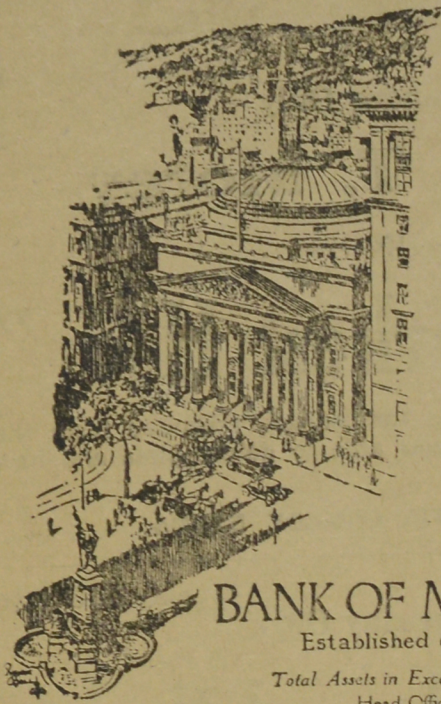


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YOU say and believe that you would do anything for your children. Have you started a savings account for them yet? Do it today at the Bank of Montreal, even if you begin with only one dollar. There is no better way to teach them thrift and no more important lesson for them to learn.

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Head Office: MontrealBranches in all Important Centres in Canada
Savings Departments at all BranchesTHE ECLIPSE OF SIGNOR VENIZELOS
EX-PRIME MINISTER OF GREECESpecial to Daily Mail. Copyright 1920
by Cross Atlantic News Service.
(By Piermarini)

London, Dec. 24—I was in Athens but a few months ago when the capital gave a triumphant welcome to the Premier, M. Venizelos after an absence of over a year. Never had the Greek capital offered so warm a welcome to any of her kings. The main squares of Athens were elaborately illuminated pictures of Venizelos were exposed in every window, draped in blue and white flags. Even his old enemies seemed to be converted to unreserved admiration of the man who had lifted up Greece to one of the very finest places amongst Europe's smaller nations.

No politician in any country I ever visited seemed to me to have a more secure position. From "Shoe Lane" the last Oriental street in Athens, to the smartest drawing-room in the Kephesia quarters the name of Venizelos was pronounced with admiration and respect; his work in Paris was considered, as it really is, one of the cleverest diplomatic achievements ever carried out.

Indeed as a political figure, M. Veni-

zelos seemed to have long since outgrown the discussion stage; everybody accepted him as the man of Greece. On the other hand, the very names of ex-King Constantine, of Gounaris, of the old "Prussian gang" as it is called in Athens, seemed to be anathema to everybody.

Later on at Venice I had frequent opportunities of meeting and talking to the Greek princes, chiefly to Prince Christopher. The possibility of an "ancient regime" restoration in Greece seemed to them a very improbable event. "Venizelos," I remember Prince Christopher saying when lounging on the sands in front of the Excelsior "has come to stay. We shall have him for life." Somebody mentioned the name of Clemenceau.

"Much more popular than Clemenceau said the prince, and much clearer."

Even in Switzerland in the very limited legitimate circles round King Constantine, the position of Venizelos was considered unshakable.

How in the face of these facts that Venizelos should lose his position as Premier is one of the many mysteries of folk-psychology.

FREDERICTON
HOCKEY GOT ON
ICE AT LAST

Fair Sized Squad Out Christmas Day—First Match at Campbellton on Wednesday Next.

The Fredericton Hockey Club got on the ice on Christmas Day for its first real workout. There was little doubt about there being ice on succeeding days for the mercury was far below zero. The cold weather had come at last, but too late to give the hockey players time to get in trim for an extra early opening.

To Select Team Tuesday

The team will be selected Tuesday and will leave Tuesday night to play at Campbellton Wednesday night. About a dozen players will be carried according to present expectations Bidlake will be in the net as "Tart" Titus is likely to play with Marysville.

Some Absentees

The workout of the team was not full as some players were out of the city for the holiday. Bidlake, Pidgeon and Colwell were among the number. Jewett, Lounsbury and Burgess of the U. N. B. contingent, Archie Williams, Jack Robinson, "Flossie" Sears, Kierstead, Jim Adams and others were in the squad.

Practice should produce a fair team from among the material in sight.

Fred McLean, now a policeman and formerly with the Quebec N. H. A. team, was out with the squad and gave the men some pointers.

DECLINE TO
RAISE WAGES

Philadelphia, Dec. 23—Declining to re-open the award of the United States Anthracite Coal Commission the mine operators here today rejected the demands of the hard coal mine workers for additional wage increases, a minimum \$6 a day labor rate and the establishment of a universal eight-hour day.

The mine workers' representatives told the anthracite operators that they could not accept any compromise and stood by their original demands. They said that the entire matter would be placed before the union's general scale committee at a special meeting in Hazleton next Tuesday.

There is no Christmas in Lenine's scheme of things or he would never think of abolishing money.

PRESIDENT'S
RINKS WON ON
CHRISTMAS

President Neill Himself the Only Loser in His Seven Rinks—Most Enjoyable Play.

Seven rinks a side played Christmas day in the first section of the annual match of the Fredericton Curling Club, President vs. Vice President. The rinks of President John Neill were victorious by a score of 77 to 61 over those of Vice President C. R. Barry.

The Presidents rinks won morning, afternoon and night. Only one of the Vice Presidents won, Vice Barry beating Pres. Neill. The score by rinks was as follows:

PRESIDENT	V. PRESIDENT
Morning	
W. J. Carten	J. D. McKay
W. McF. Howie	S. L. Morrison
G. A. Taylor	J. E. Page
T. A. Wilson	L. C. Macnutt

Gordon Coy Oliver Van Wart || J. R. Walker | W. T. Chestnut |
| F. W. Porter | H. B. Colwell |
| R. FitzRandolph | F. P. Hatt |

J. S. Allen G. Boyd || Dr. R. S. Dakin | J. R. Howie |
| Allison McKay | H. R. Babbitt |
| John Neill | C. R. Barry |

Afternoon

F. P. Hatt W. P. Keenan || E. Staples | C. W. Hall |
| C. R. Barry | W. Walker |
| N. C. Dougherty | A. A. Shute |

B. H. Kinghorn G. Styran || W. J. Glen | Dr. R. McGibbon |
| H. W. Wilson | H. H. Hagerman |
| H. E. Fowler | H. B. Colwell |

Dr. Chas. McKay W. J. Carten || W. McF. Howie | S. Limerick |
| J. B. Kinghorn | J. W. McKay |
| T. A. Belmore | W. McG. Limerick |

Night

E. Young A. C. Sutton || R. Sinnott | G. G. Parker |
| G. C. McDowell | J. R. Walker |
| R. B. VanDine | C. H. Weddall |

SHOPLIFTER
PUT ONE OVER
ON DETECTIVE

New York, Dec. 21—Wise old New York was made to sit up and take notice today by one, or, so much wiser.

The heroine—or villainess—is a beautiful woman who got away with \$4,500 worth of silks and satins and other things from one of New York's biggest Fifth avenue department stores. She is now being hunted by detectives of the police department, the district attorney's office and the Retail Dry Goods Protective Association. The year likewise searching for her accomplice, who, whatever his other talents may be, is a good chauffeur. Here is the story.

"The woman in the case drove up to the store in a gorgeous limousine. Telling 'James' to wait, strode straight to one of the department heads. Impressed by her beauty and nonchalant air, he offered to conduct her personally on whatever mission she had come for. Her mission was to select \$5,000 worth of the most expensive sort of goods.

Having finished her purchases to the tune of \$5,000 the "distinguished shopper" remarked casually that she had no account at the store, also that she "happened to have" only \$500 with her.

She then suggested to pay this \$500 on deposit, and "take the things along in my machine, you know." After a consultation it was agreed to let one of the store detectives escort her—and the \$4,500 worth of unpaid for goods—to her home, which she said was in Flushing. Her husband, she added, would "settle the difference."

"Home, James," she commanded the chauffeur. Off whizzed the limousine.

But instead of driving to Flushing the car was taken at top speed to "Young's Sanitarium, a place where inebriates are cared for when their condition borders on delirium."

"Be back in a moment and settle with you and get some one to carry the things inside," she said to the detective.

A moment later inside, she sobbed out a tale of woe. Her "poor dear husband," she said, was outside in her automobile "having one of those horrid fits where he doesn't know who he is and what he is doing."

Indeed, she explained, her "poor dear husband" thought he was a department store detective.

She begged that poor hubby be

With the Prince on Two Tours
WHY I PREFERRED THE CANADIAN TOUR

(By Ernest Brooks, the King's Photographer).

"Which of the two tours accomplished by the Prince of Wales was the best from your point of view." On many occasions since my return to England, this question has been asked me, and always in reply I have said, "My point of view is that of a Press Photographer, and speaking as such I have no hesitation in saying that the three months tour in Canada was decidedly the best."

My answer has evoked no small amount of surprise, and has invariably resulted in another query being put—"Why?"

To that query I have replied, "Because in Canada I had excellent facilities for doing the work I went to accomplish. Thanks to those facilities I obtained far better pictures than I was able to obtain on the last tour with the Prince of Wales."

Comparisons are, I know odious, and if in the following brief statement of facts I draw comparisons between events which happened in Canada on the last tour, I trust that my friends who so nobly assisted me in Australia and New Zealand will not take offence. Facilities to thing, Rob the camera man of the facilities for taking his picture, of the facilities for developing his negatives, of printing from his developed plates, and of dispatching immediately his finished prints to the hundreds of newspapers and magazines who are clamouring to reproduce the pictures, and you have robbed him of his all. Give him facilities for taking the pictures, and leave it at that, you have crippled him, and handicapped him terribly. So, I am afraid I was handicapped in Australia and other parts of the Empire which I visited on the last Royal Tour. I do not say that I was intentionally handicapped. Far from it. I believe that those responsible for the arrangements in Australia and New Zealand were as anxious to help in the work of obtaining permanent records in picture form of the incidents of the tour as were those whom I met in Canada. What I say is that largely owing to lack of experience, many details which by the "outsider" were regarded as purely minor details were overlooked, and owing to a variety of circumstances, I found myself working under very considerable handicap. As a Press Photographer it is my aim to produce the best possible results, to give to the public and to hand down to future generations "speaking" picture records of the incidents of the historic world tours of "Our Young Man."

With the picture results of the Canadian tour, thanks to the splendid facilities I was afforded by the C. P. R., and all the Dominion officials, I am satisfied, and the public too, I believe, was satisfied. But, with regard to the results achieved on the last Royal Tour I cannot speak with such confidence. Frankly I am disappointed, but I have this consolation. I know the pictures obtained were the best under the circumstances, very difficult circumstances. During the three months tour with the Prince of Wales in Canada, I worked under positively ideal conditions. The C. P. R. Royal Train contained a splendidly equipped dark room, and everything was so appointed that at times one forgot one was on board a train, travelling in the far west. One imagined one was back in a well appointed London studio. Never once did I have to trouble myself regarding the dispatch of my prints. Once they were ready, willing hands attended to the duty of dispatch. So smoothly did the arrangements proceed that during the whole of the Canadian tour not a single day passed but I was able each night to place in the possession of the Royal Suite a complete set of the pictures which I had taken, and not once did I miss the mail with the pictures for which the Press of the World was clamouring. One anticipates certain difficulties when travelling thousands of miles, difficulties are part and parcel of the Press Photographer's life, and they have to be overcome. But one above all else which from my point of view made the Canadian tour so thoroughly successful and so thoroughly enjoyable was the conspicuous absence of the "difficulties to overcome."

To deal with my difficulties on the last tour, I must commence with the wonder-warship H. M. S. "Retort." When I got aboard her I discovered to my horror there was no dark room wherein I could work. Thanks to the generous assistance of the officers of the ship I succeeded in "rigging up" a dark room in a gun support. Heavens! what a dark room it was. Built of solid steel, exposed on the outside to the glare of the tropical sun, with no possible ventilation once the door was shut, it was worse than working by the side of a furnace. How many times I was forced when in the tropics to beat a hasty retreat from my dark room, gasping for breath, I would not dare to tell, nor would I dare to disclose the number of plates which suffered in consequence of my retreat. But an even worse difficulty presented itself than the furnace-like dark room. My chemicals got warmed up to such an extent that often I did not dare use them, and I could not get a bit of ice on board the ship to bring the temperature of the fluids down to anything approaching normal. So, rather than risk spoiling scores of valuable historic negatives, I was obliged to

take them inside and kept safe until the "attack was over." Out rushed two of the huskiest attendants of the sanitarium. First they spoke gently to the bewildered detective. The store sleuth, dumb-founded, tried to explain, for which he was laughed at. A quick exchange of glances between the two huskies and the next moment the detective was carried inside battling and protesting in vain.

No sooner had the trio disappeared behind the sanitarium door than the heroine slipping into the limousine "James" and—that was the last seen of her and of the \$4,500 worth of finery.

The detective became so violent in his righteous defense that they had to put him in a padded cell. He was finally released at midnight when his identity and mental status were verified.

"hold up" developing them until the weather became cooler. During the voyage I dreamed fond dreams of happier times in Australia, and anticipated the good time I would have working in a well-equipped dark room on board the Royal Train. But alas! my dreams were rudely shattered, for on the Royal Special there was no provision for a Press Photographer, nor was it possible to "rig up" a dark room, since the journey through Australia was accomplished by trains over varying railway gauges. Each State in the Commonwealth appeared to me to have adopted a different gauge so that the rolling stock of one system was useless over another system's track. I quickly gave up all hope of being able to develop and print my own negatives during the journey and entrusted the work to others when I could find people who were ready to undertake the task.

It is a fairly easy matter to find dark rooms and operators in the large cities and towns like Melbourne and Sydney, but it was by no means a small undertaking when we got "into the wilds."

During the tour we seldom remained more than a couple of days in or near the smaller towns, and very naturally during our stay all business was suspended and every moment given up to a whole-hearted "joy-making." Since it was essential that I should ever have my camera ready it was obvious that I could not shut myself up in a dark room for hours, and since every other man was "joy-making" it was hardly to be conceived that the local photographer would readily forego his pleasures for the sake of developing my plates. So it came about there were endless delays in getting my pictures to the press. Often during the Australian tour I would work all day with the camera, and spend all the night shut up in the dark room of a local photographer, professional or amateur, doing my best to make up for lost time. I was very nearly caught "napping" at Bridgetown when we met with the accident. We had only just left the station, the train moving at not more than 10 miles an hour when the accident happened. Happily at Bridgetown I had not exposed all my plates, and I was sitting down resting before going to my sleeping compartment to change some plates when I heard a curious smashing, grinding noise. Then an attendant came running into the carriage shouting: "My God, the Prince's coach is overturned." I jumped up and to my horror saw that true enough the coach in which the Prince of Wales was riding was lying on its side. By this time the train had stopped and officials were rushing to the rear where the overturned coaches lay. To my intense joy, I heard the well known voice of Lord Louis Mountbatten, shouting "Where's Brooks? He must get a picture of this." I ran along with my camera and was in time to get a snap of His Lordship crawling through the window of one of the overturned coaches. In the excitement of the moment I did a most unheard of thing. I actually exposed one plate twice and did not discover my mistake for some time afterwards. In the accident, the Prince of Wales was the coolest of anyone. He remained until the last inside the overturned coach and when he crawled out he was hugging a thermos flask and gripping an old and favorite brier pipe. His first question was to know whether anyone had been hurt, and on being assured that none had even sustained a scratch he laughed and went back to the wrecked coach to sort out his belongings while I took "snaps" to my heart's content. There was one thing both in Australia and New Zealand about the tour which to me was most noticeable and that was the extraordinary "free and easy" manner of the people. They surged round the Prince and in many places literally mobbed him, so enthusiastic were they in their welcome. In New Zealand particularly I remember the Royal train was "inspected" time and time again. No permits to approach the train were necessary, nor were permits necessary to gain entrance to the railway stations as was the case in Canada. Some thirty or forty press photographers "commandeered" the Royal Special at Auckland and boarding the train travelled with us as far as Rotura where we were held up for the strike. At Rotura there was a little incident which I do not think has been reported. A big country fair was being held, and the Prince one evening entered into the "fun of the fair" riding on the roundabouts, shooting at bobbing eggs, and flinging balls at coconuts. Both at the shooting ranges and coconut shies, the Prince created something of a sensation. A splendid shot with the rifle, H.R.H. wrought havoc amongst the bobbing eggs and the "running door." At one of the coconut shies, after H.R.H. had floored three nuts with three balls and decided to try his luck again the proprietor of shies, not recognizing his Royal patron observed, "ere you, think you're lopping bombs at Jerry again. These are real honest coconuts, not square heads." That evening the Prince returned to the Royal train well laden with coconuts and tawdry charms and prizes from the various shooting ranges and side shows at the fair.

Our Travelling Salesmen Enjoy
Selling Red Rose Orange
Pekoe Tea

Travelling salesmen work very hard as a rule. They put in long hours, and the pleasure of travelling is not so great as to those of us who mostly live at home.

Naturally, therefore, these men must get a great deal of their pleasure and satisfaction from their work—they like to sell the finest of products and represent a good "house".

Our travelling salesmen are exceedingly critical of the products which they are asked to sell, and when we told them last January that we wanted them to sell a new tea of extra quality—much finer than has usually been sold in Canada—they were keenly interested, put the new tea to many tests amongst their friends, and gave it a lot of time and thought.

Having convinced themselves of the extra fine quality of Red Rose Orange Pekoe Tea, they started on their trips full of enthusiasm.

Their satisfaction, however, has been much greater on their later trips, because of the splendid renewal orders which are following their first sales.

Like good merchants, our salesmen enjoy selling the very finest tea—Red Rose Orange Pekoe.

Try the tea which has met with so much success.

