

HAYHURST OF GLORIOUS FAME, RETURNS TO BEAT HIS RECORD

(Toronto Globe.)
Tom Hayhurst, who first brought the Queen's prize to Canada back in '97, returned to the ranges yesterday after 18 years' absence. That he still has the keen eye and untrembling hand was shown by his scoring 100 out of a possible 105 in the Tait-Brassey match, beating his own record in this particular match and outshooting two later King's Prize winners into the bargain.

A Tumultuous Welcome.

His appearance on the ranges in a day of remarkable shooting—including the sensational performance of a 15-year-old Alberta lad, who scored a "possible" with 11 bulls-eyes in the President's match—was one of the most interesting developments in many years at the Long Branch ranges. There were among those attending the meet riflemen who remembered the triumphal return of Hayhurst from Bisley over a quarter of a century ago when he was welcomed and feted with torch-light processions in Toronto and Hamilton. And there were youngsters in the way

of the ranges to whom his name was a legend. It was as if Hanlan had taken the oars again.

Son Beats Famous Father.

In a drizzling rain under a grey sky he shot the three ranges of the Tait-Brassey match, seven rounds each at 200, 500 and 600 yards, planting the bullet on the bullseye 16 times. Sergt. Major Hawkins and Lieut. Desmond Burke, King's Prize winners, in this match scored one and two points below the veteran marksman. But as an interesting commentary on the theory of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," Hayhurst's own son, Sergt. W. A. Hayhurst, beat his dad by one point in the match.

"Well, I'm going to beat you today," he told me when we were going to the ranges," said Sergt. Hayhurst Sr. "I told him he'd have to go some. And he did."

Back in 1900 Hayhurst tied with three others in the Tait-Brassey match with scores of 99 each, and yesterday's performance brought him up one point on that record. Conditions of shooting then, he told The Globe,

GENTLE HINT.

George had taken his sweetheart home and was kissing her in the hall at 11.58 P. M. "It's hard to say good night dear," he whispered.

Just then they heard her father's voice from the top of the stairs: "Wait two minutes, George and say good morning."

Manager—Did Mrs. Flinnicky buy that dress?

Salesgirl (making out ticket)—No she wants it sent out on' disapproval.

were considerably different, however, from today. And more difficult, too. For instance, only the open sight was used at that time and the ammunition was much more powerful today than then. Mr. Hayhurst remembers the time when a strong wind was blowing, he would have to aim at targets perhaps two removed from his to allow for the wind.

Excellent Training For Youth.

Rifle shooting, he said, was one of the greatest training for the youth. The necessity for temperate living in every way, the development of nerve and mental control under the excitement and emotional stress of close matches, was, he thought, invaluable for youth.

THE MIDSUMMER WEATHER GIVES QUITE AN IMPETUS TO THE SALE OF UKULELES

(Fairfax Downey in New York Herald-Tribune.)

The troubadours lie at rest in fair Provence. Their songs of love are cold in print. Their lutes are dust or too valuable as museum pieces to hit anybody with, so we venture the statement that a second Age of Troubadours is upon us and that its exponents are doing their stuff on the ukulele.

This summer in this land of ours there will be few spots, however inaccessible, which will not resound to accompanied songs which will have this in common anyway with the lays of the original minstrelsy—they will be of a romantic, amatory nature. The mountains will be handing back their echoes rather hastily, the lakes will let them slither over their surfaces and the ocean tides will go out a little earlier than usual if the moon, which also influences ukulele players, will permit.

For there are more people playing ukuleles today than you can shake a stick at, however much you would like to, and it is too late to do anything about it. Hawaii was thoughtlessly annexed and the damage was done.

A great many ukes from this little annexation have grown. Some idea of the volume may be gained from the report of a skyscraper musical instrument house which shoots up from Forty-second Street west of Sixth Avenue. Saxophones and banjos have a large share in its business, but now a cheaper instrument of profane music is having its day and that day amounts to a sale of approximately 10,000 ukuleles a year.

The ukulele is a summer best seller. It seems to thrive in the great out-of-doors, where those who perform it may not be so easily cornered. Its small size makes it easy to transport. You would be surprised at the number of innocent traveling bags going through the stations these days with ukuleles concealed in them. Some harmless appearing persons arrive at the summer cottage next to you and you smile in welcome. But there is a fly in the ointment, a ukulele in the suitcase. Soon you hear it being tuned up or maybe being played right off under the impression that it is tuned well enough.

But the big factors in the rise of the ukulele (to be really Hawaiian you must pronounce it ookulele) are its low cost and the ease with which it may be learned. You may buy something in the shape of a "uku" for as low as ninety-eight cents, but it is the part of wisdom to pay nearer \$5 if you want something more like a musical instrument. You may purchase them for all the way up to \$60, depending upon how serious you are about it.

Teachers of the ukulele say their pupils average about three lessons, at the end of which they have accumulated a modicum of chords, holds, strokes and body blows, thereby considering themselves competent to perform in public. Their offense is good. Their defense is faulty, but they depend on the laws against assault and battery.

About ten chords absorbed and many a "uke" player will spring full panoplied from the practice bench and have at you. Shades of the hours of piano practice of our youth! Such are not for the rapid-moving Younger Generation, who want results and want them quick. As a matter of fact one can be a maestro on the ukulele if one so desires and execute difficult classical selections, but that possibility is not what sells the instruments by the thousands. It's easy music that soothes.

Where did the first ukulele come from? One hesitates to fix such a responsibility. Offhand, one would say Hawaii, but perhaps those islanders had it from Portuguese sailors, in whose country a similar instrument has been discovered, perhaps in spite of frenzied efforts to conceal it. Or it may be assumed that some Hawaiian setting out to make a guitar ran short of wood. In any event, the uke was concocted out of koa wood. A spectator who remarked the right hand of the player skimming over the strings cristened the instrument with the name it bears, which means when translated jumping flea. It stuck.

Its heyday has brought forth many variations; the banjo-ukulele, which has a ukulele on one side and a mandolin on the other and may be turned over rapidly if danger threatens, the taropatch fiddle, the tiple and so on. But, as the old proverb has it, Scratch a Turk and you find a Tartar.

If you want other evidence than that of your ears as to prevalence of the ukulele, note the sheet music of

the average popular song. It probably carries a score for the "uke." This addition, which began to be made about two years ago, now is generally carried for those who cannot be bothered with notes but want to know when and where to shift their clutch when operating the ukulele. If the performers want a change of key—and some of them do feel that urge at times—they have only to clamp around the neck of the ukulele that steel contrivance called the capo d'astro, which raises the key.

This brings up one cheering fact about the ukulele. Hardly any accessories are required—a capo and a felt pick, if you will, and there you are all equipped, unless you feel the need of a lei, that paper daisy chain effect. Without this around his neck the truly Hawaiian player simply can not render "Aloha." Some of the more guilty eschew leis as giving them the feeling of having put their heads in a noose, but they need not worry, since a lei is purposely made extremely fragile.

Apropos of the felt pick, the story is related that it was invented by a talented woman teacher of the ukulele whose pupils complained that their earnest practice on the instrument had made the fingers of their right or strumming hands sore. This contingency is looked upon by the average auditor as a saving grace, but naturally it was bad business for a teacher. So she devised the felt pick. A practical man who saw her employ it is said to have begun the manufacture of felt picks on a large scale and derived from the sale a large sum. In this the teacher, who had neglected to have her invention patented, unhappily did not share.

Every maker of ukuleles—the majority are of American manufacture now—can count on a goodly number of replacements each season. The instruments are small and rather frail; people have a way of sitting on them, even unintentionally. A "uke" is submitted to and will survive many varieties of climate—one was carried on a recent expedition to the North Pole—but protracted dampness is apt to wreak havoc. A ukulele which has capsized with a canoe will float but will never be quite the same again.

Of all the various methods of getting rid of ukuleles far fewer are unpremeditated than might be, and a great many of their perpetrators are infuriated to the point of lacking finesse and subtlety in their machinations. There is a case on record of sufferers suddenly snatching up ukuleles and using them as tennis racquets. Others have thrust the things on a stout man or a stout woman to play to in the hope that the "uke" will be either crushed or lost in the consequent embrace. The only result is a mirthful laugh when the instrument is restored unharmed.

The ukulele may be played with many other instruments, even with a pipe organ, but it is fated mostly to accompany song. It is only fair to state this since it explains the antipathy in which some hold it. Modern troubadours chant to its chords in motor cars, on shipboard and walking through the streets. Unlike the troubadours of old, most of those of the present are girls. What the significance of this is it would be hard to say. Maybe it is a sirenlike lure. If so, the modern Ulysses should, according to tradition, stuff the ears of his rowers with cotton. But he should not cause them to lash him to the mast. He might not be able to get away.

WIFE HELPS BURBANK OF INDIA

London, Aug. 16—Lady Bose is the right hand "man" of her husband, Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose, F. R. S., the Luther Burbank of India. Sir Jagadis, who maintains that plants have feelings, has been lecturing in London and often tells how Lady Bose has assisted him in his research work which has attracted world wide attention.

The scientist dresses in conventional European clothes but Lady Bose clings to her native Indian costume with all its splendor of bronze and gold, and says she would not give it up, even if she were to make her home in London.

"Paw, Junior's writing all over your checkbook."

The stern parent looked up. "Stop drawing on my account, son," he said.

ORGANIZATION OF INDUSTRY IN THE DOMINION

The fifth report on organization in industry, Commerce and the Professions in Canada, being for the year 1926, has just been published by the Department of Labor. The volume shows the extent to which employers have associated for the purpose of dealing with matters of common interest. The report also contains the names of associations whose members are concerned with co-operative buying and selling as well as of those embracing wholesale and retail dealers. A glance at the following groups into which the associations are divided will indicate the scope of the report, in which will be found the names of organizations covering almost every phase of industrial, commercial and professional activity:

- 1.—Manufacturing.
- 2.—Building and Construction.
- 3.—Mining.
- 4.—Transportation and Communication.
- 5.—Printing and Publishing.
- 6.—Laundering, Cleaning, Repairing, etc.
- 7.—Personal Service and Amusement.
- 8.—General Manufacturers and Employers.
- 9.—Financial.
- 10.—Agriculture.
- 11.—Dairying.
- 12.—Horse, Live Stock, Sheep Breeders, etc.
- 13.—Co-operative Societies.
- 14.—Wholesale Merchants.
- 15.—Retail Merchants.
- 16.—Real Estate Dealers.
- 17.—Professional.
- 18.—Technical and Scientific.
- 19.—Insurance.
- 20.—Funeral Service.

According to the report, the membership included in the first eight of the above divisions, which consists of 353 associations, with a combined membership of 24,197, is composed of employers or firms who are for the most part operating industries in which the employment of help is essential. With some of the corresponding organizations of work people there employers have agreements covering the conditions of employment in their respective establishments. In the remaining groups the employment of labor is in some cases only incidental, and with the exception of the personal service and amusement and the retail merchants groups there is no corresponding body of organized employees. Although the majority of the associations whose names are recorded in the report are wholly Canadian, a number are identified with organizations whose headquarters are in the United States. The report states that there are in the Dominion 1,318 main and 623 branch associations, making in all, 1,941, an increase of 616 in the number recorded in 1925. The bulk of this increase is accounted for in the co-operative societies group which now numbers 802 associations, 554 more than appeared in the previous report. The total membership of all classes of associations is 1,238,812 an increase of 205,681. The report for 1925 contained the names of 1,325 associations with a combined membership of 1,033,131.

MEADOW LILIES.

Meadow lilies are aflame
Up and down the valley lands;
Here in bright vermilion bands
Statuesque and singly there
Flambeaus in the summer air;

Torches that have caught the gleam
Of the sunrise just a glint
Mid the green of grass and mint
Mirroring the sunset beam
Born of beauty, so they seem;

Beauty's children—emblem, sign
Of the loveliness of earth;
In the days of cold and dearth
When the wild winds moan and whine,

In my heart I'll hold them mine;
Hold them still as now they glow
So to fend the bitter chill
Creeping in across the sill—
Warmth against the girdling woe
In the solstice of the snow!

—CLINTON SCOLLARD in New York Sun.

ONE ON FATHER.

Willie's school report had just come in. It wasn't very good. "I'm losing patience with you, Willie!" exclaimed his father. "How is that young Jones is always at the top of his class while you are at the bottom?"

The boy looked at his father and then at his mother. "You forget dad," he said innocently, "that Jones has awful clever parents."

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