

The AUTOMOBILE

Care During Summer.

With the summer motoring season here and the call of the open road at hand the time of year when owners use their cars more than at any other season they are naturally more eager than usual to so operate their cars that they will get the maximum efficiency. As an aid in this direction, timely advice is given to owners by an expert. He says:

"In general, motor car owners should bear in mind that the heat of summer, combined with the harder and more constant use to which they put their cars at this season of the year, causes more evaporation than at other times. This applies not only to water in the radiator, but also to oil.

"During the hot weather months attention should be given frequently to the radiator; the owner should see that it is kept filled and at intervals it should be flushed out and filled with clean water. In connection with efficient operation of the cooling system, fan belt adjustment should be made, for the fan is needed in summer. The position of the spark lever should be watched to see that it is kept in an advanced position, thus assuring better cooling of the motor.

"Minor parts, such as wheel bearings, spring shackles, steering connections and universal joints, require oiling more often in summer. It is well that a heavier grade of lubricating oil be used in the motor than is used in colder weather and oil should be drained from the motor at intervals not to exceed every one thousand miles. Better performance will result when this is done.

"Careful attention should be directed to the brakes to see that they are kept in as nearly perfect condition as possible, for during the summer months they get greater usage, with more traffic to contend with and more cars on the road.

"Tire pressure should be watched more closely on tires that have been in use for a long period, because tires expand more in hot weather. The owner should have a tire gauge and use it in inflating. In taking long trips the owner should be provided with a good spare tire and should go over all tires during the trip to see that they have no defects.

THE PRICE OF HER SILENCE

By FREDERIC BOUTET

His midday meal over, M. Buchene was in the habit of smoking a cigar before returning to his office. While he puffed peacefully he talked matters over with his wife. In the early days of his marriage he had found this intermission hour delightful. Mme. Buchene, quitting her place opposite him, used to come and sit beside him. The cigar went out. They kissed each other fervently. These ardors had abated in time, and now storm clouds sometimes threatened the serenity of their conversation.

This day, after lighting his cigar, M. Buchene said:

"My dear Suzanne, I have something to say to you about your brother Maxime."

Mme. Buchene stiffened up. But he took no notice of that and continued in his grave, precise and gentle manner, which now irritated Suzanne, although she had formerly been greatly impressed by it.

"Yes, he makes me uneasy. You know with what pleasure I took him into my office six months ago. I wanted to oblige you and your parents."

"It was perfectly natural," Suzanne interrupted. "Maxime had just finished his law course and there was every chance that a young man, intelligent, distinguished and of good family—your brother-in-law, in the bargain—would give you better service and command your confidence more readily than some outsider, even though the latter might be older and more serious."

"Serious! That's just what Maxime isn't. That's what worries me. Let him be frivolous, neglectful, inexact. Mon Dieu! I didn't expect anything else. But for some time past he has been running wild. I don't mean love affairs. At his age that would be excusable. It's something else. He gambles. He spends his nights at the poker table. He comes in in the morning pale, restless, overstrained. When he sits down he can hardly keep his eyes open. This morning I asked him for a letter. He started suddenly out of a doze and answered 'I have a king full.' And he plays for big stakes. I've found that out. Now, gambling is a dangerous thing, my dear Suzanne. I don't know whether you realize that or not. I wish you would give him a word of caution, for he loves you and respects you. Or your parents might do it. I shall not intervene unless he persists in taking such chances."

"Don't get excited, please," said Suzanne, mockingly. "It sounds like a speech out of a melodrama. And I am sure the information your spies brought you about Maxime is mostly

in the best possible condition during the summer months, for it is then he uses his automobile most. To get this maximum efficiency he must exercise greater care in going over the car."

Hints to Motorists.

After adjusting brakes be sure to spin the wheels to make sure that brakes do not bind. It is extremely important to have brakes release properly, otherwise they bind and loss of power results.

Some time, while exploring the lower regions of the chassis, see that the brake rods have pull springs to insure full release when intended. A hot brake will be avoided.

Remember always to apply the brakes gently. When brakes are jammed hard it puts a severe strain on the tires and may cause one wheel to lock and slide, wearing the tread at that point. Judge your distance and momentum and stop by using brakes as little as possible.

If you stop the car on a hill it is not sufficient to set the emergency brake, particularly if the car is a heavy one. Cramp the front wheels so that one of them rests against the curb or a rock. Use front of front wheel if car point down the hill and rear of rear wheel if the car points up. Then if the emergency brake slips, or some mischievous boy disengage it the car will not start.

In order to become familiar with the location and "feel" of the lever it is advisable for motorists to use the emergency brake occasionally in ordinary work. This is suggested so that in the event of an emergency there will be no fumbling in using it. Also, this occasional use will reveal when the brake is out of order.

Cheap tubes, patched tubes and old worn tubes let out inflation. Low inflation causes stone bruises, nails and tacks to be picked up, and worst of all, broken fabric walls, loose treads, blow-outs and road cuts from soft tires and friction.

You can dodge thousands of rocks in the road by a slight turn of your steering wheel. Of course you can not dodge them all, but if you are really sincere in trying to save your tires you can avoid most of them. Small rocks in the road often conceal sharp edges that play havoc with tire treads.

exaggeration. Suppose he plays now and then—there's no harm in it. I would play myself, for amusement, if I had a chance. We aren't like you, ponderous, solemn, doing everything by weight and measure. We are imaginative and nervous. We are alive. Besides, Maxime would probably be a little more interested in your business if you had encouraged him by showing complete confidence in him and making him your second in command, instead of treating him like a boy, a person of no consequence. He is conscious of his growth and his feelings have been hurt. I know that."

M. Buchene shrugged his shoulders. "Mon Dieu! My dear child, Maxime is a delightful fellow, a perfect dancer, an accomplished man of the world. I don't dispute it. But to trust him with my business! Pretty soon you wouldn't be able to pay your dressmaker's bills. He would ruin us with the best intentions in the world. He is as fantastic as you are. You both take after your father, who has been mixed up in his lifetime in a hundred foolish enterprises. In fact, I still wonder why he has lost only half of his fortune."

Suzanne was red with anger. "Papa is a superior man, whom you aren't capable of understanding." She looked her husband full in the face and added, emphasizing her words:

"In any case, you oughtn't to permit yourself to criticize another family when you have in your own family an Uncle Arsene, a bankrupt."

M. Buchene now grew red.

"What? What are you saying?" he stammered.

"I am telling the truth. I also know something. I refrained out of politeness from alluding to this before, but since you force me to it, I repeat: When one has in his family a bankrupt like Uncle Arsene he avoids criticizing a family as honorable and eminent as mine. I will remind you of that fact again, if it is necessary."

She went out and slammed the door. M. Buchene was crushed. Uncle Arsene was the Buchene black sheep. He had sprung, some fifty-five years before, from the loins of that economic and virtuous family, a troublemaker from his boyhood, showing as a young man an unnatural taste for prodigality and debauchery. He made two marriages—one of them scandalous—and then failed disastrously in a business venture, undertaken in the hope of recovering the fortune he had dissipated. They knew that he had settled down somewhere in the country and was managing a disreputable cafe.

M. Buchene let his burned-out cigar drop. The revamping of this old story filled his mind with bitterness. He was dumfounded that his wife knew all the details. It was a powerful weapon for her, and she would use it mercilessly. He had no doubt about that. What kind of life would he lead henceforth, if whenever a disagreement

—and the worst is yet to come



arose the scandalous doings of Uncle Arsene were to be thrown at his head.

But he judged Mme. Buchene by himself. She didn't do as he would have done. She didn't employ the direct method of attack and never mentioned the name which her cowed husband expected to have sprung on him at any moment. She contented herself, when she was annoyed (and that was frequently), with praising her own family, whose honor had never been tarnished within the memory of men. She abounded in examples of worthiness which she had drawn from the lives of her parents, her grandparents and her remotest ancestors. Family tradition had preserved these noble memories.

Mme. Buchene thus tormented M. Buchene. He felt his dignity as a man and a husband torn to shreds. He suffered in silence. Perhaps to soften Mme. Buchene, who showed a tendency to abuse her victory, he became extremely considerate to Maxime. He initiated him into the secrets of the business, gave him the keys to his desk, absolved him from appearing at the office in the morning and, like an elder brother, advised him to take his fling.

Some weeks passed. One evening, as M. and Mme. Buchene had just finished dinner, a servant announced Maxime.

"Mon Dieu, what's the matter?" cried Mme. Buchene, alarmed by her brother's pallor and air of suppressed excitement.

He waited until the servant had gone, closed the door behind her, and then turned toward his brother-in-law.

"I have something to tell you," he said breathlessly, "something frightful! I am—I am a scoundrel. No, Suzanne, keep quiet. I have betrayed your confidence. I have committed—I have committed a forgery. I imitated his signature on a draft, which I had cashed. I had lost. It was a debt of honor. I hoped to win something back—to take up the draft. Since then I have been in despair. I have tried to raise money. I have failed. Tomorrow the draft will be presented. That's all. How did I do such a thing?"

He crumpled up, sobbing, at his brother-in-law's feet. M. Buchene lifted him up calmly, without any show of anger.

"Gambling is very dangerous, as I have always said," he began slowly. "Here is the draft. Its genuineness was called in question. They asked me if it was my signature. I said yes and I paid it."

He stopped, relighted his cigar and with the same match burned the draft to a cinder.

"Let us wipe it out," he resumed, not noticing that his metaphors were mixed. "Your despair, my boy, proves your repentance. Calm yourself. I pardon you and I will keep the secret of your youthful fault. What family, for that matter, has nothing with which to reproach itself? But when one has true consideration he never advertises the dishonor of those who are near to him," he concluded, giving Mme. Buchene, now livid, a look charged with assurance and triumph.

Tested.

Mr. Biggs was planning to build a motor-shed in his garden, so he bought an expensive saw.

He left his office early the next afternoon, with the intention of starting the job. Putting on a pair of overalls, he went out into the garden. An hour or so later he came into the dining-room and flung himself down into a chair in disgust.

"That new saw I bought isn't worth twopence!" he stormed. "Why, the thing wouldn't cut butter!"

His small son, Harry, looked up in surprise.

"Oh, yes, it would, daddy," he exclaimed earnestly. "Why, I'd and I sawed a whole brick in two with it this morning."

MARBLE RESOURCES OF THE DOMINION

EXPORT TRADE MIGHT BE BUILT UP.

Vast Deposits of Ornamental Marble in Hastings and Other Ontario Counties.

Canada has large resources of ornamental building stone or marble which so far have been largely neglected, and the announcement that the country is on the verge of a tremendous building boom, when building material of all kinds will be called into requisition on a large scale, draws attention once more to these hidden stores and the opportunities awaiting their development. As pointed out by W. H. Matthews, Manager of the Canadian Marble Company at Toronto, the prime necessity is capital, which, with proper co-operation and management on the part of those concerned already in the field, will result in the development of the industry so far as to eliminate the necessity of importation.

As Mr. Matthews points out, in the past most of the stone entering into the construction of many of the larger and more important buildings throughout the Dominion was imported, with its equal in every way, and in many cases its superior, resting at home not quarried. It is not generally known that Canada has, in Hastings County, Ontario, vast deposits of ornamental stone or marble, which have been pronounced as second to none of the best offerings of the world's ornamental stone markets by experts who have seen and examined them. From these deposits replicas of most of the foreign marbles can be obtained, duplicating, in every way, the quality, texture and strength.

Many Varieties and Colors.

The strata from which the Hastings marbles are taken are compactly grouped in a wonderful assortment of varieties, white, colored, bread and butter, monotonous, and variegated. Another location of fine marble is in Peel County, which supplied the stone entering into the construction of the facade of the Ontario Parliament buildings and which is acknowledged to be at the very top of its own classification. Other locations of marble deposits in Ontario are in the counties of Lanark, Frontenac, Leeds, Haliburton, Renfrew, Peterborough and Victoria. There are in all, four quarries operating in the Hastings area and two in other parts of Ontario, namely, Lanark and Stormont. In Quebec, marble is known to exist in quantities in the districts of Phillipsburg, South Stukely, St. Thecle, and Portage du Fort, whilst quarries exist and are operated at Beauce, Champlain, Missisquoi, Pontiac and Shefford. On the other side of the continent, marble has been found at Kootenay Lake, Texada Island and in the Nootka Sound region of British Columbia, with operations under way at Vancouver Island and two quarries in the Lardo district.

Not only is Canada able to supply her own needs in this respect from her tremendous stores of such high quality, but in the opinion of authorities on the question, her wealth of possession justifies the building up of the industry in architectural and ornamental stone to develop it under good management to engage in a considerable export trade.

Not a Stranger.

A private soldier walking arm-in-arm with his sweetheart met his sergeant when about to enter an eating house. He respectfully introduced her to him: "Sergeant, my sister."

"Yes, yes," was the reply. "I know; she was mine once."

A Ukrainian Joan of Arc

There was recently in Ukraine, says a despatch from Paris, a strong detachment of cavalry waging war against the Bolsheviks. Fine fellows they were, more than two thousand of them, armed to the teeth and riding like centaurs. At every meeting in the open field they annihilated their foes. Behind every thicket they formed an ambush; scarcely a night passed when they did not sally forth and destroy some of the Reds.

Their colonel was a woman, Marie Nikoforova, the widow of an officer who had been captured by the Russian renegades and basely murdered. The daughter of a noble family and educated at an aristocratic college at Petrograd, her thirst for vengeance upon her husband's murderers overcame all other impulses. She placed herself in the saddle at the head of her late husband's troops and exacted fearful recompense from her foes.

The men adored her. Her valor and daring were indescribable. She un-

hesitatingly exposed her own life at the head of the regiment with the bang of an apostle and martyr and with utter contempt of death.

At last the Bolsheviks, in a desperate effort to get rid of this deadly foe, sent against her four regiments and completely surrounded her and her troops. A part of her detachment fought their way out. But she chose to stand her ground to the end, shooting and shooting without a pause until at last she fell to the ground through sheer exhaustion and was captured.

The Bolsheviks condemned her to death. But three times the firing squad before whom she was placed discharged their rifles into the empty air, so greatly had her heroism aroused even their admiration. Finally the brave Bolsheviks had to place machine guns behind their own men to force them to shoot a woman.

She fell, her eyes unbandaged, looking her slayers in the face with a smile of proud defiance.

Bridget's Strategy.

Bridget was an Irishwoman—that was by birth. She was also general maid of all work to Mrs. Dawson—that was by necessity.

Bridget had a reputation for not liking work. Give a dog a bad name, and it'll never get a reputation for being a saint.

It was one of Bridget's tasks to clean the windows one morning. After a certain number of hours had passed her mistress saw Bridget emptying a pail of dirty water.

"Have you cleaned the windows, Bridget?" asked Mrs. Dawson.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Come upstairs with me, and I will inspect them," said the lady.

Bridget had no alternative but to follow her mistress, but she had a foreboding of misfortune.

"Bridget," demanded Mrs. Dawson, "surely you don't consider these windows clean?"

"Shure, I washed them nicely on the inside, ma'am," asserted Bridget, "so ye can look out, but I intentionally left them a little dirty on the outside so them ignorant Jones' children next door couldn't look in."

Catering for All.

"Ladies and gentlemen," shouted the loud-voiced cheap-jack at the country market to the little crowd which had gathered, "this is the book for everyone, the book for everywhere, the book—the book!"

He tossed it up and caught it as it fell. Then he went on: "The book for everybody, see? Encyclopedia of eighty pages, recipes for every dish that was ever cooked, all the new dishes that never were cooked, formula for the toothache, agreeable stories for old women, treatise for young women on the art of getting husbands, how to cure bunions without amputation, how to plant cabbages when the moon is not full, how to breed rabbits, how to interpret dreams, how to tell fortunes, how to get a divorce, how to reckon up the interest on a mortgage. The book for everybody!"

But the audience was unappreciative and he failed to dispose of a single copy. The cheap-jack looked over the crowd with a disgust that could not be disguised.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he remarked, "I forgot to mention that in this incomparable book there is a blank page—for those who cannot read."

Deeds.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths, in feelings, not in figures on a dial. We should count time by heart throbs.

He most lives Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Life's but a means unto an end; that end Beginning, mean, and end to all things—God.

Avaunt!

Maud (who has answered the door-bell herself)—"George, you must not come into this house to-night. If you love me, darling, fly at once, and do not let my father discover your presence."

George (tragically)—"Oh, Maud, my darling, what serpent has entered our Eden to wreck our happiness? Speak, girl, speak."

Maud (tearfully)—"Father has just had the gas bill."

Cattle in Spain.

This is a true story of an adventure of two lady artists in sunny Spain:

They were walking, and, arrived at a little country inn, hot, dusty and thirsty. They couldn't talk Spanish, but wanted some milk badly, so one of them drew a most beautiful high-art cow, while the other jingled some coins.

The Spaniards looked, and a boy was sent off post-haste.

In half an hour the boy returned, hot and triumphant—with two tickets for a bull-fight.

No Chance.

Returning home from the dentist's, where he had gone to have a loose tooth drawn, little Raymond reported as follows: "The doctor told me before he began that if I cried or screamed it would cost me a dollar, but if I was a good boy it would be only fifty cents."

"Did you scream?" his mother asked. "How could I?" answered Raymond. "You only gave me fifty cents."

Things Worth While.

Not what you get,

But what you give;

Not what you say,

But how you live;

Giving the world the love it needs,

Living a life of noble deeds.

Not whence you came,

But whither bound;

Not what you have,

But whether found

Strong for the right,

The good, the true,

These are the things

Worth while to you.

Fate in Gloves.

There are superstitions as well as buttons attached to gloves.

The girl who puts on her right-hand glove first is doomed to everlasting spinsterhood; while losing a button within twenty-four hours of purchasing a new pair of gloves is translated into the probability of losing a lover in twenty-four days.

Wearing one glove and carrying the other is said to denote a man of feminine temperament and tastes; and the person who leaves a glove behind in a public vehicle must throw its fellow away, or be for ever under the threat of dire financial loss.

Ikey's Bright Idea.

When their father died, Ikey, Abe, and Benjamin found that he had left each of them \$2,500. Benjamin decided to open a tailor's shop; the others thought they would wait a bit and see how he got on.

As he did quite well, Abe took the shop two doors away, and, thinking to profit by Benjamin's success, had it decorated in exactly the same style. Each bore the sign "Mosenstein, the Famous Tailor."

After a few months, the cautious Ikey decided that he too would become a tailor. He took the shop between those of his brothers, and consulted the same decorator.

"I suppose you want something striking and original?" said the decorator.

"Yes," said Ikey, "I want a shop with von great big door. Over it you can write, 'Mosenstein, Tailor. Main Entrance.'"

The Reason Why.

At an examination at a public school the examiner was questioning a class of boys. He wandered through different subjects, and at last came to speak about measles, when a small boy jumped up and exclaimed: "Please, sir, will you whip me if I ask you a question?"

"No," said the inspector.

"Will you let the master whip me?" asked the boy.

"No," said the inspector.

Then came the question:

"Why did Eve never catch the measles?"

This the inspector could not solve. So he gave it up.

"Because she's Adam," exclaimed the small boy.

His Breaks Would Not Work.

Just before the battle of St. Michel the Germans blew up an ammunition dump near a company of Yanks. It was reported that there was a large quantity of gas shells in the dump, and as soon as the explosions began the Americans immediately vacated the neighborhood. When the danger had passed all except one man returned. He did not appear until the next day.

"Well, where have you been?" demanded the first sergeant, eyeing him coldly.

"Sergeant," replied the other earnestly, "I don't know where I've been, but I give you my word I've been all day gettin' back."

Payment by Results.

One day in Cheapside a hawker was selling street maps of London.

An Irishman, who looked rather "green," came by, and the hawker, thinking to be smart, cried:

"Ere ye are—street-maps o' London!—Savvy yer which streets are paved with gold?"

The Irishman stopped, took one of the maps, and was walking off, when the hawker called out:

"Ere, mate, where's yer money?"

"Begorra!" replied Pat. "O'll pay ye when O'llve chipped some gold off the pavements shown on your map!"

And he speedily disappeared among the crowd.