

THE CREAM
OF THE
NEWS
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THE AXE

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NEWS

FEATURES

PICTURES

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COUNTESS AND SIR M. B. DAVIS

LOVELY EX-MANICURIST FRIEND OF KNIGHT

KNIGHT IS NAMED IN LOVE DUEL

Countess Moroni seeking divorce said to want to wed cigar king.

DAVIS' DENIAL

AN exotic Southern beauty who stepped from a New Orleans manicure parlor to the top rung of Montreal society, was acclaimed by the city's four hundred, and became the darling of Captains of Industry and Kings of Society is the principal figure in high society's latest love tangle.

DAVIS IS MARRIED.

Despatches from the United States, where Countess Moroni is suing her husband for divorce say that the manicurist-countess has set her cap for a Canadian knight, that she hopes to climb still further upward on society's ladder as the bride of no less a personage than Sir Mortimer B. Davis president of the Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, bank director, captain of industry, clubman, and member of Montreal's most exclusive set.

Just how she hopes to achieve this end is not stated but as there is already a Lady Davis to whom the Tobacco King is a devoted husband, it is difficult to say just how such an objective could be attained on a moment's notice, if such is the ex-manicurist's intention.

SIR MORTIMER INTERVIEWED.

When Sir Mortimer B. Davis was interviewed by telephone at his office in The Canada Cement Building, the following conversation was recorded:—

(The Axe)—"Sir Mortimer, there is a report from Boston that after the Countess Moroni has secured a divorce she is to marry Sir Mortimer B. Davis, of Montreal."

(Sir Mortimer B. Davis)—"I know nothing about any such reports. All I know is what appears in the Gazette this morning."

(The Axe)—"Well, The Gazette does not mention your name in the matter but—"

(Sir Mortimer)—"Countess Moroni is a friend of mine and a very nice lady. I'm not interested in anything she does."

(The Axe)—"What have you to say about the report as to her marrying you after she gets her divorce?"

(Sir Mortimer)—"The report is ridiculous on the face of it, seeing that I am married already and you'd better be careful what you print about it."

(The Axe)—"We are always care-



ABOVE. — The Countess Moroni, formerly Eleanor Curran New Orleans manicurist, well known in high society circles in Montreal, now seeks to divorce her husband Count Girolamo Moroni and according to advices from Boston wishes to wed Sir Mortimer Davis, President of the Imperial Tobacco Company.

AT RIGHT. Sir Mortimer B. Davis.

ful; that is why we are ringing you up about it, so we may have your denial."

Here Sir Mortimer appeared to become very excited and repeated his warning to be careful, when The Axe replied:—

"What's the use of talking like that? We are trying to play fair with you. We're always fair and would not have called you up if we had not wanted to be fair."

A few more murmurings from the (continued on page 3)



CHINAMEN RUIN GIRLS WITH DOPE

White Women swarm to local Chinatown — Dens squalid.

NEVER LEAVE

WHITE women are drifting into Montreal's Chinese underworld in steadily-increasing numbers and are developing it rapidly into a replica of New York's notorious Chinatown.

Raids in the district, which lies in the very heart of Montreal's downtown business section, by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in the attempt to stem the drug traffic, give conclusive evidence of this white invasion.

HIDDEN TRAGEDIES

Young girls still in their teens, young married women on clandestine escapades and less youthful married women are heeding the mysterious whisper of the yellow men. First, they are attracted by the secrecy with which the Chinaman surrounds his dissipation; secondly by the tales of strange adventures behind the Orientals' doors; thirdly, the greater factor of immunity from discovery by their own families.

There is a maxim that is impressed upon the white woman when she enters Chinatown:—

"Don't be afraid, a Chinaman never tells."

Behind the barred doors in the opium laden rooms of the squalid section lie the solutions of a score of so-called, mysterious disappear-

(Continued on page 3)

Hubby Returns Gifts Wife's Lover Stole

AN amusing sequel today followed the recent robbery in the apartment of W. H. Tapley 181 Craig St. East, a figure well-known around the courthouse.

Tapley has a certain reputation for acquiring strange sort of knick-knacks among which he collected an elaborate toilet set, a woman's jewel box and other articles which are more commonly found on a woman's vanity table.

After an absence from the apartment, Tapley discovered that his latest treasures had been stolen. Today he was visited by an old

friend who carried a large bundle. "Did you lose anything recently?" inquired the friend.

"I certainly did," replied Tapley. "Someone stole some toilet articles and other things from my apartment."

"Are these the ones?" the caller asked, opening up his bundle.

They were. "How did you get them?" inquired Tapley.

After some hesitation the man told his story. "There's been some fellow chasing around with my wife when I'm away. He gave these (continued on page 4)

DRAMA == VAUDEVILLE == PICTURES

THE PLAY OF THE WEEK

ABIE'S IRISH ROSE" at The Orpheum is a cyclone of laughter and a whirlwind of good wholesome humor. I don't remember any play at which the audience laughed so much as did last Monday night's crowd. I have long held the view that the Jew is one of the most humorous beings on God's earth, not to be laughed at but to be laughed with. "Abie's Irish Rose" proved it to me anew, were proof necessary.

As indicated in advance notices the play deals with the question of marriage between two people of different religious faith, the boy a Hebrew, the girl an Irish Roman Catholic, and the enmities created by this condition between the respective fathers of the two who place faith before love. The plot is worked out ingeniously, the ending is happy, everybody forgetting everything in the love of little children.

The company is an excellent one possessing not one weak member. Lew Welch as Solomon Levi, Abie's father, gave an exquisite picture of the doting, shrewd Hebrew father, stern in matters of religious faith, yet tender towards his boy and the memory of his dead Rachel. Mr. Welch made every line tell and projected himself across the footlights most efficiently, completely capturing his audience. Although laboring under great difficulties on the opening night, his trunk having gone astray on the journey from New York leaving him minus wigs and his regular clothes for the part he yet conquered every difficulty and presented a finished portrait of old Solomon Levi.

The Isaac Cohen of Harry Shutan is another amazing characterization. In fact, I do not recall so clearly limned a Jewish portrait on any stage as Mr. Shutan's. His auditors were kept in roars of laughter with

his side-splitting antics and capers and he undoubtedly added very much to the success of the performance. He was ably supported by Henrietta Vaders as Mrs. Cohen who never forgot, nor got tired of telling about her "operation".

Harold Shubert gave a fine depiction of the son, Abie Levi, always in the picture, never forced, sincere, manly and convincing. Evelyn Nichols was the Rosemary Murphy. She looked Irish and sweet, had the most delicious brogue when she wanted one, and looked as if any man would be justified in forswearing anything to win her. With delightful comedy touches and the necessary pathos, on occasion, she won all hearts and will become an established favorite here. Robert Lowe made an irascible yet human father of Rosemary Murphy, though perhaps a little more Irish accent would have helped him out. Thomas McGrath as Father Whalen had one of the best possible Irish deliveries and made the priest a lovable character, while Guy D'Ennery as the Jewish Rabbi filled the part most sympathetically.

Theo MacFarlane, a local girl, made a beautiful "Flower Maid", and four other Montreal girls, Miss Betty Compton, Miss Muriel Greer, and the Misses Nellie and Maud Gelardi, acted as the Bridesmaids and looked sweet enough to be brides on their own account.

"Abie's Irish Rose" looks like a record success here. It should run all summer. If it stays two weeks the undertakers will be petitioning to have the play closed on the theory that laughter makes people live long lives and that, therefore, "Abie's Irish Rose" is interfering with their business.

JAY AITCH.

STARS AT ORPHEUM



Guy D'Ennery, as the rabbi, Dr. Samuels, and Thomas McGrath as Father Whalen in Abie's Irish Rose at the Orpheum this week.

BURLESQUE SAID TO BE GOING INTO WEST END

The fate of burlesque still hangs in the balance, though all signs at this date point to the Orpheum Theatre as next autumn's home for the productions of the Columbia Wheel which is leaving the Gayety in search of a west end home. Mr. Gauvin who takes over the Orpheum lease on September 1st next is still in Europe where he went in search of players for a company to play in French stock at that house in the fall, but the story persists that he will abandon his original plans and sub-lease the Orpheum to those who will purvey burlesque for local patronage next fall.

the difficulty of exploiting racial and religious differences and clashes lies in avoiding offensive material. The author, Miss Nichols has done it successfully in "Abie's Irish Rose," which deals with the marriage between a Jewish youth, Abie Levy, son of a proud and intensely orthodox Hebrew, to the daughter, Rosemary Murphy, of a typical Irish Catholic. This couple is married three times in rapid succession in an effort to appease their raging and antagonistic fathers. These ceremonies being performed by a Methodist minister, a rabbi and a priest. The fathers however, refuse to accept conditions as they have developed and the young couple are disowned. In the last act of the play everybody becomes reconciled, largely due to the efforts of the rabbi and priest, and the heart-clutching baby hands of Abie and Rosie's first born. A simple enough story though based on unusual lines of comedy situations, so deftly constructed in dialogue and scene that offense is given to none. Such a play with its distinct character types requires specially selected players and the organization presenting "Abie" at the Orpheum came here direct from a fifteen weeks engagement in Washington, D.C. in the same play. Even that splendid company was strengthened for Montreal by the addition of two of the leading members of the present New York company, viz: Harold C. Shubert who plays the role of "Abie", and Miss Evelyn Nichols who plays his bride Rosemary, nee Murphy. It is interesting to note that Miss Evelyn Nichols is a sister of Anne Nichols the author and producer of the play. Others in the cast are Lew Welch as Solomon Levi, Harry Shutan as Isaac Cohen, Robert Lowe as Patrick Murphy, Guy D'Ennery as the rabbi, Dr. Samuels, Thomas McGrath as the priest Father Whalen and Henrietta Vaders as Mrs. Cohen.

KING EDWARD PARK

THE NICEST PICNIC GROUNDS IN THE PROVINCE. IDEAL TRIP. AMUSEMENTS. DANCING HALL. "PARAMOUNT" ORCHESTRA
SUNDAY, JULY 1st., Steamer "Imperial" and "Boucherville," will leave Pie IX Avenue wharf, Maisonneuve, every hour from 9.00 a.m. to 7.00 p.m.
ADULTS, 50c. STANDARD TIME CHILDREN, 25c.

DOMINION PARK

"CANADA'S LARGEST AMUSEMENT PARK",
OPEN DAILY: AFTERNOONS AND EVENINGS.
ADMISSION: ADULTS, 15c.; CHILDREN, 7c.

ORPHEUM NOW PLAYING

Nights at 8.30 DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME
Mats. at 2.30

SECOND BIG WEEK
STARTING
SUNDAY EVENING, JULY 1st.

ANNE NICHOLS' LAUGHING SUCCESS "ABIE'S IRISH ROSE"

THE PLAY THAT PUTS "U" IN HUMOR
WINS SENSATIONAL HIT HERE
"A NIAGARA OF LAUGHTER" — Star.
"A TORNADO OF HILARITY". — Gazette.

PRICES:

EVES, 25c., 50c., \$1.00, \$1.50
WED. MAT., 25c., 50c., 75c.
SAT. MAT., 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.00

"ABIE'S ROSE" DRAWS CROWDS AND STAYS ON AT ORPHEUM

As was anticipated by those who know of things theatrical across the border, "Abie's Irish Rose", the phenomenal success of Anne Nichols', is running true to form in Montreal, as it has wherever presented. With capacity audiences since its opening performance here at the Orpheum last Monday, the unceasing demand for seats has warranted an extension of the local engagement for a second week, which will begin this coming Sunday night, July 1st. Meeting with instant popular favor amidst what one newspaper critic described as "a Niagara of laughter", and which another expressed as "a tornado of hilarity," "Abie" has become the vogue in this city, and bids fair to establish a record run

in Montreal never before achieved by any other theatrical attraction. This astonishing success is perhaps due to its irresistible appeal to all classes, and especially to those who appreciate clean, wholesome comedy, projected with rapid-fire speed and precision at the target of one's risible emotions. For this play is certainly one of speed, one screamingly hilarious complication following another so quickly as to give no pause to the roars of laughter the scenes and brilliant dialogue evoke. The success of this comedy is the more remarkable when one realizes

SECRETLY WED



Neysa McMein, young magazine cover artist of New York city, who became famous at a bound who was secretly married to John G. Baragwamath, mining engineer.

Bernardi's Greater Shows

PRESENTED BY AND FOR THE BENEFIT OF

Montreal Children's Hospital

LARGEST TRAINED ANIMAL SHOW ON EARTH

15 Shows == 5 Big Rides == 200 People

NOW PLAYING AT
SHOW GROUNDS, DELORIMIER & ONTARIO

"HELP THOSE WHO CANNOT HELP THEMSELVES!"

WHITE GIRLS IN CHINATOWN

CHINAMEN

RUIN GIRLS WITH DOPE

(Continued from page 1.)

In these same rooms lie the skeletons that have caused horror and dread to some of the city's most prominent families—lovely young daughters whose adventurings in the forbidden area enslaved them to the habits and domination of the yellow man.

THE GIRL WHO DIED

Some five years ago a beautiful debutante was reported to have drowned in Florida while on a yachting trip and the body was reported lost. But a little yellow man in a tumble-down frame house on Clarke Street is said able to tell another story and that the heavy-eyed, haggard, prematurely-old woman who stares blankly through the window pane out upon the stream of Celestials padding silently along the street is the evidence to support his tale, if he would tell.

The Florida trip was actually never taken by the girl. Her expedition was one of but a few miles from her luxurious home to squalid Chinatown. The distracted parents waged a fierce yet vain battle to win her back to them. But she preferred the forbidden menu and under a different name has severed all ties of her former life.

LED DUAL LIFE

A young woman in her early thirties is one of the best-known figures of the district. Married while still in her teens she somehow came into contact with Chinese night life. During her husband's absences from the city she participated in the orgies of the district, always returning home before her husband's arrival.

This dual life she maintained for fully ten years until arrested during the course of a police raid. The husband, then a fairly prosperous business man, upon learning the entire story suicided. With no further need to cloak her actions, the widow returned openly to live in Chinatown. In her lavish clothes, expensive furs and jewels she is a prominent figure in the district.

SORDID SETTING

The much vaunted oriental luxury and beautiful appointments of opium dens is purely a myth. The scrawny celestials who flit mysteriously into darkened doorways where ingress is gained only by those who know the password, apparently find all the beauties their lives require under the influence of the poppy fumes. Oriental lavishness is purely a dream creation, superinduced by the opium pipe.

The dens are practically all dingy, dirty and squalid. Furniture rarely exceeds a few bare necessities and frequently even these are lacking. Doors are heavily barred with iron rods to check raids and to allow inmates an opportunity of escape during the delayed police entry.

CHILD AN ADDICT

On one of the recent Mounted Police raids a Chinese of nearly 60 years of age and a pretty little French Canadian girl of sixteen were found in a condition of utter unconsciousness caused by "hitting the pipe". The room was filthy and both the aged hop-fiend and the child addict lay sprawled upon a rough, home-made sort of cot, consisting of a few old soap boxes hurriedly thrown together and nailed. There was no mattress, on it, the hard surface of the boards being

Scenes In Montreal's Chinatown



relieved only by a few articles of dirty old clothing. Covering the pair were filthy old potato bags.

When restored to consciousness and examined the girl admitted quite frankly that she was a confirmed addict and said she had been in the district for nearly two years. She was therefore but fourteen when she first fell under the influence of the drug and the Celestials. An attempt is being made to reclaim the girl but Chinatown is not worrying.

"She'll come back," you will be told. "They always come back."

EASY ADMISSION

Admission to opium dens is not a difficult thing. Anyone with the entree and the small price for the drug is readily admitted. Utter strangers, if vouched for by other addicts can visit the places freely.

In the downtown district there are scores of such places, visited nightly by men and women on slumming expeditions. The women are particularly impressed by the courtesy shown them and by their utter personal safety. No one is ever molested.

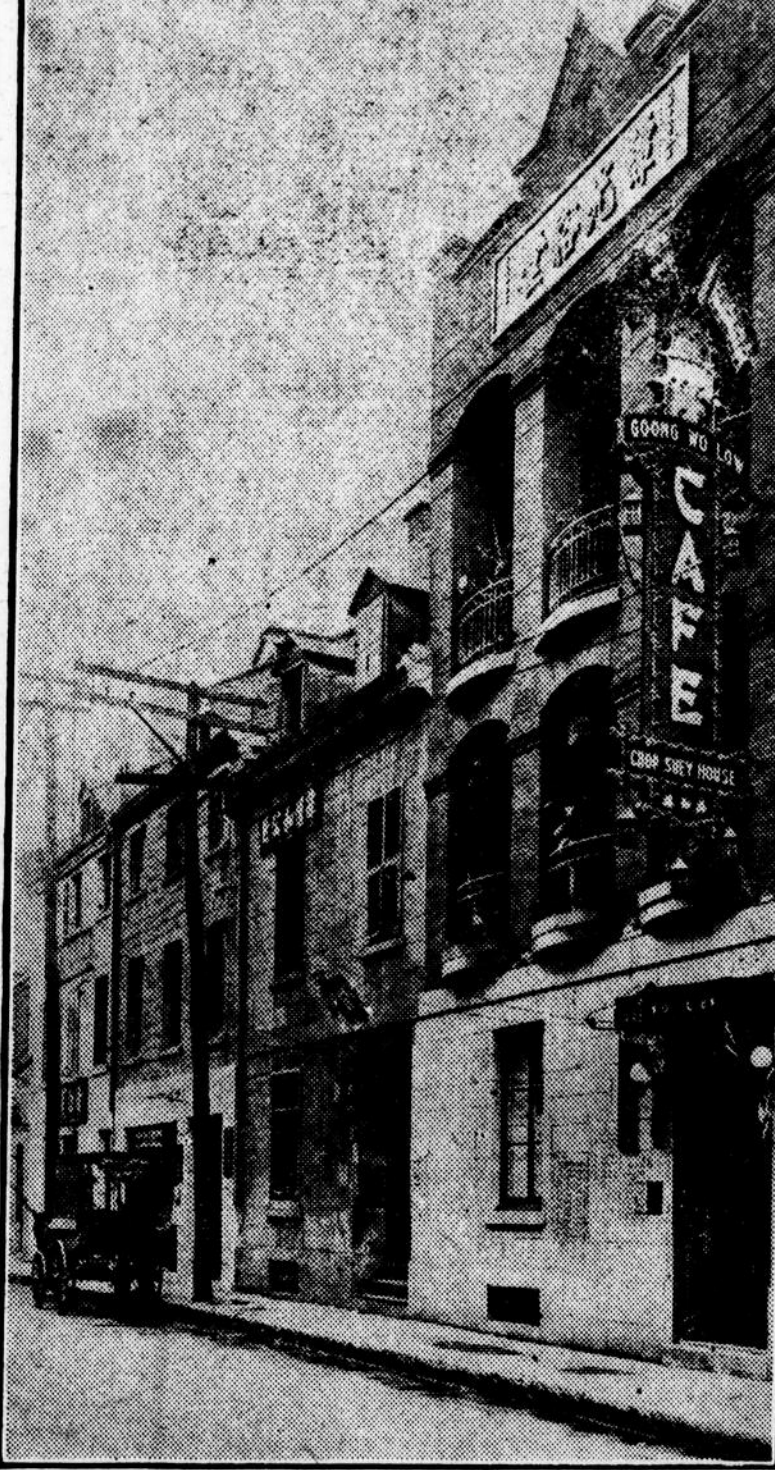
Clarke Street is the main artery of Chinatown which straggles along Vitre and Lagauchetiere. It is a city separate and distinct in itself. Its laws are those of China, just as its customs and morals are those of the Orient. It asks none to enter and none to remain. But is it because the Celestial knows that some will come and all of them will remain?

THEY NEVER LEAVE

Chinatown is an anomaly. To the casual visitor it is sordid and repellent. It is devoid of every refinement yet it must possess a rare magnetism. Despite its ugliness and squalor it is ever-increasingly attracting white members to its confines. Women from all ranks of society answer its silent call.

And again Chinatown nods wisely. "They never leave once they come here."

The section is just under the frown of the city hall, it is within earshot of the police headquarters, it is combed night and day by detectives and yet it flourishes. It is something essentially exotic yet its roots have locked deep down in the city's body, a harbor of human dereliction, of all who have lost the caste of their race yet who, in their supreme degradation, are content,



Upper photo shows the Anglo Chinese Social Club, corner of Clarke and Lagauchetiere streets, the heart of Chinatown. The club is claimed to be the largest of its kind in Canada.

Lower photo shows one of the many typically Chinese all night cafes usually well packed with young white girls and slumming parties.

COUNTESS AND SIR MORTIMER

(continued from page 1)

Tobacco King and then a gentle "Good bye" from him and the interview closed.

COUNTESS HARD TO FIND.

Advices from Boston on Tuesday stated that the Countess having filed her divorce suit had taken refuge at the summer home of Sir Mortimer in the Laurentians. Efforts to reach her there, however, proved fruitless—only result to persistent enquiries being an enigmatic long distance telephone communication to Ste. Agathe which was as follows:—

Long Distance:—"Ready with Countess Moroni."

"Hello! Is that Countess Moroni?"

"Who is speaking?"

"This is The Axe, a Montreal newspaper, speaking. Is Countess Moroni there?"

"Just a moment please!"

There followed a pause of between one and two minutes, after which the same voice again spoke over the telephone.

"Hello!"

"You wish to speak to Countess Moroni?"

"Yes, please."

"Well Countess Moroni is not here."

"Thank you."

NOT AT THE RITZ.

Efforts to locate the missing Countess in the city also proved of no avail, the Ritz Carlton Hotel, the scene of her former triumphs, laconically replying "Not registered here sir."

A COMET-LIKE CAREER.

Meteoric is the only word which aptly describes the rise of Countess Moroni in the social world of two continents. Only fourteen years have passed since as Eleanor Curran, she toiled from early to late in a fashionable beauty parlor of New Orleans.

But life soon palled upon her. Opportunity for her broad ambitions was insufficient in the Crescent City and it was not long before her desire to see life and better herself carried her across the Atlantic, where she guided the destinies of the cigar counter of a fashionable Paris hotel. There she acquired a charm and poise and a way with men that made her hotel-stall a rendezvous for the young bloods of the French capital. But their blandishments fell upon deaf ears. Ambition to Eleanor Curran meant something more than an alliance with some gay young blade of the boulevards. Paris to her was schooling, and that only.

Back in America she continued to run the gamut of adventure, first as a telegraph operator with the Western Union and later as a member of the chorus of "Girls of Divie", a musical show which played one-night stands through small American cities.

HER MEETING WITH MORONI.

It was during her chorus girl experiences that Eleanor Curran met a young European of gentle birth, then in America on duty for his Government. As man's way has ever been he at once became enamored in the toils of her charm, and pleaded with her to become his wife. Wooed by his hot Italian ardor she soon was won and love and ambition were both satisfied as she became the Countess Moroni, wife of the Count Girolamo Moroni, and soon was well on her way to the achievement of her social dreams.

It was back in New Orleans, the city of her nativity, that she and her blue-blooded husband spent the first mad months of their life to-

(Continued on page 7)

The Week

THE TORY VICTORY A USELESS FLAG THE UNION BANK

BY JOHN H. ROBERTS

THE ONTARIO ELECTIONS. It seems as if everybody expected the landslide which occurred in Ontario on Monday when the Conservatives captured power with a handsome majority over all other parties. It is always easy to prophesy after the event. It is being taken for granted that the Farmers are eliminated as a political force but it would be wiser not to count too much on that possibility. The farmers suffer from a lack of national organization. By and bye they will probably effect this and then may become the dominant political group. Class parties are not to be desired but while the manufacturing interests of Canada are able to, and do, rule and run the Government, and the farmers' grievances go unredressed, we are likely to see a farmer's movement continue. As for the electoral tactics followed by the U. F. O. it looks as if Mr. Drury had been riding for a fall and he surely got one. There was serious bungling and the farmers have only their leaders and managers to blame for their defeat. Farmers may be models of personal purity and high examples of probity, but elections are not won by prayers but by tactics and leadership.

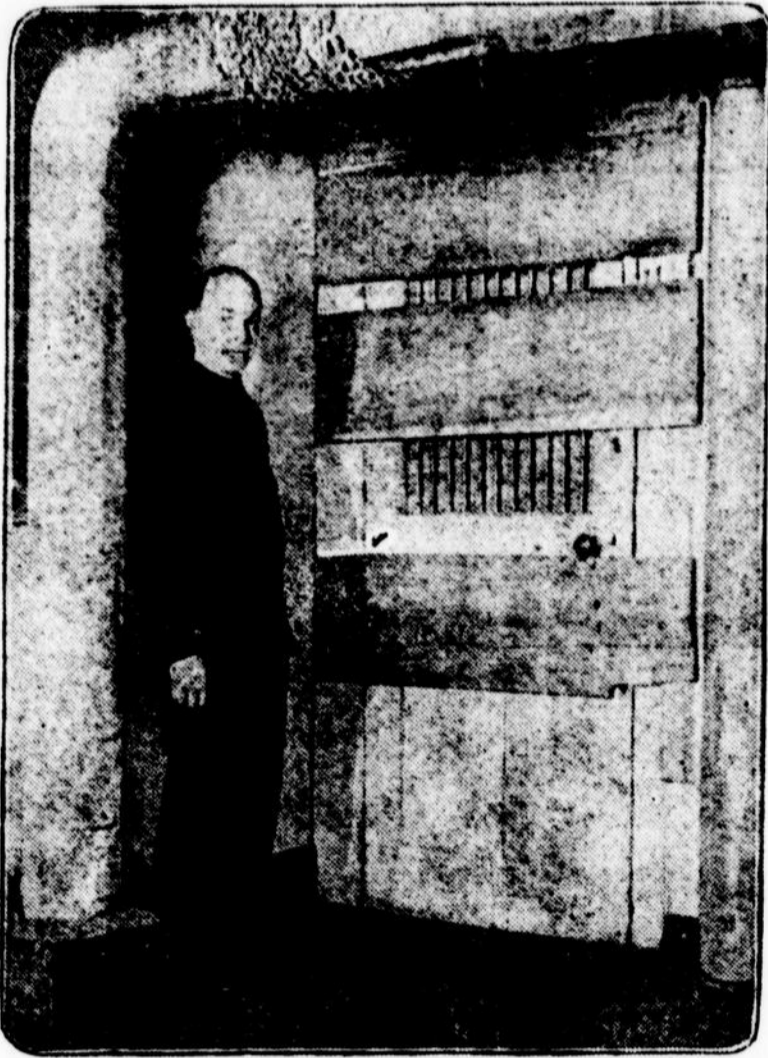
The most interesting phase of the Ontario elections is that of their probable effect on the Federal political situation. Does the Conservative victory in our sister province foreshadow their return to power at Ottawa? It begins to look that way. The Liberal Party, while in the seat of authority in the Dominion Capital, have but a slender majority. Of their total number sixty-five members come from the province of Quebec. Lightning seldom strikes twice in the same place. It does not seem humanly possible that the Liberals can carry a solid Quebec again. Losses here and in Ontario would imperil the Liberal majority and only the East and West could be looked to to make up the losses. An analysis of the situation would seem to foreshadow a coalition, but with whom? Quebec Liberalism is strongly protectionist and anti-public ownership. The Conservative Party is historically protectionist and modernly pro-public ownership. If the Canadian National Railway question were out of the way the natural alliance would be that of Liberals

with Conservatives. The Progressive must continue as an independent force or die. There will hardly be three political groups permanently existing in Canada.

THE USELESS FLAG. I am personally an abstainer and a prohibitionist, but if I had been the Captain John Roberts whose ship American customs officers boarded at New York and broke the British Government seals on the stock of liquors held for the use of passengers on her return voyage to England, I would have made short work of the invaders. It seems to me that wherever the British Flag flies there is Britain. A British ship in a foreign port is still a British ship and, though indirectly subject to the laws of the foreign country she visits, is inviolate regarding the ship's personal possessions. To board her and seize anything is piracy even though done with the sanction or under the direction of a Government. This is the view the home government should take. If it does not it will have sanctioned the creation of an ugly and dangerous precedent and made the British Flag useless. Had Britain done a similar thing to an American ship there would probably have been war over it. I hate "booze" and would do everything in my power to help the American people make their prohibition law a success. But British territory is British territory and that's a bigger question than prohibition.

Within the past week Canada has been deeply stirred by news of another Bank crisis. The Union Bank of Canada has been passing through a similar experience to that of the ill-fated Merchant's Bank. It is the same old story, the Rest Fund depleted, the discharge of officials, the calling in of an official of the Bank of Montreal to advise, and so on, and so on, ad infinitum. It would be foolish and probably unjust to blame the Board of Directors in every case where such things happen. But the repetition of the experience so soon after the Merchant's Bank episode is disquieting and will have the effect of retarding the full restoration of public confidence in the Canadian Banking system. More complete and systematic inspection and control by the Government is shown by these recurring incidents to be a necessity and this the public will demand and, ultimately, get. The saloon in the United States killed itself, and, while we do not at all compare a bank to a saloon, the banks will kill themselves if they continue to shock public faith in this way.

THESE SEALS BROKEN BY U. S. OFFICIALS.



Prolonged diplomatic parleys were forecast by officials of the Custom Service after the seizure of liquor stores on the British liners Berengaria and Baltic in defiance of the Supreme Court ship liquor ruling. The parleys will result, they said, in determining whether the court edict shall hold as a precedent over international agreements and in contravention of British laws. This shows the sealed entrance to the Berengaria's liquor supply. The seals were boarded over to prevent accidental breakage. Each seal was stamped with the English crown and bore the words: "Liverpool Customs."

"THEY 'OPPED IT," SAYS TOMMY WHO DISPERSED MOB

How Tommy Atkin's superb assurance saved a difficult situation was described by the Governor-General of South Australia, Sir Tom Bridges, at a recent dinner. He told the company that in a little Bulgarian village on the Danube, soon after the Armistice, a control post of a corporal and six men of the Hampshire Regiment had been left for some weeks. An inspecting officer visited them, and found the corporal with a child in his arms, giving fatherly advice to the local magnates. Asked if there had been any trouble, the corporal replied: "Only one day when it was said that the Rumanian frontier guards had orders to cross the Danube and occupy the village and then all the young men of the district gathered in the marketplace with swords and staves and old muskets to resist." "What did you do," he was asked. "I got upon a cart and said I'd 'ave none of it, and they 'opped it." Now why did they "op" it? asked the Governor. Not because we had won the war. It was because behind that Hampshire boy stood the whole British Empire; not only the men of Mons and of Anzac, and of Vimy, but the invisible legions of Creecy, Agincourt, and the armies of the Crusades and the tradition of centuries of honest government and square dealing. They knew, and they "opped" it.

Let us send you THE AXE every week during summer vacation. Simply send us the published price, Five Cents per copy, for as many weeks as you will be away and we'll mail the paper free of charge. Stamps accepted. Address: Circulation Department, THE AXE, 20 St. James Street Montreal.

What the Man in the Street Wants to Know.

WHO is the dealer in bonds from across the border who has wrecked the home of a prominent downtown shoe man and has he ever heard of the proverb "Oh, what a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive?"

Has this same gentleman ever taken cognizance of the Mann Act which governs matters of White Slavery in his own country and is it true that he is slated to occupy new lodgings in the near future?

What did Mr. Amyot say to, or about, Mr. Paradis for comparing La Banque Nationale to Potiphar's wife, and if Quebec City has stopped laughing yet? (We believe it should be "Colonel" Amyot.)

Who is the insurance official in Montreal who goes one way and his wife another, having a mutual understanding with each other to do so?

When are the police going to pay their attention to the goings on in the automobiles parked along the

upper reaches of St. Lawrence Boulevard and would not The Committee of Sixteen be able to do some real preventive work if they looked into this matter?

Why is the high class Parisian establishment, with mirrors covering walls and ceilings, on Cadieux Street allowed to run without being raided?

Who was the alderman who had his liquor consumed without his knowledge on the Union of Municipalities trip to Anticosti recently and was he surprised when he got home and found that the twelve left-over bottles which he thought contained liquor held only water?

Why does the tall man in grey so persistently try to intimidate newsboys about selling THE AXE and would he appreciate seeing his picture in THE AXE's "rogue's picture gallery" next week?

Why it was necessary to bring a dummy into the court to represent the corpse of Raoul Delorme?

If THE AXE was not right in condemning the publication of Detective Lafoie's book on the Delorme case?

THIRTY - SEVEN CONTRITE HUBBIES PAID THE PRICE

A wife's novel method of curing her husband's admiration for another woman led to the contribution of 37 £1 notes by 37 guilty consciences at an Evangelists' meeting at Belfast.

The wife asked the advice of a local Evangelist with regard to her husband, and it was arranged that she should induce the husband to attend the Evangelists' service. This was effected.

Just before the collection the preacher announced that there was present a man who neglected his wife. He threatened to announce his name unless the culprit promised to amend and put £1 in the plate.

When the collection was taken up it was found to contain 37 £1 notes.

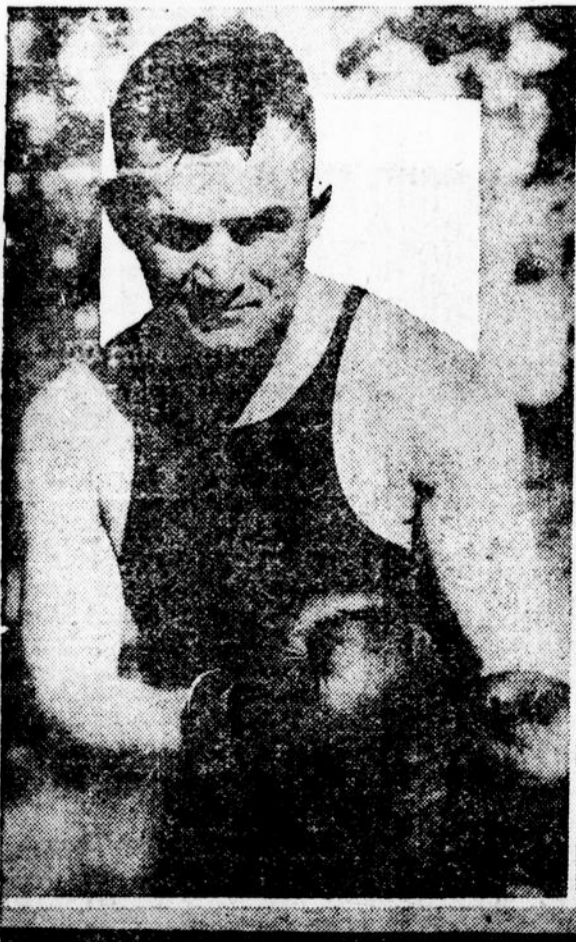
DR. CHAIM WEIZMAN.



Inventor of TNT, who sails as a delegate to the Zionist convention at Carlsbad. He came to this country to aid in the Palestine Foundations fund campaign for the reconstruction of Palestine.

At a reception before sailing a check for \$100,000 was presented to Dr. Weizman as proceeds of the Palestine campaign in New York's East Side.

TOM GIBBONS



JACK DEMPSEY



Great Stuff

Seen outside a St. Lawrence Street Movie show:—

Come in and keep cool; we run by standard time.

From a Newspaper Editorial:—

"The Liberals are delighted with the victory of the Conservative Party in the Ontario Elections."

From a recent laundry advertisement:—

"Don't kill your wife by letting her do the washing. Let us do the dirty work."

HUBBY RETURNS GIFTS HIS WIFE'S LOVER HAD STOLEN

(Continued from page 1.)

things to her and I thought I recognised them when they lay on her dresser. She told me she had bought them, but I thought otherwise and when I saw the fellow I asked him where he had got them. He told me he had bought them himself at an auction. So I stole them from the house and here they are."

USE WOMEN FOR BLACKMAILING

BLACKMAIL SYNDICATE PREYS ON MONTREAL MARRIED MEN; DEMI-MONDAINES ARE BAIT

Ingenuous scheme plunders victims under threat of exposing escapades to wives — Two men sued as father of same child — How plan works.

PIVOTING upon a battery of demi-mondaines, a blackmail syndicate which preys upon married men, is flourishing in Montreal. Under threats of exposing their victims' escapades to their wives the gang is alleged to have extended its operations to a wide scale.

THREATEN VICTIMS

Its chief source of income is to entangle married men with women of loose character. Some time later the victim is informed that he is the father of the woman's child and told he must make provision for it. To spur him to quick action, he is informed that the case will be handed over to a welfare society for attention and that his wife will be informed of his indiscretions.

Varying sums are thus exacted. Sometimes they are in the form of monthly allowances, ranging from \$20 to \$100 a month and even more, depending upon the ability of the victim to pay. These are turned into the agent's office for "secret payment".

Other times a lump sum is agreed upon, perhaps when the agent will advise the victim that monthly payments are dangerous and might ultimately be discovered by his family. Also that they keep the man in constant touch with the woman. For a consideration varying from \$500 to \$10,000, the case is finally disposed of.

ACCUSE TWO FRIENDS

The daring of these operators was recently discovered by one of their near-victims. This man had been rather intimate with one of the women engaged by the ring. Incidentally one of his intimate friends had been a member of some of the all-right parties staged by the woman in her west end apartment. Both were married men and each owned a small business.

Meeting one day the first confided to his friend that he was in trouble.

"They're asking me for \$2,500 and have threatened to tell my wife if I don't pay up immediately."

"Why, that's easy", retorted the other, "if I don't undertake to pay \$100 a month for the next sixteen years, they're going to tell on me."

Comparing their cases, both men were astounded to discover that they were both allegedly the father of the same child and that each was being hounded by the same person.

AGREE ON SILENCE

Indignant, they first decided to prosecute. Mature consideration of the scheme and a conference with a lawyer decided them to change their minds.

"Do you want your wives to know all about it?" pointedly inquired the lawyer.

They did not.

Then, by a general agreement, the case was allowed to close. The near-victims promised not to take any further action and the agent similarly agreed to withdraw the two claims.

One of the clever little stories which recently gained considerable circulation was the coup achieved by the syndicate in collecting a considerable lump sum of money and arranging for monthly pay-

MR. WISEMAN

A WISE MAN

WISEMAN is a good name, a name connoting deep and far-seeing wisdom. There were, for instance, the three wise men who came down from the east, not to mention the three wise men whose silhouetted forms appear of the bottles of a famous brand of mineral water. Then there is Wiseman of Montreal, who made a slip, repented his sins and again became one of the wise.

Mr. Wiseman is not of the east. He operates a sartorial parlor on Bleury street where for a small fee he trims all and sundry of their superfluous hirsute appendage, lops off their extra locks, massages their care-worn features and greases their hair. Mr. Wiseman, in other words, is a barber.

WISEMAN NOT SO WISE

Not so long ago Mr. Wiseman made a slip. He declared war on the barbers' union, and barred union men from his shop. The union, naturally, boycotted Mr. Wiseman and pleaded with the public not to patronise this non-union shop. And they won.

They won because Mr. Wiseman remembered his name and reverted to it. Deciding that the path of sartorial wisdom lay along a different route than the one he then followed like a wise man he changed his course, patched up his troubles with the union, installed union men and now is so happily reunited that the union urges all and sundry to patronise Mr. Wiseman's shop once more.

"Not once nor twice in our rough island's story, the path of wisdom was the way to glory."

Character Shown by Shape of Mouth ; Emotions Reflected in Changing Lines

Do you know that the mouth is the most telltale feature in your face? Do you know that to a person trained in psychology and in expression, the mouth is an indication of character? It is said to be the most sensitive feature and the one most easily affected and changed by both mental and physical reactions. Its expression is influenced by thoughts and actions.

In repose the mouth is a surer indication of character, but almost invariably certain qualities and tendencies are revealed by the movement of the lips. It is claimed that the mouth is coarsened by the action of the emotional side of life, but takes on more compressed, definite lines if the mental side is stronger than the physical.

Mouths vary perhaps more than any other feature and are an almost unfailing revelation of certain traits of character. A mouth that is contracted with the corners drawn inward, in the majority of cases indicates a person conservative to a degree and inclined to be somewhat self centered, not caring for many

people but intensely loyal to friends. Full, moist lips slightly protruding and of a deep healthy color are a sign of a nature impracticable, sensitive, generous and optimistic, but rather high strung temperamentally and somewhat lacking in self control. The mouth whose lips become dry crack easily and has a wavy, irregular line is frequently discovered to belong to a person with an irritable disposition and ill temper which tends to have a direct influence physically.

Suspicion and secretiveness are denoted by a mouth which slants to either side and has lips tightly drawn. Intolerance, arrogance and other traits similar in character have as a result of long study come to be associated with a mouth where the lower lip protrudes.

A mouth may not be an infallible guide to character, but that its shape, form and expression are influenced by thoughts, emotions and actions is readily acknowledged by those who have made a study of this most sensitive feature.

What If Children Demanded Rights ?

In this age of prodigies we may expect one of these days a young radical to gather some of his comrades together and form what he might call a League for the Betterment of the Conditions of the Abused Child and demand certain changes in society something on this order:

- 1—Children shall be dry cleaned instead of washed.
- 2—Clean white collars polished shoes and combed hair shall no longer be tolerated.
- 3—The hour for bed shall be 10 o'clock.
- 4—Pie shall be served at each meal; a second portion tot be given when requested.
- 5—For each errand run a fee of 10 cents shall be charged.
- 6—Sulphur and molasses, castor oil and such shall not be given to any child younger than 16.
- 7—School shall be in session only on Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

8—Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday shall be days to play and for the movies, each movie show to be followed by a visit to the ice cream parlor.

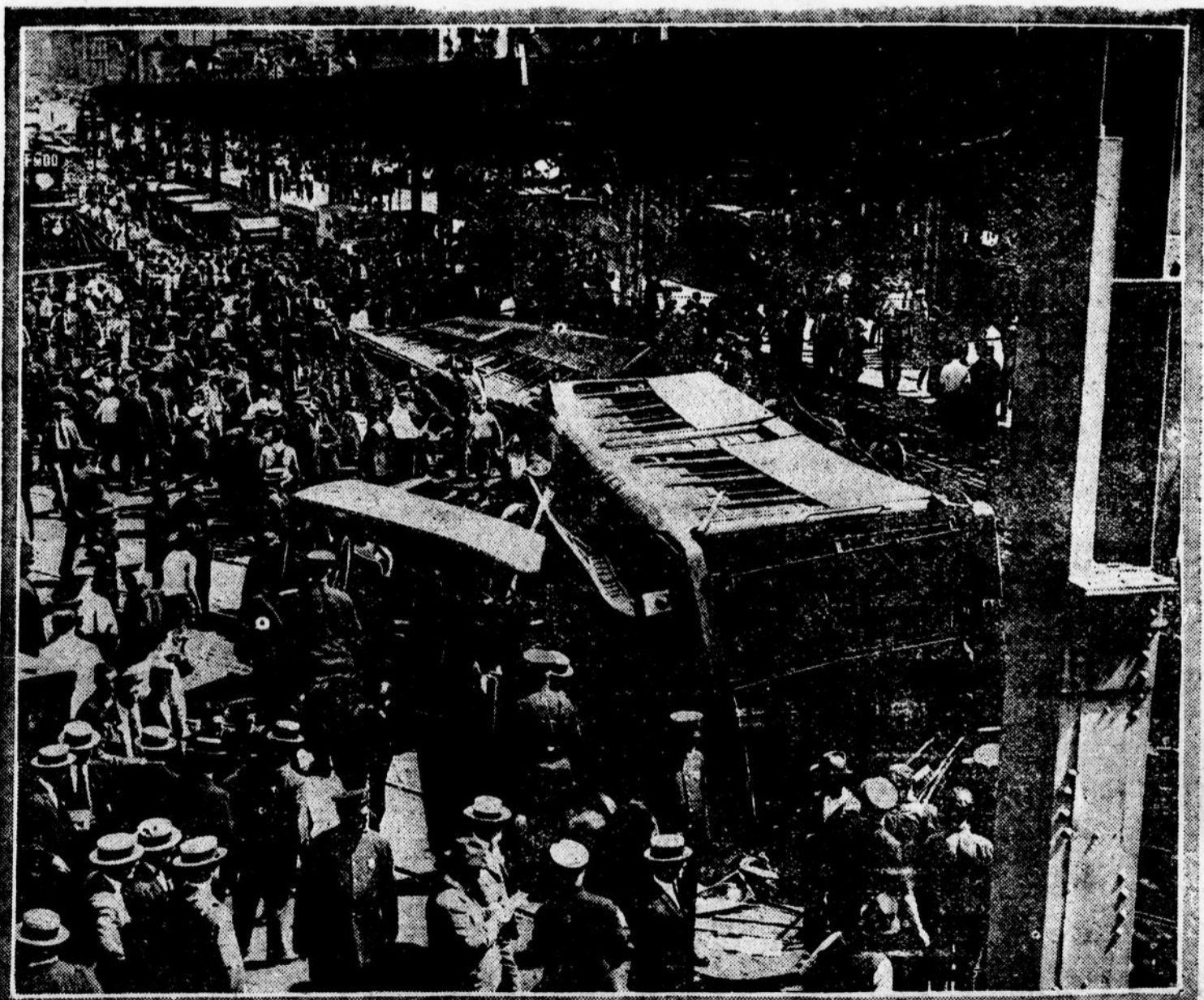
9—No home work shall be given.

10—Chewing gum shall be permitted in the schools.

Business at Keith's Palace Theatre, New York, the foremost vaudeville house of the continent, has increased 25 p. c. over the business done at this period of the season last year. The summer business always drops a little, even at the Palace, but the decrease in patronage this summer is hardly noticeable at the key theatre of the Keith Circuit.

The Palace Theatre stands in a class by itself as a money maker. An average weekly business of around \$26,000 is done, year in and year out. The net profits are said to be over \$500,000 a year. It would be interesting to know how the year's business at The Princess here compares with the record of the "parent" theatre over the border.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION FOLLOW FIFTY FOOT PLUNGE OF BROOKLYN "L" TRAIN.



At least ten persons were killed and twenty-five seriously injured when a two car train of the Brooklyn Fifth Avenue Elevated line plunged into the street at the corner of Flatbush and Atlantic avenues, near the heart of Brooklyn's business district. As soon as the train jumped the tracks a sheet of blue flame shot into the air and the two cars took fire. The train was bound from Bay Ridge to New York city when without warning the trucks of the first car jumped the tracks, both cars going over the structure into the street, fifty feet below.

WOMAN'S PAGE

Exquisitely Feminine, These Negligees Appeal to Women Who Have Leisure and an Appreciation of the Artistic



The bride includes in her trousseau the elaborate negligee of rose georgette with cape effect of lace in new shade of yellow with gold surface effect at left. Printed voile over lemon silk foundation makes a dainty house gown. The ribbon shades from yellow to orange.

**Mode Is Built
Around Smart
3-Piece Suit**

According to late news, three piece suits, around which the mode for the street is built, are more versatile than ever before. There are the favored dress and coat model and the skirt, blouse and coat costume of equal importance. The length of the coat is varied in three ways, and every way produces a slightly different though in the main a straight silhouette. There are three points, however, on which all three piece suits are adamant. Skirts must be from eight to ten inches from the floor. Whether pleated, or tiered, or plain, they must always give an effect of slenderness. And every back must be as flat as it is possible to make it.

The coat which is seen the oftenest because it is the most generally practical and becoming, is the short, straight model. Sometimes this coat is belted; generally it isn't; often it ties with a sash at a point below the waist. The normal line is returning cautiously, but rather by means of suggestion in the way of ornament than by actual placing of the line.

Fashion Fancies

The new printed silks show large, rather conventional patterns, many adapted from the Persian.

Hand embroidered organdie is used for frocks which have tight waist and long wide skirts. These are worn over slips of colored taffeta.

The vogue for sleeveless dresses makes bracelets almost essential and a new fad in Paris is the wearing of flexible snake bracelets either of gold or silver.

The summer girl of 1923 wears an evening wrap of taffeta in lovely changeable effect. At the bottom this is finished with three flat scalloped flounces.

White with touches of red, yellow or bright green is much in vogue, especially for sport clothes.

Travel coats of bold-striped woolen or stunning knitted fabrics are colored with fur. Red fox civet cat are frequently used.



**ONE OF THE SEASON'S
SMARTEST FASHIONS**

435. Here is a charming model, with costume blouse and two piece flare skirt. The neck is finished with the popular "kerchief" collar. The sleeve may be finished with a wrist length "peasant" portion, or in the newest "short" length. As here shown orange color canton crepe was used, with band of black crepe embroidered in orange floss. This is a good model for linen and pongee. The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 6 1-2 yards of 36 inch material for the dress with long sleeve and the blouse in full length. In shorter sleeve and blouse length the dress will require 5 1-4 yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 1-4 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps. Address all orders to Mary Kirkland, The Axe, 20 St. James St., Montreal.

THE TROUBLE DOCTOR

Conducted by Mary Kirkland.

GOLD TEETH AND BEAUTY.

Dear Miss Kirkland,
Do you think gold teeth make a girl more attractive to men? My front teeth are somewhat decayed and I intend having them extracted and new ones set in. Should I have gold or porcelain?

FLORENCE.
Florence:—I do not think there is any question. Gold teeth do not appeal to me as conducive to attractiveness.

MARY KIRKLAND.

YOUR MAN'S DUTY.

Dear Miss Kirkland,
Is it proper for a girl of eighteen to meet a gentleman friend by appointment at a dance hall? I live at the extreme east end of the city and my friend lives in V.... Mother says he should call for me just the same. Should he?

MARIE.

Marie:—If your friend has any sense of chivalry at all there can be no need of an answer to your question, for he would call for you and escort you to your home as a matter of course. Sometimes, of course, if a girl's fiancé is detained by business appointments he may arrange to meet her so that their evening is not spent in the cars, but as a general rule the man should call.

MARY KIRKLAND.

CONSULT A LAWYER.

Mamie S.:—Yes you may prosecute him. Better consult a reputable lawyer.

SEVENTEEN AND NINETEEN

Dear Miss Kirkland,
I am a young lady of seventeen and have been keeping company for three years with my young man, who is nineteen. He wants me to marry him right away. He earns \$22 a week in an office. Do you think that is enough to keep us? Some of my friends advise me to wait, others suggest that I keep on working after we are married. My boy friend thinks perhaps it would be best for me to keep my position for some time anyway. What should I do?

TROUBLED.

Troubled:—At seventeen and nineteen we are inclined to see life through colored glasses, which may be all for the best. It is quite possible for you to be happy on twenty two dollars a week, if true love rules your home, and it is quite possible for a woman to continue her work after marriage if necessary, though I hold the belief that home is the place and its care a wife's duty wherever it is possible. You and your boy are young. There is plenty of time.

MARY KIRKLAND.

Household Hints

It is said that a small bag of sulphur kept in places frequented by red ants will effectually drive them away.

Paper towels can be put to many uses in the kitchen. For instance they can be used instead of a cloth in drying fish and can then be burned obviating the unpleasant task of washing cloths of a fishy odor.

Women who empty the coffee grounds into the sink are really economizing on plumbers' bills it would seem. It is asserted that the coffee grounds keep the sink drain clear of grease.

Rinse the glasses with cold water before pouring in the milk and you will have less trouble in washing them.

One housewife whose cut glass sparkles attributes this result to the use of a Turkish towel. She washes the glass in soapsuds and without rinsing immediately dries it with the towel, which she admonishes must be of good quality. The towel gets into the deep cuttings better than a glass towel can and it leaves no lint.

**Eternal Feminine —
Internal Masculine**

PINEAPPLE SNOWBALLS.

Line buttered cups with a layer of hot boiled rice. Place in the centre shredded and sweetened pineapple. Cover with a layer of the rice, then steam for 40 minutes. Turn out and serve with the grated pineapple.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE

Charlotte russe is more appetizing and less sweet if flavored with sherry. This should be carefully stirred in, so as not to curdle the cream.

SUMMER DESSERT.

A good summer dessert is made by lining a pudding dish with sponge cake and filling the dish with stewed fruit. Put more sponge on the top, press till cold and coat the whole with boiled custard.

FRUIT FRENCH DRESSING.

Mix one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-third teaspoonful of paprika, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of orange juice and four tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Stir well.

In making sandwiches frequently dip the knife into hot water while spreading the butter on the thin slices of bread.

A little mint can be grown in a window-box and used for seasoning meat.

Keep a few fresh flowers in the foyer hall. They will add a note of welcome to your home.

I'll Be Here When You Come Back

Words by
SAM HOWARD

(**BUT I'LL BE WITH SOMEBODY ELSE**)

Music by
DON DAVIS and
BILL MUNRO

Tempo Fox Trot

Piano

Till ready

Voice

Hear those whistles blowing
Tut-tut Good-bye

You must be a-going
Please tell me why

Some one else you say has brought you joy and bliss —

But be-fore you go sweet heart re-mem-ber this,

Chorus

I'll be here when you come back — Honey just wait — and you'll see

You'll find me here — every night and each day

Counting the hours — that you've been a-way — Will I be sad?

Will I be blue? — Use your own judgment I'll

leave it to you — I'll be here when you come back — But

I'll be with some-body else —

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

COUNTESS AND SIR MORTIMER

(continued from page 3)

gether for it was to the southern city that his home government sent Moroni as an official of the consular service. Radical in his utterances, picturesque in habit, the count became a character in the life of New Orleans, and the new countess soon found herself lionised by the same people whose nails she had once polished.

CHICAGO AND MONTREAL.

But life in the Crescent City soon grew stale, and her husband, still infatuated and devoted of pleasing his beautiful young wife was able, by exerting his influence, to effect a transfer to Chicago. There she found her road to social recognition longer and more thorny, but there was no turning back. Reaching ever forward to grasp Society's sceptre her determination was to overcome all obstacles, that might beset her path.

Then another transfer was made and in 1913 and 1914 Countess Moroni and her husband became popular figures in the social life of Montreal, the Count joining the Italian consular service here. Disappointment met her for the first time here for she found that, while many of the city's Four Hundred were willing and happy to welcome her husband, they did not count the countess' antecedents of sufficiently high order to permit of her entering the charmed circle.

Soon, however, she blossomed forth as the leader of a smart young set which had as its rendezvous the

tea-room and parlors of the Ritz Carleton hotel. Received by first one exclusive family, then another, it was not long before she became recognised as a factor in the life of Montreal's upper ten.

ACCEPTED BY MONTREAL.

With the outbreak of war, receptions and entertainments in the cause of war work still further established Countess Moroni, whose beauty had become the shrine of more than one heart. With her husband she plunged headlong into the whirlpool of Montreal's society life, and became accepted as a charming hostess and the most beautiful of all the city's younger matrons.

Here it was that she met Roswell Colt, son of Colonel Samuel Pomeroy Colt, of the Colt Revolver Works, and President of the United States Rubber Company. Colt, Junior, at that time was living in Montreal, where he was in the employ of the Dominion Rubber Company, a subsidiary of his father's U. S. Rubber concern.

The beautiful countess and young Colt soon became close friends, Count, Countess and Colt appearing together at many brilliant functions. Everywhere Rosewell Colt and the Countess were together, though she had many other friends and admirers amongst the male members of Montreal's high-society set.

A FRISKY YOUNG COLT.

Roswell Colt had a lurid career in Montreal, where he was known as "Bunny" Colt, earning for himself a tremendous reputation as a "high flyer." On one occasion in the depth of winter, he left his motor car standing outside a leading hotel for several days, apparently forgetful of its existence, so that before he discovered the whereabouts of his expensive machine it was covered from hubs to hood in snow. On

discovering it again he is said to have remarked "Huh! I shouldn't have left you there, ole dear. I thought I was in Providence, I guess."

Big spender, high liver, gallant among the ladies, "Bunny" Colt is still remembered by many in Montreal for the up-to-date illustration he provided for those who would waste their substance on riotous living.

MET COLT SENIOR HERE.

During the stay of "Bunny" Colt in Montreal, in the glorious days of their friendship, Countess Moroni took another step which carried her still further on the highway to social conquests. Here it was, at the Ritz, that she made the acquaintance of Colonel Samuel Pomeroy Colt, millionaire - revolver - and-rubber-king and ruler of Rhode Island society. To meet her was to fall a victim to her exotic charm and grace, and the colonel soon became violently enamoured of her.

INSTALLED BY COLONEL

Transplanted from Montreal society she took command of the social life of Colonel Colt's Rhode Island home, where the fiery old colonel dominated the comings and goings of all. There she was installed in a house on the Colt estates, taking full command as hostess at all the Colt affairs, thereby bringing protests from many relations and close connections on the head of the colonel, who dismissed every protest with a snap of his fingers.

Rhode Island dowagers tilted up their noses, sniffed the air and declared "Never again will I visit that Colonel Colt's home; never, so long as the Countess Moroni is there!" Relatives of the family declared open war upon the colonel's charming ward, but surrender of the most captious of the countess' critics collapsed, it is said, when the millionaire issued an ultimatum

"Snub the Countess, if you will, but remember that she is my friend and the snubber gets none of my money when I am gone!"

So it was that those who came to jeer remained to cheer and the Countess became the dominant, outstanding figure of the set which is Rhode Island, the blue-bloods who flit in and about the home of the Colts.

COLT EMPLOYS MORONI

With apartments in New York—a charming dove-cote on 82nd Street—the added wonders of her social life as leader of the Colt set, social acceptant in the Canadian metropolises, admirers everywhere, life had become a victorious campaign for the manicurist who rose to be a countess. Shortly following on her adoption by the Rubber King, her aged friend decided that the time had come to do something handsome for the husband of the girl who so charmed his ageing years. The Count was impetuous, or at least did not possess sufficient money to play in the big spending top-notch Rhode Island set of which his wife had become a leader. So he went into business with Colonel Colt as his backer, and was given an appointment with the United States Rubber Company in the Orient at \$12,000.00 a year.

His wife did not accompany him to the east, but, instead plunged herself headlong into the gay life of Rhode Island. Mrs. Colt had been an invalid for years and was unable to take command of the Colonel's social duties, so that it fell to the lot of the beautiful southern girl to take her place as hostess at the many brilliant functions which took place under the aegis of her new-found guardian.

ASKS TO COME HOME

Despite the fact that he was drawing a princely salary, Count

Moroni did not take kindly to his commercial appointment in the Orient, and often wrote pleading letters to Col. Colt asking for a post where he could be near his wife. But Col. Colt, with that shrewdness and foresight characteristic of the well-grounded business man, realized the value of the training Count Moroni was receiving, and bade him be patient in his exile.

Countess Moroni also, it is said, received many appeals from her husband asking that she use her influence to bring him back to the United States so they could be together.

COLONEL COLT DIES

It was during this era of the Countess' career that Colonel Colt died. When his will was probated in the courts it was discovered that a legacy of fifty thousand dollars had been left to the beautiful manicurist-countess who had been his close friend in the closing years of his life, while to her husband a bequest of a thousand dollars was made.

Soon after the death of Colonel Colt and the receipt of the gift left her by his will, Countess Moroni forsook the scene of her successes and embarked on a voyage around the world visiting in the capitals of Europe where she had acquired many friends. Now she has returned to America and announced her action for divorce from the count.

"I considered my husband a great lover and a noble husband," she says, "but my opinion concerning his worth as a provider has changed. It is just a case of a woman being disillusioned in marriage."

Count Moroni, who is in Milan, Italy, has retained attorneys in Providence and New York to attend to his interests.

GIRL NAMES HER BETRAYER

MONTEAL GIRL NAMES TRAVELER AS BETRAYER; ABANDONED IN HOTEL

Rachel Robb, an expectant mother, alleges Sam Kerr is father of unborn child — Left Penniless in Ste. Ursule Hotel in Quebec.

This is the story of a foolish but soulful girl from the Maritime Provinces. The two characters in this little drama of love are:—

RACHEL ROBB, Stenographer, and **SAM KERR**, Travelling Salesman. They met in Moncton, N.B. The dissolute bouncer persuaded the girl that he loved her. There is not much to him except a manner and the fact that he prides himself that he is a spender. The girl was a beautiful girl, though we shall not here describe her personal appearance for reasons that will be obvious.

Under promise of marriage the girl accompanied him to Newcastle, N.B., and other Eastern points, ultimately arriving at Quebec. Here they stayed at a hotel, the Ste. Ursule House, for several days. One morning Kerr arose early and left for the North Country in pursuit of his business, leaving a note for the girl to the effect he had to make a hurried trip and would be back in a few days. Three or four days later she received a note from him saying he was not coming back to her and she could look out for herself.

LEFT HER MONEYLESS.

The girl had very little money. There was a hotel bill of forty five dollars which she could not pay.

Her watch had to be pawned, or sold, to get a little money and out of the proceeds she bought a ticket to Montreal. She arrived here almost penniless. How she lived is a mystery. Her story is that she was on the verge of walking the streets in order to procure the means of living, with all that the phrase, "walking the streets", connotes.

Finally, kindhearted friends helped her, secured transportation for her to her home town and she went back home, an expectant mother! Disillusioned, thinking all men rotters her faith in men shattered, her dreams of love, and happiness, and a good man's care and affection all broken on the wheel of a scoundrel's lust.

AN EXPECTANT MOTHER!

Sam, it is presumed, will continue his travellings up and down through the land, meeting other girls, playing the same game, destroying other girlish faith and trust and character, and having what he would term "a good time". But, who knows, that some day one outraged and betrayed girl may write the word, "finis", to a scoundrel's life and doing so, save many other girls from the fate of Rachel Robb? He would deserve it.

MONTREAL'S FAMOUS SHRINE



The unveiling of the statue of St. Joseph at the entrance to the famous shrine at the oratory on the slopes of Mount Royal, was attended by over twenty-five thousand people many of whom came from distant points to pay tribute to the spot built and developed by Montreal's 'Miracle Man'—Frere Andre.

THOUSANDS COME HERE IN QUEST OF MIRACULOUS CURES AT SAINT'S SHRINE

Frère André's fame heralded across entire continent — Impressive heap of crutches testify to cures — Faithful celebrate at mountain-side.

Over twenty-five thousand people many of them on crutches and in wheel chairs, paid homage at the far-famed shrine of St. Joseph, on the slopes of Mount Royal, recently. And over twenty-five thousand people, on the same occasion, mustered to pay tribute to the 'Miracle Man of Montreal'—Brother Andre.

The particular occasion was the unveiling of the statue of St. Joseph, recently placed at the entrance to the oratory, at the gates which open on to the sweeping, curved driveway leading to the stone steps of the chapel proper—a driveway along which thousands of suffering humanity have trod—to retrace their steps bearing with them the benediction and healing influence of the beloved Frere Andre.

FRERE ANDRE.

Frere Andre, quiet, unobtrusive and reticent, has, during his years of office at the shrine, interviewed and blessed tens of thousands of suffering creatures; huge piles of crutches, trusses, leg-irons and invalid chairs pay mute tribute to his powers as they repose in jumbled heaps here and there about the chapel.

The sufferers have come from every part of the world. Tags attached to the many crutches and leg-irons read, when assembled, like a world atlas.

Daily, the 'Miracle Man' receives hundreds of letters, some of them written in that round, childish hand which show that the good brother's ministrations are not confined to adults but that many of his patients are helpless youngsters.

The Shrine of St. Joseph is second only to that at Ste. Anne de Beaupre in importance. Its magnificent site, high up on the Cote des Neiges slope of the mountains, commands a view of the surrounding country and, to the north, the blue-topped hills of the Laurentians are clearly visible.

SIMPLE CREED.

Frere Andre's creed is a simple one—faith. His placid countenance and sympathetic bearing at once inspire confidence; his kindly smile and gentle hand bespeak Christianity—and he adjures each one of his patients to believe—To believe in the great power of the Biggest Brother of All.

Frere Andre has many thousands

NEWS AGENTS!

In case of any difficulty in obtaining supplies of THE AXE, please 'phone the undersigned at Main 7934, or (evenings), Rockland 631-W.

ALPHONSE MOISAN,
Business Manager, THE AXE.

BERT SAVOY KILLED BY LIGHTNING BOLT.

Bert Savoy, one of the famous vaudeville and Greenwich Village Follies stage team of Savoy and Brennan, was instantly killed at Long Beach, L.I., by a bolt of lightning. Jack C. Grossman, also well known among stage people, was killed by the same bolt.

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