

**GOODYEAR**  
MADE IN CANADA



## This Tread is Not Accidental

**T**HE Goodyear All-Weather Tread was designed by the keenest, most practical men in the tire industry.

It was designed primarily for service—not for its mere advertising value.

For many years Goodyear has been searching for flaws in it—finding none.

To-day, it remains the world's most popular automobile tire tread.

Such a tread could not be accidental. It is primarily the result of a policy—the same policy which has guided Goodyear through a host of tire improvements to the crowning achievement—the Goodyear Cord Tire with the All-Weather Tread.

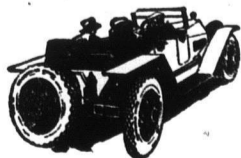
The sharp-edged blocks, scientifically arranged, roll easily straight ahead—but resist every tendency to skid, take you out of ruts, around corners, across icy car-tracks. They pull ahead through mud and snow and slush. They keep front wheels under control.

With Goodyear All-Weather Tread Tires on all four wheels and spare, no matter what tire change you make, the appearance of your car is always balanced.

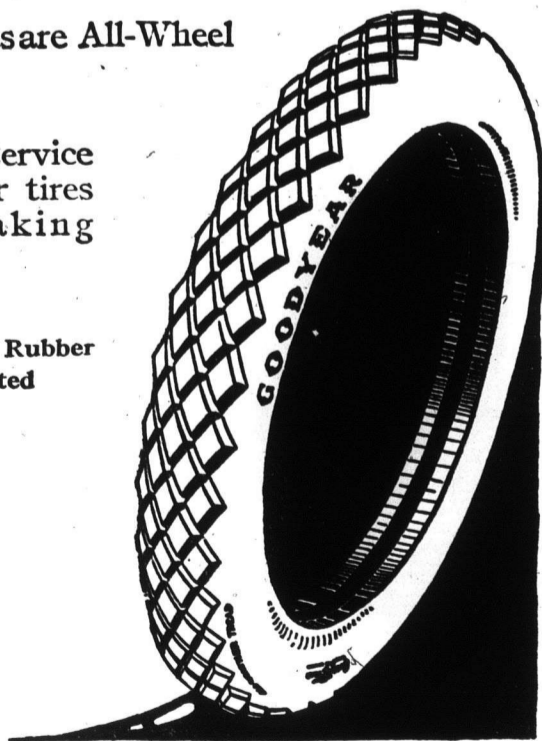
All-Weather Tires are All-Wheel Tires.

Go to a Goodyear Service Station Dealer for tires and mileage-making service.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. of Canada Limited



All-Weather Tires are All-Wheel Tires



## What Would You Do With Wilkins?

By Charles Dorian

When Wilkins came back to the old town they told him it had outgrown itself; that splendid new buildings adorned the business section and the residential district had surpassed every expectation toward beautification.

Maybridge was a mining town and subject to the fumes that make vegetation languish, yet it blossomed like some of the garden towns that had no such drawback.

Wilkins walked listlessly between two comrades. What they told him caused no flutter of the heart. He brooded upon the thing that had darkened his life.

"We're now on the main corner. Here is the new post-office, a stone building better than they have in some cities. Over there is Jawley's store for gents—spruced up some, and across the road is the new Derose departmental store."

Wilkins was paying enough attention to notice an omission.

"What about the other corner—the corner of 'decay' we used to call it?"

Wilkins' chin was averted and his sightless eyes were leveled exactly in focus upon the "corner of decay."

"They are tearing down the old rookery," said his guide. "I understand old Johnson, the millionaire lumberman bought it."

"He's a good sport," acknowledged Wilkins. "He and the gov'nor used to be good friends. The old lady says he was good to her when I was over there. I'll bet he does something decent to that corner. Wish I could see what's going on."

Then he fell to brooding again and no more interest could they instill in him. It was not until preparations were being made for the Labor Day parade that he came out of his trance. They were discussing who should carry the flag at the head of the parade.

"Let me carry the flag," begged Wilkins.

Wilkins was Color-Sergeant "over there" and it was during a raid over London that the flag was knocked out of his hands and his sight forever blotted out. The flag was miraculously caught by a comrade and it was brought to Wilkins while he deliriously calling for "the flag! the flag!" and he was allowed to feel it. But he never quite believed that it was "his" flag and the loss of it preyed upon his mind so much that vocational teachers never could get him to concentrate upon any occupation. So his comrades thought it would be only right to let him carry the flag on parade. A pal walked on each side of him to guide him along the route of procession. Wilkins was only a boy in years and tall. With head erect and chin raised he looked taller, and so steadily he walked, and proudly, that only those who knew could see that he was blind.

A troublesome film passed over the eyes of Johnson as he witnessed the parade. He growled at the man beside him whom he caught watching him blink. Then he burst into voluble speech:

"Everybody in this town ought to carry a flag for Wilkins," he said. "There should be a flagstaff on every lot to do him honor. If that happened in an American town they'd paste his picture on Old Glory and fly it from every window. We've got the best old flag in the world but we only show it on parades. On the other side every day looks like flag day while here our flag poles are bare. Yes, sir, every man ought to resolve to-day to keep his flag a-flying for the spirit that Wilkins represents."

After this burst of patriotism it would appear strange to the student of human nature to hear John Joseph Johnson in his office next morning when his secretary announced the arrival of a committee appointed to raise funds for a monument in memory of our fallen heroes.

"Tell them I don't believe in monuments," he stormed, while he viciously

tore open his morning mail. The secretary returned in a moment:

"Mr. Giggs would like to have a chance to explain the plan," he ventured.

"Tell Mr. Giggs I know all about it. It's been talked about for the last month. If he can raise half the amount without my name at the top of the list tell him to come and tell me about it," he conceded.

"Now," he reminded the secretary when Giggs and his party had gone, "in case Mr. Giggs seeks to gain subscriptions by stating that I'm coming in at the tail end with a handsome donation, phone that daily scripture, the Star, and say I'm in no manner in favor of the movement, and that I will not subscribe one cent for a stone. I'd rather see the money spent on bread."

After this duty was performed and the secretary resumed his regular work, Johnson asked in a sympathetic tone:

"How do you feel about this monument business, Jim? You've been overseas."

"It would be a nice thing to remember the boys—" began Jim.

"And do you need an image to remind you?" asked Johnson.

"But future generations—" hinted Jim.

"Traditions are carved in the heart, not in marble. What good is this monument going to do Wilkins for instance?"

"Poor Wilkins," faltered Jim.

"Wilkins must be kept from poverty. His old mother can't support him—she, herself, needs support. The memory of the lads that are gone is safe with all who live and who will live, so long as they stick to the ideals that took our men across a continent and an ocean to fight. In the Labor Day parade they gave Wilkins the standard to carry and he smiled all through the procession. But parades can't be held every day. He is still a fine example of physical manhood and should have something to do. I've a hunch that he'll get over his notion about losing his colors."

"He seems normal enough," said Jim.

"Call up the freight office and see if those special sticks of pine have arrived," said Johnson, resuming his business air.

"Arrived this morning," replied Jim, who knew everything about his work that he was expected to know, and a little more.

Johnson walked down to the railroad yard to have a look at the timber. Then he walked down town. In the post-office he ran across Giggs who greeted him pleasantly. Johnson was gruff but not averse to hearing how the campaign was coming on.

"Not very well," admitted Giggs. "Everybody looks to you to head those things, you know. We'll have to just do the best we can. What do you suppose they're doing across there?"

He pointed across to the "corner of decay" which was fast yielding to the wreckers.

"Pulling down the old shack," replied Johnson. "That's where your monument ought to be," he grinned.

"Best corner in town," agreed Giggs. "However, we've our eye on the lot opposite the court house."

When Giggs left him Johnson went across the street and said something to the foreman in charge of the work.

In a few days concrete forms replaced the old rookery and people stopped to guess what sort of building could possibly be erected on a foundation so small. They were more puzzled in the course of three weeks when the foundation took the form of a concrete disc, thirty feet in diameter with a round hole in the middle two feet across. Outside this hole and what looked like a triangular vault hewn from the centre to the outside curve, the object was a solid block. People began to remark that it looked like the base for a monument.

The "Star" looked up the land deal in the Registry Office and saw that John

Continued on page 48