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Band of British Ex-Service Men Refuse to Play Irish "Soldier Song"

Action of the Governor-General of the Free State May Bring About a Constitutional Issue—"God Save the King" Relegated to the Background

Dublin—A question which may early develop into a big constitutional issue, namely, whether the Governor-General of one of the Dominions of the British Commonwealth should be received in his capacity as the King's representative with the British National Anthem, has been raised in Dublin during the past week. This is the result of a request made on behalf of James McNeill that the Irish "Soldiers Song" shall be played by the bands at any functions which he attends.

When Mr. McNeill went to a Rugby International football match earlier in the year, the Soldiers Song was played by the Civic Guard Band, and the same tune was also rendered by the English band when Mr. McNeill recently attended the Royal Dublin Society's spring show. On neither occasion was "God Save the King" played, in accordance with the long-established precedent. Although the Soldiers Song is always played when Mr. Cosgrave and his ministers attend public affairs, "God Save the King" has always been regarded as the ceremonial anthem for the King's proxy in Ireland as well as in Canada and Australia.

The question was brought to a head by persons acting apparently on behalf of the Governor-General. Just before Mr. McNeill arrived at a garden party given in connection with the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church his aide-de-camp sent a request to the band that the Soldiers Song, adopted by the Sinn Feiners during the rebellion of 1916, be played when the Governor-General entered the grounds. The band, composed of British ex-service men, flatly refused to comply. On this Mr. McNeill was unaware.

On his arrival he came to attention and saluted when the band, to everyone's astonishment, played "God Save the King." It was suggested by the committee in view of the Governor-General's request it might be possible to play the "Soldiers Song" in addition to "God Save the King." The aide persisted. It is alleged, that the "Soldiers Song" be played alone and intimated that Mr. McNeill would not attend if it was omitted.

The "Soldiers Song" has never officially been adopted as the national anthem of the Irish Free State, but has long served that purpose.

Reprive

He Had No Right to Touch Her Hand—the Brand of Cain Was on His Brow

Tom Stephens sat in his dreary lodging room, his eyes deep sunk in their sockets, staring grimly into the empty grate.

He had just found out what he had been seeking since he came out of prison ten days ago—the address of his enemy, George Denver.

There had been a time when he had looked on that enemy as his friend, though even then he had disliked the ruthlessness and indifference of the big, red-faced man, and sometimes he had flown out at him for cruelty to a dog or horse. But George was well off and generous enough with his money, and Tom had no reason then to suspect the source of his wealth.

It was only later that knowledge came. One day, piled with drinks in George Denver's house—drinks that should have been comparatively harmless, but that, unknown to him, had been laced with strong spirit—Tom found himself committed to an action from which, when he was himself again, he shrank with loathing. But that one action had put him in Denver's power. Some time later, when Tom pointed-blank refused to do a piece of what he called Denver's "dirty work" the latter had threatened him with exposure.

Tom had, long before this, decided that Milly Wayne, a typist in his boss's office, was the one woman in the world for him. Already he had dreams of a home shared with her, dreams that Milly seemed to find very reasonable.

Tom was determined that Milly should never learn of that one slip, and at last agreed to do Denver's will again if he gave him his word of honour this was the last thing of the kind he would be called on to do. But he was caught, and sentenced to several months' imprisonment.

While he was in prison, a letter from a mutual acquaintance told him that George Denver was more prosperous than ever and had recently become engaged to a girl in Tom's own office, Miss Milly Wayne.

That day Tom lost his head so badly that he lost all his previous remission marks for good behaviour.

When he left prison, Mr. Paine, his old employer, sent someone to meet him, and offered him a job in a branch office he had in another part of London, where his past history would not be known. The kindly deed softened something of the bitterness that had grown up in Tom's soul, and he gratefully accepted. Cautious inquiries brought the information that Miss Wayne had left the office—it was believed to be married—and had left no traces behind.

Tom took a room in North London near his new work, but he had only one idea in his brain directly his thoughts were released from his daily duties—revenge.

George Denver had ruined his life, had blasted his hopes of happiness, had left him nothing in life he cared for. Honour, hope, his girl—all gone.

It had taken him some time to learn his enemy's present whereabouts, but at last he had been successful, and now, he firmly determined, should prevent him from taking full vengeance for all his wrongs.

Denver had moved out to Watford, a district Tom knew well. He had taken a large house, and rumour had it he was shortly to be married. Meaning, he was living in the place with only a manservant sleeping in.

It took Tom some time to collect the details, but now he decided that his revenge ought to be fairly easy. He got up, his face set and determined, and took out of a drawer a service revolver he had kept ever since the end of the War. Slowly and methodically, he filled every chamber. He had seen men die on the battle-

Here She Is



A FIRST PRIZE BEAUTY
Miss Goldarbeiter of Vienna, "Miss Austria" was chosen as "Miss Universe" at the Galveston Pageant of Pulechitude.

and set the trigger-catch to safety. Then he sat down, at a frugal supper of bread and cheese, and went out into the murky evening.

It was dark and cloudy, and rain seemed threatening when Tom got out of the tube train and walked uphill to the quiet road in which Denver's new house was situated. The house stood alone and there was no one in sight, and Tom made his way round to the back, where a gleam of light was showing. He stopped short. One of the downstairs windows was wide open and unshuttered.

The night was now dark. Moving silently, Tom passed from the shelter of one bush to another till he found himself at last fairly close to the window and able to see into the room.

It was large and luxuriously furnished, with the remains of a late meal on the table.

This was where George proposed to bring Milly, was it? Well, he would see. This time there might be a slip 'twixt cup and lip!

The door opened and Tom held his breath. Yes, it was George himself, George, fatter and redder-faced than ever, in evening dress and with a flower in his buttonhole.

Hatred and wild fury filled Tom's heart as he thrust his hand into his macintosh pocket and seized the revolver. He remembered nothing but that his enemy stood before him, defenceless, and that he had the means within his grasp to wipe that self-satisfied smile from the red, cruel, evil face.

He lifted his hand. There came a sharp report and George Denver, who had been facing the window, lurched forward and crashed down on his face. For a few seconds Tom stood still, methodically, he filled every chamber. He had seen men die on the battle-

Pill Shasers Suffer Big Loss



QUEBEC'S PREMIER GOLF CLUB RAZED IN SPECTACULAR NIGHT BLAZE
This night silhouette of flaming timbers represents the last stand on the Quebec Golf Club, one of the largest golf clubs in the Province of Quebec, when it was consumed by flames in a night blaze recently.

field. But suddenly this seemed awful. He had hated George Denver with all his soul. But he had struck at a defenceless man in the dark. He had given him no chance. There had been no clean fighting. George had been his evil genius in the past. But now he—himself was a murderer.

"With a low cry, he darted back, and the revolver fell from his nerveless fingers.

In a few seconds he was hurrying along the road. He tried to keep his wits, tried to think of what he ought to do—where he ought to go.

He had got out at Bushey Station. He would walk to Watford, and take the train back from there.

With sudden, terrified dismay he remembered the revolver. What a fool he had been! How could he have let it fall? And, having let it fall, how could he have omitted to pick it up?

He stopped short. He must go back for it. But as he turned he met two or three men going in the direction of Denver's house. If they were to see him going into the gate—besides, almost certainly someone would have heard that sharp report and would be already on the spot. There might even be a policeman. He turned and ran until he reached Watford Station.

The following morning, after a sleepless night, he was drinking his breakfast tea feverishly when his landlady announced:

"A lady to see you, Mr. Stephens."

He rose unsteadily to his feet, his face drained of colour.

"Milly!"

"Oh, Tom, I am so glad to see you—so thankful. Oh, my dear!"

She was paler, thinner, but infinitely more lovely than when he had last seen her.

"Don't come near me!" He put out his hands as though to ward her off. "I know about you and Denver."

"What do you mean?"

"That you are—were—to be married."

"Don't be foolish, Tom. That was only a silly rumour. I went to see him more than once after your trial, for I felt he could have saved you if he had liked, and I wanted to get him to clear you. Some people were silly enough to talk, but I know the girl he is going to marry, and I thought you knew there was only one man in the world for me. I have just got your address from Mr. Paine, and I—"

But Tom was looking at her in horror.

"You never let Denver make love to you—there was nothing—"

"Didn't you know me well enough for that? The fact that you were in trouble only made me care twice as much. Don't look like that! Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Glad? The word was a choking sob. "But I mustn't. I dare not. Go away, Milly; you don't understand—go away! Don't touch me!"

The light in her eager face faded suddenly.

"Of course, if you don't want me I wouldn't think of forcing myself on you. But if you change your mind—if you ever want to see me—that is,

where I am living in Golders Green."

She put an envelope on the table; and, with a bewildered look at his desolate face, she slowly left the room. As the door closed behind her, Tom sank down and hid his face in his hands.

What had he done? Milly had remained faithful to him—loved him still. And he was a murderer. He had killed a defenceless man without giving him a dog's chance. Even if his crime was not brought home to him he would always know he was a murderer and had no right to touch the hand of Milly Wayne.

A newspaper boy passing down the street called out:

"Paper! Shocking murder! Rich man murdered in his own home."

So it had come already! With a swift movement, Tom flung up the window and held out a penny.

"Paper, please!"

He took the paper with shaking hand, and banged down the window again. Would there be any clue which would lead the police to himself? Already he felt a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"Shocking murder. Discovery of the dying murderer," were the lines that danced before his eyes.

But he was the murderer, and he was not discovered—yet. He turned to the paper again.

"A little before ten o'clock last night a shot was heard coming from the house of Mr. George Denver. In a few minutes, Mr. Graham and his son—neighbours—ran in and found Mr. Denver on his face on the floor, with a terrible wound in his back."

Tom looked up, bewildered on his face.

"But I shot him from the front!" he exclaimed.

"They made a search and found Mr. Denver's manservant in the hall outside, in a dying condition, with a pistol in his hand. He confessed before he died that he hated Mr. Denver, and took employment with him solely to get an opportunity of avenging an alleged wrong he said the dead man had done him. He said that he had intended exposure of some sort, not murder. But last evening Mr. Denver had roused his fury, and he had first shot him and then himself."

"The pistol in his hand showed that two bullets had recently been fired. An extraordinary fact is that, during their search, the police found a service revolver on the ground immediately outside the window of the room where Mr. Denver was found murdered."

"It was fully loaded, and the catch was at safety. If anyone can—"

The paper rapped from Tom's nerveless fingers. For a few seconds he reeled. He could not think or see. Then, as the mists cleared, he remembered.

He had been beside himself when he had raised his hand. It was true that he had not freed the trigger from the safety catch. In his excitement he had thought the report he heard had come from his own pistol—and that Denver had fallen a victim to his shot,

Road Vandals In England, Too

Motorists Who Throw Papers and Waste on Property Along Roads are General Nuisance

Whitsun, on the Chiltern Hills—Most appreciative thanks are offered to the scores of motorists, who visited some carefully tended Heaths and Gorse commons between Henley and Watlington, leaving for the first time the loveliness of the scenery unspoiled by papers, empty tins or other litter. Please come again! The above notice was published by a London paper. From the grateful tone of this message it would seem that owners of estates along the English countryside have the same trouble with careless or vicious motorists as is experienced in Ontario rural ones. Throughout these areas there is constant warfare against the traveler who leaves behind the discarded remnants of a picnic to spoil the effect of the landscape.

Indignation is Aroused
Now is the time when the autoist, who gives no thought to the rights of others, causes endless complications. Of course, this type of tourist is in the vast minority, but many innocent travelers suffer through the misdeeds. Those who throw paper and other litter on the roadway and adjacent property commit an offense which arouses abiding indignation. In many communities stringent laws have been discussed to punish the offenders. Aside from penalties a number of fields and pleasant parking places have been closed to the just and un-just alike.

There is a variety of public recreation centres for the accommodation of tourists. They can park and play at will, thereby leaving private grounds untouched. In several of these motor camps there is every requirement for camping and their locations are particularly convenient for any and all who wish to make short or long trips. Why, oh why, pull up by the roadside and litter our roads with unsightly rubbish. Let us unite to stop this abuse to our natural beauty.

Germany and Ireland

Toronto Telegram (Ind. Cons.): (Industrial development in the Irish Free State has been accompanied by a Tonic invasion of Southern Ireland.) Another and more sinister aspect of the situation is that German works are going on securely guarded behind barbed wire defences, mysterious German freighters arrive with unknown cargoes, a German population is taking root, and a Dublin prison has been handed over to the foreigners as a storehouse. Cottages are being built on remarkably substantial concrete foundations. The suggestion is made that Germany is using Ireland as a catspaw for future use against England. It is pointed out that immediate commercial advantages will be followed later by a strategic position, a few miles west of England, which Germany could never otherwise have hoped for in her wildest dreams. These fears may be the product of a lively imagination. But it is unfortunately remembered that as late as June, 1914, the German menace which preceded the Great War was pooh-poohed in some quarters as a bad dream.

When Money Stutters

St. Paul Pioneer Press: In Germany the popular American "easy payment" plan is called "stuttering." The exact German word for it is "stottern," which has risen to good usage and is now to be given recognition in the dictionary as meaning both "to stutter" and "to buy on instalments. American prides itself upon facility for coining words and phrases. Is not slang a synonym of the apt and happy speech which rolls so easily off the American tongue? Well, it appears this nation has a rival. Here is Germany fashioning a peculiarly pert and spiky term. Money talks, Americans say. The Germans are still more expressive. They say it stutters when you pull out on the instalment plan.

Shipping Britain Overseas

The recent pulling down of Bradenstocke Tithe Barn, a relic of the fourteenth century, to be shipped to America and re-erected there, has caused considerable heartburnings in this country.

Americans were the first to discover the movable house, which could be shifted from site to site at will, but most people think that it is simply vandalism to treat ancient and historic buildings in this manner.

The story is now being told of one man who felt in this way, and who was told by an American of various treasures he had seen, and which he planned to buy. Finally he asked if the American had never thought of buying Loch Lomond.

"But how would I get it across to the other side?" demanded the American.

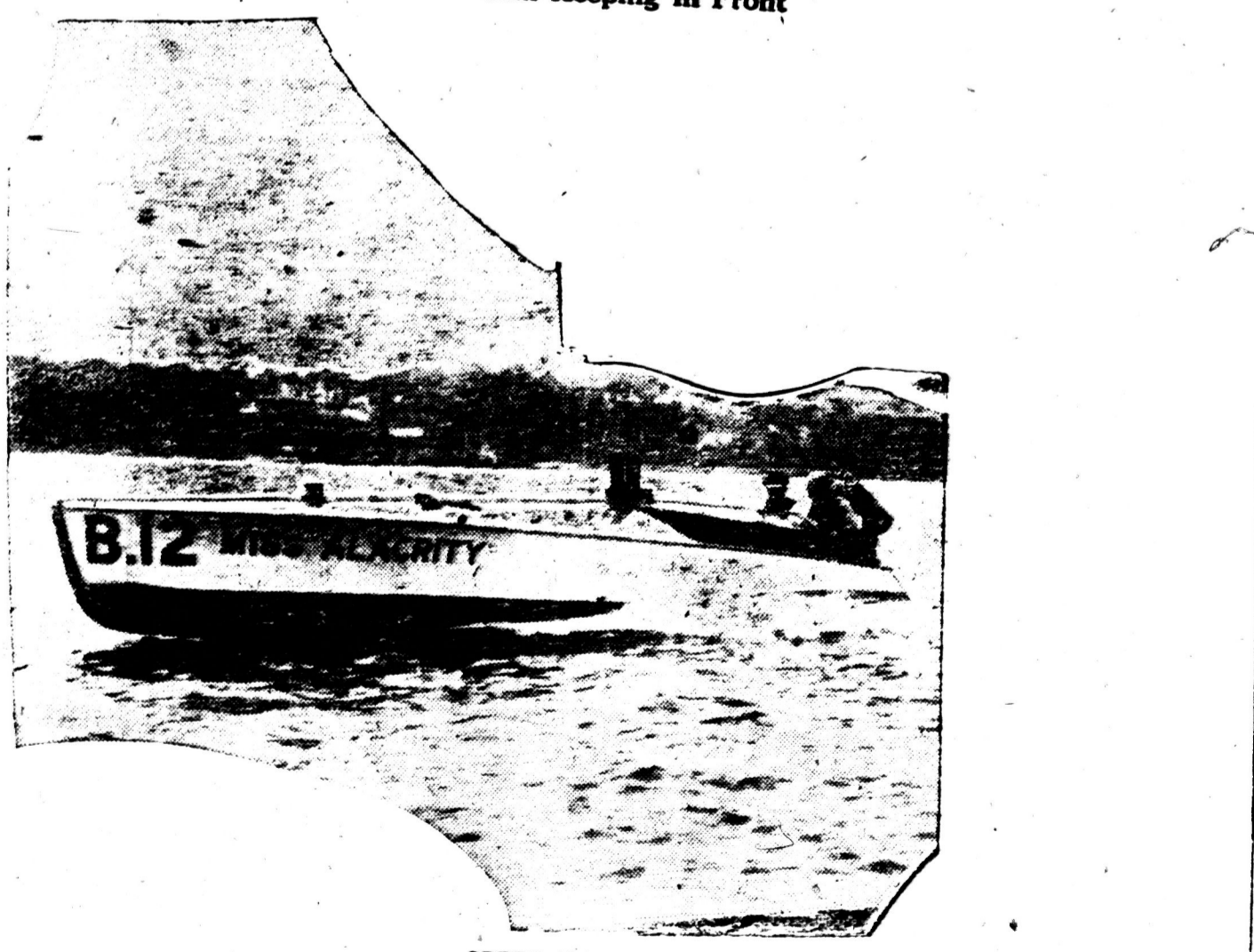
"Well, you could lay a pipeline from it and carry it under the Atlantic."

"Even then I don't see—"

"Well, you get the other end of the pipeline in your mouth and if you can suck as well as you can blow you'll have it over there in no time!"

Writer asks, What steps should the pedestrian take to protect his rights? Fast ones, but careful ones, brother.

Still Keeping In Front



SPEED KING ON WATER
Major Segrave, auto-speed king, beating a German rival in Miss Alacrity, one of his famous speedboats.