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London, Ont., Friday, July 21.

Transportation Changing.

PREMIER DRURY addressed a large meeting of farmers at a picnic at Madoc, on which occasion he took the opportunity of discussing a number of issues before the people.

It is quite evident that the premier sees no reason for departing from the attitude he has taken right along in regard to the building, on the credit of the province, of a number of radial lines in various portions of the province.

There was a straight enough statement made on this point, viz.: that the provincial government had investigated the situation and were satisfied that these roads would not be profitable in their operation, and for that reason the province would not put its money, or pledge its credit, to the construction of the lines.

There can be no fault found with such a position—in fact, fault would be found with any other course following an investigation into the possibilities of such roads being financially successful.

Motor traffic is increasing every day throughout Western Ontario, and the prospects are that it is going to keep on increasing. This province is putting millions into the building of good roads, and it is going to cost millions to keep them in shape. In this way the province is committed to about as great an expenditure on transportation as it can possibly stand.

The good roads plan of the province is bearing fruit. It is a good thing for business; it makes it easier for people to get to the markets that are theirs by reason of geographical location; it allows producers to get their produce to market in good time and at a season when prices are best; the merchants in the smaller centres can finance on smaller stocks because they can make frequent trips to their wholesale centres and keep their stock in good shape; it is doing much to take away the feeling of isolation and loneliness that used to attach to some sections of the rural districts; it is doing a great work in allowing thousands of American tourists to see this province for the excellent country that it is, and their reports, carried back home, make the very finest kind of publicity for Ontario.

It is hard to see where any provincial government would find justification for putting millions of dollars into the building of new electric lines in Ontario in view of the increasing motor traffic. The system of transportation is undoubtedly changing, and the government is wise that pays attention to the change.

Drawing to a Close.

WILL THE HAGUE conference simply corroborate the French view that decent democracies have no common ground with nations that are dabbling in bolshevism? Unless something very much unlooked for happens, the conference is going to break on the same stone as its predecessor at Genoa.

The Russian delegates want to get a large loan from the nations of the world. They need money—real money—more than anything else their whistled jaws can ask for.

They have bluffed the world, they have threatened the representatives of the nations at The Hague. The Muscovites have done everything, in fact, except come out in the open with anything that looked like a proposition to make any reasonable margin of safety and assurance for those from whom they wanted to get the money.

LITVINOFF finds the conference drifting to a close, and the prospect faces him of going back to the land from whence he came as empty as when he arrived. The prospect cannot be pleasing to him. Russia's attitude all through has been that of a nation with its hat in its hand, looking for something, but ready to give nothing, wanting a loan on its own conditions, wanting real cash without even a recognition of the fact that Russia would recognize private property.

It must yet be driven into the dull mind of the Bolshevists that the tenets of their faith are not sacred, and that they are subject to the same rules that determine the worth or worthlessness of any other business or national proposition.

Perhaps the best thing that could happen Litvinoff would be that he and his fellow Muscovites should go back home as empty as they came.

The Old Fire Fighter.

THE firemen of the province are meeting in Brantford, and, of course, upon such occasions there always comes the story of how fires used to be fought in the days before there was the flood of highly efficient apparatus that is now in use.

And the old days of the hand pump will be brought out and reviewed. That was when it was simply a case of selecting the most capable young men in the town or the village to act as firemen. If prosperity were around there might have been something in the way of a badge or a helmet to make it known to the world that the wearer was an honest-to-goodness fireman. Then came the day when the

towns started to buy engines. The system of giving the alarm was simple. Generally a rope was hanging down the side of the town hall, attached to the town bell. When it became known that a fire had developed sufficiently to call for the services of the department, the person with the best set of feet raced for the rope and started to pull and ring. Bang, bang, bang—what a hideous sound in the middle of the night when the sleeping populace were made aware of the fact that a fire was going on in their midst, and they were missing it. One little old town used to pay a fee of \$2 for the team of horses that first made an appearance to draw the engine from its house to the particular spot in the creek where water generally stood in the dry weather. So there they came, half a dozen teams of horses, all bent on getting hitched up first to the town's fire engine in order to qualify for that prized two dollars and the local honor that was attached to it, for it was much spoken of on the following day that this or that team had got there before the bell quit ringing, and they just lifted that old engine right off its wheels when they started toward the fire.

But now they do things differently. They have hydrants planted and growing all over the place; they have a pumping house, and an electric alarm system. There is no chance for the old volunteer fireman to get a little honor because he happened to run to the fire in his underwear, and got soaked to the skin, nor can the \$2 team of horses get an extra feed of oats as their share of a brilliant midnight performance. Times change and insurance rates get lower, but all the same, these desirable conditions bring with them a gradual dimming and elimination of many of the great old institutions that used to make life worth the living.

Looking at the Stars.

HAVE you noticed the remarkable night skies in recent weeks? It looks at times as though every star and planet that ever existed had been hung out for inspection.

In the western sky after sunset, the planets Venus, Jupiter and Saturn are evening stars. Mars may also be seen reflecting sunlight brilliantly near the southern horizon. Mars is at present situated in the group of stars called Scorpio, and can easily be located by identifying this constellation. Scorpio may be described as roughly like the letter T, but the T is leaning over, far from perpendicular, towards the southwestern horizon. There are three bright stars in a slightly curved line, forming what would be the upright of the capital T, and three forming the stroke, similarly on a slight curve.

The brightest star, says the *Ottawa Citizen*, in Scorpio is called Antares, which is actually, according to the astronomers, a sun of the first magnitude. Antares is so far away from the earth, it takes many years for its light to reach this planet, although it is estimated that the velocity of light is about 186,000 miles per second.

Mars is in line with Antares at present, and has a brighter appearance to the naked eye. But Mars is one of the earth's near neighbors and relatives. One of the group of planets, it is smaller than the earth, and some people believe it to be populated like this earth.

It is known that there are seasons on Mars. Changes of color on certain areas of the surface of Mars have been recently observed, as the Martian season comes around. One explanation of this change in color is due to the growth and decay of vegetation, very much as the color of the earth must seem to change between summer and winter.

As the month of July advances, Mars will be seen to move slowly to the east, away from the constellation of Scorpio. The distance between the earth and Mars as they are traveling at present is increasing rapidly. During the month of July its distance will have increased by 9,000,000 miles.

The earth's distance from the sun is at its greatest in July, paradoxical as that may seem to people in this hemisphere. It might easily be believed that the sun is much nearer than in winter. The sun is about 94,450,000 miles away, which is over 3,000,000 miles greater than the distance between the earth and the sun in January.

The Hangman.

CANADA'S OFFICIAL hangman, ELIAS, has appeared in court on a charge laid by his wife that he abused her. How many women would like the position of being the wife of a hangman? How many men would like the position of being the hangman?

The public affection never gets to the point where it likes the hangman. There is something in his profession—if it can be dignified by the term profession—that is repulsive. He is looked upon as a man who can have few friends, because people do not want to be friendly with him. After all, is a hangman any more responsible for taking the life of a fellow being than the judge and jury that have tried and condemned him? There is no reproach following any of these individuals, nor does any of the feeling attach itself to the prosecuting attorney, who brings out and emphasizes every point for the crown in an effort to see that justice is done and the penalty of the law exacted.

Why, then, the feeling of reproach toward the hangman every time he appears or is heard of? As long as we have capital punishment in this country it is highly desirable that we shall have an official who can carry out the work of execution in the most efficient manner. The law

sanctions the work that he is doing—in fact, insists that it shall be done.

But it's no use—one could go ahead piling up reasons for regarding the hangman as an officer of the law, but the effect on the mind of the public would be like pouring water on the back of a duck. The hangman is not a favorite, and he probably knows it quite well.

LITTLE 'TISERS

Two can live as cheap as one, but not as fast.

The best time to have a fight with your wife is on pay day.

You seldom see a fly going out through a hole in a screen.

A nickel isn't as good as a dime, but it goes to church more often.

A diplomat is a man who picks up the beans somebody else spills.

One day last week a bathing girl at Port Stanley went into the water on purpose.

They call it the mighty dollar. It is mighty hard to get and mighty easy to lose.

June grooms have been married a month, and already the barber business is falling off.

Weather bureau plans to forecast six months ahead. That's easy, January: Much cooler.

When a charming London girl eats onions for supper father knows he can have the porch swing for once.

We apparently lost our one good chance to get in touch with the people of Mars when we swung so close to it a few weeks ago. During July we got 9,000,000 miles farther away from it.

One newspaper is now running a series of table manners. We find out that if a piece of butter is dropped on the table cloth is should not be picked up with a knife—it should be left there or wiped up with a napkin. About the only thing left for a knife is to eat pie with it.

In the *Brantford Expositor* appears a small ad for a \$10 bill that was picked up at a meeting. The advice in the ad is that the bill should be returned if the person taking it wishes to avoid a "heap of trouble." The announcement concludes: "The boys will surely get him." Yes, we think the chap who has the ten better get it back—unless he's able to lick a dozen or so with one hand tied behind his back.

The premiers of Manitoba since the creation of the province have been:

- 1—HON. A. BOYD, Sept. 16, 1870, to Dec. 14, 1871.
- 2—HON. N. A. GIBBARD, Dec. 14, 1871, to March 13, 1872.
- 3—HON. H. J. H. CLARKE, March 13, 1872, to July 8, 1874.
- 4—HON. N. A. GIBBARD, July 8, 1874, to Dec. 2, 1874.
- 5—HON. R. A. DAVIS, Dec. 3, 1874, to Oct. 16, 1878.
- 6—HON. JOHN NORQUAY, Oct. 16, 1878, to Dec. 24, 1887.
- 7—HON. D. H. HARRISON, Dec. 26, 1887, to Jan. 19, 1888.
- 8—HON. T. GREENWAY, Jan. 19, 1888, to Jan. 6, 1900.
- 9—HON. H. J. MACDONALD, Jan. 8, 1900, to Oct. 29, 1900.
- 10—SIR R. P. ROBLIN, Oct. 29, 1900, to May 12, 1915.
- 11—HON. T. C. NORRIS, May 12, 1915, to date.
- 12—?

NOAH'S POETRY

ON GROWING UP.

When I was once a little boy, yes, that was sixty years ago, I used to fuss about a spell because it took so long to grow.

I used to see the men go by when I was hustled off to school, and I imagined that my path was raw, and that my folks was powerful cruel.

I wanted then to have a job, to pack my dinner in a pail, for things that youngsters had to do they seemed to me most awful stale.

Well, I grew up and got my wish, and worked at this here thing and that, and toiled until the honest sweat was dripping down inside my hat.

And I have found that grew-ups, too, has got to follow by the rule, about the same as youngsters did when we was little goin' to school.

I've got to hop to be on time just when the whistle blows a blast, and when my power to earn by pay depends upon how slow or fast.

And there he days when I don't want to speed about and work like an ox, and then there comes the boss to say, "See here, old top, you'd best dig in."

So when I see my little lad who's playin' out about the yard, and when I know the path he'll trod will be in spots most powerful hard, I can't help stoppin' in my stride to make one little mental kick, and wish in spite of my young dream I hadn't grewed up quite so quick.

—NOAH.

Our Own Country

AGRICULTURE.

Q.—What is Canada's first and chief industry?

A.—Agriculture is Canada's first and chief industry, the field crops averaging a billion a year in value.

RIDEAU CANAL.

Q.—Who built the Rideau Canal?

A.—Colonel By, an English engineer, superintended the building of the Rideau Canal, between the Ottawa River and Lake Ontario, in 1826.

VISIONS O' SCOTIA

I'm far noo frae Scotia, which fondly I lo'e,
Yet, aft I see heather bejewelled wi' dew;
I see it in visions, by nicht an' by day:
They're visions o' beauty—these visions I ha'e:
Aft clear, crystal fountains I'm favored tae see;
They sparkle sae bonnie, they gladden my e'e:
When aft I am wearie tae be awa' there
A vision o' Scotia beguiles a' my care.
When I ha'e these visions I say tae masel',
"My love for dear Scotia nae language can tell!"

I AFTEN ha'e wondered if a' oor Scots ha'e
Clear, lika-day visions o' moor an' o' brae,
O' loch an' o' burnie, o' hillsides an' glen,
O' heaths bravely trodden by braw Scottish men?
Dae a' see oor heather bejewelled wi' dew,
Tho' frae oor dear Scotia they're far awa' noo?
Dae visions unrivaled enrapture their e'e—
These visions sae bonnie I'm favored tae see?
When I ha'e these visions I say tae masel',
"My love for dear Scotia nae language can tell!"

WHEN I ha'e these visions o' grandeur here doon
I feel there'll be heather in glory aboon:
We'll see crystal fountains spring frae a hillside;
We'll ha'e there a river as bonnie as Clyde,
An' there'll be a burnie, a loch, an' a glen
Tae gie satisfaction tae Scotch folk, ye ken.
When I've this assurance I say tae masel',
"What beauty awaits us nae language can tell!"

—MACK.

VALUE OF RURAL LIBRARY

By M. WYE.

IS THE farmer without a literary side to his nature? Does the average editor think so? If not, why is there such a small space in many agricultural magazines devoted to literature?

True, the ordinary farmer is interested in the cultivation of crops, the special features of various breeds of cattle, and how to rear stock to the best advantage, but in the quiet hours of the evening in his home does he not wish some diversion from that material side of life for an hour or two?

Let us not think that the farmer's boy does not enjoy reading an article on some live subject of the day, a good poem, an interesting sketch of a man or woman who has been a factor in making our country what it is today, or furnishing the world with some of our conveniences and luxuries that we enjoy every day.

If the farmer's son does not find reading in the home which brings him into touch with the outside world he will endeavor to get into touch with it by frequenting the movies, amusement halls and parks, and as he only sees these high lights of city life, naturally he becomes dissatisfied with the bread and butter life of the farm, and soon says good-bye to the old homestead and joins the mass of unskilled laborers in our towns and cities. What must we do then to stop this gradual leakage from the farm that has caused so many vacant houses in the country and such a famine of houses in our towns and cities?

First, as farmers, let us make it our business to see that in our community there is a good library which contains the most recent works of good authors, standard magazines, and the books of non-fiction, such that furnish intelligent and interesting reading, and not ponderous volumes left on the shelves to harbor dust.

True, some will tell us that when our young people have access to public libraries they read chiefly fiction, but if this be really true in some cases it is not the very highest type of that class that they are reading, and how much better to have these books placed in their hands than have them select some trash at a bookstore?

So, are our boys and girls really committing a terrible sin when they are reading books in which the heroes and heroines are men and women of pure, noble characters, even if they do fall in love with one another? Nay, instead are they not cultivating a taste for good literature, and as the years go by will become the readers of the heavier type of books? And we may rest assured that these young people will no more think of wasting their precious hours reading a dime novel than you would think of eating the culls in your orchard when there is abundance of rosy-cheeked apples waiting to be picked.

The magazines and books in the library also familiarize the farmer and his family with the writings of the day, and they are rendered capable of conversing on these subjects with the clergyman, the doctor, or any other interested person with whom they may chance to meet. Hence they may be said to be the companionship of men and women engaged in other callings, and also life is made more pleasant for the professional people in their locality as well. Likewise, the professional man becomes interested in the various phases of the farmer's life, and instead of an aloofness, there is a congenial and brotherly love between the neighborhood which tends to lighten the rough, hard spots of life, and pour oil and wine over the little worries and troubles that fret our day.

We who have known the farmer will realize that he is not a cold, spiritless being, interested only in cows, crops and money, but is one who often yearns more for the heart-felt lay than the man or woman attired in the pink of fashion who rushes up and down the streets of our cities and towns seeking for some jazz music to tickle his ears.

Viewing the public library from another angle, we discover that it has various trades and professions made more efficient by learning new or helpful methods? Even if the villager wishes to have a vegetable garden he may secure information on the cultivation of the vegetables at the rural library.

The library may be a very beneficial organization to the social life of our community. When funds are to be raised, what better method can we adopt than to select a play and invite the lads and lasses to form the caste of characters. They will be delighted to assist and display their dramatic ability on the public platform, and as amateur players, the evenings for training will be a source of great pleasure. These amateur plays may be staged at various centers, and the young people will make new acquaintances and

find the hum-drum taken off their daily existence.

When we give our farmer boys opportunities like these we do not find them moping around longing for something they know not what, and then making a mad rush to the city in search of some bubble, which, when it bursts, often leaves them stranded wrecks.

So, if you have not a public library in your little rural district, do not delay, but get a few people interested, rent a room, charge a small membership fee, buy a few good books, and watch your library grow, and watch the faces glow. You will hear songs down on the farm.

READ YOUR CHARACTER

By Digby Phillips.

NO. 272—WEEDING OUT SCRAMBLED THINKERS.

There are so many occupations in which steady, connected, concentrated mental effort is necessary that it is by no means a bad thing to be able to spot it in the writing of a man or woman if he or she is one of those scrambled thinkers who lack steadfastness of thought and continuity of mental effort.

This means the sort of person who thinks one thing and does another, whose mind and actions are not in harmony, who finds it very hard to make up his mind definitely and finally, and who for this reason is likely to act upon impulse, though perhaps he is not at all of the impulsive type.

To determine whether a given person belongs in this classification or not, all you need is a specimen of his writing, preferably a long one.

Run through it and take note of the way he has dotted his "i's." If in most cases the dot is placed directly over the letter or to the right of it, you will know that he is not unusually indeterminate in his mental processes. But if the dot is consistently placed to the left of the letter, and some distance to the left, look out.

In all justice, however, you must not judge by one, or two, or even five specimens of the letter "i." It averages that count in things like this. For a writer may have been distracted and looked up just as he was jabbing for the "i" and missed it.

Tomorrow—How To Know an Athlete.
(Copyright, 1922, by Public Ledger Company.)

25 YEARS AGO TODAY

HERE WE HAVE ITEMS OF LOCAL AND DISTRICT INTEREST AS RECORDED IN THE ADVERTISER OF 1897.

JULY 21, 1897.

At a meeting of the executive committee of the London Old Boys' Association in Toronto, held last evening, it was decided to engage the Forty-eighth Highlanders' band and pipers for their excursion to London. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Wignore, Fleming, Ward and Macdonald, will leave for London on Thursday to arrange details.

Mrs. E. McKay and two children, Gordon and Ethel, of Byron avenue and her cousin, Miss Lizzie Dunn, and Master Willie and Miss Ethel Harrison are all staying at Port Stanley for a couple of weeks.

The Listowel high school board have appointed Mr. A. McVicar, B.A., to the position of teacher of classics, drawing, calisthenics and junior work in the high school, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. H. J. Haviland.

A party of about 40 gathered at the residence of Mr. J. A. Phillips, St. Thomas, on Monday to witness the marriage of Mr. James Skelding and Miss Mary Histed. The ceremony was performed by Elder T. A. Phillips, officiating minister of the Latter Day Saints' Church. Miss McIntyre assisted the bride and Mr. W. Dewar acted as groomsman.

At a meeting of the senate of the Western University yesterday afternoon, Dr. James W. Tupper of Philadelphia was appointed professor of English and history in place of Dr. Sykes. Dr. Tupper is past graduate of the Johns Hopkins University, and has testimonials of a very high order. Like Dr. Sykes, he is a young man with the vigor and energy of youth.

His honor Judge Edward Elliott was elected a member of the senate.

DR. BISHOP'S ADVICE

HOT WEATHER STROKES

BY DR. R. H. BISHOP.



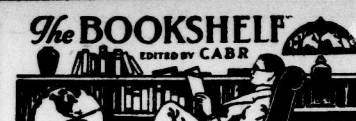
You are in such a run-down condition that you fail to perspire in hot weather, look out that you do not have a sunstroke.

The skin of a victim of sunstroke is hot and dry and the pulse is rapid but weak. There will be temperature from 106 to 110 degrees with the pupils of the eyes contracted.

First aid in the cases of sunstroke consists of cooling the victim as quickly as possible. Get him into a shady spot and raise the head. Quickly remove the clothing and begin pouring cold water over him. It is best to start at the head and go

down the body. The water should be poured from a height of three or four feet. Continue until the patient recovers consciousness. Frequently it is necessary to put an ice-bag on the head.

Heat prostration is due to the effect of high temperature on the body. Heavy physical exertion is usually the immediate cause. The temperature of a person exhausted by the heat rarely rises above 103 degrees and may be below normal, the face is pale, the skin cool and covered with cool perspiration, and the patient is conscious. The first thing to do in such cases is to call a physician, but there are some things you can do before the doctor arrives. The patient should be removed to as cool a place as possible, placed flat on the back, with the head low, and a light covering thrown over his body. A mild stimulant may be given.



THE HANDS OF NARA. By Richard Washburn Child. E. P. Dutton & Co., Publishers, New York. \$2.

KEYED throughout to a note of mysticism though it is, there is nevertheless plenty of variety to Richard Washburn Child's new novel, "The Hands of Nara."

Opening "amid the barbaric splendor loaded into the feudal banquet room" of Mrs. Vanessa Yates' great house on Fifth avenue, it shifts to a lower east side garret, and thence to Russia. Its heroine, Nara Alexieff of the wonderful hands, so supple and so strong, was a Russian refugee.

The only child of a once wealthy landowner and beauty and security, until the revolution came, and the rule of the Bolsheviks began. Then she knew cold and hunger and fear, the very extreme of want. But at last she was able to escape. Young, sensitive, sympathetic, deeply imaginative, a mystic by birth of the is strongly contrasted with the ultra-rationalistic young doctor, Emden Claveloux, who is the hero of the story.

She believes in "the magic of life," and the "magic of truth," convinced that the dream itself is its own justification. Her truth is the truth of the heart first, and the head afterward. He is emphatically a realist, following always the dictates of his head—following them, in one instance at least, to such an extent and in such a way as to make one feel that he really has no heart at all.

The incidents which make up the story are those which teach him to understand something of her point of view, while bringing her to a realization that "human beings everywhere try to avoid their own responsibility. They try to pass it back to God and charge Him with their necessities. Others seek to put all the load of life upon doctors and science, and others reach out for the incantations of spirits and the wizardry of strange beliefs."

One of the most interesting parts of the very long novel is that describing the methods of acquiring and using information employed by the professional "fakes," medium, Connor Lee, ex-actor, whose dream was "to promote something truly of first grade." . . . something above the coarse, sordid business of middle-class fraud, and who for a while believed he had found his dream in the exploiting of Nara's power of healing, is a well-done example of a rather unusual type.

His cleverness, his conscience and his cowardice are convincingly portrayed. Another well-drawn character study is that of the rich widow, Vanessa Yates, who had gained a reputation "for cleverness as a civil organizer, a designer of interiors and of gardens, an originator of novel entertainments, a psycho-analyst, an amateur playwright, and a patron of literature and the arts," by using other people's brains—brains her money enabled her to buy.

There are several dramatic scenes in the story, and the force of suggestion, demonstrated by Nara's remarkable cures, is clearly brought out.

LEARN A WORD EVERY DAY

TODAY'S word is INCALCULABLE.

It's pronounced in-kal-ku-la-b'l, with the accent on the second syllable. The i and first a are short. The u is as the u in unite, and the final a as the a in ask.

It means—beyond calculation or reckoning; not to be calculated.

It is a combination of in-, meaning not, and calculable, meaning capable of being reckoned. Calculable comes from the Latin calculare, obtained from calculus, a pebble. Pebbles were used by the Romans in reckoning and casting accounts. It's used like this—"The harm which would result from a prolonged tie-up of the nation's railroads is incalculable."

An Old Friend In A New Dress

Isn't it always a delightful experience to find one you think a stranger really an old friend in a new dress.

So when you buy **RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE TEA** you will be overjoyed to recognize in the new package your favorite tea.

The new label, as distinctive as the tea, was designed by one of Canada's cleverest artists—in five colors, graceful in arrangement and lettering—quite, in the judgment of friends, the handsomest tea package they ever saw.

The Best Grocers sell **RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE TEA**.—Ask for it by the full name to be sure it is genuine.

43c per 1/2 lb.; 85c per lb.

DEPENDABLE!

Gas service when and where you want it, at all times, in just the right quantity, for heating, cooking, heating water, and for eleven hundred and ninety-eight other purposes.

GAS Is the Most Dependable, Hottest and Cheapest Fuel

ENAMEL TRIMMED GAS RANGES from \$28.00—\$40.00 down and \$4.00 monthly—Connections FREE.

RUUD GAS WATER HEATERS \$24.00 INSTALLED

READY TO LIGHT—\$3.00 down and \$3.00 a month.

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TODAY'S word is INCALCULABLE.

It's pronounced in-kal-ku-la-b'l, with the