

ODD FELLOWS! Read Carefully—Then Read Again LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN

A DOG—He is a small dog, with many good qualities, but is a very odd looking little fellow. He has four teeth out in front, has a scar at the corner of his right eye, and his tail is cut off about six inches from his body. When flies light upon his head he will frighten them away by striking repeatedly with his right paw. When asleep he always lies flat on his stomach with his hind legs stretched straight out. He has a very heavy growth of hair over his eyes and around his forehead, and a coon has bit a piece out of his left ear. If you find him with his front paws stretched forward, take warning and do not advance further; but if he should be lying quietly with his front paws touching, then you may advance with perfect safety. If, however, he should be resting his right paw over his left, then it would be dangerous to approach him. He generally lies with his front paws folded together. He has a spot in the center of his forehead, and always wears a muzzle. A great many persons have owned him, and he is known by the names of Fido, Quincy, Moss and Andy. The finder will please return to the owner.

BOSANQUET COUNCIL

Council met on the 3rd inst. All the members present. Minutes of last meeting confirmed. The following orders were given:—Jno. Thompson \$122.50 to pay men for work, for stone and drawing stone to Duffus hill and \$122.00 graveling, claying and scraping con. 12; Wm. Stewardson \$191.75 to pay men for improving proof line; O. Walden \$35.00 serving copies of Canada Co. drain by-law; Ed. Moody \$17.50 ditching near Ravenswood; Ellory Lester \$12.50 drawing cement and gravel to bridge 17 con.; W. W. Anderson \$11 work at bridge con 17; John Walker \$4 drawing cement to bridge con. 12; Frank Rendle \$2.50 drawing cement to bridge con. 12; O. West \$2.50 drawing reinforcing to bridge con. 10; S. Christmas \$100 work on Haney drain on lot 33, S.B.; Irving Watson \$33. for gravel; Canada Ingot Iron Co., \$115.37 for culvert for Gustin's hill; Bruce Thomson \$55.49 for 2 culverts; R. D. Thomson 75c for phones; Wm. Huff \$32.25 for gravel; B. B. Dann \$344.40 for building bridges, \$146.00 building bridge con. 17, and \$220 building breakwater in Mud Creek drain; W. N. Ironside \$34.37 cement for breakwater, and \$233.00 cement for bridges; Wm. Cochrane \$124.35 for gravel; D. Bell \$11. to pay men drawing and shovelling gravel for breakwater; J. G. Elliott \$13 drawing cement to breakwater; G. Valentine \$51.50 to pay men for building stone wall in Shawana drain; W. Bryant \$45. printing Canada Co Dr. by-law; L. Rumford \$2.50 drawing gravel to bridge Decker road and \$3 work on bridge Decker road; Wm. Grigg \$1.50 tile for road and \$8 tile for Carrothers drain; Burr & Russell \$266 in full for work on Haney drain; Russell & Vivian \$99, commission on Haney drain; G. Loughheed \$3. filling hole over tile in Haney dr.; John Bell \$3 drawing tile to Haney drain; John Elliott \$2.50 drawing gravel to bridge Decker road, Theford and Bosanquet; G. Sutherland \$97.50 to pay witness fees, C. Sheppard \$18. to pay engineer's assistants on Wadworth drain; Roy Elliott \$6.25 drawing gravel to Decker road bridge, Theford and Bosanquet; Guy Boyd \$3.55 work on tile drain Pt. Franks road; Chris Borwick \$26.25 to pay men for work on bridge con. 2; Ed. Humphries \$27.50 drawing gravel and cement 27 side road; D. Dumigan \$10 drawing gravel to bridge 27 side road and Jacob Whittle \$9.25 work on 27 sideroad.

The revee and Mr. Thomson were appointed to have Mud Creek repaired on lot 6, con. 3. The revee was appointed to have B. con. road opened up east of con 3-4. The clerk was instructed to notify G. McCubbin to attend Court of Revision on the Canada Co. Drain By-law.

Geo. Sutherland, Clerk.

A bride's mother weeps at the wedding because she has a good idea of what is going to happen to the groom.

Daniel Ross McEachren died recently at Spokane. He was at one time in the undertaking business at Glencoe and Thameville. He was a prominent Oddfellow.

CASTORIA

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Left-Overs

By LILY WANDELL

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The usual series of parties for an engaged couple began, Cam generally in the background watching Deborah out of the corner of his eye. How she basked in the continual sunshine of admiration! It thrilled him to think that he had won her. She was new in town and immensely popular, and he had always been too engrossed in following his vocation of a professor to bother about social affairs. But Deborah, with her brilliance of a woman in full bloom, had shaken him out of his retirement.

A very young girl, too short for Cam's taste, had seated herself on the other end of the sofa. Cam glanced at her and decided he did not like her. She was too small, her hair too straight and black, her skin too dark and her eyes, slanting like an Oriental's, black and large, and her lips being small and painted very red. She smiled faintly, almost timidly.

"I'm your neighbor," she ventured. He did not like her voice either. It was low-pitched and throaty. Deborah's was clear and distinct.

"Neighbors?" then smiling at the setting. "Oh, I see."

"That was not what I meant. I am visiting Mrs. Ingram, who lives next door to you. I've seen you loads of times."

It sounded slightly reproachful, and Cameron Daw, being of a sensitive nature, felt then and there called to make up for his seeming incivility.

Later, before the party was over, when she expressed a desire to go home, Cam accompanied her the short way, simply as a courtesy to Mrs. Ingram, to whom he felt indebted for many little neighborly kindnesses. Somehow or other he got talking about stars to the girl, and when he returned to the scene of festivity the guests had left, including Deborah. He was amazed; he had had no idea that he had stood more than an hour explaining the solar system to a slant-eyed girl. At any rate he went home congratulating himself that he was engaged to Deborah and not to Mrs. Ingram's young visitor, poor little thing. He felt sorry for her, she seemed so forsaken, a little different from other girls. Even her name, Vashiti, had a heathenish sound, quite in tune with those dark almond-shaped eyes and painted lips.

The next day he lingered near the party fence. This had nothing to do with his neighbor's guest; he was interested in a vine growing there, a troublesome vine that needed no end of tying and adjusting. And after he had fussed with it for quite a while, Vashiti did appear and came over to see what he was doing. She might have been a hardy little brown plant herself, as she stood there in wood-colored skirt and sweater, adorned by a single splash of red, a ripe berry, her painted lips.

He explained the vine to her, all about its botanical family, and similar wild vines that grew in nearby woodlands. He suggested that after his classes they might look for some.

It was not on this walk, but during their second or third jaunt, that he learned about Bobbie. Vashiti in confiding whispers told him all about the quarrel that had occurred the day before his sister's party. Bobbie, it proved, was a senior, and from Vashiti's description, very hard-hearted and unforgiving. He was not taking any steps to make up; he seemed to take a malicious enjoyment seeing her lonely and forsaken. Vashiti wanted to know what to do about it.

"Let's stir him up to action," suggested Cam boyishly, "make him see the green-eyed monster—frighten him and then—" he stopped a moment and added slowly: "I'm sure Deborah won't mind." It did not sound very positive.

"Who on earth is Deborah?" giving the name a funny little twist.

"Why, surely you know. Miss Heath? I'm engaged to be married—" Vashiti interrupted with a delicious laugh. "I'll not be fooled! I don't believe for a moment that you would marry a left-over!"

"Vashiti!" cried Cam in a shocked voice, "really you don't realize what you're saying! Left-over! Deborah's not more than thirty-two or three, quite a bit younger than I!"

"But quite a bit too old for you!" mimicked the girl, laughing, and then, with appealing sweetness, "I'm sorry though!" And Cam did not know whether she meant that she was sorry for him or for her rude remark about left-overs.

He explained to his fiancée over the telephone about his obligations to Mrs. Ingram and the very nice opportunity he had of reciprocating by helping her

to entertain her guest. He hoped Deborah would understand. She said she did perfectly, and reminded him of one or two dinner dates and about making a list for the wedding invitations.

Cam found himself squirming out of different social engagements. His fiancée was very sweet about his seeming neglect; he almost wished she would be a little huffy and more exacting. But she was very busy herself with dressmakers and shopping, and all sorts of showers and luncheons. Nevertheless Deborah was bound to notice how things stood; she was clever, though, and refrained from nagging, and went on with gay preparations.

As for Cam, he wondered why he had ever insisted upon so short an engagement period. Here was his wedding coming off in less than two weeks! He could not believe it; it could not be possible. He did not like being hurried like this; he waited time to think. Think about what?

Then and there he determined to fight the thing out. Why be a coward and lie to himself? Why procrastinate? He was wildly in love with little Vashiti and, what was more, he was ready to admit it—to the world, if necessary. Deborah was so sensible—he thanked God for that—he could talk the thing over with her. Tonight was a dinner date; he could talk to her then. He could not bear to meet her and act the hypocrite. So he wrote her a letter releasing her from her engagement to marry him and sent it over to the Heath home by a special messenger. Then, feeling wonderfully relieved and light-hearted, he hurried out to the garden and robbed all the June bushes of their floral offerings and took them next door.

Vashiti, in old blue and gold, her lips unpainted and her cheeks aglow, met him in the big Ingram library. "I'm so glad you've come," motioning a place for him on the davenport; "I've had a wonderful yet difficult afternoon. I've been fighting with myself! Struggling with my mean little self."

"Vashiti!" he interrupted, taking one warm little brown hand within his own. "I've been doing the same—and everything is all right, darling!"

She nodded, smiling. "I'm so glad, for myself I mean. You see, I just couldn't stop thinking of Bobbie one minute, and I'm afraid making him jealous did not work at all. So I just stopped lying to myself and fought it all out this afternoon, and I decided that the silly old quarrel was all my fault, and that I would sit down and write Bobbie and tell him so, and say I was sorry! And I did, too, and sent it to him by special messenger. Don't you think that was the best and bravest way?"

Cam clutched the little hand tighter for a second, then he got to his feet. After mumbling a few sentences he left without saying what he had come to tell her. Vashiti did not notice anything amiss; she was too occupied planning her own happiness.

In September, just before the fall term, Professor Daw returned from an extended tour of the Canadian Rockies. He looked and felt very fit. Fresh glacier breezes had blown all mental inebriation from his mind, leaving a flow of thought as clear and fine as a mountain stream.

Very briskly he walked the avenue to the Heath place. He had not bothered to telephone.

The maid at the door shook her head to his question in astonishment. "I thought everybody knew, sir, that they left yesterday."

Cam was terribly disappointed. "Did she leave an address?" he asked hopefully.

The girl smiled. "Not that I know of, sir. Honeymoon couples don't as a rule."

"Honeymoon! Married!" Then wildly distracted: "To whom, to whom?"

"Mr. Bralthers, sir. Some people called him Mr. Bobbie."

In this university town the Ladies' Civic society has placed neat green cans for rubbish at certain corners. Before one of these receptacles Cam stopped, drew from his pocket an unopened letter addressed to himself in large backward characters, and on the back of which was a large monogram, the most prominent letter "V" standing out boldly. He tore the envelope carefully in strips and threw it into the depository. He did not care for left-overs.

Unkind Wish.

The wife of a celebrated poet once complained to him that he was always reading, and took little notice of her. "I wish," she said, "I was a book, for then I would probably enjoy more of your company." "I sincerely wish to Heaven you were a book—an almanac, I mean," replied the great man, "for then I could change you every year!"

Trench Maps.

Trench maps, which were printed for military use on strong canvas, are now being used in England to make inner solar for tennis shoes.

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