

THE ROYAL COMMISSION RECOMMENDS THAT A CENTRAL BANK BE SET UP IN CANADA

Ottawa, Nov. 12.—The following is the proposed set-up of the central bank recommended in the report of the Royal commission:

1. The bank should have a head office and should be allowed to establish branches, to act as note depots, etc., and to take over the offices of the assistant receivers-general.

2. The capital should be \$5,000,000 offered for public subscriptions; all shareholders to be British subjects, resident in Canada.

3. The bank should be managed by a board composed of a governor, deputy governor, assistant deputy governor and six to eight directors. The governors should be met of tested banking experience and the directors men of diversified occupations; none of the latter should be bankers or bank directors and no member of the board should be a member of the Dominion Parliament or any provincial Legislature, or a civil servant.

For Retirement

The first governor, deputy governors and directors, should be appointed by the Governor-General-in-Council. The director should retire in rotation. Future appointments of the governor and deputy governors should be subject to the approval of the Governor-General-in-Council.

4. The bank should have the sole right of note issue; the commercial bank's issue should be redeemed over a specified period of years.

5. The Dividend should be limited to five percent cumulative.

6. After provision for dividend and suitable provision for reserves the remainder of the profits should go to government.

7. The bank should be the banker of the Dominion government, and might also by agreement become the banker of provincial governments.

8. A minimum deposit equal to say, five percent of its deposit liabilities in Canada should be maintained by each commercial bank with the bank.

9. The bank should take over the issue and management of the public debt of the Dominion government, (and possibly also of the provincial governments).

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Complete Restaurant and Cafeteria Service

SOVIET FAIRY STORY LACKING IN REWARDS AND FAIRIES

Moscow, U.S.S.R.—“Why does the traitor get the pot of jam?” That somewhat opportunistic reaction has greeted the first soviet fairy story. “The Tale of Malchish Kibbalchish,” which departs from the stock recipe for fairy tales to the extent of having nothing to do with fairies, making the hero die and donate all of the edibles to the boy villain.

The Tale of Malchish Kibbalchish,” written by a disabled red army veteran Arkadi Gaidar, in the story of a small boy who during a civil war organizes the lads of his village and leads them off to fight the hated white guard. Unfortunately Malchish is betrayed by one of his own little heroes for a pot of jam and led before the ogre, Burzhin (derived from the word “bourgeois.”)

Soviets Lack a Fairy

One of seven full-page illustrations portrays Burzhin as a towering fat man, wearing purple evening dress with a green collar and spats. Burzhin orders his helpers to torture the hero in order to wring from him secrets of the red army and when this fails has him put to death. There is no fairy godmother to frustrate this mischief and the sole reward for Malchish's bravery is that he is entombed “on a green hill” by a blue river and over him floats a red flag.

There is no “so they lived happily ever after” conclusion in this story.

“When boats go by they greet Malchish,” reads the ending. “When proletarian flyers go by they salute Malchish. When pioneers (Soviet Boy Scouts) go by they salute Malchish.”

While this first soviet fairy tale sold fast—50,000 copies since the middle of August—and the second edition of 100,000 copies is now going on the presses, Comrade Gaidar the author, suffered much criticism from small readers.

Pot of Jam for Villain.

“Why does the traitor get the pot of jam?” Why does little Malchish die? Why does not the ogre get killed? are among the questions raised by school children who have read the book.

Gaidar's explanation in response to these childish protests is that Malchish, by giving his life for socialist ideals, proved a greater stimulus to others than he would have if he had lived.

Gaidar himself regards the story as a fairy tale, although it has no fairies in it. The form of the story is taken from old Slavonic fairy tale language, has the swing of fairy tales the world over and fantasy is used as in other tales, though with a different object. “The soviet child is a child just the same,” Gaidar declared when interviewed on the subject. “Although brought up in a collective spirit, he has the same need for play and fairy tales as other children.”

In December the Moscow Children's theater will produce the first soviet fairy tale play, “Milk,” centering about the adventures of youngsters whom enemies seek to lure away from socialism, the latter being symbolized by a magic powder which makes a person grow five times his height.

EVEN MONEY NOWADAYS HAS TO BE WATCHED

(New York Sun)

It may be the depression which has made good money scarcer, it may be the counterfeiters try hard to make bad money more plentiful, but something or other is making cashiers a heap more careful about what they accept these days from customers.

They are careful of little bits of money as well as of big chunks. They ring a quarter and give it a bite as quickly as they bend a suspicious gaze to a ten-dollar bill. In the cheaper places they make the examination right under your resentful nose, and if you don't like it you can take a run and jump in the lake. In the more costly, more courteous establishments they are a bit politer, though not a darned bit less careful. One woman, paying her insurance premium, was asked if she please would write her name on the bill she handed in.

“I hope you don't mind,” said the cashier. “It's orders.”

The premium payer said sympathetically that she didn't, though privately she was stung by the thought that her face wasn't honest enough to get her by.

Incidentally, it may be worth while for customers to be just as suspicious as cashiers. Sometimes the latter aren't quite as careful about the stuff they hand out as they are about the stuff they take in. Or at least that is the story. And it is exemplified by the report of a Bronxite who went into his drug store the other evening. When he came out he found he had a lead quarter he hadn't had when he went in. And on second thought he had a very clear recollection that the druggist was talking very fast and trying to be very entertaining when the change was passed across the counter.

CHANCE FOR THE BOYS

Alma, Kansas, Nov. 10.—It has been decided to import to this town a number of young men of marriageable age, to replace those who have gone out of circulation. The Mayor says that there are a number of pretty girls waiting for mates.

MAY RETAIN SIGHT

St. Thomas, Ont., Nov. 10.—Karl Real, who suffered injury to an eye in a football game, is making progress in the hospital here. Doctors are hopeful of being able to save the sight of his injured optic.

HER BLACK EYE LED HER TO THE ALTAR

(New York Sun)

“She's got,” whispered the boss's secretary to her stenographer friend, “a black eye.”

“No!”

“Yes!”

The girl with the black eye—decidedly black and not a stingy one at that—heard the whispering and turned to the two other ladies of the office.

Talking, she asked, about this shiner I got?”

“Yeah,” said the steno, her curiosity aroused; “how'd you get it? Somebody hit ya?”

“Yes,” came the unexpected reply. “My boy friend—he socked me.”

“No!” chorused the two others.

“Yes!” emphasized the black-eyed girl. “He socked me right in the eye.”

“Are you going to have him arrested?” inquired the steno.

“Arrested?” almost gaped the girl with the eye decoration. “Why, of course not, I simply adore Harry when he treats me that way. Besides, after he did it he felt so sorry for me that he asked me to marry him right away. You see, he didn't mean it. We were going to look into my trunk, and he pulled up the lid before I could duck out of the way. Have him arrested? I should say not.”

GULL SAVED IN A FIGHT WITH CLAM

New York, N. Y., Nov. 12.—A sea gull flying around Sheepshead Bay pried a clam just under the water yesterday with its mouth open. The bird struck its nob into the clam, which snapped its jaws shut.

Then began a battle, and much churning of water as the bird tried to free itself. The clam held on and pulled the gull beneath the surface. A crowd collected. Policeman James Kelly ran up, pulled off his shoes and waded out to where the struggle was going on.

He reached into the water, and St. Thomas, Ont., Nov. 10.—Karl brought out a clam as big as his two fists with the sea gull still hanging on.

Then he drew his club and whacked. The gull was freed with just pep enough left to fly away.

Dr. Wood's



Norway
Pine
Syrup

The Croupy Cough Worries the Mother

Mothers should never neglect the first sign of a cold or cough where their children are concerned, for if they do some serious trouble of the bronchial tubes may develop.

Half the battle in doctoring children is to give them something they will like; something they will take without any fuss, and this the mother will find in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It acts promptly soothing the air passages, loosening the phlegm, strengthening the bronchial tubes and fortifying them against serious chest troubles.

Price, 35c. a bottle; large family size, 65c.; at drug and general stores; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

MILLIONS FOR CHICAGO FROM WORLD'S FAIR

Chicago, Nov. 13.—A Century of Progress, a \$400,000,000 idea.

This today was the answer of the Chicago Association of Commerce to those who ask what value an inspiration can be.

For the world fair, whose success has matched the courage of its promoters, has brought that amount \$400,000,000, to Chicago in less than five months and has made this city one of the brightest spots on the American economic map.

What will the Governor of North Carolina now have to say to the Governor of South Carolina?

THE NEW JOB

(Philadelphia Bulletin)

They tell a story in Washington about General Hugh Johnson's humor.

General Johnson, the story goes, had appointed a new man to an important delicate post, and in order to prepare him for what lay ahead he summoned him to his office and said:

“By the way, about this new job of yours, its difficulties and so on—have you ever been to a Spanish bull fight?”

“No, General,” said the appointee.

“But you've heard about bull fights, haven't you?”

“Oh, yes; and read about them, too.”

“Well,” said General Johnson, “you're going to be the bull.”

If those who undertake to “reduce” aren't careful, they get one foot in the grave.

Are You Among Those Who Say “I never read Advertisements”

TO SAY “I never read advertisements” would be much like saying, “I never use soap” or “I never read newspapers,” or “No one can teach me anything,” or “I know everything.”

Many good—but not very wise persons seem to think that all advertisements are just the vainglorious braggings of those who publish them—designed to part fools and their money. The truth is that most advertisements are incentives to their readers to do or be or buy or use something for their immediate or prospective advantage. Advertisers, to be successful and to live long, have to offer something of value or of desire—something really wanted or needed by the public. Advertisers, to live long, must not cheat the expectations or confidence of those who buy what they offer or propose.

Here are some questions to be answered by those who say “I never read advertisements”—

- 1.—What alarm clock would you buy if you needed one?
- 2.—What camera would you buy, for your own use, or to give to a son or daughter?
- 3.—What motor car possesses your favor?
- 4.—What face cream or shaving soap or cream, or tooth paste did you use today?
- 5.—What laundry soap (or flakes) is in your kitchen right now?
- 6.—What brand of tobacco would you buy if you were a user?
- 7.—The watch on your wrist—what name does it bear?
- 8.—What theatre is presenting the best program?
- 9.—Your life insurance policy—what company issued it?
- 10.—The ginger ale which you serve to guests—what brand is it?
- 11.—The tea which you buy regularly—what brand is it?
- 12.—The baked beans and the tomato catsup now on your pantry shelves—what brands are they?

YOU SEE! Whether or not you consciously or habitually read advertisements, you buy, by preference, what advertisements have recommended to your confidence and what experience has proven to be satisfactory.

The things which we DON'T buy and which have a sickish life, are those which are not advertised, and which try to ride onto public favor on the backs of well-advertised products.

It is to one's discredit to say, “I never read advertisements”

THE DAILY MAIL with its large quality circulation is a first-class advertising medium!