

## BORN

In Warwick, on Aug. 16th, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Minielly, a son—Elmre Alvin.

In Plympton on Wednesday, Aug. 23rd, 1922, to Mr. and Mrs. Martin Burnley, a son.

In Arkona, on Wednesday, Aug. 23, to Mr. and Mrs. Norval Knisley, a son.

## MARRIED

At their residence, Front st., Watford, on Wednesday, Aug. 30th, 1922, by the Rev. J. H. Hosford, Muriel Taylor, adopted daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James Newell, to Mr. Alfred C. Williams of the firm of Williams Bros., all of Watford.

## DIED

In Arkona, on Monday, Sept. 4th, Nelson Earl, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl McGee.

In Strathroy, on Saturday, Aug. 26, William W. Wilkinson, aged 84 years.

In Alvinston, on Tuesday, August 29th, 1922, Edward Stanley Webb, aged 69 years, 7 months and 29 days.

In Plympton, on Sunday, Aug. 27th, 1922, Mary Stirrett, relict of the late Jas. W. Symington, aged 70 years.

In Arkona, on Thursday, Aug. 24th, 1922, Mr. Samuel Wilcocks, aged 76 years, 5 months and 12 days.

In Muskoka, on Sunday, Aug. 27, 1922, Wesley Alfred, beloved son of Wm. and Annie Johns, P. & E. Townline, aged 20 years and 8 months.

## ARKONA

Arkona's tax rate will be 36 mills. Attend Theford Fair Sept. 28-29. It's always good.

Several radiophones are being installed in the village.

Mr. Ivan Crawford returned to Toronto after spending his vacation here.

Mr. Harvey McKenzie, Manager Standard Bank, Leamington was a visitor here this week.

Mr. Burnham, principal of Public School, has moved his family into the home lately purchased from Mr. H. Benedict.

Mrs. Jane Smith and family were visitors here last week.

Mr. Leonard Irwin of Hamilton is holidaying at his home here.

Rev. and Mrs. H. I. Jones and family returned home from vacation at Port Elgin.

Dr. and Mrs. R. G. Woods and children are spending a few days at Hillsboro.

Rev. and Mrs. Jas. A. Gale and children have returned home from their vacation.

Miss Flossie Johnson has returned home after spending her holidays at Lake Valley Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. Orval Huntley and little child are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Huntley.

Mrs. George Janney had an unfortunate accident happen when a large needle broke off in the palm of her hand. Dr. Huffman of London operated and secured the broken piece.

A quiet wedding was solemnized in the Methodist parsonage on the 30th ult., when Miss Mabel Muma, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Muma, became the bride of Earl W. T. Ridley, all of this place. Rev. C. L. L. Couzens officiated. Amid the good wishes of their friends the young couple left on a honeymoon trip to Toronto and Niagara Falls. On their return they will reside on the groom's farm on the 4th concession, Warwick.

The death occurred in Arkona on Aug. 26th, of Samuel J. Wilcocks in his 76th year. Mr. Wilcocks moved into Arkona from Bosanquet some 5 years ago. He was born in Devonshire, England, coming with his parents to this country when only a child, settling for a short time only near Woodstock, coming to Bosanquet where he had lived his lifetime. He was a great friend to all and a highly respected citizen as shown by the great number who attended his funeral. The funeral was held on Sunday to Arkona cemetery. Rev. H. I. Jones had charge of the ceremony which was conducted at the home. Mr. Wilcocks was a member of the Baptist church and always a regular attendant. He is survived by a widow and one son, Frank, of Wyoming, also by seven brothers. Those from a distance who attended the funeral were Dr. and Mrs. L. Peck and daughter of Plymouth, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. Melvin White and family of Sheddin, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wilcocks and daughter and Miss Rhea, of London.

## BARGAINS IN MARKS

An Englishman walked into a Berlin bank, laid down a sovereign and said, "How many marks can I get for this?"

"Hi, there!" cried the manager, addressing his staff, "clear out, the lot of you. This gentleman's bought the bank."

## Mary's Porch Tea Room

By LAURA MONTGOMERY

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Mary sat looking tranquilly from her chair by the great south window that looked down the village street. A serene smile played about her lips as she thought of the year that had just been finished. The occupants of the pretty, rambling house on the corner of Main street and the Lincoln highway had grown steadily poorer, but the village had not known of this except in a vague way until the death of Mary's mother, whose pension died with her. Then the whisper had gone about that Mary would be obliged to sell the house where she had lived her whole life, dismiss Aunt Chloe, whose faithful black hands had first handled her when she had been born and who had tended her ever since, have a sale of the fine walnut furniture and start life afresh.

"She has absolutely no income left, and she's too frail to work for anyone," Miss Pansy had commented pitifully, "but she's so proud and aristocratic-like that no one dares ask her plans or try to help her."

"I went to call, intending to ask her to move over to our house until she had made her plans. We have plenty of room, and I like her, but she acted awful stiff. I guess she doesn't like to be with people. She's lived alone so much. The doctor stopped his car outside and came up the walk, and I know he intended to stop and visit with her, but she just nodded, cool-like, and said she was feeling all right, and asked him to take a pot of lilies back with him for Mary Brown, who lives next door, and before he knew it he was just walking back that board walk carrying the flower pot."

Tabitha laughed shortly. "That would have been a match long ago if she hadn't acted so stiff; old doc is awful friendly, and likes to mix; she'd spoil his practice with her high-and-mighty airs. Folks about here like you to act common and nice, and let you help them. That ain't Miss Mary's way, though she's always ready to sit up all night with anybody who is sick or do for them that need it. What she ought to do is to be a taker, instead of allus trying to be a giver."

Although such conversations had not been heard by Mary, she had, nevertheless, been conscious of her neighbors' opinions, yet she had become so shy and self-absorbed that she had been unable to change. Aunt Chloe had repeated many stray bits of gossip to her as she had served her mistress in the cool, shaded dining room. It had been the fat blue teapot in her servant's hands that had brought about the great idea.

"Yassum, ma'am, that motor party wanted to know where they could get a good cup of tea. They admired your roses and said the place looked like a picture with the tall row of hollyhocks along the side of the house. I told them that was a hotel down street but they won't get no tea there. Not tea fit to drink." Aunt Chloe had chuckled as she poured out the clear amber tea into the frail blue teacup.

Miss Mary permitted her tea to grow cold as she turned the idea over in her mind. She had often watched with wistful eyes the gay motor parties that flashed past on the Lincoln highway and vanished up the ribbon of yellow road bordered by flaming maples, leaving only an echo of laughter on the summer air.

A week later the neighbors stared frankly as they lingered near the corner house. The narrow windows on the west end of the house had been torn out and a great plate-glass window installed. The rambler roses had been carefully lifted aside, and when the work was finished the trellises were replaced with their burden of dark green vines heavy with roses. The large gates to the grounds that were usually closed were propped open and a charmingly lettered sign apprised passing parties that afternoon tea was served within.

"Miss Mary's going to stay here; she's opened a tearoom. When I went past there were two big cars standing outside, empty, and I could see Aunt Chloe, in a starched cap and apron, passing little trays on the south porch," reported Pansy. "I wonder if Miss Mary feels very badly seeing strangers on her porch?"

Before the cool fall days had reduced the number of cars Mary had put away enough money to carry her comfortably through the winter months. More than that, she discovered, greatly to her amazement, that she had found contentment. Instead of looking on each day as a period of dragging hours to be lived through, she found herself rising earlier that she might lose none of the busy, happy moments. The mingling with the

customers gave her a new interest in life, and after her first shyness had worn away she found herself talking eagerly as her guests demolished the plates of tiny delicious sandwiches.

One day Harold Sinclair, a devoted admirer of Mary since schooldays, called at the tea room.

"The interior of your home reminds me of an old southern home," Harold remarked as he looked about with approving eyes.

"My mother came from the South and brought all this furniture when she first married. She would be horrified at the thought of my keeping a tearoom, but do you know," Miss Mary's eyes were bright as she spoke, "I have found so much happiness here. It seems as though the cutting of that great window had removed old illusions that hampered me and kept me isolated from my neighbors. Since I've gone into business I've found that it is pleasant to receive favors. The first day I opened up Mrs. Sawyer brought me six apple pies, to help out if you have a rush, as she said, 'but I know why she brought them.' Here the bright eyes grew misty with feeling. 'She was afraid I didn't have enough in the house to prepare if I had any customers.'"

"You don't ask me to sit down," he remarked, looking at the deeply cushioned chair opposite hers. "You have time to chat with almost anyone except me, and I'm growing tired of being excluded. I used to think you liked to live in solitary grandeur behind your tall black iron fence, but now that you've thrown your gates open to the world and dispensed cheer through the spout of your fat blue teapot, I feel that I should benefit also."

The Dresden-china pink in the cheeks of Miss Mary became a swift crimson. "You like to joke," she murmured with a little catch in the voice she essayed to keep firm. It seemed to her that the deepening dusk had become golden with promise. "May I give you a cup of tea?"

"No," he decided with a sudden forthrightness in his voice. "It's taken me a long time to find out that you're not a recluse at heart; Pansy tells me that you actually borrowed some tablecloths from her. I don't want a haughty princess, Mary, but I do want a wife. The gates are open now. Want to come?"

Aunt Chloe, approaching with a question on her friendly lips, stopped short, looked a moment with joyful comprehension on her loyal face, then tiptoed away.

## SEEM SOMEWHAT SET APART

Literary World Writer Asks and Answers His Own Question, "Are Teachers Really Queer?"

Well, if not out and out queer, at least queerish? A little odd or quaint, you know; just a bit unlike the rest of us? Yes, you have to admit it; teachers are different. Their clothes aren't quite normal, and they wear their hair in curious lengths, or styles, or shades, and they flock by themselves—talking a strange jargon and laughing at invisible jokes and taking a grisly pleasure in the misfortunes of their victims—while if any man of affairs tries to join in their conversation they are awkwardly silent and seem helplessly out of place in ordinary social intercourse. They are like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, when they are safely ensconced in their classrooms and none too high to do them reverence; but in the outer world they are like Gulliver among the Brobdingnagians. They are a race apart—uncouth, uncomfortable and unaccountable and probably unnatural, paying for over-development in one direction and by under-development in every other. They resemble Chinese ladies whose feet have been deformed by binding, except that they are misshapen at the other extremity—suggesting those unpleasant, old elongated skulls generously exhibited in the ethnological museums. They easily demonstrate that not every useful proposition is universally true, for, assuredly, they have "some element of strangeness in the proportion," and yet who on that account would dare to claim for them the Verulamian "perfect beauty?" says a writer in the Literary World.

A Jersey cow on the farm of John H. Bailey, near Etonia, on the Provincial highway, recently gave birth to a freak calf. The heart of the animal is situated about the centre of the neck and is distinctly visible and the heart-beats plainly seen. The calf is strong and frisky.

## FALL FAIR DATES

WATFORD .....Sept. 21-22  
Strathroy .....Sept. 18-19-20  
Petrolea .....Sept. 25-26  
Sarnia .....Sept. 27-28-29  
Theford .....Sept. 28-29  
Brigden .....Oct. 3  
Forest .....Oct. 3-4  
Wyoming .....Oct. 5-6  
Florence .....Oct. 5-6  
Sarnia Indians .....Oct. 21-22  
Alvinston .....Oct. 10-11



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A. Rumford

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