

## Dr. T. A. Carpenter

Physician and Surgeon

MILDMAY

Graduate of University of Toronto 1915. One year as Intern at the Toronto General Hospital and six months at Hospitals in New York City.

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## Wit and Humor

Up-to-date Proposing—He—Miss Stronghead may I be yours?

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Women no longer take a broken engagement to heart—they take it to court.

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Her—If I married you with your income, you couldn't even dress me.

His—Well, I could learn in a few lessons.

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Agent—Can I sell you a vacuum cleaner?

Mrs. Newlywed—No, we ain't got any vacuums yet.

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A London church provides a private boudoir for brides about to be married. Now if they would only provide a physician to aid the groom in controlling his shaking limbs and aid him in finding his voice for the "I do"—all would be lovely.

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She was newly engaged says the Tatler, and was cooing in her dearest friend.

"Do you know, dear," she said, "Tom and I understand each other perfectly. He tells me everything he knows, and I tell him everything I know too."

"Really," exclaimed the friend. "Don't you sometimes find the silence rather oppressive?"

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DAME RUMOR BUSY

We had a little story told us this week about three young girls. It was said they spent part of a night in the police station for being loaded with hootch. This is not the first occasion we have heard such tales, and on investigation of this one we find no truth in it. The police cells were not graced by the presence of any females on this occasion, or have they been so far. The reason we mention this matter is that Dame Rumor has a bad habit of using names that should not be used. It is easy to couple a name with a yarn, but it is impossible to overtake that yarn. It travels fast and far, and many an honest reputation has been injured. Don't start a story unless you are positive you are right. Better not tell it at all, but if you have to unburden yourself of the "news" be sure of your ground. We have heard quite often of girls being intoxicated, but investigation of the story has proved it untrue. Our town is just like any other town. Our girls are human just like any other girls, but we have none that belittle themselves in the manner Dame Rumor says. At least if we have we cannot verify it.—Exchange.

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A SPLENDID SPEAKER

The Walkerton Telescope, in reporting the recent progressive meeting in the county town, has the following to say concerning Mr. R. J. Woods M. P., who formerly lived on the 6th concession of Carriack:—

Mr. R. J. Woods M. P. who some people had confused with Henry Wise Wood, the Alberta U.F.A. gentleman is a native of Bruce County. He farmed for a number of years in Carriack, and sat in the Carriack Township council until he left this district thirty years ago to settle near Orangeville. Mr. Woods who is a room-mate of South Bruce's member at Ottawa commended Mr. Findlay to his constituents as a man true to principle, a man of good judgment willing and anxious to do anything he can for the best interest of the people. The speaker pointed out that up to a few years ago the legislative halls were filled mostly with professional men. It was the farmer's own fault that he had discredited himself. But now we find, said the speaker, that no group can acquit themselves better on the floor of the House or in Committee than the Progressive group. The political parties knew no independent action. There had been four weeks talking on the Budget and no votes changed. They had been talking tariff for fifty years and still rehearsing the same old stuff. If he had the same doctor for fifty years and he hadn't done him any good, he would try something else. The same argument applied to the tariff. The speaker asserted that the big interests control this country at the present time. During the past few months four banks had merged into two. Four men now control sixteen of our biggest banks. It was time the manufacturers got off our backs and walked.

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## Interesting Trip

A TRIP TO THE LAURENTIAN REGION BY TWO OF OUR BOYS

(Written by Arthur Dahms and Censored by Herbert Sovereign)

Herbert Sovereign and Arthur Dahms, who recently completed a two weeks' tour through Grey and Simcoe Counties and the Districts of Muskoka and Parry Sound, have supplied us with the following account of events.

"The trip northward was made in a Ford touring car, owned by Rev. N. E. Dahms, who, with his family was returning to his appointment at Arnstein, in the northern part of Parry Sound District. Leaving Hanover at 5.30 a.m. on May 6th, they travelled all the way to Trout Creek, 28 miles south of North Bay, by 7.30 p.m. of the same day.

The first fifty miles or so takes you through farming land, the soil varying in fertility as can be seen also by the size of the barns. Then you can notice yourself gradually going upwards and you are in what is called the Blue Mountains, or in reality, a section of the Niagara Escarpment, which runs all the way from the Niagara Peninsula to the Bruce Peninsula. Such points as the Niagara Falls, the Hamilton Mountain and the Bruce Peninsula are some of the more prominent evidences of this natural formation. Travelling along the top of this ridge as you go around Duntroon one can see the Georgian Bay to the north. Another thing of interest is the magnificent gorge which the Nottawassa River cuts through this high section of land, and which is between four and five hundred feet in depth, with the sides steep enough to make climbing rather risky as we found out on going down to the river's edge. As you go to Stayner you can see the road for a long distance behind you, winding its way upward. It is really surprising to think of the wonderful scenery we have so near our own home and of which Eugenia Falls just gives you a little idea.

East of Stayner you find yourself in an extremely sandy section which at one time was a fine pine country. The virgin forest is all gone and all that remains is an occasional second growth pine grove, and here and there the semblance of a farm. In this region, at Midhurst, is where our government has a forest station where pine trees are grown from seeds and sent out for reforestation purposes. Nearing Barrie and on to Orillia you again find yourself in a good farming district.

North of Orillia the highway takes you along the pretty Lake Couchiching which you can see for about 13 miles as you travel. This is the tourists' "paradise," and the resorters' buildings, at the time of the trip still vacant, give you ample proof that it is only people of means that come there for the summer, and largely Americans at that.

Near Washago you see the first outcrop of granite and you know that this is the Laurentian Region arrived at. Within a few miles one leaves a comparatively good farming section and enters a land which is practically all bare rocks and patches with enough ground for poplars and scrubby evergreens to exist on.

From a description of our stopping place for dinner you get an idea of the kind of country southern and central Muskoka is, as seen from the North Bay Highway. To build the road through this particular spot it was necessary to blast the corner off a rock, leaving a sheer wall at least fifty feet high. On the other side of the road there is a steep slope to a stream about the same distance below the road bed. Where there is no growth, the rock at this time of the year is completely bare with glacier scratches showing very prominently. A little ground may have lodged in these grooves, in which later in the season, will be found the most luxuriant growths of ferns, or blueberries, as the case may be. It must also be said that practically all running water in that part of the Laurentian region is of a coffee color, probably due to the mineral elements existing in the rock.

From here northward the scenery is largely a repetition, varied by occasional lakes, high rocks and ravines cut by rivers. It would take a poet to express in words the beauty of some of the scenery.

As for the road, it is excellent, but by no means straight and travelling by direction is impossible. It tests a driver's nerves at first to see a car pop up right in front of you just coming around a hairpin curve, or to see a sign ahead of you, "Sleep grade ahead. Prepare to Meet Thy God." But two hundred miles of such driving is a good initiation.

Having previously heard of the waterfalls at Bracebridge we decided that a short stop must be made there. Mother Nature was very kind to man at that particular spot. There was no necessity for building a huge dam to divert the water into a flood. The formation of the rocks is such that they have

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a natural dam, apron and flood and all that was needed was a few hundred cubic yards of concrete work to direct the water into the turbines. If the upkeep of this source of power is as cheap as the initial cost of construction, Bracebridge must have an extremely low electric bill.

Farther north in Muskoka, as you get into Parry Sound District, more soil is found on the rock. Surrounding a village or town there is usually a cultivated area of land, unless the village is just a lumbering centre—where the larger timber is cleaned out, pulpwood and wood for chemical plants is cut, as is the case at Trout Creek.

As we spent the night at Trout Creek with the manager of the wood alcohol plant there, we had a good opportunity to learn how wood alcohol and acetate of lime are made. Since it would take too much space to give an account of the process, all we will say is that they have a furnace there, 58 feet in length, and fired from two doors at each end, for the purpose of driving off the vapours in the wood, which are then condensed and refined. The roar of the fire when tar is injected upon it is almost deafening.

The next morning we set out to complete our journey, now taking us westward into the heart of Parry Sound District and directly away from the railway. The new Trunk Road which is being built there and will be completed this year, makes travelling much better. Owing to an absence of gravel in that section a very fine yellow sand is used to build the road. A recent snowfall had just helped to bring the frost out of the ground, and naturally, some spots were very soft, so much so, that we had to get a team of horses to pull us through one of them. Needless to say, our dinner was somewhat delayed by the experiences we had making those last 35 miles of our trip.

As it rained and snowed alternately we did little else than rest up and explore the lake shore just back of the house that afternoon.