

# RED ROSE TEA

"is good tea" TEA

Next time try the finest grade  
-- Red Rose Orange Pekoe Tea.

## MEN AND WOMEN OF TO-DAY

**A Scot's Prank on a "Brither."**

The latest story about Sir Harry Lauder concerns another famous Scotsman, Lord Dewar.

Lord Dewar had Sir Harry staying with him for a fortnight. When the comedian was leaving his host presented him with six valuable homing pigeons as a farewell present. Lord Dewar's pigeon loft is world-famous. But he cautioned Sir Harry to keep the birds penned for a fortnight, otherwise they might fly back. Sir Harry waited the prescribed time and a week longer, then he opened his loft, thinking it would be safe. Immediately the birds rose up and away for their old home. Even a Scot can't get the better of a "brither frae the Land o' Cakes."

**From Poverty to a Palace.**

The miracles of the Arabian Nights are not fabled. I have just heard of a Russian doctor, living in poverty, who wandered into a cinema and saw the film of the coronation of the new Shah of Persia. He thought the Shah's face was familiar, and some days later recollected he had met him when the Shah was serving as a private soldier in the Russian army.

He wrote to the new Shah, and some weeks later received a letter appointing him Court Physician to the "King of Kings," and asking him to come immediately to Teheran, the Persian capital. Who said, "Put not your trust in Princes"?

**The Old Gate.**

It was a boisterous day; the wind was tossing the tree tops into billows over the hills of the evergreen isle. A thick, cold mist was blowing, white caps rode the waves of the lake and crows shrieked from the top of an old fir tree; my dog sat shivering at my feet. "Let's be off to the woods, Beau," said I.

The road ran up a gravel hill, then wound along through the woods; hospitable maples in their gay spring green spread their arms in welcome, dignified firs wearing buttonhole bouquets of dogwood blossoms stood like

No more blue Mondays!  
let **Rinso**  
The new kind of soap  
do the work

Dissolve Rinso and pour into water

Put in clothes

Soak 2 hours or more

Rinse and that's all

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF LUX

**Collapse of Douglas.**

A good story is being told in film circles of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford and King Alfonso of Spain. The film couple were invited on their European tour to meet the King, and Douglas, in particular, was determined to make a good impression. He prepared in advance a pretty speech about American and Spanish friendship, and had it ready to trip off his tongue, when, to his amazement, the King stepped forward with, "How do you do, Mr. Fairbanks? How's Patty Arbuckle?"

King Alfonso, who visits England nearly every year, is almost as keenly interested in films as he is in tennis.

**Good-Bye, Melba!**

Recently Dame Nellie Melba, easily the most popular of prime donne, sang her last songs in public to a London audience. She made her first appearance as an opera-singer at Brussels thirty-nine years ago. Her popularity is almost as much due to her unflinching kindness of heart as to her wonderful voice, and by her retreat Australia loses her best-known citizen.

The story about Melba which I like most runs thus: She was living in a hotel on one of her tours and sat down one morning to practise. A little boy happened to be in the room with his mother, and when the singer's liquid notes trilled out he jumped up with an excited, "Hist, mummie, birdie!" Melba regards that as the greatest compliment ever paid to her voice.

ushers; frisky willows, nodding ferns and drifts of blue alder smoke lured me on.

After about a mile the road turned off mysteriously into the woods. I stopped to listen to water trickling down through the ferns. Beau had chased off into a thicket. Then it was that I noticed the old gate. It stood open, leaning back against the bushes. The road followed the ravine down the hill in persuasive way, but I did not venture in. I leaned on the old gate while I waited for Beau.

The wind has calmed into a breeze that set all the trees to singing and the mist had begun to lift. I heard a door slam down by the water's edge and a boy whistling; the ring of an echo through the woods, a man called, then a woman's voice singing floated up to me with a message of content.

The next time I saw the old gate, the maples had changed their gowns of green to ones of soft yellow, firs were wearing dark velvet coats with buttonholes of rich red burs that the dogwoods had pinned to their lapels. Adventurous sunbeams flitted through the trees and shadows lingered at the curves. The gate was closed, but I did not feel forbidden, for its weather-beaten boards hung from their hinges with the grace of an unspoken welcome.

Once again I passed that way. A battered car came chugging up the hill. The boy was driving, his dog sitting in the seat beside him; in the back seat sat the man and the woman, contented, serene.

And so the gate still calls me. Some time I shall wander down that ferny drive, sure to find a smile and a welcome hand to greet me. There will be flowers, there will be apple trees; and a tea-kettle will be singing in the kitchen.

**Garden Hedges.**

There are few flowers that tower above the stately hollyhocks, Or wear such dainty frills of pink, Silk petticoats and smocks.

Nor can the nodding four-o'clock Present a statelier spire Than salvia, stiff and straight, that flaunts A head of flaming fire.

The California poppies vie With many-colored phlox; Blue butterflies of larkspur hide Behind the giant stocks.

But take me to the hedge-rows deep, The hidden, lowly spots, Where bloom the heart's-ease, softly shrined Among forget-me-nots.

—Ada Borden Stevens.

**Cricket Balls.**

No color has been found so suitable for cricket balls as red, which naturally shows up to advantage against grass. Green balls have been tried, but they proved a failure. Other colors experimented with include yellow and blue.

**Ask Him.**

Science says that, of all sounds, a baby's cry has the greatest carrying power. And dad is the carrier.

**Holiness.**

A white bird in a dark-bought tree Gave to the rain-wet wood A touch of holiness, a place Where God had stood.

The weeping greenness of the leaves Poised in the heavy air, And hung, forgetting to fall, since He Was standing there.

And the dark houghs bent, and swept together Hushed words in an undertone, Talking of one bright, beautiful moment.

Long after the bird had flown.

—Marion Peacock.

**Motorcycle Piles Up Big Mileage in Recent Economy Test.**

Witnessed by representatives of the press and members of the Richmond, Va., Motorcycle Club, a new Harley-Davidson Single recently hung up a highly impressive record for economy in fuel consumption. A strictly stock machine, with no previous preparation, other than the sealing of the gasoline tanks, proceeded to pile miles upon miles, until it reached a grand average of 120.8 miles per American gallon.

Commenting on this, Walter Andrews, Toronto distributor for the Harley-Davidson line, stated: "While economy tests are very interesting and impressive, the real test of any motorcycle is in its every day constant use. Under such conditions the Harley-Davidson Single is piling up an impressive record, eighty miles to the American gallon and 100 miles to the Canadian gallon and better being the average report. Because of this, the motorcycle has found its place in modern business, and ever increasing numbers of stores and business establishments are installing motorcycles for rapid delivery service."

**The Largest Library.**

The world's largest library, the Bibliotheque Nationale, in Paris, which has 5,000,000 volumes, has just been equipped with artificial light.

**Minard's Liniment for all pains.**

## Your Ear Sight.

If, for any reason, the authorities forbade music in cinemas, the film industry would die. Attendances would dwindle, not because of the absence of music made for dullness, but because the pictures would "fatten" and lose "life." We should not be able to see them, without music, a quarter as well as we do now, with music.

It is a scientific fact that we assist our hearing with our eyes, and assist our sight with our ears. Do we not, when we wish to "listen hard," screw our eyes up? The act is involuntary, and has the effect of sharpening the hearing.

The reverse effect is obtained when our ears take in sounds. Our sight is quickened. By actual experiments it has been proved that those who could not read printed matter without spectacles have been able to do so, unaided, when music was played. The violin, on its high notes, is the instrument which produces the greatest increase in vision. Thus music in cinemas, even if it is selected to "fit" particular scenes, is really to help us to "see."

**Cork is Cooked.**

Cork is the bark of an evergreen tree which grows in Southern Europe. The bark is of great thickness and gets thicker every year, one layer forming over the other.

Neglected anacasia often leads to a decline, but if you see that your daughter's blood is enriched, there need be no cause for anxiety. The finest blood-builder ever discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They will build up your girl's health and ensure for her healthy womanhood. In proof of this Mrs. George Justason, Black's Harbor, N.B., says:—"I thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a wonderful medicine. My daughter, Margaret, was in such a badly run down condition that we feared she was going into a decline. Her face was pale, the least exertion would leave her breathless and she suffered from headaches. She had no appetite and lost a lot in weight. Up to the time we began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, no treatment had helped her. But thanks to the use of this wonderful medicine she is again well and strong, showing no signs of the trouble that had so weakened her."

In all troubles due to weak, watery blood, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will be found a reliable remedy. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**The Still, Small Voice.**

The voice of common sense, as well as of conscience, is not always assertive above the strident sounds of the day's work, the importunities of social claims or business. We have to learn to listen to what our better more deliberate judgment is ready to tell us, even though it speaks in a whisper, not in a shout.

In fact, the greater, purer inspirations of our lives never come noisily. They take possession of our horizons almost imperceptibly, like tides of a peaceful coast or clouds of a quiet sun-down. We receive these enabling and fortifying impulses, these clearer indications of the way to take, when we withdraw to the deep, intimate recesses of our being. It is there that we meet our real selves and encounter instincts that are shy and usually inarticulate, ready to be put to flight by churlish, inhospitable contacts.

As music cannot live on terms of fellowship with noise, so the essential refinement of a nature cannot survive constant discouragement. The inward mentor that is ready to show us the things in life that are not merely most beautiful but most sensible will cease to function as a muscle atrophies if we never give it anything to do. If we never listen when it speaks, if we rub onward in a heedless and belligerent course, never pausing to listen to that most precious source of counsel that was given us when the soul was bestowed upon the body for a faithful, lifelong comradeship.

What is the use of the still, small voice that is within us if we never heed?

## GIVE CONFIDENCE TO YOUNG MOTHERS

**By Always Keeping Baby's Own Tablets in the Home.**

A simple and safe remedy for the common ills of babyhood and childhood should be kept in every home where there is either a baby or a young child. Often it is necessary to give the little one something to break up a cold, allay fever, correct sour stomach and banish the irritability that accompanies the cutting of teeth.

Experienced mothers always keep Baby's Own Tablets in the home as a safeguard against the troubles that seize their little ones so suddenly and the young mother can feel reasonably safe with a box of these Tablets at hand and ready for emergencies.

Baby's Own Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative that act without gripping and they are absolutely guaranteed free from opiates or other harmful drugs. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**Early Railways in Canada.**

On April 16, 1853, the Toronto Locomotive Works completed the first locomotive built in Canada; it was named the "Toronto." On June 13, 1853, the Northern Railway was opened from Toronto to Bradford. On July 18, 1853, the Grand Trunk Railway to Portland, Me., was opened. The Great Western Railway was opened from Niagara River to Hamilton on Nov. 1, 1853. From Hamilton to London on Dec. 31, 1853; from London to Windsor, on Jan. 27, 1854; from Hamilton to Toronto, on Dec. 3, 1855. The first passenger train went from Montreal to Toronto on Oct. 27, 1856. The railway from Port Hope to Lindsay was opened on Dec. 30, 1857. The railway from Godfrich to Fort Erie was opened on May 28, 1858.

**Minard's Liniment for all pains.**

## GIRLHOOD DANGERS

**Come Through a Weakening of the Blood—A Tonic is Needed.**

In their early teens it is quite common for girls to outgrow their strength, and mothers should carefully watch the health of their daughters at this time. It is when the strength is sapped by rapid growth that anæmia develops. The first signs may be noticed by peevishness, languor and headaches. The face grows pale, breathlessness and palpitation become apparent, with low spirits and depression.

Neglected anæmia often leads to a decline, but if you see that your daughter's blood is enriched, there need be no cause for anxiety. The finest blood-builder ever discovered is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They will build up your girl's health and ensure for her healthy womanhood. In proof of this Mrs. George Justason, Black's Harbor, N.B., says:—"I thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a wonderful medicine. My daughter, Margaret, was in such a badly run down condition that we feared she was going into a decline. Her face was pale, the least exertion would leave her breathless and she suffered from headaches. She had no appetite and lost a lot in weight. Up to the time we began giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, no treatment had helped her. But thanks to the use of this wonderful medicine she is again well and strong, showing no signs of the trouble that had so weakened her."

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**Living By His Taste.**

Some boiling water, a little tea, and a china cup—with these a man can earn £2,000 a year, says an English writer.

Every day, in the City of London, near Mincing Lane, where hundreds of chests of tea are bought and sold, men are busy tasting samples.

The sampling and testing is carried out in this manner. A sample of the tea is taken, and a preliminary opinion is based on the appearance of the leaf and aroma while dry.

Then tea to the weight of a sixpence is put into a tea-tasting pot made of the best white china. This is filled with boiling water and a china lid put on. For five minutes the tea is left to brew, and then, by almost inverting the pot with the lid still on, the tea is strained out into a china cup.

The taster now has two things before him, the tea itself, and the tea-leaves on the lid. In this state the leaves are known as the infusion.

If the infusion is light and bright in color it is a sign that the tea is good. Dark-brown leaves are a sign that, generally speaking, the tea is inferior. As regards the tea itself, the expert looks at it for color. The liquid may be what is known as "coloring" tea, in other words, of good color which, when blended later with a tea of good flavor but thin in appearance, will impart the color wanted.

Finally comes the actual tasting—just one teaspoonful.

Though the whole process boils down to personal judgment, the years of experience behind sound tasters is such that three or four men examining the same sample would more than likely agree within a farthing a pound as to the worth of that particular consignment.

**Minard's Liniment for Burns.**

**Where Go the Boats?**

Dark brown is the river,  
Golden is the sand,  
It flows along forever,  
With trees on either hand.

Green leaves a-floating,  
Castles of the foam,  
Boats of mine a-boating—  
Where will all come home?

On goes the river  
And out past the mill,  
Away down the valley,  
Away down the hill.

Away down the river,  
A hundred miles or more,  
Other little children  
Shall bring my boats ashore.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses,"  
by Robert Louis Stevenson.

**A pleasant saline laxative**

A clear head, bright eyes, an alert mind, a body full of healthful vigor—you can have them all every day if you are a normal being and keep your system clear of clogging poisons. How? A spoonful of Sal Lithofos in a glass of water daily before breakfast and at bedtime.

**Sal. Lithofos**

Send 10c for generous sample.  
WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD.  
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**Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN**

Proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for

Colds Headache Neuritis Lumbago  
Pain Neuralgia Toothache Rheumatism

**DOES NOT AFFECT THE HEART**

**Safe** Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proven directions. 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 Monocarbonate of Salicylic Acid (Acetyl Salicylic Acid, "A. S. A."). 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."

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For 20 years our graduates have attested the character and effectiveness of our work.

Your chance of success as well as your course of study is our problem.

Write Dept. "D" for particulars.

**ELLIOTT Business College**

**Portrait of Virgin.**

The only authentic portrait of the post Virgin known to-day was found in Northern Africa, in 1898.

No key to the Maya language, like the famous Rosetta stone which helped scientists to read Egyptian hieroglyphics, has yet been found.

**A Big Plan Book**

Handsome illustrated with plans of moderate prices. Includes: Canadian Architects, MacLean Building Guide will help you to decide on the type of house, whether bungalow, cottage, or modern, and also the cost. Send for a copy. MacLean Building Guide 34 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

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97 Dundas St. E. Toronto

**Oh, My Back!**

Get someone to massage it thoroughly with Minard's. It relieves pain.

**MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT**

**RUN-DOWN AFTER BIRTH OF BABY**

**Ottawa Woman Made Strong by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**

Ottawa, Ontario.—"I was terribly run-down after the birth of my third baby. I had awful bearing-down pains and was afraid I had serious trouble. I was tired all the time and had no appetite. My sister-in-law is taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and cannot praise it too much and asked me to try it. I had splendid results and feel fine now. Any one who has a run-down pick-me-up, send for me what to take."—MRS. T. MARKIE, 115 Ferguson Avenue South, Hamilton, Ontario.

**Terrible Backache**

Hamilton, Ont.—"After my baby was born I had terrible backache and headaches. I could not do my work and felt tired from the first minute I got up. But worst of all were the pains in my sides when I moved about. I had to sit or lie down for a while afterwards. I could keep my house in order, but many things had to go undone at the time, because of my ailments. I was told by a neighbor to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as she said it would build me up. I was relieved before I had taken the first one I bought and have not had any trouble like it since."—MRS. T. MARKIE, 115 Ferguson Avenue South, Hamilton, Ontario.

**ECZEMA IN FORM OF RASH**

Lasted About a Year. Healed by Cuticura.

"My scalp started to get red and itchy and had a burning feeling. Later eczema broke out in the form of a rash and spread to my face and body. It was itchy all the time, and my woolen clothing made it worse. My face was disfigured, and my hair fell out and got dry. The trouble lasted about a year.

"I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment and after using one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Alice Bickell, R. R. 5, Woodville, Ont.

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Talcum helps to prevent skin troubles.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address Canadian Dept., 700-702, Montreal, P. Q., or 150-152, Toronto, Ont. Cuticura Shaving Stick 25c.

155 E. No. 26-28.

22 Jul/26.

**Dr. T. A. Carpenter**  
Physician and Surgeon  
MILDMAY  
Graduate of University of Toronto  
1915. One year as Intern at  
the Toronto General Hos-  
pital and six months at  
Hospitals in New  
York City.  
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Dental Surgeon  
Office above Liesmer & Kalbfleisch's  
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Office Hours: 9 to 6.  
Honor Graduate of Toronto Univer-  
sity. Member of the Royal Col-  
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Modern Equipment Lat-  
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General Hospital. Post Graduate of  
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OF THE HIGHEST QUALITY  
We Examine Your Eyes by the  
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We Grind the Lenses, assuring  
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with glasses, is mod-  
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NO GUESS-WORK  
Nothing to let us  
examine your eyes.  
If you are suffering from head-  
aches, pain in back of eyes, or  
vision is blurred, or you get diz-  
zy easily. Something is the  
matter with your eyes. We fit  
glasses that relieve the strain.  
Prices Moderate.  
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WALKER OFFICIAN Walkerton

**FARMS**  
Farms of all sizes for sale or ex-  
change. Apply to J. C. Thackeray,  
Harriston, Ont., or direct to the Wil-  
loughby Farm Agency, Guelph, Ont.

**C. N. R. TIMETABLE**  
Southbound ..... 7.26 a.m.  
Northbound ..... 11.20 a.m.  
Southbound ..... 3.12 a.m.  
Northbound ..... 8.51 p.m.

A writer of a letter to the London  
Spectator says: "We are right-hand-  
ed, but we are left-legged. This is  
the reason why soldiers begin their  
marches with the left foot, why the  
left foot is placed in the stirrup  
when mounting a horse, and why  
the step of a bicycle is on the left  
side. Our left-leggedness is the or-  
igin of the almost universal custom  
keeping to the right in walking;  
the left leg being stronger than the  
right, the tendency to go to the  
left is the natural result."

**Wit and Humor**

Pat (to Yankee)—We have the  
best athletes in Ireland that the  
world produces.  
Yankee—Nonsense; why, our Amer-  
ican champion ran 18 miles and  
then jumped a nine-bar gate.  
Pat—Yes, but look at the run he  
hat at it.

.....  
**Could Still Hear Him**  
The post-prandial orator had been  
speaking for half an hour when the  
toastmaster, having noticed that a  
guest upon his right was snoring  
gently, tapped him lightly with his  
gavel. "A second time the diner  
dozed, and again the hammer brought  
him back to consciousness. Again  
the snoring became audible, and the  
toastmaster, losing patience, plied  
the gavel to more purpose. "Go on,"  
was the sleepy answer, "hit me  
again; I can still hear him."

.....  
**Good Old Days**  
Eve had no laundry bill,  
Neither had Adam.  
Nobody had 'em.  
Nobody did.  
Don't you wish we could  
Just like that kid?

.....  
**A Question of Clothing**  
Mr. Jones was very fond of a kind  
of boiled pudding his wife made.  
When she had gone away for an  
afternoon and evening she promised  
that she would leave in if his favor-  
ite puddings in the saucepan for his  
evening meal.  
"Well," she said, on her return  
"and how did the pudding go down?"  
"Soo-preme!" said Tom, smacking  
his lips at the recollection. "Twas  
as good a pudding as you have ever  
made."  
"That's good," was the gratified  
response of Mrs. Jones. "I'm glad  
you enjoyed it. What did you do  
with the cloth?"  
For a moment Mr. Jones solemnly  
surveyed her. "What," he said, "did  
it have a cloth on?"

.....  
She—Is it really as dangerous as  
the doctor says to dye the hair?  
He—It surely is. Why, I had an  
uncle that dyed his hair, and a month  
later he was married to a widow  
with five children.

.....  
Mother—Harold, you tiresome ob-  
ject. You came home in an awful state  
at dinner time, and after I cleaned and  
tidied you up, you run off and have  
another fight.  
Harold—Oh, no, mother. It was  
the same fight. We only knocked  
off for dinner.

**PERSONNE OF NEW CABINET**  
The following ministers attended  
on His Excellency the Governor-Gen-  
eral on Tuesday evening last and ac-  
cepted office in the new Government:  
Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen, Prime  
Minister, Secretary of State for For-  
eign Affairs and President of the  
Privy Council.  
Hon. Sir George Perley, Secretary  
of State.  
Hon. R. B. Bennett, Minister of  
Finance.  
Hon. E. L. Patenaude, Minister of  
Justice.  
Hon. Hugh Guthrie, Minister of  
National Defence.  
Hon. H. H. Stevens, Minister of  
Customs.  
Hon. S. F. Tolmie, Minister of  
Agriculture.  
Hon. W. A. Black, Minister of  
Railways.  
Hon. R. J. Manion, Postmaster-  
General.  
Hon. J. D. Chaplin, Minister of  
Trade and Commerce.  
Hon. George B. Jones, Minister of  
Labor.  
Hon. E. B. Ryckman, Minister of  
Public Works.  
Without Portfolio:  
Hon. Sir Henry Drayton  
Hon. Donald Sutherland  
Hon. R. D. Morand  
Hon. John A. MacDonald

The portfolios of marine and fish-  
eries, the interior, immigration and  
colonization, health and soldiers' civ-  
il re-establishment and the post of  
solicitor general are left unfilled for  
the present.

The school board of Kincardine  
have received 107 applications for the  
various vacancies on the teaching  
staff.

A. E. Lougheed of Heathercote has  
four pairs of silver black foxes,  
which this year presented him with  
twenty pups.

**HINTS FOR HOT WEATHER**

How to keep cool in hot weather is  
a much harder problem than how to  
keep warm in cold weather. No one  
thought a while ago that we were  
likely to have any hot weather prob-  
lems this summer, but the weather-  
man has sprung a surprise on us.

A writer in Hygeia for July says  
that one of the best rules for hot  
weather is to "keep cool about it."  
Talking and fretting about it don't  
help you to keep cool. A sponge or a  
shower bath will help some, if you  
have leisure and convenience for it  
but if you have to hurry through  
with it you'll not be appreciably  
cooler.

Don't sit in close rooms if you can  
help it. If it is nothing better than  
an electric fan it will promote eva-  
poration of perspiration and that is  
nature's way of reducing the heat of  
the body. Better than any electric  
fan, is a breeze. Don't be afraid of  
a draft. No draft will do you any  
harm, unless it cools you too rapidly.  
The only thing to avoid about drafts  
is a chill. Short of that you are safe  
and wholesome.

Cut down on eating, unless you  
have to eat all you can to keep fit for  
work. Beware of over exertion. The  
health is already taxed by the heat.  
Beware of exposure to the direct  
rays of the sun, if you notice the  
slightest symptom of dizziness. Some  
people are much more susceptible to  
heat apoplexy than others, and you  
may be one of them. Dizziness is  
one of the first symptoms. Seek the  
shade at once and sponge off with  
cold water. It is not as rapid in  
its action as alcohol but is much saf-  
er, and more accessible.

Wear the minimum of clothing  
The ladies have it all over the men  
in sensible dressing for hot weather  
In the tropics most men who are not  
natives and acclimated, wear a two-  
piece suit of open-weave linen, with-  
out any underclothing. Palm beach  
only approximates it in coolness and  
comfort. Drink plenty of water,  
flavored or not, so long as it isn't  
iced. It promotes free perspira-  
tion, which ensures against fever  
temperature.

If possible keep the mind occupied  
if only with an interesting book or  
game. There's nothing more likely  
to overheat you than thinking of  
the discomfort and possible danger  
of it. With anything like reasonable  
precautions there is practically no  
danger in hot weather, if only one  
keeps cool in mind and temper.

**FIRE AT CARGILL**

A most disastrous fire, the origin  
of which is not known, completely  
destroyed the residence of Mr. Ed.  
Crawford near the C.N.R. station,  
Cargill, on Tuesday afternoon, to-  
gether with a portion of the house-  
hold effects. About four o'clock  
smoke was seen pouring from the  
roof of the kitchen, a fire apparently  
having started from the chimney.  
Although the villagers responded  
promptly to the alarm, it was evi-  
dent that the house was doomed  
from the start. After trying for a-  
while to save the home with the ef-  
forts of a bucket brigade, attention  
was soon turned to rescuing the  
household goods. The greater part  
of the downstairs articles were sav-  
ed. Owing to the quickness with  
which the flames spread and the a-  
mount of smoke, most of the goods  
in the second storey were lost. Al-  
though this house was situated a  
short distance from the C.N.R. depot  
the storehouse of argill Limited and  
the Weigh Scales, etc., these build-  
ings were not in any danger, as the  
wind was blowing the sparks and  
embers in another direction. The  
Crawford home, with contents, was  
partly covered by insurance. At  
time of writing Mr. Crawford has  
not decided whether he will rebuild  
or not.—Telescope.

**TRAIN RUNS OVER SLEEPING CHILD**

Parkhill, July 7.—To fall asleep  
between the rails on the C.N.R. right  
of way, near her home, and to have a  
fast passenger train run completely  
over her body was the dangerous and  
strange experience of the two-year-  
old daughter of Ralph Robinson,  
East Williams. To the fact that the  
tiny girl was asleep and that she  
chose for her outdoor bed the exact  
middle between the rails is her life  
due and the occurrence is considered  
one of the strangest that has ever  
happened in the district, and perhaps  
in Western Ontario.

The tot had wandered away from  
her home, and, evidently exhausted,  
stretched out on the warm cinders.  
It is believed soon after her con-  
sciousness had given way to sleep

**Boundary Brick and Tile Works**

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**Rugged and White  
Brick, Drain Tile**  
(3 to 16 inches)  
**Wm. Elliott & Son**  
Glenannon, Ontario  
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ross, 3 miles West of Belmore

the locomotive and its string of cars  
passed over her body, leaving her  
unharmed. The thundering noise of  
the train awakened the sleeping girl,  
but her confused mind was instru-  
mental in preventing her from mov-  
ing during the dangerous moment  
in which the cars were passing over  
her. Had she raised her head or  
moved sideways, her life would have  
been snuffed out in an instant.  
She was found soon after her  
strange experience and returned to  
her home

**WOULD IT LESSEN TOLL?**

There appears to be a strong agi-  
tation in favor of legislation requir-  
ing motor vehicles to come to a full  
stop before crossing a railway track.  
In view of the numerous fatalities  
at such crossings, the proposition  
has its merits, says the Aylmer Ex-  
press. It is argued, however, that  
the reckless driver who is always  
willing to take a chance would not  
hesitate to disregard such a law as  
he does all other laws. Again were  
it to come into effect the railroads  
would be relieved from all responsi-  
bility, and engineers would not take  
proper precaution. The exceeding  
interest displayed by the railway offi-  
cials makes the public just a little  
suspicious. Nevertheless some plan  
should be evolved that would lessen  
the toll of life at railway crossings.

It cost Dr. Herbert H. Sinclair of  
Walkerton \$100 and costs of the  
court for indiscriminate issuing of  
liquor prescriptions for persons in  
Toronto who claimed they had never  
got the liquor. A Provincial officer  
in Toronto produced 15 of such  
scripts.

**PLANTED MACARONI SEED**

W. J. Freeman tells us a good one  
he pulled on some friends near Hol-  
stein. It was while he was visiting  
down there this spring that he got  
talking about hulls oats, and Billy  
always alive to a good joke, said he  
would send them down some samples.  
When he came back home to Tees-  
water he did up about a pound of  
this fine macaroni that was made for  
soup purposes and which look very  
much like seeds, and mailed it to his  
friend. The man very carefully  
marked out a plot, tilled it and fertil-  
ized it and sowed the "seeds." After  
the other grain was all up around it  
he was very much disappointed in  
not having the new hulls oats  
come up, and scratched some out to  
examine them. Well, they had nev-  
er germinated. W. J. is laughing  
yet over his friend's trying to grow  
macaroni.—Teeswater News.

**LAKELET**

There was a crowd from the west-  
ern side of the township at Clinton  
on the 12th. The Lodge did not go  
as a Lodge. In the morning they  
met here. Melvin Hubbard played  
the fife, and George Dixon beat the  
drum, and gave the burghers some  
music. Geo. Dixon would prefer  
beating the drum to hoeing turnips  
any day. Wm. Hubbard was the on-  
ly one who honored the day as it  
should be. Was all dressed up and  
regalia on.  
The crusher out west was closed  
down on Saturday, until after haying  
There will be but few idle days be-  
tween now and winter for the farm-  
ers. They made a good piece of  
road from Lot Viney's corner, north  
to 16th and 17th, and it was much  
needed.

Miss Millie Huth of Kitchener  
was up visiting relatives and friends  
in and around Lakelet last week, and  
returned to her home on Saturday.  
Archie Viney of Elora visited his  
uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Lot  
Viney on Sunday. He has a good  
position there. Mr. and Mrs. John  
Detman, Miss Ella Gadke and Mr.



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What You Work to Keep**

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mean more and more to you as you  
see the figures in your Bank-Book gradually  
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**A HARVEST OF PROTESTS**

Apparently the month of July is  
not only a harvest time for the crops  
but it is also a harvest time for pro-  
tests. On Tuesday evening the pro-  
test committee of the W. F. A. con-  
sidered a protest entered by the  
Kitchener Canadian Legion Rangers  
against the Hespeler team alleging  
that Hespeler had played men as  
residents who were really non-resi-  
dents. The evidence did not sub-  
stantiate the charge and the protest  
was decided in favor of Hespeler.  
Stratford has protested the Kinburn  
—Stratford game on various techni-  
cal points. Holstein has protested  
the russels—Holstein game at Hol-  
stein alleging that Brussels played a  
man who was not registered. It is  
unfortunate that so many protests  
appear year after year as they do  
not help sport in any way as a rule,  
but rather have a tendency to lower  
sport in the estimation of the sport  
loving public.—Listowel Standard.

**MURDER SUSPECTED**

With a deep wound in the back of

**Arnold Huth, accompanied Millie**

Huth to Kitchener on Saturday.  
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Best of Shelburne  
came Friday night and stayed at  
R. G. Nay's until Saturday afternoon  
when they went to Ripley, accom-  
panied by Mrs. Nay and Marion.  
They were up to see the father, Mr.  
Welsh, who was injured in a motor  
accident recently.  
Mr. S. H. Webber, who has been  
laid up for over a month with sciatic  
in the back, is able to get around a  
little these days.

**Chief William Pogue commenced**

an immediate investigation and a  
preliminary inquest was held Satur-  
day morning under the direction of  
Dr. Leroy Wagner, coroner. The  
contents of the stomach were sent to  
Toronto for analysis to see if any  
drug had been administered. The  
inquest was adjourned until Monday  
afternoon.

While the theory of murder is  
strongly supported the motive for  
such a deed is lacking. Robbery was  
not the aim as on the counter beside  
the body was a purse containing \$13.  
As far as is known there is nothing  
missing. Mr. Norman had no known  
enemies, as he was one of the most  
popular men in the district.

The death is one of the most mys-  
terious in this district for many years.  
The provincial police have been noti-

22 July 26

5

### Now For The Potato Bugs!

Be sure and feed them all the Climax Potato Bug Killer they want. While it kills the bugs it is also a fertilizer at the same time.

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Local Agent

### WHAT IS COWARDICE.

What is cowardice? That is a question that arose in the British House of Parliament recently in the debate on the motion by Mr. Thurtle, member for Shore-ditch, to abolish the death penalty in the army for cowardice or desertion on active service. In the course of the argument, Mr. Morrison, member for North Tottenham, told a most curious story of the experience of a friend of his during the Great War. Both Mr. Thurtle and Mr. Morrison served in the war. But the story is: While on outpost duty, this friend of Mr. Morrison, was the sergeant in command of a party of four men who were cut off without food or ammunition. They eventually tried to find their way in to the German lines. On the way they came face to face with a German N. C. O. and six men. Both parties held up their hands simultaneously. The German N. C. O. was able to speak English and they discussed whether it would be safer for the Germans to surrender to the British or the British to surrender to the German or the British lines. As the British artillery barrage was the more severe, they eventually decided to try to reach the British lines, and they were successful. Later Mr. Morrison's friend was decorated for gallantry in retaining his post and for capturing a German N. C. O. and six men.

### OAT CROP THREATENED

Farmers in this district are facing grave danger of the destruction of their entire oat crop from a source heretofore unheard of in these parts. Like the corn-weevil that has caused anxiety to corn planters, and against which Government agricultural experts both in Canada and the United States are putting up a strong fight to eradicate, it would seem that a new pest, at least one that is now to agriculturists here, has come into existence to plague the farmers and threaten an oat famine in these parts. Many fine fields of oats which a short time ago gave promise of a splendid yield might now be just as well plowed up as they have apparently been destroyed for any use. The oats have turned a heavy rust color and on close inspection the under part of the leaves are found to be covered with life which have also got into the very heart of the plant. Our informant, who during the week-end travelled through many sections

of Sauguen and Arran, tells us that in some fields hardly a green straw is noticeable, while others are as yet only partly damaged. Farmers are at a loss to know the cause of this pest and would welcome any information that the Agricultural Department or any other authority can give them.—Port Elgin Times.

### THE MEANEST OF THIEVES

The meanest thief is often named as he who would steal candy from a baby. Our idea of the sneakiest, low-down, unscrupulous thief is the skunk who will strip a wrecked automobile lying by the roadside while its owner is in some hospital or seeking aid. It is almost safe to assert that no car could be left in a ditch anywhere over night unguarded without being stripped of everything from its tires to its looking glass. Some have everything removable unfastened and taken away by these heartless sneak thieves, who, instead of protecting an unfortunate man's property, literally kick him when he is down. What kind of conscience repose inside their thick skulls it is hard to surmise. They should find time to cogitate on the evil of their ways in cells next to those who rush from the scene of an accident. They would be fitting company for one another.—Ex.

### MUCH WORK ON COUNTY ROADS

Mr. G. E. Stephenson, County Engineer, and the foremen and employees of the County roads organization are very busy. The Engineer is constantly motoring from place to place supervising the various jobs. The work on the new pavement at Lucknow is well under way, the excavation and drainage being practically completed. The Towland Construction Co. of Guelph are the contractors. Four miles west of Glam is, grading and graveling is being done, also on the road between Ambleside and Teeswater. Two 40-foot concrete bridges are being constructed east of Teeswater. The dangerous sections on the centre road north of Warton are being improved. The main street at Southampton is also receiving attention. Macadam is being laid, and the surface is given a bituminous treatment. The approach to the Queen St. Bridge at Kincardine are being widened, and the hills reduced. Similar work in relation to hills and reconstruction is under way on the road west of Lucknow, and two culvert gangs are also employed in different sections.—Tel. escape.

### CROP REPORT

General—Wheat, which is generally headed out in the Prairie Provinces, is now approaching the critical period. So far the crops are coming along satisfactorily, although rain would be welcome in some parts of Saskatchewan and Alberta, where very hot weather has prevailed. In Quebec recent rains have been most beneficial to all crops which previously were suffering from lack of moisture. In Ontario good growing weather has prevailed during the past week and the outlook is very promising. In the Maritime Provinces general conditions continue good and crops are progressing satisfactorily. In British Columbia, hot dry weather is reducing crop prospects in the interior, but tree fruits will be somewhat above average.

Our idea of a sweet temper is a man who can enjoy a picnic where he's shoved into a fat man's race.

### ADDRESS AND PRESENTATION TO MR. O'HAGAN

On Tuesday evening, July 6th, all the ratepayers of U. S. S. No. 2 (Ambleside) and a few outsiders, assembled at the school house to bid their teacher farewell.

Mr. A. Schnurr was chosen as chairman and acted his part in a most suitable manner. He called upon Joseph Cronin to read the following address:

Dear Mr. O'Hagan:— It is with sentiments of sincere friendship and respect that we, a few of your most intimate friends, and ratepayers of this section, have assembled here this evening to give expression to our deep regret at your departure from our midst.

You have been with us but three short years, and during that time you have made yourself one of us, and shared in our pleasures as well as being most thorough with your work at school.

U. S. S. No. 2 is one of the largest rural schools in Bruce County and like other schools is very hard to control on account of so many pupils; but through your good tact and better management they have become most obedient and in every way show the greatest respect and obedience to you and also to passers-by. We cannot only give credit to the teacher alone but when their parents advise, instruct and command them to be obedient and work in harmony with their teacher, it makes it much easier and this can easily be seen by the audience here to-night that we respect you as a most faithful and diligent teacher and regret to see you leave.

During the time you were here you set a noble example, not only to your pupils, but to all whom you came in contact with, and for this we certainly feel proud of you, and so ought your parents be thankful, that they have such a son of exemplary character.

You took such an active and energetic interest in all your work that you have won many true, faithful friends, not alone in this section, but also in Teeswater, Mornosa, Mildmay Walkerton and wherever you went. You will be greatly missed by all of us but since you are leaving for a field of greater opportunity on account of your exceptional ability and high standing being recognized by others; we find it a most regrettable loss to us but it will prove a more acceptable gain to others.

Now since you have decided to sever your connection from us, we ask you to accept this "Club Bag" as a small token of remembrance only, as we are unable to express our feelings of sorrow by any words in appreciation of your faithful services as a teacher and adviser.

In meeting new acquaintances in your travels, the kindest wishes for your success and happiness is extended to you by all your Ambleside friends.

Signed—Andrew Schnurr, Joseph Detzler, Albert Doerr, John Cronin.

Mr. Detzler then presented Mr. O'Hagan with a handsome Club Bag. Mr. O'Hagan made an appropriate reply, stating he was completely taken by surprise and that he was unable to express in words the kindness he received from people in U. S. S. No. 2 while teaching in their section; and that he should be the Giver rather than the Receiver. He thanked all the donors for their generosity and promised to help them if any opportunity ever presented itself.

The chairman then called upon the Trustees and Sec.-Treas. to say a few words, and they willingly consented, making it short and snappy. The rest of the evening was spent in tripping the light fantastic until the wee sma' hours of the morning. Last, but not least, was the bountiful lunch supplied by Mrs. John Cronin about midnight, to which all did ample justice.

### HOWICK

Another pioneer of Howick Township passed to his reward on Thursday, July 8th, in the person of Thomas R. Walker, sr. Death took place at the home of his son, Thomas, sixth son, with whom he had made his home for many years. The funeral on Saturday to the Presbyterian cemetery was largely attended. Three brothers of the deceased, Messrs. David and George, of Grand Rapids, Mich., and John, of Harrison, also a sister, Mrs. Hill, of London, were present at the funeral.

Death claimed another well-known resident of this community on Friday last in the person of Sarah Elizabeth Mason, relict of the late

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### Odd Suits at half price

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## WEILER BROS.

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Thomas Forster. Deceased had been a sufferer from Bright's disease for about eight months, and was critically ill for two weeks previous to her demise. She is survived by two daughters and two sons viz: Mrs. Emerson Hargrave, fourth con.; Mrs. Yeo, of near Wroxeter; Stanley and Arthur, both of the fourth con. Her husband predeceased her in November last. The funeral took place on Sunday from the home of her son-in-law, Emerson Hargrave, to the Fordwich cemetery.

After a long period of suffering, the spirit of John Lambkin took its flight early Tuesday morning. The deceased, who was 69 years of age, had been in ill health for years, but an indomitable will power and strong heart fought a brave battle to the end. We join with the community at large in extending sympathy to the bereaved wife and family.

"I see," said a Kent farmer to his neighbor, "that your son is spending his holidays with you. I hope he is taking an interest in the farm." "He is interested. He's already shown me where we could have a fine golf course in the back pasture, and how we could turn the barn into a garage."

### WHERE IS THE BAREFOOT BOY?

One who drives much in the rural parts of Ontario tells us the barefoot boy is no more. He never sees the happy lad of early day trudging his way merrily on the highway, his boots left behind, his new freedom rousing his happiness to a high pitch. But why try to describe a figure so brilliantly pictured by Whittier, in these lines: Blessings on thee, little man, Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan! With thy up-turned pantaloons; And thy merry whistled tunes; With thy red lips, redder still Kissed by strawberries on the hill; With the sunshine on thy face, From thy turned brim's jaunty grace From my heart I give thee joy— I was once a barefoot boy.



### McCormick-Deering Cream Separators NO BETTER MACHINE MADE

### Special Selling Drive During the month of June

### 10 per cent. Reduction Of Regular Selling Price on All Machines

Term: 6, 12 or 18 mo. without interest

BUY NOW!

### C. J. KOENIG - Mildmay

If there are no barefoot days for the boys of this generation, there is something missed. Long about this time of year there came the first decidedly warm days, and the boys at the country school know the time had come for action. They had worn their shoes to school that morning but with unanimous consent off came the shoes at recess. They were tied together by the laces and carried home over the shoulder.

At first the feet were tender from the protection of the long winter, but they quickly toughened. Thistle barbs wrought havoc for a few days but soon even they were resisted by the hard skin on the sole of the feet. The winds of summer blew with reviving vigor on the bare legs, and it was no wonder there were "merry whistled tunes." We may have concrete highways, bicycles, or even a motorcycle for the schoolboys of today, but the memory of barefoot days will ever be treasured by those who knew them.—Toronto Globe.

Impartial Experts Say

# "SALADA" TEA



is the finest 'Orange Pekoe' sold.

### Little House.

The transparent April twilight was just drifting into dusk when Nick came to lean once more against the little picket fence. Magic was in the air. It had been hard at work in the neglected garden, pulling the weeds, stirring the brown earth, setting out rows and clumps of sturdy, thrifty green plants. It had even bewitched some of them into flowering; he could see the jeweled pink of minute daisies and the lifted faces of the pansies, beguiling as small children. It had shined the brass knocker on the door and lighted candles between frilled muslin curtains and swelled lilac buds to fat, jade buttons and tempered the remote chill of the air to something soft and sweet and strange; it had unlatched the gate and let spring into Reddy's garden. And now it opened the green door and let Reddy out. . . . Reddy pattered him into the long, low room that was living-room and dining-room and library, and better than her dreams. . . .

He leaned back contentedly in the great winged chair, so serenely gay in its faded Portuguese chintz, watching Reddy's light hands choose exactly the right cup and saucer from the assortment that filled the dim green cupboard like a great nosegay. What an incredibly nice room! Every thing in it was so absolutely right—the shapeliness of the huge sofa, the tidiness of the little fat bar chairs, the faded silver of the paper on the walls, the wavering light which were generously doing their duty as pictures, too, with their careful studies of little churches under green willows, little boats on blue waves, little gentlemen and ladies saying farewell forever in longlost gardens. . . .

The room was full of flowers—flowers climbing up the bell-pulls, blooming on the faded hooked rugs, blooming luxuriantly in dim gold frames—Friendship's Offerings and Love's Garland's decorously clustered on the round stool in front of the fire on which the fat black kitten, Cricket, had promptly flopped in. . . . drowsiness, clutched in stiff bouquets in the gloved paws of the . . . couple on the Pennsylvania Dutch dower chest. He gave a sigh of pleasure. It was gay and fresher and kinder than a garden, that quiet room, because the flowers in it had been blooming for so many years. . . . No, there wasn't a single thing in it that didn't look as if it had been made for the special place that it occupied.—Frances Noyes Hart, in the Saturday Evening Post.

### The First Known Monks.

Buddhism was the first religion to have monks, nuns, convents and monasteries. . . . Buddha himself had twelve disciples who became monks. For thousands of years these devotees have renounced the world and its joys. . . . The monks dress in yellow, go barefoot, shave their heads and faces, and have no shaving services in their chapels. . . . They have, as do the convents, chanting of hymns, burning of incense, rosaries, candles, rear monuments over the relics of holy dead, fast, place especial merit in living in single blessedness, eat in one hall, sleep in cells and receive alms. . . .

### Left Out.

"Oswald, why don't you clean up the yard?"  
"Aw, how can a fellow work when his daddy goes fishin', his uncle's at the ball game an' you gettin' ready for a basketball?"



That delicious flavor of fresh mint gives a new thrill to every bite. Wrigley's is good and good for you.

The wound caused by the lancehead is curable, but that caused by the tongue cannot be cured.—Arabian Proverb.



### FROCK OF DELIGHTFUL FABRIC AND DESIGN.

The beautiful bordered materials are bringing about many charming developments in frocks these days. Cut with a bateau neck to slip on over the head, this attractive frock effects plaits at the sides to flare the "straight-line" silhouette. A narrow belt appears at the top of the plaits and short kimono sleeves provide a summery air. The diagram pictures the simple design of this frock, and the pattern provides long sleeves. No. 1081 is for misses and small women, and is in sizes 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 years (36 bust) requires 2 1/2 yards bordered material; or 2 3/4 yards 36-inch plain material; long sleeves 3/4 yard additional. Price 20 cents. The secret of distinctive dress lies in good taste rather than a lavish expenditure of money. Every woman should want to make her own clothes, and the home dressmaker will find the designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book to be practical and simple, yet maintaining the spirit of the mode of the moment. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

### HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap carefully for each number, and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

### The Music Shepherd.

Mother was a music shepherd Teaching do, re, mi, fa, sol, la.  
Taught our willing childhood voices Trembling pianissimo.  
Could not stop as we were learning, Called the little neighbor children;  
Taught them notes and rests and counting—  
Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, sol.

In the choir at church, my mother Led the altos, led them singing, Patiently and gently ever,  
For her voice was low and ringing;  
Led them that they might be sharing In the music she so cherished,  
Led them as a gentle shepherd Through the anthems heavenward bringing.

Soon, they one and all came asking Please might they learn notes and measures;  
Came the bases, came the tenors Came sopranos for the treasures,  
Great strong men and women, laughing.  
To our home from daily labors— Singing, counting, chiming, chanting Through an evening's homely pleasures.

As a child I sat enchanted Sang with them sol, la, ti, do;  
Helped the tenors, helped the altos Bravely toward fortissimo,  
Mother's years were tuned to music, Ages carry on the echo—  
Mother was a music shepherd Teaching fa, sol, la, ti, do.  
—Flora Lawrence Myers.

The wound caused by the lancehead is curable, but that caused by the tongue cannot be cured.—Arabian Proverb.

## THE RADIO DETECTIVE

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE.

### Chapter V.—(Cont'd.)

"It was an inside job! You tell Ruth to watch out for the ponies!" Ken did not pursue. There was no percentage in such a fight. Instead, he turned swiftly and started along the shore to the east.

Since early in the morning Kennedy, Easton Evans and myself had been in the Radio Shack of Evans. Easton now wore his uniform as Scoutmaster. We had gone to the shack in the hope that during the day there would be some response to the alarm that Kennedy had broadcasted the night before. The Radio Shack was a most interesting place. It had been the old boathouse on the Evans place but Easton had taken it and had built it over so that the upper part was his laboratory. This was on the cliff side and entered from the level of the Cliff Road. Below the old boathouse part had been entirely cleaned out and refitted and in it Easton had been making some rather secret experiments with some radio devices for hydro-aeroplanes. He had built a skiway and converted this part into a regular hangar.

It was upstairs now that we were waiting, impatiently. "We ought to be getting some reports from somewhere, I should think about that yellow racer," I remarked. "We'll get them," returned Kennedy. "You never send out a message on the air like that that you don't get a result?"

Easton was very quiet. He was taking no chances. On one side he had a radio with an indoor aerial. Kennedy was tinkering with the radio with the outdoor aerial, while Easton himself was adjusting his Evansite Co.'s Tube apparatus. Everything was tuned for reception on the wave length accorded Easton.

"If there's anything to say around here we ought to get it," remarked Easton, curbing his impatience. "Everybody has my official wave length and number." He glanced out of the window. "There goes that scout cruiser that's been lying about here. She's weighed anchor. I'd intended to see if I could listen in on her wave-length, discover it, get some information. The thing doesn't look right to me."

"Hello—look!" Kennedy turned a knob to adjust his machine had glanced out of the window of the Radio Shack.

We looked also. Down the cliff road we caught sight of Ken Adams coming along in a most dishevelled condition. A moment and Ken, minus a couple of buttons on his coat and with a fine right eye, stood in the doorway of the Shack.

"Fighting again!" Easton Evans took no pains to conceal his disgust at the conquest by his primitive instincts of Ken. "What about, this time?" Ken was silent. He did not seem to be in the least under compulsion. Besides, he, too, had just caught a shot through the opposite window of the "Scooter" speeding down to the mouth of the harbor in the direction of the Sound.

"What about?" repeated Craig. "With whom?"

"Oh," avoided Ken, "Hank Hawkins—that mucker."

"Why, he's much bigger than you—and almost a year older."

"Maybe he thought he was bigger. He doesn't think so, now!" was Ken's quiet comment.

"Too bad you didn't have the gloves—and the other boys as gallery to cheer you on," cut in Easton with a touch of sarcasm. "What was it about?"

Still Ken did not answer. Craig was about to repeat the question more sharply when Easton held up his hand.

A message was coming in over the Evansite Cold Tube set.

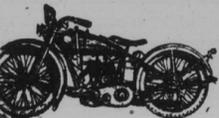
"This is Mayhew's Garage, Mayhew talking, Smithtown. There's a gardener here, from the Jardine place, has a few about the yellow racer. Come over immediately and get it—or transmit the news to Easton Evans at his Radio Shack, or wherever he may be, as directed by Craig Kennedy over the air last night. Hurry!"

### CHAPTER VI.

#### THE FIELD RADIO SET.

Under cover of the darkness and the storm the night before the now much-sought-for yellow racer had entered a private driveway, proceeding slowly now up until it stood before the middle one of three doors of the private garage on the estate.

This estate was the great place of the banker Jardine. The whole Jardine family, this summer, were in Europe and it made it all the more strange when the gardener and caretaker, old Lenihan, waking up from a fitful sleep in the storm in the servants' quarters happened to glance out of the window and see through the wind-blown branches of the tree, a light down in the supposedly empty garage. Lenihan rose and dressed



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quickly. Then he stole out in the storm to reconnoitre.

What was the surprise of the wiry gardener when after making a wide circuit so as to come up in back of the lighted garage, he saw two men inside, and a car. They had just calmly taken possession of his employer's empty garage and were making themselves at home in it as if it were their own.

Lenihan's surprise was even greater when he saw what they were doing. It had been a rather sporty yellow racer once. At least he could gather that from a very small part of it under the light which had not yet been painted that they were smearing over its polished sides. Their backs were toward him and Lenihan made his way carefully around to the other side to get a look at their faces.

His eagerness as a detective was what got him into trouble. He was peering through, earnestly endeavoring to make a mental picture of the hard faces and at the same time read the number of the license on the car when suddenly one of them who was holding a pocket flashlight rose and swung it around to look at some part of the car body not lighted by the garage light. In doing so he swung the light across the window through which Lenihan was peering and Lenihan could not jump back quick enough to avoid the rays.

Another instant and both the thugs had dropped their work and were in full pursuit of the fleeing gardener. Instead of tip-toeing quietly to the telephone in the house and notifying the constable to make a flying trip to capture the intruders, Lenihan found himself in a battle for his life against odds that were impossible. Either of the thugs alone would have been a match for the old man.

The instant was that Lenihan found himself lying out on the soaking ground in the rain under the lilac bushes hundreds of yards from the road, trussed up and gagged, helpless, in the dark.

Still he was not the man to give up. He struggled fiercely. But Lenihan would never have been engaged to give any performance of making escapes from rope ties, such as the great Houdini. He kept at it until he almost fainted from exhaustion. Every struggle seemed to cause the ropes to bite more sharply into his flesh. Then he would lie there, speculating on how long it was until daylight, what chance there was of anyone coming into an estate closed for the summer and finding him! His chances seemed pretty slim.

With returning strength Lenihan would then struggle again. Then he would be forced by his weakness and lassitude to give it up. He had a full formed plan of what he would do if only he could free his feet. The trouble was he could seem to make no headway with either hands or feet. And the gag was impossible to remove without having first removed the ropes. He shivered with the cold, and squirmed as he rolled into cobwebs and felt cold, clammy bugs crawling on his skin.

Meanwhile, inside the garage, without a thought of the old gardener, who had been trussed up, the thugs had completed their job of camouflaging the yellow racer into a gray one. Now the rain had stopped and clouds were sun began to lighten the eastern horizon.

They pushed the gray racer out of the garage, using the bumpers, into the wind that it might dry quicker. Then they started to examine a splendidly equipped car which was much above the ordinary. They were constantly in touch with some source of radio orders and were never working in the dark.

The radio having been looked after, they returned to the garage. Here, in the hour or so noted before the rapid-drying paint they had used would be set, they busied themselves with another labor which seemed to give them a great deal of amusement. They were clever mechanics and with an extra automatic gun which they had, some wire, some boards and nails they were setting quite as neat a spring gun trap as had ever been devised.

The same winds that were drying the gray racer were now in a measure helping Lenihan. He had not ceased his struggles. Intermittently he would resume them. Now, with the drying of the ropes he could feel that his persistence was being rewarded with a little success. It heartened the old man and he redoubled his efforts, putting forth his last remaining strength.

At last Lenihan felt the ropes on his wrists loosening. He managed to free one hand, then the other. He rubbed his lacerated skin roughly, then proceeded to remove the gag. But he did not make any outcry—yet. He reached down and loosened his feet. Then he stood up.

Lenihan looked around. He was

### NURSES

The Toronto Hospital for Incurables, in connection with Bellevue Hospital, New York City, offers a three years' Course of Training to young women, having the required education, and desiring to become nurses. This Hospital has accepted the highest standards. The pupils receive salaries of \$100 a month, a monthly allowance and traveling expenses to and from New York. For full information write the Superintendent.

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some distance from the garage in the spot where he had been overtaken. He should be returning to get a line on what they were doing? He had had enough of that. When he came back here he was going to be accompanied by men, enough to land those thugs in jail for sure. He started cautiously away from the garage, quickening his pace into a run as he got further.

It was the middle of the morning when Lenihan had at last succeeded in freeing himself and he lost no time in getting to his friend, Mayhew, the garage keeper, for aid.

"What?" exclaimed Jack Mayhew. "A yellow racer—painting it gray? Are you sure? That's the very car they are searching for from one end of this country to the other. I had an alarm of it over the radio last night when I could not sleep. I'll put it right on the air, see if I can get this young Evans over at Rockledge."

Thus it had been that one radio fan had been able to convey to us in the Radio Shack the news.

Kennedy, Easton, Ken and myself lost no time in piling into Craig's car, which was standing on the Cliff Road and we were away in an instant, our hopes high of locating the thugs of the Radio Gang.

It was not many minutes before we climbed the hill into Smith town and drove up before Mayhew's. There, sure enough, was old Lenihan, washed a bit, with a bite of food, the centre of a posse that was forming to raid the Jardine place and bring in the crooks. We were just in time. Craig took Lenihan in his car and the old man eagerly directed us, his false teeth chattering in excitement.

We swung up the drive heading a procession of cars that were surely manned by enough to overpower these crooks. A short distance from the garage we stopped, got out, and separated, going ahead cautiously in the wet foliage, using it as a screen as much as possible.

To me the silence was more ominous than a fusillade. What had we to expect?

Lenihan pointed with a bony finger at the middle door of the garage. "It's back of that door where they were last night—the door with the broken lock!"

Slowly, cautiously, out of range of the windows as much as possible we advanced.

### War on the Mosquito.

Malaria, although not "catching" in the ordinary sense of propagation by contact, is borne from one person to another by the mosquito. It is now believed that a successful means of exterminating the mosquito has been found.

A fish known as the Gambusia plantaris almost instantaneously cleared an aquarium filled with stagnant water stocked with the eggs of the mosquito and the wiggler. This fish multiplies rapidly and lives in any available water. It does not attack other fish and does not migrate. It has been tried with success in Honolulu, Japan, China, Formosa, California, and other places.

With these little fish active in the pools and swamps of Southern Europe, the mosquito's life would be terminated before any danger could be done, and thousands of lives could be saved.

Lemon juice will remove oil and grease stains from brown or tan shoes.

The Superior Male. Fred, a very small lad, and his sister Annie, who is one year younger, were disputing about the picture of a dog. Annie declared that it was woolly, and therefore was a cat. Their voices got louder and louder, when, finally, Fred, with great dignity, remarked: "I say 'tis a dog, for man and boys know the muckest!"

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

Little Sister Knew.

The new minister was around getting acquainted. He was speaking to the small daughter of the house. "You say your sister Helen is the eldest? And who comes after her?" "Oh, there's a different fellow almost every night."

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### CURED BY DOCTOR SUN

Rickets, Anemia, and Many Other Diseases Fly Before Sunlight.

Broadly speaking, there are three important diseases in which sunlight is of supreme importance. These are consumption — which doctors call tuberculosis; rickets — the frequent cause of grave deformities in childhood; and anemia or poorness of blood.

People who have not studied medicine regard the word tuberculosis as referring to consumption of the lungs. This is quite incorrect. Tuberculosis occurs in almost any of the bones, or other tissues of the body.

Wherever the disease, the sun may always hope for a great improvement in his condition, and even cure, provided he will keep a brave heart and can place himself in the hands of a physician who has the necessary experience in applying the healing property of sunlight.

So wonderful are the results obtained by sunlight, that in a book written by one of the chief physicians who practices this treatment, you may see photographs of cases of great deformity caused by tuberculosis, cured by sunlight so that no semblance of the deformity exists.

Under the proper conditions of sunlight and air, and with the necessary

food to supply the deficiency of certain important elements, children with rickets benefit wonderfully. And with regard to anemia, properly prescribed sunlight causes a rapid increase both in the number of the red corpuscles of the blood and in its coloring matter.

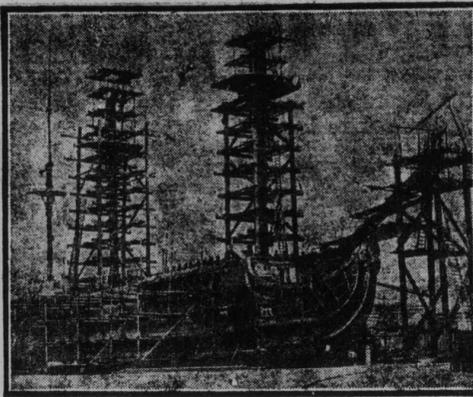
People of feeble constitution, those suffering from general debility, and those recovering from acute fevers, are all influenced in a lasting and active manner when sunlight is administered to them.

It is, however, useless to expect that the first two classes can be made robust in two or three weeks. It may take months.

People who have become used to the treatment are able to go about with a minimum of clothing even in cold weather.

In a certain sanatorium on the Continent, where many consumptive youngsters are brought back to health, the boys wear nothing but a pair of bathing drawers, and the girls a combination of white cotton.

Clad in this manner, they skate on the ice in the warm sunshine, which gradually transforms them from puny, diseased little mortals into robust, well-grown youngsters.—R. de C.



THE VICTORY Nelson's old flagship, now in course of reconstruction at Portsmouth Dockyard. Her new masts are being fitted as at Trafalgar.

#### The Meaning of Roads.

If we leave our ship on the coast, we need roads to travel by on land, and this was an especial need for the Romans with their huge Empire to administer. By the roads treasure was conveyed to Rome in sealed baskets, fiscal, hence our word "fiscal." We are all of us far too ready to take things for granted; we walk on a Roman road and are not thrilled; we may say, "Well, after all, it is only a road," and we forget the travellers who, through all the centuries, have hurried along its surface. It is interesting to speculate why a road should be in the position we find it. The answer, that it serves to connect two towns, may not contain the whole essence of the matter, because we can go on to ask why the towns have grown up in these places. There must be certain ways up and down a country, but these would not be very useful unless they connected areas where men could grow corn, or cattle, or find iron and coal with which to work.

Nothing is more expressive of the Roman genius than the Roman road. One of the most urgent questions today is the traffic problem, intensified by the coming of motor traffic. During the early part of the nineteenth century, we lost the road sense; railways began to carry men and goods about, and the roads fell into disuse. Worse still, the people had not any ideas of town-planning, so as the towns developed, hideous factories were built in the suburbs, and grouped around these were the back-to-back hovels of the workers; the narrow medieval lanes were not widened, and remain today as the bottle-necks which throttle the arterial roads. To-day one may drive through a maze of crooked lanes, until, turning into a great high road, the car settles down with a contented hum, the driver is happier and everyone much safer, because one is on a road designed some eighteen hundred years ago.—Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell, in "Everyday Life in Roman Britain."

#### False Hopes.

Mrs. Foss—"Mrs. Browne is so disappointed in her husband."  
Mrs. Foote—"In what way?"  
Mrs. Foss—"Well, before their marriage he told her he would 'die for her, and now she's found out that he hasn't a bit of insurance."

#### Retribution.

Wife—"Fancy you buying that loud-speaker! You know how the people underneath us worry us with theirs!"  
Hubby—"Don't worry, dear. This is it!"

#### Community Singing.

Community singing is very much with us; go where we will we cannot escape it. Nor would we if we could. It is the sort of thing that was to be expected; for, if the plain truth must be spoken, it is in the very nature of things—the outcome of music's natural growth and development. Even its bitterest enemies are willing to admit that community singing is better than community scrapping and fighting! If we would enjoy life to the full, we must give up the selfish notion of living to ourselves alone. Intercourse is natural and helpful; so is community singing. A familiar maxim runs to the effect that "third-class doing beats first-class watching any time." Such a sweeping statement, like many other maxims, cannot be swallowed whole; all the same, we do not doubt that "third-class singing beats first-class listening in the majority of instances."

Those of us who are in the habit of attending the great Competitive Festivals have experienced some of the thrill obtainable from community singing at its best and under the most favorable circumstances. It is well worth going to a representative competitive gathering to hear the combined singing of the audience. One of the most thrilling moments of the writer's career was that experienced at a great cricket match, played on the occasion of a royal anniversary, when the vast assembly, at given signal, rose to its feet and sang the "National Anthem." What a grand volume of sound!

#### Making Harbor.

A wide sky and a wide sea;  
A heavy roll, and a wind that ripped  
The waves, and showed them white  
with rain;  
A wind that whistled, a wind that whipped  
And tore the spray and sent it flying  
Into the thin and chilly air.  
A gray dawn and a dull, pale gray,  
And night behind. And everywhere  
A call for home. And one lone boat  
Unswervingly her haven sought,  
And snuffed her lamps, and furled her  
sail,  
And tumbled into the sheltered port.

#### Relaxation.

"Did you have a good rest, dear?"  
"Yes, John, I went into a few shoe stores."

An Ancient Ceremony.  
The ancient custom of garland wearing was observed at Newmarket, England, recently.

### COMING OF SUMMER EVENING

The pools of gold about the oaks slowly drained away, and the sky above became a profound blue. Three swiftnets passed above, wheeling in final flight before creeping to their nests of straw-speck and saliva under the tiles of the church. The songs of the warblers and thrushes, as the light drains away, . . . sing of the beauty of summer: the swift's cries belong to the spectral light of the stars and the mystery of infinite space. The swift is the mystic among birds.

Gradually the sun sank into the sea, its fire spreading its broad glow through the cloud strata over the far horizon. One by one the stars crept into their places, waiting for the queen-moon to lift her head above the hills of Exmoor. Antares shone in the south; above were Lyra, Aquila, Northern Crown, and all the heavenly constellations: Mars glowed red, with Spica Virginis swung low in adoration and sending its wan green fires to the watcher. Slowly the afterglow drenched in the gray waters, an owl quivered in loneliness as it fanned over the churchyard; a jackdaw answered sharply, querulously, and night had come to earth.

A pale golden vapor over the Exmoor hills, and the moon rose, like the head of a yellow moth creeping from its case. It swam into view over the dark hills, and I looked into its face, while it shrank into a silver disk.

#### Daily Milk.

Here in the city there are no green fields,  
No running streams, no pasturage for  
milch cows,  
And yet every morning sees fresh  
milk waiting at the door.  
There it stands in shining glass bottles,  
Crowned with golden cream—clean  
new milk.

I can see the cattle on a thousand hills,  
Green pastures and still waters,  
Whispering streams of milk, silver pails,  
Big cans, great trucks and tolling men.  
I can smell the sweet aroma of warm  
milk.  
I can smell wind from new-mown hay  
—timothy, daisies and clover.  
I can hear the bobolink's bells, the  
cicada's viol,  
And the interminable squeak of the  
cricket.

Stone walls and cement streets can  
not bar out the country.  
It comes into town with every bottle  
of milk.  
—Lloyd Roberts.

#### One Step at a Time.

Men who have undergone the hard, gruelling discipline of training for the long mileage of a marathon have told those who never engaged in such a test of sheer heart and stamina that besides the physical ordeal there is a mental hazard to be overcome; as that old adage has it, the head must save the heels. The young, green runner, seeing the large field pitted against him at the outset, feels that he must get ahead and keep ahead from the start; that if he lets all or many of these competitors precede him, he may never catch up with them again.

But the wise old-timer, settling down to the slow and steady grind, following the tactics of the tortoise versus the hare, contentedly lets others set a swifter pace and get far ahead of him, sure of himself, confident that in time they will wear themselves out in the burst of speed that they cannot long maintain. Then he will gradually overhaul them and show them the way to the goal. Meanwhile, he is not looking and thinking far ahead to the end of the race; his concern is to keep the human machine steadily and smoothly moving ahead one step at a time.

Some of us in the course of our everyday lives are trying too hard to crowd the distant future into the immediate present and to achieve to-day all that should be distributed through months and years to come. We have to learn often at the cost of pain and disappointment not to try to live the whole of our lives at once and not to waste in anxious conjecture and foreboding the energy that should be given to the duty of the moment.

To few of us is it permitted to see the distant goal, to know that the course we are to cover is plain and easy, to be sure of victory over impersonal circumstance and personal competition. But there lies before us always a way to take, however hard and rough that way may be; and when we cannot see the end from the beginning, we can take one step at a time.

#### Moon.

Voiceless and with bated breath, I run  
From beauty such as this  
To seek the hands of friends.  
And simple things I understand—  
The white feet of my love; the warm  
security  
Of near hearth-fires; familiar books;  
The rooted round of family tasks.  
Blind me to earth, O mortal  
And familiar hands I love!  
Hold me, hold me to the things where-  
of I know!  
—Y. F. Swain.  
Not So Bad.  
Paddy was asked whether his twins  
did not make an awful noise at nights.  
"Well," he said, "not so bad, not  
so bad; you see, one makes such a din  
that you can't hear the other."

#### Wild Apples.

Almost all wild apples are handsome. They cannot be too gnarly and crabbed and rusty to look at. The gnarliest will have some redeeming traits even to the eye. You will discover some evening redness dashed or sprinkled on some protuberance or in some cove. It is rare that the summer lets an apple go without streaking or spotting it on some part of its sphere. It will have some red stains, commemorating the mornings and evenings it has witnessed; some dark and rusty blotches, in memory of the clouds and foggy, mildewy days that have passed over it; and a spacious field of green reflecting the general face of nature, green even as the fields; or a yellow ground, which implies a milder flavor, yellow as the harvest, or russet as the hills. . . .

Painted by frosts, some a uniform clear bright yellow, or red, or crimson, as if their spheres had regularly revolved, and enjoyed the influence of the sun on all sides alike,—some with the faintest pink blush imaginable,—some brindled with deep red streaks like a cow, or with hundreds of fine red rays running regularly from the stem-dimple to the blossom-end, like meridional lines, on a straw-colored ground,—some touched with a greenish rust, like a fine lichen, here and there, with crimson blotches or eyes more or less confluent and fiery when wet,—and others gnarly, and freckled or peppered all over on the stem side with fine crimson spots on a white ground. . . . Others, again, are sometimes red inside, perfused with a beautiful blush, fairy food, too beautiful to eat,—apple of Hesperides, apple of the evening sky! But like shells and pebbles on the seashore, they must be seen as they sparkle amid the withering leaves in some dell in the woods, in the autumnal air, or as they lie in the wet grass, and not when they have wilted and faded in the house.

It would be a pleasant pastime to find suitable names for the hundred varieties which go to a single heap. . . . It would exhaust the Latin and Greek languages, if they were used. . . . We should have to call in the sunrise and the sunset the rainbow and the autumn woods and the wild flowers, and the woodpecker and the purple finch and the squirrel and the jay and the butterfly. . . .

"Not if I had a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths,  
An iron voice, could I describe all the forms  
And reckon up all the names of these wild apples."  
—Thoreau, in "Excursions."

#### Relics Dug Up in Florida.

Remnants of a race believed to have existed in Florida 2,000 years ago, have been dug up in Broward county in that state. Near a burial mound was discovered an idol, thirty-five feet tall, made of sea mangrove, or "wood eternal," as it is called by those who regard it as nondecayable. The features, seemingly those of a female, were carved from shells. They were of the Mongolian type. The body was fashioned from wood. Scientists found the burial mound about 500 yards from the Atlantic ocean. It is one of the highest spots of the country and the site of the first white settlers who came to Florida.

#### Married Life.

"Let us play we were married," said little Edith, "and I'll bring my dolly, and say, 'See baby, papa?'"  
"Yes," replied Johnny; "and I'll say, 'Don't bother me now—I want to look through the paper.'"

#### In Case of Ivy Poison.

As the poison from ivy takes some time to penetrate the skin, much of it can be removed by washing the skin thoroughly soon after exposure.

#### No One.

Maybe too much stress is sometimes laid on efficiency and waste. A watermelon is 99 per cent. water, it is said, but who would want a more condensed watermelon?

#### The Snow.

It sifts from leaden skies,  
It powders all the wood,  
It fills with alabaster wool  
The wrinkles of the road.

It makes an even face  
Of mountain and of plain.—  
Unbroken forehead from the east  
Unto the east again.

It reaches to the fence,  
It wraps it, rail by rail,  
Till it is lost in fescues;  
It flings a crystal veil

On stump and stack and stem,—  
The summer's empty room,  
Acres of seams where harvest were,  
Recordless, but for them. . . .  
—Emily Dickinson.

#### Bonuses for Brides.

By the will of a French emigrant who, starting his career as a pedlar, became one of the wealthiest cotton planters in the State of Louisiana, every bride in the parish of West Baton Rouge is provided with a wedding dowry. Behind the will is the story of an unhappy love affair, the exact details of which, however, have never come to light.

The planter, Julien Poydras, died a hundred years ago. On his deathbed he let fall some rambling statements about the girl he had loved but never married. Apparently, the two had been unable to wed because of their lack of means; however this may have been, Poydras, who remained a bachelor all his life, commemorated the pathetic romance by ensuring in his will that thereafter no girl in his sweetheart's parish should be unable to marry for need of a dowry. He endowed a fund for the purpose with the sum of \$30,000, and in doing so made innumerable brides and bridegrooms happy.

The fund is administered by the State and the financial circumstances of applicants are carefully looked into before any grant is made. A recent applicant was the bride of a man who had already been married four times and each of whose wives had received a grant from the fund!

To boil milk without scorching,  
rinse the pan in cold water before  
putting in the milk.

### ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES



Why Double Trouble?

#### Musical Growth of Canada Proceeding Apace.

Those who believe that music provides one of the best means of escape from the monotones and the anxieties of life are glad of the fact that the music of our country is in the healthiest vigorous state observable on all sides. There is very good reason, indeed, to be pleased at the progress music has made, and is making, as an interest of people who own many and diverse views respecting things worth while.

The energized study of music in the schools, the large attendance at the colleges of music, the growth in the number of musical societies of many kinds, the widespread public newly drawn to the art by the music of radio, of the phonograph, of the player piano—these and other heartening signs of the times give us reasonable cause for satisfaction.

#### Proposing by Flowers.

In remote Alpine hamlets and villages, especially in the Bernese Oberland, there still exist ancient and pretty customs of proposing marriage by the language of flowers.

If a maid accepts a bouquet of flowers from a man she at the same time accepts him as her fiancé, the idea being that the man has risked his life to obtain the flowers for the woman's loves.

Another method which exists in Canton of Glarus is for the young man to place a flower-pot containing a single rose and a note on the window sill of a girl's room when she is absent from home, and wait perhaps days for a reply.

If the maid takes the rose the young man boldly enters the house to arrange matters with her parents; but if the rose is allowed to fade the proposal is rejected without a single word having been exchanged between the couple.

Explooding to Live!  
Our bodies are made up of millions of tiny cells, and these cells are continually exploding to keep us alive. Whatever movement a person makes, if only the raising of a finger or the movement of an eyelid, it means that the energy to carry it out has been supplied by the disruption of some of the cells of the body.

A slight movement means, of course, that only a few cells have exploded, whereas a big effort, such as running, is brought about by a great many cells exploding.

The result of these minute explosions is what one would expect—heat. Thus a person who makes a great effort becomes very heated in the process. Also, owing to the destruction of so many cells he loses weight. A boxer in the course of a fight may lose as much as eight or nine pounds.

Popular.  
"How do you like your new job as bill collector?"  
"Fine, thank you; it takes me into many fine homes."  
"But do you ever sense a thought that you might be a tiny bit unpopular?"  
"Oh, no! Nearly everyone to-day, for instance, asked me to call again."  
Meanest Brother.  
"What are you crying for, Elsie?"  
"Willie saw a man break his leg and never called me till the ambulance came."



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**GET AFTER THE BUGS WITH Bergers Pure Paris Green Spray, Arsenate of Lead, Kalcikill Bug Finish**

**LIME CEMENT PLASTER**

## Liesemer & Kalbfleisch

### MILDMAY COUNCIL.

Mildmay, July 20th  
Mildmay Council met on the above date. All the members present except Councillor Kunkel. The Reeve was in the chair. The minutes of last meeting were read and adopted.

**Finance Report**  
The following accounts were referred to the Finance Committee and approved to be paid.

Helwig Bros., acct. re waterworks	143 06
Thos. Herman, raking stones and sprinkling	3 00
Isaac Gowdy, 2 hrs work	50
W. Elliott & Son, tile	38 08
Mildmay Gazette, Voters List and advt.	39 50
P. F. Schumacher, 105 hrs.	26 25
H. Haefling, on acct Constables salary	15 00
Mildmay Electric Light Co., street lights to July 1	150 00
N. V. Schaus, hauling tiles	11 00
J. P. cement sidewalk	78 37
Handley, 15 hrs work	3 75

Wendt-Miller—That this Council now adjourn to meet again at the house of the Reeve.—Carried.

### THE WATER MAN IN RUNNING

(From Owen Sound Sun-Times)  
A very busy day for J. Freeman, who conducts a grocery store at Teeswater, and who is president of the Fishing Association there, was a visitor in Owen Sound on Friday. He was in a very good mood and did not hesitate to tell his friends about the wonderful time he had visiting with his friend, Mr. Paul. One day the two went out on the bay in quest of trout, and they were unusually successful. Mr. Freeman being lucky enough to hook one which tipped the scales at 13 pounds, 6 1/2 ounces. This is the second largest fish caught off Meaford this year, and put Mr. Freeman in second place for the trophy offered by the town of Meaford for the person from outside of the town who catches the largest lake trout.

### McINTOSH

The strawberry garden party at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Renwick, on Wednesday evening of last week, was an unqualified success. The weather was fine, a little cool, perhaps, and there was a large attendance. The church ladies served a fine supper during the early part of the evening, after which an excellent program was given, with Rev. C. N. MacKenzie acting as chairman. The program was given principally by local talent, and each number brought forth loud applause by the audience. The proceeds at the gate amounted to \$142.

Former American Cabinet Minister says the trouble in filling a war order of 150 million tins of pork and beans was to find the tin. We understand the two pigs required were easily found.

Ontario doctors gathered at London recently came to the conclusion that the poor are poor because they have inferior mentalities. We all thought it was because they did not have any money.

### MILDMAY VOTERS' LIST

Clerk's Notice of First Posting of Voters' List

Notice is hereby given that I have complied with section 9 of the Voters' List Act and that I have posted up at my office at Mildmay on the 16th day of July, 1926, the list of all persons entitled to vote in the said Municipality for members of Parliament and at municipal elections, and that such list remains there for inspection. And I hereby call upon all voters to take immediate proceedings to have any errors or omissions corrected according to law, the last day for appeal being the 6th day of August, 1926.

J. A. JOHNSTON  
Dated, July 16th, 1926. Clerk

### NEUSTADT

**Garden Party**  
The Ladies Aid of St. Peter's Lutheran Church, Neustadt, will hold their annual garden party on Tuesday evening, July 27th, at the local show grounds. A good program will be provided, dialogues, addresses, recitations, drills, fishpond and a play given by the Lakelot stars. A hand-embroidered quilt will be sold by auction. Lunch and refreshments served. Band in attendance. Come and enjoy yourself. You are welcome. Admission, Adults 15c; Children 10c.

The death occurred last Wednesday of Lloyd Widmeyer, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Widmeyer after an illness of only a few days with diabetes coma. Lloyd was a bright and popular lad, and will be greatly missed by everyone who knew him. He was but 13 years, 9 months and 14 days of age. He leaves to mourn his sorrowing parents and one brother, Grant. The funeral was held on Saturday afternoon and was very largely attended. Those from out-of-town who attended the funeral were: Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Smith and children, of Stratford; Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Weltz of Listowel; Mr. and Mrs. E. Weltz and Mr. Jacob Weltz of Desboro, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Holt of Fordwich, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Filsinger and Mrs. Dreier of Aytton, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Filsinger and Mrs. Geo. H. Fink of Mildmay.

Some men are like plate glass—they make a great front, but it is no trouble to see through them.

A naturalist says the cougar is the only animal that will, unprovoked kill a man. How about the robber and the motorist?

What would you have said five years ago if someone had predicted that girls would be hanging around barber shops?

Figures, available at the Department of Game and Fisheries, Parliament Buildings, indicate that 3,000 wolves were taken in the Province of Ontario during the seven months ending May 31. Although the majority of catches was made during the winter period, 253 animals fell victims to trappers in the month of May, and claims for bounties continue to be made.

### FEDERAL ELECTION, SEPT. 14th

Premier Meighen has announced the date of the Federal Election for Tuesday, Sept. 14th.

### ADDITIONAL LOCALS

Alf. O'Connor of Chicago is visiting at Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Schmidt's.

Fruit is high, as usual. Green apples cost about four dollars a visit. Will someone please invent a new way of saying, "Is it hot enough for you."

Dr. W. A. Hall M.P., of Walkerton, called on Mildmay friends on Monday.

It seems certain now that there will be no provincial election this fall.

The Mildmay Junior W.F.A. team is billed to play in Walkerton this (Thursday) evening.

Miss Zella Cronin, nurse-in-training at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, is home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Cronin, for her vacation.

Mr. Jacob B. Miller of Buffalo, accompanied by his son, Harry, and son-in-law, Milton Kirk, spent a few days with relatives and friends here this week.

Who remembers way back when no man considered himself properly equipped for a ride without a linen duster for himself and a blue net with tassels for his horse.

By ordering 1,300,000 tons of Alberta coal for their own use this year, the Canadian National Railway is making a valuable contribution to the Alberta coal industry.

Mrs. L. Doering and Mrs. O. E. Seegmiller and family of Kitchener are spending this week with Mildmay friends. Dr. Doering and Mr. Seegmiller are on a fishing trip to Tobermory.

**Opposing the River Drainage.**  
The Municipal Councils of Howick, Turnberry, Greenock and Brant are coming out in spirited opposition to the Teeswater River Drainage scheme. Carrick Council has also registered its disapproval. In the meantime the engineer is proceeding to award the contract of removing the rock and earth bars in the river.

**Don't Miss the Lawn Social.**  
Everything possible has been done for the entertainment of those who attend the lawn social at Thos. H. Jasper's this (Thursday) evening, under the auspices of the Mildmay United Church. An exceptionally attractive program has been completed, including the Hanover Boys' Band, 26 strong, appearing for the first time in their new uniforms; Jas. Esplin of Toronto, the champion fun producer and entertainer; as well as good local talent. The ladies will serve lunches and refreshments of various kinds. Don't take a chance on missing the biggest and best affair of its kind to be held this season.

### FORMOSA

Miss Rose Schill of Toronto is spending her vacation at her home here.

Miss Elizabeth Massel, R.N., of St. Joseph's Hospital, Guelph, is spending two weeks' vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Massel.

Mr. Henry Schurr motored to Hamilton last Thursday with his daughters, Misses Annie and Caroline where the latter two will join the Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mr. Cornelius Meyer is visiting relatives and friends at Muskegon, Michigan.

Work on the construction of the new separate school has not commenced, although a site has been selected for the school and Sister's Convention, which will be separate building. However, we expect to have a convenient modern school ready for the children by October.

Mr. and Mrs. Giess and family of Kitchener spent the week-end here with Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Vogt and other relatives.

Quite a number from here attended the Riverside picnic last Thursday afternoon, as well as the dance held at night.

Rev. J. Egan and Leo Oberle played baseball at Kincardine on Tuesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. George Buhlman of Chepstow spent Sunday at the latter's home here.

Mr. Leonard Bruder is staying at the home of his sister, Mrs. Chas. Waechter here. We are glad to report that he is convalescing splendidly and we wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Heisz are visiting relatives and friends at Buffalo and Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Benno Schwartz and family of Cleveland and Miss Nettie Schwartz of Kitchener are visiting Mrs. Andrew Schwartz here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Kuntz and Mr. and Mrs. George Kretzinger spent Sunday with relatives in Owen Sound.

Miss Mary Zettel of Detroit is spending the summer at her home here.

Miss Laura Beninger is visiting relatives and friends at Detroit.

Misses Loretta Illertman of Waterloo and Ottilia, of Teeswater, are spending their vacation with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Illertman.

Miss Dorothy Herrgott of Kitchener is spending some time here with

## Helwig Bros. Weekly Store News

# HELWIG'S MID-SUMMER SALE

## July 23 to July 31

# SEE LARGE POSTERS

## HELWIG BROS. GENERAL MERCHANTS

her grandmother, Mrs. Jos. Hauck. Mr. Ed. Dierlam paid a business trip here last week.

### MOLTKE

The farmers are all busy at the hay these days and the weather is ideal for that occupation.

The Misses Thamar and Lora Brackebusch of Montreal are spending two weeks' vacation at their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Veitell and family of Waterloo were Sunday visitors at Mr. A. Weigel's.

Mr. Philip Binkle of Michigan is visiting at Mr. Herman Binkle's.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Baez and Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Bieman Sunday at Mr. Dave Schaus' at Neustadt.

Mr. Con. Rahn intends raising his barn this week.

Mr. Geo. Filsinger, who broke his leg recently, is making favorable progress.

Mrs. Chas. Wagner spent the week-end in Kitchener.

Mrs. Jno. Bieman spent the past week in Hanover with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Weigel.

### CARLSRUHE

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schwan and son, Dave, spent the week-end with relatives in Waterloo.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Montag and Mrs. John Zinger and daughter of Formosa visited friends here on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Giess of Kitchener and Mrs. C. Gibb and son, Roy, of Hamilton, visited friends here on Monday.

Mrs. Emanuel Hesch of Gull Lake, Sask., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hoffarth and other relatives and friends for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hundt of Formosa spent Sunday with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Meyer of Toronto and Mrs. J. D. Kuntz of Kitchener visited relatives here on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Xavier Poechman spent Sunday with friends in Otter Creek.

### TORONTO STOCK MARKETS

With a 50 per cent. drop in receipts covering all divisions of live stock trading, hogs excepting, the movement of cattle yesterday at the Toronto Stock Yards opened fairly active, in spite of the handicap of a light run. The small inward movement this week for the opening market was probably explained by the sharp drop in prices which featured the previous market period. Through billing accounted for 853 cattle in addition.

With the seasonal revival of cattle values in progress, Monday's trading was active, with prices fully a quarter a hundred higher on all grades of butchers and export steers. By 2 o'clock some 2000 head had been weighed in, and every possibility of a good clean-up was then in sight.

Outside the yearling delegation, the market appears to be a mean one, with scant prospect of improvement in quality, especially in the case of heavy bullocks. Yearlings just now are doing better than weighty cattle, but the half-fed kind are making poor yields of indifferent beef and are constantly in jeopardy.

One of the heavy steers sold yesterday at the top price of \$8.45 a cwt. in the price range for this class ruling at \$7.40 to \$8.45 a cwt. Choice near-heavies brought \$7.50 to \$8 a cwt with the best in the heavyweight class realizing \$7.40 to \$7.85 a cwt. Medium to good steers made \$6.75 to \$7.25 a cwt., common ones moving downward in a range of from \$6 to \$6.50 a cwt. Common steers were in rather a slow movement, with quality still on the poor side. Good butcher heifers sold at \$7 to \$7.60 for the best. Butcher cows held a strong choice cows selling at \$5 to \$6 a cwt. The bulls in the butchering class did

not look any too good, mostly bologna, selling at \$4.70 to \$4.75 a cwt. Fairly good bulls among the light offering changed hands at \$5 to \$5.20 a cwt. About two dozen baby heaves unloaded for the Monday market remained steady at former prices when sold at a spread of from \$9 to \$11 a cwt. With the small supply prices in this division of the beef trade are holding up well. A dozen loads of Western stockers and feeders were turned over at \$4.75 to \$6.40 a cwt. for the latter.

Calves yesterday opened steady to strong with a decreased run. A few sales of vealers were made during the session at a quarter higher than last Monday. The choicest veals mostly made \$11 to \$12 a cwt., with a few tops ranging high to \$12.50, with but three of the best making a still better price at 13 cents a pound. Medium calves and grassers quoted at from 5 to \$6.50 a cwt.

Lambs were very strong and, in so far as weight, were noticeably heavier than some former offerings. Prices took an upward movement of a dollar to a dollar and a half a hundred in advance of last Thursday's close, selling yesterday at 17c to 17 1/2c a pound, with an occasional sale made at 18 cents. Buck lambs this week are selling at a \$2 per lamb reduction, mostly changing ownership at 15 1/2c to 16c a pound. Sheep remain steady with last week's prices at 6c to 7c for the good light ones. Culls sold at \$2.50 to \$4 a hundred.

The usual June break in hogs appears to have been deferred some days this season as the market was decidedly lumpy all last week and yesterday's sales thick smooths dropped a quarter a hundred lower to sell at \$14.50 off car. Packers are aggressively bearish, but the recent breaks puts the market in much better technical position than at the high point in June. Monday's receipts held up fairly well in comparison with last week on a similar day, when movement was recorded at 1675 head, as against 1620 yesterday.

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#### dmill.

...m I,  
...y tower,  
...ante jaws I devour  
...e, and the wheat, and the  
...e,  
... grind them into flour.

...ok down over the farms;  
...the fields of grain I see  
...the harvest that is to be,  
...And I fling to the air my arms,  
...For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails  
Far off from the threshing floors  
In barns, with their open doors,  
And the winds, the wind in my sails,  
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,  
With my foot on the rock below,  
...whichever way it may blow  
...ace,

#### The Epidemic.

Father was once a business man who  
went to his work each day;  
And mother kept house, as a house-  
wife should, in a highly efficient  
way;

And Bill was a clerk in a wholesale  
house whose motto was Work  
and Win;

And Sue was a thoroughly good stenog  
and gosh, how the cash rolled  
in!

But father is home, and nary a dish  
has mother washed for a week,  
And Billy and Sue have quit their jobs  
—and the future is looking  
bleak.

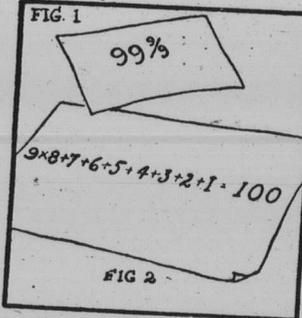
For the family purse is perfectly flat  
and doesn't contain a dime,  
And nobody does a stroke of work, for  
nobody has the time!

We're doing the cross-word puzzles,  
We're doing 'em day and night,  
And what do we care if the cupboard's  
bare,

...we get 'em right?

#### EASY TRICKS One Hundred

FIG 1



This is a figure puzzle that is not  
so well known as it should be. The  
problem is to arrange one digit in  
such a way that repeated four times  
it will equal one hundred.

The stunt is easily done and,  
fortunately, is easily remembered.  
Figure 1 shows how it is done.

A second stunt is to arrange the  
nine digits in their order in such a  
manner that the total will be 100.  
Figure 2 shows how this is done.

...erly interest-  
... used

#### Classified Advertisements

##### MATRIMONIAL

PAPER, PHOTOS, ADDRESSES 10c.  
McCreery, Chatham, Ont.

##### What Interested Percy?

The teacher had been lecturing his  
class on the wisdom often displayed  
by animals and birds. He compared  
it with that of human beings, to the  
latter's disadvantage. Having finish-  
ed his discourse, he invited his pupils  
to ask questions on the subject. Percy  
held up his hand.

"Well, Percy," said the teacher,  
"what is it you want to know?"

"I want to know, sir," replied Percy,  
"what makes chickens know how big  
our eggcups are?"

##### To Drive Away Ants.

Ants detest the odor of bichloride  
of mercury, a chemical externally  
harmless to man.

75 per cent. of the world's output  
of rubber is used in the manufacture  
of automobile tires and inner tubes.

**Dr. T. A. Carpenter**  
Physician and Surgeon

MILDMAY

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

Phone 18.

**Dr. E. J. Weiler**  
Dental Surgeon

Office above Liesemer & Kalbfleisch's  
Hardware Store

Office Hours: 9 to 6.

Honor Graduate of Toronto Univer-  
sity. Member of the Royal Col-  
lege of Dental Surgeons.  
Modern Equipment Lat-  
est methods in  
practice.

Tel. Office 8 W

Residence 59

**DR. ARTHUR BROWN**

House Surgeon of Win-

**Wit and Humor**

It is better to marry a short man  
than not to marry a-tall.

\*\*\*\*\*

Barber (about to lather)—“Do  
you mind shutting your mouth, sir?”  
Tired Customer—“No—do you?”

\*\*\*\*\*

Lady—My little boy has worms.  
What shall I do?

Neighbor—Feed him fish, they  
like 'em ”

\*\*\*\*\*

You used to be able to judge the  
amount of clothing a woman wore  
by the time it took her to dress, but  
them days is gone forever.

\*\*\*\*\*

Some girls love to ride in cars,  
Because they love to ride;  
While others like to ride in cars  
For the lovin' on the side.

**HEISLER HOTEL IS  
PREY OF FLAMES**

Loss Will Be \$7,000; Several Guests  
Lose Personal Effects

Heisler, Alta., Jan. 29—The Heis-  
ler hotel lies a mass of smoking  
ruins this morning as a result of a  
fire which broke out in one of the  
upper rooms at eleven o'clock last  
evening.

The fire was first discovered by the  
proprietor, Engelbert Hauck, who  
had just gone the round of the build-  
ing and noticed the smell of smoke.  
Thinking this came from the stoves,  
he inspected these, but on finding  
these all right he became alarmed  
and went back upstairs. Then he  
saw the inside of room No. 9 a mass  
of flames and slammed the door shut  
on the blaze and ran to the alarm.

**WALKER**

Mr. George Becker, Vic-  
had the misfortune to have  
fall on the pavement at Hal-  
one evening last week, dislocat-  
his shoulder and breaking a small  
bone which pressed against the  
muscles. The shoulder had to be  
opened up for surgical treatment  
but has been doing fine and he was  
able to leave the County Hospital on  
Sunday. It will be some weeks be-  
fore he will have the full use of his  
arm again.

County Magistrate McNab had a  
hard day at Kincairdine on Saturday  
dealing with no less than six cases.  
The Kincairdine Township School Se-  
cretary was let off on suspended sen-  
tence, he having