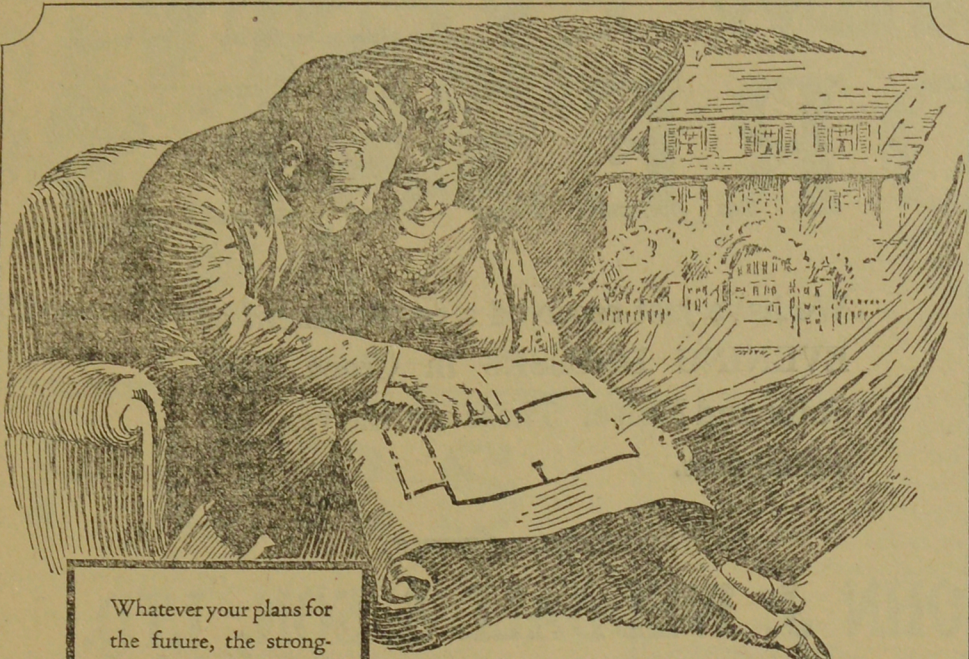




Whatever your plans for the future, the strongest foundation upon which to build is systematic saving in the bank.

THE Bank of Montreal offers safety, convenience and compound interest for those who build up their savings accounts here.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Established 1817

TOTAL ASSETS IN EXCESS OF \$900,000,000

FREDERICTON BRANCH GERALD LAWSON, Manager
MARYSVILLE BRANCH P. G. WEIR, Manager

SOME NOTES FOR FANS OF THE RADIO

Sometimes maxims are reversed. So in the case of Joe Doncourt, veteran vaudeville performer who recently had a audition in the NBC studios. "He looks just like Ken Murray" someone said. "Like son like father" said someone. It happens that Mr. Doncourt is the father of Mr. Murray and the difference in names is just the way things often are in theatrical families.

John S. Young, NBC announcer, who attended Yale with Rudy Vallee, has announced a fifty-five per cent of the Vallee programs since the latter has been in radio.

Phillips H. Lord, who plays the title role in Sunday at Seth Parker's, weekly NBC program, was in Lewiston, Me. Friday to deliver an address before the joint meeting of the State of Maine Publicity Commission and the Advertising Club of Maine. Lord's program portrays "low east" characters and the joint meeting was arranged in order that business men of that section might become personally acquainted with the program creator.

Helen Kane who contributed "hoop-bee-to" to the gaiety of nations is scheduled to appear in the NBC studios next Tuesday night (November 5) in the RKO hour. John Steele formerly of the Follies and one of the better known tenors, also is on the program.

It doesn't take much rain to spoil the weather.

HEADY BUSINESS

Shingle belles, shingle belles, Shingle all your hair! Don't forget to wash your neck Or else don't leave it bare, Shingle belles, shingle belles, Right up to the dome, Ain't it fun, the more you cut The less you have to comb.

A man in a hospital for the insane sat fishing over a flower bed.

A visitor approached and, wishing to be abbeable, said, "How many have you caught?" "You're the ninth," was the reply.

Good Old Lady—Here's 10 cents, my good man! but I hope that I don't encourage you to drink?

Wandering Willie—Don't worry kind lady; I don't need any encouragement.

RUNNING A CIRCUS IN THE ORIENT NO SNAP SAYS SHOWMAN; DIFFICULTIES ARE MET WITH

(Dorothy Gould in The Detroit News)

Peiping.—Of all the tricks of Harmston's Circus and Royal Menagerie, now making its fortieth annual tour of the Orient, the most thrilling stunts are those performed while in transit.

Overland journeys through the jungles, between three-day stands in Sumatra villages; storms at sea on small ships sailing to Amoy and Macao; knife fights among the dark-skinned, hot-blooded property boys; a typhoon which blew down the tent and released three wild animals; trapeze practice under the tropical sun on the equator; a tuberculosis epidemic among the monkeys; and the death of Queenie, the favorite horse of the troupe, were among the features of the tour this year that no audience witnessed.

By rail and by steamer, on river rafts and motor trucks, pulled by bullocks and elephants, the circus regularly makes its way from India to Manchuria, and the mere feat of moving such a caravan up and down the China Coast is more wonderful in itself than any performance in the sawdust rings.

The circus has played in Peiping this season for the first time in 20 years, and anyone who has ever tried to transport even one small dog on the railroad from Peiping to the sea will understand the reason why this inland city is not visited more frequently by elephants.

Not that it is any harder to move an elephant than a dog in the Far East, Mr. Harmston says, for his own two dwarf Doberman Pinschers give him as much trouble as all of his elephants put together.

"You see, there are no quarantine regulations about elephants," he explains, and it appears that the various government quarantine and passport regulations along his route give the circus owner more bother than all his menagerie.

Mr. Harmston was born in a circus tent and appeared in the ring as a clown when he was 6 years old. His education has been picked up in Java, the Malay Peninsula, the Philippine Islands and the seaports of China, so it is not to be wondered that he has absorbed a bit of Confucianism in the 40 years of his travels.

There is one anecdote concerning China's great philosopher that particularly appeals to Mr. Harmston:

Confucius, so the story runs, was walking along with his disciples one fine day centuries ago when they came upon a woman weeping beside the road. Queried, she explained that her husband had just been killed by a tiger, and that her father and brother had met the same fates not long before.

"Then why do you not move out of this dangerous neighborhood?" asked Confucius.

"Because the government is not bad here," replied the woman.

"Note this well!" cried the sage, addressing his disciples. "Bad government is worse than wild tigers."

Many Languages.

With this Mr. Harmston heartily agrees. He thinks nothing of managing his 70 performers, who speak 12 languages; of carrying on his travels tons of compressed feed from Australia, a great tent, folding chairs, electric dynamo and other paraphernalia; of looking after 26 trained horses, several elephants and cages full of savage beasts. But the circus man quails every time he meets a customs of immigration officer.

Once Mr. Harmston engaged Russian acrobats to accompany his show—and found he was immediately suspected of all manner of Red and White plots, of revolutions and counter-revolutions. Once he spent \$700 on passport visas for his troupe to visit a certain country—and found no passports were required there. But the next year he avoided the bother and expense of photographs, affidavits and consular stamps—and found that new regulations required all of these things.

Mr. Harmston tried including camels and goats in his menagerie, but quarantines for hoof and mouth disease made it impossible to carry these animals around. Customs regulations in some countries require a deposit of 10 per cent of the value of the whole

show equipment before its import is permitted. In one place the showman found he had to work through a native concessionaire, and to relate all the difficulties that this involves leaves Mr. Harmston quite breathless.

Likes Chinese.

Despite the troubles that their civil wars cause Mr. Harmston, the veteran showman likes the Chinese. From the South Sea Islands to Siberia the Chinese colonizers are good patrons, and it is the millions of 25-cent tickets that they buy that keeps the Royal Menagerie traveling year after year.

The only serious complaint Mr. Harmston has against the Chinese is that they are literally afraid to get their feet wet, since rain ruins their little cloth shoes. It is in vain to advertise that the circus tent is waterproof. When rain falls every Chinese man, woman and child stays home, and the bareback riders, the clowns, the jugglers and the tight-rope walkers perform under a dry but empty tent.

HOSPITALS ARE BLAMED FOR HIGH CHARGES

(Moncton Transcript.)

The criticism of hospital administration voiced by Dr. W. J. Mayo in addressing the American College of Surgeons, has aroused widespread discussion. Dr. Mayo blamed many of the hospitals for the high cost of sickness and charged that there was too much salesmanship and too little humanity in some of the institutions, resulting in costs which many of the patients cannot reasonably afford.

In an article in "The Modern Hospital," Dr. D. M. Morrill deals with some criticisms of this nature, discussing particularly the comparisons which have been made between charges in hospitals and hotels. A fundamental error here, Dr. Morrill says, is failure to recognize the important element of responsibility. The hotel guest takes care of himself; the patient seeks the help of the doctor, the nurse and the technical staff. Proceeding with his argument, the Doctor remarks that critics of hospitals frequently complain in one breath of the cost and in the next they demand the refinements of care that would triple the cost.

So far as Dr. Mayo's point is concerned Dr. Morrill considers that the plight of the middle class (income) patient is to a high degree self-imposed. He does not want middle class service. He wants the expensive type, at a reduced rate. Application of the insurance principle is urged. "We do not object to his purchase 'from earnings' of his automobile, his electric refrigerator, his oil-burning furnace, and his radio if he has a savings account ample to provide against illness" he comments.

While the controversy goes on, the College of Surgeons reports that, costly or not, so greatly has efficiency increased that the average hospital bed of today is turning out three patients per month as compared to one and one-half ten years ago. The stay of most hospital patients ranges from 8 to 15 days with an average of 12½ days. Ten years ago it was generally double that. The mortality rate in hospitals, now averaging 3.5 per cent, has also been cut in two in the last decade.

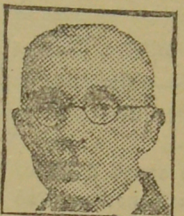
This question of hospital service and cost is a live one in practically every community, and attention is being given to the matter of making the hospital benefits still more accessible. For instance, The Manitoba Free Press reports that just recently the Winnipeg General has instituted group nursing by which persons not wishing a special nurse, nor yet willing to depend entirely upon the ward service, may contract with one or two other patients for the services of a special, the cost being divided among them.

"Fifty years of happy married life. How have you managed it?"

"Well for one thing, son, I've always admitted I was wrong."

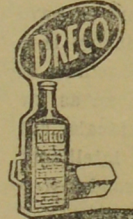
"In Health Was Dragging Me Down Fast"

"I Had Been Doctoring for Over A Year When I Learned About Dreco."



"I have the highest praise for Dreco. It relieved me of suffering when I was about ready to give up all hopes of ever getting well again. I was losing weight fast. My appetite had left me. My nerves were very bad and I was no longer able to get any rest at night. Oftimes I would walk the floor at night trying to get some relief from indigestion. Gas used to press up around my heart that made it beat and thump like an old pump."

"Dreco soon scored in my case and soon I was taking on the weight I had lost. My stomach is lots better and I am at last able to get some rest at night. I am rapidly improving now and all this praise goes to the new medicine, Dreco." This statement was given by Mr. August Besuch, 726 West Winnebago St., Appleton, Wisc.



For Sale By All Dealers

USES ROUGH STUFF TO FOOL THE LADY

(New York Sun)

There is a Wall Street broker who does not believe in the adage that "the voice with the smile wins."

The other day upon returning from luncheon with a number of colleagues his secretary told him that his wife wanted him to call her up. Up to that moment he had been congenial and joking; in fact he had had several cocktails and was feeling good. There fore his friends were astonished when they heard him growl "Hello" and speak to his wife in a manner far from polite.

"Say, what's the great idea?" demanded one.

The broker, having hung up the receiver was smiling again.

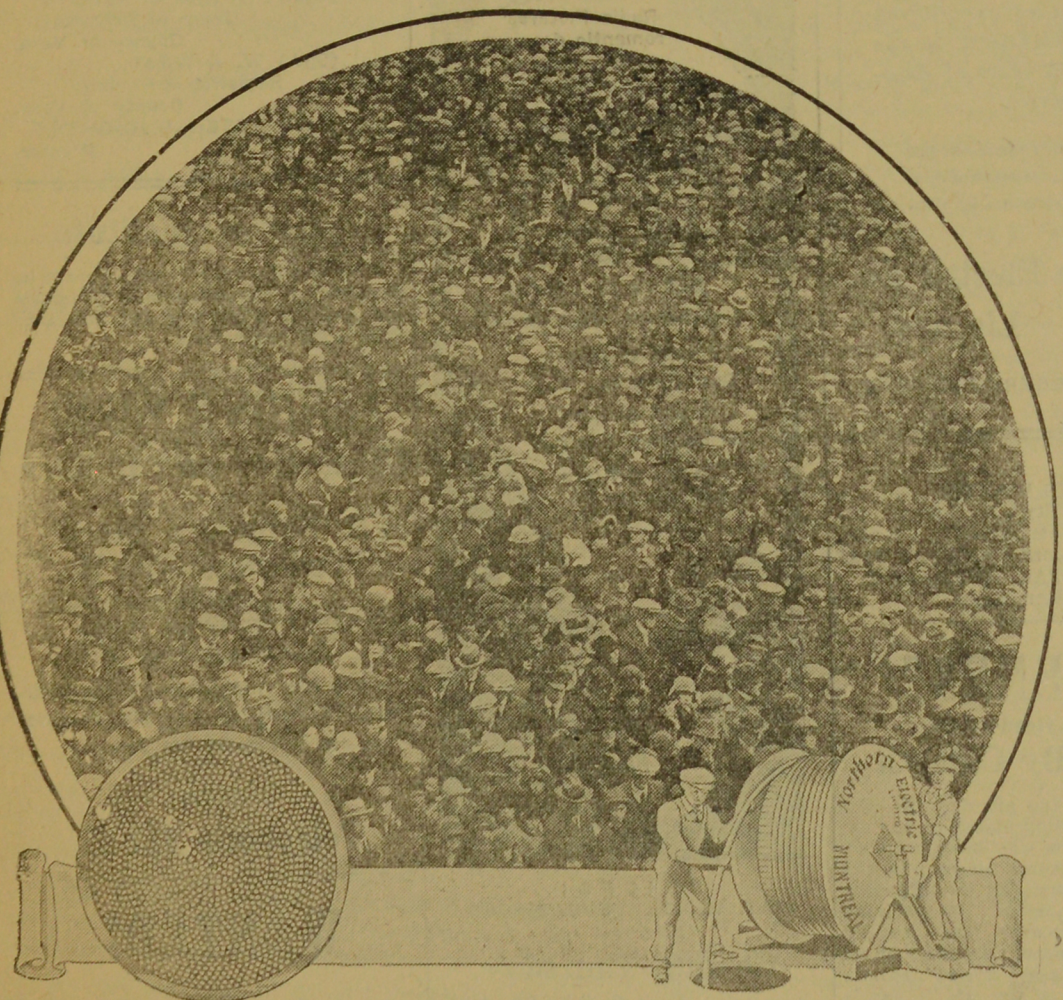
"Self protection," he replied. "Once I talked to her over the phone after putting a few below my belt and I was so pleasant that she immediately suspected the reason. You see she doesn't believe in my drinking in the middle of the day So now I've got to use the rough stuff to allay her suspicions."

Trotzky now wants to live in Holland, which is already famous for its windmills.

FIRE ALARM LOCATION IN THE CITY

- 6 Argyle and York Sts.
- 7 Victoria Public Hospital.
- 8 Children's Home, Woodstock Rd.
- 12 Westmorland and Aberdeen Sts.
- 13 Northumberland and Saunders Sts
- 14 Brunswick and Smythe Sts.
- 15 Charlotte and Smythe Sts.
- 16 George and Northumberland Sts.
- 17 King and Northumberland Sts.
- 21 York and Queen Sts.
- 23 York and George Sts.
- 24 Queen and Westmorland Sts.
- 25 Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.
- 26 Charlotte and Westmorland Sts.
- 27 King and York Sts.
- 28 Saunders and York Sts.
- 31 Queen and Regent Sts.
- 32 Needham and Regent Sts.
- 34 Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 35 Brunswick and Carleton Sts.
- 36 Charlotte and Carleton Sts.
- 37 George and Regent Sts.
- 38 King and Regent Sts.
- 43 Aberdeen and St. John Sts.
- 44 Queen and St. John Sts.
- 45 Brunswick and St. John Sts.
- 46 Charlotte and St. John Sts.
- 51 King and Church Sts.
- 52 George and Church Sts.
- 53 Union and Church Sts.
- 54 Shore Street and Waterloo Row.
- 55 George St. and University Ave.
- 56 Lansdowne St. and Waterloo Row.
- 57 Grey St. and University Ave.
- 112 Aberdeen and Smyths Sts.
- 113 Northumberland and Argyle Sts.
- 121 Victoria and Westmorland Sts.

2,400 People Converse With Ease Through a Small Lead Tube



Imagine the roar of 2,400 voices confined within the walls of one huge room!

What a babel of confusion if the people in that room should try to shout messages to each other! Yet, through a lead tube, only 2½ inches in diameter, 2,400 people may converse at the same time with ease, without confusion and in strict privacy.

This lead tube (illustrated in section above) is the casing of a telephone cable manufactured in the Montreal plant of the Northern Electric Company, containing over 1,200 pairs of insulated wires, each pair connecting at one end with a telephone instrument and at the other a central exchange. In the large Canadian cities there are scores of such telephone cables.