

8 MAY 1927

SPRING TIME IS TONIC TIME

The System Needs "Spring Cleaning." Just As The Home Does. TANLAC Has Been Called The World's Greatest Tonic By Over 100,000 Persons, Who Have Testified That Tanlac Has Helped Them Regain Their Strength and Health.

DON'T GAMBLE WITH YOUR HEALTH, DEMAND THE BEST

Tanlac Has Benefited Thousands of Persons Suffering From Stomach Trouble, Indigestion, Rheumatism, Nervousness and Kindred Ailments — Tanlac Is For Sale By All Good Druggists — Accept No Substitute — Over 40 Million Bottles Sold.

LIVINGSTONE WAS NEGRO'S RESCUER NOW A GARDENER ON KENT ESTATE

Aged African Recalls How Noted Explorer Saved Him from Slave Traders.

An aged African Negro, who as a young boy was rescued from a Portuguese slave-trading party, by David Livingstone, has been discovered in the little village of Chichehurst, in Kent. He is known as Arab Makeppo, and he is not certain of his age. He only knows that he was very many years ago and that he was a very small black boy when the party which had raided his native village, and to which he was sold by an older brother, was attacked by the noted British explorer attached to the Livingstone party and he and his fellow slaves, both men and women, were rescued.

The captured blacks were brought before Livingstone and the great explorer took a fancy to the small Arab Makeppo and kept him for his "boy." The English party kept most of the men of the party with them, sending the women back to their native villages and then after learning the native language sent them throughout the country to announce to the native tribes that the Englishmen were friends of the Africans and were bringing good-will with them. Thus was the way prepared for unobscured exploration in the farthest depths of the then little known continent.

Worships Memory of Explorer. Makeppo remained in the Livingstone party as the body-servant to its leader until the great adventurer died, and was then sent to England to school. Shortly after his arrival here he was christened George Watto by the English family which engaged him as a cook. He is a devout Christian and looks forward to again joining his famous "Governor" when he dies.

He remembers well the grim procession of himself and his native relations and friends as captives of the Portuguese. He says that the men were tied two by two to wooden collars and were even in their women were chained at the ankles, the girls roped like white the little ones, himself and others, were allowed to run free, but were kept in the centre of the party.

"We were frightened all the same," he said, "when the Redcoats began to fire on our captors."

He worships the memory of the

great explorer who was his benefactor, and says that when, as a small boy his legs would get tired, Livingstone would carry him on his back until he was rested.

Makeppo has been gardener in the same family in Kent for more than thirty years. In spite of the many years he has lived in England he wears four coats in winter weather.

Death Curse Put on Cattle by Angry Irish Fairies.

Every now and then a story of something other than miracles and uprisings comes from that "most distressful country" of Ireland. The latest concerns the man who crossed the fairies.

In a recent prosecution before a local peace commissioner quite a lot of fairy lore came up because a certain farm building had been built on a "pass." It seems the little folk always travel in a direct line and resent any construction placed across their path. When they find themselves held up by a house or farm then they betide the person living there.

Near the village of Maam Cross, some miles east of Clifden, a returned Irish-American not long ago bought a large farm, and as there was neither cowhouse nor stable began to erect these things, despite warnings of the neighbors. When the buildings were roofed and cattle installed therein the animals refused to eat, pined away and died. Not until three-fourths of his stock was killed (struck by "elf stones," said the peasantry), was he convinced and he removed the buildings to another place. After that his luck changed and he lost no more cattle.

PAINFUL SCIATICA AND NEURALGIA

Caused by Starved Nerves Due to Weak, Watery Blood.

People think of neuralgia as a pain in the head or face, but neuralgia may affect any nerve of the body. Different names are given to it when it affects certain nerves. Thus neuralgia of the sciatic nerve is called sciatica, but the character of the pain and the nature of the disease is the same, and the remedy to be effective, must be the same. The pain, whether it takes the form of sciatica or whether it affects the face and head, is caused by starved nerves. The blood, which normally carries nourishment to the nerves, for some reason no longer does so and the excruciating pain you feel is the cry of the starved nerves for food. The reason why the blood fails to properly nourish the nerves is usually because the blood itself is weak and thin.

When you build up the impoverished blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, you are attacking sciatica, neuralgia and kindred diseases at the root. As proof of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases of this kind we give the statement of Mrs. Marion Bell, Port Elgin, Ont., who says: "Some years ago I was attacked with sciatica in my leg and hip. The pain was excruciating and finally I was forced to go to bed. Apparently all the doctor could do was to give me drugs to dull the pain, as otherwise I found no relief. I had been in bed with the trouble for eight weeks when a lady who came to see me said that she had had a similar attack, and had only found relief through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided at once to try this medicine, and before I had taken more than three boxes I found relief. I continued the use of the pills and under the treatment the pain left me. I was able to walk again, and have not since had the least return of the trouble. I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been of such great benefit to me that I strongly urge similar sufferers to give them a fair trial."

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

Guadalupe is the sole remaining home of the only remnant of a herd of elephant seals in the northern hemisphere.

Wondrous indeed is the virtue of a good book.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Surnames and Their Origin

HAYWARD. Variations — Hayward, Howard. Racial Origin — English. Source — An office or title.

It is a surprising thing how many family names of today have come down to us from words denoting occupation or titles of office which long since have become obsolete.

Few people in this country bearing the name would have any idea of what a "hayward" or a "hayward" was in England of the twelfth, thirteenth or fourteenth centuries, nor of the nature of his duties.

Even the explanation that the medieval word "hay" meant "hedge," and that our modern word "hay," would hardly serve to give you the right clue.

The "hedge warden" was not the keeper of hedges in the sense that he was a gardener. His duties consisted in service toward the villagers, the farmers of the day.

Fences and walls were little used in those days to mark the divisions of the real thing or mere indications of them, were used. Naturally, cattle had a tendency to stray from one man's land to another. It was the "hayward's" duty to prevent this. Originally his duties were limited to this. He was a servant of the entire community rather than the employee of a single person. But in the course of time his authority and his duties were extended to include a sort of general peace officer, and an official of considerable importance in each village or community.

"Hayward" is not the regular source of the family name of Howard, though sometimes the latter is simply a corrupted spelling of the former.

DANIELS. Variations — Daniel, Dann, Tancock. Racial Origin — Anglo-Saxon. Source — A Biblical given name.

Daniels is another of those family names which come down to us from the days of the old Anglo-Saxons, though, like other family names, it did not become such until a period after the Anglo-Saxons and Norman-French had become fused into the English race of medieval and modern times.

The final 's' of Daniels indicates that it has been shortened from Danielson. The variation Tancock is the result of a misspelling that crept into the name at some period, either before or after it became a family name, and the habit of the Anglo-Saxons of shortening names to one syllable and then adding a diminutive ending. One of these endings was "cock" or "coch," meaning "little." Tancock, then, translated literally into modern speech, means "little Dan," or, if we should use the modern diminutive, "Danny."

It is impossible to state at just what period "Daniel's son" ceased to be merely descriptive of an individual and was adopted through several generations, thus becoming a family name. A general development of custom took place along this line throughout northern Europe from the twelfth to the fourteenth centuries. The frequency with which Daniel appears as a given name in the old days indicates many unrelated families adopted it simultaneously.

Former Playmate of Czar's Children Now Saleswoman.

Little colonies of Russian aristocrats, penniless refugees, are forming in Canadian cities. Honors, wealth, titles have all been swept away by eight years of revolution.

These exiles are content to begin life in a new home just as other immigrants would. Positions as domestics, as saleswomen or as ordinary laborers are accepted. As a rule, aristocratic arrivals are absolutely without friends or any one to whom they can appeal for assistance. Previous arrivals from Russia, drawn from the proletariat, are generally hostile.

If you enter a leading jewelry store in Toronto you may be waited on by a tall young woman in a blue sweater loosely, a striking face, in which experience and youth seem curiously blended, who will try to learn your wants in broken English. She is the Baroness Lublich de Lozina-Lozinsky. The baroness was a daughter of Baron Ivan Tehterlovitov, who was minister of justice in Russia from 1905 to 1915. To him fell the task of prosecuting and punishing offenders in the revolution of 1905. No doubt he attracted his share of fear and hate.

Immediately after the outbreak of the revolution in Russia in 1917 the baron was thrown into prison, where he remained during the regime of Kerensky. Then, in 1918, when some one shot at Lenin, in retaliation the baron and other prisoners were taken from a dungeon below the Kremlin and put to death.

How the English Make Toffee.

Mix four cups of brown sugar and half a cup of corn syrup with half a cup of water, and put on the fire, stirring carefully until all the sugar is dissolved. Let this come to a boil and then take off the fire and add four tablespoons of butter. Put the mixture back on the stove once more and boil until the butter has penetrated throughout the candy. Pour onto a greased enameled ware tray of any kind and, as the candy cools, mark it into squares. When it has hardened break these apart and wrap each piece separately in wax paper. Incidentally, you will find that the labor of "cleaning up" is a great deal less if you have used an enameled ware saucepan for the cooking, since even the stickiest mixtures do not adhere long to its porcelain-like surface.

Tip from the Chaplain.

The rector of a fashionable London church was induced to preach at a well-known prison. When in the vestry he said to the prison chaplain: "Now I have come, I don't know what to say to your convicts." The chaplain replied, "Preach to them exactly as you do to your own congregation; and remember only one thing: my people have been found out and yours have not."

At the Crossroads.

A recruit wearing fourteen in boots was enlisted in the Irish Free State army. One night he was included in a rounding-up party, and when the roll was called afterward he was absent.

"Has anyone seen Jewell?" asked the sergeant.

"Sir," said a voice, "he's gone up to the cross-roads to turn round!"

Value of Insurance.

Mike and Pat are sleeping and are awakened by fire bells. Pat shouts to Mike: "Mike, run for your life, the house is on fire and the roof is falling in!" Mike replies: "I'll not move an inch. I'll stay right where I am. Sure 'tis meself that's insured against accidents!"

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house.

SAVED BABY'S LIFE

Mrs. Alfred Tranchemontagne, St. Michel des Saints, Que., writes: "Baby's Own Tablets are an excellent medicine. They saved my baby's life and I can highly recommend them to all mothers." Mrs. Tranchemontagne's experience is that of thousands of other mothers who have tested the Tablets and never fail to regularize the bowels and stomach, thus relieving all the minor ills from which children suffer. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



She—"How dare you speak to me? You know our engagement is broken." He—"Yes, but I thought I might flirt with you and catch you again the way I did the first time."

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

The Call.

Come with me where the soft winds blow. Come out where the wild flowers grow. Among the yellow daffodils, Come where the fairies play at dusk o' day.

When the golden sun is slipping away Down beyond the hills.

Come with me ere the day grows late, Come when the truth is calling his mate. In the morning hours, Oh, come with me to the meadows wide and free.

And thy heart shall sing the bird's sweet melody, Among the flowers.

CORNS

Lift Off—No Pain!



Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

OLD CHUM SMOKING TOBACCO

IS FOUR TIMES SEALED

to bring you the full richness and mellow sweetness of this "Tobacco of Quality"

Manufactured by IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. OF CANADA LIMITED

Garden Labels.

Most garden labels are unsatisfactory because the names become obliterated so quickly. There is a method, however, by which labels can be prepared at home so that they will remain legible for ten years or more. It is only necessary to buy a sheet of zinc and to cut it into labels of what size you may desire. A hole, or better still two holes, can be punched in one end for the wires, which should be of copper. Strips already cut and punched can be bought for a few cents if the gardener desires to avoid the labor of preparing them.

Zinc labels have been marked with a prepared ink, but that is not necessary. If the labels are exposed to the elements for a few weeks until they become oxidized the writing can be done with an ordinary lead pencil. Oxidation can also be produced by immersing the labels in a bath of salt water for a few days.

Also the results by this method are generally satisfactory, still better ones can be obtained by painting the zinc with a good gray paint after they have been oxidized. The paint should be thick and can be put on with a cloth, and the writing should be done when the paint is only partly dry.

Running Wild.

"What has become of the tin locomotive and train of cars I gave you on your birthday?"

"All smashed up," replied the little boy. "We've been playing Government ownership."

The flower of a common milkweed catches and holds a cluster fly that has come in search of honey.



Genuine BAYER ASPIRIN Say "Bayer Aspirin"

INSIST! Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets you are not getting the genuine Bayer Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for 24 years.

Safe Accept only a 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 Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

BACKACHE! Minard's eases the stiffness, relieves the pain. Keep a bottle handy.



MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Nervous People

That haggard, care-worn, depressed look will disappear and nervous, thin people will gain in weight and strength when Bilro-Phosphate is taken for a short time. Price \$1 per package at your druggist. Arrow Chemical Co., 25 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Chiropractically Speaking. Two colored gentlemen were arguing. "You ain't got no sense," said one. "No sense? Den what's dis head of mine for?"

"Head? Dat's no head, nighah. Dat's jes' a button on top of yo' body to keep yo' back-bone from unravelin'."

Eleven pounds of cork is sufficient to support a man of ordinary size in the water.

Classified Advertisements. PURE, BEAUTIFULLY FLUFFY, carded wool; sample, enough light comforter; one dollar. Woolen Mills, Georgetown, Ont.



MURINE EYES IRRITATED BY SUN, WIND, DUST & CINDERS. Recommended & sold by DRUGGISTS & OPTICIANS. TRADE MARK. SEE EYE GLASS BOOK. BURLINGTOPE, ONTARIO.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment

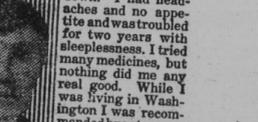
Promote Hair Health

Shampoo regularly with Cuticura Soap and keep your scalp clean and healthy. Before shampooing touch spots of itching, dandruff, if any, with Cuticura Ointment.

WEAK, RUN DOWN AND AILING

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Brought Relief When Other Medicines Failed

Port Mann, B. C.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because I was tired and run-down. I had headaches and no appetite and was troubled for two years with sleeplessness. I tried many medicines, but nothing did me any real good. While I was living in Washington I was recommended by a stranger to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am stronger and feel fine since then and am able to do my household work. I am willing for you to use these facts as a testimonial."—Mrs. J. C. GREAVES, Port Mann, B. C.



Feels New Life and Strength. Keene, N. H.—"I was weak and run-down and had backache and all sorts of troubles which women have. I found great relief when taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I also used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash. I am able to do my work and feel new life and strength from the Vegetable Compound. I am doing all I can to advertise it."—Mrs. A. F. HAMMOND, 72 Carpenter Street, Keene, N. H.

Sick and ailing women everywhere in the Dominion should try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

168UE No. 18-24.

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 THERE IS NO GUESS-WORK
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 If you are suffering from head-
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 partments.
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C. N. R. TIMETABLE
 Southbound 7.16 a.m.
 Northbound 11.20 a.m.
 Southbound 3.19 a.m.
 Northbound 8.51 p.m.

A visitor to a country town, talk-
 ing to a local resident, was criticiz-
 ing the one paper the town boasted.
 "Well," he concluded, "I'll say
 this for the editor—he can be the
 most sarcastic fellow that ever was
 when he tries."
 "How's that?" asked the other.
 "Why, in last week's issue the
 feature entitled 'Local Intelligence'
 was only about three inches in
 length."

OBITUARY

There passed away last Tuesday,
 April 22nd, a life-long resident of
 Culross in the person of Mary Seitz,
 beloved wife of Thomas Cronin, at
 the family residence Con. 6 East.

About four years ago when the
 dreaded influenza was on the ram-
 page, the deceased woman contract-
 ed the disease and it had left her in
 a weakened state from which she
 never fully recovered and recently
 she took a heavy cold which in her
 weakened state she was not able to
 throw off, and she succumbed to its
 consequent ravages.

The late Mrs. Cronin was born in
 Culross over 62 years ago and has
 spent practically all her life in this
 township. On January 22nd, 1884,
 she was united in wedlock to Thom-
 as Cronin to which union four sons
 and four daughters were born all of
 whom survive, together with the be-
 reaved husband.

She was a most kind and loving
 mother and affectionate wife, an
 ideal neighbor and friend as many
 can testify who were fortunate to be
 her friend. Always ready and will-
 ing to help those in trouble and
 asking very little for herself.

The funeral from her late resi-
 dence on Thursday to Sacred Heart
 Church was the largest that has
 passed through the village for some
 time, there being about sixty vehi-
 cles filled with friends, neighbors and
 relatives to pay their last respects.
 Rev. Father Flahaven sang requiem
 high mass at the church of which
 she has been a member for many
 years.

Those who remain to mourn the
 loss of their best friend on earth,
 besides the bereaved husband are
 four daughters, Kate, Mrs. Alex.
 Wever of Walkerton; Mary, Mrs.
 Harry Smith of London; Emma,
 Mrs. Frank Steffler, Teeswater; Lor-
 ceta, at home; and four sons, Alfred
 Cronin, Walkerton; Herbert, at
 home; Thomas of Culross and Wil-
 liam of Toronto.

The pall-bearers were the four
 sons mentioned and the two son-in-
 laws, Mr. Frank Steffler and Mr.
 Alex Wever of Walkerton.
 The remains were laid to rest in
 Teeswater Roman Catholic cemetery.
 —Teeswater News.

JUST A BOY

Got to understand the lad—
 He's not eager to be bad;
 If the right he always knew,
 He would be as old as you.
 Were he now exceeding wise,
 He'd be just another of your size;
 When he does things that annoy
 Don't forget he's just a boy.
 Could he know and understand,
 He would need no guiding hand,
 But he's young and hasn't learned
 How life's corners must be turned
 Doesn't know from day to day
 There is more in life than play.
 More to face than selfish joy.
 Don't forget he's just a boy.
 Being just a boy he'll do
 Much you will not want him to;
 He'll be careless of his ways,
 Have his disobedient days,
 Willful, wild and headstrong, too,
 Just as, when a boy were you;
 Things of value he'll destroy,
 But reflect, he's just a boy,
 Just a boy who needs a friend,
 Patient, kindly to the end;
 Needs a father who will show
 Him the things he wants to know
 Take him with you when you walk,
 Listen when he wants to talk,
 His companionship enjoy,
 Don't forget he's just a boy!

TOOK IT LITERALLY

One of the witnesses in a country
 court case was a diminutive boy of
 eight who had to give important evi-
 dence on behalf of his father.
 When he stepped into the witness-
 box he looked like a freak from a
 circus. His hat came down over his
 eyes, the tails of his coat nearly
 reached the floor, and his trousers
 were so long that the knees were at
 his ankles. Even the judge could
 not contain his mirth.
 "Why do you come here dressed
 like that?" he inquired. The young-
 ster felt in his pocket, produced a
 summons, and with a dignified air
 pointed out the words: "To appear
 in his father's suit."

She:—I wonder if you remember
 me? Years ago you asked me to
 marry you.
 Absent-minded Professor: "Ah,
 yes, and did you?"

"If you could have two wishes
 come true, what would they be?"
 "Well, I'd wish for a husband."
 "That's one."
 "And I think I'd save the other
 one until I saw how he turned out."

**COURTEOUS DRIVING WOULD
 SOLVE MANY PROBLEMS**

Why is it necessary for an auto-
 mobile club to plant its road signs,
 bearing the phrase, "Courtesy
 Makes Safety" throughout a locality
 in which we know traffic to be very
 heavy?
 Why do we see articles in maga-
 zines and newspapers with titles
 like this "A Little More Courtesy,
 or a Lot More Trouble?"
 What happens to a man when he
 gets behind his steering wheel? In
 many cases, some psychological
 change seems to take place in him,
 for he displays a woeful lack of
 courtesy toward his fellow-motorist.
 He does things as a motorist that he
 would never dare to do as a pedes-
 trian.
 For instance, it is not our custom

SOVEREIGN'S Ice Cream Parlor



**Neilson's
ICE CREAM**

We invite all --- old and young,
 large and small --- to visit our
 Ice Cream Parlor. Open every
 day except Thursday afternoon.
 Also open evenings. Nothing is
 more acceptable than a deli-
 cious dish of Neilson's Ice Cream
 or an Ice Cold Drink.

**Neilson's
ICE CREAM**

TAKE A
BRICK
HOME





MEN'S SUITS

At Prices that can't be
 equalled. We have both
 Ready-Made and Tailor-
 ed-to-Measure.



Caps Boys' and Mens'
 Fit-U-Caps at
 lowest prices.



SHOES! SHOES!

You can't buy at lower
 prices than at Sover-
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 we are selling out our
 entire stock.

OUR STORE WILL BE CLOSED THURSDAY AFTERNOONS

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LIME!
 Order your Lime
 for building pur-
 poses from
Chalmer LimeWorks
 Write for prices or
 Phone 302
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in Motor Life, "the piloting of an
 automobile will become a free-for-
 all, in which everyone will aim to
 make it just as inconvenient as
 possible for everyone else."
 "The whole question apparently
 resolves itself into this: Every act
 of discourtesy encourages a more
 serious act of retaliation with its re-
 sulting train of annoyances and ac-
 cidents. Why not, therefore, infer
 that every act of courtesy will bring
 forth a better act of reciprocity?
 Furthermore, why not try it? Auto-
 matically, others will follow suit."
 Mr. Russell is right. With the
 great increase in the number of
 cars on our roads, and the corres-
 ponding increase in the complexities
 of driving, old-fashioned motor
 courtesy, it seems, has pretty well
 gone by the board. Many of our
 traffic tie-ups and accidents are
 laid to the score of too many auto-
 mobiles on the streets. The capac-
 ity of our streets has not been
 reached—they will accommodate many
 more automobiles without any trou-
 ble if we are more considerate of
 the other fellow and the other fel-
 low is more considerate of us.
 Let us stop talking about horrible
 traffic conditions, congestion and
 accidents, and act on the supposition
 that courtesy makes safety. We
 feel sure that courtesy makes safety
 and that the daily applica-
 tion of this rule will do away with
 many of our traffic problems.

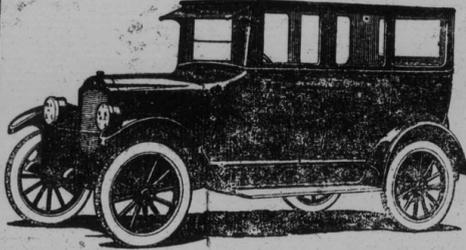
Is it worth 2c to Save a Baby Chick
 CHICKS ARE LIKE BABIES—Just as weak, just as tender,
 just as delicate and helpless. Like babies it is a problem to raise
 them so they will grow strong, vigorous and healthy. It takes
 proper food to do that. Actually millions of baby chicks are lost
 every year due to troubles that arise from improper food.
 PRATTS BABY CHICK FOOD is the original—the Pratt Food Co.
 realized years ago the necessity for a special baby chick food.
 Since then, others have imitated, but none have equalled. Every
 ounce is guaranteed to give results.
 HERE'S WHAT IS IN IT—It contains Dried Buttermilk. No wonder
 it grows such sturdy chicks. Nourishing ground hulled oats,
 digestible cooked wheat, specially ground No. 2 old yellow corn,
 wholesome dried buttermilk with its lactic acid that prevents in-
 testinal trouble, sterilized bone meal that makes strong bones, ap-
 petizing ground millet and rape seeds with their valuable vitamins
 and a bit of Epsom salts, toning, regulating and furnishing mineral
 needs. Not too high in proteins (for in young fowls too much pro-
 tein is worse than not enough), a very small quantity of fibre, no
 cheap grit or useless charcoal, no dust, by-products or harmful in-
 gredients. It's all food, good sweet, pure food skilfully blended to
 give real results. No one can make a better feed at any price.
GEO. LAMBERT.
 FLOUR FEED & GROCERIES PHONE 36

to ram people as we pass them on
 the side-walk; we do not cut a man
 off as he crosses the street; we do
 not deliberately try to steal another
 man's seat in the trolley car; yet
 we see analogous actions on the
 part of the motorist every day.
 The other day we saw a motorist
 making a parking, and this is what
 happened—he had pulled up along
 side the car immediately in front
 of the space in which he wished to
 park, preparatory to backing into
 this space. Another, but smaller
 car, pulled up and tried to "sneak"
 into the same space before the first
 car could back in. An accident
 might have happened, and naturally
 the first driver was incensed at this
 act of discourtesy, and he did not
 hesitate to tell the other man just
 what he thought of him.
 The exceedingly human desire of
 wanting to "get even" exists in all
 of us, and we do not doubt but that
 this act of discourtesy caused this
 man to vow that he would "get
 even" with the next man who tried
 such tricks on him. If both men
 would apply the Golden Rule, many
 unfortunate developments might
 be prevented. It is noteworthy
 that the Ontario Motor League
 has campaigned for courteous driv-
 ing since its inception.
 The desire to make time in many
 cases leads to acts of discourtesy
 and sometimes disaster.
 "We have reached a point in mo-
 toring where, unless courtesy in
 driving receives renewed and serious
 attention," says Frederick C. Russell

THE FARMER AND HIS HORSES
 The farmer works with his horses;
 they are his partners, his faithful
 helpers in all the work of farming
 declares a writer evidently drawing
 upon his own experience in a leading
 article in Southern Agriculturist.
 With them, day after day, and year
 and year, he goes out to tend the
 fields or to bring home the fruit of
 his labors; and so working with
 them season after season he and
 they grow close to each other and
 come after awhile to work together
 with a confidence and an understand-
 ing that few human partnerships
 ever know. The good farmer and
 the good horse come not only to un-
 derstand and to appreciate, but even
 to love each other. I have seen the
 big mares in the pasture prick up
 their ears at the sound of their
 owner's voice and comes up to the
 bars to nuzzle him and be petted
 and then wait contentedly around,
 grazing near him until he looks the
 drove and clambered about the big

fat, steady-going farm mares with
 their clear eyes and glossy coats
 full of confidence that they would do
 what I asked and yield to the slight-
 est turning of my hand, I have
 known that there was a very real
 affection in all these relations and
 that the partnership between the
 farmer and his horses is a partner-
 ship not only of fellow workers but
 also of friends.
 With all that the inventive genius
 of man may bring of mechanical
 power to the farm, there will still
 remain a place for the farm horse.
 For an engine is but an engine
 when all is said—a lifeless thing
 that has neither sense nor sentiment
 nor the invaluable reserve power
 that comes from living muscle and
 willing brain; while the horse will
 forever remain a sentient and lov-
 able thing, a thing of abounding life
 of compelling beauty of intimate
 understanding, the helper, the confi-
 dant, the sympathetic companion of
 the man who tills the fields.
 The farm without horses would
 be but partly a farm; the farmer
 without love for his horses lacks
 something of being fully a farmer.

The New STAR



Don't think that a low cost car can't give satisfaction. The Star Car is one car you will admire, no matter what your ideal car may be.

ASK FOR A DEMONSTRATION

PLETSCH & SON
Local Dealers

THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER

(By Anne Campbell)
An hour a week I give to memory. That's when the old home paper comes to me—
The only link that binds that life to this
And brings back days that I try not to miss.
I read the personals and learn they made
A right smart showing at the Ladies Aid.
And I can taste again the homemade cake
And spicy cookies mother used to make
I read with sorrow of the passing on
Of some dear friend I loved in days
Now gone,
And someone's babe I held upon my knee
Is married now! How old I've grown to be!
I read the ads, and stroll with eager feet
Down that familiar shady wide Main Street;
I see the windows of the Town Bazaar
And nod at folks and ask them how they are.
The paper that the newsboy sells each day
Is lots more clever, I am bound to say.
This town's too big for them to pause to tell
That Mrs. Andy Currie's getting well,
But just such items I am glad to see
When the old home paper comes each week to me.
Across the miles my lonely spirit wends
To chat awhile with older, dearer friends!

they furnish few and inexpensive tools in the doing of their work. In the matter of skill and general intelligence they do not compare with the carpenter or machinist or the farmer for example. Yet here they are demanding, and receiving, more pay for eight hours work than the farmer can afford to give for a week of ten or twelve-hour days.
Evidently a number of the building trades have become very thoroughly organized and by excluding apprentices have the market pretty well cornered, and, like other monopolists they exact "all the traffic will stand." In this they are merely following the example set by other businesses which have a monopoly of the things they deal in.
Just where this upward movement in the demands of organized trades is going to stop there is no saying. Building contractors all over the continent say the trades unions are "killing the goose that lays the golden eggs"—in other words making building impossible. It looks as though we shall soon reach a point at which the wage system will completely break down.

A QUEER OLD COUPLE

A few weeks ago an old couple by the name of Caldwell, brother and sister who lived on a farm in Bentinck Township, Grey County, were taken to the County House of Refuge. For several years the township council had found it necessary to give them assistance, and it was finally decided that the better course would be to have them sent to the Refuge.
The Caldwells had a few possessions and the Refuge committee claimed these and a couple of weeks ago held an auction sale of the stuff. As to what was revealed on the day of the sale the Durham Chronicle had the following:—Those who attended got the surprise of their lives. Besides twenty-one trunks of blankets, clothing, etc., shipped to Markdale, there were offered at the sale napkins, knives, forks and spoons that had never been used. One man who was there told us he would estimate there were 1,000 lead pencils in two boxes, at least 50 pairs of scissors, and he had himself counted thirty-six handbags of different designs and sizes. These articles were no "junk" either, by any means, but were of course sadly out of date. Another attendant told us there were articles of clothing and also cloth for dresses, silks, and other apparel that had never been worn, and some of it had never even been unwrapped.

IT PAYS TO KEEP MONEY AT HOME

Money spent at home circulates in the home town. This is well known, but few people have any idea how many hands a bill passes through in the course of an ordinary business day. With the object of tracing the adventures of currency, the Mayor of Calgary recently tried out an interesting experiment. He pasted a five dollar bill on a board, which had a notice on it asking each person accepting the bill in payment for goods or accounts, to endorse on the card his particular business. The bill passed through sixty-one different hands in ten days, finally being returned to the Mayor. Thus the circulation of this one \$5 bill in the City of Calgary, in ten days, liquidated obligations aggregating \$305. And this bill would not have paid one dollar of home indebtedness if it had been sent from Calgary.

BIG PAY IN THE TRADES

No wonder the boys are leaving even the good farms of Western Ontario. Down at Windsor building contractors and the bricklayers who will work for them have signed an agreement regarding wages, to the effect that the bricklayers shall be paid at the rate of \$1.35 per hour, making \$10.80 for an eight-hour day. No doubt overtime will be paid at a substantial increase above this figure.
Plasterers, encouraged perhaps by the success of the bricklayers are demanding an agreement with the contractors for \$14 per day of eight hours.
Contractors say that owing to these demands, which, of course, will add greatly to the cost of building the erection of many houses will have to be abandoned altogether. The trades-unions, we suppose, will justify their demands by referring to men in their line of work in some United States cities receiving as much as \$16 for 8 hours work. Even lathers were paid on this scale at Chicago last year.
Bricklayers, plasterers and lathers are not highly skilled workmen and

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The Meaning of Chevrolet's "Economical Transportation"

IT is more economical to travel by Chevrolet than by any other means. That is what it means to say that Chevrolet is the most economical form of transportation.
This implies, first of all, that Chevrolet costs the least per car-mile—that it is less expensive to operate than any other make of car.
But, more than that, it means that Chevrolet is more economical than any other kind of transportation.
An investigation among Chevrolet owners of all classes, shows that it is not only more convenient—but also more economical—to travel by Chevrolet than by railway-train or trolley car. The information received gives an average of 30 miles per gallon of gasoline and over 1300 miles per gallon of oil.
You, who have envied the comfort and convenience enjoyed by Chevrolet owners, figure out the cost of a Chevrolet on a mileage basis. You will find that it is cheaper to travel with a Chevrolet than without one.
Chevrolet is easy to own. The G.M.A.C. plan of deferred payments will enable you to finance the purchase. Investigate the new Superior Chevrolet today.

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CHEVROLET

Ask us about the G.M.A.C. Deferred Payment Plan

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Soon it will be time to drive out in the country for pleasure trips. Sunday autoing is as legitimate as Sunday walking, but the trips should be short, or if for recreation, they should be short, and refreshing, not tiring. Sunday visiting should be avoided, except among near-relatives when given a pressing invitation. For some housewives Sunday is the busiest and most tiring day of the week, and we should consider the welfare of others in our Sunday activities.

CLIFFORD

Mr. and Mrs. Donald MacKenzie with Brownie, left here home at New Lisheard, Ont. A host of friends were at the C.N.R. station to bid them God speed and farewells. The MacKenzies have been living here for a number of years, and many found them good neighbors and genuine friends, who regret the parting. Mr. MacKenzie is principal of the public school there. In the last change of climate is benefiting his health, and if conditions continue that way the friends here will not regret that he made the change.
The Hydro wires are now on the poles between Harrison and here. Work is being pushed forward on the distribution system in town. Reeve Burnett is generously devoting his undivided attention to overseeing the work. There is much intricacy in this connection, and citizens generally should avoid placing any unnecessary obstruction in the Reeve's way. Prospects that Clifford streets, the majority of business places and many residences will be lit up with hydro power in a few weeks now are reassuring. Won't we all rejoice. We have been in darkness long enough.
Another fire of mysterious origin in Clifford. On Sunday morning the old frame dwelling at the corner of Clarke and Geddes street, was discovered to be on fire. The property was owned by Mr. Herman Graef, he having acquired it through tax sale some years ago, and was known as the "Heater" residence. At about one o'clock on Sunday morning when Mr. C. V. Koehler returned to his home, after leaving the store, he noticed flames issuing from the roof of the building, and immediately gave the alarm. Tom Jackson, who lives close by, also noticed it at about the same time. Dr. Butler, who had passed by on returning from seeing a patient in the country, and at the time saw no fire, also noticed the flames when he got to his home. A few people gathered and saw the building burn, but very few knew anything about it until church time next morning. The building was a dilapidated, unoccupied old shack, an eyesore and danger to adjoining residences and is well out of the way, as fortunately none of the good adjoining residences caught fire from the flames. There was an insurance of \$10 in the Howick Mutual. About the only alarming part of the affair is the mystery of the origin of the fire. This was also the case with the Butter Factory fire a few weeks ago. In fact, we can scarcely recall of a real solution of the cause of any fire which has been in Clifford for the past 26 years. Investigations have been held in some cases without producing any solution. It would almost seem like as if some disordered person starts fires from an insane desire to witness places burning. Another supposition advanced is that there are too many youth of irresponsible years growth, congregating in secret corners for the purpose of smoking cigarettes and playing cards.—Express.

J. H. BROWN, Dealer, TEESWATER
G. J. Dickison, Salesman, Teeswater

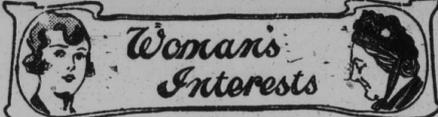
When Exposed to Air

tea loses its freshness and flavor.

"SALADA"

TEA

For that reason is never sold in bulk.



OUR INDOOR TOILET.

The most annoying feature for women who live in the country, is the evil-smelling, unsanitary (and that means disease-breeding) outdoor toilet. Where there are small children, it is especially inconvenient in winter. And it is horrible and unhealthy, for many reasons, winter and summer.

We have overcome this annoyance by installing a standard flush toilet without the prohibitive cost of a water system. We expect to have the latter soon but we have had the use of the toilet for three years, while waiting for the more expensive equipment, which can be added without the loss of the equipment already in place.

Money was very scarce with us when we made the venture but we achieved the apparently impossible by following this plan:

Our small income was budgeted and after carefully considering the various expenses, we found that by extra economy in some items, for a period of three months, we could save one-half of the cost of the toilet. We determined to make our little garden yield a surplus which we could sell and thus raise the remaining half.

Here is a record of actual produce raised and sold from our kitchen garden. We planted extra seed of the vegetables demanded in our locality and matured everything very early, getting the top prices.

3 bushels string beans	\$7.50
2 bushels very early harvest apples	4.00
10 bushels plums	8.50
Cucumber pickles	5.00
5 bushels tomatoes	5.00
12 doz. ears Golden Bantam corn	3.00

For three months we put every penny saved in any way from our income together with the garden money in a special box and then had enough for installation of toilet and building of septic tank.

We flush the toilet in the usual manner, filling the box by pails of water from the well. We keep two extra pails filled with water in the toilet recess. There is no odor and perfect satisfaction.

A concrete septic tank outside the house disposes of all sewage. Let every woman insist upon the abolition of the disease-breeding outdoor toilet. It can be done.—Mrs. B. B. G.

LAMPS THAT WON'T SMOKE.

Every farm housewife knows how hard it is to keep kerosene lamps from smoking. An ounce of prevention saves much work.

When the lamp smokes it is wasting fuel. Therefore, the first secret of a well-burning kerosene lamp is to have clean oil in the lamp. It should never be mixed with other oils or have dirt in it. Fill the bowl each day as the lamp is used to within half an inch of the top of the bowl. A full bowl also makes for a safe lamp. Have the chimney fit the holder. Keep the wick well trimmed and even. In addition, see that it entirely fills the opening through the burner.

This prevents the fire from burning back down the burner and igniting the oil in the bowl. Keep the charred part of the wick brushed off even with the top of the slit in the burner. A burnt match is useful for this purpose.—Hazel Blair.

WASHING A SWEATER.

In washing a sweater, put it in a small pillow slip, squeeze it in a lather of good soap, rinse in three waters, each time squeezing the water out. Never wring; shake well and hang on the line in the bag until dry, just giving it an occasional shake. The result will be a clean, fluffy garment that will not sag or stretch out of shape, results that too often follow our efforts to restore to their original freshness these comfortable and popular articles of dress.

Send 15c in silver for our up-to-date Spring & Summer 1924 Book of Fashions.

A CORNER FOR THE BOYS.

The corner of our large living room is given over to the two young boys of the family, who are interested in music. In this way they feel that they have a real part in the home and are not crowded out.

OUR SALT SHAKERS.

A piece of gummed paper over the hole in the bottom of your salt shaker does the work as effectually as a cork, and it does away with the necessity of searching for one of the right size. If no gummed paper is at hand use the flap of an envelope and a bit of mullage.

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Minard's Liniment Heals Cuts.

"When Hearts Command"

By ELIZABETH YORK MILLER

"When hearts command,
From minds the sagest counsellings depart."

CHAPTER XVI.—(Cont'd.)

Alice, not being entirely a fool, caught glimpses of what lay behind the tattered curtain which had been drawn for her deception. Here and there she saw a fragment of something which was very ugly. The horror of it made her weak with fear and shame.

Hugo—that had been her father's name, but her father was supposed to have died—how long ago? As many years or thereabouts as Uncle John had possessed his old hat. His rambling talk of the early morning began to have some meaning for her. Was this strange old man her father? And if so, where had he been this long time? In that place? Had he been in prison by any chance?

And it seemed to her that Philip knew perhaps even more than she herself feared to guess. Her mother, she could see, was half wild with apprehension. "Oh, yes—a very good idea to lunch quietly—yes, a very good idea indeed," the distressed little woman kept repeating. "Then afterwards we could go at once to look at this place. I've found. It's called the Villa Charmil. Isn't that a pretty name? Mr. Gaunt says he will get me a servant. Wouldn't it be jolly if we could have this very day, Alice? Do you think we could? What do you think, Philip?"

"I should advise it—by all means," Ardeyne replied. "There was a professional note in his voice that made Alice wince, but Jean was too upset to notice anything."

An hour later, lunch being over, they went to inspect the Villa Charmil, and found Hector Gaunt there, faithful Mary, and an Italian girl he had discovered somewhere. The latter's name, he informed Jean, was Louise, and she was a good cook and laundress.

With shirt sleeves rolled to the elbows, and his grey flannel shirt tucked negligently into belted trousers, had started to wash the windows. His mule was tethered in the tiny strip of terraced garden, and in the uncovered corridor he had unloaded a choice supply of provisions—a couple of chickens, vegetables, flowers, butter, eggs, a flagon of olive oil, and a small cask of wine—all the produce of his own farm. He had taken it very much to his heart that the Villa Charmil had been a success, and had made all the necessary arrangements for her.

She, poor woman, almost wept in her gratitude. It was such a novelty to her to see a man who had once so scornfully believed in this good fortune.

Maria had built fires and was very busy airing the beds and linen. Gaunt had already made out a list of what he considered necessary for the way of groceries and other things and had despatched his boy, Carlo, into the village for them.

It suddenly occurred to Mrs. Carnay that for fifteen years she had never enjoyed what might be called a home of her own. True, the Villa Charmil was only a rented home, sparsely filled with the rather poor sticks of furniture deemed sufficient by a parsimonious landlord, but in her eyes it was her own. True, she could see how, with a touch here and there, with flowers and cushions and furniture covers, it could be made a very haven of joy.

Gaunt had come out to the gate to greet them and explain his own presence on the premises, and it was thus that Hugo Smarke and he met for the first time since Jean's curious marriage. The last occasion had been here in this very town in the old Villa Taina, something more than a good stone's throw distant.

Poor Hugo looked an awe-stricken, shrivelled little creature surrendering his hand to the big paw of Hector Augustus Gaunt. It seemed as though the sheer bulk of Gaunt gave him moral ascendancy over Jean's husband. There were no protests from Hugo that he didn't want to be cut off from the pleasures of hotel life and immured behind the pink walls of this little tucked-away house.

Gaunt, behaving rather as though it were his own place, showed them around. The long windows of the salon opened upon the balconies overlooking the sea, but directly overhanging the railway line, although these were invisible by reason of the thick growth of palms and olives which covered the steeply terraced slopes. The Villa Charmil seemed somehow to hang mysteriously between sky and sea, upheld only by the feathery tops of the palms.

Hugo, promised his meals in the arbor, took heart of grace and recovered from his fit of overwrought despondency. Almost immediately he attached himself to Hector Gaunt and begged to be allowed to wash windows. The favor being granted he was left to wash them alone—which wasn't quite what he wanted—while Gaunt discussed the various household arrangements with Jean. Alice and Ardeyne went back to the hotel to pack up the Carnays' and Hugo's clothes, and also give this rather sudden notice that the suite would no longer be required.

Hector Gaunt and Jean sat in the arbor with the stone table between them, Jean, with her bag tumbling out a heterogeneous mass of soiled Italian notes, and a stub of pencil jangling memoranda on the various expenditures.

There was the month's rent, for which Gaunt had settled in advance,

and the money he had given Carlo for the groceries, and what Jean felt he ought to give Maria for her share in the labor and—oh, any amount of other items. Their voices rose in altercation and reached Hugo.

In imitation of Gaunt, Hugo had stripped off his own coat and rolled up his sleeves, but he still stuck to his new hat. He peered out furtively, pretending to be wringing the water from the grey strip of towelling he had been washing the windows with, and then bobbed back again when he thought himself in danger of being discovered.

Gaunt saw him and called out: "Tell Maria to bring us some beer." Hugo disappeared like a jack-in-the-box and a few minutes later came back with a tray.

"I brought it myself," he said. He set it down, looked at them all the while, and was edging off again, when Gaunt—still quarrelling with Jean about money—interrupted himself to invite Hugo to join them. "But fetch another glass for yourself," he said. "You've only brought two."

Hugo bounded off like a happy puppy, and the extra glass was duly procured. Gaunt poured out the beer, foaming, light stuff, deliciously cold, and Hugo settled himself as near as he could get to the big man. There was something pathetic in the pale, near-sighted eyes that dwelt upon the careless Gaunt. One understood then, how in his day of great adventures—and very likely still—Hector Augustus Gaunt had been a master of men, a leader whose lightest desire was as a law to his adoring followers. Hugo Smarke had once followed this big fellow through the trackless waste of uncharted seas; that past, persistent gaze went back to the day when there had been no Jean Carnay, no tame Italian Riviera on their maps; a time when life's course was marked by the stars and life itself was full to the brim with the romance which included not the name of woman.

Mad Hugo's gallantry in marriage may have been actuated by a double motive, the second—though perhaps not the lesser—his great admiration for Hector Augustus Gaunt. Such a motive might be difficult to account for and trace from its obscure beginnings to its even more obscure fulfilment, but undoubtedly it could exist in the complex psychology of a Hugo Smarke. Yet adoration may be a little mixed with jealousy. Hugo sat half-enviously at the feet of his idol, and Hugo's psychology included many things besides self-abnegation. It included, for one item, a desire to be great himself.

He now interfered in the financial discussion, at first timidly, then—being tolerated—with some decisiveness, taking Jean's part. "Hector, we can't—my wife and I—accept charity from you. It's very kind of you. We do appreciate it. Don't we, Jean? We're frightfully grateful for all you've done, but we can't accept charity. And there's no need for us to do so. Did I tell you about meeting Carrie Egan? She owes me pots of money, and she promised to pay it. In a few days we'll be rolling in wealth."

Jean turned upon Hugo, puzzled and annoyed. "Hugo, what can you mean about Mrs. Egan owing you money? And how could you speak to her? In front of Alice and Dr. Ardeyne, too. You give me your solemn word of honor—"

"My dear Jean, you can trust me," Hugo was a little pompous. "I'm no fool. I spoke to her merely as one does speak to a lady of one's acquaintance. Dr. Ardeyne suspects nothing—nor Alice, either. Mrs. Egan owes me twenty thousand pounds, not to mention the interest."

"How do you make that out?" Gaunt asked, frowning so heavily upon him that he quailed, and drew back into something faintly resembling a shell of reserve. "She promised it to me," he said sulkily.

"But Hugo, for what?" Jean demanded. "Tony Egan left no money, as you know. Your financial venture had failed. Don't you remember, Hugo?" She averted her eyes, shivering a little. "It was over that. . . . you quarrelled. Tony's having done something queer with your share of the money."

(To be continued.)



Could She Answer That?
Farmer—"Mother, that boy of ours ain't doin' nothin' at college but foolin' round with the girls."
Wife—"Oh, I think not, Hiram—he's a-workin' hard."
Farmer—"A-workin' hard, eh? Then what you make of this here Alma Mater he's allus writin' 'bout he loves so much?"

Minard's Liniment for Dandruff.

Friendly Stiles of England.

The stiles begin to exercise their old charm when the time for country wandering arrives. They appeal to you now. They are irresistibly friendly. They would not try to make it easy for you to pass to the other side of the hedge did you need to go further, like a trespasser, looking this way and that, writes P. W. D. I., in "The London Daily Mail."

Wherever there are stiles they are friendly. They differ much in form, from the rude steps on the fern and foxglove walls of Cornwall to the ornate and fashioned into stepping ways amid the briars and brambles of Norfolk hedges.

They mark the short cuts to rest as well as work. They are crossed for gallantry no less than dispatch. It is the loiterers' season that is starting now. The lure of the field paths is strong. There will be wanderers alone, and wanderers in threes and fours, but perhaps as often as all others there will be wanderers in twos, tramping from stile to stile till they find one more friendly than the rest—a lovers' seat.

Summer comes, with billows of leaves and surge of flowers, with unceasing drone of insects in the sunny air. The quiet woodside that the little path hugs is grown bosky; the beck in the hollow tinkles over its pebbles beneath the plank bridge and then is lost in a forest of willow herb; the corn is grown so high that children crossing the fields are seen only as they top the stiles; and every stile is deeper set, so have the lusty brambles pread their long arms around and all the hedge-row plants given themselves to abandon. The lovers must sit closer.

And then will the small meadow-brown butterflies disport around these spots from morn to eve. We call them gatekeepers, because they haunt the field gateways with wink of eyes, wings and airy dancing. They keep a stile as gleefully.

A Few Chuckles from Ireland.

Many good things have come from Ireland, not the least of which are its characteristic mirth-provoking jokes and anecdotes. Of recent years, alas! the people have had little enough cause for light-heartedness; and yet, as Miss E. Somerville points out in her memoirs, there are still in Ireland some to make jokes and others to laugh at them.

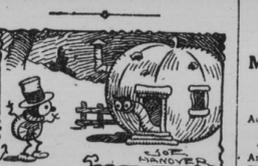
A man with authority, she writes, came upon one of his workmen who was clearing a water course; two other workmen were standing near by, watching him do it.

"Well, boys," he said, "this is what we always see in Ireland! One man working, and two more looking on!"

"There's three of them now, sir!" said one of the lookers-on politely. "And the old people can still laugh at themselves,—which is perhaps the touchstone of humor,—especially the old women, who regard the world and its needs and follies as from another plane, having never had time or folles and having outlived all needs except a pinch of tea and a pair of 'nones' boots. I who, dying, said gaily:

"Sure, three inches of a coffin'll do me! 'Look, I says to them, 'make the coffin a small sign too big, the way the people'll think the womanen in side in it wasn't all out so little as what she was!'"

And consider the two old "nurses" at Ross, one of whom was acting as butler and housemaid, and the other as cook and yard boy; each, conscious of her own absurdity, would describe herself and her companion as, "Me an' the other owd halloo!"



We Know.
Bug—"How are things going?"
Appleworm—"Not so good. The landlord has just raised our rent to forty apple seeds a month!"

Let us build altars to the Blessed Unity which holds nature and soul in perfect solution and compels every atom to serve an universal end. Let us build to the beautiful Necessity which rudely or softly educates him to the perception that there are no contingencies; that law rules throughout existence; a Law which is not intelligence; not personal or impersonal—it disdains words and passes understanding; it dissolves persons; it vivifies nature; yet solicits the pure in heart to draw on all its omnipotence.—Emerson.

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Don't wonder whether you can dye or tint successfully, because perfect home dyeing is guaranteed with "Diamond Dyes" even if you have never dyed before. Druggists have all colors. Directions in each package.

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Nature's Night-Lights.

What is the most efficient light in the world?
Some people might vote at once for the "last word" of science in artificial illumination, but they would be wrong. The most efficient light known to us was known in the days of pine torches and rushlights. It is that with which Nature has endowed the glow-worm and the firefly.

Science has so far failed to solve the problem of the production of light without heat—a problem which seems to have given Dame Nature no difficulty. In an artificial light production an enormous amount of energy is lost in the form of heat rays and chemical rays.

Thus a four-watt carbon glow lamp, has a luminous efficiency of less than a half per cent, and the most perfect artificial illuminant has an efficiency of only four per cent.

Science here compares badly with Nature, for the luminous efficiency of the firefly is no less than 99.5 per cent, whilst the glow-worm's light is eighty times more efficient than a tungsten lamp.

Love is the only fire that is enough to melt the iron obstinacy of a creature's will.

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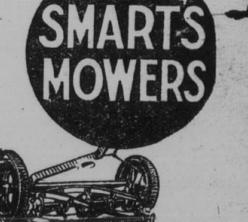
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Easy running Mowers that cut with razor-like keenness. A Smart's Mower will keep your lawn trim and neat. Thoroughly reliable, absolutely guaranteed. At your hardware dealer's.

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ISSUE No. 18—3

Soils & Crops

Address communications to Agronomist, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto

A JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF INDOLENCE.

Lemuel Sprowl still owned a small interest in a farm on the road that branched off the main pike in the direction of the poorhouse. For some years he had been unable to pay in full the interest on the mortgage. Neighbors ventured the assertion that it would be only a question of time when Mr. Sprowl and his wife would be compelled to relinquish the place, and become guests of the county.

Happening by on a hot summer day, we left the driver to cool under a wide-spreading oak at the roadside and went in to have a look at the property. Mr. Sprowl was on the porch, taking his ease in a broken-down, upholstered chair that had seen better days and which, its present occupant found occasion to inform us, had been picked up at an auction some three or four years previous "for the price of a two-bit piece."

"I set this here chair on the porch when I brought it home," he drawled, as he saw us taking note of it, "and somehow I haven't ever got around to carry it into the house. I dunno as it makes much difference. Sort of need something out here every summer. What can I do for you, stranger?"

We made known our desire to look over the farm.

"Nothin' easier," he replied. "There isn't any place around here that offers greater opportunities. It's a little too big for me to keep everything just shipshape. But a younger man like you—" He eyed me critically. "Yes, you might get along on it pretty well."

He led us out to the barn, where we entered the milking stable over a broken wall that held abundant possibilities for broken bones and twisted ankles.

"I keep thinkin' I'll fix that place," he said, "but somehow I don't get to it. I dunno, though, as it's any killin' matter, so long as you know right where to step."

Hearing voices beyond the stable, we inquired if he kept a hired man.

"Not regularly," was the reply. "I dump the manure from the stable out in the yard, and twice a year I get some one to haul it to the fields. Saves a lot of fussin' to do it that way. I'm late, though, with it this summer. That waster's been lyin' there most of a year. It should have been seen to last spring."

"You'll have to straighten that silo, won't you, before you can fill it again?" we questioned, as we noticed the leaning Tower of Pisa which reared itself in the barn lot next to a feeding shed.

POULTRY.

One hundred baby chicks when hatched will usually weigh between seven and eight pounds. When the chicks have reached an age of twelve weeks they should weigh between one hundred and seventy-five and two hundred pounds. For sake of comparison we will take a calf at birth with a weight of eighty pounds. Should the calf make the same rate of gain as the chick, it would at twelve weeks of age weigh a ton. This will help one to understand why broods of chicks vary so much, and will also assist the feeder to appreciate the opportunity at hand to display his skill, so says Prof. W. R. Graham of the O.A.C. Poultry Dept.

The use of the incubator and brooder has forced the poultry keeper to study the methods of growing chicks. A mother hen and her brood, when allowed to range, can be fed many feeds, and the chicks do well simply because the hen and the chicks balance the ration by catching insects and selecting tender green food and, it may be, several other things that we have never observed.

There is a great variation in different broods of chicks reared by the artificial method, and many broods have a high mortality and a very unthrifty appearance. The chicks can be reared easily with reasonable care and attention. The use of a little common sense is essential.

One should remember that, given a brooder, a colony house, and say three hundred baby chicks, it is the duty of the operator to keep the chicks comfortable, and that every need of the body must be taken to those chicks. There is no clucking hen to pick up bits of gravel or to catch insects. The feed must be taken to the chick.

At present the Dept. of Poultry Husbandry at the O.A.C. is conducting a series of experiments, the object being to find a simple, inexpensive method of growing a normal chicken. It may take years to get the answer, but each season we add a little to our knowledge.

Celery Culture.

Any good rich garden soil will grow good celery. It is a gross feeder and must have an abundance of fertility to draw upon if tender, well-developed stalks are to be obtained. If the soil becomes tired out, even with an abundance of plant food present, succulent stalks are not likely to develop. These two things, plant food and

"I quit usin' silage two or three years back," Mr. Sprowl advised with an air of wisdom. "The fellow who put up that silo was a stock-feeder and he put it pretty near in the middle of the lot. Handlin' dairy cows I had to lug the feed clear across to the milkin' stable. I couldn't see any sense in makin' a slave of myself for the sake of a parcel of cows, so I quit fillin' it. Yes, I've been notice' quite a while that she's gettin' a slant in her. It seems I could never get time to tighten them hoops when they should have been looked after. Farmin' in summer don't have much let up to it, you know. I guess that's the reason I never tended to it." We continued on our way past the out-buildings.

"Looks as though it was about time you cut your weeds," we observed.

"What's that you're tryin' to hide in that jungle of burdock?"

"Oh, that!" Mr. Sprowl's tone was one of mild surprise. "Why, that's what these automobile fellows call a chassis—only in this case it's part of a lumber wagon. It was so hard to get it in and out of the shed I took to leavin' it out here. I dunno as it improves it any, but when I've wanted it I could hitch on in just a jiffy—standin' where it does. My, but them burdocks do grow tarnation fast, don't they?"

Reaching the end of the row of buildings we faced the open field. A hundred yards away there stood a three-section crib made of fence-rails and holding several hundred bushels of corn.

"Some of my last year's corn," Sprowl explained with a bit of pride. "So long as I've got that crib full of corn," he explained, "waxin' facetious, 'I feel like the tramp who always carried a silver dollar which he'd never spend. There wasn't no judge, he said, who'd send him to jail for havin' no visible means of support.'"

"But the rats and mice?" we suggested eyeing the makeshift crib.

"I suppose there may be one or two around," he admitted, "but if they're out there we don't have 'em in the barn. I can't see that it really makes much difference."

Taking leave of Sprowl, who had led us back to the vicinity of the battered chair on the porch, we thanked him for his courtesies. Again he surveyed us with close scrutiny.

"Farmin' is no work for a slug-gard," he advised soberly. "If the bank takes a notion to let you lift this roof from over my head, I hope you'll remember what I've told you. It's the truth. I ought to know."

moisture, are essential in order that growth may go on uninteruptedly. Hot dry soils can be made cool and moist by water or by mulching. It is not a very great task to keep a small area in celery watered during the dry periods.

When preparing your new vegetable garden set aside some good well rotted manure for a row of celery. Dig or plow out a space about 18 inches wide and about six inches deep and into this scatter the manure about four inches deep. On this place your good garden soil, and mix thoroughly with the manure, and to this add acid phosphate at the rate of 500 pounds per acre. If the garden is one which has been well manured for years scatter a coating of manure broadcast and work it into the soil adding acid phosphate as well, and on this good celery can be grown. A well-balanced 4-8-5 commercial fertilizer, at the rate of 2,000 pounds per acre, scattered broadcast and well mixed with the soil to a depth of five or six inches, will grow good celery without manure if moisture conditions are right.

Celery seed will germinate in any good garden soil in about two weeks after planting; during this time the box should be kept damp. The seed may be set any place in the kitchen, and when the seedlings appear in a bright window or hotbed. In two weeks the plants may be singled out and transplanted to one and one-half to two inches apart. In another month these will have developed into good plants for setting to the open grounds. It will be seen that it takes about two months to develop good plants. Seed sown on the first of March should develop plants for setting out May 1st. For later plantings and fall crop, seed started the middle of April or first of May will give good plants for setting in June.

Cylinder-Head Bolts.

In refitting a stationary engine with a new cylinder head it was found that the bolts set into the jacket were a little too short when the thickened gasket was in place.

To uncrew them a few turns so that they would screw, a nut of the right size was cut half in two with a hack saw, and this, when turned on the bolt, gripped with a pair of pliers. The open side "gave" enough to grip the threads tightly and to turn the bolts. This prevented damaging the threads as the only other means would have been to use a pipe wrench.

Pruning for Fine Roses.

The rose grower has in his power at this season of the year to prepare his plants for a heavy crop of moderate quality or a smaller crop of superior blooms. It must be observed, however, that the amount of pruning that should be done to a rose bush depends somewhat upon the variety of the rose. Roses of modern varieties bloom on wood of the current year's growth. This is to say, the buds that start from the old branches this spring will produce the flowers this year. Rose growers will have observed that the strongest new wood and the finest bloom comes from the buds that are close to the ground. It therefore pays to shorten back the wood to within a foot or so of the root. This applies more especially to young plants. Older plants of the strong growing varieties such as J. B. Clark and Frau Karl Druschki, should not be pruned so severely. It is always desirable that the bush when it develops should have an open centre, so as to let in the sunshine. For this reason, when a branch is cut off, the cut should be made a half inch or so above the bud on the outside. Pruning should not be done until the buds, are commencing to swell. One may then be assured that he is leaving uninjured wood. It is not necessary to wait until the buds near the ground are bursting, because those higher up open first and, if a fairly long stem is left, the lower buds do not break at all. By cutting off the stems fairly low, the lower buds are forced into growth. Experience will soon teach what is the best method of pruning for the particular conditions desired. In pruning, the strongest, healthiest stems are left and the weak ones cut off close to the ground or bush or larger limb.

As a safeguard against mildew and black spot it is well to burn all the pruned wood and to spray the bushes with a fairly strong solution of Bordeaux mixture or other suitable fungicide. Instructions for making and applying fungicides as well as insecticides for use on plants are given in Bulletin No. 1 of the Experimental Farms, "Hardy Roses," available at the Publications Branch of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa. This bulletin also names and describes the best varieties to grow.

Control of Grasshoppers.

Locusts or grasshoppers lay their eggs in the late summer and autumn of one year and the young appear about May in the following year. Every kind of field crop suffers from their presence. A leaflet issued by the Dominion Entomological Branch states that in Eastern Canada the following mixture broadcast over infested fields has proved effective in control: Bran 20 pounds, paris green or white arsenic half a pound, molasses 2 quarts, juice of oranges or lemons 3 quarts with peel chopped fine, to 2½ gallons of water. The bran and paris green or white arsenic should be mixed while dry. Another bait that has answered well is: sawdust 20 pounds,

paris green ¼ pound, salt 1 pound, water 3 gallons. Twenty pounds of either of these baits is sufficient to treat five acres of growing crops. The morning is the best time for broadcasting.

In the Prairie Provinces what is known as the Criddle mixture has proved effective. This is made by adding 1 pound of paris green, or white arsenic, and 1 pound of salt, to 15 gallons, by measure, of fresh horse droppings, sufficient water only to make the mixture moist being added.

Old pastures should be plowed to a depth of at least six inches and immediately followed by harrowing.

Cultivation of Strawberries.

Strawberries require a moist, rich rather light and loamy soil to produce the best results. The land should be in good condition and free from weeds. A heavy application of manure should be worked into the soil at the time of planting, using well rotted manure, at the rate of thirty to forty tons per acre, according to the Dominion Horticulturist, who further advises, if impossible to obtain barnyard manure, the turning under of a crop of clover and the use of a fertilizer composed of 200 to 300 pounds of muriate of potash (or 25 to 45 bushels of wood ashes), 200 to 300 pounds of either ground bone or acid phosphate, and about 75 to 100 pounds of nitrate of soda, to be applied at time of planting. Planting is done preferably on a cloudy day, and the young plants should not be allowed to become dry at any time. After planting the plantation should be given a thorough cultivation with a fine-tooth cultivator and this cultivation should be continued at intervals of two weeks through the season, and after each heavy rain. The blossoms should be picked off the first season and the ground kept free from weeds. A few trips through the patch to place the runners properly should also be made. In selecting runners for propagation select good-sized healthy plants.

Better Prices for Lambs.

The sheep raiser has it in his own hands to decide whether he will take the top price for his male lambs next fall, or sell them at a discount of two dollars or more per head. The decrease has gone forth that a cut of \$2 per hundredweight will be made on all buck lambs purchased after the middle of July. It may not be generally understood that wether lambs make thicker and better carcasses than does, and that the meat is of finer flavor. The operation of emasculation is not only as necessary with lambs as with calves and pigs, but it is just as simple and subject to as little loss. A pamphlet entitled "The Great Neglect in Sheep Husbandry," describes the operation and shows how to take off the tails as well. Unless a flock owner can afford to take a low price for his lamb crop he had better make sure of the highest return by trimming his lambs this spring.

Making Liars of Our Children

"I'll teach you to lie," said an angry father, who was thrashing his twelve-year-old boy with a big stick; "I'll teach you to lie!"

How little did this man realize that he was, indeed, teaching his boy to lie, by making him afraid of him and thus afraid to tell the truth!

Childhood is timid. Children have not yet developed their moral faculties to any great extent and they will usually take the safest, easiest way. They, naturally, are always trying to protect themselves.

A well-known woman writer once undertook to classify lies. She listed lies of vanity; lies of flattery; lies of convenience; lies of interest; lies of fear; lies of malignity; lies of malevolence, and lies of wantonness. Mark Twain in taking account of stock counted eight hundred and sixty-nine varieties of lies!

There is no question that there are all sorts of lies, and that truthfulness as a principle and as a policy is unknown to multitudes of people. Often the reason for this is lack of proper training in childhood. A great many men and women have grown up to believe in the lie as a policy. They believe that it pays to deceive. Yet the reputation of always, everywhere, under all circumstances telling the truth—the exact truth—is worth a thousand times more to one than any temporary gain from deceit.

One of the most dangerous of all characters, in business or in social life, is the man or woman who is indifferently honest, or who will tamper with the truth.

There are multitudes of people who began to lie in childhood from fear of punishment and the desire to ward it off. It is not always so much the actual suffering of the whipping as the anticipation of it that is so dreadful to the youthful mind. There is something inside the boy and girl that protests against such an insult, as they regard any attack upon their person.

It is the worst policy in the world to make children afraid of you by telling them to tell the truth or take the consequences of severe physical punishment. I know of no quicker way to make a real liar of a child than making him afraid of you by giving him a beating every time you find him telling an untruth.

Don't delude yourself that beatings,

and other severe treatment will make your child truthful. In almost every case they have just the opposite effect. Timid children are proverbial liars, because they are the little victims of fear, and when in terror of punishment they will do almost anything to avoid it.

The lie doesn't seem so bad to a child as it does to you, and yet my adult friend, are you sure you are always truthful? I know many a parent who punishes his child for lying who does the same in his business and social life, but in a more polite way, perhaps. A man will lie in his advertisements, in his misrepresentations of the merchandise he is handling, in cheating customers in different ways, by covering up defects, in selling "foreign" silks made at home, and all sorts of "imported" articles made in this country.

I know a boy whose father had been abroad and had brought home with him precious works of art, and he was one day showing a friend about his house. The boy heard him say, "This picture is the work of Rembrandt," (or some other great artist.) "I paid \$10,000 for it." A little later the father called the boy before him to punish him for lying, and the lad said, "Father, how much did you tell Mr. Blank the other day that you paid for that picture?" "Ten thousand dollars," was the reply. "But you know, daddy, that you didn't pay but \$4,000." "Yes, but it was worth \$10,000; I bought it cheap."

Now what sort of an example in truthfulness is that father setting his boy?

"Veritas" (The Truth) is engraved upon the buildings and gates of one of our great universities, and above a principal entrance to the college yard we read this legend from a great Hebrew poet:

"Open ye the gates that the righteous nation which keepeth truth may enter in." No self-respecting gate upon the globe will open willingly to those who do not keep the truth—"truth in the inward parts," as Hebrew sages used to say,—truth in conscience and life.

Train your child in the way of truth.

Teach him that the world listens when truth speaks.—O. S. M., in Success.

RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

Folks who want the very best use RED ROSE ORANGE PEKOE

Home Education

"The Child's First School is the Family"—Froebel.

Suringtime Gardening—By Sophie Kitchener

"See, what a wonderful garden is here, Little-Oh-Deer! Posies so gaudy and grass of such brown— Search ye the country and hunt ye the town And never ye'll meet with a garden so queer As this one I've made for my Little-Oh-Deer!"

Training that associates itself naturally with the season of the year is particularly apt to make its impression on a child. The child is sensitive to the natural changes in the world about him and there is value in any "lesson" that can be correlated with the lively interest he takes in the weather, the sky, the trees, and the plants.

In the spring, for instance, the child loves to play in the little rivulets that form from the melting snows and the rains. He bridges them; the dashing torrents he dams to turn his little waterwheels; on the quiet navigable ones he floats his paper boats. He is conscious of the special tang he feels in playing in this mud and water. He is unable to know it is the "liveness" of waking nature appealing to him, but he senses the message and responds.

The mother, too, if she be a lover of nature, thrills to the same message brought by other couriers. How much more the child's half-conscious love will mean to him if she realizes that he shares her own appreciation and if she takes care to foster it until it becomes actual knowledge of nature.

One mother of my acquaintance realized the value of such timely training. She purchased for her little daughter, a book that told the story of the bean. It told of its development from an insignificant pebble-like thing into a lovely tall vine with flowers which, in turn, produced the bean that people use for food.

The lima bean was pictured as a baby that grew and grew. The child was interested, so the mother got some lima beans, quite a while before it was time to plant them outdoors, and put them between a roll of good blotting paper, inserted in a drinking glass, and the wall of the glass. A small amount of water was poured

into the glass which was then put on the window sill in the sun.

As the days went by the child could observe the tiny shoots coming from the seeds. First came the root, then the leaf shoot which unfolded and grew until little leaves began to show. These grew larger and larger and the shoot grew stronger and stronger until it overtopped the glass.

It was then time to put it in the ground. The mother showed the little girl how to plant it and together they planted other beans to grow as the first had done.

All the while these seeds were developing underground the child knew what was happening and eagerly waited for the first tiny leaves to appear above the surface. She cared for the garden herself, watering it faithfully. Later in the summer she was rewarded with a very small crop of beans, for this was but a small garden in a yard at the back of a city house. But how much she had learned, and what a joy it had been!

Feeding Poor Hay.

While the general farmer finds economy in feeding his lower grades of roughage, so the fact should not be overlooked that such feeds do not have the full nutritive value that number one roughages have. Other wise, there would be no difference in the market price of these different grades of feeds. The value of the various farm feeds can be roughly gauged by the condition of the animals to which they are fed. Watching closely his stock, the feeder can know quite accurately whether he is treating the animals to the quantity of roughage they should have.

Keep the Sheep Dry.

A practical sheep man advises that farmers owning flocks pay special attention to the ewes in the period preceding the lambing season. Dry beds are important. The wind and rain should be kept out of the quarters in which the ewes are housed. Another essential is exercise. To provide for this, the eyes should be allowed access to the barnyard or field. Oats and bran, equal parts, make an excellent feed for the ewes at this season, while legume hay, particularly alfalfa, make first grade roughage feed.

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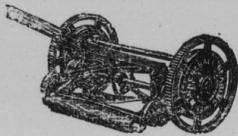
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Price \$8.50 to 15.00

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HARDWARE

UNION STOCK MARKETS TORONTO

Although cattle receipts for the opening market of the week at the Union Stock Yards were several hundred head lighter than on the previous Monday, the offering was a bigger one than most of the live stock men expected. There were more heavy steers than usual in the receipts, and the quality on the whole was good. The feature of the trading was the keen demand for heavy steers, but exporters also bought some choice handyweight cattle. Trading was a little slow in getting started, but once the buyers became active a good demand for all classes of cattle developed.

While prices remained steady for heavy steers for export, slightly higher values prevailed for butcher cattle, although the gain generally did not amount to 25c a hundred. Exporters took over 50 loads during the morning and these included about half a dozen loads of cattle averaging just under 1200 lbs. There was practically no activity in stockers and feeders, only an odd load of stockers changing hands. At 2 o'clock 2300 head had been weighed up, and when

trading ended the cleanup was a fairly good one.

Exporters paid from \$7.50 to \$9 a hundred for steers and heifers, with the bulk of the sales between \$7.75 and \$8.25. The top price was secured for an extra choice load of heavy heifers weighing 1475 lbs. The top price for butcher steers was \$3.35, paid to a local butcher for ten head averaging 1100 pounds. Half a load of choice steers brought \$7.85, with the bulk of the best from \$7 to \$7.50. Medium to good quality steers sold from \$6.25 to \$6.90, and a few small lots of common from \$5.40 to \$6. Cows sold at steady prices, with about ten bringing \$6.25 a cwt. Choice cows generally sold from \$5.50 to \$6, and medium to good ones from \$4 to \$5.25.

A firmer tendency was apparent in the hog market, and some sales were made at an advance of 25c a hundred. A number of sales were made at \$5 on the fed and watered basis, or from \$8.20 to \$8.40 off cars, although some were said to have sold a little cheaper.

The lamb receipts were light and prices showed little change. About twenty spring lambs sold from \$13 to \$15 each, with one little bunch of yearlings at \$15.50.

LAST CALL FOR CHESLEY CONFERENCE

We have worked at it for months. You have thought about it for some time. The Programs are in your hands. The Quartette of "Big Guns" Statton, Ferris, Langford and Plewman, are getting their speakers loaded. The Trigger will be pulled next Friday evening, May 9th. We expect a big delegation. Registrations are coming. Have you sent yours? If not, do it now and get in on it before it is too late. This is the call to Mentors, Leaders, Pastors, Teachers and Older Boys of 15 years and over.

Chesley Boys' Work Board

REPORT OF S. S. NO. 5, CARRICK

For Month of April
Sr. IV—Laura Weber, Irvin Fischer.

Jr. IV—Elmer Diebel, Hilda Stroeder, Mattie Stroeder, Joseph Diemert, Norman Klages.

Sr. III—Amelia Klages, Monica Stroeder, Leota Losch, Alvera Schmidt, Carl Weber, Willie Diemert, Urban Wagner.

Sr. II—Lavinia Fischer, Vera Diemert, Alvina Weber, Leo Stroeder, Edward Krohn.

Jr. II—Norman Diebel, Gertrude Fischer, Doretta Weber, Adela Diemert, Gladys Diebel, Melvin Wolfe, Norman Schmidt, Edwin Stroeder.

Jr. I—Rita Diemert, Loretta Stroeder.

E. Widmeyer, teacher

HUNTINGFIELD

The condition of the Howick and Carrick townline, from Huntingfield to Belmore, is a standing reproach to the Councils of both townships. A portion of this road was graded and gravelled last fall, and never looked at again, and the ruts are simply frightful. This is an extensively travelled road, and still it is sadly neglected. We hope to see some improvement soon.

McIntosh Sunday School re-opened last Sunday for the summer with a good attendance. Mr. John Darroch is superintendent again. Mother's Day will be observed in the church next Sunday.

Mr. William Plant of the southern part of Howick passed away last week aged 82 years. Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Vogan and Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Harris attended the funeral which took place at Molesworth. Deceased was a brother-in-law of Mrs. Lucy A. Harris of Mildmay.

Formers are busy seeding in this locality. The swift fellows are finished and the slower ones hope to finish soon.

Miss Barbara Dickson returned to Toronto this week after spending the Easter holidays with her parents here.

Mrs. E. A. Renwick and children of Wingham visited relatives here on Tuesday.

A chicken never eats an onion if she can get a date.

Sign on Soda Fountain—"Boys bring your peaches here—we have the cream."

Husband (anxiously)—"Is it a him' or a 'her'?"
Nurse—"It's a 'them'!"

Question—What stands on one 'eg and carries it's heart in it's head?
Answer—A Cabbage.

They say that the 'man with the hoe' plants seeds, and the 'vegg'ables grow. But who plants the seeds? Of the millions of weeds? He wars on—does anyone know?

OTTER CREEK

Three more German immigrants arrived in this burg the past week, being hired by Messrs. Henry Polfus, Daniel Procknow and Frank Reich.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Russwurm, Mr. and Mrs. Reis and Mr. and Mrs. Schaus of Hanover spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hoesfeld.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bell spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Koenig of near Mildmay.

Messrs. Nelson and Alta Gress, accompanied by Mr. Ed. Fenner and Mrs. John Fenner spent Sunday at Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hickling of Bentinck.

Miss Laura Kreller of Walkerton spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Adam Seegmiller of here.

Mr. Frank Etsell purchased a new Star car from Geo. Lettner of Walkerton.

Mr. and Mrs. William Russel of Carlsruhe, Mr. and Mrs. Winibie of Hanover spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. William Hoesfeld.

Mr. John Sandlos of Hanover was a visitor in this burg a few days ago.

Asks Loan of \$30,000.

The J. B. Watason Furniture Co. Ltd., of Kincardine has asked the corporation to guarantee a loan of \$30,000 for twenty years with interest at 5 1/2% to be payable semi-annually and principal paid annually after five years, for the purpose of making extensions to their plant. As a bill recently introduced into the Legislature prohibiting corporations bonusing or granting loans to industries comes into effect July 1st Kincardine Council, if approving of the proposal, will have to prepare a by-law and submit it to the rate-payers at once.

Helwig's Weekly Store News...

Our Store Will Be Closed Thursday Afternoons

"Spring House Cleaning"

Spring cleaning has commenced. You will need to replace the worn out Curtains, Carpets, Mats, Rugs, Linoleums and Floor Oil Cloths. We are well stocked in these lines. Good qualities. Prices right.



LOOK AT OUR RUGS

Rugs and Mats

Velvet Door Mats at \$1.25 to 1.75
Axminster 27x54 at \$4.00
Velvet Mat 24x45 at \$3.50
Tapestry Mat 27x54 \$2.75

Tapestry Squares

Madalion and all over patterns. Sizes 2 1/2 x 3, 3 x 3, 3 x 3 1/2 and 3 x 4.

Prices range from \$15 up to \$35

Linoleum best patterns comes 3 and 4 yards wide

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SUITABLE FOR EVERY ROOM IN THE HOUSE.
SIZES 2x3, 2 1/2 x 3, 3x3, 3x3 1/2, & 3x4.

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NOTHING LOOKS MORE DAINTY THAN OUR NEW DESIGNS IN PANEL CURTAINING.

Per Panel 50c up to \$1.10

Curtain Nets

PLAIN, SCOLOP AND LACE EDGE CURTAIN MATERIAL, IN WHITE AND CREAM NETS.

Per Yard 35c up to \$1.50

Floor Oil Cloth in all widths

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GENERAL MERCHANTS.

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Linoleum, Congoleum and Beloeil
Week -- May 8 to May 15.

Linoleum 4 yd. wide \$3.95 yd

Congoleum 2 yd. wide 80c yd

Congoleum Rug Specials

Size 9 x 15 ft.	Regular \$22.50	Special \$19.00
Size 9 x 13 1/2 ft.	Regular \$20.25	Special \$17.75
Size 9 x 12 ft.	Regular \$18.00	Special \$14.75
Size 9 x 10 1/2 ft.	Regular \$15.75	Special \$13.25
Size 9 x 9 ft.	Regular \$13.50	Special \$12.00
Size 7 1/2 x 9 ft.	Regular \$11.25	Special \$9.75
Size 6 x 9 ft.	Regular \$9.00	Special \$8.25

TWELVE DIFFERENT PATTERNS TO PICK FROM

Beloeil Rugs

Regular \$18.00. Sizes 9 ft. x 12 ft.

Special \$12.50

Special Prices on Linoleum in short ends. \$3.35 per yard

Tapestry and Woodstock Axminster Rugs at Special Prices.

Bran Special \$28 a ton. Bags to be returned.
Fish Special: Trout 10c lb. Lake Herring 5c lb.
Oranges 25c a dozen. Potatoes Wanted.

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