The Use Of The Telegraph

Conscious of the benefits to be derived from the use of the telegraph, Canadians are more and more each year using this service in sending social messages, greetings, congratulations and business communications, Canadian National Telegraph officials declare. Of particular interest is the money transfer service by which money payments may be made at once by wire in any town or city the money being collected by the telegraph company at one end and paid out at the other on the receipt of wired advice.

In this forward stride in the field of telegraphy, the Canadian National Telegraphs have taken a leading part. The carrier current system of telegraphy, which has multiplied many times the physical capacity of existing wires, is now generally in use throughout the System. Today, in Canada alone, the Canadian National Telegraphs operate no less than 164,795 miles of physical wire and 2,094 offices.

Through Western Union, the Canadian National Telegraphs provide a direct exclusive domestic service to any part of the United States or Mexico; by virtue of an agreement with the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, the same service is carried by cable to the farthest ends of the earth. Even ships at sea may be reached by telegraph through a working arrangement with the coastal wireless of the continent.

Various types of messages are available to the business community. Rush messages are sent immediately on receipt and take precedence over all others. "Day letters" for transmission and delivery before 6 p.m., are handled after all rush messages have been dispatched and are considerably cheaper still; these are transmitted during the night and are delivered to their destination on the morning of the first working day after filing. Cheap rates are also available for shorter messages sent under similar conditions.

Ten Minutes' Notice

South African Ladies Become Hostesses to Prince George

It must always be an important event to entertain certain members of the royal family—and there are few commoners who claim this honor. But what if one had only ten minutes' notice of the visit. Perfect indeed must be the house where the hostess remains complacent and unruffled on such an occasion.

During his recently completed South African tour Prince George paid one such visit. Imagine the excitement in a little township tucked away amongst the high and rocck hills, flags flying, decorations gleaming in the sunlight. The weather was hot, and the morning garden party in the shady Botanic gardens passed off pleasantly. Among the guests were two charming old ladies who little thought as they met the pleasant smile and hearty handshake of the Prince, how soon they were to make his closer asquaintance.

ON A SOUTH AFRICAN FARM

At the luncheon which followed he expressed a desire to see a real South African farm, and arrangements were promptly made. At ten minutes minutes' notice these dear old ladies, sisters of eighty years of age—welcomed him with true colonial hospitality to their Old World home. The farmhouse itself is the most fascinating place—a long, low timbered house with peaked gables like many an old English home, but with the wide verandahs or stoops, typical of South Africa, giving delicious "coolth." It has belonged to the family for over a hundred years.

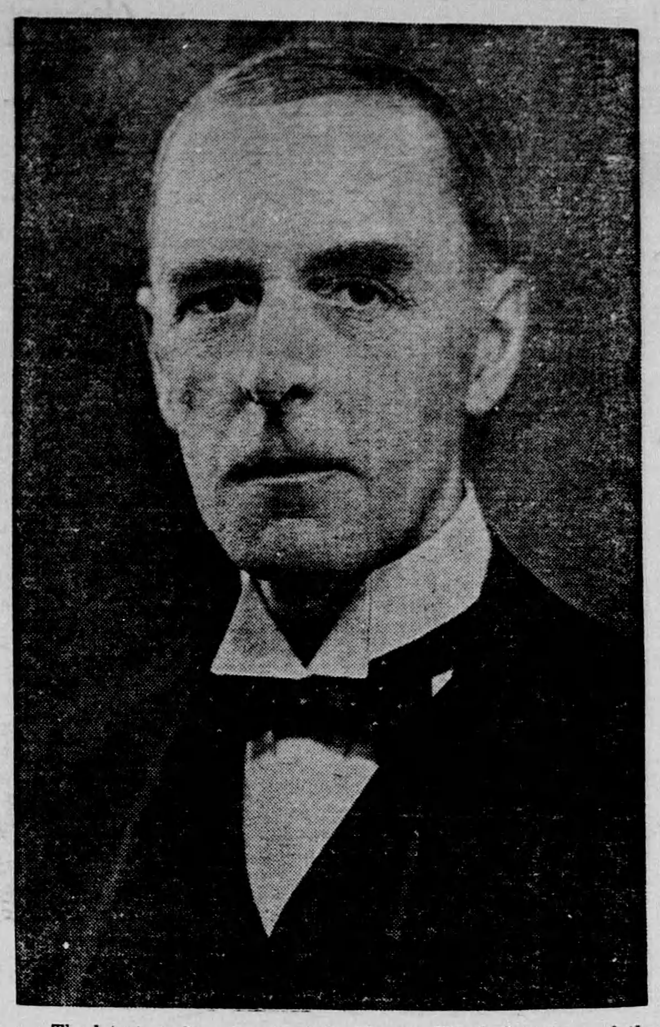
The Prince was keenly interested in everything, even the poultry and the Jersey cows With the true courtesy which puts others at ease, he made himself quite at home and joined in the family tea at the round table. To go through with a continual round of public engagements in spite of the heat required some fortitude and the little informal visit with its friendly relaxation must have come as a pleasant interlude in that busy day.

In that little town now both white and dusky subjects idealise their princely visitor. All he did and said, and even what he wore is eagerly recalled. 'A light grey flannel suit with double-breasted jacket, blue shirt and black tie," will no doubt be all the vogue there this summer, and the young men will endeavor to reproduce the style and his smile, which so charmed everybody.

STOPS ITCHING
In One Minute
D. D. D. Prescription Speeds Relief

For quick relief from the itching of pimples, mosquito or other insect bites, eczema, rashes and other skin eruptions, apply Dr. Dennis' pure, cooling, liquid, antiseptic D. D. D. Prescription. Forty years' world-wide success. Penetrates the skin, soothing and healing the inflamed tissues. No fuss—no muss. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries up almost immediately. Try D. D. D. Prescription. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at any drug store, is guaranteed to prove it—or money back. D. D. D. is made by the owners of ITALIAN BALM.

NEW COMMISSIONER TO CANADA



The latest studio portrait of Sir Francis Floud, Secretary of the Ministry of Labor and Fisheries, and chairman of the Board of Customs and Excise, who has been appointed High Commissioner in Canada for His Majesty's Government in succession to Sir William Henry Clark. He will come to Canada about the end of the year.

Most Perfect Hotel in England Costs Its Owner $70,000 a Year

Has Capacity for Only 50 Guests — Lovely Modern Hostelry in Town of Lincoln Provides an Expensive Hobby

London.—In a side street of the quiet old agricultural town of Lincoln I have seen in the making one of the most extraordinary establishments in Britain.

Here, far from the main stream of commerce, a man is building a luxury hotel—an hotel such as only a few capitals of Europe could parallel for elegance.

It goes without saying that the hotel has never paid. Its owner runs it as a hobby—a costly hobby.

It can sleep only 45 to 50 people. But the owner has determined that these few guests in this unlikely place shall have perfection.

Sinclair Lewis has written a novel of a man who strove all his life to create The Perfect Inn.

Mr. H. H. Leven, of Lincoln, is his real-life counterpart.

£70,000 In Five Years.

Mr. Leven acquired the White Hart of Lincoln in 1919. He had never had anything to do with hotels before.

The White Hart was then a comfortable, old-fashioned typical county town hotel in the shadow of Lincoln Cathedral.

Five years ago he determined that he could create in the middle of the Fens an hotel which should be the equal of the palatial establishments of his fellow-members of the executive of the Hotels and Restaurants Association of Great Britain.

There was no question of him seeing his money come back.

In those five years he has lavished on this small 50-guest hotel a total of £70,000.

He has worked day and night but never once has the hotel shown a profit.

Some years the running losses have been as much as £1,000.

But still he went on planning, progressing.

He completed the new dining room a few days ago.

To say that this room cost £7,000—as it did—is only to give a vague idea of its magnificence.

Mooing Cows.

The beautiful gold-and-floral carpet was designed by Mr. Leven himself. It cost £400. It was woven to his orders.

The windows are hung with rich velvet. Above is a great recessed ceiling panel lined with pure silver leaf, from which concealed lighting pours.

The richly tapestried chairs are of woods enamelled in four bright colors—red, blue, yellow and green.

The effect is breath-taking as you walk in from a quiet back street.

At night, with the chromium and green table lamps lighting up the heavy silver, it is a glittering spectacle such as you might see in London, Paris or New York.

And amid these metropolitan splendors of the Lincoln White Hart you can hear the cows mooing in the market below.

When Mr. Leven started he tore the place inside out to put in central heating, and spent thousands on improving the drains.

He motored hundreds of miles over England visiting sales at old mansions to secure pieces of furniture. He spent thousands in this way, putting the spoils, not in his home, but in the sumptuous rooms of his hotel.

He determined to have a fitting entrance. He designed and had specially cast a massive door canopy in solid lead.

It is embellished with representations of the cathedral.

Over it is a leaden figure of a hart. That canopy cost £500.

He remodelled the bedrooms, designing every one himself. He made every one different.

When he has completed his alterations each will have a bathroom — and each bathroom will be a different color.

A single bathroom attached to a bedroom has cost £30. The bath has cost £80, the pedestal washstand basin with its bevelled mirror £30.

Some existing suites have valuable period furniture, grand pianos, and ancient silk brocade curtains.

Recently Mr. Leven replaced all the linen. The cost was about a thousand pounds.

Wine Cellars.

It is all finest Irish linen. A representatives of the firm came from Ireland to discuss the arrangements.

Mr. Leven has built a laundry in the hotel so that the linen could be better washed.

He even designed a special kind of mustard-pot for the table, and special wrappers of the soap tablets supplied to guests.

He laid down in this quiet provincial town one of the finest wine cellars in the country. It is worth about £15,000.

The greatest triumph of all is the ladies' dressing room. This is being fitted now. It is only fourteen feet square—the size of a typical room in an ordinary home. On fitting up this room he is spending £700.

The walls are silver, the carpet is to be silver.

The dressing-tables will be silver with jade green toilet accessories. The chairs are to be silk covered.

Another amazing department is one of the principal private sitting rooms on the ground floor. The walls are covered with wood veneer panels arranged checquerwise.

On this, all round the room, is painted a marvellous imitation of an Italian garden.

This fragile work of art was done by an artist with water colors and white of an egg.

He labored two months on it. His fee was 300 guineas.

In compiling menus, Mr. Leven determined to have nothing but the very best of what was in season. This has often been very costly.

He has bought grouse for the usual fixed-price dinner when they were 15s. each, or Scotch salmon when it was 6s a pound.

The dinner price is 7s 6d. Some times it has cost double that.

So today the magnificent White Hart of Lincoln is still losing money.

And today, Mr. Leven, faithful to his ideal of The Perfect Inn, goes on rebuilding, improving.

Jumpy Nerves

Yield to the soothing action of this medicine. You will eat better ::: sleep better ::: feel better ::: look better. Life will seem worth living again. Don't delay any longer. Begin taking it today.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

How Do You Live In a Small Town?

The other evening a visitor to Amhertsburg asked the question, "How do you people live in a small town?" Whether he was looking for information or just being a smartie, it was hard to tell, but we suspected the latter motive. He might have been answered by another question, "How do people live in a city?" How do they live without neighborliness; how do they live in their cramped apartments where one has to step out into the hall to change his shirt or his mind; where every one is hurrying to get some place and they can't because they have to jostle their way through crowded streets. Where every one wears a harried look as though a bill collector was following on their heels trying to collect the instalment on the folding bathtub or the chiffonier-kitchen cabinet. Where you have to wait minutes before you can make a mad rush across an intersection. Where pavements get so hot and tempers get hotter. Where walls are so thin that you can hear your apartment neighbor and his wife bickering over which small town they will visit next Sunday. Where people dash into a lunch room at noon, wolf a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and then hustle back to a two by four office to swelter for the rest of the afternoon. Where the poor working girls have to spend their hard-earned shekels for make-up to make them look like rosy-cheeked small town girls.

Is it any wonder we looked askance at the city slicker when he asked "How do people live in a small town?" Humph! Why wouldn't we live in a small town? Where the merchants know at a glance whether the cheque is rubber or not. Where the way of the transgressor is hard and the cop calls you "Bill" instead of "Hey, you." Where the editor gets results if he announces that he is out of potatoes. Where the wild life that stays out all night belongs to the cat family. Where everybody isn't three months behind on the instalments. Where you can breathe air that isn't tainted with gasoline. Where a strange girl arouses the interest of all the eligible males. Where you can ride bicycles on the sidewalk. Where no two girls have the same dress. Where one passes the time o' day with everyone they meet. And where the leaders of the city world are groomed for leadership. "How do we live in a small town?" Well, I reckon we get by alright.—Amherstburg Echo.

Pithy Anecdotes of the Famous

THE REVIVED INTEREST in the so-called Indian "magic rope trick" recalls an occasion on which Field Marshall Earl Haig—better known as Sir Douglas Haig—fell a victim to it during his stay in India. The idea is to make an ordinary piece of rope stand up on its end while a boy climbs up it.

Haig was particularly keen on seeing it performed, so when one day a noted fakir turned up at a station where the famous soldier was visiting, a performance was aranged.

* * *

WHAT HAPPENED is described by Sergeant T. Secrett, Haig's soldier-servant, in his book "25 Years With Earl Haig." Haig and three brother officers were seated on cushions in a circle round the fakir. Secrett watched from a near-by window.

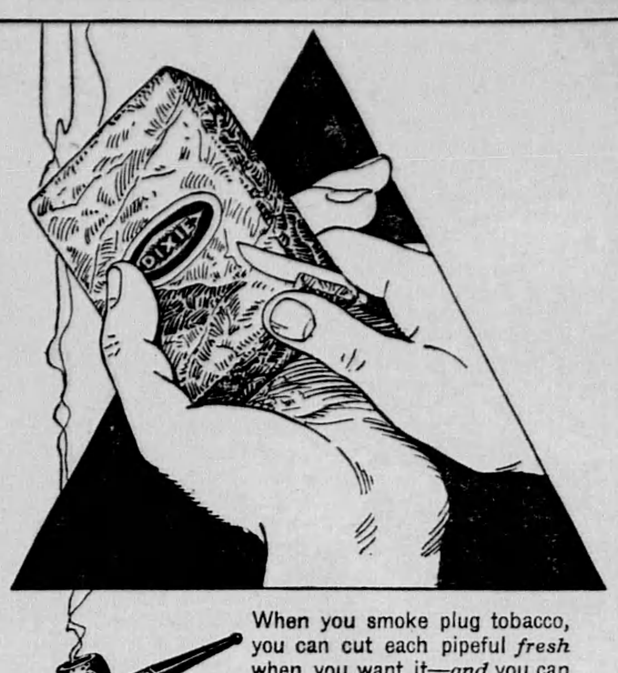
"I saw the old fakir make the round of the circle several times," he says, "then I saw him uncoil his rope. He moved once more round the circle and then, pointing upward with one hand, shot the rope in the air with the other. Haig and the others sat with their eyes turned upward.

* * *

"THEN THE boy was brought forward and the old fakir mumbled something. His audience now turned their eyes on the boy, who stood on the ground. The fakir slowly and gently moved his hand upward and the audience followed his hand with their eyes. He seemed to be giving instructions to the boy and addressing the spot where his eyes rested — ever upward. Then the whole thing dawned on me. He had mesmerized his audience. I went out at once!

"'The boy is still on the ground, sir,' I called, 'and the rope fell the moment he threw it up!'"

The spell was broken (adds Secrett), but it was a long time before Haig would really believe that his eyes had deceived him.



When you smoke plug tobacco, you can cut each pipeful *fresh* when you want it—*and* you can cut it any way you like, coarse or flaky. Plug tobacco is economical, too, for it lasts longer in your pipe.

DIXIE
PLUG SMOKING TOBACCO

MIDGETS

IT HAS BEEN reliably estimated that there are about 2,000 midgets in existence—one child in every million born is destined for midgethood, say the authors (Walter Bodin and Burnet Hershey) of "It's A Small World: All About Midgets"—a perfect title, isn't it. A midget, by the way, is defined as a man or woman, correctly proportioned, less than 4 feet 6 inches in height. The smallest adult on record was Pauline Musters, a native of Holland, who at the time of her death, at 22, had reached the height of 1 foot 7 inches.

* * *

MIDGETS have a history of their own and it is an honorable one. To quote Messrs. Bodin and Hershey:

Nebuchadnezzar was known as "the dwarf of Babylon."

Tradition says Aesop was a midget.

Croesus, wise and wealthy King of Lydia in the 5th Century B.C. (traditionally considered the wealthiest man who ever lived), wrote of himself that he was a midget.

Cicero had a 3-foot rival. This was C. Lucinium Calvus a Roman gentleman who challenged the polished Cicero's superiority as an orator.

Attila the Hun was a dwarf, if not an actual midget.

* * *

COMING to more modern times, the two most important midgets of the 17th Century were Sir Jeffry Hudson, a courtier, Captain in His Majesty's Army, and a Knight of his Lord, the King (Charles I., of England); and his friend Richard Gibson, a famous English painter, some of whose pictures hang today in Hampton Court Palace. Sir Jeffery, "when booted and spurred stood 3 feet 9 inches," and is the only midget knight in history. Gibson was 3 feet 10 inches, "and it was in keeping that his specialty should have been painting in miniature. He painted most of the important men of his day and has left us several excellent miniatures of Cromwell."

BIG BEN

A FEW YEARS ago when Big Ben —London's famous clock—was wound up by hand, the job of winding occupied the full working day of two men, says Mrs. M. V. Hughes (in delightful book "London At Home.") Big Ben, by the way, is not the clock but the big bell that does the striking. The name Ben is from Sir Benjamin Hall, who was Commissioner of Works when the clock was put up.

* * *

Apropos the Cockney's frequent misplacing of the aspirate, Lewis Melville tells this one:

At the London Zoological Gardens the following was overheard:

Child: 'That's a heagle, muvver."

Mother: "You hignorant child, that's a howl."

Keeper: "Execuse me, Misses, but you're both wrong, it's a nawk."

Your Liver's Making You Feel Out of Sorts
Wake up your Liver Bile —No Calomel Needed

When you feel blue, depressed, sour on the world, that's your liver which isn't pouring its daily two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels.

Digestion and elimination are being slowed up, food is accumulating and decaying inside you and making you feel wretched.

Mere bowel-movers like salts, oil, mineral water, laxative candy or chewing gum, or roughage, don't go far enough.

You need a liver stimulant. Carter's Little Liver Pills is the best one. Safe. Purely vegetable. Sure. Ask for them by name. Refuse substitutes. 25c at all druggists. 52

Rocket Air Mail Makes Trial Trip In Great Britain

SPECIAL STAMPS ISSUED FOR MILE TRIP OF 1,000 LETTERS

Rottingdean, England.—In the cold of the early morning several excited men met high up on the downs here recently; the leader spoke a few words; a space was cleared; suddenly there was an explosion—Britain's first mail rocket tore into space.

Although the attachment of rockets as a means of propulsion to bicycles and airplanes has previously met with only scant success, all the 1,000 letters in the rocket mail reached their addresses safe and sound, although probably a little later than if they had been taken round the corner and dropped in the letter box to be sent by railway.

For, although special stamps were issued, a set of which were sent to King George by the inventor of the rocket used, this first mail was only a trial. The letters were shut in the rocket, fired for about a mile, then taken out of the rocket again and posted in Brighton.

All the same, Herr Gerhard Zucker, the rocket's inventor, has declared that before long he hopes to have a regular rocket mail service in operation across the English Channel, taking about a minute instead of the two hours by boat. Before attempting this, however, it is said that Herr Zucker is preparing to operate a rocket mail service between the Isle of Wight and the mainland.

The way in which letters inclosed in a steel cylinder rocket will hurtle through the air at about 500 miles an hour, and drop gently to earth by means of an automatically released parachute at a rocket-mail sorting station, was envisaged by Herr Zucker's exhibit at the Aero Postal Exhibition at Horticultural Hall, London, recently.

Experimental flights in Austria and Germany have already been made for which postage stamps were issued. These stamps were among the most popular exhibits.

NO MERCY FROM VULCAN

Eganville Leader: Misfortune pursues Purchille St. Louis of Perrault. Last summer he had his home destroyed by fire, and only the other day—on Sunday when winds were high—sparks from a burning stump on his farm reached his outbuildings with the result his fine new barn, a new fourspan stable and other buildings went up in flames. A cookhouse and granary were saved Mr. St. Louis had not rebuilt his dwelling house which was burned last year but has been gathering the material for one.

Puppies For Sale
Newfoundland puppies pure bred from registered stock for sale, priced reasonable. Box 26, Campbellford, Ontario.

Are You Sluggish?
To Throw Off Energy-Stealing Impurities, enjoy a glass or two each week of
Energizing, Effervescent
ANDREWS LIVER SALT
In TINS—35c and 60c
NEW, LARGE BOTTLE, 75c 34