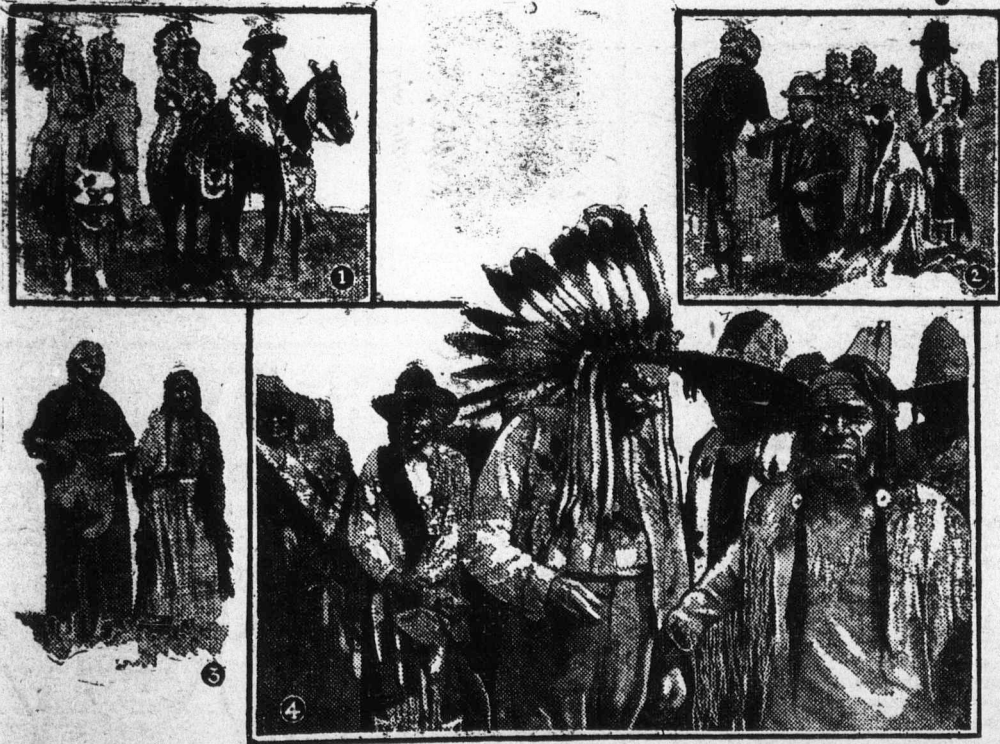




Neptune Holds Court on a Famous Canadian Ship

A REMARKABLE photograph of the ceremonies that took place when the Canadian Pacific steamer "Empress of France" crossed the line on her recent "round-the-world" tour. Neptune accompanied by his royal barber, and other officials came aboard in the early morning and duly initiated those who were crossing the line for the first time. His Majesty's stay on board was short, but the same cannot be said of the little god Cupid. He came on board early and stayed until the end of the trip, as may be gathered from the fact that out of a total of 800 passengers on that famous 30,000 mile cruise, no less than forty came to the end of the trip as engaged couples. This fine photograph of Neptune's court was made by Miss Margaret Miller of Waterbury, Conn., who was one of the ship's passengers.

Indians Celebrate Opening Banff-Windermere Road



1. Indians, gaily caparisoned, await the judges' pleasure. 2. Lieutenant Governor Nichol smokes the pipe of peace—to the delight of the oldest members of the tribe (3). 4. Car-No-Sic-Klmeet and the Indian chief.

THE Indian, though reticent and undemonstrative, is ever ready to show his appreciation of the fact that the pale face is a friend, a brother to him. More often than not, he takes advantage of his feted days to show this appreciation and good-will in simple ceremonies which honor the white man by bestowing upon him the name of one of their own, and a seat in their family and council circles.

The opening of the Banff-Windermere Motor Highway on June 30th occasioned the gathering of a large number of Kootenay Indians from various reserves, at Invermere, B.C. Here they entertained and were entertained by a host of visitors to the district who, having attended the opening ceremonies were easily induced by the glories of the country to stay for a few days. On this occasion the Kootenays honored Lieutenant Governor W. C. Nichol of B.C., who had officiated, with Lieutenant Governor Brett of Alberta, at the opening,

by making him an honorary chief of their tribe. Robert Randolph Bruce, a leader in Windermere and Kootenay development was also asked to enter the circle, and after the smoking of the ceremonial pipe and listening to the liturgy in the Kootenay language, was dressed in all the panoply of power, head-dress and beaded clothes, and accepted into the tribe as full chieftain, being given the name of Car-No-Sic-Klmeet, which signifies "Red Sky". After a famous council chief of the tribe who has long since passed away. Mr. Bruce expressed his pleasure in a largesse of tobacco and a gift of a one-hundred dollar bank note for the celebration.

This being over the sports were resumed and prizes were awarded to the best-costumed Indian on foot, the best costumed squaw, the best caparisoned Indian on horseback, and to others for neatness of tepees and the best travois and papoose in baby trap, and for their demonstrated skill in athletic sports.

Production at the Canadian factory ending July 31st, as compared with the previous 12 months. The Ford Motor Company increased by 60 per cent. during the fiscal year that ended July 31 was 70,323 cars, against 45,000 completed in 1922. Read the Want Ads on Page Four.

THE LONESOME WOMAN

"No Chance to Exercise My Tongue," Is Her Complaint.

Was This Farmer's Wife Correct?—Is There Any Respite From Monotony in the Life of Rural Women?—What Is the Panacea for Farm Loneliness?—Handling Cream for Butter.

(Contributed by Ontario Department of Agriculture, Toronto.)

I called at a farm home one day in search of water for an overheated motor. Rapping gently on the kitchen door, I was met by the good lady of the house.

"May I have a pail of water?" I asked.

"You may," she said, handing me a pail and pointing to the pump. I noticed that her index finger and her chin seemed to work in unison when she indicated the direction of the pump.

"Shrewd old girl," I thought, as the water flowed into the pail. "I will try and draw her out. I wonder how she puts in the time. What is she thinking about anyway?"

A Farm Woman's View of the Quiet Life.

After filling the radiator with the clear, cold water, I returned to the door with the borrowed pail. No need of rapping this time. She met me with a kindly smile.

"You have a nice farm here," I said. "You must have a nice quiet life in the country where everything about you is just plain wholesome nature."

"Quiet life!" she said with some emphasis. "Just plain nature?" "Yes just too much so, so much so that we want to get away from it all, and be natural."

Somewhat surprised at her expressions, especially the "be natural," I had always thought that if there was any place where a person could be natural it was on the farm.

The Monotony of Farm Living.

I asked, "Why do you want to get away?"

She replied, "We have no life here. My husband and I get up at five o'clock every morning. He at once goes to the barns to feed the stock, while I get the breakfast and attend the poultry. We hurry through breakfast, and then he rushes away to the barn or fields, returning at noon for one half hour in which to eat his dinner. After dinner he is away again until supper time, when he returns tired from work in the fields, pretty well worn by the long monotonous day of heavy labor. As for me, why, I attend the house work. Yes, I attend the house work in silence all day long, and that is what gets my goat. I do not hear the sound of another voice from one day's end to another. No woman to talk to, no neighbor handy by where I could call for a chat. No chance to exercise my tongue."

Farm Women Fed Up With Silence.

"We farm women get fed up with so much silence. It is somewhat different with the men, they are working with animals and do not feel the loneliness as we women do. Once a week is not often enough for women to get together. Being kept apart so long is it any wonder that our tongues wag at both ends when an opportunity to talk does come."

Is There a Panacea for Rural Loneliness?

After hearing that little sermonette, I unconsciously started for the car that I had left standing on the roadway. Coming to my senses after a time, I began to think, just what there was in what the lady of the farm home had to say, and repeated to myself her words, "No chance to exercise my tongue, so much silence."

Perhaps, after all, the farm is too lonely a place for the average woman of to-day, and with the trend of modern living it will be a more lonesome place in the future unless something happens to change ideas and ideals.

Can anyone suggest a solution of the problem?—L. Stevenson, O. A. C., Guelph.

Handle Cream for Butter Carefully.

Cream may be a little sour, but, if it is clean and free from foreign odors and tastes, it will make fancy butter in the hands of an expert butter-maker. Cream approaching rancidity and carrying with it particles of dirt, whiffs of undesirable odors, and a taste of the barnyard or cellar never loses its identity. The butter it enters into is that which drags on the market and sells at a low price. To argue that because certain neighbors are careless with their cream provides a reason why no one needs to be careful is illogical. Produce and handle your cream in a careful, cleanly manner, deliver it frequently and then demand a price in keeping with the quality.

Sores Flee Before It.—There are many who have been afflicted with sores and have driven them away with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. All similarly troubled should lose no time in applying this splendid remedy as there is nothing like it to be had.

DEATH OF MRS. CHAS. ANDREWS

Mrs. Charles Andrews of Rockford, Ill., passed away on Thursday afternoon, after a brief illness with pneumonia, at the home of her niece, Mrs. F. W. Mahony, Front street, with whom she was visiting. The body was taken to Rockford, Ill., on the 9:10 train Friday evening for burial.

The deceased was born in Portsmouth, England, in 1853, moving to Hamilton, Canada, in 1869. She was married to Charles Andrews in 1872. In 1877 she left Hamilton with her husband for Rockford, which has since been her home.

In June of last year Mr. and Mrs. Andrews celebrated their golden wedding anniversary. Besides her husband, four sons and two daughters survive. Charles, Jr., Arthur and Frank, all of Rockford; Alfred of Hartford, Mich., and Mrs. George Grieves of Rockford, and Mrs. B. McGraw, Janesville, Wisconsin.

Mr. Andrews was the founder of the Andrews Wire and Iron Works, Rockford, Ill., and established the Watford plant.

TWO WANSTEAD LADS INJURED BY EXPLOSION OF DYNAMITE CAP

Clayton Graham May Die and Kenneth Pye Badly Burned On Face.

Clayton Graham, of Wanstead, aged about 15 years, is in the Petrolia hospital with wounds in the abdomen that may prove fatal and Kenneth Pye, aged 12, also of Wanstead, is suffering from burns on the face and chest following the accidental explosion of a dynamite cap used in blasting stumps which occurred while the former was playing with the cap shortly after nine o'clock this morning.

Graham and his companion were on the second line of Plympton just outside of Wanstead when the former started to handle and play with the cap which he had carried in his pocket, according to reports received here, when it suddenly exploded and Graham received practically the full charge of the blast. He received a gaping wound in the abdomen and one of his hands was so seriously shattered that it may be necessary to amputate.

Pye, who was standing nearby, escaped with powder burns on his chest and face. The former was rushed to the Petrolia hospital where he was attended to by Dr. Newell of Watford and Dr. Reid of Wyoming and reports received here at noon indicated that the wound might cost him his life.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Pearl Necklaces

THE DELTA

Incomparable for their lustre and beauty. The catches are white gold, stone set, length of string 16 to 30 inches—

PRICE \$10. AND UP

We also have Indestructable Quality Pearl Strings at \$4.00, 5.00 and \$6.00.

Colored Beads \$1.00 to \$5.00.

Carl A. Class

Jeweller and Optometrist

Take good care of your iiiiii's I
WATFORD, ONT.

Flushing Sows.

Flushing ewes at breeding time to increase the number of twin is an ancient practice among stockowners, but not till recent years have swine raisers paid much attention to this practice. Prof. Edward, of the Iowa Experiment Station, has been investigating its practicability with pigs, and reports that the sows making the most rapid gain at the time of breeding, produced on the average 2.1 pigs more per litter than those making the slowest gain. Another practical conclusion reached as the result of this same set of observations is that if large litters are looked for, it is well not to breed the sow until the first period of heat after weaning, when two litters are raised in one year.

An extra gallon of gas carried in a can or bottle under the back seat of your car will save you a walk some day.

It's cheap, but its power is in no way expressed by its low price. m