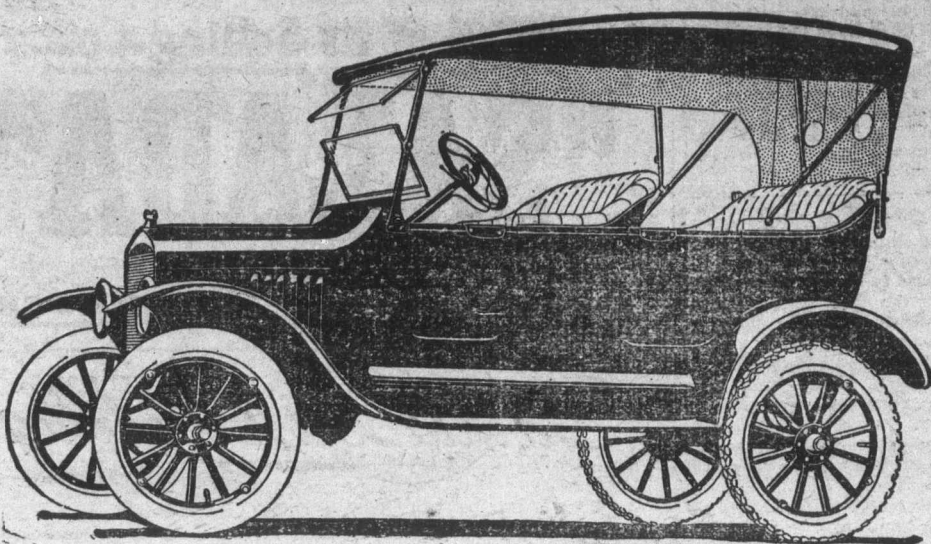




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Wat-Ford Garage

41000 HARVESTERS NEEDED

Forty-one thousand harvesters will be required to handle the prairie crops this year, exclusive of those to be obtained from prairie cities and towns, it was announced at Winnipeg Tuesday, following a meeting of representatives of the railways, Western Labor Commissioners, and the grain trade interests. The rates of wages discussed were \$3.50 a day for harvesters, and \$4 a day for threshers. The harvesting excursions will commence to arrive in Winnipeg from Eastern Canada, August 7th, and will continue until August 25th. Excursion trains will leave Victoria Vancouver and New Westminster from August 14th to 29th, inclusive. Of the total number of men required, 37,000 will be drawn from Eastern Canada, and 4,000 from British Columbia.

Protect the child from the ravages of worms by using Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It is a standard remedy, and years of use have enhanced its reputation.

Try Guide-Advocate Want ads.

BASEBALL

ONE THOUSAND PEOPLE SEE WATFORD DEFEAT FOREST 7-1

The largest crowd that has ever witnessed a ball game in Watford for many years cheered the local boys to victory over Forest by the score of 7-1. Both teams played clean snappy ball from first to last. Leslie Waddell twirled for Forest. He is considered one of the best pitchers in this part of the province, but he was up against the hardest hitting team in Western Ontario, who drove in the runs seemingly when they felt like it. Home runs three baggers, doubles and singles were no limit for the Watford sluggers. The first innings was the big one for Watford. Irwin drove the first ball pitched to the trees for three sacks which should have been a home run as a tree stopped its journey to the race track. Waddell walked C. Roche. Bill Roche hit a hot single, scoring Irwin, but Clare was caught at third base. Millar and

Cooke then hit singles. Howie Siddall just to keep things going drove a long one to right field which resulted in him making the circuit in record time chasing Millar and Cooke ahead of him over the plate. The locals didn't score again until the fourth when "Slim" Millar drove his usual "one homer per game" over the race track. Home runs are "Slim's" big specialty. Howie Siddall got on the bases again and Leigh brought him in with a hot single, but "Smoky" was caught stealing second. He was trying out "Tubby" Balady's arm. It was working smoothly. Forest scored their only run in the eighth when Govenlock came all the way home from second base on a short forced ball to Roche. It was the only raw decision that Archie Jamieson gave in the game. Millar scored Watford's last run when he got to second on a two base hit and Siddall drove him in with another two bagger. This ended the scoring for the game.

Millar besides batting exceptionally well pitched one of the finest games ever seen on the Watford Diamond. He was robbed of a shut out by Jamieson's decision on Govenlock taking two bases on a overthrow.

Archie Jamieson with the exception of the one poor decision umpired an impartial game of ball, handing no favors to either team. He was the best umpire seen here this season.

There was absolutely no wrangling or disputing decisions all through the game which speaks well for the players of both teams.

Jack Stanton and his assistants had a big time looking after the crowd at the entrance. Gate receipts \$183.00.

If Watford wins their protest against Waubesa they will be tied with Forest for the League championship. Each team will have lost four games.

Forest brought their band all the way to Watford with them but they went away so silently as they had come. Maybe they played "Home Sweet Home" when they got out of town.

The Mayor of Forest proclaimed last Thursday afternoon a half holiday to allow everyone in Forest to come over and see Watford's crushing defeat. It is rumored that he also proclaimed another holiday on their return, so that they might bury their ball team!

Wedding Announcements and Invitations of the finest quality at The Guide-Advocate.

Aunt Amanda

By JANE OSBORN

(© 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

When the other girls of her age were sitting out on verandas in the company of their rustic sweethearts on summer evenings, Laura Perkins was sitting indoors beside the living-room lamp, intent on getting her mending done for all those little Perkinses to whom she played the role of big sister and mother combined. It was not that Farmer Perkins was any less prosperous than the other farmers, but it would have gone against the grain to pay out money to have this work done when Laura could do it just as well. In the meantime Laura didn't get "any young company." In fact, she never did get any, and it was not until at the age of twenty-five, when Farmer Perkins decided to ask Widow Rollins, down the road, to share his fireside and Widow Rollins accepted, that Laura ever had any chance for the pleasure and flirtation that she had missed in her girlhood.

But she had for too long been tied to the duties of the kitchen and the mending basket to take very gracefully to the art of finding a suitor then—for obviously the only thing left for Laura to do now was to marry and get a home of her own. "Of course, I want to have a place where I can do my own cooking and all," Laura would explain, "but I don't know as I want to get a man just to make crullers for him." But the truth was that there was a man that Laura would have been quite willing to look and mend for for the rest of her life had he been disposed to ask her to accept his hand. This was Widow Rollins' son, who, when that lady came to marry Farmer Perkins, naturally was squeezed into the Perkins farmhouse to live.

"She's a real nice girl," the mother had remarked to her son in confidence. "But she's got such a lot of notions. Did you hear her carrying on about that Aunt Amanda cruller set? You know some of the women around here got the outfit. Laura was one of them. It has the cutter and a special rolling pin and the kettle and the basket for the crullers while they are in the hot fat. Well, there are one or two things about it that Laura didn't like. The basket doesn't slip into the kettle just the way she wants it to. So she gets to looking at the picture of Aunt Amanda on the package, and she makes up her mind she has got to see her. It never occurs to her that maybe there isn't any Aunt Amanda, that maybe it is just a picture on the box cover."

Edward Rollins had listened without any great interest. His mother always changed the subject in that way. He had wanted to talk of Laura, but his mother apparently preferred to talk about cruller sets. He had wanted to sound his mother on a subject that lay near his heart. He was twenty-six, just starting out for himself in the hardware business, with all that he owned in the world invested in stocks of hammers and nails and carving knives and wash boilers—an endless variety of equipment for the farmer and his wife. It was quite out of the question now to ask Laura to marry him, if that involved making a home for her. What Edward had hoped was that for the present his mother and Laura's father might let them board in the old Perkins farmhouse. But Edward, always somewhat in awe of his mother, never got to the point of asking, and not having asked and received her consent he never got to that further point of asking Laura to be his wife.

Laura was twenty-five that autumn after her father's marriage, when she went off to the city to make her own living. And Laura herself seemed to be the only one in the community who didn't realize that, with no special education or training save that of a housewife and no special talent or aptitude save considerable good sense, the future was not very promising for her.

"Seems as if the only thing she can do is to be somebody's hired girl," quoth the new Mrs. Perkins for the benefit of her son and her husband, both of whom winced under this remark.

The old father Perkins died and Laura came home to the funeral; was gone back to the city and no one was the wiser concerning her mode of making a living. If truth must be told a rift came in the Perkins-Rollins household, in part due no doubt to the settlement of Mr. Perkins' estate. At all events those of the Perkins brood who kept in touch with Laura did not enjoy Mrs. Rollins' good will. They moved away and Laura was no more heard of.

In five years the hardware business as carried on by Edward Rollins had prospered to the point where he was in a position to settle down in life on his own, and as his mother, the present Widow Perkins, had now under consideration an alliance with old Deacon Bradshaw, a union of which her son did not approve, she was anxious enough for her son to marry.

Edward was not lacking in friends among the younger girls of the village who might conceivably look with much favor upon his suit.

"And remember, Edward," the mother laughed one day when she had called at his store, "you once had me worried for fear you'd marry that carrot-haired Laura. I don't suppose you have ever given her a second thought."

"I wonder what ever became of her," said Edward, and it was not the first time that this question had occurred to him.

"It was funny," mused the mother. "Said she was going to see Aunt Amanda; she thought it was a real Aunt Amanda that put out those cruller sets. So I suppose she went and looked up those Aunt Amanda people in the city and made a fool of herself."

"As far as that goes, there really is an Aunt Amanda," Edward Rollins told his mother, "and she is pushing those doughnut cookers for all they are worth. She is on the road selling them, too. Just got a circular letter from the firm today, saying that 'Aunt Amanda' had started this way, and would be here with the improved doughnut cooker besides five or six other special cooking utensils."

"Well, I'll bet that isn't her real name; I'll bet . . ."

But Mrs. Rollins never told her son just what she would bet, for she was interrupted by his clerk just then to say that "Aunt Amanda" had arrived.

And Aunt Amanda was none other than Laura Perkins. "I didn't want to come here when I knew how you and your mother had felt since father died," she said. "But your store was on the list, and I didn't want to refuse to stop."

So that is how Laura Perkins at thirty—a well-dressed, debonaire Laura that hardly anyone recognized save Edward Rollins—came back to the home of her childhood.

"I went right to the Aunt Amanda people," she told Edward. "I must have been a scream. I insisted that there was an Aunt Amanda and that I had something to tell her about how she could improve her cruller cooker. I saw the president of the concern, and he told me I could be Aunt Amanda if I wanted to, and started me in right away. All the assets I had was some good common sense and a lot of enthusiasm."

"You must have made a big success," suggested Edward, fearful lest just this success would stand in his way in the plan he had in his heart to propose.

"Yes, I suppose you'd say so," said Laura. "I'm secretary of the concern now, with a good bit of stock. Then I get royalties—these new specialties are my inventions. They are things I worked out back in father's kitchen before he was married. The royalties and the interest will go on."

She stopped short, looked at Edward, and both blushed.

"Maybe so," Edward found courage to say. "But the road job won't, Laura; I'm going to marry you."

And that is how it happened that "Aunt Amanda" never went on another sales trip, but that within a few months the letterhead paper of the thriving Aunt Amanda company showed the name of Edward Rollins instead of Laura Perkins printed after "Secretary."

Printers of Quebec Clever Actors.

French-Canadian printers in the past century gave dramatic performances of much merit from time to time, as they counted among their number some first-class amateurs, writes Mr. George Gale in the Quebec Telegraph. The amateurs found inspiration in the visits of Edmund Kean, Charles Kemble, Denman Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Davenport and others. Denman Thompson, author of "The Old Homestead," came to Quebec to play with the Nickinsons, John and his daughter, Charlotte, and later went with them to Toronto.

Frederick Glackmeyer, a German who left his native country for Canada in 1790, is credited with being the father of music and musical societies in Old Quebec. The elder Glackmeyer was fifteen when he landed and already his abilities with violin and piano were great. His son also did good work as teacher and artist until his death in 1881. M. Antoine Dessane, a graduate of the Paris Conservatory and organist at the cathedral in 1849, inaugurated the classical method of teaching. In 1872 some French-Canadians from the city were honored by being asked into the monster orchestra of Gilmore at Boston. Next among the musical stars was Calixte, Levallee, who composed the music of

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