

The Waterdown Review

THE BIGGEST LITTLE PAPER IN ONTARIO

VOL. 6.

WATERDOWN, ONTARIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1923

NO. 22.

Ford

97 ¹⁷/₁₀₀ %

Made-in-Canada

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

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
FORD, ONTARIO 4323

Thos. E. McKeen, Waterdown Ontario

Attend the East Flamboro Bacon Hog Show at Flamboro Station, Wednesday, October 17th

National Underwear Week October 8th to 13th

Stanfield's Underwear for Men
Is in a Class by Itself

Health Demands

That you wear suitable clothing. The solution of the underwear problem has been found in Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear which is made to fit perfectly, and to allow all natural freedom of movement. We have it in your size and right materials. See our stock of Combinations and Two Piece Suits. You can just feel the quality in Stanfield's.

Comfort in Underwear for Men

Can be enjoyed, despite weather changes, by all those who provide themselves with soft warm easy wearing Stanfield Unshrinkable Underwear.

Stanfield's Underwear Costs a Small Bit

More money at first, but is the cheapest in price of any we know of, because of its faithful wearing qualities.

The wool market today is very strong. The Australian crop is of poor grade and about 40,000,000 lbs. short Alberta wool on a cleaned basis is selling at \$1.00 per pound.

You Will Make No Mistake

In securing your fall and winter requirements this week. It is best to buy what you require at the same time so as to get exactly the same weight. We have a range of heavy and fine all wool in stock.

We know men wearing Stanfield's Red Label garments all last season, washed week after week, and ready for the coming winter better, softer and nicer than when they bought them. Buy Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear at

EAGER'S

THE STORE OF QUALITY GOODS

Waterdown

Ontario

Here and There

Over a thousand million fish eggs of various species were collected by the Fisheries branch of the Department of Marine and Fisheries during 1921.

Inbound ships from the United Kingdom are averaging 4,500 tons of freight for discharge at Vancouver. Outbound they take about 4,000 tons per vessel. Last year the average outward tonnage was practically the same while the inbound was only about one tenth of what it now is.

Announcement has been made that a Government wireless station is to be erected on St. Paul's Island, which stands in the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, off the most north-easterly point of Nova Scotia. Two Government wireless engineers have arrived there and are making arrangements for the erection of the station.

One hundred and forty thousand Canadian school boys have been banded into an army of guards to watch for and prevent forest fires in the Dominion this year, according to an announcement made by the Canadian Forestry Association. The new organization, which is known as the Young Canadians' Forest League, will, it is expected, save several million dollars' worth of timber from fire ravages.

That "prospects for increased immigration into Canada are excellent" was one of the most important statements made by E. W. Beatty, K.C., upon his return from an extended tour of England and European capitals. The president of the Canadian Pacific Railway believes Canada is progressing in the matter of immigration, but intensified efforts are essential, he considers, to offset erroneous impressions abroad that Canada does not require new settlers.

A record run between Winnipeg and Quebec was recently made by a special Canadian Pacific train when passengers from the Orient were, through delay caused by landslide, in danger of missing their connection with the C.P.S.S. "Empress of Scotland" at the eastern port. The train covered the 1,579 miles in a little over 36 hours, whereas the schedule time for trains between these two cities is 53 hours. The passengers had crossed the Pacific on the C.P.S.S. "Empress of Russia" and were taking advantage of the 21 day Orient-to-Europe service of the Company.

The United States has invested in Canada \$2,500,000,000, according to the Bankers' Trust Company of New York, which has just completed a survey of Canadian industry and the amount of United States capital invested. Of the total sum invested, \$1,200,000,000 is in bonds, and the remainder in farms, mortgages, small businesses, industrial enterprises, banking and private loans. It is computed that more than 200 branch factories were opened in Canada by United States concerns in 1919, and a great number in 1920 and 1921, and that late in 1922 the number of these came to 700.

A collie dog is reported to have saved the life of a London West girl, while accompanying the child to a nearby store. On the way she stopped on the C. P. R. railroad tracks in the path of a westbound flier. Realizing the child's peril, the dog threw himself against her with sufficient impact to knock her clear of danger, and was cut to pieces by the train before he could regain safety.

The girl's mother tried to discourage the dog from going when the daughter started for the store, but he went, and was the means of saving the child's life, and died heroically as a result.

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.

NOTICE

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

A Hero of Today

The farmers have all got wise, they know to make a name

They must do something big and grand in order to win fame, So some who live up Millgrove way just got their heads together

And held a meeting in the store to find out just whether,

It would be best to specialize in fruit, or grain, or fowl,

Pete Cummins he got up to speak, (Oh! Pete's a wise old owl);

He suggested growing pumpkins, the kind that can't be got,

The kind that's good for pies and things, and guaranteed from rot.

He held his hearers with his speech, at last the spell was broke,

Cecil Cummins he got to his feet and thus these words he spoke,

"Dear friends we've heard this speech of Pete's, I now will ask a question

Has anyone here a plan to give, or even a suggestion?"

Cliff Markle thought Pete's plan was great and all they would really need

Was lots of patience, and to get the very best of seed.

Charlie Eaton said he was enthused, to think of the renown,

That would be theirs when their pumpkins sold in almost every town.

Then up stood Andrew Carey, he spoke clear and direct,

Of the great wealth that would be theirs, at leastwise he'd expect.

Pat Carey said he knew the fame that would fall on their little Hub

Would be greater than when they belonged to the Millgrove Hunting Club.

And thus it was, each man he gave some plan, or else his views,

And then the subject kinda dropped and they fell to local news.

At last the hour was getting late, they started to go home,

Exceptin' Pete, who stood aside and rubbed or scratched his dome.

When someone asked, "what ails the man, is it his hands or head?"

And Pete who overheard the words looked up and then he said,

"Dear friends, we've laid our plans tonight, but before them I will enter,

I move we give our little burg the name of Pumpkin Centre."

They hailed Pete's words with hearty cheers, a tiger and some more,

For the likes of Pete is hard to beat, they were never here before.

M. P. J.

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.

When cutting in the woodlot, think twenty years ahead.

Bacon Hog Show

A Bacon Hog Show, the first of its kind in this district, will be held at Flamboro Station on Wednesday, October 17th under the auspices of the East Flamboro Agricultural Society and the Bacon Hog Clubs of the Carlisle district. Following is a list of the prizes being offered.

Breeding Classes of Bacon Hogs
Boar and two sows shown by one of the Wentworth Bacon Hog Clubs, 5 prizes, \$75.

Boar any age, 5 prizes, \$45.

Sow 2 years or over, 5 prizes, \$45.

Sow 1 year and under 2 years, 5 prizes, \$45.

Sow over 6 months and under one year, 5 prizes, \$45.

Sow under 6 months, 5 prizes, \$45.

Champion Sow—Ribbon.

Champion Boar—Ribbon.

Market Classes of Bacon Hogs
Load of at least 6 Bacon Hogs, 5 prizes, \$75.

Pair of Bacon Hogs, 5 prizes, \$55.

Progeny of Boar Class
Four Pigs under 6 months, get of one boar, 5 prizes, \$55.

Boys' Bacon Hog Class
To be shown October 8th

Two Hogs fed by members of the Boys' Bacon Hog Club, 9 prizes, \$84.

Wentworth Junior Farmers' Judging Contest

Dairy Cattle—10 a. m. at Mr. Geo. Pearson's, Waterdown, 14 prizes.

Bacon Hogs—14 prizes.

Highest total of any competitor who has not won the Chicago Prize, \$50. Money to be used in paying expenses of winner to International Fat Stock Show at Chicago.

At night a Banquet will be held in the Carlisle Community Hall, and admission will be by Membership ticket.

Locals

After a two months vacation the Review is again doing business at the old stand.

Miss M. T. Keller of Guelph was visiting her sister, Miss Forester, on Sunday.

Mr. Clifford Reid of the Royal Bank staff, Woodstock, is spending a few days at his home here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Drummond spent the week end with relatives at Kincardine and Underwood.

A number from here have secured reservations for the Lloyd George reception in Toronto next week.

The Excelsior Society of the Methodist Church, met Monday evening and organized for the coming winter.

Main street, so we are told, is being paved, and when finished (?) will be quite an improvement to the village.

The Devotional Committee of the Methodist Adult Bible Class will meet Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. Chas. Sharp.

The Misses Armstrong have sold their residence on Mill street to Mr. Ellis Gordon. They intend leaving this month for Pasadena, Calif.

Mr. Bossence and family, who have been spending the summer at their cottage on Dundas street, have moved to their winter residence in Hamilton.

Our watchmaker, Nelson Zimmerman, has just returned after a two weeks visit with his brother, Dr. R. J. Zimmerman, at his summer home at Kawartha Park on Stoney Lake.

When You Try "SALADA"

TEA #478

you will realize the difference
between "Salada" and "just tea."

The City of Cloud.

When I am a-weary of people and towns
And the fret and the worry and woe
Of life at its best, to a little gray rock
In the heart of the meadows I go,
And there in the silence, sequestered
and sweet,
Away from the riotous crowd,
My fanciful spirit slips out of the
flesh
And visits the City of Cloud.

Its domes and its minarets, turrets and
towers
Are silver and mother of pearl,
And white satin banners with fringes
of silk
From its spires in the azure unfurl.
The steep terrace stairs and the ave-
nues broad,
The gates and the palaces proud
Are of pure alabaster and ivory carved
In the glorious City of Cloud.

Only lilies unclose in its gardens and
groves,
Ships snowy sailed float to its piers,
No sound ever shatters the quiet su-
pheme,
No calendar reckons the years;
But at sunrise and sunset its shimmer-
ing roofs
With splendor untold are endowed,
Then a-glimmer with amethysts, rubies
and gold
Is the beautiful City of Cloud.

I meet in the streets all the hopes and
the dreams
That melted alas! into air,
And young Love who died of too ar-
dent a kiss,
And Truth who was slain with a
hair,
And none are unhappy or sick or in
pain,
There are neither a crutch or a
shroud
Or a whip or a weapon or hunger or
tears
In the marvelous City of Cloud.

o eyes that are blind to the beauty
of star
And blossom and billow, behold!
My city enchanted is only a mass
Of cumuli fold upon fold,
But to world beaten hearts like my
own it's the place
Where no shadow of strife is al-
lowed,
And my spirit untrammelled may dance
with the sun
In the wonderful City of Cloud.
—Minna Irving.

Tea and eggs are in the same class.
You insist on fresh eggs, and since tea
deteriorates even more rapidly if ex-
posed to the air, you should insist on
tea sealed like "SALADA" in air-tight
aluminum to keep it fresh. Do not ac-
cept bulk teas of questionable age.

Attachments on a new sled enable a
person to move himself over snow or
ice with movements similar to rowing
a boat.

Universal Portable Bath Tub
with or without instantaneous water heater
attached, permits all bathroom comforts of
a millionaire in the room. No plumbing.
Equally suitable for country or
town home. 30 days' trial. Mod-
erate price. Ask about our indoor
chemical closets.
Universal Metal Products Company
80 Assumption St., Walkerville, Ont.

**EDDY'S
MATCHES**
On the CPR and CNR
—where quality counts—
Eddy matches are
served to patrons
ALWAYS, EVERYWHERE IN CANADA
ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES

Gives you lasting
uplift—Bovril

In a Sunken Ship

Day was just breaking over the
Humber on the morning of August 20,
1907, when a shout of alarm roused
Harry Willey from his sleep. Willey,
writes Mr. John G. Rowe in the Wide
World Magazine, was mate on the
steam trawler Quail of Hull. Besides
him there were on board W. Lewis, the
captain, and J. Nicoline, a deck hand.
Willey rubbed his eyes and looked to-
ward the cabin where the captain was
sleeping. It was Nicoline that had
shouted.

As Willey was flinging off his bed-
clothes there came a terrific crash,
and the trawler heeled over almost on
her beam ends.

The mate pitched headlong out of
his berth. Scrambling madly to his
feet, he rushed into the main cabin
just in time to see the great cutwater
of a steamer protruding through Cap-
tain Lewis's berth. He could see nothing
of the captain himself.

Without waiting to take a second
glance Willey made a dash for the
door of the cabin. Behind him water
was pouring in through the shattered
berth in a mighty flood. Before he
could reach the door, however, the ice-
cold torrent had washed him off his
feet, and in a moment the rising
water was banked high against it. He
struggled in vain to open the door;
the flood had jammed it tight, and tug
and strain as he would it remained
fast shut.

In a few moments, while he was
struggling with the door, the flood in
the cabin rose to his chest. The noise
of its impounding drowned every sound,
and with the fear of death strong upon
him, Willey looked wildly round for
some other means of escape.

By that time the bow of the other
vessel had disappeared from the shat-
tered berth and the water was cascad-
ing through the gaping rent. There
was no hope that way! To add to the
horror of the situation he felt the
stricken trawler settling down,—sink-
ing,—and he literally trapped like a
rat! While he stared wildly round the
swirling tide once more swept him off
his feet; he swam to the table and
got upon it, only to be almost thrown
off by the drunken rolling of the traw-
ler as she foundered. Managing to
stand upright, the mate grasped the
coming of the iron skylight above his
head and in that way kept himself
erect.

Unhappily for him—or perhaps for-
tunately—the skylight was closed and
fastened, and he found that he could
not possibly break through it. All the
while the water was rising rapidly
round him. Soon it was up to his arm-
pits; and it continued to rise as the
trawler sank lower and lower. He put
his head up inside the skylight and
beat frantically upon it. He shouted
for help till he was hoarse.

Presently the water rose to his chin,
and he was obliged to stand on his
toes in order to breathe. Then, to his
immense relief, he felt a dull shock;
the trawler had struck bottom! At
the same time she fell over, and with
a mighty surge the flood within her
cabin went rushing to the lower side.
The shifting water almost carried the
mate off the slanting table, and the
wash, surging over his mouth and
nose, choked him. Desperate, he drew
himself still higher, and standing on

tiptoe, bent his head back inside the
skylight and pressed his baggard face
almost against the top of it.

Gradually as the water washed to
and fro it found its level, and the
mate's hopes rose; at least the flood
was not getting any higher, and the
skylight still afforded a few cubic
inches of breathing space. But for
how long would the air last? Mean-
while, what had actually happened out-
side? The Wilson Liner Dynamo, out-
ward bound from Hull for Antwerp,
had run into the Quail and had sunk
her.

Captain Lewis had been killed in his
berth; the cutwater of the liner had
struck him as it burst through the
trawler's side. Nicoline was never
heard of again after his ringing cry
that had awakened Willey; probably he
had been swept away and drowned as
the trawler sank beneath him.

The Dynamo had promptly reversed
her engines and, stopping, had launch-
ed her boats, which cruised round the
spot where the trawler had gone down.
But they could find no survivors, and
they soon started back to the liner.

Some time later Harry Willey, im-
prisoned within the cabin of the sunken
wreck, up to his chin in water and
straining on tiptoe to keep his mouth
above it, suddenly discovered to his
unspeakable joy and astonishment
that the water round him was sinking!
He could hardly credit the fact at first
and thought that his imagination was
playing him a trick. But when the
water dropped to his shoulders and he
found that he could safely lower him-
self to his heels he became almost
wild with delight.

Still lower the water sank until it
was only to his chest. Then he real-
ized the reason and with a deep sigh
of thankfulness knew that it was only
a matter of time for the flood to re-
cede sufficiently to allow him to get
out of his living tomb.

The Quail had not sunk in deep
water; she was resting on the bottom,
and the tide was ebbing. That circum-
stance explained the seeming miracle.

Again hopeful, Willey waited until
what patience he could muster until
the water was at his ankles and the
top of the table showed above the
flood. Then he sprang down and, wad-
ing to the door, made another attempt
to force it. He got it open two or
three inches and allowed some of the
water to rush out; the next instant it
swung all the way open so suddenly
that the flood carried him out with it.
Utterly exhausted, he had just enough
strength left to crawl up the com-
panion ladder to the upper deck, where
he collapsed.

The Dynamo was lying by the wreck
in order to send her boats to examine
it when the tide had ebbed. How great
was the amazement of those aboard
the liner to see a man suddenly emerg-
ing from the lately submerged vessel
can well be imagined. A boat was at
once sent to the wreck, the upper part
of which was now standing high out of
water and rapidly drying in the warm,
bright sunlight.

Clambering aboard, the boat's crew
picked up the exhausted Willey and
took him off to the Dynamo, where he
soon was able to tell of his marvel-
ous escape. The body of Captain
Lewis was subsequently recovered from
the shattered wreck.

PATCHING NEW GARMENTS.

Patching new garments sounds
drastic, but is much easier and more
inspiring than working on old ones
that are faded and out of shape.
Patches, like the nose, on the face,
have a habit of coming in the same
places. So it is a simple matter to
put them on after a new garment has
been shrunk, or, if made at home,
after it has been finished. In the lat-
ter case some of the material can be
used, but if clothes are ready-made
some similar material will do just as
well.

The tail of an old shirt is often good
enough to be cut into patches for the
elbows or pieces large enough to come
down over the shoulder blades in the
back. Cut the patches round for the
elbows and pin or baste into place. Do
not turn in the edges. Catch-stitch
the patch to the sleeve very lightly.
When putting in double backs shape
the patch like the top of the shirt, pin
into place, turn in the edges and hem
to sleeves, shoulder and collar seams.
Overcast the lower edge and tack to
the shirt in several places so as to
hold it in place. Knees and seats of
new trousers will be much slower to
come through if re-enforced in this
way while new. Underwear and pa-
jamas will need almost no attention
in later life when they are patched
before showing too much wear. You
can avoid the wear of trousers when you
show a patch on the knee by
outdistance the family patching.

Once a month remove the rear
wheel's and wash the brake lining in
kerosene. This removes all oil and
grease which, if present, takes the
bite out of the brakes. Never oil
brake lining.

The Little Things.

He came a little sooner
Than the other fellow did,
And stayed a little longer
Than the other fellow would.
He worked a little harder
And he talked a little less,
He was never really hurried,
And he showed but little stress,
For every little movement
His efficiency expressed.
He saved a little money
In a hundred little ways,
And banked a little extra
When he got a little raise.
Of course, it's little wonder that
He murmurs with a smile,
As his dividends come regular,
"Are the little things worth while?"

Spiritualist Sunday Schools.

Spiritualistic Sunday schools are
making a certain amount of progress
in England. About 13,000 attend such
services. Efforts are being made to
influence some of them to become
mediums. This has resulted in power-
ful attacks backed by well known per-
sons.

From Cupid's Factory.

The young bride and groom have
started on their wedding trip in a
veritable ecstasy.
"Never heard of the car. Who
makes it?"

Nearly all the true crows, as well
as many of their near relatives, will
pick up more or less of human speech
in captivity; and it is sometimes hard
to believe that the slyness with which
they invest their remarks, their apt-
ness and intonation, are altogether
accidental.

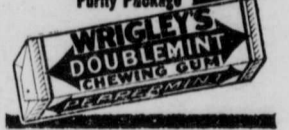
WRIGLEYS



Take it home to
the kids
Have a pocket in
your pocket for an
ever-ready treat.

After
Every
Meal

A delicious confection
and an aid to
the teeth, appetite,
digestion.



Jockeying the Master of Horse.

Queen Victoria figures in an enter-
taining story that the Marquise de
Fontenoy tells in a New York news-
paper. The queen disliked her Master
of Horse, a former Earl of Albemarle,
whose appointment to office he mini-
stry had forced upon her. The earl
therefore took a malicious pleasure in
asserting his prerogative to ride with
her in the state carriage on all official
occasions. The queen complained to
the Duke of Wellington, who was then
her adviser.

The Iron Duke, says the Marquise,
extricated her from the difficulty in
an amusing and characteristic man-
ner. In a letter, which is still in ex-
istence, he pointed out to the queen
that, although Lord Albemarle as Master
of Horse had an undoubted right
to ride in the royal carriage on all
state occasions, there was no law,
written or unwritten, that specified
the place he was to occupy. It was
quite within Her Majesty's power to
assign him a place on the footboard
behind or alongside the footmen or,
if a semistate carriage were used, in
the rumble.

Accordingly the Earl of Albemarle
received a warning in the name of the
queen that, if he insisted on asserting
his prerogative of riding with her, he
would have to take his place with the
footmen. The result was that Queen
Victoria was never again troubled
about the matter.

Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

The great Confucius, Chinese moral-
ist and philosopher, was born 551 B.C.
He lived to be 78 years of age.

Toronto Bond Exchange Limited

DOMINION BANK BLDG., TORONTO

ATTENTION

1923 VICTORY BONDS

may now be exchanged for

Dominion of Canada 5% Bonds

under the following conditions:

Holders may clip and retain interest
coupons due Nov. 1st, 1923 and send
their bonds to be exchanged for the
same par value of DOMINION OF
CANADA 5% Bonds maturing in 5 or
20 years.

In exchanging for DOMINION OF
CANADA 5% Bonds due 1923 they will
receive the following amounts in cash,
in addition to the same par value of
DOMINION OF CANADA Bonds on
each:

\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 1.00
\$500 "	" " 5.00
\$1,000 "	" " 10.00

In exchanging for DOMINION OF
CANADA 5% Bonds due 1943 they will
receive the same par value of DOMINION
OF CANADA 5% Bonds in addition to
a cash payment of:

\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 1.75
\$500 "	" " 8.75
\$1,000 "	" " 17.50

For bonds from which the Nov. 1st
coupon has not been clipped the cash
balance will be as follows:

For 1928 Bonds.	
\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 3.75
\$500 "	" " 18.75
\$1,000 "	" " 37.50

For 1943 Bonds.	
\$100 Bond	Cash \$ 4.50
\$500 "	" " 22.50
\$1,000 "	" " 45.00

Forward your bonds by REGISTERED
MAIL to the Toronto Bond Exchange
Limited, Dominion Bank Bldg., Toronto.

State plainly the maturity of DOMINION
OF CANADA BONDS you wish—
1928 or 1943
Receipts will be sent in order of accept-
ance.

ISSUE No. 40—23.

Cold Weather Tips for Tractor Drivers

By Russell Adams

The season of the year is fast approaching when the tractor driver should be excused if he is inclined to use strong language while trying to get a balky engine to start.

Hard starting in cold weather has always been a chronic disease in internal combustion engines. In the early days of the gas engine era we had superfine gasoline, but the engine were so crude that they were difficult to start anyway. To-day we have splendid engines, but our gasoline has so deteriorated that starting troubles are, if anything, more prevalent than in days gone by.

This situation has led to the invention of many devices designed to overcome this reluctance on the part of a cold engine to get up and get after the first turnover, but many of us do not have an opportunity to investigate the merits of these devices, and many times they are not adapted to the older model machines.

Having had considerable experience with many makes of gas and oil engines it is needless to say that I have had my share of trouble in getting some of them started on a cold day, or a warm day either, for that matter.

Undoubtedly one of the best methods of getting an easy start on a cold morning is to fill the cooling system with hot water, and while the hot water is taking the chill out of the cold engine it is an excellent idea to prime each cylinder with about a teaspoonful of high-test gasoline. But, if that can not be obtained, the next best thing is commercial benzine, which can be had from almost any drugist.

While operating an engine which was very bad to get started on a cold morning, I made a little discovery which may be of benefit to you some day, so I am passing it along:

I secured a small metal container—a shaving-soap box, in fact—in which I drilled six or eight three-sixteenth-inch holes. In a small wad of wet

cotton waste I placed three or four pieces of calcium carbide the size of a pea; the wet waste, with the carbide in the centre, was then put in the container and the container placed in the air intake of the engine mixer. As carbide gas is a very explosive mixture it was seldom that I failed to get a shot on first turnover of crank.

I have used this method many times, and on different makes of machines, with satisfactory results. I have seen practically the same method used by other operators, the only difference being that they used ether on dry cotton waste, which was placed in metal container and the gas introduced to cylinders by the air intake. I have seen operators use a blow torch with flame directed against intake manifold until it was almost red hot; but there is a little too much danger attached to that plan to please me.

Present-day gasoline shows a marked tendency toward condensation, even after it has passed the air spray of the carburetor or mixer. Hence it is necessary to use considerable heat to minimize this fault, and it is very often the case that our troubles do not end with getting the engine started. Low-test fuels require constant heat until the gas is consumed, and in very cold weather the intake manifold may remain cool enough that condensation will continue all day long; and if this be the case much of the unburned fuel will be forced past the cylinder rings down into the lubricating oil where it can do untold damage to pistons, cylinders and crankshaft bearings.

The remedy is obvious—more heat at intake manifold. Surrounding the manifold with an asbestos or sheet-iron jacket. Many of the new models of tractors are supplied with a so-called "manifold stove," a simple contrivance made of sheet iron equipped with a damper which allows the operator to introduce cold air after the manifold is sufficiently heated.

Poultry

Small wooden tables can be made of short pieces of two by four and scrap lumber. If they are only six inches above the level of the litter they will help in keeping the litter out of the sour milk dishes. Water pails placed in wooden store boxes just a little larger than the diameter of the pails will remain upright even when the hens roost on the edge.

Mash hoppers with narrow throats often clog and it becomes a daily job to poke the mash down with a stick. This can be avoided by slightly enlarging the throat by removing the lower front board and by placing a curved piece of galvanized at the back of the hopper. The mash will slide down more easily over the smooth metal surface.

There is no time the poultry keeper cannot find work. But spring is the busiest season of all, as hatching and brooding about doubles the regular work. So it pays to build colony houses and brood coops in the fall whenever it is possible. Every hour spent on such work in the fall gives you an extra hour to do other work in the spring. And too often the equipment you need next spring that is not built this fall you will not be able to build next spring.

Laying houses should be finished as early as possible as they are somewhat damp when first completed. It is safer to keep the pullets out until dry sunny fall days have taken out a lot of the moisture. When houses are built late in the fall it is difficult to do a good job if the lumber is constantly being soaked by fall rains. If you build with wet lumber many cracks are apt to appear when the hot sun begins to dry the boards.

For Your Fuel Barrel.

This is a very good way to handle the farm fuel barrel. The barrel is always upright for easy filling by the oil man and to prevent any accidental leakage. When some fuel is wanted the barrel is easily tipped, with just enough clearance between the ground and the spigot for the average oil can.

Two short posts are set firmly in the ground with a distance between their tops two or three inches more than the diameter of the barrel. Enough light strap iron about four inches wide is secured to go around the barrel and be securely clamped to it by a bolt through the turned-out ends. After the clamp is made, two holes are drilled through it, spaced diametrically opposite, to admit the hanger bolts, which should be three-quarters of an inch in diameter or larger, and long enough to go through the posts in holes bored for them. When the device is assembled the barrel is clamped in and ready for service. Care should be taken to have the clamp slightly above the centre of the barrel, so that it will stay right end up when full. There is no danger of its tipping by itself at other times, as the partially filled barrel will be held upright by gravity.

Safety First for Trees.

The other day as we drove into a farmyard to replenish the water supply in Lizzie's radiator, we noticed a tree guard that was the embodiment of a rather clever idea.

The tree surrounded by the above mentioned protection stood at the corner of the drive where it turned in from the highway. The danger of damage was both imminent and constant. An old cultivator wheel of solid-iron construction was taken to the anvil and each spoke was cut in two at the hub, thus allowing the hub to fall out.

Each spoke was then bent down so that when the rim was horizontal, each spoke stood in a vertical position. This was then slipped over the tree, and the spokes driven into the ground by tapping various points on the rim with a mallet. The rim may be cut in two with a hacksaw or hammer and chisel after five or six years, at which stage the tree will be able to defend itself. Just another use for some discarded part.—D. R. V.

Winter Flowers.

If you want to brighten your windows this winter at a small expense, pot up some of your brightest annuals. You can pot petunias, verbenas, portulacae, and almost any of the free bloomers that you like, and many of them will produce flowers indoors in winter, both larger and finer in color than they produce outside. I have grown snapdragons with much finer spikes than I ever saw in the garden. Sweet alyssum seems to like house culture, for the spikes are heavier, and rose moss has larger and more double blooms. Before potting any of these, cut them back severely. Give a rich soil and large pots and keep moist, and you will be surprised at the results; not many regular house plants will be prettier. Sometimes I root cuttings rather than take up the old plants; they will bloom as well and make smaller plants.—Agnes Hiley.

For Home and Country

News From the Ontario Women's Institutes.

An interesting item in the year's events of Tehkummah Institute on Manitoulin Island is that the Institute presented the twin babies born to one of their members with a pair of crib blankets, and to triplets which came to another home the Institute gave a silver cup. This Institute is taking care of the cemetery and assisting the school.

Barrie Island Institute in Manitoulin provides hot lunch supplies for the school, including milk. They gave prizes at the school fair, assisted the community church and contributed this year to the Children's Shelter, Northern Fire Relief and to the Free Hospital for Consumptives. This Institute is very much pleased with the travelling library.

Dorchester Institute has presented the school with wash-basins, paper towels and a number of good pictures. They are contributing to the London Memorial Hospital. Practically all the Institutes of Middlesex county are assisting with the London Memorial Hospital.

Vernon Institute this year raised nearly \$450 through concerts and socials. A considerable amount of this went to pay for a piano. A generous supply of clothing was sent to the

Northern Ontario fire sufferers. One of this Institute's good community ventures was to organize a community singing class last winter under the direction of a local leader. The Institute also presented the school with flowers and shrubs for the grounds and window boxes. Window shades were also given to the school.

Clinton Institute has placed a gramophone in their school. They are furnishing a room in the local hospital and are spending \$800 on the improvement of their cemetery.

Blythe Institute has introduced a hot lunch in two schools. This Institute has contributed generously to the payment for their community hall. Since the hall has been established the young people of the community have been very successful in putting on plays.

St. Helen's Institute in West Huron has provided basins and towels for the schools and a couch for the teacher's room. They are buying a piano and lamps for the community hall.

Savern Institute is building up a splendid Institute library. This Institute is carrying on a sewing class and story hour for the girls and assisting the boys' baseball teams by getting a man to coach them and by providing them with lunch occasionally.

"FIRE BLIGHT."

Bacterial Blight of Apple, Pear and Quince Trees.

"Fire Blight," a most destructive bacterial disease of apple, pear and quince trees, is very prevalent this season in many parts of Ontario, particularly in apple trees. We have received quite a number of blighted apple twigs for identification of the trouble and advice on the same, and have observed trees badly affected in many places, so says Professor D. H. Jones, Professor of Bacteriology at the Ontario Agricultural College.

Trees affected with this disease frequently present the appearance of having been scorched by fire, hence the common name "Fire Blight." The leaves will become a reddish brown and shrivel up and the blossom on young fruit will turn brown and die and mummify. In some trees a few twigs only may be affected, in other cases practically every twig will be killed off.

Trees that are affected in this way in the early part of the season are either hold-over cases of the blight from the previous season or have been freshly inoculated through the blossom with the bacteria that cause the disease, by bees or other blossom visiting insects that have previously become contaminated by visiting trees that are hold-over cases from the previous season.

When a contaminated bee or other insect visits a blossom for nectar or pollen, it leaves behind it some of the bacteria that cause the disease, and these multiply in the nectaries and pass on down the blossom pedicel into the bark of the fruit spur where they produce a canker and kill the spur with other blossoms on it, then continue their progress within the bark of the twig, causing canker and death as they go. The leaves of the twig then shrivel up, turn brown and die, giving the characteristic fire-blighted appearance to the tree.

If the blighted twigs are allowed to stay on the tree throughout the season the disease will continue to work on down the twigs sometimes rapidly and sometimes slowly, until eventually it reaches the bark of the larger limbs, or the trunk of the tree, where it becomes apparent as a canker. In cases where the disease does not reach the bark of the thicker branches or trunk before fall there is a tendency for the disease to die out during the winter. But where it gets established as blight canker in the bark of the branches and trunk the probability is that it will live over the winter in a dormant condition and begin to extend itself the following spring when the sap flow commences. This in time brings about the death of the larger limbs and trunk as the blight canker spreads in the bark. We have known young trees to be killed out in one year with this disease, though older trees will sometimes live for years with the canker slowly developing until finally the tree either dies or has to be removed for not giving a paying crop.

During mid-season other insects as aphids, hoppers and borers are common carriers of the disease from infested twigs to healthy twigs, either on the same or neighboring trees. In this way young suckers and water-sprouts get infested, and, as in the case of the blossom-infected twig, the disease will pass on down the bark of the sucker or water-sprout until it reaches the trunk or large limb where a canker is produced leading to death of the affected part.

Where the disease is active during the growing season there is frequently

a gummy brown exudate oozing out from the cankers. This exudate contains the causal bacteria in immense numbers. During rain storms this exudate may be splashed to other parts of the tree, thus leading to fresh infections.

To control and stamp out this disease it is essential to cut out all affected portions of the tree. In doing this, care should be taken to cut well below the visibly affected portion, four to six inches, if possible, as the bacteria are usually well advanced beyond the cankered area in the bark. The saw, knife, or shears used should be swabbed after each cut with a good disinfectant, e.g., corrosive sublimate 1-1000, formalin, or five per cent. carbolic acid. If the canker is in the trunk or larger limbs the affected part should be removed by cutting well around the canker, two or three inches at least beyond the visible extent of the canker. The wound should then be swabbed with the disinfectant and then painted over.

The best time to cut out the disease is the first time it is seen, as each infection, so long as it is allowed to stay, is a centre for continued spreading of the trouble. All material cut away should be carefully gathered and burned.



Rainy Day Work.

"Oh! what can I do
This long, rainy day?"
Cried Polly, "I'm tired
Of nothing but play!"

"Come give me a drink,"
Chirped yellow-bill Dick.
Polly stared at him, laughing,
Then brought it real quick.

She looked all around
With bright, searching eyes
Then ran to rock Brother,
Hushing his cries.

"I guess there is plenty
To do, if one wishes."
Polly nodded and ran
To help Mother with dishes.
—M. M. Garrison.

Feeding Screenings Brings Weeds.

If you buy screenings for the chickens it does not pay to feed them over a large area that may be used for gardening. The screenings may bring you the finest collection of variegated weeds that your garden has ever grown. It also pays to use precautions in the scratch feed that is scattered on the range for young stock. If the mixture contains weed seeds a lot of the weeds may be left on the range to cause future work of eradication.—G. R.

Growing Children Need Much Sleep.

Children at the age of four years need twelve hours sleep a day. At the age of five, eleven hours seems to be sufficient. From the age of eight to eleven, when children are doing active school work, they need from ten to eleven hours sleep; and at twelve to fourteen years, nine to ten hours sleep. Children grow mainly while sleeping and resting, and if they are to develop strong husky bodies they must have plenty of rest and sleep.

Forget that you need exercise when planning the dairy barn. Cut out every step you can.

Hogs

The handiest thing we have around the hog end of our farm is a bottomless hog crate. The one we have is four feet long, thirty-two inches wide by thirty-eight inches high, has an ordinary "slip" door in one end. In making the crate let a board extend about eight inches on both sides and on each end of the crate. These make convenient handles. When mistress hog refuses to enter the crate just slip it over the top of her, and there you have the most stubborn hog in the crate without the loss of any valuable time and patience. Now, with the aid of a couple of planks you can load and unload the heaviest hog without any heavy lifting. If "piggy" does not like to walk the straight and narrow path forward, why just turn them around and, hog-fashion, they will always go backward.

After the cattle and hogs are loaded it is well to tie the crate fast to the wagon box.—Ray R. Hudson.

A Barn Dance.

October is a good time for a joyous, rollicking barn dance, and if you have not a big, clean barn whose floor is fit to dance on, then deck the hall where you hold your dances: as you would for an old-fashioned barn dance. You can cover the walls with the gorgeous-tinted autumn foliage to make a riot of color; sheaves of wheat stacked in corners will hide bare walls; cat-tails make most effective decorations and you have the whole countryside to draw on for masses of bloom and autumn foliage.

You might send out invitations on pieces of brown wrapping paper to carry out the idea of formality and if you wish guests to come in costume, so much more fun. Serve refreshments on an improvised table of long boards set at one end of the room and let the guests help themselves to the big plates of sandwiches, doughnuts, cake. Have lemonade or cider to drink. Cover the table with yellow-crepe paper. Use hollowed-out pumpkins for serving dishes and lanterns.

Interpolate the dances with old-fashioned games. For one dance you might have sparklers. They are harmless and lots of fun and you can get ten for 5 cents.

Make it a real "mixer" to get all of the young people in your community acquainted. If there are strangers at the party try this by way of breaking the ice.

Have each person write his name on a piece of paper and pin it in some conspicuous place on him during the evening. Then by way of starting festivities, have the boys and girls form separate circles; start the music, the girls whirl around in a circle inside, the boys outside. When the music stops suddenly, the boy and girl standing nearest together must talk very, very fast for a few minutes.

There are bees in some parts of the world whose honey is poisonous.

Phosphates Essential for Fall Wheat.

The Department of Chemistry, Ontario Agricultural College, during the past year carried on experiments in eight counties to show the effect of lime and phosphates on fall wheat seeded with clover.

From observation during the growing season and from yields the following points are noted:

1. Phosphates gave an increased yield in every case, averaging fifty per cent.

2. The catch of clover was wonderfully improved by the phosphates.

3. Size and quality of grain was increased, as well as yield, by phosphates.

4. The cost of 400 lbs. of acid phosphate per acre was more than covered, leaving a substantial profit in every case.

5. It is estimated that approximately half of the phosphate remains in the soil for succeeding crops.

6. Liming makes little difference to the growth and yield of fall wheat. Its effect will undoubtedly be seen on the stand of clover the following year.

The results of these experiments may be seen at the College exhibit at Toronto, London, Simcoe and Welland exhibitions, illustrated by photographs and the actual grain grown.

Farmers are well advised to apply acid phosphate (superphosphate) to their fall wheat this year at from two hundred to four hundred pounds per acre.

Horse Senses

See that your stable has—
Plenty of fresh air, but no draughts.
Good light.

No fumes from manure pit and drains clear and clean.

Stalls not boarded up, but grating in the upper part.

Drying room for wet blankets, and dry, warm blankets used for horses if wet and cold.

Stable quiet at night and on Sundays.

Blanketing the Perennials.

The other day a farmer, who is always doing things on time, was drawing straw manure upon his strawberry plants, the shrubby beds about the house and also on the flower borders.

By taking pains to use manure clean of weed seed, he has found little trouble from weeds the following year. The plants, however, respond promptly in the spring. This, he thought, was due both to the protection afforded the plants during the temperature changes of the winter and spring, and also to the addition of readily available plant food at a time when it is needed to start growth promptly.

Some men don't realize what good cake makers their wives are till they eat some cake at a church ice cream social.

About the House

TELLING CHILDREN STORIES.

What sort of bed-time stories do you tell to your children; and what sort of an impression do they make on the little tots? Do you sometimes wonder why the longer you tell your little son or daughter stories the wider awake they become? If this is the case, you may be sure that there is a very good reason for it. What kind of stories do your children ask for? One is safe in assuming that if the child is acquainted with Little Red Riding Hood, Jack the Giant Killer, etc., that they are his favorite stories. But have you allowed the child to become acquainted with these characters of story-lore?

A friend once complained to me that the longer she told her little daughter "good-night" stories the wider awake she became. "The more stories I tell her, the more she wants," the mother complained. "She wants tales of ogres and giants and Indians, and she won't go to sleep without them—and she can't go to sleep with them, sometimes 'till ten o'clock. And she gets so nervous that she often cries out in her sleep."

Although a woman of unusual intelligence, she did not seem to realize that it was the sort of stories she told to her little daughter that caused the sleeplessness. Suppose that she had told the child stories of a soothing nature? You know there are stories of that sort—stories that have a repetition of soft, drowsy sounds that naturally have the effect of producing sleepiness. Or, if she preferred, she might have told the little one stories that, even though they did not have the effect of producing sleepiness, may be told at bedtime, with perfect safety. In fact, any story that does not contain the least element of fear may be safely told. But if a mother desires that her child shall sleep well, she should never tell him, or allow him to be told, stories that frighten him. Such stories are also poor brain-developers.

Only a few evenings ago our little brother, seven years old, began after he had been put to bed, to tell the story that his teacher had read to his class in school that day. It was hard to get him interested in any other story. The "teacher's story" had made such an impression on him that it seemed he could not get it out of his mind. I did not get much meaning from his rather incoherent version, but I know the story was full of headings, giants and ogres, and that it was not fit for any child's mind. It was with difficulty that I interested the child in a simple little nature story.

Perhaps the child's teacher is not to blame as she is only a girl and this is her first school. Anyway, our little brother took some stories to school with him the next day—just such stories as he is used to having told and read to him—and the teacher seemed pleased to get them, and to prove it, read them aloud to the class. And as a result brother did not have any difficulty in keeping his mind on his own good-night story when he went to bed. His little mind was not full of horrible, fear-instilling thoughts, and by the time my story was finished, he was ready to go to sleep.

HANGING-BASKET PLANTS.

Hanging-basket plants, I have learned, must be hardy and not easily injured by heat or temporary neglect. The air up where they are is likely to be much hotter than the normal living-room temperature, and, being above the level of the eyes, they are likely to be neglected. Drying out fast, they need more watering than pots below, and usually get less.

The Bermuda buttercup oxalis has been about the best blooming hanging-basket plant I have ever grown. Both foliage and flowers have long stems, and droop down over the sides as they mature. One or two bulbs will make a fine basket. A large fleshy root stores moisture, which makes it drought-resistant. This is the case also with *Asparagus sprengeri* another excellent basket plant with beautiful feathery foliage but no worth-while bloom. Wandering Jew and weeping lantana are trailing plants often used, but sicker of the above I have found to be better.—A. H.

THEIR GREATEST LABOR SAVERS.

When a certain farm woman figured that she was traveling 114 miles a year, bringing water from her back porch into the kitchen, it did not take her long to persuade the men-folks to pipe the water into the house. Facts are stubborn and sometimes startling, and often the simplest changes spell the difference between drudgery and pleasure in doing housework.

"What is the greatest labor saver in your home?" was the question asked

at a home-improvement meeting the other day.

Electric lights, electric iron, and electric washer of course came in for their due share of praise; but many of the things mentioned were within the limits of even the slenderest pocketbook, and some of these things require no outlay of money whatever, only a little thought and ingenuity.

"A high stool in the kitchen," said one woman.

"Hooks to hang utensils where they are needed," said another.

"A chamois skin for washing windows and mirrors," volunteered a third.

Other things found helpful were drop shelves to supply extra room, wire dish cloth, dustless dust mop, oil cloth on shelves, traveling table, and oil stove.

Just read this over again, and see if there isn't at least one of these labor savers that you need and can have without much expenditure of time or money.

A SIMPLE, DAINTY SACK.



4463. Filet lace and crepe de chine are here combined. The model is comfortable and pretty, and may be developed in crepe of two colors, or in batiste with veining and hemstitching for a finish.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 38-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size requires 2 3/4 yards of 32-inch material. For the yoke of contrasting material 1 yard 40 inches wide is required.

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

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

If You Have You Are in Need of a Tonic Medicine.

Are you pale and weak, easily tired and out of breath on slight exertion?

Are you nervous? Is your sleep disturbed? Do you wake up in the morning feeling as tired as when you went to bed? Is your appetite poor, your digestion weak, and do you have pains after eating?

If you have any of these symptoms you need a tonic, and in the realm of medicine there is no better tonic than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and bring the glow of health to pale cheeks. The value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is shown by the case of Mr. Horace Cuphill, Woodward's Cove, N.B., who says:—"The first indication that my general health was not good was a shortness of breath after the least exertion. Then my appetite began to fail, and after eating it seemed as if there was a lump in my stomach. I grew so weak that I could not walk a hundred yards without resting. Then I was taken with a numbness all over my body and was in a sad plight. I was under a doctor's care, but as I was not getting any better, I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first few boxes did not seem to help me but my wife urged me to continue their use and I got four boxes more. Before these were gone I could eat a fair meal, the numbness was leaving me and I was feeling much better in every way. I took the pills for a while longer, and felt that I was again a well man. I still take the pills occasionally but have had no return of the old trouble."

You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It's not really good company that you meet in bad places.



CONVERTING PRINTED WORDS INTO SOUND

Professor A. Barr, of Glasgow, is shown in the picture demonstrating how, by the use of an Otophone, printed words can be converted into sounds to enable blind persons to read. This was demonstrated recently at a scientific exhibition in Liverpool.

GIRL CRIMINAL'S LOT IN FRANCE IS HARD

CONFINED BEHIND WALL NINETY FEET HIGH.

Obliged to Work Long at Difficult Tasks and Speech Forbidden.

Although child crimes in France are not so numerous as might be expected after four years of war when fathers had Germans to meet and keep in check while mothers often sought work in ammunition factories to help their men folk, thereby leaving children carefree and often in danger of making ill-famed connections, it has, nevertheless, been necessary in many cases to put youths and girls away in homes.

While the boys find shelter in reformatory schools, where they are usually maintained until they reach the age of 21 or until such time as their conduct might induce their guardians to let them out as "cured," girls are put away in a huge castle, formerly the property of royalty, at Clermont, eighty miles from Paris. Here some 250 girls, most of them victims of childish temptation, are excluded from the rest of the world by an immense wall ninety feet high through which there is but one small aperture in which is placed a solid iron gate. The only sign of exterior life which tells these hapless girls of the joys beyond the walls is the rippling laughter of smaller children, boys and girls, playing along the country road on the way to or returning from school.

Girls Work Long.

Inside the walls and surrounded by a large park, across which the girlish "prisoners" rarely romp, is the immense castle, to-day a prison in charge of a score of French nuns. There girls who could not withstand the temptation of a glittering coin or jewel work long and late for many weary months in an attempt to regain their freedom by good conduct and hard work. Groups sit at a long table busily

swing dainty lace on fine underwear made for their older and more fortunate sisters outside. Others bend over a keg of potatoes or other vegetable busily getting ready for meals. Others embroider fine garments. Others wash clothes or dishes. For every ten sewing girls there is one pair of sects carefully put away out of their reach when work is finished, usually when daylight begins to fade outside.

Every day apart from other work they have to attend classes, where the etiquette of honorable living is crammed into their nervous and fearful systems. After school and other work the better behaved girls are allowed a few minutes recreation followed soon after by a hurried "dinner" consisting of soup and a fig.

Speech between any of the "inmates of the 'prison'" is forbidden. There are scores of young and would-be happy girls in the home who have not uttered a word for nearly twenty months. They are resigned to their unhappy lot and move around the establishment merely counting the days when they shall have reached the age when freedom of speech and action shall have been given back to them.

Three days a week they are given meat. That is their only luxury. They sleep in huge dormitories capable of containing twenty prisoners, each within a cage-like apparatus wherein is a bed, a jug of water, a comb and brush. All through the long night the girls are watched over by a nun, while any attempt to mutiny is quickly repressed by the muscular arms of male attendants hurriedly summoned by the nuns. Twice a month they are given a douche of cold water. If well behaved they receive a certain number of good points at the end of the month and a certain number of good marks often reduces their sentence by eight months or two years.

Hard Lot of Bad Girls.

Girls so treated are considered "curable." The "bad characters," usually made up of girls who have already passed through the home, been set at liberty and have returned there for some new charge, are kept away in small cells, heavily barred and locked. Rarely do these unfortunate youngsters, some of them not 20 years old, leave these cells for months at a time.

Although the ages of these inmates vary from 16 to 25, it is estimated that

—AND THE WORST IS YET TO COME



only about 65 per cent. when set free, become honest and lead a straight life. Some have been known to get married in the neighborhood and at times visit the establishment which harbored them during the best years of their youth because one day they had stolen a few francs.

One of the saddest cases in the prison is that of a young girl who, yielding in a moment of folly, strangled the child that was born to her. A jury composed of elderly men had sentenced her to seclusion until she attained the age of 21. She was then 15. Her exemplary conduct in the prison prompted the nuns to place her in the linen department, where she helps to sew garments with one of the nuns and carefully puts the material made by her companions away in chests. She has been in the home five years now and almost fears the day when she will be set at liberty.

Preserve Your Health Yourself.

"Disease is always due to breaking the laws of health."

"To be constantly commenting upon the high death-rate from cancer, without taking into account the fact that it is primarily a blood disease, is the height of folly. And when it has been demonstrated over and over again that it is only by raising the blood to a healthy standard, and retaining it there, that cancer can be, and has now, in innumerable instances, been cured, what possible ground can there be for denying such a truth?"—Medical Times, Lon.

The late Dr. Forbes Ross, of London, Eng., in 1912, proved in the most conclusive manner that cancer is caused by potassium deficiency. When certain combined assimilable salts of potassium have been administered to far advanced and apparently hopelessly incurable cancer patients, every one received marked benefit. And while it may be conceded that the small quantity of medicinal assistance given is imperative, the fact remains that fully seventy per cent. of the credit due to every completely restored cancer case belongs to the correct diet taken.

It is of supreme importance to adapt the diet so that it may supply those organic salts contained in vegetables, cereals and fruit, when in their natural condition, combined with the living principle of these products of the vegetable kingdom, which are of vital importance.

Cancer is an unconsciously self-inflicted blood disease which, without warning, on the most trifling provocation is liable to attack any adult reader who consistently adheres to the generally accepted diet of the civilized world. The best proof of the truth of this appalling statement arises from the fact that if individuals from uncivilized, cancer-free races partake of European or American fare, they speedily become cancer-stricken.

There is no reason why cancer should not be eliminated from this country if the public will exercise common sense in the matter of its diet and positively refuse to continue to destroy, in cooking, the organic salts in all vegetables, which are essential to the continued preservation of our health. We must admit that we pay much greater attention to the diet of our animals than we do to our own. As a consequence, one hundred and ten thousand persons died from cancer on this continent alone during 1922, and this awful mortality will be increased in 1923 unless we reform our mode of living. We must face these unpleasant facts.

Believing that every man and woman should personally help to relieve humanity from its needless sufferings, the writer has printed and copyrighted a dietary upon which the eminent cancer authority, Dr. Robert Bell, of London, England, has complimented him. Fathers and mothers, adopting such diet, will very speedily find that they and their children are enjoying such health as never before experienced; that, consequently, doctors' bills don't have to be paid, and no medicine is wanted, and, last but not least, a considerable money saving is effected by the greatly reduced cost of living. To help some who may not know how to cut loose from civilization's present disease-producing, premature death-dealing habits, the writer will gladly and freely mail one thousand copies of his dietary to the first one thousand readers who apply for same to Charles Walter, 51 Brunswick Ave., Toronto Ontario.

Good Enough.

Grocers are accustomed to answering penetrating questions about the merits of their wares. Perkins of Perkinsville was no exception to this rule. "Are they really fresh?" demanded a woman customer who came to buy eggs. "They certainly are," replied Perkins. "You're sure of that? Because I'm so frightened of bad eggs. I must have them really fresh." "Boy," called out the grocer to his assistant, "just run to the back room and see if this morning's eggs are cool enough yet to sell."

For the Boys and Girls

"Eight-Nine-Ten-670"

The story of an Eighteen-year-old Fireman.

BY GAYNE T. K. NORTON.

Hal Clarke awoke with a start. He sat straight up in his iron cot in the "bunk room" of Hook and Ladder 94, his hands grasping the frame and his whole body bathed in cold perspiration. At the same instant the "joker" downstairs began to ring. But it was not this that roused him, he had dreamed. And now, as the gong sounded, a sickening, fear stole over him.

For a second he sat stunned. With bated breath and partly open mouth, he watched the moving picture his frenzied imagination painted. He saw his mother turn in her bed and call to May, his sister. He saw the girl rise and light the little oil-lamp. She looked at the clock and turned to get some medicine. He saw her slipper catch in the mat. He saw her fall. He saw the lamp explode.

Hal shuddered; the picture was gone in a flash. Leaping up he slid into boots and overalls. By the brass pole he reached the apparatus floor as the second number of the station "hit in." The first had been 6, the second 7. It looked like a run for the truck, for nearly all their first alarm stations were in the six hundreds and the six seventies were only a few blocks away, right where Hal lived.

He was aware that the big doors had been opened. He heard dimly the throb and bark of the powerful motor. He saw as from afar his mates hurrying about him. But his every energy was concentrated on the station. What was that number? Would the gong never stop? "Eight-Nine-Ten." It was over. The alarm had been sounded from box 670—the one nearest his home.

Reeling, he grasped the truck as it thundered from the house, still unwilling to believe that this fire and his dream were connected. It was impossible, he had warned May so many times about the lamp.

When 94 swung into the avenue her engine was wide open. The cool night air blowing in his face steadied him. From every direction sirens shrieked and bells clanged. Dread and fear awoke the city. Heads appeared at windows as they sped by. Policemen were running beside them, trying to keep pace. Ahead, an engine whistled, leaving a fiery trail; behind, the blinding headlights of a chief's automobile crept closer.

Hal leaned far over the running-board, peering ahead; his face was set, his muscles tense. Inwardly he battled the fear that froze his heart and nearly closed his throat. He was no coward, but the dream and alarm together were sufficient to sober even a seasoned fireman and Hal was only eighteen. His father's death had forced him to provide a living for his mother and May. After weeks of fruitless job hunting, he had joined the department. Although under age, six, and excellent physical condition had done the rest.

Gallon, chief of the fire school, had taken a liking to Hal. Not often did such clean young fellows come to him. The tobacco or liquor tainted breath, so noticeable in most applicants, was absent. Quick wittedness and earnestness had aroused the interest of the old fire fighter and, unknown to Hal, it was he who had secured the final appointment and sent the provisions before the first pay cheque was due.

Right now, down in the dingy headquarters building, Gallon was smiling. He knew just what Hal was doing, and he recalled a monthly report he had read the evening before, which officially mentioned the "calmness under stress" the boy had shown. Nor was Gallon's confidence misplaced. For two months, Hal had faced the dangers of his calling, fighting side by side with experienced men. He was doing a man's work, and now, like a man, he fought and won his battle with fear.

A block away gleamed the red light of the fire-box, farther on the engine was coupling up to a hydrant. Hal saw these things, but his eyes were focused on the box; beside it stood a figure, that of a little girl. As the truck sped on he saw it was May; she was crying and beckoning him onward. He covered his face, as they passed the little figure, sickening, hear-breaking terror overcoming him.

But only for an instant was he thus. Wrenching an ax free, he leaped from the moving truck and raced for the smoky doorway. An upward glance told him the fire was not in his apartment, but in the rear of the building. No smoke came from the windows—at least none yet. His dream had not been altogether true. But his mother was up there just the same, helpless,

and a fireman running past him toward the box showed him the fire was big, that a second alarm was calling more help.

"Hey, Clark, come back here and give a hand with this ladder," commanded Dillon, captain of 94.

For a second Hal faced his chief. Disobedience battled love. Love won. "My mother is on the fourth floor; I'm going up to get her."

He waited for no permission. Up the first flight of steps he went, three at a time. Choking, hot smoke stopped him half-way up the second. In the hall he was grabbed by Shelly and Walsh, sent by Dillon to quiet him. He shook them off and started for the fire escapes at the rear of the building.

A blow from his ax opened the door of the drug-store on the ground floor; through smoke and heat he stumbled into the rear yard, heeding not the advice of Shelly to "wait for a ladder." A single look showed him it would be impossible to reach the fourth floor by the escapes—they were white hot and bending; the fire was in complete control.

Hal was desperate when he again reached the cool air of the street. A dull red glinted from his windows. Second alarm companies were arriving; third alarm companies were coming. Water was pouring into the building from all sides. Hal knew its weight and the weakness of the floors. He knew the rear of the building was tottering.

Not knowing what else to do, he put his shoulder to the wheel of 94 to help its motor manoeuvre it to a position where the long extension ladder could be raised. The engine was under a double strain, it was moving the truck and raising the ladder at once. Suddenly it "died." Air hissed from the cylinders and the ladder, half-way up, crashed down. The disabled truck stood in the position from which only the extension ladders could reach the top floor.

As he stood in the street a policeman reported to the chief in charge: The janitor says the top floor is vacant; rest of the tenants are accounted for."

"Is Mary Clark safe?" questioned the boy weakly, fearfully.

Chief, policeman and Hal scanned the quickly scribbled but accurate list. "My mother's name is not there," Hal groaned. Then, "the bathroom window!" he screamed and was off. He remembered that opposite his window, across a five-foot shaft, was a window in the next house.

Step by step he fought his way upwards against the fleeing tenants. On the fourth floor he groped his way into the front flat. In the bathroom he raised the window and climbed to the narrow sill. Greasy, stinking smoke rose in the narrow court. "It's getting to the chemicals," warned his fire sense. It sickened him. He cried in the blackness.

A rut in the smoke and fire back of the window opposite showed him its location. Clinging with his left hand to the sash, he aimed a blow at the window opposite with his ax. Crash! It took part of the sash with it. His heavy helmet followed it, then a boot. The opening was clear, but the smoke closed in again. He dared not wait.

An instant he steadied himself; then with every ounce of his strength he jumped straight into the smoke. His feet struck the sill and he plunged into his own bathroom, shaken and cut. "I've won," he shouted.

Water was three inches deep on the floor. Fire was in the apartment. He searched the two bedrooms. His mother was in neither. The front room was the only other in which a person could still live. As he crawled down the hall toward the door, the awful thought that she might have tried the stairs came to him. He fought it off, talking to himself: "It's the smoke; it's—getting me." He fell forward. The splash of the water revived him. "It's warm," he muttered. "I must cry." "Mother, mother," he repeated the word over and over; it was all that kept him moving. He began to circle the front room. Phlegm and tears so choked him he could barely gasp. Sweat burned his eyes, smoke his lungs. Again he fell into the water, this time to rise more slowly. "Oh, my arms," he sobbed, "mother."

Before a window, half across a chair, his hands found her. She was unconscious. With new-born strength he raised the window, straddled the sill and drew her body across his lap, his lips finding hers. Her lids lifted; the wet embrace revived her. "I knew you'd come," she whispered, then fainted.

He finished a prayer light-heartedly: "I've got her, now the boys will get us."

Just then the rays from a search-light played upon him. A cheer went up from the street. He looked down. A hundred firemen had wheeled 94 away, 56 stood in its place. The long extension ladder was rising; Walsh and Shelly were climbing it. Would they reach him in time? Hal looked into the room; fire was in the hall. A puff of wind struck his face. He threw himself low as an explosion shook the building. The ceiling fell, nearly dragging him from the sill. The floor gave way. Clouds of "live steam rose with "dead" smoke. He gasped and swooned.

An anxious group surrounded the hospital bed. Two hours passed before Hal's eyes opened. They wandered about, focussing gradually. A nurse gave him something to drink which he did not want, but lacked the strength to refuse. A shiny something caught his eyes, there was another one above it. He looked at the button on a blue uniform. Somehow he loved that uniform now. He followed the buttons upward to meet Gallon's smiling face. Way off somewhere he heard: "I knew you'd do it, Hal, we are proud of you." There was more, something about determination always winning, but he couldn't bother. His eyes found another uniform and the smiling face of Dillon. His mind cleared. His mother—and May—where were they? He raised himself and found them both smiling at his side. There were lots more words. He did not try to understand them. White bandages were confused with blue cloth and shiny buttons. He tried to smile. He was very happy and he wanted to be polite, but he wasn't quite sure what it was all about, and he was so very sleepy.

FORGOTTEN WATERLOO

A news despatch from Brussels describes the battlefield of Waterloo as no longer important in the itinerary of tourists. The inn and restaurant keepers, the guides, the relic vendors, all of whom for nearly a century got a satisfactory living out of the steady stream of visitors to the scene of the great Napoleonic defeat, are represented as having given up in despair. Their business is ruined. The inns and restaurants are closed. The guides have gone elsewhere. The relic vendors and their more or less authentic souvenirs have vanished. Waterloo is a deserted village.

For this the great war is responsible. That stupendous conflict temporarily overshadows all other great international collisions that preceded it. For the time being it has upset the world's historical perspective. The scenes of battle that wrought radical map changes and left the impress of their decisions on distant generations are not now the determined points of interest to the casual traveler they once were. The 1914-1918 deluge of slaughter and devastation, kept up in practically one continuous battle

roar on a front extending from the North Sea to the Persian Gulf, has obscured the importance of conflicts of days gone by.

Of this fact the present eclipse of interest in the Waterloo battlefield is a striking instance. So easy of access, so close to the beaten paths of tourist travel, the scene of this memorable engagement drew thousands of visitors every year from all parts of the world. From Byron's "There was a sound of revelry by night" to Victor Hugo's minutely vivid descriptive pages the story of the great battle which marked Napoleon's downfall has been told over and over again in verse and prose, of which some is of the literary fibre that endures. The very name Waterloo has been embalmed in many languages as a word more all embracing than any other to carry the meaning of overwhelming defeat.

For the people of Great Britain, in particular, the blood soaked Waterloo arena has been for years the objective of pilgrimages as-to a shrine dedicated to British valor. To think of Englishmen forgetting Waterloo is to think of their forgetting Wellington; of their forgetting Trafalgar and Nelson.

And yet the great war seemingly has for the moment wrought this miracle. Authentic information leaves little doubt that Waterloo is for the time ignored. Its colossal lion broods over a pilgrim deserted solitude. It temporarily is a mere neglected graveyard of brave men, victims all of an insatiable criminal ambition, their few thousands swallowed up and lost in the swarming multitudes of millions upon millions of the victims of the great war's dead, they too victims, every one of them, of a conscienceless criminal ambition.

But this is only temporary. The importance of the world's decisive battles of the past is undiminished. Their respective arenas are of as great historical and sentimental interest as ever. Despite the fact that the numbers engaged and the weapons used in them seem pitifully insignificant compared to the millions involved in the world war and the appalling destructive powers of the weapons with which that conflict made the world familiar, despite all this, Hastings and Blenheim, Plains of Abraham and Queenston Heights, Waterloo and Gettysburg remain none the less crucial conflicts than were Vimy Ridge and the Marne.

If for a time the earlier fiercely fought engagements are overshadowed by those more recent and more imposing as measured by mere weight of physical force involved—if for a time these epoch marking battles of long ago are obscured in men's memories they are not forgotten. Nor will their respective scenes remain unvisited. When the world's still disturbed nerves are back to normal once more; when its historical reading glasses are readjusted to their former longer range vision, little doubt that then the now deserted Waterloo will come into its own once more.

Holland's Handicap.

Lacking quarries, Holland is obliged to import all the stone it requires for every purpose.

Cancer Unknown.

Cancer is unknown in Tunis and Abyssinia.

The Anchor.

Here on the wharf I lie, idle and rusted,
Ing.
Scored with the scars of strife,
Wars that to win meant life;
Many a sailor's wife
Gave, all unknowing, her heart to my trusting.

Of times the restless sea breezes
sweep o'er me,
In a familiar tongue
Singing the days I swung
From a stanch vessel slung.
Blue sky above and wide waters be-
fore me.

Many a mighty ship peacefully riding
Held I nor counted cost;
Fog-wrapped or tempest-tossed,
Never my grip I lost,
Never broke faith with my charges,
confiding.

Here on the wharf I lie, home from the
ocean,
Never to plunge again,
Bearing my sturdy chain,
Down through the yeasty main—
Symbol unswayed of faith and devotion.
—Harold Willard Gleason in Youth's
Companion.

Socialist Aborigines.

After almost two years in the Carib-
bean Sea among the primitive tribes
of Panama the naturalist and explorer
Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges has returned
to England. He visited, says the
London Times, every village and is-
land of the San Blas coast and pen-
etrated the little-known Chucunaque
country. He describes the San Blas
Indians as an extraordinary people
and as pure in breed.

They live, he says, a socialistic kind
of life. One man grows bananas, an-
other grows plantains, and a third
grows coconuts. They exchange their
produce. If a house is to be
built, all the men, including the chief,
share in the work. They suffer badly,
however, with smallpox, and their eyes
are affected by a tick that gets under
the lids.

I believe no white person before my-
self ever entered the Chucunaque
country. The people are about four
feet three inches in height, and the
women wear nose rings. They are all
simple and honest; they do not use
money, and they have no steel weap-
ons. They have very big heads, very
broad shoulders and are mostly bow-
legged. The women seem to be of the
superior sex. The chief food is a kind
of corn, plantains and bananas, which
are cooked unripe. They eat no flesh.
I did not see a four-legged creature in
the country. They like fish, however;
and they have a dish of pineapples,
pears and other things, which are all
boiled together in a common pot.

The Indians made idols of wood, and
each tribe has its own special god. The
people believe that when they die they
enter a canoe and that their spirit
guides them until the river divides in-
to many streams. The spirit then
points to the stream they are to fol-
low, and they are led to a comfortable
hut in a happy land.

For burial the dead body is placed in
a hammock and carried to a grave
house, a thatched structure two hun-
dred feet long by one hundred and
fifty feet wide. When the hammock
has been placed in a hole a vine is
put down into the hole so that the
spirit can come out at night. The dead
man's stool and the utensils from
which he ate are placed near by; they
believe that the spirit comes forth to
sit on the stool and talk with other
spirits.

Essentials of Church Music.

Music in the churches varies from
cheap, trashy anthems to the music of
the great masters, both with and with-
out accompaniment. Music has come
to mean so much in the daily life of
the individual, particularly in recent
years, that there has developed a
much larger general musical apprecia-
tion than is often recognized. A poorly
attended church generally means
poor music. Those in charge of such
matters often do not consider the
standards of public taste which must
of necessity be high to appeal to the
musical public. It is on this account
that the church which has worthy
music well presented at its services,
is generally well supported and attend-
ed, for there is a spiritual beauty and
exaltation in such music which cannot
be measured and which exceeds great-
ly that of the spoken word.

The first essential to good church
music is a chorus choir, and if the
church has sufficient funds that is not
difficult to maintain. This is a pri-
mary consideration of much more im-
portance than a solo quartette which
is too limited to be useful in produc-
ing fine choral effects. If the church
cannot at first pay its singers, a volun-
teer chorus choir must be organized.
Under the prevailing conditions and
customs in this country a boy choir is
most difficult to maintain, and in many
places where it is maintained the
same energy and financial backing
would produce infinitely greater and
more important results if applied to
a mixed choir.



Immigrant (held up by "quota")—"Hey, Sam, do you mean to say he'll make a better citizen than I will?"
Uncle Sam—"No, but I guess I've got to pretend so for the time being."
—From the Evening News, Glasgow.

DUSSELDORF DEMONSTRATION TERMINATES IN A MASSACRE

Score of Persons Killed and Hundreds Wounded — French Authorities Hold German Green Military Police Responsible for Outbreak.

Dusseldorf, Sept. 30.—The great separatist demonstration here to-day terminated in a veritable massacre. A score of persons are known to have been killed and the wounded are believed to be numbered in the hundreds. Dusseldorf is still seething with excitement and more trouble is feared.

The French occupation authorities hold the German Green Military Police—the security police—responsible for the outbreak, declaring that they started the shooting, in which the Communist groups later joined. The hospitals and police barracks are filled with wounded, and French military doctors are rendering all possible assistance.

The French authorities late this evening sent out patrols to round up all the Security police they could find in the streets and placed under arrest all those still held in reserve at headquarters.

The city awoke early teeming with excitement; thousands were abroad in spite of an appeal addressed to the population to remain indoors. But street cars, automobiles and other vehicles were absent from the street and the hotels and stores had all lowered their iron and steel gratings. About 11 o'clock the first of the 25 trains bearing the manifestants to Dusseldorf arrived, and was received by a company of Rhineland public militia which had just sworn allegiance to the green, white and red flag. Soon after noon all the manifestants from points in the "Rhineland republic" had reached

ed the city and a procession formed and marched behind innumerable green, white and red republican emblems to Hinterburg Strasse—a thoroughfare 200 feet wide by 1,000 feet long, adorned with statues of William I, Bismarck and Von Moltke.

The procession filed past in impressive marching order to the number of 15,000 republicans, but with curiosity seekers added, the assembly probably totalled 40,000 when the open air meeting place was reached.

Standing directly under the statue of William I, the Separatist leader, Joseph Matthes began speaking:

"The Separatists," he declared, "are animated by hatred toward none, but only desire peace, security and tranquility."

Suddenly, without warning, several shots were fired from behind a lowered steel curtain protecting the plate glass entrance to a store. In the panic that ensued a small group made a concerted rush for the speaker. The Security police fired a fusillade and the shooting became general.

The police were especially active in smashing their way through the crowds and in taking prisoners, many of whom were transferred to headquarters.

French military forces were rushed to the scene and ordered the Guesd police to cease using their revolvers, but according to the French, the police refused and continued to fire. The cavalry seized many of the police and surrounded their barracks, quelling the disturbance in a few minutes.

SIX FEET OF WATER IN OMAHA STREETS

Cloudburst Strikes Nebraska City—Traffic Demoralized.

Omaha, Neb., Sept. 30.—Nebraska and Iowa to-day appeared to be slowly recovering from the tornado, cloudbursts and floods, which brought death to 20 persons, injured scores and caused unknown property damage last Friday and Saturday.

A man was drowned at Lincoln last night when he drove his team of horses into a ditch. Two others were killed at Seneca late Friday when their home was razed by a tornado.

At Council Bluffs five persons were killed outright. Four of them were struck by a falling tree as they ran from their home, and another was struck by flying debris. The fifth victim died in a hospital.

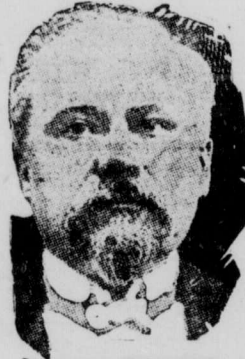
Twelve were killed at Louisville, Neb., when the house in which they were congregated to mourn the death of Mrs. Mary McCarver, was washed from its foundation into Mill Creek, trapping all the victims. The bodies were recovered.

Another deluge of rain and hail struck Council Bluffs last night and lasted about an hour.

Liner Breaks Record on Eastward Run

A despatch from Southampton says:—The White Star Liner Majestic arrived at Cherbourg from New York at 9.11 p.m., Thursday night, having crossed the Atlantic in the record time of five days, five hours and 21 minutes, at an average speed of 24 knots 76 points.

This is the fastest time ever done by a liner on the eastward run.



Poincaré Triumphant
Germany has surrendered unconditionally to France in the Ruhr dispute, and Poincaré's policy has scored a victory for France.

OPEN SAFETY PIN TAKEN FROM THROAT

Operation Performed in New York Saved Baby's Life.

A despatch from Philadelphia says:—A race of more than 800 miles and an operation by Dr. Chevalier Jackson, professor of laryngology at Jefferson Medical College, in removing an open safety pin from the throat of a five-months-old baby saved the infant's life.

Little William W. Johnson, Jr., lay pale and wan on a bed in the hospital when Dr. Jackson entered the room. Five minutes later he was gurgling at his happy mother, while Dr. Jackson was receiving the fervent congratulations of the father, who is principal of Stonehall Jackson Manual Training School, Concord, N.C.

Dr. Jackson used the bronchoscope, his own invention. No anaesthetic was required and the operation was pronounced a complete success.

HANDS SHATTERED BY DYNAMITE CAPS

Frontenac Man Badly Injured While Taking Them From Box.

A despatch from Kingston says:—Edward Delyea, aged 56, whose home is at Harlowe, met with a serious accident. He was engaged in construction work on the Addington Road, and while taking the lid off a box of dynamite caps there was an explosion, and he had both hands shattered. He was brought to the General Hospital by W. W. Pringle, by whom he was employed, and W. H. Head.

Delyea was about to "fire" a hole and was getting the dynamite caps for this work when the accident occurred.

POUR OIL ON FIRE TWO PERSONS DEAD

Explosion Follows Blaze on Farm in Saskatchewan.

Saskatoon, Sask., Sept. 30.—Anna Hemingway, aged 18, wife of Harry Hemingway, of Hanley, Sask., died in hospital Friday night of burns received when an oil can exploded while she was pouring oil on a smouldering fire. The explosion killed the eight-month-old baby of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lynn and seriously burned the parents and another child. The accident occurred on the farm of Carl Hemingway, near Hanley, where Mr. and Mrs. Hemingway were employed.

ESCAPED CONVICTS ROB BANK AFTER CLUBBING THE MANAGER

Four Armed Desperadoes Who Recently Broke Away From Kingston Penitentiary Stage Hold-up in Oakwood-St. Clair Branch of Bank of Nova Scotia, Securing About \$2,000—Make Getaway in Waiting Car.

A despatch from Toronto says:—Four men, believed to be Gordon Simpson, Thomas Bryans, Alfred Slade and Arthur Brown, convicts, who made a sensational escape from the Kingston Penitentiary three weeks ago, staged a hold-up about one o'clock on Thursday in the Oakwood-St. Clair branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and made good their escape with between \$1,500 and \$2,000.

The manager of the bank, Percy O. Oke, was temporarily knocked out by a blow on the head and the three other members of the staff were herded into the manager's office while the robbers took possession of the teller's cage.

Three of the robbers entered the bank and it is supposed that the fourth man, Bryans, remained in charge of the Overland car in which the quartette made their escape. Inspector of Detectives George Guthrie stated that the bank staff had furnished the police department with descriptions of the men which tally with those of the escaped convicts from Kingston, three of whom are well-known to the local police. Within a few minutes after the police learned of the robbery, all available detectives and plainclothesmen were scouring the city in search of the fleeing robbers. Special officers were despatched to watch the railway stations and all avenues affording an

exit from the city.

Staged During Luncheon Hour.

The hold-up was staged during luncheon hour at the bank, when the vaults were locked, which accounts for the small amount secured by the robbers. The three men were armed. So were members of the staff in the bank, but the latter were caught unawares by the robbers who had them covered with their guns before they had a chance to make a move towards the places where rested the revolvers, loaded and ready for use. Manager Oke was clubbed over the head with a blunt instrument of some kind which the police have reason to believe was the butt-end of a revolver. Mr. Oke recovered consciousness before the trio left the bank, but was carefully guarded by one of the men.

The entire staff was paraded into the manager's office and ordered to "keep their mouths closed" or they would be shot down. Powerless to act and without chance of getting outside assistance, as the telephone wires had been disconnected, the manager and his staff were obliged to watch the robbers hurriedly empty the cash drawers. Following the entry of the robbers to the bank one customer appeared on the scene to make a deposit, and he, likewise, was compelled to stand by and do as he was instructed.

ONLY FOUR DECREES IN RUHR REVOKED

France Wants Tangible Evidence That Germany Has Surrendered.

A despatch from Paris says:—France is still looking for tangible evidence that Germany has ceased passive resistance. It is pointed out only four of some one hundred ordinances have been so far revoked.

It is understood Premier Poincaré will insist on formal withdrawal of every one of these decrees. In view of the chaotic situation of the rest of Germany he will refuse to listen to any German proposals until Germany proves her readiness to co-operate in working the Ruhr industries.

A well-informed diplomat was asked if France would consider the German reparations proposals of June 7.

"Possibly," he said, "but they must be officially renewed."

M. Poincaré is willing to discuss methods of reparation collection with Britain and Belgium, but as a matter of form it is insisted the Reparations Commission is the proper body for discussion of details.

It is recognized here that a moratorium will have to be granted Germany, probably a fairly long one.



Veteran Statesman Dies
Lord Morley, the famous British statesman and man of letters, is dead, after a public life that extended over half a century. He was eighty-five years of age.

\$20,000 Gems Looted by Daylight Robbers

A despatch from Detroit says:—A daylight gem robbery, the second within 24 hours, occurred here, when two armed men entered the shop of the Detroit Gold Refiners, 402 Capitol Theatre Building, and having herded seven men who were in the store into a closet, escaped with loot valued at between \$18,000 and \$20,000. The two robbers were aided by a third, who acted as lookout at the door of the shop.

Last British Post Office in Constantinople Closed

A despatch from Constantinople says:—The British Post-office, the last of such establishments maintained by the Allies, closed last week and the Turks took over all mails.

Preparations for the formal evacuation by the Allies have been completed and the famous Turkish iron division is soon to enter the city.

The exodus of Greeks, Armenians and Russians continues.

Three U.S. Vessels Leave Fort William With Grain

A despatch from Fort William, Ont., says:—Seven vessels took out 739,000 bushels of wheat, 84,000 oats, 45,000 barley and 50,000 of flax last week. Included among these were three United States boats, the Luzon, Cletus Schneider and the Lewiston, which all cleared for Buffalo with wheat. Seven boats are loading now, of which three are United States vessels, and ten more boats are reported on their way up the lakes light for grain. It is reported by grain men that there is plenty of tonnage coming to fill orders, and that even yet there is some trouble in picking up a cargo without moving from one house to another several times, owing to the variety of grades and the small quantity as yet in store.

OCEAN LINERS COLLIDE IN A FOG OFF SOUTHERN COAST OF IRELAND

Neither the Cedric Nor the Scythia Was Badly Damaged, However, and There Were No Casualties.

Queenstown, Sept. 30.—The White Star Line steamer Cedric, bound from New York to Liverpool, and the Cunard Line steamer Scythia, which sailed Sunday from Liverpool for Boston, collided during a dense fog early this morning off the southern coast of Ireland.

Neither vessel was badly damaged, according to reports, and it is believed there were no casualties. The Scythia is putting back to Liverpool for an examination, and the Cedric arrived Monday morning. The Cedric had called at Cork between 6 and 7 o'clock

and landed passengers. She proceeded, and was off Tuskar when she came into collision with the Scythia.

The Cunard Line issued the following statement regarding the collision: "During a dense fog Sunday morning the Scythia, outward bound, and the Cedric, inward bound, came into collision off South Ireland, causing slight damage to the Scythia.

"As a measure of precaution, the Scythia is returning to Liverpool with her passengers to enable a full examination to be made of the damage, which is all above the water line."

Weekly Market Report

TORONTO.
Man. wheat—No. 1 Northern, \$1.11.
Man. Barley—Nominal.
All the above, track, bay ports.
Am. corn—No. 2 yellow, \$1.09.
Barley—Nominal.
Buckwheat—No. 2, nominal.
Rye—No. 2, nominal.
Peas—No. 2, nominal.
Millfeed—Del., Montreal freights, bags included: Bran, per ton, \$30.25; shorts, per ton, \$33.25; middlings, \$40.25; good feed flour, \$2.20 to \$2.45.
Ontario wheat—No. 2 white, 95c to \$1, outside.
Ont. No. 2 white oats—Nominal.
Ontario corn—Nominal.
Ontario flour—Ninety per cent. pat., in jute bags, Montreal, prompt shipment, \$5.50 to \$5.90; Toronto basis, \$5.40 to \$5.50; bulk seaboard, \$4.40.
Man. flour—1st pats., in cotton sacks, \$6.70 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.
Butter—Finest pasteurized creamery solids, 35 to 36c; prints, 35 to 37c; ordinary creamery solids, 33 to 34c; prints, 33 1/2 to 34c.
Eggs—Extras, 35 to 37c; firsts, 32 to 34c; seconds, 24 to 26c.
Live poultry—Spring chickens, 3 1/2 lbs. and over, 24c; chickens, 2 1/2 to 3 lbs., 20c; do, under 2 1/2 lbs., 17c; hens, over 5 lbs., 20c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 18c; do, 3 to 4 lbs., 14c; roosters, 12c; ducklings, over 5 lbs., 18c; do, 4 to 5 lbs., 15c; turkeys, young, 10 lbs. and up, 20c.
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 1/2c; turbs, 17 1/2 to 18c; pails, 18 to 18 1/2c.

prints, 20c. Shortening, tierces, 15 1/2 to 15 3/4c; tubs, 15 1/2 to 16c; pails, 16 to 16 1/2c; prints, 18 1/2 to 18 3/4c.
Heavy steers, choice, \$7.25 to \$7.75; 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, \$3 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 \$11.25; do, bucks, \$9.25 to \$9.75; do, com., \$8 to \$8.50; sheep, light ewes, good, \$6 to \$7; 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.
Cern. Am. No. 2 yellow, \$1.05. Oats, Can. west, No. 2, 58 1/2 to 59c; do, No. 3, 57 to 57 1/2c; extra No. 1 feed, 56 to 56 1/2c; No. 2 local white, 55 to 55 1/2c. Flour, Man. spring wheat pats., 1sts, \$6.70; 2nds, \$6.20; strong bakers', \$6; winter pats., choice, \$5.75 to \$5.85. Rolled oats, bag, 90 lbs., \$3.15. Bran, \$30.25. Shorts, \$33.25. Middlings, \$40.25. Hay, No. 2, per ton, car lots, \$15.
Calves, good veals, up to \$10; grass calves, \$3 to \$4.50. Hogs, thick, sm'ths, and ungraded lots, \$9.50 to \$9.75; do, select bacon hogs graded out, \$10.35.

To Investigate Water-Power Problem
Hon. Charles Stewart, Minister of the Interior, has been named the member of the Dominion cabinet responsible for the Dominion's interests in international waters. He is a member of a committee to investigate the damage done to the lakes by the Chicago water diversion.

CANCER

GREAT SUCCESS OF
CANTASSIUM TREATMENT

A well-known London Surgeon and recognized authority on Cancer has created worldwide interest in the discovery that Cancer is due to a deficiency of potassium "salts" in the body, which causes the cells to break down and become malignant.

In order that everyone may learn
The Real Cause of Cancer

a remarkable book has been specially written.

This book will be sent free to patients or anyone who is interested in the most successful method of fighting "THE CANCER SCOURGE."

The following is a list of the chapters:—

1. The Limitations of Surgery.
2. Some Doctors Oppose Operation.
3. What Cancer Is.
4. Why the BODY CELLS BREAK DOWN.
5. Injurious Cooking Methods.
6. Common Errors in Diet.
7. Vital Elements of Food.
8. Medical Endowments of Our (Man).
9. The Chief Minerals of the Body.
10. The Thyroid Gland.
11. Age When Lime Begins to Accumulate.
12. Potassium Causes Lime Excretion.
13. Great Value of Potassium.
14. Parts of Body Liable to Cancer.
15. Parts Which Are Seldom Affected.
16. How a Doctor Can Help.
17. How to Avoid Cancer.
18. Death Rate From Cancer.
19. Arterial Sclerosis and Old Age.
20. Rheumatism, Gout and Kindred Complaints.

With this book are a number of interesting case-reports, proving the great value of "Cantassium Treatment" in various cases. The treatment is simple and inexpensive, and can be easily taken in one's own home. Apply for free book to Charles Walter, 51 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

THE TALE THAT ECHO TOLD

By John T. Troth

The ancient village of Burb (as all travelers toward the icy passes of Knor-gap well know) lies a half day's journey beyond Gaw, on the left bank of the River Gurg, from the incessant murmuring of whose waters over their silver-pebbled shallows it takes its name. And a very long time ago there dwelt in that place a most skillful physician, named, if I have remembered the tale aright, Men Yu, the fame of whose vast learning had penetrated even as far as purple-roofed and gorgeous Sudaban, and his proud neighbors never wearied of prophesying that he would some day be called as court physician to the great King.

In his youth Men Yu had loved and courted Yonda, the beautiful daughter of the King's equerry, and, finally winning her from his rival, Gorlon, had married her, they two living together most happily for three years. Then came to that part of the world the year that no man forgets even to this distant day, when the fetid breath of the white fever was borne northward on humid breezes from the far jungles of Umb. It kissed, among many others, Yonda, who, in spite of all Men Yu's wisdom, wasted away and died in the hushed space between night fade and dawn glow.

One winter evening many years later when Men Yu, resting from his laborious studies, was lost in thoughts (as ever at such times) of the beauty and goodness of Yonda, there came a knocking at his door. Withdrawing the oaken bars he admitted a man attired in gorgeous silks of green and gold, and from the manner of his dress at once knew him to be from a far eastern country which lay, men said, even beyond the fiery plains of Hunthir, and those of Gerst. He proved, indeed, to be a merchant of storied Am-bur, whose far-gleaming roofs are reported to be slated with nothing less than the burnished scales of golden dragons overcome in old, forgotten battles, and he dealt in mysterious wares and strange enchantments calculated to divert the mind and beguile the soul away from all sad thoughts. His trafficking was carried on secretly for fear of the anger of the priests, who had great jealousy of the occult powers of his merchandise. Men Yu had often heard of these things and was glad to see them with his own eyes, but steadfastly refused to buy, saying that he had no wish to be diverted either from his labors or from his sorrow.

At last the merchant, seeing that he was obdurate, confided that he had yet to reveal the most truly amazing thing of all. Feeling in his turban, he brought forth a tiny, violet-colored shell, within whose labyrinthine convolutions he asserted there dwelt a spirit, a mere voice, called Echo, who, while invisible to any eye, was capable of reproducing, as on a veritable mirror of sound, all that had fallen upon the ear of man since the world was but a little pellet of moist clay, rolled between the thumb and forefinger of God. Men Yu was tremendously interested at hearing this, and asked the merchant for proof of his incredible claims. The latter thereupon commanded Echo, and the physician

at once heard, quite plainly, the confused babble of strange tongues in the streets and bazaars of far-off, Eastern cities, the tinkle of silver-tongued bells on the anklets of dancing girls, and the weird long-drawn cries of priests praying for their minarets at the going down of the sun.

These wonders, and especially the last, convinced Men Yu that Echo would indeed prove a most invaluable and diverting companion, and further, he saw the possibility of discovering through her voice many of the lost secrets and mysteries of the past, so he inquired of the merchant his price. The man in green and gold thereupon named remarkable conditions under which alone could he think of parting with this the chiefest of his treasures. Many and wondrous were the revelations unveiled by the obedient voice of Echo, and without parallel became the fame of Men Yu throughout all the then known world. By the irrefutable evidence of conversations hoary with the breath of centuries and unrecorded save within the memory of Echo he mastered, one by one, the moot problems that had vexed the wisest men of his time.

But, improbable as it may appear, although Men Yu never ceased to dwell affectionately upon his memories of incomparable Yonda, years passed before it occurred to him to bid Echo resurrect from the silence of the tomb the voice of his love as he had delighted to hear it during the cruelly brief years she had been with him. One wild, stormy night, however, when he was more than usually lonely, he thought of this new wonder and joyfully commanded the shell to give up those dearly cherished sounds. Echo was unaccountably silent at first, and when he insisted, seemed to speak sadly and reluctantly. Then, as Men Yu listened so hungrily, he heard Yonda's own voice in conversation, not with himself, but with Gorlon, his rival, and through her tones there breathed a smoldering fire of passion, such as even he had never heard therein.

Finally Men Yu rose and, first sealing the door and windows of his room with wax, took certain magical powders from sundry vials, blending them together in the form of a pyramid in a little earthen bowl. Upon its summit he laid the violet shell, and then powders here and there with a blazing splint from the fire. As dense volumes of pungent smoke arose from the smoldering heap, he addressed Echo in these words:

"It is known to me that your voice may not wholly be destroyed, but, for the peace of mind of all the ensuing ages, I will curb your too faithful tongue, and return to utter oblivion the secrets of the dead past!"



Right!

Bag of Flour—"You're nothing but a measly little cake of yeast."

Yeast Cake—"Yes, but I'll get a raise out of you all right!"

MONEY ORDERS.

Send a Dominion Express Money Order. They are payable everywhere.

Only one breeding-ground for flamingoes remains in North America, and this is on British soil. These birds have been slaughtered by the natives of the Bahama Islands until there are now only about 1,200 left.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

It appears to us there is much truth in the following: A deacon of a church asked a man as he entered the House of God, "Have you come to serve the Lord?" The man replied, "No, I have been serving God all the week, now I have come to worship Him."

SALESMEN

We pay weekly and offer steady employment selling our complete and exclusive lines of whole-root, fresh-cut-to-order trees and plants. Best stock and service. We teach and equip you free. A money-making opportunity.

LUKE BROTHERS, MONTREAL

Keep Stomach and Bowels Right
By giving baby the harmless, purely vegetable, infants' and children's regulator.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP
brings astonishing, gratifying results in making baby's stomach digest food and bowels move as they should at teaching time. Guaranteed free from narcotics, opiates, alcohol and all harmful ingredients. Safe and satisfactory.

At All Druggists

Borax as Precious as Gold.

Borax is used in every household—in talcum powders, eye lotions, medicinal powders, and soaps. And yet, four thousand years ago, it was a rarity almost as precious as gold.

In the days of Babylon the only known sources were in a few salt marshes in the Gobi Desert, north of the Himalayas. It was collected by natives. Small Himalayan sheep carried it slung in bags round their necks down the steep mountain-sides into India, and it was then taken by camels to Eastern Europe.

It was used by goldsmiths for cleaning the surface of molten gold. Only by means of borax could the crude metal be refined and worked into rings, amulets, and breastplates.

Nowadays the United States produces more than 40,000 tons a year. Thirty years ago its richest source was a Californian desert called the Death Valley—a place believed to be the hottest and driest spot on earth. A company supported by British capital worked the mines. Until they built a railway ten years later the produce was hauled by mules over 165 miles of uninhabited desert.

A new borax mine, believed to contain ten million tons, has been discovered in Nevada. The world will now have far more than it wants, unless new uses are discovered for what was once a rarity.

China's Millions.

China is so over-populated that there are always many more coolies than work for them. If at any time all of China's coolie millions should find employment it would mean that trade and business were going at top speed in the republic.

THE FALL WEATHER HARD ON LITTLE ONES

Canadian fall weather is extremely hard on little ones. One day it is warm and bright and the next wet and cold. These sudden changes bring on colds, cramps and colic, and unless baby's little stomach is kept right the result may be serious. There is nothing to equal Baby's Own Tablets in keeping the little ones well. They sweeten the stomach, regulate the bowels, break up colds and make baby thrive. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

If you are bothered with mislaying small tools such as pliers and wrenches, or even hammers and jack-knives, give them a coat of bright red paint. You'll still lose them, but they will be easy to find again.—H. C. L.

DON'T COUGH

Rub the throat and chest with Minard's. Also inhale. It gives quick relief.



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

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|-----------|-----------|------------|
| 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 Monoaceticacidester 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."

Fill your pipe with —

Ogden's CUT PLUG
"It Satisfies"

15¢ per packet
80¢ a 1/2 lb. tin



If you roll your own ask for OGDEN'S FINE CUT (green label)

Dentist—"Am I hurting you?"
Smart Patient—"Oh, no; I make it a rule to groan twenty minutes every day for my health."

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

It is estimated that there are 40-225,000 tons of the best iron ore in British Columbia, these resources having scarcely been touched yet.

MURINE EYES
IRRITATED BY SUN, WIND, DUST & CINDERS
RECOMMENDED & SOLD BY DRUGGISTS & OPTICIANS
WRITE FOR FREE EYE CARE BOOK, MURINE CO. CHICAGO, ILL.

Be Safe!

Don't wait for someone to be in pain to get Kendall's Spavin Treatment in the house.

For all external hurts and pains — for all muscular troubles.

Kendall's Spavin Treatment makes good.

KENASTON, Sask., December 28th, 1921.
"Please send me one copy of your TREATISE ON THE HORSE. I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure for over eleven years and found it one of the best treatments I have ever used for all kinds of sores." (Signed) M. ZIMAN.

Get a bottle at your druggist's today. Regular for Horse Treatment—Refined for Human use.

DR. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY,
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KENDALL'S SPAVIN TREATMENT

If you wish to be valued you mustn't make yourself cheap.

Classified Advertisements

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

America's Pioneer Dog Remedies
Book on
DOG DISEASES
and How to Feed
Mailed Free to any Address
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PIMPLES ON FACE CUTICURA HEALS

Hard, Large and Scaled Over, Itched and Burned.

"My trouble began with a breaking out of pimples on my face which soon spread up into my hair. Some of the pimples were hard and large and scaled over. They caused much itching and burning, and my face was sore and red.

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and in two weeks I could see an improvement. I continued using them and in six weeks was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Flora Noteboom, Box 52, Fairview, Mont., Feb. 7, 1922.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum are all you need for all toilet uses. Bathe with Soap, soothe with Ointment, dust with Talcum.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Lyman, Limited, 244 St. Paul St., W. Montreal." Sold everywhere. Soap, Ointment and Talcum all Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

MRS. MISENER'S AGES AND PAINS

Vanished After Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"Branchton, Ont.—"When I wrote to you for help my action was mostly prompted by curiosity. I wondered if I, too, would benefit by your medicine. It was the most profitable action I have ever taken. I heartily assure you, for through its results I am relieved of most of my sufferings. I have taken six boxes of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Tablets and a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine, and I can honestly say I have never been so well before. I had suffered from pains and other troubles since I was fifteen years old, and during the "Great War" period I worked on munitions for two years, and, in the heavy lifting which my work called for, I strained myself, causing pelvic inflammation from which I have suffered untold agony, and I often had to give up and go to bed. I had doctored for several years without getting permanent relief, when I started to take your medicines."—Mrs. GOLDWIN MISENER, Branchton, Ont.

Write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Colbourn, Ontario, for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text-Book upon "Ailments of Women."

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THE PUBLIC

Will save a large percentage in
purchasing their watches from

N. Zimmerman

And also by having him do re-
pairing for them.

Main Street opposit Weaver's

Where World's Record Speckled Trout was Taken



Above, The new bungalow camps are built after this style. Below, Fishing scenes: left, Nipigon; right, Lake of the Woods. camps at French River, Nipigon River and Kenora (Lake of the Woods). These camps will be similar to those which have proved so successful along the line of the Canadian Pacific in the Canadian Rockies. A well built central club house, where meals will be served and facilities provided for social diversions, will be surrounded by cosy little bungalows, designed for one, two or four persons, equipped simply but comfortably with a camp bed and a few other accessories. The simple construction and low cost of maintenance will enable the management to charge much lower rates than are possible in the standard hotels.

FOR a distance of 880 miles, between Sudbury, the junction of the two main lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway and the Manitoba boundary, there are only twelve points with a population of over 200. This means that for 880 miles there are only twelve points at which civilization has to any extent encroached upon what is one of the last few remaining accessible wilderness regions of the North American continent. From the French River, north of the Georgian Bay and Lakes Huron and Superior to west of Kenora, a tract of land 880 miles long and of unknown depth is practically unexplored, and yet this part of Northern Ontario is one of the most richly endowed sections of Canada in natural beauty. Sylvan lakes, streams and larger waterways form a network through the country and almost incredible stories are told of the size and quantity of fish, particularly red and speckled trout to be found there. It is a well known haunt of big game.

The French River bungalow camp is located on an elevation which commands a magnificent view of the main channel of the French, within 200 yards of the railway station. The scenery is characteristic of the Georgian Bay region, rocky islands, deep waterways, and dense pine forests in which all kinds of game abound. The Nipigon is called the home of red and speckled trout, and with some truth, for it is undoubtedly the most prolific breeding place for these sporty fish in the world. The world's record speckled trout came from there in 1915 when Dr. J. W. Cook, of Fort William, Ont., took one out weighing 14 1/2 pounds and measuring 31 1/4 inches from head to tail and 1 1/4 inches across. What need to say more, unless it be that the scenery is equal to any seen at the French River or Lake of the Woods.

**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

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**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"

Historical Research for The Dominion



Wm. Webber, Montreal, Marquis de Sligo, Captain G. Griffiths, R.N.R., "Empress of France," Marchioness of Sligo.

AFTER a two-year holiday, completing a mileage of 46,000 miles on Canadian Pacific railway and steamships, the Marquis and Marchioness of Sligo returned to their London home. During their stay in the Western hemisphere, the Irish peer diverted from his main course of travel, visiting all the leading republics of South America and in the latter days of his travel diverted his course to Southern China, where he narrowly escaped by some few minutes being taken by bandits.

Prior to his departure on the S.S. "Empress of France," the distinguished visitor forwarded to the Canadian Government an interesting document found in the Sligo family correspondence, being a letter from the Hon. Henry Browne, who was associated

with the capture of Quebec.

For some time past, the Marquis has been occupied in gathering data about his family and the part they played in the history of Canada and the Dominion is to reap the benefit of his research. The Marquis began his researches with the famous picture of the death of Wolfe, by West, and after careful investigation he has succeeded in identifying a number of the individuals who surrounded the general as he lay on the ground. Chief among these is Lt. Henry Browne who was the standard bearer in the Louisburg Grenadiers which fought on the right of the line in Wolfe's army. In the picture the Lieutenant is shown holding the standard. Later, according to evidence gathered by the Marquis, his ancestor helped to carry the general off the battlefield after he had died.