

CANADA'S
LIVEST
WEEKLY

THE AXE

THE PAPER
THAT TELLS
THE TRUTH

PICTURES

NEWS

FEATURES

VOL. III. No. 28.

MONTREAL, FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1924.

Annual subscription, \$2.00. Price: 5 cents

THE MURDER OF MUIR

CONSCIENCE OF CANADA IS SHOCKED

**King Cabinet's Refusal to
Reprieve Walter Muir Is
Itself a Capital Crime.**

"What one can do that one
must do, if by doing it one may
save a life or save a soul."
—Running Water (A. E. W.
Mason).

IT is no misuse of words to say
that the conscience of Can-
ada has been shocked by the
judicial murder of Walter Muir.
I use the word "murder" with a
full sense of my responsibility
in doing so.

There is no other word that fits
the case. True that a jury found
Walter Muir guilty of murder and
that a judge sentenced him to
death. True that he was "hanged
by the neck until dead" in accord-
ance with the provisions of the
Criminal Code of Canada. True
that a public functionary known as
Hangman Ellis duly executed Wal-
ter Muir on the instructions of a
Sheriff.

PUBLIC IS NAUSEATED

All true! Nevertheless, I brand
the so-called "execution" of this
boy, Walter Muir, as nothing less
than murder. I have spoken with
scores of people about the matter.
Every one to whom I have spoken
has declared that a dreadful mis-
carriage of justice has taken place.
Not one person have I found to de-
fend the doing to death of this boy.

I don't know who failed in the
Court proceedings to see that
justice was done but I do know that
a verdict of murder should never
have been brought in. That much
has been admitted by Judge Green-
shields of the Court of Appeal.
There was a clear case of man-
slaughter, nothing more. Either
the ignorance of the jury, the
carelessness of the lawyers engag-
ed in Muir's defence, or misdirec-
tion of the Court are at fault. But
murder by Walter Muir there was
none.

Here are the facts:—Muir was
drinking in a tavern in Valleyfield.
He had consumed about eighteen
glasses of beer. His mind was
clearly not able to function aright,
considering the amount of alcohol
affecting it that was in Muir's
body at that time. There was a
quarrel and in the brawl Muir pul-
led a revolver and fired several
shots at the floor. Two ricochet-
ted and struck one of the brawlers,
and as a consequence he died. His
death was probably super-induced
by the effect of the alcohol on his
own tissues robbing him of ability
to recover from the flesh wounds
resulting from the bullets from
Muir's revolver. Muir did not at-
tempt to kill the man. He did not
fire at him, nor at anybody else.
There was no attempt on Muir's
part to wound or kill anybody. All
this has been clearly proven in
evidence in the case. At most the
boy was guilty of manslaughter

(Continued on Page 12.)

:: Montreal's Newest Idol! ::



MISS DALE WINTER

As "Irene" herself, Miss Winter gives a charmingly piquant characterisation as the Ninth Avenue beauty who rises to the heights. Miss Winter, thank Fortune, will be with us all summer as leading lady of the Orpheum's season of Musical Comedies.

CONTROL OF TRAFFIC IS A DISGRACE

**Pedestrians Must Shift for
Themselves When Con-
trol Constable Blows
his Whistle.**

WITH every passing day it
becomes more and more
difficult to find out just what
interpretation the local Traffic
Police Squad places on the
phrase "Traffic Control". De-
spite the fair sized army of
minions of the law who wig-
wag their arms and toot or
their whistles the average ped-
estrian still cross busy city in-
tersections at risk of their
necks.

What is Control?

Traffic Control, according to
things we see on the streets, ap-
parently exists to give constables
the privilege of telling drivers of
wheel vehicles when to go and
when to stop, to provide a peculiar
set of calisthenic exercises for the
men on point duty, and to distract
the attention of the pedestrian from
the matter of crossing the street
thereby not lessening but increasing
the margin of risk he takes on every
time he steps off the curb.

That is not what "Traffic Con-
trol" means, but it appears to be
the local interpretation given to it
by the police department.

In London or New York the Traf-
fic Department takes equal cog-
nizance of foot and vehicular traf-
fic. The man or woman crossing a
street gets every bit as much con-
sideration as the fellow with the
Ford or the Rolls. Here the "cop"
on the point usually blows his
whistle for east-west traffic to go
while the north-south footwalkers
are still in the middle of the street.

Rush Hour Risks

Another peculiar fad of the Traf-
fic Squad appears to be to remove
its traffic-control officers just at
the hours when they are most
needed. Thus at the height of the
noonday rush you will find such
corners as St. Lawrence-St. James
and St. Lawrence-Craig left un-
covered, while road-hog motor and
truck drivers from all four corners
endeavour to pass a given point
at the same time, and an employee
of the Tramways Company—on
what authority we do not know—
wig-wags the traffic to "come
ahead" down St. Lawrence Hill
from St. James Street across the
intersection at Craig.

But in mid-afternoon or mid-
morning, when only ordinary traf-
fic prevails, there are showers of
policemen in sight wagging their
arms off and blowing on whistles in
the manner of small boys after a
visit from Santa Claus.

It occurs to us, incidentally, that
the proper direction of traffic
at those corners at the rush hour
is of far greater importance to the
public than is the copper's noonday
sandwich or engagement to sip
afternoon tea. Relieving of officers
should be done at the quieter hours,
and if it is necessary to leave those
(Continued on Page 11.)

Why I Publish "The Axe"

John H. Roberts' Personal Column

WHY I RENOUNCE FREE TRADE

THERE is something I must say to put myself right. I hate to sail under false colors. For nearly all the years of my political life I have held Free Trade views and have expounded and defended them. To-day I have come to see that there is something greater than Free Trade and, as must happen always and in everything, the lesser must become absorbed in the greater. The drift of things in this Canada of ours towards the United States has caused me great concern and much searching of heart. For I am Canadian and British, incurably British, too old to change my allegiance, and too firmly devoted to British ideals and institutions to desire to change. And I fear the growing Americanisation of Canada and what it may involve. In the famous "Reciprocity Election" of 1911 I stood for reciprocity between this country and the United States. I still stand for it but not for the condition that now exists, under which we admit the products of our neighbouring republic at low tariff rates while our neighbour has an almost insurmountable tariff wall erected against us. Our wall should be as high as theirs. That is true reciprocity.

I know and understand all the Free Trade arguments, having used them so often and so long. I fully understand that if the United States people have a high duty on goods going into their country from Canada it is they who have to pay the duty, not us. But if their high tariff keeps out our products they don't have to pay at all! And I am equally well aware that if we have low duties on U.S. products coming into Canada then we get the advantage of that low tariff, paying less than if the duties were high. But there is something more than cheapness for me to consider. Suppose I am able to buy goods cheaper in Canada by importing them from a foreign country than if a tariff were imposed so high as to keep those things out, and compel me to pay more for a Canadian product. What does that matter to me if, gaining cheapness on the one hand, I weaken the industrial fabric of my own country on the other hand and, consequently, interfere with my own purchasing power, and destroy the market here for Canadian products, thus directly and indirectly affecting my own prosperity and that of all my fellow-citizens?

For weal or woe Canada is Canada, a country separate, distinct, and different from the United States. The closest resemblance is in the common language. In all else we differ. Our institutions, our system of government, our political parties, many of our ideals, and plenty of our ideas are radically different. The Americans are a wonderful people. My daughter was born beneath the Stars and Stripes, my son received part of his education there, I have lived in the land of Uncle Sam, and found there some of the finest people I have ever known. If I were not British and Canadian I should want to be American; that is, United Statesian. But I want this country to remain what it is, Canadian and British. To do so, it must be self-conscious, self-contained (so far as may be possible) and self-developing. Canada must have and preserve its own national identity, work out its own national destiny and reach out to a nationhood as supreme within its sphere as that of any other nation on earth, the whole I firmly hold, in association with its sister nations forming the British Empire or Commonwealth. That is my ideal, my vision for Canada.

The manner of developing a nation has been shown to us by our big neighbour, the United States, not that it is perfect by any means, nor that I think it so. But, by protecting its industries and its workers against outside competition, the United States has become a nation, a people with national consciousness, virile, progressive and prosperous; probably the richest nation on earth, and certainly one of the greatest. Had the United States remained agricultural, say, it might have been the granary of the world; it would never have held the high position amongst the nations of the world that it occupies to-day. Nor would it have arrived at nationhood. Its thought would have been influenced by older countries, its literature and art undeveloped, its world power nil. Just as Canada's, largely, is to-day. If we fail to adopt similar methods of nation-building, if we import manufactured products instead of making things for ourselves, and build only a lop-sided life, changing the products of our farms, forests and mines for the products of other countries' factories, we shall merely be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" for the rest of the nations and never ourselves a nation. Our water powers will drive United States machinery, our forests will go to build American houses, our sons will drift South to find employment and success, and we shall be but a pastoral folk, in peonage to the United States. This is as I see it. I may be wrong but I believe I'm right. The theory of Free Trade is a very beautiful one but, in Cleveland's phrase, "we are dealing with a condition not a theory."

My chief political and social interest is in the well-being of the working people of Canada, the workers by hand and brain. I believe we must as a nation provide every willing and able man and woman with work at sufficient wages to enable him or her to maintain a reasonably high standard of living. To do this I am satisfied we must build a Canada for the Canadians, manufacture for ourselves, maintain our own factories, develop our own country, employ our own people, buy from ourselves whatever we produce, or might produce ourselves, and only bring in from the outside what we cannot ourselves grow or manufacture. That is how nations are built; that is how Canada will be built, and because Free Trade would prevent the upbuilding of Canada into strong and virile nationhood I cannot longer hold its tenets or profess its faith. Only fools never change their opinions; honest men "follow the gleam". I am trying to be honest with myself and Canada.

JOHN H. ROBERTS.

AXE-L GREASE

"To Lubricate the Wheels of Life"

A PROMINENT "star" says a sheik can get by with 150 suits. And the divorce suit frequently makes it 151.

ANOTHER speaker has told us "what Lincoln would do if he were here to-day." Isn't it remarkable how many persons coin?

A MAN of 70 years has decided to return to the stage after an operation. Perhaps he is going in for "gland" opera.

A bridegroom of three months took his wife's rival into his Brooklyn home, and we can well believe the published announcement that his mother-in-law was shocked.

A writer says taxicabs should be abolished. "They encourage laziness". But if taxicabs were abolished the street cars would have nothing to collide with.

It isn't so wonderful. Chickens frequently are seen smoking cigarettes in local restaurants.

The crook who used to steal pennies from blind beggars now has a son who schemes to exploit disabled soldiers.

Turkey is now a Republic, but that doesn't change the Turk.

You never can tell whether the sun of Sun Yat Sen has risen or 'set'.

A divorce applicant complains that her husband sleeps in the bathtub, the garage, on the kitchen table and under the bed. Perhaps the poor soul has spent most of his nights on a Pullman and can't accustom himself to home ways.

GIRL SHOTS HERSELF AFTER GETTING LETTER.—Headline.

Those "If your remittance is not received by the tenth of the month, the matter will be placed in the hands of our solicitor" do upset one.

MONTREAL it is estimated, entertains 100,000 visitors a year. The estimate would not be complete, however, unless it were added that the entertaining is invariably done at the visitor's expense.

An English woman married to an American, it appears, remains British under American law but becomes American under British law. It would be difficult to illustrate more strikingly the necessity of international agreement.

"CHECKS" are in vogue in the world of fashion if not elsewhere.

A Swiss inventor has devised a typewriter which spells correctly and doesn't chew gum.

A London restaurant is to try serving grand opera with its meals the coming winter. It does not follow that it will be a case of the better the opera the better the food; but perhaps it will taste better.

FOUR HUNDRED titles have become extinct since the beginning of the last century through deaths of British peers. The passing of the "four hundred?"

"Negro taxi driver gets ten years for killing," is a headline over a New York news story. All taxi drivers, please notice?

Some guys haven't any peaceful moments even when asleep. There's a Philadelphia man who complains that he dreams of his mother-in-law.

"Youths break into school", is a startling headline. But, alas, it was not during school hours!

They eloped by the 8.40 train.—News dispatch. Love will find a railway.

The Editorial Point of View

A Scrutiny of Current Events

A PECULIAR CORONER'S JURY

THE ways of coroner's juries are peculiar. At Richmond, this province, lately a girl of twenty years, Irene St. Germain by name, went out for a ride on Thursday night of last week with a young fellow named Girard. She died during the trip and the young fellow brought the lifeless body home. Dr. Derome, of Montreal, held an autopsy on the body and, after hearing evidence at a closed inquest, a coroner's jury returned a verdict of, what do you think? "heart failure"! Public feeling, however, has been so deeply stirred in Richmond that the authorities have been compelled to move and the young fellow was arrested on Tuesday on a charge of rape and taken to Sherbrooke to appear before Judge Lemay. It is evident that public opinion has not been ineffective in this matter and the citizens of Richmond are to be congratulated on compelling action to be taken. But there is not much to be said for any coroner or jury acting in the way this one did, and perhaps the less said the better. We shall watch the case with interest. Many Richmond people have written us about the matter and we thank them for so doing.

A NEW KIND OF PRESS AGENT

WHO would ever think of a police officer employing a press agent. A movie star, a bank president, a company promoter, yes, but a police official! Well, well. This kind of press agent differs from the ordinary type, in that he is employed not to "boost" his patron and employer but to "knock" the other fellow. For instance, here are two police officials who want promotion to a higher job. Both have their eyes on the one job. What so easy as for the press agent who has access to the columns of a newspaper to write a story dealing with crime and criminals and, incidentally, accuse the "opposition" police official of failing, say, to arrest criminals when he had the opportunity of doing so? That is one way the game is worked. This little game that has been worked in a local paper lately; the joke being on the paper which pays the press agent for his story. It is almost as laughable as an expose of the "three-card-monte" men which netted a reporter quite a sum not so very long ago not to continue printing the stuff.

THE NEW SOUTH SHORE BRIDGE

IT will be gratifying news to most Montrealers that the long-contemplated bridge to the South Shore is at last to be built. Our chief pleasure in the matter comes from the fact that the bridge will open up St. Helen's Island to the children of Montreal. The island is one of nature's beauty spots, it is a part of every Montreal child's heritage, and it should be as accessible as Fletcher's Field. We hope there will be no tolls to be paid by the people old and young, of Montreal who pass over the bridge to visit their own park and that the city will run free street cars to the island when opened. While not insensible to the commercial advantages of the new bridge, we hope Dr. McDougald and his fellow-members of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners, to whom great credit is due for the initiation of the enterprise, will push on with the project at rush speed for the kiddies' sakes. And the City Council must show no niggardly spirit in cooperating with the Harbour Commissioners in all essential ways to further the building of the bridge.

ANOTHER LANGUAGE DIFFICULTY

OUR French Canadian fellow-citizens have been able to secure printing of railway tickets and other things in both our official languages, which is a right and necessary thing to do. We appeal to them now to secure a like measure of justice for English-speaking people, resident in this province. It is a common occurrence for English-speaking people, who do not speak one word of French, to receive summonses, writs, and other Court documents printed and written entirely in the French language, which they cannot understand. As a consequence they suffer grave prejudice and do not know what means to take to protect themselves. Many heartrending experiences have resulted. We are confident that nobody among the French community wants to see any injustice done in this matter and we commend the matter to the Premier and his Cabinet to see that next session of the Legislature a bill is introduced, providing for all legal documents, such as summonses, to be written or printed either in the language of the person being served, or in both languages, in duplicate. Mr. Taschereau, we are sure, will see the need for this reform and the English-speaking people will appreciate his offices.

Women Police

SO great an authority as County Clerk Phillips of Ontario, believes that women police officers can work more effectively than men, in some localities and situations, and that it is within the possibilities of the near future to have police women added to the strength of the establishment everywhere. Scotland Yards has of course tried the experiment with the happiest results, and is much pleased with the good work done by the police women of the metropolis who are accredited with much excellent service combined with an exhibition of character and intelligence in the execution of their duties. Women worked self-sacrificingly during the years 1914-1918 in munition factories and elsewhere, their strenuous efforts at that period

placing them on a high plane of popular approval. The position of women in the world, in various callings and professions, where they have gained prominence is a sound argument for their inclusion in the ranks of the police. Sex is no longer a barrier. Women have rendered a good service in many walks of life in the past, and they have the ability to render a ameliorative social service in the future. Although many branches of police work are naturally barred to the gentler sex, they can deal effectively and very much better with their wayward sisters than can men, although there are departments of police duty where it would be nothing short of disastrous to employ them. The power of any police force depends upon its constitution, and its responsibility to the public.

Professional bondsmen in Washington threaten to go on strike. Let us hope professional bondsmen in Montreal will go out in sympathy.

KING GEORGE'S LEGS CAUSE CONTROVERSY: WAS ARTIST RIGHT?

Portrait by Sims Gives Grotesque Appearance to His Majesty's Nether Limbs.

DECLARED LIBEL ON CROWN.

WHAT—if anything—is the matter with the King George's legs? This is the question which thousands of his loyal subjects are asking since they have had a glimpse of the portrait of him by Charles Sims, now on exhibition at the Royal Academy.

CRUEL INJUSTICE

According to advices from London, it is rumored that even members of the royal family are moved to wonder whether there really is something radically wrong with His Majesty's lower extremities or whether the artistic talent of Mr. Sims has done them a cruel injustice.

The artist has portrayed the King sitting at ease in the elaborate robes of the Order of the Garter.

But what dominates the whole picture in the eyes of almost every beholder are the King's legs.

They are most decorously clothed—in tight-fitting breeches down to the knee and in shimmery white silk stockings the rest of the way. The manner in which they are crossed strikes some critics as a little stiff, but this is not the most unnatural or disturbing note.

What disturbs everybody who views the picture is some indescribable peculiarity in the legs themselves—in their size and contour, in the way the absurdly slender ankles round into the ugly calves and the manner of the calves' recession as they reach the unshapely knees.

It is true that the white-stockinged legs are shown just above a brilliant crimson, but this contrast cannot account for the way they dominate everything else in the picture and distract attention from the royal face, the various insignia, the voluminous robes, and everything else on this extraordinary canvas.

LIBEL ON KING

"The legs are not to be taken seriously."

"No human being ever had lower extremities quite like these."

"The lower limbs in their effeminate white silk casings seem composed of such stuff as dreams."

"Those awful legs—really a cruel libel on His Majesty."

These are some of the scores of criticisms leveled at the legs which Mr. Sims has put on his canvas. And, naturally enough, everybody is curious to know whether King George is really the victim of a painful misfortune to his lower extremities or whether the artist has done him a gross injustice in this respect.

Of course, the public very seldom gets a view of King George in a short-trousered costume such as he wears in this painting. And, when it does, the glimpse it gets of his legs is usually a fleeting one and taken at long distance.

Yet it seems as if such defects in the legs as this picture shows—such radical departures from what we thought normal legs for a full-grown man—would be bound to reveal themselves even under these conditions.

In his ordinary, every-day clothes or in one of his imposing military uniforms which he so often wears, there is nothing about the King's legs to suggest the spindly, ill-shapen ones shown in the painting. And when he bestrides a horse his legs not only look perfectly normal but seem a great deal more efficient in keeping him safely in the saddle than do those of his son, the Prince of Wales.

Still, it may be that nature has dealt unkindly with the King in the matter of his legs and that he conceals their glaring defects by a skillful use of the same short of pads scrawny chorus girls often use to make themselves look plump and shapely.

ARTIST EXPLAINS

But, if this is so, then why on earth did not Mr. Sims paint the

King's legs with the saving pads in place? Why did he not hide them behind the Garter robe or use some other subterfuge to prevent this long-concealed royal misfortune from becoming public property?

And if there is nothing wrong with the King's legs, if they are really quite like other men's, then what could have possessed Mr. Sims to inflict on His Majesty such a ridiculous pair?

"It has been said that I was given only two or three sittings by the King," said Mr. Sims, "and that I only made sketches from which to make the complete portrait. This is true to a certain extent. But as far as the King's features and expression are concerned, I would not have asked for further sittings."

"The legs and Garter robes were painted from the figure of an Academy student who sat for me wearing them. I have painted the King as a human personality, not as a legendary, flamboyant monarch—a manner in which sovereigns are too often portrayed."

But this statement only deepens the mystery of the King's legs. Most of the public and many of the art critics are unable to see any suggestion of "human personality" in the pair of lower limbs which Mr. Sims has painted.

One of the picture's severest critics declares that the only requirements of good legs which these painted ones meet is in their covering the distance from the King's body to the ground.

Why was the artist unable to induce King George to have his legs drawn from life? And when this proved impossible, why did he not choose for a model one with a more presentable pair of lower extremities?

QUESTION UNANSWERED

These are the questions which Mr. Sims has failed to answer. His silence concerning them and his continued insistence that his painting is really a most life-like portrait strengthens the suspicion that perhaps after all there really is something wrong with the royal limbs.

And legs are by no means the only features of the picture that come in for condemnation, as will be seen from the following extracts from recent criticisms:

"A merciless and pitiless caricature."

"The expression of the eyes is that of a shortsighted man who has mislaid his glasses. The features are pale and undistinguished and the impression given by the face is that of weariness and dejection."

"Fails to recognize the attractive personality of His Majesty."

"The King seems to be almost overwhelmed by his mantle and to end at his chest and begin again at his knees."

"His Majesty is looking extremely uncomfortable, wearing an expression which none of us, thank God, has ever seen him wear in real life."

"In his desire to be human, Sims has succeeded only in being unkind."

It is significant, however, that there is a wide difference of opinion among the critics concerning the artist's treatment of the King's head and hands and the whole upper part of his body. Many distinguished ones find it highly praise-worthy, a really marvelous example of the painter's art.

NOTHING TO ADMIRE

But concerning the legs there is no such agreement. Nobody sees in them anything to admire and the wonder grows as to why the artist saw fit to paint the King with a

The Newest Game! "Kill the Pedestrian"



pair of legs that seem grotesquely out of place on him.

The portrait of the King is the most discussed picture in this year's exhibition at the Royal Academy. It is evidently intended to take its place in the long line of famous paintings of English rulers, but, judging from the present state of public opinion, it will never be allowed to do this.

It is singularly unlike the conventional pictures of the sort in the way it belittles the brilliantly colored robes and blazing jewels which painters usually emphasize when they paint with royalty.

The King wears in this picture are thrown back to reveal plain white satin and linen. The general whiteness of the picture is emphasized by the light background tinted with pinks, greens and other delicate shades, and by the prominence given those much-criticized legs in their white silk stockings.

There is no doubt that Mr. Sims has achieved a decided novelty in this picture, but as for his people liking to see their King portrayed in this way—well, that's quite a different matter.

THE KAISER'S PEW.

SOME English women who travelled extensively on the continent before the war are authority for the story that in the Kaiser's pew in the imperial chapel at Potsdam was a push button which rang a bell in the pulpit. The minister was allotted a certain period for his sermon. When the time limit was reached, the All Highest would ring the bell. The preacher was

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expected to finish his discourse forthwith, even though he was in the middle of a sentence.

SISTINE CHOIR COMING BACK

Intense interest attaches to the forthcoming Canadian tour of The Sistine Choir Soloist under the direction of Mr. Emmett Moore and Theatrical Enterprises Ltd. Among the feature artists who will appear with the organization are Adolfo Facchini, lyric tenor, Giuseppe Paganelli, Lyrico Spinto, Giovanni Ruffini, lyric tenor, Alfredo Auchner, baritone, Spartaco Morgina, robust

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PEPPER and SALT

By David Campbell

DIGGING

THE history of industry is filled with true tales of men who struggled for a long time before they succeeded. There is more inspiration in reading about those who made stepping-stones of their failures than there is in the stories of people who got what they wanted every time they tried for it. We like to hear of prospectors who were not easily daunted; who kept on digging till they found the gold. We take heart of grace again when we come upon members of our race who persisted in any quest till they came to the haven where they would be. It is easy to give up, easy to let go. When we are hard beset, it nerves us to look to the example of those who held on and did not quit.

SUCCESS comes by persistent digging, not in the mining industry alone. Any builder knows that the superstructure will come toppling, unless it has a sound foundation; and to lay that foundation he must dig deep, perhaps through treacherous soil, perhaps through obstinate flint. In thirsty lands there were faint-hearted pioneers who found no water and who went their way. Others of stouter fiber remained and "carried on," sinking their wells to lower levels till they came upon water. Thus they made the wilderness blossom as the rose, and reaped a fortune from the arable land that was nothing but a desert to those who did not stay there and dig deep. The scholar who has set himself to "track shy truth" has spent laborious days and nights in research, sublimely oblivious of the dollar. The business man who has developed a new and profitable field took off his coat and hustled; he did not gaze out of a window at his horizon, but he marched toward it. Homage goes to self-denial and hard toil. It is not bestowed on those who took the easy path of dalliance, the line of least resistance. Youth has it's right to happy confidence, but youth must learn of "toil and the end of toil." It must not suppose that the reward comes easily and swiftly by their places and their possessions. The successful were the survivors from a host that quit too soon.

OATMEAL ETIQUETTE.

THE troubled reader of a contemporary is anxious to know the best way to eat oatmeal. Problems like this are always cropping up. Some gourmets say oatmeal should be eaten with a knife, the knife being raised carefully from the plate and thrust sharply into the mouth—much in the same way as with peas in fact. Care should be taken not to spill too much milk, if milk is used.

On the other hand, there is a certain juvenile school which prefers to lead off with the right fist well in the centre of the plate, transferring the contents to the left, and while eating some of the porridge to distribute the rest on the top of the head.

It is all a matter of taste, so to speak.

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

STARVING Silesian townsmen are burning the castles of the landed magnates, as the hungry peasants burned the chateaux of the French nobility during the Revolution of the eighteenth century. The French nobility learned their lesson, but the German Junkers have been taught nothing.

I've forgotten just what kind of wine it was which Byron told her to dash down, and anyhow it's not good form to advertise the stuff nowadays, but after viewing the lunch-hour parade on St. James Street I endorse the poet's firm resolution:

"Lips that touch lipstick shall never touch mine."

A course in walking is to be given in a Northwestern university. To make walking attractive it will be necessary also to provide paths where the hiker will not be always dodging automobiles.

Pedestrians are sometimes reck-

less, but is the death penalty not a trifle severe?

"HONOR" DECLINED

THE "White Protestant and Gentile" students of the University of Pennsylvania are fulfilling the best traditions of this ancient and most democratic of schools in rejecting as an insult the "honor" offered them of membership in the Ku Klux Klan. The "Pennsylvanian", the University's student daily says in an able editorial: "All the highest ideals of Pennsylvania—democracy, tolerance, broad-mindedness and faith in those things which are open and above-board—are directly opposed to the very principles of the Klan." The University is or should be holy ground, consecrated by many generations of service to liberty. If the Klan puts down its foul roots there, it simply will be extirpated like any other chance-blown weed.

THE BOLD BOWLER.

THE soft hat, having killed the straw, is now in turn being ousted by that come-back the bowler.

The Prince of Wales has given the lead by preferring the bold bowler to the tiring topper for ordinary day functions.

There may be a chance even yet for the straw—who knows? Meanwhile there is serious news about whiskers. At first a mere hint in the "Barbers' Review" and "Chiropractors' Gazetteer," there is now quite general talk about them. Shall we return to mutton-chops and Dundrearies? With the girls expressing a liking for matted males the possibility is distinctly probable.

SHAKESPEARE STUDENTS

SHAKESPEARE, whose stuff, as everybody knows, is rather spoiled by the many quotations in it, has now come out as a publicity punch writer. He seems to be especially useful to firms specialising in kitchen fittings and also engineering—things which the bard knew very little about.

As example—a leading firm of welding experts, in advertising a new method, quote: "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads to fortune."

Advertising a new clothes-drying machine, the proprietors say "that if Shakespeare had known of this particular invention he would have waxed eloquent and commenced writing plays and poems about it."

Little doubt that William would have made a hit had he delayed being born for a few centuries.

THE belief that man's hair can turn white in a night is doubted by scientists. But sometimes a man's grey mustache turns black or brown in a barber's shop.

WHY not have an ice week?

From the remarks of those around us, these days such a departure should prove a great success.

THERE are ten thousand murders every year in the United States, as against two hundred every year in England and Wales, allowing for difference in population a ratio of eighty murders to one. Why? Broadly speaking the reason is that in the United States, few murderers expiate their crimes. In Britain nearly all murderers are found out, tried, convicted and executed. And that's that!

How many civic employees are living outside the city limits? Surely they should be required to pay taxes to the municipality, from which they draw their salaries.

NO railway legislation of recent years has been subjected to such close scrutiny as that of the recent Branch Lines Bill in the present session.

The tuberculosis germ is highly flourishing in this city. In Ontario the authorities are putting up a splendid fight against this dread monster with considerable success. Surely we should be able to considerably militate the evil in this community if we seriously tackled the problem.

Members of a Hanwell church are addicted to telling the following anecdote:—

A lady's wrist watch having been left in a pew the previous Sunday, the vicar announced that the owner could have it by applying in the vestry.

He then gave out No. 362 Ancient and Modern, and read the first line:

Lord, her watch Thy Church is keeping.

It is understood the vicar did not notice the connection.

FIRST-AID REMEDY

THE first-aid remedy for any artificial commodity famine is, of course, publicity and the boycott. Therefore, the women of Chicago are being organized to meet the "dollar-egg" campaign which it is charged speculators have inaugurated by abstaining from this succulent fruit of the barnyard. It is hard to prove a "corner" however and conspiracy; comparatively easy, however, to ruin food speculators by refusing to buy at their prices. Cold storage, which is ordinarily the food dealer's tool, becomes in time of boycott a weapon against them. For the speculator can't put his credit on ice; it will spoil while the eggs "keep"—to be sold at tumble prices. The boycott is a dangerous expedient, yet every cold-storage "corner" emphasizes the need for a remedy.

PALATABLE DISHES

FEW of us who dine out at five dollars a time realise the amount of care and forethought the chef gives to the colours of the various items in a menu.

No chef with a temperament (our own Culinary Correspondent assures us) would think of serving white fish and white sauce immediately after a white cream soup. His soul would rebel against such dissonance—quite apart from the fact that a cream soup and a cream sauce should never follow each other in quick succession.

Colours, taste and garniture alike must be employed to excite the jaded appetite. A dish may be perfectly delicious in itself, but if it fails to make an appeal to the diner it may never be submitted to the final test.

OUR CHEERLESS PROPHETS

ONE of the world's most pressing needs is a Society for the Development of Cheerful Prophecy.

At present our practising prophets are a gloomy lot, running to beavers at considerable length and apparently having been quite old from their birth.

The latest star performer in the role of gloom is "Professor Raymond," a Hungarian gentleman, who got early information of the French occupation of the Ruhr and also predicted the Japanese earthquake.

Professor Raymond now predicts:—

1. The decay of the British Empire in the face of a new Continental Alliance.

2. America to continue dry until 1928.

In justice to the professor, he waxes almost cheerful on the subject of war. There won't be another until 1942, he says. The sons of men who fought in the last will then be of nice military age.

When our Own Cheerful Predictor comes along he will change all this.

He will tell us the year when the farmers will cease to be ruined men, when debts and Monday morning will be abolished, and when income tax will go out of fashion.

Other things will occur to him, but these glad tidings will carry us all on for a bit.

ROUGH ON STREPTOCOCCUS

The latest theory is that good warm weather favours man's enemies as well as himself, so the only thing to do is to strike the lyre and sing:—

Blow, blow shrewdly blow,
Boreas and Aquilo,
Buffet, pinch and chill us;
Be as brutal as you please,
Heeding not our cough and sneeze,
Strafe the brute bacillus.

Nip, nip, tightly grip.
Tweak the nose's naked tip.
Shiver, shake and shock us;
Come ye winds from hill and heath,
Bore your way into the teeth
Of the streptococcus!

NEWS OF THE JEWISH WORLD

By Rabbi Jacob S. Minkin

SARAH BERNHARDT, the elusive, mysterious and temperamental Sarah, or the "Divine Sarah," as she was affectionately called by her admirers and worshippers on two continents, has at last found her Boswell. Mme. Pierre Berton, her life-long intimate and stage associate, and wife of the man who was in no small way responsible in setting the celebrated actress on her distinguished career, has written, and Boni and Liveright has published a biography which makes the world their debtor.

One of the outstanding facts of Sarah Bernhardt's life was her extreme secretiveness. An actress with few, if any, equals on the stage, she remained true to her profession to the very end of her brilliant career. She always acted a part; never revealed herself even to her closest friends and intimates. Although millions of articles have been written about her, her birth, her origin, her personality remained a closely guarded secret. Her genius, her art, her caprices and ever-changing moods were the gossip of the drawing rooms of two continents, yet, never has the world caught a glimpse of her real personality. How many, for instance, knew that the "Divine Sarah," besides being a great actress, was also a great sculptress and painter?

How many know of her early ambition and struggle for recognition? How many know of her inherited vice and immorality which was tugging at her heart and threatening to pull her down to the free and easy path of her sensuous mother? How many will know that the woman who made millions died a pauper? How many know that the idol of France was all her life longing for affection, or of her frail and delicate constitution which made her life a burden to her? And lastly, how many know that this woman, called "divine," though born a Jewess, was a practising Catholic, and seldom missed a Sunday mass? Of all these things, and many more, Mme. Pierre Berton writes with rare frankness which places her life of Sarah Bernhardt among the best biographies of the world's most celebrated personalities.

To many this book will prove disappointing. The very frankness of the work will give cause for irritation. One does not like to discover that the idol he has been worshipping has feet of clay. Mme. Berton, for instance, proves that Sarah was "divine" only in her art, and that in everything else she was quite human—vain, ambitious, proud, capricious, quarrelsome, generous to her friends and unforgiving to her enemies, pleased by flattery and irritated by criticism.

Her Jewish origin, although affirmed and denied a thousand times, stands out quite clear and undisputable. That Sarah has never made clear acknowledgment of this fact herself she may perhaps be forgiven. The world was not yet ready to worship at the feet of a Jewish woman. What Sarah might have been had her mother been different can only be conjectured. But certain it is, after making due and liberal allowance for her frequent lapses to which her art, her surroundings and her company accustomed her, that the Jews may be proud to call Sarah Bernhardt their own. To have given to the world so great an actress, surpassed by none and equalled only by Rachel, also a Jewess, is no small credit. Her genius and impulsive kindness were traits of her Jewish ancestry, while the things which we should like to forget about her were not so much the fault of Sarah as the habit of that proverbial life of Paris for which the capital of France was notorious a generation or so ago.

A PAMPHLET has just been published which gives some wonderful sketches of the proposed building of the Hebrew university at Jerusalem. All that appears in print may not be facts. These magnificent pictures of college buildings and beautiful parks and courtyard fountains and gilded domes may represent only the great desires of the people who are working hard for the rebuilding of Palestine.

However, with a man like Dr. Weizmann at the head of this enterprise, it is fair to assume that in time the proposed great enterprise will become a reality. In 1918 the

cornerstone of a university building was laid on Mount Scopus. The site occupies a panoramic position on Mount Scopus, where in the west one looks down on the city of Jerusalem, to the east the Dead Sea and the valley of the Jordan, and on the farther side is the Mountain of Moab. There are over forty acres of available land for the university building and grounds.

This university, when built, will, it is hoped, become a power station for the generation of

Hebrew Hebrew forces, spiritual and intellectual, and whence they may be transmitted for the service of Jewry and all mankind. Plans are made for every department that belongs to a great university. There will be research work of all kinds. The medical department was founded in 1921, coincident with Professor Einstein's visit to this country. Former New York Health Commissioner Goldwater has gone over the plans for the research laboratory in microbiology and made a few changes. In 1920 the Jewish national library was organized with Dr. Hugo Bergmann as librarian.

The promoters of the university recognize that the whole institution will be unified with the traditions of the Jewish people by that conception of unity in the universe of which Israel has been the standard bearer.

The German monarchists who held such a tremendous demonstration at Halle some time ago must have felt that it was impossible to demonstrate their loyalty to Germany without baiting and beating a few Jews. The Jewish population of Halle is a very small one, but the monarchists ferreted out a few of them and beat them up, thus doing their duty to their kaiser and their country.

It is a bitter reflection on the situation of the Jews in Germany.

Perhaps better times are coming in Germany; perhaps the victory of the moderates in France will mean a definite setback for the monarchists and anti-Semites of Germany. Not that there is any hope of a complete equality for the Jews in Germany. The country has been deeply and permanently corrupted against the Jew in the last fifty years; but things are intolerable to-day, and perhaps the coming year will make them at least tolerable.

THE survey recently completed by the New York Tuberculosis association has again demonstrated the comparatively low death rate from tuberculosis among Jews. The low tuberculosis mortality and better resistance to it by the Jews is no doubt due to a great extent to their traditional clean moral life. After centuries of Ghetto confinement, the Jewish people have learned to live in the close quarters of the great cities and maintain their unity and health in the face of congestion, lack of air and sunshine, and hard work, by a strict adherence to their ancient Mosaic laws.

But yet, to another great extent, this low death rate of the Jews is due to the ceaseless

Tuberculosis vigilance and care Among Jews taken by the Jews of the country of their

sick and unfortunate. As carefully as they have followed the dietary, sanitary and moral precepts of their forefathers, so dutifully have they kept the ancient commandments of humanity and pity, considering it a first duty to see that no sick one, no starving, no homeless Jew be without care, without relief, never forgetting the Talmudic admonition, "He who saves one life is considered as though he had saved the whole world."

The great Jewish institutions of relief and succour that dot the country stand as enduring monuments to this fine trait of Judaism and to the humanitarian principles of American Jewry. In them the sick, the old, the homeless, the orphan, the indigent is given sympathetic attention and blessed relief.

EVERY day brings the news of new industries discovered and started in Palestine. The latest is the discovery in lower Galilee of an important deposit of large quantities of gypsum. With the aid of the (Continued on Page 10.)

LOVE FOR STILLMAN'S DAUGHTER IS CONSTANT THROUGH ALL SCANDAL

Son of J. P. Morgan Partner Will Wed Anne Despite
Odium of Parents' Divorce Battles.

DROPPED FROM SOCIAL REGISTER

THE romance that began for Miss Anne Stillman way back in the days when she was only a school-girl has proved itself one of those love affairs that nothing could blight—not even the distressing cloud that settled over her life as a result of the scandalous marital difficulties of her parents.

IS BANKER'S SON

Henry P. Davidson, second son of the late H. P. Davidson, the multi-millionaire banker, has remained unflinchingly loyal to the pretty girl whom, as a boy, he preferred to any other. As was announced the other day, he and Anne Stillman are engaged and will be married in October.

This announcement is a source of great satisfaction and relief to Anne Stillman's friends, who have been fearing that this long-standing romance of hers was sure to be dragged to ruin in the shocking wreck that has overtaken her parents' married life.

But what is often sneeringly referred to as "puppy love" has proved once more that it can have a sound basis and very enduring qualities. Now that Anne Stillman and Henry Davidson are grown up they read their hearts exactly the same as they did way back in their pinafore and short trousers days when they first pledged them to each other.

The clouds of scandal that have settled over the Stillman family have only increased young Davidson's devotion to Anne. He is not worried about the truth or falsity of the charges and counter charges with which her parents have shocked fashionable society and the public outside. They cannot shake his belief that the Stillman daughter is the one girl in the world for him.

Snapping his fingers at all the theories of heredity which some of the pessimistic cite, he will make Anne Stillman his bride just as he so often said he would in the lacy valentines and scrawly love letters he sent her when they were both in boarding school.

LOVE SURVIVES

All this is something that must make Anne Stillman one of the very happiest of young women. Her school days romance might so easily have had such a different ending. In fact, many of her best friends were certain that it could never survive the scandal of her parents' separation and their not yet ended battle in the courts.

It is a serious thing for a young woman when her parents part under such sensational circumstances—even when she is already engaged or actually married. Society offers many instances of engagements broken and married happiness ruined as a direct result of the unpleasant scandals that have gathered about a young woman's parents. In Anne Stillman's case the trouble in her family broke just at the worst time to make it a serious menace to her future. She had barely made her debut and was standing on the threshold of what is usually the most delightful period of a fashionable young woman's life, when her father and mother began hurling at each other the charges and counter-charges that startled the world.

Although it had long been expected that she would some day become Henry Davidson's wife, there was no formal engagement between them. The young man had every excuse to forget about his boyhood love affair and avoid linking himself with the now scandal-tainted Stillman family.

Many thought this exactly what he would do. It was believed that his family would bring strong pressure to bear to have him break off his attachment for Anne Stillman. Probably, it was thought, they would suggest that Anne, charming and innocent as she was, might have inherited from the preceding generation qualities that would prove anything but desirable in a wife.

FELL ON DEAF EARS

But if any such arguments as these were offered to Henry Davidson they fell on deaf ears. It is now known that during those trying months when Anne Stillman was dividing her time with her father and mother and trying to take sides with neither, young Mr. Davidson was the one outside her family who stood most loyally by her and was unceasing in his efforts to make her lot easier.

It is a match that is hailed with great satisfaction not only in fashionable society, but by those outside. Whatever the opinion as to the rights and wrongs in the matter of the quarrel between the Stillmans there has never been anything but the deepest sympathy for the children—and particularly for Anne, because she is such a charming young woman and because her family's trouble came just at a time when it was so liable to ruin her chances of a brilliant marriage.

Her engagement to Mr. Davidson is precisely the sort of love match her friends would have wished for her. They all think the two young people ideally mated.

SON OF MORGAN PARTNER

He is the second son of the distinguished member of the Morgan banking firm, who died of a brain lesion two years ago. The exact value of the estate left by the banker has never been disclosed, but it is known to be very large.

The will, after setting aside \$4,500,000 to be put in trust for the eldest son, F. Trubee Davidson, gave the rest of the estate to the widow to be divided after her death among the three other children.

Young Mr. Davidson attended the Groton School and then, went to Yale. He interrupted his college course to enlist in the Naval Air Service just after America entered the war. He flew overseas, being attached for a time to the British forces and assisting in some daring bombing enterprises against German submarine bases. He was decorated with the Navy Cross.

After the war he returned to Yale and was graduated in 1920. He studied for a year at an English university and since then has been at work for the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Company. He is an enthusiastic sportsman and has hunted big game in Alaska and Algeria.

Mr. Davidson is twenty-six and his fiancée twenty-two years old. They have been fond of each other for nearly a dozen years—since Anne Stillman and Frances Davidson, her fiancée's sister, were fellow students at Westover School.

When Anne's father, the former head of the National City Bank, attempted to divorce her mother she remained for a time with Mr. Stillman, although keeping on friendly terms with both parents. Later she went to Paris and studied in the private school of Mme. Helene Hayen, on the edge of the Bois de Boulogne.

Since her return from Paris she has been living with her mother at the Stillman country estate at Pleasantville, New York. It was there that public announcement of her engagement was made a few evenings ago.

While not a great beauty, Anne Stillman is an extremely attractive young woman, tall and slim, with bright and limpid eyes and the brisk, wholesome air of an athletic girl. When she was a youngster her mother used to dress her very picturesquely, but during the last few years her clothes have been of an almost severe simplicity.

Some of society's critics think

she has a more sophisticated air than a girl of her age should have. But is it any wonder that her experiences of recent years should have given her a considerable degree of sophistication?

When young Mr. Davidson leads her to the altar next October she will undoubtedly show a gravity that will seem almost nun-like compared with the gay figure her mother presented on her wedding day, nearly twenty-five years ago. The older members of New York's smart set still recall with interest how glorious "Fifi" Potter was in her bridal array when she was married in Grace Church to the football hero of her fancy—James A. Stillman, the man from whom she is now parted under such surprising circumstances.

When dressed for some smart social affair Mrs. "Fifi" Potter Stillman is to this day a very lovely woman. The muscles of her chin have not sagged nor has her girlish figure thickened as one might expect in a woman of her age, the mother of a son and daughter old enough to marry.

But Mrs. Stillman is not the sort of woman to ruin her good looks by over-eating or by giving up her outdoor exercise just because the weather is stormy or there is mud or deep snow underfoot.

DROPPED FROM REGISTER

Anne Stillman's marriage to Harry Davidson will insure her getting back into the pages of the "Social Register," from which her name was dropped a year ago along with those of her brother and parents.

On the appearance of the 1923 edition of this annual publication, in which the names of everybody who really has a place in fashionable New York society are carefully listed, it was at once noticed that the names of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Stillman and of their eldest son and daughter had been omitted from the roster of the socially mighty.

This was said to be society's way of declaring itself disgusted with the endless lengths to which the Stillmans' quarrel was being dragged with all its unpleasant details. Many thought it unjust to include the son and daughter in the punishment that was being meted out to their parents, but the mysterious powers that compile the "Social Register" apparently could see no way of avoiding this.

Just who compiles this official list of New York's society members, just who authorizes the very limited number of additions that are made to it from year to year, just who wields the ruthless blue pencil and cuts out the names of those who for some reason or other have become undesirable—all this is a secret, which is most carefully guarded and which it is thought perhaps no more than half a dozen persons share.

The general belief is that the separation of the social sheep from the goats which the Register achieves every year is done under the direction of a little group of powerful social leaders whose identity is known only to one another and the publisher of the volume.

Whoever these persons are, they exert a more autocratic influence over society than the late Ward McAllister did when he compiled the invitation for Mrs. Astor's ball and the famous "For" list.

Perhaps their rulings are not always just, but, at any rate, they have succeeded in making society accept them without question. The New York Social Register has become the court of last resort—the one from which there is no appeal.

PLAN QUIET WEDDING

Those members of the smart set who took their cue from the "Social Register" and began showing the cold shoulder to Anne Stillman will be obliged to change their attitude. As the bride of one of the rich Davidson heirs she will have the entree to the most exclusive circles.

The wedding, as now planned, will be a very unostentatious affair. The reason is that the aristocratic Potter clan to which Miss Stillman is related on her mother's side of the family has been receiving in recent years a great deal more publicity than it relishes.

Through the Davidson family Miss Stillman has become considerably interested in politics and has often been among the girls assisting young Trubee Davidson at his rallies. After her marriage it is thought she may do still more along these lines.

SHOULD HANGING OF MURDERERS BE ABOLISHED?

Specially Contributed to The Axe by An Eminent K.C.

THE question of the abolition of capital punishment is complex because it invades the field of psychology, of social conditions, and of public order.

It is difficult also; because it involves a problem susceptible of different solutions, according as one considers it with speculative argument or in the light of experience.

Historically, the first reason given to justify capital punishment was the opinion that the State had the right of revenge or reprisal. This was the *lex talionis*. This idea has long since been abandoned.

The next reason to justify capital punishment was the idea of fitting the punishment to the crime; whoever took life should be prepared to give up his own.

That reasoning could apply to offences punished by imprisonment; the Court could then fix the period of imprisonment between a maximum and a minimum, according to the circumstances which preceded, accompanied and followed the perpetration of the crime. It is evident this is not applicable to capital punishment.

The third reason to justify capital punishment was and is yet, that the death penalty has a deterrent effect upon other criminals but this idea has also been assailed and successfully.

In the first place, murderers who commit their crimes with a deliberate purpose are not deterred. When they commit the crime they do so after having taken such means as they believe sufficient to prevent arrest, to destroy evidence and the traces of their crime. Having done so, how could they be deterred by the idea that they will suffer the death penalty?

Another class of murders are those committed under provocation under the impulse of strong passion. Here again, how could the offender be deterred and restrained by the fear of a penalty such as death when he is in no condition to give a thought to the consequences of his act?

Finally, murders are committed as an incident to the commission of a lesser offence, such as arson and robbery. These are not restrained nor deterred because they cannot conceive that they will take life either in resisting arrest, endeavoring to escape, or repulsing those in pursuit.

There might be a deterrent element in the certainty of punishment more so than in the severity of the punishment, but in practice, the offender hopes that he will escape arrest. If arrested he then expects that he will not be convicted.

Compare murder trials with the number of convictions for murder!

Then again, when murder is proved, the accused knows that a jury would hesitate to render a verdict of "guilty" which leaves the Court no option as to the sentence to be passed and that is done by giving a wide interpretation to the rule of reasonable doubt or declaring insane a person who is in fact responsible for his acts.

FROM 1867 to February 1914, 499 persons were sentenced to death for murder in Canada. Of this number the sentences of 231 were commuted to life imprisonment, or for a term; out of these 231 cases it is found that eighty-three convicts were finally released from custody.

Apart from all this, the sentence is of an irrevocable character. There have been, it is true, a few cases of miscarriage of justice, but such cases are possible, as history has shown. Particularly, in countries where there does not exist any Court of Appeals in criminal matters, such as the British Parliament has created in 1907.

THE death penalty has not yet been abolished in Great Britain and in February last, the Honourable Mr. Henderson, Home Secretary, in answer to a question in the House, stated that the condition of public opinion was not such as made it desirable to abolish the death penalty for the moment.

The whole matter was a subject of long investigation in Great Britain in 1865 and 1866 by a commission composed of twelve members, including the late John Bright. The report was not unanimous—a minority of five expressed the opinion that capital punishment should be abolished, without disadvantage, but it is remarkable that while the majority of seven expressed the opinion that the death penalty should not be abolished they suggested that the law of murder and procedure in murder cases should be amended, and recommended that in all murder cases, two questions be put to the jury namely first, "Do you find the accused guilty of murder?" and second, "If you find the accused guilty of murder, do you find the accused guilty of malice in fact?" There is then suggested a system such as exists in France and in the United States.

In 1856 the House of Lords in England appointed a Special Committee to report on the advisability of changing the manner of executing the sentence of death. They reported that public executions should be abolished and gave many reasons in support of their suggestion. The report made it evident that the publicity of execution did not act as a deterrent.

DOMINION PARK

AFTERNOONS AND EVENINGS

F. F. COLA SANTO'S CONCERT BAND

Featuring MAGDA DAHL, PRIMA DONNA and
"ALL STAR CAST" of

GRAND OPERA STARS

Presenting:

FAVORITE ACTS AND GEMS FROM
GRAND OPERAS

NEXT WEEK'S THEATRE MENUS

ORPHEUM

All of the ingredients necessary to the successful musical comedy are to be found in "Irene" which seems likely to crowd the Orpheum Theatre to its doors during its short stay here. The Henry Duffy Players have brought a real hit to Montreal and there will doubtless be a great demand for seats for the second week of the production, which begins next Monday night.

Few attractions in recent years have struck the note of popularity as has this one. As time goes on its biting melodies seem to lose none of their tunefulness and seem as refreshingly sweet as when they were first sung, and such numbers as "Alice Blue Gown," "Castle of My Dreams," "The Last Part of Every Party," "We're Getting Away With It," "Irene," "To Be Worthy," still linger as pleasant memories.

The story of Irene O'Dare, the whimsical, lovable heroine of "Irene," is every bit as fascinating as that of "Peg O' My Heart." It is crammed full of merriment of the sort that appeals to every taste. It contains laughter and tears, heart aches and happiness to make it deliciously romantic.

Miss Dale Winter heads the cast and has her original role of Irene O'Dare. This bright and clever actress was in the Broadway production three years ago and, one might say, is fairly a saturated solution of "Irene." Miss Winter sings and dances to the haunting melodies of "Irene" and is altogether charming in the leading role. Henry Duffy has the chief comedy role, that of Madame Lucy, the male modiste. William Naughton is seen as Donald Marshall and sings as charmingly as ever. The balance of the large cast includes Franklin George, Margaret Wolfe, John Carmody, Margaret Knight, William Phelps, Viola McEwen, Katherine Revner, Roger Barker, Elsie Revner, Paul Douglas, and a host of others. The orchestra is under the personal direction of Albert Bray.

IMPERIAL

Comedy will be the predominating feature of the vaudeville to be presented at the Imperial next

week. "The Night Watchman," the new offering of George McKay and Otis Ardine, is a particularly fine piece of comedy well executed by two capable and experienced players. The Wilson Aubrey Trio, comedy gymnasts, offer a comedy wrestling match, said to be one of the screams of vaudeville. Before going into their travesty on the professional wrestler, the trio is to be seen in some thrilling exhibitions of agility on the bars. Harrison Greene and Katherine Parker offer a comedy act sparkling with humor of the type that appeals to the theatre patrons of musical comedy and vaudeville, entitled, "Just the Two of Us." A very popular and well liked skit returns in "Thank You, Doctor," a one-act play by Gilbert Emery. Comedy also prevails in this vehicle presented by five clever farceurs. "Three Feet of Comedy" is the title of the act offered by Edd and May Ernie, the merry monopede and the dancing girl. One Ernie, the monopede, does as many things with his one leg that the other would seem useless. The second Ernie is a bright and handsome young woman, who, in the character of a dancing girl, has an opportunity to sing and dance. "The Wager," a comedy skit presented by May Miller & Co., completes the vaudeville portion of the bill. George M. Cohan's popular play, "George Washington, Jr.," in picture form, featuring Wesley Barry, Gertrude Olmstead and Charles Conklin, is the photo play for the week.

LOEW'S

Coming to Loew's, as star of its principal photoplay for the week commencing July 20th is Viola Dana in "Don't Doubt Your Husband." This story, it is said, will prove of vital interest to all those who are or intend to be married. Its story concerns the troubles and tribulations of two married couples and their ways of getting out of their individual scrapes in ways which only serve to make matters worse. A motor accident is the cause for combined joy in the end and the married folk again resume their habitual happiness by bickering with each other. Miss Dana has a strong supporting cast in Alan

Forest, Winifred Bryson, John Patrick, Willard Louis, Adele Watson and Robert Dunbar. Loew's vaudeville for the coming week appears to be "at par." The Three Wheeler Boys are billed as America's foremost gymnasts; Connel, Leona and Zippy are variety artists a la carte, Zippy being a dog. Barr, Mayo and Renn will hand out a little comedy sketch entitled, "She Cares for Me." The popular musical comedy favorite, Marie Stoddard, late star of "The Dancing Girl" will also amuse. A fantastic spectacle will be presented in the shape of "Shadowland," where six beautifully formed young girls will dance all manner of dances. The usual trimmings such as news and comedy will go to round off what we must say looks like an excellent bill of fare.

CAPITOL

Strapping and manly Jack Holt has the high spots of the program at the Capitol next week as the star in "The Wanderer of the Wasteland," the feature film of the program. Jack, there is no doubt, has his following and easily extorts an endless chain of "Oh's" and "Ah's" from female admirers in the expensive pews every time he struts across the screen and throws out his chest. In support, in this picture, Jack has Billie Dove as his principal friend, while Noah Beery, Jr., is of "that dirty dog, Wallace" in the picture-villain sense—nothing of a villain himself, but he looks after the "dirty work" angles of the yarn. The picture is done in natural colors and is said to be an improvement on similar pictures recently shown here. It is from one of Zane Grey's best books, and has a plot that should lend itself admirably to screen purposes. The usual other features will round out the show.

PALACE

Next week's program at the Palace Theatre will have "The Gaiety Girl" as its feature picture with Mary Philbin as the girl herself, supported by a good cast in a picture said to be of great human appeal and with a fine plot woven through it. In addition there will be the usual added attractions such

AN OLD FRIEND RETURNS



Margaret Wolfe, who went away to Mexico on a holiday with her hubby, has come back and is again livening things up at the Orpheum with the Henry Duffy Players.

as the comedy and news pictorial and various musical offerings from the orchestra which Dave Levin so capably conducts.

"IRENE" WITH DALE WINTER AT ORPHEUM COULD RUN A MONTH AT LEAST

THE Duffy Players have given Montreal a rich treat and a glad surprise in producing "Irene" this week. By adding Miss Dale Winter to their company to play the role of Irene, so long identified with her name and personality, they have added the one touch necessary to make the production an overwhelming success. Monday night's audience was the largest Monday night's audience I have seen at The Orpheum this season and the booking for the rest of the week was already heavy even before the opening.

I hope Mr. Duffy will keep "Irene" on the boards for at least another week. The production is altogether too meritorious, too solidly worth while, and too full of the glad some joy of life to be shelved after one week's presentation and, unless I am greatly mistaken, this sparkling musical comedy could run a month here to big houses. In any case, I can let readers of THE AXE into this secret, notices are up to the dramatic stock company at The Orpheum and Mr. Duffy intends to present a series of musical comedies

from now on to the end of his season. And, as Montreal is fairly hungry for musical shows, "Terry" should be able therewith to get back some of the real money he has invested in his Montreal venture. Here's wishing him well!

Dale Winter is, of course, the life and soul of "Irene." She has played the part so long that it has become almost her second personality. Possessing everything the part demands, Miss Winter gives herself unstintingly to it and on Monday night completely captivated her audience as few actresses have done here within my recollection. She is a comedienne of rare parts, a most charming singer. She conveyed that sense of lurking tragedy which seems to be the heritage of the Irish race, American though she herself be, as though she were a daughter of Erin. In her songs she gave especial delight, the old favorite, "In my sweet little Alice blue gown," being rendered with effective skill and appeal, although I think I almost enjoyed her singing of "My Castle of Dreams," as she sat on the fire escape outside her tenement home, better. Miss Winter danced most gracefully, too, though the same cannot be said for one or two of her male partners, unaccustomed, maybe, to this form of dissipation. Dale Winter is to stay with us a while, how long I do not know at the moment, but I predict she will become Montreal's idol before many days have sped by. She is "a thing of beauty and a joy for

ever." Two of the men stand out, Henry Duffy himself and William Naughton, who have the lions' (perhaps I should say Rotarians' or Kiwanis') share of the work to do. Mr. Duffy once again reveals himself the finished light comedian he is. I wonder how many recall the elder Sothern as Lord Dundreary. I do not. I'm not old enough. But I have the picture of him in my mind. And "Terry" Duffy is Lord Dundreary, especially in parts like that of Sir Percy Beauchamp in "So This is London," and that of Madame Lucy, the man dressmaker, in "Irene." He was a scream on Monday night and made the biggest hit of all he has made this season.

William Naughton had a role in that of Mr. Marshall that fitted him to a T. He was the manly lover to the life and scored heavily in the song he gave. He and Mr. Duffy and William Phelps, with Katherine Revner and Viola McEwen aiding and abetting, did the "We're getting away with it" song and dance (should I call it so?) and made one of the big hits of the show. These two girls did very well the evening through. Miss Revner grows in her art surprisingly and as one of Irene's pals developed comedy powers that were unsuspected before. The work of both girls with Madame Lucy in the second act was fine. Miss Minna Phillips, as the Irish mother, deserves a whole review to herself. With an excellent brogue which never relaxed, and a manner to the life, she was one of the evening's successes. In the closing scene, where she surprises Irene at the home of Mr. Marshall, she was immense, getting every ounce of comedy the author gives the part. Muriel Greer acquitted herself better than I have yet seen her do. She played with an artistry and abandon that was new and reveals growing powers on the part of this sweet, wholesome Montreal beauty.

Margaret Knight has but a few lines to speak, while Margaret Wolfe, back among us from Mexico (was it?), plays the part of Mrs. Marshall with the finished touch she gives to everything. The men all do well, especially John Carmody. A word for the orchestra, specially recruited for the musical comedy season. It is under the direction of Albert Bray, the popular conductor of The Princess, which is sufficient to indicate that it is worthy of the production as an orchestra could very well be.

What else remains to be said? Only one thing. Go and see it. JOHN H. ROBERTS.

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News—Comedy, Etc.

== SHE'S A MUSICAL GYMNAST ==

Marie Stoddard was once the dainty star of "The Dancing Girl". Next week she will be at Loew's starring as a "Vocal Gymnast"—whatever that is.



"FOR SALE" IS FILM OF M RIT

THE feature photoplay at the Palace this week is entitled "For Sale," and amongst the cast are Claire Windsor, Aolphe Menjou, Tully Marshall, Robert Ellis and Mary Carr. Claire Windsor, as the daughter of a nearly-bankrupt Wall Street broker, is firmly pressed to make a wealthy marriage in order to avert her father's ruin. This she decides to do even at the risk of her own future happiness. She gives up the man she loves and becomes engaged to a wealthy young fellow of the "smart set." He, however, is killed in a motor fatality before he has time to marry her. She then becomes engaged to another man, a man who so desires. Whilst looking over the "sights" in Paris the girl and her party run across her former lover who is so ashamed that he stages a "come back" and succeeds. At a dinner party, back again in New York, he turns up and causes such commotion that the girl gives up her engagement and returns to her former lover. The wealthy man-about-town Adolphe Menjou, turns out to be a pretty good sort and in the end we see happiness once again. The picture is one that depicts a very old story of the type that we thought we should not see any more. Father, bankrupt and forced to sell a pretty daughter into bondage, has been played so often that we can easily see through the present plot from the start. The artists play their part with the greatest skill and somewhat atone for the plot. The production is taken in both New York and Paris and we see the society side of the one and the seamy side of the other. In addition to the feature film there are the usual Palace items of entertainment, including a brilliant overture called "Babes in the Wood," and the comedy feature. We wish to once again call attention to the extremely vulgar habit of people commencing a conversation as soon as the music commences. Their voices are to be heard continually rising and falling as the music swells or dies away and is a source of annoyance to all those music lovers who really enjoy the orchestral turn.

"THE BAT" AT POPULAR PRICES

Mr. Cliff Shauflle, who is to direct the Canadian tour of "The Bat" during the coming season, announces that while the cast and production will be on a par with the original company, he has decided to place the perennial success before the public at "popular prices." This policy should strike a popular chord with those who have long been waiting for much talked of "back to normal" prices in the theatre.

OLGA COOK, BIG HIT AT IMPERIAL

JUST as good a vaudeville show as Mr. Conover has favored us with for some time is at the Imperial this week in which pride of place goes to the charming Olga Cook with her accompanist, Zardo.

Miss Cook has a beautiful stage presence which, in her case, is backed up by outstanding ability. Miss Cook's appearance in Montreal is her first in vaudeville, the audience "finding" her in no unmistakable manner just as Gus Edwards found her in the days gone by. Miss Cook possesses a voice of wonderful range and fulness, which she makes use of in a way that creates a most pleasing impression with the audience. Another bright act is that of Harry Miller and Peggy Fears in an episode of modern youth. This is musical comedy served up piping hot, Miller being a comedian of the Al variety. "Monkey Shines" is the title of the feature presented by Messrs. Shelton, Tyler and Sharples, their original patter being clean and mirth provoking and their versatile style quite "merry and bright," making an excellent hit with the audience. John R. Gordon in "Broke" does a clever stunt in a farce founded upon a man's financial troubles and tribulations. Then the musical Johnsons, of Montreal, are masters indeed of the xylophone. They are firmly established favorites in local parts with hosts of admirers who are loth to allow them to leave the stage. A well-rounded bill is completed by the Tan-Arakis in their sensational foot-balancing ladder, the little lady taking many risks fearlessly though none the less meritoriously. This latter is a clinking good item. Crowded houses testify to an excellent bill of fare which further embraces "Tiger Love," a George Melford production, in which Antonia Moreno and Estelle Taylor are the "stars." The story evolves itself in sunny Spain. Tony Moreno, as a handsome Spanish bandit, captures the heart of the squire's daughter and brings much happiness to two families as a consequence. There is remarkably good acting in this picture with some "sob" stuff interspersed, excellent photography being a feature, all of which tend to make an interesting and absorbing screen drama. Aesop's Fables, all the topical news and comedy are included in a program which takes some three hours to run through. There is thus excellent value for the money at the Imperial this week, and consequently the box office is quite a happy place.

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JAN RUBINI, LOEW STAR TURN

"THE SIGNAL TOWER," featuring Virginia Valli, is the feature picture at Loew's theatre of popular entertainment this week. The story is exciting in parts, quite human in its intensity, and is woven around the lives of "a signalman" and his family circle. Because of its naturalness and understandability, it should be one of the popular pictures of the year. There are many dramatic incidents interlarded, and a fast moving plot supplies quite a bunch of thrills with a real train wreck thrown in. Miss Valli, who excels in the title role, has the valuable collaboration of a strong cast embracing Wallace Beery, Rockcliffe Fellows, J. Farrell MacDonald, James O. Barrows, Dot Farley and Frank Darrow. Mr. Adams has kept up his high standard by the inclusion of this picture in his choice selection of season bookings. There is also a Mack Sennett comedy, the latest news, and the usual trimmings, all up to the "Loew" standard. In vaudeville, Jan Rubini stands out pre-eminent as a violinist and composer of meritorious achievement. Mr. Rubini's turn is very enjoyable indeed and worthy of this great artist who has the power to sway audiences as only the real artist can. "The Honeymooners" is a novel skit written by Jack Lait, and carries a company of seven—four women and three men—all of whom are singularly well-moulded for the parts to which they belong. The act is a genuine novelty in revue work, and the artists are all above the average. Frank ("Peggy") Jones, the man with a "peg," is wonderful. "Peggy" shows an artistic resource almost wonderful, and he dances and sings and throws somersaults with remarkable agility and braininess to boot. The Morton Bros. weave all manner of patterns in paper of multitudinous colors and textures for which they are warmly applauded, their harmonica music and "imitations" being quite clever. Jean's Circus is unique and this accomplished lady, with the aid of three little ponies, a mule, and some dogs makes merriment general and sustained. Nothing but a professional "kicker" could possibly have any ground for cavil at the excellent "menu" which is served up at Loew's this week and which, needly to say, is attracting splendid houses.

THE "WRONG FOOL" AT THE STARLAND

THE "French Dolls" again score a hit at the Starland Theatre. The title of the show, "The Wrong Fool," proves to be very apt. Miss Fitzgerald sings "Plain Country Rose" with appeal that reaches the heart, and well deserved her share of the applause. Miss Aureole Demers sings a song entitled "Hula Lou" which also pleases. Lucienne Chapelaire has not been a member of the company for very long but quite long enough to let the audiences know that she "can do her stuff" and does it this week with a charming song. "When Lights are Low." The story deals with the chase of a man who has escaped from a lunatic asylum. As usual it has no plot, but causes howls of merriment. The feature photoplay is "Nellie,

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"MEN" AT CAPITOL PLEASES LADIES

THE CAPITOL, as usual up-to-date, is this week offering as the feature photoplay "Men," with Pola Negri as the star and a supporting cast of outstanding merit, Robert Frazer and Robert Ellis being favorites with the fans. "Men" is a story which deals with a young, innocent girl who is led astray by a smart young "fellow-me-lad" in France. Previously she was a servant in an estaminet and had a liking for dancing. Later we see her famous in Paris, the crowds of the world flocking to pay her homage. Many are those who lay down their hearts and purses, but she spurns them all. Finally she so infatuates a young man that when he proposes love to her she refuses him and declares that all she desires is money. He, mad with love, robs his employer and hands the money to her. Later she realizes that she has met this young man in her past and we see them as lovers. Pola Negri takes the part of a woman who is out for vengeance on all men, but, although her acting in parts is superb, she hardly manages to convey that which we believe she intended. However, on the whole, the picture is good. The orchestra renders an overture which is excellent, "Robin Hood" being the title. The Divertissement portrays "The Fall of the Babil" and is one of the best acts staged locally for some time. The stage settings are superb and the acting, songs and dancing of the finest. We compliment Leon Leondiff, the producer, and his talented company. Will Rogers, in a comedy called "Don't Park There," is his usual amusing self. Felix the Mouser also amuses. The Capitol this week is a real good show.

PRIZE WINNERS COMING HERE

The New Castle Band of Australia which has been one of the feature musical attractions of the Wembley Exposition, was awarded the championship of the British Empire at the Musical festival at

The Beautiful Cloak Model. The story is of vital interest and will appeal to all who see it.

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND" WILL OPEN SEASON

It is reported that Percy Hutchinson is having great difficulty in selecting the plays to be presented during his Canadian tour under the direction of Theatrical Enterprises Ltd. Since the first announcement of his coming visit Mr. Hutchinson has been deluged with letters from his many admirers in Canada requesting him to again present "The Luck of the Navy," "Brewster's Millions," which he lately revived in London, and "General Post." It has been definitely decided to open the tour with "Bulldog Drummond," but the popular English star is still in a quandary as to whether he should bring back the old favorites or to make up the balance of his repertoire with new plays among which is "The Havoc," one of the outstanding successes of last season in London.

Halifax, England. This would indicate that local music lovers have something of a treat in store when the Antipodean musicians appear here during the fall season.

CAPITOL STARTS SUNDAY

THE BIGGEST ACHIEVEMENT SINCE THE BIRTH OF THE MOTION PICTURE—

Zane Grey's Masterpiece

"Wanderer of the Wasteland"

Featuring

JACK HOLT
BILLY DOVE
NOAH BEERY

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More than a Picture.
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OFFER THE RECORD BREAKING

MUSICAL COMEDY

"IRENE"

WITH

DALE WINTER

Special Orchestra

SUMMER PRICES

FLAMING YOUTH

By Warner Fabian

(Continued from last week.)
 "Then Pat was right. He'll never be any better!"

"Not much. A paralytic. With a good deal of stammering."
 "Can't you help him die?" muttered Scott.

The medical man turned an uncompromising look upon the other. "When I acquire the wisdom of Deity, then I'll assume the prerogatives of Deity. Not before."

"It's a merciless attitude. In a case like this—"

"In a case like this," the physician cut him short, "the man's life may be valuable to others if not to himself. And suppose after I'd killed him, as you so casually suggest—the other's gesture of protest did not serve to stop him—and some new operation was discovered that would restore this kind of case; where should I stand with myself?"

"Is that likely?"

"It's most unlikely. But it's possible. In any case we doctors do not kill."

"You don't give a thought to Dee?"

A ripple of pain twisted the harsh features. "I'm trying not to. My business is with my patient."

"Does he know?"

"Yes. Ye wormed the truth out of me. He wants Dee to get a separation."

"A separation? I don't understand. What is his idea?"

"To relieve her from being tied to a corpse, as he says. He's taken to thinking of others besides himself at this late date, has T. Jameson James. A close look at Death sometimes works these miracles."

"Trying to make his peace with Heaven?"

"No. He's honest in this, just as he has always been in his selfishness. He's thinking only of Dee."

"Does he really care for her, Osterhout?"

"I think he'd die without her."

"Isn't there a good chance of his dying, anyway?"

"Nothing to bank on."

"What does Dee say to the separation idea?"

"Won't listen. Just turns away and stops her ears."

More than ever convinced that Wollaston must be kept away from Dorrisdale at all costs, Scott put in the hours between his talk with Osterhout and his appointment with Pat, striving to locate the Englishman on his long-distance telephone, but without success.

Upon his arrival at The Knoll, Scott found only Ralph Fentress in possession.

"Pat is just starting back from Dee's," said the ostensible head of the Fentress household, after a hearty greeting. "She telephoned. Pretty rough on Dee, this, isn't it?"

"She's standing up under it like the sport she is," said Scott. They chatted of local matters, Fentress being patiently restless. At the sound of Pat's step on the threshold he said with relief:

"You'll excuse me, Cary. I've got a business engagement downtown."

The visitor repressed a smile. So Ralph Fentress's evening "business engagements" remained a constant quantity. A casual sort of father. Had he been less casual, had Pat been less unprotected—a throb of remorse and self-contempt sickened Scott to the core of his heart. How could he have let himself be so swept away!

Pat stood before him in the doorway, and at once his bitter self-accusation sank into nothingness before the delight of her victorious charm. How could he have helped being carried away, loving her as he did!

She tossed her hat on the table, her gloves at him and herself into the arm chair.

"Now I can talk," said she. "You begin."

At their morning meeting it had seemed to him that the indeterminate and hovering tragedy of the James household had aged and sobered Pat, given more of the womanly to her elfin fascination. Now she seemed again all gamine provocative, elusive, challenging. He stood looking down at her gravely.

"Owl-face!" she mocked, protruding the tip of a red tongue.

"Pat, will you marry me?"

The smile died from her eyes and lips. "How could we? You're mar-

"I'll get free."

"How can you?"

"I'd rather not tell you."

"You've got to tell me," she retorted imperiously.

"Yes," he admitted. "I've got to, if you insist. You've the right to know."

She softened. "Have I? Tell me, then."

"I have—evidence." He spoke with an effort.

"Against your wife?"

"Yes."

"Why haven't you used it before?"

"I haven't wanted to. And—I considered that it would not be entirely honourable."

"If it wasn't honourable before, how is it now?" demanded the keen Pat.

"I don't know that it is," he muttered. "But there's another question of honour now, a paramount question, between you and me."

"Tell me why it wouldn't be honourable to use your evidence," persisted Pat, ignoring the other issue.

"You're making it very hard. It's true that she—my wife—has been unfaithful. But that was after we had been long separated in everything but the formalities, and morally I was in no position to blame her."

"You'd been untrue to her?"

"Yes."

"With another woman. Were you very much in love with her, Cary, the other woman?" she asked wistfully.

For a moment he hesitated, too long a moment, for a flash of hateful intuition shot through Pat's quick brain. "There was more than one. There may have been a dozen. Oh, I think you're revolting!"

"I'm not going to lie to you, Pat. I regarded myself as free of all responsibility to her—"

"You're free of all responsibility to me," she choked. "Don't think that I want—"

"No. I am bound to you by the strongest tie I have ever known. I love you."

"You've loved a hundred other women," charged Pat, savagely revelling in her exaggeration.

"I've loved no one as I love you."

Despite the banality of the words there was in his speech a quiet force that calmed and convinced her.

"Not so that I ever wished to be free and marry."

"Of course," she said loftily, "there's no reason why I should be jealous of your past."

"It is your future that I have been jealous of always," he replied. "That is a thousand times harder to bear. And now I am asking you to give it to me."

"You'd do a dishonorable thing, a thing you consider dishonorable, to be free?" she asked.

"To marry you," he said doggedly. "Yes. There's nothing I'd stop at."

She gave her little, delighted crow. "I believe you wouldn't. But I'm not going to let you."

"You can't prevent me."

"I wouldn't marry you if you did."

His brows took on their ironic lift. "That is heroics, Pat; motion picture heroics. To save the other woman." Pat pouted. "It's misplaced nobility, my dear. She isn't entitled to it. She doesn't care for me. You do."

"Not enough to marry you, though. Not enough to be sure. It's all so puzzling, Cary." Her deep, soft voice shook. "I—I don't understand myself. But I'm not sure. Is that terrible of me, dear, not to want to marry you?"

"Don't you love me, Pat?" he asked, incredulous of the doubt itself.

"I suppose I do, now. If it would only last, like this."

"But it can't go on like this," he cried hoarsely.

"Why can't it?" she murmured protestingly. The eternal feminine within her, eternally static, eternally conservative, eternally fatalistic where its own interests are concerned, was asserting itself. Better the thing as it is, however precarious, than a step in the dark. Change, to a woman's apprehension, is a challenge to the unknown.

"Surely you must know. Surely you must realize the constant risk, the constant danger—"

"Of being found out? I'm not afraid for myself. You know, Cary, dear, I never can quite believe in danger until it comes. I suppose I ought to. I suppose I ought to feel different in lots of ways. Yet I don't feel different. Not really. Tell me why, Cary."

He bent and kissed the sweet, troubled eyes, the soft, questioning lips. "My darling!" he said brokenly. "My little Pat! I wish to God, I'd never come back—"

"No; don't wish that. I think I'm glad you came, anyway. It's been very dull without you, Cary."

CHAPTER XXVII

THE night was warm, moist, astir with vernal growth. The trees whispered tender secrets to each other. Flowers were being born in the grasses. Clouds formed a light coverlet above an earth too fecund of dreams to sleep soundly.

Dee emerged from the side door of the James house and moved down the cedar path, soft as a wreath. The still mansion oppressed her. For two weeks she had hardly stirred beyond earshot of her husband's petulant, pathetic need of her. Her young blood craved air, the expanses, the sense of space and quiet.

Definite verdict had been pronounced that afternoon upon T. Jameson James by Dr. Osterhout, after a careful résumé of the case with the consulting surgeon.

"He'll last indefinitely. As long, one might say, as he has the will to live. Five years. . . Ten. Twenty, if he can stand it. Much depends on you, Dee."

"Will he get better?"

Osterhout moved uneasily. "Better? Stronger, a little. Not really better. A wheel-chair existence at best."

"I can't conceive of it for Jim."

"He'll adjust himself to it after a fashion. People do. But he'll be difficult, dam' difficult. Have you thought any more of his offer to release you?"

"No. And I won't think of it."

"I wouldn't have supposed you would, being you. You're a good sort, Dee. And a good sport." He rubbed his forehead with a stubby forefinger. "As for your own status—you want to be frank, don't you?"

"Yes, Bob."

"It's a life of—well, practical widowhood for you. You understand."

Yes, she had understood, with an influx of relief. Her loyalty would keep her beside her husband, helpless, whereas she would have left him had he been his normal self-centred, self-sufficient self. More; she would now gladly have forgiven him the breach of their private marriage agreement, have accepted the full regimen and responsibility of widowhood could she have borne him the child he wished, the child which might have brought an enduring and saving interest into his ruined life. But from that hateful duty she was absolved; the more reason for standing by him through his ordeal. At worse, she was free to be faithful in thought and spirit to the man to whom, had he been husband or lover to her, she could have given her all in glorious surrender.

He stepped from the shadow of a cedar and stood before her.

"Dee!"

"Stanley!" Her hands flew to her breast. "How long have you been here?"

"Hours. Since dark."

"Why didn't you send word?"

"Would it have been safe to write?"

"Quite. Now."

"How, now?"

"Don't you know? Haven't you seen Cary Scott?"

"Not since I left Baltimore. I came the first moment that I could after making arrangements. Our arrangements."

They had stood apart. But now he reached forward, took her hands, crushed them to his cheek. At his touch she flamed and trembled.

"When can you come with me, With you? Where?"

"To England. The divorce can be arranged, and our marriage followed. You can trust me."

"Oh, yes; I can trust you," she answered dully.

"Then, when?"

"I can't go with you, Stanley."

"Can't?" he repeated incredulous-

she added with childish plaintiveness.

"Then why—"

"Don't ask me any more whys tonight. Please! My head's so tired with thinking. Throw open the windows. Wide! I want to breathe the spring."

He obeyed. The soft, odour-drenched, earthy wind flowed in, surrounded them, englamoured them, swept them into each other's arms.

"I'm so tired, Cary, dear," murmured Pat. "So tired! Just hold me. Hold me close."

iv. "When I can feel your pulse leap when I touch your hand, when—"

"I love you with every breath I take," she cried low and passionately. She snatched her hands from his grip, wreathed them back of his head, drew his lips down upon hers. "I've never dreamed what it could be to love as I love you."

"Come with me," he said.

The wife looked about her like a trapped creature. "I've got to make him understand," she muttered to herself in travail of spirit. "I've got to make him see—and help me, Stanley," she pleaded, "be kind to me and don't stop me till I've finished telling what I've got to tell."

She related the accident and its sequel in few and simple words. For a time of pulse-beats Woolaston was silent, then:

"Poor devil!" he murmured.

"Poor, poor devil!"

"So, you see, dear love—"

CHAPTER XXVIII

FOR two weeks Pat and Scott lived in a paradise of constant dangers and passionate adventure. Fate played into their hands; James, as he recovered a little strength, developed a strong inclination for Scott's society, and insisted that he remain at their house as guest.

The two men played chess and bezique. To Dee, in her time of ordeal and sacrifice, it was a relief without which she must have broken to have the invalid taken off her hands for a good part of every day.

Twice daily Pat came over from The Knoll, often staying to luncheon on her morning visit and returning directly after dinner to make a fourth hand at bridge whenever James was in fit condition to play.

As a matter of course, Scott took her home and ostensibly left her while he went for a long walk alone, before returning to the James place. In reality those hours were spent with Pat in her conservatory.

"When are you going to get tired of me?" she asked pertly, one gold-studded night of stars and soft winds as they sat together at the open window of the secluded room. She was perched on the arm of his chair, her hand overhanging the back to touch the short curls at his temple. He drew her palm downwards and spoke with his lips lightly pressed upon it.

"When that planet yonder tumbles down out of the sky into your lap."

"But you ought to, you know. They always do."

"Still obsessed by the movies," he interpreted playfully. "This is the real world we're living it."

"Sometimes I wonder if it is. It doesn't seem too real."

"You're a phantasm yourself," said he jealously. "I never quite grasp and hold you."

"Yet I belong to you, don't I? Or is that just a—silly form of words that haven't any real meaning?"

"It's a phrase. You belong to yourself. You always will. There's that quality of the eternally unattainable the eternally virginal, about you."

"Is there? I love to have you say that! Do you truly think it, Cary?"

"In the depths of my heart—where you live."

"But it wouldn't be so if we were married."

"It would always be so, my darling."

Ever keenly interested in her own character and its reflex upon others,

"I see nothing but that we belong to each other. You can't deny that kiss and what it means. You can't let me go back alone, Dee. . . . Shall I stay?"

"Oh, no! No! I couldn't bear it."

"Then you must come with me. Now. To-night."

"For God's sake, Stanley, don't! Don't kiss me." She was fighting for strength, for breath. "Don't make me—"

"Dee! Dee! Where are you?"

The petulant, flattened voice of helplessness came like a stab of pain through the night. A light, tenuous and sharp, flashed out from the wrecked man's window. Its ray touched the cedar overshadowing them.

Dee answered at once. "I'm coming, Jim. Just a moment. Good-bye, Stanley."

He gathered her into a slow, overmastering pressure of body to body, face to face.

"Dee, I love you. I want you."

"I know. God, how I know!"

"As you love me and want me, what does anything else matter?"

"Oh, love; don't make it so bitter hard for me! I can't leave him. He needs me so. I can't. I can't!"

"Dee! The pain has come back. Where are you?"

"Coming, Jim, dear!" She turned away from Wollaston without another look; heard him thrashing through the bushy growth like a man blinded; felt her knees sag and give way.

She toppled slowly forward and lay, face down upon the earth that gives life, that gives courage, that gives endurance to bear the deadliest hurt, her fingers tearing in agony at the young grasses.

Presently she heaved herself up and went into the house. Her mouth was firm, her eyes tearless.

A good sort. A good sport.

she took this under thoughtful consideration.

"I've never felt that I could really belong to anybody. Not even to you. If I could think it, then perhaps I'd want to marry you. Does that mean that I don't love you, Cary. Or what?"

"Not as I love you," he replied with gloomy patience. "It means that I've got to wait."

"Here?" she flashed at him with her bewildering smile. "But you've been threatening to go away again."

"I ought to," he groaned. "I just haven't the will power. It would be like giving up hope to leave you now."

"Poor darling!" But there was a touch of mockery in her pity.

"If it weren't so terribly dangerous for you."

Her proud little head went up. "I told you long ago that I always did what I wanted. If I take a chance, I'm willing to pay for it. I'm not afraid."

"Because you've never suffered. You've never had to take punishment."

"Have you?"

"I'm taking it now, in the thought of our separation. Pat, for God's sake let me get free, if it is only to be ready, in case—"

"No; no; no!" she denied vehemently. "I won't be—captured, compelled. You can go if you want to, as soon as you want to."

"Pat!"

"Yes; I know." Her lips brushed is cheek in sweet contrition. "That was mean of me. But I just—don't—want—to—marry you." She spaced the words with rhythmic deliberation. "I don't want to marry anybody. . . . And have a lot of kids. . . . And look like Con does now. She waddles. . . . Cary, were you her lover?" she demanded abruptly.

"No!"

"I couldn't bear it if you had been. But you'd say that anyway, wouldn't you? Even to me?"

"It's quite true. I never was."

"If anyone asked you that about me you'd swear by all your gods you weren't. Wouldn't you?"

(Continued on Page 10.)

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

HOUSES

THERE is only one thing necessary in connection with the housing shortage locally and that is—houses.

CARD TRICKSTERS

WE have the three-card tricksters—like the poor—always with us. Card sharpers caught red-handed should be made to refund their ill-gotten gains and be stowed away in jail for a period long enough to cure them of their vice. Card trickery is theft, and all thieves should be under lock and key.

DEATHS ON EVEREST

TWO deaths have occurred as a result of the Everest Expedition. That is to say, two well-known men lost their lives. But what about the scores of native carriers who have been killed and not a word about it? Isn't it time that climbers' "activities" as evidenced at Everest should serve to keep away climbers from "climbs" that are dangerous, to say the least of them?

GOOD, BUT NOT ENOUGH

FURTHER sundry millions are to be spent by our city fathers on road improvements. That's all right, but can't someone think of anything but roads in connection with unemployment?

GOOD FOR THEM

WE read that the children who were shown a representation of the aerial bombardment of London "particularly enjoyed the bombing of the Houses of Parliament." Wise children!

WIPE IT OUT!

SURELY it would be better to accept whatever compensation Russia offers and get trade with that country started again! Pre-war German debt is bad; so is the Turkish debt. Attempting to suck blood from stones is usually a profitless occupation.

ANOTHER BITTER PILL

JOHN CECIL RHODES, a Barnardo boy, annexed some clothes and ran away from the farm in Ontario where he was employed. Subsequently he was found "wandering," and said he was driven to decamp through "the ill-treatment of his employers." The nature of his allegation is serious, and we hope that the Barnardo people will see to it that boys whom they "place" are treated as British boys should be.

BARBAROUS BUMBLEISM

THO' this is supposed to be a more humane age than that in which "Oliver Twist" was written, the aged inmates of many "charity" institutions are still being routed out of their beds between five and six o'clock in the morning. Unless it is to make these unfortunate people as uncomfortable as possible there is no reason in the world for getting the old folk up so soon in the mornings. This relic of Bumbleism wants wiping out.

METHYLATED MENACE

THE growing seriousness of the methylated menace locally cannot be over exaggerated. Drinkers of this poison lose their self control and their drunken orgies in some places which have been brought to our notice are making many otherwise reputable people into a bunch of lunatics. It is high time this practice was stopped.

RUBBISH AND A REPLY

AT a recent Methodist conference a great deal of twaddle was talked as to why people do not go to church. This is why one fellow does not go: "I never go to church because, if I do, there is nothing worth listening to. All the talk is about 'Mansions in the skies.' What we want is a chance to live a decent life on earth. Providing a sufficiency of houses, for us to live in, would help some."

A SUGGESTION

A suggestion has been made by someone that vaudeville houses should not run "two houses a

night." But how on earth could Scotchmen see the jokes, otherwise?

LURING GIRLS ABROAD

SOME Old Country papers have a terrible crime to their account in accepting advertisements that lure young girls abroad with the understanding that they will get employment. We have examples right here in Montreal of respectable girls who arrived prepared to do any respectable kind of work—with none available. British newspapers should be above accepting this class of "easy money."

PACKED LIKE SARDINES

THE overcrowding nuisance is eloquently proved by taking a walk any day "down east" in this city. There, one can find sometimes as many as four families living in a six-roomed house, the majority of them adults, and dozens of children. A local magistrate said the other day, referring to the evil practice, that it must not go on. How does he propose stopping it? The matter is urgent enough.

MILITARY MADNESS

WHERE is it all going to end? Piling up armaments is no security against war! Yet "the race" is going on at full tilt. Surely it is high time that the taxpayers took a hand in the game.

AN OBJECT LESSON

WATCH Germany! Czechoslovakia imports fifteen times as much goods from Germany as she does from Britain—and much of the German imports are British goods. Think it over!

EVERY man knows when he is bored himself. Few are clever enough to know when they "bore" others.

THE falling in many men is that they say far too little. This goes to prove how the failings in men and women differ.

THE SPIRIT OF CABARETS

SOME of the Cabarets in Montreal would stand a better chance of success if they took themselves a trifle less seriously. One goes to these places to have supper and enjoy oneself generally not to be "Sh-sh-ed" into silence the moment one starts to talk, while a probably mediocre entertainment is in progress which, if anything, it would be charitable to interrupt. If a song or singer is good people become silent automatically. If a performer is so "temperamental" that he or she cannot perform while waiters are floating about, or while there is a subdued murmur of voices, that performer has mistaken his vocation at a cabaret!

FALLEN STARS

A tragedy lies behind the commonplace announcement in the newspapers that "if the goods deposited by Mr. — or Mrs. — are not claimed they will be sold to defray expenses." Maybe someone who has met failure through no fault of their own! But there it is! What a tragedy! Such is life!

IT rarely happens that a married man "regrets at leisure." He hasn't the leisure.

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

WHAT "the people" want means nothing. Whom do voters want? It is purely a question of political expediency and agreement among "bosses." The man electors get too often as a candidate is the man who will stand "hitched" and keep all his promises to the men who nominate him—regardless of platform promises—that is the man the people get. Is that the man the people want? Think it over.

THE NOISE NUISANCE

MANY sections of the Montreal community are up in arms against the excessive noise produced by motor cars and motor vehicles generally. Effective silencers are needed. The police are certainly lax in administering the law dealing with noise hogs, preferring to concentrate their energies on defective number plates and

other trivialities. And meanwhile life is rapidly becoming unbearable in this city and district for anyone afflicted with nerves.

ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT

IT is pleasing enough to hear that Senor Marconi can nowadays hold a wireless conversation with the uttermost parts of the earth, although it is to be confessed that it would delight many more people if he could discover a way of transmitting sound really audible and without interruption for a distance of ten miles or even less on this island. Wireless owners, we know, are getting "fed up" because of continuous buzzing and peculiar noises like fog horns that butt in when their radio sets are functioning. These latter "interruptions" may be pleasant, though we have another name for them. Wireless is wonderful, but it is not such great fun after all.

PRECEPT VERSUS PRACTICE

THE "thoughts" which a local paper publishes must have brought gaiety into many a dull life. Consider this gem: "To know what your companion is going to say, and how it will be said, is to bring the kingdom of boredom to your door. Try a new word today. In time you may venture on a new phrase. To coin a new phrase is one of life's keenest delights." Exactly. We wish to record our hearty appreciation of this point of view, especially as the above mentioned delight is one which up-to-date the paper in question can never have experienced.

A CLEVER ROGUE!

A clever rogue arrived in Montreal the other day. In less than a week he had pinched a motor car, sold it, pocketed the proceeds and decamped. Nowadays the police of the world are on his track. Strangers coming into our city should have suitable letters of recommendation attesting their bona-fides before having access to the friendship of the citizens. Watch all strangers!

MR. KING, PLEASE NOTE!

WHAT impresses the world and the people therein—Messrs. King and Macmaster, please note—is the simple directness of a Briton when he thinks his nationality is insulted. "See'st thou a man diligent in his business he shall stand before Kings." A man, therefore, who is not diligent in his business, when British dignity is insulted, does not stand well before Britain's king, and this is precisely why Britain holds her great empire together in the way she does. Three hundred million Asiatics with only one hundred thousand Britons in all India! A British firm employed an American subject in China. He was murdered by Chinese "junkers." A British naval commander went ashore, executed two of the "junkers" and compelled the remainder to attend the murdered man's funeral. The simple directness of a Briton impresses the world. Verb sap!

WHERE MOTHERS FAIL

THE woman who attempts to select a wife for her son is about the most asinine creature in existence. We have abundant evidence of this fact everywhere. In their earlier teens boys should and do take the advice of their mothers, but when the time arrives for matrimony then it is that they should clip the apron strings and tell mother to remain on her daily job of housekeeping, allowing sonny to go out and pick for himself a life companion. Listen! Mothers should be the ones to encourage and not discourage their sons; furthermore, they should welcome the girl of the boy's choice, to the house, for one never knows when one has got to come and live with one's son and daughter-in-law, does one?

THE SCHOOL PROBLEM

THE figures published regarding school attendances and the accommodation for the pupils in the local schools are correct then it is high time steps were taken to provide better facilities for the young and rising generation to enable them to suitably pursue their studies. "A half seat for every child in the public school" is like the half loaf theory as the matter stands to-day. And soon, at this rate, it will be "standing room only," unless the authorities make adequate provision for the praiseworthy increases in our population. We want to see the

:: MONTREAL'S ACTOR-INVENTOR ::



Not only is Franklin George one of the bright spots in the Crown of the Henry Duffy Players, but in his leisure hours he is a serious young man whose hobby is aeronautics. Just at present Mr. George is working on a new device which he believes will do great things in the flying game.

school question in Quebec eventually taken out of politics.

WHY WE SMILE

WE referred recently to the rent gougers. "As one among many thousands of victims," says a correspondent, "of the merciless rent hogs, please grant me space to thank the 'Axe' for its recent expression of opinion on behalf of we poor unfortunate sufferers." Not at all. We are brothers in distress, only we imagine in our own particular case we are just a trifle worse fixed than the worst. Thank God the building permits show a skyward tendency and soon it is to be hoped we may be able to look forward to the time when we shall have a dollar left after paying the monthly rent extortion. But if the public would insist upon a fair and equitable levelling out of rents and would stand to their guns justice would accrue. Talk about Shylock! Most agents in this city could give Shylock a hundred miles of a start and easily beat him for heartless conduct in their demand of "a pound of flesh." Now is the time for "passive resisters" to get busy, and those with organising ability should call together mass meetings of rent payers for the purpose of presenting an ultimatum to the money grabbers. If rents are to be reduced this coming winter it is high time we were getting "a move on."

A RACE OF SUPERMEN

A VIENNA biologist now in this country sees our planet eventually peopled by a race of supermen, the posterity not of giants nor of persons phenomenally endowed in mind or body, but of average mortals in whom bad habits have been destroyed and creative influences developed. It will be all right to have supermen in fulfilment of the law of the survival of the fittest in the eugenic epoch prophesied by the Austrian savant, when everybody is a demigod, no one will see himself larger against the landscape than his fellow mortals. Pygmies who strut and pose in our own day as giants are denied the admiration which is the very breadth of their nostrils. They merely earn contempt for their conceit.

WOMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE

IN the recent British Columbia elections all the women candidates, we notice, were defeated. The feminine element in public life is now an accepted fact and the woman M.P. is no longer an astounding novelty. Right of entry has been claimed and firmly established, and the women whose outlooks and

characteristics are essentially feminine—who bring something to politics and social work that was lacking in the average man—are needed. Woman in public, like man in public life, should endeavour to attain to the standard of the good citizen; and the good citizen is a wide-minded person whose business is not to run sectional causes but to take into account the varying needs of a community. The partisan of any one section is not the highest type of citizen; and a woman engrossed by her sex and its interests will be more valuable than the partisan of any others'ism. The woman politician, then, should insist that "men's questions" are her own, and, conversely, that matters affecting her are matters to be dealt with by men.

Why should the citizens of Toronto have to get all their bandit and burglar thrills from out-of-town sources when a very large and varied local housebreaking industry is operating—without publicity—right under the eye of the city police?

An amateur Australian astronomist has discovered a new comet, though it is difficult to conceive its particular value when use has yet to be found for a lot of old ones.

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.

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The Axe is published by John H. Roberts and printed by The Axe Publishing Company, 214 James Street, Montreal.

Candid Communications

To The Great, Near-Great and Not Very Great

BLOOD THICKER THAN WATER

Mr. MacKenzie King,
Ottawa.
Dear Sir:—

Despite the humiliation by the Parliamentary House and House of Commons, I am sure that you will not let the British flag sink in the Yangtze River off the town of Wansien, did to compel the Chinese authorities to recognise an American's funeral—who had been killed by junkers. The Chinese authorities intended to show disrespect to a United States citizen, but a British naval man saw to it that they did not. I am sure that you will not let the British flag sink in the Yangtze River off the town of Wansien, did to compel the Chinese authorities to recognise an American's funeral—who had been killed by junkers. The Chinese authorities intended to show disrespect to a United States citizen, but a British naval man saw to it that they did not.

THE AXE.

RELIEVING STREET CONGESTION

Chief Belanger,
City Hall.

Dear Chief:—

The importance of expediting traffic upon this city's downtown thoroughfares becomes more and more pronounced. Viewing the situation from the standpoint of the man-in-the-street, we arrive at the conclusion that the street cars, as the carriers of the greatest number, should have the right of way, and should not be unnecessarily impeded by motor traffic. The motorists suffer by reason of the congestion because they have difficulty in getting past street cars in many places by reason of the motor-cars that are parked along the street. The climax is reached at evening rush hour, and the enigma has become so complex that something really must be done to clear the streets of parked motor-cars on the "outgoing side" at least during busy hours of the day. The civic authorities are respectfully asked, therefore, to "sit up" and take notice to the plea of the ratepayers who provide them with their jobs. The situation is urgent. Under present conditions the whole downtown traffic is being impeded in the busy sections through lack of proper control.

THE AXE.

HELP THE WORKLESS

To all whom it may concern:—
Notices appear daily in the Press, advertising tenders for construction of many civic works—roadways, sidewalks, curbs, and other like improvements. This work is laid down not only to convenience the citizens whom they serve, but to give employment to those who reside in this municipality. Residents of other places should be warned against coming to participate in this local scheme of things. Work that is created for local employment should not be available to "outsiders." We have far too many people already in Montreal who have no right to be here so that the arrival of other undesirables can but lead to cruel disappointment and disillusionment. "Keep away from Montreal" is the kindest advice which can possibly be given to the out-of-work of other places. Our charity should really begin at home.

THE AXE.

WAITRESSES' HOURS

To the Social Uplift Celebrities of Montreal

Dear Busybodies:—

Our attention has been called to the conditions under which some female employees of cafes and restaurants are subject. We were shocked at first, until we investigated. We find that some waitresses and kitchen help are grossly overworked. Many of the places are operated by British people; others by Chinese; and others by foreigners mostly from the Balkan States. We cannot perhaps expect these alien merchants to understand Canadian methods of living, or be possessors of the high ideals that we hold dear. When women employees are worked ten, twelve or fifteen hours, something has got to be done about it. Where, we are our alleged social uplift

societies? Where do they operate? Can't they step in and do something? If they want specific complaints, we can give them specific complaints; but, if they want to get the information first hand, there is nothing to prevent them doing so, if they care to get busy. It is urgently essential, anyway, that the "sweating" of women workers of this city should cease.

THE AXE.

ENFORCE THE LAW

Enforce The Law

Radio Licensing Commissioner,
Montreal.

Dear Sir:—

We understand that everybody who has a "receiving" or "sending" radio set should pay a dollar to the government of this country for the luxury or privilege or whatever you like to call it. We know scores of people who pay nothing. Is this fair? There are many in the community who imagine that there should be no licence fee, although that is quite a debatable point. We are of the opinion that the radio licensing farce came into existence to provide employment for a privileged few. We should like to know now how much of a deficit there is on this radio licensing scheme! Either the law should be observed by everybody, irrespective of creed or class, and the dollar collected in every case, or else the whole scheme should be thrown in the discard. We should be interested in the balance sheet showing the receipts and expenditure since the scheme was inaugurated.

THE AXE.

JUSTICE FOR ALL

Minister of Justice,
Ottawa.

Dear Sir:—

We keep hearing a lot about British justice and the equality of law under the Union Jack. Will you please explain why there should be any difference in the administration of the law to a colored as opposed to a white person? There seems to have been a gross miscarriage of justice, perpetrated in the case of one Johnson, kept in jail without trial for three solid months because this individual was believed to be insane. Either a man is sane or insane. If he is insane he should be in a lunatic asylum. If he is insane he is not responsible. In any case, for a medical man to stand up and swear that he had no time to examine this unfortunate man, Johnson is not only dishonorable to the medical profession but a gratuitous insult to the intelligence of Canadians and the vaunted love of fair play. Our colored fellow-countrymen gave their lives ungrudgingly when the Empire was in danger. You, as a politician, must know that colored folk have a vote which you and others eagerly seek after at election times; above all, they are in the main law-abiding, desirable citizens. It is not too late for you to look fully into the case of Johnson and see to it so that a similar happening may be prevented in future. You will recall the old expression that Judy O'Grady and the Captain's lady are "sisters under the skin." Color, race, religion should stand outside the pale in the administration of justice.

THE AXE.

THE PUBLIC SAFETY

Recorder Sempie,
Montreal.

My Dear Recorder:—

In the execution of your public duties you at times show remarkable discrimination as well as considerable knowledge of human nature. You are reported in the local papers as follows: "Montreal's pedestrian population is continually being victimized by the automobile-owning public here, and if it were not for a certain measure of justice which the 'underdog' obtains in the lower criminal courts every man unable to own a car might as well jump into the river and be done with it." "The average automobile owner in this city cares about nothing except his own convenience. Every driver seemed to be eternally ridden with the desire to go ahead at the greatest possible speed regardless of the life and limb of the unfortunate man who had to walk." "They took grave chances with other people's safety just to save a few seconds for themselves. In a traffic jam every man behind the

wheel of a car did his utmost to get ahead with an absolute disregard for pedestrian wellbeing and convenience and city traffic rules."

Good for you, Mr. Sempie!

THE AXE.

THE WEMBLEY WASTE SCANDAL

Robert Forke, Esq.,
House of Commons,
Ottawa.

Dear Retrograde:—

How are you going to justify that "progressive" vote of yours in the Federal House, sanctioning the expenditure of twenty thousand dollars of Canadian peoples' money so as to send some favoured M.P.'s, accompanied by a similar number of newspapermen of Radical tendency, to visit the Wembley Exhibition? If ever there was a "hold-up" in this country, Mr. Forke, this is one of the most glaring. The Mackenzie King Government, of which you are, to all intents and purposes, the acting "head," could not afford to be liberal to the war veterans who served their country, nor yet pay a sufficient wage to the postal servants; yet you are lavish enough to reward those who least deserve it as long as they are fortune's favourites and supporters of the present administration. Taxation daily increases, cost of living becomes more burdensome, and unemployment is rampant in every city in Canada. Yet you in cold blood vote for the expenditure of twenty thousand dollars to send a few privileged Parliamentarians on a joy ride. We call it an atrocious scandal and for once in our lives we agree with Agnes McPherson in the exercise of servility to the King Government you have done more to kill the Farmer's party than by adopting any other scheme. You are about through, however! You had better enjoy yourself when you may. Attaboy!

THE AXE.

THE LONE, LONE TRAIL

Mr. Roch Laquetot,
Liberal Member,
House of Commons.

Dear Sir:—

We noted your suggestion the other day that Senators and Members of the Commons should have their indemnities cut by fifteen hundred dollars so as to make possible more salary for those who deserve it. Alas! your oration brought little encouragement judging by the printed report. Not a single member even said "Hear, hear." Those sound-proof walls of the Senate chamber are difficult to penetrate. If you had suggested the abolition of remuneration altogether except to those who were entitled to it you would have been nearer the mark. We were going to say something about the Senate, but as you yourself may be there someday we refrain. We congratulate you upon your pluck, although we very much fear that we shall have to pay salary to incompetent members of Parliament for many years still. But we are quite cheerful! Keep up your pecker!

THE AXE.

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

The Mayor,
City Hall.

Dear Mayor:—

We want to help you to cleanse the police department of this city. Such a step is long overdue. Crime does not pay and if criminals could only see it that way they might more quickly reform. From the financial point of view alone the criminal always loses out in the end and loses further in things spiritual, mental and physical. This is moralizing. Moralizing, like crime, does not pay either. A murder years ago seldom occurred in a "hold-up." To-day there are few "holds-up" that do not result in an exchange of shots and—death. Fundamentally, society is organized for the mutual benefit of its individual members. When one enters a career of crime he comes into contact, therefore, with the civilized world. Every citizen should become a potential enemy of crime in every conceivable shape and form. The police, above all others, should see to it that the citizens who pay them their salaries should have reasonable protection. Unhappily, in this metropolitan city, rumor says some of our police force have been "got at." Such stories about "graft" and its attendant evils are whispered quite openly. If the police were doing their duty, the crime in the city of Montreal would be materially lessened. In Old Country cities of a similar size the police force is looked up to and respected for its conscientious, fearless execution of duty. It is quite easy to find men in OUR city police who will carry out their duties in an

FLAMING YOUTH

(Continued from Page 8)

"You'd lie about it? I hate to think of your lying. I wonder whether I would if it was put up to me or whether I'd admit that we are lovers." She brooded darkly for a moment over the word. "I didn't mean to be, you know," she added naively.

"Whatever fault there was is mine," he claimed hoarsely. "If there is any just God—"

She slipped her fingers over his lips, cutting him short. "Don't, Cary. Don't say 'if.' Of course there is."

"Then He will hold me responsible; not you."

She rose, giving her shoulders the quaint, sliding wriggle with which she was wont to slough off, symbolically, problems to troublesome for solution. "Oh, if those things are going to happen, they happen," she muttered. "That's the fate part of it. But I do suppose we can't go on forever. We'll crash, some way."

"Does anyone suspect? Dee?"

"I don't think so. She's got troubles enough of her own these days. If it's anyone, it's Con. She's been asking some snoopy kind of questions."

"What questions?"

"Oh, I don't know. I told her to go to the devil; that I was over twelve, and she told me I'd better remember particularly that I was."

"I don't like that," said he.

"Oh, well; I don't like it much, myself. But what can she do?"

"Talk."

"Not outside the family. Con isn't that kind. She might tell Fred."

"That would be a pleasant complication," he observed grimly.

"There will be more and more complications all the time," she fretted.

"If you only weren't married!"

"Yes."

"But I thought—" he began eagerly.

"Then there wouldn't be any kick. We could be supposed to be engaged. I suppose we would be engaged!" she added brightly, as if a new thought had struck her.

"Being engaged implies being married eventually," he pointed out.

"Not these days," she retorted.

"It doesn't hold you up for anything and we could snap out of it when we got good and ready. Only—this isn't the kind of thing you can snap out of, is it?" A cloud

equally effective way. Two hundred such men who have served in the British Isles are presently residing in Montreal—and available. These are men of good character, British through and through. The police force, like Caesar's wife, must be above suspicion if the underworld is to be cleared up and crime reduced to normal within our gates. Let each member of the police force be asked to swear an oath to protect his own honor, the honor of this city, and the honor of this glorious country! The sooner the present police organization is put on a proper footing so much the sooner will the citizens be pleased.

THE AXE.

ENTERING CANADA

Minister of Immigration,
Ottawa.

Dear Rip Van Winkle:—

I wish you would take a trip over to Montreal; take a walk along LaGauchetiere Street and spend a few minutes opposite the U.S.A. Immigration offices so as you may see the continuous queue of Canadian citizens who desire to enter the land of Uncle Sam. If you are not over timorous you might enter the building and listen to the questionnaire which these folk have to undergo, and hear the gratuitous insults handed out to them. We demand retaliation. Canada is equally as important a country as the United States. We owe them nothing "over there." Daily we welcome hundreds of American tourists to this country, offer them hospitality and ask them no question. But we humbly suggest to you that if American citizens entering Canada were forced to undergo a searching examination before they enter here, as our people have to be subject to before entering the United States, it might be better for everybody concerned. And, Mr. Minister of Immigration, the sooner you get it into your "knut" that the dignity of Canada must be preserved at all costs so much the quicker will Canadians hasten to approve. You had better put on your thinking cap!

THE AXE.

darkened the vivacity of her face. "We're terrible boobs, Cary. . . . Let's stop it."

"That's wholly in your hands, dear love."

"Yes," she said discontentedly; "you've always put everything up to me; let me go my own way—that's why I've gone so far. I wonder if you knew that was the way to get me. You're so damn clever."

"Like what's-his-name—Mephistoph—no, Macchiavelli, wasn't it?" She dropped to the floor in front of him, clasped her hands over his knee, turned upward a shadowy and bewitching face, speaking in a lowered voice. "Listen, dear. Next week I'm going back to Philadelphia, to finish out my visit with Cissie. But—I won't go to Cissie's, not till the next day. We'll have that time together; that'll be our good-bye. And then you must go away."

"If you wish it so," he assented steadily.

"I don't wish it so. But its got to come some time. You say so yourself."

"Yes; it's got to come some time. Unless—"

"I know the unless. I don't say I'll never send for you to come back I might."

"I'll never come back except with my freedom. And if you send for me it must be for good and all."

"I wish I could, Cary. I wish I were sure," she said wistfully. She jumped to her feet. "Tell me good-night," she commanded, holding out her arms. "And you're to come early to-morrow and take me for a long walk."

Overnight, luck, which had so befriended the lovers, turned against them. They returned from their morning's tramp weary but elated with the vigour of strong sunshine and woodland air. Pat, her glorious eyes welling light, paused by the open library window.

"Is there anything in the world that we haven't talked to a finish to-day, Cary?" she demanded, laughing.

"Nothing, dearest."

"Yet to-morrow we'll have just as much to talk about as if we'd never spoken a word to each other. It's rather wonderful, isn't it? What makes us that way?"

"Companionship. The rarest thing in life or love."

(To be continued next week)

NEWS OF THE JEWI H WORLD

(Continued from Page 4.)

department of trade and industry of the Zionist executive experiments were made to see if this discovery could be utilized for commercial purposes. A committee appointed for the purpose found that the material was of very fine quality and suited commercial exploitation.

The construction of a large mill for the grinding of salt is already completed, and the

Industries for large machines im-

Palestine ported from abroad

have already been

set up. The salt product the last

year has not yet been put on the

market, as the transport of salt to

the adjoining stations will begin

with the construction of the planned

railroad. It is hoped that the salt

product of this year will be larger

than that of last year.

The representative of a group of

wealthy Jews from France, who are

intending to establish a sugar factory

in Palestine in the near future, is

now on a visit to the country.

The proposal is to manufacture

sugar from sugar cane and experi-

ments are now in progress for the

cultivation of sugar cane.

JINXES, it seems, are no respect-

ers of persons. They are as

ready to dog the trail of royalty as

to lie in wait for pennant-contend-

ers in the "world's serious" or to

invade the camp of a football team

on the eve of a championship con-

test. Poor Alfonso of Spain was

out of luck on his Italian visit.

Even Vesuvius refused to show him

its far vistas. Instead, it shrouded

him in mists and rains such as

those which obscured the view from

St. Peter's dome. There seemed to

be a natural conspiracy to keep

Alfonso from surveying the demesne

of his royal cousin. Perhaps it

is due to the fact that Mussolini's

term as dictator has been extended

for a year by the unanimous con-

sent of the Cabinet Council.

MONTREALERS LOSING TOUCH WITH DELIGHTS OF THEIR OWN RIVER

Beauty Reigns Supreme on Mighty St. Lawrence.—
A Thousand Island Holiday.

THE FRIENDLY LITTLE BOAT

TIME was when every Montrealer knew his river and watched it daily for news of the outside world, for friends or supplies coming up stream from Quebec and the world beyond, adventurous travellers, or, often, enemies from the West or South.

Beauties Forsaken

To-day this is changed. The mightiest and most beautiful river on the continent flows right past our doors, and many Montreal people never see it except by accident, while not one per cent. of them ever think of using it as part of their holiday program.

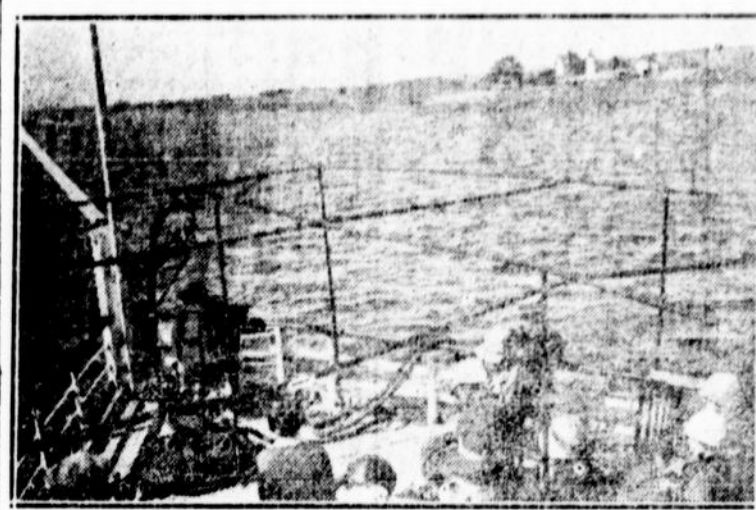
There is a wonderful attraction about a trip on the water; the restful surroundings, the gentle wash of the water against the hull and the steady beat of the engines all have their appeal, an appeal which is ever in the hearts of those who have "been down to the sea in ships."

It is regrettable that with the many trips on the river which are available to Montreal people, so few take advantage of them. There are boats making day trips at a cost of only a dollar or two; they run to Hudson, through the two lakes, and shoot the Lachine Rapids on the return trip. Others go down the river to Sorel and other places between Montreal and the mouth of the Richelieu. The large and comfortable vessels of the Canada Steamship Lines make daily trips down below Quebec and to the Saguenay and up the river through the Thousand Islands to Toronto

and Niagara with extensions beyond to the Great Lakes.

Through the Islands

For an inexpensive voyage, one of the most attractive holiday tours obtainable is the trip through the Thousand Islands on the S.S. Britannic. This is a small boat carrying about thirty passengers and makes the round trip from Montreal to Kingston for the modest



"Britannic" Entering The Thousand Islands.

sum of twenty dollars including everything.

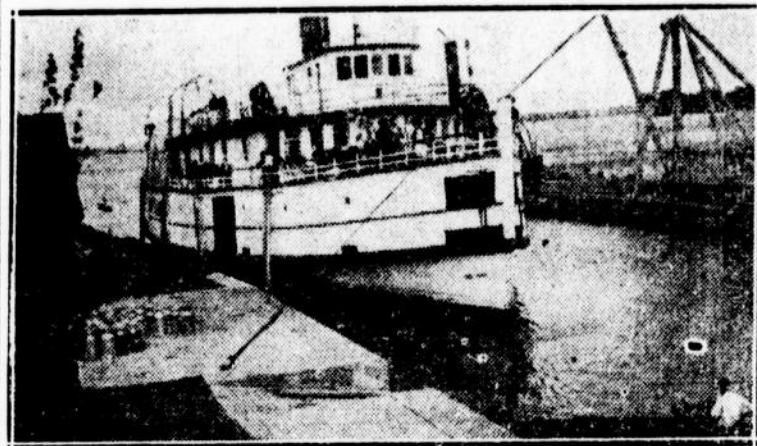
The Britannic leaves Montreal on Wednesday afternoon and reaches Cornwall the following morning. On Thursday she ties up to the wharf at Brockville for the night and leaves there in the morning for Kingston, making the Canadian channel through the Thousand Islands. After a few hours' stay at Kingston, giving the passengers an opportunity to visit the University, forts and other places of interest, she returns to Brockville through another channel and again stays the

night there. The following morning the return trip to Montreal is commenced which place is reached on Sunday morning.

It is a friendly little boat. Its size and arrangements bring the passengers together quickly and as they are generally Old Country people it does not take them long to find places of mutual interest to talk about.

"Bill o' Jacks," "The Snake Path," Kidd's Buffet, Hendon, Bellevue, and other places soon begin to filter into the conversation and it is not long before everybody is on sufficiently friendly terms to ensure a pleasant trip and perhaps lay the foundations for lasting acquaintanceship.

Not only are the passengers friendly but so is the whole atmosphere of the boat. The Captain points out the places of interest to his passengers; the Purser is like the purser of the boats; he knows everywhere and everybody, introduces people who seem out of it or whom he thinks should get acquainted and has a fund of stories about the places on the river. The stewardess and her two assistants do all they can to make their passengers happy. The food is good though plain, and there is plenty of it with a good variety. The rooms are clean and the scenery magnificent. What more can be asked from a holiday than this trip in the friendly little boat?



Stopping At Every Port, The "Britannic" Gives Change And Variety To Its Passengers.

"SHEAR" NONSENSE

Smart

"Don't I know every one of the tricks of your trade?" said the angry boarder. Do you think I have lived thirty years in boarding houses for nothing?"

"Well," replied the landlady, "I shouldn't be at all surprised."

Two Irish laborers, having a quarrel, decided to fight it out. They asked their overseer to be referee, and he consented on condition that the first one who had had enough should call out "enough," and the other be considered victor.

Foretalled

The fight began, and went on until the men were half dead. Then one called out "Enough."

"Be jabbers," gasped the other, "O've been trying to think of that word for the last half hour."

"Merry and Bright"

Our modern phrase, merry and bright, seems to have been invented by a poet of Henry II.'s time, writing of the luxury of monks: "They paradis bi miri and bright Cokayn is of fairir sigt."

Her Patience Exhausted

It was on a suburban train. The young man in the rear car was suddenly addressed by the woman in the seat behind him.

"Pardon me, sir," she said, "but would you mind assisting me off at the next station? You see, I am large, and when I get off I have to go backward, so the conductor thinks I am trying to get aboard and helps me on again. He has done this at three stations."

Yes How Odd

"Where is the car?" demanded Mrs. Jones.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Jones. "Did I take the car out this morning?"

"You certainly did. You drove it to town."

"How odd! I remember now that

after I got out I turned around to thank the man who gave me the lift, and wondered where he had gone."

A Cool Customer

A man went into a fashionable restaurant, accompanied by a couple of children, and after ordering a lemon squash, asked the waiter to bring him three plates. This the waiter did, but when he saw the man take some sandwiches from his pocket and put them on the plates, and pass them round to the children he reported the matter to the manager.

Grateful

"I'm glad Billy had the sense to marry an old maid," said grandma at the wedding.

"Why, grandma?" asked the son. "Well, gals is hity-tity, and wid-ders is kinder overrulin' and up-settin' But old maids is thankful and willin' to please."

Try This Remedy

"How can I keep my toes from going to sleep?"

"Don't let them turn in."

His Strong Point

"Is your husband much of a provider, Malindy?"

"He jes' ain't nothin' else, ma'am. He gwine get some new furniture providen he gets the money; he's gwine to get the money providen he goes to work; he gwine to work providen de job suits him. I never see such a providen man in all mah days."

What Washing Did

"I won't wash my face!" said Dolly, defiantly.

"Naughty, naughty!" reproved grandmother. "When I was a little girl I always washed my face."

"Yes, and now look at it!"

"Well, Mike, have ye heard what they are going to do with Barney Flannigan?" "Indade I have," responded Mike. "They're going to

imprison him for life. But I'm afraid the poor sowl won't live half that time!"

Military Inspecting Officer: "Sergeant, what precautions do you take against infected water?"

Sergeant: "Well, sir first we boil it."

Officer: "Good."

Sergeant: "Then we filter it."

Officer: "Excellent!"

Sergeant: "Then we beer!"

An English tourist was doing the Scottish highlands, and, foregathering with the village policeman in an out-of-the-way place he said: "I suppose you have some pretty long tramps in this district, my man?" "Weel, I'm thinking," replied the worthy keeper of the peace, as he surveyed the lengthy stranger with somewhat sarcastic eyes, "you're the longest I've seen yet."

"I miss," said the political orator. "I miss"—here he brushed away a not unmanly tear—"many of the old faces I used to shake hands with."

"The worst part of being a bachelor is that when I die my name dies with me."

"What is your name?"

"Smith."

"I suppose you went to bed with the chickens, while you were staying on the farm this summer," said one of the neighbours. "No, indeed!" replied Mrs. Moody, with much dignity. "They were very neat, quiet people, and the chickens slept somewhere at the back of the house."

"You said you'd go through fire and water for me."

"Show me a combination of the two and I will."

CONTROL OF TRAFFIC IS A DI GRACE

(Continued from Page 1.)

corners uncontrolled at all during business hours then hours when traffic is not so dense should be chosen.

Pedestrians' Rights

That is simply our view, of course, as we have no means of knowing what the social obligations of those concerned may be. One could hardly expect the breaking-up of a bridge party in the middle of a rubber, or the postponing of an appointment to take the Inspector's stenog. out to luncheon. It isn't done!

Seriously speaking, there is great room and need for improvement in this branch of the police service. Heads of departments and their understudies have need to take cognizance of the fact that their system of controlling traffic should take into consideration the plight of those of us who have to walk from point to point. The poor man is still forced to pay taxes, and should at least be entitled to his share of protection on the public streets.

All in the Game

The Son of Israel had taken a great liking to golf. "Is it true," he asked the club secretary one day, "that you mark a member's name on the ball if he desires it?"

"Yes, that is so."

"Is there any extra charge for the address?"

"None at all."

"Then," said Jacob, "will you please put my name and address on these balls and—oh! you can add

"Office Hours: 10 to 5!"

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The Noxious Drug Habit

The abuse of drugs like morphia and cocaine occurs wherever such drugs are obtainable. It has spread most lamentably since the war for various reasons. Governments of all nations have striven to deal with it and their efforts hitherto have been signally unsuccessful. Studying the subject locally the hopeless nature of the problem becomes abundantly apparent more especially seeing that cocaine is available in what are practically unlimited quantities. For years it has been urged that the only really effective way in which to deal with this problem of noxious drugs is to find innocuous substitutes for legitimate medical and surgical uses, and to limit their world production by international agreement. If this is to be accomplished then we must have Imperial agreements; and England and India for example must confer. However things are not so black as they appear and it is just possible that something in the very near future may be effectively and finally done for the benefit of mankind in general and the city of Montreal in particular.

'FIRST YEAR' IS FIRST OFFERING

In securing John Golden's success, "The First Year" as their initial offering, Theatrical Enterprises Ltd. were influenced in no small degree by the many Canadians who visited the Little Theatre, New York, during the seventy-two weeks' run. Mr. Golden believes in keeping a careful record of the particular class of people that his various plays appeal to and doing this while "The First Year" was in New York it was found that the clever Frank Craven comedy was a favorite with Canadian visitors to the metropolis, the hotel ticket agencies reporting that visitors from the Dominion almost invariably selected "The First Year" as one of the first plays to see.

Dummy Speaks

Four men were playing bridge, and the one who was "dummy" looked grimly at his partner, who had played the hand and broken every known rule of the game.

"How long have you been playing bridge?" he asked.

"Oh, about five years," replied the other.

"Really," said the first, scathingly. "I had no idea it was possible to acquire such appalling ignorance of the game in so short a time."

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CANADIAN COWBOYS AND TWENTY MAGISTRATES IN FIGHT OVER RODEO STEERS

Peculiar Scenes In Courtroom When Westerners
Faced Cruelty Charges.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS CHARGED.

CONSIDERABLE surprise was caused in Canada when the cables carried the news that our Canadian cowboys had been arrested for cruelty to animals in connection with the Rodeo contests at the British Empire Exposition.

The Wily Fox

Comparisons were made between the sport of steer roping, entailing considerable danger to the men engaged in it, and the sport of fox hunting which, as all the world knows, is the Englishman's holy of holies so far as sport is concerned.

The fuller details show a very peculiar situation. The court proceedings, carried out with an evident desire to be strictly fair to everybody concerned, including the steers—most especially including the steers—are very interesting. The cowboys all "dressed up" and sitting on the curb outside the police court, the array of distinguished counsel, all trying hard to understand each other's viewpoint, present a picture as complete as Kipling's American railroad president who built himself an English estate and then flagged an English express train and couldn't understand what all the fuss was about.

For a start we have to visualise Mr. Tex Austin, cowboy-in-chief, motoring to court in full cowboy regalia including an immense pair of steer's horns on the radiator of the car as a mascot. Mr. Austin later added to the peace of mind of the court by hauling from his hip pocket a large six shooter—fully loaded, of course. At the request of Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, Tex extracted the bullets. What a film it would have made!

Twenty magistrates were on the bench and among the famous counsel present were Sir Edward Marshall-Hall, Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, St. John Field, Walter Frampton and Travers Humphreys. Roll the names over your tongue then come and shake hands with the cowboys. Here they are: Tex Austin, Powder River Thompson, Guy Shultz, Add Edins, and the rest of the gang all sitting pretty and winking at the crowds of girls waiting to get their autographs.

The "Crime"

The reading of the crime with which they were charged must have been worth the price of admission alone, to them: "for unlawfully managing a place for the purpose of fighting certain animals, to wit steers, described as steer wrestling, for causing to be cruelly ill-treated a number of steers during a steer-roping contest and for ill-treating a steer during a roping contest."

Naturally, they pleaded not guilty and issued a generous and broad invitation to the entire bench to bring their twenty wives and families unto the fourth and fifth generation and come to the show at the cowboys' expense and see it for themselves. Then they sat back with beaming eyes and good-will towards all men in their hearts, and waited for the rush. Slowly it dawned upon them that the rush had not started, the invitation which would have been taken up with a wild whoop at a rodeo in Calgary was looked upon with an amazed lift of the eyebrows by the astounded bench of twenty magistrates; in fact, one remarked that he was not concerned and not interested; it was simply a case of "The Act." Poor cowboys! How they must have felt as they listened to the ponderous wheels of justice beginning to grind, and saw Sir Henry Curtis Bennett, austere and dignified in flowing white wig and flowing silken gown, open the case against them.

Prove Justification

He explained that the summonses were taken under the Protection of Animals Act, 1911. He submitted that defendants must be found guilty unless they could prove that the act was one which was justified.

The submission of a prosecution was that these steers were not, in fact, captive animals, but were domestic animals. Should it be in the minds of the justices that the steers were captive animals, it was quite clear that if such captive animals were caught or hunted within an enclosed space, the person hunting and causing that animal was not exempt from the penalties under the Act.

"It is not suggested for one moment," he said, "that the cowboys engaged in these performances are anything else than skilled men. It is not suggested that they are anything else than brave men, running, no doubt, very considerable risks in the performances which they go through. But what we do say is this:—

"The cowboy does what he does of his own free will, because he likes to do it, and last, but not least, he does it for payment."

"The steer, which is also brought into what Sir Edward Marshall-Hall calls these contests, is an animal which has to come into the arena whether it likes it or not."

Steer has no Choice

The animal, whether it likes it or not, comes into the arena, not for any necessary purpose at all but for the purpose of bringing money into the pockets of Mr. Cochran, and possibly into the pockets of Mr. Austin.

After the animals had been thrown they were dragged a distance of 25 to 35 yards. They could imagine the pain which would be caused by the weight of a steer being dragged along at such a speed.

"It may be," added Sir Henry, "that the authorities for whom I appear might not have thought it necessary to prosecute if that was all that happened, but in each case there was great suffering, great pain, and great cruelty inflicted for the purpose of money, and quite unnecessarily, on these unfortunate animals."

"The actual throwing of the animals must have caused some unnecessary suffering and pain, but in one instance a poor beast, when it got up, could only stagger on three legs, and was driven a distance of nearly 300 yards with one of its legs hanging loosely. Subsequently it was found in the pen standing on three legs and suffering considerable pain. The incident occurred at 9.25 and it was 10.05 before the animal was shot."

"It did not get out of cruelty to animals by describing it as a contest—by saying that it is a very fine sport. I wonder what sort of sport it is to the animal which has its leg broken," commented counsel, "and is chased from the ring on three legs, and is finally shot in great agony 35 minutes after the injury has been caused. You do not get out of these things by appealing to what is called the Englishman's love of sport. Brave men or cowardly men, the cowboys are not entitled, in this country, under this Act of Parliament, for the purpose of earning Mr. Cochran money, to be, as I suggest they have been, cruel, and causing unnecessary suffering to these animals."

The cowboys, happy hearted but slightly bewildered, are still wondering what it was all about, and the section of the English public which instituted the proceedings are still wondering why steer-roping and throwing can't be made a little more gentle and refined.

His Excellency, the Mayor, avows that he stayed out until 3 o'clock in the morning looking for a soft-drink place that was violating the law. He must have been powerful thirsty!

:: Terry the Debonair ::



By this time almost everybody knows him: Henry Duffy, himself in person; boss and pal of everybody at the Orpheum, as well as a jolly good actor! He plays "Madame Lucy" in "Irene", but begs his friends not to raise their hats when they meet him on the street. Madame Lucy is a man anyway, you know.

A Rapid Review

"Over the Footlights" Stephen Leacock dubs His latest volume (from the Bodley Head).

Drama of every sort he soundly drubs. The tragic Greek, the Russian reeking red,

Ibsen and Gibson themes of Soul and Sex.

From melodrama seen for thirty cents.

To Shavian disquisitions that perplex. And gory Grand Guignol experiments.

Thus tragedies through Stephen Leacock's eyes. Make the stern critic laugh until he cries.

Delectable Grubs

Our mention of Mr. Waterton's dessert reminds a reader of the traveller Winterbottom, who found the natives of Sierra Leone eating ants by the handful. He tried them and said he found them sweet, like almond paste.

Dr. Livingstone once offered a native chief a slice of bread and apricot jam. When he asked him how he liked it, the chief replied:—"Very nice, but it doesn't come up to white ant."

It is regretted that many British families are leaving Canada for the United States. They can all be spared, but unfortunately sentiment or patriotism, weighs lightly when placed in the balance with the urgent need for earning a living.

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THE MURDER OF WALTER MUIR

(Continued from Page 1.)

and a jail sentence would have satisfied every demand of justice.

SHOWED NO MERCY.

Yet in spite of appeals from the mother of the boy, from influential persons interested in seeing justice done, from people of all sorts and conditions, the Cabinet—Canada's ruling body—refused to grant a reprieve and insisted on the law taking its course. That is to say that, with a full knowledge of the facts before them, knowing that the element of "intent" was entirely absent from the boy's deed, knowing that murder was far from the poor fellow's heart, knowing that the man alleged to have been murdered was the victim of no murder-

ous bullet but of an accident in a drunken brawl, our righteous Cabinet would show no mercy but, turning deaf ears to every appeal, said "this man must die; Ellis must hang him."

Make no mistake about the law. The function of the Government of Canada, enshrined in the Cabinet, in regard to murder cases, is clear. The Cabinet in this respect is a body interposed between the Courts and any person convicted of murder for the purpose of seeing that no miscarriage of justice is perpetrated, that no man suffers the extreme penalty of the law when there are circumstances that mitigate the crime, and that, in general, the quality of mercy should be allowed to operate where circumstances justify it.

MUIR'S MURDERERS

Speaking with a full sense of responsibility and weighing my words with the utmost care, I charge the Cabinet of the Right Honourable W. L. Mackenzie King with being the murderers of Walter Muir. Collectively and individually by their decision not to reprieve the condemned man they have made themselves responsible before God for this death. When Hangman Ellis sprung the trap that sent Walter Muir to his death it was not the hand of Ellis that functioned, it was the collective hands of the Prime Minister of Canada and the members of the Cabinet whose votes had decided that Muir must hang.

"These be your rulers, O Israel". For the sake of politics, for fear of offending electors, for fear of losing a seat in the next elections, for fear of what the members from the province of Quebec might do in resentment against the Government if the thirst for blood was not satisfied, the Cabinet refused to intervene and spare this lad's life, and they must go down to posterity as the slayers of Walter Muir, the brand of Cain upon them.

I respect the laws of Canada. But there is a higher law. It says, "Thou shalt do no murder". And Walter Muir was murdered, the actual hanging was done by Ellis, the authority behind him the Cabinet's. The hands were the hands of Ellis, the rope was the Cabinet's. Let decent men and women execrate them in future, avoid their company, refuse them intercourse. They have failed to save a life they should have saved and could have saved. They let go to his death one who did not deserve to die. Alongside of Ellis, poor miserable creature who hangs men for pay, they seem almost contemptible. May God forgive them; public opinion will not.

JOHN H. ROBERTS.

BOBBING AND CLEANLINESS

SURELY there is some law or authority that can be invoked to co-operate with Dame Fashion? The latter insists that "bobbing" is to remain and that being so it should be somebody's duty to insist that it stay clean. A lap full of dandruff from the woman who sits in front of one in a street car is anything but pleasant.

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