

ADVERTISEMENT.

ADAM BECK THE SERVANT

In thirty years there has never been a time when Adam Beck was not serving the people of London.

Do you think of what these services mean to you, your wives, your little children?

When you or someone in your family is sick and being cared for and nursed back to health in Victoria Hospital, do you think of Adam Beck?

When your little ones are being tenderly brought back to health and strength out of the clutches of the dread white plague in the preventorium do you think of Adam Beck?

When you and your family go down to the lake to drink in the cool, health-giving airs of Port, do you think of Adam Beck?

When you turn on the lights in your home instead of lighting a smelly oil lamp, do you think of Adam Beck?

When your wife goes into a cool kitchen to cook a meal in comfort on the electric range does she think of Adam Beck?

When Hydro saves her the back-breaking work of the washtub does she think of Adam Beck?

When you turn the tap and drink pure cold water without a thought or dread of possible typhoid or diphtheria do you think of Adam Beck?

Perhaps you do think of Adam Beck the boy who came to London 40 years ago with that great idea of service planted in his boyish mind by his mother's teaching.

And you think of him working at the bench and lathe or making cores in his father's foundry and dreaming of services to his fellow-citizens as his mother had taught him—service, the greatest and best thing a man can do in life.

And for over thirty years since he gave his first public service to the hospital, his life is a story or service—the service of a true and faithful and able servant. A servant not only willing but knowing how to do things—a servant with the desire in his heart and the brilliance and driving power in his brain to carry his good work through all opposition.

That is the kind of servant Adam Beck is to the people of London—not the servant of the rich, or any clique or class or party, but the servant of all.

The results of Adam Beck's work go into the homes of every citizen—the workingman, the clerk, the artizan, the merchant, the professional man.

When you go to the polls on Monday think seriously of the servant Beck and do the right thing by him.

From Bird Orchard Farm

By AVES.

Mr. Oriole Obliges As An Alarm Clock—Beautiful Weeds Which We Ignore.

In the dim and far-off days, oh best beloved, not when the world was young, but when I was young myself, I had a collection of birds' eggs. This must have been before any law was made protecting eggs, or at any rate I knew nothing of such a law if there was one. A very interesting hobby it was and a very creditable collection, too, for "just a girl," the eggs ranging in size from the small brown-speckled egg of the house-wren to the big olive-brown black spotted egg of the loon which nests among our northern lakes. Any one who has visited these lakes knows the sound of the loon's sad call and may have seen the bird itself. It is a large, duck-like creature, strong on the wing and in the water, but almost helpless upon land. For this reason it nests right at the water's edge, whence it can slide conveniently into its true element.

Another shore-nesting bird is the sandpiper, though it was on the shore of Lake Ontario that I met them. Their nest, also, is a depression in the sand, in which are laid four buff-colored, pear-shaped eggs spotted with chocolate. A point worthy of note is the difference in the size of the eggs of praeocial and altricial birds of the same size. For instance, the egg of the spotted sandpiper, whose young are born with a covering of down and can run as soon as hatched, is almost twice the size of the egg of the catbird, whose young are helpless and practically naked when hatched.

"Having Eyes, See Not."

In the country it is especially true that many of us "having eyes see not" the beauty that lies around us in common things. The farmer in his everlasting fight against weeds isn't in a position to appreciate the beauty of the flowers of the said weeds. But if we make use of them merely for ornamental purposes we will be surprised at the results. For instance, take the common daisy which is such a pest in old hay fields, transplant a few roots to your garden, and see how it will repay you for a little care. Buttercups, which bloom at the same time, will grow to big, beautiful plants in good garden soil, also butter-and-eggs or toadflax, which is really wild snapdragon. Of course all these weeds from the roadside must be watched as they are so greedy that they would soon crowd out other things if they could, but the ordinary hardy garden flowers aren't a bit envious and will mingle with them in the most friendly way. Sturdy black-eyed Susan and dainty Queen Anne's lace are as lovely as anything you could get for the garden, while the orange butterfly weed is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

Took First Prize.

At a big flower show in one of our cities two years ago there was, as usual, a class for table decoration. There were no restrictions placed upon the kind of flowers to be used. Some tables were done with greenhouse flowers, some with flowers from the garden, but the one which took first prize was done with yellow toadflax and blue vervain—both humble weeds till someone with "the seeing eye" realized their possibilities. There is a flower belonging to the nightshade family which isn't often met in polite society; each little blossom is a perfect white or pale lavender star with a bright yellow cone-shaped anther. A bowlful of these on our dining table mystified all visitors until we explained that they were ordinary potato blossoms! A few fern-like carrot leaves added to the beauty of the bouquet. A black bowl full of red clover and blue vetch is at present doing duty as a centerpiece, and this in season will be filled with buckwheat blossoms with their honeylike fragrance.

Mr. Oriole Helps.

Our alarm clock objected to getting up so early in the morning and struck for easier hours. This was rather inconvenient until an oriole

discovered our dilemma and now comes to the apple tree outside our window every morning and whistles "It's-time-to-get-up-and-get-busy." During the day he sings the same tune, but the words are different. A pair of flickers or high-holes are raising a family in a hollow apple tree. He is less of a carpenter than the other woodpeckers and generally selects decayed logs and stumps as his hunting ground. The special attraction in our orchard is ants, of which nearly half his diet is composed. He is therefore a friend to the agriculturist, as ants encourage the green aphids, which does so much harm. Mrs. Flicker is dressed like her husband—brown and black speckled above, white and black speckled beneath, under wings and tail yellow, black bib in front and a scarlet hair-ribbon tied at the back of her neck. She sits on her nest and sticks her head confidently out of the front door of her house, while her husband sits on a branch nearby with no attempt at concealment and announces loudly that this is the home of "Flicker-flicker-flicker."

LITERARY SOCIETY FROLICS AT LAKESIDE

Stratford Normal Students
Charter Special Train To
Port Stanley.

Port Stanley, June 22.—The Stratford Normal Literary Society held its annual outing at Port Stanley today traveling on a C.N.R. special train which came right through to Port Stanley. Each arriving here shortly after 10 o'clock. There were over 200 pupils present and three teachers, Miss Cottle, Miss Everson and Miss Johnson, also the president of the society, Mr. A. McNamara. Softball games and other impromptu pastimes were started with great enthusiasm.

A very fitting item, bathing, after the sports was enjoyed, and later the Casino attracted the majority, while some visited the box-ball alleys. At 10:30 p.m. the Stratford special train turned homewards.

HOLD CHILD'S FUNERAL.

St. Pauls, June 22.—A large number of sorrowing neighbors and friends attended the funeral today of little Margaret Jeffery, four-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. William Jeffery, who was accidentally shot while playing with a shotgun a few days ago.

HOLIDAY GOODS

Bathing Suits, Bathing Shoes,
Tennis Raquets, Tennis Shoes,
Tennis Nets and Supplies, Hy-
slop Bicycles, Bicycle Supplies,
Automobile Supplies.

R. M. Brisco
Co., Ltd.

258 DUNDAS ST.

Here Is What Isabel C. Armstrong Stands For

I. Better Homes—

By Advocating and Supporting:

- (a) Mothers' allowances.
- (b) Workmen's compensation.
- (c) Minimum wage.
- (d) Old age insurance.
- (e) Equal education.
- (f) Adequate care of the feeble-minded.

—and all kindred measures based on Liberal principles of fair play, equal opportunity and conservation of life.

II. Efficient Prohibition—

- (a) By strengthening the O. T. A.
- (b) By its impartial and clean enforcement.

—on the ground that strict prohibition is in the interests of the health, happiness and economic welfare of the children and the homes of Ontario.

III. Protection of Public Ownership—

- (a) By retaining non-partisan control of all public utilities, including the hydro-electric.
- (b) By preserving the principle that no paid servant of the people should engage in party politics.

—on the ground that any public utility, such as hydro, on which depend our vital necessities and conveniences, including light for our hospital operating rooms, power for our factories, and saving of labor for our housewives, should be kept free from manipulation by any party candidate.

IV. Economy In Government—

- (a) By fair and open public tender on all government contracts.
- (b) By protection and proper development of Ontario's timber wealth, mines and other natural resources.
- (c) By preventing return to party patronage.

V. Wider Educational Opportunity—

- (a) By securing every possible provincial aid for the Western University.

—in order that every ambitious boy and girl in London may enjoy the advantages of higher education at a minimum cost and without leaving home.

MARK YOUR BALLOT FOR BETTER HOMES ON MONDAY.

What Kind of a Dad Are You?



ALL LAST FALL, all during the long winter evenings—all through the spring nights that were calling a boy outdoors, and even these early summer days, you have been watching that boy of yours studying earnestly and conscientiously to make a man of himself through his school books; and you, his father, might be justly proud. He is going to pass his examinations, and one of these days you will be thrilled and filled with the deeper joy of life, and know the satisfaction that goes with the guiding hand of parentage.



But What Are You Going To Do About It?

Are you going to say just "thank you" to that big, fine boy of yours, bursting with the vigor of young manhood and whose inmost nature calls for the wider vision that the great outdoors will give him? Or are you going to "come across" like a regular fellow, conscious of the responsibilities of a generous father, and

GIVE THAT BOY OF YOURS THE

RED BIRD BICYCLE

YOU PROMISED HIM AND YOU KNOW HE WANTS AND DESERVES?

This isn't a sermon—just a straight man-to-man talk about an honest-to-goodness proposition that will make you feel good when you have carried it out.

Don't say you haven't the money, because we make you mighty easy terms. Don't tell him you can't get a Red Bird. Our shop is filled with brand new Red Birds. Red Bird prices have been reduced to \$35, \$40, \$50 and \$55.

GOT YOUR TICKET FOR THE RED BIRD PICNIC?

Come in to-day—leave your name—get your tickets—entitling you to enjoy all the fun free at Springbank, Wednesday, July 4, and a chance to win a Red Bird in the Big Drawing.

BICYCLE AND MOTOR SALES COMPANY

425 Wellington St.

See G. A. Wenige, the man who made walking expensive.

PHONE 3182

\$5 Cash For An Electric Washer!

An Extraordinary One-Day Chance To Banish the Washtub

MONDAY ONLY the Hydro Shop will receive orders with a \$5.00 down payment for one of the most dependable and satisfactory electric washing machines made

Kribs' "Miss Simplicity"

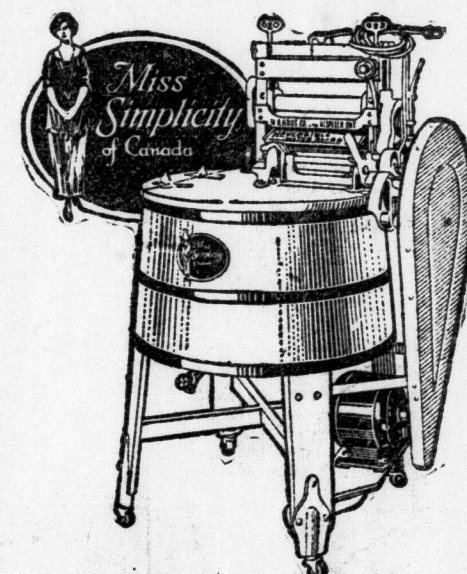
Come early Monday or phone and a machine will be promptly delivered to your home. Attach the cord to any convenient outlet and it is ready to wash and wring everything, quickly, and without labor.

Don't endure washtub slavery in summer heat. Hydro washes and wrings clothes, too.

THE HYDRO SHOP

Dundas and Wellington Streets.

Phone 7,000.



JUST \$5 DOWN

A well-built, durable machine with rust-proof bronze castings and steel cut gears. Touch the button and it does the job, a big family washing in an hour for less than one cent.

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