

Hawkins, Miss Chambers Gorman, Mr and Mrs ss M Farrell, Mr Crumbeck Milton, Mr Chas. Maxwell, Bros., Mr and Mrs McCus- R. C. Burns, Mr E. Moffat, & Son, wreath; Mr and Tipper.

AUTO ACCIDENT

ghorne Was Struck and Injured by Motor Car Last Night.

night have been a serious led, occurred last night at r of King and Dalhousie St. Vaghorne, an elderly lady ked over by a car driven by an man named Blanchard. y became confused on sec- ar approaching, and stood out of the machine. Young had the car almost to a when he hit her, with the t no serious injury was e removed to her home ound man and medical ad- moned. No bones were

PREMIER ROBLIN

Out at Neepawa in ard to Temperance Matters.

AWA, Man., April 17.—The ives of Beautiful Plains y yesterday nominated 5. Howden to be again their for the legislature. evening Premier Roblin ad- banquet in Mr. Howden's ealing at length with the e issue in the province, ed that the so-called tem- plank in the Liberal platfor ectionary one, that Manitoba while in office, were not f the temperance movement. Opposition had suggested rd lines of material policy province and that he honestly no government in Canada w a record more commen- e progressive along temper- , than his. He claimed his ent had of its own volition under absolute prohibition 000 square miles of the ritory of the province, and at the municipalities under ation had increased over 200 during the life of his govern-

lives were lost in the wreck

honor off the New Jersey

Wolf' and his bandit band- ily beaten by Chinese troops.

ES

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ANTFORD COURIER Friday, April 17

FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

Boyhood Stories BIG MEN

Their Youthful Ambitions

PERHAPS you have already de-ided what you are "going to be" when you grow up and be- come a man. Or maybe you are hesitating between—let us say—the exciting, dangerous life of a loco- motive engineer or the driver of a fire-engine. At all events you and nearly all of your boy companions talk often and excitedly about the things you will do when your school- ing is over and you are out in the world making your own living.

Somewhat as you will discover later—a boy rarely follows his boy- hood ambition. So many things hap- pen as you grow older and your ideas change. But that fact need not dis- courage you. Almost every young man finally settles upon a certain am- bition and is just as happy in realiz- ing it as he was eager and exhilarated over his boyhood one. Here are set forth the boyish ambitions of several prominent men and you can see for yourself how different they were from the ones they held to in later life.

Of course, nearly every boy, at some time, thinks and dreams of himself as President of the United States. But after a while he passes that up as too improbable of attain- ment. There can be but one man President at the same time, you know, and there are so many men eager for the office. And yet here is a boy who never wanted to be Presi- dent—yet now is! Certainly, Wood- row Wilson.

When President Wilson was four- teen years of age his one great am- bition was to be a naval cadet or, at least, the captain of a great ves- sel. He was living in Columbia, S. C., at the time and had never even seen the sea. Still, he became an "Admiral" without any trouble what- ever. How? Why, he simply im- agined himself at the head of a mighty fleet busy in running down a desperate, blood-thirsty band of pi- rates in the South Pacific.

He hung scores of them to yard- arms every day and sent in detailed reports of his deeds to the "Navy Department." He wrote, day by day in diary form, of the long, swift pur- suit of the pirate crews and the final tracking of them to their hiding place in some sheltered bay; then of the summary punishment wreaked upon them. Ted, it was not until he was eighteen years of age and vitally interested in his school work that he finally gave up his desire to sail the high seas.

What do you think Vice-President Marshall wanted to "be" when he was a boy? A shoemaker! As you know, he became a lawyer, then Governor of Indiana and then Vice-President. But the chances are if anyone had told him, when a boy, that he would become all those distinguished things he might still have preferred to work at a bench with an awl and a piece of leather.

There is a reason, of course, for this peculiar ambition of his. One of his best friends, it seems, was an old German shoemaker beside whose bench he used to sit of afternoons and on Saturdays and listen to him tell wonderful stories of life in Ger- many and travels and of the big bat- tles that had changed the map of Europe in the past. This old shoe- maker became his hero and young Marshall thought that if he, too, could become a cobbler he would be able to travel all over the world and meet the heroes of many wars, as his old friend had done.

Senator James Hamilton Lewis, of Illinois, was filled with joy at the thought of becoming a baker when he grew up. Not that he was particularly in love with the life or the work. But then, when he could eat all the pies and cakes and crul- ers he wanted to!

It was most natural that Senator Rerling, of South Dakota, should have wished to become a soldier, for when he was a boy the dreadful Civil War was filling the very air with the microbes of battles and guns and marching men. Had it not been that he was only about ten years of age you may be certain he would have enlisted. As it was, he would march up and down with a wooden gun and a tin sword for hours each day pre- tending he was leading his company in a desperate charge against "the enemy."

Representative O'Hair, of Illinois, realized his boyhood ambition for a time but finally abandoned it for a better one. His big brother was a horse trader; so, after all, it was but natural that young Frank should long

to follow in his brother's footsteps. White still, he here boy—far too young to really be in the business—his brother gave him a sum of money and sent him out over the country "swapping" horses." He worked for an entire summer at it, too.

When Representative Alben W. Barkley, of Kentucky, was a boy he lived on a farm and was not exactly in love with the hard work and many chores he had to do. In fact, he longed to be able to wear clean clothes, a stand-up collar, pressed clothes and shoes that shined. And, according to his way of thinking, the thing to do was to become a clerk in a dry-goods store. Always, when he went into town on Saturdays, he would see the trim, neat clerks be- hind their counters and long to be one of them. He never realized this boyhood ambition.

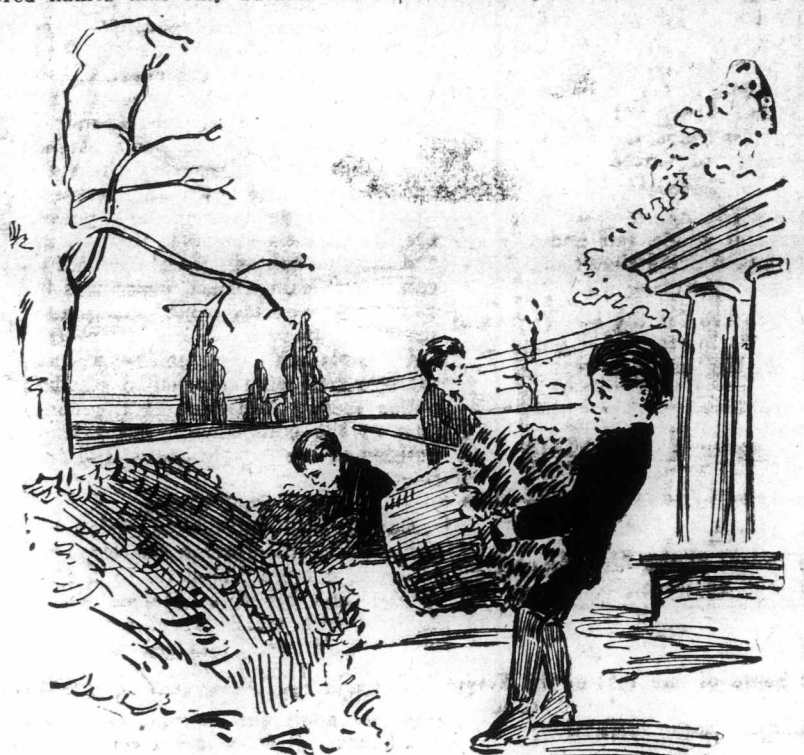
To be a baseball player, a telegraph operator and a crack shot was the three-fold ambition of a little boy in the town of Manchester, New Hamp- shire. His name was Eugene Elliott Reed, and he is now a Representative in Congress from that State. One day, while out hunting with his older brother, he fired at a squirrel, missed him, and the gun "kicked" him flat on his back.

His brother laughed at him and Eugene became enraged. He jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "Some day I'll grow up and be a better shot than you or anybody else!" It is interest- ing to note that he is now the am-ateur champion live-bird and clay- pigeon shot of his State; also, in 1907, he was the amateur champion of all the New England States and has won many other championships.

When he grew older he went in for baseball—as a professional play- er—and he managed Manchester's baseball team in 1900 and 1901, win- ning the New England League pen- nant in the latter year.

A while later he took up telegra-

It is fun to go hunting in autumn. But much wind was blowing, so they had no trouble in the way of scattering leaves. Enthusiastic as they were, they found it a bigger job than they had expected, but they stuck to it, each conscientious enough to rake the yard clean while they were about it. Red finished his yard first and then helped



Enthusiastic as they were, they found it a bigger job than they had expected.

can make and the towering clouds of smoke are beautiful to look upon; but above all is the pleasure of watching things burn—a pleasure that is born in every boy.

So thought Ned and Ted and Red. Odd they should have names that rhyme, isn't it? Well, it was only an accident, a pure matter of chance that

"It is so large," said Ned, "I am almost afraid to set fire to it." "It will make a whooper of a fire, all right," agreed Ted, "but there are no trees near and very few wagons or buggies pass along this street." It may be remarked that it was a small town and the streets were not paved; in fact, it was hard to keep the grass from growing in most of them. Since there was little traffic, it was the custom to burn leaves in front of the houses.

The boys were leaning against the huge stack of leaves, raking, when they saw old Mrs. Williams hobbling past on her way downtown to do some shopping. She stopped and gazed at the pile.

"That's a terrible big pile o' leaves, children," she remarked.

"Yes, ma'am," replied Ned.

"What be you going to do with them?"

"Have a bonfire tonight."

"Lawsy me! It's a shame to burn all them leaves. Wish I had 'em in my woodshed. They'd make mighty good kindling." Well, boys, I must be getting along to town. Hope you have a good bonfire."

When she was out of sight, Ned stood up and faced his companions.

"Why not let her have them?" he said.

"The boys looked at each other in disappointment."

"And spoil our bonfire?" said Ted.

"Yes, but they would help to keep her warm this winter."

"This would have made the biggest bonfire ever burned in this town," said Red.

"Yes, but it will make her a hun- dred fires and save her wood," replied Ted.

As if having arrived at a decision at the same time, the boys arose from the haystack.

"Let's get our baskets," said Ned.

"All right," said Ted.

"I'm in on it," said Red.

It seemed even harder work to tear down the big pile and carry it to Mrs. Williams' woodshed than the build-

ing of it. Her cottage was in the next block and to accomplish the transfer it was necessary to make many trips. However, the hardest part seemed to them in spilling the bonfire they had planned. But as they were fairly started in the work, they came to feel a distinct pleasure in it, conscious of their knowledge that they were doing good deed.

"It's more blessed to give away a bonfire than to burn it," quoted Red with a grin.

The others laughed at this remark and as the three of them continued the work of packing the leaves into their baskets and carrying them to the shed they were actually having more fun and feeling happier than if they had had a dozen bonfires to burn.

At last the last bit of the bonfire had disappeared and the woodshed was chock full. Then they hid be- hind the shed, for they had heard Mrs. Williams returning. It was not long before she limped out to the shed to get some kindling with which to build a fire. When the boys saw what a surprise they had given the old woman and noticed the tears come to her eyes, not a one regretted in the least that they had given up their bonfire. All she could say was to murmur over and over, "Lawsy me, lawsy me!"

When she had returned to the house with a basket full of leaves, the boys slipped out from their hiding place and ran home, feeling happier than they had ever felt before.

"I'm glad we did it," said Ned, when they had returned to the scene of the bonfire.

"So'm I," said Ted.

"Me, too," said Red.

And Ned and Ted and Red never said a truer thing in their lives.

THE BOYS' BONFIRE

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MOST TOO REAL



WE was playin' horses jus' the other day. An' I was the driver, as we 'greed to play; Johnny he was harnesses as a horse you know. An' he cut up balky—didn't want to go.

An' he kept a-backin' an' a-prancin' 'round. Wouldn't let me drive him, but a way I found. For while he was ravin' I picked up a stick An' to stop his antics, I give him a lick.

Not a hard one, mind you—jus' a little crack; My, the way he hollered, I thought I'd broke his back; He was all for quittin', said it wasn't fair, As if they don't whip horses when they pitch an' rare.

SLEEPY-TIME TALES FOR THE LITTLEST ONES

French Children At Play

DOROTHY had played so hard that afternoon that even her lit- tle blue eyes showed how tired she was. And her yellow curls were all tangled and matted from being tossed about by the autumn wind. Her frock, clean that morning, was all rumpled and stained.

"Goodness me, Dorothy," said Mamma as she undressed her for bed. "You are becoming a regular Tomboy. Why can't you play without romping and getting yourself all mussed up? Why don't you—oh, why don't you play the way little French children do! Come now, get into bed and let me tuck the covers around you and I'll tell you about the little boys and girls in sunny France. There—now we're all ready for our Sleepy-time story, aren't we?"

"The French children are al- ways polite. On bright, sunny af- ternoons their nannies or their Mammams take them to play in the broad Champs Elysees where they roll their hoops or spin their tops very hap- pily, but also very politely. If a lit- tle French boy or girl sees a strange child and wishes to play with him he steps up to him and in his very pol- itest tone asks him to play."

"And what do you think is the fa- vorite amusement of the French child? You could never in the world guess it, Dorothy, I am sure. It is a 'Punch and Judy show.' It has been a long, long while since you have seen one, hasn't it? You remember how cross, wicked old Punch beats his poor wife, throws his baby out of doors, kills the policeman who comes to ar- rest him, and happily, is at last hu- gely punished."

"Well, the little French children scream with delight and applaud every time they see Monsieur Polich- nel—as they call him—getting pun- ished for his misdeeds. And they see the performance over and over again for there are many little open-air

Punch and Judy shows in all the parks, each with rows of seats for the little spectators.

"Some of the little girls in France have as handsome if not handsomer dolls than we have in our country. But their parents are wealthy. Most of the girls, however, play with a doll that I'm quite sure you would not like at all. It is made of pasteboard and is very large. It has a head, of course, with hair, eyes, mouth, nose and ears painted on it."

"And a neck?—yes, to be sure, a neck; but from there down there is nothing but the round pasteboard tube to which the head is attached. No arms, no legs and, in fact, it doesn't look like a body at all! But the French children do not mind for, you see, all they have to do is to put little dresses on it and, lo, nothing but the head then shows!"

"You aren't a boy, of course, but if you were you certainly would be dis- pleased with the way little French boys dress. Not little ones, either, for, mind you, up until the time they are fifteen years of age they wear socks and short knee-trousers. When in a tool they put on long, black aprons."

But, strangest of all, if a French boy attends private school he is al- ways taken there each morning and escorted back home when school is out by a nurse or his father or moth- er—even if he is fifteen years old! Now wouldn't the big boys in your school look funny being brought there every morning by a nurse!

"But the French children do not think it strange. Indeed, if several of them were to play with you here they would no doubt think you had very peculiar ideas of how to have a good time at play."

A Man Who Spins Tops

COPIES are great toys, aren't they? "But what's that?" when a boy passes a certain age he is in- clined to lose interest in them and, maybe, consider them a bit too much of a juvenile amusement. But what would you think of a man who spins tops? Moreover, he is a Congress- man—Stanley E. Bowditch, representa- tive from Ohio.

Tops are his hobby. He has in his home any number of them—and very unusual ones they are, too. What is more, he spins them and takes keen delight in doing so. Many of them are mechanical marvels; and he is now building a huge gyroscope and ex- perimenting with it.

Before he came to Congress—and even before he took up the study of law—he worked as a mechanic in a machine shop. While so engaged he became interested in turning out tops—and has never gotten over it.

Our Puzzle Corner

MY BLACK HEN.



Hickety, pickety, my black hen, She lays eggs for gentlemen; Gentlemen come every day To see what my black hen doth lay.

Find the black hen by cutting out the black spots and fitting them to- gether.

CONE PUZZLE.

If the following are written one be- low another, they will form a cone. By taking the central letters of each, you will have a study in which cones are used.

1. A letter of the alphabet.
2. A verb.
3. An article of food.
4. Plants with blossoms.
5. The art of joining or uniting.
6. A term used in sewing.
7. A native of a certain city of the United States.

A BAKING OF PIES.

Example: A kind of type. Answer—

1. Religious.
2. A highway.
3. A steersman.
4. A tropical fruit.
5. An advance settler.
6. A sea robber.
7. An evergreen tree.

ANSWERS.

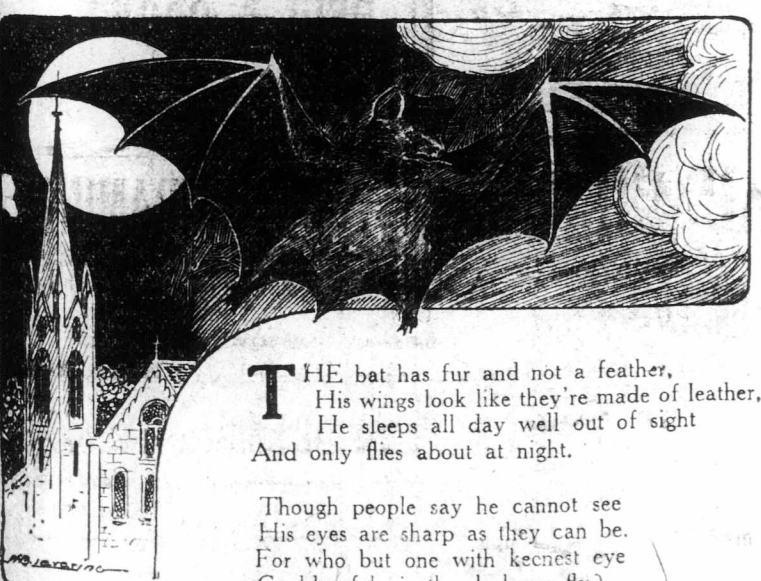
CONE PUZZLE:

Drawing D are meats flowers combining Buttonhole Washingtonian

A Baking of Pies: 1. Pious. 2. Pike. 3. Pilot. 4. Pineapple. 5. Pioneer. 6. Private. 7. Pine.

BLACK HEN.

THE BAT



THE bat has fur and not a feather. His wings look like they're made of leather. He sleeps all day well out of sight And only flies about at night.

Though people say he cannot see His eyes are sharp as they can be. For who but one with keenest eye Could safely in the darkness fly?



The little French children scream with delight when Monsieur Polichinel is punished for his misdeeds.