

## Airship Building Abandoned In England, Factory is Closed

London.—Whatever the outcome of the inquiry into the disaster to the giant airship R-101, Britain will not build any more airships for a long time to come.

The Howden airship station where the Airships Guarantee Company built the R-100, a visitor to Canada in August, is closing down at the end of

November. Sir Dennistoun Burney, head of the company, explained the station was closing because the company had no orders for building and he had no idea when, if ever, it would be re-opened.

The R-100 is at present laid up and proposed alterations and enlargements have been indefinitely postponed.

## Plot and Counter-Plot

He Wanted to Help Her—and This Was the Only Way.

By Margaret Munro

Derek Peterson tore up the fourth sheet of paper and stared moodily out of the window. To-day the idea for which he was groping would not come, and all he had to show for two hours of concentrated thought was the torn fragments in his wastepaper-basket.

It was exasperating. The editor of the "Majestic Magazine" had asked him for a sentimental story. The price would be good. And here he was, looking out from his third floor back room across a vista of Chelsea chimney-pots, trying in vain to get inspiration from the smoke.

What made it worse was that he was feeling romantic. And the romance had begun at that very window. For exactly opposite—less than fifteen yards away—was another window. And behind that window there lived a girl. He had first noticed her two months before—a slim, golden-haired child, trying sausages over a gas-ring.

At twelve o'clock on a weekday morning there came the only explanation. There was a business girl living in one back room close such a thing at such an hour—she must be unemployed.

That fact had aroused his interest. It seemed so unfair that a slip of girl like that should have to elbow and push her way through the crowds of other luckless ones in search of a job.

He had watched. The following week he saw her again. But the meal was bread and cheese that time. A fortnight later she still pattered round her room when she might have been working if Fortune had been kinder.

One morning Peterson sat near to her in the little restaurant round the corner. She had a three-course lunch for 50c. She saw that her eyes were blue like the sky, he wrote about in his stories. And he hoped that even that modest meal meant that the tide of luck had changed. But apparently not. She still seemed to live half that day in the little room opposite his window—reading the newspapers, or more likely, looking through the advertisement columns in search of a job.

He would have spoken to her, but there was a pound sign to her chin that warned him against such a course. If time were laid, that chin seemed to be saying, "The world shall never know."

Perhaps because he was a writer of stories, with a vivid imagination, Derek Peterson found the occupant of the third floor back at No. 17, Nevins Crescent, she had checked the number of the house by counting the backs from the beginning of the road—occupying more of his thoughts than he had ever given to a girl before.

When he first noticed this he tried to forget her, but the two blue eyes and the chin that he had seen in the time of her only one as he had in the past, and in those quarters in the restaurant kept coming between him and the paper on which he wrote.

He moved across the backyards again. Perhaps there was a plot in that fact. If he could invent a really convincing excuse for calling on her, he could see her in the next few days. He began to write, hoping that the plot would unfold. But before many lines had been set down on paper he had stopped and was staring out of the window again. For something was happening in the third floor back at No. 17, Nevins Crescent.

The girl had come in, perhaps to look her hair. She had her hat and coat on. Why then was the man who seemed to favor her so fragrant, pressing like some ogre.

And the man was threatening her. He was walking up and down the room—two steps in each direction. And every time he turned he would stop and rave at her. Peterson could not hear anything that was said, of course, but he could see his gestures. He saw, too, the proud, quiet restraint of the girl in the face of this attack.

She stood her ground—she answered back. Finally, she opened the door, and immediately disappeared from Peterson's view, with the exception of one white hand that hung limply just in his line of vision. From which he judged she had flung herself on the bed—and was crying, or past caring.

For one wild moment he thought of rushing toward to comfort her—to tell her that he loved her. It was all so clear. She had come to the end of her resources and had got into debt. The big man who bullied her was a debt collector. It mattered nothing to him that the girl had a friend in the world.

Peterson checked the impulse in time. He knew, without being told that she was too proud to accept the help of a strange man. He must devise some indirect means of helping her.

If only—And at that moment the plot came. The first two chapters showed a girl's unequal struggle in an overcrowded city. The disappearance—penny by penny—of her pathetic small savings, as she trudged the streets looking for work. Until the black day, when her landlord said "Get out!" Then came the scene he had just witnessed. The big man—the proud collector of the girl in the fact of this new blow. Her belief, even in that black hour, that her luck would change.

At that point the plot entered the realm of fiction. Across the road, overlooking his window, lived temporarily a film producer who was looking for "life." Tired of studio puppets, he had "disappeared" into London's millions to discover heart-throbs.

The beauty of the girl—her courage in the face of despair—made him crazy with delight. Here was the new star for which he was looking—the new Greta Garbo. Superb, dignified beauty. The sort that would walk to the guillotine with head held high. He raced round, interviewed the girl, and she signed a contract there and then which meant an end to pinching and scraping.

The plot was a winner. Peterson knew instinctively that, with the feeling he would put into it, it would be one of the stories of his life. Then he came to earth. How did that help the girl? For something must be done, and quickly. It wouldn't be fair to make money out of her misfortune and leave her to starve. It wouldn't do to lose the inspiration of that sad little golden-haired figure. In fact, it had lost her he felt he would never write a story again.

Why not send her, anonymously, the money that he would receive for the story? The idea appealed to him. He had drawn some money from the bank that morning. He put a sheet of paper in his typewriter and wrote "To repay you." That was all. It might have come from anyone. She would have no qualms about keeping the money if she felt that someone whom she or even her family had benefited had chosen that method of repaying generosity.

He placed \$50 and the slip of paper in an envelope, and took it round to No. 17 in the next street.

The landlady, who opened the door, seemed a motherly soul—hardly the sort to throw a kindly girl out. But you never can tell.

"Will you please give this to the young lady in your third floor back? It's a message from a friend of hers," he said.

## Prosperity Needed For World Peace

Geneva Leader Shows How International Labor Bureau Contributes

Intelligence and a reasonable standard of living were the soundest foundations of world peace, Harold B. Butler, deputy director of the International Labor Office at Geneva, told members of the Women's Canadian Club at a recent meeting in Toronto.

"Peace was brought about by civilization, and civilization by intelligence and higher standards of living," Mr. Butler contended. When the aid to civilization, prosperity, crumbled, peace was shattered.

"There is no peace without social justice," Mr. Butler said as he reviewed the reforms brought about by the International Labor Bureau at Geneva.

Similarly there is no social justice without peace, because you cannot improve standards of living and provide for the education of children, giving them the physical and mental development they require as human beings unless the world is in a prosperous condition.

"The world is not made prosperous by war. The last war almost smashed civilization and the next certainly will."

It was the duty of every citizen to give his or her support to the League of Nations, Mr. Butler contended, and urged that a keen interest be given by every country to the part played by its delegates in the international conferences.

Not "Red" Work  
The International Labor Bureau had nothing whatever to do with "Moscow," Mr. Butler explained with a smile. It was really the labor section of the League of Nations and its purpose was to improve social conditions throughout the countries it represented. It was supported by 55 Governments. Canada's contribution of \$55,000 averaging about half a cent for every citizen.

It represented Governments, employers and workers, each country sending two Government representatives, one representative for employers and one for workers to the conferences.

Among outstanding achievements of the bureau had been the abolition of child labor and women night workers. It had also brought about strict observance of a seventh day of rest in countries where Sunday was not recognized.

In 18 countries employment of children under 14 years of age was prohibited, and in India the minimum age of workers was placed at 12 since it was believed 13 years in the short or life of Indians was equal to 14 in western countries.

For the benefit of non-Christian countries where each seventh day was not observed as a day of rest, the bureau had insisted upon its becoming a holiday for workers, he pointed out. Before this legislation Japan had just two holidays a month for its working people, he said.

Coste is Decorated  
In Legion of Honor  
Paris.—Dieudonne Coste and Maurice Bellonte, home from their transatlantic flying adventure, came in triumph to Paris November 1st where, in spite of bursts of rain, wind and occasional thunderclaps, thousands lined the streets to show themselves hoarse in welcome.

The fliers went to Elysee Palace where President Doumergue, Premier Tardieu and other members of the Government tendered official greetings. The President decorated them with their recently granted promotions in the Legion of Honor. "Vast crowds milled about Elysee Palace."

Paris.—The French Government announced that desiring to associate Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, for his epochal trans-Atlantic flight, with the triumphal return of Dieudonne Coste and Maurice Bellonte, it has promulgated a decree promoting Lindbergh to the grade of Commander in the Legion of Honor.

Hunting Ducks  
Give me a gun and some old marsh, and the whistle of wild ducks' wings.

When the roar of my shotgun wakes the morn  
And a hundred flying things,  
The mud hen patters across the pond,  
And the teal come whizzing in,  
And the greenhead jumps from the grass beyond,  
And the hunters all begin.

With a pop, pop here, and a bang, bang there,  
The opening season's sign,  
And the next duck comes from we know not where,  
Across the gray sky-line.

And we judge the speed and the pro-per load,  
As only a hunter can.  
There's honor, too, and a comradeship  
Among the hunter clan.  
There's a swapping yarns and a friendly tip,  
And a meeting of man to man.

So give me a gun and some old marsh,  
And the whistle of wild ducks' wings,  
When the roar of my shotgun wakes the morn  
And a hundred flying things.

—S. W. Dixon.

## France Holds Gold In Veritable Fort

Paris Has Largest Stock of Yellow Metal in Europe

Paris.—Entrenched in casemates stronger than the Verdun forts, locked in a frame of steel, water and rock, lies buried deep in the middle of Paris the gold bullion of France. It is the largest stock of yellow metal in Europe. In the latest weekly report France's total gold was figured at \$1,335,000,000. But almost every day brings to the vaults of the Bank of France new barrels loaded with gold, and this total doubtless exceeds \$2,000,000,000.

It would be no exaggeration to say that the Bank of France keeps its stocks of provisions in a roomed every day. There are down in the cellars cupboards filled with plates, dishes, forks, knives and spoons. Hugo saucapans and caldrons worked by electric power await the soup and stew. Not the thinnest detail has been omitted.

Provisions Received Daily  
The feeding of the defenders of the vaults, in case of emergency has been fully provided for. The kitchens are food for at least 1,000 persons and stocks of provisions are renewed every day. There are down in the cellars cupboards filled with plates, dishes, forks, knives and spoons. Hugo saucapans and caldrons worked by electric power await the soup and stew. Not the thinnest detail has been omitted.

Rural Buyers Want  
Canadian Goods  
Imported Products Being Replaced, Department Official Says

Canadian goods are replacing imported products in the average town and village store in Ontario as a result of rural residents demanding home grown and manufactured products, C. A. Putnam, of the Ontario department of agriculture, and advisor and counsellor to the Women's Institutes, stated recently in an interview.

"Stocks in country and town stores have taken on a new aspect," said Mr. Putnam. "The Canadian article is replacing the imported, particularly in those sections where there are branches of the Women's Institutes. Country women have a downright way of doing things when they pass resolutions commending Canadian products to the community and merchants and clerks are learning a lot of things about Canada and her products."

"Merchants are studying geography and brands," continued Mr. Putnam. "They are finding out that their customers who tell them they prefer Canadian products are not only sentimentally patriotic but shrewdly wise. Behind the label is quality and value."

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## Men's Fashions Now Undergoing Change

Waistline of Trousers to Rest at Floating Ribs, is Experts Dictum

New York.—Many interesting things are brooding in the high-fashion world of men's wear, including what appears to be a return to candy-striped shirts, which were worn promiscuously in like frankforters.

A survey of the leading men's clothing houses in this city has also revealed that the fashion experts have practically made up their minds about trousers. The waistline of a stylish pair of pants is to rest definitely at the floating ribs rather than at the hips. Galluses, it seems, are here to stay.

The suit people, in exploring their new numbers, have hit upon a promising descriptive line for the jacket. "The jacket," they say, "has those wide, puffed Times Square shoulders and a waist that hugs the body with a grip."

Various style arbiters see the decline and fall of knickerbockers in all courses. Garters are rapidly taking to long trousers, especially those of flannel, on the fairways.

The Necktie Situation  
With the rapid approach of Christmas, the necktie situation deserves a glance. Manufacturers of cravats are not going in for expensive stuff this year. Top prices for neckties will be around \$5. It is predicted, with a probability of \$1 and 75 cent ties. People who buy Christmas neckties do so simply as a gesture, one student of styles said, and would just as soon pay \$1 as \$3 or \$5—would rather pay a lesser sum, in fact, this year.

The trend in pajama is toward the Chinese and the Russian models. Another new wrinkle in the monogram, done in silk, for the trousers. This monogram usually goes on the side, near the rump hand pocket.

"Broadway types" of men will wear suits of pale green and bottle green both this Winter and next Spring.

Hen Beats World Record  
Vancouver.—Hen No. 6, a British Columbia White Leghorn, the property of William Whiting of Port Kells, passed the world's record recently for production when it laid its 353rd egg in as many days. This hen comes from the famous University of British Columbia stock, and was bred by Whiting.

Many a true word is spoken when two women quarrel.

## Russia's Big Guns



Long-range guns on one of Red Russia's sea dogs of war, seen during recent manoeuvres, presumably in Baltic, which is said to be causing feeling of uneasiness throughout Europe.

## Sunday School Lesson

November 22. Lesson VIII.—The Rich Young Ruler (Reference—Life of Satisfying Service)—Mark 10: 17-27, Golden Text—And he said to them all, if any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow me.—Luke 9: 23.

ANALYSIS

I. REFUSING THE CALL TO SERVICE, vs. 17-22.

II. THE HANDSHIP OF THE RICH, vs. 23-27.

INTRODUCTION.—The lesson raises the question of the attitude of Jesus to wealth. Did he regard wealth as a curse rather than a blessing? Did he think it wrong for a man to accumulate wealth? The answer to such questions can only be found by a careful reading of the whole gospel narrative. Jesus' own folk, the family of Nazareth, were not rich, but, apparently, people of moderate means. It would seem also that his disciples were of the same class. But when he entered upon his ministry he seems to have made no distinction between the rich and the poor. He looked to the possession of the rich ruler and of the possession of the poor and helps them in their need as readily as to the poor and the outcast. He sees clearly the temptations of wealth to selfish living, and does not anywhere condemn the possession of it. He commends the servant who renders faithful service to his lord. That man, he declares, is foolish who lays up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God. It is not the abundance of the things which he possesses that counts, but the best service of which he is capable to his fellow men then it becomes to him a curse. It is not the having of riches that counts, but the doing of good. The having of riches is a matter of importance, but the good that he can do. If he never-to-be-forgetful. It is not the abundance of the things which he possesses that counts, but the best service of which he is capable to his fellow men then it becomes to him a curse. It is not the having of riches that counts, but the doing of good. The having of riches is a matter of importance, but the good that he can do. If he never-to-be-forgetful.

It was, according to Luke (18: 1-8), a certain ruler who came to Jesus with the question, "Good Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" No doubt he was a man of some intelligence, well brought up and educated according to the customs, usages and manners of his time. The ruler's question was not a new one in the history and literature of a thousand years, and in the high conceptions of justice, righteousness and clean living which had come to them through the teaching of prophets and the law of the past. Their laws were based upon the ancient law of Moses. They looked for a golden age of justice and universal peace under the rule of a great King, and Satan had been busy with a line. This King, some of the rulers held, would be himself, and he would be exalted to the very throne of God and only those would enter his kingdom who kept the laws of God and lived upright lives. They had heard that Jesus was to be the ruler of the world, and they were anxious to be fit and qualified for admission to that kingdom, and therefore to triumph over death and all its terrors. The ruler asked of the rich young man asked was of the same nature. He wanted to know what he should do to inherit eternal life. He wanted to know what he should do to inherit eternal life. He wanted to know what he should do to inherit eternal life.

What Jesus meant by his answering question, "Why callest thou me good, when thou knowest not who I am?" is not clear. Matthew gives it in a different form, "Why askest thou me concerning that which is good? Jesus may have been in this form of address an effort of the questioner to pay him a compliment, and may have desired to turn his thoughts from the opinions of teachers; however good or great, to the demands of God. And, therefore, he refers the questioner to the commandments, which all good Jews believed to be the laws of God. The young man's answer is no doubt honest. He has observed all these laws. From his youth he has not been satisfied. He asks, "What lack I yet?" Matt. 19: 20.

There is an interesting expansion of the words of Jesus in an ancient writing, the so-called "Gospel of the Nazarenes." "How sayest thou that I lack the law and the prophets? How does it stand written in the law? 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself' and so, many of thy brethren are covered with filth and dying of hunger while thy house is full of good things, and nothing at all goes out from it to them."

There was evidently much good in this young man, and Jesus looking upon him loved him. Jesus must have seen that nothing but a life of service to his fellow men would satisfy that deep soul hunger which had prompted his question. He called him to such a life, his wealth given to feed the poor and he himself one of the disciples and followers of Jesus. "But his countenance fell, a the saying, and he went away sorrowful."

II. THE HANDSHIP OF THE RICH, vs. 23-27.

The possession of great wealth was more to this young ruler than the call of God. One is tempted to say, "The poor rich man." We often speak of the handship of the poor. Jesus says, "How hard is the thing that have riches get the best things in life, 'enter into the kingdom of God'! It is hard, not for the rich, but for them that trust in riches."

Nelson Column Grown  
Over 14 Feet in 90 Years.

London.—The Nelson column in Trafalgar Square has "grown" 14 feet 4 inches in the 90 years it has been erected.

This discovery was made by a steeplejack named Larkin who compared its height with the official records in the office of works.

No official explanation has been forthcoming. Meanwhile the Government has ordered scientific measurements to be taken to find out what is wrong with the famous London landmark.

An Old Canadian Industry  
Canada's fishery is an old industry. Early explorers made reference to the importance of the cod fishery carried on by the Indians.

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Tiny Destroy

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