THAT H.C.L. AGAIN! WIVES MORE COSTLY

Traffic in Mates Is Still Going On in Europe, Declares London Lawyer.

Startling though it may appear, wives are being bought and sold in European countries as though they were so much farmyard stock belonging to their lords and masters, says a prominent London lawyer.

Extraordinary revelations regarding the traffic in wives were made in the divorce court by Mr. Tyndale, another lawyer, recently. His statements have now been confirmed, and further astounding evidence is forthcoming as to the widespread nature of the practice.

A well-known Durham lawyer tells of a case where a coal miner, realizing he could not live with his wife any longer owing to incompatibility of temperament, decided to leave her.

Before going away he approached a young bachelor and declared, "You can have my wife. I do not require her any longer, and here is $25 to boot."

For $2.50 and a Dog.

"This expression," said the lawyer, "is invariably used and numerous cases have come to my knowledge."

There was a case of a Midland farmer who parted with his wife for $2.50 and a Newfoundland dog.

"Gentlemen," he proclaimed at the auction sale, "it is ner wish as well as mine to part forever. She has been to me a serpent. I took her for my comfort and the good of my home, but she became my tormenter."

Having dilated on her faults, he proceeded to expound her virtues. "She can read novels," he said, "and milk cows; she can laugh and weep with the same ease that you can take a glass of ale when thirsty. She can make butter and scold a maid."

A man was paid $2.75 for his wife at a public auction in Pontefract, where the minimum bids were 25 cents. Another accepted $1.25.

Prices Now Higher.

At Bedford in 1912 it was mentioned that ten years previously a wife was sold for 25 cents, while at Wigan $5 sealed a similar bargain.

The method today is slightly different. Instead of the public market place the local public house is the rendezvous, where over a glass of government ale the agreement is produced and duly signed.

Prices also are higher. From $1.25 to $500 change hands, and both men and the woman in the case go on their way rejoicing.

This bartering in better halves came to light during the hearing of a petition in which a co-respondent said he took the other man's wife because he understood there had been a "dissolution of partnership" in writing between the married couple.

Justice McCardle remarked that in bigamy cases in Manchester and other places in the north of England he had had letters handed to him showing that the husband and wife had decided to dissolve partnership, and had done so in writing.

CANADA

East and West

When Chief Poundmaker, head of the Cree Indians that were in revolt against the Dominion Government in the Northwest in 1885, decided to accept the offer of General Middleton and march his men into the British camp, he did not delay action. As a result on the 26th of May with his braves he came to the camp at Battleford for a great pow-wow. The Indians in war paint, and many of them in strange attire, ranged themselves around the camp fire in a semi-circle in front of the general. Poundmaker, a tall, fine looking brave, made a speech in which he declared he knew little of what was happening in his country, and that he should be commended for keeping his braves so well in restraint. Several subordinate chiefs spoke in the same strain.

General Middleton spoke briefly, saying that Poundmaker and four of his chiefs were under arrest, but that the rest could depart when they delivered up two Indians who had murdered two whites in a barbarous method. Two Indians at once stepped out, confessing they were the men wanted. One of the pair wore the hat of an English woman, a straw creation, with all of its attached ribbons and feathers. When the men surrendered the day was at an end, and the chief and his party were sent off at once to prison at Regina.

There were many laughable incidents in the day. One was when a squaw, very old, and more than usually dirty, came forward and wanted to make a speech to the general. She was told that, like the Indians themselves, the whites did not admit women to their counsels. "But," was her quick retort, "the white people are ruled by a woman." And General Middleton and all his officers laughed heartily at the quick retort.

CHAINS ON REAR WHEELS.

You often see cars ambling along the wet pavements on a rainy day with a tire chain on only one of the rear wheels. While it is true that by insuring good traction for one of the rear wheels the chances are that the car will be able to move over even the slipperiest places, still it is a bad practice to use but one chain, because you are thereby imposing too great a strain on the differential. By working it overtime in this fashion undue wear is the result, and no doubt many noisy axles come from just such thoughtless stunts as this. By using but one chain you gain nothing except the few minutes' extra time it would take to put on the other chain. A word to the wise is sufficient.

In France the doctor's claim on the estate of a deceased patient has precedence of all others.

Parthon's Folly

(Continued from last week.)

"You don't travel dry," says he. Billy answered "not much." He added also that the warder's employment might upon rare occasions impel him towards strong drink. The insinuation was not deemed with indignation.

"Oh," says the fellow, "there's not much doing here, that's sure."

"Don't give you much trouble?"

"Bless you. They're a lot of lambs, they are. Gentlemen all, same as you and me. They've got the milk of human kindness in 'em, every one, they higher the ratio of production. Given the speed of the earth—the sun have."

agreed. "Got an accent on, hasn't it," says he. The warder was not sure, but he had another drink just to put the matter to the proof. "Yes," he said at length, "it would be Scotch." Then he asked a question about the plane. "Had an accident or anything?"

"Petrol pipes like you and me, get a bit thirsty," said Billy, "be all right presently. I'll eat a sandwich, and then see."

He ate the sandwich and the warder ate two. The convict with the sad eyes worked upon a row of the hay while they ate, and every time he came up to the place where Billy sat he looked at him in that haunting way. "For God's sake give me a chance," the poor fellow seemed to say. Billy wished that he could, for like most of his kind, he did not care a dump about anybody's past while his country was fighting for her life. It was quite hopeless for all that.

"Well," he remarked to the warder presently, "guess I'll be moving. Give me a hand on the old girl's waist, will you. I'll start the engine up while you sit back there, and help me out with the juice. Keep your finger on that float there, and we shan't be long. You've never started up a hairyplane before, I suppose? Well, it's never too late to learn anyway—get up now and see what you can do."

The warder obeyed clumsily. He was very much interested, and this was a welcome interlude. After all, the excitements of guarding convicts who behaved like sheep were not many.

"Her won't explode, will her?" he asked. Billy was emphatic in his assurances that she would not.

"I'll just get up beside you a minute, and see if it's all right," said he. "Pitch these overalls out—they're in your way. That's right, old lad. Now hold on steady and see what happens. Up she goes—how do you like it, Bluebeard—"

"D——n you," cried the warder, "put me on the ground at once."

"Oh," says Billy cheerfully, "that's all right"—and rising high in the air, he showed the astonished official the whole cliffs of old England and the blue sea which sparkled upon the sands at their feet.

* * * * * *

In an hour they were back again.

Bluebeard was speechless by this time. He had run through the gamut of the politer blasphemies, and come down to words which no decent man should utter.

"You'll get five years for this," he said to Billy when he was on terra firma again. Billy didn't care a red cent.

"Right ho," cried he, "address Berlin, care of the old Kaiser. Don't you forget it—and if you're sending gifts, mine are Virginian—"

Bluebeard shook his fists at him, and ran away to count his flock. That was a sum in arithmetic for whose solution Billy did not wait. He was five hundred feet in the air before his red-faced friend had got half way across the meadow, and when he heard the shrill sound of the whistle come floating up on the still air, he laughed like a child. A moment after he was half serious.

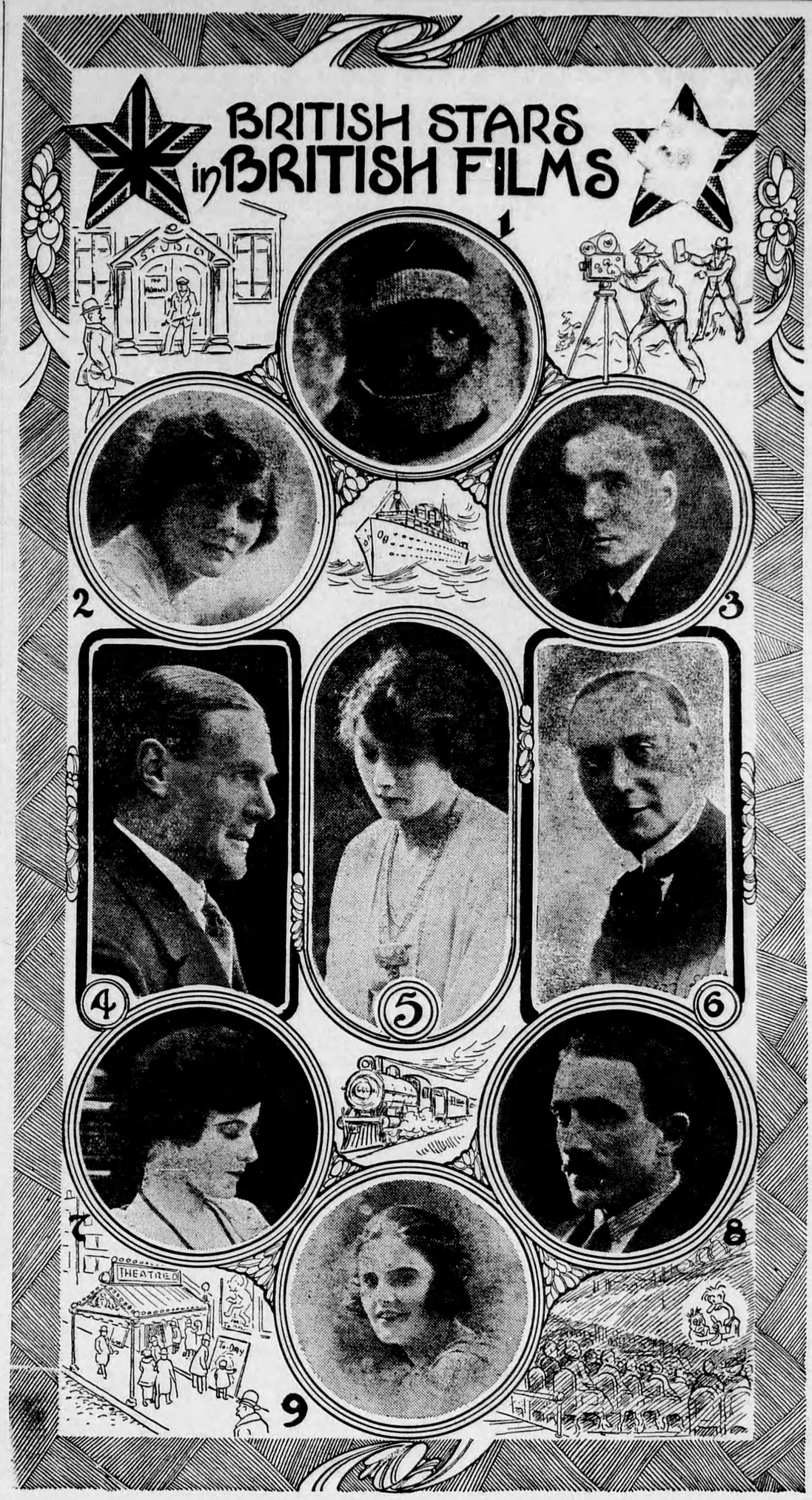
"I wonder if the poor devil did it?" he asked himself. It really was an exciting thought. He had thrown his overalls overboard; he remembered that he hadn't seen them when they landed. Now there was this whistling, and then the sound of a gunshot. A cannon boomed from the prison nearby, and a bell was tolled dismally. Billy thrilled with the joy of it. "Poor devil," he exclaimed again—"and—and—I wonder if they'll catch him. I hope they won't——"

He was speeding away in the direction of Salisbury Plain by this time, and below him was the great tangle of the New Forest. An hour's steady driving brought him to the camp, when he got his plane into the hangar and then cleaned himself. Not a word of his adventure passed to any man, and he had half forgotten it when he opened his daily paper next morning, and read of the escape of a convict from the prison of Pentmore. It was all true then. The fellow had got clean away. Billy hardly knew whether to be glad or frightened. What had he done? Anr would it prevent his killing the Germans. He was all in a cold sweat at the thought.

The convict, so the paper said, was heir to a baronetcy, and had been sentenced to three years' penal servitude for forging a relative's signature. There had been some doubt as to whether the prisoner had or had not acted innocently, and many people thought he ought not to be in prison at all. He had been engaged to Lucy Fairfield, Lord Boromore's daughter, at the time of his trial, and his was, without question, the saddest case of the year. Now he had escaped and the police of three countries were loking for him.

(To Be Continued.)

Grading of milk and cream encourages the careful dairyman to do even better, and places the manufactured products on a higher basis. Paying by quantity instead of by quality would strengthen our dairy industry.



This month will see the inauguration of a weekly presentation in Canadian Theatres of British films with British stars. The distribution of these "British Mastercraft Productions" is being arranged by Specialty Film Import, Limited, in conjunction withthe Anglo Canadian Picture Plays, Limited.

The following stars, whose pictures are shown above, will be familiar figures on Canadian Theatres' screens: 1, Queenie Thomas; 2, Chrissie White; 3, Henry Edwards; 4, Stewart Rome; 5, Alma Taylor; 6, Gregory Scott; 7, Violet Hopson; 8, Gerald Ames; 9, Poppy Wyndham.

ADVICE TO GIRLS

By Rosalind

Registered According to the Copyright Act

Dear Rosalind:—

I have been going with a young man for about a year, and we can't get along for some reason. His sister and I are great friends, but every time I go with anyone else she tells him and then he raves like I belonged to him.

He asked me to kiss him once, and I refused. I have always been glad I did so, for he says that I am the only girl he has ever gone with that he couldn't kiss, and I really do think it hurt his vanity just a little.

Please advise me just what to do.

Please print my answer in the newspaper and then I will know just what to do, for I think your advice is fine.

BIANCA.

Dear Bianca:—

There is very little happiness to be had in the rompany of jealous folks, my dear, and the sooner you make up your mind to it the better it will be for you.

I believe that real love means unselfish love, and the unselfish love is that which rejonces in every good thing that comes to its beloved. The selfish lover wants to be "dog-in-the-mangerish" and keep away everyone else from his loved one. And it is quite likely to grow worse with years my dear—be careful!

I am glad you refused the kiss—not because it hurt his vanity, but because it bears witness to the truth of what we have always claimed in this column: That a man has no respect for the girl who does not respect herself enough to keep her caresses for her fiance.

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:—

Kindly inform me if: (1) A lady or gentleman should lead the way into church. (2) Should a lady enter a gentleman's room even when he is not present? (3) Should a lady ask a gentleman, whom she has gone out with two or three times, for a lady's choice waltz? (4) Should a lady allow a gentleman to put his arm around her or kiss her when they have been going together for some time but are not engaged?

HAPPY.

In either church or theatre, the woman precedes the man down the aisle when there is an usher, but when they make their way to their seats themselves, the man goes first and then stands at the end of the seat and allows the woman to pass in front of him.

In regard to your second question, circumstances alter cases, but, as a general rule, a girl lays herself open to criticism when she goes to a man's room unless he is a relative.

The polite thing for her to do would be to ask the man who escorted her to the dance.

For your fourth answer, see answer to Bianca and then follow the advice. You will find it will prove the better way.

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:—

I have a girl friend who is going on a long trip. Her father has money and can buy her everything she wants. I would like to give her some little thing which she can enjoy while on the trip. What would you suggest?

If the girl has no kodak, that would probably give her more enjoyment than anything else. For a girl who has everything, there is very little one can give except a book, flowers or candy. the face of the earth. This is of employment is that of those men and nearly $1,500,000 is inconsiderable. course more spectacular in the spring

ROSALIND.

Dear Rosalind:—

Do you think that a girl 22 years of age should receive an expensive present from a boy if she does not love him?

Do you think it is proper for a girl to visit at the home of her boy friend at a house party if she knows some of the family?

BLUE EYES AND BROWN EYES.

Unless a girl loves a man and is engaged to him she should not permit him to buy her expensive presents.

It would be all right to attend the house party if the young man's mother invites you.

ROSALIND.

APPEAL OF SUMMER IN DAINTY FROCKS

What woman is there but likes summer best—well, because—oh, one's clothes look so much better—the crisp, clean freshness which all women like. If that white organdie—that voile—that georgette—has not been planned as yet—maybe these two new summer frocks in all their daintiness will help in the decision.

THE ENGLISH GIRL IN CANADA

Does She Succeed in Social Life?

BY A. BEVERLEY BAXTER, in the London Express.

In a recent interview with a "Daily Express" correspondent Lady Rodney gave some interesting information about life in Canada. She said, among other things, that the English girl who marries over there almost invariably succeeds in the task of home-building.

As I have lived most of my life in the Dominion, and was there three months ago on a visit, I feel that the question is one that can hardly be handled in a generalization.

In the first place, life in Canada differs tremendously with the locality. In the eastern provinces a mother rears her baby on infant food and politics (hence Sir Robert Borden, Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Hamar Greenwood, and many others). In Montreal there is a real cosmopolitanism. A true Montrealer, no matter how well he behaves, always likes to think he has a nice instinct for indiscretion.

Ottawa is pretty and suty; snobbery flourishes, and the social columns of the newspapers would delight the hearts of the most inveterate sycophants in England. Toronto is charming, but, being overwhelmingly Methodist in creed, a Torontonian always feels that no matter what he is doing he should be doing something else—an uncomfortable city for any one who does not take life seriously.

And so on to the Last Great West.

I am going to pass over the question of English girls on the farm or ranch where courage and faithfulness are the great necessities, and consider instead the important superficialities of social life in the cites.

In that sphere how does the visitor compare with the native-born girl?

GENIUS FOR DRESS.

As far as beauty is concerned, the honors probably go to the English girl. Her complexion and hair are historic, but in animation and the art of dress the Canadian damsel rivals the Parisienne. She has more than a flair for dress—she has genius /

What, then, of the social arts? In conversation, the English girl will charm with her voice (except when she says "topping" or "ripping"), but she must be careful that her rival does not penetrate her guard with quickness of wit. Thins move faster over there. The extremes of climate, the buoyancy of the New World, the lack of precedent, the pressure of business competition are all reflected in the virility of ordinary social intercourse.

There is not so much "thought-suicide" in Canada as over here.

As the builder of a home the Canadian girl expects more responsibility than is the case in England. The resident school is very rare, so that the sons and daughters in almost all cases live with their parents throughout their schooling.

I am not sure whether the English girl brings the same idealism to the task, the determination that a home must be a workhouse for the creation of character. Show me a successful Canadian and I will show you a successful home.

Perhaps I am biased, but I believe that Canadian life holds the germs of a great workable democracy. Although it has many faults (and far too often a Canadian is as provincial as a Londoner), there is no hereditary lower class in the Dominion. Canada is essentially a favorite of the future.

The English girl need not feel herself an exotic over there. Life is interpreted a little differently, but it still remains life, and beneath her white cloak Our Lady of the Snows has a heart.

Editor's Note.—What do our Ontario men and women think of the above article? We would be glad to receive letters on the subject for publication in these columns.

EIGHT HUNDRED GOWNS IN WOMAN'S WARDROBE

Clothing of Late Princess Lobanoff Sold at Auction.

Inventory of the personalty of the late Princess Lobanoff shows she was probably the world's greatest hoarder of fine clothes.

Her evening dresses numbered 500. She had 300 tea gowns. She had tens of dozens of every article of underwear, never worn, never unpinned or unfolded, with the tissue paper just as the work girls had packed them.

Rich brocades, heavy silks, fine linen, rare old laces, embroideries that must have been the work of months—all were bought wholesale. But for the war her rich clothing might have been sold for a song, but now such material cannot be bought in the shops.

This wardrobe was sold recently by auction, when Paris dealers bid against each other for her lingerie, $1,000 to $2,000 for each lot of six pairs of knickers; more for each lot of eighteen chemises of pure linen. Parisiennes were eager, too, to sleep in the Princess' sheets and one bundle of five was knocked down for $500.

To prevent over-sleeping, and thus risking the loss of their employment, the mail-carriers of Morocco resort to a unique and perilous scheme. They tie a string to one foot, and, as they know how long a yard or two will burn, they regulate the length of the string by the time they have to sleep. They light the string, which burns slowly; and, when the fire comes to their foot, they are painfully reminded that it is time to rise.