

Talk of the Town And of the Country

The Belleville police had up to last night made thirty-nine arrests this month—a very high score. The police patrol car is assisting very materially in picking up wanderers by night.

A slight advance in the charge for meals and state rooms on the ships of the Canada Steamship Lines between certain points is now in effect. Outside room between Toronto and Brockville, formerly \$3.50 are now \$4.00, while the rates for meals are, breakfast \$1.25, luncheon \$1.50 and dinner \$2.00.

Last night Mr. C. H. Robinson asked the police to assist him in locating his two children, aged ten and six years who had left a theatre before their parents. They were later located safe and sound.

Hallstones as large as apples crashed through roofs of Hilldale, twelve miles from Cheyenne, Wyo., Thursday night and reduced two farm buildings near there to kindling wood, according to telephone reports early Friday. No casualties were reported, but searching parties were sent out from Hilldale to the storm-swept area.

Some of the hallstones were said to have been eighteen inches in circumference.

The police were called in to quell a quarrel between a Pinnacle Street husband and wife. No arrest was made as the officer was able to soothe the ruffled feelings of the parties.

A daring robbery took place in Otonabee on Thursday night or Friday morning. Mr. Alan Wilson, the well-known Otonabee farmer, was the unfortunate victim, and his new 5-passenger car the booty. Mr. Wilson was in Peterboro that night. He returned home about 10 o'clock, and at 11 the car was in its shed, tucked away for the night. In the morning it was gone. He notified the police at once, but so far no clue to the car thief or thieves has been found. Why Mr. Wilson's car should be picked on when there are plenty of cars easier to steal in the city, how the car was taken out and down the long lane to the road without some of his family hearing it, puzzled Mr. Wilson, and, needless to say, causes him no little worry, for the car was a brand new one. Its number is 138479.

Inspector T. D. Ruston and Mrs. Ruston yesterday celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their wedding. Last evening the Salvation Army songsters visited their home on Cedar Street and presented them with an appropriate china gift as a memento of the occasion. Mr. Malcolm Parks, songster leader, made a brief speech in which the recipients replied. Refreshments were served the gathering. Mr. and Mrs. Ruston were taken completely by surprise.

Some days ago the vault door at the Judge's Chambers, Court House, Lindsay, refused to open despite all efforts to operate the lock. Mr. Albert Cote, the Lindsay oxy-acetylene expert was called upon and by the use of that process the lock was burned off. The door was then taken off and the piece of the vault containing the lock was again placed in position in a finished manner.

An enormous growth in illicit stills since the advent of prohibition is shown by figures read in the Senate Friday by Sir James Lough. They show that whereas in 1917 only 191 stills were discovered, the number in 1918-20 had grown to 985. The province of Ontario showed the most progress along this line, the number of stills advancing from 50 in 1917 to 296 in 1919. New Brunswick, which (to quote Sir James) was "pure and undefiled" in 1917, was found to have 8 stills in 1919; Nova Scotia advanced from 1 to 20; Prince Edward Island from none to 1; Manitoba from none to 210; Alberta, none to 210; Saskatchewan, 15 to 160; and Quebec, 11 to 43. The figures were given by the Government leader in connection with an amendment to the Inland Revenue Act increasing the fines for persons found to be engaged in this occupation.

Three and possibly four or five bylaws will be presented to the ratepayers of Peterboro on Friday, July 30th. One contains the agreement with the Raybestos Company to buy the Henry Hope factory for a new industry; the second provides for a

loan of \$10,000 at 6 1/4 per cent, by the city of Peterboro, to the Otonabee Mills Limited, a new local company that proposes to locate in Ashburnham; and the third seeks the people's approval of the operation of the street cars on Sunday in Peterboro.

There is also some likelihood that the ratepayers may be called upon to vote additional funds for the completion of the Hunter street bridge, and to fill out the card to the proportions of a ballot in some of the United States elections, a fifth bylaw will be added if negotiations with a manufacturing company that has manifested interest in Peterboro are successfully concluded.

John Street Presbyterian Church is closing for the month of July. Union Presbyterian services to be held in St. Andrew's Church, St. Andrew's closes in August.

The Hon. Mr. Nixon, Provincial Secretary for Ontario, paid an unexpected visit to Rockwood Hospital, Kingston, Friday afternoon.

He made an inspection of the hospital and grounds, and was very much pleased with their appearance. He later had dinner with Dr. Ryan, and Friday evening returned to Toronto.

In Belleville police court this morning a woman in a delicate and nervous condition of health was charged with attempted suicide, and pleaded guilty to the charge. She, it appears, told two officers who were looking after the children, that she had a knife in her pocket and a bottle of poison in the house. She pulled out the knife and opened it, but did not offer violence to herself. Sentence was suspended for six months, her husband being very anxious to take her home.

Peterboro's City Engineer Parsons' salary was increased from \$3500 to \$3500 by the Peterboro Council Friday night as an inducement to him to remain in Peterboro instead of accepting the more remunerative offer he recently received from the city of Hamilton.

The Canadian National freight station in Belleville will be closed until further notice, beginning tomorrow. This is the former Canadian Northern freight station.

At the Toronto Conservatory examinations held at Albert College recently Lillian Baldwin was successful in passing elementary piano. She was a pupil of Miss Winnifred Pearce.

A business transaction of considerable importance was put through in Bancroft last week, whereby the Queen's Hotel property, lately owned by Mr. Sine of Toronto to the former proprietor, was disposed of to Mr. J. O. Story of Highland Grove, Mr. Story taking over the management some time in August.

Mr. J. J. Wilson B.A., who has been on the staff of the Belleville High School for some years, has been offered and has accepted the principalship of the Chesley High School. His subject will be Mathematics. The salary is \$2200 per annum.

The special committee of the County Council met this afternoon to consider the equalization of the assessment of the municipality of Hastings.

At the noonday luncheon of the Rotary Club at Hotel Quinte yesterday, the company was honoured with a visit from Rotarian Charles Rainbow, an old Belleville boy, en route home to Medicine Hat from the world's Rotary Convention at Atlantic City. Charles expressed his great pleasure at meeting so many old friends in the home town and presented greetings from the West. Rotarian Bill Doyle gave a racy report of the world's convention from which he had just returned. The convention had emphasized "an extension of work among boys, improved industrial relations and patriotism, both local and national. The next convention will be held at Edinburgh, Scotland. Rotarian Fred Smith presided as chairman. It was decided to hold the next luncheon at the Sandbanks on Wednesday, July 14.

Arrangements are completed and a committee elected, which will conduct a clean sweeping comprehensive drive throughout the city of Kingston, for subscribers to provision shares of stock in the proposed

Real estate continues to change hands in Bancroft.

Real estate continues to change hands in Bancroft. Mr. Ira Foster disposed of his residence and ice cream parlor last week to Mr. Smith of Madoc, now engaged in the Belleville Creamery. Mr. Foster remains in town, moving into his residence at the rear of the property just sold.

Walter E. Mott, the Toronto dope-fiend, who was recently captured at Montreal, after breaking from the Woodstock jail, in April last was sentenced to five years in the Kingston penitentiary Friday morning on charges of stealing \$3,200 of Victory bonds from Dr. Cornish, Ingersoll, and of forging a check stolen from St. Thomas. The sentences to run concurrently. Mott withdrew his previous election to be tried by jury and pleaded guilty. Prior to appearing before the judge Mott came up before Magistrate Ball on the charge of breaking jail, and was sentenced to two years in Kingston. Mott attributes his capture to the fact that a man with whom he had been gambling, and from whom he had won a considerable sum of money, became angry and revealed his identity to the police.

The Old Boys' Reunion Committee met last evening and furthered plans for the big July event. Numerous letters are being received stating that the recipients of invitations will attend. Those wishing friends to be sent invitations should send in their addresses at once.

The painting of the exterior work of the City Hall was begun this morning by Mr. Collins.

Strawberries sold on the market this morning at 25c per box generally.

Our wild fowl under modern conditions either tend to disappear or forsake their former haunts in favour of more unsettled regions. One reason for this is the scarcity of suitable feeding grounds in settled districts. Wild rice attracts the wild fowl and furnishes food for them. "Wild Rice," Bulletin 42, Second Series of the Dominion Experimental Farms, prepared and illustrated by Miss Faith Fyles, Assistant Botanist, obtainable free upon application to the Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, has been prepared with the object of stimulating the cultivation of wild rice in suitable localities. Wild rice is native in the provinces of Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba, and is found growing in mud bottomed bays and shallows of the lakes and streams emptying into Lake Winnipeg, the Great Lakes, and the River St. Lawrence. Wild rice will grow in slightly brackish water but where the water is distinctly salty to the taste it is not to be found.

Never shall I forget my first glimpse of it as I stood on the little station platform in the spring twilight watching my train speed away and curves around the harbor like a great black snake dotted with golden spots. Disk approached from the east, spreading her arms about the sleepy hamlet, and only in the west remained the soft, hazy light of the afternoon that fell with magic touch on the gleaming waters of the quiet little harbor, where five or six brown-sailed fishing smacks rested, swaying gently with the motion of the water. Far out on the point, tall and straight, in dark relief against the western sky, stood the Public Lighthouse. At the far end of the harbor, high above the houses, a church spire with a glittering golden cross stood out darkly in the pale light of evening. The dusty road winding in and out by the sea, like a white ribbon, was peculiarly alluring. Never can I remember being in such an atmosphere of brooding peace and quiet—all sounds seemed to have been hushed and only a few twinkling lights from the neat, unpretentious little white houses broke the darkness—they might have been fireflies in the still purple twilight.

But the darkness was gathering fast and I had not decided where to spend the night. There was an inn a few miles down the road, but, longed to know the Acadians as one only can by dwelling under the same roof, I chose the humble home of an old fisherman and his wife. It was a little frame house painted white, standing on a hill next door to the schoolhouse. Within, the furnishings were of the plainest, but everything was spotlessly clean, and the simple graciousness and kindly hospitality of my new-found friends was almost touching. Indeed, they showered me with kindness. The hardy old fisherman, who was over seventy years of age, with wavy silvery hair and beard and clear blue eyes, told me he had given up the sea only a year before and he regaled me with stories of life on the deck, while his wife prepared my evening meal, and such a delicious simple meal it was! There was tasty home-cured fried ham and eggs, simple slices of white, fresh home-made bread, the sweetest of butter, which my Acadian hostess had churned the day before, and a glass of cold creamy milk. And, for dessert, a dish of preserved blue berries and a thick piece of yellow sponge cake.

H. E. W. Nicholson Dies

The Sudden Passing of Well-Known G. T. R. Agent

H. E. W. Nicholson, Grand Trunk agent at Kingston died at his home at the Grand Trunk outer station on Monday morning at 1.15 o'clock. The deceased suffered a stroke on Sunday morning while on duty and was taken to his home, but never rallied. His only daughter, Miss Lillian Nicholson, who was visiting her aunt, at Trenton, arrived home before her father passed away. The superintendent of the Grand Trunk railroad ordered the fast train to stop at Trenton and take Miss Nicholson on.

The late Mr. Nicholson was known from the Atlantic to the Pacific as one of the most faithful men in the service of the railroad company. He had been connected with it for forty-three years and of that time he was the agent in Kingston for 30 years. He was obliging and the company has lost a valuable servant in his passing.

For years Mr. Nicholson had been an active member of Queen Street Methodist Church, and was a member of the trustee board. He was a member of Sussex Lodge No. 5 A. F. & A. M. since 1880, a member of the Royal Arch Masons of the city, and also a member of Cataract I. O. O. F.

He is survived by his wife, one daughter, Miss Lillian, at home, one brother, Captain C. Howard Nicholson, Vancouver, and one sister, Miss Laura, of Trenton.

Worms feed upon the vitality of children and endanger their lives. A simple and effective cure is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.

The Beautiful, Rugged South Shore of Nova Scotia

Who that dwells amid the noisy rush of the busy marts of commerce but has felt the warring winds of the work-a-day world breaking in upon the sail with a fierceness that at times has become well nigh unbearable?

Who, pushed along in the ceaseless march of civilization ever increasing in its velocity, but has longed to step out of the current for a time and let the world rush by?

Have we not, during odd reflective moments all asked ourselves:—If, after all, modern civilization, with its wolfish grapple for gold, its rush and hurry and worry and its so-called high standards of efficiency, measured up to our ordinary idea of its worth?

And we all have frequently come to the conclusion that it does not, and that our grandmothers lived a saner, healthier, and happier life than the majority of the people of today. Were we right or were we wrong?

While travelling along the Halifax and Southwestern Division of Canadian National Railways, along the southern shore of Nova Scotia, I came, a little while ago, upon a quaint little fishing village—which I afterwards learned had been founded in 1650 by Major Philippe Muis D'Entremont, Baron de Pouboncourt, a son of the royal house of Bourbon, and where his descendants and many other Acadians still dwell and spend their days in much the same manner as their forefathers of a century ago—a spot that modern civilization seems to have left untouched—a little apart. It is called Pubnico, a name evolved from that of the founder, and, because the life there is so unique, so old-time, so utterly removed from the average present-day mode of existence—it seems like a quiet island in the swirling restless sea of modern life.

Never shall I forget my first glimpse of it as I stood on the little station platform in the spring twilight watching my train speed away and curves around the harbor like a great black snake dotted with golden spots. Disk approached from the east, spreading her arms about the sleepy hamlet, and only in the west remained the soft, hazy light of the afternoon that fell with magic touch on the gleaming waters of the quiet little harbor, where five or six brown-sailed fishing smacks rested, swaying gently with the motion of the water. Far out on the point, tall and straight, in dark relief against the western sky, stood the Public Lighthouse. At the far end of the harbor, high above the houses, a church spire with a glittering golden cross stood out darkly in the pale light of evening. The dusty road winding in and out by the sea, like a white ribbon, was peculiarly alluring. Never can I remember being in such an atmosphere of brooding peace and quiet—all sounds seemed to have been hushed and only a few twinkling lights from the neat, unpretentious little white houses broke the darkness—they might have been fireflies in the still purple twilight.

But the darkness was gathering fast and I had not decided where to spend the night. There was an inn a few miles down the road, but, longed to know the Acadians as one only can by dwelling under the same roof, I chose the humble home of an old fisherman and his wife. It was a little frame house painted white, standing on a hill next door to the schoolhouse. Within, the furnishings were of the plainest, but everything was spotlessly clean, and the simple graciousness and kindly hospitality of my new-found friends was almost touching. Indeed, they showered me with kindness. The hardy old fisherman, who was over seventy years of age, with wavy silvery hair and beard and clear blue eyes, told me he had given up the sea only a year before and he regaled me with stories of life on the deck, while his wife prepared my evening meal, and such a delicious simple meal it was! There was tasty home-cured fried ham and eggs, simple slices of white, fresh home-made bread, the sweetest of butter, which my Acadian hostess had churned the day before, and a glass of cold creamy milk. And, for dessert, a dish of preserved blue berries and a thick piece of yellow sponge cake.

Where do you get your blue berries? I asked, whereupon the little woman sitting in a low rocker with her hands folded on her big, snowy apron, and rocking herself to and fro, smiled serenely and replied, "Oh, they grew out in the pasture. Yes, and I did up one hundred quarts last year."

At that moment a fine-looking youth of about nineteen, wearing blue overalls, entered. He was Henri, the youngest of their eleven children, and a fisherman like his father, but, to quote the old gentleman, "Henri played the fiddle pretty good," and, during the evening, sitting with his chair propped back against the wall, one leg thrown over the other, Henri played selection after selection, on the old fiddle that had been handed down from his great grandfather and was thought to have originally come from France. He had never had a lesson in his life, but that was quite ordinary, as it seemed that a great many boys in the village played the fiddle, and the girls the organ by ear.

Suddenly I spied an old-fashioned spinning-wheel in the corner, and I asked my hostess if she spun. "Oh, yes," she replied, "everybody spins," while the old gentleman, with the utmost incredulity, asked, "And don't anybody spin where you come from?" as if it could scarcely be possible. In Pubnico every house had its spinning-wheel and the women spun the wool into yarn, dyed it, and then knit it into socks, mittens, sweaters and underwear.

But it was growing late, and as my friends there were accustomed to retiring early and rising at 5.30 in order that the fishermen could be off with the tide, I repaired to my neat little sleeping-room. There, later, as I lay sunk in the feather bed between snowy sheets, I could see the moon, cradled in soft clouds, shining on the water, and, afar, gleamed the flashes from the lighthouse, warning "the mariners of the deep," but there was no sound save the sea crooning, like a mother to her weary children. So, I fell into dreams.

I woke with the first faint flush of dawn and from my window I could see the fishermen, in their oilskins, making ready to put out to sea. I watched them, one by one, sail out of the harbor, past the lighthouse, into the green rolling sea. Down the white road an ox was plodding along, drawing a bright blue ox-cart and I hastened to get out into the freshness of the morning.

The days that followed were peaceful and quiet, yet brimful of interest, and I almost envied my friends their simple joys and emotions so devoid of all artificiality. I could not but feel that these people had an advantage over the modern city-bred folk, in playing the great game of life, and getting the best out of it.

After school the children, instead of crowding into a "stuffy" "movie" straining their eyes and for hours afterwards trying to puzzle out life as they saw it depicted on the screen, made their way down to the white beach to gather shells or build castles in the sand. They learned the secrets of the sea and knew it in all its moods, and often the old fishermen would tell them wonderful stories of that outer world. They also made many trips to the woods to gather flowers or pick berries, and when love came into the lives of these Acadian youths and maidens, it was natural and beautiful, as the unfolding of a flower. Never have I had a peep into more beautiful "hope boxes" than some which were shown me down here. They contained the finest of hand-embroidered and hemstitched linens, crocheted laces and beautiful quilts, not to speak of a number of heavy velvet hooked mats the girl and her mother had made. One particularly attractive one had a design of autumn leaves on a shell gray background—really a work of art.

"Where did you get such beautiful shades?" I asked as I gazed in wonder at the rare blending of the colors, and the girl replied smiling, but as if it were quite the simplest thing in the world, "Oh, we just dyed them."

The wives of the fishermen churning, baked, spun, made their own clothes, and even the oilskins for the men, and were, in the majority of cases, the mothers of families ranging from seven to ten, twelve or eighteen children. My hostess was one of twenty-two and herself the mother of eleven children and yet these women were always happy and contented, and I assure you they were not faded nor wizened up at fifty, while many, like my hostess, were even fresh and rosy, not with rouge powder, but merely owing to good health, good food and the constant touch of the sea; in contrast to our city-bred friends who are ever hunting for time-saving devices of every description and finding them.

About People

Every reader of The Ontario is invited to contribute to this column and assist in making it bright and interesting. If you are going away on a visit or have guests at your home send or telephone particulars to editorial rooms of The Ontario.

Mrs. Richard Pyear of Glen Ross is in town visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Black and family motored to Battersea on Sunday.

Mrs. Geo. Maggison of Stirling, is the guest of Mrs. C. J. Martin, Cedar Street.

The Rev. D. C. Ramsay and family have left for Muskoka for the month of July.

Mr. Joseph Mills is leaving for Kamsack, Sask., where he will be the guest of Mr. H. Vickers.

Miss Stella Greatrix was called home on Saturday by the death of her father at Actonville.

Mrs. G. A. Whiteman, of Picton is the guest for a few days of Miss Sprague and Mrs. Gordon Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Kemp of Santa Monica, California, arrived in the city yesterday, and will be the guest of Mrs. Kemp's brother, Ald. Chas. Hanna, for the summer.

Mrs. Chas. Pearce and daughter, Winnifred, are leaving today for Vancouver, B. C., where they will spend a couple of months visiting Mrs. Pearce's sister, Mrs. (Rev.) C. H. Daly.

Mr. Albert H. Duesberry, formerly of this city, now assistant physical director and swimming instructor at Montreal Central Y. M. C. A. is able to be out after an illness of five weeks from rheumatic fever.

Some men get up with the lark and take a swallow before breakfast. The average man's good story wouldn't go in a church paper.

Gen. Ross May Show Up System at Penitentiary

Will Give Public Facts if Borden Refuses Portsmouth Probe

KINGSTON, June 28.—Brigadier-General Ross stated today that if Sir Robert Borden does not make a thorough investigation into recent dismissals at the penitentiary, he will appeal to the public and show up the system under which the penitentiary is being conducted.

"The whole matter is up to Premier Borden," remarked General Ross. He characterized as false a statement of the prison superintendent, in a letter to Premier Borden, that all of the complaints registered were "100 per cent. exaggeration," and said that no sensible people would tolerate the treatment meted out to officials who had spent many years in the service upon such ridiculous charges based upon pure presumption and the flimsiest evidence. "There was nothing," he said, to warrant summary dismissal of men whose standing in the community is beyond reproach. Superintendent Hughes, he said, stated that only one man was dismissed, whereas those who resigned were practically dismissed, for their resignation allowed no photos.

Gen. Ross states that he is not after anybody's scalp, but he is determined that honest officials who have spent their lives in the service without a reproach are not going to be treated as these men have been. "Think of a poor prisoner tearing up the photograph of his mother in his cell to prevent it being forcibly being taken from him," remarked Gen. Ross. "Prisoners were forced to do this in an order issued that prisoners were not to be allowed to have pictures, letters or books in their possession. It is an order of that kind consistent with any policy of reformation?"

It Rubs Pain Away.—There is no liniment so efficacious in overcoming pain as Dr. Thomas' Eucalypti Oil. The hand that rubs it in rubs the pain away and on this account there is no preparation that stands so high in public esteem. There is no sure pain-killer procurable, as thousands can attest who have used it successfully in treating many ailments.

Murray Robinson, of Brantford, aged 20, and George Bartlett, of Beamsville, aged one, were drowned in clatsers.

Boy Dr Mad

Walter Rogers' mother

At Madoc will noon a sad drama of the twelve-year-old Rogers lost Creek. The boy just out from school to try the account of the way part of the way of sight. The boy's body was after. An effort suscitae him b the parents have the entire comm

TO SAFEGU YOUR

The Blood Show Kept Rich

If you suffer fr digestion, your fully chosen. Ove harmful, but at must take enough needs of the bloo membered that the ry nourishment to body, find fuel fence against its e the requisite juic Hence, when the weak and falls to gestion arises; al tion begins the suffers. Therefore your digestion the kept rich and red, be done by taking Williams Pink Pills a blood-building, tonic and through- gestive system will ly, your appetite, your food will do value of Dr. Willia cases of stomach tr the experience of ander, Barfield, "Some year ago I broken down condi- gestion of a severe pains of agony all stomach was so w difficult to retain fo ter eating I would spells. I was und ment, but as I did nerves were in a t and I was always One day I read of a been cured of simila the use of Dr. Will and I decided to try result, can be summe that after using the weeks I was comple eat a hearty meal as joying life. If I feel time I take Dr. Will and always get bene You can get these de- cialer in medicine co- cants a box or six from The Dr. Willia Brockville, Ont.

OBITU

MRS. SAMUEL

On Monday after- noon of Mrs. Samuel Black River Bridge. of Rev. Mr. Stainto Buetta officiated at the sons of the deceased Hans, Delbert, Fred, A. were present and bearers, the seventh, resident too distant. The remains were laid family plot at the cemetery. A sister of and the only daughter Aleya, Rosemore, was the chief mourner, rounding countryside and Mrs. Samuel Ja long known and his many came to pay the to one who was a and a generous-hearted Picton Times.

MRS. R. B. BR

There passed from June 23, 1920, Mrs. S. Branscombe, wife of Branscombe. Mrs. Branscombe's marriage was son of Kingston. On being Mary E. McDon Edward county. Miss ed her profession Kingston and came to a public school teach Salmon Point. Scholz- ing's Corners. While this work Miss Peters of praise from the pu

Anyone can make predictions, though few can make them stay predicted.

Ten to one it's your own fault if luck is against you.

FOR SALE

FARM OF 100 ACRES IN 4TH

SQUARE 100 ACRES LEVEL LOT

AN ATTRACTIVE FARM PROP-

FOR SALE FOUR REGISTERED

WANTED

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED

REFINED, RESPECTABLE, CON-

THAT MAN IS HAPPY

WHO LOVES HIS WORK

SOME ONE HAS CALLED THAT MAN

WHO HAS FOUND HIS WORK