

EXTRA.

GLASS FRONT SMASHED!

T O R O N T O N E W S B U L L E T I N .

Sunday December 2nd., 1917.

Yesterday (Saturday) morning, Mr. C. V. Jones, editor-reporter-compositor-printer-porter-and "devil" of this celebrated publication had the misfortune to drop his "spectacles" on a cement floor, without any evidence of material damage to the floor, but the "specs" are "non-com"--not here--not working, and as a consequence the illustrious publisher has tired "lamps" today, and has put forth the message that the Bulletin will again be a very short edition. But don't you see--he got his "name in the paper". It takes an accident to make some of us notable, yes siree!

Oculist promises to have my eyes "reshod" at noon tomorrow, which is much needed owing to the close application which I am putting on my drawing board at the present time.

The cold has began to come! Bet your life I know. We have had flurries of snow the past two days but not heavy. Thursday, Thanksgiving Day was a beauty, and I was mighty sorry, that I had not been able to get away for the visit with the Aureliuses. But will add it on to the Christmas trip.

Has letters from George, and Mother the past week. In one letter from mother she enclosed some flowers picked at 712. She is a bad actor--she is trying to make some of us homesick. Well, I'm glad she can be where those flowers grow through such long seasons and where there is so much beauty of nature to enjoy, and she is one member of our family that enjoys it I guess.

During the past month Canada has been floating a big war loan, "Victory Bonds", and have made a big success of it, but the subscribing of such a large amount of money by the common people has slowed up business to quite an extent, at least in this city and Province.

George says he will be mighty glad to get away from the Camp at Mineola. Guess it must be a bad one for George, as a rule, "takes his medicine" without a "whimper".

Last Monday evening I had the pleasure of attending the Annual Dinner of the Canadian Piano Manufacturers' Association. Went with Mr. Mason. Had a fine dinner and met many men whom I have had correspondence with in previous years, but had never met personally before. Also met several whom I had had the pleasure of entertaining at Vancouver in time gone by.

Friday night I went to a new photo-play house--"The Allen", and saw our old smile-maker, "Doug" Fairbanks, in a very good picture, "The Man From Painted Post". It was photographed in Montana and some of the scenery looked mighty good to me. The new theatre is planned very similar to "The Liberty" of Seattle. Inclined runways to the balcony, and no stairways in any part of the house. A fourteen piece orchestra that would make "Jim" Clemmer's bunch of Russian musicians sit up and take notice. These two nights out are about the extent of my "pesttication" during the past two weeks. Not too bad, eh?

Now, good bye all--when I get the "new front in" will try and do better. Best wishes,

R.V.