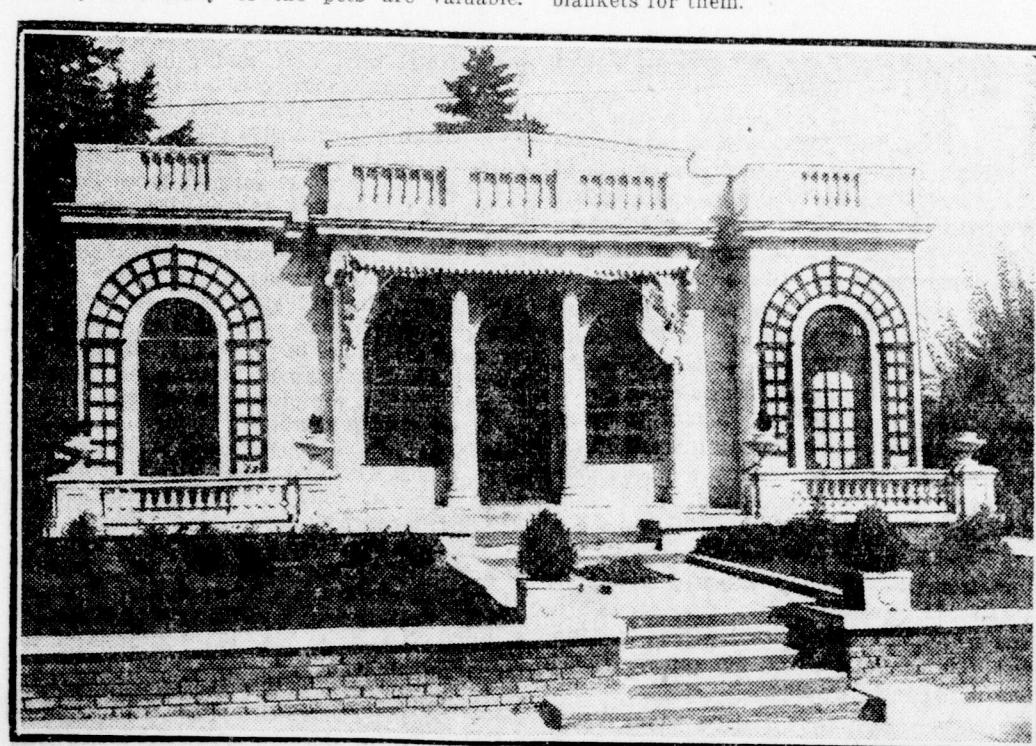
NOAH and his ark had nothing on the little mountain town of Cottonwood, Cal., when it comes to numbers and varieties of animals on hand.

The foot and mouth disease which has raged in California for several months, but which now has been practically wiped out, has been a serious matter, but there has been some humor in the situation, at that—witness the present state of affairs at Cottonwood.

State and federal guards are stationed at Cottonwood, near the Oregon border, to enforce quarantine regulations, which, among other things, forbid the transporting of animals and birds of any description into the state to the north. Tourists are halted by the score every day, and those who are found to have their pet animals or birds with them are forced to leave them behind when crossing the state boundary.

Dogs, cats, canaries, parrots, chickens, goats, guinea pigs, monkeys, goldfish, horses, cows—even ostriches and a pet snake—all these have come under the quarantine ban. The result is Cottonwood's facilities for caring for animals and birds have become overtaxed.

Many of the tourists passing through are wealthy and many of the pets are valuable.



You'd Never Guess What This Is—A Grocery Store

THIS looks like an exclusive clubhouse; but it's really a grocery store, located in Irvington, an exclusive residential section of Portland, Oregon. When Irvington residents first heard that a grocery store was being built in their midst, they wrathfully swore to boycott it, but they changed their minds when this lovely white stucco Italian villa, decorated with trellises of roses and set back of a broad, green lawn, arose, and now the firm of Schaller and Vinton is doing a record business. A neat driveway runs around to the rear door, where the delivery trucks are loaded, while there is no sign or other indication of bustle in front.

feels cool he has sense enough to put on his blankets.

On several occasions Miss Cunningham has tried to engage a man who would relieve her of some of the care of John Daniel, but John Daniel immediately showed such resentment that the "nurse" had to be discharged. As a whole he dislikes men, Mr. Penny being one of the few he favors with his personal regard. This is probably due to the fact that he remembers that he was captured by men, and held captive by them until Miss Cunningham arrived in Africa to start his civilization. Women, all women, are favored with his affection, and he is fond of children. As with a human he has his personal likes and dislikes, and if after a close scrutiny he decides that he really likes a woman or a child he offers them his closest attention, sitting on their lap, or the arm of the chair, touching their faces, putting his arm about them and sometimes attempting to offer a kiss.

Like a normal child, John has his bath every morning. He watches the preparation of the water with grave interest, and then when it is ready he jumps in unassisted. He is very fond of water, and it is often with difficulty that he is persuaded to leave the tub and be dried and combed. His coat, of course, does not resemble the coat of a gorilla in the jungle; it is much finer, and has a satin sheen that has been arrived at because of much grooming.

"No, John has no idea of speech," Miss Cunningham said when asked if the gorilla had shown any inclination in that direction. "He has a series of sounds. He chuckles when he is tickled, and he has a whine, or a low wail, to use when he is feeling ill, or his feelings have been hurt. When he is angry he growls, a low, threatening note. He has another note, higher, and approaching the chuckle, which means that he approves, and when he is bored he yawns to show that the time, the place, and the company are not at all interesting. Perhaps the most characteristic sound of all is the one he utters when he sits up and slaps himself on the chest with both hands. Personally, I feel that when he does this he is telling himself to 'back up.' In the jungle the gorillas drum on their chests and cry to denote anger or challenge—and John has apparently adapted an inherent action to his present state of being."

Senses Thoughts of Humans

JOHN'S comprehension is far greater than his powers of speech. He seems to sense the thoughts of humans with swiftness and clearness, particularly those persons who are constantly about him. He knows such words as "milk" and "orange," but Miss Cunningham feels that he senses what she means rather than actually understands the word. This belief of Miss Cunningham's is hardly borne out by John's actions, for about this time John stirred restlessly in his sleep, and showed that he was awake. "Go back to sleep, pretty boy," Miss Cunningham said softly, and John stretched out both arms toward his mistress.

"Pretty boy" is the name that John likes best. He is extremely fond of praise, and likes to think up a new trick, or a variation of an old



Wigs of Spun Glass the Vogue

A COIFFURE of spun glass was shown for the first time at a recent hairdressers convention in Chicago. The spun-glass wig is especially favored for evening wear, when the brilliant lights create a reflection that shows the wig at its best. The wigs are very much softer and give a more natural glistening sheen than do artificial hair wigs. However, the spun glass wig is said to be very brittle and will not stand being placed on a manly shoulder.

one, so that Miss Cunningham will say, "Very funny, John, very clever." Then he will chuckle. John Daniel, like the average human, gives a considerable amount of thought to his food. Back in his jungle days he was rather limited to uncooked dishes, but since he has grown accustomed to traveling across the world in Pullman cars and living in hotel suites he has developed an appetite for the most choice dishes. Chicken a la king is the dish he likes best of all, his next "favorite" food being a chicken leg. He is fond of oranges, and eats about a dozen in the course of the day. He is also partial to bananas, but they must be green. He has tasted meat, but does not care for it. Fish of any kind pleases his taste. Vegetables of all sorts are also on his diet list. He drinks milk, but not cow's milk, his brand being prepared from a milk powder. The reason for this is that at the beginning a famous physician decided that John was very subject to tuberculosis, and that he might contract it from cow's milk.

"In his diet, as in many other ways, I treat John as you would treat a child," she explained. "In some ways he is more keen than a child of five, in other ways he is backward. Considering the fact that he was running about the jungle a year ago, I feel that his adoption of civilization has been most rapid. I remember the first time I ever let him see himself in a mirror. He growled, and went looking for the other monkey. Then he seemed to sense that he was looking at himself and immediately he accepted the looking glass just as a human being accepts it—something in which to see one's own reflection. John knows his own photograph when he sees them, even when they are in a magazine, and he has no objection to posing. It seems to flatter him.

"I think one of the most interesting events of his career was when he began to walk about the house. He was unsteady at first, clumsy, and felt that he needed the aid of every piece of furniture. Now he walks on the flat of his foot, and while he uses his hands it doesn't seem that he needs the extra aid. When he is in a great hurry he uses the knuckles of his hands to help his progress over the floor. You would expect him to use the tips of his fingers, or the flat of his hand, but he keeps the hand tightly clenched."

Has Tremendous Strength

JOHN DANIEL II. stands about three feet high, and weighs almost eighty pounds. His strength is tremendous, though he does not appreciate that fact. One of his forms of exercise is to grasp the mantel of the fireplace with one hand, and with the other, while swinging, lift a chair from the floor, holding it at arm's length. Quite a feat.

John is growing rapidly. In another couple of years his inherent strength will have become so great that it will not be safe for him to be at liberty. He may never mean to do harm, but his grip, his strength, will make it impossible for him to live in close contact with human creatures.

What will happen then? That is the question. If he is placed in a zoo he will surely die, for the gorilla is so temperamentally constituted that he must have companionship. The lack of this companionship, so scientists firmly believe, is the reason why no gorilla has lived in captivity up to this time. It was this lack of companionship that killed the first John Daniel.

"What I hope can be done," said Miss Cunningham, "is that a preserve can be built where John Daniel will be able to spend the rest of his life. A friend of mine, Mr. T. Alexander Barns, is at present in Africa, and one of the objects of his expedition is to try and capture a female gorilla who will be a mate to John. In the preserve Mr. and Mrs. John could live to gether and raise a family. It would be a great scientific study to watch the adult life of a gorilla. Remember John will not be full-grown until he is about eighteen or twenty."

Carl E. Akeley, who is probably the greatest authority on gorillas in the world, is vastly interested in Miss Cunningham's experiment.

On Mr. Akeley's most recent trip to the Congo one of his party shot an adult male gorilla. The physical proportions are interesting. To begin with, the beast weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. It was five feet seven and one-half inches tall, had a chest measurement of 62 inches, a reach of ninety-seven inches, the upper arm measured eighteen inches, and the all of the leg fifteen and three-fourths inches. Contrast these figures with the measurements of a big man! When you consider how John will grow it can be readily understood that long before he attains his full maturity he must be banished from a hotel suite.

But in the meantime John Daniel is content to live his abnormal life, undoubtedly one of the most interesting visitors that this country has ever known—a scientific study that is without parallel in the world, for he is closer to man than any other beast—and a higher grade of intelligence than many men now living.—Dearborn Independent.

The D.C.M.

WHAT did the boss say to you for being late on Friday?
"He gave me the D.C.M."
"What's that, Jimmy?"
"Don't come Monday!"

RED ARMY OF RUSSIA AS A SCHEME FOR BLACKMAIL

Well-Equipped Regiments Maintained as Threat in Pretended Assault On Capitalist Nations

BACKED BY PROPAGANDA TO FRIGHTEN ALL EUROPE

A Queer Kind of Diplomacy Displayed by Soviet to Win Favors From Other Nations

By HENRY DE KORAB

Mr. de Korab is a well-known French journalist who has paid several visits to Russia.

EVERY evening crowds gather on the bridge across the Moskva and along the quay with its bare trees under the stern walls of the Kremlin. There are women with their heads covered by black-knitted shawls, better dressed and rather queer-looking promenaders wearing admirals' caps and high top boots, clear and cigar sellers, small boys and bent and twisted beggars who have nothing left to lose, or, rather, who have only a very little time left in which to lose anything.

There is a sound of fifes from afar; the crowd stirs and after some little arguing people line up along the sidewalks. Through the branches of the trees one sees the glint of bayonets in the distance. An officer on horseback, his left hand resting on his hip, is first to cross the bridge. He looks, I must admit, pretty smart, and is wearing the new uniform—a flat, red cap with gold braid, and epaulettes decorated with the hammer and sickle of its Soviets.

A sort of sigh of content rises from the crowd, which seems inclined to applaud but suppresses the desire rapidly, for in Russia one has learned to show reserve. A small boy next me gives a military salute after the Soviet fashion, that is to say, with the hand well away from the temple, and cries:

"Da zdravstvuet Krasnaya Armia!" (Hail to the Red Army!)

The "Krasnaya Armia" marches past with a swing and clatter of heavy boots thumping the ground in time to the music. Doubtless this must be the guards, for the men are all huge, and their spiked cloth helmets make them look taller still.

"They seem admirably equipped," I remark to my companion, who is obliged by more or less diplomatic functions to keep closely in touch with military questions. "I suppose that this sort of thing is limited to show regiments."

"Do not for one moment believe that," he replies. "The military effort is the only one which Russia has pursued with remarkable perseverance. Three thousand schools have been closed, and Lounacharsky is tearing his hair, but the wave of economy has not touched the barracks."

One Way to Grow Smart

THE splendid march past of the infantrymen with their red-banded tunics had ceased, and at a short distance in their wake a lamentable looking flock of civilians came hobbling along under the escort of nonchalant soldiers with their rifles slung. Doubtless these were recruits. They advanced with difficulty, barefooted or with their feet wrapped in rags, carrying sordid parcels or with wooden boxes roped to their shoulders, and finally disappeared beneath one of the great doorways of the Kremlin.

We followed the crowd as it slowly dispersed along the quay, and I overheard further remarks:

"Poor devils. They are again to be driven against barbed wire and machine-guns."

"Do you think it will be at once?"

"I think it will be this summer."

I remarked to my companion that this was the other side of the picture, and that ever since my arrival in Moscow I had all the time been hearing talk of the next war.

"I think," he replied, "that this menace of war is one of the means of propaganda and intimidation employed by Soviet diplomacy. That, too, is the reason why they take such pains about their army. Kamenieff has said: 'If we have not a strong army we shall obtain no credits.' It is a queer kind of diplomacy."

"The blackmail of the Red Army, you might call it," I suggested.

How Russia Bullies

A LITTLE girl with bare legs, her hair flying in the wind, runs towards us with movements as graceful as those of a dancer and offers us a copy of the Izvestiya. On the front page I see a big headline: "General Floresco in Warsaw; Military Preparations of Poland and Rumania."

"You see," continued my companion, "the press has been ordered to speak every day of the imminent assault of capitalism against the Soviet republic and of the necessity for preparing against this contingency. It has thereby succeeded in alarming the public and in creating a very violent feeling of hostility, notably against Rumania."

"But this hostility only manifests itself by words, I suppose?"

"By no means. Russia is really in a state of war with her two neighbors, Poland and Rumania, against whom she carries on a sort of disguised warfare. The commissariat of the red army has created camouflaged detachments which it sends forth to Galicia, Polish white Russia or Bessarabia. These bands, known by various names and excellently armed, carry on an intensive communist propaganda among the lower classes and rob the rich, pillaging, burning farms, driving off cattle. And everywhere they announce that they are but the advance guard of the great red army. They cause much worry to the states concerned, whom they oblige to maintain large police forces mobilized in the frontier zones."

"Do you not, then, really believe that the great red army is soon about to march forth to conquer the whole world?"

"I think that is mere bluff. They will not be guilty of such folly. Unless, in truth, the extremists, the arch-pure ones, come into power, the more or less crazy idealists who sincerely believe that the duty of communism is to impose its religion on the world by blood and by iron."

"There nevertheless exists one other danger, and that is Germany. For Germany continues to be the evil genius of Russia, who but for this nefarious influence would content herself with making costly social experiments at home. Just suppose that the madmen—that is to say, the extremists of the right and the left, the nationalist or communist war lords—either legally or by force gain control on the Spree? Then it will be necessary to watch out and to stand shoulder to shoulder."—New York Times Magazine.

Life's Little Comedies

Fishermen I Have Met *By A French River Guide*Mysterious Collapse of Second Romance
Of Dorothy Caruso-Ingram a Social Puzzle

Her Marriage With Great Tenor, Predicted a Failure, Was Success — Subsequent Marriage With Man of Her Own Class, a Failure.

By KARL K. KITCHEN

WHEN Dorothy Benjamin became Mrs. Enrico Caruso some five years ago, there were those who shook their heads apprehensively. What could this beautiful young girl, reared in the environment of a comfortably wealthy family, with high social traditions, find in common with the great Italian tenor, whose traditions, tastes and friends must be totally foreign to anything she had ever known?

The protests of Park Benjamin filled the papers at the time. Because of parental opposition the marriage was virtually an elopement.

It could not possibly last, said the knowing sally.

It did last, however, until the mighty hero of all the world's music lovers died. His widow's grief was deep. It had been a sincere and moving love match.

A few months ago Dorothy Caruso married Capt. E. A. Ingram. "Quite proper," said everybody. "He is a man of her own world. They are sure to be happy."

They remained together for about three months. Capt. Ingram then packed up and sailed away.

A strangely ironic and romantic prank for fate to play on a charming young society girl, who is now only about thirty years old. Indeed, her life already might provide the theme for a captivating novel. As Dorothy Benjamin she was not known particularly outside her own little circle. Her marriage to Caruso lifted her at once out of social obscurity and made her a figure in every country where grand opera is loved. Upon the death of Caruso she found herself wealthy as well as famous. Now, after her unfortunate marriage to Capt. Ingram, a British gentleman and gallant officer, but neither famous nor wealthy, she returns quite speedily to the mere respectability she left only a few short years ago.

Second Husband Lacked Money

It is said that the chief reason for the abrupt termination of the marriage to Capt. Ingram was his objections to her friends. He protested against their presence in their apartment and was told in unmistakable terms to "love me, love my friends."

He was also made aware, so the story goes, that it was not his money which was paying for the expensive apartment at the Hotel Ambassador and therefore his opinions of her friends lacked the authority to make them binding. There was only one thing for Capt. Ingram to do after a



Dorothy Caruso Ingram, her daughter Gloria and Captain Ingram, from whom she has recently separated.

snub like that and he did it. He sailed on the first boat following his handsome and spirited wife's defiance.

This took place in February. It was only last August that Mrs. Caruso became aware of the existence of Capt. Ingram and vice versa.

They were married in England in November.

A few days later Capt. and Mrs. Ingram sailed for New York, and on their arrival here took an apartment at the St. Regis. It was here that the bridegroom had his first experience with his wife's friends. At first he was politely tolerant of her old associates, women of social distinction she had been acquainted with while she was still Dorothy Benjamin, long before her marriage to the great Caruso. But the Captain's mild toleration soon developed into voiced protests against these friendships, and only their departure for Palm Beach prevented an open rupture at that time.

However, the honeymoon in Florida was anything but rosy. They had no sooner arrived at Palm Beach than several of his wife's challenging friends came down from New York. And the bridegroom found himself surrounded by the very people to whom he objected and who had found him objectionable during their brief sojourn in New York.

But however much he disliked his wife's friends, they were even more outspoken in their disparagement of him. They dwelt painfully on the condition of the captain's personal finances, which they judged insufficient to afford them the hospitalities of Mrs. Caruso had been accustomed to expect.

Quarreled About Friends

As wife of the great tenor she had spent money lavishly—for his earning capacity was enormous—and after his death she found herself a rich widow. To be sure, part of

Caruso's estate went to his brother and the bulk of it was held in trust for her daughter, Gloria. Nevertheless, the royalties from his phonograph records continued and still continue to come in. In fact, for a two-year period, ending some months ago, these phonograph royalties are said to have approximated \$575,000.

When the Ingrams arrived in New York the bride discussed the idea of leasing the Stuyvesant Fish house on East 75th street, and proposed active social life for herself and her soldier husband, but this purpose was abandoned at the outbreak of hostilities between the captain and her friends. On their return from Palm Beach in February, the Ingrams took an apartment at the Hotel Ambassador and it was there, soon after their return to New York, that the final break took place. After Capt. Ingram's departure his wife, with her daughter, Gloria, moved to an apartment at No. 1155 Park avenue, where she is living more or less in seclusion at the present time.

Since the rupture of relations with her husband, Mrs. Ingram has attended but two important social functions. Those who are in her confidence say she is heartbroken by the tragic and sudden ending of her honeymoon.

There has been no talk of a divorce as yet, despite the fact that Capt. Ingram consulted an attorney before he sailed. However, he did say that if any proceedings that were not to his liking were started, he would "tell the world" just why he objected to the friends of his wife who had so effectively interfered with his happiness.

Thus ends another chapter in the rather exotic life story of Dorothy Benjamin that was. So far it has been an extraordinary and dramatic tale. One may well speculate on the other twists of the plot which fate may have in store.—New York World Magazine.

Enemies Plan to Exterminate Crow
But Bird Bandit Has Good Points

THE crow is on trial. A countrywide discussion of his case has arisen.

In England, in the United States and in Canada the pros and cons of the black feathered defendant's importance to the world are being weighed in the balance of justice. In his favor is his destruction of harmful vermin. Against him is his slaughter of songsters and wild game birds.

It is a serious matter this time for the bandit of the shining coat of black and the piercing eye. Often he has been sentenced in the local courts. But, this time, his case has been brought before the High Justice—the Public.

His prosecutor is the Du Pont Powder Company. Everywhere in the magazines they are advertising their side of the case. They have issued a free booklet entitled "The Truth About the Crow." And they have organized an international crow-shooting contest. Instead of wolf skins it is crows' legs that are valuable for bounties now.

On all sides the question is being discussed. Writers, editors and bird societies have stepped forth in his defense.

Is it fair to turn thousands of armed sleuths, contestants for the powder company's prize, on his trail?

Are Jim Crow's rights greater than his wrongs?

In the opinion of C. W. Nash, naturalist for the province of Ontario, he stands condemned. "Crows are too numerous in Ontario," Mr. Nash believes. They have been increasing tremendously of late years. Mr. Nash points out that this is due principally to the increased settling of the lands of Ontario. Nowadays, even in the winter, quantities of foodstuffs are left out which are available to the crows, and tend to the increase of their numbers. And the farmers have been destroying the hawks and owls, the natural enemies of the black-coated pirates among birds.

"Crows are most injurious to other birds," said Mr. Nash. "They not only destroy great numbers of the young of song birds and other useful varieties in their nests, but they do untold damage to the fruit in the orchards and the grain in the fields."

But, even taking all this into consideration, there is still much to be said in favor of the crows. They do a great deal of good by killing insects, Mr. Nash pointed out.

Robbers and Murderers

WHO shall the crow's executioner be? This is the point which, in the opinion of Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the Bronx Park zoological garden, New York, is most vital. In the New York Times he gives it as his judgment that the defendant is guilty. The onward march of civilization has changed the conditions of wild life. The crow, who in the past lived on squirrels, chipmunks, gophers and the like, finding himself deprived of much of his former food, has learned to prey upon the use-

Cleverest of All Birds Laughs at Scarecrows and Knows a Gun From a Stick at a Distance—Exhaustive Examination Proves That One-Fifth of Crows' Diet Consists of Harmful Insects—But Ontario Naturalist Thinks They Have Increased Too Fast.

ful and the beautiful things of outdoor life. He seeks nourishment in the rows of tender corn that sprout in the spring. He can devastate a field almost as fast as the farmer can plant it. Birds' eggs are not safe against his sharp beak. Farmers say that he does not hesitate to attack fowl in the barnyard, and they even vow that they have known him to pluck out the eyes of sheep.

"Yes, the crow must be disposed of," said Dr. Hornaday, "but I think it ill-advised to start a country-wide campaign for the shooting of crows. People should not be permitted to shoot indiscriminately at these offenders, especially out of the game season. It is the duty of game wardens and game commissions to control. It is with their approval and by their appointment that those who are to extinguish the evil should be chosen."

Dr. Hornaday does not believe it advisable to pay a bounty to those bringing in the largest bags of crows. There are times when, he avers, the paying of a premium is permissible. This is in the trapping of "vermin" such as wolves or lynx, which involves much time and a degree of danger. Sportsmen recognize their right to kill certain species of the owl family, such as the horned, the barred and the screech owl, which prey on song birds, quail and grouse. But the random shooting of the crow, Dr. Hornaday feels, is another matter.

Knows All About Man's Ways

SUPPOSE we were to give everyone permission to shoot the English sparrow, which, too, in its way, is harmful. As a result, many valuable and charming small birds would be killed along with the obnoxious sparrow."

Shrewdness of instinct has enabled the crow to survive the destructiveness of man and to become a nuisance when many species of wild life are disappearing. The crow is the cleverest among birds. He has learned man's ways. From afar he can discern whether it is a stick or a gun that the farmer has in his hand. If he knows there is no fear of powder he goes quietly about his business, but if he suspects a firearm he is off in a second. As for scarecrows, he laughs at them, saucily perching on their ragged hats and their tattered shoulders.

The crow flocks are captained as wild ducks and geese are. "I am sure of it," Dr. Hornaday says. "Years ago when I was in Maryland I used to see them flying in formation from Virginia into the neighboring state. They would come over in the morning and rob the farmers, and at sundown they vanished, winging their way back over the state line to their rookeries. The crow has a language. A certain cry means 'Danger ahead!' another 'Let's go!' while quite a different call says 'All's well!'"

On the other hand there are people who defend the crow and say the bird is not so black as it is painted. T. Gilbert Pearson, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, declares: "The accused is not altogether a bad bird. If he were better understood he would have more friends than foes. He eats a great many harmful insects, and in this way makes amends for his sins in the cornfield. May beetles, June bugs and other insects of a similar character are eaten by crows in great numbers in spring and early summer."

Has a Useful Side, Too

SOME observers tell us that baby crows are fed to a large extent on this kind of diet. The piece of resistance of their springtime menu is the grasshopper. The crow likes to feast on frogs, toads and young turtles, nor does he overlook small snakes. In the way of fruit, he consumes dogwood and sour gum as well as sunae berries. He will sample almost anything, from a frozen apple to a crayfish.

Mr. Pearson concedes that the crow is a nuisance to the farmer in the spring of the year, but he thinks the farmer himself is well able to give his crops the necessary protection and that he is not in need of a nation-wide effort to help him. To strengthen his defense he calls upon a recent report of the biological survey of the department of agriculture to witness that the crow's destruction of insects presents the strongest argument in his favor.

An exhaustive examination of the contents of the stomachs of hundreds of crows was made, and it was proved that one-fifth of the adult crow's yearly sustenance consists of insects. A great part of the insect material is eaten in the early spring, says the report, a time when the life-cycles of many of the most destructive pests are at their lowest ebb. A little later nestlings appear on the scene, outnumbering their parents two to one, and assist in the work of destruction. The young birds eat a much larger proportion of insect food than do their parents, and the quantity of nourishment required to develop their rapidly growing bodies is considerably greater."

The crow is an economic factor in farm life, asserts Mr. Pearson, and a present organized effort to annihilate the species recalls the mob spirit which was aroused against the pelican for its legendary ravages upon fish.

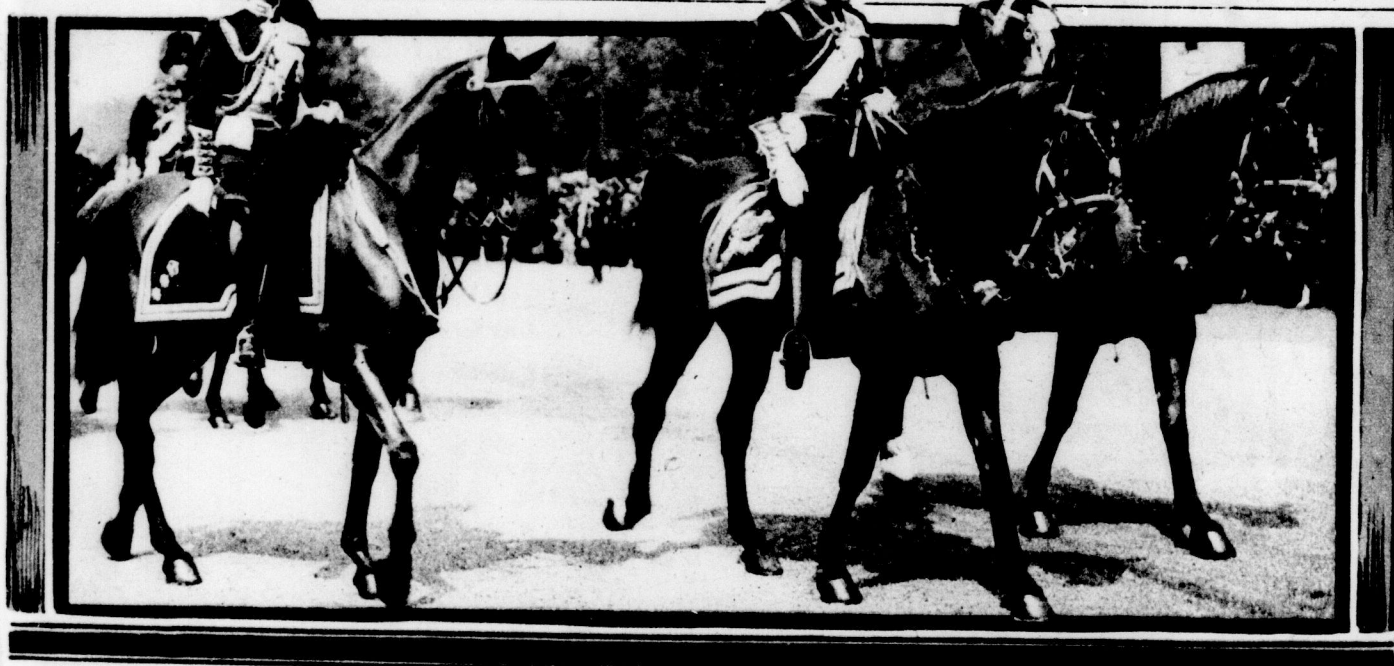
"This nation has existed and has been fairly prosperous for one hundred and forty years with the crows living in our woods and visiting our fields," he says. "Normal agencies have kept them within reasonable bounds."

43 Flavors of Honey

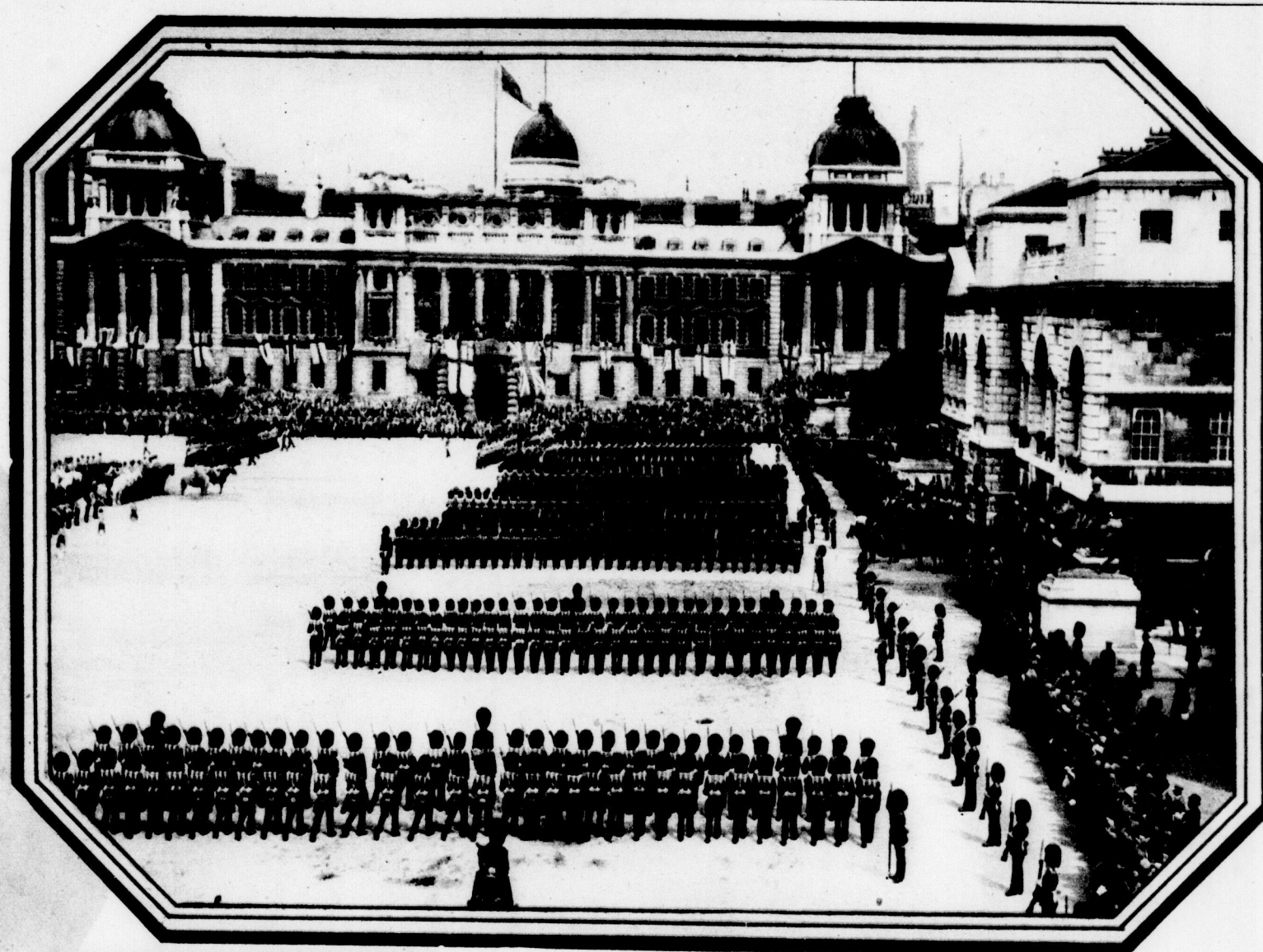
THE entomology department of the University of Missouri discovered 43 distinct flavors of honey within the state. A few hives produced a honey of an onion flavor, which the bees had secured from the blossoms of a large patch of perennial onions. This honey was white like clover honey.

The London Advertiser

LONDON, ONT., SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1924.



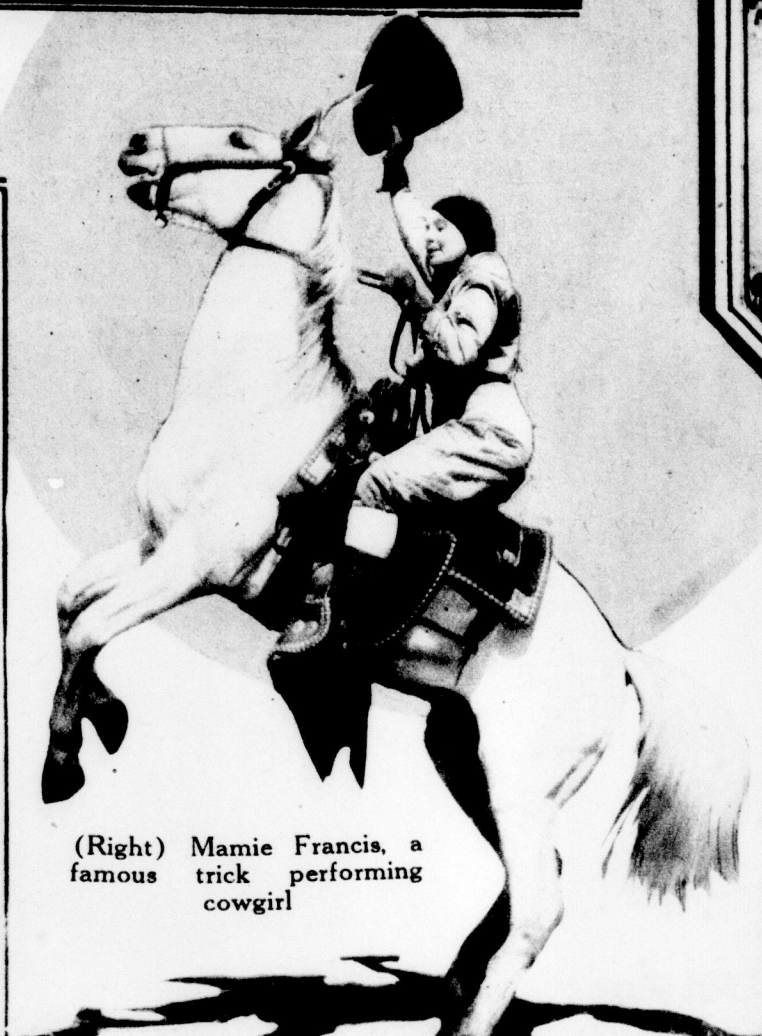
The trooping of the colors on the King's birthday was attended by His Majesty himself. The King, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught are shown riding to the Horse Guards parade



The Horse Guards parade, showing the trooping of the colors and the march past His Majesty



Lilliane Dorsay, a French actress who composes her own songs, is coming to America to demonstrate the French idea of jazz



(Right) Mamie Francis, a famous trick performing cowgirl



The daughter of Admiral Sir George Patey presented at court this season



The Prince of Wales, the Duke of York and Prince Henry attend the Derby



John W. Davis, former ambassador to Britain, who is the dark horse for the Democratic nomination for the presidency, with Mrs. Davis on the lawn of their home in New York

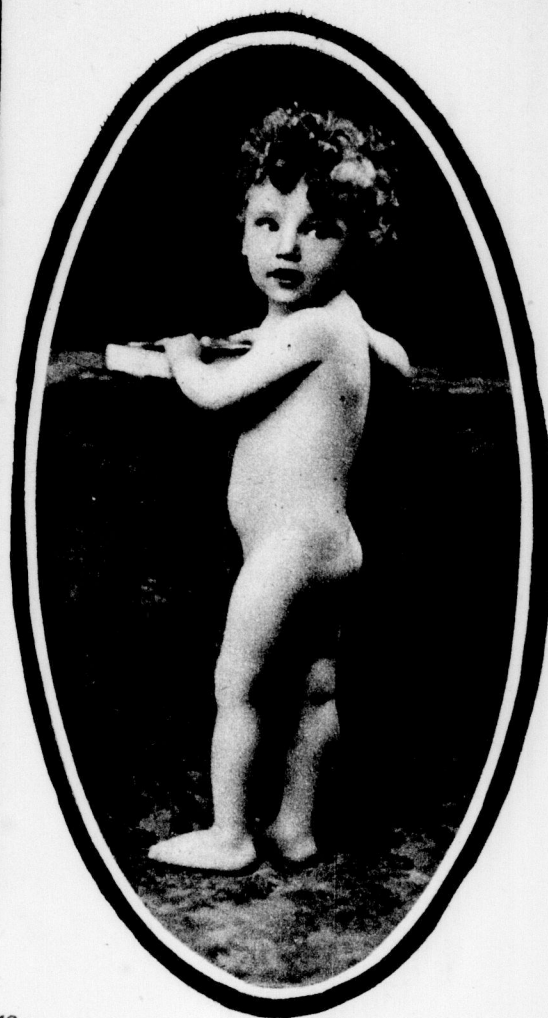
(Right) Mrs. Carey Evans, Lloyd George's daughter, whose husband, surgeon to the viceroy of India, was recently dubbed a knight



A section of the vast crowds attending the Derby. The buses, the bookmakers' signs, the buskers or musicians in the foreground, entertaining the crowds, all give some idea of the color and excitement that attend this greatest annual horse race in the world



A few of the hundred and thirty cowboys and cowgirls who are giving the rodeo demonstration at Wembley and otherwise opening the eyes of the Londoners



Among the entries in The Star's Bonny Baby competition, now closed, were these four children. From left to right: Helen Louise Davison, 4 Irene avenue, Toronto; Dorothy Ida Wilson, 61 South Bonnington avenue, Birchcliffe; Gordon Robert Lince, 40 East Gore street, Stratford, and Raymond Douglas Pellowe, 19 Constance street, Toronto



The Royal Family, from left to right: Princess Louise, the Prince of Wales, the Queen, the King, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and Princess Arthur



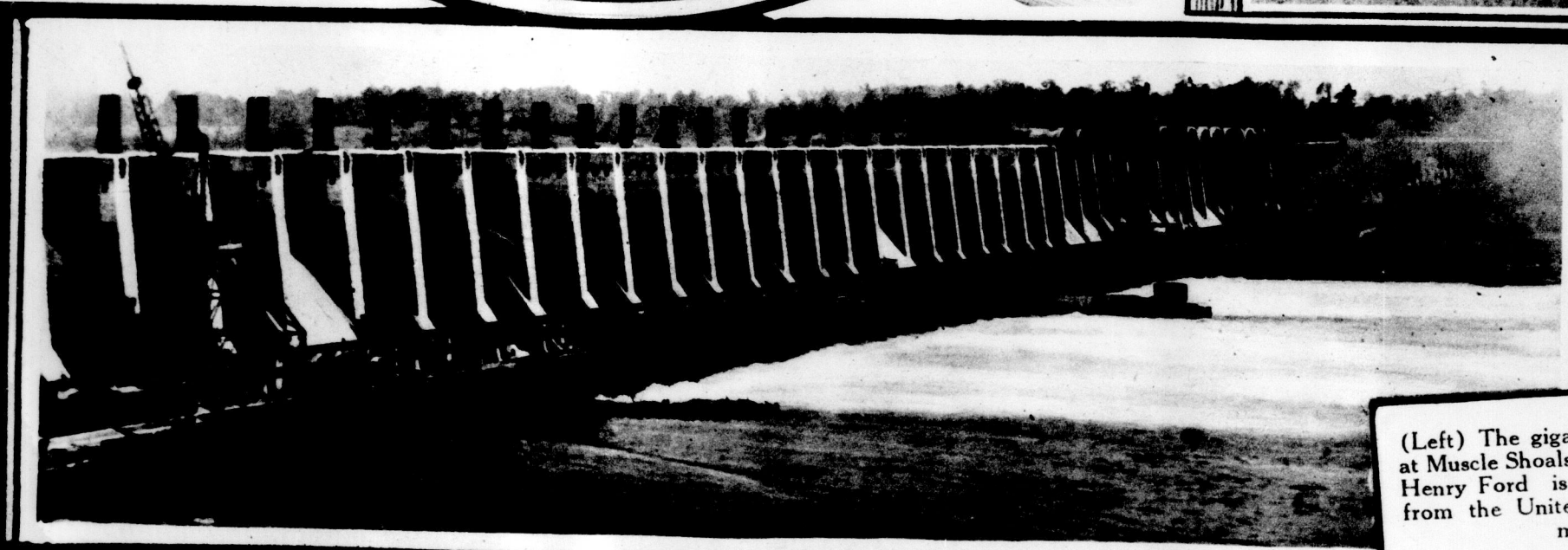
Air force officers, in their new uniforms, make an arch of swords for Air Marshall Sir John Salmond and his bride, Hon. Monica Grenfell



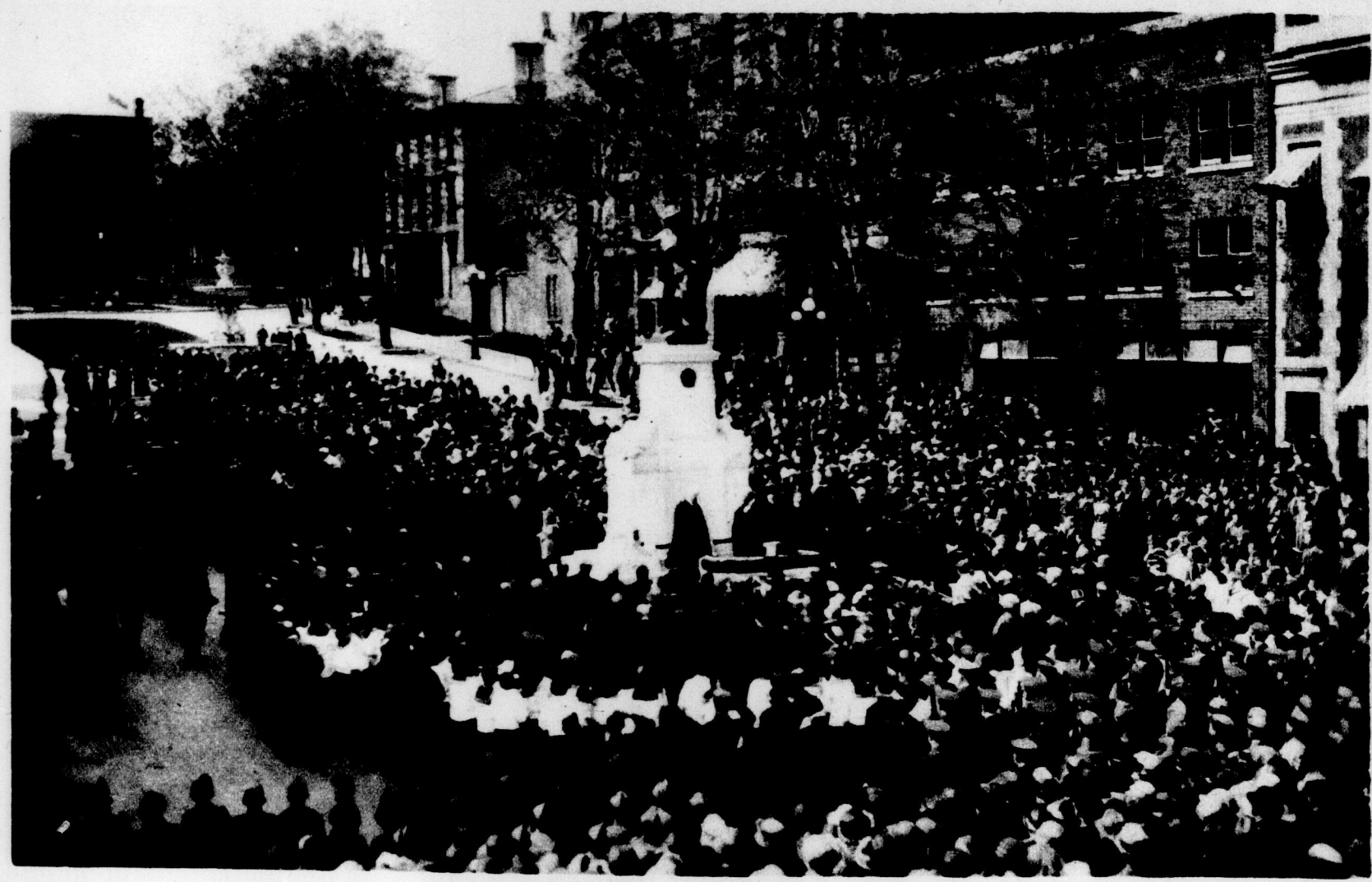
Mrs. Hope Gibson, winner of the Ontario ladies' golf championship



Jefferson Coah, owner of Sir Galahad, congratulating Frank O'Neill for his riding when the horse defeated the French favorite at St. Cloud



(Left) The gigantic Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, Alabama, which Henry Ford is trying to secure from the United States government



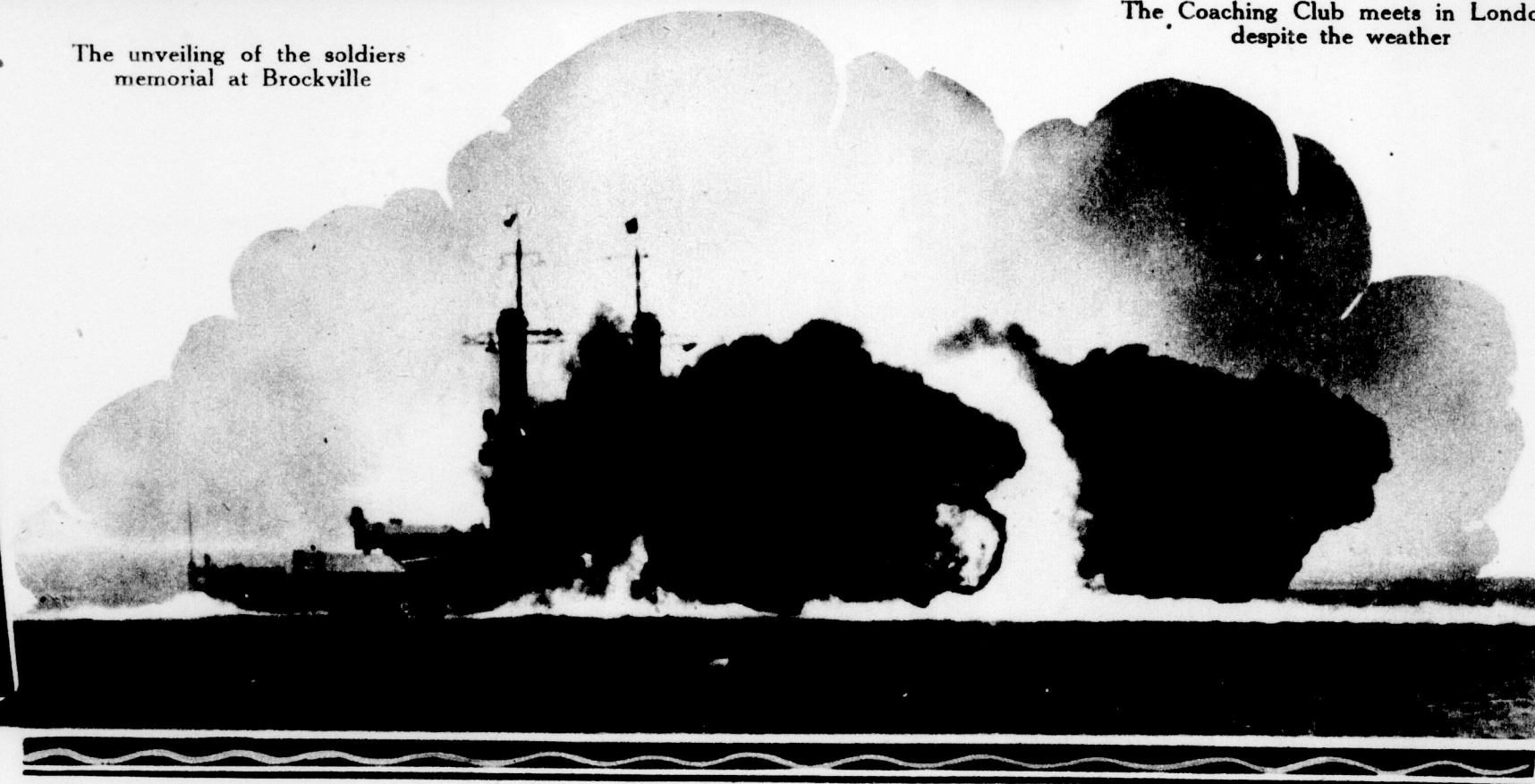
The unveiling of the soldiers' memorial at Brockville



The Coaching Club meets in London, despite the weather



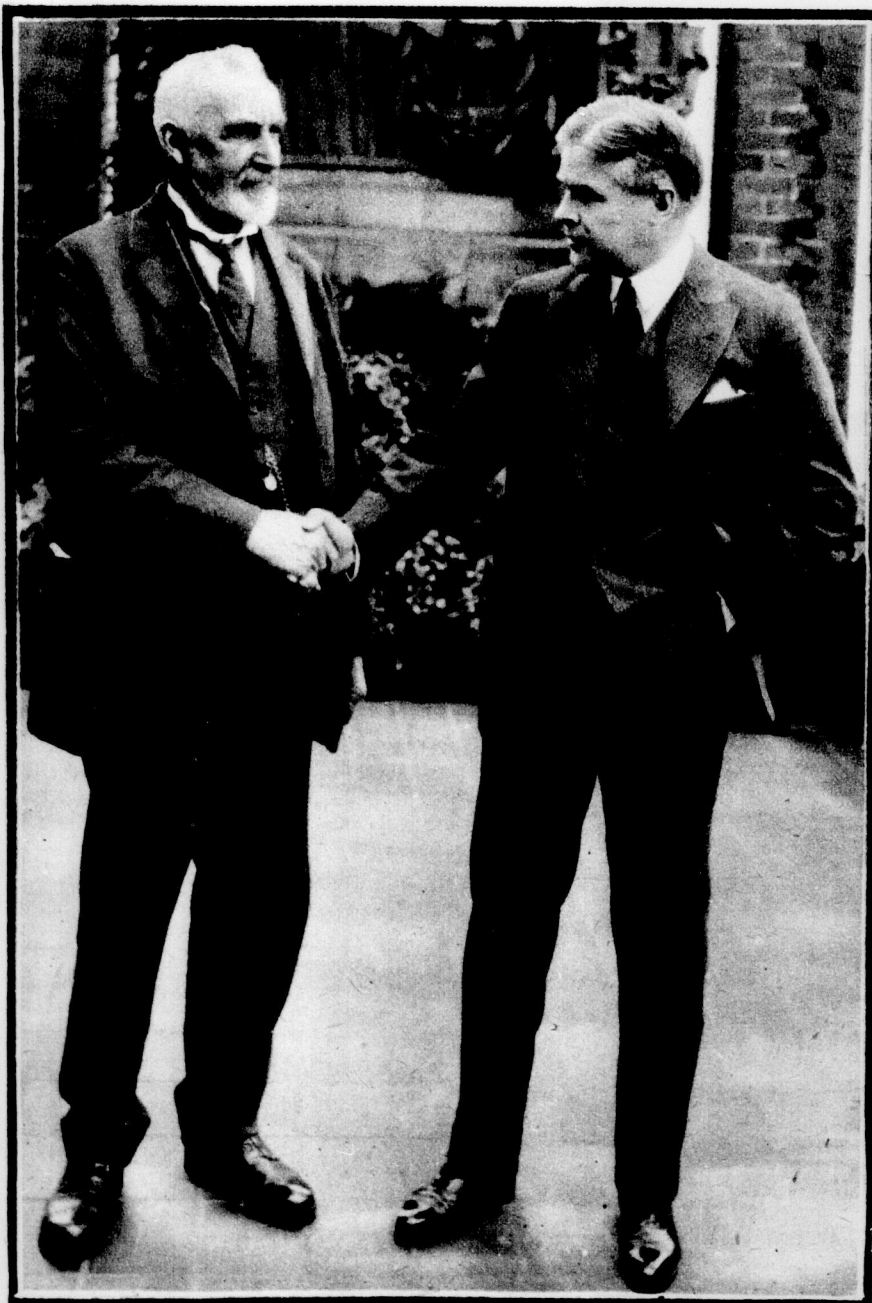
Alice Delysia, the French dancer, returns to Europe for a holiday



The American battleship Idaho kicks up a terrifying row at target practice



Phyllis Haver, recognizable even without her bathing suit as one of Sennet's beauties, has launched into the screen drama in serious roles



George Munro, one of the pioneer track layers of the C.P.R., and still with the great company in the west, receives birthday greetings from President E. W. Beatty



Millions of wild lupine blossoms, make lovely the Canadian National route, near Clarkson's, on the Niagara run



This sheep is the mother of three beautiful lambs, at Burnhamthorpe, Ont.



Petrolia, Ontario, has a simple and dignified memorial to her soldier sons who did not come home



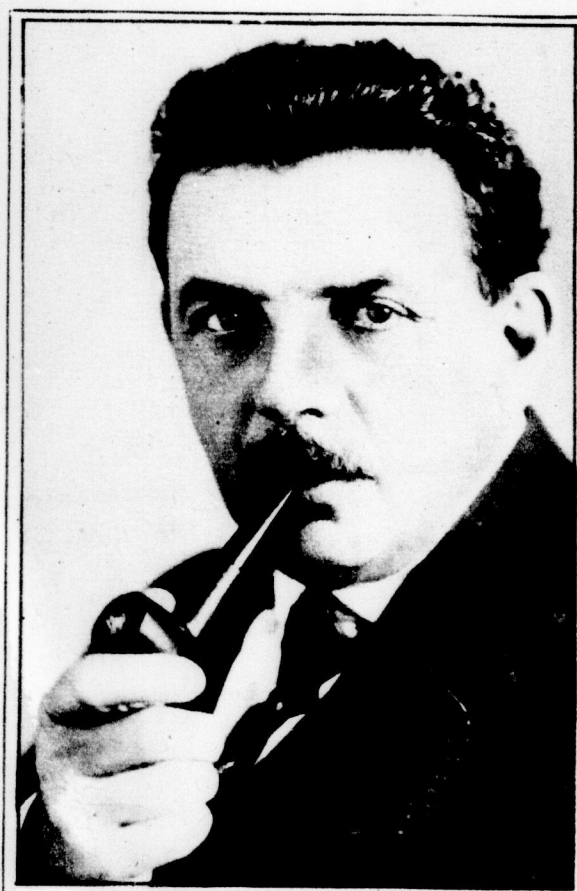
The divided cape over a lavishly embroidered white alpaca afternoon dress



A view of the splendid military pageant at the thanksgiving service at the Empire Exhibition — a service to commemorate the blessings enjoyed by the Empire despite wars and confusion



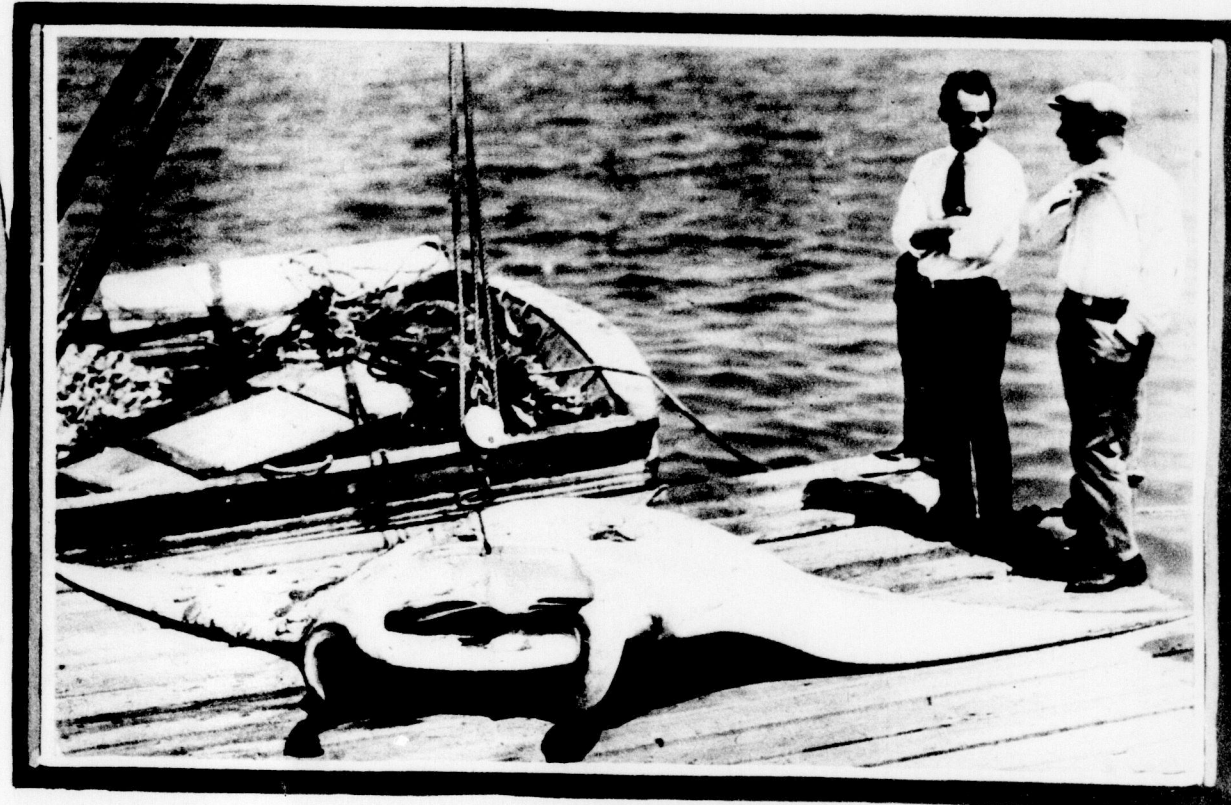
Carmel Myers has signed a contract with a German film company and leave America to the tune of a uke



Edouard Herriot, the master mind of French politics, like the British political leaders, smokes a fat pipe



The sunset hour is the best hour of the twenty-four to seek the speckled trout with the fly



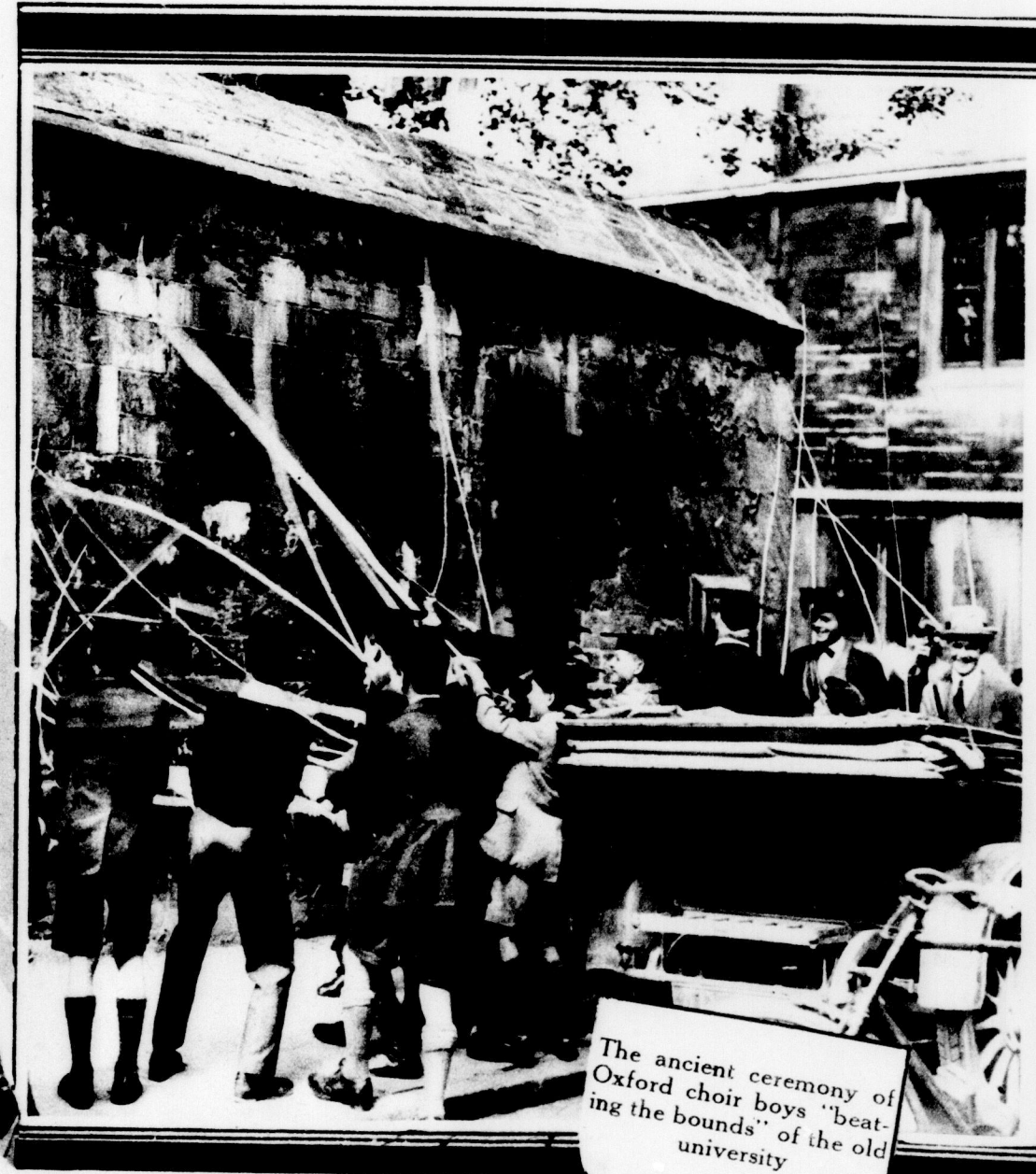
When a gang of shrimp fishermen were tending nets off the Florida coast, this gigantic 1,100-pound ox ray, native of African waters, was encountered, and after a four-hour battle was landed



De Laszlo, the great portrait painter, catches the likeness of Queen Marie of Rumania



Taffeta and satin — but, of course, others like to go in swimming



The ancient ceremony of Oxford choir boys "beating the bounds" of the old university

FARMER MET PRODIGY IN YOUNG ADAM WRIGHT

Celebrated Canadian Surgeon Was Particularly Kiddish-Looking When He Began Teaching School

IN his reminiscences at a reception on the occasion of his golden wedding anniversary, Dr. Adam H. Wright, of Toronto, distinguished veteran of Canadian surgery, told this true story which his relatives delight to hear.

At the age of twenty-one, looking but about seventeen, Adam Wright went to Trenton to become the master of the high school. He was one of the youngest-looking of P.A.s that ever came out of the University.

A farmer who had just come in from the country was selling some butter to one of the store-keepers as Adam Wright happened to be loitering there, gossiping in Rome as the Romans do. It was a problem, let it be supposed, of 17 pounds of butter at 13 cents a pound. How times have changed!—and the farmer and the storekeeper were having great difficulty in figuring out the knotty problem. So the farmer turned to the boy Adam, who describes himself as being particularly kiddish-looking on account of his fair hair, and said: "How much does that come to, Bub?"

"Bub" answered instantly, being quick at mental arithmetic. This was so much of a surprise to the farmer that he exclaimed, "Smart boy!"

Then he went on to enquire whether there was a good school in town, as he had a son ready to begin his education. "Who is the teacher?" he asked.

And "Bub" answered: "I am."

The farmer exclaimed: "My G-d!"

THE GREAT ARCHBISHOP JESTS WITH HIS GUESTS

IF the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Randall Davidson, decides to accept an invitation to go to the United States and Canada, Canadians will have a long-wished-for opportunity of seeing the holder of the most historic church office in England, one which dates back for hundreds of years before America was even discovered! The first Archbishop of Canterbury was Augustine, appointed A.D. 597.

Seventy-five years of age, Dr. Davidson is a Scot—a curious fact when one remembers that he is head of the Church of England. No fewer than 25,000 clergy look to him for advice and spiritual guidance. For twenty years Dr. Davidson has been Archbishop of Canterbury. Fifty years ago he was a humble curate in the north of England.

Being a Scot, Dr. Davidson is gifted with a keen sense of humor! and is quick at repartee. At a certain ecclesiastical luncheon one of the guests remarked: "Now to put a bridle on our appetites," when Dr. Davidson retorted: "Do as you please, but I am going to put a bit between my teeth."

LIPTON TOOK THE TIP

HOW he once earned a shilling tip is amusingly told by Sir Thomas Lipton. When I was crossing over from America a few years back (he said) I was gazing out to sea and thinking of nothing in particular, when somebody touched me on the shoulder.

Turning round I found myself confronted by a man in clerical attire.

"Look here, steward," he said, "I want a deck chair put in that corner spot."

I got a deck chair and placed it there, and he said, "Here's a bob for you."

Being a Scot (concluded Sir Thomas) I took it.

HAD HE KISSED THE BRIDE?

THE champion "vamp" of the films, Miss Theda Bara, is quite a jolly little lady in private life, and is famous for telling stories with a subtly humorous ending.

One of the best of these concerns a guest at a wedding party who, so far from rising to the spirit of the occasion, looked miserably unhappy.

He was presently espied by the cheeriest of best men, who stroled up to him, slapped him on the back, and said: "Now, then, old chap, cheer up. Have you kissed the bride?"

Deep came a sigh from his very boots as he spoke the answer that told more than its meagre words expressed: "Not lately, old man, not lately."

A SURE CURE

DR. C. W. SALEEBY was once consulted by a patient who was a victim of insomnia, and who told him that the smallest noise kept him awake.

"A cat on a fence, for instance," he complained, "can keep me awake all night."

Dr. Saleeby expressed his sympathy and decided on the best treatment.

"This powder will be effective," he assured his patient.

"When do I take it, doctor?" asked the sleepless one.

"You don't take it," answered the doctor. "You give it to the cat in a little milk."

Proof Positive

SHE was what is called a "good shopper." That meant that she drove nearly every salesman in the shops she entered to distraction with her demands. She was never satisfied unless she had the whole stock of the shop turned upside-down for her convenience.

Last week she was buying a fur. After nearly an hour's hesitation she at length hit on one that she hated a little less than the others.

"Are you sure this fur won't shrink," she inquired. "If it rains and one gets caught without an umbrella it might, you know."

"Madam," replied the long-suffering salesman with a weary sigh, "the fur didn't shrink on the last party that wore it, and he was never known to carry an umbrella."—Answers.



A PAGE ABOUT PEOPLE

Sidelights on Men and Women in the Public Eye



Borrowed \$100 to Get Married Made Cool Million in One Swoop

Dawes, the Human Dynamo, Was Out-of-Heels Country Lawyer Not So Many Years Ago—Republican Vice-President Candidate Made His Start Out of Gas—A Sort of Foch, Beatty, J. P. Morgan and Paderewski Rolled Into One "Hell and Maria" Dawes.

HIS General Dawes and Republican candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States. That's principally because the people of the United States are great for the man of the moment. Not long ago it would have been Hoover. Now it is Dawes, who returns just at the right moment from Europe, having apparently settled the reparations question beyond criticism by anybody.

If quantity of anecdotes is any indication of popularity, then Dawes, head of the Chicago Trust Corporation, is one of the most popular figures alive to-day.

Not so long ago there was a citizen of Lincoln who knew him when he was simply plain Charles Dawes, who had to borrow a hundred dollars to get married.

This is S. H. Burnham, president of the First National Bank, who made the loan in 1889. Dawes was going from Lincoln to Cincinnati, where he intended and did marry his boyhood sweetheart, Miss Caro Blymyer.

"He won't mind my telling it now," says Mr. Burnham, "but I did loan him the hundred, as he wasn't quite sure that he had enough to go back and get married and return to Lincoln, where at that time he was a young lawyer with mighty little practice. If anything had happened to him I guess I would never have got my hundred back, as he carried with him about all his assets he then had."

Dawes lived in Lincoln for eight years, from 1887 to 1895. He had just come out of law college when he decided to head west. He said he just "happened" to locate in Lincoln. It was at a time when the west had just started on a long period of depression, and that period lasted all the time that Dawes practiced law in Lincoln. In fact, he did not have enough law practice to keep him going, and he took in real estate on the side.

But he had the confidence of the then governor of Ohio, with whom he went partners in investments, and soon he started into prominence as the attorney behind the farmers of the west in their fight against the railroads.

Laid Cards on the Table

IT was by a coup that Dawes became a millionaire. Not many men without capital clean up a fortune in such a short space of time. He made it by deals in connection with gas companies.

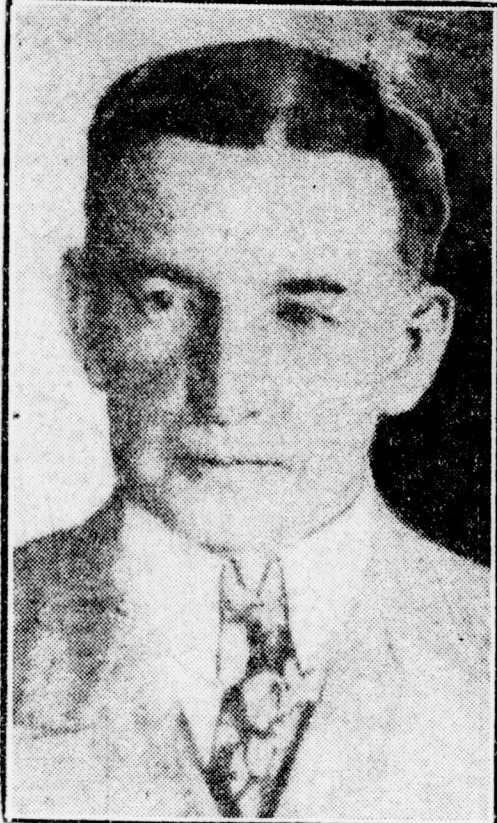
It was in the early nineties that Mr. Dawes became interested in gas companies through his legal connection with a merger of lighting companies in Lincoln. He took up the study of this with the energy still characteristic of him. In 1895 he got the backing of a group of Lincoln men to buy the gas plant at Peoria, and went back to make the deal. When he returned he said he found he could not buy it to advantage, but that he had bought a plant at La Crosse, Wis., whose owners had grown old in the business and had refused to keep step with the progress in production methods. He bought this advantageously and was able to bond it without making necessary very much cash investment on the part of himself and his friends. In fact, they did not have very much. Later he sold this out at a very good profit.

"Not long after that," says this same Banker Burnham who lent him the \$100 to get married, "he came into the bank and asked me if I would go on a \$50,000 note that he proposed to give as the greater part of a first payment on a gas plant at Evanston, Ill. At that time John R. Walsh was the kingpin of the financial world as far as Chicago was concerned, and ownership and control of gas plants in that section of the world was his specialty. I gasped with astonishment when he told me he was going into the suburbs of Chicago and whisk a gas plant out from under John's eyes and nose. I told him it could not be done."

"I said to him: 'See here, young man. You have been going good and you have made a fair success. But here is where you are going to stub your toe. I won't sign a note with you for \$50,000, or 50 cents, for that purpose.' He replied that he knew just what he was doing, and he went right over to another bank where he got the widow of the president, John R. Clark, and the cashier, Gus Hanna, to sign the note with him. And, by jing, if he did not only go in and buy that plant, but he went right into Walsh's office and laid his cards on the table and got Walsh to float his entire issue of bonds, which was about enough to pay for the plant. Dawes got his big start right here, and he cleaned up a million or two out of that gas company. After that it was easy going for him."

Sweeps Things Before Him

ONE would go far to hear of such a versatile man. He seems to have the Midas touch. Everything about him seems to turn to gold. Lawyer, civil and railroad engineer, banker, comptroller of the currency, chairman of the general purchasing board for the American forces during the war, rising from lieutenant-colonel to brigadier-general. Dawes was all this, and still he "plays a little" on the piano. To most solid and sober bank presidents that would be a rich field for fun. But not many men laugh at "Hell



General Charles Dawes

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The Gentleman Grafter

—By Henry Kitchel Webster
ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN BORCHARDT

The Countless Cidaro Family Board a Small Coastwise Steamer and Captivate All Hands —Inside Light on Central American Politics and on Human Nature in General

I SUPPOSE, since this tale is going to be literally and meticulously truthful, there must be a moral to it. Indeed, I can see that there is a moral, only I'm not quite clear in my mind what the moral is. We were coasting along from one hot, sandy little port to another, in a curiosity of maritime architecture whose proudest boast was that she had once belonged to the Collins Line and had taken General Grant or Martin Van Buren or somebody else from antique times on his first voyage to Europe. We were in no hurry; at least if any of the passengers were, it was amply compensated for in the placid leisureliness of the ship. Under good weather conditions we used to log eight knots or thereabout, but most of the voyage was occupied wallowing patiently at anchor in one roadstead after another, our cargo safely aboard waiting for the commandant of the port to come out and sign our clearance papers. Generally speaking, the commandant had gone off to a cockpit somewhere, or else he was just back from one and too drunk to entrust himself to the mercies of a longboat.

Once, indeed, when our captain had ventured to leave without this formality we were ignominiously sent back to our last port of call. That took three days, and it required another for the outraged official, now sufficiently sober to comprehend in a vague way what had happened, to find a way to give us, and vindicate his dignity and show his independence and eventually give us leave to go.

The captain's feelings and his language during those four days are no part of the story.

But you will understand that we had plenty of time, we passengers, to get acquainted. At the time of the inundation, it was perhaps a fortnight since we had lain all day at Balboa, canted up in the mud at an angle of twenty degrees or so, waiting for the tide to give us a start on our voyage. We were just about the kind of ship's company that you'd expect to find in that corner of the world.

Motley Ship's Company

THERE was a mining engineer named Atkinson, from somewhere on the other side of the world, who, he said, with neurasthenia, who, in order to be happy, had always to sit in a corner where no one could possibly come up behind him. He had a pretty wife, pale as a ghost in spite of the scorch of the overhead, and who played solitaire beside him while he watched and corrected and counted off the days as if the best of them were well past.

There was a young French inventor, with a huge beard, dressed like a type from the Latin Quarter, who expounded the philosophy of Anarchism and had gone a little mad over an electric device for cutting down hardwood timber. And there was an obese promoter who talked colloquially American with an indefinitely foreign accent and who accompanied by a young lady utterly unaccounted for, except by her personal charms; an old doctor from down in Indiana; a couple of Nicaraguan political refugees, who were trying to get up a revolution in Honduras, and a German planter with a Spanish name, a German accent, and a high place, it was said, in the regard of the president of Guatemala.

There was a sprinkling of casuals, of course, including myself. I was there because I like the sea as much as I dislike the modern sea-going hotel that spends a week crossing the North Atlantic in five days. Last of all I have saved him till the last because he was the most important, here was the Englishman.

After one had looked at him and said to one's self, "Englishman," one didn't for a while think very much more about him. He was a big man with a shy, retiring sort of manner. But the next time you saw him you wondered who he could be, and the time after that you were perfectly sure he must be somebody. And by the end of the day, you weren't at all surprised to be told, in profane words perhaps, but in awed accents, by the purser, how great a man in his part of the world he really was, among other things, the president of that he owned—carried around in his vest pocket, one of these little Central American Republics.

Man of Power

WHY, said the purser, lowering his voice and glancing round with a wary eye, "why, two or three months ago, the president caught Johnny Moissant—caught him, and was going to shoot him of course. And Mr. Brangwyn happened to hear about it and told the old man he'd have to let him go. And he did. What do you know about that?"

We agreed with the purser that that had been the manifestation of some power. Because, you see, this was all many years ago, before Johnny Moissant had flown across the English channel with his cat and so on, and upon the astonished eyes of Europe and the rest of the civilized world. He had been bursting upon

the astonished eyes of various little Central American potentates at unexpected and disastrous intervals for a good while before that and you whispered his name all along the coast with awe. Indeed, when our ship had lain all one day in the harbor of Los Arenas, our propeller fouled upon a green line which a Nicaraguan roustabout had lifted over the snubbing-post quickly enough, we had under our eyes the spectacle of a little white American man-of-war loafing around, ostensibly with its hands in its pockets, but keeping a wary eye on the Nicaraguan navy.

The Nicaraguan navy consisted of an antiquated steam launch with an old-fashioned field piece in the bow, and it was suspected that Johnny Moissant was planning to slip away in it with a gallant army of five or six and inflict irreparable damage upon the Republic of Honduras. The man who had the power to turn Johnny Moissant loose after the president of any one of those republics had actually caught him, might safely be said to carry that republic around in his vest pocket.

It wasn't Mr. Brangwyn's fault that he made us all a little uncomfortable. There is something about the climate of that part of the world that has a queer effect upon morals. Even a perfectly innocent, respectable, uneventful person like myself wakes up in the morning with an uneasy conviction that he, like the rest, must have a lurid past and that if anyone should come up to him furtively and whisper, "They're on, old man. You'd better beat it," he would have to disappear, change his name and turn up in some remote and unknown spot.

Mr. Brangwyn's Aloofness

PERHAPS those of our passengers to whom this sensation was chronic, those of us who had come by it, I may say, more dishonestly, may not have been so acutely conscious of the source of Mr. Brangwyn's seeming aloofness. And perhaps in their case his aloofness wasn't quite so seeming.

Anyway, he made no parade of righteousness, gave himself no deliberate air of being a horse of another color altogether from the ramshackle, loose-and-easy, whitey-brown, of humanity that gave tone and color to our passenger list. When he walked by on deck without noticing the promoter, the effect he produced was so simply of having failed to see him that the promoter immediately confided to me that he knew Brangwyn well; had known him for years.

Well, that's the way we went along comfortably for a fortnight. Sometimes we passed two or three whole days chugging along over the hot blue surface of the Pacific that had a groundswell like the roll of an Oklahoma prairie, and sometimes we were hung idly over the rail with the shore-line rising and falling as we swung at anchor watching the unwilling labors of gangs of natives who had come out to our side in lighters, loaded with coffee or bananas or mahogany logs and who, as they listened lazily to the detonations of the first officer and the whistle of his Portuguese boatswain—a whistle that was a good enough language for anybody, and, apparently, the only one he had.

We roamed and repeated stories about each other, getting along the whole, famously. The old doctor from Indiana struck up a thoroughly satisfactory acquaintance with the young lady who was traveling with the promoter; expounded his ethical views to her—and they were mighty good views, although in the present instance a little out of focus—told her long stories about his neighbors, and asked her innumerable questions about the West Coast.

Swapping Rascalities

THE political refugees conspired darkly about one of the lifeboats, the promoter and the coffee planter swapped rascalities, invariably successful in the event, before a group of admiring casuals; the Atkinsons played solitaire a deux in their corner, and Mr. Brangwyn sat in the lee of the wheel-house, smoked cigars and read novels. The French engineer had taken an unhappy fancy to me, founded I think, on the hope that I should some day understand why he had to pay more for the privilege of leaving a ship at an intermediate point than it would have cost him to complete the voyage to San Francisco. That's about how things were before the inundation.

The inundation was the family of Senor Cidaro. They came aboard one day in box-loads, the box being a sort of improvised elevator swung over the side by means of a boom and tackle and raised and lowered more or less in accordance with the enormous rise and fall of the ground swell. It took several loads to get them all on board, but when it was decided, by themselves, that they were all there, we other passengers took a sort of rough census of them.

There was Senor Cidaro himself. You really have to count him, I suppose. And then there was Madame Cidaro, who ought to count for half a dozen at least. And then the children. Unfortunately, we weren't quick enough to count them while they were all collected in a body. They flowed apart and spread about the deck like so many drops of quicksilver. After that, counting the children became one of our regular amusements, and the results would come out anywhere from eight to fourteen, depending, apparently, on



Madame could sit down with a novel, all by herself, and in half an hour we'd all be there.

how many times we counted the twins. One queer thing about them was that while Senor Cidaro was Spanish and Madame French, the children were, to all appearances, English. Their names were English, at least, and English was the language they spoke a little very poor French besides his own tongue, and Madame had a little rudimentary English. So the children talked Spanish to their papa and French to their mother.

Now here is where you will perceive that this tale isn't a work of fiction, but, as I said at the beginning, an accurate account of the facts. For, in any fictional narrative the presence of eight children—that has always been my theory of the number—all under fourteen years old, on any sort of ship, let alone a cramped-up little thousand-ton cargo boat, would be a nuisance that would make life hardly endurable to the rest of the passengers.

Those Charming Children

AS a matter of fact, those children charmed us out of our wits. For myself, I know that the moment Helen bumped her heavy tin suitcase into my legs and looked up with a startled, apologetic little smile and begged my pardon, I felt absurdly pleased over the incident, took the ridiculous thing from her and asked her where she wanted it put. And when she smiled again and confessed that she didn't know, I felt that she and I were old friends. The same thing was evidently true of the other passengers. Even the Atkinsons came out of their corner and asked a hand at the business of making wild abstractions of the French engineer. Madame would sit there lazily at ease, keeping her place in her novel with her finger and occasionally opening it and reading a paragraph to herself, as if perfectly unconscious that she was the center of it all.

One of the casuals had a wonderful contrivance that he used as a deck chair, having bought it, he said, from day to day, our vague discomfort at his remotely isolated superiority gave place to indignation. But he seemed unconscious of that as he was of everything else.

I don't know quite how it came about, for Senor Cidaro never talked at all, and so far as I know, Madame never talked about him, but it wasn't long before we found that we were fully acquainted with their history—suppose the family finances were accepted of events by that name. The senior belonged, it appeared, to a Central American family that had once been rich and powerful. Or, to put the thing in a more accurate and orderly way, they had got themselves into a position of political advantage and had made it pay. The senior himself had been sent to Paris in his youth to acquire an education and study law. Instead of doing either of these things, however, he had immediately fallen in love with Madame and married her. It being apparent to his family that some member of the family was always trying it out, and exclaiming over its wonders. They always popped out of it the moment the Casual hove in sight. But, as they had, of course, no deck chairs of their own, and as he was so badly infatuated as any of the rest of us, these relinquishments availed him nothing. It finally came to be regarded as Madame's chair, and after she had confessed that she generally came out late, when the deck was deserted, and spent the night in it, he gave up even a nominal proprietorship. But, if I have implied that all of us, the whole passenger list, together with the officers and the crew, became mere satellites revolving in somewhat irregular orbits around the dining-saloon, he bowed to her gravely across the captain's table. And that was all. As this went on

work up again. And if you happened to stumble over Albert at the head of the dark companionway just as the ship was taking an ugly roll, it never occurred to you that that was no place for a child to be playing with the ship's quills.

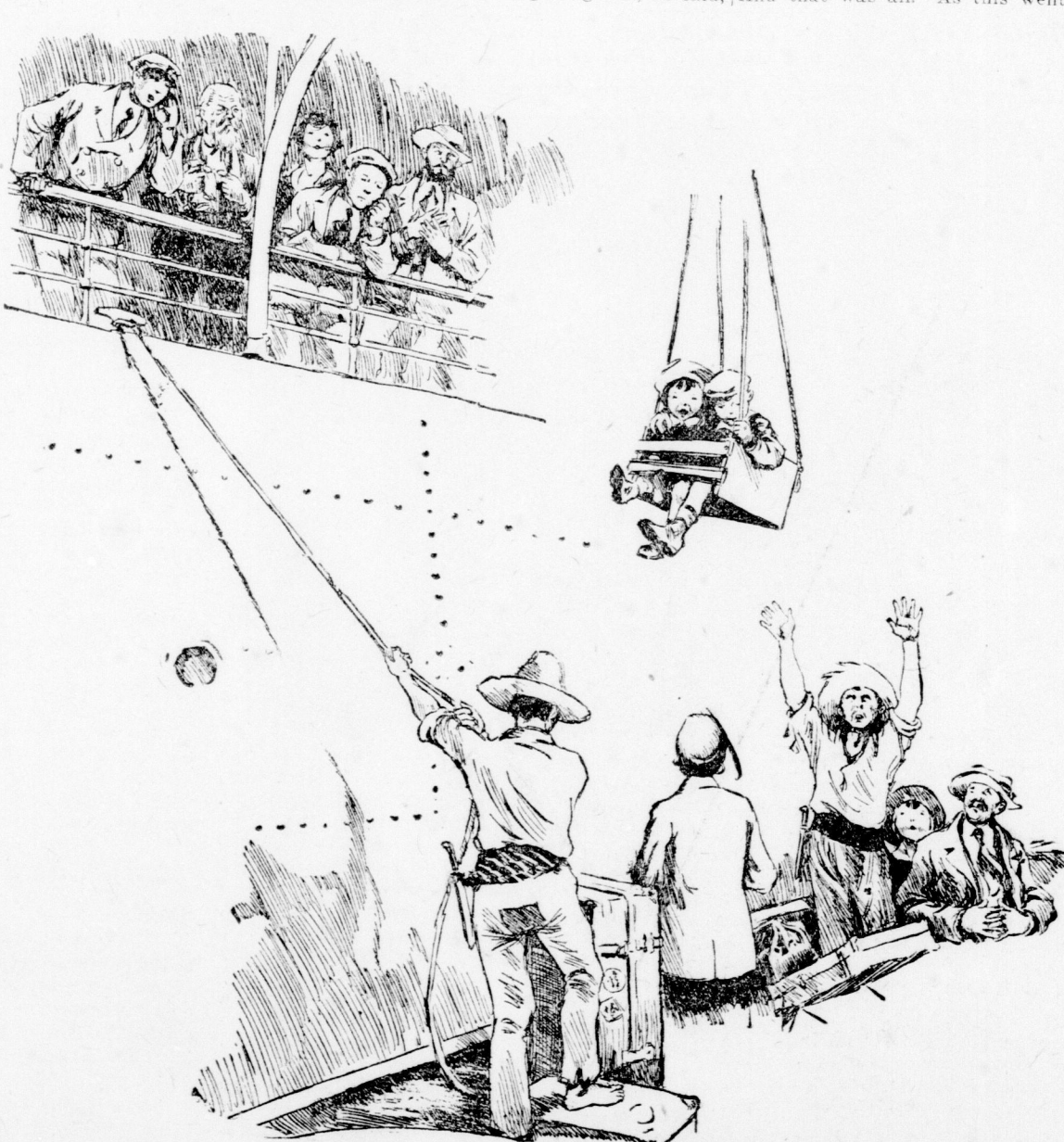
Mind you, there was nothing angelic about them. The boys were crooked-headed, square-toed little brats and the girls wouldn't have been called pretty by an impartial observer if you could have found one. They were all miserably clad in threadbare mourning for somebody, apparently long since deceased. I suppose the family finances had never been equal to a new wardrobe. They were simply the best bred, pleasantest, most wholly natural children you ever saw.

It wasn't until we had been wondering about them for a day or two and had got to taking them more or less for granted, that we began to become aware of Madame. Then we perceived that she was quite as wonderful as they were. You might take her age at anywhere from twenty-six to forty, depending on what age you thought the more attractive. She told me one evening that she was thirty-three. But that was just after she had made a bet with me that she was older than I was.

Delightful Madame Cidaro

SHE wasn't pretty any more than her daughters were. But she could sit down with a novel, all by herself, and in half an hour, we'd all be there, talking volubly, if ungrammatically, in three languages, interpreting for one another, gossiping about Central American politics or deriding the wild abstractions of the French engineer. Madame would sit there lazily at ease, keeping her place in her novel with her finger and occasionally opening it and reading a paragraph to herself, as if perfectly unconscious that she was the center of it all.

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A Piece of News

THE last evening of all—it was a fine, still moonlight night, too—was dreadfully forlorn. We avoided one another as much as we could, and, more or less, the family. We ought of course to have pitched in and been jolly, but this was fairly beyond our powers. We were already at anchor off the little port where

we were to disembark, and all there was to wait for was daylight. As I strolled forward where there weren't many lights, and one could see the sky better, I saw Madame and one of the Casuals leaning against the rail. I'd better join them I thought. I'd hardly spoken to her since dinner. She was speaking as I came up, in that carrying voice of hers.

"Et alors—" She filled in a rather long pause with a sigh and I stopped where I was. "—Demain!"

The Casual made a gesture toward the heavens. "Il sera, toujours, la lune," he said, in that perfectly rotten French he was so proud of. "Il sera—" He wheeled around and went all the way aft to the smoke-room. No one used the smoke-room very much. It was upholstered in damp leather and it was about the size and shape of a compartment in a European railway carriage. But to-night I found Mr. Brangwyn there and I was rather glad of it. He was an oasis in the encircling gloom. He encouraged me to have a drink and offered me a cigar.

"I've got to turn out early to-morrow morning and go ashore," he said. He seemed a little bored by the prospect, but half amused, too. "His Excellency wants me to come up to lunch with him."

"The president!" I exclaimed. "Has he come down from the capital?" "No," said Mr. Brangwyn. "I've got to go up. He says he's sending a special train, that'll leave about seven o'clock and send me back in another time for dinner on board."

"Rather a Tartar, isn't he?" I ventured. "From the stories they tell, a sort of combination French apache and American confidence man. I don't know whether I'd care to lunch with him or not—if I happened to possess anything I thought he might happen to want."

"I Let Politics Alone"

AT least half the stories are probably more than half true. Mr. Brangwyn paused a moment before passing further judgment. "When he robs it's generally on a large scale, and when he murders there are generally mitigating circumstances—political necessity, and so on. He's so much better than any of his neighbors that relatively I consider him honest. Really you know, I like him. I think he likes me. I've never asked him for anything and he knows it's no using thing. He's got to save his Americans, so we've got to famous-ly. If ever I broke my rule for anybody in all this devilish-hole of a country, I'd break it for him and invite him to my house."

He saw I was looking rather surprised. "Of course, I have to entertain a great deal," he explained, "but I have a separate house for that. A sort of private club where all these thieves and rascals can come. I go down there and dine with 'em and so on. Make themselves at home—latterly all ways out and all that. But where I live, I keep for decent people, and I've never found any one yet that I'd invite there. To be sure I've only lived here twenty years."

He paused there for a good long drink. "Pleasant people," I admitted. Some really charming people. But a really clean, honest man, who could be trusted, say, to administer an estate, not one in the whole of Central America."

"And yet you've lived here twenty years!" "Habit, I suppose. I've really got to like it. I've my own place and I mind my own business. My mines and settlements I run as I see fit. I even have my own mint, so that if I ever have to coin my own money to pay off my labor, I can. Because there isn't a really solvent bank in the country. But I let the people alone and I let politics alone. And the president lets me alone—except that he's going to make me spend nine hours to-morrow riding on his horrible railroad just to take lunch with him."

Unsympathetic Brangwyn

WE heard Helen's voice outside just then. She was calling "Maman!" not very loud. The next minute she stopped in the doorway. "Have you seen my money anywhere?" she asked. Her smile had just that same look of wistful deprecation that I had seen in it when she bumped her tin suitcase into my legs. "Antoinette is all broken out with something and I want mother to see before I put her bedclothes on."

"I'll try to help you find her," said I.

"The deuce!" said Mr. Brangwyn softly into his glass. It was rather a relief to all of us I think that he was gone, in his special train, before any of the rest put in an appearance. His absence removed the one unsympathetic note in our party from the family of Senor Cidaro. Even supposing he was right in the low opinion he held of all Central Americans, couldn't there be an exception? And what if the voice of reason did whisper that if there were an exception Senor Cidaro was not likely to be it. Why couldn't one of the others of us, the coffee planter or the promoter, have been the one to receive that invitation to spend the day with his excellency at the capital? There must be ways of managing such things—of bribing somebody or putting something over so that Madame would be obliged to live decently in the capital and the children could play their carefree games — and Senor Cidaro wouldn't have to work.

Well, it was a painful morning. The health officers came aboard with the evident intention of examining this unlucky family for every known disease and putting them in quarantine if possible, or forbidding them to land at all.

When they were balked in this charitable intent by the invincible healthiness of them all (Antoinette's rash had fortunately disappeared) the customs officers took their hand in the game. The pathetically meagre

little mound of baggage was pawed over and flung about as if the treasures of Golconda might have been hidden away inside. We were powerless, of course. Madame herself made a spirited protest when she found a drunken little doctor on the point of vaccinating one of the children twice, but the senior himself stood listlessly by, not seeming to think that anything mattered or that anything could be done. He'd believe, if they'd begun throwing the children overboard. Very likely the president would have ordered that done if he'd thought of it.

An Unsuspected Victim

THE miserable scene came to an end at last. The boom and tackle was swung outboard, the box was prepared, and the family, in tearful installments, went over the side and were bumped down into a pile of straw that waited there and, finally, four greasy pirates in chairs of it, with great deliberation started rowing them ashore. With heavy hearts we manned the rail and waved a last adieu to the family of Senor Cidaro.

Late that night I found Mr. Brangwyn in the smoke-room once more, drinking a whisky-soda. He carried his own whiskey with him and smoking one of his excellent cigars. And once more he encouraged me to join him in one of each. There was something about his large placid face that made him a good companion when you were feeling low in your mind.

"Well," I observed, "you got back safe. His Excellency didn't poison you nor fill you up with alcohol and red pepper nor any of his other little warlike tricks." He smiled comfortably. "I suppose," I added, "he's saving them up for those unlucky Cidaros."

"Don't worry about them," he said rather crossly. "Let's forget 'em." "I suppose I shall get them out of my head in a day or two," I concluded, "but you've all been pretty unhappy about them."

"Confound a man like that!" Mr. Brangwyn's big hand made the glass jump. "He reaches a new level of uselessness even in Central America. I never saw such a man. His night's rest seems to leave him completely exhausted for the whole of the next day. Him and his family! What right has he got to have a family like that? How many children were there?"

"I still say eight," I told him. "Do you know what would happen to them? He's got some relatives, of sorts—cousins and so on. Oh, I know all about them. Well, they'd let him live around, and they'd divide his family up among them. Those little girls—the two oldest—they'd really be out in service, though no one would exactly call it that. But do you know what would happen to these two little girls—within a year—just as sure as sunrise?"

Sentimental Confession

MY mind was focused on the tense of his verb. "You aren't saying it will happen, though?" I exclaimed. "You said it would have." "Oh, yes, I took a hand," he confessed in a tone of the liveliest disgust. "I told His Excellency I wanted a job. He jumped right out of his chair. Pleased, of course, that I should have come down on him at last. Told me his whole civil list was entirely at my disposal. 'Well,' said, in mean business. I want a secretarial job with nominal duties, that will pay a salary of three hundred pounds a year. And I'd like the commission made out now." He had rung for his secretary before I was done speaking. His eyebrows went up when I told him who it was for, though. He took it well enough when he'd got his breath. Said he was delighted to learn that the Senior was a friend of mine and that he'd make a point of furthering his interest in every possible way. Then he said he'd heard that Madame was a very charming woman, and for six-pence I'd have taken a punch at him. But I took the commission instead. And my special on the way down met the local, with them on it, on the way up. So I sent it in to him then and there."

I sat speechless while he puffed his cigar almost to the point of inflammation. "I wouldn't have done it for any man," he said, "nor for any woman. But I couldn't stand those kids. And now I'm just a common grafter like the rest." He took up his glass and I took mine and we drained them silently, though I doubt if we drank to the same toast.

"The deuce!" said Mr. Brangwyn softly into his glass. As I said at the beginning, I am sure there must be a moral to this strictly truthful tale. I can see that there is a moral. Only I am not entirely clear in my mind what the moral is. (Copyright, 1924.)

A Cool Customer

AMAN went into a fashionable restaurant, accompanied by a couple of children, and after ordering a lemon squash, asked the waiter to bring him three plates. The waiter did, but when he saw the man take some sandwiches from his pocket, put them on the plates, and pass them round to the children he reported the matter to the manager. "What are you doing?" indignantly cried the manager, rushing up. "Don't you know this isn't a free picnic ground, where you bring your own food?"

"Is that so?" was the calm rejoinder of the man, passing along another sandwich. "What are you doing?" indignantly cried the manager, rushing up. "Don't you know this isn't a free picnic ground, where you bring your own food?"

The Far Side of Thunderbolt

By Helen Topping Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY L. F. WILFORD

A Moving Story of Action and Feeling — of a Wise Old Doctor Who Undertakes to Cure a Whole Family When He Is Called On a Wild Night to Save a Child From Diphtheria

R. ENOS RUMLY climbed the three steep steps of his back porch wearily. He had been thirteen hours on his feet, bent over a low bed, and his thighs ached and quivered. His gaunt body sagged.

In the kitchen Ella Joe Martin, Rumly's sister-in-law, had left a candle burning on top of the ice-box. That was code for the assurance that there was warm food in the oven. Sitting on the kitchen table, he ate rapidly, dropping crumbs to a wearily coal-black kitten that leaped off the ironing board and solicited him. It was then that he noted the low murmur of voices from the front of the house.

"And I ain't going out again to-night," he vowed to himself as he jolted the last fragment of dumpling. He gathered up his coat and hat and the old black bag, and with amazing lightness for so huge a frame, made for the back stairs, avoiding the board that squeaked. He had almost gained the door of the upper hall when a portly ghost in a blue-flannel wrapper came tip-toeing londerously up the front way and confronted him.

"You got home?" greeted Ella Joe Martin cheerfully and with disconcerting lung-power. "Fred Susong's down there wanting to see you."

Rumly opened the door of his room and bowed her in.

"I ain't wanting to see him," he rumbled. "What do you want to follow so everybody on this block can hear you for?"

"I ain't hollering. He's been waiting since eight o'clock. He says the baby's choking worse every minute."

Rumly sat down on the bed. "Fred Susong allows he knows about everything," he declared. "Looks like he'd know how to stop his baby choking."

Ella Joe frowned. "This ain't no time to hold grudges, Enos Rumly, when a child's maybe dying."

"I ain't holding grudges. I'm going to bed. They got doctors over to Parrotsville—good doctors. I've heard Fred Susong say how smart them doctors was. I'm wore out."

"Well, I'll just go down and tell Fred you're sick and can't come."

"Why didn't he go to Parrotsville in the first place?"

The River's Up

YOU know well as I do why he didn't, Enos Rumly. The river's up over there and the ferry ain't running."

"Well, it'll be up out here to Thunderbolt directly if he don't start long pretty quick."

"I reckon it's a good thing you ain't going," assented Ella Joe with surprising meekness, "but it'll be sort of hard on Luella if anything should happen to that baby."

"Fred drive his own horse," demanded Rumly.

"He came in his car. I laid your flannel nightshirt out 'cross the foot of your bed. It's going to turn cold toward morning."

"You can't get anywhere in a car, loads like these. What that young me needs is antitoxin, likely, and here ain't a shot to be had nearer Parrotsville. I used the last I had on that young one of Owensens that was so bad."

Ella Joe turned to leave. "I don't reckon you locked the back door? You always forget it. You better leave that bag out here so I can clean the things up first thing in the morning."

"Looks like I ain't never going to get a chance to leave it anywhere! I don't know what in confoundation Fred come over here in a car for."

"Well, he said it wasn't raining hard when he started. What did Clemmy have another girl?"

"Good thing she has girls. They's pough pesky men infesting this earth now! Voting against bridge bonds had raising sand about taxes for roads. Maybe when all Clemmy's girls can vote we'll get some decent roads in this country. Is that old hypodermic of mine boiled out?"

"It's in the bag, wrapped up in gauze. I never laid a finger on it after it come out of the water."

"Fred won't pay me for seven years. And then he'll want me to take it out in moldy corn or something. You can run the shoes right off your horse waiting on them Susongs, and there ain't no use to sue 'em, for they've got everything tied up in their wives' names and got their wives so brown-teat they dassent put two spoonfuls of lard in the biscuit."

"Well, I didn't tell him for sure 'd go. I said you'd been on the way over to Weavers'. He said he'd wait anyway—he acts mighty worried—not peart and biggity like he usually is."

"Most any difference in Fred Susong is bound to be an improvement. I got to get on a thicker shirt and some dry socks. Reckon you can get the harness on Dottie and back her in the shafts?"

The Unpopular Susongs

WELL, confoundation, a man can't let a young one die, can he? Jest because all the Susongs be whittled off narrow and sharp to fight with ain't no reason to kill 'im off young?"

"Why don't you go in Fred's car then?"

"Uh-huh! And get mired up in the first ford and have to wade out. Old Dottie'll go where I tell her, and they ain't no danger of her getting water in her carburetor. You better put a mess of oats in a bag and put it under the buggy-seat. I may have to stay all night if the river's bad, and I don't want to depend on no Susongs to feed my horse."

"Well, land knows the Susongs have got ten times as much as we've got, Enos Rumly. Looks like it's little enough to do, to feed a horse."

"That's why they've got it—because they ain't wasted any of it feeding other people's horses!" Rumly ripped off his shoe-strings wearily. It was ten miles across Thunderbolt, the wild, tumultuous river, to the Susong farm.

But over on the far side, in the big old brick house of the Susongs, which had been one of the first built in the district and was so ancient that the beams were put together with wooden pins, was Luella Susong tending a sick baby. Rumly had brought Luella into the world, and since that hour she had belonged poignantly to him because her mother, frail little Pansy Ives, had been one of the few mothers who slipped away from him in spite of his skill and frantic efforts.

Ella Joe had supervised the rearing of the motherless little Luella, offering advice and home-brewed catnip-tea to the two bewildered and ineffectual aunts. And Luella, growing up slim and sweet, with heavy, shaded eyes and the softly tired, maternal patience which denoted the mother-made mother, had confided all her secrets to Rumly, pulling down his long freckled ears to whisper into them—all her secrets except the one that she was going to marry Fred Susong. And in his wisdom Enos Rumly knew why she had not told him that.

The Susongs were not a popular family in the county. They were the richest family, and the richest family is often the least popular, particularly when its wealth is not the result of progressive achievement, but of tight-fistedness and sharp-eyed shrewdness. The Susongs were turning of bargains. The Susongs were buying and traders: the Susong barns were well roofed because dampness ruins hay, which costs money; the Susong horses were always insolently sleek; the Susong men were well fed and full; the Susong riding to town on horseback every day—to save wear and tear on steel tires.

Through the Darkness

RUMLY had stayed away from the church when Luella Ives married Fred Susong. He had stayed away from the neighborhood about Thunderbolt—which was not hard to do since the Susongs preferred the Parrotsville physicians who traded out a quarter of beef every year. He knew the sort of life Luella must have, mired in that old brick house, which Fred's grandfather had left to him. He knew the glad gentleness, the bright faith in humanity, which belonged to Luella—and even though he had saved bones and lanced felons for thirty-odd years, Rumly did not like to see things die— not things like the light in Luella's eyes.

Fred Susong sat close to the base-burner in the front room. He was a red-faced young man, with stiff, curly blond hair, pale, calculating eyes; his clothes a little tight for him. He jumped up.

"You ready, Doc?"

"Yeah, I'm ready. I'm going to drive my horse. I ain't taking chances on the creeks in the flivver."

"All right, I'll ride with you. Can I stand my car in your barn? Might burn the coils out in this rain. It's my kid Doc. He's got something the matter with his throat. I want to choke up and can't get his breath."

"You been letting Minnie Owens wash for you this week?"

"I reckon she did. She washes for us regular—mammy and all of us."

"Washes out her rent, don't she? I sent Sam Thomas by to tell Luella last week that Minnie's kids were sick—not to have her in the house. Didn't she tell you?"

"She did say something about it. But those folks are sick all the time. I never paid much attention."

"Anybody there with Luella?"

Rumly holstered his long frame into the buggy and took his bag from the hands of Ella Joe.

"Mammy" came over about dark. They were fixing turpentine when I left. Mammy's a right smart hand doctoring."

"Uh-huh. Listen here, Ella Joe. You telephone up to Park's, up to Parrotsville—get his house because the store'll be shut—tell him to send me down a dozen shots of diphtheria antitoxin first thing in the morning. Hear? Tell him to send 'em on the first train, and then you go down to the postoffice if I ain't back and get 'em."

Old Dottie slanting her wise old head to the rain, found the driest part of the road and struck into it a tireless, long-legged gait that sent the rain-beaten houses streaking rapidly to the rear. Rumly sat, sagged forward, his knees parted, his great hands holding the reins hanging down between them. Fred Susong sat silent upon the seat. Rumly regarded him sidelong.

Opposed to Progress

THE wind lashed at the buggy top as they turned to the right into the road to Thunderbolt. Dottie



"This is one time," Rumly said, "when I wish there was a bridge across Thunderbolt."

flapped her tail irritably, but kept to the middle of the road. To the right they could hear the hollow shout of Turkey Creek as it tumbled off the rocks behind Furman's sawmill.

"Old Turkey's atearing," remarked Rumly as the wheels grated down on the gravel of the ford. "Git in, Dottie—wet your fetlocks. Better pick up your feet, Fred; night wash over the sills."

Dottie stepped in undismayed by the dark verge of the creek. The buggy sagged into a washed hole, tilted back for an instant, and then righted. Doggedly the old horse fought for footing, jerking the wheels over the slippery stones.

"Maybe some day this county'll wake up and vote the bridge bonds," Rumly said as they lurched up the muddy ascent on the other side.

"Bridges cost money," returned Fred Susong. "Cheapest kind of a bridge costs ten or fifteen thousand dollars. Take a sign of taxes to pay for even one—and taxes are too high now."

"Reckon so," mused Rumly. "Reckon you voted against the bonds?"

"I'll keep on voting against 'em. A man's better off now in this country, if he don't own a thing. The land owner gets gouged every way he turns. It's roads and schools for a lot of skinnies that never did a thing for the county and never will."

"Guess that's so. Sending the skinnies to school may help some, of course. Getting good roads so progressive people'll move in might help too."

"We've got too many progressive people now," argued Fred. "All these loud shouters that have got ways to show off their money. 'Good thing the railroad happened to build a bridge here, ain't it? We'd never seen the far side of Thunderbolt to-night.'"

At length they stood on the solid ground of the right of way, and slid down the gravelly embankment to the road. The Susong place was a mile farther on, on a hill road which was scarcely more than a siding boulder-strewn track.

In the wide, rambling old house a single room was lighted. The shades were drawn and light leaked dimly from beneath—candle light.

"You burning candles, Fred?"

A Dangerous Bridge

"RECKON you think a sign of your boy, Fred?" he inquired.

"Well, every man wants a son if he's got anything to leave. This kid of mine ain't strong—he's mighty frail; takes after his mother. He's four. Looks like this little fellow gets sick every day or two, some reason or another. Luella don't have any luck raising him. Now, mammy—she had eight boys and every one of us was husky as yearlings."

"Maybe the milk don't agree with him."

"He ain't been drinking milk. We only milk one cow and it takes about all the milk to churn the butter. It ain't the milk. He's just puny and ain't got any constitution to start with."

The rain ceased to blow, and above the sharp yelp of the wind they could hear now the slow hollow voice of the river. Thunderbolt, always more or less untamable, was having a royal rampage.

"From the racket she's out of the banks," said Rumly. "Reckon old Milo'll get us across? Sounds like she was running pretty swift. Had a good highway and a bridge here now and you could drive your car home any weather."

"Had a bridge here I wouldn't have any car. I'd have to sell it to pay my taxes. Hey—Milo!" He raised his voice in the loud stock driver's yelp, as penetrating as the call of a wolf. Old Dottie squared herself at the edge of the stream. It swirled up to her fore-claws, reaching a little higher at each eddy, till the old mare began to balk and sidle. Fred lifted his voice again, and from the other

side of the river a hot spark of light winked. A yell answered, blurred by the wind and unintelligible.

"Milo's coming," Fred declared.

"I don't hear the cable."

"He's coming—the lights moving."

But the light moved—not toward the river, but away from it. Manifestly Milo Flowers had not launched the ferry. Fred lifted another whoop.

Another call, choked by the blow, came back faintly. Then the light moved, flickered, and went out.

"Milo ain't coming," announced Rumly calmly. "I figured the current was too swift. We'll have to cross on the railroad-bridge and walk to your place. You wait here till I stand Dottie in Nahum Brent's shed."

The railroad-bridge was a fear-some mode of passage, even by daylight. It leaped, spidery and frail, at tremendous height, over the reeling, rock-strangled bed of the river. There was no lengthwise plank, and the rails between the wooden cross-ties was short that it lacked being a single stride and was too long for a man to compass too, so it was crossed in a sort of monotonous trot, with the water writhing dizzily below.

"Oh—you came! I'm so glad. Sonny's sick. His little hands are burning up and he can't hardly get his breath."

"I couldn't tend it and him too. Your mother had to go home—Carver came after her. He said your father was fretting for fear she wouldn't be there in time to tend the calves in the morning."

Rumly set his great feet doggedly on every tie, swinging his old bag rhythmically, his derby hat clinging to his head by a miracle, his coat-tails flapping about his legs. Behind him Fred Susong was having a poor time. Like every other man who has lived half his life on horseback, he was awkward on foot.

"You coming along all right?" the old doctor called back. "Good thing the railroad happened to build a bridge here, ain't it? We'd never seen the far side of Thunderbolt to-night."

Candles Save Money

At length they stood on the solid ground of the right of way, and slid down the gravelly embankment to the road. The Susong place was a mile farther on, on a hill road which was scarcely more than a siding boulder-strewn track.

In the wide, rambling old house a single room was lighted. The shades were drawn and light leaked dimly from beneath—candle light.

No Joy of Life

"HE never had any wires put up"—just expense for nothing, I figured. Long as I had to be in town every day, anyhow, there wasn't any use paying for a phone, too. There ain't any line on this side of Thunderbolt."

No, there ain't any—this side of Thunderbolt.

Fred Susong squirmed. The Susongs owned all the land on that side of

"We had a lot of tallow—government squirt condemned a lot of steers on me, and we had to work 'em up into something, so Luella made soap and candles. She—likes 'em. Saves filling lamps."

Rumly let a little picture dance for a minute before his eyes—a picture of Luella under a great rose-shaded light. He let the picture burn until he had tramped thoroughly the dark chill hall and into the wide rim room, the door of which Fred Susong flung open. And then he called it back frantically, and cherished it, for this woman sitting so patiently in a wooden rocker, her thin arms holding tight a long bundle from which a tuft of blond hair protruded, was somehow not Luella. It was Luella only as the quenched ember is the flame, as the pale, saddened light of dusk is the day, as the shadow is the woman.

She looked up apprehensively, and then, seeing Rumly, relief lightened her face.

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"I've got to see his throat. Lay him on the bed, Luella. Straighten out, Sonny, and open your mouth wide. Give me that tresspoon, Fred—and you hold this flash-light."

"He Needs Antitoxin"

FRED stretched himself across the bed from the rear.

"Open your mouth," he commanded the child; "open it wide!"

The child flinched from the white glare of the light. His baby features convulsed, and Rumly saw fear in his eyes—and the beginning of something else—hate. And just then Fred Susong looked up and Rumly knew that Fred had seen too—seen dread and dislike in the eyes of his own son. He was suddenly sorry for Fred.

"You scared him," he said as the child writhed to the other end of the pillow. "Open her up, Sonny—lemme see how many batty cakes you ate for supper. Lemme count now—got to count 'em with this spoon. One—one—two—three—steady—now—that's all right." He bent the tiny tongue down swiftly, looked at the swollen throat and straightened himself sternly. "I expect it would have been better if you'd given Minnie Owens her rent this week, Fred," he said.

Fred stumbled, up the flash-light making a white moon on the wall, his young mouth grim.

"What you going to give him, Doc?"

"He needs antitoxin. And ain't got a shot. Get some from Parrotsville in the morning—but he ought to have some right now. Wood getting scarce, Fred? Got to keep this little fellow warm. You better fetch another load, come daylight. It's sleeting now or I'm getting dazed. Wishum! I'd old Nahum Brent to give me a mess of fodder in the morning. If the ice gets on the railroad-bridge I'll have to board with you a spell."

Fred looked up quickly. Luella had come into the kitchen.

"He had, didn't you think, Doc?"

Rumly rubbed his long, bony chin. He looked at Fred keenly.

"This is one time," he said, "when I wish there was a bridge across Thunderbolt."

Dawn came cold. There was no comfort in the drab light that trickled through the sleepy windows, slowly drenching in its cold flood the warmer familiar presence of the lamp and the fire. In the grim greyness the sick child lay asleep, his eyes already shadowed and sunk.

"I'd rather have any disease on earth to fight than diphtheria poison," remarked Rumly as they sat by the fire. Fred Susong sagged forward in his chair, whittling nervously at his nails. "It's so blamed tricky. You think you've got it beat—and then it's like a grass-fire; it flares up in another place. Heart maybe—or kidneys."

"That antitoxin fixes it generally, don't it?" inquired Fred hopefully.

"No chance to get any," insisted Rumly. "No chance to cross that railroad-bridge with all this ice on it."

He regarded the lacquered trees standing sheeted outside, the yard coated over with black grass, with a tinkling crystal-coated bush thrust up here and there. "And if you got across a horse couldn't stand up unless he was iced."

"He's got to go," Fred—don't you see he's got to go. Fred—don't you see he's got to go. It's the only way. You put the calf in a cotton basket and lashed it with trace-chains."

Slowly, laboriously, Enos Rumly crept across the ice-coated railroad-bridge. He had taken off his shoes and rested the soles of his socks on the palms of his mittens and he made his way along the cross-ties like a staggering old simian, his coat trailing over the ice, his ridiculous old hat sticking precariously to his head.

At length he climbed down on the far side, unslung his shoes from around his neck, worked them over his damp, sticky socks, and picked his

Thunderbolt, and it may be that he was thinking at that moment—as was the old doctor—as the things which were not on that side of Thunderbolt. Not telephones, merely—other things. Roads. Power-pumps. Curtailed windows where flowers bloomed. Women smiling. Light and gladness. So many things were left behind when once old Milo Flowers' ferry-boat had slid off the muddy shore into the outlaw, tumultuous river. Rumly was thinking of them now—thinking of the confused wrong of it. They didn't know—they were unaware, the Susongs, of the wrong of it.

Not one was cruel—not even old Nick, the elder, the harder, the most despicable of the clan. He himself had seen the quick, bewildered hurt in Fred's eyes when his little son looked at him in terror. They didn't know. "They got calluses," thought Rumly. "Calluses on their hearts and souls. Pare 'em deep enough and they're alive under. Pare 'em deep and you hit the quick."

Fred sat oblivious by the fire while Luella, her eyes tragic, wrapped herself in a shawl and went out to milk. For generations the Susong men had sat by fires while the Susong women went out to milk. And when Luella came staggering in with a great armful of wood Fred moved over and gave her room to lay it efficiently on the fire.

Rumly went to the bed and felt the child's hot little wrist. Luella came and stood by his side, her eyes dark wells of dread. "Is—is he worse?" she whispered.

"I wish I could give him some antitoxin," was all the answer Rumly had. Fred jumped up. "I'm going across that bridge," he declared. "I can get to Parrotsville if I can get across that bridge."

Luella set her lips. "If the bonds had passed we'd have a bridge," she stormed. "We'd have a bridge to carry Sonny over."

"A toll-bridge," returned Fred, badgered and flushing. "Cost me a quarter every time I went to town—and a dollar to drive a herd of steers over."

Luella was merciless. "Medicine costs money, too," she taunted. "You'd better stay here—and save it!"

A Tragic Moment

FRED twisted his lips, bit back a retort, jammed on his hat, and slammed out. Rumly patted his foot. So many fevers in this house that needed curing.

"That bridge is mighty slick," he mused. "Risky business—trying to get across."

But Luella's eyes were flinty. "He fought the bonds," she argued, holding her child tight. "They beat 'em—the Susongs. They've done it twice."

"Fred ain't bad," argued Rumly gently. "He's just wrong-headed. You got to patience."

Tragedy darkened her face. "I've been patient," she flamed. "I've been patient—and patience is no use! Oh, doctor—quick—he's choking again. He can't get his breath!"

An hour later Fred stumbled back into the room.

"I tried it," he gasped, shamed and trembling. "I went on my hands and knees—and I couldn't make it."

"You ought not to have tried it," remarked Luella bitterly. "Why didn't you send me?"

Fred sank on the foot of the bed. "Oh, I tried," Fred cried. "I tried till it made me sick." They saw his hands then, pared to the quick in spots, bleeding. "Is he worse, Doc?"

Rumly pursed his long lips. "I wish he was better—but he ain't. If I had two shots of antitoxin he'd improve in a little while. Maybe I better go to town—I can get across that bridge, I reckon. High places don't make me dizzy like they do you, Fred. If Nahum Brent has got a mule that's shod I could get to town."

But Luella raised a cry. "No—you shan't leave him—you shan't. Suppose he chokes again—he is— Oh, Fred—quick—"

It was his father who lifted the boy's head. He was like a bird, with tilted back the little head with its soft curl of blonde hair, which was the only Susong feature the child inherited. It was Fred Susong who said in a tone amazingly gentle, "Open her up, Sonny—open her up, man!"

Rumly, working swiftly with cotton and iodine, bent his brow anxiously. He saw Luella's hand in Fred's under the corner of the blanket. He saw Luella's working face pressed against her husband's arm. He stood up.

"There ain't no other way but that I got to wrap him up good and get him to town some way," he declared.

"I've got to have treatment—and he's got to have it quick. If we wait for the ice to get off the bridge—or for somebody to go and come back again, I ain't saying what might happen. I'll get across the bridge with him some way—and I'll get him to town some way. Ella Joe can tend him—and you can come in as soon as Milo can get the ferry across."

"You can't carry him across that bridge. You've got to go on your hands and knees!"

A Queer Ferry

LUELLA'S tense face had brightened. "Fred, you got a calf across once—last spring, you remember—the wire!"

"You can't send a sick baby across a river on a ferry-boat," he declared. "He's got to go. Fred—don't you see he's got to go. It's the only way. You put the calf in a cotton basket and lashed it with trace-chains."

Slowly, laboriously, Enos Rumly crept across the ice-coated railroad-bridge. He had taken off his shoes and rested the soles of his socks on the palms of his mittens and he made his way along the cross-ties like a staggering old simian, his coat trailing over the ice, his ridiculous old hat sticking precariously to his head.

At length he climbed down on the far side, unslung his shoes from around his neck, worked them over his damp, sticky socks, and picked his

way to the ferry. On the opposite shore stood a tense, waiting group. He saw Luella's red shawl and Fred's yellow, uncovered head. They were very close together, and with them stood old Milo Flowers, and they were watching the strange journeying of Sonny as he traveled across Thunderbolt in a deep, strong basket lashed fast to the wire with trace-chains.

Rumly moved cautiously down the icy bank, where the pulley creaked, and waited. Sonny was lying still, and the deep basket moved slowly and safely as old Milo wound in the wire. Near the shore it dipped a bit, and Rumly waded it over his shoe-tops and dragged it out. The boy held up his arms out of his muffling fur and blankets. Luella had pulled a thick cap over his head and tied a scarf over that, but his eyes blinked from beneath—soft-fringed eyes like Luella's. The old doctor shouldered the boy and waved an arm across the river. He saw Luella's hand waving, saw Fred holding her.

"Look here, Sonny," he said. "Let's you and me go to town and buy us a sack of peanuts and an all-day sucker and a red balloon—what d'you say?"

"For lands sake!" scolded Ella Joe Martin as Rumly struggled up the three steep back steps with Luella's child on his shoulder. "You must be crazy, fetching that sick baby out in cold air like this!"

Hurting to Cure

"HE ain't hurt—he's wrapped up good," defended Rumly. "Put him in a warm blanket and give him some hot milk. I got to go down and buy him a balloon—we had a bargain about that, Sonny and me."

"You ought to give him antitoxin!" persisted Ella Joe. "I loathe that other hypodermic—it's wrapped up good in gauze."

"I don't reckon he needs any. He had a little touch of croup, but he's about over it. All he needs now is filling up. He likes blueberry jam and caraway cookies and wish-bones and baked custard—he says he does."

"Enos Rumly, I thought this child was sick?"

"You don't expect a well-behaved little feller to stay sick forever, do you? Take off his things and tend to him before he gets to crying for his mother."

"But if he ain't real sick what on earth did you traipse him way over here for—away from Luella? She'll be worried to death."

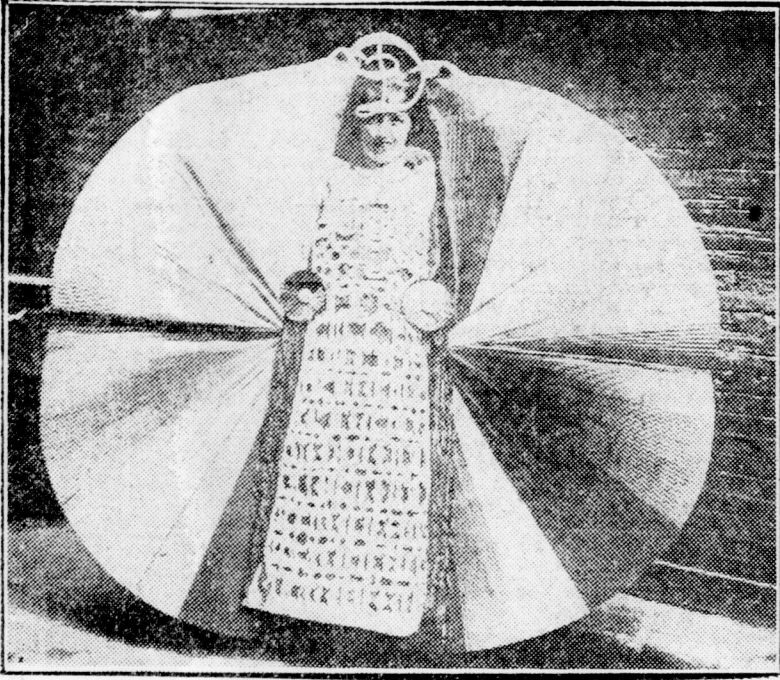
Rumly sat down before the stove, his gaunt old body sagged forward, his absurd eyebrows bristled. The weird-eyed black kitten leaped to his knee, and Sonny peered from his wrappings and lisped hoarsely, "Kitty! Kitty!"

"There's a sight of things that need curing," mused Rumly. "There's fevers that you can dose and there's chills that you can sweat out—and again there's cases where you got to cut and cut deep. I'm aiming to keep Sonny here two or three days while I cure up his folks. There ain't any telephones on the city side of Thunderbolt. And there's ice on the bridge and the river's running high. I hate to hurt Luella, but I got to hurt her a little speck to cure up what ails Fred. I got to cure him before his calluses get too deep. Best cure for telephoning is thinking about somebody else—thinking hard. I'm going to let Fred do some thinking three or four days while he's comforting Luella."

"They'll be over here before night," insisted Ella Joe. "Daddy Weaver says the river's going down fast. The river's going down a little, but the ferry ain't going to be running. Me and Milo Flowers have got that fixed. Milo wants him a job—tending toll-bridge."

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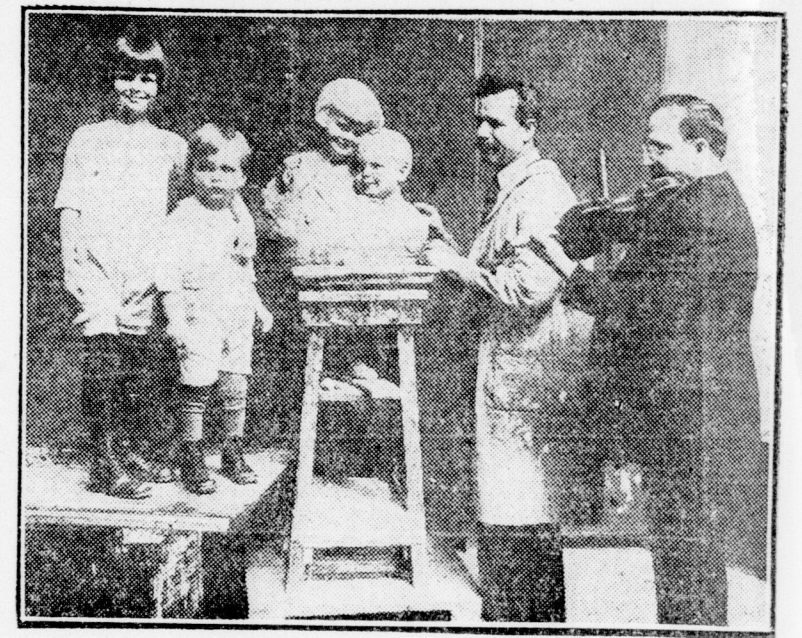
Sets School by Ears; Against Sunday Racing; Bobbed-Hair Bandit



That gown and fancy costumes may be made from crepe paper and worn with the same degree of safety as those fashioned from cloth is being demonstrated effectively in Boston at a crepe paper costume display



"Come on in, the water's fine," says this mother dog at Brighton, England, inducing the pups to learn to swim. Evidently the family prefers to remain on dry land



"Bringing out the gay and happy fleeting thoughts of childhood through the medium of the violin and then crystalizing their character in clay and bronze," is being performed by M. Miserendino, noted sculptor



Miss Elizabeth Hanna of Washington, heiress to the Hanna millions, who is to be married soon, says that the court action of June Evana, press, against the action of her father, will not interfere with the wedding



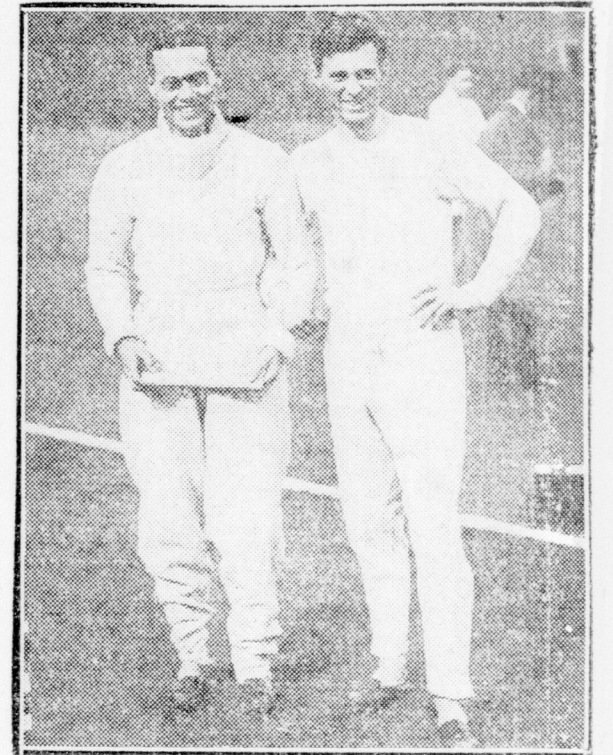
Here is the bobbed-hair bandit, who terrorized New York restaurant keepers and who was sleuthed by six hundred detectives before her capture. Her name is Mrs. Celia Cooney. She once worked in a laundry



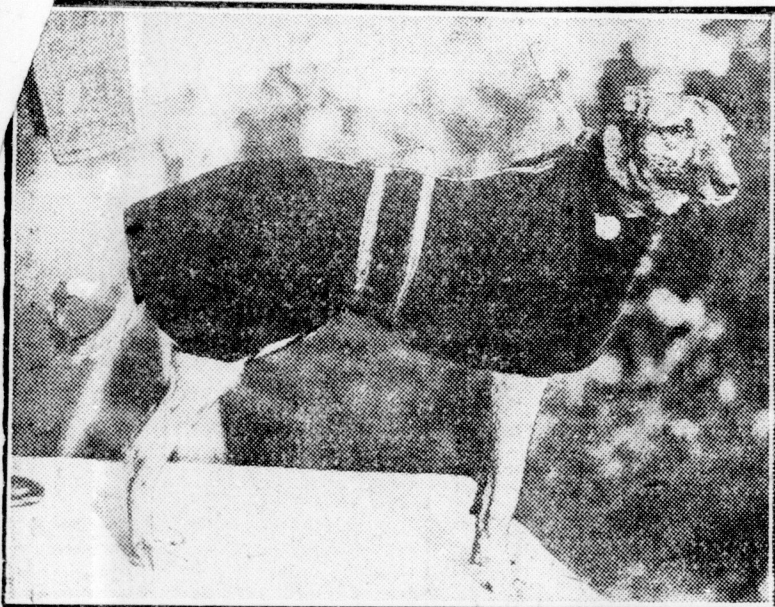
Miss Olga Nethersole, internationally known English actress, has announced her intention to stand for parliament at the earliest opportunity. She says that while her art is the joy of her life, humanity is her religion



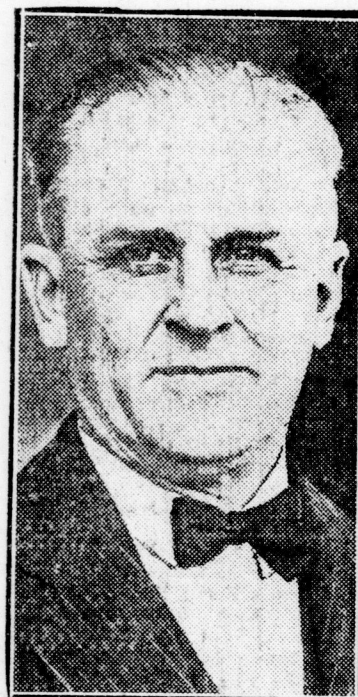
A party of over 100 boys and girls, ranging from ten to seventeen years of age, from Dr. Barnardo's Homes, have left England for Canada. Some of them are shown waving good-bye to London



The Cambridge University relay team, which has arrived in the United States from England to compete in the Penn relays, is showing the Americans some novel training ideas. Among these are the peculiar pants worn



"Monkey," one of the fastest dogs in Canada, owned by Eddie Rudd of Toronto, has been matched to race "Skipper," the champion of the United States, in Toronto on May 24. Rudd says his dog is worth five hundred dollars



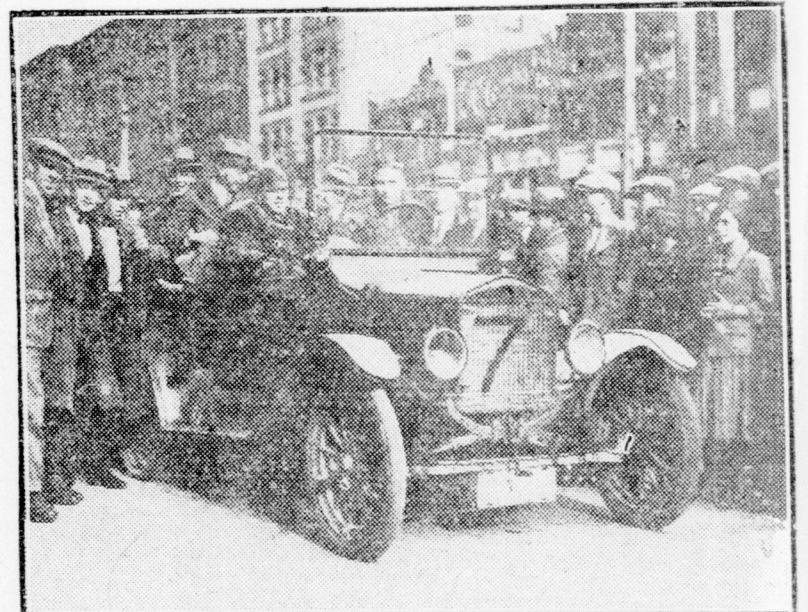
Dr. Robert A. Millikan of the California Institute of Technology and winner of the 1924 Nobel prize in physics, states that in a very short time the physicist and chemist will be brought together to a common understanding of atom



Eric Liddell, British champion runner and record holder of Edinburgh, will not start in the 100-meter run in the Olympic games, because the trial heats for that event are scheduled for Sunday



Corliss Lamont, senior of Harvard University, has set the school by the ears with his determination to have Eugene Debs and W. Z. Foster, well-known radicals, speak before the Harvard Union, of which he is vice-president



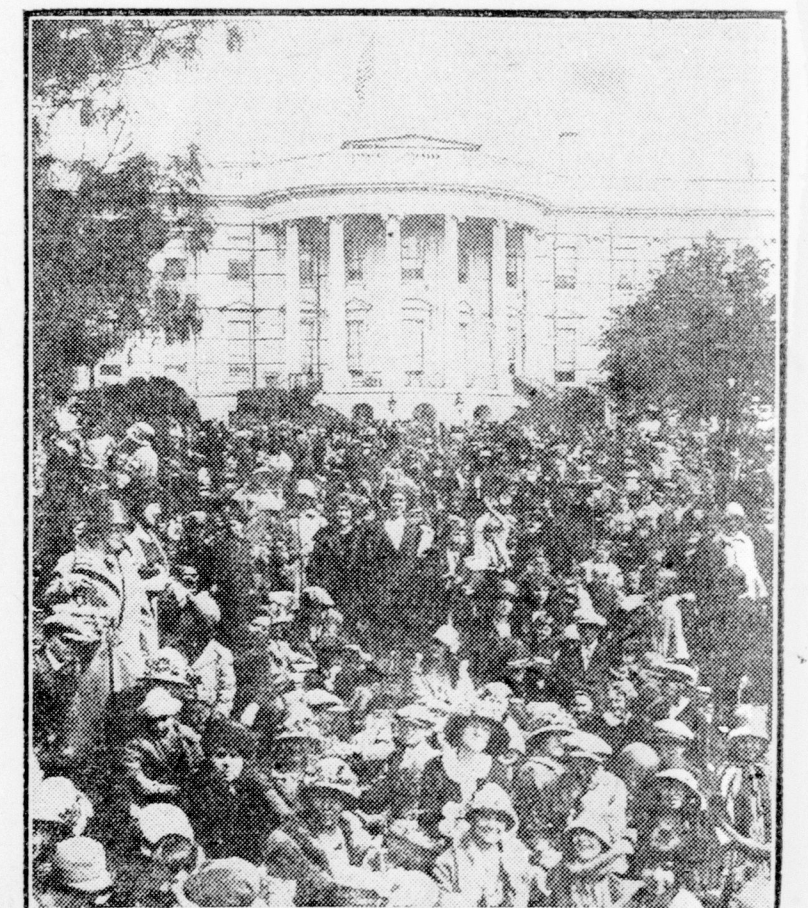
Herbert Eaton, Jr., and Prior Prey of Hempstead N.Y., college students, says that it is cheaper to buy a car than pay railway fare. Eaton wanted to visit his grandmother in Toronto. Thirty-five dollars bought this "second-hander"—and they got there



Valerie H. Walter, prominent New York sculptress, is shown completing her statue of John Daniel II., the "almost human" ape, that was recently brought to this continent from England by Miss Alice Cunningham



Almost every day the Toronto University rowing crew, champions of Canada, may be seen on Toronto Bay in intensive training for the coming season. The college "eight" are strong favorites for Canada's Olympic representatives. They are shown bringing out their shell for a workout



Most of the 40,000 persons, who took part in the annual Easter egg-rolling, on the grassy slopes in rear of the White House, were children, but some of their elders were present also



Brick Supply Firm Deals In 30 Lines of Materials

Among the many enterprises that have shown a marked development in London during the last twenty years, the record of the Brick Manufacturing and Supply Company, 609 William street, shows almost phenomenal growth. This company was first organized in 1905. It entered its field carrying a small stock of three lines of goods, namely, cement, lime and sewer pipe. Today the firm carries a stock of thirty lines.

The Brick Manufacturing and Supply Company opened their business midway between Maitland and William streets, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. Their first office was just a shack, and their products were stored in a couple of old sheds. The firm also operated a brickyard at the time, thus the name The Brick Manufacturing and Supply. At a later date the firm decided to discontinue the manufacture of brick, but still held to the original name.

Carry 30 Lines.

Eight big sheds on the William street property, afterwards purchased by the company, now carry a stock of thirty of the best lines of the building and contracting business. A splendid office adjoins the warehouses.

Among the products handled are: Cement, sand, gravel, cinders, magnesite stucco, granite chippings, pebble dash, marble dust, White Atlas cement, super cement, drain tile, sewer pipe, blue lining, wall coping, building tile, wall ties, hard wall, plaster board, hydrated lime, plaster of paris, corner bead, metal lath, asphalt shingles and corrugated iron.

The above list shows not only the efforts to carry a complete stock of materials but is interesting from the point of development in building materials. Many of the lines stocked have come to the market to gain in popularity within the last few years.

Agrees To Run On Dry Ticket

Associated Press Despatch. Clinton, Mo., July 4.—Prohibition Party candidate for governor, who has been elected by the voters and placed in the White House, "it shall be white indeed, slotched with either booze," Herman P. Paris, a candidate of the Prohibition Party today refused to the notification committee formally accepted the nomination.

CHIEF GANDHI WEDS AND ADMITS D

Nationalist Leader in India
Reported Ready To
Big Congress.

Associated Press Despatch. London, July 4.—The Bombay correspondent of the London Daily News sends details received the Allahabad of "amazing scope" the meeting of the All-India Congress which was organized to form a nationalist element in India, who has been taking a part in the proceedings, was held, says the Bombay correspondent, to alter resolutions he had to suit the Swarajists or radical rulers. Addressing his owners later Gandhi went, and the meeting followed suit. His lieutenants placed his hand on Gandhi's feet, whereupon

Recent promotions of non-commissioned officers at Wolseley Barracks are announced. Corp. G. L. Skipper has been promoted to sergeant of "A" Company. Lance Corporal F. G. C. Darton has been promoted to corporal.

Associated Press Despatch.

Belgrave, July 4.—An incident is reported from the Italo-Jugo Slav frontier in which two Jugo-Slav customs officers were killed.

The version of the incident as received here is that the customs while patrolling met three Italian frontier guards who summoned them to halt. When the customs men insisted that they were on Jugo-Slav territory according to this account, the Italians opened fire, killing the two officials and wounding a civilian.

Clifford Tripp, the five-year-old son of Albert Tripp, who was a former resident of this city and now lives in St. Thomas, was injured Thursday when the tricycle he was riding on a plank from the veranda of his father's house, fell. He sustained a badly twisted arm, which the doctor says will take some time to heal and straighten. Mr. Tripp was moving and the plank was set up for moving the piano. Clifford started to ride along it and fell off. The tricycle fell on his arm injuring it.

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**EVANS BROTHERS NOW
BUILDING NINE HOUSES**

Erie Avenue Firm Member
Discounts Talk of Trade
Depression.

"What do you think of this talk of the building trade being on the decline?" was the question put to C. S. Evans of the construction firm of Evans Bros., Erie avenue, the other day, and to it he replied: "Well, we are being kept busy all the time and right now we have nine houses under construction here in London. From that it would appear that there isn't such a slump after all."

Evans Bros. have been rendering Londoners service in general construction and repair work for the last eighteen years, and there is not a phase of the building trade with which they are not thoroughly familiar. Last year they erected no less than fifty of the new homes in the city, and indications point to their being called upon to build a great many more than this number this year.

All classes of brick and cement work, apart from domestic construction, are also a part of this firm's activities, and they make a specialty of jobbing contracts.

**STANDARD BANK
PRESIDENT DIES**

Arthur W. Francis Passes
Away After an Extended
Illness.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, July 4.—Arthur Wellington Francis, K.C., president of the Standard Bank of Canada, well-known barrister and financial man of Toronto, passed away at his home here this morning after an illness extending over some eight months.

The late Mr. Francis was born in Toronto in 1848. He was called to the Ontario bar in 1875, the present legal partnership of Francis & Ward, ropers, barristers and solicitors, having existed since 1890. Mr. Francis having been created King's counsel in 1908. Appointed vice-president of the Standard Bank in 1912, the late Mr. Francis was elected president of that institution in 1918.

At the time of his death Mr. Francis was also vice-president of the Consumers' Gas Company, president of the Toronto Mortgage Company, and director in the Toronto General Trusts Corporation.

Private funeral services will be held Monday afternoon next.

IRISH FARMER SUBSIDIES
ARE NOT APPROVED

Associated Press Despatch.
Dublin, July 3.—The commission of inquiry into Irish agriculture, in its final report, finds a serious depression in farming. The farmer, the report declares, receives for his produce 40 per cent higher than before the war, but his cost of living has risen by 50 per cent, and his trade expenses in some cases by over 100 per cent.

The commission and organization are the two chief remedies suggested by the commission, and the state is urged to devote considerable sums to these purposes. The commission is opposed to subsidies or bounties, which is an agricultural country, would they say, simply mean transferring the money from one pocket of the farmer to the other. Reduced rates of railway freights and development of water transport are recommended.

FOREST TO VOTE ON BYLAW
AUTHORIZING NEW BRIDGE

Special to The Advertiser.
Forest, July 4.—A bylaw to authorize the Bosanquet township council to build a new bridge over the Canada Company drain at a cost of \$21,000 will be voted on by the ratepayers on July 14. The proposed new bridge will benefit the whole township.

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**A LONDON BANKER
SAYS:**

"The gradual rise in the wheat market points to better things ahead. It is well known that a high or low wheat price has considerable influence over almost all other phases of industry. Every indication gives promise of an exceptionally good wheat crop and, although this may tend to lower the price, it will certainly mean more prosperity."

"Proof that Canadian commerce is on the up grade is found in the fact that the export trade of the Dominion for the last twelve months showed an increase of \$110,000,000 over the previous year."

"Regarding collections which, it appears, have been rather slow, the best advice we could give to businessmen in any line would be to expend just a little more than the usual effort in going after outstanding accounts. Just the other day I heard of a businessman of this city who had complained that he found difficulty in making his collections. 'A great many of these men who owe me money are thoroughly good and for that reason I hate to press them,' he said. 'I feel that they will pay me as soon as they can.'"

"Well," suggested a friend, "why not go after them right away, telling them that you are meeting your bills to other people, and for this reason need the money which your debtors owe you."

**LOWER PRICES RULE
IN LEFF ELECTRIC SHOP**

Grey Street Concern Assures
People of London Best
Service.

It may be of interest to know that London possesses a cut-rate electrical house at 316 Grey street. Some sixteen years ago I. H. Leff could see that London had great prospects of becoming an electrical center. In the early days, when electricity was expensive, very little wiring was done. However, times have changed. Hydro is brought to our door at a fraction of the old rates.

The Leff Electric Company has had its share in wiring many of the better homes. It solicits your patronage, and it is a pleasure to count as one of its many satisfied customers. The company carries new and used washers, grates, vacuum cleaners, etc., specializing in a full line of 110-volt motors. Being away from the high-rent district, they are in a position to wire and sell everything electrical at cut prices.

**FALKLAND FISHERIES
MAY AID CONDITION**

North Sea Fishing Grounds
Are Becoming Rapidly
Depleted.

Associated Press Despatch.
London, July 3.—Fisheries experts recently have noted with anxiety that the great fishing grounds of the North Sea, which supply most of the sea food used on English tables, are becoming rapidly depleted through the energy of trawl fishermen, who, since the end of the world war, have greatly increased in number.

The same condition, it is pointed out, existed in 1914, but the world war made fishing on a large scale virtually impossible, and as a consequence of the four closed years the runs increased greatly. In the last year or so fishermen have been forced to go further and further afield, and it is even suggested that the opening of the great fishing grounds off the Falkland Islands might be advisable. This would mean establishing a special service of refrigerating steamers to bring the catch to British ports.

**REDUCED TAX COLLECTION
REPORTED IN STRATHROY**

Special to The Advertiser.
Strathroy, July 4.—Tax collector J. K. Campbell reports that he has received \$32,500 taxes on account of the first installment due June 20, about \$1,000 less than last year, in spite of one mill increase in rate. The total amount of the first installment is \$34,000.

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You Will be SURPRISED at its RICHNESS and PURITY.

**GOOD VISION KEEPS
UNCLE JOHN YOUNG**

Eyesight Trouble Passed
After Securing Glasses
From A. M. Dambra.

"You do not appear a bit old, uncle," said Grace. "You are always cheerful and cracking jokes instead of complaints."

"Perfect vision is largely responsible for it," said Uncle John. "I used to have a great deal of trouble with my eyesight; never could get the glasses to fit my eyes; my head ached most of the time, and I became discouraged and grouchy. Finally I went to A. M. Dambra, the optician, Dominion Savings Building, and had my eyes examined. He understood my case exactly, and when I left his office with the proper glasses, I could read any kind of print and I have suffered no headache since."

"Now I can laugh at old father time and feel always young," A. M. Dambra is master of a delicate and difficult profession, and possesses all the modern appliances to examine eyesight accurately. He manufactures all prescriptions of complicated lenses on the premises and has his personal supervision, so when he hands you a pair of glasses, they are absolutely correct." Phone 6180 for appointments.

**AUTO MARKER TROUBLE
TO BE ELIMINATED**

Canadian and U. S. Officials
Confer To Prevent Clash
of Colors.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Toronto, July 4.—A fortunate overlapping in the color combination in motor markers of various states next year, owing to the steps taken by Hon. George Henry to get into touch with the bordering states of the United States of the provinces of Quebec and Manitoba.

This year considerable confusion has arisen around Detroit and Windsor because the state authorities in Michigan decided on the same color combination, yellow and black, for this year's markers as did Ontario.

"The police of Windsor and Detroit have both been complaining," said Mr. Henry.

The 1925 marker will have yellow figures on a black background.

**Magyars To Honor
Pope Innocent**

Monument To Be Erected in
Budapest Square.

Associated Press Despatch.
Budapest, July 3.—The memory of a 17th century pope is to be honored by a monument in a public square in the capital of Hungary. This related recognition is offered to the memory of Pope Innocent XI in return for valuable help he rendered the Magyars over 200 years ago in their struggles against the Turkish invasions.

The memorial will be erected in the square where once the old fortress stood. The inception of the scheme is due to Cardinal Chernock, who desired to commemorate his golden mass in this way.

**WAR ORPHANS WILL
STUDY DOMESTIC SCIENCE**

Associated Press Despatch.
Lankwitz, Germany, July 3.—A special school has been built here to train girls between 14 and 16 years of age in domestic science and practical nursing. The school is especially for girls whose fathers were killed in the war and whose mothers also are dead or, if living, in such straitened circumstances that they cannot give their daughters the necessary attention and education.

A large hospital adjacent to the school will co-operate, and here during the mornings the practical experience in housework, cooking and baking, washing, ironing, sewing, gardening, orcharding, truck farming and cattle raising will be gained. In the afternoon the girls will be instructed in civics, physiology, hygiene and other subjects.

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Queen's Avenue and William Street.
 QUINTIN WARNER Rector
 RIDLEY PARSON Assistant
 8:30 a.m.—Holy Communion.
 11:00 a.m.—Holy Communion.
 7:00 p.m.—Evensong.
 The Rector at all services.

ST. JAMES' CHURCH

Rev. W. Leslie Armitage, M. A. Rector.
 11 a.m.—Holy Communion. The Rector.
 2 p.m.—Sunday School. Certificates will be distributed.
 7:30 p.m.—The Organist of the district. The Rector.
 Solo: "How Lovely Are Thy Dwellings"..... Liddle
 Offertory Solo: "Be Thou Faithful Unto Death"..... Mendelssohn
 Anthem: "O Lord, Thou Art My God"..... Willgoose
 7 p.m.—REV. R. D. MESS.
 Anthem: "At Even, Ere the Sun Was Set"..... Turner

St. John the Evangelist

Wellington and St. James Sts.
 Rev. A. L. G. Clarke, Rector.

St. Paul's Cathedral

Rector—The Very Reverend Dean
 Tucker, D.D., D.C.L.
 Assistant Minister—Rev. G. O. Light-
 Organist and choir-master—Harry T.
 Dickinson.

BAPTIST.

BAPTIST.

ADELAIDE STREET BAPTIST

PASTOR FLOYD TALMADGE HOLLAND PREACHING

7 p.m. 'The Rider of the White Horse'

All departments are going full blast,
 and the church is always crowded.
 THERE IS A REASON. Come and find out!

11 a.m. "One Thing Needful"

3 p.m.—Bible School. Classes For All.
 GREAT CONGREGATIONAL SINGING!

Egerton Street Baptist

Rev. A. Burgess, Minister.
 HEAR REV. W. A. SHORE
 of Azimur,
 11 a.m., 3 p.m. and 7 p.m.
 Communion at close of morning service.

Maitland Street Baptist

Maitland Street Near St. James
 REV. DR. A. T. SOWERBY
 will preach.

11 a.m.—"What Does the Lord
 Really Do For His Own?
 Anything In Particular?"

7 p.m.—"Who May Abide the
 Day of His Coming?"

Communion following the Even-
 ing Service.
 Bright Services.
 ALL WELCOME.

Talbot Street Baptist

Rev. Bowley Green, D.D., Pastor
 11 a.m. Subject:
 "CHRIST'S FOR HIS
 OWN"

12:15 p.m.—Sunday School.
 7 p.m. Sermon:
 "GOD"

8 p.m.—Observance of the
 Lord's Supper.

Theosophical Society

212 DUNDAS STREET
 MEETINGS AS USUAL.
 Sunday, 8:30 p.m.—Public Invited.

METHODIST

METHODIST

FIRST METHODIST

REV. BRUCE HUNTER, B.A., B.D. PASTOR
 REV. E. W. JEWITT, B.A. ASSISTANT PASTOR
 10 A.M.—Class Meetings.

11 A. M.—"THE GOOD SAMARITAN"

3 p.m.—Sunday School in Wesley Hall.

7 P. M.—"GOD IS LOVE"

Soloists—Miss A. Clarke, Soprano; Mr. F. Emeny, Baritone.
 Choir—Leader, Mr. George C. Carrie; Organist, Mr. Kingsley N. Ireland.

Askin St. Methodist

REV. J. E. J. MILLARD, PASTOR.
 DR. SMITH, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

10 a.m.—Class.
 11 a.m.—Rev. R. D. Hamilton.
 3 p.m.—Sunday School and
 Adult Classes.

Colborne St. Methodist

Rev. Herbert J. Uren, Pastor.
 11 a.m.—Ye Are Manifestly Declared
 to Be the Epistles of Christ.
 2:45 p.m.—Come to Sunday School.
 A study of the life of Christ.
 7 p.m.—Vesper Services. Special
 speaker, Rev. A. B. Kellam.
 Sydney Martin, Organist and Leader.

Dundas Street Center

REV. (CAPT.) JOHN GARBUTT,
 MINISTER.

11 a.m.—Union Service.
 Singing led by Orchestra and
 Choir.

7 p.m. Subject: "The Secret
 Side of Religion."
 The Minister at both services.

Empress Ave. Church

J. F. Chapman, B.A., Pastor.
 11 a.m.—Fellowship Meeting.
 11 a.m.—Rev. A. G. Hattie of Win-
 nipeg, a former pastor of the church.
 2:45 p.m.—Sunday School.
 7 p.m.—"The Eternal Purpose."
 Miss Taylor, Organist.

Hyatt Ave. Methodist

19 a.m.—Brotherhood.
 10:30 a.m.—Rev. George J. Kurr.
 11:30 a.m.—Sunday School.
 7 p.m.—George J. Kurr.

Ridout St. Methodist

J. A. AGNEW, PASTOR.
 Residence, 87 Windsor Ave.

11 a.m. Subject:
 "THE MESSAGE OF
 EXPERIENCE"

7 p.m. Subject:
 "FURNISHED
 ROOMS"

W. Gordon Scott, Organist.
 Strangers Welcome.

Robinson Memorial

W. L. HILES, B.A., MINISTER.
 E. W. G. QUANTZ, ORGANIST.
 11 a.m.—"CHRIST REGNANT."
 7 p.m.—"LIFE'S TRAGEDIES"

Wellington St. Church

George T. Watts, B.D., Pastor.
 10 a.m.—Men's Meeting.
 11 a.m.—"POWER AND MERCY."
 —The Pastor.

2:45 p.m.—Sunday School and
 Bible Classes.
 7 p.m.—"THE REPENTANCE OF
 A GREAT CITY."—The Pastor.
 Miss Doris Werner, Organist.
 E. E. Werner, Choir Leader.

The Salvation Army

NO. 1, CLARENCE ST.
 (South of Dundas)
 Sunday, July 6—11 a.m., 7 p.m.
 2 p.m.—Sunday School.
 Welcome Services for
 Adjutant and Mrs. Ursaki.

NO. 2, TECUMSEH AND EDWARD.
 (South London)
 Sunday, July 6—11 a.m., 7 p.m.
 2 p.m.—Sunday School.
 The band will have charge of the
 services.

NO. 3, RECTORY ST.
 (South of Dundas)
 Sunday, July 6—11 a.m., 7 p.m.
 3 p.m.—Sunday School.
 Ensign and Mrs. Foster.

Latter Day Saints

Maitland Street Near York St.
 10 a.m.—Sacramental Service.
 11:45 a.m.—Sunday School.
 7 P.M.—
 Patriarch F. A. Smith
 of Independence, Missouri

YORK STREET MISSION HALL

Morning prayer, Deacon William
 Harvey. Evening, Mr.
 James will preach. Soloist, Mr. Wil-
 ham Greene, Jr. Evangelist Belcher,
 Pastor.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

FIRST CHURCH OF CHRIST, SCIENTIST.
 Richmond and Kent Streets.

Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
 SUNDAY SCHOOL, 11 A.M.
 For students up to the age of twenty.
 Subject for Sunday, July 6,
 "GOD"

Wednesday Meeting, 8 p.m.
 Including testimonies of healing through
 Christian Science.
 ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED!

PRESBYTERIAN PRESBYTERIAN
 UNION SERVICES

First Presbyterian and St. Andrew's Church
 Public Worship Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.
 conducted by Rev. F. W. K. Harris, B.A.

11 a.m.—In First Church
 7 p.m.—In St. Andrew's Church
 Music by First Church choir under direction of G. G. Lethbridge.
 A Cordial Welcome To All.

UNION SERVICES.
 King St. Presbyterian and Centennial Methodist
 SERVICES MORNING AND EVENING AT KING STREET CHURCH.

11 a.m.—"THE WATER THAT BLUSHED."
 7 p.m.—"THE FIRE THAT DID NOT CONSUME."
 REV. A. E. M. THOMSON will preach.
 The Sunday School of each church will meet in its usual place at the usual hour.

YOU ARE INVITED!
 A. E. M. THOMSON, Pastor, Centennial Church.
 MISS MOORE, Organist, King Street Church.

New St. James' Church
 Cor. Oxford and Wellington Streets.
 Services:
 Sunday School and Bible Classes at
 10 a.m.
 Public worship at 11 a.m. Subject:
 "THE GREATNESS OF DIVINE LOVE."
 7 p.m.
 "THE BEAUTY OF THE HERALD."
 Rev. John McNair, D.D. will preach.
 All Strangers Welcome.

UNION SERVICES
 Knox Presbyterian
 AND
 Wortley Road Baptist
 Services in Knox Church at 11 a.m.
 and 7 p.m., conducted by
 REV. T. A. SYMINGTON, M.A.
 Service of Praise led by
 Knox Church Choir.

HAMILTON ROAD
 GOSPEL HALL
 7 P.M.—
 MR. W. LUDBROOK will preach.

EGERTON STREET
 GOSPEL HALL
 7 P.M.—
 MR. JAMES LINDSAY will preach.

First Spiritual Church
 Rectory St., opposite Nelson St.
 Leader—Mrs. M. J. J. J.
 Speaker—Mr. D. Mills.
 Sunday, July 6, Services 3 and 7 p.m.
 Evening—"Life and Religion."

First Congregational
 Rev. T. Collins Williams will
 conduct services. Morning at 11.
 Subject:
 "Willing Consecration"

Quarterly Communion Service
 evening at 7. Subject:
 "A Congregation Saved"

Sunday School after Morning
 Service.
 International Bible Students'
 Association
 HYMAN HALL, 7:15 P.M.
 Speaker: G. J. GLOVER
 SUBJECT:
 "Man's Everlasting
 Home"

Seats Free. No Collection.
 CHRISTADELPHANS MEET in Usher
 Hall, over Gas Office, corner Dundas
 and Clarence Sts., Sunday, 7 p.m.
 Subject: "Coming Event in the East"

PAUL HUFF DESCENDANTS
 FORM FAMILY ASSOCIATION
 Paul Huff, with his brother Solo-
 mon, their wives and children and
 some few neighbors (names as yet
 unconfirmed) made up that little
 company of "23 souls" that settled
 at Adolphustown, and the shores of
 Hay Bay in then Upper Canada, in
 the summer of 1777, having been
 cared for at Kingston military post
 during the winter of '76, as they ar-
 rived there late in the fall after the
 overland pilgrimage from what is
 now Southern New York State.
 Descendants organized a Huff fam-
 ily association at Belleville on the
 18th of June, 1924.

The organization meeting was held
 at the beautiful home of Mr. and
 Mrs. Albert Blackburn (she a descen-
 dant of the Paul Huff line).
 The officers elected were: Tobias
 Carr, 263 Foster avenue, Belleville,
 president; Sidney W. Huff, 4105
 Avery avenue, Detroit, Mich., vice-
 president; and R. M. Wylie, 6 Lon-
 don street, Toronto, secretary and
 treasurer. The aims and objects of
 the association are to complete the
 research already begun to perfect the
 genealogy of these pioneers by exam-
 ination of records in the United
 States and in England, the collection
 and compiling of all Canadian evi-
 dence, both written and traditional,
 preparatory for a general history to
 be held at Adolphustown in 1926 in com-
 moration of the 150th year of their
 entry into Canada, and also to aid in
 establishing closer relations between
 Canadian and United States.

TEMPERATURE OF 109.
 Medicine Hat, Alta., topped the
 western cities with 102 degrees in
 the shade, while Grand Forks, B. C.,
 enjoyed a slight respite from Thurs-
 day's peak of 109, the thermometer
 dropping to 101 degrees in the shade
 yesterday.

DUNDAS CENTRE CHURCH
HAS SPLENDID RECORD

Building Is Standing Testimony
 to the Fallacy of
 Superstition.

POPULAR PASTOR

Last Year Record One in the
 History of Church's
 Finances.

Dundas Centre Church is a stand-
 ing testimony to the fallacy of super-
 stition.

Feb. 13, 1895, was considered by the
 congregation of the period to be a
 very unlucky occasion, when on that
 day the church was burned to the
 ground, necessitating a new building.

The present church bears witness
 that this seeming catastrophe was to
 be merely a stimulus to the congrega-
 tion. Their renewed efforts resulted
 in such a manifestation of strength
 that by May of the following year a
 new structure was formally opened
 and dedicated.

Groves of pine trees surmounted
 the area chosen for the first church.
 Seventy-five years later it was to be
 the center of a thickly-populated and
 prosperous area of the city, but at
 that time the building was that of a
 church in the woods, situated on a
 general beginning, however, were stal-
 wart foundations for the progress
 which was later to come.

The church was later to come. The church
 commenced as a mission, carried on in
 a small cottage on Adelaide street,
 near the corner of Bathurst, about
 1848. In a few years the small
 frame building was obtained on the
 east side of Adelaide street, between
 Dundas and King streets. Both these
 missions were carried on under the
 direction of the old North Street
 Church, now First Methodist Church.

In turn they formed a part of the
 church of the future. Growing
 strength at last resulted in plans for
 a new church and the present site
 was purchased.

Dedicated in 1870.
 At a cost of about \$25,000, the
 church was erected and dedicated for
 worship the first Sunday in April of
 1870. The seating capacity was 600.

Dr. Moody, who was the first gen-
 eral chairman of the Methodist
 Church in Canada, laid the founda-
 tion stone and preached the dedica-
 tory sermon.

For its first pastor the congrega-
 tion had a genial and witty Irishman,
 Rev. Wm. Briggs, who with many
 others of his countrymen enjoyed a
 reputation as a silver-tongued orator.
 He afterwards became Dr. Briggs, and
 was made the head of the Methodist
 Book Room in Toronto.

Pastors who followed were: Rev.
 Alexander Langford in 1871-74, who
 was called a strong preacher and a
 wise counsellor; Rev. Dr. W. R.
 Parker, 1874-77; Rev. G. N. A. F. T.
 Dickson, 1877-1880; Rev. Dr. J. S.
 Smith, 1880-1883; Rev. Dr. B. Ryck-
 man, 1883-1886; Rev. Dr. J. V. Smith,
 1886-1889; Rev. Dr. A. C. Courtie,
 1889-1892; Rev. Dr. J. C. Antiffie,
 1892-1894; Rev. Dr. E. B. Lamerie,
 1894-1898; Rev. Dr. J. B. Saunders,
 1898-1901; Rev. Dr. C. T. Scott, 1901-
 1906; Rev. Dr. E. B. Langley, second
 term, 1906-1909; Rev. Dr. Thomas
 Manning, 1909-1912; Professor, A. J.
 Johnston, 1912-1914 (Mr. Johnston
 was sought after by the big men of
 the church at large for education
 purposes and today is a professor
 and holds a chair at Victoria College,
 thus accounting for the one year
 term); Rev. A. J. Thomas, 1914-1917;
 Rev. W. E. Pescott, 1917-1921; 1921,
 Rev. Capt. John Garbutt.

Men who formed the trustee board
 of the early church were outstanding
 men of their day: Alex. Johnston, A.
 Keenleyside, R. Lewis, Wm. Bowman,
 A. Bradford, I. Webster, Dr. Nelles,
 John Green and George Robinson.
 James Birks originated the Dundas
 Centre church, and later it won fame
 for all over the Dominion. His in-
 fluence is still felt in one of the leav-
 ing musical organizations of the city,
 and one which as a group and by its
 individual members won splendid
 honors at the Toronto Musical Festi-
 val.

First Organist.
 As its first organist, the church
 had Miss Bessie Burgess, afterwards
 Miss Andrew Dale, of Dufferin ave-
 nue, who commenced her services
 when the congregation were a mis-
 sion on Adelaide street. Stephen
 Saunders and James Williams were
 associated with her as choir leaders.

J. Parnell Morris, the present or-
 ganist, has been acting in this capacity
 for the past twenty years. He has
 built up a splendid musical body,
 notable alike for its choral and solo
 work. Mrs. Frederick Schofield is at present
 the soprano soloist; Mr. Lloyd
 Bullen, the baritone. The choir pres-
 ident is Mr. W. Noble, with Mr. Wm.
 Heaman as honorary president.

Among the soloists were Jack
 Williams, who developed after New
 York training into a notable artist;
 Percy Carroll, now of London, Eng-
 land; William H. Schauer, who
 achieved the splendid record of 22
 years' faithful and unbroken service;
 Miss Della Ziegler; Miss Louise Daly
 (now Lady Twining); Miss Rhea
 Chute; Miss Eva N. Robin (the late
 Mrs. J. B. McKillop).

The cause of temperance in Canada
 has received splendid support from
 the Dundas Centre Church, Professor
 Bowman and Mrs. M. R. Thornley,
 two prominent members, are out-
 standing in temperance work of the
 province, and the Rev. Charles
 Bacon also worked actively for some
 years.

The history of one man is firmly
 linked with the history of Dundas
 Centre Church, that of C. J. Beal, who
 for forty years held the office of re-
 cording steward. Mr. Beal's office
 combined the duties of secretary and
 treasurer of both boards, these anal-
 gmatous in the early days. Other

names prominently connected with
 church affairs were: those of Col.
 Robert Lewis, William Skinner, Sen.,
 William Bowman, William Yeates,
 Isaac Webster, Amos Bradford, John
 White, Anthony Keenleyside, Hubert
 Ashplant, D. S. Perrin, and others, a
 few of whom are still active in the
 work of the church.

Two pastors are mentioned on the
 quarterly board. Rev. S. S. Saulton
 is the assistant pastor. Rev. W. E. Mil-
 lison, who has been the president of
 the Methodist Church, is a member
 of the church. Mr. Millison was
 last year the president of the Metho-
 dist Conference.

Formerly President.
 The present pastor, Rev. John Gar-
 butt, was formerly the president of
 the Bay of Quinte Conference. Pre-
 ceding his term in London, Mr. Gar-
 butt was stationed at Victoria, Ham-
 ilton, Ottawa, and other points. He
 was several times the chairman of his
 district. As a chaplain in the great
 States, and the first most drivers
 know of it is when they are told
 usually by a policeman on the Cana-
 dian side.

Several American cars were seen
 in the city Friday flying an Ameri-
 can flag without an accompanying
 Union Jack or a Canadian ensign. On
 one occasion an indignant citizen told
 the driver all about the courtesy of
 flag-waving, and the driver being an
 obliging sort of chap got it and
 bought a Union Jack in a store. The
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WEDDINGS

CARMAN-McNAUGHTON.

Special to The Advertiser.
Hensall, July 4.—A very pretty wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John McNaughton of Morrison, when their daughter, Lila Mae, became the bride of Burton Carman, son of Mr. and Mrs. Enoch Parker of Hensall. The bride was given away by her father, and took her place in front of a bank of ferns and honeysuckle to the strains of Lohengrin's Bridal Chorus, played by Miss Edith McIntosh of Toronto, cousin of the bride. Miss McIntosh was dressed in honeydew crepe de chine, with a corsage of pink sweet peas. Rev. S. A. Woods of Duffs Church officiated. The bride wore a gown of white crepe de chine, trimmed with orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of Ophelia roses and lily-of-the-valley. The groom's gift to the bride was a silver mesh bag set with sapphires, to the pianist a string of carved ivory beads and earrings to match.
Mr. and Mrs. Carman left by train for Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, New York and Southern Ontario points, the bride travelling in a navy portlet with log cabin suede slippers and hat to match. They will reside in Guelph.

CLARK-WILLIAMSON.

Special to The Advertiser.
Forest, July 4.—The marriage of A. J. Clark of Ravenswood, Bosanquet Township, to Miss Isabelle Wil-
hamson of London took place at the

Methodist parsonage, Parkhill, on Wednesday, June 25. Rev. Rivers performing the ceremony. They will reside in Forest.

McDONALD-SPARKS.

Special to The Advertiser.
Hensall, July 4.—A quiet wedding was solemnized at Central Presbyterian manse by Rev. C. R. Scafe, when Agnes, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James T. McDonald of Detroit, was united in marriage to Neil Douglas Sparks of Detroit, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Sparks of Hensall. The bride was attended by Miss Gertrude Begley, while the groom was assisted by Wallace Dick, both of Detroit. After a wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. McDonald left on a short motor trip. They will make their home in Detroit.

Obituary

DR. A. N. HOTSON.

Innerkip, July 4.—Dr. A. N. Hotson died at his home here last evening. He had been confined to his home for over a year.

The late Dr. Hotson was president of the Telephone Company, medical health officer, and held other important positions. He was born here, and had lived here practically ever since.

Survivors are the widow, two sons, George of St. Catharines and Fyfe of Toronto, and two daughters, Zella and Vera.

The funeral will take place from his home on Sunday at 3 p.m. to Knox Presbyterian Church.

Canada In The Making

A series of eleven daily articles. Begins publication in The Advertiser TODAY.

The author is

John F. Sinclair

Banker, economist, lawyer, lecturer and writer.



Mr. Sinclair, one of the most widely followed authorities on present day economic problems—a writer who makes hard facts read simply—brings to his latest work the advantages of Canadian birth and affiliation and also the point of view of a specialist whose field is the world. Mr. Sinclair, while thoroughly familiar with all matters Canadian, comes to his new task without bias and with a background of years of economic study on two continents.

In Canada in the Making, he speaks with authority, because of his detachment from present Canadian affairs as well as his Canadian birth.

Readers of The Advertiser already know Mr. Sinclair's ability to make abstruse problems clear and interesting. His previous series, Can Europe Hold Together, published a few months ago, drew an unprecedented response.

He was born in St. Marys, Ontario, in 1885. His father was a graduate of Toronto University, and practiced medicine for thirty years. Most of Mr. Sinclair's family live in the vicinity of Toronto. Mr. Sinclair was graduated from high school at St. Thomas, North Dakota, and took high honors at the University of Minnesota, being graduated in 1906. He was graduated from law school in 1909. Activities in Y. M. C. A. work, while in college and in Minnesota, broadened his understanding of human problems.

In 1910-11 he was central secretary of the Y. M. C. A. at Montreal and assisted in raising \$700,000 for three new buildings, the contracts for which he supervised.

In association with the Legislative Reference Bureau at Madison, Wis., he helped draft a model income tax law and in 1911 was sent to Europe by the Wisconsin State Board of Public Affairs to investigate co-operation among the farmers and consumers. He represented Wisconsin at the first rural credit conference ever held in America.

For the subsequent ten years Mr. Sinclair was an investment banker, being connected at first with the largest bond and mortgage house in the northwest and later was owner and director of more than twenty country banks. During part of this time he lectured on banking and commercial law at the University of Minnesota.

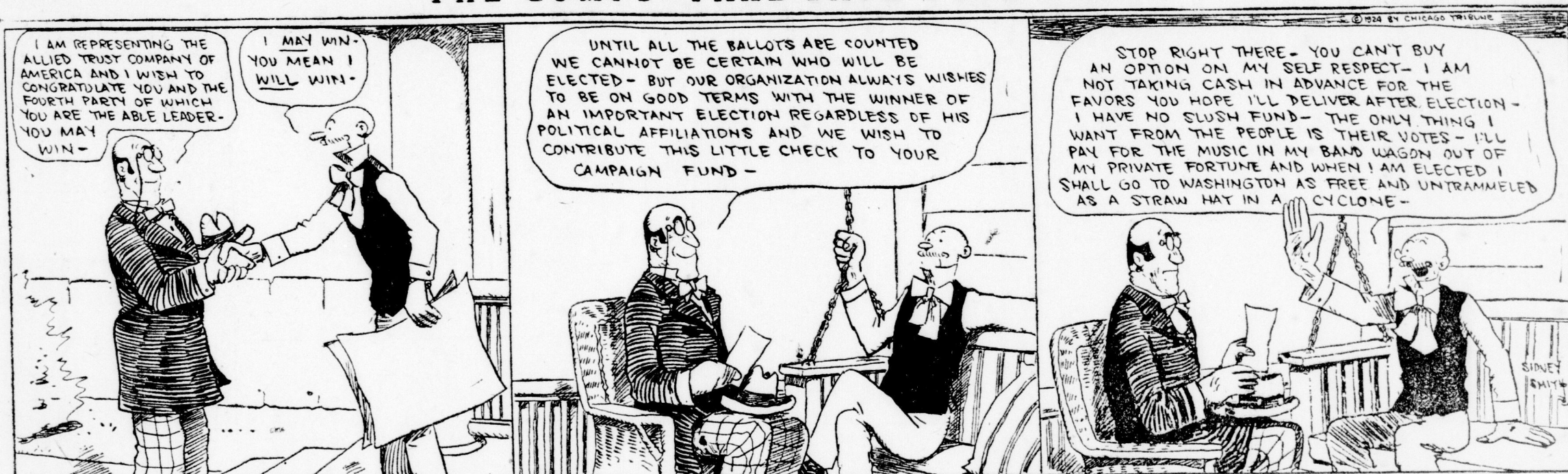
In 1921 he made one of his several trips to Europe for economic study and on his return gave an address before the American Academy of Political and Social Science. The interest aroused by this address was so great that Mr. Sinclair withdrew from all active business to give his time to writing and lecturing. He went to Europe in 1923 to secure data for the World's Monetary Association.

Mr. Sinclair's handling of economic, political and social questions such as those he deals with in "Canada in the Making" has brought him large numbers of commendatory letters from financiers, economists, college presidents, merchants, publicists and governmental officials and others in Canada and the United States.

Sinclair's Latest Series—Canada in the Making — Beginning TODAY — An Installment Every Day—Exclusively in The Advertiser.

GUMP, GOOGLE & CO., Experts In Laughter

THE GUMPS—TAKE BACK YOUR GOLD



BARNEY GOOGLE AND SPARK PLUG

Barney Fills the Emergency.

By BILLY DE BECK



TOOTS AND CASPER

Bobbed Into Bigamy, It Appears.

By JIMMY MURPHY



MUTT AND JEFF

Now Mutt's Out Ten Berries and Sore To Boot.

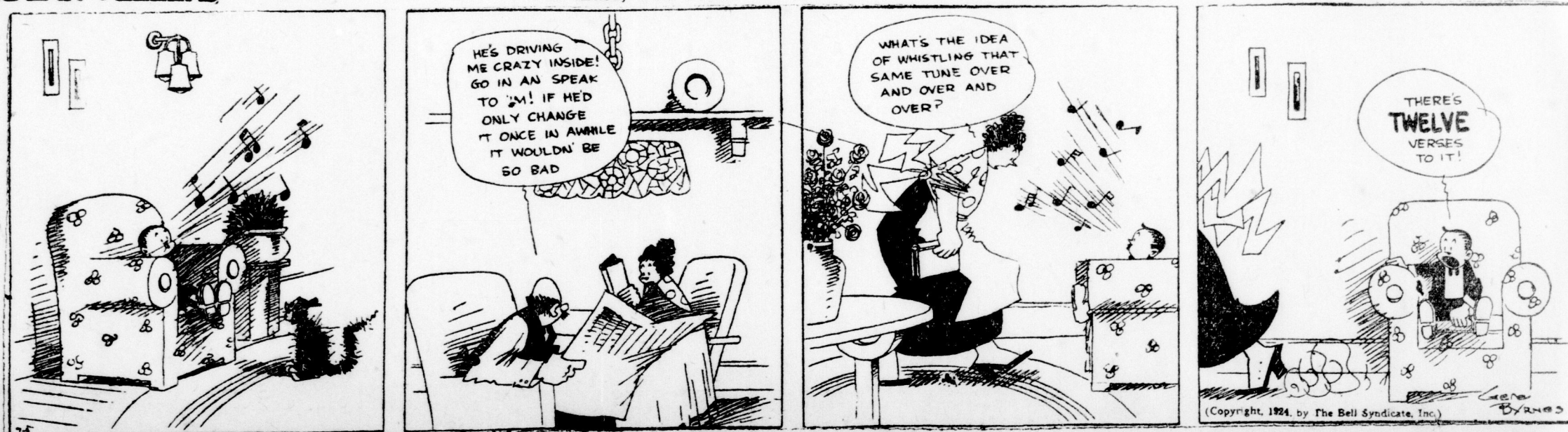
By BUD FISHER



REG'LAR FELLERS

Too Late, Too Late.

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XXXX B. C. \$6.75 " "
5X Specials \$5.00 " "
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Haircut, 25c. Shave, 15c.
Five Barbers and Lady Attendant.
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Alberta Coal. Orders placed now will be filled during August and September.

JENKINS FUEL CO.
Phone 1391.

REDISTRIBUTION BILL
IN HOUSE ON MONDAY

Premier King States Morning Sessions Will Commence Next Tuesday.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, July 4.—Premier King told the House this afternoon that he hoped the redistribution bill and supplementary estimates would be brought into the House on Monday. He also stated that morning sittings would start on Tuesday next.

Hon. Arthur Meighen asked if the government would have its whole program of legislation down on Monday. If not, morning sittings would be objectionable.

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REPAIR WORK PROGRAM IS NOW WELL UNDER WAY

Better Lighting Arrangements Urged In Some School Buildings.

COMMITTEE MEETS

Planting of Trees in Front of Schools May Be Done This Year.

Preparations for the next term of the public school featured yesterday's session of the board of education's No. 2 committee. There was a complete attendance, and reports were heard on the progress of repairs to buildings as well as plans for new work. Iron grating for area spaces around Ealing school were recommended. Similar work had been done at Victoria school in South London, and that asked for at Ealing was said by Superintendent of Works Robinson to be highly necessary. New plumbing at Simcoe street and Worthington road schools was asked for, this work to cost about \$500.

Wiring and lighting fixtures are being recommended for Lorne avenue and St. George's schools. The work in these two schools is estimated to cost about \$2,000, that St. George's school being provided for in the estimates of the present year. "The lighting in these schools isn't the best," Inspector Greer said. "We are working on eight-saving classes now and the lighting in these schools should be improved."

Renovations are now complete at Riverview school, nearly complete at Tecumseh avenue, started at Lorne avenue, and about to get under way at Chesley avenue.

Attention of the committee to the proposals of the college committee in regard to collegiate accommodation in South London was made known. It was pointed out that the college wanted to use the library and one other room at Victoria public school. The library board was prepared to find new quarters if given sufficient notice, but the securing of one of the other rooms was to be a sacrifice to the public school pupils. Inspector Greer stated, Trustees expressed the opinion that the public school pupils should not be interrupted any more than possible. Trustee A. N. Udy moved that the request of the college committee be acceded to, and a suitable adjustment be made.

May Plant Trees.
Trees may be purchased for planting in front of public schools if the sanction of the board can be secured at its July session next week. Trustees present yesterday, as well as officials, expressed their willingness to provide for the purchase of one tree each.

Cheapside, Dakin and Price streets and Grand avenue properties have been surveyed, and will be advertised for sale either as blocks of property or in single lots. These lands are no longer thought necessary for school use. Purchase prices, with the exception of the Grand avenue property, was ascertained from the city treasurer's office. It is understood they will be sold by tender, with the board putting in a reserve bid.

The matter of liability insurance on schools was reported on by the secretary, who stated that the solicitor, T. G. Meredith, was preparing a written report on the responsibility of the board in connection with children attending school. It was pointed out by Inspector Greer that while the board had a disciplinary right over the children from the time they left home till their return, it was not sure about any legal liability the board had for their welfare. Trustee Mess asked that a report be made on the possibilities of the workmen's compensation act being put into effect in connection with school department workmen and school janitors. These matters will be handled by the special sub-committee on insurance.

AUSTRALIA REPORTED IN FAVORABLE POSITION

Associated Press Despatch.
Melbourne, Australia, July 4.—In presenting his annual financial statement to the House of Representatives today, Hon. Dr. Earle Page, federal treasurer, expressed his satisfaction with the returns which disclosed that the commonwealth is in a favorable position, industrially and financially. The revenue for the year was \$46,014,000, and the expenditure totalled \$43,357,000, showing a surplus of \$2,657,000. These figures indicate a steady progress over the previous year, when the revenue was \$44,721,000 and the expenditure \$45,700,000, a surplus of \$1,021,000.

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Snowballs Fly In Town Street On Summer Day

Special to The Advertiser.
Guelph, July 4.—Children in Campbellville engaged today in the unseasonable pastime of snowballing.

Last winter while workmen were engaged in getting out gravel in a deep pit at Robinson's lime kilns near that village, the walls of the pit caved in, burying beneath tons of earth a quantity of snow which filled the excavation. Teamsters employed in taking out gravel reached the snow and were obliged to cart away several loads before they could continue work.

The snow was hauled to the village and dumped on the street, much to the delight of the youngsters, who engaged in a snowballing contest.

McLEOD FAMILY IN ANNUAL PICNIC

Reunion of Descendants of Late Thomas McLeod Held at Springbank.

Friday afternoon members of the McLeod family held their fourth annual picnic at Springbank, 75 direct descendants of Agnes McLeod and the late Thomas McLeod, of this city being present. An excellent program of sports was run off, visitors, participating, came from Detroit, Buffalo, Ingersoll, Flint, Oshawa and Cleveland. There were eight daughters, three sons, 38 grandchildren and four great grandchildren of Mrs. McLeod at the picnic.

A feature of the afternoon was two baseball games in which Alex. Lamond's Maple Leafs, triumphed over Bert Trebilcock's Uncle Sams, 14-12, while the ladies' team known as the Yankees was handed a trimming by the Canucks. Mrs. Richard MacPherson of Cleveland captained the team from across the border, while Mrs. William MacPherson of Oshawa piloted the victors. Included on the picnic were several laugh producing events, such as a swimming contest and blind pig race being outstanding in this regard.

During the lunch hour, when the merry-makers were all present at one large table, it was decided to hold a similar outing next year at Springbank Park.

Polio winners were the winners in the various events on the program: Baby show—Thomas Cassidy, Buffalo; Ross Cripp, London; Jean Bradford, London.

Boys' race, 10 and under—Edward McLeod, Nelson Foster, Jack McLeod, William Warren, all of London.

Boys' race, 16 and under—Tom McLeod, Francis Bradford, Frank McLeod and Vernon Warren, all of London.

Single ladies' race—Agnes McLeod, Anita Foster and Florence McLeod of London, Vivian Goyng of Oshawa.

Single men's race—Arnot Lamond, Detroit; Norman Bradford, London; William Lamond, Detroit.

Married men's race—Charles Bradford, London; Stanley Percival, Flint; Robert McLeod, London.

Blind pig race—Lawrence Warren and Mrs. J. Warren, London; H. B. Trebilcock and Mrs. A. Kennedy of Detroit; Mrs. R. MacPherson and R. MacPherson, Cleveland.

Old Timers' Race—Alex. Lamond and Nelson Foster, London; Richard MacPherson, Cleveland.

Grandchildren's Race—Harry Bradford and John Warren of London.

Ladies Throwing Baseball—Miss R. Forsyth, Miss Myrtle McLeod, Swatara, Ontario; Alex. Lamond, London; Elmer Cassidy, Buffalo; Richard McLeod, London.

Time Race for Ladies—Mrs. H. Trebilcock, Detroit; Mrs. William McLeod and Mrs. P. Clark, London.

Guests' Race—Mrs. R. MacPherson, Cleveland; Mrs. W. MacPherson, Oshawa, and Mrs. A. McLeod, London.

Guessing the Hour—Mrs. A. Kennedy, Detroit; Mrs. S. Percival, London; Mrs. Charles Bradford, London.

Soda Biscuit Race for Ladies—Agnes MacPherson, Cleveland; Mrs. C. Cripp, London, Mrs. A. Lamond, London.

Ladies' Consolation Race—Mrs. H. Bradford, Mrs. N. Foster and Mrs. R. McLeod of London.

Men's Consolation Race—A. Kennedy of Detroit, F. Birch, London.

Added Attractions.
Added attractions included a visit to the stables in order to look over Mr. Lawson's herd of purebred Holsteins, an exhibition of swimming and diving in the open water swimming tank, an exhibition of tennis and last, but not least, music by a four-piece orchestra. The afternoon event was a single dull moment, and everyone enjoyed himself and herself to the utmost.

In the drawing contest for the ladies, the following were successful in winning the prizes: Mrs. E. L. Baugh, Mrs. B. Shuttleworth, Mrs. A. R. Kennedy, Mrs. E. A. Miller, Miss Dorothy Silverwood, Mrs. C. C. Whitman and Mrs. W. Purdon. Little Miss Gladys Nelles drew the lucky tickets from the hat held by George Wesley, who acted as caddy for Wick Purdon, distributed the prizes, after all had partaken of a most hearty and delightful supper. Rotarians Charlie Jones and Bert Silverwood peddled their prizes, which were auctioned off for the benefit of the orphan's picnic. The prizes were knocked down to Rotarians Dr. Grant and Bert Spittal, respectively, for the sum of \$3.50 in each instance.

PAPERS NOT COMPLETE, SO VETERANS SUFFER
Pensions Denied Deserving Men, Committee Is Told.

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, July 4.—Hundreds of deserving veterans are denied pensions because of incomplete military documents, according to General A. E. Ross, M. P., former director of Canadian medical service, in a statement to the committee on soldiers' matters today. General Ross considered that an alteration in the present pension procedure was necessary in order to prevent further injustice and hardship.

Major M. A. MacPherson of Regina urged a change of personnel on the pensions board. MacPherson stated that he had been delegated to speak on behalf of veterans from all parts of Canada now gathered at Ottawa.

LOBO MEMORIAL DAY.
The annual memorial service in Memorial Park, Poplar Hill, will be held on Sunday at 3 p.m., instead of 2 p.m., as formerly reported.



Antonio Moreno and Estelle Taylor, co-starring in a scene from Geo. Melford's great production, "Tiger Love," which comes to Loew's next Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

Rotarians Make Merry When Big Picnic Is Held

Club Members Have Happy Time in Outing at Woodholm.

BIG SPORT PROGRAM

Wives and Children Help to Make Day a Great Success.

The Rotarian Club picnic held yesterday afternoon on the spacious and beautiful grounds of the country home of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lawson, "Woodholm," 4th concession, London Township, was one of the most jolly and successful ever held by that organization since its inception nearly ten years ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson proved admirable hosts. Their hospitality was accorded fitting recognition and due appreciation by the 200 people present, when at the conclusion of the picnic, a vote of thanks, proposed by President Dr. Alfred J. Grant and seconded by Vice-President Bert Spittal, was greeted and seconded by three boisterous cheers and a tiger. Both Mr. and Mrs. Lawson replied briefly, but appropriately. Upon arrival at the picnic grounds proper on the banks of Meadow Creek there was much "musical noise," due to the release of horns and claxtons to the kiddies, all of which whooped it up with real gusto for fully 15 minutes before the first race was called and their attention became focussed on something else for the moment at least.

Program Diversified.
The sports program, arranged under the direction of George Wesley, Wick Purdon and Leslie Turner, was nothing if not diversified and entertaining. Novel events predominated in the program, with interesting results for both contestant and spectator alike. The various events were participated in by the majority of those present.

Threatening weather curtailed what gave promise of being the "piece de resistance" of the entire program by way of a softball match between teams chosen by President Grant and Vice-President Spittal. Charlie Jones firmly entrenched himself as hero of the abbreviated contest, when as the first batter on the president's side he batted into the creek and trotted around the bases for a home run without molestation. The ball was retrieved from the stream by young Tom Lawson, who received rounds of applause for his daring. The erstwhile ball players lined up as follows:

President Grant, Jack Ferguson, Charlie Jones, George Wenke, Arthur Kennedy, Stan Baby, George Wesley, E. V. Buchanan, Ben Brock, Vice-President Spittal—F. Walker, P. Ken Greene, C. G. Copeland, Morton Hunt, W. Purdon, R. McKnight, L. Turner, W. Young.

Added Attractions.
Added attractions included a visit to the stables in order to look over Mr. Lawson's herd of purebred Holsteins, an exhibition of swimming and diving in the open water swimming tank, an exhibition of tennis and last, but not least, music by a four-piece orchestra. The afternoon event was a single dull moment, and everyone enjoyed himself and herself to the utmost.

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Race Results.
The results of the races and other events were as follows: Balloon race, children under 6—Theresa Purdon, Ruth Barager.

Ladies' gum chewing contest—Mrs. Roy Cunningham, Miss Eleanor Manning.

Copement race—Miss Margaret McConnell and E. Chapman, Mrs. R. Cunningham and George Copeland. Rotarians race—George Copeland, Charlie Jones.

Boys' river race—Ray Lawson, Frank Lawson.

Ladies' nail-driving contest—Mrs. R. Cunningham, Mrs. Alma Egelein.

"This event was carried out in eight 'heats' of four contestants each, the winners of which were: Mrs. R. Hound, Miss Sanborn, Mrs. A. Kennedy, Mrs. J. Ferguson, Mrs. Bert Spittal and Miss P. Faust, besides the ultimate winners."

Ladies' ball-throwing contest—Miss Emma Fox, Miss Marion Manning. (There were 21 entries in all in this event, third place going to Mrs. A. Egelein.)

Girls, under 9, handicap—Jean Lawson, Gladys Elizabeth Nelles.

Backward race—Miss Margaret

McConnell, Mrs. A. Egelein.

Girls, 10 to 14, handicap—Eleanor Green, Grace Shuttleworth.

Boys, over 10, handicap—Bert Baugh, Jack Purdon.

Egg race—Mrs. Egelein, Eleanor Greene. (Pat Grant and Mrs. Baugh were second in the two heats of this race.)

Boys, under 9—John McElbarn, Bert Baugh.

Exhibition of skipping—Ben Brick. The committee chairmen were—General chairman, W. R. Jamman; sports and grounds, George Wesley; printing, E. V. Buchanan; transport, Lee Barager; refreshments, William Martin and Bert Spittal; reception, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Lawson and Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Grant. Those who assisted in running off the various events were: Wick Purdon, clerk, Bert Baugh, J. K. H. Pope, J. McCormick, J. Bridge, G. A. Wenke, E. Buchanan, G. Copeland, Dr. Grant, E. Magee, W. Kelly, W. Martin, L. Winder, S. Baby, C. R. May, L. Turner and T. McFarland.

Associated Press Despatch.
Washington, July 4.—Serious illness entered the White House yesterday, when Calvin Coolidge, Jr., younger son of President and Mrs. Coolidge, developed an acute case of septic poisoning.

The boy, who is 16 years of age, became ill yesterday and late last night his condition became alarming.

1924—JUST 100 YEARS AGO.
A British officer, leading his men against a hill tribe in Northern India, discovered the tea plant growing wild in Assam. Today there are 1,000 tea estates in Assam, which produces some of the finest teas in the world. From the best gardens come ORANGE PEKOE TEA. That's why it's so rich and strong. Your grocer sells it. Try a package.—Adv. b

ADVISORS ON TARIFF TO SOON BE APPOINTED
Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, July 4.—The government contemplates appointing advisors to the minister of finance with respect to tariff matters after the close of the session. In answer to a question by W. D. Euler (Liberal, North Waterloo), as to when the government expected to "appoint a tariff board as intimated by the prime minister in his budget speech," Premier King made the above statement. He said it was necessary to have the appropriation pass the house before making the appointments.

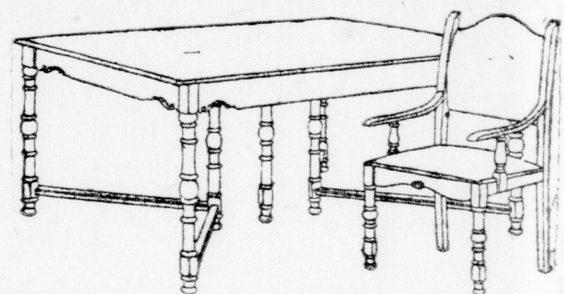
LEAVES FOR CAMP.
Major A. K. Hemming, commandant.

ing officer of C company, Royal Canadian Regiment, has gone to Camp Hughes, Manitoba, where he will command "A" wing of the Small Arms School that has been established at that point.

Major Hemming will return to London, September 27.

In the July Sale of Furniture

These odd pieces of furniture are marked at prices in which the cost has not been considered—pieces of which we have only one or two of a pattern. The quality in every case is our usual high-grade well-constructed furniture.



Oak Dining Suite, \$119

One only SOLID OAK DINING-ROOM SUITE with 54-inch Buffet, 48-inch round-top Extension Dining Table and set of six Slip-Seat Dining Chairs, upholstered in genuine leather. July Furniture Sale price \$119.00

One only SOLID OAK TEA WAGON, like cut, finished dark oak and fitted with tray. July Furniture Sale price \$13.95

Two only DRESSING TABLES, 40 inches wide, three British bevelled mirrors in each. July Furniture Sale price \$29.00 each

Two only WOOD BEDS, walnut finish; one 4 ft. 6 in. wide, and one 3 ft. 3 in. wide. July Furniture Sale price \$15.75 each

One only CHESTERFIELD; pillow arms. The webbing used in the construction is of the best quality. The stuffing used is long black curled hair, Marshall spring cushions, English tapestry covering. July Sale price \$120.00

Two CHAIRS, frames made of selected red birch and finished mahogany. The spring seats are covered with good quality figured tapestry. July Furniture Sale price \$19.75 each

LARGE ARM CHAIRS, all-over upholstered and covered with genuine leather (brown). July Furniture Sale price \$33.95 each

LARGE ARM CHAIR and ROCKER, all-over upholstered, Marshall spring cushions, covered with mohair. July Furniture Sale price, each \$59.00

ARM CHAIR and ROCKER to match, frames made of solid walnut, the seats and backs covered in figured tapestry. July Furniture Sale price, each \$22.50

ARM CHAIR and ARM ROCKER, solid walnut, upholstered spring seats covered with figured tapestry; 25 per cent off. July Furniture Sale price \$29.00 each

Another lot of Simmons Mattresses, made of all clean, new material, in art ticking, all standard sizes.

Layer Jute Felt. July Furniture Sale price \$7.35

Layer Cotton Felt. July Furniture Sale price \$10.95

Afternoon Tea
Dainty luncheonettes served from 2 to 5:30
Special Menu. Restaurant, fourth floor.

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There is no charge made for the use of the Oatman funeral home.

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Quality Vulcanizing Only.
ART WILKES
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Opposite McClary's.

BIRD KITES, 10c Each; SAIL BOATS AND SAND PAILS

PEEL'S
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Our fitters are experts, \$1.50 to \$10.00. We have Trusses to fit all needs.
ANDERSON & NELLES,
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EXPERT EYE EXAMINATION
Office in Johnston Bros' Jewelry Store, Next to Allen Theatre.

J. FERGUSON'S SONS
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Funeral Directors and Embalmers.
Handsome Motor Hearse.
Day or Night Service with Promptness, Neatness and Quietness.
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Residence on premises. Phone 450.

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HAWKEN-LANG
COAL COMPANY
PHONE 522.

DICKS FLOWER SHOP
Say it with Flowers.

Beautiful Agnes Ayres and Edward Burns in a scene from the thrilling photo-play, "The Guilty One," on the screen at Loew's, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

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