

**Other Papers' Opinions**

**A Foolhardy Project.**

(St. Thomas Times-Journal.)  
A few years ago an American yachtsman of standing crossed the Atlantic in a small boat driven by a kerosene oil engine. His companion was a lad of fourteen or fifteen years. The voyage was made in safety, but the diary of the trip, afterwards published, made very clear the dangerous and foolhardy character of the undertaking. The boy, sturdy and willing, like all healthy boys, was compelled to take the many hours sleep which nature demands of youth. This threw on the man the burden of keeping watch, and there were times, many times, when tired nature compelled him to leave the tiller and lie down to sleep, letting the little craft drift as she would at the mercy of the wind and waves and exposed to the dangers of passing craft. The thirty odd days' experience of these navigators and the experience of others who have tempted the ocean passage in small craft stamps the proposal of a British peer and British editor to a single-handed race as an even more foolhardy project. The voyage can only be made at great risk and at a terrible sacrifice of energy. It can accomplish nothing practical. The ability of a small boat to stand the strain is already established. A successful voyage by a single navigator would only demonstrate that now and again it is safe to go asleep in a small boat in mid-Atlantic. That has already been sufficiently clearly demonstrated by the bitter experience of shipwrecked and fog-lost navigators.

**The Forestry Problem.**

(Illinois State Journal.)  
It is quite well understood that forestry is one of our national problems. Its seriousness is pretty well recognized throughout the land. Definite movements are on foot to develop public opinion for a practical, sane and productive program to restore timber devastation and to insure to the future a reasonable supply of lumber. The other necessities for forestation are not being lost sight of as the damages from floods and soil erosion make themselves clear to the naked eye. A timber denuded land is a lost land, unfit for habitation, cultivation, or the sustenance of animal life. The problem must be attacked on a national scale. It is not a regional or a sectional subject. Every part of the country must do its share. The first important need is an intelligent conception of the magnitude of the problem. The second is the realization that labor, time and money must be expended. The owner of land on which it is desirable to plant trees must have consideration. The establishment of forestation areas involve complex questions of taxation.

**Doctors' Graduated Fees.**

(Overseas Daily Mail.)  
A glimpse behind the scenes in Harley street has just been afforded the public by a specialist who stated in court that a consultant's fee was graduated in accordance with the doctor's appraisal of a patient's financial status. The latter's address he said, was also taken into consideration. If he had what is known as "a good address" it was naturally assumed that he was in a position to pay on the higher scale. But the doctor does not always have it all his own way. The fee for a second visit is, of course, always less than for a first one. A resourceful patient of an economical turn of mind paid a first visit to a specialist one day, determined to pay only on a second visit basis. "Oh, good morning, doctor, good morning!" said he, cheerily, as he entered the consulting room. "Here we are again, you see!" It is a good idea, but there is no guarantee that it will always come off.

**Blessed Oblivion.**

(London Sunday Express.)  
After all the rapturous rejoicings which welcomed the Prince home had died away, a solitary motor car

drove up through the right gate into the quadrangle which faces Buckingham Palace. A young man in evening dress alighted and entered a side door of the Palace. He had the bronzed face of a traveller and walked very slowly.

Nobody noticed him, for everybody was too busy admiring the shimmering brocades and sparkling diamonds which adorned the happy womanhood invited to their Majesties' Court.

In a few minutes the unknown and unnoticed young man emerged from the Palace, entered his motor car, and drove away. He was the Prince of Wales, who a few hours before had been tumultuously acclaimed by tens of thousands of Londoners. Now no one noticed him, and after eight months of incessant publicity and popularity he looked slyly happy to be a private person once again at last. He drove off smoking a cigar to renew acquaintanceship with a few old private friends. Blessed is oblivion at times!

**Women and Her Kingdom.**

(Kathleen Norris.)  
Some day the childless woman will be a "slacker" in the truest sense and the greatest crown and glory will be More Life. To give the world men and women is to give it no mere Stamp Collection or no mere Theory of Mathematics.

There is no altar more wonderful than that altar in a darkened, pain-filled room, where a child gives his first little cry and where a Mother is born. And the greatest nation of the future will be the nation that realizes it first—the nation that guards its children as it does its public buildings, the nation of men and women who feel that a baby is more valuable than a Percheron or an Airedale.

**France's Easy Taxation.**

(Orillia Packet.)  
We hear a great deal about the desperate position of French finance. But the French debt is less than three-fourths of the British debt, being 2,950 million dollars, against 4,150 million dollars. The burden of taxation in France is less than half the burden of taxation in England. The taxation levied in France is about 28 per cent, and in Great Britain about 41 per cent. Yet no one pretends that the English people are twice as rich as the French.

**History and the Films.**

(London Daily Mail.)  
When we consider how wonderful a study history would be if only the cinema had existed in former years, we may well envy our descendants their good fortune. Historic films are now stored away in the British Museum, and we can imagine with what eager excitement the people of a hundred years hence will witness the coronation ceremonies of King Edward and King George.

**No Family Quarrels.**

(London Times.)  
Great Britain needs Canada, as Canada needs Great Britain, and in their hearts the people of both countries know it. Only by standing and pulling together can the various members of the Commonwealth or British nations fulfil their great destiny of helping, as no other band of nations can, to bring about the unity and peace of the world.

**Reviving British Opera.**

(London Daily News.)  
We are inclined to think that the real stimulus to operatic art in this country will have to come not from a wealthy promoter, but through the rising up of a new native composer, rich in inventive genius. Unfortunately such a gift is not to be bestowed by any known means of capitalism. We must be content to wait for a favorable juxtaposition of the stars.

**Of Two Evils.**

Cohen—I bite every shilling I take to see of it is goot.  
Isaacs—Bud, ain'd you afraid of microbes?  
Cohen—Vell, yes; but not so much as I am afraid of bad money.

**MORRISON'S SUIT OF CLOTHES**

(Winchester Press.)

In the report of the U.F.O. picnic held on Friday afternoon last, The Press takes occasion to commend and endorse much of what was said by J. J. Morrison, of Toronto, secretary of the U.F.O. organization for Ontario. In the opinion of many, however, Mr. Morrison also talked a lot of tommyrot. Take for instance his statement that the suit of clothes he was wearing—and they looked good and fitted him splendidly—cost him the sum of \$60 when high-grade wool was selling at 12 cents per pound, and that it would take five hundred pounds of wool to pay for that suit of clothes. He also bought a pair of boots that cost him \$12 when the hide of a cow was bringing only a couple of dollars. The statements caused a laugh and were applauded, perhaps, more than any other statement he made during his speech of an hour and a half. The idea was to show that the farmer did not receive a fair return for his products. The illustration is not by any means a fair one, and is unworthy of a man of the standing and mental ability of Mr. Morrison, and it is surprising that he should resort to such tommyrot. Had Mr. Morrison, like his grandparents, taken a few pounds of wool and made homespun; had his wife cut out and made his suit of clothes, they would not have cost him \$3. Had Mr. Morrison taken the hide of a cow, cut himself out a pair of boots and sewed them together they would not have cost him 50 cents. There is considerable difference between the raw product and the finished article. The farmer that took his horsehide to town and sold it for \$1.50 and then adding 25 cents more went to a store and bought a razor strop for \$1.75 could have made a hundred strops of the same size and shape out of that hide, but would they sharpen his razor? In the making of wool into cloth, of hides into leather, much labor is used and some very expensive machinery is also used. The raw material passes through many hands and many processes before we have the fine tweed suit of clothes and the highly polished boots Mr. Morrison appeared in on that platform. Mr. Morrison knows the statements above referred to leave an unpleasant and perhaps resentful thought in the minds of many who accept them without consideration. Then why does he make them? He knows that the comparison is absolutely unfair, and while we give the father of the U.F.O. credit for sincerity, we fear that he also likes to play to the gallery. We think that Mr. Morrison destroyed the effect of much that he said that was good common sense by indulging in the tommyrot referred to.

**No Secret.**

Magistrate (to prisoner)—Your accomplice refused to give his residence. Where do you live?  
Prisoner—Me? Across the way from him, Your Honor.

**PEARL WHITE COMING**

IN "BEYOND PRICE"

The offering at the Veteran Star to-morrow and Saturday nights will doubtless be greeted with a full house. Pearl White, the dainty little screen favorite so well known and appreciated by Durham audiences, will be in town with her clever screen story, "Beyond Price." Briefly, the story is:

Sally Marrio is the wife of Philip Marrio, a designer of shoes for New York society. Philip gives most of his time to his profession and leaves Sally to pass the hours as best she can. Sally finally resents this neglect, and he promises to take her to a theatre; but on the day they are to go to the theatre, Philip gets a special order to design shoes for the inmates of an orphan asylum, and he forgets the theatre and goes off to the asylum. Sally, angry, is sitting at home when a gypsy enters and sells a wish-book to her. Sally writes three wishes in it. They are: "I wish I was the wife of a millionaire."  
"I wish I was a famous woman."  
"I wish for a baby's arms around my neck."

When Philip returns he finds that a pair of shoes ordered by Valicia, a famous dancer, and a pair ordered by Mrs. J. Peter Weathersby, wife of a banker, have not been delivered. He tells Sally to take them. Resentfully, Sally goes, but before she leaves she writes a note telling her husband that she is leaving him forever.

Sally leaves one pair of shoes at Valicia's apartment. About this time Valicia is re-reading some compromising letters she has received from Weathersby. Lester Lawton, her dancing partner, walks in. He decides to blackmail Weathersby. He goes to the Weathersby home.

Sally has delivered the shoes and Mr. Weathersby goes off to write a cheque for her. In another room Weathersby meets Lawton, who demands \$50,000 for the compromising letters, threatening to tell Mrs. Weathersby if he does not get the money. Sally, waiting in the hall, overhears this conversation. Upstairs Mrs. Weathersby throws a beautiful fur coat at her maid and tells her to return it to the fur store from which it has just been delivered. It is not what she wanted. The maid, seeing Sally, throws the coat at her, thinking Sally is from the fur store. Sally puts the coat on. As she is admiring herself in the hall mirror, she hears the banker refuse the demand of Lawton. He walks into the hall. Seeing the fur coat, he exclaims: "My wife!"

Lawton, hurrying after him, tells Sally all about the letters. Weathersby, seeing his mistake, nods to Sally to pretend she is his wife. She tells Lawton that her husband has lost all his money in Wall Street and that all he has left is in his wallet. She offers the wallet for the letters. Law-

ton accepts it, but Sally had cleverly taken out the money.

Soon Sally finds she has delivered Mrs. Weathersby's shoes at Valicia's. Valicia has gone to the art exhibit. Still wearing the coat Sally hurries after her. Mrs. Weathersby has informed the police that the coat has been stolen.

The art exhibit is to be featured by a tableau showing what various trades contribute to fashion. Famous persons, fashion artists, players, etc., attend. The prettiest woman present is to pose in the tableau. A committee of artists headed by Norbert Temple is to select the beauty. Sally, looking for Valicia and still wearing the fur, walks in, and Temple promptly selects her for the tableau.

Lawton does the announcing. When Sally appears, Lawton, enraged over the trick of getting an empty wallet, sneeringly announces her as Mrs. J. Peter Weathersby. Mr. and Mrs. Weathersby are at the exhibit. Mrs. Weathersby promptly declares Sally is a fraud and has stolen her fur coat. Sally flees, falling through a valuable painting as she goes. She stumbles into Temple's studio as a shot is fired and Mrs. Temple falls dead. The police get and hold Sally. Weathersby de-

clines not to allow a man to confess to his wrongs and the demand how Sally had been arrested. He is called as "Slippery" by another shot in the studio. A man is closet. Temple's man who had the wife if she did not. This frees Sally. She has been the wife only for a minute, famous as the most in the tableau.

Then she remembers had left for her husband he would turn her out. home and finds the letter "Beyond Price" is one White's greatest successes, appear in Durham two nights—Friday and Saturday, Aug.

"They ought to change the of that club of yours," said Green's wife at the breakfast. "They ought to call it the Pole."

"I—I must say that I don't why."  
"For the reason that when a starts out to go there there's telling when he'll get home again

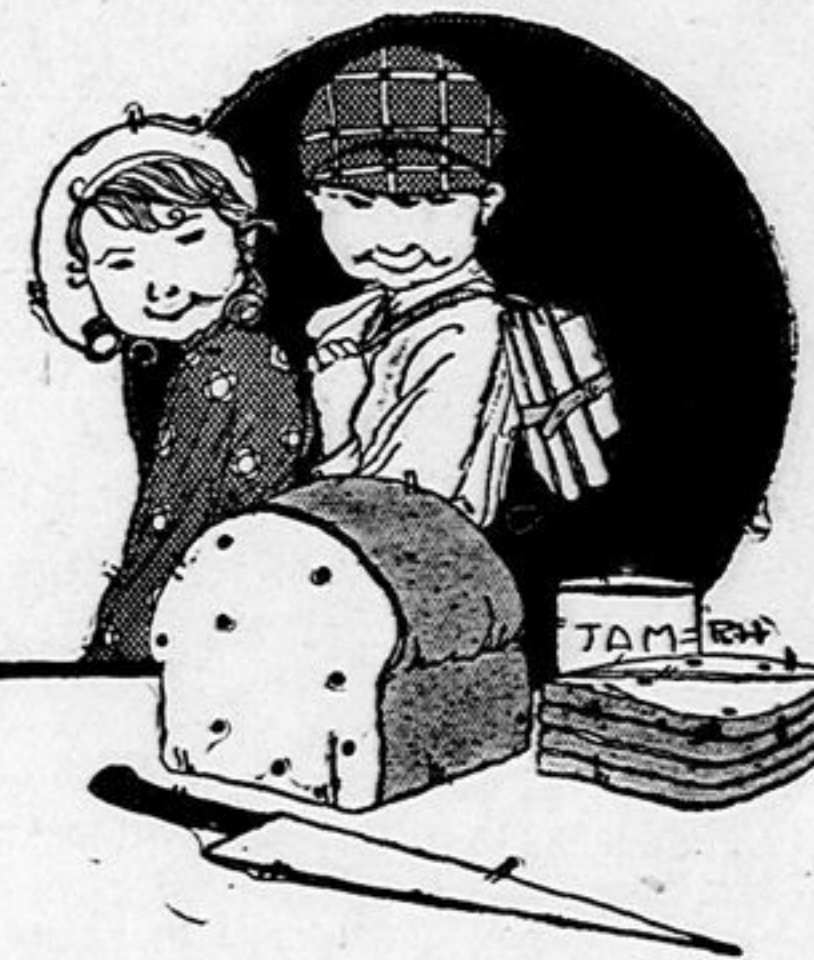
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