

THE CREAM
OF THE
NEWS
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THE AXE

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CENTS

PICTURES

NEWS

FEATURES

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SHOW GIRL BAGS LOCAL FLIER

CAPT. J. N. POOLE WINS BEAUTY OF "PASSING SHOW"

Pink Teacups Tinkle Merrily Over Achievement Of Former Army Flier Whose Family Leaps To Welcome Daughter-in-Law Dancer

IT has long been a custom in the "our better families" class to tear the parental hair and disown the heir when he decides to dress himself up in morning coat regalia and present himself in marriage to some cute lady of the stage.

Montreal society is agog over its discovery of an exception to the general rule in the romance of young Captain John Norman Poole and dainty Elsie May Holloway, danseuse with the "Passing Show of 1923" now at the Winter Garden, New York.

TO WED WITH BLESSING

Announcements emanating from Broadway where Miss Holloway's dancing has scored a decided hit, are to the effect that the nymph of the footlights and the son of the former Managing Director of Ogilvy's Department store, Montreal, will shortly wed and will make their home here with the full blessing of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. C. Poole, parents of the groom-to-be.

Seeds of the Holloway-Poole romance were sown in London, in the hey-day of the War when the gallant Captain Poole, then a well known figure in Royal Flying Corps circles, saw a dainty maid captivating patrons of one of the musical comedies of the day. The charming miss was Elsie May Holloway, then just a slip of a girl. Introductions were arranged. Acquaintance blossomed into friendship, and friendship into the romance which will be made permanent when the parson ties the knot to end the career of Elsie May Holloway and bring into being Mrs. John Norman Poole.

ELSIE CHARMS BROADWAY

Only last Spring Miss Holloway came to New York from her beloved London, having accepted a contract with the Shuberts to appear in one of their musical shows on Broadway. On arrival she became a member of the cast of "The Passing Show of 1923" and has since charmed patrons of the Winter Garden with her dainty dancing and charming stage-presence.

Though New York proved pleased to make the acquaintance of the svelte little English star, one Canadian at least was more than elated to hear the news that Elsie

had "come to town".

Captain Poole, who, it is said, had long sung the praises of the fair Elsie May in smart west-end society soon arranged that an invitation be extended to her to visit Montreal as the guest of his parents who, according to the captain's mother, have both "fallen in love" with the dainty little stage-star, making the Poole family verdict unanimous.

When questioned over the telephone, Mrs. Poole proved to be most emphatic in her statements that all is well neath the Poole family roof-tree.

"Both Captain Poole's father and I have met Miss Holloway," she said, "and we have both fallen in love with her charm and sweetness. We are more than happy to think that our son will marry such a sweet girl."

WESTMOUNT ALL A-DITHER

Captain Poole, the intended groom, could not be reached at his office this week as he is away from the city on an extended business trip through the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Poole Company, Manufacturers' Agents, of which he is head.

It is stated, however, that the wedding bells will not ring for at least two months, after which Miss Holloway will forsake the glare of the footlights forever, to don the garb of simple "little Mrs. Poole".

In the meantime Westmount society chitters and chatters over its teacups about the gallant young officer and the trig little actress who will shortly become co-citizens of the ultra-conventional suburb.

Cupid Wins Over Stage



MISS ELSIE MAY HOLLOWAY

Dainty charmer with Shuberts' "Passing Show" on Broadway has signed a contract with Cupid Productions Inc. and will shortly become member of fashionable Westmount family.

Captain J. Norman Poole, her husband-to-be first met Miss Holloway when she was appearing in musical comedy in London, England, during the war and he was on leave from France, where he saw long service as an aviator.

Kissed, Bragged; Lost Wife

EDMOND BROUSSEAU, of Montreal has won the pseudonym from his wife of being not only "The Man Who Kissed and Told", but "The Man Who Kissed and Bragged About It."

Perhaps Mrs. Brosseau, formerly Celina Marcell, would not have objected to the bragging or the kissing had she been the one he kissed and bragged about. But, as she tells the court in the suit for separation which she has just filed, he kissed another girl and bragged that he wouldn't kiss his wife.

BRAGS TOO MUCH

"He brags that he does not and has never loved me," Mrs. Brosseau declares, "and he treats me with contempt. He tells others that he does not want to live with me and to show me how much he dislikes me he will have nothing to do with me. For the past four or five months he has been chasing around with a young girl and he has been telling his friends that he loves her passionately."

NOT PURELY PLATONIC

Furthermore Mrs. Brosseau has sworn that Brosseau's sentiments toward the unnamed girl are not purely platonic and that she is willing to prove her allegations to the hilt, should her husband fight her application.

In addition to wanting her freedom, Mrs. Brosseau has asked the court to intervene and prevent her husband from dismantling their home.

The court has authorised her to proceed with the suit.

Unuttered Wedding Vow Shatters Home

WHEN Ludovic Gravel stammered "I do", just four years ago in the little parish church, he added under his breath "...not intend to work any more," according to the blushing little girl who stood by his side on that day.

And that, she has intimated in the separation suit which she has filed against him in the local courts, is the only one of his nuptial pledges which he has kept. It took him, she claims, just six months to decide that she was not the only woman in the world for him and to reach the conclusion that if a woman's work is never done, her contribution to the family toll should be sufficient for the two of them.

"He has always refused to work," she declares, "depending upon the money that I earned to live on and loaf. I have had to go out to work but I have suffered his sarcasm and his chronic laziness with patience for long enough."

Possibly she has. The court has decided to allow her to enter her formal bid for release.

DRAMA==VAUDEVILLE==PICTURES

John Quigg And Audience Stop Gayety Show When Singing Bug Breaks Out

MONDAY night me and several hundred other ravin' man-lacs sat back in our chairs at Mr. Columbia Circuit's Gayety Theatre and went stark mad while a gent name of John Quigg squeezed and yanked on an accordion, us finishing suitable accompaniment with Welkin-Ringers.

This Mr. Quigg is a good actor, but the fifteen hundred other enthusiasts present were every bit as good as Mr. Quigg himself, and by shrieking, stamping, tearing up their wife's hat, and pulling chairs loose from the floor ably assisted the musical Quigg to put his act over big.

The result was that Mr. Quigg, whose program nickname is "Name it and he'll play it", successfully stopped the show for fifteen minutes.

This Quigg first off comes out and flays the accordion for a few times reaping considerable enthusiastic gestures from the throng, following which he begs the patrons to help him out by singing with him as he plays. After this the customers are supposed to go buffy and do so, calling on John for their favorite numbers, several even going so far as to stand right up in their chairs and chortle a varied assortment of mammy songs, sweet poppa numbers, and ballads about their dear old dad.

It's one long yell!!! There's also a great many other people graein' the stage with considerable eclat, including Billy Gilbert, a gentleman who weighs in at three hundred and fifty lbs and fourteen laughs per second, assisted by a short bird described on the hand-bills as Bobby Wilson, whose main

stock in trade is a sweet and child-like grin which got on the customers' nerves to such an extent that they bust right out laughing every time they seen him.

The two Marks Brothers, sons of Mr. Trade Marks, also draw their share of cheets with a specialty number in which they appear with their faces all dirty, masquerading as a pair of stage negroes. They sang something beautiful, the first brother, Mr. German Marks, displaying one of the largest singing mouths east of the Great Lakes.

Pauline Glenmarr, who admits that she is from Montreal this week, danced divinely and sang two or three jazzy numbers aided and abetted by one of the niftiest sets of chorines seen locally since the flood. Miss Emma Wilson ditto, bar the dancing, while Miss Hazel Alger had one song about "girls that men forget" that carries a real message, hoke though it is.

At the end of the show, Sidney Sage, a well dressed young fellow, stepped out and declared that the girls was wrangling something terrible about which is the most pretty and charming of the crowd, and that to settle the discussion the ladies would parade before the throng and let the applause settle the difficulty. On Monday night the decision was a tie between Mr. Bobby Wilson and Mr. Billie Gilbert.

I forgot to tell you that the name of the show is "The Radio Girls". Nobody knows why, but a competition will probably be held some night soon to let the audience settle this international question likewise. L. M. R.



Little Miss Twinkletoes

MISS BETTY WALTON
The latest addition to The Bagdad's entertainment bill, whose dancing ranks her among the cleverest of cabaret performers. It's a secret yet, but someone will whisper it about sooner or later, Betty has a cunning little French accent that is really her own.

splendid xylophone selections and the Masinos, father and son, with violin and piano, gave intense enjoyment to the audience. The feature picture was, "Lost and Found on a South Sea Isle", and there were other features and comics, and a news reel, and all for 15 cents and 25 cents.

Well, that's great stuff, well within the reach of most folks, and jolly good entertainment. I'd like us all to rally 'round Mr. Garfield at The Alcazar. If we do, I prophesy the East End is going to have an up-to-date place of amusement that some day will make the West End yellow with envy. JAY AITCH.

Van and Schenck Will Not Part Company

Van and Schenck will not part company as reported in a theatrical paper. Quite the contrary, according to their manager, "Squaredale" Grady, who says they will be seen in the Collier-Bernard revue when that show opens later in the season.

N. Y. and Chicago Vaudeville Raises \$75,000 for Japs

Vaudeville Theatres in New York and Chicago alone contributed seventy five thousand dollars to the Japanese Relief Fund in the eight days following the news of the Yokohama-Tokyo catastrophe, while vaudeville theatres all over the continent will swell the figure to a sum which will run into the hundreds of thousands. E. F. Albee of the Keith theatres will donate the sum so raised to the Red Cross Society, of which he is a prominent member.



Young Stars Steal Honors At the Imperial

TWO boys who are last on the program ran away with the honors of the bill at the Imperial at the opening performance this week. Their names are Combe and Nevins, and they are just singers. One of them (if its not Combe, its Nevins; and if not Nevins than its Combe) plays the piano in accompaniment of the songs they sing. Both boys are full to the brim of personality, they possess singing voices that are grateful and comforting, and they somehow so take the audience into their confidence when they sing that you feel you want to listen to them all night. They stopped the show, that is to say that instead of everybody getting up and going out when the headline act had finished, they stayed bang to the end to hear this new Van and Schenck. Watch them!

Howard and Ross gave an amazing exhibition of skill on their banjos. Gee. How they made those banjos speak! I have never heard such fine music from the instrument before. The operatic selections, with Miss Ross's impersonations were unsurpassable.

Nash and O'Donnell have a great sketch in "Mama's Car", and they get every ounce out of every line in it. They held the audience laughing, laughing, and then—laughing.

Venetian Gardens
DANCING
Entertainment
Unexcelled Cuisine
Entirely Redecorated for the Opening of the Autumn Season.
THE JANET SISTERS
Dancers de Luxe
Now Featuring
THE CABARET.
602 St. Catherine West
UP: 9446.

Miss Marjorie Dow as the house-keeper had not much to do, but she made the domestic a creation.

The Four Dancing Madcaps come from England and they can stay over here as long as they like. Sandy Shaw is another importation—he's from Scotland—and has enough ability to strike away from the Harry Lauder stuff. He sold himself well and the crowd liked him, as I did. Rich Hayes is a juggler and an oddity. He evened up things all around. He's good.

The feature picture is, "The Untameable", with Gladys Walton. If I had such a wife I'd shoot her. But its a picture of thrills galore, unusuality, and fine photography.

A good, high class program of tip top vaudeville that would be hard to beat for variety, entertainment value, and snap. JAY AITCH.

Alcazar Gets Novel Effects On Silver Screen

JUST a little east of Papineau Avenue on St. Catherine Street you will find The Alcazar Theatre. Around it there's quite a big English colony. Some of the best people in Montreal live thereabouts, fine, sturdy, home-loving folks, the best type of the workers. I found a good representation of them in The Alcazar on my first visit to it, a few days ago. Mr. B. M. Garfield, late manager of the Gayety, has taken the house over, redecorated it, put in new moving picture machines, screens, etc., got himself a nice little orchestra together, and it looks as if he's going to put The Alcazar on the entertainment map of Montreal.

I don't know the explanation of it but I had a singular experience as I sat and watched the pictures in The Alcazar. Perhaps Mr. Garfield has a new method of screening films. I know not. But every picture looked to me as if it were projected through a stereopticon. The characters and objects in the picture stood out so distinctly and the pictures had such an air of reality about them that I felt as if I were watching living people and things. Go and see for yourself. It may be the new machines they are using; or especially good projection, but I have never seen such good screening anywhere the world around.

Mr. Eugene Fisher gave some

Newest Orchestra For Venetian Termed "Musical Knockout"

Everybody up at the Venetian Gardens is in a high state of pep just at present about a new band. It looks like the hit of the year if the reports which are sifting in from Colonel McNeil over the long distance telephone go for aught. The band will be in on Monday, and officials at the garden declare that it is just naturally going to be the best thing in music which ever graced the Venetian or any other Montreal spot, for that matter.

Menzies Band is filling the bill this week, while the heavy end of the entertainment program is still being carried by those two dainty maidens the Janet Sisters, Eddie Cantor's proteges who have proved so delighting to Venetian patrons for the past week or two.

Young Understudy Startles Broadway In Leading Role

Miss Symona Boniface is the latest actress to startle New York. She was engaged to understudy Mary Newcombe in "The Woman of the Jury" and was told in the afternoon of her first day at the theatre that she would have to go into the part "cold" that night, as Miss Newcombe had just received word that her husband was seriously ill in the west. She was given fifteen minutes for rehearsal and to pick up the plot of the piece after which she stepped into the part and carried her role through with flying colors.

IMPERIAL

COMMENCING SUNDAY
Exclusive Showing of
Dempsey - Firpo
Fight Pictures

All Important Points Shown with aid of Slow-Motion Camera.

JAPANESE EARTHQUAKE
Vivid, interesting scenes of the disaster-stricken country.
6 Acts B. F. KEITH POPULAR PRICED VAUDEVILLE.

Vera Burt & Saxi Holtsworth
And their Harmony Hounds, in a lively melange of Song, Dance and Music.

Henry B. Toomer & Esther Day
With "A Very Bad Cold"

ARTHUR LLOYD
Humorous Card Index
POTTER & GAMBLE
Sparkling with Youth and Personality.

Marguerite LORNER
GIRLS Rhea
Two Dancing Sweethearts of Vaudeville.
Two of a Kind.

Arthur FRAZER
and **BUNCE Harry**
"The Fellow That Looks Like Me."

Afternoons (Except Sats., Sun. and Holidays), 25c.
Evenings, Sats., Sun., Holidays, 45c., 60c.

2nd BIG WEEK ALCAZAR THEATRE

1038 St. Catherine Street East.

COMMENCING SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th.

BIG DOUBLE BILL. 15 Reels of Pictures

Specialties Between Picture Presentations.

Big 3 Hour Show for One Admission.

Matinee: 10c. and 15c. Evening: 15c. and 25c.

Biggest and best Show in Montreal for the money.

Ask anyone who attended this Week.

A big Change in the Running of the Theatre.

A Suitable Place for the Best People.

COME ONCE AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

BAGDAD

186 PEEL ST.
OPP. MT. ROYAL HOTEL.

DANCING — ENTERTAINMENT

9.30 P. M. To Closing

Specialising in After Theatre Suppers
Now Playing

LINO MONTE, the Superb Italian Tenor
Miss ELSIE THEVENARD, Montreal's Popular Young Soprano.
Miss BETTY WALTON, in delightful captivating dances.
GARRETT'S HARMONY MEN'S ORCHESTRA
IRRESISTIBLE TO LOVERS OF DANCING.

Reservations: Up 8975. Couvert charge, \$1.00.

Saturday Thé Dansant, 4 to 6.30 p.m., 75 cents per person.

PLUNDERED HARVESTERS' STORY

DISILLUSIONED MEN TELL "THE AXE" HOW C. P. R. RUINED THEM

C. P. R. advertisements guaranteeing \$4.00 a day and "10 jobs to every man" led thousands to come to Canada from England hoping to build new homes for families.

GOV'T TO PAY FARES BACK

THE Canadian Pacific Railway Company's importation of Old Country harvesters was nothing but a get-rich-quick scheme to rob poor men of their savings and to cajole men in England and Scotland to come here on an alleged "opportunity" which did not exist," declares James Shapero of Glasgow, who with a large band of fellow-harvesters is now quartered at Immigration Headquarters, St. Antoine Street awaiting return, at the Canadian Government's expense to the Old Country.

Shapero and twenty fellow Britishers have visited THE AXE this week as a deputation from the large body of Old Country Harvesters now in Montreal.

C. P. R. GUARANTEED WORK.

Practically all the ex-harvesters who have found their way east tell the same story as Shapero.

"I came to Canada," he declares, "on the strength of C.P.R. advertisements in Glasgow and vicinity. Flaming posters guaranteed thirty days work to any man, skilled or unskilled, for the harvest season in the Canadian West at a minimum wage of four dollars a day. These posters declared that Canada was 'A land of milk and honey,' 'God's Own Country' with 'Ten Jobs to Every Man'. One advt. that attracted particular attention depicted a harvester holding a sheaf of grain under one arm while in his free hand he carried a bag of gold pieces.

"Such advertisements led thousands to inquire how to get to this land of plenty," Shapero continued. "Inquiry from the C.P.R. agent named on these posters elicited the information that harvesters could travel to Winnipeg for £12-0-0, (\$60.00) plus railway fare from Glasgow to Liverpool. Some were told that over and above the sixty dollars for fares they would not need more than fifty cents in their pockets on arrival at Winnipeg, as work was so plentiful that farmers would be swarming the trains seeking men to help them with the crops.

FIRED WITH ROSY DREAMS.

"To cite my own case," Shapero continued, "the C.P.R. advertising fired me with dreams of building a home for my growing family far away from the grimy city where we lived. When I called on the C.P.R. man in Glasgow he painted such a rosy picture of the opportunities waiting for any man 'willing to work' that I scraped together what money I could for my fare and came to your 'God's Country'.

"On arrival at Winnipeg I took the advice of the C.P.R. man at the station and went on to Yorkton, Saskatchewan, where I was told there was work a-plenty. On the day of our arrival at Yorkton a few farmers wandered into the Labour Exchange at noon and five men out of ten were hired for stooking at three fifty a day. When no other work was offering, the Labour Exchange man advised me to slip down to Lansenburg as he declared that men were wanted there.

C.P.R. GETS LAST DOLLAR.

"I hastened to Lansenburg, giving the C.P.R. my last dollar and a half as railway fare. There I was hired by a farmer as stooker, my pay to be three dollars and a half a day, not the four dollars guaranteed by the C.P.R.'s advertising posters.

"I tackled my stooking job, and am perfectly willing to admit that I was not a skilled hand. I didn't come as a skilled hand. The C.P.R. said there was work for unskilled men at \$4 a day, which is what had brought me from the Old Country.

"About noon of my first day the farmer I was working for came along and said 'You'll have to work faster than that'. As we went to dinner he called to me again 'Speed up, or I'll have to part with you'.

"At four he came to where I was working and said 'I'll have to find a stronger man'. Well, I tried to put on more steam, with the result that I collapsed on the field at my work, and was fired from the job, and was told to move on.

"Can't I stay the night?" I asked. 'No! Get out!' declared my employer. Well, I didn't feel, like spending the night on the road, as I didn't even know my way about, so I made the farmer a proposition to remain with him at \$2 a day instead of the \$3.50 he had promised me, and he accepted. It was just an idea on my part to get a night's sleep there. I spent the night o. k. but in the morning I told the farmer that I was through and that I had just made my bargain the night before to get a chance to sleep there.

"I then walked five miles back to Lansenburg and there I found work with another farmer.

SHORT CHANGED BY FARMER

"My pay was to be four dollars a day as driver of a team of horses. I went out to his farm and next day was put to work. I stooked in the morning and in the afternoon drove a team for the threshing. For three days, Thursday, Friday and Saturday I worked at the job and on Saturday night, Simpson came and said 'I'm going to pay you off! He then offered me \$9.00 for my three days work. I said 'You promised me \$4 a day'. He replied 'Take the nine or leave it'. I said 'I claim \$12.00 Mr., and he said 'You get no more than nine. If you don't take that you'll get ... all'.

"I finally took the nine dollars and asked him if it would be satisfactory to stay at the farm until morning as it was then after dark. He promptly replied 'You ... off out of here and ... quick!' I refused to go and he called his two sons and they were going to put me out.

"I went. That night I slept by the roadside and got to Lansenburg at 6 a. m. I had exactly the nine dollars I had just earned and the C.P.R. took \$8.25 of it right away from me for my fare to Winnipeg.

"At Winnipeg I met hundreds in like straits and many of us complained to the Trades and Labor Council with the result that we went with a deputation to Thomas Gellay, Government Immigration Commissioner to ask what could be done about repatriation.

SAYS "YOU WON'T WORK".

"Gellay said 'You harvesters don't want to work. There's plenty for everybody.' I demanded to be sent home on the grounds that the C.P.R. had brought me to Canada on absolute false pretences, in promising me steady harvest work at a minimum of four dollars a day. Gellay said 'We couldn't send you on that

"CANADA" SPELLS "HELL" TO THESE MEN.



HARVESTERS' DELEGATION WHICH VISITED THE AXE.
Twenty-one Old Country Harvesters, imported by the Canadian Pacific Railway, who acted as a delegation to THE AXE, to expose misrepresentation under which they were brought to Canada. The majority of the "C. P. R. Imported" harvesters gave up jobs and expended their savings to come to "The Land of Milk and Honey." They go home jobless and broke.

basis, but we might deport you on grounds of ill health.' I refused to face any doctor's examination as my health had been passed on as o. k. at Halifax, yet they fixed up my papers on that ground, despite the fact that I underwent no examination.

"Sent on to Montreal, I am being deported to Scotland, presumably as an undesirable citizen, just to give the Canadian Pacific a clean bill of health.

CANADA, THE UNDESIRABLE

"I know one thing," Shapero concluded, "and that is that I was no undesirable when I had money for steamship and railway fares. At Halifax on landing the Immigration doctors never even looked at us. But now that we are made destitute by the C.P.R. grounds of ill health are cooked up against us and men who never had a black mark against them in all their lives are being shipped out of Canada to England and Scotland as undesirable citizens.

"The only undesirable thing I have seen since I left home is Canada!"

SOUR MILK, NO HONEY

Other returning Old Countrymen who visited the offices of THE AXE as members of the deputation tell similar stories of their experiences in the C.P.R.'s "Land of Milk and Honey".

James Best, of Glasgow, sold his furniture and moved his family into one room to raise money to come to Canada to get a new start in "God's Country" and bring his family out later. He was hired near Winnipeg at \$3 a day but only received \$1 a day for three days work.

Richard Elliott, Glasgow, says "I borrowed money and came here on the strength of C.P.R. propaganda and promises and now must go home and work to try and pay my debts."

Maurice Brodie, Glasgow, left a job at home and borrowed money to come to the place where men earned nearly a pound a day—on the C.P.R. posters.

NO JOB, NO CASH.

B. Tanner of London, gave up his job and spent all his savings of five years to come to the Colonies and make a fortune. Now he has neither job nor fortune and is going home broke.

J. C. Purdie of Hamilton, near Glasgow, says that he forfeited his army pension by coming out here to starve on C.P.R. promises.

Frank Fuller, single of London, admits that he was unemployed but spent the last of his savings to come to Canada's golden opportunity.

A. Stanmore, a professional boxer borrowed the money from his father to come out from London. "How I would like to meet Mr. E. W. Beatty in the ring now," he says, "I would give the C.P.R. a chance to get out a real poster."

WHOLESALE DISILLUSION.

James Glassey, of Bell's Hill, Lanarkshire, a married man with two children, sold up part of his home to come and earn his share of the promised Milk and Honey. After working 3 days he con-

tracted blood poison as the result of a kick from a horse, and the farmer where he was working offered to look after him until he was better. The Immigration people stepped in, however, he declares, and made him go to hospital, taking his money for doctor's expenses. "Now," he says, "I am being deported as a good for nothing just to give the C.P.R. a clean bill of health."

Richard Anderson, of Liverpool, a married man with 2 kids, gave up his job and came out on savings. He goes home deported and broke from what he had been told by the C.P.R. was the "chance of a lifetime".

J. Gross left his job in London and borrowed money to come here.

Lewis Fishman, of London, left his job and came on his savings.

John Brown, of Glasgow, was broke and borrowed the money to

come to "God's Own Country". T. Armstrong, Glasgow, worked for an ex-M.P. at Morris, Man., and received twenty five cents and a motor car drive for 1 day's work. He is another of Canada's disillusioned advertisements.

Thos. Mullen left a good job and borrowed the money for his C.P.R. vacation.

WILL RAISE SCANDAL

These are just a few of the many sad stories related to THE AXE by Old Countrymen now in Montreal on their way home to England from the harvest fields. In every case the story told is identical in that every man declares that the Canadian Pacific representatives in England guaranteed \$4.00 a day and "10 jobs for every man", the fact that

(Continued on page 6.)

GAYETY

BURLESQUE
Mollie Williams

Columbia Burlesque

"FUN FOR THE FAMILY"

Week Commencing Sunday Eve., Sept. 30th
A TREAT FOR ALL LOVERS OF WHOLESOME FUN

Mollie Williams

THE FEMININE STAR OF BURLESQUE

AND HER HAPPY, SNAPPY, PEPPY REVUE

WITH THOSE TWO FURIOUSLY FUNNY FELLOWS

JACK WALSH and PHIL ADAMS

AND A MERRY ROLLICKING CAST OF SUPERIOR ENTERTAINERS WITH MOLLIE'S HAND PICKED PEACHY WONDER CHORUS OF

DAINTY! DANCING! DARLINGS!

A SPECIALLY SELECTED CAST IN

THE SENSATIONAL "FATE'S FIRE" THRILLING SUPER SPECTACLE REALISTIC.

NOTE: —

Dear Friends:

I am offering for your entertainment what I believe to be the best show of our career, come and see it. I am sure you will like it.

And (Oh! I almost forgot) get one of my auto-graphed Photos.

Yours lovingly,
MOLLIE.

PRICES: Daily Matinees: 20, 25c, 35 and 50 cents
Evenings: 25, 35, 50, 75 and \$1.00

VIEWS and REVIEWS

Why I Publish The Axe

SUNSHINE

A FEW days ago I met a friend of mine on St. James' Street. He is an official of the C. P. R., but a decent fellow for all that. I started "pulling his leg" about the harvesters brought out from England by the C. P. R. and, to my amazement, he got as mad as the proverbial halter. After an interchange of civilities of a more or less warm kind, though I confess my dominating feeling was amusement, he asked, as his parting shot: "Why don't you put some sunshine into that paper of yours?"

There's my text for this week's sermon:—

"Why don't you put some sunshine into that paper of yours?"

Let me begin by defining the terms. "Sunshine" in the case would seem to me to mean what is vulgarly known as "the bunk". Great, glowing editorials in praise of Eddy Beatty, if it be not sacrilegious to call the head of the octopus, "Eddy"; paens of praise of the C. P. R.; barrels of gush over the wonderful banking system of Canada (what rot!); slobber, slobber, slobber over this high personage and that—that would be "sunshine" in the estimation of my friend and his kind, I imagine.

There's no room in THE AXE for that sort of "sunshine". We are trying to let a little sunshine into darkened lives, to lift up the broken-hearted; to "help lame dogs over stiles"; to ease the burdens of some who find the burden of life almost too heavy to bear. To do that we have to get savage at times, must challenge the evil systems that crush sunshine out of folk, must lay our axe at the root of the trees of individual and organised selfishness. This all has the tendency to repress "sunshine" in ourselves who write THE AXE, though we are a fairly happy crowd, and to cause the reflection of our feelings to manifest itself in the paper we turn out. It can not be helped.

When I reached my office after my spat with my friend, a little unmarried mother was waiting to see me. She has been sadly victimised by some scoundrel and has been left to face a hard world alone, with no help from him to provide for their babe. The organisations which exist in this city to help such cases, which are heavily supported by charitable Montreal, have treated her with their customary inhumanity, ineffectiveness, and cold blooded callousness. Her life lacks "sunshine". Her babe needs it. To bring some "sunshine" into her life is a far nobler task than slobbering in hysterical admiration over the exploits of the C. P. R.

Hers is the third unmarried mother case that has come to us for friendship and sympathy in the last week. We cannot do much for them but we do our bit and they go away feeling, at least, that there is one friend left in the world and somebody who holds no reproach against them, even though they may have sinned and come short of the glory of their womanhood. I am not asking for credit for anything we do along these lines. We but do our duty.

"Sunshine", eh? We are teaching the people to reach out for high wages, believing as we constantly are saying that this week's wage fund is next week's store receipts, which means happiness and prosperity ("sunshine") for everybody if the wage fund is ample. We advocate the systematic organisation of labor believing that organised labor will not only be better paid than unorganised labor, but that this is the only way under present economic conditions that labor can get its share of "sunshine". We preach a broad human creed that transcends all limitations of race or religion, bidding English, French, Jewish, and all races live as brothers, enjoying Life's sunshine, rather than live in the gloom of racial and religious intolerance. We are ever urging that "amusement is a necessity, not a luxury" and, while exposing the vicious and degrading in entertainment, are inculcating a love of the drama and its sister arts, so that people may bring more and more "sunshine" into lives drab, gray, and monotonous.

Frankly our sympathies are more with the people of Griffintown and Point St. Charles, the honest hard-working folk to whom we belong, than with those of Westmount Boulevard, most of whom "toil not, neither do they spin"; with the East End rather than the West End, for the West-Enders in the main can take care of themselves and get the "sunshine" with better facility than those east of the Main. If "East is East and West is West" and I must make choice between the two, then the East for mine, meaning the people of the abyss, as Jack London named them. Because they need the "sunshine" and I want to help the sun shine on them.

And I guess that if my friend has the understanding necessary to enable him to read the inner message of this little sermon, to grasp what we of THE AXE are driving at, to use his atrophied vision, he will discover "sunshine" in every line of THE AXE and between the lines, and, instead of being the diligent but slavish admirer of everything with the brand of the C. P. R. on it (I appreciate his loyalty to his salt; it is a fine thing), he will visualise THE AXE as the chief "sunshine" breeder hereabouts.

We shall now take up the collection.

JOHN H. ROBERTS,

WHAT THE MAN IN THE STREET WANTS TO KNOW

IS any supervision given to the correctness of the measures used at the gasoline stations, and when is the price of gasoline coming down in Canada to match the reductions in the U.S.A.?

Why are half-a-million dollars needed for Montreal charity organisations, seeing that every amusement patron is taxed for charities?

Why do the telephone operators allow their customers to talk for fifteen minutes for five cents on the automatic telephones, and if the telephone hogs guilty of monopolising the public phones will not have themselves to blame if they get this favor cut off for abusing it?

Would not the phrase, "O, Charity, what sins are wrought in thy name!" be a good slogan for the Financial Federation's forthcoming money-raising campaign?

Who was the young lad that helped an express driver unloosen the straps of a fallen horse, while half a dozen strong healthy-looking men looked on, at Victoria Square, about 5 P.M. Wednesday?

Why should the charitable public of Montreal contribute half a million dollars to pay Ten Thousand Dollar salaries to charity organisation officials, to say nothing of the junketings to New York, Washington, etc., at the expense of the poor?

Who is the head of a department in a West End store who had better watch his step in regard to the treatment of those under him, meaning girl employes, and does he remember the case of the nurse he tried to assault in his house not so very long ago?

Who is the Ontario small-town business man who, after ruining the eighteen year-old girl stenographer he employed, closed his business and skipped out to New York, and if it will not pay him better to stay there?

Has the Duke of Manchester found any gold in Canada yet—or anywhere else, and if Kim (that's how they know him in the clubs at home, don't you know?) wouldn't welcome it through almost any channel?—vide Town Topics.

Who is the ex-detective who may face a charge of bigamy in certain eventualities?

Who is the C.P.R. official who said that two men were laying for the Editor of THE AXE, and why did he get so mad when "Harvesters" were mentioned?

If School Commissioners are doing service to Protestantism in advocating separate Jewish schools, and is the proposal only a way of shirking the principle of "no taxation without representation"?

What is the name of the lady who lost a diamond ring at a roadhouse on the Island of Montreal, and was she afraid to make trouble about it because the "lounge-lizard" who was with her might have told?

Why should there be separate schools for Jewish children, as proposed, and would it not be better if all our children, French, English, and Jewish, were educated in the same schools, seeing they will have to work together in after years?

Was it by accident or design that the Gillette Safety Razor Company

Sweet Charity in Montreal

STRENUOUS efforts are being made in preparation for the big drive of the Financial Federation of Charities by which Mr. Falk and his cohorts hope to have another half million dollars to spend in maintaining themselves in "cushy" jobs. The organisation of charity in this city of Montreal is one of the most utterly callous things on earth. Here, for instance, is a scene that occurred in the office of the Family Welfare some time ago:

Enter a little fellow of seven or eight years who hands a note to the lady in charge. She reads it and says to the little chap, "So your mother is sick in bed and you have no food or fuel in the house. Very well, my dear, it will be all right, tell mother. I'll attend to it in the morning".

Does Montreal want any mother and kiddies to go hungry and cold for twenty-four hours while these dames get a move on?

That's the damnable feature of it, the lack of heart, the strict observance of rules and regulations, the treatment of everybody in need as a "case", to be microscopically examined, analysed, dissected, lectured and patronised, until the poor of this city veritably hate the name of organised charity. And with all this lack of heart and soul goes the equally damning fact that the monies received from the people of Montreal for the relief of suffering and want go in largest proportion to the upkeep of a hungry horde of officials, well paid, well fed, and living lives of ease and comfort, about their only requisite for employment being that they have taken a social service course at McGill. We advise the people of Montreal to do their own charity work direct instead of by proxy, and make sure that they get one hundred's cent's worth of actual relief and service of the poor and suffering out of every dollar they give, which they cannot get through the Charity Trust.

'E. P.' and The Super-Snobs

The C.P.R. publicity bureau has broadcasted a news story to the effect that Mr. Beatty and his fellow-directors of the Octopus, now on a tour of inspection in the West, will call on the Prince of Wales at his ranch in Alberta.

For superlative snobbishness and colossal cheek this beats all! The Prince is here incognito, not as the Prince but as Lord Renfrew. He has expressed the desire to be let alone. But this bunch of snobs and self-advertising experts have so little concern for the wishes of the Prince that they must intrude themselves on his privacy in order to be able to boast of their visit to him and, incidentally, advertise the C.P.R.

Let us hope they will take some of the stranded harvesters with them, many of whom were comrades with the Prince in the Great War, and explain to him how they justify the C.P.R. bringing men out to this country under promises that are unfulfilled to conditions that were misrepresented. And perhaps they will also inform the Prince how they were able to persuade the Government of Canada to ship back the stranded harvesters to the old country by C.P.R. trains and ships at the Government's expense, thus enabling the C.P.R. to "get theirs" coming and going. The Prince will, thus, be able to learn the secret of Canada's greatness. Perhaps!!!!

of Canada selected a purchasing agent by the name of Shaver?

Is it true that a certain beautiful matron of Montreal on her next trip abroad will take her consul with her to see that she suffers no annoying restrictions in foreign lands?

Who was the business man who was talking to "the other man's wife" one day this week and said to her, "if THE AXE knew of our affair there'd be two divorces, and we'd both be in them", and were they not surprised to learn that even as they talked THE AXE knew all about it, including the telephone conversation?

Have you proved out the Ten Cent Tax as advertised in THE AXE?

Are you one of the more than seventy-five ladies who have rung up THE AXE's Mary Kirkland to ask which was the beauty parlor she referred to in last week's AXE as being worthy of patronage?

Why is Colonel Dennis so anxiously putting out propaganda regarding the harvesters, and is he trying to cover up the shame of the C.P.R. in making dividends out of the poverty of these poor old country dupes of theirs?

Mixed Metaphors

What is the matter with The Montreal Star? In its issue of Tuesday it got off the following:
"France has entered an era of immense responsibility. The ball

is at her feet. — Having negotiated the most difficult passages, she is not likely to blunder in the comparatively smooth waters that now lie before her".

We are at a loss to understand whether the writer of the foregoing thinks France is making a football of Germany or is going in for water polo. Is the added thinking of The Whisperer on national questions having its effect on the international thinking of his editorial staff? And this is the newspaper that wants to run Canada! "The ball is at our feet; let us hoist sail and steer the ship into smooth waters", might form the text for the next "Whisper of Death".
Oy! Oy!

Letters to The Editor

Dear Axe:—
You have a great field to work in—you have all Canada to keep your eye on—but you don't need such a large field, you can find plenty to do in our own city (Montreal). You are saying just a little each week compared to what can be said. Look at our daily papers each day and see Police court cases and descriptions of raids. Yes, raids on the little places. And do you know I think some one should tip the police department about a place called 92—the famous 92!
92 is well known to all taxi drivers. All you have to say is, "92", and in you get and are soon whirling down Dorchester Street. I think some one should let the Police know about it, for surely they don't know. I did hear they were going to float a bond issue to put three more stories on 92 to keep up with the increasing demand. I am sure the issue would be oversubscribed for it is a wellknown money maker, paying good dividends.
J. S. BRUCE

ARE YOU IN THIS GROUP?



If you can identify yourself as one of this week's "Fortunate Five", there's a crisp new two dollar bill waiting for you at THE AXE Offices, 20 St. James Street, Montreal. But you must identify yourself to us before 6 p.m. Wednesday, October 3rd.

LOCAL SWINDLER GANG PLUNDERS FOREIGNERS IN FAKE SMUGGLING DEAL

Guileless aliens promised entry into U. S., taken to South Shore, made lose bearings then headed on foot back to Montreal, via "Brooklyn Bridge".

VICTIMS PAY FROM \$50 TO \$150 FOR RIDE.

BEWISKERED gentlemen, burdened with names that read like the alphabet written backwards and who seek to become citizens of the United States via the underground route are proving a rich gold mine to a clever band of swindlers operating in Montreal.

PREY ON ALIENS

The great majority of these would-be United Statesers are tourist visitors to Canada, touring from one province to the other as day laborers or section hands on the railways. All appear to have heard of the great Volstead desert as the country of golden sidewalks but, owing to the immigration restrictions, they have been compelled to come to Canada where there are only ordinary paved streets and cement sidewalks.

With the close of the rush of outdoor work during the summer months, these aliens have been flocking to Montreal. Almost immediately upon their arrival they are met, or unearthed in the rabbit warrens where they take their quarters in the slum districts, by some of the gang. The latter, incidentally is composed almost exclusively of aliens from Central Europe, ready to prey upon their more ignorant countrymen.

TAKEN TO "NEW YORK"

"Do you want to go to New York?" the victim is asked. The answer is always in the affirmative. Then the dupe is informed that it will cost him various sums ranging from \$50. to \$150. and even more to be smuggled in.

A closed car is secured and the party drives across the Victoria bridge towards Laprairie. There a circular route is taken, the drive lasting possibly a couple of hours. Then the supposed smuggler orders his fare out of the car, points to the Victoria Bridge and says:—"See, that bridge? That's the Brooklyn bridge. Just walk across that and you are in New York!"

The end of a weary four or five mile walk then brings them back to

Montreal, this time with well-emptied pocketbooks.

GUIDE VANISHES

Another brand of swindle is reported. One gang brought a number of aliens to Prescott, placed them on the ferry and advised them to "walk right up to the man in the blue uniform" at Ogdensburg. They walked right into the U. S. Immigration authorities.

Meanwhile their guide, who had collected liberally from each of the party was nowhere in sight.

Famous Beauties Set High Records As Gold Diggers

THE Beautiful Women of History have always been able to tease some very interesting gifts out of their "gentlemen friends." It has often been said that Louis XV spent two and a half million dollars on Du Barry.

But those gifts covered all of the little Parisian milliner's career.

Consider the content of that little remembrance Antony once gave Cleopatra when he was completely under her spell: the Provinces of Phoenicia, Syria, Cilicia and a portion of Judea and Arabia! All in one afternoon!

But, then, Cleopatra was a pretty "giver" herself.

Some time later, when Antony found himself seriously in need of military aid, the lovely Queen of the Nile cheerfully presented him with 200 ships, fully manned, and about 20,000 gold talents—equal to some twenty million dollars in our money!

From which we gather that it always pays to curry favor with the Beauties.

Gayety's Pet, Mollie Williams Here Next Week

I have known Mollie Williams for many years. Time was (when Tommy Conway managed The Gayety), years ago, that I censored every show that came to the Columbia Burlesque house. Every Monday afternoon or evening I sat in "the wings" and watched the show. In this way I not only got to know Burlesque but to also know Burlesquers. Amongst them Mollie Williams' ranked top for high-class shows; always a long distance away from ordinary burlesque; fittingly dressed, sometimes daringly so; well-staged, and produced as by a master hand.

Mollie Williams is not only a comedienne of high rank but an outstanding business woman who knows that only the best in Burlesque pays—and it pays Mollie \$50,000 a year net!

Next week Mollie Williams comes to The Gayety, with her Happy, Snappy, Peppy Revue. Two furiously funny fellows, Jack Walsh and Phil Adams, will be Mollie's chief fun-makers and her own hand-picked, peachy, dainty, dimpled, dancing darlings will provide the chorus attractiveness of the show. As usual, Mollie will present a thrilling dramatic sketch. "Fate's Fire" is its

Fifteen Reels For Film Fans At Alcazar

One of the best entertainment buys next week will be at The Alcazar, Mr. B. M. Garfield's new venture in the field of Montreal amusements. A big double bill of 15 reels of pictures is promised and between the pictures high class musical specialties will be given as added attractions.

Crowds have attended the opening week and everybody has gone away delighted. I know because we heard the comments of the folks passing out the time I "covered" the show. Plenty for the money and all of it classed at 100 per cent in entertainment value.

If you live outside The Alcazar territory take a St. Catherine Street car to a little east of Papineau Avenue—1038 is the street number. Sand not upon the order of going but go. You'll get five times your money's worth, I believe.

JAY AITCH.

title. Its a hair-raiser!

Well, I'll be there, and you'll be there, and we'll all be there—to see Mollie Williams—and her crowd, of course, but Mollie pre-eminently, predominantly, and preferably.

JAY AITCH.

Blacksmith's Spouse Fed Up With Anvil Job

MRS. SARAH NATHANSKY, wants the Courts to rule that her husband, a C.P.R. blacksmith, must confine the exercising of the muscles of his brawny arms to the railway company's forge in future and that he further be instructed not to hang about under her spreading chestnut tree any more.

A PRACTICE ANVIL.

Nathansky, according to his bitter half, has acquired the habit of using her as a practice anvil, tempering his blows with language of a sort that Mr. Longfellow's smith of beloved memory would never have condoned.

Another of his specialties, she alleges, was to offer vivid descriptions of his opinion of her relatives. Last March she had him arrested for some of his playful antics and he was bonded by Recorder Semple to keep the peace for a year.

Mrs. Nathansky declares that he left the family dovecote on City Hall Avenue some months ago and has only been tendering some thirteen dollars a week out of his thirty five dollars pay, which she has found insufficient to support herself and the children.

WANTS MORE MONEY.

Because she couldn't pay the rent she was forced to leave the City Hall Avenue home and seek sanctuary with friends, declares Mrs. Nathansky, who is now petitioning the local courts to grant her a separation and alimony of \$20 a week.

The courts have given her permission to sue for separation as to bed and board from her allegedly rough and tumble anvil-pounding spouse.

Delorme Dollars Again Issue In New Court Fight

A FAINT re-echo of the famous trials of Father Adelard Delorme was heard in court this week when Mrs. Adelard Tétrault, (Claudia Delorme) entered suit against the priest's sisters to force a division of some \$11,000. of the Delorme estate.

Mrs. Tétrault, herself a sister to the priest who is now a prisoner at Bordeaux prison, claims title to one sixth of the amount involved. The other sisters, Rosa, Florence and Lily are each credited with title to one sixth and Father Delorme to two sixths. As Mrs. Tétrault's husband is the trustee for Father Delorme, having been so appointed when he led the family council which had the priest interdicted and deprived of the control of his personal fortune, the division of the property would bring Father Delorme's share, of approximately \$4,000. into Tétrault's hands.

36 ROUNDS OF BOXING

MOUNT ROYAL ARENA

Wednesday, October 3rd.

BATTLING

SIKI (The Senegalese Tiger who knocked Carpentier for the full count.)

VS.

JACK

JOHNSON (Former Heavyweight Champ of the World.)

IN A SIX-ROUND BOUT.

3 OTHER BIG BOUTS, EACH OVER THE 10-ROUND ROUTE

THE AXE'S POPULAR COPYRIGHT SONGS No. 14

Bring Back my Mama

Words by SAM HOWARD, Music by CONSTANCE THOMAS

Tempo di Valse

Piano

Voice

Dad - dy where is my Ma-ma, a Ba - by

said one day. She's gone to Heav-en that's what all my

play - mates seem to say; Dad - dy I know you're

lone- some and wish that she was here. Each

night I pray un-to Heav-en to find my Ma - ma so dear.

Chorus

Bring my Ma - ma back to me I want her

so some as can be where -

ev - er I go. 'Oh Dad - dy if the

an - gels knew how lone-ly it is for me and you

ad lib

Don't you think they'd sure-ly hear A ba - by's pray-er

and bring back my ma - ma dear. ma - ma dear.

This Song must not be cut and sold apart from THE AXE. Anyone disregarding this intimation will be proceeded against. PUBLISHED BY THE SAM HOWARD MUSIC PUBLISHING CO., 633 ST CATHERINE STREET WEST, MONTREAL. OBTAINABLE AT ALL MUSIC DEALERS IN FULL MUSIC FORM, AT 35 CENTS PER COPY.

Imperial Announces Exclusive Run of Firpo-Dempsey Film

Not many days ago, a gentleman from the Argentine, yeapt Firpo stepped into a squared-circle and proceeded to get himself all gored up in company with Mr. Jack Dempsey, then and now, heavyweight champion of the world. Prior to the affair, however, the gent from the Pampas shattered a few weak hearts by proceeding to knock Mr. D. out of the ring.

To prove that this allegation is true, enterprising movie men snapped some of the action of the affair, and the pictured version will be flashed on the screen at the Imperial beginning next Sunday afternoon and thereafter for the entire week.

In addition to the Dempsey-Firpo film there will be an exclusive Jap disaster picture.

On the vaude. side of the show six acts will be seen with Vera Burt, Saxi Holtsworth and their Harmony Hounds in the top position. Frazer and Bunce, two chaps who look like twins, but ain't, follow with a line of comedy chatter rated high by the reviewers everywhere. Henry Toomer and Esther Day will make capital out of "A very bad cold" in an act described as a riot, followed by Arthur Lloyd in a single turn called "The Humorous Card Index". Potter and Gamble, according to their notices sing a little, talk a little, dance a little, and play the piano a little. Marguerite and Rhea Lerner, Vaudeville's Two Dancing Sweethearts, fill out a show that, gambling in futures, has all the earmarks of another Imperial winner.

Harvesters Denounce C.P.R.

(continued from page 3)

former harvesting experience was unnecessary being particularly stressed. Each tells the story of the flaming advertising posters depicting bags of gold for those who would come to Canada to help with the crops and of the disillusionment, disappointment and wrecking of dreams that awaited him once he had reached his destination.

Close investigation of the character and calibre of the men comprising the deputation revealed the fact that the majority of the "C.P.R. Imported" harvesters come of good yeoman and artisan stock. Most of them are men of family who left their homes because they saw opportunity awaiting them here and came to this country convinced that with a few months work in the west they would be able to bring their families out from England and so establish themselves here as Canadian citizens. Instead of that they are going home disgruntled, disappointed, each one a loser. In cash and time, many to face the job of finding new work to do, many to try and repay the money borrowed to realise the C.P.R.'s wonderful "opportunity".

One and all they brand the C. P.R. harvesting schemes as nothing more than an effort to lure Englishmen to Canada in order that the C.P.R. might secure their savings for railway and steamship fares. Right or wrong they return to their native shores as Canadian propaganda-agents of the wrong sort.

Fairy-Foot Star Bright Feature At The Bagdad

By supplementing the clever performance of Miss Elsie Thevenard and Signor Monte, at The Bagdad, with Miss Betty Walton in her delightful, captivating dances, a cabaret bill that is an all-round winner has been achieved. Miss Walton is still in her first week at The Bagdad but the following she has already drawn—judged by the volume of applause she stirs nightly—is eloquent testimony that she has registered. Instead of wearying her audience with the tedious, so-called "artistic dances", Miss Walton is frankly an imp of syncopation, and though still in her teens, the performance of the charming little fairy-foot stamps her as one of Broadway's future stars.

Miss Thevenard and Signor Monte by an all-round change in their songs continue to reign as two of the most popular cabaret performers of the season. It is to be regretted, however, that they have cut "Gypsy Love Song," from their program, as it was the bright feature of former evenings.

The popularity of The Bagdad this season is little short of sensational and is evidence that the change in the management, policy, and order of entertainment was fully justified. Where a mediocre orchestra formerly played in occasional spasms to a mere handful of bored patrons, a first class orchestra is now giving a rapid fire series of numbers that chases the clock hands around to closing hour with regrettable rapidity.

AUTOMOBILISTS ATTENTION!

BEFORE JOINING OTHER MOTOR SERVICE ASSOCIATIONS, COMPARE CONTRACTS

1 1-2 gallon of gas, a day bought at any one of our stations means \$10.00 saved. A reduction of 2 cents per gallon on gas, and 5 cents per quart on oil.

THIS IS JUST ONE OF THE WONDERFUL SERVICES OFFERED BY

U. A. S. CO., LIMITED

HEAD OFFICE, 314-316 CITY HALL AVENUE.

THE BOOK THAT REVOLUTIONISED ENGLAND'S THINKING!

MARRIED LOVE

By Dr. Marie Stopes.

A plainly-written, outspoken discussion of the debatable question of Birth Control, the conditions under which children should be born, the limitation of families, and the supremacy of love rather than passion in parental life.

Price: \$2.50. Postage Paid

BY THE SAME AUTHOR:

WISE PARENTHOOD. Price: \$1.50

RADIANT MOTHERHOOD. Price: \$2.50

POPULAR BOOKSTORE

16 ST. CATHERINE STREET WEST, (CORNER OF CLARKE).

WOMAN'S PAGE

Comfort Is Keynote Of Late Dress Designs

A NEW TREND is apparent in the season's latest French dress designs. Comfort is no longer ruthlessly sacrificed to folly, and though fashions are sometimes freakish they are not often stupid. Women have refused many attempts to make them wear clothes that are foolish and unsuitable to the present conditions of life. They obstinately refuse to pinch their waists. They have decided to abandon absurdly high heels. They wear long sleeves in the afternoon and their evening bodices are something more than deep waistsbelts. They willingly accepted the longer skirt when it was offered to them in a reasonably healthy form, and acknowledge graciously that the impropriety of transparent silk stockings is less crude when petticoats reach the ankle.

In a word, the modern girl has learned how to be both pretty and practical. She likes to be comfortable but will also look nice. No curl papers for her. No bones and buckram. She has her hair permanently waved, and bones in her attire are reduced to the minimum. Her desire is to look her best under all conditions. In fair weather and in foul she must show no sign of distress. Looked at symbolically, this is a most admirable attitude. She is probably quite innocent of any such pose, and only seeks to be well turned out.

WINTER MODELS OUT

Her tennis frocks must be triumphs of easy simplicity, her golf skirts and jumpers must be bold and smart

as well as practical, her little afternoon dresses so neat and slight that they can be folded into handkerchief cases. In the evening she runs to extremes and bewilders her admirers by appearing at a dance in crinoline flounces and Victorian shoulders and at a theatre in Egyptian draperies and Cleopatra head-dresses.

There are signs of her increasing wisdom in this year's fashions. She puts on quiet colors in public. She wants but little jewelry, and that with a real sense of decoration. Her hats are tidily put on and trimmings are not barbaric. She has pockets in her coats and sometimes in her skirts. With remarkable self-restraint she continued to wear warm clothes throughout a cold spring, and when she puts on a thin frock she covers it with a fur coat or a woolen wrap. In the evening she dresses brightly and sometimes richly. She wears picture dresses to dance in and to be married in. Nothing is too fantastically pretty for her when she goes to a ball, but in the daytime she is delightfully simple in her tastes. She prefers a big hat to a sunshade, but can carry a bright little Japanese parasol with grace if her frock calls for it. She does not use a fan much, but if a bunch of gay feathers is needed to brighten up a quiet dress she can manipulate it as cleverly as her ancestors at the Court of Louis XVI.

Attention is turned to the new models which are being prepared for winter, and which will be shown to the buyers all this month when Paris is closed to society and open to tourists and business people.

SMART STREET MODELS



At right—A frock in blue Poiré twill, fastened at the side by snapping into place through a loop of the material. At left—A dark plaid dress, beltless and bound with red oil-cloth down the left side. This is a very smart model.

BEAUTY SECRETS

OILY SKIN

The greasy or oily skin is the result of an excessive secretion of sebaceous matter. It is almost an impossibility to keep this kind of skin clean looking, and powder alone will not suffice to prevent the oil from showing. The woman afflicted with such a skin should avoid rich and greasy foods, and should substitute in their stead cooling drinks and foods, with plenty of salads. Use soap and warm water plentifully in washing the face, at night and afterward use a good astringent lotion.

TO WHITEN SKIN

For those, especially blondes, who want beautiful white neck and arms, we recommend the following:

Before going to bed at night remove all make-up. Then bathe the face well with a lemon lotion composed of 3-4 parts of lemon juice and 1-4 milk. Allow this to dry. When thoroughly dry, rub a little cold cream into the skin. When the skin has absorbed a sufficient amount of the cream, remove the surplus cream with a dry cloth.

Repeat this every night for a few weeks and you will be surprised at the result. This, if used long enough will soften the skin and remove freckles.

TRIM ANKLES

To develop the legs, place a book, one or two inches thick, upon the floor. Place your heel upon the floor and the ball of your foot upon the book and lift the entire weight of your body until you are standing upon the book. Gradually let your weight down until your heel touches the floor again. Do this ten times with each foot, then with both feet. As your ankles become accustomed to the strain, choose a thicker book and raise your weight upon that. This will develop the calves of the leg and will make the ankles trim.

FRECKLES

I have used about every freckle bleach on the market, writes a reader, and find a preparation of my own the best. I especially recommend it for heavy tan and freckles on the arms. It is also fine for the face and if used regularly for a few weeks, it will remove them. It is very inexpensive, as you can have a large bottle put up at the drug store for about seventy-five cents. Apply with a sponge in the morning before powdering and at night:

- Rain water 1 qt.
 - Bichloride of mercury.. *1-4 oz.
 - Plain tincture benzoin.. 1 oz.
- Dissolve mercury in half of water by shaking well, then add benzoin to rest of water and mix.

DON'T

Don't bathe when fatigued or exhausted. The bath at this time will further lower the vitality, and the good effects generally gained from bathing will be entirely lost if the bath is taken when in this condition.

Don't shave the eye-brows to shape them. The hair will only come back darker and more coarse. Plucking out of superfluous hairs and the application of a bit of ammonia to kill the roots, will be found the better way.

Don't use tooth-picks. They are apt to mar the enamel. Dental floss will more thoroughly clean the spaces between the teeth, and the danger of germs and infections are better avoided.

Don't be afraid to yawn and stretch when not in public. It exercises the muscles of the throat and body.

Don't forget that much of beauty comes from within, and that thoughts are mirrored in the eyes and upon

the face. The thinker of pleasant thoughts gains the use of a beautifier that only she can create.

Don't be discontented nor dwell upon unpleasant things, for as producers of wrinkles, discontent and unpleasant thoughts have no equal, unless it should be their chief lieutenant—worry.

Don't bolt your food. Take more time for eating, always remembering that thorough mastication is a necessary adjunct to good digestion.

Don't forget to exercise when traveling. A walk on the platform at each stop of the train, or from car to car, if the stops are too short, will help keep you in condition and relieve much of the fatigue that generally accompanies the traveler.

Don't remain in the warm bath for more than twenty minutes. To remain longer is but to invite weakness and thwart the good effects previously gained.

Don't despair in your search for beauty. Remember that all things require time, and the neglect of years cannot be overcome by a week of care.

SMART STREET MODELS

they are driving me home or at the door when they say good-night?
MARY JANE.

MARY JANE;— There is no harm in kissing if you mean it, but a girl who will give her kisses to any boy who comes along is nothing but a silly, flippant little chit, if nothing worse. Many girls nowadays insist that boys won't take out the girls who are "slow", to which I reply that mademoiselle is much better off at home with a good book if she can't find any boy friends who are not professional "petters". All I ask is, how many men marry the girl who is free and easy with her caresses to all men? None who are in their right senses.
MARY KIRKLAND.

BOSS AND TYPIST.

Dear Miss Kirkland:—What should a girl do when her immediate boss is the sort of man who regards his stenographer as "fair game" for his attentions of a petting nature? I have such a boss. He specialises in putting his arm around me when I am in his private office, and even goes so far as to kiss me when we are alone. He is a gentleman of good family, and he knows that I do not like him that way, just as he knows that I am "not that sort of a girl". I need the job, but I also need my self-respect. What should I do about it?

SERIOUS.

SERIOUS:—I notice that you say he is a "gentleman". Believe me, Miss Serious, no man who kisses a girl under the circumstances you describe can qualify as such. Next time he tries to kiss you, slap his face and if he tries to make any trouble for you, or threatens to dismiss you, come to my office and see me or any of the editors.

MARY KIRKLAND.

CADDISH INSINUATIONS

Dear Miss Kirkland:—Where do all these little working girls downtown get the nice fur coats and wonderful gowns that they come down to work in? Don't you think some of them would stand a little investigation?

BILLY MAC.

* * *
BILLY MAC:—You are one of those odious young men who goes about saying "Oh, women! Any man can get any woman he wants badly enough!" Ninety percent of the business girls of this and every other city are decent, clean-cut women, earning an honest living and doing their best to keep themselves smart and stylish. But cads such as you must be will never understand decent womanhood for the simple reason that you are not decent yourselves. Vainly take the time to answer your filthy insinuations Mr. Billy Mac, because it gives me an opportunity to say what I think about you and your class of cad.
MARY KIRKLAND.

THE TROUBLE DOCTOR

Conducted by Mary Kirkland.

GIRLS AND THE STAGE.

Dear Miss Kirkland:—I have always been greatly interested in amateur theatricals. My parents have always praised my efforts, and have encouraged me, but now that I am pressing them to let me go to New York and go on the stage, they are blocking every effort I make. I know I could make good, Miss Kirkland, and I have two hundred dollars of my own money that I would be more than willing to use to keep myself until I could prove my ability. Please advise me what I should do.

DANCING JEAN.

* * *
DANCING JEAN.—It is hard to advise you what to do, as I do not know the grounds on which your parents are opposing your taking to the stage as a profession. Undoubtedly girls with ability and common sense can make a success behind the footlights, and I am not of the narrow class which holds the view that a girl loses caste or demeans herself by becoming an actress. On the contrary I think that a girl is often well advised to follow her bent in that direction. Nevertheless many find the time of "arriving" long delayed and suffer untold misery and hardship waiting for engagements or the chance to prove their ability. Your parents are probably trying to save you from the difficulties they see ahead. It isn't just a case of going to New York and stepping into the shoes of a leading lady, you know. Write me more fully if you wish and I will do my best to advise you.
MARY KIRKLAND.

BOYS, GIRLS AND KISSES.

Dear Miss K.:—Is there really any harm in kissing? Am I doing any

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CHARLIE MATTHEWS ARRESTED

"My Husband Cheats," Wife Claims; "You Too," Spouse Retorts

RIP VAN WINKLE'S twenty-year desertion from his wife, without worrying who paid her rent, runs a poor second when compared with the record just set by S. Meunier, Jit Lagacé, of Montreal.

Meunier, or Lagacé, has entered on the 35th year of his absence from home. But, unlike the famous Rip, he hasn't spent his entire time sleeping.

ANOTHER LOVE

He has spent it, his wife claims, living with Jennie Mercier, 82 Vitre street west, and his weekly pay envelope instead of being thinned to pay Mrs. Meunier's rent bill has gone to buy hats for the Jennie he has loved so steadfastly, though unconventionally for thirty-five years.

The Meuniers were married in 1882 and lived together for scarcely one year, then the trouble started. She claims he deserted her, he claims she deserted him.

IN TERROR OF WIFE

About two years later a fruitless attempt at a reconciliation was made, the move failing she says because she insisted that Meunier abandon his private wife. There never was any attempt at a reconciliation, he claims, for the simple reason that he was in terror of meeting his wife as she told a mutual acquaintance that Meunier had but two years of life left him.

The cause of the whole trouble, according to Meunier lay in his wife's temper. She smoked her pet clay pipe, jammed brimful with fiery "Tabac Canayen" and was a good, hearty drinker of hard liquor. Only fifteen days after the wedding,

when well-primed with her favorite tippie, she had speared him in the shoulder with a fork, inflicting a wound that had required medical attention. Shortly afterwards she had deserted him, after selling her personal effects.

NEVER LOVED HIM

Mrs. Meunier's sentiments when they were married were about three degrees cooler than zero, he claims, her sole motive in going through the ceremony being to free herself from the control of her guardian, Baptiste Hotte.

In denying he had formed an unbreakable attachment for his lady friend Jennie, the father of whose child he is alleged to be, Meunier charged his almost-forgotten wife with having been the only comfort in life to a man named Chevalier. He further claimed that Mrs. Meunier's suit was inspired by spite and a desire to get her fingers into the Chevalier estate.

The court, however, discredited Meunier's charges and supported those of his wife. Meunier, who hadn't bothered the wife he knew scarcely beyond a memory, must not visit her in future. In fact he must keep on doing just as he has done for 35 years.

BROADWAY CHURCH IS HOME OF JAZZ

"Fighting Parsons" have been glorified, modern clergymen have put on prize bouts, dances and movies in their respective churches, but the jazziest house of worship of them all is the Union Methodist Episcopal

Church, in West Forty-eight street, New York, which rents rehearsal halls to vaudeville and cabaret acts. Passersby are dumbfounded and stop in front of the church as the strains of a C melody saxophone float out on the breeze and they get a glimpse of dancing ponies in their rehearsal rompers.

The money received by the Union Methodist Episcopal Church for the rental of the rehearsal halls goes mostly for welfare work for stage people and others, for which the church has long been noted. Among other things a cafeteria is operated where folks may get their food at cost. Other activities in connection with the operation of a Social Center are in evidence, such as dances and rooming quarters.

A few years ago, when conditions on Broadway for the average chorus girl were very poor in regard to getting employment, the welfare department of the church collected a fund for them and has since aided many girls out of work. The church is situated within a half block from Broadway, is near at least two cabarets and is in the very glare of the "white lights".

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Wild Cat Film Companies Trap Local Investors

Investors in wildcat film companies in eastern Canada are wondering if they will receive a return on their investments. The east has been well covered by promoters of films. These promoters entered the territory with flamboyant advertising, relating how large profits could be made on investments in the companies. In certain of the cities, the promoter induced merchants and professional men to become directors, using their names and giving in return, shares of stock in the enterprises. In most instances, the local men fell for the free shares.

One promoter organized three separate companies. On each production, he spent between 20 and 30 thousand dollars. The results were very disappointing. The tone of each production being far below par. No stars were used.

Each of the companies organized by this promoter, made but one production with the production outlay so heavy that no dividends have been declared as yet. The promoter received \$10,000 alone, and the director receiving a like amount. Stockholders of one of the companies are now threatening criminal action against the promoter of the company.

The annual meeting held recently developed into a free for all debate, with acrimonious statements flung back and forth. Indications are that this concern will go into bankruptcy in the near future. Business men who loaned the use of their names as directors, for free shares are being held responsible for the collapse of the company, although the directors had little or no knowledge of the internal operations of the organization.

Non-Support Charge Is Laid By Wife

LIEUT. STEPHEN CHARLES MATTHEWS, jr., of Montreal, son of the former senior partner of the firm Matthews, Towers Co., Ltd., following his appearance in court yesterday on the charge of non-support, preferred against him by his wife, will appear for trial next week. He was arrested on a warrant and is now free on bail.

WOODED, WED, WILTED

Issue of the warrant, it is said, followed failure of the authorities to serve a summons on the former Army officer who wooed, wed and wilted. It is believed that he has been at his mother's country home in the Eastern Townships.

Taking of the present action is the result of a series of domestic tangles in which Matthews and his bride have figured in the Montreal courts, resulting in Mrs. Matthews receiving a separation from her husband, custody of their son and a generous monthly alimony, which she alleges, Matthews has failed to pay for several months.

Mrs. Matthews came from England to wed the scion of the House of Matthews, she being the daughter of a prominent London merchant. Separation by the courts came as the result of her charges that the Charlie who became her husband

was by no means Charlie Matthews the lover. She declared him to be a mercenary and jealous husband, given to suspicious thoughts, crankiness and general fault-finding, which resulted in the young wife becoming practically a nervous wreck on the eve of the birth of their son.

WON SEPARATION

With her husband's permission she went to stay with a married sister in Malden, Mass., before her child was born. After granting her permission to take the trip, her Lord and Master changed his mind and ordered her back to Montreal, she declared in court, but did not furnish the funds without which she was unable to return.

Separation action followed, which Mrs. Matthews won. Alimony was granted her, but for months she has been alone in Montreal making vain efforts to have her husband provide for the support of their child.

Leaves Wedding Ring To Hubby As Parting Gift

THE little things of life mean nothing to Mrs. Joseph Addison. To convince her husband, a local fire fighter just how earnest she was in her contention, she took everything she owned in their home, parked her wedding ring on her dresser and left it with her four children for her husband to do as he pleased with.

As a result, Addison has been awarded legal custody of the children, the youngest of whom is a baby of one year and the eldest ten years of age.

Wherever Mrs. Addison is now located she may enjoy her freedom without worry, also without any alimony from Addison whom the court relieved of the obligation.

Likened Wife To Lurid Ladies Of Police Fame

AS he reclined comfortably in the family arm chair one evening early this month, Georges Picotte, a local chauffeur, confided to his wife that the calumny ladies who pay periodical visits to the police court were shining angels when compared to her.

The general esteem in which he held her, she has now told the court in the suit for separation which she has been authorized to file, prompted him to run away from home and take up a cunning little housekeeping flat with a young girl of his acquaintance.

His predilection for ladies who were willing to overlook the little conventions of society dates back several years—in fact shortly after his marriage—according to his wife. Coupled with this Bohemianism, it appears his generosity toward the free lance charmers was so great that he gave them all his salary and gave his wife and two children a steady diet of fresh air.

Specifying occasions on which Picotte is alleged to have abused her, Mrs. Picotte claims that in February of this year, he threw her to the ground, choked her, then, for

good measure, directed a barrage of kicks at her prostrate form. More recently, when in a playful mood, she says, he chased her from home, compelling her to take refuge with a neighbor.

A brief reconciliation followed but on September 10th, he is alleged to have punched her on the nose with such violence, that she again sought her neighbor's sanctuary. One week later, when possibly his latest charmer was too busy working to see him, Picotte is said to have become suddenly homesick and to have gone to the neighbor's for his wife, ordering her back home immediately.

She didn't. Instead she sought permission of the court to sue for separation.

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