

Driving Force

People with good sound nerves have a way of getting things done. A reserve of nervous energy gets them through a busy day without fatigue.

By taking Fellows' Syrup you, too, can enjoy that buoyant feeling that makes the day's work seem so much easier.

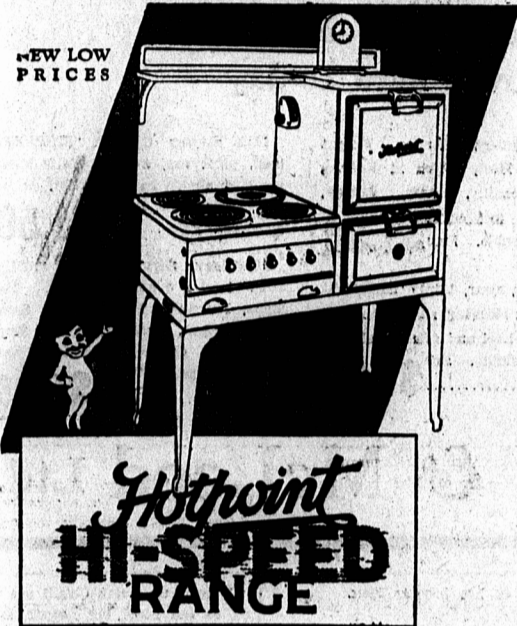
Fellows' Syrup is compounded with scientifically balanced chemical foods that will replenish your reserve of nervous energy.

Fellows' Syrup will also stimulate your appetite and improve your digestion.

Fellows' Laxative Tablets are specially prepared for the rational treatment of, and ultimate recovery from constipation.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

DESIGNED BY WOMEN with every feature women want in modern electric cookery



Hotpoint HI-SPEED RANGE

NEVER has a range attained such instant and tremendous popularity as the new Hotpoint Hi-Speed Range. Why? Simply because this new Hotpoint was designed by women for women . . . because it has scores of features women desire . . . because it makes electric cookery simpler, cleaner, quicker, more convenient.

Here is unrivalled speed and economy made possible by indestructible Hi-Speed Elements. Here is the convenience of Super-Automatic Oven Control. And here, too, in the Hotpoint Hi-Speed Range are such other exclusive features as rugged All-Steel Construction and the sensational Economy Cooker.

You can now buy a Hotpoint Range from \$85 up . . . and your dealer will arrange easy terms to suit your convenience.

DESIGNED BY WOMEN FOR WOMEN

For Sale by
Associated Gas and Electric Systems
CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC Co.
Head Office Toronto

Man!

Look up at this skyscraper, the size of the good twist you swap a few cents for when you ask for

HICKEY NICHOLSON
"BLACK TWIST"
CHEWING

An Attic... Salt-Shaker

CHATTY WEEKLY BUDGET OF STORIES ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE

BY W. ORTON TEWSON

IT'S A SHAME the way some people—in an effort to "save their bacon," I suppose—are interpreting the fact that Shakespeare willed his wife the second best bed, and just before his birthday, too. As a matter of fact, in doing so, he had only the most solicitous affection for her.

YOU SEE, as Joseph Quincy Adams points out in his Life of Shakespeare, the best bed was usually an ornate and unused affair, reserved for guests and Mrs. Shakespeare, being at the time an invalid, past sixty, would have been much more comfortable in the bed she was used to.

A JOYOUS Balfour story—told by Lord (Sir Edward) Grey in his "Twenty-five Years" has it that—on one occasion during the war Grey Balfour and Lloyd George were returning to London together. The Channel crossing had been vile and later, when all three were comfortably settled in a Pullman en route from Dover to London, this conversation took place:

Lord Grey: I couldn't help thinking about mines on the way over.

Lloyd George (wearily): Oh! I was feeling much too bad to think of mines.

Lord Balfour (with convincing emphasis): I longed for a mine.

THEN there is the story told by W. H. Davies, the poet (in "Later Days") Some years ago a certain dance was introduced into England which some people thought to be a little too bold and immodest for a civilized country like England. As it was causing a great sensation and being discussed by religious people some members of the Cabinet thought in the interest of the State, that they would go and see the dance for themselves.

WHEN they had seen it, each gave his own opinion, one saying that the dance was disgraceful, another that it was a little immodest but could be much worse, etc. Balfour was the last to speak, and they all stood waiting to hear his opinion.

"All I can see," he said, "is this— one person seems to be trying to impede the progress of one of the opposite sex."

APROPPOS the publication of the recently discovered manuscript of "On Board the Emma," by Alexandre Dumas, a man walked into a certain bookstore the other morning and asked for Dumas' new book. The clerk, with a pitying look, said:

"Say, he's been dead years."

A NEW Whistler story is always a joy and Harrison S. Morris, art critic and author, has a good one in his "Confessions In Art." It seems that Morris dined with Whistler, once at the latter's house in Chelsea. On a side table next to the wall was a glass bowl of goldfish. Every now and then Whistler got up from his seat at the head of the table and taking a little stick, stirred up the goldfish until they were swimming madly around.

MORRIS dined with Whistler once at MORRIS didn't like to comment, but afterwards, Joe Pennell told him that Whistler did this every time the conversation bored him, and that was his method of changing the subject.

TALKING of goldfish reminds me that in a glittering tribute to this popular domestic pet, that incorrigible humorist, F. W. Thomas says (in "Week Ends")

"The only drawback to the goldfish (as a domestic pet) is their dreadful lack of modesty. Although they live in houses that are all windows they never wear any clothes, but swim round and round and round and round with the most brazen effrontery, even when there are ladies present."

THERE is something beautifully restful and soothing about these dainty pets, Mr. Thomas finds.

"All day long they swim round and round and round and round in a most engaging manner, opening their mouths and shutting them again all the time. Occasionally, but not often, they will give their tails a waggle, slip in the reverse, and go round and round and round and round in the opposite direction. This makes a nice change."

I HAVE often wondered what became of the magnificent jeweled copy of Omer that went down on the "Titanic," soliloquized Edwin Valentine Mitchell (in his chatty book about books, "Morocco Bound.") "A famous London bindery worked on it

for the better part of two years as the order of a wealthy American. It was a job running into the thousands. If, as had been suggested by Henry Savage, this rich morsel was wolfed up by a shark, the monster must have had some unpleasant moments."

AND that recalls another book tragedy of the "Titanic." After the Huth sale in 1913 in London, Harry Elkins Widener (his magnificent collection of books went to Harvard) slipped a volume of Bacon's "Essays" in his pocket—a second edition which is almost as rare as the first and, turning to a friend, said:

"I think I'll take that little Bacon with me in my pocket, and if I am shipwrecked it will go down with me."

With what prophecy he spoke they little knew, says Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, noted bibliophile (in "Books and Bidders"). A few days after he was one of the victims of the "Titanic"

TO GO BACK to "Morocco Bound": Mr. Mitchell says that is quite a demand for richly bound volumes with nothing in them but blank leaves.

"Several of these," I am told, "he adds, have been made to the order of Lord Dunsany (poet and playwright), who writes his plays and stories in them with a quill pen, the calligraphy meticulously neat with seldom an erasure, done in many colored inks and ornamented with sketches. His original manuscripts are thus works of art in themselves. There will be lively competition for them if they ever come into the auction room."

WHEN Dr. Alexander Irvine, noted preacher, was at the French front during the World War—he spent two years with the troops doing wonderful inspirational work—he visited the Connaught Rangers when they were up at St. Emille, within five kilometres of the German front.

"The Rangers were playing football," relates Dr. Irvine (in his lively autobiography "A Fighting Parson"), "and the Germans sent over some shells to disturb the game. I suggested to a player that a shell might have dropped between the goals.

"Well, if it had dropped in the first half, Yer Honor," he said, "it wouldn't have been so bad, for in that case our side would have won—we were one goal ahead of them."

DURING 1926, Dr. Irvine visited the colliery region in the North of England where he gave inspiring talks to the striking miners, and, incidentally, heard from them a heap of stories, for although the situation was grim and desperate, the miners were more fond of telling funny incidents than they were of stressing their grievances, he says. Here is one:

An elderly woman had disregarded the rules under which miners were permitted to extract from the "tip" (the great clum dump) any crumbs of coal they could find.

SHE had clawed out of the heap a bucket of coal. The miners on guard told her she must put the coal back. She was reluctant, and after an argument they left her to her conscience. She went around the big clum heap out of sight. When she reappeared she was swinging an empty bucket.

"What did you do with that bucket of coal?" they asked her. Seeing they were examining her person closely, she made her last stand.

"It's in my knickers," she said, "and if ye touch me it's an assault!"

SOON AFTER Alexander Irvine, a poor Irish lad—he became one of the foremost orators and moulders of public opinion in England and America—arrived in New York, he got a job driving a milk wagon.

"I asked John Masfield the poet once what he was doing at this period," chuckles Dr. Irvine, "and he told me he was working in a restaurant on Eighth Avenue (New York)."

"How queer," I said, "that when Gorki was in a tubercular bakeshop in Moscow, Jack London was an oyster pirate on San Francisco Bay, you were slinging hash on Eighth Avenue, and I was driving a milk cart past your door every day!"

ANOTHER story about John Mas-

field at this time—not told by Dr. Irvine—has it that when he was working in a Greenwich Village saloon, there entered one day a palpable "rube" who seeing a sign behind the bar reading "Soft Drinks and Billiards," called for a billiard. The bartender—Masfield tells the story but swears he wasn't the bartender!—after looking the customer over and sizing up the situation, mixed up a drink containing everything in the place, including the bar polish.

THE customer grabbed the drink, took a swallow, shivered, shook his head and then finished it.

"How d'yer like that?" inquired the bartender.

"Say," replied the customer, "if I wasn't an old billiard drinker I'd say it was huge-water with a dash of virtrol thrown in."

A PILOT on the London-Paris air route was high above the clouds and deciding to take advantage of the help given by wireless from the Croydon aerodrome, tuned in to ask for his bearings and position.

"All he could hear," croons Captain Norman Macmillan (in "The Air-Tourist's Guide to Europe"), "were the loud and persistent efforts of a new experimental broadcast station, from which, in deep, paternal tones, a contralto voice over-rides all else, and echoed in his ears 'God send you back to me.'"

WHAT'S in a name? Does "Hubert Vallee" mean anything to you? Now change it to "Rudy Vallee" and—there you are! That is exactly what the boys at the University of Maine did when young Vallee was a student there. His hero was Rudy Wiedoff, noted saxophonist, and, says Vallee (in "Vagabond Dreams Come True"), "I ate, drunk and talked Rudy Wiedoff so much that it earned for me the nickname of 'Rudy.' After a while it became so natural and pleasant and seemed to go so well with Vallee (his father was a French Canadian, by the way) that I hardly recognized my given name of Hubert."

Minard's Will Stop That Toothache.

An Exquisite Pen

Waterman's patrician

Pen. \$10
Pencil \$5

No. 5
\$5.00

Uniquely designed with the jewel-like reflections of fascinating oriental gem-stone, Waterman's new Patrician is a happy choice indeed for a gift or for your personal use. Finished as beautifully as fine hand-wrought craftsmanship can do it. Five rich sets in turquoise, emerald, nacre, onyx and jet with matched pen and pencil in modernistic gift box . . . \$15.

Number Seven

Waterman's famous Number Seven pen at seven dollars, with a group of seven points to choose from. The colour band on the cap tells you at a glance the style of point.

Number Five

This more moderately priced pen is favoured by many. Five different points. Five Dollars.

No. 7
\$7.00

Waterman's

Service and Selection at 5,500 Canadian Merchants

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER "77" ROYAL SEDAN, \$2225
F. O. B. Factory (Special Equipment Extra)

Why Chrysler value is better value

CHRYSLER not only furnishes the utility of going places, but pleasure in the going.

If you want a motor car able to dart past other cars in pick-up—to be first away at the flash of the green light—get a Chrysler.

If you want a motor car that is smooth and vibrationless and steady at all speeds; that climbs the hills with unruffled ease; that handles and maneuvers without physical effort or nervous strain;

that stops safely and surely at all times and in all weather—get a Chrysler.

When your friends see your car—when you invite them to ride—you want them to praise its smartness, its roomy luxury and its comfort—and that's another reason for getting a Chrysler.

But—all the reasons for getting a Chrysler will be apparent to you after a demonstration. Take one today.

\$1005
NEW CHRYSLER SIX
Lowest-priced six ever to bear the Chrysler name. Here is that performance for which Chrysler has been famous ever since its beginning. Five body styles, \$1005 to \$1070, f. o. b. factory, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

There is a Canadian-Built Chrysler for every purse and need—"77", "70", "66", New Chrysler Six

CORNEY BROS.

224 Great George Street Telephone 421

4-Door Sedan, \$775; 5-Door Sedan, \$825; 6-Door Sedan, \$875; 7-Door Sedan, \$925; 8-Door Sedan, \$975. All prices f. o. b. factory including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra).

NOW ONE OF THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS IN THE WORLD

PLYMOUTH

\$735
And up, f. o. b. factory

ZAM-BUK
30 Years Unequalled For SKIN TROUBLES

MINARD'S
"KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT