

CANADA'S
LIVEST
WEEKLY

THE AXE

THE PAPER
THAT TELLS
THE TRUTH

PICTURES

NEWS

FEATURES

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MR. KING'S DEATH KNELL

WORKERS MUST BEAT KING OR KING WILL BEAT THE WORKERS

The Issue of the ST. ANTOINE ELECTION

WILL Montreal sound THE DEATH KNELL OF MACKENZIE KING, on September 2nd?

September 2nd. seems a long way off. But it may be Canada's Day of Destiny. It is the day on which the Mackenzie King Government will get its answer from Montreal. For Mr. King and his Government have asked the people of Montreal a question, rather they have made a statement and asked a question. What they have said is this:—

"We have brought in The Robb Budget which is the opening wedge of Free Trade. That budget sounds the death knell of Protection. If we are allowed we intend to kill Protection and establish Free Trade in Canada. We will leave your industries unprotected against foreign competition. The manufacturers of the United States, of Europe, Asia and India will be allowed to send in their manufactures to compete with yours. If this closes your factories so much the worse for you. If Canadian industrial workers are thrown out of work they can go and work on the farms or go to the United States and get jobs. But whatever happens we intend, if allowed, to establish Free Trade in Canada. What are you going to do about it?"

KING'S MOTIVE AMERICAN.

To be perfectly honest those are not the exact words that Mr. King and his party have used. But they are as nearly correct as they can very well be. The honorable Mr. Stewart declared that The Robb Budget sounded the death knell of Protection. The rest, therefore, follows. That Mackenzie King would kill Canadian industry without compunction I have not the slightest doubt. He may be perfectly honest in it. But an honest man on a mistaken course may be, and usually is, more dangerous than one who is deliberately doing a wrong thing and knows it. In any case, the result would be the same whether King's motive be American or Canadian—I believe his motive is American—Free Trade would kill the industries of Canada and destroy our national identity.

I am not speaking in this article to manufacturers, or capitalists, or bankers, or big corporations. They are all vitally affected by the looming menace of Free Trade. They stand to lose and lose heavily. But they are very well able to look after themselves. In any case I am not their man. I speak for and to the workers; the people who toil and spin and get so little for their toiling and spinning; the workers by hand or brain. And here is my argument:—

The King Government has declared through the mouth of one of its members that The Robb Budget sounded the death knell of Canadian industry. The death knell of Canadian industry would be the death knell of the workers in Canadian industry, and of the many others who depend on them. Therefore, to prevent their own death knell being sounded the workers of Canada must sound the death knell of Mackenzie King and his Government.

ONLY ONE ISSUE

I wish that all the industrial workers of Canada could be invited to ring out Mackenzie King's death knell on September 2nd., or sooner. But that is not possible yet. That is a privilege and an honor reserved for the workingmen and working women of the St. Antoine Division of Montreal, who on that day will be called upon to vote for the election of a member of the House of Commons. There is only one issue before those electors, and that is Protection or Free Trade. The Honorable Walter Mitchell honorably resigned his seat in Parliament because he believed what the mouthpiece of the Cabinet, Hon. Charles Stewart said, namely, that The Robb Budget sounded the death knell of Protection and as a result, the birth of Free Trade. And, as Mr.

Burlesque's Only Woman Producer



MOLLIE WILLIAMS

Burlesque's only woman Producer who opens the Columbia Season at The Gayety on Saturday night, August 17th, with just the sort of show that has made the Gayety Shows "Fun for the whole Family"

Mitchell believed that the killing of Protection would mean the destruction of Canada's industries, like an honorable man he resigned. Some men are Honorable with a capital H; some are merely honorable. Walter Mitchell is both. That makes the issue in St. Antoine simple and clear; Protection or Free Trade.

I admit that Free Trade is an ideal condition. I have been a Free Trader for many years. I know its every argument; its foundation principles. The theory of Free Trade is all right—IF EVERY COUNTRY PRACTISES IT. But for Canada to throw down its tariff wall and admit the products of foreign

(Continued on page 12)

THE MOTHERS WHO WAIT

It is the peoples of the world who have to pay the price of war; the fathers and sons who have to leave home and fight; but it is the mothers who wait, eyes blurred with tears, for footsteps which may never come back. These are the people who should have the voice in deciding their own fate.

Why I Publish THE AXE

John H. Roberts' Personal Column

Montreal's Newspaper Situation

The advent of The Sunday Sun has caused a great deal of discussion amongst thinking people in Montreal. For years the newspaper situation in the city has been a singular one. I am dealing with the English newspapers only. That field is practically monopolized by two men, Lord Atholstan and Senator White. The word monopolized is used advisedly. The morning field is entirely covered at present by The Gazette, a paper which, though not at all of the large circulation that a metropolitan morning paper should have, has a solid clientele, mostly composed of the business men, merchants, and financial elements. It has a fairly comprehensive morning delivery service to the homes of the comparatively well-to-do. A little stodgy and heavy, maybe, it is on the whole a reliable newspaper and, however much one may disagree with its editorial opinions, its news columns are dependable and not colored. Exhaustive if not exhausting, would be a fair description of The Gazette as a newspaper.

In the evening newspaper field Lord Atholstan dominates the situation with The Star and The Herald. The latter is a negligible quantity and appears to be kept alive merely to hold the Associated Press franchise and so keep any other paper out of the evening field. The Star is, of course, the great English newspaper, having a big circulation and virtually no opposition. It has everything that money can command at its disposal but has waxed fat with high living. On occasion it does splendid newspaper work—the sinking of the Empress of Ireland was a case in point—but to-day seems to be resting on its laurels as if to say to advertisers and public: "You've got to come to The Star, whether you like it or not." On its local news side The Star, having virtually no opposition, as I have already said, has grown indifferent as the years have gone and you get the local news if The Star gets it and you don't get it if The Star doesn't get it. Meaning by which that The Star is suffering from the lack of real competition.

Apart from THE AXE, the only newspaper in the weekly field until the advent of The Sunday Sun was The Standard, the third of Lord Atholstan's "holy trinity", which as a newspaper has had as close a relationship to the age in which it lives as the late King Tut had to Radio. Here again the evils of monopoly have produced their inevitable fruit. The Standard has come to be regarded by those who run it as the last word in what a week-end paper should be. Of course, as its editor has been fond of claiming for it, it has had a wonderful run of "scoops" but, as they have invariably been scoops of stories that broke after the other papers went to sleep for the week-end The Standard could hardly prevent itself being first with the news. I remember a woman objecting to the old Witness because she could only wrap up two lunches in it. That good soul would regard The Standard with avidity, I am sure, if she judged it for its availability as wrapping paper. There is plenty of it, but quality is not permitted to overshadow quantity too noticeably. Its editorials are execrable; its "scissors and paste" badly selected, and its whole policy seems to be to rely on "services" and names, rather than news and up-to-dateness.

It is into this field that The Sunday Sun has projected itself, a monopolistic field, to contend for a place. That it should be welcomed there can be no doubt. It is not a healthy condition of things that two men should dominate the supply of news and the creation and direction of public opinion in a great city like Montreal. Of late the public has seen The Gazette execute a right-about-face on the question of the fifteen-million-dollar loan to La Banque Nationale, first condemning it, then, at the behest of Premier Taschereau, approving it. The marvellous changes of policy and practice that have occurred in The Star have been so frequent that the public seldom knows where it stands on any question except that of tuberculosis. And the genius for mixing the cards which is characteristic of Lord Atholstan has made The Star as dangerous as a mad dog to be allowed at large in the body politic.

Does The Sunday Sun portend the end of the long intolerable newspaper situation in Montreal? I verily believe that it does. I do not believe that it means the end of any existing paper. The Standard has taken on a new lease of life already and its long somnolence seems to be over. More pep and effort have been put into The Standard in the last two issues than I have seen in years. More power to it! May it prosper. It shows what a little healthy competition will do. Freddy Yorston has self-sacrificingly given up his summer vacation in order to stand by the ship and the "old man" has given orders to spend money like water in order not to let The Sunday Sun get ahead of The Standard. His Lordship forgets that more than money is required to make a newspaper or keep one alive. Brains, energy, hard work, initiative, dash, courage, and vision are amongst the things needed and the poor old Standard does not seem to have much of any of them.

Frankly I say that the people of Montreal should welcome The Sunday Sun because it is the first ray of hope on a clouded horizon. We have all been too long the playthings of Lord Atholstan's whims and ambitions, or the unconscious victims of Senator White's retrograde outlook on life, meaning by the same no reflection upon his business ability. Advertisers require an alternative to either paper. The whole newspaper situation is in the hands of the people. If they want to have things different they will be different. The Sunday Sun will be a means of helping to bring about desirable changes. It therefore deserves encouragement and support.

JOHN H. ROBERTS.

AXE-L GREASE

AN inquisitive boy wants to know if it would not be wiser to phrase it this way: "Better little imbibing than a great deal of headache."

A pessimist says that the only way to avoid trouble is to die young.

If a man has common sense he seldom makes use of it in a love affair.

"France submits her rock-bottom concessions." Possibly the Kaiser had something like that in mind when he spoke of the Allies "biting on granite."

Some men are smart about getting what they want, and also smart enough to learn in the end that they would have been much better off if they hadn't got it.

In books it is represented as difficult for a man to propose marriage to a woman. In real life a fairly respectable man could propose to 20 women in a day and be accepted.

If the "No more war" organizations really hope to accomplish anything they will contrive to make carnage unprofitable. And the greatest profiteers are found in the armament rings.

It's "all work and no play," with lots of would-be dramatists.

"Nearly every man," says Gordon Selfridge, "thinks that he can do three things: run a newspaper, build a fire, and guide the government wisely." And it's all Lombard street to a China orange that Mr. Selfridge thinks he can do all these.

Making a fortune is less unusual than knowing how to use one.

A young bachelor with money to burn has difficulty in avoiding a match.

Dullness is very often only a name for slow development.

It is entirely a new theory that "A surplus of labour" makes the lot of the labourer more tolerable.

It is foolish to think you've royal blood in your veins just because your father happened to get stung by a queen bee.

The silliest touch of tongue or pen is in the phrase:—"I knew him when . . ."

The Farmer-Labour Party—ginger group department—does not see its way clear to accept orders from a number of men who neither "farm" nor "labour." Oh, my!

Why waste money on a barometer? Let your rheumatism say when.

A third party couldn't be any worse than "the two" we have at the present moment.

HOW much rent is being demanded for certain "Select Departments" in some sections of Montreal?

Will MacKenzie King ever return Laurier House to the Liberal Government?

We may be godless in some ways, but we have enough religion to start some very good fights.

Women are just like flowers—when they fade they dye.

One trouble with the Canadian wheat harvest is that Russia is "coming back," although its export this year will be but moderate—smaller, perhaps, than it would have been had ten million or so Russians been allowed to die of famine.

Ramsay MacDonald says:—"If I cannot manage to bring about peace it will mean that I have failed in my job." Great minds all think alike.

We do not wish ourselves classified amongst those who think that newspapers can govern the world.

The Editorial Point of View

A Scrutiny of Current Events

The Conservative Split

IT is an unfortunate thing that in the St. Antoine Division, where a by-election is to be held on September 2nd to replace the Hon. Walter Mitchell, the Conservative forces should be divided.

In Mr. William Birks and Mr. Leslie Bell they have two good candidates. Either of them would make a good representative of the division. But if both of them go to the poll neither of them is likely to be member for St. Antoine. That seems a certainty.

It is unfortunate because the coming by-election will be the first opportunity that the greatest industrial centre in Canada will have to express its opinion on the Robb Budget and the proclaimed sounding of the death knell of Protection by the King Government. And that is a vital issue for Canada as well as for Montreal.

If a Free Trade candidate is returned by reason of there being two Protectionist candidates against him it will not be a victory for Free Trade but it will be claimed as such by the King Government and its supporters. The Government will then throw out its collective chest and go ahead with the ruin of Canada's industries. For ruin is what will happen if the tariff barriers are let down and this country gets dumped into the surplus products of American factories and the goods made by the cheap labor of other foreign countries.

St. Antoine, below the hill, is a working class constituency and, with the issue of Protection vs. Free Trade properly placed before the electors, will give a verdict for Protection. Their work and wages, their homes and families, are all at stake, and, under such conditions, with the issue clearly before them, they will not betray Canada and themselves. But with a divided vote victory seems impossible.

It is not for us to say who should retire but, if there is any saving common sense left in Conservatism, one of them will and must get off the track.

Whitewashing Taschereau

ALFRÉD DURANLEAU, M.L.A., is reported in The Gazette to have said at the Conservative Picnic at King Edward Park on Sunday that—

"In the Blanche Garneau case he (Mr. Taschereau) had sought for a whitewashing from two judges, named by himself, and this whitewashing not being complete had gone to John H. Roberts for a further whitewashing."

The meaning of Mr. Duranleau's remarks is somewhat obscure. If he means that the editor of this paper has given the Premier any coat of whitewash Mr. Duranleau must be color blind. Consistently ever since the release of Mr. Roberts from the Quebec jail this paper has attacked and denounced Premier Taschereau.

In the first number of THE AXE printed after the termination of his incarceration he gave the lie direct to Taschereau and at every turn has been his severest critic.

It ill becomes Mr. Duranleau, who rode into office on the wave of anti-Taschereau feeling created by the campaign of THE AXE against Premier Taschereau and the flood-tide of indignation aroused by John H. Roberts's persecution and imprisonment at the hands of the Taschereau Government, to now attempt to belittle the man who spoke out when the Duranleaus were silent and went to prison for sake of his convictions, getting not even the salary of a member of the Legislative Council for his reward, as has Mr. Duranleau.

A REPROBATE'S RING

It is our duty from time to time to reveal to the public some of the inner workings and dangers of the white slave gang and to call upon the police to make greater efforts to bring this ghastly traffic to an end. A young married man has called to see us to tell us that his wife has been lured away from him. Finery, automobiles, dancing, luxury—and then desolation. In this case a honest young Frenchman has been deserted by a wife who prefers to accept the "generosity" of a man who might be her father. We have some meagre details, but we are hoping that the wanderer may return before it is too late. A word to the wise in this case should be sufficient.

ALLURING PROSPECTUSES

Alluring prospectuses and circulars continue to be broadcasted with unerring aim by various companies—bogus and otherwise—some of which, on the face of the proposition they represent, look like a very fine thing

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PREMIER TASCHEREAU SETS UP A NEW SPEED RECORD

But Jean Baptiste Gets a Shock and Says "Mon Dieu!
C'est le Czar!"

THE STORY OF A FAMOUS RIDE

WHO is the champion speedist of the Province of Quebec? Nobody would think it was the Premier, Mr. Louis Alexandre Taschereau, K.C., M.L.A., Attorney General and, therefore, the person responsible to His Majesty King George for the enforcement of law in the Province of Quebec.

But such appears to be the case. Recently a banquet was held at St. Therese in honor of Mr. L. Athanase David, Provincial Secretary. Amongst those bidden to the feast was the Premier. He might have made excuses as did some of those told of in a certain parable contained in Holy Writ.

He had had a tiring day attending to departmental business. Doubtless he was holding conferences with Chief Lorrain on questions of law enforcement, the catching of hold-up men, and the discovery of undiscovered murderers, of which there are quite a-plenty around here.

But whatever his duties, he was tired and sought relaxation. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning. And the David banquet at St. Therese was timed to begin at 7.30. Of course, some people always come in late to any affair so that the people will rise and cheer them when they come in.

But not so Mr. Taschereau. He is the essence of punctuality as well as the soul of honor. So off the automobile dashed on its joy ride to St. Therese. Street cars were passed as if they did not exist. Traffic jams had no fears for the Taschereau car. Is he not the Czar of all the Quebecers and must not the Czar have right of way?

Soon the country was reached and then—the open throttle and the thrown-out clutch. Villages passed through were seen, if not felt. Mothers hastily grabbed their children from the road where they played, and crushed them to their bosoms in devout thankfulness. Had not the mighty man passed by and, although he had not deigned to raise his hat, had certainly raised the dust! And who knew but that he might build another Taschereau bridge or prison, or court house, or something for the people to admire as a Taschereau gift, though they must pay the bills?

Jean-Baptiste sat on the front stoop of many a village store as the modern John Gilpin sped by and all Jean-Baptiste could say was, "Mon Dieu! C'est le Czar!" The balloon tires held out—Mr. Taschereau has his own special brand of "air"—the water boiled in the radiator, the gasoline ran low in the tank, but the speed was maintained and, at last, the great man arrived at St. Therese on the stroke of 7.30, on time, his reputation for punctuality secure, his honor safe, and with a new speed record to his credit.

He had done umpty miles an hour and, as the Czar can do no wrong, had broken no law. Is he not the Attorney General; how could he?

It is understood, however, that new legislation aimed at curbing the reckless speeding of automobilists will be introduced next session.

AN OVER-GOVERNED COUNTRY

CANADA'S veteran statesman, Sir George Foster, who knows more about the government of Canada, if experience counts for anything, than anyone else in Canada, has been urging a reduction in the number of Cabinet ministers. Sir George proposes the abolition of the department of Secretary of State, the combination of the departments of Public Works, Railways and Marine and Fisheries, the merging of the two great tax collection departments of Finance and Customs, the wiping out of the Solicitor-General and the addition of the portfolio of Soldiers' Reestablishment to the department of Militia and Defense.

Canada to-day has 17 Cabinet ministers on salary, with several ministers without portfolio, while the United States, with 11 or 12 times the population, has only eight Cabinet ministers. The cost of the Canadian Cabinet is \$229,000, as against \$105,000 in the United States. In addition there would be the saving in staff and secretariat, which would run into hundreds of thousands more.

The whole fact of the matter is that Canada is overgoverned. Not only is there too much government at Ottawa, but it is unnecessary to keep up all the pomp and ceremony of the Mother of Parliaments in nine different provinces. The three Maritime Provinces should be federated, with one Parliament. It would make for both economy and efficiency and would give the provinces by the sea greater influence in the affairs of the Dominion. It is absurd, for instance, for Prince Edward Island, with a population less than the County of Middlesex, to have a Lieutenant-governor, cabinet, staff and all the paraphernalia of a province of the size of Ontario.

In the Prairie Provinces to-day one of the biggest problems is the heavy taxation, and the heavy taxation is largely due to duplication in administration. Not one of the three provinces has a population a quarter the size of Ontario, and yet there are three lieutenant-governors, etc. Each of the three provinces has parliament buildings that would be worthy of Ottawa.

The Province of Manitoba has a Legislature of 55 members. They are paid a sessional indemnity of \$1,500 a year. The prime minister is reim-

bursed with a salary of \$6,900 a year, and there are six cabinet ministers drawing \$5,000 a year, making a total in legislature salaries of \$118,500. The Province of Saskatchewan has 63 members in the Legislature who draw a sessional indemnity of \$1,800 a year. The premier is remunerated to the extent of \$7,500 annually, while there are six cabinet ministers drawing \$6,000 per year, a total of \$136,900. Alberta is the most generous of the three provinces. It has 58 legislative members, who are paid \$2,000 per annum. The Prime Minister gets \$8,500, while the six cabinet ministers are paid \$6,000 each making a total of \$150,000. The total cost of the three legislatures alone is thus \$425,900. Is it any wonder that taxation is heavy in Canada, while we are worried to death with too many laws?

There was a curious expression on the face of the new boarder as he sniffed at the contents of his coffee-cup and set it down.

"Well," asked the handlady in a peevish tone, "have you anything to say against the coffee?"

"Not a word," he answered. "I never speak ill of the absent."

When the little son was about two weeks old a friend arrived to see the new comer.

"How is the little youngster?" was the first inquiry.

"Oh, fine!" replied the young mother. "He seems to be growing more like his father every day."

"Too bad!" said the friend sorrowfully. "And have you tried everything?"

"Irene" "Mary" Dale Winter!



We all like Dale of The Duffy Players at The Orpheum, because she is not only a fine actress and singer but a good fellow. She is starred in "Buddies" this week.

"THE SECRET TOLL"



IN JASPER LANE TWO HUNDRED FEET WEST OF SHERIDAN ROAD YOU WILL SEE A GREAT OAK TREE ON THE LEFT SIDE. BEFORE MIDNIGHT SATURDAY PLACE \$10,000 IN THE OPENING YOU WILL FIND IN THIS TREE. FAILURE TO COMPLY MEANS DEATH. BE WARNED!

FRIENDS OF THE POOR

All about it in
THE AXE Next Week

PEPPER and SALT

By D. C.

A Competition.

A CONTEMPORARY has been holding a competition in which it asks its readers what quality a man most admires in a woman and vice versa.

The Masculine Qualities.

Seemingly the masculine qualities most admired by women are love of home, benevolence, industry, fidelity, will-power and honesty. Did anyone ever hear anything so depressing? It reminds one of the epitaph on a young man's grave in Ireland—"Here lies William Jones, guileless, amiable, and modest, who was drowned while accidentally crossing his father's river." Can you beat it? Don't you love the idea of "Accidentally crossing a river". A sort of little "Johnny head in air" who blundered into the river without knowing that it was there.

A Benevolent Man.

But just imagine a man who was benevolent, who loved his home, and who was faithful—what a terrible combination! It sounds as though it were a description of a dog called "Dash" or "Sport". You know the type of dog who is always wagging his tail and covering you with hair. And we have met men of that breed. They are intensely amiable; they rush about trying to do you little services; they generally wear spats and they always fall over their own feet.

A Most Awful Nuisance.

A MAN who loves his home is a most awful nuisance. Really the home should be confined to the women. All that is necessary for a man is that he should love the wife who controls the home. The male home-lover insists upon doing odd jobs about the house such as putting-up brackets that nobody wants, and tinkering over taps. "Tapping" ends in one thing only and that sure is a plumber's bill. Man is or should be an outdoor animal. He is not a cat to lie about the house.

Makes Us Shudder.

As for a faithful man—why it really makes us shudder. Faithfulness is not a man's long suit and if he is faithful it is just because he has no chance to be anything else. We will therefore eliminate fidelity from the list of manly virtues.

The same paper also asks for a list of faults which one sex should most easily forgive in the other. The replies connote that women could most easily forgive greediness, teasing, and sedentary habits. They'd get a nice man, wouldn't they? Benevolent, sedentary, faithful, and greedy. If we wanted anything of this description we could buy a nice large middle-white pig at the next cattle show. The pig might not look handsome but he certainly would be much more desirable.

A Greedy Man

A greedy man with sedentary habits is the type that has a curly black beard and drops his food in it. Ugh! Habits, anyhow, are extraordinary things for any man to have. In many cases they are unnecessary, as they make men settle in their ways and run in a groove all their lives like automatons.

How Different?

HOW different are the qualities that a real woman admires in a man. She insists on a sense of humor and intense courage and one who understands to make love brilliantly.

Do One Thing Well!

He must also do some one thing very well. It may be tennis playing, or polo, or baseball, or even writing—but something. Oh, they must have broad shoulders. Now honest to badness, couldn't most women rather have a man like that than the sedentary, benevolent pig?

Worse Than The Oath

When will these experimental doctors cease to make our flesh creep? The drug (scopolamin) will certainly not be a drug on the market if half its virtues are able to stand the test of

and the ample shelter of your crinoline! What then?

Astride or Aside?

Women who ride are returning to the side saddle of their mothers. They may even be said to have returned to it. We shall not see again the flowing habits concealing the trousered legs which in the Victorian age, when girls were presumably mermaids, were limbs "not to be mentioned before Mrs. Boffin." But we may see less and less of the breeched and booted amazon.

On aesthetic grounds, the retrogression may be welcomed. A few women look charming astride a horse. Most look rather unattractive and not particularly safe. Indeed, the best horsewomen are agreed that, whereas it is well enough to hack or even hunt astride, a side-saddle is far safer in crossing a stiff country.

There remains the horse. Side-saddles may bring more sore backs, but only because riding has been ill-taught. They can and should be avoided. As for the revival of an old fashion, the "ayes" have it.

THE ORIGIN OF CRIME

TWO Chicago men, one a jurist and the other a psychiatrist, say they are convinced that crime is caused by a physical defect of the brain. They assert that their discovery has provided a rational and consistent explanation of every kind of crime from petty larceny to murder. Their experiments have shown, they insist, that it is possible to predict what specified crimes certain people will commit.

Each of the two men is famous in his profession, and it cannot be denied that their field of observation has been a wide one.

Crime is fast becoming the greatest problem of government in this country. Our city and provincial governments are now spending huge sums of money to prevent and punish crime. Expenditure for these purposes is estimated at nearly 50 per cent of the total cost of general administration.

How the theory applies may be seen from the case of a lawyer near Chicago who some months ago murdered his wife in cold blood. He cut her head from her body, imbedded it in cement, and used this as a pillar to support the back porch of his house. It is contended that this man, like everybody else, has two brains. One is the upper brain, or cortex, the seat of the intelligence. The other is the lower brain, or basal ganglia, the seat of the emotions. This lawyer's upper brain, they report, is rather above the ordinary. He was successful in his profession. But his intelligence had little to do with his crime, for crime comes chiefly from defects of the lower brain, according to the theory. This man's lower brain is defective. If tests now available had been applied to him ten years ago, the defect would have been apparent. It is an inherited and incurable defect, we are told.

Many will object that the "discovery" tends to justify and further encourage the over-prevalent resort to the plea of emotional insanity by defence attorneys. The announcement, in fact, comes coincident with the trial of Nathan Leopold, Jr., and Richard Loeb, the murderers of the Franks boy. Their lawyers are constructing just such an "emotional insanity" defence. The theory so advanced, with its claim to scientific accuracy of experimentation and its appearance of plausibility, might easily serve as a sleeping potion to a public whose sense of right and wrong and of justice has been outraged by the dastardly crime of the Leopold and Loeb youths.

It is well, perhaps, to suggest that emotional insanity is being employed as a plea in behalf of criminals who are in the majority of instances emotionally sane enough to feel a genuinely emotional horror of the gallows once their crimes have been perpetrated. In fact, the belief is gaining ground among phrenologists that the appalling growth of crime in this country is partly due to the failure of our criminal procedure to provoke a timely emotional horror of punishment before the crimes are committed.

Months and years are allowed to elapse between the commission of a crime and its just punishment. The evil-doer takes a chance on profiting by the delay.

"THE TIME HAS COME," THE WALRUS SAID, "TO TALK OF MANY THINGS"

MAKE THEM BUILD

WE have said, and we shall continue to say that Montrealers can only be adequately housed when they are organized for peace as they were for war.

ORDERS NOT REQUESTS

When a government arises with the necessary courage and power to stand up impartially we shall get a sufficiency of houses. Not before.

FIT AND REFIT

We pay engineers in Canada less than scavengers, and then wonder why they go down to the United States. An inquiry might open the eyes of those who refuse to see.

PROTECT YOURSELVES

The practice of giving short weight is on the increase by both traders and peddlers. The best remedy is to weigh purchases at home and complain at once to the authorities when trickery has occurred.

IT'S NOT COMING

It is almost certain that there will not be a general election in Canada this year. Faced with impotence or certain defeat the Government does not intend to make an early appeal to the country.

CALL THEIR BLUFF

LET the Government formulate plans for land settlement, electrification, roads, waterways and afforestation. The responsibility for unemployment rests with them—and failure to make suitable provision for the workless will recoil upon the heads of the Misgovernors of the Dominion.

JAM TO-MORROW

A Progressive in Saskatoon says we can soon hope for "a substantial improvement in industrial and administrative capacity." Sounds well and means nothing, as usual.

FIGURES TALK

Dividends of 30 to 50 per cent. have been declared by many "companies" in various parts of the world. What about the poor consumer?

REASONABLE DEMANDS

There is a quite proper demand for "equal wages" for blind workers. When they are as efficient as others, it looks a gross injustice as well as gross meanness to penalize them for their infirmity.

EVERYONE'S RESPONSIBILITY

That there should still be so many ex-Servicemen unemployed is a bitter comment on the National honour. The very fact in itself should be enough to shame the Government into action.

MONEY FOR NOTHING

There are thousands of royalty owners in Great Britain, and in ten years no less than 300 million dollars has been handed to them. Is this extortion? Or has it another name?

NOT FOR LANDLORDS

"God," says one of the Cecils, "did not make the lands for the people." For sheer arrogance this woolly-minded aristocrat takes the biscuit.

A JOKE

The British Fascisti have registered themselves as a registered company. Such a singularly appropriate "notion" needs no comment.

WHAT IS IT?

TWO thousand political prisoners are in French jails for offences in the Ruhr. What is needed is an amnesty and a clean sweep of the iron-fisted officials responsible.

WHY DON'T THEY?

Yet another certain "cure" for cancer announced. All such claims should be closely analysed so that anxious sufferers may have an authoritative verdict.

METHYLATED HORROR

When are we going to have methylated spirits undrinkable? The evil gets worse than ever.

TOO LITTLE OVERSIGHT

We think that there should be more oversight and inspection of park swings. A serious accident will bring things to a head. Something should be done.

OUT OF DARKNESS

Sightless folk who have conquered despair and misfortune prove that they can, by abnormal grit, win a living and not charity from the world. Surely these good people are an inspiration to the hale and hearty!

AN ORPHAN'S GRATITUDE

The Barnardo Homes have brought out and placed many lads on Canadian farms capable of earning their own living. Now one who has made good has sent three thousand dollars to the home as a thank offering. If more people acted on this impulse and tried to help those who have helped them 'twould be a much happier world.

ST. ANTOINE DIVISION

THE bitter attack emanating from some unknown quarter and directed against Messrs. Ballantyne and Webster is as undignified as it is unjustified. Those who resort to this kind of political tactics cannot expect to get anywhere. The matter under review is an entirely unwholesome affair.

EMIGRATION TO U.S.A.

We have had our attention called to the unnecessary, silly, insulting questions put to Canadians who desire to cross the land into the U.S.A. We have a specific case before us of a lady who was gratuitously held up to ridicule and contempt last week. There is such a thing in this world as retaliation. Two can play at almost any game. We suggest that you take the hint and suitably reprimand your over-officious servants.

RIISING GENERATION

We note with much admiration the reported case of an old lady of seventy-seven years of age who has still all her wits about her and knows how to keep a cool head. When a fire broke out in her house she pluckily fought the flames and managed to keep them in check until the arrival of the police and fireman. What a grand old lady!

EYES RIGHT

A splendid lead in public health has been given by a certain corporation in having the eyes of newly-born children examined by a medical man within a few hours after birth. As a result hundreds of infants will be saved from permanent blindness. Public conscience is thus awakened to its responsibility. This is a good lead.

A DANGEROUS DOCTRINE

I SHALL always give credit for the patriotic action of the men who joined up when the war first broke out," said a magistrate the other day, who let off a man for driving a motor car while drunk. None has more respect than ourselves for men who joined up in 1914, but we fail to see that this gives them the right to jeopardize the lives and limbs of their fellow-citizens with impunity.

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Other People's Views

The Editor,
The Axe,
Montreal,
Sir:

REGISTRY OFFICES

In a local paper I read a letter regarding "employment agencies."

Some years ago whilst living in Toronto I was the means, indirectly, of exposing a tremendous fraud being practised there by certain agencies. It was a common practice to insert an advertisement for a housekeeper for father and son, or widower, to take entire charge, etc., etc.

That ad. occurred sometimes twice and even three times during the week, applied many times to an agency New to this country and its ways, I which seemed to be keen on inserting those particular advertisements and I was looking for a similar position. Their "modus operandi" I found to be a registering fee of \$1.00 before any information whatsoever was given. After that, if you were a bit late, or even early, they would get the phone in action, and always, as far as I was concerned, the position was filled. I have sat in the waiting-room many a time, to apply, with ten to twenty other women waiting with the same object as myself. During the day no doubt applications would easily mount to a hundred, and most probably more. Nice pickings from one "Ad." you will agree. Not one cent of your dollar would be refunded if the situation was gone and even a genuine "ad"—only one could fill it—but they continued to take the cash.

Following the news that the position was filled they would casually mention others on their books and offer the addresses—all outside the city and some a distance off. Before I fell wise to their little game I had an interval of maybe six months in applying again—same story exactly, and amongst the addresses after given were those of the ones previously given. I had never had a single reply from the half-dozen letters sent, so innocently concluded I was out of luck and all those were filled. Those same three addresses started me thinking and I came to the conclusion it was time to sit on them good and pretty. It was one gigantic fraud.

A police court case ensued, and the man had a jail term of three months and licence cancelled. It made fresh changes and rules and failing the situation one could demand at least half the fee returned, and I think it was cut to 50c. Some poor wretches new to the land, as I had been, had given their last dollar in anticipation of the position.

Now, Mr. Editor, I think you should get busy and find out a little about the matter I have referred to in the beginning of this rather long letter. There may be drastic changes needed. Expose the big things, my dear sir, never mind so much the private little affairs, and by such exposures you can be assured yourself of the support and friendship of the public.

You can do as you please regarding this letter, but I shall look in your paper for some reference to it and I hope you will get on the job. If you need any help, let me know. I am looking for something to fill in time as I have too much just now on my hands.

Wishing you all luck and may THE AXE grow to twice its present size.

A HELPER.

[We quite sympathize with our correspondent. We are aware of the irregularities and welcome correspondence bearing on this matter. We are at all times open for the utilization of our columns to ventilate dishonest practices of this character.]

A NATIONAL CONVENTION

430 City Hall Ave., Montreal.
The Editor,
The Axe,
Montreal.

Sir:—
In your issue of July 25 in the course of an article on the Premier of Canada, certain assertions are made which will hardly bear any real scrutiny or investigation. "Mackenzie King after several years of close association with the wealthy Standard Oil interests of the United States, came back to Canada, organized a National Convention of the

Liberal Party, and got himself elected leader. The National Liberal Convention was in August 1919, and King had been in Canada for two years previous, because he was a candidate in North York in the election of December 17, 1917, and was indeed the Leader of the Federal Liberals in Ontario in that contest. "The statement is also made that the delegates came to Ottawa pledged to vote Mackenzie King into the Leadership." Did they indeed? King was chosen by a majority of 38 only, or 476 to 438 for Mr. Fielding. Their expenses were paid, it is averred, on condition that they would vote to place King in the shoes of Laurier. Is the "Axe" prepared to allege that the 438 delegates who supported Fielding were paid to do so?

Or is it in character with much else that is asserted in the article that in fact there is not merely no evidence, for any of these statements, but the Editor of the "Axe" has drawn on his imagination for his facts, while his memory has betrayed him into a number of gross and childish errors. The present Premier of Canada had just as much to do with organizing the convention as the other candidates, Fielding, Mackenzie, and Graham.

In general no worse tissue of explored scandal and innuendo was ever concocted.

R. E. HUTCHINSON.

"TOO MANY EMPLOYMENT BUREAUS"

The Editor,
The Axe,
Montreal.

Sir:—
Don't you think there are too many employment agencies in Montreal? Would it not be better for both mistress and maid if "situations vacant" and "situations wanted" were advertised directly, so that supply and demand would be brought right in touch with each other? I think if this were done there would be fewer male and female applicants for positions walking around unemployed, while the employment agencies have the best situations in the city down in their books. It would be doing us a great favour to abolish some of them with their charges of from \$2 to \$6. If they like you they may get you a job if you pay their prices, if not they keep on telling you to come back to-morrow. What is your opinion on this? I would like to hear from anybody else who may agree with me.

HELP ONE.

"TOO MANY EMPLOYMENT BUREAUS"

123 St. Zotique, Montreal.
The Editor,
The Axe,
Montreal.

Sir:—
I wish to call your attention to the Registry Office Scandal. There are a number of these places in town where you are promised a job. The whole thing is a farce. I have had some experience of it. These places want clearing out and at once.

Yours truly,
A. E. OUELLETTE.

Home Reading.

Mrs. Miller: "I want to get a book that will keep my husband at home for a few evenings."
Librarian: "Yes, madam, awake or asleep?"

"Yes," said the young student, thoughtfully, "When I get interested in a subject I never stop until I have embraced it thoroughly."

"That's nice!" was her hesitating reply.
"Do—do you think I'm an interesting subject?"

A policeman, with more than usual avoirdupois and expanse of shoe leather, had just passed a little terrace, with a bit of garden in front, when a small boy ran after him.

"Halloa, kiddie!" said the arm of the law genially, "what can I do for you?"

"Mother sent me out," answered the youngster, "to ask you if you would mind walking up and down our path for a minute or two. It's just been gravelled, and we ain't got a roller."

Murdered For Politics



WALTER MUIR

My Dear Mr. Roberts:—

I desire to express my sincere gratitude to you for the interest and courageous manner which you have displayed in placing before the Canadian people the real facts of the case of my beloved son, Walter Muir.

The Axe certainly tells the truth. My only boy and child, my all, was taken from me, slaughtered and murdered by cowardly officials. The politicians are nothing more or less than bloodhounds.

When I appealed to your Prime Minister, MacKenzie King, he openly insulted me and said he had to make an example of the New York boys. I asked him if that meant that he was going to offer my boy up as a sacrifice. He hung his head like a dog and was too cowardly to answer me. Miss McPhail, the lady member of Parliament, asked him if Walter Muir was a Canadian boy would he consider him and, if he thought my boy was a boot-legger, why didn't he stop selling his Booze to Americans? He couldn't answer.

What about the bar-tender who sold the liquor to my boy? Why wasn't he brought to justice? Men without honor, they promised commutation of sentence, but, out of fear of losing the votes of Valleyfield, went back on it.

The people of Valleyfield jeered at my pleadings when I asked to be allowed to say a last farewell. My brave, innocent boy looked at the curious mob waiting to see his poor body hang, like hungry wolves that hadn't eaten for weeks. He looked at them with a smile and said, "I forgive them

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POISON-PEN LETTERS

We are told that a profound sensation has been caused in American society by the discovery of letter writers against the morals of well-known people in American life.

In a land where the study of psychological reactions is assiduously pursued, the explanation of this surprising conduct by otherwise reputable persons has already received a scientific character. It is described as being due to an abnormal psychology.

We are getting accustomed to the experience that the tension of the war years set up in many people changes in attitude of mind and variations in conduct which are full of surprises to their friends. We are discovering that the persons we thought we knew are exhibiting differences in habit and disposition far removed from those of the pre-war years. Something has happened to change their character. Kindness has degenerated to maliciousness, probity to dishonesty, rectitude to depravity, modesty has given way to a swaggering vanity. Past experience fails us as we attempt to read their minds or to preview their conduct, and we are left bewildered at the unaccountable disruption that seems to have overtaken those we formerly knew and respected.

THE STRAIN OF LIVING

SOME years ago, on an official inspection at Hanwell Lunatic Asylum, the then medical superintendent of that famous institution gave me the following explanation of the presence of a large majority of the inmates. He said that many persons managed to continue as sane members of society until the pressure of life proved too much for them. The responsibility of keeping going

as working units in the State wore them down, and they gradually succumbed to the insistent pressure of circumstances.

In some cases this collapse was accelerated by drink and other vices, but in the main the inmates at Hanwell were persons whose sanity had broken down by the mere requirements of daily living.

The strain of the war years affected us all, for it was a prolonged and unnatural condition of excitement. In fortunate cases the strain was restricted to the sub-conscious mind, but the danger is that this will in time react upon mentality, and it takes unusual and varying forms in its results.

IN A NEW WORLD

THUS, in persons of cultivated intellects and vivid imaginations it is found to cause moral degeneracy, and it becomes directed against friends and acquaintances whose previous records should protect them from such allegations.

In the American cases, letters have been written to public men coupling their names with other people's wives, and ordinarily decent people have even banded themselves together for the preparation and dispatch of these hideous missives. These are the notorious "poison-pen letters," and are baseless accusations against the honour of persons of repute.

We are not free from this form of mental disorder, for cases have occurred here in which similar letters have been written and received. We can only look to our alienists and psychologists to probe the causes of these aberrations so that the victims can be properly treated for their disorder and society protected from their insanity.

In this, as in other matters, we are creatures of another world, and we must learn to live in it.

and will pray for them, for they don't know any better."

They robbed me of my life. All I see now is emptiness and I can only pray to God to take me to my boy. I've tried so hard to endure life, but I can't. I just can't go on; there is nothing to go on for. Those men who call themselves "Ministers of Justice" don't know the meaning of the word "Justice."

Why didn't the Cabinet look for the cause? Why didn't they attack those who poisoned my boy with their wine until his head reeled? Let me correct that statement the bar-tender made during the trial about drinking beer. He was not drinking beer but wine, which the saloon-keeper admitted later. The Politicians are laughing now at my sacrifice, but they will not laugh when they face Almighty God and have to account for the murder of my innocent boy. May God deal with them as He sees fit.

Very sincerely yours,
(Mrs.) MAY MUIR.
612 West 182nd Street,
New York City,
N.Y., U.S.A.

P.S.:—
Mr. Roberts, if you wish to publish this letter you can, according to your own judgment, and I would greatly appreciate your sending me The Axe if it is published.

I feel sure our Secretary of State will order a thorough investigation of the case and am writing myself for the minutes of the trial. Never will I rest until someone is held responsible for the murder of my boy.

I thank you again for what you and

your paper have already done, and hope that I may rely upon the same to help my cause in the future.

MAY MUIR.

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"REVELATION" IS BOX OFFICE WINNER

"A modern miracle picture", as "Revelation" has been described does not belie its title, because with an all star cast embracing Monte Blue, Margery Daw, Lew Cody, Frank Currier, Edward Connolly, and the, in many imitable, Viola Dana, it has everything in its favour to make it the success which it undoubtedly is. This fine picture is built on the plot of Wagnall's famous story "The Rose Bush of a Thousand Years", and is one of those intensely absorbent tales, which so cunningly whispers love, tinged with humour, though with a thread of deep religious sentiment running through it, which makes a stirring appeal to the people of this community. The brainy prologue is in itself a great treat and its staging and elaboration are something that Harry Dahn and all those associated with him should be really proud of. We are, as a rule, given to cynicism, but in regard to "Revelation" we can spontaneously declare sincerely and truly that it is one of the best pictures we have seen in these parts.

The prologue has for its foundation the famous opera "Thais" and the orchestra in collaboration with Leonidoff and Florence Rogge give patrons something that is value for the admission money itself. In this picture as is quite natural there is a religious atmosphere all round, where a legend of a French monastery is unbarred which reveals a monk planting a rose bush which forgetting to bloom is taken by this pious man to heart as a

"The Rose of a Thousand Years"



Viola Dana displays her charm in "Revelation" at The Capitol. The picture was previously banned but has now got by the censors.

Now Showing
PALACE

William J. Locke's
"THE MOUNTEBANK"
Depicting
"THE SIDE SHOW OF LIFE"
with
ERNEST TORRENCE
and Anna Q. Nilsson

Coming **"BREAD"**

retribution for his sins. While he prays one day, however, The Virgin appears to him in a vision and henceforward the rose bush blossoms forth as a sign and token to the monk of the forgiveness of his sins. There is acting at this point of an exceptionally brilliant kind, Monte Blue, Lew Cody, and Viola Dana, being seen in photography of the superfine variety to great advantage. It is the story of Joline Hofer a habitue of Montemartre who forsakes a gay life in Parisian cafes for the sake of falling in love with a poor artist who paints the legend of the monastery rose bush.

Space does not permit us to go into details of how Joline dressed as a boy gained access to the monastery grounds. It is none the less very cleverly done, and the picture reflects very great lustre on the Metro-Goldman Corporation who are its producers. The picture introduces scenes of the greatest tension at times eventually bringing the greatest happiness to Joline and Paul.

The crowded houses at the Capitol this week give abundant testimony of

the pictures merit. All the artists engaged acquit themselves with great distinction. In addition to the feature picture the program embraces all the usual Capitol attractions, and it is quite proper to predict that those who patronize the show this week, will be satisfied with the menu provided for their delectation.

George R. Rotsky, the much-esteemed manager of the Palace Theatre, has gone away with Mrs. Rotsky for their annual holiday. Mr. Rotsky says that he wants a real, good rest and that he is going to get it. His many friends trust that he will come back thoroughly invigorated and refreshed.

LET THE PEOPLE USE THEIR PARKS

Dear Axe:—
"Taxpayers" letter re being chased from the parks at 10:30 p.m. on hot summer nights has but one side in my opinion and his side is the principal one. If these guardians of our morals are so strict why don't they placard notices around the parks telling us what is "closing time"? I've never seen any yet and I'm puzzled as to the closing hours. Can sit in Dominion Square till midnight if I wish, and perhaps longer some nights. Lafontaine Park, one side 11 p.m., somewhere else till 10 p.m., somewhere else till midnight. Each section of our parks, it seems, has its own law. The mountain park closing up depends on the wishes of

GOOD-ALL ROUND BILL FOR IMPERIAL PATRONS

A rare musical treat, a thrill on two and laughs galore are features of eKith's six-act vaudeville at the Imperial this week, while the picture "Happiness," a Metro Studio production, adapted from the international stage success of Hartley Manners, with Laurette Taylor starring, portrays a good moral and through its comic strain sustains interest throughout.

The headliner, a musical sketch, with Allan Rogers, Lenora Allen and Charles Lurvey at the piano, is a treat. Allen Rogers' lyric tenor and Miss Allen's sweet, clear soprano, in songs old and new, make a duet that is inspiring and well rendered. Mr. Lurvey at the piano completes a perfect ensemble, though he leaves his audience unsatisfied after one short piano solo. The act, which is splendidly executed, is charming throughout, and is accorded well deserved and enthusiastic applause.

The programme opens with Jack and Jessie Gibson in "A Cycle of Smiles and Thrills," in which some very clever work is displayed. From a height of about fifteen feet the one-wheeled cyclers defy all the laws of equilibrium to the manifest delight of a breathless audience.

Sally Beers, though small in stature, is there with the goods in an unique synecopation which is wholesome and refreshing.

Bert Wilcox and Josephine Lacroix in "The White Collar Man," put on an act that departs somewhat from the original and is inclined to drag a little, as did also the repartee presentation by Mack and Earl, both of which, however, were rather well presented.

In closing the vaudeville program, Mary and Ann Clark, in "What's What," left the audience in high good humor. The scene was the arrival of an immigrant ship, when Elizabeth O'Flaherty passes through the ordeal of being examined by a U.S. custom's official. In typical Irish fashion she provides some real laughs, one of which is evoked in her defence of the finding of a flask of brandy amongst her luggage. Elizabeth rises to the occasion by calling it her night-cap.

The picture, "Happiness," shows an interesting plot with a wholesome moral. Laurette Taylor, as Jenny Wreay, depicts the life of the eight-dollar-a-week shop girl struggling, though happy, and supporting a worried and spirit-broken mother, while, on the other hand, the pampered children of the rich are shown simply dying of boredom. The moral, "Looking Forward," is ably portrayed in the ambitions of Jenny Wreay. She is supported by Pat O'Mally as a young electrician.

The program is an all-round good one.

one hot night (and this park is opposite a police station) and wondered why our city fathers do not copy American roles regarding parks with the same spunk they do other things. They are wasting money buying new number plates for street doors, and creating a terrible mix up by the wrong correspondence made, yet cannot spare a few dollars for signs to tell people in the parks the hours to come and go therefrom. If some of these people who enforce these petty laws had to work inside a factory or other building all day long, instead of sunning themselves around the parks they would learn to appreciate the value of a lay off in the evenings where the coolest air can be had.

If they want the parks for the children in the day time only, why don't they say so? Those responsible for the children's existence can then sit at home and chase mosquitoes. The time has come to can this stuff? We all cannot drive our motors to the lakeside for breezes and pay fat license fees for such privileges. Our city fathers evidently believe the night air bad for them. Since we cannot get any other kind of air at the time, why cannot we be let make the best of what we do inhale?

ANOTHER TAXPAYER.
Montreal, Aug. 5th, 1924.

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ALL THIS WEEK

THE HENRY DUFFY PLAYERS

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"BUDDIES"

WITH

Dale Winter—Henry Duffy

Commencing Monday, August 18

"CONNIE GOES HOME"

WITH

DALE WINTER

HENRY DUFFY

IMPERIAL

Commencing Sunday—Six Acts B. F. Keith Vaudeville

"The Man Who Hath No Music in Himself Is Fit For Treasons, Stratagems and Spoils"—Shakespeare.

ALLAN ROGERS and LEONORA ALLEN
In Favorite Melodies—Charles Lurvey at the Piano.

MURRAY & ALAN
Jesters of 3000 Years Ago

MARY & ANN CLARK
in "What's What"

Bert—Josephine
WILCOX & LACROIX
In Their New Act
"The White Collar Man"

SALLY BEERS
Vaudeville's Youthful Synecopator

JACK & JESSIE GIBSON
"A Cycle of Smiles and Thrills"

Even better than "Peg O' My Heart"
LAURETTE TAYLOR in "HAPPINESS"

From the international stage success by J. Hartley Manners. Speedy as the rushing wind, light as Springtime atmosphere, bright as the sunlight's beams, Laurette Taylor offers you the greatest entertainment you've ever had in this captivating picture.

"BUDDIES" A BIG SUCCESS

A merry musical play—"Buddies"—is the Henry Duffy attraction at the Orpheum Theatre this week and "capacity" was the auspicious send-off given it last night.

"Buddies" is a genuine comedy and deals with the interesting side of soldier life in France after the Armistice. The author has selected his types so that they clearly portray the viewpoints of the men who were in service. There is no fighting, that is with bullets, and no battle roar can be heard in the distance. It is a play of "buddies" after their serious work had been completed. The opening scene, in which one of the "buddies" battles with his lack of knowledge of the French language in an effort to get a meal is a most delightful bit of comedy.

The story contains a delightful love story dealing with two soldiers, Babe and Sonny, Julie, a French girl, and Louise Maitland, the girl "who lived in Toronto". They all are a human lot of characters with ideas and ideals that make you chuckle and cheer with a tear or two and a happy ending.

I had not had the good fortune to see the Duffy folk in musical comedy previously so that "Buddies" came as an entirely pleasant surprise. The play is under the personal direction of T. Daniel Frawley who also takes the part of Alphonse Pettibois in this piece. The only fault to be found with the performance—if it can be called a fault—is that it is unduly lengthy;—caused for one thing by the recalls in many of the more popular pieces—which are so abundantly recurrent. Dale Winter, as Julie, is the stellar artiste, and excels, as an actress and sweet singer of much charm. Her "Fairy Tales" item; "Hullo Home"; and "Please Learn to Live" leave an entirely pleasant impression with those who have the good fortune to hear. William Phelps, as "Sonny," has quite a lot to do and does it splendidly. He is a popular actor who makes a more pleasing impression as time advances. In "Buddies" he gets room to sing and frolic to his heart's content and thus it is that he gets away with an abandon that is entirely wholesome. Everybody's favourite in Montreal—the charming Katherine Revner—made a great hit as Louise Maitland, the fiancée of Sonny. "The girl from Toronto" goes good, and her manner makes a deep impression with local playgoers. Miss Revner will certainly travel far in her profession. John Carmody, Margaret Wolfe, Adrian Perrin, Doc O'Neil and Victor Garland all came into the picture in greater or lesser degree, and their work has not a little to do with the successful evolution of "Buddies."

The musical numbers, deserving of special mention are the Buddies Quartette, "Speciality," "My Indispensable Girl," sung by William Phelps and Miss Revner; and "Darling I," charmingly done by Henry Duffy and William Phelps. This number is really a scream, and Duffy has to be seen to be really properly appreciated.

I must really have a special paragraph for Henry Duffy himself.

He is the "goods." The more I see of him the better I like him, for the simple reason that everything he does is finished and carries the hall-mark of sheer ability. From the ridiculous "threading of a needle," which he does so cleverly, to his love-making with Julie, he is the finished product. Laugh! those who want a laugh, who want innocent though none the less genuine merriment can have it quite lavishly provided in a visit to the Orpheum. His part in "Buddies" is particularly suitable to the versatile Henry, and he fairly revels in it.

Margaret Wolfe made a sympathetic and prudent Madame Benoit, and Charles Jordan, the orderly, performed as to the manner born. Nor should I forget to give a word of praise to the Sisters Macfarlane, who dance and sing very graciously and who speak "the French" quite finely. It is but fair and proper to say that there is not a weak spot in the whole outfit, and "the Players," as well as the audience, seem to extract quite a lot of fun out of "Buddies." Albert Bray and his old-timers do the orchestral honours in a way entirely charming, and their contributions are highly acceptable.

D. C.

"The Side-Show of Life"



Ernest Torrence, 'The Mountebank', in W. J. Locke's immortal story, tells Anna J. Nilsson that he left her because he loved her—at the Palace this week.

SPLENDID CAST IN LOEW'S PICTURE

The popular Reginald Denny is at Loew's again this week starring in

"The Reckless Age." Picture fans will recall this popular actor as the maker of thrills a-plenty in "Sporting Youth" and once again, he is repeating the dose. "The Reckless Age" being packed with all manner of scenes, brimful of love, pathos and

humour. "Reg" makes an excellent hero and portrays the dashing, romantic Lothario in the gay, grand manner. Patrons, therefore, who wish to see something worth while should go to Loew's this week, and have a real hearty laugh at Denny as the insurance agent who keeps personal guard over a nobleman who has taken out a premium to marry an heiress to whom he is engaged. Subsequently, in the picture there is a tangle of breach of promise and a diamond theft, another claimant for the title turning up—all of which parts are filled by the versatile and accomplished Reginald. The picture tells the story in detail of a nobleman in difficulty. Miss Dwyer is rapidly becoming a stellar attraction of great magnitude and once again stands out in this screening as a beautiful girl who knows her business. There is a bunch of other well known and gifted artists also in settings really spectacular. The solution of a maze of conflicting motives is a surprising climax—ending in a laugh; and the romantic thread running through the whole thing gives added charm to a pretty love story. Loew's patrons have beside the feature picture the "Jack Dempsey" series, as well as the usual topical and news items.

In vaudeville there is "Ambitions"—an ambitious though none the less delightful dainty comedy—a musical farce, filled with laughs and nonsense and song.

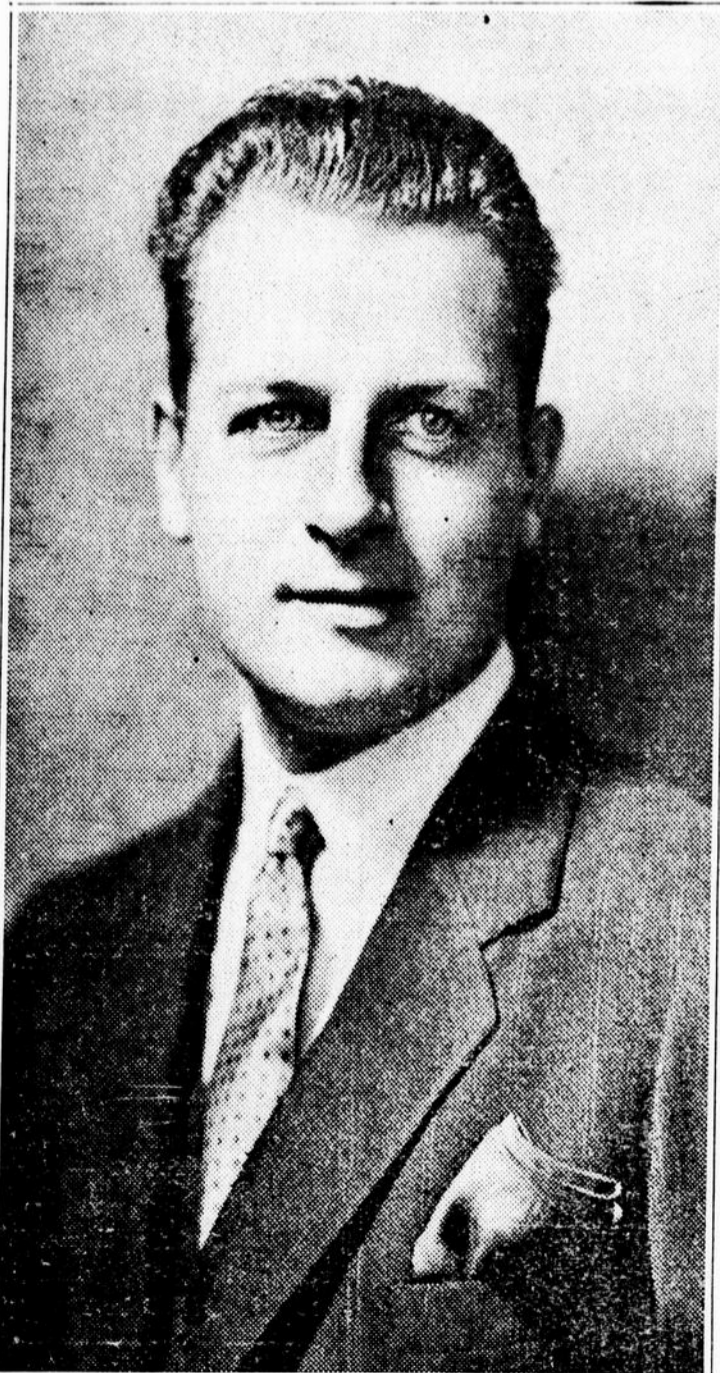
Billy Bann and Dave Mellon, of the "Broadway Review," are seen to advantage in "Sidewalk Chatter", which is comedy, and song, and pat-

ter, and chatter, served up briskly and cleverly.

Lloyd and Goodman present with much acceptance their "Song Smiles" with the result that many smiles and much applause follow their presentation.

D.C.

Reginald Denny



Reggie is a man's man and if you see him in "Reckless Age" at you'll say so, too.

CAPITOL Passion!
Love!
Bohemia!

STARTS SUNDAY



From Mabel Wagnall's "The Rose-bush of 1,000 Years"
Powerful and Poignant!
A Tale of Undying Love!

LOEW'S

CONTINUOUS 1-11 p.m.
Starting Sunday, Aug. 10.

REGINALD DENNY

—In—

"THE RECKLESS AGE"

Thrills—Laughter—Action

—Also—

JACK DEMPSEY

IN THE SECOND OF HIS SERIES OF

"FIGHT AND WIN"

BIG VAUDEVILLE BILL

FLAMING YOUTH

CHAPTER XXXV

(Continued from last week)
 "Do you know Scott?" asked her
 Scott interestedly.

"Yes. He used to visit in Dorris-
 dale. Do you?"

"Quite well. Everyone on the in-
 side in Europe knows him; he's one
 of the men who are doing big things
 under the surface at the conference."

"Tell me," urged Pat as they left
 the place.

He sketched Scott's career as con-
 fidential adviser to several of the
 most important of the protagonists in
 that Titans' struggle. "He's a sort
 of liaison officer, knowing France and
 this country as he does. He's had a
 rather rough time of it, lately, poor
 chap."

"Is he ill?" Pat had a struggle to
 control her voice.

"No. A domestic smash. His
 wife—that was—is a deminish sort of
 female. However, he's got well rid
 of her now. To be accurate, he let
 her get rid of him. Over-pleasant of
 him, all things considered."

"Perhaps she had cause, too." Pat
 hated herself as she said it. But she
 craved to know.

"Nothing of that kind," was the
 positive reply. "Scott has been living
 in an anchorite. They say he was
 hard hit here in America. As to that,
 I don't know. Certainly he has been
 devoting himself to his work with no
 room for any other devotion. Which
 is more than can be said of his ex-
 wife."

"I never met her," Pat heard her
 voice saying, and quite admired it for
 its tone of casual interest. "She
 didn't come to Dorrisdale."

"Speaking of Dorrisdale, I'm at
 Washington for a while. Mayn't I
 run up to see you?"

"No. I'm afraid not."

"That's a little—disappointing."

"You see, I'm going to be terribly
 busy until my wedding."

"Wedding? Oh! All my felicita-
 tions. I didn't know."

"Yes. I'm to be married to Monty
 Standish next month."

Even as her lips spoke the words
 her soul denied them. In the domi-
 nant depths of her, she knew that she
 could never marry Monty Standish
 now. Her thoughts, so lightly detach-
 ed from her fiancé by the easy charm
 of Warren Graves, had been claimed,
 coerced, irrevocably absorbed by the
 swift-passing phantom presentment of
 her former lover. The bond created
 when she had given herself to him
 was as nothing compared to this im-
 perative summons across the spaces.

After a night of passionate struggle,
 succeeded by resolute thinking, she
 wired Monty to come on. When he
 came, she broke the engagement. It
 was ruthless, cruel, unfair. Pat had
 no excuses, no extenuations to offer.
 She simply stood firm. Monty re-
 turned to college, failed of his gradua-
 tion, and let it be known among his
 indignant friends and relatives that
 Pat had ruined his career. Hot and
 righteous though his wrath was, he
 never so much as hinted at Pat's
 secret. Stupid, unstable, self-satisfied,
 spoiled; the plaster idol of an
 athlete-worshipping age; but neverthe-
 less a gentleman within whom one
 flame of honour burned clear and
 constant behind its dull encasement.

Pat's family variously raged, beg-
 ged, and protested. Pat let them.
 They prophesied social ostracism for
 her. She shrugged away the sugges-
 tion as improbable in the first place
 and not worth worrying about any-
 way. But she would have gone away
 had it not been for her self-assumed
 responsibility to her broken brother-
 in-law. And it was from him that
 her main support came. From the
 first he stood by her unquestioning.

"You're awfully good to me, Jim-
 mie-Jams," she said one day as she
 was wheeling him in the garden,
 having dismissed the attendant.
 "What did you really think when I
 told you I wasn't going to marry
 Monty?"

A smile of justified cleverness
 lighted up his pain-worn face. "I'd
 never thought that you would."

"Cute little Jimmie! Why not?"

"Too much brains. He'd never
 keep you interested and you found it
 out in time."

"Not too soon," observed the girl
 with a grimace. "The family are

still raising merry Hades about it."
 "Naturally. You don't think you're
 entitled to any Sunday-school award
 for good behaviour on the thing, do
 you?"

"No. I don't," admitted Pat. But
 she pouted.

A silence fell between them. It
 lasted for a full turn around the
 garden. Tired of pouting Pat broke it.

"Want to play bezique, Jimmie?"

"No."

"Want me to read to you?"

"No, dear."

"What the devil do you want? Oh,
 I'm sorry, Jimmie! I believe I've got
 nerves. Never knew there were such
 things before."

"Pat, stop the chair."

"What's the idea, Jimmie?"

"Come around here where I can
 see you."

"As per order."

"I know the man."

"What man?"

"The other man."

"I've been acquainted with several
 of 'em in my life."

"So I've been given to understand.
 I'm talking about the man on whose
 account you broke your engagement."

"You're seeing things, Jimmie.
 Monty himself is the nigger in that
 woodpile."

"What about Cary Scott?"

The look with which she faced him
 did not waver. "Well, what about
 him?"

"He's coming back."

"Coming back? Here?" Still her
 eyes were steady, but there was the
 faintest catch in her breathing.

"Well, no; he isn't. I just said
 that as an experiment. Though, of
 course, he might come if you wanted
 him. You do want him, don't you,
 Pat dear?"

"Sometimes. Other times I don't.
 How did you know?"

"When you've nothing to do but
 think," he explained, "you get tired
 of thinking about yourself by and by
 and begin to think about other people.
 I've been thinking a lot about you
 since we got to be pals."

"You're a dear, Jimmie-jams."

"I'm an old crab. But I'm fond
 of you. And Scott was good to me,
 too, when I was first laid up. When
 you think hard enough about people
 you're fond of you begin to see things
 about them, even things they may not
 see, themselves."

"Even things that maybe aren't
 there at all," she mocked.

"This is there," he asseverated.

"There's no use your pretending.
 When we talk I'm always catching
 echoes of Scott's influence in what
 you say. You're a different Pat
 from what you were before you knew
 him. I don't think you get on so well
 with yourself."

"You are clever, Jimmie. I don't.
 And it makes me furious."

"At him?"

"Yes. I don't know. At myself,
 too."

"I had a letter from him last week.
 We've carried on a desultory cor-
 respondence since he left."

Pat's eyes livened. "What does he
 say about me?"

"How do you know he says any-
 thing about you?"

"Don't tease. Tell Pattie."

"You ought to know Scott well
 enough to realise that he isn't the
 sort to display his feelings in a show
 window. But there are lines that one
 could read between. Have you writ-
 ten to him, Pat?"

"No."

"Aren't you going to send for
 him?"

Her face darkened with troubled
 memories. "I couldn't. You don't
 understand. I couldn't, Jimmie."

"I could write."

"You shan't. You mustn't; if you
 do I'll hate you. Promise."

"All right. I promise. But don't
 you really want to see him ever
 again?"

"Sometimes I think I'll die if I
 don't," she said simply. "Other times
 —I don't know."

"Why not find out? Won't you let
 me write?"

"No; no. You've promised."

"Very well. I'll keep to it. Take
 me inside, slave."

He did not write. He cabled.

F AINT spice of budding clematis was fragrant in the air at
 Holiday Knoll. On her way to the street Pat passed
 through the arbour with a little, warm shiver of recollection.

How long ago that other October
 seemed, that night when, amidst the
 scents and seductions of the year's
 late warmth she had opened her arms
 and her lips to Cary Scott in that
 first unforgettable red kiss of their
 passion; how far away; how deep
 buried under other, varied experi-
 ences! Would he ever come back? It
 was many weeks since James had
 talked of him, suggesting the possi-
 bility, and the subject had not again
 been brought up. Would she really
 want him back if she could have him?
 And what would she do with him if
 he came? Or he with her? Or fate
 with them both? Pat had become a
 good deal of a fatalist. It was a con-
 venient theory and dovetailed neatly
 with her religion, enabling her to com-
 pound with her conscience at the
 smallest expense of self-blame. Fate,
 she felt, had saved her from marry-
 ing Monty Standish, which was a
 large count to its credit.

Chiefly because of Monty she was
 now going down to the village. For
 he was due back after a long absence
 for repairs to his damaged heart, and
 the local old cats had prophesied that
 Pat would leave town, for a time any-
 way, "if she possesses a grain of de-
 cent feeling." Pat purposed to do
 nothing of the sort. Neither Monty
 Standish nor any other living speci-
 men of the male sex could run off the
 public streets! For excuse she had
 some marketing to do, and she set
 forth with her most nonchalant air
 and independent shoulder swing. She'd
 show 'em whether she was ashamed
 or afraid to meet Monty! After per-
 vading the town for a while she
 would run over for her daily chatter
 with Jimmie-jams. Jimmie was grow-
 ing very frail and weary and had a
 look of eager, anxious expectancy,
 these days. Pat thought that she
 knew what he was waiting for. There
 would be a big void in her life when
 Jimmie got his release.

Emerging from the fruit shop where
 she hoped to find an avocado pear
 for him, she saw a man standing on
 the curb. His back was turned, but
 there was that in the set of his
 shoulders, the slender grace of the
 figure, the poise of the head which
 startled her heart to one great thro-
 b of excited delight. Here, indeed, was
 relief from dull days, food for that
 greed of excitement, of "thrill,"
 which life had not yet begun to sate
 for her.

"Mister Scott!"

He whirled about. His face lighted
 up. Taking the hand which she held
 out, he said, with the old, mocking
 half-lift of the brows:

"Still that, Pat?"

"What are you doing in Dorris-
 dale?"

"I've just been telephoning Miss
 Patricia Fentriss."

"She's out."

"So I was informed. I begin to
 suspect it's true."

Both laughed. Pat, quite charmed
 with herself for the light and easy
 manner in which she was carrying off
 this potentially difficult situation,
 committed the error of looking up
 into his eyes. There she read a hun-
 ger and a want that made her avert
 her gaze. She sought hurriedly for
 something to say.

"I didn't even know that you were
 in this country."

"I wasn't until last night." He had
 fallen into step beside her.

"I was going to the Jameses," she
 remarked a little lamely. "I go there
 every morning."

"Yes; I know. James has written
 me. You make life bearable for him.
 It's rather wonderful of you, Pat."

"I like to go there," she said in
 disclaimer of his praise. "Will you
 come with me?"

"Yes; if I may."

For two squares that was his only
 remark. Pat grew restless.

"You're not too conversational,"
 she complained.

"I was thinking," he said quietly;
 "how very lovely you've grown."

"Have I, Cary?" The soft echo of
 the old, throaty crow was in her
 voice. "I ought to be a ruin. I've
 had troubles enough."

"Troubles? You? Haven't you been
 well?"

"Do you think that's the only kind
 of trouble a girl can have? There are
 others! I came near having the worst
 of 'em four months ago."

"Why then?"

"Date of my wedding," said Pat
 briefly, with intent to create a sensa-
 tion. She failed.

"Yes; I heard you were to have
 been married," he remarked calmly.

"And the rest of it?"

"That you broke off your engage-
 ment? Yes."

"Who told you?"

"I found a letter when the ship
 docked. From James."

Pat's eyes snapped with suspicion.
 "Did Jimmie write you to come back
 here? From Europe, I mean."

"He cabled."

"Jimmie's a—— Never mind what
 he is, I'll tell him to his face, when
 we get there."

But when they got there T. James-
 son James, it seemed, was not feeling
 very brisk. Well enough to have
 them come up to his room; oh, yes,
 that; and warmly glad to see Scott
 again. After a few moment's talk,
 however, he displayed symptoms of
 weariness. He even hinted that he
 would be better off for the time with-
 out visitors.

Pat, with the perverseness of her
 excitement and anticipations, insisted
 on staying to read to her brother-in-
 law as usual. This he vetoed out-
 right.

"No. I don't want you. I'm
 sleepy. Take Scott over to the Knoll
 for luncheon. He's probably famish-
 ed. And Dee had to go to town, so
 there's nothing to be had here. Run
 along."

Her hand being thus forced, Pat
 issued the invitation, and she and Scott
 left the sick-room. But they had not
 reached the front door when she
 turned and darted upstairs again. Throw-
 ing herself down by the cripple's couch
 she caught his head to her bosom
 and cherished it there.

"Oh, Jimmie! You promise-breaker.
 You old liar! I adore you." She
 pressed a swift kiss on his cheek and
 was gone.

Mr. T. Jameson James made a face

at the Devil and chuckled himself to
 sleep.

Rejoining Scott outside Pat com-
 manded: "Tell me everything you've
 been doing in the big, big world."

He was protestingly obedient,
 cheerfully impersonal throughout the
 walk to the Knoll. But never had she
 been more conscious of the quiet
 compulsion of his charm. Her arms
 ached for him. They entered the
 house by the side door. Instinctively
 Pat turned toward the conservatory,
 but some inexplicable revulsion of
 feeling checked her.

"No; not there," she said. "Let's
 go to the library."

No sooner had the door closed be-
 hind them, than she turned to his
 embrace not so much yielding to as
 claiming him back. After the long
 kiss she stood away from him, but
 with her hands still clinging upon
 his shoulders.

"That makes it seem all real again,"
 she breathed.

"Have you grown so far away from
 me as that, my darling?"

"Well, I was going to marry Monty
 Standish, you know," she reminded
 him.

"Yes. Why didn't you?"

"I couldn't. You were in the way."

"Pat! That's what I've feared and
 dreaded more than——"

"Wait. It isn't what you think.
 And it isn't all. Before I was en-
 gaged to Monty I ran away with a
 boy to Boston. And you spoiled that."

"I don't understand," he said dully.

"I left him before—well, before
 anything. Because—she whirled
 away from him, flung herself upon
 the lounge, and blew him an airy
 kiss—"because I happened to think of
 you at the wrong time. Or perhaps
 it was the right time. Anyway, his
 collar gaped. Like a sick fish. And
 yours always set so beautifully. So
 I beat it." She was all petite gamine
 now. "You're always getting in my
 way, Cary. Aren't you 'shamed?"

He smiled at her his little twisted,
 tolerant smile. "You don't change
 much, do you, little Pat?"

"Oh, I'm fer-rightfully changed.
 Much more serious. Years colder.
 Lost my girlish illusions. All that
 sorta thing. You won't like me
 nearly as much, you're so serious
 yourself." Her eyes blazed with en-
 joyment of the situation and the ex-
 citement of his proximity. "Most of
 the time I haven't believed it, though.
 Have you?"

"Believed what, Pat?"

"About us. All of it, I mean.
 That we were—lovers. It got to seem
 like a dream to me; something way,
 far off. In another life. Or like
 something that had happened to some
 (Continued on Page 10.)

SNAKES!!!

Were Voodoo Worshipers the
 Exacters of
THE SECRET TOLL?

Begin this Fascinating Detective
 Story by PAUL and MABLE
 THORNE. Authors of "The
 Sheridan Road Mystery" in

THE AXE Next Week

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Mary and Ann Clark



Old fashioned names—Mary and Ann—but the girls themselves are up-to-date. They're at "The Imperial this week.

Princess In Poverty

HIDDEN away in a squalid garret situated scarcely a stone's throw from the wealth and splendour of May-fair, an aged woman, reputed to be a Russian princess, lived in dire poverty. Her romantic story only came to light when she was found dead. In these surroundings she had lived for 15 years, known to neighbors as the wife of an old man named Pearson, but an intimate friend revealed that he knew her as Princess Silvia Orloff, and was thus, seemingly, a member of a famous Russian family which was always referred to as royal. This friend had only known the princess as Silvia Orloff. He was surprised when he heard she was married to a Mr. Pearson as letters which she had written to him had always been signed "Silvia Orloff." Behind all the poverty under which the princess struggled to live there apparently lies a tragedy of a bitter family quarrel which was never patched up. Papers which were found among the litter speak eloquently of quarrels between brothers over money and of a wastrel son. Only three years ago the princess was still trying to keep up an appearance of respectability. Then she was seen to creep out of her garret on occasions and meet people she had known previously—people who were staying at the most expensive hotels. Now that she is dead her husband is trying to keep up the same secrecy. He has been taken to hospital, but has refused to admit that he possesses any relations, though his old-age pension of 10s a week was supplemented by money he received regularly from a brother. After his wife's death

He Was Taken To a Hospital crying like a child. The old princess is said to have lived at one time in a large house in Mon-

tagne square. She had the polished manners of an aristocrat, and spoke with a foreign accent. She told a neighbor that she and her husband gave £11,000 to the Prince of Wales's Fund. The old woman often had visitors from Russia and America. Her son was killed in Flanders. Neighbors say that the old woman used to delight in feeding cats outside the shop over which she lived. She was a familiar figure in the immediate neighborhood, where she wandered about wearing a peculiar old-fashioned bonnet and a billowing cloak. A shocking story of neglect was unfolded at the inquest, but little light was shed on the mystery of the dead woman's identity. All that Sergt. Albert Nicholls, coroner's officer, gleaned from his inquiries were some envelopes bearing the name "H.S.H. Princess Orloff." The only food the officer found was an old packet of cocoa and a box of chocolates, and 9d was all the money the couple possessed. The room was over-run with mice, moths, etc., and there was a large quantity of coal under the bed. The aged husband is now in the City of Westminster Infirmary, and it has

been deemed advisable for him to be left alone. A pathetic description of their life for the past 15 years was given by Mrs. Edith Kent, widow, with whom they lodged during that period. The husband had an old age pension, and in addition they had £3 a month coming in. They paid 16s a week rent, and Mrs. Kent gave them their dinners every Sunday and anything she could spare, such as puddings, every day. Some years ago they owed their landlady £18, but since they had paid regularly every week. At times the princess used to meet kind old ladies, who assisted her, and she received letters addressed to "Princess Orloff." They always had their door barred up, and when Mrs. Kent gave them food the princess would open it only far enough to take it in. She had not been willing to go out for the past five or six weeks, and the old man had not been out for 12 years. When Mrs. Kent entered the room and found the princess dead, the old man was in bed with her, and said that she had died about 1.45 a.m. The dead woman had not had her clothes off for 12 years and was

Practically In Rags

and, like the room, in a terribly neglected condition.

A sanitary inspector came four or five weeks ago and wanted the old couple to go out while their room was being cleansed, but deceased pleaded like a child to be allowed to stay on. The inspector said he would let them stay a little longer, and then endeavour to get them into a nursing home while their room was being done up. Dr. Henry Bright Weir, pathologist, attributed death to syncope from cancer of the lungs and pneumonia. In summing up the coroner observed that the deceased woman was apparently a Russian aristocrat, and had with her aged husband shut herself up from the world, living in a state of complete filth, the details of which were too horrible to describe. It was difficult to understand how two human beings could live in such a condition, and it was a pity in the public interest that the sanitary inspector did not insist on their being properly cleansed and taken to the infirmary. Once people got into the way of living in this uncivilised manner they were bound to get into this condition. He recorded a verdict of death from natural causes.

Canada's Prize Bachelors

ALTHOUGH there are thousands of beautiful girls in Canada they have not yet realized their possibilities this year. Everyone knows that this Leap Year, the one year out of every four that the fair sex have a good chance of annexing a male.

There is good material to be had in Canada, too. To begin with President E. W. Peatty of the Canadian Pacific Railway is a bachelor. "Eddie" is only 47 years old and is considered a very handsome man. It would be a big job to estimate his income, but the girl who "lands" him won't have to worry about the butcher, baker and coal dealer. The president of the C.P.R. has a nice disposition and it is well known that the many shareholders would be glad to see "Eddie" get a nice wife.

Rt. Hon. Wm. Mackenzie King.

The next bachelor in Canada to President Peatty is Right. Hon. William Lyon MacKenzie King, at the present time Premier of Canada. "Willie" is in his fiftieth year and although his present position is a bit uncertain nevertheless he could support a wife in good style. It is said that he has a preference for blondes. If some "modern Eve" annexes the Premier she will lord over Canadian society and also have to puff up with impromptu speeches from the great leader of the Liberal Party.

Hon. Chas. Murphy.

Parliament would exult if some daring maiden married Hon. Charles Murphy, Postmaster-General. He is not old and has considerable of this world's goods. The Premier and the Postmaster-General are the only members of the Cabinet that are unmarried and it would relieve the country's

feelings considerably if either decided to take a plunge into the sea of matrimony.

Tommy Church

Mr. "Tommy" Church, of Toronto, well known as that city's mayor for seven years and at the present time member of Parliament for North Toronto, is another bachelor of wealth and position who has so far eluded the wiles of the fair sex. "Tommy" is still a young man and is not bad looking. He is well known to the Canadian public and it is said that he prefers the brunette to the blonde.

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Montreal.
Brethren:—

We rather admire the scheme under which you operate. We have chanced to hear of your very admirable social club, inaugurated under Hebrew auspices whereby a number of very estimable citizens foregather from time to time in the homes of its members for exchange of thought and goodwill. You have been happily named "The Hoboes," although in your case you do not answer to the description given by Webster. We are told that you really do enjoy yourselves, and that when you meet you have a real good time. You are slightly noisy, we admit, but your exuberance is merely the effervescence of good nature. Are you all married yet? The sooner you take in lady members the better. Attaboys!

THE AXE.

"AN HONEST DAY'S TOIL"

To The Employers of Labour,
Montreal.

Dear Sirs:—

We suffer to-day because of some people demanding high wages and refusing to do an honest day's work—that is to say, an honest day's work as compared with a decade ago! But Canada's export trade cannot be increased until wages permit manufacturers to compete with other countries, and our purely domestic trade cannot support an increased number of artisans which other manufacturing countries are encouraged to flood the Canadian markets. Uncle Sam acts on the principle of "America for Americans"—and builds a tariff wall. Why cannot we do the same?

THE AXE.

"THE CANADIAN CREED"

Mr. W. M. Birks,
Montreal.

Dear Mr. Birks:—

The Liberal Conservatives have honoured themselves by selecting you as their candidate and standard-bearer under Protectionist principles at the forthcoming by-election. The name of Birks is well and favourably known from Halifax to Vancouver and far beyond. Not only is the name known but it is respected. If you find a man diligent in business, fervent in spirit, and serving the community, he is generally respected by his fellow-men. Such a one you are. We herald you as the future M.P. for the most important constituency in Canada. Keep smiling.

THE AXE.

"MURDER MINDS"

To the Scandal Mengers of Both Sexes,
Montreal.

Mischiefmakers:—

One of the most noticeable things about murder trials is the large crowds that clamour and fight to gain admission into the courts. It is pitiful to think that more than half of these crowds are young married women. Surely these young matrons could occupy their time in a more useful and interesting way than by listening to the ghastly evidence so often given. If these Canadians would take as much interest in their home and husbands, married life would not become a dreary round of monotonous routine as is so often the case.

THE AXE.

"CAN'T BE BOTHERED"

To The "Young Men,"
Montreal.

Striplings:—

What strikes us most these days is the comparative indifference of the young men of this city and country to the various intricate political situations—the understanding of which should be a hobby as well as a duty. The usual excuse given is that they have no time to read the news. But it is a curious fact that they can always find time to read the sporting and theatrical columns. If our young men are to follow in their fathers' footsteps it is about time they were "waking up" and familiarizing themselves with the history of Canada.

THE AXE.

"SEX PROBLEMS"

The Welfare Societies,
Montreal.

Dear People:—

Why all the mock modesty? Why all the pother and ink-spilling about sex instruction and the curse of the so-called sex murder? Is it not all too painfully obvious that the present wave of morality and crime is merely the result of the loss of control over young people by their parents and elders? Deprive the young mind of its modern mistaken freedom, discipline it, and literally "spare not the rod," and sex problems will be reduced to the irreducible minimum.

THE AXE.

"TRAYS AND TRAGEDIES"

The Restaurant Proprietors,
Montreal.

Sirs:—

The unattractive waitress proposition is one which we think we cannot stress too often or too vigorously. We abominate and hate the "tipping" system, although we ourselves transgress at times. If the public avoided "sweating" restaurants they would automatically level out the "price" question. If some restaurants sell food cheaply, because they starve their assistants to do it, we consider it rotten bad business. Charity begins at home. Social uplift problems should be faced in the light of the public conscience.

THE AXE.

"THE HELLO GIRL"

To The Telephone Users,
Montreal.

Ladies and Gents:—

Why doesn't someone, once in a while, give the "hello girl" a boost? We have the meekly and continuously condemned with nary a word of commendation. If the public could only understand the workings of a telephone exchange, we are sure they wouldn't be so impatient, and would "cut out" their too frequent angry remarks. Consideration for the ladies in the telephone exchanges is needful. Most people have the mistaken idea that there is the only telephone to be dealt with, instead of about 50 others per city. Have a heart, businessmen! We stand by the "under dog" all the time. This time it is the "hello girl."

THE AXE.

"A DAILY DOSE OF DOPE"

To The Publishers,
"Dilly-Dallies,"
Montreal.

Nicommoops:—

You have committed many sins against the public. The English-speaking Daily Press is a joke. But the city is proof against your humbug. The fear of God is the beginning of wisdom and the fear of destruction is the beginning of safety. If the citizens would make this city safe for themselves and politically strong, it is their duty to create a more vigorous public opinion. Our City and Province have both a Government which is half asleep. You help them through with the sham by "pulling the wool" over the eyes of the citizens. Your daily dose of dope amuses but does not educate.

THE AXE.

"DAYLIGHT ROBBERY"

Chief Belanger,
City Hall.

Dear Chief:—

It is high time some action was taken against the fraternity of swindlers who make use of the advertisement columns of certain newspapers to wheedle money out of the unsuspecting public. Over and over again convictions have been obtained against bogus firms whose advertisements promise "an exceptional opportunity for a young man with small capital"—yet certain daily newspapers continue to loan their columns to men whose sole object is fraud. For the honour and credit of the newspaper world some system should be devised to put a stop to the shameless villainy that is going on. If any doubt of this highly important matter of public interest exists in the minds of those "receiving" the advertisements it should be eliminated.

THE AXE.

"POLITICS"

To Mr. Chesley, Politician (?),
Montreal.

Sir:—

Politician forsooth! You are chesty as well as Chesley. Say, who did you learn your politics? Perhaps they came naturally—like the dew from heaven. Your politics like your policy is one of Chesley first, last, and all the time. You're making the going good for yourself in St. Antoine, your favourite song being "Me love myself." When this election is over, however, we fancy that you and Barrett will have to seek fresh fields and pastures green. The Conservatives of Montreal are tired of a nest of leeches who have been sponging on them much too long.

THE AXE.

CHOOSING A WIFE

EVER since I was five and twenty, my friends, both men and women have been trying to find a wife for me. Now that they have all given it up as a bad job they avenge themselves by calling me a confirmed woman-hater. It is not true.

From the day when my mother ceased to be the only woman in the world for me, I have adored women. And though I never found the courage to take any one of them to the altar, I have preserved for the whole sex that sentiment of mingled admiration, love and terror which I shall take with me to my grave.

Looking back upon those hair-breadth escapes from the bonds of matrimony I realise now why I have never succumbed to any of those blonde and brunette temptations which fate threw in my way. The reason why I have never married is that I am an idealist—one of those incorrigible idealists who have never discovered their ideal woman in the flesh. Is it, I wonder, because she does not exist?

Before I had turned the corner of 30 I used to console myself with the thought that somewhere in the world she was waiting for me—that woman with a life of her own, who would not want to live my life and to think my thoughts just because she had married me. My ideal woman was one who could stand on her own feet and who would let me stand on mine without trying to absorb me, or expecting me to absorb her.

Too Much Married.

I'm not railing against marriage. I'm only railing against the way of looking at marriage, which is, I believe, responsible for half its frequent unhappiness. So I came to the conclusion that to be too much married was worse than not to be married at all. That is why I am still a lonely bachelor.

"Too much married" just describes the melancholy fate of most of the men who used to be my friends, but whom I never see now because the average wife regards with distrust the friendship her husband had made before he knew her.

Some take kindly to the process of absorption. Those are the happy ones. In becoming husbands they have ceased automatically to be individuals. One or two have refused to be transformed into better or worse halves of their wives with cat-and-dogish results ending occasionally in separation or divorce. On the other hand there are cases where it is the woman who has been absorbed—wedded, poor thing, to the point of extinction!

In either case, romance, the salt and savour of life, has died. It can't live in that stuffy atmosphere where the windows of the soul are never opened. It is not the institution of marriage that is to blame. It is our interpretation of it which in nine cases of ten makes it a deadening and limiting chain instead of an inspiring and stimulating relationship.

Sitting alone with my pipe and my books I sometimes catch a glimpse of my ideal woman whom I would so gladly wed if only I could find her. She is especially beautiful in this country of lovely women, but she is a real personality, not the submerged half of a couple.

I daresay she would "lead me a dance" as the saying is. But I like dancing. It keeps one young. How happy I should be if by a lucky chance her bright and challenging eyes should fall upon this article!

BACHELOR.

FLAMING YOUTH

(Continued from Page 8.)

other girl. It didn't seem real to me, not even when I told Monty."

"Ah, you told him?"

"Had to. What'd you think I'd do?"

"Knowing your courage and honour, that's what I'd think you'd do."

The hard, excited glitter softened out of her eyes. "I knew you'd want me to, Cary. Of course I never told him who the man was."

"And is that what—"

"What broke the engagement? It did for a while. Then he came back. But I couldn't stand it. Nothing above the ears, Cary. It wasn't even the First Dreaming for me. You remember what you said that day you drove me over to Cassie's about my marrying, and about keeping you in the background of my mind?"

"Yes."

"But you don't stay there," she complained childishly. "You're always popping out and spoiling things." She gave him a challenging look. "I was sort of keeping you for my Second Dreaming."

Scott laughed. "Pat, dearest, are you flirting with me after I've come four thousand miles—"

"What did you come for?"

"For you."

Her loosely clasped hands stirred and parted. "Well—here I am."

"That's not enough."

"You don't want much, do you?" she murmured.

"Everything or nothing now. You know I'm free."

She nodded. "I can see what's coming," she said with a pretence of demureness. "If you've hopped across those four thousand miles from a sense of duty to the weeping girl that you left behind—"

"Pat!"

"Don't bark at me. It frazzles my nerves. I haven't done any weeping over you, Cary. Too busy with the thrills of life. Would you have come back, I wonder, if you could have known everything that's been going on. Suppose I'd stayed in Boston that time?"

"Well?"

"Wouldn't that make a difference?"

"In my wanting to marry you? No."

"Suppose," she said more slowly. "I'd had an affair, a real affair with Monty. Like ours."

A spasm of pain passed over his face. "I shouldn't blame you. How could I?"

"Wouldn't it make any difference in your loving me?"

"Not an iota."

"Wouldn't you even care?" she flashed in resentful wrath.

"Care? Good God, Pat, if you saw a man in torture—"

"Oh, don't, Cary, dear," she cried, startled and remorseful. "It isn't true. It's just my sneaking, rotten curiosity to know how you'd feel about it." She pursed her lips, musing darkly. "I wonder," she began.

"Have you been true to me? Not that I've got any right to ask or that it makes a bit of difference in my young life whether you have or not, but just—"

She broke off, leaning forward, studying his face as he looked at her in silence.

"Cary! Why don't you say something? I would care. I'd care like hell."

"I came back," he said slowly, "because you are the one and only woman in the world for me and always have been since I saw you. Is that enough answer?"

"From any other man in the world it wouldn't be an answer at all. From you, it's enough."

"Will you marry me, Pat?"

She jumped to her feet, walked over to the window, and looked out to where the clematis blooms trembled in the wind.

"Oh, I suppose so," she said fretfully. "If you want to take the chance."

"What chance, dear love?"

"The chance every man takes that marries a girl of the kind you men all seem to want to marry. How many of the married set here d'you suppose are true to their husbands?"

"I don't like you cynical, Pat. You've been letting something poison your mind."

"Not me. I see things as they are; that's all. Ask Con. Ask Dec. Ask Bobs. Ask any of 'em. You know you could have had Con if you'd really wanted her. And then

I butted in." Her chuckle was full of diablerie. It still persisted in her tone as she continued: "Cary, what would you do to me if I went straying off the reservation after we were married?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, don't be so calm and superior and noble about it," she fretted.

"You'd tempt an angel to try a flutter just to see whether she would get by with it."

"What do you want me to say, Pat?"

"I want you to tell me honestly how you think you're going to hold me if I do marry you."

"Come over here."

She walked across to him, defiant, daring, provocative. "Well?"

"You love me, don't you, Pat?"

"You make me when you're with me."

"And when I'm not?"

"That's just the trouble. You're there all the time, parked just around the corner and you won't let me love anybody else enough to—to do any good."

"And if I asked you now," he said, low and insistent, "you'd come back to me and be to me what you were before. Wouldn't you?"

There was a quickening in her shadowed eyes, in her soft breathing.

"You know I would," she whispered. "How could I help myself?"

"Then you couldn't very well marry anyone else, could you?"

"I've tried. It was a fliv, as you know. What's the answer?"

"Isn't it plain enough? Why not try me—on your own terms?"

"Where do you get that 'own term' stuff, Cary?" she demanded suspiciously. "Do you know about Dee and Jimmie; their arrangement?"

"No."

"It's a secret. But you belong to us," she added sweetly; "to the Fentrisses. So I'll tell you. They were to stay married for a month and after that if either of them wanted to quit, they were just to live like unmarried people without any fuss. Only Jimmie wouldn't keep to it. That's what made the row."

"Would you like to try that plan?" he asked in an inscrutable tone.

"Would you do it?" She looked at him doubtfully. "Would you really let me go after a month if I wanted to?"

"After a day. Do you think I'd try to hold you against your wish?"

"Then I don't think you can love me much," she objected with perverse jealousy.

"It strikes me as a perfectly fair bargain to both. I certainly ought to be willing to take the chance," he said reasonably, "if you are."

"If I am! Cary! You mean that you—might—want—to leave me?" A startled incredulity made the words jerky.

"One can never be quite certain how these things are going to turn out, can one?" he observed with a fine air of judicial detachment.

"Shall I have my lawyer draw the agreement?"

"Cary! you're laughing at me," she accused.

"Far be it from me, in a matter of such serious import—"

"You are! You're hateful! It isn't fair. You know that's the way to hold me and you know you don't mean to let me get loose for a single minute. I don't like your knowing so damn much about women," she continued plaintively. "It makes it so uneven."

"I'm trying to be fair," he pointed out. He drew a chair up to the writing desk. "Suppose I just sketch out the scheme. 'This agreement,' he dictated to himself, speaking the words slowly, 'between Patricia Fentriss—'

"Scott!" she interposed.

"—and Cary—Scott—for—the space—of—one—month—after—"

She bent across his shoulder, put a soft hand over his mouth, then slipped it aside to make place for the yearning of her own lips. When she finally leaned back from him it was to say judicially:

"I offer an amendment. Let's make it twenty years instead of a month. But, oh, Cary, darling!" Her eyes darkened, brooded, dreamed, grew sombre, subtle, prophetic as she gave voice to her warning. "As a husband you'll have to be a terribly on-the-job lover. There are so many men in the world!"

FINIS

BRITISH LABOR PARTY IN POWER NOW SEES SOME THINGS DIFFERENTLY

The Sobering Influence of Office and Responsibility Have Wrought a Revolutionary Change in the Outlook of Labor Leaders.

EVERYBODY, whatever his or her party, must agree that in one respect at least the advent of a Labor Government has been a boon and a blessing to the commonwealth; for the responsibility and experience of office have undoubtedly smashed and shattered the idolatry of shibboleths which has so long obfuscated the outlook of many Labor leaders on the problems of Imperial and foreign policy.

It had become a dogma of their faith that if we failed to defer to the views or wishes of any other country, it must be due to our inveterate depravity. They were obsessed with a general idea that the British sway over subject races was an unmitigated despotism; and that its administrators were bloody brigands, bullies and butchers, subject to impulses as appallingly fiendish as those ascribed to Nero and Caligula.

But experience and responsibility have somewhat modified these convictions. Ministers like Mr. Thomas, Mr. Walsh, and Mr. Hodges have testified that in the main the British rule is one of justice and goodwill which has not worsened but rather bettered the conditions of existence for its "victims."

They have learned by personal contact that the administrators of the British Raj are not invariably ogres or monsters of brutality, but Welshmen, Scotsmen, or Irishmen like themselves—some of them even English—inspired with the same ideas of cheery helpfulness to their neighbors and dependents, the same impulses to freedom and enlightened progress.

The British Gentlemen

They have come to realize that the British gentleman who has hitherto monopolised the functions of government in the far-off malarial swamps, sun-scorched deserts, and savage wildernesses of the commonwealth is on the whole as fine an animal as evolution has yet invented, and that despite his class prejudices and perhaps a little tendency to arrogance and dogmatism, he is essentially simple and kindly like Sterne's Uncle Toby, keen in honor like Thackeray's Colonel Newcome, staunchly loyal to his duty, and brave in a stolid, undemonstrative, matter-of-fact way as only the sons of this island are wont to be.

Last week I quoted the testimonies of the Prime Minister, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Walsh to their awakened—or, at least, more articulate—pride in the Empire which they have been called to govern. I now beg to apologise to Mrs. Philip Snowden for not including her name in the list of the converted. During the war Mrs. Snowden had, like her pacifist husband, prodigally reviled her countrymen for their wicked blood-guiltiness; but since then she has been to Palestine and has come back to praise Britain's benignant rule in the pages—be it noted—of *The Empire Review*.

A Change of Heart

Even more impressive and instructive is the "change of heart" induced by experience in Mr. William Leach, another notable pacifist doomed by one of life's little ironies to do penance for his former disparagement of his country as Parliamentary champion of our nefarious air forces against the charges of his quondam comrades.

These old friends, left to chew the cud of the ancient shibboleths in the chill darkness of unenlightened opposition, have been sorely perturbed by horrible stories of bombs dropped from British aeroplanes on the simple shepherds of Irak. They have, therefore, confided to Mr. Leach their awful suspicion that "this odious form of warfare" which has resulted in "the indiscriminate slaughter of perfectly innocent men, women, and children" is due to the profiteering

greed of "unscrupulous oil exploiters" and to the high-souled peasantry's conscientious objection—with which we can all sympathise—to the payment of taxes.

To this terrible charge Mr. Leach, being now a responsible Minister, bluntly replies that "each and every one of these accusations is false." In a lengthy circumstantial categorical statement he positively asserts that our airmen have killed nobody, that they have only dropped bombs, after ample warning, on the property of savage bandits who had made a living by raiding, looting, and shooting peaceful toilers—that their activities are gradually setting up a free and stable government in the place of a murderous brigandage.

Mr. Leach at Bay

Mr. Leach further protested that our airmen had not only been sniped by the marauders, but also libelled by British newspapers, and nobody had defended them. "Well," defiantly cried Mr. Leach, the pacifist, "I defend them. I have talked to many of them, from Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond downwards, and I realise how they feel about it. Let me say that the British air officers and men are invariably the model of chivalry, patience, and goodwill."

One may be tempted to wonder whether Mr. Leach would have taken this view and uttered this challenge if he had remained in Opposition, and if the humane work which he so boldly defends had been carried out by his predecessors in office. Be that as it may; the certain part is that he has not convinced his critics. Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, the editor of *The Daily Herald*, blandly describes his solemn statement as "poppycock"—politely assuming that he has lied to order—and remarks that "if civilization can only be spread by methods of violence" he "would sooner have frank barbarism and not a hypocritical attempt to pretend that we are not barbarians!"

We have reason to find comfort and joy, too, as of a sinner who repenteth, in the changed attitude of some of our Ministers in regard to the country's defences and foreign policy. It is good to read of Mr. MacDonald's discovery that "you cannot reduce armaments by passing resolutions," and his defiant retort to criticisms of his recent negotiations with the French Prime Minister that "whether it was said that this was secret or open diplomacy he was not in the least interested."

It is equally good to learn, that the main purpose of his policy is "to secure complete unity between France and us," and that he heartily agrees with the French military authority who said that "the problem of French

Mr. "Jim" Adams



Jim is a great scout and manages Loew's as it should be managed.

security is the problem of European peace." In fact, the unanimity of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. MacDonald on these subjects has become a source of admiring wonder to all patriotic beholders.

A Few Reminders.

We want to be friends with France. We admire the genius of her brilliant people; Moliere, Voltaire, Rabelais, Balzac, Dumas, and Anatole France are our literary compatriots. We love the sunny gaiety of Paris, the mellow charm of old French towns, the intoxicating beauty of the Midi, the glory of Rheims, Chartres, Bois Beauvais, Tournai, Le Mans, Rouen, Tours, Amiens, Avignon. We delight in the effervescent, ebullient, gesticulating geniality of the French people. We profoundly recognise that our vital interests are bound up with those of our nearest neighbours. Enmity between the two nations is

as abhorrently unthinkable to us as war with America.

And, being only a nation of shopkeepers, we sometimes remember the sordid details that whilst we are oppressively taxed to meet our war debts, there are moneys due also to us. We are sorry and rather ashamed to mention it, but it seems likely if we don't nobody else will. We may, perhaps, be excused by the fact that whilst French industries are flourishing our taxes are crushing our trade, and we have over a million work-people unemployed.

We are very anxious that Mr. MacDonald should do his best for France. But it might be as well to remember that we also have suffered by the war, that we helped to win it, and that we too have some claims.

—By Alex. M. Thompson.
("Dangle" in *The Sunday Chronicle*.)

On board a ship crossing the Atlantic from America to Southampton the men arranged a sprint race. A dozen of them were lined up, and the process was watched with interest by a seven-year-old girl.

Suddenly the starter fired his pistol, and off went the competitors. "Oh, look, mummy," exclaimed the young watcher, "all the men are frightened of the pistol, and they're running away!"

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Workers Must Beat King

(Continued from page 1)
countries free of duty except what might be imposed for revenue purposes would be for Canada to commit suicide.

THE DUMPING MENACE

The United States has a population of one hundred and ten millions of people. That is a tremendous market. The American manufacturer with that tremendous market to manufacture for and sell to has established "mass production". He produces his goods in immense quantities. Not only that but, because of his great market of one hundred and ten million people, the American manufacturer can specialize. He can produce, for instance, if a shoe manufacturer, nothing but men's shoes, or women's shoes, or children's shoes. Consequently, producing only one article he can produce it at so low a cost that a manufacturer in Canada with his limited market of nine millions of people could never hope to compete with it. Under Free Trade the American manufacturer can dump his surplus product into Canada without any duty to keep his goods out. And the Canadian manufacturer could not possibly compete with his prices. As a matter of fact, the American manufacturer might sell his product in Canada at little more than actual cost, to keep his factory going, and his workers employed, while waiting for his own market to absorb the remainder of his product.

The same is true of the manufacturers of other countries. The wages of the workers in England are lower than the wages of workingmen in Canada. Goods are produced more cheaply there. They can be sold more cheaply here, unless the workingmen of Canada are willing to live on as low a level of subsistence as those of England, a thing impossible because of climatic conditions if for naught else. The workers of Japan and China can live upon a handful of rice a day. Their wages are just high enough to allow them to buy their rice and little more. The products of Asiatic factories could be thrown into Canada at prices that would please the bargain hunters, maybe, but unfortunately there would be no money to buy the bargains, for our factories would be closed and our workers idle.

WORK AND WAGES

I merely face the facts. The first thing that Canada's workingmen require is work at wages sufficient to enable them to live and maintain their families in decency and comfort. They can only have work and wages by producing the things we all need, clothes, shoes, furniture, machinery, and so on. Mind, I am speaking not of farm workers, nor lumbermen, nor fishermen, nor miners, but of industrial workers. We cannot all be farmers, or lumber jacks, or fishermen or miners. A country can only develop itself on national lines by manufacturing its own raw

material into finished products. Otherwise all the primary products, such as grain, and timber, and minerals will have to be sold to purchase clothes and shoes and furniture and machinery, and the like from foreign countries. In such case we should be merely "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the manufacturers of the United States. Our labor would go to enrich the manufacturers of the U.S.A. and their brother manufacturers of England, Austria, Germany, Japan, China, India, or anywhere else where labor costs are cheaper.

I have been tramping around St. Antoine Division lately in odd moments. I know every inch of it "below the hill". Some of my best friends live there—all working folk. They all depend for their livelihood upon the industrial life of Canada. They are employed in factories, or in services that depend upon the country's industrial life, such as the railways, and if the factories of Montreal are forced to close because of Mr. Mackenzie King's Free Trade theories, or on account of his over-weening desire to help the manufacturers of the United States—his "spiritual home"—then in that case the working men and women of St. Antoine Division who depend upon the industrial activity of Canada will be jobless, workless, wageless. Probably they will be voteless, too, because Mr. Mackenzie King will then have no further use for them.

Everybody who knows me knows where I stand in regard to the workers. This paper of mine has fought their battles from the day it started. There has never been a labor trouble in this city that it has not been on the side of the workers; there never will be one where it shall not be found representing the workers' viewpoint, defending their cause, and working for social justice. This stand has not been taken without counting the cost. But it is our policy and our principle and we stand by it.

AN APPEAL TO WORKERS

In the coming election in St. Antoine the workers have a great responsibility upon them. I believe in the workers standing together. I am not out for revolution; far from it. I believe in well-ordered progress along constitutional lines. But the workers must have work and wages or their families may starve. Free Trade offers idleness, unemployment, poverty. Protection assures work, employment, wages, comfort and, therefore, happiness while working for the better day a-coming. And for the sake not only of themselves but of their fellow-workers in Canada from coast to coast, and in order to help the other fellow get his right to labor guaranteed to him at wages that will keep him above the poverty line, the workingman who is an elector in St. Antoine must vote against Free Trade and for a candidate who will nail the flag of Protection to the masthead and so sail the ship to victory. All other issues pale before this. The workers of Canada expect the worker-electors of St. Antoine to do their duty on September 2nd. I know they will not fail.

JOHN H. ROBERTS.

THE MUIR CASE: POLITICAL RESULTS

Dear Axe:—

Your article in issue of July 29th inst. re the Muir case seems to me to be the true echo of what many believe to be the inside reasons for that sad affair. Of course sceptics will tell us it's "a matter of opinion" only, well if it is that it is the opinion of many of all races and creeds in this country. One thing is certain: it takes no professional mind reader to discern the rings of prejudice that surrounded that execution and also to form an idea as to the degree of prejudice that exists to-day in the rural parts of Quebec Province. To the ordinary people whose knowledge of such murder cases is largely superficial—whose newspaper is the sole teacher—they cannot be blamed for forming opinion as to the methods used where Justice is meted out sometimes, and in the opinion of anyone who thinks I am certain this Muir case will not be forgotten for some time to come. And if our present Government is defeated in the next election this will be one of the four reasons that will cause its defeat in spite of the desire to maintain the "solid block" of Quebec.

If the Government was afraid of losing one seat, as you venture, I believe also they were afraid of losing many more around these parts. I am not prejudiced but I must admit that the Conservative ways of our rural Liberals in this Province have now shot their political bolts. Henceforth our city voters will not be guided by party names instance: the last provincial elector. The city electors see now that it is up to them to protect themselves from the one sided prejudices of the rural electorate who's only ambition is to make this a farmers' country for the farmers for all time to come.

E. M. HALLEY,
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Montreal, Aug. 5, 1924.

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BEGINS IN "THE AXE" ON TUESDAY NEXT, AUGUST 19th