

CANADA'S  
LIVEST  
WEEKLY

# THE AXE

THE PAPER  
THAT TELLS  
THE TRUTH

PICTURES

NEWS

FEATURES

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## HUSHION'S BUDGET

### URGES HIGHER WAGES BUT POLICY WOULD BEGET UNEMPLOYMENT

An Open Letter to Alderman W. J. Hushion, Asking Him How Working Men Could Get \$1,803.26 a Year if King Government "Sounds Death Knell of Protection" and Factories Close Up.

My dear Mr. Hushion:—

You are a candidate for election to the House of Commons in the bye-election in the St. Antoine Division of Montreal and have declared yourself a supporter of the Mackenzie King Government. The Honorable Walter Mitchell, who formerly held that seat in Parliament, resigned it because of his not being able to endorse The Robb Budget. The Robb Budget has now passed into law and as a loyal supporter of the Government you have accepted it and given your approval to it.

That Budget, I frankly admit, is not a Free-Trade Budget. If it were, I doubt if you would accept it. But the Honorable Charles Stewart, one of Mackenzie King's Ministers, has declared from his place in the House of Commons that The Robb Budget was intended to "sound the death knell of Protection." So that, although the Budget introduced by Mr. Robb and adopted by the House of Commons is not, in actual fact, a Free-Trade Budget, it is a Budget which has the principle of Free-Trade enshrined within it, otherwise it would not hold any menace against Protection.

You address your division as a supporter of that Budget, with all its possibilities for evil against the industries of this country. I am not being unfair conscientiously but am merely taking the Budget as it stands and Mr. Stewart's famous description of it, and claim that I am justified in believing that it is the intention of the Mackenzie King Government to ultimately remove from the industries of Canada the protection against foreign manufacturers which, so far, they have had and through which they have developed.

#### "HOME—CLOTHES—FOOD."

I notice, my dear Mr. Hushion, that you yourself have also formulated a Budget; it is before me as I write. On its title page it is described as "Hushion's Budget for a Family", and it states that it is published by "The Duties and Rights Association," 1195 St. James St., Montreal.

With everything that you say in the pamphlet referred to, I am in complete sympathy. The Budget you have completed does credit to your heart as well as to your intelligence, and I believe that the effect of it will be to open the eyes of employers of labor, as well as our lawmakers, to the necessity of working people being paid such wages as will assure them a high standard of living.

There are two or three things that you say that I wish to comment on. You say on page 4:

"These families are the life of the nation, consequently they have the right, through the father, to the means of living. As the state holds the father responsible for feeding and clothing his children, and compels him to send them to school until they are sixteen years of age, the authorities should at least see to it that he is given the opportunity to earn enough to carry out his responsibilities." And on Page 10: "There are only two prescriptions, the carrying out of which will cure the social and economic evils of the community life of Canada. The first prescription is 'A warm house, enough clothing and sufficient food for the family of every worker.' The second prescription is 'A sufficient income to provide the Home, the Clothes and the Food.'"

It is unnecessary for me to assure you that these statements have my approval. I am entirely with you, but I want to ask you very plainly this question: How can Canada guarantee to the father of a family a sufficient income to provide the Home, the Clothes and the Food, that he and his family need if the factories of Canada are closed as a result of ringing the death knell of Protection?

It is all very well, my dear Mr. Hushion, for you to declare that the authorities should see that the workingman in Canada is given the opportunity to earn enough to carry out his responsibilities. That is a doctrine which you should preach to Mr. Mackenzie King and his Cabinet. That is a remonstrance which you should address to them because if they carry out their threatened policy of killing protection of Canadian industries, they are going to take "the opportunity to earn" from many thousands of Canadian workingmen.

I put it to you very simply and very clearly. You are seeking to become the representative of a constituency which, "below the hill", is an industrial constituency. The majority of the fathers of families living in St. Antoine are engaged in factories or services which depend upon the industries of Canada. If these factories are closed the men and women now working in them will be without employment and every service, such as railways, for example, will be prejudicially affected by the closing down of industry. Every store-keeper in the division would feel the effect of such closing down, because it is axiomatic that this week's wages are next week's store receipts.

(Continued on page 2)

He Has Smiles That Make You Happy



DAVID HERBLIN

Who jumped into Henry Duffy's part in "Connie Goes Home," at The Orpheum this week at a few hours' notice, and gave a fine performance. Montreal remembers him for his former work with The Hevia Players.

### LESLIE G. BELL RETIRES

As We Go to Press We Learn Officially That Mr. Leslie G. Bell, One of the Conservative Candidates in the St. Antoine By-Election has Retired in Favor of Mr. William M. Birks.

The Election, Therefore, Resolves Itself into a Straight Fight Between Mr. Birks and Alderman W. J. Hushion, the Mackenzie King Candidate. This Should Mean a Clear-cut Decision on the Issue of Protection vs. Free Trade, the Only Vital Question Before the Electors.

#### FLAUNTING PATRIOTISM

THOSE pious Parliamentarians who never lose a chance to flaunt their patriotism would be well advised to seriously consider what the glory of nationhood means under the Union Jack. John Bull cannot indefinitely foot the bill for a navy for Canada's protection and benefit. If those Canadian "statesmen" who are so keenly sensitive in regard to our nationhood would take matters like the defence of Canada into serious consideration it would be much better. We cannot both eat our cake and keep it.

## Why I Publish THE AXE

John H. Roberts' Personal Column

### The People of the Stage

SOMEbody said to me the other day: "You seem to be very friendly towards stage folk". And, now I come to think of it, I am. My work this last three years has thrown me into close association with them and theatrical people in general, and this has been to me one of the most pleasurable experiences of my many-sided life. Of course, I have always known theatrical people. When I was a mere kiddie of nine or ten I used to take an old lady, Mrs. O'Byrne, to the Alexandra Theatre, Liverpool, almost every night. She boarded with us and was the mother of Mrs. Edward Saker, wife of the lessee of that theatre. Edward Saker and his wife were accomplished actors; their names are historic in England, and their theatre was then the leading legitimate theatre of Liverpool, where my boyhood days were spent. I distinctly remember from my boyhood days some of the most famous actors of the English stage, including Irving, Toole, Barry Sullivan, and a host of others. They all called me "Mrs. O'Byrne's boy".

\* \* \*

When I was about twenty years old I embarked on a stage career, making my first appearance on the stage of the old Haymarket Theatre in Liverpool. I was "in vaudeville" and followed that career for three or four years. It was there I really learned to love stage folk, I found them the kindest of friends, the best of pals, and the greatest exponents of charity, the "charity that suffereth long and is kind", as St. Paul describes it, that the world possesses. I gave up that life for reasons of my own and after that took up the reform work which has carried me to many parts of the world and for which Montreal chiefly remembers me. For many years I did not attend the theatre. But I never lost my real interest in it. In the course of my work here in Montreal it somehow came to be that I was regarded as the unofficial censor of plays and shows. For three years I censored the shows at The Gayety in a purely honorary capacity. This kind of work threw me into touch with every theatre and manager and from time to time with many actors. And with the renewal of my acquaintance with the theatre came the breaking down of the barriers that a too highly sensitive conscience in regard to things that offend had erected in me.

\* \* \*

During the nearly three years of a theatrical critic's life in connection with THE AXE my associations with the theatre have led to close friendship with many players, and I now have friends all over this North American continent, and some in distant lands, with whom I maintain correspondence and who, whenever they strike Montreal, always come to see me or I go to see. I can never forget that when I returned to Montreal in 1921, it was not my own old colleagues in reform work who were the first to give me a welcome home but, as soon as they knew I was back, my old friends of the Montreal theatres, Abby Wright, Tommy Conway, George Driscoll and others of them. God bless 'em; I shall never forget.

\* \* \*

What is it I like about stage folk most? I think first it is their reality. Saturday morning I went to the Windsor Station to give a welcome to Mollie Williams and her company on their arrival in Montreal to open The Gayety season. Mollie and I are old friends and I have already paid tribute to her in these columns and testified to the marvellous care she takes of her girls and the gallant fight she has made for recognition as Burlesque's only woman producer. Withal I like her cheery optimism and faith, and regard her as an artist supreme in her line. She is not a Duse or Bernhardt but she is Mollie Williams, who puts good cheer into thousands of shadowed lives every week of her life, and that's a wonderful ministry. So I went down to meet her and her gang. After our photographer had taken a picture of them all, and I was walking down to the office I noticed quite a number of them going into St. James' Cathedral. That's what I am driving at. God and things eternal are near to actor folk's heart though they never parade these things. And these stage girls were going simply and unostentatiously into the great church to make their devotions and get some inspiration for the toiling days ahead.

\* \* \*

Stage folk live in a land of make believe, 'tis true, but life to them is a reality. See them when one of their number falls by the wayside. How they rally 'round! It's the only profession that asks no questions. A girl may have gone sadly astray, as many do. In ordinary society or employment she would be marked for sneers, ridicule, scoffing, maybe persecution. In almost any church she would get "the cold shoulder." But not so in stage-land. They mind their own business and there's nothing but sympathy for the one who has fallen. No there's more, there's understanding and love. They don't even say, "Go and sin no more." They simply say, "Come back where you belong." I unhesitatingly say that the divine lesson of charity can be better learnt in the mimic world of the theatre than anywhere else I know, for there charity is practised as a matter of course and comes as natural to actor folk as breathing to a child.

\* \* \*

Courage is another quality possessed by most actor folk that I admire. In fact I admire it in anybody. People are kind enough to say of me that I am not without courage but I fear my courage is cowardice. I'm simply afraid of what people would say if I showed the white feather! At least I think that's what my courage consists of. But there's real courage in my stage friends. Who has so many ups and downs as they? And who meets them all with the same high courage and stiff upper lip? Nobody that I know of, except the Doughboys and Tommy Atkinses and Poilus of the great war. Every actor's name is Tommy

## URGES HIGHER WAGES BUT POLICY WOULD BEGET UNEMPLOYMENT

(Continued from page 1)

### UNEMPLOYMENT RIFE NOW.

You may reply to me that under the Robb Budget no factories have yet been closed. I point out to you, however, the fact that there are thousands of unemployed men and women in this city today. Nobody knows this better than yourself because, to my knowledge, you have done a great deal in individual cases to find jobs for people out of work. Do you realize that while Canadian workmen and workwomen are to-day jobless and wageless, millions of dollars worth of goods are being poured into this country from Europe? A depreciated currency and cheap labor enables the foreign manufacturer to sell his goods to this country at such low prices that our department stores are filled with merchandise bought at prices that our Canadian manufacturers cannot compete with it and pay a living wage to their working people.

That condition exists to-day in spite of the amount of Protection our industries already have. But if you strip our Canadian industries naked of all Protection that condition will be intensified many times over.

The ranks of the unemployed will be added to enormously because the products of Asiatic and European factories, produced by workers living on a few cents a day, will then be dumped into this country without let or hindrance. This is not a fanciful picture. It is what has happened in England, in fact, it is what is happening in England to-day where millions of unemployed have to be helped by doles from the State to keep body and soul together.

In your Budget you state that in order for the working man to keep himself and wife and a boy of 7 and two girls of 5 and 3 years of age, the sum of \$1,803.26 is absolutely essential to him, which is about \$36.00 per week. That sum is little enough in all conscience and I would personally place the minimum wage for the father of a family much higher than you have stated it. But, if our factories are closed, where will the workmen, especially laboring men who have no trade at their command, find employment at \$6.00 per day, which is the amount you claim they should be paid? How many factory workers get that much to-day? How many workmen employed in other occupations get so much? Very few. If the factories are closed can the men who have been working in them get \$6.00 a day on farms or in the mines or in the lumber camps? You know very well they cannot. That class of work is chiefly a seasonal occupation and does not pay anything like \$6.00 per day as wages.

Moreover, you cannot transplant a factory worker to the farm or to the bush or to the mine. For good or ill, he is a factory worker who has specialized in employment in which machinery finds a part and when removed from the machinery that he has learned to operate he is likely to become very helpless. Along with this, how can any working man remove his family from the city to the country or the bush, if our factories are to be closed? Would Mr. Mackenzie King transplant them from the city to their new environment, and would the Government guarantee them employment at a living wage in any occupation if it is allowed to "sound the death knell of protection?" You know very well that the King Government would do nothing of the kind.

### "A CONDITION, NOT A THEORY."

It is all very well to formulate budgets, my dear Mr. Hushion, but as the late President Cleveland once remarked: "We are faced with a condition, not a theory." For you to say, as you have said in your Budget, that a working man with a family to keep should receive \$1,800 a year is splendid, but for you, by your support of the Robb Budget and the King Government, to take away from that man the opportunity of employment is like dangling a dinner before a hungry man and then removing it before he has time to eat it. The publication of your Budget must have raised high hopes in the hearts of the workmen who read it. Very likely they said: "Here is a man who understands us and our needs and this man will fight to get us economic justice." But they will be disappointed when, as must inevitably be the case, your support and the support of other members of the party of the anti-Protection policy of the King Government results in robbing the workmen of this country of the wages they are paid to-day. There will be a terrible reckoning when that event comes, for hungry men with families to feed will have no tolerance for theorists and will wreak vengeance upon all who may have robbed them of their right to work.

I wish I did not have to say this to you, my dear Mr. Hushion, because I believe in you. I think you mean well. I am certain that you are anxious to see workmen get good wages and have constant employment. I merely point out to you that you cannot realize your own ideals nor work out your own reforms if you maintain your attitude of supporting the King Budget. Under Free-Trade in this country, unemployment will stalk in our streets, the United States will pour in their surplus products, other countries will ship to us the merchandise which their sweated labor has produced and which their depreciated currency enables them to sell to our store-keepers at a price insufficient to pay for raw material in Canada.

You might do a splendid service to Canada and the working people of St. Antoine by bluntly announcing that if elected to Parliament you will oppose any further reduction of the tariff and stand for a protection that will protect Canadian industry from the attacks of foreigners and their sweated labor. But if you persist in maintaining your attitude of support of those who would "sound the death knell of protection", my only duty will be to call upon the working men and workwomen of St. Antoine Division to vote against you in favor of a Protectionist rather than risk the wages and jobs they already have and face a future black and hopeless, such as would be the case if Protection received its death blow.

Billy, my friend, your Budget's gone all to smash!

JOHN H. ROBERTS.

Atkins. Meet them when they are "at liberty." They are always "just going to get a swell engagement." They always see the rainbow and, if they can not grasp it and share its myriad-hued beauty, they are content to go on chasing it, looking for "rainbow's end". See them on a "first night"—that's when courage is needed! To be strung up nervously; to have to go out and look into that sea of faces all of which merge into one, as if its mouth would swallow you up, and to know that out there are the critics who will damn you with an epigram and wreck the work of long anxious days and nights for sake of a smart phrase, a jibe, or a sneer. That takes more courage than rushing a nest of machine guns, I think.

So I like actor folk for their courage and because at heart they are but little children. They have kept the child alive in their hearts more than any other class I know, and you may remember that a very Wise Man once said, "Except ye become as little children ye cannot see the kingdom of Heaven." Good luck to them!

JOHN H. ROBERTS.

## AXE-L GREASE

"A VERY good upright piano, \$60.00; owner no further use." —Advert. He seems to be "played out."

Next time Sir Thomas Lipton tries to lift the America Cup, he might do worse than put a Canadian skipper and a Bluenose crew aboard.

More hold-ups locally prove that crooks have not heard of any increased efficiency in the city's government.

How many of those who keep singing "God Save The King" on the slightest provocation helped to save him in the Great War?

Automobilists who cut through funeral processions should be punished.

Apparently the safest place to commit highway robbery is on St. Catherine street, Montreal.

Among the optimists must be considered the gents, who celebrate their political disappointments.

Who said: "The popular art of destroying language has not yet reached its entire perfections"?

Canadian honey has been an A1 winner at the British Exposition. Well, that's sweet news!

"Three sizes of warts have appeared on my neck. What shall I do?", writes a friend. Select the size that has the greatest appeal and then concentrate on making them uniform.

France has enrolled 121,280 members in the Legion of Honor. "They are all honorable men" seems a fitting remark.

CARL MARX was fined for reckless driving in Toronto Police Court. It was the other Karl who drove civilization into the ditch in Russia.

Musical training is said to be working wonders in the homes of foreign-born citizens. It may in time improve the quality of the "Hurdy-Gurdies" on the streets. Let's hope so!

The French have one big advantage over the English in debate. They know what they want. Other nations appear to know only what they don't want.

Six years after the war Montreal has no civic memorial to its fallen heroes! Surely we deserve better than that. The Cenotaph will help some!

The only thing that has not yet been taxed in Europe is Peace, and as Peace cannot be found, collection of dues has not taken place.

SENATOR KING'S declaration that the return of the Kaiser to Germany would mean war prompts us to ask: "What's King worrying about? He's over the draft age!"

England has a dearth of dentists, which must be nature's way of compensating the English for their other misfortunes, such as fogs, no sense of humour, and monocles.

The French crop of prunes is reported to be twenty times as large as that of last year. They will be free from the recent reproach on bananas.

The suggestion has been made that the national emblem of the United States be changed from the bald-headed eagle to the golden eagle. As the former bird has garnered into its nest most of the gold in the world, the change would be appropriate enough.

It is reported that most of the people in Siberia hold government jobs. That prompts us to wonder if the Montreal Corporation runs their organization along Siberian lines!

The Mayor has been asked to enroll in the Montreal Bureau of Humour. The humourists probably figure that if he can get a laugh out of the "probe" proceedings he will qualify for membership.

**Simplification**

ONE of the happiest tendencies of the age is the universal desire for simplicity. You see it and feel it everywhere, in all forms and expressions of human activity. Let us catalogue just a few of these. To begin with, are not the houses we build for ourselves severely simple in design? We furnish them, too, with becoming scantiness. A real Victorian, addicted to heavy curtains and antimacassars, would positively shudder at the hygienic coldness of our "Dutch" interiors.

And is not the present day taste in music, and indeed in most art, all in the same direction? Thus Strauss proudly boasts, "I am becoming more and more simple," and there is a world revival in Mozart's beautifully-simple music. Our modern composers strive hard to recover the refreshing innocence of childhood, and search with eagerness the faint sounds and harmonies of the remote past, hoping to find in them something that will express their yearning to be young and fresh again. For they want not merely to sing nursery rhymes again, but to feel them.

Many of our painters also seek the same goal, in proof of which we perceive with some alarm that not a few of our portrait painters begin to show crude and embarrassing enthusiasms for truthfulness. Likewise our literature becomes more compressed, more pointed. Our ideas of style are not at all what they were. No longer are we lulled to admiration by the mere music of fine phrases. We demand ideas, and these, too, expressed with rigid economy of words.

**Politicians and Lawyers**

Even politicians and lawyers have not eluded the swift-running current of simplicity. High-flown rhetoric is now at a discount and although epigrams still survive we require not merely that they sound smart, but that they bear the test of cold reason. Some of the greatest orators of the past, whose names we still revere, solely because of tradition, and before whose statues we religiously deposit wreaths to this day, would not be listened to with patience in these times.

The tendency towards simplicity manifests itself, too, in all our manners and customs. Do we not, for example, eat more simply and dress more simply? And is not the attire of the modern woman of taste a model in mediaeval austerity? Then even our ideas of feminine beauty are undergoing a change. Mere prettiness is no longer enough. Our eyes are becoming more and more an organ of the soul, less and less of the body. All are ceremonies, too, are more simple. Our weddings, christenings and funerals are now quite plain affairs. And, finally, our children are far more natural and frank than were we when children—qualities, at times, apt to be distressing to their less simple parents.

Now all this is clearly a reaction against the over-elaboration of our civilization. It is a corrective that was long overdue. We cannot hope, and certainly need not fear, that it will go too far. For simplicity is a virtue altogether too simple to be really popular. Thus it is likely to remain a tendency rather than become a vogue.

**"A NOBLE ACT"**

We notice where a member of the jury where a young woman was acquitted who had been charged with infanticide asked the judge if he might help the distressed girl. The judge assenting his noble example of passing \$5.00 to the "unknown" was followed by most of the other jurors. Surely that was a true act of genuine mercy.

**"IMMIGRATION AIDS"**

There are considerable grumbings from Dorchester House and the unsatisfactory management of that establishment, according to the immigrant girls who board there. We cannot understand people making contributions to charitable institutions, for the money to be swallowed up in its salaries and expenses of those who "toil not, neither do they spin."

**ST. ANTOINE ELECTION**



ALDERMAN W. T. HUSHION, Mackenzie King Candidate

**Other People's Views**

**A REJOINDER**

The Editor,  
The Axe,  
Montreal.

Dear Sir:—

After reading your tirade on Mackenzie King I feel that there must be some reason for your sudden change of heart.

The writer can remember you as a staunch supporter of Liberal principles as practised by the late Sir Wilfred Laurier.

Of course, the tariff bogey is good enough to base a grudge on, but you must admit that, in spite of the Robb budget, the implement-manufacturers are still selling their goods over a third cheaper in Australia and South American countries than in their own country, Canada, and paying the lowest wages in America.

Do not forget that, though the Government lose this St. Antoine seat—which is not likely—it would be hailed in the West as a victory for the big interests over the farmer.

You have not touched on any of the features that go with this election, and, above all, you seem to have forgotten the past record of Toryism with all its hideousness that caused such havoc among our people, particularly in this province.

As a lover of our city I think we should take into consideration that under Toryism it was impossible to increase the facilities of the port, while no less than scores of millions were voted for a water-front in Toronto to park a few excursion boats and two or three lake coal barges.

But the surprise of all is your upholding a man as the Conservative Candidate, whose interest is absolutely opposed to that of the people; how against a real, honest-to-goodness people's man as represented in the person of Alderman W. J. Hushion. If you travel through this district you will find hundreds who have been helped and befriended by this staunch upholder of Liberal principles as practised by Sir Wilfred Laurier.

It is hard to understand your strong

stand in favour of the Canadian National Railways against the C.P.R. when you must realize that the banding together of the big interests against the Government is primarily to get control of the people's road, and moreover, notwithstanding the fact that the management has kept out of the political arena. Any ordinary observer can see the finish of Sir Henry Thornton once Toryism has raised its head again.

I am afraid you are slipping, and, once the skids are under and well "greased," I would not be surprised to see you slip into the company of Atholstan and White.

Yours very truly,  
A HUSHION SUPPORTER.

**Presents Men Buy**

HOW many women have not, at one time or another, felt a pang of disappointment on beholding the presents brought back for them by a man who has been away? What woman has not thought how much better she could have spent the money? Only one man out of a thousand left to himself knows what to buy for a woman, and in him she probably feels this very quality to be a little bit effeminate.

But the purchases of the other nine hundred and ninety-nine!

Rolls of stiff narrow silk perhaps, which, in the far-off days when going was in fashion, and materials which would "stand by themselves," were highly prized, would have made

an enviable best gown, soft wadded dressing-gowns in distressingly unbecoming colorings, or impossible shawls and ornaments.

**All Wrong**

"I have bought a few things for my people," said a man to me recently on a return trip from a land of beautiful things. "I should like to show them to you, just to see what you think of them and whether they will do."

Later he produced them, and lamentable indeed had been his choice. His "people" could have purchased all or any of them at the local drapery shop at any time—probably at a quarter of the price which he had paid—had they felt so inclined, though it

is unlikely that they would have bought them at any price.

My appreciation can scarcely, I fear, have rung so true as I should have liked; for, as he wrapped his treasures up again, he remarked, "I expect they are all wrong. There will be trouble about them, I suppose, and then I shall go out into the garden and smoke."

And the moral is—certainly not that men should give up bringing back presents. That would be a great pity; for after all, it is the thought behind the gift that matters.

The wise woman accepts the awkwardly chosen offering of a man in the same spirit in which she takes the absurd gift of a child.

Then there is no need for solitary cigarettes in the garden.

**"DISABLED SOLDIERS"**

ADDRESSING the Amputation Association recently at Ottawa, Dr. Beland, Minister of Pensions, expressed the hope that the present rate of pensions, plus bonus for the disabled will be continued by the Government. The contention that the payment should not be permanently fixed at a certain sum because the cost of living may come down is unsound. Supposing it were applied to an income from Victory Bonds. It might be possibly argued that the income from twenty thousand dollars worth of bonds would buy more of the necessaries of life to-day than it could when the bonds were purchased, and therefore, that the rate of interest ought to be reduced to four per cent; and that the bond-holders would be no worse of because eight hundred dollars to-day has the same purchasing power as eleven hundred dollars had during the war. Such a reduction would be generally regarded as dishonest. Is our obligation to these bond-holders any more sacred than our obligation to the disabled soldier? The payment now made is not an extravagant one for a disabled man who is unable to earn his living, and we ought not to grudge him any advantage that may come to him from the increased purchasing power of the dollar.

A correspondent says: "When will the Senate wake up!.....Sh!!! not so loud, please!....."

(Advertisement)

**A PUBLIC MEETING TO-NIGHT**

Will be held in the  
**ST. JOSEPH SCHOOL HALL**  
St. Martin St.  
**ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 19**  
at 8 p.m.

In Favor of the  
Candidature of  
**ALDERMAN**

**W. J. HUSHION**

The Liberal Candidate for  
the St. Antoine Division,  
Who Will be Supported by

**THE HONOURABLE**  
**P. J. A. CARDIN,**  
M.P.

Minister of Marine and  
Fisheries

**J. C. Walsh, M.P.**

**Paul Mercier, M.P.**

**J. H. Dillon, K.C.**

**Clemant Munn, and others.**

# PEPPER and SALT

By D. C.

CONRAD'S novels are the finest works in contemporary English literature. Somebody asked him the other day how he liked writing! Finally he said: "I am a sea captain. My mind is not a critical mind. I have not the general culture for criticism and my life isn't a literary one. Twenty years at sea doesn't form a literary mind. I am a seaman horn and bred, and, even to this time, I don't like writing. Writing is a frightful grind. Which of my own books do I like best? It depends on the day. You have seen the mother who one day favours her son and the next her daughter, though she loves both?" That reply pictures "Conrad The Great" as clear and recognizable as any character in his own books. This great, good man recently "passed." R.I.P.

### MORALE

Morale is the quality which keeps you rowing cheerfully while some other guy steers the boat.

### WORTH LOOKING INTO

In the past four years 83 millions of pounds of bacon have been sent from the United States to Canada to be cured for export. There is some advantage to Canada in the expenditure on curing, but does this United States bacon masquerade as a Canadian product on the Canadian and British markets? The subject is worth looking into!

Oh, my; oh, my; what a mad race life is—and how out of breath we are at the finish.

### OH! CANADA

CORRESPONDENCE occasionally makes its way into the newspapers regarding "Oh! Canada," the national anthem of the Dominion. There is considerable controversy. A national anthem, in our view, stands or falls by its tune as much as by its words. The great national anthems of England, France and Russia are sound, vigorous, unpretentious tunes which one may hear week in and week out for years without weariness. "Oh, Canada" is a very charming melody, but in that very charm is a sickliness which would be bound to make it positively objectionable to a large number of people if they had to listen to it as often as "God Save The King"!

Mr. Barnjum spends his life "fighting fires." We seem to spend ours fighting liars.

### NEED FOR HONESTY

Complaint is made locally that books are stolen from public and other circulation libraries. The loss is mostly, strange to say, less in works of fiction than in those books devoted to the higher arts. The desire for self-improvement is laudable, but surely self-improvement ought to be consistent with common honesty. The person who steals a book in order to build up a noble character must have an amazing capacity for humbugging himself.

MUTILATING books is another equally heinous and abominable practice where those who get the loan of volumes deliberately mutilate them to save them the trouble of copying the passages required. We condemn in the strongest terms imaginable all those guilty of such reprehensible acts, and suggest that the heaviest punishment should be meted out to those to whom the crimes can be brought home.

Civilization is perishing for the same reason that weeds don't.—Coddling.

"Mussolini is inordinately fond of a capital." Especially the capital "I."

The chief cause of divorce is that that the menu isn't so thrilling after you have dined.

Some individuals do not know how to get along amiably, because they have never tried.

Henry Ford is going to visit Wembley. This surely must be an error. His car has been waiting for him there a long time.

### VERDUN'S EXAMPLE

FOURTEEN automobile drivers appeared before Recorder Billette at the Verdun Police Court the other day, each leaving with his pocket book depleted to the tune of 25 bucks, together with a stern reproof regarding the speed laws of the municipality, which he intended, he said, to have strict heed paid to in future. Relentless prosecution of speed fiends is absolutely imperative. A motorist's duty is to obey the law, and the salutary lesson taught by Recorder Billette should have gratifying results. Motorists should be subject to control and not be allowed to dash about recklessly to the annoyance and discomfort of pedestrians. Road hogs must be brought to their senses. Speed demons and reckless drivers are a menace to society. The time has come when there should be a determined crusade against these lawbreakers since pleas and warnings go unheeded. We congratulate Recorder Billette and Chief of Police Dubeau for their timely intervention in the public interest.

The reason why an awful lot of girls nowadays don't want to be married is because they are "an awful lot."

### CANADA'S MORALITY

According to the latest published statistics, Canada has achieved the distinction of the lowest ratio of divorces to population in the English-speaking world. Only three-tenths of one per cent. of Canadians were divorced during last year, in comparison with 2.2 per cent. in England and Wales, 2 per cent. in Australia, 6.2 per cent. in New Zealand, and 1.32 in the United States. Why is there such a disparity in the divorce ratios of the five countries? Canada was not always so moral. In May, 1920, the Federal House of Commons passed seventeen divorces in seventeen minutes; but, in 1923, there were only fifty-nine divorces in the whole of Canada. In Australia lunacy is a ground for divorce, and, although the percentage of divorces in England is high compared with Canada—as a consequence of the war—there is latterly a steady shrinkage. Divorce is a simple matter in New Zealand. A man and his wife have only to separate by mutual consent for three years, when a divorce can be obtained, so that this may account for the 6.2 per cent. of divorces in that country. We congratulate Canadians, however, on the morality of the people, and trust that this present state of affairs may long continue.

### 'UNAPPROPRIATED BLESSINGS'

IN California, at least, "unappropriated blessings" may take heart up to at least 45 years. Recent marriage figures for that state show that "out of 78,000 blushing brides who went to the altar, exactly 53.4 per cent. were between 40 and 45 years of age. Still another 4.7 per cent. were between 45 and 50." Such comforting figures should by no means be confined to the Pacific slope, for there are plenty of jolly, sensible spinsters around that age in every section where the sons of men gather together.

"With telegraphs, telephones, overhead trolleys,

These humans are full of aereal follies;

Were sparrows addicted to 'making a night'

Their wings would come home in a terrible plight."

"True, true," quoth the other,

"this network inspires

In cautious old sparrows a dread of the wires,

Yet humans in practical joking are tireless,

They're wiring their housetops and gardens with wireless."

### MAYFLOWER STOCK

Northampton, England, must possess some special salubrity of atmosphere or iron-impregnated virility of soil and water, for within a radius of seven miles of that quiet town were born the ancestors of George Washington, John Adam, John Quincy Adams, William Penn, Benjamin Franklin, William Wadsworth Longfellow, and the late President Harding. Within the charmed circle of seven miles has been discovered the ancestral home of John

Adams, a humble cottage with thatched roof, in the village of Flore. The Sulgrave Institution has bought it and will restore it, to be a perpetual place of pilgrimage for American visitors. A Northamptonshire ancestor may yet become a political asset, just as it is a social cachet to be descended from "May Flower stock."

### FEELINGS

It does not do to let outlook and conduct in the course of daily life be too much influenced by "feelings."

We all experience times of elation or dejection which are wholly and manifestly spiritual. But equally, and in every life, there are days tinged irresistibly with melancholy and ill-defined foreboding whose origin can be as clearly traced to physical disorder, or days glorified by happy visions springing like flowers from the soil of a body healthily and harmoniously at work. The thing we have to grasp is that these varying conditions are all alike divinely imposed upon us for the one consistent end—our permanent spiritual growth by resistance. It is not for nothing that our bodies have been given us subject to such seemingly capricious ebbs and flows. The older one gets, the clearer the truth appears to us that one great function of the body is to try the soul.

### PATRON SAINTS

SHOULD prisoners ever have their own patron saint it would be Saint Leonard. A French nobleman at the Court of Clovis I. became a monk and founded a monastery which, after his death (about 599), was known as St. Leonard le Noblat. He was famed for his charity towards prisoners, and is reputed to have worked many miracles on their behalf. These miracles in releasing unhappy captives continued after his death, according to tradition, which was very convenient as his festival happened to be the first day of the Michaelmas term, when "writers" were made returnable.

## Harvest Pests

HE is a scientific little beast is the harvest bug with a Sunday name as long as your arm, six legs, and a pair of suckers constructed according to the best engineering practice as applied to pumps.

He is covered with scarlet silken hairs, and he is so small that you can hardly see him with the naked eye, but he has other means than size of making his presence known.

Entomologists call him Trombidium holosericeum, but what the people he bites call him is not fit for publication.

He haunts the grass or the low-growing herbage in the summer and autumn, and seizes his opportunity when you are lying on the green-sward and basking in the sun. Then he crawls up your legs and digs himself in, and his 10 h.p. irritation engine develops about 150 h.p. when you rub the place where he bites you.

Pessimistic victims of his attentions believe that when he has entrenched himself in the human epidermis he lays his eggs there, and brings up a family. Scientists deny this. They say he simply invades the genus homo for the sake of a meal, but he causes as much pain of a minor sort as if he were leading an army corps on forage duty.

What is the remedy for this bite? Every victim fancies his own, but a digest of the experience of many sufferers indicates four standard cures—tincture of iodine, turpentine, ammonia, and benzine.

A report of the Cremation Society of England contains the following:—"Much 'spade' work has been done by the Society during the past half century." We contemplate a sharp protest from the Gravediggers' Union.

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

### "WAR MEMORIALS"

IT is not necessary to state the rank, the latter is but the guinea stamp. All those whose names appear on War Memorials are real men of the first line, and the words "Captain" or "Lieut." are quite superfluous, because the nations yet unborn will place no value on titles. In addition to honoring the dead we should remember the living—the wounded, and the workless. We want to see the honors evenly and fairly distributed.

### "SHARKS"

A writer remarks that some people regard sharks as good to eat. But the reverse of the case is equally true.

### "SUN BONNETS"

"Sun bonnets trimmed with crocodile skins are now popular," says a fashion writer. But not amongst crocodiles.

### "NEW SETTLERS"

Canada wants men willing to work, and women not afraid of loneliness. The latest gesture of Mr. Beatty is in the direction of getting such a desirable type of citizen from Denmark. In the "farming factories" on the North Sea they apply science to the task of making cattle, or arable acres produce, to their full capacity. For the majestic Potency of the vast level spaces west of Winnipeg there could be no happier circumstance than for them to be tilled and tenanted by such thrifty settlers, as the best type of Scandinavians. What was done in the Dakotas may be done successfully in Canada.

THE Duke of York points out the obvious facts that however else a nation might remember its great victories its memories for those who made the victory possible was generally but short-lived. Not a day passes but the truth of this shameful indictment is tragically proved. The men who helped to win the war should not be forgotten.

### A "HASS"

Very often we get ashamed of the law; indeed at times it is worse than a "hass." It is a mule or a serpent, or a lion, or a toad. We have to complain moreover of the shameful way in which costs of litigation are allowed to pile up. A case under review proves that in an action where \$500 was in dispute the costs amounted to \$5,000. But whoever wins or loses, the lawyers on both sides scoop a nice pool. Such outrages must be the result of the facts in the legal machine. Why cannot something be done to overhaul and repair the machine?

### "EDUCATIONAL REFORM"

In educational reform it is wise not to bite off more than you can chew. One step at a time is a very good rule and it is highly desirable that large and unmanageable "classes" which undermine the work of the elementary schools should be eliminated. If the present size of classes could be one-half, the efficiency of the teaching could be more than doubled.

This problem should be attacked boldly. The teachers will be grateful, and the children will benefit.

### "NEWSPAPER REPORTING"

A pompous person with little brains and less ability who is attached to the staff of an "English Morning Journal" of this city is making himself ridiculous by leaving out the names of certain individuals from his political reports. He had better go carefully or he'll be surprised. People who live in glass houses, etc.

### "LISTEN TO IT"

Magistrates asked to make a closing order against sixteen houses declared dangerous and injurious to health stated that "having regard to the class of tenants," they thought they were still fit for habitation. Maria Antoinette on being informed on one occasion that the poor had no bread asked why they did not eat cake. Such episodes stink in the nostrils of all decent people.

### "ANOTHER'S WASHING"

Just fancy the absurdity of it all. Here we are allowing the dangerous movement of skilled mechanics from this country. Who are the hare-brained folk who think we can play the devil with our best human material and finally submit by taking in one another's washing? What is going to be done about it?

### "A ROGUE ABROAD"

PATRICK Christian Barrie, who arrived in Canada recently, obtained a motor car by fraud and false pretences and the aid of a forged cheque, and then sold the stolen goods. At last he has been apprehended. There is a list of convictions against this "beauty," including two terms of imprisonment for similar offences. Long runs the fox, but he is caught at last.

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# THE ECONOMICS OF EMPIRE

By L. S. AMERY

## A plea for closer unity between the various parts of the British Empire

THE British people are just beginning to discover the British Empire. It can hardly be said to have begun to realize all that this discovery implies. But it is, at any rate, becoming increasingly aware of the fact that this Empire exists and that it is not only a wonderful thing in itself, but the most hopeful thing in a world of political and above all economic difficulties. Dimly it sees in it the saving opportunity which may enable us to refashion our world again after the great breakdown, and to refashion it in accordance with those ideals which the war itself made all the more vivid and purposeful in contrast with its own wastefulness. There is consequently a widespread eagerness for information about the Empire. That eagerness is a very real thing in the House of Commons, and in all Parties notwithstanding the regrettably parochial attitude of many of those who were responsible for the anti-Imperial vote against Preference the other day. It is very real and growing in the business world, with the general public, and last, but very far from least, in the world of schoolmasters and teachers.

Fortunately the opportunities for satisfying that desire for knowledge are rapidly multiplying. Wireless and the airship may, indeed, multiply them enormously in the next decade. Meanwhile, to confine oneself to the present day, we have the Empire assembled and made visible to the masses of our people at Wembley. Whether that Exhibition will prove a financial success or not will, no doubt, depend on that most uncertain of all factors, our English weather. But its success as a tremendous instrument of national education is already assured.

### Why U.S.A. Succeeds

The United States is in extent less than one-quarter of the British Empire, and somewhat less than one-half of that part of the British Empire which is more especially comparable with it—the area comprised by the self-governing Dominions. With the one exception of mineral oil its total ascertained and potential natural resources are incomparably inferior to those of the Empire. More compact geographically, it has in its development been confined in the main to land transport, as compared with the cheaper ocean transport available for the purpose of Imperial development.

For the capital and population required for development it has had to indent upon others—in the main upon this country. There is no inherent reason why the development of the United States during the past century should have been much more rapid or on a much larger scale than that of the British Dominions. What are the actual facts? In that period the United States has built up an additional population of about one hundred millions on a higher average level of prosperity than exists anywhere else in the world. Its railway mileage is nearly as great as that of the rest of the world put together. Its output of coal and oil, of iron and steel, greatly exceeds that of the rest of the world. So does its consumption of electricity. As for such things as motor cars, the United States turns out, I imagine, many more in a month than the rest of the world turns out in a year.

### Dominions' Slow Growth

In the British Empire, over the same period, our white population has grown by only fifty millions, and of that growth, barely fifteen has been outside these islands. There has been a great growth of population in India and Africa, it is true, but not so great as a result of positive economic development as of the removal of negative retarding factors, such as civil war on slave raiding. Measured by the other standards of wealth production indicated above—and even allowing for our greater volume of shipping—it would be difficult to claim for the British Empire as a whole an effective economic output of much more than half that of the United States. As for the Dominions, which in population, climate, and

character mostly resemble the United States, they are, frankly, nowhere in comparison. Canada, lying alongside of the United States for the whole width of a continent, has barely added eight millions to her population in a century. Australia which Froude thought forty years ago would by now have thirty millions, has not yet topped the six-million mark.

How are we to account for this immense disparity between America's economic achievement and our own? The answer lies in the simple fact that America has had a national economic policy of development, and consequently has developed, while the British Empire has had no such policy. A national policy is one which aims at concentrating and intensifying, within the political frontiers of a State, the whole cycle of economic development, to the farthest possible extent which the material and human resources of the State will allow. That cycle begins with the interaction and mutual stimulation of production and consumption, and widens progressively as the surplus of production over consumption—in the shape of capital, on the one hand, and in the shape of increased population, on the other—increases both producing and consuming power. The process may be intensified, where natural resources are abundant, by encouraging the influx of additional capital and additional population from without. Where capital and population are abundant but natural resources limited, the natural limitations may be overcome by the importation of additional raw materials and foodstuffs. In either case the complementary facts required for rapid development are purchased by the export of part of the surplus production. But the process may also be slowed down and, in greater or less measure, dislocated, if surplus capital and population leave the territory of the State, or if its consuming power is not used to stimulate its own production, but dissipated in stimulating foreign production.

### Consumption and Production

Now the policy of the United States has been one which has consistently aimed at meeting the whole needs of American consumption by American production, and at intensifying the process of development by encouraging the influx of capital and—till quite recently—of population.

In this country, on the other hand there has, for the most of last century at any rate, been no attempt of any kind to see to it that our consumption should stimulate either local or Imperial production, or that capital or population should remain within the confines of the Empire. The unreg-

ulated economic activities of our people have consequently been dissipated all over the world, building up the United States, building up the Argentine, building up our industrial competitors in Europe. Wherever any country has had an economic policy it has made use of our capital, our population, or our market for its own purpose without let or hindrance. Amid the general scramble our Dominions and Colonies have only secured a very trifling share of the life- and growth-giving factors which we squandered at large. Most of the Dominions, it is true, have had a lo-

cal economic policy, aimed at local development. But the smallness of their population and home market and the competition of more favored settlers in the scramble for the capital, or markets of the Mother Country have imposed very rigid limits upon the success of their several and unco-ordinated policies.

If the British Empire is to develop, if its vast latent resources are to be translated into terms of population and human welfare, it must have an Imperial economic policy, such a policy need not preclude the existence alongside of it of particular local pol-

icies, aimed at the special stimulation of local production. The ideal of an Imperial Zollverein, with complete internal Free Trade and single tariff against the outside world, may be attractive, and ultimately, perhaps, not impossible. But it is not practical politics at present, or, indeed, easily compatible with the constitutional position in the Empire, and in any case it is not essential to a policy of Imperial development. All that the latter requires is that the market of each part of the Empire, in so far as it is not supplied by its domestic production, and its capital and population, in so far as they are not usefully absorbed at home, should be primarily devoted to helping forward the development of the rest of the Empire. That result can be attained, in complete consonance with the political and economic autonomy of each part of the Empire, by the policy of Imperial Preference.—From "The Spectator" (London).

## "ELLIS ISLAND"

Exclusive to "The Axe"

ELLIS Island is preparing better accommodation for first-class passengers detained under the new law limiting in the number of foreigners seeking to become permanent residents of the United States. In the main administration building dormitories are being torn out, and a series of private rooms will be substituted for the use of cabin voyagers while their cases are being examined.

I have made a tour of the island, and have examined conditions as they now exist. First and second-class passengers are kept together and the third-class immigrants have their own accommodation. Everything at Ellis Island is clean, but plain. There are usually eight hundred to nine hundred third-class immigrants and one hundred and fifty first and second-class arrivals accommodated at one time.

The new immigration exclusion law limits the number of aliens admissible as permanent residents to three per cent of the number of the particular nationality in each case resident in America by the 1910 census. Hanging on the wall in the executive office is a map of Europe showing the number of immigrants to be admitted this year. Great Britain leads with 77,342.

### Other Figures

The quotas of the principal countries are:—Germany 67,607; Italy, 42,057; Russia, 21,613; Poland, 21,076; Sweden, 20,040; Czechoslovakia 14,357; Norway, 12,202; Austria, 7,451; Rumania, 7,419; France, 5,729; Denmark, 5,619; Finland, 3,921; Greece, 3,294; Turkey, 2,388; Lithuania, 2,310; Spain, 912; Danzig, 310; Memel, 150; Fiume, 71.

The living rooms are large, well

lighted, and well aired. Plain benches and plain wooden chairs with deal tables are the only furniture. Card playing is the usual pastime. The men and women sleep in different dormitories, having iron bunks, upper and lower, with bedding that is removed each night. Hardships, for the most part, occur at night, when families have to be separated. There are splendid porcelain baths and showers; but they are seldom used.

A common dining room is provided for all three classes. The food is free, and is the same for all. The following was the bill of fare the day I visited the island:—

### Breakfast

Boiled oatmeal with milk.  
Stewed prunes  
Bread and butter. Coffee

### Dinner

Pea Soup  
Potted beef with vegetables and potatoes  
Rice pudding.  
Bread and butter. Coffee.

### Supper

York and beans. Apple sauce. Tea or coffee. Bread and butter.

Milk is served to all women and children at every meal:

Two to four days is the usual average of detention on the island. If there is an appeal against deportation, it usually takes a week longer, but most cases are given a hearing within one or two days after arrival. Then, if deportation is ordered, the reckless immigrant is sent home in the next departing ship on the line that brought him.

"CONSUL"

## Love Letters

WE hear that there is a dispute in France whether the love-letters of great men should be published or not. Authors of fame are being asked for—at any rate are giving—their opinions, and the majority vote for publication. Whether they intend to afford us or our posterity an opportunity of enjoying their own effusions we cannot tell, though we fear the worst. A professional man of letters indeed, should have in this matter an advantage over other species of great men. He is working in a medium which he understands. We should expect Byron to write a better love-letter than Mr. Pitt, who to be sure, was notoriously cold to the fair. But if we also expected Keats to give us better love-letters than Nelson we should be much deceived. Perhaps some may protest that there is no reason for expecting the professionals to do better than the amateurs. A love-letter, they would say, reduces all men to the lowest common measure. But it happens that the love-letters, other than our own, with which we are acquainted, are for the most part, from the literary men. The men of action have been more reticent, or

had better luck. For it will hardly be contended by the most ardent admirer of the literature of self-revelation that the love-letters of the authors have added much to the beauty of the world. From Abelard to Alfred De Musset they are seldom seen to advantage. Exceptions, indeed, may be found. If we had not Swift's "Journal to Stella," we should be without a charming book and ignorant of one pleasant side of a great man. But the specialists in these matters may argue that Swift was never really in love, or that if he was, what he wrote for Stella was never a love-letter within the meaning of the Act. Steele wrote some letters to his Prue which make us like him better, whether or no they had the effect on her. Why should we leave out the ladies? Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote to her husband the most precise directions for eloping with her that a man could want, but again a pedant may question whether there was much love in the matter. At the other end Mrs. Browning. But though they are natural enough, it may be doubted whether anybody except Browning ever wanted more. Perhaps that is high praise for a love letter. If it is of value to anybody, but the owner it misses perfection. Neither man nor woman has any business to be universal or even general in this kind of composition.

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Scene from the great historic film of the making of America, "The Covered Wagon," at The Capitol this week.



## MOLLIE WILLIAMS' SNAPPY REVUE AT GAYETY IS WORTH \$3. TOP

Mollie Williams is back again! So is Columbia Burlesque! Both of them opened at the Gayety Theatre on Sunday night when the house was packed to capacity with a line six deep at the back of the orchestra, proving the popularity of both the star and the type of entertainment for which the Gayety stands.

As for the theatre itself, it has been thoroughly renovated during the summer months, and is today the most beautifully decorated theatre in the city. What the decorator has done has been to bring out the hidden beauties of the original decorative scheme, gold and blue being the dominating tones. The whole scheme is artistic and beautiful beyond measure. It is worth while to visit the Gayety for the sake of its decorations apart from the entertainment on the stage.

It is useless for me to praise Mollie Williams and her Snappy Revue. There is such a thing as gilding the lily and painting the rose; both are unnecessary. Mollie Williams is just Mollie Williams and will be to the end of the chapter. She maintains all her old time grip upon her audience and from the moment of her first appearance until the finale she dominates the scene. Hers is a triumph of personality and the title of "The Uncrowned Queen of Burlesque" which, I believe, I was the first to apply to the magnetic Mollie, still holds good. Looking younger than ever, wearing beautiful costumes, she weaves the same fascination that has lifted her right into the very front ranks of her profession. No better choice could have been made of a show to open the season than that of Mollie Williams.

The production is wonderfully staged and handsomely dressed. The opening number by the Chorus might have been lifted out of the Ziegfeld Follies, so beautifully is it dressed. The Chorus is dainty and picturesque, and I think of all the choruses I have

seen this stands out the very best. Their work is on a par with that of the John Tiller troupes, which rank among the very highest.

Miss Williams has surrounded herself with a very capable company. The two featured comedians are Fred Harper and Bobbie Wilson. Both are funny to the limit. Fred Harper has got a whimsical pathetic touch about his humor, reminding me in some phases of his work of Charlie Chaplin, though in no sense of the word does he imitate the famous picture comedian. In a boxing bit between the two comedians they were a scream and there has been no better burlesque boxing act shown on any local stage within my recollection.

One of the hits of the evening was a sketch which had Mollie as the faithful wife, the two comedians as quondam lovers, Ray King as the husband and John Mack as The Lover. This sketch was perfectly acted and the facial play of Fred Harper and Bobbie Wilson was a splendid piece of pantomimic art.

Standing out also was the exploring exhibition scene with Fred Harper as the patient and Lillian Pearl as the nurse. When this scene has been worked up a little better it may easily prove the funniest bit of the whole show.

Every season Miss Williams has a new dramatic sketch, and it is also real drama. The playlet has been written by Lon Haskall and is full of dramatic fire and force. Mollie Williams in this impersonates a French-American girl, whose home is on a Pacific island. Here John Mack, captain of a tramp steamer, sees her and endeavors to steal her from the island for himself. The elements intervene, and Mack is struck out by a falling tree while Ray Kirk as her faithful body servant is just about to use his knife on the Captain. John Mack, as Capt. Muller, gave a very forceful representation of the char-



The lady on skates is Miss Claridge, of Downey and Claridge at Loew's this week.

to the great delight of the crowd, being encored again and again. Bebe Almond is the Soubrette and danced and sang herself into the hearts of the customers with all her old time skill and grace.

A big hit was registered by Morton and Mayo, one of the very best dancing teams in vaudeville or burlesque, stopping the show once or twice during the evening. Ray Kirk is the straight man of the show and with his fine tenor voice lifted the production into the high realm of musical comedy, particularly in his singing of "That Old Irish Mother of Mine."

There could not be a better show for anybody to see as a first introduction to burlesque. I have no hesitation in frankly saying that I have seen far worse shows at three dollars top in this city than the Mollie Williams show at the Gayety this week. The scenery, the dressing, in fact the whole production is away high up in the Broadway class, and if anybody reading this revue goes to see the show this week and will honestly tell me that he or she has not had "money's worth for money", I will personally undertake to refund the price of admission they have paid.

### "LONE WOLF" IS A BIG HIT

Louis Joseph Vance's "Lone Wolf" is the feature picture at Loew's this week, and it is attracting wonderfully large houses. Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt are the "Stars" in an entirely brilliant cast which embraces Tyrone Power, Wilton Lackaye, Robert Haines, Lucy Fox and Charlotte Walker.

The inimitable Dorothy Dalton, as the trusted agent of a notorious band of Parisian criminals, and Jack Holt in the role of hero, monopolize the chief honours. A series of exciting and thrilling scenes are conspicuous throughout the picture, the audience being kept in suspense by the narrative. The thread of the story eventuates in a love romance between Lanyard and Lucy, the "Lone Wolf" making the customary declaration never to violate the law again.

Lucy, while posing as a denizen of the underworld, gives a shining example of how cute one of Uncle Sam's Secret Service operatives can be.

The "Lone Wolf" is a picture of considerable originality and exceptional pathos, and, in the hands of the cast responsible for its production, makes fine melodrama, and deserves its place in Loew's program. The continuation of the "Jack Dempsey" series, together with the news, comedy, and other features, are up-to-date and entirely worthy of approbation.

On the vaudeville side pride of place goes to Jack Wyatt and his Scotch lads and lasses, who provide a melange of songs and musical features entitled, "Fra The Land O' The Heather, Hoot Mon," which goes well with local folks.

There is another act, described as a novelty skit and which is provided by Clark and Villiani, entitled, "The Income Tax," which makes a good number.

"Rice Pudding" is the name of a sketch Caverley and Ward serve up in large helpings in a most praiseworthy manner.

"Big Business" is the rule this week at Jim Adams' "coolest place in town."

## IMPERIAL

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A Distinct Novelty  
JACK HANLEY  
The Eccentric Comedy  
Pantomimic Juggler

THE BISON CITY FOUR  
Messrs. Milo, Girard, Hughes  
and Roscoe.

THE FAMOUS SUTCLIFFE  
FAMILY  
Present

"A HIGHLAND RECEPTION"

ZELLIAS SISTERS  
Aerial Elegance

WARNER BAXTER, RALPH LEWIS and DERELYS PERDUE  
in "BLOW YOUR OWN HORN"  
The Photodramatic Novelty of the Year.

## LOEW'S

CONTINUOUS 1 TO 11  
NOW PLAYING

JACK  
HOLT

DOROTHY  
DALTON

—In—

### "THE LONE WOLF"

A Baffling Mystery Play of the Underworld of Paris

JACK DEMPSEY

Series 4—"Fight and Win"

SELECT VAUDEVILLE

acter, and had good help from Fred Harper. In this sketch Mollie Williams as Nordena dances and fascinates to a fare you well, as she has done in every sketch of the kind that I can remember, but did it with a freshness and verve that had the stamp of genius upon it.

Among the women folk Ella Corbett, a protegee of Mollie's, shows marked improvement over her work of last year, and has developed into a very beautiful woman with much more effectiveness and ability than before. Lillian Pearl is entirely new to burlesque and rendered several "Blues"

## ORPHEUM PHONES: PLATEAU 0022-1081-1086

MATS: WED., THURS., SAT. AT 2.30. P.M.

LAST TIME, SATURDAY  
THE HENRY DUFFY PLAYERS

— PRESENT —

### "CONNIE GOES HOME"

A Comedy of Youth and Romance

— WITH —

Dale Winter—Henry Duffy

Farewell Week Commencing  
MONDAY, AUGUST 25th

### "JUST MARRIED"

The Laughing Success Of The Century  
Seats Now Selling for all Performances

## PALACE NOW SHOWING

### "BREAD"

With Mae Busch,  
Pat O'Malley, Wanda  
Hawley, Hobart Bosworth, Myrtle  
Steadman, Robert Fraser  
and others

Added Attractions:  
COMEDY, NEWS, RE-  
VIEW, FUN OF PRESS,  
PALACE PREMIER  
ORCHESTRA—and  
THE KLOBELOFF TRIO

COOGAN is  
COMING

**"BREAD" MAKES BOX OFFICE ATTRACTION**

"Bread," a screen version of Norris' popular novel, is a Metro-Goldwyn picture which has in its cast an aggregation of leading players, most of them the idols of the fans, and embracing Mae Busch, Robert Fraser, Wanda Hawley, Pat O'Malley, Hobart Bosworth, Eugenie Besserer, Myrtle Stedman, Ward Crane and Raymond Lee.

The picture is well-balanced and admirably presented, and is raking in much good business to George Rotsky's Palace this week.

Frazer is the leading man, while Mae Busch successfully essays the role of a girl swayed between the longing for a business career and a love of home. The problem of the woman in business is admirably and faithfully portrayed; and it results, on the one side the danger to home life, and on the other "independence" with its questionable temporary advantages.

"Bread" was a much talked-of novel; "Bread," as a photoplay, is equally attractive. The two daughters of Mrs. Sturgis, a poor widow, who ekes out an existence by giving music lessons, has to face the problem of what is best to be done with her two grown-up daughters.

Alice is quiet and home-loving; Jeannette, impetuous, proud and spirited, determined to carve out a business career for herself at all costs. Alice marries the man of her choice of her own station of life, and becomes immersed in the raising of a family. Jeannette has many crosses to bear before she achieves her objective, and in the interval meets one Martin Devlin, a young salesman fond of pleasure and, later, strong drink. The marriage proved unhappy, ending in a separation, though the sequel eventually turns out well for both parties in that Devlin learns prudence and how to value the love of a good woman. Jeannette also discovers that, while business may be very alluring and money-making very enticing, there are other things that matter.

The picture very cleverly enunciates a fact not at all times sufficiently obvious to some folk, that marriage means more than "just love and kisses." In the drama of this workaday world there are many hard knocks to be taken and given, the lives of many people centering mostly round "bread."

"Bread" is the outline of many a woman's problem; it is an object lesson on the value of choosing a life partner capable of sharing sorrow equally with success. Most women will see in "Bread" a slice of life; it is essentially a woman's picture.

Besides the feature picture, David Levin's orchestra provides much alluring and tuneful music. Then there is the usual comedy, and the customary Palace features, all of which go to make a splendid program, and one good enough to attract fine audiences.

**ORPHEUM'S CLOSING WEEK**

The Henry Duffy Players will close their season at the Orpheum Theatre on Saturday night, August 30th, and will offer as their final attraction, beginning on Monday night, August 30th, "Just Married," a new comedy by the author of "Abie's Irish Rose."

"Just Married" tells the story of a group of people homeward bound for America on the French liner Lafayette. As the ship is about to sail from Bordeaux the passenger list is increased by one young man somewhat the worse for a wedding dinner, or, more accurately, the accompanying drinks. By mistake he is assigned to share the state-room of a pretty girl who is on board with her chaperon and fiancé. No amount of description could do justice to the fun that this fast-moving farce provides.

"Just Married" broke all farce comedy records in history in New York stage by running at the Comedy, Shubert, and Nora Bayes' theatres for two solid years. It was written by Anne Nichols and Adelaide Matthews, authors of "Abie's Irish Rose," "Scrambled Wives," "Nightie Night," "Linger Longer, Letty" and a host of others.

Henry Duffy and Dale Winter will have the leading roles and the cast will include Katherine Revner, Franklin George, Stewart Wilson, Margaret Wolfe, John Carmody, T. Daniel Frawley, Elsie Revner, Karon Tillman and a host of others.

Seats are on sale at the box office for all the remaining performances. "Connie Goes Home," the delightful comedy of youth and romance, will be given its final representation on next Saturday afternoon and night.

Raymond Bond

Who Purveys Fun

and Humor in

"The Worm Turns"

at The Imperial

this week.



**"CONNIES GOES HOME" AT THE ORPHEUM ILLUSTRATES STAGE FOLKS' COURAGE**

Before I saw the production of the Duffy Players at The Orpheum this week I had written my personal editorial on "The People of the Stage," which will be found on page 2 of this issue. The play, "Connie Goes Home," is one of the best illustrations of my editorial that I could wish for, showing the inherent courage, cheerfulness and child-like faith of actor people even better than I have tried to present it.

Connie is an ex-child actress, now become too old and too big to take child parts. Unable to get an engagement she starts off for a home for destitute girls in Illinois, where she had been reared, with only enough money to pay for a child's ticket. On the train she impersonates a child and gets away with it, but, unfortunately, loses her transportation and would have been put off the train had not Jim Anderson, a young Chicago fellow, seen her through her difficulties. He takes her to his uncle's home in Chicago, and then ensues a battle on the girl's part to win the affection of the rich uncle and incidentally steal the heart of Jim from the woman to whom he is engaged. Connie successfully does both things, and finally comes into her kingdom.

Miss Dale Winter is Connie and has in it a part that she revels in. Her impersonation of the child character is remarkably well done and the witty lines and bits of repartee she has to speak are delivered in that way of hers that made her so successful in Irene. The part calls for some heavier touches, and Miss Winter did not fail to bring out the drama and pathos where these were called for. It was another triumph for Miss Winter and she proved that in drama she is quite as capable and talented as in musical comedy. But it seemed a pity that she did not have a song or two to sing.

The audience gave a riotous reception to David Herblin, well remembered for his effective work with The Hevia Players. Mr. Herblin is a sterling actor and gave a fine, manly rendering of the character. He has a smile that would take him around the world, and his performance was a most remarkable one considering he was brought hurriedly from New York to take Mr. Duffy's place on account of the latter's illness, and had only 48 hours to fit himself for the part.

Standing out prominently all the way through the play is the work of Mr. T. Daniel Frawley, as Uncle George. Mr. Frawley, to me, always seems best at home in parts of this kind, in which he plays the irascible but kindly old man to the life. Mr. Frawley can make himself a bear better than any actor I know, but always succeeds in revealing the true kindness of heart of the character. He was one of the big successes of the evening.

Nobody else has very much to do except Mr. Stewart Wilson, as the evildoing Chester Barclay. Mr. Wilson played with restraint, and succeeded admirably in bringing out the despicable side of the character. Miss Mar-

guerite Wolfe as Isabel Wayne, Miss Katherine Revner as the alleged aunt of Connie, and Miss Elsie Revner—who, by the way, is Katherine's mother but looks more like her sister—had not much to do, but were acceptable in their parts. The same is true of Franklin George and John Carmody, both of whom had small bits, but played them with the finish which is characteristic of these two fine actors.

This is the last week but one of the Duffy Players. I think I enjoyed last night's performance more than any that the Duffy Players have presented.

**CAPITOL** Now Showing

FACTS ARE FACTS !!

It Holds the World's Record for Attendance.

**"THE COVERED WAGON"**

WITH AN ALL STAR CAST

FIRST TIME ANYWHERE AT REGULAR CAPITOL PRICES

**STARLAND THEATRE**

MOSHA PICPIC (Chas. Ross) and his MANHATTAN MUSICAL COMEDY CO.

20—PEOPLE—20 MOSTLY DAINTY DAMSELS Comedy. Song-Dance Revue of 1924

Positively the Biggest and Best Show ever offered at POP prices in Montreal MATINEES 10c. EVENINGS 25c. Including Amusement Tax

KLEAN AND KLASSY Is Our Motto

Selected Photoplays

Maybe it is because at heart I am a romanticist and love the world of make-believe. Anyhow, "Connie Goes Home" is "the goods" and anybody seeing it will thank me for directing their attention to it.

JOHN H. ROBERTS.

**"COVERED WAGON" PACKS CAPITOL**

An enthusiastic audience greeted the showing of "The Covered Wagon," which is the feature at the Capitol this week. This photoplay has been described as one of the greatest productions in the history of the motion picture industry.

It is undoubtedly a superior production. Several thousand men and horses appear in "The Covered Wagon." A romantic story of adventure, with thrills and love, is combined with a little humour. The rugged charm of the scenery and the great spectacle of the caravan winding its way across the prairies is fine in itself. But the spirit of the pioneers, who braved so many perils to reach Oregon, is marvellously portrayed, and Miss Lois Wilson played the role of the caravan leader's daughter in a striking manner. It cannot be denied that she suited the part. The leading male role was taken by J. Warren Kerrigan. He certainly has an extremely pleasing personality, and the part provides many chances to show his skill as a horseman. Indians attacking the pioneers and a prairie fire are among the marvellous spectacles provided in this remarkable picture. It has had record runs in New York and all the other cities where it has been shown. This is the first time the picture has been shown anywhere in the world at popular prices, and the crowded house on Monday night testifies to Mr. Dahn's shrewd management.

**HUMOUR AND FUN AT THE IMPERIAL**

"Even a worm will turn" is the slogan of a brilliant piece of acting in the feature turn on the bill at the Imperial Theatre this week.

"The Worm," as the act is called, is played with great success by a trio who have obviously known something of real life behind the closed door of the modern business office.

Those who have sat through numerous acts masquerading under the name of comedy will enjoy the real humor and clean fun in the Imperial's headline act.

The parts of the Worm, the big, imposing employer, and the office stenographer who pities and fears for the worm, are played by the members of Raymond Bond and Company.

Another turn calculated to create genuine laughter and amusement in any audience is presented by the Bison City Four. A bar-room scene and the law play important parts in this act. Good Scottish dancing and music is offered by the Sutcliffe family. The pipe playing of the company is excellent and the presence of two pretty girls in the Sutcliffe ranks helps to put the act over well.

Jack Hanley is a juggler and comedian of note whose air belie the difficulty of his feats. The Zellias Sisters show hard and lengthy training in their aerial stunts, and not a little grace of movement and neatness of execution.

Jimmy Allman and Morton Harvey are as well received as ever by Montreal audience. The feature film, "Blow Your Own Horn" is up to the usual high standard of Imperial screen presentations.

**GAYETY COLUMBIA BURLESQUE**

Fun for the Whole Family

Twice Daily 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.

NOW SHOWING

**Gala Opening Attraction**

A Treat for all Lovers of Good Wholesome Fun

**Mollie Williams**

The Wonder Girl of Song and Personality and Her HAPPY, SNAPPY, PEPPY REVUE

WITH FRED HARPER AND A BIG CAST OF MERRY, ROLLICKING ENTERTAINERS

Augmented by Mollie's Hand-Picked Peachy Wonder Chorus of

**DAINTY DANCING DARLINGS**

A Dramatic Sensation

**"THE SLAVE DEALER"**

With a Specially Selected Cast.

Entirely redecorated by the celebrated artist, Emanuel Briffa, the interior of the Gayety has been transformed into a delightful symphony of color and astounding beauty, placing it in the foremost ranks of the atres beautiful.

**KING EDWARD PARK**

Benefit of an ideal trip on the river and of the nicest picnic grounds in the province.

AMUSEMENTS, BOATING, RESTAURANTS, DANCE GIVEN BY "THE FAMOUS NOVELTY ORCHESTRA"

Sunday, Aug., 17th; Boats will leave Pie IX. Ave. Maisonneuve, every hour, from 9.00 a.m. to 9. p.m.

ADULTS; 50c.

CHILDREN; 25c.

THE AXE'S GREAT SERIAL—BEGINNING TO-DAY

THE SECRET TOLL

By Paul and Mable Thorne, Author of "The Sheridan Road Mystery."

INSTALLMENT NO. 1

"I'm damned if I give up a cent! I'll die first!" "You very likely will. Others have. To refuse these people is the first step toward suicide."

"But are the police so impotent that a gang like this one can operate unmolested right under their very noses?"

"The police are efficient in ordinary cases. These people, however, operate mysteriously. So far, the police have been helpless."

The two men who thus discussed a criminal clique which was extorting money from prominent and wealthy citizens were seated in a Michigan avenue club.

The first speaker, Robert Forrester, was a young man of thirty—tall, dark and broad shouldered. As a member of an old and wealthy family, of which he was the sole male survivor and head, Forrester had chosen to become a civil engineer and had taken active part in several big projects before the great war.

He had served in France as an army engineer. Business conditions of the country did not now favor large construction work at this time, so he was still lingering in Chicago, spending much of his time at the club.

His companion and confidant of the moment, Frederick Prentice, was past middle age. The possessor of large, inherited wealth, he was totally unlike the younger and more energetic man. He had never entered business. To Prentice the easiest way out was the logical course.

Forrester opened the clenched hand in which he had crushed the warning message, reading again the words that enraged him.

The message was crudely hand-printed on a square of ordinary wrapping paper such as can be found in any store. At the top was the rough drawing of a human skull. Forrester read the words aloud:

"Do you want me to believe that every one of the victims so far has given up without a fight?" asked Forrester. "That no real effort has been made to apprehend these desperadoes?"

"My, no!" exclaimed Prentice. "Several of the men threatened went to the police, but so far as I know they never discovered a worth while clue."

"What happened to those men who resisted?" inquired Forrester.

"They either finally acceded to the demands, or were found dead. I know exactly what has transpired in this matter: I speak from actual experience!"

"Experience?" questioned Forrester, noting something significant in the stress which Prentice laid on his last words.

Prentice extended his hand. "Let me see that paper, Bob," he requested. The paper was handed over and Prentice studied it carefully.

"Yes," commented Prentice. "It is unquestionably from the same people. That is a duplicate of the warning which I received."

"Did you get one, too?" exclaimed Forrester.

"A year ago—just about this time," divulged Prentice. "In fact the police claimed that it was the first time anything of the kind had come to their attention."

"Tell me about it, Prentice," urged Forrester.

"I will," agreed Prentice. "After you have heard my experience you will realize more fully why I tell you to pay and say nothing."

"A duplicate of that notice was fastened to my front door with a knife.

I had much the same feeling that you have regarding it, although I did not take it quite so seriously. As a matter of fact, I regarded it as a joke, until a few days later a second warning came in the mail.

"I had destroyed the first warning, but the second one I took to the police. They arranged with me to try to trap these people. The night that my time expired I took a dummy package and placed it in that tree. The police kept watch in the woods all night without seeing or hearing anyone."

"In the morning they found the package still in the tree, but attached to it was a note stating that these people were not to be fooled, and allowing me three days in which to pay or take the consequences.

"For two weeks the police watched the tree, and a detective accompanied me wherever I went. There was no attack upon me, and the police assume that it was undoubtedly a practical joke. They withdrew my detective guard and I thought the matter had ended.

"A little later, however, as I was returning home in my car one night, a figure leaped upon each running board. They wore long black hoods with nothing save their eyes visible through openings cut in the hoods.

"These men pointed revolvers at me and ordered me to stop. They said that they represented the 'Friends of the Poor,' and told me that the time had come to pay the penalty for not complying with their demands.

"You can imagine my state of mind. I told them that I had thought it a joke, and pleaded with them. They finally allowed me to go upon my promising to place the money in the tree the following evening.

"After drawing the money from the bank I informed the police about my adventure and they arranged to watch the tree again that night. I placed the money in the tree and, although five detectives remained all night only a little distance away, they heard and saw nothing.

"In the morning the money was gone!"

"During the last summer other wealthy men received demands for money. So far as I have knowledge of the matter, they either paid the money or were later found dead.

"With the first fall of snow the activities of this band ceased. A detective detailed to the case told me he thought they had stopped operations because of the snow. When they approached the tree, he explained, they would naturally leave tracks in the snow, in that way giving some hint to the police.

"This notice to you, seems to indicate that another war is to be waged upon the wealthy men of the city this summer."

At this moment an attendant told Forrester his mother was on the telephone.

"Son," she said, "Mr. Nevins has met with a serious accident. Josephine and I are going over to see Mrs. Nevins. We shall not be home to dinner."

"All right, Mother," replied Forrester. "I'll phone the house later, and if Charlie is going to be in this evening I'll run over and bring you home. Good-bye."

The Nevins family and his own had been close friends for years. This friendship was about to be turned into relationship through the recently announced engagement of Forrester's sister, Josephine, to Charles Nevins, the banker's son.

Forrester hung up the receiver and returned to the lounging room to rejoin Prentice. Prentice was reading a paper. Forrester read the startling headlines:

"FRIENDS OF THE POOR COMMIT NEW MURDER"

Prentice held the paper out for Forrester to see when the young man joined him, with the remark, "Evidently you did not get the first warning of the season, Bob, as I thought. Here's a man who received a notice two weeks ago, and assumed the attitude that you did this afternoon toward this mysterious band."

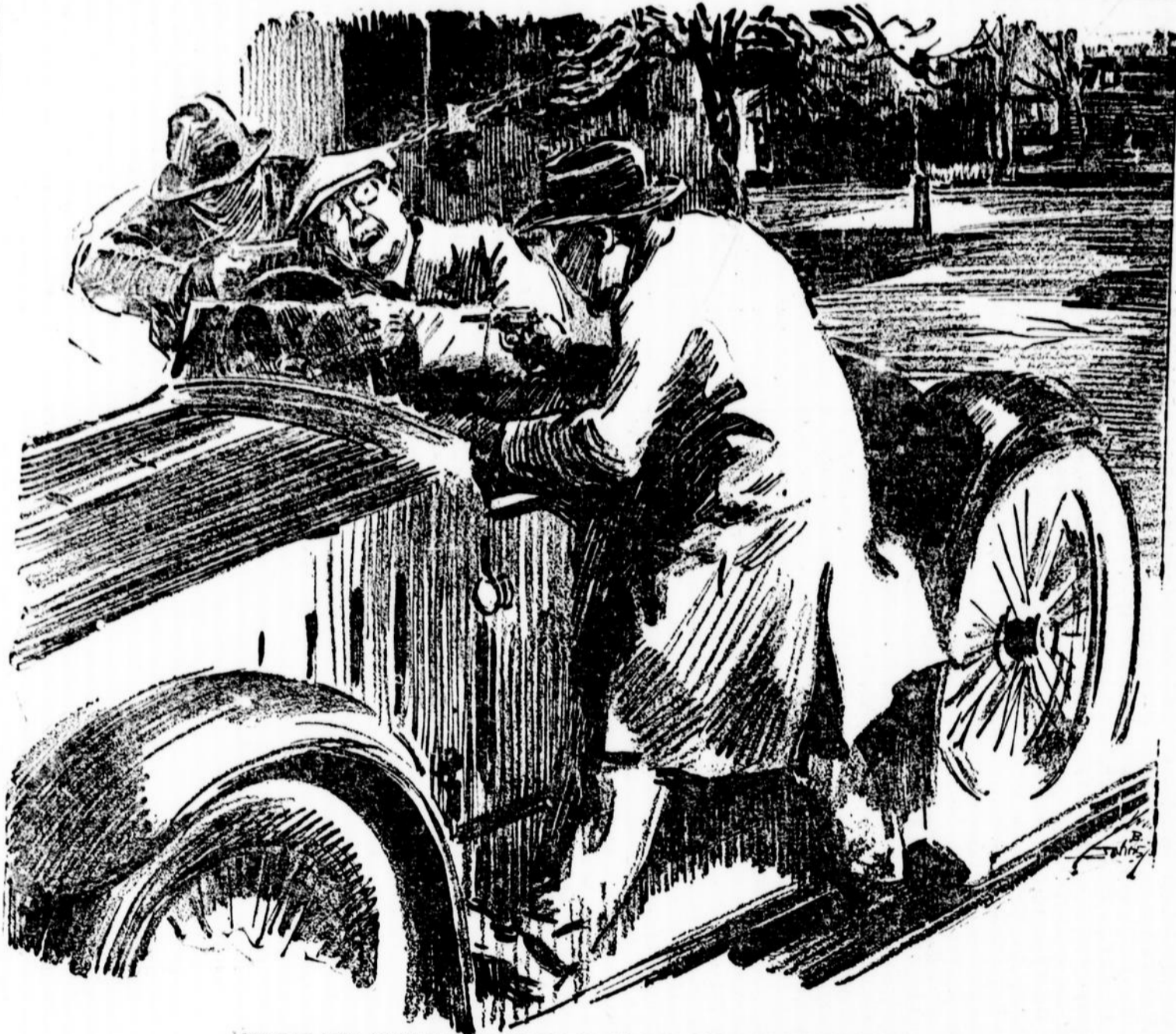
"Who was he?"

"George Nevins, the banker!"

"George Nevins!" repeated Forrester, aghast at the news.

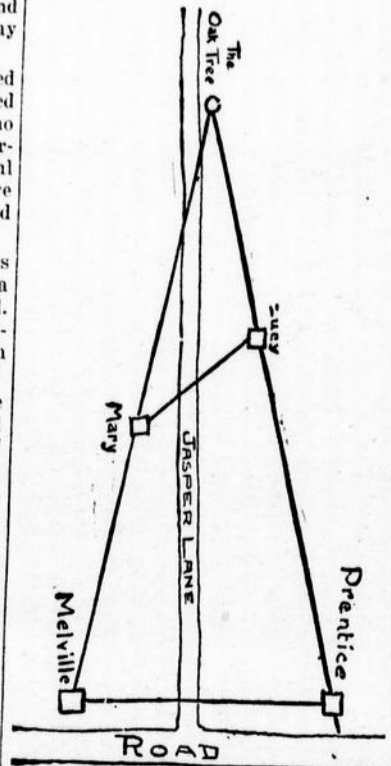
"Yes, old George Nevins—the tightest man in Chicago. I'll wager he fought as hard as any one could, but see what happened!" Prentice

(Continued on Page 10.)



"THESE MEN POINTED REVOLVERS AT ME AND ORDERED ME TO STOP."

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



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MOLLIE WILLIAMS AND HER SNAPPY REVUE. Posed specially for The Axe on their arrival in Montreal last Saturday morning. They are "packing them in" at The Gayety.

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51 CRAIG STREET WEST

**Should Citizens Interfere?**

**A** BRAWL at the corner of Dorchester Street West and Windsor Street a few evenings ago, leads us to moralize on the duty of citizens when a frame-up takes place to cover the tracks of potential pickpockets.

What is the right course of action for the ordinary peaceful citizen who is suddenly called upon to assist another in some dangerous emergency?

In a recent case in the French law courts it was laid down that he may be perfectly entitled to refuse any assistance whatever. This case concerned a top-floor tenant in a block of tenement dwellings, who descended to fill a pail of water from the common tap in the courtyard. While returning to his room an old woman met him and begged for his pail of water to put out a fire which had just broken out in her room. He refused on the ground that he had drawn the water for his own use, and that he was not a fireman. Some more friendly neighbours put out the fire, so he was compelled to choose between becoming a fireman or being burnt out himself!

I do not know whether a similar case has ever arisen in England, but,

presumably, the law here is the same, or every onlooker who failed to attempt the rescue of a drowning man would be liable to legal proceedings.

In the matter of an ordinary street quarrel most people have learned from experience that it is better not to interfere.

If a police officer appears, however, the legal obligation to assist him in the execution of his duties, when called upon to do so in the King's name, is clear.

That many fail to recognize even this obligation, is proved by the indifference shown the other day by a tube lift crowd to an appeal for this assistance made by a detective who was endeavouring to arrest a gang of pickpockets. One would have thought that the duty of the crowd here was quite obvious, and it is curious that they should have been so indifferent.

Probably, however, it was just an ordinary London crowd going about its business, quite unprepared for anything so dramatic as the arrest of a gang of crooks, and no one quite knew what to do, or cared to be the first to act. So everyone waited for everyone else to move first, and the pickpockets escaped!

**STARLAND**

This week an old Montreal favorite in the person of Mosha PicPic (Chas. Ross) is at the Starland Theatre, St. Lawrence street, with a real knock-out show, the Manhattan Musical Comedy. Twenty people—every one a clever and capable artist. Since last appearing in Montreal Charlie has made a very successful tour of the States, and returns to us funnier than ever with a bunch of high steppers and good singers, including Miss Olga Hudson, the fast dancing soubrette; Maurice Ferto, tenor extraordinary; Billy Benson, comedy and character man; Al Beaumont, Beau Brummel; Madame Alma, a lady with a splendid voice, and many others. Pictures of unusual appeal make up a great bill.

**Safe at That**

At a railway booking office window a stout woman had been refused a child's ticket for her sixteen-year-old daughter.

Waving her umbrella she began to explain what she thought about booking clerks, concluding, "Wait, young man, until I get at you!"

The booking clerk regarded her for a moment, and then pointing to the small hole in the glass window replied, meekly, "Come this way, madam, please."

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**STREET TRAFFIC**  
**T** HE congested state of some of our Montreal streets owing to the enormous growth of vehicular traffic, urgently needs solution. There is endless confusion, without an obvious remedy. Great lumbering vehicles hold up the stream of lighter traffic to a great extent, because the police have no power to divert them from the important arteries of communication. Millions of dollars are lost owing to delays all caused by this ridiculous lack of control. If an Act of Parliament is necessary to end this evil then by all means let us have an Act of Parliament. Things grow worse every day, with the public becoming more irritable.

The latter is a good sign however for when the public kick over the traces, Governments usually sit up and take notice.

**A RISING TIDE**

MANY of our local merchants think that a great expansion of trade is overdue in this Dominion.

**BUST**  
There is only one safe, genuine, sure and fully guaranteed way to develop the bust and gain perfect form, this is through the use of **GALEGINE PILLS**,—French celebrated remedy. Ask for free illustrated booklet.—Consultations.  
**COSMOS PRODUCTS CO.**  
289 St. Catherine St. West  
Orpheum Bldg. - Montreal

**HONEST HARRY**  
(Harry Margolis)  
**HAS MONEY TO LOAN**

On diamonds, watches, furs, fur-coats, fire-arms, clothing, musical instruments, hand bags, etc. We issue pawn tickets redeemable under one year.

SPECIAL GOV'T LICENSE  
47 CRAIG STREET WEST

**WHEN YOU WANT SERVICE CALL MAIN 3291**

**McDERMOTT'S MOTOR DELIVERY**  
will give you the kind of service you want.  
CONTRACTS TAKEN  
85 Cathedral Street, Montreal.

**DOMINION PARK**

AFTERNOONS AND EVENINGS

**OVER 100 ATTRACTIONS**

Victory Ride—Chute the Chute—  
Aerial Swings—House of Nonsense  
—Dodgem—Whips, etc., etc.

**CREATORE**

AND HIS FAMOUS BAND  
—SPECIAL ENGAGEMENT

Up. 1945

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617 UNIVERSITY ST.

PRIVATE CHAPEL

# Candid Communications

To The Great, Near-Great and Not Very Great

## ADVERTISING BUREAUS.

Lord Atholstan,  
The Star,  
Montreal.

My Lord:—

There are quite a number of rooming and apartment bureaus in this city, some of them conducted in a straightforward, above board, and proper manner; others quite the reverse. But you make no discrimination between the bad and the good. We learn that your advertising department refuses to accept advertisements from all "agents" on the ground that the columns of the "Star" are deemed sufficient to meet the exigencies of the case. We do not see that you have any right to refuse advertisements for rooms or apartments to let, provided that the advertisements are bona fide, and that they are inserted by people known in the city. There are a great many folk who would like you to look into this matter so that you may have the instructions to your staff suitably amended.

THE AXE.

## POSTMEN'S STRIKE.

To Victor Gaudet,  
Post Master,  
Montreal.

Sir:—

From information that has filtered through to us, we have come to the conclusion that many of the "scabs" or strike-breakers you employed recently have had anything but a square deal. Let us call your attention to one outstanding case where a discharged soldier, 45 years old, who rushed in to help you at the very moment you called for assistance, has had, what he himself terms "a raw deal". Before the strike this man had actually an application filed for a Civil Service position. When he applied for work, you grabbed him, but for some unknown reason, at the expiration of 2½ weeks you laid him off without word, warning, or excuse. Something was suggested by one of your head men that the cause of the dismissal was owing to this individual exceeding the age limit. Don't you know there is no age limit for discharged soldiers who make application for Government positions? The most galling part about the present case is that you have employed two or three youths to do his work. The facts in this case are available for your inspection if you care to analyse the grievance. Think it over.

THE AXE.

## SILENCE, PLEASE!

To Picture Goers,  
Montreal.

Ladies and Gents:—

What do you go to the pictures for—some of you? We went the other day to review a picture and had the misfortune to be placed alongside two individuals of the feminine gender who tattled and talked, and talked and tattled for two solid hours... and rarely about the picture. They occasionally looked at the screen to observe in a loud voice—"I don't like her a bit" and other remarks of a similar character relating to gowns and kindred accessories. The thought came to us as we listened that those two women had selected both time and place for an argument. It looked like it. The only thing we were thankful for was they didn't have a stand-up fight. There should be surely some way of putting a stop to this nuisance. If the theatre managers can't do anything, patrons of the silent drama should take the law into their own hands by asking their garrulous neighbours to "dry up". Speaking about the pictures we must call attention to another affliction in those individuals who insist upon telling the world each sub-title as it is thrown on the screen. If we cannot get perfect silence by asking for it, perhaps it would be a good idea to secure the names and addresses of the offenders and publish them in the paper. Something must be done, anyway.

THE AXE.

## REFORM OF THE SENATE

To Mr. W. M. MacKenzie King,  
Ottawa.

Sir:—

You propose to follow, we notice, in the footsteps of the Mother of Parliaments regarding the Upper

House. But this move involves a very large question, and if you insist on your illeceivable scheme you may find it heedful to go to the country on the issues involved. We know you could get a majority at Parliament Hill all right from your present Progressive masters, though the country, you may rest assured, would never endorse such a hare-brained scheme. Any changes in the Confederation pact require the acquiescence of all the provinces of Canada. Please note that. We think if you want to be provocative and wish to know precisely where you stand you can best get down to brass tacks by calling a general election. Then you will know exactly where you are.

THE AXE.

## WELCOME HOME

To E. W. Beatty,  
President C.P.R.,  
Montreal.

Dear Mr. Beatty:—

Welcome home again! You are a patriotic loyal Canadian—that is a cert. We agree with your latest public statement regarding the value of newspapers co-operating with each other throughout the Empire. There is nothing like publicity—good publicity. This is advice your own advertising and publicity bureaus know to be good. If newspaper advertising is good for business men it should also be of real value in promoting the best interests of the Empire. In your latest address you mention that the Immigration problem is a real difficult one, and it is pleasing therefore, to note, that you have at last taken our oft-expressed opinion to heart, that the time is not ripe for the indiscriminate dumping of thousands of European people into Canada. This is hardheaded fact. And as long as you take up this attitude we are with you. You are a good lawyer and a good Canadian, and as such we hold you in high esteem. Keep to the narrow path.

THE AXE.

## POSTMEN'S GRIEVANCES

To the Hon. James Murdock,  
Ottawa.

Dear "Jim":—

You have done a wise thing in admitting that you made a mistake—a tactical error—in regard to the striking postmen. It takes a big man to admit when he makes a mistake. You are not yet too late to make suitable amends for the heartburnings you caused these men. You'd better see the Acting Postmaster General, Mr. Stuart, and genuinely assure him that the strikers had a raw deal and that the present tangle, so far as wages are concerned, will not hold good in law. Better arrange to pay the men their arrears and reductions; restate them on full benefit, and hasten to straighten out a tangled web, mostly created by your impetuosity and bad generalship. It is up to you now at this juncture, to make a gesture that will win you at least the approbation of those you caused unnecessary suffering. Are you game to do it?—if so now is the time to act.

THE AXE.

## PICKPOCKETS.

To Chief Belanger,  
Montreal.

Dear Chief:—

We have the pickpocket fraternity busy at work again in this city. Pickpockets are plying a good business in Montreal because of either their own cleverness or the incompetency of the Police Force. All local roads in this metropolis lead to a pickpocket's paradise. There is a point of view, however, as we see it. Many really poor people have lately been relieved of their entire earnings when out shopping. It is really too bad. If you cannot do something voluntarily we offer to help you select a new police force. At your service.

THE AXE.

## COST OF LIVING.

To The Citizens,  
Montreal.

People:—

Flour's up, and the cost of your loaf out of Toronto's housekeeping will be another cent, and then another, so that the winter may prove a very hard one in many ways. Such things might be avoided. Take a

book. Ask why these "increases in prices" are necessary! Ask why bread and flour, and meat, and a host of left out of Toronto's housekeeping other things can be bought cheaper in Toronto than in Montreal! Ask also why house rents in Montreal are about two-and-a-half times as dear as in Toronto. There are obvious reasons why! It is little wonder you grumble. The point is this, that, where as the cost of the loaf has gone up by a cent all over the country the net cost of the loaf is cheaper in other Canadian cities than in Montreal. You're entitled to a solution of the mystery. We suggest that an answer will be forth coming if you press for it.

THE AXE.

## Standards

It is easy for those who are striving to make a reputation in any form of art to reject impatiently all precedents as something outmoded, fit only to be discarded. In a contemptuous mood they invite us to forget what came before their advent and to be aware merely of their own performance excluding memories and comparisons.

None wishes to lay a palsying hand on the restless energy that would press forward to the conquest of the heights untrodden, the attainment of the goal unseen beyond the far horizon. But they who in earnest seek to put down to their own account a fine and a lasting attainment will not spurn the advisory voices of the past; they will not scorn the practice of reverential contemplation of the things that used to be from which a devout and a receptive spirit might forever learn.

The man who comes into a business and refuses to take the kindly proffered suggestions of those who were on the job before him is a fool. If there were studied ill-will toward the new-

# THE SECRET TOLL

(Continued from Page 8.)

paused a moment, then added, impressively, "Do you still want to fight?"

"Harder than ever now!" asserted Forrester.

"This was bringing it very close to home."

"Failure to comply means death!" quoted Prentice, warningly, as Forrester turned to go.

On leaving the club, Forrester walked north along Michigan avenue. It was Tuesday. Forrester reflected that he had but four days in which to freely carry out any plan he might decide upon. In view of the startling death of Mr. Nevins, there was no question that after midnight Saturday every move Forrester made would be attended with danger.

In spite of the apparent non-success of the police, he decided that his first duty would be to report to them. A few minutes later Forrester entered

comer, the case would be different. Generally, where there is an honorable pride in a profession that transcends all mean emotions of envy, or jealousy, the veterans are altogether glad to pass on what they know to the recruit who is willing to learn. A soldier comes into the army aware that he must submit to discipline; that it is "safest, easiest and best to obey your orders." If he rebels and flouts his corporal and his sergeant, he is doing his part to undermine the foundations of morale and discipline; and it does not need the commanding general's voice to say that for the good of the rest he must go. Standards which we found established when we came may be raised or lowered; they were not meant to remain forever at their present level. But before we strive to improve on them we should know what they are and we should be sure of what we are doing. The rules of the game are to be learned before assertive genius breaks them.

the Detective Bureau and sent in his card to the Chief of Detectives. After being admitted to the chief's office Forrester laid the message from the "Friends of the Poor" before him with the remark:

"I'm next! What shall I do about it?"

"Mr. Forrester," said the Chief, "sorry as I am to say it, the department has made little progress in this matter. We have a half dozen detectives working on the case right now. Cahill and O'Connor have given it special study. They have been working among the west joints for some time, and to-day they reported to me that they think they have a line on some of these men. It is the first suggestion of a clue which we have had."

"The probabilities are that between now and Saturday you will not be bothered. After Saturday, however, if you wish it, I will put a police guard at your home."

"I don't want to be coddled," objected Forrester. "I'm an ex-service man and I think that I can take care of myself. My mind is fully made up to take an active part in this hunt myself."

"All right," laughed the Chief. "Play around if you want to, but for the love of Mike, don't get under our feet." The Chief and Forrester exchanged friendly goodbyes and the young man passed out into La Salle street.

Between the lines of the Chief's words Forrester had read the helpless position in which the police were placed. It seemed like pure egoism for him to attempt to accomplish something in which experienced detectives had failed, yet Forrester felt that he should make some effort to solve the mystery behind this menace.

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(Another fine installment Next Week.)

(Advertisement)

## ST. ANTOINE ELECTION

# HUSHION'S BUDGET FOR THE FAMILY

For electors interested in the question of a minimum wage for labour, the following table has been prepared, which shows:—

FIRST. That the worker on the average loses two months each year through rain, snow, frost, sickness and unemployment.

SECOND. That thirty cents per hour—the average wage today for unskilled labour—after deductions for lost time, nets the worker but twenty-four cents per hour, or \$748.00 per year. This is equal to an income of \$2.05 per day, or only 40% of the income considered necessary for an average working man's family.

FULL TIME WAGES					AVERAGE WAGE EARNED—20% LOST TIME						
Per Hour	Per 10 Hours	Per Week Six Days	Per Month	Per Year 312 Days	Per Hour	Per 10 Hours	Per Week	Per Month	Per Year	Average Income Per Day	Proportion of budget
30 cts.	\$3.00	\$18.00	\$ 78.00	\$ 936	24 cts.	\$2.40	\$14.40	\$62.00	\$748.80	\$2.05	40%
35 "	3.50	21.00	91.00	1092	28 "	2.80	16.80	72.96	873.60	2.39	47%
37½ "	3.75	22.50	97.50	1170	30 "	3.00	18.00	78.00	936.00	2.56	50%
40 "	4.00	24.00	104.00	1248	32 "	3.20	19.20	83.20	998.40	2.73	53%

"I am glad that Alderman Hushion has given us his Budget and brought the matter of civic wages so prominently before the public. But I must confess to a feeling of sadness that he was not forestalled by the Christian Church—Protestant and Catholic—with all the powers of the numbers and the influence that are behind them.

"Long ago we should have spoken upon this subject and declared ourselves, and done what we could to undo in our midst a social injustice and an economic wrong. If we are silent upon such a theme as this, then we are disloyal to our Lord who was the first to proclaim the Golden Rule, the application of which alone can dispel the world unrest and lead the way to that larger liberty of life for which mankind seeks."

Extract from sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. E. I. Hart in the Sherbrooke St. Methodist Church, Montreal, June 10th.

# VOTE FOR HUSHION

# CUSTOMS REVENUE CHICKENS COMING HOME TO ROOST

If the Loss of Revenue Continues in This Dominion at the Rate it Has Been Maintained During the First Four Months of the Fiscal Year, the Canadian Government Will Lose \$60,000,000 in Customs and Excise.

## RAPIDLY-DECLINING REVENUES

THE bottom is dropping out of the revenue all right. When the Government first announced its revenue changes in the Budget Speech, Hon. J. A. Robb expressed view that they would mean a total loss of \$24,000,000. During the course of the session some other changes were made so that finally the Acting Minister of Finance thought that the loss might total between \$25,000,000 and \$26,000,000 for the year. The loss in customs revenue he placed at \$1,225,000.

Well, the chickens are now coming home to roost and in much larger numbers than Mr. Robb thought was possible. The Budget Speech was made one week after the opening of the new fiscal year and it is found that the loss in revenue during the first four months has been actually \$20,000,000 on customs and excise. That is to say, Mr. Robb has lost during this time about four-fifths of the total amount he thought he would lose during the whole 12 months.

If the loss in revenue continues at the rate that has been maintained during the first four months of the fiscal year, instead of losing \$25,000,000 or \$26,000,000, the Government will lose \$60,000,000 in Customs and Excise. There is no doubt about this. The returns speak for themselves.

The customs collections supply a good example of how far out Mr. Robb was in his estimating. He expected that the loss might be \$1,225,000 for the year. During the first four months it was actually \$4,781,000, or nearly four times what he thought it might be for the whole 12. If the rate of loss during these four months is maintained, the loss instead of being

\$1,225,000 for the year, will be over \$14,000,000. Of course it is impossible to say just what will happen, but it is now known that in less than six months the Government will lose in revenue as much as it expected to lose during the whole of the year.

This is an example of scientific tariff-making as understood by the King Government. This is an example of the careful adjusting of taxation to the back of business. There never was a worse example of hit-and-miss financing. If the Government had merely shut its eyes and slashed the revenue with a knife it could hardly have done worse. And it is under such conditions that business is expected to prosper.

The situation would not be so bad if expenditure were being reduced in like manner. But it is not. As a matter of fact it is higher than it was during the first months of the last fiscal year. With rapidly declining revenues on one hand, and higher expenditure on the other—where will the country land?

In the Budget Speech the Government assured the Country that stringent economy would be practised, and as an evidence of this it said, "Look at the estimates, they call for an expenditure of only \$400,000,000 this year against \$446,000,000 last year." But don't forget the camouflage. In the first place there was an additional \$6,000,000 in the supplementaries, then \$20,000,000 for branch lines, nearly \$14,000,000 for a bridge and a viaduct in Toronto and Montreal, and \$5,000,000 for Vancouver Harbour. In other words, the Government secured the authorization not of \$400,000,000, but of an expenditure of \$446,000,000.

## Effect of Three Parties

BRITISH politicians who sigh for the return of the two-party system persist in overlooking the fact that the two-party parliaments of the past were due, not to any system, which may be recalled at will, but to condition. In the old days, when the franchise was limited, voters were largely drawn from the same classes of society, the large and small property owners, whose political views could be fully comprehended by the Whig and the Tory parties of tradition. But conditions have changed with the extension of the franchise and the spread of education. Two parties no longer suffice. It now requires three main channels to carry the flow of public opinion into the representative assemblies.

Professor Pollard, of University College, London, an authority on political science, agrees with other writers that the three parties in Britain have come to stay, but he refuses to regard that as a national calamity. He goes so far as to say that the three-party condition has certain pronounced advantages. If the three parties maintain their independence of each other, it would mean, in Professor Pollard's opinion, an enormous increase of the responsibility of the government in the House of Commons. When there was a government which represented only one party, and no coalition, that party would have to be responsible to someone else than its own pledge-bound members, who, like the tram horses of old, are summoned to movement by the ringing of a bell. Where the government had no majority, the arbiter of the government's policy would not be merely its

own supporters, but the impartial judgment of other members of the House. Which ultimately the professor thinks, would be a very great advantage to the nation. A result of the three-party condition, he maintains, would be that politics ultimately would depend more and more on opinion in the country, and less on strategy and tactics in the House of Commons.

Lord Robert Cecil holds the same opinion. The two-party system, in his judgment, has unquestionably weakened the House of Commons, by "denuding it of moderate politicians not entirely in sympathy with either political party, and consequently rendering obsolete all the acts of persuasion and deliberation, and reducing parliamentary discussion to a struggle between obstruction on the one side and closure on the other."

Whether these gentlemen are justified in their opinions, time alone will tell. But their cheery optimism strikes pleasantly on the ear in contrast with the dismal forebodings of the political organizers who are likely to be bereft of much of their former influence.

### Her Brother, Too

Mrs. Edwin was showing Selma, the new Swedish maid, "the ropes." "This," she said, "is my son's room. He is in Yale."

"Ya?" Selma's face lit up with sympathetic understanding. "My brudder ban there, too."

"Is that so? What year?"

"Ah he ban got no year; de judge just say, 'You, Axel, sixty days in jail.'"



Charles Ross (Mosha Picpic) and Olga Hudson at Starland This Week

## The Luck of the Stage

Sir Gerald du Maurier has been telling us, with the authority which belongs to the first of all the Hooks, that "at the beginning 'Peter Pan' was a great failure." On the third day of its run there came to him a friend who, in the way friends have on such occasions, condoled with him that there "was not a soul in the house," to see so excellent a play. That was nineteen years ago, and now "Peter Pan" is about to come on the stage again for its assured annual run. Such are the chances of luck on the stage. We can imagine a manager of faint heart or shallow purse having estimated the receipts of those first three nights and discovered, as Sir Gerald puts it, that "there had never been a greater failure," cutting his losses and ending the run at the end of the week. We seem to hear wisecracks of 1904 telling each other that "nothing odd will do long." And, if we rule out miracles, it is certain that "Peter Pan" would never have been seen on the stage again. But we must in justice remember that, though the public may have been rather slow to discover the fascination of Peter, competent judges never had any doubt of his charm. A glance at the files of nineteen years ago shows criticism quite confidently prophetic of success. It does not appear that in this case theatre-goers took longer than might reasonably be expected to find out what the play was like. An instant rush to what was evidently an unusual, unconventional thing no one ought to have hoped for. Ordinary people are always shy of the unprecedented, and, in their capacity of theatre-goers, this distrust of originality is seen at its highest power. But, after all, if "Peter Pan" had failed, it would have been in good company. When Goldsmith's first comedy, "The Good-Natured Man," was put on at Covent Garden, it was hissed, and Goldsmith burst into tears and swore that he would never write again. He did, of course, and, after all, "The Good-Natured Man" ran for ten nights, which was success in 1768. Sheridan is in the same case, for seven years later another Covent Garden audience damned "The Rivals." The version, we read, is the result of re-

vision after that disaster. But it is not only the classics which have vicissitudes. Many a play of no higher claim on the memory than its success in making money had a difficult and sickly infancy. Robertson's "David Garrick," for instance, which was to fill many a theatre through a generation, began as a failure. It would not be difficult, though it might be invidious, to cite other examples in which the ultimate popularity is more mysterious than the early neglect.

## Heroin

THE League of Nations' Advisory Committee on the Opium Traffic has requested each Government (presumably whether in the League or not) to appoint a committee of inquiry with a view to ascertaining the possibility of completely abolishing the manufacture of heroin and its use, or of limiting its use to certain types of cases if the committee of inquiry decides that the manufacture cannot be done away with entirely. It is to be expected that there will be practical co-operation from America, for Congressman Porter, who has been extremely active in attacking the opium traffic, spent some time at Geneva this Summer, despite his hostile attitude toward the League and his earlier differences with "Mr. Cecil."

The testimony so far gathered seems to support the conclusion that the medical need for heroin is negligible compared with the evil effects of its use. The House of Delegates of the American Medical Association at its annual session three years ago, in New Orleans, adopted a resolution going the whole length of this conclusion: voting that "heroin be eliminated from all medicinal preparations, that it should not be administered, prescribed nor dispensed, and that the importation, manufacture and sale of heroin should be prohibited in the United States." The Surgeon General of the United States many years ago issued an order directing all commissioned medical officers to discontinue prescribing heroin. It serves no purpose that other agents cannot accomplish as effectively and without the attendant possibility of grave disaster.

What the nature of this physiological and moral disaster is, subjectively, has been described by Dr. Alexander Lambert. But it is shown objectively also in the records of crime. The Chief City Magistrate estimates that of about nine hundred drug addicts committed last year, 98 per cent. were users of heroin. What is more appalling is that, according to the Treasury Report on Traffic in Narcotic Drugs most of the heroin addicts are comparatively young, "a large portion of them being boys and girls under the age of 20."

There can be, or should be, but one answer from the several nations to inquiry of the League committee but total abolition can be made effective only through international co-operation. It will be necessary to fight with others this evil not only here but out "where the poppies grow," even as our soldiers fought a common enemy in certain other fields where "poppies blow."

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