

SURGERY FOR AUTO TIRES.

Be Sure There Are No "Broken Bones" Before Rebuilding the Surface.

Surgery for a tire, in so far as it affects only the tread or skin, is simple, but after a rupture of the surface you should make certain that no "bones" have been broken" before proceeding with the treatment. It must be remembered that the layers of canvas cemented together—in a fabric tire—or the individual layers of cord—in a cord tire—form the main supporting skeleton, or framework. The rubber tread merely protects this framework from wear, as the tough skin on the ends of the fingers protects the bones and delicate nerves.

It often happens that a cut from a sharp stone or piece of glass is sufficiently severe to penetrate the entire thickness of rubber covering on the tire and to extend through to one or two layers of canvas. If under these conditions only the surface is vulcanized, or "healed," but little will be accomplished, for the supporting fabric will be weakened at this point through the separation of the one or two layers, and a blowout will eventually result, even though the tire, so far as external appearances are concerned, is perfect at this point.

A cure of this nature requires the services of an experienced tire surgeon, for a new section of fabric must be applied and vulcanized into place, or the broken ends of the cord must be fastened together in a manner requiring more or less expert work.

The same result as a broken bone may be obtained by what is known in tireology as a stone bruise. This is caused by a sudden impact against a blunt object, such as a curved or round corner of a stone, which in itself is not sufficient actually to cut the thread of the tire, but which imparts so severe a strain to the fabric, or carcass, that several of the layers of canvas may be broken or bruised. This is a frequent cause of mysterious blowouts, which seem to come from within a tire having its surface in perfect condition.

—H. W. Slauson, M. E., in Leslie's.

TRAINING THE CHILD.

The Most Essential Factor is in Having a Normal Home.

A student of sociology recently said in a public address that the most essential thing in the training of a child was a "normal home." This sort of home ought to be common. Yet investigations show that a large number of homes must be considered abnormal. Such are poverty stricken, overcrowded homes, and such are the servant filled homes of the wealthy. It is the large well to do middle class who should and who do supply most of the so called normal homes.

It has been found that many homes which might be normal are not so and that the parents usually are to blame. Parents are quarrelsome, a favored child is allowed to bully the household, the mother is indifferent to the home, the father is ugly, discipline is too lax, the children are ignored, parents reverse each other's decisions—these are some of the defects in the abnormal home. They are defects which are singled out because they betray no gross weakness in the parents and could be eliminated by a little patience and thoughtful effort.

The environment of a child in its early years undoubtedly has a good deal to do with forming its character. It seems as if parents ought to heed this fact and to exercise such self denial and self control as may be necessary to make the home a place where the child can be sure of finding peace and just treatment. There are many homes that for familiar reasons are entirely without the scope of these considerations.

But the observations noted apply with reasonable pertinence to the numerous American homes in which the parents are well behaved and self respecting, but who are too selfish or too thoughtless to give due attention to the very important matter of providing a tranquil and helpful home for the little ones.

Oxidization of Brass.

Brass when immersed in a hot solution consisting of one-half ounce of golden sulphuret of antimony and four ounces of caustic soda in each gallon of water becomes oxidized with a pleasing brown shade. The shade becomes darker if the metal is immersed in a dilute solution of sulphate of copper, used cold, about four to eight ounces to the gallon. Several immersions in the same manner give deeper brown tones.

Comes in Handy.

The life insurance policy looks like an expensive and worthless bit of paper until somebody dies, and then it is cash in bank. As Kipling wrote of Tommy Atkins:

"For it's Tommy this and Tommy that And 'chuck him into the brute!'"

But it's "savior of his country" When the guns begin to shoot.

—Exchange.

In Series.

"That man's whole life has been a series of ups and downs."

"How so?"

"He began as an elevator boy, then became a mountain climber, and now is giving balloon ascensions."

His Brand of Reform.

Knicker—What sort of reformer is he? Pocker—He wants other fellows to abstain from food to make the price go down while he eats it.

MODEL SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS

The following teachers-in-training, among others, have been successful in qualifying for limited third-class and district certificates at the provincial model schools:

Ella M. Dwyer, Phillipsville; Elva M. Flaherty, Westport; Leila M. Gorman, Chantry; Ray A. Gorsline, Newboro; Mildred Haskins, Westport; Gertrude M. Horton, Brockville; Clara Hillis, Athens; Catherine E. McMahon, North Augusta; Laburne Perkins, Westport; Myrtle R. Price, Newbliss; Stella Quin, Merrickville; Gertrude C. Scott, Malorytown; Ida M. Weatherhead, Westport; Bruce P. Webster, Lansdowne; Luella M. Whitmore, Toledo; Muriel L. Wilson Athens.

Closing Concert.

On the afternoon of the closing day in the Public School the pupils enjoyed a concert given in the various rooms, by the pupils. In the room of Mr. Snowdon, the principal, there were a score or more guests as invitations had been extended to the trustees and parents of the pupils, and during the afternoon, Mr. Snowdon was presented with an address and rocker, and Miss Hazel Smith was the recipient of a nicely bound book of poems from her associates as a slight appreciation of services rendered as organist during the term.

Brockville Business College

WEEKLY BULLETIN

Wallace Guild has taken the position of chief clerk in the local ticket office of the C.P.R.

Roy Dack, stenographer for J. D. Wing Co., Windsor, was a Christmas holiday caller.

Miss Jessie Bishop, Miss Helen Dennis, Miss Reta Bishop and Mr. Howard Bishop, former graduates, are transferring to the Toronto offices of the Carriage Co., Limited.

This week we have been asked to report on the character and ability of a young lady graduate who is line for a bank position.

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Phone 373.

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Do Three Things

—cure Headache in 20 minutes
—break up a Cold over night
—stop Monthly pains of women.
There is one thing they will not do—they won't hurt you.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years, doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only Constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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MOST SENSITIVE NERVES.

The Two That Can Cause the Greatest Agony of Pain.

Which part of the human body is the most sensitive to pain?

A sharp definition must be drawn here between irritation and pain. Irritation is not pain, but only a frequent cause of it. Thus a crumb lodged in the larynx near the vocal cords produces violent irritation and prolonged coughing, which often result in actual pain. So, too, an insect or speck of dust in the eye sets up violent irritation and inflammation, followed by acute pain.

Of the surface of the body the finger tips and the end of the tongue are most sensitive. For instance, a burn on the fingers is much more painful than one on the back would be, while one on the tongue would be more painful still.

Deep wounds are not painful, as a rule, save as regards the surface injury.

Of pains not caused by external injuries neuralgia of the fifth nerve, the one which supplies the skin of the head and face, is the most intense. It has frequently driven people mad for the time being, and sufferers have been known to cut and even burn the flesh in desperate attempts to relieve it.

The rupture of the branches of the dental nerve in tooth drawing also causes agony so intense that it has been stated that no human being could endure it for more than two seconds at a time.

A Prophecy

By DONALD CHAMBERLIN

Margaret and I met in Florence. We were both of an artistic makeup, and there is nothing more pleasing than the companionship of one with congenial tastes. We sauntered through the galleries of that artistic city and admired the works of art together.

Then, too, there is something unifying to kindred spirits in being thrown together in a foreign country. America to Americans on the other side of the Atlantic ocean seems so far. The customs of those countries are so different from ours. They seem so old; we so new. It is this that draws Americans abroad together who would live for years next door to each other and never form an acquaintance.

These meetings between fellow countrymen of opposite sex frequently end in love affairs, and such was the case with Margaret and me. But my suit was unsuccessful. Whether this was due to Margaret or the influences brought to bear upon her I did not know. At any rate, I returned to my home, leaving my heart in Florence, and I realized that I would never get it back again.

On my voyage home the stateroom opposite me was occupied by a young man who had gone abroad for his health and, having failed in his quest, was coming back to die. There was no one on board whose business it was to minister to him, and the duty fell to me. I became very much attached to him, and he seemed grateful for my attentions. More than that, he seemed to love me as a brother.

I told him of my disappointment, and he seemed to be regretful for me. He tried to comfort me by telling me that he had a feeling deep down in his heart that Margaret and I would meet again and that all would be changed. "She loves you," he said. "I know it. When she refused you it was contrary to her inclinations. She will return to America much changed. Her circumstances will be different. Instead of refusing to listen to your suit she will be glad to lean upon you, happy and relieved to be loved by you."

He seemed so earnest, so sure, in what he said that I was greatly surprised. Could it be that to one so near death had been imparted something of that knowledge of future events we are prone to attribute to those who have passed the portal of eternity? The thought occurred, but I did not really believe it.

My friend lingered till we reached the coast. Then he said that if he could be spared through the brief journey that remained to him to his home he would be content to die. I accompanied him and spent with him the few days he lived after being again under his own roof-tree. The day he died he was, or seemed to me to be, delirious.

"I see men marching," he said, "hundreds, thousands, millions. They are like fields of wheat. A mowing machine is passing through them, and they are falling just as I have seen the grain fall in the fields of a summer day. People are fleeing before them. Some are peasants; some are gentle-folks; some are without a roof to cover them; some are starving; some are strangers in that land and, being cut off from home and friends, have no one to care for them."

At this point his voice sank to murmurings, and I understood no more. I had left Italy early in the spring, and when my friend died the leaves had not yet put forth their buds. I was busily engaged, but not so much so as to recover from my disappointment. My mind during the day constantly reverted to the woman I felt was my natural mate, and the nights were dreary without her.

Late in July there came like thunder-claps out of a clear sky declarations of war all over Europe. Hundreds of thousands of Americans were stranded there. All, or nearly all, were cut off not only from their homes, but from the wherewithal to meet their necessities. Naturally I thought of Margaret, for I had seen no announcement of her return. I would have filled my pockets with gold and gone to seek her that I might supply her necessities, but I realized that I would be unable to find her and would not likely be able to reach her if I knew where she was. All I knew of her whereabouts was that she had left Italy, for it was not intended when I parted with her to remain there after the spring opened.

Since I could not go to her I waited for her to come to me. Something told me that my lost friend's words would come true. When a steamer bringing Americans from Europe came in I was on the dock and watched eagerly those who came down the gangplank. One day I was at my post as a steamer docked, and as she swung around to back into the pier I caught sight of a pale, haggard girl standing on the deck.

I rushed to the gangplank, but was ordered away. I waited while the throng of sufferers left the ship. My eye was on Margaret, but she did not see me in the crowd on the dock. As she stepped off the gangplank I caught her in my arms. Looking up, she recognized me and broke into tears of joy. Hers was one of the bitterest of those many bitter tales. Her father had died before the outbreak of the war, and she and her mother had been turned out in the cold with not a hundred francs on which to subsist and return home.

CLEAN ICE BOXES

How to Care For Foods in the Refrigerator.

DON'T BOARD PTOMAINES.

Points About the Nicety of Sanitary Compartments and the Least Care You Can Give the Matter Without Breeding Germs During Hot Weather.

First remove all food from the food compartment and with strong, hot soap-suds, in which there is a generous handful of sal soda, notwithstanding its effect upon the hands, wash the compartment in every corner. Ring out with hot water and then scald thoroughly with water from a boiling teakettle.

Wipe dry with a perfectly clean towel and wash and scald the doors and the ledges and shelves, which have been removed. Set the shelves in a current of air and leave the door of the compartment open so that it may cool. Then wrap the ice in a paper ice blanket and set in the food compartment and treat the ice compartment in the same manner. When all the water has run down the drain remove the drainpipe and scald it again and again with boiling soda and water. Noxious gases form in the drainpipe, and these literally poison any food with which they come in contact.

Cool the drainpipe and replace and when the ice compartment has cooled set back the ice and close the doors, being very careful always to latch them, else a large proportion of the efficiency of the refrigerator is lost.

It is a good plan to go over the outside of the chest or refrigerator with an oiled cloth if it is a wood-finish or with soap and water and metal polish if it is enamel metal trimmed. This will prolong the life of this piece of furniture. Its preservation is important, for in case of moving it is often most convenient to dispose of such articles, and if they are in perfect condition they will bring more.

In storing away food care should always be taken to see that no drops and overflow are allowed to remain around the rims of bowls and plates. A container which is shaped for butter is in the end most economical, for then odd bits may be put away and the container need only be washed when a fresh supply is laid in.

Wash and sort all salad materials as soon as they enter the house, put them in clean white bags and shake to dislodge the water drops. These bags may be laid against the ice, and the melting caused is more than balanced by the crisp condition in which they appear on the table.

Never set a vessel directly on the cake of ice. If instant cooling is imperative chip off a bit of ice, crush and set the vessel in it.

Never leave the doors of the refrigerator open an instant longer than is necessary.

The effort of keeping a new refrigerator clean is a real pleasure, but where an old ice chest is concerned the work should be reduced by giving the entire box a coating of paint or two if need be. Aluminum paint does excellent service for the inside and stops up cracks and holes. This paint is also said to be sanitary. Where there are old wooden racks and shelves a scouring with sand, sal soda and soap will render them germless.

SMALL ELEGANCE.

Small Style For Wee Women as Chic as Ever.

Baby wears an imported frock of French lawn over a blue silk slip to accentuate the band effect of tucking



and dainty embroidery. The empire belt is scalloped on both edges to match the Lavinia collar. White ruffling and rosebuds compose the bonnet.

A Sunday Morning

By F. A. MITCHEL

James Weatherby awakened at 6 o'clock on Sunday morning and lay staring at the walls of his room. On them were a dingy daub of a water mill and an engraving of Benjamin Franklin. Being in a court, not a ray of sunlight could permeate the apartment.

Six mornings had Weatherby awakened in this room, and this was the seventh—not the seventh day of the week, but the seventh day since he had awakened in his own little home. Turning on his side, his eyes rested on one of those framed words one sees here and there in lieu of pictures. It read "God Bless Our Home" and under it, "Remember the Sabbath Day." He thought of the Sunday mornings that he had awakened at home. Little Jim climbed out of his crib and joined his father in bed, while Mrs. Jim went downstairs to start the breakfast. Big Jim, on his back, would hold little Jim up at arm's length, his feet under the child.

Then had come quarrels between Weatherby and his wife, Mrs. Weatherby was frugal, and Jim was careless with his money. He was hard for an economical wife to manage, and sometimes she would lose her patience with him. At last Jim declared he would no longer stand her harrowing, as he called it, and left her.

This was a week ago. As Jim lay looking at the words "God Bless Our Home" and "Remember the Sabbath Day" he went over and over again in his mind those happy Sunday mornings he had spent at home. After he and little Jim had had their play he had taken his bath, put on his Sunday clothes, and on that morning he had always helped Jimmie to dress. Then the three had met at the breakfast table, on which there was always something nice provided for Sunday morning.

While Weatherby was looking at the mottoes on the wall and thinking of his home the words were having their effect on his heart. It seemed to him that there was a connection between the two. "God Bless Our Home" caused him to think what home was, how different from the lonely room to which he had moved, and "Remember the Sabbath Day" set him to thinking in a quiet vein. After all, was not the economy his wife had urged necessary? Suppose he should be suddenly taken away. And suppose his wife should soon follow him. What would little Jim do? His father pictured him hustled off to some charitable institution or, worse, trying at a tender age to make his living on the streets.

The thought made Jim restless. He got out of bed, splashed a little water on his face, dressed himself and went downstairs. In his pocket were his week's wages that he had received the day before. He had been tempted to spend it in a saloon and went there to do so, but somehow the place didn't look as attractive as it had often looked when he knew that his wife would chide him on his return home. The full amount was intact.

He stood in the sunlight, thinking. It was 7 o'clock. His Sunday morning breakfast hour at home was half past 8. That home was three miles away, but he would gladly walk it to have his breakfast at home. He walked down the street, passing one restaurant after another, trying to force himself into one of them to get a meal. But his stomach rebelled.

"I can go home," he said, "and eat with Molly and the kid. But what use? There would soon be more trouble about the expenses, and every time I paid a carfare instead of walking home after a hard day's work I'd get a scolding."

Then the thought of little Jim left on the world came to him again. He was walking in the direction of his home, and as he thought he walked the faster. When he had gone a mile he stopped. Then he went on for another mile and stopped again. A third time he stopped and stood looking at his home a short distance away.

A clock struck 8. Molly was getting the breakfast. Who was helping little Jim dress himself? He could get on his clothes, but could he get the buttons in the holes? Weatherby could see the window of the boy's room and fancied him trying to "button himself up." Involuntarily Jim started forward.

A few minutes later Molly Weatherby, standing over the range, heard the kitchen door open. Turning, she saw her husband. He had a roll of bills in his hand and handed them to her. "It's yesterday's pay," he said. "Take it. You can run the finances better than I. I never want to see a cent of the money again."

Molly threw her arms around his neck. "Where's the kid?" Jim asked presently, and without awaiting a reply he went upstairs.

"Hello, pop!" cried Jim. "Ain't I glad you came! This button is too big for this hole and won't go in at all."

Jim hugged the boy, then helped him to finish dressing. After that they went down to breakfast.

"Oh, Jim," said his wife, "somehow I couldn't bear to leave out the muffins you always eat for breakfast, though I didn't suppose you'd be here. Wasn't it lucky?"

"It wasn't exactly luck," replied Jim. He was thinking of the mottoes "God Bless Our Home" and "Remember the Sabbath Day."

Greenbush

Mrs. Ben Webster and daughter Cecil, of Smith's Falls, were guests of Mrs. Harry Carter last week.

Mrs. E. Gifford and Miss Mabel Smith are at Carleton Place for the New Year festivities.

Mr. Donald Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pritchard of New York spent Christmas at the home of Mr. E. Smith.

Nurse Retta Hanna of Brockville has been in attendance at the sick bed of Mrs. Sparling Hanna for the past three weeks and reports her patient progressing favorably. Mr. Wm. Gifford is recovering from a severe attack of pleuro-pneumonia.

Miss Myrtle Loverin in company with her aunt, Mrs. George Judson of Athens is visiting relatives in New York state.

Mrs. Susie McFadden, of Carleton Place, was a guest of Miss Gladys Smith for the week-end.

The annual S.S. entertainment was held in the school-house on Dec. 21 and was much appreciated by the parents and friends of the Sabbath school who were present.

Miss Bernice Taplin is in Arnprior the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Geo. Boyce.

Miss Bernice Maud, a student at Peterborough Normal School is spending the holidays at her home here.

Mrs. John Attleford of Bellamy's is spending the holiday week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Langdon.

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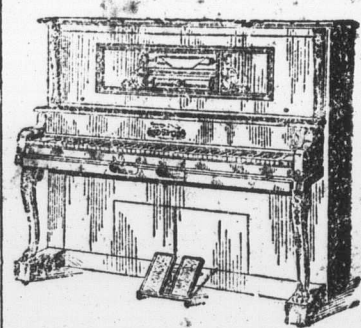
January 6, 1918

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