

The Waterdown Review

THE BIGGEST LITTLE PAPER IN ONTARIO

VOL. 6.

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NO. 23.

HEMINGWAY'S

Dundas Street - Waterdown

I am handling the **RENOWN SHOE** made with broad toe and low-heel, for children, girls and boys. Also the

Henston or Pussyfoot

Soft Sole Shoes for Children

Men's Work Shoes good value at low prices

Men's Dress High Lace Shoes

The Latest Styles in Black or Tan

We have a bargain lot of girl's shoes in button and lace at \$1.25 a pair.

Come in and inspect our line of Dry Goods
Men, Women and Childrens Hosiery.
At Very Low Prices

Attend the East Flamboro Bacon Hog Show at
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Brighten up your buildings. Outside painting will save the surface. Inside painting and varnishing will brighten up your home. For outside painting use C. P. a paint of the highest quality. For inside use Sun Varnish and Sun Varnish Stains, they will give you the satisfaction you are looking for. For your inside wall decorations use Sanitone the ideal wall finish will wash off just like paint. We have it in many attractive shades. Albagloss Enamel for your beds or any metal finish also makes a lasting finish over paint.

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Stanfield's in all wool and 70% wool in heavy ribbed winter weight \$1.50 and \$2 a garment.

Stanfield's medium weight shirts and drawers \$2 each
Stanfield's Wool Combinations \$3.50 and \$4
Men's Flannel Shirts in khaki or Grey \$2 each
Men's New Fall Caps, good colors and patterns, \$1 to \$2
Men's New Fall Hats in the new shades \$3.50 each. Compare this with city prices.

BOOTS AND SHOES

Men's Work Boots direct from the maker, and we stand behind them all for satisfaction.

Genuine English Kip, black, all solid leather \$5.50 a pair
Men's Tan or Black Work Boot 3.75 to 4.50.

Cocoa Special—all pure cocoa—2 lbs. 25c

All our groceries are high grade goods and are always fresh. Phone us your grocery order and have it delivered.

EAGER'S

THE STORE OF QUALITY GOODS

Waterdown

Ontario

Here and There

The total quantity of sea fish landed on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts during the month of July was 822,013 cwts., valued at \$2,771,440 to the fishermen, compared with a catch of 873,382 cwts. valued at \$2,595,730 in July, 1922.

Cattle in north Alberta's livestock herds now number more than 2,000,000. This industry and also the swine industry have increased amazingly in the northern part of the Province in the last few years.

Carrying large consignments from the Dominion Government and the British Columbia branch of the Canadian Red Cross, the Canadian Pacific S.S. Empress of Russia was the first ship from the American continent to arrive with relief for the earthquake and famine stricken people of Japan.

Nearly \$10,000 in fur royalties was collected in The Pas, Man., by the chief game warden last winter. This does not include the royalties collected from the Hudson Bay Company and Revillon Freres, which will more than double this amount. This does not include moneys secured through taxes, licenses and other sources of revenue.

Cremery butter made in Alberta took a total of 149 prizes out of 235 prizes offered, or 63 per cent., at exhibitions at Edmonton, Calgary, Regina, Brandon, Saskatoon and Vancouver this year. Out of 11 open championships offered, Alberta butter took 8. In the Calgary exhibition six provinces competed, in three others four provinces competed, and in two others three provinces competed.

British Columbia has reached the peak of the biggest tourist season in her history, and it is estimated that as a result of the enormous travel and the expenditure of transients while in the province this summer, will be worth at least \$30,000,000. The opening of the Banff-Windermere motor highway through Canada's rock garden was largely responsible for this increase in tourist traffic through the Pacific province.

Gold producers in the Province of Ontario during the first six months of 1923 report production of 384,446 ounces gold and 65,414 ounces silver, of a total value of \$7,244,081 shipped by the Porcupine producers, and from the Kirkland Lake producers 69,691 ounces gold and 6,515 ounces silver, of a total value of \$1,402,873, or from the two camps a total value of \$8,646,954.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will contribute \$25,000 for the relief of the sufferers in Japan and have also decided that supplies of Canadian food-stuffs and clothing donated, or purchased with money donated for relief work, will be transported free over the Company's rail and steamship lines. President E. W. Beatty made this announcement while making a tour over the Company's lines in the West with a party of directors. It is added that this action had been taken because of the reports of the intense hardships due to the disaster, and notwithstanding the fact that the Company had lost heavily by the catastrophe.

The following editorial recently appeared in the Windsor "Border Cities Star": A recent cargo of silk, en route from China to New York, was shipped via Vancouver and the Canadian Pacific Railroad and crossed the St. Lawrence to Ogdensburg, New York, instead of being sent across the United States from San Francisco. The incident offers something for Canadians to think about.

It proves what a splendid service the Canadian Pacific offers in its rail and steamship lines. In a country like Canada, transportation is all essential, and the way the Canadian Pacific has carried on, in spite of the business difficulties which began with the war and are not yet smoothed out, is a credit to the nation which conceived it.

Again, the incident calls attention to Canada's splendid gateway to the East. Although China is in a chaotic political condition just now, the huge Oriental nation offers wonderful trade chances in the future. No nation is better placed for getting its share of this business than Canada.

If you have anything to sell or exchange, advertise it now in the Review. If you want to buy, keep your eye on the Review ads. It pays to advertise and it pays to read the ads.—Try it and be convinced.

Kings Daughters Concert

The Kings Daughters annual concert in the Memorial Hall last Thursday evening was well received by a large and appreciative audience. Duncan R. Cowan, the man who made royalty smile, and Miss Jessie Butt, of Toronto, in quaint Scottish and Irish character songs, were well received and repeatedly encored. Miss Dorothy Morden of Hamilton, recently returned from a musical study in Europe, sang with unusual sweetness of voice, and was assisted by Mr. Clifford Morden of Hamilton in a most pleasing manner.

Open Fall Predicted

An Indian trapper in Northern Ontario gives it as his opinion that the North Land will have a lot of pleasant mild weather yet this year, and that the talk of an early and severe winter is all hokum. He based his prognostication upon the signs he noted in the bush and among the animals and also in regard to features connected with the moon. If the North is to have pleasant mild weather, we'll surely have nothing to complain of down here in Old Ontario.

Millgrove

The Epworth League Rally was held last Monday evening in the church.

Rev. F. J. Fydel conducted the Harvest Home services at Salford last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Huff of Brantford visited at C. M. Flatt's on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. Shannon of Hamilton, were Sunday guests at Mr. Ken Cummins.

J. A. Dalton spent Sunday visiting friends in Caledonia.

The Mission Band concert and handkerchief sale will be held at the church on Friday evening, October 12th.

What Two Dollars Will Buy

In each of its many departments, catering to all classes and all ages, the Family Herald and Weekly Star of Montreal, has continued to improve each year over the last until now it would seem perfection were reached. Yet for the coming season that remarkable farm journal again promises—and the promise will surely be fulfilled—still further improvements in all departments. It is a profound mystery to publishers the world over how the Family Herald and Weekly Star can continue to publish a 72 page weekly paper containing such a wealth and variety of reading matter for a subscription price of only \$2.00 per year.

If this were not enough, we hear that, added to the amazing value of the paper itself, each subscriber this season who remits in time will receive free a most beautiful picture in colors of a lovely and heroic woman whose remarkable life story has been published in booklet form and can be obtained without charge from the Family Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal.

Locals

Mr. and Mrs. D. Corral have moved to Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tuck visited his brother at Eden Mills on Sunday last.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Prudham, of Galt, visited his mother here last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Beasforth are in their new home and will now be citizens of our town.

Miss Anna Crusoe, who is teaching at Bolton, Ont., spent the week end at her home here.

Anniversary Services will be held in Knox Presbyterian Church on Sunday, November 4th.

Mrs. Mathews of Trenton, Ont. is spending a few weeks at the home of Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Gillrie.

Rev. C. L. Poole exchanged pulpits with the Rev. Mr. Zimmerman of Simcoe Street Methodist Church Hamilton on Sunday.

The Waterdown Methodist Choir took charge of the musical part of the Anniversary services at Carlisle last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. C. King of Brantford spent the week end with her mother, Mrs. W. S. Featherston, and assisted the Methodist choir on Sunday.

The Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church held their regular monthly meeting at the Parsonage Wednesday afternoon.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian Church will hold their annual sale of work in the Sunday School room on Wednesday, October 31st.

Mrs. Robert Marshall of Woodstock, and Mrs. Joseph Boyce of Norwich, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hemingway during the past week.

The Misses Armstrong, who recently sold their property on Mill street, are holding an auction sale of household goods, Tuesday afternoon October 16th.

Rev. C. L. Poole, F. W. Crooker, H. A. Drummond, A. Dale, C. P. McGregor, Geo. Willis and Geo. E. Horning attended the Lloyd George reception in Toronto on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Gunby, of Tansley, announce the engagement of their daughter, Blanche Esther, to Mr. Roy Stevenson, of Palermo, the wedding to take place this month.

Don't forget the big concert and fowl supper at the Presbyterian Church, Waterdown, on Monday evening, November 12th. First class Toronto talent has been secured. Watch for bills announcing program.

Mrs. Anna Foster of Fostoria, Mich., Mrs. Ellen Colling of Maysville, Mich., Miss Bell and Miss M. Richardson of Weyburn, Sask., and Mrs. J. H. Peart of Hagersville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Newell last week.

Owing to an amendment to the Municipal Act, which went into effect on January 1st of this year, only twenty-one days is allowed for making appeals in regard to the Voters' Lists from the date of first posting up.

None Better

"SALADA"

GREEN TEA

is the finest uncolored green tea procurable in the world. Superior to the best Japans. — Try it.

Stories About Well-Known People

The Man Who Refused an Ambassadorship.

Perhaps it was a reciprocal spirit which prompted Britain's new Prime Minister to suggest Mr. Austen Chamberlain should succeed Sir Auckland Geddes as Ambassador at Washington, since the United States sends a famous politician to represent it at the court of St. James'. Mr. Chamberlain declined because he thought the high dignity of an Ambassadorship was offered him as a solatium for not being given an important office in the Government; and he is not to be smoothed down like that.

Most men drift into politics, but Austen Chamberlain was trained from boyhood by his father for a political career. There has always been something of the machine-made politician about him, very capable but rather out of touch with the human world. One of the disadvantages of being the son of a great man is that people constantly say: "Ah, but Austen isn't the man Joe was."

Twice he has been within grasp of the Premiership. Years ago when Mr. Balfour retired he would have had it were it not that Mr. Walter Long had champions; so both stood down and Mr. Bonar Law, rather a dark horse, was selected. Now when Mr. Bonar Law retired Mr. Chamberlain had been leader of the house and his party and might have had full claim had he not got into disfavor because of his association with Mr. Lloyd George. So he was pushed aside for Mr. Stanley

Baldwin. If Austen feels a little peeved with fate that only shows he is human.

A Handless Artist.

Though he lost one hand in the war and suffered permanent disablement of the other, Mr. H. Weaver Hawkins still pursues his career as an artist. That he has very considerable skill is evident from his etchings and water-colors which are on view at Elliott and Fry's Galleries in London.

Mr. Hawkins manipulates his brush or etching point with what remains of his mutilated arms. The writer's opinion, which is shared by many eminent critics, is that his work can be appreciated on its merits without any allowance being made for his physical disability.

School Teacher's Big Idea.

The broadcasting of the Empire Day messages of the King and Queen in the most remote parts of the empire was the idea of Mr. J. Payne, headmaster of the North Road Council School, Southall.

"I thought of the idea several years ago," Mr. Payne said, "but it was only this year that I summoned up courage to bring it forward."

"Last January I wrote to the Gramophone Company and suggested that His Majesty should be asked to send a message. The company proposed that I should approach the board of education."

BRITISH INVESTMENT IN THE DOMINION

COMMENT IN OLD COUNTRY PAPERS ILLOGICAL.

Republic to the South Rapidly Increasing Investments in Canadian Securities.

The past month has seen considerable caustic comment in the British press upon the matter of British losses in Canadian investment. Editors have gone so far as to opine that the losses sustained in a rather outstanding and unfortunate, but at the same time unusual, case would seriously militate against the flow of other British capital Canadawards, and the summing up of their editorials was almost direct advice to avoid the Dominion as a bourn for surplus funds. However one may regard the particular instance which has occasioned such bitterness, one cannot help but realize the futility of the attitude adopted. Canada would not be the sole loser from such action, and for some years now the Dominion has been prospering without the aid of British capital.

Practically all losses of British capital may be traced primarily to the same evil root—a negligence on the part of the British investor to properly investigate the proposition in which he deposits his money and an endeavor to operate Canadian development from a base several thousand miles away. The claim has never been made that all Canadian investments are sound and have honest backing, but the country does give assurance that there are such reliable outlets for invested capital. It has consistently pointed out that it is the business of the investor to make close investigation and scrutiny and determine one from the other.

American Regard Different.

Canada might be considered an unfortunate locality for the investment of funds if the experience of other countries in Canadian investments was not directly the opposite. The best possible proof that the British comment is illogical and the investors are their own worst enemies, is the huge amount of American capital in Canada which is daily swelling in

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Masterpieces of Fiction That Were Dictated.

The man who walks about his study or lounges in an easy chair whilst his secretary takes down a dictated novel or article for the Press is sometimes regarded as a product of these modern days of hustle.

Yet there are great precedents, for both "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" were dictated. Milton was blind and unable to transcribe his own works. His method was to compose a number of lines in his mind, and then dictate them to anyone who happened to be handy.

Wordsworth, the great interpreter of nature, used to ramble over hill and dale composing poems. When, after his death, an inquirer asked an aged villager if he knew him, the old fellow said: "Aye, sure, I've oft seen him goo hummin' past." He was referring to the poet's habit of murmuring his lines as he walked.

In this way he could compose and memorize a couple of hundred lines. When he returned home he would call his sister or his wife to his side, and dictate the whole to them whilst they wrote.

Sir Walter Scott is another example. The whole of "Ivanhoe" and "Guy Mannering" was dictated to secretaries, who took turns in striving to keep pace with him. But it was not Scott's usual habit to dictate. He was unwell at the time and unable to write.

It is certain that the Iliad of Homer, as well as most of the ballad literature of the world, were spoken or sung for years, perhaps for ages, before they were committed to writing.

Michaelmas Daisies.

'Tis more than mid-October, yet along the narrow garden

The daisies loved of Michaelmas keep sturdily in flower;

For tho' the evenings sharply fall, they find a way to harden

The crop of comely blossoming that makes for me a bower.

Yet autumn wears an apron, and the apron's sweet with lendings

Of colors matched with comeliness of blossom and of leaf,

And daisies dear to Michaelmas, with dances and with bendings

Forbid my heart to weary for the summer's beautiful sheaf.

Old Time has made a nosegay. He is welcome to his plucking,

Of tiger-lilies, lad's-love, and the tall cathedral spires,

Of lupins, and snapdragons where the bee is fond of sucking,

And all the flowery likelinesses of youth and youth's desires.

Old Time has got my nosegay; but the gloaming finds me cheery,

Because the gloaming is itself a flower of lovely hue!

The more I look at what remains, the less the world seems dreary,

For quiet breathes at Michaelmas, and well-worn friends are true.

—Norman Gale.



Do You Know the Animal?

Country Magistrate — "Well, what have you been arrested for—shooting birds?"

Sam—"No, sah, jedge, your honor, I've 'rested feh on'y jes' shootin' a little craps."

How Cameras Help Doctors.

Photography is receiving the attention of doctors as a means of early diagnosis of smallpox and other diseases involving a rash.

Photographs of children have shown the symptomatic measles rash developing under the skin days before it was visible to the eye.

"I have been able to tell in advance by means of photography that children were sickening for measles," said a London practitioner.

"This method should be valuable in smallpox cases. People in contact with known cases could be photographed before any rash develops on the outer skin. If the camera revealed the disease on them, they could be removed to isolation before they became infective."

The Australian women have needles made of a little bone from the leg of an emu, and they thread them with the sinews of opossums, kangaroos or emus.

Minard's Liniment fo. Dandruff.

Alms in Autumn.

Spindle-wood, spindle-wood will you lend me, pray,

A little flaming lantern to guide me on my way?

The fairies all have vanished from the meadow and the glen,

And I would fain go seeking till I find them once again.

Lend me now a lantern that I may bear a light,

To find the hidden pathway in the darkness of the night.

Ash-tree, ash-tree, throw me, if you please,

Throw me down a slender branch of russet-golden keys.

I fear the gates of Fairyland may all be shut so fast

That nothing but your magic keys will ever take me past.

I'll tie them to my girdle and as I go along

My heart will find a comfort in the tinkle of their song.

Holly-bush, holly-bush, help me in my task,

A pocketful of berries is all the the alms I ask;

A pocketful of berries to thread in golden strands,

I would not go a-visiting with nothing in my hands—

So fine will be the rosy chains, so gay, so glossy bright,

They'll set the realms of fairyland a-dancing with delight.

—Rose Fyfe.

Nothing Affects Music.

Music is independent of space. You can have a symphony of Beethoven played in every musical centre of the world at the same time if you have a sufficiency of musicians capable of rendering it. Time does not touch it. Neither does that other great barrier to the common artistic enjoyment of civilized nations, the difference of languages, affect it. The translator of a masterpiece is not merely a copyist, his personality is not merely interposed, like the personality of all copyists, between the spectator and the original producer. To compare painting with language, you are compelling him to copy in tempera what was painted in oils, or to render as a drawing what was originally a colored picture.

No progress will make it possible for a masterpiece of one language to be in the same full sense a masterpiece in another. It must always be confined to the country of its birth, and in the main to those who have learned from infancy the language in which it is rendered. No such limitations attach to the art of music. All can understand it whatever be their mother tongue.

Now that the thoughts of so many of us are occupied in extending widely among the whole community the highest, the greatest and the best of pleasures, it may be accepted that of all the arts and of all the finer forms of imagination, that which chooses music as its means of expression is the one which has the greatest future among the masses of all nations.

Invented by Accident.

The automatic system of signalling was discovered accidentally at a spiritualistic seance. The many uses of borax were discovered through the accidental preservation of a dead horse in Yellowstone Park, in the United States.

The system of coupling signals and working them all from one point and with a single action was the thought of a lazy pointsman, who hated to move. It was the burning of a starch factory which introduced to the world a cheap gum, and it was the omission of a workman to put size into the paper he was making which produced the very first blotting paper.

To the upsetting of a tool-chest we are indebted for cast-iron cement, and the accident of a child playing with a bottomless oil flask which his brother, a Swiss mechanic called Argand, placed idly over the frame of his rude oil lamp, gave birth to the lamp-chimney.

A glass cutter let some aquafortis drop on his spectacles, and etching on glass was the result. Howe's sight of his wife darning, with the eye of the needle first, gave him the root idea of his sewing machine; and the school-

WRIGLEYS

After Every Meal

Have a packet in your pocket for ever-ready refreshment.

Aids digestion. Allays thirst. Soothes the throat.

For Quality, Flavor and the Sealed Package, get



boy son of Bessemer innocently suggested an improvement in the process of steel manufacture which doubled its efficiency, a missing link which had baffled the most skillful men in the business.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

Betty's Spelling.

Father—"How do you spell 'rat'?"

Little Betty—"R-A-T."

"Yes. Now, can you spell 'mouse'?"

"Of course I can, father! You spell it just the same way, only with little letters."

Literary Assistance

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Holland Bulbs

Have a beautiful Window Garden in the depth of winter at a small cost. Special Collection, 7 Beautiful Assorted Bulbs, postpaid, 50¢. Special Collection, 15¢. Selected Bulbs, postpaid, 21¢. Free Illustrated List.

C. E. BISHOP & SON, Seedsmen
Belleville, Ont.

EDDY'S MATCHES

Remember to ask for Eddy's when you order matches

ON SALE EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

It Stays on the Job!

You can bank on a "444" Day after day, month after month Smart's "444" Ace will stand the going where the going is hardest.

Get your hardware man to show you a "444" Note the hang and the feel of it—A real axe with a firebrued finish that resists rust.

CANADA FOUNDRIES & FORGINGS LIMITED



JAMES SMART PLANT
BROCKVILLE, ONT.

The "grain of Mustard" for health

Don't refuse the mustard when it is passed to you. Cultivate the habit of taking it with meat, especially fat meat. It stimulates the digestion and aids in assimilating your food.

but it must be Keen's

Sweet-Scented Flowers for Spring

According to our location, we may be expecting frost any night now, or it may yet be two weeks or more away. But winter surely is coming and it behooves us to make such preparation as is needful to further our garden prospects for another year. We can hardly have too much vegetable matter in the soil of the vegetable garden, matter that will add the humus which is so necessary to the working of the minute bacteria in the soil. In the past this was usually maintained by the free use of good stable or farmyard manure. As so many gardeners are now unable to procure all the manure they require, and as humus of some kind is so valuable in maintaining soil fertility, we must rely upon other sources of supply; hence the reason why we sow rye, winter vetch or other crops in the fall, to be dug or plowed under in the spring. This practice is known as green manuring, and where a full supply of animal manures is lacking its value cannot be overestimated.

Soil fertility is also greatly increased by cultivation. The more thoroughly a soil is worked, the more its fertility is increased. It is a widely known fact that the small farmers in many parts of Europe obtain yields much heavier than do those in this country. This is due not so much to the manure and fertilizers used as to the untiring energy displayed in cultivating the soil.

In order that the constituents of the soil shall be made available for the use of plants, it is necessary that air be freely admitted. Without a plentiful supply of oxygen, many plant foods remain dormant in the soil and consequently are useless to the growing crops. But the admission of air is not the only benefit derived by good cultivation. By frequent and thorough digging of the ground, the depth of good soil may be gradually increased, and every inch gained in depth means a decided increase in fertility.

When we mention good cultivation, it includes, of course, the important operation of hoeing between growing crops, and this is also one of the best means of fighting the ill effects of drought.

COLORS AND FRAGRANCE COMBINED.

If you decide not to sow cover crops and have a quantity of fresh manure at your disposal, dig as much of the garden as possible this fall but leave the top quite rough. Fall digging is an excellent practice; it gives the frosts and snows a chance to do their duty with the undersoil which is thus brought to the surface, and what is of equal importance, many of the hibernating insects will be exposed and killed.

In grandmother's time the garden was not considered complete without its quota of sweetly scented flowers; in the old-world garden of my boyhood days we had huge beds of old-time flowers such as mignonette, ten-week stocks, sweet-smelling herbs, sweet-brier roses and others that I do not now recall. What a delight the garden was to us all!

It always seems that there is something even more wonderful and subtle

about the unseen gift of fragrance than the more striking gift of color. A half century ago hardly any garden, large or small, but boasted its clumps of lavender, rosemary, sweet-leaved geraniums, of which there are many kinds. Then there were the lemon-scented verbena, thyme and the numerous annuals, not omitting the sweet pea, all having their own delicious fragrance. To many, mignonette has no attraction owing to its lack of color, but a few sprays included in the bunch of flowers we may be spending to a friend just adds the finishing touch with its delicate and delicious odor.

When making up your list for next year's flower garden, do not fail to include at least a few of the plants named. Where gay colors and fragrance combined are necessary we get petunias, phlox, stocks, and the like, but what we want in addition to color in the garden is fragrance, and for this reason we must fall back upon many of the fine old favorites.

THE VERY EARLIEST BLOOMS.

In addition to bulbs for outdoor planting, there are a number which have much to commend them to the flower lover. All bulbous flowers have their own special charms and beauty, and that precocious spring flower, the crocus, is certainly one of the most attractive, but only a few gardens have plantings of the crocus species for fall blooming. They are quite equal in charm and beauty to what are known as the Dutch crocuses, and they are quite as easy to grow.

The number of fall-flowering species is quite large, but many of them are not in general cultivation. The autumn-flowering crocus or colchicum, also called meadow saffron, deserves greater attention than it receives from amateur gardeners. It blooms during the fall months and so helps to diminish the gulf that exists between the flowers of the old and those of the new year. As the crocuslike blossoms come before the leaves, and to prevent their being spoiled by soil splashed up in wet weather, it is advisable to plant them in short grass, or spread lawn clippings around the clumps of bulbs. They are best planted in August.

The spring snowflake—*Leucojum vernum*—which vies with the snowdrop in simple beauty, is also well worthy of a place in all gardens where good collections of uncommon flowers are appreciated. The drooping, white, green-tipped blossoms of the spring snowflake add a fresh interest to the border in early April. They should be planted in clumps of six or more, two inches deep, during September or October.

Chionodoxa, or glory-of-the-snow, is also well worthy of our attention, its bright and cheerful flowers opening in April, or soon after the snow is gone. The variety *luciliae*, having blue flowers with a white centre, is the best known and should be planted freely wherever there is room. A double row along the front of a border or other bulbous plants looks well, or it may be arranged in clumps towards the front of the hardy border, or among dwarf shrubs.

Poultry

I think that the pullets in the farm flock often mature faster than the owner realizes. This is especially true when they have a good range and balanced rations. This rapid growth follows a period in mid-summer when the development has seemed to slacken. It results in over-crowded brood coops and colony houses. The remedy is to have the pullets accustomed to the roosts in the laying house before they are ready to lay. Then they mature rapidly and avoid a lot of the summer colds that result when pullets are overcrowded.

Some poultrymen have the roosting sections supported in front by short blocks which set in cans partly filled with kerosene. This keeps red mites from crawling from the dropping boards up to the roosts. The commercial lice paints which will fill every crack and crevice in the roosts are also of help in keeping down mites. Never nail roosts to the walls of the hen house or the point between each roost and the wall will become a hiding place for thousands of mites. Wires from the ceiling to the front and rear of the roosting section enables the poultryman to break the connection between the roosts and the dropping platform.

Early moulting as a means of culling is being disputed by some practical poultrymen. They find that some good layers have moulted early. It is my opinion that some early moulters may be fine layers but in general the early moulters are not so good. A combination of points must be considered in all culling operations.

POULTRY NOTES.

Mustard increases egg production. Poultry raisers who have experiment-

ed with pure mustard as a helpful stimulant and tonic, have also proven that the use of mustard actually increases egg production during the winter without in any way injuring the health of the hen, or shortening its life.

A teaspoonful of mustard added to the daily rations of hens during the slack season not only brings up the egg production, but keeps the birds toned up in physical health.



Bedtime Stories

If You Were?

If you were busy being kind, Before you knew it, you would find You'd soon forget to think 'twas true That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad, And cheering people who are sad, Although your heart might ache a bit, You'd soon forget to notice it.

If you were busy being good, And doing just the best you could, You'd not have time to blame some man Who's doing just the best he can.

If you were busy being true To what you know you ought to do, You'd be so busy you'd forget The blunders of the folks you've met.

If you were busy being right, You'd find yourself too busy quite To criticize your neighbor long Because he's busy being wrong.

Mixed vegetables, well cooked, either canned or fresh, are called macedoine.

Shipment of Registered Wheat.

Productivity, purity and vitality are the essentials looked for in good seed. On account of Canada's northern latitude and rigorous climatic conditions combined with immense tracts of rich virgin soil, Canadian-grown seed of any kind or variety when planted in a southern latitude is known to yield a bigger crop of better quality than does seed of the same kind or variety produced in the southern latitude. Of recent years this phenomenon has been capitalized by potato growers in the South Atlantic States. These growers usually obtain a large portion of their seed potatoes from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island. Grain growers and seed firms from south of the Canadian boundary look to the Prairie Provinces of Canada for much of their high class seed grain supply.

But not until now has Canadian pedigreed seed found its way in commercial quantities to another continent. The S.S. "Hesperia" which sailed for Buenos Aires recently, carried 600 bushels of registered Marquis wheat produced by a member of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association in Saskatchewan and exported from Montreal.

This variety of wheat is Canadian-bred of imported parentage, the parents being Hard Red Calcutta from India and Red Fife from Germany. The originator of Marquis, Dr. Chas. E. Saunders, first placed Marquis at the disposal of Canadian grain growers in 1907. Now 90 per cent. of the Canadian spring wheat crop is Marquis. Two years ago it was estimated that some 12,000,000 bushels of the United States spring wheat crop belonged to this variety.

PRODUCT OF TWENTY YEARS.

By the educational and control work of the Canadian Seed Growers' Association, extending back over a period of twenty years, the most promising strains of various kinds have been pedigreed and multiplied in their purity. Superiority of pure-bred seed is obtained and maintained by:

1. Approval and acceptance of varieties based on extensive plot tests by plant breeders at Government stations throughout the Dominion. Only those varieties of proven outstanding merit are accepted for registration.
 2. Careful inspection and scoring of seed fields by trained inspectors.
 3. Testing of seed from approved fields for purity and germination by Dominion Seed Laboratories.
 4. Final inspection, grading, marking and sealing of seed at growers' premises or central cleaning plants.
 5. Careful recording under registration numbers of all eligible seed stocks each year.
- Production of registered seed for the season 1921-22 in the Prairie Provinces amounted to some 80,000 bushels. This amount is not nearly sufficient to meet the demand, and consequently provision is now being made for production of this class of seed in greater volume in order that not only may home requirements be filled, but that the growing demand from foreign countries may be met to some extent.

The Argentine shipment will be followed through the Commercial Intelligence Service Branch of the Department of Trade and Commerce, and it is expected the performance of this seed in Argentine will lead to increased purchase of Canadian seed by grain growers of the Southern Republic.

RED CLOVER IN NEW ONTARIO.

During recent years red clover seed produced in the Dryden district of New Ontario has been giving exceptionally good results wherever used throughout Canada. The findings of private farmers in this connection have been confirmed by growing tests carried out at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, and at branch farms elsewhere in the northern latitudes.

The success attained by this seed has created an active demand for it, especially from the better class dairy farmers of Ontario. During the past season the local Co-operative Association of Seed Growers at Oxdrift, consisting of some seventy active members, cleaned and sold for Canadian consumption some \$30,000 of clover seed.

When it is remembered that Canadian clover seed imports for the three years ending March 31st, 1923, totalled 8,393,470 lbs., valued at \$1,785,095; that Northern Ontario can produce a strain of clover seed infinitely better adapted to Canadian conditions than the imported seed; that the home demand for clover seed is steady at good prices—it will be appreciated that in clover seed production a golden opportunity yet awaits New Ontario farmers who will seriously undertake this phase of agriculture.

Rarely do potatoes sprayed with Bordeaux mixture to kill the hopper-burn fail to repay it many times over.

Kiss Your Money Good-bye

By Hilda Richmond

Every year farmers trustingly hand over large sums of money to sharks of various kinds, and the worst feature of it is they are so afraid of being laughed at that they keep the transaction a secret and let their fellow beings get swindled.

Once and for all, the man who offers an unlawful rate of interest and the man who proposes to give more than the market price for property, are sure to need more careful scrutiny than that the average farmer is competent to give. The kinks of the law and the tricks of swindlers are for legal minds to fathom, so the farmer who goes into a deal of any sort without consulting competent authority must be prepared to take a big risk.

One of the easiest of the schemes worked upon farmers is to offer a very attractive price for a farm, usually a mortgaged farm that the owner is anxious to dispose of. I have seen this scheme worked more than once.

A stranger comes and looks the place over and says that he thinks he knows a man who will give a good price for the farm. Of course the farmer, who has been offering it at a lower figure, eagerly jumps at the chance. A commission is agreed upon and in a few days the prospective buyer appears. He is pleased with the farm, but his business interests are such that he can not buy except under contract until he disposes of a farm or some property elsewhere. However, he will pay \$1,000 down, possibly more, depending upon the size of the farm, and take immediate possession of chattels and all if the owner will contract for delivery of deed some months later. Usually this deal is pulled off in early spring, although it works at other seasons.

The delighted farmer lets go of the proposition that he has found too heavy for his time, or strength, or age, or business ability, contracting to take a second mortgage for the amount over and above the first mortgage which the new owner is to assume. An attractive rate of interest is named for the second mortgage, which is to be paid first, and the new owner whose interests are large elsewhere, according to his representations, puts a man on the farm and the retired farmer moves to town or to a smaller place.

When the new owner gets on the farm, things begin to happen. Everything is crowded to the limit, no repairs are made, taxes are unpaid and the interest on the mortgages, first and second, goes lagging. In the meantime he is having difficulties in raising the money for the other payments; and after long suspense, and perhaps litigation, the owner has to take it back. The former owner can not prove that the two sharpers divided the large commission which was collected when the contract was entered into, but it looks very much as if the game was played by the two to get the proceeds of the farm and the commission for the investment of \$1,000. The large business interests of the eager buyer prove to be worthless mortgaged lands or heavily encumbered business rooms in almost deserted towns, and so no recourse can be had by law.

In one instance as much as \$5,000 was realized by the outlay of the initial \$1,000 payment. A man lost all the valuable timber from his land, the use of his farm one season, the commission he paid, the taxes, and the injury to the land by skinning it, but he was glad to take the farm back, a sadder and a wiser man.

Hogs

One of the most handy things I have used about the hog lot is a portable fence panel.

Take four six-inch boards, twelve feet long, and place them on ground parallel with each other, the first two four inches apart, five inches between the second and third, and six inches between the third and top boards. Nail a good four-inch strip across at each end flush with ends of plank, then one in the centre. This will make a panel three feet three inches high when stood up on edge. As many of these can be made as desired.

Three of these can be set up in front of the individual hog house at farrowing time to make a pen for the sow until the pigs are large enough to follow into larger range. The ends of the panels are fastened together where they form the corners, with the ever-ready baling wire, and by nailing a strip on the corners of the hog house the ends of panels can be wired to the house. I have used these panels to excellent advantage where I had five portable hog houses. I set the five houses in a row far enough apart so that one panel would reach from one house to the other, and the five houses were placed far enough from a permanent fence so that one panel would reach from a house to the fence, thereby making a partition at each house. The panels were wired to the fence and also to the house by means of a four-inch strip nailed to the house, the edge of strip projecting an inch or more and holes bored through it where I wanted to run my wires. This

whole arrangement can be put in place ready to receive the prospective mothers in less than two hours' time.

Another great advantage of the portable fence panel is building temporary fences about the hog lot. Just set them up, worm fashion, like we used to build rail fences, and wire them together at the corners and you have a good fence which only required a few minutes to build. It also has the advantage of being easily opened at any of the corners for admitting or letting out the hog.—E. G. Storm.

The Normans Used Mustard.

The use of mustard as a relish dates back many hundreds of years. We read that in Norman times it was commonly used in a mixture of honey, wine and vinegar, and doubtless this condiment served an excellent purpose. For in those far-off days people used to eat a great deal more heavily and with less regard for their health than we do to-day. The mixture containing mustard probably saved the Normans from the usual unpleasant results of over-eating. Mustard is recognized by medical authorities to-day to be an excellent antidote for indigestion. Mustard contains certain ingredients that neutralize the indigestible qualities of heavy, fatty meats.

A Tip for Wash Day.

If a lump of soda is dissolved in hot water and added to the blue water it will prevent the blue from settling in patches on the clothes and makes them perfectly white.

For Home and Country

King George's Views on Nation-Building.

By Gibson Scott

"They grow brains as well as good cattle and grain and timber in the Ottawa Valley," reported the Government delegate with enthusiasm after a trip among the Women's Institutes there. Those who attended the North Renfrew District Annual were convinced that this was exemplified in the broad and sound vision of the delegates from the Branches, and in the splendid development of local talent and resources as embodied in the reports which showed a sustained and increased interest in the welfare of the home and community life.

The President spoke of the phenomenal growth of Women's Institutes in Ontario and the wonderful extension of their many branches of work for the bettering of Home and Country. The franchise had placed great power in the hands of women for the improvement of our country, and it was a sacred trust not to be lightly used. She quoted the words of King George "a country cannot rise above the level of its homes, nor its homes above the level of its home-makers," and in this connection read the Home Maker's Creed, embodying the ideals of Women's Institute workers. In con-

nection with our schools the President said that statistics show that only 5 per cent. of the children attending the 5,100 schools of Ontario ever went to High School. The Consolidated Schools in rural districts was the remedy proposed to meet this situation. With its additional equipment and facilities our girls and boys would have teaching and training, intellectually and physically to fit them to take their rightful places as citizens of this great country. The speaker advised the ladies to attend the annual school meeting, and to be ready and willing to co-operate with the School Board and teachers in anything for the benefit of the school and the children, and to have a say in the election of the School Board. She strongly advocated a supervised noon hour, and the hot school lunch. Referring to copies of laws of Ontario relating to women and children, just issued by the Department for the use of Institutes, she suggested it would be a good idea for each Branch to devote a part of some of their meetings to the study of these laws. In closing she again welcomed the delegates and Institute workers, and expressed pleasure at the large number present.

About the House

"OH, MOTHER!"

Every mother of a growing daughter knows the "Oh, mother!" stage.

Nothing is right. The parlor rug or father's shabby but beloved slippers; mother's coiffure or Bob's enthusiastic table manners; daughter's clothes or—but nothing else ever is quite so tragic as this last mentioned, so why look further? Everyone suffers.

What about mother during this particular phase of the "growing pains" of her child—mother who must bear the brunt of daughter's discontent on the one hand and of her family's resentment of criticism on the other?

Mother A—, with thin-lipped and positive determination, puts her foot down. "What has always been good enough for your parents—" or "When you get too nice for your home—" These caustic rebukes are a pity because they lead to disagreements and coldness that are sometimes never bridged in after years.

Mother B— says tolerantly: "They have to go through it—it's just like measles and school-day squabbles and outgrown petticoats. She'll get over it!" So daughter is allowed free rein with her discontent and her fault-finding.

Mother C—allows her feelings to become lacerated. "Our daughter is ashamed of us!" Mother D— agrees with daughter. She "goes over to the enemy" and demands new furnishings and better clothes.

Mother E— listens so interestedly, so sympathetically. "That is true, dear. But you see, I have been so busy and father has always been so driven for ready money. I'll give you the broiler money to get new furnishings for the table provided you will promise to take all the care of it while you are at home.

"Yes, the house does need fixing up. Suppose you see what you can do with your own room? If you will help me three hours each day during vacation you may have the rest of your time to earn money for new furniture. When you get that finished, we'll see what we can do for the parlor, if you wish."

No more criticism from daughter—she is much too busy over her own enticing plans.

My, but mother and the rest of the family enjoy the peaceful interlude. And by the time daughter has earned the money for new furniture and has crawled about on aching knees to smooth and putty her rough floor, has painted and varnished and ceaselessly laundered things of dainty linen, she has learned a great many enlightening lessons.

If she is the right sort she will finish her undertaking. But before she is through she will understand why mother shortens the tablecloths or dis-

penses with them entirely in favor of the despised white olecloth during rush seasons. She will comprehend what "refurnishing the house" means in terms of hard work and crop disappointments and weary bodies. She will have an entirely new slant on things.

"Oh, mother," she says, "when we get something new for the dining-room floor, let's get something easy to take care of!"

Daughter isn't to blame for this trying period in her development. It is an instinctive reaching out after the best and most beautiful with no knowledge of what goes into the getting of them. Isn't it a pity when she is driven out of sympathy and understanding with her family before the lesson is learned?

Let her remedy her own discontent. If she is the right sort she will see. Really, it is up to mother!

AUNT MANDY'S LETTER.

Aunt Mandy came tolling up the stairs; she always answered the postman's ring, though there seldom was a letter for her. "There's only one, but it's for me!" she exclaimed happily. "It's from Callista Adams down in Florida."

Bertha, her niece, was counting the laundry: "Six, seven eight—All right, Aunt Mandy. I'm busy just now."

Aunt Mandy turned away and went silently to her own room. There the joy returned to her face. The letter was so interesting! It told about the Reeds' little boy who have been bitten by a rattler—they had had such a time saving him! And it told how Callista—

Aunt Mandy looked up eagerly as her niece's step sounded in the hall. "Bertha, Callista says the orange crop is the finest in ten years! She's been able to pay off everything on her bungalow! And the Reeds' little boy, the one who was bitten by the rattler—here, I'll read it—"

But Bertha interrupted her: "I'm afraid I can't stop to hear it, Aunt Mandy. I have the marketing to do, you know."

Aunt Mandy's eyes shadowed. She did so want to tell some one about that rattler! Maybe at dinner—She pictured the whole family eagerly listening to her.

When the dinner hour came she began during the first pause: "I had a letter from Callista Adams to-day. She's the one who lives down in Florida. She told about a little boy—"

Julie's gay voice interrupted her: "How nice, Aunt Mandy! Ethel, they have the most gorgeous sport silks at Hooper's. I'm wild to have one."

Aunt Mandy waited. Presently she tried again, looking at Henry: "Callista says they've had the finest orange crop in ten years, and they—"

"Why, that's fine, Aunt Mandy!"

Henry replied heartily. "Bertha, whom do you suppose I met to-day? Tom Hall!"

Aunt Mandy began again when Ethel was done talking about the sport silks. "You'd ought to hear Callista's letter," she remarked stoutly, "where she tells about the Reeds' little boy—"

Ethel nodded pleasantly. "Sometime when I have a few minutes, auntie," she said lightly.

After dinner Aunt Mandy went slowly back to her room. There was a dull pain in her heart. A letter was only half a letter if you couldn't share it with some one!

She looked up eagerly; a brown-eyed girl was smiling at her from the doorway, and a gay voice was calling, "Am I invited in?"

"Margie Brant!" Aunt Mandy cried eagerly. "I've just got a letter from Callista Adams down in Florida—"

"I want to hear every word of it," Margie responded.

A SIMPLE POPULAR MODEL.



4471. This is a good style for gingham, printed voile, and other cotton goods now in vogue. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3 1/4 yards of 27-inch material. For collar and cuffs of contrasting material 1/2 yard is required.

Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c, in silver or stamps, by the Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide Street, Toronto. Allow two weeks for receipt of pattern.

SPRING CLOTHESPINS.

With the cleaning equipment of one capable housewife are invariably to be found a number of spring clothespins. "These are so handy," she explains, "when cleaning a room having a number of window and door draperies."

She grasped the lower corners of a drapery, lifted them well out of the way along the outside edge of the curtain and secured them all together with the clothespin. "This keeps them well out of the way when cleaning and it is surprising how fresh and unwrinkled the draperies are when dropped back in place. Anyone accustomed to pinning up the curtain ends or tucking them over the rod or laying them over the back of an adjacent chair would never do so again if they gave this simple method a trial.

"I keep my bedroom curtains clean and fresh for a long time by fastening them up in exactly the same way when the windows are raised at night," she added.

A box of spring clothespins on the closet shelf are handy for snapping together pairs of rubbers, mittens, and the like, when several persons must make use of a common storage place.—A. M. A.

PETTICOATS THAT ALWAYS FIT.

Every mother of a growing girl knows the never-ending struggle with the petticoat that is too long or too short for the pretty thin wash dresses. The petticoats may be made ever so accurately and carefully and yet prove the wrong length, because some dresses shrink more or less in washing, according to the fabric of which they are made, while others are let-down left-overs from a previous season.

A portion of the child's petticoats may, of course, be permanently shortened to wear with the different dresses, but a more convenient way seems to be to make slip petticoats, leaving them open at the shoulder seams where they are held in place by ribbons or tape ties. They may then be adjusted to suit exactly the length of each dress with which they are worn. I preferred they may be finished with a flap that fastens with snaps at the shoulder and several snaps be used in a row so as to vary the length.—G. I. S.

The gossips do us this service: they punish the indiscreet.

"Joan of Arc was burnt as a steak," wrote an English schoolboy.

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Dress Fads of Famous Authors.

"He had a double gold chain outside his waistcoat, and such breastpins that I thought he looked like one of our river gamblers." Such is the description of Charles Dickens, given by Prentice in an account of his tour of the United States. A tendency for overdressing was always one of Dickens's characteristics.

A photograph of Dickens, taken in 1852, shows him in a frock-coat with a broad velvet collar, a waistcoat made of some furry stuff, and trousers of a huge check. Percy Fitzgerald says the French painter's remark, that Dickens was "more like one of the old Dutch admirals we see in the picture galleries than a man of letters," conveys an admirably true idea to his friends.

"The first time I saw Archbishop Whately," said the Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, "he wore a pea-green coat, white waistcoat, stone-colored shorts, flesh-colored stockings. Bishop Heber was dressed in a parsley and butter coat. Dr. Arnold in a light blue coat with metal buttons and a buff waistcoat."

Charles Lamb always dressed in black. "I take it," he said, "to be the proper costume of an author." When this was once objected to at a wedding, he pleaded the raven's apology in the fable that "he had no other." His clothes were entirely black, and he wore long black gaiters up to the knees.

Southey wore clogs; he had a fawn-colored all-round coat and a cap with a knob to it. He never put on a swallow-tailed coat. Like Southey, Porson, the great Greek scholar, had an utter contempt for appearances. When Hazlitt met him in the library of the London Institution, he was dressed in an old rusty black coat, with cobwebs hanging to the skirt, and with a large patch of coarse brown paper covering the whole length of his nose.



Still Solid, We'll Say

"The recently discovered Patagonian skull of untold age has turned to stone and is perfectly solid."

"The men haven't changed so much after all."

"When are you going to pay for that sewing-machine I sold you?" "Pay for it? Why, you said that in a short time it would pay for itself!"

Smoking in the street was once an offence punishable by fine.

Why Do the Old Have Stillness in Their Eyes?

Why do the old wear stillness in their eyes,

They who in youth were amorous and gay,
Breathing of life? How come they by these wise

Glances of calm, this dignity to-day?
Quiet, aloof, almost they scorn the young,

Silence is theirs, but laughter never more.

Do they forget their own mad challenge flung
From youth to age in careless days of yore?

Ah, no! Their calm is heaven lit with dreams,
Not of their pride they walk thus silently;

Out of the past a faint, far echo seems
Borne unto them—the voice of Memory.

How can they speak, whose ears are strained to hear
Joy long since fled and laughter once held dear?

—Helen Frazee-Bower.

How Marie Helped.

Unselfish mothers too often make or permit their daughters to be selfish, more's the pity. One such mother, according to a story that Mr. Booth Tarkington, the novelist, likes to tell, was bending industriously over the wash-tub when a neighbor said to her, "Hard at it as usual, ain't ye?"

"Yes," replied the mother cheerfully. "Yes, this is wash day, Mrs. O'Hoolahan, and washin' for eleven don't leave you much spare time on your hands."

"Is that Marie I hear singin' to the ukulele in the parlor?"

Marie by the way was in infancy christened Mary and in her early youth was always known as Mollie.

"Yes, Mrs. O'Hoolahan, that's her. The help she is to me! O dear! O dear! I don't know how I'd get along without that girl! Every Monday morning she gets out the ukulele or opens up the piano, and while I'm scrubbin' the clothes she sings the nicest, cheeriest pieces, like Mother's Day, or Dear Mother, in Dreams I see you, or Lighthen Mother's Tasks With Love, and the work just rolls off like play. I tell you, Mrs. O'Hoolahan, there ain't many girls like our Marie."

King George "Swaps" Stamps With American.

King George is known far and wide as the most democratic monarch ruling to-day. He is as equally famous as a stamp collector and takes a deep interest in matters philatelic.

At the recent International Stamp Exhibition, held in London, which the King visited, he pointed to one stamp in the collection of Arthur Hind, a prominent American philatelist, and said: "Too bad you were oudbidding me for that the other day."

Mr. Hind said he had no idea he was bidding against the King, and offered him the stamp as a gift. But the King, being a sport, refused to accept and said: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I have a stamp you'd like; let's swap." And they did.

Irish.

Judge—"Pat, the evidence shows that you hit this man twice."
Pat—"I did not, y'r Honor. The first time I hit him I missed him."

HEALTH EDUCATION

BY DR. J. J. MIDDLETON

Provincial Board of Health, Ontario

Dr. Middleton will be glad to answer questions on Public Health matters through this column. Address him at Spadina House, Spadina Crescent, Toronto.

"What is a Christian nation?" asked an exchange, and it answers this way: "A Christian Nation is one that contains underpaid girl employes and rescue homes." A bit far-fetched perhaps, but still with a grain of truth in it. Because, if there were no underpaid girl employes, or boy employes for that matter, there might not be need for half the number of rescue homes there are at present.

The thought that we are spending money for health and welfare work at the wrong end of the problem, always comes to my mind every time I hear of a drive to collect funds for some charitable or philanthropic purpose. Not that I am minimizing the necessity of praiseworthiness of any object that tries to and succeeds in relieving suffering, hardships or distress. It is only with regard to the way in which we attack the problem that I have any criticism to offer.

But people will at once say "Orphans have to be cared for." True, but if preventive measures were adopted perhaps there would not be so many orphans. And here is where I believe the solution of the distressing conditions found to-day often lies—prevention. That's the thing. "Prevention is better than cure" says an old adage, and it is very true.

When we think over the situation we can at once see the possibilities of attacking the problem from the preventive aspect. A mother may die at the birth of her child through lack of medical and nursing attention. She may have endangered her life weeks before her baby was born by failing to realize the seriousness of symptoms—symptoms which to her seemed trifling but which were in reality grave warnings of serious trouble ahead. The maternal mortality in this province is far too high, and sad to say many,

many lives of mothers could be saved if preventive measures were taken in time.

Then the father may lose his life through an avoidable accident while at work, and many avoidable accidents take place in every line of industry. Statistics show that. But whatever the cause the result is the same—the parents come to an untimely end, and orphans have to be cared for. And so we must have drives and raise thousands upon top of thousands of dollars to care for orphans, and not only orphans but wrecks of humanity who through lack of preventive medicine, hygienic measures or whatever one may be pleased to call it, become burdens on society and are nothing more than human derelicts when they might have been strong, active, self-supporting men and women.

Or in a more general way take an epidemic such as the recent typhoid outbreak at Cochrane. Through lack of knowledge of what serious results might follow or through an unwillingness to spend money on a filtration plant to purify the water supply, the citizens of that northern town took a chance and a terrible record of suffering and death resulted with a gigantic outlay of money to try and cope with the ravages of the disease. Had a filtration plant been installed and the water purified, the epidemic might never have occurred at all.

Some day we will realize the waste and foolishness of neglecting to spend a comparatively small amount of money on the prevention of disease. Humanity is kind, and no worthy object fails to get public support, but through education we will learn the value of nipping trouble in the bud at a small expense rather than delving deep into our pockets to repair the damage after it is done.

CLAIRVOYANT USES WEIRD MEANS TO FIND DROWNED MEN'S BODIES

Removes Centres From Nine Loaves of Bread, Fills Shells With Lime, Casts Them on Lake and Results Follow Quickly.

Lion's Head, Oct. 7.—During a performance in a Warton theatre on Friday night, a clairvoyant named Prof. Mem-O-Rea, claiming to be the seventh son of a seventh son, was asked by a member of the audience where the bodies of Captain William Corson and Robert Parker, missing Lion's Head fishermen could be found. The clairvoyant believed he could locate the bodies by a unique method, and volunteered to come to Lion's Head next day. The lake was too rough on Saturday, but he came again to-day, and the body of Parker was recovered within half an hour.

Removing the centres from nine loaves of bread, the clairvoyant filled the loaves with lime, and placed them in a circle on the water where he

thought the bodies would be located. It was claimed that when a loaf passed over a body a sort of electric current would be formed and indicated by the trembling of the bread.

Very soon one of the loaves showed evidence of disturbance. Grappling irons were used and the body of Robert Parker brought to the surface. The body of Captain Corson was also located but could not be raised.

A Government aeroplane and large parties of Lion's Head residents had searched the waters for two weeks for trace of the missing fishermen who, on September 24, were engaged in raising their net, when the boat capsized, throwing both into the water.

The clairvoyant claims this is the 119th body he has located by this means.

ONE MAN SHOT DEAD ONE BADLY WOUNDED

Attempt to Unload Cargo of Whiskey in Toronto Ends in Tragedy—Launch and Liquor Confiscated.

A despatch from Toronto says:—John Gogo, aged 24, Port Dalhousie, was shot and instantly killed early Saturday morning when the police attempted to seize a rum-running boat which anchored off Leslie street. James Gogo, aged 34, of Macdonell Avenue, an uncle of the dead man, was shot through the mouth, the bullet lodging in the right jaw. Nine other men who were aboard the boat were locked up at the Pape Avenue Police Station. The wounded man was rushed to St. Michael's Hospital, where the bullet was extracted. His condition is not serious. The remains of the nephew were taken to the Morgue.

A hurried call was sent into headquarters early in the morning for special men to be sent to the foot of Leslie street. Plainclothesmen Mitchell and Fraser were despatched and when they reached there they found the crew of the "rum runner" pulling out. The boat had just landed from Belleville a short time before, and it was intended that the cargo of liquor should be transferred to motor trucks.

The boat passed through the Eastern Channel shortly before 1 o'clock, and proceeded towards Ashbridge's Bay, taking up anchor about half a mile from the shore, to await a signal before landing the cargo. The police learned earlier in the evening that the yacht, heavily loaded with liquor, was on its way to Toronto. Plainclothesmen Mitchell and Parker had taken up their position behind one of the boat-houses to await the arrival of the yacht.

Meanwhile an extra squad of constables had been despatched to assist in rounding up the rum-running crew. As the yacht approached the dock the police stepped out and Captain Gogo promptly signalled the engineer to back up. The police ordered the captain to come ahead, but he refused. It was then that the police opened fire. They fired several bullets in the air, thinking it would scare the captain into coming ashore, but he continued to head out towards the centre of the Bay. When the police saw that he had no intention of obeying the order they fired at close range.

The first shot took effect, and young Gogo, who was stepping into the cabin, dropped dead. He was shot through the abdomen. His uncle, who was on his heels, also was a target for a bullet, which embedded in his right jaw. A few minutes later the captain docked the yacht and the crew were placed under arrest. They put up a stubborn battle with the police before submitting to arrest.



Governor J. C. Walton Governor of the State of Oklahoma, who placed that state under martial law, to prevent the legislature meeting without his consent.

BATTLE IN SALOON HAS FATAL ENDING

One Gunman Killed and Another and Detective Likely to Die.

Detroit, Mich., Oct. 7.—Detective Lieutenant John Heffron was shot and probably fatally wounded late Saturday night in a desperate gun battle with three hold-up men, one of whom was killed and another wounded in a saloon, 7503 Russell Street. The shooting followed an attempt to hold up the place. The third gunman escaped.

Heffron was standing at the bar when two men with drawn revolvers entered, ordering "hands up." The detective reached for his gun. Both hold-up men fired. Their bullets went wild. A third hold-up man stood at the door. Heffron drew his gun and returned the fire. For a few moments bullets flew from both sides. When Heffron and gunmen all had emptied their revolvers and the smoke had cleared away, one of the gunmen was found dead by the doorway, and the other, wounded on the floor of the saloon. Heffron was lying near the bar with two bullets in his abdomen.

CHILD ASPHYXIATED IN BOX OF TRUCK

Had Been Placed There With His Brother by Parents on Way Home.

A despatch from Brockville says:—Donald Ball, aged two and a half years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ball, Winchester Springs, met death by asphyxiation under peculiar circumstances while en route from Dixon's Corners, where his father and other adults had been picking apples, to their home.

With his brother Frank, aged five, the child was placed in a large box on the motor truck after the apples had been picked. On the way they were heard by the occupants of the front seat several times as if at play. Upon arrival at the house both children were unconscious and Dr. McLaughlin, who was called, pronounced the younger dead. His brother was restored.

The escape from the exhaust pipe of the motor, which lacked a muffler, penetrating the slats of the truck and entering the box, is believed to have caused the death of the child.

Lloyd George Remembers Little Old Colony's "Bit"

A despatch from St. John's, Nfld., says:—Lloyd George, while passing Cape Race, wired the St. John's Advocate as follows: "On the ninth anniversary of the first troops leaving the oldest colony for overseas, I gratefully appreciate your cordial greetings. I remember with reverence the gallant sacrifice made by the young men of Newfoundland in the great struggle for world liberty. I look forward one day to the pleasure of visiting the oldest Dominion of the Crown."

"Lloyd George."

Thrilling Rescues When Hotel Burns

A despatch from Regina says:—Thrilling rescues were effected during a fire which destroyed the Leland Hotel and a clothing store at Wolsley, Sask., Friday morning. The fire started in the hotel, resulting in a loss estimated at \$20,000, partially covered by insurance.

With exits cut off by dense smoke and flames, many of the hotel guests were forced to escape from third storey windows by ladders. Others jumped from second storey windows, while some clambered down ropes made from bedclothes.



The Only War Premier at the Imperial Conference

Premier Massey, of New Zealand, who of all the British premiers assembled at the initial meeting of the Imperial Conference, was the only one who had held the same office during the period of the war.

CLING 36 HOURS TO SCHOONER'S MASTS

Seamen of N.S. Vessel Rescued After Ship Sinks in Storm.

New York, Oct. 7.—Clinging for 36 hours to two masts, all that remained of the schooner Governor Parr, six men fought and won a grim battle against death in a coast storm, they told friends when they arrived yesterday on the freighter Schodack.

The Governor Parr, bound from Ingramport, N.S., to Buenos Aires, went down in a hurricane off Nova Scotia last week. Captain Angus Richards and Vincent Bigh, a seaman, perished.

The other six climbed to the mast-head, lashed themselves secure, and resisted storm, hunger and thirst until they were rescued by the Schodack Wednesday night. A cat and dog, the vessel's mascots, also were saved.

Death Claims Five Lives in Funeral Procession

A despatch from Detroit says:—Five men were killed instantly when a southbound Inter-urban Limited struck an automobile in a funeral procession four miles south of Mount Clemens. All were Detroiters. Two were rabbis.

BORN UNDER KING GEORGE THIRD HAMILTON WOMAN DIES AGED 108

Mrs. Emma Brown Had No Secret of Longevity, But Took a Cup of Tea the First Thing Every Morning.

Hamilton, Oct. 7.—Born in England the year of the Battle of Waterloo, Mrs. Emma Brown, believed to have been the oldest person in Canada, died peacefully this morning, aged 108 years and 4 months.

Mrs. Brown lived with her daughter, Mrs. U. Johnson, 83 Oxford street. The latter stated that her mother's longevity could be attributed to no unusual cause, but that it had been her custom to have "a good cup of good tea" the first thing every morning.

Up until a very recent date Mrs. Brown's memory was clear and her faculties were all sound, with the ex-

LEADING HOME BANK OFFICIALS PLACED UNDER ARREST

Report of Curator A. B. Baker Shows the Failure to be an Extremely Bad One—Charges Under Bank Act.

Ten arrests represent the results of the Ontario Government's action upon the anxiously awaited report of Curator A. B. Baker, of the Home Bank, which was made public last week.

The fact disclosed was one of a bad failure. To meet deposits and other liabilities totalling \$15,531,552, there was declared to be available only \$2,687,625 of quick assets, and "special" assets nominally worth \$9,229,997. The prospect held out by the Curator was one of lengthy liquidation and he further stated that the hoped-for arrangement by which an immediate dividend of 25 per cent. was to become possible had not yet been effected.

As a result, then, of a spectacularly rapid round-up by the Provincial police, the following were placed in custody: President H. J. Daly; Vice-President R. P. Gough; Directors C. A. Barnard, K.C., J. F. M. Stewart, Lieut.-Col. Clarence F. Smith, S.

Casey Wood and F. J. B. Russell; Chief Accountant O. G. Smith; Auditor Sydney H. Jones. The general manager at the time of the bank's suspension, Mr. A. E. Calvert, was out of town, but was placed in custody when he arrived back.

The charges upon which the group are held are three, all laid under the Bank Act, viz.:

Against Messrs. Daly, Gough, Calvert and O. G. Smith it is charged that they did "negligently sign a false or deceptive statement respecting the returns of the bank."

Against Messrs. Barnard, Stewart, Russell, Col. C. F. Smith and Wood it is charged that they did "negligently approve or concur in a false or deceptive statement respecting the returns of the bank."

Against Mr. Jones, the auditor, it is charged that he did "negligently prepare a false or deceptive statement respecting the returns of the bank."

Weekly Market Report

TORONTO.

Manitoba wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.08 1/2.

Manitoba oats—No. 2 CW, 52 1/2 c.

Man. Barley—Nominal.

All the above, track, bay ports.

Am. corn—Track, Toronto, No. 2 yellow, \$1.12.

Barley—Nominal.

Buckwheat—No. 2, nominal.

Rye—No. 2, nominal.

Peas—No. 2, nominal.

Millfeed—Del., Montreal freights, bags included: Bran, per ton, \$28.25; shorts, per ton, \$31.25; middlings, \$38.25; good feed flour, \$2.10.

Ontario wheat—No. 2 white, 95c to \$1, outside.

Ontario No. 2 white oats—40 to 44c.

Ontario corn—Nominal.

Ontario flour—Ninety per cent. pat., in jute bags, Montreal, prompt shipment, \$4.90; Toronto basis, \$4.80; bulk, seaboard, \$4.70.

Man. flour—1st pats., in jute sacks, \$6.50 per bbl; 2nd pats., \$6.20.

Hay—Extra No. 2 timothy, per ton, track, Toronto, \$14; No. 2, \$13.50; No. 3, \$12.50; mixed, \$11 to \$12.

Straw—Car lots, per ton, \$9.

Cheese—New, large, 26 to 27c; twins, 27 to 28c; triplets, 28 to 29c; Stiltons, 28 to 29c. Old, large, 33c; twins, 33 1/2 to 34c.

Butter—Finest creamery prints, 39

to 41c; ordinary creamery, 37 to 38c; No. 2, 36 to 37c.

Eggs—Extras in cartons, 44 to 45c; extras, 42 to 43c; firsts, 38 to 39c; seconds, 32 to 33c.

Live poultry—Spring chickens, 4 lbs. and over, 28c; chickens, 3 to 4 lbs., 25c; hens, over 5 lbs., 24c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 22c; do, 3 to 4 lbs., 17c; roosters, 15c; ducklings, over 5 lbs., 22c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 20c; turkeys, young, 10 lbs. and up, 25c.

Beans—Canadian, hand-picked, lb., 7c; primes, 6 1/2 c.

Honey—60-lb. tins, 11 to 12c per lb.; 10-lb. tins, 11 to 12c; 5-lb. tins, 12 to 13c; 2 1/2-lb. tins, 13 to 14c; comb honey, per doz., \$3.75 to \$4; No. 2, \$3.25 to \$3.50.

Smoked meats—Hams, med., 27 to 29c; cooked hams, 40 to 43c; smoked rolls, 22 to 24c; cottage rolls, 23 to 27c; breakfast bacon, 30 to 34c; special brand breakfast bacon, 34 to 38c; backs, boneless, 34 to 40c.

Cured meats—Long clear bacon, 50 to 70 lbs., \$18; 70 to 90 lbs., \$17.50; 90 lbs. and up, \$16.50; lightweight rolls, in barrels, \$36; heavyweight rolls, \$33.

Lard—Pure tierces, 17 to 17 1/2 c; tubs, 17 1/2 to 18c; pails, 18 to 18 1/2 c; prints, 20c. Shortening, tierces, 15 1/2 to 15 3/4 c; tubs, 15 1/2 to 16c; pails, 16 to 16 1/2 c; prints, 18 1/2 to 18 3/4 c.

Heavy steers, choice, \$7.25 to \$7.50; butcher steers, choice, \$6.50 to \$7; do, good, \$6 to \$6.50; do, med., \$5 to \$5.75; do, com., \$3.50 to \$5; butcher heifers, choice, \$6.25 to \$6.75; do, med., \$5 to \$6; do, com., \$3.50 to \$4.50; butcher cows, choice, \$4.25 to \$5; do, med., \$3 to \$4; canners and cutters, \$1.50 to \$2.50; butcher bulls, good, \$4 to \$5; do, com., \$2.50 to \$3.50; feeding steers, good, \$5.50 to \$6.50; do, fair, \$4.50 to \$5.25; stockers, good, \$4.50 to \$5; do, fair, \$3.50 to \$4; milkers and springers, \$80 to \$120; calves, choice, \$11 to 12.50; do, med., \$8 to \$10; do, com., \$4 to \$7; do, grassers, \$3.50 to \$4.50; lambs, choice, \$10.75 to \$11.50; do, bucks, \$9.25 to \$10; do, com., \$8 to \$8.50; sheep, light ewes, good, \$6.50 to \$7.25; do, fat, heavy, \$4 to \$5; do, culls, \$2 to \$2.50; hogs, thick, smooth, F.W., \$9.35; do, F.O.B., \$8.75; do, country points, \$8.50; do, selects, \$10.30.

MONTREAL.

Lambs, good, 70 lbs. and up, \$10.50

do, com., \$8 to \$9.50; veal calves, good, \$8 to \$10; hogs, thick, smooths, and ungraded, \$9.50; select hogs, \$10.25.

Cheese, finest westerns, 23 1/2 to 23 3/4 c; do, finest easterns, 22 3/4 c. Butter, choicest creamery, 36 1/2 c. Eggs, fresh, 42c. Potatoes, per bag, car lots, \$1.10.

NO BAD BLOCKADE AT HEAD OF LAKES

Government Has Grain Movement Well in Hand, Says D'Arcy Scott.

A despatch from Ottawa says:—D'Arcy Scott, chief counsel of the Royal Grain Enquiry Commission, has returned from Winnipeg. Mr. Scott says that the grain is now freely moving to the head of the lakes. About two thousand cars are inspected daily at Winnipeg. There are no indications of any serious blockade at Fort William, and Mr. Scott is satisfied that the Government, through the Board of Grain Commissioners, has the matter well in hand.

Canadian Exhibition Will Tour Belgium

A despatch from Paris says:—The organizers of the Canadian Traveling Exhibition have received an invitation to tour Belgium in the same manner as the tour of France has been conducted. The exhibition may therefore remain in Paris only one week instead of three, returning after the Belgian tour.

In spite of protests raised in one quarter, the exhibition after all will be parked in the Tuileries.



HIS LITTLE GREY HOME IN THE WEST

Alberta was at its loveliest when Lord Renfrew left his ranch last week. The picture shows, below, the flowers growing around the ranch house and above, some of the highly bred sheep imported from Hampshire. The Royal rancher has regained his health in Canada, and his nervousness is gone. The famous smile has also returned.

For the Boys and Girls

A DRAMATIC FLAGGING

BY LOVELL COOMBS.

Since shortly following Jack Orr's appointment to Midway Junction Alex had been "agitating," as he called it, for his friend's transfer to the telegraph force at the division terminal. At length, early in the fall, Alex's efforts bore fruit, and Jack was offered, and accepted, the "night trick" at one of the big yard towers at Exeter. Of course the two chums were now always together. And the day of the big flood that October was no exception to the rule. All afternoon the two boys had wandered up and down the swollen river, watching the brown whirling waters, almost bank high, and the trees, fences, even occasional farm buildings, which swept by from above. When six o'clock came they reluctantly left for supper, and the night's duties.

"Well, what do you think of the river, Ward?" inquired the chief night despatcher as Alex entered the despatching room.

"It looks rather bad, sir, doesn't it? Do you think the bridge is quite safe?"

"Quite. It has been through several worse floods than this. It's as strong as the hills," the despatcher affirmed. Despite the chief's confidence, however, when about 5 o'clock in the morning there came reports of a second cloudburst up the river, he requested Alex to call up Jack, at the yard tower which overlooked the bridge, and ask him to keep them posted.

"Tell him the crest of this new flood will likely reach us in half an hour," he added; "and that by that time, as it is turning colder, there'll probably be a heavy fog on the river."

Twenty-five minutes later Jack suddenly called, and announced, "The new flood's coming! There's a heavy mist, and I can't see, but I can hear it. Can you see it from up there?"

Alex and the chief despatcher moved to one of the western windows, raised it, and in the first gray light of dawn gazed out across the valley below. Instead of the dark waters of the river, and the yellow embankment of the railroad following it, winding away north was a broad blanket of fog, stretching from shore to shore. But distinctly to their ears came a rumble as of thunder.

"It must be a veritable Niagara," remarked the chief with some uneasiness. "I never heard a bove come down like that before."

"Here she comes," clicked Jack from the tower. They stepped back to his instruments.

"Say!"

There was a pause, while the chief and Alex exchanged glances of apprehension, then came quickly, "Something has struck one of the western spans of the bridge and carried it clean away—"

"No—No, it's there yet! But it's all smashed to pieces! Only the upper structure seems to be holding!"

Sharply the despatcher turned to an operator at one of the other wires. "McLaren, Forty-six hasn't passed Norfolk?"

"Yes, sir. Five minutes ago."

A cry broke from the chief, and he ran back to the window. Alex followed, and found him as pale as death.

"What's the matter, Mr. Allen?" he exclaimed.

"Matter? Why Norfolk is the last stop between that train and the bridge! She'll be down here in twenty minutes! And even if we can get someone across the bridge immediately, how can they flag her in that wall of mist?" Hopefully he pointed where on the farther shore the tracks were completely hidden in the blanket of white vapor. "And there's no time to send down torpedoes."

At the thought of the train rushing upon the broken span, and plunging from sight in the whirling flood below, Alex felt the blood draw back from his own face.

"But we will try something! We must try something!" he cried.

At that moment the office door opened and Division Superintendent Cameron appeared. "Good morning, boys," he said genially. "I'm quite an early bird this morning, eh? Came down to meet the wife and children. They're getting in from vacation by Forty-Six."

"Why, Allen, what is the matter?" The chief swayed back against the window-ledge. "One of the bridge spans—has just gone," he responded thickly, "and Forty-Six—passed Norfolk!"

The superintendent stared blankly a moment, started forward, then staggered back into a chair. But in another instant he was on his feet, pallid, but cool. "Well, what are you doing to stop her?" he demanded sharply.

The chief pulled himself together. "It only happened this moment, sir.

The man at the yard tower just reported. One of the western spans was struck by something. Only the upper structure is hanging," he says.

"Can't you send someone over on foot, with a flag, or torpedoes?"

"There's no torpedoes at the bridge house, and there's not time to send them down. As to flagging—look at the mist over the whole valley bottom," said the despatcher, pointing. "Except directly opposite, where the wind between the hills breaks it up at times, the engineer couldn't see three feet ahead of him."

The superintendent gripped his hands convulsively. Suddenly he turned to Alex. "Ward, can't you suggest something?" he appealed. "You have always shown resource in emergencies."

"I have been trying to think of something, sir. But, as the chief says, even if we could get a man across the bridge, what could he do? I was down by the river yesterday morning, and the haze was like a blind wall."

"Couldn't a fire be built on the tracks?"

"Not quickly enough, sir. Everything is soaking wet."

The superintendent strode up and down helplessly. "And of course it had to happen after the Riverside Park station had closed for the season," he said bitterly. "If he had had an operator there we—"

The interruption was a cry from Alex. "I've something! Oil!"

He dashed for the tower wire.

"What? What's that?" cried the superintendent running after.

"Oil on a pile of ties, or anything, sir—providing Orr can get over the bridge," Alex explained hurriedly as he whirled off the letters of Jack's call. The official dropped into the chair beside him.

"I, I, TR," answered Jack.

"OR, have you any oil in the tower?" shot Alex.

"No, but there's some in the lamp-shed just below."

"Look here, could you possibly get across the bridge?"

"I might manage it. There is a rail bicycle in the lamp-house. If the rails are hanging together perhaps I could shoot over with that. Why?"

"Forty-Six is due in twenty minutes, and apparently we have no way of stopping her except through you."

"Why, certainly, I'll risk it," buzzed the sounder. "I suppose the oil is to make a quick blaze to flag her?" Jack added, catching Alex's idea.

"That's it. Make it just this side of the Riverside Park station."

"OK! Here goes!"

"Good luck," sent Alex, with a sudden catch in his throat, as he realized the danger his chum was so cheerfully running. "God help him!" added the superintendent fervently.

Jack, in the distant tower, took little time to think of the danger himself. Catching up a lantern and lighting it, he was quickly out and down the tower steps and running for the nearby shed. Fortunately it was unlocked. Dashing in, he found a large can of oil. Carrying it out to the main-line track, he returned and hurriedly dragged forth the yard lamp-man's rail bicycle—a three-wheeled affair, with the seat and gear of an ordinary bicycle.

Swinging the little car on to the rails, he placed the oil can on the platform between the arms, swung the lantern over the handle-bars, mounted, and was off pedalling with all his might.

As he speedily neared the downgrade of the bridge approach, and the roar of the flood met him in full force, Jack for the first time began to realize the danger of his mission. But with grimly set lips, he refused to think of it, and pedalled ahead determinedly.

He topped the grade, and below him was a solid roof of mist, only the bridge towers showing.

Apprehensively, but without hesitation, he sped downward. The first dampness of the vapor struck him. The next moment he was lost in a blinding wall of white. He could not see the rails.

On he pedalled with bowed head. Suddenly came a roar beneath him. He was over the water.

Jack's occasional views from the tower had shown him where the bridge was shattered; and for some distance he continued ahead at a good speed. Then judging he was nearing the wrecked portion, he slowed down and went on very slowly, peering before him with straining eyes, and listening sharply for a note in the tumult of water below which might tell of the broken timbers and twisted iron.

It came a roar of swirling, choking

and gurgling. Simultaneously there was a trembling of the rails beneath him.

He was on the shattered span.

At a crawl Jack proceeded. The vibration became more violent. On one side the track began to dip. Momentarily Jack hesitated, and paused. At once came a picture of the train rushing toward him, and conquering his fear, he went on.

Suddenly the track swayed violently, then dipped sharply sideways. With a cry Jack sprang off backwards, and threw himself flat on his face on the sleepers. Trembling, deafened by the roar of the cataract just beneath him, he lay afraid to move, believing the swaying structure would give way every instant. But finally the rails steadied, and partly righted; and regaining his courage, Jack rose to his knees, and began working his way forward from tie to tie, pushing the bicycle ahead of him.

Presently the rails became steadier. Cautiously he climbed back into the saddle, and slowly at first, then with quickly increasing speed and rising hope, pushed on. The vibration decreased, the track again became even and firm. Suddenly at last the thunder of the river passed from below him, and he was safely across.

A few yards from the bridge, and still in the mist, Jack peered down to see that the oil can was safe. He caught his breath. Reaching out, he felt about the little platform with his foot.

Yes; it was gone! The tipping of the car had sent it into the river.

As the significance of its loss burst upon him, and he thought of the peril he had come through to no purpose, and Jack sat upright in the saddle, and the tears welled into his eyes.

Promptly, however, came remembrance of the Riverside Park station, a mile ahead of him. Perhaps there was all there!

Clenching his teeth, and bending low over the handle-bars, Jack shot on, determined to fight it out to the finish.

Meantime, at the main office, the entire staff, including the superintendent, the chief despatcher and Alex, were crowded in the western windows, watching, waiting and listening. Shortly after Alex had announced Jack's departure a suppressed shout had greeted the tiny light of his lantern on the bridge approach, and a subdued cheer of good luck had followed him as he had disappeared into the wall of mist.

Then had succeeded a painful silence, while all eyes were fixed anxiously on the spot opposite where a light west wind, blowing down through a cut in the hills, occasionally lifted the blanket of fog and dimly disclosed the river bank and track.

Minute after minute passed, however, and Jack did not reappear. The silence became ominous.

"Surely he should be over by this time, and we should have had a glimpse of his light," said the chief. "Unless—"

An electrifying cry of "There he is!" interrupted him, and all momentarily saw a tiny, twinkling light, and a small dark figure shooting along the distant track.

A moment after the buzz of excited hope as suddenly died. From the north came a long, low-pitched. "Too—oo, too—oo oo oo!"

The train!

"How far up, Allen?"

"Three miles."

The superintendent groaned. "He'll never do it! He'll never do it! She'll be at the bridge in five minutes!"

"No; Broad is careful," declared the chief, referring to the engineer of the coming train. "He won't keep up that speed when he strikes the worst of the fog. There are eight or ten minutes yet."

Again came the long, mellow notes of the big engine, whistling a crossing.

"Who's that?" said Alex suddenly, half turning from the window. The next moment with a cry of "He's at the station! Orr's at the Park station!" he darted to the calling instruments, and shot back an answer. The rest rushed after, and crowded about him.

"I'm at the Park station," whirled the sounder. "I broke in. I lost the oil can on the bridge. There is no oil here. What shall I do?"

As the chief read off the excited words to the superintendent, the official sank limply and hopelessly into a chair.

"But might there not be some there, somewhere? Who would know, Mr. Allen?"

At Alex's words the chief spun about. "McLaren, call Flanagan on the 'phone!" he cried. "Quick!"

The operator sprang to the telephone, and in intense silence the party waited.

He got the number.

"Hello! Is Flanagan there?"

"Say, is there any oil across the river at the Park station?"

"For Heaven's sake, don't ask questions! Is there?"

"Yes; he says there's a half barrel in the shed behind," reported the operator.

Alex's hand shot back to the key. At the first dot he paused.

Through the open window came a whistle, strong and clear.

The chief threw up his hands. Alex himself sank back in his chair, helplessly.

Suddenly he again started forward. "I have it!"

With the sharp words he again grasped the key, and while those about him listened with bated breath he sent like a flash, "Jack, there's a barrel of oil in the shed at the rear. Knock the head in, spill it, and set a match to it."

"Burn the station!"

The chief and the operators gasped, then with one accord set up a shout and darted back for the windows. The superintendent, told of the message, rushed after.

In absolute silence all fixed their eyes on the spot a mile up the river where lay the little summer depot.

Once more came the long-drawn "Too—oo, oo, oo!" for a crossing.

"The next 'I tell,'" said the chief tensely—"for the crossing this side of the station, or—"

It came. It was the crossing.

But the next instant from the mist shot up a lurid flare. From the windows rose a cry. Higher leaped the flames. And suddenly across the quiet morning air came a long series of quick sharp toots. Again they came—then the short, sharp notes for brakes.

And the boys and the flames had won!

The superintendent turned and held out his hand. "Ward, thank you," he said huskily. "Thank you. You are a genuine railroader."

"And—about the station?" queried Alex, a sudden apprehension in his face and voice. For the moment the crisis was past he had realized with dismay that he had issued the unprecedented order for the burning of the station entirely on his own responsibility.

"The station?" The superintendent laughed. "My boy, that was the best part of it. That was the generalship of it. There was no time to ask, only act. The fraction of a second might have lost the train."

"No; that is just why I say you are a genuine railroader—the burning of the station was a piece of the finest kind of railroading!"

"And this reminds me," added the superintendent some minutes later, leading Alex aside and speaking in a lower voice. "We expect to start construction on the Yellow Creek branch in six weeks, and will be wanting an 'advance guard' of three or four heady, resourceful operators with the construction train, or on ahead. Would you like to go? And your friend Orr? There'll be plenty of excitement before we are through."

"I'd like nothing better, sir, or Orr either. I know," declared Alex with immediate interest.

The Touch That Tells.

"Tony's not a bit smart. Somehow, his clothes always look all wrong," said one girl.

"Tony's got no sister to keep him up to scratch," remarked her friend flippantly.

Men may not dress so much for women, as women undoubtedly dress for men; but it is a fact that in homes where there are sisters you find well-dressed brothers.

Of course, men won't own up to it, but you notice it in a hundred little ways. A girl's feminine eye for detail allows her to jog her brother tactfully when his socks and ties are not all they might be. She may never be allowed to purchase the sacred articles; nevertheless, he hears her half-whispered comment on so-and-so's toilet, or such a man's new suit, and ear-marks it for future reference.

One sister I know has good taste in materials, and usually, has her way in the choice of her brother's new suit. And because she is his sister and takes an interest in his welfare, her bargain eye is always on the alert for a good cheap line in new soft shirts or a place where one can get reliable gloves at less than five shillings a pair. Yes, sisters can dress brothers and dress them well.

Another reason for a man's extra smartness where women abound is the fact that he dislikes showing up shabbily in their company. Modern woman is smart and well-groomed; spurred on by her example, man instinctively follows suit.

But the man on his own lacks this subtle feminine aid. Mother is a dear, probably, but a little old-fashioned as regards men's dress, and inclined still to take her standard of male smartness by what father wore twenty years ago.

So there it is. The sisters of this world, and later on, of course, some other brother's sister, do more than their fair share towards seeing that men are well clothed.

Logic.

"Daddy," inquired a young Latin student, "what's the Latin word for cow?"

"Vacca means cow, my son," was the prompt reply.

"How funny! Then I suppose a vacuum is a cow gone dry, isn't it?"



With The BOY SCOUTS

A Story of Scouting—Cont'd.

In a busy Toronto office, reading mail, answering questions, advising worried parents, filing applications or writing letters of counsel, encouragement and congratulation, the staff of the Provincial Headquarters of the Boy Scouts Association, works early and late to give the boys, their parents and the communities the best that the movement affords. Every day they enter the names of boys anxious to join, and send them the literature that tells them how to become Tenderfoot, Second Class, and First Class Scouts.

For it is a very carefully worked out system, psychologically and pedagogically, this Boy Scout movement. That is why it has succeeded and grown where other boys' movements have had only a passing vogue. It grows with the boys' growth. At twelve years old he may join. He learns the history of the Union Jack, commits to memory the Promise and the Scout Law, and learns the Scout knots—a harder task for a lad than seems at first sight. He is admitted as a Tenderfoot.

Growing a little older, he wants to attain a higher rank. His memory is more trained and he can take in the difficult signalling alphabets, and "wig-wag" messages of the Scouts. Then he wants to camp. And must learn to shift for himself. So at first perhaps he crimps the bacon and burns the cocoa and spills the eggs; but in time he even makes the difficult "sp-jacks." The Indians and Pioneer Scouts, he learns, could read tracks and "signs" invisible to untrained eyes, and he studies them out, learning valuable things through fascinating games. He discovers how to tell the north, how to keep dry and warm in the rain and at night, how to use an axe and knife correctly and without accident to himself or others. "First Aid" is more like play, but if an accident comes he will be prepared. Then there's the Dollar in the Bank, his own earnings—the first lesson in thrift—as many an aching back and blistered hand can testify to. But he passes this examination with credit and then finds he has not yet reached the highest goal.

First Class Scouts are more expert in all these lines. They draw maps, swim, learn to judge distance, size, weight and numbers. The trees, birds and stars are yielding their secrets, and the doctors tell them they can bandage a compound fracture as well as they once could a urt finger.

Even a First Class Scout has no temptation to rest on his laurels, for before him stretches the alluring line of "Proficiency Badges." Electricity, Bee Farming, Swimming, Handicraft, Art, Cooking—there are sixty-four, and every talent or hobby has a place. A Scout with two or three of the little emblems on his sleeve is fired with ambition to add to them, slowly but steadily, until with the eighteen he earns a special decoration and is a "First Class All Round Scout." Think of the lines of practical endeavor with whose fundamentals he has become familiar! The work-a-day world, so vague and mysterious to the ordinary boy when he reaches its threshold, is definite and clear to the Scout.

(To be continued).

Irish Railway.

A railway line was being built in Ireland, and to save time it was decided to begin operations simultaneously from either end.

But each contractor favored a different gauge, and neither would give way.

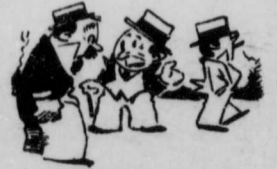
Thus, when the two sets of track met, the result was described as "connecting railways which wouldn't connect at all, at all."

Fooled the Barber.

Barber—"Air's gettin' a bit thin on top, sir."

Customer—"Yes; that's the result of too much Anno Domini, you know."

Barber (after a pause)—"No doubt, sir. Never did think much of these new faugled 'air-restorers. Try a bottle of our own make, sir."



Only the Way He Feels.

"From his manner that man must hold a very important position."

"Well, no—that's only the way he feels about it."

SYMPTOMS OF ANAEMIA

An Inherited Tendency to Anaemia May be Overcome.

Some people have a tendency to become thin-blooded just as others have an inherited tendency to rheumatism, or to nervous disorders. The condition in which the blood becomes so thin that the whole body suffers comes on so gradually and stealthily that anyone with a natural disposition in that direction should watch the symptoms carefully. Bloodlessness, or anaemia, as the medical term is, can be corrected much more easily in the earlier stages than later. It begins with a tired feeling that rest does not overcome, the complexion becomes pale and breathlessness on slight exertion, such as going upstairs, is noticed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a home remedy that has been most successful in the treatment of diseases caused by thin blood. With pure air and wholesome food these blood-making pills afford the correct treatment when the symptoms described are noticed. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine or by mail, post-paid, at 60c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Shoemaker's Kingdom.

He was in his way a king, that miserably poor and helplessly paralyzed old shoemaker who lived in one of the grimiest streets in the squalid East End of London. He could think great thoughts, bright, happy thoughts by means of which he peopled his kingdom, the dark little kitchen in which he sat day in and day out. In London's Underworld, Mr. Thomas Holmes, who for upward of a quarter of a century was a police-court missionary, reports this remarkable conversation, which took place between himself and the cripple:

"It is a very hard life for you sitting month after month on that chair, unable to do anything!"

"It is hard; I do not know what I should do if I could not think."

"But isn't it hard for you to do nothing except think?"

"No! It is my pleasure and occupation."

"What do you think about as you sit here?"

"All sorts of things—what I have read, mostly."

"What have you read?"

"Everything that I could get hold of—novels, poetry, history and travel."

"What novelist do you like best?"

The answer came, prompt and decisive: "Dickens."

"Why?"

"He loved the poor; he shows a greater belief in humanity than Thackeray."

"How do you prove that?"

"Well, take Thackeray's Vanity Fair, it is clever and satirical, but there is only one good character, and he was a fool; but in Dickens you come across character after character that you can't help loving."

"How about poetry; what poets do you like?"

"The minor poets of two hundred years ago. Herrick, Churchill, Shensstone and others."

"Why do you like them?"

"They are so pretty, so easy to understand; you know what they mean. They speak of beauty and flowers and love; their language is tuneful and sweet."

"You have read Shakespeare?"

"Yes, every play, again and again."

"Which do you like best?"

"I like them all, the historical and the imaginative. I have never seen one acted, but to me King Lear is his masterpiece."

As the missionary went out the old shoemaker doubled over farther in his chair, alone with his thoughts, alone with his kingdom.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

The Westwood Oaks.

Where moaned the forest, now the pasture sleeps,
One oak in twenty acres you may find.

The rest went sailing, full a hundred ships,
When the Armada swelled before the wind.

They moulder by hid reef or loud sea-wall;
They bear the weeds, who bore the leaf of old,

Time-rotted and tide-ridden are they all,
Save one in twenty acres of bare wold.

—Eric Chilman.

Classified Advertisements

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES WANTED TO DO PLAIN AND LIGHT sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay, work sent any distance, charges paid. Send stamp for particulars. National Manufacturing Co., Montreal.

SILVER FOXES—NOTES FROM MY DIARY (Booklet). Nine years' experience in ranching foxes. 25 cents. Dr. Randall, Truro, Nova Scotia.

ISSUE No. 41—23.

Preserving Pianists' Art.

To play the player piano properly, taste, musical instinct and considerable practice are necessary. Sufficient justification for the last will be found not only in the increased power and fluency of expression that result, but also in the vast fund of knowledge that is required in the process.

Through a highly sensitive electrical device it is possible for a pianist whilst playing what appears to be an ordinary piano, to cut simultaneously an exact record of his playing upon a paper music roll. The result is an almost uncannily truthful reproduction of the pianist's performance which, after the roll is duplicated, becomes available to every owner of an instrument fitted with the mechanism.

The accuracy with which these instruments reproduce the pianist's own interpretation, the phrasing, the rhythmic peculiarities, the niceties and delicacies of shading is amazing.

It is surely no trifling contribution to culture that the all too fugitive art of the pianist may thus be preserved for the benefit of vast audiences whom he may never see, or, that the music lover of 1923 may enjoy in the seclusion of his home, the playing of the greatest contemporary artists.

GUARD THE BABY AGAINST COLDS

To guard the baby against colds nothing can equal Baby's Own Tablets. The Tablets are a mild laxative that will keep the little one's stomach and bowels working regularly. It is a recognized fact that where the stomach and bowels are in good order that colds will not exist; that the health of the little one will be good and that he will thrive and be happy and good-natured. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



Might Make Them a Visit

Mrs. Newbride—"What is it, John?"

Mr. Newbride (looking up from paper—"I'm uneasy about our foreign relations."

Mrs. Newbride—"Foreign relations—how splendid! Why haven't you told me you had foreign relations, dear? We might manage to visit them some time."

Cigarette Commended.

Dr. Royal S. Copeland, formerly Health Commissioner for the city of New York, states that the cigarette is the most suitable smoke as the tobacco in that form is perfectly consumed, and as combustion is better the nicotine is practically destroyed. Although a non-smoker himself, Dr. Copeland says there can be no doubt that smokers find solace and comfort in the moderate use of tobacco.

A Cat-astrophe.

Aunt—"What became of the kitten you had when I was here before?"

Little Niece (in surprise)—"Why, don't you know?"

"I haven't heard a word. Was she poisoned?"

"No, aunt."

"Drowned?"

"Oh, no."

"Stolen?"

"No, indeed."

"Hurt in any way?"

"No."

"Well, I can't guess. What became of her?"

"She grew into a cat."

MONEY ORDERS.

The safe way to send money by mail is by Dominion Express Money Order.

Around the Bend.

Dead? No, don't speak of him that way!
Don't think of him as dead!
He's only just gone on a piece,
A little way ahead.

He's travelling still the same highway
That he, with us, has trod;
Merely out-distanced us a bit,
Upon the road to God.

Dead? Never with a thought like that!
The smallest moment spend,
He's simply gone beyond our sight;
He's just around the bend!

Ida M. Thomas.

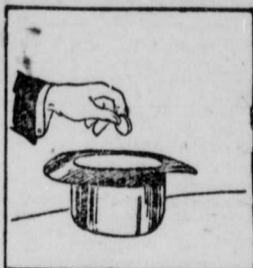
All the Time.

George—"There are two periods in a man's life when he never understands a woman."
Mildred—"Indeed! And when are they?"
"Before he is married and afterwards."

EASY TRICKS

No. 48

By Sense Of Touch



Borrow half a dozen coins. As you borrow each place it on the mantelpiece—if the mantelpiece happens to be stone. A marble top table will serve. Make a little talk about the trick, assuring the company that you use no confederates and that the trick you are about to perform will have the effect, at least, of being real mind reading.

Tell the company that you will leave the room. While you are gone, the coins on the mantelpiece are to be put into a hat. One of the spectators is to select one coin and to mark it with a pin or a penknife. Each person in the party is to hold the coin against his forehead and to fix his mind upon the coin and upon nothing else. When every person has done this, the coin is to be returned to the hat, with the others, and the hat placed on the mantelpiece.

This is done. When you return, you walk directly to the hat, reach in and pick out the coin which the spectators marked.

How is it done? Your little talk had a great deal to do with the trick as it permitted the coins, which lay on the mantelpiece, to become more or less chilled. The selected coin, due to all of the handling it receives, becomes a great deal warmer than the others. When you reach into the hat you distinguish the marked coin, not because of the concentration of minds, but because it was warmer than the others.

(Clip this out and paste it, with other of the series, in a scrapbook.)

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

A doctor observes that a generation that lives on wheels should eat more fruit and fresh vegetables than the generations that walked.

The woman whose work is never done, doesn't have the right kind of a husband. Think that over, husbands.



Get this book! You cannot afford to be without it. It costs you nothing! If you own horses, it can save you hundreds of dollars.

The book—"A treatise on the horse"—is yours for the asking, at your druggist's. The horse and all about him—his diseases—how to recognize them—what to do about them—with chapters on breeding, shoes and shoeing, feeding—and many tried and proven horsemen's remedies.

Ask your druggist for a copy of "A Treatise on the Horse" or write us direct—

Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO.,
Enosburg Falls, Vt. U.S.A.

FREE

SMOKE

in 1/2 lb. tins and 15¢ pkts.

OLD CHUM

The Tobacco of Quality

Manufactured by Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada Limited

No Cause for Alarm.

The telephone bell rang, and the great physician replied in his usual gentle voice. Then he crashed down the receiver.

"Quick! Hand me my bag!" he cried. "A man just telephoned me in a dying voice that he couldn't live without me!"

"Wait!" declared his wife, who had taken up the receiver, "that call is for Edith!"

Good Dogs.

Uncle Eb—"Hank, what did you think o' that Uncle Tom's-Cabin troupe that played at the op'ry house last week?"

Uncle Hank—"I thought the dogs was pretty good; but they hed poor support."

Humane societies have been in existence for over 100 years.

MURINE

Keeps EYES
Clear, Bright and Beautiful

Write Murine Co., Chicago, for Eye-Care Book

CHAPPED HANDS

Minard's eases and heals them. Rub it on before you go out in the wind. A good preventive.

MINARD'S

"KING OF PAIN"

LINIMENT

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies

DOG DISEASES

and How to Feed

Mailed Free to any Address by the Author

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
125 West 21st Street
New York, U.S.A.

MRS. ANDERSON TELLS WOMEN

How Backache and Periodic Pains Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Leslie, Sask.—"For about a year I was troubled with a distressing down-bearing pain before and during the periods, and from terrible headaches and backache. I hated to go to a doctor, and as I knew several women who had taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound with good results, I finally bought some and took four bottles of it. I certainly do recommend it to every woman with troubles like mine. I feel fine now and hope to be able to keep your medicine on hand at all times, as no woman ought to be without it in the house."—Mrs. OSCAR A. ANDERSON, Box 15, Leslie, Sask.

Mrs. Kelsey Adds Her Testimony
Copenhagen, N. Y.—"I read your advertisement in the papers and my husband induced me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to get relief from pains and weakness. I was so weak that I could not walk at times. Now I can do my housework and help my husband out doors, too. I am willing for you to publish this letter if you think it will help others."—Mrs. HERBERT KELSEY, R.F.D., Copenhagen, N. Y.

Sick and ailing women everywhere in the Dominion should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound before they give up hope of recovery.

ASPIRIN

UNLESS you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all



Accept only an "unbroken package" of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions and dose worked out by physicians during 22 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark, registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

Gordon & Son

**CUSTOM
TAILORS**

**PHONE 153
WATERDOWN**

AUCTION SALE

S. Frank Smith & Son have received instructions from the Misses A. and S. Armstrong to sell by Public Auction on the premises, Mill street Waterdown, on

Tuesday, Oct. 16, 1923

the following Household Goods
1 Chesterfield, 5 Upholstered Chairs, 1 Oak Armchair, 2 Small Tables, 1 Cook Stove No. 9, 1 Oak Heater for wood or coal, 1 Kitchen Table, 8 Kitchen Chairs, 1 Rocking Chair, 1 Stretcher, 1 Oak Writing Desk, 2 Double Beds with springs and mattresses, 1 Single Bed with springs and mattress, 2 Chests of Drawers, 3 Washstands, 1 Dining Table, 1 Raymond Sewing Machine, 2 Cupboards, 1 3-burner Coaloil Stove, 1 Electric Iron, 1 Electric Grill, 1 Walnut Cabinet in good repair, Oilcloth on floor, Dishes and Cooking Utensils, Laundry Supplies, Canned Fruit, Garden Tools and other articles.

Sale at 2 p. m. Terms Cash

You Will Find It Here

FOR RENT—Good 7 room house and lot on George street. Apply to Geo. Reid.

FOR SALE—1 Happy Thought Range cheap. Apply to Nelson Zimmerman, Main street.

FOR SALE—Fresh Milch Cow. Apply to Wm. Buttenham, R. R. No. 1, Millgrove. Phone 32 r 4.

HOUSE FOR RENT—Apply to Frank Slater, Waterdown.

FOR SALE—Quebec Heater and pipes. Also Bedroom Suite. Apply to Mrs. Mary Church, John street.

NOTICE

Miss M. T. Keller, Teacher of Piano, will prepare pupils for Conservatory Examinations. Apply to Mrs. Rutledge on Thursday.

FOR SALE—1 Library Table and 2 Chairs in fumed oak with leather seats. Apply to Mrs. H. Slater.

FOR SALE—Little Yorkshire Pigs. Also Coal Feeder in good condition. Apply to Thomas Bowen, Phone 36 r 21.

FOR SALE—2 Congoleum Rugs, 9 x 12 and 9 x 10. Also good Electric light fixture. Apply at Review Office.

FOR SALE—Quantity of Mangolds. Apply to Stanley Hill, Phone 25 r 14.

R. J. VANCE

DENTIST

Phone 105

Mill Street Waterdown

Dr. P. F. METZGER

DENTIST

Phone 177 r 2

Mill Street Waterdown

THE PUBLIC

Will save a large percentage in purchasing their watches from

N. Zimmerman

And also by having him do repairing for them.

Main Street opposit Weaver's

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR DIVORCE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Georgina Myrtle Potts, of the City of Hamilton, in the County of Wentworth, and Province of Ontario, Married Woman, will apply to the Parliament of Canada at the next session thereof for a Bill of Divorce from her husband Thomas Duncan Potts, of the City of Albany, in the State of New York, Manager, on the ground of adultery and desertion.

Dated at Hamilton in the Province of Ontario, this Third day of October A. D. 1923.

T. R. SLOAN
16-17 Sun Life Building, Hamilton, Ont.
Solicitors for Applicant.

VOTERS' LIST, 1923

MUNICIPALITY OF THE
Village of Waterdown

Notice is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in Sec. 9 of the Ontario Voters' List Act, the copies required by said section to be transmitted or delivered of the list made pursuant to said Act of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality, to be entitled to vote in the said municipality at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly and at Municipal Elections; and that the said list was first posted up at my office at Waterdown, on the 5th day of October, 1923, and remains there for inspection.

And I hereby call upon all voters to take immediate proceedings to have any errors or omissions corrected according to law.

J. C. MEDLAR,
Clerk of Said Municipality.

"Mother Williams" of Broadway



(1) "Mother Williams" with her New York friends, and (2) at the Canadian Pacific Windsor Station.

Of course you have visited New York, and if you have been to New York you have been to Times Square; but while you were there did you notice the neat little old lady who was acting as sales agent for the "Billboard" outside the Putnam Building? If not you are not in the show business because everyone in the show business knows "Mother Williams." Likewise the police, for it is known to all of them that "Mother Williams" is on speaking terms with Commissioner Richard Enright, and more than one "cop" indebted to the old lady—she is seventy-two years old—for her intercession with the commissioner on their behalf.

The candles she burns at the "Church of Mother Divine" for her proteges are innumerable. Many a heartsick girl has been stopped by "Mother Williams" and sent on her way with enough money to tide her over until the long-sought-for engagement was secured, and the same is applicable to actors, for on more than one occasion she has been seen to "slip them change." Nor has she cause to regret it, for with her it is always "just a little loan until you sign up." Today she probably knows and is known by more producers and actors than any other woman in the country, for few, if any on Broadway, ever pass without a word of greeting for "Mother Williams" and a "God bless you" from her.

The kind old Irish heart will respond to every tale of suffering for "Mother Williams" knows. Mary Bridget Ann Williams was born in Toronto seventy-two years ago, the daughter of a prominent real estate man. At the age of eight she lost her mother, after whose decease she accompanied her father on a tour of Europe that included a stay in London and a four year visit to London. Returning to Montreal, Miss Williams later became a well-known and successful teacher of music, and



it is with great pride that she points to several of the present day celebrities who received their fundamental training at her hands.

In 1887 Miss Williams found herself alone in the world. The following year she went to New York where she supported herself by her music until advancing age made it impossible to continue as a teacher. From then on, until she became a sales agent for the "Billboard" and was taken under the wing of its proprietor, she did as best she could, but always smiling, and giving, perhaps, more to the world than she received from it.

Recently she took a little journey under the protection of the Canadian Pacific Railway. For two weeks she visited her old friends in Montreal whence she had travelled with the primary object of caring for her father's grave. From there she went to Toronto where her mother's last resting place was ministered to. A wonderful, cheery old lady! Is it a wonder that they call her "Mother Williams" on Broadway?

**Watch Us Grow
There's a Reason**

The Sawell Greenhouses

Protect Your Car

A metal covered Quickset Garage is durable and inexpensive. This style may be seen at A. Featherston's.

Quickset and other styles sold by

W. H. REID

Waterdown

Ontario

**Geo. Dougherty and W. G. Spence
SELL THIS BREAD**



**Bread The
Children Love**

is the kind we bake, because it's so soft, light, white and wholesome. Good for the kiddies, good for grown-ups too. Fine to eat with soup, sandwiches, meats, bread pudding, etc. Try our bread and you will continue,

100 Per Cent Whole Wheat Bread

Sykes Bread Limited

Manufacturers of

"The Loaf Supreme"

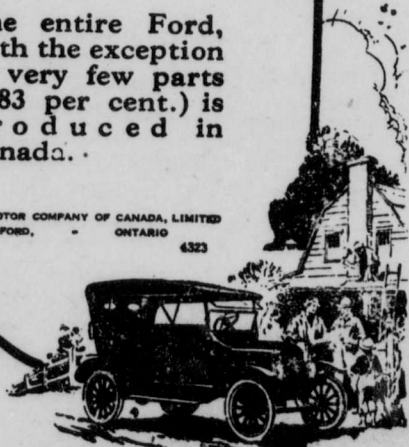
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The entire Ford, with the exception of very few parts (2.83 per cent.) is produced in Canada.

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FORD, ONTARIO 4323



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Ontario**